

Paprika Issue 03:

CRASH OUT!



CRASHING OUT

Editorial Statement

We are crashing out.

Economies are resting upon increasingly fragile foundations. The landscape of geopolitical power is no longer unipolar. Global ecosystems have lost their equilibrium. There are more empty houses than houseless people. The old rules which brought us to this present polycrisis are beginning to dissolve.

To crash is to suddenly reconcile with an opposing condition. Internal contradictions reach an inflection point. The pressure is either spent, or re-directed. The planet has limits, sovereignty has limits, the psyche has limits—what happens when they fail?

This issue invited meditations on how crashes register across scales; we asked how collapse might be productive, how exhaustion may generate knowledge, and how rupture could become a condition for change. We considered this issue to be a site for fragments, interruptions, and unfinished thoughts. We received a breadth of submissions, ranging from pop cultural commentary, to a deconstruction of the housing market, to a personal anecdote about sleepily slicing a sliver of finger.

A crash out is cathartic. It is the destruction of the vestiges of that which came before, allowing for recollection and the reimagining of possible futures. When navigating the decline of our inherited hegemonic order, we ask you, our dear reader: how do you CRASH OUT?

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Cole, Eli, & Ethan

CRASHING OUT



Ethan Lamping (EL) in Conversation with Jack Self (JS)

EL: The tertiary objective of your Derivative Architecture project was a quiet rupture of capitalism and inherited traditions of domesticity, a Trojan horse strategy, wherein by designing and working within the financial mechanisms of real estate you hoped to simultaneously create cheap housing and new modes of social organization. Where does this project stand?

JS: I decided, when I was 24, to engage in a 10-year project to find out who I was, what I was good at, and how I could use my talents to benefit others. Almost immediately, I concluded I should focus on housing and the home, because they are twin foundations of capitalism. Housing, as an asset, is tied to property and ownership. For years, I thought this sphere could be disrupted as others were in the 2010s. That was a profound mistake. Property relations and ownership are the load-bearing pillar of capitalism. They are not open to disruption. Architects often design imaginary financial structures or ownership systems, which are almost always impossible. I may sound naive for thinking I could spend 10 years on this, but I did. The home is where normality is constructed. Traditional domestic arrangements are inventions less than a hundred years old, now absurdly embedded in capitalism.

The project drew me into exciting fields like climate adaptation, and financial design, or the design of communities and governance rules. I worked with developers, communities, institutions, and independently. Ultimately, it was a total crash out. I could not achieve my goal. I effectively exited architecture and spent a couple of years determining what to do next. Now I pursue the same objectives by different means.

EL: What specific struggles did you encounter?

JS: After the Occupy movement in 2013, I became highly radicalized toward wealth inequality and housing shortages. Almost no architects addressed these issues then. I proposed projects designing financial products to generate housing, reengineering the mechanisms developers use, **FORM FOLLOWS FINANCE™**. I was nearly removed from school because this was not considered architecture. There were no design precedents. In some ways, the radical nature of my early work has been absorbed as the discipline moves in this direction. That is a triumph. But the reason it failed is structural.

I tried hypothetical projects, minimum viable products, partnerships with banks, developers, institutions. I sought ways to realize these projects. I could not, and I suspect it is not possible. Housing under capitalism functions through what I call the ownership loop. The modern mortgage depends on rising home values. If a home sells below debt value, the owner is ruined. Homeowners are motivated to see house values rise. In democracies, they vote for politicians promising this. Politicians restrict supply. Banks provide expensive development debt and long-term mortgages. Developers build quickly and sell. This produces a constant cycle.

Intervening is challenging. Collective ownership encounters legal and financial barriers. Mortgages are structured around one family, one house. Collective mortgages are extremely difficult. Structural barriers have enormous vested interests. If housing fell to zero value, the capitalist system would collapse. Every financial crash in modern economics has been caused by housing.

In London, there was support for land or planning adjustments but no ability to change finance terms. Development finance is expensive. Unconventional projects are high risk. No rational lender would fund them. In Paris, land is forcibly acquired, finance subsidized, rents controlled. To make post-capitalism possible, one must profoundly break the rules of capitalism. I once believed one could work against the system from within. Now I believe one must confront it directly.

Demographics may alter the ownership loop: declining populations, many priced out of ownership, significant corrections in housing value. Post-capitalism may arrive as a demographic reality. In that sense, I may have been decades too early.

