

REFUGE IN BELEN VALLEY

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in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Architecture
In
Architecture

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ABSTRACT

A story about love and desire to imagine architecture in a peruvian landscape. On one hand, 'Refuge in Belen Valley' is a thesis about discovering the ideal conditions that architecture should meet in a landscape, conditions that approach the idea of an offering of man rather than a conditioning for man. On the other, it is about thinking architecture as a composition derived out of material properties, emotional intentions, inhabiting possibilities and counterpoint, the arrangement of differences through dialogue. This book tells the story of the thesis through the graphic recollection of the eight schemes that were part of its process and through little poems that give hints of the decisions and ideas that motivated each scheme.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am incredibly grateful to my committee, Hans Rott, Steve Thompson and Scott Gartner for their wisdom and lessons.

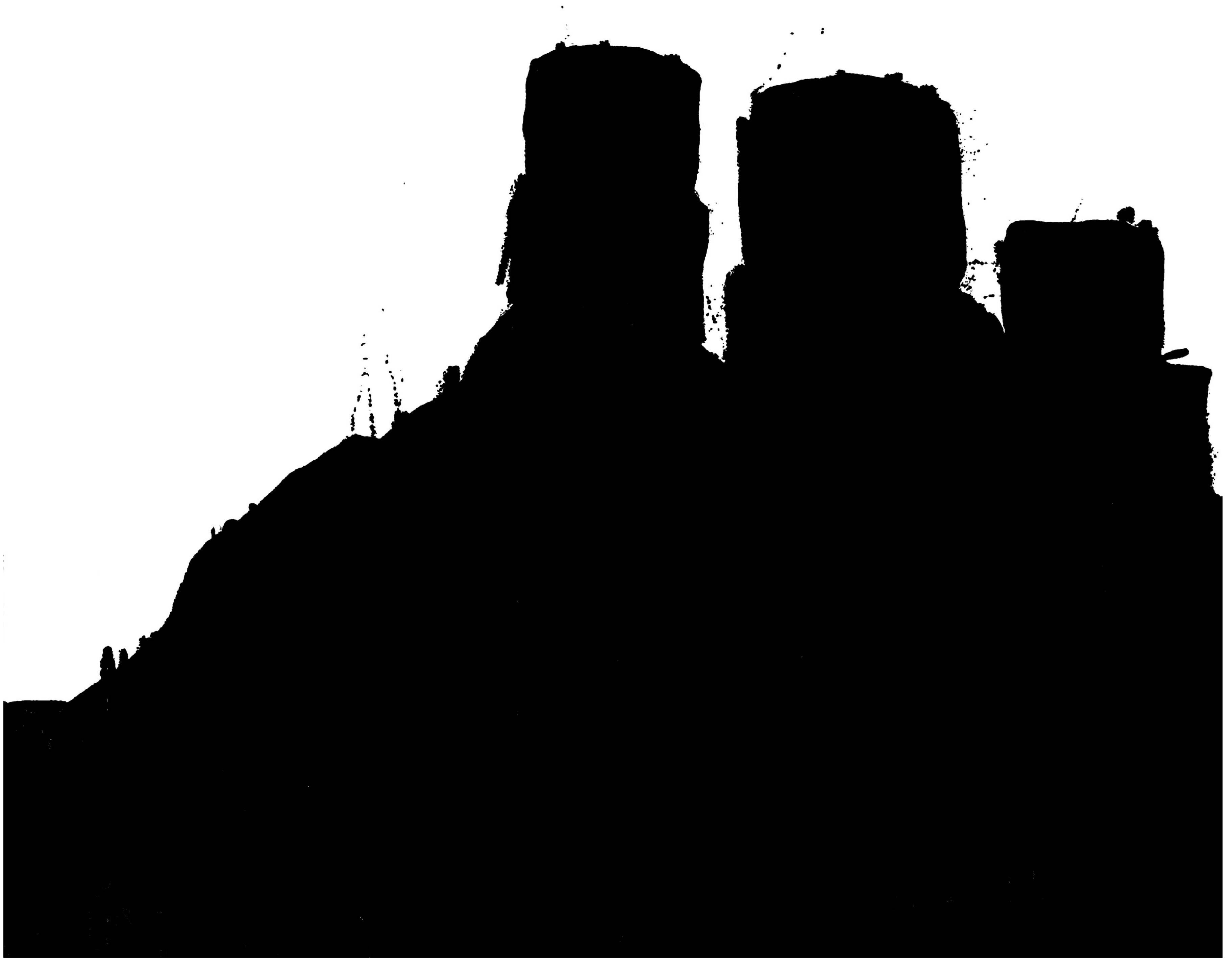
I am in eternal debt to my family for their unconditional love and constant support.

I owe so much to my colleagues and friends for their motivation and encouragement.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

• Introduction	1
• Scheme 1	23
• Scheme 2	28
• Scheme 3	35
• Scheme 4	42
• Scheme 5	44
• Scheme 6	55
• Scheme 7	67
• Scheme 8	72





REFUGE IN BELEN VALLEY

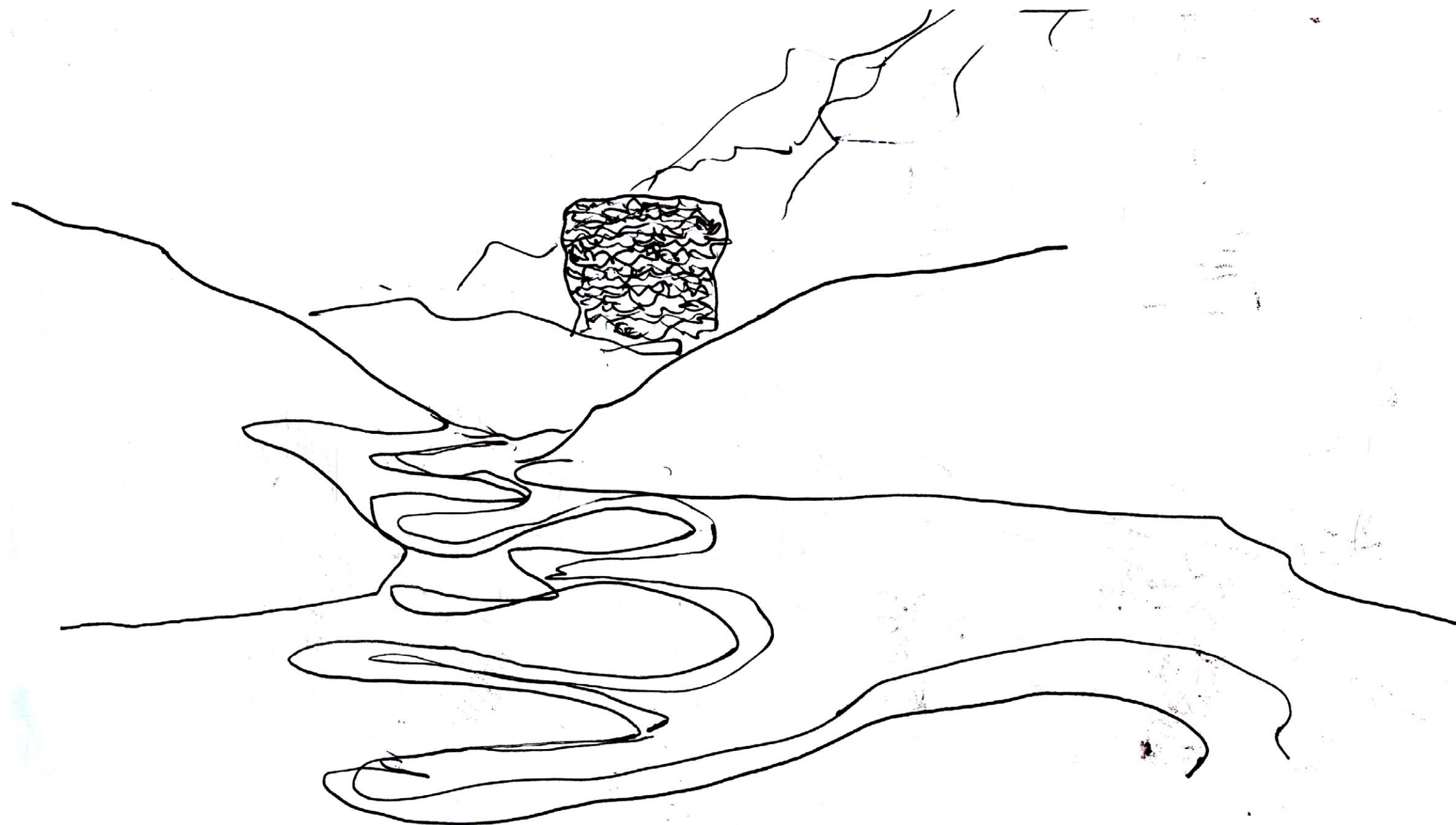
A STORY ABOUT LOVE AND DESIRE TO IMAGINE ARCHITECTURE IN A PERUVIAN LANDSCAPE

INTRODUCTION

Builders from a timeless time,
Felt love for sacred landscape.
'Let's build here' one of them said,
A place where people want to stay.



Other builder came and spoke.
'I imagine a great mass in the distance,
A great rock above the horizon,
All the way up in a high zone.'



'We have few wood' a builder said,
'And concrete is meant for common city.
Let's use that yellow shiny local stone,
Not doing that would be a pity.'





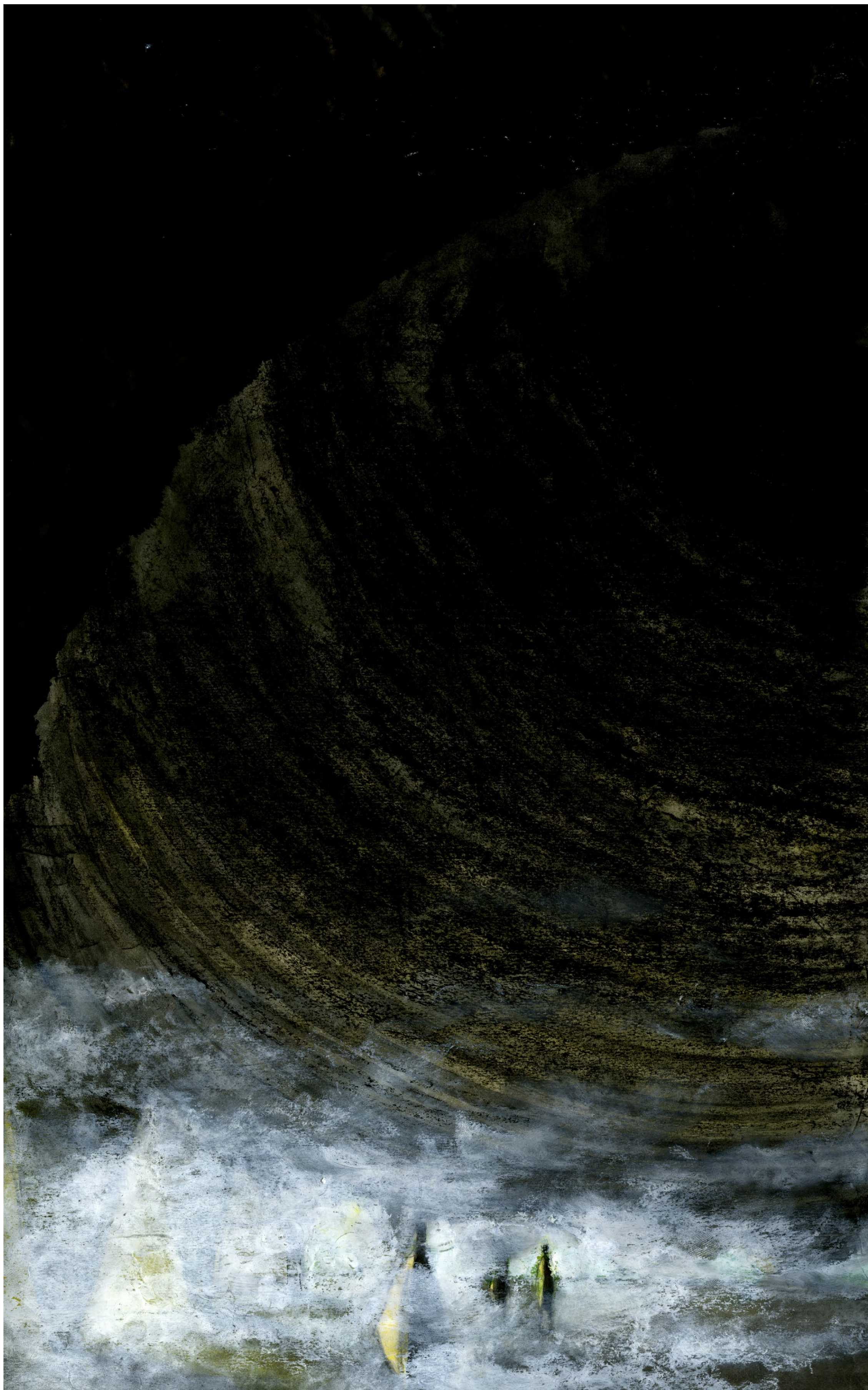




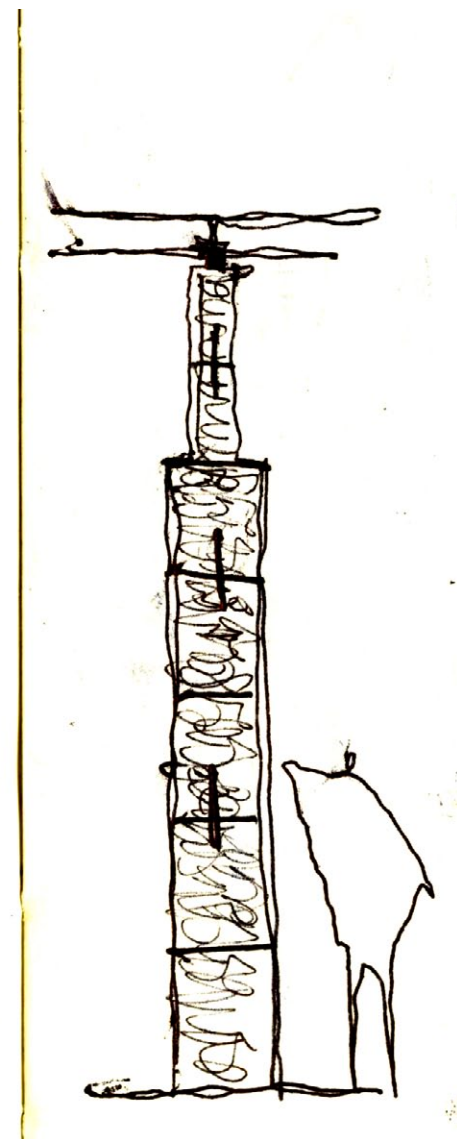
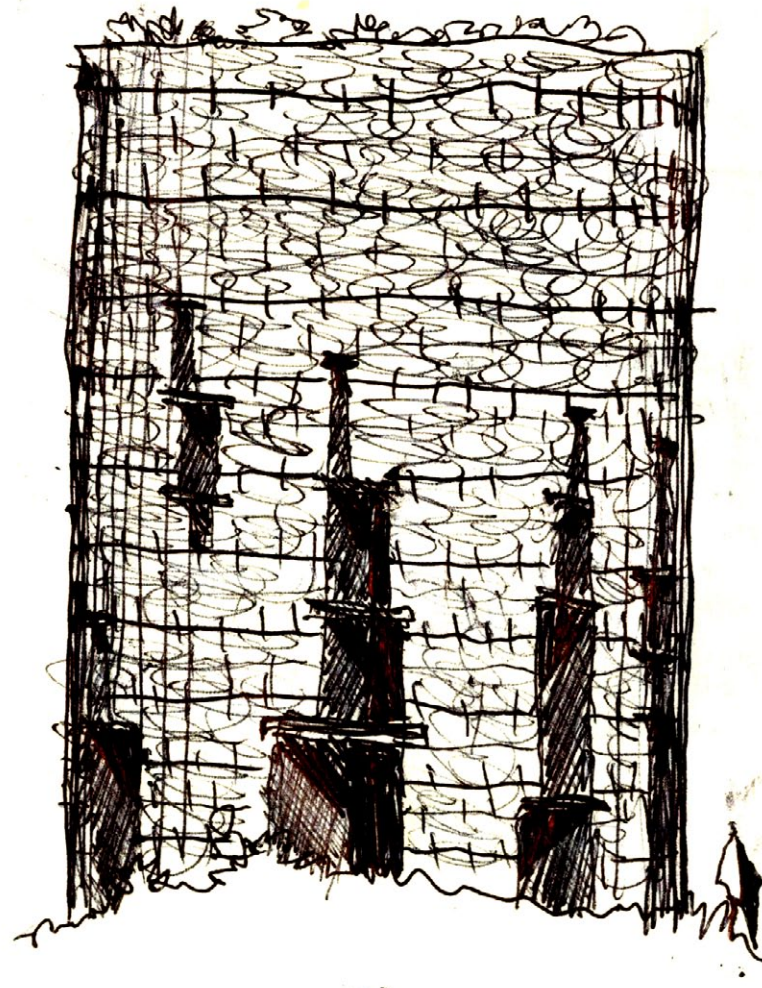
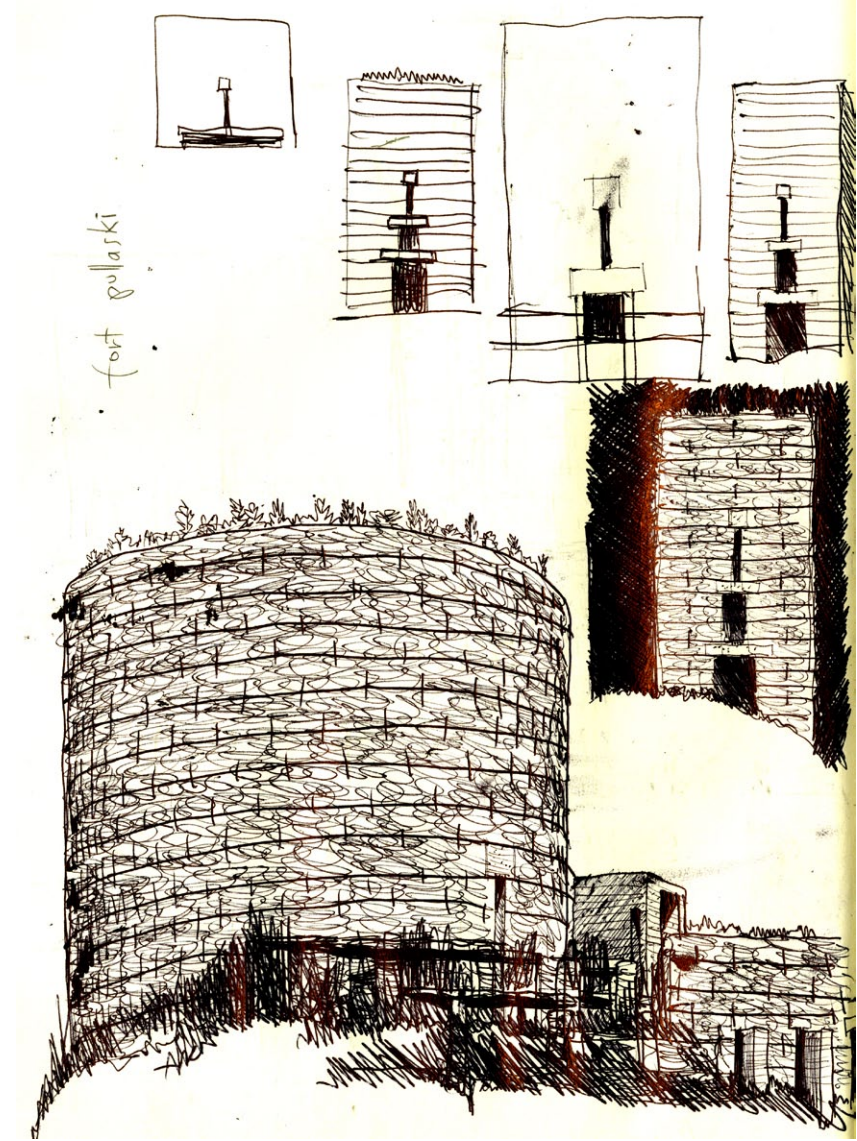
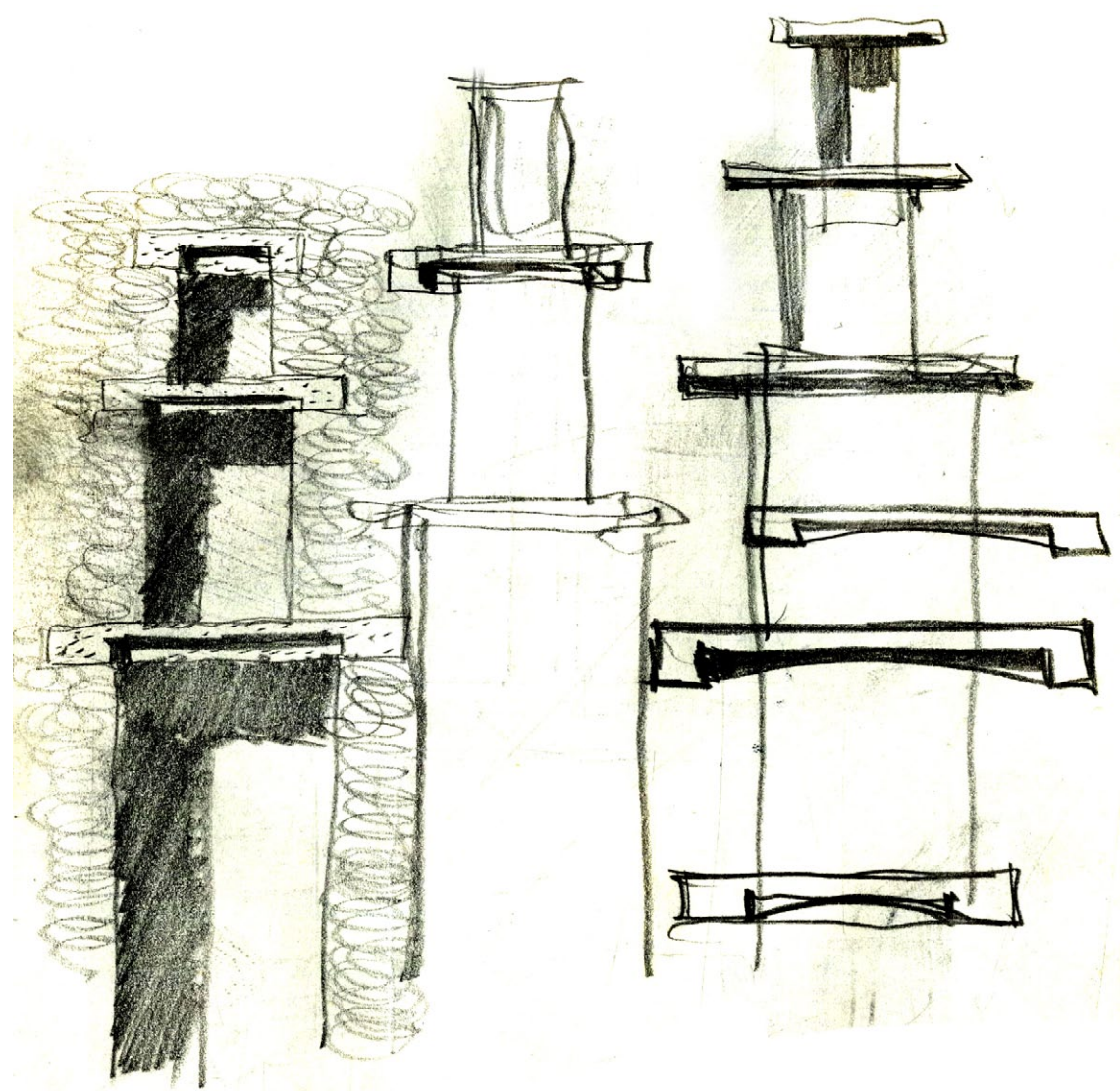
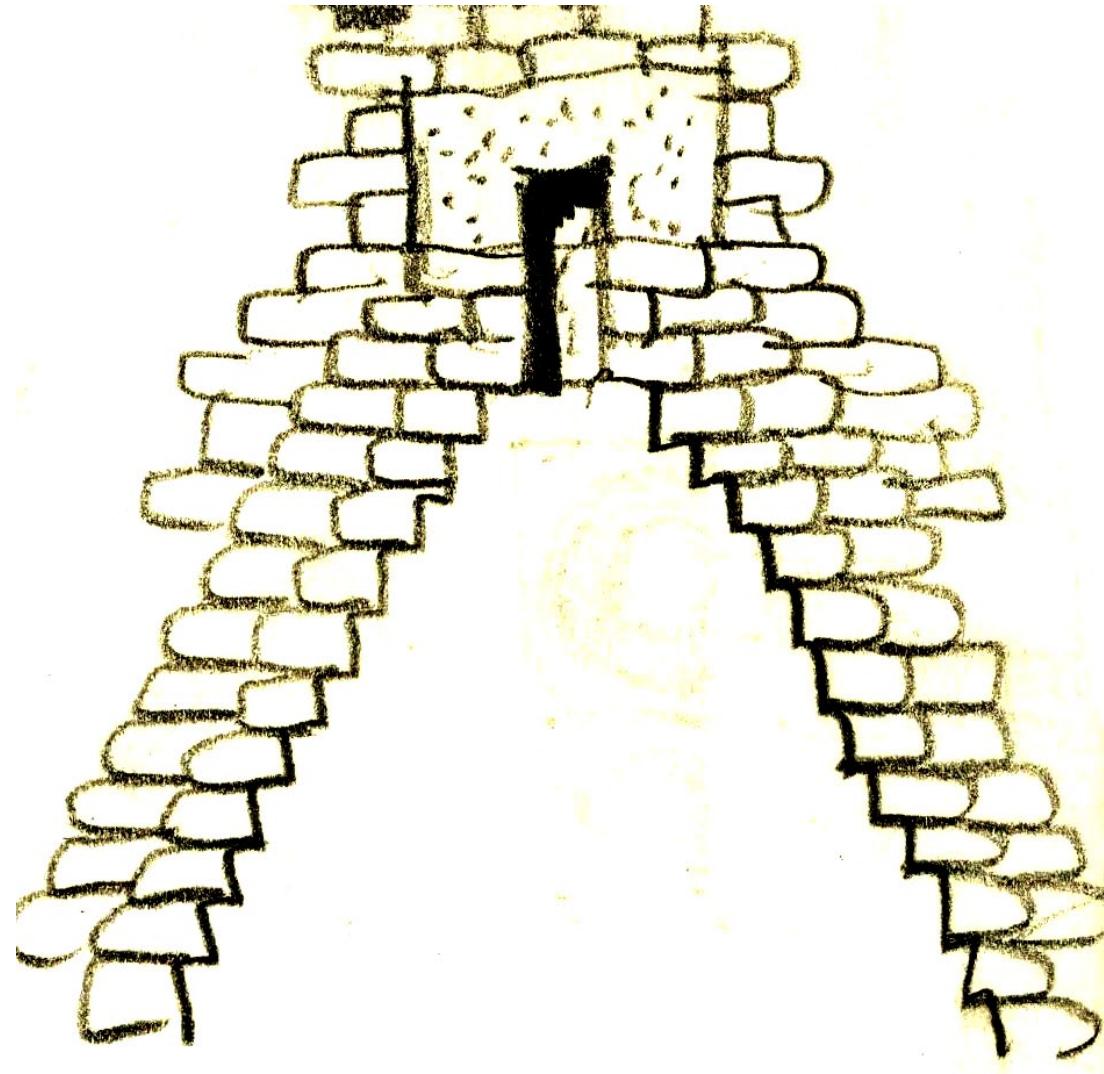
'I imagine weary, weary travelers,
Entering this great mass of stones,
I imagine them finding a cave,
Blazing bonfires under rocky nave.'

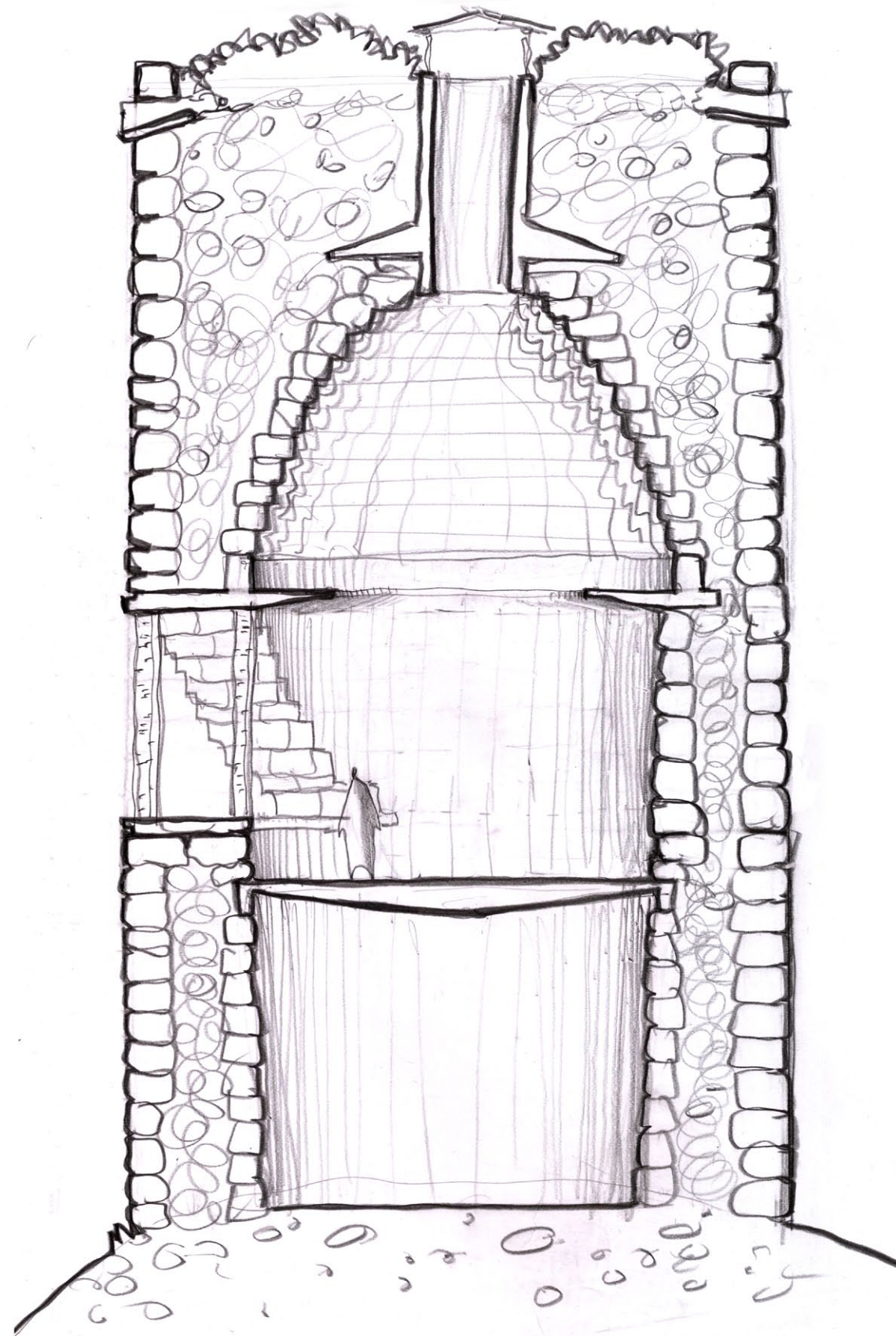
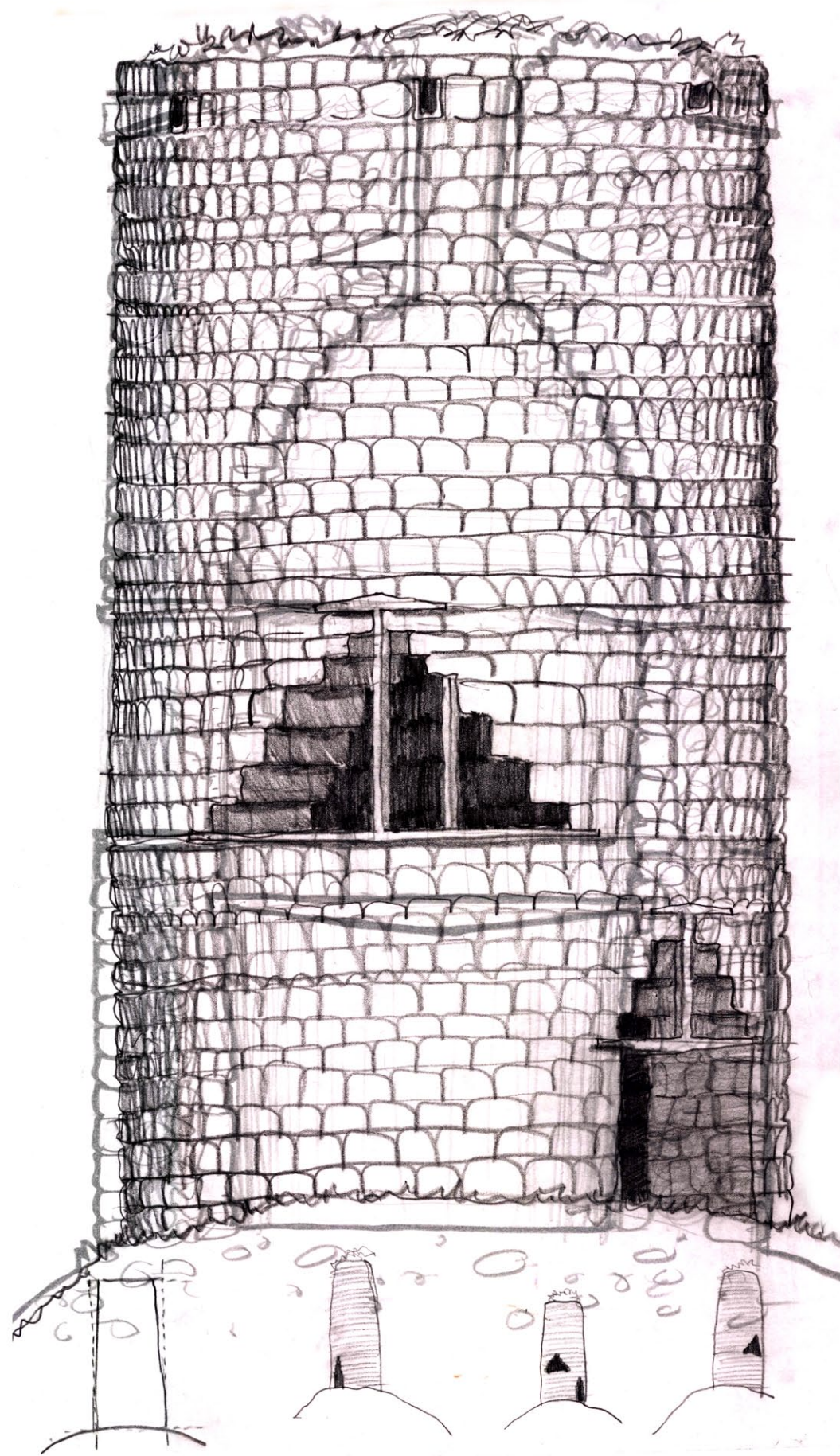




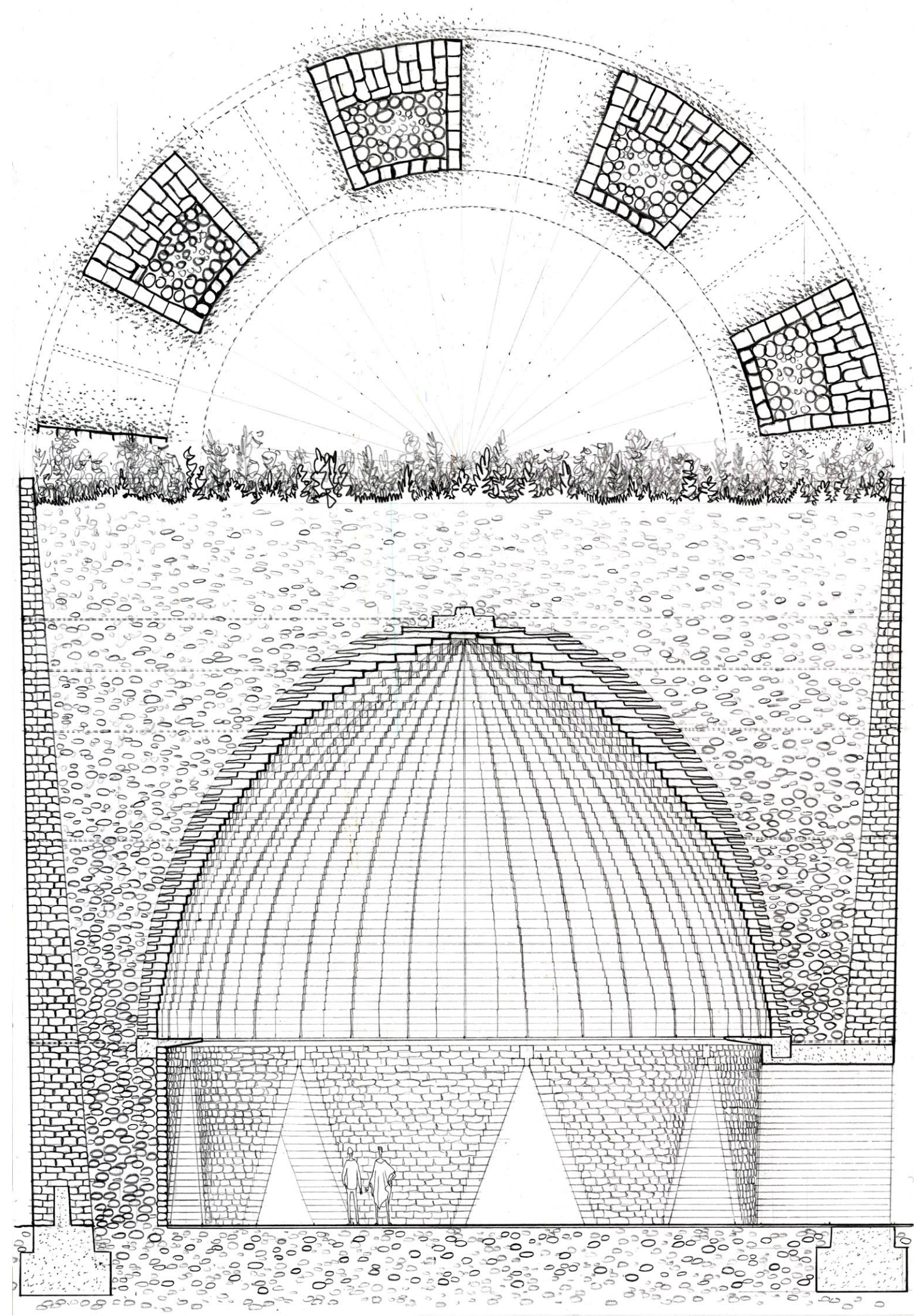
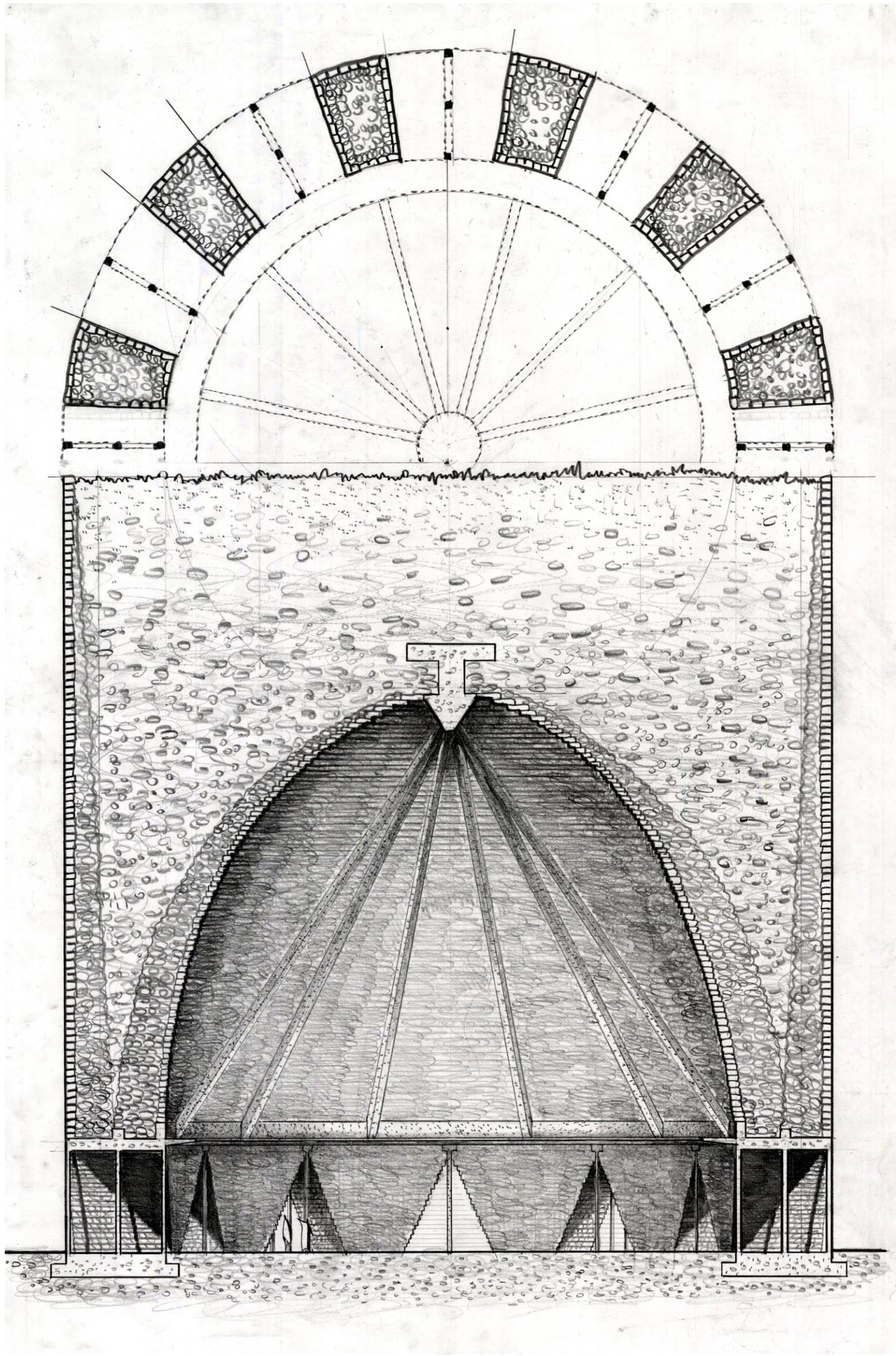


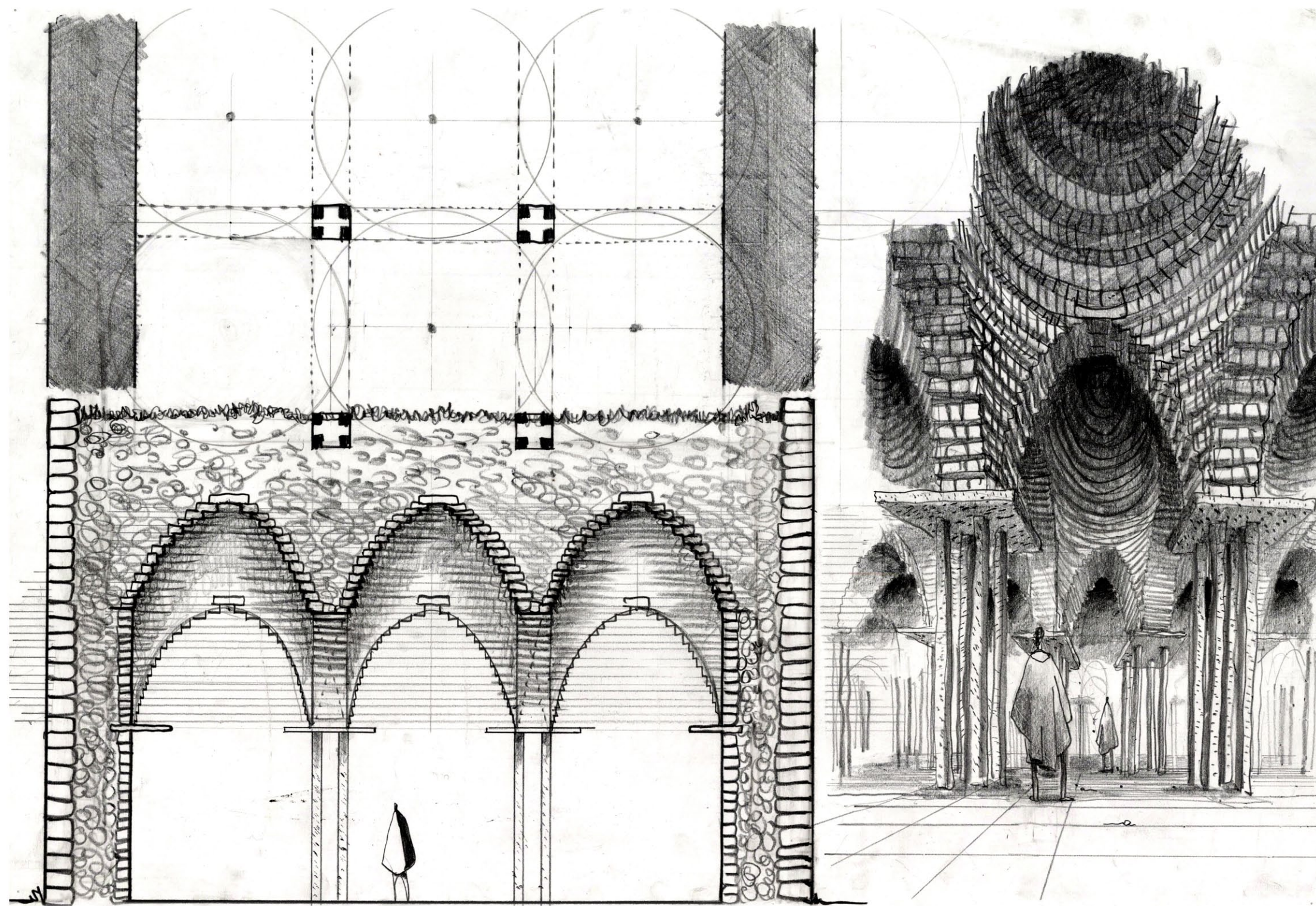
The builder kept on and said,
That stone on top of stone can corbel.
'Look how wonderful this property is,
Reminds me how nature tends to be!'



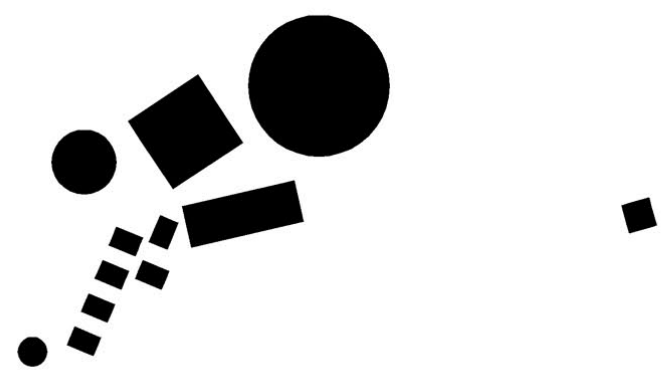


Layer over layer of layer,
Stone on top of stone on top,
Corbel, corbel, rock by rock,
Let's hope the ceiling doesn't fall!.

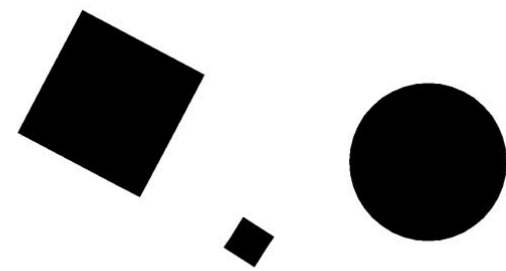




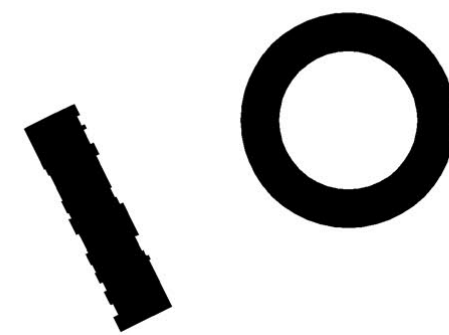
The builders made eight designs,
Of the great mass in the distance,
Stone compositions through geometry,
Mark in nature human existence.



