

**PAPRIKA! VOL. V ISSUE XVII
TREES FOR THE FOREST**

**1 STONE PINE (PINUS PINEA)
MIROSLAVA BROOKS**

In Rome, stylized nature has been as much a part of the urban fabric and surrounding landscape as its architectural monuments. Never alone, always planted together, Stone pines are the city's living and breathing architecture, creating the familiar image of Rome.

**2 CHERRY (PRUNUS AVIUM)
TURNER BROOKS**

Here is one I like. Old resilient cherry tree in my parents' house backyard. It kept losing branches in ice storms, but it always recovered. I spent time as a kid wedged in comfortable ergonomic positions amongst its branches. In the summer, it was a private nest in which to hide under the umbrella of leaves, eating the dangling juicy cherries, and peering out into the larger world beyond.

**3 WALKING PALM
(SOCRATEA EXORRHIZA)
DAVID BRUCE**

I heard a rumor of a tree that can walk. Its footprints don't last long, quickly erased by the jungle floor. They say it can right itself if toppled by a fallen neighbor, sprouting shoots from its torso. It moves quickly for a tree, in search of water and stable soil — but too slowly for any of us to notice. The walking palm's roots are like probes, poking through the soil for a bountiful home. The probes converge on a pedestal, a gimbal for the trunk as it spars the forest.

**4 PÖHUTUKAWA
(METROSIDEROS EXCELSA)
REBECCA COMISSARIS**

December in Aotearoa New Zealand is a crimson spectacle. Pöhutukawa — our native Christmas tree — comes into full bloom, covering the North Island coastlines in a red haze. The most famous pöhutukawa is an 800-year-old gnarled wisp of a tree that tumbles down the cliff at Cape Reinga, the northern tip of Aotearoa. According to Māori mythology, the spirits of the dead journey here to slide down the roots of the pöhutukawa into the underworld.

Favourite features of pöhutukawa: Horizontal spread forms dome-like space within — perfect picnic spot at the beach; low, undulating branches make great climbing trees!; often found tumbling down cliff-faces, hanging on by finger-tips.

**5 FRENCH TOPIARY
(BUXUS SEMPERVIRENS)
TRATTIE DAVIES**

In the right-hand corner of the front gardens at the Rodin Museum in Paris you will see the head of *The Thinker* hovering above the pointy tips of four massive cones of formal topiary. While the layout of the gardens is symmetrical,

The Thinker is at the center of a simple cross axis; the diagonal approach has been adjusted by a convoluted security sequence. You walk toward *The Thinker* and away from him.

I don't really care about *The Thinker*. Perhaps I wish I could see him for the first time with clean eyes. But it is funny seeing his solemn, distorted face floating in the distance above the lines of bag checks, stanchions, and ticket queues.

The topiary cones that surround him are roughly eleven feet to the tip and approximately eight feet in diameter. The fine green needles on the branches are perfectly even and trimmed together to form a gentle arc to the sky. When you are next to the topiary, you can't see what's on the other side.

Upon arrival to the outside corner of the small square courtyard where *The Thinker* resides, my son stuck his hand into the evergreen branches of the southwest topiary cone. The bristles of the French topiary looked sharp but gave nicely to his small fingers. His hands simply disappeared.

He then backed up and ran into the bush. I was horrified. It moved in a slow heave. He was bounced slightly outward by the bulk of the branches and then lay, spread-eagle, on the face of the cone. He pushed both arms back into the bush. Slowly, the bush began rhythmically moving from the inside-out. My husband and I stuck our hands in. They vanished as well. The wave path grew as we juggled the tree.

Have you ever seen a bridge collapsing due to mechanical resonance? When the frequency of its oscillations matches the natural frequency of vibration? It is a sad kind of beautiful to see mass become fluid: the slow and steady increase of a wave rendering the impossible possible.

**6 MAPLE (ACER RUBRUM)
BRYAN FUERMANN**

My drawing is of a maple tree, one of two I planted in 2009 alongside a rock wall I had built at the same time at my house in Deer Isle, Maine. The trees came from a nearby nursery; the rocks from an old, dead well which, when dug out, had been lined with granite boulders. The trees are deciduous, different in form and color from the evergreens that fill the woodlands of the island. The rocks, a natural outcrop of an all granite island.

