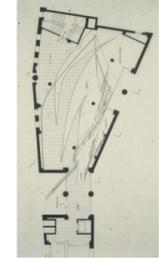
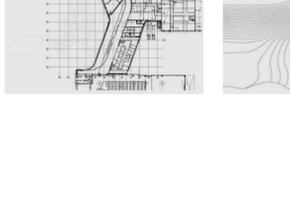
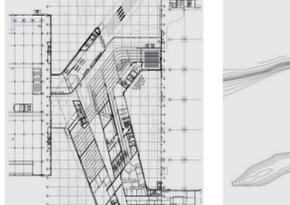
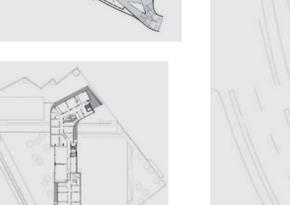
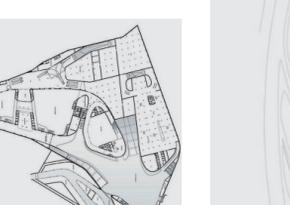
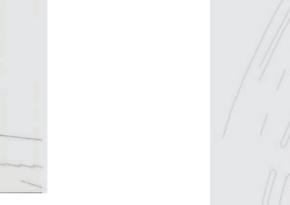
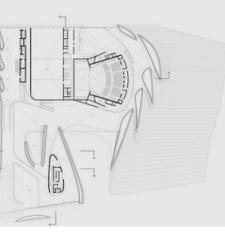
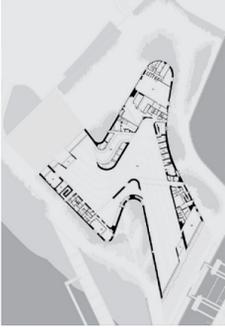
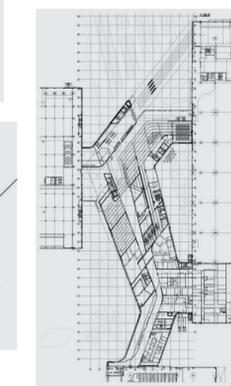
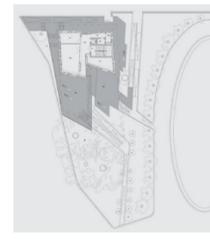
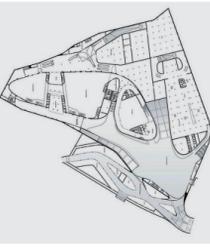
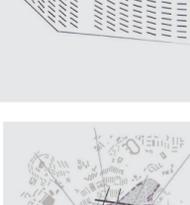
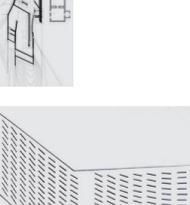
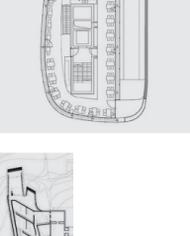
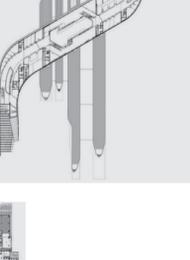
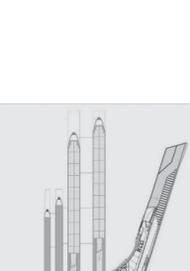
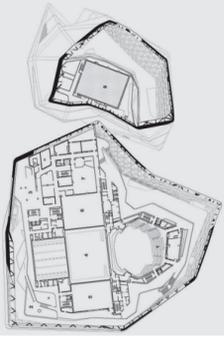