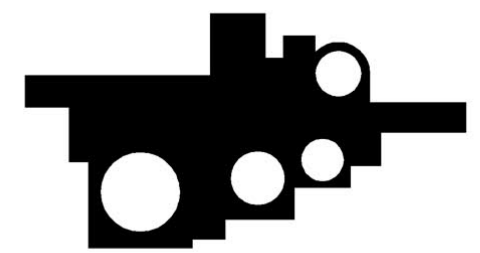
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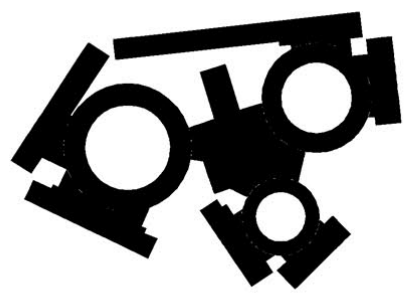
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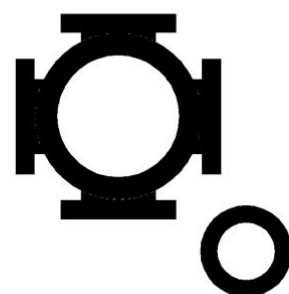
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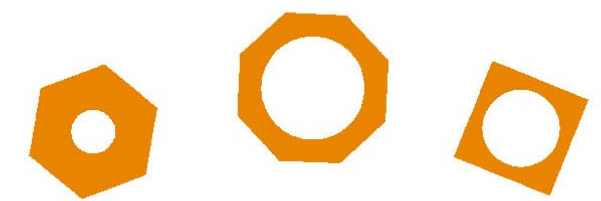
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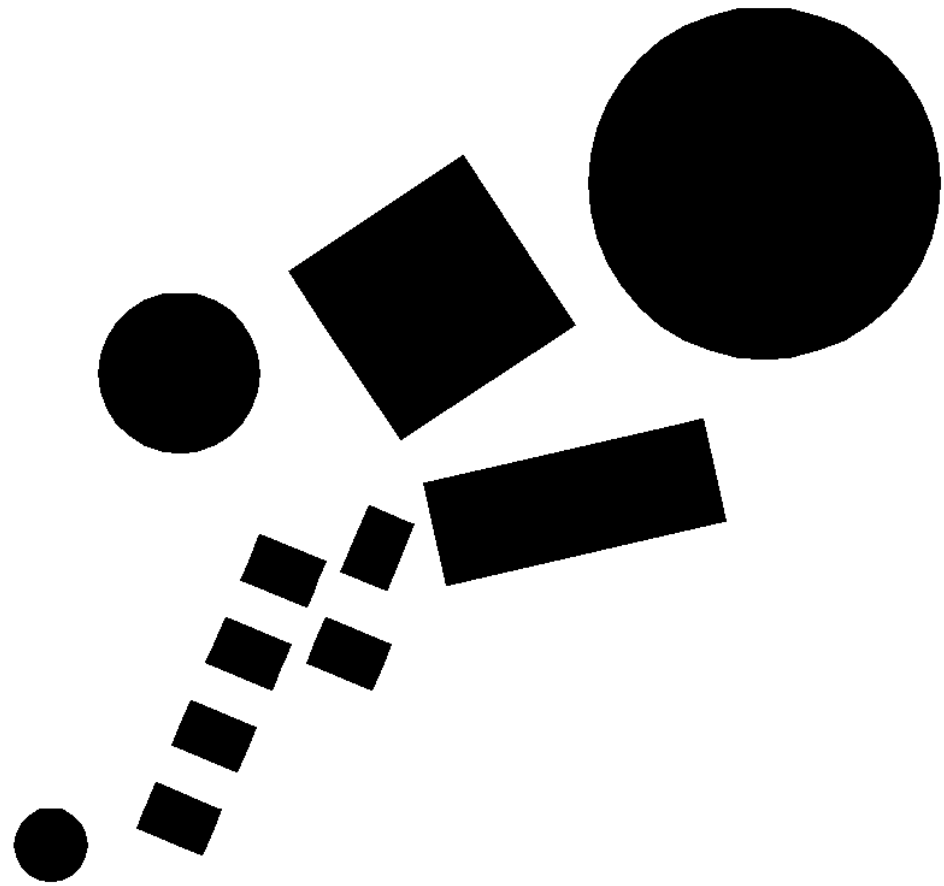


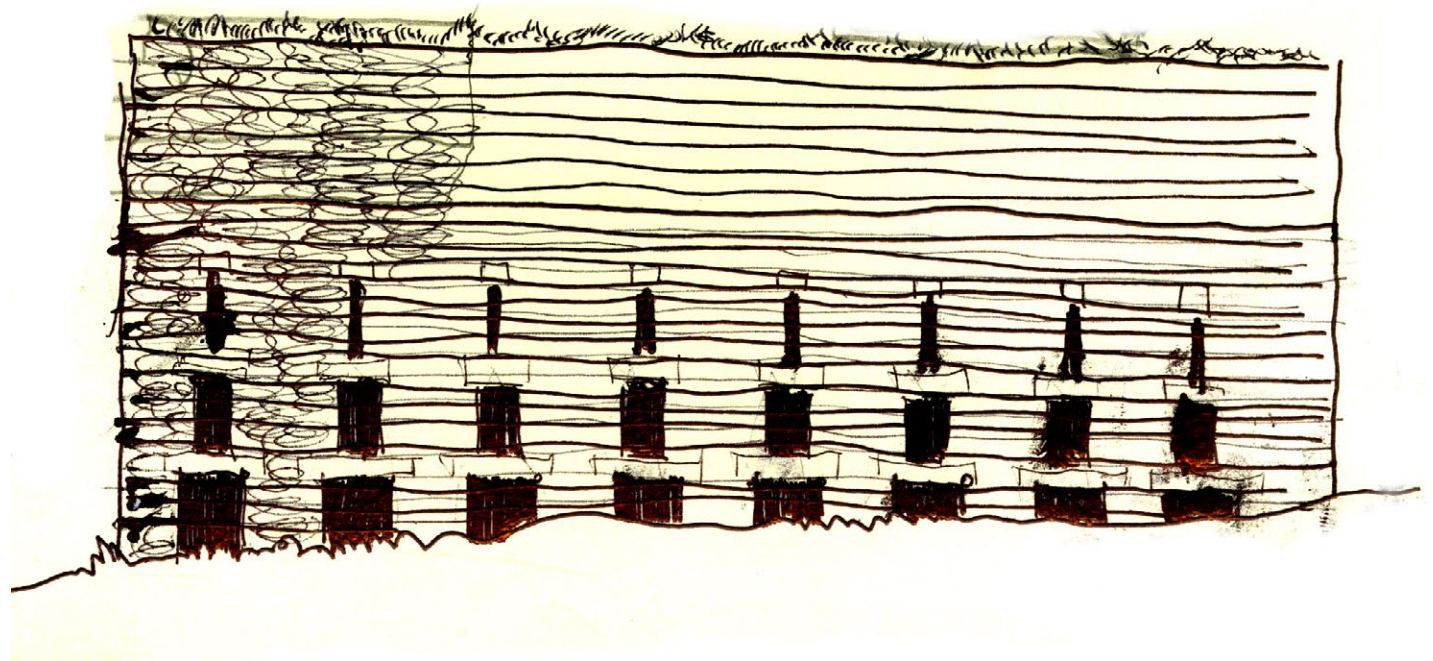
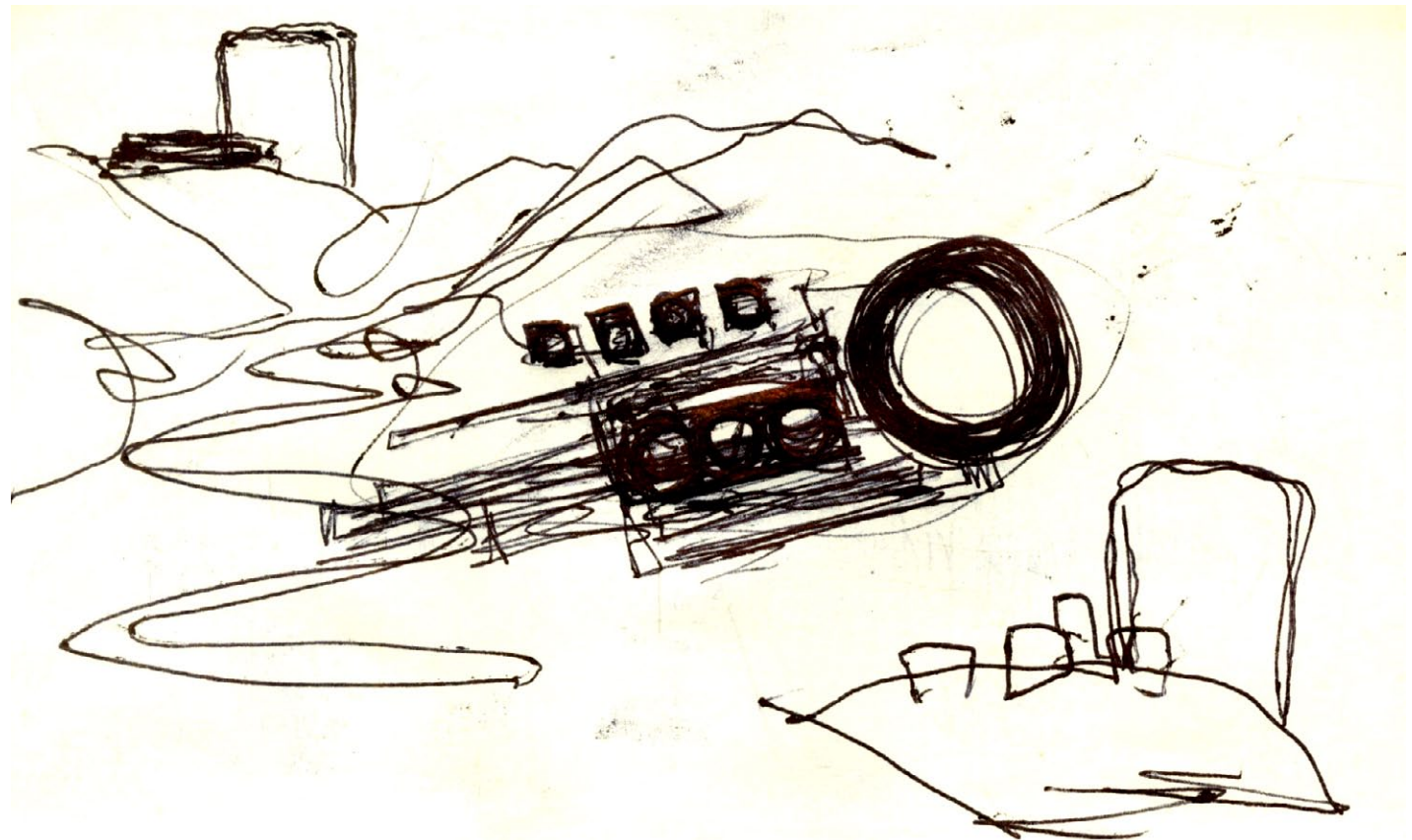
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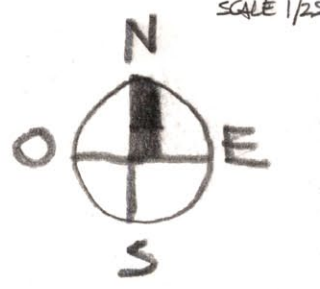
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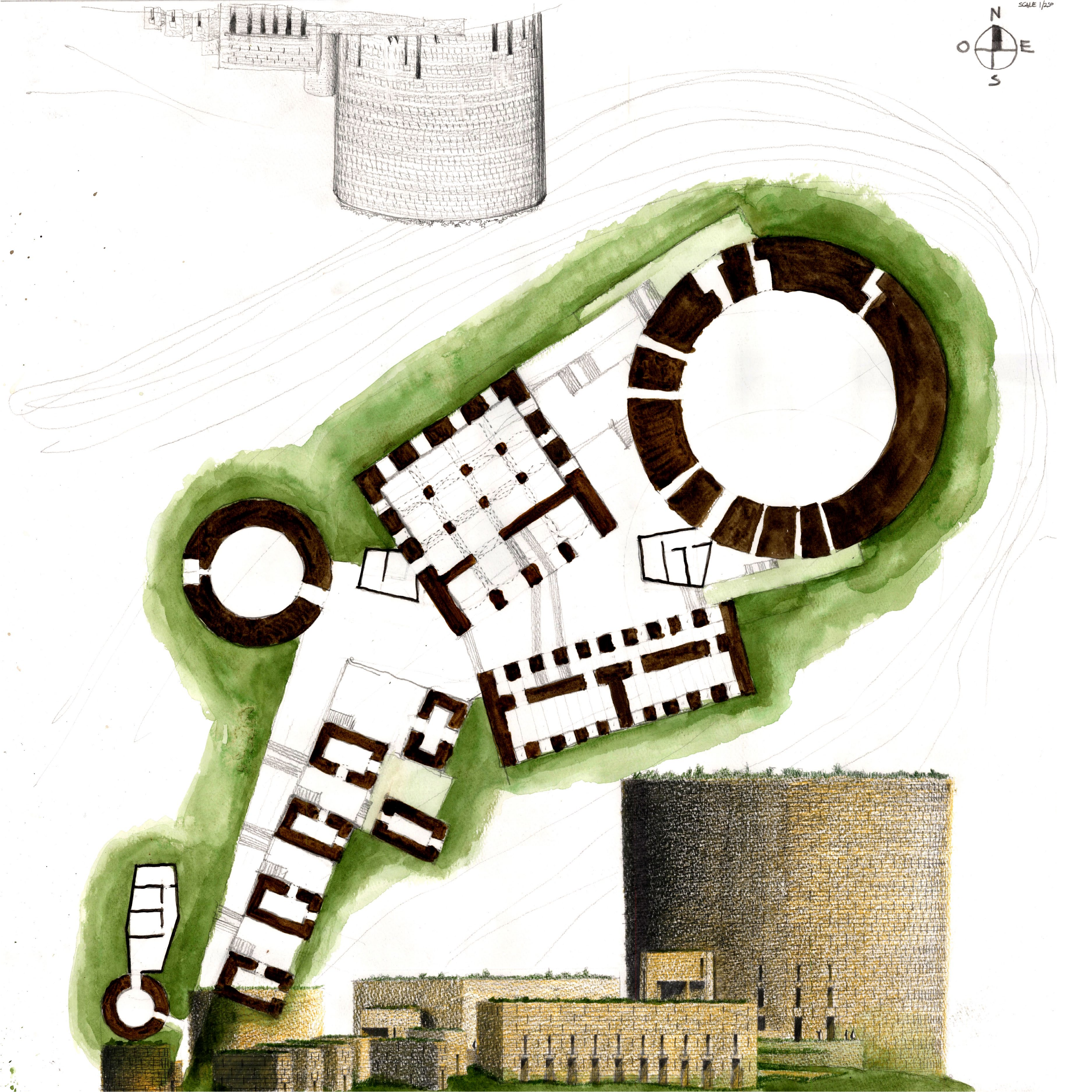






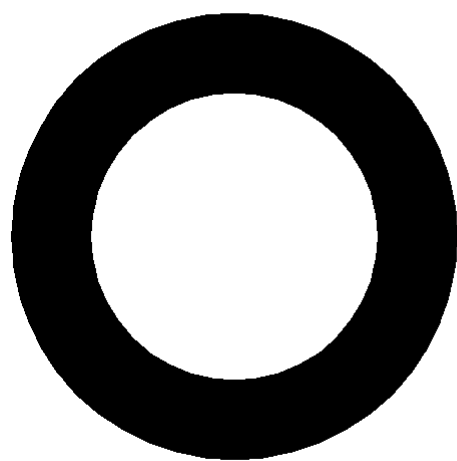
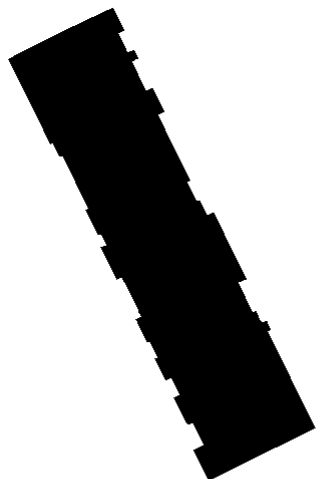


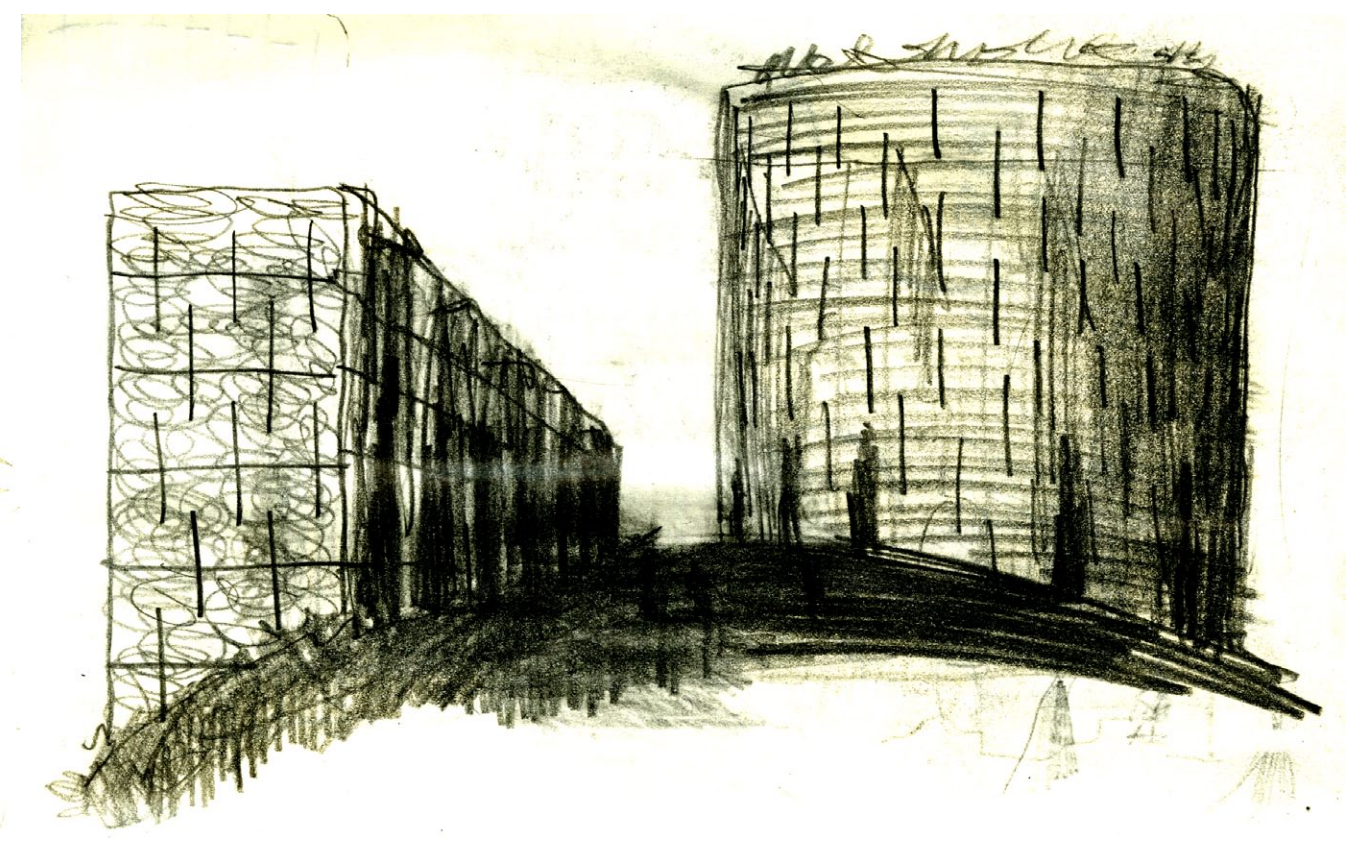
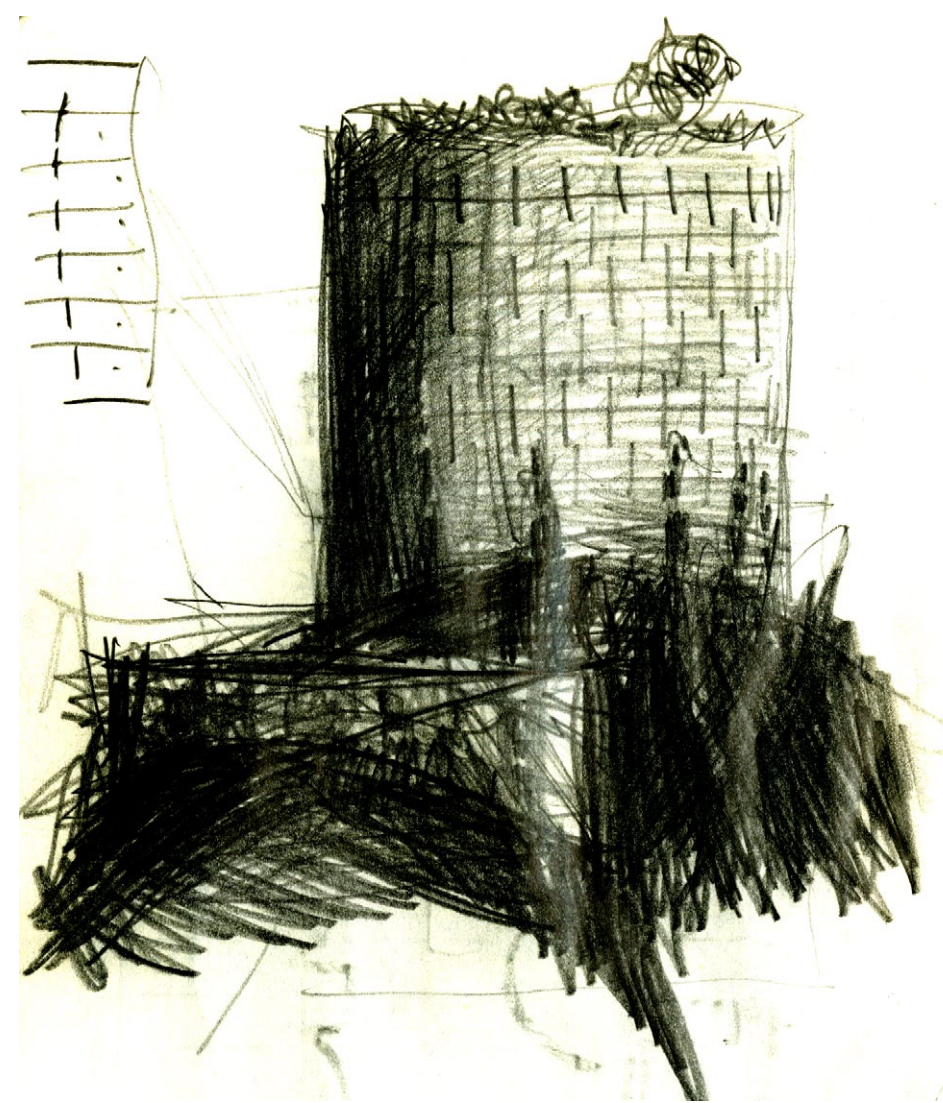
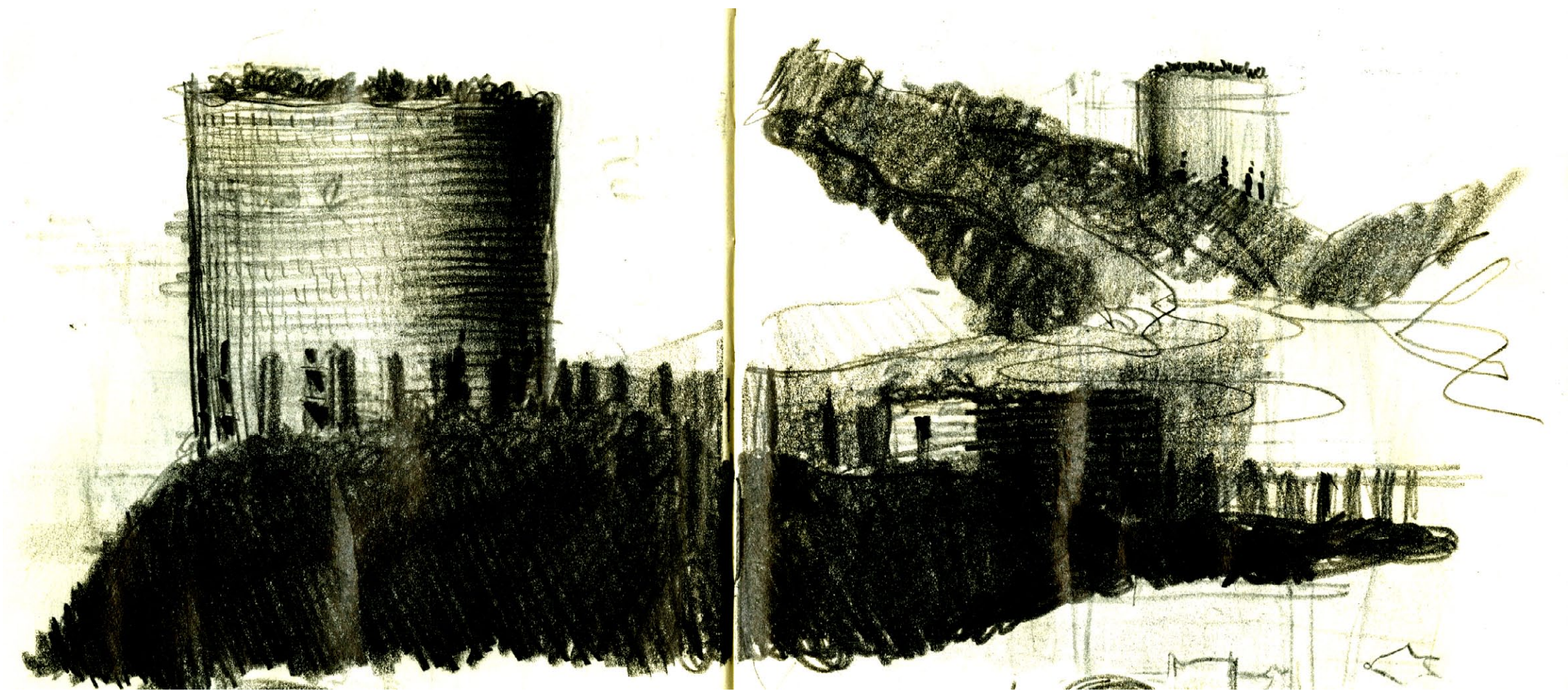
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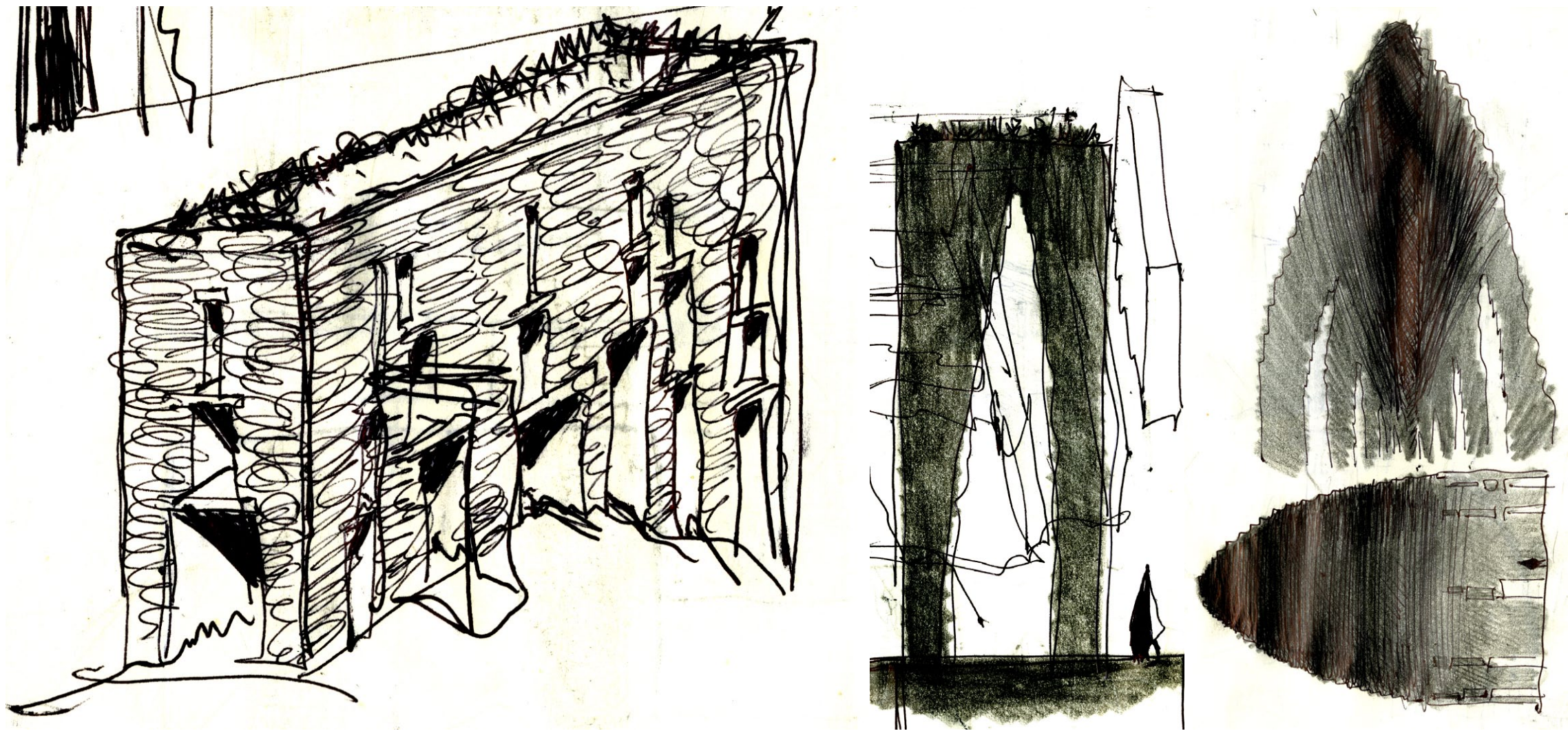
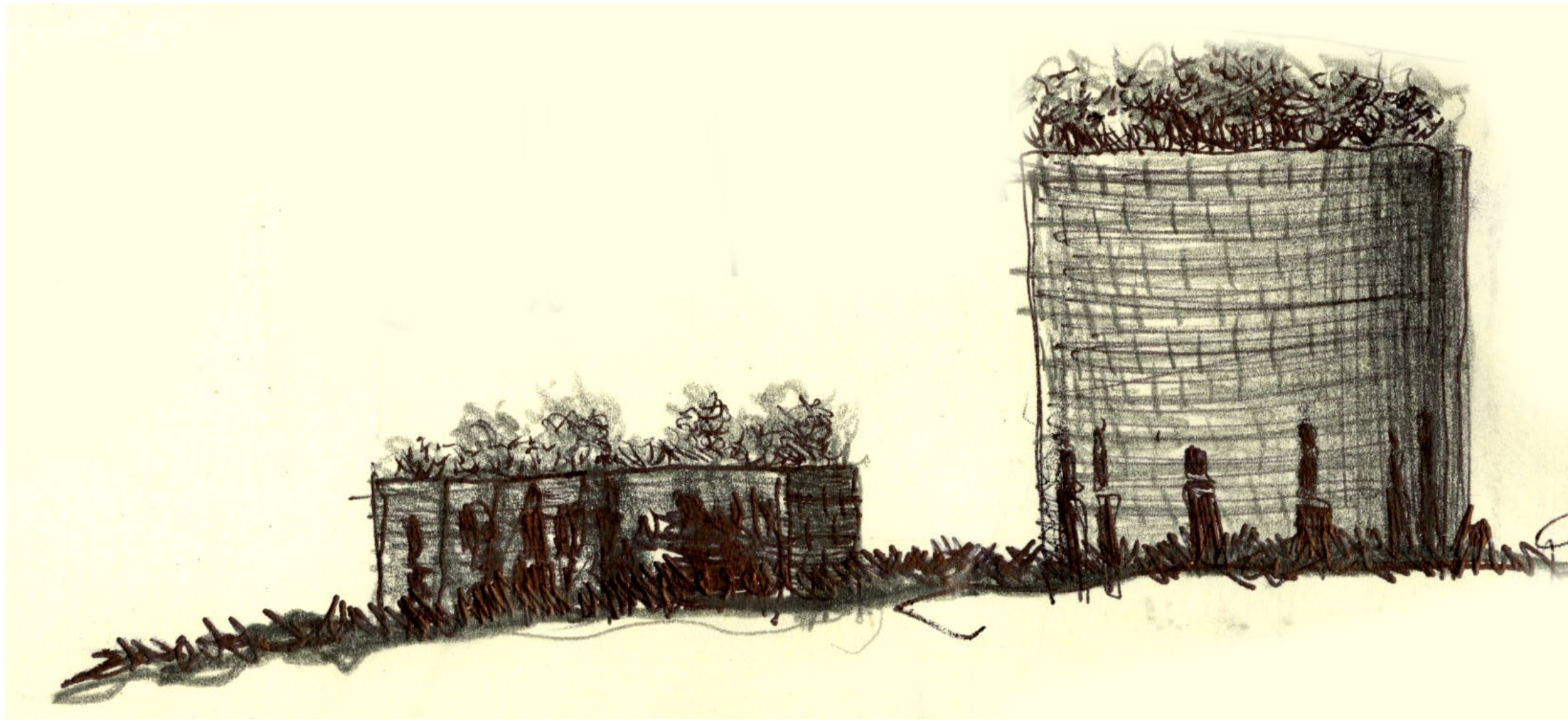


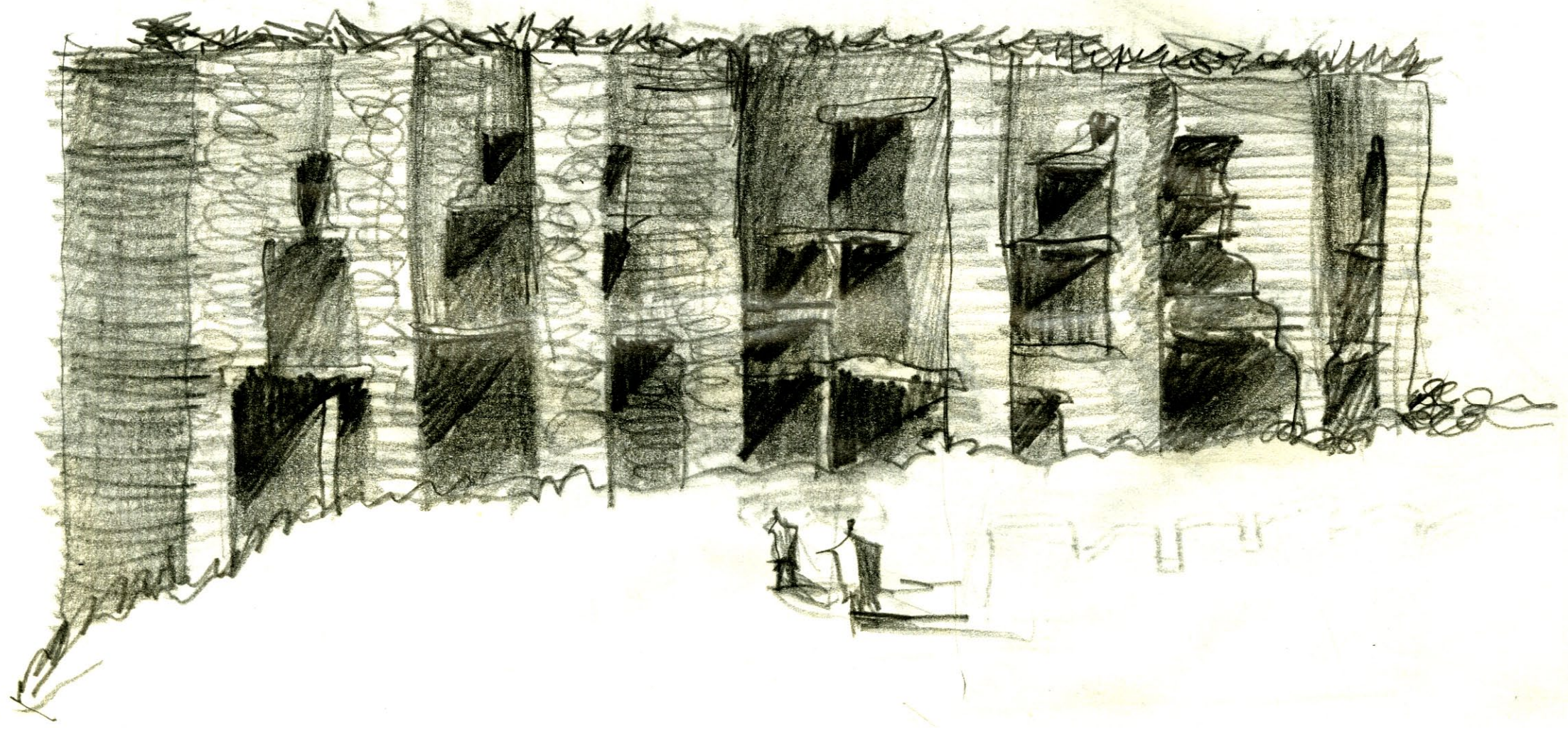
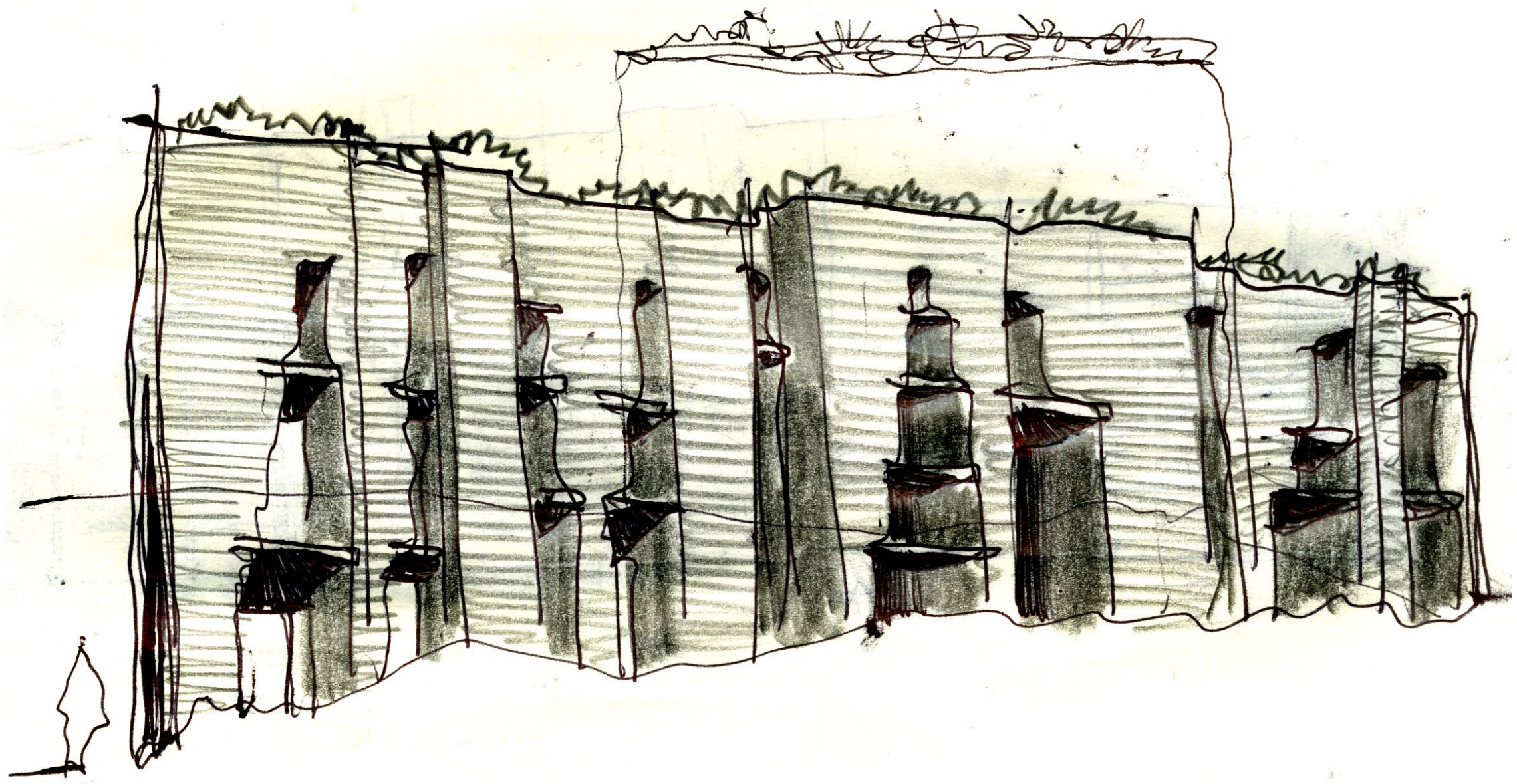


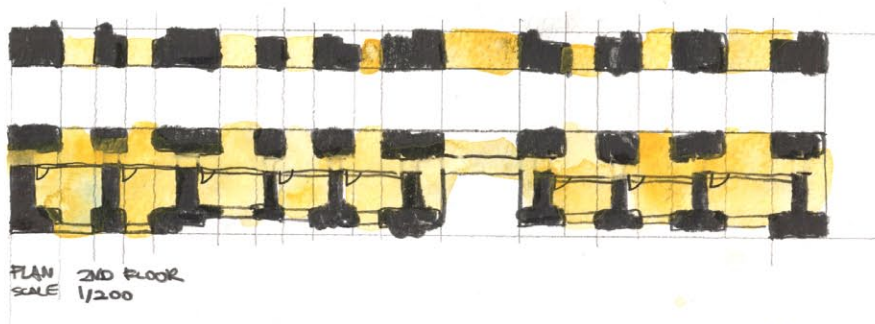
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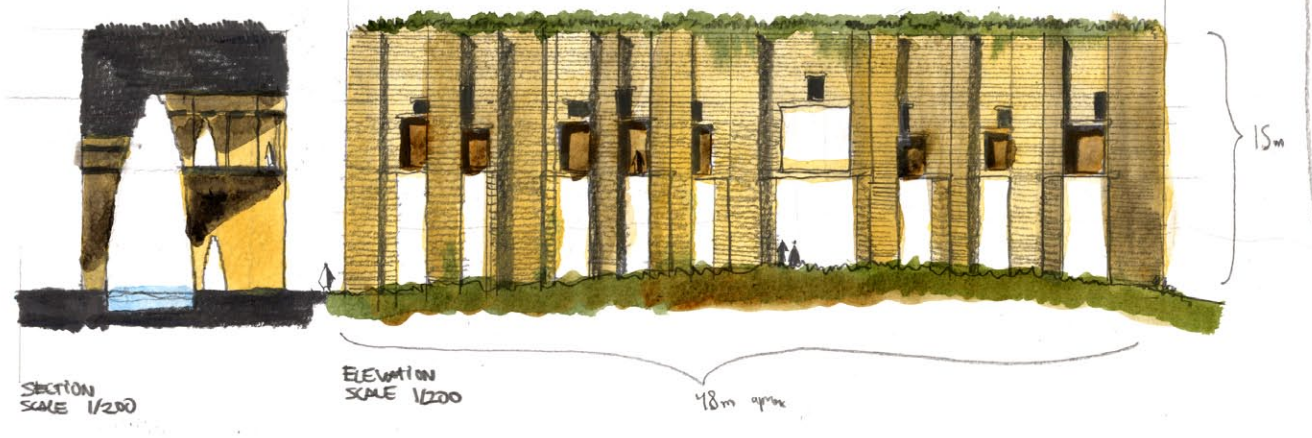
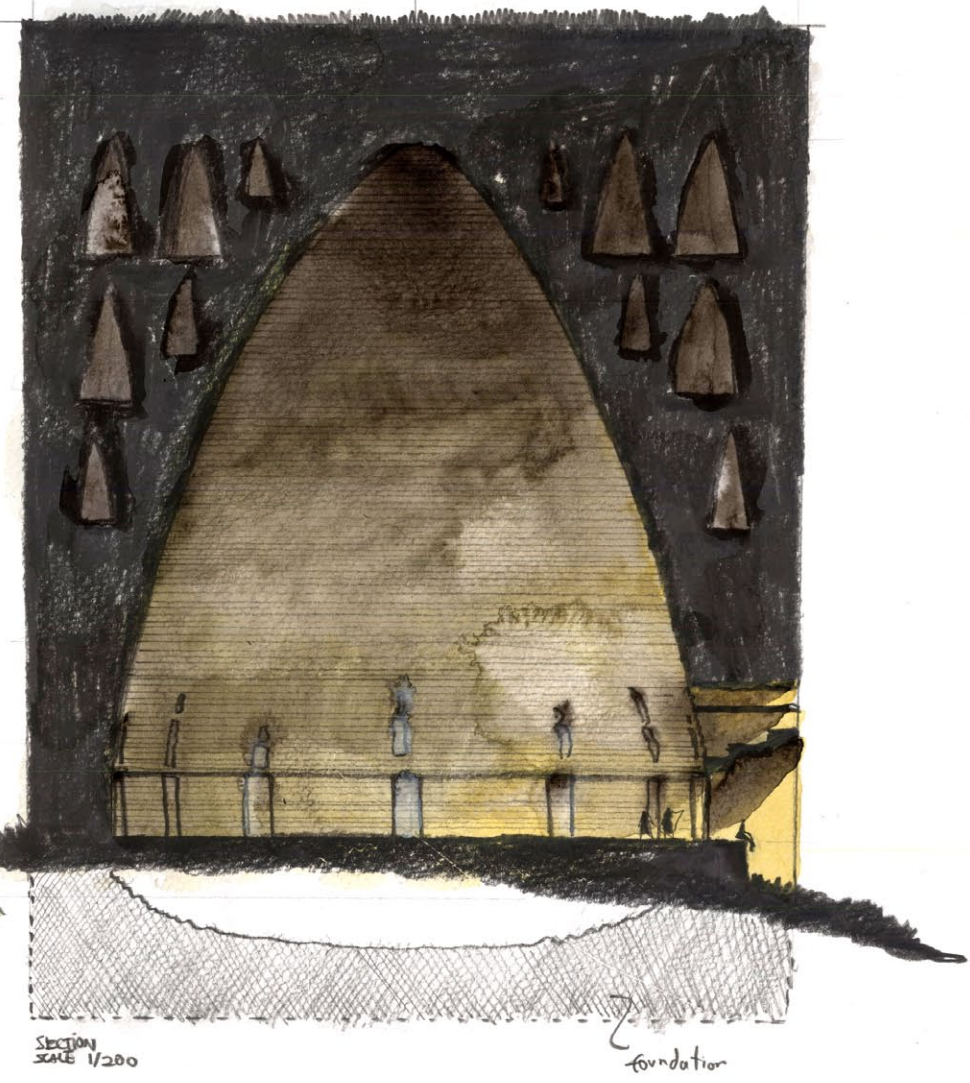
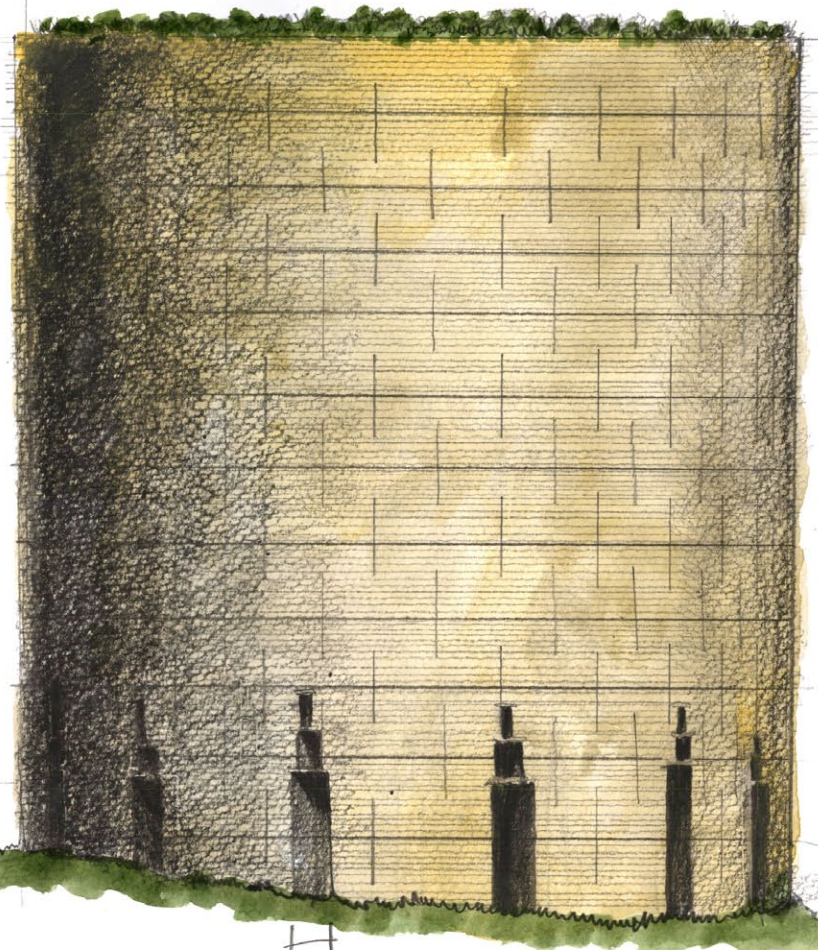
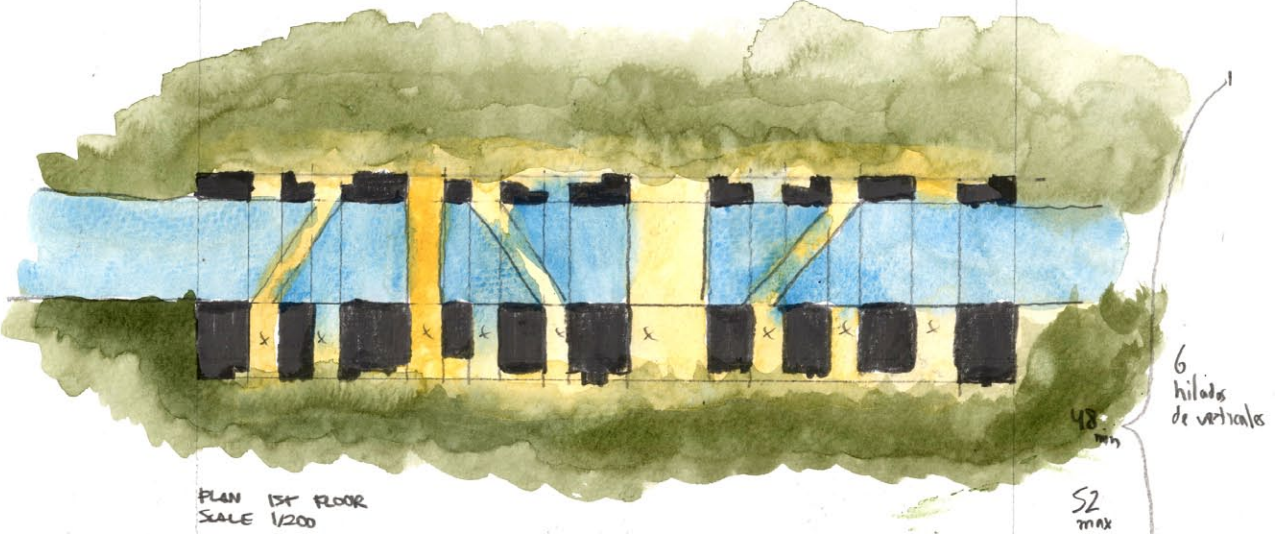
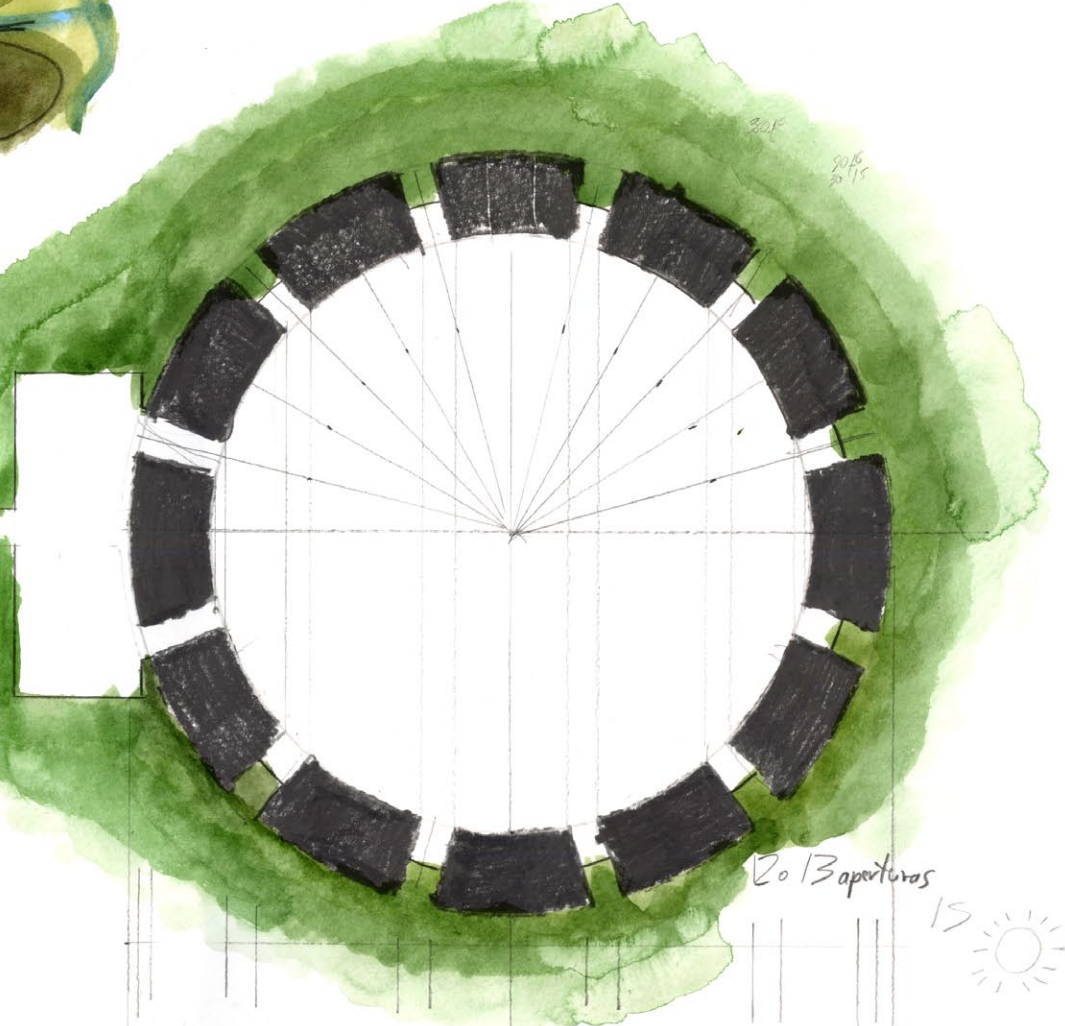




