

Musings from the Margins of a Polychrome Future

By

Lafayette Cruise

BS in Education and Social Policy
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois (2013)

Submitted to the Department of Urban Studies and Planning
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Master in City Planning

at the

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

June 2019

© 2019 Lafayette Cruise. All Rights Reserved

The author hereby grants to MIT the permission to reproduce and to distribute publicly paper and electronic copies of the thesis document in whole or in part in any medium now known or hereafter created.

Author _____
Department of Urban Studies and Planning
(5/23/2019)

Certified by _____
Professor of the Practice, Ceasar McDowell
Department of Urban Studies and Planning
Thesis Supervisor

Accepted by _____
Professor of the Practice, Ceasar McDowell
Co-Chair, MCP Committee
Department of Urban Studies and Planning

Musings from the Margins of a Polychrome Future

By

Lafayette Cruise

BS in Education and Social Policy
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois (2013)

Submitted to the Department of Urban Studies and Planning
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master in City Planning
on May 23, 2019
at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

ABSTRACT:

“The only form of fiction that I know of that is truly revolutionary is science fiction and speculative fiction...not only is it revolutionary to mean to say it overthrows a way of thinking; it also puts pressure on you to figure out what are you going to do now that you're here” – Walter Mosley

I decided to create MMPPF mostly for my own process of self-discovery around my beliefs around the relationship between planning and speculative fiction. As a thesis project my initial desire was to hold a convening of futurists, artist, planners, and architects to discuss how we meld our fields to imagine futures that are inclusive not just in physicality but in the values, interests, and needs that hold primacy with which we imagine them. Then the conference down-sized to pairing artists/futurists with planners/architects/urbanists to engage in world-building exercises. That was still too much for me to bite-off for this thesis process, and I was not comfortable asking artists and creative to contribute to this process for free – goodwill and gratitude doesn't buy groceries. Then in late January early February I spent a lot of time reflecting on what it is that I wanted from this project, separate from the requirements of my master's thesis, and started looking back at old idea notebooks that I've kept over the years. I decided to begin a similar process with this thesis – just collect notes as I interacted with people, ideas came into my head, I encountered people whose experiences I'd never considered. It was in the midst of this journaling, reflecting and re-centering that the name for the project emerged: Musings from the Margins of a Polychrome Future. A project convening futurist and planners to expand our collective imagination of who belongs in cities of the present and future.

Thesis Advisor: Ceasar McDowell
Title: Professor of the Practice

musings from the margins of a polychrome future
issue 0.0



table of contents

<i>acknowledgements</i>	6
<i>musings from the margins of a polychrome future</i>	13
<i>musings from the margins of a polychrome past (and present)</i>	72
<i>planning as speculative fiction</i>	84
<i>citations</i>	97

acknowledgements

I want to thank my parents and my siblings for listening to my heady detached ramblings about futurism and urban planning. For encouraging me to take risks and face the uncertainty of life and the future head-on, acknowledging my fear without letting it hinder my forward motion. I want my late-grandparents, and my ancestors, whose love, support, prayer, hope, and sacrifice have defied the constraints of this world to bring me to this point in my life. I am forever appreciative of the labor they put forth and the indignities they suffered in order for my queer, black male self to inhabit an institution as prestigious as MIT with the comfort to criticize the lack of imagination with which it participates in perpetuating world-changing inequality.

I want to thank my friends for encouraging me to continue down this path despite the uncertainties and insecurities that I continue to maintain. Thank you Nayeli, for your eagerness to support and push forward every iteration of this project – for introducing me to Levar Burton reads, and for giving me breaks to stay with Truman in yours and Nick’s lovely apartment. Thank you to my thesis group for supporting my unconventional ideas and giving me helpful and encouraging feedback.

To Ceasar McDowell, thank you for hearing my nebulous and ambitious idea for a conference this past summer and choosing to take me on as a thesis advisee, I’ve appreciated the support and inquiry that you provided throughout this process. I hope that this thesis and the world it produces in the future continue to make you proud. To Garnette Cadogen, thank you for joining my committee so late in the process and giving some of the most reassuring feedback that I’ve received, I may continue to undersell myself and this project, but I will strive to embrace the full breadth and depth of what I truly hope to offer the world. Thank you for your feedback, your friendship even before this process, and your support as I composed this thesis.

Thank you to Dr. Mark Jerng and Clinton “Showyousuck” Sandifer for taking time to dis-

cuss your amazing work with me, and going with me as I tried to connect your works in futurism and speculative with my work in urban planning. You were both sources of encouragement at a moment when I was petrified of sharing this burgeoning project with strangers. Your insights revealed new modes of thinking and understanding both the present and the future, and for that I am grateful.

And thank you to anyone who reads this version of *Musings from the Margins of a Polychrome Future* and choose speculate even more inclusive and imaginative futures for our cities and communities.

an ode to Chicago

*I won't let you criticize
My city like my skin, it's so pretty
If you don't like it, just leave it alone
You gotta love me like I love the lake
You wanna love me, better love the lake
-Jamila Woods – "LSD" (feat. Chance the Rapper)*

The number of times I started crying as I read, talked, imagined a future for Chicago, is ridiculous. I love that city and the love that it showed in helping me grow as a young man. Reading about the pervasiveness of two flats housing stock made me miss my old apartment in Wicker Park, my landlords living downstairs with their three small children, the family next door who'd lived in their three flat for decades – the kids being the few teenagers that I interacted with post high school. Listening to Jamila Wood's LSD (feat. Chance the Rapper) while I drew a view of downtown from the imagined high-rise in the short story. Reading about how Chicago's Chinatown is bucking the national trend and continuing to grow and remain Chinese. Heck even as the city was hit with record cold and an extended winter (there was snow in the last week of April) I missed it.

I missed the how hard working and fun the people are. I miss the joy and warmth of Black Chicagoans in the face of constant assault by the city, the police, the market, and history. I miss the kind smile from the abuelas and tias when I lived in Pilsen. I miss talking to strangers and the "op" sound that we Midwesterners utter even when we're rushing past people in the loop. I miss Garfield Park and the Conservatory, reading in the fern room in the dead of winter to get a small taste of warmth and greenery. The great and terrible things that make Chicago what it is, are the

great and terrible that inspired this thesis but more importantly inspire me. The scars of redlining and continued segregation, economic and political discrimination, systemic racism, white-flight, deindustrialization, and political corruption are flagrant and not healed, and yet Chicagoans strive and hope for better, day-in and day-out.

While I hope to offer a hopeful and inclusive vision for a future Chicago, I hope this project inspires more Chicagoans who are marginalized in the country to offer their own hopeful and inclusive visions for the city. Just like that point in early-spring, late-winter, the first warm day when the city wakes up and every street and park is abuzz with people in shorts, children laughing and screaming, everyone just tired of the winter and willing summer into existence, I hope Chicagoans get hope from this and, exhausted of the winter of the marginalizing, uninspired past and present, will an inclusive future into existence. I don't know how or when we'll get there, but I hope *Musings from the Margins of Polychrome Future* is a helpful and hopeful step along that way.



Musings from the Margins of a Polychrome Future

<i>january 1, 2119</i>	15
<i>january 12, 2119</i>	21
<i>february 4, 2119</i>	26
<i>february 29, 2119</i>	30
<i>march 13, 2119</i>	35
<i>march 31, 2119</i>	43
<i>may 18, 2119</i>	51
<i>may 31, 2119</i>	57
<i>june 8, 2119</i>	64

january 1, 2119



Happy New Year! With the final stretch of the Urbs in Horto construction, all the megastorms and catastrophes, Granny and Paw-Paw moving back in with Mom and Dad, and the elections this year - I'm I feel like I just crawled into this new year. I was complaining about the weather being crazier than anything I'd ever remember - I may be spending too much time playing spades with Granny and her friends. Anyway enough about the weather and that raggedy bitch 2118 - let's talk about what's really important: I living a movie cliché and met this really cute guy on New Year's.

A bunch of us decided to meet up at Finnie's Place cause they were having a drag show there's no cover and it's not as stuffy as the newer clubs in LP. It was me, Lin, Nakiyah, Juan and some his friends, and JP and their new partner. I stopped by DuSable to say hi and grab a drink with Dre and them, but I don't fuck with their binary gendered covers the oppressively straight vibe of the people it attracts. Lin and them were already at Finnie's, so I had to wait in line by myself. I was chatting with Beau as he checked my ID - I don't know if it's a good or bad sign that I'm a regular, but I do get a little bit of an ego boost when Beau changes his whole demeanor when I'm there.

I get in and look around for them - perks of being a tall flower it's relatively easy to scan the room above most people's heads - then bam there he is. This beautiful man bumps into me, smiles and apologizes then keeps going. On the outside I said "no harm no foul," but in my head I was like "FUCK! You are gorgeous!" I mean you know me, I'm generally of the mindset that pretty isn't a personality, so I'm still surprised that I let a handsome face and nice smile catch me off guard.

Like he was obviously handsome – I’m not going to try guessing his race. He had this beautiful warm light brown skin, his hair was thick, black, and kinda wavy – like strategically tussled. It’s long enough that he put it up in a small pony tail later in the night. But like his smile – fuck his when he apologized, I felt it in my chest. At first he made this shocked face about bumping into me then it melted into the warmest smile as he laughed an apology. He has this sly smile that feels so extremely sincere and pushes his eyes closed a little bit. And the way his eyebrows raise – like I don’t usually notice someone’s eyebrows.

Anyway the drawback of being a tall flower is that Lin, Niki and JP saw the whole thing from the raised seating area and just laughed at me cause despite my best efforts to reveal as little about my inner workings, they know me too well and know that I was struck. Fucking Lin asked who my new boyfriend was. Anyway I didn’t see the handsome stranger again until after the drag show – which damn these queens slayed Rhoda Rage was hosting and she flew in this Thai Queen. We were dancing near the seats cause Niki needed to rest – I’m always amazed at her stamina dancing with her arm braces – and I accidentally raised my arm too quickly and elbowed none other than our handsome stranger and fucking spilled his drink all over him.

I’m already usually self-conscious about the space that I take up on a dance floor as such a tall man, then super embarrassed that I bumped into someone AND spilled their drink, and then of course it was him and of course he laughed at me and I was just flabbergasted idiot apologizing. I’m still not sure if he was laughing at me or if he just laughs at these sorts of things.

Either way I was embarrassed, sputtered out an apology, offered to walk him to the bar replace his drink. I got him whiskey ginger and I got a whiskey coke – I also got two of the New Year specials for Juan and JP. We talked a bit at the bar, I introduced myself, he told me his name was Solomon, but I could call him Sol. I asked if he lived in LP – he lives in Uptown and was there with friends. He offered to carry one of the one of the drinks – swoon – and we walked back towards my group since it was on the way to his group, but as we were on our way over the DJ started playing this real classic oldie – I looked up later, I Know There’s Gonna Be (Good Times) by someone name Jamie XX – and we like both on cue started swaying and feeling the music. And that’s when I went from a just attracted and a mess around him to being actually interested in him – this guy started wining and writhing his body with so much abandon and control – I don’t know how to describe other than I think he was feeling the music like I normally feel the music. Eyes closed, hips moving side to side and back and forth with bass; arms going extending and waving with the rhythm; eyes closed, mouth smiling, lost in the sound and the movement. We also lost most of our drinks, but that wasn’t my fault for once

Then they went waaaay back and played Whitney Houston’s “I Wanna Dance with Somebody” – I love the deeeep cuts at Finnie’s – and Sol knew the words too!!! We are singing to each other dancing with each other just having a blast. After we gave Juan and JP their drinks, he gave me a hug and went back with his friends – I was sad to see him leave, but so happy to have met a wonderful stranger who has a similar love of classic music.

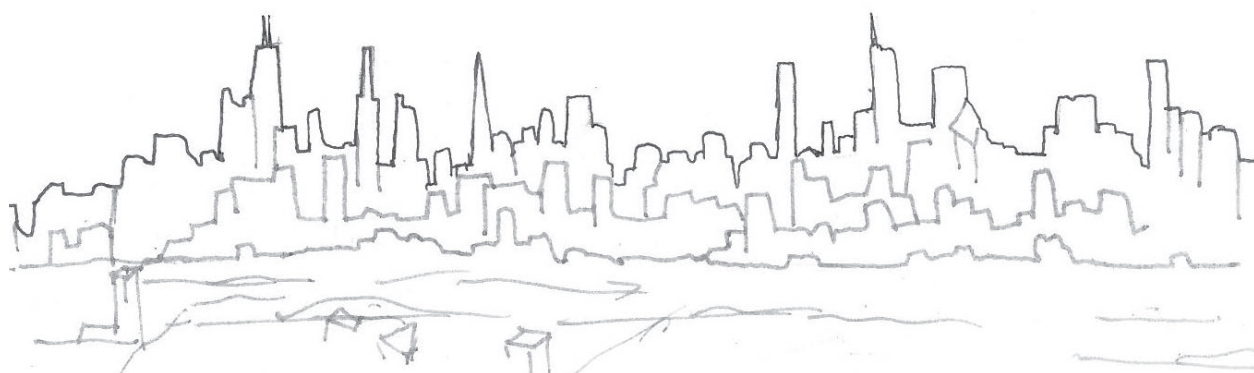
Later while Rhoda Rage was announcing the countdown I felt someone come up and lean against the side of my arm – I thought it was Niki or Juan, but then I looked and there he was. Sol had a flute of champagne for me. I already had one so there we were, side-by-side looking at Rhoda on the center stage, with our arms wrapped around each other as I'm double fisting champagne flutes. We countdown, yell "Happy New Year!" and then I turned and kissed him.

It was a quick kiss cause I was kinda shocked that I was so forward. Then he put his flute down, grabbed my face softly, pulled me back towards him and kissed me – please note that I'm still looking like an idiot with two empty flutes in my hands kissing this man I just met as silver and gold confetti is shot from the ceiling – I was probably kicking up my heel like some rom com cliché. It was fucking magical – like the warmth of his smile was being transferred through his lips and tongue to me. Eventually I put the flutes down so that I could wrap my arms around him and pull him closer and tighter to me.

Then we parted ways. It was fun, it was soooo fucking hot, but I also know that it was just an exciting counter at a gay club on New Year's. I kept dancing with the group until around 2:30. Juan, his friends (I feel so shitty that I can't remember their names even though we've hungout like 3 times now), JP and Beth(?) – wow I'm really shitty at this – decided to migrate to another bar in Back of the Yards. Linda and I were waiting with Niki for the CTA Car that she'd called, when I saw Sol walking towards the Ashland BRT Station. Niki and Lin gave me the ok, so I ran after him.

When I called out to him, he made a joke about not having any drinks for me to knock. I actually snorted when I laughed, which makes no sense cause it wasn't that funny. Fuck, I'm such a weirdo. I asked him if we could go on a date. He said yes, we shot each other our contact info and he ran to his bus – thank goodness the drivers here are so friendly and will actually wait for you if they see you running. So yeah, I had a meet-cute with a stranger at a club on New Year's, I asked him on a date, and now I'm waiting to set a time. 2119 is off to a great start – I should probably take some time to reflect a bit more on last year and things I want to continue working on this year, but I'll save that for another time.

january 12, 2119



So this has been a bit of a week. That kid Michael fucked up some of the logistics for the ribbon cutting event for Preckwinkle Branch. I had to hop on a call with Mayor Cortez's team about some of the community opposition to the whole project – ever since this project was proposed there have been claims that the park is a land grab by some of the larger co-devs and private developers, and the only reason this branch is remaining a park is so that their adjacent real estate developments increase in value. I got a call from T about Bar getting in trouble at school, and asked if I could talk to him. I told him I don't know why he's worried; Bar is just really good at foundational school work as well as techno-linguistics – he's probably just bored. I mean the whole compulsory A.I. development has always been a way to tease out talented future coders who will do more than debug but actually advance and develop support technologies and their internal logic.

I reminded T that I designed my first iteration of Butler in high school because I hated how constrained the AmEd packages were. It's a lot more responsive to my needs, doesn't have that robotic white woman voice – thanks Mrs. Green's voice, and presents options and results in a way that better mimics my logic. I'm not worried about Bar; he's a smart kid a little awkward (but as I told him everyone goes through an awkward phase in high school and I trust no adult didn't have an awkward phase). I think what's hard for him is that he's also more interested in questioning logic and values that form the lessons in school – nothing malicious just really curious and interested in justice (He's an Aquarius sun, Libra moon, Gemini rising – ooof the struggle of air placements).

