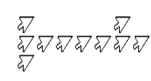
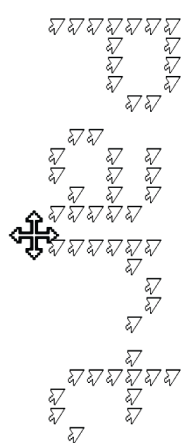
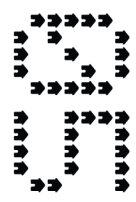
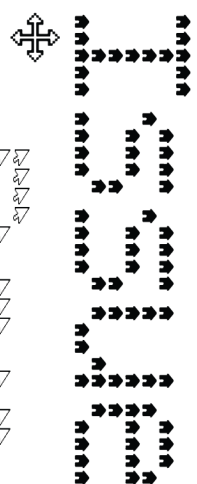
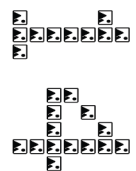
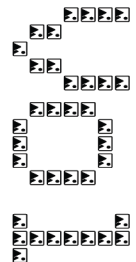
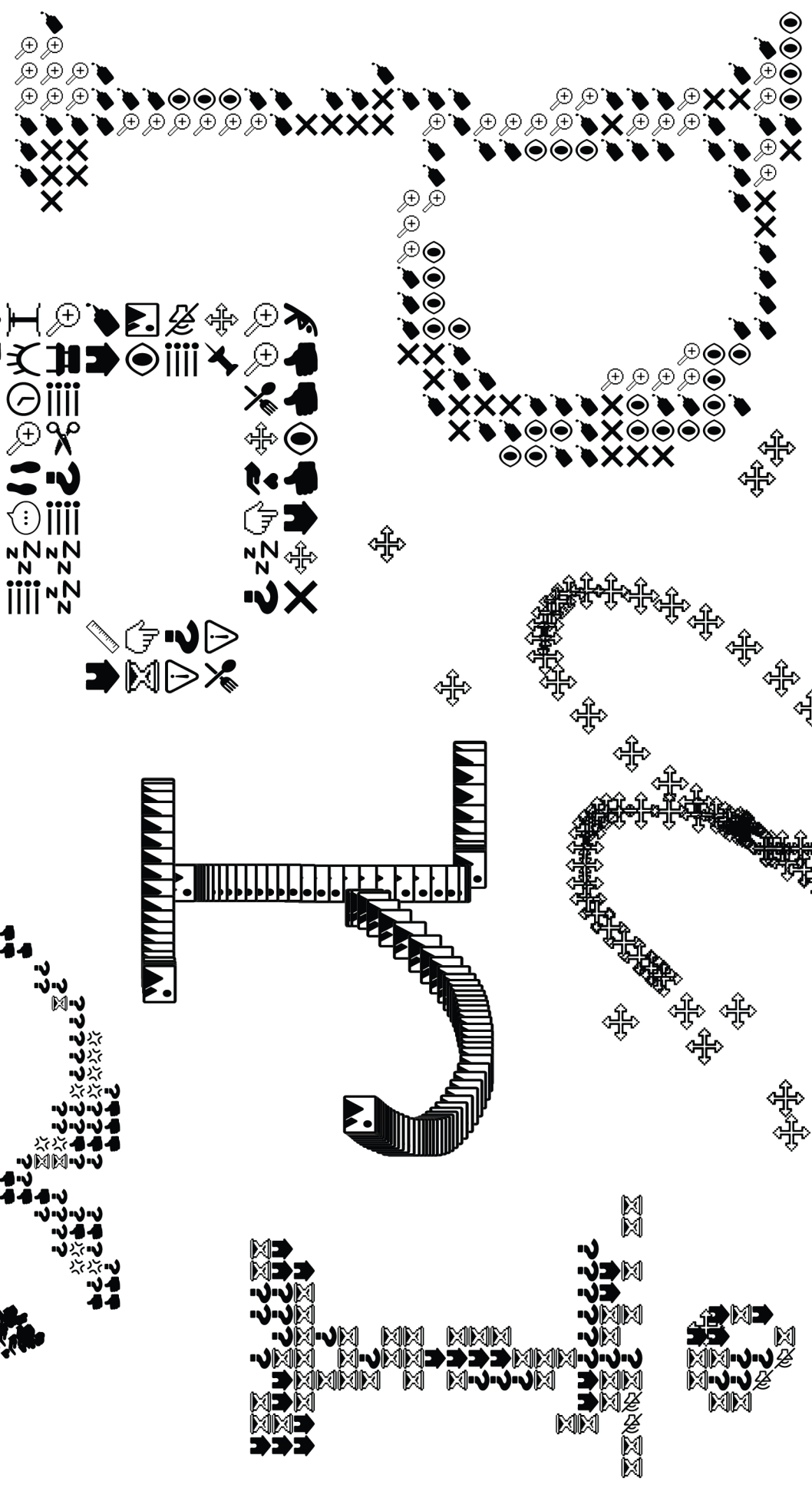


