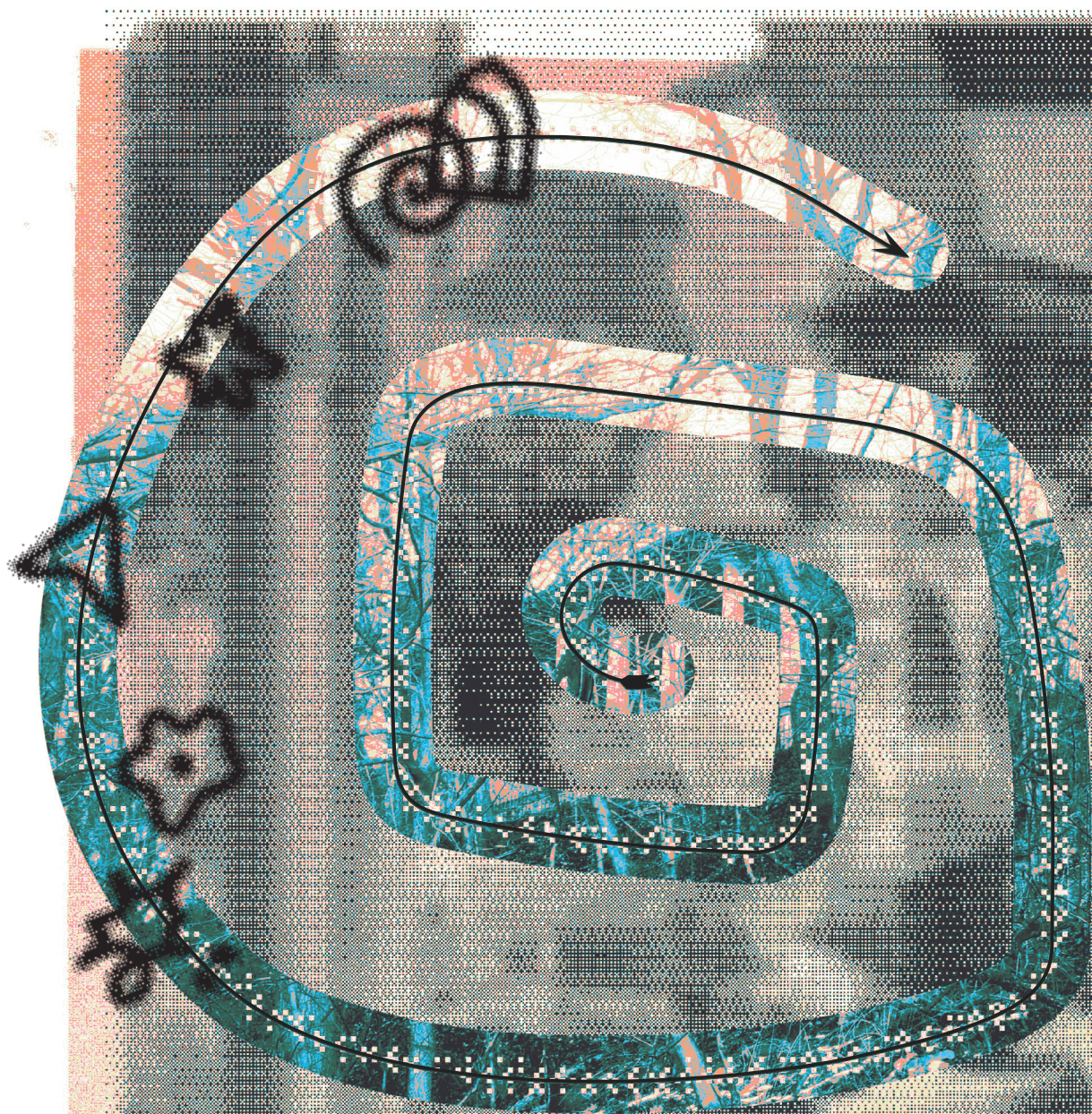
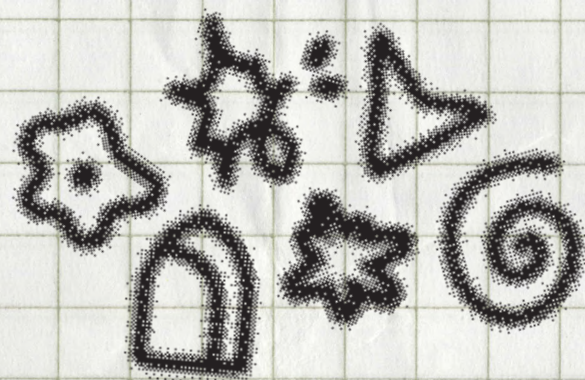


rudain almulla  
portfolio of selected work  
gsapp aad  
2024 - 2025







a chronicle of curiosities from one summer to another.

a series of projects as meditations revolving around  
obsessions on traces, memory, monuments, waste, parks,  
time, place, space, and change.

questions asked, for me and you alike.



summer  
archives of resistance  
a mapping of false mythologies and metaphors:  
of cloisters, caves, and cement  
page six



autumn  
gis for design practices  
about an archipelago across time  
page thirty six



autumn  
wetlands  
archipelago new york city  
page sixteen



spring  
waste / works  
little hauntings of material memory  
page forty

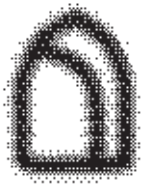


spring  
moments to cross  
ghosts of traces past, memories of stranger futures  
page twenty six

