After spending the summer expanding across continents and time zones, the students of YSoA are back together, along with a cohort of new faces. This reunion is more than a return, it is a reconvergence of voices, experiences, and convictions. We are back at school in a time when higher education is under attack across many fronts, through censorship, financial strain, and the erosion of spaces for critical thought. At the same time, we are told that the individual matters more than the collective, that speech is an isolated act rather than a shared one.

As we reboot Paprika! Magazine, we aim to challenge this narrative with Direct Message. In one sense, it's intimate — the tone of a group chat, an aside between friends, a protected space where ideas can be messy and real. In another, it's assertive — a message sent directly to power, and to each other. It is both inward dialogue and outward declaration. We can choose to speak together, as students, workers, and members of an institution whose future depends on solidarity

This issue is the first installment of a new Paprika! that meets this moment, It'll still be a place for all of us to share our intellectual obsessions through poems, essays, and editorial themes, but it'll also go back to its roots, being a more frequent magazine that stays topical and rooted in Rudolph. So-called discourse happens every day — at studio desks, on walks to Atticus, in the YSoAcial group chat and in our DMs. In relaunching Paprika!, we're not just reforming a publication; we are reasserting that our collective voice matters.

With the guidance of Paprika! Magazine's Board of Alumni, the Coordinating Editor team has been appointed with representation from every program across the school, with clearly defined positions that will be available by open election in future terms. The new leadership structure aims to facilitate the magazine's ability to amplify our collective voice by maintaining consistent process, output, and coverage of notable goings-on that may not be related to any specific issue's theme.

As always, the Issue Editors maintain full creative direction over each issue — calling on classmates, commissioning friends and inviting practitioners to contribute. As of today, the call for Issue Editors is officially open. Apply solo or with a group of up to 3 people by sending us a one-page proposal, including a title, and narrative theme with any supporting imagery by September 1. Final selection for the semester is chosen by the Coordinating Editors. DM us your proposals at editors@paprikamagazine.com

Eleanor Ding,

**Archivist** 

Eva Crutan

Logan Rubasch,

Camille Gwise,

Chris Hawthorne, Faculty Advisor

Graphic Design

Hasti Kasraei Priscilla Young

Izza Alyssá,

Graphic Design Coordinator

Graphic Design Coordinator

\*If you're interested in this position,

please email us editors@paprikamagazine.com

Publisher

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Taesha Aurora, Managing Editor

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### La Vita è Bella

Like a fabled castle, the clouds parted, and the sky-high hilltown of Civita di Bagnoregio, Italy appeared. In a village that is supposedly timeless, the month we spent there went by in the blink of an eye.

Our days were filled with slow mornings, filtered coffee and biscuits, long and sweaty lectures in the classroom, drawing in the town square among herds of tourists, and dinner together in the garden overlooking the countryside. This routine became sacred and second nature to me. It was like living inside of a postcard!

Our weekly excursions took us around and beyond the Calanchi Valley. We toured the sunken burial sites of the ancient Villanovan and Etruscan civilizations; drove to Rome and visited the Forum and basilicas in rapid succession; and, hiked through a forest in Castel Cellesi and cooled off underneath a waterfall. Within the crumbling walls of Civita, we studied its ancient history, culture, and geology, tracing its evolution over a period of over two thousand

While the town was only 804 feet long it became my whole universe. It had a small footprint, but it left a deep impression on me. My return to America jolted me awake from my daydreaming, confronted with graduation, job hunting, and other earthly obligations. But there was comfort in knowing that, every now and then, I could escape to Civita, a fond fantasy that lives rent free in my head and

> No Apartment, No Shuttle, No Horse-Riding Trip, but a Lot of Tacos. Mexico City 2025

Mexico City was sunny in the way that warms your skin, and bright with all the colors the city celebrates, and loud with no street ever empty. Spending most of our time observing Tlatelolco felt like being in a small city of its own, where the same faces returned each morning and each night. Each week, we saw the city through someone else's eyes: an architect, a student, a farmer and each time it became a different place.