On a nice note, I had drinks with Sol. We went to the roof of the Athletic Association. I didn't notice it at Finnie's, but he has a slight accent, which he told me is cause he was born here, raised back in the Philippines, went to study marketing and social work at USC – I know weird combo – and was going to head back until one of the storms during the 2112 Disasters basically leveled his home. He would have moved back to LA but had was in Chicago for a conference, connected with some CDP activists here, knew that his aunt and uncle who owned a place in Irving Park, so he came here. He works as a case manager, translator, and organizer for one of the CDP housing advocacy and resettlement non-profits.

I tried to explain some of my work to him – immersive civic experiential designer is nebulous and is still confusing for my family. He actually kinda grasped my job from the name – or at least asked me a legit question about whether I designed experiences for my clients or for their users. I told him both and started talking about the Urbs in Horto projects and the different phases my team's involvement from the VR and AR projects to the live immersive experiences. I told him I'd show him one of my earlier projects – it would be so corny, but maybe I'll show him the portfolio of projects I did with Finnie's years ago.

I asked him about being a CDP in Chicago – in some regards it's been great to have more people coming to the city and increasing the population and the infrastructural investments that the Federal government funded in preparation. But I can imagine it's different living here – especially after something as traumatic as many of these people experience. I've been working with Rayyan's prayer group

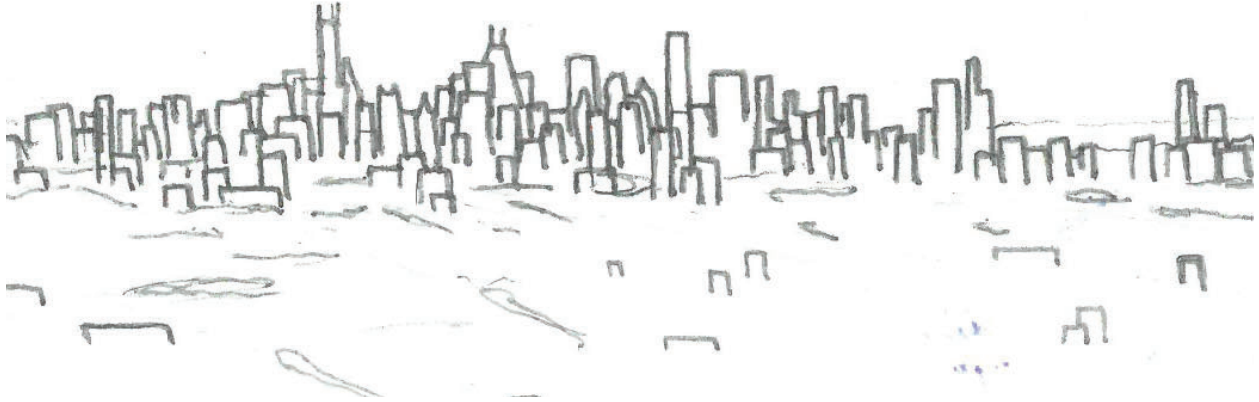
to help record and memorialize some of the CDP's from the Middle East who came from almost a decade of heatwaves, unrelenting drought, and increased instability. After talking with this family of Iraqi CDP's, I still feel guilty about the length of showers that I take - even with MWRD's whole retention/reclamation infrastructure

He said it was interesting because he exists in this space where he is a US citizen with both a bachelor and masters, so he technically is not a CDP - his parents are, but they decided to move with his sister and her family in St. Louis. That gives him a bit of privilege in navigating this system, but he still has to accept that he can't go back to the place that he called home. He told me he's fortunate that he came to a place like Chicago where there was already a longstanding Filipino community. He's worked with some clients who are like one of two or three families that got placed here from their community.

There's also the issue of different CDP's wealth and education that gets transferred over here. It was a lot, he seems so passionate and reflective about the work that he engages in. Like he obviously asks himself about his position and role in all that he does. I'm going to be honest, I'm smitten. I know, I know, I know: CHILL OUT! CHILL THE FUCK OUT! I literally only danced with him and went on one date...but I really want to go on more - I want to know what goes on his mind. How does he see the world that he walks in? I also want him to know me - to see the world that I live in.

Before we left, we set up time to do Pho off of Argyle. We hugged, he gave me a quick peck – if my skin was lighter he would have seen how much I blushed, but melanin for the win – and then we parted ways. I would have been content writing about this later, but that dumbass Michael sent me an email and brought me back to reality. I'm writing this down so that Michael doesn't kill my vibe or make me forget how great that short date was.

february 4, 2119



I ran into Wanda a few weeks ago – like before Christmas or around then. It had been ages since we saw each other – I think it was before Tawanda’s had gotten the James Beard award. I mean I’d obviously see her at my brother’s, cousins’, or any number of that circle’s parties, but Dub and I hadn’t really caught up in what feels like years. I mean we dated for hot second in high school, then were roommates with Lin for three years but life hasn’t gotten in the way. Anyway all that to say she got me and Lin a table at Tawanda’s on Saturday. And like I know Dub is a great chef – perks of being her roommate in our early twenties – but it was transcendental. Lin had this Louisiana style-bulgogi with wild rice and collards and this cocktail –like they don’t have a menu, you give them your tastes and preferences, how many drinks you’ like to have, they look at the meal you’re having and make you an aperitif, a pairing, and a digestif. Sometimes it’s wine, sometimes liqueurs, sometimes cocktails all depending on the bar staff’s curation. I had this bone in steak that melted in my mouth – Dub laughed, called me a basic bang and claimed I could have made that at home and that I should have ordered something more challenging (I am certain no mortal could make a cow taste that good).

Dub joined us for a bit between the entrees and dessert. It was good to have the 3 of us together again. Lin was telling us about one of the principal dancers in her upcoming performance. I guess her mom was a product designer or engineer or something and designed this specialized wheel chair that is significantly lighter than most, has greater structural integrity and flexibility than most dance chairs, and has like insane responsiveness in dance routines. I mean I’m so used to Lin and dancing at clubs with her, that I forget that she’s always

been in a wheelchair and that she's managed to be one of the most well regarded choreographers of traditional and multi-ability dance.

Like I'm just a goof who likes moving his body – and obviously she can be goofy on a dance floor too – but she's mastered thinking about her body and movements and how to control this tool regardless of its constraints to convey these deeply emotional and athletic performances. On top of that she intentionally works with performers of different mobility statuses to understand their strengths, weaknesses, and range of motion in order to both push them but also build pieces that integrate their talent. What am I even doing. I guess for her upcoming performance she's working with this kid from SAIC who's an AR lighting designer, and they're making this a mixed reality piece. I can't wait – it's going to be at the Joffrey-Yeung Theater in New Chinatown. I'll see if Sol wants to go, that'd be a fun date.

Oh speaking of which he met T and Elise the other night. We were going to the Green Mill that ancient bar a music venue on the Northside (off of Lawrence I think), when we ran into them on their way from a concert at the Uptown and about to grab some late night Ethiopian food. It was a pleasant and terrifying surprise – pleasant cause it hasn't just been the three of siblings hanging out in a while – we're gonna actually meet up for planned sibling dinner next Wednesday. It was terrifying cause I've only been on a few dates with Sol at this point, and I know I was going to hear it on the sibs group chat. Who is that? Is he from a family? How's the sex? Do mom and dad know? When's the wedding? The main reason I never introduce them to people until we're for sure a couple and have been dating for a while.

Sol handled himself well – he seemed comfortable with them as strangers, joked back when T tried being sly and tried to sneak in a joke. I'm interested in what Elise thinks of him – she did her normal reserved introduction (so many people have been misled into thinking she's this quiet reserved woman when they first meet her; ALL LIES I told Sol afterwards), but she was obviously analyzing him and our dynamics. As I've gotten older, I've tried to not overanalyze potential partners and stop worrying about an unknown future. But seeing Sol interact with those two – I know we're not there yet, but I will have to consider my family. I mean yes their thoughts, but also just how Sol (or whoever) interacts with them. I mean I love my family more than anything in the world, buuuut I'll probably have to protect whoever I end up with from some of their...idiosyncrasies.

Like I'm not separate from them or even trying to distance myself fully, but I was raised in and with it, so I understand it while I am not fully immersed in a lot of the family stuff, it will have an effect on how a future partner connects with us. I wonder what Sol's family is like. I might write about this more later, but for now I'm gonna run to get dinner ready for Granny and Pawpaw.

february 29, 2119



Soooo Sol came over for last night. We went to Glee Club this past weekend, and while were waiting to take the BRT back to his place he asked why we didn't just go to my place since it was closer. I told him cause it's currently a mess since, I've been splitting time between there and my grandparents' place while my parents are away for the winter. He obviously saw the half-truth, but let me have it. I felt bad so I told him I would make him dinner tonight and he could come over and see my place.

The truth is I don't normally let people see my apartment until I really like them or trust them – don't get me wrong I like Sol, but it's still so early. I mean I know I need to get over this feeling of being in between – I mean it's crazy that I chose to take my grandparents old apartment in the 1920's co-op as opposed any of the other more modern properties that my family has. It's also crazy that I can own this apartment by myself, that it's just one of many in my family's portfolio, and that I "am sneaky rich," as Mike liked to say. First off fuck him, but I'm not trying to hide it. My family was well off before my great-grandfather started a co-dev with his partners, and although the wealth we generate from administering it is not a huge share compared to what private real estate developments generate, it is enough to keep us comfortable and give my extended family the freedom to do what we want to do. I guess the fact that I'm explaining this to my journal, means despite all this time getting more comfortable with myself and my privilege's, I still need to process some insecurities (but I'll save that for another time or therapy)

All this is to say, I like my apartment. It is my sanctuary and I was terrified to let Sol in and have him judge me. If he's judging me he's really good at hiding it. It was kinda fun watching him joke about the building being fancy and then realizing that the elevator was continuing to go all the way up. Ok as much as I'm terrified of strangers coming into my space, I love when people react positively and are shocked. Anyway it fun having the pause to take off your shoes, put on slippers, then go down the short hallway into the main living area. It's funny, Sol passed the shoe-rack test – I use the most arbitrary things to test people. The shoe rack by the entryway is from way back when my mom was a kid – some of my friends were raised in families that wear shoes in the house, but I was not and apparently neither was Sol, cause he just instinctively took off his shoes and grabbed a pair of slippers.

The patio plants are in for the winter so the space definitely feels a lot more like a jungle. But it was so cute to watch him was just running to all the plants and just gawking at the views and the wood details and the kitchen (thankfully Granny had that modernized when they got older – she always says she could cook on the old one, but Pawpaw could burn water with the stove off until they upgraded). I had Butler play my “Cooking Dinner at Sunset Jazz” Playlist – cause I know how to fucking set a mood.

While I was making the cheese board he went up to the library area – as much as Uncle B complains about it I'm happy that Pawpaw really likes collecting books and converted Uncle B's room into a study. My meager collection doesn't have to pull as much weight to that space really impressive and cozy. Sol somehow found my collection of

Harry Potter books – Pawpaw kept his ragged copies with him cause they were a gift from his dad. Sol told me his favorite movie to watch at his grandma’s house was Harry Potter on the classic movie station. I feel like we’re going to reveal ourselves to both actually be the ghost of millennial nerds, dying of measles or some plague they brought back during that time.

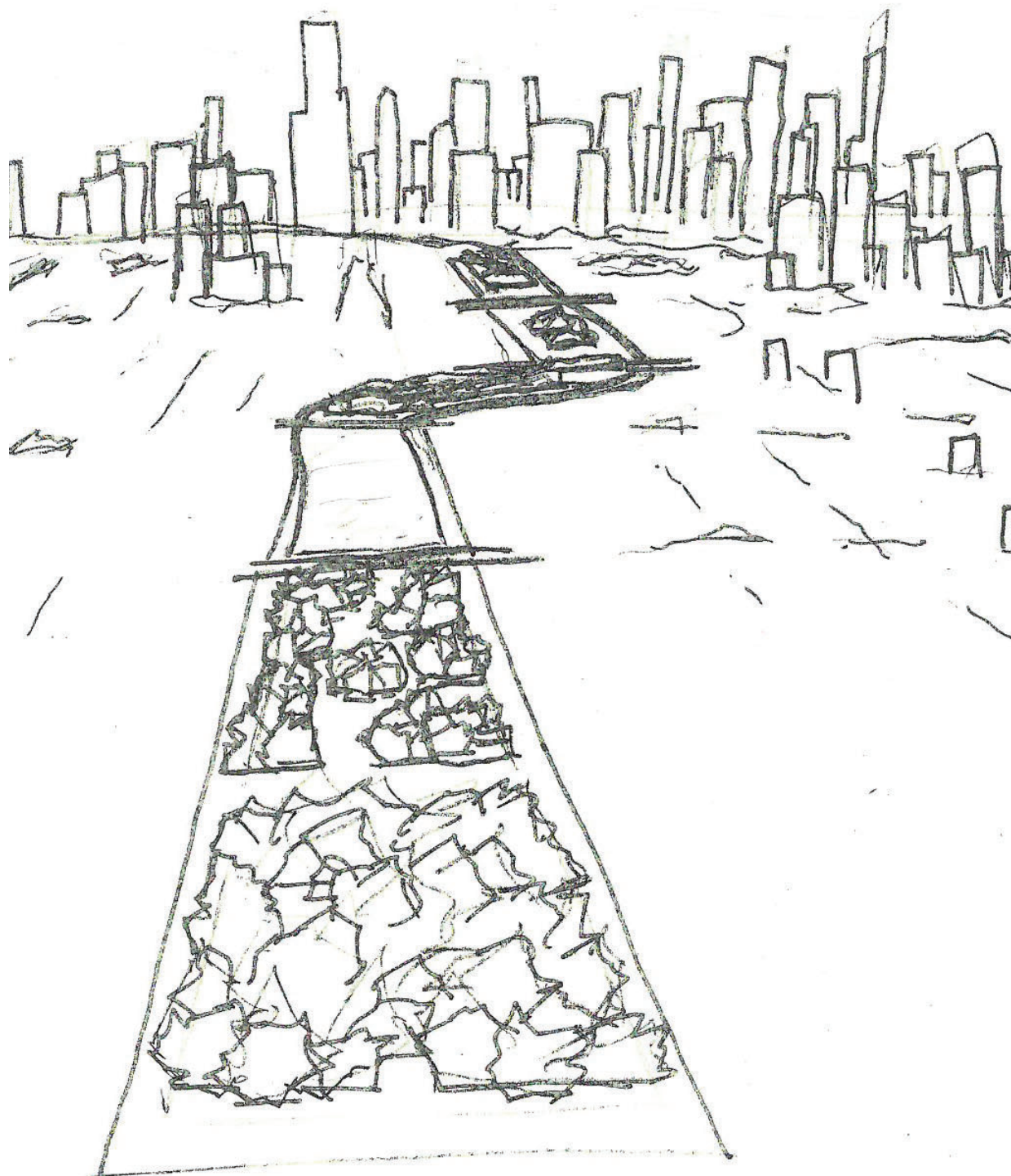
He found the collection of short stories that I’d been reading – it was from this Iraqi author who was reflecting on water, statehood, and belonging. I explained it was for the narrative VR project to give me something to approach the storytellers with. I read him the story about this girl at her sister’s wedding and how it had gotten rained out, but how happy everyone was because they knew it would not rain again any time soon. Nour Hosseini, she had to have been in her 90’s at when I saw her read it at one of Rayyan’s fundraisers for recent arrivals whose extended family were either still in parts of Iraq, Syria, Jordan, or Palestine or in other countries with worse resettlement conditions. My English wasn’t quite as beautiful as the original Arabic, but I forgotten how nice it was to read poetry out loud.

I made some brussels sprouts with onion, garlic, and bacon and paired it with some couscous and grilled chicken, it wasn’t fancy, but I’d like to think it’s one of my more solid meals. We ate on the couch and talked about foods that make us think of home. I made him promise to make me his mom’s pancit and adobo. We already had the conversation about if someone shows me the slightest bit of attention or is nice to AND serves me food, I am automatically in love (so many of my favorite restaurants are just places where I developed food crushes on someone on the staff – I really need to be better at that).

