Monday, February 07 – 4:18pm OTG: 2/7

LINDA VAN DEURSEN finally arrives at the Atrium. Graphic designers rejoice. / Triage HARRY HOOPER, YOUSSEF DENIAL, and SIGNE FERGUSON take up positions on the stairwell balcony. Rudolph is back!



Monday, January 31 – 3:56pm OTG: 1/31

FORTUNE: Do not let what you cannot do interfere with what you can do. / Sex Ball planning commences.

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Monday, January 31-1:15am OTG: 1/31

Painting & Printmaking thesis show Vibrant Matters opens at School of Art. Everyone else in SoA is both amazed and jealous that they are "done" so early. The show sets the bar high!



Tuesday, February 08 – 5:29pm OTG: 2/8

Hedgehog/Fox surveys sent out, SABA SALEKFARD and CHRISTOPHER PIN - alluding to Isaiah Berlin's distinction between generalist and specialist mysterious. More surveys please. Which one are you?!



AB

Tuesday, February 01 – 4:01pm Ale Borea Teléfonos Malogrados (Broken Telephones)

Teléfonos Malogrados is a musical composition comprised of samples from telephone noises. It presents the dreamlike reverberations of tele-signals which seek to reach their "receiver" without bearing concrete messages. As opposed to the content centric listening that fixates on phonics and the meaning of words, it explores the oft ignored context of calling and attends to the expressiveness of its aural manifestations. In seeking to reimagine the experience of noise as an odvssev in which sonic waves travel and unfold, the work seeks to subvert the concept of noise as an element of interruption. By rejecting the traditional notion of communication as a solely lingual message between sender and receiver, noise is instead understood as the foundation of a soundscape which invites



Friday, February 04-10:25am **Bad Faith** 

n 2014, I moved to a dilapidated pink house on the outskirts of a small town, entombed in a perpetual layer of dust from a nearby crematorium. In this liminal space beneath a freeway, I scrubbed daily at the remains left in the space and the shells of lives, while dealing with a failing relationship and a job at a photography studio that specialized in corporate headshots with blurred blue backgrounds from grade school picture day.

n The Ethics of Ambiguity, de Beauvoir coined the term "bad faith" when referring to the lies we tell ourselves regarding our lot in life. As an anecdote, she acknowledges the antithesis, "negative ecstasy," in which we simultaneously acknowledge our own lies and we grasp the fact that we actually have limitless

In a collision of worlds, this work recontextualizes photographs I made when I was both a participant and







Sunday, February 06-1:07pm OTG: 2/6

someone googles how to convert inches to centimeters. Slow start to the semester



Systems Integration lecture, LAURA PIRIE claims humans "are innately programmed to connect with other parts of nature," "feel safe on decks" because it reminds them of hiding from "wild animals," and should never build architecture on "pristine land" or "in the wilderness." Collective response on the class of 2023 group chat: OK boomer. Also apparently perforated metal with Y's is biophilic?

hyper-conceptualization of things to a

point where they get removed from reality

[34:15 interview Cristobal Amunátegui].

This criticism on the separation between

autonomy from the country (US) without

practice and pedagogy has generated

thanks to his ability to maintain certain

academic discourse. Latin American

attended North American institutions to

Mexican architect Tatiana Bilbao is also

part of the Western academic discourse

yet she represents a new stage in this

relationship. Bilbao currently teaches at

Yale University School of Architecture's

graduate program. What is remarkable is

that she does not hold a Master's degree

interview she declared that her own alma

(IBERO), turned her down from teaching

education [30:57 interview Tatiana Bilbao].

from any North American university or

any other institution elsewhere. In her

mater, the Universidad Iberoamericana

after realizing she has no post-graduate

On the other hand, Yale, Columbia,

Harvard. Rice and other institutions

throughout the world have decided to

overlook this qualification and recognize

that her extensive practical experience is

of great value for academia. Bilbao points

Mexican architectural academia; it fails to

incorporate the ideas being generated, by

its own progeny, outside of it. The strong

modernist roots it still holds to this day

to external influence. Whereas the lack

of regulation in the construction industry

plays in favor of young architects that

begin to practice as soon as they come

out of school. In the United States these

roles seem to be inverted. The rigorous

licensure process and immense liabilities

young architects face in construction has

increasingly pushed them to the receptivity

of academia, where new ideas become the

nourishment of their prosperity. Despite

the apparent dissimilarities between these

regions, Bilbao still perceives a symbiotic

architectural practice and North American

elationship between the two.

In architecture, the creation of this

symbiosis between Latin American

time, and it can be visualized as a

academia has developed throughout

gradual progression or spectrum. At one

extreme. Luis Longhi acquired the ideas

that proliferated the Western academic

them to the Peruvian context. On the

course in the 1980s, to then apply

opposite end, Latin American architects

Bilbao, have already become important

professional experience has developed

in Latin America, yet in the United States

contributors in the production of this

discourse. Their education as well as

they find a platform to express their

ideas, even if they encounter certain

incompatibility with it. At the center we

shares a Latin American formation: the

absorption of North American discourse

however, has turned him into a key figure

with little to no active influence from the

former. The interaction and exchange

bilaterally. While the production of

between the two places opens up the

doors for a constant revision that flows

by the concepts and ideas generated by

academia in the United States, these at

the same time are also influenced by the

construction of architecture in countries

like Mexico, Peru, Chile and Argentina.

What is significant about this symbiosis

is the recognition of alternative modes

Western academia, which contributes to

an intellectual horizontality in architecture

of knowledge outside of traditional

across the entire American territory.

architecture in Latin America is influenced

can observe Hernan Diaz Alonso, who also

today like Cristobal Amunategui or Tatiana

create an insular environment adverse

out the deficit that exists today within

learn from them and to accustom to their

losing his involvement in Western

architects from previous decades

methodologies. Now they begin to

Thursday, February 17 – 8:06am

Friday, February 04 – 3:59pm

observer within the poverty around me.

warping, and flattening my own source

mages of the people and places of my

low income, industrial neighborhood. The

relationship between photographer and

and between photography and painting.

photograph, photographer and subject,

my polarities of bad faith and negative

ecstasy, the photographs pivot between

mimesis and the boundless, transforma

age. I seek to reframe notions of class

representation, elevating my pictures and

subjects beyond the rigidity of the studio

potential of the medium in the digital

portrait and the stasis of tradition.

series "Bad Faith" 2018.

