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FROM THE EDITOR
Emma Phillips

This third journal is a mezcla of commentary on urbanity.
The poetic, academic, artistic.

More than gazing glossy at the cityscape, this volume begins to catch on the edges of spaces, and beneath artifice finds that the people are stirring in the streets.

Contributors construct memory in concrete, hacer borders porous, and scour roadways for the boundless.

Here, storied metropolitan threads fall away and recongeal with more knots than ever before, begging reader to do the work of tugging, hard.

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Having been destroyed, divided, reunified, and gentrified, Berlin features particularly visible ties between its architecture, urbanism, and tumultuous modern history. These architectural photographs attempt to engage the reader in the act of reading the built environment through the collection of visual fragments.

RIGHTS INTO PRIVILEGES
GOVERNMENTALIZED SOVEREIGNTY AT THE ISRAELI BORDER OPENING
Sophie Kasakove

THOUSANDS OF PALESTINIANS WERE GRANTED PERMITS TO VISIT ISRAEL DURING ID AL-FITR, JULY 2015
IMAGE: HAREETZ

In 2013, during the Muslim holy month of Ramadan, Palestinians filled Tel Aviv's beaches for the first time in decades. That summer, the Israeli government allowed West Bank Palestinians to enter Israel in unprecedented numbers: over a million Palestinians crossed the borders. For the first time since the First Intifada, crossing without a permit was allowed for residents over 60 years of age, extended on Fridays to include women of all ages and men over the age of 40. The open hours of checkpoints were extended and hundreds of thousands of permits were granted for visits to family in Israel . Since 2010, Ramadan months have become the periods of greatest freedom of movement for Palestinians, with the Coordinator of Government Activities in the Territories (COGAT) extending checkpoint hours and increasing the number of permits issued for Palestinians to visit family. According to an email from COGAT to the Times of Israel, the increasing leniency during Ramadan has been made possible by the "stable security situation in Judea and Samaria." The Jerusalem District Coordination and Liaison Administration (DCL) articulated Israel's motivation for this leniency during Ramadan in 2013 as follows: "We have a duty as a democratic country to facilitate freedom of worship. The State of Israel through COGAT ensures that the Muslim community is free to observe and participate in the commandments and prayers of this festive month. This is our mission and we have to dedicate ourselves to it every year again from scratch."

The introduction of these border openings fits into a larger pattern of increased openness within the Israeli system of spatial control. In 2008, the government declared an easing of restrictions on movement in the West Bank and removed dozens of obstructions. In 2012, many of the closures that once severely restricted movement within the West Bank were dismantled— Palestinians can now travel relatively freely within the West Bank. In 2014, Israel allowed thousands of tons of building materials to enter Gaza and enabled the export of 15 tons of agricultural produce from Gaza to the West Bank. This year, Israel made available 30,000 new permits for Palestinians to work in Israel. On May 3rd of this year, Israel announced the opening of a new crossing from Jerusalem to the West Bank at Dahiat el-Barid, which is designed to ease the heavy traffic at the Qalandiya checkpoint. That same day, Defense Minister Moshe Ya'alon announced the reopening of one of the main crossing points for food and goods to reach the Gaza Strip, which had been closed for eight years (though a specific date for the reopening was not given). A spokesman commented on behalf of Ya'alon: "It is our interest that Gazans live in dignity. Both from a humanitarian point of view and because this is a way to protect the peace, in addition to existing security deterrents." These examples do not constitute anything approximating "freedom of movement"— Israel continues to impose severe restrictions, with Palestinians regularly enduring violence, humiliation, and extensive wait times at permanent, temporary, and 'flying' checkpoints across the West Bank and along its borders. However, these examples do suggest a shift from a discourse of and aspiration towards absolute closure during the Second Intifada to one of humanitarian openness in the decade following the Second Intifada. In this paper, I will argue that the creation of openings within the Israeli system of control are not indicative of a shift towards Palestinian freedom of movement but are instead representative and constitutive of an emerging Israeli sovereignty rooted in the micromanagement of Palestinian lives.

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The function of Israel's separation barrier as a performance of Israel's sovereignty has been widely analyzed. Paradoxically, border openings function similarly as images of control. In her book Walled States, Waning Sovereignty, Wendy Brown writes, discussing the "frenzied" wall-building of the 21st century: "The walls come down when this violence provisionally recedes or relocates, a moment that the western mainstream media often eagerly reports as a sign that the war and occupation are succeeding". Within this framework, the presence of thousands of Palestinians on Tel Aviv's beaches is symbolic of Israel's control over the situation— comprehensive enough, even, to allow for consideration of humanitarian concerns. Openings within the Israeli system of control are indeed representative of Israeli dominance. However, rather than reduce these openings to fixed objects or symbolic images as Brown implicitly criticizes the western mainstream media for doing, we must instead closely examine openings as a tool for the construction of— rather than a mere reflection of— dominance.

Throughout the various stages of the Israeli permit system, openings have been as much defined by their limitations as by their allowances, functioning simultaneously

as spaces of openness and closure. It is through these limitations that openings come to function as mechanisms for control over Palestinian lives. Firstly, openings are subject to geographical limitations. Restricted to particular spaces— checkpoints— openings confine the flow of Palestinian movement to a handful of roads that can be easily surveilled. Further, the openings available to Palestinians today vary drastically depending on where they live. Prior to the First Intifada, Palestinians living in the West Bank and Gaza were subject to the same set of laws and rules governing their movement; during this period, minister of defense Moshe Dayan was a vocal propo-nent of the 'open bridges policy', which allowed Palestinians from the West Bank and Gaza to travel to Jordan and to enter and work in Israel freely .

However, during the period of the First Intifada, Israel began implementing drasti-cally different policies regarding movement for Palestinians in the West Bank and for those in Gaza. In 1989, magnetic-cards were introduced as a requirement for exiting the Gaza Strip, while most West Bank Palestinians continued to move freely between Israel and Jordan. Though in January 1991 the 'open bridges policy' was revoked in the West Bank and replaced with a personal exit permit system, Palestinians in the West Bank still experience far greater freedom of movement than do Palestinians in Gaza. Geographical differentiation occurs between different villages within the West Bank, as well. For example, following a number of attacks in Israel by East Jerusalem Palestinians last fall, several neighborhoods of East Jerusalem were cordoned off by temporary checkpoints. These checkpoints were reportedly placed at the entrances of the attackers' villages. However, many villages, such as Issawiya, endured total clo-sure despite being home to none of the attackers .

Openings are not only geographically but temporally limited: many permits require that Palestinians return to the West Bank before a certain time in the evening; and many are valid for only a couple of weeks or months at a time. Further, access is granted and denied to individuals on the bases of age, gender, family, and reason for travel. As Handel writes: "The passage regulations, instead of being clear and known (like the citizenship laws in a modern civilized state, for example) are a mystery. Sometimes passage is granted only to women over forty or boys under fifteen; some-times it is granted to residents of Nablus, but they are then not allowed to return." Differentiation on the basis of purpose for travel is executed to an incredibly specific degree: there are 101 different types of permits granted for different types of travel which distinguish between Palestinians on such specific lines as between 'physicians' and 'ambulance drivers' or between 'clergymen' and 'other church employees'. The particularity of these tools of distinction allows for decisions about the function of openings to be made on an almost individual level, isolating the Palestinian people one another and from a cohesive political subjectivity.

Regardless of where and when an opening is created— and who can access it— 'free-dom of movement' is always defined by impermanence. Oftentimes, when a check-point is dismantled, the infrastructure is left in place, allowing for its reactivation at a moments' notice: concrete blocks can easily be moved from the side of the road into

the middle; an army jeep can swiftly appear on the road to establish a checkpoint. Even during the period of the 'open bridges policy' prior to the First Intifada, the opening of the Allenby bridge was, according to Shlomo Gazit, a former IDF officer, "part of a behaviouristic 'carrot and stick' policy which allowed the denial of privileges when the security or political situation demanded." Decisions about when and where openings will occur are often made on the spot by individual soldiers. An oppressive system of self-enclosure emerges: amidst this impermanence, a Palestinian working in Israel cannot predict if a checkpoint that was open yesterday will still be open today, so he will leave his house early to get to work regardless, in case he must take the longer route. Through these limitations, openings serve as a mechanism for control of Palestinian space and time. The openings that have emerged in the past few years remain defined by temporariness. For example, last month, COGAT had previously announced that it would distribute 83,000 travel permits during Ramadan. However, these permits were suspended after two gunmen from the West Bank killed four Israelis and injured eight more in Tel Aviv at Sarona shopping center. Following this attack, the Prime Minister's office also announced that it had decided to immediately close the gaps in the separation barrier in the Jerusalem area. As Helga Tawil-Souri writes in her essay "Qalandia Checkpoint as Space and Nonplace": "Mapping checkpoints is an absurd exercise of documenting the shifting temporal landscape of occupation—a map created today does not necessarily reflect what was yesterday and could likely be obsolete tomorrow.

The particularities of openings— the hyper-specificity of who can use them, where and when—enable their function as tools of population control. An opening is not a break within the system of control, but rather a space for the assertion of the same system of control. An opening is not an articulation of a freedom of movement, but rather a potential closure, a potential form of punishment.

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In the words of Antonia Darder: "Whether in indigenous contexts around the world or the ancient civilizations of Greece and Egypt, the freedom of movement has always been seen as a natural right and a universal aspiration." Today, this right is inscribed into international law. According to B'Tselem: International human rights law requires Israel to respect the right of residents of the Occupied Territories to move about freely in the occupied territory. This right is recognized in Article 13 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights states and in Article 12 of the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights. Furthermore, international humanitarian law requires Israel, in its capacity as occupier to ensure the safety and wellbeing of the local residents, and to maintain, to the extent possible, normal living conditions.

Within the Israeli spatial control system, however, this right to movement has been reduced to a privilege— given rather than held, predicated rather than unconditional, temporary rather than permanent. Through imposing exacting and ever-changing restrictions on border openings, Israel has replaced the Palestinian right to movement with its own right to prevent movement— or, its right to security.

Through this system of openings, Israel asserts an even more complex and arguably more significant power than the power to deny Palestinian right to movement. It has assumed the overarching power to "give them the right to rights," to borrow Ariel Handel's phrase. In his essay, "Exclusionary surveillance and spatial uncertainty in the occupied Palestinian territories," Handel argues, invoking Hannah Arendt's words about the 'paperless people' that the Israeli permit system is meant "to reach as many citizens as possible in order to give them the right to rights— and embrace them at the same time." In other words, highly restrictive, impermanent openings are not only tools with which Israel can control the daily lives of and force contact with Palestinians. They are the means by which Israel reconstructs its identity as a sovereign with the power to give or deny rights and reconstructs Palestinians as a people who can be given or denied rights.

This form of sovereignty, executed through micromanagement of the subject population, is not unique to Israel. In examining the tools, aspirations, and significance of this sovereignty, we can look to the example of Guantánamo Bay, as analyzed by Judith Butler in her essay "Indefinite Detention." Here, Butler expands on Foucault's work on the relationship between sovereignty and governmentality, arguing that the practice of indefinite detention is an expression of a new form of sovereignty which uses the tools of governmentality—"the mode of power concerned with the maintenance and control of bodies and persons, the production and regulation of persons and populations, and the circulation of goods insofar as they maintain and restrict the life of the population" — in order to "suspend and limit the jurisdiction of law itself." Butler writes that this manipulation of law exemplifies a contemporary resurgence of the classical form of 'circular' sovereignty which Foucault discusses in his essay "Governmentality," whose main aim is the constant
reinforcement of its own power.

Neglecting detainees' rights to a trial in favor of the U.S.' right to security, the state gains the power to— during a declared 'state of emergency'— replace the process of the trial with the unlawful process of 'deeming' a person dangerous or not. The law functions here as an instrument of the state which can be used or suspended in order to constrain and monitor a given population, to suit the state's needs. Instead of an official legal body, the state entrusts the process of "deeming" to officials, who assume the role of the sovereign at the moment of decision: "The one who makes this decision assumes a lawless and yet fully effective form of power with the consequence not only of depriving an incarcerated human being of the possibility of a trial, in clear defiance of international law, but of investing the governmental bureaucrat with an extraordinary power over life and death."

