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Cover photo by **Shant S. Armenian**.

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Editors' Letter

What do you do when a city changes? What do you do when your city is burned to the ground, legislated away, or besieged and cut in half? Do you rebuild? Find space outside the law? Memorialize the trauma? All of these questions—and many more—are asked in this issue of *Expositions Magazine*.

We are pleased to present a feature section on a city that has had to confront change like no other: Berlin. Many of our authors visited Berlin in September 2023 as part of the CEGU study abroad program. There, from the sidewalks and through camera lenses, they took notice of the way Berlin remembers itself. And a city that has undergone such intense physical rupture and social transformation has a lot to remember. As you make your way through *Berlin im Fokus*, we ask you to consider a city's capacity for memory.

Other pieces in Issue 6 bring us closer to home, inviting us to reflect on how American sites and cities have had to deal with unique questions of change. If Berlin asks us to interrogate transformation that had ramifications on a global scale, then these hometown stories push us to look at people and spaces that thrive in the margins, whether they live on a decaying boat dock in San Francisco or reclaim a warehouse district in Los Angeles. The intimate but ubiquitous nature of many of these stories means they are easy to miss if you do not know where to look; through automobile-driven sprawl, life on the border, and the preservation of prairie architecture, our authors, photographers, and illustrators bring us along on their personal explorations of distinctly American locations.

From the reckoning of a global city, to the innovative persistence of an informal alley market, Issue 6 of *Expositions Magazine* dives deeply into the legacy of urban transformation. It examines rupture and continuity at a variety of scales, in a variety of contexts. We hope these stories of resiliency, adaptation, and memory resonate with you, and inspire you to ask: *what do you do when a city changes?*

Highways, Hills, and Holy Visions

Story and Map by
Noam Levinsky



Driving through the vast Salt Lake Valley in the shadows of the Wasatch Mountains, it's easy to feel a subtle sense of dread. Interstate highways soar over block after massive block of strip malls, empty lawns mowed to monotonous perfection, and chain soda shops with lines of SUVs waiting for their daily 44-ounce kick of Diet Coke with coffee creamer (members of the LDS Church, also known as Mormons, are forbidden from drinking coffee, opting for soda instead). From the choked lanes of I-15, Salt Lake City looks like a never-ending expanse without a soul. Its placeless landscape evokes a sense that one could be in any American city at all.



This is where I found myself in July, driving home from work, stuck in bumper-to-bumper traffic heading north on I-15. The view through my windshield featured a series of strip malls, a looming highway interchange, and the expansive grid of cookie-

cutter housing developments flowing from the South Valley into Salt Lake City proper. I couldn't help but feel the bleakness of a city that epitomizes the type of American urbanism shunned for its homogeneity, low density, and seemingly infinite growth. But more noticeably, I felt a sense of rage directed at whoever thought wide boulevards and highways were a good basis for a city's transportation infrastructure.

The idea of infinite expansion has existed in Salt Lake City from the very beginning, so it makes sense that sprawl dominates the Valley's landscape. Arriving with a group of Mormon settlers in 1847, Brigham Young chose the Salt Lake Valley as the right place to establish a city.

"God has shown me that this is the spot to locate this people, and here is where they will prosper... we shall build a city and temple to the Most High God in this place. We will extend our settlements to the east and west, to the north and to the south, and we will build owns and cities by the hundreds."

Before the highways, before the lawns, and before the divinely-inspired soda shops, Salt Lake City was already imbued with a logic of endless settlement. Brigham Young, Utah's first governor and the LDS Church's second president, saw Salt Lake's future clearly in his hopes for a tamed climate and sprawling development. Dubbed by some historians an "American Moses," Young had a divine mission that favored splitting mountains with highways rather than splitting the Red Sea. In this valley, sprawl isn't

just a relic of regrettable urban planning; it's a prophetic vision.

"This will become the great highway of nations."

It largely came true. When Salt Lake City's plan was drawn out in 1847, its first plat covered a vast 1,415 acres, far larger than the initial extent of most new cities at the time. The massive blocks, laid out in a neat grid centered on the LDS temple, were delineated by 132-foot wide boulevards—some of the biggest in the country.

Unsurprisingly, this design was heavily influenced by the 1833 plan for the Plat of Zion conceived by Joseph Smith (Young's prophetic predecessor) as a gathering place for a righteous civilization in the end times. From its religious origins, Salt Lake City was characterized by a sprawling, extensive, and roadway-centric urban form.

Just two years after the initial plat was planned, 149 additional blocks were developed. Growth continued after Young's death in 1877, despite the LDS Church having markedly less control over its plans. As the population increased with the completion of the transcontinental railroad and a burgeoning mining industry, Salt Lake City's large blocks, originally divided into eight lots each for low-density agricultural use, were subdivided into smaller lots and became more densely urbanized. But the blocks could only be densified so much. By the



late twentieth century, industrialization, the advent of the automobile, and further population growth unfurled parking lots, retail developments, and interstate highways throughout the Salt Lake Valley.

Today, Salt Lake City's urban fabric is still being rewoven. It's a familiar story across the Mountain West: Salt Lake has shifted from intensive industry to the tech economy, rents are on the rise, and breweries are popping up across town. Utah's industrious culture may have given it the official nickname of "The Beehive State," but the state's current image is more focused on the luxury ski resorts that appear on new license plates. This centuries-long process, dubbed development or sprawl (depending on who you ask), has shaped Salt Lake into what it is today: a placeless landscape of church steeples and strip malls. While neither the LDS Church nor local urban planners

continue to champion Brigham Young's desire to "temper the climate" and "possess the land," one can still see the legacies of his vision: Almost 200 years later, his 132-foot-wide boulevards shoot outwards, enveloping the vast Salt Lake Valley.

My drive home continued. As I merged onto I-215, my gaze was redirected, away from incessant sprawl, eastward. A rupture: the face of Mount Olympus. A realization:

Salt Lake City can't sprawl across the Valley forever.

The Salt Lake Valley is nestled between the Wasatch Range to the east and the smaller Oquirrh Mountains to the west. Driving west across the sprawl, the cross-streets seem to go on endlessly

into Salt Lake City's suburbs, named in numerical increments denoting distance from the urban core. From Main Street, you reach 900 West, then Redwood Road (1700 West), 4800 West in West Valley City, all the way out to 9200 West in Magna. It feels like a space straight out of Brigham Young's imagination—one that fulfills his prophecy to "extend settlements to the East and West." But the Salt Lake Valley's eastern border tells a different story. Driving east on I-215, you only make it as far as 3000 East before an obstacle forces you to turn northwards: the Mountains. The street grid is interrupted when one looks up and sees the Wasatch Range. Mountains soar thousands of feet above the valley, obstructing the driving forces of highway expansion and real estate development and tearing a rift in the fabric of urban sprawl that would otherwise fulfill Salt Lake City's prophetic destiny to continue infinitely in every direction.