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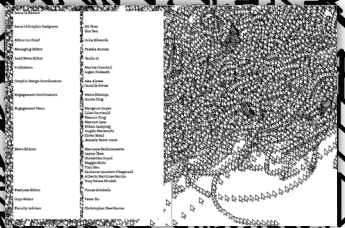
no more editing

Editing, re-editing, and final-editing are inevitable in any creative process, especially in architectural education, where studio culture is structured around critique, redline, and iteration. We begin with a draft, a preliminary piece of writing that kicks off the process of making. Yet we end with a neat polished final product that ultimately circulates through portfolio, publications, and institutional memory. This issue seeks to eke out a space between the two, where thinking is still in motion, and where uncertainty, negotiation, and contradiction remain visible.

This extended issue unfolds across two parts. Each focuses on a different mode of engagement within the creative process and only together do they begin to articulate the complexity of it. Through this two-part issue, we hope to ask—you and ourselves when can we finally say “okay, no more editing”?

Part 1, final_no more editing (1), reflects on the process itself. It gathers shorter pieces that engage with the culture of making, highlighting the frustrations, negotiations, and contradictions embedded in the creative practice. These works move through critique and revision as they confront systems of production, questioning the role of authorship in the age of artificial intelligence, and reflecting on the pressures of the aestheticizing process.

Well... open up the other volume! Together, they show what it takes to create, and if we can ever say: no more editing!



page3_ver2.png

Title: A shared ring
Author: Tony Salem Musleh
Program/Year: M.Arch I '26



Title: When do we roll credits?
Author: Maggie Holm
Program/Year: M.Arch I '28

If the three years of M.Arch I were a triple feature, the first film would be sprinkled with fake-out finales. A student would naively ask, “Is this the break?” to which Louis Koushouris would rebut, “Design never ends.” When that eight-week respite does come, the fanatics will stay in their seats (build a house with Adam Hopfner), the careerists will stretch their legs and buy Twizzlers (New York City internship) and the homesick will take a lap outside and have a smoke (flee the country). Two films ahead after this brief intermission.

Title: Two days. Two years.
Author: Marusya Bakhrameeva
Program/Year: M.Arch II '26

04/24 & 04/25. Two days during which we occupied every pit, penthouse, and even the stairs, turning them into thesis exhibition spaces. For the first time in the program, each of us had a personal presentation time and space.

For two years, we existed as one entity, a cohort of post-professional students. During those two days, that unity unfolded into seventeen distinct stories. Each space carried its own method and aesthetic, aligned with the ambitions of each project.

It was a pleasure to observe the challenges each of us faced and the ones we created for ourselves, and how inventively we worked through them. It was a pleasure to be one.

Title: Symposium season
Author: Layna Chen
Program/Year: M.E.D



Title: Mexico
Author: Alberto Martínez García
Program/Year: Ph.D

Many Ph.D students and candidates from our school are currently in Mexico, presenting their work at the Society of Architectural Historians symposium. Alan Alaniz is participating in a panel about the construction of political borders, Jiaqi Wang is talking about earthquake prediction in socialist China, Alex Kim is talking about the internalization of games in planning cities, Gabrielle Printz is presenting her work about the history of the Cold War, and Lisa Beyeler-Yvarra is one of the chairs of the Graduate Student Lightning Talks. Although the schedule is busy, some mandatory stops to see the architectural milestones of Mexico have been part of the itinerary.

Any sense of happiness, however, is undercut by confusion around the latest assignment: bathing. Required deliverables are models on models of bathing (with no drawings) with the professors preferring fully exposed glass walls making this studio a kinky and voyeuristic way to end our architecture career at Yale.

For now, we remain largely absent—a reminder to all that there is life beyond these concrete walls—until finals week, when we’ll return en masse to fight over laser cutter slots.



It’s conference season. Estella Dieci is presenting at the Environmental Humanities Symposium. Layna Chen at the Society of Architectural Historians in Mexico. Everyone is in preparation for the final roundtable. Second-year students have just submitted their thesis—just in time to enjoy the warm weather.



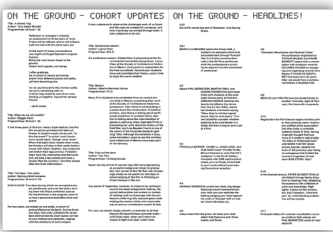
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page5_ver3.png

4/5
Jesus rises from the grave. So does your realization that there are only three weeks until finals.

