

Things I Didn't Learn in Architecture School

SANJANA LAHIRI

Two events took place in the summer of 2022, in this order:

1. My much-anticipated graduation from The Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art
2. The unexpected death of my grandfather.

I was recently flipping through the well-worn pages of the home text that got me into Cooper Union—a stack of frankly cringeworthy projects on cheap paper that, for some reason, I am unable to throw out. Among the text's prompts is a quote from Georges Perret: "I've often tried to think of an apartment in which there would be a useless room."

The predicament of the useless room has sat at the back of my mind for the last few years, surfacing only occasionally during rare moments of free time. I finally came upon a satisfactory answer last month while staying at my grandmother's home, in between funeral services:

A room is rendered useless when its occupant has no more use for it.

In the case of my grandfather, it is because the occupant no longer possesses a physical body. Death, I have learned, leaves behind a string of useless spaces. This is not something they teach you in architecture school.

I have found that those of us who remain corporeal insist on maintaining this state of uselessness for as long as possible. There is no reason for the armchair in the spare bedroom to remain perfectly angled towards the TV—no one is there to watch cricket matches or Bengali movies. The boar bristle shaving brush in the bathroom serves no purpose, there is no need for a chair at the head of the dining table. But the preserved uselessness of space becomes a mechanism of grief—a way of suspending time to avoid contending with what is no longer there. I am the only architect in my family, yet all we recognise that the nostalgia surrounding certain spatial arrangements allows us to refute my grandfather's absence.

The destruction of the physical body is paramount in Hindu customs around death. We burn rather than bury, believing that the soul is liberated at the moment of cremation. The skull of the burning corpse is often deliberately shattered for this very purpose. The body, much like my grandfather's perfectly-positioned armchair, is rendered useless.

I suppose that this ritual is intended to be cathartic, in the same way that acts of throwing out and cleaning up are often portrayed in popular media—we are told to discard all that does not spark joy. But as I contend with the intertwined narratives of entering the profession of architecture and grieving the death of my grandfather, I am striving to make room for the objects that evoke nostalgia, and spaces that welcome sadness. Questions of emotional rather than functional utility guide this design project.

But for now, my family and I work together setting the table for our evening chat—a daily ritual composed of tea, snacks, and convivial conversation. We find comfort in the repetitiveness of daily life in between the larger, more performative moments of catharsis. We sit down, passing around the box of sugar and the tin of biscuits—amongst the sounds of laughter, things feel almost normal. No one mentions the extra teacup sitting in the kitchen cabinet.

Summer Camp Nostalgia

PAUL DEFAZIO

For several summers, I taught art for a summer camp in the Appalachian region of Central Pennsylvania. I spent most of my summer in a small wooden pavilion, which was relatively unremarkable: a pitched tin roof covered a concrete floor, housing twelve wooden tables. It was open to the forest on three sides, and housed a small storage closet. It was rarely commented on. Occasionally a staff member would note that it was nice to have a space that could withstand paint and glitter, and be cleaned so easily. Eventually, for me, this ability to withstand people began to feel like a generous quality. The campers could draw on the floor with chalk in their down-time, tie bracelets to the railings. It could withstand the creation of a model of a city, with a factory oozing expired green latex paint, a human sized birds nest, packed with mud. The space could be cleared and used for games, used as a sleepout spot, or even a rain-painception area for a nearby outdoor wedding.

Summer camp architecture seems to have certain qualities: cheap, suggestive, permissive, communal, easily built, easily animated... These qualities seem to allow buildings to give themselves over to the imaginations of their inhabitants. A large stone podium, half sawn logs, and a clearing surrounded by pine trees begin to suggest the nave and apse of a cathedral. Weddings have happened in this space, but campers have also had a funeral in that space for a pineapple, complete with a few heavy raindrops, black costume robes, and music by Sarah McLachlan. There's something about it: the quiet, the air, the gnats that come towards your eyelashes, the smell of the wood...

