just that.

location split between Dry Fork and Blacksburg, VA.

Architects design buildings. It stands to reason, therefore, that architects also enjoy inhabiting good buildings. To concede this point, one does not necessarily need to ascribe to Markus Breitschmid's Nietzschean claim that the primary purpose of a building is to make people creative. However, I would argue that in a non-metaphysical way, Rudolph Hall does

It goes without saying that any ode to Rudolph during COVID will come across as pure nostalgia, perhaps even bordering on pathos for a student currently on a leave of absence. This writing attempts to avoid

Rudolph is important for its obsessive degree of specificity in details and in spatial drama. This is presumably its biggest source of appeal to architects. It is a theater of specific choreography within a dense, concrete (pun intended) form. It is austere but lively, solid yet acrobatic Numerous subplots unfold within the pits and peripheral spaces: crits, drawing, modeling, badminton, etc. The bridges are arguably the most interesting and happy moments, serving as the transfigured orchestra seats for the various subplots. The bridge occupants are simultaneously passive observers and objects on view.

Gaze is rarely steady in Rudolph. Other than Minerva's unflinchingly judgmental stare, the occupants' eyes are always shifting, driven by the constant need to watch for steps, ramps, twists, and turns. Beams of light pouring in from giant windows cause ever-changing shadows throughout the rooms. Even the intense texturization of the walls prevents any visual stasis. This active architecture is [now was] complimented around the clock by equally active occupants.

The theater remains lively late into the night as students wind up and down absurd staircases - which double as full rooms - and across breezeways to visit friends for a break from drawing. This collective activity, in my opinion, is the most devastating loss during remote learning. Drawing while isolated and facing a wall in an empty room at 2 AM has bleak effects on the production of good projects. The kinetic energy of a heroic building and the collective theater of architectural production are greatly missed - especially from my new location, five hundred miles away in rural Virginia.

The gratuity of Paul Rudolph's design can be seen - critically - as a skewed version of a modernist's maniacal goal of plastic art. However, it could also be seen – romantically – as a way to literally get the creative blood flowing by constantly moving and turning people in irregular circulation, creating a tour-de-force of form and phenomena to facilitate performance. In this sense of movement, play, and show - rather than in any metaphysical sense – Rudolph Hall does serve to make the people who occupy it more creative.

a more socially conscious new generation, it is important that we still embrace good and/or fun buildings. A newfound puritan austerity does not improve lives, as our ongoing isolation can attest.

As the pendulum swings away from the starchitect generation toward

1 - Markus Breitschmid and Valerio Olgiati, "Non-Referential Architecture" (Park Books, 2019)

#### The Ghost of Rudolph Hall

Saba Salekfard

M. Arch II (2022), currently in New Haven, bailing from LA, originally from Iran. I haven't tried Sally's Pizza...wondering why it's called apizza?

The feeling of being accepted into Yale was not unlike being on a roller coaster about to take its first dive - the anticipation was thrilling palpable. The weeks leading up to the start of the semester were filled with new faces and information, a build-up of what was to come. Although most interactions were already on Zoom, there was a certain energy and buzz amongst the students: phone numbers were exchanged, texts were sent, WhatsApp groups were created. Yet when the semester actually started, that anticipation simply turned into an underwhelming plateau. Where did everyone go? Class after class began and ended on Zoom, leaving me back where I started: alone in an empty studio apartment, 5 minutes away from Rudolph Hall. And the much-anticipated post-pro orientation was really just a 30-min Zoom call with university heads, advising me to wear my school-issued lanyard at all times. Feeling nostal gic, I thought back to my time in undergrad, where post-seminar, a lively discussion erupted between students reflecting on what they had just learned. This was not the case here. As my graduate education took flight I was desperate for [in-person] dialogue with my peers, and often found myself talking with the only thing I could: my house plant.

The new student experience has been a lot of "figure it out yourself." Despite traveling 3,000 miles over 18 days to get here, it still took me 3 weeks to muster up the courage and visit Rudolph Hall. The slew of color blocks, daily health checks, and security protocols made the building quite intimidating. Aside from the nerves, I sadly realized over the next few weeks that I didn't have a reason to be there. Were my classmates going to be there? Were my professors? It was exciting to think of meeting new students, whom I imagined were all busily working away in the studio. Every time I visited Rudolph Hall, it was with the hope that a fellow student would be on the 4th floor, and I'd have the chance to make a new friend and discuss my latest book findings. The reality, unfortunately, was quite different. In the eerie quiet of Rudolph Hall, one worries that opening a can of soda may disturb their neighbor (are you still there, dear neighbor?). The building, once known for its bustling sectional quality, is now characterized by echoes of receding footsteps and the warm hums of the 3D printers. Desks were no longer covered with materials, models, and trace paper sketches, but instead, hand sanitizer, antibacterial wipes, and name cards. The 4th floor pit, once the beating heart of Rudolph boards. I often found myself sitting there, reading my newfound books and listening to the echo of footsteps from the floor above, wondering why a socially-distanced version of badminton couldn't happen

Because it really is the chance encounter that makes the studio a desirable place to be. It's often been said that "you learn more from your peers than your professors." And in many ways, this is true. Being in a tudio environment encourages dialogue between your classmates, and leads to fruitful discussions, even if they're not always about architecture. Studio culture gives students the flexibility to produce freely, prompting investigations of unknown territories. The studio space functions in many ways like a casino, where time is irrelevant, and there is always a low buzz of activity and energy in the air. (Is architecture really just a high-stakes game we're all gambling with?). Studio culture unites the students, and through the strength of the collective, we all prevail. So if there was ever a plea needed to #saverudolphhall, the time would be now. As Zoom classes ake away the foundation of architectural education, the sense of loss is felt far and wide amongst the students. Now more than ever, students need a collective space to once again engage in dialogue, critique, and chance encounters.

In Conversation: Andv Groarke YSoA William Henry Bishop Visiting Professor, currently teaching an Advanced Studio in New Haven while located in London.

AG: The first and the only time I visited Rudolph Hall was when I was invited to give a talk in January 2019, arriving fairly jet lagged the day before. Phillip Bernstein gave me a tour around the building. A few things struck me. It's a far more gritty, tough building than any of its neighbors, including the two Kahn buildings across the road. I look at other university buildings that I visited and taught in, and they are usually a little bit more slippery or frictionless. They so often look as though they were assembled from pieces and products specified from catalogues, whereas Rudolph Hall is clearly a construction made by human hands. You simply can't have a passive or ambivalent approach to being in it since it's con stantly reminding you to take steps up or down. I'm fortunate enough to be able to enjoy that, although I am sure there are students, teachers and visitors that find that very difficult. One can't take it for granted.

