

# Journey of a Joke in the Corridors of Architecture School

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## Abstract

Architecture, a 5-year professional degree, instils in you a work ethic worthy of taking on elephantine tasks. From the moment we attend our first lecture to the peak of our careers, architects are plagued with stressful events that are unlikely in any other profession. Let us wallow in our catharsis together as we go through what makes us laugh during those moments of stress. Architecture school prepares you to be thick-skinned, to be street-smart, to test your patience. It teaches you to be calculative and meticulous. Teams, which were a disproportional combination of hard workers and freeloaders, taught you the most important group management lessons. Memories were made on endless model making nights in a studio. Sleep was your friend and foe. Preparation for a jury was trial by fire, more crucial than the jury itself. But satisfactory is the relief post-jury, when you sit with your first meal in more than a day in the canteen with friends. Post Covid-19, the humor in an architecture student's life has not been lost. The thrill of group work is amiss and site visits are a distant dream. However, as education moves from classrooms to screens, new adventures await. Some changes are self-directed, and others are forced, but regardless, it allows us to reminisce, reflect, and laugh out loud.

## Key words –

Architecture, College humor, Post-jury relief, Post covid-19

Architecture, a 5-year professional degree, instils in you a work ethic worthy of taking on elephantine tasks. From the moment we attend our first lecture to the peak of our careers, architects are plagued with stressful events that are unlikely in any other profession. We juggle deadlines, haranguing clients, and callous contractors, all tasks that are intense and extremely demanding. Let us wallow in our catharsis together as we go through what makes us laugh during those moments of stress. No matter how busy we are today, the humour of those 1826 days will never be lost on us. So, grab a coffee, and sit back, as we take a look at how our lives have changed, for better or for worse, since the fateful day that we stumbled upon architecture. From stolen stationary to stolen hours of sleep in theory classes post-jury, we saw it all flash before our eyes when we left college with or without a degree. There was no better yoga than an all-night drafting session on an A0 sheet while trying to prevent it from crumpling in our tiny hostel rooms. Those sleepless nights before a jury where we forgot to add the north sign to sheets, still haunt us. And remember how, on being questioned by the juror, we blanked out despite the copious amounts of coffee coursing through our veins?

Architecture school prepares you to be thick-skinned; to shrug off a bad jury and celebrate the hard work put into the semester. It prepares you to be street smart; when you most certainly forgot to measure something

on-site, you come back, extract a random number from your memory, and put it onto the sheet. It tests your patience when you endure the torment of software crashing on hitting print while waiting in a long line at the printer shop. It teaches you to be calculative and meticulous while learning how to avoid a particular class until your attendance becomes critical enough to be sent to parents. You learn managing emotionally charged clients while trying to convince a parent to not visit the teacher who made you cry. Architecture is subjective. You stop your house help from cleaning your messy room owing to the fear of having to fish out parts of a model, surgically from the trash. Gradually, the habit of noticing every detail in a mundane room and comparing it to your pending Building Construction sheets that gathered dust until it was the night before submission, sets in. You swiftly learn teamwork when as a team, you decide not to work and postpone the deadlines indefinitely. Teams, which were a disproportional combination of hard workers and freeloaders, taught you the most important group management lessons. Memories were made on endless model making nights in a studio by the end of which everyone is curled up in a corner, trying to catch some sleep. Sleep was your friend and foe. Foe on days that you dragged your overslept self to a review with incomplete work. Friend on nights cocooning you in its dreamy arms after a jury, protecting you from the juror's haunting red marks on your sheets.

Preparation for a jury was trial by fire, more crucial than the jury itself. The laptop hangs repeatedly because you overestimate its capacity in proportion to the time left for submission. You regret lost time, delegating work to juniors while balancing your last-minute drafting. You nap at the printer shop on a long night of laser cutting only to be jolted into consciousness when the bill is handed to you. The colors in your sheet are messed up but you cannot afford to reprint because of the cost and time at stake. So, you hop into a seemingly unending bus ride to college which takes an excruciatingly long time like a heavy render, slow enough to make you sweat on a chilly winter morning. But satisfactory is the relief post-jury, when you sit with your first meal in more than a day in the canteen with friends to pick out the juror's eccentricities, forgetting that you probably didn't even say your name correctly.

Post Covid-19, the humor in an architecture student's life has not been lost. Mediocre designs are turned in because the software is learned overnight, and the trial expires before changes could be made. Online classrooms are chaotic and google drive is a strict disciplinarian for submission deadlines. The thrill of group work is amiss and site visits are a distant dream. However, as education moves from classrooms to screens, new adventures await. David Bowie rightfully sang, life's full of so much uncertainty, variables, and excitement that half the battle is riding the wave and adapting as best as one can. Some changes are self-directed, and others are forced, but regardless, it allows us to reminisce, reflect, and laugh out loud.



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