

October 26 After being rescued from the streets behind Stop & Shop by Gabrielle Newman, a very sweet cat takes up permanent residence with

Yanbo Li. TBD whether this

will solve Rudolph Hall's

mouse problems.

Sabon, Luryn Hendrickson, Jobburu. Lucas Gillie. Nur Nuri, Priscilla Barker. Linh Mai, Ange Long, Yiru Wu, Maria G. Camasmie, Mehmet Rizaoglu, Vicky Kizza, Nikhita Manu, Emma Bittner, Justin Levelle, Élise

October 31

Celestin, Ellen Zhu, Whitney O'Reardon, Tara Vasanth, and Meixi Xu for organizing hosting, or otherwise helping with the annual

were kept to a minimum.

section of the island's soil.

Brief to Build

Halloween house crawl. certified banger. Undergrad infiltrators

display from October 30 to November 28 at Plaza de Stagno

in Las Palmas de Gran Canaria. After countless hours

moving rocks and plastics, the De Roca Madre pavilion,

designed with Alejandro Hidalgo, Eduardo Terán, and

Andrea Cuadro, was inaugurated on Thursday with a

SHRESHTHA GOYAL / M.ARCH II '27

public ceremony and a full week of events. The building is

a vertical cage that depicts the geological-anthropocene

As different as the briefs were for advanced studios during

lotteries, so are the ways we reach the final presentation.

Some studios overflow with clay models and hill sections,

others hum with 3D printers or crop models. Each path is its

own adventure, trying to solve the unique challenges each

project presents. As we move towards the next stage of

refining our schemes, it makes me wonder: how will time

shape our ideas, and which moments will leave the biggest

November 1 Despite the absence of the FINALfinal.png brand, the Halloween party at the 🛁 Sculpture Building proves a

proposals designed to fastthrough the city's review process. Time to email your Core 4 projects to the new mayor's office?

TOMAS ALTOBELLO

Symposium: "Criticism in the New Commons"

The morning panel featured four influential voices of present-

day criticism, Merve Emre, Samuel Medina, Kate Wagner,

and Oliver Wainwright; David Sadighian was the moderator.

One after another, each of them talked for twenty minutes

possible future. Together, their presentations painted a vivid

dramatization of a disciplinary upheaval which is struggling

with the decline of old institutions and the growth of digital

One of the main throughlines, which is a default on criticism

through a crisis: its readership is decreasing, and its influence

is weakening. Yet, I am not convinced that criticism is dying;

rather, its mediums are shifting, and with them probably its

content. A change in medium inevitably alters the message

it carries: what can be said, how it is framed, and whom it

to the life of media itself. As Marshall McLuhan wrote, the

medium is the message: the form through which a message

printed formats to new types of media does not signal the

All the panelists were particularly strong and clear on their

precision of language and clarity of argument gave her talk

a rare lucidity. Speaking without nostalgia, she affirmed the

ongoing necessity of criticism as a form of public thought.

The afternoon workshops turned reflection into method.

In Christopher Hawthorne's session, participants examined

his process for *Punch List Architecture Newsletter*, using a

recent article on Norman Foster's JPMorgan supertall as a

case study. His clarity and generosity as a critic made the

As a whole, the day was not a farewell speech to criticism

is exactly in its capacity to take up new shapes.

but rather an exploration of its changes – recognizing that in

order to survive it has to change, and that the life of criticism

context shape the force of a review.

session especially rewarding, revealing how voice, timing, and

respective talks, but one stood out the most: Merve Emre. Her

end of a long practice, but probably a reconfiguration.

travels shapes and even becomes its meaning. The shift from

reaches. But that transformation is not a loss; it is intrinsic-

panels nowadays, was the notion that criticism is going

about criticism as a theme, its changes over time, and its

JAIME SOLARES CARMONA / PH.D Alberto Martinez Garcia ('30) spent the last few days in the Canary Islands, not to escape the cold weather in New-Haven, but to finish building his pavilion, which will be on

TONY SALEM MUSLEH / M.ARCH I '26 Be careful what you wish for

_____ Halloween has passed, but something stayed with me. In the dark corners of Rudolph's lower floor, it overcame me – I saw my people and knew their thoughts, each pause, each echo of a word. It might be supernatural, or simply too human. After two years together, there is nothing left unknown. No argument unargued, no chat unchatted. no discussion undiscussed. We once wished for a school that would listen, that believed in us. Two years in, I'm not sure I still do.

My thoughts feel thought out, my pages filled with the same sentences ink turning pages dark, once again an empty book

MAGGIE HOLM / M.ARCH I '28 Scared Straight Back Onto Sixth

thirsty for something new.