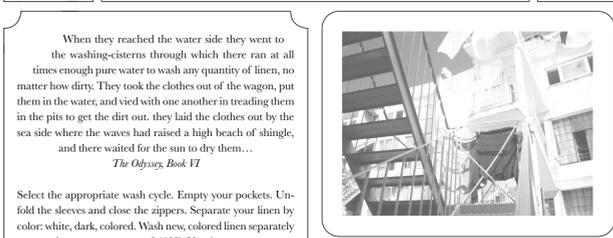
Today I see summer camp architecture reflected in the Southern Illinois University of Carbondale's Architecture School in the 1950's, where classes operated out of an old military barracks, and students built structures in the trees. In the architectural discourse, this typology has often housed experimental pedagogies: at Black Mountain College, which was housed in an old YMCA summer camp, on Laura Halprin's outdoor deck, where shelter-building games produced experimental choreography, or in Camp Jened, where many of the disability activists who advocated for the first ADA laws would travel for the summer. Perhaps it's the seclusion, or the urgency of a community which quickly comes and goes, but summer camp architecture seems to permit more radical/unconventional forms of collective expression: later shared as memories.

While campers come and go, the tin roofs and storage spaces, the outdoor cathedral, the fire circles dotting the forest like satellites around the main camp will remain for others to use as they may, creating new nostalgias.



Forgotten Socks

AVA VIOLICH-KENNEDY & AMIR HALABI



When they reached the water side they went to the washing-cisterns through which there ran at all times enough pure water to wash any quantity of linen, no matter how dirty. They took the clothes out of the wagon, put them in the water, and vied with one another in treading them in the pits to get the dirt out, they laid the clothes out by the sea side where the waves had raised a high beach of shingle, and there waited for the sun to dry them...

The Odyssey, Book VI

Select the appropriate wash cycle. Empty your pockets. Unfold the sleeves and close the zippers. Separate your linen by color: white, dark, colored. Wash new, colored linen separately at a maximum temperature of 40°C. Use the correct amount of detergent. Please remove your clothes from the machines when the cycle is complete, as a courtesy to others. Please buy your loyalty cards at the cash desk.

Sidewalk in front of LavaMais – Avenida Almirante Reis, Lisboa. They left in such a hurry that they forgot their socks.

stain
/steyn/ noun
a mark on something that is difficult to remove

Speed Queen Laundromat – Avenida Infante Santo, Lisboa.

A man rubs white cloth between his fingers, pours bleach into a machine. Later he will search the fabric for the spot and find it. The shirt is ruined.



Rua de Moçambique, Lisboa. A clothesline is shared. They chat as they unpin sheets, huffing sail-like in the breeze.

The seashoosman beats the laundry
Against the stone in the tank.
She sings because she sings and is sad
For she sings because she exists.
This she is also happy.
Fernando Pessoa (1888-1935)

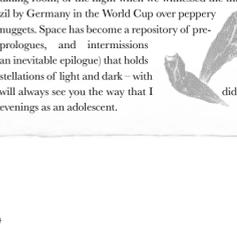
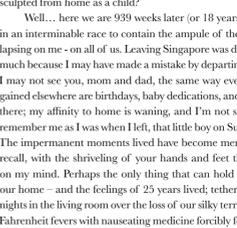
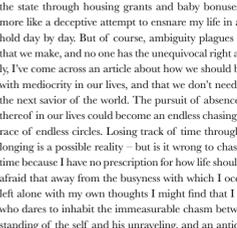
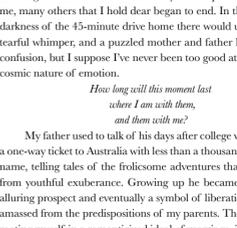
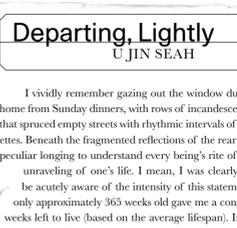
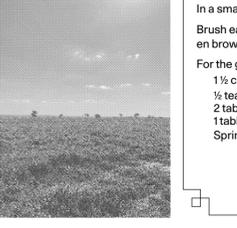
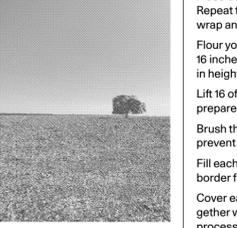
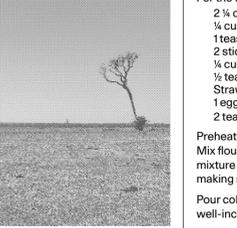
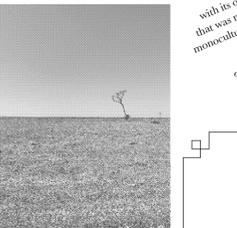
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This Used be a Forest