All images are "Untitled" and from the

and questioning, as I examined the

Mirroring the oscillations between

distortion became a means of deciphering

These images redefine traditional notions

of socioeconomic reportage by combining,

Free Confluence Treaty: Towards an Intellectual Horizontality in Architecture Across the American Continent

The relationship between Latin American architects and North American academia has evolved throughout time. In the last four decades. Latin American architects have increasingly been involved in academic institutions from the United States. Archivo de Ideas Recibidas narrates experiences of four architects from Peru, Argentina, Chile and Mexico. From the 1980s, where the relationship between these two parts of the continent was strictly unilateral. Latin American architects, as students, were practically consumers of the intellectual products that were being developed in the northern hemisphere. Today, the role that these architects perform in North American academia is much more engaged in its direction. This transition, from consumers to contributors, adds to the establishment of an intellectual horizontality in architecture across the entire American

n 1984, Luis Longhi, traveled from Peru to the University of Pennsylvania to continue his graduate studies in architecture and sculpture. His interaction with the work of North American architects, such as Louis Khan and the conceptualism that prevailed academia at that moment, influenced his way of approaching architecture. The recognition by and assimilation of Western academia gave him the determination of becoming responsible for a new kind of Peruvian architecture of that time [22:56] interview Luis Longhi]. This is exhibited through his teachings, at the Peruvian University of Applied Sciences (UPC) and at the University of Sciences and Arts of Latin America (UCAL), which focus on more formal, technological and experimental objectives than many other studios across Latin America. Nevertheless, it is clear that at this stage there was an influence from the United States to Longhi and not the other way

In the 90s, Hernan Diaz Alonso had a similar encounter with North American academia. This time. Diaz Alonso was accompanied by his route companions, as he refers to those who shared his same trajectory from their place of origin, in Argentina, to Columbia University. During his interview [22:56 interview Hernan Diaz Alonso], he attributed this affluence to the United States to the economic tuation of his country at the time- where the Argentinian peso had the same value as the US dollar. His interaction with academia in North America elongated permanently, as he went from being a to the key players in the development of its institutions throughout recent years. Besides working as an architect and teaching in different North American practices and institutions, he eventually consecrated as the director of Sci-Arc, a pioneering institution in the development of formal and technological fronts within architecture. As opposed to Longhi, Diaz Alonso was fully assimilated by North American academia, to the extent that even his professional practice is lependent on it.

Throughout the 2000s, Hernan Diaz Alonso developed his career as an academic. However, during this decade Columbia University turned almost unrecognizable for his generation. At this time, the Master of Science in Advanced Architectural Design (MSAAD), the program he attended a decade before. was already being led by his compatriot Enrique Walker. There was a shift from consumers to contributors. Thanks to this. Walker was able to radically change the program's direction towards a renewed nterest in history and theory which leparted from the technocratic agenda of the 90s that led to Diaz Alonso's pivotal role in Sci-Arc's transition towards the digital environment that characterizes the school, when ascending to director in 2015. Concurrent with this shift, it also became increasingly common that the direction of architecture schools in the United States was influenced by Latin American architects, providing prosperous environments for new methodologies and theoretical frameworks informed by their

Within this new context, in 2008, Cristobal Amunátegui attended the newly reformed Columbia University, when Enrique Walker began directing the MSAAD program. Here his interest in history and theory. developed during his undergraduate at Chile's Catholic University—where he first encountered Walker- found continuity. This allowed him to delve into North American academia while maintaining an outsider's perspective. He never had to assimilate into traditional Western academia, instead became critical of it. During his interview, Amunátegui narrated that he does not teach studio in the US. He prefers to maintain a separation between his design practice rooted in Santiago. Chile and his academic practice at the University of California Los Angeles (UCLA). One of his main concerns with Western academic discourse is the



COMMUNITY POETRY opens in the Atrium thanks to CAT WENTWORTH, M.C. MADRIGAL, and YIFAN WANG. "...make art, play poet". One poem reads "I move it giant beautiful anxious graphic crowd dance with elaborate secret sea of luxurious fruit for radiant promise.

of the community, and no man is going

masculinity has been considered the key

not Yale's trophy for any advancement in

feminism. The sculpture is no proof that

we have found a solution to the issue at

hand, it's possible we never will. Instead,

it should serve us as a constant reminder

that feminism is a never-achieving goal,

Today, I am not directing this article at

a specific man in power. I'm addressing

you – the students – directly, so we can

chat about how you and I can deliver

this motherf\*\*king message. We need

to hold the men accountable, and we

need to call out whenever they babble

Feminist Without Borders writes: "It is not

the center that determines the periphery,

determines the center."2 You and I have

the power to choose who to crowd around, but the only way this is possible is

but the periphery that, in its boundedness,

when we unite in solidarity. Solidarity does

and "them". It does not mean that you and

not mean that there is only the binary "us

fight for equality. For example, agreeing

you as gay, communist, Asian, or any

other character that you do not identify

with. In the same book, Mohanty argues

that "rather than assuming an enforced

commonality of oppression, the practice

of people who have chosen to work and

empathize with people that are different

from you. It is to build interdependence

It might have been a little bit late, but this

is the message I had hoped to share with

you; because nobody knows the answer,

end my message with an excerpt from an

interview in Mohanty's book. The interview

"We dream that when we work hard, we'll

still have a little time and money left for

ourselves. And we dream that when we do

as good as other people, we get treated

the same, and that nobody puts us down

because we are not like them... Then we

ask ourselves. 'How could we make these

things come true?' And so far we've come

up with only two possible answers: win the

lottery, or organize. What can I say, except

I have never been lucky with numbers. So

tell this in your book: tell them it may take

time that people think they don't have, but

they have to organize!... Because the only

way to get a little measure of power over

support of other people who share your

José Esteban Muñoz, Cruising Utopia: The Then and There of

Queer Futurity (New York: New York University Press, c2009). p1. 2. Chandra Talpade Mohanty, Feminisn

without Borders : Decolonizing Theory, Practicing Solidarity

(Durham; London: Duke University

(Durham; London: Duke University

Press, c2003). p139.

Monoprints speak of lost memories. In the moment that the plate touches the paper,

a (mis)transfer is made. In the same way silence is magnified between each ring in

an unanswered call, absent figures surface by the lack of ink in a print. This material

absence nevertheless speaks of something concrete, a past that shall not be forgotten.

is with a Filipina worker in Silicon Valley,

but we are all in this together. I want to

between individuals.

her name is Irma:

fight together."3 To be in solidarity is to

of solidarity foregrounds communities

with me to support women does not labe

nonsense to us. Chandra Mohanty in

and our vigilance requires perserverance.

towards success. The Women's Table is

to give it up unless we reexamine why

OTG: 2/17 Friday, February 04 – 8:28pm

Listen, I Don't Know I was once asked to compare two

buildings of my choice for an assignment. Stunned by the rigidity of heterosexual patriarchy and the invisibility of gender fluidity at the school, I decided to present a comparative analysis of Louis Kahn's Center for British Art and Dean Berke's Green Hall at The School of Art, raising the underrepresentation of female architects' work at Yale. After broaching these issues of inequality at our review, I recall a cis male faculty member roasting me – a student who had just arrived on campus – and asking if I knew what to do about gender imbalance. Girl, what the fuck, of course I didn't have a single clue.