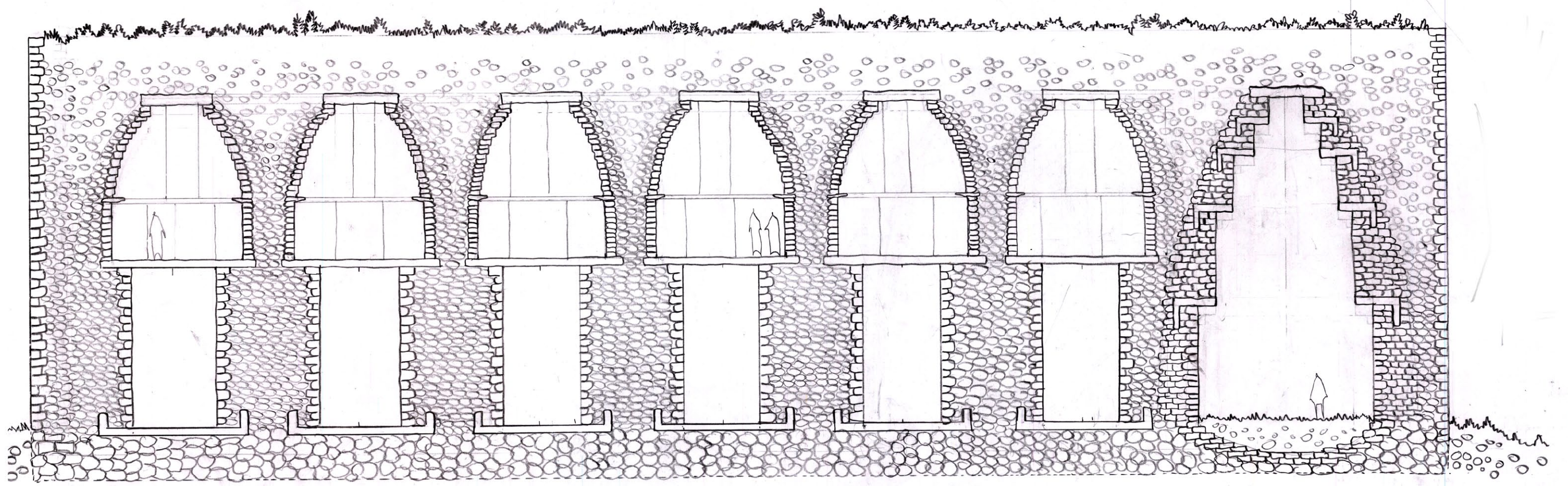
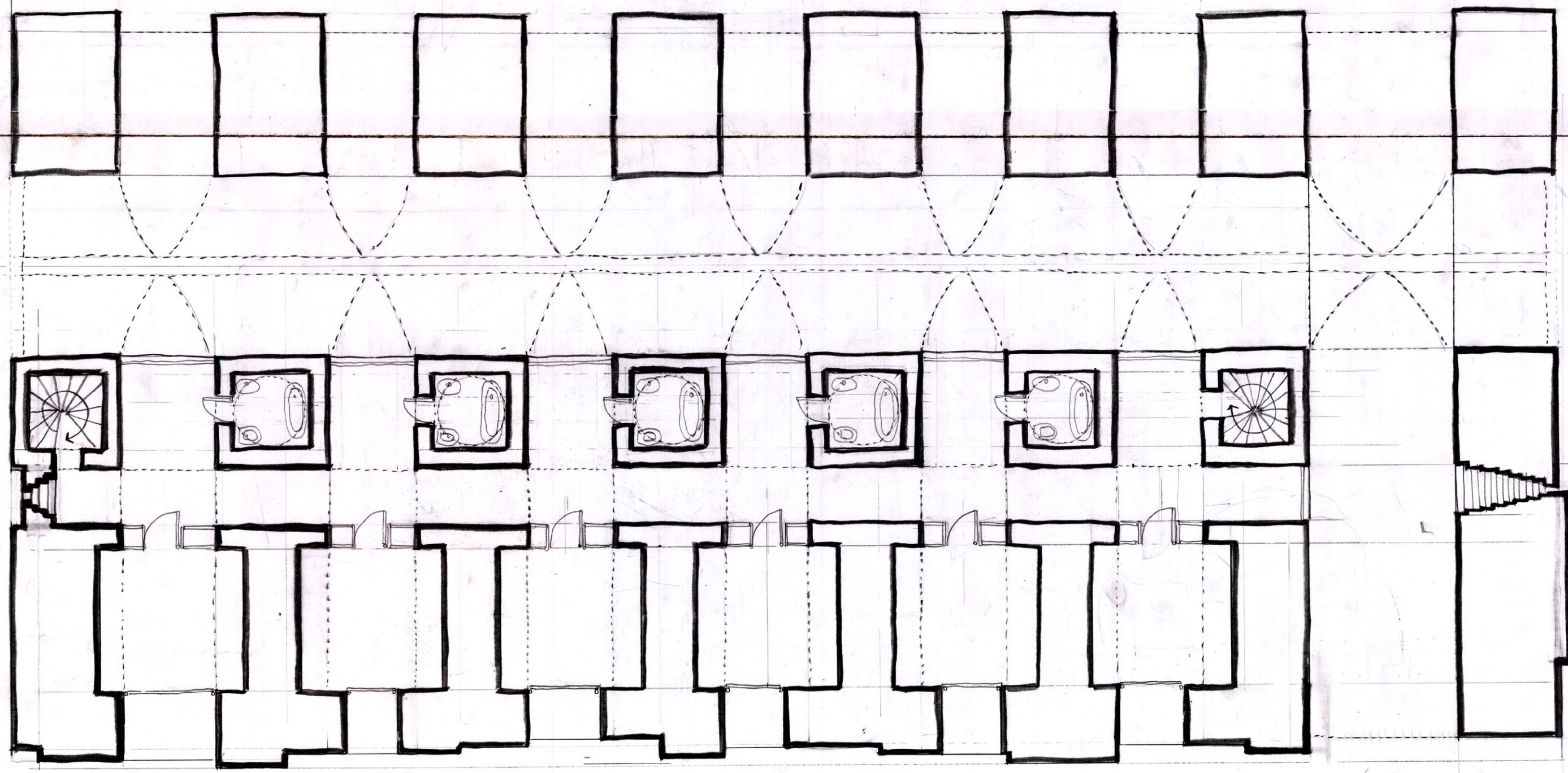
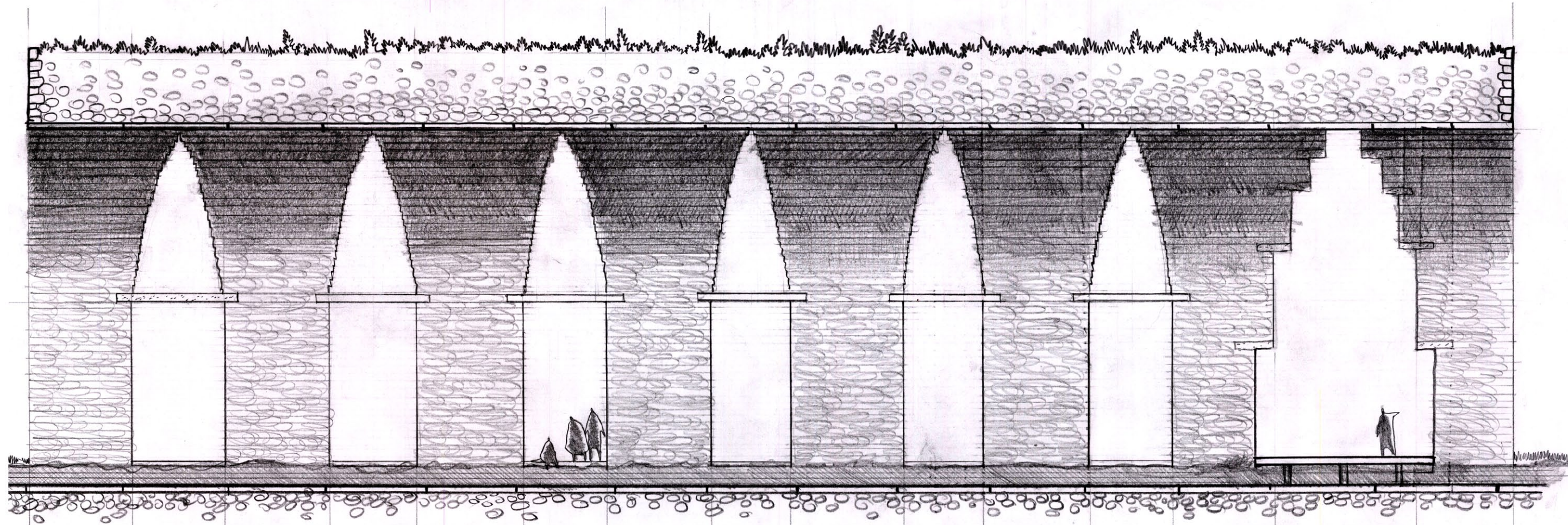


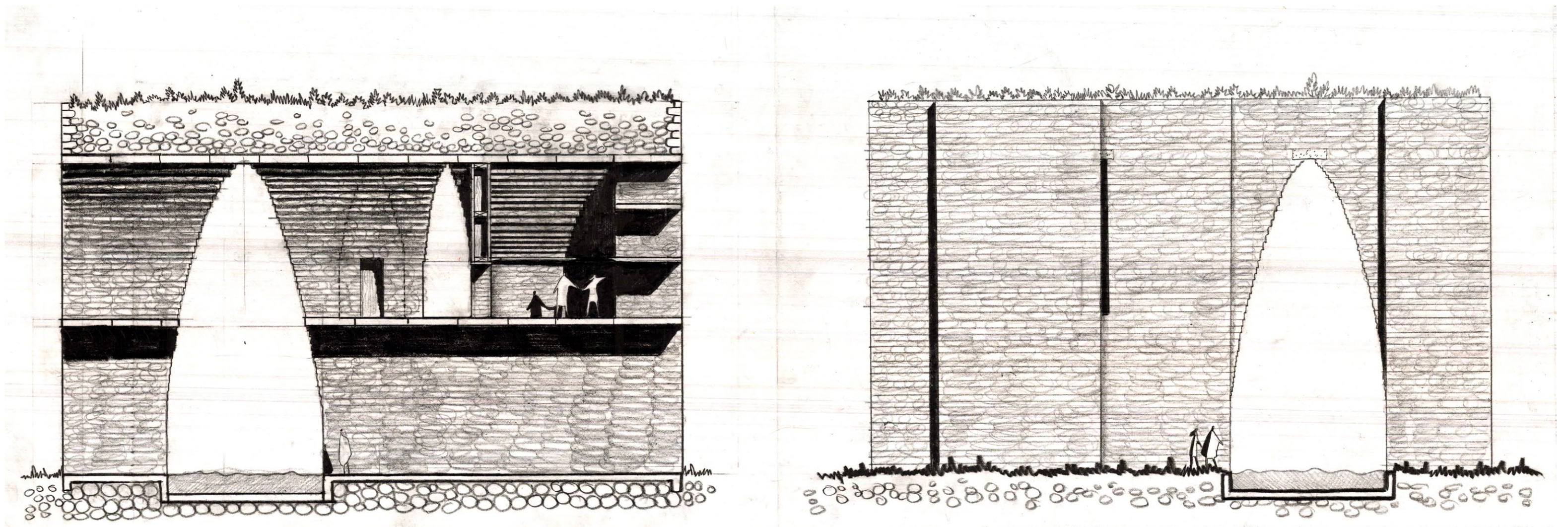
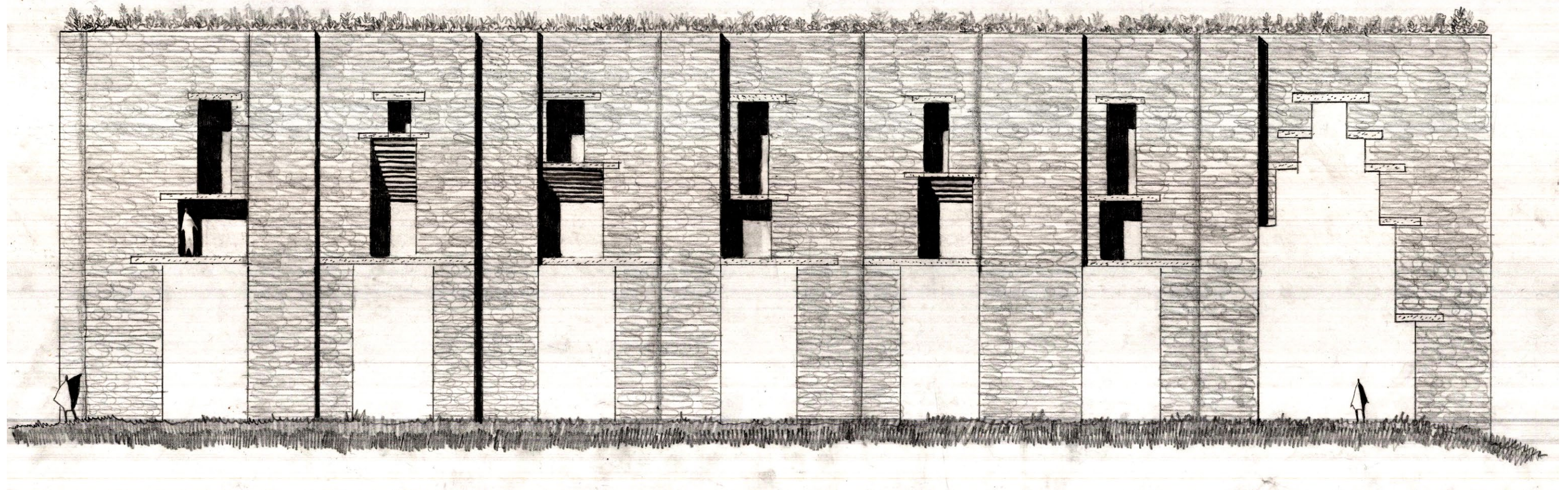


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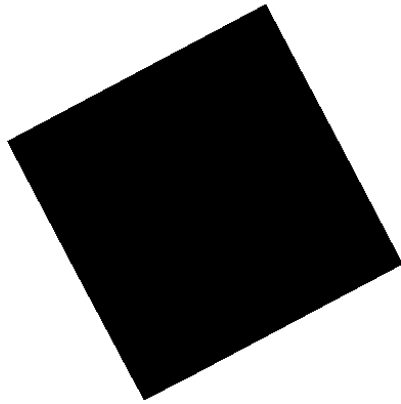
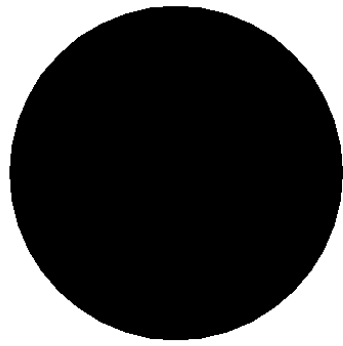


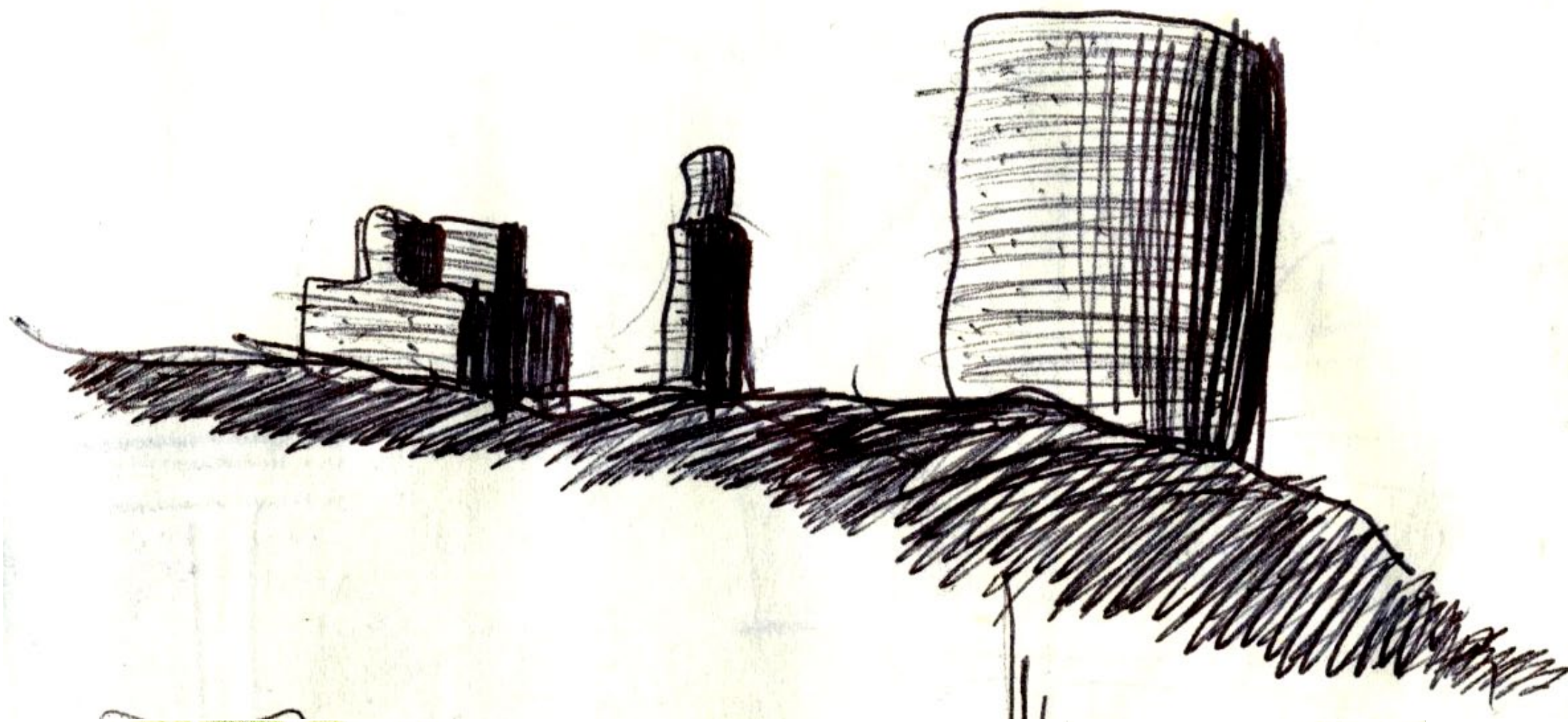
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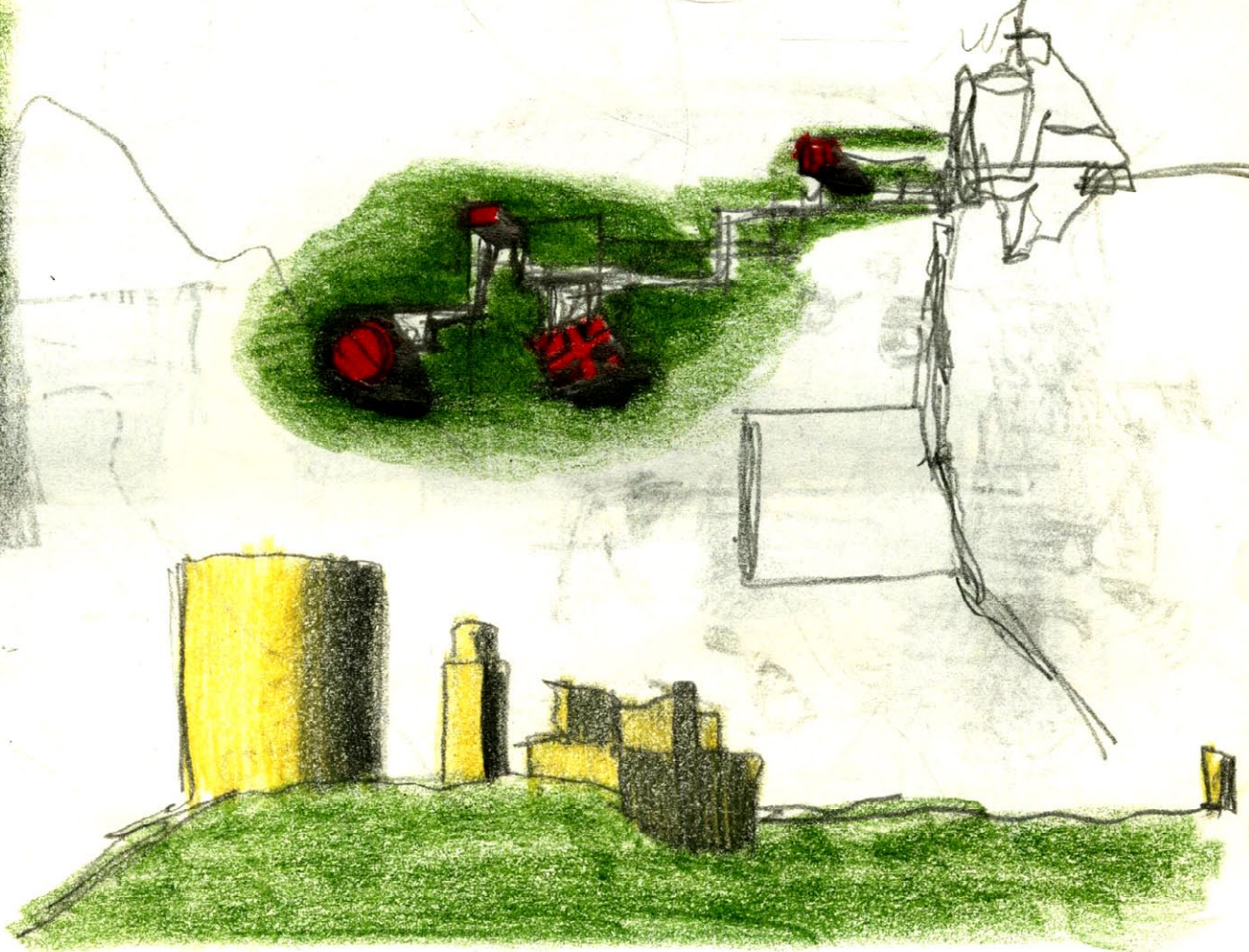


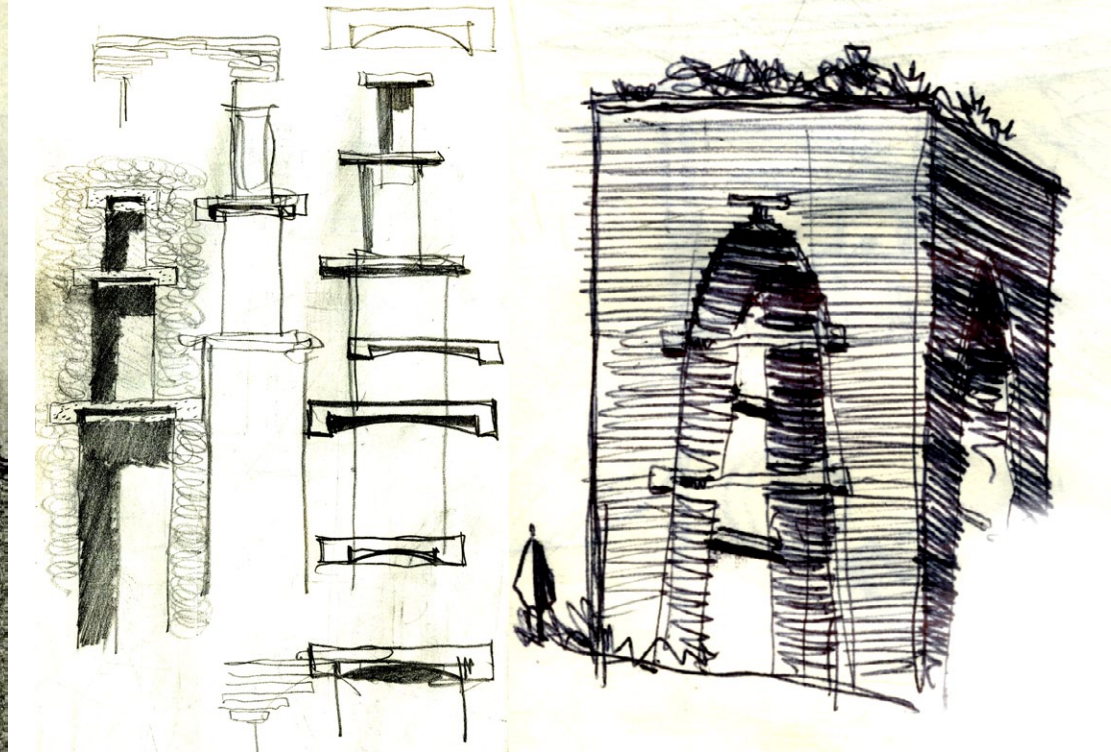
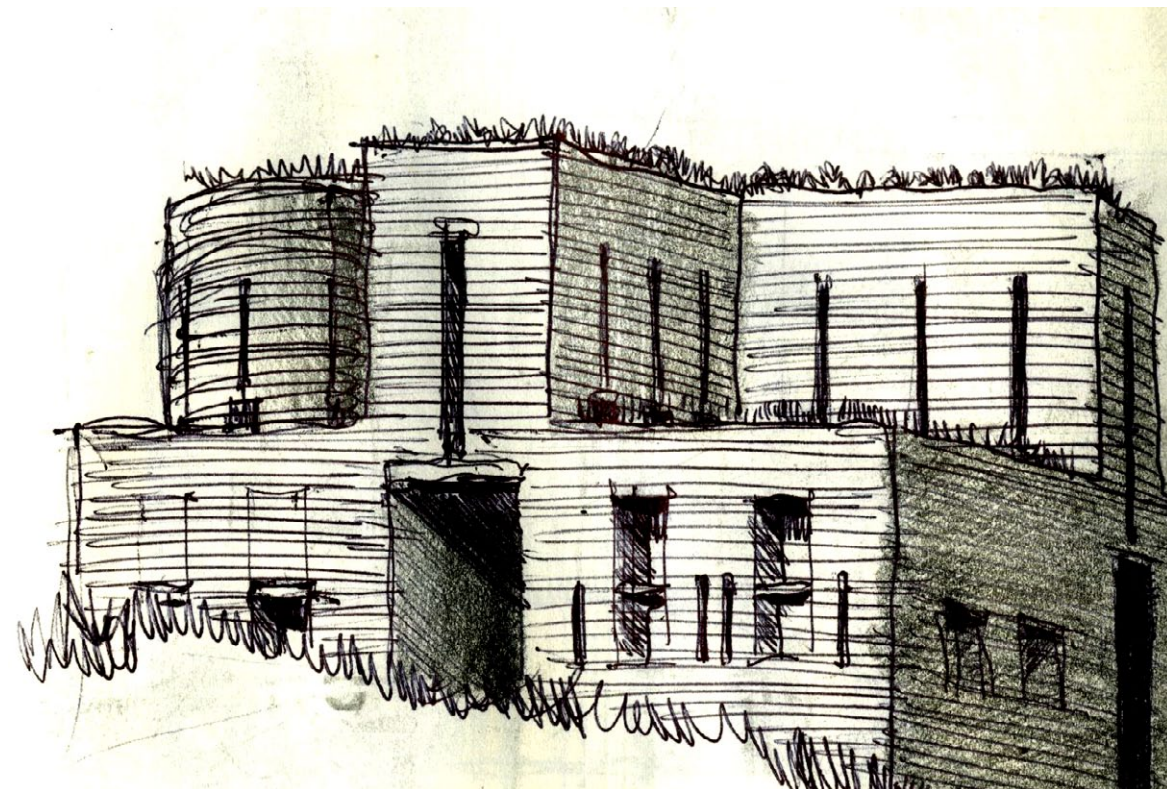
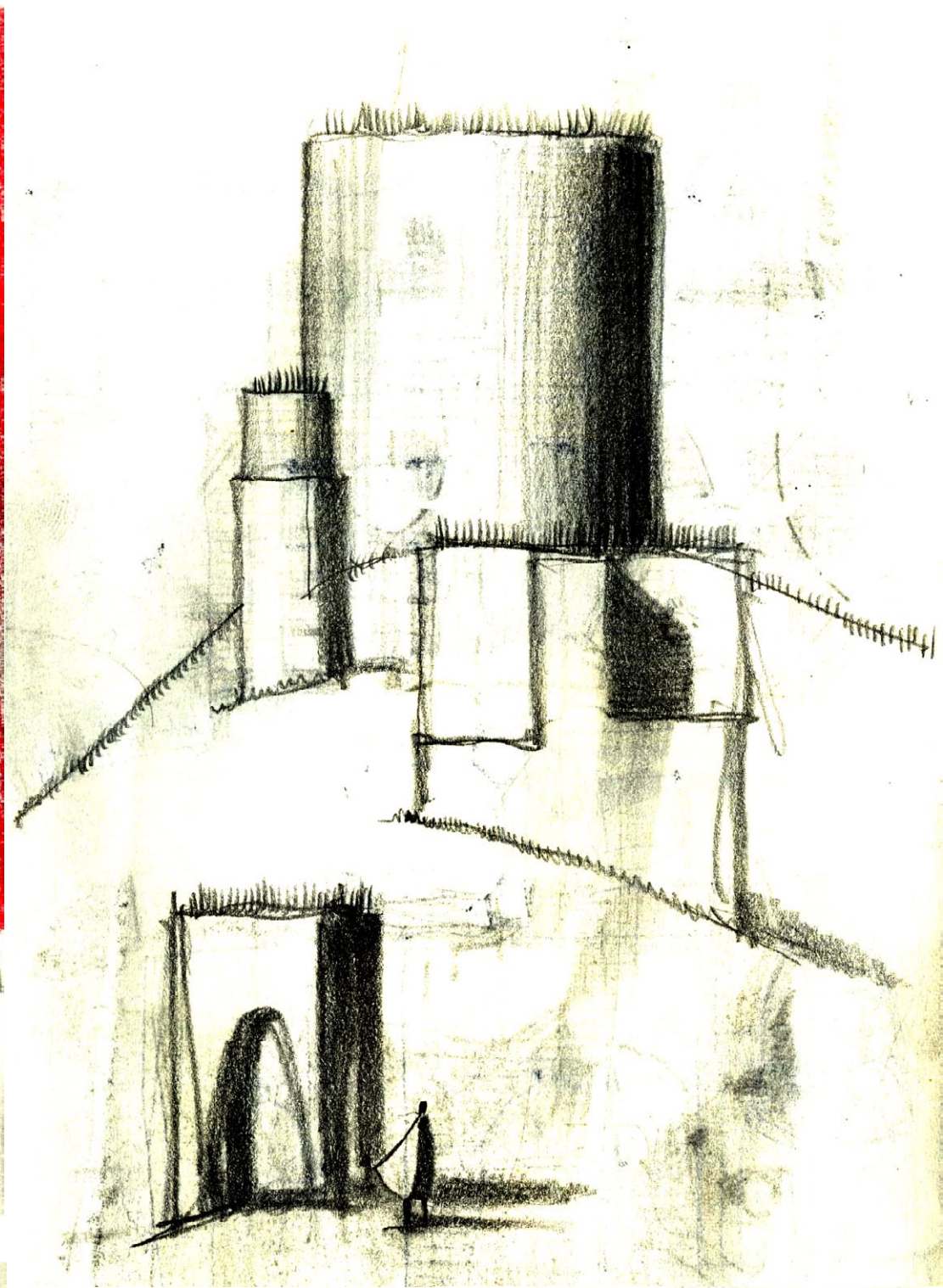
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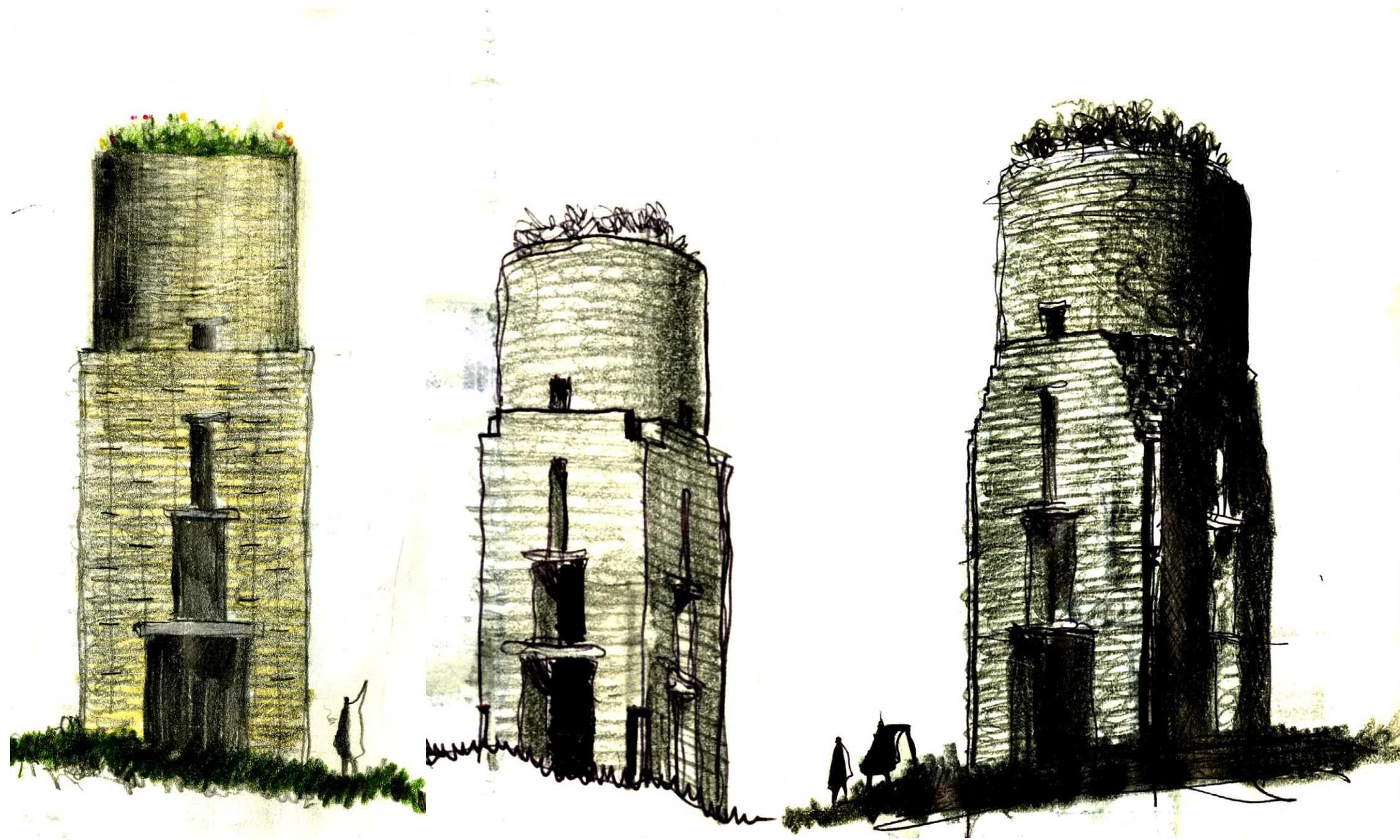


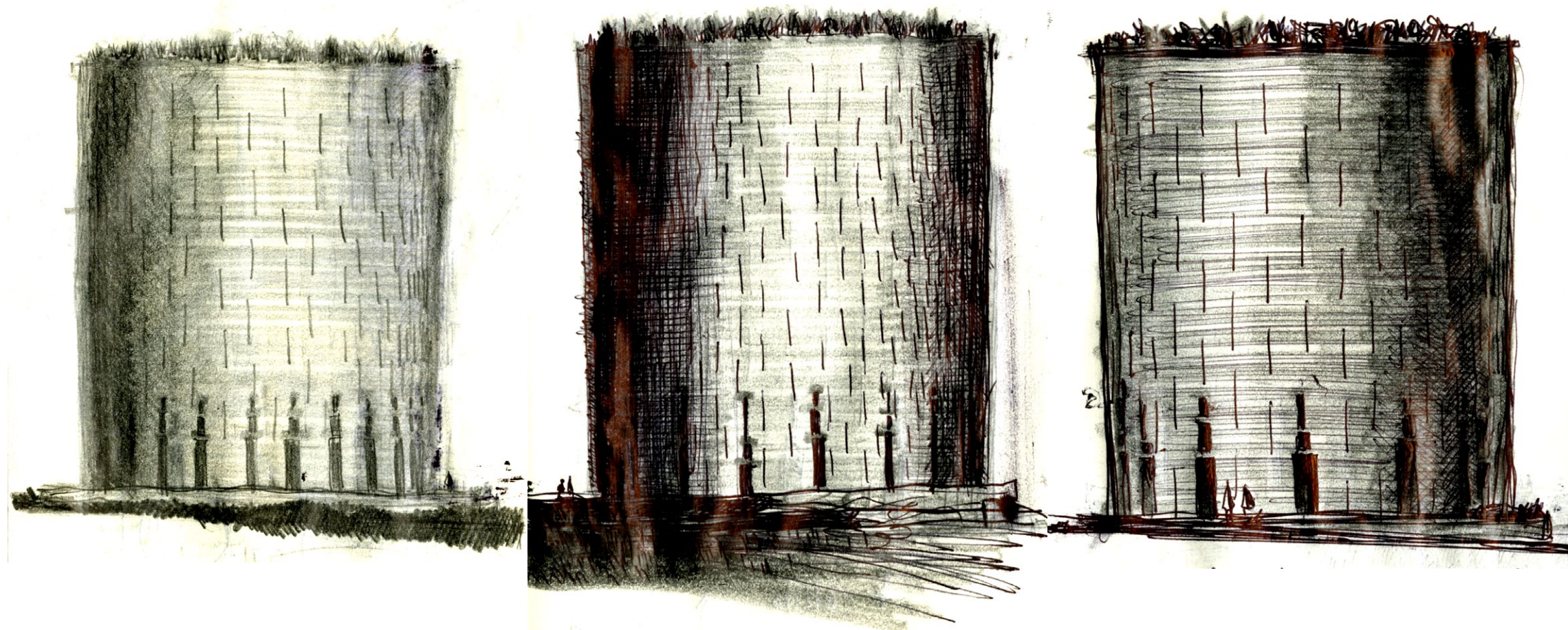
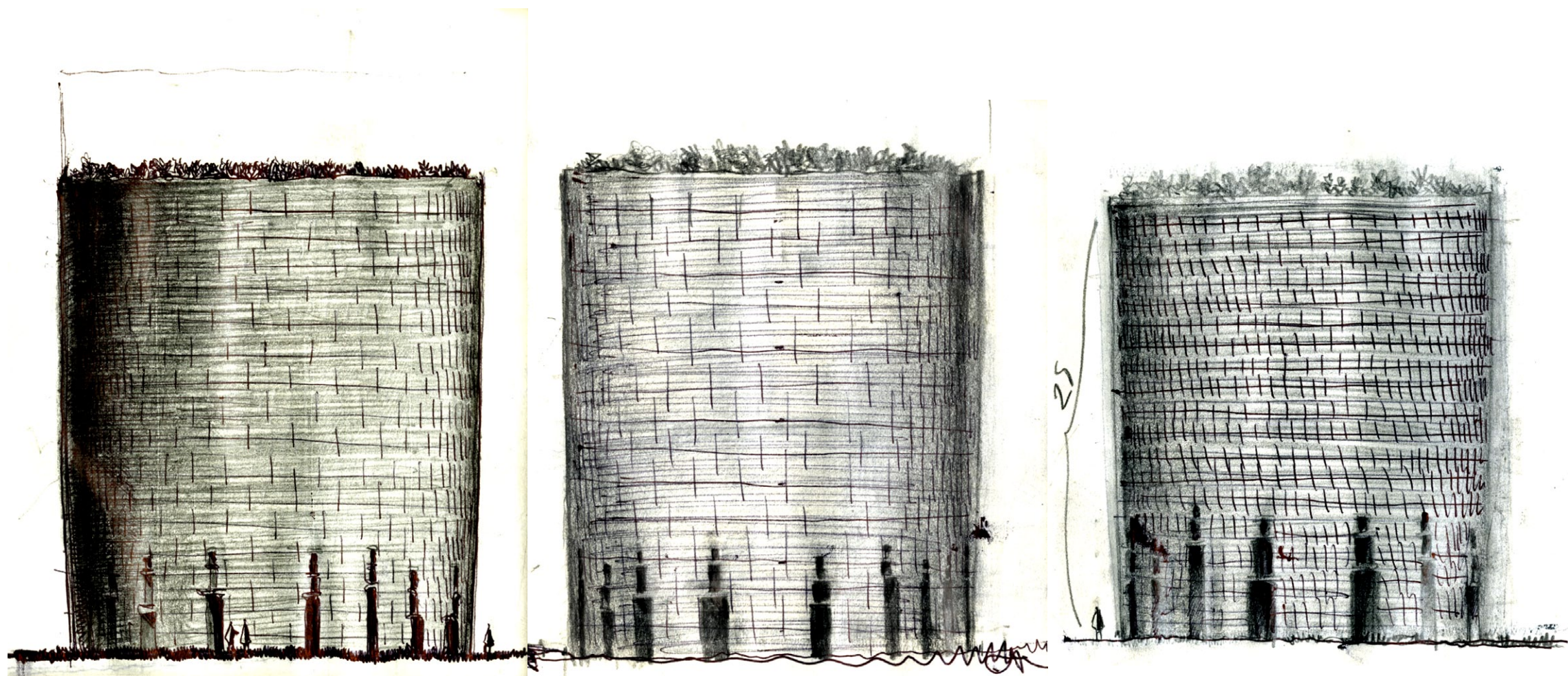


