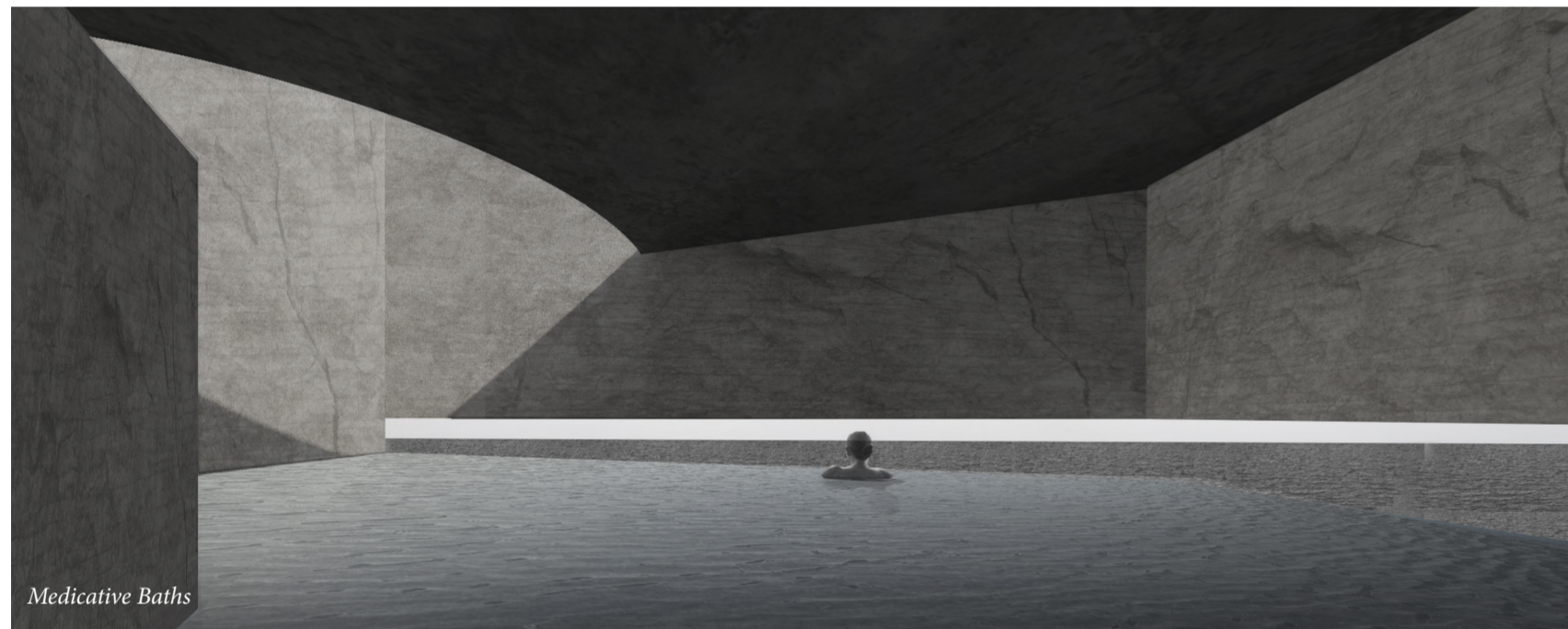


Sanctum Petra

Citizens of Brisbane are afflicted by an unprecedented epidemic. With no cure in sight, the victims are ferried by boat to a cluster of buildings at the foot of the Kangaroo Point Cliffs. The buildings are part quarantine facility, part sanatorium and part oasis. Isolated from the rest of the city by river and cliff, they resemble an archipelago of rocks and turn into a sanctuary for the patients as quarantine turns into exile.

The sequence of medicinal treatment is reflected in the sequence of buildings and spaces. Patients in the midst of their convalescence look out at the dead being ferried away to a crematorium down the river and the recently cured, returning to the city by boat as they arrived.