While this mode of sovereignty is integral to the state's total identity, it is necessarily effectuated in particular geographical locations, such as at Guantánamo. In Israel, it is the border opening which becomes the space for a governmentalized form of sovereignty to emerge in its full force. By drawing this comparison, I do not mean to suggest that the experience of detainees in Guantánamo and of Palestinians in the West

Bank is the same but to argue that similar articulations of power manifest in these spaces, often to similar ends. At these openings, like in Guantánamo, a right decreed by international law (the freedom of movement) is replaced by a series of small rules and regulations that function on the level of controlling individuals' movements. The soldier, like the bureaucrat in the Guantánamo case, is entrusted with the sovereign power to allow entrance or not. In both cases, the decision-maker gains the power to grant or deny the subject population the right to have rights. Notably, Butler writes that sovereignty is expressed in "the acts by which officials 'deem' a given prisoner to deserve indefinite detention, or the acts by which the executive 'deems' a given prisoner to be worthy of a trial." For Butler, the sovereignty of the official is unaffected by the actual content of his decision. Similarly, if Israel permits a million Palestinians to enter Israel on Ramadan or zero, its sovereignty remains intact: it is not the decision which constitutes sovereignty but the fact that these decisions have been removed from the realm of law and instead cast into the realm of population management, through which the right to rights is given or denied. Butler notes that, "What makes us more troubled is that indefinite detention does not signify an exceptional circumstance, but, rather the means by which the exceptional becomes established as a naturalized norm." Similarly, in Israel, restrictions on Palestinian movement have become so normalized that a state of exception is no longer required to to justify them. The right to movement has been transformed into a privilege, which Israel has assumed the power to give or deny.

This implementation of governmentalized lawlessness not only shapes the identity of the sovereign but shapes the identity of the subject population. As Butler writes: "'Managing' a population is to constitute them as the less than human without entitlement to rights... [it is] not only a process through which regulatory power produces a set of subjects. It is also the process of their de-subjectivction..." Similarly, at Israel's border openings, the transformation of human rights into privileges is accompanied by the 'de-subjectivction' of Palestinians. As Tawil-Souri writes: "Checkpoints are spaces in which solitude is experienced as an emptying of individuality, as a temporal experience concerned only with the present task of passing through..." The 'de-subjectivction' of the Palestinian population occurs when the immediacy of the need to survive usurps their sense of individuality. Paradoxically, though, as we have seen above, it is in fact the highly individualized micromanagement of movement (on the bases of geographical origin, purpose of travel, familial affiliations, and more) which gives rise to this 'de-subjectification' in the first place. Palestinian subject-hood is denied through the mechanization of Palestinian individuality as a tool for the construction of Israeli sovereignty.

In his book The Wretched of the Earth, Franz Fanon writes that within a colonial society: "The very structure of society has been depersonalized on a collective level. A colonized people is thus reduced to a collection of individuals who owe their very existence to the presence of the colonizer." Fanon writes here about a very different context from Palestine in 2016 (colonial Algeria in the 1950s), but his argument highlights a crucial consequence of this 'emptying of Palestinian individuality'. By

reducing Palestinian identity to individualized categories which form the bases for the granting or denial of the right to rights, Israel constructs a system of dependency in which Palestinians request their rights according to these same categories. Particularly as Israel constructs new openings and increases numbers of permits available, these categories become simultaneously mechanisms of imprisonment and potential tools of freedom. At any time, an individual— if they've arrived at the right checkpoint at the right time and with the correct (though what this means, of course, cannot be predicted) combination of identities— may still be able to pass. An opening can still be an opening; rights can still be given. In this way, these categories become essential to Palestinian existence.

This is the fullest realization of openings as a mechanism of control: by endowing these categories of differentiation with the double function of tools of freedom and tools of un-freedom, Israel can effectively 'keep the peace'. In the words of Fanon: "The colonist keeps the colonized in a state of rage, which he prevents from boiling over" . Because the denial of rights is executed on the level of the individual, the potential for collective awareness and anger is forcibly limited. Journalist Diaa Hadid analyzed this phenomenon in an article in the New York Times this past April, arguing that the shift from widespread closings and curfews of the second intifada to a "pin-pointed strategy targeting mainly individual villages sporadically" makes "its effect harder for the world — and even people next door — to see and feel…", effectively quieting international condemnation. Hadid goes on to quote Nathan Thrall, a Jerusalem-based analyst for the International Crisis Group, who says: "You are seeing Israel operating on lessons learned from the second intifada. Don't do generalized closures. Don't restrict work permits. Do the opposite." In these strategies, we can see, Thrall argues, Israel's "desire to keep everything localized and to minimize the negative effect for the population at large." The tools of governmentalized sovereignty which Israel uses to determine who deserves the right to rights effectively isolate individuals and communities from one another: unlike with a comprehensive closure, micromanaged closures deny Palestinians knowledge of the collective and transform movement into an individualized problem.

Thus, freedom of movement has been transformed from a right (necessarily held by individuals as part of a collective) into a privilege (held by individuals regardless of membership to a collective). The construction of movement as a privilege gives Israel the power to deny it at will— without invoking a 'state of emergency'. Further, when Israel does grant Palestinians the right to movement, Israel can be "perceived as benefiting the population" by onlookers. Though notably given little attention by Butler, the government's role as a provider and even as a benefactor is, in fact, crucial to Foucault's conception of governmentality. Foucault contrasts sovereignty, whose "sole goal is to perpetuate itself," with government, which "has as its purpose not the act of government itself, but the welfare of the population, the improvement of its condition, the increase of its wealth, longevity, health, etc…"

The construction of openings does indeed benefit Palestinians, allowing them to visit people and places that they would not otherwise be able to see— and this should not be minimized. However, that Israel can be perceived as benefiting the Palestinian population simply by giving them the rights to which they are entitled is a clear indication of the total normalization of the denial of rights. We must approach any future attempts by Israel to expand its "governmental" role with a critical eye in order to understand the forms of sovereignty, processes of de–subjectification, and denial of rights that converge to constitute a "benefit" as such.

ONE OF MANY TEMPORARY CHECKPOINTS SET UP ACROSS EAST JERUSALEM FOLLOWING A NUMBER OF STABBING ATTACKS OF ISRAELI JEWS DURING OCTOBER, 2015.
IMAGE: ALJAZEERA NEWS

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PVD
Mika Kligler

HOW CRIMINALIZATION OF CHARACTER IS USED TO DENY BASIC HUMAN RIGHTS BEFORE AND AFTER TRIAL
Kaila Johnson

The American criminal justice system is deeply permeated by racialized ideologies which manifest in policies that work to demonize, hyper-police, and isolate black and brown bodies in our society. These policies arise in the pre-trial phases of the criminal justice system, evidenced through policing techniques that stereotype and criminalize black and brown communities. Specifically, gang injunctions are one example of a pre-arrest policy that targets people through criminalizing certain lawful behavior and excluding such behavior from public space. Though much of this rhetoric also exists throughout the trial process, I will focus on the language of demonization, stereotyping, and exclusion from society that exists before the trial via the examination of criminalization of style and exclusion from public space in gang injunctions, and after the trial with respect to prison policies which further work to exclude the incarcerated from society after their release and deny them personhood through criminalization of character. It is valuable to examine these two different areas of policy that share similar motivation in their dehumanization and exclusion of communities of color in order to understand how deeply such racism has permeated the criminal justice system, and work to promote policies that mediate the harmful effects of these policies.

The criminalization of certain styles and communities evidenced in gang injunctions leads as a justification for policing policies which limit constitutional rights of black and brown people, excludes them from public spaces, and creates a national image of these communities which perpetuates racism. Gang injunctions criminalize the cultures of certain communities, used as a tool for profiling, over-policing, and unchecked brutality. This injunction grants officers the authority to ban citizens from spaces not due to proven actions of criminality, but through the officer's perception of images that resemble, to them, "gang life". This stipulation is clearly unjust, as it uses expression in fashion, speech, and body language as evidence of criminality while the criminal action is still not evidenced. This link is unwarranted as the criminal identity is, again, not based on evidenced crime of an individual or group, but rather relies on the inspecting officers imagined perception of a stereotypical criminal. This image is often quite racist, as the injunction simply names popular modern Black and Latinx style as criminal style. This inherent linkage between Black and Latinx style and crime is a result of stereotyping and the rejection of non-normative cultural patterns. This leads to racial profiling, as seen by gang injunctions, where "certain kinds of clothing, hair, and walking styles seem intrinsically to trigger suspicion" of youth by police officers. (Ferrell, 170). This policy demonstrates the state's criminalization of the black and brown identity. In this criminalization, personhood is denied, as these demonized groups are

hyper-policed and denied constitutional rights. These injunctions assign criminality to people and places without due process and proved action of crime, denying defendants a lawyer, disincentivizing trial processes, and regulating activity and association for superficial reasons. Injunctions allow for racial profiling and criminalization of culture that results in an over policed and over incarcerated population that disportionately targets Black and Latinx people. Further, the assignment of criminality works to exclude certain people from community public spaces. Worse, the state dehumanizes these populations by its criminalization of their existence, in order to justify these violations of rights, and perpetuate racism and exclusion of Black and brown people through larger society by criminalizing the black and Latinx identity.

After trial, the state's label of "criminal" placed on the convicted defines their being entirely, and thus again is used as a justification to deny basic human rights to those incarcerated. This not only is a violation of rights on the incarcerated, but limits their possibility of successful reentry into society once released, further working to exclude members of our society deemed unworthy of both their rights, and reentry. Specifically, the denial of effective, course bearing educational programs reflects the identification of the criminal being unworthy of services that provide personal enrichment and are formal tools for societal reentry. The modern American prison system disempowers those incarcerated before, during, and after their prison sentence. The prison works more largely as an institution to enforce social control and does so by depersonalizing segments of society that have been deemed worthy of punishment. One incarcerated person at Auburn prison tells me, on the function of the prison:

"If you're gonna run a prison, you want everyone to be in order and similar. You want to perpetuate the lack of individual and personal autonomy in the prison. We aren't free to express ourself, and that creates a lot of tension and oppression. There are a lot of layers of deprivation and negligence as well as depravity."

Education, according to the UN, is a human right. Prison education combats this toxic institutional dehumanization, and is therefore crucial as a service to resist the unjust treatment of individuals in prison, but is also useful in lowering the staggeringly high recidivism rates. James S. Vacca, in the Journal of Correctional Education, notes that his research demonstrates, "Effective education programs are those that help prisoners with their social skills, artistic development, and techniques and strategies to help them deal with their emotions. [This provides] necessary reinforcement that promotes a positive transition to society when they are released" (Vacca, 2004, 270). There is much research that shows the effective rehabilitative powers of prison education on an individual emotional level, like that of scholar Edward Parker, who writes: "The relationship between education, and either self-esteem or social competence is significant" (Parker, 1990, 140). The formerly incarcerated face immense economic discrimination upon their release. Often, holding a criminal record makes people ineligible for public housing, food stamps, government grants, voting rights, rights to civic involvement and other social services. Further, employment discrimination is staggeringly common as discrimination for "criminal convicted persons" is not pro-

tected under Title VII. This exclusion of the formerly incarcerated not only causes emotional harm, but also economic harm as they are denied income and housing opportunities. Therefore, the formerly incarcerated often revert to criminal activity as a mode of income. This explains the high rates of recidivism. According to the National Institute of Justice, 76.6% of formerly incarcerated people return to prison within five years of their release. Education is a basic human right, but the state is able to justify denying the emotional and economic tools from the incarcerated by dehumanizing their identity through the criminalization of their being. This intrinsic redefining of another person's whole self as criminal, as seen in gang injunctions, leads to dehumanization of these groups and the denial of their basic rights. Convicted or not, no human deserves to have their entire beings criminalized and dehumanized, and the effects of this policy result in no positive outcomes.