LUCIANA VARKULJA

The Atlantic Forest in Brazil is a highly fragmented landscape, and most of its remnants are located in private properties.



A forest that disappeared along with its original settlements, that was replaced by agricultural lands, monoculture systems, and pasturals.

For the past 500 years, a number of extractive economic cycles have impacted—and continue to impact—one of the most threatened and species-rich ecosystems worldwide.

Learn how to leave a legacy that will last forever.

What's left is an open air museum: a ghostly and silent forest that remains in the Amazon Rainforest.

Mini Strawberry Pop Tarts
by 23 — 24
Modified from Handle the Heat
Makes 16

For the tart:
2 ½ cups (290 grams) all-purpose flour
½ cup + 1 tablespoon (65 grams) granulated sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 sticks (227 grams) unsalted butter, cold and cubed
¾ cup + 3 tablespoons (100 grams) cold water
½ teaspoon honey
Strawberry preserves
1 egg
2 teaspoons water

Preheat the oven to 375°F. Line sheet trays with parchment. Mix flour, sugar, and salt in a bowl until just combined. Rub the butter into the dry mixture to incorporate, until the mixture looks sandy and no large clumps remain, making sure not to overmix.

Pour cold water and honey into the dough mixture and fold until ingredients are well-incorporated into a dough ball.

Place dough on a lightly floured surface. Fold the dough in half, then roll it out. Repeat this 2-3 times and shape into a 1-inch thick slab. Wrap the dough in plastic wrap and let it rest in the refrigerator for 30 minutes to 1 hour.

Flour your work surface to roll out the dough. Roll the dough into a rectangle of 12 x 16 inches and about ¼ of an inch thick. Cut the dough into rectangles 2 x 3 inches in height. Cut 32 rectangles.

Lift 16 of the cut rectangles off your work surface and place them onto one of the prepared baking sheets.

Brush the dough lightly with water, ensuring that the complete edges are wet to prevent filling leakage.

Fill each center with 1 teaspoon of strawberry preserves, leaving about ¼-inch border from filling to the edge of the dough.

Cover each filled pastry with a second dough rectangle and crimp the edges together with a fork. Prick the top with a fork to help with steam release. Repeat the process with any remaining cut rectangles.

In a small bowl, mix together the egg and water.

Brush each filled rectangle with egg wash and bake for 15-20 minutes, or until golden brown and the pastry is fully baked. Let cool completely before glazing.

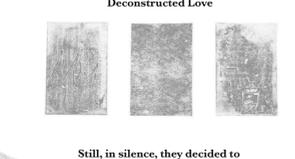
For the glaze:
1 ½ cups (188 grams) powdered sugar, sifted
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
2 tablespoons milk
1 tablespoon corn syrup (about 22g)
Sprinkles (optional)

In a small bowl, whisk together all ingredients except sprinkles. Use a spoon to glaze each cooled pop tart. Top with sprinkles. Leave to set for 30 minutes to 1 hour before eating.

On The Event of Love

DANNING NIU

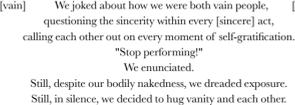
Nostalgia is tenderness for what was once excruciating



Deconstructed Love



Still, in silence, they decided to hug vanity and each other.