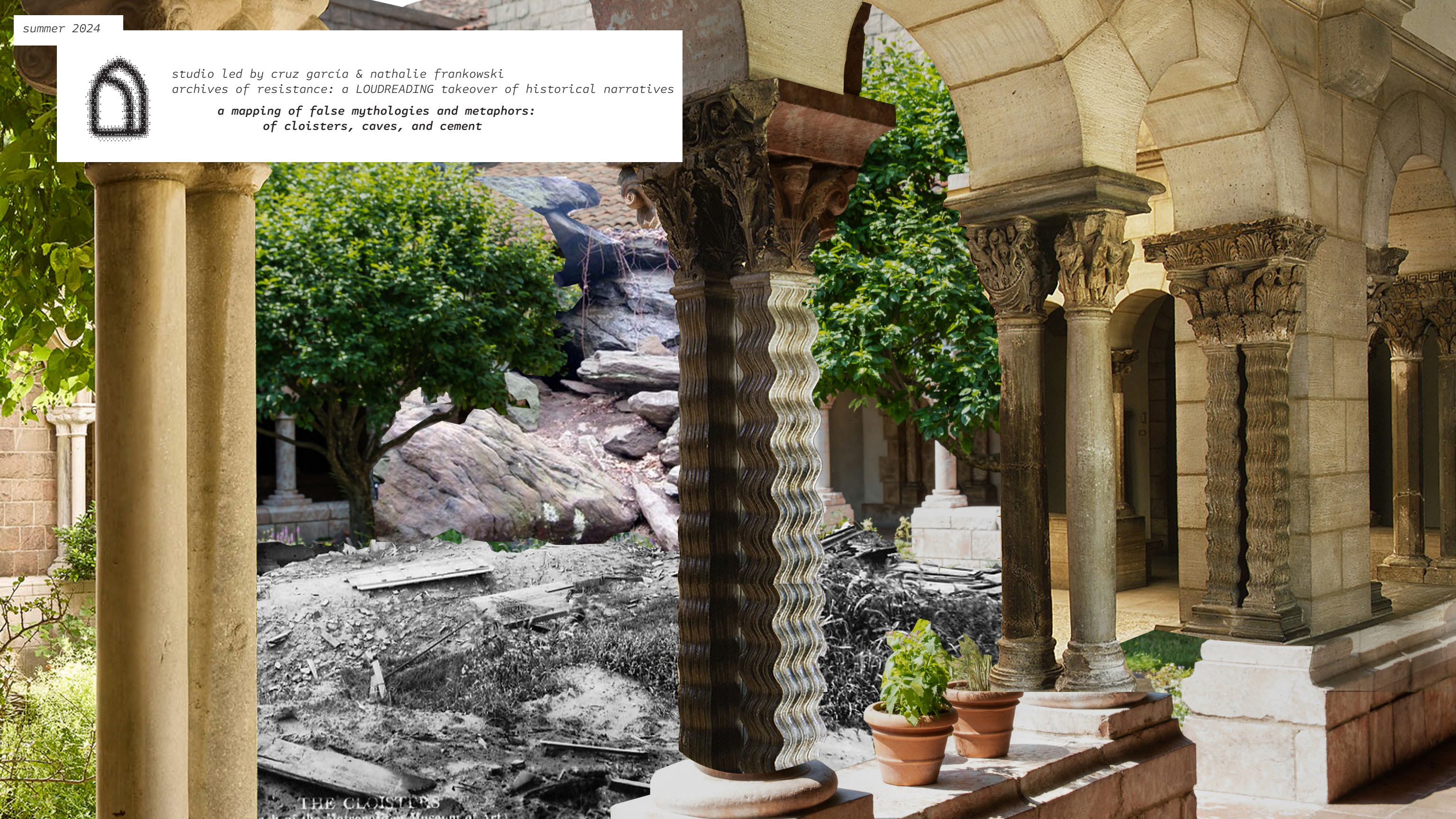


spring  
edible summits  
locali-tea  
page forty four

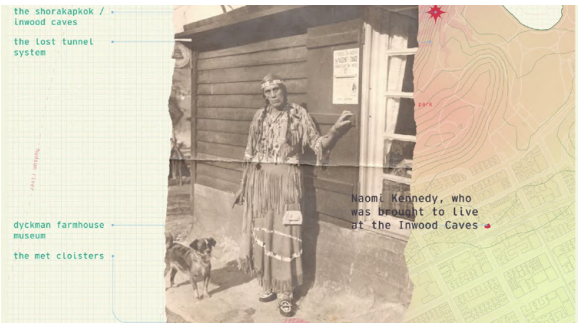
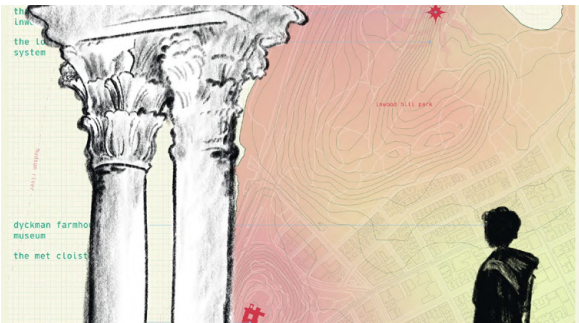
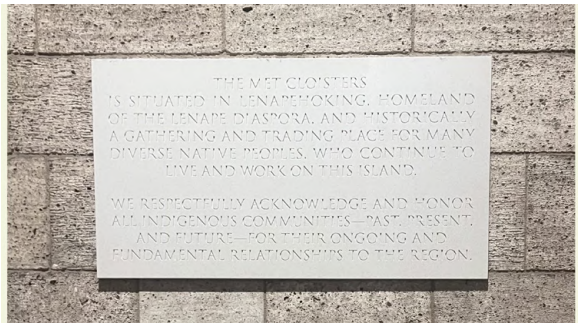
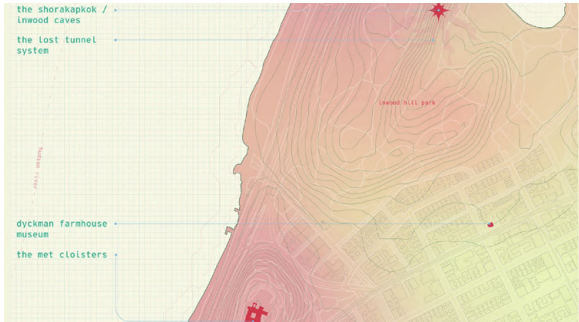
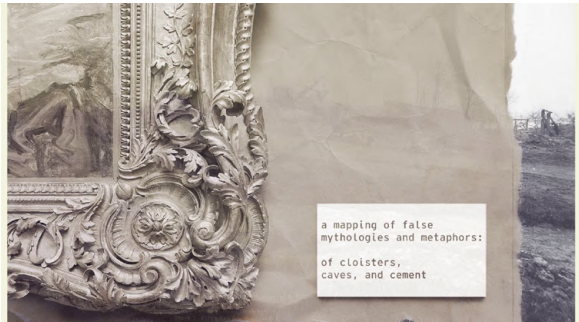




studio led by cruz garcía & nathalie frankowski  
archives of resistance: a LOUDREADING takeover of historical narratives  
a mapping of false mythologies and metaphors:  
of cloisters, caves, and cement



















The Met Cloisters, started by George Grey Barnard in hopes of inspiring the settler Americans with the aesthetics of his personal interpretation of the Middle Ages.

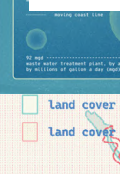
The cloisters are historically inaccurate, and artificially weathered false heritage sites for settlers of Lenapehoking. In effort to indigenize the colonizer, a false myth of the past still stands to reaffirm the settlers false claims to the land.

Less than a mile from the cloisters are actual indigenous heritage sites. The oldest site of human habitation on Manhattan Island. The caves in the Shorakapkok Preserve, or the Inwood Hill Park.

The caves were **cemented** by the city the same year that Rockerfeller bought and donated the Fort Tryon Park and the Met Cloisters.

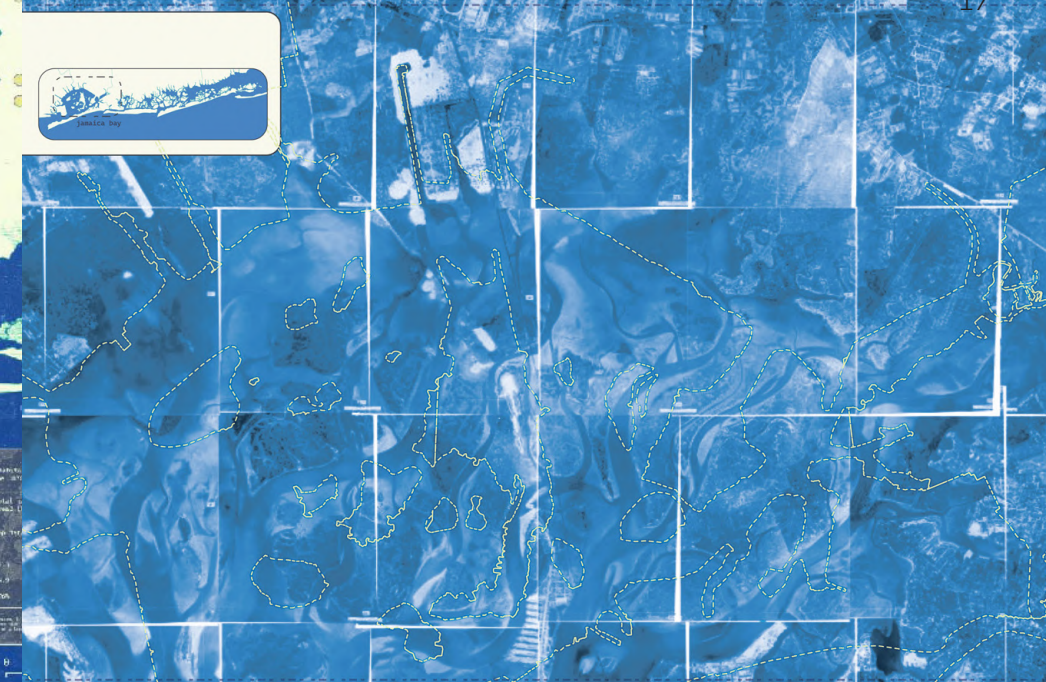
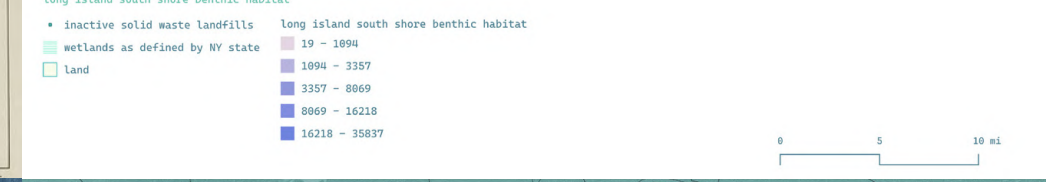
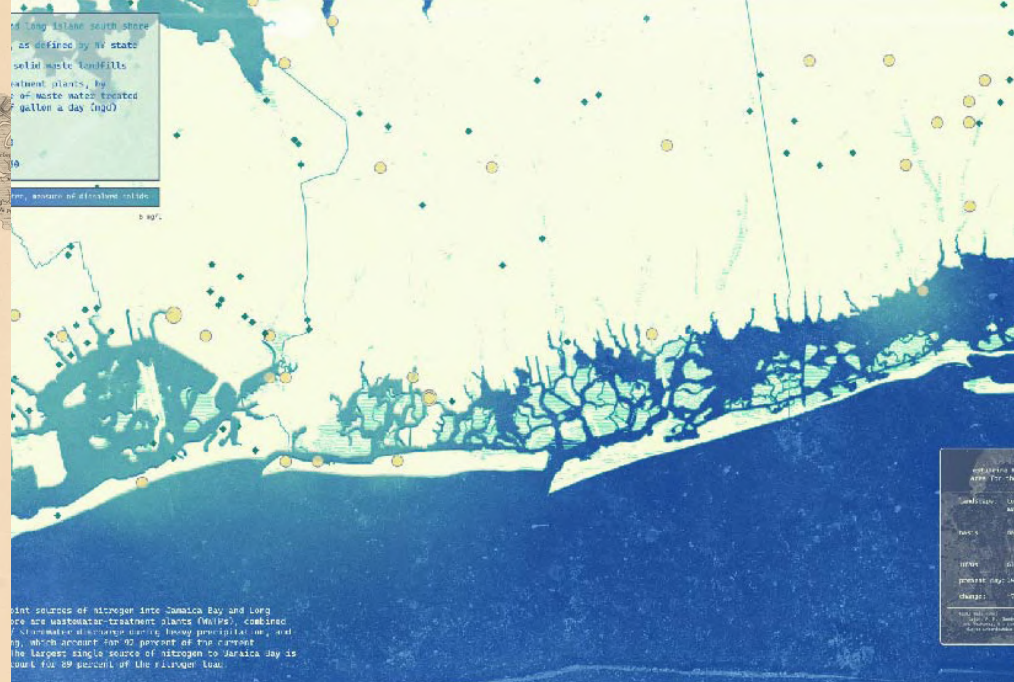
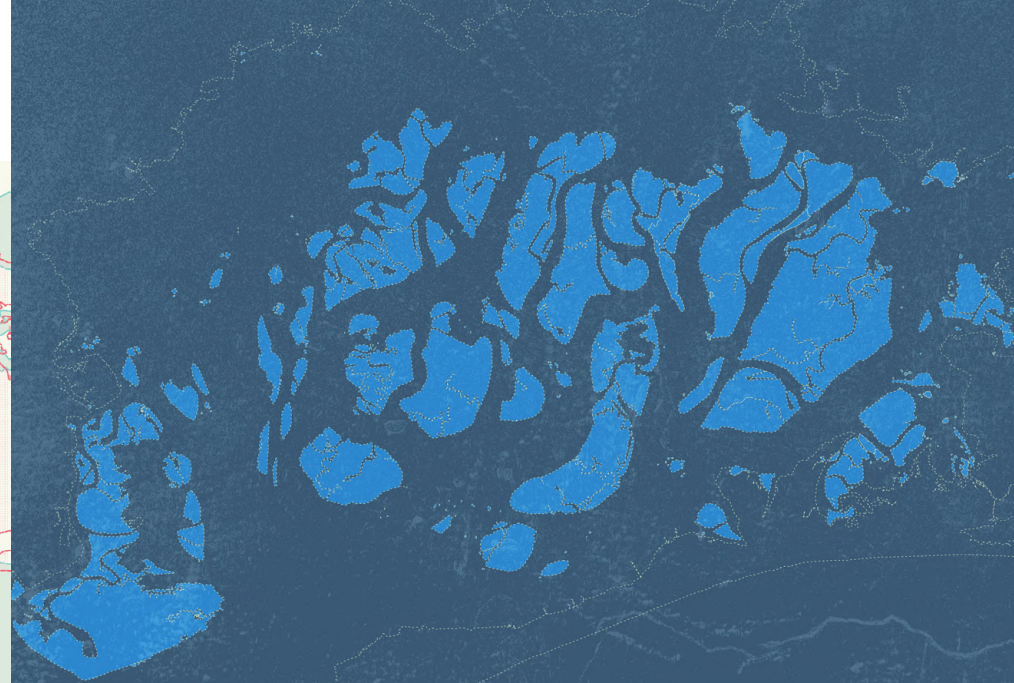


