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What is a portfolio anyway? A lot has happened in the past three years. Six studios. Eighteen other classes. Three years ago I had no idea what I was getting myself into. I had no idea what it meant to be an architect, or to study architecture; I still don't. But I've learned a lot. Learned by producing: more than a few images, drawings, collages, essays, you name it. Learned by staying up late. Very late. Maybe it's fitting that I produced this portfolio at the last minute, overnight. Three years ago starting a Masters meant logging onto zoom. Meeting people meant a 24 hour zoom room with nobody but Lucas in it. Post-review celebrations meant raising a glass towards your webcam. A lot has happened. I moved to New York. I learned what rhino and revit were, and how to use them. I drew my first plans and sections, learned what poche meant, what a desk-crit is. I started saying architecty things like "production mode" and "phenomenological" and "vegetation." My definition of a late night gained about eight extra hours at the expense of my sleep. I started to care about line weight. I learned what a make2d is. A worm's eye. Axonometric, isometric, oblique. I learned that people really care about their porfolios. Right at the very end, my dog died. A lot has happened. I met great people, made friends, went to karaoke against my will. Things have changed, but some haven't. It only took me about a week to start writing in my journal how "exhausted" I was. Things always seemed about to come together at the last minute. "I haven't done anything today," or "things are not looking good;" but "that was [never] as bad as I worried it might be." Anyway, it was a lot. It is a lot. It's not easy to get all of that into 75 spreads, 32mb. I've tried to include as much as I could: my work, my thoughts, the things that were happening to me. Inevitably, I've left things out. I'm not great at laying out a page. You might not understand my projects. I don't know how to automatically add page numbers in Illustrator although I'm sure I could google it. That's okay. So, here it is. Here's what I've got. Enjoy.

SEMESTER

1

Monday 7 September 2020 Some interesting readings already for QAH, which I hope to be able to write about in depth tomorrow. I spend most of the day reading, and I can feel the rumour of a possibility that I'm back in the academic groove. Plenty of both excitement and apprehension to go around. Architectural Technology at 9:30am; no time to sleep in. **Thursday 10 September 2020** Not the best day. I have ideas but I don't know how to translate them visually. Tomorrow I'm supposed to have something to show Jerome. Right now I have nothing. **Friday 11 September 2020** My first desk crit went fairly well. Jerome was receptive to my ideas and even liked the drawing I threw together this morning. Not sure where I'll take it from here but it's encouraging to have made it over a first hurdle. **Saturday 12 September 2020** Another busy day. A "Digital Primer" from 10:00-4:00. Rhino seems fairly intuitive. I'm really not used to having a full schedule and frequent deadlines, but I hope it'll be good for me. **Monday 14 September 2020** These are long days, working with few breaks from nine in the morning until nearly midnight. Something I'm not used to. But the work feels good once finished, and I'm learning by doing, and by being forced to do. Already I'm doing work I would not have done last week. We'll see where three years take me. **Tuesday 15 September 2020** Another busy day, and lots to do tomorrow. **Wednesday 16 September 2020** I'm so tired. Tomorrow is going to be crazy; I have to have three drawings by Friday and right now I have none. I think I might just have to get used to a perpetual state of stress. That's okay - it just means I'm being challenged. Tough but useful, assuming I come through it alive.

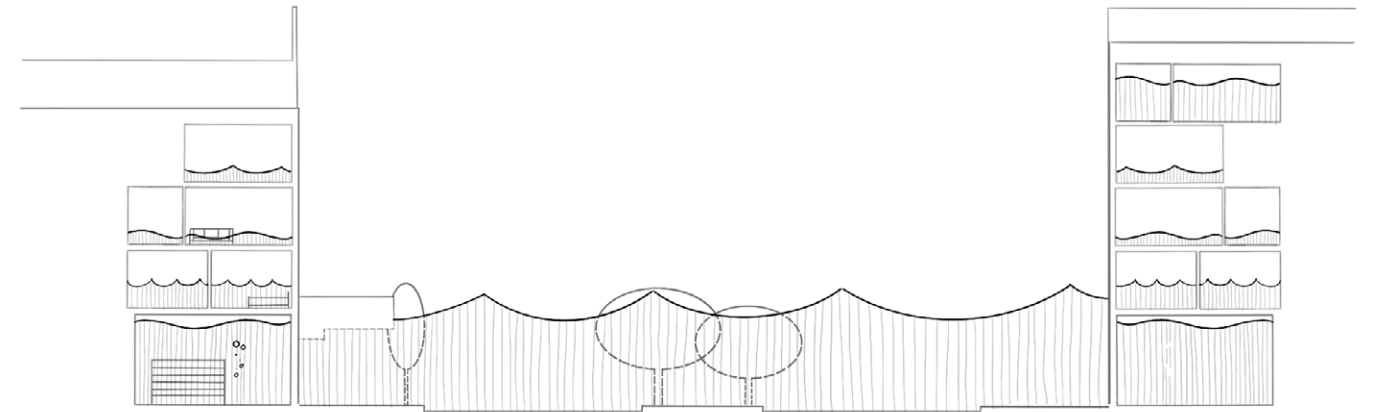
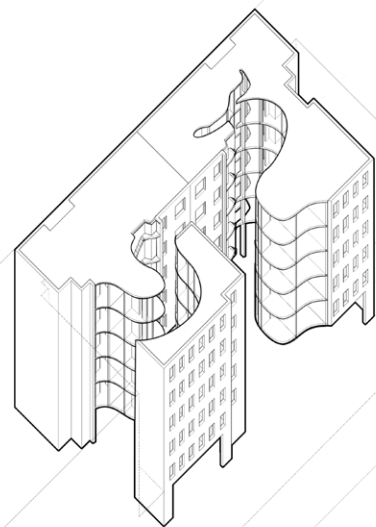
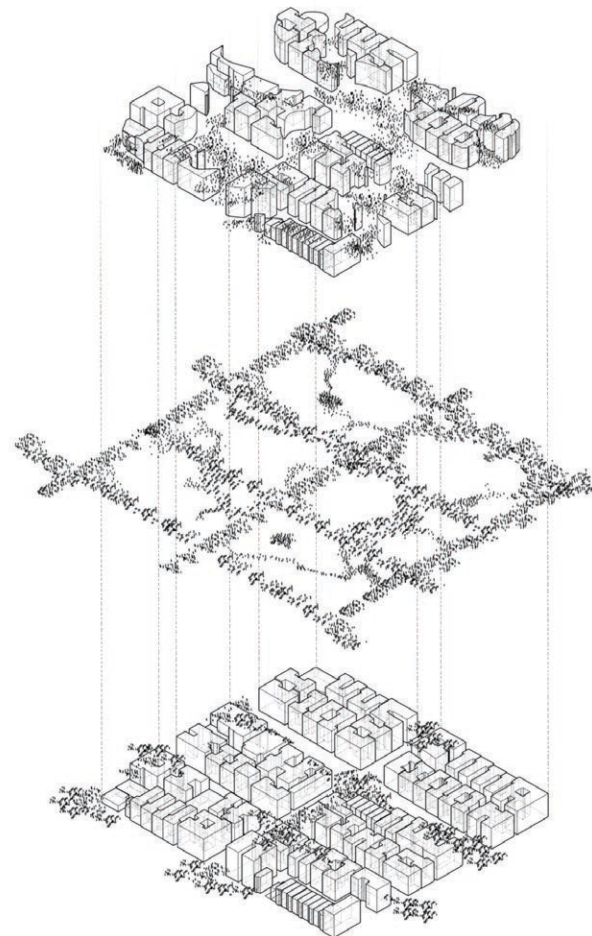
Thursday 17 September 2020 There aren't enough hours in the day to do all the things I have to do! I'm not done my three drawings for tomorrow; I haven't started my drawings for ADR; I don't know

what the heck I have to do for AT1; and I haven't even thought about this week's QAH readings. I don't know how I'm going to pull it off... **Friday 18 September 2020** My ideas are shallow and my execution sloppy. I'm running out of time. Things are due soon and I still have so much to do.

Saturday 19 September 2020 I feel like I'm running out of time! Things are due soon and I still have so much to do!

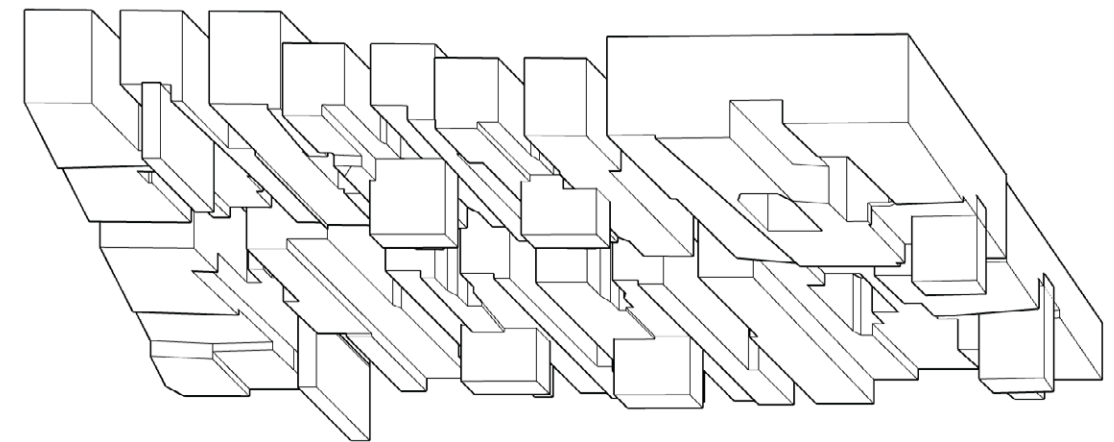
Sunday 20 September 2020 Some weekend! Didn't get everything I needed to done. Going to be another busy week ahead. By Friday I have to have all five drawings finished for studio, plus who knows what else. Goodnight!

Monday 21 September 2020 Things are looking up a bit today. I had a great talk with my TA and I feel like my drawings are starting to come together in an interesting way. My position is starting to clarify (to myself too) and become more specific. Now I just need to finish the damn drawings -



My first ever drawing at GSAPP

and the ones with Laura too...in good time! **Tuesday 22 September 2020** I'm so tired. I haven't done my readings. I need to finish two more drawings for studio by Friday. I have to produce something - I don't even know what - for ADR by Monday. I have to submit two AT1 assignments by Tuesday. Trying to stay calm. **Thursday 24 September 2020** Somehow I thought yesterday was Thursday. Nope. Anyway, tomorrow is Friday, and there's no doubt about that. I'm not happy with any of my drawings, but at this point they'll have to do. I'll have some time tomorrow to clean them up, but as of 5:00 they're final. My first review... **Friday 25 September 2020** I have mixed feelings about today's review. On the one hand I spoke decently well, and my drawings turned out okay. On the other hand, my work wasn't discussed specifically at all - though I did feel it was implied that I was among those who needed to be more rigorous - and the high quality of other people's drawings made me insecure. But whatever. No time to dwell on it. On to the next thing! **Sunday 27 September 2020** Another day not getting

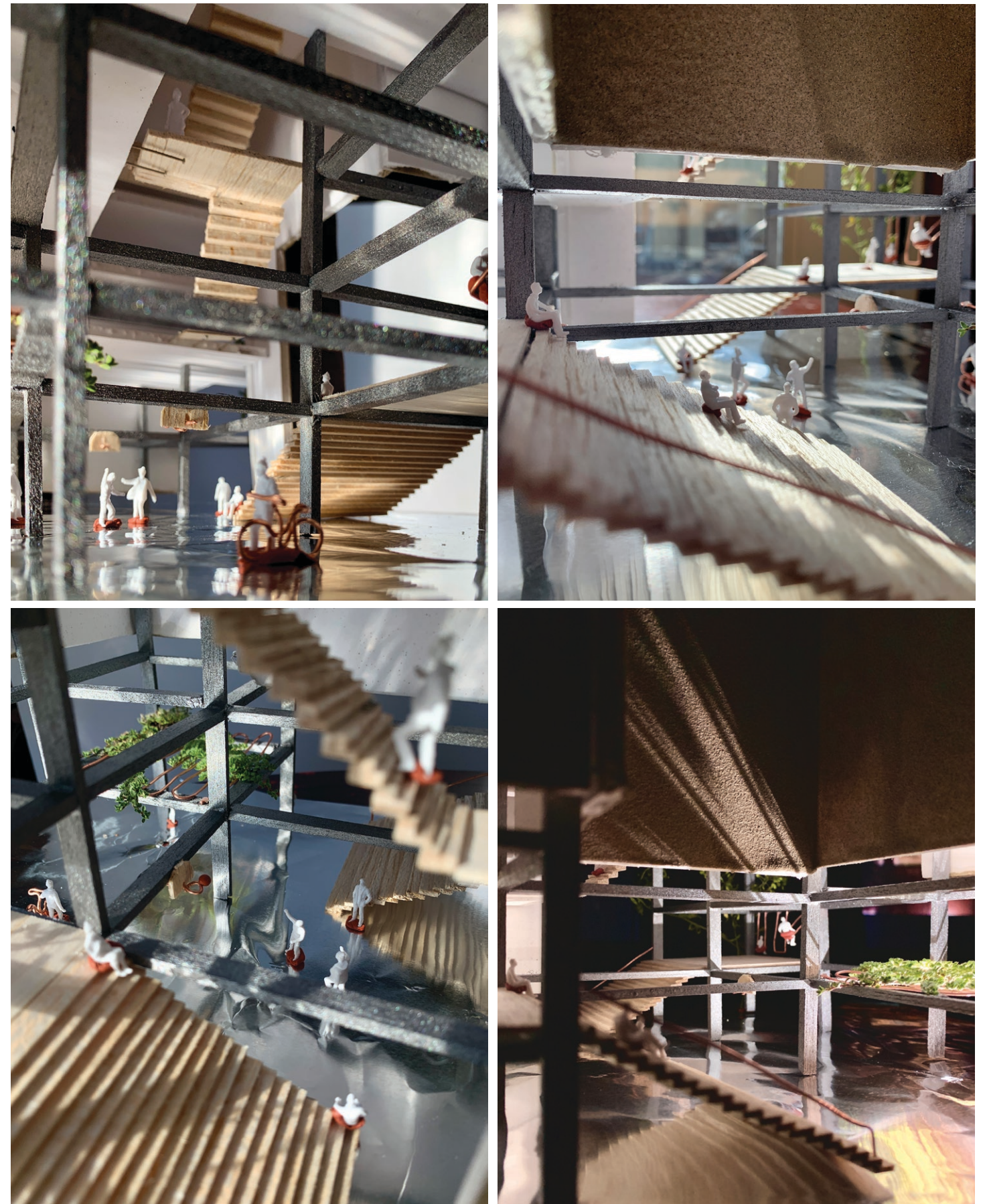


Jerome absolutely loved this worm's eye. my first time getting a very positive reaction to a drawing

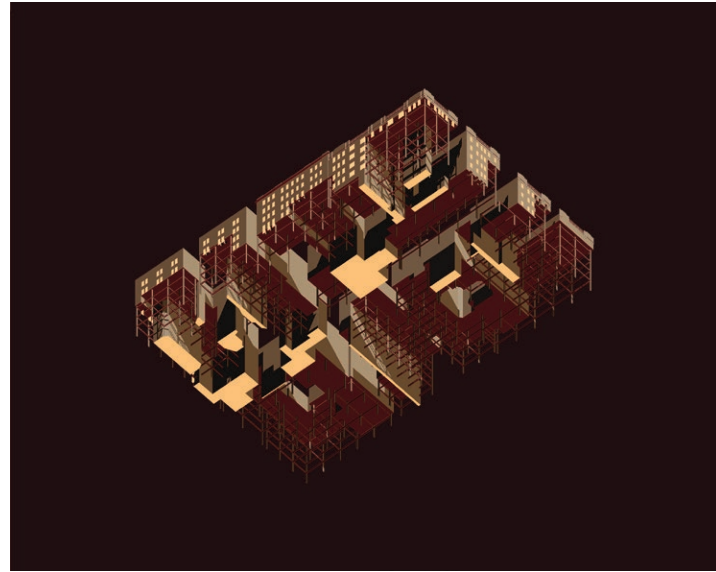
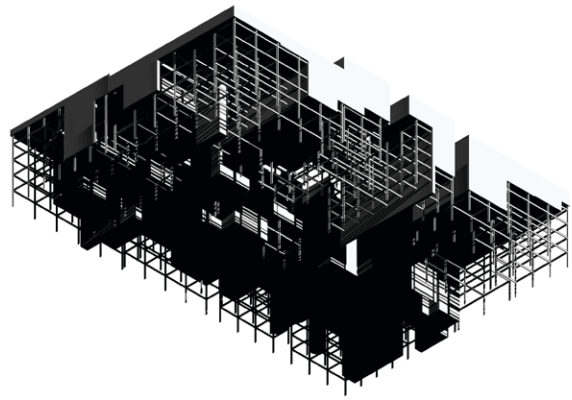


I was really happy with this drawing at the time. I did all of this early work in Procreate on my iPad - not yet convinced by these mysterious "vectors"

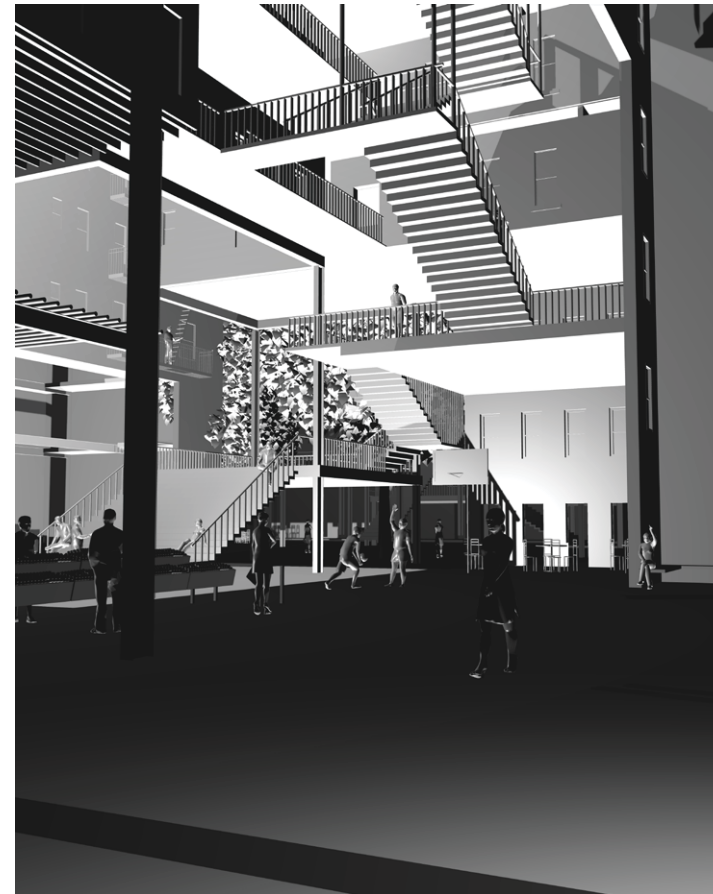
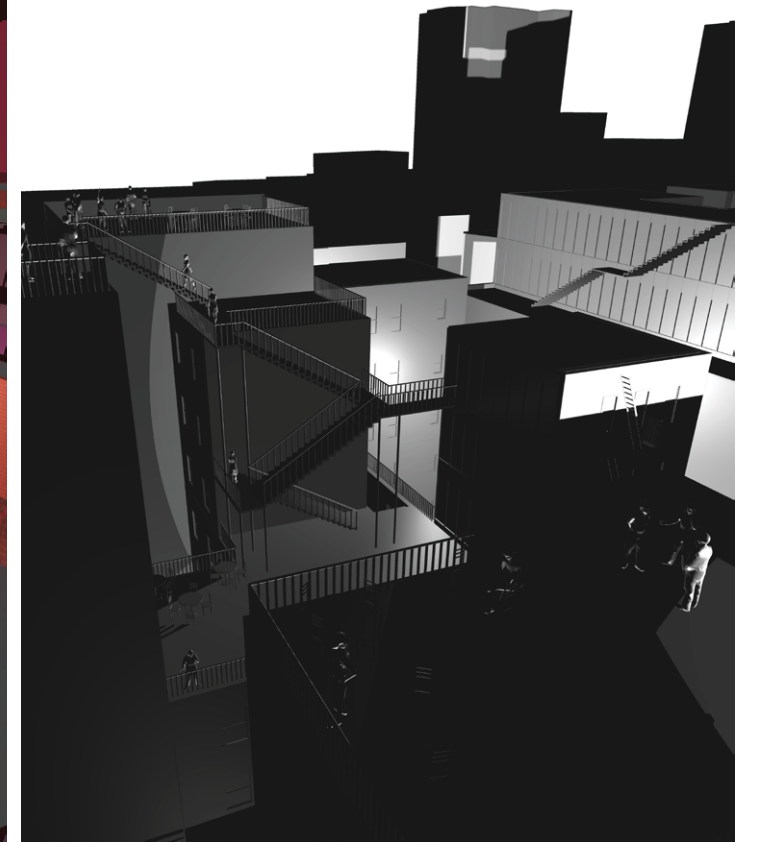
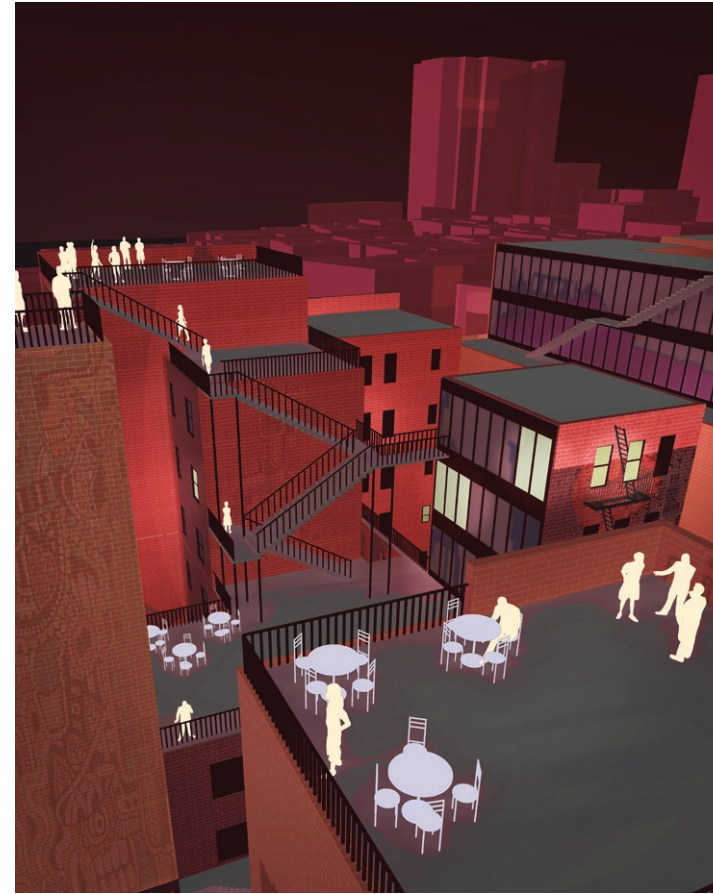
enough done. I won't be ready for ADR tomorrow, nor have I prepared anything for studio. **Thursday 1 October 2020** The days are long and yet still too short. After class, 10:00-11:00, I worked all day but still didn't seem to get enough done. I started the mosque model from scratch, made some progress there I guess, but there's still so much to do. As far as studio: I have nothing ready for tomorrow, and no time to get anything ready. I'll have to hope my ideas are enough. **Sunday 4 October 2020** I don't know how I'm going to do it when things actually get tough. I've been working all day and still I'm not ready...for anything. But ready or not, I have to sleep. **Monday 5 October 2020** My ADR desk-crit went well, and I'm in decent shape for studio now. I've finished my portion of AT1 too. Now the essay, due Wednesday, is my next big hurdle. It'll be another hard day. Rewarding too though, I hope. **Tuesday 6 October 2020** I've done none of tomorrow's readings, nor will I have a time to make any changes before studio tomorrow. But Jerome seemed happy with my direction last time, so I'll just have to wing it and



learning to build models on the bedroom floor in CORE1 and CORE2 might be the reason I've done as few as possible since



