



Letter From the Editors

Daphne Agosin, Francesca Carney, & Abena Bonna

Détournement may be an active tool, one of interest despite frequent disillusionments on the futility of postmodern discoveries, these many years ahead of its conception. As pieces came together for this issue, Debord and Asger Jorn made a comeback appearance regarding strategies to portray subjects in the city. Their conscious process of cutting elements of a discourse to construct contradiction according to the new rules of paste composition—thrillingly aware of the interchangeable use of content and expression they found in this technique—turned out to be an intuitive approach when people were called to express their experiences in cities through personal, collective, new, alternative, and historical landmarks.

You can find techniques of cutting and pasting in Aymar's quick NY scene projections, in Brian's collage presenting subjectivity and iconography, or in the interchangeableability of myth and urban landscape in Lucie's short-long story on theater and the moral horizon.

Our focus for this issue was on the impact that the designed environment has on our lives. This comes from the idea that by recognizing our own subjectivities in space, we can achieve designs that have empathy for their subjects. There will remain a lot to be asked of how our interaction with different spaces affects our approach to design and architecture and how this in turn affects the student culture at YSoA, so we start by asking: where have we all been, and for how long? As Ming Kyung Lee comments in conversation with Jon Molloy (inside), the blank spaces of our map of visited cities will inevitably say as much about the school culture as the printed dots and lines.

To reach as many faraway and different places as possible inspires new understandings of one's own subjectivity. A wanderer's approach to the architecture profession is reassured in this issue in order to encourage the continuations of political cutting and pasting with knowledge and comprehension of new places: places that, although they may be off the map of classic architecture, are seen not only as places for intervention, but that have natures of their own to be both learned and expressed.

Four Eyes

Brian Cash, M.Arch I '19

Despite what you may have heard, Berlin is not over. But the long-term relationship that chronicled my three years in Berlin is.

At the age of 14, full of teenage angst, I became infatuated by the German language. At 21, I found the city of Berlin enchanting. And it was there, at the age of 24, I fell in love for the first time. No longer with him, I find it hard to look back on my time in Berlin and separate my personal experience in the city from our shared experience in the

city. Having seen the city through four eyes had and continues to have a profound effect on me.

When people — categorically gay men — ask me what life in Berlin was like, they're looking for a very specific answer. Those who haven't yet been want to hear that the city really is the playground it's said to be. Those who've visited and done the circuit have a distorted view of gay life in the city. Yes! We know! Berlin's role in the queer world is indisputable: it's Queen.

In that paradoxical, melancholic and dreadfully bureaucratic city, I came into myself in a way that I never could have in the familiarity of the Midwest. The question remains, though: how do you navigate a city within your memory once a defining relationship is a thing of the past?

The **Tempelhofer Feld**. This airfield-turned-public park, home of the decommissioned Tempelhof Airport, was initially where I would go for a stroll, or to meditate, or to watch Berliners fly kites. Having lived within walking distance, I'd visit this expansive urban meadow multiple times a week. I even trained for my first marathon here. Running along the southern edge of the park, I'd pass the sweet-smelling biscuit factory and impulsively check my watch to see how much longer I needed to run before I could eat again. A packet of gooey electrolytes would have to hold me over.

Each time I hosted a friend who was passing through, I'd make sure to bring them to Tempelhofer Feld. And each time I forgot how long it takes to walk the length of the airstrip (especially when it was brisk outside). One of my more recent memories at Tempelhofer was taking a photo with an old friend. The low-slung sky threw long shadows from our legs, making our silhouettes look like those of grasshoppers.

Inside the massive halls of the airport, I was lucky enough to see my friends and peers present their thesis at the DMY design festival. After a day of putting on their best faces, we would go outside, beer in hand, to watch a game of football. In time, however, this place transformed from the site of lazy afternoons spent reading on your pashmina into the site of painfully silent walks with our hands held at our own sides. Do you remember that one time that despite your unkind words, I saw through them and knew all you needed was a good night of sleep?

Three times a week, I took my pre-work runs along the **Neuköllner Schifffahrtskanal**.

Later each day, I rode my bike to work admiring its grungy glory. The water blazed amber in autumn with leaves floating on the surface. The young and the restless would brunch at *Zimt und Mehl* on the weekends, soaking up the sun's last moments like lizards. We'd make jokes about the cold-blooded nature of Berliners. We went to *Zimt und Mehl*, too. We'd both want the #7 Mediterranean but settle on different plates to share. Or not. Closer to Kottbusser Tor, we'd shove our way through the crowds to participate in the flea market. Did we ever buy anything? Not really. We'd still go, though.

But the canal was the neutral place we'd go to have tough conversations, too. We would attempt to understand if there was long-term compatibility or how I could extend my visa. I would probe your understanding of depression and try to get you to see it through my wistful eyes. Yet I don't think you ever really got it.

As I run through my list of personal landmarks in Berlin — places that help orient my memories in space: Körnerpark, Hermannplatz, hell! all of Neukölln and Kreuzberg — I can't come up with any that feel truly mine. Being in love added to the place as I didn't anticipate. Love also added a layer to my identity. It was in Berlin that I gained a more complete understanding of myself and my gayness — and then it came to an end. I didn't anticipate how quickly I would fall out of love with all things German. And so we resorted to other languages.

I didn't intend this to be a piece about an ex- (I'm over it! Really!), but rather a story about disillusionment. I find it hard to think of Berlin and feel anything but jaded. Nonetheless, the city will remain special to me even if it feels burdensome and complicated right now.

It hurts that I lost Berlin but he lost something too.