autumn 2024



studio led by michael wang  
wetland

**archipelago new york city**  
in collaboration with runqin 'jasmine' xi



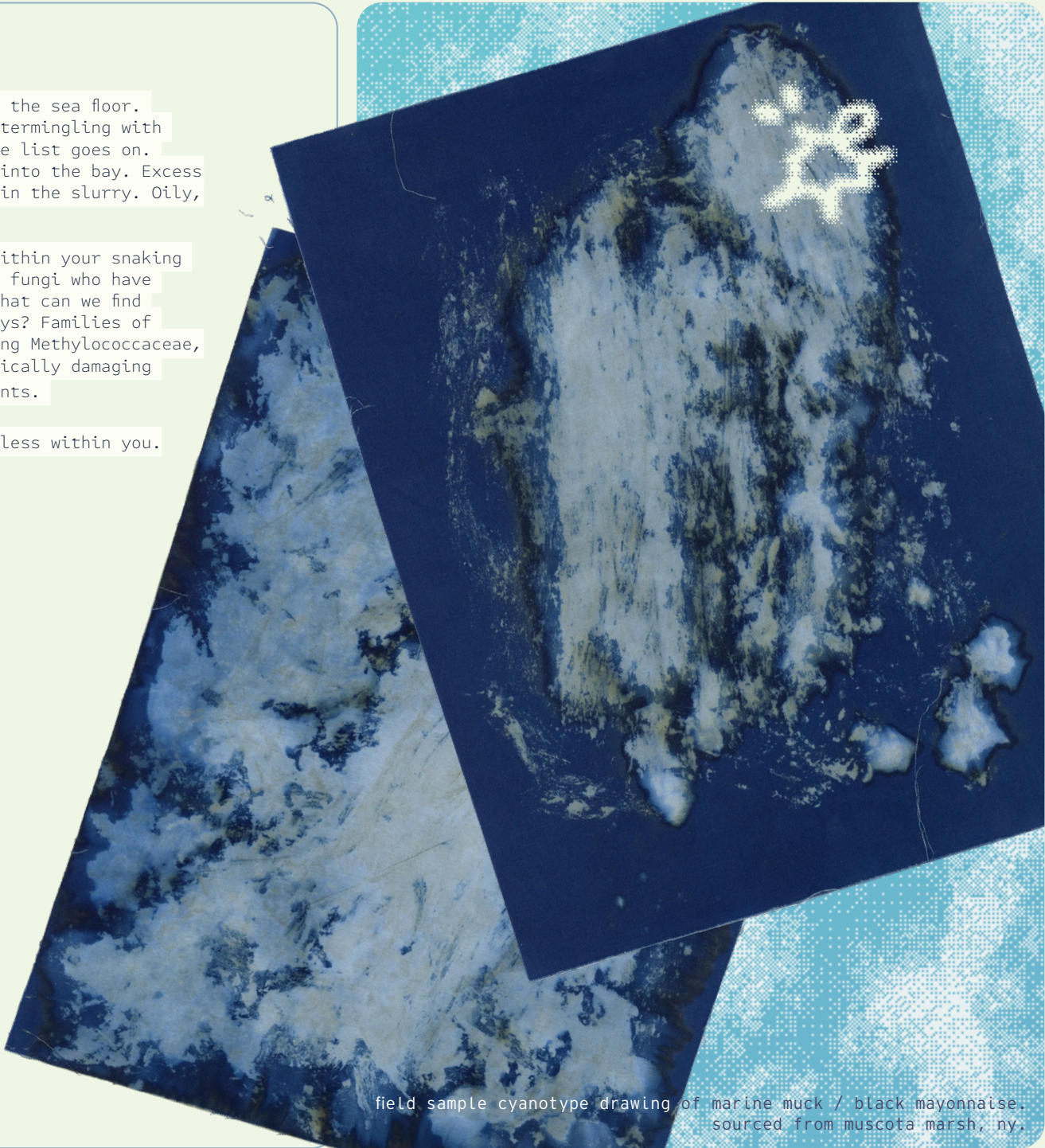
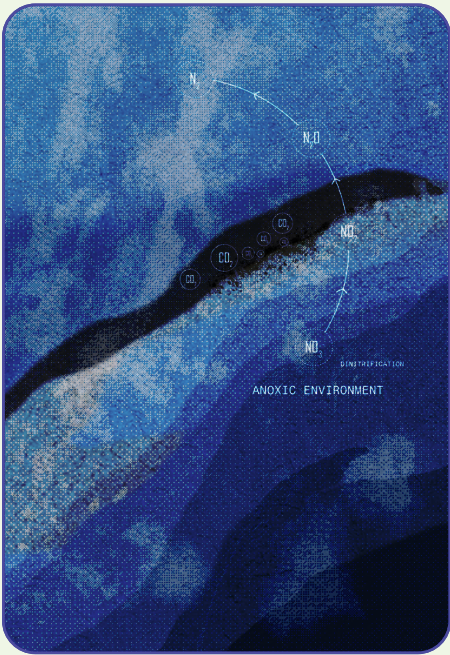


marine muck / black mayonnaise

What are you made of? Anoxic, at the bottom of the sea floor. Up to ten feet of decomposed organic matter intermingling with stormwater runoff, industrial waste, and... the list goes on. Liquid tar sludges with treated sewage dumped into the bay. Excess paint and ink from industries nearby swim within the slurry. Oily, thick, roving.

Deemed as waste, but what life forms flourish within your snaking waves of muck? Bacteria, microbes, plants, and fungi who have adapted to weather your extreme environment. What can we find here and not in a human-level-healthy water ways? Families of microbes like the likes of the methane consuming Methylococcaceae, or Pseudomonas putida, which consumes neurologically damaging solvents used in the production process of paints.

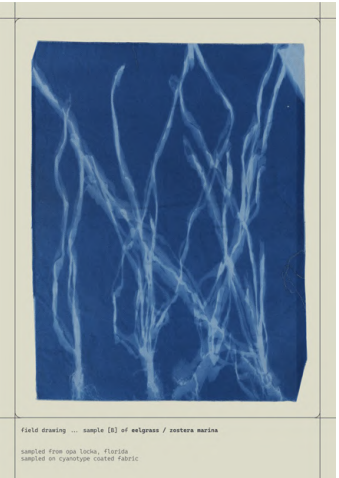
You are toxic to humans. Life flourishes regardless within you.