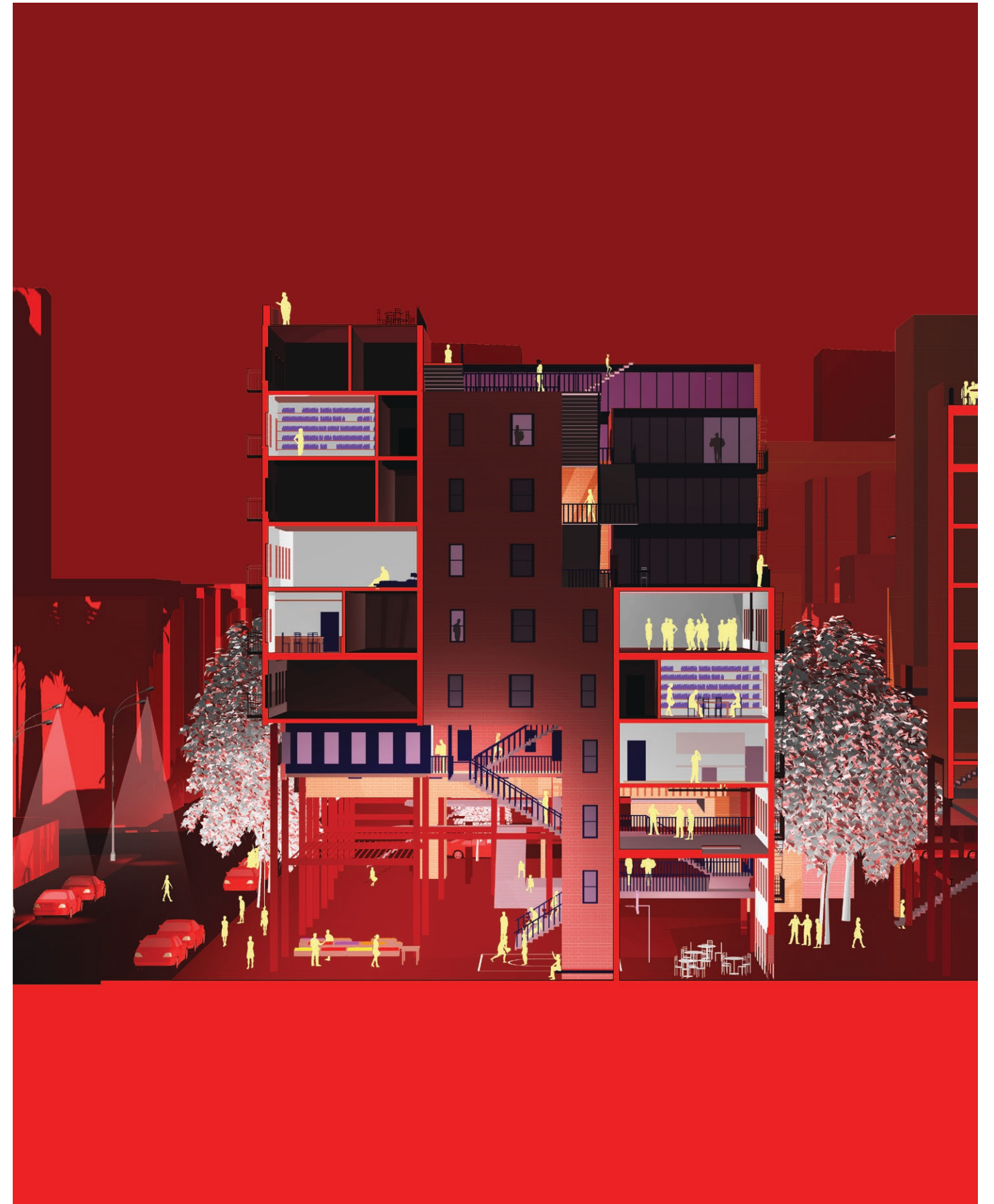
hope for the best. **Wednesday 7 October 2020** Another pretty successful critique with Jerome today. He seemed happy with my direction. **Thursday 8 October 2020** Hard to believe I've been in school a month. Review tomorrow. Nervous. Excited. Hopeful that I get some feedback this time. Worried about what kind of feedback I'd get though... **Friday 9 October 2020** Review number two! I actually got some comments this time! **Tuesday 13 October 2020** Jerome wasn't very impressed with my progress today. To be fair, I hadn't really made any. Not that I was alone; I think we're all a little behind. Lots to do in the days ahead. **Thursday 15 October 2020** I started my model for studio today. Just some balsa wood cut into a basic massing. Hopped onto Zoom with Chi Chi, Amina, and Zoe while we worked. Lots to do, as usual, but I feel okay about it. **Monday 19 October 2020** A helpful reminder from Mr John Ruskin: "...we are not sent into this world to do any thing into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and of the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to." **Tuesday 20 October 2020** Jerome was not impressed with my lack of progress today. I have so much to do and no time to do it. I can't even imagine finishing it all... **Wednesday 21 October 2020** My room is an absolute mess, but the model is coming along. One big push tomorrow and I should have it. Then after Friday I can finally focus on my drawings. **Thursday 22 October 2020** I'm so tired I started to write "11:14pm" after seeing that I wrote at 11:13 yesterday. Sheesh. I'm just about finished with my photos for tomorrow's assignment. I still have to take a few daylight shots but I'm feeling much better with the night ones out of the way. **Sunday 25 October 2020** I don't have weekends anymore. It's hard to believe tomorrow is Monday. It's going to have to be a productive day, we meet with Jerome in the evening for a "dry run" of Wednesday's review. Lots to do. The others think I'm crazy to be sleeping so early. Maybe they're right. **Wednesday 28 October 2020** Well, I did it. And it went well! Jerome seemed happy anyway...Some of the jurors kind of misinterpreted my project to be more about protest than it really was, but hey, it happens. I still got useful feedback out of it. Oh and I was featured on the GSAPP CORE1 Instagram story! **Sunday 15 November 2020** Late night tonight. Trying to finish off ADR for tomorrow's review. I feel what I have is interesting, but I'm not sure whether it will be up to the level of finish I'd like. There are a few glaring holes which I probably won't be able to explain away. But c'est la vie! Most of the night tonight will likely be spent waiting for renderings to finish. **Tuesday 1 December 2020** The review today went well enough. To be honest, I felt that the critics were too easy on me. But anyway, we're in the home stretch now. Less than a week to finish this monster of a studio. **Friday 4 December 2020** Today's dry run with Jerome was a disaster. I was totally unprepared. Three more days to produce a finished project. **Tuesday 8 December 2020** Review could have gone better. They liked my ideas and my ambition but felt that the work was not up to the task. Disappointing, since for me the ideas are just a place to start; it's what they lead to that matters more. So in some sense I failed. But there's still time to learn. I've learned a lot already this semester.



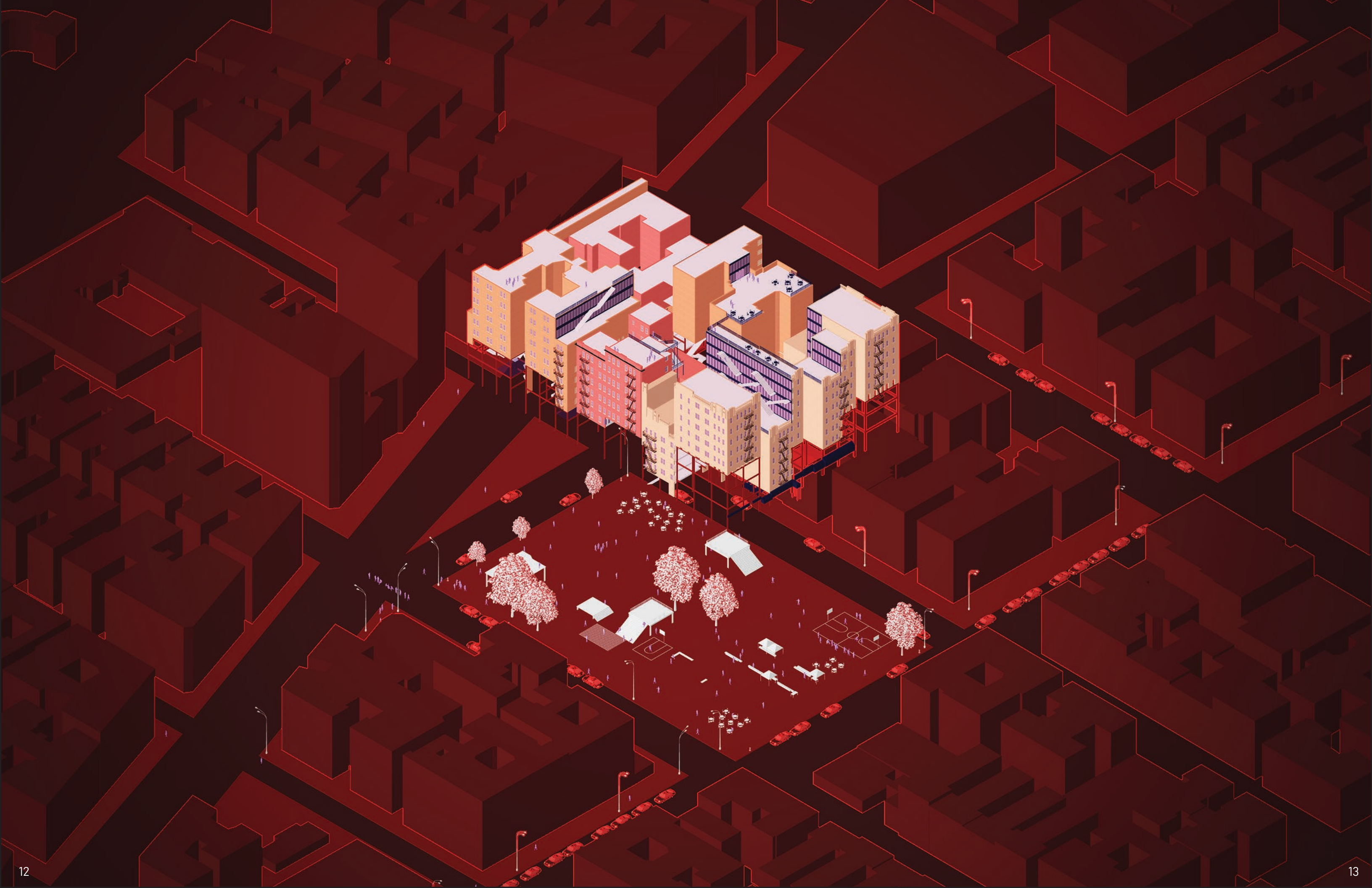
looking back, I find that my greyscale rhino renders have an energy to them that was lost in the finished images



in black and white...



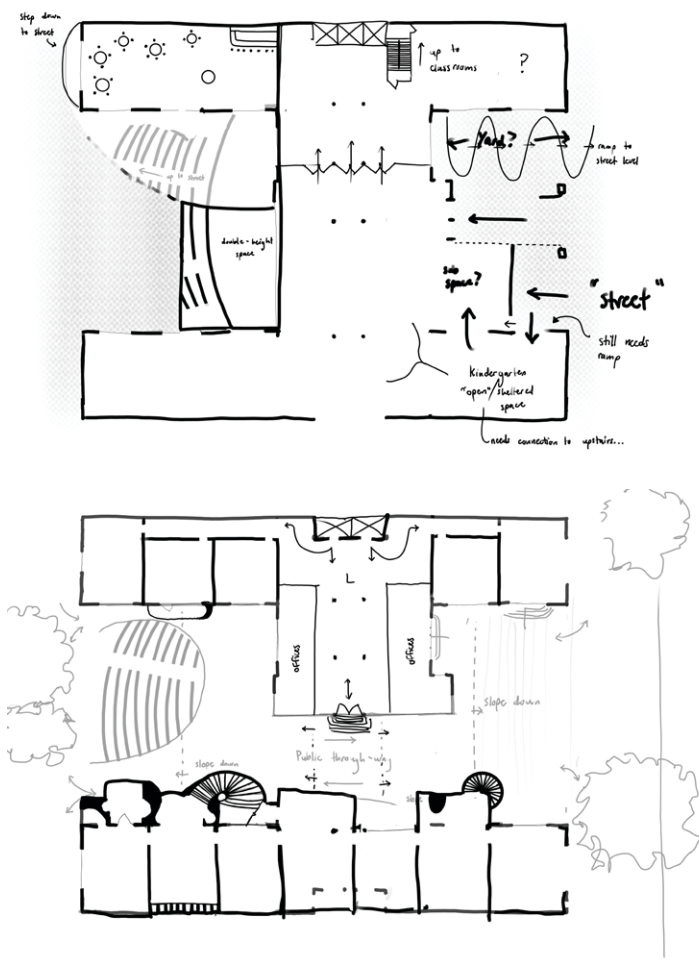
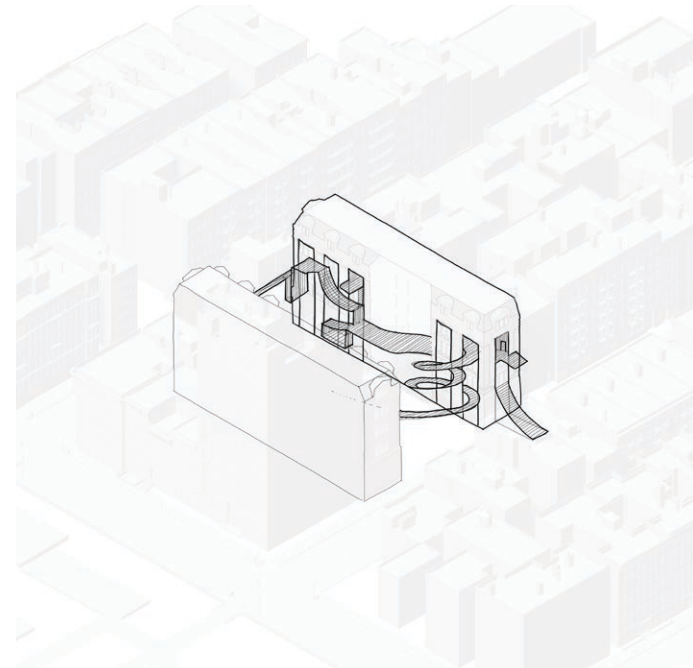
...and in colour



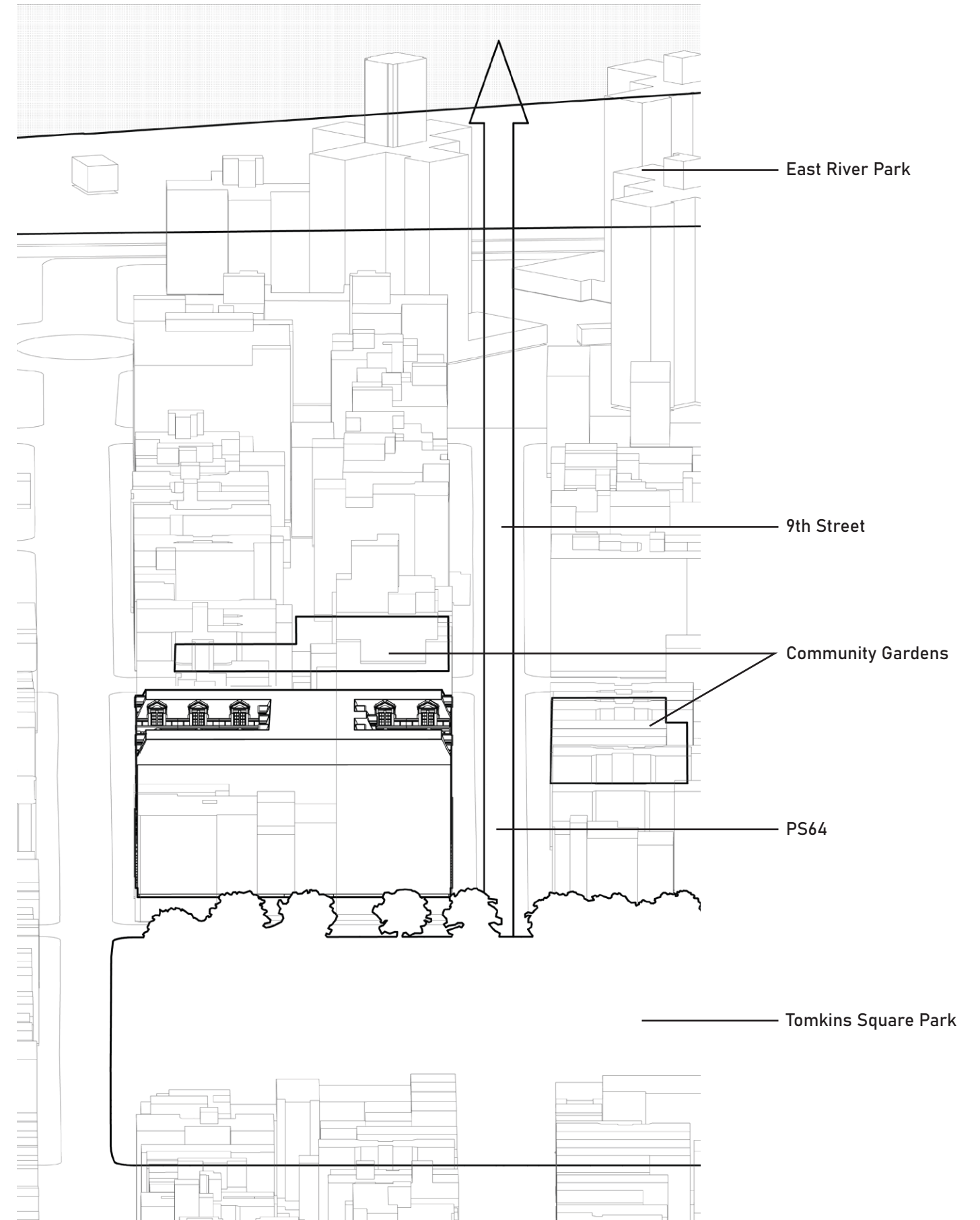
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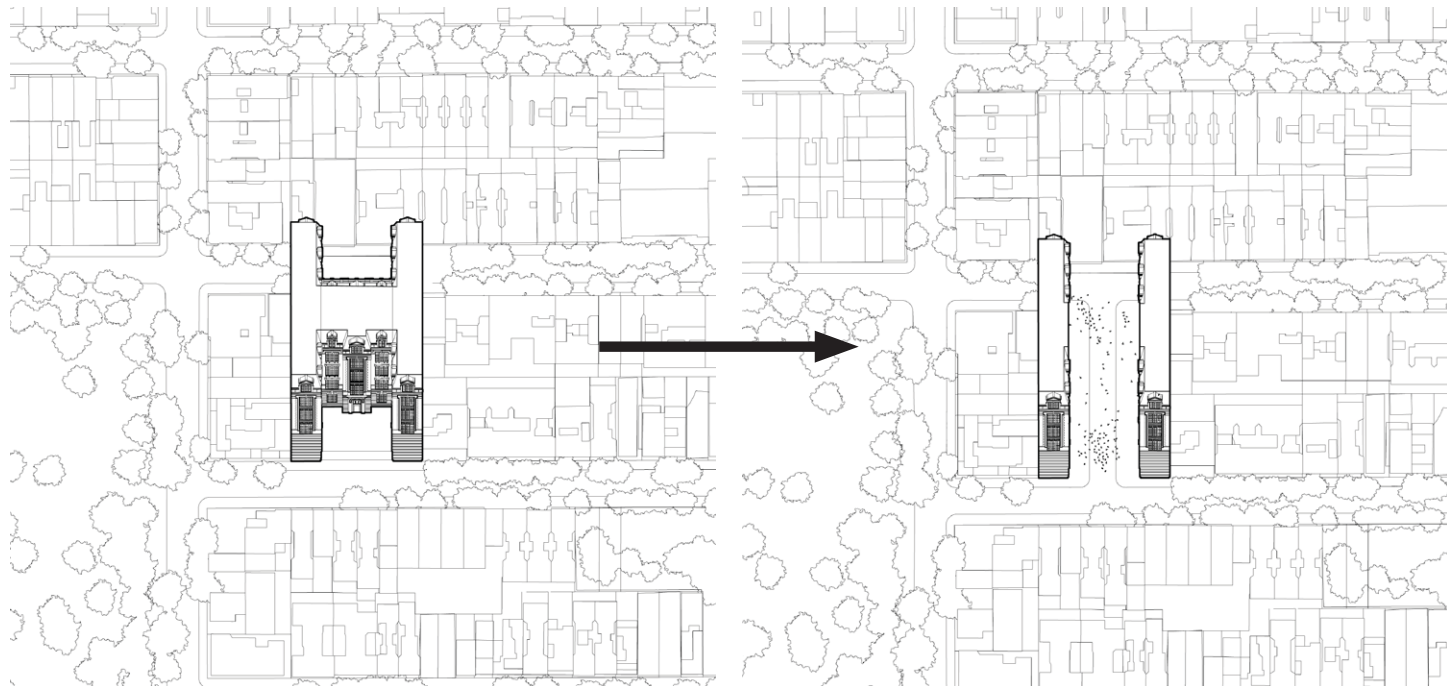
2

