Saturday, February 05 – 9:36pm OTG: 2/5

Hegel and Corbusier discussed on the 7th floor of Rudolph Hall / PAPRIKA Radio launches, piggy-backing off the work of Graphic Designers ALVIN ASHIATEY, MIKE TULLY, and BRYANT WELLS. Anyone can listen, anyone can play! > Local-radio. piggyback.page

Monday, February 07 – 4:18pm OTG: 2/7

LINDA VAN DEURSEN finally arrives at the Atrium. Graphic designers rejoice. / Triage HARRY HOOPER, YOUSSEF DENIAL, and SIGNE FERGUSON take up positions on the stairwell balcony. Rudolph is back!



Monday, January 31–3:56pm OTG: 1/31

FORTUNE: Do not let what you cannot do interfere with what you can do. / Sex Ball planning commences.

Monday, January 31-1:15am OTG: 1/31

Painting & Printmaking thesis show Vibrant Matters opens at School of Art. Everyone else in SoA is both amazed and jealous that they are "done" so early. The show sets the bar high!



Tuesday, February 08 – 5:29pm OTG: 2/8

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Hedgehog/Fox surveys sent out, SABA SALEKFARD and CHRISTOPHER PIN - alluding to Isaiah Berlin's distinction between generalist and specialist mysterious. More surveys please. Which one are you?!



Tuesday, February 01 – 4:01pm Ale Borea Teléfonos Malogrados (Broken Telephones)

Teléfonos Malogrados is a musical composition comprised of samples from telephone noises. It presents the dreamlike reverberations of tele-signals which seek to reach their "receiver" without bearing concrete messages. As opposed to the content centric listening that fixates on phonics and the meaning of words, it explores the oft ignored context of calling and attends to the expressiveness of its aural manifestations. In seeking to reimagine the experience of noise as an odvssev in which sonic waves travel and unfold, the work seeks to subvert the concept of noise as an element of interruption. By rejecting the traditional notion of communication as a solely lingual message between sender and receiver, noise is instead understood as the foundation of a soundscape which invites us to find peace in the lack of language.



Friday, February 04–10:25am Monique Atherton **Bad** Faith

choices.

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AB

n 2014, I moved to a dilapidated pink house on the outskirts of a small town, entombed in a perpetual layer of dust from a nearby crematorium. In this liminal space beneath a freeway, I scrubbed daily at the remains left in the space and the shells of lives, while dealing with a failing relationship and a job at a photography studio that specialized in corporate headshots with blurred blue backgrounds from grade school picture day.

n The Ethics of Ambiguity, de Beauvoir coined the term "bad faith" when referring to the lies we tell ourselves regarding our lot in life. As an anecdote, she acknowledges the antithesis, "negative ecstasy," in which we simultaneously acknowledge our own lies and we grasp the fact that we actually have limitless

In a collision of worlds, this work recontextualizes photographs I made when I was both a participant and

observer within the poverty around me. These images redefine traditional notions of socioeconomic reportage by combining, warping, and flattening my own source mages of the people and places of my low income, industrial neighborhood. The distortion became a means of deciphering and guestioning, as I examined the relationship between photographer and photograph, photographer and subject, and between photography and painting.

Mirroring the oscillations between my polarities of bad faith and negative ecstasy, the photographs pivot between mimesis and the boundless, transformation potential of the medium in the digital age. I seek to reframe notions of class representation, elevating my pictures and subjects beyond the rigidity of the studio

All images are "Untitled" and from the series "Bad Faith" 2018.

portrait and the stasis of tradition.





Sunday, February 06-1:07pm OTG: 2/6

Juan Cantu

someone googles how to convert inches to centimeters. Slow start to the semester



OK boomer. Also apparently perforated metal with Y's is biophilic? Free Confluence Treaty: Towards an Intellectual Horizontality in Architecture

Across the American Continent

The relationship between Latin American architects and North American academia has evolved throughout time. In the last four decades. Latin American architects have increasingly been involved in academic institutions from the United States. Archivo de Ideas Recibidas narrates experiences of four architects from Peru, Argentina, Chile and Mexico. From the 1980s, where the relationship between these two parts of the continent was strictly unilateral. Latin American architects, as students, were practically consumers of the intellectual products that were being developed in the northern hemisphere. Today, the role that these architects perform in North American academia is much more engaged in its direction. This transition, from consumers to contributors, adds to the establishment of an intellectual horizontality in architecture across the entire American erritory.

n 1984, Luis Longhi, traveled from Peru to the University of Pennsylvania to continue his graduate studies in architecture and sculpture. His interaction with the work of North American architects, such as Louis Khan and the conceptualism that prevailed academia at that moment, influenced his way of approaching architecture. The recognition by and assimilation of Western academia gave him the determination of becoming responsible for a new kind of Peruvian architecture of that time [22:56 interview Luis Longhi]. This is exhibited through his teachings, at the Peruvian University of Applied Sciences (UPC) and at the University of Sciences and Arts of Latin America (UCAL), which focus on more formal, technological and experimental objectives than many other studios across Latin America. Nevertheless, it is clear that at this stage there was an influence from the United States to Longhi and not the other way around

