

Graphic Design Statement

GRACE HAN AND NAKAYA LYNCH

It’s August 9th as we’re reading the editorial statement from the architecture arm of *Paprika!*’s leadership team, and according to the weather forecast, New Haven will be hitting a high of 90 degrees, and feeling like 95. It’s HOT! In this heat, we’re thinking about what kinds of things are born from passion, from caring, sometimes, a little too much.

We’ve spent the summer enveloped in designing for clients, executing the visions of others and it feels apt to start the year by tending towards our own work instead: projects that exist outside of a brief, projects that feel like play.

Inspired by Rudolph Hall catching fire in 1969 (allegedly from student protests, though this has been widely debated), we want to start some sparks of our own. The visual language of this issue is centered around heat maps and gradients. We experimented with thermal paper to build the anchoring backdrop of the piece while blending analog with digital to “fry” the rest of the imagery so to speak.

Maybe this stems from a desire to hold onto the last bits of summer before the cold days set in and graduate work piles itself. Maybe it’s a subconscious wish to play for just a bit longer, a welcome warmup piece to start off a busy semester. Whatever it may be, we wanted to lean into heat as the emotional fuel that drives the care we all prioritize here at *Paprika!*. As an extension towards our community, we hope this issue finds you at a point of connection, or simply an issue to carry you through the last days of summer. This is the first issue of Volume 15 of *Paprika!*, and we want it to come hot off the press.

Warmly,
Graphic Design Coordinators

Issue 01

Volume 15

Editorial Statement

MELOS SHTALOJA, LYRA QIAN AND ETHAN LAMPING

Who Cares? is the kind of question asked with two opposing intents: disregard or organizing. There was a time when we cared so much that, one summer almost sixty years ago, we (allegedly) set fire to Rudolph Hall. What about that moment in history made people act so radically, and what about now makes the student body feel more subdued? We discuss these questions—and Who Cares?—on a summertime Zoom call taking place over three time zones, twelve hours apart. Why continue *Paprika!* into its 15th volume when, judging by appearances, its material function has often been to serve as texture beneath dust, model debris, and coffee cups?

Caring takes energy many of us choose not to expend, or cannot afford to possess. World events that a decade ago would have been culturally defining now seem to disappear instantly into an expanding field of noise. Time is compressed, attention spans are shortened, and issues feel far away. The path of least resistance calls to us: let someone do the caring for you, or even determine what is worth caring for. The stress of architectural education, too, shortens our vision towards intense production within our concrete abode. How, then, do we care?

Care starts with an incentive. Triggered by gaps between what is and what ought to be, we are called to care. That care reaches outwards: through a hug, a fight, or a protest; a cry, an essay, or a poem; a map, a talk, or a plan. Architecture, optimistically, is a field defined by care. We seek to understand the systemic intricacies behind spatial issues so that we may improve the lives of those who inhabit it. In this sense, we all care. Yet, a vagueness of care may lead the question of this issue more toward disregard than organizing.

At a school with pluralism as its guiding ethos, we care about many things. Like the carpet it’s named after, *Paprika!* remains a medium for us to voice our care—a spotlight on the afterhours. Over this long and hot summer, we were scattered everywhere. For those who travelled, we asked: what did you care about outside of the structure of the academic curriculum? For those who stayed: what did you notice in the slowness of the New Haven heat? And for those who have come to us for the first time: why? Welcome to Volume 15 —

With care,
Melos, Lyra & Ethan



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Funk(food)space

ETHAN LAMPING

In the season finale of Hulu's *The Bear*, it is revealed through an enterprising scheme that the only way for the recently two-Michelin-starred restaurant to thrive financially is via the franchising of its predecessor, *The Beef*, into the hinterlands of the Chicago Metropolitan area. The idea is that by removing a front-of-house, the famous and well-loved beef sandwich can be more expeditiously delivered to the mouths of suburban midwesterners while allowing investors to save on staffing costs and square footage. They proclaim, as if they've won their bet on Kalshi, that they will create a network of "ghost kitchens."

Ghost kitchens have grown exponentially since the pandemic, particularly under Travis Kalanick's company, CloudKitchens, which, as of 2026, operates 90 locations in the United States. Like Uber, where Kalanick was previously CEO, the entirety of the ghost kitchen enterprise is predicated on the algorithmic optimization of space and labor: how to get from point A to point B in the least amount of time for as little as possible. Multiple companies lease silver shells within post-industrial buildings located near areas with younger demographics, who are more likely to order in than cook. Kalanick envisions this real estate operation as the backend of an "internet food court" where the menu is

"hyper-personalized" and logistics are fully automated. Another one of his startups, Lab37, boasts the robotic production of 300 unique bowls per hour with a labor reduction of 40 percent.²

When form is sped up to the speed of logistics, it loses its legibility, like a projectile decaying as it enters the atmosphere, or a fast-casual Medi-Mexi salad rice bowl. The ghost kitchen enterprise, as a deployable model of culinary neutrality, averages taste into an analytical field to be tracked and predicted. In the effort toward the frictionless production of food, meals are increasingly treated as an agglomeration of statistics formerly known as ingredients. The menu is a placeless condition formalized.