Salt Lake City's relationship with the mountains isn't as antagonistic as their spatial obstruction would suggest. While the Wasatch Range may stop the spread of urban sprawl, it's also a major asset to the city. Nestled up in the Cottonwood Canyons and Park City, ski resorts drive Salt Lake City's rapidly growing tourism economy, helped even more by an upcoming bid for the 2034 Winter Olympics. In its recent attempt to draw tech firms, Salt Lake has named its concentration of offices the "Silicon Slopes," leveraging imagery of the majestic

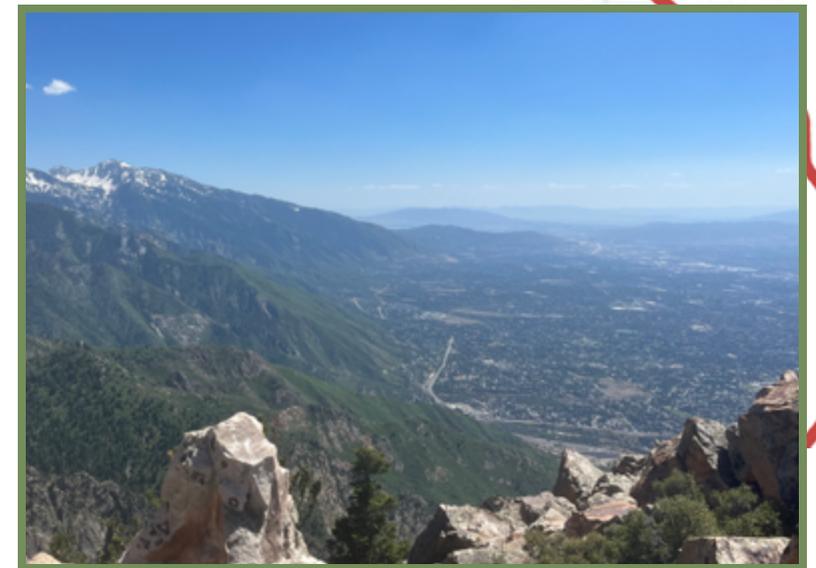
Wasatch in an attempt to become the next Bay Area. The mountains may stop Salt Lake City's physical growth. Highways have managed to drive into the Wasatch, and the canyons surrounding Salt Lake City are no longer pristine wilderness spaces. Eisenhower-era transportation policy cut I-80 through Parley's Canyon and highways are still expanding throughout the mountains that surround Salt Lake, fulfilling Brigham Young's prophecy that the Salt Lake Valley would become "the great highway of nations." Although lines of transportation may cut through the Wasatch's narrow canyons, the mountains themselves still tower over Brigham Young's great highways and temples. Through a combination of wilderness land protection and the physical implausibility of building in the Wasatch, infinite growth and flat expansion will never be fully realized.

Given Salt Lake's history of urban sprawl and present political orientation, it's unlikely that development into the Wasatch will stop any time soon. Brigham Young's expansionist legacy lives on in the boosters of new ski resorts, the tech-prophets of Silicon Slopes, and Utah's recurring Olympic dreams. Regardless, it's reassuring to think that the valley's physical geography still provides one immovable barrier to truly infinite growth. The mountains have a geological permanence unrivaled by anything Salt Lake City can throw at them and incomprehensible to any human conception of time. Over their

millions of years of existence, the Wasatch Mountains have watched Lake Bonneville flood the valley and recede, loomed over the Ute, Paiute, Goshute, and Shoshone peoples as they inhabited and left camps by nearby streams, and stood silently as Salt Lake City was settled and grown.

Gazing at Mount Olympus, the rush-hour traffic becomes a little less bleak. I find hope in the Mountains' eternity: no matter how hard planners and prophets try to expand eastward, the mountains will remain, interrupting the sprawling dreams of Salt Lake City.

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Docktown, CA

Story and
Photographs by
**Evgenia
Anastasakos**



The Docktown Marina is a patchwork of houseboats. There are boxy, two-story homes and smaller, sleeker trawlers. Some are more weathered than others, their paint flaking away, bleached by the California sun. Potted plants and empty chairs sit on the wooden docks, swaying on the water. Yellow flowers and brittle grass line the muddy banks of the creek.

You can see and hear the faraway traffic from the Bayshore Freeway. Signs glow from the gigantic strip mall on the horizon. A neat row of cookie-cutter condos sits on a hill, overlooking the boats. Just a short walk away from the Marina, over the freeway and past the police station, you're in downtown Redwood City, home to software companies, corporate offices, and seven dollar coffees. But in Docktown, you forget that you're even in Silicon Valley.

This summer when I visited, there were nine or ten boats docked on the creek, the last gasp of a decades-old community. Most of the ones that I had counted are gone now, forced out by pressure from the city.

Redwood City was founded on the water. In the 1800s, Redwood Creek was used to float lumber from coastal redwoods to San Francisco. Later, the port became a hub for the shipbuilding industry. The first schooner, named Redwood, was built there in 1851.

"It's not a surprise to mariners that we're here. It's only a surprise to Redwood City," says Ed Stancil, who has been a Docktown resident since 1998.

According to Stancil, there have been homes floating on the creek for "sixty-some years." Records of a private marina operator date back to 1983.

Stancil and his wife, who he met a year after his move to the Marina, had pictured themselves growing old together on the creek. They lived in Docktown until she died of COVID-19 almost two years ago.

"When I met my wife, we made a pact that we would just try to live out our lives on boats in Redwood City. And we did that for a few years," says Stancil.

Life seemed like it could go on indefinitely in Docktown. But a 2015 lawsuit from Ted Hannig, an attorney living in a condo overlooking the marina, revealed that they were living on borrowed time.

The lawsuit called for the removal of the floating homes, citing California's public trust doctrine. While the upland portion of the marina is on private land, the state of California still owns all tidelands, submerged lands, and the beds of all inland navigable waters. Redwood Creek, which was granted to the city by the State Lands Commission in 1945, is considered a part of the public trust. State law requires that the city maintain open access to the water.

Redwood City had leased the upland area to a private owner, who then leased the docks to a private marina operator, who rented slips, which are like parking spaces for boats, out to residents. For a while, the city seemed to turn a blind eye to the liveaboards.

After the marina operator left in 2012, the city took over Docktown's daily operations.

When the city requested informal advice on the legality of residential use in Docktown in 2015, the California State Lands Commission wrote that "residential houseboat use is inconsistent with the public trust doctrine." The letter recognized and anticipated protest over the lack of alternative affordable housing, but was ultimately unsympathetic. They remained unswayed by California's housing crisis.

Other floating home communities on the San Francisco Bay, in Sausalito, Mission Creek, and Alameda, were grandfathered by the Bay Conservation and Development Commission and allowed to stay. Redwood City unsuccessfully attempted to grandfather residential use of the Creek in 2005 and 2016. Later, when the mayor of Redwood City wrote to the State Lands Commission asking them to support legislation to allow Docktown to stay for fifteen more years, they still would not budge.

Hannig's lawsuit also alleged that the marina was polluting the water with styrofoam from the docks and toxins released from sinking vessels, weaponizing environmental concerns to turn the tide against Docktown. A later environmental assessment from the city concluded that the marina and its residents were not a significant source of bacteriological or chemical contamination, but the damage to the residents' case was already done.

The conflict was also personal for Hannig; in interviews with local media, he claimed that a high velocity golf ball had nearly hit him in the head, from the direction of the marina. Hannig says he filed a police report about the incident.

This was Hannig's second time advocating for the closure of a Redwood City houseboat community; in 2012, he litigated the Pete's Harbor case, which ended in the shut-down of the docks. The city council later greenlit plans for the development of luxury condos on the former marina's property and Pete's Harbor was cleared out to make room for 402 units of housing, a commercial marina, parking, and amenities.

In the end, Hannig won a 4.5 million dollar settlement, three million of which was allocated for repairing the marina and relocating Docketown residents. 1.5 million went to Hannig and a group called Citizens for the Public Trust. After the settlement, Redwood City Council voted to approve the Final Docketown Plan. It gave residents two options: relocating or accepting the city's offer to buy their homes.

Docketown was put on track to become another Pete's Harbor, as residents were left with an impossible choice.

In October, when I spoke to Marcus Vargas, one of the last remaining residents, he told me that Docketown had been slowly disappearing. One person had passed away and others had taken buyouts from the city, leaving only six left. The majority of



Jasper the cat. He lives in a boat called Sampan, owned by one of the last remaining Docketown residents.

Docketown's slips now lie empty, open water and forgotten docks stretching along the shore.

