had. I also found suondəələd inə səns

of the arguments we and completely differopinions on major life is-We had radically different sometimes hated me. "rater" am ballso -van and hour I

Within these written 'splow уеагя been sealed for many permission, I opened the diary that had

but had never shown them to one another. With her ter and I had both kept a diary for the past ten years, materials. To my surprise, I discovered that my sis-I returned to my hometown to search for original ed us back together.

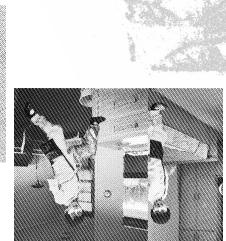
still possessed similar hobbies and customs that reunitthough we endeavored to be separate individuals, we we deliberately built individual social circles, but alone gift, opportunity, or resource. As we grew older, conflict with each other, especially when there was just constant companions, but we were also in constant flict? When we were younger my sister and I were our relationship ultimately one of harmony or conmon,? What characteristics make us different? Is sister, I ask myself: what traits do we have in com When I consider my relationship with my twin

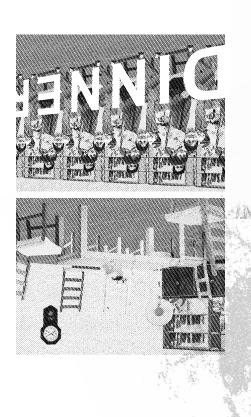
.sinonments. effect than nurture with respect to development. Ac-In the article "The History of Twins, As a Criteve are used to it.

and are frequently mistaken for one another, by now We have been together from birth through university, es in appearance or voice between my sister and me. Growing up as a twin, I often heard this sentiment

comes. You two are the same."

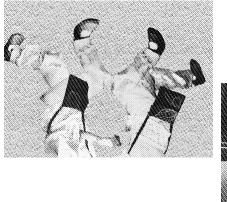
ΠΙΊ ΙΔΝΙΧ Twin But Different





sense of bittersweet nostalgia. ries of conversations, whispers, and giggles, forcing a DNA develop similar traits despite being in different ist but strange space from pastime filled with memocording to his study, identical twins with 99,9% shared complex mixture of nostalgia and monument, a famil-Finally I visited the virtual family room which was a Francis Galton concluded that nature has a larger who find profoundness and indifference in each other. rion of the Relative Powers of Nature and Nurture," terpretation of the relationship between two people forgiveness and forgetting. Perhaps this is the best inportrays endless arguments and fights, which end in nostalgic atmosphere and childhood scenes, the story mation titled "HOT DINNER". In this recreation of but Different, a book Sister & Sister, and a loop aniduring my childhood. There are no tangible differenc- and real objects, manifesting as the installation Similar The reconstructed room combined virtual images ship and transformation.

al "family room," to provide context for our relation-"It doesn't matter if either the elder sister or the younger sister stories. I immediately conceived of the idea of a virtuthese precious mementos compelled me to tell our family photos from our birthday celebrations and



people to watch while letting themselves be watched, a positively connoted social relationship, a spectacle for work, the mere act of 'sharing' transforms into the image of a the definition of a precise context for critical analysis. In his warmth of a soup, fluid and blurry.

oreign and most probably idealized, centerpiece of togetherness, conviviality and participation. Rinkrit Tiravanija has continued producing art which ceptual pretext vowed to disappear in favor of the real jand aesthetic criteria? And is the former excluding the latter? produced by the artist, acted only as a placeholder, a con- cess of creation, or could we discuss in terms of architectural ipants. The food, even though the only material element fined? Is the radical new place' to be found in the shared prothe artist and the public, as well as and among the partic- social and collective, how should architecture's reality be de-ly to the artist's ambitions, the creation of relations between isself, and hopefully beyond the tautology of relations between plate of the prepared meal for free, encouraging according ling away from the rather limiting concept of 'architecture is tion of meals. During the opening, all visitors could have a place which can be collectively but precisely imagined? Mov-

into a kitchen used by the artist for the preparaconsisted in transforming the space of the gallery defined his entire subsequent artistic trajectory, Retzepi Paula Allen gallery in New York. The piece, which adı mi///(isdT bsq) 0991 bəhimU" əsəsiq zid bəzi In 1990, the artist Rirkrit Tiravanija real-

