

And the savor of my crudeness.

Tell us we were with the backdoors, with the backstairs, the defiance. Tell her the explicit was naive and purple.

Like the bruises, like the wine.

Tell him to forgive the bluntness, but it was always to be mine.

Let us the laurels and the debt.

Let us it all on the neglect.

For all the suggestive that exists,

You were worth an infinity of risks.

### Life and Labor Gabrielle Printz

As someone who writes—for money, or clout, or towards a dissertation—I feel some compulsion to write about motherhood, if only because that's what's about to happen to me. Pregnancy and parenthood are ordinary things that, three weeks from my due date, still feel unprecedented. What could I say about holding a person inside me? To be the body-house that Carolee Schneemann theorized as accommodations for radical action or that Louise Bourgeois conjured as a literal representation of the *femme maison*, the "house wife" suffocated by her enclosure? The feminist art of the 20th century may have less to teach me than the Yale faculty member I zoomed for advice about life between teaching and a prospectus and a newborn. In this moment before my labor, and amid the ongoing agitation for labor at Yale, carrying the weight of another feels as urgent as it does practiced. Beyond my immediate physical condition, the nearing prospect of their being in the world asks me to clarify my politics (how to teach this kid to be? what world to fight for, for them?) as it asks me to clear my schedule those nagging feelings that tug in parallel to round ligament pains.

It's an intensely intimate relation, to imagine the head that turns in my pelvis and what it can hear and taste and see, and to wonder what parts of my experiences are also theirs. At the same time, it's an intensely public condition, given its outward expression on my body. And in order to be accommodated, it becomes a matter of disclosure to Yale, my employer. That is my right, even if it passes through the language of "benefits." "Parental relief" is what they call it when the Graduate School "awards" you leave while continuing to pay your stipend. Relieved from my teaching duties,

# Travel Week Flash Highlights

Signe Ferguson, On the Ground Greenland stuck, then freed by a private plane charter. ANA BATTLE showers with her socks on at a hostel. Snacks make up every meal. Peru's car gets caught in the sand. VERONICA  $\ensuremath{\mathsf{NICH}}\xspace{\sum}\ensuremath{\mathsf{OLSON}}\xspace$  is seen chugging a gallon of water every 10 minutes. Santa Fe: ALAN PLATTUS and CALVIN LIANG go on a rescue mission to help students stranded in the desert. Canada: Drunken hilarity in a cabin. One student is left behind. Germany: TIAN TIAN's daughter is MVPof the

Galapagos: TOD WILLIAMS' blood is seen everyday of the trip. Much bread and eggs are eaten daily. The entire snorkeling crew projectile vomited off the boat. While hiking a cove, TOD WILLIAMS October 15th steps on a marine iguana that explodes. Bangkok: Karaoke. Everyone gets covid when they get back.

Benin: FRANCIS KERE walks at 10mph the entire Cinderella to match with.

Arizona: Vegas baby! SARA MOUNTFORD is declared queen of the Strip. SAM GOLINI strikes luck, and then loses a bunch of cash. BOBBY CHUN is designated uber caller for drunk parties.

## October 7

DANIEL LIEBSKIND talk, covered by NICOLAS KEMPER in Skyline.

SUNSET ROLLERCOASTER talk calls 30% of the architecture student body to Toads. SIGNE FERGUSON catches the shirt thrown into the crowd by the band.

## Update on badminton tournament:

Frank and Pete lose. Bad Boba, Hummus Fettuccine, and Pummelcocks are also in the losers bracket, Richard's Rookies, 1 Point 5 Bananas, and The Meatballs move ahead.

#### October 10th

A punching bag appears on the 5th floor smoking balcony. Students are seen throwing 1's and 2's.

"The sun is getting lower. Time will be changing soon," BRANDON BROOKS remarks.

CHRISTINA ZHANG asks genuinely, "do i need to start from a concept, or can I just run with it and post rationalize later?" SUNIL BALD is overheard saying "post

rationalization is an incredible skill to have". COLE SUMMERSELLI chuckles at the

### So Long to two; Salute to one Ana Batlle

Culture shock: minds understanding the Two thresholds differences between two One opened, one pure identities One nomadic, one static 09.09.2022: Being But a line was blurred honest of the hitherto 10.03.2022: Furry and 09.09.2022 10.16.2022: Altruism Meeting reality

and love Culture shock

To understand us

disgrace

Two cultures, Two



though allowed and encouraged to make academic progress, I walk around in the family way, trying to get things done before the labor that will actually inaugurate the eight-or-so week suspension of my labor for the institution.

This year, the Graduate School implemented badly needed cost-of-living adjustments to Ph.D. stipends, curiously announced just after Local 33 achieved majority support for a union. That the university has accepted its role in providing for living's "costs" betrays its tacit material investment in the basic survival of its graduate student workers and our means of reproduction, even if Dean Cooley is reluctant to identify those workers as such. In a country where healthcare is largely employersponsored, access to life-sustaining care is often contingent on a job. I certainly wouldn't be having a baby without mine and its associated, however limited coverage. Every time I see a new provider at Yale Health, I'm asked some version of the same question: "Who works at Yale?" When I thought my water broke at 35 weeks, facing the prospect of pre-term induction, the resident OBGYN doing my cervical exam asked me again. Glancing between my spread legs and my partner sitting beside me:

"Who works at Yale?"

"I do, I'm a PhD student."

"Oh wow, PhD students get the Yale Health plan? We don't even get that."

You should unionize, I should have told her. That's what we're doing anyway.

underpinnings of the school coming to light.