EL: What is the value of architecture? Many students question the field and its purpose.

JS: I studied macroeconomics and philosophy alongside architecture because I was concerned it did not offer the possibilities I expected. Architects face instability, exploitation, and diminishing opportunity. It is unsurprising that students question the field. My defense of architecture: it is the most sophisticated design discipline. To make a house, one must understand policy, finance, structural and environmental engineering, material properties, budgeting, project management, aesthetics, sociology, anthropology. It is a self-learning methodology. Architects constantly educate themselves about domains they do not fully understand and incorporate them into practice. That is powerful.

The challenge of our time is to reimagine normality. Civilization lacks a clear purpose. Capitalism emerged because enough people imagined an alternative to feudalism. Architecture's value lies in its power of imagination and capacity to design alternatives coherently. Ideas spread through narrative. By articulating values, one attracts others with similar concerns. When I began, the audience was small. Over time, many arrived independently at similar conclusions. Community forms through shared imagination.

After 10 years, my only built project was 95 cubic feet of renewable energy infrastructure. It was a disappointment. I was approached to start a technology company. I dislike technology, but that is precisely why I joined it. One runs toward the fire. My current work focuses on enhancing the public sphere and resisting algorithmic exploitation and surveillance capitalism. The ideological position and methodology developed in architecture can be applied broadly. Even if one does not practice architecture conventionally, I stand by it as an education. It is a powerful tool for shaping the world and shaping oneself.

Designing from the Inside
Out: A Conversation with
Elisa Orlanski Ours
Interview by Tomas Altobello

Elisa Orlanski Ours is Chief Planning & Design Officer at Corcoran Sunshine Marketing Group. Trained in architecture and computer science, she works at the intersection of architecture, development, and real estate, supporting projects across New York City and internationally.

Tomas Altobello: Could you tell me about your path into real estate and development, and what drew you away from a traditional architectural practice?

Elisa Orlanski Ours: It wasn't a single decision. It was gradual. I've always been interested in shifting scales. I grew up between Buenos Aires and Princeton, moving between urban and suburban environments, and I was drawn to how systems come together.

Early on I moved between different kinds of work—an architecture internship, a summer in construction—and I kept testing the gap between ideas and execution. I also worked in hospitality to pay for school, which taught me how spaces function, from back-of-house logistics to the client experience. Studying computer science alongside architecture made me fluent in digital tools while staying grounded in the physical environment.

TA: After architecture school, you chose construction rather than a design office. Why?

EO: When I graduated, I felt strong conceptually, but I didn't understand how buildings were actually built, how drawings translate into budgets, schedules, and coordination. So I went into construction management with a high-end residential builder in New York.

My first day was September 11, 2001. I was downtown. That experience stayed with me, and I treated construction like a second master's degree. I gave myself three years to learn as much as I could, learning directly from the people building the work. It wasn't always comfortable, especially as a woman, but it transformed how I understand architecture.

TA: How did that experience lead you to Corcoran Sunshine?

EO: After those three years, I realized I didn't want to work on just one project at a time. I wanted to understand the larger ecosystem. I conducted informational interviews to map how developers, architects, brokers, consultants, and operators relate to one another.

Eventually I called Corcoran Sunshine directly and became their first in-house designer. That was a turning point. I realized I didn't need to be the designer of record to shape meaningful spaces. My role became research, programming, and strategy, understanding the user, the buyer, and the market early enough so architects could do their best work.

TA: You've worked on projects that have become landmarks. How do you understand your role in shaping the city?

EO: I don't think of myself as shaping the skyline. Developers carry the vision and the risk. We're collaborators. Our role is to align design ambition with market realities and long-term use.

One project that stands out is the New York City micro-unit competition under Bloomberg. It wasn't a tower, but it shifted how people thought about small living, and we helped translate that into an experience people could imagine inhabiting.

TA: Many of our readers are students navigating an uncertain professional landscape. What advice would you give them?

EO: Stay curious, and don't be afraid of what scares you. Learn other professional languages, construction, zoning, development, policy, technology. That fluency will set you apart.

On paper, many candidates look identical. What distinguishes you is range and curiosity. Architects also need to learn how to position themselves and communicate clearly. Practice speaking, use juries as training. People want to know not only what you'll learn, but what you can contribute right away.