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something outside the commonplace of the present. but ironically, both towards the idealized comfort of ing away from it, moving in two different directions symptoms of reality's rejection and motors for turnfrom the present. Both nostalgia and utopia are exist, a flawless imaginary context, a place detached ton soob doint of a place which does not in gvad ingim atopu bus siglsted have in exist but whose constitutive characteristics one can the longing for a 'non-place', a place which doesn't and 'topos' meaning 'place', contrastingly designates reach. 'Utopia', from the Greek 'ou' meaning 'not', return to a place or to a situation no longer within ot sureaning 'pain', designating a painful desire to word from the Greek 'nostos' meaning 'return', and pian visions of the future. 'Nostalgia' is a compound nostalgic longing for something in the past, and utoed somewhere along the fine drawn between the Let's assume that the acceptance of reality is situat-

lacked of clear artistic and social intentions, content, and face of reality and the burden of responsibility towards the limitations of Tiravanija's work, positing that it lacked clear- its most nostable materialization, that is, away from the ugly and Relational Aesthetics" from 2004, Bishop underlines the bestid, positioned or exchanged, a place of utopic freedom in is the provocation of rela-tions. In her article "Antagonism others," The artist creates a platform upon which things can relational aesthetics, a form of art whose main medium as they wish, and to share what they bring or find with the produced art complying to what Nicolas Bourriand termed. [fellow visitors. [...] The visitors are invited to use the house that of many other artists who during the 1990s and 2000s the actor of his own environment, in the interaction with his extensively upon the work of Rirkrit Tiravanija, along with 🏄 the habitat. Thus, the Spectator becomes the inventor and The art historian and critic Claire Bishop has written , invites the visitor to invest in theirwest the two platforms of in Paris. According to the press release, "Rirkrit Tiravanija the participants, a place which may be imagined but remains into was installed inside the gallery space Chantal Crousel. treme individualism, a new 'place' for the sharing enacted by [ 1998 a wooden reproduction of Le Corbusier's maison domof platform, a context challenging the existing reality of ex- second of discussions among the visitors. In a similar line, in a gallery. Tiraranija's intention was the creation of some kind, with the creation of a wooden platform serving as the backthe experience of sharing food inside the sanitized context of exhibiting the works of sixty artists and architects, concurrent There is something rudimentary, almost archaic, in proposing with Molly Nesbit and Hans Ulrich Obrist. It consisted in spaces, and thus their accessibility, openness and intentions. I in the 2003 Venice Biennial, which he co-curated together western arts consisting in challenging the limits of exhibition Among a very long list, the project "Utopia Station" presented His work can be read in the line of an existing traditioning the secons preoccupied with the provocation of social relations.

there a defined, common ground of arrival, a desired 👔 front reality and not its idealized, nostalgic image? Is and essential, but the question becomes, how to con platforms facilitating participation, is both healthy reality of architecture by means of socially driven professional spheres. Questioning the established contemporary architecture, both in academic and gradually acquired a central place in the debate of tive practices and student initiatives, which have ing number of architectural collectives, alterna-This attitude can be measured through the growwards social and environmental urgesurgencies. malism, in the pursuit of a critical position toseems to detach itself from its self referential for-In architecture, the contemporary discourse

der which criteria should one judge the work of art? is not, rather than in what it could be? In the end, unnostalgic in its painful insistence on what the present image of togetherness, tempting but inherently And are we able to surpass the reassuring but flat Can the sole process of participating be political? emerge, and for the present to be critically perceived? 'sharing' create the conditions for new 'places' to ized non-reality. Extending Bishop's criticism, can nostalgic vision of performing inside an ideal-



#### Соловейко (Nightingale) OSVALD LANDMARK

It's been 6 months of war in Europe and the Russian invasion one of which is called "Соловейко" (Nightingale). Find the of Ukraine created a before and an after: the lives of all Ukrainians were instantaneously changed and their former reality

became memories of peace in the presence of war. Reminded of the ephemerality of peace, borders and homes, the World has been watching as the people of Ukraine unhesitatingly to this day are making impossible decisions and inconceivable acts of resistance. The war is an inter-generational event causing traumas of earlier wars to resurface, but its melancholy and longing for peace is also tying together a people in crisis.

The nightingale is the national bird of Ukraine and is known for its beautiful and melancholic voice. Under the invasion it is not the song of the nightingale, but the air raid sirens A special thanks to the ones who supported me and helped me translate that occupies the sky. The eire mechanical song of the sirens, the lyrics while their family or they themselves were directly influenced be it far away from the song of the nightingale, still do transmit by the war a song of similar sadness and urgency in its alarm call. The song symbolizes danger and creates a void in which people on MARYNA ZEVAKO the ground are faced with the decision of leaving their homes ORYSIA ZABEIDA or to stay hidden. In the sky, the international air ways are rerouted and the birds unaware of the border lines below fly in any direction away from the bomb shelling, away from danger.