October 13th

# Local 33 unite here (protest)

October 14th Bangkok studio is confirmed to have the best studio

desk drawer bar stock in the whole building.

There is a flood on the 4th floor, next to the next electrical strips. A stream forms from spilled tea on 5th floor, and creates a beautiful Falling Water moment down the staircase.

MAYA GAMBLE redesigns her project for the 17th time. SEBASTIAN BEAGHEN brings a pair of beautiful size 9 loafers into studio for some lucky

MARK FOSTER GAGE hurt his back in one of two wavs:

## 1. Watching Top Gun on an airplane.

2. In an mma match, hopping off the chain link, tapped out his opponent in an arm bar, hurting himself in the process (possible spinal explosion)

# These both feel plausible.

October 17th Reviews commence. Everyone remains ever confused by plan unplanned, students, 2nd and 3rd years, and critics alike. / Baked goods are provided

FRANK GHERY's studio will not have mid reviews, so they have decided to take the week to fight (debate) about the site model.

by GRACE ZADJEL / A studio pup is brought in.

The troops are well fed and emotionally nourished.

## October 18th

Everyone else is going to be on fall break soon, except for the architecture students. LOUIS KOUSHOURIS sliced his finger off in a

frenzy on the 4th floor. He keeps the tip on his computer as a trophy. He regrew it back in a single afternoon.

JEEU KIM notices there are an unusual number of coffee stations for reviews. The crowds seem to be rumbling less. Birdie count on the 4th floor pit light fixtures: 4.

But even ..

cessation

To morph:

your present

Self-worth

You are value

You are honor

You are truth

You are knowledge

You are transient

Your are embrace

You are veracity

You are respect

You are woman

You are forever loved.

You consent.

Forever Hello

potent

A moment of stillness

The moment before

Now all there is left is...

The past does not define

Self-worth. Self-worth,

The essence of you is

A scintilla of bliss

- To feel all that was hidden, On a cloudy day or a To open that emotional storm There's a moment of
- door. To be Intimate.
- To leave a red mark in

But to what cost?

- their nest. To be forever a
- temporarily part of him; But only him.
- A moment of stillness
- A memento of 10.16.2022: melancholy
- The permanence of the past is gone.
- 10.03.2022
- You are trash, You are not valuable, You are a second hand
- rug, Stepped over & over & over
- & over & over & over again.
- Dragging ghosts, Swallowing Dishonor, you are just... Leftovers in Shades of grav..
- Forever goodbye

If intimacy is a form of relation—often reduced to those we have between friends, sexual partners, family members and lovers—it would be a mistake to neglect the way that working relations structure our personal lives. With someone's foot knocking against my ribs, disturbing the shape of my belly, I confront my temporary exception to this space of work as an expression and condition of solidarity with all those workers who have not had the benefit of such "accommodation," and for all those demands still to make.

It's not a radical vision to come together to demand the right to fair compensation or dental coverage or childcare, but something rather precedented, and increasingly so at institutions of higher education. At the University of Sheffield, where the historian Emily Baughan teaches, academic workers went on strike against the conditions of casualization earlier this year, as they had in 2019. Then, with her own baby in tow, she expressed her solidarity in terms of love: "...here I was, believing that in striking I was saving something I loved for the next generation, incarnate under my coat." But the university, she affirms, doesn't love us back: "Our love was the precondition that made our exploitation possible." I think about her writing and what motherhood might have to teach me, as Yale's graduate student workers prepare to rally this week.

I am not out here to save the university, from itself or for my children. I am out here now for us, and for our rights. I am not out here to fight for a job I love but to fight for a job that doesn't need my love, so I am free to love how and what I choose.<sup>1</sup>





#### Louise Bourgeois, Femme Maison (Top: 1984; Bottom: 1994)

<sup>1</sup>Emily Baughan, "Strike Babies," History Workshop (February 21, 2022)

## Surrender Sara Duell

Even in our oldest most brutal sports there is room for tenderness, moments of softness and affection. The video *Surrender* shows a compilation of those moments set to the slowed down beats of a big band at Salón Los Angeles in Mexico City. The drunken tunes float over the athletes dancing around in their silk robes, look each other deeply in the eyes, and sway in a close and sweaty embrace.

In a time so focused on being the champion, on defeating the other it's no wonder we burnout trying to succeed at all costs. We reach the end goals only to move on to the next, just like in boxing where you train to the max for the match and then if you win you pick your next opponent to tackle and continue the cycle. There is more to life than winning - as Audre Lorde suggests in her speech Uses of the *Erotic: The Erotic as Power*\* "For the erotic is not a question only of what we do; it is a question of how acutely and fully we can feel in the doing." To live our most impassioned fully erotically charged lives, let's give up fighting for success and surrender to intimacy.





Unleashing ghosts, Scars are open. The hurt of a used physical being Is seen through the emotional being,

## Doldrums

## (notes from 36°12.51006', 081°32.63634) (fictitiously 00°00.36336'. -021°28.52370') Stephen Parks

It's a feeling that occasionally thwarts me Of dreams and dithers It is gummed with meaning Have you been? Stuck in the Doldrums Winds from nowhere or everywhere A gentle breeze from all sides

a. The Inter-Tropical Convergence Zone (ITCZ) is a seamless belt spanning the Earth's equator. It extends roughly five degrees north thick humidity, fast rising water vapor due to the heat, and little to no wind. A ship with a

## ITCZ=ITCH

Lifting upward

I've got an itch

sail rendered useless.