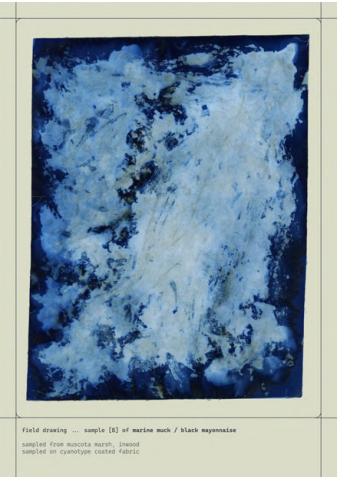
field sample cyanotype drawing of marine muck / black mayonnaise, sourced from muscota marsh, ny.



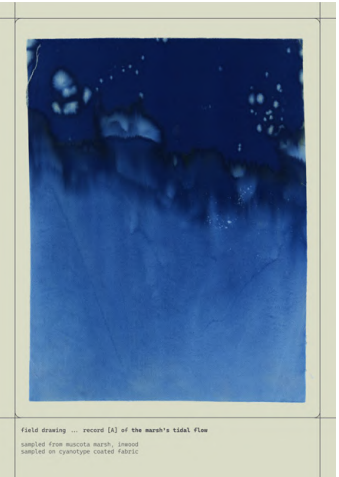
field drawing ... sample (A) of seagrass / eastern marine  
sampled from open beach, florida  
sampled on cyanotype coated fabric



field drawing ... sample (A) of seagrass / eastern marine  
sampled from open beach, florida  
sampled on cyanotype coated fabric



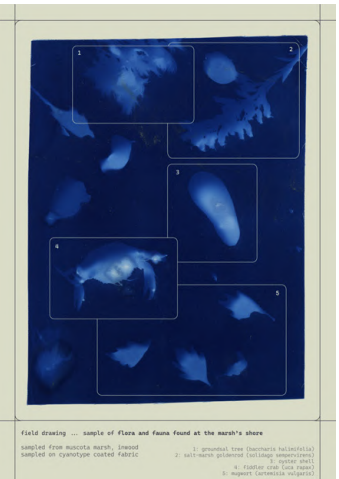
field drawing ... sample (B) of marine muck / black mayonnaise  
sampled from muscota marsh, inwood  
sampled on cyanotype coated fabric



field drawing ... record (A) of the marsh's tidal flow  
sampled from muscota marsh, inwood  
sampled on cyanotype coated fabric



field drawing ... record (B) of the marsh's tidal flow  
sampled from muscota marsh, inwood  
sampled on cyanotype coated fabric

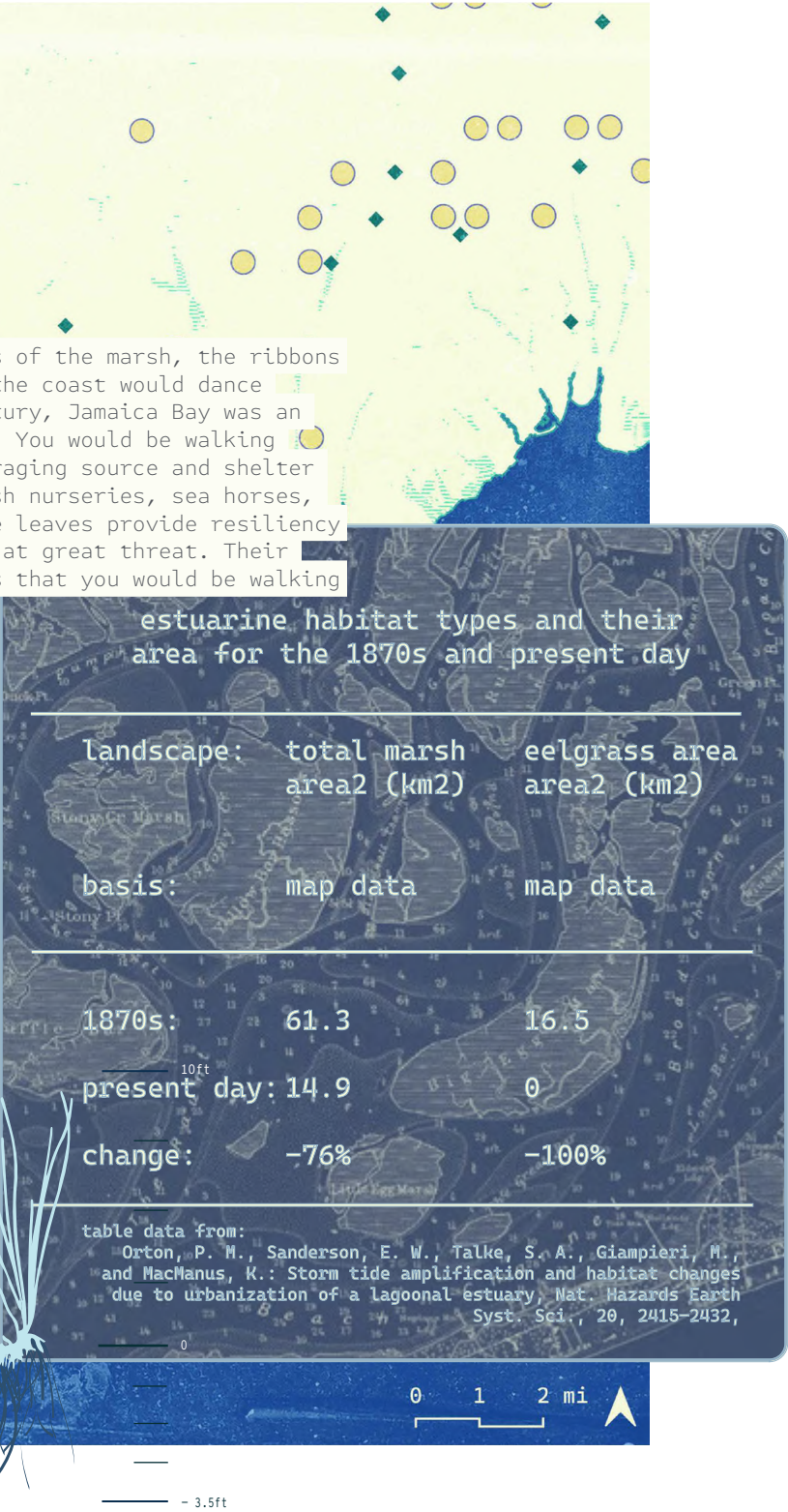


field drawing ... sample of flora and fauna found at the marsh's shore  
sampled from muscota marsh, inwood  
sampled on cyanotype coated fabric  
1: greenish tree (Spartina patens)  
2: salt-marsh grass (Distichlis spicata)  
3: greenish tree (Spartina patens)  
4: greenish tree (Spartina patens)  
5: greenish tree (Spartina patens)





what is resiliancy?



