



Memorial for Hal Levin

April 16, 2023



Aki Ouye, Portrait of Hal Levin

Memorial for Hal Levin

Sunday, April 16, 2023, 10:00 AM PDT

Daniel Caraco welcomes everybody.

Video made by **Bud Offerman** remembering Hal.

Daniel gives the floor to the speakers.

- **Nancy Levin**

- **Bob Kay**

- **Steve Vetter**

- **Lee Cott**

- **Richard Spohn**

- **Shela Ray**

- **Ross Sutherland**

- **Joe Aki Ouye**

- **James (Jim) Kelly**

- **Seema Bhangar**

- **Atze Boerstra**

Daniel introduces:

- **Rabbi Margie Jacobs** reciting the Kaddish

Daniel introduces:

- **Joshua Caraco** playing kora

- **Mariachiara Tallacchini** thanks everybody

...and more friends:

- **Matti Jantunen**

- **Richard Corsi**

Daniel Caraco

For Hal

April 16, 2023

Welcome, and thank you for joining us in this digital clearing to share our feelings of loss for Hal's absence and our remembrances of his presence. I am Nancy's husband, Daniel. We will begin with a visual compilation from Bud Offerman which sketches the arc of Hal's life. Nancy will then come forward, and individuals will identify themselves in their turns. We will hear a Kora interlude from Hal's nephew, Joshua, and Mariachiara will join in at the end. Hal's niece, Rabbi Margie Jacobs, will lead us in the Kaddish and other prayers. The program and transliteration of the Kaddish are located in the "chat" box.

I am fortunate to have, and have had, Hal as a brother in law. When Nancy and I got together, my life was in flux. I had been an itinerant carpenter, was applying to graduate school at Berkeley, and was renovating a small brown shingle house in Berkeley. Unlike Hal, I had no formal design training and even fewer skills. Like Hal, construction was primarily self-taught. In my case, a moment had come when I realized that my concept for the remodel was completely wrong. I was stuck and abandoning the project would feel like a failure.

Hal had the uncommon capacity to listen, question, and support more open processes of individual and collective learning. I expect that many of you have your own unique experiences of the same. In a discussion with Hal, he asked: "What would you do if you felt free to do to the house what you wanted?" Although an obvious question, it was not one that I had allowed myself to consider. In response, I described a full on vision for its remodel. Hal looked at me and said: "Now you have a choice."

I joined "The Splinter Group", a woodworking cooperative in West Oakland, and worked on the house while pursuing a degree in Public Health here at Berkeley. From his own work as an owner builder, Hal understood the havoc and pressures that construction projects brought to relationships along with the fact that such projects have their own time lines. He advised Nancy and me to figure out the level of completion she needed before moving in, because "life" has a way of

intervening, which it most certainly did. In the summer of 1981 we moved in and were married in the back yard. One month later we left for a stint with the National Health Service in London. When we returned a year later, Nancy was pregnant with Ben. I completed the laundry room just before Josh was born 4 years later.

Mid February of 2004, we met Hal for dinner at an Italian restaurant in Palo Alto. He was the happiest I had ever seen him as he told us of his engagement to Mariachiara. Two nights later, Ben died in a car accident in Ohio. It was the middle of his Junior year at Oberlin. Hal drove up from Santa Cruz. He would not let me make the trip alone. He arranged our travel and we took that difficult journey together.

Thank you for being my friend, a brother, and an uncle to our sons, for bringing Mariachiara into our family, and so much more. I miss you and will carry you in my heart.

Nancy M. Levin

Hal

I am Nancy, Hal's little sister. He was my big brother and that is how I will always think of him.

I was born when he was 5 ½. He said that when I was born, he was moved off center stage to the wings. But, to me, he was always center stage. Whether it was at the dinner table where he would tell stories and jokes or the baseball field, he was center stage for me. I started going to baseball games at the age of about 4, and it was a challenge to sit through them, unless Hal was on the mound. I can still remember when, in Pony League I think, he was one pitch from a perfect game and somehow lost the game. Not a happy night in the Levin household. Hal loved baseball. He transferred from Cornell to Cal in the middle of his Sophomore year. I thought that it was because he did not want to spend another winter in Ithaca, but he said it was because the baseball program at Cal was better than the baseball program at Cornell. He spent several years at Berkeley, including my Freshman and Senior years. Although he knew that he wanted a degree in Architecture and had begun one at Cornell, he thought it was not a well-rounded education, so he completed an English major first, before returning to Architecture. With the break of two years in the Peace Corps, he eventually graduated in 1969 – the same year I graduated. Neither of us attended the graduation ceremony.

Hal loved to pitch and continued to do so until he was 77. It is less widely known that one of the reasons that he decided to be a pitcher is that he could not hit. Not in Little League, Pony League, high school or college, despite his and our dad's best efforts. It was only in the senior leagues and Dodger camp where he was able to hit and enjoyed hitting. He only wished that, at that point, he could have run as fast as he did when he was younger because he would have had a lot more hits.

Hal loved dogs, especially Labrador Retrievers, although those of you who knew Ralph, a small black dog of unknown origin, might quibble. When I was in law school and we both lived in SF, Hal had a girlfriend who was actually jealous of his dog, China. We agreed that I would take China as soon as I lived somewhere I could have her. Needless to say, the girlfriend did not last long, but that is how I acquired the dog love of my life.

I will leave it to others to talk more about his work and say little about it. Hal could be humble and arrogant at the same time, a combination that led him to

be pleased with much of what he accomplished but left him thinking that he had not done enough to move standards for indoor air further. He was particularly proud of Indoor Air 2002, the Ninth International Conference on Indoor Air Quality and Climate, held in Monterey which he had spent three years organizing. Although he would always let me know where he was going if he was not going to be in Santa Cruz (which was much of the time for years and even more after he met Mariachiara) and whether he would be giving a speech, he never told me about any of the honors he received, with one exception – MVP of Dodger camp.

Hal has always been a big presence in my life, I looked up to him, metaphorically as well as literally, from a very young age. One of the great challenges of my life was learning to pronounce his and Ellen's names. It took until I was six for me to say "Harold" and not "Hawold", "Ellen" and not "Eyen". A very small vestige of resentment remains from his insistence that we call him Hal a mere six years later, when I had worked so hard to pronounce his name properly.

Hal has always been there for me. When I graduated from college and had several months until I started law school, our dad, the son of Socialists, wanted me to see what "the real world" was like – meaning they would not support me and I had to get a job. I told my dad that I would do that, but that it would not really be the "real world" because I knew that, if I got sick or something, I could always go home to my parents. So, I did experience the "real world" as many privileged people do – I borrowed money from Hal until I had a job – a job in a law office that Hal found for me!

I cannot overstate how wonderfully Mariachiara took care of Hal. I am profoundly grateful to her and Umi for how they cared for him. Mariachiara, you will always be part of our family, and we love you deeply.

Hal – I miss you. You have left another hole in my heart.

Steve Vetter

June 21, 2023

GRACIAS A LA VIDA, GRACIAS PARA HAL LEVIN

My birthday has come and gone and it was the first time in the past 50 years that I dreaded it. By the end of the day I had to accept the fact that I would not receive a call from Hal. He had always, without fail, called me for every one of those years. Each time I would answer laughing, in surprise and delight, at the silliness of two adult men engaged in the giving and receiving of birthday greetings. It was actually hard for me to believe that, year after year, he was so attentive and thoughtful to call me. No other friend did, which, with each passing year made his call all the more important to me. I had a friend like no other. Invariably my wife Teresa would ask me what was so funny and put me in such a good and playful mood: "Hal called," is all I had to say, and she immediately knew how special, remarkable the call was for me.

