

OTHER, ETC.
A CATALOG OF ANYTHING
BUT ARCHITECTURE

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EDITORS' STATEMENT

When Le Corbusier wrote *Towards a New Architecture*, he found his argument in the zeitgeist established by industrial production and modes of modern transportation. He produced one of the key manifestos of modernism using his obsession with technologies of the time as a springboard. This cross-pollination is not an isolated incident; many prominent architects have used non-architectural sources for inspiration; Eisenman: linguistics, Venturi and Scott Brown: signage and billboards, Hadid: Constructivist paintings. Architects have also become well known for their work outside of architecture: the Eames' *Powers of Ten* and furniture, Michelangelo for paintings and sculptures, Jefferson as president of the United States. OMA even started a research branch, AMO, to explore problems that architecture is not able to solve.

Valuable ideas can be found in many, sometimes unexpected places. In this issue, we encourage everyone to look at our collective interests, musings and obsessions not as unrelated pastimes or frivolous distractions, but as rigorous research projects, valuable idea incubators, and necessary inspirations. It is our belief that by looking at anything *but* architecture, we can find value and potential in our smallest ideas.

ITADAKIMASU Matthew Liu, M.Arch I, '20

With the highest density of eateries in the world, Japan doubles the United States in restaurant per person, and that's excluding the 50,000+ convenience stores which stock freshly prepared meals at least twice a day. Food is taken seriously in Japan. It takes a decade to become a sushi chef. One learns to wash the rice for up to two years before even being allowed to cut the fish.

The Japanese Confucian practice, *hara hachi bu* (eat until 80% full), is not applicable to Osakans, as the saying, *kuidaore* (eat until you drop), is more applicable. Having spent the past 3 months in Osaka, I have attacked my "foodventures" in 15 of the 47 prefectures with this mentality, resulting in a broad vocabulary of traditional and modern Japanese cuisine. This guide sheds light on regional delicacies for your next trip to the land of the rising sun (or Sushi on Chapel). View the food highlights on [@makyth.matt](#) for a visual guide.

Izakaya/Streetfood

YAKINIKU: Grilled meat. Restaurants have a selection of cuts varying in quality and fat. You will smell of smoke afterwards.

YAKITORI: Skewered, bite-sized grilled chicken. Nothing goes to waste. You will find skin, livers and innards. The type of grill and charcoal also adds a smoky flavor and char. *Binchotan* (white oak charcoal) is most commonly used in Japan.

TAKOYAKI: Grilled flour batter balls filled with minced or diced octopus. The balls are flipped every few seconds on a special high-temperature plate to ensure an evenly cooked batter, so be careful not to burn your mouth. (Osaka)

EIHIRE: Dried stingray fin grilled until edges are crispy. Eaten with salt, chili flakes and mayo.

TORISASHI: Raw chicken cut into strips. Occasionally, the outside is seared just long enough for added flavor and texture. Beware of izakayas not specializing in chicken or sashimi as you are more likely to upset your stomach if the pieces are not cut correctly. (Kagoshima)

OKONOMIYAKI: Originating in Osaka, the word translates to 'whatever you want grilled'. The batter is the key ingredient. It usually includes shredded lettuce and meat. *Monjayaki* in Tokyo is similar, but thinner. (Osaka, Hiroshima)

TEBASAKI: Fried savory chicken wingtips, at low and high temperatures for the perfect juicy/crispy balance. (Nagoya)

HONETSUKIDORI: Grilled chicken thigh on the bone. Choose between young (plump and soft) and mature (firmer and stronger aftertaste). (Kagawa)

KUSHIKATSU: Deep fried food on a stick which you submerge into a communal savory sauce. No double dipping. (Osaka)

ODEN: A la carte broth-boiled dishes, including fishcakes, konjac, daikon, tofu. (Osaka)

TEMPURA: Fried vegetables/seafood. I recommend the kelp on daikon and urchin wrapped in shiso leaf.