The two maples provide shade, cast out in a large swath. At the height of summer — like the shingled roof over the house — their leaves create shadows over the grass, the wall, and the lawn.

**7 QUAKING ASPEN
(POPULUS TREMULOIDES)
MIRIAM PETERSON**

Pando, also known as the trembling giant is thought to be the largest single living organism: a colony of quaking aspen connected by a single networked root system.

**8 SUGAR MAPLE
(ACER SACCHARUM)
ALEC PURVES**

Growing up in New England, my choice has to be the sugar maple — a tree so common we often take for granted its extraordinary beauty. In winter, it is most glorious; in the snow, it is astonishing. A certain whimsy shapes its branches, especially the baroque swoop of its lowest limbs. These trees have long memories. In the woods, they testify to earlier times when they grew undisturbed in the margins between farmers' fields. Hardwood, maple syrup and autumn foliage are just bonuses.

**9 RAINBOW EUCALYPTUS
(EUCALYPTUS DEGLUPTA)
RHEA SCHMID**

Truth be told, I've never seen a Rainbow eucalyptus in person. The tree is native to the Philippines, the only eucalyptus that grows in the northern hemisphere, and is an explosive display of technicolor. I remember googling it and thinking it belonged on a Dr. Seuss set. Feast your eyes on its psychedelic trunk, akin to the aftermath of a unicorn's sneeze or a VW van from the 60s. The fluorescent colors may seem out of place, even "unnatural" at first, but its magnificence will sink in and suddenly, you will be left wondering: why don't more trees shed their bark and show off their chlorophyll magic?

Colors include: slime green, Barney the Dinosaur purple, Rex the Dinosaur green, Lorax orange, Oliver Sacks' indigo, Clifford the Big Red Dog red, Big Bird yellow, Dora the Explorer pink.

**10 SUGAR MAGNOLIA
(MAGNOLIA VIRGINIANA)
ANIKET SHAHANE**

My Spectacular Saucer Magnolia. "I love this tree. Every April, without fail, it sprouts magnolias — pink and white and as big as the cereal bowls in my kitchen cabinet. In a city this dense, the crown of this tree — at least 30 feet or so — is wide enough to completely fill the windows of a small building with room to spare for the neighbors. The size of these flowers, their colors, and their movement in the spring breeze can alter the light in the room that faces it, change the outlook of the person inhabiting that room. For the two weeks that this tree blooms, the world is a glorious place. How lucky am I to own this miracle of nature?!"

My Vicious Saucer Magnolia. "I hate this tree. Year after year, its roots have been strangling my waste line (the one under my building, that is...). My sink drains are slow and my toilets don't flush. When it rains, it all backs up — storm water, human water, and everything in between. I would fix all this if I could. But I can't. Because while I own the waste line, my neighbor owns that tree. For 52 weeks a year, it's not just my bathroom that's out of order, my whole world is. What a wretch I was to buy property next to this work of the devil!"

**11 WEEPING BIRCH
(BETULA PENDULA)
JEN SHIN**

In the doldrums of a creative block, it is wise to take a walk — to find inspiration, optimism, purpose. On your search, you might take a detour that turns into a long stroll up Prospect Street, past Woolsey Hall, past Ingalls Rink, even up the hill towards the Divinity School. But before you get there, you might find yourself drawn to a little path, heading towards what looks like a big elephant covered in leaves. Suddenly, you are enveloped by the hanging branches of a weeping birch, whisked away into a secret room filled with magical light and the very inspiration you were searching for.

**12 BANANA TREE
(MUSA ACUMINATA)
MAYA SORABJEE**

For those who've grown up between those blessed latitudes that define the tropics, any sight of a banana plant, with its spaniel ears flopping in the breeze, is a homecoming. The banana plant of my childhood produced bouquets of four-inch fruits; its flowers were best consumed in a Bengali curry; its leathery leaves became plates at weddings and remain the greatest vessel for steaming fish — or anything, really. If Barragan had his pink watermelon glowing under a tarp, I will have my luminous banana plant, its shade tinged with a blissful tropical garden.