Some of you might ask, how was that a roast? It sounded like he was being attentive and inquisitive about resolving gender inequality at Yale, but instead what this faculty did was dismissing the issue at hand. I would like to believe that at this moment he simply failed to recognize the severity and magnitude of the gender bias that still exists today. With a new female dean, a balanced biological gender representation in student body, and increasing exposure of female architects and artists' work in exhibitions and symposiums on campus, namely, the Room(s) exhibition last year celebrating the work of female graduates of Yale School of Architecture, many may think that we have somewhat achieved the white feminist ideal. Come on, let's be real, feminism is not here yet. As long as the binary gender system prevails, society will always be constructed gravitating towards male interests. In Cruising Utopia Jose Muñoz states that "queerness is a longing that propels us onward, beyond the romances of the negative and toiling of the present." Presenting that same notion, feminism is also "that thing that lets us feel that this world is not enough, that indeed something is missing." This is particularly evident in architecture and architecture schools: just because there are female students in the building, and they are given a floor to play badminton, it doesn't mean that we have become any more appreciative of femininity. We have heard stories of successful women in architecture only when they overcame femininity, such stories are rarely illustrations of exemplification of femininity. Whoever does acknowledge this continuing fight will be well aware that no one in history has ever solved "women's problems," not Marx, not Smith, and you

and I are no exception. I would hope anyone in school would recognize the occurrence I described as an act of ignorance, but if this faculty member intentionally accepted the status quo of gender exploitation, it would put you and I in a dire situation. Demanding solutions knowing there isn't one demonstrates a lack of sympathy and understanding that we are in this together. It is what people do when they isolated from the rest of the community This roast would then become a form of active avoidance, and sadly, you cannot wake a person who is pretending to sleep. Regardless of what propelled this faculty to ask me such a question, this is the reality you and I are still working with: men in power throwing problems back at us. Indeed, the university has allocated more space and budget for gender-related discussions, but our message has not been received from across, not vet. No constructive conversation is going to activate change unless cis men relinquish their privilege and position as the center Tuesday, February 01 – 8:17am Shirley (Dongwei) Chen lost figures

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// Longhi Architects // Arte y Arquitectura." Interview by Asie Nuñez. Archivo de Ideas Recibidas October 29, 2019, Video, 35:46. https://www.youtube.com/ watch?v=vsk35Xnc5V4&t=171sIn



Thursday, February 24 – 11:57pm Paprika Vol. 07 Issue 06

**Credits** ssue Editors: Andrea Sanchez Moctezuma

Carlos H. Blanco Graphic Designers Betty Wang Julio Correa

Jahaan Scipio

Aleksa Milojevic

Coordinating Editors: Signe Ferguson Jeeu Kim Joey Reich Harry Hooper

Chloe Hou

Tuesday, February 22 – 5:18pm Paprika Vol. 07 Issue 06

What You Wish You'd Said Josie Triana

Lontents

Pantone 291 C

Fanni Falucskai

The Unsaid—On the Spatial Conception I have to identify as the same people in the | of Ma 間 Cheryl Cheung

> lost figures Shirley (Dongwei) Chen

Teléfonos Malogrados (Broken Telephones) Ale Borea December Second

Zachariah A Michielli

Do You Hear Me Singing Xinyu Chen

Bad Faith Monique Atherton

Don't Delete the Kisses Diana Smilikovic

The Cool Kids of Architecture

Joshua Abramovich Morning Person: A Call For Complexity

be able to clothe our children decently, and | Özgür Anil Listen, I Don't Know

> Chong Gu Messages from Room City

Leyuan Li

Free Confluence Treaty Juan Cantu

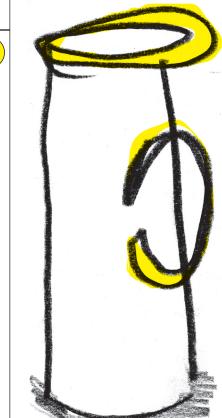
The Green Ray (1986), dir. Éric Rohmer, 16 mm, 98 min. Clare Fentress

your own life is to do it collectively, with the On the Ground (OTG)

Thursday, January 27 – 3:28pm

LIZ DILLER talk. Students watch from zoom, no booze to shmooze after. Some were frustrated - where was the architecture? Are we supposed to be artists now? Will we ever see buildings in a lecture again? (yes, of course darling, don't be dramatic!). / PAUL MEUSER's

Press, c2003). p42.
3. Chandra Talpade Mohanty, Femin without Borders : Decolonizing Theory, Practicing Solidarity
(Durham; London: Duke University Gargoyles found throughout Rudolph, Press, c2003). p8. Chandra Talpade Mohanty, Feminism without Borders : Decolonizing nstalled overnight. Theory, Practicing Solidarity



Saturday, January 29 – 12:02pm OTG: 1/29

Students screwed - classes filled but 20 people left out. Google doc made, emails sent, a waterfall to TANIAL LOWE (an angel among us}. Finding your way on serlio is a floor plan made by a first year. See you in the fall for the same thing? Students want recompense - more mugs?

Friday, January 28-10:12am OTG: 1/28

Blizzard. Online games. Covid reminiscence. Architecture butt fingering now draw it according to PAUL MEUSER, LAUREN CARMONA, RACHEL TSAI {poker shark, class of '23}. Summer travel more lotteries, polling, broken links, cursed electives. But Rome! Mexico City! London! Gothenburg!/ Lawful Good/Neutral/ Evil chart created > check out @on\_the\_ ground\_ysoa\_22

Friday, February 04 – 12:37pm

Morning Person: A Call For Complexity









Film stills from 'Morning Person

A young woman wakes up to several missed calls and finds herself in a difficult situation with her family when she is caught between their expectations and her desires. Through my short film I tried to represent the miscommunication within immigrant communities, and how we come to define a human being. On one hand there are certain values that we inherit from older generations, and on the other hand we are confronted with the complexities of our everyday lives which force us to formulate our own moral values. I was very interested in the idea of trying to negotiate between these contrary emotions within us. I intended to use the telephone as a metaphor for this moral dilemma that is hard to overcome. Starting from a naked person, with whom we can all identify with, I tried to show a transition to someone who has many social and political labels and however still remains the same human being that we saw at the beginning. It was important for me to show this as a fragment rather than a fully rounded up narrative. in order for the missed call element and its impact to stay with the viewer even after vatching the film.



Monday, January 31 - 5:51pm Fanni Falucskai

know most of it.

silently and efficiently.