LP: I'm wondering what the role of such a physically and aesthetically engaging environment might be in the present context, and specifically with regard to virtual learning?

AG: The benefit of a studio as a physical space is, first and foremost, the idea that we can have a space in which we can work together. One of the most difficult things to teach in preparation for professional practice is that your architectural production is always mediated through the realm of drawings, models, and other representations. We already work in very indirect and circuitous ways The video conferencing we are working within is one more version of mediation we have to come to terms with. The sad thing about losing a social dimension in studio culture is that we can forget that we are learning vicariously from working beside one another. [...] The value of a studio environment is this notion that you can cultivate, from a very early age, this ability to work together and the notion that design can be a more a collegial conversation than that

between an individual student and a tutor. That's not to be too down on some of the things we have learned over the last nine months. What I've been amazed by is the ability to invite someone to give a talk from the other side of the world. On reflection, should we really need to fly someone 3000 air miles to give a 20-minute review or lecture to a student? Or to give a slideshow? There's also been a certain relaxation on how people can structure their time, which is productive and makes it possible for tutors to be more flexible with their time for teaching, and a bit more focussed about how and why we travel to

MK: We heard the other day that Pfizer might have a vaccine, but there's a strange sense of reluctance to go back to normal. I wonder for you, both in practice and as an educator, what a new "normal" might be?

AG: I see a sort of mixed-mode system, and I don't think we'll go back to a "nine to five" way of either working or studying. I think the problem could be that when people do eventually go back to work, it just won't be the same. You might go back to an office or studio, and think "Hmm, this is sort of lacking a bit of a buzz." It's like going into an empty bar, or being the first customer, you just want to go to a smaller bar or come back a bit later. I think that's one of the challenges that we'll need to meet as designers. [...] We could solve all of these things the way we

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LP: Do excuse the language, but you are a triple Yalie, LP: Having seen fifteen generations of students go correct? Would you care to sum up your student years in Rudolph Hall for us? What were the most striking differences between the building as it was back then and the space we last inhabited together in March.

MK: Which spaces, if any, have you come to think of as

your own? We won't steal them.

through Rudolph Hall, we were wondering what your thoughts on the prospects of its current denizens might be. As you know, there are incoming students who have never set foot in this building. What are your thoughts

LP: Rudolph Hall has often been described as a building-scale pedagog ical device, especially since its restoration in 2008. Do you think Rudolph intended the building to become the Memory Palace that we now understand it to be?

. Life After Love

Paprika!

MK: Is there a space in the building that you

MK: We heard about these supposed offices in

the stairwell. It seemed like a very interest-

LP: For us, Life after Love could stand for the

precious - a space of architectural and social

be over now - hence, Life After Love. What are

your thoughts on this?

display before all else. And we think that might

building's existence, post-restoration. It's

have a strong connection with?

MK: Yeah, this has exposed many different ways of working

and attitudes to work-space that we were not fully aware of before. There are definitely people who I think prefer this and there are others still entertaining the idea of

MK: When Luka and I were writing the issue prompt, I sent him a twelve minute recorded recount of a nightmare. I registered this dream inside Rudolph Hall, but the only space that was recognizable was that staircase. It was the way I got around in the dream. LP: I also have a really special relationship with the

stair, and take my dinner there sometimes. I remember my entire first semester I would always eat at the mezzanine level between fifth and sixth, and there was someone practicing their singing every single day for about half an hour around the same time on some other floor.

LP: No, no, it sounded like traditional Chinese singing, I think. The resonance always felt perfect for those

MK: Do you have any anecdotes about this summer? Getting ready, memorable moments about preparing for all this?



MK: I try not to think about them, I haven't seen that

MK: What was the lowest low of your time as a student here? When did the building make you feel worse? And how about the highest high?

MK: You see, this is the kind of stuff we would have

LP: Which buildings and communities do you think of as its neighbors, relatives and progeny (across time and space)?

MK: Do you think you might have carried a piece of Rudolph Hall with you to the AHO? Has it changed the way you relate to its Oslo counter part in any way?

ing time, those weren't exactly legal from what we understand. We also wonder if there were any people/groups that influenced your understanding of the building or shaped your perspective?

ML:

LP: Would you like to share some thoughts on how the building's mnemonic function might be compromised or complicated by the current

MK: Could the current crisis be seen as an opportunity to re-imagine our institutional collections and spaces, with schools taking on the responsibilities of curating, exhibiting and caring for student work in a way that was previously unimaginable?

understanding of how people behave in spaces [...] Just ironing out all the problems or quirks of a building doesn't guarantee a successful piece of architecture. That's what I think is so wonderful about this kind of friction you get in Rudolph Hall. As I say, I've only been there once but, returning to the experience of that, I think we do need buildings that we can rub up against and confront. And, you know, - if a building looks good into its social and logistical fabric would you say you feel right now? In what ways is it different from your past teaching positions?

with fire or ventilation, by reducing it to technical parameters that we

alchemical aspects to our craft as architects. These are partly aesthetic

and partly learned through a sort of anthropological happenstance and

can get codebooks for and be dutiful towards, but I think there are more

enough to touch it's probably a good building, isn't it? LP: Going beyond the material fabric of the School, how integrated

> AG: I don't think it's profitable to necessarily compare one teaching experience to another, they're all very different from lots of parameters. From physically being there, with different students, different teaching assistants, different kinds of cultural, social, economic milieu, it's just completely different. I think it's a really interesting time to be a student. MK: And also a teacher, I'm assuming.

AG: And also a teacher! The very different thing about teaching over zoom is that you can't be as categorical about your division of time. Over the last couple of years I would travel to teach in Stuttgart, or Cornell. In many ways, it felt quite healthy and refreshing to get into a different frame of mind in a different place. Zooming in from my studio, I'm switching gears a lot more quickly. Last week, I presented a competition that finished three minutes before the first tutorial. So I guess it's just that proximity that puts more pressure on the ability to switch between two modes of thinking. But the pleasure of being able to teach is being able to displace oneself from those professional and quotidian questions of running a practice.

MK: I think we feel somewhat similar as students. Our classes are sometimes back-to-back, you go into your next zoom meeting, sometimes without even leaving the chair, and the person there doesn't know what you just came from.

AG: You have to change your hats a lot in one day. But that's just part of what it is to be an architect, isn't it? One part of the day, you're an economist, the next you're an environmentalist, the next you're a forensic chemist, the next you're a project manager. So I think this way of being forced to have multiple mindsets is not bad training. Having to cope with the multiple challenges that you have to face when designing and making

Rudolph's Time Machine: Eeva-Liisa Pelkonen

YSoA Professor and Assistant Dean

\*This piece was transcribed from a Space-Time-Form class held on the seventh floor of Rudolph Hall on November 4, 2020.