We ate too many tacos. Not in one sitting, but over days, without counting, until we realized we had overdone it. Every day at six, the rain came, sometimes softly, sometimes with all its weight, making the streets shine and slowing its people. We fell in love with salsa dancing. Moss and Karolina taught us, and we danced on Thursdays, even those who said they couldn't.

One weekend we all went to the beach, only to discover we had been scammed: no apartment, no shuttle, no horse-riding trip. We were all laughing a few hours later. There were mornings when the light fell just right, and afternoons were heavy with the smell of fried tortillas. If you asked any of us, even now, we would go back. We might eat one less taco, though probably not.

#### Utopia Déjà Vu Notes from the 2025 Venice Biennale

The Venice Biennale opens not with an anticipatory flourish, but with a palpable shock. The entrance to the Arsenale is claimed by the installation Terms and Conditions, which greets you immediately: air-conditioning units suspended overhead, inverting the invisible machinery of comfort and channeling waste heat into the very space it is meant to cool. What is usually hidden becomes oppressively present. The installation is both poetic and accusatory, a spatial allegory for thermal inequality and deferred responsibility. It establishes a tone of urgency and unease, setting the bar high for what follows, and, in its dystopian clarity, subtly contradicts the exhibition's broader posture of techno-utopianism, a posture encapsulated by Intelligens, curator Carlo Ratti's overarching theme for this year's Biennale.

Walking into the Arsenale beyond that first encounter, I felt an immediate sense of compression, not only in the architecture of the long brick halls, but in the density of the exhibitions themselves. Each room was filled with work, often without the space or pause needed to appreciate a project fully. Pieces that might have invited slow looking and reflection instead screamed for attention, their crowding flattening the impact of individual voices. A little less could have been much more.

The curatorial emphasis on technology was equally inescapable: screens, sensors, Al-generated environments, everywhere the hum of the "future" as imagined decades past. I don't object to technology as a subject; architecture has always been in dialogue with the tools of its time. But much of what I saw in Venice this year had the familiar scent of prototypes promising to "change the world," yet untethered from the messy realities where architecture is actually made. Decades of such promises have not altered the fact that most of the world still builds with brick, concrete, or wood – if it builds at all. The distance between these visions and the conditions that govern architecture's reality was left untouched, as if the actual terms and conditions had been quietly set aside, leaving only a kind of utopian

This disconnect fed into a broader question: for an architecture Biennale, how much architecture was really on display? I can appreciate a talking robot as much as the next person, but some installations felt more suited to a speculative technology fair than a forum for architectural thought. At times, the definition of architecture seemed to stretch until it lost its shape, spilling outward into adjacent disciplines without the anchor of a built or spatial proposition.

The Giardini offered a slightly different atmosphere. National pavilions, with their more focused curatorial autonomy, had more room to breathe. Belgium, for instance, continued its tradition of conceptual clarity and precision in Building Biospheres, an exhibition conceived by Bas Smets and Stefano Mancuso that transformed the pavilion into a self-regulating microclimate. Subtropical trees, sensors, and AI systems worked in concert to cool the air and regulate humidity. It stood out not because it chased novelty for novelty's sake, but because it demonstrated how plants could sustain comfortable indoor environments, reducing the need for artificial systems. Other "usual suspects" maintained their high standards, reinforcing the sense that certain countries have quietly mastered the art of the Biennale pavilion. For newer or less consistently strong participants, it might be worth studying what makes these presentations work, not to imitate, but to learn how to balance ambition with legibility.

Leaving Venice, I carried mixed feelings. The Biennale remains one of the few places where architecture can present itself to the world on its own terms. Yet this year, the discourse seemed to circle around the same visions of technological salvation I have been hearing for as long as I can recall. If I have to see one more Mars project, I might just volunteer for the launch - not out of enthusiasm, but sheer exhaustion. And yet, amid that vast archive of promise, it was the rare moments of quiet when a single project stood apart, speaking only to itself and to whoever cared to listen, that remained

#### Architectural Foundations, Reflections on the M.Arch I summer

course with Stone Stewart and Nina Kagan one: What were you doing before this?

Nina: I had a background in Studio Art and History and was working in Brooklyn at a firm that imported materials and provided consulting services for passive house projects.