Sometimes Your Boss is the
Best Organizer
Max Coolidge Crouthamel & Natalie Fox

Workers at the London office of Bjarke Ingels Group made headlines in February

by protesting BIG's decision to terminate up to 140 employees over the loss of a single project. Affected workers, many of whom had relocated on work visas sponsored by the firm, aligned themselves with the Section of Architectural Workers, or SAW (architects of all political stripes love three letter acronyms). They are still fighting for union recognition in a renewed effort to redress the precarity and imbalance of power in our profession.

This action is part of a wave of organizing across creative and technical professions who are turning (or returning) to collective bargaining as our employment conditions and economic situations become more acute. Unionization efforts in architecture have seen a resurgence since SHoP Architects publicly crushed organizing efforts at the firm in 2022. SHoP retained union-busting law and PR firms to disrupt the campaign, forcing organizers to withdraw their efforts before they could hold a unionization election with the National Labor Relations Board. A similar unionization campaign was killed by Snøhetta in 2023, but one critical difference has put that struggle in recent headlines: their management wrote a series of incriminating emails about the illegal firing of union organizers. These emails were then leaked to the New York Times (if any managers, firm directors, or principals are reading this—please keep writing emails detailing your violations of labor law, and forward them to us!). The messages are extraordinary: an unnamed Snøhetta director calls for "loyalty" amongst employees, and characterizes firing eight people as "prophylaxis" against future attempts to unionize. Their carelessness in writing this down and allowing it to leak has led to the rare and exciting possibility of US labor law being enforced. According to the New York Times, a regional director of the NLRB has formally accused Snøhetta of firing eight employees illegally—a claim seemingly substantiated by the emails.

It's easy to feel at the mercy of our employers, locked into a one-sided power dynamic where fragile organizing campaigns are struck down left and right. But these union busting efforts conceal a deep anxiety and weakness behind management's apparent strength. At the core of each incident is severe mismanagement: Snøhetta's leaked emails, BIG's flailing layoffs, and SHoP's panicked intimidation techniques reveal real unpreparedness for collective bargaining. Recent events at YSoA have even demonstrated this in microcosm. Cuts to



student jobs in 2023 led to a delegation and an employee participation meeting with Yale's University Labor Relations Attorney, where it became clear that YSOA leadership could have consulted the University lawyer at any time, but failed to do so. Instead, they chose a "DIY" approach to federal labor law which resulted in the complete reversal of the job cuts, which were in violation of the graduate worker union's contract.

Graduate workers' victory at YSOA in 2024 is not unparalleled. Two New York offices (Bernheimer and Sage & Coombe) responded to organizing efforts by voluntarily recognizing their unions-choosing to honor the work and dignity of their employees in the process. While the inherent risks of unionization can be paralyzing and the fight is often uphill for workers, there is a world to be gained through organizing. Your boss may panic, may fire people, may take retribution, but they may also recognize that their workers deserve a voice.

The bottom line is this: the technical, organizational, and communication skills we are hired for give us a decisive edge when it comes to unionization. Your boss, of course, has the power of the purse and an arsenal of anti-union measures at their disposal, but none of that guarantees even basic competence in this arena of legal and social combat. When principals, partners, and other managers underestimate their employees, or overestimate their own judgement, they create the conditions for successful unionization (or at least spectacular own-goal lawsuits). All we can do is continue to struggle towards recognition in our discipline, in the hope that our employers possess moral clarity, or failing that, a poor understanding of digital security.

Third Places #1:
New Haven Green
Jessica Kong

On December 11, 2025, 65-year-old Abdulah Kancharo was found dead on a bench in the New Haven Green after warming centers were full; his death was attributed to hypothermia while he endured freezing temperatures. Abdulah was denied basic rights and services because there was simply not enough room for him. But to frame his death as a failure of capacity alone misidentifies the real issue. Scarcity in this context was not accidental, but a result of policy decisions about who and what the city chooses to

fund. The infrastructure in place that was meant to support him proved inaccessible when it mattered most.

The Green has never been a truly neutral ground. Established in the seventeenth century as the heart of New Haven's original nine-square town plan, it has continually reflected the priorities of those in power. Over time, it has functioned as a marketplace, a militia training ground, a burial site for early settlers, and a stage for civic rituals-including speeches, rallies, and public demonstrations. The Green has consistently been shaped to enforce order, assert authority, and control public life according to prevailing social and political norms.