**13 AMERICAN BEECH
(FAGUS GRANDIFOLIA)
BEKA STURGES**

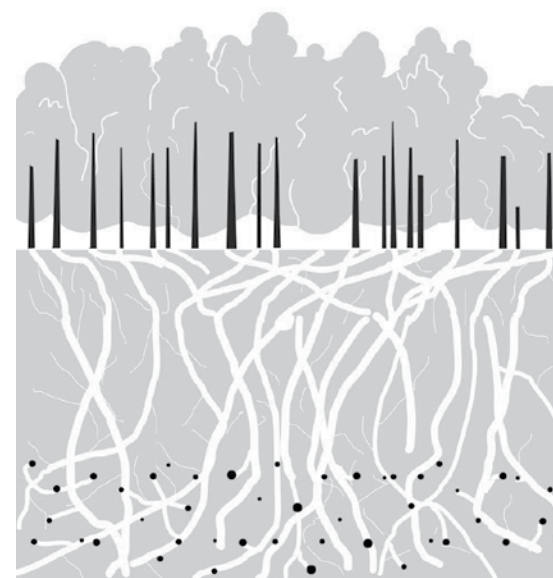
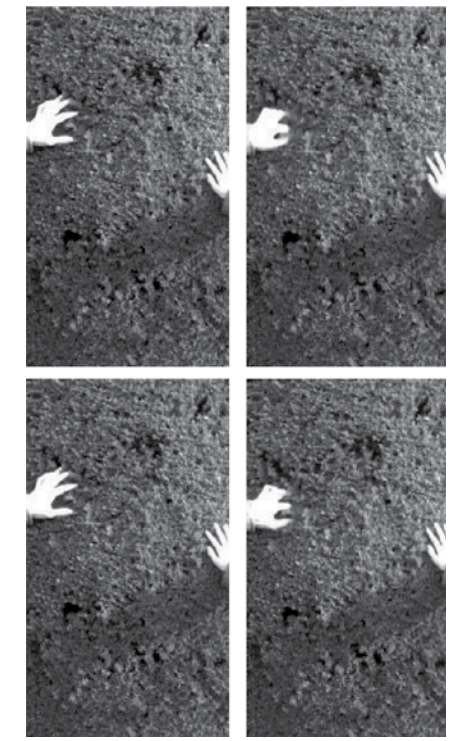
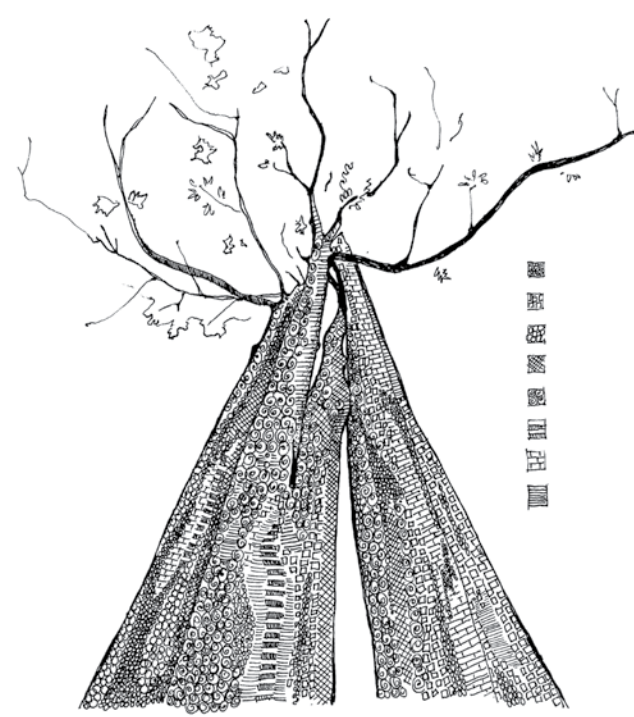
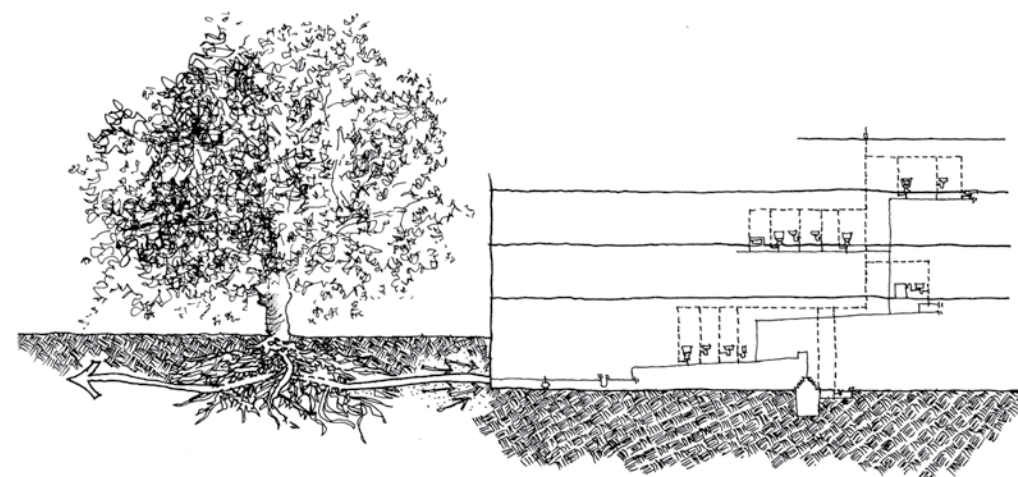
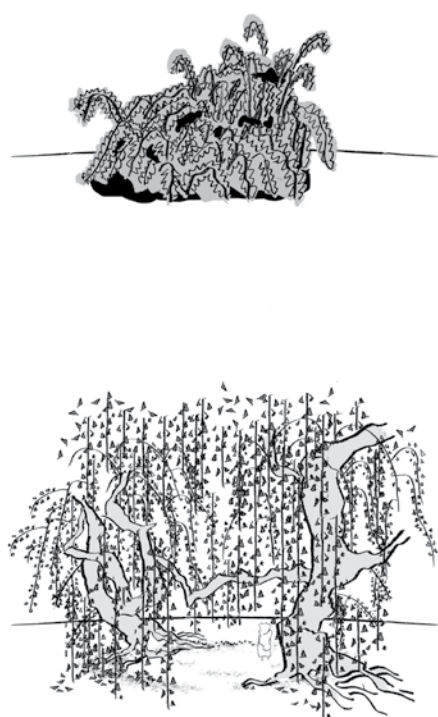
