

STORYTELLING WITH THE SHAPES OF TIME

Dolores Hayden

When I investigate the history of the built environment in the United States, I study everyday buildings set in urban and suburban places to explore larger questions about economic and social life. I am a licensed architect who turned to history in pursuit of the politics of space and place. Before coming to Yale as a full professor of architecture, urbanism, and American studies in 1991, I held appointments in architecture, urban planning, and landscape at MIT, UC Berkeley, and UCLA. While I may resemble other Yale retirees (the sixty-eight men and six women whose accounts appear in three previous volumes of *Intellectual Trajectories*), my story is a bit different. I attended college and graduate school at a time when Ivy League university presidents proclaimed their mission was to educate leaders – leaders they assumed would be men. I began teaching in an era when the majority of faculty members were male, so, in addition to every other challenge faced by an intellectually ambitious young person, I confronted gender discrimination and sexual harassment.

I was born in New York City. My parents lived in a brick apartment complex called Park Terrace West located in the Inwood neighborhood at the northern tip of Manhattan, close to my mother's uncles, aunts, and cousins who clustered in the parish of Good Shepherd. For Irish Catholics, New York City was divided into parishes rather than neighborhoods, and the church we attended stood at the corner of Broadway and Isham Street, next to Isham Park.

My parents were first-generation college. My mother grew up in Manhattan and did social work for a few years after graduating from the College of New Rochelle. Her best friend from high school introduced her to my father, who had come to New York after high school to work in a law office and attend Fordham law school at night. By the

Dolores Hayden is Professor Emerita of Architecture, Urbanism, and American Studies at Yale. Her books on feminist theories of space and the politics of the built environment include *Building Suburbia: Green Fields and Urban Growth, 1820–2000*; *The Power of Place: Urban Landscapes as Public History*; *The Grand Domestic Revolution: A History of Feminist Designs for American Homes, Neighborhoods, and Cities*; and *Redesigning the American Dream: The Future of Housing, Work, and Family Life*. Hayden is an architect and urban historian who has received fellowships from the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford University, the Radcliffe Institute, and the Guggenheim Foundation. A former president of the Urban History Association and a fellow of the Society of Architectural Historians, Hayden is also a poet whose third poetry collection, *Exuberance*, celebrates daredevil pilots, men and women who flew when very few Americans had ever seen an airplane. Her website is www.doloreshayden.com.

time they met, he was a lawyer in private practice and active with the New York Young Democrats. The only writer I met growing up was my mother's cousin, a sportswriter. The only intellectual on either side of the family was my great aunt Gabrielle McCabe, a teacher and New York City school administrator. She died when I was five, but I still have some of her books, editions of Dickens and Hardy bound in red leather.

My father joined the Justice Department during the Truman administration and then returned to work in New York in 1950, the year my city-oriented parents decided to move to the suburbs, bringing along my grandmother, my uncle, my younger brother, and me. They chose a house one block from some cousins, and I grew up in Eastchester and New Rochelle. At age five my parents enrolled me in a private girls' day school in New Rochelle run by Ursuline nuns. At eight, I was diagnosed with rheumatic fever and missed all of third grade (and half of fifth) for bed rest. I read constantly and built dollhouses out of shoeboxes. My mother tutored me until a doctor at Irvington House who specialized in childhood rheumatic fever decided I didn't have a heart murmur after all and sent me back to school.

The Ursuline nuns valued silence, obedience, and piety. If I asked questions—and of course I did—they considered this a character defect. We wore tailored blue-gray uniform suits with flat ribbons like military decorations pinned above our chest pockets, blue for good conduct, gold for good grades. School wasn't always drab, since Ursuline was sited in suburban Westchester County, a prosperous place with different values. In 1962, my senior year, when the nuns organized an overnight spiritual retreat, one classmate brought a portable bar, disguised as an ordinary suitcase. She mixed gin and tonics when we were supposed to be kneeling in our cells in prayer. The year before, young men had invited me to college weekends at MIT and Princeton, where I glimpsed a wider intellectual world than any institution run by nuns could provide, and, although the headmistress at Ursuline, Mother Francis, threatened that I would be “damned to hell forever” if I applied to what she called a “non-Catholic” college, I did.