4/9
“Domestic Revolutions and Feminist Cities,” the symposium organized by TATIANA BILBAO and ANNIE BARRETT opens with a conversation with professor emerita DOLORES HAYDEN on designing and organizing around care. Maybe if CHARLES GWATHMEY had been born 30 years later, we would have a communal kitchen in Rudolph Hall.

4/9
MEIXI XU and YIRU WU lure the student body to another Thursday night at Partners, this time with no parents.

4/10
Registration for Fall Classes begins months earlier than previous years. Instructors baffled at the expectation that they make a complete syllabus ahead of time, having originally thought that was more of a midterm deliverable. “An Atlas of Postmodernism” with MARK FOSTER GAGE proves popular, despite the work of the previous year being so outrageous that it killed the course’s originator, former dean BOB STERN. Slay?

4/16
In his farewell lecture, PETER DE BRETTEVILLE (Architect!) brings family storytime to Hastings Hall, delighting the audience with a lifetime of work and anecdotes. Highlights: Coked out film producers, Ken Frampton, “I/we love you” x2, a full standing ovation. You will be missed.

4/17
First-year lottery for summer visualization courses confirms that nobody but PHIL BERNSTEIN wants to hear about AI.

ARCHITECTURE IN DIALOGUE
RESPONSE TO SHEILA O'DONNEL AND
JOHN TUOMEY: “MAKING PLANS”

TIAN HSU AND TONY SALEM MUSLEH

Tian Hsu

It's interesting to see a project you've experienced in person projected onto the big screen in Hastings. I cycled around the V&A and Saddler Wells this spring break when I revisited my hometown London. The area has become incredibly gentrified.

Tony Salem Musleh

I would like to hear Sheila's and John's take on this, as we are talking of two architects who are generally interested in the public realm. Their studio brief was about the library as one of the last non-privatized public spaces.

There is something about how the architect's aspiration meets the hard realities of building an edifice, something we'll encounter soon as we are about to graduate. Architects are not the director, but one of many making an idea into built reality. While Sheila and John talk about serving the public as essential, I'm sure that the investors were more interested in making their real estate profitable. In the end, they are in the business of finance.

TH Agreed—the middle chunk of the lecture was focused on big budget projects—Liverpool University and the V&A. The way they addressed the audience was as if they were pitching their designs to potential future clients in a meeting room.

TSM With the recording having an afterlife on YouTube, they indeed need to pitch themselves to a broader audience.

TH That raises the question... for whom are these lectures?

TSM As an audience member, what did you take away from it?

TH The projects that really captured my attention were: 1. their studio, the quality of the light and wood and circulation, 2. Sheila's watercolors, and 3. the final timber and stone pavilions—with the process models and the fiddle player at the end. These all felt like they had the touch of the human hand and thought of the human heart.

TSM Especially enjoyable was the building process of their pavilions. Highlighting the necessity of the architects' humility and respect toward the craftsmen made their work feel like more than just an idea. It explains why their work feels so grounded.

TH Yes, Sheila and John seem like a well-balanced, respectful duo. They had planned out how they would take turns speaking, which was far calmer

than other multi-speaker lectures. It's reflective of their architecture—balanced and situated.

TSM I agree. They really took on the legacy of modernism and made it something that speaks to the soul, not only to the spirit. It is a big achievement.

TH Perhaps I'm swooned over by the beguiling Irish accent, but there is something so charming about their projects, especially the site-specific and well-crafted timber and stone pavilions at the end. There are themes I see across a few lectures of my time at Yale, which are site specificity, craft, and carefully considering the people they are designing for—often young people. And this makes me really excited to design, going into my career after graduating from Yale.

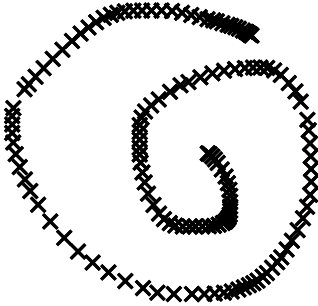
LET'S HEAR THE QUIET ONES
RESPONSE TO SYMPOSIUM KEYNOTE: DOLORES
HAYDEN X TATIANA BILBAO; EVA KAIL: “FAIR SHARED
CITY: VIENNA'S GENDER PLANNING APPROACH”

MAGGIE HOLM

What is a feminist city? It is not a material manifestation of “womanhood,” because no such thing exists. It is not a surveillance culture ratified in the name of “protecting women.” It is not a Barbie-dominated Dreamhouse market, and Kens do not live at the beach. As suggested by the title of Dolores Hayden's 1980 essay, “What Would A Non-Sexist City Look Like?,” the sexism of the built environment is implicit, and the work of feminist design is corrective.