Monday 18 January 2021 Some ideas for school design: stacked/nested auditoriums in negative H space, stepping down to the street. Running track around the block. Modular, student-made ornamentation. Single lane extremely slow traffic. Rearranging wall mosaic games. Classrooms or library connected by enfilade. Mid-block stop signs (and right angles?). Play structures integrated into the urban fabric. **Thursday 21 January 2021** I'm not impressing Erica so far. Falling behind already. **Thursday 28 January 2021** My desk crit with Erica went well. She seemed to like me for the first time, and her comments were straightforward, enthusiastic, and helpful. She is encouraging me to think about the wall of PS 64 as almost a ruin. Something we can move up, through, across, around, etc. **Sunday 7 February 2021** I finally got started on my spatial prototype, which is good I guess. Not that I'm happy with the direction it's headed. I should have enough to show Erica tomorrow. **Friday 12 February 2021** My project ties the school to the street. But why not make the street the site of all activity? Or at least the inspiration. Is mimicry of the language of the street too on the nose? If the environment is the third teacher, what is the environment at PS 64? It's a car-dominated context (tenuous, but I think I can make the argument). It is a ruin. It is between a park and the river. It is urban. It is in Manhattan. Surely this must tell me something. **Wednesday 24 February 2021** Just got off nice working session with Sam. So helpful having someone there while I work. **Thursday 25 February 2021** Erica seemed relatively happy with my project. Lots to do over the break. **Monday 8 March 2021** Busy first day back. I managed not to fall flat on my face with Erica, although I certainly have lots to do now. She says I have to start making plans and sections. I'm too afraid to commit - I need to learn to do iterative work, experiment and make drawings even when not everything is working. **Tuesday 9 March 2021** Well, ADR went well enough, I guess. I got an email from Erica around 8 o'clock: she wants two plans and two sections by Thursday. Yikes. **Wednesday 10 March 2021** I made some progress on my plans for Erica. I hope it'll be enough. It feels like pulling teeth sometimes. I'll have to work through AT2 tomorrow. Stress stress stress! **Monday 15 March 2021** 2:45pm: Erica is frustrated with the class. My desk-crit is coming up next, with not much to show. Uh oh. 3:30pm: Desk-crit postponed until 5:30. I should keep working but I can't. I need to start my "real" drawings. Less than three weeks to go! **Wednesday 17 March 2021** Most productive day in a while. I've got first draft vector plans for every floor now; tomorrow I'll get started on elevations; and then over the weekend I can take a serious stab at a 3D model. If I can finalise "design" by the end of next week I'll have plenty of time

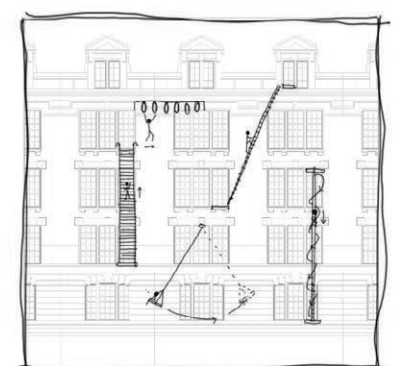
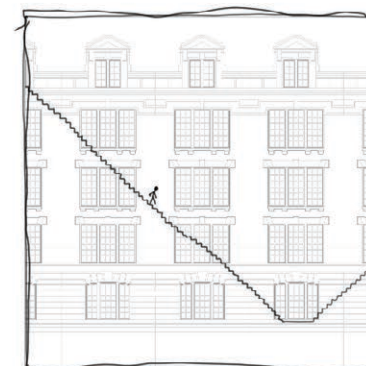
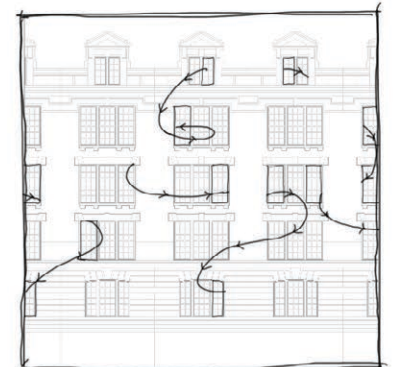
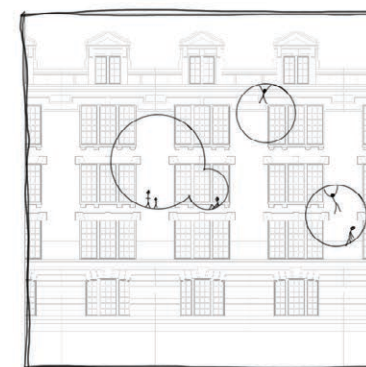
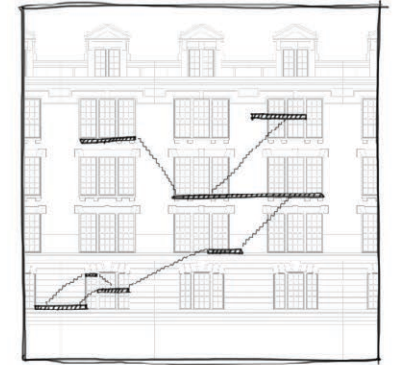
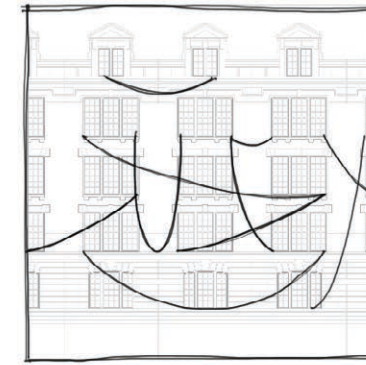
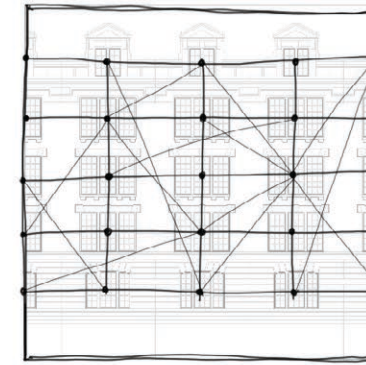
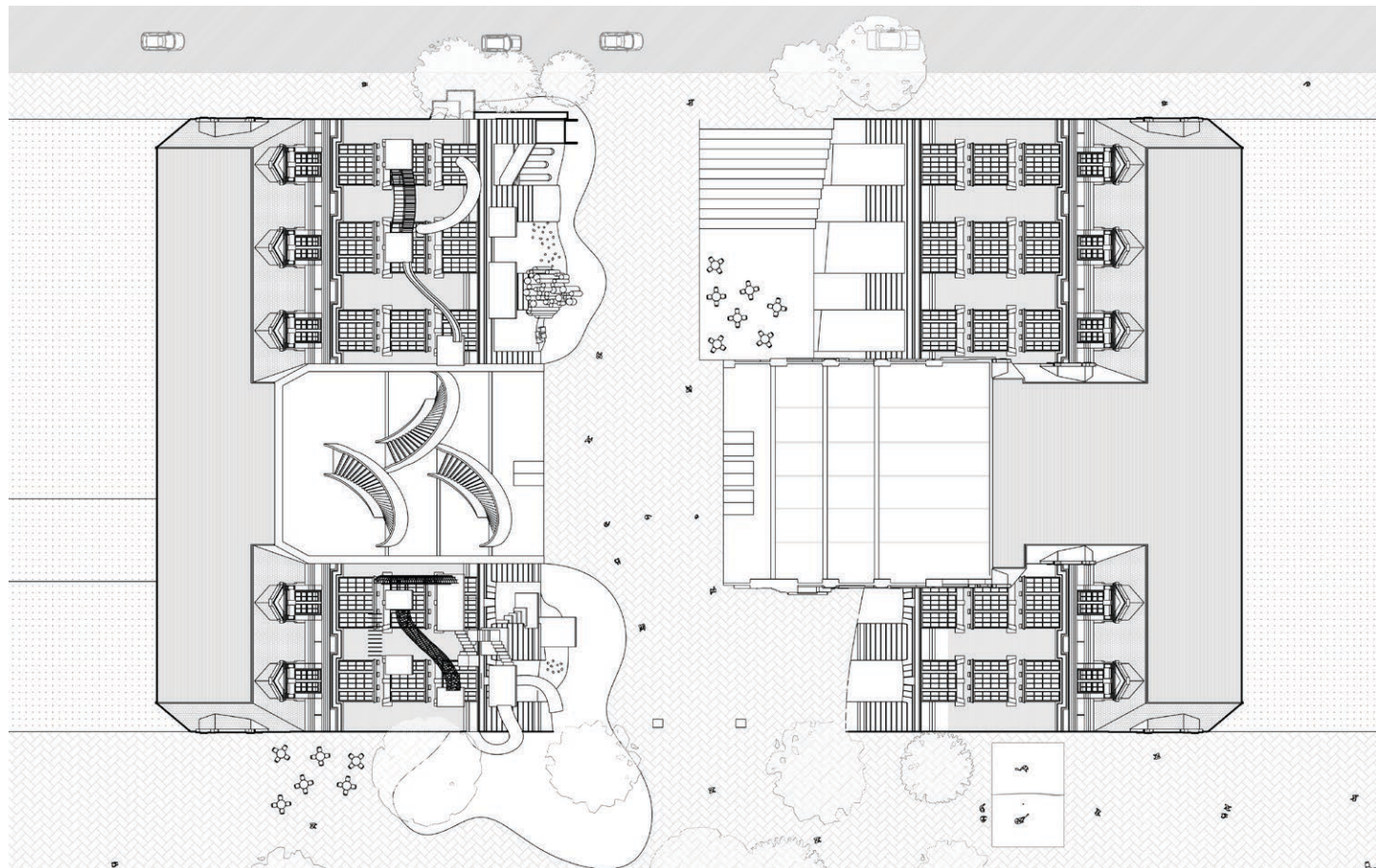


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A pedestrianized 9th street creates an alternate network of travel, along which play can take place safely without the need to create off a fenced-off playground (left). Cutting through the school ensures that this network remains connected to the wider neighbourhood (above). New street-facing facades become a vertical play structure (below).



I still work best in a small sketch like this. Erica was very happy with this set - the project needed more of this kind of playfulness, which it lost somewhat once it got to the later stages



to make my drawings nice. **Tuesday 23 March 2021** I meant to write more yesterday but my pen died. Up until 5:00am working. Erica met with us in the evening to discuss line drawings. I had some ideas for drawings of my own. An oblique section. The actual cut would form one section, with the front cut off of that to see the interior. Think about the poche. Not a bad day, but I need some rest. **Wednesday 24 March 2021** Today's review felt like a waste of time. I worked all day to get the plans up to a reasonable standard but in doing so I neglected the sections. Ben Cadena told me I need to finish the section to know whether the project is going to work at all. He called it very confusing; to be fair, with only the drawings I presented today to go on, he was probably right. Then Erica reminded me that I've got to move past the sketch. As if I hadn't been working all day today and yesterday trying to do just that. I'm frustrated. Not only the feedback, but also that I presented poorly. I know I did. I didn't do myself justice. Sometimes it feels like the reaction to the work has no relationship to the work itself. Sometimes it's as if I've shown something brilliant; other times they talk down to me. **Thursday 25 March 2021** I had a decent desk-crit with Erica and then took the rest of the day off. I can't keep doing that. I'm running out of time. **Friday 26 March 2021** Happy Birthday Mom! Meeting with studio at 3:00. We've been assigned more work: "vignette" models + some other kind of model. I forget. I can't even imagine it all being done on time. Less than two weeks to go. Erica suggested that it would be a break from the drawing. I need a break, but not this... **Saturday 27 March 2021** I've worked all day, but I don't feel any closer to finishing. Tomorrow we're having a nice dinner for Mom's birthday. Somehow I have to squeeze in some work. **Sunday 28 March 2021** Spent the past few hours on a zoom call with Sam + Sam + Kim + Christopher. Reasonably productive. **Wednesday 31 March 2021** Most of the day was time wasted, but I finally made a good push this afternoon. Tomorrow's desk-crit will be important. Today's second three-quarter review was just as bad - if not worse - than last week's. We're all stumbling towards the finish line. **Thursday 1 April 2021** Erica suggested some pretty significant changes. I'm trying to implement them but I'm running out of time. I need to spend a few days making my drawings look nice. Sheesh. Right now nothing is even close to completion. Very stressed. **Friday 2 April 2021** Somehow despite working all day I got nothing done. I spent too much time fiddling around in Illustrator when I still have design work to do. Tomorrow I have to - HAVE TO - get serious. I'm so tired. **Saturday 3 April 2021** I'm making the kind of progress I would've been thrilled to make a week ago. Now I'm not sure it'll be enough. Drawings! I have no drawings! Only four full days left. How is that possible? **Sunday 4 April 2021** Same as yesterday. Lots done. Not enough. **Monday 5 April 2021** I'm starting to feel like I might be okay. Things are coming along. There's still so much to do, but it should (/might?) be doable. Besides, as I keep reminding myself, it's not all about having nice drawings...Taking a risk and calling it an early night. It's 11:00pm. **Wednesday 7 April 2021** I can't say I'm thrilled with what I ended up with, but at some point I have to call it. So there it is. I may make some small changes in the morning, but for the most part, I'm done. Now all there is is the presentation. I worry my drawing don't say everything I need them to. but...it is what it is. **Thursday 8 April 2021** I did it! And it was a success!! I'll say more tomorrow; for now, freedom (with a paper and two assignments still to go)!



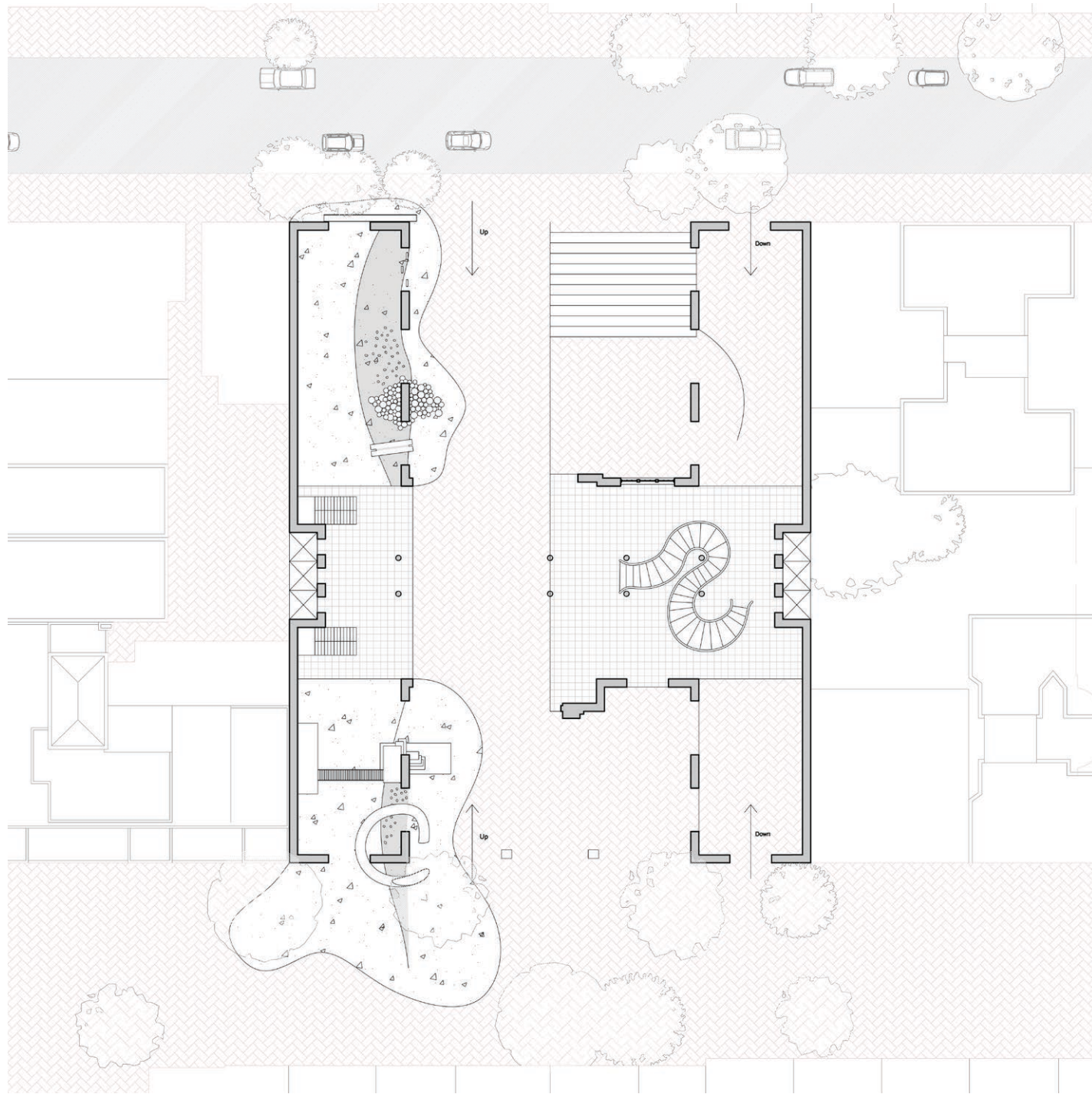
speculative collage (street)



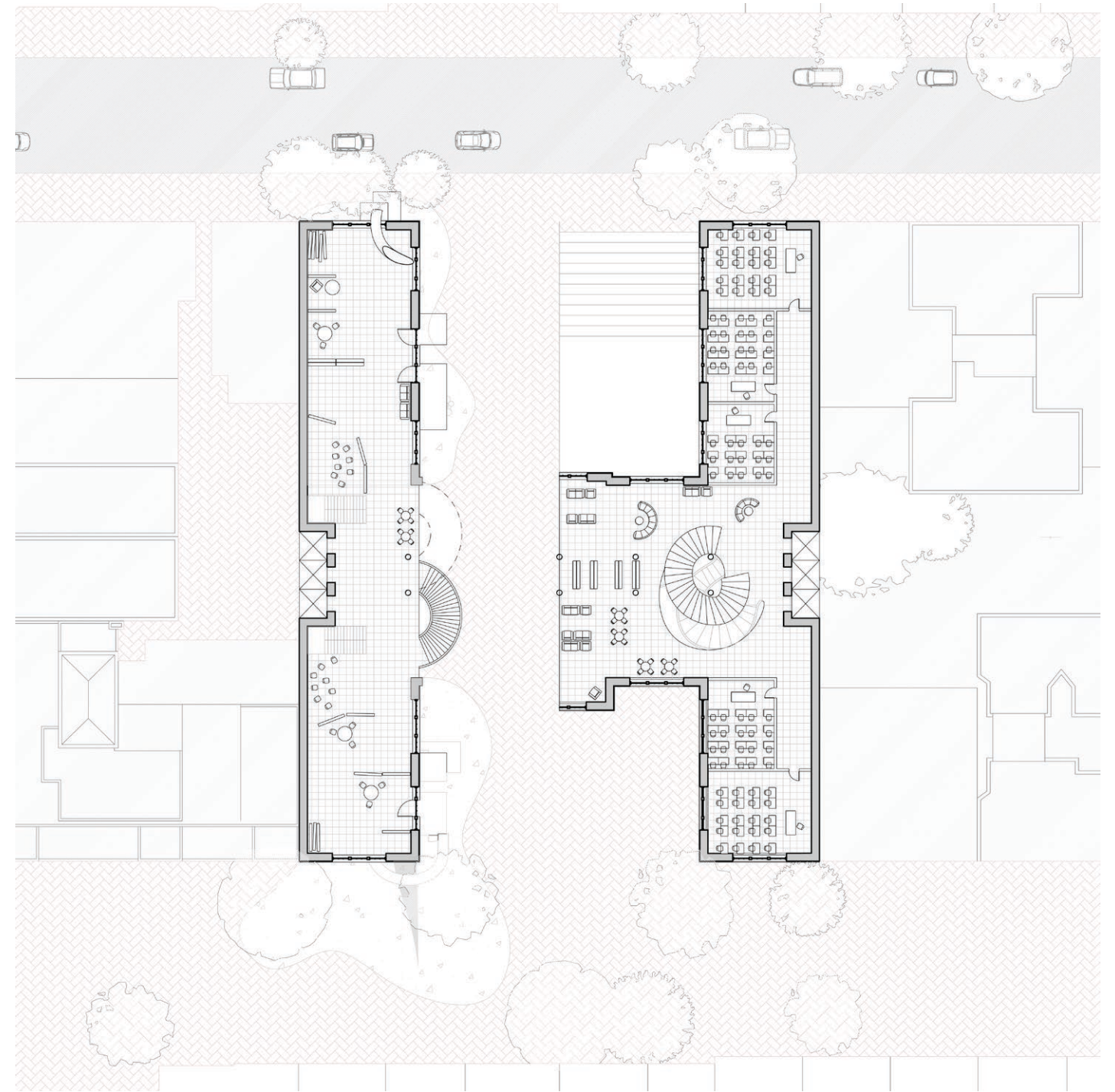
speculative collage (facade)