In the 90s, Hernan Diaz Alonso had a similar encounter with North American academia. This time. Diaz Alonso was accompanied by his route companions, as he refers to those who shared his same trajectory from their place of origin, in Argentina, to Columbia University. During his interview [22:56 interview Hernan Diaz Alonso], he attributed this affluence to the United States to the economic tuation of his country at the time- where the Argentinian peso had the same value as the US dollar. His interaction with academia in North America elongated permanently, as he went from being a to the key players in the development of its institutions throughout recent years. Besides working as an architect and teaching in different North American practices and institutions, he eventually consecrated as the director of Sci-Arc, a pioneering institution in the development of formal and technological fronts within architecture. As opposed to Longhi, Diaz Alonso was fully assimilated by North American academia. to the extent hat even his professional practice is lependent on it.

Throughout the 2000s, Hernan Diaz Alonso developed his career as an academic. However, during this decade Columbia University turned almost unrecognizable for his generation. At this time, the Master of Science in Advanced Architectural Design (MSAAD), the program he attended a decade before. was already being led by his compatriot Enrique Walker. There was a shift from consumers to contributors. Thanks to this. Walker was able to radically change the program's direction towards a renewed nterest in history and theory which leparted from the technocratic agenda of he 90s that led to Diaz Alonso's pivotal role in Sci-Arc's transition towards the digital environment that characterizes the school, when ascending to director in 2015. Concurrent with this shift, it also became increasingly common that the direction of architecture schools in the United States was influenced by Latin American architects, providing prosperous environments for new methodologies and theoretical frameworks informed by their

Nithin this new context, in 2008, Cristobal Amunátegui attended the newly reformed Columbia University, when Enrique Walker began directing the MSAAD program. Here his interest in history and theory. developed during his undergraduate at Chile's Catholic University- where he first encountered Walker- found continuity. This allowed him to delve into North American academia while maintaining an outsider's perspective. He never had to assimilate into traditional Western academia, instead became critical of it. During his interview, Amunátegui narrated that he does not teach studio in the US. He prefers to maintain a separation between his design practice rooted in Santiago. Chile and his academic practice at the University of California Los Angeles (UCLA). One of his main concerns with Nestern academic discourse is the

practices.



hyper-conceptualization of things to a point where they get removed from reality [34:15 interview Cristobal Amunátegui]. This criticism on the separation between practice and pedagogy has generated thanks to his ability to maintain certain autonomy from the country (US) without losing his involvement in Western academic discourse. Latin American architects from previous decades attended North American institutions to learn from them and to accustom to their methodologies. Now they begin to shape it.

Thursday, February 17–8:06am

Systems Integration lecture, LAURA PIRIE

claims humans "are innately programmed

to connect with other parts of nature,"

"feel safe on decks" because it reminds

them of hiding from "wild animals," and

land" or "in the wilderness." Collective

should never build architecture on "pristine

response on the class of 2023 group chat:

OTG: 2/17

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Mexican architect Tatiana Bilbao is also part of the Western academic discourse yet she represents a new stage in this relationship. Bilbao currently teaches at Yale University School of Architecture's graduate program. What is remarkable is that she does not hold a Master's degree from any North American university or any other institution elsewhere. In her interview she declared that her own alma mater, the Universidad Iberoamericana (IBERO), turned her down from teaching after realizing she has no post-graduate education [30:57 interview Tatiana Bilbao]. On the other hand, Yale, Columbia, Harvard. Rice and other institutions throughout the world have decided to overlook this qualification and recognize that her extensive practical experience is of great value for academia. Bilbao points out the deficit that exists today within Mexican architectural academia; it fails to incorporate the ideas being generated, by its own progeny, outside of it. The strong modernist roots it still holds to this day create an insular environment adverse to external influence. Whereas the lack of regulation in the construction industry plays in favor of young architects that begin to practice as soon as they come out of school. In the United States these roles seem to be inverted. The rigorous licensure process and immense liabilities young architects face in construction has increasingly pushed them to the receptivity of academia, where new ideas become the nourishment of their prosperity. Despite the apparent dissimilarities between these regions, Bilbao still perceives a symbiotic ationship between the two.

In architecture, the creation of this symbiosis between Latin American architectural practice and North American academia has developed throughout time, and it can be visualized as a gradual progression or spectrum. At one extreme. Luis Longhi acquired the ideas that proliferated the Western academic ourse in the 1980s to then apply them to the Peruvian context. On the opposite end, Latin American architects today like Cristobal Amunategui or Tatiana Bilbao, have already become important contributors in the production of this discourse. Their education as well as professional experience has developed in Latin America, yet in the United States they find a platform to express their ideas, even if they encounter certain incompatibility with it. At the center we can observe Hernan Diaz Alonso, who also shares a Latin American formation: the absorption of North American discourse however, has turned him into a key figure with little to no active influence from the former. The interaction and exchange between the two places opens up the doors for a constant revision that flows bilaterally. While the production of architecture in Latin America is influenced by the concepts and ideas generated by academia in the United States, these at the same time are also influenced by the construction of architecture in countries like Mexico, Peru, Chile and Argentina. What is significant about this symbiosis is the recognition of alternative modes of knowledge outside of traditional Western academia, which contributes to an intellectual horizontality in architecture

across the entire American territory.