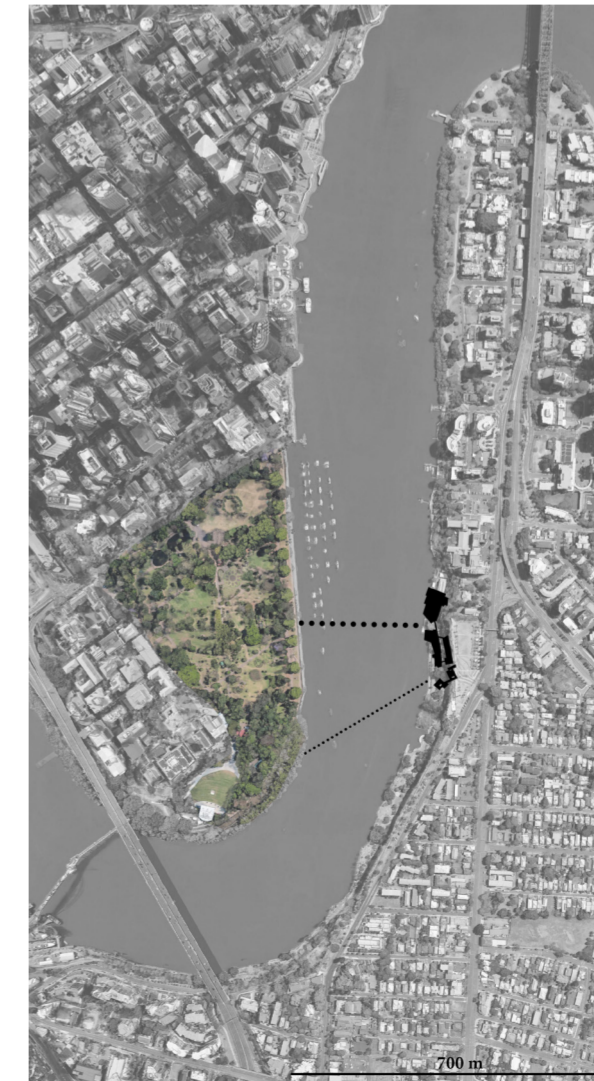
Medicative Baths



Level 01 Floor Plan



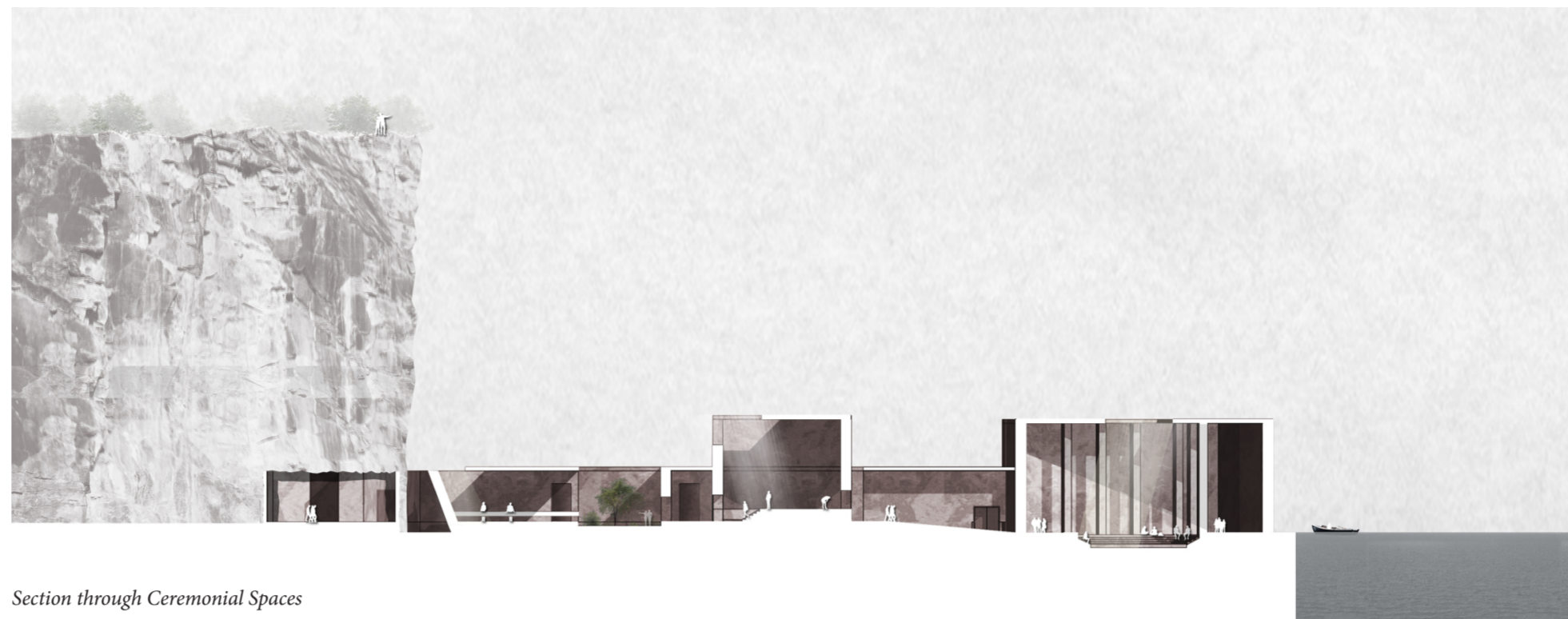
Section through main Arrival



Exile - Patient Looks at Cliff Face



Mourning and Reflection



Section through Ceremonial Spaces



View out from Terrace



Exile - Patient looks back at the City

From a point at the City Botanic Gardens, patients, goods and medical aid are ferried by boat into the sanatorium. As they approach the site, the building is revealed in its entirety, seeming to be projections of the cliff itself. The materiality mimics the cliff face, changing colour with the light and appearing warm or cool depending on the time of the day.

The ground plane is cut to create an inlet flowing directly into the building, evoking the conditions of the South Brisbane Dry Dock. The cliff face is carved into, creating a labyrinth of cave-like interconnected spaces. Some of the spaces are dark with only slits of light offering a sense of punctuation while others cut through to the outside to bring in light. These spaces for contemplation and meditation are connected by a processional path that is used for funerary purposes.

The Sanatorium has five levels accommodating a series of programs catering to patient and staff needs; the roof tops are occupiable and landscaped with medicinal plants.

“Exile is a dream of a glorious return. Exile is a vision of revolution: Elba, not St Helena. It is an endless paradox: looking forward by always looking back. The exile is a ball hurled high into the air.”

Salman Rushdie, The Satanic Verses



Scene within Funerary Space



Entry Portal | The Arrival of Boats