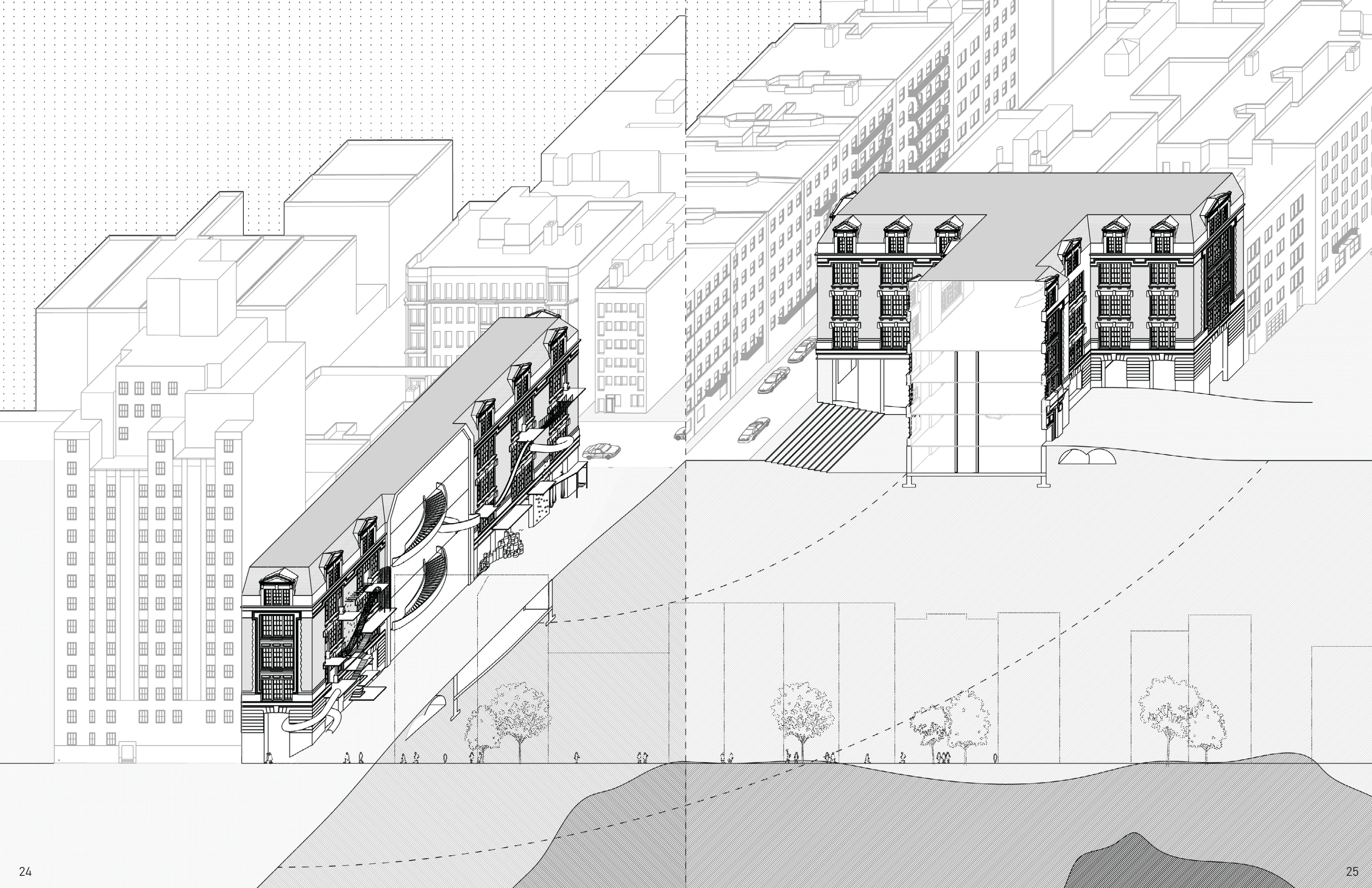
speculative collage (street)



ground floor plan



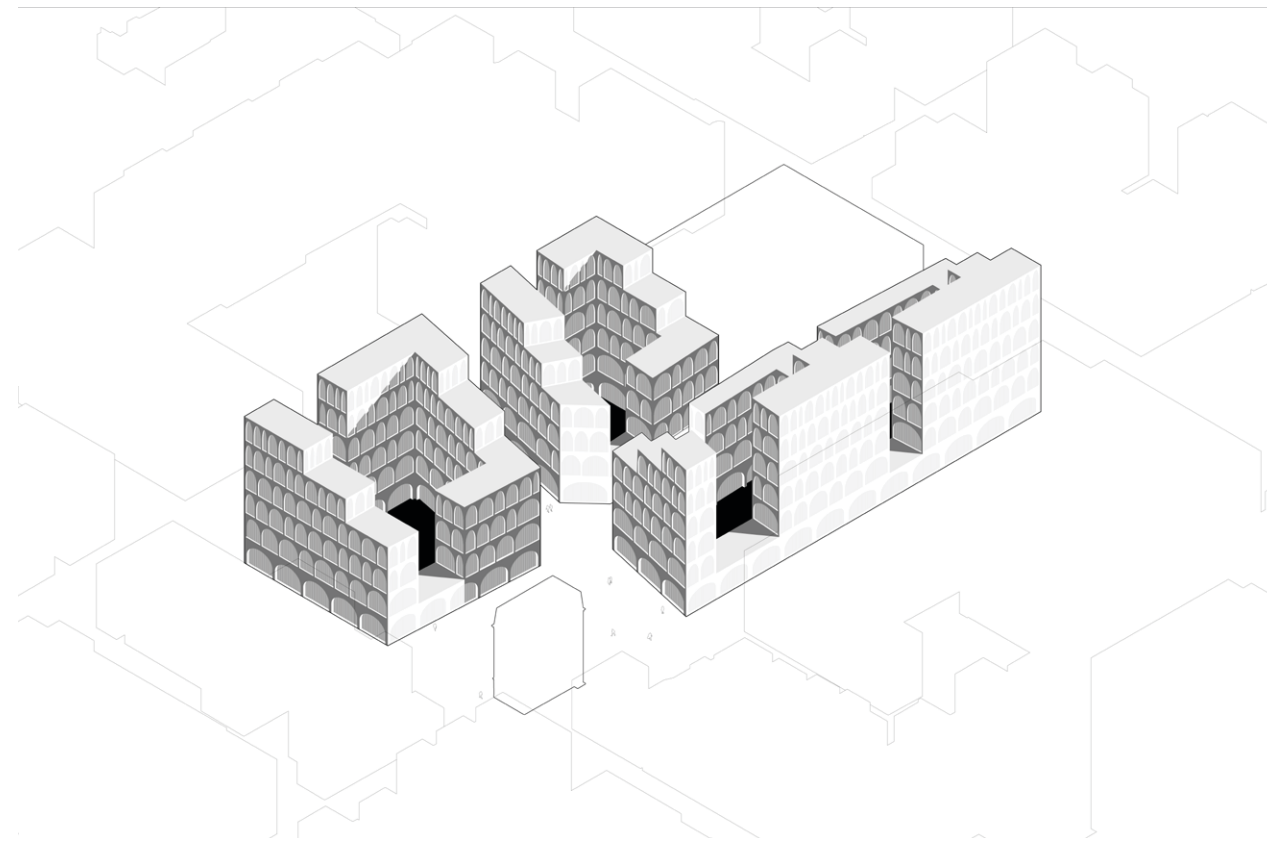
second floor plan



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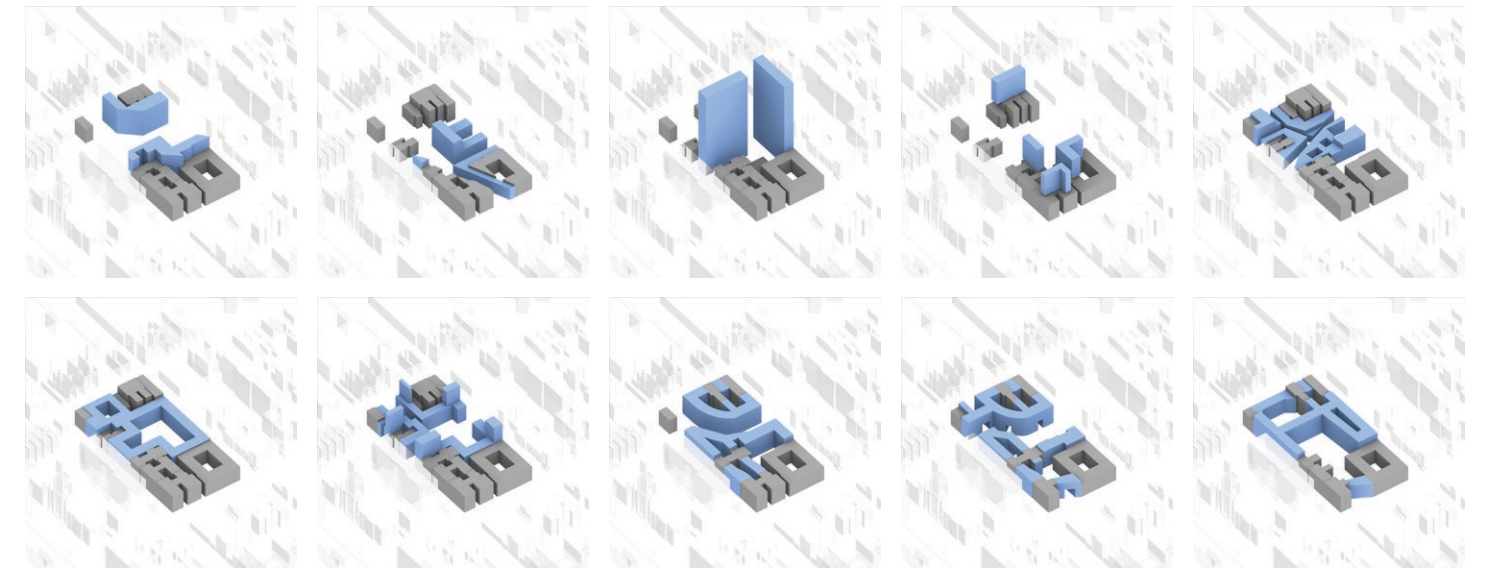
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Monday 23 August 2021 Started packing today; room is a mess. Dad and I went downtown for our COVID tests. Both negative. In the afternoon we worked a bit on the little library, replacing the old hinges and screwing in the header. If all goes well we'll mount it tomorrow. I'm going to miss everything. I don't know if I'm ready. **Tuesday 24 August 2021** Here it comes. Packing is exhausting. Today was exhausting. I packed a bit more after our morning walk and swim. Then we gave Clooney a bath. Later we finished the little library, mounted it and all. What else. A beautiful dinner: ribs, corn, potatoes, beans, sangria. A short walk. Hung out in the living room. I finished packing only a few minutes ago. Anna came up for moral support, played Leaving on a Jetplane. Big change is coming! **Wednesday 25 August 2021** Well, I'm here! It's hot. I'm not sure what to say. It was hard to flag down a taxi. The Hudson was beautiful. Kids on the train were annoying. Will and his girlfriend are very nice. I'm overwhelmed, I think. Maybe tomorrow I'll be able to know better what I feel. **Thursday 26 August 2021** I moved in around 2:00. The walk up four flights with my bags was brutal. Down to Riverside park, drinking it all in. Later I went out looking for a place to buy a towel. I failed - walked all the way down Broadway to 95th after having already searched along 125th - and was forced to air-dry. I picked up some over-priced groceries on my way

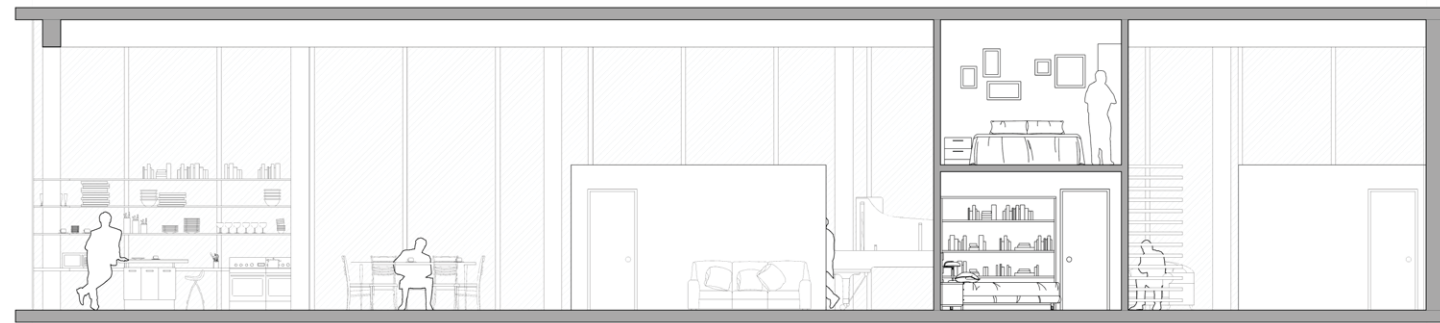


home. **Monday 30 August 2021** I meant to take it easy today but still ended up walking over ten kilometres. In the morning I went to campus to pick up my ID card, stopping on the way home to correct the spelling of my name at the bank. **Tuesday 31 August 2021** Messaged a few people this afternoon, telling them I'd arrived. Sam Bager responded immediately, called and invited me to a picnic with a couple friends from Toronto. **Thursday 2 September 2021** I can't stop myself from walking! If I keep this up I won't have feet before long...I met Chi Chi for coffee at 2:30. I'd planned on going to the MET but by the time we were done it was too late, so I walked to the park and lay on the grass with my book. **Saturday 4 September 2021** Brunch with Lucas, Aaron, and Phoenix. It's so nice to socialise. Afterwards Lucas and I walked up through midtown. **Thursday 9 September 2021** The first day of class. Gathering outside the doors. The apprehension, the noise, the eye contact. Masks on everyone. People's faces from the side and the back, which we'd never seen before on zoom. Who to sit next to. What's your name again? But I know you. **Monday 13 September 2021** Our first real studio meeting went well. Benjamin

seems to be a nice guy - not as scary as he looked on zoom - and the first assignment, while intimidating, is interesting. And Thiago is a beauty. After our discussion with Ben we sat on a bench across from Avery and talked over some ideas. His excitement for the semester was contagious. Afterwards I sat on the lawn in front of Butler and read a bit more, enjoyed the view. **Wednesday 15 September 2021** Today was a good day, all things considered. Studio is progressing nicely enough, I'm meeting people, etc., etc. New York begins to feel slightly more like home. Heading down to 86th yesterday felt like leaving MY neighbourhood. A weird feeling. **Thursday 16 September 2021** A long day and a busy one. Class at 9:00am and then Studio at 1:30. At 6:30 we took a break for dinner. Back at 8:00 and there until 11:00. But I don't mind the long hours, at least not yet. I feel like a student again, and I love it. **Friday 17 September 2021** I wasn't in studio until after noon, and then not for long. Had to come back to the apartment for the delivery of my bed frame. By the time that was done it was too late. Poor Thiago is stressing out. **Sunday 19 September 2021** I spent most of the day in studio with not much to show for it. It'll be the same tomorrow. **Thursday 23 September 2021** This should be yesterday's entry I guess. I was in studio from 9:00am until 4:30am, so there's not much to tell. It's good to know I can do this when I need to, but I really hope it doesn't become a habit. I was up again at 8:00 and back at school, not leaving again until 7:00. The presentation went well enough I guess. I headed down to Central Park afterwards in spite of the impending storm and proceeded to get soaked. But the park was beautiful in the rain: the trees and the lamps winding away down the road, the tops of buildings above the canopy. Great. **Sunday 26 September 2021** Went to visit the site with a small group (Sky, Hallie, Kristen, Thiago, Carley). Fun stuff. Got up on the roof of the BDC and into their library. It seems like a great place. **Monday 27 September 2021** It was a long day. I'm hungry. We visited the site again (Thiago, Chiao, and myself), this time by bike. This time we talked to people. **Sunday 3 October 2021** Not a bad day, though I wish I didn't have to spend so much of a weekend in studio. But I guess that's just how it is. **Monday 4 October 2021** Today was a hard day. The pin-up didn't go well. "This is an example of what not to



do." **Wednesday 6 October 2021** Another busy one. But we're starting to move forward, slowly but surely. I'll feel better once we settle on a direction for the project. I don't want to keep waffling all the way through to finals the way I did my previous two semesters. Settle and then resolve. **Monday 11 October 2021** Another long and exhausting day. I was feeling great about our project today, even through the conversation with Ben. But then, when we talked after that, everything suddenly fell apart conceptually. It's incredible how that can happen. **Thursday 14 October 2021** Today's pin-up was sloppy but decent. The project is coming along nicely. Now the only question will be whether we can resolve some final issues and put together a sufficiently impressive drawing set by midterm. **Friday 15 October 2021** I'm running out of time and have a huge amount of work to do, so unless I want to leave myself scrambling I really should push hard tomorrow. **Saturday 16 October 2021** Spent most of the day in studio. I alternate between feeling terrible about it and resigning myself to the fact that sometimes I'll do work I'm unhappy with, be judged for it, and move on. The thought of Ben's sarcastic smile stresses me out. **Monday 18 October 2021** I always tell myself that everything will be alright - it always has been - but sometimes I worry it suddenly won't be. I'm choosing not to work tonight because I'm stressed and tired and I need a break. I'll be fine whether I work or not, right? I'll work tomorrow, and the review will be fine. But part of me worries that this will be the one. Or the next one. One of these days things might just go south. **Tuesday 19 Oc-**

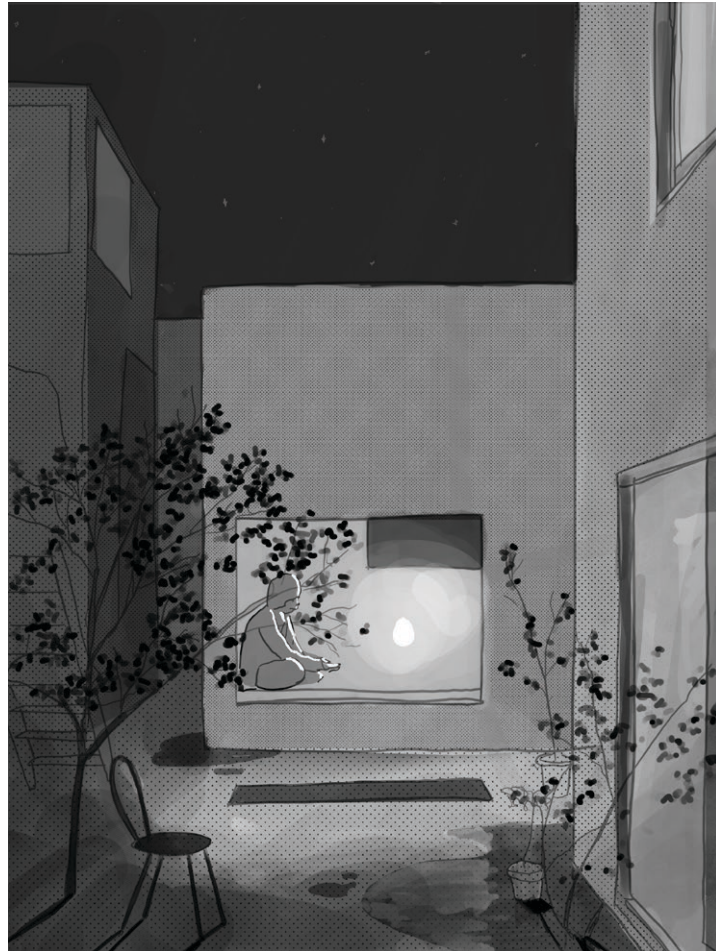


tober 2021 Went for a drink with Lucas at Arts & Crafts after today's review - which went well enough, even if I'm not happy with the project. A few others joined us a little later. It was great to sit with people and drink a beer. **Friday 22 October 2021** Today was great. A bunch of us went over to the Philosophy lawn around 3:00 to play frisbee; afterwards we got ice cream. Beautiful. To make it even better, I was surprisingly productive - so much so that six hours in studio was enough to produce a full day's worth of work. If I can keep this up all week I should have nothing to worry about for Thursday. **Sunday 24 October 2021** Long, long hours in sstudio. Tomorrow has to be productive. Immensely productive. All our full-sized drawings need to be finished by Wednesday night if we want to have them plotted by Thursday. Not to mention models. It's going to be tight. **Monday 25 October 2021** I had a later start than I wanted to, but the day was productive, and I think I even feel kind of good about the project. The plans and sections are done and they actually look pretty good. Tomorrow we have to build a model, and although terrifying, it might also be fun. In four days I'll be free, and back home! **Tuesday 26 October 2021** Getting home at 4:00am isn't fun, but things are coming together. **Wednesday 27 October 2021** My brain isn't working. I'm a little nervous but ready, I think. **Thursday 28 October 2021** I'm writing this on my phone as I walk home at 4:00am again because I know I'm going to crash when I get back. Mid-reviews are done and I feel great. We went out afterwards, and ended up at the AIA event, and then back at Brennan's. Things are looking good. The review went well, I'm having fun, and tomorrow I head home for the weekned. **Tuesday 9 November 2021** A hard day. I'm behind in studio. I'm behind on this stupid essay. 1444 out of roughly 3000 words written. And it's so bad. Several hundred of those words are quoted. **Monday 15 November 2021** Today was a better day despite a slow morning. Ben was helpful and kind. Thiago and I made a couple small but significant breakthroughs, and I finally made a bit of progress on tech. **Wednesday 17 November 2021** Today was a decent day despite the late night. I got an entire drawing done from scratch this afternoon alone. I'm still behind on the deliberables for tomorrow's 3/4 review, but with some luck I can get where I need to be by 1:30. Of course, tech