A pause, stasis

To feel the sticky glue that binds Steeping, slowing, welcoming the sagging sail Feel the calm, rotation, and buoyancy

b. The word "liminal" comes from the Latin word "limen," meaning threshold. To be in something new but not quite there. A preci-

Physically, emotionally, metaphorically

The Earth developed a liminal space A space for calm and chaos

A place where storms emerge Energy prevails out of nothingness

Stuck may conjure the lifeboat To flee or abandon Stay, render, buffer in the quiet Allow the Doldrums to lead

Scratch the ITCZ a bit longer

And the Beach is Over Umut Guney

The moment you step on it, you want to get rid of your slippers. For once, you want your soles to have contact with what's underneath. Once you are barefoot, feeling the warmth and texture, every step is a delight for your senses. If you come here at night, it is surprising to feel how cold your feet will be.

It's nice to have full contact, you should get as intimate as possible with it, don't let the parapher nalia of your civil act get in the way, take off your slippers, shirt, even underwear if allowed. Step on it, crawl, push your face against it, roll around and if you can, bury yourself. Trips to the beach are characterized by the stages of sand intimacy. Especially if you get wet, the sticky situation you find yourself in may not be as enjoyable as what's described above. After that point, you are hyper aware of the sandiness of parts of your body and getting rid of it quickly means getting wet again, only with the risk of coming back out of the water and making an accidental contact that will lead to stickiness all over again. Getting intimate comes

Put your slippers back on or step on the pavement, and the beach is over. One's relationship with sand defines the boundaries of this space. Sand builds the walls, thresholds and sequences of my visit. The subtlety of it as an orchestrator makes it stronger when noticed. Awareness of its transience and the limited quality of this experience intensifies the senses. Something ordinary becomes intimate.

with a cost and transience is hardly manipulable.

## The Dead One Came Up On Me Pablo Perezalonso

Whispered voicelessly against my ear. It said, clean and clear, "I am here", Then a cold breath and a choking splutter. "We-welcome!" I managed to stutter, Hoping my invitation seemed sincere. Though that night's sleep had increased my fear, My lover's entrance made my heart flutter.

Both eyes opened as his figure in white Entered the room and lay across my chest. "My love, I can't breathe", its weight made my voice tight. Across me lay something I'd failed to

Yet I lied still as the dead one came up on me.

## Camera obscura is a black box Gianfranco Piaz "Camera obscura is a black box" starts by defining the antipodes of the body.

Untitled (Camera Obscura) is a series of animations that closely inspect the moment of interaction of bordering bodies, which could be visions from inside or outside, where the borders of those involved are redefined and the delimitation of the identity and affectation that relationships bring with them. Every interaction is an exchange that leaves behind its mark in the debris of the other, and it is the one that keeps

## Long-intimate-distance Elise Limon & Julio Correa

The inventor of the telegraph initially named it *tachygraph*. "Tachy" meaning fast. However, the French army preferred "tele," meaning far.

Before anything else, language was encoded in fire. Beacon to beacon, the *phryctoria* of Ancient Greece, a series of towers distributed across mountain-tops, spread information by two sets of five torches. A topography freckled with blaze, the whole surface of the world became a letter. Landscape supporting courier-flame.

People underestimate the potential of email as a site for intimacy. I've fallen in love over email twice.guitarfreak\_007@yahoo.com was my first email address — what was yours?

Collapsing time and distance was always first a military endeavor, war was the most compelling argument for closeness. Absorbed in the turmoil of the French Revolution, Claude Chappe formulated a building scale device to send words of national and military importance. The optical telegraph was a series of towers mounted with arm-like contraptions — vertical poles with a arm-like contraptions — vertical poles with a horizontal bar held at their apex that bent on each of its sides, like albayes. Inside the shelter a each of its sides, like elbows. Inside the shelter of the tower, a puppet master controlled its poses. Standing successively in the landscape, the towers waved their limbs at each other, sending messages from Paris to Lyon in 9 minutes.

A few years ago, at Lonestar Zine Fest in Austin, TX, I bought a booklet called "Casa De Cambio" from an artist named Alán Serna. In it he prints an enlarged image of a prepaid telephone card called "Viva Mexico" in blue risograph ink, almost covering the page. A type of card that enables long-distance phone calls at a fixed price per minute. I remember my mom buying them as a kid after post-mass dinner at "Taqueria

## Sidewalk Politics Celine Lee

Trios are the toughest dynamic. This trio approaching me occupies the entire width of the sidewalk. Assuming that we'll pass on our respective right sides, either I step onto the street both proudly and stubbornly asian-americanor one of them drops back from the group to allow me to pass. They look young, so the latter seems unlikely. I shift my bag closer to my body. the main campus walkway. O was navigating 8 seconds from The Crossing

I think about neighborhood walks with my on the sidewalk, mom and dad would hop onto the vacant bike lane and cheerily wave at the basserby, using their name if they knew them. Passing friends happened often in our suburbs

post-dinner walk scene. We might do a little lance with the other pedestrians, jumping off and on in reaction to one another until we finally able to follow the same principles-- I never ossed paths with a laugh and well wishes for the evening.

I guess I'll make room for the trio. There's ust one of me. And they each have at least 40 pounds on me. 5 seconds now from The Crossing.

## Intimacy of the Fane Daniel Jones

the people enter through grand wooden doors and take their pew. The distinct smell of radiator heat wafts through the air and mingles with the incense smoldering out of a golden the earthly scents.

The sequencing of the next hour is repetitive.

of service. And back to being seated. Until the time comes to kneel and bow their heads.

One by one people return upright and open their throats to the ceiling. And they hold the craned position with their palms clasped and spine arched.

