

Canned Sardines

Dima Srouji
M. Arch '16

My grandparents’ house in Bethlehem is a thirty-minute drive to the Mediterranean. At least for an Israeli it is, but for a Palestinian it’s impossible to access without a permit. During lunch there this summer, my grandmother Layla admitted that she had not eaten fresh fish from beyond the wall in decades. She could have crossed the border when she turned 55, the age at which it becomes legal for women to cross from Palestine to Israel. Anyone younger is considered a national threat.

Yet despite her age, she refused to cross—a mixture of pride and crippling nostalgia. Layla was terrified her memories would be ruined if she saw how her country appeared on the other side. She was ten years old during *Nakba* in 1948 when her family was kicked out of their home.

But last week she was sick of frozen fish imported from wherever, so we crossed the eight meter wall together and drove to Jaffa Beach. For dinner we ate fresh sea bream from her hometown where she lived sixty-eight years ago.

Grandma Layla’s last memory of her hometown is when her mother sent her down the street to buy bream for dinner. We stopped by her old house on the way back. A lovely family lives there and welcomed us inside for a cup of tea, where Layla’s father’s chandelier still hangs in the living room. After, we got in the car and drove thirty-minutes back into the walled city of Bethlehem. Because I was born on the right side of the wall I was able to come and go very easily. The rest of my family, born on the Palestinian side, have not seen the Mediterranean in decades. We brought sea bream back for everyone.



A Girl Has No Nation

Elif Erez

B.A. '15

GSD M.Arch '20

This summer, days before I was scheduled to return home to Istanbul on a vacation in Italy, the Turkish military attempted a coup d'état. All flights into Turkey, including mine, were suspended. I couldn't stay in Italy, since my tourist visa expired on the day I was scheduled to fly out. I couldn't go back to the US, since I had not yet renewed my student visa. I was trapped in a logjam of international borders, immobilized in a unique 'site' that exists not in real space, but rather in my experience as a tourist holding the passport of a destabilized nation. I was suddenly made acutely aware of the impact my nationality has on my physical movement and my experience of space. If the Turkish coup succeeded, would my passport still work? Would there still be Turkey? Where could I go?

For as long as nations have existed, nationhood has been a flaky concept. Yet, its indeterminacy seems to have intensified over the summer of 2016. The Refugee Nation competed in the Rio Olympics, Britain broke down in an identity crisis, and one of America's presidential candidates induced in his nation the sort of reaction that pop rocks have in soda.

When asked about my own nationality, 'Turkish' is almost always followed by, 'but I've been studying in the US since I was eighteen.' Honestly, if 'Architecture' was a nationality, I would feel much more comfortable putting that down on my passport. For the last four years, studio has been my home. I speak the language of pre-crit post-rationalizations and Long Live the Dean.

Mostly out of curiosity, and partly out of desperation, I Googled, 'places that don't require a visa for Turkish citizens.' It turns out, not a whole lot: mainly countries in South American and the Middle East, and Japan. I had friends and colleagues in Japan who I could stay with. Here was my crack in the logjam, a way to get out of this international no-man's land. I booked the flights, processed my student visa in Tokyo, and flew directly to the US.

Over the course of several weeks, I completed a full circle around the world without stopping in Istanbul. If I tried to parse out the political, psychological, and physical barriers that prevented me from going to Turkey this summer, perhaps I would be one step closer to coming up with my own definition of nationhood. If I had been less risk-averse, less inclined to expect the worst from Turkish politics, I might have gone back. Instead, I chose what I found was the safest option possible, albeit at the cost of not spending time at home, spending time at home. My detour to Japan was, in a sense, an undoing of the unique geopolitical boundaries that had previously limited my mobility. My passport, the object that had constructed the walls of the site I was locked into, also became the tool I used to carve out a 'back room' I could escape to.

In his August opinion piece in *Dezeen*, Sam Jacob asked, 'what is a border in the twenty-first century?' In my experience, a border is both a collective construct and a deeply personal, individual experience. I can't choose my country of birth, or the historical and political baggage that it carries. Yet, nationality wields enormous power over my life, and it sets up barriers where none may exist for others.

While I am just starting my professional degree in architecture, I remain fascinated by this web of international boundaries, enacted through the politics of border regulation. These are borders that are just as constructed, just as 'architected' as the conventional building blocks of architecture. Accordingly, a design education has to acknowledge and engage this relationship. As emerging design professionals in an increasingly blurry global geography, we can't help but tackle the oncoming task of redefining nationhood, borders and boundaries. We're already uniquely equipped with the skills to deconstruct things, figure out how they work, and imagine new and better ways to reconstruct them.

Interview with Geoff Manaugh

Geoff Manaugh is the creator of architecture website *BLDGBLOG*, as well as the author of the *New York Times*-bestselling *A Burglar’s Guide to the City* and *The BLDGBLOG Book*. His writing has also been published in *The New Yorker*, *The New York Times Magazine*, *Cabinet*, *The Atlantic*, and many others.

P
Your newest book, *A Burglar’s Guide to the City*, studies architecture the ‘way a burglar would,’ in order to learn more about the discipline. Analogous to the example of the burglar, what do you think urban planners and designers can learn from nomads or migrants?

GM
While I don’t think there is an exact overlap with burglary, both burglars and nomads do share the tactic of looking at how rules, whether it’s zoning or actual property lines, can be undercut or used against their intended purpose. Burglars reveal that some people approach buildings very differently than how an architect might expect them to; and, when looking at borders, you’ll find that people will use the landscape in ways that figures of authority wouldn’t have anticipated. When you study how people actually use space, in other words, you see how even the best-laid plans are often thwarted.