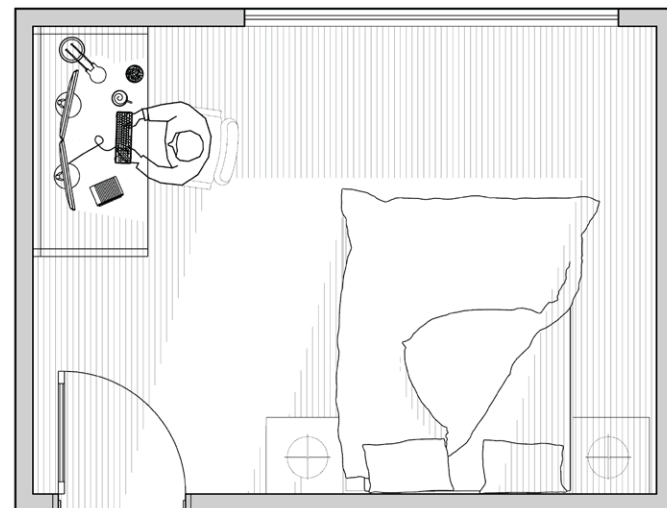
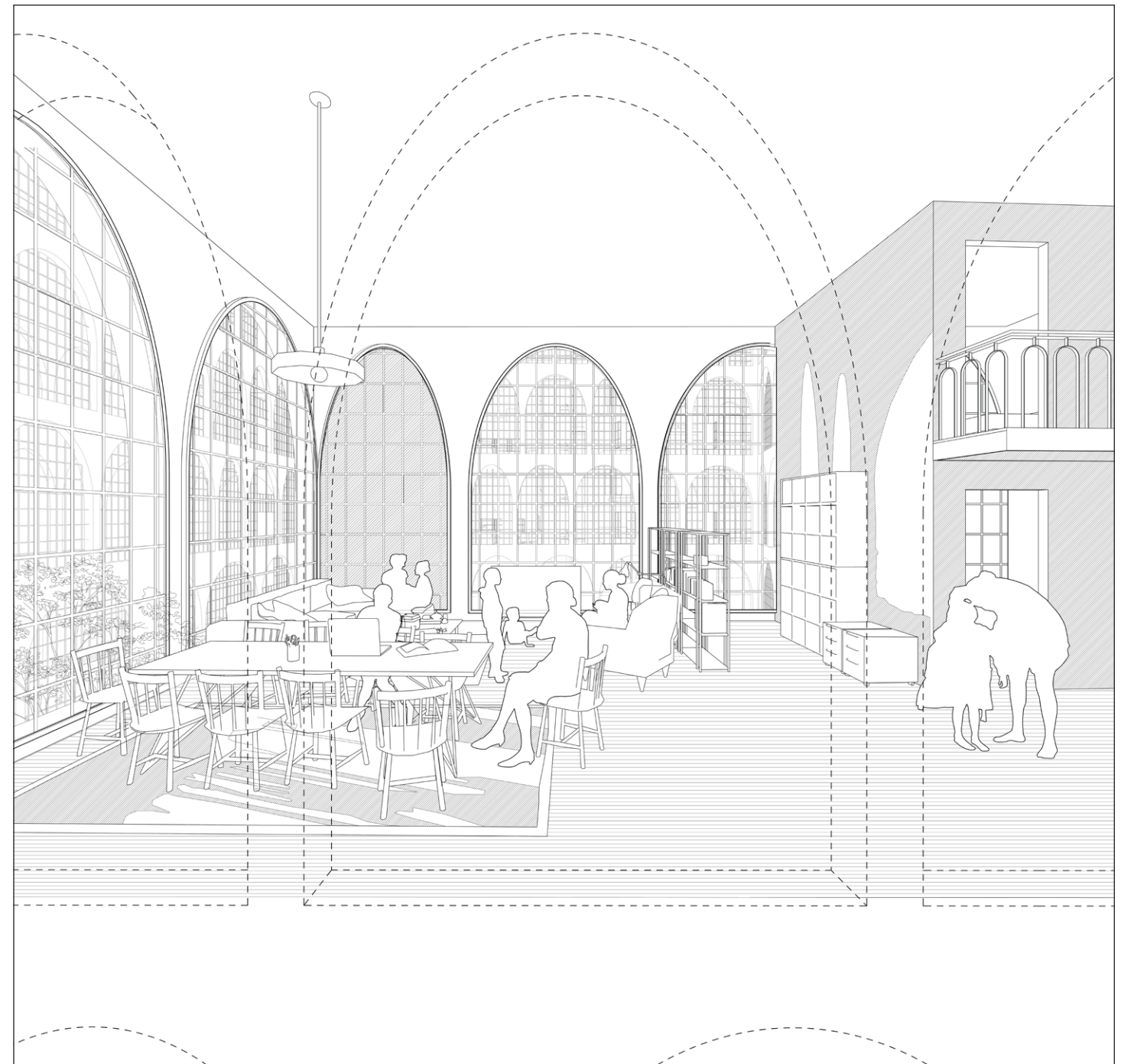


is going to suffer. But there's only so much I can do. **Sunday 21 November 2021** It was a good, productive day. I want to finish design this week so we can move on to making nice drawings. I think it's doable. With some luck we can even start those nice drawings this week. **Monday 22 November 2021** The next few weeks will need to be a big push. Then I can relax. Just a few more weeks! **Friday 26 November 2021** We only have eleven days left before final. Terrifying. Stay calm. **Sunday 28 November 2021** Drawings are coming along, but I'm absolutely exhausted. I don't know how I'll be able to keep up this pace for another week, let alone the two plus weeks I have left to finish all the tech work. **Friday 3 December 2021** Seeing the work everyone is producing is making me feel I'm not up to the standard. Today was not a nice day. A grad student was murdered last night at 123rd and Amsterdam. A spot I pass every day. Davide Giri. An hour earlier leaving studio and it could have been me. I can't imagine. I haven't told anyone, but I'm shaken. **Wednesday 8 December 2021** Well, it's done. Phew. Enough said, for now. Bed time.





The experiential qualities of two precedent projects—the Moriymma House in Tokyo and the Marechal Housing Project in Paris (opposite)—informed the plan, which incorporates spaces of varying publicness, from courtyards to common living spaces.

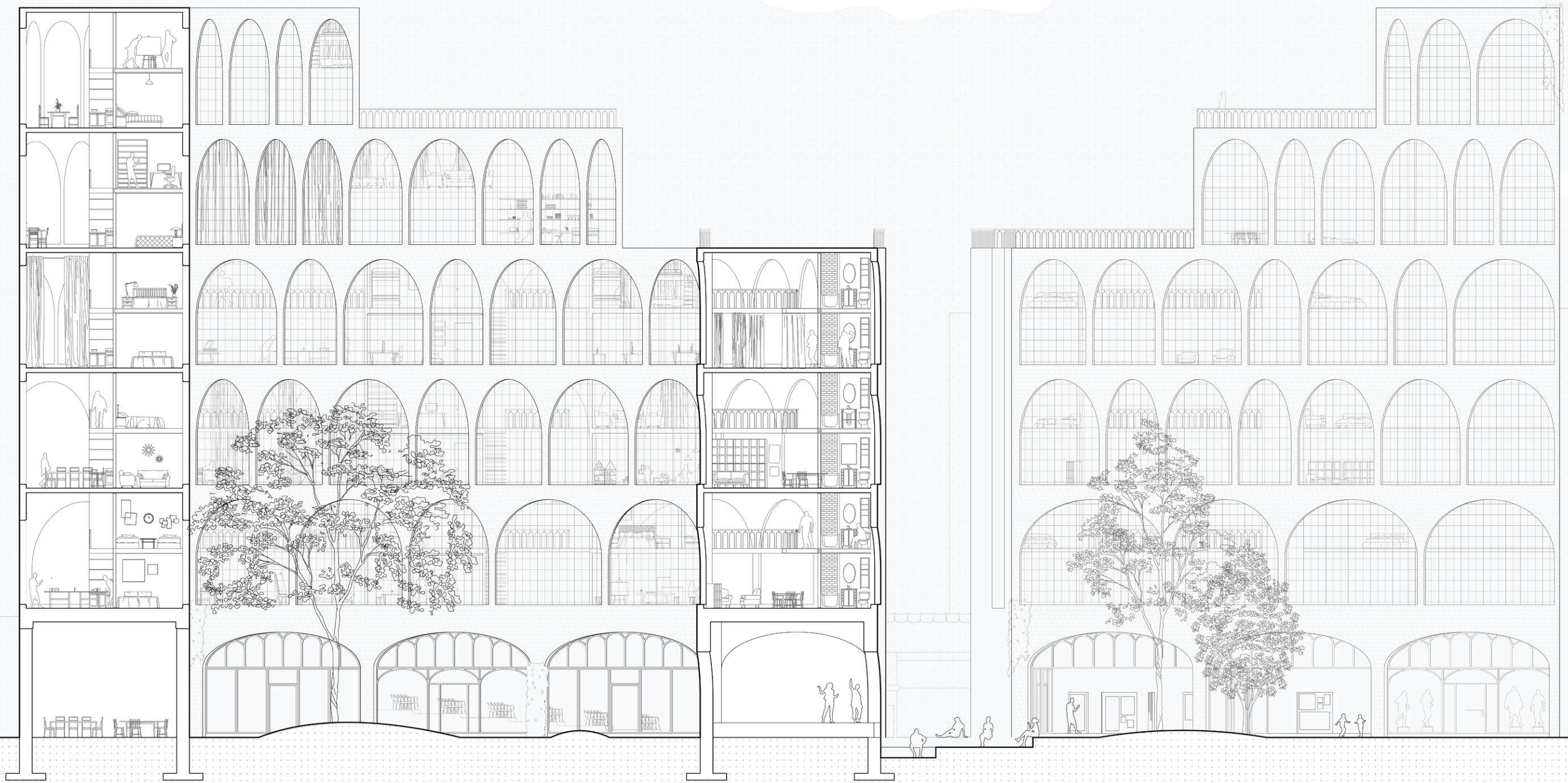




perspective ("street")



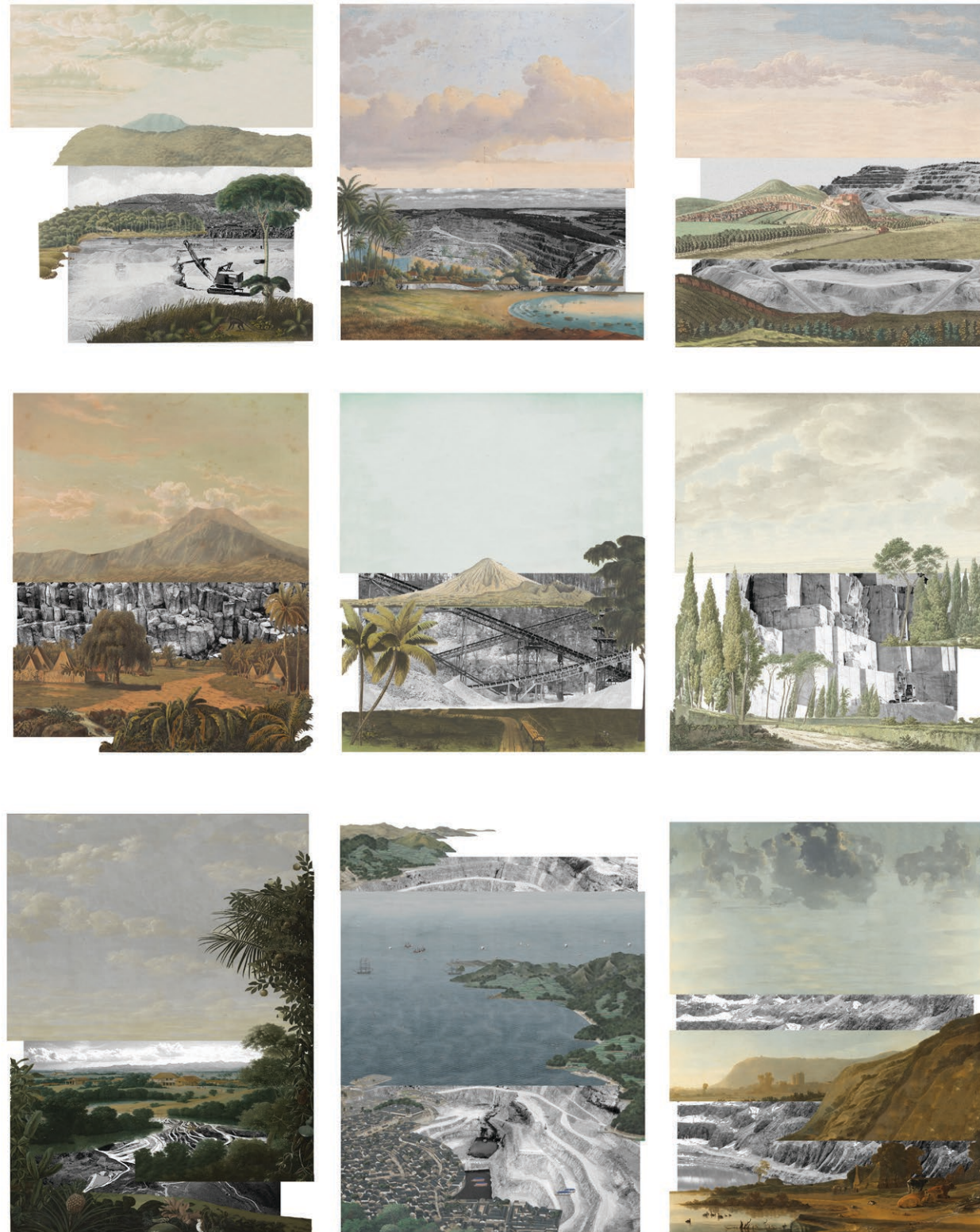
perspective (courtyard)



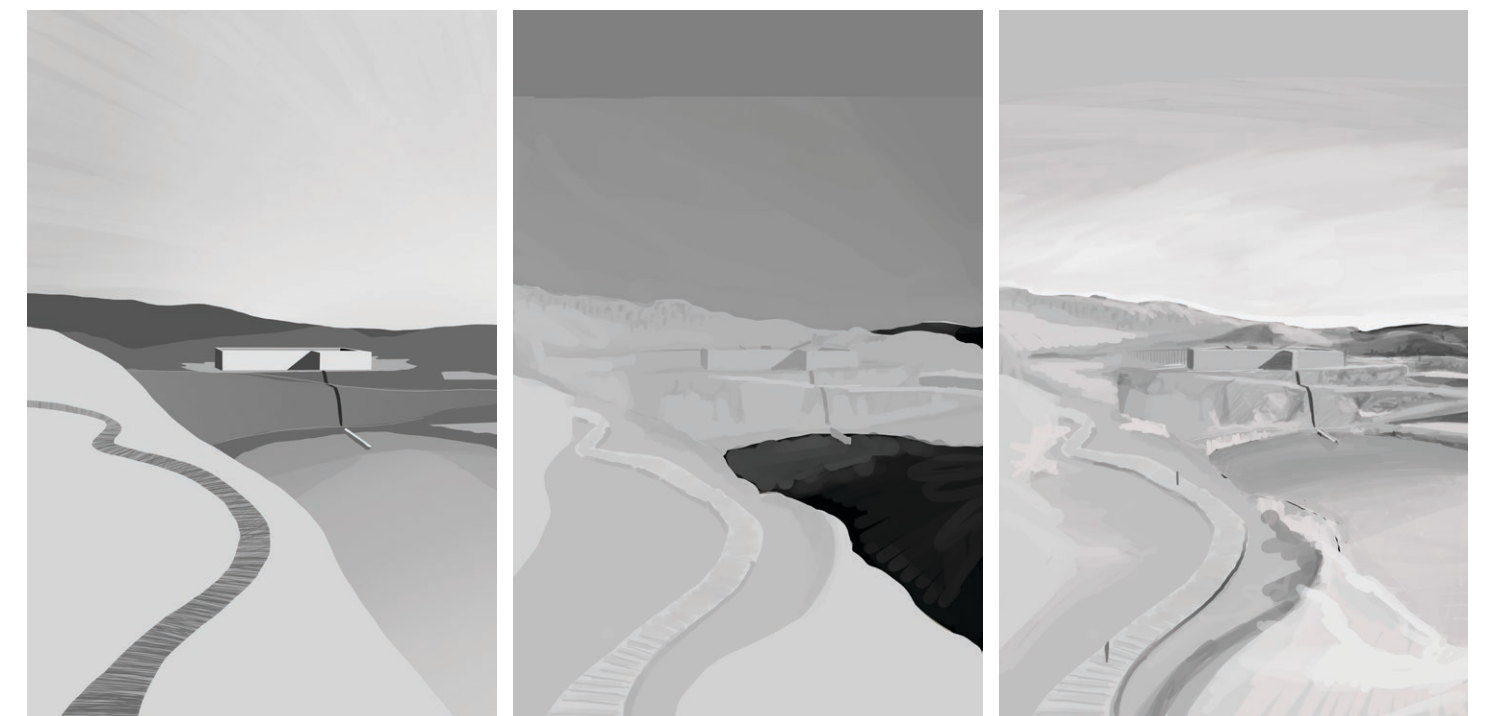
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Saturday 15 January 2022 As much as it felt only yesterday as if I'd never lived in New York, now it feels as if I'd never left. Or almost. Soon it will. But tomorrow, in just a few hours, I'll be off skiing, and I'll be distracted. No new bout of homesickness yet, for a few days at least. **Wednesday 19 January 2022** The lottery was today. The semester hasn't really even started yet, but the stress of the anticipation is strong nevertheless. **Tuesday 25 January 2022** I haven't finished tomorrow's assignment for Ultrareal nor have I done any research for studio. I finally bought a desk; it arrived today. My room starts to feel a bit more like my room. I didn't expect it to make such a difference. **Monday 31 January 2022** Studio has been exhausting. We filled the entire five hour session again today without taking a break, and still didn't get through everything. Nobody should ever have to sit for five hours straight. **Thursday 3 February 2022** Today was: rain, studio, coffee, sitting until I was sore, a walk with Anna, soup, Zina's kindness, Jared and Anna becoming friends, piano before bed, procrastination. **Monday 7 February 2022** Feeling burned out. Today at last we switched to desk-crits, leaving a few hours free to work. I think I just want the semester to be over. I don't really feel up to it. **Thursday 10 February 2022** Today's pin-up went better than expected. And it was a gorgeous, spring-like day. **Sunday 13 February 2022** I dropped Anna off at the airport and went straight to studio. I was there until almost 11:00. How am I going to do this. **Thursday 17 February 2022** I've been in studio since 9:00. It's almost midnight. These damn quarries are giving me a lot of grief. Working in a group of three has its pros and cons. Sometimes I wish I could focus only on aesthetic questions - but this is a joint planning studio after all, so that's not going to fly. **Monday 21 February 2022** It was a tough Monday. I got to studio early but got hardly any work done all day. I had until 5:00 to prepare for our presentation to Oded. I feel like we're behind. The day got to me so much that when Jackie suggested we go play pool after studio I didn't even think to point out that it's only Monday. We went. We needed it. Even after a couple drinks I was able to get through two of tomorrow's history readings. The apartment is a bit of a mess, but Jared has been doing most of my dishes, so I can't complain... **Wednesday 23 February 2022** Another long, not-productive-enough day. But at least all of my reviews are in groups; I never have to face the firing squad alone. **Monday 28 February 2022** Killed the review! Ziad said something along the lines of "you've given us a lot of great stuff, so we have to try to poke holes in it." And they did find some holes. But it was all complimentary and helpfully critical, sometimes even surprising. An ideal review. **Wednesday 2 March 2022** Just had a great date. Today was also the planning mid-review - so over all I feel pretty great. Tomorrow I'm driving up to Haverstraw with Charlie, Ruiqi,

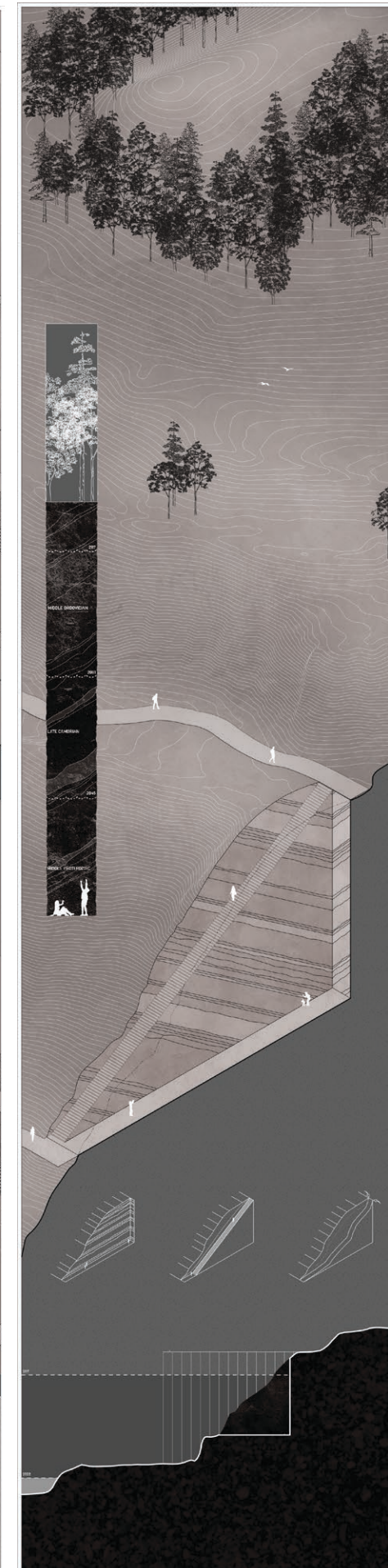
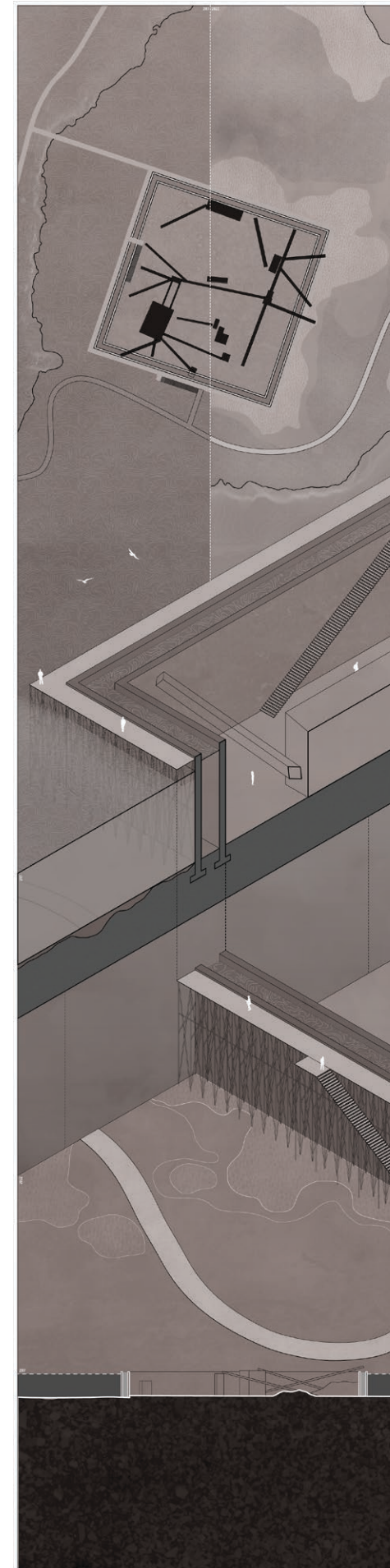


speculative collages (industry and nature)