Paul Rudolph graduated in 1947 from Harvard, where he studied with Walter Gropius and became a chairman at what was then the Department of Architecture of Yale University a mere eleven years later in 1958 at the age of 39. The building that now bears his name, formerly known as the Art and Architecture building was completed five years later in 1963. Quite a career trajectory!

I've always thought of this building as this wonderful totality, a mini city of sorts, buzzing with activity with all this stuff happening at the same time at all these different levels. The famous section - a copy of which hangs at the Dean's office - shows the intentionality of this so well: In it we see all these people occupying different levels, the level changes and openings forge relationships across spaces within the building and into the city beyond. It is wonderful how you get these little inklings about the surroundings from within the building. One can see the sky through the numerous openings and spy on entrants to the building from the stair andings. I love the way the building makes us look up and down, and sideways, always engaging our surroundings. There's a wonderful moment in the library, where you can see through the corner down Chapel Street; The corner site clearly demarcates its relationship to the city, operating both from the inside out and vice versa. The point is that the building is not isolated, but a nexus in that urban life. The building makes us engage our surroundings. I love the vista from the third floor next to my office through the gallery and the library into the city beyond. That is what space can do; it can alter our perception of space and time! Rudolph thought a lot about the passing of time.. For example, he

envisioned that the building was to have a life-cycle, and that in time, new generations and new activities will occupy these spaces. His temporal magination expanded also to the past. I hope you have taken delight this is a word Rudolph would have been very fond of - in all the curious plaster casts scattered throughout the building, including the statue of Minerva on the 4th floor. Pretty strange stuff for a 20th modern architect to embrace! Before Rudolph inserted the casts into this building, they had been relegated to the basement of the Art Gallery in 1950 when Josef Albers took the helm of the Department of Design and deemed them obsolete for modern art education. Rudolph saw them somewhat by acci dent and brought history back to life, literally speaking. It's interesting how he placed them throughout the building. Notice that they are not in any chronological order nor do they have labels. He believed that when integrated into the architecture, these relicts from the past would teach students art history somehow organically, while they went about their daily activities. As if he wanted to simulate a stroll in an ancient city! All in all, I see the building like this time machine that allows us all to engage in these different temporal modalities: past, present, and future.

## Editors' Statement

Walking past Rudolph Hall as we neared the "end" of last Spring semester, one could still feel a sense of discomfort at the sight of its disemboweled studios lit as if for a crit day. It was a time when its daily rhythms could still be felt pulsating within us, making us crave and miss everything from morning coffee runs to Atticus to the sound of Loria

elevators, whose unreliability you no longer begrudged. Today, having endured yet another pandemic semester, and worn down whatever nostalgia for a pre-pandemic world outlasted the summer of 2020, we invite you to reflect on the ways the imposition of social distancing protocols in Rudolph Hall has reshaped your understanding of the landscapes, real and imagined, contained within. How, if at all, has the building's infelicitous return to a postcard state of Julius-Schulman-1960s realness, transformed your pre-pandemic understanding of its spatial make-up, its social undertones, and the architectural ideals embodied in

The way this building tends to make us feel is often obscured by its pungent iconography. Taking this newly regained sense of estrangement as a starting point, we encourage introspection on how its spaces make you feel, think, and operate, and what it is that you're missing, if

In addition to the contributions presented here, more content (including full-length interviews and visuals), can be found at: yalepaprika.com/folds/life-after-love

Dean's List: Rudolph Covid Hall Phobias

PH – missing the magic of bringing someone up there for

the first time 7 - missing 6 on 7

6 - missing crowded studio floors

5 - missing the overlook, advanced studio flags, and badminton posters 4 - missing Minerva, advanced studio flags, and badminton

3 - missing everyone 2 - missing exhibitions, and receptions

– missing the library B - missing Hastings Hall, even the uncomfortable seating,

some thing I didn't think possible SB – missing giving tours of the shop

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The Compound & the Commons

Nicolas Kemper M. Arch I 2016. lines in New York, where he edits The New York Review of

Architecture and is not vet sure his haby understands that interdependence is a two way street. This piece is in response to a letter published in PAPRIKA! Volume 3, No. 16

titled "F\*ck Your Hallway." The first thing that comes to mind today when I think about Rudolph

Hall? The end of the world. More specifically, "preppers." In a September op-ed for The New York Times<sup>1</sup>, journalist Mira Ptacin catalogued two types of prepper. The first group plays to its stereotype: those mainly white men who are convinced that society will collapse within their lifetime, and who prepare for such an event by stowing food, supplies, guns and ammunition in safe rooms and remote hideaways. When 'the big one' (The End Of The World As We Know It) arrives, they will hightail it to their bunkers, ready to weather the storm. I call them the independent preppers. Ptacin's second kind of prepper also believes in calamity and our vulnerability in times of crisis, but instead of preparing to sever their ties to others, these preppers instead work on deepening them. They see preparedness not as a lonely, self-reliant pursuit but rather as a communal one. I call them interdenendent prepare When the storm strikes, they worry not just about having enough food for themselves, but also for their neighbors. They believe we survive crises together, or not at all.

Rehecca Onion in a June book review for Slate documented sub-genres of apocalypse fiction that illustrate the two types.2 In James Wesley Rawles's Patriots: A Novel of Survival in the Coming Collapse. the protagonists are independent preppers who are perfectly in control, executing an elaborate plan (as well as most of their enemies) as the world spins out of control around them. By contrast, in Emily St. John Mandel's pandemic novel Station 11 the protagonists are interdependent. They don't have a plan, but they adapt quickly, show empathy, find lots of friends, and build communities that pull society back together.