COMMUNITY POETRY opens in the Atrium thanks to CAT WENTWORTH, M.C. MADRIGAL, and YIFAN WANG. "...make art, play poet". One poem reads "I move it giant beautiful anxious graphic crowd dance with elaborate secret sea of luxurious fruit for radiant promise.

Missel 57-1

Chong Gu Listen, I Don't Know

Friday, February 04 – 8:28pm

I was once asked to compare two buildings of my choice for an assignment. Stunned by the rigidity of heterosexual patriarchy and the invisibility of gender fluidity at the school, I decided to present a comparative analysis of Louis Kahn's Center for British Art and Dean Berke's Green Hall at The School of Art, raising the underrepresentation of female architects' work at Yale. After broaching these issues of inequality at our review, I recall a cis male faculty member roasting me – a student who had just arrived on campus – and asking if I knew what to do about gender imbalance. Girl. what the fuck, of course I didn't have a single clue.

Some of you might ask, how was that a roast? It sounded like he was being attentive and inquisitive about resolving gender inequality at Yale, but instead what this faculty did was dismissing the issue at hand. I would like to believe that at this moment he simply failed to recognize the severity and magnitude of the gender bias that still exists today. With a new female dean, a balanced biological gender representation in

student body, and increasing exposure of female architects and artists' work in exhibitions and symposiums on campus, namely, the Room(s) exhibition last year celebrating the work of female graduates of Yale School of Architecture, many may think that we have somewhat achieved the white feminist ideal. Come on, let's be real, feminism is not here yet. As long as the binary gender system prevails, society will always be constructed gravitating towards male interests. In Cruising Utopia Jose Muñoz states that "queerness is a longing that propels us onward, beyond the romances of the negative and toiling of the present." Presenting that same notion, feminism is also "that thing that lets us feel that this world is not enough, that indeed something is missing."¹ This is particularly evident in architecture and architecture schools: just because there are female students in the building, and they are given a floor to play badminton, it doesn't mean that we have become any more appreciative of femininity. We have heard stories of successful women in architecture only when they overcame femininity, such stories are rarely illustrations of exemplification of femininity. Whoever does acknowledge this continuing fight will be well aware that no one in history has ever solved "women's problems." not Marx, not Smith, and you and I are no exception.

I would hope anyone in school would recognize the occurrence I described as an act of ignorance, but if this faculty member intentionally accepted the status quo of gender exploitation, it would put you and I in a dire situation. Demanding solutions knowing there isn't one demonstrates a lack of sympathy and understanding that we are in this together. It is what people do when they isolated from the rest of the community This roast would then become a form of active avoidance, and sadly, you cannot wake a person who is pretending to sleep. Regardless of what propelled this faculty to ask me such a question, this is the reality you and I are still working with: men in power throwing problems back at us. Indeed, the university has allocated more space and budget for gender-related discussions, but our message has not been received from across, not vet. No constructive conversation is going to activate change unless cis men relinquish

their privilege and position as the center

Tuesday, February 01–8:17am

Shirley (Dongwei) Chen

of the community, and no man is going to give it up unless we reexamine why masculinity has been considered the key towards success. The Women's Table is not Yale's trophy for any advancement in feminism. The sculpture is no proof that we have found a solution to the issue at hand, it's possible we never will. Instead, it should serve us as a constant reminder that feminism is a never-achieving goal, and our vigilance requires perserverance.

Today, I am not directing this article at a specific man in power. I'm addressing you - the students - directly, so we can chat about how you and I can deliver this motherf**king message. We need to hold the men accountable, and we need to call out whenever they babble nonsense to us. Chandra Mohanty in Feminist Without Borders writes: "It is not the center that determines the periphery, but the periphery that, in its boundedness, determines the center."² You and I have the power to choose who to crowd around, but the only way this is possible is when we unite in solidarity. Solidarity does not mean that there is only the binary "us and "them". It does not mean that you and I have to identify as the same people in the | of Ma 間 fight for equality. For example, agreeing with me to support women does not labe you as gay, communist, Asian, or any other character that you do not identify with. In the same book, Mohanty argues that "rather than assuming an enforced commonality of oppression, the practice of solidarity foregrounds communities of people who have chosen to work and fight together."³ To be in solidarity is to empathize with people that are different from you. It is to build interdependence between individuals.

It might have been a little bit late, but this is the message I had hoped to share with you; because nobody knows the answer, but we are all in this together. I want to end my message with an excerpt from an interview in Mohanty's book. The interview is with a Filipina worker in Silicon Valley, her name is Irma

"We dream that when we work hard, we'll be able to clothe our children decently, and Özgür Anil still have a little time and money left for ourselves. And we dream that when we do as good as other people, we get treated the same, and that nobody puts us down because we are not like them... Then we ask ourselves. 'How could we make these things come true?' And so far we've come up with only two possible answers: win the lottery, or organize. What can I say, except I have never been lucky with numbers. So tell this in your book: tell them it may take time that people think they don't have, but they have to organize Because the only way to get a little measure of power over your own life is to do it collectively, with the support of other people who share your needs."