I seriously considered deferring: I felt satisfied with the life I was building for myself there. I ultimately chose to start now because I had this shared dream with my best friend that we would start an architecture firm together one day. She had just graduated from

(I moved to NYC to live with her), and now it was my turn.

Stone: I had a long meandering journey towards architecture. I graduated from music school, then moved to Japan on some cultural reclamation type beat. Worked at a design agency in Tokyo for a couple years, pandemic hit, then moved to Kyoto, became a studio assistant for the artist, Kohei Nawa. Then I went to London, studied at the RCA for a year, met some of my Caribbean family for the first time, then finally came back to the US to sort out some family things at home while I worked at a museum and saved up some cash. That's my past 7 years in 100 words.

How would you characterize your first impression of Foundations?

Nina: Pulling up to foundations was like entering an NBA training facility as a walk-on and seeing Lebron James (Jermone Tryon) just sinking 20 threes in a row (Freehand Orthographic drawing). It's an intimidating sight.

They ask us to start with a simple layup drill: Hand-draft plans and sections of a 4'x4' space in Rudolph Hall.

Stone: And that was a 1am or 2am endeavor for a lot of us

Nina: Coming in as a non-background student does really feel like you're walking onto a professional team. It takes a lot of faith to decide that YOU have what it takes to play in the big leagues, all you need is coaching. Meanwhile, the rest of the league already has students who are unbelievably talented and have been honing their skills for at least their undergraduate studies, and sometimes for entire careers.

Since we all had completely different academic and professional lives prior to coming here, it really did feel like a gamble because we had no tangible proof that this is an environment we could thrive in. All of us left wherever we were living, whatever we were doing and everyone who was around us to take a chance doing something that we greatly admired without hard evidence that it was the right thing to do.

Stone: We really were kinda betting on vibes...I think we all had an inkling that this architecture thing could be for us, but like you said, we had no proof.

## Hello, Ragazzi

Everyone wants their Lizzy Maguire moment in Rome. In a way, we got that, with some tweaks. Instead of clinging to an Italian popstar on the back of a vespa, we desperately clung to life behind a grumpy Flemish archaeologist as we walked the Aurelian Wall for nine hours. To me, this is what dreams are made of. Our month in Rome really was a dream; a truly happy one.

As we followed our dear professors, Joyce, Bimal, George, and Bryan, we deepened our understanding of the city's architectural palimpsest, tracking it through drawings that improved by the day. We "threw-down" our sketchbooks and learned from each other, our mutual admiration growing. Just as the city is comprised of layers of history, our experience there can best be described through layers

Racing for a morning cappuccino before the clock strikes 11 to avoid the truly devastating Italian side eye.

Blind contour drawing with our left feet, joining a human pyramid in Sperlonga (twice), hearing Assistant Professor Zola recite the Odyssey.

Aperitivo in the piazza, night markets on the Tiber, petting cats in an Ancient ruin, folk dancing with elderly strangers at a construction-site-turned-urban-lake

And just like the best of dreams, I may miss it deeply once I wake up, but I am nonetheless more joyful having had it.

## A Foggy Month In London Town

From countless classic cars to endless variations of the Victoria & Albert Museum, here's the scoop on what you missed in London. We arrived woefully unprepared for the British weather and left experts on the Tube...just go ahead and anticipate delays on the Circle

Planes, trains, and automobiles—a day trip through the rolling hills of the English countryside brought us to Shuttleworth, home to the world's oldest flying aircraft. We followed up with a train to Oxford to visit the Ashmolean and try some proper pub food. The mushy peas may have been a miss for me, but Greggs' sausage rolls more than made up for it. We drove out to the Cotswolds to design the display hangar for Nick Mason's private car collection while not-so-secretly fangirling (admittedly, I only know one Pink Floyd song). Fun fact, the #1 sign by his prized Ferrari marks it to be saved first in a fire.

We got some words of wisdom from Thomas Heatherwick, Anupama Kundoo, and Marina Tabassum, who gave us front row seats to her talk at her Serpentine Pavilion! Another highlight was seeing the impressive archive at Drawing Matter before ending our month with a picnic featuring Gavin, Helen, and the best strawberries I've ever had.

