PAPRIKA!

ISSUE 02

paprika! does pedagogy

The teaching of architecture today is, we think, tragically haphazard.

Perhaps that is because architecture is the odd profession out. Unlike medicine, where patients receive definitive cures, we never settle for buildings which merely work; instead, we insist on inhabiting a subjective realm. Or, as Alan Plattus recently put it, "the reason it is architecture and not just construction is that we add the rhetoric." Unlike law, we have neither a constitution nor a supreme court, neither an authoritative canon nor a central adjudicator of taste.

Our canons are numerous, as are our judges, leaving architecture a perpetual challenge for the academy. Everyone and no one seems to know how to teach the subject. Problematically, many of the greatest buildings were designed before it was taught at all.

In its recent issue on the topic, "School is Out," Uncube Magazine concluded the only thing "everyone can agree on" is "the system needs a serious overhaul." The GSD ran an exhibit last fall called "Pedagogy and Practice," setting up its argument that, rather than tying themselves to buildings, architects need to be the world's problem solvers.

Last fall Yale took its turn. Indicative of our own pedagogy, we rendered the problem as building. In his "Pedagogy and Place" seminar, Dean Stern asked students to produce drawings and papers connecting the buildings of architecture schools past and present to their teaching. In their design studio, Mark Foster Gage tasked second year students to design the architecture school of the future, replacing the University of Pennsylvania's Meyerson Hall.

In this issue, true to Paprika's *raison d'être*, writers were free to take up whatever topic interested them. A majority chose pedagogy. Dean Stern's work will culminate with a carefully curated exhibit in 2016. The critics' favorite studio designs will surface next fall in *Retrospecta*. Here find our thoughts, clear and unfiltered, though dare we say it with a little bit of spice.

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We need a record which keeps pace with our community. Paprika! is an exclusively student run publication bound firmly to our present and our place. As a running record, it celebrates the student voice — the critical, the raw, and the radical. Paprika! masters the ground, so that we all might stand on it.

PAPRIKA! Editors

MOVING SLOWLY IN ARCHITECTURE

by Harper Keehn, B.A. in Architecture, Year 3

"We should take time to push to the side, above, below, and behind."

My grandpa would have said: "Don't just do something; stand there."

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We should take seriously the quiet exhortation that Billy Tsien and Tod Williams delivered in their lecture last semester: it is important "to move slowly" in architecture.

This is because the product of our education is not an object but a process. All that we can hope to carry away at the end, aside from a few inscrutable 3D-printed artifacts, is a trustworthy and versatile way of making decisions. Therefore, *how* we make anything is more important than *what* we make, and our process is worthy of our direct attention. For me, the pace of work practiced and rewarded in Rudolph Hall is unsustainable but also counter-productive: it seems that we often move too fast to think about how we make things, let alone why, and that along the way the devotion required by this pace makes me and my work selfish, fearful, and obsessed. It is a pace rich in hours, pixels, sheets, and ratcheting clicks forward but almost inevitably impoverished in terms of care, circumspection, and process.

This rush scares me, and I believe it has serious implications. Certainly it's more than something to ruefully, laughingly shake our heads over in the elevators. In fact, it may help us along, expediently, to somewhere we have no reason or desire to go. "The rush" is racing, haggard and drawn, down a line that is straight as it passes through our playground but, seen from a bird's eye height, arbitrary and meandering. Or, it's sublimating our curiosity and intuition into the accepted narrative of production, inevitably coalescing into two hundred dollar's worth of single-use 300-dpi renderings that ossify and finalize[1] a nascent exploration that ought to have burbled along and crescendoed, gestating for years,

deadlines be damned. I intuit that the cost of this kind of habituated deferral and sleep-when-we're-dead attitude, for our selves now and for our work in the future, may be huge.

I argue that the rush doesn't have to be. It's a decision to mimic one face of the working world. Although there is certainly a "real-world" referent behind this style of work — any number of firms will value and reward us in direct proportion to our ability to rush — there are in fact other real and serious ways to work. Principally, slowing down would give us space and license to try to distinguish between what we can do and what we should do, between an "option-to-do" and a "reason-to-do." By slowing our approach until we can afford responsive, exploratory work habits, we immediately improve our chances of dignifying and amplifying — rather than simply enjoying — the privilege we have been given to operate at an increasingly large scale as students and architects.

Moreover, given space, we might pour ourselves further into the work. We could tap into the expansive pleasure of making functional things that fit into tight spaces, instead of relying on midnight oil and processing power to churn out high-resolution orders that fit only on our screens, like unpaid and unhappy employees to ourselves. For now, we constrain our relevance by behaving primarily as formal executors, cautiously doing what we are told (merely, by way of consolation, doing it well), instead of asserting ourselves as common-sense consultants who can perceive and communicate the awesome implications of design decisions.

That is, it would be a true accomplishment to convince a client that a project should be smaller. To cogently and carefully explain why it should shrink — or even (!), not happen — and what

[1] And then, shrink to a forgettable dot under the withering gaze of a flock of (mostly) white (mostly) men in (mostly) black.

would be won by altering the parameters, would be a rare and powerful gift. A far grander move, certainly, than the martyr's push that we are being trained to make, of forcing a too-large design through a too-small hole into physical reality. It should make us breathless, rather than blasé, to imagine what it takes to bring a building (or any object) into being. And if a commission does not justify itself with a self-evident purpose that we would be proud to facilitate at full bore, we should be empowered to turn it down or change it. We are, after all, independent ethical agents, and should certify our involvement in these projects. Slowing down is an essential architectural act but receives little institutional support.

The alternative I advocate appears to be one of restraint and forbearance, but it is high-torque and open-handed. This, in response to a standard practice of what appears to be voluntary disenfranchisement. I advocate an approach — slow, daring, and extravagant — that allows us to say "yes" to what we know or suppose, where the standard — fast, safe, and stingy — compels us to say "no" to flashes of intuition and bodily twinges.[2]

The slow approach I covet is rich, generative, metabolic, and versatile: holding forth rather than holding back. Authorizing ourselves to enjoy the work, and trusting that this pleasure yields qualitatively better output. Respecting tangential work as much as, or more than, the frontal assault. Over time, slow-moving but trusted patterns of work are astonishingly powerful. A small habit[3] that is durable will produce, inevitably, something huge.[4] By comparison, a single grand gesture, no matter how "final-solution" it feels, will eventually look as silly, decrepit, and irrelevant as our bodies and minds will become in a few short over-heated decades. But, it is so hard to countenance orders of magnitude and the long-fingered implications of habit, that our language seems to (understandably) prefer "finished" products to incremental, mutable, endless processes.

In all, I think that this is more than a matter of preference between different-but-equal work styles, and I hope that it is not just the sour frustration of being

unable to hang. There exists a lineage of privileged, powerful people with education and credentials who use simple ability as self-evident sanction for fast action. This has, on the whole, proved disastrous. It is worth imagining what good might be done by a group of privileged, powerful insiders with education and credentials who exhibit their abilities to do — and to suggest that others do — less, slowly, carefully.

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Moving slowly is an ambitious proposition. It suggests new effort at every level of the design process. The driving question of this new effort is perhaps, "What problem will this solve?"

For now, it's disruptive for a juror to ask a red-eyed student in a pinup, "What problem are you trying to solve?" This line of innocuous questioning, asked persistently, quickly becomes cutting and cruel. After repeating the assigned program and technical riddles, there is little we, burning with resentment, can offer. We are not asked to name or study the human aspirations, or even creature comforts, our buildings might enable; we are invited to imagine a place and produce a rendering. Instead of activity and verbs there are objects and nouns. It's no wonder that many of our projects are aloof and clichéd: we get pulled into the vacuum where the hesitation and empathy were supposed to be. There is no tether to a felt need. A slow approach would allow us to begin the long work of posing and answering questions of need, of developing compassion for the people who might use our spaces. And, it would let the secondary work of technical execution remain secondary.

These same questions are needed elsewhere in design. For instance, specific materials can do an astonishing variety of work, but we studiously limit the diversity of our palette. Instead, we prize and guzzle foam for its ability to wordlessly and quickly yield to our forms, only. By and large, the shop feels less like an exploratory and creative lab than a frustrating print shop where we fume instead of celebrate when the thing we make with our hands refuses to match the thing we drew with a computer. Clearly, production doesn't have to be this way. Materials can become (delightful) drivers

[2] By twinge, I mean the pinching disjuncture we feel, standing sleepless in the middle of a dirty post-review pit, attempting to remember what was won by emptying ourselves — night after 4 a.m. night — onto the studio floor, for a project that never felt truly our own. The knot in our viscera suggesting that this kind of life, for now and for the foreseeable future, is a perversion of something wonderful. The infuriating pattern of feeling relieved rather than enlivened after reviews.

[3] dripping water, compound interest, sitting with someone for ten minutes every day to tell them you care about them.

[4] the Grand Canyon, national debt, a loving relationship.

of design, rather than obstacles, if they are tasked with solving particular problems or with controlling specific phenomena. This, simply, takes time. But every happy, small discovery about the difference between wood and plastic, steel and foam, stays with us and is on hand for all future work. We can accrete material knowledge like a snowball rolling down a hill just through the pleasant struggle of making little things we care about. Doing the slow work of thinking through rather than around materials would help us become powerful, relevant, and happy in and among the material diversity and limitation that defines real construction.

Similarly, at a larger scale, different habits of work are appropriate to different tasks. However, almost nowhere - aside from war and assembly lines - is it appropriate to be constantly "en charrette." I'm beleaguered, sour-mouthed, and ashamed after a full night in the studio. Also, useless. Any single task done from the same seat and in the same breathing air, for long enough, brings on carpal tunnel syndrome (figuratively or literally) and cynicism. We aren't above these dangers. Our human limits don't disappear because we think our work is important. In fact, the more we value our work, the more we should be generous, intentional, and normal in our habits. This is the lowest hanging fruit, a good-feeling change that precedes the rest, and something we all theoretically agree on already. The major effort here is in set-up: how can time and schedules be apportioned, or how can we plan to forgive ourselves for missing deadlines, so that there is space to work in a dignified, creative, and pleasurable way? I don't suspect this space will ever be handed to us, so it may require an aggressive wresting-of-the-controls to assert our pre-conditions.

In all, it is hard to pull ourselves back from well-worn traditions. As we move from execution to intention to practice, we need more and more external support for the slow and deliberate subversion of normative standards. We can't attempt these important changes in our approach to design at the breakneck pace de rigueur in Rudolph Hall without making an abrupt break from business as usual.