NOTES José Esteban Muñoz, Cruising Utopia : The Then and There of

- Queer Futurity (New York: New York University Press, c2009). p1. 2. Chandra Talpade Mohanty, *Feminisr* without Borders : Decolonizing Theory, Practicing Solidarity
- (Durham ; London: Duke University Press, c2003). p42. 3. Chandra Talpade Mohanty, *Femin*

without Borders : Decolonizing Theory, Practicing Solidarity (Durham; London: Duke University Press, c2003). p8.

 Chandra Talpade Mohanty, Feminism without Borders : Decolonizing Theory. Practicing Solidarity (Durham ; London: Duke University Press, c2003). p139.





Thursday, February 24–11:57pm Paprika Vol. 07 Issue 06 Credits

ssue Editors: Andrea Sanchez Moctezuma Jahaan Scipio

Aleksa Milojevic Carlos H. Blanco Graphic Designers Betty Wang Julio Correa

> Coordinating Editors: Signe Ferguson Jeeu Kim Joey Reich Harry Hooper

Chloe Hou

Tuesday, February 22 – 5:18pm Paprika Vol. 07 Issue 06 ontents

What You Wish You'd Said Josie Triana

Pantone 291 C Fanni Falucska

The Unsaid—On the Spatial Conception Cheryl Cheung

lost figures Shirley (Dongwei) Chen

Teléfonos Malogrados (Broken Telephones) Ale Borea

December Second Zachariah A Michielli

Do You Hear Me Singing Xinyu Chen

Bad Faith Moniaue Atherton

Don't Delete the Kisses Diana Smilikovic The Cool Kids of Architecture

Joshua Abramovich Morning Person: A Call For Complexity

Listen, I Don't Know Chong Gu

Messages from Room City Leyuan Li

Free Confluence Treaty Juan Cantu

The Green Ray (1986), dir. Éric Rohmer, 16 mm, 98 min. **Clare Fentress**

On the Ground (OTG) Anonymous

Thursday, January 27–3:28pm OTG: 1/27

LIZ DILLER talk. Students watch from zoom, no booze to shmooze after. Some were frustrated - where was the architecture? Are we supposed to be artists now? Will we ever see buildings in a lecture again? (yes, of course darling, don't be dramatic!). / PAUL MEUSER's Gargoyles found throughout Rudolph, nstalled overnight.



people left out. Google doc made, emails sent, a waterfall to TANIAL LOWE {an angel among us}. Finding your way on serlio is a floor plan made by a first year. See you in the fall for the same thing? Students want recompense - more mugs?

Friday, January 28–10:12am OTG: 1/28

Blizzard. Online games. Covid reminiscence. Architecture butt fingering now draw it according to PAUL MEUSER, LAUREN CARMONA, RACHEL TSAI {poker shark, class of '23}. Summer travel more lotteries, polling, broken links, cursed electives. But Rome! Mexico City! London! Gothenburg!/ Lawful Good/Neutral/ Evil chart created > check out @on_the_ ground_ysoa_22

Friday, February 04–12:37pm Özgür Anil Morning Person: A Call For Complexity







A young woman wakes up to several missed calls and finds herself in a difficult situation with her family when she is caught between their expectations and her desires. Through my short film I tried to represent the miscommunication within immigrant communities, and how we come to define a human being. On one hand there are certain values that we inherit from older generations, and on the other hand we are confronted with the complexities of our everyday lives which force us to formulate our own moral values. I was very interested in the idea of trying to negotiate between these contrary emotions within us. I intended to use the telephone as a metaphor for this moral dilemma that is hard to overcome. Starting from a naked person, with whom we can all identify with, I tried to show a transition to someone who has many social and political labels and however still remains the same human being that we saw at the beginning. It was important for me to show this as a fragment rather than a fully rounded up narrative. in order for the missed call element and its impact to stay with the viewer even after vatching the film.



Monday, January 31 - 5:51pm Pantone 291 C

t all would be very different. I wish your existence didn't affect me, but we exist in interdependent systems, and my hypothetical longing changes within it. I think it's impossible to experience love ever the same way twice, or anything for that matter. That makes me think about all these little loves, you know, the ones you could potentially imagine yourself with, the ones you would never tell you fancy them, because for some utterly insignificant eason, you know it could simply never happen. They might already be with someone else, completely dislike you, or simply not even know you exist. You keep vour affection to vourself, and vourself only. You don't talk about little loves. Little loves exist in a reality which is only ever present to you.