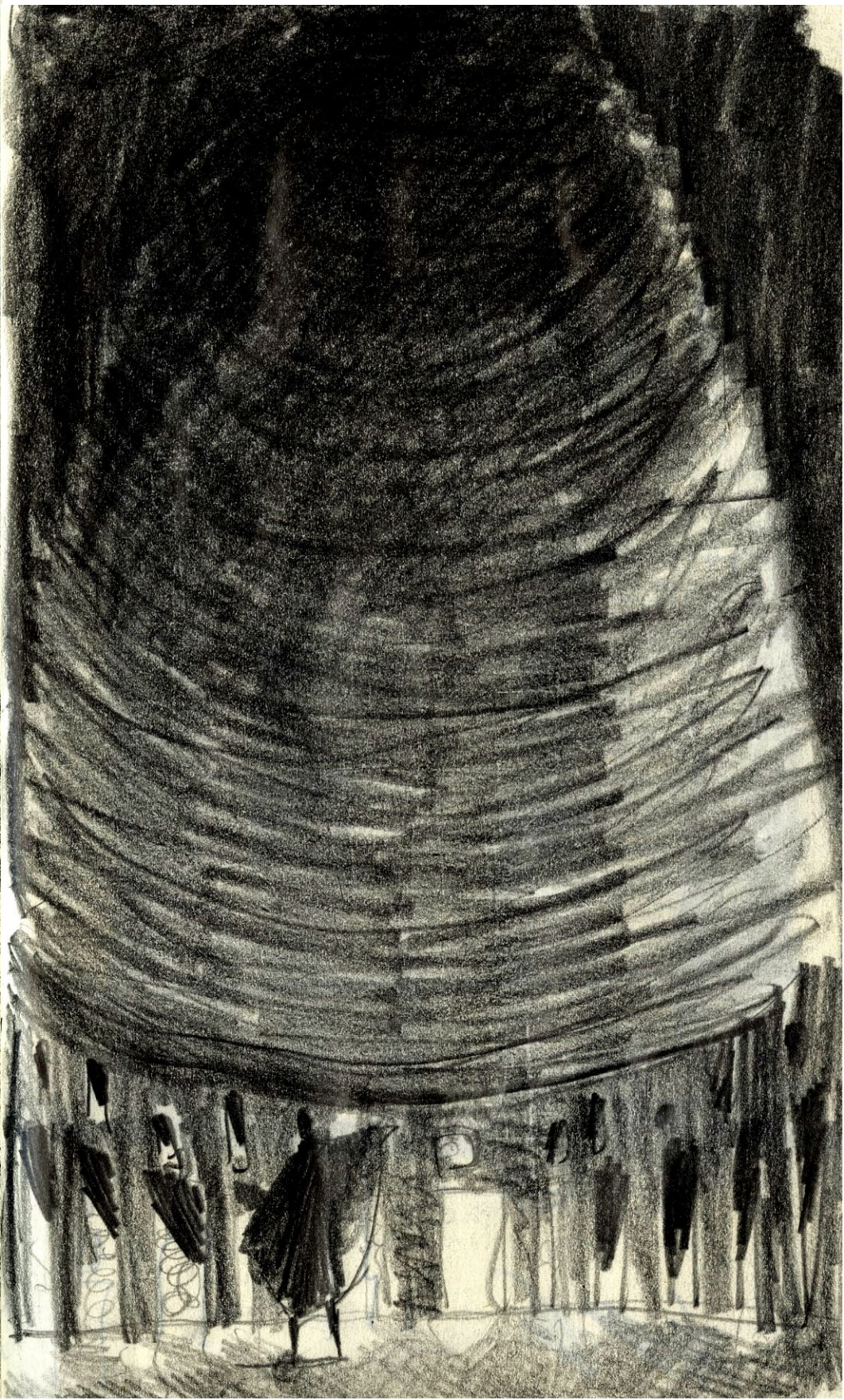
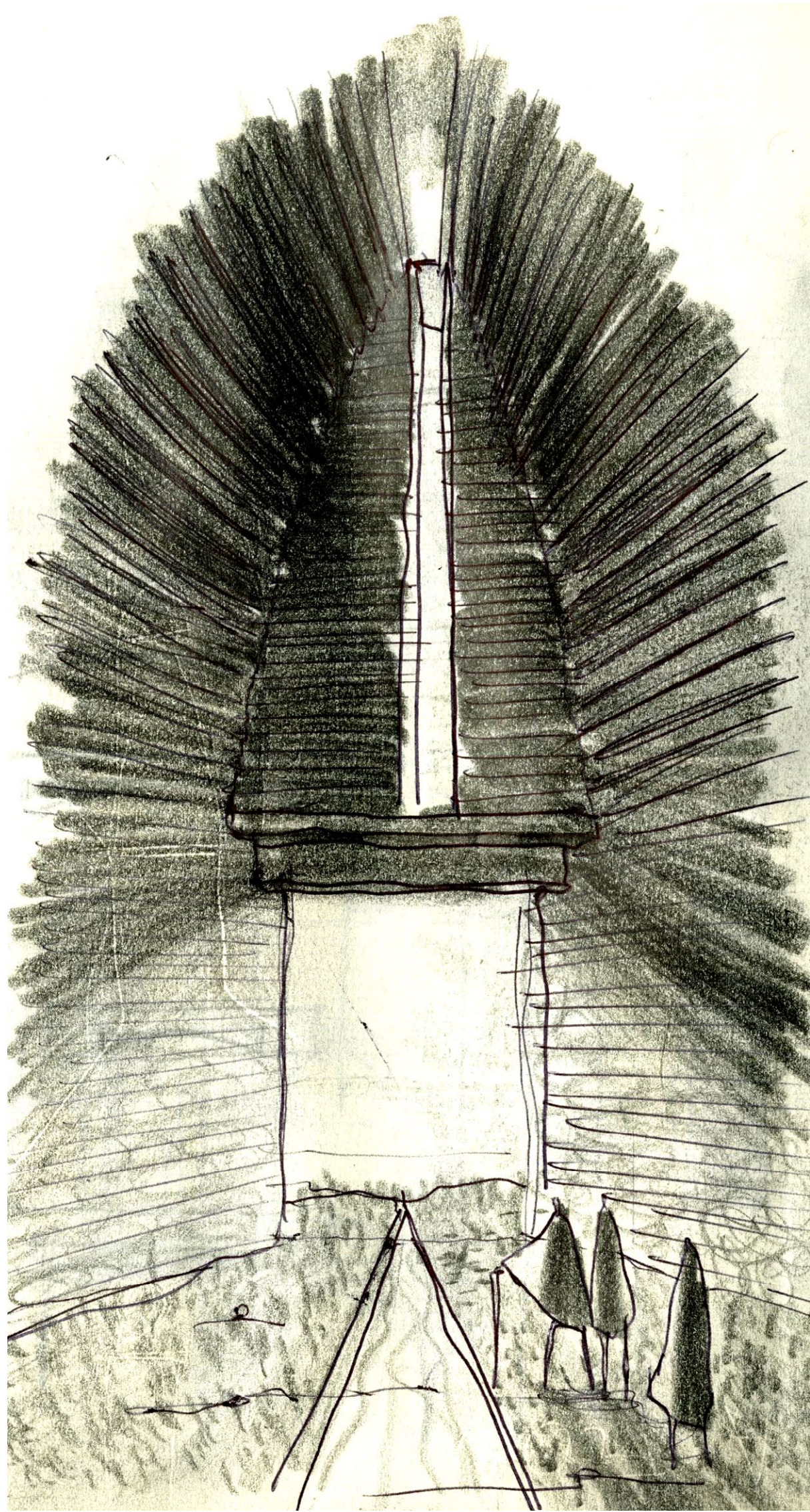
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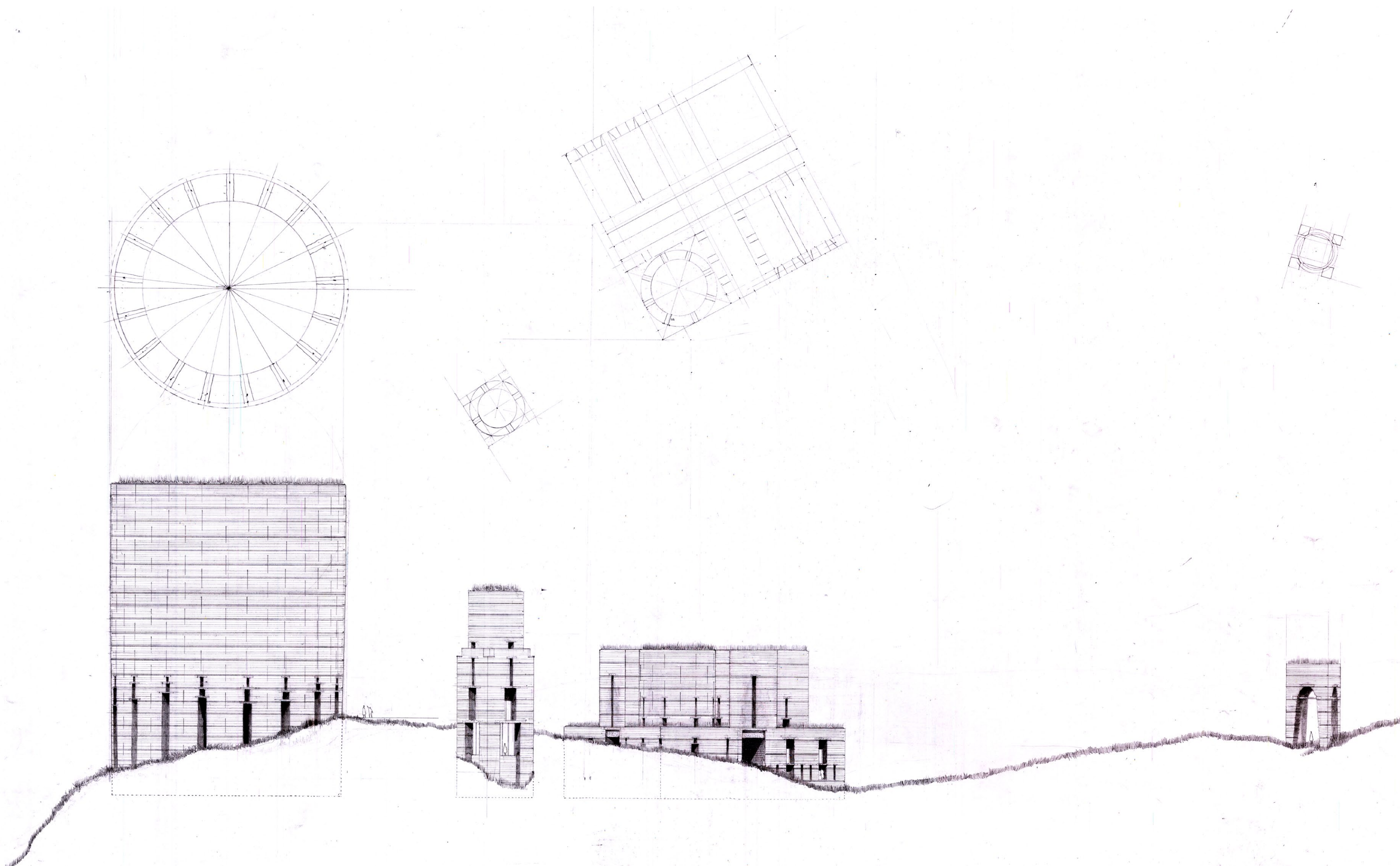




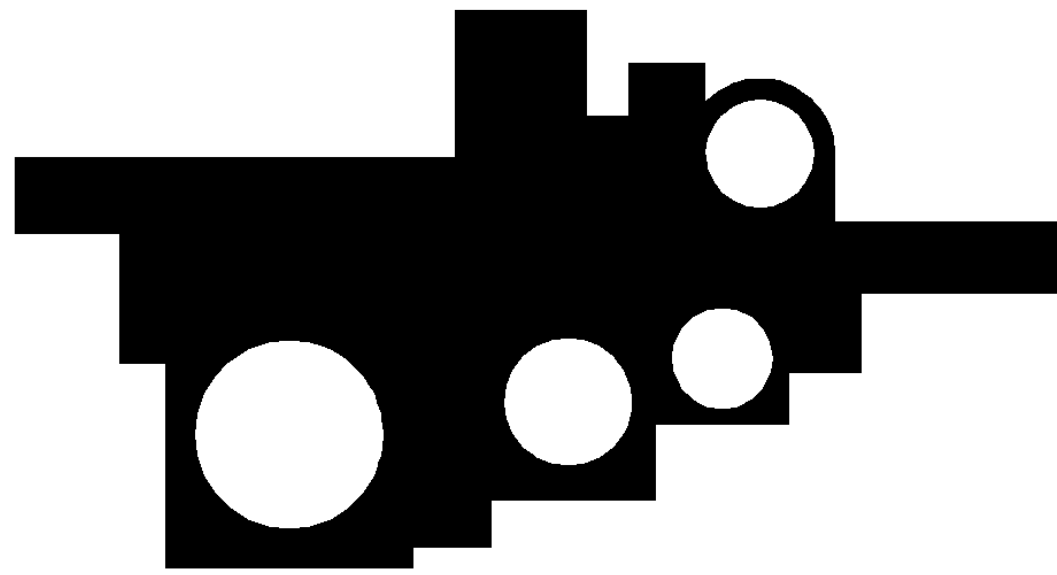


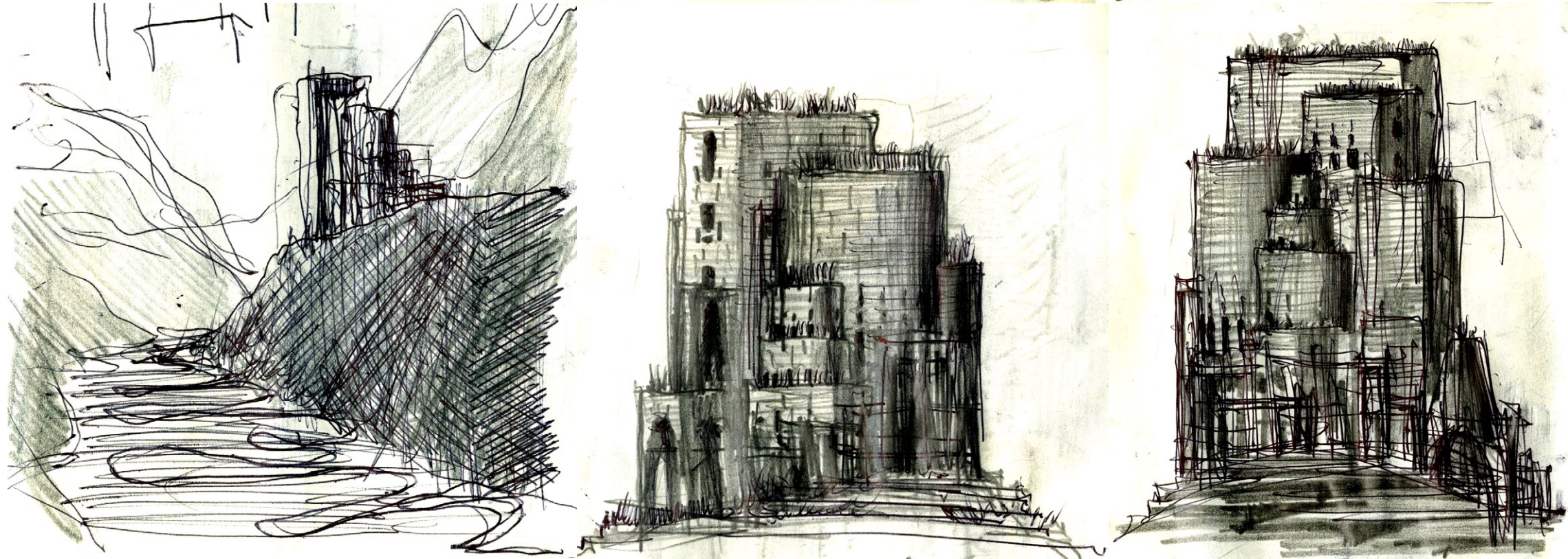
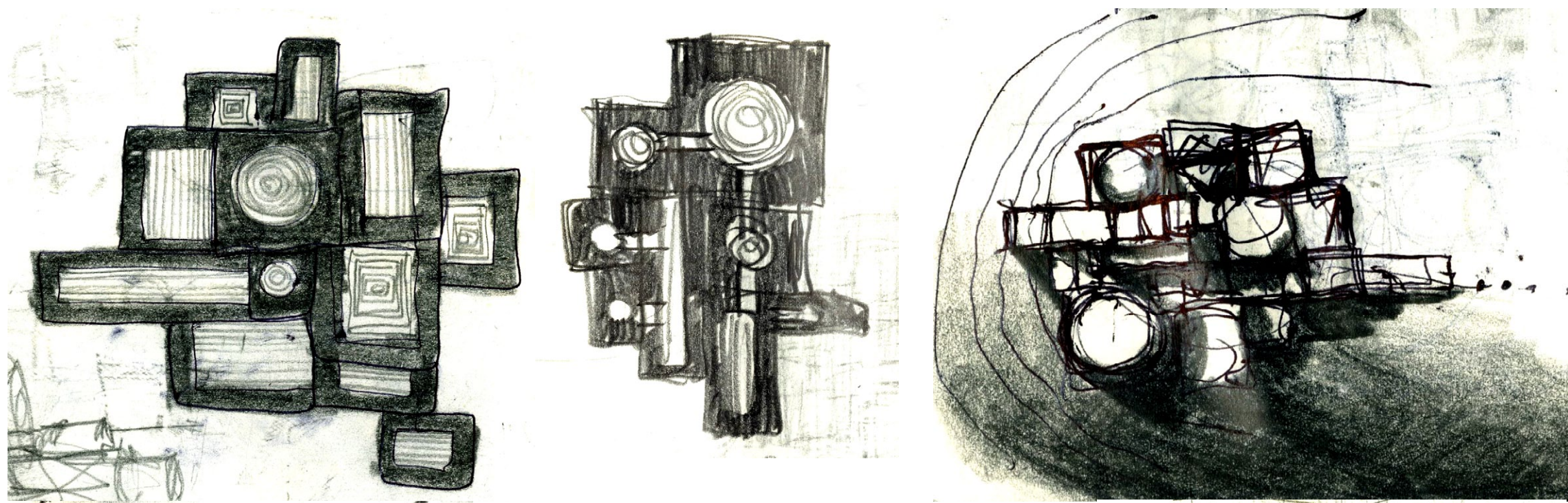




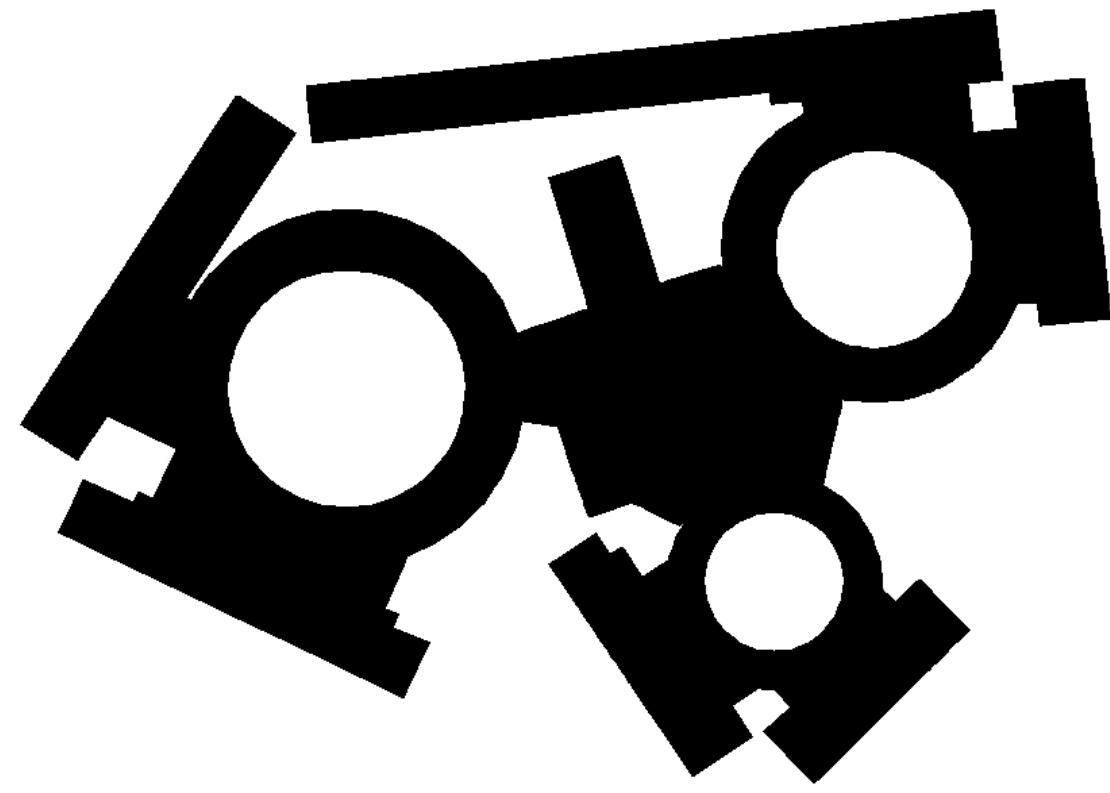


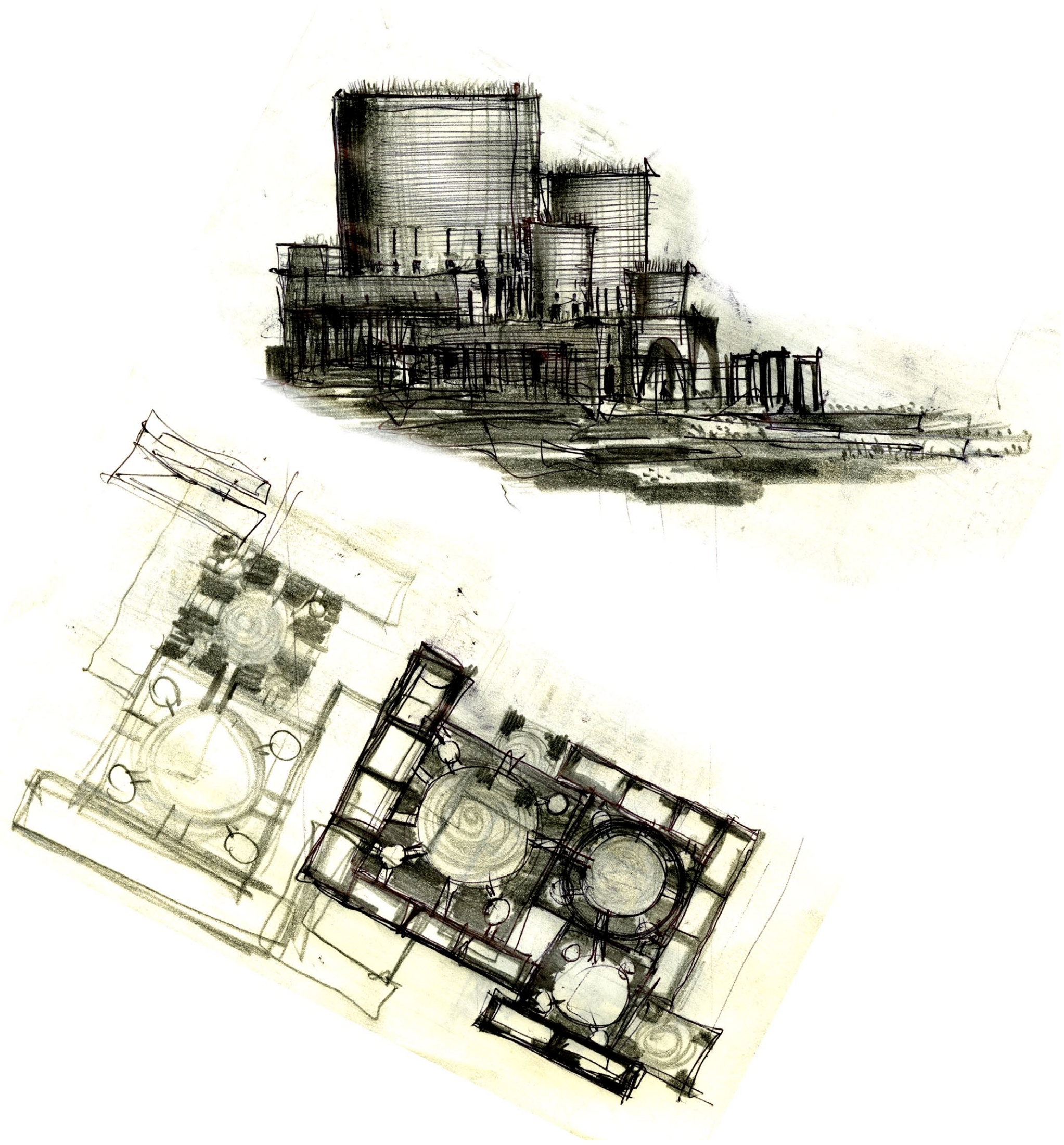
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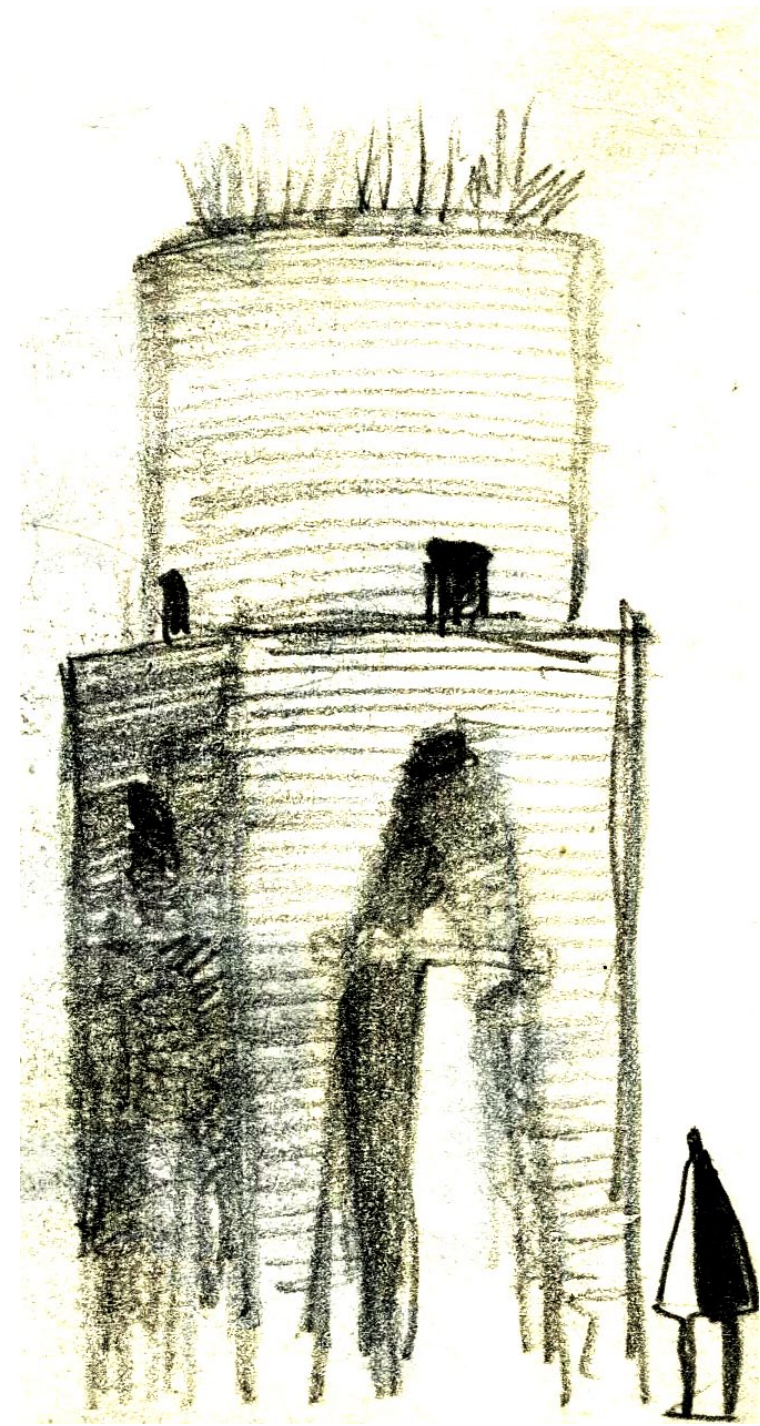
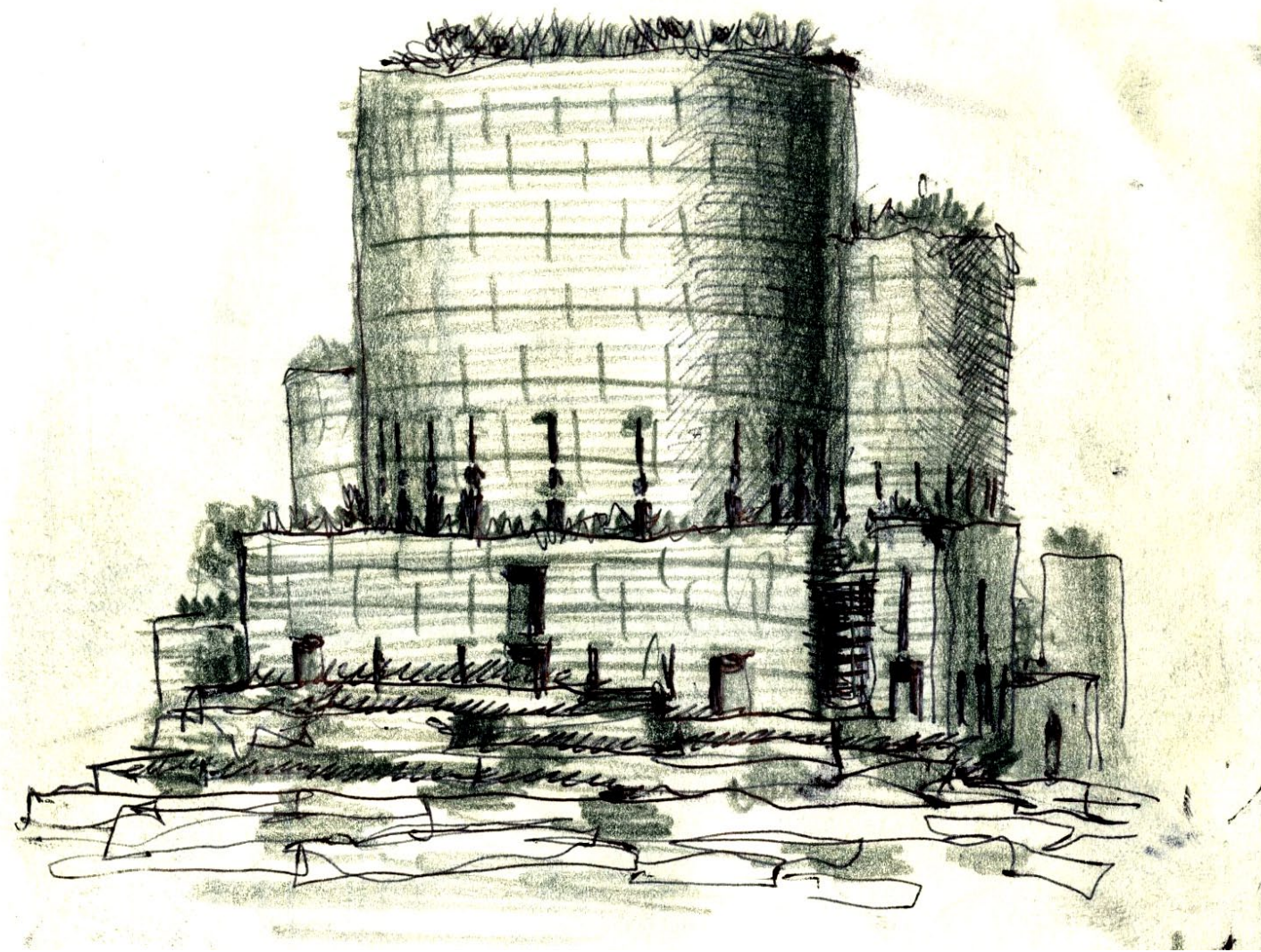
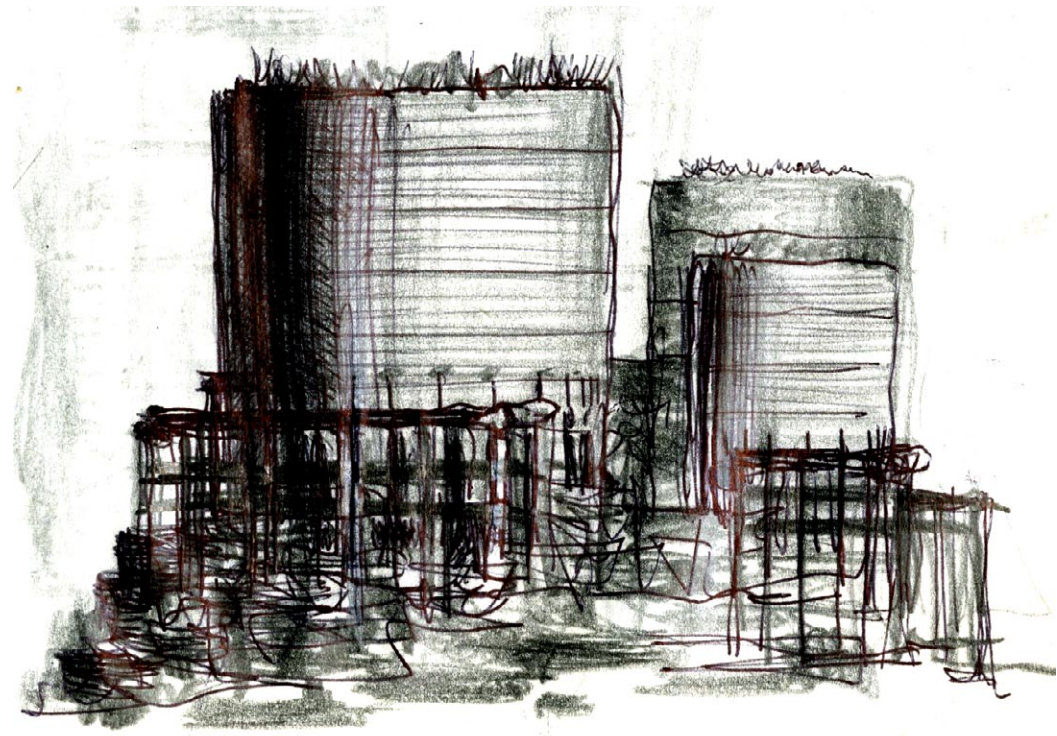


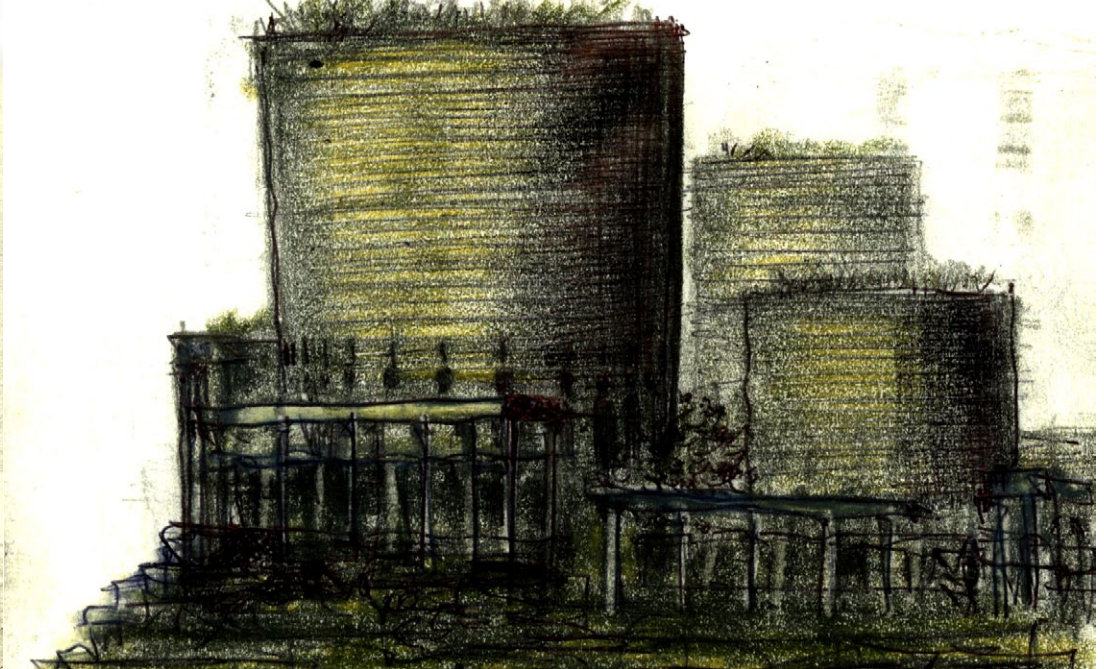
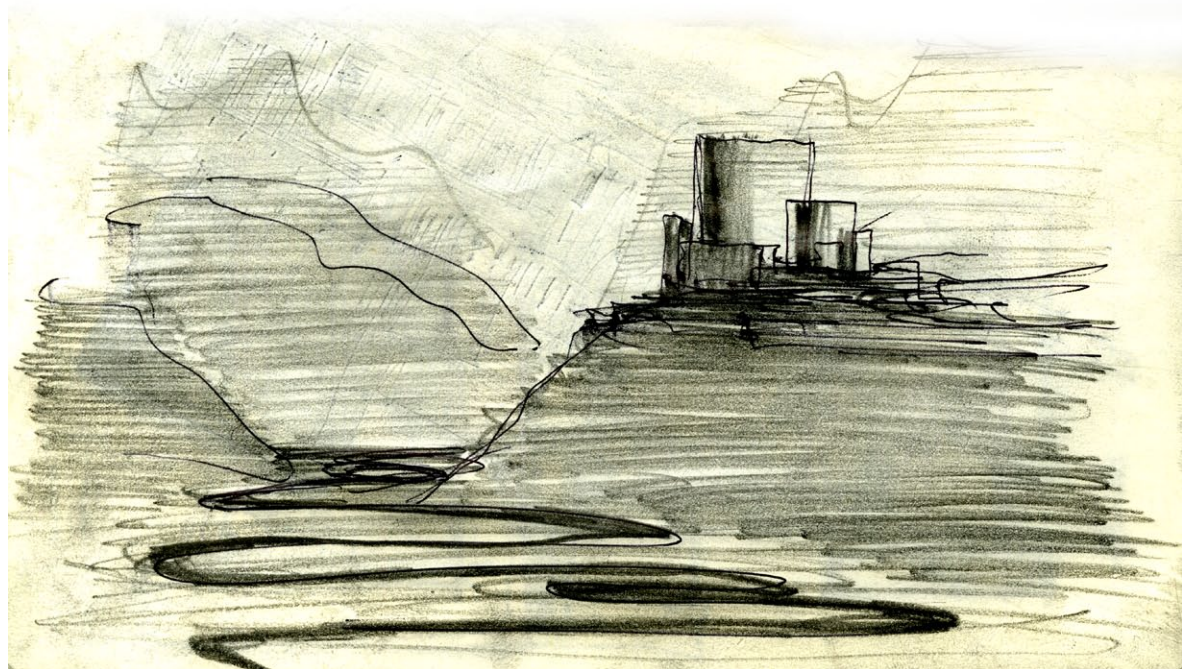
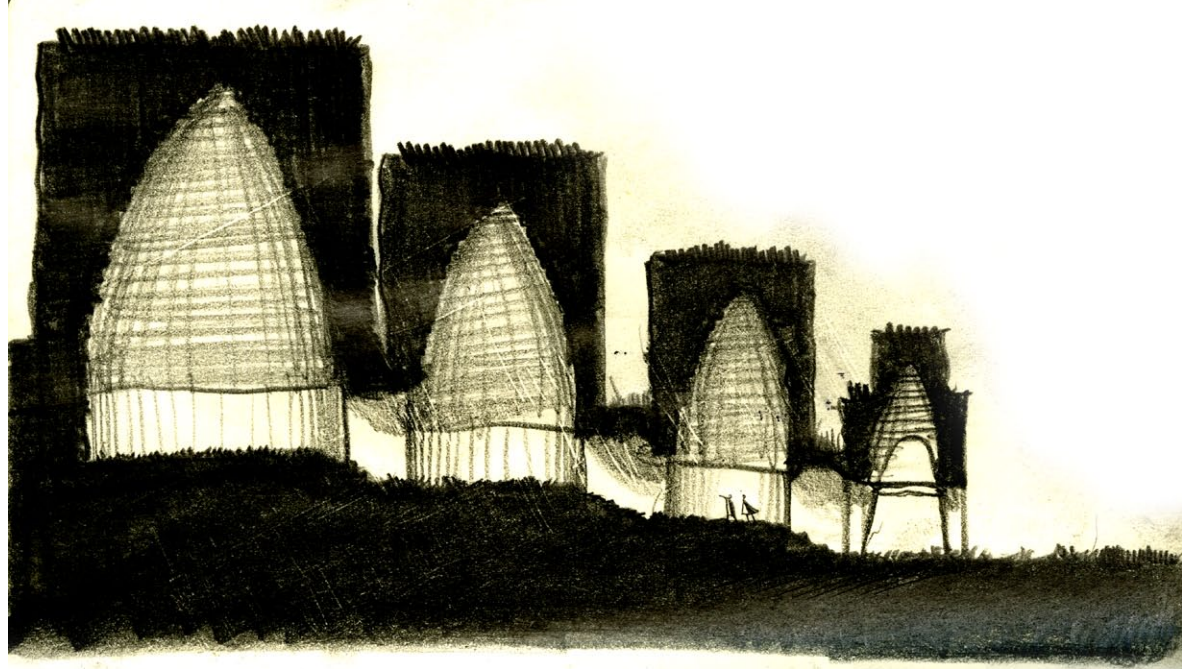
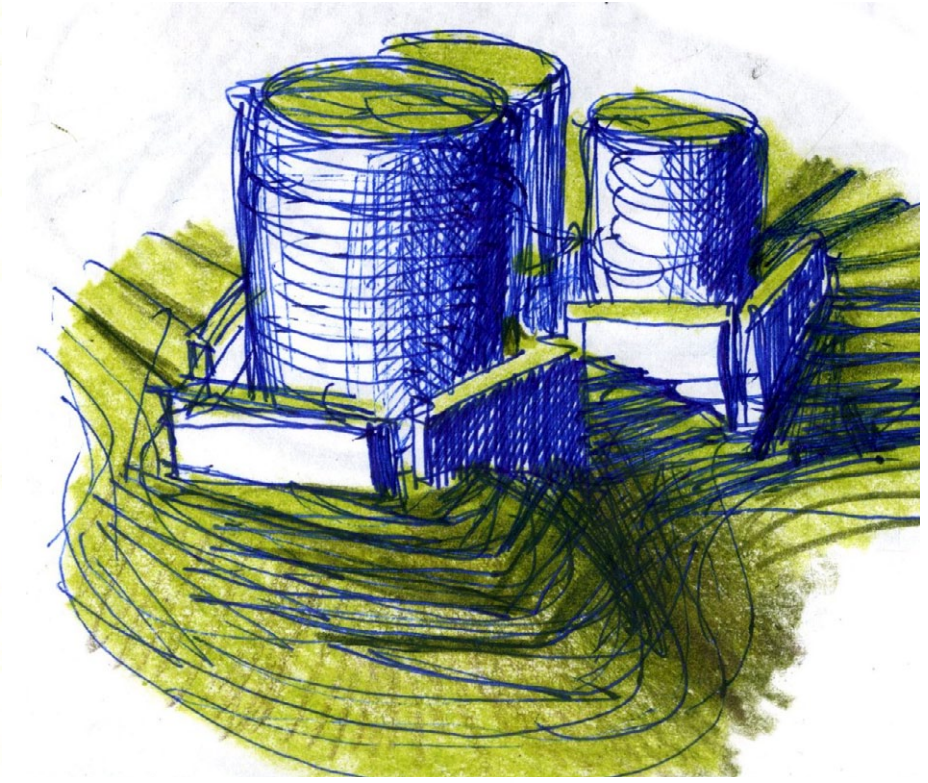
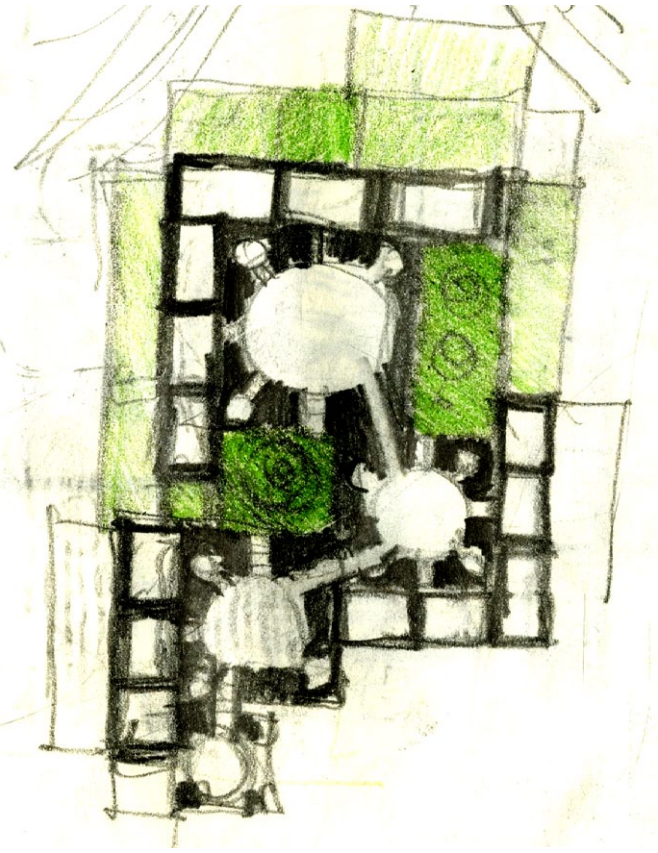
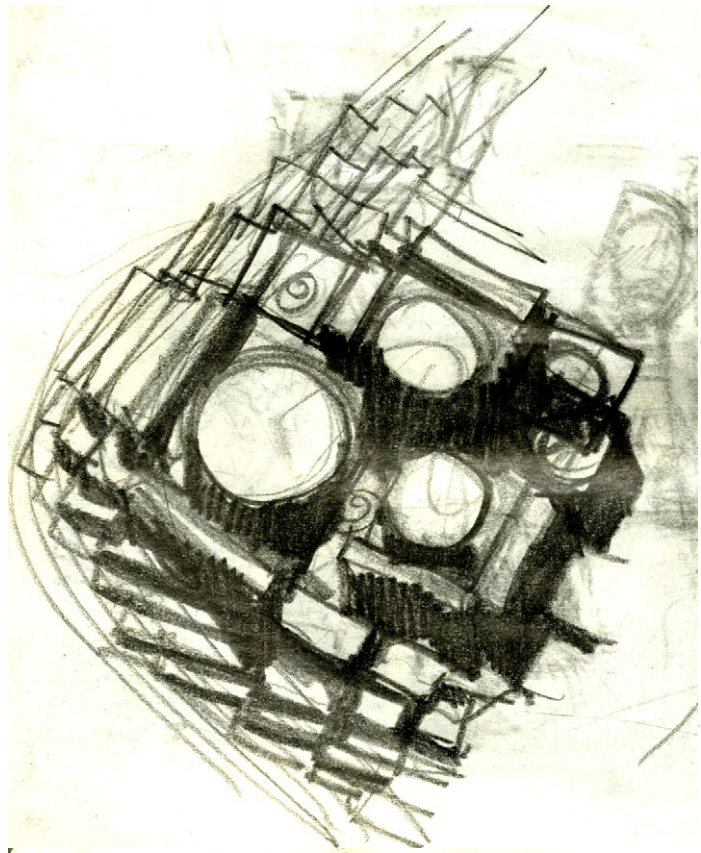


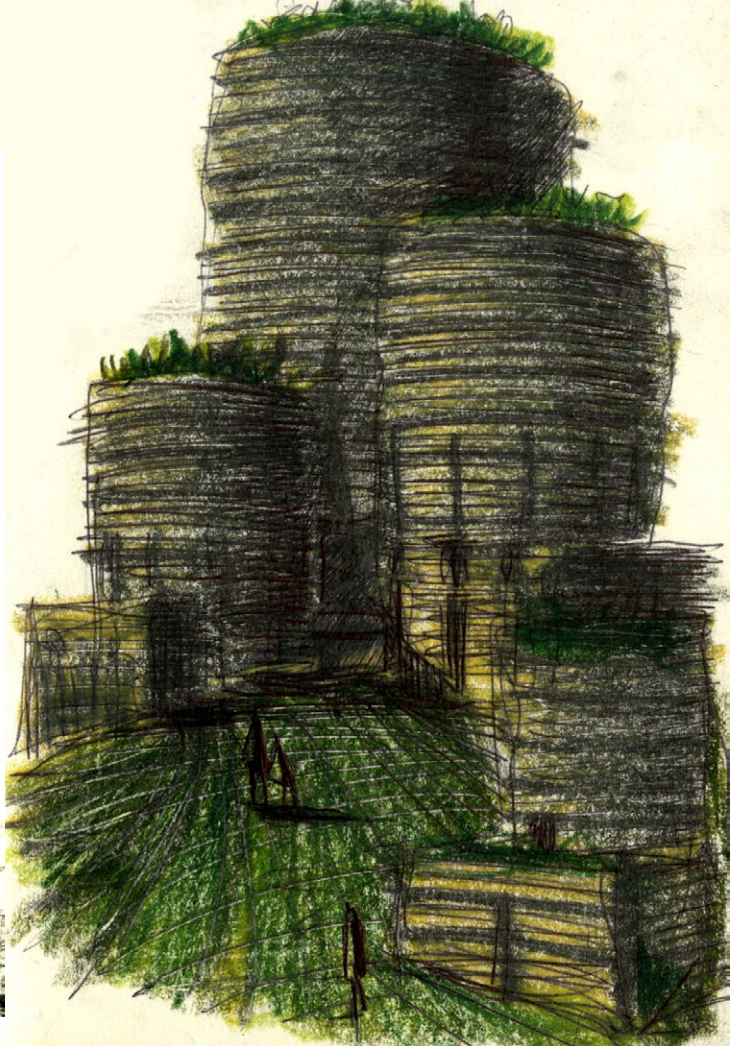
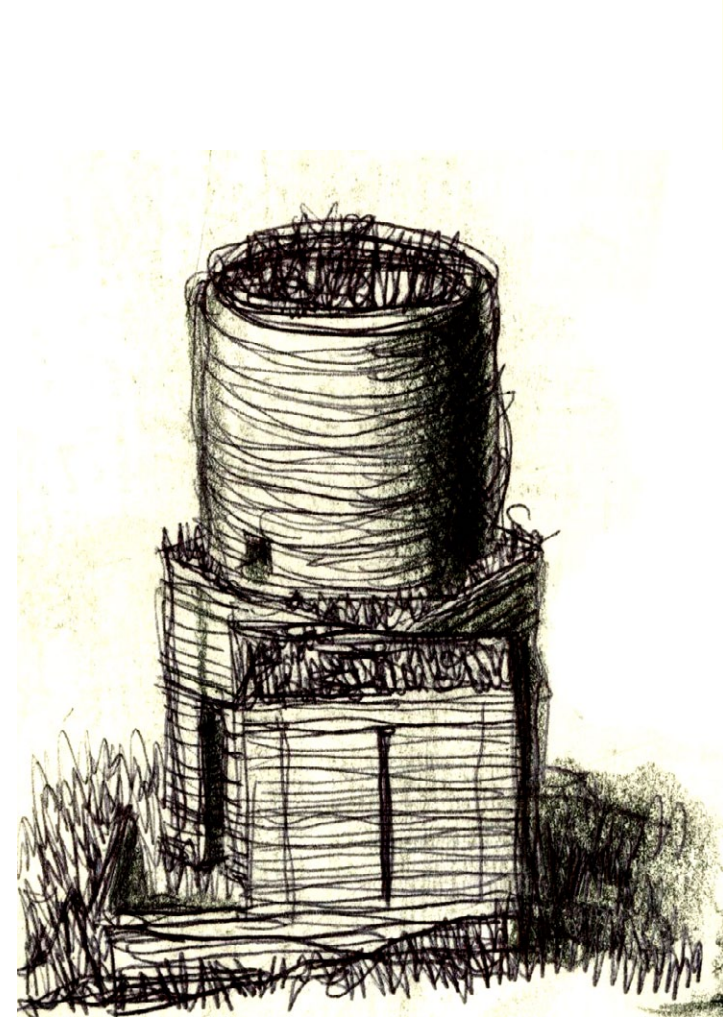
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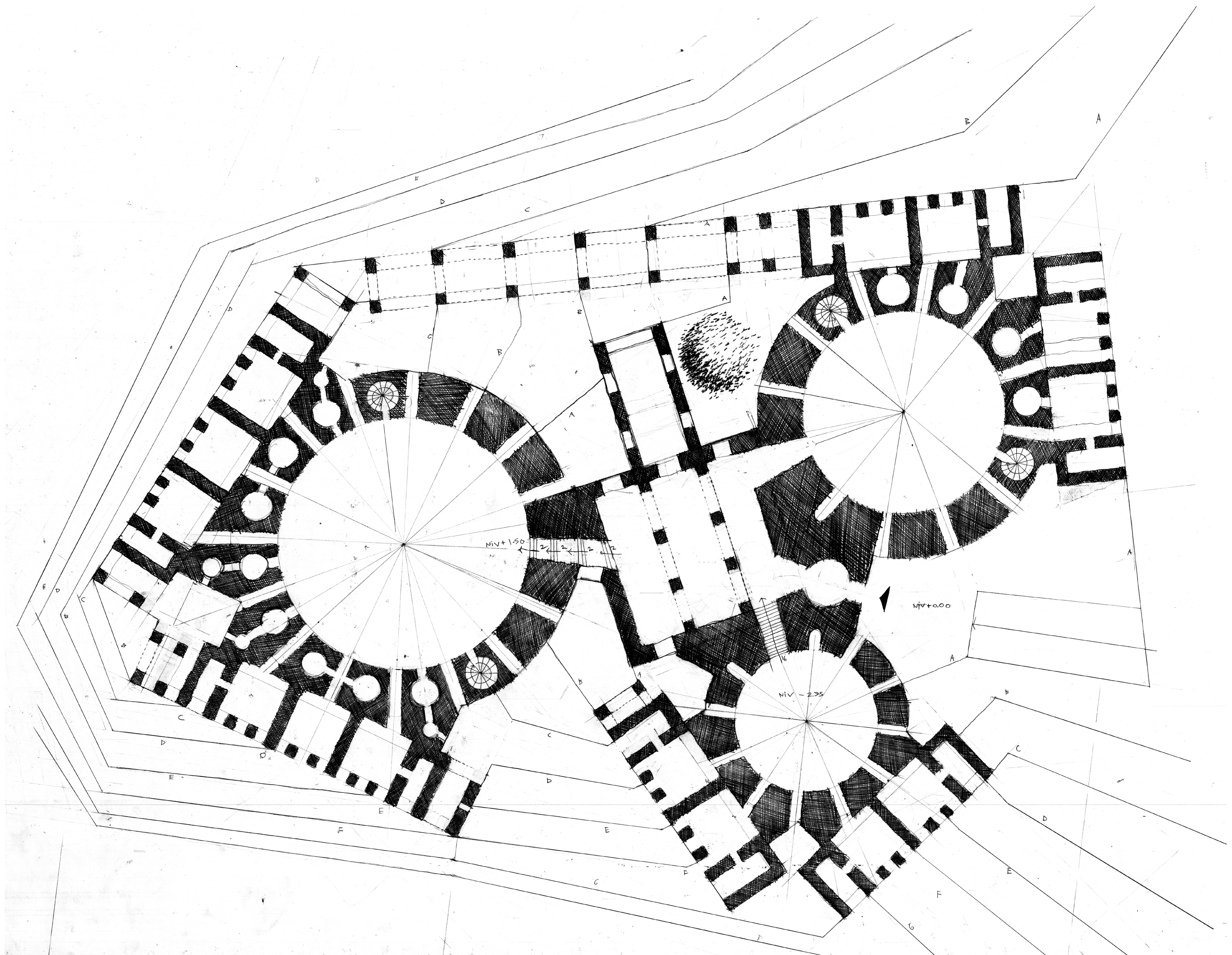