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I don't know what the slow approach should look like in ideal or "real" practice. But for me, there are a few specific alternative habits that might help develop it. These include: considering sleep to be work, considering leaving the studio to be work, doing anything other than architecture qua Stern's Architecture, making things in the shop for fun, giving those things away, building anything inhabitable, taking as few classes as possible, prioritizing relationships over projects, asking jurors to clarify their questions, describing a problem that a building might help fix, being outdoors. And et cetera. Trying not to defer having a good time until I'm retired. Trusting that I will work hard and carefully, regardless.

In all, this isn't to say that there exists a perfect alternative, but rather, simply, that the search for an alternative is worthy, necessary work. Yes, there are always uncomfortable exigencies in making something happen. But it may be possible to expand the active questions of our process to include the parameters of the project itself so that, if need be, we might do less more fully and thus ultimately accomplish more. To ask, "Is this really the building we want to build?" If not, how far should we compromise, or, what would we need to change for it to become that building? These questions are hard to ask and interrupt the flow of one kind of work, but are essential to a justified and robust final product.

Instead of pushing simply forward, we should take time to push to the side, above, below, and behind. We could loosen our grip on our vision of an end state, for the project at hand and for ourselves as architects. We might return multiple times throughout the design process to these largest-order questions. When and how does an option-to-do become a reason-to-do become a thing-in-the-world? How can we tell if a design process amplifies the resources it inevitably uses and when it simply absorbs them? How does the work feel?

It's important to devote explicit attention to our process here and now because the ability to ask these questions in a vacuum is our unique luxury. We can work outside the uncompromising imperatives that exist

when making a thing to sell, and we're beholden to only the parameters that we create.

To scream this: we might take a moment to be laughingly, joyously drunk on our opulent moment, obliged to so little and rich with energy and uncertainty. To be self-sacrificial, here and now, is to pour our wealth down the gutter without even tasting it. Misery isn't virtue and it isn't good architecture.

Instead of gnashing at the bit and pre-emptively constructing a fortified system of imperatives to match those that we are assured wait for us just beyond Rudolph Hall, we should reverently use up the special fuel we have in such abundance now. We have the space to be intentional in a way that might be, or at least appear to be, impossible in other times and places. Why pretend that we don't? In an educational environment, and in this school in particular, we may be able to develop and instate alternative approaches. I think it would be misplaced effort, a juvenile run at the wrong kind of maturity, to mime a system that moves too fast and produces indeliberate results.

Certainly, we need to practice triage and opportunism and quick moves. To remain legible and relevant, we, to a degree, have to "keep up." I would argue, though, that we inevitably practice these skills, in thousands of conscious and unconscious ways. And that it is far more valuable (or at least radically under-represented) to be able to slow down in productive ways; that is, to let the process of working through a project empower investigation of its parameters, all the way back to the reasons the object ought to be built or touched in the first place. To feel always like we're playing, even if we do it very seriously.

Most crudely: are we preparing to be dutiful employees of architecture firms in which only partners are invited to tweak parameters, or are we practicing for independent lives of robust problem solving and service which might, occasionally, imply the creation of a new building? That is, of course, an unfair binary. But I don't think it's an unfair rhetorical question. And certainly, is a reason to slow down, some.

IF YOU WANT TO PLAY IT SAFE, FIND A DIFFERENT PLAYGROUND

by Amir Karimpour, M.Arch II, Year 2

It is no secret that oversaturation of information and visual pollution are symptomatic of major technological advancements of the 21st century. Ironically, an overabundance of advanced tools has left all designers either paralyzed, or "trigger happy". Specifically, two components of the digital project are responsible for this: craft and time.

Craft: *"Craft is also aesthetic: the product of the sensibility of mind and eye. Finally, craft is physical, the material product of mind and hand, and the hand's extension through technology."* – John Patkau at YSOA

The re-emerging issue of craft derives from the degree of separation inherent in the digital interface; that is, all decisions by the user are mediated through the software before they act on the design object. When making models or producing drawings, no longer do we have the intimate "hands on" relationship with our visual assets. This leads to an inherent lack of control when designing. For example, it usually takes more effort to produce a model or image on the computer that almost has the same haptic qualities one would desire from a watercolor or oil painting. This workflow is obviously redundant — therefore, one has to embrace the new aesthetics brought forth by digital tools as opposed to going through the tedious process of using them to mimic analogue effects.

Time: Efficient digital tools have allowed for rapid execution of design, leaving little room to think about each decision relative to a larger agenda. When designers had to use analogue tools, each line was exponentially harder to erase, delete, copy, sketch, shift, rotate etc. — hence every line drawn took time and was given the respect it needed. After all, nothing is more annoying than trying to erase an ink line off a Mylar sheet over and over again. However, today there is no more time left to think — only time to execute.

Given these consequences of contemporary fabrication and design practices, emphasis on the process and critical re-appropriation of tools has become ever more important for designers. Access to advanced expensive tools is a luxury and we should exploit them as much as possible, as well as be sure to take careful time when doing so. Novelty does not have to come from some profound philosophical undertaking of the universe — but rather through curiosity, and that curiosity should be pursued in a rigorous and tangible fashion.

For example, in the associated image, traditional Islamic ornament was analyzed, hacked, and its function re-appropriated to a habitable grotto. **Craft** came from using our 6-axis robotic arm in unconventional ways to produce distinct spatial resolutions in the design. **Time** was spent in hundreds of tests and drawings of the same design to exhaust all the aesthetic possibilities. Taking something traditional, re-interpreting it and **using new technologies in novel ways** to execute the design is just one way we can produce something more interesting than the homogeneous designs we see today, allowing us to perpetuate a cultural discourse about progressive design ideas. **Nothing is worse than being conservative, especially when you have such provocative tools right under your nose. If you want to play it safe, find a different playground because the contemporary design landscape has no room for you, got it? Good.**

What does it mean to be a post-digital architect?

THE SISYPHUS INCENTIVE

by Hugo Fenaux, M.Arch I, Year 2

Fig. I

I

Fig. II
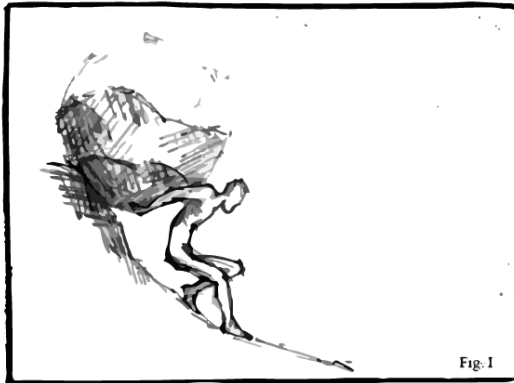
II

Sisyphus was a sly king . . . His avarice and cunning upset the Gods, and so he was punished with the curse of endless and meaningless repetition. But Sisyphus, the craftiest of men, was not one to suffer alone.

They built the first one sometime in the mid-20th century. It was celebrated. A room filled entirely with blinking lights, cables, cords and humming fans which brought with it the digital age. They said the future had arrived on 30 tons of copper wiring. The future, or a crack head's wet dream. Over time though, the rooms, the chirping, blinking, beeping rooms, gathered dust and were then forgotten. Initially replaced with smaller units, then portable units, and finally personal units, the computer spread with the intensity of crabs on a dorm room toilet. These were, once again, celebrated. The possibilities were endless, but certainly offered nothing less than freedom. More would now be possible with less.

The workers were tricked by Sisyphus's beguiling words; they embraced the computer and accepted it as their own. Some, the most foolish, even raised it on high and proclaimed it their savior. And soon they became shackled to the very thing that would have freed them.

Humanity became jaded and cynical; desperately evaluating themselves against each other, trying to climb and fight higher, above, over their peers; focused eyes set on the newest computers, toys, and blinking, beeping lights. They had become sheep, so intoxicated with the next edition that they became just another indistinguishable consumer in an endlessly looping queue. They quickly adapted to the new way: cold metal and uncomfortable plastic seats; fake, crumbly, particle-board desktops covered in cheap, peeling veneers; whitewashed concrete walls that could hardly support the fragile beams of liquid sun which flicked across the rough, dimpled surface. They succumbed to the white, foam panels of the ceiling, and the blinding, oppressive, unnatural light which burned their retinas and glared off of their screens. They worked in cells and had become an assembly line of drones punching faded plastic keys; a single click multiplied a thousand times, thunderous in its meaningless repetition.
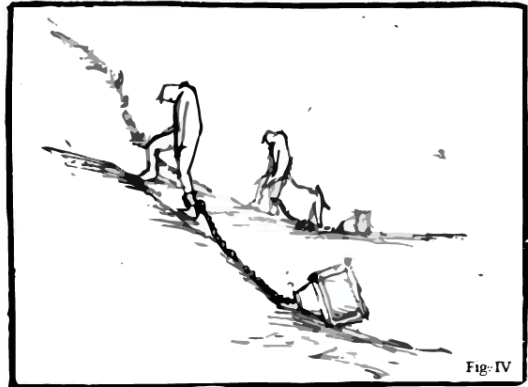
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IV
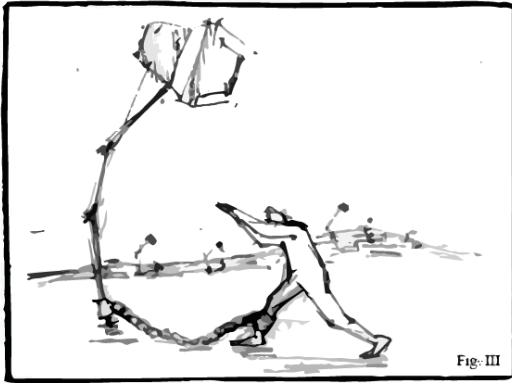
The computer had overtaken man. And yet, the workers, so enthralled by Sisyphus' false claims of progress, lost the ability to see the chains that he had placed around their ankles. Sisyphus had won.

. . . and so they joined Sisyphus, forever rolling that damn boulder up that damn hill.

06

The potential of a single computer and its cheap human appendage was quickly monetized. Software and hardware developed rapidly, but the real brilliance was in the illusion. Humankind fawned over the amenities; offices with game rooms and hip cafes aimed at making the laborers compliant in a fantasy of freedom and possibility but really only served to lengthen the hours they spent in line. Drugs were developed to increase their concentration, improve their work ethic, and boost their productivity. Chairs, tables, shoes and back-supports designed to keep their sedentary bodies from aching, to keep the signs of their physical distress from affecting the quota. The employee had become an appendage to the computer, to be used at the mercy of the employer. Travel days, sick days, and vacation days no longer meant anything; they were always connected. And in the end it was the incessant humming and beeping of their Wi-Fi enabled pockets that gave the system the ability to destroy their concept of freedom.