At Mount Holyoke College (founded in 1837, the earliest of the Seven Sisters colleges for women) I met professors who were artists and scholars like Dorothy Cogswell (M.F.A. Yale) and Jean Harris (Ph.D. Yale). I pursued a double major in art and English with studio art and creative writing classes in the mix. Poet and translator Robert Fitzgerald, a visiting professor, taught a dazzling seminar called “Versification,” and had my circumstances been different, I might have decided on a career in poetry at age nineteen, but I was worried about money. That year my mother phoned to ask if I would leave South Hadley. My younger brother had gotten into Yale. My father's health was poor, his income uncertain. My parents' budget could not cover two children in college at the same time.

I refused to drop out. The academic dean at Mount Holyoke, a distinguished historian, agreed to my plan to try to graduate in three and a half years to save on tuition. She approved a bigger scholarship and bigger loans. I was already working for

the college library and the local dry cleaners as well as earning money in the summers as a receptionist in a New York ad agency. In spring term of senior year, I took a full-time advertising job in the city while I wrote my senior essay. I used the Museum of Modern Art archives and interviewed New York artists at night including Marcel Duchamp, the charismatic, intellectual founder of Dada, and younger Fluxus and neo-Dada artists like Wolf Vostell, who stacked television sets in an empty swimming pool, turned them on, and set a fire underneath so talking heads exploded one by one. By day, I reviewed ads for Cover Girl make-up; by night, I investigated anti-art critical of American consumerism.

I finished my degree and won a fellowship to spend a year in England studying literature at Girton College, Cambridge. (Girton, the first women's college at Cambridge, founded in 1869, was located two miles out of town so that the young men would not be distracted by young women.) Positive experiences at Cambridge included a tutorial on twentieth-century poetry with John Holloway and compelling lectures by Nikolaus Pevsner, author of *Pioneers of Modern Design* and *The Buildings of England*, a series of architectural guidebooks to every part of England, but I struggled to figure out what to do next. After the New York Dada artists, I found most British literary critics conservative and crabby, so I chose to apply for graduate programs in architecture and American studies back in the United States. When I decided to pursue a professional degree in architecture at the Harvard Graduate School of Design, my father objected. He told me the only female architect he knew was six feet tall and swore like a truck driver. His former clients included a large construction company, so he added sensible comments about architecture firms' low compensation and long hours, but the only thing I heard was the first sentence. To his credit, he introduced me to that female architect, and it turned out she had attended the Harvard GSD herself.

Come September, I started. I was fascinated by questions about design that involved locating people in space. Making drawings and models, I developed new visual and technical skills. In 1967 there were no women on the Harvard architecture faculty. Though we were present in small numbers among the grad students, the expectations for us were low. My adviser said, "We keep a few girls around for the men to look at during all-night charrettes." Another faculty member believed, "Women don't have the stamina for architecture." A classmate complained, "You are taking the place of a man who needs to support a family." Another graduate student stole my drafting equipment, stripped it right off my desk. It was labeled. I searched the building and seized it back.

Then I married a graduate student in economics, a happy event in my private life—or so I thought. The GSD canceled my fellowship immediately, saying "We don't fund married women." It could have meant the end of grad school, but my former poetry professor, Robert Fitzgerald, now the Boylston Professor of Rhetoric at Harvard, recommended me for a job teaching "Expository Writing" to twenty freshmen. Carrying a full load of architecture studios and technical classes plus "Expos," I earned

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my tuition while sharpening my writing skills. The GSD's hostility continued, now accompanied by blatant racism. When I worked with the Harvard Urban Field Service in Roxbury, then a poor inner-city area, an architecture professor told me, "If you want to work with black people, you should leave the school."

