



## 7 REGALO, MISSION VIEJO, CA

Nima Zamanpour

When I was 5 years old we moved to the suburbs, to 7 Regalo Dr, Mission Viejo, California

7 Regalo was the same as 3 Regalo and 11 Regalo

Same Walls  
Same Doors  
Same Windows  
Same House

My mother filled the house over the years with paintings, antiques, crafts & tchotchkes. Enter 7 Regalo. And you entered the soul of my mother.

Same Walls  
Same Doors  
Same Windows  
Different Home

My mother passed away, and with her went the paintings, antiques, crafts & tchotchkes. 7 Regalo is being remodeled by my father. Preparations to for 7 Regalo to host another family

Different Walls  
Different Doors  
Different Windows  
Same House

Dear Kohlrabi,

Sometimes your photo shows up in the "memories" slideshow my phone auto-generates. That or the one with the first kohlrabi I ever actually experienced--the one Bella brought on that hiking trip. She had packed some extra hummus to enjoy it with, and I loved that bland-ish-sweet-ish-peppery-ish crunch, a little dirty, pared with a view over the San Francisco bay. It was wonderful. When I returned to my apartment in Philadelphia, I went to the grocery store and paused in front of you and the others, placed perhaps fittingly between the beets and the leeks. You were oddly perfect, all stacked in a neat pyramid under the artificial rainstorm. Recalling the beautiful multi-sensory experience from the hiking trail, I grabbed you and brought you home with me.

You sat on my pantry shelf for the next week. Friends would ask what you were, and I would excitedly recount to them the delicious memory of that kohlrabi on the hiking trip.

I took you for granted as you sat there another week. Sorry about accidentally knocking you off a couple times while reaching around you for other snacks and fruit. It is still amazing to me how low-maintenance you were. That next weekend, I watched the first 23 seconds of a cooking video excitedly demonstrating how to prepare a kohlrabi. I video-chatted Bella and brought you to my computer to show you off. You sat there on the corner of my desk another half week before you started sprouting. We had some fun. I took a photo and laughed at how long I had still not eaten you, yet you showed little to no signs of decay from my neglect.

I found fun in idly twirling you on your irregular humps. I imagined that powerful people in high offices probably played with their glass paperweights in a similar way.

Some evenings later, it was finally about time to bring you to your intended purpose. I admired you for the nice small stalk you had managed to grow in the corner of my dingy half-underground bedroom. Despite losing a bit of that luster you exhibited in the store, you had managed to remain free of any bruises or softness I had come to expect from produce I had brought home like this in the past. I headed to the kitchen, crunching on creamy tahini heft and thinking about that foggy bay view, sitting next to Bella, crunching on creamy tahini spread atop that vaguely-peppery-green sensation.

I rounded the pantry corner and arrived at your final destination. I watched as you disappeared to the bottom of the trash bin with a "thunk," your density pushing past the other discard. Some things aren't meant to be experienced the same way twice.

Thank you anyway.

Caline



This image is a synthesis of family photos from my childhood and a Neural Radiance Field (NeRF) built off of a mix of 22 photos from my bedroom as it is today, and as it has been during our 22 years of living there. A NeRF constructs 3D space off of a small set of images. As it uses machine learning to construct and converge on a space, it infers and fills in gaps where the original images lack information. In this way it is as fallible and clouded as memory, generating a rich haze that fills each corner and crevice of the home while retaining a structure off of which moments from life are propped and placed.

## AN OLD SCHOOL GOODBYE

Dear M,

Goodbyes suck. Sometimes saying goodbye is so hard you have to say it a few times. Last time we hung out, I gave you a goodbye hug. About 10 seconds later I gave you a second one, and I could tell you were taken aback. That was a tough goodbye for me, I wasn't sure if I'd ever get to wrap my arms around you again.

I feel like this letter is my third goodbye hug. I've written 42 love letters in my life, this is the third I've written to you. The 39 others were written to my last love, seven years ago. I would have considered myself so lucky to write to you another three dozen times. For all I know, this will be the last time I write a love letter to anyone for another seven years. I hope I make it count.

I'm the opposite of a quiet person, but when I'm with you I feel a calm come over me. There's something about the excitement in your voice, the shine in your eyes, the fullness in your laughter that has absolutely floored me every second of knowing you. When I'm spending time with you, I go to a different place. I really do feel like I've never known so much yet so little about someone. I constantly want more; my chest seems to burst, and I suddenly wish I could take you everywhere and go nowhere all at once.

Perhaps like I have never loved anyone before, I love you. I am so glad I said those three words to you just a few short months ago, and I thank you for never making me regret saying exactly how I feel.

I was taken aback by how effortlessly you said "Love you" when we ended our phone call the other day. You said it as familiarly as if we had spent every day together since we were first thrown into each other's lives. You said it despite the fact we have only ever met in person twice.

Once I graduate, I'm going to be far, far away from you once again. After over two years of long conversations and making plans, I regret we haven't seen each other more, but the timing never felt right.