Wonder, the main rival to CloudKitchens, is the newest addition to the Yale-subsidized Shops.³ It offers eating areas with millennial-neutral interiors and a hypermenu that has subsumed the contents of 99 restaurants, including 24 of its own in-house celebrity-chef-partnered culinary experiments. The back-of-house is described as ventless, which, like bacteria, permits the company's expeditiousness and ability to spread. In a soggy game of telephone, meals are either prepared at local restaurants or at its commissary kitchen in New Jersey, then reheated in air fryers and microwaves. The desire for hyper-personalization and instant gratification disintegrates otherwise distinct typologies into an anonymous matrix of water condensing on plastic lids.



A shared meal has been a theater of kinship and creation for time immemorial. A sense of attentiveness is evident in a well-prepared meal, and cooking one attunes your body to the space of a kitchen, the processes that supplied ingredients, and the utensils chosen for their preparation. There is a spirit, an agency, in the cooking and the sharing of a meal that, like seemingly every facet of human life under capitalism, must be eradicated in favor of something that sucks. A craving for the alchemical spawning of undead dishes, the chimeric unknown unfolding behind closed doors, and the specter of capitalist desire: ghost kitchens will haunt us, if we let them.

¹ National Restaurant Association, "From Trend to Transformation: Off-Premises Dining Now Essential for Restaurant Consumers, Operators"
² Lab37, "Bowl Builder"
³ New Haven Independent, "Yale's Malling New Haven"

From a Flamingo Killer and Accomplice Architects

MELOS SHTALOJA



By the time you are reading this, we will have passed 100 days of protests in Albania. Whether you have or have not heard about them, you should read about them. It is not unusual for protests that mark a country's history to begin with land issues. What is rare—and relevant to us—is how deeply architects' decisions, actions, and deliberate moments of ignorance are implicated in what is happening in Albania now.

The protests began more modestly, with locals and environmental activists in the Narta lagoon, a protected area within the boundaries of the Vjosa Wild River National Park—the first of its kind in Europe, home to endangered species and about 3000 flamingos. They were protesting, among other projects like it, a new resort development backed by Jared Kushner et al. After pepper spray was used and civilians were injured, the protests quickly spread across the country and later across world capitals. The daily mass protests in Tirana, the Albanian capital, have been dubbed the Flamingo Revolution. Albanians of all ages, and from all walks of life, including those who have returned from diaspora, and even foreigners who support the cause likely gathered today in Tirana with flamingo cutouts as signs, chanting "Albania is not for sale!" and calling for the resignation of Prime Minister Edi Rama.

Glaze, Trace, Museum Board

LYRA QIAN

A museum seems to be one of the best places to bring your teenage nephew when he reaches the point of making a career decision—to show him what you do all day and, sadly, sometimes all night. The hope is that those exhibitions depict the discipline better than Boys'n'memes.

There are usually two types of exhibitions related to architecture, in which architects are either curated or sometimes curators themselves.

The first type usually features a shiny name from the galaxy of star architects, with a title following the formula of: STAR_ARCHITECT_NAME: Their_Poetic_Philosophy. Walking through the often-ticketed space, you get overwhelmed by the chronological display of projects, mystic sketches, and incredibly detailed models. While finding the best angle for a story post, as you always have in the photo lab, your nephew asks you, is this what architects do? That's so cool! You get the shot, smile, look at him, and say, "maybe."

But what is left unshown that makes you so unsure? The flashback of the back and forth during every studio and every project speaks to you softly. This is way too frictionless. There are so many fights and compromises that a design like this has to go through, and there are so many names whose efforts give birth to every single piece on the wall or podium. That absence haunts.

An architecture book titled *The Albanian Files: Freedom and Architecture* was released early in the Flamingo Revolution. During a press conference, the Albanian prime minister, in a jarring and distasteful joke, inscribed the front page with "from a flamingo killer." That might be the most honest piece of writing the book had. In the preface—yes, also written by the prime minister of the country—he writes: "In Albania, the word *file* carries a long and painful memory... Files were not meant for understanding. They were meant to control. They were written about people, without them." Here, he refers to surveillance files held by the Hoxha regime and his isolationist reign.