Today, despite the gentle scattering of trees across its vast green lawn and the abundance of benches and sunlit areas, the Green often functions in practice as little more than a shortcut across the block. As of November 2025, the city has plans of revitalization, including planting more trees, implementing a cafe, restrooms and outdoor seating, adding a play garden, improving walkways, and eliminating the through traffic on Temple Street, reconnecting the two halves of the Green.

The plan is to make the Green a more 'comfortable' space to occupy. But this comfort only extends to a certain type of person. These plans are a pleasant and tolerable way to disguise the erasure of displaced bodies. As Elihu Rubin has described, "What makes the [Green] a great public space is that it tolerates...all kinds of things and behaviors... Sometimes you're offended, but that's what makes it great, that it's a place that's not always comfortable." The Green operates as a microcosm of New Haven itself, reflecting the city's stark class divisions and the drastic differences that can exist within the same city block. Here, the carefully curated image of the university and the city meets the lived realities of those navigating housing insecurity, unemployment, and systemic neglect. Ultimately, the future and use of the Green is not only a matter of design or maintenance. It is a question of which bodies are allowed to belong and occupy public space without scrutiny, and which must constantly justify their presence. The Green's redesign reveals not a commitment to public life, but a confrontation of who the public is imagined to be. Comfort becomes a planning tool, and discomfort a means to the unhoused-is treated as a sign to be designed away. Third Places is a recurring column of writing analyzing and un-

derstanding third places in New Haven. It aims to question how these spaces are essential to the health of our souls.

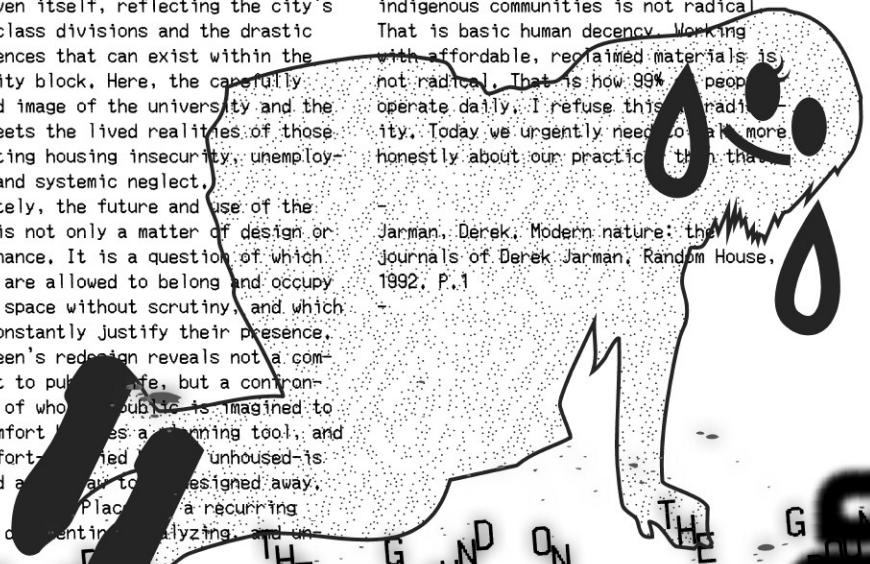
When is it going to get radical?
*Response to Jenny Jones:
"Radical Gardens of Love and Interconnectedness"
M. Holmes

Reflecting upon his home, Derek Jarman once said an incredibly gorgeous, and fundamentally radical thing: "the boundary of my garden is the horizon." For him, it was somewhat literal-look up Prospect Cottage and its beautiful landscape. These days, though, his words speak more poignantly to the collective duty of care and the responsibility we have to steward the increasingly frenetic natures that are stirring in our warming world.

Landscape architecture is the design discipline most enmeshed in the all encompassing project of nurturing and negotiating with these unruly and erratic modern natures. So, upon reading Jones' lecture title, "A Radical Garden of Love and Interconnectedness," I was excited. After all, such gardens are surely something we would all do well to work harder towards. Yet I'm not sure those were the spaces that Jones transported us to.

A particularly wise landscape architect recently told me that his is a field filled with vibrant brilliance and, sadly, a lot of mediocrity. It felt frustratingly clear where in the exuberant grass Jones stood. Working with indigenous communities is not radical. That is basic human decency. Working with affordable, reclaimed materials is not radical. That is how 99% of people operate daily. I refuse this radicality. Today we urgently need to talk more honestly about our practice than that.