CHANKO NABE: Stewed ingredients in a dashi/chicken broth. Used as a protein-heavy weight-gain diet for sumo wrestlers.

DASHIMAKI: Delicately rolled omelette in a pool of dashi soup. The simple yet hard to perfect dish often acts as an indicator of the restaurant's quality.

Noodles

RAMEN: The four main broths include miso, *shoyu* (soy sauce), *shio* (salt) and *tonkotsu* (pork bone). Toppings and noodles are customizable to include various meats and vegetables.

CHAMPON: Found in the south, this noodle dish fries pork, seafood, and vegetables in lard, in which, the ramen noodles are also simmered. (Nagasaki)

SOBA: Thin buckwheat noodles, usually dipped in cold/hot sauces or broths. (Nagano)

SOMEN: Thinly stretched, air-dried wheat noodles commonly served chilled with soy sauce and dashi broths.

UDON: Thick wheat noodle served either hot or cold in clear broths or dipping sauces. Kagawa is renowned for its udon production, firmer and more rectangular in profile due to the way it is cut and kneaded. Hotou udon from Kawaguchiko is stewed in a miso base. (Kagawa)

Dessert

WARABIMOCCHI: Bracken starch-based clear mochi covered in soy bean powders. The perfect way to enjoy this sweet dish is to sit in a garden or temple tea room with a cup of bitter matcha tea. (Kyoto)

DANGO: Opaque, skewered, sticky dumpling made from glutinous rice flour, usually covered in a shoyu or red bean sauce.

YOKAN: Thick and firm block jelly made from agar and bean paste. These are a popular souvenirs amongst the Japanese as many prefectures make them differently.



LIFE-SIZE: A CRITICAL REREVIEW Alicia Jones, M.Arch I, '21

It's strange to watch a film and realize you possess two conflicting opinions. One is critical and rational while the other is tethered to emotion and memory. When *Life-Size* first came out in early 2000, it became a seminal movie for me, a 9-year-old girl. It was emblematic of the term "girl power." In the film, through an otherworldly series of events, a young girl unwittingly brings a doll, Eve, to life. Eve learns a valuable lesson that girls don't need to be perfect, nor do they need to adhere to stereotypical standards of femininity. However, watching it now, I cringe at the dated views of women and girls. A movie that is meant to denounce absurd female stereotypes, at the same time reaffirms them.

I'm aware of the film's indisputable flaws. I recognize character inconsistencies, the conventional mythos, and the abundant plot holes, but at the same time I am enthralled, because with it I am catapulted back to a simpler time. I am driven by nostalgia.

The feeling of nostalgia is almost intrusive, tempting you to indulge in it even when you wish to detach from it. Nostalgia is powerful, not because it draws you back to an authentic past, but rather to a romanticized one.

Life-Size is one example which feeds this nostalgia, not just in the security you feel, but in its storytelling. The story is a generic one, but there is comfort in retelling old stories and knowing what happens next. It's the same reason Disney can reboot any film with nominal changes to the original story. They're banking on the value of nostalgia.

Nostalgia can be productive if we allow for reflection and are able to move forward, but often it is a device that allows us to remain stagnant. We should question the benefits of nostalgia and be cognizant of how it may influence our thinking.



PIT OF NO ILLUSIONS Colin Chudyk, M.Arch I, '21

In the back of a gift shop in Montana you can purchase an otherworldly experience for two dollars. After paying your fee, you walk down a long white tunnel and emerge into a vast yellow crater. A bright blue lake sits before you, surrounded by cliffs. There is only sky, water, and barren earth. You could be in a James Turrell project, but then you hear the obnoxious wail of an ambulance and the sound of agitated voices. In the distance you can make out what appears to be an enormous insect, harassing a flock of geese. Screeching birds, electronic zaps, bleeps, honks, and cannon fire echo across the water. You wonder what planet you are on before remembering that you came to see the Berkeley Pit, the storied Superfund site and ticking time bomb that will unleash its toxic load into the Columbia River watershed in the year 2023. The screeching and bleeping are coming from a Phoenix Wailer, a device for scaring off birds so they don't die in the poisonous blue lake. The giant insect is an antiavian drone. The booming is a propane cannon. You came for the sublime and got a taste of the absurd.