Interestingly, these developments are also being built *about* and *without* people. The book proceeds to cover the writing and work of 60 architecture offices that are distinctly not Albanian; firms that report having been handpicked by the head of government; firms that report having gone through not any form of competition; firms that are building on protected land with a performative veil of writing for the territory, referencing the culture, and shaping the future of Albania; firms we know and would happily work for.

Over 200 architects, urban designers, and field professionals have signed a declaration supporting the demands of the Flamingo Revolution and expanding on them. They ask that procedural transparency, building quality, legality, and the natural territory not be cast aside simply because the name of an architect comes with a degree of prestige. The freedom referenced in the book title is one that comes with a cost. Even in our studio projects, we care about the impact imaginary projects have on the world around them. As we graduate, step down from our ivory tower, and inshallah get to work at prestigious architectural firms, will we also be accomplices to flamingo murder?

Haunted, you head to the second type. Though it may not be clear on the poster, you can still sense the smell of an architectural mind from the plan of the exhibition, or from the drawings on the wall—you just know this is the way we map things out. Your nephew soon gets confused: "Is this also what you do?" "Yes," you say, again with hesitation. That's what we do all day, but it feels strange when the context changes: could we document and look through everything like we do with space?

How can we find a fragile balance between violence, voice and silence? A mapping of the trace of life, a look through the X-ray of the observed, without a warning sign of the radiation. What are the force and shape of the particles that we ourselves emit through that observational gaze?

Those traces on the museum boards seem to show a fork in the road, with one way leading to a fantasy of transparency through a fluorescent screen, another to a heroic fairy tale of a smooth and glazing avenue of success. Neither of which is truth-telling.

Then we begin to wonder: is there a way to represent the most mundane labor and care alongside our most cultlike fondness for certain fonts or jargon; to give failure, risk, friction, and sometimes unpaid labor their place; to let our methods and their setbacks take shape?

Maybe then, one day you can finally walk your granny through an exhibition and say, to make beautiful, sometimes; to make function, often; to care, always.

Lecture Review: FALA Architecture

MAGGIE HOLM

fala replicates then remixes a reference through drawing. the gehry house floor plan is copy-pasted then clipped by a half moon in 156. álvaro siza's floating pillar is trimmed to hang above head height in 085. totoro's face is abstracted and fixed towards the tracks in 085. 179's josephine baker stripes. an approximate replica of the lieb house and its diagonal column. shinohara and toyo ito are ever-present.

through and through, fala is a collage atelier: they snip, arrange, and paste existing structures, materials, geometries, finishes, and theories to form one concise composition where all previous meanings are dismantled then reconstructed, picture precedes work so others can follow suit, even economic problems are given a graphic treatment, where small spaces of low rent become perceptually more spacious when a curved wall, diagonal pillar, or a scone placed at a particular height are introduced.

their fixation on the (photo)graphic is a result of their 13-year career in the domestic space: once a building is relinquished, public access is cut off and demolition becomes a risk, the building's interior lives on through visual narratives curated by select photographers, rhinospace wireframes, and single 0.5 line drawings. abstraction is their gift of choice and their audience is trusted to know how to detail.

Summer'26

ANA BULACOVSKI, ZARA KAMRAN KHAN

Zara: Sooo, what's your summer been like?

Ana: For me, summer started with my graduation back in May, and since then it's been a relief to step away from the studio and witness great architecture in person. I visited China and was exposed to design approaches different from what I had experienced in NYC. How about your summer?

Z: My summer involved wrapping up work and preparing for my move to New Haven. The summer session at Rudolph Hall has been really lovely. Our instructor did a superb job organizing the assignments and site visits. It's helped me ease back into being a student again.

A: It must be more intimate going from an office setting to having classmates again. Since there are so few of us, how do you feel about the 7 dwarfs [our group]?

Z: I love our cohort. Our group is a very interesting bunch. Each individual is highly driven by thoughts of care and is mindful of what it really means to pursue architecture at Yale. Although each person has their own research interests, there is quite a special overlap between care and craft.

Z: What did you think of our day trip to New York?

A: It gave me a new perspective on the city; from it being alienating at times to an opportunity to share with others. It was special revisiting it with our cohort, and brought us much closer. It's these collective moments that prompt us to ask: two years from now, where will we be as a group?