These two types of preppers have architectural analogues: the com pound and the commons. The independent prepper builds the compound, secure against a hostile world. The interdependent prepper builds the commons, marshaling the resources of many. Access sets them apart: a compound controls access, the commons does not. The compound relies on walls for passive coercion. A community bound by norms guarantees the porosity of the commons For the students and faculty of Yale's architecture program, Rudolph

Hall is a commons. Its spacious and interlocking open studios wrap around open pits, which variously serve as presentation space, classrooms, and hadminton courts. Everyone is visible - and audible - leading to deep interdependencies. If a student struggles, help is nearby. Ebullience and enthusiasm prove infectious. This is not always so in academic environments. As I noted a few years ago in a piece for Paprika! Rudolph's sibling in the art history department, Loria Hall, is closer to the academic norm: all hallways and closed doors. A friend of mine - studying for his PhD in Italian literature - once walked onto the studio floor and exclaimed to me, 'This is some sort of academic heaven!' His program, too, lived in a warren of offices and nooks with closed doors. That said, the interdependencies of the commons are double edged Unless a community as a whole is intentional and vigilant, the commons

leaves individuals with little protection against oppressive norms therefore the wisdom of safe spaces for marginalized groups. In the case of studio, hyper visibility also leaves students exposed to high pressure and toxic competition. On a less abstract level, our nation's inability to control the novel coronavirus this year left many of us with retreat to compounds, small and large, as our only recourse for our health. Nevertheless, we have interdependent preppers and their work in the commons. not the walls of our compounds, to thank for our survival so far in this catastrophic year. Whether it was delivering the garbage, driving a bus growing food, checking in on neighbors, or charging into hospitals with high viral loads and low amounts of PPE, people stepped up, engaged, and kept society intact. Had we all been independent preppers, had everyone fled New York, that would have been the end of the city. This is the peril of compounds, and the prepper paradox: if, in a time of crisis, everyone flees to take up arms against everyone, then predictions of collapse prove self-fulfilling.

A building can be both a commons and a compound, depending on one's perspective. A single-family home is, vis-à-vis the rest of society, the ultimate compound, but within its walls it can be an extraordinary com mons, a space of interdependence without limit. Rudolph Hall may be a commons for its community, but vis-à-vis the city of New Haven, Rudolph Hall is without a doubt a compound, complete with towers, parapets and blank concrete walls. These walls will always provide easy encouragement to instincts of isolation and a stumbling block for the many deep and ongoing efforts of its community to engage with its city.

If Yale's architects are to join the interdependent preppers, working to strengthen society against the formidable challenges to come, Rudolph Hall needs to find a way to puncture its bunker and establish some common ground with New Haven. The coronavirus has shown us how unnecessary many of our walls have been, as we take previously private dinners, parties and performances and host them all on streets and parks As our buildings become again habitable, maybe Rudolph Hall could part ways with a few walls for good

Quiet weeping comes from friends and relatives from the front row "You can all go virtually in peace."

1 - Mira Ptacin, "I Am Not a Housewife. I'm a Prepper." New Yorker,

2 - Rebecca Onion, "Ready for the End," Slate Book Review, October 6, 2016.

Rediscovering Rudolph

M. Arch I, 2022 (or 2023 with a dual degree). Currently residing within sight of Rudolph Hall, in the "Blue Haus," occupied by architecture students for as long as the current residents can trace its history.

Rudolph Hall is a place of much history and, as such, a place that can easily make one feel as if they are experiencing it behind velvet ropes Usually teeming with life and bodies ready to take your place as soon as you leave your seat, as soon as you finish using equipment, as soon as you leave a bathroom stall, as soon as you finish with the microwave. There was a hustle that necessitated constant movement to the next destination as stopping would create a pile-up that could ruin the rhythm of the

When Rudolph Hall opened this fall with COVID guidelines in place. I was one of the very few who ventured out to the studios. The immediate contrast between what I had known and the present stillness of the building was especially jarring; the feeling of those first weeks was of being left alone in someone else's home. Carefully treading down empty halls careful as to not make a sound, catching swinging doors with my foot and easing them closed

But as the weeks flowed, it became my favorite place to work. In between computer sessions, I would look outside the window into another part of the building; or I would carefully study the iconic bush-hammered concrete in a way that I had never bothered to before. The chunks of shiny rocks in there, the seashells, places where the concrete was chiseled away to fit a light switch. I sometimes imagine a long sliver of myself fitting in between the grooves, engulfed by the cold. [As I write this, a dull ache remains in my elbow, from earlier this week when, carrying my daylighting model, I lost my footing and slammed into those grooves. It was excruciating. I studied Corbu's Modular Man engraved on the very public 4th-floor pit, and compared his dimensions to mine - far from ideal. Since the stairs are empty, one can walk them at a slow pace, noticing the art, fitting into the alcoves, and truly noticing the stairs; from the regular rhythmic ones in the stairwell, to the irregular ones in the penthouse to the wildly steep ones on the 7th-floor balcony. I was struck with the thought that this place that has produced great people and great ideas cannot be grasped and owned: one remains a visitor no matter how many hours a week one spends inside. But from the privilege that allows me access to Rudolph Hall when most people cannot be, I now find myself feeling a sense of ownership as I rediscover the tactile and sensory qualities that compose

# In Memoriam

Yale School of Public Health, Class of 2020, Present at the last "true" 6 on 7. deeply enamoured of the building. Currently in St. Petersburg, FL

I am surprised by the sense of grief I feel for "losing" Rudolph Hall, a place that never was mine in the first place as a non-architect, an outsider - can you grieve (or love) something that never was yours, that never has been truly lost? Am I entitled to grief as a stranger who first fell in love with the building as I passed by on my daily commute, and later as I was swept upwards, inside, invited to the rooftop for queer mixers, immersed in books in the Loria library, adopted by several friendly architects. A curious observer, a witness. A participant?

Rudolph Hall has played variable functions in my life, its purpose as a fortress, a waypoint, nexus, monolith, and refuge changing seasonally. Its role in my life changed as I changed, even as the structure remained the same. But much like bodies, don't buildings also change? Or perhaps it is our impression of them that changes. Or our impression of ourselves in them, surrounded by them, entering and leaving them (sometimes for the last time), that colors our memories of them. It is the weight of the loss of these interactions, real and imagined, that causes us to grieve. And if grief is the final act of love, what comes after?

As I write this I think about personal and collective grief: having lost an uncle to cancer a week before attending In Memoriam - an exhibition at YSoA in February that showcased tombs architects designed for themselves, a poignant conversation about memory and death - I found peace contemplating what my own mausoleum would look like, solace in talking about death with strangers. Now that is all we do. I thought of the distinct fates of Paul Rudolph, who died from a cancer resulting from his long career working with asbestos, and Louis Khan, who died quickly of a heart attack in a restroom at Penn Station in Manhattan, heavily in debt. I thought of my own death: would it happen publicly? Privately? Would it be quick or drawn out? Now, with COVID-19 spreading, I think about what my epitaph might read.

I remember celebrating my birthday at Rudolph Hall, perched atop

#### In Conversation: Alec Purves

YSoA Professor Emeritus, faculty member since 1976 and served as acting dean from January to December 1992. He received a B.A. and an M. Arch from Yale University.