Productivity skyrocketed. They credited the computer. And then history was erased, or essentially stripped of its value. What need did they have of it? Their focus was on production, on a quota, efficiency, on the mechanical eye with which they observed their present. Like history, there was no future, only now, only the suspended, relentless present. And so we joined Sisyphus, forever rolling that damned boulder up that damned hill.

THOUGHTS ON THE PLURALISM OF THE YSOA

by Daniel Luster, M.Arch II, Year 2

"People in those old times had convictions; we moderns only have opinions. And it needs more than a mere opinion to erect a Gothic cathedral."
- Heinrich Heine

Recently, I have been struck by the differences of the YSOA's many approaches to architecture. The same students can, or sometimes have to, take studios from full-on classicists or a radically digital apologist in just two semesters time. This is, to say the least, an interesting context within which to work but is not without its dangers. It almost goes without saying that Yale's School of Architecture doesn't really have an architectural ideology. It prides itself in being a place of many voices, where all approaches are considered and valued — a place of pluralism. Architects from the most extreme ends of spectrum of design are brought here to teach and raise questions important to them. This atmosphere is, perhaps, the school's biggest strength and yet it may also be its biggest weakness. I'm led to believe this by the fact that there seems to be very little ideological contentiousness in the school. It's great to be exposed to a variety of ideas in order to understand the world of architecture, but pluralism becomes a problem if the students in a school cease to develop their own understanding and convictions about what is right in architecture and instead are encouraged to suspend beliefs about what architecture should be for them.

By pluralism, I don't mean tolerance — a necessary and fundamental part of good education. It should be possible to believe different things from others without fear of punishment. Rather, I mean the predominate notion that all beliefs about architecture are equally valid to every individual. We pride ourselves at Yale on the fact that every form of architecture, with few exceptions, is given voice here. All ideas — from the fetishized digital to the neoclassical — are welcomed it would seem. Yet, one must ask the question: did you go to one of the most competitive schools to be told that every kind of architecture is equally valid? While the role of the academy need not be overly dogmatic, it should endeavor to help students develop deep convictions about what is right — for them — in architecture. This position differs from pluralism.

Because architecture is, at least partially, an aesthetic endeavor and therefore necessarily subjective and beyond any absolute truth, the only way to operate within it is through a belief structure. Constructing buildings, on the other hand, is regulated almost entirely by absolute conditions — budgets, deadlines, building codes, etc… This area of intersection of belief and reality, which we refer to as 'practice', is wrought with difficulties and makes building compelling pieces of architecture incredibly difficult. One of the fundamental qualities needed in order to be a good architect is to know deeply what one believes about architecture and what it should be. The longer I am involved in architecture the more I am certain that to be successful one must have conviction about their own work — by this I don't mean arrogance or pride but merely a belief that what you are doing is compelling and should be built. While there are many things you should know when you graduate from architecture school, it is necessary to have a sense of what you find to be right in architecture. This opposition with other methods or beliefs creates a kind of friction that is positive — we learn more of what we believe when we are challenged.

The danger of our pluralistic environment is that students might be encouraged to suspend the development of a deep and personal belief about architecture, which could be devastating for their careers. We all need to learn how to have conviction.

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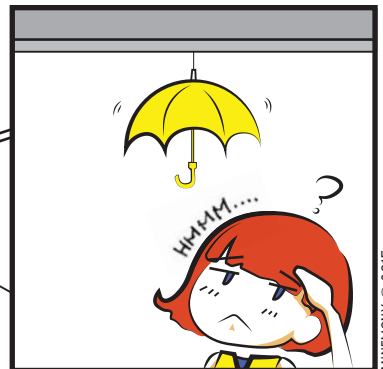
ALL BUSINESS AT EVANS HALL

by Kirk Henderson, M.Arch I / M.B.A., Year 3

"It features a brash Sol LeWitt. Score one for the brochure."

Evans Hall, Yale's shiny new home for the School of Management, may be as fragile as a piece of paper. Let me offer a most quotidian example: Earlier this year, the student government requested a place for that most common collegiate item: a notice-board for student postings. They were initially denied. Finally, a smallish cork board was placed at the far end of a service corridor leading to the administration wing. The corridor — long, windowless, and bare — terminates in a metal fire door which automatically locks at 5 p.m. every day. The location at which students are to post their fliers, wanted ads, and notices may have the distinction of being the least trafficked space in the whole of the 240,000 square foot building. The explanation from on high? Evans Hall has a clean look, and students' slapdash paper postings would disrupt the aesthetic value of the building. If the building was a spreadsheet, student postings didn't get a line.

When a $240 million school building can't accept student postings without falling to pieces, one has to wonder what's holding it up at all. I assert this structural instability reveals itself not in materials, design, nor even aesthetic intent. Instead, and despite checking all the right boxes for an impressive educational facility and a well-executed exemplar of modern architecture, Evans Hall exemplifies a simplistic, even retrograde model of value. Such a model measures the worth of anything by its quantifiable exchange value. Terms of measurement are agreed upon, value is assessed, and contracts between stakeholders are made. They agree upon a common unit of measurement, assess value, and write contracts to capture that value. Each stakeholder agrees to contribute only as much as the project feels valuable to them. In this way, a knowable consensus of mutual benefit is reached, and the building design moves forward.

We must ask, Who is at the table for this value exchange? No, it's not the students, or even the faculty. In the case of Evans Hall, we can say the stakeholders are Yale University, its donors, and the architect. Yale finds value in projecting an image of a top-flight business school, attracting new students (customers), and improving its ranking among its competitors. The donors want their name on the door. Value for the starchitect, Lord Norman Foster, may be the most difficult to discern. It's telling that the largest portion of the design budget was spent on making the floorplates as thin as possible, so seeming to float in the air. Lord Foster, master of the diagram building, most likely ceded to client wishes and put his utmost effort in the successful affectation of an austere modernism, at once compressed and grand.

All this is FINE. Indeed, no one can say that Evans Hall isn't properly conceived, well-built, and makes a fine image. My argument is that the building offers nothing more than the successful execution of the value contract. No other considerations besides those which satisfy stakeholders seem to have factored in the building's conception. The client wants a fancy reputation-building, image-making, building, and it balloons as donors spend money proportional to their desire for recognition, and the architect supplies the diagrams, models, and quantified design decisions to satisfy these desires, in abstract. Value is defined, agreed upon, and executed in a closed box. Stakeholders look at each other around the table, nod, and smile.

On the micro-level, such a limited view of value leaves the actual occupants of the building, the students and faculty, as disenfranchised participants in an architectural economy which sees them only as commodities. The building has a "student lounge," but nobody would mistake it for anything but a carefully maintained corporate lobby. The state-of-the-art classrooms reside in enormous, hermetically sealed blue drums that eliminate any holistic sensory stimulation outside of the professor's voice, in the best model of 1950s lecture halls. The much beloved Hall of Mirrors of the school's previous campus, where students could genuinely relax, congregate, and make a mess (gasp!), has been recreated, either through cynicism or a distinct lack of humor, into a Hall of Murals with hard-edged tables. It features a brash Sol LeWitt. Score one for the brochure.

Top-down decisions within architecture are nothing new. What rankles is that Yale would endorse such a model of low-risk creation and meager inhabitation in the first place. The campus's older buildings, such as the newly renovated Sterling Library, all feature spaces of myriad sizes, corners for congregating, and spaces optimized for human life, not value-addition. Whatever deliberations went into these buildings' inception, a generous spirit pervades their execution that allows them to be beloved and inhabited one hundred years later. Yale SOM's mission statement is to "Educate leaders for business and society." Right now, Evans Hall is all business.

THE GROWTH-RING CITY, OR THE CITY OF ETERNITY

by Xinyi Wang, M.Arch I, Year 2

BIRTH

All seeds disperse from the central point. It's a white sphere structure with an opening, spinning at a constant speed. Behind the opening is a passage leading down to an underground structure, enormous but unseen from the ground. Every minute there comes out from the door a newborn human baby. The brain of the city generates the child's 25-digit identification number. It is then translated into a human name, with a pronunciation.

Surrounding the central structure is another ring of 12 rooms. It appears as 12 evenly spaced doors in a perfect circle. The human children are carried into these doors. They stay inside this ring for a whole year, bred and recorded. The space between the ring and the sphere is filled with children who've already mastered the art of crawling. They mix with each other before they are picked up and brought back behind their doors at bedtime.

The back doors of the twelve rooms open at the end of the year. They lead to a yard surrounding the circular structure and reveals a larger circular structure. 24 doors are spaced evenly on the façade of the structure. In there the children will be bred and educated for the next year. In the yard, children toddle. It takes two hours for them to make a round.

GENERATION

There is always another ring. Each ring is the habitat for one year. The children go into the front doors at the beginning of a year and leave from the back doors at the end of the year. The rings become larger and the yards get wider. As there are more doors on the ring they share the room with less and less people. At their eighteenth birthday, they finally have their own rooms. On this eighteenth ring, it takes a year to walk around the circle.

The residents never meet anyone outside of their generation. They were born at the same point in time and space; but along the way they have less and less people around. They always share with each other. They accommodate themselves in different rooms, get their education in different areas, and enjoy different hobbies. But all these are on the same ring at the same time. It is always their generation, their era. No one tries to instruct them, nor blame them. They do no harm.

HOME

As the residents get a room of their own, they start to name the room "home". From this year on, they can carry their room to the next ring, on account that all residential rooms are the same size. At the moment the back doors to the future open, they have the

freedom to leave anything behind. It is the moment they modify their past towards the future. Only, they cannot get anything back once they decide to throw it away. The things left behind are demolished the moment the next generation moves in.

They are free to sleep in someone else's room, as well as to lend their room to others. But their room is always in their name. They are always on their own. Sometimes two of them share a bed for years and years on end, but upon death they are buried separately. No one knows about pregnancy. They were sterilized back in the central sphere. Offspring does not concern them.

TRANSPORTATION

As the rings get larger, the yards in between the two rings become streets. There are perpetual buses going along the streets in both directions. The residents take buses to move between their workspace and their home. But there is no appointed shuttle for workers or students. Everyone shares the same carriage. There are all kinds of entertainment spaces on the ring. Not all of them are in balanced space. At the outer rings, the diameter is so large that some of the residents never make it to a cinema. In some other parts of a ring, the lucky locals can even enjoy a real river or a forest, which occupies a section of the street space.