On the whiplash that was midterm week followed by Halloweekend:

"I died during midterms and Halloween raised me from the dead, only to now be haunted by the Sunday Scaries."

"Perpetually hungover from alcohol and workohol." – Jess Kong

-----Halloween weekend with back to back playoff games. Chapel St beat its rival, Invisible Feet, with two incredible goals in the last five minutes from Justin Morande and Idris Young. It was a rough game. Someone ripped off a chunk of Moss' shirt. Still, we want to thank our rivals for having a girl present on their "co-ed" team for the first time in years. We came into the second and final game excited to win championship shirts – for Moss' decency if anything.

goal, losing 0-1.

mark on our final work?

MAJDI ALKARUTE / M.ARCH I '27 Chapel St FC Finishes Second

The co-ed intramural soccer season wrapped up on

Unfortunately, Chapel St was drained and unable to land a

Epic Time

In epic tales, time bends. A war can last ten years yet end in a single page; a child can stay young for chapters and then grow up in a single paragraph. We are now entering we somehow have only five weeks to complete the design allowing us to create more than the calendar would ever

November 4

Zohran Mamdani wins the freezes on rent-stabilized apartments and voicing his support for three ballot

LAYNA CHEN / M.E.D

An Open Question

It was a busy week for the M.E.Ds, with Open House on Thursday and Roundtable Presentations on Monday. Applicants of a range of backgrounds introduced themselves via Zoom. As the group stayed for questions, I found myself recalling my own first embarrassingly juvenile

When the M.E.D program became fully funded in 2024, the intention was to remove barriers of entry for incoming students. Yet, one wonders if cohort became more diverse as a result or if the program just became more exclusive? Of our current group of six, two of this year's incoming students graduated from the same schools, and in the same year, as the first-year cohort.

Elsewhere (Halloween on the 7th floor), Iskander and Vinh dressed up as ICE Agents while Alp appeared as "Joey in the episode of Friends when he wears all of Chandler's shirts."

MARUSYA BAKHRAMEEVA / M.ARCH II '26

that same temporal distortion. After a year of polishing our thesis topics and presenting extended research at midterm, phase. Logic offers no help here. Only epic time might. From now on, time will bend and stretch through collective effort,

As the School of Architecture approaches Travel Week, Rudolph Hall empties out. Students, faculty, and studios

ELI AERDEN. RIZEK BAHBAH. TOMAS ALTOBELLO

Beyond Architectural Tourism: Geo-Diversity After Travel Week

disperse into cities, landscapes, and communities across the globe. For a brief moment, the school dissolves its walls andreconstitutes itself elsewhere, through encounters with architecture in situ. This issue is not only a collection of travel diaries. It seeks

to go beyond the story of how it was. Travel Week is not just about where we went or what we saw, but about what travel does to us, what it reveals and what it conceals. How do students interpret the places they visit, and how are their perspectives reshaped? What do the people they meet have to say about our presence? Why these destinations - what pedagogical, political, or historical stakes underlie those choices?

At the same time, this issue will look to the places we do not visit, or cannot visit. We want to invite voices from those locations - voices that remain unacknowledged by our itineraries, or excluded by the politics of borders, cost, or conflict. Equally, we want to hear from those who cannot travel at all: what does it mean to learn architecture from a distance, to study without the possibility of mobility?

Through interviews with faculty, reflections from students, and contributions from outside our traveling body, the issue traces how these journeys and absences shape our collective imagination. Travel is recast as pedagogy, cultural encounter, and limitation – emphasizing not only the geodiversity of architectural study, but also the diversity of perspectives that extend beyond the act of travel itself. Forget the Lonely Planet or the Michelin Guide – this is an atlas of presence and absence, composed of the many voices that make up and surround the school



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Response to Patrick Bellew: "Anthills to Labvrinths"

The Gordon H.Smith Lecture in Practical Architecture. Who knew we had a practical architecture lecture at this school?

Opening with a diagram connecting architecture, structural engineering, and environmental engineering, Patrick Bellew set the tone for the love triangle (or love-hate triangle?) between these disciplines.

Humbly stating that he did not have "the hand" for architecture nor "the smarts" for structural engineering, Bellew landed on environmental engineering. The University of Bath educates architects and engineers together – a system perhaps unfathomable to us at YSoA where we live far from the Becton Center for Engineering, coincidentally the other brutalist building on this campus.

Amid a career of seminal climate change discoveries and work with Atelier 10, the main story of Bellew's lecture

SHRESHTHA GOYAL Jury Duty?