P
The border between the Dominican Republic and Haiti is noted by a line of deforestation. The Korean DMZ is a de facto wildlife preserve. What have been some of the most interesting ecological and architectural phenomena you’ve researched that have been sparked by this type of political demarcation?

GM
I like those examples, although it’s also interesting to look at how nation-states step beyond their territories to try to regulate global effects on the environment, such as deforestation in the Amazon. Countries that don’t own land in that region nonetheless will advocate for how the land there should be controlled. Another example is water, including how aquifers often span international borders. In that case, geopolitics actually extends into this invisible, subterranean realm.

P
You recently discussed the implications of virtual reality on larger urban zoning issues on BLDGBLOG beginning with legal actions taken against Pokemon Go. If legal bounds are drawn in the virtual plane, how do you see architects and urbanists interacting with such zones?

GM
There are a lot of aspects to this. For one, there is an analog interaction with digital technology. One can simply design the facade of a building so that it acts more like a virtual billboard. Reports from the home-building industry also suggest that families are now reacting against the open house plan by creating labyrinthine homes with more walls and more rooms, to allow for more privacy and more screen time. It’s an interesting economic indicator of how architecture is being changed by people’s digital habits.

At the same time, the propagation of electromagnetic signals can be harnessed by architects to enable better access to Wi-Fi and cell phone signals, or alternately, to deny access to those things. There was a project recently from Joseph Grima’s group *Space Caviar*, in which they designed a house that could function like a Faraday cage, shutting off electromagnetic access in different rooms.

Finally, there’s geo-fencing, in which, once you

cross a particular threshold or border, technology doesn’t work anymore. You see that at the White House: the airspace around it has been geo-fenced so it’s impossible to fly drones there.

There’s something really compelling and strange about that. It’s also worrisome and ominous that someone could set limits on your technology without you knowing, whether it’s your phone, a handgun, or a camera. Imagine going to a political event and the video function on your iPhone suddenly doesn’t work. These virtual, electromagnetic, or otherwise augmented spaces are subject to design, and architects, police forces, and political authorities can take advantage of that.

P
Your research combines a variety of ecological oddities, obscure histories, and sci-fi speculations in order to subvert the way people think about design. Are there certain urban design practices or firms that you follow that take the same type of outsider approach to their interventions on the landscape?

GM
There’s definitely interesting work out there in terms of architectural research—people like Keller Easterling to Benjamin Bratton to Liam Young are producing work that crosses a lot of boundaries. The problem is that, once you step into the market-oriented world of architectural design and production, clients aren’t necessarily happy to underwrite that kind of research, and you often have to continue on your own. The sad but interesting reality is also that, if you’re trying to find theoretical implications of advanced design work, it’s often hidden in plain sight—people designing huge entertainment complexes, casinos, or stadiums, places that have enough money to test out unproven technology that might not be very high-tech in a few years but is cutting-edge right now.

P
In our current age of ecological crisis and flux, how do you see traditional notions of cities tested and redefined?

GM
Like Rahul Mehrotra was saying (see interview inside), was saying, there are aspects of sustainability and ephemerality that are incredibly important in an urban project. At the same time, one of the risks of a ‘pop-up’ culture is the sense that we can always move on to take advantage of better conditions elsewhere. It’s tempting to believe that there’s always another place to go. It’s interesting to look at nomadic urbanism on an avant-garde cultural level, but it can sometimes just be sprawl by another name. Cities would do well to figure out how to take advantage of the circumstances that they find themselves in. The promise of a particular US urbanism has always been vampiric—once we’re done with this place we’ll go somewhere else. It’s different from what Rahul is advocating, but mobility can also be dangerous—like the idea that we have to get to Mars before climate change sets in. Why fix where we are now if we can simply move somewhere new?

P
How do you define a border? GM

A border is the definable limit where one condition becomes another. Whether it’s visible is not part of the definition, but something happens at a point of transition, whether it’s a legal transition, a thermal, political, or barometric one. It’s where a turning point occurs.



The Middle East in the Midwest: Displacing Violence, Knowing Space

Randa Tawil

Ph.D. Candidate, American Studies

I have always hated the phrase, ‘the Middle East.’ People love to talk about it, to solve its problems, to throw their hands in the air over the intractable nature of its conflicts, but if you ask where exactly it is, what distinguishes it as a geographical space and where its borders are drawn, most people can’t really tell you. Seeking out experts doesn’t help much either. The United Nations, the World Bank, and the US government all define borders in the region differently—stretching as a coherent and self-contained geo-political unit. I suggest that as the United States constructed itself as an ordered and cohesive geo-political and cultural space, the de-colonizing world became its opposite: disordered, vulnerable spaces lacking modernity. The Middle East is a spatial narrative that needs to be both evident and ambiguous. Its construction tells us much about how Americans understand and relate to the globe spatially.

I thought a lot about this idea this summer while doing research at the University of Chicago. The University is a contained, highly securitized space in an otherwise economically depressed area of Chicago. In fact, the university employs a private security force second in size only to the Vatican. This year there have been more than 2,000 victims of gun violence in Chicago. This area is known as ‘Chiraq’ or ‘Beirut by the Lake.’ In the middle of this landscape referred to as the Middle East exists one of the best museums chronicling and categorizing the region: The Oriental Institute at University of Chicago. Walking through ‘Chiraq’ and viewing some of the best artifacts collected from the region, I wondered how these two ways of ordering space connected to the larger narrative of the Middle East in the United States.