The state's ability to deny people basic social, political, and economic rights and exclude them from formal society once they have been determined a "criminal" is dangerous as it denies personhood to certain groups, creating tension between these groups and larger society, as well as internal conflict within those who have been deemed subhuman because of their state-classified identification. Perhaps more persuasive in showing education's powerful role in combatting the dehumanization of the prison is testimony from incarcerated students. One student in Professor Remensnyder's course at the ACI writes, "The dialogue we share is more informative and personal [...] and allowed us to be seen and heard as humans."Another student involved in the Bard Prison Initiative argues, "Those classes are really important because it's like a source of autonomy. It's easy to start seeing yourself as not much, but this gives us hope. Personal ambition is fostered in an environment that usually works against that." Prison education, or the allowance of basic rights to those classified as "criminal", combats the oppressive dehumanization from within the prison, doing an owed service to the individual, as well as a larger service to the communities in which they return as empowered, motivated, autonomous people. Correctional education provides practical pathways for reentry into the formal economy, combatting the exclusion from society which is attached to the assignment of criminal.

According to research conducted by the RAND corporation, "inmates who participated in correctional education programs had 43 percent lower odds of recidivating than those who did not." Just as gang injunctions criminalize identities and exclude from public space in this dehumanization, the dehumanization of the incarcerated has lead to the denial of basic empowering rights, which in turn further exclude them after release. We, on the outside, demonize those in prison, in order to justify our decision as a nation to exclude them from our society, both physically, when they are serving time, and socially, economically, and politically once they are released. This national rhetoric that dehumanizes the incarcerated, allows us to turn a blind eye to the prison industrial complex and the abuse that populations targeted by this system face.

Our country's prison system is not only unjust in its racialized suppression of certain communities in its policing, but also in its practices of punishment. Its methods of

control through deindividualization have a lasting negative impact on the emotional state of the incarcerated, as well as the more measurable impact on their ability to succeed in the society they reenter. Investing in policies and programs that work to empower those who have been defined by criminality, rather than degrade them, is a morally owed service to a segment of the population abused by the state and a service to the communities to which they exist. Brown, as a powerful institution with a commitment to engaging with and improving the community, has a vested interest in becoming involved with this issue. There is a value in actively working to redefine how we view the incarcerated, and recognizing their diversity, complexity, humanity, and positive contribution to spaces that we occupy. The task of combatting the dehumanization of incarcerated people is a necessary process for people and institutions outside of the prison. Further, we also have a responsibility to do work that empowers those who have experienced relentless assaults to their personhood, but continue to resist and advocate for themselves.

Image: The Living New Deal
Auburn State Prison

PITTSBURGH
Charlie Bares

I work as an EMT in the outlying areas east of the city of Pittsburgh. Working as a first responder in this environment is an immersion into abandonment and decay, in cultures and communities that have been left out of the city's health-care-fueled renaissance. These collages are attempts to remember places that will soon look fundamentally different as the current wave of gentrification pushes eastward out of the city. They are also a memorial to the humans that inhabit those spaces, and what it means to survive somewhere that has been left behind.
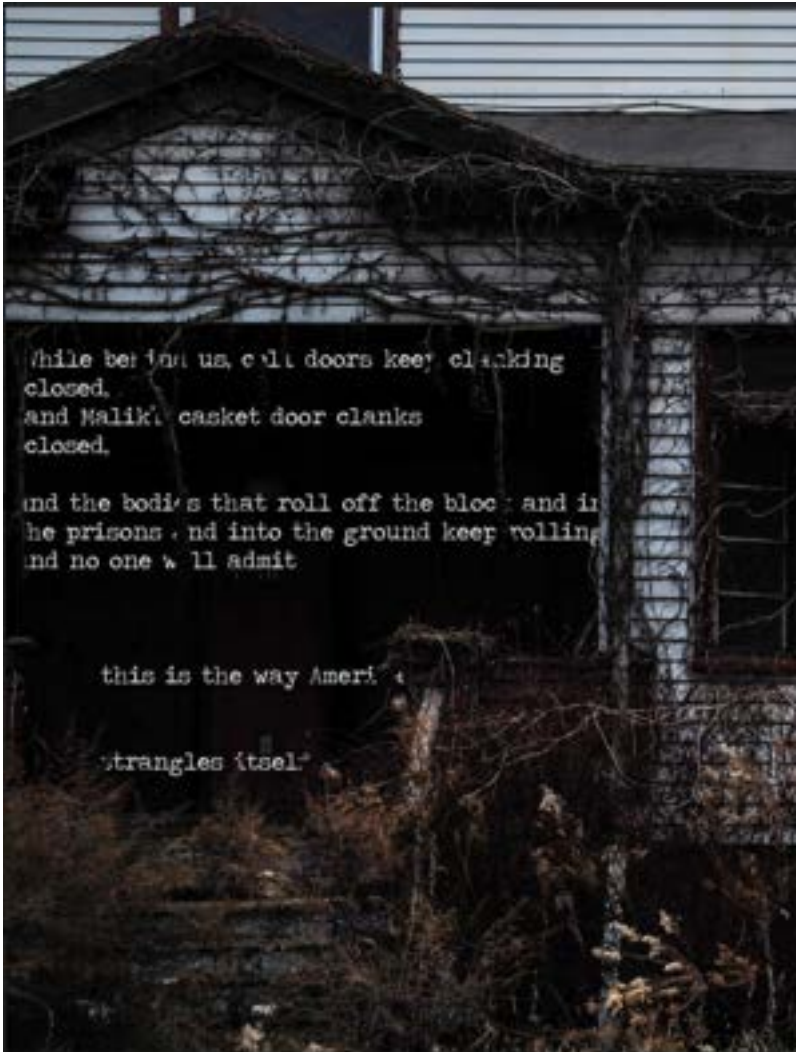
This is the door to the medic station in Wilkinsburg. The small sign, EMS, is not visible from more than 10ft away. This is deliberate-- several years ago our station moved to this hidden location after the old one was shot at several times.

AT *THE END OF LIFE, A SECRET*

EVERYTHING MEASURED. A MAN TWISTS
A TUFT OF YOUR HAIR OUT FOR NO REASON
OTHER THAN YOU ARE NAKED BEFORE HIM
AND HE IS BORED. MOMENTS AGO HE WAS
WEIGHING YOUR GALLBLADDER, AND THEN
HE WAS STARING AT THE EMPTY SPACE WHERE
YOUR LUNGS WERE. EVEN DEAD, WE STILL SAY
YOU ARE AN ORGAN DONOR, AS IF SOMETHING
OTHER THAN TAXES OUTLASTS DEATH. YOUR FEET
ARE REGULAR FEET. TWO OF THEM,
AND THERE IS NO MARK TO SUGGEST YOU WERE
AN EXPERT MATHEMATICIAN, THAT YOU WERE
THE FIRST RUNNER-UP IN DEBATE CHAMPIONSHIPS,
1956, TAPIOCA, ILLINOIS. FROM THE TIME YOUR BODY
WAS CARTED BEFORE HIM, TO THE TIME YOUR
DEAD BODY IS BEING SENT TO THE COFFIN,
EVERY POUND IS ACCOUNTED FOR, EXCEPT 22 GRAMS.
THE MAN IS A PRAYING MAN & HAS FIGURED
WHAT IT MEANS. HE SAYS THIS IS THE SOUL, FINALLY,
AFTER THE BREATH HAS GONE. THE SOUL: LESS THAN
4,000 DOLLARS WORTH OF CRACK–22 GRAMS–
ALL THAT MOVES YOU THROUGH THIS WORLD.

REGINALD DWAYNE BETTS

Obituary & Service

No obituary.

Be the first to post your most treasured memory of R█

— CALLER HEARD ABOUT 6 SHOTS

Neighbors are fed up.

Dispatch Notes: CALLER STATING PD ON SCENE
Police requesting EMS step it up.

multiple gun shot wounds to the head, arms, and legs

Police: Man Arrested For Dealing 4 Different Drugs «

Air bubbles exiting through head wound with each ventilation.

CPR initiated.

FOR THE CITY THAT NEARLY BROKE ME (A WOMAN TATTOOS MALIK'S NAME)

A WOMAN TATTOOS MALIK'S NAME ABOVE
HER BREAST & TALKS ABOUT THE CONSPIRACY
TO DESTROY BLACKS. THIS IS ALL A FANCY WAY
TO SAY THAT SOMEONE KIRKED OUT, EMPTIED
FIVE OR SIX OR SEVEN SHOTS INTO A WARM BODY.
NO INDICTMENT FOLLOWS MALIK'S DEATH,
FOLLOWS SMOKE RUNNING FROM A FIRED PISTOL.
AN OLD QUARREL: CRIMSON AGAINST CONCRETE
& THE OFFICER'S GUN STILL SMOKING.
SOMEONE SAYS THE PEOPLE NEED TO STAND UP,
THAT THE SYSTEM'S A GLASS HOUSE FALLING ON ONLY
A FEW HEADS. THIS & THE STOP SNITCHING ADS
ARE THE CONUNDRUM AND DAMN ALL THAT BLOOD.
ALL THOSE CLOSED EYES IMAGINING MALIK'S
KILLER FOREVER COFFLED TO A SERIES OF CELLS,
& YOU ALMOST BELIEVE THEM, YOU DO, EXCEPT
THE COGNAC IN YOUR HAND IS AN OLD HABIT,
A TOAST TO FRIENDS BURIED BEFORE THE DAYBREAK
OF THEIR OLD AGE. YOU KNOW THE TRUTH
OF THE TALKING, OF THE QUARRELS & HOW
HISTORY LETS THE BLAMED GO BLAMELESS FOR
THE BLOOD THAT FLOWS BLACK IN THE STREET;
YOU IMAGINE THERE IS A RIOT GOING ON,
& SOMEONE IS TOSSING A TRASH CAN THROUGH
SAL'S WINDOW CALLING THAT REVOLUTION,
WHILE BEHIND US CELL DOORS KEEP CLANKING CLOSED,
& MALIK'S CASKET DOOR CLANKS CLOSED,
& THE BODIES THAT ROLL OFF THE BLOCK
& INTO THE PRISONS AND INTO THE GROUND,
KEEP ROLLING, & NO ONE WILL ADMIT
THAT THIS IS THE WAY AMERICA STRANGLES ITSELF.

REGINALD DWAYNE BETTS

BUENOS AIRES I
Jacob Alabab-Moser
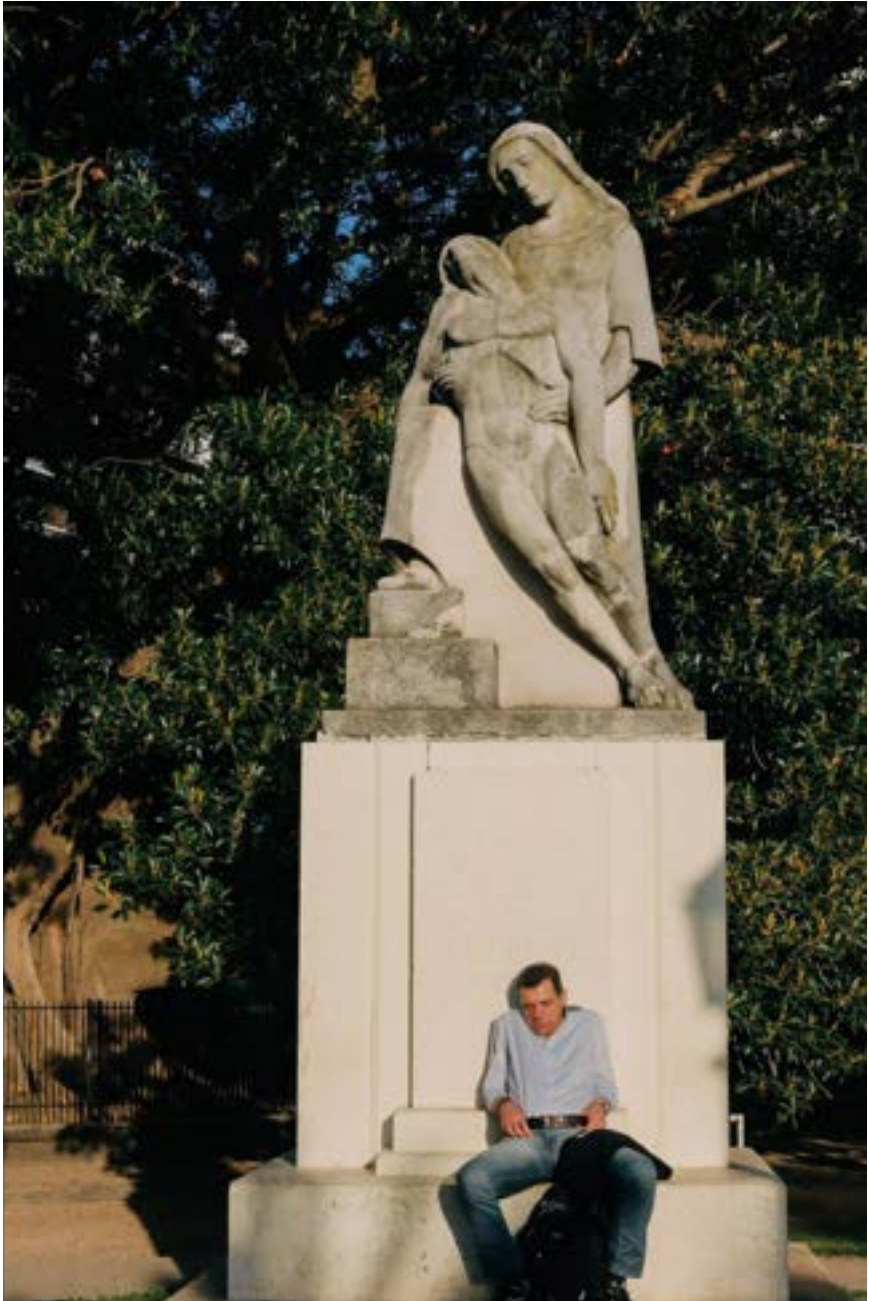
GESTURES IN ABSENCE: ON 9/11 AND THE POLITICS OF MEMORY
Will Tavlin