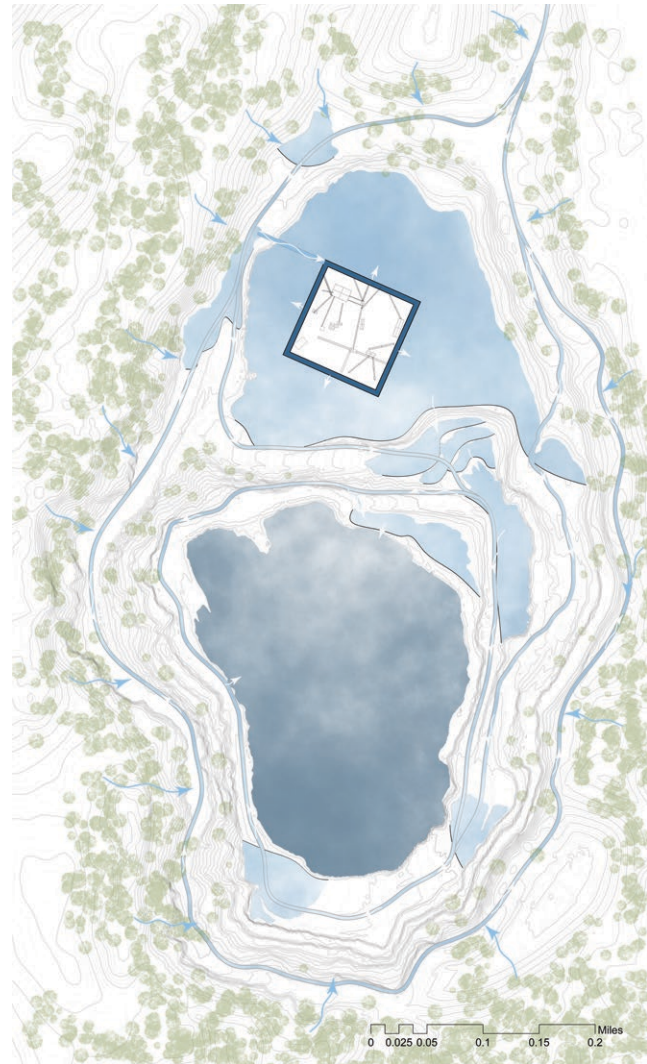
and Polina to hopefully see some quarries. **Thursday 3 March 2022** The quarries were incredible. Bigger, more sublime than I'd expected. Standing on the plateau at Haverstraw I felt like I was in the mountains above Petra again. The same sense of scale. I've only had that a couple times in my life. You could see the city on the horizon. Reflected in the long lake stretching south. All of it getting suddenly dark as the sun set. Incredible. **Monday 7 March 2022** Phoenix feels a bit like a ghost town. There are no people on the streets! So many empty lots. At least the weather is nice. Flying in I felt I understood something about the size of this country for the first time. From the New York harbour over clouds to grey farmland, snow-capped mountains and such forests, the folded and cracked desert, brown hills in layers off into the distance, and Phoenix laid out like a computer chip. An entire world. **Tuesday 8 March 2022** I'm writing from the closet - everyone else went to bed. Today we visited Biosphere 2 and the desert museum. Arcosanti tomorrow. I don't know if I spelled that correctly. Oh well! **Wednesday 9 March 2022** The desert landscape along the road to Arcosanti made me feel small. **Thursday 10 March 2022** The Frank Lloyd Wright house...such an intimate experience. Ushered through quiet rooms by the owner's daughter. Run-



ning my hands along the rough but somehow soft CMU walls. I don't even know whether I liked the house or not; it felt somehow beyond liking or disliking. I'm learning that I value cohesiveness, completeness of vision. Arcosanti let me down in that regard. That they have to get groceries from the nearest shopping centre...Biosphere 2 as well. This house was perfect. **Friday 11 March**

2022 The drive to Williams was stunning. From desert plain to mesa to rolling hills, back down to flatter ground, and then the buttes, red in the sunset (blue mountains to the south). After dark we drove up through black shapes of pines into the snowy heights. And now who can say what landscape we'll see when the sun rises. What do people do here. Winter up above the desert. **Thursday 17 March 2022** It's been two years of COVID. At least now things feel mostly normal. When we go back on Monday we won't even have to wear masks. But even so. I hardly even remember the before-times anymore. I'm sitting at the delicate arch; I've arrived here ahead of the others. I want to remember this moment: the warmth of the sun from my right side, the brown dead valley with its hidden life and the snaking road and glint of a passing car, the snow on the distant mountain, and the arch, delicate indeed. **Sunday 20 March 2022** Arches National Park made me sad. This wonderful landscape reduced to an amusement park. Stop the car and admire. Climb a few rocks, pocket one, and on to the next stop. This is landscape as vista, view, playground. Landscape as content. Something to be photographed in front of.

Wednesday 23 March 2022 and desk-crits tomorrow I And yet I've more less taken will have to be an early morn-
2022 I was in studio for most productive. The deep stress won't go away now until the **April 2022** What a way to after midnight and I'm just here since around 10:00 or a bad day. We poured our row we'll see whether that stressed. I can't wait for the **2022** What a joke of a week-course. I'm essentially done come back now so we can lay plot for tomorrow. As hard been, I hope they will take finals. We now have almost least at the site level. I don't selves will ever get there, but **April 2022** The review today what we needed. I'm strug-
April 2022 Today was a better tation on Safdie and Habitat enjoy, I spent most of the day ti into rebar with Joan. Later Barnard dining hall, where for two meals. And I was out night. **Monday 18 April 2022** slew of changes today, and



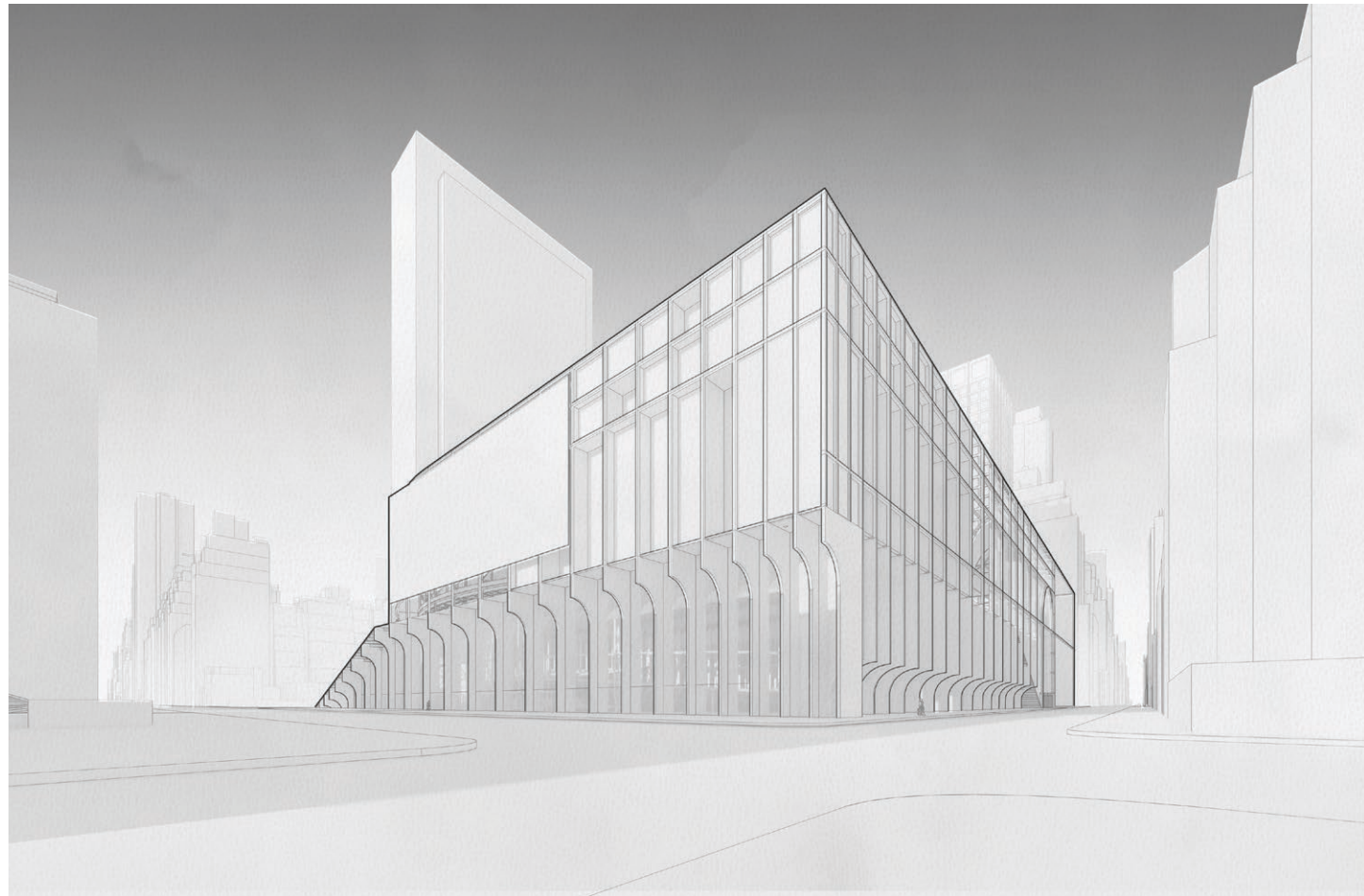
With a presentation on Friday feel like I'm already behind. the night off again. Tomorrow ing. **Wednesday 30 March** of the day, and felt pretty is starting to hit though. It semester is over. **Saturday 9** spend a Saturday night. It's about to leave studio. Been 11:00. Too long. Not that it was concrete model, so tomor-worked. Still, I won't lie: I'm summer... **Sunday 10 April** end. I'm still in studio of - just waiting on Charlie to out the boards and send to as these past few days have some of the pressure off for final plans and sections, at think the buildings them-maybe that's okay. **Monday 11** was hard. But maybe that's gling right now. **Tuesday 12** day. After my history presen-67, which Mary seemed to working on turning spaghetti-Charlie introduced me to the \$12 will get you enough food of studio by 10:00, an early Pedro suggested a whole a conversation among the

and three of us afterwards only made it look all the more hopeless. So I came away from this afternoon dejected. After a lukewarm dinner at Barnard I came home to do tomorrow's history readings but fell asleep instead. I felt I needed to get out; Zina was kind enough to accept my self-invitation even though she wasn't even home, so from my walk I headed to their apartment with a couple beers to play crib. **Wednesday 20 April 2022** Things are coming together in spite of everything. We have some good-looking drawings where on Monday we had nothing. Wait, nevermind. I just saw one of Lucas' renders. Holy cow. **Thursday 21 April 2022** It's after midnight and I just got home. I didn't mean to stay so late. Everyone around me is producing such beautiful things, and I feel stuck. Am I even improving? **Friday 22 April 2022** I'm having to change some drawings I was finally happy with to fit in with the colour-scheme of Ruiqi and Charlie's drawings, and I'm frustrated. At least I know I can produce something I'm happy with. **Monday 26 April 2022** I feel great! It's done. And it was good. Pedro felt we didn't present well, and I agree to an extent; but still it was good. And drinks at Le Monde and Arts & Crafts. I feel great.



perspectives: now and then (2121)

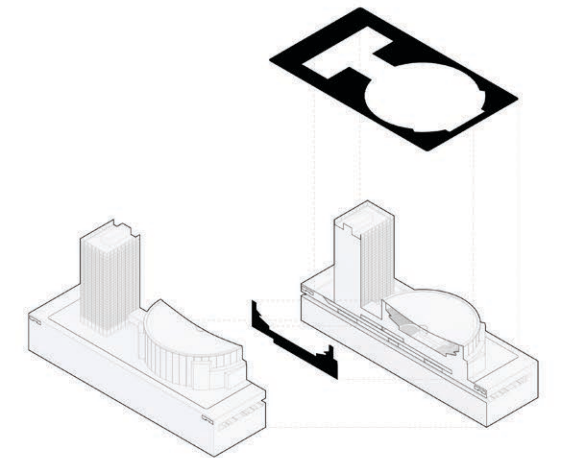




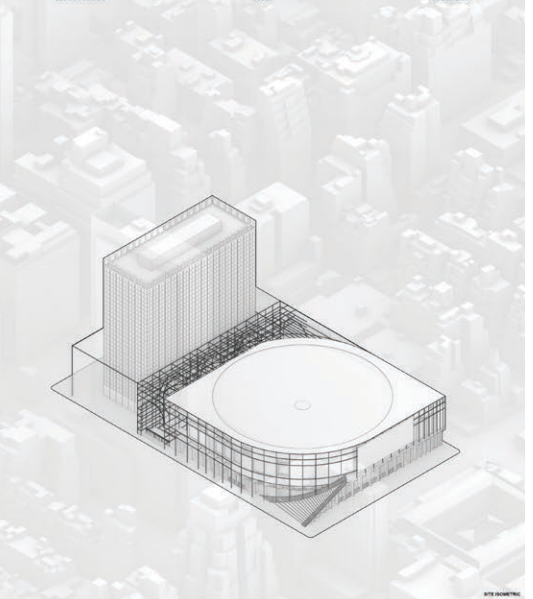
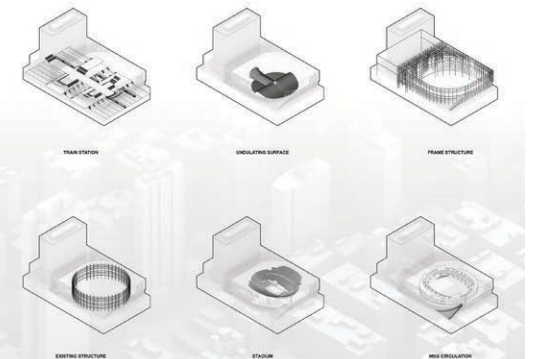
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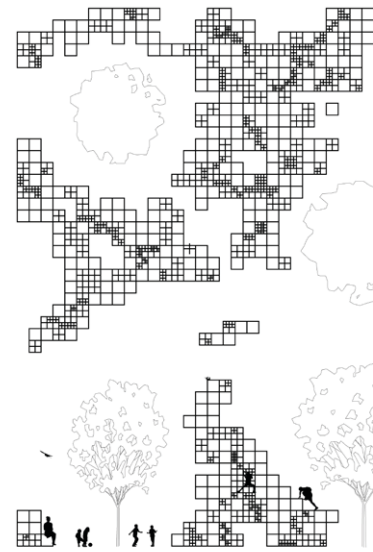
Monday 12 September 2022 I spoke with Steffen this morning, and the prospect of further funding for CCCP looks unlikely. I now have until Friday to make a decision. Mom and Dad remind me to remain open to the unexpected. And after my good news two years ago, how can I argue? Still, it feels almost like life telling me what to do. Or making the decision for me. Almost but not quite. **Friday 16 September 2022** I think I've finally made a decision. I'm doing it. At least, I need to try. I need to. I can't have gotten to this point only to give up at the first sign of adversity. I'll try the colloquium. At the worst it'll be a class that takes me nowhere. **Wednesday 21 September 2022** Today was a long day but not a bad one. Squash at noon, a short walk to Janoff's with Polina, wine and cheese at school, an evening in studio with Sky (free sandwich included) made it, on balance, a good day to have lived. **Thursday 22 September 2022** A walk with Kerol was the highlight of the day, but the pin-up went well too. **Sunday 25 September 2022** Some fancy Japanese whiskey at Charlie's last night made me a bit more drunk than I expected or wanted to be. I walked home amazed at the idea that New York is my home. Now I've been in studio all day and done hardly anything. Somehow it doesn't bother me as much as it should. I think I'll go home and do some readings. I have to present this week's colloquium on the Figure of the Critic and Tropes of Criticism. Whatever that means. **Friday 30 September 2022** Professional Practice in the morning, a walk from home down to 34th Street in the afternoon, and drinks with some lovely people at Nobody Told Me in the evening. Not much time left over for working. **Sunday 2 October 2022** It was a great weekend; but I completely failed to do the work I needed to do, and that left me scrambling today. Tomorrow I'll present unfinished work in both tech and studio, and for no good reason. Embarrassing. **Monday 3 October 2022** Today was tough, but it turned out better than it had any right to. I worry about my luck dodging responsibility running short one of these days. Sean hardly looked at our drawings this morning, and then I presented last (in a rush) for studio. My unpreparedness was allowed to blend in. I'm sure it has something to do with my ability to speak, but I was also lucky. **Wednesday 5 October 2022** Squash in the morning and then studio until 4:00. I don't know if I was productive. I sketched. We'll see where it goes. **Saturday 8 October 2022** A New Yorker article talking about the shape of MSG (the oval) being determined by sightlines and "unobstructed vision for twenty thousand-odd people watching..." But what if obstructing sightlines is precisely what I want to do? **Sunday 9 October 2022** Today was a studio day after a perfectly warm and cool Autumn walk in the village. Canadian Thanksgiving dinner with at Sotto Casa on Lenox. **Monday 10 October 2022** Marc thinks the relationship between the banal and the sacred at MSG could be interesting, although it might



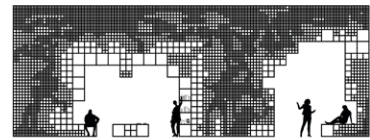
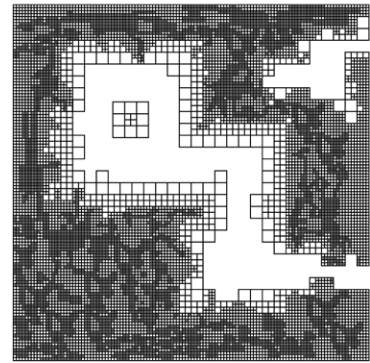
SECTIONAL POCHÉ: CARVING + PLANOMETRIC POCHÉ: BUILDING



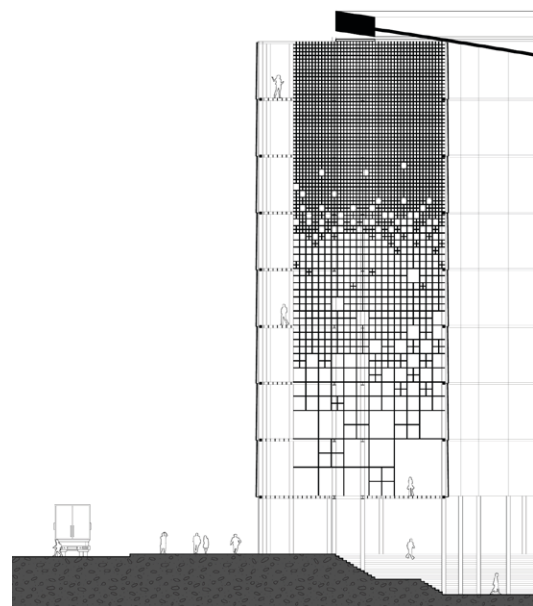
be tough to compose a compelling narrative argument. **Wednesday 12 October 2022** Late-ish nights in studio would be better if I felt I'd used the time well. **Friday 14 October 2022** A more productive day than I've had maybe all semester, and I feel wonderful. It had something to do with the weather and the colours on my walk with Polina in Riverside Park. I even have an idea. I've been searching for a logic, and now I've found one that makes some sense. A reversal of the density gradient of a cathedral (heavy at bottom to lightness above). A porous ring at street level with a heavy mass floating above - enabled by the existing steel structure. Filtering, dissolving. And an oculus. I hope I can put what's in my head onto the page. **Sunday 16 October 2022** "Today I did some drawings" - Sky. It's true; unfortunately I didn't do as much or as many as I'd have liked. I'm a bit disappointed in myself. But I have some time in the morning - maybe enough time to eke out a couple diagrams. It'll be what it'll be. At the end of the day, I'm doing all this for my own benefit. Not to impress some guest critics, and not even to impress Marc, great as he is. So, if I can be happy with the work I've done...I know I've worked hard these past few days. **Monday 17 October 2022** Midterm