I told him I'd have to make Mom's mac and cheese or Dad's carrot cake, but even as I said it, I realized my parents just tried so many different foods with us that they didn't have signature dishes. Since they we had so many family friends from all sorts of cities, countries, and backgrounds – I feel like they were just solid cooks and showed their love through food. Part of me really wants to have Sol meet them, but part of me is happy that they're still snowbirding in Sedona. That gives me time to make sure my heart's not being fickle. Cause I honestly have no chill – every messages he sends me I fear he's going to be like “yeah no. You ain't that cute, your hair's a mess, and you're ashy as fuck” Like relationships are scary especially this period where I really like someone, but don't know if or when we're going to hit a snag and start the process all over again.

Any way he spent the night – oh that's the most important thing about this whole thing. He's a fucking cheerful morning person! Fuck! Like don't get me wrong, his is a pleasant face to wake up next to even with drool on his cheek, but I still had the gut reaction to murder him when he woke up all perky and started talking to me at 7. That alone may be a deal breaker. Well almost, he made me coffee and a breakfast sandwich with avocado. Who knows maybe he'll make me a kinda morning person so that I can actually enjoy more sunrises over the lake

march 13, 2119



I've really been thinking about agency and ideals, and my role in power structures. I mean professionally, I'm not actively involved in a lot of the political scene of the city – well that's not accurate. I kinda got called out for feigning an apolitical identity, but the fact is many of my projects are for clients who are deeply political and the immersive experiences that I design as a result can have political implications. My favorite projects and clients trust my vision, trust my team, and provide me the creative freedom to design experiences that I believe are radical or inclusive or actually beneficial to the users and society at large. Honestly, despite all the frustrations through the years, the Preckwinkle Path will always be my baby – I'm so happy I've been able to help give it to the city. Other time's it's made explicitly clear the political weight of the product or process that my team is contributing to, and am thusly given clear parameters and restrictions.

Like I know this! I may be a privileged kid with the skills and financial connections to make my creative projects a fulfilling career, but my parents raised my siblings and me to be aware of the social, political, and economic realities in which people exist. Or at least an awareness, that our life our experiences are not universal. That our actions have consequences beyond ourselves, and that our ancestors worked hard to put us in these positions of power and privilege. But that being said, I do not – and cannot – account for the experiences of everyone.

Sorry this is being vague. I've just been really agitated, I think that's the best way to describe it, because of a conversation/argument/disagreement – I don't know – that I had with Sol today. He was at some meetings in Chinatown this morning so he grabbed a few

few flatbreads from Xi'an Cuisine and some Bubble Tea (he got me red bean cause he is the best). It actually came at the perfect time cause I just had a meeting with some PepsiCo representatives about their soundstage and artist lineup for the Preckwinkle Branch grand opening in April. Supposedly XenoKatz or whatever his name is want the light display to be VR and not simply onstage AR media. I had to explain to them that they either needed to significantly increase their budget and create some sort of hyperbolic time chamber where my team and our subcontractors could have the equivalent of a whole additional year to make up for the year of prototyping and redesigning that we just underwent with their team, there was no way in fucking hell we were going to be able to redesign the experience. I don't know which executives' fucking child this guy is, but I was not about to put my team through that. Literally, the ribbon cutting is just a glorified party on a massive decked highway – I mean, a beautiful and verdant deck that I have poured my blood, sweat, and tears into actualizing, but still. Oh and to fucking top it off, this kid's not even the headliner – not even fucking close to it. JaeSun King has actually been a fucking dream to work with – I had to check one of his people for a comment about Jael and Monica's qualifications, but he apologized immediately and sent them individual hand written apologies, and VIP tickets to his next Chicago show.

All-in-all, things have been stressful at work already, this morning was not helpful, and then Sol called me, showed me the food, and told me that red bean is good for stress (I was gonna call bullshit, but it did help in the moment). I took him up to the winter Garden. Some people may complain about how the nouveau City Beautiful urban design and values of some of the South Side CoDev group, but

I do appreciate some of the stylistic choices that CMQ did with this building in particular – the tenant amenities do come in clutch for moments like these. Anyway we sat in the eastern corner soaking up the warmth and the view of the Preckwinkle Branch and Bronzeville and the Lake. He told me about his meeting cause I wasn't in the mood quite yet to talk about my day.

I guess there has been this wave of predatory landlords – well some of them are faux-landlords – that have been targeting some CDPs into using their recovery funds for a deposit on these larger apartments that don't actually exist or some of them are so bold as to pull some airline bullshit and “overbook” units and refuse to give refunds. Sol was on a steering committee organizing their methods for data collection and analysis, but I guess he was trying to question some of the rhetoric service providers were using about different CDPs. He said that there was a proposal for engagement by this guy from one of the Wicker Park service groups – as he said a bleeding-heart idiot, a type I'm all too familiar with – who basically insinuated that the solution was financial education and that a lot of people didn't know how to handle money.

He had to break down the fact that the increased natural disasters and climactic stressors actually don't give a fuck about financial status or literacy, and that many of the advertisements and scammers are using sophisticated marketing. Yes, some of the primary targets are CDPs who experienced poverty or marginalization in their home communities and are often those with poor English communication, but they're also diversified their strategy to target English Speaking and American CDPs. I guess he's been investigating the different tiers

of marketing (that social work and marketing degree for you) to try understanding the different strategies. He proposed a multi-pronged approach, one team working with the federal agencies manning the CDP task force in Chicago; one team purely coordinating ameliorative services and better coordinating contacting families and individuals who've been scammed, a marketing research team to investigate the origins of these campaigns and the finance and legal team to investigate where the money is going what are the legal action individuals can take or what class action can be undertaken. Basically, yes, he wanted prevent more people from being further victimized at this moment of vulnerability, but he also wants to leverage some power to punish these exploiters as well as recoup the financial losses for the CDPs. Literally, seeing him so passionate about this work – about using his power and skills – to fight for these vulnerable people was the hottest thing I've ever seen. I am reimagining it like one of the old paintings where the saints have gold halos backlighting them. I was going to kiss him but then Michael, saw me and came over to say hi and give me an update about the C3S project. I reluctantly introduced him to Sol – I'd rather not have my employees, especially not Michael knowing about my life.

Sol asked me what C3S project was about and, to be honest I didn't want to talk about it. Like I'm proud – or at least I was before today – of what I was able to do with it after the whole controversy that Manu created with his initial beta rollout, but I still think the whole issue around C3S's training and treatment of people needs to be further explored. Anyway I didn't explain this to Sol, I just said "sure", I took him down to the demo room floor. I showed him the current version, like even as I write this I feel so dumb for showing him this

(and guilty about taking this project). Like I understand why this whole concept was put forward, like the footage that young deaf CDP man – I want to say he was Burmese – was beaten into a coma by 3 C3S officers was atrocious and disgusting. And it's not like that was isolated – Sol and I had already talked about the rash of incidents involving CDPs with various disabilities either being killed, harassed, or just imprisoned.

Then last year Sveng Saveth was having a psychotic break in near the Gold Coast and rather than deploying the C3S Psych services, some old white woman called and told the dispatchers that the women seemed violent and was threatening people – she had a hairbrush and was singing/yelling some angry heartbreak ballad and arguing. Yes, confusing. Yes, "disturbing the peace," but absolutely not a violent threat. Anyway some trigger happy C3S officers roll up, see Sveng waving something around and immediately open fire. This tiny woman who had to be all of like 90 lbs had 13 bullets in her. I hear stories from Pawpaw and know that C3S has been reformed in some ways over the past century or so. Like I'm not one going to deny there are still many ways in which it fucks up especially new arrivals and the physically and mentally disabled.

I showed him the immersive story that Sharrief Immersives had been contracted to design for C3S's "diversity training" improvements. Like I wish I had given him more context – although I don't know if it would have helped to explain I only took over the final stages of development after Manu was taken off the project. I honestly don't think it goes far enough, but this was a C3S initiated training and they really aren't going to fundamentally change their training

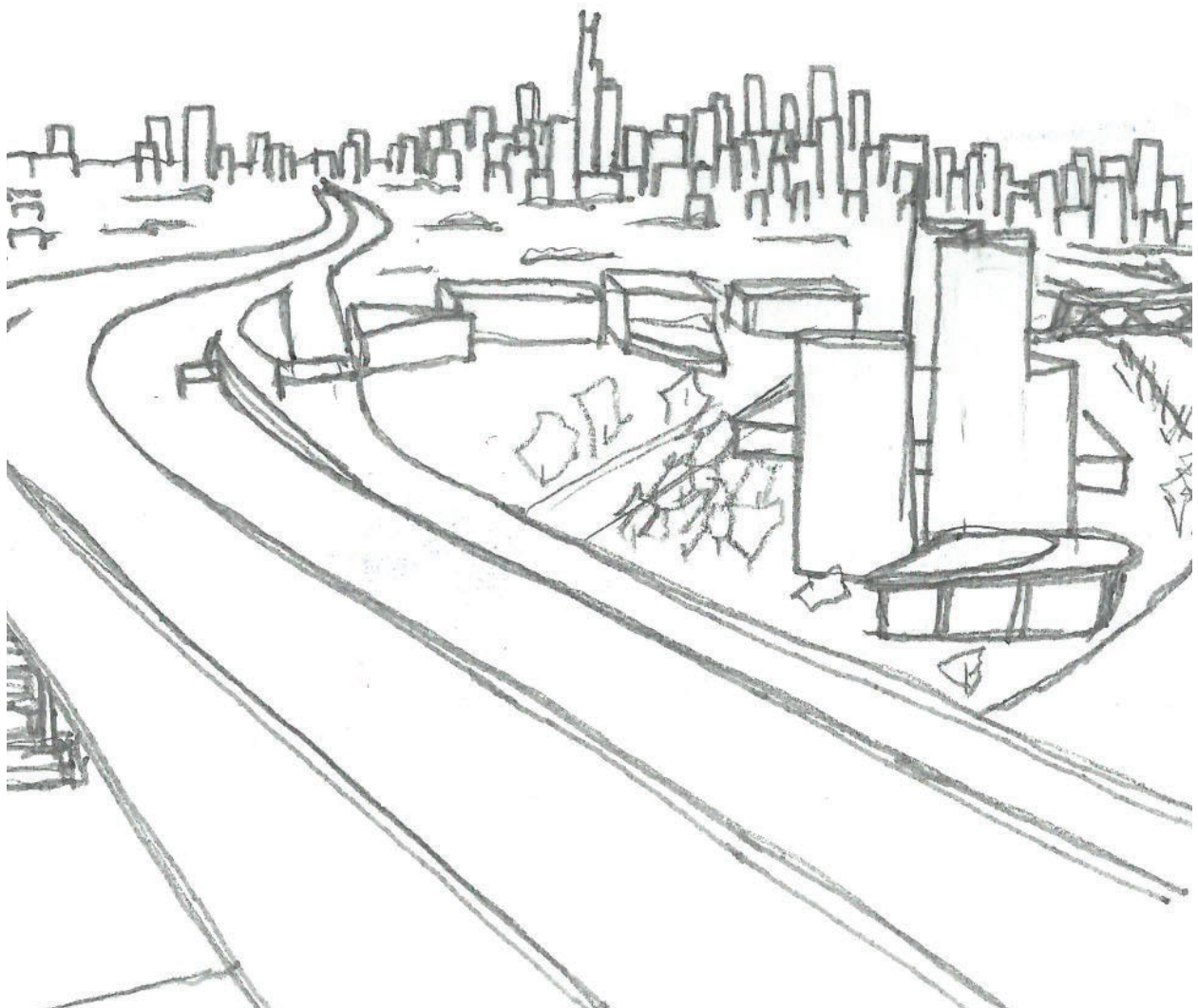
practices to reduce fear and actively increase empathy and nuance. All this to say, Sol took off the headset, looks at me with such anger/sadness/disgust/frustration(?) – disappointment. I really don't know but it hurt, it cut deep. He asked how I could put something like this into the world, like this pandering story isn't even a bandaid on the systemic issues around policing. CPD is still CPD even if you rebrand it and put a few over-worked and underpaid social workers in the mix. He asked why I would give such a half-assed effort into something so fundamentally important as the protection of the vulnerable in this city.

I snapped back and was like did he expect me to just start a revolution from my offices. Be the one to over through the police system and bring peace to everything. I was like don't fucking put it on me for the constraints that I am given with projects. I actively did not want this project, that's why I didn't start this. I've only overseen most of the post-production side and a few reshoots. I was like I'm given projects by clients and as much as I may disagree with the client, I executed the contract because that is how I am able to stay employed and make sure that my team stays employed. Fucking I'm getting angry and frustrated again – like one shitty training video is not going to change C3S for the better or worse. He was like tax-payer dollars funded this product; the C3S will pull out this shitty immersion and wave like a sign of improvement; even if they do fucking use it, officers will only have the same regressive ideas about CDPs or whomever the video is meant to be building patronizing empathy for; and in the end more CDPs will be beaten and shot and threatened. Then he made a comment about me being too high up in my comfortable apartment to actually care about the impact of my work on the lives of others.

I was gonna make a comment about him needing to stop hiding his own privilege and guilt behind his Social Work career and chosen lack of money. I'm glad that I didn't and that instead we both got notifications for separate meetings. Now that I'm reflecting on this and processing this I think we were both having stressful days, he in particular had just an emotionally draining morning. It was an emotionally fraught conversation and I think it revealed some things about myself, about Sol, and about our relationship. I need to keep reflecting on the role of my work, my values, and my privilege and power. But I also need to be able to wrestle with Sol about our respective values, ideals, privileges, and real constraints.

I think one of the most annoying thing about this is that that project was the shittiest product either I or Manu have produced. That would not have been the strategy I would use for the reforming the C3S, Manu and I even talked about – which was surprising cause as one of the few white men at a senior level and a white man from the southwest side at that, I assumed he was going to be an apologist but we were both frustrated and conflicted about how to proceed with the political pressure and C-Suite apolitical rhetoric. Honestly I wanted to show Sol the other projects I've done like the Urbs in Horto west and south branch VR or the “CPS Civic Scouts Projects.” Or even some of the schematics for the Urbs in Horto Preckwinkle path ribbon cutting and launch event. We're still doing dinner at his place on tomorrow, so I think we'll need to talk through this. I admire his passion so much, I hope to have that – or I guess, I don't want someone I admire so much to think poorly of me.

march 31, 2119



Sol and I went to see Linda's "Slices of Chi VI" dance performance at the Joffrey-Yueng Theater in Chinatown. HO! LY!FUCK! Linda is uh-fucking-mazing. The premise of this whole series project is these slice of life oral histories about life in Chicago at different periods of time. Maybe 5 years ago or so, I saw her perform this piece from her 4-year-old niece, Liliane, and Lin's mother's day at Douglas Park. She did this thing where she and her dancers narrated different parts and DJ's some of the songs. And there were physical props that were also part of the choreography. I'm doing a bad job of explaining it all I can say is her performances are always so stunning and inventive, and I always leave feeling amazed and the ability of the human body to be so controlled and graceful and convey such emotional narratives.

The piece last night was about these five friends – one black man, a Mexican-woman, a Jewish woman, an Iraqi-Palestinian woman, and a Vietnamese man – who formed Mix Your Concentrate Collective back in the mid 2000's. It went through them meeting at YOUmedia when they were in middle school and somehow became like this squad of activist artists trying leverage the segregation of Chicago into creating spaces that embraced and the tension of concentration and mixing. Like they threw parties, made documentaries, a shit ton of their murals are still around the city – I think the Department of Cultural Affairs restored a few of them a few years back.

I loved it because Linda's choreography really made you feel this tension that still exists – or at least I still feel it: the desire to be within your own communities and the desire to explore and mix and feel welcomed by people from other communities. There was this

section where they talked about the first MYC party – literally always thought it was the ‘mic’ party until I saw this show – that they hosted with the American Indian Center for Indigenous People’s day where they debuted Chi-tribe foot work. It’s this mix of traditional Chicago footwork with certain American tribal dances. But there’s also a hand and arms component – I want to say that’s more South Asian. Regardless, they went through and just showed all the different version of it and its evolution from this party. I told Sol about my high school boyfriend who was Crow and tried to teach me some footwork to Indigenous Tech-Hop songs. But it was crazy to see and hear the origins of this dance.