In the immediate aftermath of September 11, the NYPD and National Guard quarantined lower Manhattan. Everything south of Houston Street was effectively paralyzed.Avenues were shut down; apartment buildings were evacuated. Residents from vacated areaswere permitted to cross the security checkpoint on Houston and collect personal belongings, so long as they had proof of address. In her essay "A Praise of Doubt," Gail Segal, a filmmaker and professor at NYU Tisch, recalls watching a woman at the checkpoint, "emptying the contents of her backpack in search of one paper scrap documenting her address." She writes, "the task, while urgent, was simple: simple because her bulging backpack was occupied primarily by one object—a button-eyed, stuffed teddy bear that lay beside her on the sidewalk as she rummaged through the pack."

Citing D.W. Winnicott's theory on transitional objects—objects that facilitates the passage from one physical or emotional state to the next (the teddy bear, used by children as they grow out of infancy, is perhaps Winnicott's most famous example)—Segal recalls the weeks, months, even years after the attacks as a moment of radical transition. "Fundamental assumptions by which Americans carried out the daily tasks of living collapsed," writes Segal."The assumption that we might move about freely and safely in work and play underwent radical revision. Added to this, the event upturned any premise that the world's sole remaining, albeit self-identified, superpower could assert that power and influence without being challenged on its own turf."Segal mentions homeostasis, the biological response to physical or emotional disturbances that orders the body back to equilibrium. Just as well, the goverment's response tothe attacks frantically ordered the American body politic back to normalcy by proselytizing patriotism. On September 20, 2001, President George W. Bush famously addressed a joint session between Congress and the nation: "They hate our freedoms: our freedom of religion, our freedom of speech, our freedom to vote and assemble and disagree with each other." In speeches,press conferences and briefings, the White House called on the public to draw "strength," from its "freedom"—the very freedom our "enemies" attempted to destroy. "Reinforcing America's positive self-image, reasserting America's predominance, galvanizing Americans to seek justice," Segal writes, "these were the messages coming from the White House to relieve national anxiety and reestablish equanimity."

But these messages have costs. Declining to contextualize the attacks on American soil in any historical, political, or cultural nuance, President Bush erased the possibility that the public might thoughtfully reflect on the UnitedStates' then-role in the international community and the destructive politicalideologies American citizens enjoy.

Introspection is inconvenient, especially in the thick of a national emergency. But it's exactly introspection, interrogation, and self-doubt that makes a democracy's transition in the midst of an identity crisis that much more productive. Susan Sontag was blasted by critics after suggesting, in the New Yorker's issue following the attacks, that the United States acknowledge its role in creating the conditions for 9/11 through the destabilizing foreign policy it executed in the Middle East in decades prior. "A few shreds of historical awareness might help us understand what has just happened, and what may continue to happen," Sontag offered. "Who doubts that America is strong? But that's not all America has to be."

'America is strong,' the imaginary concocted by the president and nearly every member of congress, effectively caulked the personal and political traumas withstood by the public. The failure of the government's response to 9/11 lies not only with its ardent reclamation of 'strength' and boast of its 'freedoms,' with its decision to mobilize tanks to protect Saudi oil reserves just hours after the attacks, to wage two preemptive wars in the years following; it lies with the urge to do all of this at the expense of interrogating the imperialist identity it self proclaimed. Rejecting even a modicum of self-doubt, the Bush administration's response was to stop a potential transition of identity altogether, to reverse the crisis by exponentially expanding its global power abroad, shoring up the nation's ego at home, and thereby return the nation to its 'equilibrium.' It was, in the words of White House officials, to go out and keep spending. "Get down to Disney World in Florida," the president told Americans in a press conference two weeks after the attacks. "Take your families and enjoy life, the way we want it to be enjoyed."

There is, however, another trauma endured by the American psyche that remains hidden beneath the government's adulterated response to the attacks, confused by the Bush administration's attempt to mask trauma with political reclamation. Ask any New Yorker who watched the event in real time what they saw that day and they'll tell you as much about the buildings falling as the bridges packed with masses escaping Manhattan, the complete dissolve of structures and protocol, the white ash raining over Brooklyn. My own: I didn't see the towers fall. From Hoboken, New Jersey, my teacher explained to my first grade class that a plane had hit New York. I imagined a Boeing 747 landing on Fifth Avenue, its wings neatly lined up with a cross street fitting perfectly along the grid. Like many, Segal's memory of the day privileges the auxiliary sensations of September 11 over the violence that erupted in the sky. "Anyone moving about New York City during the days following the collapse of the World Trade Center has images and sounds—even smells— seared to memory," she writes.

JAMES ZHANG
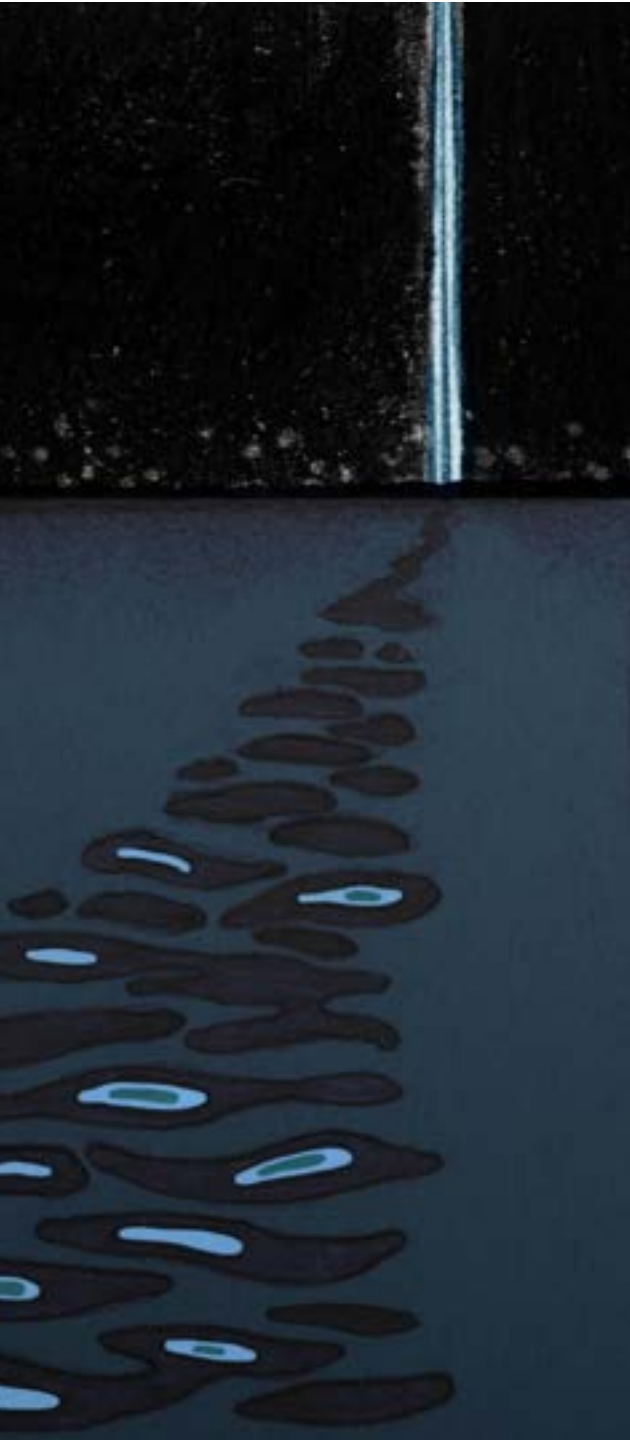
"An acrid metallic odor, helicopters whirring overhead, sirens zipping down the southbound avenues.

There is a formula to the 9/11 personal narrative: it serves to describe as much as it does to subdue. It takes a great commitment to memory to reconstruct the city's collective trauma without an individual's personal narrative escaping it, overtaking it.

John Updike, writing in the New Yorker's issue following the attacks, offers a rare account that addresses trauma as such: "My wife and I watched from the Brooklyn building's roof, the south tower dropped from the screen of our viewing; it fell straight down like an elevator, with a tinkling shiver and a groan of concussion distinct across the mile of air. We knew we had just witnessed thousands of deaths; we clung to each other as if we ourselves were falling."

The disappearance still haunts the city. From rooftops and city streets, the situation was rendered incalculable. The city bore witness to the birth of its own phantom limb. A collective trauma of absence: what was once there, painfully, viewed in an instant, was not.

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Every story must be told. This was the great challenge facing the World Trade Center Memorial Foundation's 13-member jury as they embarked on the most scrutinized and contested memorial competition in American history. Managed by the joint city-state Lower Manhattan Development Corporation (LMDC), the competition, announced in 2003, quickly received 5,201 proposals from 62 countries. Each proposal followed a simple set of guidelines (including but not limited to): that the site provide space for contemplation, that it convey historic authenticity, that there be a separate resting place for unidentified remains, and that the World Trade Center footprints—the geological scars formed by the fallen towers—were to be 5 made visible. Art critic Nancy Princenthal, covering the jury's deliberation process in her essay "World Trade Center Memorial," writes that, above all, "the guidelines tried to ensure that the memorial's concerned public—a community understood as both subject and audience—be defined, and honored, as explicitly as possible. Each victim was to be 'recognized' individually."

It was evident, at a public forum held to review the guidelines in 2003, that the process would be difficult. Namely, the various interested parties—firefighters, first responders, office workers, local residents, victims' families—called for the memorial to contain individual forms of recognition. "Particular passion was aroused by the demand that firefighters be designated as such, and identified by their engine companies" writes Princenthal.

"There were invocations of the hapless and the brave, moneychangers and honest laborers, the culturally enfranchised and the dispossessed... Most insistently, heroes were distinguished from victims."

Meanwhile, larger political forces were warring over Ground Zero's long-term future. In his New Yorker article "Stones And Bones," Adam Gopnik details the negotiations between the developer Larry Silverstein (who had leased the World Trade Center buildings shortly before they collapsed), Port Authority, and New York's then-governor, George Pataki. Together these three actors decided the fate of the site's economic and cultural renewal. Pataki, aligned with the public's demand to preserve the tower's footprints, and resistant to Port Authority and Silverstein's rapid rebuilding agendas, ultimately resolved to include both. "Two seemingly contradictory ideas," Gopnik offers, "that it was necessary to keep the site 'sacred' and also necessary to rebuild it for commerce—governed the design of the site from the beginning."