More join with every verse, and at the final chorus the voices swell to a crescendo that rises, reverberating through the vaulted framing until the last notes fade and an echoing silence fills

are all denoted by sounds. These sounds are

The sounds of worship are signals.

powerful. It is the sound of people shuffling hrough the aisles that makes one feel supported. It is the sound of people with palms

the outline that the finger in the wound sees from within. Surfaces that fit into other bodies simulacra adapting and relating to each other. A camera obscura that becomes a black box. The animations were handmade and last a few seconds, the in-out are repeated in a loop lastin a similar time that an inhalation and exhalation would last.

*Untitled (Landscape)* is a sound piece that functions as an open and abstract journey through the interior of the body, an encounter

Jalisco" — a restaurant in Texas named after the 7 state that she immigrated from, the place she Th bought the cards to call back to. She would buy is a \$5 card, which she remembers gave her around an a \$5 card, which she remembers gave her around 30 minutes of time. I call my mom, often while I'm cooking, our conversation spacious and littered with small interruptions — a timer going off, the static of water against hands. Sometimes these gaps feel the most intimate. The luxury of these gaps feel the most intimate. The luxury of calls with no time limit.

## It was a Thursday in 1858 when HMS

Agamemnon and USSF Niagara met at a halfway point, somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic, to join together their respective halves of the first transatlantic cable in a quick kiss, before parting and steaming back to Valencia, Ireland and Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, laying the lengths of cord as they went. The cable failed after a few weeks, but not before Queen Victoria's telegram managed to breach the Atlantic gap in just 16 hours. Steadfast, they developed a more durable wire, replacing guttapercha with polyethylene and dropped it again into the water. In the first 24 hours of service of TAT-1, the first telephone line to reach between the US and the UK, there were 588 calls made from London to the United States. I wonder how many of them were lovers? A disembodied voice dependent on a thinly threaded line, tracing the peculiarities in the submarine plateau

while they both worked at Teatro della Pergold in Florence, Antonio as a stage technician, Esterre as a costume designer. They married, moved to Cuba, then moved to New York. Esther fell ill to rheumatoid arthritis and her Esther fell ill to rheumatoid arthritis and her mobility became limited. Antonio designed a system he called a "telettrofono" that allowed him to communicate with her from his baseme him to communicate with her from his basement laboratory to their bedroom — bridging a (short) distance. This became the first version of the 0E, 1E, 2J, 3E, 4J, 5E, 6J, 7E, 8J, 9E

her that I started thinking about the foxtrot of Sidewalk Politics. She was cool, brilliant, and female– I adored her. At our university, greek life, and subliminally, racial dynamics, oversaw us to lunch when she bumped shoulders with a group of students adorned with various bold greek letters. I reflexively turned to apologize parents. Upon seeing anybody coming toward us on behalf of my friend, but both parties had move out of the way for a white guy. I will for someone of color, especially if it's a woman."

> It's a mixed-race trio of guys. I wonder what O would have done. Not that I would have been managed to adopt her resolve for making a statement. The gap is closing. 5 seconds out now. I could still pull out my phone and pretend shoulder for traffic. Multiple cars are coming I didn't see anyone to make room for... no, millennials and gen Z have been chastised for this behavior since as soon as we were old enough to be blamed for anything. I wonder if the trio would budge for me if I stare forward with a set jaw.

welcome. It is the sound of people deep in prayer that makes one feel protected. It is the sound that makes one feel.

intimacy, made even more powerful when experienced in contrast to noise. In a place of worship, quiet steps forward to be heard. The silence that falls over neard. The silence that falls over the congregation has the ability to stop all motion. As to not wake the creaky wooden benches, no one dares move a muscle; No

gathering.

 into which each enters to be sheltered, to remember, to hope and dream; Infinite yet personal; Communa but not shared;

Places of worship conjunction of the personal intimacy of quiet reflection;

between an imagined endoscopy and a meditation. The sounds that were used in its composition were extracted from the movement of my own body: pulse, swallowing saliva, digestion, breathing.

*Untitled (Covered)* is a series of drawings that show how clothing is configured from the body and how much significance remains when uninhabited, what is lost and gained in absence. What is the minimum portion in which The main characteristic of mental activities is their invisibility. Although they do not appear, they manifest. I am made aware of thei visibility — that delicate shift from personal to inter-personal — when caught in a pact with m

near my house that carry our words. They receive and transmit electromagnetic waves that hold binary information — our texts, our phone calls — from my phone to yours and from your

back to mine 84 Howe Street — CAMPUS VIEW

APARTMENTS — a collection of rectangular panels, clearly visible on the roof, arranged in a square cluster, matching the color of the clouds — an honest tower.

30 Whalley Ave — COURTYARD BY MARRIOTT — concealed in a large box sitting on the roof, its color matching the hotels', which in the light of the setting sun, was livid. Somewhere between 220 and 224 Park Street – HARRISON COURT / THE DINMORE — no

9 I think we like emails because they allow for formality. We still crave the lace of the letter, the composure of the text, the vellum. We can approximate it in email. It suggests we should behave more coherently. My grandmother woul always sign off her texts with: "Lots of love, grandma." As if she never fully understood that I had her contact saved, and would know it was her. It felt like a relic of letter-writing. Sometimes I still sign off my texts. "E x". A

My friend O comes to mind. It wasn't until I met C was the tallest guy I knew. His head would poke out above any crowd, and as he navigated through the mass of bodies, he encountered little resistance. I learned the down-sides of th one day when C descended into his chair besid me, exasperated, "what do I do if I'm walking home at night and there's a girl walking alone half a block in front of me?" "What?" "Like, n strides are longer than hers so if I keep going I'd end up walking progressively closer to her. don't want her to think I'm trying to approach continued on their way. O turned to me, "I never And if I speed up to pass or slow down behind her that's also creepy. Should I cross to the othe side of the street? Is that weirder?"

