trator of an ture by driving very, very fast. the sun works! explore slowness in architecword gaibaststabau tuodiw natural light in your project WELL shows his studio how to chases down Pro Shops Pyramid, BLACK-HARGROVE Helio-don't make claims about ters in the Memphis Bass heliodon in the photo studio. JAIW 1957 Security From temporary headquarresults in the installation of a crusade on behalf of daylight AYSEL AZIZ's ongoing cuts. Big props during travel week. sal of budget the most Instagram followers accidental reverto see which of them can get extra day in an The Advanced Studios race Europe for an them to stay in flights, forcing face canceled soibuts AHAT YOUNG and

evil collide in a kinetic ballet of explosions and slow-motion dives. After of Sean Archer, the federal agent, against Castor Troy's red: justice and in Face/Off (1997). The climactic speedboat chase pits the white boat Woo carried this style to Hollywood in the '90s, most memorably into something both shocking and hauntingly beautiful. cility. Through such techniques, Woo found a way to elevate violence sequences—became metaphors for honor, sacrifice, and tragic inevitainto his representation of violence, gun battles—slowed to balletic Kong crime films. As Woo infuses character revelation and visual poetry This fusion of traditions marked a departure from earlier Hong ethos of brotherhood and scrambles Western binaries of good and evil.

mutual respect—cop and killer as reluctant peers—channels the wuxia an enemy and comes to recognize John's moral code. Their growing he's hired to kill. Opposite him, policeman Li (Danny Lee) starts as mixes ruthlessness with compassion, protecting the innocent even as reads as purity and order, while John (Chow Yun-fat), the assassin, oathed in slow motion, and sharpened by stark contrasts. The church brutal action. Violence becomes ritual—meticulously choreographed, stages an iconic gunfight in a dove-filled church: sacred space versus (1986) and The Killer (1989)—crystalize that hybridity. In the latter, he gangster and cop dramas. His breakthroughs—A Better Tomorrow spectacle, but by the mid-'80s John Woo had steered it toward sleek

Hong Kong cinema of the 1970s and early '80s ran on martial-arts morality, reshaping action cinema across cultures and continents. 'poetic violence" transformed gunfights into operatic meditations on wuxia ideals of loyalty and sacrifice with Western noir fatalism. His film industry before transitioning to Hollywood, Woo fused Chinese than John Woo. Emerging from Hong Kong's vibrant 1980s beauty. Few have negotiated this tension more vividly depict it as moral corruption, others as tragic to represent violence. Some filmmakers

Transnational

Doves, Blood, and Bro

nas always struggled with how ameanio—1i ni gninsem bnfi it, aestheticize it, or

ity and thoughtful sequencing. ceeds in moments of spatial generos-Despite its flaws, the project sucthe entire building within its site. forces the guest to pause and see that opens into a large, airy space condensed, slightly hidden entryway the Frank Lloyd Wright playbook: а is noteworthy, coming straight from The entry sequence, however,

in the bedroom through all levels of open staircase could facilitate a spill there is no bedroom door, and the reads as the exact opposite: private, the interior Though outwardly the kitchen.

A Strictly Architectural Review of This Year's Building Project

Musleh

**Y KOOM MITH A VIEW?** 

the eye directly to whatever is hapother openings on that facade draws ing up the driveway, and the lack of television screen for anyone walkone above the kitchen sink is like a places throughout the house. The appear, they are placed at awkward center below. Where windows do the ample glazing of the community yard could have taken a hint from side. Small sliding doors to the back-

Despite the lovely view, its than its attached counterpart. house, is considerably more timid aplomb. The second program, a space declares its raison d'être with nature and passersby inside—the foliage and the street—inviting both corner opening to the surrounding ple yet effective space. With its glass hrst, a community center, is a simborn of two programs. The First Year Building 2025 Jim Vlock

openings barely let visitors look out-

carbon footprint per average US home. year ÷ 7.5 metric tons of CO2e annual 5 13.2 metric tons of CO2 sequestered per KWh annual energy usage per average US annal surplus; 15,500 kWh ÷ 10,500

4 310,000 kWh/year  $\times$  0.05 = 15,500 kWh tons/year = 12.4 years to offset. metric tons embodied CO2 ÷ 127.5 metric 3 51 students x 2.5 metric tons CO2e/ year = 127.5 metric tons CO2e/year; 1,580 2 3,757 square feet of land per student.