We architecture students were training to be stylists, the last of the modernists, and much as I enjoyed design, I was drawn to larger social and political questions. Many of the Harvard architecture faculty were European-born, former employees of Le Corbusier in Paris. The 1968 report of the Kerner Commission (the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders) documented inner-city riots caused in part by U.S. highway planning and urban renewal programs that demolished many neighborhoods inhabited by people of color, but most of the architecture faculty showed no interest in urgent urban issues. Architectural history was taught as connoisseurship; the larger story about American city building was missing. I sought out Americanists at Harvard including John Coolidge, who had written about Lowell, Massachusetts; Albert Fein, an expert on Frederick Law Olmsted; and J.B. Jackson, a part-time lecturer teaching cultural geography and vernacular architecture. Jackson's "Visual and Environmental Studies" lecture class was nicknamed "Gas Stations" by the undergrads.

In Widener Library I discovered that communitarian socialists had constructed two hundred model towns in the United States in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Had anyone studied their idealistic architecture or urban design? No? This fascinating subject was all mine for independent study. I began research on both secular and religious towns, starting with the Shaker village of Hancock, Massachusetts; the North American Phalanx, founded by the followers of Charles Fourier in Colt's Neck, New Jersey; and the Oneida Community in upstate New York. A classmate volunteered to take photographs. When I graduated, the job market in architecture was flat, so with the support of Coolidge, Fein, and Jackson, I applied for a Beatrix Farrand Fellowship in Landscape Architecture at UC Berkeley to expand my project into a book. I got the grant and drove west in my beat-up Volkswagen, visiting more sites on the way: the Mormon town of Nauvoo, Illinois; the seven villages of Amana, Iowa; the cooperative colony of Greeley, Colorado; and Llano del Rio, California, billed as a socialist alternative to Los Angeles in 1915.

By now, I was on my own again. Vietnam-era campus politics had changed life for many of us, and my husband and I had argued about antiwar organizing and women's liberation. Before I left Cambridge, while I was still a grad student, I started a group called Women in Architecture, Landscape Architecture, and Planning (WALAP) to promote change at the Harvard GSD and in the design professions more broadly. Fellow architecture students and I leafleted at our graduation in 1972, handing out fliers that demanded the GSD hire more female faculty members. I'm proud to say my mother stood up and joined us. The following fall they hired one female faculty member to teach design in the architecture department.

Gender trouble did not end with receiving my professional degree. Before the words “sexual harassment” were written into law in the late 1970s, before anyone had sued over a “hostile work environment,” before the first Supreme Court case on this topic was argued by Catharine MacKinnon in 1986, the head of an architecture office I worked in assaulted me on my first day with a kiss on the lips. Ugh! At Berkeley, it seemed things might be improving. As a twenty-seven-year-old research fellow, I was invited by the chair of Landscape Architecture to dinner with his family. I met two senior female faculty members, and one asked me to teach a seminar. But then, the head of architecture invited me to lunch, only to step out of the building with me and say—wait for it—“Baby, I’d like to ball you right now.” I froze. I tried to shift the subject. I avoided him for the rest of the year, even when he assigned me to share his office while I was teaching a seminar in the spring quarter. This was not about sex, it was about power. Architecture was a field where men did not want qualified young women doing serious work.

My next job was as an assistant professor of architecture and history at MIT. In my first week, my office was invaded and trashed. Books were tossed off the shelves. Papers and photographs were ripped from desk drawers and dumped on the floor. No one investigated. No one was held accountable. When I organized a one-day conference on gender and space at MIT that year, inviting participants from several universities, someone scrawled on the poster, “Keep them pregnant, barefoot, and in the kitchen.” Again, no one investigated. One day, a professor from another university came to my office. MIT had painted “Prof. D. Hayden” on the glass door—and he asked for Professor Hayden. “I’m Dolores Hayden,” I said. “No,” he insisted, “I want to see *Professor* Hayden.” It took several rounds before I convinced him that I was the professor whose name was on the door.¹