In the first half of the twentieth century, both the social space of the United States as well as its position in the world changed rapidly. In cities like Chicago, immigration from abroad as well as Black migration from the South created intense anxiety over how the United States could function as a cohesive space. As Edward Said argues in *Orientalism*, the interwar years also presented a moment of European anxiety, as anti-imperialism threatened European control of the world. Indeed, anxieties about assimilation of immigrants and political dissidents were overarching fears and contentions, nationalized in the sensational trial and execution of Sacco and Vanzetti in 1927. These changing spaces provoked a ‘civilizational anxiety’ which turned to the study of other cultures and peoples. At University of Chicago, Robert Park developed the school of sociology that conducted its research on the ‘Asian Question’ and the ‘Negro Question.’ The same institution established the Institute for Oriental Studies, led by the Egyptologist James Breasted. In this institute ‘art, archeology, political science, language, literature and sociology, in short all the categories of civilization shall be represented and correlated.’ The creation of a way to study the region, then, correlated with the development of social science, the idea of scientific knowability of peoples and the world, and intense anxiety about peoples in the United States. As empires shifted the sovereignty of space and migration shifted the makeup of space and Western scholars reasserted that their expertise could be used to understand discrete spaces and cultures, their own as well as the world’s.

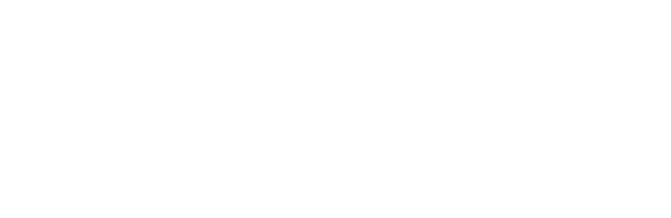
The institutional racism around University of Chicago persists in our present moment. Racist housing practices, police brutality, and economic deprivation has worked together to split Chicago in half: an affluent and mostly white North Side, and a poor and mostly Black South Side. From 1983–1986, Chicago’s racial tensions boiled over after Harold Washington, a black man, was elected as mayor. The white alderman formed a coalition and voted down all his reforms. This political gridlock created on racial lines was termed ‘Beirut by the Lake’ by the Wall Street Journal and the phrase caught on. Through this discourse, the political failures of Chicago, its divided landscape and deep-seated racial hatred was imagined not as a story of the United States, but rather a story of the Middle East. In 2016, as the violence in the Southside of Chicago climbed to a 20-year high, the new nickname ‘Chiraq’ was coined. Again, the problems of Chicago were othered, articulated through another imagined geography and thus made strange and exceptional.

It is hard describing the walk between ‘Chiraq’ and the Oriental Institute. Even now, I think of the two as different worlds. I could say it’s like walking from New Haven’s Dwight Street to Yale’s Calhoun College. Perhaps confronting the spaces we live in, the segregation and racialized economies that define our cities, will allow us to see ourselves and the rest of the world in more clear ways. Because, in the end, how can we know what the Middle East is when we seem to have no language to describe the space here in the United States?

^[1] Said, Edward W. *Orientalism*. (New York: Vintage, 1979) 243.

^[2] Bruce Watson, *Sacco and Vanzetti: the Men, the Murders, and the Judgment of Mankind*. (New York, Viking, 2007) 4.

^[3] Yu, Henry. *Thinking Orientals: Migration, Contact, and Exoticism in Modern America*. (New York: Oxford University Press, 2002). 21–20.

^[4] Timothy Mitchell, ‘The Middle East in the Past and Future of Social Science,’ from *The Politics of Knowledge: Area Studies and the Discipline*, (University of California International and Area Studies Digital Collection, Vol. 3 Article 21003). 34


Tijuana/San Diego Alejandro Duran

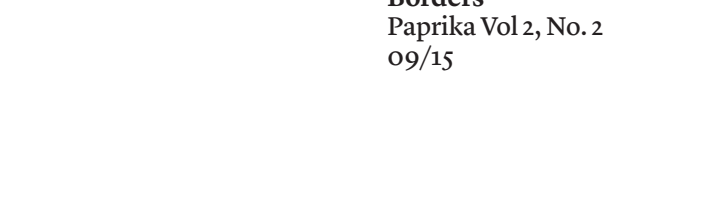
M.Arch '19
For many of us, its existence is of no consequence. If it disappeared tomorrow, the only result would be a shorter commute. It struggles to be seen by those who grew up in its shadow. And yet there it is: three walls, a rusty corrugated fence; a tall, phalanx-like formation of steel poles; and an earthen bank that carries a highway of surveillance. All are neatly wrapped up with a profound sense of desolation. Concomitant sights abound: a dog barking at a van full of day laborers, young faces peering out of car windows into accusatory aviator glasses, a shantytown that crashes up against the barriers like a wave breaking against a seawall. From the air, one witnesses the exodus twice a day at peak hours. In this maelstrom are the children whose country is neither here nor there. To them, the two cities are one place. Tomorrow on TV they will hear talk of closing it, of fortifying it, that too many are coming through it and we need to do something about it now before we become a third world hellhole. But then, how will we make it to school, to work, and to our lovers on time?



Cold Cash in Cuba

Tess McNamara
MEM & M.Arch '18
The US Embassy in Havana, Cuba sits along the Malecón; its gridded, brutalist-facade a sheer cliff rising out of the glimmering sea. A horde of 150 bare poles stands sentinel in front. At one time, all willed Cuban flags to obscure anti-communist messages displayed on an interior billboard during the time of George W.