But on top of that Lin created this beautiful choreography where the principal dancer was using her wheelchair to do this new type of footwork – wheelwork? I’m still in awe like Lin made footwork accessible - well accessible to anyone who can practice footwork – and mixed it with modern dance and brought to a stage like the Joffrey Yeung. Then there was a scene where they constructed the stoop where they would hold mini-concerts on the west side and sell juice on stage and it served both as a set piece but also was mobile enough to actually be choreographed as well. All in all it was amazing – like I wanted to cry to hear the hurt they felt trying to navigate some the tensions between each other’s history of oppression in and out of this country. Like despite how frustrating Chicago’s issues with race and class are, I forget how much it’s changed since people like Mix Your Concentrate began trying to create an anti-racist city.

I remember a conversation JP, Niki, Lin and I had lucky we feel that there are so many different spaces for queer people to just exist collectively while still feeling safe in most of the city. There was a section where they dance through housing and ownership reforms and ordinances of the 2040's – like I don't know how Lin was able to present how these moment of systems change fundamentally altered how ownership and wealth were distributed in the city, how it allowed many of the privileged of the past to maintain that privilege into the future, but also increased the opportunity for more diverse groups of people to create spaces for themselves. Literally there was a classroom number where they talk about their influence in the comprehensive history reforms that worked to give accurate histories and narratives about the past and present lives of the diverse people that have called Chicago home and contributed to making it a better place This performance and even now reflecting on it really have me in my feelings about not just Lin and all her work, but Chicagoans of the past who worked to make the city that I live in today – I really am privileged.

I tried to wipe away and hide my tears when the show finally ended, but then I looked and saw Sol crying too and I just started laughing and crying and cheering even louder. I'm glad I got to see this and was able to see it with Sol. Like I get to date this passionate, emotionally intelligent, and beautiful man that I met at one of many gay bars in a secondary business district developed mostly by MWBEs and filled with some of the world's most innovative firms, that also happen to be mostly MWBE's. Fuck, I am so grateful! Like I can only imagine what Chicagoans of the past would think – like what must Granny and Pawpaw think of the lives T, Elise, and I live.

Any way after the chow we joined Lin, her dancers, and the crew at an after party at Mai's. Funnily enough I ran into Elise there – she was celebrating her boyfriend, Trevonte's, birthday. I don't particularly like him – like he's nice and is extremely supportive of E and her work. I mean on paper he's this dream boat considerate, communicative, tall, handsome, goes to the gym, volunteers, has a good relationship with his family, and goes to therapy. I just find him boring as fuck – or rather uninteresting. He's like some exec at some marketing firm – like we're in adjacent industries so you'd think he'd be more interesting. Surprisingly (and thank goodness) he and Sol hit it off. When I'd checked out of their convo, they were talking about some ad campaign that Nike put out and the strategy behind it and why it wasn't as good as Adidas' from 4 years ago. E and I caught up about her work and when Mom and Dad are getting back into town. Then we started making fun of T' and how he acts like he so old – it was kinda embarrassing cause here we are dressed up in a fancy bar going, “hoi-di-doi I'm so responsible hoi-di-doi,” like we're kids again ignoring T when he was watching us. E and I were dying but for both our sake's I hope our beaus were too busy talking about shoes for them to realize that they're dating two goofy-ass weirdos.

Lin's creative partner Xiao gave a toast to the whole company for such an exquisite performance and hoping for many more years of telling the stories of Chicago and moving the hearts of its people. Or something like that. Sol and I only had a little bit of time to talk to Lin but I said we'd catch up at brunch next Saturday and I could gush more to her then. As were leaving, I asked Sol if he wanted to see the Preckwinkle Path ahead of the ribbon cutting and launch party tomorrow. We decided to take Divvys – I know for a fact that the

city and developers put a ton of docks along the cap cause they want more tourists and high-earners coming to it. We went in at the 31st street entrance – which I think is better as an exit casue when you look immediately to the north you get the Dan Ryan coming out from underneath the Urbs in Horto and you have the whole Skyline like a man-made mountain range – older peaks around the Sears Tower and the River North Area and newer ones emerging in the West and South Loop, New Chinatown, near South Side. It's really magical seeing all the lights – you may not be able to see the stars in the city, but the glint and glimmer of the city is like looking into the galaxies of possibility in the city – wow if immersive strategy doesn't work out I can just get basic income and become a curbside poet.

We already had a follow up conversation about the C3S VR; we realized that we still need to keep exploring each other's values and the work that we do and be okay wrestling with them together. I think we're in a better place, but he's seemed a bit skeptical about my work – or maybe I'm imagining it. Anyway I was happy to see his face light up and his mouth go agape when he saw the path – that damn smile, it will be the death of me. I didn't do any of the engineering or landscape design or planning, but I started at Sharrief Immersives as an intern working with the design and development team building the immersive walkthroughs for public and private use when the Urbs in Horto capping project was first starting to form. When I came back a few years after graduation, I was put on the sustained immersion team for the project – it's insane how quickly that thing was funded and construction began. I went from an associate to leaving for two years for a job in New York to returning as director in the time that this has happened.

Sol made a joke about this project being my baby, but like for real, I'm so proud of how it's grown and matured and will do good work. I told him Pawapaw's refrain about the highway being a scar on the city, cutting it in order to segregate, exploit, and oppress. I'm grateful to the people in charge who have held on to the idea that in order to heal the scar of the Dan Ryan Chicago needed to make this a space for meeting and mixing a space filled with greenery and activity and opportunities for all sorts of Chicagoans of different ages and abilities and experiences to exist in a public amenity together. I know we could always use housing as the city continues to grow, but we also need space to be quiet and in nature in the madness of this city.

We walked for quite a while – he was so patient just listening to me explain this project, how we'd be programming stuff for the launch as opposed to for sustained immersion as the park continues. I made sure to take him to the Women's Garden around 43rd, and show him the two benches and magnolia trees my siblings and I dedicated to our grandmothers. I went on about how it was such a fight to make sure that there were statues of women – not just white women - in the Garden and Mom's work with the effort to get more statues of women in the city as a whole.

We walked back towards the hill amphitheater and lay down in the grass. I can't wait to do this with him this summer – I worked with the Department of Cultural Affairs and Parks Department to book a few Chicago artists that I specifically love (got support them in whatever way I can). As we were looking at the stars (well light pollution I guess), Sol gave me one of the best compliments that I've received in a long time.

He said he was so proud to see my desire to make all people feel welcomed and engaged in this city. He said he felt privileged to hold space in such a noble heart. I was about to do my normal back track and not accept the compliment, but he knows me well enough already that he told me “that wasn’t up for debate.” It was uncomfortable to feel so seen by someone who’s passion and intellect and integrity I’ve come to admire so much – honestly I can’t stop grinning while writing this. I rolled over and kissed him – I was tempted to consummate the park right then and there, but we had better sense so we took the 47 bus to the ME back to my place. It was fun sneaking kisses and snuggling on the train, giggling like two teenagers. I think might I love him.

Whoa! I can’t believe I wrote that - we’ll have to unpack that soon.

He just left to head to work – he made me breakfast and left a note for me. Yesterday was a great way to start off April and the opening of the park. I know there will be a shit ton of moving parts that need to go off – I’m not stage managing, but I’m on call just in case – but I think it’ll be alright. Regardless of how smoothly this goes or what technical hiccups do or don’t occur, the city is getting and amazing new amenity and space – aspirationally, I hope future generations like a hundred years from now look back in appreciation of our decision to undertake this task and stitch part of the city back together.

may 18, 2119



Nothing really to report about work recently – the ribbon cutting went well. The first wave of immersive events have been quite successful and we’re getting a lot of tags indicating increasing popularity. Honestly the most stressful thing to happen was meeting Sol’s extended family this past weekend. I’m always nervous the meeting the families step, and seeing him nervous also didn’t make me less nervous – thankfully it was pretty warm so my nervous sweat wasn’t out of place. I mean he’s met Elise and T, but only in the wild he hasn’t been immersed into the insanity that is the three of us together with our parents and T’s family. He hasn’t listened to me revert back to an annoying younger brother and just pick and pick and pick at the other two, He hasn’t listened to Dad try to be hip and inadvertently be offensive or inappropriate or Mom’s unintentionally pointed reads. I mean we jumped the immediate family gun, and introduced me to all the cousins.

The night before we’d gone through a rundown of who would be at this dinner – it was a pig roast and potluck. I was told that we could only bring beer, flowers, compliments, and hands ready to chop vegetables that his Uncle Manny’s sister would “inevitably deem to be unsatisfactory, so don’t take it personally”. Sol’s aunt, Gina, is his mother’s older sister who moved here when she was in college, she met Sol’s Uncle, Manny, who’s family is multiple generations of Filipino-Chicagoans, interning at Bank of the Great Lakes back when it was still BMO Harris Bank. They married and eventually bought a cute Chicago bungalow a few blocks west of Horner Park. Then Manny’s mom moved in with them around the same time many people were getting rid of their family cars and taking advantage of ADU incentives, so they constructed a small apartment for her at the back of the

of the lot. Then around one of the storms of 2089, they took in some of Manny's cousins who'd been granted CDP Refugees Status. At that point they converted the basement into a small garden unit. Overtime they bought the three flat next door to them. So these two lots have served as starting off points for a lot of Manny's extended family – Sol stayed in the basement unit with two of Manny's third cousins when he first moved here and was getting his bearings.

Sol warned me I was being baptized by fire into a family that is only his by marriage – also he's kinda the weird one of the bunch, which was the most ominous and ambiguous bit of information. Turns out Manny and his relatives are a lot lighter and a bit better off than Sol and his family. I only found that out when, Manny's mom kept making comments about him being dark, one of Manny's younger cousins, Jojo, made a comment about him being almost as dark as me. I hadn't been faced with colorism in non-black communities in for so long I forgot it was a thing. I was ready to call everybody out, but decided to take Sol's lead since this was his family. Sol seemed to laugh it off – he says cause he only sees them a few times a year and does appreciate having some sort of family here, he'd rather not rock the boat on this issue. Besides the colorism, I had a good time and ate so well – oh my gosh Aunt Gina can throw down, the adobo and pancit and there was this salad that Manny's sister had me chopping veggies for. She mixed them together with some greens, then she whipped up some dressing and topped it with shredded chicken - like I'm not a huge salad fan, but this was to die for. Then there was the straight up whole pig. We drank and sang (well they sang I don't speak Tagalog or know any Pinoy singers).

There was a point when I was talking with Manny, Jojo, Jojo's son, and some other cousin, when I caught a glimpse of Sol being lecture by Manny's mom. She's this tiny elderly women, who honestly terrified me. She had one of those sweet, wrinkley faces - those kind-looking old-lady faces that masks some venom and bite. Anyway she looked like she was discussing the most pleasant thing, but Sol obviously looked like it was taking all of his energy to put forward even the weakest smile. Jojo said she was probably telling Sol off for not going to church and for letting his skin get so dark, but I know Sol and I know Granny's "come with me to church" convo, and that was not what was happening.

Sol told me later she was warning him about dating a black man. Well she warned him about dating me after telling him that it's not too late for him to stop being gay, come to church with her, and find a good Catholic wife (According to Sol, she's been telling him that ever since he moved in way back in the day). But yeah Jojo was right she wasn't happy that he's still so dark - she's given him whitening creams as gifts before - and worse that's he's dating such a dark person. She said she doesn't trust me, and thinks he should be careful that I don't rob him or give him AIDs. He was telling me this on the Brown line, heading back towards Uptown, I could see how angry he was.

He apologized for bringing me into that. Which while I was hurt to hear all this I was mostly, just enamored with the fact that he was cognizant of the place that he was bringing me. Like I can feign comfortability in most situations and can handle myself, but I truly appreciated his awareness and concern for me in this. I told him that I actually had a great time - while I don't encounter that prejudice as

as much in my social circles, I'm full aware that there are lots of people who have managed to hold on to dated stereotypes and hurtful colonial ideas. I'm happy that he trusted me enough to handle myself with his family, to show me this different side of him – like he wasn't the biggest personality or the most charming with his family. Which honestly that was what shocked me most about this. Sol is usually the Mr. Charm and Personality, and he really couldn't compete with Manny or Jojo – I told him I found it funny to see him out-charmed.

I could tell he was feeling embarrassed, so I felt I should tell him about my weekly family conference call a few weeks back: I finally told my parents about him. T and Elise just roasted me for like 5 minutes straight; they even brought up my excruciatingly awkward adolescent crush on Adam Eisenberg from like 6th grade to 9th grade. I had prepared for the ragging, but that was a low blow – hilarious, but low. Any mom asked about Sol, how we met, where he's from, what does he do, etc.? I told her we met at a New Year's party (I still feel uncomfortable admitting to my mother that I go to bars and clubs); he's Filipino, born here, raised in Philippines, became a CDP while he was going to school here; and he's a social worker for a housing non-profit, I really like him, yada yada. Dad made a joke about Sol being broke – the kids we all laughed it off as Dad trying to be funny and embarrassing and controversial or whatever. Then mom was like, but actually be careful, you don't want some refugee scam artist who's trying to use you for your money and access. It's weird how the fact that mom said it made the comment something that I could not laugh off. Somehow it revealed something that I think they actually feel – a sort of mistrust of poorer people interacting with us and especially CDPs (my parents have been slow in adopting the new climate displaced people label).

Then he was like “I thought we both knew this was a sugar daddy relationship. You know your tab has just been accruing IOUs.” I was dead! We just kept running with the joke with me talking about him lacking in sugar output, and whether he wanted his money transferred into his account or given to him in stock options (as I write this I realize how dumb this must have sounded, but it was fun in the moment, waiting on the Belmont Platform)

He assured me his parents and his sisters aren't like this family, but we'll probably wait before going to St. Louis to visit them. I'm glad we could laugh it off and talk about the frustrations about family. Like I know my parents will be nothing but loving and kind to him, and Mom probably only said that as a gut reaction cause they worry about me, but the older I get, and especially the closer I get to Sol, the more I realize you don't just date or marry (we're no-where near there yet) and individual you date and marry their family. Like indirectly in the ways in which they've been raised and learned to socialize and communicate and what not, but also like if you get married, you go to family gatherings and have to buy gifts and hopefully have a good relationship. My siblings and I all agreed none of us could bring home anyone who could not take being lovingly bullied and read to filth – no softies in our family. Bonus point if they can dish it back – T's wife Jaya is one of the most hilarious women I have ever met, and has come for my life so many times – ugh I love her so much. She keeps T from taking himself too seriously. All that to say, I'm nervous about bringing Sol fully into the fold of our family, but I also really look forward to bringing him into the fold of our family.

may 31, 2119



The weather has been so nice recently – like I should be used to how much the city comes alive when winter begins to creep away and the sun comes out, but I get lulled into a sense of overwhelming ennui and then the thermometer hits above 40F and the sun stays up past 5, and the city just bursts awake. The shorts come back out, children are laughing on the streets, the slow roll crews come back and blast music as they cruise around the neighborhood on their supped up bikes. Sol and I went to the Friday Follies Drag Show at Jeffrey Pub – those Rhoda Rage hosts the early show, but both the amateur and veteran queens always turn it the fuck out (Elle S. Dee had flocking drones that had AR displays around her as she performed her number and Boba Tee on more than one occasion did a handspring in heels). – then decided to walk down to rainbow beach and just watch the moon over the lake. We didn't stay out too late because Sol and I were going to bike up to Hollywood Beach to meet up with his friends, Christian and Omar, for a Saturday at the beach.

We woke up early to get a light breakfast and watch the sunrise – I'm still not talkative in the morning, but Sol is making me become more tolerant of the morning – then did some work before we packed our bags and headed out. I haven't ridden Buddy as much as used to when Sharrief Immersives was still in one of those high-rises Offices in Hyde Park. Man those were simpler days – although I was still dating Michelle, ugh. I am happy that stage is passed. Anyway it felt nice to ride again; cause we left around 10:30, it was nice and cool, with the breeze off of the lake, which was to our backs for most of the ride.