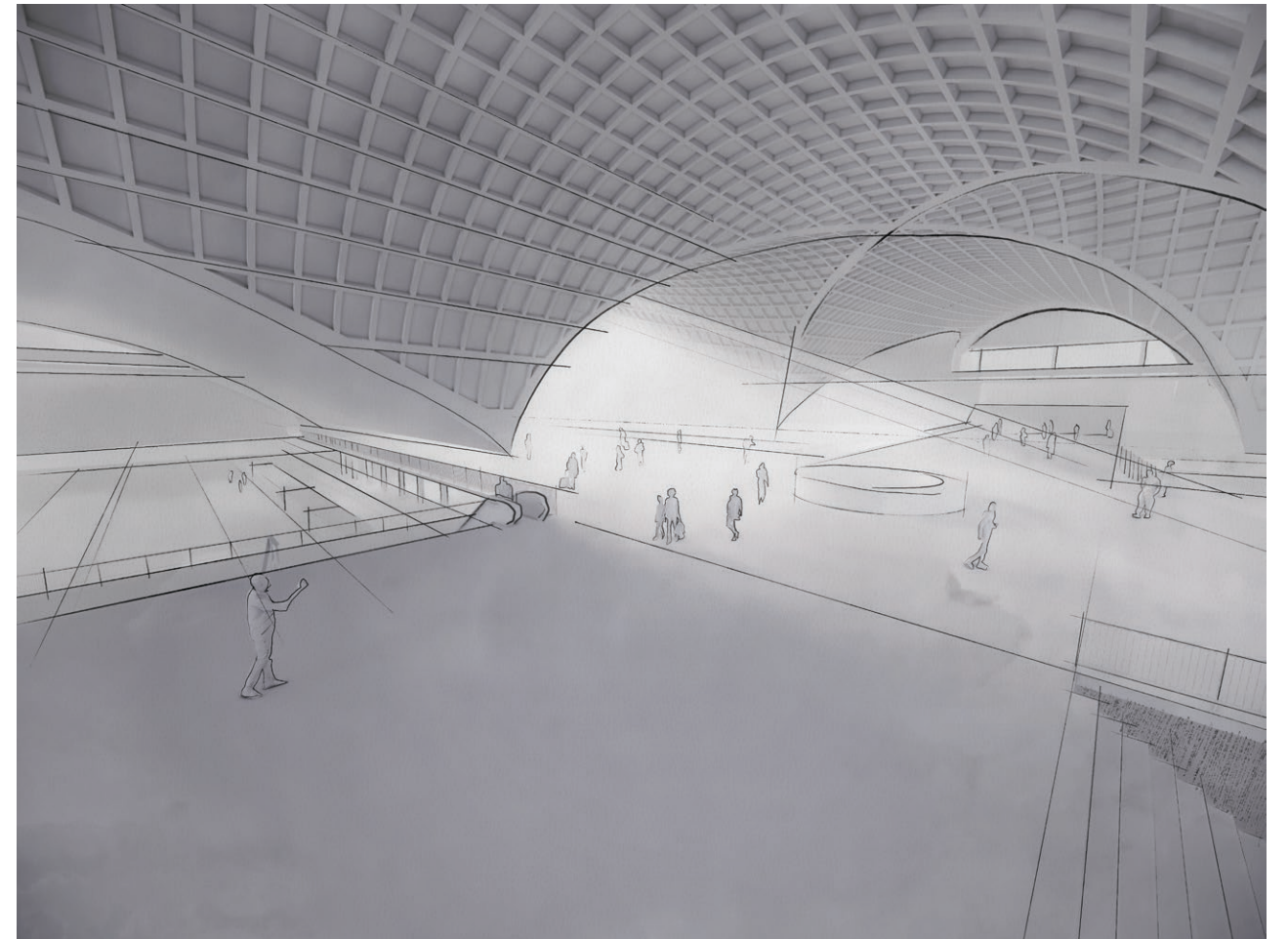
could have been better or worse. Mark Rakatanski had a lot to say, most of which I'll have to listen back on to fully absorb. For now my design lacks the requisite grace, complexity, and subtlety. I wonder whether writing out specific implications of design decisions before drawing would help. The doors must be low. The stairs must be out of the way and round/spiral in shape. Etc., etc. I can never make the transition between abstract and concrete. Never specific. **Wednesday 19 October 2022** I'm never really prepared for this class. My eyes are closing... An idea for an exhibition: unfinished student work. The last night is such an integral piece of our workflow - what does the work look like the day before? And then, what would we say about it? For whom? Maybe for prospective students. A more honest Open House. An anti-Open House. **Sunday 23 October 2022** A thought: to engage more directly with the actual programmatic requirements of a train station, to introduce the "spiritual" where possible within that space, rather than creating abstract programme-less spaces. How can a waiting room, a ticket office, shops, platforms be sublime? How can these unique sublimities intersect?

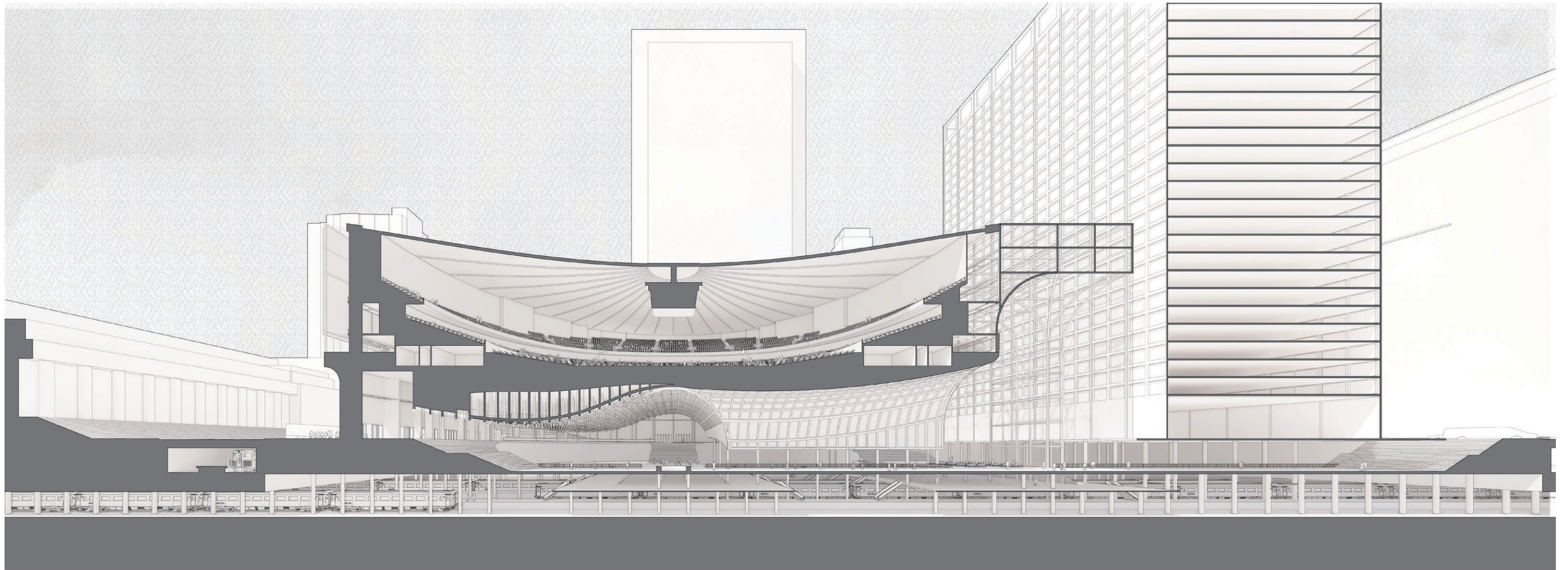


Procession. Stillness. Movement. Waiting. Looking. Arriving. Leaving. **Monday 7 November 2022** I'm feeling embarrassed about my project. I want to be a good designer despite my blasé attitude about it in front of others. I hate not being good enough. **Thursday 10 November 2022** I'm stuck. What do I want to achieve? Connection between stadium and station. Compression - linear in the station, radial in the stadium. Performance. What performance? The street, the station, small formal performances, large ones. Congregation/waiting. How to achieve it? Mark likes the clarity of the diagram of existing vs proposed. He wants me to think subtractively. I'm stuck though. **Sunday 13 November 2022** About to leave school after a gruelling day. I think I'll be ready for tomorrow though. At least for tech. Studio, I'm not so sure. **Tuesday 15 November 2022** Today was the kind of unproductive day I can't afford to have right now. **Thursday 17 November 2022** I'm really stressed. This isn't going to be a fun weekend. But remember, this is all just a learning experience! As long as I'm learning I'm succeeding. Keep it up. **Saturday 19 November 2022** Exporting a drawing and heading home, 1:00am. I'm not excited about the prospect of doing this all again tomorrow. **Sunday 20 November 2022** 3:30am is a bad time to be awake. I'm close - maybe half an hour longer. At this hour the time can pass invisibly though... **Monday 21 November 2022** What a relief. The 3/4 went pretty well all things considered. Now a

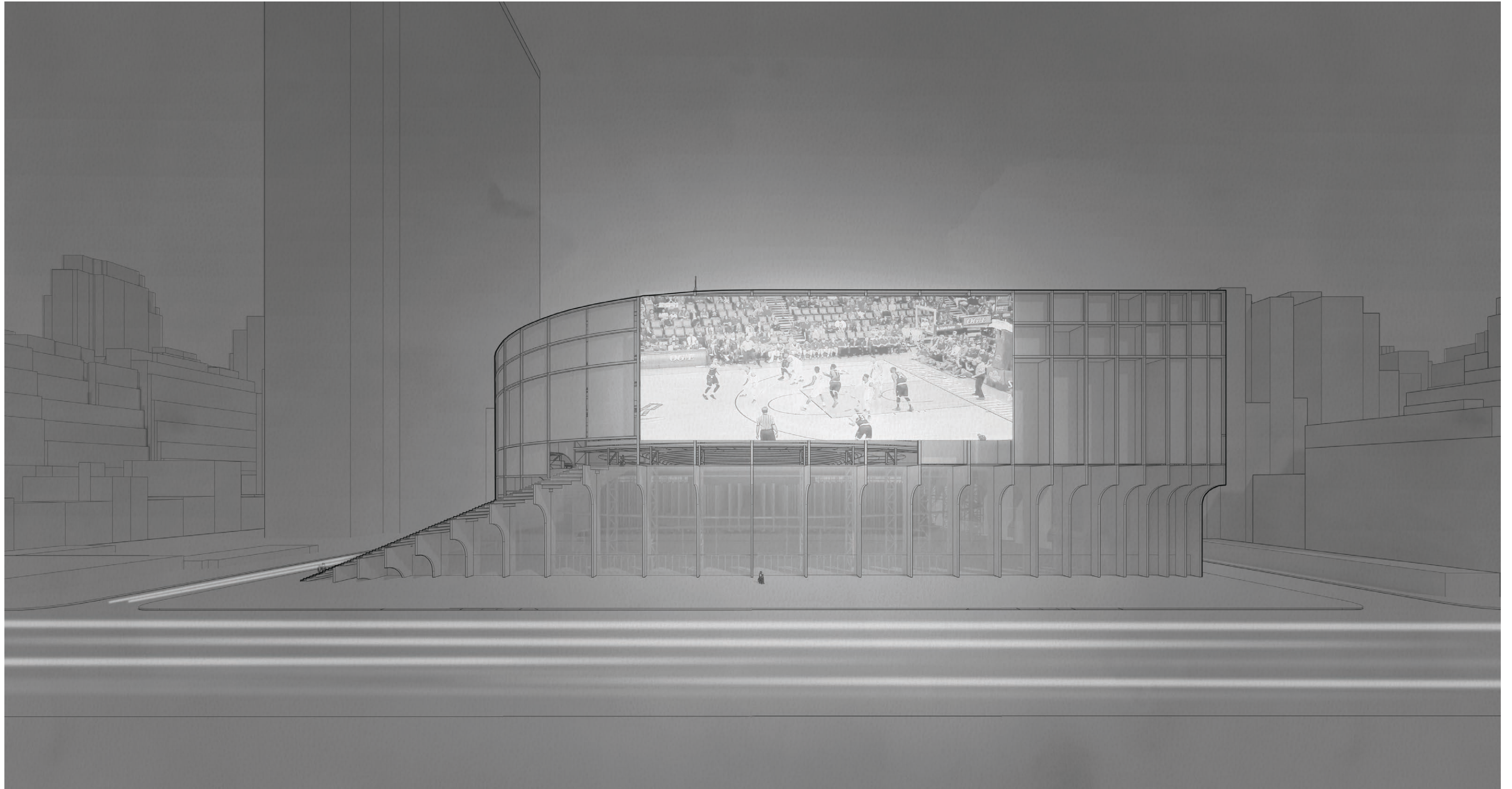


week to rest. **Wednesday 30 November 2022** I have a thought of a feeling of what I want to achieve for my story for colloquium. Perhaps less a story than a collection of moments tied together by seeing, being seen, by memory, and even legend? Yeah, I know, I've tried it before. Maybe this is my schtick. But that doesn't mean it won't work. **Sunday 4 December 2022** Not a great day, but I am making (slow) progress on my project. **Wednesday 7 December 2022** I got to school at 11:00 and didn't leave until 11:45, not even to go for a walk. I made good progress on my section perspective, but not enough, and tomorrow I have to get back to working on CCCP. I plan on pushing the section in the morning, to hopefully have it nearly finished for my meeting with Marc, and then spending the rest of the day writing. Friday is going to be embarrassing, but there's nothing for it. I've got to be better in the mornings. No ten snoozes. **Thursday 8 December 2022** Another long day, from 10:00 until midnight. I'm so tired. But I made it to 1700 passable words. Tomorrow won't be my proudest moment, but I won't completely crash and burn. I don't think I will. I left studio with Lucas, Kerol, and Zina. Kerol is right, it can be fun being exhausted out of your mind with friends. **Friday 9 December 2022** The presentation was somehow not a complete failure! I read well, and although I think Felicity suspected my lack of depth, there was at least enough there to keep up the pretense. In fact, I liked the way it sounded. Came home afterwards to eat and shower, and then back to studio to work for another few hours. I wasn't terribly productive but it was better than nothing. Got started on the plans but there's so much to do. No time to rest. **Saturday 10 December 2022** One of those productive days that isn't nearly productive enough because nothing could be at this point. I have to start finishing things or I'll be in big trouble. I'm already in pretty big trouble. I'll have to make an honest assessment tomorrow morning and most likely cut down on my list of deliverables. **Sunday 11 December 2022** An even later night. I don't really have anything else to say. I'm getting worried. **Monday 12 December 2022** There isn't really any sense in which it's still the 12th except for the fact that I haven't slept yet. It's 8:54am and I've just submitted my drawings to plot. I'm exhausted. I can't think. Now I'm waiting to see them show up on the spreadsheet before going home to shower and nap. But I might not even wait. My head hurts. **Tuesday 13 December 2022** I did it! That's all for now; I just want to sleep. My head is on fire and my eyes are heavy. Goodnight, finally.



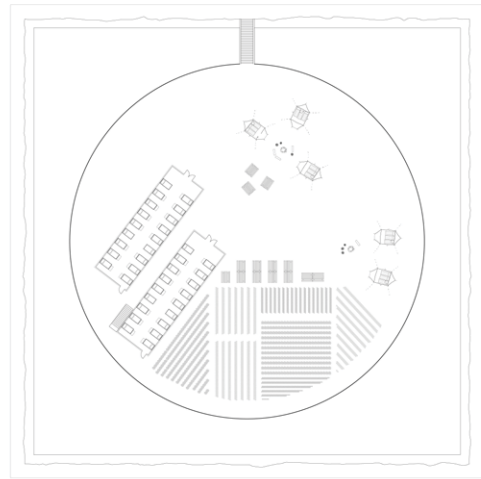


this is the closest I came to being satisfied with a section drawing - thanks Marc. There are plenty of mistakes though, if you know where to look



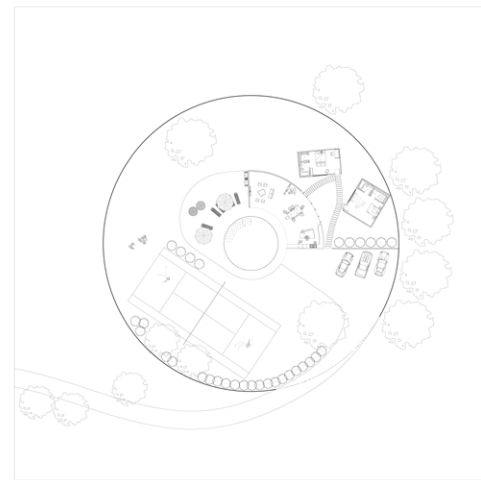
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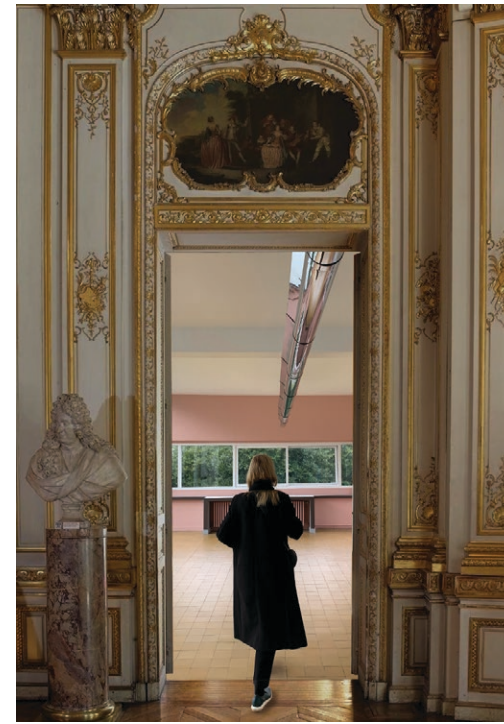


Tuesday 17 January 2023 Accidentally skipped colloquium. **Wednesday 18 January 2023** First day: studio lottery. Really I only want David Benjamin, but apparently he's popular. We'll see. **Thursday 19 January 2023** We got our studio assignments today: I got Olga Aleksakova, doing housing in former industrial buildings. It could be fun, but I know no one in the studio except for Kelly. Hopefully others sitting not too far away. I need to start mentally getting into the semester. Today: David Benjamin's class 11:00-1:00, a soccer game with Dad, a rainy walk along 59th Street, the Queensboro Bridge cale car, and rainy Roosevelt Island. **Saturday 21 January 2023** Tomorrow studio begins. I'm scared, but I can do it. **Wednesday 25 January 2023** I put things off too long and as a result had to stay up late to "finish" them - I put that in quotation marks because I'm not happy with the level of work. But it'll have to do tonight. **Thursday 26 January 2023** Things weren't as bad today as I'd expected (what

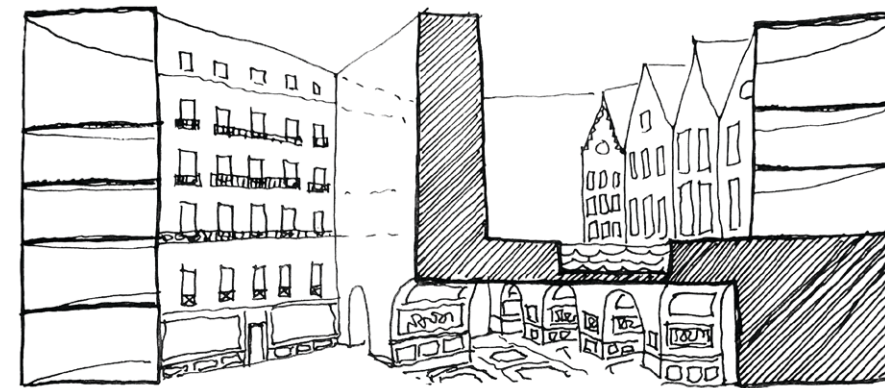
else is new). My collage for David Benjamin's class was alright, and although I wasn't exactly prepared for studio, it was a low-stakes presentation. **Wednesday 1 February 2023** Today was not the best day productivity-wise. Slept in a bit, had class, then got my portfolio printed for the career fair. I had to email David Benjamin to ask for an extension on tomorrow's assignment. **Thursday 2 February 2023** A walk in the morning. David Benjamin's class: fun and fascinating. Studio felt like a bit of a waste. We have to have projects by Monday. Drinks as a studio was a good idea on Olga's part, but we're not a tight-knit group yet. Maybe that'll change. Then a beer with Lucas at the Lion's Head. **Wednesday 15 February 2023** I attended a lecture downtown with Anne, Zina, Bridget, and Jennah. Given by LTL with Lola and a couple other profs speaking as well. Great, though not entirely encouraging as to the state of environmentally friendly building. Every person who I've heard speak on the subject acknowledges profound problems with scalability, etc. Zina, Bridget, and I had a conversation afterwards that quickly devolved into doom and gloom. But that can't be the answer either (although Will tells me he favours human extinction as a best case - for the planet - scenario. I don't *think* he's entirely serious about that though...). I don't know. **Sunday 19 February 2023** Today was the productive day I should be having more of. I drew three plans from scratch, each illustrating a hypothetical future use of



the oil tanks. I don't think I have enough, but I should be able to spin it. I'm not even sure I'm nervous. It'll be fine. Then another week of fun, I hope. **Monday 20 February 2023** Mid-review went well. Went for drinks at Arts & Crafts afterwards with Bridget, Polina, and Zina. Great. When they left I joined Joachym, Brennan, and Jacob at the other end of the room, and we chatted a bit about our disillusionment re: architectural education. Good chat. I'm feeling better now that mid-review is out of the way. Still, things to do tomorrow. A new day! **Wednesday 22 February 2023** Failed to do some of my readings for David's class. Over all a weird day. At least it ended well. **Thursday 23 February 2023** Spent most of the day attending reviews. Tiring but very interesting. Some exciting concepts, especially in DB's studio. At times, of course, I was reminded of that chat the other day with the boys about architectural education. What are we doing here and all that. But for the most part I think



the conversations I heard today were productive and worthwhile. **Thursday 2 March 2023** I can't believe I travel tomorrow. **Friday 3 March 2023** Made my flight. Somewhere over Newfoundland now. It was a hectic day of packing and last-minute chores that I should've done sooner. I remembered that the project proposal for Yasser was due by midnight tonight, so I whipped that up real quick. Finished my OPT application. Re-ordered my WES evaluation. All things I should've already done. Anyway, I pulled it off. These seats are so damn small. **Monday 6 March 2023** We're in a weird hotel outside Paris. We left Rotterdam just after noon, after a little mix-up at the airport cost us an hour or so. Drove to Ghent where we stopped for a little walk and a coffee. Our car - me, Dan, Wes, and Annet, aka Annet and the Boys - drove into the city centre afterwards to see the cathedral, which was stunning, and perhaps the best part of my day. After that, the drive: changing farmland and some good conversation. One of the topics: the farmland. It's amazing how it can change so viscerally (and yet subtly) country to country. Paris is magical, and I could have stayed out here all night. Instead it was only dinner and a quick walk from les Halles to Notre Dame, which looks clean and white but also oddly lopped off with its roof still missing. **Tuesday 7 March 2023** Just got in from a night out in Paris. Met a couple weirdos at a bar. Danced a bit. Sad to leave Paris, but on with the rest of the trip! Villa Savoye this morning was unexpectedly beautiful. **Thursday 9 March 2023** Just arrived in Marseilles! staying at Unite d'Habitation, which is incredible. More stunning though is the view from its rooftop overlooking the eastern part of the city and the sea - the sea...The colour of the sea. The Mediterranean light descended on us somewhere around Aix-en-Provence and hasn't left save for nightfall. It's magical light. A beer on the roof and already I'm feeling good. **Friday 10 March 2023** Arrived in Barcelona. A beautiful drive through browning country hills into the mountains



first visible almost as clouds on the horizon and eventually made real by the switchbacks required to reach their other side. Dali's house on the water, unexpected spaces and courtyards of total serenity. And this weather... **Sunday 19 March 2023** A totally unproductive day that started well enough at least. After Lucas' race we went to Metro Diner for brunch with Jake, Syd, Cecile, and their friend Emma. That was great;