KNOWLEDGE

Knowledge in the growth-ring city is handed down in the form of facts and conclusions. They never call it inheritance. There are no traceable origins of their knowledge. Deduction is the naïve game of childhood. Books are the only things that remain with the building. It is also the resource of their knowledge. With the advancement of age comes the chance to get closer to knowledge. The most esteemed scholars are those who have the best memory.

All their life the residents try to memorize as much facts as possible. A chat always starts from a display of facts and normally ends with another display of facts. The other favorite topic of their discussion is their feelings and emotions. They know too many adjectives. Sometimes their real feelings are confused with the rhetoric of their feelings.

DEATH

The residents of the city do not mourn death. They do not owe each other any responsibility. They are bred by the city and serve only the city. Upon a friend's death, dinners and parties go on as usual. People are sad only when the deceased is the entertainer.

There is no history in the growth-ring city. The residents never know where their city comes from, nor where it's going. The gates towards the future open once a year, but those from the past never open once they shut. No one ever thinks about it. They are too excited about moving forward. They all come from the past but only know about going to the future.

Personal memories are carefully preserved for everyone. No one has the intention of turning it into history. For those close to each other, they share their memories. But there is no memory for their living space. Their memory can never be associated with the memory of space. There is no need for history.

The city thus goes on and on. Its only halt in time was at its coming into being. The residents are rather happy with it.
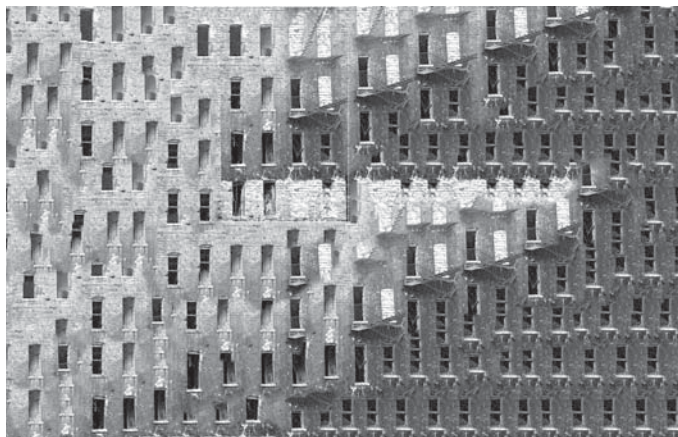
A VISIT TO THE GLASS HOUSE: SOMETHING OPAQUE
by Andrew Sternad, M.Arch I, Year 2

The mist hissed from the ground like the front yard sprinklers of a suburban home. One could almost imagine children running across the manicured lawn. On a visit to the Glass House with a group of Yale architecture students one afternoon last September, the mood was more museum-like than playful. Visitors stood in awe as fog rose around the building, sealing the glass box for ten minutes in a shifting cloud, the last rays of sunset bursting through the billowing vapor. We had come to see Veil, an installation by Japanese fog artist Fujiko Nakaya, on view at the Glass House last fall.

The solemn mood attested to the Glass House's status as something of an architect's Mecca, a place to which designers come pay tribute. Heightening the effect, on our visit we were shuttled

to the site on a bus (the Glass House's published address is the visitor center in downtown New Canaan to foil the curious aficionado). The techno-Byzantine portal at the driveway lifted to permit us entry. Inside, all of Johnson's property—now managed by the National Trust for Historic Preservation—was open for this occasion. The evening culminated with a conversation between Los Angeles County Museum of Art director Michael Govan and New York-based architect Annabelle Selldorf in the bunker-like painting gallery.

Besides the property's attractive proximity as an escape from New York, it also developed a tentative relationship— sometimes physical, sometimes conceptual—to Johnson's built work. Leftover granite from the Sony Building (formerly AT&T Building) in Manhattan

was used as landscaping on part of the property. The painting gallery, finished in 1965, was prelude to the Geier House outside Cincinnati, both of which are partially buried (foolish designs, according to Dean Stern, because "you can't get decent photographs"). Most notably, as a docent on site described, the Lake Pavilion was a prototype for Lincoln Center.

Primarily, though, Johnson's property was a place of respite and retreat, a place for personal reflection more than professional exploration. The Lake Pavilion was a folly, a replica in miniature of a formal motif that caught Johnson's imagination and cropped up in many ensuing projects. Indeed, Johnson thought about the property not as a laboratory, but a library. Like his architecture, the pavilions on

Johnson's property tend to reference outside influences, rather than original innovations. Late in life he called the site his "fifty-year diary."

Yet such a property has the potential to function more like a sketchbook. Veil, as the first installation at the Glass House since the National Trust opened the property to the public in 2007, realizes a use for the property which Johnson never fully explored: as a testing ground for prototypes and experimental ideas. During the gallery talk, Selldorf commented on "the slowness of building," which helps justify one possible re-use of Johnson's site and others like it: while the process of making buildings drags on, architects could use a creative outlet, a place to quickly test new ideas in physical form.

In this use, the Glass House will join a long, if largely dormant, tradition of properties used as host to experimental follies and pavilions, where personal and professional uses overlap. Examples include Brian MacKay Lyons's Ghost program on his farm in Nova Scotia; Donald Judd's home and studios in Marfa, Texas; Frank Lloyd Wright's homes and work spaces at Taliesin East and West; even Jefferson's Monticello, as Vincent Scully observed. MacKay Lyons' stunning seaside property has proven as valuable as a corporate retreat as an architectural playground, hinting at a possible funding mechanism for architects of the 99 percent. The creation and maintenance of such a property does require capital, but a physical outpost, a place on the land, could be broadened into a resource for (and funded by) an entire practice.

The combination of the fixed—land—with the fleeting—experimental installations—has proven productive for the profession in the past. While digital ruminations may take us far, our ultimate goal is to affect physical space. To that end, some ideas should move faster than buildings. Some ideas aren't fit for clients, at least not yet. Some, like the fog, shouldn't be permanent. Back at the Glass House, after ten long minutes the hissing stopped, and for a moment the foggy veil hung in the air. Then, suddenly, silently, the breeze picked up and ushered the mist away.

"The mist hissed from the ground like the front yard sprinklers of a suburban home. One could almost imagine children running across the manicured lawn."

The exterior condition meets interior condition. Becomes architectural.

<div align="right">Can you say that without using the word **"CONDITION"**?</div>

Basically it's a square and very very strong. Basically it's a black square.
I'm worried that you're telling yourself something that isn't true.
Can you explain?

A lot of this is, at a certain level, just play.

STAY subtle. INDULGE in these bourgeois play moves.

<div align="right">
"

Do you like your building?
Is that a nice thing? Is that weird?
Can you tell me when the next gondola leaves?
Is that where the gondolas go?
</div>

<div align="right">**Let him answer. I heard you ask the same question five times.**　**"**</div>

… It allowed me to allow… opportunity for interface with this retail corridor.

You can piss in a church.
I don't have time to tell you why.
You should come and look at it in my office.

"

CRUELLY ACONTEXTUAL MINUTES FROM YSOA FINAL REVIEWS, FALL 2014
by Harper Keehn, B.A. in Architecture, Year 3

Whether they failed or not, they *at least* produced architecture. Which, at the end of the day, is what we're here for, *isn't it*?

"

<div align="right">
What is the relation between mastery of the digital medium and
halting, spasmodic attempts to be an **ARCHITECT** in 3 dimensions?
</div>

I guess… forms? Constrain something I'd created that could continually grow.

<div align="right">
I'm having a lot of problems… Could you mumble that louder?
</div>

The oblique, as landscape. Play scale games: one place, in space.

<div align="right">
Ohhhh, I don't think so.
You don't answer questions; you go on your own little tangents.
I believe… your methodology… is terrible. As always, in my view.
</div>

But I'm interested in THAT *one, so screw you.*
We could run this thing without you.

I haven't understood a word this morning, including your introduction.
I understand that, I understand that.
I don't understand that.
You are understanding.
I understand… everything.
I'm not not understanding… not really understanding.

I just want to understand… "Architectural moment," what did you mean by that?

" You starved architecture to death.
If the Canadian way is to remove all texture and detail, that's very sad.
Nationalism is so atavistic.
In China they have this kind of thing.

A perverse project. Peter, come on,
I'm not asking for lyricism.
Lyricism would be easier. **"**

Right to confront students with such a programmatically loaded project when all you want to talk about is form?

Right.

Cavalier, that's the word. Maybe these people don't want a monastery carved into their building.

That's right.

First you have your idea, then you go scratching through history to find support structure.

Yes that's right.

I know the low country… Horizontally flat… Led to the marshlands…
A waterfall of blood… The blood form… A more viscous disposition…
*You've got your fried egg… It does roof things… **I think we understand…***

" **Me and Zaha were an item**
oh my god.
chuckles
That's right.
I'm not getting much out of this. **"**

Quickly! Quickly!
Let them finish, let them finish, let them finish please.
Quick!
Can we just finish the presentation?
You guys gotta get this outta here.
Are we all here?

Can we get some wine pourers?

A REVIEW OF MCGUIRK'S *RADICAL CITIES*

by Dante Furioso, M.Arch I, Year 2

Image Credit: caracasdesign.com

On October 9th, 2014 British writer and curator Justin McGuirk visited the Yale School of Architecture to discuss his recently published book, *Radical Cities: Across Latin America in Search of a New Architecture*. Delivered with a matter-of-fact, dry wit, McGuirk provided the audience in Hastings Hall with a sweeping tour of Latin America's urban landscape.

Unable to schedule my own tour of Latin America over the winter break, I read *Radical Cities*. In this book, McGuirk's clear and clever prose takes the reader on a tour of a dozen Latin American urban sites, from the heights of Caracas's squatter-occupied, would-be bank, the 50-story Torre David, to the depths the storm water pipes that connect Tijuana and San Diego. Like an architectural *Motorcycle Diaries*, the book traces a meandering path through crumbling modernist housing projects and sprawling informal settlements. McGuirk is interested in the recuperation of a social purpose in architecture and by focusing on Latin America's radical departures, he expands the geographical framework within which modernism's history is understood, invites a discussion of "activism" in the discipline, and presents concrete examples of the impact of some very unusual projects. Written in accessible prose, McGuirk's book avoids architectural jargon and through his message and his voice makes it clear that the creation of a new urban paradigm is a matter of changing the way people—not just architects—think about cites.

McGuirk's journey reflects the fact that Latin America is a vast and diverse region.