Every time I hear Mercedes Sosa sing *Gracias a la Vida*, I think of Hal. He was so full of music, so many different forms of music. In Spanish, when one is observed to be dull and without energy or interests, it is often said, "*este hombre no tiene musica.*" "That man has no music." Not Hal. He was full of music! Hal was a complete, full orchestra of interests and sounds. Of course he would have his own radio music program. I can still see him hunched over the turntable at the radio station spinning up one of his favorite tunes, the wall behind him lined with 78's. Mercedes Sosa singing that song often prompted me to think, "*y gracias a la vida para Hal Levin.*"

I can't separate Hal without first seeing him as part of my family. Uncle Hal. My wife and children always looked forward to his many visits to our home. They were brief visits as he went from one meeting or conference on indoor air pollution to another but they were enough to allow us to enjoy his good humor and wisdom. His advice on parenting was especially helpful to me. Once I was worrying about my sons as they entered their teens and Hal had this to say, "So much of your work is already done. Your sons in their first six years have received all of the guidance they need for the rest of their lives. Your job now is to keep them on the path with a careful nudge or bump along the way. Relax. You have this." Now, that is what he said, but it was the way he looked at me with those all-knowing and confident

eyes that—that distinct Hal Levin gaze that was unique unto him—that I realized I had finally been given permission to breathe again in a way that I had not for a long time. I choked-up as I took one deep breath after another and we both then fell into uncontrollable laughter.

Hal understood my family because he loved his own. I felt like I knew Nancy and Daniel, understood the backgrounds, the strengths of his mother and father, and celebrated with him the arrival of Ben, the fact that he was now an Uncle, with all of the attendant responsibilities and opportunities. And then Ben was lost in that fatal crash in Ohio and not soon afterward Hal spent time with us. It was a devastating loss for him and his family. But in rapid succession, Mariachiara arrived, came into his life and calmed the waters. From that moment on, Hal was a different man, a better man in his own estimation and mine.

I think most of us who were fortunate enough to have Hal as a friend would agree that there are basically two phases of his life: before and after Mariachiara. She anchored Hal in an all-encompassing love and understanding that allowed him to flourish, grow and fulfill his potential. Separated only by distance at times, she living in Italy and he in California, they always seemed together. While some of my early reflections below pre-date Mariachiara, it should be understood that these were times when Hal was unsettled, passionate about his work but searching always for more, looking always for that life's partner who could accompany his wandering and wondering soul.

I first met Hal in the Peace Corps in Colombia in 1967. My first impression was the way he carried himself. He had that streak of handsome royalty in him that few possess, distinguished in a way that I wasn't sure he fully appreciated. We had driven from the hot, border town of Cucuta, up and along the cool Andes before descending hours later down into the fresh, verdant valley of Bucaramanga for a volunteer meeting. Strangers at first, we took in the beauty of this extraordinarily beautiful country, commenting occasionally, realizing that we were fellow travelers at a strange time in a new and strange place. After the meeting, we returned to the ride back and about 30 minutes into the drive, Hal realized he had lost or misplaced his beloved Montblanc fountain pen. It had been a gift with special meaning so there was only one thing to do but turn around and search for it. After much searching in tall grass I found it. Hal was ecstatic and the trip back was full of rich conversation. I knew then we would be friends. I never imagined friends for life but friends nonetheless. Often, when he pulled out that pen, he would flash that high kilowatt smile of his and I would nod my head and beam it back.

At the time the Peace Corps would place volunteers alone or in pairs, much to their loneliness and frustration. It was Hal that arrived with a more dynamic approach, one that involved a much larger team of multi-disciplinary

backgrounds and talent. So he sold the Peace Corps on this approach and then was given the freedom to recruit, hand pick the 20 in the team and then work them through an intensive three month training program. Next, he chose probably one of the most difficult, challenging and dangerous places in Colombia up along the Venezuelan boundary called Tibu'. Today it is one of the last outposts of the FARC, the violent revolutionary armies challenging the central state. During our time, it was dangerous due to the Montelon Indians who were in the rain forests around Tibu', fighting to hold onto their land as the petroleum companies began setting up pumping stations. In the Peace Corps doctor's office, a Colombian, were the photos of many of his patients' sporting arrows, spears and related wounds. (I recently met the Colombian Ambassador to the US, a graduate of Princeton, and the former Minister of Defense. He had heard I had served in the Peace Corps and asked me where. When I told him Tibu' he could not believe it, assuring me that no one is safe who goes close to that part of the country.) Hal did not let this risk or fear slow him down. He quickly set about helping local communities build their schools, community centers, clinics and other projects needed for survival in this tough jungle location.

I was the Peace Corps Volunteer leader which meant I had the only jeep—1964 Willys-- when Hal first arrived so it allowed Hal and I to make the long treks up into this area. The trips varied but we often after eight, ten hours, arrived covered in dust exhausted but exhilarated by our long conversations and what awaited us. The next day we would take a bag of bolts we had to replace and tighten up all of the bolts that had rattled loose, wondering if it had done the same thing to our bodies or brains. The trips together took on a special meaning after time and we always looked forward to them. When our time together in Colombia was over, it was a bitter-sweet time for us. The volunteers organized a *despedida* or farewell party for Hal and I recall the good energy of that last time together and his final cheer of, "Life Calls—Gotta Go!"

We got lost from each other afterwards for a while. Trying to resurface after those years away presented its own set of challenges. An occasional phone call kept us in touch but there was an additional level of remoteness to our conversations so I decided to track down Hal. He had moved to Mill Valley and I learned that he had decided to "simply unplug for a while." I did not find him that talkative so I offered this, "if I could find an old '64 Willys jeep right now I'd drive you all around California." Hal's face lit up at that thought and allowed us to reconnect and stay connected from then until today. He of course still had his Montblanc pen and dug around his desk until he found it. Oila! Each time I picked him up from Dulles airport for his visits, I always began with, "I still haven't been able to find that 1964 Willys but I hope we get stuck in traffic so we can catch up with each other." I am so sorry now that I did not in fact find and restore such a jeep for our visits.

Hal had an original, restless mind, one that was always out on the cutting edge of issues that needed to be addressed. As such, he did not tolerate fools lightly. He exhibited originality early on with the Peace Corps team approach, and his engagement in owner-built home designs. It was the Indoor Air Pollution where I found his pioneering efforts and critical thinking most fully revealed. Suffering from asthma as I do, for the first time I immediately understood the gravity of his concerns – I had never heard anyone talk about this in the way that he did. I was hyper sensitive to new latex paint, new buildings in general and he patiently guided me through what was affecting me and how to address my concerns to minimize the impact. I learned to feel and see cross ventilation and learned how to navigate other environmental hazards in buildings that were affecting me. So one day I asked him the obvious question: when, how did you grasp the importance of the health of indoor air quality? He looked at me surprised and then recounted the day in Peace Corps when he had purchased his new Lab pup, Duque, and we had left him in the jeep briefly only to return to find the dog dead, in rigor mortis. Devastated, Hal had an autopsy performed and found the dog had died from formaldehyde poisoning. He wanted to protect the jeep and had new, clear plastic seat covers installed. He never got over it and turned his focus to the larger issues of indoor air pollution.