140,000 total square footage ÷ 51

whether we can imagine needing ings can do more. The question is The question is not whether buildwe claim to want to leave behind. only entrenches the very patterns efficiency promises salvation, but space. More complexity. Each new unchanged: More systems. More language, sure, but the logic remains tools, smarter systems, sustainable

optimizing and consuming. Cleaner energy—we are still expanding, the instant combustion of fossilized comfort, speed, and scale through modernity defined by the pursuit of a society. After 150 years of carbon very foundation of our existence as demands that we totally rethink the be reduced to exceeding baselines. It Environmental stewardship cannot numbers but perhaps not in vision. The Living Village succeeds in

plus a community kitchen. "lantern lounge," shared kitchenettes ity center, student lounges plus a boast study centers plus an activtive brand ambassador, unable to Though a forest is a much less effecby simply foresting the whole site. CO2 that could have been captured as good as the 1.8 houses worth of power an entire 1.4 houses, \* almost 5%, generating enough surplus to overproduces electricity by trast, the Living Village students. By connumber of

bon in just over a decade3 to house 1,580 metric tons of embodied carequivalent of this new building's standing, would have consumed the

True, that older housing, if left which had nearly double the density. Helen Hadley Hall on Temple Street, once housed at the just-demolished afforded to the 205 graduate students paths—photogenic amenities not gardens, and panoramic walking viewing platforms, panoramic additionally features panoramic my weekend visit. The 4.4 acre plot which stood largely unused during if one includes common areas area increases to 781 sq ft per person

is assigned a 250-400 sq ft room, that

While each of its 51 student residents speak, in square footage per person. It is also net positive, so to ing is operationally net positive. strategies. In these terms, the build operate partially on passive cooling treat all its own water on-site, and rooftop solar panels, capture and less energy than it produces through lation, the project claims to consume timber and high-performance insuand Beauty. Constructed with mass + Happiness, Materials, Equity,

areas: Place, Water, Energy, Health ings across seven performance a certification that evaluates buildwith the Living Building Challenge, long planning process in alignment tour. It is the outcome of a decadeopened with a two-day public at the Divinity School, new dormitory

Village, Yale's Тре

\*READING CRITICISM\* Solares

Ph.D

October break is approaching, and,

ever someone asks me or any of my

colleagues what we're doing, the

answer will probably be the same:

we're reading. That's why it's so nice,

from time to time, to participate in

some studio reviews. Acting as a

critic is a very good way to connect theory and practice. That's why AJ,

Prof. David Sadighian, Izzy, and I

are organizing the "Criticism in the

New Commons" Symposium on the

30th and 31st of this month. Come!

Maybe we can read other things...like

unfortunately, that doesn't mean much to doctoral students... When-

Carmona

The Living Village at Yale Divinity School MANY, MANY INCHES FULL OF INTENTION

Duilding Levienes Duilding Levienes Building Levienes Building Leviene

Issue 04

2025 On The Ground On The Ground On The Ground On The Ground \*BEYOND VISUALS\*

Architecture is a three-dimensional

M.Arch I '26

Salem

It has a sensation, a site, a context. We need to walk in it to understand its logic beyond its representation. Natural forces cannot be internalized inside the golden cage of Rudolph. It takes a rattlesnake to make you underwonder of Corbusier's stereophonics doesn't come across through to understand the South's charm, \*UN-CLARITY\* M.E.D

mystery.

"What? Being lazy at Yale?"

"It happens." - Vinh

Second years are typing. First years are researching. Progress is still a

\*DRAMA & DESIGN\*

M.Arch II '26

Working in the open spaces of

Rudolph Hall feels highly perfor-

visible from every angle, as if the

building itself were directing the scene. Naturally, we decided to exaggerate this effect by filming our own reality show. The working

title is Bad Timing, because it truly

is bad timing to start a reality show

schedules already overflowing. Stay

during midterm season with our

mative. Everyone is in the spotlight,

Bakhrameeva

\*BOUNCING BETWEEN\* Maggie

M.Arch I '28

The sixth floor has seen lighter foot traffic in recent weeks as first years realize that we can indeed leave the building. Just as we erratically pivot between plan and section before eventually modeling in three dimensions, the back-and-forth between home and studio has inspired students to seek new sights on the

weekends.

\*GONE FISHING\* Tian Hsu Undergraduate

(on fall break)

criticism itself.