Eva Kail's keynote to the Domestic Revolutions Symposium embodied this same premise: “If the time-tables of public transport consider different everyday patterns... If in participation processes the quiet ones are heard... then it's gender planning.” Kail flew us through forty years of her work as a planner for the city of Vienna, framing gender as inextricably linked to climate, mobility, aging, and labor. It wasn't until Friday's first panel that Kail named these pilot projects as “evidentiary feminism,” explaining that feminist projects are far more likely to be ubiquitously implemented if first “proven to succeed” via experimental pilots.

Such valuable insights could have been revealed Thursday night if the keynote were treated as a symposium sneak-peak rather than an endless setting-up. Four introductions of figures who “needed no introduction” shortened Eva's lecture and the much needed Q&A was omitted. Perhaps hosting a debate, or simply opening up the entire evening to questions, could have balanced the amazing legacies of Hayden and Kail with the spirit of discourse at the heart of the symposium.



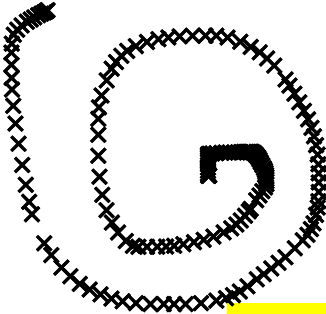
And

yet that reflex of wanting the machine to smooth over the evidence of my thinking is exactly the problem. We're all familiar with the AI slop inundating term papers and social media.

It's hard to characterize but easy to spot: distinctly insipid and soulless. But as it turns out, it's graver than the LinkedIn hellscape leads on. Researchers recently analyzed over twenty million words from unscripted podcasts and found what they call "lexical seepage"—a measurable surge in LLM-favored terms like “delve,” “boast,” and “meticulous” bleeding into everyday speech. Cognitive psychologists call this priming: repeated exposure to specific words and syntax raises the likelihood you'll reach for them later. The lead author of the study notes that the same process could eventually shape not just vocabulary but beliefs and values.

We are, in other words, being written by what we use to write.

A typo, at least, is unambiguously mine. A proof of life. Never will I misspell pollination again — and that's the point. The mistake is mine to own, mine to carry, and mine to correct. Embarrassment can be a powerful lever of growth. Misspelling, ultimately, is a better outcome than the dispossession that comes from outsourcing the thinking entirely. At least the cherry blush was real.



[sic] transit..
Ben Cresto

Brazen on my first pin-up for Core II was a circulation diagram labelled:

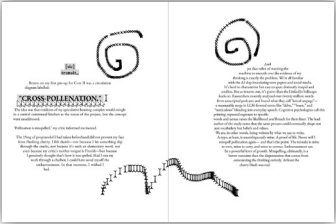
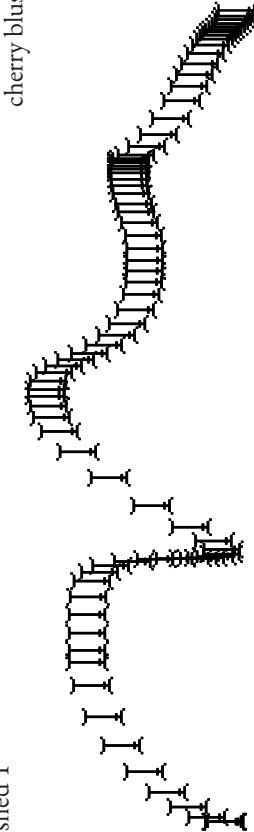
"CROSS POLLINATION!"

The idea was that residents of my speculative housing complex would mingle in a central communal kitchen as the nexus of the project, but the concept went unaddressed.