Beginning far to the south in the suburbs of Argentina's capital city, Buenos Aires, then moving up to the country's northeastern Jujuy, McGuirk sidesteps the Andes Mountains to Chile and Peru only to cross the Amazon for a visit to Brazil's Rio de Janeiro. He continues northward to Venezuela's capital city, Caracas, and then makes two stops in Colombia's two biggest cities, Bogotá and Medellín. The tour ends with a unique case study the border region of Tijuana-San Diego, emphasizing the interconnectedness of the global north and global south, of Mexico and the United States.

McGuirk claims that modernism went to die in Latin America, not with the demolition of Pruitt-Igoe. Shifting the focus from the US to Latin America, it was in the suburbs of Lima, in the

almost entirely unplanned capital city of Peru, where modernism gasped its last creative breath. He excavates the little known Proyecto Experimental de Vivienda (Experimental Housing Project), or PREVI, in which the likes of James Stirling, Aldo van Eyke, and the Metabolists designed prototypes for what could eventually be standardized housing for Lima's expanding population. The standardization never happened, but PREVI remains to this day an important example of the short lived "shift from a dogmatic modernist approach to housing the poor to one that celebrates the evolutionary, organic nature of informal settlements." McGuirk visits PREVI to find the original houses embedded in layers of home-made additions and modifications, yet in the organic nature with which PREVI developed over time prefigures projects such as Alejandro Aravena's half-houses in the north of Chile, a project that embraces scarcity as an opportunity to rethink standard typologies and the relationship of the architect to the occupant.

Many of the projects, whether in the barrios Caracas or in the favelas of Rio de Janeiro, are being spearheaded by what McGuirk calls activist architects, self-initiating, "optimistic realists" who are unafraid of the long-shot but deeply aware of the politics one must traverse to make it. Whether in Brazil, Venezuela or Columbia many architects who wish to improve the lot of the urban poor focus on infrastructure, not housing. In the absence of state-sponsored social housing, many Latin Americans have provided shelter for themselves. Sometimes the most effective way to improve the lives of the working poor is by improving public transportation infrastructure. Whether with express buses in Medellín or gondolas in Rio de Janeiro or Caracas, the effect of cutting a worker's commute from 2 hours to 20 minutes is real.

Perhaps the most provocative part of the book was a two-chapter section on Colombia. McGuirk profiles the work of Bogota's two-time mayor, Antanas Mockus. As philosophy professor and Rector of Bogotá's National University of Columbia, Mockus caught the public eye when he mooned a group of unruly students in an act of "symbolic violence," earning the students' attention as well as that of the news media when he was fired. Mockus became Bogotá's mayor and led a remarkable campaign to transform the civic culture of the then murder capital of the world. He used mimes instead of crossing guards and issued mock red cards (yes, like in soccer) for Bogotá drivers to shame fellow citizens into good behavior. In sum, McGuirk suggests that real change — traffic fatalities and homicides plummeted — can really emerge through simply changing peoples' behavior, without, material and spatial interventions. The Mockus example suggests that if we wish to change cities for the better, then no tactic should be disregarded as unrealistic or too crazy. Nevertheless, the Mockus example is almost too perfect and potentially easy to fall into an overly romanticized reading.

McGuirk ends the book close to home with a chapter on the work of Teddy Cruz in the Tijuana and San Diego. Cruz is of crucial importance because he understands the border not as two separate zones on either side of a boundary, but as one urban ecosystem, its discrete parts symbiotically and mutually dependent upon each other. In a cinematic act leading the two cities' mayors on a walk from Tijuana to San Diego through a massive storm water pipe, Cruz's advocacy has led to direct collaboration between two politicians with historically disparate agendas, proving that architects need not be passive actors in the political realm. Like a microcosm of the larger dynamic between the world north and south of the Rio Grande, the example of Teddy Cruz encourages an understanding of the Americas as a vast, interconnected region.

Radical Cities is a timely book and recent exhibitions such as "New Territories Laboratories for Design, Craft and Art in Latin America" (The Museum of Arts and Design, NY, "Uneven Growth: Tactical Urbanisms for Expanding Megacities" (The Museum of Modern Art, NY), and the upcoming, "The City of 7 Billion" (Yale School of Architecture Gallery) all suggest an interest in studying the informal city and the issues related to urban growth. In the case of Latin America, "the informal city is the city" and McGuirk argues that in a rapidly urbanizing world, we must study it. The challenge is to avoid cliches and to learn from what works and what does not.

PALIMPSEST: AMBIVALENCE AND VALIDITY IN GWATHMEY'S ADDITION TO RUDOLPH HALL

by Charles Kane, M.Arch I, Year 2

Ambivalence — not apathy as the word is sometimes misconstrued, but vacillation — defines Gwathmey's Loria Center. Journalists wrote many articles about the Rudolph Hall renovation (formerly the Art and Architecture Building) and the Loria Center construction in 2008. As with most building critiques, the analysis maintained a tempered distance from the subject — oddly detached like a coroner observing the wounds on a freshly delivered cadaver. Perhaps the detachment stems from a physical dislocation from the subject matter. The reflections hinged on immediately visible details; Amelar's critique in Architectural Record, among others, mentions the material palette, the entrance(s), an elevator shaft, but rarely mentions space or design concepts.

There is indeed a theme that runs through the Loria Center in relation to Rudolph Hall: ambivalence. Upon a close analysis, the designer's approach to the building presents multiple readings: an independent entity, a deferential shadow, or an extension in dialogue with the masterfully imperfect Rudolph Hall. This uncertainty undermines the Loria Center's ability to successfully embody any one position in relationship with Rudolph Hall.

In many ways Loria performs as an autonomous entity from Rudolph Hall — duplicated elements between the two buildings support this argument. As noted in the New York Times and the Architectural Record articles, the entrances are duplicated. Rudolph Hall's recessed grand stair, slipped between two cavernous shear walls, stands vacant next to Loria's unassuming, yet highly trafficked vestibule. Accessibility requirements forced the second entrance, but the fact that the two entrances lead to distinct lobbies amplifies the autonomy of the buildings. The shared elevator serves
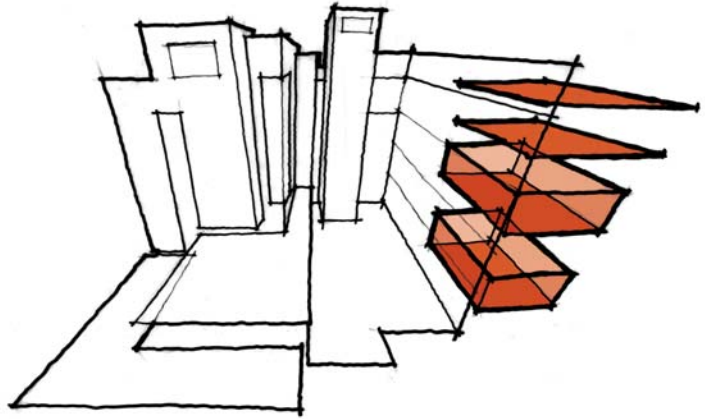
A dematerialized view of the western face of Loria Center and Rudolph Hall reveals the massing similarities and the consistency of Rudolph's centralized, Paprika! voids.

as one of the overlaps between programs. Sadly, card-operated doors greet both departments once the inhabitants step off the elevator — with neither program having access to the door to the alternative side of the building. Despite the proximity to one of the two programs, they remain spatially separate. It is impossible to conceive the disconnection as intentional. Instead, placing the two programs in such proximity promotes an understanding of cross-pollination — to recapture the mixture of disciplines or the chance encounters that Weir Hall once offered to the Fine Arts Department.

Loria struggles to achieve a consistent dialogue with Rudolph Hall — themes twisting and snapping under the shear weight of the clear, powerful structure by Paul Rudolph. Adler noted that the eastern façade (i.e. the entry face) adds foreign forms and materials that "offers more distraction than satisfying counterpoint." Despite the validity of this critique, similarities in massing strategies exist — especially on the Western Façade; looking past the material

disparity, thin discrete towers (i.e. circulation cores) interlock and climb upward in both Gwathmey and Rudolph's designs. Whereas Rudolph considers this approach three-dimensionally on all faces, Gwathmey utilizes the strategy inconsistently — decreasing the legibility of this connection.

The original Rudolph design is organized around a dispersed center. The critique spaces, the gallery, the main auditorium — marked by the distinctive Paprika! orange carpeting — all occupy this central core of the building. These spaces are not static; the sectional dynamism allows for loft spaces, light wells, and most importantly, visual and physical connections across floors. Programmed spaces fill the areas surrounding these central zones creating charged, activated voids.

Gwathmey understood the importance of this centrifugal configuration and utilized it to organize Loria Center. The new approach to this voided center is simultaneously the least and most successful spatial feature of the Loria

Center. The success begins on ground level, but the clarity diminishes as one moves vertically. The library addition not only utilizes this spatial type but also allows for the new triple height space to serve as a link between the existing library on ground level and an extended subterranean level. The center here allows for voyeuristic overlaps; Saarinen's womb chairs in the void can be seen from the study tables above, from thin vertical windows on the basement level, and from the entrance to the gallery on the second level. Above, a new auditorium occupies the void. However, this attempt does not allow for spatial connections — expansive, blank, and obscure to those moving along the adjacent corridor. Above the lecture space, the central void transforms into a green roof — exterior and completely uninhabitable but surrounded by a seldom-occupied terrace. With the footprint shrinking on the upper levels, the central void erodes completely after the roof terrace. Again, the approach appears unsteady as the character of the void changes drastically

in each incarnation — Rudolph never wavered from the diagram of the charged void.

The Loria Center neither quietly echoes the language of Rudolph Hall nor demands the same acknowledgement from the street as the muscular Rudolph Hall. The design strategies — apparent in Rudolph Hall — dissolve in Loria to genuflect to the unfettered clarity of the massing strategy and the voids of Rudolph Hall — left incomplete by Gwathmey as a sign of respect to Rudolph. The Loria Center allows for Rudolph Hall to exist in the pristine form it does today. The critique spaces host reviews, informal dinners, panel discussions, formal badminton tournaments, impromptu naps. The fire stairs with double and

triple height spaces still serve as the primary mode of inter-studio circulation and a place for chance encounters, lunch breaks, musical performances, phone calls, and reading. However, the inability to link the two programs stands as the major shortfall of the addition. Loria extended the longevity of Rudolph Hall and allowed for future generations to discover this masterpiece — not a competitor with Rudolph Hall, but a facilitator of permanence in a culture of obsolescence.