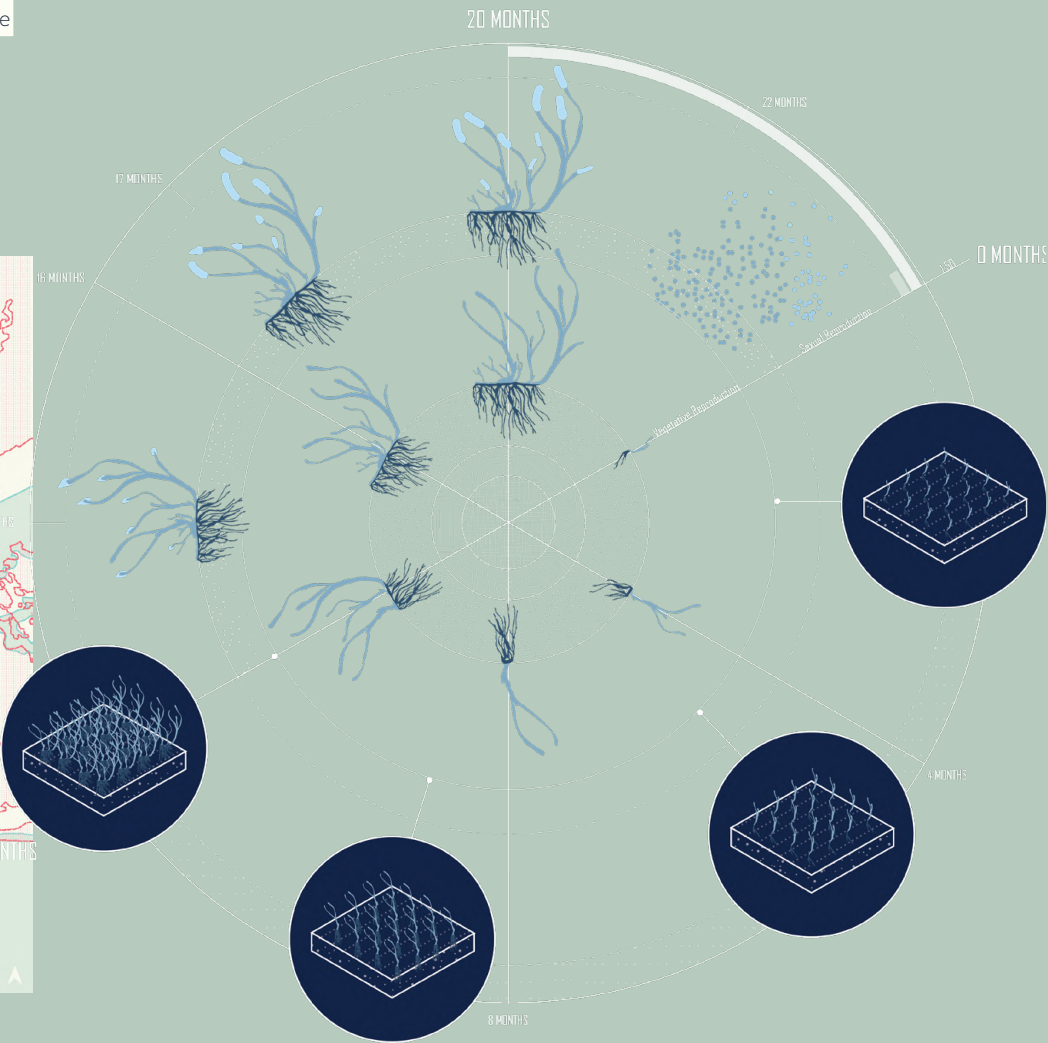
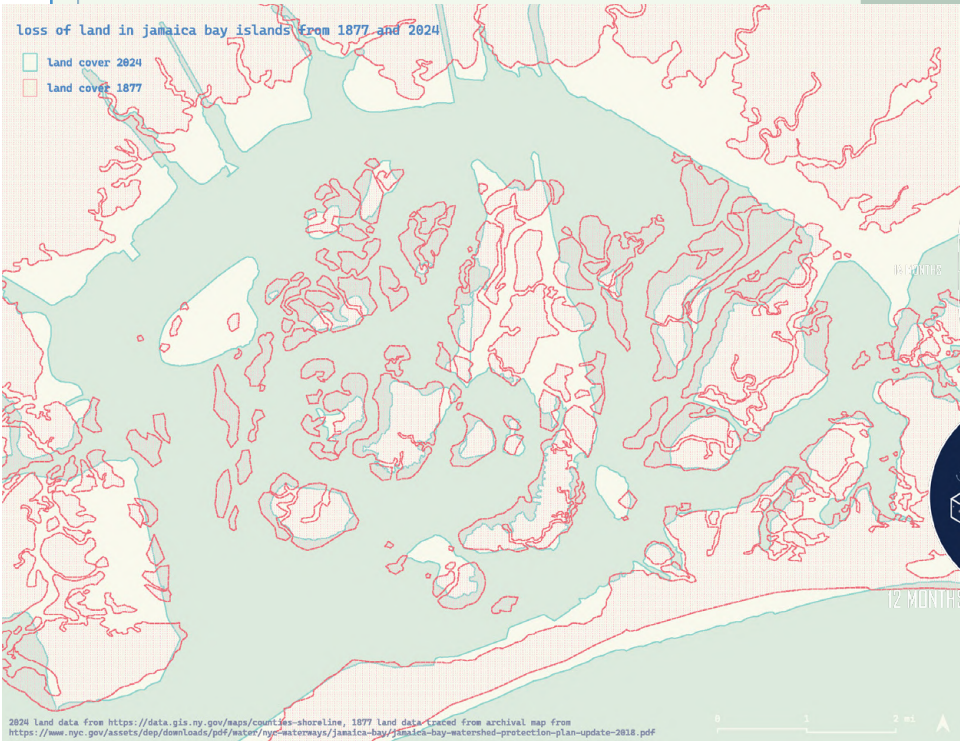


loss of eelgrass in jamaica bay

By the 1930s a massive sedimentary transfer had taken place in Jamaica Bay. Channels, slips, and basins – fifteen, eighteen, thirty feet deep, and hundreds of feet wide – were excavated from the bottom of the once marshy shallow Bay.

Eelgrass thrives in shallow, sandy, or muddy coasts. The Once shallow eelgrass meadows of the bay could no longer survive in the deep dredged estuary.

The last time eelgrass was found in Jamaica Bay was in 2002.

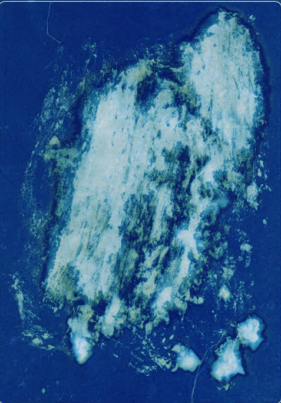


field sample cyanotype drawing of marine muck / black mayonnaise.  
sourced from muscota marsh, ny.

archipelago new york city --- jamaica bay historical drawing --- year 1887

archipelago new york city --- jamaica bay current day --- year 2024



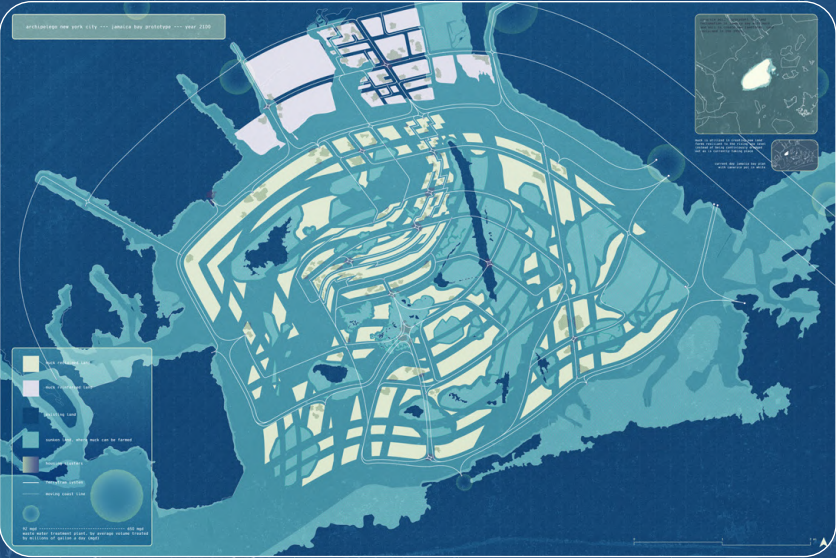


pictured to the left is a field sample cyanotype drawing of marine muck / black mayonnaise. sourced from muscota marsh, ny.

while black mayonnaise has traditionally been seen as a threat, research reveals that the nitrogen rich substance has been contributing to the organic buildup in the bay, compensating for the loss of mideral sediment.

mixed with soil, muck is able to reclaim land from rising sea levels to create new forms of living in a wetland enviornment.

how can we speculate how we can live in a rapidly changing world?



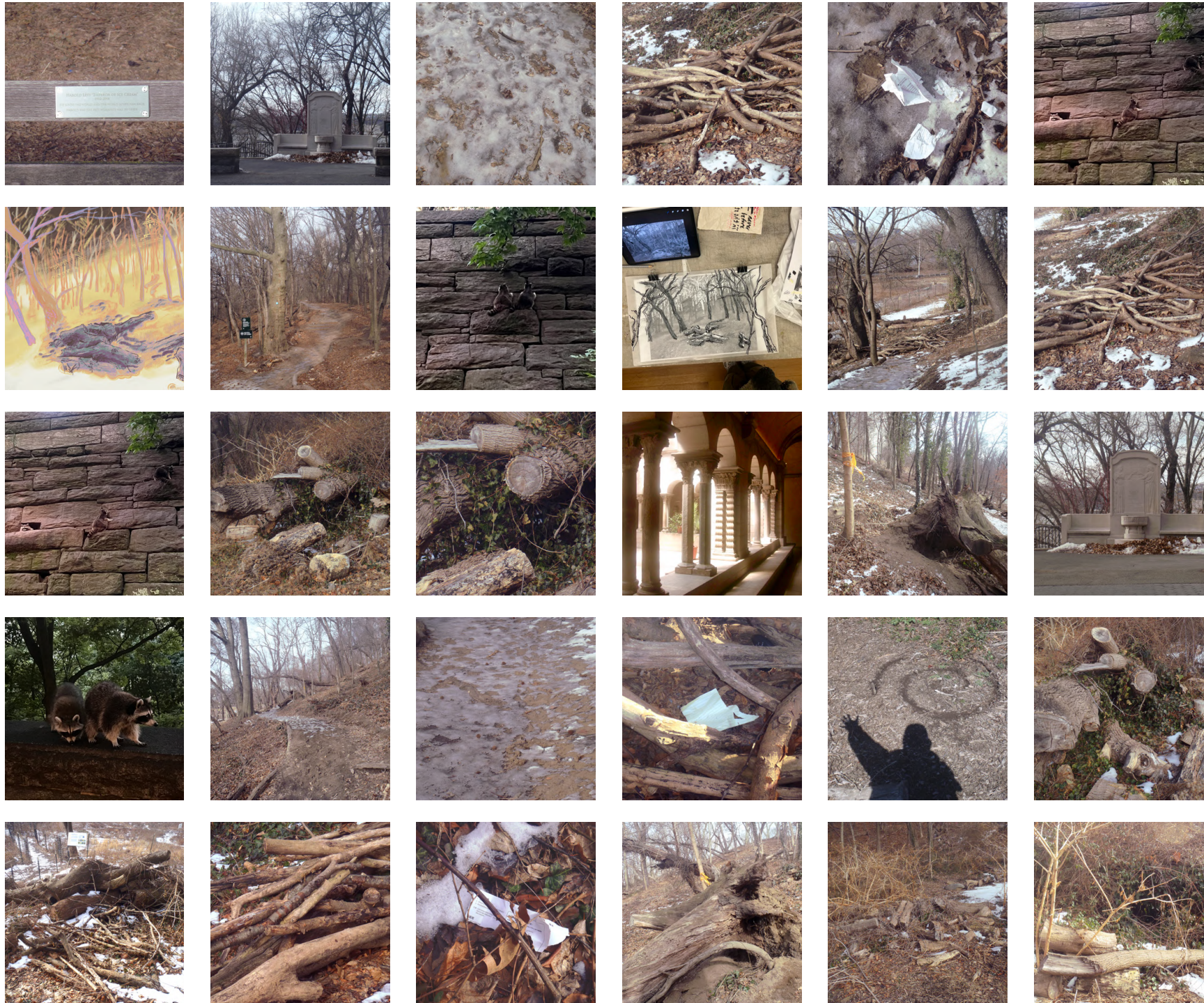
proposed map of jamaica bay in 2100





studio led by jayden ali and chloe munkenbeck  
moments to cross: the architecture of overcoming and coming together  
ghosts of traces past,  
memories of stranger futures





A strange little spirit from a different time finds herself walking along a river that flows both ways. The river she recognized, the land changed, terraformed beyond recognition. The once fierce standing cliffs that were jagged along the waterfront had been tamed, smoothed out, made simple and amiable. The unruly trees that forested its soil, the spirits' old friends, all gone, replaced by strangers.