Vargas has lived in Docketown for seven years. He was originally from the Los Angeles area, but moved to the Bay Area when he was recruited to be the operations manager for a catering company. He spent a year in San Jose, renting a room with one of his company's chefs, before he found Docketown.

The community seems more like a ghost town now, haunted by the memory of the lively neighborhood it once was. Vargas remembers what it was like when he first moved in.

"There was a doctor that lived there, a teacher, retired military, and everything in between. You had a mix of people and you also had the central hub of the community, which was the yacht club. It was our little community center where we would all hang out," says Vargas.

There was "a little bit of everything and everyone." He recalls over 110 vessels. Vargas says that he would pay 500 dollars a month to rent his slip. Now, facing eviction, he isn't sure how he will be able to afford to live in the area.

"All of my clients are in South San Francisco and Burlingame. It really puts me out of business. It ruins my livelihood," says Vargas.

The original offer on his boat was 30,000 dollars. That doesn't cut it for Redwood City, where the median gross rent from 2017 to 2021 was 2,693 dollars per month. Residents are backed into a corner, unable to live on land and unable to stay on the water.

Stancil isn't sure how he could replace his home, either. He called the city's initial offer of 20,000 dollars for his boat "an insult." A later evaluation for his boat, *The Whisper*, was 82,950. The number still wouldn't cover similar housing on land, especially on a fixed income.

"It was our forever home," says Stancil. "With all this going on with affordable housing, why would they want to close us down?"

The City of Redwood City says that they are "striving to support Docketown tenants," but the Docketown plan has been met with bitter resistance. Marina residents have spent years in and out of courthouses, attempting to slow Docketown's closure. The residents who could afford to leave left as soon as eviction efforts began. But the people who remain have nowhere else to go.

When I called him, Vargas told me about his neighbors who were in court that day, rattling off a list of names. The jury trial was in progress for the inverse condemnation case that they had filed against the city in 2017.

Inverse condemnation allows property owners to demand just compensation when they believe

that the government has taken or damaged their property. For Docketown's residents, their argument was that their eviction and the marina's neglect counted as lost property. The California Law Review explains that while sometimes inverse condemnation can function like a belated eminent domain proceeding, similar to Docketown, it can also be used to demand compensation for problems caused by spillover effects from government activities or government regulation.

The only requirements to file are that the affected interest qualifies as property and that the damages are "direct, substantial, and peculiar." In the first phase of the trial, two years ago, the court found that the plaintiffs had proven their cause of action for inverse condemnation. The loss of property was, in fact, substantial.

The court said that "the tenants have lost the use of basic amenities

and habitability of the marina itself while leasing the dock, and thereafter by their eviction, will lose or have lost their houseboat property."

Phase two, which was underway this October when Vargas and I spoke, was a jury trial to determine the damages. A few of the plaintiffs had already settled and dismissed their claims between the two trials. The court reassessed the market value of the remaining plaintiffs' boats and awarded them money for attorney's fees and appraisal costs. The new values were higher, but still not enough to cover the cost of a home on land.

Humphries and his 35-foot mid-size sailing yacht, *Tequila Sunrise* (already named when he bought her) arrived in Docketown nine years ago. At the time, there were around 150 vessels docked there. Humphries makes sure to clarify that, although the word "yacht" may sound fancy, it really means any boat too big to pull out of the water without a crane. He has lived in nine different marinas over the past fifteen years, but says that Docketown was special.

"Most people have no concept of what it really means to have a really tight knit, close community of people who are going to put themselves on the line for you at the drop of a dime," Humphries says. "I knew every single one of my neighbors, from a quarter mile down the dock. Everyone knew everybody there. People would be angry at each other, but you would see people who just hated each other jump in and save each other's boats. There was a



Empty boat slips on the dock. There used to be a community of over one hundred vessels



connection there that overrode anything that had happened previously.”

Redwood City originally offered Humphries 10,000 dollars for Tequila Sunrise. After the inverse condemnation case, they ruled that the fair market value for the boat was 56,090 dollars. But he isn't sure how he could find a new home with so little.

“I have a three bedroom yacht. I own it completely. I paid six to seven hundred dollars a month with utilities. Where am I going to replace that on land?”

It isn't easy to replace it on the water, either. The text of the inverse condemnation decision acknowledges that “the evidence is that there are no alternatives in the geographic area.” There

are no other available slips for Docketown's live-aboards in Redwood City.

Humphries had tried to move to Redwood City Municipal Marina. He was hesitant to untie Tequila Sunrise and risk losing his permit without a guaranteed spot at the other marina, so he bought a cheap second hand sailboat. It was 34 feet long, had a class 3 septic system, and was operable. On paper, it met the marina's specifications. But when he showed it to the harbormaster at the time, he was told that he “didn't like the lines,” — naval architect slang to say that he didn't like the look of the boat. It didn't match the image of the marina. Most of the other boats were newer and fancier.

“I had just spent all this money buying this boat, buying this motor, paying for slip fees at municipal, just to get the rug pulled out from under me,” Humphries said.

Vargas thinks that the city is trying to squeeze Docketown's residents out by taking away facilities. There used to be restrooms, a laundromat, a community center, and shower facilities. Those were replaced with a trailer.

The marina's docks drift and lurch underfoot, the wood rotting away in the water. Humphries says that the docks have become dangerous and make it hard for him to access his own home.

In August, when I walked along the neglected docks, they

rocked with every step. Glimpses of the water peek out between gaps in the wooden planks. Maybe the docks just aren't worth maintaining for a city that doesn't want or expect the marina to stay around for much longer.

A mid-November blog post from the municipal government explained that the city will continue to pursue settlement agreements with the remaining tenants.

Before phase two of the trial, Humphries told me that, if things didn't go right in court, he expected the city to start tearing the docks down within a few months. Now, things seem uncertain. Over text, Stancil told me that he had no clue what was going to happen next. Two more residents had settled, leaving only four. The city is waiting for the rest.

Humphries says he is considering trying to move to the municipal marina again. The previous harbormaster, who had turned him away, was removed.

He says the new one seems like a “straight shooter.” Humphries' paperwork to get a slip has been turned in, and he's waiting to see what happens next.

In the midst of the housing crisis, it's easy to lose hope that the Bay Area will find a way to survive this.

Gleaming glass office buildings and modern condominiums spring up where homes used to be and people who have called the region home for generations find it harder and harder to stay. Nothing lasts anymore. I was born in the Bay Area, but I'm coming to terms with the likely reality: I don't know if I'll ever be able to live there again, in a California that I recognize.

In Docketown, the region is losing one of its last alternative ways of life. I'm sad to see it fade.

Across from Docketown, One Marina Homes offers residents “waterfront living.” A real estate listing boasts of high-end flooring, designer kitchens, and a “tran-

quil” creek. Some of the homes are listed for over 1 million dollars.

The land adjacent to Docketown has also been singled out for development. Right next to the marina, there are plans for 131 three-story for-sale townhome residential units, part of a set of city proposals to develop the Inner Harbor area. The city website doesn't say much about what will happen to Docketown, aside from a hyperlink to “see here” for more information. By the time prospective buyers begin touring the townhouses, Docketown will likely be gone, replaced with a waterfront view.

I'm surprised the community has held on as long as it has. Docketown is a hold-over from another time, when it was possible to live in Redwood City on a low income, when people trusted their communities, when developers weren't eyeing every last bit of land. I'm scared to go back to the marina and find it empty.

Sitting on the docks, I watched a seal poke its head above the water and bob out beyond the houseboats, to the bay. The sun melted into the creek in a blaze of orange while the roar of the freeway echoed behind us. Lights flickered on in the boats' windows as night fell.