Little loves come in various forms with many names, different qualities, contrasting personalities, and in utterly and exclusively illogical manners. You have dark, almost pitch black curly hair and woeful eyes, you are grumpy and stand too close to me on the first day we meet, but the next minute you are cheeky, blond. and with the frostiest pantone 291 C eyes. There's something common in you, it's your casual inertia. There's this thing about nteractions that remain unreciprocated, that it leaves space for imaginary tête-àtête. A place where the first uncomfortable conversations happen about our parents who tried to love us, but only managed to do it in their own ways, about your obnoxious secrets you think you can share with me as a sign of trust. You try to sum up your life in seventy-three minutes, and I simply pretend as though I don't already know most of it.

Yet, above all else, I must avoid eyecontact, leave you on read, play it cool and dishonest, and avoid asking questions about you or your stupid little things, because I need you to feel my indifference while I simultaneously gather every detail of you. It's a purposeful mutual misunderstanding, because it's socially acceptable to suffer silently in the sake of not expressing to your little loves that vou desire them. Perhaps I don't really want you after all, maybe I'm protecting myself from the depth and comfort you presumably could offer me. Ultimately, I dismiss you exactly how I desired you: silently and efficiently.



The Green Ray (1986), dir. Éric Rohmer, 16 mm, 98 min.

n January, I called my friend R. She said she had been having a hard time; everything seemed futile. Attempting to break out of her spiral, she'd thrown herself into the world, looking for closeness. No one had picked up. Her descent was gaining speed.

This was supposed to be a review of two recent movies: The Call, a thriller from 2020, and Ayka, a drama from 2018. Both feature a recurring, threatening phone call from the villain to the protagonist. Instead, I watched a movie I first saw with R three years ago. We'd been sitting in my kitchen when my phone rang: my aunt had died. R and I walked to the park and lay in the cold grass. A little later, we went back to the house, swaddled ourselves in blankets and put on The Green Ray. Marie Rivière plays Delphine, a lonely woman in her early thirties searching for intimacy but met with disappointment at every step. As friends turn her down and lovers reject her, the abyss between self and others widens. Her vulnerability deforms into anger. Then in the last ten minutes of the film, waiting in a train station on her way home from a failed vacation in Biarritz, Delphine sees a tall man wearing a Mickey Mouse shirt. He inquires about the book she's reading. In a burst of abandonment, she asks if she can join him on his trip. Finally, someone picks up.

Later that afternoon, Delphine walks along a rocky beach in Saint-Jean-de-Luz with Mickey Mouse man, the wind pulling her blouse open. She sees a promontory and rushes toward it. The day before, eavesdropping on some old women, she had learned about le ravon vert. a rare optical phenomenon that can occur at sunrise and sunset: when just a tiny bit of the sun's light is present, certain conditions can cause it to refract, resulting in a fleeting green flash. Never longer than two seconds. Easy to miss. Good luck for those who see it. Delphine and this stranger, by whom she feels unexpectedly comprehended, sit anxiously atop a perch of yearning bedrock, waves crashing beneath them, the sun rapidly falling from the sky, waiting for the green ray to call. Delphine starts to cry. Their eyes widen. I won't tell you what happens

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Beep (silence).

Hi, Architecture. This is Room City. You may not know us yet. We are the entity that precludes absolute conditions. We are both historical and contemporary.

We are the didactic apparatus that rejects the totality of spaceless Urbanism and formless Interiors. This call is an audacious attempt to reintroduce ourselves to you Architecture: the spatial armature bridging the growing chasm between Interior and Urbanism. We would like to reclaim the significance of form as a scaffolding of spatial positivities.

Over the centuries, Interior and Urbanism have migrated to divergent poles of spatial practice. Acting as a mediator, you, Architecture, have always been called to restructure the divide. The last century has witnessed the rapid construction of vast interior spaces revolutionized by mechanical technologies. With the transcendent capacity to traverse the limits of dimension and orientation, the territory of the Interior began to swell, expand, and interconnect, rendering legible a new, spatio-political urban model and overwriting the autonomous convictions of conventional urbanism. With its powerful apparatus pumped by the machine of capitalism, the grand Interior has preceded and superseded Architecture by dissolving its boundaries and collapsing its appearance. By moving the role of Architecture from the equation, the emergence of Interior became the new world of infinite projection and subjection - an overarching, spatial machine unleashed to exacerbate

the increased polarities of Interior and Urbanism

The massive proliferation of Interior is senseless, formless, and endless. It engulfs and integrates every project of the capitalist world – shopping malls, airports, and galleries - into a seamless whole. Diagnosed by Rem Koolhaas as "Junkspace." these spaces are curated. immersed in the pure enclosure of laissez-faire consumerism, molded into a pernicious network that rejects any legible logic and framework of urbanism. One of the most conspicuous cases is the Penn Station complex located in Manhattan. The iconic building, once monumentally constructed as a major transportation hub for the public, was demolished under the tyranny of the implosive Interior, and

replaced by an underground network. Room City seeks to address the precarious violence between Interior and Urbanism. We would like to reintroduce vou. Architecture, back to the equation as a productive armature. By examining your historical relevance, such as the Baths of Caracalla in Rome, you are expected to reproduce a system of urban rooms that give a new shape to the configuration of urban spaces. It is imperative to redefine the convoluted relationship between the sheltered interior and the exterior world. Room City aims to deploy technology to supplement classical and formal geometries. How can we detach you from the hurdle of historical heaviness and modernistic cliché? Our intention will manifest itself in how we navigate the tensions between old and new, formal and tectonic, generic and specific, "ducks" and 'decorated sheds," and most importantly, interiority and exteriority.