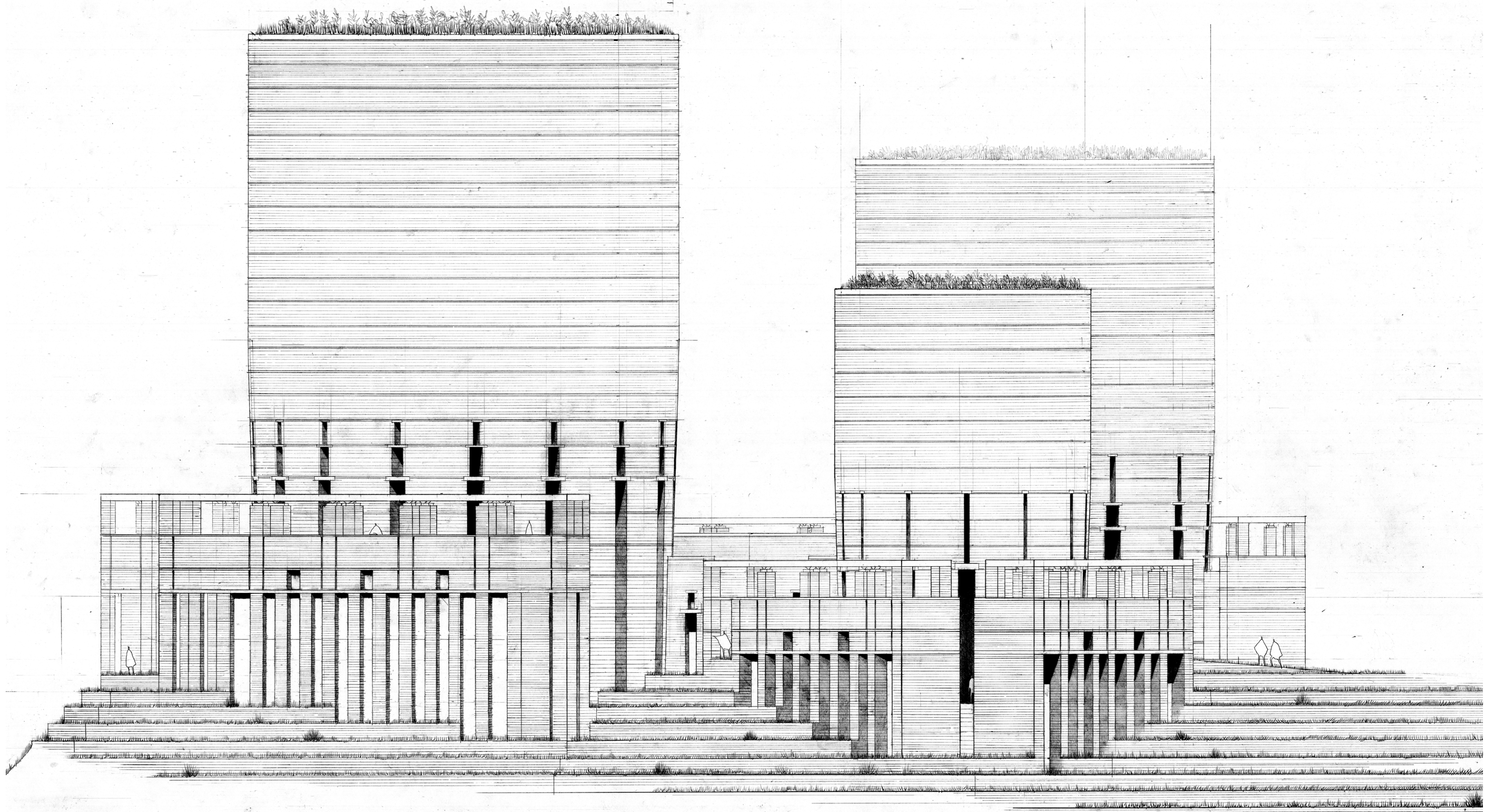






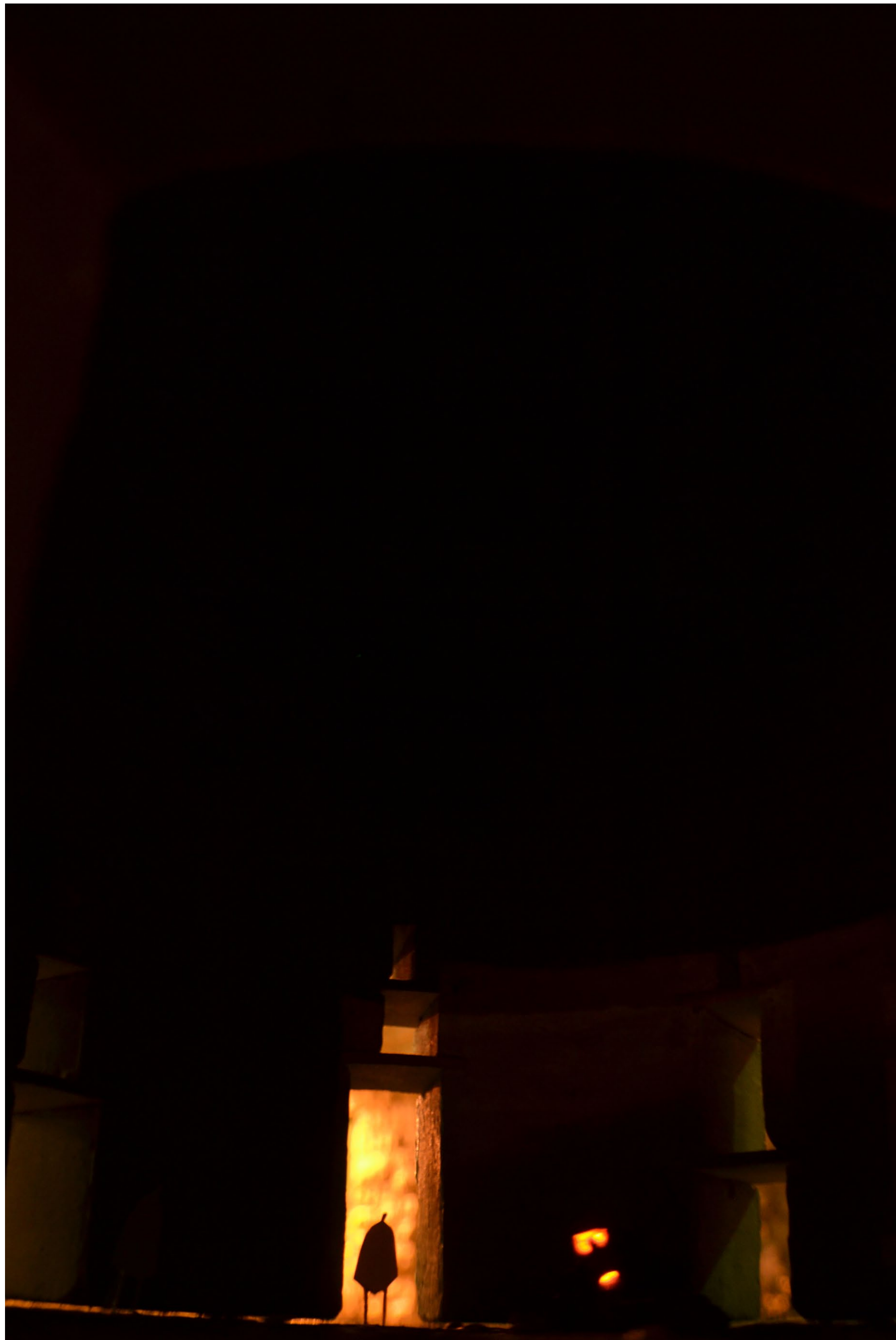


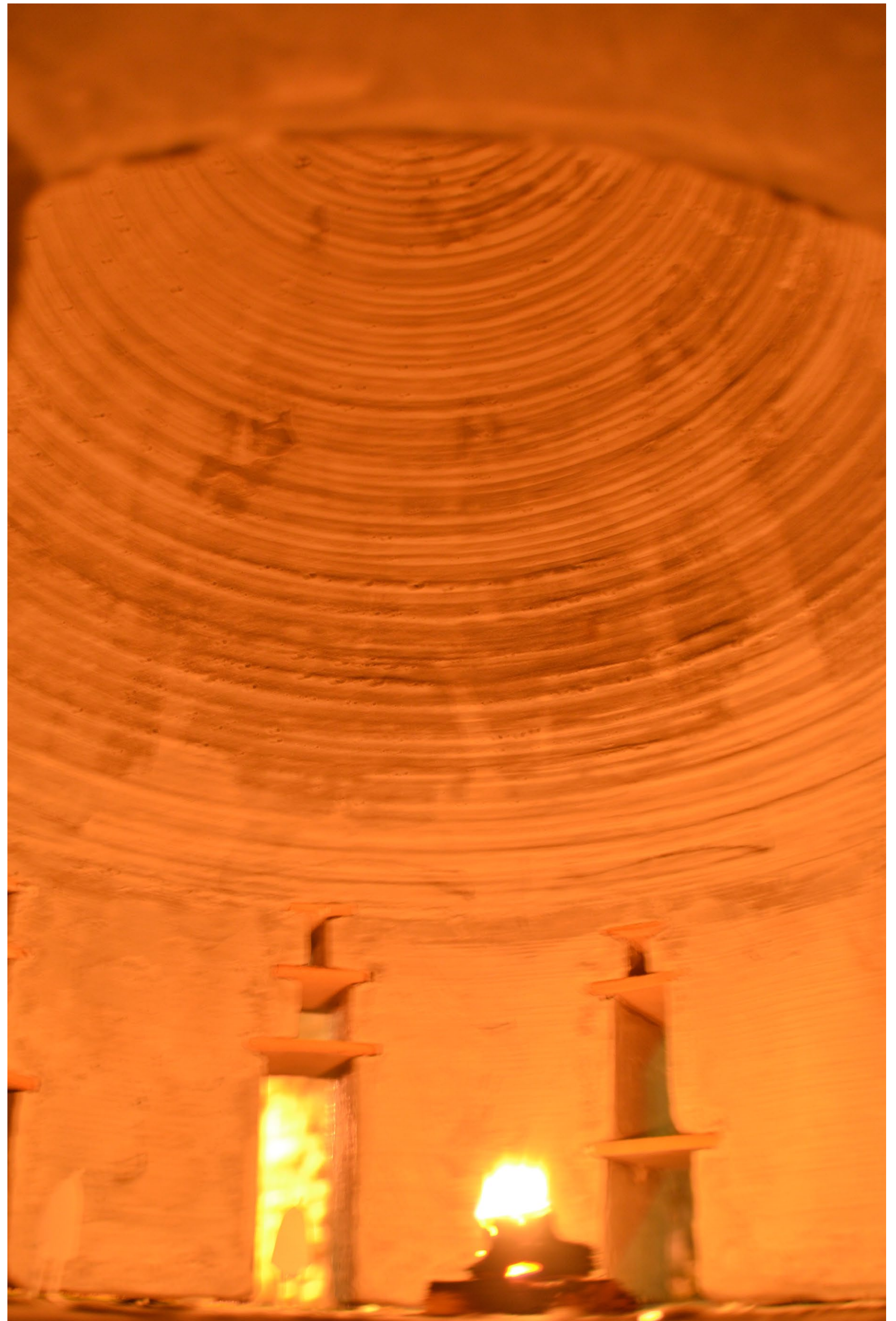




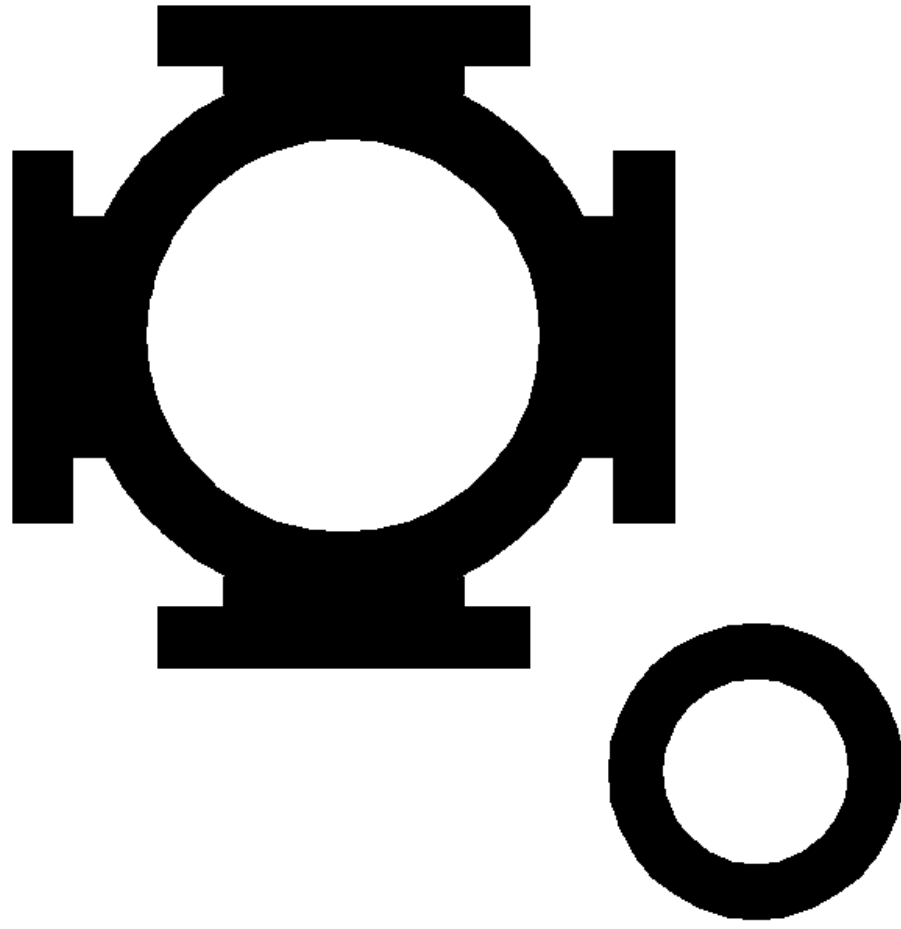


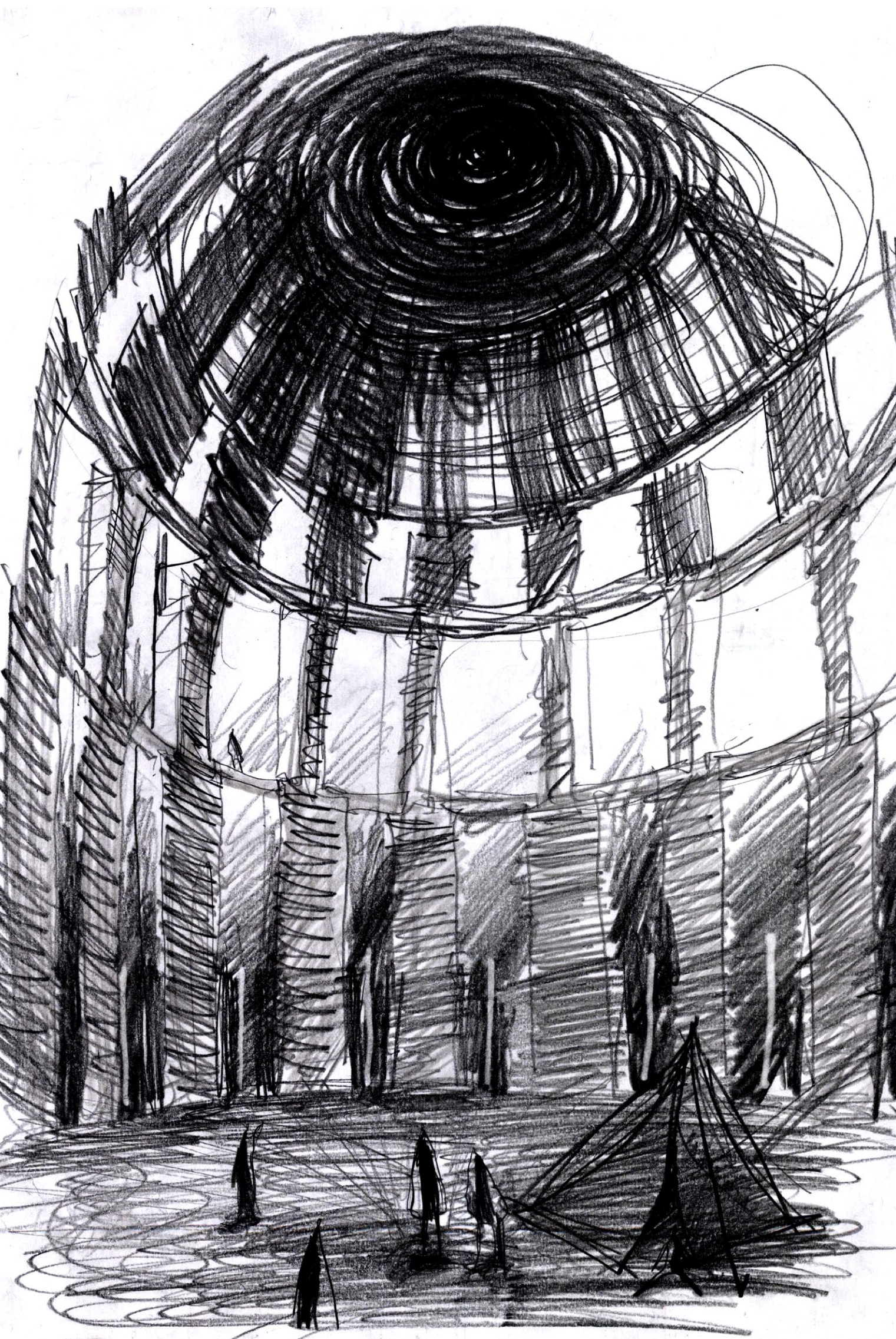
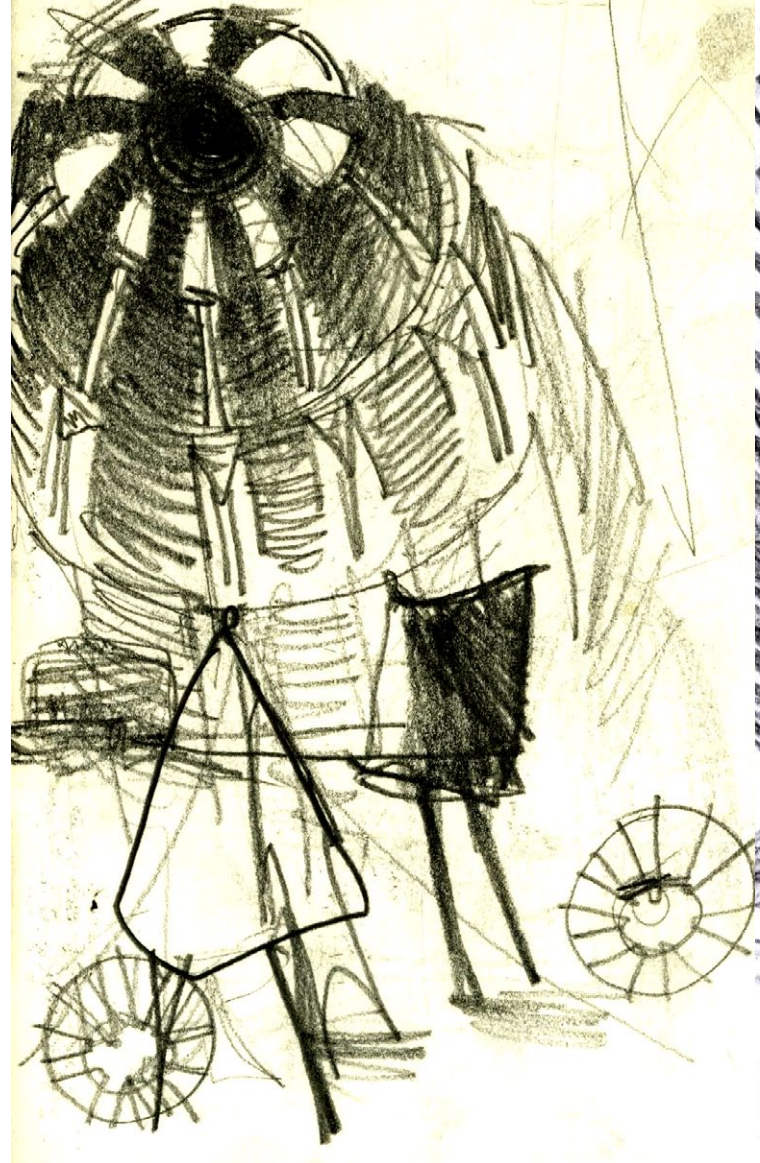
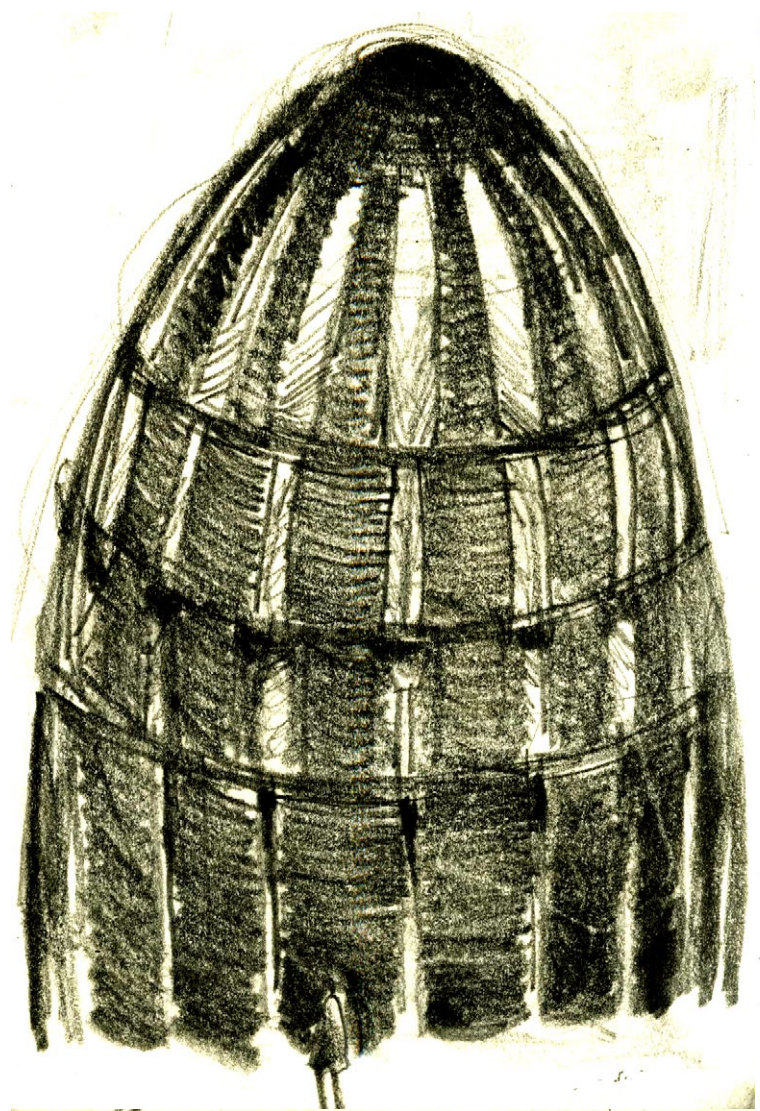


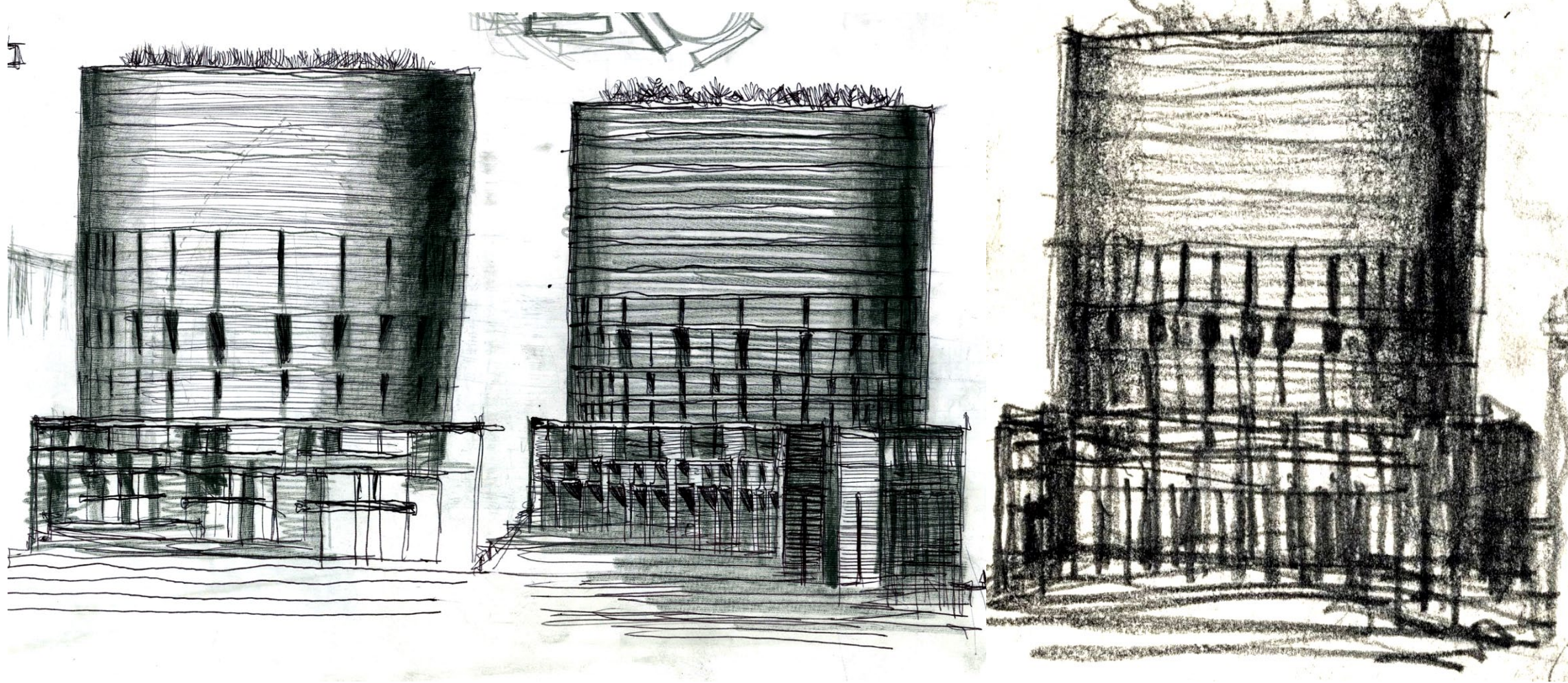
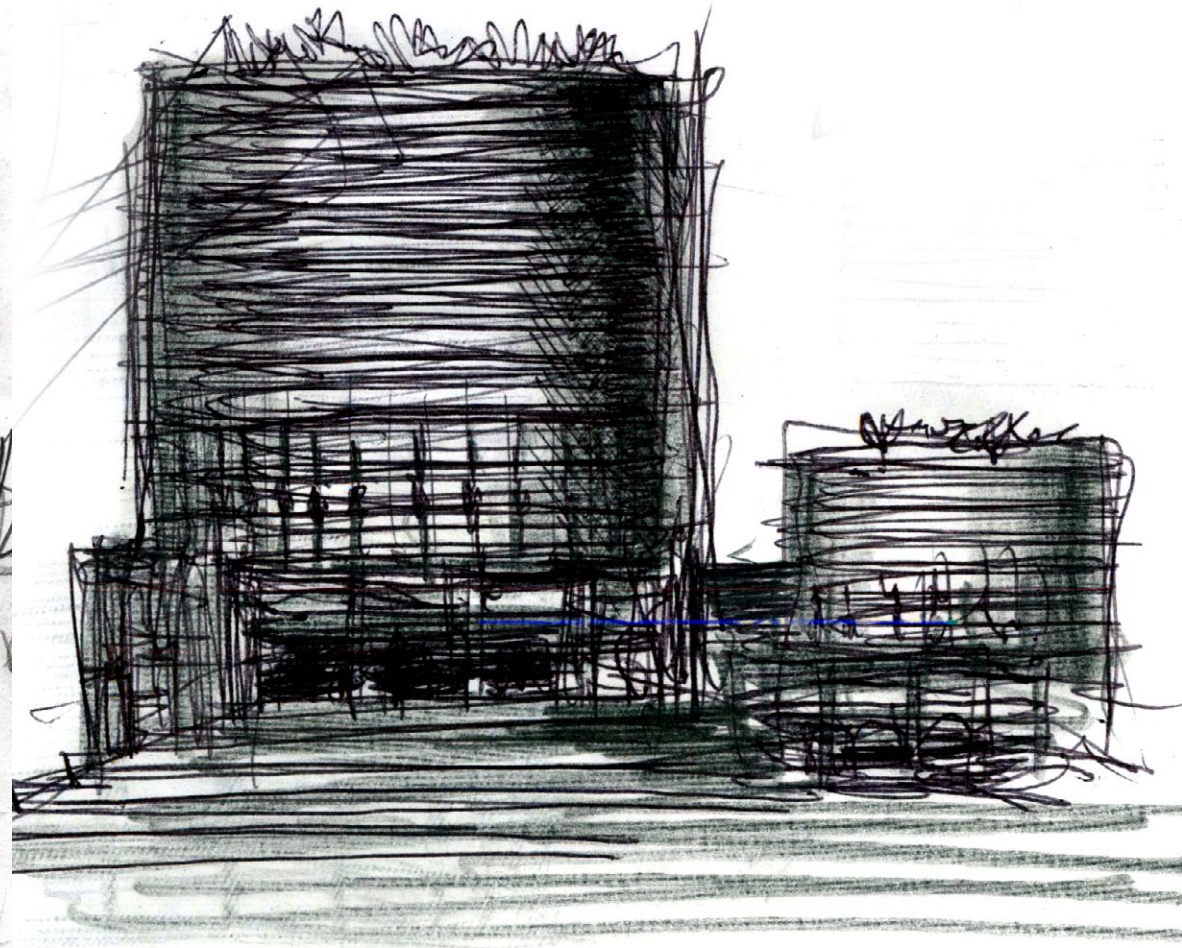
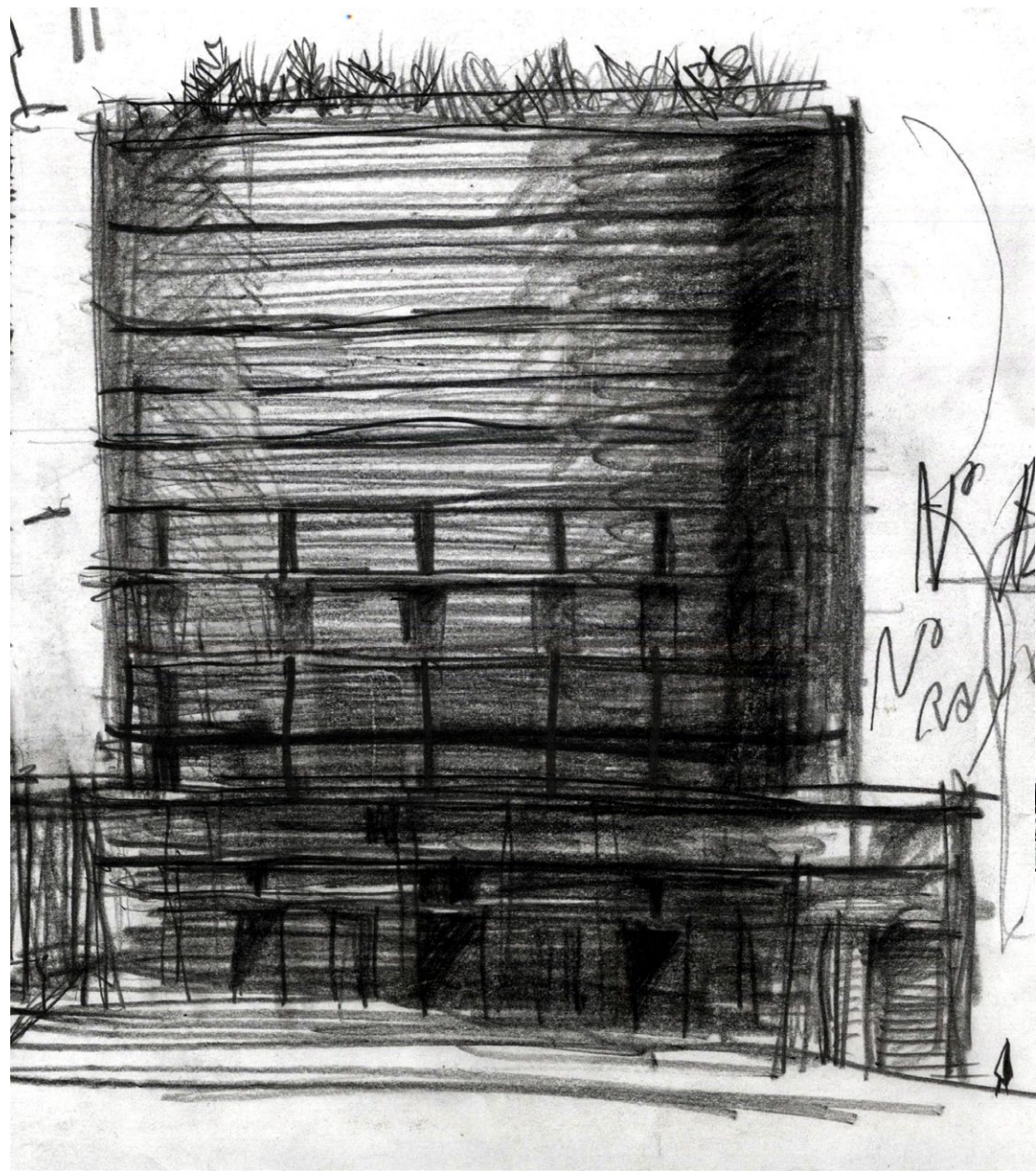


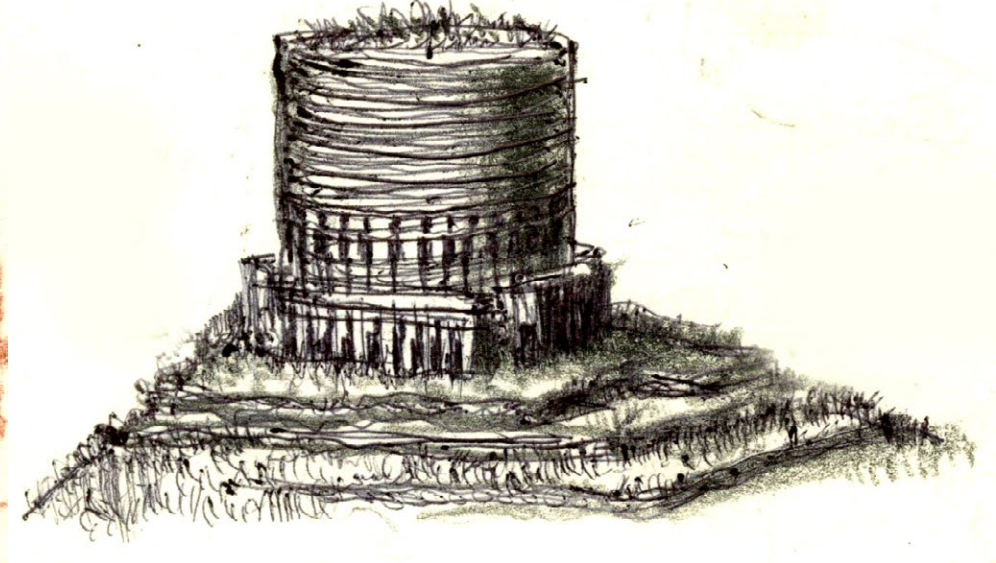
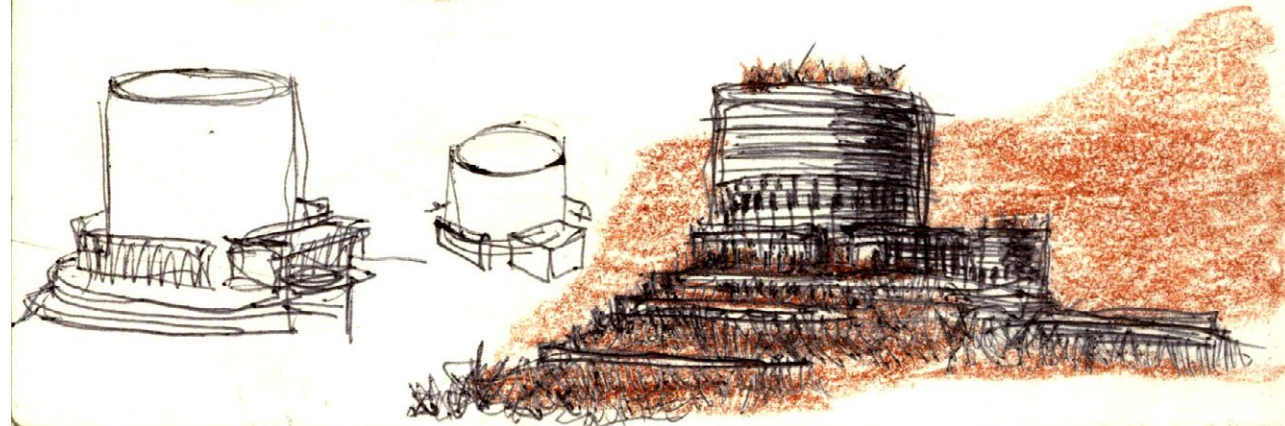
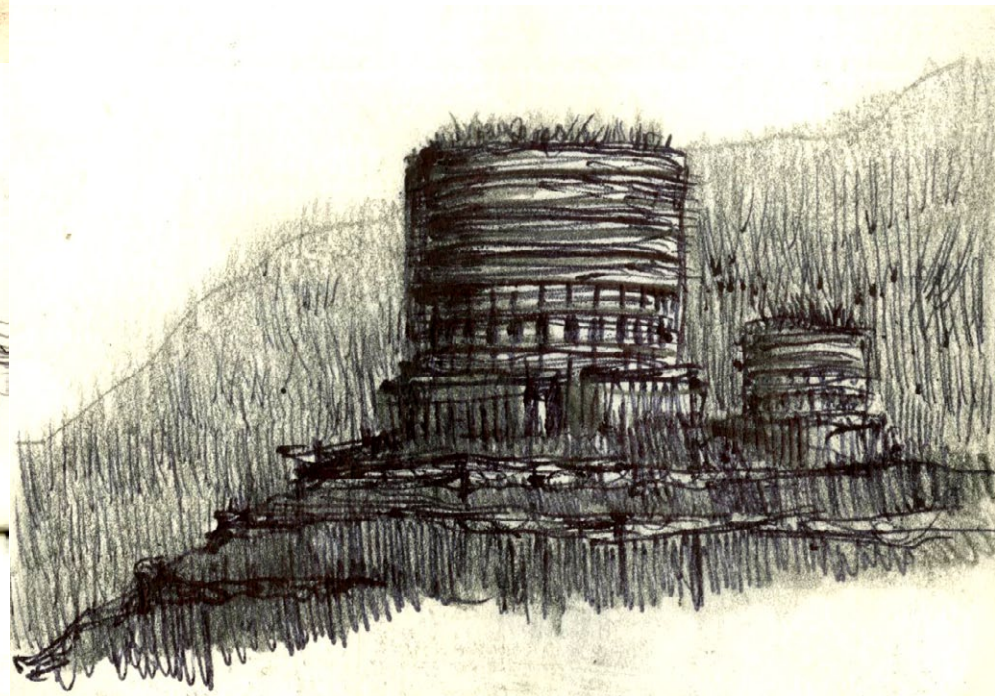
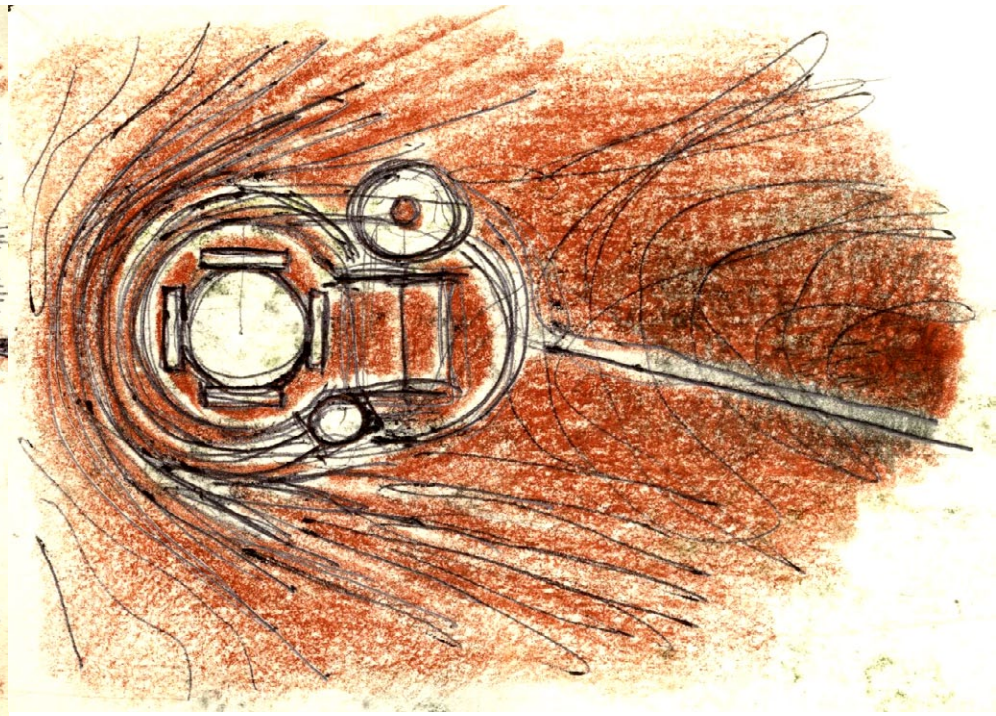
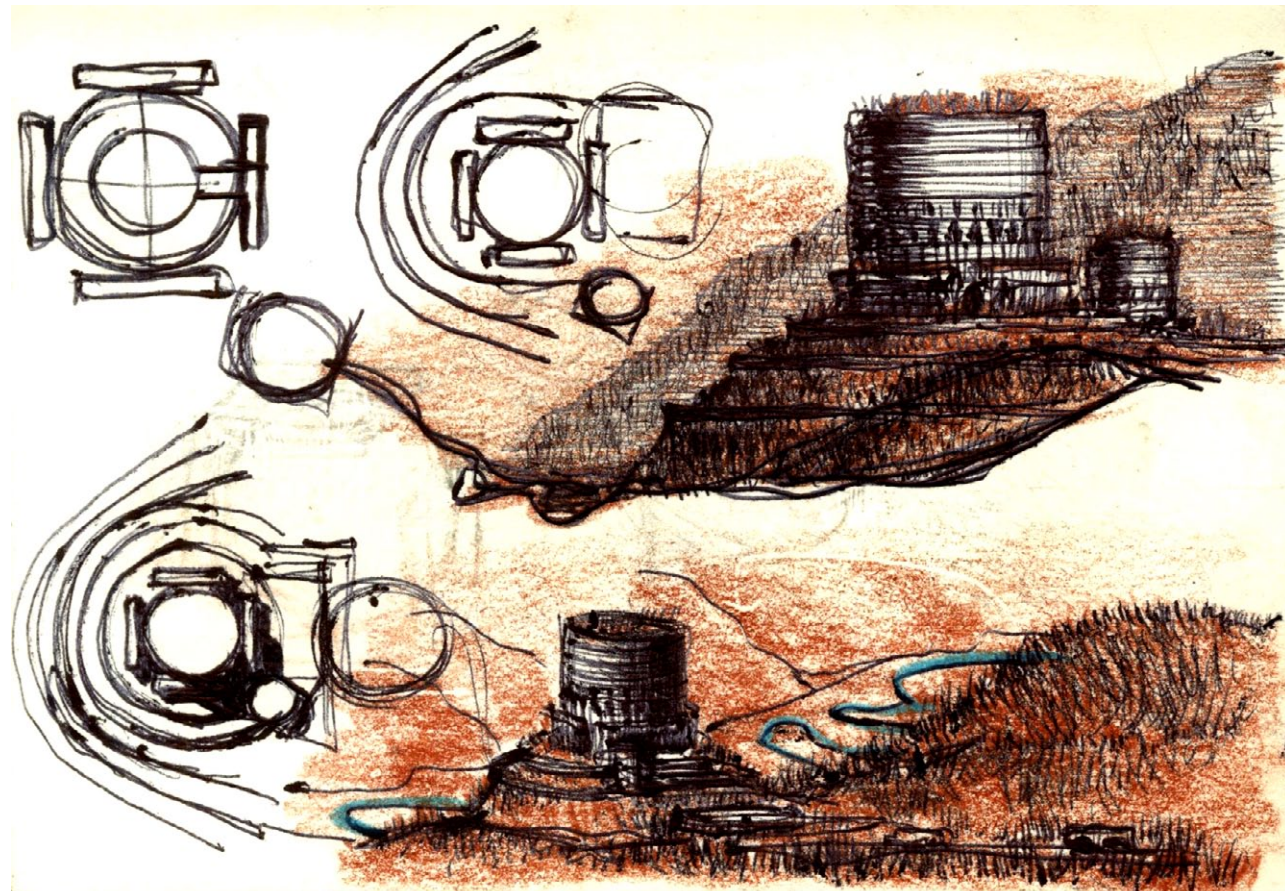