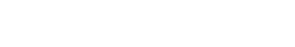
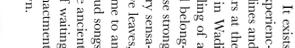
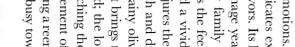
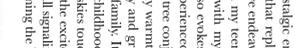
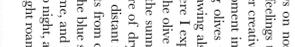
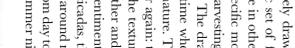
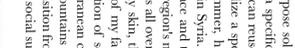
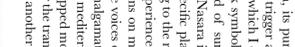
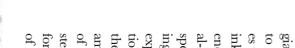
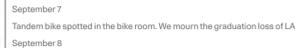
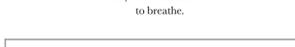
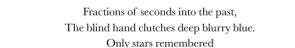
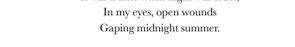
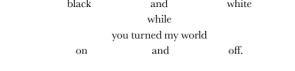
Light Switches



Choking the Night, Choked by Night



Matter, Memory



Souvenirs of Innocence

I allow myself 20 cigarettes a year - a perfect pack, saved for moments of real anguish and occasions for performative melancholy. From every cigarette, the smoke I puff out makes out the shape of its idiosyncrasy and half-and-half sincerity-and-artifice.

In the process of mourning our love, I smoked seven. A bit over a third of my yearly ration, a proper farewell.

As I stubbed out my seventh one, the image of you began to ignite. I thought of Pamuk's Museum of Innocence, along with the 4,213 lip-stick-stained cigarette stubs the author meticulously collected, cleaned, dated and supposedly belonged to the heroine of his novel, Fusun. "Before it turned into ashes..." I suddenly had an urge to cling onto something.

Artifacts of peculiar shapes, imprints of your singular intimacy.

Yet you don't smoke, so I have nothing to collect.

04/213

Making the intaglio prints was my desperate surrender. Ode to the acid bath that etched both the copper plates and my pain away. To be honest, I have not thought of love for a long time and this revisiting felt more daunting than ever.

Years away from when I first learned love will pass, I shudder at this feeling that my nostalgia will one day leave me, too. An attempt to relieve the love is like rehydrating a dehydrated fruit—never will it fully restore what's lost to time, but to a messy, sticky, and untamed heart it expands. Still, I can't resist believing that perhaps to mature does not necessarily mean having to outgrow the past, and that it's okay to be nostalgic about nostalgia.

Memories are freeze-dried strawberries. On my bruises (refrigerator kisses) they once kissed. Swelling, knowing, from brittle sweetness, A sticky monster will ripen again.

Deconstructed Love: Soft/hard ground, toner transfer, & aquatint etching, blue ink on cream Rives BFK
Still, in silence, they decided to hug vanity and each other: Soft/hard ground, toner transfer, & aquatint etching, blue ink on cream Rives BFK
Light Switches: Soft/hard ground, toner transfer, & aquatint etching, blue ink on cream Rives BFK
Choking the Night, Choked by Night: Drypoint, indigo ink on white Rives BFK
Souvenirs of Innocence: Soft/hard ground, toner transfer, & aquatint etching, blue ink on cream Rives BFK

To Futures That Did Not Happen

In which space are we left when technical ideas have failed and we suddenly discover that the past cannot or cannot incorporate everyone back due to the breakneck speed of the global? We wish to relate to ages, quotes and references that emanate hope, as if we were tapping into the past's unrealised potentials we receive the dead before. Then we fear that we have been there before, in that transient space before things have deteriorated to the state of now. What if this unsettling feeling of "having been in a space before" is actually a continuous space of its own? One we are inhabiting now, a "repetition compulsion" space of modern times. If so, then the way out of such space cannot manifest through a radical vision of the future nor a romantic lamentation of the past. It can only happen through

and by association the exhaustion of meanings, we can find solace in the acceptance of our current state of atomised insignificance. We may raise a toast to them so, not as inspiring reflections but as opportunistic (and at times naive) formalist projects that connect us to the future. While we do that, we might find the strength within ourselves to take our time and re-estimate our complicit necessities and guidelines that underlie the productions of our beloved buildings today. In that space, relieved of toppling mechanisms of forms inventing, we might grant each other support and solidarity to help us through an occasional dubious déjà vu.