Like others before you, who in prior centuries paid three shillings to experience the illusory thrill of a phantasmagoria show or an encounter with a fantastical panoramic painting under a sky lit rotunda, you paid a small fee for an unworldly experience. But unlike them, you are living in the Anthropocene and need no illusions. You are here to witness the brink of a real environmental disaster. Theatrical terrors are reserved exclusively for the birds.

This is only the latest chapter in the ongoing story of the Richest Hill in America. What began as a destitute mining camp in 1864 exploded into the scrappy sin city of Butte by the 1890s. Driven by unprecedented demand for copper as the electrical grid forked its way across the nation, 10,000 miles of mine workings soon honeycombed the hill. By the 1960s an open pit mine was established right in the middle of town. Whole neighborhoods were razed to make way. Some buildings were moved. The Holy Saviour church was simply buried.

After about twenty years, the pit was abandoned. The pumps were shut off and ground water began to trickle back into what had been pumped dry for 100 years. The water didn't stop. It flooded the miles and miles of tunnels beneath the pit, picking up copper, arsenic, cadmium, and zinc along the way, leaving it acidic enough to eviscerate any snow goose that stops for a drink.

The countdown is on. Water has been rising at a rate of seven feet per year, and there are only about thirty feet to go before the toxic landform begins to disgorge its inner holdings. As long as the water is kept below the critical level everything will be fine, authorities insist. In fact, this is exactly what they have in mind. The pit will be maintained in its precarious state *in perpetuity*. Treatment is slated to begin any day now, assuming nothing unexpected happens. Meanwhile, 2023 is drawing near.

So step right up, folks, perpetuity is a long time and the townspeople see a bright future. A new generation of toxic tourists are eager for an authentic disaster experience that only costs two dollars. Even the local coffee shop serves a fair-trade macchiato called Pit Water, but that will probably cost you more like five.

BEST THRIFT Deo Deiparine, Thomas Mahon, X. Christine Pan, M.Arch I, '20

What's the best thing you've gotten on a thrift?

Deo I picked up this super loose-fitting Guess button down. It has a courtly drape, truly billowing if I tuck it into my pants. I like how the short sleeves hang down like a cape. It has an outrageous blue and white leaf print all over it, something like a Jurassic-period plant or a Matisse cutout. The material is a kind of synthetic, crinkled fabric—impossible to wrinkle—and it pretty much obliterates your shape. Just a cloud of static; then your neck and forearms come out of it. If you wear your jeans high-waisted then you get that sort of 80's, boxy silhouette. It's like, the shirt hops through time or is out-of-time. Precambrian—Victorian—Impressionist—Reaganite—MTV. Am I a Romantic poet? No. Less steampunky, more powerpunk. A botanist. A beat poet. A buccaneer.

A couple of times that I've worn it, someone asks me where it's from and I have to say it—they started it, they realize the next second after they ask but it's too late—I have to say to them: Guess.

Where did you find it?

Thomas All of my best clothes come from St. Raphael's Auxiliary Thrift (St. Raph's), up Chapel Street. The integration of St. Raph's with its namesake hospital might make the clothing's provenance a little suspect (did someone die in this ruffled shirt? Maybe in this bloody gown?). But at these prices, who could say no?

I once had the luck of being in there for a Bag Sale—fill up a brown bag with whatever you want for \$7. Before I could fill one bag, a young woman came in and filled ten. As she was checking out, one of the nice ladies behind the counter asked her, "where was she from; where was she taking these clothes?" The one-word reply: "...Brooklyn."

At that moment, I saw before me a vision of the thriftological terrain of the greater NYC area. The city sits at the bottom of a regional basin to which, compelled by natural laws, all worthy clothing must trickle. St. Raph's of New Haven is a fresh mountain spring which feeds the pricey vintage stores in the valley below. Here I was, tapping it at the source.