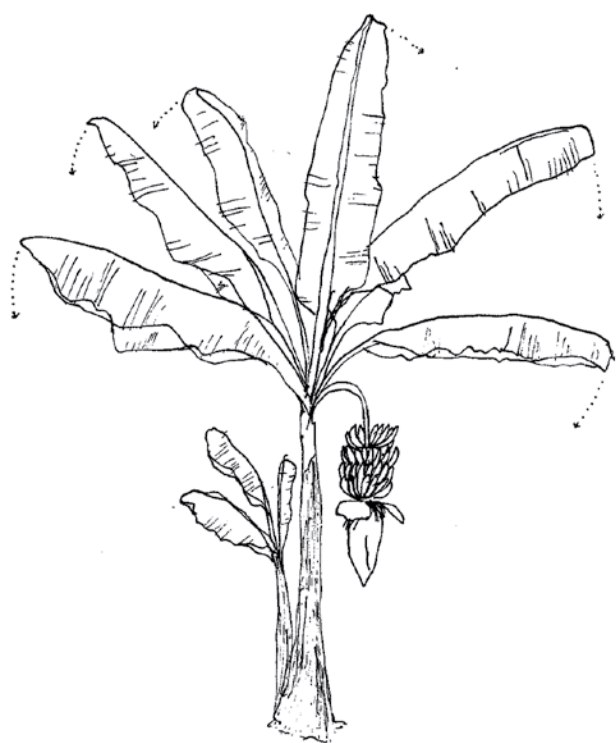
I live in a beech grove. Rooted all around me, they are my familiars. As they grow, beech reach and spread with surprising articulation. They move up and out with suppleness and strength. Their roots curve through the ground, sending up little children.