Once icy diplomatic relations have now thawed, but traces of chilliness remain beyond the well air-conditioned rooms of the Embassy. US credit cards and banks are not recognized in Cuba, and there is a hefty fine to exchange US dollars—I carried Canadian cash for my month long trip, counting and recounting every week, budgeting expenses on the front of a wrinkled, well-worn money envelope. Slip up and you have two options as an American: first, have money Western Unioned to a Cuban (480 dollars would be the average Cuban’s yearly salary... it’s an uncomfortable option); second, if truly an emergency, you can have money sent by special bureaucratic means (and a pound of paper-work) to the US State Department, and then forwarded to the Embassy in Havana. Or, you could try swimming to an ATM in Key West. It’s about 100 miles away.



Ambos Nogales Leah Motzkin

Leah Motzkin’s *Ambos Nogales*. Sometimes they are pliable thresholds that constantly evolve. As Wes Hiatt writes in his paean to proper lawn-mowing practice, without confines, borders become muddled. You end up lost, suddenly in your neighbor’s neighbor’s yard, and then right down the street.

Throughout the fold, we grapple with borders from a range of perspectives, recognizing that they are not only materially and conceptually, but also stake out territories of vastly different scales. Randa Tawil tackles the conceit of the entire geographical region known as ‘the Middle East,’ while Elif Erez recounts her experience caught between nations amidst this summer’s turmoil in Turkey. Harvard Professor Rahul Mehrotra challenges us to think of the impermanence of cities, and BLDGBLOG’s Geoff Manaugh helps us dig deep to expose subterranean networks and virtual realities. We zoom in with Thaddeus Lee’s exploration of a Tokyo housing type’s changing cultural ideals. And we bring you even closer with a number of animated personal encounters, which are scattered throughout the fold. Finally, no investigation would be complete without a visual story. Garrett Hardee reimagines the congressional district map and sculptor Young Joo Lee’s chiaroscuro depicts her journey along the Korean DMZ.

Whether it’s a heady blend of rice and cheap beer from Nepal, a pang of nostalgia from Bethlehem, or the lawless traffic of southern India, our interpretation of borders and the limits they define are as personal as fingerprints. Collectively, this body of work is a provocative field guide to our contemporary condition, at once uprooted from and deeply tied to place.

The views expressed in *Paprika* do not represent those of the Yale School of Architecture. Please send all comments and corrections to paprika.ysoa@gmail.com.

To read *Paprika* online, please visit our website, yalepaprika.com

Paprika receives no funding from the School of Architecture. We thank GFS and the Yale University Art Gallery for their support.

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Interview: Rahul Mehrotra

Rahul Mehrotra is Professor of Urban Design and Planning at Harvard Graduate School of Design and principal of RMA Architects in Mumbai. He is co-editor of the book *Kumbh Mela: Mapping the Ephemeral Mega City* and his current research on 'Ephemeral Urbanism' is on display at the 2016 Venice Biennale.

P How did you begin to study the ephemeral city?

RM I've been looking into cities in India over the last 20 years. I was struck by the fact that the 'temporary' forms a large bulk of the urban in India. In our discussions of urbanism, there wasn't a productive way to look at this phenomenon. While there are categories like the 'informal' and 'formal', I find that setting up binaries such as these is not productive. In doing so, we set ourselves up to align one way or the other and we look at our role as architects to work within one of those categories. So we are then compelled to either work as activists with the informal city of the poor and the marginalized or to work more formally with developers in the mainstream. To me, the power of design is in synthesis and the blurring of these binaries. That is imagining spatial possibilities to accommodate both.

I started my research and writing on urban India by describing Mumbai as a 'kinetic city'. It implies a city in motion where things change constantly and often in very short time cycles. A city in intense flux. A condition of temporary landscapes. You can't create absolute solutions in a condition like that. You are always dealing with transitional solutions, which have a temporal dimension.

So, about 3 years ago, I brought a group from Harvard to study the *Kumbh Mela*. What emerged from this experience was an expansion of my idea of the 'kinetic city' to this larger idea of 'ephemeral urbanism'. I felt that as architects, planners, and designers, we don't have a language to deal with 'time'. We don't know how to deal with the design of transitions. As architects and planners we are programmed to think in terms of end states—we always have a product or a building as the center of our imagination. We take permanence as a default condition. Why can't we think about permanence and ephemerality simultaneously? Juxtaposing those together could create robust and perhaps beautiful solutions.

P At the Venice Biennale, you focused on several different taxonomies—military, celebration, refuge among them. How do these different types embody the ephemeral?

RM In the research, we began studying large settlements of human beings around the world, whether it was for

celebration or military, etc. Settlements took temporality, rather than permanence, as the working condition. The reason that we developed this taxonomy was to better understand the driving forces behind these large congregations of human beings that come together temporarily. Sometimes for 12 days, sometimes every Sunday, once every 4 years, once every 12 years. Each has a completely different logic. Within the entire set of taxonomies, there is an embedded aspiration of

P Do certain kinds of culture emerge from ephemeral cities?

RM In some cultures, this imagination of time is much easier than in other cultures. Climate plays a big part and one mustn't tend to globalize or universalize this. The instrument of ephemerality plays itself out productively in some places more than others. In parts of Asia or Latin America or Africa—what is now being referred to as the 'majority world' (because

temporary or informal as an aesthetic—things that look temporary—but at the *Kumbh Mela* even the governing structure works on a temporary scale.

P Can you explain your methodology in researching the *Kumbh Mela*?