AP: I will give you a brief chronology of my experience, because the first two years we were in the Kahn building on the fourth floor. I left after the first year and went into the army for three years, then came back and had one more year left while the Rudolph Building was under construction... It was so fascinating because none of us had ever seen a building like that. We would go over at night, and sort of climb around it, which was pretty stupid, because it was a very dangerous site, there were always drops of multiple floors, but it was very exciting. [...] The art school was in the same building. Painters like Neil Welliver or Sy Sillman were around. You could have these wonderful conversations with other artists of different media. The idea of osmosis learning was very

high because we were all literally on top of each other, it was much more crowded than the studios are now. The major reviews, at least initially, were held down in the pit, which is where the gallery is on the second floor. Over between the two piers, that are on the west end of the space, the floor stepped down several levels; so you could have a kind of little theater. There were five or six panels that were supported on a single post in the center. The idea was that while one student was presenting, another student could be pinning up behind, when you wanted to shift, you just flipped the panels. If you had a drawing that was too big for a panel, you were out of luck. The panel also wobbled, so if somebody was actually pinning something up on the back, and you were trying to present, it could make you a little seasick. That process didn't survive all that long.

AP: I had for many years, a little office, in the stairwell. Those in-the-know knew where to find me, but nobody else did. It's gone now. I think of this space whenever I walk up and down the stairs, and I walk through it. It was an absolutely heavenly hideaway...nobody knew whether you were there or not or what you were

AP: Paul Rudolph himself, because of his extraordinary capacity to imagine in three dimensions. The way he talked about architecture in general and spoke about your own work was very much in-line with the character of the building. Otherwise, I would say it was students, more than any faculty, that would influence the way I thought about the building. In a way, it was ours to explore because we were the first students in it. It was like going into a foreign land for the first time and discovering all these places you had no idea where there. Also, Rudoph's first year was my first

year. His last year was my last year. So I was there at the beginning and at the end. He was about the shrewdest critic I think I've ever had. His desk crits were absolutely astounding. He wasn't always gentle in his criticism, but he was fair. He could occasionally reduce us to tears... Almost happened to me. When I came back from the army, I went into second year, and the second project we had was to do a theater. I was way over my head. I hadn't done any design-work for three years, I did my best, but it was a Alec we've come to expect more of you than this." I mean, it was a terrible mess. It looked okay at first glance, but if you took a second glance, it was just a mess. He was absolutely right, and I learned a lot from that moment. In any event, I think that's one reason I did a theater for my thesis, I just had to get theaters out of my system. Which they're not incidentally, I adore theaters of all kinds, and go on quests to find them from time-to-time.

phenomenon, when it was first built, it certainit was no longer loved. When it was restored, its more glamorous aspects were highlighted. It now has, until this current situation, a sort of preciousness that it had never had originally.

I would rather have it that way than when it was in that sort of interregnum, a mess and totally demolishable. I think the university kept putting it at the bottom of its maintenance list because it had no idea what to do with it. I think they would have been very happy to demolish it if it hadn't been too expensive... It's like with personal relationships or anything else. You start with an infatuation. And then you go through a period where it's like a sine curve, which is exactly the opposite. And you see nothing but the detractions. Then you even out and you find a way of balancing those two, determining whether you really are in love with whatever it is, or not. And you usually are, because your first infatuation probably carries the day in the long run, but it's a more balanced kind of love. I think maybe right now we're in the down cycle.

#### Beyond the Walls: Mari Lending

Professor at the Oslo School of Architecture and Design (visiting Scholar at the YSoA in 2014). Author of Plaster Monuments: Architecture and the Power of Reproduction and the forthcoming Sverre Febn, Nordic Pavilion, Venice. Voices from the Archives (co-authored with Erik Langdale

ML: What Paul Rudolph managed with his grand architectural gesture, played out in the sensual juxtaposition of the textile-like concrete walls and the fragile, ancient plaster casts, was unforeseen. Yet, more than a matter of memory, my impression is that his passion for what he termed chance encounters is part of the radical poetics in play across the school. Of course, the eccentric mounting of the casts also had to do with a very tangible staging of what he conceived as the unfulfilled potentials of the Beaux-Arts, by introducing these remnants of an abandoned pedagogical regime into a place and time when he was preoccupied with the cul-de-sac of modernism. But honestly, I believe that Rudolph genuinely found the discarded cast collection (or what was left of it after Josef Albers' Yale iconoclasm) touchingly beautiful, and that they were all about the present, rather than about

Still, I do get intrigued when you introduce memory as a perspective on the building. We did the final crits in a seminar on the trajectory of buildings relating to the Warburg Library yesterday - from the Kulturwissenschaftliche Bibliothek Warburg and the Planetarium in Hamburg to the four architectural projects commissioned by the Warburg Institute in London - and after a semester I'm obviously immersed in things and concepts Warburgian. Today, it is tempting to try and characterize the casts across Rudolph Hall with the beautiful German word Bilderfahrzeuge. We have the same word - "fartøy" - in Norwegian, I see that it is translated into English as "image vehicles." Perhaps "image vessels" is even better. Anyway, I believe this idea of how images, forms, and ideas travel, or migrate, and often in surprising ways, might capture some of the magic of those casts - both as experienced in situ in New Haven, and the way we can think about them these days, from the other side of the Atlantic.

ML: This is maybe too big a compliment to Rudolph and your school, :XM but my frank and immediate answer is Sir John Soane's Museum in London. There is no end to the differences, obviously, but to me there is still some kind of kinship at work here. I believe it has to with the combination of idiosyncrasy and generosity, and that both places, with their many weird, lovely, and surprising spaces, is so much the work

ML: Yes, I have carried a piece of Rudolph Hall with me, if not to P :XM Oslo, then in my imagination. I can at any time take myself on a tour across the building, from cast to cast, ascend and descend your sublime narrow stairway from the shell in the smooth concrete wall in the sub-basement, and up, passing the vertically mounted Parthenon frieze, medieval saints, rare Assyrian wonders, and enter the Egyptian vegetation - is it on the fourth floor? Of course, I could check and get this correct in a moment, but that is not the important thing here. Whenever I think of the penthouse in your school, that memory transports me directly to Hatshepsut's funerary temple in ancient Thebes, and back to Yale, it feels a bit like a magic carpet. From my apartment in Oslo, I can travel back and forth between Luxor and New Haven, fully furnished with the smells, the sounds, the heat, the light, and on top of that everything I know about the incredible casting operation connecting those to unlikely places on earth. I'm quite sure COVID can do nothing to change such phenomena.