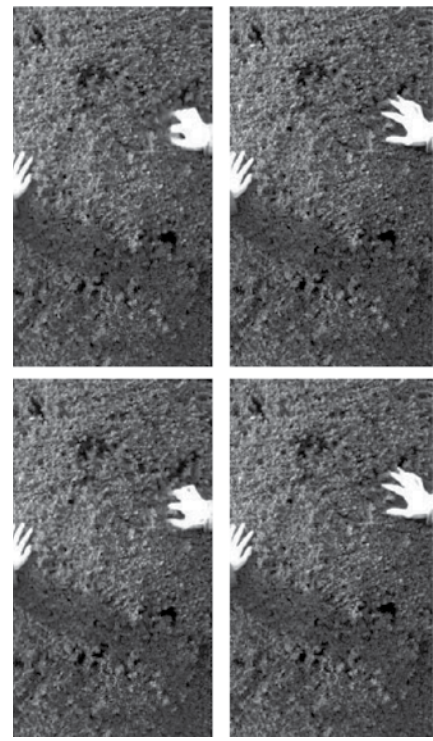
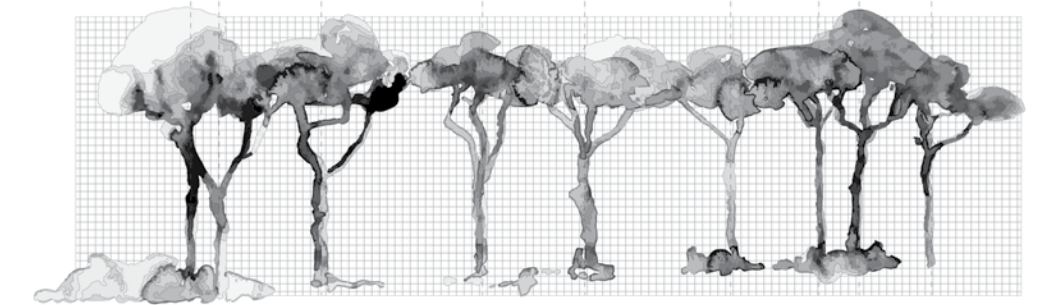
All winter, their leaves flicker on their lower branches like little ghosts. In spring, their buds swell and point like pen nibs. In summer, they provide dense shade and open ground, since few other plants can grow alongside them. I like walking and standing among all those gray trunks.

**14 THE COTTONWOOD
(POPULUS ALBA)
JEROME TRYON**

Cottonwood trees typically grow in riparian zones. They are excellent for climbing, offering various crooks for sitting and a thick featured bark which operates sufficiently for children approximately 7-12 years old.

For the full text content of the issue, including OTG and the Dean's List, visit yalepaprika.com. Coordinating Editors: A. Lufkin, A. Thibodeaux, S. Weiss, and M. Wirsing; Issue Editors: S. D. Bruce and X. C. Pan; Graphic Design: T. Q. Pham and N. Weltyk; Publishers: A. T. Fischer, M. Kerber, and L. Wang; Web Editor: S. Thompson.





EDITOR'S STATEMENT

Trees are vital to our built environment, as material and as form. They provide lumber, pulp, charcoal, and chemicals—inputs that drive the building industry. They cast shade, funnel the wind, whisper above our heads, flower and fruit, and change color with the seasons. We cut, fell, graft and carve their trunks; they take simple sunlight and water and grow into baobabs and mangroves and redwoods. As we plunge into a new decade, the threats to these organisms have never been greater. Wildfires blaze across California, agriculture uproots the Amazon, and disease threatens forests everywhere.

As systems and species, trees are now being called upon to perform a critical role as design tools. They sequester global carbon, carve out negative space in rigid urban grids, and mitigate the dramatic temperatures of asphalt heat islands. Trees are increasingly necessary to make cities more humane and resilient to climate change. Closer to home, in 2019 YSoA began accepting applications for a tenure-track appointment in landscape architecture, the 2020 Jim Vlock Building Project is being co-taught by a landscape architect for the first time, and more students than ever are enrolled in the joint YSoA-FES degree. A sea change is in the air.