The other part of this beautiful, exemplary mind is that Hal personified the democratic temperament at its very best. He had a healthy sense of skepticism, a willingness to engage in debate, and a dogged determination to get as close to the truth of a matter as possible. On the one hand, I allow myself the thought that he will be spared the current collective craziness of this era, where censorship seems to be the currency of our time. On the other hand, I think he is precisely what we need, with this twist: Podcasts. As I watch the Podcasters gathering attention and main-stream media losing followers, Hal would be able to only grow in his leadership on issues via this medium. I keep flashing back to his days in the radio studio with a headset on and now imagine him speaking into a mike as he interviews and shares his concern with an ever-growing audience. I have to wonder if those who worked alongside him and continue in his work will be able to stand in for him? Hal has so much to teach us. History seems to demand it. Can his legacy be revealed, held, and sustained for others to learn?

Hal was one of the most “devout atheists” I had ever met. I was raised in a strict Catholic family and he a Jewish one. We could not avoid being amused by our unlikely friendship. Hal was convinced that it was our shared sense of guilt that allowed our mutual understanding of so many things. His humor accompanied every one of our conversations so when the top seller “The Joy of Sex” came out his first response was, “Ha! We could write The Joy of Guilt and be on the best seller list!” He would argue his atheist beliefs as a scientist, but I would ask him at what school or program of science did he find all of the higher human values that allowed him to avoid the corrupt or evil? At the time I was a self-declared

agnostic, or possibly on the spectrum of being a "recovering Catholic." A Colombian friend listened to us and asked us this question: *como se formo'?* or how were you formed? He did not ask what schools we had attended nor did he ask what religion or church we attended. How were we formed? We began discussing our sense and belief of the importance of family, some of the basic values that led us to join the Peace Corps and finally our friend said, "you at least have to believe that you are "not a practicing Catholic but maybe a "cultural Catholic" and a "cultural Jew." We gave that some thought and returned to discuss it at times.

About five years ago, one of my sons decided to have a DNA test. It was always believed in our family that on our mother's side that we had Native American ancestors. In fact, my mother's brother won a minority scholarship to the University of Chicago Law school. My sons played collegiate level lacrosse thinking that their Indian blood helped them become All Americans. We were at best, good ole German, Irish, English, Native American mutts, until we were not. Turns out that on my grandmother's side, we had strong and clear German Jewish ancestors. I knew Hal had this mischievous sense of humor so when I called him with this news I wasn't sure how he would respond. There was a long, slow, delayed reaction, until there was that high-pitched first yelp of laughter that only Hal possessed. Together we picked up the pace of hilarity about the madness of it all and laughed until nothing more had to be said. Some time afterwards, we would marvel at the layers of meaning behind the story, how the issues of identity, so central to a healthy life, are so difficult to fully understand in a society caught in the fast-forward velocity of life. He also believed that religion could obfuscate more and better than any other institution, hence another argument for this devout Atheist.

I can't watch a baseball game without thinking of Hal. The game was woven all through every fiber of him. One morning early at our home I kept hearing this *thawop, thawop, thawop*. Over and over. I could not imagine what it was. So I opened the door and there was Hal throwing a baseball across the long room into a stuffed chair. He assured me he threw at least 50 pitches a day. Later, we hung a rug from the balcony above my garage and had it funnel down into a large pin to catch the balls. One day I could not pass up the opportunity to put on my old glove and see what Hal could throw. First ball: curve ball strike. Second ball: change up strike that I bobbled. Third ball: fast ball "heater" STRIKE! I dropped my glove in agony and called it quits. He had total control and amazing speed....and he was 62? For some time after that, I always traveled with a baseball and would find a soft chair at some hotel, hoping one day to repay the favor and burn one into Hal's glove. There was to be no comparison so from time to time we would simply go out and just toss, shag a few flies and call it a day.

It was this robust strength and fitness late into his life that did not allow me to see or understand that Hal was failing. During his last visit to our home I noticed he had lost weight and had fallen asleep early but I did not give it any additional thought. When I received his last call he had only this to say, "I can no longer take care of myself. I am going to Mariachiara." I was so stunned to receive this news but so relieved that he had his true-love to turn to. Years before we had discussed the many unknowns of the end of life and loneliness, aloneness, was our greatest fear that we shared. Later I learned that it was Parkinson's that took him into its cruel embrace. My father had died of Parkinson's so I knew the time was limited and would send him notes, photos from time to time, trying once with the help of Mariachiara to set up a phone conversation that did not work that well. Losing Hal, that long, slow process, was as difficult as having now lost him.

The voice of Mercedes Sosa singing *Gracias ala Vida* was the perfect selection to honor Hal and set the tone for his Memorial service. I find new meaning in it each time I listen to it, understand more the sacred quality it brings to all of the small and fragile pieces of our lives that mean so much to us yet we rarely stop long enough to enjoy. Hal helped me find the joy in so many of the things I took for granted. I love my children, my family more. I can feel the direction of any slight breeze or cross ventilation and break out into a smile, knowing Hal showed me how to do that. When I pass on that special talent to my children or grandchildren they are not sure why it is so significant a skill. I can pass a pen shop and see a Montblanc and my heart skips a beat and I'm back in Bucaramanga with Hal searching through the tall grass among cattle. And rarely, when I see an old green Willy's two-door jeep, I wonder how much better our conversations would have been had we restored one just for him.

Gracias a la Vida also now has a haunting quality for it reminds me of how much I miss my dear friend. The haunting combines with that sacred sense of the song to inform me that this is what it feels like to have had and lost a life-time of friendship. Sosa's deep, penetrating, and wonderful voice reminds me of those same qualities in that gaze, those all-knowing and expressive eyes of Hal Levin. May his spirit continue to guide all of us fortunate enough to have experienced his care for us.

Postscript: The Legacy

My knowledge of the field of improving indoor air quality is limited but I followed Hal's work enough to think that he was one of the early, original minds that gave the issue the emphasis and momentum to be taken seriously by many others, especially some of the schools of architecture and design. There are a lot of people healthier, living better lives because of his fierce determination and remarkable mind. I once asked him whether he could lay claim to any of the

intellectual rights and how he might build the institution(s) that would further his work well into the future. Would it take underwriting the cost of a “chair” at a university? An endowment for an institute? I stressed that this was not about ego but ensuring that the ongoing research and dissemination continues well after his retirement. At the time he thought it more important to just focus on the work. As I listened to the remarks at the Digital Memorial I was reminded that legacies cannot be made without disciples, believers who are willing to carry on one’s work. It appeared to me that as I listened to many of the men and women still working with Hal’s program that he in fact has some of those disciples already in place. The challenge is how to sustain that work and remind others of Hal’s inspiring work.

Steve Vetter
June 21, 2023

Leland Cott

For my good friend, Hal Levin

Thank you Mariachiara and Nancy for inviting me to say a few words today. I'm sorry that I can't be with you now and I thank you Mariachiara for agreeing to read my words for Hal.

I never could have imagined that I'd be here with you, in this memorial service, when I first met Hal early on during our training for the Peace Corps in the summer of 1966 in Claremont, California. We were in our early 20's then...also something hard to imagine!

Hal and I shared a special friendship during that summer and, indeed, all through the following years during our time as volunteers in Colombia. Although we lived far apart geographically while in Colombia we stayed in close touch through the mail and managed to see each other frequently at Peace Corps gatherings and shared vacation times while in Colombia. I clearly remember going to the annual bullfights at Christmas time in the city of Cali when Hal and I would sit in the stands singing Beatles songs.

That was more than 50-years ago. Hal and I were always discussing a wide range of topics of common interest including architecture, photography, California and west coast living vs New York and east living and ...of course Baseball.