A "jury" or "review" of 10 weeks of work for an audience in 10 minutes or less, tired but ready to receive feedback. With members of the jury to instantaneously produce thoughtful, constructive commentary on work they have never seen before, for students they have not necessarily followed through their academic careers. Would a prolonged, more continuous culture enhance learning outcomes?

A review, when seen as an open dialogue, can include voices of other students in the studio, along with participants from other disciplines and the public, helping contribute to the project's relevance. Is it possible to transform the culture around "Crit" to make them more engaging, inclusive, and participatory in nature?

Being able to see pin-ups around the building for longer than just mid-review would be a great learning experience, as these processes look so different for everyone. Shouldn't enabling the sharing of processes be a big part of education?

It is surprising that while the world is changing at lightning speed, this method of evaluation in architecture school has remained the same since the 19th century, which is ironic for a profession smitten with critique, yet has not evolved the methods by which it teaches and molds new practitioners.

______ emerged: from zero-tech to high-tech, from anthills to labyrinths. The labyrinth is the network of ducts, vents, and pipes so crucial to the building's function. Hidden behind walls, seeing these systems reminded us how dependent architecture has become on engineering to breathe.

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No two issues are alike.

That dependency surfaced in Bellew's repeated slandering of Moshe Safdie's Marina Bay Sands, or "the building with a surfboard," whose tall, cantilevered form consumes energy in pursuit of spectacle.

It brought to mind a line from my final structures class: "Engineering can exist without architects, but architecture cannot exist without engineers." Perhaps that, after all, was the "practical" lesson Gordon Smith hoped would knock some sense into us.

TONY SALEM MUSLEH The Unbearable Temporality of Crit

Time folds while we are stuck in one space, at one time. What is a crit, if not the folding of time into one space? Three months of accelerated speed come to a halt compressed into a 91-inch by 54-inch white board, unable to project itself beyond the order it is written to be judged. Smile: three months in thirty minutes. Make your time worth it.

I propose we intervene in this space-time dilemma – an instruction of unfolding, so to speak. Humankind has found many solutions to its confinement in space. Shall I record the cave painting - or, if not so archaic, just a wall? Maybe a concrete wall. Maybe even a staircase completely empty.

With time dealt, what then of space – or even spacetime? While space needs needles to brace it, spacetime needs code to trick it, to unfold into no space and no time. The digital realm will serve as our archival memory, reminding us of something we didn't know we already knew.

If school folds time, code breaks time. Shall we – so that three months may shine into eternity, observing everything at any given time, or continue to ask for forgiveness for missing one's thirty minutes.

MARUSYA BAKHRAMEEVA

Most advanced design studios embark on a single journey at the start of their projects. However, "Kalida Barcelona." held in spring 2025, concludes with a transatlantic flight. On November 27, the Enric Miralles Foundation will exhibit the unique proposals from ten students for a new Kalida Center, designed to provide psychological and social support

YANBO LI. TAESHA AURORA. LOGAN RUBASCH Utopia in the Expanded Field

In the spirit of a multi-voice, utopian methodology, the following piece was written by the three authors in alternating sentences, in the style of an "exquisite corpse" drawing.

One needed not be an expert on Asia to notice that Foster's lecture on "utopia or extinction" - with "global" as a heavily implied epithet to both - made scant reference to the continent that makes up over half the world's population. Nor did it even try to unpack when and how utopian thought emerges in the West². While Foster's regurgitation of the Western canon fell flat on non-Western ears, his concluding call to produce utopias anew indicates the latent potential of bringing insight from past failures into the contemporary

The question is exactly what pasts (and presents) are worthy of consideration. The call for a global "Ministry of the Future" opens up that problem – yes, we need accountability and action, but global standardization has always referenced the West as the blueprint that everyone else must follow. Utopia and its methodologies cannot be standardized because every context is different. In order to act on a planetary scale, we need a multitude of approaches to and definitions of utopia. In other words, utopia not as a unitary global project but as an heterogenous amalgamation of diverse utopian actions."

At what scale, then, can these multitudinous utopias exist? And what is the method of their representation? Are they

¹ Also in the spirit of Foster starting the lecture with Surrealism. ² Graeber and Wengrow have written about the compelling cultural context in Europe when Thomas More wrote Utopia in 1516: contact with Latin American cultures, new urban forms, and new techniques of governance ³ Foster concluded a long, slide-less segment with a photo of Kim Stanley Robinson's climate fiction novel by the same name. ⁴ This quotation was prominent in Foster's lecture.