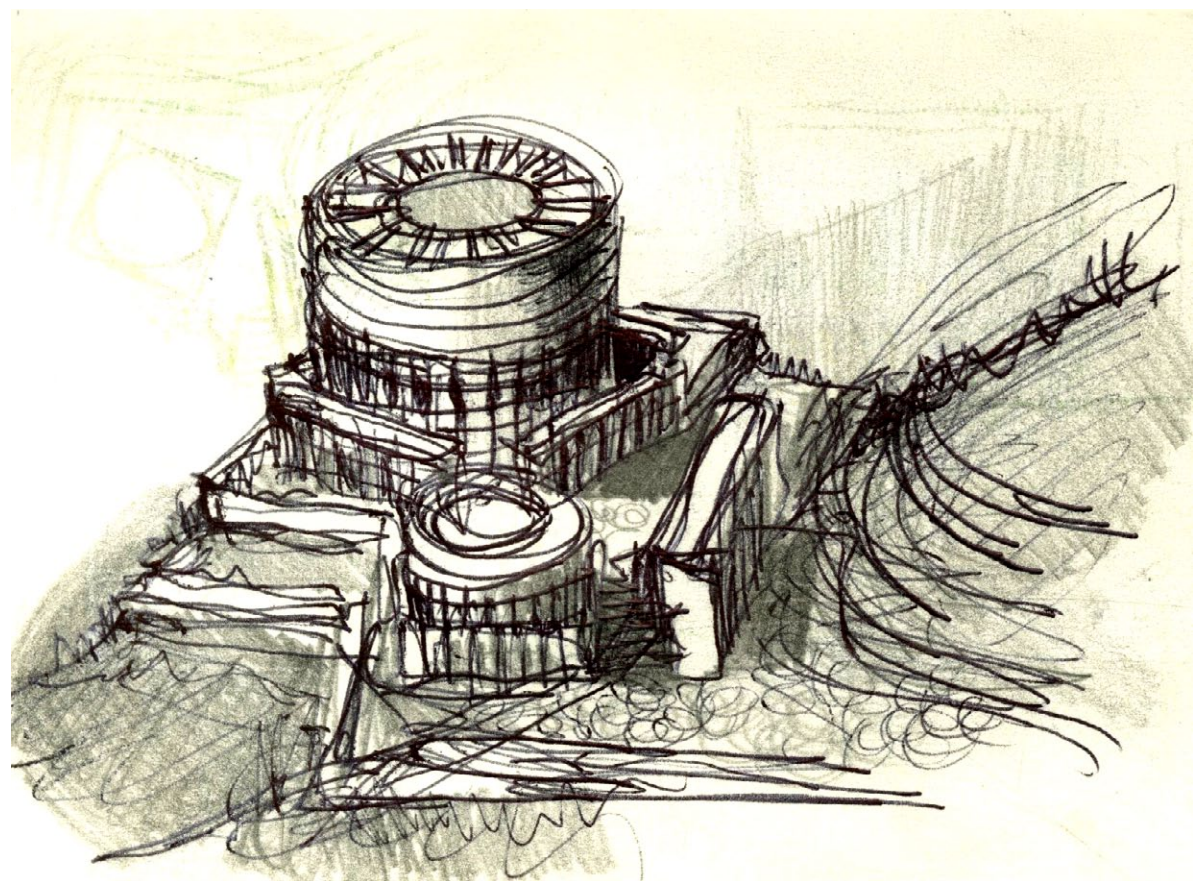
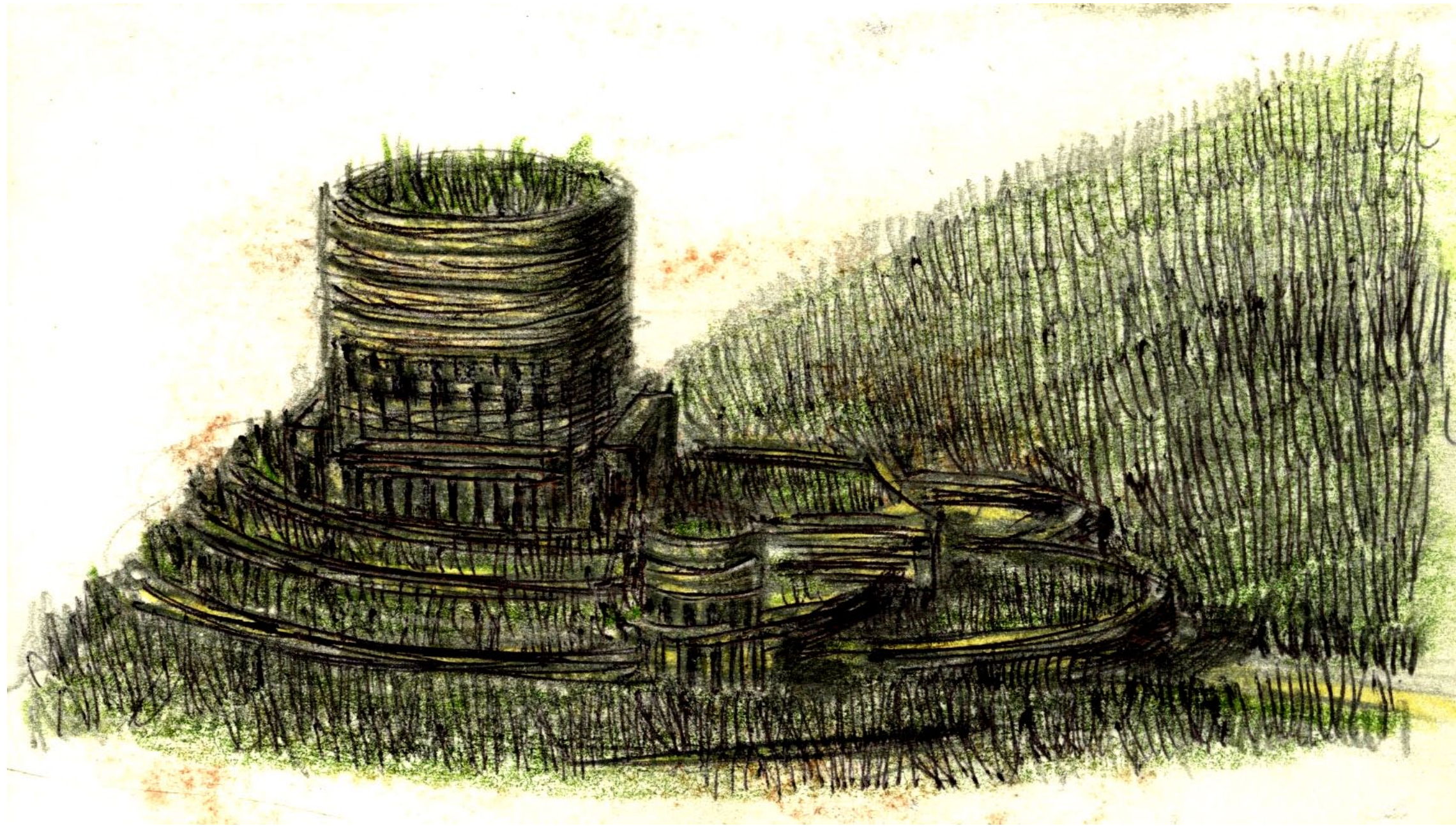
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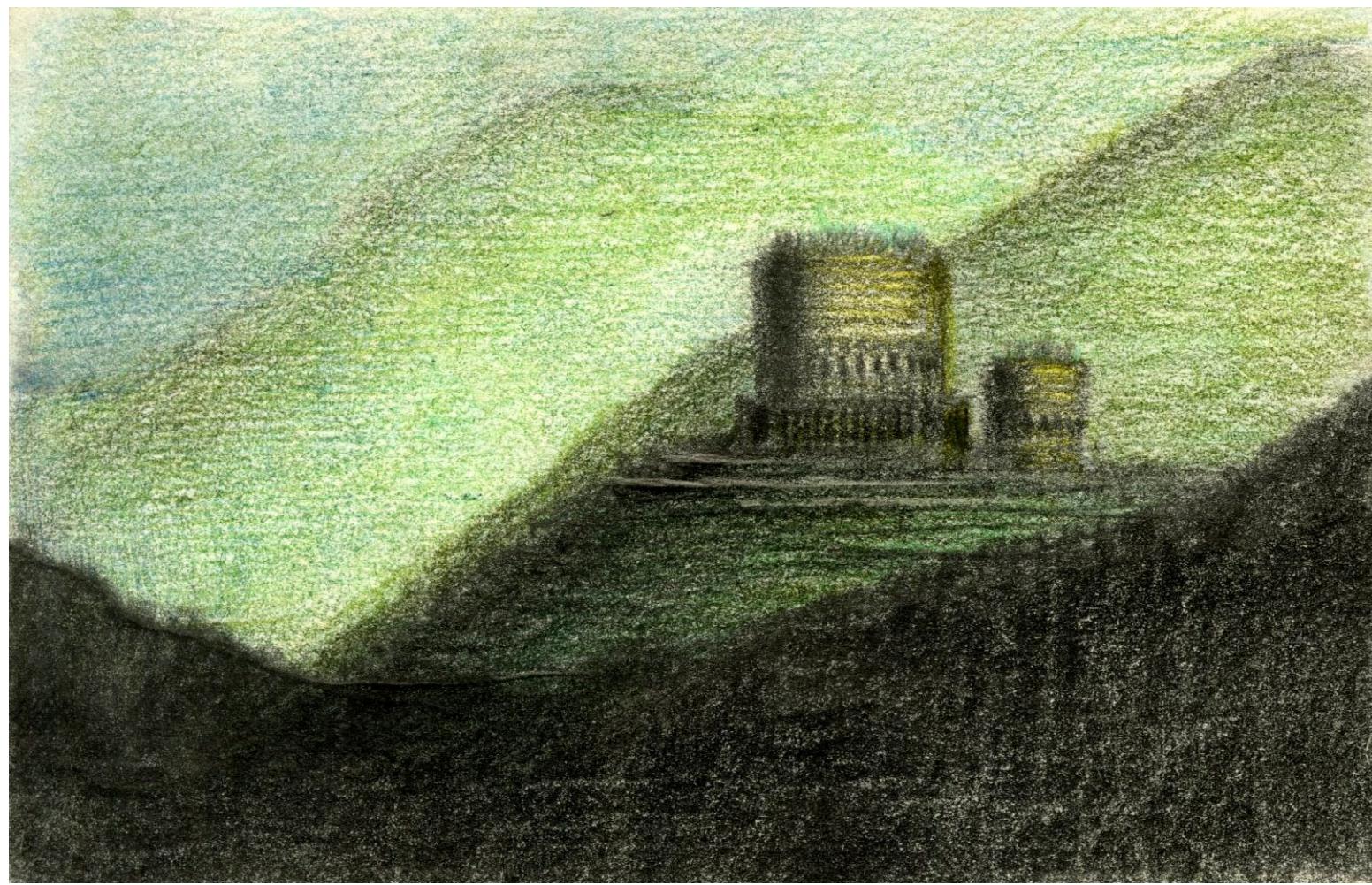
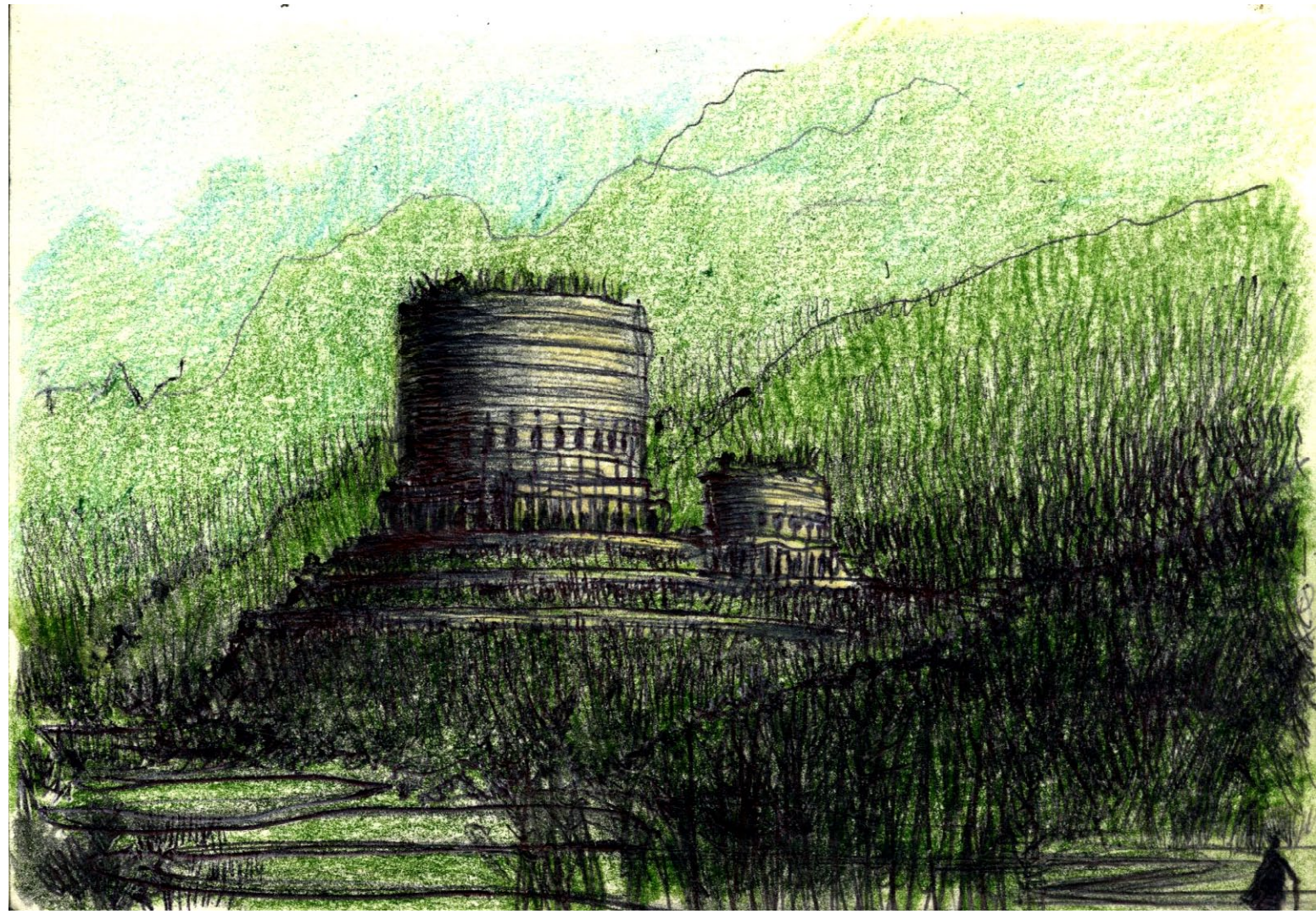


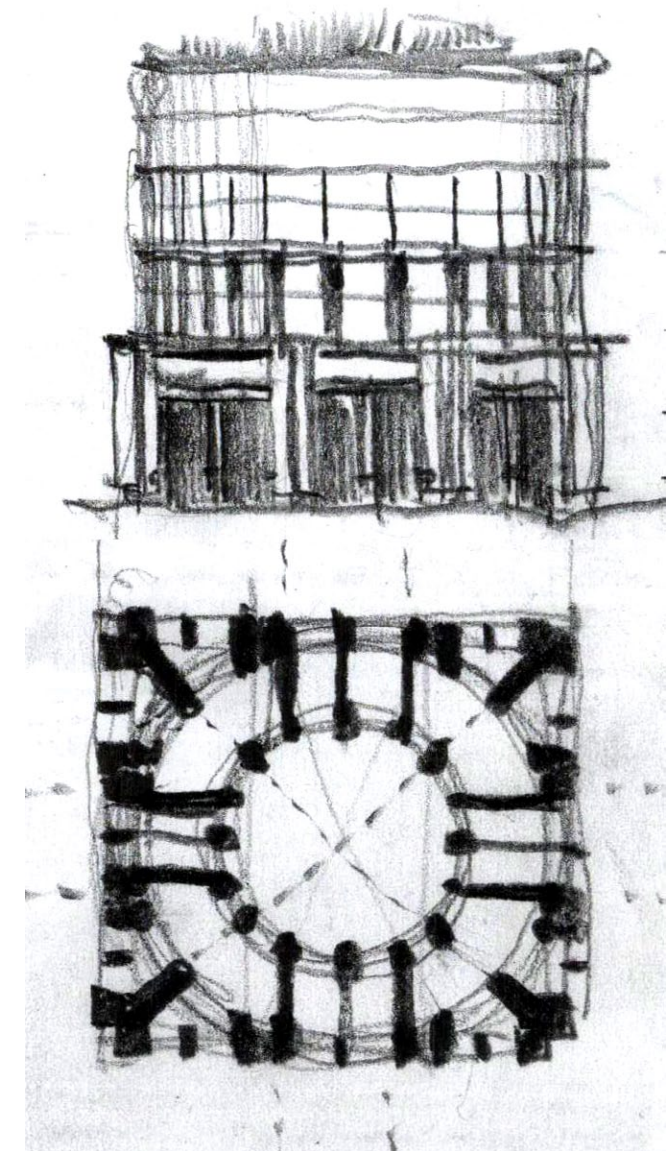
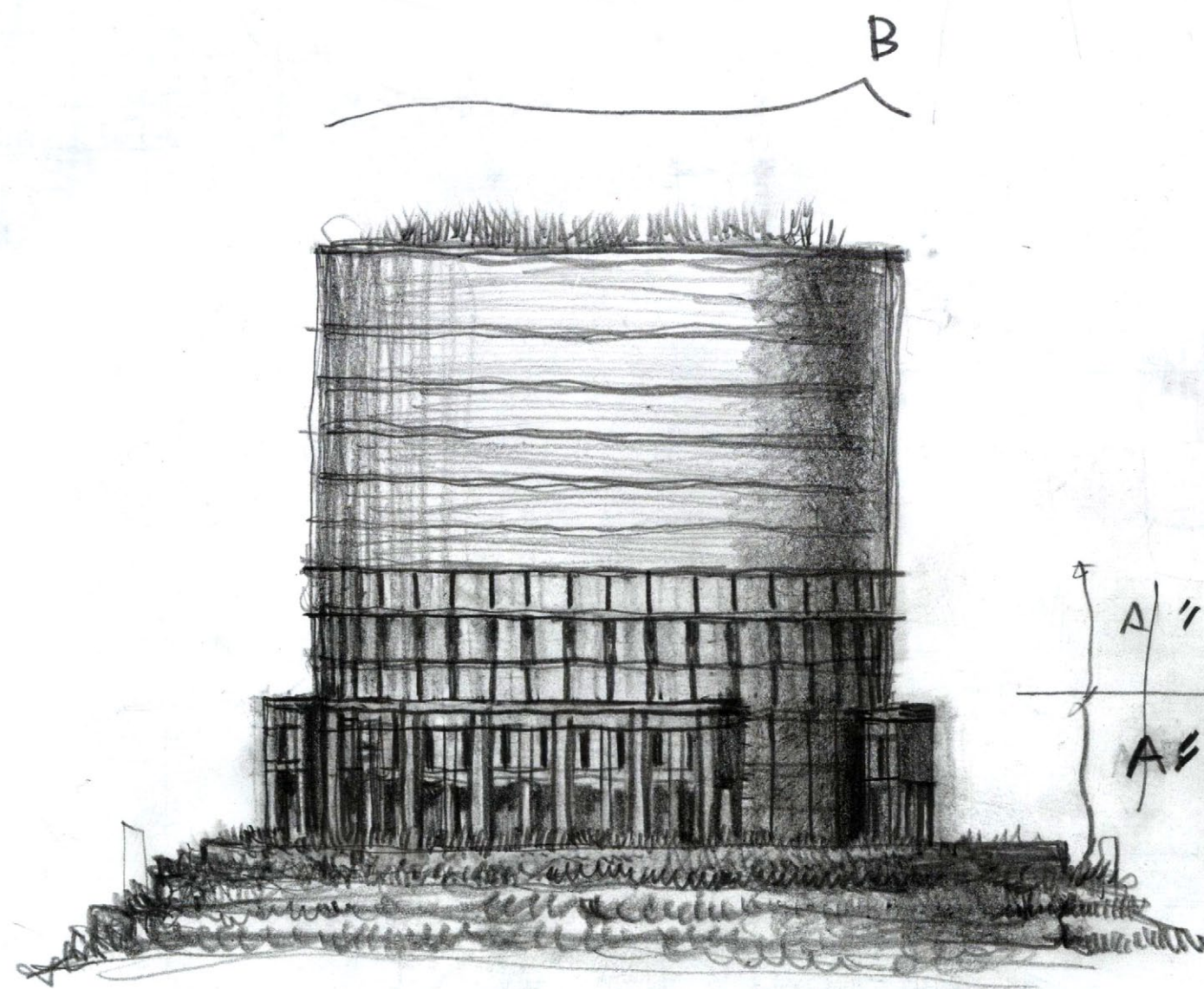
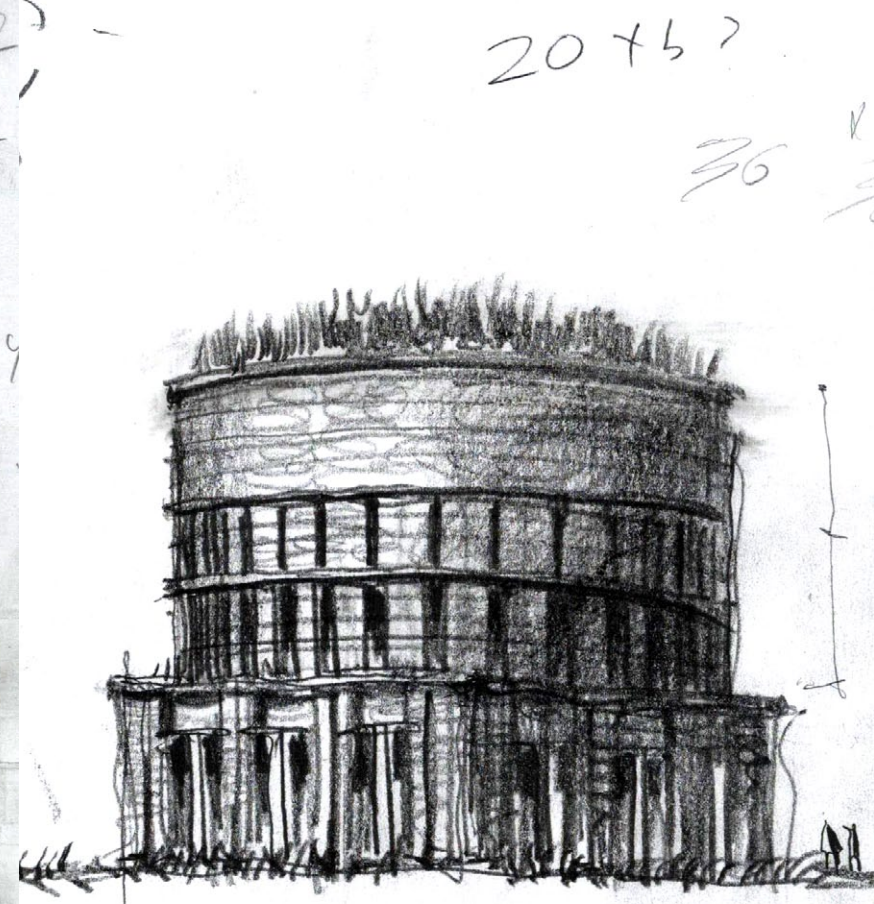
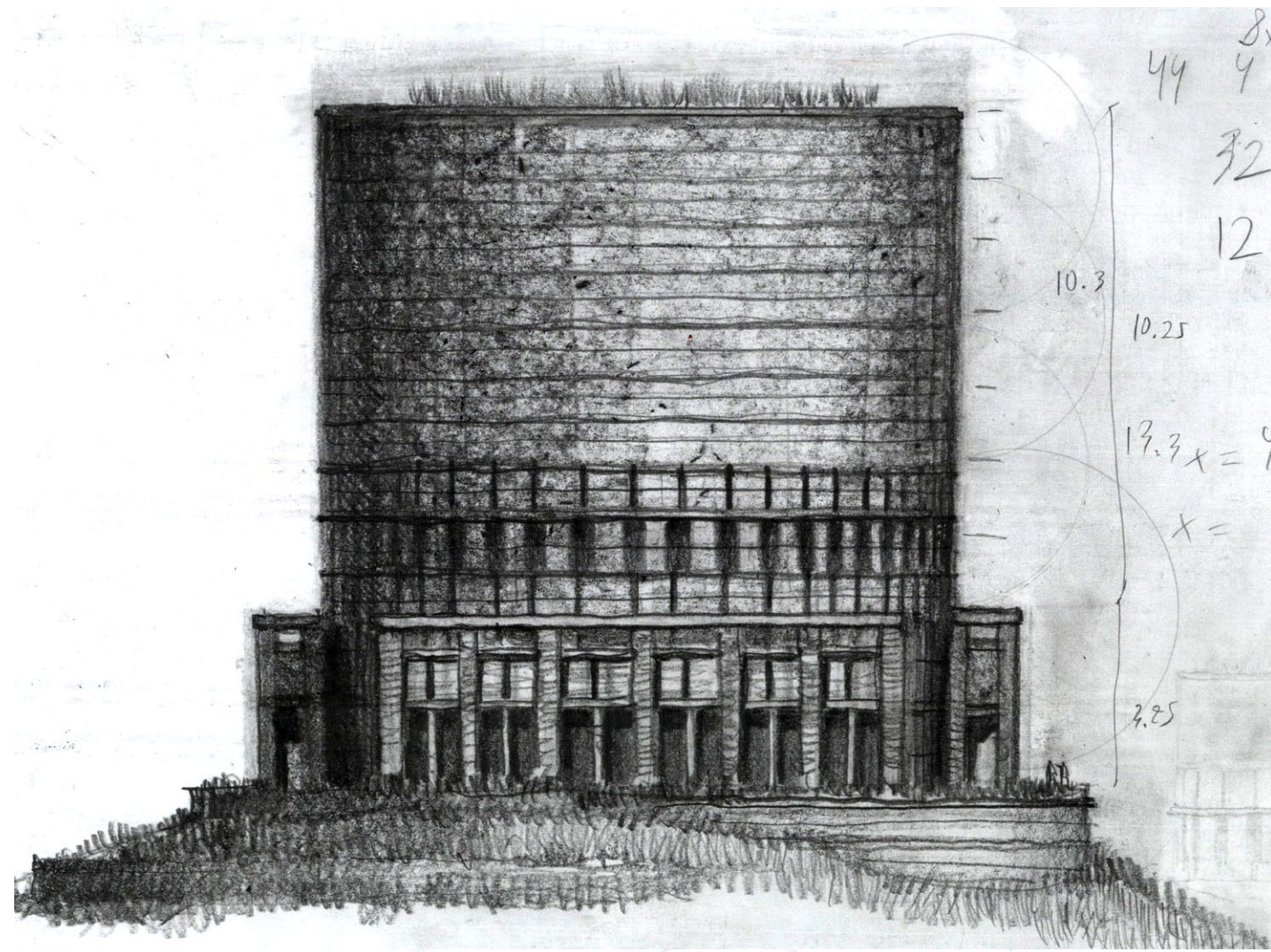




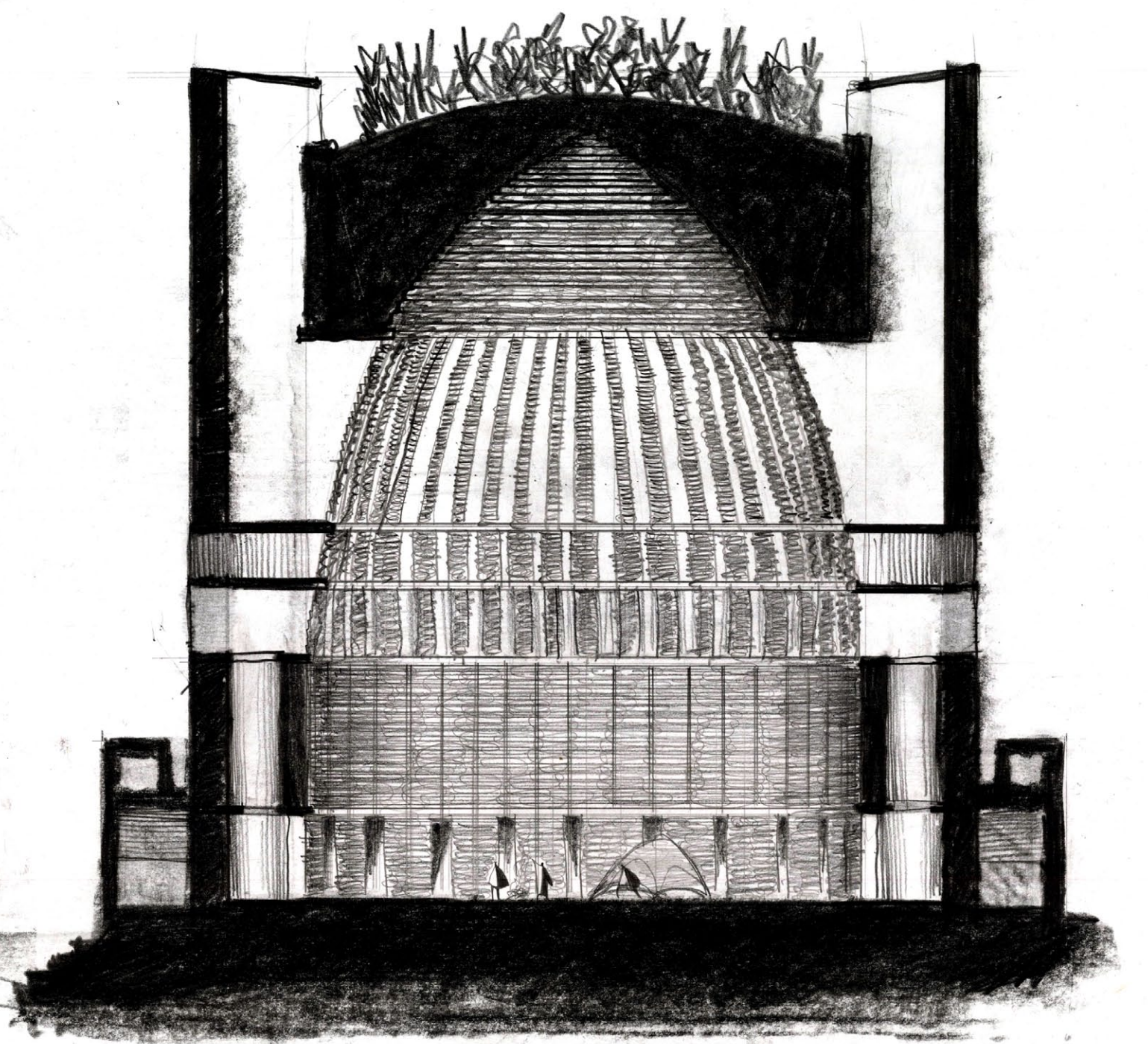
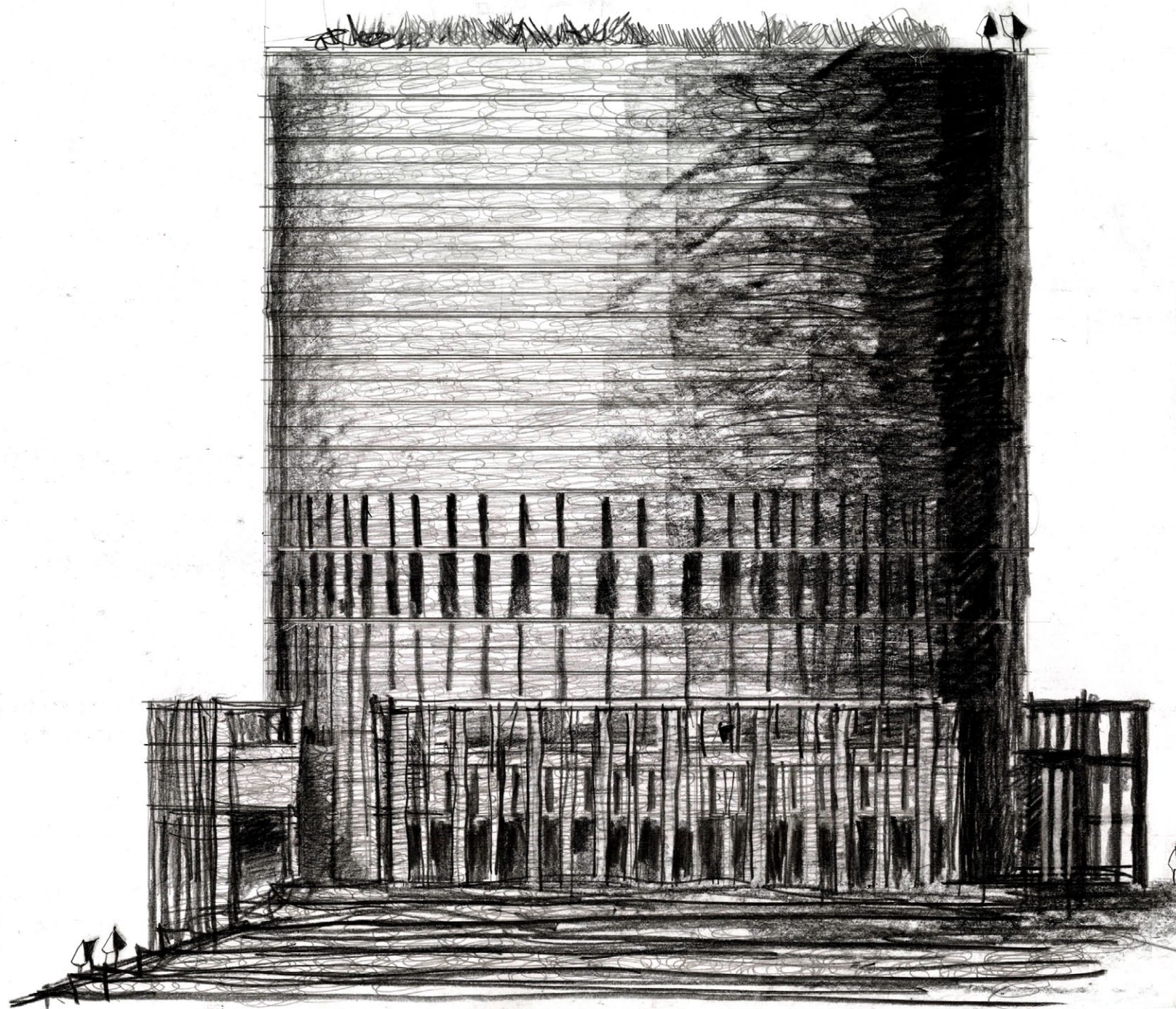
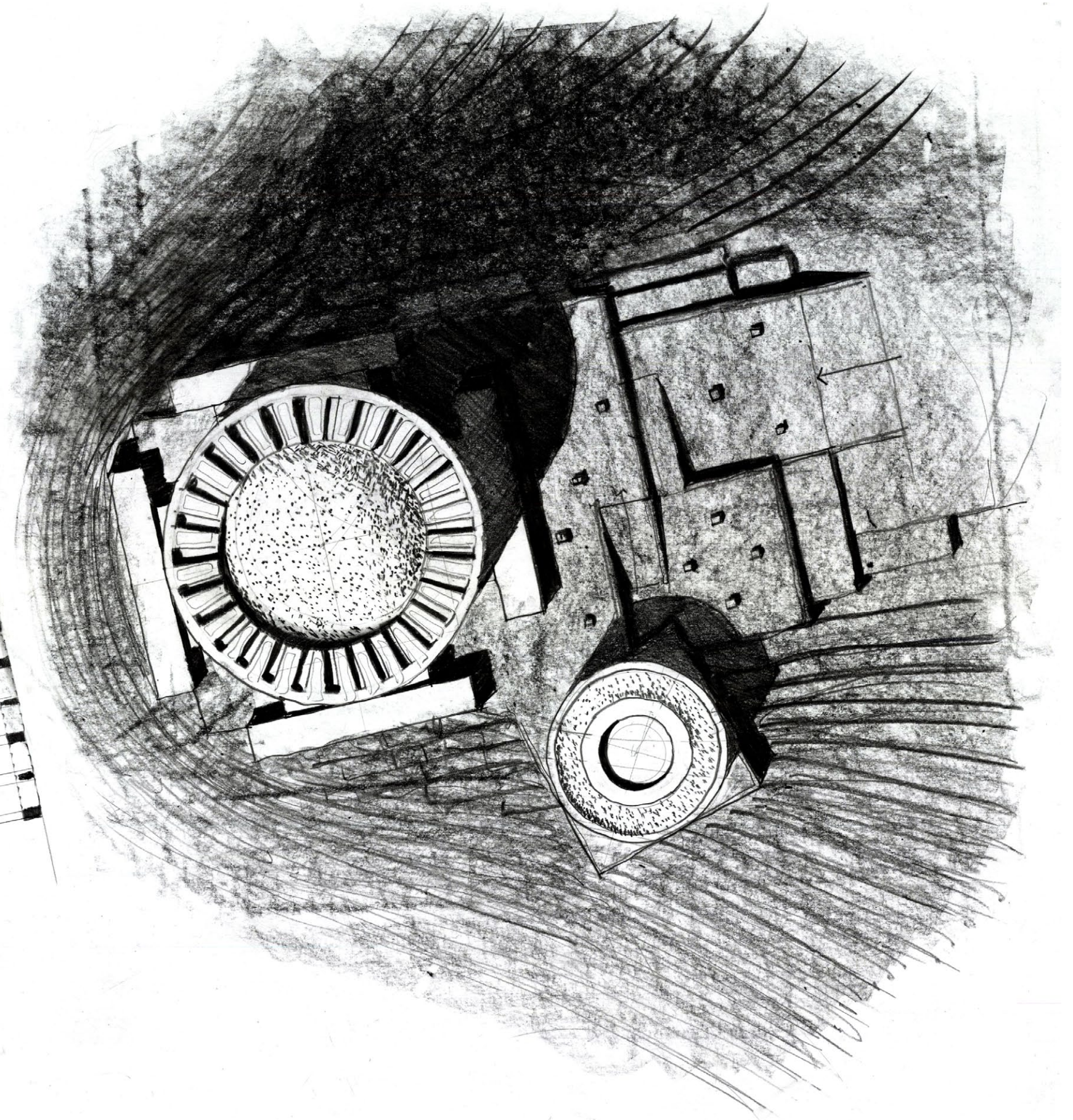
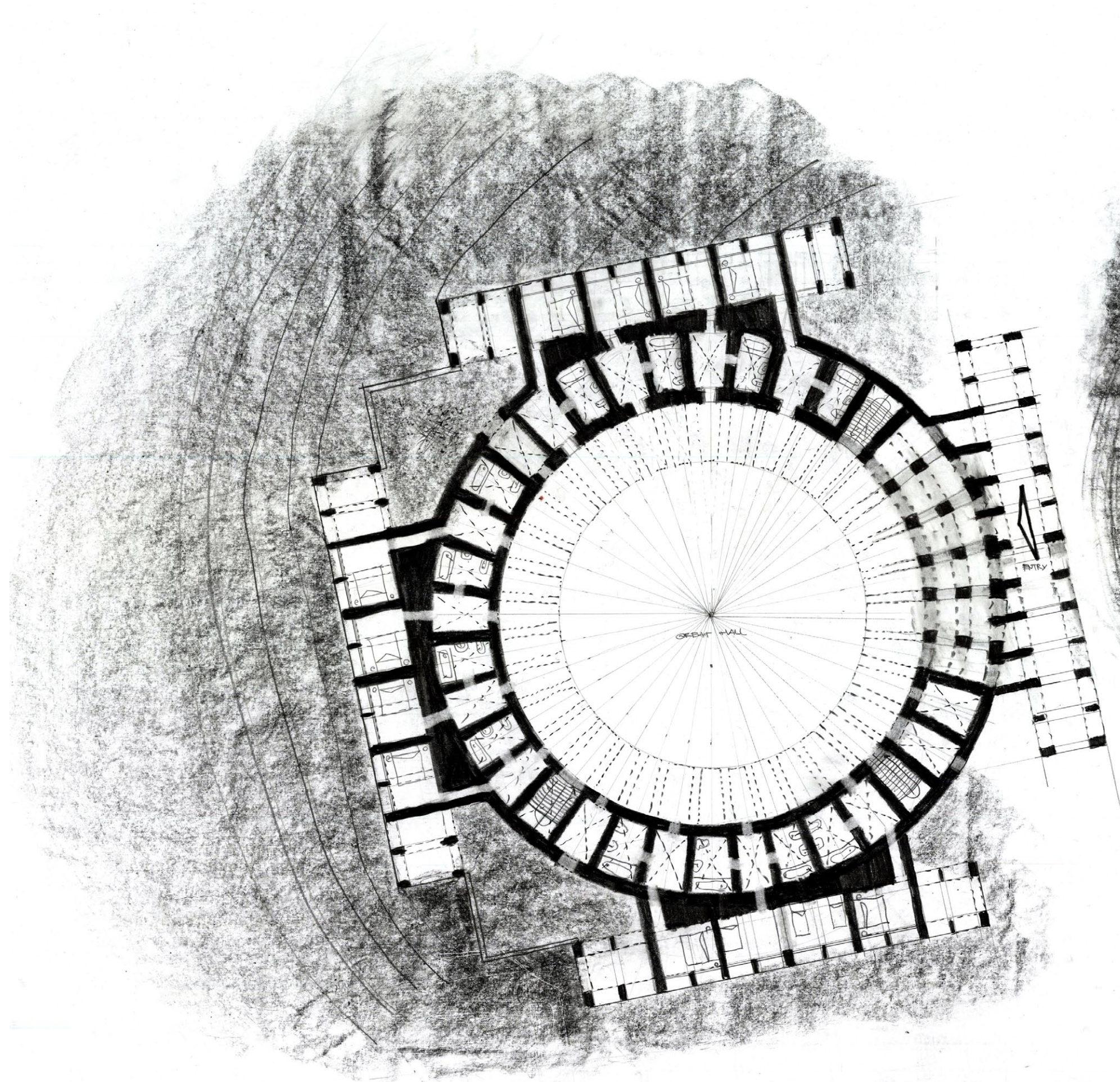


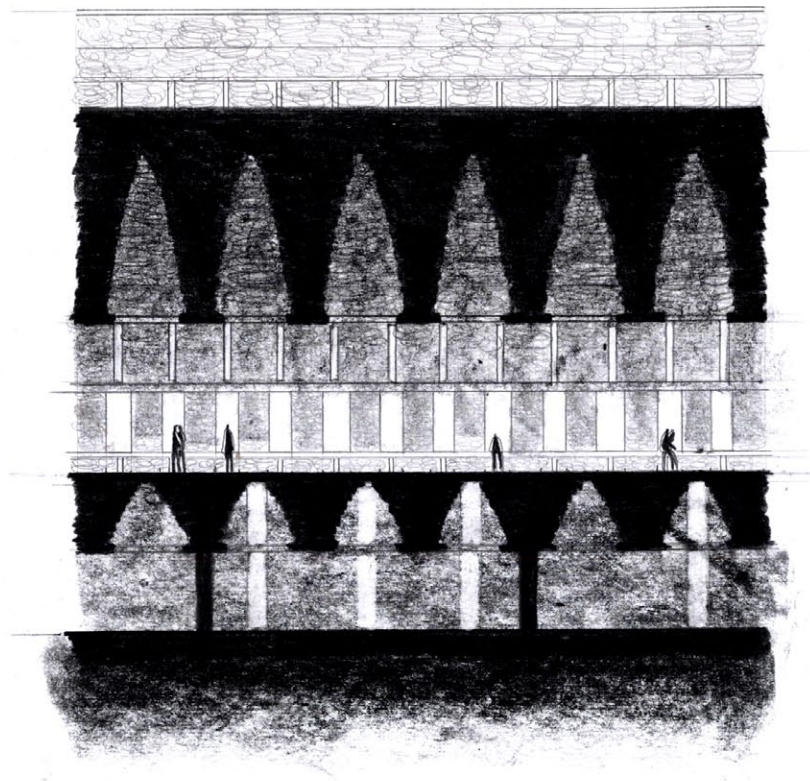
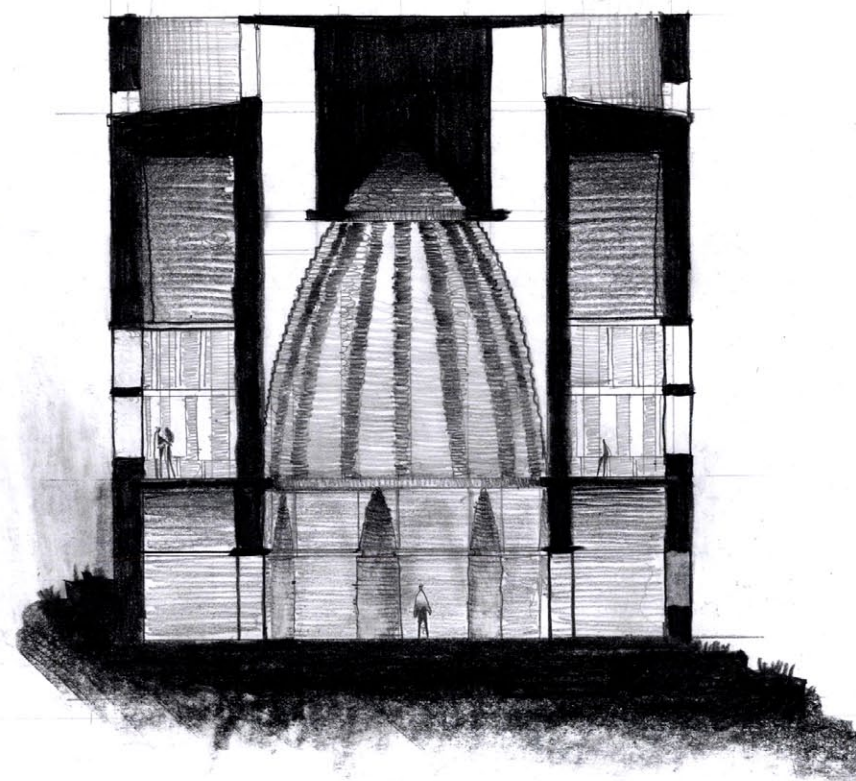
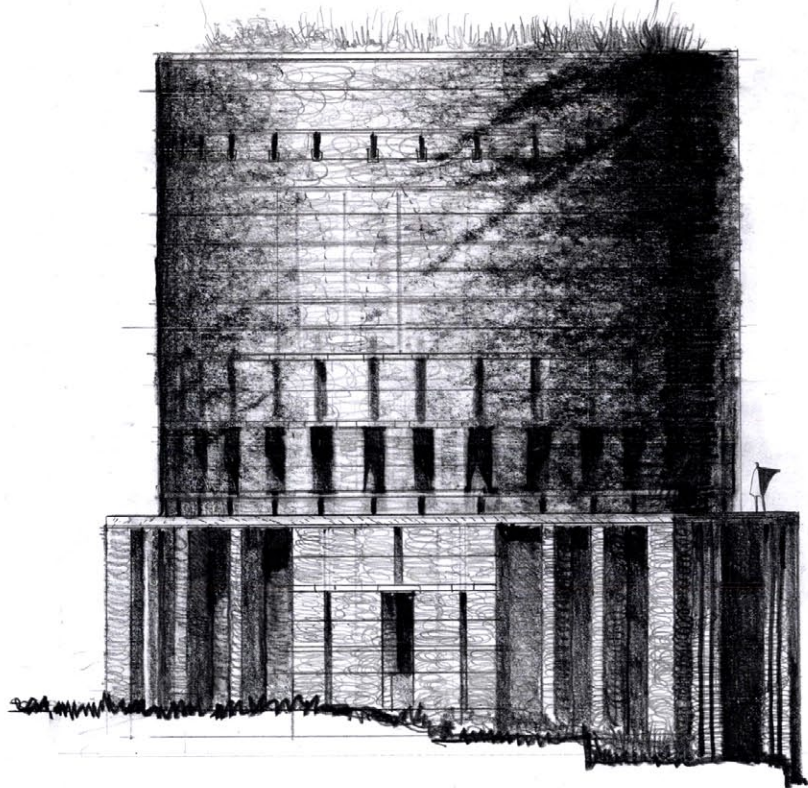
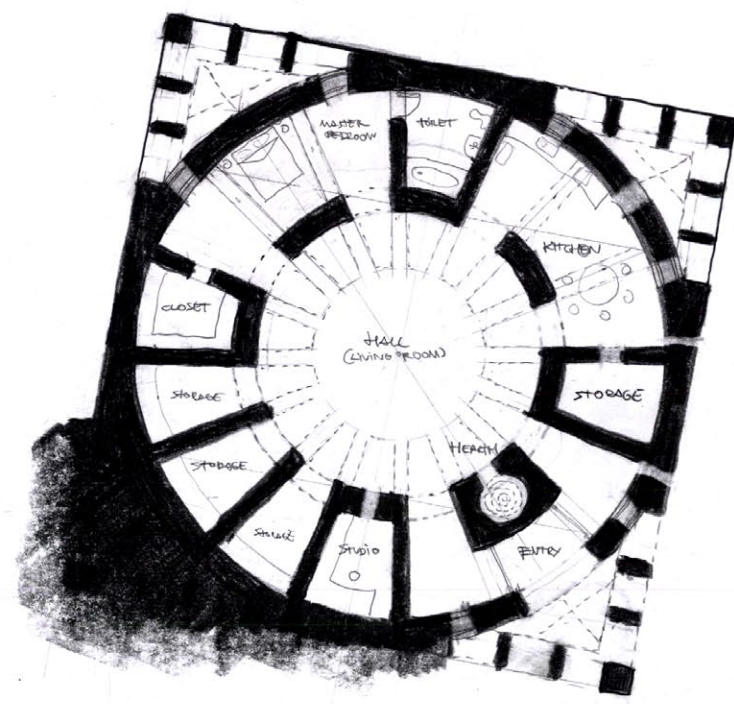
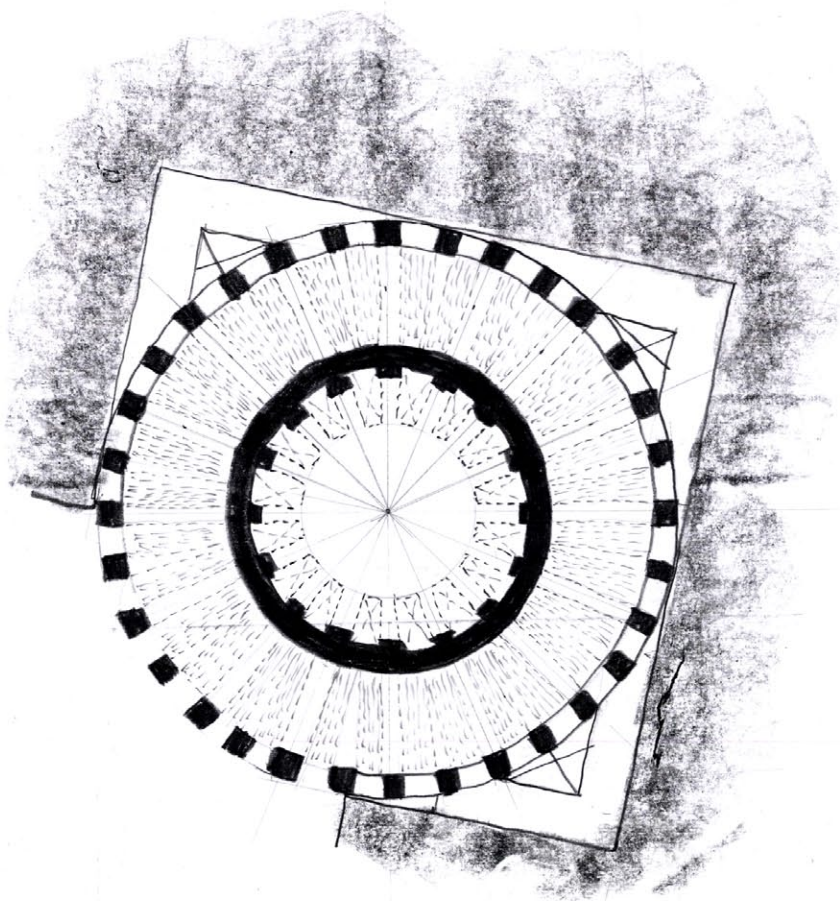
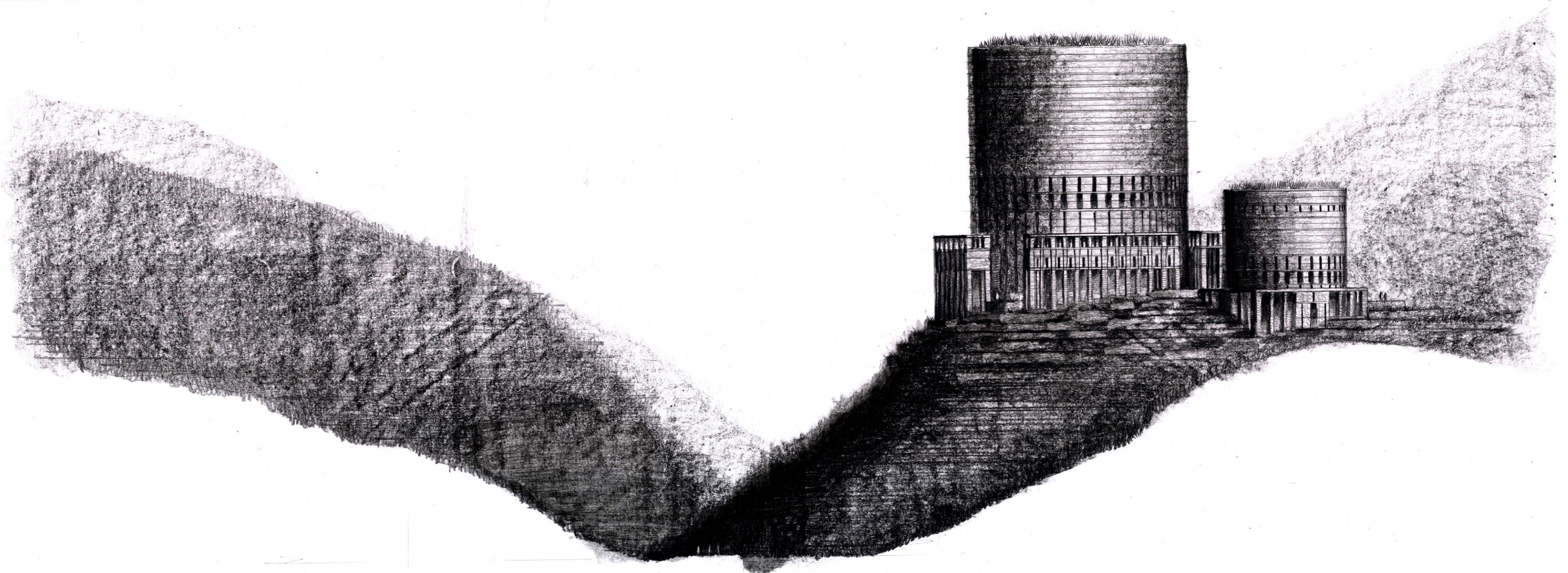