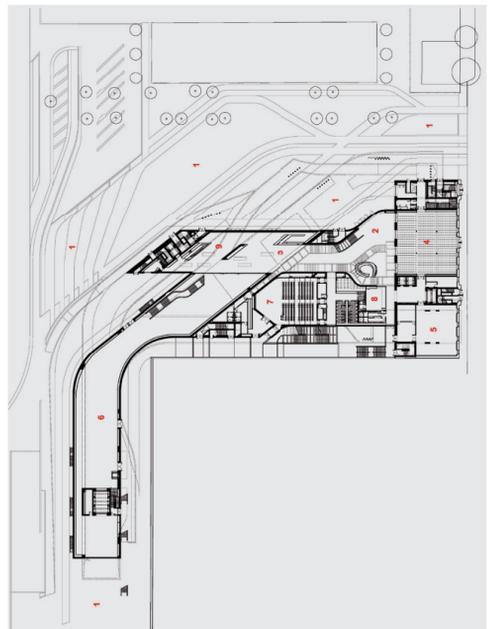
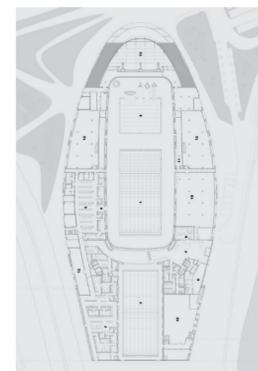
1994



1990



2009



2010

- Sorted chronological from left to right**
- 1976-1977 • Malevich's Tektonik, London
 - 1977-1978 • Museum of the Nineteenth Century, London
 - 1978-1979 • Dutch Parliament Extension, Amsterdam
 - 1979-1980 • Irish Prime Minister's Residence, Dublin
 - 1981-1982 • Eaton Place, London
 - 1982-1983 • Parc de la Villette, Paris
 - 1983-1984 • The Peak, Hong Kong
 - 1985 • Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square
 - 1986 • Kurfürstendamm, Berlin
 - 1986-1993 • IBA Housing, Berlin
 - 1987 • West Hollywood Civic Center, Los Angeles
 - 1988 • Al Wahda Sports Centre, Abu Dhabi
 - 1988 • Berlin Masterplan, Berlin
 - 1988 • Victoria City, Berlin
 - 1989 • A. New Barcelona, Barcelona
 - 1990 • Folly 3, Osaka
 - 1990 • Monsoon Restaurant, Sapporo
 - 1990 • Hafenstrasse Development, Hamburg
 - 1994 • Ultra Freestation, Weil am Rhein
 - 1995 • Cardiff Opera House, Cardiff
 - 1999-2016 • Salerno Maritime Terminal, Salerno
 - 2001 • Hoenheim-Nord terminus & Carpark, Strasbourg
 - 2001 • One North Masterplan, Singapore
 - 2001 • Ordrupgaard Museum Extension, Copenhagen
 - 2002 • Bergisel Ski Jump, Innsbruck
 - 2002 • Pierres Vives Building, Montpellier
 - 2003 • A'Fragola Railway Station, Napoli
 - 2003 • Rosenthal Center for Contemporary Art, Cincinnati
 - 2005 • Guangzhou Opera House, Guangzhou
 - 2005 • BMW Central Building, Leipzig
 - 2005 • CMA CGM Tower, Marseille
 - 2005 • Phaeno Science Center, Wolfsburg
 - 2006-2014 • Issam Fares Institute, Beirut
 - 2006 • Evelyn Grace Academy, Brixton
 - 2007-2014 • Dongdaemun Design Plaza & Park, Seoul
 - 2007 • Heydar Aliyev Cultural Center, Baku
 - 2007 • Hungerburg Bahnhof, Innsbruck
 - 2007 • Riverside Museum, Glasgow
 - 2008 • Bridge Pavilion, Zaragoza
 - 2008 • Aquatics Center, London
 - 2009-2013 • Innovation Tower, Hong Kong
 - 2009-2014 • Wangjing SOHO, Wengjing
 - 2009 • JS Bach Pavilion, Manchester
 - 2010 • Maxxi, Rome
 - 2009-2015 • St. Anthony's College, Oxford
 - 2015 • Messner Mountain Museum, Kronplatzmountain



Introduction • Nicolas Kemper

When I asked Anthony Vidler how we should honor Zaha Hadid, he offered the following: “Everyone is skirting the work: either they don’t like it, or they don’t understand it, or whatever. It would be more respectful to her to attack the work. Do you know what I mean?”