What a strange sight, thought the little spirit to herself.

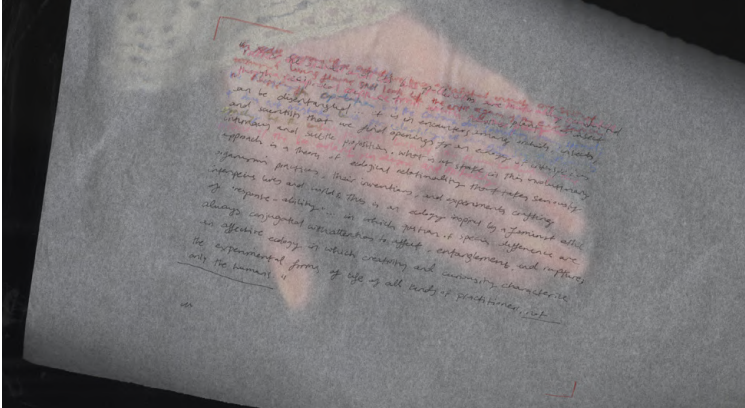
As she walked, the river path led her to cloisters of another time. A Frankenstein monument of fragment components, standing proud and sure of itself when it seemed to have no right to do so, as in its standing, it was maintaining a false claim of indeginety to the land. A disparate myth of memory constructing a false monument. The cloister of the Met, she heard someone whisper, well she certainly never met any of these columns in the time she spent here in the past, the history they claim not of this land, but of a scattered geography. Peculiar, disjointed. She didn't know how to connect with this place.

She continued to walk south, along the river. Down her path, she encountered monuments and memorials plenty, stranger and stranger as she walked. A towering mausoleum with no one passing by giving it a second glance, for no one could go past the iron vines encircling the monument. Hmm, she continued.. A statue of a figure from a far away time and place, with no ties to this land. Why were they here? She kept trying to connect with these memorials so she could understand the memory of this place. Perhaps, she was looking in the wrong places, with the wrong set of eyes..



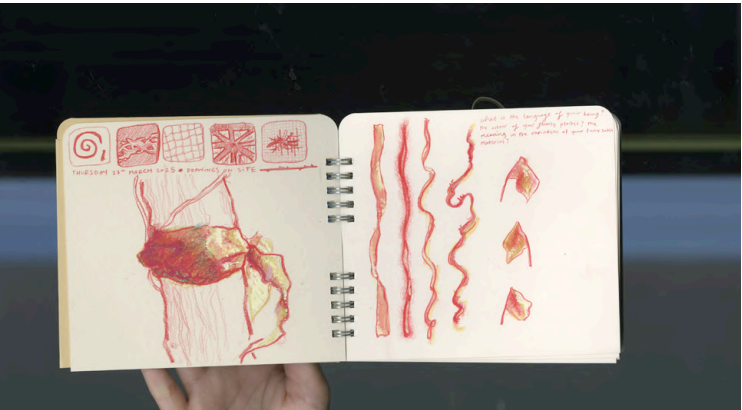


as the little spirit walked she found herself in  
a little glade in the park where some trees were  
tangled into each other, sound asleep -  
resting  
after  
a  
long  
life  
lived.

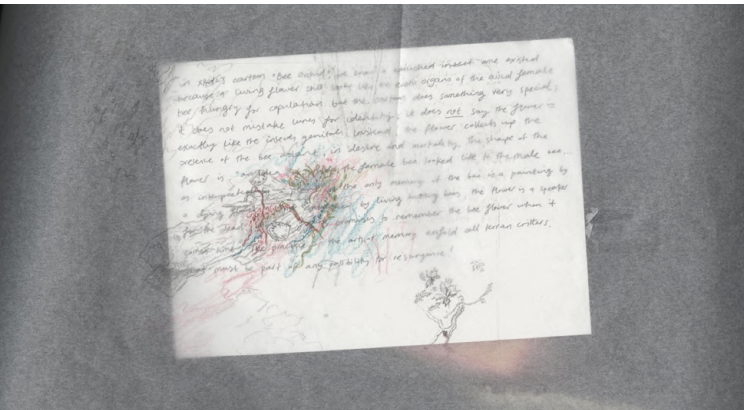


the spirit didn't know these trees, but she  
felt connected to this place.  
she knew nothing could stay as it once  
was, that time changed all. she knew you can  
never be in the same river twice.. and yet,  
even  
when the earth had been gouged out, reformed to  
create place anew... memory remains.

the strange game of memory tied the strange  
spirit to this forest,  
regardless of its  
transformations..  
or perhaps,  
thought the strange spirit, it was because of  
them that her strange soul felt the need to  
come back and haunt the little clearing.



why?  
she wondered... what was this clearing saying  
to her?  
calling out ...  
whispering soft  
in the quiet of the wind?

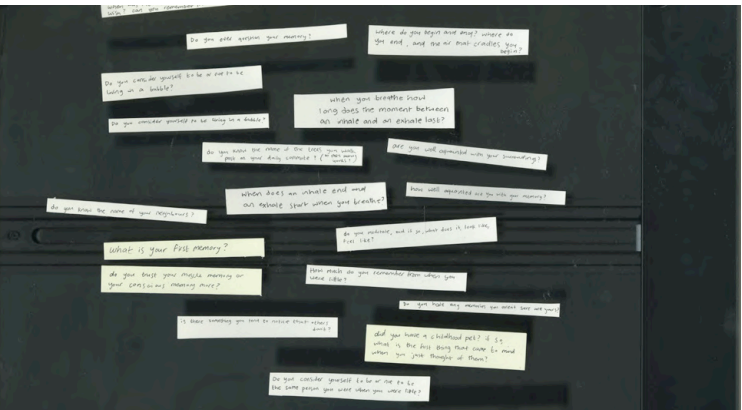


...suddenly she realised!  
in fact,  
she was startled as to how she had been  
so blind... that she had failed to hear the traces  
of memory that were singing at the top of their  
lungs!  
a gleeful, cacophonous hum of  
i'm here i'm here i'm here!

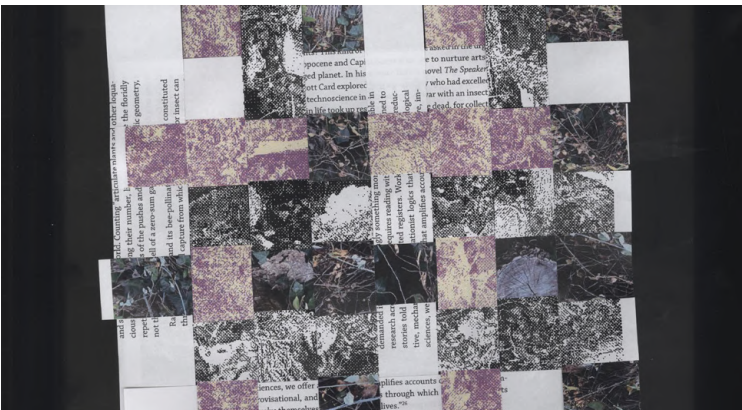


a song sung through traces of memory,  
remnants of people, moments, life.  
calling out to those with eyes willing.  
willing to unfocus their gaze from how  
they've been accustomed, to notice their  
presence, and dare to sing back!