Small Towns on the Edge

MAJDI ALKARUTE

"Civita di Bagnoregio will inevitably disappear when the final pieces crumble into the spectacular [valley] below... Knowing that nothing can be done to prevent it makes your visit all the more special..." The city's website says you should visit Civita precisely because it's dying, and it's now or never. So, we went there for summer travel. We first laid eyes on Civita from an overlook. We saw a stunning medieval village rising from valleys of olive trees to pierce the evening sky; its handful of stone houses were huddled together against a sheer cliff.

Because the town has only roughly a dozen full-time residents, we became friends quickly. We cooked for each other, shared stories and wine, and sweated together on the cursed bridge and on our hikes through the *chalanchi*. On our last day, we presented proposals to make the city more livable. The small lecture room was full, and so were our hearts.

Despite its spectacularly snatched figure, Civita faces the same problems as every small town. The lack of jobs, services, amenities, and investment drains residents away. But we realized it also had something increasingly rare: a tight bond between people and to a specific place that can only come through sustained care—through daily shared dinners and long conversations under the stars. *That* is what should be preserved, so that others might experience it too. Unfortunately, for small towns everywhere, it is also now or never as their populations continue to decline. But do we care? What do we stand to lose? The countryside is more than an image, an assertion that humans ought to be rooted in a place, in a community, and in a sense of continuity and intimate commonality that is slipping between our fingers.

Planes, Trains, and Black Cabs

AUBREY MOORE, DAVID RICO-GOMEZ, ZACH SUNDBORG

Movement is key to studying in London. A summer studio itinerary in this city entails extensive intermodal transportation. Working alongside the Shuttleworth collection gave us a primer in the history of these modes. Living in London made us care about how they come together to shape the experience of a city and its people.

The planes:

The Shuttleworth collection is a rare space where historic aircrafts and automobiles still live and breathe, outside the typical glass box. Knowledge of their maintenance and care is passed down from one generation of incredible engineers to the next. Each object, from Edwardian canvas planes to WWII dogfighters, is preserved and maintained for constant use. We witnessed them take to the skies one more time.

The cabs:

Busy bodies, weaving through the streets. Labor, the economy, and politics are their warp; footie clubs, pints, and banter their weft. The cabbies work the fabric of London, stitching it together, but are never too busy to extend a hand or tell a story. The drivers know the city better than anyone. Through world wars and redevelopments, the streets have stayed the same. Perhaps this hunger for knowledge is why we were met with a curiosity and warmth, reflective of the familiar but different cultural history we share with the Brits. The special relationship.

The underground/overground:

While the cabbies rule the streets, below runs the blood of the city, coursing through its veins and arteries—a train every two minutes. Steam, diesel, and electric transport either began or were perfected in this city, and everything depends on them. Nobody can escape tube delays: if the trains are behind, so is the city. In a London where each summer is hotter than the last, everybody knows which lines are air-conditioned, which ones hold heat. Each line has its own character, each station tells a story of a city that grows and changes each decade. Building projects live and die by the tube; even Lord Norman Foster can't escape what lies beneath.

Kiloing

JACKY JIA, MEGHAN MCNEILL

The Hawai'i summer program unfolds around the indigenous cosmology of *āina*. Through embodied learning opportunities at local organizations, we traced historical and contemporary land-based architectural approaches grounded in building relationships with the land, our ancestors, and the people of Hawai'i. *Kīlo* was practiced daily as the primary tool for us to unravel the many complexities of the land that sustained generations.

What does it mean to *kīlo*? I had been taught to wander and explore new things; however, this feels different. I was an outsider trying to connect with a place I had never been to.

Kīlo is constant. Everywhere we go, I find myself listening to the lapping of water, the kids' laughter, the drips in the ceiling.

I am an observer, an outsider listening in.

I wonder how to care for a place that I've never been to; yet we were welcomed with open arms. Whose stories do we carry with us, and what stories do we take away?

Where are stories held? In homes? In the trees? In our families? Stories are held in nui ice cream before dinner, the lyrics sung in a karaoke hall, and remnants of mud and sand in the shower.

I collect stories, the experiences of yesterday.

The mangrove roots sink deep into the mud where they are not always meant to be. Tugging, digging, sinking, sawing; pulling old roots to reveal the land that existed long before.

I am a caretaker, a visitor of the aina.

Home is not a single place; it is where my ancestors are buried, where my family lives, and where I spread my roots.

I came as *malihini*, left as *hoa'āina*.

Aina - land/that which feeds
Kīlo - deep observation
Malihini - stranger
Hos'āina - friend of the land

They communicated without faith, form or rituals, as there were no more stone tablets to turn.