In Berlin I began a series of collages that layered Berlin's cityscapes with archetypal images of gay male sexuality and leisure. The series is a work in progress as I attempt to understand my unique gayness both within and apart from this imagery. ↓

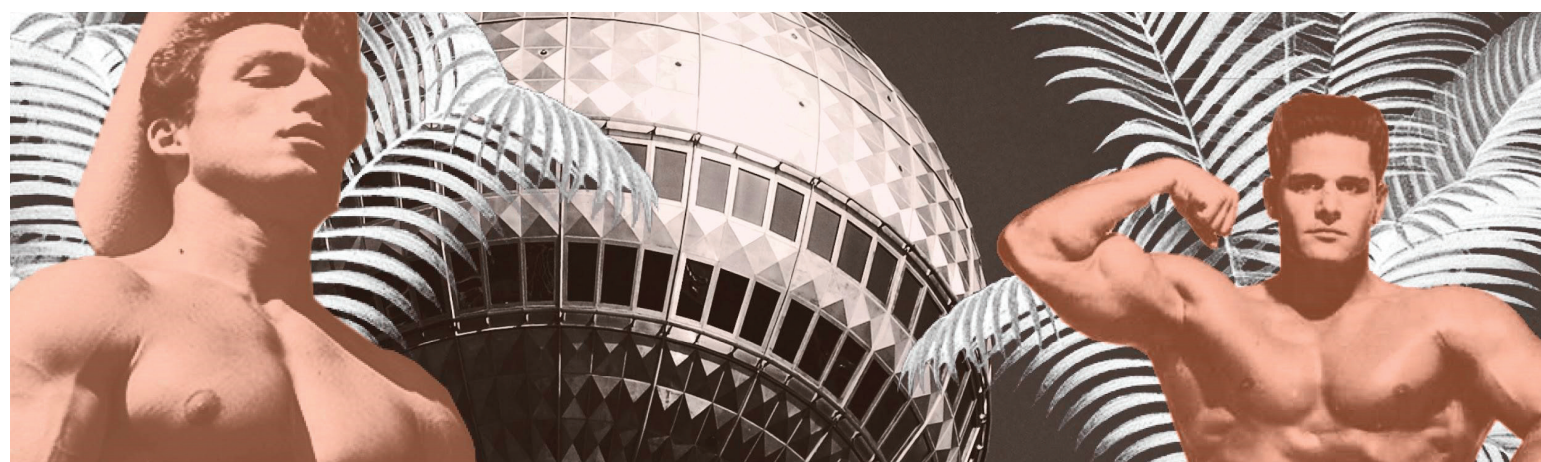
It's Complicated

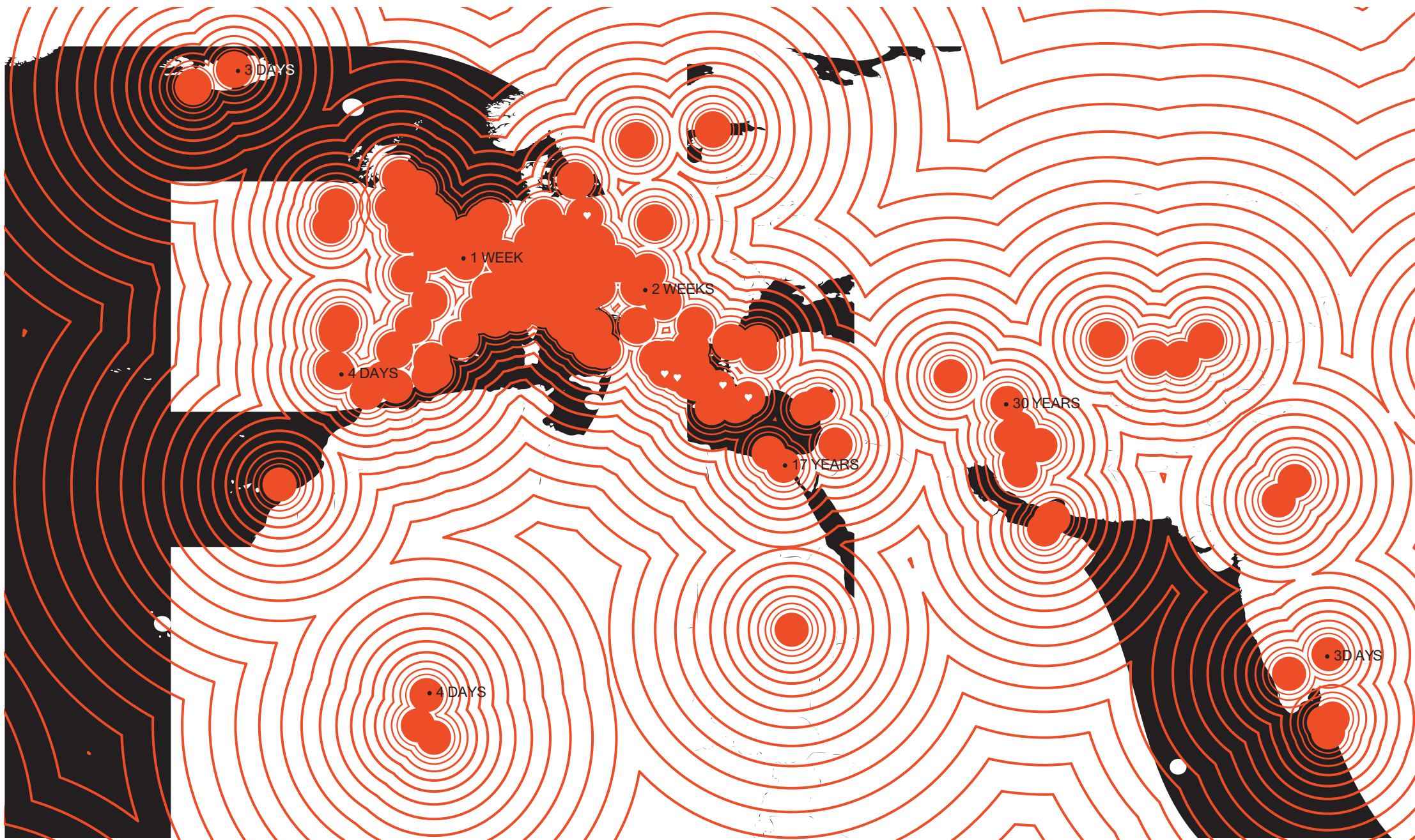
Aymar Mariño-Maza, M.Arch II '17

I fell in love. I left her. Clear enough, right? Well, it's not. Let me explain.