Pantone 291 C t all would be very different. I wish your 98 min. existence didn't affect me, but we exist in interdependent systems, and my hypothetical longing changes within it. I gaining speed.

think it's impossible to experience love ever the same way twice, or anything for that matter. That makes me think about all these little loves, you know, the ones you could potentially imagine yourself with, the ones you would never tell you fancy them, because for some utterly insignificant eason, you know it could simply never nappen. They might already be with someone else, completely dislike you, or simply not even know you exist. You keep

vour affection to vourself, and vourself only. You don't talk about little loves. Little loves exist in a reality which is only ever present to you. Little loves come in various forms with many names, different qualities, contrasting personalities, and in utterly and exclusively illogical manners. You have dark, almost pitch black curly hair and woeful eyes, you are grumpy and stand too close to me on the first day we meet, but the next minute you are cheeky, blond. and with the frostiest pantone 291 C eyes. There's something common in you, it's your casual inertia. There's this thing about nteractions that remain unreciprocated, that it leaves space for imaginary tête-àtête. A place where the first uncomfortable conversations happen about our parents who tried to love us, but only managed to do it in their own ways, about your obnoxious secrets you think you can share with me as a sign of trust. You try to sum up your life in seventy-three minutes, and

I simply pretend as though I don't already Yet, above all else, I must avoid eyecontact, leave you on read, play it cool and dishonest, and avoid asking questions about you or your stupid little things, because I need you to feel my indifference while I simultaneously gather every detail of you. It's a purposeful mutual misunderstanding, because it's socially acceptable to suffer silently in the sake of not expressing to your little loves that you desire them. Perhaps I don't really want you after all, maybe I'm protecting myself from the depth and comfort you presumably could offer me. Ultimately, I dismiss you exactly how I desired you: won't tell you what happens



Saturday, February 19 - 5:20pm

The Green Ray (1986), dir. Eric Rohmer, 16 mm,

n January, I called my friend R. She said she had been having a hard time; everything seemed futile. Attempting to break out of her spiral, she'd thrown herself into the world, looking for closeness. No one had picked up. Her descent was

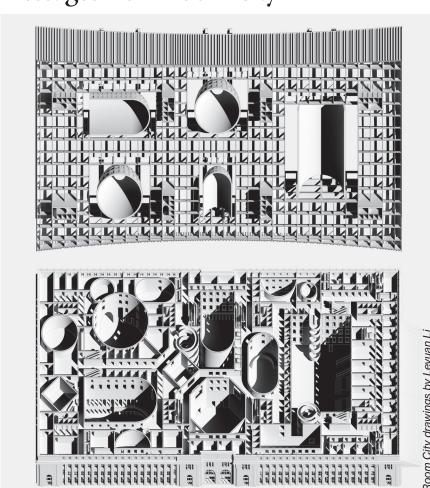
This was supposed to be a review of two recent movies: The Call, a thriller from 2020, and Ayka, a drama from 2018. Both feature a recurring, threatening phone call from the villain to the protagonist. Instead, I watched a movie I first saw with R three years ago. We'd been sitting in my kitchen when my phone rang: my aunt had died. R and I walked to the park and lay in the cold grass. A little later, we went back to the house, swaddled ourselves in blankets and put on The Green Ray. Marie Rivière plays Delphine, a lonely woman in her early thirties searching for intimacy but met with disappointment at every step. As friends turn her down and lovers reject her, the abyss between self and others widens. Her vulnerability deforms into anger. Then in the last ten minutes of the film, waiting in a train station on her way home from a failed vacation in Biarritz, Delphine sees a tall man wearing a Mickey Mouse shirt. He inquires about the book she's reading. In a burst of abandonment, she asks if she can join him on his trip. Finally, someone

Later that afternoon, Delphine walks along a rocky beach in Saint-Jean-de-Luz with Mickey Mouse man, the wind pulling her blouse open. She sees a promontory and rushes toward it. The day before, eavesdropping on some old women, she had learned about le ravon vert, a rare optical phenomenon that can occur at sunrise and sunset: when just a tiny bit of the sun's light is present, certain conditions can cause it to refract, resulting in a fleeting green flash. Never longer than two seconds. Easy to miss. Good luck for those who see it. Delphine and this stranger, by whom she feels unexpectedly comprehended, sit anxiously atop a perch of yearning bedrock, waves crashing beneath them, the sun rapidly falling from the sky, waiting for the green ray to call. Delphine starts to cry. Their eyes widen. I

2022 02 Paprika MissedCalls FINAL.indd 1-2 2/25/22 12:26 AM

Original artwork dimensions: 6.5 in x 10 in

## Messages from Room City



Beep (silence).

Hi, Architecture. This is Room City.

You may not know us yet. We are the entity that precludes absolute conditions. We are both historical and contemporary. We are the didactic apparatus that rejects the totality of spaceless Urbanism and formless Interiors. This call is an audacious attempt to reintroduce ourselves to you Architecture: the spatial armature bridging the growing chasm between Interior and Urbanism. We would like to reclaim the significance of form as a scaffolding of spatial positivities.

Over the centuries, Interior and Urbanism have migrated to divergent poles of spatial practice. Acting as a mediator, you. Architecture, have always been called to restructure the divide. The last century has witnessed the rapid construction of vast interior spaces revolutionized by mechanical technologies. With the transcendent capacity to traverse the limits of dimension and orientation, the territory of the Interior began to swell, expand, and interconnect, rendering legible a new, spatio-political urban model and overwriting the autonomous convictions of conventional urbanism. With its powerful apparatus pumped by the machine of capitalism, the grand Interior has preceded and superseded Architecture by dissolving its boundaries and collapsing its appearance. By moving the role of Architecture from the equation, the emergence of Interior became the new world of infinite projection and subjection – an overarching, spatial machine unleashed to exacerbate

Monday, February 14 - 4:33pm

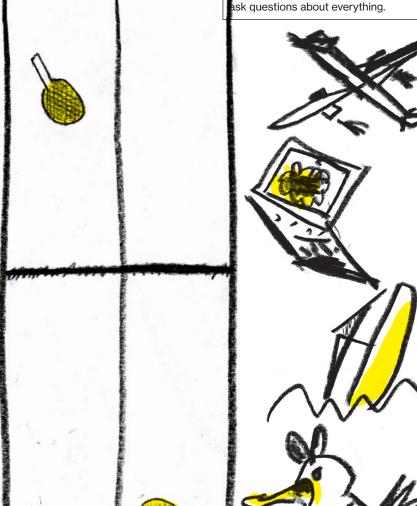
and Urbanism

insurance triples

OTG: 2/14 Planning for a ping pong table on

the 7th floor commences. YSOA's

the increased polarities of Interior



OTG: 2/11

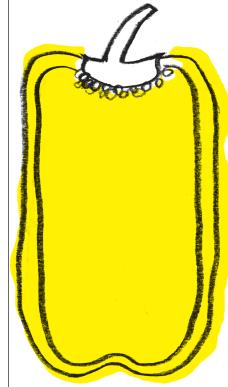
Image of young PHIL BERNSTEIN is left in the computer lab to sear its way into our

Friday, February 04 – 3:27pm OTG: 2/4

Phallocentrism. Still a thing? Overcompensation? SDE? / "NOT A RECEPTION" pop up appears in Rudolph. Ephemeral and ahead of its time. Left me thinking. 5/5.