## **Post-Grad Postcards**

Max Coolidge Crouthamel (M.Arch I '25)

A lot of things are better about being out of school. I've been getting paid for full-time work this summer — that's a huge economic transformation. I bought a couch and everything.

I miss a bunch of folks. Partly it's missing specific people, and partly it's missing that big, messy group of folks that we just knew

Aniruddh Sharan (M.Arch II '25)

Suddenly, the chase is over. Suddenly, there is no other goalpost to chase. Suddenly, you miss that damn goalpost. From now on, its just you in an endless field. You just gotta run and trust that you're headed towards the goal — a goal without any goalpost.

Kristen Perng (M.Arch I '25)

Yale took away HBO, NYT Cooking, and Adobe but I'll always have YSoAcial!

Greetings from the imperial core, where the old real estate market is dying, and the new property regime struggles to be born; now is the time of monstrous hustle. Drink all the Thursday lecture reception alcohol while you can — booze elsewhere is mad expensive yo.

nobody has any excuse to leave early.

Hours spent lunching — what a luxury to opt for the solid food section of Atticus — with the stragglers in the baking hot sun outside the gallery. Why didn't we do this all the time? All of what

Another pain au chocolat, an Arnold Palmer — it's amazing what you'll order when you don't need to stay awake all night. In New York it appears that the luxurious lunching contin-

ues, though now there is the option for dinner, after work, and finally

## Take your time, trust yourself Words of Wisdom from the Building Site

Summer began with two somewhat ominous deliveries: a hazy premonition (the imagined, insolent son of Jeremy and Porter chopping down a beloved oak) and an equally hazy to-do list ('windows and doors', 'staircase,' 'corten cladding'...)

On one of those first days, as a piece of foam was lodged between a dogwood and a Lull, it was not clear how any of the trees on site would survive our combined, adhoc antics. Nor was it immediately evident how we would begin, let alone finish, our looming list. Entirely unimaginable that at the end of this list there could be a home.

And yet... as summer shimmed by an eighth of an inch at a time, the strange box we had framed, at an unknown moment began to resemble a house. Flecked by the light of a disco ball, ladders were replaced with stairs, gaping holes became windows and unwieldily sheets of Texan Steel, charmed by Stormy, fixed themselves sharply into place. Fingers remain tightly, anxiously, crossed for our completely rough-housed dogwoods.

Along the way, many pearls of wisdom were shared, immediately cherished and tucked away, such that we too could one day appear as wise as Carlos. Below, for you to decipher, are some of our favourites:

"Wood is hard, wood is soft" "Take your time, trust yourself"

"A blade is a blade, a saw is a saw" "If you're falling, I'll tell you"

"You know enough to be dangerous, now you need to learn by doing"

"Yep, it'll be fine, we'll put a (rock/ shim/ trim/ more wood filler) there"

"I think it's gonna be great" "Do you believe in magic?"

"The critical path is in fact many paths"

"It's always equal equal, but equal WHAT?" "It's incredible how quickly you can destroy the world and how very long it takes

"I think he's coming round to trees, he still prefers them for their 2x4s though"

"I'm not paid to think, I'm paid to do"

"It's easy, you just have to pause gravity" "Eventually you have to give up"

#### On The Ground

Seniors: Entering into our 4th and final year in the Have, we have frequented York Street, Cross Campus, and Atticus than most grad students combined. With the impending thoughts of graduation and leaving the Yubble (Yale bubble), we will try our best to hold back tears. This summer, our fearless gatekeepers of Rudolph's 7th floor scattered to Istanbul, Copenhagen, Taiwan, Budapest, and the architecture-mainstream expo in Osaka. We are all excited to be back for

Juniors: Welcome to the biggest class in years (20 strong). If you see a junior looking lost in the shop, offer help—or offer them to Tim.