Hi, Architecture. This is Room City. Please call us back.





Thursday, February 17–2:43pm

Scales of Design, BIMAL MENDIS demonstrates how to cut a bell pepper

for a section. 1/2 class out with Covid; res

brave souls asks if slicing vegetables is

squint from back of Hastings. After 20 min,

OTG: 2/17

part of the assignment.

The Unsaid-On the Spatial Conception of **Ma**間

In the West, the unsaid often registers as a missed opportunity that connotes a loss of something could have happened n space and time. There is a desire to cultivate a logical and linear historical narrative, like that of Locke and Descartes n architecture we might find the narrative of style described through terms such as neo-classicism, revivalism and postmodernism – one stylistic movement alling upon the past and regenerating n the future (neo- : post- etc) constantly picking up calls. [Ring, Ring, Ring!] "Hello, ts me. The messy Baroque is gone, let us bring back Grecian architecture!" These rchitectural styles hold a clear preference for a set of rules that defines the stylistic pursuit.

What intrigues me, is that on the opposite end of the spectrum, the vulnerability of the unsaid, emptiness and stillness are regularly praised in Japanese culture. Consider [ring ... ring ... ring] and the call ends. The dots occupying the silence are best described as "Ma" 間—emptiness, void (aka the between world). For us to be able to fully experience a ring, there must be silence, and the length of the silences distinguished the importance of the rings in between them – in the missed call, the pause after the last ring s the most emotional. The concept of Ma declares there is no urge to go against the flow nor an urge to make a statement -like floating the river, it does not fight, but rather is the emptiness that allows phenomena to manifest in their most natural state. It's power lies in stillness and peing. Fundamentally, the meaning of Ma ranscends time and space, its existence s universal and boundless. The Kinji (Chinese character) of Ma [間] made up of two parts: the gate [門] and the sun $[\square]$. The combination of the two characters poetically illustrates a spatial moment when sunlight or moonlight shines through gateway. Ma holds phenomena

Does this mean that Western architecture fails to understand the concept of Ma? No, it does not. Ma does not speak to stylistic pursuits, aesthetics or formsather it is omnipresent in all great works of architecture. The Pantheon is a perfect nanifestation of Ma. The sun shining through the gate (oculus) reaches the space underneath the dome – and in this instance, this call from the sun transcends the void into a between world that evokes an active, ever-changing, and immediate wareness that sees time, space, and nature as totality. It also heavily relies on the imagination and sensory experience of the human mind to fully immerse its witnesses. Palladio's San Giorgio Maggiore, Zumthor's Bruder Klaus Field Chapel, Jean Nouvel's Louvre in Abu Dhabi, Nishizawa's eshima Art Museum do not speak to each other stylistically, yet they all possess a sensitivity to create a generous spatial void that allows the between world to come into being. This between world is always changing, fluid, temporal, poetic, and spiritual. Ma manifests through human experiences when nature and objects become a totality.

and events.

_ooking beyond architecture with a capital A, we are now in an important moment in nistory to make space for architecture of owercase 'a'. And it is up to us to take the responsibility to define what is and what is not in the spirit of ma.

> 1. Pilgrim, Richard B. "Intervals ('Ma') in Space and Time: Foundations for a Religio-Aesthetic Paradigm in Japan History of Religions 25, no. 3 (1986) 2. Ibid. 267.

Thursday, February 03 – 5:45pm Xinyu Chen Do You Hear Me Singing



On the campus of Rice University, James Turrell's Skyspace stands on an open field, with rows of sycamore trees flanking its entrance on one side and the School of Music's building forming an impenetrable termination on the other. The Skyspace, with its more proper name Twilight Epiphany, is an artwork commissioned by alumna Suzanne Deal Booth, who also serves as a member of the Rice Public Art Committee. An information plate installed at one of the entrances further declares the structure's prescribed selfconsciousness as a piece of art.

However, the entire construction is typologically a union of Le Corbusier's Dom-Ino nestled on top of a pyramidal ground, with a skylight in the thin roof supported by slender columns. By conventional measurement it has all three elements that make an essential architecture: vertical structures, transverse shelters, and apertures for admissions of either humans or light and air. The first two elements are exquisitely displayed in the illustration of the primitive hut accompanying Laugier's Essai sur l'architecture. The third element, though not explicitly highlighted, is nevertheless one integral part of Laugier's analyses in written form

Across two quadrangles from the Skyspace is the Brochstein Pavilion, a small cafe designed by the New Yorkbased architectural firm Thomas Phifer and Partners. The Pavilion, similar to the Skyspace, is known for its minimum structure and seemingly weightless roofline. The Alumni Dr. running across the quadrangles marks a mirroring plane Standing along this line of symmetry, looking towards either one's left or right, one can never miss the alarming similarities between the two structures they are long-lost twins, albeit residing n separated disciplinary worlds as the metaphor of the mirror well indicates.