How do you find the good stuff?

Christine I have a gentle aversion to buying books at full price. The reluctance stems from an innate knowledge that I *will* be able to find the exact book I'm looking for, maybe not immediately, but probably before I die from need. This knowledge, of course, relies on my personal compulsion to frequent every used bookstore and book sale I see.

Heaps of used books are overwhelming; my technique is to go in with a few authors in mind to get warmed up. Practice will make you wiser, and you'll learn to recognize preferred publishers by book spine design. Maintain a mental catalog of what you already own, and keep your physical library organized. If you choose to arrange by color, it will be beautiful but impractical, and people will judge you.

There was a place called "Hub's" on Mecklenburg Road in Trumansburg, NY that was mostly just a shed filled to the brim with "antiques." It was only open on weekends, and owned by an extremely brusque (read: mean) father-son duo, presumably one of them named Hub. It smelled like many mice, and I could never stomach a deep dive, but one of my friends was a devotee. From sheer tenacity alone, he once found a first edition of Ed Ruscha's *Every Building on the Sunset Strip* among the detritus, and so can you. Happy hunting.



A DESERT AESTHETIC Angela Lufkin, M.Arch I, '21

Sometime in the spring of my freshman year at Arizona State University, likely when the palo verde trees were in their dreamy, yellow bloom, I caught a feverish bug for what I called the "desert aesthetic." Though I'd lived in Phoenix my entire life, it never before occurred to me that the Southwest is different from other places. It's a weird and mystical land full of Dr. Seuss-looking plants, bolo ties, sculptural rock formations, and people who actively believe in "vortex energy," a term you'll have to google because there's a lot there. From then on, I only wanted to wear "desert clothes,"—thrifted, kitschy, flowing, sometimes bejeweled—and fantasize about a utopian and dust-flavored version of aesthetic regionalism. It was 2012. I was eighteen. I made a tumblr account ([d-desert.tumblr.com](#)), should you need the proof.

Though the clothing outlasted the tumblr, which I lost enthusiasm for after a month, I didn't actually end up sequestering myself in a sunbaked wasteland to start an Arcosanti of my own (or at least, I haven't yet). But I also haven't been able to shake this quiet, sometimes loud, desert obsession which evidently has a power of its own.

Earlier this year, I was back home playing bingo with my siblings at my grandmother's senior center. My older sister, who has a watercolor saguaro tattooed next to a succulent-crowned cow skull on her forearm and an "I <3 State 48" bumper sticker on her Honda, was losing like the rest of us. As we switched sheets, she pulled a glimmering array of crystals from her purse, rubbed them between her hands and, one by one, placed them around her game board. A few minutes later, she won the round.

WEIRD OF FOREST PENS

Anne Ma, M.Arch I, '16

If I told you how much my most coveted pen is worth, you would probably think I'm completely bananas. It's a pen, for goodness' sake! But I'm here to tell you, it isn't *just* a pen. Like most budding architecture students with starry eyes and a taste for fancy stationery, I picked up a Lamy Safari fountain pen back in 2008. I thought this was the fanciest pen I could ever own, with its streamlined steel nib and unique paperclip style cap.

Enter 2014: one boring afternoon in studio while browsing the internet. I discovered one of the biggest time sinks and wallet destroyers to enter my starving-student life. There are other pens than the Lamy that both look cool and are more sophisticated than a Sakura Micron? You bet. Pens have variety in the most minute ways: barrel shapes, lengths, intricate finial and clip details, weight, nib thicknesses, twist or snap caps, converter or piston filling. Pens are also made of what feels like a library of all the materials you could make your studio models out of. There is no shortage of variation to this obsession, and while I have a little less weight in my bank account, it is worth it.

I believe nothing is mightier to the designer than the pen, so why not overcomplicate and explore all the ways we can put pen to paper. In an effort to share this can of worms that I've opened, I even started a blog to document my collection: weirdoforestpens.wordpress.com.