Jarman, Derek. Modern nature: the Journals of Derek Jarman. Random House, 1992. P.1



Breaking Muscle Down, Building Muscle Up, Repeating it

by Samiha Meem

What Digital Fairy termed “sportpop” in 2024 was a catch-all for consumer trends organized around physical performance, where the body becomes a billboard leased to the clock of late capitalism. In the roll-out for Charli cx’s Brat, we witnessed the tempest of sportpop, its cover art painted in the assertive green of go. The debut image arrived in the whip pans of the “Von Dutch” music video: Charli thrashes through Charles de Gaulle before scaling a Boeing 747, only to be flung from the wing, dropped onto a baggage cart, then tossed across the arrivals carousel—bruised but unbowed, lying motionless on a looping conveyor belt. Elsewhere, she corrals it-girls into pile-ups, drinks wine on treadmills, and drives skiploaders through house parties. If Jean Baudrillard made it to brat summer, he might have pathologized her vroom-vroom fixation as a desire for the nothingness latent within the chimera of circulation. But for Charli, the estrangement of speed is incidental: she’s chasing a crash. The gradual defacement of the brat banner in her international arena tour indexed this impulse, but it’s only a year after the final curtain drop, in her meta-mockumentary film *The Moment*, that it’s made explicit. Charli plays the self-maximal billboard, pushing her exploitation by the pop machine to its limits in a desperate bid to keep her bankable “moment” from crashing—but when it does, she finds in that attrition the chance to become something

else. The cx extended universe outstrips *The Moment* in articulating the crash-born body. There’s Ducournau’s *Titane* and Tsukamoto’s *Tetsuo*, but the real lode-star—signaled by the title and visuals of her preceding album—is Cronenberg’s *Crash*. The film follows symphorophiliacs chasing sexual arousal by cataloging crash sites, staging collisions, and eroticizing their accumulated gashes. Baudrillard argued that the “science fiction” of the original novel invents nothing: its catalogue of mangled bodies, wrecked vehicles, and orgasms is neither aberration nor consequence, but a simulation of a world already structured by its compulsion toward destruction. There’s no escape from this design, only repetition of its incisions, excisions, and scars. The crash is structural. I would agree: the pugilistic brutality of political, cultural, and economic survival enacts ineffable violations on our being, such that simply living increasingly feels a perverse servitude to some planetary death drive. But wreckage doesn’t always beg for wreckage. “The body incorporates the crash,” writes the artist collective Kit in *The Art of the Accident*, “not the other way around.” The crash is more than an event that absorbs us; its inner nature instantiates a moment in which matter is transformed. Upon impact, what once seemed stable is no longer apprehensible on the same terms. The symphorophiliacs do not desire destruction, or even sex, per se. They desire

an agentive encounter with a material matrix from which we have become estranged, whether enclosed in slaughterhouses, hospitals, and landfills or diffused through techno-economic infinities of clouds, logistics, and command chains—even as it mutates our bodies and inscribes dispossession in manners alien to sense. It’s only by integrating bodies with the wreckage of modern life that the symphorophiliacs bring its obscenities and intrusions into sharp relief. Each wound alters their consciousness: desire is thinned of its usual abstractions until wanting no longer gestures elsewhere but seeps directly from matter itself to remake them in turn. The crash is generative. Charli’s crash arrives by way of “hyperpop.” Although Brat is its most commercially accessible outing, hyperpop exists within a lineage of sonic efforts to capture the neoliberal, hypermediated, and disorienting ambience of digital existence under consumer capitalism. Where typical pop music props up the billboard—through lyrical, aesthetic and market legibility—hyperpop performs its futility by accelerating the same codes until, like the brat banner, they are left torn asunder.

that spike and stall without resolving, fractal sequencing of consumer references that pile up faster than they can be processed, and vocal modulation so extreme it tips into unintelligibility. In the key of New Sincerity, hyperpop embraces pop as a legitimate medium, while maintaining that the demand for epistemological coherence is a false expression of late-capitalist subjectivities. It is, as in *Crash*, a necessary encounter with the real. But this technē of simulation is inseparable from material transformation. The taxonomy of hyperpop is born from the gender praxis of its trans and nonbinary pioneers, for whom the sound opens onto nonconforming modes of embodiment and expression. The sonic environment of hyperpop is a crash held in suspension. The body is broken down in voice compression, then pulled into plastic tension across metallic surfaces, glitching seams, and pneumatic pops, until it reemerges in a material state that cannot be reduced to a singular, unified substance. By binding destruction of commodity forms to practices of bodily mutation, hyperpop turns the technification of subject positions back against the interpel-