Three separate times in these years of loving you as a friend, I had begun dating someone and had to cut things off because I knew that my heart wasn't mine to give. It belonged to you. Last week, you reached out for the first time in a while and called me when I was on a date. When I picked up the phone and spoke with you, I felt the same comfort and happiness in my heart like nothing had changed. Unfortunately, M, something does have to change.

For two years I have waited, made and changed so many plans to make this 90-mile gap smaller. When the gap grows to over 900, I feel that the renewed distance will bring our romance-flavored-friendship even further from the realm of committed relationship, which had been my deepest hope.

I think this is the time to say goodbye, even though tears roll down my cheeks as I write it. Last week I saw you cry for the first time. Now I guess it's my turn. It's tough. Goodbyes feel so unfair when you don't know if they're certain.

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DEAR TO US

is the scent of joy, the sound of giggles, the tense air of kids forging a plan. Indistinct chatter, nudging elbows, a snapping trigger and ... bang - birds are startled, dissolved into air. The sound of flapping wings drowns in the buzzing city life, the bird's serene presence lost in the casual conviviality like a profane halo. Protected through the sense of parental latency, the kid's curiosity thrives ceaselessly. They steer through the wind's waves like heroism is put forth by the girl some steps below. Up two steps from the street, she ties the bags to the urban realm, drags them into the uncertainty of the neighbourhood. The stair is symbolically for everything that once was there.

This letter is an ode to the squeaking rocking chair, loosely stacked books, withered wood, knitted blankets, barking dogs, wasp nests, entrancing tales, beloved swings, tender serenades, sailor hats, lost wigs, broken boomerangs, crooked ceiling fans, silly toy guns, torn sun visors—all elements of memorable events. However, it's not just individuated memories, singular perceptions and private stories that were once treasured between far and home.

The liminal space now in decline converges private and public, intimate and 'extimate' on multiple levels. Today, we seldomly live within the confines that were in a different place and time, more exquisite, more grand, more about us. Still present in the countryside, rarely seen in cities, is the liminal space that halts time. There lingers the mist of forgotten pasts and deep down, without noticing, it affects all of us. In our overwhelming nostalgic memory, we sense these scenes not only in the light of the shadow but as a whole, a vessel of life, containing bodies that grow. This 'in-between' orients the building, just like the directed limb articulates the entirety of a body. The domestic character is decided at the front door's threshold, facing the communal realm. Its disposition seeks the marriage of house and street, silk dress, one's sentiments towards the other. Yet, its existence is not just some sort of representational quality, but a penetrating reality that fosters conviviality. The liminal space outer existence, the simultaneity of the self and the others. It pushes you out into the world while being tightly fastened to home.

What triggers the absence of liminal spaces in today's bustling city life? Is it the brutality of reality that prompts our desire for enclosed private life? What about the sociality of things, the locality of chance, a place for flowers?

Unfortunately, market pressure, housing deficit, building efficiency, and private ignorance swallowed the depth of our facades.

In today's densely built environment, unforeseen collective experiences have no space. Entrances seem to enthrone penetrating inscriptions: profit = erasure and privacy knows only me. And with such cultural loss comes the loss of such beloved events. Over time, the

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## FAREWELL TO MY HOME

Farewell to my home. I could never come back. You do not exist anymore, only in my dreams. Our routes parted far before it came to my realization. You knew long before that I won't be the same after my departure.

I am longing for the feeling of your gentle Northern sun secretly peeking through power lines into my room in the morning. I am cold and tired under the bedsheets, but am softly guided into the routine of the day. I walk down the boulevard, passing by all the sleepy indifferent strangers who all feel familiar along the way. Streets are spilling out shiny yellow and chilly breeze that gets into your bones. This is the moment when the city lures you into a sweet melancholy ride, which is definitive to the feeling of home. We are all sharing a love and hate for this gorgeous city, whose sole intention was to never make us fully happy.

All along we foresaw the tragedy and knew that someday home would betray us by taking away innocent lives, including ours. You did as promised, and we have chosen to be blindsided. The distance between us has never been this vast. I inevitably stray around longing to feel that Northern sun one more time.

Now home is only part of blurry memories, photographs and imagination. Time has completely swallowed what had been a remedy for me in this city. Both of us have changed so much that once we reconcile, we might not recognize each other. I know that when I come back one day, I will desperately hope to reunite with a longtime friend, who in reality has been long gone.

Farewell to my home, farewell to myself.

Anna Korneeva

I like being sure of myself.

The benefit of being so certain was that for two years I knew exactly how much I loved you. I knew from the moment I met you, and since then you have been the thing I wanted the most. The problem is that you aren't a thing. You're an ever-changing person; a beautiful soul and mind that cannot be pursued like the thing I want most.