Before the news of her passing hit Rudolph Hall last Thursday and students began pinning up Zaha Hadid drawings in her honor, with the aid of photoshop Dan Marty had already pinned up an attack on Zaha Hadid’s work, see above. He was trying to ruin the iconicity of the Heydar Aliyev Center in Baku for Mark Foster Gage’s seminar “Disheveled Geometries: Ruins and Ruination.” So we said it—or rather Dan drew it: when you square the curves, is there still a Zaha project? But for now, we will let the work speak for itself: find on the opposite page almost all of Zaha’s projects, starting with her student work at the AA. That seems like as good a starting point as any for tonight’s conversation between Frank Gehry, Peter Eisenman, and Deborah Berke, moderated by Mark Foster Gage.

Until then, we would like to pick up an idea put forth last Friday by Tegan Bukowski, who was in Zaha’s 2013 studio and is now a designer in London at ZHA. In her piece for The New York Times, “Zaha Hadid: More Than a ‘Female Architect,’” Tegan emphasized the many roles Zaha Hadid played: as a hero, as a form-giver, as a mentor, as a female mentor. Find here a series of personal testimonies, arranged roughly chronologically, sketching some of the many roles Zaha filled in her relationships to members of our community.

1975 • Anthony Vidler

As far as I could remember the jury consisted of Rem, myself, Tschumi and Leon Krier. I had given a text by Marquis de Sade which described various spaces of debauchery and spaces which could be used to announce what was going to happen, and then watch what was going to happen. The students pinned up their work, but there was no Zaha. Zaha didn’t turn up, until the very end, 5:00, when we were about to leave. Zaha walked in very dramatically and sat down, and we said Zaha you can pin up there. She said “I have nothing to pin up.” She took out of her pocket a cube, and I can never reconstruct it but it was of this size, made out of a paper, in a folded origami way so that the top of it looked like this, and each triangle of the cube was painted a different color. And she started to fold—because what you can do is you can fold it and it becomes another cube—and she did this, she did this, she did this, and I looked at Rem, and Rem looked at me, and waited and waited. And she said, “boring, isn’t it?” Precisely her take on the extraordinary tabulation from one mutilation, from one sexual department to another, which is like Sodom, is like a catalogue of so many different acts that they just flatten out—there is no eroticism in it. It is just absolutely flat, rationalist, boring description with no narrative. It was at that moment that I realized she is an abstraction, and that what she had done was to abstract the narrative into its consistent repetition.

1980s • Bob Stern

The first time I got to know Zaha was at the AA, under Alvin Boyarsky—I must have been giving a talk, and Zaha was a beginning teacher. At the end of the talk Alvin said “let’s go and have dinner” and he invited her along, and I frankly didn’t know what to make of her—we were on different planets—but there was no question in my mind that she was an amazing person. I have to say I had my doubts that she would become an architect—an architect who builds—given her conversation and that subsequently the drawings I saw which were dazzlingly beautiful, the early drawings and the drawings for Peak, I don’t even think Patrik could figure out how to make those work. But that’s where I met Zaha.

1990s • Edward Mitchell

Way back in the early 1990s when I was just out of school and working in New York for Peter Eisenman, Greg Lynn and I got a call from a very well-known critic to hustle over to the Royalton because Zaha was in town and wanted to meet. Keep in mind that she had yet to build anything, but she was a tremendous force in architecture already – a rumor at the edge of what might yet be possible. Zaha was in town. Greg and I jumped in a cab and stumbled into the hotel bar where she was enthroned in a Philippe Starck chair with several acolytes at her feet. I recall that we ordered drinks and Zaha, in her deep rich voice asked the waiter to get her cigarettes. He returned with a pack of Camels balanced on a silver tray, and the critic started fumbling in his pocket to pay him. But Zaha in one sweeping motion reached under her Issey Miyake gown and conjured a \$100 bill high in the air at the tip of her fingers. I started laughing and the critic wanted to know what I thought was so amusing. “What were you going to do,” I asked, “pull out a handful of quarters and ask for change?” Zaha, I suspected, had an audience and was more interested in making the grand gesture than satisfying the practical need for the cigarettes. All the gallant act of paying the waiter would have done was to spoil the trick of the levitating \$100 bill. The story does feel like a metaphor for her tremendous body of work and her grand mastery of the elegant, powerfully excessive gesture. Zaha was no role model. You cannot aspire to that kind of talent. For some, like me, the mundanity of the world needs surgeons, but once in a great while the world is lucky to be put under the spell of a grand and generous magician.