This defamiliarization is achieved through synths

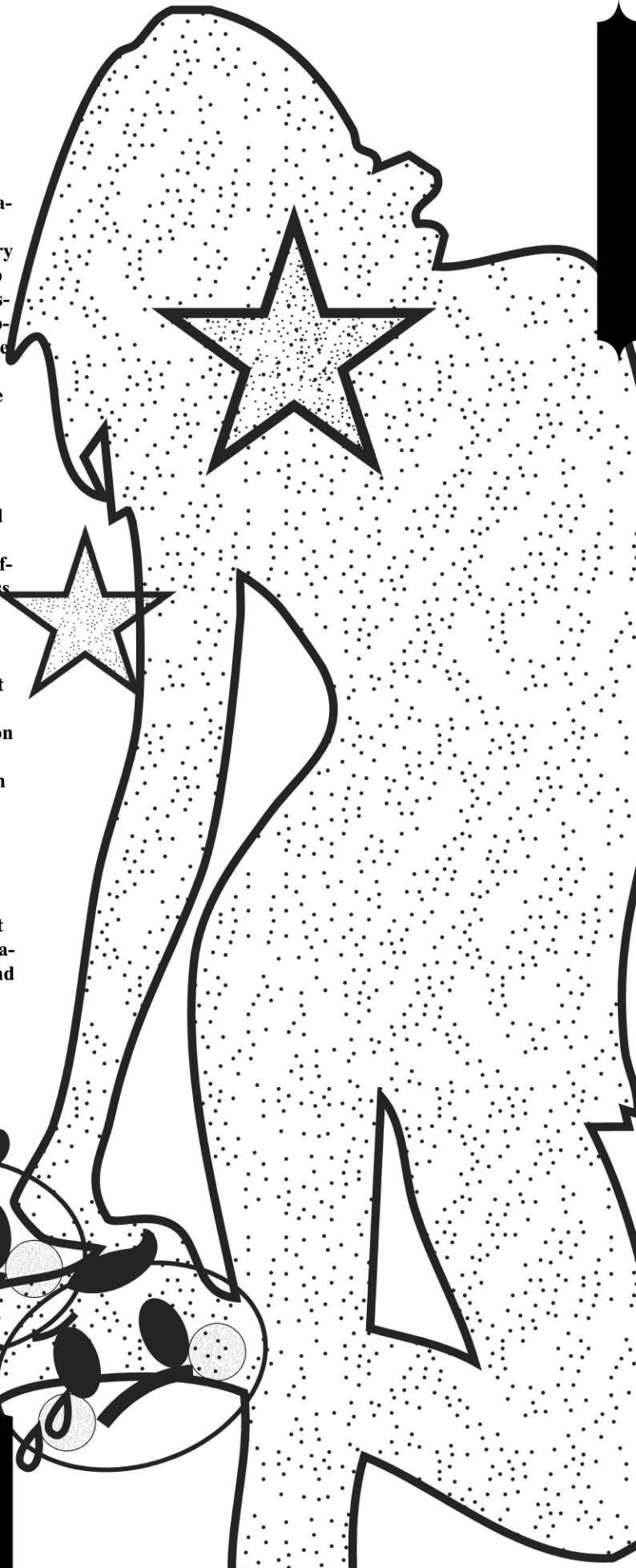
lative force of capitalist performance

mance. The market-stabilized self is pushed into failure; its functions stripped and reassigned to fabricate bodies illegible to the systems that once secured their value. The billboard loses its hold and cannot reproduce itself. It's hardly SOPHIE's Oil of Every Pearl's Un-Insides, but this experimentation with the body—its limits and the terms of its expendability, carried out through acts of destruction from within capital itself—is what Charli inherits and cannot be cleanly disarticulated from Brat. Nor should its turn toward The Moment be reduced to simulation of the pop machine, rather than what it more convincingly appears to be: an active effort to collide with its edges. Only by throttling herself into wear under conditions of global adulation does she manage to fully inhabit and excavate the wounds accrued through years of orbiting, desiring, and eventually claiming the "main pop girl" status once glimpsed from the economic silos of "Bushwick fame" or the pop purgatories of the so-called "Khia Asylum." Charli confronts her tenure as commodity for what it is—estrangement—and, worked and warped by that contact,

plastifies relief from the volatile mandates of market performance that, at the very point of reward, refract into epileptic strobes, blitz releases, and corporate bandwagoning and answer to the name of moment.