The video consists of found footage from the Russian invasion of Ukraine February 24th-28th 2022 and is set to the sound of three Ukrainian folk songs

**Jh in the cherry** 

Vightingale

ne nightingale

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PETER TRANELUND KARINA SULIM MISHA DAVYDOV

Kozak did not retu in a foreign land stranger ð Iried ed Ð

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**Vightingale** 

And chirps

chir

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# -Charlotte Bayer-Broc

are worn away, the landscape is an architecture." and the surrounding sea of dunes: the buildings is set in time immemorial. the building from which the work organizes itself favorites) hardly varies. The plating arrangement ti schen interversibly blurs the distinction between – mas) is clearly set the night before. The menu (my  $\sqrt{10}$  melts down on the city maps, a movement of - a bore. The attire (a clean set of traing each other. When the maquette literal- errand task is ever too much of collage of forms and stuff, constantly interpen- share of story in return. And no the like. The outdoor space then appears as a quandaries arise without their cy views to measures, geological samples and fielded preoccupies our minds. No the exterior space, from old, framed estate agen- mid-conversation. No questions left unlation the elements that represent and compose state of making sense. No silence falls vist or an archaeologist, reassemble in a constel- Things here live in an ever-present would an explorer, a traveler-botanist, an archi- to know. space. The inside is the place from which we, as – into the world, stew over the things we had come Elsa Brès teaches us how to look at a mutating stage for wisdom, as we, collectively looking out a necessary condition for perception, in which community to emerge. And so this became the and architecture, Stella is a film about work as ed for providing the material necessary for this ing the traditional opposition between nature big enough for human use, but is adequately suitauthority of geometry becomes graspable. Waiv- aged to proliferate the rear yard that isn't quite between the instability of earthly matter and the in a search for birds and squirrels that have manrelationship as we eat waffles. And through which, we share ° ә q milieu where mits the morning sun to fill the table with light ן איז איז

And everybody is still there.

erecting Stel- situated firmly behind the console, which per-

ІОЕХ КЕІСН

Your Favorite Place

<u>in The World.</u>

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e gains rodala landscapes, the and sorting them them are scans of tween these things there is room left thick enough ting together a heap of documents, collecting which our gazes are continually concerned. Befront of this swaying landscape, hands are put- bar to the side of the kitchen and the console over one they engulf the steep plan of the city. In people who most occupy its memory subdues the horizon moves at the pace of the dunes, one by main subdued. The presence of the table and the In the deep night [in the deep of the night], the ble cloth, under which the leaves of the table reern France; it appears soundless and deserted. similarly lacquered table, dressed with a thin taasphalt toads of Stella, a seaside town in North- chairs with wicker backings, gathered around a treated and the wind draws lines of sand on the voms. It is small and occupied with lacquered "It's winter under the heavy sky the sea has re- In the rear of the house there is a room between

the cut

ELSA BRÈS

la ne ne al cartography of The reason for this is the large bay window manifold, exper- way to face out of it. mographic thus only for us to shift between. And there is only one





**GRANT DOKKEN** 

[180602]

We interpret nostalgia as the visceral and emotional reaction to the transient. Time will return everything to the dirt-but memory negates the inevitable absence afflicted by time. As such, we compelled our authors to contemplate the tension between time and memoryboth fundamental to the sentimental longing for the past. Some memories are stored across generations, and others last only a month, day, hour, second. Arranging fragments into a collection, this publication endeavors to act as the de facto memory of our community.

Nostalgia is a shared emotional state, at times individual and at times collective, and in response to our prompt authors wrote to us from far and wide about loss, death, love, longing, war, dust, soup and painful desires. We hope these pieces evoke a grounding emotional response, a burst of light, and a soothing voice. We have sought to create a space in which fragments of the past can intersect to manifest meaning, a place where the ephemeral meets permanence.

## **Issue Editors**

Carlos Blanco · Andrea Sanchez Moctezuma · Jahaan Scipio · Aleksa Milojevic

> Graphic Designers Daedalus Li · Samantha Callahan

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Coordinating Editors

Barbara Nasila · Khalid Hassan · Reem Khorshid · Tarini Gandhi

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Foundation

Studies in the Fine Arts fosters the development and exchange of diverse and challenging ideas about architecture and its role in the arts, culture, and society



Volume 08 Issue 01

## Things I Didn't Learn in Architecture School SANJANA LAHIRI

Two events took place in the summer of 2022, in this order: 1. My much-anticipated graduation from The Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art 2. The unexpected death of my grandfather.

frankly cringeworthy projects on cheap paper that, for some storage closet. It was rarely commented on. Occasionally reason, I am unable to throw out. Among the test's prompts a staff member would note that it was nice to have a space is a quote from Georges Perec: "I've often tried to think of an that could withstand paint and glitter, and be cleaned so easily. apartment in which there would be a useless room"

home, in between funeral services:

A room is rendered useless when its occupant has no area for a nearby outdoor wedding more use for it.