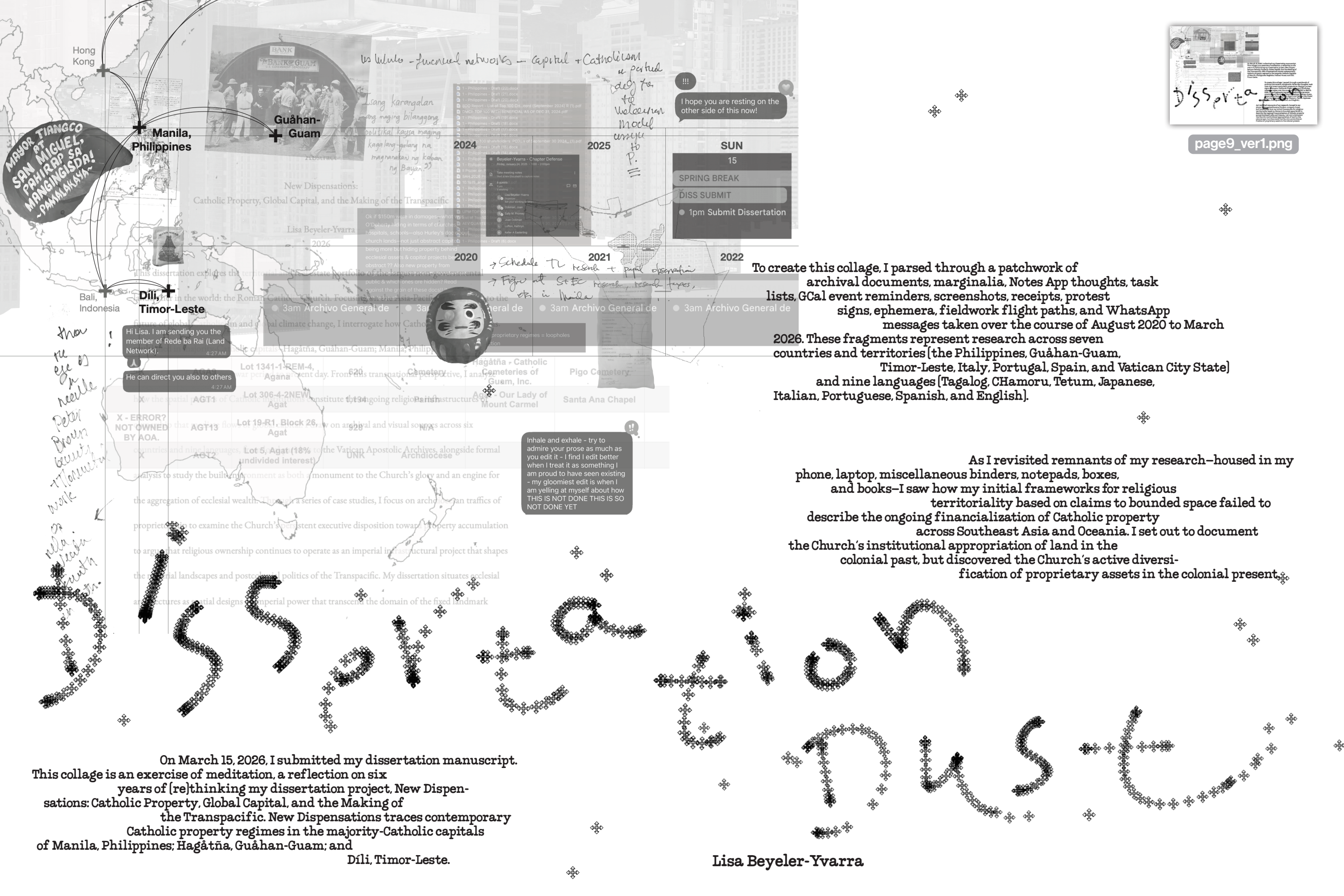
"Pollination is misspelled," my critic informed me instead.

The 15mg of propranolol I had taken beforehand did not prevent my face from flushing cherry. I felt dumb — not because I let something slip through the cracks, not because it's such an elementary word, not even because my critic's mother tongue is Finnish—but because

I genuinely thought that's how it was spelled. Had I run my work through a chatbot, I could have saved myself the embarrassment. In that moment, I wished I had.



page7.png



MAJOR TIANGCO
SAN MIGUEL,
PAHIRAP SA
MANGGISDA!
~PAMALAKASAN~

Manila,
Philippines

Guåhan-
Guam

Dili,
Timor-Leste

Hi Lisa, I am sending you the
member of Rede ba Rai (Land
Network).
4:27 AM

He can direct you also to others
4:27 AM

X - ERROR?
NOT OWNED
BY AOA.

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AGT13

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Hi Gemini, please turn this screenshot of my 3d clay model into 4k architectural rendering in the style of Herzog & de Meuron.

restart

Hi Gemini, please turn this screenshot of my 3d clay model into 4k architectural rendering in the style of Herzog & de Meuron. Keep the exact geometry of my design, only add materials: You are seeing an exterior view of a library project with wood-lined façade, metal panel roof, concrete paving with paneled wood form texture, and perforated metal mesh along the landscape path.

Good, please make the wood grain smoother and the color slightly lighter. Replace the barn background in this image. For context, it's a library in Chengdu, not in Basel.

Take away those hot pot and the ancient building fragments in the back. Keep the background clean with some trees. Add summer garden landscape and people on it. In the front scene there is a community event for people using mycelium to make flowerpots. In the back there are blossoms in the community garden.

No no no, there shouldn't be white kids. They should all be Chinese kids and young people.