Amelar, Sarah. *"Paul Rudolph Hall and Jeffery H. Loria Center for the History of Art."* Architectural Record. Feburary 2009.

Ouroussoff, Nicolai. *"Yale Revelation: Renewal for a Building and Its Original Designer."* The New York Times. August 27 2008.

HOW LONG SHOULD WE HAVE ON AN ARCHITECTURE PROJECT?

by Jack Bian, M.Arch I, Year 2

How much time should we have on an architecture project? How long do we have to work on a project? What's this idea of life-long project? What mark do we leave behind; a heroic statement engraved with our names?

Having been given a semester to produce one single project, a new home for the University of Pennsylvania's School of Design, no doubt do I retrospectively say "too much work". Given a break between the first semester and now, I have been able to do some reflection. I believe I have come down to the root of this issue. The problem is complex but also fundamental if we were to be critical about the mission

of an architecture school.

Architecture is a collaborative act and good architecture extends beyond production from one man's sweat. In school, we prove the rumors true: we work around the clock, we hold true to our authorship, and we pride ourselves for learning the tools and machines for the drawings and models we construct. Unless we are going to become sole-proprietor of a one-man practice in the professional world, we are not going to do all that.

Mid-sized practices have one or two concept developers, a few detail

coordinators, more Revit guys, and lots of CAD monkeys. They divide and conquer, completing work within a given time frame and budget. If the purpose of a Yale architecture education is to create design leaders, we should spend more time in school learning how to think on our feet as idea generators, problem solvers, contract & budget negotiators, and lecturers. We should spend more time acknowledging the capabilities of BIM modelling in Revit than using it solely as a tool to produce line-weighted scaled drawings. We should spend more time defending our ideas coherently and logically and less time refining the colors of a diagram in Illustrator.

In addition, the concern with too much work arises because we are given too much time. In the first year, we have projects that last less than two months and projects that take no more than two days. In both second and third year, we are given entire semesters. That equates to a 600-day (3 months x 4 weeks x 5 days) time frame. With students spending upwards of twelve hours per day in school, there exists a large disconnect between the labor realities of studio and professional practice. School should not habitually pamper us with luxurious time to work on our project — up to four semesters in graduate school.

I advocate noble pursuits: intellectual curiosity, rigorous research and the opportunity to commit to electives which explore disciplines of personal interest. In fact, I believe history and theory are the most prized classes in academia and should therefore be emphasized with more class time and individual devotion. But studio — the only class where we design a real building — must be designed within real time!

Decades ago, far fewer drawings were expected of architecture students. Consider a project brief with just two days to complete. You were judged entirely based on the work you produced in the

"exam room" and given time frame. If you do well, you go on to the next year. If you do really well, you go on to tour Europe. For me, this Beaux-Arts setup seems contemporary. We could retrofit this system for the challenges of today's society by working out a specific project model for a specific project brief. If projects call for a unique program, scale, site, then I'd argue that we should figure out a unique way of working with the appropriate number of team members and schedule. In return, we become experienced with time-sensitive scenarios and flexible with working modes that better prepare us for the professional world.

THE SUBJECT OF SPACE: MARK ROTHKO & HIS CHAPEL

by Ian Spencer, M.Arch II, Year 2

"A picture lives and dies by companionship, expanding and quickening in the eyes of the observer. It dies by the same token.[1]*"* – Mark Rothko

[1] Rothko, *"The Ides of Art: The Attitudes of Ten Artists on Their Art and Contemporaneousness."*

[2] Ashton, *"The Rothko Chapel in Houston."*

Space is not the exclusive domain of architecture. It might have been, once, when representation reigned in the art world and any spatial pretensions in painting were limited to the recognizably real. Real rooms, real walls, real windows, and real scenes rearranged within the frame, idealized but ultimately familiar. Space itself is not the subject — the paintings are about objects in space but that space is incidental to the actual subject, the foreground and background between which the true story takes place. As for the space beyond the frame, it is the subject of an architecture that takes no cues from the space of the art itself; the two are mutually respectful but decidedly separate. Yet the paintings of Mark Rothko take pure space as their subject and in so doing pose a direct challenge to that separation. Moreover, his site-specific paintings for a small chapel designed by Philip Johnson demonstrate that Rothko's subject was not merely the space within the frame, but the architecture in which that frame was hung.

A secluded lot in midtown Houston, Texas is the site of the Rothko Chapel, a non-denominational structure of sandy

brick scarcely taller than the homes of the surrounding neighborhood. Designed in tandem with the artwork it was to contain, it is a singular instance of intimacy between art and architecture, one which contemporary museum design would do well to revisit. It is important to note, however, that the Rothko Chapel seen today is a far cry from the 1971 debut. Rothko never visited Houston despite many warnings to the contrary; therefore his decisions concerning the skylight were made with respect to the far less striking and less variable light of his Manhattan studio,[2] in which he had replicated portions of the octagonal plan of the chapel. Had he lived to oversee the installation, he would have likely made on-site revisions; instead, we are left with the rather unsightly baffle installed as part of a $1.8 million renovation completed in June 2000. Additionally, the ceiling was lowered by several feet, all but destroying Rothko's careful positioning.[3] What we see is not his vision, nor is it Philip Johnson's, who abandoned the project in frustration in 1967. In some way this makes it impure. But the question to ask is not whether the intention of Mark Rothko was ruined. The question to ask is: does

it matter? The entry is a sharp transition from the unforgiving Gulf Coast sun into a dark and quiet lobby. It contains no more than a desk and guestbook. Two entrances, black rectangles cut into the walls, flank the meager outpost; they are forbidding and enticing, not unlike a Rothko themselves. Inside, it is dead silent. The fourteen canvases envelop: black-form staggered triptychs on the east and west walls, a single black-form on the south, a solid plum triptych on the north wall, and single plum panels on the faces in between. In these works, he either eliminates form in favor of the evanescent background or consolidates it into a single large rectangle with hard taped edges. They are enormous; the largest triptych (the north wall) measures a staggering 180 x 297in.[4] The scale is nearly overwhelming. This is Rothko's opera and we are caught between voices, following their harmony across the space. There is nowhere to look except into the frames.

The sparse architecture begs that we search the art, to forage for meaning in the tremendous scale of the canvas. Held before the emptiness, we see that the placement of bristle-marks on the canvas is not the strongest evidence of Rothko's hand. A key spatial relationship exists between the painting and the viewer;[5] that bond, what Rothko called "the maximum of poignancy," is strongest when one perceives the evidence of his touch.[6] It follows, then, that a point exists at which there is no connection and the paintings go dead — where they dissolve into mere blocks of color. In most galleries, this point is not difficult to find; in the Rothko Chapel, it is impossible to find. Move away from the south wall and you approach the north triptych, letting its monochrome brushstrokes reveal layers of color, of red, brown, and maroon as you pass between the east and west black-forms. Two plum panels frame your periphery until you reach the closest point allowed. The north wall now sings at its loudest, yet it cannot drown out a whisper from the south. And likewise from the east and west: the strength of those triptychs cannot obscure the presence of the other works. No matter the flow of circulation — meandering, sequential, or alternating — you are always caught between varying intensities. Not unlike

the fourth wall of the opera stage, the space between the artwork becomes the fifteenth painting.

Rothko once remarked that he was "not a mystic… A prophet perhaps — but I don't prophesy woes to come. I paint the woes already here."[7] He lost the battle with his own. In 1969, Mark Rothko suffers a heart aneurysm, and the resulting depression and inactivity worsens his alcoholism. He is medically cleared as the first ground is broken for the chapel, even remarking to architect Eugene Aubry that he planned to drive to Texas for the opening. Yet on a cold day in late February 1970, he is found dead in his New York studio, wrists slashed with a razor. A later autopsy revealed a fatal dose of barbiturates as the cause of death.[8] He was sixty-six years old. His final artistic statements to the world are the fourteen canvases enshrined in a small chapel in Houston, Texas. He never visited.

[3] Dillon, *"Art and Spirituality Converge in Restored Rothko Chapel."*

[4] Barnes, *The Rothko Chapel: An Act of Faith.*

[5] Rothko, *"Letter to Katharine Kuh"* and *"Space in Painting."*

[6] Danto, *"Rothko's Material Beauty."*

[7] Fischer, *"The Easy Chair: Mark Rothko, Portrait of the Artist as an Angry Man."*

[8] Lopez-Remiro, *Writings on Art: Mark Rothko.*

Image Credit: E.O.Cathcart, Imagine Zero | Musings on Art and Culture

WORKSPACE SURVEY

by Jack Bian, M.Arch I, Year 2

"... because he wants to hang with [his] grad school homies."

In December, the second-year M.Arch I students presented their final drawings and models for a new school of design on the campus of the University of Pennsylvania. During the fall semester, each student was engaged not only in the design of a building but also in research about contemporary workspaces.

A recent New York Times op-ed article by Tony Schwartz and Christine Porath estimates that over 70% of U.S. workers are "emotionally disconnected from their workplaces." Of course, many factors contribute to worker unhappiness — for example, demanding superiors and unrealistic — but one that is often overlooked is the physical workplace itself.

How do we design for changing technology? How do we design for all personality types? How do we make the workplace feel less like a static place of work and more like a dynamic place of exchange?

I can think of no better group to ask than the residents of Rudolph Hall: future designers of workplaces who do our own work in an idiosyncratic architectural landmark. What can we learn by looking around us and taking stock of the way we work? In early December, a 2-week survey polled 80 YSOA students to gather opinions suggestions about working in Rudolph Hall.

The first question asked if the students think studio desks should be grouped based on the critic. A 70% majority answered "yes": group desks enhance collaboration and foster a sense of studio identity. Sitting within a condensed proximity allows for easier communication and shared feedback among the students. It can be helpful to "hear your critic's comments about others' work during desk crits."

Another student noted that sitting together makes practical sense for advanced studios who each share a site model, but not so much for first- and second-year studios. "The site is the same for the entire class. I feel the first and second-years would benefit from indirectly incorporating various methodologies discussed by critics other than yours." Other students agreed, citing the potential for a mixed-up studio arrangement to encourage "interaction across each studio's work" and reduce the "artificial subgroups" of desks arranged by studio critic. One undergrad says students should be able to sit anywhere because he "wants to hang with [his] grad school homies." Where one sits shapes the social relationships one develops over the years in architecture school. Choosing where to sit is like having the choice of who you want to be friends with.