no longer possesses a physical body. Death, I have learned, give themselves over to the imaginations of their inhabitants. A leaves behind a string of useless spaces. This is not something large stone podium, half sawn logs, and a clearing surrounded they teach you in architecture school

on maintaining this state of uselessness for as long as possible. had a funeral in that space for a pineapple, complete with a few There is no reason for the armchair in the spare bedroom to re- heavy raindrops, black costume robes, and music by Sarah Mcmain perfectly angled towards the TV-no one is there to watch lachlan. There's something about it: the quiet, the girts cricket matches or Bengali movies. The boar bristle shaving that come towards your eyelashes, the smell of the wood... brush in the bathroom serves no purpose, there is no need for a chair at the head of the dining table. But the preserved Southern Illinois University of Carbondale's Architecture uselessness of space becomes a mechanism of grief-a way of School in the 1950's, where classes operated out of an old suspending time to avoid contending with what is no longer military barracks, and students built structures in the trees. In there. I am the only architect in my family, yet we all recognise the architectural discourse, this typology has often housed exthat the nostalgia surrounding certain spatial arrangements perimental pedagogies: at Black Mountain College, which was allows us to refute my grandfather's absence.

Hindu customs around death. We burn rather than bury, be- imental choreography, or in Camp Jened, where many of the lieving that the soul is liberated at the moment of cremation. disability activists who advocated for the first ADA laws would The skull of the burning corpse is often deliberately shattered travel for the summer. Perhaps it's the seclusion, or the urgency for this very purpose. The body, much like my grandfather's of a community which quickly comes and goes, but summer perfectly-positioned armchair, is rendered useless.

the same way that acts of throwing out and cleaning up are While campers come and go, the tin roofs and storage spaces, often portrayed in popular media—we are told to discard all the outdoor cathedral, the fire circles dotting the forest like satthat does not spark joy. But as I contend with the intertwined ellites around the main camp will remain for others to use as narratives of entering the profession of architecture and griev- they may, creating new nostalgias. ing the death of my grandfather, I am striving to make room for the objects that evoke nostalgia, and spaces that welcome sadness. Questions of emotional rather than functional utility guide this design project.

But for now, my family and I work together setting the table for our evening chai—a daily ritual composed of tea, snacks, and convivial conversation. We find comfort in the re-

petitiveness of daily life in between the larger, more performaments of catharsis. We sit down, passing tive moaround the box of sugar and the tin of cuits—amongst the sounds

most

mentions

sitting in

laughter, things feel alnormal. No one the extra teacup the kitchen cabinet.

sdsteb ttøtelese.

Central Pennsylvania. I spent most of my summer in a small wooden pavilion, which was relatively unremarkable: a pitched tin roof cov-I was recently flipping through the well-worn pages of ered a concrete floor, housing twelve wooden tables. It the home test that got me into Cooper Union-a stack of was open to the forest on three sides, and housed a small Eventually, for me, this ability to withstand people began to feel The predicament of the useless room has sat at the back like a generous quality. The campers could draw on the floor of my mind for the last five years, surfacing only occasionally with chalk in their down-time, tie bracelets to the railings, It during rare moments of free time. I finally came upon a satis- could withstand the creation of a model of a city, with a factofactory answer last month while staying at my grandmother's ry oozing expired green latex paint, a human sized birds nest, packed with mud. The space could be cleared and used for games, used as a sleepout spot, or even a rain-plan reception

Summer Camp

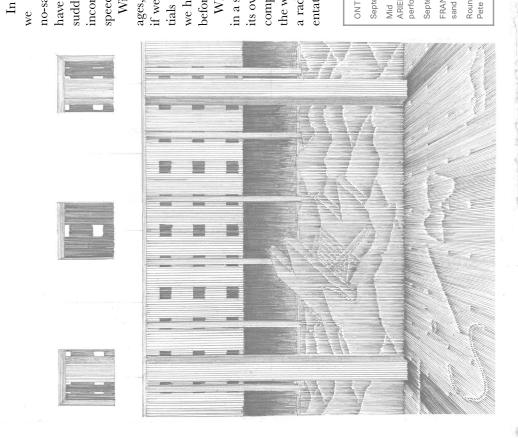
Summer camp architecture seems to have certain qualities: cheap, suggestive, permissive, communal, easily built, In the case of my grandfather, it is because the occupant easily animated... These qualities seem to allow buildings to by pine trees begin to suggest the nave and apse of a cathedral. I have found that those of us who remain corporeal insist Weddings have happened in this space, but campers have also

Today I see summer camp architecture reflected in the housed in an old YMCA summer camp, on Laura Halprin's The destruction of the physical body is paramount in outdoor deck, where shelter-building games produced expercamp architecture seems to permit more radical/unconven-I suppose that this ritual is intended to be cathartic, in tional forms of collective expression: later shared as memories.