> I wonder what street privilege I have. Where an I in the sidewalk ecosystem? 3 seconds from Th Crossing.

I decide I'll hop off this time. I check over my seconds from The Crossing.

I look back at the trio. One said something fun and the others are turned toward him, laughir 1 second.

the communal intimacy of song; and the ethereal intimacy of silent prayer. In a room of prayer, intimacy knows no boundary of time

lutter to past people The physical space welcomes the only among the faithful but of all who

> recognized? What is the smallest clue that a garment can contain to recognize its function? In what specific places of the anaton are particular emotions located?

> Extensions of skin surfaces, empty containers, architectural spaces, containers with possibilities of resignification, symbolization and abstraction.



## Flight QA640 Becs & Rhea October 2, 2022

Becs: seat 27G. Rhea: seat 27F. Armrest up. Tray tables down. We set up our little discussion

R: Draped fabrics, little caps, relaxed poses and open toe shoes – clever feet. I sense a culture that has learned to dance with heat, flirt with shade.

We first met, over a year

We first met, over a year ago, for coffee to make sense of fellowship funds we did not apply for. Let's do this together, we bubbly proclaimed, and in hindsight, subconsciously, we sought each other's nudge. A year of collaborating about nothing in particular, and everything at once, turned into an intimate space, where we delved into the nature and challenges of individual and professional practice, and the beauty and struggle of collaboration.

Even as the need and desire to collaborate across differences dominates the architectural discourse, in response to our world's ever-compounding complexities, we're terrible at it in practice. Perhaps it is competitive attitudes, a display of strengths, that structurally contradicts our ability to collaborate well.

We thought that our one-way ticket to Dhaka, from one phase of life to another, from one continent to the next, was the perfect, almost cheesy, spot to try letting our guards down.

We each developed six prompts with themes of "intimacy" in mind. Our intentions varied. Becs came in with some much-too-personal heavy-hitters, Rhea posed multi-layered theoretical prompts. We discussed why some questions felt inaccessible, halved the list and created a sequence for the conversation. We recorded on our iPhones.

B: I almost recoil at the structure we have imposed on what I usually consider stoler time in the air; inconsequential time, my time. But nevermind.

We talked about our relationships to airports, and the differences between chosen and forced

B: I feel comfortable in airports, even though I'm not a third culture kid. But I don't relate to the feeling of comfort in seeing other people sharing this moment of transience with me. Mine is a chosen (and temporary) migration not a forced one. I question where

you fit on that spectrum having grown up a little untethered, but now choosing this way little untethered of life yourself?

## I See You Bitches! Avleigh Du

My first memory of the word 'intimate' was during freshman year of high school, where our English teacher, in a typical bout of a lull in teaching motivation, showed us a film in lieu of class. In this particular Michael Bay film. as Ewan McGregor and Scarlett Johanssor were about to have sex, he dramatically pauses the film and quips, "Eh-it's not illegal to show highschoolers two robots being intimate with one another, is it?" Despite my selfcongratulatory smugness at having an extensive vocabulary arsenal, this word escaped my mastery as of yet, and in high school, I did not have a supercomputer in my pocket to look it up.

Intimate! Was that third base? Groping? Butt stuff? I had no idea. Using good ol' deductive reasoning, I presumed then and there that it was just probably a euphemism for sex. Eventually of course, older and only slightly wiser, I realized sex, although the most provocative, is only a topics and buzzwords the architectural discours at-large concerns itself with. Indeed, Rudolph

Hall is a witness to countless moments and incidents of such fleeting closeness. Extracted from the archives of occurrences that take place Sometime during Fall Semester 2016: After becoming taken by **THEM**'s "radiant face during

Building Project construction" (as quoted by a professor), **TTT**'s crush on her intensified as the school year progressed. Brief glances, constant strategic routes that passed by her studio desk, and buffered interactions through mutual friends ensued, but none of these were as tense as that

one night they found themselves alone together

in one of the laser cutting rooms (or should they be called closets). The tension between them must have been fervent, as during one of the infamous Halloween parties of YSoA lore, it culminated in a prolonged hookup session. The morning and weeks after, engaged in the typical awkward dance of the

will-they-won't-they, until **I** finally asked **Description** one of the "met-in-gradschool architecture couples" that SoAs churn out every so often. They got married last fall, their wedding officiated by the aforementioned professor. Not so transient anymore, eh? September 8, 2022: Rudolph Hall's enigmatic

walls...their continuous masses rise unbroken

by a certain equally pervasive orange-hued glow), and bite back when prodded! I

haphazardly initiate a moment of intimacy

R: I grew up in a state of flux and, now, derive comfort from it.

B: I am conscious of my hair, the density and length seem an insult amid all the hijabs. B: Draped fabrice, little

B: It's not like I've changed my mind and really wish I had invited my mom to graduation. We laughed about our hair. We talked about play.

R: Finding that play-mate means finding someone with whom there is a complete unfiltered freedom of expression, where one can simply enjoy a chemistry and dynamic that isn't rooted in some opportunistic

B: I'm intercepting...can you tell me a story about that?

too personal?

R: ...maybe "too personal" depends on one's own relationship to the topic at hand – a very personal, site-specific sense of embodied competency. Do I trust myself? Do I trust my context?

B: No, really, tell me a story about that.