Evgenia Anastasakos

is a second-year from San Jose, California, majoring in English and History. Her writing can also be found in the pages of the Chicago Maroon. She loves going for long walks around Hyde Park and reading about interesting places.

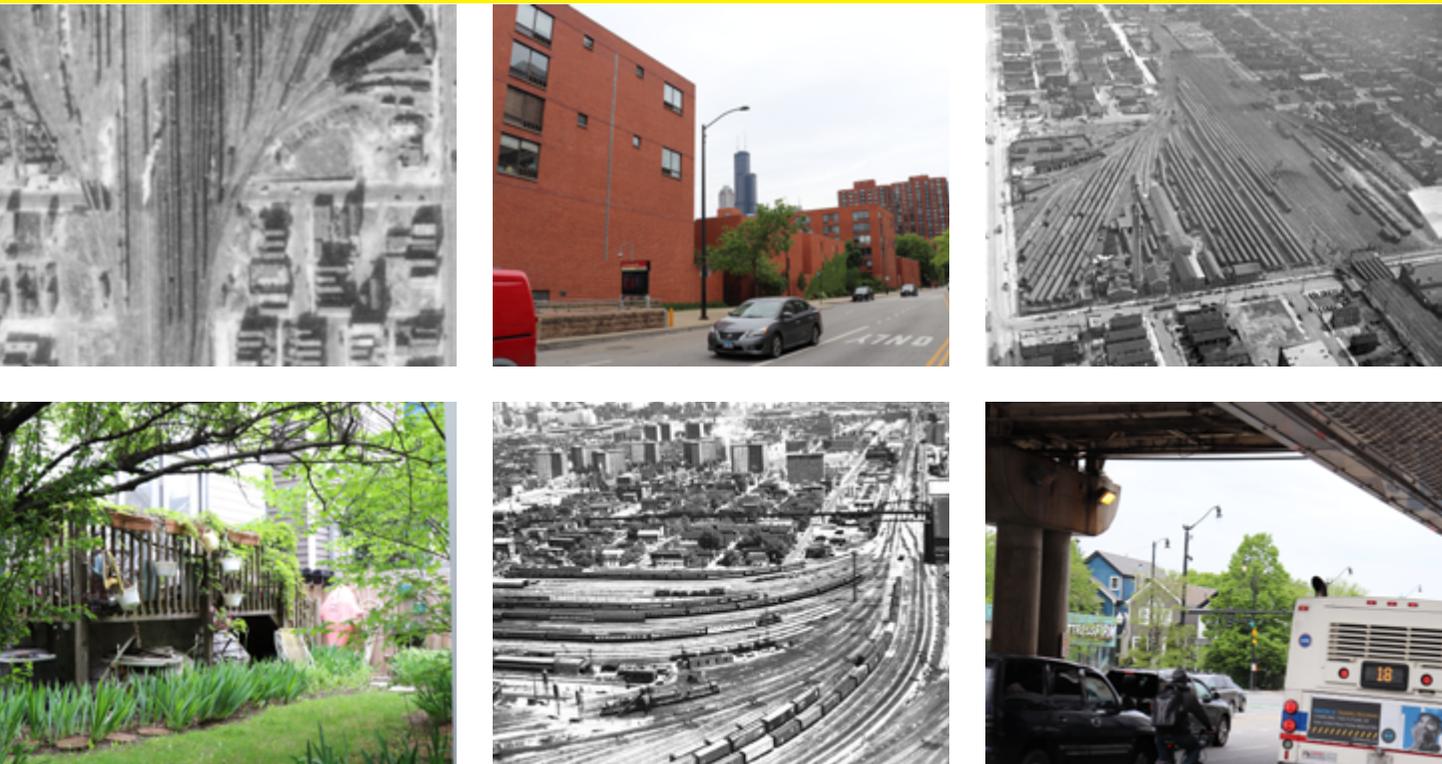




Historic Transport, Modern Housing

Story and Graphics by Avery Fischer

Seclusion Within Proximity in Chicago's Loop



At the midpoint of the 20th century, Chicago's core was walled, rutted, and pitted by transportation. Elevated freeways, the canalized river system, and vast sunken railyards cut horizontal and vertical circulatory fissures through the landscape.

Walk the length of Chicago's Loop today, and you'll see a different landscape—the bustling core of a global city. Offices, entertainment, condo towers, and retail. But the fissures are still here, and they hide things.

The fissures hide three entire neighborhoods (Dearborn Park, Central Station, and New Eastside), each no more than two blocks from Millennium Park.

The fissures hide Upper Wacker Drive from the Chicago Riverwalk below, screening the parkland from the dirt and noise of the street.

Collectively, these fissures and their characteristic vertical displacement create a three-level city where spaces can be as secluded as a low-density suburb within walking proximity to some of the most active streets in the world.

To understand this, I will cover two case examples: Dearborn Park and New Eastside. For both of these examples, I will describe how pre-existing fissures and development goals interacted to create the final form of each site.

Dearborn Park

Dearborn Park is a 1970s master-planned neighborhood of townhomes and senior living facilities built on the land of a former railyard in Chicago's South

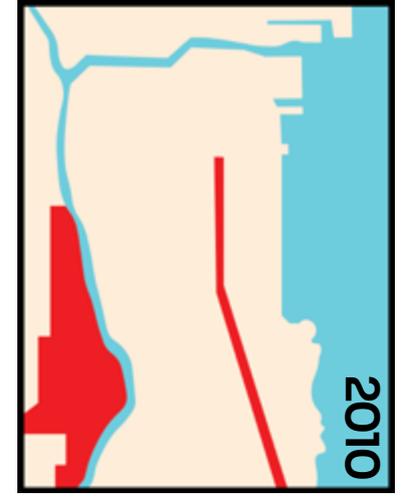
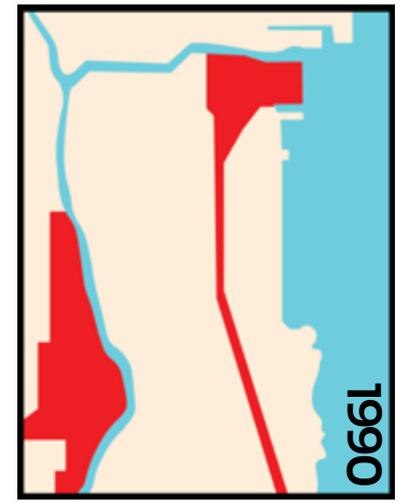
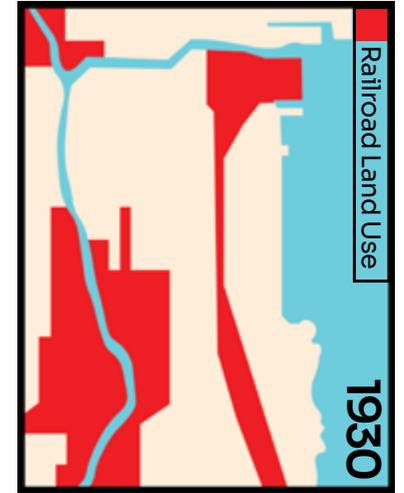
Loop. All together, it covers little more than a tenth of a square mile.

Dearborn Park interacts with historic transportation in two ways: first, its existence. New neighborhoods aren't built every day. How could Dearborn Park be created from scratch in the middle of Chicago? Second, its security. The project of Dearborn Park's development was moving middle-class families into the South Loop in order to reduce crime. How did the legacy of historic transportation enable this project's success?

A New Neighborhood

New neighborhoods in established cities aren't built every day, and for good reason: it is nearly impossible to do so. The development of Dearborn Park, a large new neighborhood with starkly different characteristics from the surrounding urban fabric, was only possible because a massive tract of disused land was available for purchase in just the right location. This tract, a former rail yard, made Dearborn Park possible.