When asked what most inhibits focus in studio, most people complained about climate control, lighting, and acoustics. "No air conditioning… turn down the AC… better lighting… too loud… less noise… STOP THE BADMINTON MATCHES! People screaming, giggling and shouting in the pit all day; it makes studio an impossible place to work." Students wear parkas indoors against the cold, attach trace paper to block against intense downlights, and wear noise-cancelling headphones to shut out the noise. Are there better solutions?

When asked what changes are needed, some said, "a render farm that works," "more space for making things," "better spray booths." and "allow students to build temporary partitions." These are unfocused, rather general requests, but there was one common thread through many of the survey responses: there is a lack of flexible collaborative space to supplement individual studio desks. We can't deny that there is plenty of space to work in Rudolph Hall. One student even

called Rudolph Hall "the most productive architecture school building." But is it the right type of workspace? The most profound driver of people's feelings about their workplace is allowing for personal choice — how, when, and where to work. We need more variety!

The YSOA curriculum emphasizes collaboration, but our workspaces accommodate neither formal collaboration nor productive places of informal exchange. Bizarre and uncomfortable plastic couches and armchairs sit unused in the freight elevator lobby, grimy with dust and sticky from errant spray fixative. Classrooms are few, poorly lit, and almost always in use.

The leftover space on each studio floor is an obvious place to start. Rather than an inchoate depository for old models and custodial equipment, these spaces — often at the edges of studio groups and always between the freight elevator and bathrooms — could be vital places to meet, furnished by simple tables and seating. Or, they could be additional workspaces: one survey respondent suggested an "open reserve carrel where one could go to have privacy and quietness and still do studio-type work."

Even with all the foundational factors of a good job in place, a poorly designed workplace environment can foster deep frustration and unhappiness. Given that the purpose of the studio workspace is to bolster the performance of our academic work, we should act by sustaining the things that work well and improve those that don't.

As a coalition of committed students, Equality in Design demands that architecture become a profession that provides equal access for all who aspire to its pursuits.

We recognize the power architects have in shaping society and the built environment. As such, our goals do not simply remain within changing the demographics of the profession, although this is imperative, but extend into emphasizing the importance of designing equitable space.

Through academic investigation, professional workshops, open discussion, and interdisciplinary collaboration, our group is working from various angles to identify and challenge the barriers to equity that exist in architecture.

We are the students of an academic institution that has always played an important role in producing architects and contributing to architectural history and thought. Knowing this, we have identified a unique source of agency that compels us to organize, cultivate a collective consciousness, and work together to create the world of architecture that we know is possible.

Please join us for bi-monthly meetings on Tuesdays at 7PM in the 7th Floor Pit.
To find out more about us and see our Spring 2015 schedule of events, visit equalityindesign.tumblr.com.

Co-founders: Elisa Iturbe, M.Arch I / F.E.S. (Year 4) and Maya Alexander, M.Arch I (Year 3)

NO MORE HOUSES

by Eric Peterson, M.E.D., Year 2

"... the U.S. will have to build exactly zero new single-family freestanding suburban houses."

"... Perhaps the scariest specter of the return to the city is to think that it will only intensify the creeping gentrification and uneven development that has plagued many cities in the past two decades."

During a regrettable shopping period where I sat in on no less than 8 two-hour long seminars (only one of which I actually ended up enrolling in) I shopped an urban planning class at the School of Forestry. The instructor, David Kooris, the head urban planner for the city of Bridgeport, gave a lecture that felt more like a TED talk you might title, a la Buzzfeed, "14 Ways Millennials Are Changing Cities."

From a lectern in the shiny, LEED-certified Kroon Hall (which is bizarrely apocalyptic with its modern Noah's Ark design metaphor and environmental evangelicalism) the talk was full of deeply philosophical quips like "millennials like being able to use smartphones, and therefore prefer walkable communities to car-centered ones." Kooris did have one pretty compelling take-away: he cited a study that compared the influx of young people into cities with the decline of baby boomers who live in suburbs. The conclusion of the study, drawn up over several decades, predicted that the U.S. will have to build exactly zero new single-family freestanding suburban houses.

Given the inextricable nature of the single-family suburban home with our economy since WWII it would seem hard to overstate the implications of this prospect. The 2008 financial recession, of course, laid bare the reality that a large part of the U.S. financial system revolves around capital secured in single-family homes, a fact that arranges our landscapes as well as a host of financial and other industries to service them. What will happen when this paradigm is upended?

The house became, over the course of the twentieth century, the most privileged site of architectural production. While the suburbs conjure images of Levittown or the later Toll Brothers-erected McMansions, the freestanding house also became a fixation for a whole generation of the American architectural avant-garde. Looking to the bulwarks of our own school, Peter Eisenman turned to the single-family house for some of his earliest and most productive work. As Lucia Allais and other scholars have pointed out, Eisenman focused on the house after the early efforts of the Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies (the Eisenman-dominated New York institution so important to the architectural scene of the 70s and 80s) to break into inner-city public housing projects were cut short by the end of federal subsidies for public housing. In large part, architects like Eisenman focused on the freestanding house because, as the predominant architectural typology of the twentieth century, its where the money is.

Not limited to providing architects' bread and butter, the house also served as a primary subject of theoretical discourse. On the other end of the spectrum of faculty at YSOA there is Dolores Hayden, whose career as a historian was also born in relation to the single-family house. For Hayden, the house was the site from which to launch a feminist critique of its integral function within a sexist society. More recently, last spring Pier Vittorio Aureli's advanced studio returned to an early preoccupation of Hayden's in proposing schemes to collectivize the suburbs.

So what happens when the single-family house, as an organizing economic and architectural site of production, is abandoned by a generation that is flocking to the nation's cities? Perhaps the scariest specter of the return to the city is to think that it will only intensify the creeping gentrification and uneven development that has plagued many cities in the past two decades. On that theme, from the "New York by Gehry" condominium tower in Lower Manhattan, to the High Line, to SHoP's impending Williamsburg waterfront theme park (to

take just a set of New York examples) architecture's contribution has been the creation of trophies to neoliberal capitalism, garnish to a main dish of gentrification and social stratification.

During a lecture last semester, SHoP's Gregg Pasquarelli himself made the argument for architects essentially getting into the same game as developers, investing their fee into the building's construction in exchange for a (potentially much more lucrative) percentage of the profits. Such a model, of course, seems only viable on high-income condominium buildings, and represents an attempt to tie the fortunes of architectural practice even more strongly to speculative development. The implications of this kind of development should be obvious given the vast housing affordability crisis gripping the city.

Is aligning with investment-minded developers the only avenue architects have for shaping the cities of the future? Yes, there have been a few examples of progressive movements in the other direction, Via Verde and David Adjaye's Sugarhill Apartments, which are each

cited so much they illustrate how exceptional they are to the norm.

To probe more compelling alternatives we might to travel back to the generations before Eisenman, back to the early modernists who focused not just on the freestanding house as the appropriate form of American housing. These architects saw an urban housing crunch as an opportunity to propose sweeping changes, replacing the squalor of tenements with new forms of bright, spacious, and dense modern housing most vividly represented by Le Corbusier's Towers in the Park model. Obviously, many of these modernists' heavy-handed ideals and bulldozer-prone means have been discredited and on many valid grounds. While today's architects can discard many of the more paternalistic aspects of these modernist visions, they should pay attention to modernists' advocacy of ideas with the aim to recuperate a vision of architecture shaping urban life, not just architecture as urban commodity. Even more importantly, architects might study the means through which many of these modernists' visions were realized in cities across the country

and around the world. It was not through working just with developers, but rather through coalition building with housing activists who shared similar visions of the radical potential of proposals to reshape the city, visions that could enlist everyday citizens and eventually political leaders.

A few days after sitting in on the urban planner's lecture, I met someone who used to work for him in Bridgeport's planning department. He tipped me off to the fact that Kooris now spends much of his time working with developers to try to make the construction of new multi-family, high-density housing economically effaceable in cities like Bridgeport. He also let slip that the Kooris — who recognizes that the state's future rests on its ability to reinvent itself in line with a generation that values bustling cities over declining suburbs — has career ambitions that extend to the governor's office. It's clear that politicos like Kooris are already planning around this country's urban future, leading one to wonder, what are our architects — forever fussing over models of pristine freestanding houses — doing to prepare?

REVIEWS [PART I]/ PAPRIKA.002.2

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THE PEDAGOGICAL PYRAMID

by John Wan, M.Arch I, Year 2

"A good architecture school is a laboratory of free experimentation, not merely a proving ground for professional practice."

How do we critique the critic? At a Fall 2014 midterm review, one student's project was singled out for lying far outside the well-trodden path of academic discourse. More than dynamic form, sinuous facades or an interplay of masses in light, it undermined established norms of scholarly conversation in the grand effort of teaching architecture. A seemingly brash collage of Pompeii, Mies's Crown Hall and the student's own hand, a critic feared that this student did not "get it".

"Mies invented the open plan."
"Are you kidding me? The open plan existed long before Mies. Are you saying Walmart space is Miesian space?"
"Yes."
"That is the dumbest thing I've ever heard."

And so it was that the student was left distressed, shaken and in doubt. But so was the audience. What a powerful project it was, to be able to cast doubt in the minds of all who were present.

The Pompeii-Mies project's currency lies in its ability to demand introspection among all who viewed it; not because it was actually innovative or novel: the other projects were simply too inhibited, too guarded by misplaced good intentions to generate architectural discourse. Pompeii-Mies critiqued the very nature of the architecture project here at Yale. How tragic it would be for a student to look back upon countless building designs and feeling like he/she has accomplished nothing. Everything has been produced in vain. Everything was done at the whims of critics, established systems and normative methods of architectural production, and the student finds that he/she is just another product of a machine.

A good architecture school is a laboratory of free experimentation, not merely a proving ground for professional practice — let lesser schools do that. Experimentation brings with it the responsibility of novelty. As students of creative design, we are charged with the creation of the 'new'. Yet, the notion of 'new' is the subject of unending debate. What is the basis of architectural novelty? In a world of endless images, iterations, and déjà vu, this is a perplexing question, but I have impressions of an answer.

Something is termed 'new' when it is perceived to meet certain criteria. Often, this is the 'never-before-seen', but this is often subject to an individual's prior exposure.

Hence, let's attempt to concretize principles of the 'new'. These come to mind: Repudiation of the status quo. Cycles of re-interpretation. Tokyo versus Rome. Returning to humanity. Misreadings of the past, of the Masters. Of equating Mies to Walmart and being mocked for it. The truly new will most certainly be uncomfortable, even repulsive. It will be rarely welcomed, because it has no comparable precedent.