Beginning in 1973 I did make positive connections with European professors visiting at MIT. Henri Lefebvre from France was known for his work on capitalism and “the production of space.” Manfredo Tafuri and Giorgio Ciucci were Marxist architectural critics who taught in Venice. Manuel Castells, a Spanish sociologist of class and space, visited MIT as well. All of them took an interest in the political side of my work, and so did Kevin Lynch, an MIT planning professor, and Sam Bass Warner, an urban historian at Boston University. When my first book came out in 1976, *Seven American Utopias* introduced the architecture and town building of radical groups little-known to most Americans or Europeans. These communitarian socialists saw the town as a “patent office model of a good society,” believing that as the frontier moved west, building model towns was a way to create lasting change. Were they successful? I used internal community records to trace their goals and planning processes, and I studied physical remains to see decisions made in three dimensions. The close analysis of landscapes, towns, and buildings allowed me to explore socialist definitions of work and family. I followed the builders’ struggles over authority versus participation, community versus privacy, and uniqueness versus replicability. The book was widely

reviewed. Tafuri organized an Italian translation of my book, and Castells organized a French translation of one chapter on Fourier's followers.

I spent five years at MIT and one at the Radcliffe Institute before moving to UCLA as a professor of urban planning in 1979. I met my second husband, British urban sociologist Peter Marris, in Berkeley in 1973, and we married in 1975. We commuted for six years, first between Cambridge and London, and then between Cambridge and Los Angeles, before finding two tenured jobs in the same place. Colleagues at the Radcliffe Institute encouraged me to wait for the right job instead of accepting a part-time lectureship so we could be together. By 1979 I'd worked on the major museum exhibition and book *Women in American Architecture*, organized by Susana Torre in 1977. (After this, no one could say they had never heard of a woman architect.) My articles on feminism and space were beginning to be translated for an international audience too, in Spanish, German, Danish, and Swedish.

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My next book, *The Grand Domestic Revolution*, engaged with women's history—just then beginning to gain traction in universities—as well as housing and urban design. I identified a group of American reformers active between the 1860s and the 1920s, women I called material feminists, who demanded new kinds of infrastructure to support women's equality in an urbanizing America. Their plans included child care centers and public kitchens. Their ideas were consistent with other feminist activists' demands for suffrage, education, and jobs, but these spatial concerns had been left out of most accounts of the struggle for women's rights. Of all my books, this was the most entertaining to research. Melusina Fay Peirce organized a housewives' producers' cooperative on Bow Street in Harvard Square in 1868. Her Cambridge Cooperative Housekeeping Society presented cooked food and clean laundry to husbands—many of them Harvard professors—for cash on delivery. Ellen Swallow Richards, the first woman to teach at MIT, advocated public kitchens run by well-paid women scientists to provide healthy meals to working families. Charlotte Perkins Gilman wanted a Feminist Apartment Hotel in Greenwich Village with child care for working single mothers.

In support of this project and the next, I won an NEH fellowship, a Rockefeller Humanities Fellowship, and a Guggenheim. At the MIT Press, a brilliant young publicity director decided my book was of general interest. She booked me on the radio discussing nurturing work with Studs Terkel and on television for the book review segment of *Good Morning America* explaining the “kitchenless house” to host Phil Donahue. My next editor, Carol Houck Smith of W.W. Norton (also the editor of Betty Friedan and Adrienne Rich), called after seeing me on TV.