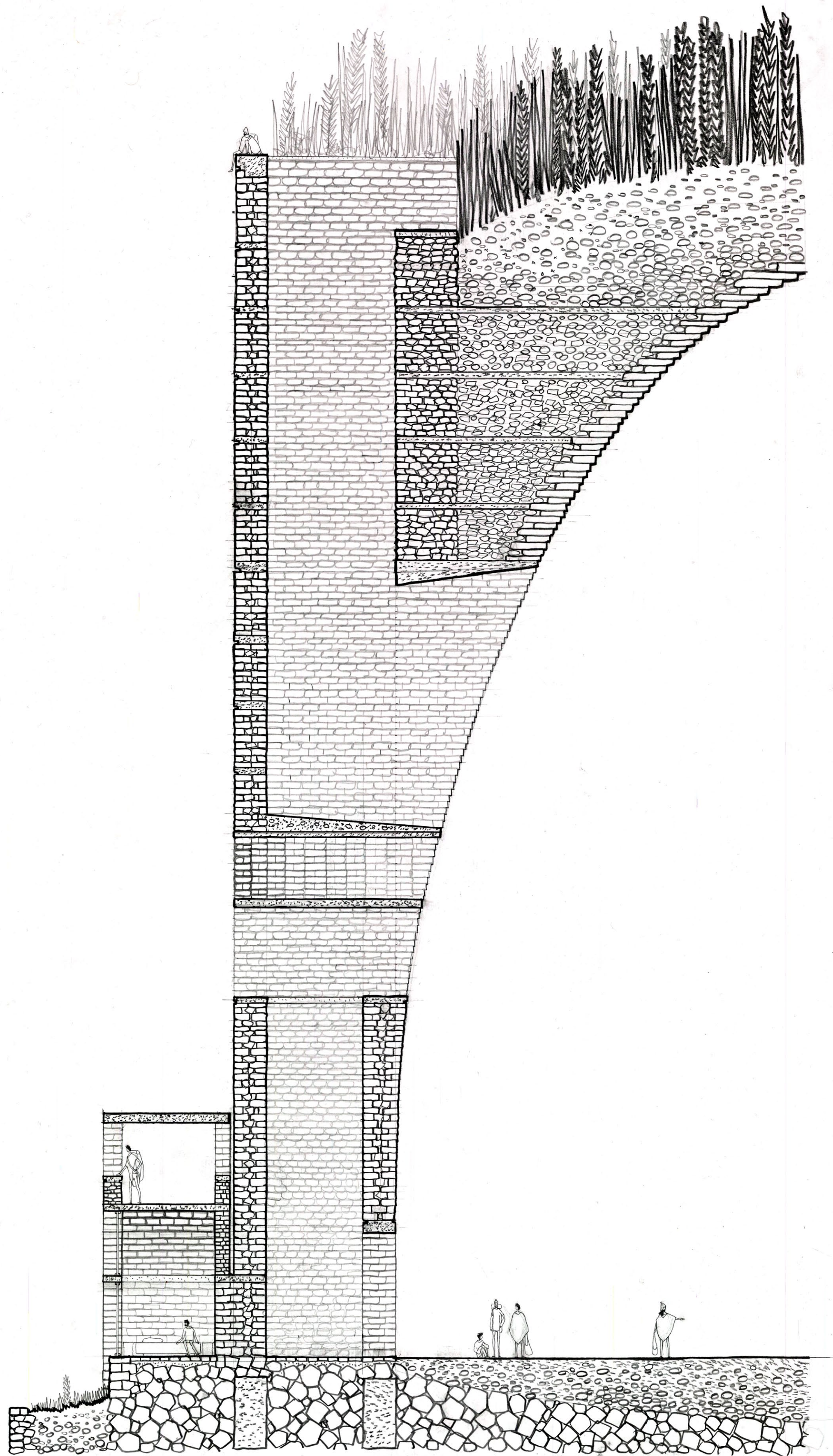


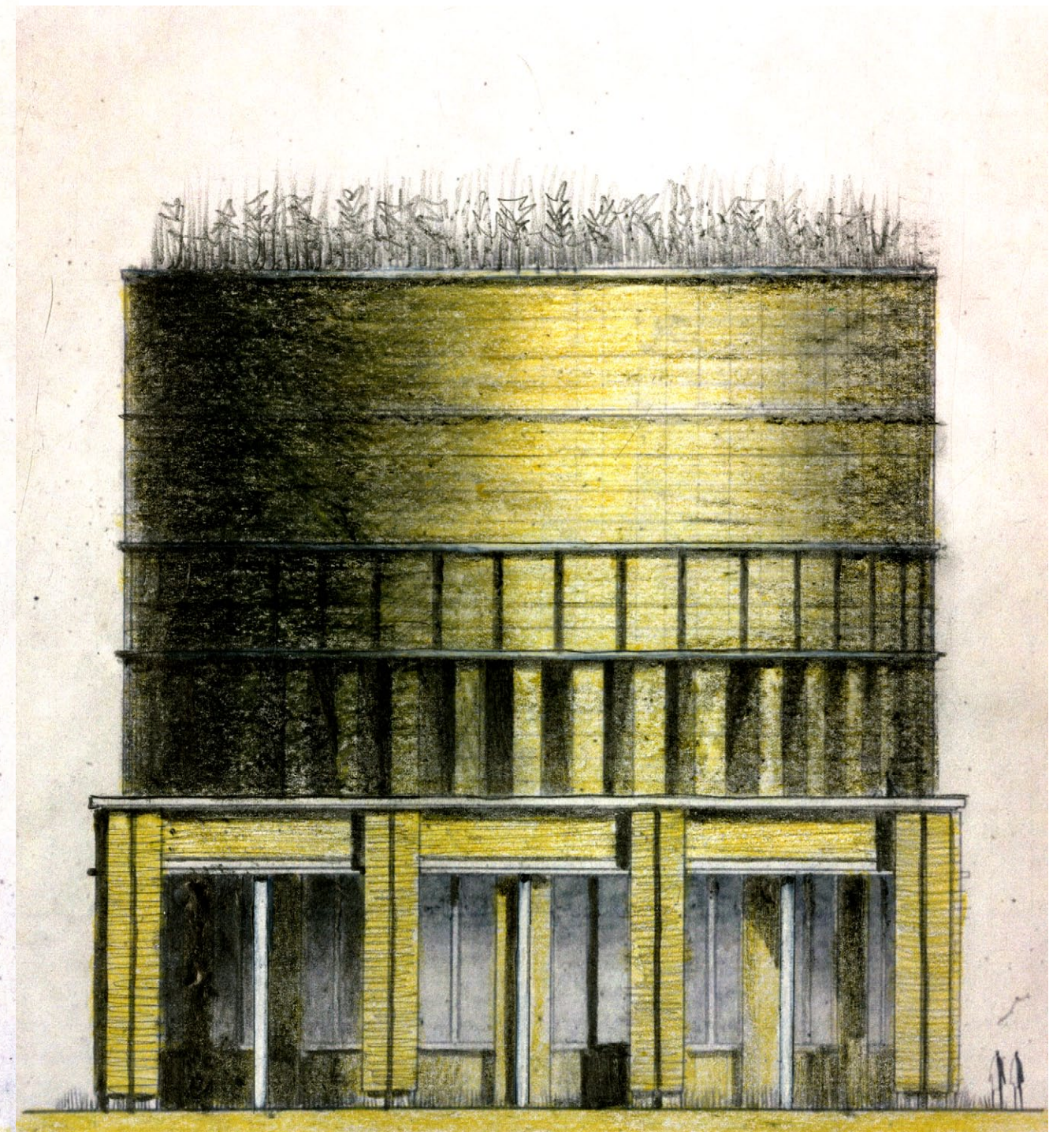
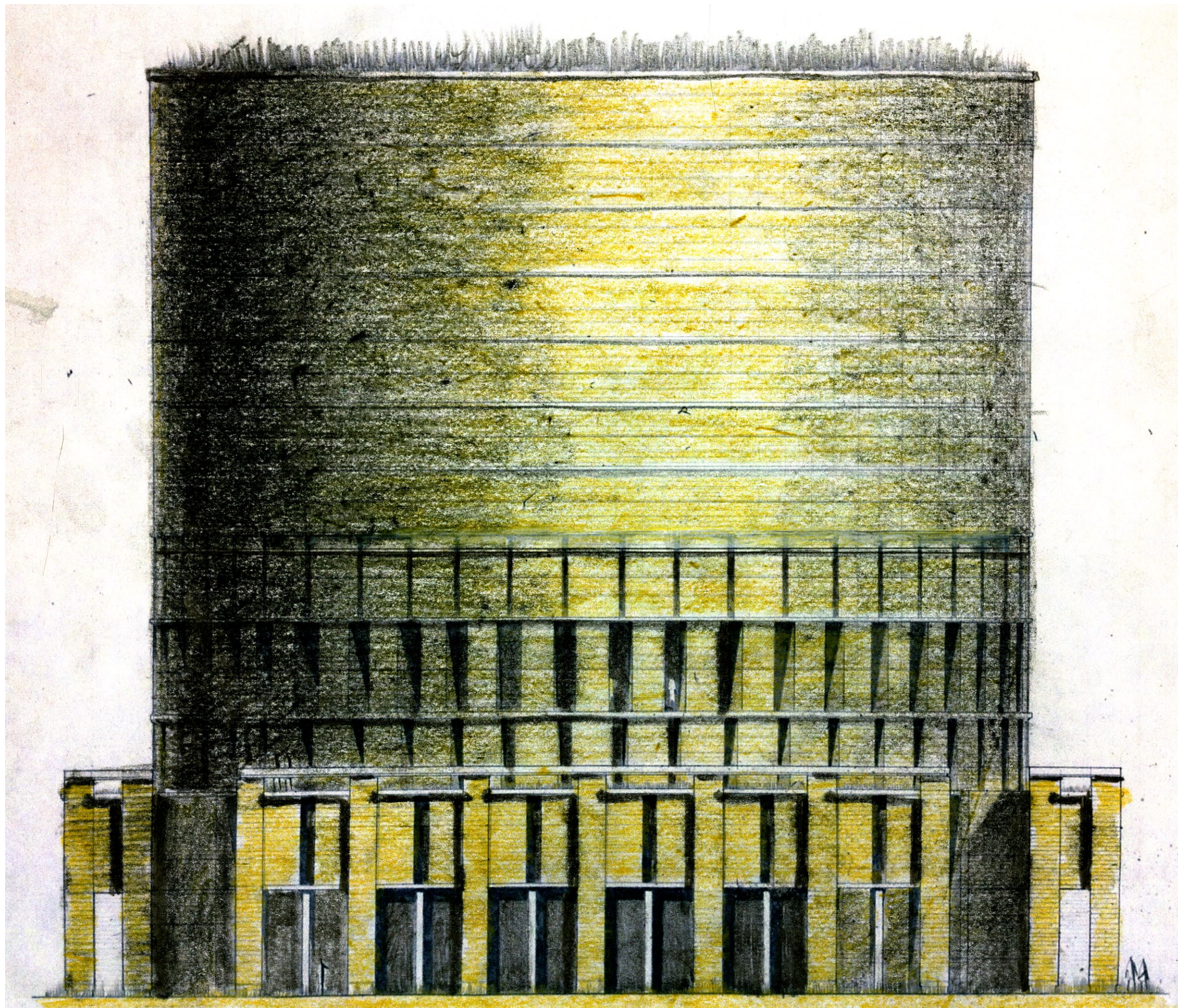




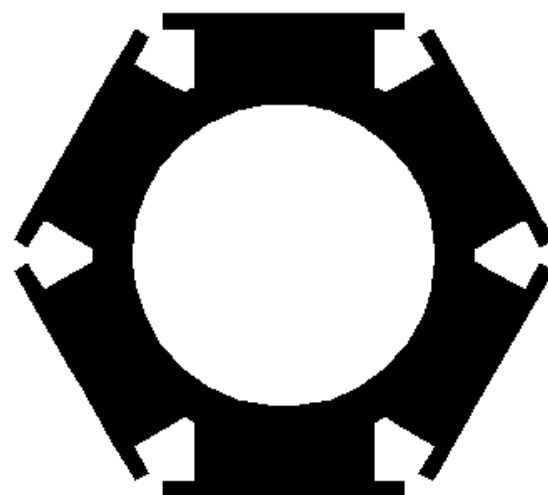


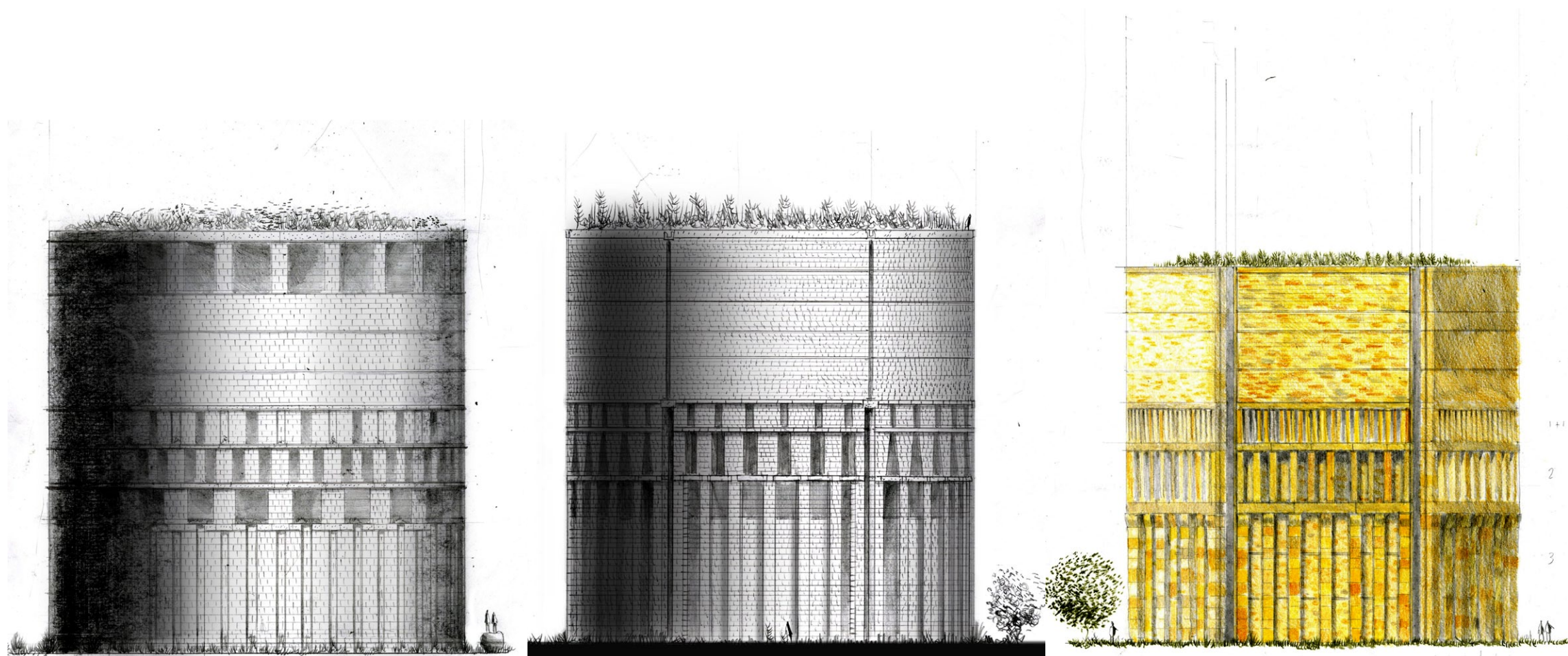
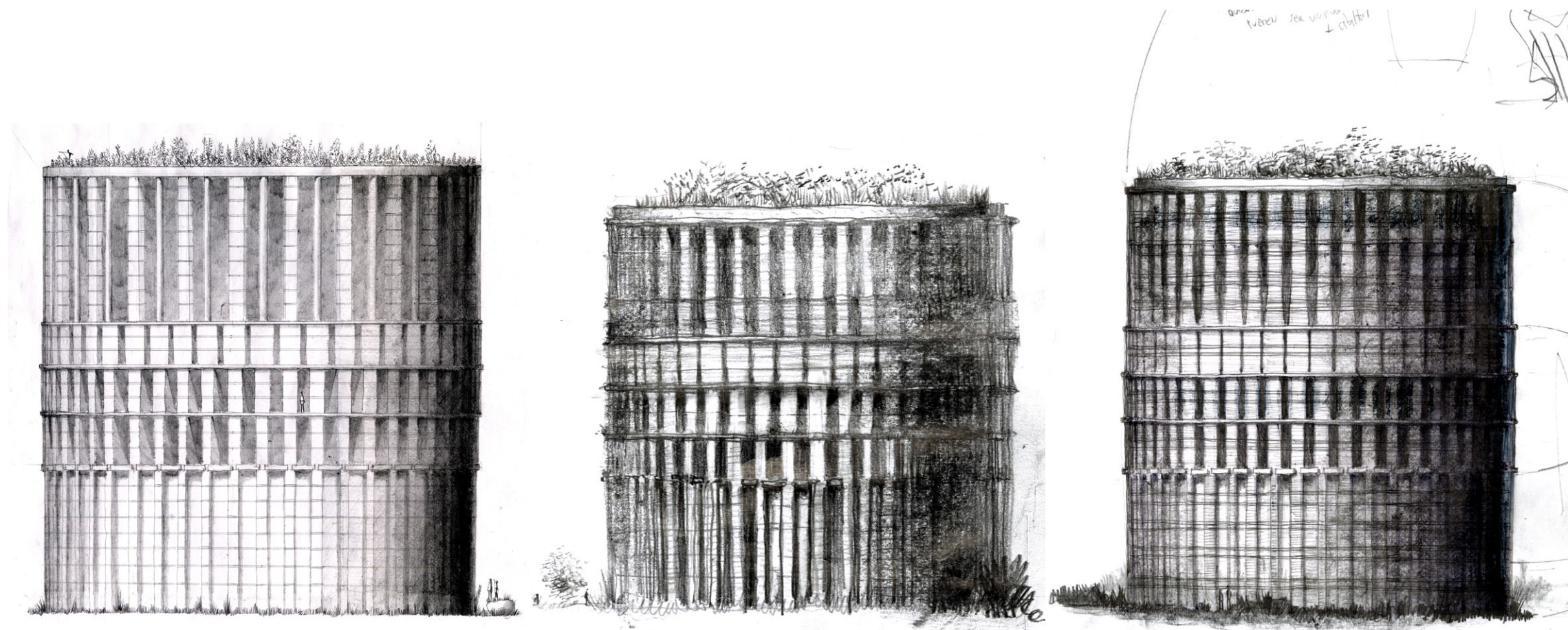


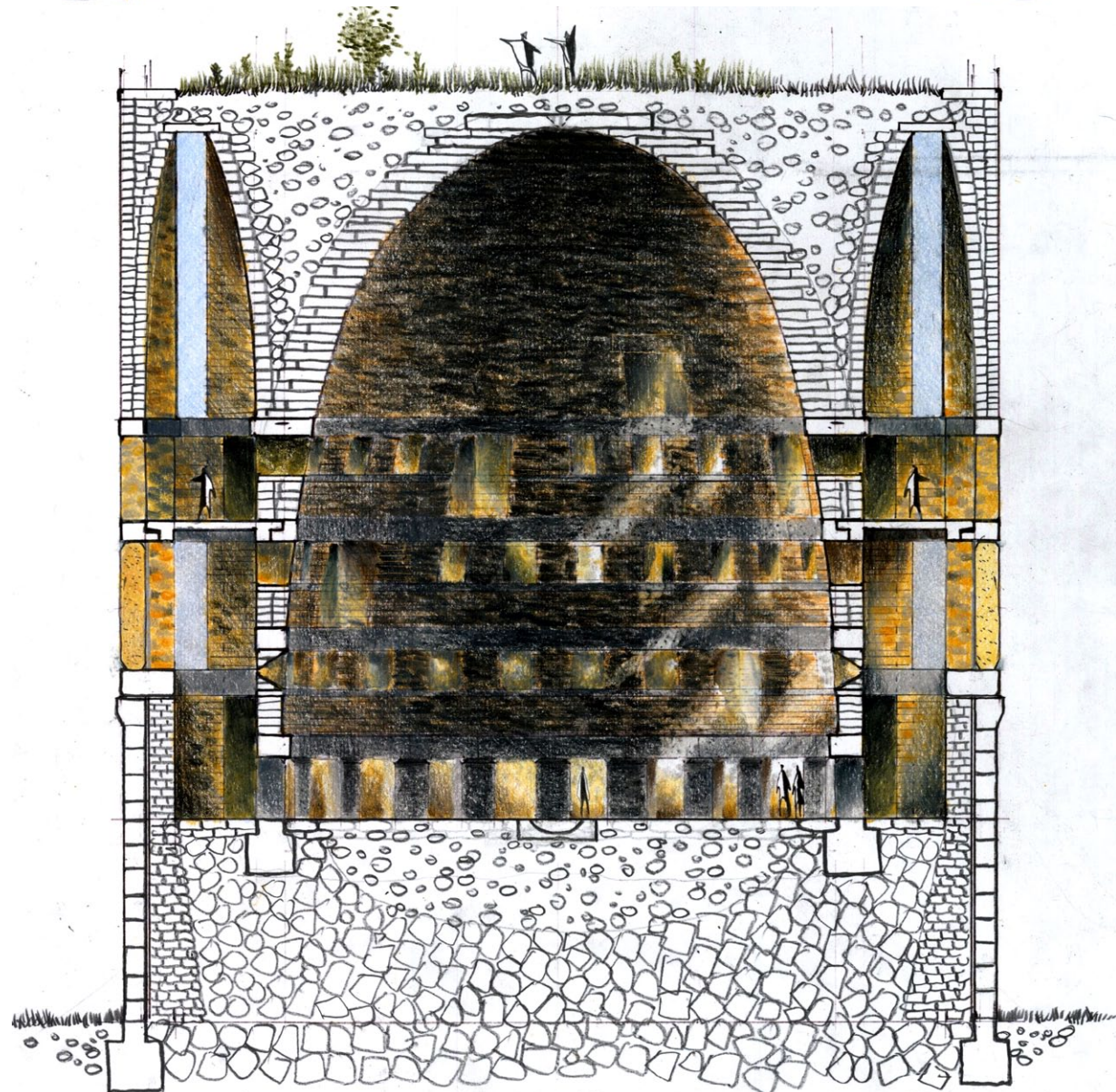
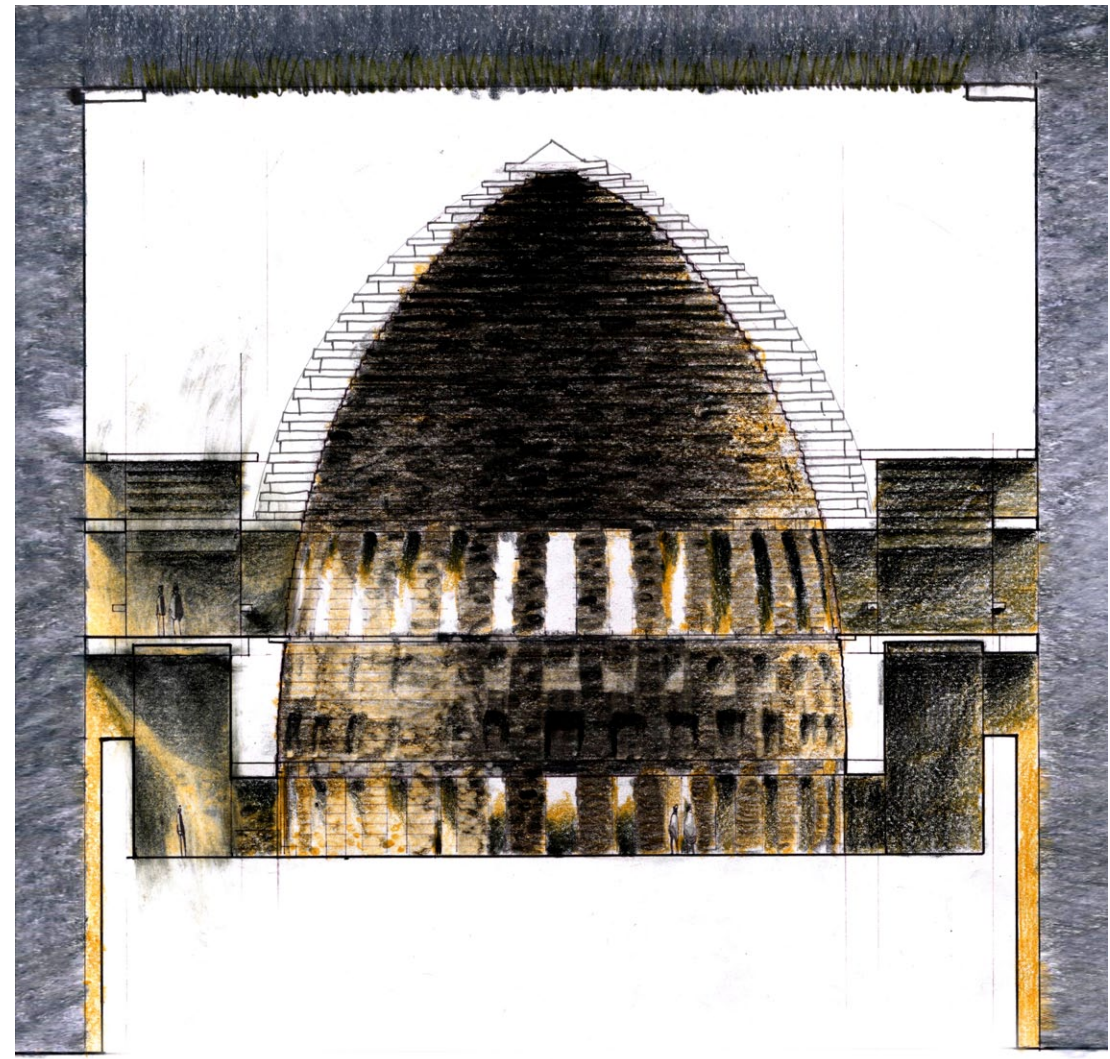




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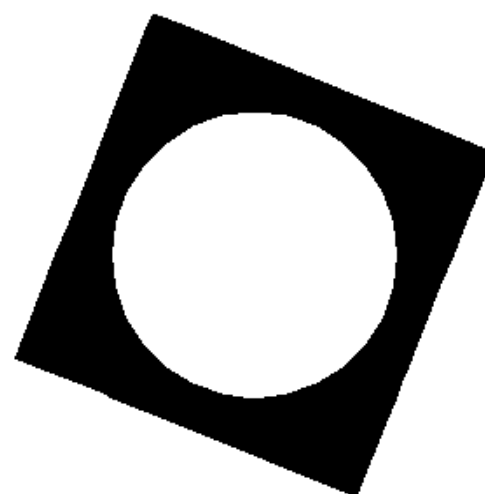
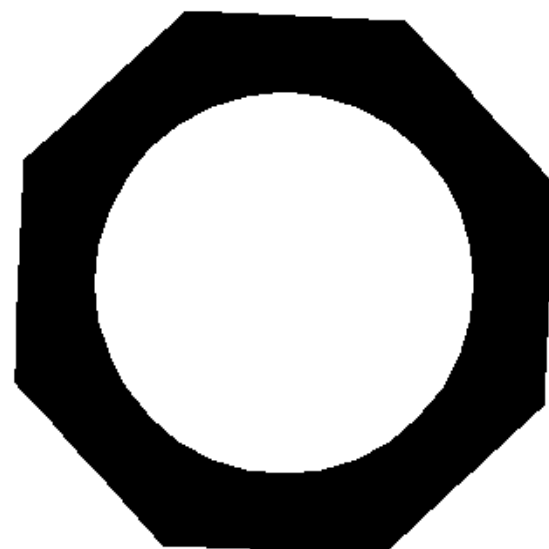
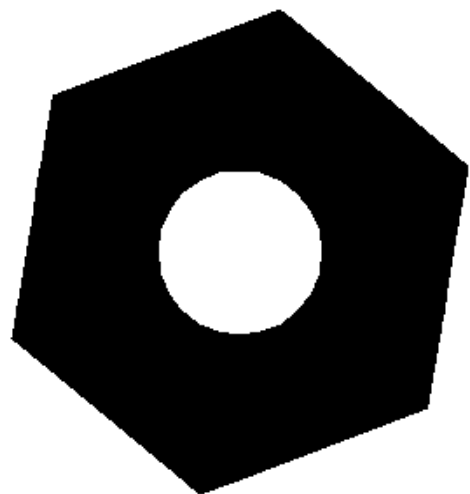


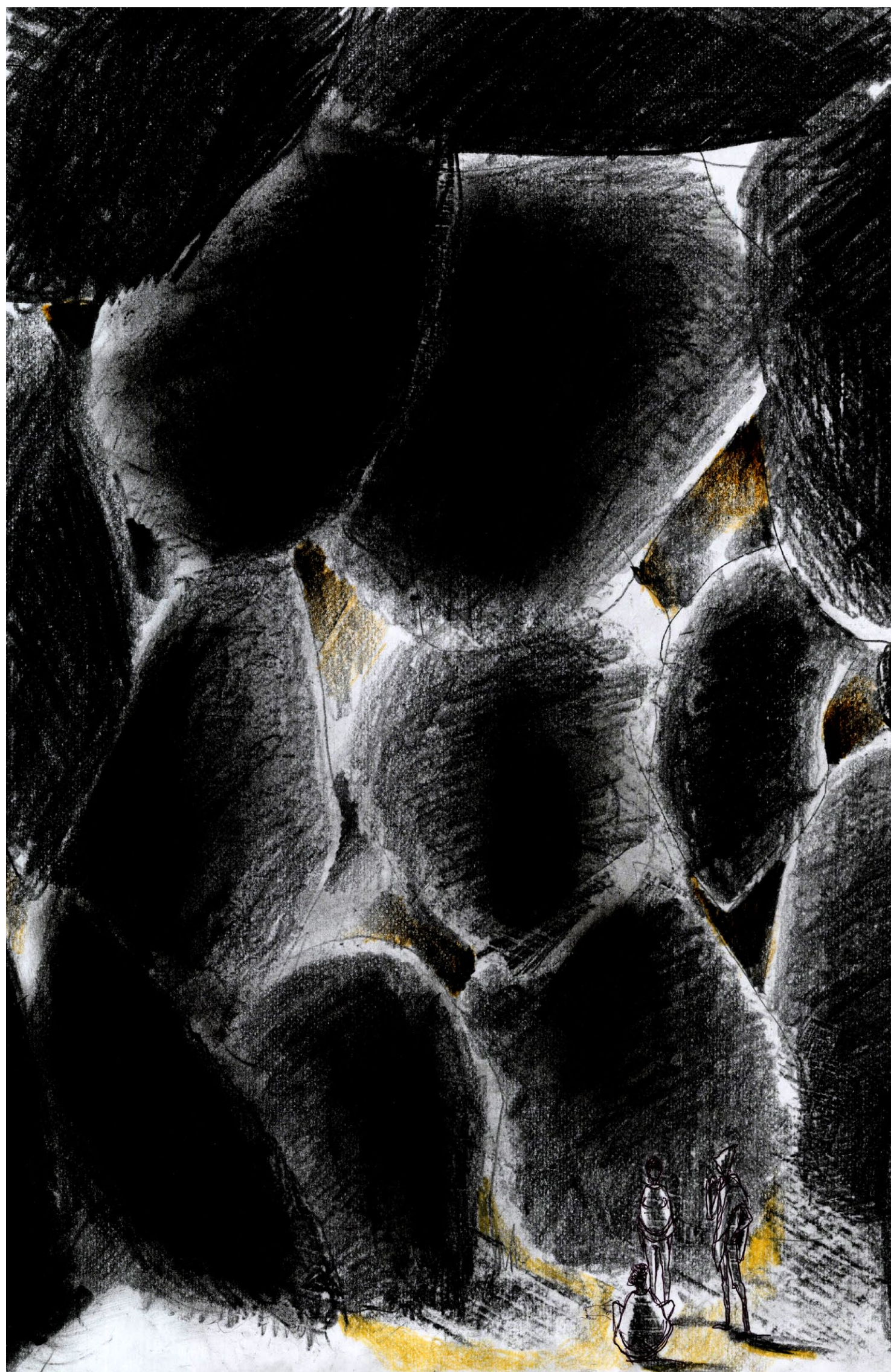


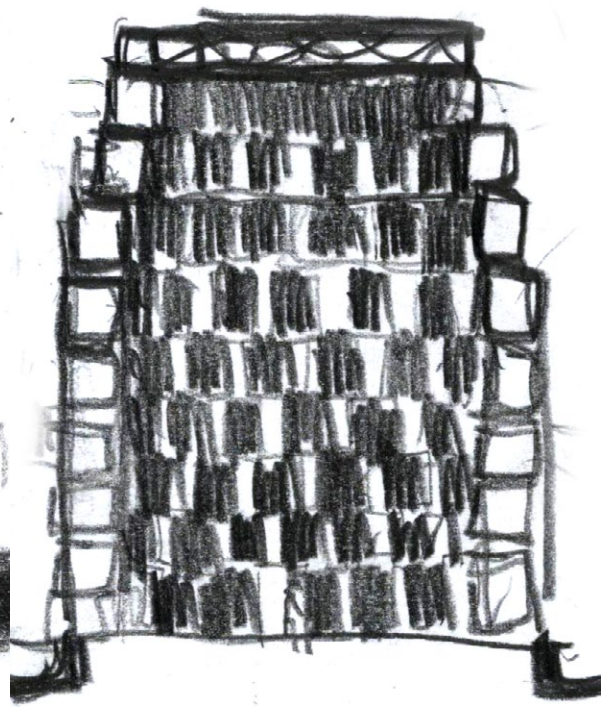
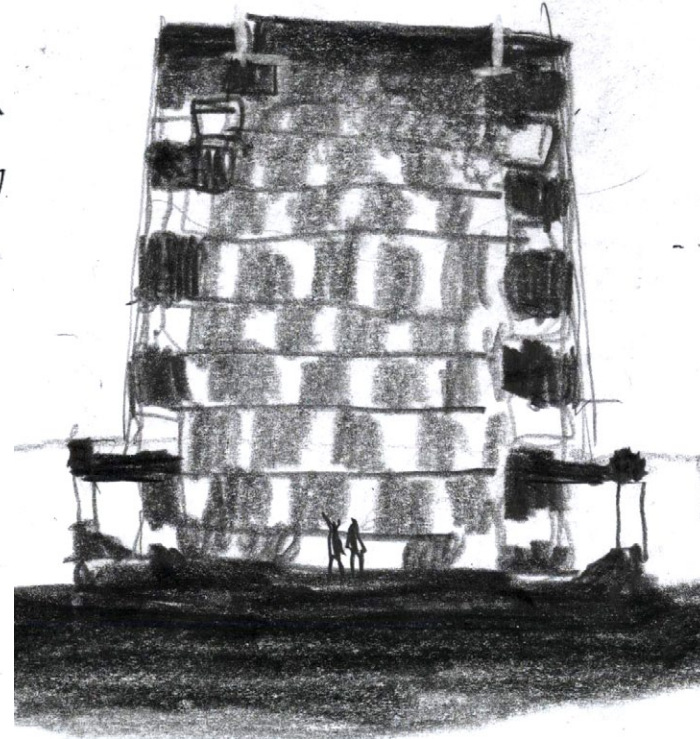
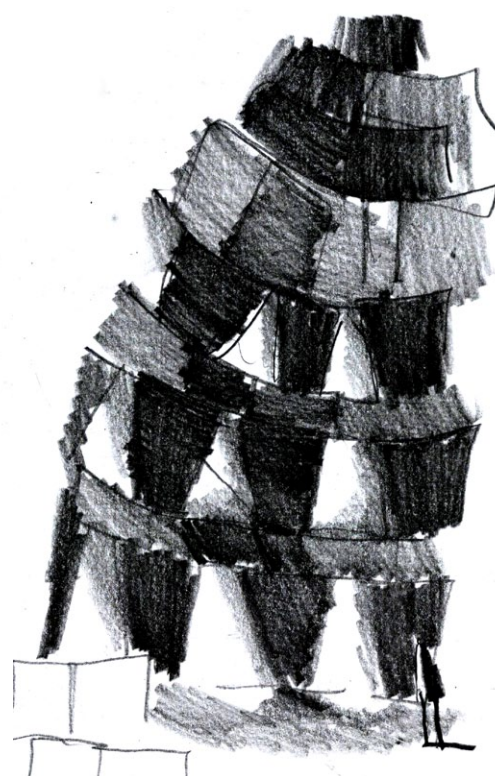
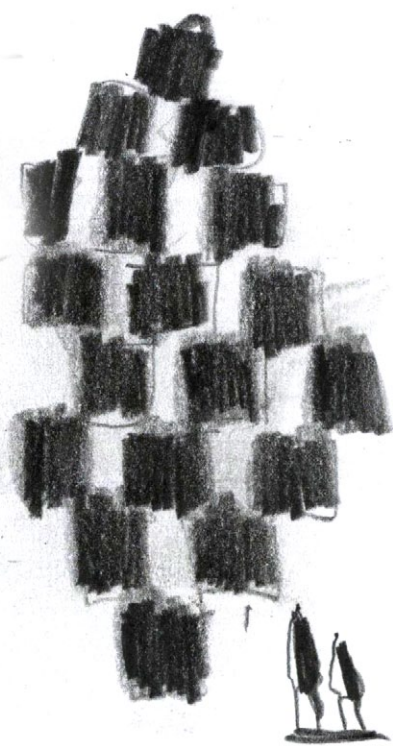
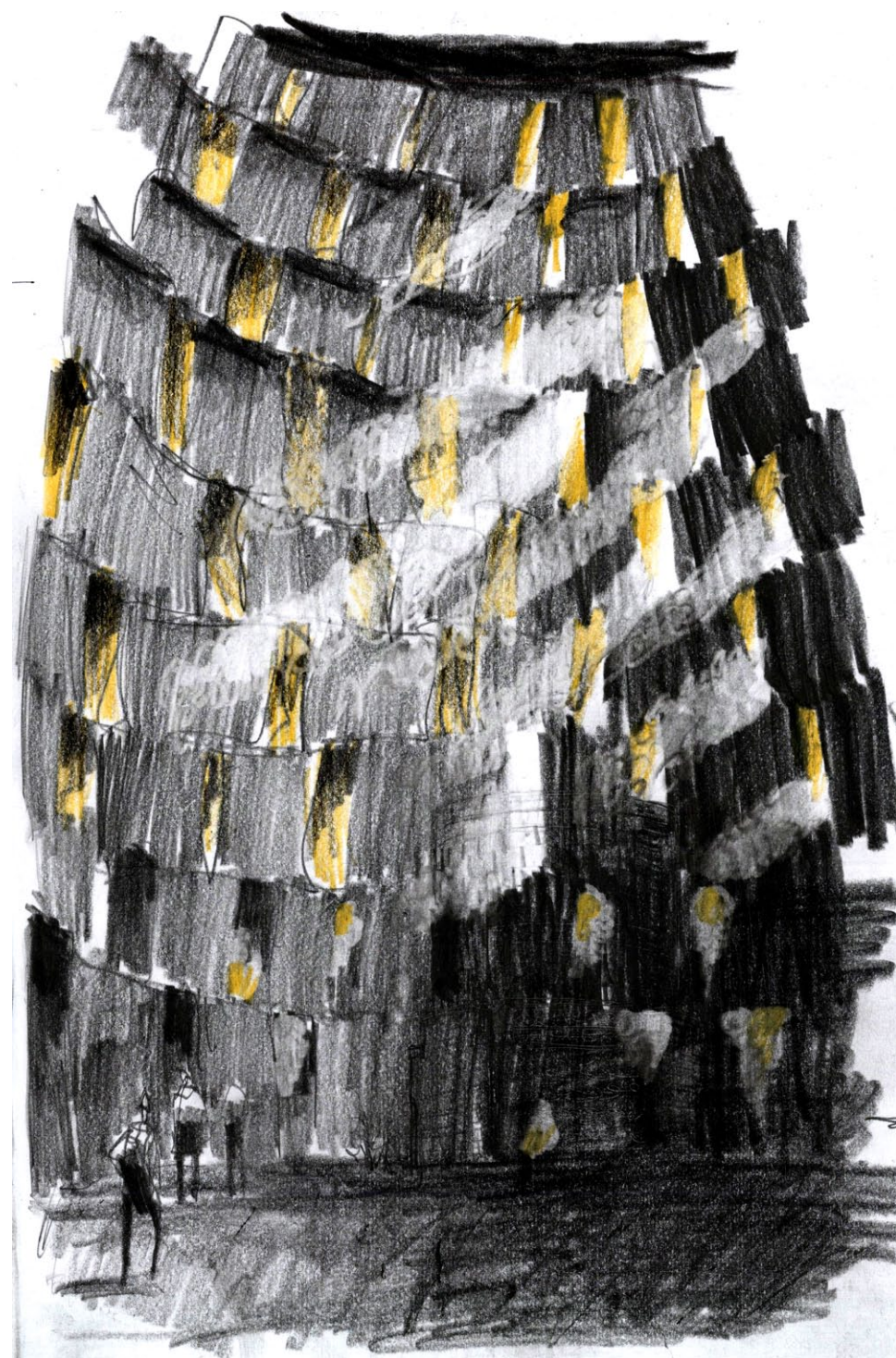
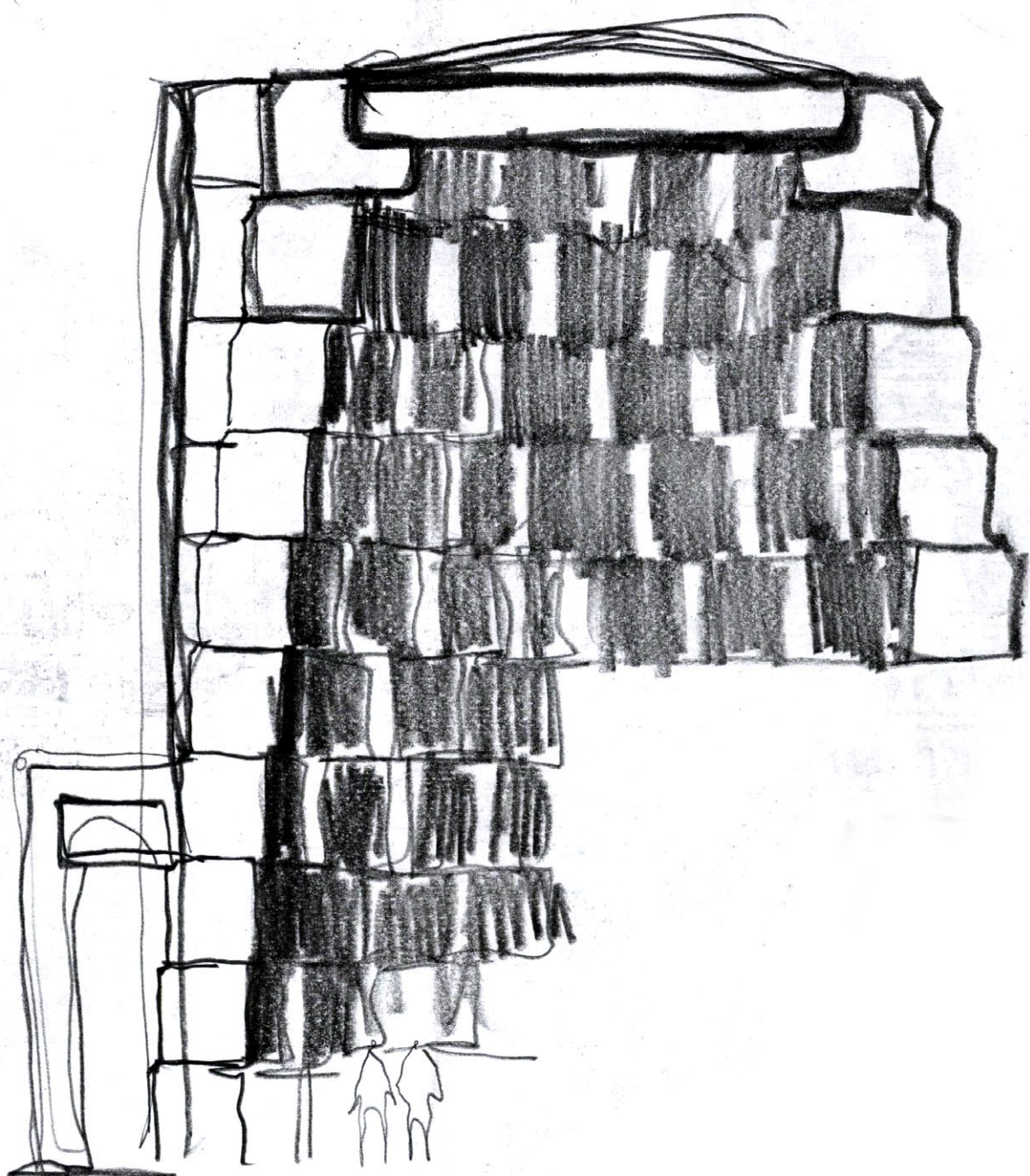