Thursday, February 17 – 2:43pm OTG: 2/17

Scales of Design, BIMAL MENDIS demonstrates how to cut a bell pepper for a section. ½ class out with Covid; res squint from back of Hastings. After 20 min, brave souls asks if slicing vegetables is part of the assignment.



the capitalist world - shopping malls, airports, and galleries - into a seamless whole. Diagnosed by Rem Koolhaas as "Junkspace." these spaces are curated. immersed in the pure enclosure of laissez-faire consumerism, molded into a pernicious network that rejects any legible logic and framework of urbanism. One of the most conspicuous cases is the Penn Station complex located in Manhattan. The iconic building, once monumentally constructed as a major transportation Monday, January 31-7:07pm hub for the public, was demolished under Cheryl Cheung the tyranny of the implosive Interior, and The Unsaid replaced by an underground network. On the Spatial

Conception of Urbanism. We would like to reintroduce vou. Architecture, back to the equation as Ma 間 a productive armature. By examining your historical relevance, such as the Baths of Caracalla in Rome, you are expected to In the West, the unsaid often registers reproduce a system of urban rooms that as a missed opportunity that connotes a give a new shape to the configuration of loss of something could have happened urban spaces. It is imperative to redefine n space and time. There is a desire to the convoluted relationship between the cultivate a logical and linear historical sheltered interior and the exterior world. narrative, like that of Locke and Descartes Room City aims to deploy technology n architecture we might find the narrative to supplement classical and formal of style described through terms such geometries. How can we detach you as neo-classicism, revivalism and postfrom the hurdle of historical heaviness modernism – one stylistic movement and modernistic cliché? Our intention will alling upon the past and regenerating manifest itself in how we navigate the n the future (neo- : post- etc) constantly tensions between old and new, formal and picking up calls. [Ring, Ring, Ring!] "Hello, tectonic, generic and specific, "ducks" and ts me. The messy Baroque is gone, let us 'decorated sheds," and most importantly, bring back Grecian architecture!" These interiority and exteriority. rchitectural styles hold a clear preference for a set of rules that defines the

Hi, Architecture. This is Room City. Please call us back.

The massive proliferation of Interior

Room City seeks to address the

precarious violence between Interior and

is senseless, formless, and endless. It

engulfs and integrates every project of

Thursday, February 17-11:52am OTG: 2/17

Monday, February 14 – 2:16pm

ANTHONY ACCIAVATTI regales Core 4

with exotic tales of being chased down

he banks of the Ganges by rabid dogs. He

escapes by using his belt. Students notice

that ANTHONY ACCIAVATTI, 2022 edition,

no longer wears a belt. He introduces his

Core 4 charges to the idiom "There's more

than one way to skin a cat." / ANA BATLLE

the sinking ship of Systems for so long that

she will now have to actually take it. RYAN

REYES and SIGNE FERGUSON rejoice.

realizes unfortunately she has staved on

OTG: 2/14

the unsaid, emptiness and stillness are regularly praised in Japanese culture. Consider [ring ... ring ... ring ....] and the call ends. The dots occupying the silence More bribes appear in the form of Biscotti are best described as "Ma" 問一emptiness, & mysteriously thick hot chocolate. First oid (aka the between world). For us to years head to forest. Lots of crocs. / be able to fully experience a ring, there IHU RUBIN is encouraging revolutionary must be silence, and the length of the hinking and pressing students in Core 4 to silences distinguished the importance of the rings in between them – in the missed call, the pause after the last ring s the most emotional. The concept of Ma declares there is no urge to go against the flow nor an urge to make a statement - like floating the river, it does not fight, but rather is the emptiness that allows phenomena to manifest in their most natural state. It's power lies in stillness and being. Fundamentally, the meaning of Ma ranscends time and space, its existence s universal and boundless. The Kinji

stylistic pursuit.

(Chinese character) of Ma [間] made up of two parts: the gate [門] and the sun [ ∃ ]. The combination of the two characters poetically illustrates a spatial moment when sunlight or moonlight shines through gateway. Ma holds phenomena and events.

What intrigues me, is that on the opposite

end of the spectrum, the vulnerability of

Does this mean that Western architecture fails to understand the concept of Ma? No, it does not. Ma does not speak to stylistic pursuits, aesthetics or formsather it is omnipresent in all great works of architecture. The Pantheon is a perfect nanifestation of Ma. The sun shining through the gate (oculus) reaches the space underneath the dome - and in this instance, this call from the sun transcends the void into a between world that evokes an active, ever-changing, and immediate wareness that sees time, space, and nature as totality. It also heavily relies on the imagination and sensory experience of the human mind to fully immerse its witnesses. Palladio's San Giorgio Maggiore, Zumthor's Bruder Klaus Field Chapel, Jean Nouvel's Louvre in Abu Dhabi, Nishizawa's eshima Art Museum do not speak to each other stylistically, yet they all possess a sensitivity to create a generous spatial void that allows the between world to come into being. This between world is always changing, fluid, temporal, poetic, and spiritual. Ma manifests through human experiences when nature and objects

become a totality. ooking beyond architecture with a capital A, we are now in an important moment in nistory to make space for architecture of owercase 'a'. And it is up to us to take the responsibility to define what is and what is not in the spirit of ma.

> Pilgrim, Richard B. "Intervals ('Ma') in Space and Time: Foundations for a Religio-Aesthetic Paradigm in Japan History of Religions 25, no. 3 (1986) 2. Ibid. 267.

Thursday, February 03 – 5:45pm

Do You Hear Me Singing



Aerial Image - Rice University

On the campus of Rice University, James Turrell's Skyspace stands on an open field, with rows of sycamore trees flanking its entrance on one side and the School of Music's building forming an impenetrable termination on the other. The Skyspace, with its more proper name Twilight Epiphany, is an artwork commissioned by alumna Suzanne Deal Booth, who also serves as a member of the Rice Public Art Committee. An information plate installed at one of the entrances further declares the structure's prescribed selfconsciousness as a piece of art.

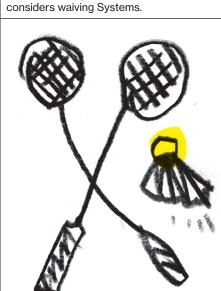
However, the entire construction is typologically a union of Le Corbusier's Dom-Ino nestled on top of a pyramidal ground, with a skylight in the thin roof supported by slender columns. By conventional measurement it has all three elements that make an essential architecture: vertical structures, transverse shelters, and apertures for admissions of either humans or light and air. The first two elements are exquisitely displayed in the illustration of the primitive hut accompanying Laugier's Essai sur l'architecture. The third element, though not explicitly highlighted, is nevertheless one integral part of Laugier's analyses in written form

Across two quadrangles from the Skyspace is the Brochstein Pavilion, a small cafe designed by the New Yorkbased architectural firm Thomas Phifer and Partners. The Pavilion, similar to the Skyspace, is known for its minimum structure and seemingly weightless roofline. The Alumni Dr. running across the quadrangles marks a mirroring plane Standing along this line of symmetry, looking towards either one's left or right, one can never miss the alarming similarities between the two structures - they are long-lost twins, albeit residing n separated disciplinary worlds as the metaphor of the mirror well indicates.