She is New York, mine at least. She's a sardine can of subway sweat, visible tattoos and Michael Kors bags, 4AM subway cars filled with the men we won't see in crowds, rush hour trains with teens who won't care if an old woman can't find a seat. She's above ground too. Her trash bags stacked like barricades of filth, her crooked backbone, sexy as hell, the peddlers on 14th street, their brothers on 34th, and selfie sticks, everything everywhere smelling of halal food or something I won't name for propriety's sake. She is one too many stereotypes strung together. She is an empty cup extended towards me. God save her. But she is not a penniless man. She is tethered to inflated rent, the Starbucks effect, the cost of ripped jeans and cocktails in Soho. She has the melancholia of a newborn, not like that washed up drag of European cities. She isn't going at the speed of the crowd, but that of too many U-Haul trucks, foreclosures and rebuilt facades. Her buildings are old before they are constructed, her taxi drivers too slow, her people snails, and me and the rest of her lovers pump ads straight to the vein. Our melancholia is superficial. I prefer her winter, of rats in the tracks and black snow, of a darkness where murders freeze over unnoticed, and seeing the breath of one of her other lovers is intoxicating, like PDA and hypothermia. But it was summer when I left her, when she brought out her nanny-pushed strollers and her Saturday morning ferias. With the sound of bachata and children chasing children, sweaty men dribbling a worn soccer ball, overweight women dancing zumba, the smell of spiced pulled pork, mashed plantains, and sweetened rice. And I left. Confused, by her dirty cafes with drip coffee and carrot juices, by the couches in her sidewalk, confused by that temptress, that lover, that city. Confused—

Anyways, like I said, it's complicated.





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Reflections on a Visit to the ACME Furniture Collection

Davis Butner, M.Arch | '19

I'll be the first to admit: the experience of visiting Rob Greenberg's comprehensive collection of New Haven artifacts and witnessing the series of events that played out there before us as Mr. Greenberg was handed an eviction notice by a New Haven Marshall rocked me to my core and raised a number of poignant questions and concerns.

First off, while I had never seen an eviction notice delivered before, I can only assume that Mr. Greenberg's demonstration of self-composure and gracious civility in handling the situation in such a public setting was in itself deserving of an Academy Award. Given the pressures he faces as an independent business owner, not to mention the added strain of an internal familial dispute over the future prospects and/or value of a 3rd generation family-owned institution, I can only fathom the deep-seated conviction to his family's heritage that he holds fast to. The lone crusader in a downhill battle to preserve and restore against all odds, Greenberg's situation seems like the live re-adaptation of an all-too-familiar American plotline.

Reflecting on the size, complexity, value, and future potential of Mr. Greenberg's archaeological opus in turn raises two critical concerns:

1. *What is the value of heritage on the scale of the city and what is its significance to architectural design?*

It seems paradoxical that a local figure in historic preservation as notable as Mr. Greenberg would find himself threatened by the current climate of a real estate market, which over the last decade has begun to value historic preservation as a central factor to the development of 'identity' and 'place' within successful architecture.

2. *Can 'Heritage' be valued or commoditized?*

This may be an open ended question, but I can't help but relate with anecdotes on a personal and recently professional level. For one, even my own family has struggled to find value in the preservation of artifacts after selling off a fourth generation family-run wholesale foods company. One could say that these labels lost all value after the brand was absorbed by a larger corporation, and yet to our family these items were instantly priceless. I've encountered a similar re-valuing of heritage on an urban scale this past year when working to design a mixed-use urban redevelopment in Atlanta on the brownfield site of a since-demolished historic steel mill. In a sense, the city of Atlanta was resurrecting a once-erased urban infrastructural heritage for the sake of inventing a sense of 'place' and 'historic character' virtually from scratch. There was even talk of programming a museum of Atlanta Industrial History within the complex as a testimony to the city's industrial heritage evoked by the design.

In considering my exposure to both sides of the equation in questioning the representational, cultural, commercial, and financial worth of 'heritage' in relation to Mr. Greenberg's present situation, I can't help but turn to the plot of Arthur Miller's "The Price." A play eerily reflective of the current condition of New Haven's ACME Furniture, one quote in particular resonates strongly as a cautionary theatrical relic of advice. "Don't be seduced into thinking that that which does not make a profit is without value."



Geometric Correspondence: Conversation with Min Kyung Lee

Jonathan Molloy, M.Arch | '18

Min Kyung Lee is an Assistant Professor of Visual Arts, Architectural Studies, and Gender, Sexuality, and Women's Studies at the College of the Holy Cross.

JM How did you go into your studies of the manuscript and what were your questions?

MKL One of the main things I work on is the correspondence between the terrain and its representation, and how the two are linked. The representation I'm most interested in is the map (what we now call a map) and the fact that we believe in precise correspondence, especially when it comes to maps or plans or any representation of terrain. As an architect, you believe a site plan corresponds to a particular site, or a map corresponds to a particular territory. But I think orthographic representation of terrain, as it has been composed since the 18th century—lines on a surface of paper—is such an unintuitive connection: how a line can correspond to a distinction between a river, between water and terrain, or a street versus a block. The thing that's odd about it is that aspect image. It doesn't look like the terrain, but we believe so much that that terrain is represented faithfully, with fidelity. And because we believe in it, we can do things with that representation that we cannot readily do without, one of them being drawing and projecting and planning, and eventually from that, building. So for me the question is: what is the basis for that belief?

One basis is surveying. On the most basic level, somebody walked that ground and said "yes, I can attest to the fact that the line corresponds to this" and that's verified through a series of things: mathematical calculations, geographic and geologic symbols, and most importantly, shared and standardized measuring systems, like the metric system. Another basis is institutions, and some of those institutions are administrative and legal; there are laws that say this plan, or map, is a faithful representation of the terrain. So laws hold the map accountable.