ML: Something I've found interesting during this era of COVID, is that since March, after nine months already (!), I still keep imagining everyone I'm communicating with in their normal, daily environment. My imagination is apparently stronger than the realities. When the three of us are talking on zoom now, I still find it surprising to realize that you are not in school, although I did of course understand when you wrote to me that the context for this conversation is the fact that your school is also more or less closed. I never stop being surprised when realizing that my students are not together in the studio, but alone in their homes, and in my mind I still place my colleagues across the world in their institutions. Memory is strong, and perhaps conservative - and in a good way. All these awkward private snap shots complicated problem. There was a silence after I into everybody's homes will not in the end flatten or domesticize made my presentation. Finally, Paul said, "Well, the world, I'm quite sure. The reality and memory of communality and social life is too strong, at least I hope so.

But going back to your previous question, there is one object in my school that could almost compare with any cast in Rudolph Hall: a concrete cast, at full scale, of Sverre Fehn's audacious roof construction for the Nordic Pavilion in Venice. Patrick Sture, one of our students, made it last year from Fehn's 1:1 drawing of the impossible roof (two layers of concrete slabs in 100x6 cm) and measurements made on site in Venice, with rebars, the fiberglass roof covering, and the wooden lath. It is a gorgeous piece. I was elated when I managed to convince our dean and janitor to have it placed in the lobby, : Al at the entrance to the main auditorium and the gallery, and it is a great conversation piece when receiving guests (Fehn is perhaps to our school what Rudolf is to yours - indeed a defining figure.) When back in school after summer and the long first lock-down in the spring, I realized that this sculptural fragment was gone - it is really heavy, so the move must have been deliberate, for whoever bothered to move AP: I was thinking of the first instance of that it. Finally, I found it hidden in a non-space, covered in derelict furniture and buried in garbage and dust, something close to an archely was loved. Then it went into this period when ological corona victim. Thinking about this, I'm realizing that I have to take measures to salvage it. What can get lost and destroyed these days in everyone's absence is hard to say.

> ML: Empty museums are always attractive and often magical, personally I love visiting museums on Mondays, when while heading towards archives or storage spaces one sometimes gets to cross deserted, un-lit galleries. Reimagining pristine and museum-like schools are to me more of a disturbing scenario. In the flood of emails from my school when we went into something close to a new lock-down last week, the students were instructed to clear their desks and evacuate immediately, and assured that plenty of dumpsters had been placed outside the building so that they could dispose of their stuff. It made me think that from the perspective of the administration, the result of almost a full semester's work, that is the actual architectural work, is seen as little more than glorified debris, that is happily cleared away. That, combined with current discussions on the future benefits of digital teaching, desperately makes me miss the ostensibly chaotic nature of the studio, where it is not always easy to distinguish between an empty pizza box and a model-in-the-making. It surely makes me doubt the curatorial efforts of a school administration, and the idea of clean and neat school environments.

#### In Conversation: Richard DeFlumeri

In Conversation: Richard DeFlumera

YSoA Professor, Received a B.A., M.Arch, and a PhD from Yale University.

In Conversation:

Surry Schlabs

experience is not going to be ideal. Many will spend a year without ever being here, without ever meeting each other, without 6 on 7, or lecture discussions. All of the things that we used to mingle, are now just illegal. It is literally against the law to have a lecture reception. Hopefully it gets better next year, but it's not going to get better until the Spring. It doesn't really change until there's a vaccine. And as for social distancing, it's hard. It's diminishing the life of the building. We didn't really realise how bad it was going to be until the first day of school. We spent all summer getting this place ready, as you all made it perfectly clear that you needed the building. So all this time and money were spent working with the provost and everybody else on campus, because they wanted it closed. They wanted you to move to total remote learning. But in any case, we did it! And then comes the day, eight o'clock in the morning, everything turns on, Phil and I go down to the lobby and - lo and behold - there was nobody there. And as the day went on, people began to filter through, but it wasn't like the old days. You remember what it used to be like. on the first day we would have a lottery, with everybody in the building - big lecture, big reception, dinner and the whole life out there. We thought you'd still be itching to get to your desks. So after a while, Phil and I just showed ourselves back to the third floor.

RDF: I think the current class, the class of 2023, their

RDF: To be very clear, choosing to study remotely is, in every way, as valid a choice as choosing to work in and be in the building. The irony of it is that the ones who want to be in the building are the ones who end up having to bend. You can't violate the orange-blue organisational chart if you don't ever come to the building. But if you're from the Blue Group and you stay on in the Orange group, you are now a problem, when the person who stayed at home is not. And that is unfair, because now you're looking at whether you need to punish somebody who's actually trying to be here? The answer is yes. Because there's this greater health concern and none of this is arbitrary - if we don't continue to maintain control, people will get sick. It's not a maybe, it will happen. If we relax and start letting people come and go and stay all night, people will get sick - it may happen even with all the precautions. And I'm not going to be a part of that. We're not in the business of making life-and-death choices. Nobody signed up for that. And yet still, I am deeply awed by how the Deans have led us through this they have done all they could to deliver the best experience possible under truly difficult circumstances.

RDF: As Mr. Spock says on Star Trek 6, in a retirement speech to his prospective heiress (played by Sex and the City's Kim Cattrall): "Nature abhors a vacuum" - this absence of something that can fill the void. So over the summer, as the vacuum presented itself, the roaches came out. The roaches went: "I think they're gone. I think this is our building now." And they started crawling out and we had no idea where so many could have come from. There were dozens of them and they were this big1. And so you look at this orange carpet with this huge bug looking back at you as if asking "What are you doing here?" But we totally pushed them all back in, back into the walls. That was an interesting moment. 

RDF: Well that's because we killed them. We had the exterminators come in, because they're vermin. You know, we have certain thresholds that we don't pass. That said, one upside to COVID is that the building has never been this clean. The place hasn't looked this good in years! We've managed to clean parts of it that had never been cleaned before, like all the fire extinguishers - why not? In fact, on this (west) side of the building we cleaned the windows - you wouldn't think this would be a big deal. So we cleaned the windows perhaps a little too clean and then birds started dying. It's kind of petered out now, because of the season and the migrations. But after we cleaned the windows, for about two or three weeks, there were several dozen birds flying from the west, hitting that high window and then falling to their death into the sunken courtyard. And as you can see from this window down, there's an entrance from the Head Librarian's office. So she'd come to work and there would be this space filled with dead broken birds, all crumpled the efforts of our studio faculty, but that was a low. in different directions because they hit the building. They can't see the window, and so they think they're flying all the way to York Street. And actually we did find out that, destructive as it seems, our number is not that big. The SOM building kills birds by the hundreds. It's a killing zone.