It is thus a great achievement that the winning 9/11 memorial design, Michael Arad and Peter Walker's Reflecting Absence, somehow satisfied the memorial's major and minor political 6 players. The memorial has been lauded for its simplicity: two 200-square-foot sinks, literal footprints of the north and south World Trade Centers, positioned adjacently in a plaza of 400 sweetgum and swamp white oak trees. Streams of water fall 35 feet into the memorial's basin before disappearing into a central, darker, well. On the outer edges of the pools are the list of names of those who died. Inside the memorial's underground museum, located in the northwest corner of the site, wreckage from the disaster hangs on display: twisted steel girders and blasted concrete, images of the 2,977 victims, a video booth that loops security footage of the perpetrators passing through airport security on the morning of the attacks, and a tomb that contains the unidentified remains of 1,115 victims.

To be a visitor at Reflecting Absence, however, is to be subject to a barrage of seemingly contradictory ideas regarding death and how it should be retained in the public consciousness. As a site to "provide space for contemplation," Reflecting Absence is frustrating. Couched under the newly built One World Trade Center, bustled beside Santiago Calatrava's Oculus transportation hub, and under the bawl of the waterfalls, introspection is overtaken by distraction. It is the first in a long list of criticisms that have assailed Reflecting Absence since its opening to the public in 2011. After watching a security guard chastise a group of kids for standing on a granite bench, Gopnik critiques, "the idea that we celebrate the renewal of our freedom by deploying uniformed guards to prevent children from playing in an outdoor park is not just bizarre in itself but participates in a culture of fear that the rest of the city, having tested, long ago discarded."

At Reflecting Absence, remembrance is an action subject to change depending on where the viewer is standing. On the street level, the reflecting pools offer a blank slate. The bare facts of the disaster, the names of the victims and the geological scars, are laid bare for the viewer's 7 contemplation. But the contemplative experience of the pools is emptied by the fact-based objectives some 30 feet below: "The [museum] serves as the country's principal institution for examining the implications of the events of 9/11, documenting the impact of those events and exploring the continuing significance of September 11, 2001," the official description reads on the memorial's website. The memorial museum fills in the blank slate offered by the reflecting pools and imagined by the viewer. It produces the ultra-violent wreckage purposely withheld at street level: the twisted debris that once filled the colossal pits, the unidentified remains of over a thousand names carved into stone. "An insistence that we are here to remember and an ambition to let us tell you what to recall," this contradiction, as Gopnik writes, remains frustratingly unresolved.

While right-wing voices, historically partial to nationalist displays of strength in memorials, have criticized the lack of a singular patriotic imagery, critics on the left have noted, with some dismay, its likeness to Maya Lin's Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, DC. Princenthal cites two examples of such critiques: in the New York Observer, Clay Risen, critiquing all eight of the memorial competition's semi-finalists, called each design's use of Maya Lin's Minimalist vocabulary a "crutch, rather than an inspiration." Architecture critic Paul Goldberger agreed, writing in the New Yorker that the eight semi-finalists "could be commemorating any sadness, not the particular horror of the World Trade Center disaster, and most of them have the bland earnestness of a well-designed public plaza."Risen and Goldberger's allegations that Reflecting Absence merely conforms to Maya Lin's Vietnam memorial are not unwarranted.

Both Lin's work and Reflecting Absence rely on what critics call Minimalist style: clean geometry, gently sloping lines, and polished granite. High profile memorials like the Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe in Berlin (a plateau 8 of over 2,000 granite stelae, varying in height, and arranged like a graveyard) and the Oklahoma City National Memorial (a field of 168 empty chairs) have employed particular trends pioneered by Lin since her proposal was unveiled in 1981. You can see it in the horizontal, granite landscapes, in the monochrome grays, and the seamless incorporation of trees and fauna. The mood at these memorials is often as subdued as the building materials. Visitors are policed by an unwritten rule of silence. Minimalist memorials commit themselves to reducing individual representation and experience to abstraction: The American soldiers of the Vietnam war are represented by their names carved into a wall; the six million Jews who perished in the Holocaust speak through the disorienting maze of stelae; in Oklahoma, the empty chairs are a one-to-one representation of the bombing victims.

But it's important, Princenthal argues, that we understand Lin's memorial language as a "Minimalist dialect," rooted more in the radical pursuit of emotion than in a reductive, abstracted formal design.

In a 1996 interview with Tom Finkelpearl, Lin characterized her work as "antimonumental" and "intimate." She noted, "the way you read a book is a very intimate experience and my works are like books in public areas." The Vietnam memorial can literally be read, and interacted with, like a book. The names are listed on the wall chronologically. To pass through the memorial is to walk through the Vietnam War's history of death. One slowly descends into the gash, the height of the wall appearing to grow higher, the list of names, longer. The simplicity of the memorial, opened in 1982, invited visitors to make their own personal additions, mementos. A bottle of Jack Daniels; a loved one's favorite record. The personalized objects, like annotations, began appearing next to the name of their subject, usually brought by victims' friends and families, usually crying.

Like Arad and Walker, Maya Lin was awarded the rights to design the Vietnam memorial through a competition. In 1980, the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund (VVMF) put out an open call for submissions, with the guidelines that the design be "harmonious," "contemplative and reflective," and "conciliatory." Most importantly, it was not to be a political statement. "Its purpose is to honor the service and memory of the war's dead, its missing, and its veterans," a pamphlet on the guidelines reads, "not the war itself." Lin, then an undergraduate architecture student at Yale, mailed her submission on the day of the deadline. Her design was awarded first place by a blind jury much to the uproar of conservative politicians and Vietnam veterans who called it a desecration. Sergeant Tom Carhart, leading a coalition of veterans opposed to the design, named it "[a] black gash of shame and sorrow, hacked into the national visage that is the Mall." Secretary of the Interior James G. Watt refused to issue a building permit until Lin's design was revised. After a lengthy, bitter, and highly publicized review process, the VVMF compromised to incorporate the veteran coalition's addendum: Three bronze statues of soldiers, slightly larger–than–life, holding weapons, looking off into the distance. It was installed some 30 feet away from Lin's memorial wall.

The pushback a public memorial receives, however grueling, can be revealing. An utterance commonly repeated by members from the "Families of 9/11" association during the 9/11 memorial's public hearings was, "we just need more time." Some family members argued that to rebuild the site in any capacity was desecration. Ground Zero, after all, was a graveyard. In her aforementioned essay, Gail Segal describes that hesitation was a common feeling among Americans who watched the art world's response to the attacks unfold.

She recalls a moment at the 2002 Sundance Film Festival, specifically at a panel on the role of politics in film, where several panelists expressed impatience with the dearth of films responding to the events of 9/11. "In counterpoint," Segal writes, "audience members expressed the possibility that time needed to digest the experience might be guarded more carefully as a condition for generating story material of substance."

The claim that art can better respond to trauma the more time is given to digest the experience assumes that trauma is a problem that art, memorial specifically, is capable of 'solving.' In its fundamental success, however, the Vietnam Veterans memorial is not a 'solution' but an open question. Buried, at its lowest point, ten feet below the National Mall, Lin's work gestures toward a national, collective shame. It asks: where did these men go and why? Its answers are insufficient. It knows only names. Minimal reminders that those who were sent to war—at a time when swaths of Americans, even White House officials, knew it was folly— were people with favorite records, letters, and loved ones. Lin's memorial asks the viewer to participate in keeping alive the memory of what was once a never-ending, violent intervention. It expects no satisfaction. Only that the pain of its memory might be addressed, negotiated, and managed.

Reflecting Absence doesn't create space for real commemorative practices that, as Lin generated for the Vietnam War, could reify and resituate the public's collective trauma—it never could. The stakes of its political interests were always too high.

On one hand, the memorial needed to appease the public's interest in individual representations. That one of the 9/11 memorial jury's guidelines required recognition of the victims of the 1993 World Trade Center bombing is noteworthy; the six who perished in 1993, named alongside the 2,977 victims in the towers, indicates a commitment to representing the public's pluralism by placing it, defining it, and limiting it under the umbrella of 'terrorism.' Reflecting Absence subscribes to the same politicized agenda the Bush administration put forth 11 in the wake of the attacks: security before sanctity. Personal mementos brought to the site are strictly banned (although the memorial staff places one white rose in the carved-out names of victims on their birthdays). On the other hand, American political legacies were also at stake. A 9/11 memorial that did anything besides reinforce the conditions of its own production—the supposed strength of its nation—would not have fared well for the public image of its proponents. So we are told how to move, what to remember, what was destroyed, and exactly who the victims were, through a memorial that forecloses the possibility that the city itself was a victim—that in watching disaster in the sky, something could be mangled besides the towers themselves.

Thus, if Maya Lin's Vietnam Memorial is experienced as a book, Reflecting Absence is experienced as a lecture, one of conflicting ideas and muddled conclusions. Its failure is not solely in its attempt to tell you what to think, but that the conclusion has already been reached. That, in the words of former New York City mayor Michael Bloomberg, "it will be a place where people say 'never again.'"

It isn't. Reflecting Absence is the political answer to a question beyond politics. A loss of colossal immensity is still felt through the fabric of the city today.

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Three years before the towers fell, in 1998, artists Paul Myoda and Julian LaVerdiere had a studio on the 91st floor of 1 World Trade Center. They were working on a public art proposal, funded by the downtown New York public arts organization Creative Time, dedicated to genetic technologies. The project: mounting, on the tip of 1 World Trade Center's spire, a bioluminescent beacon.

Myoda, now a professor at Brown University, explained the project and the motivations behind bioluminescence as a medium at a 2002 lecture at Columbia University, through the signals caused by a single-cell plankton. "Agitation of the surrounding water causes them to luminesce," Myoda told students. "For this reason, scientists conjecture that their bioluminescent properties might have something to do with warding off prey, or perhaps communicating with one another.

This is still a hypothesis, a guess." The chemical reaction between luciferin and and luciferase—which, in the presence of ATP, produces light—has been used by scientists for decades as a tool of indication. In 1975, NASA sent the Viking 1 space probe into orbit equipped with a bioluminescent sensor as a means of detecting alien life. In the 90s', cancer researchers began pairing specific genes in mice with bioluminescent ones in order to trace the cancerous genetic manner, thus developing a new process for detecting cancer cells and tumors. "The point of all these tests," Myoda offered, "and what I find to be the salient feature as it relates to what it means to be an artist is to make visible that which otherwise could not have been seen."

The bioluminescent beacon was intended as another kind of signal. To be, as Myoda noted, "an artificial star, faintly visible above Manhattan's skyline. A blinking, shimmering, point, which said, simply: here, there is life, as well."

September 11 crashed their studio and with it the entire project. In the days after the disaster, the New York Times Magazine, with prior knowledge of the beacon, asked Myoda and LaVerdiere for an artist's response to the attacks. Privately, the artists—both of whom, from their rooftops, watched 9/11 un-

"The World Trade Center was invisible, unmade, in the world of dust and dirt and fire and body parts, but somehow remade in our imaginations," Myoda stated in his lecture. "The experience of phantom pains revealed itself... The tingling, oftentimes maddening, sensation attendant with the loss of a limb is prevalent in medical literature; the sense that something is there—a something which undeniably hurts—but cannot be rubbed, cannot be allayed, cannot be given even a momentary respite."

Their artistic response, a computer-generated image, appeared on the cover of the September 23, 2001 issue of the Times Magazine: two light beams mapped onto the new, now towerless Manhattan skyline, faded to the point of near-invisibility. The image, titled "Phantom Towers," gripped the public. With the help of Creative Time, and the money for their bioluminescent beacon still at their disposal, Myoda and LaVerdiere actualized their image on March 11, 2002.

The installation's optics were peculiar. Up close, 88 high-powered xenon lights rocketing upwards, its light particles appearing to vibrate in midair. From afar, the individual lights appeared as two discrete beams. "The phenomenological effect," said Myoda, "was heretofore unseen; the tallest, brightest image in history. The visual effect of three-point perspective, strangely personalized the image; it warped above one's head, no matter where one was located. Facing it, and looking above, was the same experience as facing away from it, and looking above." Atmospheric conditions change their appearance too: cloud cover and fog concentrate the beams and heighten their visibility; on a clear night the wave-particles dissipate, fading outwards.