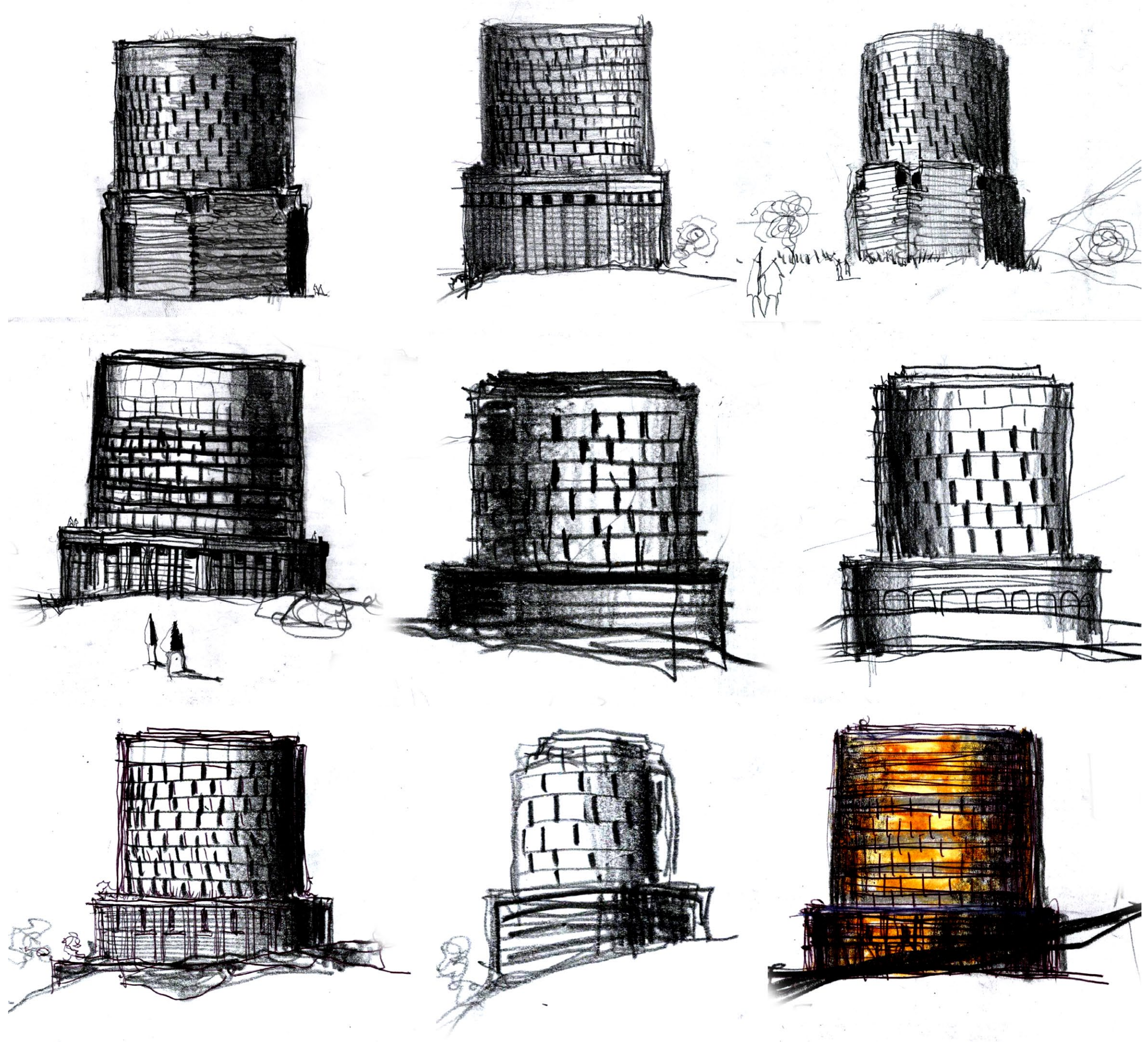


8





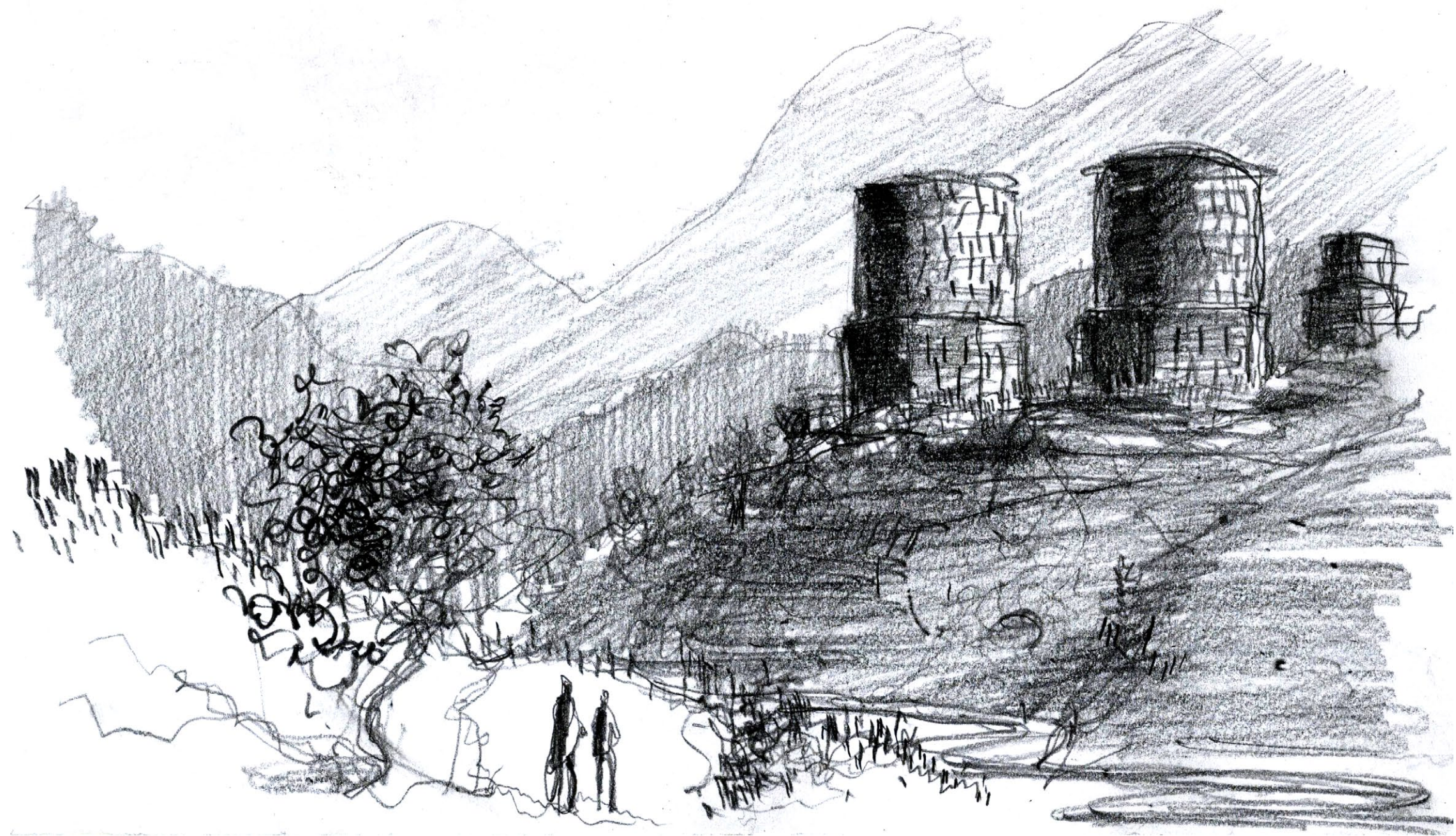


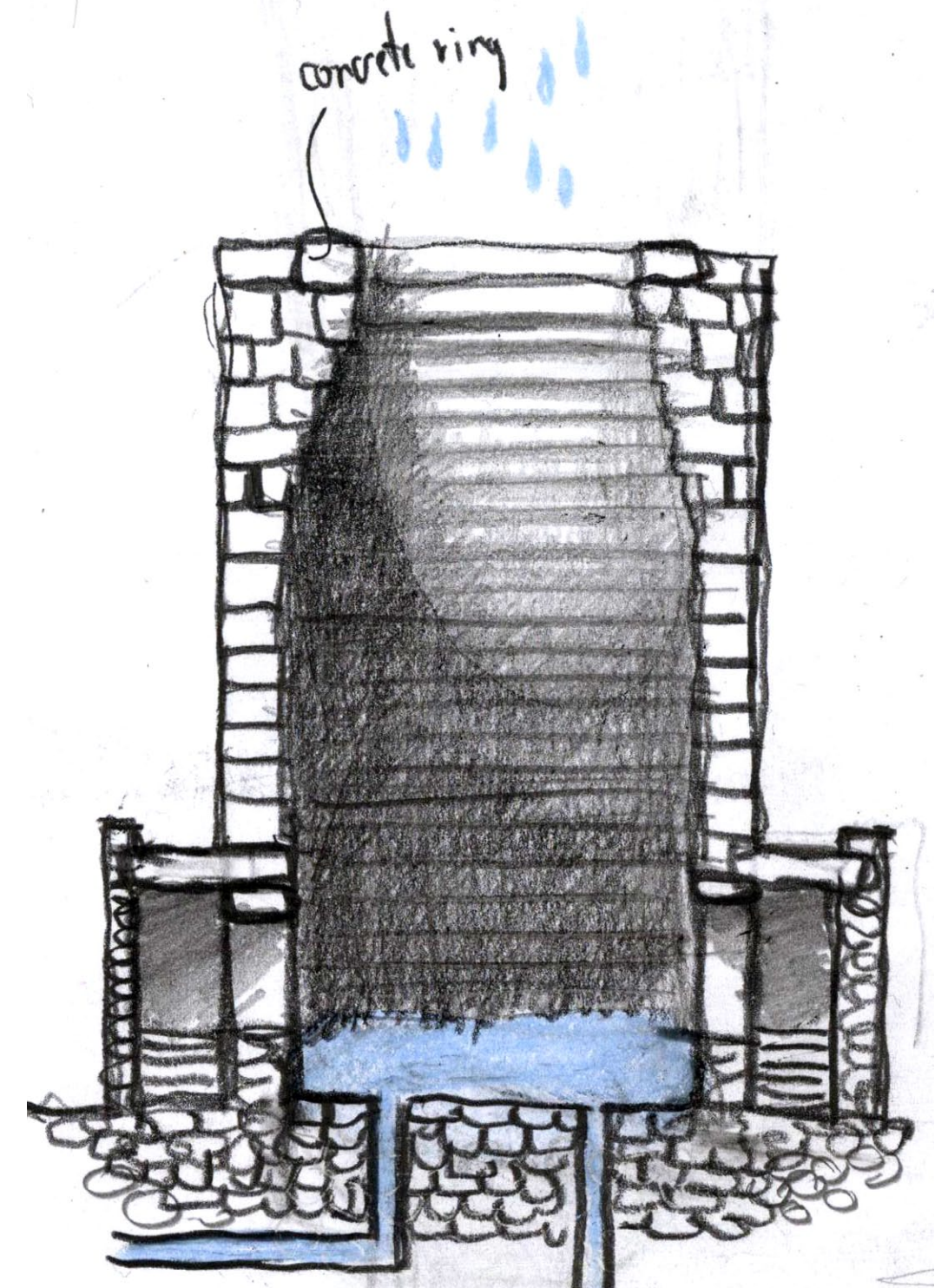
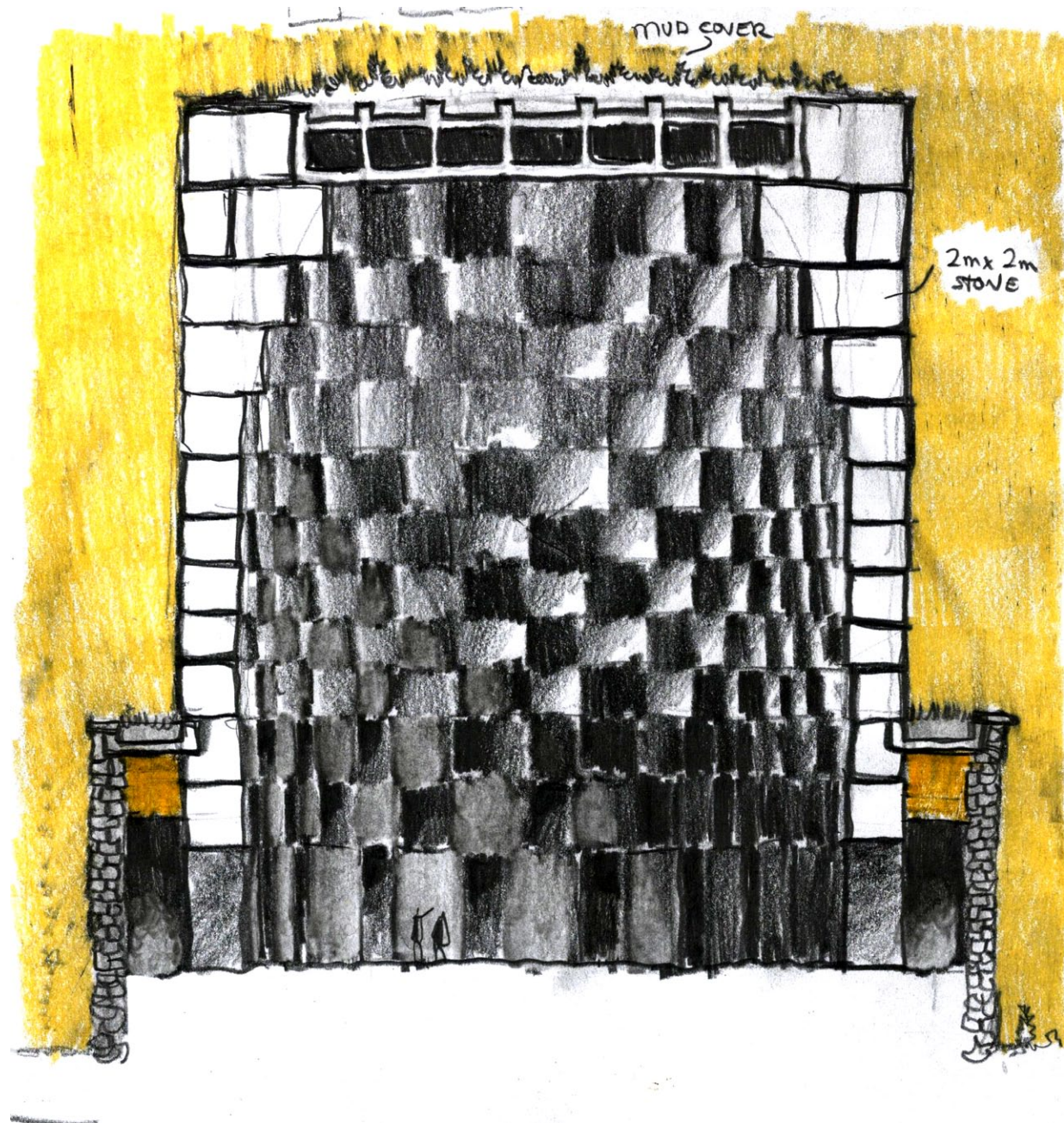
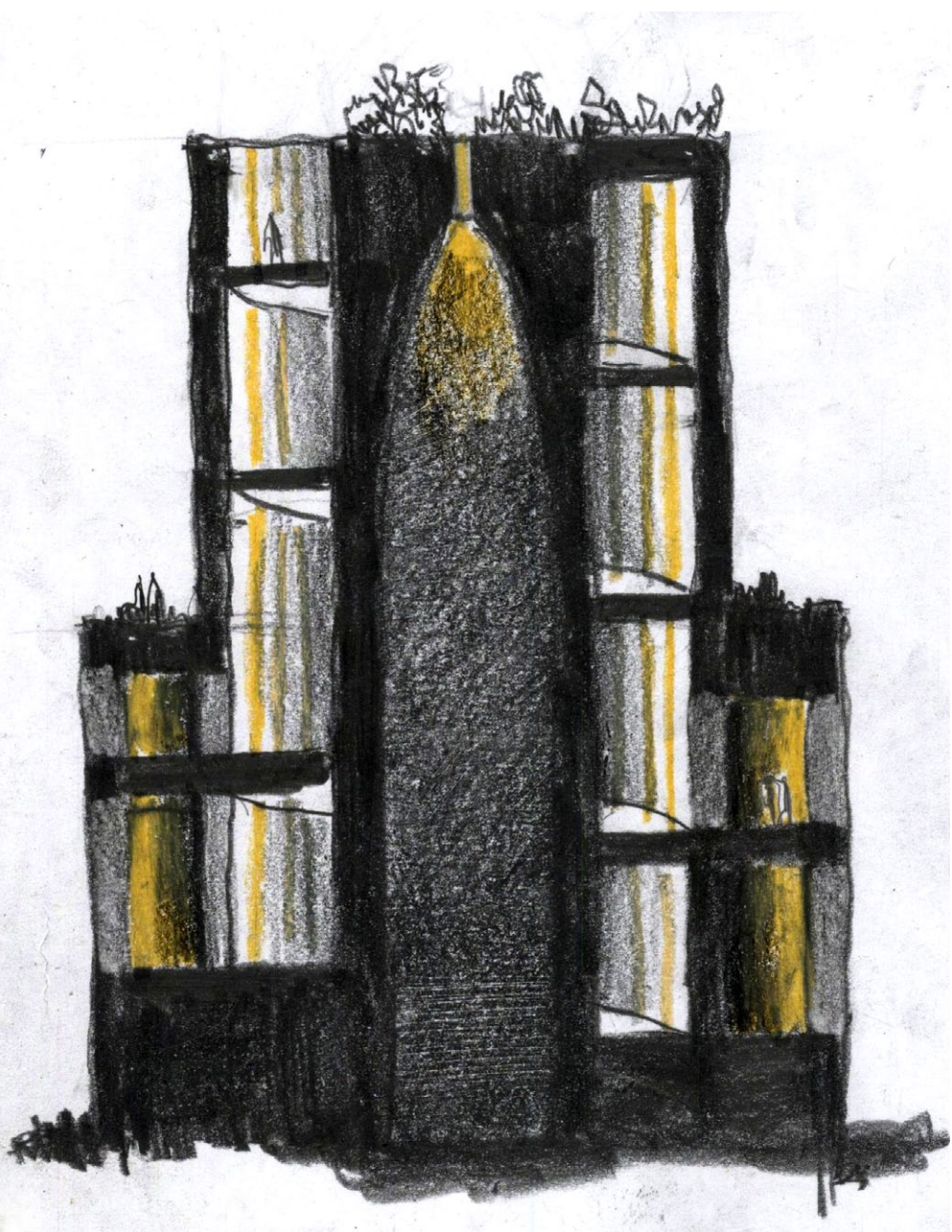
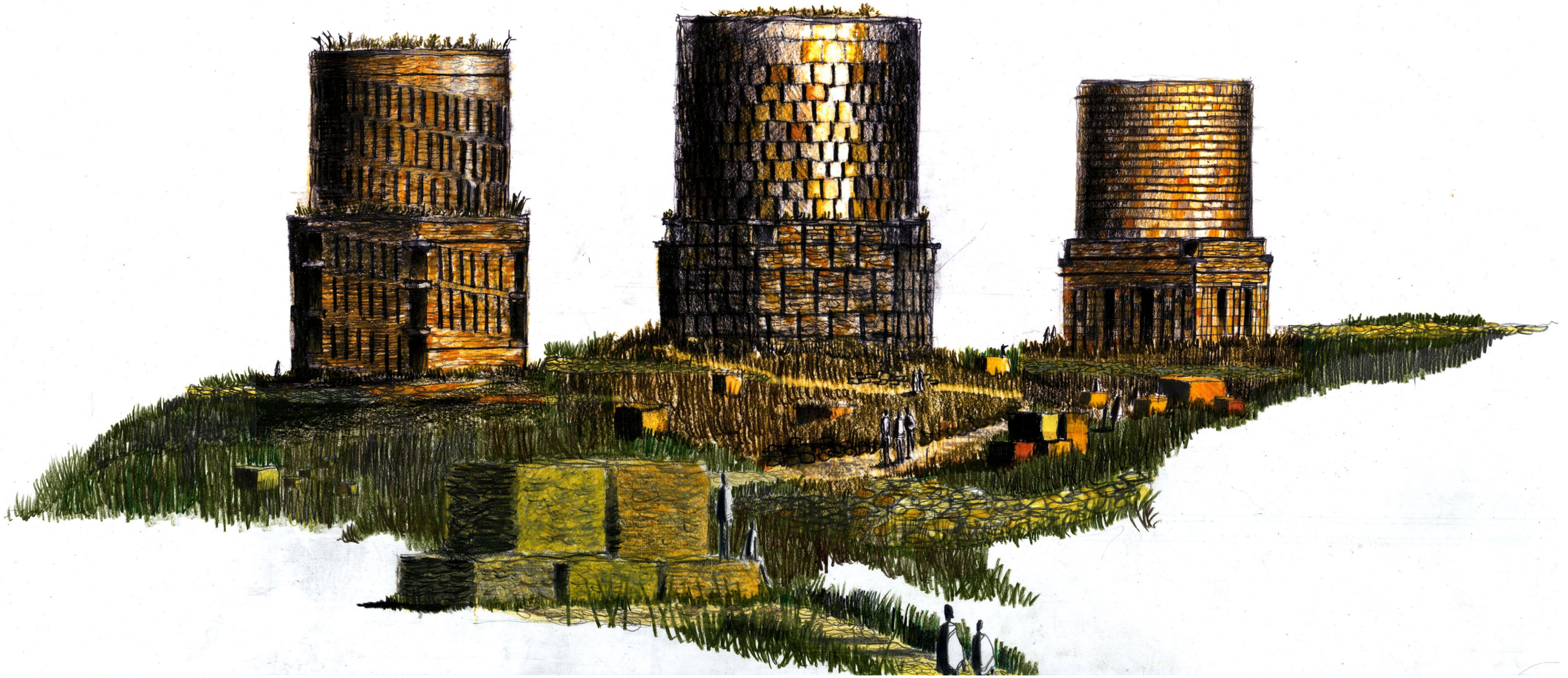


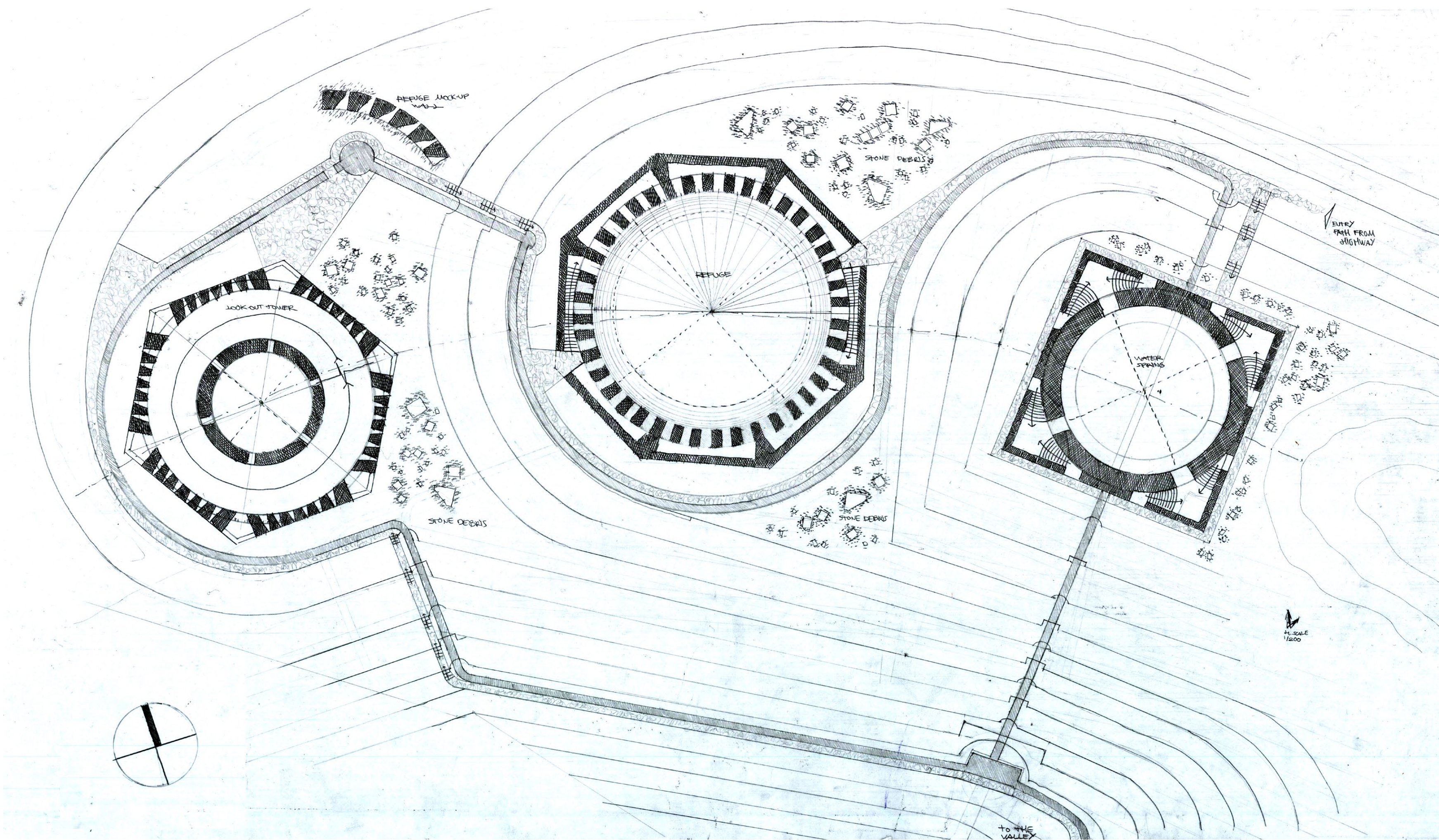
Builders soon realized,
What was everything all about.
Sitting down they imagined 'till late,
The eighth scheme of all them eight.

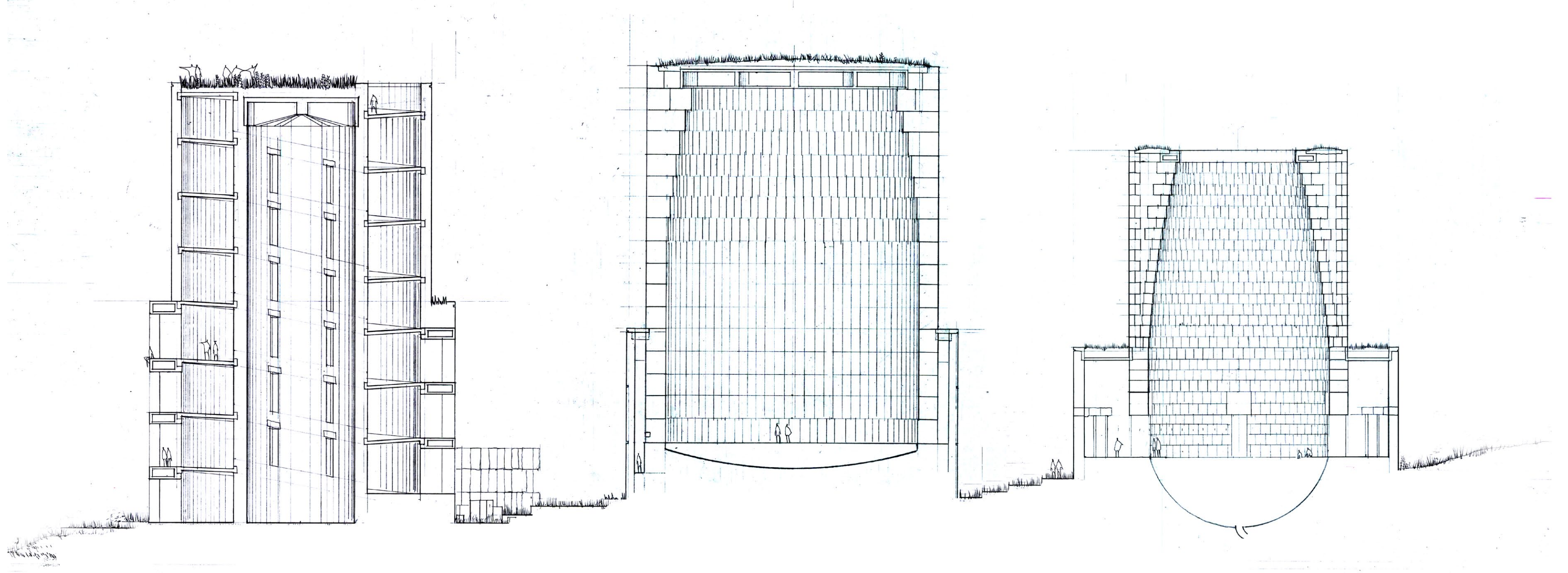
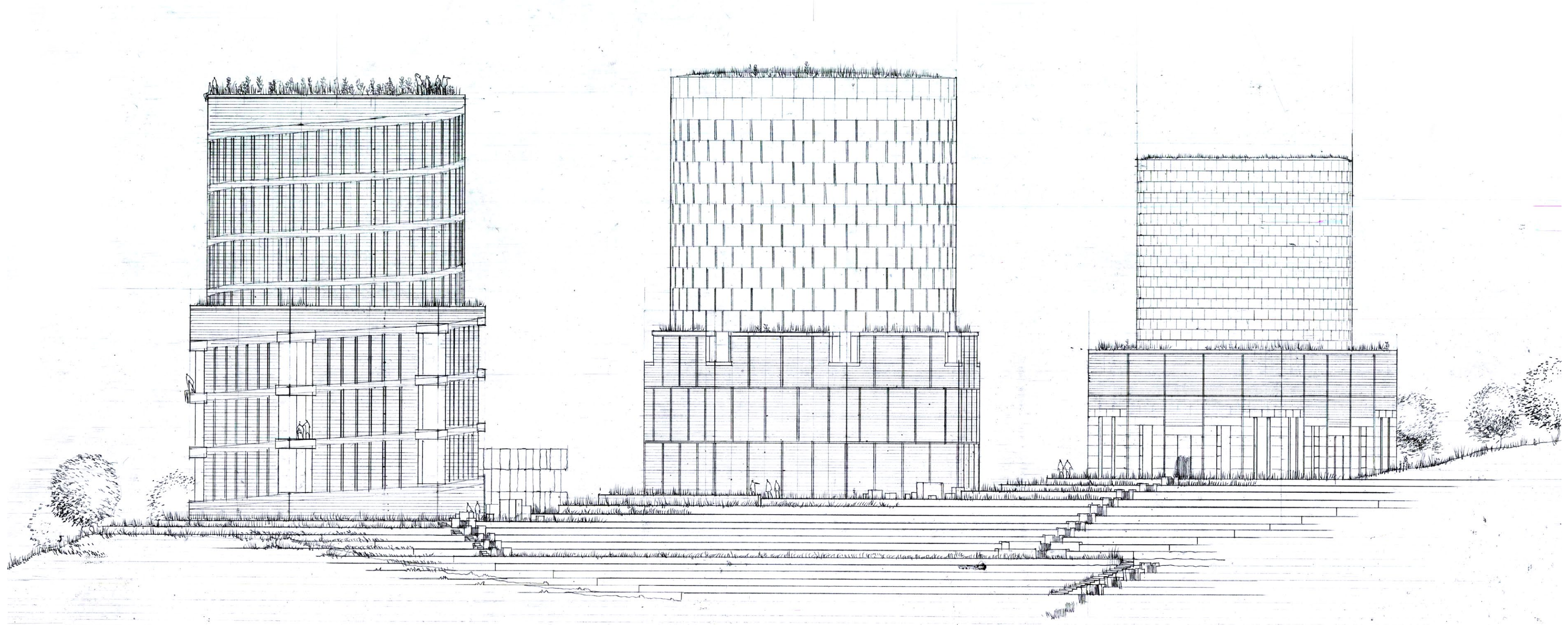
The Cylinder and the Prism,
Can stand on top of one another,
'If one was DO and the other MI,
Together a chord they would be.'

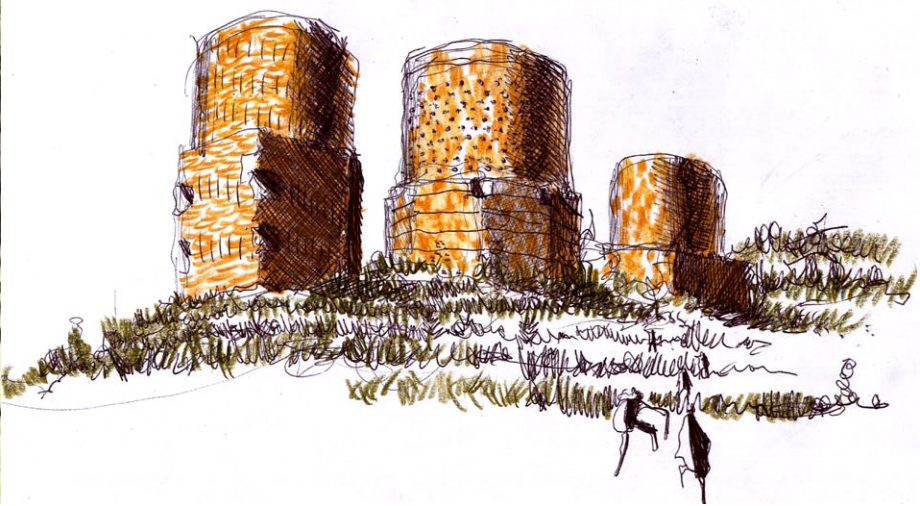
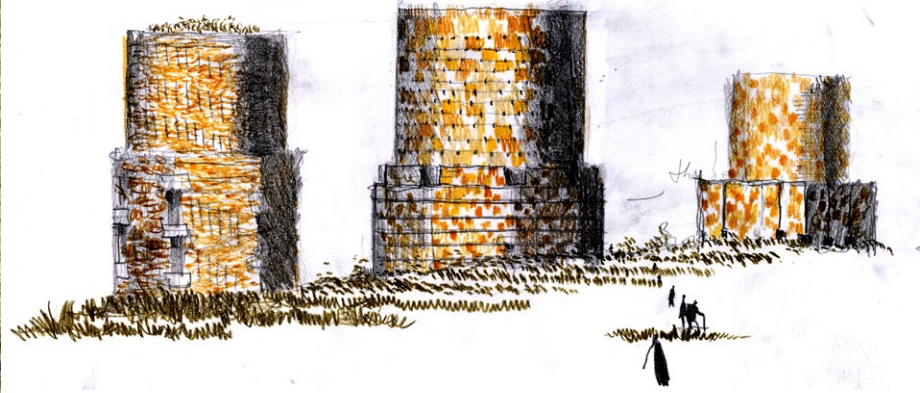
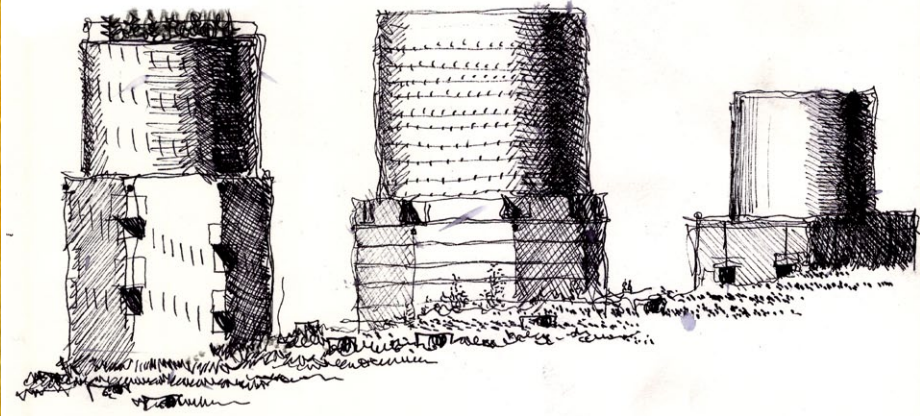
Three rocks of the same motif,
Together triplets, equal and distinct,
They are brothers, they are stiff,
Bounded to earth, they are linked.





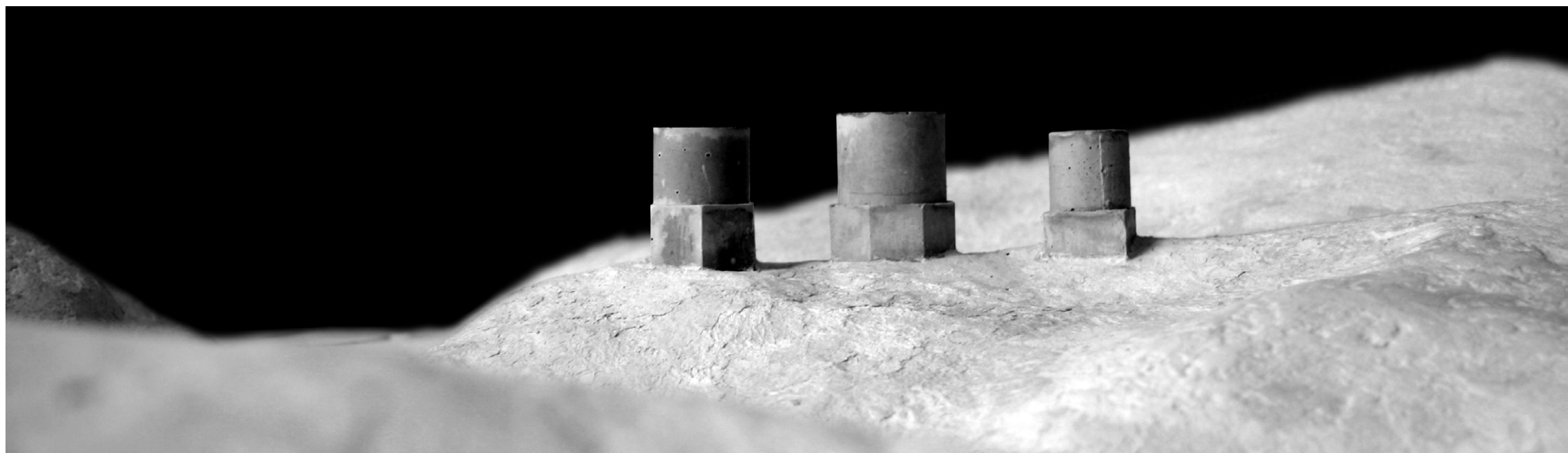






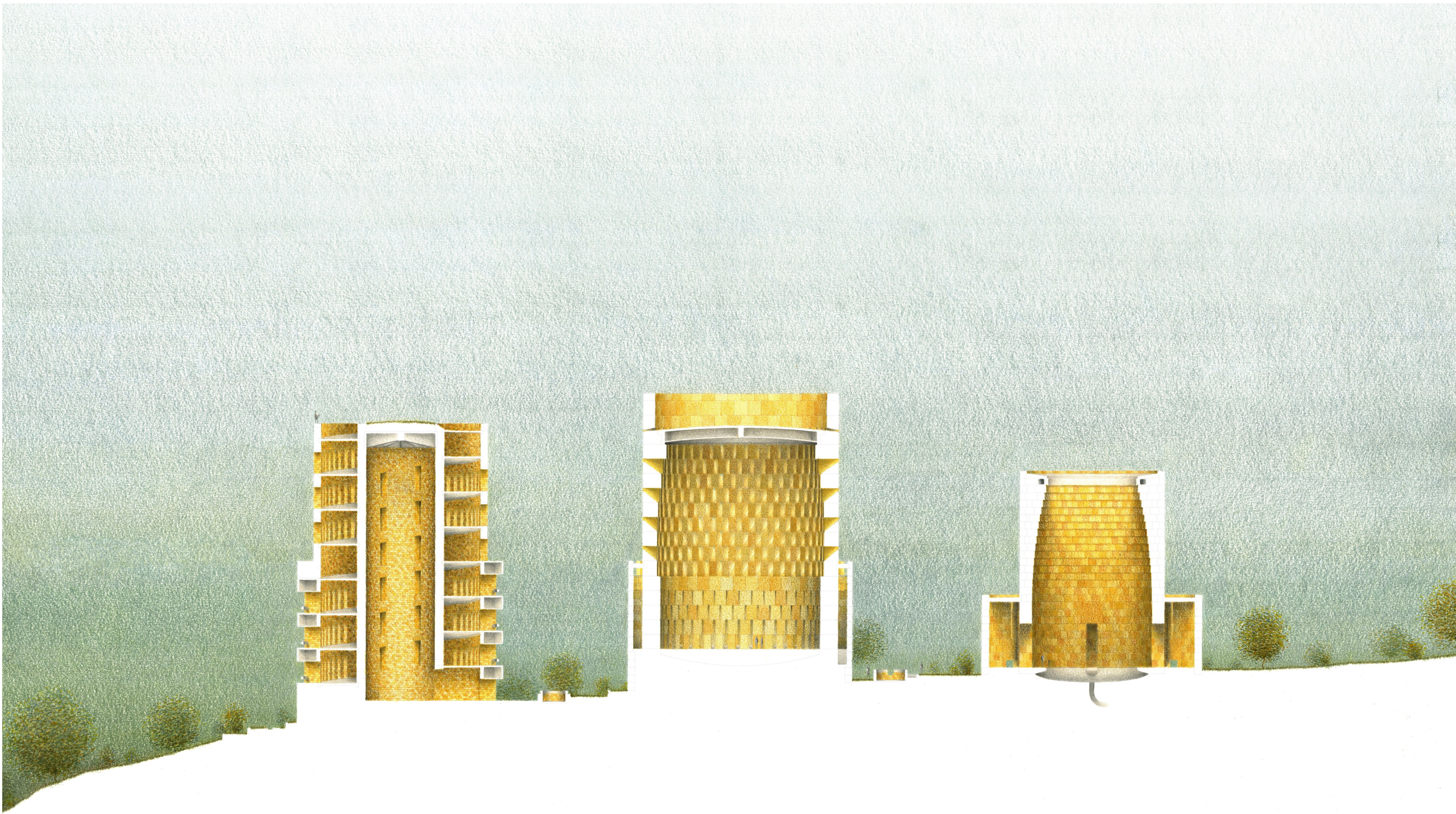
Objects in the landscape,
Sitting on the ridge.
Yellow glowing stones,
Hiding mysteries.

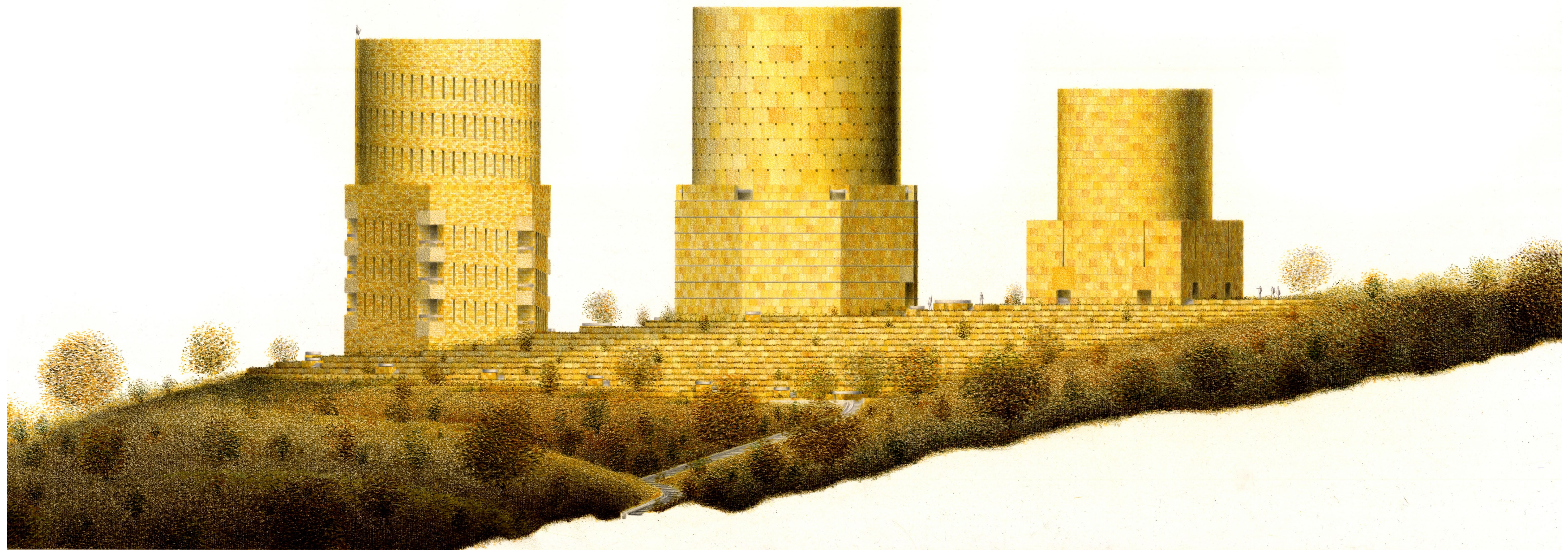


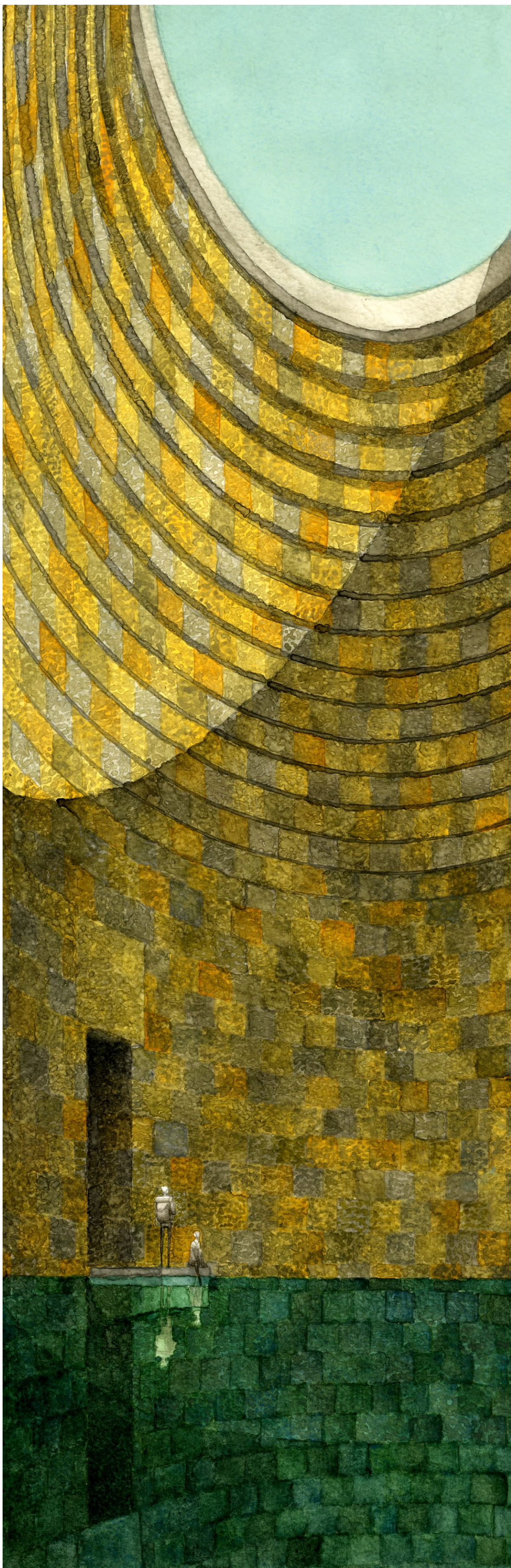






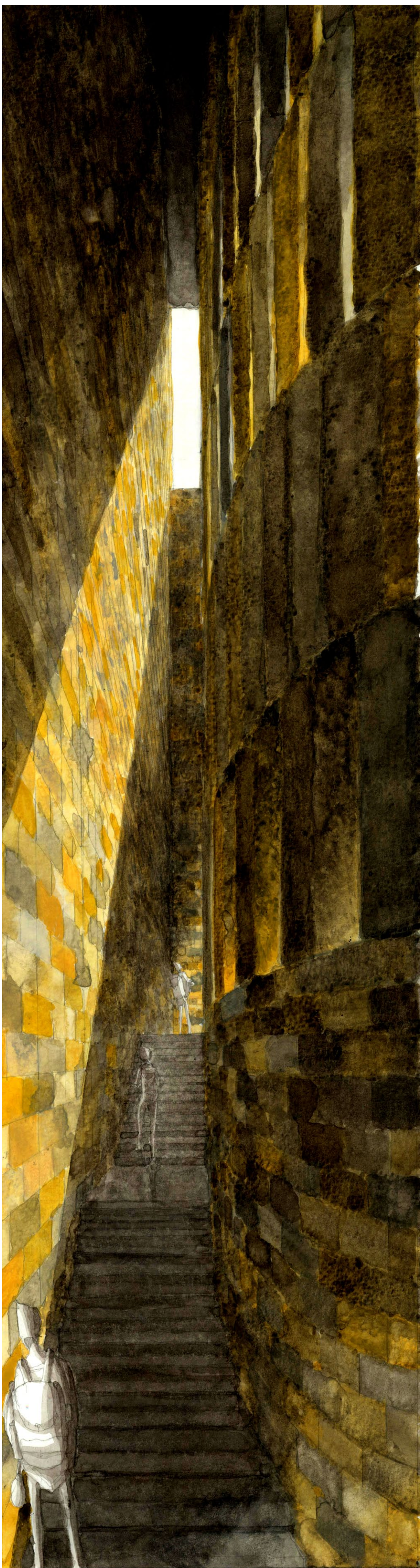






Reflections in the stone,
Shining all above.
The young ones are alone,
Saying words of love.

Four doors, four piers,
Are the spaces in this spring.
Water runs very near,
Life is what it brings.





In landscape man wants to imitate,
What in nature he seems to understand.
A rock eroded, simple but grand,
Will always look beloved above the ground.

Unknown desires of lust, joy and love,
To make rock the way it's never been before,
Of endless source, great endless voice,
Helps man, care much, think mass,
Make choice.