The mechanism for this dynamic is described in Stewart Brand's *How Buildings Learn*. Brand describes how the practicality of a building typology is influenced by the relationship between the lot size necessary for a typology and the median lot size in a neighborhood. The cost of a new development includes not just the land value, but the legal procedure involved in purchasing each parcel, the cost of paying



taxes on the parcel in the interval between purchase and development, and the uncertainty involved in development. Although the land alone should theoretically cost the same, the costs of legal procedure, property taxes, and uncertainty increase when multiple parcels must be assembled (legal costs linearly, taxes and uncertainty costs nonlinearly because the more potential holdouts you have the longer you must wait before development).

Due to these compounding costs, assembling multiple lots can take decades as the developer waits for each individual property owner to place their parcel on the market. Assembling enough contiguous property in a convex shape necessary for a new neighborhood, street plan and all, is practically impossible when it means you must acquire full development rights over hundreds if not thousands of currently occupied individual parcels. Dearborn Park and New Eastside could not have been developed without empty railyards.

The Vertical Streetwall

The project of Dearborn Park's development was moving middle-class families into the South Loop in order to reduce crime; for this project to be successful, the people moving there had to be protected from crime. One way Dearborn Park's planners attempted to minimize crime was with an external shell that limited vehicle and pedestrian access to the neighborhood. The parcel's

former life as a railyard helped in this task.

Previous structures can leave material legacies of their existence in the built environment long after their demolition. In *How Buildings Learn*, Brand shows the outline of a Roman amphitheater and how its footprint can still be seen in the city's property lines and building typologies today. In a similar way, visitors to Dearborn Park today might catch a glimpse of the former railyard's ghost.

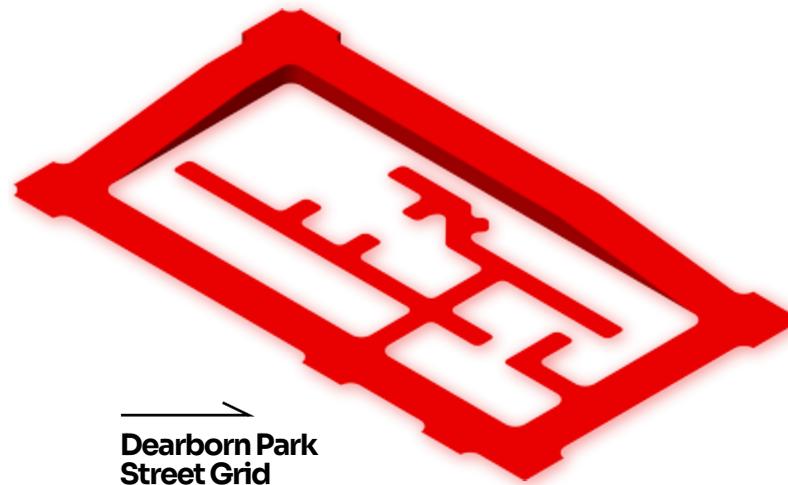
Chicago's railyards left a legacy of vertical fissures in the landscape because in the railyard days, trains would pass under surrounding streets in order to avoid disrupting local traffic. In the case of Dearborn Park, two adjacent streets (Roosevelt and Clark) were already raised a story above the ground. After the railyard was decommissioned, the elevation of these streets found a new purpose

in forming part of the "shell" discussed earlier with no car or pedestrian accessible entrances to the neighborhood a story below.

New Eastside

New Eastside is a condo tower development at the mouth of the Chicago River with a population density of nearly 70,000 people per square mile. This project transformed vast sunken railyards ringed by Lake Shore Drive and the three-level Wacker Drive into a web of pedestrian-friendly park space amidst a residential density rivaling Manhattan.

The three-level structure of Wacker Drive is as follows: The first (ground) level is a 20mph access road and parking lot. The second level is a pseudo-highway. The third level is an open-air stoplighted street running through Chicago's Loop.



Dearborn Park Street Grid

This three-level road has been leveraged for three purposes. First, the low-traffic ground level serves as a de facto pedestrian underpass between parks on either side of Wacker Drive. Second, the second level pseudo-highway is used as the entrance and exit for associated parking garages, displacing as much regular car traffic as possible away from the pedestrianized first and third levels. Finally, the first and third pedestrianized levels allow condo towers to have direct entrances and exits onto both the ground-level parks and the third-level city street.

Conclusion

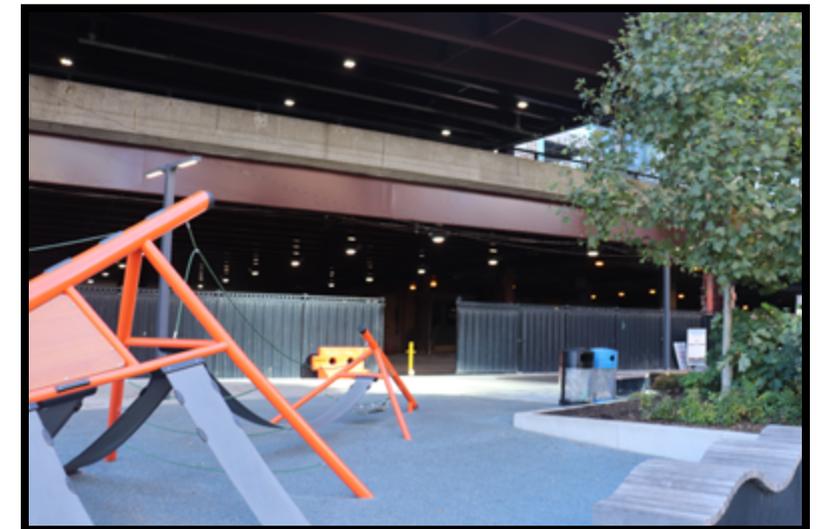
The legacy of historic transportation shaped Chicago's built environment both in its direct effects (development patterns, street layouts) and its indirect effects (how designers leveraged these abnormalities towards their own goals). By looking at the resulting unique forms, especially Dearborn Park's pedestrian seclusion and New Eastside's pedestrian connection, we can imagine new possibilities for high-density urban housing in the future.

Top: Riverwalk access from New Eastside via Lower Wacker Drive

Middle: Playground on Riverwalk accessed via Lower Wacker Drive

Bottom: Downtown skyline view from Lakeshore Park East

Avery Fischer is a fourth-year majoring in Art History with an Architectural History specialization. He studies how design choices in structures and neighborhoods change human behavior.



Berlin im Fokus



Story by
Tatiana Jackson-Saitz

Memories in Two Dimensions

In Berlin, I spent most of my time on the sidewalk. Sidewalks are where I waited for incoming buses, chatted with friends outside on benches, became acquainted with some of the best street food I've ever had, marched up blocks to get to a U-bahn stop and then blocks back when I realized it was the wrong one. I learned about graffiti from the sidewalk pointing up at building facades, strolled along streets to window-shop, and did quite a bit of wandering.

Before I arrived in Germany, I was at a dinner with my roommate's mother, who spent a year in Prenzlauer Berg in former East Berlin writing her art history dissertation. *I'm going to spend a few weeks in Berlin at the end of the summer*, I told her, searching for recommendations of art or history museums, cafés, concert halls. She replied,

Berlin!