Hal loved baseball. He was a pitcher on the Cornell University varsity team and told me he had dreamed of pitching in the major leagues. Apparently, he was very good but for whatever reason that didn't come to pass. Much later in life Hal took up baseball again and as a pitcher in the Senior Baseball league in California was pitching against retired big-league players with amazing success. Hal was proud of his fastball well into his 60's and frequently called to tell me who he struck out yesterday! In case you didn't know it, Hal was a competitive guy!

In 1968, I returned to Cambridge for graduate school and Hal, after some additional time in Colombia, returned to the Bay Area in California, a place that he truly loved. Eventually he took a job with a firm that had an office on both

coasts and so after a short time he was going back and forth to Cambridge on business.

2. The first place Hal wanted to go when he visited was to a baseball game. I don't think he ever cared much for the Boston Red Sox but he did love watching them play in Fenway Park.

The second place Hal wanted to go when he visited was to the town of Concord, Massachusetts and to Walden Pond where Henry David Thoreau had lived. I know for a fact Hal had read Thoreau's book, Walden, more than once. We made that visit to Concord many times over the following years on a kind of pilgrimage, walking around the pond on our way to the site of Thoreau's cabin. Thoreau and his relation to the land meant a great deal to both of us. Hal talked about Thoreau from the time I first met him in Peace Corps training as well as throughout our time in Colombia and after his return to the United States. Thoreau had no doubt informed Hal's outlook on life. These visits also served to introduce me to the Town of Concord, a place for which I had developed a great affection....and I thank to Hal for that.

Although Hal didn't as an architect, he never strayed very far from the profession. He was always involved with buildings and in his mid-career developed an interest in healthy buildings long before his colleagues in the profession even knew what he was talking about. His research about indoor air quality was in every sense of the word innovative and pioneering and at least 25 years ahead of it's time. This was the place where one could understand Hal's genius.

In 2012, after many years residing in Cambridge, I moved to Concord with my wife, Felice, where we now live two miles from Walden Pond. The last time we saw Hal and Mariachiara was when they traveled to Concord to see us and to visit Walden Pond for what would be Hal's last time. That was a wonderful moment together for the four of us!

3. I thought it would be appropriate to end my comments with words from Thoreau that would relate to Hal and the way he felt about life. I searched through my copy of Walden, and I think I have indeed found them.

Thoreau wrote:

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.

Hal, I am quite certain you would be pleased to know that these words were spoken in your memory at this memorial today. I love you Hal, my dear friend, may you rest in peace and may your memory be a blessing to us all.

Lee Cott
Concord, Massachusetts

Richard Spohn

Hal Levin memorial service 4/16/23: remembrance outline notes

A. Met 1970 ... Cambridge...informal group of MIT, Harvard, etc, grad people et al interested in “user-controlled housing processes”..... two other members are attending the memorial today, a third, Don Turner, ultimately Director of CA Department of Housing Development, I became Director of CA Department of Consumer Affairs

--- enter unknown Hal to meeting, recently back from the Peace Corps, black felt hat with purple band, colorful web belt, fixed half-smile and piercing eyes, coiled -- very cool dude.... I first-year law student totally intimidated – “this is going to be interesting”— rose to the challenging invitation to friendship

--- the group (very congenial) called “The Network” did research, lectures, seminars, conferences (including Cuernavaca with Ivan Illich), a book “Freedom to Build”, etc.

--- fast friends, spent great times together, esp Santa Cruz... showed me the massing of the Monarch butterflies, backpacked together, attended huge demonstration vs Diablo Canyon nuclear plan...and much more....

--- when Brown Administration got legislation putting “public members” on the professional licensing boards Hal was an early appointee to Board of Architectural Examiners..... Took on the guild, reformed licensure exam, raised standards of practice, liberated regulation from control by the profession alone, etc, etc – and was elected President of the Board

B. Extraordinarily rich non-“career”.... The 20th Century existential man of reflection, commitment, action, perseverance

--- utterly resolute in his pursuits of reforms of building, indoor air, and other norms and standards, internationally acknowledged and honored; where he saw inadequacies, error, injustice he doggedly pursued change in sophisticated, compellingly knowledgeable fashion... tough but gentle, determined and thus effective; he didn’t flinch; hey, he pitched baseball into his 70s

--- serious, practical consumer protection advocate, in arcane matters that he realized were actually terribly important, and in industry-dominated forums and dens

--- though not “religious” he would sometimes in conversation reference the biblical prophets as models to be hearkened unto Thus he himself was such a prophetic herald, calling the people to rectitude and righteousness, speaking truth to power, speaking for and defending the powerless, playing the scourge when necessary

C. Ahead of his time, especially on Indoor Air Pollution

--- he'd been a voice crying in the desert for a long time, would talk to anyone who would listen

--- example: early '80s, new (State) Gregory Bateson Building in Sacramento (the husband of Margaret Mead and admired by then-Governor Jerry Brown, hence the naming) under construction, designed by Hal's friend the State Architect, and hailed as a model of energy efficiency and conservation. Hal warned the tight sealing of the building would lock in air pollutants, but no heed paid.

Result: after great-fanfare opening, numerous people got sick, some seriously, one department director forced to take extended disability LOA

--- In 1982, with remarkable prescience, Hal urged me (and so it was done!) as Director of DCA to undertake a pioneering, book-length compendium of 16 different indoor air pollutants, from asbestos to formaldehyde to second-hand smoke, entitled “Clean Your Room”

D. The man: brilliant, utterly committed, kind and modest while imposing, patient and validating of the other, loyal, didn't suffer fools easily though he tried, lived simply, a modern-day ascetic; wonderful, explosive laugh that sometimes took on a life of its own. (His nobility was stunningly captured by the end-time pictures of the slide show.)

E. Elevation to Pantheon: I was privileged to work extensively with two very special and unique common good warriors, Ralph Nader and Jerry Brown. I would add Hal to that pantheon – they all had powerful curiosity and a fine nose for wrong, exquisite clarity of vision and understanding and uncompromising selflessness, exhibited brilliant strategic strength, tenacious

firmness of execution, and staying power over the long haul. (Well, Ralph blew it in Florida....)

--- Jerry Brown spotted and e-mailed me Hal's obituary from the SF Chronicle

- F. It is difficult to imagine our worlds empty of Hal's boundless energy, compassion, curiosity, wit, brilliance, style and dogged, righteous passion for justice. His very restlessness was infectious and energizing. When we had the opportunity to work together he inspired and taught me, when we were just hanging out I felt privileged and validated to be his friend -- which we did for 53 years, on the East and the West coasts, in the public and in the private sectors. I never ceased learning from him, through word and his example, and I relished and was humbled by his support.

I learned only a week later that Hal had passed away. During the night of the day he had passed, unbeknownst to me, I had rolled over in bed in the wee hours. Given certain ailments, the effort as usual awakened me; my eyes opened as I turned to my left, in the direction of a large picture window. In the streetlight shining through the levolor blinds was silhouetted a tall, shrouded shade, suddenly gliding from a stationary position from right to left. As it approached the left side of the window frame it vanished. Then the cell phone next to my pillow lit up and beeped, which it had never done before. It was 2:40 a.m. Though chilled to the bone, I was intrigued and honored by the visitation, only later coming to realize who it was who had stopped to say good-bye: that mischievous ol' Hal!

Shela Ray

Remarks for Hal's Memorial - April 16, 2023

Greetings, everyone. My name is Shela Ray and I was a colleague and friend of Hal's for over 30 years.

I met Hal in 1980, when I was a graduate student at UC Berkeley, and he was a lecturer in architecture. I was studying Buddhism and holistic health, but wanted to find something more in the visual arts as a career path. I thought I would take a few classes at the College of Environmental Design and explore architecture. I saw an ad for a part-time research assistant job that Hal had posted, and it said something about 'buildings and health.' The combination sparked my interest. I went to his office, and he hired me immediately.