The sequel to *Grand Domestic Revolution* was a trade book about mainstream housing patterns. *Redesigning the American Dream: The Future of Housing, Work, and Family Life* was published by Norton in 1984 (and issued in a revised edition in 2002). Writing for a general audience, I challenged speculative developers' mass production of postwar tract houses, analyzing what I called the “architecture of gender” in places

like Levittown, N.Y. Built at an urban scale for seventy or eighty thousand people, Levittown was not a city but an unincorporated area stretching across Hempstead and Oyster Bay. It lacked town government, public space, and even basic infrastructure like sewers. Because of racial and gender discrimination in mortgage lending, the male-headed households were almost all white. Eight-hundred-square-foot houses offered many do-it-yourself opportunities. Bill Levitt, the developer, said, “No man who owns a house and lot can become a Communist. He has too much to do.” Mine was a critical account of postwar tracts like popular polemics such as *The Crack in the Picture Window*, but I was the first to argue that gender was more important than class in shaping the landscape. Women’s entry into the paid labor force was hampered by isolated houses. Child care was lacking in the United States, and a child care bill was vetoed by Nixon in 1971. Public transportation was missing because federal money had gone to support public highways for private cars. Space in larger metropolitan areas was also compromised: older centers were often declining and unsafe because federal tax policy (called accelerated depreciation) had subsidized new commercial projects such as malls, motels, and fast-food restaurants on greenfield land at the edges.

Redesigning the American Dream was the first of three books I would eventually write about unchecked metropolitan growth; but after 1984 I wanted a change of pace and a downtown focus. I spent the next seven years guiding an activist project in downtown Los Angeles. In 1984 Los Angeles surpassed Chicago as the second-largest city in the United States. A diverse, multicultural place, LA was, according to the 1990 Census, just under 40 percent Hispanic (any race); 37 percent white (non-Hispanic); 13 percent black (non-Hispanic); 10 percent Asian or Pacific Islander; and 0.5 percent Native American. Yet 98 percent of the designated historic landmarks commemorated white businessmen and their architects. After three years of archival research, I developed a downtown itinerary of urban livelihoods. These were labor history sites, workplaces representing women, men, and children of diverse ethnic backgrounds who toiled in the vineyards, groves, and commercial flower fields, in the produce markets and flower market, in garment factories, a prefabricated housing factory, in the oil field, in nursing and firefighting.

Working with UCLA graduate students, I founded the Power of Place, a 401c3 nonprofit, housed at first in my basement, though later we had office space at UCLA. I raised money to run public history workshops, nominate new landmarks, reinterpret existing landmarks, and create new public art with other historians, architects, designers, and artists. This project challenged older definitions of “urban design” by focusing attention on the labor force to reveal the economic processes behind building a city. Eventually, I wrote *The Power of Place: Urban Landscapes as Public History*, an account of wrestling with gender, race, and class in determining the subject matter for remembrance in public history, architectural preservation, and public art. I called the process “Storytelling with the Shapes of Time.” Both the activist work and my book did change practice in these fields, but I was stretched by teaching full-time while

raising money and running public projects *pro bono*. Here's the surprise: while developing a project on Bidly Mason, a pioneer African American midwife, I discovered I was pregnant. Peter and I had a daughter, Laura, in 1987. And then, three years later, an unexpected offer from Yale arrived. Would I consider a job in New Haven?

We decided to make the move. Peter took early retirement from UC, did consulting for a couple of foundations in New York, and then taught part-time at Yale. I wanted to be a scholar again. I was tired of fundraising, and I'd overseen too much combative artistic and scholarly "collaboration." Other groups were taking up the activist work. I could consult occasionally with history museums, preservation groups, and the National Park Service. Coming to Yale, my main appointment was in Architecture, but all my classes were co-listed by American Studies. (Links between FAS and any other school are problematic, as I soon learned.) My undergraduate lecture course, "American Cultural Landscapes," introduced students from many majors to the built environments of this country: from Native American villages, southern plantations, Puritan covenant communities, and port cities, to the national survey grid; from railroad towns, settlement houses, tenements, and apartments of the late nineteenth century to the interstate highways, shopping malls, office parks, and housing tracts of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries.