2000s • Bob Stern

When she came to Yale for the first time to teach, she had an assistant, Lucien, who would call and say “do you have a car for Zaha, to get her to school?” I said “I don’t think so, it is only 2.5 blocks, you know even the President of the University doesn’t have a car and driver?” So she walked. So the first time she arrived in the building—she arrives wrapped up in this great big Marabou like a stoll, and her torturing high heel shoes on her tiny feet—she would have cut a figure in New York, but wow! In New Haven the people on the street, you could see them watching her coming down Chapel Street—what is going on? That is when Stern’s regime at Yale really started, the arrival of Zaha.

2002 • John Jacobson

How I became a friend of Zaha. When Zaha was first invited to teach at Yale in 2000, I was the administrator responsible for managing the logistics. She had a reputation for being difficult, and she lived up to that reputation with flying colors. When she was scheduled to return in 2002, I was not looking forward to what I knew was to come. So, I tried a different tactic. Upon her arrival, I personally drove her to all of her required local appointments, walking her through Yale’s Office of International Students and Scholars and Yale’s Tax Office. After that, I gave her an insider’s tour of Yale and New Haven. Everything changed. It was during that car trip, when we were alone in my car talking, that we became friends.

Over the years, she stayed in touch. I remember one New Year’s Eve, when at midnight, I received a text message wishing me a Happy New Year. It was Zaha. She made me feel special and appreciated. It’s the small things that matter. I miss her.

2004–2006 • Tim Altenhof

The vivid moments that will always remain firmly lodged in my memory are the ones from reviews at the Angewandte. Diploma presentations aside, her frequent studio reviews were most telling. There, every so often seemingly snoozing, at times ostentatiously absorbed into active text messaging, she was notorious for lulling her students into a false sense of security as presentations went on and on. In fact, no one was more perceptive than she was. If a design caught her attention—for good reasons and bad reasons—she would suddenly jump into the discussion, only to pierce through a project in the blink of an eye, anatomizing with just a few words what others were rambling on forever and ever while still failing to say what they wanted to say. Similarly, rumours had it that she would sometimes draw a few lines over a competition proposal that proved to be a tough nut to crack, as numerous people in her office were working on it for days and sometimes weeks, unable to resolve the scheme in any satisfying way. The three lines she drew usually fixed it within seconds. As Andreas Ruby put it a few days ago, “[s]he did not have to demonstrate how smart she was, because her intellect was based on that kind of unmistakable gut-feeling that you either have or don’t have.” Clearly, she had it. And she left way too early.