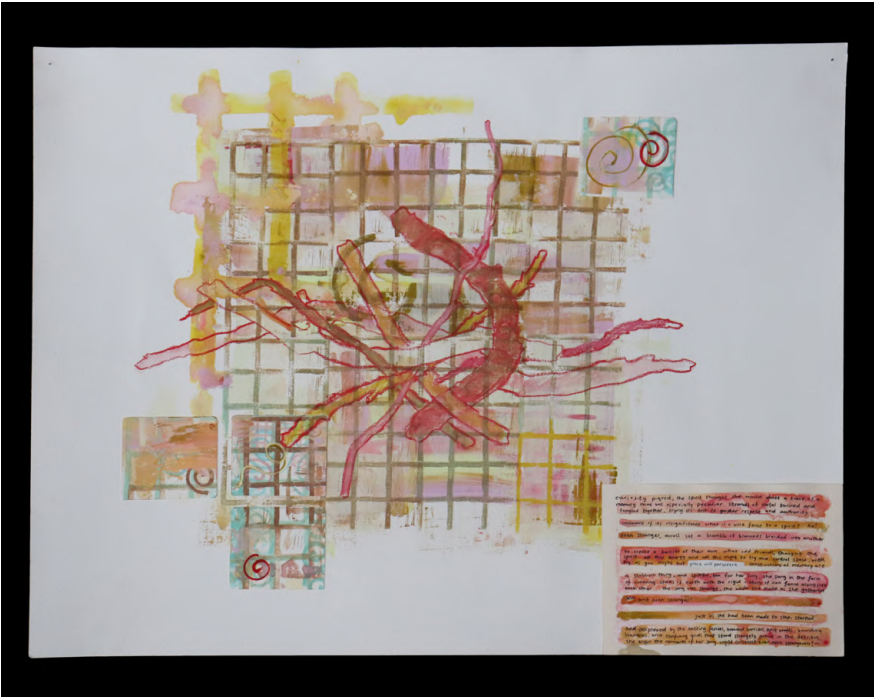
a song sung through traces of memory,  
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willing to unfocus their gaze from how they've  
been accustomed,  
to notice their presence,  
and dare to sing back!







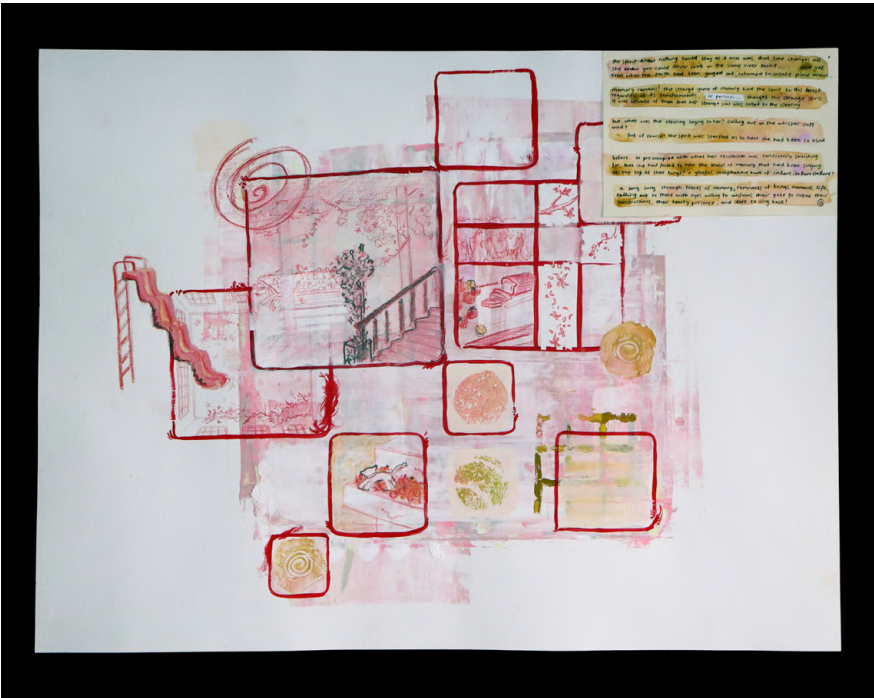
The strange spirit knew she had to speak in the language of memory in order for her song to be heard by the other ghosts of the forest..

Speaking in subtle code, her first attempt of singing was through a drawing in the soil...

She made a wish as she drew - no sharing, or it won't come true, of course.

She left a clue for spirits of tomorrow and waved goodbye to wish them luck.

The spirit continued on with her strange meditations, understanding this new found forest more and more as each act of play played out.



She knew these traces would be heard, trusted that someone's senses would attune in time.

She wondered what ghosts of tomorrow might hear from the traces she was leaving to haunt this clearing.

...What memories will weave into the accumulated braided branches, paper pages, plastic ribbons, and unruly detritus of today?





Reflecting on all these explorations, the strange little spirit wanted to weave and weave and weave. A final meditation, learning just as much from the forest that runs along the river as the people who walk it's paths.

A final interweaving of memory of the trees, childhood memories of friends, testimonies of the detritus, stories from strangers, and all the traces in between alike.



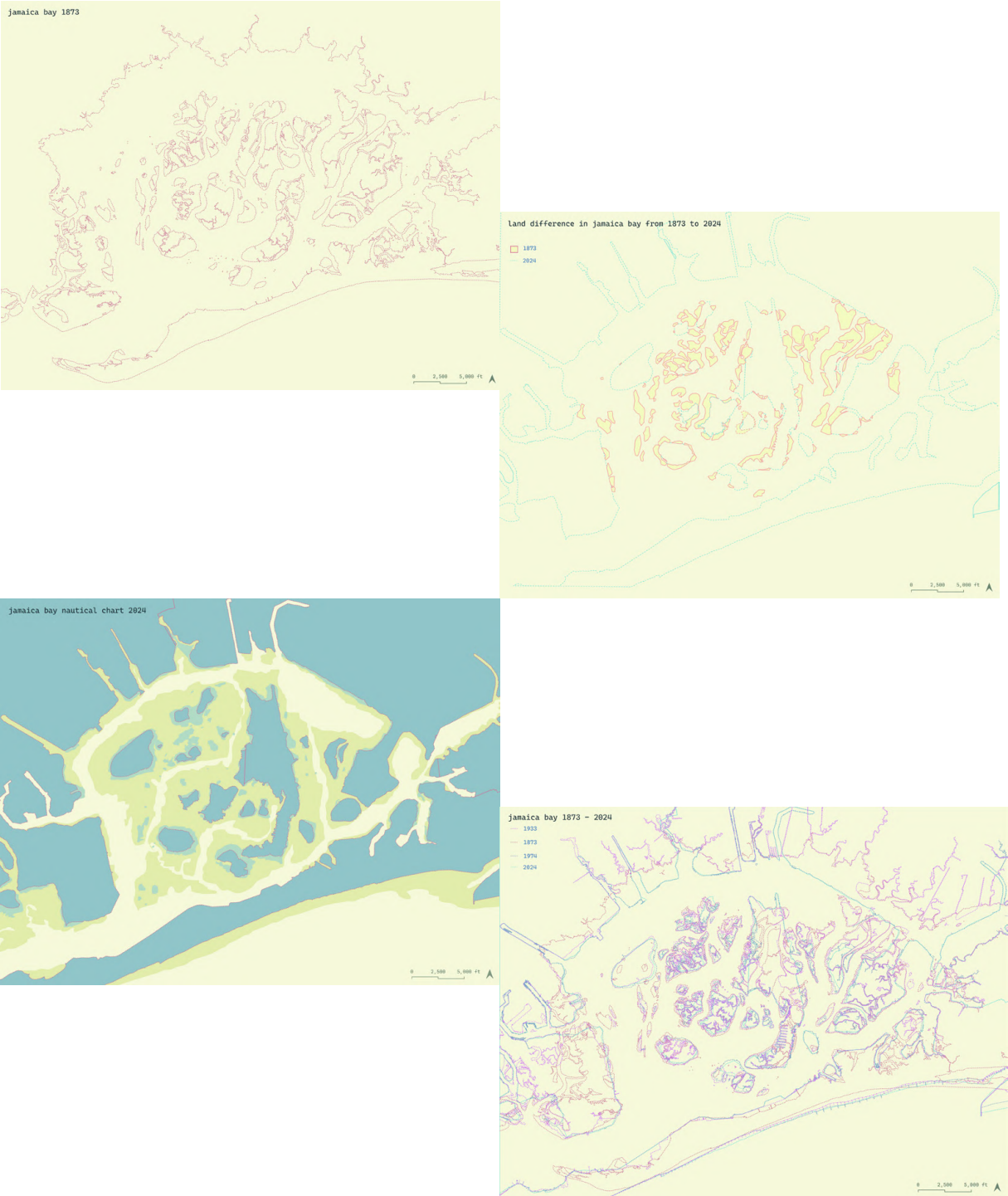
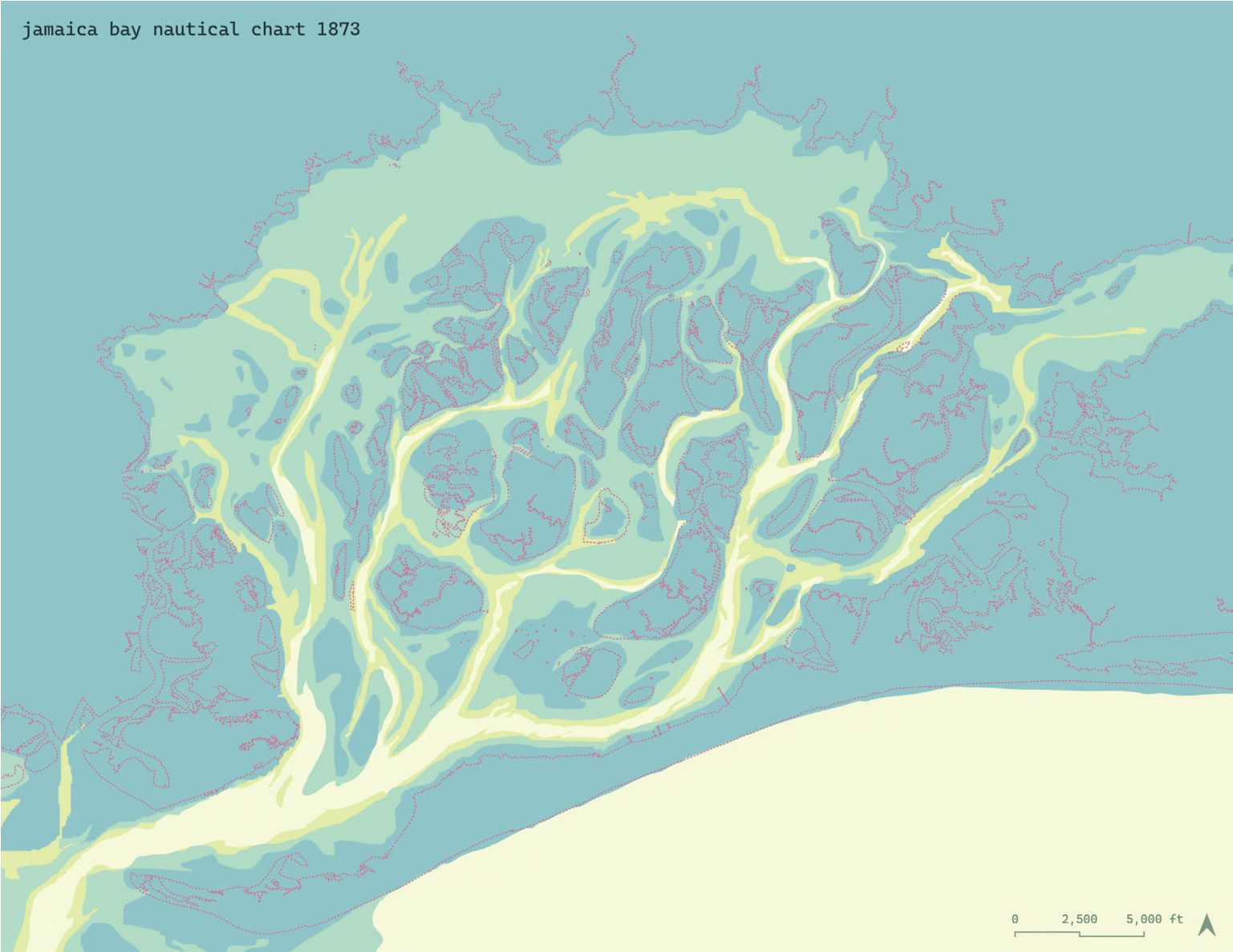