As I look back on it, I realize how astounding and karmic this connection was. I was at a turning point on my path, and it is amazing that what started out as a part-time graduate school job turned into a decades long association and friendship.

In our early days of working together, he shared some of the books and architects he found inspiring. As I got more into my classes and our work progressed, we shared many ideas about buildings being in harmony with nature and contributing to human well-being. His ideas were shaping into Building Ecology, and I found much resonance with my own background and emerging goals. Working with him helped me discover that I cared more about researching and communicating what makes healthy buildings and less about needing to design them myself.

When Hal left UC Berkeley and began his own research group, he just kept getting grants and putting me in the budget. We went through many issues of indoor environmental quality, health effects and sustainability. In our last few years of working together, Hal became particularly interested in and excited about the indoor microbiome.

Right from the start, I was impressed and inspired by Hal's dedication to his work, his values and determination. He gave his time and energy whether he was being paid or not, and took on so many professional roles and responsibilities. He would take issues he cared about, turn them into a project proposal and seek funding. He just kept going, and he kept our small crew going. When I would get burned out, feeling buried in databases and the complexities of interdisciplinary literature searches, he would patiently listen and get me back on track.

He was an interesting combination of an idealist, with lofty goals and a big picture understanding, and a critical approach which demanded solid data and attention to detail. He had the patience and expertise to digest all those studies, the creativity to synthesize and formulate his own perspective, and the drive to get it out into the world. He made ongoing and long-lasting contributions, and I'm happy to have had some part in that.

No matter how busy he was, there was, of course, always time for baseball!

I am originally from Cleveland and was a big Cleveland Indians fan. I didn't follow as closely once I moved to California, but I'd watch the championship games and World Series. I had always followed pitchers, so I could relate to Hal's baseball practice as well. So I would ask him 'What's a slider?' – or change-up, or sinking fastball. I know it's amazing to many of us that he kept up for so long!

And he so loved his dogs! When he did batting practice in his yard he had it worked out that the dogs would be getting their exercise, too.

I stopped working with Hal in 2014 but we kept in touch, only briefly since his move to Italy. I'm glad he and Mariachiara finally got to live together and spend time in such a beautiful place.

I wish her and all of Hal's friends and family well.

Ross Sutherland

REQUIEM FOR HAL LEVIN

Hal and I first met at the University of California campus Berkeley, California in about late 1964 or early 1965 when he had transferred in from Cornell. I had been there since the fall of 1960.

My earliest memory of him is the two of us standing in Upper-Sproul-Plaza during the protests against the Vietnam War. He was accompanied by his ever present dog "Ralph" who was better known around the campus than either one of us. As I remember, Ralph was able to roam around the campus during the day but he always found Hal in the evening. Hal always did have a way with dogs.

I cannot remember the exact circumstances, but we discovered we had a lot in common: He had grown up in Beverly Hills and I had grown up in a nearby housing project called Park LaBrea a few miles away. He was a "house" boy for the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority and I was one for the Delta Gamma Sorority.

But in many ways we were opposites: His interests were in the science of environmental design and mine was in the design of buildings, towns and cities, I was interested in the role of landscape design and the environment while he was interested in the role of science of clean air in the environment. Hal could discuss both disciplines with ease and broadened my views for which I am grateful.

We were both opposed to the Vietnam War and needed to stay out of the draft so we took a pause in our education: He enrolled in the Peace Corp (1966 to 1968) and I went into the Coast Guard Reserve for six months and then on to graduate school.

After several years we moved back to Los Angeles and bought our first home. Hal, having stayed in touch, brought us a "house warming present": a white Labrador puppy. During these years we lived in Los Angeles and he in Boulder Creek. At some point I know I visited him to see his first house and thought "we never learned this in school"-I was very impressed.

We stayed in touch over the years and we remarked many times that no matter how long between visits, when we would meet, it seemed like yesterday. It didn't matter whether it had been a year or three...we just picked up where we had left off. Topics ranged from travel to our health, and of course to politics.

I went to his Santa Cruz house a number of times to watch him throw a baseball to keep in shape, and we would often take a walk with one of his Labradors. He visited us in San Diego to spend some time when he was playing in what I think was a semi-pro baseball league. He absolutely loved the idea of being the old man who could still strike out the young "kids".

I enjoyed his company because he was passionate about the environment, a seeker of truth and an advocate for fairness. He broadened my understanding of the importance of saving the planet, climate change and environmental justice. He was a man of principles and strong convictions, but he was not "opinionated"...he taught me that before you solve a "problem", you need to define it and explore alternatives. Whether it is a building or an environmental issue.

We could talk about anything and he always had something to add to the conversation.

In one of our very early discussions about the environment when I asked him if Global Warming was real he said: "I am not sure...yet". Eventually, when he had examined all the data his answer was yes, and he knew he could defend it.

One day, around 2010, Hal said he had met the love of his life, and he was clearly infatuated. He explained how beautiful and intelligent MC was and offered the additional comment : "I also fell in love with her mind".

Around 2011 we discussed a book he wanted me to illustrate. It was to be entitled "Building Ecology", which he referred to as a "30 year overdue project". He asked me to work with him on the graphics and we spent many hours discussing how to present his ideas.

But he ran out of time.

However it is important to note that today the science of "building ecology" and his definition of "environmental design" has become one of the primary pillars of

architectural education and practice. I know he is smiling somewhere knowing that all his work and contributions have become mainstream.

Hal, wherever you are, I love you.

“Teach thy tongue to say I do not know, and thou shalt progress”...Maimonides

Joe Aki Ouye

Hal Levin's Memorial

4/16/2023

Hal was my friend, and he was my hero. He was a hero to me because he had a strong sense of ethics and lived his life to affirm it.

I first met Hal in 1976, 47 years ago. He and I were working for the research center of the College of Environmental Design at UC Berkeley and happened to be in adjoining offices.

A few weeks passed and we became friends. I found out that his expertise was owner constructed housing. As we were talking, he said, "You know, Joe, I think that indoor air quality is going to be a big deal." It was the early 70's and there were lots of environmental initiatives. Hal's reasoning was that as buildings became tighter to avoid energy loss, the inside air would be exchanged less, leading to problems with indoor air quality. That made sense to me. But he added that he wanted to become an expert in this area. I admit it. I was a bit skeptical. How was he going to accomplish this? Hal was trained as an architect. He wasn't trained in physics, hydraulics, statistics, or other expertise to qualify him in this area.

Well, he went on to become a leading expert on "building ecology," a term coined by him in the late 1970s and taught this subject as faculty of the T. H. Chan School of Public Health, at Harvard University.

I was fortunate enough to work with him off and on throughout my own career. After I left my research position at Cal, one of my first clients was the California State Board of Architectural Examiners. Hal was on the Board and throughout his terms on the Board, Hal was a forceful voice for pushing California architects to be responsible for the energy impacts of their designs.

Hal was usually ahead of the rest of us. Years later, as co-director of a consortium researching remote, flexible work, I asked Hal to write a paper on the CO2 impacts of working from home. His paper estimated a significant reduction on CO2 emissions due the drop of commutes, and the lessening of heating, air conditioning, and maintenance and construction of offices. We knew it was the

way to go. What we didn't know then was that it would be years later and would take global pandemic to force companies to embrace flexible and remote work.

But there were many sides to Hal besides a serious researcher.

He was also a pitcher for a senior league baseball team into his late 70's. For those of you who don't know, senior league baseball is serious baseball for amateurs, he would throw 100 pitches every morning to stay in shape. He hosted a radio program on Latin Jazz every Sunday on the local public radio station.