Undergraduate

cutters were working and there were no open service requests, Macarena Fernández personally tested each cutter to confirm none were in fact working this morning. Thankfully, at 3:18 pm, an email

"Our team has visited all studio laser cutters and reset the settings for each. All laser cutters are working as

hopefully ending weeks of issues. Meanwhile, Nico Cao showed me her open service request for three cutters dated October 1st—still open as of the writing of this piece. Welcome to Soundscapes, a recurring column tuning into the ambient acoustics, sonic moods, and unofficial soundtracks of Rudolph Hall. In a building that hums with plotters, echoes with badminton in the pit. where every hallway feels like it's rever-

If architecture is frozen music, what you stream while you model or tear down ideas is the unseen pillar of your studio. These tracks aren't just filler. They're the slow building pulse pushing you through 2 am, the sudden quiet you need when the critique room is closing in, the textures blurring as

brings you a playlist that cuts: sometimes ambient and moody, sometimes rhythmic attack, always skin you can feel. Music to sketch to, model to, stare at a blank wall with, or collapse into

Here's the first: a soundtrack for this moment—early semester's mix of ping. For walking past brutalist stairs, catching golden leaves in your peripheral. For caffeinating, calibrating, quietly panic-running through your plans in your head. These songs (Gotan Project's "Notas" Brazilian Girls' "Homme"

\*SCATTERED PIECES, SHARED MAP\*

"I loved the old wise olive trees. It's grounding to see something that outlived so many people and places."

much more sublime in person.

meal, when we stepped into the church and heard the procession, everyone started crying.'

"A strong confrontation with reality. I felt like I was in an Edward Hopper painting."

"Plečnik. I like how weird and unapologetically different he is." - Lyra

A new dimension to our forms.

October 23

Paprika

Aesthetics of

therhood: John Woo's

euce

recovered.

her wallet. It has since been

**WCKENNA SABON loses** 

marry very very well." - MARK

can give you in this class, it's to

career: "If there's any advice I

Regarding Charles Jencks'

in Woo's hands, it always asks us to consider what we owe to each other

violence on screen is never neutral. It can wound, thrill, or elevate, and

ography remain embedded in global cinema. His films remind us that

persists. From Tarantino's ironic stylizations in Pulp Fiction to the

ing but as a mirror of human devotion, sacrifice, and loss.

but for loyalty, honor, and kinship.

Wachowskis' techno-mythologies in The Matrix, traces of Woo's chore-

Though his Hollywood run waned in the 2000s, Woo's influence

Hong Kong and Hollywood. It asks us to see violence not only as terrify-

ery, and moral ambiguity, Woo forged a transnational style that bridged

transcends borders. Through balletic action sequences, symbolic imag-

pressure. Far from a mere spectacle, his cinema reveals violence as a

brother. Woo refuses simple archetypes; both villains and heroes are

Face/Off, the rivalry between Archer and Troy is haunted by family

trauma: Archer's grief over his son's death, Troy's devotion to his own

This thread of concern continues in Woo's Hollywood films. In

drama gives the violence weight: every bullet flies not only for survival

Tomorrow is driven by the tension between two brothers, who are now

theater. Yet spectacle was never the final aim. Beneath explosions and

Hollywood's bigger budgets and special effects amplified

conventional chase becomes a symbolic clash of

and sea spray. What might otherwise be a

saturated with crimson flames

on the wreckage, the screen

the battle continues

boat explodes,

Woo's sensibility, but his core remained: violence as metaphorical

morality staged as pure spectacle.

ambivalence toward order and chaos, tradition and modernity. Melo-

a gangster and a policeman. Their fractured bond mirrors the city's

bloodbaths runs a steady pulse of family and brotherhood. A Better

defined by their love and loss. Violence thus becomes inseparable

from emotion, a way of dramatizing the fragility of relationships under

complex aesthetic form, articulated via a visual and moral language that

Impermanence in the Philip-

at the opening of Maintaining

els and even crispier snacks

North Gallery with crisp mod-

CRANDALL furnish the

CLES BIEN, and MARISA

CARCÍA, SAM ALGAS, PERI-

ALBERTO MARTINEZ

KARINA ENCARNACIÓN,

.əzııd

preserves his

pedal pilferer

theft, but the

atternoon bike

egregious

into the country

classmates back

other itinerant

and all our

mədə əlggums

NADZAM for

nator CHERYL

to travel coordi-

In Chantal Akerman's News from Home, static shots of streets, subways, and buildings in New York were overlaid with letters from Akerman's loving—and sometimes anxious-mother back in Brussels. The film becomes a meditation on displacement, longing, and the fragile ties between two cities.

Cai Sheng-yu

"How have you been? Summer in Montreal has been nurturing. I often bike along the canal. When I rest, people try to speak to me in French—I feel clumsy as an Anglophone. My hometown has a canal too; my dad used to take me boating there as a kid.

The other day I watched the Shibuya Crossing live webcam, overwhelmed by the tides of human flow on my screen. I wondered if I'd recognize your face among them.'

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Paprika! Magazine is a window into emerging discourse from the Yale School of Architecture. Every student-curated issue features diverse voices in the fields

In Wong Kar-Wai's Happy Together, Hong Kong couple Fai and Ho travel to Buenos Aires, HK's antipode, allured by the question: "How will HK look from the other side of the world?" In their cramped apartment, intimacy becomes a reconstruction of home, a distant echo of Hong Kong through estrangement.