Chauffeur

ZAVEN TITIZIAN

Roadside Fire
Our conversation slowed to a stop with the traffic ahead of us. I could see a distant trail of smoke on the opposite shoulder of the highway. As we approached, the cab of a semi-truck came into view. Flames were towering above the engine, turning us on the thick black smoke of burning oil and rubber. There was no sirens or responders—just myself, my grandfather, and six lanes of commuters, all struck by the scene. I looked into the truck, but before I could find the driver my eyes returned to the road. The cars in front of me were moving on and the accident soon disappeared from my rear-view mirror.

We were on our way to meet my grandfather's friend Moses, from "back home". He owned a dental lab in North York, specializing in molding and fitting dentures. My grandfather had his last three teeth pulled a couple of weeks ago and his new toothless lips still caught me by surprise. I couldn't help but hold back a smile when he broke the silence, picking up where he'd left off: "Your grandmother came to live with me there, in Haret Hreik, when we married in 1966," he said, "those were the best years of my life; Beirut was golden. Until the war started"

Store Explosion
On a spring morning in 1975, my grandfather woke to a strange smell and a pale orange sky that blanketed the neighbourhood. He knew immediately what had happened: a bomb had been placed in his storefront overnight, he recognized the sulfuric taste of burning battery acid. Ironically enough, it was only last year that his shoe store was converted to sell car batteries and other electronic automotive parts. He didn't think much of it at the time, but the day before a Palestinian friend and frequent customer told him that he should leave immediately and not come back, saying Christians in the neighbourhood—and by association Armenians—were in danger.

The explosions destroyed the entire block of shops, including his brother's pharmacy, a bookstore, a bakery, and a gas station. The bombing was claimed by the Palestinian Liberation Organization who based one of their operations out of a refugee encampment only a five-minute walk from his store. The group was targeting Christian-owned businesses in response to the Maronite Phalanges' opening fire on a bus of PLO militants and Lebanese sympathizers, including women and children, returning from a political rally; the Beirut bus massacre, or "Black Sunday", has since been accepted as the official start of the 15-year long civil war.

In the lull that followed the initial conflicts, my grandfather rebuilt his shop, unaware that war had only just begun. Before moving back in, though, he was convinced to give the space to his brother's pharmacy instead, while the old pharmacy was under construction. He and his family—which now included four sons and a fifth on the way—relocated to a predominantly Armenian neighbourhood in East Beirut.

Taxi Drivers
The city's golden years had ended. A conflict that began as secular political issues soon became war between a complex web of militant gangs that relied on religious affiliations to motivate a supportive base. These factions had individual ideologies and loose connections with one another but were principally divided between the Muslim West and the Christian East. The country's capital was transformed into a sectarian battlefield: hotels became sniper towers, car parks became bunkers, and sidewalks were laced with barbed wire and sandbags. And yet, despite the sporadic, violent clashes in Beirut, daily life carried on.

When the school year ended, my grandfather and his growing family returned to their home village in Kessab, Syria—as they

had done every summer. He was in search of new income and soon discovered he had something few others in the village had: a car. He started driving people, in his two-door '58 Volkswagen Beetle, between Kessab and the nearby city of Latakia. The trips got longer and by the end of summer, with a reprieve of relative peace in Lebanon, many families in Kessab were migrating back to Beirut for work and school. After about a year of more frequent trips between Syria and Lebanon, he purchased an official taxi license from the Lebanese government '65 Mercedes 190C. He would continue drive the coastal, transnational route for the next 13 years.

Denures
We said goodbye and I thanked Moses for the coffee. We would need to come back in a week or so to pick up the dentures and have them properly fitted. My grandfather took his wallet but Moses pushed back immediately, saying he would not accept the money. Voices rose as neither would back down. Eventually, though, my grandfather gave in (after Moses physically forced the wad of bills back into his pocket). The dentures were to be exchanged without payment—a favour for the years my grandfather drove Moses' family between Kessab and Beirut and the many stories they shared with one another in that time.

Name/Nostalgia/Inheritance
The first thing I inherited from my grandfather was his name. It follows a tradition of naming a family's first born after his paternal grandfather. Whether or not our shared name is the reason, I have always felt a certain closeness to him. Despite the language barrier, I was always fond of his stories of Beirut and of Kessab, the most memorable ones passed down over long drives together in his beige '07 Toyota Camry. After all, that's what a diaspora is best at: passing down the things that matter; rebuilding what was lost in the collective imaginaries of a younger generation; reliving the stories of gold-en years while in transit—driving between catastrophe and new life.