ON THE GROUND
August 23
Nomas gathers on the steps and has writings to future selves - lots
of wholesome connection.

tery. Shit show. Alliances are made clear as everyonetries to add up to 55 PETER EISENMAN'S gruff « THURSDAY » breaks the tension of the 4th floor Advanced Studio Lottery. March II's int lists amongst each other. Students flee t Rudy's for an afternoon drink. Pink cheeks all around. In the evening FRANCIS KERE delivers a touching lecture and reminds us to not jive back, but to just give

To Futures That Did Not	nat Did Not
space are Hannen	$A_{s}$ for arbitrary
	overwhelmed
and we	exhaustion of form
over that the past cannot enchant and	and by association the exhaustion of meanings, w
everyone back due to the breakneck	can find solace in theacceptance of our cu
global?	rent state of atomised insignificance. W
relate we still communicate with im-	may raise a toast to / futures that did no
and references that emanate hope, as	happen and let whether go, not as inspirin
pping into the past's unrealised poten-	reflections but as opportunistic (and
ve the dead anew. Then we fear that	times naive) formalist projects that cor
n there before, in that transient space	tinue to haunt with us.
have deteriorated to the state of now	While we do that, we might find the strengt
is unsettling feeling of "having been	within ourselves to take our time and re-estimat
fore" is actually a continuous space of	complicit necessities and guidelines that underlin
e we are inhabiting now, a "repetition	productions of our beloved buildings today. In this
space of modern times. If so, then	space, relieved of coping mechanisms of form
of such space cannot manifest through	inventing, we might grant each other support an
on of the future nor a romantic lam-	solidarity to help us through an occasional dubiou
he past. It can only happen through	déjà vu.
	Weekend at Berstein's. Special mention to Hummus Fettucine.
	Contranshare 4E



## **Forgotten Socks** AVA VIOLICH-KENNEDY & AMIR HALABI When they reached the water side they went to the washing-cisterns through which there ran at all times enough pure water to wash any quantity of linen, no matter how dirty. They took the clothes out of the wagon, put them in the water, and vied with one another in treading them in the pits to get the dirt out. they laid the clothes out by the sea side where the waves had raised a high beach of shingle, and there waited for the sun to dry them... The Odyssey, Book VI Select the appropriate wash cycle. Empty your pockets. Unfold the sleeves and close the zippers. Separate your linen by color: white, dark, colored. Wash new, colored linen separately at a maximum temperature of 40°C. Use the correct amount of detergent. Please remove your clothes from the machines when the cycle is complete as a courtesy to others. Please buy your loyalty cards at the cash desk. Sidewalk in front of LavaMais-Avenida Almirante Reis, Lisboa. They left in such a hurry that they forgot their socks. /stein/ noun a mark on something that is difficult to remove Speed Queen Laundromat -Avenida Infante Santo, Lisboa. A man rubs white cloth between his fingers, pours bleach into a machine. Later he will search the fabric for the spot and find it.



The shirt is ruined.

Works Cited

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#### Chauffeur ZAVEN TITIZIAN

## Roadside Fire

Our conversation slowed to a stop with the traffic ahead of us. I got longer and by the end of summer, with a reprise of relative home from Sunday dinners, with rows of incandescent amber hues could see a distant trail of smoke on the opposite shoulder of the peace in Lebanon, many families in Kessab were migrating back that spruced empty streets with rhythmic intervals of strange silhouhighway. As we approached, the cab of a semi-truck came into view. to Beirut for work and school. After about a year of more frequent ettes. Beneath the fragmented reflections of the rear window was a Flames were towering above the engine, turning in on the thick black trips between Syria and Lebanon, he purchased an official taxi peculiar longing to understand every being's rite of passage - the smoke of burning oil and rubber. There were no sirens or respond- license from the Lebanese government ers—just myself, my grandfather, and six lanes of commuters, all '65 Mercedes 190C. He would continue struck by the scene. I looked into the truck, but before I could find drive the coastal, transnational route for the driver my eyes returned to the road. The cars in front of me the next 13 years. were moving on and the accident soon disappeared from my rearview mirror.

We were on our way to meet my grandfather's friend Moses, We said goodbye and I thanked Moses for from 'back home'. He owned a dental lab in North York, specializing the coffee. We would need to come back in a week or so in molding and fitting dentures. My grandfather had his last three to pick up the dentures and have them properly fitted. My grandfa- confusion, but I suppose I've never been too good at conveying the teeth pulled a couple of weeks ago and his new toothless lisp still ther took out his wallet but Moses pushed back immediately, saying cosmic nature of emotion. caught me by surprise. I couldn't help but hold back a smile when he he would not accept the money. Voices rose as neither would back broke the silence, picking up where he'd left off. "Your grandmother down. Eventually, though, my grandfather gave in (after Moses came to live with me there, in Haret Hreik, when we married in physically forced the wad of bills back into his pocket). The dentures 1966," he said, "those were the best years of my life; Beirut was were to be exchanged without payment—a favour for the years my golden. Until the war started"

#### Store Explosion

On a spring morning in 1975, my grandfather woke to a strange his brother's pharmacy, a bookstore, a bakery, and a gas station. The bombing was claimed by the Palestinian Liberation Organization In my village, everyone had a second name," my grandfather said-

including women and children, returning from a political rally; the unsettling.) I asked him if he had a nickname as well. "I was the standing of the self and his unraveling, and an antiquated identity her plane of existence. Through this process, I started to question: Beirut bus massacre, or 'Black Sunday', has since been accepted as only taxi driver in Kessab," he said, "so sometimes they would call sculpted from home as a child? the official start of the 15-year long civil war.