"Osh, I miss you—the time difference sucks. I watched one of Denis Villeneuve's early films at an arthouse cinema in Tokyo; some scenes looked just like your Montreal posts.

Did you know Montreal's antipode is the Kerguelen Islands—a French territory in the Indian Ocean? Even on the other side of the planet, it's still France—it feels both

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of architecture, art, and design and is uniquely designed by students from the Graphic Design program at the Yale School of Art. No two issues are alike. stand that you aren't God. And the shitty headphones. We all need to travel more—to rediscover Plečnik, or to sit in stadiums that are more than just photorealistic renderings. Being in—rather than looking at—

architecture is the modus operandi

of a student.

\*LASERGATE\* Alkarute

"They want requests? I'll give them requests."

After allegedly being told all laser from Advanced Technology:

expected,"

(6:45 pm)

\*SOUNDSCAPES\* Montejano

berating, sound isn't just backgroundit's the concrete's voice.

the light out the window shifts. Every edition of *Soundscapes* 

when your eyes burn from the screen. ambition, exhaustion, and light slipetc.) aren't just playing. They're the shadows, the pulse, the spark.

Want to lose yourself in sound, swap tracks, or just blast something that makes you feel as alive as this building feels at midnight? Find me in Rudolph. Let's make noise together.

Shreshtha M.Arch II '27

"Being physically at the site. Ruins are

"La Tourette, the prayer before the



Human Rights Resource Centre, Repórter Brasil and Core Coalition Timber Industry: Modern Slavery and the British Market, Repórter S. University of Nottingham, BRICS Policy Centre, Business &

Imaginary Trees, Real Destruction. March 2018. 5. K. D. C. Andrade et al., Volumetric yield coefficient. Greenpeace Brazil and Tropical Forestry Laboratory of Esalq/USP,

para a conservação e o manejo responsável. Imaílora, 2021. 2. K. D. C. Andrade et al., "Volumetric yield coefficient: the key to regulating virtual credits for Amazon wood." Acta Amazonica, 2022. t. M. Lentini et al., A exploração do ipê (Handroanthus spp.) em florestas naturais da Amazônia brasileira: desafios e oportunidades

violence behind them is to miss the story they tell. forests. To see its blossoms without acknowledging the It reminds us of the intertwined fates of cities and divided by distance but bound by global markets. landscape and dispossession in another—realities The ipê evokes a sense of belonging in one

trees is symbolic; in Amazonia, it is measured in cubic meters, dollars, and hectares of loss. and bloom. In Los Angeles, the value of the trumpet centuries of growth meet the brief cycles of logging landscapes mirror extractive frontiers—and where places but of entangled economies, where urban deforestation in another. It tells not just a tale of two reveals a paradox: a tree that adorns one city fuels The diptych of Los Angeles and Amazonia

arboretum in the 1960s to be used in landscaping. of beauty and shade, were cultivated by the city's violence in Amazonia. The trees, planted as symbols one might never suspect their entanglement with invisible. Walking beneath the trumpet tree's blooms, From Los Angeles, these dynamics remain

galleries, and high-end businesses. and Europe, becoming the decking of luxury homes, of legality.9 From there, ipê flows to North America the true origin of the timber, creating the illusion Corrupt public officials issue permits that disguise the wood," launders illegal logs into the legal market. bondage.8 Fraudulent paperwork, known as "heating conditions, with reports of forced labor and debt oberations rely on poor workers under brutal is deeply tied to human exploitation. Illegal timber

Beyond environmental loss, the ipê economy gniggol bns anoiasvni ot teerof 2020 alone, these lands lost over 14,000 hectares of Bacajá have become flashpoints: between 2019 and

Blooming...

### Luciana Varkulja ···Wounds

Each spring, Los Angeles fills with pink, purple, and yellow blossoms from the trumpet tree (Handroanthus spp.), or ipê (pronounced ee PEH)—an Indigenous Tupi word meaning "hard bark." Native to South America, the tree brings color to the city's dry streets and connects two distant landscapes through migration and memory.

Yet the same flowering season carries a different meaning in the Brazilian Amazon. When ipê blooms, helicopters fly above the forest canopy to spot their bright crowns. On the ground, loggers mark them for later extraction. The flowers that brighten Los Angeles streets also serve as death markers, signaling erasure elsewhere.

This diptych juxtaposes not just stories of two cities, but of two territories: Los Angeles, where trumpet trees stand in beauty, and the Amazonian Forest, where the same tree fuels one of the world's most violent and unsustainable timber economies. Together, these geographies illustrate how beauty in one place can be inseparably tied to degradation in another.