In assigning the Skyspace to the art realm while asserting that the Brochstein Pavilion is an archetypal building with practical functions, are we missing some latent messages from them? At times, when hosting concerts by music students, the Skyspace awakened and made its presence heard: "Do you hear me singing? Do you hear ME singing?" It declared, in exhilaration, its utilitarian status in becoming an event space. However, this euphoric call, though haunting for me, seemed to have its signal cut short by the Alumni Dr. mirroring plane. The Brochstein Pavilion – and subsequently its bustling

Wednesday, February 09 – 8:10pm OTG: 2/9

VIN HOGBEN is blowing minds amongst first years and pressuring them to question what it means to represent water and learn from power. / ANA BATLLE considers waiving Systems.



OTG: 2/1 LAUREN CARMONA's Saloon Shutters relocated from 4 to 7 - associated

Saturday, February 12 – 2:13pm OTG: 2/12

flaked, re-built

architectural accessories are

BADMINTON IS BACK BABY. Team names = excellent: Bush Hammered Birdies: OnlySlams: Thiccer than our Accents: TBD MegnhaJack: I'd Smash That; Back Alley Boys II; The Bjarke Pringles Group; Lina Bo Birdie; Iturbe Rejects; Alliance of Evil.

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Monday, February 14 – 1:05pm OTG: 2/14

TRATTIE DAVIES and NIKOLE BOUCH-ARD are running doubles for Core 2. Above/Below now has a sibling, All Around Countdown to existential crises in 3, 2, / LAUREN CARMONA & PAUL MEUSER release new jerseys, 2022 spring season.



visitors - chose not to hear, and the missed call became the sound of silence.

(xc)

In separating the production of architecture from that of art, Robin Evans once said that "the most remarkable properties of Turrell's installations are local and not transportable." However, the transient light effect within the space by Turrell is comparable to a similar effect under the canopy of the Brochstein Pavilion. In denying the Skyspace's status as more than a piece of art, the architectural discipline is severing itself from an evolving world scene.

Yet this is not to say that the Skyspace would defend itself as a piece of architecture. Bather, residing in an era characterized by a drastically changing relationship between art and architecture, the Skyspace wants to caution us against the ease with which such slippery assifications can be made. To borrow Rosalind Krauss's famous coordinate system, the Skyspace lies somewhere as an "axiomatic structure" - an artwork that is in its essence architecture and non-architecture simultaneously. Comparatively, the Brochstein Pavilion should not be interpreted as purely a piece of architecture defined by its precise functionality. As light penetrates its permeable sunshade, the Pavilion similarly straddles the border between art and architecture.

In such a state concurrently within and outside of the discipline, maybe the message from the Skyspace to the Brochstein Pavilion, from art to architecture, could finally find a bypass to overcome the dichotomy of two mirroring worlds.

"Do you hear me singing?" The Skyspace vibrates with the music. "Do you hear me singing?" The fold rustles in the wind.

Do you hear me singing?

- NOTES The drawing that I am alluding to is "allegory of architecture", the rontispiece to the second edition of Marc-Antoine Laugier's Essai sur
- 'architecture, drawn by Charles-
- Dominique-Joseph Eisen.Robin Evans, "Translations from Drawing to Building," in Translations from Drawing to Building, (Cambridge, MA: The MIT Press,
- 1997), 159. 3. See Rosalind Krauss. "Sculpture in

the Expanded Field," in October, Vol.8. (Spring 1979), 30-44.

Tuesday, Feb 01 - 4:26pm Josie Triana What You Wish YOU'D SAID

Hi, you've reached someone who clearly doesn't want to talk right now because if they wanted to engage in conversation with you they would have answered this phone call in the first place. I'm sorry I couldn't take your call at this time - I'm either on another call or doing absolutely anything else that is frankly none of your business. Please leave your name, number, and reason for calling so I know exactly who to block. I'll get to not calling you back as soon as possible because I am under no obligation to return this message, and truthfully, my gut is telling me you're either calling for a favor, money, or to simply waste my f*cking time.

Leave me alone after the beep. *Beep



Core 4 students report ANTHONY ACCIAVATTI to PETA.



DENA YAGO gives a lecture to the design Atrium. The last slide depicts a gecko with text reading "you have the power to end hese patterns.



to say the least. / BOB STERN's {former dean, vellow sock aficionado} class reads Phillip Johnson's the Seven Crutches of Modern Architecture - Pretty Plan calls out 1/2 the class - lol.

Phallocentrism. Still a thing? Overcompen-

sation? SDE? / "NOT A RECEPTION" pop

up appears in Rudolph. Ephemeral and

ahead of its time. Left me thinking. 5/5.

memories.

Core 4 charges to the idiom "There's more than one way to skin a cat." / ANA BATLLE realizes unfortunately she has staved on the sinking ship of Systems for so long that she will now have to actually take it. RYAN REYES and SIGNE FERGUSON rejoice.



We get the best speakers and so many treats It's a starchitect, theorist, cocktail environment.