I have not made that 17-mile trek to Hollywood Beach on bike in years. It takes about an hour and 15 minutes depending on how quickly you go – we didn't go as quickly cause I'm slow and kept playing tour guide for Sol – who definitely already knew that the Lakefront Path is much a better experience since they reduced the driving lanes and added more bike and pedestrian capacity in the 2080's (sometimes I look at what I'm writing and wonder how ridiculous I am in reality). Sometimes I forget how lucky I am that the industrialists, politicians, and elite of the past actively agreed to maintain the lakefront as a public good (now the public has had to be forcibly expanded to include more of the diverse people that actually make up the "public" but whatever, rich, racist, classist old white men can't be expected to think that expansively). We stopped by the Adler to take selfie – Sol told this collection of old Instagram photos of the skyline and it's amazing how different the city looks from like 100 years ago, heck even like 20 years ago. We talked about going camping on Northery Island sometime this summer – despite growing up in the city I've never been camping there. I told him we'd have to go like real camping up in Northern Wisconsin or Minnesota, too. We made it to Hollywood Beach around noon maybe a little after (I definitely slowed Sol down – this man bikes non-stop, even in the winter).

I love Omar and Christian – I still think it's crazy that Sol was getting Omar a drink when we first bumped into each other at Finnie's. They call themselves the CDP – Colored Dude Posse – which I find hilarious. Christian was telling me that was the name that his old supervisor used to call them – rather she called them the Cute Dude Posse, which they go by when their white friend Nico is with them.

But since he moved to Milwaukee, they decided to go by the current version. They became friends through their organizing work around CDP rights, and it' definitely a riot listening to all their stories. Actually, I find both their stories really interesting.

Omar's told me about growing up as a Palestinian refugee in Jordan after the wall deconstructions, peace agreements with Israel, and reunification of parts of Palestine since many in the diaspora weren't allowed to come back. He studied architecture at the American University in Beirut and was finishing up his last year when the water conflicts were declared a humanitarian crisis. There was a lot of unrest and violence, especially against refugees. His family fled to Beirut, they applied for CDP status – thankfully he knew that there was more support for the CDP infrastructure than for the VDP infrastructure. So in the middle of his senior year of university Omar, his parents, his 2 younger brothers, and youngest sister plopped down in a 3 bedroom on the second floor of a two flat in Albany Park in the middle of a Chicago winter (thankfully they missed a vortex year).

Christian came here much earlier – he grew up between Santo Domingo and Port-au-Prince (his mom is Haitian and his dad is Dominican, but they both worked for one of the banks down there). But they were displaced during the Christopher Columbus Catastrophe: Hurricane Ferdinand hit in July so they fled to his mom's family in Port-au-Prince, then the September 12th earthquake happened so they decided to go to his dad's parents' place on the northern coast of the DR, and Hurricane Isabella hit the island again. I remember doing a fundraiser at church for the relief – it wasn't till years later that people referred to that series of events as C-Cubed

(Christopher Columbus being another disaster that crossed the Atlantic and caused death and destruction on Hispaniola as Uncle Doug liked to say.) He went to high school in the city, studied environmental engineering at MIT, took a class in the city planning department and decided to move back to Chicago after school to work on environmental engineering for the home communities of different CDP groups.

Basically, Chris, Omar, and Sol are amazing, and talented and passionate and gorgeous, and I just feel fortunate to know them and just bask in their existence. Actually, it can be a little unnerving at times. Omar works for Kapoor, Deng, and Pullman as an architect, and Chris works as an environmental engineer for Grady Group. Sol is the only one who's day job is around advocacy, but they all met doing organizing work a few years back to get support for a measure that would provide more funding for both translation as well as native language literacy because they found that some of the most vulnerable CDPs were people who hadn't finished formal education in their home countries and thus were going to be particularly vulnerable to the bureaucracy of being a newly displaced person in a new country. It's been interesting talking to them about their experiences in the city and like how moving to America and Chicago has really forced them to assess their understanding of home, belonging, privilege, and identity.

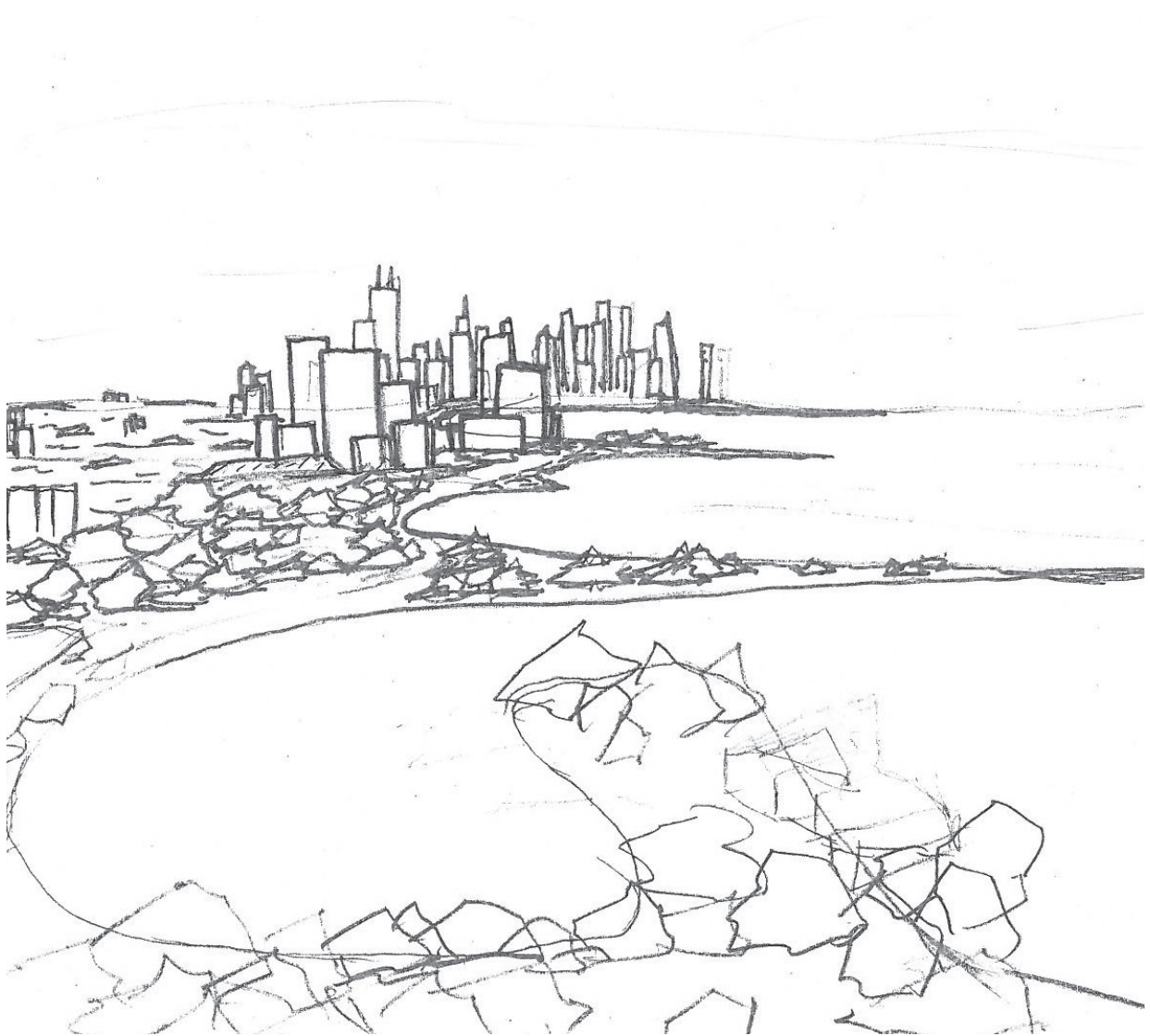
Like they all had different levels of wealth and support when before and after they moved here – I mean Omar grew up in a refugee camp. But like they are all college educated speak English fluently plus their other native languages (my French is passible, but Omar speaks

Arabic, French, and English; Christian speaks Franch, Spanish, Creole and English, Sol speaks Tagalog and English, but can work in broken Javanese, Khmer, and Vietnamese), so they were able to get on their feet sooner than other CDPs. Also with the exception of Omar's family, none of them experienced the violent drought and water conflicts. But Christian is Afro-Latino, so a lot of people don't know where to place him, and a lot of the Caribbean CDP groups in the city have experienced discrimination on the part of advocacy groups and resource providers, since many of them came as refugees or in the early days of the classification of climate displaced peoples before there was a more robust infrastructure. Chris told me one time about having a receptionist call his mother a lazy immigrant trying to exploit the system, thinking that because he and his mom were speaking creole together that neither of them would understand her.

Whenever we get together, I feel like I mostly listen and ask questions as they catch up and talk about life. Chris just moved back to Rogers Park to help out with his parents while his sister recovers from surgery. Omar just moved in with his boyfriend in the West Loop. There's a march in a few weeks to protest the decision to not press charges against any of the C3S officers involved in the Sveng Saveth murder. I did appreciate Sol telling them about the Urbs in Horto opening and we talked about some of the projects that I have coming down the line. For a second we joked about going for a swim, but we aren't dumb 22 year olds trying to prove how tough we are, we knew the lake is as good as frozen at this point in the summer, but I did volunteer going out on Javon's boat sometime soon. Sol already knows that I prefer having some friends with me when I interact with those cousins).

After Omar and Chris left Sol and I stayed on the beach until about 4pm – I'm rereading Lilith's Brood again for like the millionth time. He listened to music and drew. It was nice just existing and soaking up the sun with him.

june 8, 2119



Today has been absolutely amazing – I am ecstatic! Lin and I went to the Garfield Park Conservatory today. The West Side AgCol was having one of their outdoor markets, and I'd been meaning to visit the old conservatory. I go to the Annex fairly often, and get produce and plants from the AgCol warehouse and shop, but I realized I hadn't been to the classic conservatory since they'd been doing renovations for its bicentennial almost 12 years ago – which is insane to me. I'd also been meaning to hang out with Lin – she's been traveling with her performance over the past month and a half, and is going to be travelling on and off the rest of the summer. I'm so proud and excited for her, but also a little sad – I keep realizing how limited your time with your friends is as you all get older and busier. Rather, I have to continuously be intentional with my time and communication with my friends. It's not like the old days when we'd get out of school, take the train to Harold Washington Library and just hang and create (and sometimes do homework). All this to say, I was happy to spend a nice summer/spring(?) day with Lin at the conservatory.

Things have been a bit stressful this week, I was doing some pro-bono work with Christian for some clients from New Orleans and the clients got into this really heated debate about whether they should have stayed and worked on protecting the city and the culture even as the rise of the oceans and the increase in extreme storms become more destructive or if they were right in trying to carve out a space for other CDP's. Then someone also brought up should they be trying to recreate their community here or adapt to the Chicago norms? Can they actually do either – like could you ever recreate the unique culture that is New Orleans in another place, even if you had a bunch of the people? They're part of the 2nd Generation New Orleans

diaspora – like their family owns land and they’ve been intentional about maintaining connections to New Orleans, but they weren’t raised there. Regardless, there are chapters of these expats who are trying to organize their wealth and resources to give back and support work in the city – they’ve been doing it for almost a 50 years now: paying for services, helping back the creation of a few commercial and residential land banks, and buying up petro-chemical land and aggressively remediating and reclaiming. Honestly, I’ve been in awe as I continue to learn more about them and their work, but it’s also heart breaking to think that there are so many important and beautiful cities and towns and communities that are having to wrestle with the existential crisis of what to do as the storms and the oceans keep attempting to destroy them all because of the recklessness of past generations.

Then there were two shootings of young men. There was the shooting of young black man CDP from North Carolina, Kelvin Brown, and Michael Bland was shot by C3S officers after someone called them saying he was being threatening to some white women. Kelvin was a friend of the Xiao the high school student I mentor, so we spent our meeting time walking around the courtyard of 4th Pres talking and crying. Michael Bland’s shooting was scary and frustrating because, I keep getting lulled into a sense of “arriving” like we should have gotten to the point where cops don’t just shoot black men cause they’re afraid or some white woman claims to be afraid. Despite how much work has been done to make Chicago an anti-racist city and to begin reforming CPD, I’m reminded that there is still a ways to go before everyone is truly treated and protected equally under the law.

Oh and Michael fucked up information in a few conference calls we had this week – like he’s a great guy, a pretty talented but is a mess of human being who refuses to take my gentle or harsh critique and suggestions. I’m meeting with HR next week to talk about next steps cause as annoying as it is working with him I want him to develop and I don’t want to see him fired. Also I had to cancel dinner with Sol because I had to stay at the office late rewriting some things, amending the project budget and timeline, and trouble-shooting so that I could go back to the client the next day, say that my team fucked up, but have corrections and progress to present to them.

All in all it’s been a rough week, I’m happy to debrief with Lin and hear about her life, all while enjoying the lush, curated flora of the Conservatory. We were happy to see some of our favorite plants from high school were still there – I will always love the Mexican Old Man Cactus and Lin likes Banana Trees and hyacinth. She’s been doing a few dance clinics on her home weekends – but she was telling me that she’s been invited to New York, by a collection of dance studios and companies to do some clinics, so her team is trying to coordinate when Slices of Chicago will be performing and when she’ll have some leeway to go and teach these clinics. She’s thinking of moving soon – she’s always lived in the Back unit of the Co-Dev property that her family owns in Bridgeport (she moved into it in high school to show she could be independent and responsible, as teenagers do – and to smoke weed more freely, as teenagers do). She thinks if things continue at this pace she’ll be able to save up for a one bedroom in a high-rise in the either the West Loop or South Loop.

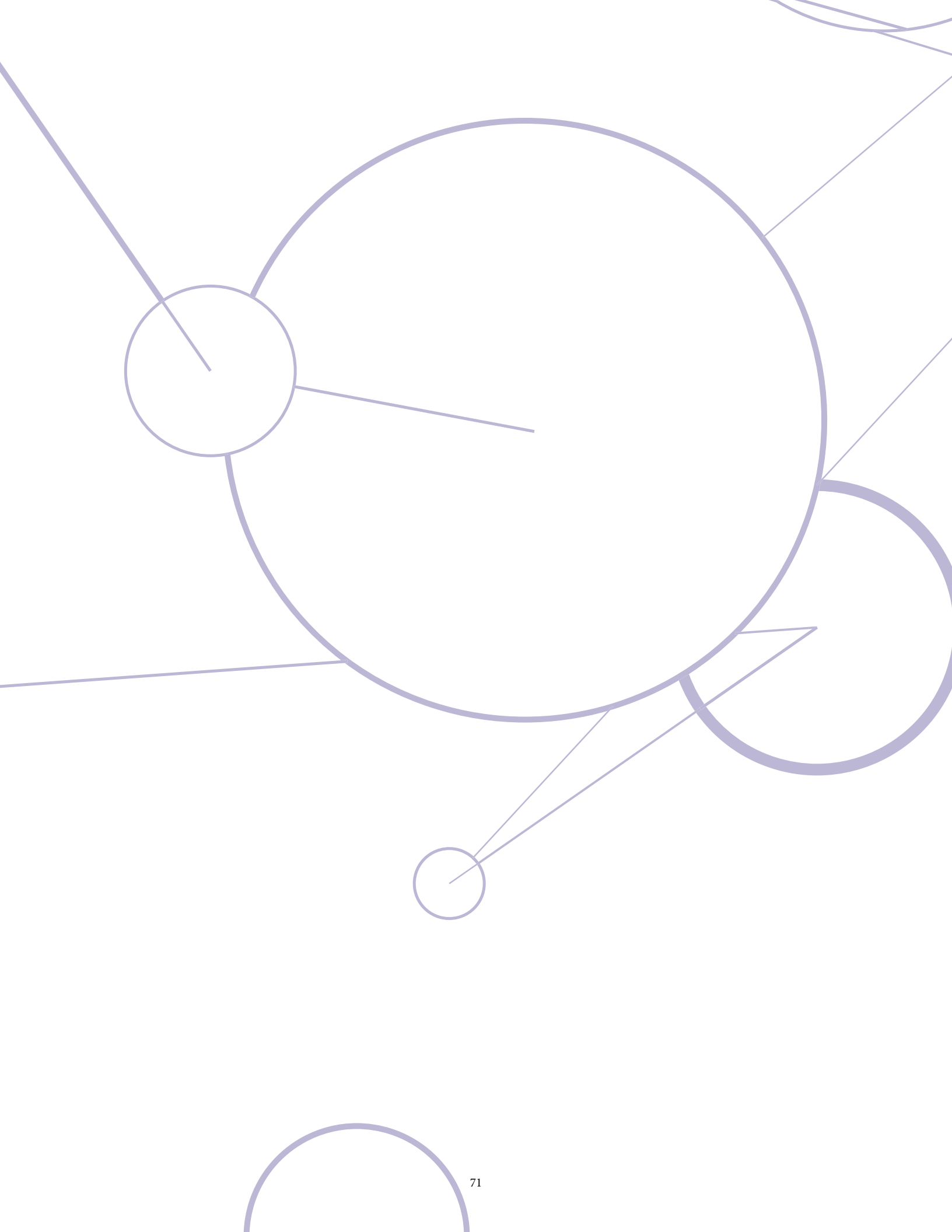
Newer buildings tend to be more intentionally accessible, it'll be nice to have a doorperson, if she'll be travelling often and getting in at more strange times of night, also she thinks her brother may be trying to move in after he finishes up grad school.