In assigning the Skyspace to the art realm while asserting that the Brochstein Pavilion is an archetypal building with practical functions, are we missing some latent messages from them? At times, when hosting concerts by music students, the Skyspace awakened and made its presence heard: "Do you hear me singing? Do you hear ME singing?" It declared, in exhilaration, its utilitarian status in becoming an event space. However, this euphoric call, though haunting for me, seemed to have its signal cut short by the Alumni Dr. mirroring plane. The Brochstein Pavilion – and subsequently its bustling

Wednesday, February 09 – 8:10pm OTG: 2/9

VIN HOGBEN is blowing minds amongst first years and pressuring them to question what it means to represent water and learn from power. / ANA BATLLE



Tuesday, February 01 – 4:27pm OTG: 2/1

LAUREN CARMONA's Saloon Shutters relocated from 4 to 7 - associated architectural accessories are flaked, re-built

Saturday, February 12 – 2:13pm

BADMINTON IS BACK BABY. Team names = excellent: Bush Hammered Birdies: OnlySlams: Thiccer than our Accents: TBD MeanhaJack: I'd Smash That; Back Alley Boys II; The Bjarke Pringles Group; Lina Bo Birdie; Iturbe Rejects; Alliance of Evil.

Monday, February 14 – 1:05pm OTG: 2/14

TRATTIE DAVIES and NIKOLE BOUCH-ARD are running doubles for Core 2. Above/Below now has a sibling, All Around Countdown to existential crises in 3, 2, .... / LAUREN CARMONA & PAUL MEUSER release new jerseys, 2022 spring season.



visitors - chose not to hear, and the missed call became the sound of silence.

In separating the production of architecture from that of art, Robin Evans once said that "the most remarkable properties of Turrell's installations are local and not transportable." However, the transient light effect within the space by Turrell is comparable to a similar effect under the canopy of the Brochstein Pavilion. In denying the Skyspace's status as more than a piece of art, the architectural discipline is severing itself from an evolving world scene.

Yet this is not to say that the Skyspace would defend itself as a piece of architecture. Rather, residing in an era characterized by a drastically changing relationship between art and architecture, the Skyspace wants to caution us against the ease with which such slippery assifications can be made. To borrow Rosalind Krauss's famous coordinate system, the Skyspace lies somewhere as an "axiomatic structure" - an artwork that is in its essence architecture and non-architecture simultaneously. Comparatively, the Brochstein Pavilion should not be interpreted as purely a piece of architecture defined by its precise functionality. As light penetrates its permeable sunshade, the Pavilion similarly straddles the border between art and

In such a state concurrently within and outside of the discipline, maybe the message from the Skyspace to the Brochstein Pavilion, from art to architecture, could finally find a bypass to overcome the dichotomy of two mirroring

"Do you hear me singing?" The Skyspace vibrates with the music. "Do you hear me singing?" The fold rustles in the wind.

Do you hear me singing?

The drawing that I am alluding to is "allegory of architecture", the rontispiece to the second edition of Marc-Antoine Laugier's Essai sur 'architecture, drawn by Charles-Dominique-Joseph Eisen.
2. Robin Evans, "Translations from Drawing to Building," in Translations from Drawing to Building, (Cambridge, MA: The MIT Press,

3. See Rosalind Krauss. "Sculpture in the Expanded Field," in October, Vol.8. (Spring 1979), 30-44.

Tuesday, Feb 01 - 4:26pm

What You Wish you'd Said

Hi, you've reached someone who clearly doesn't want to talk right now because if they wanted to engage in conversation with you they would have answered this phone call in the first place. I'm sorry I couldn't take your call at this time - I'm either on another call or doing absolutely anything else that is frankly none of your business. Please leave your name, number, and reason for calling so I know exactly who to block. I'll get to not calling you back as soon as possible because I am under no obligation to return this message, and truthfully, my gut is telling me you're either calling for a favor, money, or to simply waste my f\*cking time.

Leave me alone after the beep.

Tuesday, February 15 – 3:14pm OTG: 2/15

Core 4 students report ANTHONY



PATTERNS Tuesday, February 08 – 4:57pm OTG: 2/8

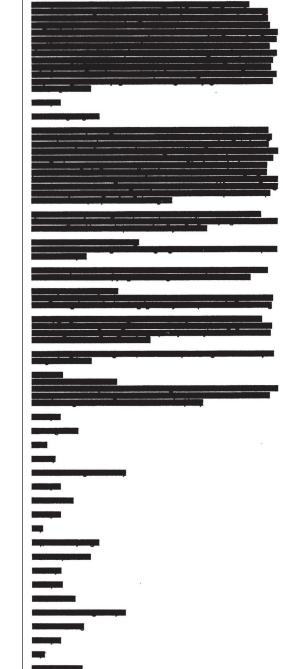
DENA YAGO gives a lecture to the design Atrium. The last slide depicts a gecko with text reading "you have the power to end Thursday, February 03 – 8:57am

OTG: 2/3

SHoP Union Failure announced, Bummer, to say the least, / BOB STERN's (former dean, vellow sock aficionado) class reads Phillip Johnson's the Seven Crutches of Modern Architecture - Pretty Plan calls out 1/2 the class - lol.

Friday, February 04-11:00am

Don't Delete the Kisses



Here is the graveyard for All the texts I never sent

the things I never said For there is no body to bury, No title for a eulogy, No name to mourn. No future it could have been. It was nothing and yet everything.

Here is the gravestone for

All the love I never shared,

All the loss for which I never

My body hurts, my mind is tired, My heart fatigued; Such work and effort towards The not-thinking, the over-thinking. the reassuring, the barely

Here is the kindling for All the fires that never quite caught All the burnt bridges with no one

No text I write holds as much As that which I feel, and that which And so it goes, those texts undone A dance between writing and etting go and embracing.

And if those three words are so They are even harder to write. I miss you Is too much and not enough. I miss you Says everything yet nothing at all.

Instead those three moving dots Let you know I'm on the line, With nothing but silence, To fill our time.

The written text as opposed to the spoken word holds a more dramatic aspect of a temporal shift: The moment of writing, re-writing. reading, re-reading, re-adjusting, waiting, almost sending – never sending, deleting..

Don't Delete the Kisses is a two part visual narrative of all the texts never sent, all the things never said. Part one is a redaction of texts I never sent but nevertheless kept a hold of - not quite ready for their premature death. The process of redacting creates a formal sequence of bars, eradicating any chance of discerning the message. Instead we are left with a hint - the length of each sentence - where a repeating redaction bar might suggest three words written but deleted over and ove again. Part two is a poem about

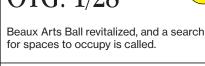
deleting, of attempting to speak but sitting in silence, of hoping to see those three dots moving. This piece urges you to speak openly and honestly to those dear to you - friend, lover, intimate stranger. And remember: Don't

the choreography of writing and

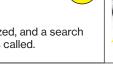
The title of this piece takes inspiration from the song Don't Delete the Kisses by Wolf Alice.

Delete the Kisses

Friday, January 28 – 1:41pm OTG: 1/28



Friday Feb 04 - 11:59am





Joshua Abramovich The Cool Kids of Architecture

To apply, answer the following survey:

Are you a cool kid Studying at an architecture institution

That thinks Postmodernism is mid And preaches socialist redistribution

The most popular students want to seize the means of production How dare you intern for a corporate firm

After skiing in Gstaad. They work for Robert Stern.

lf vou're a master at Grasshopper That instantly makes you a hottie

Bao Bao bags are proper And Balenciaga footwear if you're dotty.