New England grad schools are a requirement

To make us impressed, You must provide an explanation

As to why you despise the West.

But invite us to your chateau for vacation. The final requirement is to only use gumball

This is mandatory for all cool kids in archi We suggest writing in Paprika about urban sprawl

And disavowing any systems of hierarchy

I got off the phone with my sister and nmediately called a friend in New Haven for help. Being alone that night would have killed me, too. I was nonfunctional in the hours and days after I spoke to my dad and sister that night. I was very fortunate to have two friends who kept me alive that week

N

By September 2018, my mom refused b leave the house, so my dad had been separately running errands for both of them at various times throughout the day. At the same time, he was unwilling o leave her alone for more than three hours. She had been panicked and hallucinating for months, and my dad

agrees with me. We thought we could talk to her psychiatrist directly, so mom wouldn't know. My doctor says he doesn't have to acknowledge that mom

is his patient or respond, but if he sees that we're worried, he might ... - "No, no. No. She's been seeing him for years. He's not going to listen to you." - "I just need you to tell me the name on her prescription bottle and I can

probably find his email address or one for the office." "No, we're not doing that.

I talked to my dad every day for the two weeks that my mom was in California.

was out west. I missed that called too, so she left a message. She claimed her reception was terrible in Monterey, and that if I tried to call, she wouldn't be able to answer. I assumed it was her flip phone that was causing the problems and thought nothing of it. She sounded cheerful and relaxed for the first time in a while. It almost convinced me that

ZM

"Dad, did you know? I mean, did you have any idea?" My dad shook his head

- "Zach, do you remember last summer

- "Mom wasn't visiting her friends. Well, she was... she tried to visit them, but she basically knocked on their door, unannounced, in the middle of dinner. maybe with guests, it wasn't clear, and just started pleading for help, so they called the cops. Anyway, they called to tell me what happened after the cops took mom to the hospital." He stopped

- "Well, she shows up, right, bangs on their door, waits... And when they answer, she just started yelling about Dr. Smith. He's following her; he's hired people to steal our information through the wireless network; whatever she said. They said they didn't recognize her, she didn't identify herself, and so they just called the cops. They must have kept her talking or something because if she thought they had gotten to them too, she would have

– "What do you mean "she would have disappeared?" Dad. this is exactly why we wanted to talk to her doctor last summer. She wasn't taking the right

- "She would have just done this sooner, Zach. If she thought they had gotten to you or the doctor she would have done this then. When she left for California, she said she wasn't coming back. She was going to disappear like "Dad, he had paranoid schizophrenia"

and thought his boss was following him around the country. We still don't know

moments when you can tell someone needs you to get the hint, so they won't be forced to say the punchline. I got it.

was suicidal. I told you nothing was happening, she was imagining it. I tried to get you to send me pictures. She just kept telling me not to worry about it. Wait." I interrupted myself. "If she wasn't going to come back, why did she?" - "She was in a mental hospital in California. Her friends didn't press charges, so they took her to a psych hospital, and they must have given her some medicine that helped. I talked to her every day. She seemed better, said she wanted to come home, but still went

- "That's why she called me! She called me that one time and told me her reception was really bad. The medicine must have made her think to go to Anne's, for some reason, and then come home." I knew the reason. She was saying goodbye to her oldest friend. She stayed in Raleigh for three weeks. - "She didn't have a charger for her phone, so she could only use the hospital phones. But she didn't want you to see the number, so one of the nurses charged her phone for her one day." "Wait, so if mom was taking the right

"She stopped taking it when she left the

- "Goddammit! We were going to try, Dad!" I could feel the hurt rising in my chest, unfairly angled toward my father He looked at me calmly and said, "Zach, you didn't live with her through this, ok. I did. There was nothing we could have

that idea. We would have just lost her

was about 11-pm when we arrived. I drank quickly and told her the story and anyone within earshot, and she listened just trying to be supportive and understand the bizarre story of my family. That was the last time I closed out a bar. I know I made it home safely that night, but I don't remember how. I don't remember much of that week until my friend from California arrived on Wednesday evening to help me drive from Connecticut to Maryland. We drove a slow route and didn't get to Maryland until 11-pm. I drove to pick-up my friend in White Plains and into Pennsylvania. For the second half of the drive, I asked my friend to take over. I didn't think I would be able to control the vehicle once we reached the Baltimore suburbs. As we crossed the Mason-Dixon line. I had flashbacks to the Saturday after thanksgiving just twelve days prior. On a lazy afternoon with my parents, my mom suggested we watch a movie, not an uncommon occurrence after having the cable, internet, and telephone line disconnected. At the time, I didn't think twice about the idea. The choice itself was not even particularly out of character The Conspirator, a historical fiction about the mother of John Wilkes Booth. (It didn't raise suspicion: I was oblivious.) My parents often watched television and films about the American Civil War. I watched it from start to finish and had no way to interpret that message. In the final scene, Mary Surratt stands atop gallows in defiance of the US government, with a noose around her neck. She is hanged for keeping secret the whereabouts of

That was the last time I saw my mother alive.

her son.