The installation was meant to be temporary, but public demand saw it return on September 11, 2003, renamed as Tribute In Light. Funding the installation was, for a long time, a tenuous operation. The Municipal Arts Society of New York took control of funding the installation in 2003, but nearly ceased operations in 2008 and then again in 2011. The popularity of the installation mobilized the National September 11 Memorial & Museum to assume the installation's finances and logistical responsibilities in 2012, permanently ensuring that the installation is lit annually.

The public's demand to see Tribute In Light actualized speaks to the need for its conceptual power. As Myoda emphasized in his lecture, "on such a large scale, nerve endings, raw and severed loose, needed something to grasp, something to close the loop. Something that even momentarily avoided the mediating interference inherent in an image, a scrim, screen, or interface."

Tribute In Light gives a literal form to the city's trauma: a rendering of the phantom limb so many witnesses looking at the skyline intimated for years. A haunting specter. There, but not quite. Gestured, but not articulated. What was once there, painfully, still is not—and it doesn't have to be. Tribute In Light, in its success, signals absence in its positive form. It is a void located somewhere in the cavernous pits of Reflecting Absence, clunkily shoveled into its name, lost in the roar of the waterfalls, but truer, more lucid, more self-evident in the twin beams catching the ceiling of the sky.

The politics of land are largely evacuated. Tribute In Light is not about landscape but about the skyline, because land had much less to do with the terror felt by the millions watching the towers fall than it did with the act of looking itself. You can find it in YouTube clips, stories by survivors: onlookers from their rooftops as close as TriBeCa and as far as Far Rockaway, all watching, witnessing, from their streets and rooftops, the century change before their eyes. Speaking to me in his studio in Providence, Myoda recalls that the night the lights turned on, in March 2002, was assisted by an absolute quiet. A small navy of ferries and passenger boats had assembled in the harbor for an unobstructed view of the installation. Out of the quiet came a sudden cascade of boat horns; a singular roar, the sound of many as one. Myoda says you could hear it throughout the island. "One of the workers who was down there a lot came to us and thanked us. He said: 'instead of people coming down here and looking at the pit, it's the first time we're looking up.'"

Tribute In Light doesn't offer consolation. Its message is not definitive but doubtful. It says only that the pain will be recurrent. That every year, you might look to the sky and feel the twitch of a phantom limb.

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Will Tavlin is the runner-up for the Preston Gurney Prize in cultural criticism.

BUENOS AIRES II
Jacob Alabab-Moser

THE SIN OF SIMCITY
WILL WEATHERLY

To a 15–year old Providence Journal writer named Joseph Braude, it made a lot of sense: invite five of the candidates in the 1990 mayoral election to compete in a SimCity tournament, design a SimProvidence for them to develop, and watch who was most effective at leading a fake version of their real city. The groundbreaking program, which allowed players to act as virtual mayors controlling urban design, development, and management, was then only a year old. They focused on getting as accurate a rendering of the city as possible on a Macintosh II; a computer scientist, cartographer, and research consultant used Providence's ground plan and topographical data to provide a virtual clone, complete with a pixelated Providence River and Harbor, correct zoning, traffic congestion, and a then-towering crime rate.

None of the five candidates who agreed to compete were familiar with the game, and few owned a computer at the time, so Braude volunteered to sit at each candidate's respective keyboards and Sim by proxy. With his help, each candidate's performance in the game could be seen as indexical to their political and logistical finesse, rather than any technical skill. What started as a common-sense logistical decision ended up complicating the ontological dilemma of the competition itself. What was on trial here: the limits of a video game to approximate local urban management? Or the limits of urban management to fulfill their role in a video game?

Providence was then (and still is) the only US city to host a competition of its kind. For Journal editor Alan Rosenberg, the competition aimed to provide more of a view on "the aspect of computer simulation of running a city than the political ramifications of the story," as he told Vice last year. But as the Journal started publishing the results of each candidates' SimCity session, the implications of the project grew difficult to ignore. One player, Democratic candidate Victoria Lederberg, refused to let Braude control the keyboard, despite having no previous experience with computers and no familiarity with the game itself. Her predictably disastrous experience skewed the public's perception of the competition against her; because other competing candidates didn't have to contend with the machine behind the mayorship, Lederberg's technical difficulties produced a dismal virtual city in comparison. As Braude reported in 1990, Lederberg "built more police stations in Providence than probably exist in all of Southeastern New England," replaced an electric power plant with a nuclear reactor 4 years post-Chernobyl, and bulldozed a church in a state that was, in actuality, 63% Catholic. Frustrated, she "asserted that [the game] had nothing to do with her political aspirations."

Lederberg lost the Democratic primary by 482 votes to party frontrunner Andrew Annaldo, who credits his electoral success to his campaign promise to leverage fees on (offline) local universities, and whose virtual taxes were rising by the end of his SimProvidence stint. The specter of Lederberg's failure, however, and her apathy towards her virtual citizens, was hard to shake."A lot of people felt that she lost the [Democratic] primary for having performed poorly," Braude said. And despite being a family friend, Lederberg refused to speak to Braude following his article in the Journal; she died in 2003 after 13 years of sworn silence.

Just as the tournament was mirroring, and in some ways adding to, the narrative of Lederberg's fall, it also became part of some of the election's most dramatic success stories. The competition and the election shared their two frontrunners: Fred Lippitt, an independent described by the Journal as a "paradigm of Rhode Island's privileged class," and Buddy Cianci, the famed longtime-serving mayor of Providence, who was then running for re-election as an independent 6 years after resigning on charges of an assault on a Bristol contractor. Both candidates' success at SimCity came largely from their commitment to take the game deadly seriously; Braude observed that Lippitt and Cianci talked to the avatars on their computer screens like any other civic worker they could boss around, Lippitt going so far as to speak "into an imaginary mouthpiece [about] politics and his outlook on life."

Lippitt and Cianci shared a fondness for a strong police presence in their cities, but Cianci's SimCity had the economic edge. Cianci was a great virtual bookkeeper. "He was the only candidate who had taken the trouble to scribble his expenses on a scratchpad," Braude wrote. When Cianci was asked, before his death this winter, what he remembered about his SimCity, he remarked that it emulated much of his governing philosophy. "You spend some money here, you spend some money there," he said. "You had to make those kinds of choices everyday as a mayor… you'll lose some votes, you'll gain some votes. Sometimes you make a good choice, sometimes it's a not-so-good choice." Cianci won the 1990 election by 317 votes over Lippitt, and while Braude's tournament declared no definite winner, his article lauded Cianci for his brass-tacks approach to virtual governance. Many commentators remarked that Cianci's political success rode primarily on the back of his enduring local legacy, but it is harder to explain his simulated success so succinctly. By treating SimCity like real city managing, Cianci was able to identify and optimize its indicators of a city's success, with a low crime rate, maximized city revenue, and a balanced budget. But his triumph over his competitors like Lederberg was equally as predicated on their (also correct) perception of the simulation as inauthentic.

Questions of the limits of SimCity's reality seem equally entwined with Providence's history when considering what else its simulation left out of a view into Cianci's rule: an alleged rape at gunpoint, an over-reliance on police power, and an administration rife with corruption. Yet our city's past also marks one of the strongest cases for the game's consistent allure of almost-reality. Combined, the 1990 tournament is a telling portrait of SimCity itself, a game just real enough to be disturbing, and just unreal enough to be fun.

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In accordance with SimCity's frequent description as "a God game," its origins are now near-mythological. (Though the game enables players a top-down control of legions of citizens, Will Wright, the original creator of SimCity and co-founder of its developer Maxis, would scoff at the religious description; he is a stout atheist). Inspiration for the game came from Wright's original 1984 game Raid on Bungling Bay, a helicopter-simulator turned shoot-em'-up whose success in Japan funded the development of the original SimCity in 1989. Wright believed that constructing the buildings on the targeted islands was a lot more fun than actually bombing the islands, and set out to find methods of developing his productive urge into a new product

Wright eventually based his theories of simulation on three examples: the free-form creativity offered by his early Montessori school education, the computer scientists John Conway's pioneering work in using cellular automata for increasingly advanced simulations, and M.I.T. professor Jay Wright Forrester's book Urban Dynamics, which argued for an increasing implementation of computer simulation in urban planning. Forrester's work proved to be the most indicative of the game to come; he was the one of the first scientists to simulate a city in a computer model. "Except in his simulation, there was no map; it was just numbers," Wright told Gamasutra. "It was like population level, number of jobs -- it was kind of a spreadsheet model."

Fundamentally, SimCity doesn't stray too far from Forrester's original simulation in relying on localized and highly visible metrics like crimes rates and traffic flow to gauge a user's success; Wright's challenge was to gamify this spreadsheet. "I thought it might appeal to a few architects and city planner types," he said, "but not average people." His partner and Maxis co-founder Jeff Braun felt differently. "Will showed me the game and he said, 'No one likes it, because you can't win," Braun told The New Yorker in 2006. "But I thought it was great. I foresaw an audience of megalomaniacs who want to control the world."

The game, and its more than 20 subsequent iterations and spin-offs, has exceeded $230 million in worldwide revenue for Maxis, prompting The New Yorker to call it "arguably the single most influential work of urban-design theory ever created." It was so "influential" that, in his 2011 Republican prima-

ry bid, commentators gleefully observed that Herman Cain's proposed tax code exactly mirrored the default rates in any SimCity.

What is confusing in the game's theoretical backing, and its reception as a revolution in urban simulation, is that Wright claims he never intended SimCity to be a work of urban-design theory at all. "A lot of the times, we'll simulate things on purpose inaccurately just for entertainment value," Wright said. "I realized early on… it's kind of hopeless to approach simulations… as predictive endeavors. But we've kind of caricatured our systems. SimCity was always meant to be a caricature of the way a city works, not a realistic model of the way a city works." He gives an example of the original SimCity's nuclear reactors, which, in more of a simulation of late 80's paranoia than actual nuclear infrastructure, exploded at a high frequency for apocalyptic player scenarios.

It is this contradiction between SimCity as a game or a simulation, as a commentary or a caricature, that produces some of its most interesting possibilities as a method of analysis for urban planning. Neither interpretation is entirely true without the other, and it is the confluence of the two understandings — the game within the real, and the real within the game — that ultimately proves most accurate.

Later versions of SimCity have advertised themselvess increasingly accurate, with the latest version touting inter-regional trade, advanced systems for energy allocation, and discrete modeling for every vehicle, resource, and pile of trash in users' SimCities.In an eerie case of cyclical history, Fast Company Magazine enlisted six urban design teams to test just how realistic this new attempt at realism could be. Each team utilized their real-world expertise, from creating walkable and sustainable downtown hubs to optimizing industrial development. But despite their best intentions, many of the urban planners became tempted by the immediate-gratification some planning decisions offered; they invested quickly and heavily in fossil fuels, failing to build enough pedestrian walkways or to adequately fund education in the process.

For SimCity designer Stone Librande, the game's incentivizing of bad policy is just another step towards the real. "It's designed to make players make unsustainable decisions. We want people to understand why it happens in the real world," Librande said. But he also doesn't deny that denying more utopic possibilities is equally part of SimCity's game logic as well: "As a game designer, a utopia is kind of boring because once you achieve it, there's no challenge. Once I come up with equilibrium, I have no compulsion to play anymore."

By necessitating the impossibility of sustainable cities as part of a game, and by identifying this as realistic in the same breath, SimCity stops being a depiction of the ambition of the urban project and starts heralding its certain failure. As Fast Company writer John McDermott says, "Entropy cannot be

stopped. A utopia is illusory. Everything is destroyed in time… SimLife sucks, and then you SimDie." The stakes of SimCity's Malthusian narrative, however, are much consequential than video game nihilism, especially when real-world methods of neoliberal urban analysis present themselves as equally accurate, with similar methods of erasure. Urban designer Daniel Lobo analyzed how urban planning has come to model itself after SimCity through its use of Geographic Information Systems (GIS), which uses similar tools for modeling, zoning, and census analytics. Schools often use SimCity as a teaching model for urban planning and politics for this reason. However, even more advanced GIS can produce a narrow understanding of urban policy choices, usually centered solely around data. "A GIS by itself cannot make choices on issues like gentrification, race inequality or immigration," Lobo writes. "This SimCity-like analysis can blind city leaders to problems that lie outside of the system's geographic or political scope."