JM Yes, there are laws that say you must have a plan in order to build. If you have a property dispute, how is that dispute challenged or resolved? Through maps. And those are all legal practices. Even the way in which that map is drawn is legally regulated.

JM So, as I understand it, this paradigm surfaced largely with the Nolli map in Rome, but your research is mostly on its adoption in France and Paris?

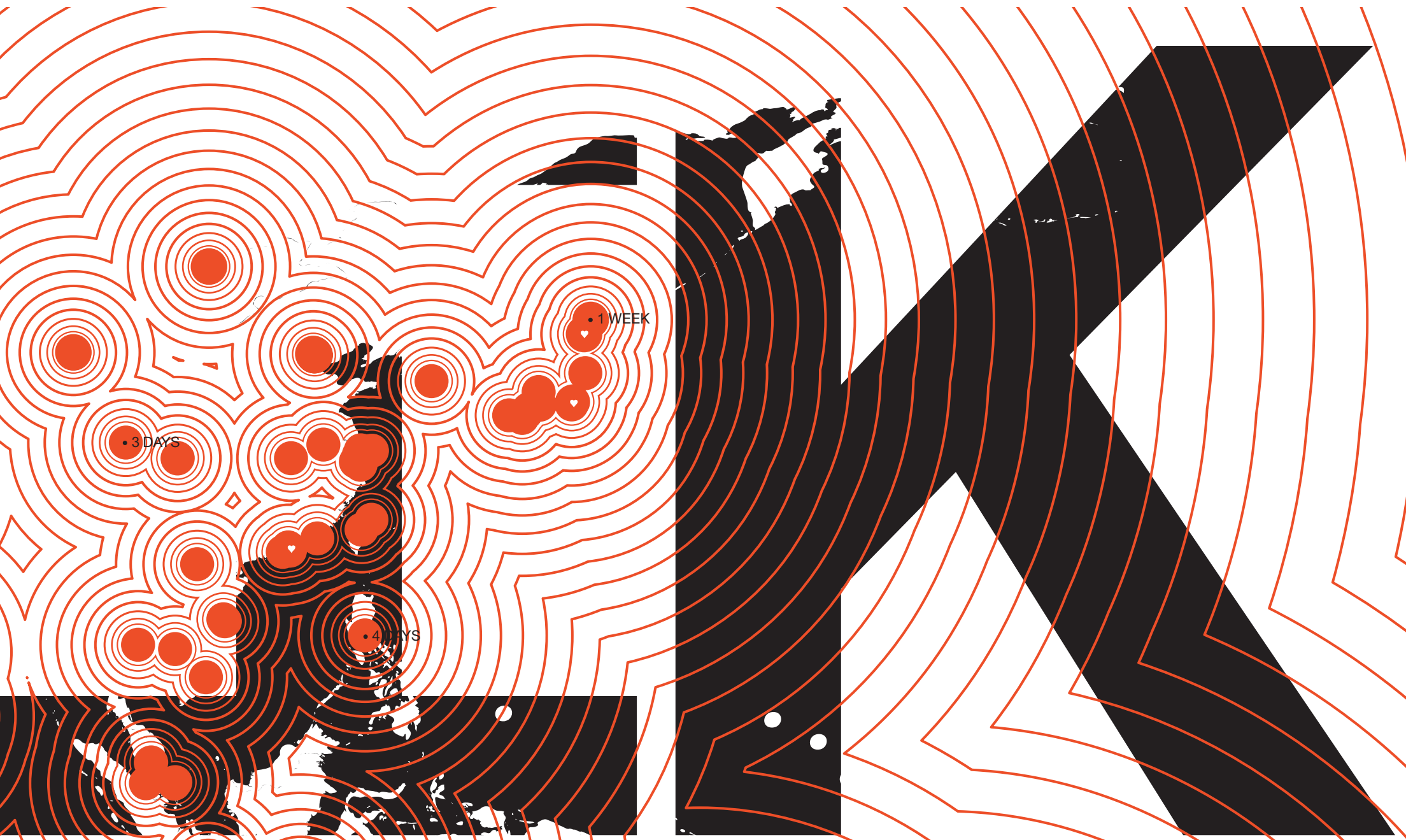
MKL Yeah, it's about the introduction of the orthographic plan.

JM What shifted when that was introduced?

MKL My research is focused on precisely that moment, when things are shifting and being negotiated. In the late 18th century France, with the advent of an intellectual and scientific culture that started to appreciate the value of objectivity, for them defined as standardized methods of procedure. So this is really based on the intellectual values of the natural sciences, within which things and processes must be reproducible. The method becomes more valuable than the product. In accordance, the image of the site does not have to look like the terrain—pictorial verisimilitude is no longer the objective of drawing. The objective is geometric correspondence, which means regularized and standardized methods. Before this was not the case: it was about how things looked and it didn't matter the method that it took to arrive at that. There is some generalization to this, but what shifts is that people became much more interested in making sure the methods are standardized, which meant that the final product was simply a result of those regularized methods. A major impact of this is the change in public education and awareness. Public spatial literacy changes so that more and more you have the public press printing plans, and people know how to read them even though they're abstract. Is that learned? As it became public knowledge, people understood it?

JM Right. So for you, reading a plan is like second nature. In our everyday life, today, we take it for granted. Think of google maps - it's essentially an orthographic plan. We know how to read it, it's so obvious that we take for granted when it wasn't, that this was a norm that was established, invented, really, in the 19th century (...). I am particularly interested in those instances when things don't work, when we see the limits of those representations. Once you really, utterly believe that a map does represent our world - the terrain - faithfully, then you start making decisions based on the representation, and not necessarily based on the terrain. It's easy to use a map. There's this phrase that Bruno Latour uses: "immutable mobiles." One of the things that makes this such an important instrument is that it supposedly stays the same, and you can move around with it, it's a piece of paper, you can give it to someone, you can draw on it. That's the ultimate advantage of the orthographic plan: you can have simultaneously a description of the terrain that you believe in, and then on top of that description, you can draw on it. You can have two different temporalities suspended on one surface.