RDF: Well, we just closed the blinds. At some point, our friends at Forestry connected us with some graduate students who are working on this. It turns out you can buy sheets that stick to the window that are hard for the human eye to see but the birds can see it, and so it helps slow them down enough for them to turn away. The only real, permanent solution is to buy special glass. And embedded in this glass is this almost invisible pattern, but that would require even more money than Yale has. So that was an interesting part of the summer.

SS: The fourth and fifth floors were kind of carved up into this rabbit warren of individual studio spaces, which, on one hand, totally ruined the greatest space in what is now the School of Architecture. On the other hand, there was this culture of working in, on and with the building, with graffiti in all the bathrooms and art students installing things in the elevators. I remember one morning I walked into the elevator and it was a full-on shower, with water on the floor and a toothbrush in the corner, you had to move a curtain to go in. It was a lot of fun. The building bears traces of that kind of work and experience. There are still spots where they weren't able to scrape off the enamel paint off the floor. Or even where the architects - I believe - spray painted the five-or ten-foot markers along the big concrete beam on the side of the seventh floor, as a kind of visual system of measurement. These things were sort of expected.

SS: I have a real soft spot for the front stair. I think it really exemplifies the kind of dynamism of the building as a whole. I think it's the space where Rudolph, and others for that matter, took the most care, which is ironic maybe since it's sort of a fire stair now. When I was in architecture school, it was actually the main entrance to the building, Loria wasn't there. That little door from the stair that exits on the first floor, which is "exit only" now, was the door that everybody used, people just slipped in. There were only two elevators, where the laser cutter rooms are now. They were notoriously slow and cranky and unpredictable. So you often found yourself using the stairs even to go from seven or six down to the basement.

Another thing I love about this stair is that moment where Rudolph cast a nautilus shell into the wall. There are other kinds of objects cast into the wall, and the various plaster casts he took from the Art Gallery. Given that it's mostly a fire exit now, it may seem ironic or inappropriate, but it's where the building's identity as a teaching instrument is most apparent. Thinking about this building, on this campus of Neo-Gothic buildings clad in limestone, it really speaks of the character of concrete as a former liquid now made solid; a kind of crystallization of geological time in the present. I also like the quality of the air in the stair, it's cold, it's crisp, it smells like concrete. Right? It smells like time. I think the rest of the building has largely lost that character because the HVAC system is so complex and efficient and weird. In the wintertime, it's really cold and it's a little damp, but for that, it smells like it should and it feels like it should when you're in a ruinous concrete behemoth.

# SS: Was it a Whiffenpoof?

SS: It used to be even weirder. There used to be a bathroom or two off the stair. And the MEDs had an office on what is now the sixth floor landing. Just above the :XM sixth floor, there's a window from the stair into the foyer outside the sixth floor studio entrance. That used to be a door. And behind that door was an office. which I believe was the bathroom for the seventh floor penthouse. In any case, there was a shower in there. It was a windowless room where the MEDs were granted some little bit of real estate. In some ways they were privileged because they could bathe after an all nighter.

SS: Probably when we got kicked out of the Philip Johnson or Rem Koolhaas lectures in undergrad. I already felt like enough of an outsider, had been invited by the Dean to start attending lectures, and had been invited by our studio faculty to come see Johnson only to be turned away in front of crowds of graduate students and out-of-town visitors who were in line, and told that we didn't belong there. We did make our way in, thanks to We came sort of ready to join the party, partake of the culture of the school, and were told we had to leave.

There are two times that felt like real highs. I forget which year it was, it may have been a Yale-Harvard weekend, so there were friends from college in town. It was an unseasonably warm November evening and a bunch of us went up to the penthouse roof, which used :XM to be easily accessible via that small ladder, no guardrails or anything. I was there with friends and classmates from architecture school, old friends from college, and my girlfriend who's now my wife. Thanksgiving break was starting, the football game was the next day, and there was a meteor shower. That was a really excep-

Another one was presenting my dissertation in 2017. It was in the third floor conference room, which I think is another one of the great spaces in the building. There were PhD colleagues. Faculty and friends. Deborah had just recently taken over as Dean, she was there. My wife Emily, who never comes back to the school, she doesn't have as much of a soft spot for it as I do, she came out, we got a babysitter. My parents came up from DC, they had never been in the school at all. It was the one time my two very compartmentalized lives, my home life and extended family life, and my academic and scholarly life overlapped.

I imagine Rudolph Hall to be as it was, at least how it was to me: pre served, as in a sketch. I remember the feeling of running my hands across its rough, exfoliating, bush-hammered concrete walls. Or the nights I use it as a beacon, a waypoint of where to turn down Chapel Street on nights l stumbled mindlessly back home, alone with my thoughts. I remember the oft feel of the Paprika-colored carpet, a spice I owned but rarely used, relegated to the back of my spice drawer. I hear the hum of conversation wafting from mixers, the nights when I spoke to so many fascinating architects about their work that I went hoarse. Did I offer much in return I remember the feeling of tucking an Atticus coffee beneath a sweater trategically draped over my arm on days when I forgot my thermos, hoping the librarian in Hass wouldn't see or, if they did, would at least be understanding. I remember late at night watching architect friends mull over models, alternative realities, cities and landscapes that didn't yet exist but could. I recall how the imposing Brutalist walls of Rudolph Hal seemed all the more brutal when, after a particularly harsh fight with a partner, a talented but unempathetic graphic designer whom I loved deep-(too deeply perhaps). I downloaded Grindr to confirm what I already onew to be true: there he was, a green dot. Brightly shining green dot Pale, cold green dot. Active. The shadow of Rudolph Hall seemed more

> For me, Rudolph Hall is near the center of a snow globe that is Nev Haven: preserved in its idyllic state. Perhaps I am lucky to have this outsider view, to retain an idyllic image of what it looked like before social listancing and myriad other COVID-restrictions. I have never returned to Rudolph Hall (and may never again, although I hope to). The image of it in my mind is estranged from reality, but maybe it's better that way. And

imposing that night. Perhaps that's what grief is, a light that shines dimly

months that followed our end, Rudolph served as a space for new begin-

nings, a refuge, an escape. I never had to present my work at a crit, never

took an architecture course, but somehow cannot imagine my experience

in New Haven without it. Over 1,000 miles away now, I still reminisce.

the distance, never truly subsiding. He introduced me to Paprika. In the

the roof. I dreamt of climbing the silver railing and stepping off into

space, gliding, descending over Chapel Street and circling the Green,

alighting like a gargoyle on tall steepled buildings. After my uncle died

I briefly thought of what it might feel like to fall instead of float, the air

A YSoA alum from the 1980s first introduced me to New Haver

through her detailed sketches of Old Campus. From my vantage point of

the roof, I squinted and tried to imagine the overlay, her detailed sketche

of the brown and gray gothic buildings against the present landscape,

a past reality juxtaposed with the current reality. What lines had been

added? Had I added or erased any myself?

flowing swiftly past my face, the pavement offering no cushion

#### An Internal Monologue

M. Arch I 2020, Currently in Maryland after 3 Years in Rudolph, I recently started streaming myself painting on Twitch.tv

I am 57 or 51, and it's been a most lonely year. My silvery gates lie at the boundary between casual cigarette smoke and where the coffee once lowed. Here, confused and watery eyed students once wandered into the stacks or were carried off to the studios above. But now the signs change color with the leaves outside as people come then go, and my skin grows cold and gray with ice and snow.