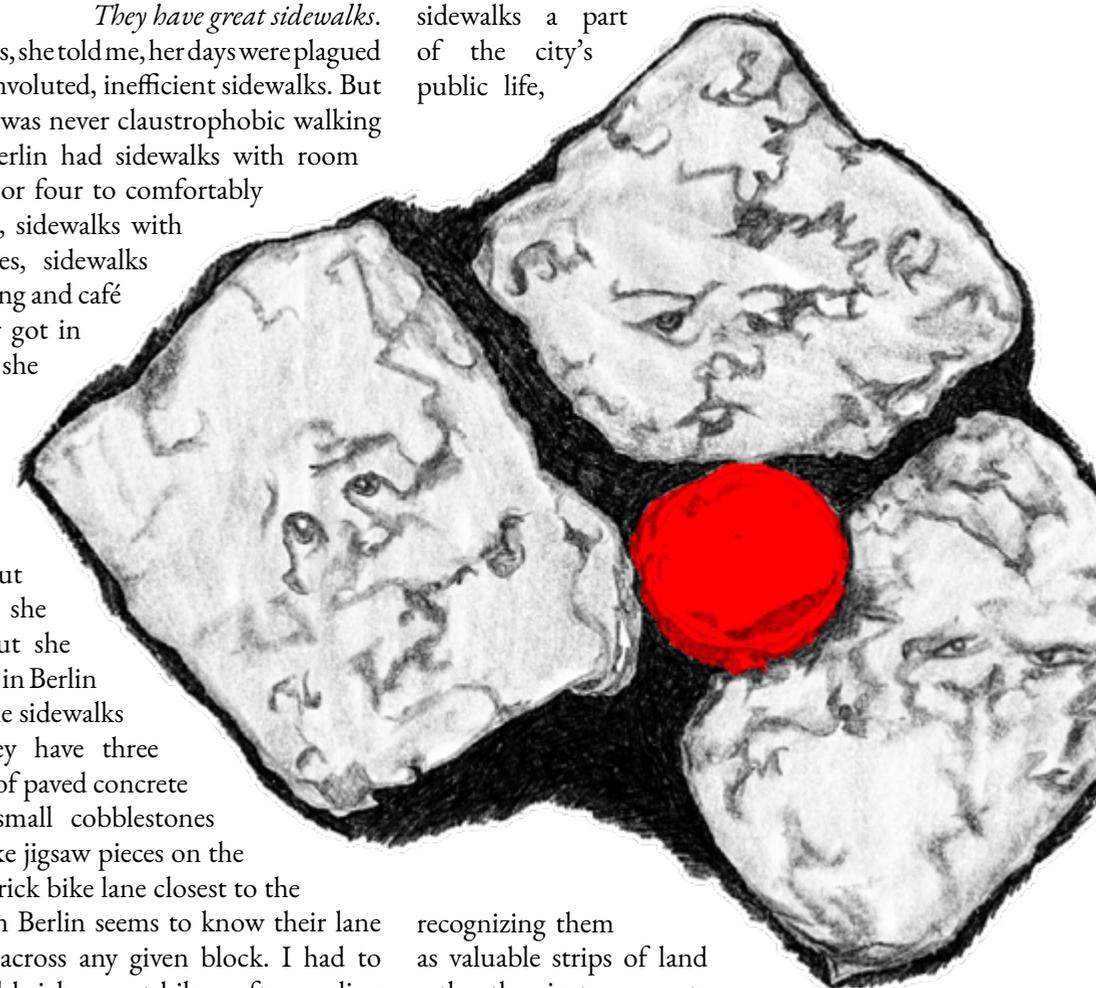
They have great sidewalks.

In cities like Paris, she told me, her days were plagued with cramped, convoluted, inefficient sidewalks. But in her Berlin, she was never claustrophobic walking to a café. Her Berlin had sidewalks with room enough for three or four to comfortably stroll side by side, sidewalks with built-in bike lanes, sidewalks with outdoor dining and café seating that never got in the way. In Berlin, she *had elbow room*.

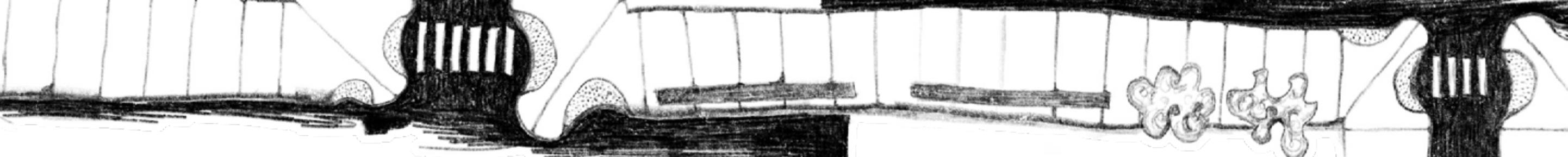
At the time, I doubted very much that I'd ever become as passionate about pavement as she seemed to be. But she was right. I arrived in Berlin to discover that the sidewalks are distinct. They have three parts: a wide row of paved concrete in the middle, small cobblestones placed together like jigsaw pieces on the edges, and a red brick bike lane closest to the street. Everyone in Berlin seems to know their lane when navigating across any given block. I had to learn fast that red brick meant bikes, often ending up leaping out of the way of an incoming cyclist

mid-conversation. In my defense, the street signals had moved from the bike lane signposts I was used to in the U.S. to an unmarked spot underneath my shoes, and I wasn't used to giving the ground such attention.

Not only are the Berlin sidewalks spacious and orderly with their designated lanes, but they are, above all, used. In 2021, Berlin passed a law in an effort to reduce the city's dependency on cars, instead promoting cycling, public transit, and pedestrianism. The law included measures like better lighting, longer crossing times, more sitting space, and more 'play streets' (side roads closed to traffic for children to play). Improving the experience of pedestrian traffic doesn't just address street crossings or mobility—it looks at sitting and playing. This law is underpinned by the desire to make sidewalks a part of the city's public life,



recognizing them as valuable strips of land rather than just a means to an end.



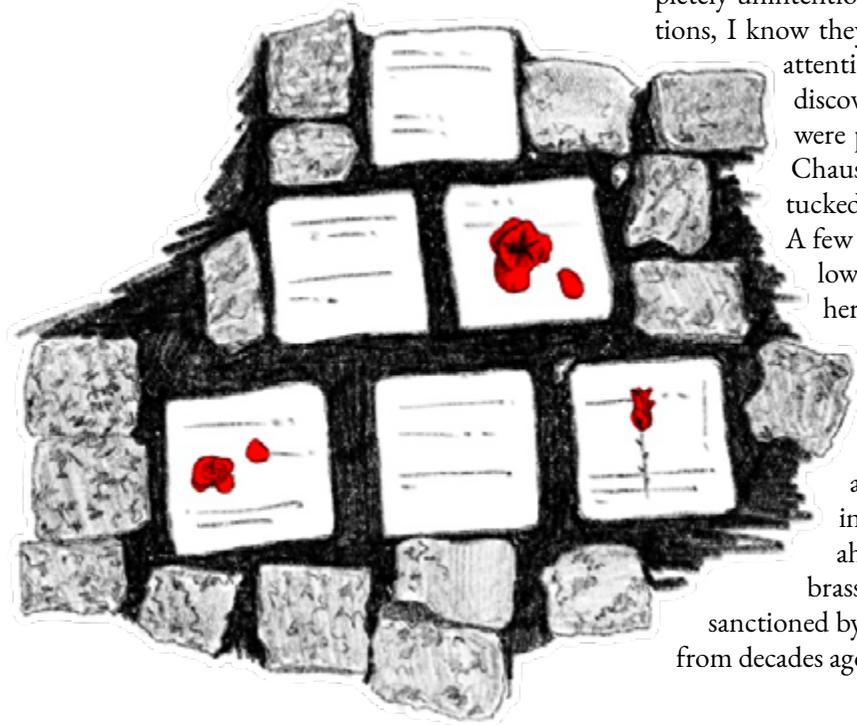
And it's true that people use them not just for walking, but for playing, chatting, sitting, and drinking. While I was spending all that time looking down to make sure I wasn't in a bike lane, I started noticing something peculiar: bottlecaps.