______ for cancer patients. Each project features detailed models, securely packed for their journey to the land that inspired them. If you're in Barcelona over Thanksgiving, don't miss the chance to witness this exciting continuation of the studio's

Response to Hal Foster: "Utopia or Extinction"

static moments or open to interpretation? While Foster proposes a "multinational federation of socialist states" to replace Trumpian nativism, Mamdani's mayoral candidacy in New York counterposes that the metropolitical may once more become the space for utopia. More than the image of his candidacy, his defiant disposition and collaborative methodology embodies Antonio Gramsci's ethos of "pessimism of intellect, optimism of will." We can't not talk about the image and use of media in his campaign though – the virality of his form of politics⁵. The new political landscape requires its own social medium.

Foster's utopian references – constructivism, Corbusian modernism, Superstudio and Archigram, multinational treaty organizations – are forms already extinct or appropriated by capital. But while his forms and references seemed outdated and insufficient, his linking of utopian ideals to protest sites⁶ was inspiring. Those protests reinforce that a utopian vision can (must?) be temporal and that it doesn't require a tabula rasa. They call to mind Gramsci once again: "The old world is dying, and the new world struggles to be born; now is the time of monsters." Trump as Ubu Roi⁷. Dick Cheney dies the day before Zohran Mamdani gets elected as mayor of New York; the old world is dying indeed.

End?

End!!

⁵ Mamdani's social media posts are littered with comments saying "I'm from Dhaka/Nairobi/Sao Paulo, and that's my mayor." People don't mean that he could be mayor of any city in the world, but that they wished they had such a locally embedded politician who would take the charge to listen to and respond to the unique challenges of their contexts. ⁶The spring 2024 pro-Gaza encampment at Beinecke Plaza, and recent protests again ICE.

⁷Dada-esque character from late-19th century Parisian surrealist theater

over the vibrant chaos carried back -

A palimpsest of memory:

Vivid,

Fading,

Lingering,

Like a quiet ache,

Beneath the surface.

Had I studied architecture?

Or just passed through it?

BENJAMIN LUEBKEMANN First, Foremost, and Finally

Drive drive drive until we get to Ken's house no his studio its the one next door here is that it yes I believe it is. He built this place himself you know worked construction two three years maybe more until the guy said sorry buddy work's drying up <u>but</u> the skills stayed with him poured the concrete framed some walls of course he needed a hand raising those walls you can't raise a wall on your own after all but a formerstudent now a friend came out and another did some dry wall I mean it's two stories over there in the main house in the entryway that's two too many for one fellow but now the taxidermy fills the space really nicely in there. That's a black bear in a cinnamon phase could have thought it was a grizzly for a moment but sure enough it's a black bear and he's got a tag for that. It was rolling hills all the way as soon as we got off the interstate I couldn't help but imagine that big blimp gliding dumbly across until it buried its nose in the hollow. What a dumb thing to do. But I suppose it made for good television and it brought me out here ten years late but the story is still good. You never know where things are going to take you Ken never imagined he'd be in the White House but sure enough Barbara Bush put his painting on the wall and he brought a knife in with him I think he gifted it to her and the Secret Service was real unhappy. Took him to Loch Ness too but he doesn't believe that shit he taught history after all. He had a natural knack for painting ever since a teacher put chalk in his hand and said draw me something wow that's pretty good that's better than I can do and I'm teaching art you've got to stay with this Ken. Oak tree birch tree maple tree they all have different barks and he knows that he knows how to paint each one and he can make these scenes up on the spot I mean he's seen them himself countless times he'll find a spot while he's out hunting or fishing or having coffee at the Dunkin' Donuts down the road here where he meets his buddies and he'll think I ought to paint that and sometimes he paints it just the way it is but most of the time it's a world of his own he can put a raccoon and a black bear in the same painting if he wants to but how many times have you seen a raccoon and a black bear with your own eyes at the same time I sure haven't seen that I rarely see two animals at once other than a squirrel and a bird but even then it's hard to get them in my focus at the same time they're quick like that. On the easel he's got an eagle maybe we'll see it on the Game News cover some day though I think they discontinued that publication but four or five guys are pretty good at this and competed for those covers. He wrote a newspaper column nature and wildlife stories did one about a woman scalped by a black bear told her you can wear the wig but she said no I want them to see what it did to me. TV too he hosted his own show on PBS or something like that it's really grown his market and now those paintings sell for a whole lot I mean they are in the White House after all that's pretty significant. He frames them now as soon as we are done here he'll be downstairs cutting frames awhile back he went to the frame