After walking around the old conservatory, we decided to take the path to the AgCol Warehouse and Market to get some pre-distribution produce. As we were walking there just taking in day and the distant sound of some Bounce Music, guess who I see walking down the path carrying a potted Bird-of-Paradise and bags of groceries, looking like a dream in espadrilles, shorts, a shirt unbuttoned to his chest, and hair freshly cut: Sol. We both kind were caught off guard when we saw the other walking toward us, then we reacted differently. I think my face lit up with surprise, and his lit up with shock and worry and surprise, like I'd caught him doing something wrong. I got to him and gave him a kiss and asked what he was doing here – this seems out of the way for him since he's closer to and a member of the Northside Co-Op. He was like "I could ask you the same thing," I was starting to feel a bit confused – and concerned as to why he was being secretive about. Lin commented on his plant and I was like I didn't think his apartment has many good places for it to get enough light. Then he fessed up and dejectedly said that it wasn't for his place, it was meant to be a surprise for me. He knows I tend to not eat when and/or buy plants when I get really stressed, and so he was going to surprise me with some food and a plant because he know it's been a stressful few weeks for me.

Then before I could think, “I fucking love you,” just slipped out of my mouth. I stumbled in trying to correct myself or retract, but after a few seconds of “blah I mean uh what I meant is uhhh” I just owned up to my feelings and my words. I haven’t said that to someone in a long ass time, and my general lack of chill has made me absolutely uncertain of my feelings anytime I’m infatuated with romantic partners.

But here I was saying I love you afraid he’d freak out and run away, but also feeling incredibly loved by him. This whole time Sol’s face went from shocked that actually said I loved you, to amused as I stammered like an emotionally constipated idiot, and finally into his loving, sly smile as he said, “I know.” This motherfucker Han Solo’d me and tried to go in for another kiss. I laughed and put my hand between his face and mine as he mockingly said “aww, you like me!” Lin’s over here just dying laughing her ass off. Anyway I told him to bring the plant over tonight, and we can make dinner. We kissed, and said I love you. Ew but also I’m so fucking giddy. Lin and I bought some produce – there are few more independent indoor avocado groves in the western suburbs, they’re not as good as California one’s but they’re cheaper so I think I’ll be making more breakfast sandwiches this week, although I think I’ll stop by Mariano’s later and splurge on some California avocados for Sol’s sandwiches tomorrow. It’s no bird of paradise, but I hope he likes it. Anyway I’m gonna wrap this entry up so I can run to the store, get back, tidy up and finish washing dishes before Sol gets here.





*musings from the margins of a polychrome past
(and present)*

The inspiration for this project comes from a number of sources. Some from the world of science and speculative fiction and some from my experience as a planner. I will attempt to touch on all of them because I believe that while these two may appear at the surface unrelated, they are intimately connected.

Levar Burton is the Past, Present, and Future

Levar Burton has been a constant in my life, with my feelings about him continuously changing. As a young child, I hated not having cable and being forced to watching reading rainbow. I wanted to play outside or watch power rangers, I wanted to anything but hear about books. Then I got a little bit older and more literate, and appreciated Levar Burton's relaxing voice and all the different stories that he would read and all the places he would go. It wasn't until I was much older that I fully understood that as much as the theme song is forever ingrained in my head this image of a black man reading all these different books and exploring the world, has been ingrained in my sense of self.

Then there was Lieutenant Commander Geordie La Forge of the USS Enterprise on the critically acclaimed Star Trek: The Next Generation television series. While my parents were Trekkies, I was just there for the intergalactic ride, you could say. Again in the foolishness of my youth, I did not like Geordie: he wasn't the Captain Jean-Luc Picard with his French name and commanding British accent, or Commander William Riker, with his full beard and sex appeal to females of every alien society. I knew Geordie La Forge was the black man who wasn't the star – he wasn't even a tough fighter like Worf the Klingon. The message was clear – yeah black people might be in space and in the future, but they'd never be the hero.

With age however, I've come to appreciate both Levar Burton and Geordie La Forge, for instilling in my young mind the expectation that Black people be in speculative fiction and beyond that that we will be in the future. Nichelle Nichols lead the way as Chief Communication Officer Uhura so that I young Lafayette Cruise could watch Lt. Commander La Forge and eventually Tim Russ as

Tuvok in Star Trek Voyager and Avery Brooks' portrayal of Captain Benjamin Sisko in Star Trek: Deep Space Nine.

Not only was Georgie a catalyst for expecting my presence in the future, I also came to realize his role as Chief Engineer was integral to the functioning and livelihood of the protagonists in the series. Here was this character is born without sight, possessing a device that gives him different if not better vision than conventional eyes, having the science and engineering expertise beyond many creatures in the universe, and he was a black man. Even as I write this, I hear the pre-chorus from the Reading Rainbow's theme song – "I can do anything!"

As I've grown older, I've come to appreciate the role Levar Burton as a mass media figure shaping my perceptions of the world and the future. This became more apparent when he re-entered my life through his most recent project – Levar Burton Reads, a podcast where he reads short stories that he enjoys in the hopes that we the listeners enjoy them as well. There were two in particular that really struck me as a planner: "What it Means When a Man Falls from the Sky" by Lesley Nneka Arimah and "Repairing the World" by John Chu. ↯

Arimah's short story takes place in a future where climate change has ravaged many places – Europe is mostly uninhabitable. This reality and some speculative history has created a problematic social and racial hierarchies around climate displaced refugees, the formerly colonized-colonizer relationship. On top of this social reality, a Chilean mathematician discovered the code that explains the universe. The story in and of itself is brilliant and compelling and I would encourage everyone to read it (or listen to Levar Burton's dulcet voice read it to you.) However, the I was more interested in the idea of power playing out the wake of climate change, climate related conflicts, and white-supremacist entitlement. I first dismissed the social-political and spatial stage she set as preposterous, but had to step back and see how the origins of that future did exist today.

Chu's story spoke to me because, I saw myself in one of the characters, Bridger, a highly capable interdimensional linguist. John Chu describes him in one scenes as being "indistinguishable from

a rusted bronze statue, albeit a clothed one(Chu 2014)” He also happens to be gay in a society, that actively criminalizes homosexuality. Unlike What It Means When a Man Falls from the Sky, I did not see fully the seeds of the present world manifesting themselves, but I did see myself. I realized I hadn’t really seen myself in science fiction. I mean there’s fan-fiction about Jon Boyega’s character, Finn, in the new Star Wars series being in a relationship with Oscar Isaac’s character, but that’s not cannon. It was nice to occupy even an unfriendly world through the lens of a character like me, it allowed me some of the implicit understanding of his behavior and history.

These are a few of the things that really inspired me to think more about the positive potential of futurism’s relationship to urban planning. However, there were some other critical events that showed me the impact of futurism and the limited imagination around popular futurist narratives.

Frustratingly Lacking Imagination

During the summer of 2017, the internet exploded with the announcement that the show runners of HBO’s Game of Thrones, David Benioff and D.B Weiss, were creating a new alternate history drama called “Confederate.” It is meant to be a “sci-fi tinged, alternative history drama (Adalian 2017)” and although it quietly went away after the initial outrage in 2017, HBO is still producing this history. I was frustrated with the lack of creativity in the idea posited. A world in which black people are exploited, oppressed, and dehumanized by a white public and state-sanctioned or ignored violence is not speculative – it is reality. And the Confederate Flag is still flown proudly in many states. While there were two black executive producers, the fact of the matter is most American alternative histories focus on either the Civil War or World War II, are push forward by white men, and further constrain images and understandings of history and events of importance from a white male perspective.

It also furthers this black-white binary in American social and political history, which is important yes, but often not given mass media support when initiated by Black people, but it also obscures the other histories of other marginalized communities. I wondered what if indigenous

Americans has been immune to small pox? What is the Chinese exclusion act had never been passed? What if the Labor Movement during the Gilded Age been gender and race inclusive? These to me are intellectually challenging alternatives that haven't been explored because the mass narrative of American Historical events is focused on military victories (which also tend to obscure the presence, contributions, and perspectives of racial minorities and women). In addition, I was not compelled to trust the imaginations of Benioff and Weiss; in game of thrones they had a fantasy world filled with dragons, direwolves, witches giving birth to murderous shadows, and army of the frozen undead, but the only place they could imagine people of color were as slaves or barbarian dessert people. I have not read the Songs of Fire and Ice series, so I cannot say if the source material specifically identified the racial make-up of each group of people; however, the showrunners have taken a number creative liberties in translating to television and because the book series is still not complete. They had an opportunity to expand fantasy beyond focusing on the diversity of whiteness, actively chose to reinforce historic casting tropes, and then expect their audience to trust their sensitivity to race and their creative prowess. I was not impressed and honestly struck by the accolades for the lack of imagination exercised on this massively popular cultural project.

But I was also shown that lack of imagination by audience members as well, when the new iterations of the Star Wars universe were released. There was anger on the part of older fans because the main protagonist was a young woman named Rey, the supporting male lead was a Black man, but the some of the most virulent abuse was hurled on one actress in particular, Kelly Marie Tran. She plays the role of Rose Tico in 2017's Star Wars: the Last Jedi, and for some reason there was a vocal and virulent group of people who were angry that as an Asian women she was even in the universe or given her role. She is the first woman of color to have a leading role in the Star Wars universe – a franchise that has been around since 1977.

This was a universe that had talking robots, a planet full of teddy bears, light sabers, and the force, but the things that angered people was that an Asian woman was given a predominant speaking role, not as a damsel in distress, but as an active contributor to the fight against evil. This for me

was the opposite problem from the Confederate idea. The creators actively tried to challenge the character tropes of popular science fiction and actively add diversity of the real world into an already diverse fictional world; however, it was the fans whose imaginations were constrained to the point of abuse. Tran deleted her Instagram account in early 2018 and wrote a wonderful reflection for the New York times in August of that year. Early in her essay she writes of early acts of marginalization as young Vietnamese-American child in this country, stating “their words reinforced a narrative I had heard my whole life: that I was “other,” that I didn’t belong, that I wasn’t good enough, simply because I wasn’t like them.” As a society we still have infuriatingly small imagination of who belongs – who belongs in our movies, in our communities, in our social circles, in political office, etc.

Expectations of Planners and the Future

I was playing ping pong with some friends and co-workers, when a man from one of the larger private tenants in our building began to talk to us as he waited to play. When he found out we worked in regional planning, he asked if we could block a development in his neighborhood – the West Loop which has some of the highest incomes in Chicago - because “I think they’re trying to sneak in section 8 folks in there.” I was taken aback by this comment that this fellow seemed to think as funny and totally appropriate to say to complete strangers. But it revealed some things to me about him and many people of his status. First it revealed his complete misunderstanding of what urban and regional planners actually. It also showed his ignorance as to whom we as public servants theoretically are supposed to serve. More shockingly I saw his inability to imagine occupying the same city, community or block with people who are economically or socially different than him. And on top of this with his spatial access to my coworkers and me, he felt entirely comfortable and entitled enough to demand that we facilitate that future on his behalf.

I found myself wondering how many people on section 8 felt entitled enough to ask for me to facilitate the future that they wanted? Has planning and adjacent fields created a narrative that makes the city’s marginalized communities feel entitled to our action and skills? On top of that I wondered what is the future city that these residents would want occupy? Do I believe that there will

still be people in need of assistance to afford safe and secure housing in the future? If so, then what does a future that is concerned with their need look like? The thing is whenever it comes to serving the needs of the most vulnerable, our solutions lack creativity – rather they are creative in how they are able to make a profit for someone else of means and creative in signaling our cultural revulsion to vulnerable, but not creative in the radical and systemic changes that would solve the need of vulnerable populations.

It may seem outlandish to say that mildly racist tropes being reinforced in popular media is highly relevant to the ways in which planners perceive the communities they serve and the futures they are planning for. I would counter with a consideration of the early works of speculative fiction especially in the realm of what Dr. Mark Jerng labels racial worldmaking. It is easy to dismiss such pieces of popular speculative fiction and alternative history of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century. We try to contextualize and sanitize such works as such as *Gone with the Wind* and *the Yellow Danger*. However, these massively popular pieces of fiction and their contemporaries used the racist lens through which their white creators viewed the world in order to create massively distributed narratives. These popular fictions imbued an insidious “understanding” of race and racial logics. “They draw on modes of thought from historiography, prediction, and futurology in order to narrate the future as if it has already happened. In doing so, they articulate ways of noticing race that are less individual and more global and give narrative logic to referents such as the “white world” and the “yellow world”(Jerng 2018).” These fictions used the guise of credibility to proselytize the country into believing a racial fiction that consequently continues to tinge our perceptions and expectations of racial organization in this country. These models were deployed in both legal frameworks as well as determination of “value” of different peoples and communities in the United States.

By creating an understanding of “racial worlds” and the resulting future wars between the yellow and white worlds, there was a social, legal, and political logic that would lead to the rationality of interning Americans of Japanese descent during World War II while leaving German and Italian-Americans with their rights, property, freedom, and dignity intact. It was this logic of the

incompatibility of races that lead the Home Owners' Loan Corporation's redlining maps – placing economic values on races and communities of mixed races. That meant that when highway building became a national project, the rationale of building in “undesirable” neighborhoods and where land was “cheapest” already had the ungrounded racial logics of the past baked into a story purporting objective rationality.

And while popular films are often contextualized as products of their time, it diminishes the other perspectives of the dehumanized parties. But more perniciously, these depictions of the future and of history gave a cultural point of reference for understanding these periods of time. Take *Gone with the Wind* for instance. This film “either places its black characters in a static background or as an absent cause to sharpen and justify the choices that Scarlett makes, thus embedding racism in the narrative logic of necessity (Jerng 2018).” It is these sorts of depictions of antebellum south that gives credence to attempts to foreground the brutal, cruel reality of slavery and the dehumanizing racism and white supremacy that reinforced this system. And as a nation we still continue to understand and ingrained racism of the civil war – people still attempt to argue that it was a war about economics or political power attempting to ignore that the southern economy and political power was predicated on white supremacy and chattel slavery. But could we love Scarlett and Rhett if we connected the drama of their way of life with the rape, torture, daily degradation, and systemic commodification of Mammy. We can have been trained to not reconcile white supremacy or the perspectives of non-white men in American History, we continue to struggle in the present; it would be folly to imagine that at this current state we'd be able to do so in the future

Past media depictions of the antebellum south or even the revisionist narratives of the American west that places native Americans and Asian Americans as irrelevant except for being dehumanized threats or props that only appear to push forward the story or suffer out of necessity for the advancement of the protagonists (see white slave holders, settlers, and capitalists). “[Jerng] traces textual strategies that relocate racial meanings from bodies into the fictional diegesis that allow it to have more explanatory power. More explanatory power on a larger scale and at a level of structure

because race gets relocated in the very process of historical explanation as “climate” and “context.”... With the critique of Jim Crow and Scientific racism already afoot, popular fictions embed race at other levels of meaning by drawing on the energies of anticipation and retrospection. They often do so with the effect of producing new models of racism (Jerng 2018).” It allows for the continued legal, physical, and spatial assault on Black Americans, the continued breaking of treaties disenfranchisement of Native Peoples, and continued social, political and economic erasure of large segments of Asian American communities to be rationalized as unconnected to individual or systemic racism. In any of these instances the actions of white actors are disconnected from the lives, history, or humanity of the non-white recipients of violence and injustice.