In the gaps between each cobblestone, more often than not, a bottlecap sat nestled in the paving. In, not on, because these bottlecaps weren't just loose bits of litter that to be kicked along the street. They were tucked in safely, for the long haul, lodged inside the sidewalk's fabric.

The more I noticed them, the more I became fascinated by these bottle caps—they were proof of a vibrant life on the sidewalk that I had never really experienced before. At ten in the morning, the street is covered in caps; by ten at night, the streets are full of the people who drop them, spilling out from bars or *spätis*—late-night convenience stores with outdoor seating—and lingering outside. The caps of Berliner Kindl beers clatter to the ground, and all that foot traffic slowly wedges the bottle caps in until, by the next day, they become part of

the street. Hammered in between cobblestones, they dot sidewalks with their distinct fonts and logos, becoming mosaics of green and brown and red when spotted from an apartment balcony. Streets made and marked by a process I could see, and feel, and participate in. These little caps on the street became memories to me, all of them. In the morning, two beer caps beside each other were markers of a first date—I imagined a girl wearing a thin red scarf, a guy with a faded band t-shirt. Five caps all together were a group of old friends who have known each other since grade school, finally making the time to catch up, exchanging photos from the past few months. A cap just outside the subway station meant someone had been on the move, in a rush, to a bar—late to meet her friends, putting mascara on in the train car and sipping her beer. Every night, real people drinking, every morning, their stories written out on the pavement for me to find and muse about on my way to a café.

These bottlecaps caught my imagination completely unintentionally—underneath all my fabrications, I know they are glorified litter. But with my attention already called to the ground, I discovered places where the sidewalks were purposefully drawing my eye. On Chaussestrasse, I spotted a brass rabbit tucked into the middle of the walkway. A few feet later, there was another. I followed them like Alice chasing down her white rabbit, discovering them in the crosswalk leading towards the gas station. Without knowing exactly what they should be for, I dreamt up speckled brown and white fur dashing and leaping across the street, always just ahead of me. As it turns out, these brass silhouettes are an art installation sanctioned by the city to commemorate rabbits from decades ago.



While the Berlin Wall stood and separated East and West Berlin with a no-man's-land in between, rabbits burrowed beneath the wall and travel between each zone, hopping through the vacant stretch of land as much as they pleased. In 1999, artist Karla Sachse and her brass rabbit installations thought they ought to be remembered.

I started seeing these kinds of street-inscribed histories everywhere. Going back to my room at the end of the day, I passed through Alexanderplatz, a square and transportation hub in the middle of the city. I walked right over a memorial plaque for the German Revolution of 1848, which commemorates the square as a site of barricade construction and fighting. From what I can tell, the plaque is referred to as a “*begehbare Gedenktafel*,” or “walkable memorial plaque,” on a website sponsored by Berlin's Culture Department. This site collects and maps the memorial plaques in the city—which, despite being exclusive to plaques and not including other commemorations, includes 3,567 entries, each with a photo, location, and detailed description. Berlin is committed to engaging memory of its past, and looking through their culture department's website, a translated page tells me they try to support diverse forms of remembering.

On my way to a dinner, I came out of the subway stop and walked right over a brass letter *a*. I stopped for a moment and saw that the *a* was attached to a string of words in German in a rectangular strip of concrete sitting in the sidewalk. I couldn't understand it, so I kept walking—over more and more strips of these rectangles of words, placed in the pavement and street surrounding the square seemingly at random angles and directions. It was dark, I couldn't read German, and I was late, so I moved on. I learned later this square is a street-based memorial to Rosa Luxemburg, a martyred leader of the German Communist Party in the early 1900s. Artist Hans Haacke placed sixty of Luxemburg's quotes into the pavement and street as a way of memorializing her. Her words don't

tower over passersby and boldly demand attention, but they do ask for a kind of quotidian recognition. Even though I didn't read her quotes, I stopped for a moment, I wondered about them, and later I looked her up. If visitors read every single word written in the square, I doubt they would have a complete picture of Rosa Luxemburg's life. But I do think that even reading some of them can give a sense, in Luxemburg's own words, of what she knew and believed. A nontraditional kind of memorial, this square relies on the daily authority of the street.

When I think of memorials, I tend to think of big, grand structures. A statue on horseback with a five-foot pedestal looking forward with a defiant expression, or a building with ornate corinthian columns I can see from miles away. Eye-catching, impossible to miss, and siloed away from my routine. Berlin has plenty of these, but the city is also interested in more everyday memorials, little flags to get our attention the way that bottlecaps caught mine. It approaches the question of memory from many dimensions.

The famous East Side Gallery on the longest surviving stretch of the Berlin Wall towers over visitors, an unmistakable memorial to the division of the city. But along other streets where the wall once stood, it's difficult to imagine any trace of it. So the city marked the wall's route with two rows of bricks racing across streets and through sidewalks. The thin line of bricks can be easy to write off as a nondescript part of the sidewalk—standing next to pieces of the wall at the East Side Gallery and Bernauer Strasse to help me picture what used to physically divide the city—but it's also a seamlessly integrated reminder of where the wall used to be throughout the center of Berlin, not just at fragmented memorial sites. I needed both forms of remembrance to try to see something I never witnessed.

Throughout the city, almost every day, I would notice small brass squares embedded into the streets.

These squares are a part of the most widespread and significant use of the sidewalks as a part of public memory, the Stolpersteine project. Stolpersteine, “stumbling stones” in English, is a project that lays a ten by ten centimeter concrete block into the sidewalk, covered in a brass plate, and engraved with names of victims of the Nazis at their last recorded residences in Berlin. They were first installed by Gunter Demnig, a Berlin-based artist who began the project in the 1990s. They have since been formalized, and new brass memorials involve an official permission process, so local communities or families are the ones who often initiate their installation. The Stolpersteine project site has a database of the 9,298 in the Berlin area with a listed name and location, and the project has extended throughout Europe as well. The blocks serve as memorials, as gravestones, as intimate records of the specific people and families lost. I would notice one, or two, or five together and know nothing about the people who used to live there, except I would learn their names. Coming across one of these squares on the exact street they used to live conjures up detail even to people completely unfamiliar with the specific families. The brass squares recall life, close and particular and specific life.

These stones sit in contrast to the Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe, a ground in roughly the center of the city covering 19,000 square meters with concrete slabs of different heights over uneven ground. It is disorienting and immersive and evocative. In the center of the city, this memorial gets, through abstraction, at the immensity of the Holocaust. This conceptual kind of memorial is one scale of remembering that the city needs, memorializing loss at an enormous scale—but so are the localized brass names that would stop me in the middle of my steps and surface an imagined memory of someone I have never met and will never get to meet.

There’s an overwriting inherent to cities as new people walk on old streets. Berlin uses this to make some of these records explicit, purposefully incorporating memory into the daily lives of passersby. Berlin’s sidewalk memorials, though vastly different, share the street. They share the people who walk on those streets, and all encode some kind of

other life into the pavement. These two-dimensional memories call our attention in a very different way than a museum or a statue might: they ask to be incorporated into our everyday. Berlin, known for its obligation to remember the past, is also a living, breathing, changing city. As the city moves into the future, it has chosen to make this dynamic, everyday commitment to keep remembering all that came before.

Streets are the largest public space we have. They should be spacious and lively and loved, and Berlin has taken it a step further, making them project sites of public memory. On every block, even when no one is there, the streets of Berlin have some trace of past existence.

Tatiana Jackson-Saitz is a fourth-year undergraduate from Boston, Massachusetts studying English and Urban Studies. She is interested in how the built environment interacts with memory. She currently fixes typos at The Paris Review and writes emails for The Chicago Poetry Center.