And that's also of course where things can get problematic, because once you believe the representation is accurate, then you start to think that you're doing things to the terrain that maybe you're not. There are push backs



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from the terrain that the material surface of paper doesn't resist; as well as the reverse process of trying to make what you're building conform to the plan...to what you've drawn. For example, they didn't always put elevations and slopes on a map. It was in 1852 that that became legally required, but before then, what did they do? They made mistakes, they realized there were hills. And that's when a line on a map begins to destabilize.

JM Because it's incomplete?
MKL Because it's a limited view. What that line actually represents comes into question. This is the ultimate power of a map: that it always presents itself as all consuming. Even when we look at an old map, and we know it doesn't have this or that, it still has a coherent, complete image that seems impenetrable. And that's where its power is, that it seemingly makes transparent and apparent the world, and yet that transparency or appearance actually obscures the very method or procedures that go into determining our world—our social world, our built world, our political world. It takes care of one thing while obscuring the other thing.

With that, a map doesn't just depend on lines, but on blank spaces. Those blank spaces are just as important as what's printed: things left off of a map are part of its logic for how complete it is -- the very absence of things is part of the procedure of this cartographic logic. And that's partly why we can believe; because it presents itself as whole.

JM It's not advertising its incompleteness.
MKL Exactly; it's precisely the unfragmented quality of it, the continuity of the lines across the page... that's the seduction.

JM That reminds me of a moment in Formal Analysis, in which were looking at the drawing of churches, and Eisenman remarked: "it will never get better than this, it will never be better than the drawing"

MKL What did he mean?
JM That the drawing is whole. For me, going to the church is the real, full experience, because there is light cast through windows at different times of day, maybe it's humid, maybe it rained that day, maybe there are drops of water on the floor that haven't been cleaned. You know, the realities of the thing existing in the world...the terrain. But for him, those are disruptions to the purity of the drawing—they infringe on that purity rather than contribute to it. In some ways, the map for him actually is whole.

MKL It is whole, because it's a constructed reality. Because you're constructing it, you can control it. You are the creator. In the world, we are not.

JM Damn nature getting in the way.
MKL Exactly, and other people, god damn those other people. You can't control it.
MKL This relates to discussions about how

architects have to deal with climate change. How do you build when you cannot control? I think that's a basic problem. You have to think about building on a different time scale, under uncontrollable conditions, and that's a paradigmatic difference from the modernist perspective.

JM You're actually admitting a lack of control, which is sort of uncommon in the history of architecture.

MKL Well especially in modernist architecture. I don't think that's so foreign to people building with adobe.

Skewing the Horizon: Theatres Versus the City

Lucie Dawkins, Director MFA '18, School of Drama

'The evil and the cruelty of the world are the stories of the theatre. We force audiences to interpret this material without offering a moral horizon, and this is a radical political act.'
Thomas Ostermeier, Artistic Director of The Schaubühne, Berlin

Sometime in early March, 458 BC, 17,000 Athenians sat in the open air on the slopes of the Acropolis, in the Theatre of Dionysus. Three elements made up the stage before them; a semi-circular playing space, a low wooden building for actors' entrances and exits, and behind that, the skyline of Athens itself. It was an anxious time for the watchers; alongside theatre, they had recently invented democracy, and it was not going smoothly. Ephialtes, a democratic visionary, had just attempted to reform the Athenian justice system, transferring power away from the conservative aristocracy and giving it to elected officials. The only thing he left to the aristocrats was control of the homicide courts. They murdered him a couple of months later.

Political assassination was a hot topic for the audience that morning, and the play they were about to see was intended to hit a nerve. The performance was the premier of Aeschylus' *Oresteia*, a blood-thirsty trilogy with a synopsis that would fill a season of *The Sopranos*. In short: a powerful family tears itself apart over the course of three generations through a series of revenge killings. It's a juicy story, with body parts served in pies, a hallucinating princess, and a horse-drawn chariot arriving onstage. Eventually, the youngest member of the family, Orestes, murders his mother in revenge for the assassination of his father. His case is put to trial before the gods, who must choose whether to let the demons of retribution, the Furies, torture him for eternity, or end the family's gory cycle of revenge by acquitting him.

For the Athenian audience, this bloodthirsty crime-thriller-meets-courtroom-drama was an old favourite. Orestes' delinquent family were protagonists of an epic tradition going back centuries

before theatre was even invented. Aeschylus' task was to subvert his audience's expectations; and the way he did so on that March morning changed Western theatre for millennia to come.

Aeschylus' stroke of genius was to bring the fairy-tale of the *Oresteia* crashing into the real world of his audience. The first two parts of the trilogy were set in the mythical past in the family's palace in the city of Argos. The characters constantly refer to the mythical city around them, turning the backdrop of Athens into a stage set. So far, so according to the expectation of the punters.

Then, Aeschylus unveiled his coup-de-theatre. In the third play, he suddenly transposed the action to modern Athens, where the goddess Athena hands Orestes' trial over to a jury of Athenian citizens, resembling the very homicide court which had been the cause of so much recent controversy. This was a revolutionary move. Not only had he just invented the scene-change, but no previous version of the story had taken place at Athens, or included a mortal jury. Aeschylus demanded that his audience suddenly re-conceive the city behind the stage, which for the last two hours they had imagined as Argos, and decode the action of the play in relation to the real space of Athens. In the course of the trilogy, he had reinvented the horizon line. He had plucked the story out of the distant world of myth and dumped it in his audience's laps, demanding that they consider the moral question at the heart of the story. He did not offer them any guidance; in the play, the jury votes 50:50 about whether to acquit or condemn Orestes, and Athena is forced to make the final decision based on personal preference rather than justice.