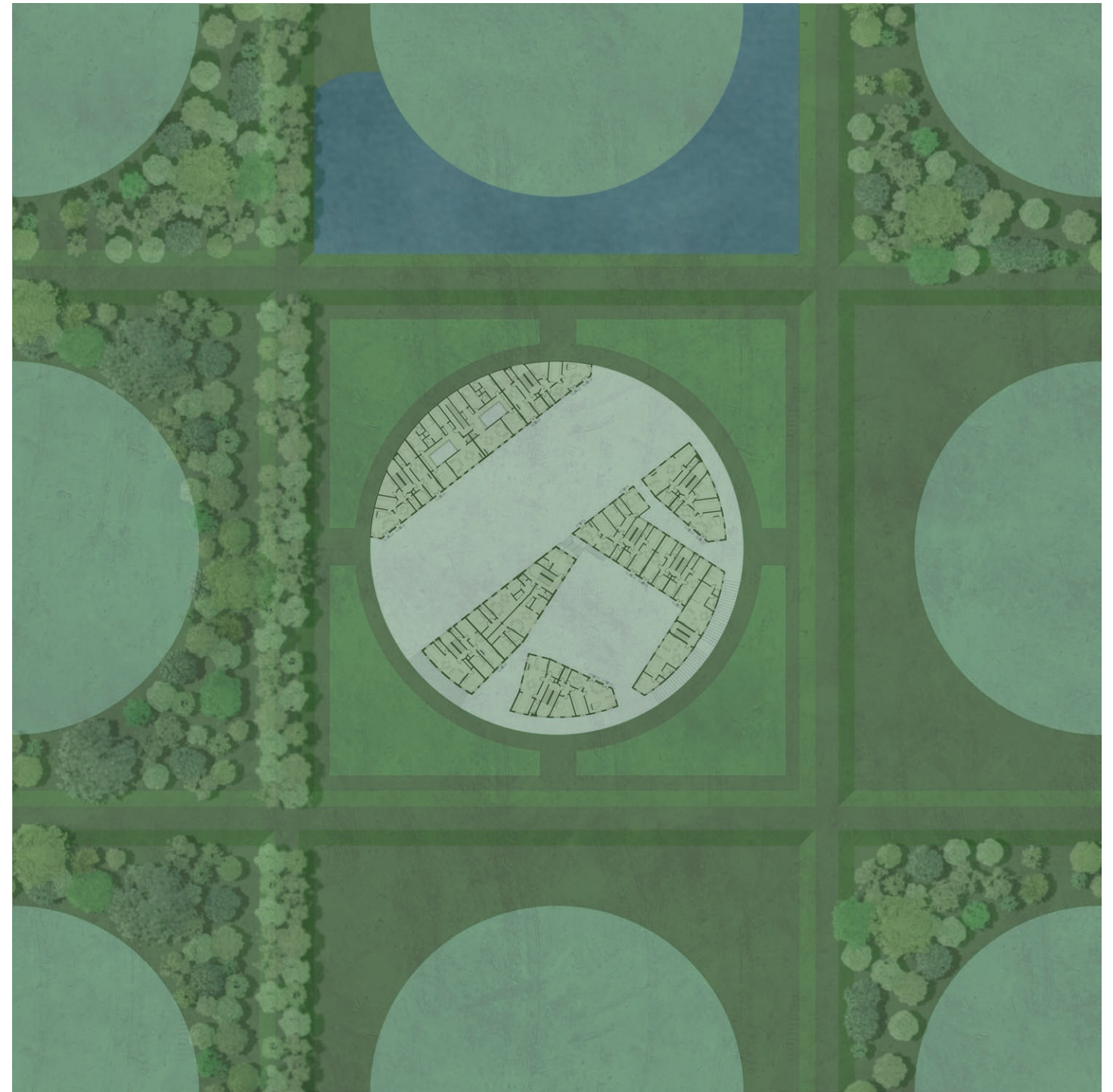
but once I got to studio it all went downhill. I have nothing prepared for tomorrow, but I'll let that be a tomorrow morning problem I guess. **Wednesday 29 March 2023** I had a strange realisation last night: that most of the work I do comes from my subconscious. I accomplish things when I turn off, face a screen until the words come; or move objects around in rhino aimlessly until something feels right. I don't even think. Really think. Apply myself. I depend too much on sudden inspiration. **Saturday 1 April 2023** Today was good somehow. I slept in and didn't get to school until 2:00, but somehow I made good progress on studio, and I'm feeling okay about what I have to do tomorrow for Monday. I did have to cancel on Sam though - we were supposed to go watch a Leafs game at a Canadian bar downtown. But we've rescheduled to Thursday, which will be better anyway (and they'll be playing the Bruins). **Sunday 2 April 2023** It was a productive day. I'm not entirely ready for tomorrow, but that's because of what I didn't do in the past. I did what I could this weekend. It isn't the time to get burnt out yet. So tomorrow will be what it will be. **Thursday 6 April 2023** Had a reasonably good desk-crit with Olga. Played frisbee with Jackie. Ate a sandwich from Milano's. So not a bad day. Lots to do on the weekend. **Tuesday 11 April 2023** Another productive day, although I'm suddenly realising there are only two weeks left until finals; so maybe I shouldn't be so self-congratulatory yet. Went to the gym, went for a walk with Sky, got ice cream with Alejo, and attended a lecture with Zina. Not a bad day. **Wednesday 12 April 2023** Another good day, but dang, the

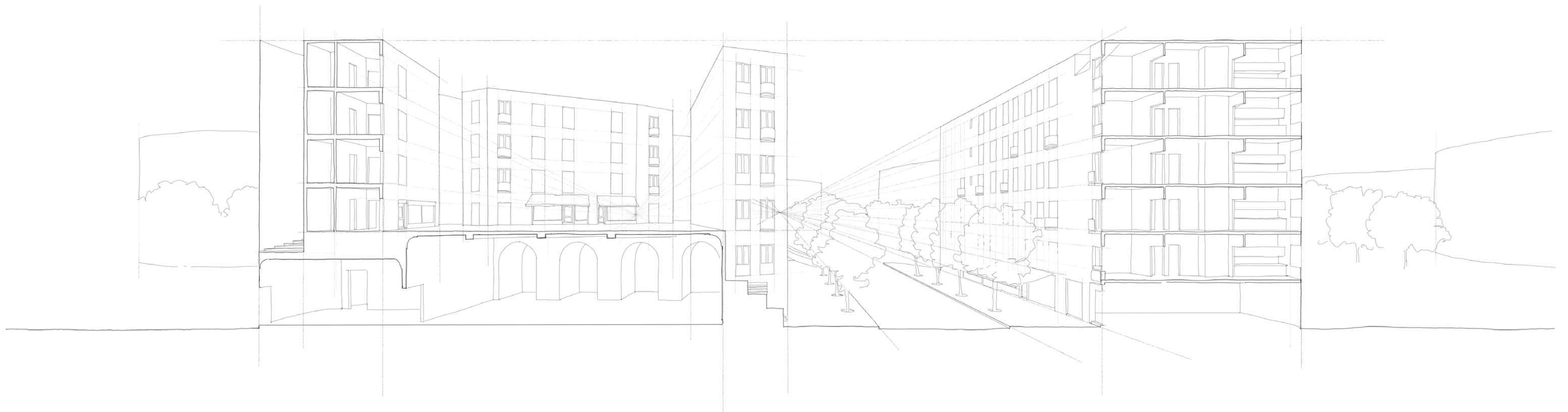
more I do the more there is left to do. I but studio today - no Benjamin's class or One step at a time. have a choice. **Thursday 13 April 2023** The past week has been yet this semester. The exhausted; and I'll bad time has begun. and then... **Sunday 16 April 2023** Unproductive. A busy day. I much time on my tax-tense days to go. **Monday 17 April 2023** It's 1:00am,



I realise how much hardly did anything progress on David Arab Modernisms. But tomorrow I won't **Monday 13 April 2023** The past week has been yet this semester. The exhausted; and I'll bad time has begun. and then... **Sunday 16 April 2023** Unproductive. A busy day. I much time on my tax-tense days to go. **Monday 17 April 2023** It's 1:00am,

now. Good day, but tiring. **Thursday 20 April 2023** Failed the early morning, but I've got the rest of the day now. Nothing to do but studio. It feels good to work hard. **Friday 21 April 2023** I got some decent work done despite some unhelpful comments...The next four days need to be big. Only four more to go. **Saturday 22 April 2023** Long day. Again. I don't feel I'm making enough progress, but I'm working hard. How the heck is it midnight already. I have to go home. More importantly, I have to come back in the morning. I can't sleep in again! **Monday 24 April 2024** Leaving studio at 1:30 after ANOTHER long day. Only one more to go. Tomorrow may be an all-nighter. **Tuesday 25 April 2023** I dated last night's entry 2024...a pretty good illustration of where my head is. It's another long night. But I'll leave soon. **Wednesday 26 April 2023** Today went so well. Maybe one of my best presentations. I feel great about it. **Thursday 27 April 2023** People are starting to get nostalgic about the end of everything. A little more work to do and then it'll be over. **Thursday 4 May 2023** Just home from (another) long day in studio. Working on the drawing for David Benjamin's class. I think it'll be alright. Not brilliant, but alright. I have a little more to do though. I can't sleep in tomorrow. **Friday 5 May 2023** Done with classes. Now it's just portfolio. That's tomorrow's problem. We'll see. **Saturday 6 May 2023** That's tomorrow's problem my eye. It's today's problem now. Well, here I am. It's 4:30 in the morning and I've been working on this thing all day. It isn't exactly what I wanted it to be; but then, nothing really ever is. I think I can be proud of the work I've done. Today, this week, the past month, this semester, this year, and yeah, for the past three years. It's been a journey, to say the least. Let's leave it at that. Goodnight!







EPILOGUE

UNTITLED

I walk through a series of featureless rooms, one after the other. This is an unsettling place, despite what seems to have been an effort to make it comfortable, soothing. Featureless?—not entirely. Only the few defining features there are—white walls, high ceilings, a grid of recessed and diffused lights, small rectangular openings facing each other for doorways, and in the middle of the room, a backless bench with rounded corners—are somehow anonymous, and all consistent between the rooms. I can only really tell one from the other by the items on display, although here, as I look, I notice that the blue tint to the light is more pronounced than it was in the earlier rooms.

I walk through into the next room, and the light is back to normal. This room is emptier than the others I've passed through so far. Or maybe the blank walls only make it feel emptier; actually there are several things here. To the left and right of the axis that connects room to room, door to door, are two tables placed parallel to each other, set far enough apart to be invisible until you enter the room.

On the tables are two rows of items: plates in front and jars behind. The jars are half full of substances of various shades and consistencies, and on the plates are little piles of sand, or dirt—I'm not quite sure. Different kinds of dust maybe. There are no plaques or labels here, no explanations, no blurbs.

This one is sand. But no, it's finer than sand. I wonder if I could touch it. I'm tempted. The usual NO TOUCHING sign is absent, too. But I don't. And this one, this is garden soil, I'm sure of it. And next to it—this one I can't tell—a powder impossibly fine and completely uniform.

The next room. To the left: nothing. To the right, just a single object: a television. An old-fashioned one, at least twenty years old. There's an image on the screen, a faint image, only lines and shapes, poorly resolved. Shades of grey-brown. I know what this is called. Burn-in.

I enter the next room, pause and look to my right. A series of rectangular forms suspended on the wall, angled downwards, imperfectly aligned with one another, remind me of paintings in an old French salon. But instead of images, tables. Or table-tops, I guess. The legs must have been removed.

Facing me directly is smooth mahogany. Dark, uniform, small variations in colour but not in texture. Three panels; a triptych.

Closer inspection reveals light surface defects in the upper left corner. And there are two scars in the wood, visible only off axis, between the panels. I can see the unstained wood beneath the smooth finish. The panels must have been removable. Extendable. I remember Christmas dinners, extra chairs, backs against the pocket doors or the window to the backyard.

Whatever the artist is intending to say to me, all I can think of is my aunt and uncle arriving late to dinner, leaving early for mass at five o'clock: a mass I don't think they ever actually attended.

But I suspect a more pregnant meaning that I'm failing to pick up. The jars, the ghosted TV, the tabletops.

Above and to the left, a model from Ikea, like those shelves everyone has in their basements but in table form, innately familiar. One of those Ikea names that sounds so perfectly Scandinavian you suspect it's fake.

I step back to take in the full wall. It really is like one of those french salons you see in paintings of the eighteenth or maybe nineteenth century. No, definitely eighteenth, before the revolution. Sometimes they still hang paintings like this in museums, but I suspect that's most likely a conscious evocation of those eighteenth century paintings of paintings.

It's nice.

A man in front of me wearing a bulky sweater steps back from the table he was looking at and trips on the coat he's holding in one hand, spilling the coffee held in the other. Oh shit, almost on the ikea. Those things stain. Were we allowed to bring coffee in here? Wasn't there a sign or something? SEALED BEVERAGES ONLY? Oddly I don't remember. I don't remember coming in at all actually. The lobby, the coat-check, the stairs—or was it an elevator?—how did I get here?

As I am thinking this a team of gender-less cleaning staff wearing masks, carrying mops, buckets, paper towel, j-cloths, towels, old T-shirts, rushes out of a door I didn't realise was there and flocks like vultures towards the spilled coffee. They work vigorously, and the puddle is gone in a moment, absorbed by the various implements according to their porosity and surface area. But the floor, which I now notice to be white oak, still shows a dark spot.

The next room is a bedroom. Somehow I couldn't tell until entering. I look behind me from the threshold and see the sequence of rooms receding rhythmically, each one the same as far as I can tell, with the exception of the dim coffee stain immediately behind me. And ahead, the same. And I'm in one of that sequence of identical rooms. But it is a bedroom. And it feels like one. There's the bed, unmade, top sheet askew and touching the floor, duvet folded down in a misshapen pile. The pillows have been depressed by sleeping heads, and even the bed looks fresh from the warmth of a body, though I don't know how I can tell. There's half a glass of water on the side-table beside a pile of receipts.

I proceed into the next room. Was the building this long? How many rooms have I passed through?

Next: a screen. I never understand video exhibitions. Something happens to my brain as I walk in; I lose all ability to analyse; I only experience. When I come out: nothing. The next room.

It's empty, and wait, there's a doorway on the left wall. Exactly like the others—but none of the other rooms have had extra doorways. Although, I suppose, they might have. After all, the cleaning crew came from one. I look behind me again. Strange, that I can suddenly turn left. Behind and in front the enfilade recedes into two distant vanishing points.

I can't help but turn and walk towards the doorway.

I peer through. On the other side, another identical room, only longer, maybe. And on either side is a single, long shelf. Simple, white, and spanning the entire length of the room. Empty. I walk through the doorway and across this empty room to the next one.

The next room: the shelves are no longer empty. Items are arranged regularly along the length of each. I move closer to the side of the room and peruse one of the shelves. In front of me: a block of metal, I'm not sure what kind. Next to it, a cigarette leaning on the rim of a dirty glass ashtray, smoke still rising almost imperceptibly from one end.

The next room: there are two shelves on each wall now, one on top of the other.

The next room: three shelves.

The next room: four shelves. I would need a ladder to reach the highest one—and as I scan the room, I see one leaning on the wall to the right of the doorway I entered through. The shelves are no longer white, but grey, and the floor is blue. Four perforated metal posts, evenly spaced, support the shelves now. A woman passes through the room, walking listlessly—drifting rather than walking really. I follow her gaze as she lazily scans the items at eye level, muttering to herself as she goes.

“Limestone. Pulverised oyster tissue. Great Lakes Sediment. Sucrose.”

After she leaves I take a closer look. The objects are packed more closely here, and most of them are in jars. Rows of small jars, with every now and then an odd item out. I don't see the items she listed. But here: a single bullet, deformed. More jars. And then, on the next shelf up, a little cube of a pink foam-like material.

I walk to the other side of the room, facing the wall of near-identical jars, looking for other exceptions. Here's one: a small plastic container of blueberries. And a few feet down the row, a series of small concrete cubes. The one closest to me has a corner missing. As if it was dropped.

...

The village sits below the new highway, tucked away in a valley soon slated for more of the luxury housing and shopping development that already sits perched upon the neighbouring hilltops. The terraced slopes which were once lined with rows of well-tended olive trees, the paths and staircases winding between the stone walls, are all overgrown, and the wind blowing off the hilltops carries only the sound of traffic, day and night, the never-ending traffic from Jerusalem to Tel Aviv. The people travel over and through the mountains now, while the contoured hillside roads decay with the villages in their valleys.

Here the same water has sprung from the ground since before the dawn of the common era. It is said that the young men swam in its waters even then, on those distant dusks in the days before the domestication of the wild hills was accomplished. One such sits there now, on the smooth stone sill, feet in the water, echoing the movements of a forefather eighty generations old. His clothes lie in a pile beside him. He comes here daily to partake in the memory of the ancient waters.

An older man walks the path, unseen by this boy. He heads further downstream towards a house with no roof. The floors are darkened and rotted by rain and there is human faeces in the corner. Graffiti covers the walls. No one has lived here for seventy-five years, but it was once his home.

Three quarters of a century: a short time in the memory of a village which silently witnessed the death of Christ, the conquest of Islam, whose houses once hosted crusaders. Battles were fought here, and thousands

of square kilometres claimed by their outcomes.

The village grew and shrank through the years. Walls were knocked over and rebuilt, and the arched windows, the flat rooftops, the domes, the straight beams of stone, speak to many stories. But it had been many years indeed since the valley had last sat empty, until that changed, suddenly, seventy-five years ago.

In the days before the war the walls were piled precisely and the paths were tended so that what grew between the flat paving stones was like a carpet stretching from door to door. The forests had been felled and the hilltops were empty; from the lookout point above the village you could make out the thin line of the sea on the western horizon. A jagged skyline along a hill to the east told of the old city of Jerusalem a short ride away.

Those days ended suddenly on a cool morning in December. The man—he was a boy then—was sitting by the door as his mother worked at the stove when they heard the gunshots and saw the dust thrown up into the air in the lower fields. The sounds of nearby skirmishes were nothing new, but the bullets had always flown clear over the village before; dust clouds had been seen in the distance, but the pastureland below had remained safe.

Another young man, a visitor, sees none of this as he walks through the village, passing the young man swimming, not noticing the small sedan being driven away by the old man, feeling the beauty of the site and the sadness of its emptiness only as a vague feeling in the back of his heart as his classmates unload from the tour bus. The bullet holes covering the walls are just a part of the general ruin.

They walk as a group along one of the paths cleared by more frequent travel. In one of the ruined houses, perched on the hillside and entered by a small wooden plank: the graffiti, and a smell, but the young man doesn't see its source. The rest of the group moves on, but a few linger, moving towards a set of stairs, possibly unsafe, down to the lower level, where the animals were once kept, and where a small boy once hid from the sounds of gunfire in the village.

The graffiti says "WE WILL RETURN," in English. The old man could have told you in whose hand it was written, fifty years after they had all left so suddenly on the morning of the gunshots and the dust. Before a stint in prison. Nowadays when he returns to the village it is with his children and grandchildren, with a basket of food and a blanket, to sit on the spot where his father used to admire the view of the valley smoking his argileh. The valley has changed relatively little, even out beyond the close village pastureland. Although a highway runs through it now, and a bridge crosses its further arm carrying passengers at high speed between cities which in living memory communicated at the pace of a mule's gait, it is the same valley.

One can almost forget.

...

After several rooms lined with these shelves of jars I can suddenly turn left again. I wonder whether this will take me back to the entrance I can't remember.

I walk through the doorway, but instead of another room—longer, shorter, wider, narrower—I'm in what looks more like a warehouse. Beyond the shelves to my right and left, where there were walls, I see empty space backed by further rows of shelves. Every row, every shelf, is labelled now. Item number, description, case number, date and time of acquisition. Wrapped in plastic. In the row next to me I hear movement, see a man pushing a trolley stacked neatly with tupperware containers. He pauses, consults a notepad he carries under his arm, moves towards the shelf facing me, selects an item, checks the notepad, and places it on the lower level of the trolley. He checks the notepad again, turns, and continues down the aisle.

FIN