Well, these people are way too big, and they look like they're from Hong Kong, not Chengdu. Here is a reference image of the event, let's use this instead. Please put them situated in the architectural rendering.

Please don't change my geometry and the proportion of my image, go back to my original image's size and proportion.

Gosh I said please don't change my geometry...

Hi Gemini, please turn this screenshot of my 3d clay model into 4k architectural rendering in the style of Jiakun Liu. Keep the exact geometry of my design, only add materials. You are seeing an exterior view of a community library project in Chengdu. It has wood-lined façade, metal panel roof, concrete paving with paneled wood form texture, and perforated metal mesh along the landscape path. The weather is cloudy. An old Chinese lady and a kid are sitting on the bench, reading books.

Yes, this is great. Then make the wood grain smoother and the color lighter. Remove the city background. Add more trees so it feels like in a park.

Add a little bit of ivy on the façade and moss on the concrete to make it look weathered.

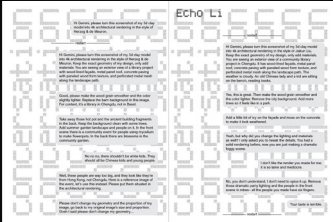
Yeah, but why did you change the lighting and materials as well? I only asked you to tweak the details. You had a solid rendering before, now you are just making a dramatic foggy scene.

I don't like the render you made for me; it is so lame and mediocre.

No, you don't understand, I don't need to spice it up. Remove those dramatic party lighting and the people in the front scene in robes— all the people you made have six fingers.

Your taste is terrible.

restart



page11_ver1.png

The theme of this issue is endearing: show us your drafts! Show us all your work that you never intended to be publicized. We know there's something good in there.

It's really not unlike architecture as a practice in general. Looking for the beginning of the thread that ties your entire project together. The spark that ignited your ultimate idea, or maybe even the glimmer of something poetically genius that got lost among the value engineering and the construction documents. Architecture is so fascinated with process.

As I sit among my piles of sketches and models, I wonder if this has turned into fetish. We are encouraged, even pushed, to showcase our drafts and earliest sketches, even putting them in our portfolios. It's an obsession that leads some to conjure up an "early draft" even after the design is finalized. We have to show that the genius was there at the start, expressive and poetic, even in its infancy. But in an environment where perfectionism already runs rampant, we find ourselves allowing obsessive curation to inch earlier and earlier in the design process. Those tentative sketches that reflect our earliest ideas may be on that pin-up board tomorrow, or at the final, or in our portfolios, wrapped up professionally to send to our dream jobs. So they need clarity, visual cohesion, and aesthetic promise that aligns with our ultimate design. The anticipation of exhibition places pressure upon an idea that hasn't yet found its footing.

That being said, I am no advocate for the privatization of the draft. The very challenge could be to find the balance between unfiltered improvisation and polished self-branding. How to preserve our purity of thought from the pressure of presentation clarity. Maybe we never will strike the balance completely. Or maybe that's the whole point.

The Aestheticization
of the Draft Gwyn Evans

We are a group of desperate architects currently building a practice that may or may not exist. We are seeking an exceptional candidate for the position of Junior Architect. At Desperate Architects, we are desperate for people who are willing to think, work, speculate, and persist under uncertain conditions.

Candidates must possess the following prerequisites:

0-3 years of professional desperation in a relevant field

Ability to work under economic pressure, time constraints, industry challenges and ongoing global crisis

Willingness to collaborate with other desperate individuals across disciplines

Excellent communication skills and mental stability, especially in moments of collective uncertainty

Proficiency in industry-standard software, and the patience to learn the next one when the current one becomes obsolete

Capacity to produce iterations quickly while maintaining the belief that the next one might be better

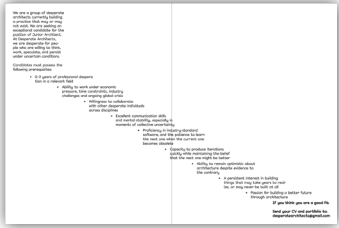
Ability to remain optimistic about architecture despite evidence to the contrary

A persistent interest in building things that may take years to realize, or may never be built at all