RM For me it was an amazingly successful interdisciplinary project. I've tried doing many interdisciplinary studios where we take business school students, real estate students, architects, law

The Ring Road Tory Grieves Leah Motzkin MEM & MBA '18

Cinching a gut bloated with rice and cheap beer, Kathmandu's ring road—the worn belt—girdles the city's mayhem without grace.

Approaching it, I pull my bandana down around my neck and spit out the dust that settled on my tongue. I'm the tough runner: puffing my chest at the frenetic road to appear a bit taller and fiercer.

The closer I come, the more I cower.

I slow down to a walk before reaching the row of tiny chiya shops along the periphery. I squint. Cursed buses spew high-pitched Hindi lyrics as men perched on bumpers cling to their dear lives. The careening cans and I exchange sharp words in carbon dioxide and billowing exhaust.

Still, most days I choose to slip out of bed and through my roommates' slumber, pull on my running shoes, and meet the expanse of pavement. This is the lens

through which Nepal becomes most clearly focused.

The vastness of the landscape draws me in closer to the place. The expanse links paved chaos to gravel, to lacustrine soil, to rice fields and hills—demanding to be called Champa Devi, Pulchowki—to Himalayan peaks that surprise nearby clouds with their striking similarities. The way a husky must feel next to a wolf.

My respect and love for this country sometimes seems to balance on western privilege, on seeing glaciers up close, on ten-cent samosas, and on beautiful, bright clothes. My love is fragile and exposed. And it depends on nothing.

Ambos Nogales Leah Motzkin B.A. 2015

The twin cities of Nogales, Arizona, United States and Nogales, Sonora, Mexico exist in conversation with each other. Here Interstate 19 meets Federal Highway 15, one of the only roadways for almost a hundred miles in either direction that allows drivers to travel north and south.¹ Mexicans with day passes visit stores on the Arizona side to buy U.S. goods, while U.S. citizens travel south to buy cheap medicine. Factories that serve U.S. companies dot the expansive Sonoran landscape. The cities are far from identical twins, as the population in Sonora (200,000) is nearly ten times that of its counterpart.

As a part of the constantly evolving stream of people who move from one area to another, migrants come to Nogales from southern Mexico to work as maquiladoras (factory workers) or to enter the United States. There are three legal points for border crossing and many extra-legal ways that individuals move over and under the border fence. Most enter legally. Others enter through the occasional holes in the fence or through drain tunnels that connect under the unified city of Ambos Nogales. Narcotraffic takes the same routes.²

Spurred by '11 and the resulting wave of fear and xenophobia that gripped the United States and rhetoric around 'National Security', the Secure Fence Act was passed in 2006 and the slow process of rebuilding the border fence in its current form began. Construction reached Nogales in 2011, and the earlier wall—easy to cut through, though opaque—was replaced by a higher fence made of steel and concrete. Migrants face a variety of risks, including kidnapping and being swept away by flash flooding.³ Passing around the fence also presents danger. When migrants leave cities and go into the Sonoran desert, they find vast arid expanses without water. Between 2001 and 2014, more than 2,100 individuals died under the hot Arizona sun attempting this journey.⁴ Finally, the rebuilt fence reaches between 15 and 30 feet in height, making the climb that much more dangerous. The fall from those heights is even more dangerous, often leading to injury or death.

One striking image speaks to the human toll associated with the fence: Her husband—unseen—pushes his hand through the fence to grab her waist. The hug they share with the fence between them is emblematic of the fence manifests. The hug in the photograph features individuals and tells a story about love entangled in the physical limits of a political and economic system. It is a system that only values labor. The photograph shows the hands that work and the structure that keeps them organized.

An increasingly solidified border manifests state priorities that hierarchically devalue the individuals who live on either side. Concrete borders continually, discount the value of the trans-national or cosmopolitan communities.⁵ Just as the fence has grown to reflect state interests, it also evolves to serve the surrounding communities. Scholar Pablo Vila coined the term de-bordering, which takes form in the 'ethical and practical activities that assist migrants, recast the terms of official discourse, and challenge existing institutional arrangements.'⁶ In the modern era, there has been an attempt to move past the well-marked differences between 'them' and 'us' that characterized the nation-state to a multicultural transnationalism.⁷ One project capitalizes on the idea of the border as an imagined space and takes on the physical structure that the fence imposes. Just as politicians in the 1800s imagined the space that would become the border, Mexican-American artist Ana Teresa Fernández imagines a border region without a dividing wall, where binational communities are allowed to thrive.

On October 13, 2015, Fernández's imaginings took a physical form when she and a group from the binational community painted a 50-foot stretch of the border fence on the Sonora side of Nogales 'electric blue'. The piece created the illusion of a hole in the fence, effectively 'bringing the sky down.'⁸ Sponsored by an Arizona State University initiative, Performance in the Borderlands, the work was titled *Borrando La Frontera*, or 'erasing the border'. Three years earlier, on October 13, 2012, Fernández created a similar work by painting the border fence blue at the point where it reaches the ocean between Tijuana and San Diego. For that project, the artist worked alone and viewed the work as a performance piece.⁹ As her body engaged with the border fence, it spoke to the bodies of migrants that move over, under, and around it and those who are stopped by it. For her Nogales work, however, she drew more on the possibility of binational community engagement.

While the economic system suppresses individual agency at the border, individuals and the community at Nogales have proven resilient. Though many associate the fence with pain, community movements question its longevity and imagine the border without a fence. As a site of connection and division, Ambos Nogales was created through an act of imagination. Fernández facetiously referred to her work as merely painting, and proclaimed to the *New Times*, 'I'm no threat.' In the process of her act of imagining becoming physical, however, Fernández performs an alternative agency for a community that remains divided.