Over the years, my grad seminars, "Built Environments and the Politics of Place" and "Gender, Territory, and Space," began to generate some American Studies dissertations. Working with ethnographer Kate Dudley and historians Nancy Cott, Mary Lui, Jean-Christophe Agnew, and several others in American and African American Studies, including Michael Denning and Hazel Carby, I helped grad students add expertise in the built environment to ethnography, oral history, and archival research. American Studies at Yale produced outstanding young interdisciplinary scholars on urban and suburban history, authors of books like Catherine Gudis's *Buyways: Billboards, Automobiles, and the American Landscape*; Francesca Ammon's *Bulldozer*; Karilyn Crockett's *People Before Highways*; and Sandy Zipp's *Manhattan Projects*.

In my own research, I returned to metropolitan expansion. By 2000, suburban residents in the United States outnumbered both inner-city residents and rural ones combined. Suburban residents are increasingly people of color and new immigrants; the leading household type has changed from a married couple with children to a single person living alone. I chronicled buyers' hopes of finding the "triple dream," affordable housing, nature, and community, while looking at the government subsidies developers exploited, especially developers of malls and suburban commercial space. I took a critical look at "growth machines," the political alliances developers and their allies forged to promote building in previously undeveloped areas. I wanted to call the book "Greenfields and Growth Machines," but Pantheon overruled me.

Building Suburbia: Green Fields and Urban Growth, 1820–2000 is organized around the history of seven landscape configurations over time, distinguishing between suburbs and sprawl. First, suburbs are built by local and then regional growth

coalitions, extending from the earliest Borderlands and Picturesque Enclaves to the Streetcar Buildouts and Mail Order Suburbs/Self-Built Suburbs of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Then sprawl arrives with federal support for the Sitcom Suburbs, Edge Nodes, and Rural Fringes of the twentieth century. I raised funds from the Lincoln Institute of Land Policy and the Graham Foundation to support the research and added aerial photography of the newest fringe areas so I could understand them better. In a more lighthearted mode, I wrote *A Field Guide to Sprawl* for Norton, using aerial photographs by Jim Wark to illustrate a dictionary of bad building patterns, from Alligator to Zoomburb. This also became an exhibition in the Architecture Gallery at Yale that traveled to two other venues.

When these books came out in 2003 and 2004, I had answered many of the questions I had posed about American landscapes. In 2006–7 I was a fellow at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford. A few summers later I went back briefly with an interdisciplinary team to explore “Researching the Built Environment.” They invited me to bring a team for a whole year, but the logistics of leaves and sabbaticals were too hard to manage. I still find it hard to persuade many non-architects (scholars in the humanities and social sciences) to add qualitative and quantitative physical evidence (building and site plans, lot sizes, house sizes, zoning codes, building permits, deed restrictions) to the kind of economic data and census data more typically used for urban/suburban analysis. I’ve served as president of the Urban History Association and been named a fellow of the Society of Architectural Historians, but the history of the built environment and the political analysis of space and place has not yet found a single strong disciplinary home. My last essay probed General Motors and the highway lobby of the 1930s. By then I was far beyond the idealistic town builders who had been the subject of my earliest work. Perhaps the arrival of a real estate developer, six times bankrupt, as president of the United States will encourage more young scholars to choose the developers’ and builders’ arena as object of critical study.

Throughout my career, I dealt with controversy. From 1973 on, I was fortunate to be supported in all my work by my devoted husband, the late Peter Marris, who died in 2007. None of what I’ve accomplished could have happened without his love and intellectual support. Somewhat to my surprise, I’ve made a life out of the large questions I couldn’t find the answers to as a Harvard graduate student long ago: exploring what all Americans have built or have refused to build, asking what we have inhabited or been forbidden to inhabit, tallying what we have demolished and what we have remembered.