Like Thomas Ostermeier, Aeschylus presented acts of terrible cruelty to his audience, but removed the moral horizon. By placing the action of his play in dramatic conflict with the real horizon line of the city which was in view of his audience, he forced them to engage personally with the revolutionary politics of their community. The *Oresteia* posed the ethical question at the heart of the democratic experiment; whether it is better for an individual to act freely, according to their own moral code, or subsume their freedom to a democratic justice system in the hope of a peaceful civil society. Thrillingly, what the *Oresteia* did not offer was an answer. Through theatre, the audience was encouraged to interrogate the infrastructure of their community.

Aeschylus' reinvented the theatrical event by disorienting his spectators, through placing the physical space of the theatre in conflict with the architecture of the city. He introduced a recurring theme in European history, of theatres designed to be in architectural tension with the city-scape around them, thus demarcating the space as liminal, a container for radical political conversations.

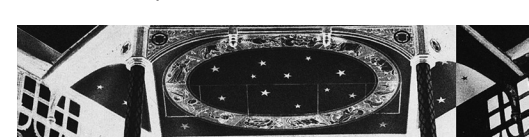
For example, the Globe Theatre was built for Londoners at a moment in time when their understanding of their own globe had just exploded. With Copernicus' recent proposition of a heliocentric universe, and Francis Drake's circumnavigation of the globe, Shakespeare's audience no

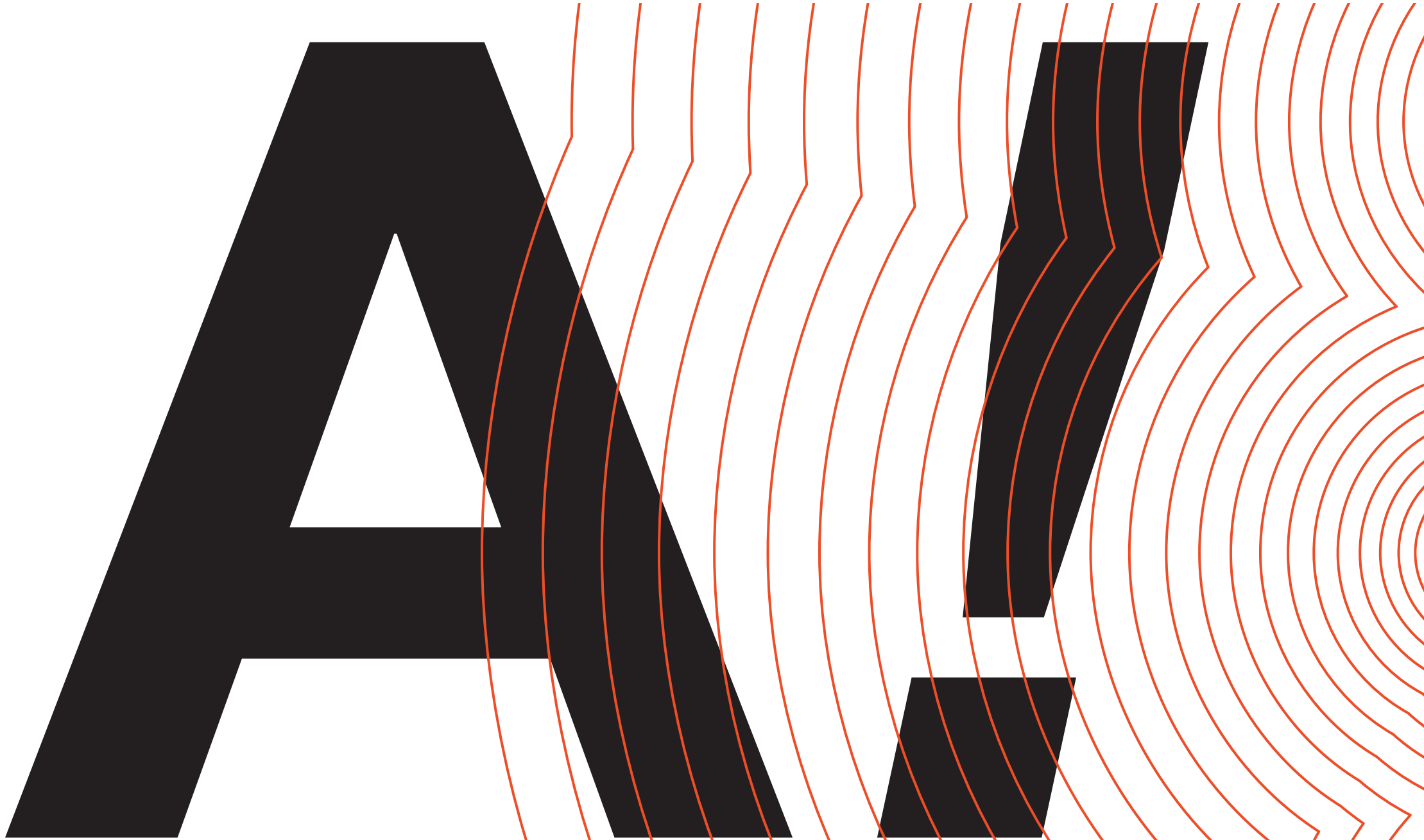
longer thought that the universe revolved around them, and they no longer understood the limits of the earth they stood on. The psyche of the city was so wrapped up with this new conception of the planet, that at the time the Globe Theatre was built in 1599, Londoners could buy a world map, but not a map of their own city. At the very moment that London was grappling with how to place itself in a rapidly expanding global geography, Shakespeare's company placed a metaphorical globe within the city-scape.