For a month every year, YSOA students visit Rome. Tourists retracing the steps of masters who had come before us, matching their itinerary and aspirations, roleplaying the architects whose work we have studied for years. In preparation for this pilgrimage, we read their accounts, studied their drawings, and perhaps fetishized the world they inhabited. Only through drawing can we move beyond these inherited perspectives and begin to see the city for ourselves. We arrive in Rome as visitors, and we leave with a new form of attachment to a place that is not ours.

CENTER IMAGE AND IMAGE ON BACK:

Interior view, taken after the 1969 fire, showing damage to the Art & Architecture Building. When Rudolph later remarked about his reaction to the fire: "I felt as if somebody had died."

M.Arch I Foundations

SIMON GOLDSMITH

Next stop, New Haven. Trees raked the train windows. How could all this expectation possibly condense into day one? Stepping off the Metro North into station crowds and summer nerves. I looked for other T-squares poking out of brimming baggage.

"It's not like they're just going to say, OK, start!" my mom assured me. Then they sort of did. Tape, then tape measures, hit the concrete as we tried for the first time to register the world in orthographic geometry. The first night, the first drawing. The emotional density of making our first marks. Feeling outstripped by all we can't yet do, but knowing, somewhere deep, that this work is our work. The first break on the stairs. Discovery of Nice Day Chinese. The formation of routine.

Foundations, more than an academic introduction, was an induction into a way of life, a parallel social world with its own customs and agreements, its own urgency, morality, and humor. On the supercooled 6th floor, we set the tone. Could we steal studio from the clutches of competition, and put forth an architecture grown of mutual responsibility? Luck of the draw. Thanks to some iteration of chance, we somehow all knew it was our duty to help each other across the finish line.

Compression: a two-screened, dry-eyed push. It's only noon! It's already 7:00! Elbows rub raw on hardwood desks. The opening act. Elevator tones accelerate, then stop. Hands full of models. The watermelon and champagne laurels of our first review. First drinks at Rudy's, tired and wired.

Release, and looking back. Where would I have been if a classmate who pinned early hadn't graciously brought us something to eat in the seconds before crit? Or if another hadn't taken precious time to show me how to set up a Zund file? Slower thoughts start to gather. Do we accept an all-night infrastructure, so clearly born of the campaign to make cities make money? Or can we build a studio that is rigorous and generous, driven by our own earnest wager that architecture is right.

Soup in Galicia

BRIGID ELROD

Say you are a frog. A frog on the receiving end of a torrential flow of gutter water. This is your habitat. Each adaptation inherited from your ancestors, along with every instinct grafted on through school and society, has brought you here. You love the water; you bask in the flow.

But this June, eight of us hopped onto mossy, lichen-encrusted rocks and into the more relational soup of the Fragas do Eume in Galicia, Spain. We spent three weeks with the brilliant team at Fundación RIA and the impossibly energetic and multihyphenate Ana María Durán Calisto on the project of "designing the design brief." We were invited to "sense the territory" and tap into networks of care, kinship, and reciprocity to propose new outlines for intervention. I feel particularly grateful to learn from the Galicians tending to the commons, where the commons are not an abstraction, but a vivid, sustaining practice of communal land management. We waded through the contradictions of contemporary rural life, stitched across pre-modern smallholding plots among major extractive timber and energy interests. And we mapped it all out from the vantage point of our posh boarding school between episodes of *LelaLes: Fluid Love* in Sir David Chipperfield's salon, living through our own academic-tourist contradictions.

My greatest takeaway, and something of a common refrain on our final night, was how this experience pointed toward forms of spatial practice that work in real relation to community and the land, especially as we search for ways beyond YSoA to tunnel toward our territories. How can new forms of practice move past clientelism and toward true participation with and from communities? Are non-profit social ecology planning offices necessary? Or can these practices, at the forefront of responding to the climate-health-economy polycrisis, find their way into true social and political practice? Where is this locus of collective intelligence and energy and how can the architect tap in?

Ana Durán Calisto



10:41

8/27 DEBORAH BURKE imparts advice during Advanced Studio Lottery:

if you are international, the school cannot guarantee your safe return if you leave the country; regarding studio, do not work up a sweat; ultimately, interact, talk to each other, and get off your phone!

8/26 M.Arch I third-years and M.Arch II first-years grab drinks at Heidelberg's to discuss lottery theory (see: BORGES's "The Lottery in Babylon").

9/1

ELIA ZENGHLIS, professor at Yale and cofounder of OMA, passes away.

8/28 Budget cuts are evident as second years walk to their site in Fair Haven to take part in a convoluted exercise involving smelling a facade and using a humidity sensor to learn how damn hot it is.

8/27 ROBBIE SKORONSKI books Heidelberg's for the school; people get sweaty over foosball.