shop and said he wanted to start doing it himself they said sure no problem we'll sell you the material wholesale but here's the catch you're going to buy a whole lot more and Ken said he wasn't sure but sure enough he's been buying a whole lot more now that it's whole sale and the paintings are looking great and better vet they are flying off the walls. Back in 1972 when the flood came through he was stuck sitting on the neighbors roof with his dog he made a raft from his garage door his wife was already up on the hill but he had money in the house and guns and everything but when the water came up over the TV and it was still playing and he started feeling some tingles that's when he grabbed the dog and the garage door and paddled on over to the neighbor who said Ken get up here and he sat on top of that roof for a few days until the water came down but now he's on top of the world I think at least it seems that way and I'm really happy for him.

GRANT DOKKEN Caveat emptort

> On the outskirts of the small town in Montana where I grew up is an abandoned complex of industrial buildings: ten silos roughly seven stories in height, a mottled grain elevator clad in steel panels of varying patina, and a shorter brick factory of about five floors. Stretching away from the architectural assembly is a low three-level structure whose parapet steps down in a rhythmic legato along the building's length.

I could never quite put my finger on the quality that drew me in, though its genius loci was undeniable: a steep hillside with scrubby sage and tall grasses, faded tarmac flowing smoothly around the silos' bases, and across the road a dusty spur of dirt where a livestock auction house stood. The silence of dead August heat. Perhaps I was drawn to a thing forgotten in plain sight; the area was well camouflaged by mundanity. Rusted out jalopies crouched between the silos with grass sprigs pushing through holes in their wheel wells; a chainlink fence installed as an afterthought, lazily sagging around the lot's perimeter; piles of railway ties soaked in creosote waiting patiently for some unknown use. It only took a few simple accoutrements to make the obvious invisible.

Nevertheless, the arrangement is one of my favorite architectural essays. Functional, concise, and organized. There's no intellectual or academic firewall. No convoluted explanation. No rhetoric. It is a building designed with a clear purpose constructed using recognizable materials for workers with a tangible profession. It is a sculptural receptacle derived from head pressures, flow rates, and yield limits. Grain elevators exude a comforting familiarity in their humanely industrial scale and sophisticated simplicity. Big, but not too big. Complex, but discernibly so.

Despite my earlier assertion that the grain elevator requires no academic pedigree to appreciate, its trajectory within the canon of modern architectural discourse should not be overlooked. Le Corbusier places them as the backdrop for an entire chapter describing the importance of mass and geometric simplicity in *Towards a New Architecture* 1. Decades later, John Hejduk would combine twin effigies of the grain elevator in his proposal for a botanical garden in Compostela, and a decade after that Peter Eisenman would revive this idea to be included as a folly within the City of Culture in Galicia. In more recent years, Peter Zumthor's 'Meelfabriek' development uses a flour factory as a focal

Returning home to Montana after three years in New Haven, I found that the grain elevator I'd always admired held up. It hadn't changed, but I had. I had developed a frame of reference shaped less by the privileges of travel week than

New Haven is a unique crucible where anomalous architecture and eclectic urban conditions abound. For the curious cyclist or observant flaneur it is an endless text of contradictions and juxtapositions. It could be a site for creative studio briefs for years to come – provided instructors were familiar with the area.

But the osmotic sphere of academic architecture is a selective filter. It prioritizes grand tours over day trips, raising questions of academic imperialism, carbon contribution, and saviour complex while placating students with electives deconstructing the very same things.

Nothing is perfect.

Travel week may have its shortcomings, but it wouldn't be Yale without it. By extension, the lottery, though convoluted and excruciating, teaches a critical lesson: perspective is a

¹Le Corbusier, Towards a New Architecture, trans, Frederick Etchells (London: J. Rodker, 1927), 25-31

MELOS SHTALOJA & ALEXANDER POFF We Stayed: Moths to the Lantern

While our third year colleagues set off to play global jetsetter, the rest of us waited on a limo to be wined and dined in Fair Haven Heights (it was really just a bus and apple cider). On Howard Street, teachers, students, professors, and locals were welcome to tour the home the first year M.Arch I students had designed and built over the past nine

The 2025 Jim Vlock First Year Building Project is dubbed *The* Lantern, and as dusk approached, it was obvious why. In the evening of October 3, at the three story project – meant for one tenant in the elevated residential home and a small group in its ground floor community space – YSoA students and faculty mingled with guests of Friends Center for Children. We made small conversation on the design, the construction process, and the mission: a rent-free dwelling for an early childhood educator.