2000–2013 • Edward Wang

I, like so many others, (though we deign to admit it) come to the fourth floor to ogle. The art of sideline observation can be fickle—how to position oneself close enough to whisper a snarky comment to a neighbor unheard, yet still be far enough to avoid the scrutiny of the critics? On this day of reviews, we find and settle in cracks and gaps, perch from the bridge above to put a name and a face to a body. Undeniably, Zaha Hadid is here, although to me, she looks a bit more subdued than what I had imagined. She doesn’t occupy the central seat—she sits to the left, clad in black barnacles—nor does she speak most frequently. But when she does offer her voice, the silence of those around her noticeably thickens. The scene is one familiar to Rudolph Hall. Enjoying the mercurial fancies of five New Haven springtimes, she held the position of Norman Foster visiting professor in 2013 the Eero Saarinen professorship in the springs of 2000, 2002, 2004, and 2007, often teaching the same semester as Frank Gehry. Her studios related closely to her work. In 2000 they designed contemporary art venues, producing a brick-like book, right before she landed the Rosenthal Contemporary Art Museum in Cincinnati. In 2002 they did schemes for the World Trade Center site. The school put on an exhibition, “Zaha Hadid Laboratory,” including works such as her paintings for the Peak and Cardiff Opera House. One of her students, Ma Yansong of MAD architects, still begins his talks by showing the floating island he designed for her. In 2004 she had just won the Pritzker. As ZHA moved to urban planning, in 2007 the studio tackled parametric urbanism. As she took on stadiums and concert halls, in 2013, the focus was on shell structures. The language of the project briefs is as rich in reference and provocation as it is in syllables; everything can be challenged, it can all be thrown out.

2013 • Benjamin Sachs, Daria Zolotareva and Peter Logan Zaha was an incredibly generous and dedicated teacher. In the studio, she shared her creative process of rigorous formal exploration coupled with the kind of suspension of disbelief that can give fledgling ideas time to develop into something unexpected. At the dinner table, Zaha would order food mainly to share it and pass it around. It was a reflection of her attitude towards her students. She wanted us to experience it, to absorb it, to see things as she did.

2016 • Dima Srouji

Zaha’s legacy as an Arab. My body reacted in an unexpectedly emotional way when I read Dean Stern’s email that Zaha had left us. At first I thought I was being emotional because she had been such a big part of the Yale experience, but then understood how much more she meant to me than I had ever realized. In a conversation with Dean Stern about Zaha it became clear that Zaha’s achievements were based on her talent, but part of her motivation came from her identity and background. When asked at the Oxford Union about her most significant project, Zaha said it would be the Iraqi Parliament building. This answer reveals a lot about her. Leaving your mother tongue and your place of birth as a child for political reasons, as I know from my own experience, is traumatizing; but it ignites great strength and perseverance. It was this aura that attracted everyone like moths to a flame. Dean Stern told us she would say her happiest time was in Lebanon at the AUB, where my grandfather also studied architecture. Losing her feels very much like losing a family member that I wish I had gotten to know and had spoken to in Arabic.

2016 • Alicia Pozniak

Confession, revelation, celebration and confusion: I had a ‘Zaha phase.’ You couldn’t tell looking at my current YSOA work. It feels strange to say it now that she is gone and we are all reeling from the suddenness of her departure. In the moments after hearing the news, I rummaged through my hard-drive to be reminded of her visible influence on my early undergrad work: shape-shifting, ground-peeling, swooping, bending, splitting elements. This was the ultimate language or ‘calligraphy’ (as she had called it) to react against the banal ‘Frampton validated regionalism meets international style’ corporatized Sydney architecture in early 2000s. I got hooked on Landscape Formation One and Vitra Fire Station. Perhaps this was

a dangerous entry into architecture; smooth, seductive, immersive, difficult to shake and complex as hell to work with non-Cartesian geometries pre-Rhino. But from her work I learned composition, proportion and a way to make architecture move you through space.

2016 • Lisa Albaugh

During Spring Break, Zaha invited our studio to visit her in Miami and to see construction progress on her tower, 1000 Museum. I, along with my classmate Roberto Jenkins, flew down to see her at her pied-à-terre at the W Hotel in South Beach and joined her for a friend’s opening reception at the Perez Art Museum.

Zaha’s apartment was blindingly white and custom designed to her liking, accented with striking curvilinear furniture of her own creation. The minimalist aesthetic was reminiscent of her London flat with the biggest difference being the breathtaking floor to ceiling views of the ocean. While seated at one of her Liquid Glacial Tables—a glass table whose legs are formed by the ripples of a liquid vortex—Zaha emerged from her bedroom, clad in a flowing black top, black leggings, and flip flops. She was relaxed and smiling, welcoming us to her home.