SimCity's depiction of homelessness is the logical end of its treatment of civic disaster as raw data. IULM University in Milan professor Matteo Bittanti compiled a 600-page compendium of the backlash against the homeless on SimCity forums in 2013, and the transcript leaves a haunting impression of digital and urban disassociation alike. "I have 0 percent unemployment so it appears these sims are oddly choosing to be homeless. I don't know if this is a bug…" one user wrote. Another: "Once you have homeless, they hang out, panhandling and eating garbage. Make sure your garbage collection is operating adequately and they will either disappear (die?) or wander off down the highway." What was at first glance to be callous annoyance at the simulation is increasingly reminiscent of the way neoliberal urbanism problematizes homelessness as a failure of proper metrics, a glitch in an otherwise smoothly controlled machine.

As in the fallout after the Providence tournament, we can never fully invest in our simulations' claim to authenticity. Neither can we divest from the concrete, meaningful impact of what we call artificial. What we can do is make both operative, in relation to and against one another.

Vincent Ocasla, a 22-year-old architecture student living in the Philippines, spent more than three years of his life conceptualizing, planning, and building Magnasanti: an artistic expression of urban economic and spiritual oppression through a SimCity optimized to have the maximum number of residents. The city is a feat of both magnitude and order. None of Magnansanti's six million residents have to walk farther than their block for their work, so there is no traffic congestion. Due to noxious levels of air pollution, none of the residents live past 50 either. This, in conjunction with a "hyper-efficient police-state," helps to quell any insurrection resulting from Magnasanti's miserable conditions. Thus the city is remarkably stable; Magnasanti lasted upwards of 50,000 in-game years, with every citizen stuck in a loop of work and rest, backlash and suppres-

sion, birth and death. Oscala may be stretching SimCity's rules, and its grasp on reality, but in doing so produces a much more coherent account of urbanization's elements of dystopia than any attempt at realism could actually portray. Neil Gaiman, in an essay titled "Simcity," tried to evoke the possibilities of an urban imaginary: "There are good cities...There are indifferent cities...There are cities gone bad... There are even cities that seem lost... some, lacking a centre, feel like they would be happier being elsewhere, somewhere smaller, somewhere easier to understand." To better understand our SimCities, perhaps, is for us to stop seeing them as here and start hoping that they are elsewhere

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ILLUSTRATION: SUSIE CAGLE

RECONSTRUCTION
Ryan Miller

"THIS SENSE OF HEAVEN"
POLITICAL IMAGINARY IN JAMILA WOODS'S HEAVN
Stefania Gomez

"My great, great, great, great, great, great grandma
And your great, great, great, great, great, great grandpapa
Didn't need a ring or a broom
Didn't need a past or a bloom
Nothing old, nothing new
Nothing borrowed, nothing blue
They're dancing in the deepest ocean
See? Not even death could stop them."
–"Heaven," Jamila Woods (2016)

Each song in poet and musician Jamila Woods 2016 album HEAVN is both familiar and strange. It's as if Woods is singing to us from a faraway place we might only approach through listening to the album. Through HEAVN's engagement of atemporality/futurity, mythology, and post–humanity, Woods theorizes a site of Black female liberation similar to the political imaginaries theorized by women of color and queer of color feminists Cherrie Moraga, José Muñoz, and Tricia Rose.

Destabilizing the chronology of past, present, and future, the songs in HEAVN demonstrate a radical relationship to time. The title track, "Heaven," is a song about love—past and present. That Woods tells the story of the relationship her "great, great, great, great, great, great grandma" politicizes the song, transforming it into an exploration of her family's historical connection to slavery in the US. Not only did her enslaved relatives not have access to "a ring or a broom" in order to legitimize their relationships, they also did not have access to "a past… nothing old, nothing new." Being bought and sold as property, enslaved people were systematically stripped of their context and history as a means of subjugation. Wood's re–telling of this history, then, intentionally counteracts that erasure, even if the true history has been lost and "Heaven" must be written through conjecture or imagination. Her re–telling represents hope for the recuperation of this narrative. Though Wood's relatives rest "in the deepest ocean"— an allusion, perhaps, to the deaths of kidnapped Africans at sea during travel to the West—they are "dancing" there. "See? Not even death could stop them," Woods sings, asking the listener to notice how her relatives have defeated time and "death" both through their love and through Woods's lyrics.

Woods again defies time with "Blk Girl Soldier." The bridge of the song comes in the form of a long list of "Blk Girl Soldiers," or Black women across history who have organized and fought for their liberation and the liberation of other Black women. "Rosa was a freedom fighter/ And she taught us how to fight," Woods

sings, alluding to civil rights activist Rosa Park, and repeating the refrain with allusions to Black women thinkers Audre Lorde, Ella Baker, Assata Shakur, and Sojourner Truth. Through her allusions to them, Woods imbues HEAVN's political project with the power and radical thought of these women. Further, she disrupts time by creating a discursive space in which these Black women ancestors can exist in the present and, through Woods, and other Blk Girl Soldiers, into the future. In the chorus of song, Woods is explicit about the revolutionary and even supernatural possibilities she opens: "See she's telepathic/ Call it black girl magic/ yeah she scares the gov'ment/ déjà vu of Tubman." Woods suggests that the "gov'ment" that has enacted systematic violence on the bodies of "black girls" has done so precisely because of their threatening ability, like Woods, to draw from the resilience of ancestors as though "telepathic." In her interview with Mark Dery in his 1994 essay "Black to the Future," Black feminist scholar Tricia Rose analyzes the consequences of jazz musician Sun Ra's aesthetic, which, like Woods's, seems unhinged from time. His music combines ancient Egyptian mythology and "flying saucers," Rose says, because "If you're going to imagine yourself in the future, you have to imagine where you've come from; ancestor worship in black culture is a way of countering a historical erasure" (214). Perhaps the magic of Black girls is that their art and writing is a liberated world of the future, beyond the confines of standard time and Western history that have tried so desperately to eliminate them.

HEAVN's displacement in time gains further political possibility when placed in conversation with other critical experiments in futurity, particularly those of cultural theorists of color José Muñoz and Cherrie Moraga. Muñoz's concluding essay in his 2014 book Cruising Utopia. Muñoz's work comes out of the field of inquiry known as queer of color critique, one with roots in women of color feminism and professor of law Kimberlé Crenshaw's groundbreaking framework of intersectionality. Muñoz insists that a "collective temporal distortion" is critical for the liberation of queers of color (185). Perhaps the powering fuel to "vacate the here and now for a then and there" is precisely the telepathy of Black girl magic (185). The "then and there" to which Muñoz refers is "about an insistence on something else, something better, something dawning... [It is] a resource for the political imagination" (189). Muñoz calls this space a "Utopia." HEAVN, too, is a utopia. It is a space for that temporal imagination—one that exists neither in the past or present, but a future where past and present can exist simultaneously.

However, unlike Muñoz's utopia, HEAVN is rooted geographically. In this way, the album resonates across the political imaginary cultural theorist and playwright Cherrie Moraga theorizes in her essay "Queer Aztlán." According to Moraga,"Aztlán was that historical/mythical land where one set of Indian forebears, the Aztecs, were said to have resided 1,000 years ago. Located in the U.S. Southwest, Aztlán fueled a nationalist struggle twenty years ago" (227). During the Chicano Liberation Movement of the 1960s, the idea of Aztlán was used a tool

to politicize and mobilize Chicano people ideologically in the struggle for liberation. However, "Aztlán" also denoted the concrete goals of the CLM, as laid out in "El Plan Espiritual de Aztlán" written in 1969 at the First Annual Chicano Youth Conference: to reclaim land from the US and form an autonomous nation of Chicano people (228). This plan was an attempt to recuperate land lost to Latin American people in the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of 1848.

HEAVN is also a geographically recuperative project. In "LSD," Woods explores her complex relationship to her home city of Chicago. HEAVN was released a little over a year after the Chicago Police officer, Dante Servin, who shot and killed the unarmed 22-year-old Black woman Rekia Boyd on Chicago's southwest side, was acquitted of all charges. That this and countless other instances of violence underpin the lived experience of young Black folks in Chicago provides context for what is at stake in "LSD." Though it "breaks [Woods] down," and often comes under "criticism," Woods "loves" the city and "will never leave" it. Woods stays in Chicago both because it responsible for her existence and for the existence of HEAVN, and because of the transformative possibilities of HEAVN to bring about a liberated future rooted in the geographic location of Chicago. A soundbite from a voicemail presumably left by a friend of Woods underscores this: "Chicagoans create this sense of heaven in the midst of tragedy, in the midst of injustice, in the midst of pain, life goes on... That just shows our resilience." Here, HEAVN crosses back into the utopic territory of Muñoz. Whether or not HEAVN exists in the geographical location of Chicago, or will exist there in the future, it is something Chicagoans can sense. Indeed, for Muñoz, a utopia is "something else that we can feel, that we must feel" if it exists no other way in the present than through the affect and imagination of Woods's album (185).

Even while HEAVN contains landscapes as familiar as Chicago and voices as familiar as her friends, there is something new and strange about its discursive world. Voicemails from female friends are interspersed throughout the album. However, that these sounds of Wood's community come in the form of calls, and not in-person conversations, suggest that Woods is far away from her community. Woods—and HEAVN—are both here and not here. Perhaps her community is calling from the past, as did Rosa Parks and other warriors in "Blk Girl Soldier." Perhaps they are calling from a liberated future. Perhaps they are in Chicago, calling Woods in HEAVN, or perhaps they have already made it there, "collectively" (Muñoz 185). The songs "Way Up," "Stellar," and "Breadcrumbs" all suggest that Woods carries a certain otherworldliness. In "Way Up," she sings, "Just 'cause I'm born here/ Don't mean I'm from here." In "Stellar," she sings, "I've grown tired of this place, we could start again," and in "Breadcrumbs," "Guess we better find a new planet." Although she was born in Chicago, perhaps Woods is from another "place" or "planet"—such as HEAVN— to which she hopes to return and "start again." Like Woods herself, HEAVN is both distant enough to need "breadcrumbs" to trace back to and couldn't be closer, exists both in the future and the past, is strange and is utterly familiar.

Woods also explores the play between familiar and strange with HEAVN's relationship to mythology. In many of the album's songs, Woods borrows from numerous registers and traditions, such as nursery rhymes, double-dutch songs, and bible stories. The tunes of "Hello Operator," "Miss Mary Mack," and "Popsicle, Popsicle," all appear in "Very Blk." In "Holy," among other songs, Woods writes, "Give me today my daily bread," quoting the New Testament. Woods's deployment of these texts, perhaps critical to her upbringing as a young Black girl, represent her reinvention of them. Woods establishment of her own agency within and over these old forms mirrors Cherrie Moraga's strategic use of Indigenous mythology. In "Queer Aztlán," Moraga proposes a re-figuring of Aztlán folklore—one that addresses the heteronormativity and "male supremacy" within the Chicano nationalist movement and their engagement with the same folklore (231). Her critical re-invention of her peoples mythology comes in the form of "a 'queer Aztlán' where "…there would be no freaks, no "others" to point one's finger at" (235). HEAVN, too, recuperates Black cultural tradition. In "A Black Feminist Statement" published in the Moraga-edited anthology This Bridge Called My Back: Writings of Radical Women of Color, the Combahee River Collective, a "Black feminist group in Boston whose name comes from the guerrilla action conceptualized and led by Harriet Tubman on June 2, 1863," voice urgent critiques of the Black nationalist movement as well as the mainstream feminist movement (210). The Collective states that their exclusion from these movements make clear a "need to develop a politics that was antiracist, unlike those of white women, and antisexist, unlike those of Black and white men" (210). Woods's use of Black American folklore and Christian folklore in her album is thus an intentional political strategy towards the radical inclusion of Black women.