There were multiple speeches given behind a temporary podium. They were a celebratory, in-person version of everything said on Yale Daily News, local news, and even the NYT the year before. And of course, we were happy to be there and believed in everything that was being said. It *did* feel great to be building a home for somebody, even more so, to be part of something larger in this political climate.

However, a little paradox lingers in the back of your mind when something you've done gains so much publicity. Seeing Yale on its soapbox about building *one* house reminds us of that one rich friend who is unable to give a dollar to a homeless person without bragging about how generous they

The Building Project began in response to student unrest in the 1960s as a way to "commit to social action by building for the poor." Currently, it seems like a feelgood band-aid to a nationwide vt at best, promoting an unreplicable housing model. Could it be reproduced with paid construction workers and without donated materials? - At worst, it is merely an optics-promoter or reputationstrengthener. The circus then becomes a megaphone to project Yale's benevolence rather than the necessary financial investment generator to keep this Building Project train rolling.

We should be as critical as the students who founded it. In studio, we must talk about the politics of the things we build, and the projects we can't. Asking what it means to provide rent-free, non-employment-dependent housing and why that might be the best lever we have now. Why is New Haven not affordable? What more can the big, blue, bulldogshaped elephant in the room do? How can we turn a good thing into a great thing?

We should celebrate the Lantern without being moths to a

J. COLLIN GARNETT In-Svalbard: Architecture, Agriculture and Global Abstraction

The following passage reflects on solo travel to the arctic territory of Svalbard in June 2024. Travel was generously funded by the George G. Booth Fellowship and supported an extension of research topics explored in association with the author's M.Arch Thesis at University of Michigan, Taubman College of Architecture and Urban Planning.

Just over a year ago, I found myself standing inside a large, modern grocery store less than 800 miles from the North Pole. Light from linear fixtures illuminated rows of fully-stocked shelving, and I couldn't help but marvel at how out of place the scenery felt on an island 650 miles off the coast of mainland Norway. If you happen to visit The Svalbard Store sometime soon, you might find fresh eggs and produce in the cooler section alongside Coca-Cola products, and - on the other side of the store - offerings of home goods, electronics, and giant plush polar bears.

This supermarket can be found in a small town called Longyearbyen, home to roughly 2,500 residents and situated on a fjord within the sovereign territory of Svalbard. This region was referenced in Icelandic records as far back as the 12th century, and extensively documented by explorers and whalers in the late 1500s. Since then, coal mining has heavily influenced settlement in the archipelago, including Longyearbyen and a few other locations dispersed across the main island of Spitsbergen.

My intrigue with Svalbard originated with architecture that learns from and adapts to infrastructure left behind by industries of extraction; in particular, the Svalbard Global Seed Vault (SGSV), which maintains a Norwegian-funded extranational archive just outside of Longyearbyen. The vault hosts agricultural seed stock from every nation on Earth, acting as a failsafe in the case of regional environmental disaster. The SGSV facility tunnels into the permafrost of the Spitsbergen mountainside, redeploying the typology of the mine shaft to support its futurist programming.

OLGA KEDYA "Cleaning Corbusier" in France

La Tourette was warm in the golden rays of the setting sun when we arrived. Perched on a hill, the levitating fortress overlooked its forested valley below. Standing before one of the most referenced modernist buildings in Western academia felt oddly familiar – studied in plan, admired in photographs, and encountered weekly as a scale model by the 7th-floor laser cutter room. But estrangement grew out of the false familiarity as we began inhabiting the "machine for living." The heightened curiosity, the whisper rule, the heavy bell ring all infused the mundane with a new meaning. Corbusier's *béton brut* became elemental: meals turned into observations of framed landscapes; the cell was no longer a room but a space that subtly reshaped my daily rhythm. Here, the intentional austere proved anything but sterile: the meadow was fragrant with peppermint, spiderwebs traced their own geometry across Xenakis' facade, and at night, the Milky Way emerged. During evening mass, wind slipping into the chapel deepened the chants into a low, resonant hum. The large glazed openings bathed the hallways in light and made the building achingly cold – reminding us that even the most canonical works are alive, imperfect, and in need of care. In the end, our visit to La Tourette made us realize why we must experience the spaces we idealize, so we can make sense of them for ourselves.



Go Home... We vomit on Yale and your colonialism... stupid

were the words of a rather gratuitous comment left on one of our travel studio's Instagram posts. While we ignorantly enjoyed our parade around Paris, photoscanning each site on our travels, our "hater's" anger felt misplaced. Why target a fledgling group of students whose only concern for a week is tasting the best wine and cheese of France?