The crash doesn't dismantle the cruelty of the structure that produces it, nor does recognition alone grant us the power to master that structure, or even withstand it particularly well; what it does is make its punishing effects feel less inevitable—less convincingly dressed up as destiny—and leave open, in the scars scored by impact, the possibility that we might exceed it, be remade, or at least hold it against a horizon not entirely dictated by its own relentlessness. I see it in Charli, but also in friends: some sift through the trash pile afterlife of capital for building materials to make "homes for friends and lovers," while others drip paint using a "hacked-together machine" to transmute—beyond measurability—the quantified gestures of anonymous digital workers that hold up our platform economies. Perhaps this valuation is an indulgence of my own Cronenbergian romanticism. He and I do share

pathologies under
the S of ident
and the Venu
desire





Crash Out / 碎

by
Ciel Fu

Nothing falls at first. The building remains upright. Drawings are delivered. Schedules hold. From a distance, everything appears intact.

Crash does not always arrive as impact. Sometimes it arrives as weight. What breaks is not the surface, but the capacity to hold. A structure can remain standing long after it has stopped supporting the life it was meant to contain. There are ways things fracture without spectacle. A mirror does not always shatter when dropped; sometimes it separates cleanly, divided without noise. A material prized for its integrity fails not because it is struck, but because it is asked

to bear too much meaning, too much responsibility, too many contradictions at once. The moment of rupture is quiet. The evidence appears later.

Architecture is acutely sensitive to this condition. It absorbs economic cycles, political pressures, and labor demands long before collapse becomes visible. Programs stretch beyond intention. Time compresses. Maintenance replaces care. Buildings continue to stand, but their coherence thins. What remains functional is no longer what is livable. The worker's body registers this fracture early. Overwork and precarity do not explode; they accumulate. Attention splinters. Judgment dulls. One

more task, one more revision, one more accommodation is absorbed, until something internal slips out of alignment. Life continues, but unevenly. This is not failure as event, but as atmosphere. Crash out names the moment when continuation itself becomes unsustainable. Not because everything has stopped, but because coherence has quietly failed. To crash out is not disappearance. It is a refusal to keep holding what can no longer be held intact. In this refusal, fragments appear. Not as debris, but as record. Unfinished thoughts. Partial solidarities. Interrupted rhythms of work and care. These fragments do not seek reassembly. Wholeness, after all, was part of the demand that produced the fracture. After systems break,

remnants remain. After spaces empty, traces persist: light on floors, echoes in rooms, habits without purpose. These are not solutions. They are ways of continuing without repair. Crash does not offer a clean reset. What follows is provisional: fragile relations between fragments, temporary alignments, inefficient but honest forms of staying. Architecture does not immediately rebuild itself. Labor does not return to balance. Life proceeds among what remains, without pretending the system still works. To crash out is to stay with fragments, and to learn how to live without asking them to become whole again.



Transcend the Need for Destruction

**If the space surrounding me is an extension of my body
then I would love to break it so much**

Collapsing is a movement and I can't even do that!!!

**Still as water
or rather ice
like the Baltic Sea has become recently**

**I crave breaking down
to shatter into pieces
and scatter all over the places
like a plate of glass
transported and failed during construction**

**Take those pieces
and build a bridge
to pass the rift**

I would allow to do so

**I've heard this one is an expensive mistake to make
I only want to make those**

**Destruction brings removal
Maybe then I could reach every place
that I've seen myself in**

Destruction brings renewal

I need to find some other way to feel.

**by
Agata Bronicka**

Risk Management

by
Nina Criswell

The constant threat of a crash out is perhaps a universal fear. We have all experienced the tragic loss of tedious hours of drafting labor in the blink of an eye. In my case, the pho-tos on my iPhone 3 went tos on my iPhone 3 went down the drain, and recently, all of my files from Foundations were lost due to a failure to use OneDrive failure to use OneDrive properly. The crash out is the great equalizer. It strikes mercilessly and of-ten with a wicked sense of humor.

We are warned of this bitter truth early. The lesson is drilled into us: take precautions or face total devastation. To stave off collapse, we invest in external hard drive platforms, move to the cloud, decentralize, and disperse. Our files are spread across backup systems, and folders nested inside other folders. In the process, our at-tention of liberty spreads with them. In the words of my lawyer father, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." If he taught me anything, it is that you must always have a contingency plan.