Majdi Alkarute (M.Arch I '27)

Highlighted by sweaty days under the sun on site, and equally sweaty nights dancing to Meixi's DJ sets at 6 on 7 barbecues, summer 2025 has been the desperately needed first major break after the crucible that was first year. As the days begin to shorten, our summertime sadness is tempered by excitement to see our friends-and knowing we will never have to sit through OSHA training again.

Tony Salem Musleh (M.Arch I '26)

It's the ocean's womb that lets us forget, offering a moment of wholeness. On this small piece of land that overlooked an endless horizon of blue, we found ourselves all to forget: study, stress, struggle. Yet, as we gave ourselves to the illusion of our travel, our anxiety wandered with us, surely reminding us of what is to come. Emails yet to arrive, offers soon to be signed, securities still not obtained.

Three work offers were signed during our Mexico trip, trading rest for another line on one's CV - an attempt to fulfill the ever-growing demands of a market that struggles to even absorb those who were promised to once thrive in it.

Marusya Bakhrameeva (M.Arch II '26)

This year, graduating post-professional students will officially occupy the entire north tray of the seventh floor. The administration has granted them a permanent space to establish a clearer identity within the school. What that identity will be, however, remains undecided: should it revolve around roof sunbathing every other day, ritual cocktail hours to ease solitude, or something more generous, like sharing a collective spirit with the undergraduate students who also call this floor home? Time will tell.

Layna Chen (MED '26) A Full House Convened

The M.E.D. cohort spent the summer dispersed across three times zones, each pursuing distinct research while monitoring news of a rapidly dismantling infrastructure on our cellphones. In the northwestern United States, Estella Dieci researched recent dam removals in the Klamath River Basin. On the island of Borneo, Indonesia, Layna Chen traced the emergence of a state-sanctioned agriculture through indigenous terminology. Meanwhile, in Morocco, Iskander Guetta examined practices of informal design. This fall, we return to New Haven to a full house, welcoming three new students, ready to plan out how the M.E.D. working group can be leveraged this year.

Jaime Solares Carmona (PhD '28)

In the final days of the last semester, PhD students from both tracks (History and Theory of Architecture + Ecosystems in Architectural Sciences) gathered to set up a list of shared suggestions, contributions, and questions to the new Director of Graduate Studies (DGS), Prof. David Gissen. The meeting went well, with a feeling of openness and willingness to work together. One of the points of discussion was how to increase our involvement with the School, in activities such as teaching courses related to our professional development, participating in reviews, organizing round tables and colloquiums, et

# Maps in the Making:

Reflections on Resources for Design Research, M.Arch II Summer Course

Aubrev Moore

Starting over is strange. Though this isn't really starting over, more like finding our way back. Some of us arrived at Yale fresh from school, others from years of practice, dusting off our academic bearings. I graduated three years ago from the University of Oregon; just long enough to feel nostalgic about late nights in studio. Returning to academia feels a bit like waking up in a familiar room after moving out long ago. The furniture rearranged, a new space, but somehow still home.

The first weeks of the M.Arch II Resources For Design Research were a blur of names and faces that will soon be indelible. We ask each other where we live in New Haven, nodding earnestly despite having no idea where it is. A street corner that is just a word to me now will become, inevitably, a landmark in someone else's story. There's a kind of irony to it: trying to map each other, and ourselves, in real time.

Our sense of community grows in pieces. Some of us have come from Oregon, California, North Carolina, Arizona, New York, others from Kenya, Korea, China, Canada, Brazil, India, Egypt. We are united by disorientation. The small humiliation of getting lost in Rudolph Hall, of asking what seems like an obvious question. Yet that too feels like part of the education. We're not just learning the resources of Yale through this summer program, the woodshop, the libraries, the technological resources, but the architecture of the campus itself and the stories etched into buildings that have held generations before us.

This summer the program asked us to ground ourselves by studying the place we now inhabit. Each of us picked a build on or around campus to research and used the archives, libraries and resources that the school offers to create collages and installation objects. Through this work we've traced the layered history of Yale's architecture and in doing so, begun to piece together something larger: an introduction not only to the campus but to New Haven itself.

Were starting to find our bearings. A New semester, a new city, and a new collection of names that will soon become a kind of family. A little lost, but already certain that none of it will stay unfamiliar for long.