The Globe was not unique among Elizabethan theatres for its circular design; however, it was unusual for actively comparing this circle to the planet. There were stars painted on the underside of the stage roof, and the trap room below the stage floor represented hell. The actors and audience existed in the elliptical world in between, a globe hovering within a representation of the cosmos. Supposedly, the original motto for the Globe was *totus mundus agit histrionem*: 'the whole world is a playhouse'. This theatre's success depended a playwright whose work constantly reinforced this metaphor, declaring 'all the world's a stage' (*As You Like It*, Act II, Scene 5). Shakespeare's company invited their audience into a building which evoked the expansion of the horizon of their world view. In this liminal space, Shakespeare presented experiences which, like the *Oresteia*, interrogated the social structures of his audience's community; indeed, in the epilogue to *Henry VIII*, he openly acknowledges that audiences expected to come to the Globe 'to hear the city abused extremely'.

Aeschylus, Shakespeare, and Ostermeier are three great European writer-directors united in the act of creating spatial tension between the physical design of their theatre and the city in order to promote a critical discourse about the socio-political system of their audiences. They communicate through architectural disorientation.

Many great theatre makers share a belief that they are true rebels, whose function is to hold the system to account. The irony of this conviction is that peaceful civil societies tend to be those which encourage and therefore normalise radical political discourse within the mechanism of the state. Aeschylus presented the *Oresteia* with money assigned to him by a democratic tax system, during a state-organized religious festival; Shakespeare's company was funded by the Lord Admiral, a key part of Elizabeth I's court; and Ostermeier's theatre, the Schaubühne, is supported by the German government. These theatres do disrupt the design of a city; they do offer a space for rebellion. However, these disorienting spaces are in fact cogs in the machine of a stable state, a healthy outlet for variations in opinion. They offer a catharsis from dissension. By skewing the horizon, theatres keep the radical in check.





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Issue Editors
Daphne Agosin, Francesca Carney, & Abena Bonna

Graphic Designer
Nate Pyper

Coordinating Editors
Ethan Fischer & Dimitri Brand

Positions Editors
Jonathan Molloy, Jacqueline Hall,
Daphne Agosin, & David Turturo

Finance Director
Caroline Acheatel

Content Manager
Francesca Carney

Typeset in Union

The following is an email sent to Joey He, Yale Daily News staff reporter who wrote "Architecture: a difficult path for women," published on September 14, 2016.

Hi Joey,

I hope this mail finds you well. My name is Wes Hiatt and I'm a third year MArch I student at the School of Architecture.

First off, I appreciated your piece on the state of women in the architecture profession. I do believe there are urgent issues of gender in our discipline that must be addressed earnestly, and you are one of many voices in the press that have done a good job of making others aware of these problems.

However, I wanted to make you aware of something that shook out after the class shopping week at the start of our semester—which was more or less coincident to your piece in the Yale Daily—that I think at the very least make people's response to your piece more problematic, and at most call into question the virtue and fairness of a few of the students with similar convictions as the ones you interviewed.

Your piece begins with an undergraduate bemoaning the fact she has been taught architectural precedent overwhelmingly authored by men: "This fall, when she began a junior studio course required in the major, 'Methods and Form in Architecture,' she was again presented with 20 precedent studies, this time with roughly two buildings attributable to women.

For female students studying architecture, this problem is symbolic of a larger issue—although the numbers do not necessarily reflect it..."

And while you point out that the school has rightly made moves to combat the gender issue, you fall back on a refrain which calls attention to an underlying perception of prejudice within the school and the profession:

"And since Medina's first day of the junior seminar this fall, even the troubling list of precedents has been expanded to include more buildings by females, according to Architecture Director of Undergraduate Studies Bimal Mendis '98 ARC '02, who co-teaches the course.

But despite these strides forward, students interviewed say that subtle undertones of prejudice still exist within the school."

I pull these quotes out to contrast them with the course enrollment results from our shopping period two weeks ago.

Kathleen James-Chakraborty—a Vincent Scully Visiting Professor in Architectural History and a totally brilliant lecturer—is offering two history/theory courses this semester. One is titled *Louis Kahn*, concerning the male architect for whom it's named. The other is *Expanding the Canon: Making Room for Other Voices*, a course concerned exclusively with the role of women in the making of and thinking about architecture in the 20th century. Here's the full pitch from the YSoA website:

"This seminar examines the participation of women as architects, designers, patrons,

and critics in the development of modern architecture and design between 1900 and 1970. During these years Kate Cranston, Marion Mahony Griffin, Eileen Gray, Catherine Bauer, and Lina Bo Bardi were among those who made contributions to architectural culture and are now attracting increasing attention and raising questions about how the goals and achievements of design reform in this period should best be characterized. Students are required to give an in-class presentation and to write a substantial paper."

How did the enrollment shake out for both of these classes? Based on the sentiments which you've been right to point out, one could assume *Expanding the Canon* would be a hit among students as it directly addresses the gender disparity in architecture by revising and expanding its history - super interesting and urgent stuff. Here's the numbers:

Louis Kahn: **12 enrolled students**, 1 TA. Expanding the Canon: **1 enrolled student**, 3 auditors, 1 TA

When given the choice, graduate students at the Yale School of Architecture would rather learn about Louis Kahn—the male architect and known womanizer infamous for his problematic relationship with female architect Anne Tyng—than about the talented women who played formative roles in the development of Modern Architecture **by a factor of 12 to 1**. This disparity is not due to scheduling conflicts - first year MArch I students are the only ones with a potential conflict with a required course, leaving the majority of Architecture students free to enroll.

This is of course troublesome because of the uneven interest in topics as well as a disappointing turn out for what I can guarantee will be an expertly delivered seminar which is urgently important to the growth of our profession. But this 12 to 1 enrollment gap also has more serious implications which are less politically expedient for those many voices within YSoA which rebuke the culture of our school as male-dominant, prejudiced, and unfair. Where did the values of these upset students go when given the opportunity to turn these concerns into action? When there was an opportunity to take responsibility for the future of our discipline by engaging with issues they care about deeply in an intellectually productive way? These students voted with their feet, which I believe speaks volumes more about the substance of their convictions than what they will easily admit to a newspaper.

This all happened right before you published your piece and it was of course impossible for you to know, but I thought you would like to know. Perhaps the Yale Community and the School of Architecture also deserve to know, as this may temper their judgement of our school and discipline in some way.