Hateful as the comment was, they might have had a point. While nonetheless a valuable experience of our Yale education, it raises the question,

Who are we when we leave Rudolph Hall

became an awkward question during travel week to the Mississippi Delta. Each of us would answer this question differently, perhaps by stating our country of origin or even innocently offering Connecticut as our new home. As a group, our answer reluctantly became "YALE UNIVERSITY." Responses ranged from looks of awe to self-deprecating jokes to withdrawn reactions. In these moments, our position of privilege became an immediate barrier in forming connections.

In the weeks prior to travel, the studio researched the Delta to understand the socio-economic region we were entering for the next week.

With this knowledge, we were conscious of our position, yet,

Do we ever really leave Rudolph Hall?

When we left for travel week, we didn't just pack our suitcases: we hauled Yale's heavy and controversial baggage with us. While Yale isn't necessarily recognized everywhere, where it is known, its reputation precedes us. It was just last year when the university issued a formal apology on behalf of its namesake, Elihu Yale. Yale, who was governor of the British East India Company in Madras, used his lucrative involvement in Indian Ocean slave trade to gift the university £1,000.

For better and worse, we represent Yale, however independent we think we are as the School of Architecture. Our response to travel week is important, but the response to our travel reveals much deeper truths. Others' responses to Yale reveal the institution's characteristics we wish to conceal: that it is elite, exclusive, and expensive.

Travel week makes us question our relationships with identity, power, and representation. Whether we are interfacing in real life or digitally on Instagram, the Yale brand hovers above our heads. Perhaps there is an opportunity to share our experience with those not familiar with Yale, and to leave a different story behind Maybe next semester, we will embrace Yale, so that the comments change to "Come back...thoughtful Yalies."

Finding the Centers of Arles City Hall: From Advanced Studio "Stereo, Stereo, Stereo, Stereo"

After arriving in Arles in the late afternoon, we quickly dropped off our luggage and went directly to Arles City Hall, the anticipated highlight of the studio trip. Upon entering, everyone was mesmerized by the complex form of the vault, designed by Jules Hardouin-Mansart. The beguiling geometry defies the perception of the human eye. Perspective is used in opposition to Renaissance principles: rather than unifying the point of view, the design multiplies it through the the plan's proportions and the geometry of the vaults. Yet intersection of various vaults. The seams of the voussoirs are emphasized in one direction but concealed in another, creating a pattern that adds another layer of complexity to the reading of the space.

I returned the next morning to sketch the vaults and their patterns in plan, attempting to draw associations between geometry and the arrangement of the voussoirs (the landscape plan). As a group, we revisited the site again in the evening. This time, I counted the floor tiles and realized that the proportions in my sketch were incorrect and that the plan was rectangular. In the second sketch, I modified this also offsets the centers of the ceiling pattern from the centers of the vaults. The ambiguity between the optical and physical center creates an elongation of perception which is an estrangement that becomes a center of its own

Visiting this vault in person felt surreal; its brutalist entry

expression, sealed by a heavyset steel door. The somber

grays and browns of the vault stand in stark contrast to

the vivid reds, greens, and yellows of the produce aisle

and abstracted systems they reinforce. In one, seeds

inside The Svalbard Store. The aesthetics of these places

however, are of less interest than the underlying principles

slumbering in permafrost-lined chambers serve as a global

insurance policy, securing agricultural biodiversity against

plague, war, and climate change. In the other, expectations

carried by transplanted workforces – seeking convenience

settlements on earth - require the typology of the store-

stockpile to extend modernity's reach to Svalbard, where

tourism and climate research sustain a sizeable population

consumption – where one need not comprehend the means

and methods underpinning their lifestyle, nor acknowledge

how vast these systems reach – is poignantly juxtaposed

Here, we find a sphere of influence that both relies upon

global systems while also ensuring them. In Svalbard, an

veiled networks of actors, occupying the Arctic without

ever seeing it. In a future where territories like Svalbard

continue to reimagine infrastructures left behind from past

industries of extraction, it's important to remain critical of

the assumptions accompanying designed futurescapes of

global interconnectedness, especially as they seek to avoid

merely replicating past impositions masked with added

intangible flow of products and services lies entangled with

within the confluence of architecture and agricultural

exchange in the circumpolar north.

even as the mining industry slows down. The abstraction

that occurs between global sites of production and

and consumerism in even the harshest permanent

structure rises from the snow in a simple triangular



MAXIMILIEN CHONG LEE SHIN How to build responsibly on an island that had no before

Mauritius is an island society that was born directly into modernity and entirely from colonial encounter – a colony without indigeneity, a manufactured geography, rather than one layered over precolonial presence.