The global demand for ipê is driven by its exceptional qualities—dense, durable, and prized for high-end decks, floors, and outdoor furniture selling for up to \$6,500 per cubic meter. Despite its value, ipê is a slow-growing tree: it takes eighty to one hundred years to mature, yet Brazil's forest management plans are based on thirty- to thirtyfive-year cycles.<sup>2</sup> The mismatch between ecological time and market demand creates a system that cannot sustain itself.

Certified forest management exists, but only on 2.5 million hectares—far short of the 16 million hectares experts estimate would be required to meet demand.<sup>3</sup> In practice, most ipê entering the market is sourced illegally. In 2019, only seven percent of ipê wood came from certified forests,4 the remaining percentage entering supply chains through fraudulent systems, corruption, and violence.5

The process is as destructive as it is inefficient. În sawmills across Pará and Mato Grosso, outdated equipment wastes more than 60% of each harvested log. Of what remains, only about a quarter meets export quality.6 The rare tree found naturally at a density of one individual per ten hectares—must be located, cut, and dragged out, degrading the surrounding forest. Indigenous territories such as Apyterewa and Trincheira



by'oweereddwa, ate entasiima... And well, these are the two cities

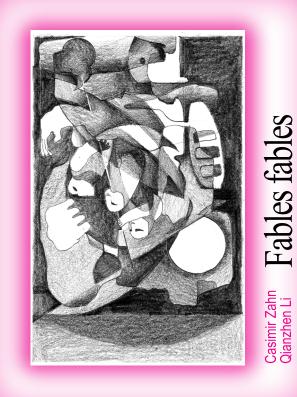
going back to those. Is it still the same? But of What about the food trucks? I know you keep

Snoititagay Vlibb ni Vitanbinogs vol far between, you say, and without the potential bnn bəzinngvo oot əvn yəhT fəlil boodvuoddgiən Are street festivals not a version of the Kampala Very well. But still, don't downplay New Haven.

spaces in America, despite the winters? that streets were once upon a time community Oh, you know your urban history, and you know

уоп рауг рееп гргоидр реге. zynunul ədi ni nəqo ədi ni iuo əlqoəq ənizaml Not so fast on the comparison, Munnamasaka.

EBIBNCY…



 $\sum_{i=1}^{n} \sum_{j=1}^{n} \sum_{i=1}^{n} \sum_{j=1}^{n} \sum_{j=1}^{n} \sum_{j=1}^{n} \sum_{i=1}^{n} \sum_{j=1}^{n} \sum_{i=1}^{n} \sum_{j=1}^{n} \sum_{j$ L ucky to be studying, to be part of Treel lucky— Here in New Haven, I walk to class. Lin the news. LTt disappears, then it comes back Much of me is still in Jerusalem.

Say "home" as if it waits.

It shifts. It burns.

## ..., səiti O ow T to əls T A ...one is always on the news.

Last year, I saw the world.

Twalked streets I had never known and met people I never knew existed.

I laughed in places I couldn't pronounce and was loved by people who didn't know what I

Istayed in borrowed rooms, in borrowed time.
Tlearned how to live elsewhere. ut I didn't learn how to stop missing Dhome.

This is a poem I wrote when my flight back to I Jerusalem was canceled for the third time. The suitcase was open at the foot of the bed he clothes were folded the way I always fold them.

In Tot because of the weather. Not because of IN strikes.

Ididn't go because of a missile. Because of war.

ar is spoken of like weather.

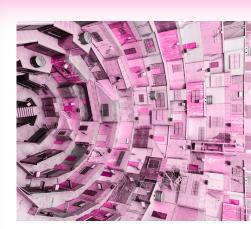
Deople nod. They don't know what to

People nod. They don't know what to say.



# ...MPEEREDDWA

Kyekino ekibuga New Haven? Ndabilawa? Nandi babuuzizzaako nti mugyebale, naye bali wa ab'okubuuza? Enguudo nkalu ku mabbali. Tekuli bulamu, nga obw'e Kampala. Obw'okugula ky'olya ku muliro gw'esigiri kwenyini. Obw'okuyulikako olugoye oba okukutukako engatto, n'osala oluguudo, n'otuuka ku mutunzi. Ekibuga wano kipange, naye empanga yajjawo obulamu bw'ekkubo. Obulamu ob'wokumanya ab'okukyaalo, kubanga mwesanga ku masigiri, ku byalaani, ne ku maduuka. Baliwa abantu? Baliwa abakola, baliwa abafumba, baliwa abatunga? Abatembeeyi, n'ab'amaduuka abayita abayise? Ate abo bonna, baliwa ababagulako? Buliwa obulamu?