And here’s a second intellectual trajectory that I kept secret for a long time. At age nineteen I wanted to be a poet. Beginning in the 1980s I began to publish poems, just two or three a year. I kept it quiet. When *American Yard*, my first poetry collection, came out in 2004, a few booksellers stocked it thinking it was nonfiction about suburban backyards. Sometimes people who know me as a poet have asked if I’m

acquainted with the *other* Dolores Hayden, the feminist urbanist. A seminar called “Poets’ Landscapes” in my last five years before retirement allowed me to join the two in teaching about the poetry of place. Phased retirement gave me the time to finish *Exuberance*, a third poetry collection about exhilaration, risk, and mortality in the voices of the earliest American stunt pilots, promoters, and parachute jumpers.

Here I conclude this account of my own work, but I want to say a bit more about Yale, because this university culture is what we all share. When I arrived only one tenured professor in ten was female. Everyone should read Nancy Weiss Malkiel’s “*Keep the Damned Women Out*”: *The Struggle for Coeducation*, a history of coeducation at Yale, Harvard, and Princeton. Yale did begin to admit a small number of women undergraduates in 1969, but completing coeducation requires integrating women and people of color into the faculty and administration at every level of university life. And it requires developing curricula across all fields – arts, humanities, social sciences, sciences, medicine – curricula where women and people of color are fully represented both as experts in those fields and as subjects of study. When a Yale undergraduate in my survey course asked me, “Why do we have to read about women?” my answer was, “How long do you wish to remain ignorant about half of the population?”

In 2000 Yale announced plans to celebrate its 300th anniversary, but the proposed year of celebration in 2001 included little recognition of women students, faculty, or alumnae. I joined with Nancy Cott in American Studies and History and Judith Resnick in Law, gathering thirty-two senior women across the university to establish the Yale Women’s Faculty Forum and organize the “Gender Matters” conference in 2001, where many distinguished alumnae presented pathbreaking work. Linda Lorimer gave the Yale Tercentennial Medal to all our speakers as well as the three of us who had led the efforts to create the event, but twenty years later, Yale still hasn’t completed coeducation. It is now more than one hundred and fifty years since Yale admitted women as graduate students in art because the donors would not give the money for a building without this guarantee. And it is more than fifty years since the admission of the first women undergraduates in 1969. The most recent faculty survey (2016–17) reveals 73 percent of the tenured faculty, university-wide, are male. And Yale has disappointed many people of color, admitting undergrads but failing to integrate people of color into the curriculum or the faculty. In that same survey, 82 percent of the tenured faculty, university-wide, identified as Caucasian.²

Misogyny and racism are intellectual failings as well as political ones. The *New York Times* has reported on the behavior of faculty members known for sexual misconduct, men whom university leaders have honored with endowed chairs, but until recently, Yale has refused to remove the honors or terminate these appointees. *The Hunting Ground*, a powerful documentary film, has included Yale as a prominent case study of campus harassment and misbehavior. More proactive coeducation might have minimized the vulgar behavior of undergraduate fraternity men who were protected by freedom of speech after unrolling signs on campus, “We love Yale sluts,” and “No

means yes, and yes means anal.” Fellow Koerner Center retirees, if your daughters came here, as mine did, Laura Hayden Marris, class of 2010 (as well as my nieces, Susan Hayden, class of 1996, and Margaret Hayden, class of 1998), we failed them by working much too slowly to change the culture to support coeducation at Yale.

And on this somber note, I conclude. All of you in the audience understand that writing a history of one’s working life for the Koerner Center’s Intellectual Trajectory series is not easy. As Emily Dickinson put it, “Memory is a strange Bell – Jubilee, and Knell.”

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Notes

- 1 In 1973 I was the first woman architect hired as a tenure-track assistant professor of architecture at MIT. In subsequent years, I was the first tenured woman in the Graduate School of Architecture and Urban Planning at UCLA, and the first tenured woman in the Yale School of Architecture.
- 2 Paula B. Kavathas and Nancy L. Ruther, *Women and Men Faculty, Yale University: A View of 2016–2017*, https://wff.yale.edu/sites/default/files/files/The%20View%20of%202016-2017%2C%20v26%2C%202_28_18.pdf.