¹ This work is a part of ongoing research.
² The situation regarding narcotrafficking in Nogales will not be largely discussed in this work. There is a substantial amount of information and scholarship available on the topic, and I would encourage anyone interested to look to Iracema Coronado's chapter 'Towards the Wall Between Nogales, Arizona and Nogales, Sonora.'
³ Fernando Romero, *Hyperborder: The Contemporary U.S.-Mexico Border and Its Future*, (New York: Princeton University Press, 2008), Print, 46.
⁴ Maeve Hickey and Lawrence J. Taylor, *Ambos Nogales: Intimate Portraits of the U.S. Mexico Border*, Santa Fe, NM: School of American Research, 2002. Print, 80.
⁵ Iracema Coronado, 'Towards the Wall Between Nogales, Arizona and Nogales, Sonora', *Borders, Fences and Walls: State of Insecurity?* Ed. Elisabeth Vallet, Print, 140.
⁶ Olivia Mena, 'Intervention—Removing the Monument to Overcoming Walls: Reflections on Contemporary Border Walls and the Politics of De-bordering.' Weblog post. *Antipode Foundation*, 09 Dec. 2013. Web.
⁷ Pablo Vila, *Crossing Borders, Reinforcing Borders: Social Categories, Metaphors, and Narrative Identities on the U.S.-Mexico Frontier*, (Austin: University of Texas Press, 2001) Project MUSE, Web, 170.
⁸ See Figure 27.
⁹ Lynn Trimble, 'Artist Ana Teresa Fernández on Erasing the Border with Blue Paint', *Phoenix New Times*, *The New Times*, 23 Oct. 2015. Web.
¹⁰ 'Mexican-Born Artist Is 'Erasing The Border,' Audio blog post, Here & Now, Ed. Jude Joffe-Block, *KJZZ*, 12 Oct. 2015. Web.

Limited Paradise Young Joo Lee MFA '17

I can't imagine what it was like to be a Korean after the Korean War, to suddenly be unable to return to your hometown. Frozen where you stood. Maybe people thought the war would resume at any time, and that they could return to their lives, their families, and their hometowns.

I don't have a direct relative in the North, yet I grew up singing the song of reunification of the two Koreas.

I remember the horror I felt watching a videotape in primary school. It was about the famine that ravaged the North in the 1990s. We watched footage of people making soup with only grass and tree bark, children with skeletal arms hanging to their mothers' gaunt bodies. Thoughts of these children drew me towards the Korean Demilitarized Zone this summer.

If my memories of the video pricked my first impulse to experience the DMZ, my second motive was to find a tiger. Today, the DMZ is a heavily guarded paradise for endangered species of animals and plants. Nature is never stopped by human conflict. When the noise of conflict quiets, nature grows over it to dampen its echo. The DMZ is about 250 kilometers long and four kilometers wide. It's been recognized internationally as one of the most lush nature reserves in the world. Wild tigers have been rumored to live in this zone, which have long been revered in Korean culture, mythologized as mountain gods, immortalized in paintings, and written into key political strategies. Yet in modern Korea, tigers have become a distant fairytale.

During my two-week journey along the Civilian Control Border, my mission was to draw as much as possible. I sketched constantly, drawing the landscapes inside the DMZ and some of the military facilities at the border.

Photographs are not permitted in the DMZ, but drawing is. I met many soldiers, many of whom were younger than my brother. Their guns made them look dangerous, out of sync with their immature faces. A soldier watched while I nervously moved my pencil on paper. Afterwards, he came up to me and revealed that he drew the same landscapes as part of his military training. He said drawing is the best way to remember the topography of the land by heart. Drawing is more dangerous than taking photos, I thought.

I asked him if he has heard or seen a wild tiger during his service. He said he has seen some bears but no tigers. When I asked him if he believes in the possibility of a wild

Danchi Dreams Thaddeus Lee B.A. '17

It is said that at the westernmost point of the largest city on earth, there is a fence that stands against the foot of a hill. Beyond that fence sits a shrine, right at the start of a forest that expands to form the horizon. Looking back within this fragile boundary, one sees an immensity of a different kind. For as far as the eastern bay, there lies a dense metropolis of skyscrapers and apartment towers surrounded by a suburbia of countless detached houses. Whether you are walking amongst salaried workers through unnamed streets or

adversing through compressed subway tunnels, it is challenging to find an individual's space or place in Tokyo. In Warabi, some 40 minutes from downtown Tokyo, an unfolded mass of concrete structures stand in defiance of an otherwise monotonous suburb. Built in 1978, *Shibazono Danchi* (*danchi* will be literally translated as 'group-land') stretches across 20-acres. Fifteen-storey residential blocks—some 2500 households—zig-zag to shield rare greenspace from the aggressive cityscape of Japan's capital. Conversations are overheard in Mandarin Chinese and Korean grocery stores stand across from chain convenience stores and a row of Halal catering services operate from across the street. Today, in a city where less than 3% of the population is comprised of registered foreign residents, Shibazono is a heterotopia, a break from a homogenous Japanese milieu that makes space for growing Chinese, Korean and, to a smaller extent, South Asian populations. However, that has not always been the case for *danchi*.