In my village, everyone had a second name," my grandfather said—we were almost home now. "My best friend was Mayboulz, which means 'mayor'—an epithet given to him after a failed attempt at running for office. "And there were our neighbours Stalin and Gandhi," he added. "I've seen pictures and their likenesses are truly astounding." I asked him if he had a nickname as well. "I was the only taxi driver in Kessab," he said, "so sometimes they would call me 'Chauffeur Zaven.'" I told him that I was the chauffeur now and he laughed.

ON THE GROUND
August 26
Friday is Monday. No classes, empty pits and desks. DEBORAH BERKE welcomes back students, with a "please don't whine" & reminder about free speech, thinking boldly, but staying kind. She also tells us not to drink out of stress. RICHARD DEFULMERI reminds us that he doesn't care if we leave a phone number out on projects, and will be moving and shaking as needed in his trademark Vans.
August 30
ELIHU RUBIN wears a shirt that says "New Haven. I really liked you better back when you sucked".
Semiotics indecision - FRANCESCO CASETTI gives JAHAN SCIPPO a "Cue nervous shopping season laughter"
August 31
ANTHONY ACCAVIATTI presents photos of a long haired Tony dipping socks in the Ganges for Redding Environmental Uncertainty.
Shopping period is messy. Students are using a different schedule, tragedy strikes when 1/3 the interested crowd misses urbanity in Japan because they think it is at 2pm
wears a shirt that says "New Haven: I really liked you better back when you sucked".

Departing, Lightly

UJIN SEAH

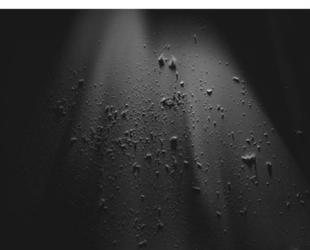
I vividly remember gazing out the window during our drive home from Sunday dinners, with rows of incandescent amber hues that spruced empty streets with rhythmic intervals of strange silhouettes. Beneath the fragmented reflections of the rear window was a peculiar longing to understand every being's rite of passage—the unravelling of one's life. I mean, I was clearly too young to be acutely aware of the intensity of this statement, and being only approximately 365 weeks old gave me a considerable 3423 weeks left to live (based on the average lifespan). Indeed, despite knowing that life was before me at my doorstep ready to begin for me, many others that I hold dear began to end. In the momentary darkness of the 45-minute drive home there would usually emanate a tearful whimper, and a puzzled mother and father left with much confusion, but I suppose I've never been too good at conveying the cosmic nature of emotion.

How long will this moment last where I am with them, and them with me?

My father used to talk of his days after college when he left on a one-way ticket to Australia with less than a thousand dollars in his name, telling tales of the frolicsome adventures that sprung forth from youthful exuberance. Growing up he became an evermore alluring prospect and eventually a symbol of liberation, an identity amassed from the predispositions of my parents. The possibility of rooting myself in a romanticized ideal of marriage, incentivized by the state through housing grants and baby bonuses schemes, felt more like a deceptive attempt to enstare my life in a conventional hold day by day. But of course, ambiguity plagues every decision that we make, and no one has the unequivocal right answer. Recently, I've come across an article about how we should be comfortable with mediocrity in our lives, and that we don't need to strive to be the next survivor of the world. The pursuit of absences and the lack thereof in our lives could become an endless chasing of the wind, a race of endless circles. Losing track of time through an insatiable longing is a possible reality—but is it wrong to chase? Am I filling time because I have no prescription for how life should be lived? I'm afraid that away from the business with which I occupy myself, if left alone with my own thoughts I might find that I have none. So who dares to inhabit the immeasurable chasm between the understanding of the self and his unraveling, and an antiquated identity sculpted from home as a child?