Yet, trees are often an afterthought in architectural representation. Circles-with-crosses-marking-the-center dot the void spaces around our buildings, nondescript static infill that denotes some sort of concession to the natural world. How can we begin to think about trees in a way that reflects their variety, character, and the wonder of space formed by their branches? Our issue of Paprika! is dedicated to the tree. In this issue, we've asked our friends and fellow architects to explore trees through drawing. As designers, we're sometimes asked to see the forest for the trees; this issue celebrates the trees for the forest.



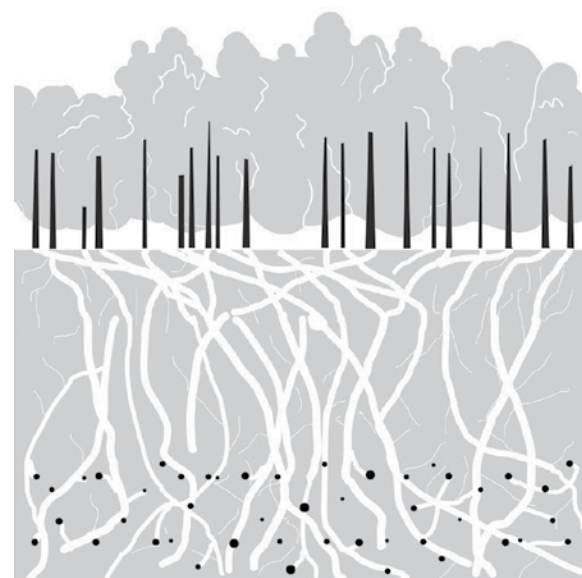
IN THE GROUND

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25

At 12:10pm, Yale President Peter Salovey sends a long-awaited email confirming that commencement is indeed cancelled, promising that the school will find "alternative ways to honor [graduating students'] hard work this May." Third years shudder at the idea of a University-wide Zoom call.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26

Second year studios unite in a post-studio BYO-everything virtual happy hour. Social shenanigans take a sobering turn when Aniket Shahane gasps at the news of Michael Sorkin's death, noting that Sorkin had been invited to attend the final review in just a few weeks. Sorkin's passing is a reminder that COVID-19 is a threat that can, and will, affect our community in grave and painful ways. Shahane later circulates a link to Sorkin's *Two Hundred Fifty Things an Architect Should Know*—an apt and poetic must-read.



FRIDAY, MARCH 27

At 4:34pm, Dean Berke sends a school-wide email thanking students and faculty for successfully enduring the first week of online learning. Her mention of the "off-chance" that a 6on7 was being planned had many wondering if she would Zoom in for an appearance (she didn't). At no fault of its first-year organizers, 6on7 suffered from the same awkwardness that all Zoom-hosted social events have experienced this week: stilted one-voice-at-a-time conversations surrounded by a sea of half-engaged faces.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28

YSoA students move to cross the street at the sight of acquaintances approaching from the opposite direction. Some ponder if COVID-19 ultimately benefits the socially awkward among us.

SUNDAY, MARCH 29

Elaborating on Friday's attempt at keeping the first year party planning alive, the social chairs circulate a survey seeking input on how to meaningfully continue these traditions at a time when perhaps we really need them most. Suggestions include "Roulette-style Zoom rooms that randomly pair folks together," "Student-led fitness sessions: Zoom yoga, Zoomba, ..." and "Open mic performances."

Also, Darryl made a cake.

MONDAY, MARCH 30

A shared sentiment resounds: the novelty of Zoom Studio has worn off. The antics of the ridiculous outfits and gimmicky virtual backgrounds have already lost their charm, and we're left with the unsettling weight of our reality. This just sucks.

THE DEAN'S LIST: TREES

Welcome to the Dean's List: your weekly destination for Deborah Berke's most on-topic, off the beaten path rankings.

- P: Copper Beech
- 7: Birch
- 6: Apple
- 5: Elm
- 4: Willow
- B: Oak
- SB: Bonsai