ON REVERIE: AFTER ROUSSEAU

Gabriel Gutierrez Huerta,
M.Arch II, '21

As it trended towards the apex of its cultural relevance in the late nineteenth century, the meaning of *reverie* began to expand and mutate. Derived from the French verb *rêver* (to dream), reverie propagated countless iterations of an idea about undirected, trance-like cognitive states. Yet unlike passing daydreams, reverie depicted an intentional deep dive into the subconscious, freeing the mind from the temporal world even as it reflected upon it—a hovering state of partial awareness akin to free association.

Creative writers and artists presented reverie as a generative experience of ontological pleasure and visionary inspiration, while the majority of Victorian psychology treated any unstructured mental state with persistent suspicion. Between 1830 and 1870, a number of medical and philosophical treatises classified reverie as a disorder or disease, following Erasmus Darwin's work, *Zoonomia*, in which the renowned physician aligned reverie with sleep, vertigo, and drunkenness as imperfect sensorial forms of suspended volition.¹ In an era consumed with a sense of progress and self-control, indulgence in altered states of consciousness was deemed dangerous, risking slippage into solipsism and immorality. Perhaps unsurprisingly, reverie's relatives included Stendhal syndrome, a condition of ecstasy triggered when confronted with objects of great beauty; and Lisztomania, the outbreak of hysteria associated with Franz Liszt's fans during his performances.

Among those who cultivated reverie as a stimulus for artistic creation was the philosopher and writer Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Most evident in his *Reveries of a Solitary Walker*, Rousseau regarded composition as a direct expression of reverie, demonstrating a continuous process in which imagination and sensibility are constantly responsive to the work they themselves engender. Rousseau's book and its success helped shape subsequent ideas about the nature and efficacy of reverie in exploring the subconscious mind. The book became a poetic exhibit of the benefits to reveling in experiences that circumvent conscious, rational thought. Constructing this mental space, however, ironically required a specific set of environmental conditions for Rousseau: high altitudes, vast panoramas, vegetation, water, certain sounds (birds and leaves) and smells (flowers, especially orange blossoms), and even particular seasons (summer or autumn) defined a catalog of interchangeable elements that were most conducive to the onset of reverie.² If the process of inciting modes of altered consciousness seems familiar it is because reverie's progeny includes various forms of psychotherapy and elements of Surrealist painting.

Considering reverie within a contemporary context can seem both absurd and fitting. While our era is far removed from Victorian ideals, notions of social and cognitive pathologies resonate in a culture of rampant technology, social media anxiety, and attention deficit disorder. Yet despite the expanding list of maladies, technology—or rather, our use of it—continues to produce inspiring possibilities for shaping and inhabiting our environments, both on-screen and IRL. Our state of distraction becomes normal, welcome, even ideal. How much of creative production is synthesizing the *Other/Etc.* of our psyche, and how has the amalgamation of our natural and digital worlds become a part of it?

More than ever, we have the capacity to design processes and mediums; the sensorial experience of Rousseau's oneiric domain fits in our pockets and is accessible from anywhere. How might the intersection of Rousseauian reverie and contemporary culture inform new modes of artistic consciousness? As we drift towards our inevitable, digitized future, we can contemplate methods that make our culture not one of disorders, but of exquisite creation.

1. Natalie Mera Ford, "The Interpretation of Daydreams: Reverie as Site of Conflict in Early Victorian Psychology," in *Conflict and Difference in Nineteenth-Century Literature*, eds. Dinah Birch and Mark Llewellyn, (London Palgrave Macmillan, 2010)

2. Jean-Jacques Rousseau and J.M.Cohen, *The Confessions of Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, (London Penguin Books, 1953)



MCDONALD'S RAP

Rukshan Vathupola
M.Arch I, '20

Sweaty palms, heavy arms, weakening knees
Super Size Me, extra order of fries please
and a side of mystery meat
neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral
better thrill the grillz with deep fried miracles
Simple pre-prepared paper meals,
served over plastic table tops,
as well as red and yellow window sills