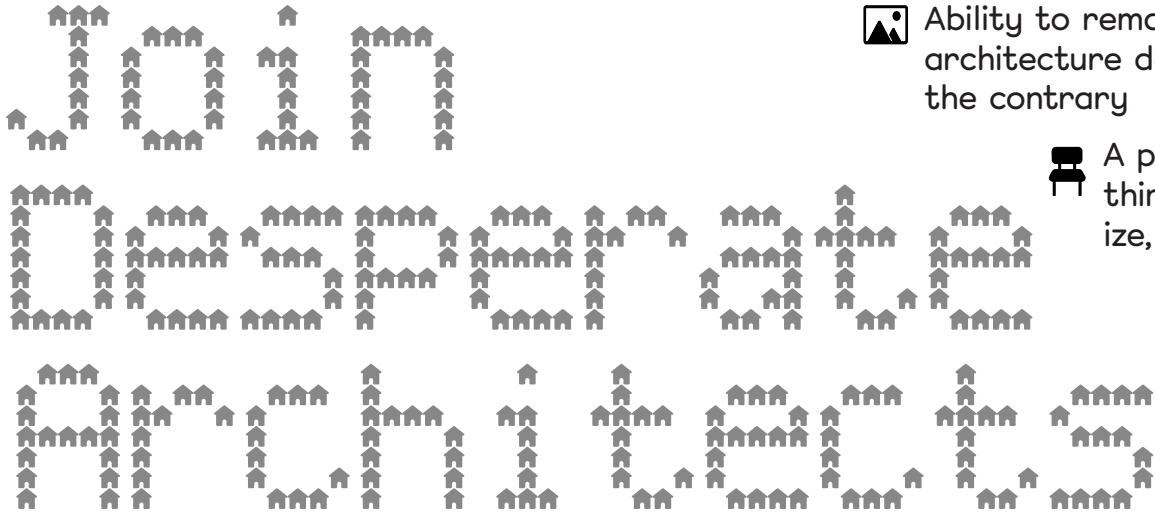
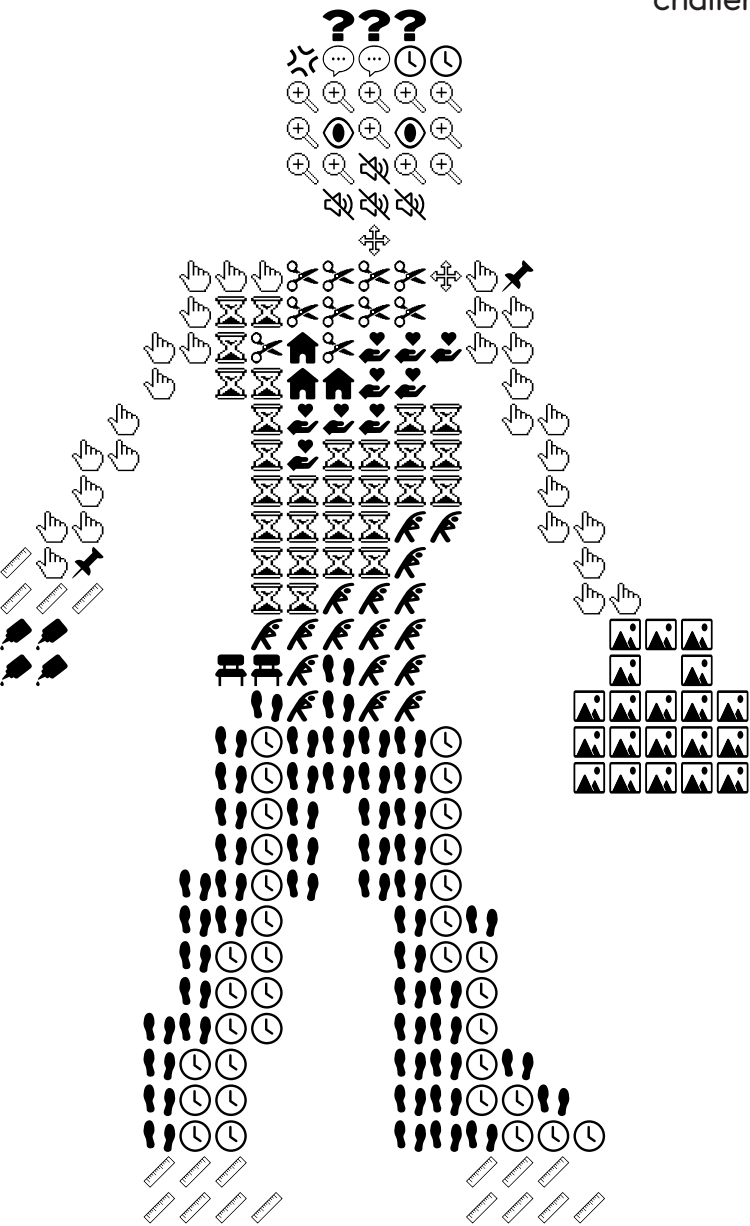
Passion for building a better future through architecture