During the Japanese Economic Miracle of the 1960s to 1980s, seemingly endless economic growth created a burgeoning middle class, and along with it, a need for varied, high-quality homes. While the Japanese Housing Corporation (now Urban Renaissance Agency, or URA) had been experimenting with New Towns since the mid 1950s, the *danchi* model was implemented in the early 1960s, delivering mass housing with modern amenities to an entire post-war generation of Japanese urbanites. Boasting a variety of housing grades, from UK (Room with attached kitchen) to 3LDK (three rooms, dining, kitchen), *danchi* became part of a 'housing ladder'

that served as an indicator of socioeconomic progress. In fact, due to its high standards of construction and the privacy it afforded, these public housing units were often preferred by middle class families over the average house and thus became the image of modern living. There was an implicit relationship between the *danchi* concept and the normative 'course of life' of postwar Japan. Sociologist Yukio Nishikawa alleges, for example, that the layout and size of mass-housing units helped determine the post-war nuclear family model and ensure its persistence through to the late 1980s. As families progressed from generation to generation, there was an appropriate unit type for their changing compositions and the expected level of income from the family's breadwinner, the salaryman. For a good two decades, *danchi* essentially succeeded where Pruitt-Igode never had the chance to.

By the late 1970s, however, a myriad of social issues came to be associated with *danchi* living, ranging from anomie to an escalation of violent crimes. In fact, roughly five miles from Shibazono, the Takashimadaira Danchi in Itabashi is an example of a *danchi* complex notorious for its gruesome history of suicides. This faded housing dream eventually waned with the burst of Japan's Bubble Wealth in 1989. As initially sky-rocketing property prices collapsed, an entire generation became stuck on the housing ladder, unable to afford the expected upgrade or to move beyond public housing. What followed was a slow retreat of the Japanese population from these *danchi*.

Chinese migration to Japan grew in the run-up to 1989. As Japan entered its 'lost decade' of the 1990s and 2000s, this migration abruptly exploded. Occurring primarily through student networks, Chinese nationals began moving to Tokyo to first to study, and then to work, through the 1990s. As each moved up their career path in Japan, they brought over their relatives, and person by person, family by family, this move eventually transitioned into a significant migration pattern at the turn of the century. Most of the migrants were middle to upper class, skilled and from larger cities in China, were willing to work the jobs outside of rigid Japanese employment hierarchies

and traditional business conglomerates. Due to formal, and informal, restrictions on properties available for rent to foreigners, a large number of these new Chinese immigrants ended up living in *danchi*. Its low rent and communal qualities were a good fit for an entire community not yet accustomed to Japanese language and society. Shibazono Danchi exists as an example of one of these communities that has now firmly taken root in Tokyo. Housing ideals typically project highly specific visions of society, but as populations experience social, economic and even demographic shifts, their relevance is modulated towards different groups of people. What started as a solution to housing shortages in the United Kingdom after the Second World War, and imported into Japan as such, eventually became the embodiment of a Japanese modernity. The typology and the image of modern living that *danchi* projected were sufficiently elastic to be able to accommodate the aspirations of newly wealthy populations, whether that be the Japanese of the 1960s, or the new immigrants of the 1990s. An upcoming collaboration between Muij and UR to renovate Takashimadaira Danchi for young urbanites even offers a tantalizing glimpse into the future of Japanese mass housing. For now, while the *danchi* has long departed from the 'Japanese dream', it has instead become a vital part of that of new immigrants, and as Japan looks to immigration reform in the near future, this role is set to change once more.

How to Mow a Lawn

Wes Hiatt
M.Arch '17

To maximize efficiency, it's important to push the mower in as straight a line as possible, parallel to the strip you just cut. It's a shame to cut the same grass twice, or worse, leave a patch of unshorn blades. Forgoing the possibility of a fence, it is also essential to know where your lawn ends and your neighbor's begins. The goal is to avoid relentless mowing, back and forth, into your neighbor's yard, into your neighbor's neighbor's yard, and then right down the whole street. The border between your lawn and your neighbor's should be carefully considered, calibrated, and negotiated by all parties involved. Only then will you be able to decide with some

The Extra-territorial Hotel

Paul Lorenz
M.Arch '17

I relearned how to walk in Southern India. So many of my assumptions about streets are completely useless halfway across the globe. Walking down the street, one has to predict the movement patterns of not only cars, trucks and pedestrians, but also auto rickshaws, carts pulled by mules, water buffalo, cows, goats, pigs, dogs and monkeys... My experience was dizzying in its radical unfamiliarity.

But, arriving at the hotel was unexpectedly like leaving the country. Our driver nervously answered the armed guards' questions while he opened the trunk and a rolling mirror apparatus assured all of us that the under-side of the car was not packed with explosives or narcotics. The guards seemed to take note of two Western-clothed white bodies sitting in the taxi's passenger seats. The bags were given a cursory x-ray scan and we were sent on our way into

the Western-branded walled compound.

Once inside, everything about this place seemed to celebrate its difference from the Southern Indian streets we've just left. The hotel fulfilled a surreal image of Western expectations, and the usual spatial and visual signs were simply taken for granted: of course a breakfast buffet was served in that familiar-looking room. The usual arrangement of mass produced croissants and jams was ready in the morning. Of course the coffee maker was on that table, next to sealed packets of Nescafé. Of course the tiny bottle of Jack Daniels sat next to the twelve ounce can of Heineken in the mini fridge.



Photograph by Luke Libera Moore MFA '18, *Untitled (Playground, Bedford-Stuyvesant)* 2014.

reversibility. It is about the design of a holding strategy!

P How could ephemeral urbanism be a productive instrument in our contemporary reality?