first glimmers of a complex, vital hybrid emerge, and on the edge of the great plains, the White City begins to hand of fate. For the Outsiders, renewal is at hand: the them, but they remain frozen and can only await the watch a storm roll over the lake. They know it will end crumbling bastions high above the streets, the Insiders empty symbol—a symptom of weakness. From their and towers were not a show of strength but a brittle, sanctum. When they do, they will find that the walls towers in glass and steel—has withered and died. Soon Insiders' vision—an eternal monument of soaring the outside, the city remakes itself in a new guise. The the Insiders' last bastion.
The fate of the White City has turned again. From

the settlement had spilled over into the surrounding streets—a dense knot of urbanity at the very doorstep of it had been years since the Void was last razed, and destroy could not match the Outsiders' will to create; The Void became a totem in a war of attrition waged between Inside and Outside. The Insiders' power to Time after time, they evicted time, the Outsiders, leaving a the Void an empty pit. Time after time, the Outsiders returned, sprouting like weeds to fill the space anew. the new settlement with shock troops and bulldozers. Phole within months. Outraged, the Insiders attacked scaffolding, their hastily built homes cascading into the Outsiders flocked to the Void, using its structure as the Insiders were powerless to control this lost territory. resources and little security. When the outer wall fell, was unfussy and agile, thrown up by people with few into, and over existing forms. The new urban grammar

infiltrated by informal networks growing through, warrens of intimate space; the abandoned city was makeshift style. Grand edifices were reconfigured into occupied by the Outsiders and adapted in their abandoned Void. Her old neighborhood was quickly It had been seven years since she discovered the

windows, with plumes of steam and the soft chatter of fiber-cement walls. Light spilled from barred kitchen air-conditioning units affixed haphazardly to rough noise fell away, replaced by the thrum of wall-mounted the crowd like liquid, navigating by defensive instinct and muscle memory. Ducking into an alley, the crowd shoulder bag tight. Dodging bodies, she moved thro<mark>ugh</mark> into the rushing stream of people, she pulled her old Stepping down from the cracked-concrete stoop

she saw a place to rebuild. the surface in shade. Alone in the ruins of her own city, the centre of the void, a single weeping willow dappled drifts of sandy soil on the concrete floor below - near layers of rusty ribbed steel. Dark water swirled around striated, thick slabs of water-stained concrete and great void stared back, silent and empty. Its walls were the project to the vicissitudes of time and decay. The

with their money, and they were forced to abandon The Insiders' power had waned: the architect had fled exhausted the city's energies and drained its coffers. the Spire, the gleaming, towering monument that had into the earth. This was the unfinished foundation of eyes narrowed. A huge void - perfectly round, at least a hundred feet across and the same deep - disappeared scouting north through the blighted liminal zone, her broke and returned the White City to its people. Today,

Insiders' defenses, preparing for the day the levee and others had been scouting, probing, testing the and the creeping hand of nature. For seven years she been empty ever since - abandoned to the elements banked up against the outer wall. The in-between had her family was ejected into the make-do settlements resistance, and ever-tighter security. Seven years ago ever-increasing resentment that spilled into protest, space, displaced ever-more citizens and created an reinforcing: new security measures enclosed ever-more the last wall will fall, and Outsiders will flood their decade ago it was a radically less segregated place. The hardening, subtle at first, quickly became self-

She had grown up in the White City, but even a Spire would secure them against the coming tempest. would pierce the prairie sky, a beacon of eternal power and permanence. They poured their money into the open arms of this snake-oil charlatan, praying his turning masterpiece in white steel and blue glass who promised them the world. His Spire - a twisting, Ozymandias found an architect from across the ocean of the tallest tower. These cash-fattened sons of that security and stability live at the highest peak persisted, building ever-higher, fooling themselves strangle them alive as the Outside encroaches. Yet they their noose, tightening year by year, threatening to around the city's soaring towers. Their walls became

was protected by rings of reinforced concrete inscribed and the outside world. Their makeshift green zone. Insiders hardened the barriers between themselves and mistrust thrived in this divided city and the their wake. But the centre cannot hold. Resentment elevated highway through the city, sweeping aside the powerless and poor, leaving blighted vestiges in of glass and steel; the Insiders drove swathes of

eternal. In time, stone was replaced by great curtains they came to see their reign in the sky as natural and to climb away from the miasma of the workaday city, called themselves Insiders - sinking deep foundations the debt they owed the earth. This tiny, powerful cadre the soil built tall palaces of iron and stone, as if fleeing on grain and hogs, always sat uneasily on the ground that nurtured it. Men whose wealth was a dividend of The White City, a lakefront trading town grown fat

momentum has turned - decay arrives and seeps into and money has weathered many storms, but its On the edge of the great plains, the White City begins to crack and splinter. This nexus of power