In discussing the midcentury reissue and popularizing of Robert Howard’s Conan the Barbarian and L. Sprague de Camp’s editing and rewriting of those works, makes a critical point about de Camp’s attempt to “take the edge off of what he perceives as Howard’s more explicit racism.” Rather than making anti-racist revisions, de Camp created new pathways for which racism to embed itself in this popular and expansive world. “Replacing ‘ape-like’ with ‘strange-dialect’ or ‘guttural’ displaces racial meanings from the order of common stereotype to the order of atmosphere such that ‘strangeness’ and ‘gutturalness’ carry moments of fear and the expectation of danger (Jerng 2018).” In focusing on the tastes of society at large but through the prism of the original white male author, de Camp’s did not actually create an anti-racist or even non-racist reissue of Conan the Barbarian. “[his] engagement does not contest these strategies of referentiality simply by making race visible. He challenges the ways we notice race, because he understands the these are ways are intimately tied to the construction of value(Jerng 2018).” Equally as important to the logic of planning is the role economics and economic logic for decision making. And yet time and again there is an inability for neo-liberal economics to account for racism (sexism, etc) because it assumes value as static and not constructed. Jerng places the economist Gary Becker in conversation with market representations in sword and sorcery fiction in order to posit how noticing race has been crucial for the structuring and restructuring of market ideals in the United States, especially in the face in continued expansion

of civil rights.

The Law is Speculative Fiction

Again some may critique the role of story, especially speculative fiction's, in the physical and social lives of marginalized community, particularly in a land of laws and legal environment. Often when there is an attempt to flatten and simplify the American racial legal history, creating Jim Crow, De jure, and de facto racial discrimination as discrete eras showing the progressive evolution towards a non-racist, impartial American Legal system. Jerng refers to two legal scholars, Sora Han and Osagie Obasogie, to help complicate this common narrative. They both "return to the language and rhetoric of the law in order to analyze how it is animated by structuring racial fantasies...the incoherence of its language in addressing racial inequality registers not the errors of inconstancies in the rule of law, but its 'general condition.' [Han] calls the cover story for this structuring of race in the law the "fantasy of colorblindness" (Jerng 2018)." A big narrative tool that Jerng identifies is the racial counterfactual. Often used in reverse discrimination cases, this legal tool constructs of a 'what if' narrative that substitutes one race for another and comes to a racialized conclusion of ones choosing.

What Jerng demonstrates, and what I hope this larger project makes clear, is that everything is a narrative. Even if an idea is presented in legal argument or objective modeling, these false proclamations of rationality and objectivity are predicated on the logics and meanings learned in stories and narrative.

Planning's Response to Narratives of Race and Poverty

In the same way that speculative fictions and alternate histories allowed narratives of unfounded racist beliefs to embed themselves into the social, legal, and political mythology of the future of the country. Early industrialists used mythologies in order to embed their sense of moral superiority and entitlement into the country's social, legal, and political identity. "each of the genre-race configurations [Dr. Jerng] focuses on emerges at moments when the mechanisms of racial attribution

based on biological understandings or on dominant political characterizations are no longer palatable or easily assumed (Jerng 2018)” These types of fictions and speculations instill an understanding in society that is devoid of fact but equally pernicious. It is images in this speculative histories and futures that create a logic of putting American citizens with Japanese ancestry in concentration camps during World War II but not Americans of German or Italian descent, it still seeps into our discussion about community engagement in AAPI and Black communities.

In popular media we saw the erasure of the yellow peril media only for it to be replaced with the model minority myth. “Inscrutable. High-achieving. Soulless (Force 2019)” another narrative meant to further other AAPI communities. And while debilitating for self-identity in this country, it allows for the erasure of urban history and the incremental erasure of the physical AAPI communities in American cities. By erasing the role of different communities from their contribution to the physical, cultural, social, and political formation of cities, they are eliminated from the broader understanding of that places identity.

I recently came across a translated conversation between Achille Mbembe and David Theo Goldberg discussing Mbembe’s *Critique of Black Reason*. During their conversation a theme of the racial pessimism of American liberal democracy emerges, and I believe it is through this lens it becomes more understandable our collectively constrained imagination of the future. Describing the final chapters of the second volume of Alexis de Tocqueville’s *Democracy in America*, Mbembe states:

“He basically concludes that there is no future for an American democracy that would accommodate in particular and the other so-called races...His concept of democracy is about how to extricate different species from each other – disentanglement. It is underpinned not by creative potentialities but by a line of purity which, almost inevitably, will morph into a line of death and a line of pure destructions (“Conversation: Achille Mbembe and David Theo Goldberg on *Critique of Black Reason* – Theory, Culture & Society” n.d.)”

One of the fundamental understandings of this country is predicated on whiteness, Black and otherness, and the necessity of exclusion and exploitation. That sort philosophical milieu shapes, in the American context, our process for imagining race, resources, identity, and the future of places we call home.

And yet I am not a pessimist – I'll concede there are appropriate times for rational pessimism. I find the limitations of this imagination of liberal democracy both unsatisfying and having overstayed its welcome in this world. I believe speculative fiction from the marginalized paired with the emancipatory aspirations of planning, can create an ideology and rigorous practice of rational optimism. It with this belief in mind, that I believe we position Urban Planning in the form of speculative fiction.

planning as speculative fiction

There are number of other experiences and media that have influenced this endeavor. Ultimately however, they coalesced around a singular question: how can active engagement with futurism/ science fiction/speculative fiction, help us expand our imagination of who belongs in (cities of) the future. When I write ‘us,’ I’m addressing both my colleagues in the field of planning as well as the proverbial us who inhabit space – how do we as people become more imaginative towards who we fell belongs. I also am engaging in this project with the belief that the relationship between urban planning and futurism is legitimate because urban planning is itself a form of speculative fiction – it merely has more direct and tangible impact on the physical development of the future.

Planning as Imagination:

I would like to differentiate the imagination process of planning as speculative fiction and scenario planning as two different forms of engaging in planning as imagination. Speculative fiction and futurism are more about expanding empathetic imagination – what is the human quality and experience of different futures.. While I believe the ideas and worlds and policies we imagine can feed into a scenario planning process, scenario planning is about expanding our imagination about outcomes and processes. “Scenario planning attempts to compensate for two common error sin decision making – underprediction and overprediction of change. (Schoemaker 1995).” This process is meant to circumscribe some possible outcomes – to think of possible futures in order to see potential uncertainties and proactively shift strategies.

If were to engage in scenario planning, I may explore three scenarios of systemic reduction in global waste production. But to engage in a planning process as a speculative fiction and world building exercise, I’d be concerned with the life of someone in community that once sustained itself on recycling and garbage sorting. What are the things they consider in their current lives, hope for in future generations lives? Etc.

Scenario planning, it should be noted, originated as a tool for private sector players to consider industry trends. It’s a useful tool, indeed, but it is my belief that the role of planners in relationship

to communities should not be viewed as the same as the relationship between industries and firms. I think that is the purpose of contemporary planning's attempts to humanize scenario planning with different sorts of user experiences such as charrettes or planning games. I feel that we try to humanize scenario planning, but don't fully engage the importance of the storytelling and empathy building practice of futurism and speculative fiction. We need to fully commit to the humanity of our practice. We straddle the fence between different disciplines, and as such we should be better at straddling the fence of outcome/process oriented and human oriented planning. We should acknowledge our work as a form of speculative fiction as well as scenario planning.

I am using Musings from the Margins of a Polychrome Future, to tell a story of the future. While the world-building exercise is important from a planning perspective, just as important is the story – the humanity of this future and the ability for an audience to place themselves into the shoes of someone experience this future – to expand their empathic imagination by seeing the future through the life of commonly marginalized eyes.

Planning as Narrative:

I am using Musings from the Margins of a Polychrome Future, to tell a story of the future. While the world-building exercise is important from a planning perspective, just as important is the story – the humanity of this future and the ability for an audience to place themselves into the shoes of someone experience this future – to expand their empathic imagination by seeing the future through the life of commonly marginalized eyes.

While this is the story of new relationships and burgeoning love in Chicago circa 2119, it's also a story that places you in the lens of a black queer body. It is a story of urban planning and development in the future. It is a story that conveys a world built with a different value orientation – the normalization of queerness, blackness, and racially-mixed spaces. A world that prioritizes, multi-generational homes, not just out of financial necessity, but out of love, care, and respect for the role that older relatives play in both the family and the community. I'm telling a story of infrastruc-

ture investment and transportation systems evolution. I'm telling the story of the history of place and a people, of the legal, political, and economic changes that happened in order to construct the reality of this future Chicago. Through this short story, I engage in the entertaining practice of story-telling, the human practice of empathy building through narrative sharing, and urban planning through speculating a fictitious future.

Planning as World Building:

I like shortening this project, *Musings from the Margins of a Polychrome Future*, to *MMPF* because I hope it cause that sort of vocalization. *MMPF*, I really feel seen by this essay.” “*MMPF*, I was disappointed by that narrative and want to respond.” “*MMPF*, yaaaassss queen! This is the future I'm talking about!” That being said I want it to be known that the verbosity of the title was intentional for understanding the nature and intention of this project.

Musings: Are moments of thought and reflection, the speculative fiction piece in this issue takes that concept literally by being constructed in the form of journal entries from a person's life in the future. However, in the larger structure of this project, I want this to be a holding place for all of the different thoughts and reflections on the future from often marginalized voices and different media. These thoughts and reflections may be on the current state of affairs or from the perspective a speculative alternative world. They may be musings on policy, or architecture, social interactions, music, technology, anything having to do with life in the polychrome future.

Margins: In exploring this future, I wanted to both explore the experience and lift up the aspirational work of people currently marginalized in today's American society. I, in particular, want to explore how do we imagine a future city and society designed with the values, desires, and needs of the groups given primacy. I want to explore what a de-marginalizing future would look. I want to think of how marginality will evolve in the future, and how we can set up the social structures now to mitigate marginalization in the future.

Polychrome: the concept of Polychromy came about after discussions about my frustration with the American culture and media actively white washing the past and, subsequently, the future. A good friend, introduced the concept of monochromic vs. polychromic in our understanding antiquity – in particular Greek antiquity, the socio-political mythology upon which much of America’s democratic identity is built upon. Due to time and exposure the initial archeological resurfacing of art and architecture from this era appears to be white marble. Ironically, this fed into the pseudo-science of race studies in creating a connection to the perceived beauty and “whiteness” of antiquity and attempts to construct the idea of a superior white race. However, just like most of the bunk racist theorization around race in this period was a fallacy, the chromatic purity of marble statues hid the fact that they were usually vibrantly painted. Hellenic culture wasn’t some staid, white marble society – it was vibrant, colorful and dynamic.

Similarly, both America’s past and future are often depicted in mass media white and devoid of (people of) color. By making this project about revealing the color of the future, I also hope to reveal a lot of the color of the past that is often overlooked in popular education and media. Additionally, I wanted to focus on multiple colors –to explore the interactions and tensions between varying marginalized identities within cities.

When I first embarked on this project, as a Black man in a post Black Panther world, I was afraid of this problem being labeled Afrofuturist. I’ve had to unpack some of the internalized anti-blackness in this reaction and study up more on the evolution of Afrofuturism. I appreciate the contextualization done by Lonny J Avi Brooks, Dr. Reynaldo Anderson, and Dr. Nicholas L. Baham II when introducing their co-edited special issue of the Journal of Future Studies, “When is Wakanda? Afrofuturism and Dark Speculative Futurity.” Quoting Andrew Rollins’ writing in Afrofuturism 2.0, the editors reframe blackness in this realm – Astro-blackness – as “a person’s black state of consciousness, released from the confining and crippling slave or colonial mentality, becomes aware of the multitude and varied possibilities and probabilities within the universe (“When Is Wakanda? Afrofuturism and Dark Speculative Futurity * Journal of Futures Studies” 2018).” The purpose of

Afrofuturism 2.0 in this context is to engage “futures studies, Asian futurity, pan-African dialogue, and the Black pacific context.”

All this to say, while I believe my framing of polychrome futurism falls safely within the realm of Afrofuturism 2.0, I believe that this understanding of Afrofuturism is still relatively new, limited to academics, and not popularly understood enough at this present time. I do hope that this zine offers the space for others to actively discuss the merits and shortcomings of this decision and its implications for futurism and urban planning.

Future: While I believe discussions of the past, both real and speculative, and present are necessary for understanding the full texture of the margins and the polychrome, I want this project to be grounded or guided by the aspiration for the future. In particular I want explore – or expose who we need to imagine in the future to understand who we are missing in the present. Does your future involve the homeless No? It's likely because your present erases the homeless and housing vulnerable? Is your future queer? No? Probably because your present prioritizes heteronormativity in its structures and institutions. Does your future consider the needs and desires of the elderly and the young? Most likely because our present capitalist society is ageist and ableist, only concerned with a person's value in terms of economic productivity. The non-linearity of the future is that it forces us to build the future-history between the present and the future – if we expand our future we must first expand our imagination of the present.

This larger project attempts to both build a multitude of different speculative futures in order to equip us to negotiate and integrate aspects of them in building towards the actualized future. Engaging with planning as speculative fiction gives us the space to be more expansive and radical in the constraints of future world that we're building towards, but it also gives us the grace to understand that no plan is ever completely actualized in the way that it is written – reality always alters plans in some way shape or form.

Planning as Genre:

I decided to create MMPF mostly for my own process of self-discovery around my beliefs around the relationship between planning and speculative fiction. As a thesis project my initial desire was to hold a convening of futurists, artist, planners, and architects to discuss how we meld our fields to imagine futures that are inclusive not just in physicality but in the values, interests, and needs that hold primacy with which we imagine them.

I was quite overwhelmed by this prospect mostly because I'm such a futurism neophyte (I spent most of January 2019 in bed overwhelmed by life and this process and the future – but that's a whole other story). Then the conference down-sized to pairing artists/futurists with planners/architects/urbanists to engage in world-building exercises. That was still too much for me to bite-off for this thesis process, and I was not comfortable asking artists and creative to contribute to this process for free – goodwill and gratitude doesn't buy groceries.

Then in late January early February I spent a lot of time reflecting on what it is that I wanted from this project, separate from the requirements of my master's thesis, and started looking back at old idea notebooks that I've kept over the years. I decided to begin a similar process with this thesis – just collect notes as I interacted with people, ideas came into my head, I encountered people whose experiences I'd never considered. It was in the midst of this journaling, reflecting and re-centering that the name for the project emerged, in particular the musings aspects.

This led me to a few conversations with Chicago rapper Showyousuck and UC Davis Professor of English, Dr. Mark Jerng about this project, and encouragement in exploring this relationship. In particular, my conversation with Dr. Jerng and reading his book *Racial Worldmaking*, helped give me verbiage for what my underlying assumption with this project is: Urban planning is itself a form of speculative fiction. If we don't actively engage with it as a creative venture, we often default to “fanfiction” in worlds and values given to us instead of creating new worlds and implementing the process to make those futures reality.

I argue that urban planning and its related fields fall within the genre of speculative fiction, but it's useful to actually discuss what genre is. Genre is often "used to designate the formulaic and the conventional, a way of classifying stories and prescribing a sense of what to expect (Jerng 2018)." However, as Dr. Mark Jerng points out the taxonomic use of genre is not always sufficient, which are made apparent whenever there are exceptions and hybrids. It best to understand genre as a mutable set of conventions that are actively shaping and being shaped meanings and expectations. Jerng writes, "They produce effects of truth and authority through the projection of their "generically specific" worlds." With that in mind understand the argument of "urban planning is a form of speculative fiction," means that it abides by certain tropes and expectations, while simultaneously pushing back and subverting our expectations of "traditional" speculative fiction. Planners want a more equitable future or to promote environmental sustainability, but don't actually define what that means in the futures that they are advocating for instead, we rely on implied knowledge of accumulated work on these topics.