K. I guess that one time you came over and you put me in the spotlight and I was talking through all these ideas because I was riffing off your "Yeah, you know what you want! Yeah you're going to solve something!", but then at some point I got self-conscious and was like [gulp], Becs is not being silly back.

B: [Gasps] Oh shiiit.

Collaboration requires the ability to define differences nonthreateningly, and to share shortcomings honestly. Even so, intimacy is not a given, a play space not guaranteed. Is intimacy the willingness to stay? Who has the time? Who can afford to unlearn a need for control?

signal a safe place – to invite mess, unknowns, and "weird." Because (stick with us) if everything matters, then nothing matters, so what matters to you, personally, matters all the more. Maybe, through the lens of play, collaboration at its best encourages and celebrates each other's "weird," our differences. The work is learning to trut how they are The work is learning to trust how they can coexist. The outcome, though perhaps less defined may be what we need We wrap up our attempt at structured intimacy. All the lights are off, safety belts on. There's a

little bit of a spotlight on us. Everyone else is in the shadows. It's this weird intimate stage



with the walls, leaning against it for respite in a moment of idleness while photographing the jagged roughness is palpable even when I am still—Rudolph's concrete makes it clear immediately that he doesn't like to be touched, only admired. When I finally push off my

photography, it nicks my left elbow, voicing its discontent. My faint scar there serves as Concrete.

Elevators---the quintessential embodiment of transient intimacy witnessing hundreds, if not tension, part uncertainty, one wonders if there should be an attempt to make conversation with an acquaintance they've met only briefly, or would a cursory 'hello' suffice? Or, when inadvertently beginning a conversation with a friend moments before entering the elevator,

the conversation elsewhere at a later? During and enclosure facilitate an intensity of intimacy The elevator is a liminal space of waiting and standing still like no other place is. You can twiddle your thumbs and ignore your fellow

rings hollow, because you are not finishing a

conversation in ten seconds.





*Camera obscura is a black box*, Gianfranco Piaz

a toothbrush with someone who I deeply care about. There was a moment of realization that he had forgotten his toothbrush and so I offered to share mine. It is an entirely silicone toothbrush that can be washed with soap. Carefully, I washed it with dish soap and handed it to him. I tried to remove my germs with the right amount of tenderness and elbow grease. This gesture felt incredibly weighted during a time where the pandemic enshrouds every act of physical contact who I hold close.

So, I scrubbed and dried the toothbrush.

The night before our toothbrush exchange, it felt like we were at a sleepover – a video tape rewind to perhaps being young and consumed by staying at another's home. He took the couch and I took as I draped a blanket over him, gave him extra the couch instead. I have never been good with comes from having grown up in relatively small homes and moving from one place to another so

consume our lives and fill them with connection. any duration is at its root, right? Connection? not truly forge any kind of intimacy. So, in addition to connection, intimacy requires trust. Connection and trust? Do intimacy and love bleed into one another? This feels a little closer. I turn to J. Krish urti to consider these thoughts and questions.

J. Krishnamurti, in his book On Relationship, elucidates, "We are asking together: Is love

# Tiny, Insouciant, and Sharp Enough to Cut

Katie Johnson This might be the first time you've heard of Camille Roy. *Honey Mine*, published last year by Nightboat, collects more than 40 years of her writing, much of it previously unpublished. It includes fictionalized, poetic, and essayistic expressions of Roy's experiences growing into her sexuality and mixing with lesbian communities around the US, most of which

were thoroughly ghosted—ignored, denied, or unnoticed by mainstream culture. She documents as well as the unexpected liberation that can the underground intimacy of her generation's experience of queer community, exposing a microcosm of creative and emotional flourishing that emerged not only in spite of, but because of society's refusal to recognize the lesbian.

Roy is an underread writer of the New Narrative zone of freedom that was intoxicating." Despite movement that originated in San Francisco in the the obscuring effect of erasure, the underworld late 1970s, a genre of sometimes-fragmented, personal, queer-tinged writing, but she writes with a rigor that I think eclipses the oftenderogatory label "experimental." (Roy, without disavowing it, notes its use as a term levied in the States at writing and art too rich for American taste buds.) Her stories and essays

present an opportunity to witness and reflect on the changing trajectory of communal lesbian intimacy and the spaces it inhabits through her expansive sense of narrative and what it means to record a memory or a feeling. Her past—whether novelized or documented—is a character, and she affords it that autonomy:

'Sometimes I feel that the truest respect one can show towards the past," she writes allow it to be something other than a predecessor of the present. Perhaps

The distinct past that she conjures speaks to

did not reproduce."

a fading kind of queer identity formation. In a recent interview, Roy notes, "In my generation . identity was brought up from the depths after you submerged yourself in 'experiences.' It was charged with a feeling, perhaps a feeling of mysterious encounter. I suspect that when

Queer theory provided another route, and so did



Desire, we explained very carefully. Is love the pursuit of pleasure? Which is what you all want. And if it is based on remembrance there is a contradiction, it is limited, therefore. It is will create a society that is utterly destructive. You see, we are saying love is not desire, love is not the pursuit of pleasure, love is not a remembrance; it is something entirely different totally different. That sense of love, which one of the factors is compassion, comes only when you begin to understand the whole movement of desire, the whole movement of thought. Then out of that depth of understanding, feeling, a totally different thing called love comes into being. It may not be the thing that we call love. It is totally

of love, is every gesture of intimacy an exultation of love? Is this the kind of love that is "totally a different dimension"? As I handed the toothbrush to this person who I care about, he took it asking what he should do after he brushed with it. And I told him to wash it and dry it too. I could hear him at the kitchen sink scrubbing and moving the toothbrush under water. Tapping its edge it back to me. I casually took it back and the moment was over. Shared intimacy conclude linger. To find someone who equally cares in intentionality might be encompassed in the love that Krishnamurti locates in that "different dimension." This toothbrush, that I still use, is a portal to this transient intimacy. With its gently curved handle that my hand wraps around, this one silicone toothbrush reveals to me that I am cared for and care for another equally

<sup>1</sup>Krishnamurti, J. "Ojai, 21 April 1979." On Relationship, HarperSanFrancisco, 1992.

assimilation." She figures the tapering off of this sensory encounter as the quiet dispersal of the lesbian underground and the intimate community it generates—a space where identity is forged, questioned, and toyed with rather than absorbed from the outside world.