Jonathan Russell

### The White City and the Void



### Hi Mom سالام مامان Mohammadreza

Those twelve days felt like twelve years—time itself seemed to lose meaning. Days and nights blurred together; I could no longer tell which time zone I was in. I was suspended between the constant refreshing of news tabs and memories of the home I once knew, while my loved ones lived through another version of that same h

### Fri, Jun 13 Hi Mom سلام مامان

Hello Darling, how are you? We just arrived in Tehran. سلام به روی ماهت عزیزم خوبی, ما

الان تهران رسيديم

### Voice call No answer.

What happened? Did you go back to Tehran?! Why didn't you stay in Tabriz ( City, NW part of Iran)

Yes, darling

It doesn't make a difference, sweetheart. Don't worry, everything is fine. خبری نیست فرقی نداره گل من, به کارات برس نگران نباش

### Sat, Jun14

### Video call No answer.

Hi, Mom, are you sleeping? I wish you had stayed a couple of days in Tabriz

Hello darling ... (forwarding some religious prayers)

Whatever happens, we will accept it. Tabriz is the same; in the afternoons, Aunt and Grandpa could hear the blasts continuously. They were scared too! هر چی پیش بیاد تسلیم هستیم, فرقی نداره تبریز وضعش بدتر هست از ظهر اقاجان وفریده میگفتن صدا ها پشت سرهم میاد, الهی مادر فدات بشه نگران نباش هر چی پیش

بیاد تقدیر, خیلی دوستت دارم تو مواظب خودت باش عزیز

### Sun, Jun 15

Hi mom, news showing air defence is shooting!

Yes, your dad is sleeping, and I'm awake for morning prayers. Pray for all of us, don't worry too much. Everything that happens is fate. Love you. Love you.

ضد هوایی ها کار میکنن. نگران ما هم نباشین ما خسته Mon, Jun 16

Video call

### No answer. 6:30 pm - Local time 2:00 am

Hello mom, how are you guys?

There is oil depot burning in Shahran (neighborhood in Iran), we can see smoke in

is dominating the city. یک جای تو شهران انبار نفتی میسوزه از دور دیده میشه حالا تا صبح ببینم چکار میشه کرد

distance. Everyone is awake, some sort of silence

speak with your brother if you can, he is really stressed, maybe you can give him some comfort.

your traditions alive? same way. What are the challenges in keeping history tied to place. It does not exist in the groups, but they usually do not a have longer In America, movements originate from local

won gnissim s'tsdT. what you do are connected. value - what you say and ago, integrity was a key it's disappearing...Long internet and social media, like integrity. Now, with the origin. We had principles, Grassroots means your

> Srassroots"? ordinary citizens. But, what do you mean by up organizing around political issues by In US, grassroots usually means bottom-



roots. without the

is tradition performances. What remains our traditions feel like The modern era has made signs, but the core is gone. can still see the physical

roots have disappeared. You through generations. The practical skills passed down values, spiritual beliefs, and knowledge. It holds cultural includes more than academic Traditional education

and culture disappearing? traditional knowledge? Do you see your traditions What's the difference between academic and

community develop. I wanted to help my local didn't fully meet my needs. well...but I felt city life abroad and speak English was my father's prayer to go Many people think I'm from the West because of my name, Ricardo Howard. It

you decide to return? your hometown, Pederhana, afterwards. Why did educated in Jakarta, but chose to move back to was doing fieldwork. I had heard that you were We met in your village last summer when I

## Flecting... ... Encounters

The biggest challenge is changing the mindset. Even in our tribe, we are rich in natural resources but cannot manage them well because of limited education. Many graduates return only to work as staff or employees, not as leaders or transformers who can bring hope to the community.

Why focus on English though?

I teach them English, but I also explain our traditions in English. If they can speak English, they can go to university, explain our culture, and publish about it. English is a bridge. It connects my teaching to their future.

Tell me, what is your perspective on our village's education and people? What has been the most challenging part of doing research in my community?

I find the community motivated. there is still so much energy here. I find that in comparison to other places in the

world, there is a memory within the culture of values that cannot be replicated in a university I think the challenge is learning how to know a culture very different from my own. I often feel lucky to be where I am, but also guilty.

very

It is helpful when visitors are respectful and openminded. But sometimes it is unhelpful when they come with preconceived notions. Because of communication barriers, we cannot always go deeper...If I could, I would go [America] to enhance my skills and perspectives, and when I return, I will dedicate my life to my community. Even bringing back one person with a strong mindset can create change. That is how I imagine my role.