The cool kids of architecture follow meme pages Oh Em Ayy, Dank Lloyd Wright, Load Bearing Column

They take prestigious internships with no wages Because money isn't a problem.

Pay for software, think again The free trial was just a fling Their list of emails is longer

Than the works of Francis D. K. Ching

If you mention Kanye, the cool kids will grimace Meanwhile, they wear his shoes

Listening to Zizek is equanimous But Peterson and Musk are labeled as fools. To join, you must attend one of the elites

New England grad schools are a requirement We get the best speakers and so many treats It's a starchitect, theorist, cocktail environment.

To make us impressed, You must provide an explanation As to why you despise the West.

But invite us to your chateau for vacation.

The final requirement is to only use gumball This is mandatory for all cool kids in archi

We suggest writing in Paprika about urban sprawl And disavowing any systems of hierarchy

Tuesday, February 01 - 12:05pm Zachariah A. Michielli

**December Second** 

On Sunday, December 2, 2018, my mom nung herself in my family home.

The following is an account of what I know now about her final months

December 2nd:

I woke up abruptly to the sound of my phone vibrating on the nightstand around 9:20 pm. My sister had just texted: Call dad. There were multiple texts, but I don't remember checking them. At 8:35 pm, my dad left a voicemail, which was common. It seemed strange that my sister would bother to text me about it. I gave myself a minute to wake up and then listened to my dad's voicemail. I had spoken to my parents about every week or every other week since moving to Connecticut in 2016, nost often on Sundays. My mailbox was full of older messages from my dad to "call mom when you can." Short and to the point, my dad never really liked to talk on the phone.

His voice was shaky and small, "Zach, mom's gone. She's gone. Call me back when you get a chance."

dropped the phone and nearly fell over. My bed broke my fall. I listened to it again just in case I had misunderstood...or just give my brain time to fully absorb the nessage. I called my dad back as quickly as I could, but he didn't answer. I called my

> - "Dude, what is happening? I just called dad, but he didn't answer. She was in tears. "Dad's talking to the cops, mom's dead." - "She's what?! What the fuck

happened?<sup>•</sup> "Here, hold on." She handed the phone to my dad. "Hey, Zach. Are you... where are you? Are you sitting down?' - "I'm home, what the fuck's going on?"

"Your mom's dead, Zach. She's dead. She hanged herself today while I was out today.' My mom had quit her job in medical cords at a local hospital in February of 2018. She was convinced she had seen an abnormality in the file of a child with a rare brain condition that confirmed that Dr. Smith had taken samples without the consent of the parents. She swore

My voice was panicked, urgent.

she had also overheard a conversation which the parents of that child had specifically said they did not agree to have their child be part of scientific esearch at the hospital. A few months before her last day, she had reported the incident to the ethics committee at the hospital. Supposedly, there was confidential reporting, but somehow the doctor had discovered that it was my nother who had made the initial report. At irst, her complaints were of harassment o withdraw the report, annoying and against hospital policy, but nothing too concerning. The persecution quickly grew to a level of serious alarm, and it became simultaneously apparent that it was all an

The first time I heard my mom describe the strange events in her office, I didn't catch it. The second time I caught it.

Fall 2017 (1 year, 18 days until December 2): - "Wait... mom, start over... what happened?" I stuttered to get her to

invention.

stop mid-story. - "Someone was controlling the cursor on my computer remotely. I would move it one way, and it would jerk back the other way." My mom was prone to hyperbole; sometimes it took a few explanations to understand the appropriate level of concern.

- "And then what happened. What did the cursor do? Did it open anything, copy anything?" "No, it just wouldn't let me do my

work. Like someone was doing it to mess with me. Probably Dr. Smith." Dr. Smith was a world-renowned neurosurgeon.

- "Mom, you've said before that he doesn't know how to use the computer record system, how is he hacking your computer, and why does he have the free time to do this?" Dr. Smith was also in his late 60s - "Well, not him, but someone that

works for him. - "Mom, the next time this happens, can you take a video or picture with your phone? I want to see what's happening

- "No, Zach, I don't want you to get caught up in this, ok? They don't know where you live, and it's better that way." -Who the fuck are 'they?' I thought to myself. "But you can just text it to me, and that won't tell anyone anything about where I live. Just take a picture next time. Or a video if you can. A video would be better, and..." She cut me off. - "I don't want you to worry about it, ok? It's really ok. I don't want you to get

caught up in this. If I send a video, 'they' can trace it.' -Who the fuck are 'they.' "Mom, who are you talking about? Who are 'they'?" It hit me as soon as I heard myself say it out loud. - "No. Zach. Don't worry about it. I'm

gonna be fine. Here, I'm going to put

47

your dad back on." They... 'They' were dangerous. ... according to my mom. 'They' could do anything, knew everything, controlled everything. Not again.

I got off the phone with my sister and nmediately called a friend in New Haven for help. Being alone that night would have killed me, too. I was nonfunctional in the hours and days after I spoke to my dad and sister that night. I was very fortunate to have two friends who kept me alive

By September 2018, my mom refused o leave the house, so my dad had been separately running errands for both of them at various times throughout the day. At the same time, he was unwilling o leave her alone for more than three hours. She had been panicked and hallucinating for months, and my dad

knew her mental health was declining fast. On that particular Sunday, my dad was gone longer than usual and my mom knew he would be. The ceiling in a section of the kitchen had been ripped out for renovations and the house's hundred-vear old wooden frame remained exposed for months. My dad returned home around 5 pm that evening to find both the front and back doors deadbolted from the inside, and my mother's lifeless body out of reach. He was too late anyway; she had timed it so that he wouldn't have any hope to save her. He immediately called 911 and my sister. He sat on the porch of his house for the last time that evening. He was there alone for nearly an hour before my sister arrived, and they waited together for another hour for the coroner.

Spring 2001

(17 years, 199 days until December 2): "Mom, what are we looking for?" - "I don't know what it's going to look like, but I'm sure it's in here."

I was holding a screwdriver and my mom was holding her jaw. It had been mysteriously vibrating all morning. Her best explanation by 11-am was that my father had drilled into her tooth while she was asleep and implanted a tracking device. My father, who had a habit of injuring himself doing building repairs, apparently had used a dental drill to put a hole in my mother's tooth.. while she slept... without waking her

I was 17 at the time; I wasn't 100 % sure, but the idea of a 3mm tracking device that could be purchased on the commercial market by people like my dad, by someone who hated computers, seemed dubious. She was convinced that the relay antenna was in the unused electrical wall socket in her bedroom. My mom insisted that I take the screw plate off the wall and look. It turned out to be a very empty box.

"He must have known I was going to look. 'They' must have heard me and told him to take it out this morning." She was talking, but not to me. I screwed the faceplate back over the socket, stood up, and walked out of the room. It was not the first time she had believed my dad was spying on her.