When faced with a barrage of plans, drawings, renderings, and graphics, I keep searching for a basis on which the pedagogical machine can be measured against. Surely, such a measure must exist, for without which there would be no teaching of architecture. Surely, such a measure cannot be limited to a table as dry as the NAAB Conditions for Accreditation. Some might argue that it is foolhardy to even imagine a common scale could apply to architecture today, with its infinite permutations and limitless scope, but without such a scale we are left groping about in the dark, debating nothing.

This pyramid is a method of sorts. It is a matrix by which to judge architecture, especially hypothetical student projects which only exist in the realm of intellect. The form of a pyramid was chosen because it sits (as opposed to a cone) with its base astride, asserting its form with four corners. It tapers as it reaches the top, hence every subsequent height attained is finer, superior to everything preceding it.
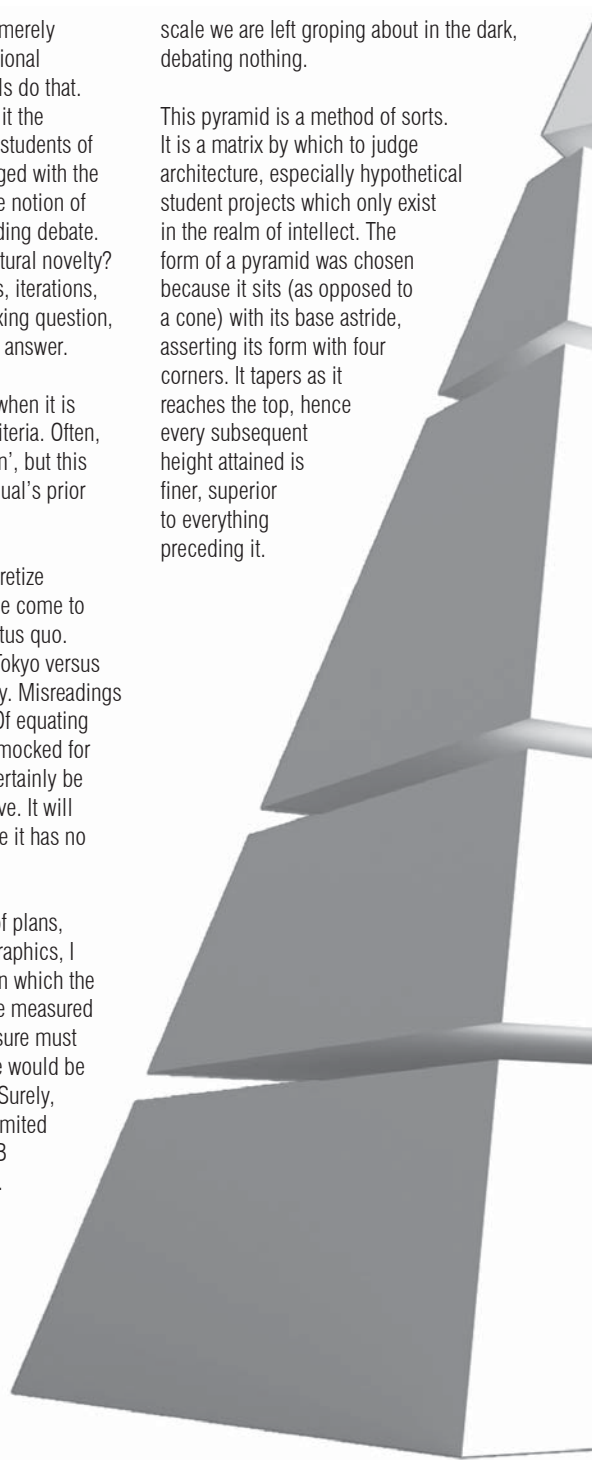
5th Strata — Ideas of Society

This is the peak of my little pyramid. Projects that inhabit the peak appeal to what I insist is the basis of architecture — society. The peak is the only strata that can exist apart from the four strata below it. These projects need not be actual buildings. They are by no means an ivory tower, because although the conservative mind views them as unrealistic 'paper architectures', they are conceived from the foundation of architecture itself — humanity. Hence, forcing student projects to fit conventional realism is itself foolhardy. How does one define realism? How more real is a code-compliant office tower (that is never going to get built) than a collage of Pompeii and Mies?

The code-compliant tower proves that a student has studied architecture; the Pompeii-Mies project proves that a student has become an Architect. It is Art, and Art occurs when individuals are free of the pressure to produce, away from the selfish demands of his/her society. The act of unimpeded creation is the ultimate luxury, the proud emblem of a society that has matured enough to say: "We don't need instant (often naïve) solutions now. We have the resources and latitude to sponsor the creative impulses of individuals without the constraints of time, finance, and politics." Hence, this is the summit of the pyramid. Should there be one such project in a student's portfolio, his/her expense of time and money on higher education is justified. (Futurists, Metabolists, Phenomenology, Superstudio, Archigram)

4th Strata — Articulation of Buildings

Higher principles of architecture lie here, overlaid atop the preceding strata. Form, light and space. Framing of views. Spiral circulation. Exquisite materials cut to zero tolerance. Structural acrobatics. Most student projects attain only this strata of resolution. (Calatrava, Gehry, Zaha, Sullivan, Mies)

3rd Strata — Planning of Buildings

Spatial planning lies here. The Graphic Standards. The functional and practical layout of a plan and the logical placement of fenestrations to admit sufficient daylight for the expedient conduct of prescribed activities. The spacing of floors to accommodate a service plenum. For furniture to be ergonomic and appropriate to the uses they support.

2nd Strata — Skills of Administration

Project management. The pro forma of a residential development. The economic vehicles that drive procurement, design and construction. Quantity surveyors. Telling off contractors when they misalign tiles. Being jack of all trades at a site meeting with the client, contractors, engineers, and city planners.

1st Strata — Skills of Illustration

Tools of the trade. AutoCAD, Rhino, Revit, Grasshopper, Sketchup, V-Ray, Photoshop, Illustrator. These are the raw skills that every architectural student in every university has a firm grasp of. To know these skills is nothing, but to wield them to one's advantage is everything.

ON THE GROUND

by Nicolas Kemper, M.Arch I, Year 2

"... the architect's way of announcing, 'You are trusting me every second not to be dead.'"

FIRST ASSIGNMENTS

The whining hum of a student's newly purchased drone pierced the air while we gathered for lottery; only two women were among the sixteen architects assembled, though decidedly more engaging presentations were given than those last year. Houses were the main theme. PIER VITTORIO AURELI with EMILY ABRUZZO will be putting 100,000 of them in San Francisco. Quipping "I do not believe in teaching by confession — I am not a priest," he set his students to spend the first month researching, looking at urban morphologies, housing typologies and — whether they be in a prison or a monastery — cells.

SUNIL BALD will be working with Brazilian developer RAFAEL BIRMANN, who charmed the school with the opening lecture, about how Brazilian architects "are being hammered and pushed down by the ghost of Niemeyer," producing inhospitable wastelands of "carchitecture" where "the criminals roam free and we dream of living in prisons."

THOMAS BEEBY's students will focus on a single house, placed in impoverished Chicago neighborhoods, to be fully designed by travel week, for the students will spend the rest of the semester drawing MEP plans and picking fixtures.

TATIANA BILBAO (partner ANDREI HARWELL) asked students for ways to save Mexican housing projects and "crazy ideas to push the discussion forward." Over travel week, teams of two will fan out across Mexico.

HERNAN DIAZ ALONSO, mayor elect of SCI-Arc, announced his as "the studio for those who do not care for solving the problems of the world." Dismissive of Aureli's research approach, students will interrogate form, presenting a video as their final deliverable: no drawings, no substantial model. First assignment? Animation tutorials.

LEON KRIER will be teaching his final studio, "a crash course in traditional urbanism" for a New Haven waterfront freed from I-95. They begin with a 1991 assignment from the Prince of Wales Summer School documenting good and bad deployments of traditional elements.

GREG LYNN noted smartly that visitors to L.A. want to see SpaceX or Tesla — and will therefore focus on factories this term. Specifically a scooter factory.

NíALL MCLAUGHLIN promises Bartlett whimsy but also resolved buildings. He had his students build their first 'artifact' that night: an interpretation of a past project. They iterated it in a second — built large enough to walk into. The third extends the idea of an assigned partner.

NORTH OF FOURTH

BP 2015 will be across the street from yet-to-be-sold BP 2014, at the corner of Winthrop and Scranton. Scrapping the micro house, it will be a single residence, minimum 1000 sqft. Not scrapped? Starting the design by combining stairs with dwelling codes to make a 'monster.'

The second year urban studio comes back to a Rebuild by Design project for increasing the resiliency of BRIDGEPORT, where second years spent a wet and freezing afternoon regaled by the unflagging enthusiasm of OPED director DAVID KOORIS.

Led by critics JENNIFER LEUNG and JOYCE HSIANG, the juniors will be looking at performance as an analogue to architecture this term, beginning with a project "Drawing a Scene," in which they are to analyze a short clip from film or theater through drawing. Under STEVEN HARRIS and MARTA CALDEIRA, the seniors begin their semester looking at Aldo Rossi and type. While they know the building will be in Miami, the brief is — for now — a secret.

EVENTS

DAVID RUSHKOFF gave the first and perhaps only — at least in Paprika!'s tenure here — lecture entirely without slides. Ripping into the very structure of society and questioning the means and ends of its protagonists, in questions he critiqued Rudolph's impaled capitals, saying their precarious appearance was the architect's way of announcing, "You are trusting me every second not to be dead." He was not interested: "That's not the conversation I want to have with my architect."

"Narratives cut history like a knife, leaving it flailing. It is imperative for architects to have a narrative that authorizes creative work," announced ANTHONY VIDLER in his opening seminar on the Enlightenment. He gave a lecture on Thursday to a hall filled to capacity thirty minutes before he began. It did not meet the expectations set by his powerful opening lecture for Arch Theory II: 1968-Present. Insisting "When Bob asked me to teach the course I was puzzled, because I did not think there was any architectural theory after 1968," he then delivered a sweeping tour of theory in the shadow of world wars past and possible nuclear holocaust future. As he ended the students burst into applause, a first for an opening lecture.

Even though - or perhaps because - their brilliantly yellow onesy costumes had not yet arrived, in a pitched final match in front of packed concrete balconies of students ANNE MA and WINNY TAN of the PIKACHOOS bested MICHAEL COHEN and TYLER PERTMAN of REAL MAGIC to win the F2014 Rudolph Open Championship.