through old friendships with American contractors, while their personnel make and recall temporary its profitable partnership. Riyadh continues to rise not yet open when I visited-or a means to retain the Kingdom-refineries, an industrial city, a metro stay, hoping to contribute something durable to like so many other expats. Bechtel, however, would Wheeler also left at the end of his two-year mission,

people blame foreign contractors who come into the country, build quickly and then leave. closer inspection many are poorly constructed...Some ours to shame when it comes to architecture - but, at a to ynam 3 of mose bluow osnateib a mort baa won of the buildings here in Saudi Arabia are quite

Riyadh are accompanied by armchair criticism of its "ultramodern" architecture: the personnel to run it." Remarks about his life in up for air conditioning" but without the "power nor California about pushing papers in a hot office "set testimony. He wrote to his own parents in Corning,

the US Army Corps of Engineers.
Visiting buildings I cannot see, I turn to Wheeler's one of many projects overseen by relocated in the following decades-MODA HQ was redesigned and ESayyid Kurayyim along Kirport
ERAAyid —a north-south artery

Oretained by the 1972 Doxiadis plan, among other modernist government buildings by the Egyptian architect Ash Aviation headquarters (V). Early bad bed becored Early bath and be progression of the the new Saudi Ministry of Defense In 1960, he was the first U.S. Army draftee in Saudi Arabia, stationed at no longer speak to about his work. Keith Wheeler, another man I can

Grate Bridge, I visited from Marin across the Golden grandfather's commute from Marin across the Golden Grate Bridge, I follow the 101 further North to Bodega Bay to interview a retired Bechtel engineer, a friend of my maternal grandmother. There are many roads back of Riyadh, and some of them happen to route through my own California upbringing.

On the highway, or in King Fahad's library, I think past Harry Printz to Keith Wheeler, another man I can Keith Wheeler, another man I can • Francisco. I visited mine to the north. Retreading my trip-he returned home to "the farm" south of San promotion to Reagan's Secretary of State. After Shultz' own visits to the Kingdom-"many great new buildings in Riyadh!" he remarked to the President after a 1982 in Riyadh!" he remarked to the President after a 1982 in Riyadh!" he remarked to the President after a 1982 in Riyadh! at the construction giant and from his subsequent Stanford, reading correspondences from his leadership my last trip, I visited the archives of George Shultz at my dissertation brings me home to the Bay Area. On Bechtel's offices have since decamped to Virginia. Still, Street in San Francisco's financial district: a spare SOM tower from 1967. The building remains, though

Bechtel once enjoyed its own fortification on Beale



## transposition



Each site holds a unique promise. To intervene is to impose one's will—creating irreversible change carried by its history and collective consciousness. Those who spend time with it suspend it in memory. Lines are drafted and measured. On site, new considerations emerge, and intimacy grows through scrutiny.

That is the beauty of transposition. The shift from paper to body as site is disorienting. Beyond the physical, you ask: Where am I? You are there before, during, and after intervention. Fleeting in practice yet comforting in promise—however unfamiliar the journey, there is always repose in the liminal.

It's my first time in Riyadh, but it feels like a return. The city, once home to my paternal grandparents, father and uncle, has since become the research object and field of my dissertation-in-progress. Why and how so many Americans expatriated their families for a contract job in

Saudi Arabia in the decades bracketing the one marked by "oil crisis" is a phenomenon without much literature. My grandfather, once an HR administrator for the California construction companies Fluor and Bechtel, and later, the Hospital Corporation of America, died before I could ask him about it, and the finer points are hard to retrieve for my corporate. California construction companies to retrieve for my 94-year-old grandmother. So I text my dad as I walk across the plaza to King Fahad National Library, sending a picture of the 2015 addition that ingested the original 1986 building. Of course, he doesn't recognize it. The city of the 1980s has obsolesced in favor of newer construction, especially in this part of

He does remember the souk, which remains mostly as it was, though perhaps better oriented to tourists. After a day with my archives, I wait for a Mercedes bus-a recent addition to the city's public transportation network-ton Ad-Dirah. South Asian men fill the seats of the bus that arrives, and the driver asks them to make space for mediatrives. and another woman boarding. By the time I get to the large plaza held between the Grand Mosque and Qasr. al-Hukm, the souk, and Al Masmak Palace, I Face Time my toddler, who looks past the small version of me on his dad's phone. "That is a castle" he says of the Palace-Museum behind me. The Najdi mudbrick fortification is shrouded with a construction textile, printed with images of the building then undergoing restoration.

These are the glimpses of a city perpetually reinventing itself-meanwhile disposing itself to guestwork-and where some of the best views of new and old buildings are caught out of car windows. In the city of closed spaces, as the sociologist Amélie Le Renard has described Riyadh, visitors tend to reproduce images of peripheries. Without leaving one's compound, being ushered past other secure entrances, invited into offices and homes to be offered too many coffees, the indulgence in facades is inevitable.