This has been a difficult letter, a goodbye-that-seems-final-but-we-don't-get-the-closure-of-knowing-for-sure kind of farewell that so many in our generation are all too familiar with. The ease of communicating these days makes goodbyes so hard. Those shining eyes and bright voice of yours that I so adore are two taps away in the form of digital memories. These visual reminders, I fear, will tug at my heart strings and do more harm than good. I hope you don't take it personally when I add some distance between us on social media to match the physical distance.

I think I'd rather keep this goodbye old school. If you feel the need to respond, to reach out, to say whatever you need to say, write me. Send a letter to ~~Street~~, ~~Street~~, ~~Street~~ and it'll find me.

Thank you for the fingerprints you left all over my soul.

Love

~~Street~~

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front doors purpose, function, form and popularity have evolved as a reflection of changes in our lifestyle and social idioms. Only a tremendous shift back will enable the return of a semi-public space with a distinct sense of collective comfort. Is this all, just nostalgic past and contemporary fiction - a meaningful get-together merely a mentally constructed phenomenon? Shouldn't we dwell on today's seeming void to excavate from it the latent potential that it holds?

Isn't the front of our home the scene of give and take, anticipation and fulfillment? We miss the conviviality of happenings, surprising chance encounters, in the brace of the wind, with the sprinkling of the rain at noon, playing cards, exchanging secrets, feeling part of one's shelter, yet also part of the exterior world. Once dear to us, was the place we could gather in front of the house, having private chats, providing a place for rest and wait, for owners and guests.

With the loss of the porch, we lost a safe space for collective play, collective rest, a place for welcoming family and friends and also a place of proper farewell.

We hope for a return of ... Yours, us.  
Fabian Tobias Reiner



BERVENCE ABBOTT, Willow Street, no. 183, May 14, 1936  
(Variant) © Museum of the City of New York

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Dear readers,

Thank you for joining us in farewell — to the school year, to our peers, to memories, whatever it may be.

We understand farewells to lie at the threshold of transition — between schools, locations, partners, lives, and deaths. They relinquish influence over a person, place, or object, counting on a hope that all will be okay. As events move beyond our power, the bemoaning of intimacy and memory by farewells can carry relief or pain, simplify or complicate.

In this issue of Paprikal we encounter the farewell in various flavors, from letters to drabble to short shouts into the void. As editors, we hope that you might recognize your own language of "farewell" in the voices of our contributors, whether through inhabited spaces or ephemeral experience, and ultimately think upon how the farewell operates as a processing tool for interaction and sensitivity.

For now,

Calvin Liang 23, Peter Martinka 25, Kurt Huckleberry 25

## YELLOWS, UGLY TILES AND INHERITED TEXTILES

To: yellows, ugly tiles and inherited textiles

I am writing this in order to finally create the spaces for farewells to homes that I left without being aware I was leaving them for good. This late attempt is going to be unexpectedly short and direct. I am going to say goodbye to yellows, ugly bathroom tiles and carpets. So, this is about these three elements of homes which I actually am seeking and keeping in my current life. It seems significant to mention that it took me 3 years to start writing.

Yellows have been both an interior and exterior issue. The majestic tree of mimosa would be blossoming yellow around this time of year, or a little bit earlier. This would be the prime time of yellow and diluted greens. Rooms would be filled with the possible and potential warmth of these few weeks throughout the year. A slightly more consistent presence of yellows from seen in the paint of interior facades. I thought that I didn't like it very much for years until the day I rented a flat just because I was caught by the yellow stripes on the walls. I realized that yellow was the first one to empty in my watercolor sets, and that I have been painting sunset colors everyday. Eventually when I think of home, I imagine myself in a warm yellow room. Now, I have a big yellow suitcase, providing some room for my personal belongings.

Passing through a heavy yellow painted door, I would find myself taken to the wet spaces. The ugly tiles would be dominating my imagination and feelings towards small bathrooms. The uglier and messier they would be, the more they would allow me to contemplate over the simplest questions in the most complicated ways possible. The problem with the coffee rectangular ones. And the patterns were differing too; dots for the squares and lines for the rectangular ones. I could not forget the white ugly flowers on black tiles, yet somehow they became abstracted in my mind in time. Perhaps, this is how I wouldn't see the ugliness of the patterns but only their primary lines and shapes, which became more interesting to my eye and also to my imagination.

Finally there are the characteristic textiles which were not my personal choices nor preferences. They found their way to me by themselves, until finally I couldn't imagine making a home without their smooth and wrinkly effects. The main one was the transportation of creamy tulle curtains from one home to another. The width of the main facade was exactly the same as the balcony wall of the other, yet the ceiling heights differed significantly. Nevertheless, I enjoyed them carrying the wind in the room through their exaggerated movements. More interestingly, I realized that the traditional carpets I inherited from the family, which once looked boring and outdated, became an indispensable part of my inner world. Now, I miss them dearly. I miss them and can't replace them.

Thank you for being in my imagination and in my notebooks. Thanks to you it becomes easier to say goodbye to homes. Thanks to you, it becomes possible to imagine new ones.

Sincerely,  
Hick