In the lull that followed the initial conflicts, my grandfather re- he laughed. built his shop, unaware that war had only just begun. Before moving back in, though, he was convinced to give the space to his brother's pharmacy instead, while the old pharmacy was under construction. He and his family—which now included four sons and a fifth on the way-relocated to a predominantly Armenian neighbourhood in East Beirut.

\* \* \*

#### Taxi Drivers

The city's golden years had ended. A conflict that began as secular political issues soon became war between a complex web of militant gangs that relied on religious affiliations to motivate a supportive base. These factions had individual ideologies and loose connections with one another but were principally divided between the Muslim West and the Christian East. The country's capital was transformed into a sectarian battlefield: hotels became sniper towers, car parks became bunkers, and sidewalks were laced with barbed wire and sandbags. And yet, despite the sporadic, violent clashes in Beirut, daily life carried on.

When the school year ended, my grandfather and his growing family returned to their home village in Kessab, Syria-as they

had done every summer. He was in search of new income and soon discovered he had something few others in the village had: Beetle, between Kessab and the nearby city of Latakia. The trips and a white

Rua de Moçambique, Lisboa.

luffing sail-like in the breeze.

The washwoman beats the laundry

Against the stone in the tank.

She sings because she sings and is sad

For she sings because she exists:

Thus she is also happy.

Fernando Pessoa (1888-1935)

Pessoa, Fernando, and Richard Zenith, 1998, Fernando Pessoa & Co.

Selected Poems 1st ed New York: Grove Press

Dentures

many stories they shared with one another in that time. \* \* \* Name/Nostalgia/Inheritance

me 'Chauffeur Zaven'." I told him that I was the chauffeur now and

## ON THE GROUND

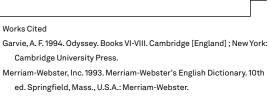
riday is Monday. No classes, empty pits and desks. DEBORAH BERKE elcomes back students, with a « please don't whine » & reminder about free peech, thinking boldly, but staying kind. She also tells us not to drink out of tress. RICHARD DEFLUMERI reminds us that he doesn't care if we leave a phone number out on projects, and will be moving and shaking as needed ir is trademark Vans. ugust 30

#### LIHU RUBIN wears a shirt that says "New Haven: I really liked you better bac

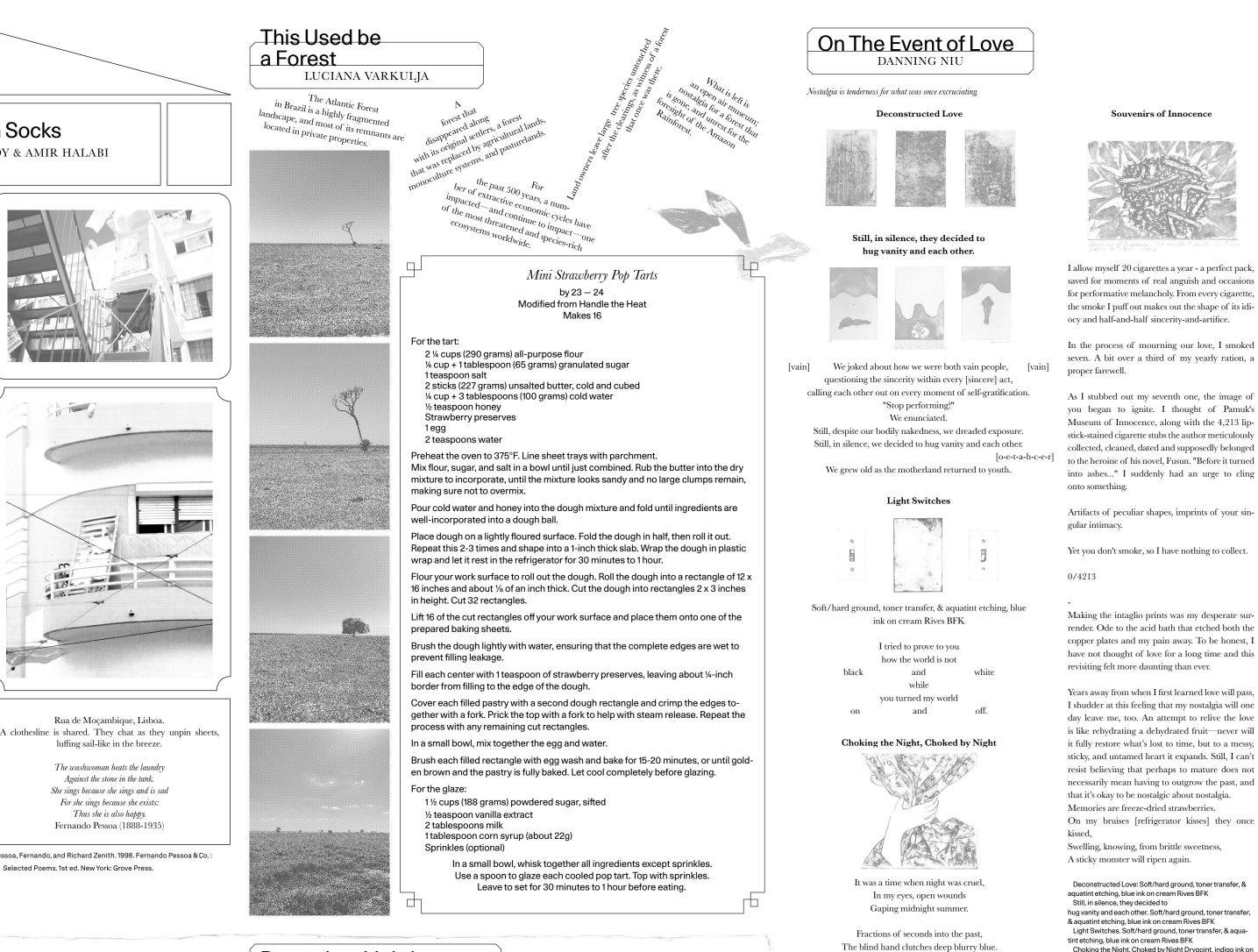
en you sucked emiotics indecision - FRANCESCO CASETTI gives JAHAAN SCIPIO a spot or being funny: "Why did you all come" "Because someone framed you." \**Cue* ous shopping season laughter