To be forced underground creates a sensitive network of recognition and identity-building, come with being unseen. Roy writes, "Social life constructs itself even when there is intense desire that it not exist. The way we were erased made us hyper visible—to each other. This felt like a form of molecular liveliness: tiny, insouciant, and sharp enough to cut. It gave me a

that she describes values what Terry Castle coined the "apparitional" quality of lesbian life for its world-building potential: a freedom to create, play, explore, and generate meaning. It's a rare example of a social life led in large part by creativity through "the freedom to play with gender and not be suffocated by its images." In the dark, those pre-existing images of gender and social fabric are as ghosted as the lesbian herself, replaced by the spark of

recognition and co-conspiracy with its particular homosocial intimacy of looking inward and outward at the same time. What do I see in you that I see in myself? What could we create? "What of the desire for another," Roy writes, "not to be loved, but to love? Do I want to recognize me in the lover? Do I want love to recognize me? Do I seek to be

I started this essay by calling *Honey Mine* derread, and it is—a writer of Roy's caliber should be better-known—but it is also, ultimately, a book for lesbians and other gender outlaws. It isn't designed to be notable; the very syntax of her language eludes recognition by the

beyond "suffocating images" have their own

queer life was so often underground this type of the crucible and the fruit of giving voice to the

identity formation was common, perhaps typical. tiny liveliness of a ghostly self and its familiars.

rewards; limited and intimate recognition is both



#### Family Dinner Livy, Columnist

I've spent perhaps the most time doing is are stuck working under the table, artists working in food service. From the time I moved out at eighteen, it's been my first job, my most enduring hobby, the reason For many, a finite stint at a restaurant I got through college, and the majority of my resume.

When I first started college, I worked counter service in Manhattan's Chinatown. My school had felt so overwhelmingly wealthy and white, so alienating, and I was so homesick that I started working five shifts a week. The first and foremost reason I worked was, of course, to make money. The second was family dinners. At that first job, my boss's grandmother (who we knew mononymously as Grandma) would cook us curry or fried rice or tomato egg or braised beef stew, any manner of Cantonese comfort foods. Before rush, we would sit side-by-side along the bar as she doled out seconds, fussing about how we had to eat up for energy. The restaurants I worked at became homes to me and working in service a core part of bad Tuesday shift when he waited forty my identity, a familial pride of sorts.

I've found that asking someone who they assume works service is an easy way to vet who they are. The more privileged someone's background, it seems, the more inclined they are to believe that the service industry is transitory, only a temporary state of shittiness. Of course, there are career

In my twenty-six years of life, the thing servers out there who love it, people who who use it to supplement their income in the long run, and everything in between. is a real expectation; most of my front of house coworkers have been students who worked a shift or two during the week and would go home during winter break or quit when they had internships lined up. I was a sushi waitress during undergrad but before coming to Yale, I spent a year working there full-time. Serving six or seven days a week is a far different experience. The intimacy of serving comes from familiarity, not unlike any other relationship. Mine was one of firsts

duit for Desire. Conduit for Affection. Accelerator for Love. Room

for Love, Invitation for Desire, Intervention for Intimacy, Opportunity for Longing, Cover for Happiness, Interface for Proximity, Cover for

Bonding Intervention for Bonding Invitation for Feeling Implement

for Closeness, Place for Trust, Facilitator for Trust, Opportunity

Connection, Opportunity for Affection, Site for Love, Room for Longing, Place for Happiness, Place for Desire, Site for Closeness

Cover for Intimacy, Tool for Love, Facilitator for Love, Intervention

for Proximity, Conduit for Touching, Prosthesis for Closeness, Site

for Feeling, Invitation for Pleasure, Tool for Happiness, Place for Closeness, Place for Bonding, Place for Love, Locus for Touching,

Affection, Tool for Affection, Locus for Trust, Conduit for Intimacy,

Tool for Feeling, Facilitator for Touching, Locus for Closeness, In-

terface for Intimacy, Place for Longing, Locus for Intimacy, Room for Release, Facilitator for Release, Implement for Bonding, Prosthesis

for Bonding, Vessel for Happiness, Accelerator for Touching, Room

for Bonding, Facilitator for Desire, Invitation for Bonding, Implement

for Feeling, Prosthesis for Touching, Conduit for Feeling, Vessel for

Connection, Tool for Bonding, Invitation for Affection, Interface for Longing, Intervention for Connection, Room for Touching, Interface

for Happiness, Invitation for Longing, Room for Proximity, Facilitator

Prosthesis for Happiness Place for Connection Facilitator for

for Closeness, Locus for Release, Conduit for Pleasure, Site for

Opportunity for Release Tool for Desire Accelerator for Desire

The first time I was called a slur, it was by a customer who followed up with "You have to understand dear, it's not offensive". The first time a surprise party was thrown for me was at the restaurant. The first time an adult man screamed at me was during an especially minutes for his entree. The fragments of Spanish that I understand come from behind the sushi bar. I can open a wine bottle in under a minute even though I don't drink. Routine is intimacy.