What I'll miss the most were the times Hal and Mariachiara would visit us at our home in Pacific Grove or I would meet with Hal for coffee up in Santa Cruz. We would spend the time catching up and talking about life in general.

As my wife Elaine said, Hal was a mensch.

Thank you, Hal, for being my friend.

Jim Kelly

Remembering Hal

Hal and I met in the Fall of 1975, thus beginning a forty seven year relationship. At the time, Hal was building a spec house nearby where I lived, just off of Bear Creek Road, in Boulder Creek, California. We quickly became friends, and also remained neighbors as we both moved several times over the years to various locations within rural Santa Cruz County. In the early days, I would care for Hal's garden and beloved Labrador when he traveled. And, in exchange, Hal would sometimes give me valuable items (two big gifts were an aging Honda Accord and a Dodge pickup truck that needed some repairs). Both vehicles served me well for years.

From the start, Hal and I developed a mutual admiration for each other's values, skills, and attitudes. He, of course, was already an accomplished architect/contractor having built three houses in the area. He showed me carpentry tricks of the trade. I taught him basic automobile repair and maintenance (he was thrilled to learn how to adjust the valves on his Porsche). Also, we often talked about spousal relationships and I helped guide him through some "turbulent waters" in his various nuclear family situations.

I've always thought that I got the better part of our relationship because getting to know Hal was truly life-changing. Without Hal's help, and especially his encouragement, I would have never found the strength to take on the formidable task of building my own house. Also, I would have not learned about healthy houses, consequently making my design choices based on good ventilation and low toxicity materials that are so crucial to high-quality indoor air environments. Hal was truly my owner-builder mentor.

Along the way, Hal and I established Beer Night (this was tantamount to a ritual - Hal even gave me a Beer Night shirt which I wore in his honor for the Zoom memorial). It was a monthly get-together, at a local Santa Cruz sports bar, where we met for dinner and ate bad pub food (vegetarian, of course, because Hal was a dedicated non-carnivore). Over an IPA microbrew, Hal and I had wide-ranging "guy talk" conversations addressing diverse subjects such as baseball (mostly about Dodgers vs Giants but also about Boston), cars, women, parenting, headline news, travel, local politics, world events, dogs, diet, music, movies, and

gardening). We also often had an "organ recital" where we talked about what ever was ailing us at the time and the potential remedies. We greatly enjoyed hearing about each other's respective careers activities - he as an architect/builder/lecture-consultant and me as a forensic mental health supervisor (Santa Clara County Jail System). And, amazingly, Hal seemed to tolerate (and, almost welcome) my attempts at humor. He even sometimes laughed at my frequent puns (but mostly he just stared at me with a smirk on his face). I felt acceptance by Hal (if not always approval) and I could be myself - we had fun!

It would be a mistake, however, to think that Hal's and my relationship operated on just a "beer buddies" level. We, in fact, shared a deep appreciation of how our values and attitudes meshed. For example, Hal and I both supported various political and ecological action causes. Hal gave generously (both time and money) to select social and environmental groups that he saw working for the advancement of effective, non-violent reforms. We both highly valued responsible citizenship, and we continually reexamined and debated our beliefs and behaviors in that regard. We especially challenged one another to think clearly and logically from a scientific perspective. And, foremost, we encouraged each other to be kind and compassionate earth dwellers - as Gandhi said, "Be the change you wish to see in the world."

I was honored by Hal's trust in me. He often related very personal thoughts and feelings during our times together. I know he would be happy for me to tell anyone that he had very loving and tender feelings for his sister, Nancy. He was proud of her work, as an attorney, and trusted her judgement. Also, Hal's love and appreciation for his wife, Mariachiara, was another frequent topic during Hal's last two decades. Hal, typically being a bit measured and reserved, one day enthusiastically exclaimed (without equivocation), "Jim, I am truly in love! I so do love Mariachiara. I miss her and wish I were with her right now." This was music to my ears. After years of hearing of his ambivalent feelings for his female companions, I knew that Hal had found a woman whom he could love and respect, unreservedly. I was so pleased and relieved that Hal had finally met his beautiful, compassionate, and intelligent soul mate. One who would truly be Hal's guardian angel during his final time on earth.

It has been difficult to witness Hal's physical and mental decline in recent years. I am so grateful, however, that even with a strong reluctance to leave his beloved Santa Cruz, Hal was still able to muster the intelligence, wisdom, courage, and

good common sense to join his dedicated wife in Italy for the love and care he deserved.

I will miss Hal and will always appreciate both the tangible and intangible gifts that he gave to me and to the world, at large. His sonorous, FM radio-style voice delightfully echos in my mind even as I type these words. His memory will forever be a blessing to me.

Shalom dear Hal. Rest in Peace.

Seema Bhangar

Unlike many of you I can't recall when I first met Hal. His presence already permeated our field of indoor air by the time I joined it, such that it's hard for me to date a first meeting. But the first encounter that left a strong mark was in 2009, at AAAR in Minneapolis. I was a PhD student at UC Berkeley, and Hal sought me out to compliment my talk.

I think back and I can't really explain why that was so memorable so I'll just repeat some of the things some of you have said: Steve spoke of Hal's defiant optimism Joe mentioned his strong sense of right and wrong; and that he was a mensch; Richard used the words biblical prophet; unrelenting; congenital smile, and piercing eye. Hal had a distinctive intensity and authenticity.

And I must have trusted that piercing eye implicitly, because I believed that what he saw might be true even though I didn't see it myself, at the time. Hal's opinion and regard formed a steady backdrop as my career progressed over the next 14 years. As Richard said: he was a validating person. Steve pointed at something similar when he spoke of the "sustaining faith" Hal had in him.

Hal always seemed a little more alive and real than anyone else. Everything he said and did was passionate, and felt like a true expression of himself. Nothing was bland or predictable – or copycat with him (as came through in Ross' anecdote about global warming). And, over time, I also discovered a kinship in seeing his own tendency toward self-doubt (as Nancy said, he had that combination of arrogance & humility; Sheila used the words Idealist and critic, also pointing at the duality that was somehow harmonized in Hal).

The last time he called me, a few years ago, his voice was labored and slow, and he was on his way to Italy to be with his beloved wife. He spoke with his characteristic humility about how awestruck he was that you wanted him to come to you, Mariachara. His words to me were almost the same as what Steve quoted: "I can no longer take care of myself, there's only one person who can." He didn't take love for granted.

Before he left, he passed the baton of the Indoor Air Institute - that he founded, and ran along with Bill Fisk and Bill Nazaroff - over to Brett Singer, Glenn Morrison, Rachel Adams, and myself, and we are keeping his legacy alive through it.

Atze Boerstra

Memorial Hal Levin

Last summer was the last time that I saw Hal. Difficult, really difficult to see what a disease can do to someone. Hal for sure deserved better, and Hal and Mariachiara for sure deserved something better in terms of their last years together on the shores of Lago Maggiore. Remember that we still felt our connection, the twinkle in his eye and of course that strong hand! And Aki of course. Powerful guy till the end, no matter what.

The first time I met Hal. Loma Prieta Earthquake, October 1989. Copenhagen NIVA course. I recently graduated as a master student, Hal one of the bigshots, on top of the Olympus, careerwise. Very impressed with that hyperenergetic guy that seemed to know everything about indoor air and health (Sick Building Syndrome) and that loved to argue and contemplate about whatever.