Quarter pounder, fed from another quarter
found around the counter
soft beef until they turn up the heat with a piece
raw, medium, well-done or burnt to a crisp
Ashes to ashes, a mind to mind peace
till your deep fried sides start to seize
Trading time for a Dollar Menu three-piece
Plus cream and coffee for a dollar store fee
around everything, cash rules me
Mickie, Mickie, Mickie, can't you see
somehow your foods just hypnotize me

Sacrifice your pay for Good fillet o'fish Fridays
pray they may keep the golden arches at bay
Delayed, just to come back on Easter Sunday
my big cousin's getting bigger every day
moving weight, not anything to celebrate
debating whether it's food or just another craving to satiate
an appetite is a terrible thing to incarcerate
always behind food bars, like DOOM under the silver face

Always worry whether they can get a McFlurry
In a hurry to get chow down together from the clown
however the ice cream machine is always down
Reverse the order, need a McFly to turn time around
Time to frown, even though I'm lovin it
Mcdonalds hasn't seen nothing yet



NOTES ON FLOOF

Sasha Zwiebel, M.Arch I, '21

The charmingly ignorant beauty of a tiny, overly-fluffy pup commandeers my attention so powerfully that I cannot look away. Vacuous smiles of Pomeranians, Chihuahuas, Spitzes, and the like populate my social media feed so much so that I have woken up from a k-hole of content, unaware of how many minutes I have shaved off my lifespan.

The proliferation of dog images has accelerated with social media but the desire for portraits of dogs dates back much further. In the late 19th century, Maud Earl, one of the few established female artists at the time, had a successful career painting animals for Queen Victoria and other royal patrons. In addition to specifically commissioned oil paintings, she also made smaller photogravures to be reproduced and affordably sold. Earl's photogravure *Professional Beauties* depicts three, well-pampered Pomeranians with their ears and tails perked up attentively watching something out of the frame. The white background abstractly depicts depth but gives no sense of place, leaving the toy dogs to dominate the composition. These are show dogs from a family that can afford to pamper them and train them to look beautiful. Earl depicts them with a regal beauty fit to sway the judge's decision. Because this piece is a photogravure, we can deduce that there was a wide audience for images of beautiful dogs representing a wealthier aspirational lifestyle.

Even today, the Pomeranian represents an aspirational lifestyle. However, the audience for dog imagery craves a "floofier" sort of beauty, a cuteness beyond compare, a dumb Cumlord[™] to melt our hearts and ease our anxieties. This shift from regal beauty to floofy beauty in the portrayal of the dog may reveal a larger shift in what we desire.

*Insta: @cumlord_unofficial

I can't tell my parents
I'm a philosopher
I blame the MC Escher
book my parents kept
on our coffee table
Strawberry palm tree
Ghost pipe
Pohutukawa tree
Polka dot plant
Anemone
Lilium japonicum
A fuzzy little cactus
One of those windswept
Monterey Cypress
trees that grow
along Highway 1
Cogongrass
Bark
Something rough and
gritty like volcanic rock
Splatter paint on bicycles
Stippling
Evenly spaced dots
Light through water
White noise
Waffle towel
Photo scan of autoclaved
aerated concrete
Terrazzo (for now)
Grid :) I'm basic
Natural sisal texture,
absolutely blank
no pattern pattern
Suede all the frickin way!!!
One for too many socks
One
One drawer of
extraordinary size
Always need one more
4-5
Would prefer a closet
6
Probaby six
6, this is a fact
7 large drawers
Ask me again when I
finally buy a dresser
20?
What are the dimensions?
An infinite number of
infinitely small
dresser drawers
Knitting is cool
Unpopularity is a
relative concept
Chicken nuggets are
so dry they aren't
even good
Ketchup should not exist
Peanut butter should
be refrigerated
Peanut butter and
chocolate aren't
meant to go together