From table 28 to the computer, to the kitchen window, *Chef, how long is that calamari* gonna take?



for Connection. Place for Affection. Cover for Longing. Interface for

Affection, Room for Desire, Place for Feeling, Vessel for Pleasure, Prosthesis for Desire, Invitation for Closeness, Locus for Communi

cation, Facilitator for Feeling, Tool for Release, Room for Affection,

Facilitator for Communication, Prosthesis for Feeling, Place for

Pleasure, Implement for Touching, Locus for Proximity, Locus for Desire, Vessel for Bonding, Tool for Intimacy, Vessel for Commu-

nication, Facilitator for Longing, Room for Intimacy, Prosthesis for Proximity, Invitation for Love, Site for Intimacy, Room for Feeling, In

tervention for Communication. Conduit for Bonding, Intervention for

Pleasure, Place for Proximity, Implement for Happiness, Implement for Connection, Facilitator for Happiness, Place for Intimacy, Locus

ention for Love, Conduit for Love, Accelerator for Affection

for Feeling, Site for Trust, Prosthesis for Trust, Site for Affection,

Accelerator for Proximity, Opportunity for Desire, Cover for Desire.

Conduit for Happiness, Implement for Release, Intervention for Desire, Facilitator for Closeness, Vessel for Love, Accelerator for

Pleasure, Prosthesis for Communication, Invitation for Communication

tion, Prosthesis for Love, Vessel for Desire, Locus for Love, Room for Closeness, Vessel for Closeness, Implement for Communi-

cation, Cover for Communication, Intervention for Release, Locus for Affection, Opportunity for Bonding, Prosthesis for Longing,

Accelerator for Bonding, Invitation for Release, Conduit for Longing

rvention for Feeling, Conduit for Release, Facilitator for Bonding,

Set of 100% cotton shirts, sewn together; dimensions variable, 2021, Hannah Tjaden

- Then to table 31 Sorry, let me grab that fork for you!
- To the serving station,
- back to table 31,

to the host stand, Jen, you won't believe what those guys in that six top said. Oh my god I can't fucking wait until I leave. Rinse, polish, repeat.

The week before I left for grad school was a celebration. No more 10% tips from college students? No more bringing separate ramekins of spicy mayo for every wine drunk girl in the big party? No more explaining to white people the difference between nigiri and sashimi? What a dream. My regulars, many of whom had become friends, stopped by all week and I went home everyday with gift cards, cash, and flowers, and on one occasion, the professed romantic interest of a customer. It was a bigger, more dramatic ordeal than getting my BFA; I was graduating service, an idea that had seemed in the worst shifts to be a flickering mirage in the distance. I had never been sent out into the world with so much support before.



Happiness, Implement for Intimacy

Prosthesis for Pleasure, Tool for Closeness, Site for Release

Interface for Desire, Implement for Desire, Accelerator for Intimacy Cover for Release, Locus for Longing, Site for Happiness, Place for

for Connection, Interface for Pleasure, Tool for Longing, Accelerator

Release, Tool for Pleasure, Intervention for Affection, Accelerator

for Longing, Interface for Closeness, Cover for Trust, Accelerator

for Release, Vessel for Release, Vessel for Longing, Vessel for Feeling, Opportunity for Feeling, Conduit for Proximity, Intervention

for Touching, Vessel for Intimacy, Room for Happiness, Facilitator

or Intimacy, Implement for Proximity, Vessel for Trust, Place for

Touching, Room for Pleasure, Conduit for Closeness, Intervention

for Longing, Site for Bonding, Invitation for Trust, Opportunity for Communication, Tool for Communication, Intervention for Trust,

Tool for Trust, Site for Desire, Room for Connection, Invitation fo



I was terrified to leave. I still worry that I'm a waitress NPC, not a person of my own who can exist without practiced banter, memorized orders, or fun facts about bluefin tuna (they have silver bellies so that larger predators swimming below look up and mistake them for the sky!). While I cook struggle ramen, I think about family dinners and how our chef would make us pad thai all the time because it was my favorite. During crits, I find that my serving voice is my default setting. I miss taking care of people. I miss the relentless, devastating host stand gossip and the customers we had collective crushes on. I miss the good customers and the bad ones and how we were excited to see the good customers every week and how the bad ones didn't matter because we'd never see them again. But at some point, we all have to leave home.

Once, at the end of a meal, a customer told me "Thank you for your service". That's not how you use that saying, I thought, but you're welcome.



**Issue Editors** Andrew Clum Reem Nassour

Graphic Designers Ken Wenrui Zhao June Lihua Yu

**Coordinating Editors** Khalid Hassan Barbara Nasila Tarini Gandhi Reem Khorshid

> Graham Foundation



Paprika Von fient Intingen

Issue 2

What's more intimate than disclosing your thoughts to an unknown number of strangers

What's more transient than a thin sheet of As issue editors facing our own intimacies in the process of crafting this issue, we felt ourselves stepping into the intimate spaces that the authors invited us into from across the world.





Beyond our domestic spaces, we become occupied with where we spend time and who we spend time with. Intimacy can be perceived as a universal form of sentiment. It can be both shared with oneself or others. It can inhabit our objects, our habits, and our It can be both fleeting in form or possessive in permanence.

> In this issue, intimacy was interpreted through personal hierarchies of openness through its cost on our psyche through boundaries through aloneness through possession through secrecy through stillness through protection across thresholds.

Yours Truly, Andrew & Reem