Reflecting back on my junior year of high school, I'm not sure why I believed that this would be an isolated incident. I didn't know enough of what she was suffering through at that point. All I understood was that 'they' could apparently see and track everything she did using widely available espionage technology. 'They had come back and did not care that I misunderstood; 'they' were happy to surprise us all. My sister is six years my junior, but she still has vivid memories of that year: she was barely twelve. When I heard my mom using that same forced, neutral voice. I knew we were in for a bac time. We even talked about confronting her in the beginning, but it took a turn in the spring of 2018. All technology needed to be cut out; anything with a digital signal, anything wireless, anything that could be intercepted. I had continued to press my mom to take pictures, but she soon traded in her smartphone for a flip phone, so "they" couldn't hack her phone. The only working internet source in the house, at that point, was my father's smartphone. which was turned to airplane mode each night. I stopped texting them, as my mom warned it was the easiest thing to hack,

Summer 2018

(153 days until December 2): - "Hey, Dad, what's up?" It was Tuesday.

and was under strict warnings from her

not to talk about 'sensitive' information on

\* \* \*

the phone. I could never keep track of it

My dad rarely called on a Tuesday. - "Nothing, just calling to see how

was working at a summer camp, I had plenty to tell my dad about, things that I would not have mentioned had he not called, but he had never called me to ask about a job in the middle of the week with no agenda. It wasn't familiar By the time I'd gotten through the stories, I'd probably been on the phone with my dad for fifteen minutes, unusual for a call with only my dad. I assumed my mom was home as well, so I asked to talk to her.

"Mom's in California for a little while." My mom never traveled without my dad. - "Wait, what? California?! What's she doing in California?

 "She's visiting some old friends. Do you remember those lawyers who lived down on Rhode Island Avenue? They live out there somewhere. Somewhere that starts with an M, I don't remember - "Monterey." These people are not her friends. They are not her enemies, but they were not her friends. She has not

mentioned them in 30 years. "Yeah. that sounds right." - "It's Monterey, why is she visiting

something.

- "She thought they could help her with Dr. Smith.' - "Ok, whatever, perfect timing. Dad, mom is not doing well. We need to do

- "What are we gonna do?" He was calm. "She won't listen to you, and she'll think you're one of them, that 'they' got to you. Did you talk to your sister?" - "Probably, fine, oh well, Yes, dad; she agrees with me. We thought we could talk to her psychiatrist directly, so mom wouldn't know. My doctor says he doesn't have to acknowledge that mom is his patient or respond, but if he sees

- "No, no. No. She's been seeing him for years. He's not going to listen to you." - "I just need you to tell me the name on her prescription bottle and I can probably find his email address or one for the office." "No, we're not doing that.

I talked to my dad every day for the two weeks that my mom was in California.

that we're worried, he might...

My mom even called once while she was out west. I missed that called too, so she left a message. She claimed her reception was terrible in Monterey, and that if I tried to call, she wouldn't be able to answer. I assumed it was her flip phone that was causing the problems and thought nothing of it. She sounded cheerful and relaxed for the first time in a while. It almost convinced me that something had changed in her head.

Winter 2019

(33 days after December 2): "Dad, did you know? I mean, did you have any idea?" My dad shook his head but then shifted his weight and look at

– "Zach, do you remember last summer when mom was in California." - "Yeah...?"

- "Mom wasn't visiting her friends. Well, she was... she tried to visit them, but she basically knocked on their door, unannounced, in the middle of dinner. maybe with guests, it wasn't clear, and just started pleading for help, so they called the cops. Anyway, they called to tell me what happened after the cops took mom to the hospital." He stopped – "Who, the lawyers?"

- "Ok, so what happened?" I was not prepared for his answer. - "Well, she shows up, right, bangs on their door, waits... And when they answer, she just started yelling about Dr. Smith. He's following her; he's hired people to steal our information through the wireless network; whatever she said. They said they didn't recognize her, she didn't identify herself, and so they just called the cops. They must have kept her talking or something because if she thought they had gotten to them too, she would have disappeared."

"What do you mean "she would have disappeared?" Dad, this is exactly why we wanted to talk to her doctor last summer. She wasn't taking the right medicine."

My dad looked up from the floor. -"She would have just done this sooner, Zach. If she thought they had gotten to you or the doctor she would have done this then. When she left for California, she said she wasn't coming back. She was going to disappear like your uncle did."

"Dad, he had paranoid schizophrenia and thought his boss was following him around the country. We still don't know where he is." He looked at me. It was one of those moments when you can tell someone needs you to get the hint, so they won't be forced to say the punchline. I got it.

Yeah, I got it.

- "Dad, I knew mom wasn't being followed, I just didn't know she was suicidal. I told you nothing was happening, she was imagining it. I tried to get you to send me pictures. She just kept telling me not to worry about it. Wait." I interrupted myself. "If she wasn't going to come back, why did she?" "She was in a mental hospital in California. Her friends didn't press charges, so they took her to a psych hospital, and they must have given her some medicine that helped. I talked to

she wanted to come home, but still went to North Carolina." - "That's why she called me! She called me that one time and told me her reception was really bad. The medicine must have made her think to go to Anne's, for some reason, and then come home." I knew the reason. She was saying goodbye to her oldest friend. She stayed in Raleigh for three weeks. - "She didn't have a charger for her phone, so she could only use the hospital phones. But she didn't want you

her every day. She seemed better, said

to see the number, so one of the nurses charged her phone for her one day." – "Wait, so if mom was taking the right medicine, why did she do this?" "She stopped taking it when she left the - "Goddammit! We were going to try, Dad!" I could feel the hurt rising in my

chest, unfairly angled toward my father at that moment. He looked at me calmly and said, "Zach, you didn't live with her through this, ok. I did. There was nothing we could have done by the time you and Clare had that idea. We would have just lost her

My friend took me to Rudy's that night; it

sooner."

was about 11-pm when we arrived. I drank quickly and told her the story and anyone within earshot, and she listened just trying to be supportive and understand the bizarre story of my family. That was the last time I closed out a bar. I know I made it home safely that night, but I don't remember how. I don't remember much of that week until my friend from California arrived on Wednesday evening to help me drive from Connecticut to Maryland. We drove a slow route and didn't get to Maryland until 11-pm. I drove to pick-up my friend in White Plains and into Pennsylvania. For the second half of the drive, I asked my friend to take over. I didn't think I would be able to control the vehicle once we reached the Baltimore suburbs. As we crossed the Mason-Dixon line. I had flashbacks to the Saturday after thanksgiving just twelve days prior. On a lazy afternoon with my parents, my mom suggested we watch a movie, not an uncommon occurrence after having the cable, internet, and telephone line disconnected. At the time, I didn't think twice about the idea. The choice itself was not even particularly out of character The Conspirator, a historical fiction about the mother of John Wilkes Booth. (It didn't raise suspicion: I was oblivious.) My parents often watched television and films about the American Civil War. I watched it from start to finish and had no way to interpret that message. In the final scene, Mary Surratt stands atop gallows in defiance of the US government, with a noose around her neck. She is hanged for keeping secret the whereabouts of

That was the last time I saw my

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