Yet in all this vigilance, another condition goes largely undiag-nosed. I call it Crash Out Prevention Psychosis (COPP). It be-gins innocently but escalates into a mania for tracking and safe-guarding an ever-multiplying archive of digital assets. COPP is especially common among type A personalities. It develops gradually and often goes unnoticed until it is too late.

In my case, Google Drive was the gateway drug. Soon it led to the harder stuff: paid storage upgrades, external hard drives, redundant backups, and an expanding system of folders that promised order but delivered only temporary reassurance. I told myself I had it under control. Everyone else was doing it. I could quit anytime.

Ever since iPhone 3-gate, losing digital files and photos has haunted my waking (and sleeping) hours. I have lost count-less hours to this organizational mania, and it never feels like enough. Eventually I realized that my attempts to keep the crash out at bay had produced a more acute meltdown. It un-



folds slowly as megabytes accumulate in infrastructures I cannot fully trust and wears away at my sanity little by little. The illusion of digital permanence, by nature of its ephemerality, makes the inevitable crash out the ultimate betrayal.

The final (and terminal) stage of COPP appears when patients return to physical media in a last attempt at stability before total emotional collapse. I knew that I had hit rock bottom when I began printing important emails and filing them into a three-ring binder. At that moment, I had to take a step back and consider whether what I was preserving truly deserved that level of protection.

So the question remains: is the crash out really so bad? In retrospect, there was a strange catharsis to iPhone 3-gate. A crash out forces a reevaluation of what actually matters. Would I truly miss every heavily filtered cappuccino photo, Instagram circa 2013, or the countless design intervention exercises from Foundations? Sometimes we must learn to reboot the mainframe and start anew. We realize the status quo was maybe not all that great to begin with.

Since my COPP self-diagnosis, I have considered a range of treatments. Exposure therapy, support groups, even good old fashioned cold turkey quitting. Perhaps the answer is to face the possibility of loss more directly. Perhaps someone will invent software that deletes twenty percent of my files at random each month. For now, this essay is both a confession and a proposal. If there are other COPP sufferers out there, maybe recovery begins with accepting that some crashes are inevitable, and that not everything deserves to be saved.

by
Agata Bronicka

Transcend the line

If the space
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Maybe then
I could reach
every place
that I've seen myself in

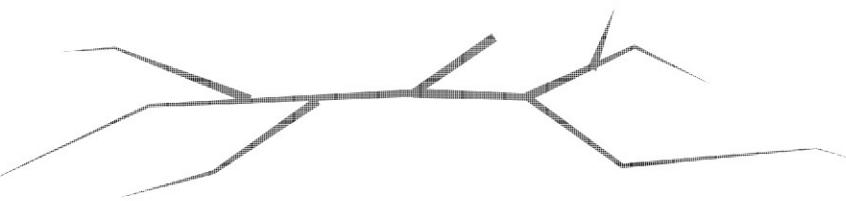
Destruction
brings renewal



I need to find
some other way
to feel.



C: any
M: any
Y: any
K: 100



The Sacrificial Flesh

by
Josie Kutcha

I see the nurse's face change when I explain, **"No, I sliced the tip of my finger off yesterday at 12:30pm, not today."** PSA: if you need stitches, make sure to go to acute care within the first 24 hours.

Other questions I received from professors, friends, and family within the first 33 hours included, **"Did you pass out?" "Can your finger count as a chunk model?"** and, of course, **"How did you circumcise your finger?"**

Questions I asked myself included: **"Will the critics notice this drop of blood on my topo?" "How did my priorities get so scrambled?"** and **"What am I really willing to sacrifice for this degree – or for this vision of my career in general?"**

Back in the exam room, I explain to the on-call doctor that it was a clean cut with an Olfa knife. He replies, **"Architecture?"**

Hard Soft

If the space surrounding me is an extension of my body than I would love to break it so much/ Collapsing is movement and I can't even do that/ Still as water or rather ice like Baltic Sea has become recently/ I crave breaking down to shatter into pieces and scatter all over the places/ Like a plate of glass transported and failed during construction/ Take these pieces and build a bridge to pass the rift/ I would allow to do so/ I've heard this one is one expensive mistake to make/ I only want to make those/ Destruction brings removal/ Maybe than I could reach every place that I've seen myself in/ Destruction brings renewal / I need to find some other way to feel

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