As we ate lunch with her, her assistant Luisa, and ZHA General Manager Christian, Zaha offered her thoughts on current events such as the recent attack in Brussels, the UK leaving the EU, and Donald Trump, as well as recommending her favorite Miami sites including Herzog & deMeuron’s parking structure, Wynwood, the Delano Hotel, Design District, Wolfsonian Museum, and the Fairchild Botanical Garden. During the informal lunch, Zaha bemoaned some frivolous items such as the large cherry blossom centerpiece that was blocking her view of me and shedding petals all over the table, and her newest art acquisition which wouldn’t light up. She also teased about her friends and colleagues—“I don’t go out to the beach but Patrik sits out there in his speedo.”

The following day, Roberto and I criss-crossed Miami visiting Zaha-recommended sites, and she arranged for us to have a tour of her tower’s construction with the developer, Greg Covin. We were given a presentation in the sales gallery similar to that what 1000 Museum’s uber-wealthy clientele receive, a big component being educating the buyer about Zaha, her accomplishments and renown in the design world. They describe how Zaha’s structural innovation and curvilinear artistry makes her the “Antoni Gaudi of our time” and the pitch seems to be working—over half of the multi-million dollar units have been sold off just marketing images and videos alone.

Covin was able to land Zaha as his architect because she was attracted to the site, the last remaining lot on Miami’s prestigious Biscayne Boulevard, and overlooks Museum Park and Biscayne Bay. Zaha loved Miami as her second home, had a lot of friends who lived there, and had been vacationing there for 16 years, so it was significant that her first major work in the western hemisphere was built in Miami. She has been known to make public appearances as well; Covin told us how she was swarmed by fans when she appeared at an opening event for 1000 Museum. When Roberto and I attended the Perez Art Museum reception for Zaha’s friend Michele Oka Doner, we asked if we were on the guest list and when we were informed we were not, we said we were invited at the behest of our professor. The attendant started to reply “I have no idea—” “Zaha Hadid” we interrupted, and we were immediately handed gold visitor tabs. At the event, Zaha happily took selfies with fans before rushing off to her next engagement.

2016 • Bob Stern

Eulogy delivered before lecture, March 31. Today our world is much diminished by the loss of a great architect and a great person. Before I introduce this evening’s speaker I will take—with your permission—a few moments to reflect on the sudden death of Zaha Hadid—my friend and our colleague. This term Professor Hadid joined our faculty as Norman Foster visiting professor teaching jointly with Patrik Schumacher. Zaha Hadid was very well known as a teacher, painter, and conceptual architect when she first came to us in New Haven, though at the time she had not built much. But we worked our Yale magic, and low and behold, she was selected to design the Rosenthal Contemporary Art Center in Cincinnati. Since that time she has been swamped with commissions resulting in path-breaking buildings. She has also been showered with honors, including the Pritzker Prize in 2004, in 2006 an honorary degree from this University, in 2012 she was made a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire by Queen Elizabeth II. In 2015 she was awarded the RIBA Gold Medal—the first woman to win the medal outright. Collecting the gold medal in February. Dame Zaha said she was proud to be the first woman to do so. “We now see more established female architects all the time,” she said, “that doesn’t mean it is easy; sometimes the challenges are immense. There has been tremendous change over recent years and we will continue this progress.” The results of Zaha’s first studio at Yale, the contemporary art center, were documented in a book published by Monacelli Press. Many of you may know that book, and revel in its pages of invention and passionate commitment, which are the signatures of Zaha’s approach, both as an architect and a teacher. Zaha saw her studios as laboratories, as experimental workshops. They were also master classes that by the force of her personality, by the intensity of her commitment to the art of architecture, and of course by dint of her remarkable talent—made them unrivaled. Those studios were unforgettable learning experiences. Those of us who have worked with Zaha as a colleague, or as a student, respected her, for her unstoppable intelligence, her take no prisoners commitment to excellence, and her warm humanity. I ask that we pause, for a moment or two, in quiet contemplation, to honor a great architect, friend and mentor, Zaha Hadid.