NTHONY ACCIAVATTI presents photos of a long haired Tony dipping socks the Ganges for Reckoning Environmental Uncertaint opping period is messy. Students are using 4 different schedules, traged rikes when ½ the interested crowd misses urbanity in Japan because the hink it is at 2pm

vears a shirt that says "New Haven: I really liked you better back when yo



## Nostalgia PAUL DEFAZIO For several summers, I taught art for a summer camp in the Appalachian region $\boldsymbol{o}\boldsymbol{f}$



Departing, Lightly **U** JIN SEAH

I vividly remember gazing out the window during our drive

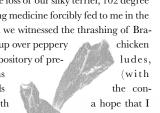
unraveling of one's life. I mean, I was clearly too young to be acutely aware of the intensity of this statement; and being only approximately 365 weeks old gave me a considerable 3423 weeks left to live (based on the average lifespan). Indeed, despite knowing that life was before me at my doorstep ready to begin for me, many others that I hold dear began to end. In the momentary darkness of the 45-minute drive home there would usually ensue a tearful whimper, and a puzzled mother and father left with much

#### How long will this moment last where I am with them, and them with me?

My father used to talk of his days after college when he left on grandfather drove Moses' family between Kessab and Beirut and the a one-way ticket to Australia with less than a thousand dollars to his name, telling tales of the frolicsome adventures that sprung forth from youthful exuberance. Growing up he became an evermore alluring prospect and eventually a symbol of liberation, an identity smell and a pale orange sky that blanketed the neighbourhood. He The first thing I inherited from my grandfather was his name. It fol- amassed from the predispositions of my parents. The possibility of knew immediately what had happened: a bomb had been placed in lows a tradition of naming a family's first born son after his paternal rooting myself in a romanticized ideal of marriage, incentivized by his storefront overnight, he recognized the sulfuric taste of burning grandfather. Whether or not our shared name is the reason, I have the state through housing grants and baby bonuses schemes, felt battery acid. Ironically enough, it was only last year that his shoe always felt a certain closeness to him. Despite the language barrier, more like a deceptive attempt to ensnare my life in a conventional store was converted to sell car batteries and other electronic automo- I was always fond of his stories of Beirut and of Kessab, the most hold day by day. But of course, ambiguity plagues every decision On the day my grandmother was cremated, I kept thinking about tive parts. He didn't think much of it at the time, but the day before memorable ones passed down over long drives together in his beige that we make, and no one has the unequivocal right answer. Recenta Palestinian friend and frequent customer told him that he should '07 Toyota Camry. After all, that's what a diaspora is best at: passing ly, I've come across an article about how we should be comfortable I wondered whether she had become ash and if I would somehow leave immediately and not come back, saying Christians in the down the things that matter; rebuilding what was lost in the collec- with mediocrity in our lives, and that we don't need to strive to be know when that shift had occurred. Across the country and unable neighbourhood—and by association Armenians—were in danger. tive imaginaries of a younger generation; reliving the stories of gold- the next savior of the world. The pursuit of absences and the lack to be present with her, I began collecting all the dust I could find in The explosions destroyed the entire block of shops, including en years while in transit—driving between catastrophe and new life. thereof in our lives could become an endless chasing of the wind, a my apartment. I built a camera to capture this dust on the surface race of endless circles. Losing track of time through an insatiable of negatives, each fleck casting a shadow from the light of the lens. longing is a possible reality – but is it wrong to chase? Am I filling who based one of their operations out of a refugee encampment we were almost home now. "My best friend was Maybouhz, which time because I have no prescription for how life should be lived? I'm only a five-minute walk from his store. The group was targeting means 'mayor';" an epithet given to him after a failed attempt at afraid that away from the busyness with which I occupy myself, if cells, nail filings – and those bits of matter become part of the at-Christian-owned businesses in response to the Maronite Phalanges' running for office. "And there were our neighbours: Stalin and left alone with my own thoughts I might find that I have none. So mosphere that surrounds us. In making these images of my own opening fire on a bus of PLO militants and Lebanese sympathizers, Gandhi," he added. (I've seen pictures and their likenesses are truly who dares to inhabit the immeasurable chasm between the under-