A few years later, in 1993: Hal had arranged a job for me in Santa Cruz! Hal, Gina and me. And Ulysses and the cats in the outfield. Three Libra's saving the world in a garage turned micro-office. Sometimes a bit too much with our heads in the air, maybe; but that doesn't mean it wasn't useful and super inspiring.

Hal taught me a lot (and I am not just talking about the few ball throwing lessons in the backyard). Love of beer (microbreweries!), love of animals (I also became a vegetarian), love of nature (redwood trees, baby racoons crossing a road) but also workwise: e.g., that we can't afford to have an overfocus on comfort in buildings; that we also should make sure comfort is created in the most energy efficient and sustainable way possible. Very big inspiration!

Hal became much more than just my employer, more a combination between a real good friend and my American dad.

Hal was very effective (as research architect amid hotshot professors) in the international IAQ bubble, just one example: he was asked to organize the 2002 Indoor Air Conference with more than 1000 international scientists in Monterey with himself as the conference president. Apart from that... dozens and dozens of keynote presentations and workshop all over the world; his own newsletter, WHO work, etc.

I really miss Hal, but I do think that he and Mariachiara can be proud of a very fruitful life in which he touched many other lives in a real positive way (not just mine); he for sure made an impact. Our international IAQ community & the world in a broader sense simply isn't the same without him.

Hal, if you are listening in: I know you always were a big fan of Yogi Berra. So I will end this speech with a quote from one of your favourite baseball players, in my own free translation. Here it comes, a quote that all of you here today can take advantage of too:
'One should always go to memorial's of other people, otherwise they won't come to yours.'

MOURNER'S KADDISH –
HEBREW/ENGLISH/TRANSLITERATION

Yis-gadal v'yis-kadash °sh'may rabō° : °תַּגְדִּיל וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ °שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא°

(Cong.: Ömayn.) אמן

B'öl'mō di v'rō chir'u-say °בְּעֻלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתֵיהּ
v'yam-lich mal'chusay, v'yatz-mach °וַיְמַלִּיךְ מַלְכוּתֵיהּ, וַיַּצְמַח
pur-kōnay °vikō-rayv m'shi-chay° : °פּוּרְקָנֵיהּ וַיִּקְרַב מְשִׁיחֵיהּ°

(Cong.: Ömayn.) אמן

B'cha-yay-chon uv'yomay-chon °בְּחַיֵּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן
uv'cha-yay d'chöl bays yisrō-ayl, °וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בַּיִת יִשְׂרָאֵל,
ba-agölō uviz'man kōriv °בְּעֻגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב
°v'im'ru ömayn°. (Cong.: Ömayn. Y'hay °וַיֹּאמְרוּ אַמֵּן° : °אמן. יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ
sh'may rabō m'vōrach l'ölam ul'öl'may °רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלַם וּלְעָלְמֵי
öl'ma-yō. Yisböraych) °עָלְמַיָּא : °יְתַבְרַךְ

°Y'hay sh'may rabō m'vōrach °יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ
l'ölam ul'öl'may öl'ma-yō. °לְעָלַם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא :
Yis-böraych° °v'yish-tabach, °יְתַבְרַךְ° °וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח,
v'yispō-ayr, v'yis-romöm, °וַיִּתְפָּאֵר, וַיִּתְרוֹמֵם,
v'yis-nasay, v'yis-hadör, °וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא, וַיִּתְהַדָּר,
v'yis-aleh, v'yis-halöl°, °sh'may °וַיִּתְעַלֶּה, וַיִּתְהַלָּל°, °שְׁמֵהּ
d'kud-shō b'rich hu°. °דְּקֻדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא° :

(Cong.: Ömayn.) אמן

L'aylō min kōl bir'chösō v'shi-rösō, °לְעֻלָּא מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא,
tush-b'chösō v'neche-mösō, °תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמְתָּא,
da-amirōn b'öl'mō, °דְּאַמִּירָן בְּעֻלְמָא,
°v'im'ru ömayn°. °וַיֹּאמְרוּ אַמֵּן° :

(Cong.: Ömayn.) אמן

Y'hay sh'lömō rabō min sh'ma-yō, יְהֵא שְׁלֹמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא
v'cha-yim tovim ölay-nu v'al köl וְחַיִּים טוֹבִים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל
yisrō-ayl °v'im'ru ömayn°. : יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
(Cong.: Ömayn.) אמן

Take three steps back and say the following, while bowing the head to the right, straight ahead, left, straight ahead, and bowing down (as indicated):

> Oseh shölom* bim'romöv, ^ hu > עֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם * בְּמְרוֹמָיו, ^ הוּא >
< ya-aseh shölom ölaynu, ^ v'al köl < יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ, ^ וְעַל כָּל
yisrō-ayl, °v'im'ru ömayn°. : יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
(Cong.: Ömayn.) אמן

Translation:

Exalted and hallowed be His great Name. *(Congregation responds: "Amen.")*

Throughout the world which He has created according to His Will. May He establish His kingship, bring forth His redemption and hasten the coming of His Moshiach. *(Cong: "Amen.")*

In your lifetime and in your days and in the lifetime of the entire House of Israel, speedily and soon, and say, Amen.

(Cong: "Amen. May His great Name be blessed forever and to all eternity, blessed.")

May His great Name be blessed forever and to all eternity. Blessed and praised, glorified, exalted and extolled, honored, adored and lauded be the Name of the Holy One, blessed be He. *(Cong: "Amen.")*

Beyond all the blessings, hymns, praises and consolations that are uttered in the world; and say, Amen. *(Cong: "Amen.")*

May there be abundant peace from heaven, and a good life for us and for all Israel; and say, Amen. *(Cong: "Amen.")*

He Who makes peace *(Between Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur substitute: "the peace")* in His heavens, may He make peace for us and for all Israel; and say, Amen. *(Cong: Amen)*

Joshua Caraco

I won't say much but I wanted to say that whether we have good relationships with our parents, as I do, or not (perhaps more so if not) it is important for young people growing up to have role models and people they look up to who are not their parents. My uncle was certainly one of those people for me.

Info on Kora: Kora is a West African harp-lute of the Mande people. It most commonly has 21 strings and a lot more info and music is available now than even 15 years ago when I started playing. Several great Kora players and masters have even won Grammys so please explore more of the music.

Mariachiara Tallacchini

Thank you for being here and for sharing your memories and your love for Hal.

Hal and I met late in life and many of you have known him for a much longer time. It was a gift for me to listen to you and learn what you deemed precious in your relationship with Hal.

In the history of the universe, we had the chance to meet and be together for 20 years, less than an eyeblink from the perspective of the universe.

But Hal is the love of my life, and I am deeply grateful for this eyeblink.

Before we say goodbye, I would like to share an information and make some special acknowledgments. Hal's website, Buildingecology.com, has been restored as Buildingecology2.com. The website will become the repository for Hal's work and, definitely, for some history of the field.

The Author of this beautiful site is computer scientist Ronald Van Uffelen. Thank you, Ronald. Close to Ronald is Sara, Ronald's wife, a friend, an engineer and a dog trainer, and Obi, the best friend of Aki, our beloved dog. Aki is also attending his Dad's memorial, hi Aki, together with Umi and Tania, who helped Hal with love.

A special thought to the doctors who took care of Hal, un pensiero speciale ai dottori che hanno curato Hal: Mario Guidotti, Adriana Arioli, Emanuela Crespi, Giovanni Fichera, Maria Chiara Bareggi, Gianni Bianchi, and all the health personnel tutto il personale sanitario all'Ospedale del Circolo di Varese e all'Hospice della Fondazione Menotti Bassani. Grazie.