Woods's use of these registers also represents her insertion of herself into the mythology of a culture whose liberation movements have excluded her. According to her essay "The Power of Self Definition" in Patricia Hill Collins's 1990 book Black Feminist Thought, Black female consciousness has always consisted of operating resistively within the confines of a marked subject position. Woods is one in a long genealogy of those who reproduce tradition "while hiding a self-defined standpoint from the prying eyes of dominant groups" (97). According to Collins, as a work of artistic self-definition, HEAVN disrupts white, patriarchal power structures through its very existence. Collins writes, "Black women's ideas and actions force a rethinking of the concept of hegemony, the notion that Black women's objectification as the Other is so complete that we become willing participants in our own oppression" (99). This is particularly the case when it comes to music.

"Black women have been central in maintaining, transforming, and re-creating the blues traditions of African-American culture… Blues has occupied a special place in Black women's music as a site of the expression of Black women's self-definitions. The blues singer strives to create an atmosphere in which

analysis can take place, and yet this atmosphere is intensely personal and in-dividualistic. When Black women sing the blues, we sing our own personalized, individualistic blues while simultaneously expressing the collective blues of Af-rican-American women" (106).

HEAVN is thus "a site of the expression of Woods's self-definitions" and lib-eration as well as the "collective" liberation of Black women (106). Indeed, as Woods writes in "Holy," she is "holy by [her] own." Woods uses the laguage of American folklore and nursery rhymes across the album, and in this instance, of Christianity to place herself within those mythologies, while also stating that her value and power exists even outside of those frameworks. The possibilities of the mythologies Woods recuperates are further underscored when understood, through Tricia Rose's engagement with hip-hop in Dery's essay, as a site of im-mortality and post-humanity. According to Rose, the consequences of hip-hop and R&B are the ability to be "situated in the African-American musical tradition and still speak the aesthetic of language of the technetronic society" (213). In other words, R&B is the "response of urban people of color" to the material con-ditions of their life by "suggesting what's beyond them" (213). Indeed, HEAVN is such a "suggestion." First, the album suggests Woods herself is something "be-yond" human. In "Breadcrumbs," Woods sings, "Today I look like somebody you used to know/ Tomorrow I'm a stranger and I better go." In one sense, the song describes Woods as a human who feels estranged from her former partner. In another sense, Woods is a "stranger" to this world altogether. In "Way Up," she is even more explicit, describing herself as "an alien from inner space." Accord-ing to Rose, the use of non-humanity in Black music—that is, alien and robot imagery—is a resistive strategy that responds to Black musicians' "understand-ing of themselves as already having been robots"—in other words, that they are dehumanized by dominant power structures and attributed "very little value as people in this society" (214). Woods mobilizes the image of the alien "in order to use it against… interpolation" (214). She transforms disposability and dehu-manity into immortality and post-humanity. By imagining the space of HEAVN in the geographic location of Chicago, the album re-figures the city itself as alien or otherworldly—as a site of post-humanity. Chicago—and HEAVN—are places of violence and death but also, as is clearly the case for Woods, of resistance and self-making—indeed, of life. Through the immortality of Woods's writing, and her invocation of atemporality/futurity, mythology, and post-humanity, HEAVN is able to counteract death—even if Chicago can't.

The hook Jamila Woods sings on Chicago hip-hop artist Chance the Rapper's "Sunday Candy" (2015) goes like this: "You gotta move it slowly/ Take it in my body like it's holy/ I've been waiting for you for the whole week/ I've beenpray-ing for you, you're my Sunday candy." In her debut album, Woods mobilizes of atemporality/futurity, mythology, and post-humanity, Woods theorizes site of Black female liberation called HEAVN, rooted o the physical space ofChicago and ideological space of women of color and queer of color feminism. Theorists Cher-

rie Moraga, José Muñoz, Tricia Rose, and Black women in Chicago are just a few people who have been praying for Woods for the whole week.

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Image property of Jamila Woods

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MEMORIAS DEL TERRITORIO
Grace Monk

IN CONVERSATION WITH MINDY FULLILOVE
Lance Gloss

Image: Mashup Americans

Mindy Fullilove is a psychiatrist, researcher, and professor of urban policy currently teaching at the New School. Beginning with her groundbreaking research on AIDS in US cities, Dr. Fullilove has studied the psychological and health impacts of urban renewal and environmental injustice for more than 35 years. In her 2005 book Root Shock: How Tearing Up City Neighborhoods Hurts America, and What We Can Do About It, she details a century of serial forced displacement for communities of color in American cities, and its toll on personal and social well-being.

In her most recent book, Urban Alchemy: Restoring Joy in America's Sorted-Out Cities (2013), Dr. Fullilove ties together a nine-point strategy for urban restoration. These nine tools—including "unpuzzling," "unslumming," and "showing solidarity with all life"—bring the perspectives of clinical psychiatry to bear on the problems of today's cities. The Urban Studies Journal caught up with Mindy when she came to Providence to give a Black History Month lecture on March 6 at the Brown University School of Public Health. In this interview, she offers a characteristic injection of lucidity into the study of the inherited metropolis. As ever, her perspective is as resonant and useful to the rider of buses and walker of streets as to the planners and architects who design them.

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Urban Journal

In your book Root Shock, you define root shock as a "traumatic stress reaction to the destruction of one's emotional ecosystem." How do you define the emotional ecosystem, and how does it relate to the prevalent notion of community?

Dr. Mindy Fullilove

Community is one of those overworked words that means sort of whatever people want it to mean. But it we take a pretty broad definition, it's a group of people that have something in common. So anybody's a community. People who've lived together

in a certain place are a community, but so are all people who wear brown shoes. How you get past community is by asking, 'how do people live with each other?'

Many theorists thinking about place talk about place as both the people and how they live [together] in a geographic location. As we construct our lives, it has emotional meaning. So, how we live together is an ecosystem, about which we have emotion. As a psychiatrist, it was important to me, in hearing people's stories about the loss of their neighborhoods, how emotional that was. It's not like that cup [on the table], that you pick up and throw away. It's this lived, embodied, daily experience where the loss of a part of the self is really felt.

It's not a part of the self that's interior. It's not physical, not my hand—it's more in the nature of the shell of the hermit crab. So it's an essential part of myself. I can move to another one, but I've got to have one. A place to which I'm bonded. An exoskeleton.

<center>Journal</center>

So it's both social, and spatial?

<center>Fullilove</center>

And emotional.

<center>Journal</center>

What kind of timescale is involved in accumulating an emotional ecosystem?

<center>Fullilove</center>

The urbanist I study with in Paris, Michel Cantal–Dupart, says that a city is a place you could visit for a day or a lifetime. So the timescale of emotion can be very quick—you could spend an hour in a place and fall in love with the place. Or your whole life, right? People live in a place their whole life and never get tired of the way the sun rises in the morning and sets at night, and the breezes flowing through. So the timescales are what they are. This is one of those places where time is meaningless. It's an emotional exchange. The boundaries of time expand to give space for the emotion.

<center>Journal</center>

Often you write history on a timescale of one century, or four centuries... time that is trans–generational... how does that play into the individual's sense of place in the present?

<center>Fullilove</center>

Take the aborigines of Australia, who got there like forty or fifty thousand years ago. They have very vivid transmission of their stories about place, and ways of under–standing the land around them that are quite remarkable. To be someone living now, but an inheritor of that tradition and able to read the land in that way, is to have the wisdom of the ages as a part of who you are. Heritage is genetic, but it's also cultural. This cultural transmission is a huge gift.

And then there are societies that have moved a lot, that are more disconnected from a cultural knowledge of the land. And, there are other cultures that moved over and over—the Roma peoples, the native peoples of the Americas moved, the Lenape who were right here, they moved in very regular circuits. There, it seems to me that the

attachment is not to a single place, but to the whole journey, or the place that is jour-neyed. A different way of being connected. The house that can move. Circus people may have that also.

Journal

In your work, you've shown a willingness to span geographical distances—as you've just discussed, and also looking at the favelas in Rio de Janeiro to understand urban trends in the USA. Do you encounter pushback from folks who see this breaking an-alytical boundaries—binaries between deep history and modernity, or a between a Global North and South?

Fullilove

I don't like binaries. They never work, right? It's never black and white, old and young. It's always gray. I keep out of binaries of any kind.

Journal

Is there a way to use binaries constructively? To appropriate them into means of resistance?

Fullilove

No, I think the resistance to the binary is to go for the infinite. I think you have to get out of it. I'm very opposed to them. But this is because I'm biracial. My mother is white, and my father is black, and this was a huge problem for me as a child. There was a time growing up in New Jersey when you could only be black. And I was like, this doesn't make any sense to me. I have rejected binaries ever since. I don't like them.

There was an article in the New York Times [on March 4, by Moises Velasquez–Manoff], about people who are biracial. The essay's thesis is that they look at the world differently. For example, biracial babies are faster at facial recognition. They are more likely to seek the infinite, to transcend binaries. Anyway, I think transcending binaries is essential to being able to function in the world. Binaries are traps… all that stuff is a dead-end.

Journal

So that's a dead end, and we're going to need other tools, because we are dealing with a history of repeated dislocation for communities. Do you recognize certain core principles for an urbanism that fosters belonging, sanity, and potential?

Fullilove

The word that I like is restoration. People who do work in what we call natural ecosystems—getting ponds to function again—that's the word they use. To bring places back to functioning. So I like restoration, and I think the idea of urban restoration is that we are trying to understand how the city works—like a clock. Something gets broken, how do we get the wheels moving again?

Social psychiatry is very concerned with fracture. There's a long line of people who have written about this, so it's something that's in the fore of our concerns. America is deeply fractured. This has been happening for a long time, but I think all of us—myself included—can get a better gauge on the fracture than ever before. So the issue before us is: how do you get the whole nation to do something? People have stopped speaking to each other. Even Facebook is thinking, 'maybe everybody is too much in their bubble and we'd better start thinking of ways to get them outside their bubble.'

Okay, so we get to see the threat of fracture—and the threat of this has no boundaries, the harms that can come of people thinking in those binaries. So how do we restore connectedness writ large? This is the pressing question… Concepts I've gotten from great urbanists that I've worked with are an essential guide, beginning with this concept that we have think about larger wholes. We have to ask, 'what is it that we don't understand?' Once we understand what we don't understand, then the question is, 'how do we draw things together?'

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MARK BAUMER
Anne Fosburg

I check the weather and it says 38 degrees it's almost eleven and I haven't eaten breakfast yet my joints are still unsteady from last night's whiskey I cried all the way through mark's memorial sitting on the floor in front of the platters of fruit mark and I didn't know each other not really we put our yoga mats next to each other every day early morning for one and a half years and when I was work- ing in the library shelving books I would see him and twice I went to his poetry readings and when he began walking barefoot across the country I watched the videos he would make and I am saying all of this to try to justify feeling split open by the news that he was hit by a car and killed hit and killed hit and killed while walking barefoot across the country to raise awareness for climate change nick died in the fire in the warehouse with the music we are losing the imaginers at a time when we cannot afford to lose the imaginers I come home and make gnocchi with my own hands needing to do something tangible to feed my people I send an email the language is vague but means I will get arrested when you protest the pipeline because mark got killed and I will stomach the handcuffs I will fight so hard for the world mark and nick and joe were imagining so fierce- ly on his website mark captions a photo 'cut out your own heart fill it with tar staple it to the nearest racist' fierce is the word in my head over and over again love fiercely imagine fiercely fight fiercely on the phone with anika she tells me I am really good at fierce loving the best she knows but mark is dead and I didn't love mark when he was alive I only knew him and nick is dead and I didn't love nick when he was alive I only knew him and on sundays the church bells next to my house chime at odd hours 11:07 last night I am crying all over my checkered floors saying in my head this is not a mental health crisis this is a crisis we are losing the imaginers.

MARK BAUMER MFA '11 WAS WALKING BAREFOOT ACROSS THE USA TO RAISE AWARENESS ABOUT THE CLIMATE CRISIS WHEN HE WAS STRUCK BY AN SUV IN JANUARY 2017.

IMAGE: NICK GOMEZ HALL FACEBOOK

NICK GOMEZ HALL '13, PASSED AWAY IN THE OAKLAND GHOST SHIP FIRE IN DECEMBER 2016.
THEY ARE BOTH DEARLY MISSED.