> I may not see you, mom and dad, the same way ever again. Time memory and loss. gained elsewhere are birthdays, baby dedications, and weddings lost there; my affinity to home is waning, and I'm not sure if you will remember me as I was when I left, that little boy on Sunday evenings. The impermanent moments lived have become memories hard to recall, with the shriveling of your hands and feet the only things on my mind. Perhaps the only thing that can hold up the sand is our home - and the feelings of 25 years lived; tethered by weeping nights in the living room over the loss of our silky terrier, 102 degree Fahrenheit fevers with nauseating medicine forcibly fed to me in the dining room, or the night when we witnessed the thrashing of Brazil by Germany in the World Cup over peppery \_\_\_\_\_ chicken nuggets. Space has become a repository of pre-

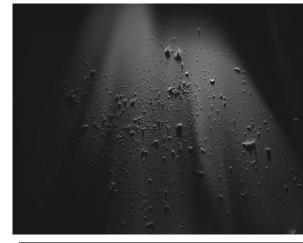
prologues, and intermissions an inevitable epilogue) that holds stellations of light and dark – with will always see you the way that I evenings as an adolescent.



on Sunday

How do we carry this unbearable lightness? "Open closed open. without us. For as long as we live, everything is closed within us. And when we die, everything is open again. Open closed open. That's all we are."

Yehuda Amichai, 1998



## Matter, Memory SYDNEY MIEKO KING

her body and the transition she was about to undergo. Each hour

I think of these images as self-portraits, grief rituals, and experiments. Our bodies are constantly shedding particles - hair, skin

What is a body? Where can we find those who have passed? Well... here we are 939 weeks later (or 18 years), and I'm still How can photographs speak to individual and communal grief? in an interminable race to contain the ampule of the hourglass col- With this work, I am interested in not only honoring and rememlapsing on me - on all of us. Leaving Singapore was difficult - not so bering my grandmother but also in re-considering the ways that much because I may have made a mistake by departing, but because photographs can accumulate history and speak to intergenerational

ON THE GROUND

es came back with a vengeance. Bootcamp for 1st years. Building pject team finds a way to touch water and enjoy good vibes. Danish crow returns to join as 4th year 3rd years. One big happy family

## ON THE GROUND

CAITLYN TAYLOR tells us she's not fun to be around, and even though she puys a 12\$ tomato at the farmers market she doesn't think it's the solution fo eryone. The school runs out of wifi at 1:50pm. "Reject modernity" "it's actuall l and good to be offline" from the groupchat. Then, an announcement is mad that whole campus is down. Entire university's heart rate goes up to 110 bpm en everyone remembers that they are humans and it's ok to be offline for a illisecond. Cue everyone scrolling on instagram as they wait for wifi to returr

MARIA LA PORTIDRAGO proclaims PHIL BERNSTEIN as « the profit » ( Professional Practices, Ack, Everyone is wearing green for fundraiser UZAYR AGHA organized for flooding in Pakistan, during 6 on 7. Amazing propaganda is roduced with Deborah bearing flag.



tted in the bike room. We mourn the graduation loss of LAUREN CARMONA & PAUL MEUSER

NATHANIEL ELMER notifies the masses that the Queen of England has died. Feelings are mixed. SIDA TANG cannot believe he found out via YSoA

Only stars remembered

to breathe.

andem bike s

aroup chat and not CNN.

white Rives BFK

Souvenirs of Innocence Soft/hard ground, toner transfer,

& aquatint etching, blue ink on cream Rives BFK

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Nostalgia Creative T