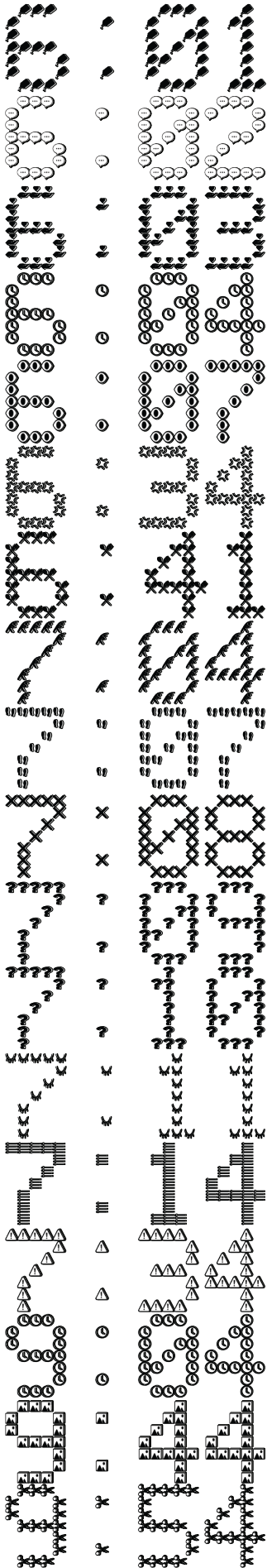
If you think you are a good fit:

Send your CV and portfolio to: desperatearchitects@gmail.com



page13_draft.png





poke
“Sorry to bother, but
do you have any glue
I can borrow?”
Realize that they’re
talking to you.
Don’t respond right
away—you’re too
focused.
Hand over the last bit
of glue.
You need it, but you
have to help. You
always have to help.
Check the time.
Check the never-ending to-do list.
Turn the music up loud enough to
drown everything else out.

Refocus.

Shift in your seat.
Feel the stiffness in your
neck and the growing
pressure in your head.
When did you last eat?
It doesn’t matter. There’s no time for that now.
You rested last night so you could power through
tonight, so keep going. This critique is all that
matters. It has to be perfect.
Stand up. Stretch despite no relief.
Allow yourself to go to the bathroom. You’re
not even sure when you last went. Keep
your headphones on. Don’t get caught in
conversation.
Walk back to your desk quickly.
Eyes down. Feet fast.
Don’t look at anyone else’s work. You already know
it’s infinitely better than yours.

Think. Was architecture the
right choice?

Think. Are you really talented
enough to be here?

Think. Will you even be
finished for pinup?

Close your eyes. Breathe. Try to relax your brain.

Picture the to-do list. Picture your professors’
disappointment. Picture your classmates laughing quietly.
They see it. They all see it: the flaws, the inadequacy,
the proof that you don’t belong.
Stop contemplating your failure and push it all
down.
Focus on the Rhino model that won’t align,
no matter how many times you try, and rage
quietly. You should have learned this by now.
Where did the time go?
Send to plotter.
Print.
Send to plotter. Print.
Retrieve plots.
Realize the paper is slightly
crinkled, the colors are off, and
you’re missing a north arrow. Regret
not doing a test print.
Use the big
trimmer and mess
up the clean
edge.



Start pinning up.
Avoid looking at the work of others—
but glance anyway.
Let it hurt. Let it motivate.

Keep pinning.
Measure the spacing. Again. Again.
If the gaps aren’t even, they’ll
know. They’ll know you’re a failure.

Step back.
Exhale with self-resentment.

The studio is silent.
Headphones on every head. No one speaks.
The quiet feels heavy with stress and exhaustion.

Return to your desk and sit down.
Keep working.
Add the final touches to your model.

One edge doesn’t align?
Take it apart and start over.
There’s no time, but mistakes matter
more than sleep.

Focus.
Ignore the cPunch® of trail mix across
the aisle.

Focus.
Ignore the voices of finished projects echoing
from the pit.

Focus.
Ignore the hunger. The aching back.
The mental numbness. Don’t let your
body win.

Check the time.
Stop. There’s nothing left you can fix
before the crit.
Accept the impending failure.

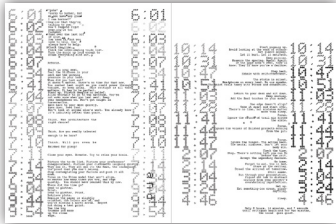
Go home.
Forget to eat. Lie in bed.
Stare at the ceiling.
Dread the arrival of tomorrow.

Still awake.
Run through your presentation.
Figure out how to distract
critics from your project’s
overwhelming imperfection.

Get up.
Eat something—ice cream, pizza—
anything.

Sleep.

Only 8 hours, 14 minutes, and 7 seconds
until critiques begin—and for two minutes,
the noise goes quiet.



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