RM We need both the ephemeral and the permanent—which of course is a relative term. The ephemeral can allow us to think of time when imagining our cities and buildings. We have hard programs, like hospitals and such, that are very important; but then you can look at markets as the other extreme. Markets consider themselves according to the season. These kinds of temporary landscapes allow for different forms of negotiation and human contact that, in an overly formalized piece of architecture, is often disallowed.

Architecture, and urban design as an extension, are really powerful instruments (though we don't realize it) that often separate people across the range of income and ethnicity. We hope that these become instruments to connect people rather than separate people. At the urban scale, we attribute use and

the Global South is where the majority of the world's population resides)—the instruments of the ephemeral that make transitions, to accommodate uses, are not only much more economical but, most importantly, they don't lock us into permanent things. The important thing for me is that we don't lock ourselves into permanent solutions, because some of these issues are not permanent problems. We too often design permanent solutions for temporary problems. This is wasteful and not sustainable.

P What is the infrastructure of ephemerality?

RM I'll describe that to you what happens with the *Kumbh Mela*. First, the physical infrastructure, then habitation, and then the governance structure. The physical infrastructure is very light. Nothing takes foundation. So it's plates of steel laid on the sand, pontoon bridges over the river, electricity, water supply, sanitation, and mobility—all delivered in the lightest way possible. After the *Kumbh Mela*—fifty-five days—it all

gets recycled. All of the materials get absorbed into the hinterland. So there is really no waste at all. The second is the building itself. There are buildings that go all the way from little tents for two people to large to large community halls, which accommodate 4,000 or 5,000 people. The entire city is made out of five materials: eight-foot bamboo, cloth, plastic, rope, and screws/nails. Over the centuries, the methods have become standardized, and that's why it can be deployed so quickly. The entire city is built in eight weeks. And lastly the governance structure of the *Kumbh Mela* is also temporal, which is to say that every three or four months, the hierarchy and system of accountability changes. We think of the

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P What is a border?

RM For me, a border is something that is implicit and imagined. It is like culture that is about implicit rules in society that you cannot codify. There are borders and there are limits. For example there's a limit to whether I can transgress your property. The moment we have fences or Donald Trump talking about walls—these are barriers. They are not borders. A border, in my understanding or rather in my hope, is more humane. It is an understanding of where your world stops and where mine starts. I think borders have to be seen as a softer threshold. When a border becomes only a political construction, then the border becomes a barrier. At least that's the way I see it.



A woman on the Arizona side of the border hugs her husband on the Sonora side on July 28, 2010. Photo by Jae C. Hong from the "On the Border" series published in *The Atlantic* on May 6, 2013.

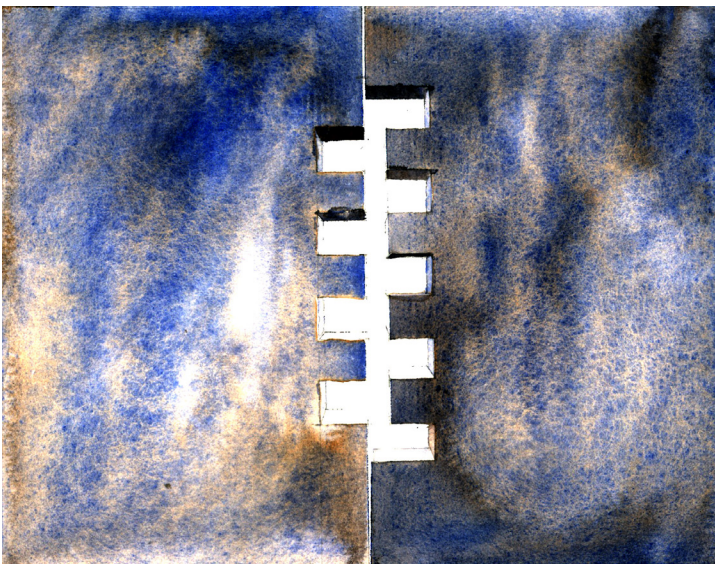


Chau Tran, MFA '17; 'Untitled', from the work-in-progress series '*The Future Looked Bright*', 2016.

tiger living in the DMZ, he tilted his head a little, pondering. He would like to believe in it. A few days later, I met a lady selling kudzu extract tea high up in the mountains. She told me her father used to tell her that the tigers roared at nights in her village.

Towards the end of the trip, I finally met a tiger—a tiger in the shape of a human. His name was Lim Sun-Nam. He used to be the reporter for a wildlife TV program before he started a sixteen-year research project on the Korean tiger. Lim Sun-Nam lives alone in a tent on the outskirts of Seoul, a place he calls Tiger Camp. At Tiger Camp, we sat outside in plastic chairs, drinking instant coffee, and talking about the elusive beast. He found a tiger footprint in 1998 in the mountains near the DMZ. He cast the footprints in soil and plaster.

The symbolic value of the DMZ and its nature are more important than what it represents as a political buffer zone. What the peninsula has lost through the Japanese colonialism and the war is not only physical, but also spiritual. The entire Korean peninsula is a DMZ, geographically situated between two powerful countries. Even if the two Koreas are reunited, I hope the DMZ remains, but in a new incarnation as a national park. Without the wired fences, this paradise may become truly a paradise after all.



Garrett Hardee, M. Arch '17, *The Ranchettes*, 2016

zoning to every fragment of the city. One could imagine a city that has, in the same way we reserve green space and public parks, reservations for spaces of flux. There is an entire range of activities from celebration to religion, which are in need of spaces of flux. I hope to do a studio one day which begs the question, 'how do you reconfigure a city to allow 30% of its space to accommodate the ephemeral?'

RM In the research, we began studying large settlements of human beings around the world, whether it was for