I decided that I needed to have skin in this game as well as begin trying to practice the thing I was trying to preach engage in speculative fiction and planning. I decided to take some of the genre tropes of urban planning (population growth, climate change and resiliency, economic development, equity, infrastructure investment, open space, etc.) and define what that would actually play out in the narrative that I was creating. It was through defining these urban planning ideas, creating a future history for many of these things, that I defined the constraints of the future world that that I was building. As you read, I decided to write a speculative piece about a future for Chicago in 2119. These are some of the specific constraints and context that I wanted to imagine:

- The city has added millions more residents, many of whom are the results of climate disasters and displacement. Although there is collective public and private sector change to no longer significantly exacerbate climate change, the effects of our environmental damage continues to cause extreme climate events globally.

- Cooperative forms of property ownership and real estate development have spread, stabilizing a number of minority communities and altering the values and narrative around homeownership, wealth, and housing affordability. However, this creates other ethical conundrums.
- While the Loop remains the central business district, other dynamic secondary business districts have emerged especially in the center of ethnic and racial neighborhoods.
- In particular for Chicago, the city has become more socially, economically, and politically integrated while maintaining its large segments of its spatial racial and ethnic enclaves. Bucking the narrative of problematizing racial enclaves, I wanted explore how a place balances the tensions of a culture of understanding the need for the agency in having both intentional integration and segregation.
- I wanted to explore how I would like to operate in a future as a queer, cis-gendered, black man of economic and social privilege. As someone interested in reducing the racial wealth-gap, I wanted to imagine occupying that world and the mechanisms that brought that about.
- Public transit is expanded and invested in and ambitious urban projects have public and private support and funding. In my ode to god father of American regional planning, Daniel Burnham, I made no small plans and held optimism for the social, economic, and political will to engage in the large investments need to improve the broader public transportation network in the Chicagoland region.

These are only of a few of the major assumptions I wanted to operate under. I also wanted to imagine what an anti-racist/de-marginalizing future might look and feel like. How would a black, queer body operate and contextualize the new privileges, historic struggles, and remaining margins of this de-marginalizing future. Thus this iteration of 'Musings from the Margins of Poly-

chrome Future' the short story emerged.

I was excited about this piece and wanted to keep engaging with it, but I also did not wish to abandon the original iterations of this project. So I decided that this thesis – the short story and analysis – would be delivered as a zine, something I will continue to self-publish and use to engage in this larger project. So without further ado, thank you for reading Musings from the Margins of a Polychrome Future Issue 0.0.

As you go through this project, some things to be aware of:

- 1) This is a zine – a self-published magazine. While some zines are significantly more polished and refined, I want this iteration to be rough, hand-drawn, and adventurous. One day that may change but for the moment it will not.
- 2) This collection of essays and creative fiction are the first of ideally many more issues. This initial issue, as my Master's thesis contains only contributions by me, but future issues will hopefully engage in collaborative futurity and world-building.
- 3) This project is itself a speculative fiction, a project without conclusions. Analysis? Yes. Ideas for future action? Yes. Replicable conclusions? No. This is engaging the exercise of imagining what a future in which urban planners and creative futurists of marginality collaborated to challenge the constraints of our present and past as we construct a better more inclusive future.

With this in mind I hope you have enjoyed this first issue of Musings from the Margins of a Polychrome Future

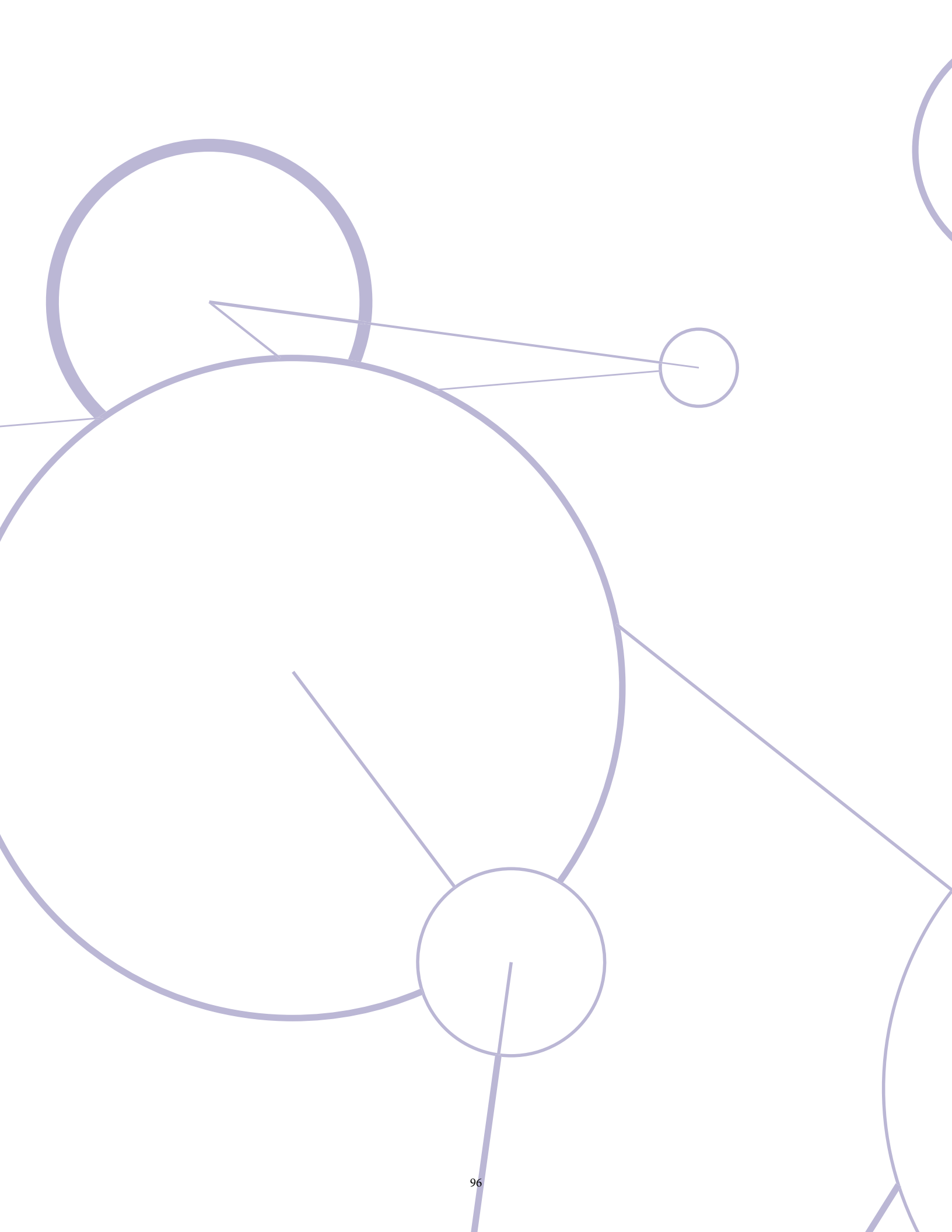
next steps

Think of this issue as the prototype, the reading, the pilot, the demo, whatever first iteration of the forthcoming project. In working on this project I reached out to Dr. Mark Jerng and Chicago rapper Showyousuck, part of the futurist rap-group, AIR CREDITS, and had very informative conversations about their work their ideas around futurism, world building, and my thesis. I did not include those interviews in this thesis project, but would like to revisit them in future issues of MMPF. Ultimately I want future versions of MMPF to be significantly more collaborative.

In critiquing the limited imagination built from predominately white futurist narratives, I became highly aware of the limits of my imagination. I tried to include a diverse number of characters, but I intentionally kept the narrative form concentrated on how the main character, a projection of myself, experienced and processed the future that I imagined. I however don't have to experience or relationships to begin understanding how different characters like Lin or Sol or Bar interact with this world that I've created or even how their contemporary counterparts might construct a different world. What segments of their marginality would show up in how they express their hopes and fears for the future? The only way that I will know is to continue asking and collaborating.

Additionally, I would like to work with more planners and industry experts to take aspects of this future and truly flesh them out. What is the legal precedent for launching anti-trust cases against firms like Amazon, Facebook, and Google? What legal paradigms would need to be established to do such a thing? How do you scale cooperative firms and operations like the cooperative developers? How does a future with increased proliferation of land trusts impact our culture around ownership and wealth? How do we begin having the conversation about climate displaced people especially as the environment continues to destabilize? These are questions that I can't answer, and I don't think the traditional realm of planning is equipped to engage communities in – at least not in the way that popular fiction and art can.

I look forward to future issues of this zine truly becoming a nexus of planning, futurism, and expanding our collective imagination of the future that we expect.



citations

- “Achille Mbembe on Afrofuturism and the ‘Genealogies of the Object’ | Alexander R. Galloway.” n.d. Accessed April 24, 2019. <http://cultureandcommunication.org/galloway/achille-mbembe-on-afrofuturism-and-the-genealogies-of-the-object>.
- Adalian, Josef. 2017. “The Producers of HBO’s Confederate Respond to the Backlash.” *Vulture*. July 20, 2017. <https://www.vulture.com/2017/07/hbo-confederate-producers-exclusive-interview.html>.
- Avila, Eric. 2014. *The Folklore of the Freeway: Race and Revolt in the Modernist City*. U of Minnesota Press.
- Boyer, M. Christine. 1986. *Dreaming the Rational City: The Myth of American City Planning*. MIT Press.
- brown, adrienne maree. 2017. *Emergent Strategy: Shaping Change, Changing Worlds*. AK Press.
- Bullard, Benjamin. 2019. “HBO Says Alt-History Series Confederate Still in the Works from GOT Team, despite Backlash.” *SYFY WIRE*. February 11, 2019. <https://www.syfy.com/syfywire/hbo-says-alt-history-series-confederate-still-in-the-works-from-got-team-despite-backlash>.
- Bullard, Robert Doyle, Glenn Steve Johnson, and Angel O. Torres. 2004. *Highway Robbery: Transportation Racism & New Routes to Equity*. South End Press.
- “Chinatown Across The Country Face Off With Gentrification.” n.d. *WAMU (blog)*. Accessed May 4, 2019. <https://wamu.org/story/17/03/15/chinatowns-across-the-country-face-off-with-gentrification/>.
- Chu, John. 2014. “Repairing the World.” *Apex Magazine*. April 1, 2014. <https://www.apex-magazine.com/repairing-the-world/>.
- “Conversation: Achille Mbembe and David Theo Goldberg on Critique of Black Reason – Theory, Culture & Society.” n.d. Accessed April 23, 2019. <https://www.theoryculturesociety.org/>

- conversation-achille-mbembe-and-david-theo-goldberg-on-critique-of-black-reason/.
- Donald, James. 1999. *Imagining the Modern City*. U of Minnesota Press.
- Force, Thessaly La. 2019. "Why Do Asian-Americans Remain Largely Unseen in Film and Television?" *The New York Times*, February 11, 2019, sec. T Magazine. <https://www.nytimes.com/2018/11/06/t-magazine/asian-american-actors-representation.html>.
- "Gays and Lesbians." n.d. Accessed May 8, 2019. <http://www.encyclopedia.chicagohistory.org/pages/509.html>.
- Hu, Winnie. 2018. "Where Chicago Trounces New York: Fixing Mass Transit." *The New York Times*, November 1, 2018, sec. New York. <https://www.nytimes.com/2018/10/18/nyregion/chicago-l-train-mta-subway.html>.
- Imarisha, Walidah, and adrienne maree brown. 2015. *Octavia's Brood: Science Fiction Stories from Social Justice Movements*. AK Press.
- "Jakarta Is Sinking, so Indonesia Is Relocating Its Capital." 2019. Archpaper.Com (blog). May 1, 2019. <https://archpaper.com/2019/05/jakarta-sinking-indonesia-relocating-capital/>.
- Jerng, Mark C. 2018. *Racial Worldmaking: The Power of Popular Fiction*. Fordham University Press.
- . n.d. "Can We Imagine an Anti-Racist Future?" SFMOMA. Accessed December 10, 2018. <https://www.sfmoma.org/read/can-we-imagine-anti-racist-future/>.
- Keen, Suzanne. 2006. "A Theory of Narrative Empathy." *Narrative* 14 (3): 207–36. <https://doi.org/10.1353/nar.2006.0015>.
- Kiefer, Halle. 2019. "HBO's Confederate Delay Allegedly Not Due to Controversy, But Rather Busyness." *Vulture*. February 8, 2019. <https://www.vulture.com/2019/02/hbos-confederate-delay-reportedly-not-due-to-controversy.html>.
- Kitchin, Rob, and James Kneale. 2001. "Science Fiction or Future Fact? Exploring Imaginative Geographies of the New Millennium." *Progress in Human Geography* 25 (1): 19–35.

<https://doi.org/10.1191/030913201677411564>.

Marinetti, F T. n.d. "The Founding and Manifesto of Futurism," 4.

McClell, Edward. n.d. "What Rahm Leaves Behind." Chicago Magazine. Accessed April 25, 2019. <http://www.chicagomag.com/Chicago-Magazine/May-2019/What-Rahm-Emanuel-Leaves-Behind/>.

Pendergast, Tom. 2000. *Creating the Modern Man: American Magazines and Consumer Culture, 1900-1950*. University of Missouri Press.

Rieder, John. 2008. *Colonialism and the Emergence of Science Fiction*. Wesleyan University Press.

Schoemaker, Paul J. H. 1995. "Scenario Planning: A Tool for Strategic Thinking." MIT Sloan Management Review (blog). January 15, 1995. <https://sloanreview.mit.edu/article/scenario-planning-a-tool-for-strategic-thinking/>.

Smith, Andrea. 2010. "QUEER THEORY AND NATIVE STUDIES The Heteronormativity of Settler Colonialism." *GLQ: A Journal of Lesbian and Gay Studies* 16 (1-2): 41-68. <https://doi.org/10.1215/10642684-2009-012>.

Stateline, Contributor Stateline provides daily reporting, and Analysis on Trends in State Policy. 400AD. "Should Chinatowns Stay Chinese?" HuffPost. 19:06 400AD. https://www.huffpost.com/entry/should-chinatowns-stay-chinese_b_59a56958e4b03c5da162af73.

Stewart-Winter, Timothy. 2016. "Why It's Crucial to Tell Gay History Beyond New York and San Francisco." Slate Magazine. February 1, 2016. <https://slate.com/human-interest/2016/02/queer-clout-in-chicago-telling-gay-history-beyond-stonewall-and-the-castro.html>.

Taylor, Matt, and Meghan Murphy-Gill. 2019. "This Is How People Can Actually Afford to Live in Chicago." Vice (blog). February 19, 2019. https://www.vice.com/en_us/article/nex35g/this-is-how-people-can-actually-afford-to-live-in-chicago.

- Tran, Kelly Marie. 2018. "Kelly Marie Tran: I Won't Be Marginalized by Online Harassment." The New York Times, August 26, 2018, sec. Movies. <https://www.nytimes.com/2018/08/21/movies/kelly-marie-tran.html>.
- "Wait, Are Two-Flats Only A Chicago Thing? Why These Uniquely Chicago Homes Have Thrived For A Century." n.d. Block Club Chicago. Accessed April 25, 2019. <https://blockclubchicago.org/2019/02/18/wait-are-two-flats-only-a-chicago-thing-why-we-remain-obsessed-with-the-uniquely-chicago-home-after-a-century/>.
- "What Rahm Got Right About Transportation, and What Still Needs to Change." 2018. Streetsblog Chicago (blog). September 4, 2018. <https://chi.streetsblog.org/2018/09/04/what-rahm-got-right-about-transportation-and-what-needs-to-change/>.
- "When Is Wakanda? Afrofuturism and Dark Speculative Futurity * Journal of Futures Studies." 2018. Journal of Futures Studies. March 9, 2018. <https://jfsdigital.org/2018/03/09/when-is-wakanda-afrofuturism-and-dark-speculative-futurity/>.
- "Why The Chicagoland Chamber Believes Chicago Needs More Megadevelopments." n.d. Block Club Chicago. Accessed April 24, 2019. <https://blockclubchicago.org/2019/04/19/why-the-chicagoland-chamber-believes-chicago-needs-more-megadevelopments/>.
- Yu, Timothy. 2008. "Oriental Cities, Postmodern Futures: 'Naked Lunch, Blade Runner', and 'Neuromancer.'" MELUS 33 (4): 45–71.

thank you