Finally, I would like to thank Maria Luisa Clementi, a dear friend and the editor of the Italian Journal of Epidemiology, where we are, who kindly hosted this memorial.

I bow to all of you.

.....and more friends

Matti Jantunen

Hal Levin, the Indoor Air Quality architect. I was privileged to know him as a friend. For the international Indoor Air Quality community Hal was *the Architect*. The IAQ community membership covers dozens of scientific disciplines from engineering, public health, medicine, chemistry, physics, microbiology, ecology and social sciences, and to architecture, *Hal Levin*. During his very long active career from late 1960's till 2018 Hal's approach to architecture was all encompassing, yet with strong emphasis on public health and ecology – and so he was and remained as the first and foremost indoor air architect in the international arena.

Before the internet, the establishment of ISIAQ, and the Indoor Air Journal, the Indoor Air Bulletin edited and published by Hal was – aside of the triannual Indoor Air conference proceedings – the only available international source for reliable updates about indoor air technology, research and news. Most of us have happily forgotten that in those years of the eighties and the early nineties there did, indeed, exist a well funded organization named Indoor Air International, which arranged conferences, funded indoor air research and published its own journal. It was, however, owned and operated by tobacco industry (!), and it was able to keep indoor tobacco smoke in the margins of the indoor air discourse for a decade.

I have known Hal since Indoor Air 1987 Conference in Berlin, where the wall was still up. Hal's plenary talk "What architects can do to improve indoor air quality" was very much a wakeup call for me, like it was for many other conference attendees as well. Since that event I always knew and remembered who Hal Levin was. Two years later he published his landmark monograph "Building Materials and Indoor Air Quality".

Since Berlin we met in dozens of Indoor Air and Healthy Buildings Conferences, WHO and NATO CCMS workshops etc. in every corner of the globe, leave Antarctica, Africa and South America. Certainly, between the two of us we have participated in each IA and HB Conference, with both of us in most.

Hal was always sharp in his views, quick to respond, not hesitant to disagree or challenge, but also fast to comprehend, give merit to and take into account the [deserving] views of the others. It was fun and mind opening to discuss, to agree and to disagree with him.

We shared dozens of common colleagues as friends – essentially the whole international Indoor Air Community of the early 1990's – such as Ole Fanger, Thomas Lindvall, Aino Nevalainen, Olli Seppänen, Jack Spengler, Michal Krzyzaniwski, Bernd Seifert, Lars Mølhave, Helmut Knöppel, Tony Pickering, Lidia Morawska, Marco Maroni, Eric Leuret, Wayne Ott, Lance Wallace, James Repace, etc., many of whom passed away already before Hal.

One of our private encounters took place in Paris sometime around mid 1990's. On a sunny summer day, we met unexpectedly (he did not know I was in Paris, and I did not know he was) near Sainte-Chapelle on Île de la Cité. At a moment's thought we bought some wine, baquettes and cheese, and walked down to Square du Vert Galant to consume them in the park for lunch. As I remember, it turned out that neither of us had been in Paris since our student years, so we kept on talking about how it was when Quartier Latin was and les Halles still existed the way they had for ages. Back then (1960's) he had come to Paris on a motorbike and I had been dropped off with my backpack from the huge black Chrysler New Yorker of my cousin's on his way from Helsinki, Finland, to somewhere further south. Since then, of course, both of us have been to Paris more than once, but this was, as I remember, the only time we actually met there.

I miss Hal, as an individual who has expanded my horizons and challenged me, and as a friend who has always been a delight to meet, as the Hal who eight months ago, when he was no more able to speak, still uttered me the name of our late common friend, Ole Fanger, that I was trying to find from my head.

The best thing that happened to Hal in his later years was when he met Mariachiara and fell in love [something we never imagined to happen to him]. Among the many blessings Mariachiara brought to the life to Hal, one also fell on me, when Hal and Mariachiara moved to just 15 km from the house where my wife and I spend our Aprils and Septembers, and thus we could all meet a few more times while Hal still lived.

April 27. 2023 in Rancho (VA)

Matti Jantunen, research professor emeritus

Richard Corsi

Friendship with Hal

In the 1990s I was relatively new to the indoor air discipline, having spent my career to that point doing research relevant to outdoor air pollution. By the late 1990s I had several PhD students working on projects related to indoor air and decided to attend my first Indoor Air conference in Edinburgh, Scotland. It was important to get to know more people working in the field and to learn as much as possible about what others were doing. It was at Indoor Air 1999 in Scotland that I first met Hal. I had seen his name on publications, but it was not until that conference that I realized how central he was to the field and the International Society of Indoor Air Quality and Climate (ISIAQ). Hal seemed to be everywhere, never alone, and always speaking with other prominent members of the indoor air quality field. Our first encounter was brief, perhaps just a “hello”, and I realized then that Hal was probably a person who was going to be difficult to get to know. We had several other very brief discussions at follow-up Healthy Buildings and Indoor Air meetings, but never to the point of developing what I considered to be a collaborative relationship of any kind. That all changed in 2008.

At Indoor Air 2008 in Copenhagen, it was announced that I would be the President of the next Indoor Air conference and that the conference would be held in Austin, Texas in 2011. From that moment I felt like Hal was climbing over chairs to speak with me, offer his assistance, and provide his guidance. Hal had been President of Indoor Air 2002 in Monterey, California. I recall seeing him at the conference as the field general, making sure that everything went as it should – and it did (It was a great conference). Hal’s experience and expertise at organizing Indoor Air 2002 was important but what struck me was his deep commitment to wanting every Indoor Air conference to be a success. He cared deeply about the field and ISIAQ. Hal helped me immensely with making Indoor Air 2011 in Austin a success. He was a wonderful advisor and tuned into so many details that I had never considered.

In the three years leading up to Indoor Air 2011 in Austin Hal and I met and spoke often. At first our conversations were about details of the venue, what not to do, what to do, etc. But through this process we grew very close, and our conversations deviated from success of the conference to the broader field, it’s needs, who needed to be brought into the field, and more. We also spoke about

personal issues and forged what I hope Hal felt was a very strong bond and friendship. I certainly did.

Two personal issues that brought Hal and me closer were our love of baseball – and especially the Dodgers – and dogs. Hal was a legend amongst his friends and colleagues for being a pitcher well beyond the age that anyone is supposed to take the mound. I was a pitcher throughout my youth and pitched until I was 32 years old. We both loved the Dodgers and reminisced about them a lot. After Indoor Air 2011 I was burned out and needed to get away for a bit. My wife, Gina, asked me what I'd like to do, and I told her I wanted to fly to Los Angeles and see a Dodgers game. When I mentioned this to Hal, I could hear his excitement and he was thrilled to join Gina and me and to introduce us to Mariachiara, who we met for the first time during a wonderful evening in Chavez Ravine. I do not even remember who the Dodgers played, maybe the Phillies, but I do remember how happy Hal was and how he and Mariachiara were such a perfect couple. Their love for one another added to the joy of spending time with Hal in the home of our Dodgers.

Like me, Hal also loved dogs and I learned much about Manito, his canine pal. One who loves dogs knows when someone else does as well. Hal's love of Manito was very real – a deep commitment. They meant much to one another. I know how heartbroken Hal was when Manito was gone. As my Chloe got older Hal would almost always start our phone calls with "How's Chloe?" He knew how much I loved Chloe. I will never forget that he would ask that question with such great sincerity and then listen to my response knowing that I needed someone to speak to about her.

This is one of many reasons why I will never forget Hal. It took some time to get to know him, but I am glad that we grew into such a friendship. I miss Hal a lot.