Thank you for your time,
Wes Hiatt

↑ This graphic represents a map of the world generated by the cities that students at YSOA have been in long enough to become intimate with. On the map are 559 pins representing 359 unique places, with stays ranging from three days to thirty years. Our student body carries a wealth of perspectives, earned from Laval to Ulaanbaatar. As we look at a map of the globe with the added variable of experienced time, the places that we know become surprising similar. One week, five days, twenty-four years, each represented by a single pin. This, as well as the number of cities plotted, reveals an additional element that we as students bring with us to our school: a desire to develop a deeper relationship to place. Our ocean may be more vast in this representation, and our continents may look like islands, but we should view these open waters as opportunities. Uncharted land carries with it the potential for new perspectives, adding pins to our collective map and encouraging diversity in our understanding.

OTG 05 ORIENTATION + REORIENTATION

Katrina Yin, Liwei Wang, & Luke Studebaker

Happenings

OTG apologizes to our mature readers for the teensy font size in last week's issue.

YSOA's Urban Studies lecture series kicked off on Thursday with a visit by Detroit based cinematographer, Geoff George. Finding potential for artistic expression among abandoned infrastructure, George took the audience on a virtual tour of the nostalgic beauty of urban decay.

At the inaugural Women of Yale lecture on Friday, titled "Topologies - Process and Projects," Maya Lin presented her recent works of architecture and land art and gave tips for ecological lifestyles.

First years improvised an unofficial 6 on 7 despite the break for travel week. There were ring pops, beer, and a great early aughts playlist.

Planning students took a field trip to Queens on Saturday, travelling four hours for a 30 minute self-guided walking tour of Long Island City.

On Sunday night Equality in Design hosted students in the seventh floor pit to watch the debate between world weary woman and human comment section.

Classy Affairs

On Monday Dean Berke met with undergraduate students in the Rudolph Hall penthouse, clarifying of the architecture major: "We are not trying to graduate baby architects."

Some first years' seed vault models are sprouting shoots and hatching insects. Beware the coming infestation.

Second year blind item: One second year TA confessed missing a field trip last year after "leading" it last Saturday.

With third year students returning from their studio trips, badminton players have someone to annoy again. The advanced studios had the following to report:

#FindingDimSum

We learned a lot about China, about people, and about each other. We learned about time travel, escalators and shopping malls, dim sum, and karaoke (Tsinghua students totally kick our asses). Above all, we learned that the Chinese way is an incredibly warm, generous and welcoming one. The only word we learned was thank you. So xièxiè China, and xièxiè to our new Tsinghua friends. Until next time!

#CodandBillie

The Williams/Tsien studio made stops in St. John's and Fogo Island while touring Newfoundland. Activities included scenic hikes, visits to Todd Saunder's work in Fogo, impromptu accordion and "ugly stick" concerts, copious amounts of cod, speeding tickets, "screech-ins", K-ROCK 97.5 FM's "Best Shed in Newfoundland and Labrador", and sleuthing with Tod as he conversed with every person he passed on the street.

#OhMcKennada

The McKenna studio experienced Canadian theatre of all forms this week in Toronto: backstage, on stage, and as audience to both theatrical drama and the performance of city negotiations. All returned with many ideas waiting in the wings...

#InGagedInHawaii

Poke. Beaches. Dolphins. Beaches. Poking Lava. Beaches. Driving. Beaches. Piglet Castration. Beaches. Sailors. Beaches. Helicopter. Beaches. Boat. Beaches. Walmart. Beaches. Gran Torino. Beaches. No Doors. Beaches... Dark Ecology.

#MichaelYoungandAlive

An Icelandic Saga: Nine students, geothermic waste water, lichens, mayo drenched hot dogs, waterfalls, hydroelectric turbine bowels, abandoned NATO base, new friends. Six days, two Hyundai Tucsons, over 750 miles roving across a land of extremes - an adventure that proved this studio was truly #michaelyoungandalive.

#WheresSusan

The KPF Studio joined London's former Chief Planning Officer to walk the square mile and talk cheese graters. The tour also included enough time to survey the city's street-side pub scene and try a sushi dinner at the top of the city.

#PVandGelli

Forget everything you've seen and learned. This is the real shit. It was a week filled with academic and gastronomic hedonism.

#PostProse

3 Cars, 3 Cities, 3 Characters - all to support the triangulation of place; a site of development or, perhaps, an anti-site somewhere between points.

Articles

P. Diddy's apparel company Sean John was accused of ripping off the design from a 2007 YSOA symposium poster. Michael Bierut summed up the fallout best in an article on FastCo: "No matter what, it's amazing that a poster for an esoteric academic conference at an Ivy League school somehow gets turned into a t-shirt endorsed by P-Diddy. What a world." Indeed.

Stick around this weekend for the symposium, Pretty Protest Aesthetic Activism, and see what all the fuss has been about. Lectures and conversations will be held from Thursday to Saturday.

GTFO

Or skip the symposium for Open House New York this weekend. Notable sites include Google NY Offices, the Paul Rudolph Modulightor, Woolworth Building, and BIG's VI 57 WEST.

And while you're in the city, OTG would strongly recommend checking out Blue Mountain Gallery on West 25th Street for an exhibition of work by our legendary lecturer and educator, Professor Emeritus Alexander Purves. The show, *Alexander Purves: Water-colors* runs through October 29th.

Head across the street for a new exhibition at the School of Art called *Queering Space*. The show, features artists from the School of Art and beyond. Closing reception and after party will be on Friday, October 28, 6-10pm and 10pm-whenever.

Advanced studio travel report contributors: Jeremy Jacinth, Maggie Tsang, Graham Brindle, Richard Green, Casey Furman, Sung Woo Choi, Paul Rasmussen, Ava Amirahmadi, Alex Kruhly

Submit tips to On the Ground: otg.paprika@gmail.com