The first architecture school in Mauritius opened when I left to study cities and architecture abroad. Before that, I never recalled much of an architectural culture. Not to say there were no architects or building culture; there was an absence of discourse. Architecture operated largely within a status quo shaped by the logics of neoliberal tourism and imported paradigms of development.

Throughout my studies, a discursive awakening that gained traction in the field turned toward decolonial pedagogies and epistemic reparations. The 2023 Venice Biennale, curated by Leslie Lokko, became a landmark for this decolonization and decarbonization zeitgeist: architects reclaiming local materials, revaluing indigenous knowledge systems, and advancing technologies of soil, fiber, and nature-based craft over the synthetics of late modernity. Anti-extractivist principles seek autonomy from unsustainable global systems. Perhaps there is much to learn from imagining how we might (re)build our communities as if each were an insular island world.

Yet the island analogy feels uneasy. With most island states, the fantasy of local resilience dissolves under the weight of global dependence. Despite their geographic isolation, island economies hinge on neocolonial tourism and neoliberal trade. Their survival often depends on complicity with the structures of Empire, a Faustian bargain dressed in the language of development. Mauritius is a perfect example. I come from an island where there are no autochthonous ancestors of the land to learn from. No inherited architectural language except modern colonialism and its creolizations. What does decolonial practice mean in a place

______ whose history begins with colonization? What does local knowledge mean when locality itself was manufactured? I ask myself these a lot especially when I am far from home, which these days is always.

> During my travels in the past year, these questions began to meet other voices. In Morocco, Salima Naji offered a response to the Mauritian question: to understand its calamities in order to invent a neovernacular way of building – to devise forms and biosourced materials adapted to cyclones based on what is already there. George Massoud from Material Cultures suggested a cartographic exercise to map epistemes: draw three concentric circles around Mauritius – a small one, a larger one, then another – and learn from the nearest building cultures that fall within those rings. The relatable ones are often those in proximity.

> In Zürich, Mariam Issoufou emphasized the importance of solidarity networks and cross-pollination for building within African contexts, recounting how her practice's knowledge of earthen brick construction in Niger was passed onto her team from Francis Kéré's. Kéré himself, at Paris's Institute for Ideas and Imagination, refused to over-theorize – urging me not to circle around questions, but to begin the work and leave the talking to others. Each conversation carried a different climate but the same impulse: to start where you are, and figure out what you have.

> As a low-income student from a country like mine, studying abroad is never only personal – it is only made possible by scholarships, by trust, by the hopes of others. This kind of movement carries an unspoken weight – an inflated sense of responsibility toward what you left. I am still searching for the scale of what responsibility really means. I am still learning, still without means; I cannot build what I do not yet know how to sustain.



SHEBGYU CAI Saguaro Mi Amor

"Look outside the car window," Tony said as he whipped down what used to be Route 66. He sped in a distinctly German way, the landscape slipped into cinematic blur as the sky purpled. Our flora protagonist, the saguaros, stood across the vast, arid Sonoran Desert, their columnar silhouettes etched against the bleeding sunset. In the distance, massive red-rock ranges rendered them solitary yet elegant sentinels.

Saguaros's beauty is unique and functional. Their pleated skin expands to store water during the rare desert ritual of rainfall, and their lateral arms create structural variety and height, making the saguaro the architecture of this ecosystem. Woodpeckers carve homes, owls visit their

nocturnal flowers, and doves nest in their ribs. Their verticality stands as a monument to desert time.

We often imagine the desert as empty space. In truth, it is our perception that is thin.

We had just departed our advanced studio site - Biosphere 2, the astonishingly absurd relic of 1980s science. Seven miniature biomes coexist in an air-tight vessel: rainforest, coral reef, mangrove wetland, savannah grassland, desert, and two anthropogenic habitats. Eight "biospherians" once lived quarantined for two years, performing a trial run for sustaining human life beyond Earth.

How egoistic, I thought, for our species to believe that we could encapsulate our planet? Our relationship with the land, I realized, has always delicately wavered between control and reverence.

Tony pressed harder on the pedal. Outside the window, the saguaros returned. They are ubiquitous in this fertile, sandy soil. They no longer felt like flora but instead oracles of authenticity – fitting, then, that Biosphere 2 sits in a town called Oracle, Arizona. Do you know that a mature saguaro may live 200 years? It will outlast city limits, land treaties, generations of travelers, and scientific frameworks that try to measure its patience. Rooted and reflective, it grows – slowly.