Well... here we are 939 weeks later (or 18 years), and I'm still in an interminable race to contain the ampule of the bourgeois collapsing on me - on all of us. Leaving Singapore was difficult - not so much because I may have made a mistake by departing, but because I may not see you, mom and dad, the same way ever again. Time gained elsewhere are birthdays, baby dedications, and weddings lost there; my affinity to home is waning, and I'm not sure if you will remember me as I was when I left, that little boy on Sunday evenings. The impermanent moments lived have become memories hard to recall, with the shriveling of your hands and feet the only things on my mind. Perhaps the only thing that can hold up the sand is our home - and the feelings of 25 years lived; tethered by weeping nights in the living room over the loss of our silky tervet, 102 degree Fahrenheit fevers with nauseating medicine forced fed to me in the dining room, or the night when we witnessed the thrashing of Brazil by Germany in the World Cup over peppery chicken nuggets. Space has become a repository of pre-prologues, and intermissions (with an inevitable epilogue) that holds the constellations of light and dark - with a hope that I did on Sunday evenings as an adolescent.

How do we carry this unbearable lightness? "Open closed open. Before we are born, everything is open in the universe without us. For as long as we live, everything is closed within us. And when we die, everything is open again. Open closed open. That's all we are." Yehuda Amichai, 1998



Matter, Memory

SYDNEY MIERO KING

On the day my grandmother was cremated, I kept thinking about her body and the transition she was about to undergo. Each hour I wondered whether she had become ash and if I would somehow know when that shift had occurred. Across the country and unable to be present with her, I began collecting all the dust I could find in my apartment. I built a camera to capture this dust on the surface of negatives, each fleck casting a shadow from the light of the lens.

I think of these images as self-portraits, grief rituals, and experiments. Our bodies are constantly shedding particles - hair, skin cells, nail filings - and those bits of matter become part of the atmosphere that surrounds us. In making these images of my own dust, I felt I might somehow find my grandmother again, or locate her plane of existence. Through this process, I started to question: How can a body? Where can we find those who have passed?

What photos speak to individual and communal grief? With this work, I am interested in not only honoring and remembering my grandmother but also in re-considering the ways that photography can accumulate history and speak to intergenerational memory and loss.

ON THE GROUND
Summer
Summer courses came back with a vengeance. Bootcamp for 1st years. Building project team finds a way to touch water and enjoy good vibes. Danish crowd returns to join us 4th year 3rd years. One big happy family.
ON THE GROUND
September 1
CAITLYN TAYLOR tells us she's not fun to be around, and even though she buys a 128 tomato at the farmers market she doesn't think it's the solution for everyone. The school runs out of well at 150pm. "Reject modernity" it's actually cool find good to be offline from the groupchat. Then, an announcement is made that whole campus is down. Entire university's heart rate goes up to 110 bpm, then everyone remembers that they are humans and it's ok to be offline for a millisecond. Cue everyone scrolling on Instagram as they wait for it to return.
September 2
MARIA LA PORTIDRAGO proclaims PHIL BERNSTEIN as the + profit + of Professional Practices. Ack. Everyone is wearing green for fundraiser UZAR AGHA organized for flooding in Pakistan, during 6 on 7. Amazing propaganda is produced with Deborah bearing flag.

September 7
Tandem bike spotted in the bike room. We mourn the graduation loss of LAUREN CARMONA & PAUL MEUSER.
September 8
NATHANIEL ELMER notifies the masses that the Queen of England has died. Feelings are mixed. SIDA TANG cannot believe he found out via YSA group chat and not CNN.
RACHAPORN CHOOCHUEY restores our hope in architectural practice with her lecture: Lightly, Casually. Students swarm her personal space at the reception in the gallery. ANDREW BERNER debates his best custom cocktail yet.



When I think of nostalgia, the analytical side of my brain takes a back seat, I begin to observe a conglomeration of feelings manifesting my consciousness. Every feeling then intertwined together, forming a palate of vivid experiences, causing visions of idealistic life. I believe nostalgia is not necessarily the act of reminiscing on happy memories of a cozy past, but instead I find nostalgia manifests future experiences from "nostalgic" segments of happy