In the past, students were coaxed out from their studio slumber and into my great second story gallery with the promise of good food, mercurial conversations, and those ever-changing cocktails. Platters of shrimp and yeal were whisked around to those who would rush to claim their dinners on those quick silver plates. The opening and closing of the rusted copper doors to the administration above marked the beginning and end of the school day. Although for many students, who had their work reduced to nothing that day, reception would merely mark the timwhen they could begin again.

In the badminton courts the carpets are now cleaner, the desks pristine, and the classrooms spotless, yet silence continues to cut through the heart of me. The golden rays of the sun shine upon the paprika that was grafted onto me, and yet I am washed out and sterile. There are fewe pins on the floors, less stains on the rug, and no tournaments at midnight only dust and memories continue to cling to my jagged sides now. My dul grey bones rise to meet the mezzanine that looks over the pit, giving some relief to these old muscles that have long been compressed by the expanse of the fourth and sixth floors surrounding it. Here my echoes of those communal lectures, the rhythmic battering of birdies, and murmurs from neetings now fall on deaf ears, replaced by clusters of coughs and muffle eathing behind masks. At my sides, the fire exits have been swept clean of the mountains of

ash and split iron cans that once littered the stairs. Yet the ledge spikes that once skewered thousands of old cigarette butts still remain to this lay. Tucked away between a faroff passage inside, the whirling iron cogs of printers continue to spin even as the minds that produce them are scat tered across the earth. And yet a few flags now decorate these halls as the breeze now blows over dust and mildew. Above the now silent balconies ny crown once teemed with small flowers, nests of eagle-eved birds. emnants of battered red spray cans, and students feasting on doritos oreos, and franzia. Their rosy red faces flushed from the merriment or th stinging cold watched over the city and the faroff oaken shores to the eas as day turned to night. And the murmurs of their conversations were once punctuated by the tinny ringing of jackhammers and the trumpeting of car horns that continue to crash against my halls.

#### Beyond the Walls: Karla Britton rofessor of Art History at Diné College, the Navajo Nation YSoA Professor from 2003–2018

In pre-pandemic times, Rudolph Hall was a microcosm of the univer sity itself: a place whose walls and corridors, library, lecture hall, galler ies, and fabrication shop all helped to create an intense learning-centered environment. The building's insulated sophistication, of course, is an extension of Rudolph's own calibrated vision as both an architect and dean: Rudolph well understood the emotional power and energy generated **: 9.1** when people convene together in a theatric architectural setting that in turn shapes their communal identity.

> Rudolph Hall's bundling together of multiple functions - including patterns of behavior, social traditions, and academic expectations—set the building apart even at Yale. In my experience, for example, architec tural seminars held in Rudolph Hall could bring together very different kinds of people from all corners of the university curious to glimpse that very visceral and theatrical shared experience of learning which took place in the building.

What the pandemic has shown, however, is that the aura of Rudolph Hall is only one point of light in a constellation of learning environments that reaches far beyond its walls, and even the walls of the university The pandemic has facilitated what many students already recognized that learning is no longer exclusively defined by geographic location or

This point was underscored when I recently lectured remotely from my current academic institution, the tribal Diné College on the Navajo Nation, to students in Kyle Dugdale's Yale architectural history course. As I addressed the topic of "Native Architectures of the Southwest," we reflected on how one opportunity opened by the pandemic is for students from larger universities to connect with more ease to constituencies they otherwise would not - with students, for example, in smaller liberal arts colleges; traditional Black Colleges; or the tribal colleges in Indian Country in rural America. Such encounters open us to worlds of human experience beyond Rudolph Hall, to a more informed understanding and civic preparedness for participating in all levels of the social matrix.

#### Remembering Rudolph Hall: A Eulogy Martin Carrillo Bueno

M. Arch I 2021. Current location: Quito, Ecuador. The piece is written from the Mashpi Ecological Reserve, more exactly from Mashpi Lodge Hotel designed by Alfredo Ribadeneira (I actually interned for him a couple of years ago).

## - "All, please be virtually seated"

Everyone virtually sits with the command. Everyone is silent. Speak er pauses and then continues.

"We are here gathered in the memory of Rudolph Hall, initially ome to the Art and Architecture department of Yale University and recently home to just the Yale School of Architecture. We thank the highe spirits of architecture for creating the eternal container of creative pedagogy, the monument to a cooperative relationship between students, and an ode to the honesty of cast concrete. We also thank Paul Rudolph for those long model making nights, the never-ending coffee mugs, and those everlasting friendships made under this roof.

When we lose someone who is dear to us, help us receive comfort from what we will always have, photographs, drawings, memories and short glimpses of it in the background of an occasional Zoom video onference. Today, Rudolph Hall has not merely died, but has transformed from being a monumental building filled with the activities that concerned an Architectural Education in our physical world, to becoming a mausoleum in our collective memory where we go to re-live the romanticism of

For many of us gathered here today, Rudolph Hall has left our reality ecause of the consequences of the pandemic, putting us in different corners of the world, and making us experience everything under a different light. Now, Rudolph Hall has died, but that doesn't mean it has disappeared in our minds. On the contrary, it has achieved an omnipresence, worthy only of a memorable work, changing its function from a container of our education to the container of romantic memories. Now we experience a mausoleum, which we constantly picture ourselves going back to in order to reconnect to that side of us that stayed there, and has been eft forever in this transformation of matter. We thank You for eternal life provided for Rudolph Hall, and we ask the higher spirits of architecture to help us to see the good in experiencing this transformation. And when the eternal day of resurrection (or the end of COVID-19) dawns upon us, grant us grace to meet again transformed.'

- Quiet weeping comes from friends and relatives from the front row - "You can all go virtually in peace.