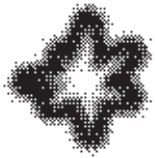
*elective led by dare anne brawley and mario giampieri  
gis for design practices*

***about an archipelago across time***



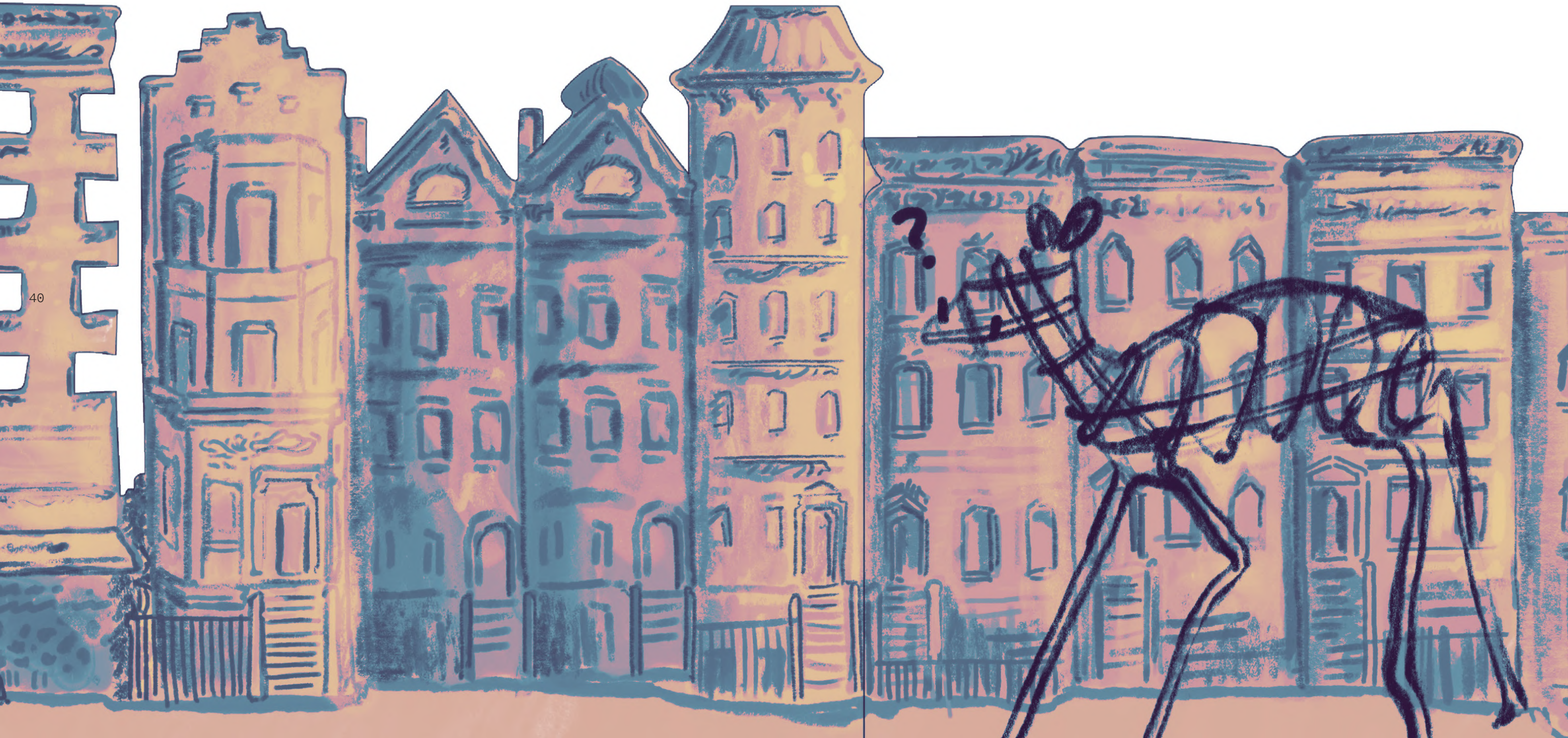






elective led by amelyn ng  
waste/works

*little hauntings of material memory*





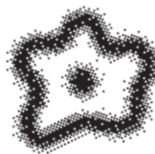


An illustrated children’s book that explores the traces of architectural waste in the city through playful zoomorphism. You meet wandering creatures of scaffolding, marble off cuts, rubble, stone, lumber, and ceiling tiles. The book asks what becomes of all the material we longer deem to be useful, does it get a second life? How can we design with these lives in mind.



do you notice traces that materials leave in their absence?





installation / event advised by lydia kallipoliti and xiaoxi chen  
aad edible summits

**locali-tea**

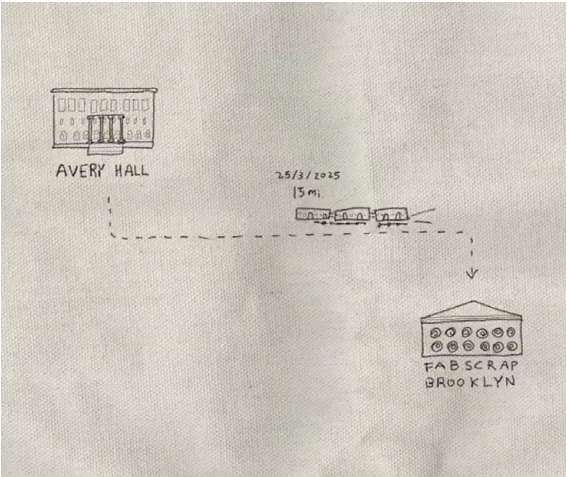
in collaboration with yeonjin kim, minhan lin, sewon min, and amy suzuki



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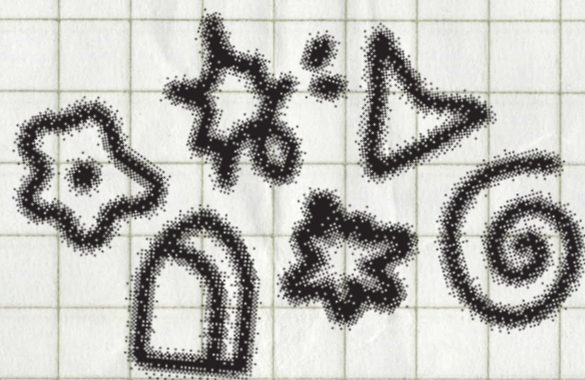


what does it mean to design with locality in mind?



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thank you.

rudain almulla  
portfolio of selected work  
gsapp aad 2024 - 2025

rudainalm@gmail.com