THIS IS A PAIRING

Text and Photographs
by **Shant Armenian**

I spent September of 2023 exploring various German cities through a CEGU study-abroad program. At times, we had the opportunity to explore cities independently, and I often preferred to set out and dérive—to let my impulses carry me through the city based on attraction to sight and sensation. And, as so many of us are now accustomed to doing, I documented these experiences along the way with my smartphone camera. The ease of photographing these experiences led to a growing interest in transcending mere documentation, and I started trying to capture these moments in a way that evoked the emotions I felt during each encounter. Naturally, I developed compositional strategies that helped achieve this. But, I also started to feel more comfortable approaching a given scene—digging deeper, moving closer, and asking questions—guided by my eyes, the camera lens, and often, the lens’ limitations.

As I started pairing photographs for this issue of *Expositions*, I started to recognize relationships forming between the two photos on each spread. I realized then, as the filmmaker Wim Wenders once stated, that “the assembling of scenes and their arrangement in an order was [...] a first step towards narrative.” 4,500 miles away from their original locations, I was drawing relationships between these places and suggesting new ways of understanding what they meant for me in the moment, as well as for my understanding of the trip in retrospect (now a collection of life experiences and memories).

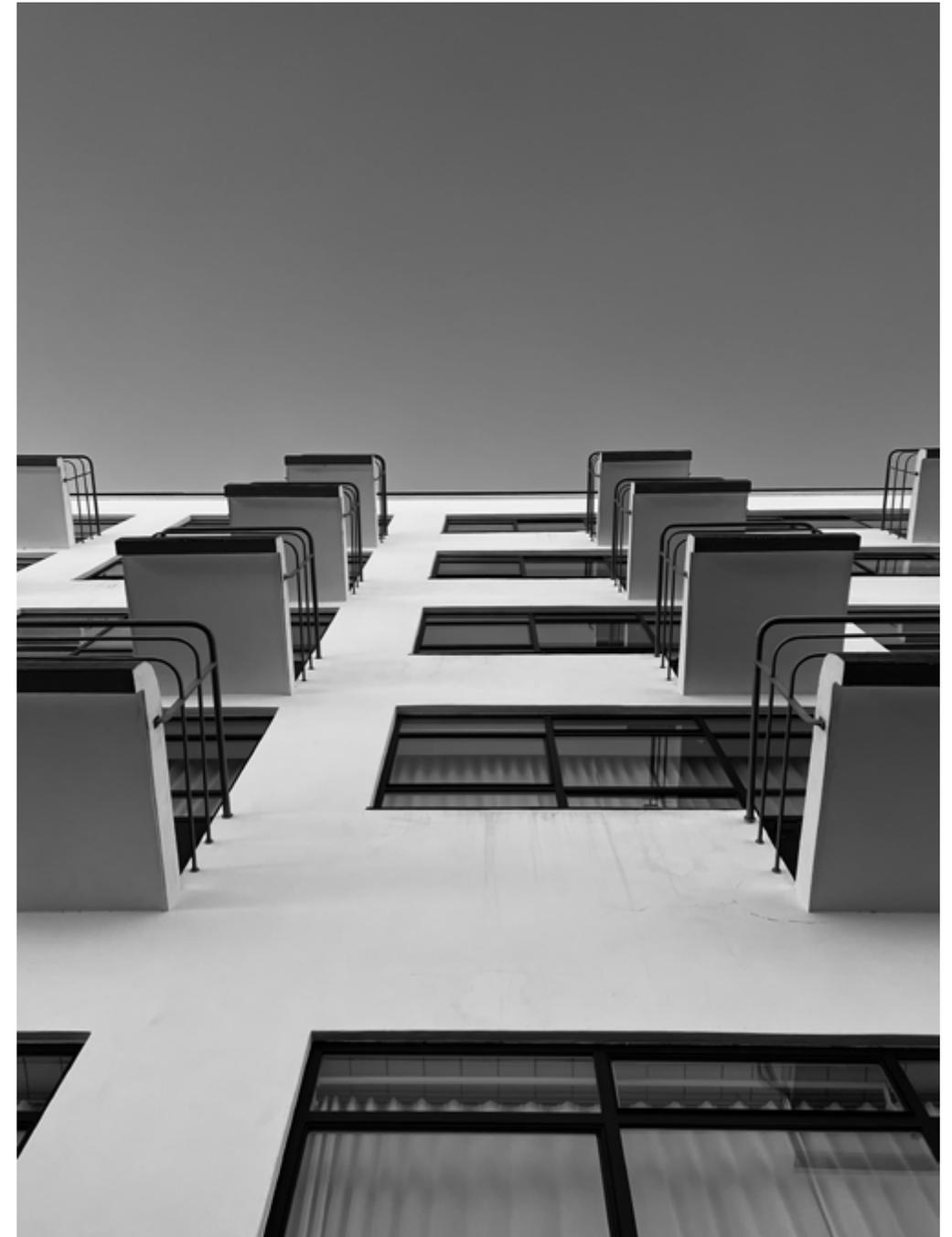
In an effort to draw out these relationships, selective pairings have been made throughout this photo essay. Some are merely based on composition, presenting an angle or formal perspective through which we can observe urban spaces (**03.Kotti** and **04.EnergiebunkerI**). Some are thematic (such as that between the Third Reich-constructed **09.Olympiastadion**, and **10.MemorialToTheMurderedJewsOfEurope**), which evoke the political and emotional significance of built environments, and their consequential role in shaping and remembering history. And some are based on a more abstract feeling or theme that needs to be dwelled on, captured twice in the same place or in similar forms, to demand a closer examination of its implicit meanings (**01.BauhausI** and **02.BauhausII**; or **07.EnergiebunkerII** and **08.Calder**).

As you look through this photo essay, I’m sure that you will encounter other less-obvious relationships between the paired photographs. But certainly some relationships will also appear across the pairings themselves. Relationships in visual media are by no means mutually exclusive or singular. And, if we are to view these photographs as metaphors for, or expressions of actual places, feelings, and experiences, then the same applies during our individual encounters with the real world. Urban spaces offer layers upon layers of sensation. Finding points of relation with and within these helps us develop a greater appreciation for vibrant ever-changing landscapes.

Shant Armenian is a fourth-year studying Urban Studies and Architectural Studies. Born and raised in Los Angeles, Shant grew up exploring the city’s cultural offerings and natural wildlife with friends and family. His work investigates the intersection between architecture, identity maintenance, and creative engagement.



01
Dessau
Bauhaus I



02
Dessau
Bauhaus II



03
Berlin
Kotti



04
Hamburg
Energiebunker I



05
Munich
Oktoberfest



06
Hamburg
Arson



07
Hamburg
Energiebunker II



08
Berlin
Calder



09
Berlin
Olympiastadion



10
Berlin
Memorial to the
Murdered Jews of Europe



11
Berlin
Neue



12
Dessau
Popitz

Berlin and North Lawndale

Story and Photographs
by **Lena Birkholz**

Imagine you live in a neighborhood where everything you need is within walking distance. There's grocery stores all along the major streets, fish shops, car dealerships, beautiful parks, schools, churches, historic monuments, and even your job. You and most of your neighbors work at one of a few companies that provides plenty of jobs for everyone, powerful companies that make their way into world historical events. You and all your neighbors know each other: the children play in the street until the streetlights turn on, and any news about any child spreads through the neighborhood like wildfire, waiting for them by the time they get home. If anyone is hungry, they can expect food from their neighbors. Everybody is hungry at some time or another, because this isn't a rich neighborhood. Nothing is perfect, but it's not a bad life either. Now imagine, one day, everything is burned down.

Alternately, imagine you're in a city burned down, then paradoxically cut in half, with telephone wires and train lines snaking around a wall that runs like a scar across the urban fabric. This isn't a rich city either, but, like your earlier imagining, full of life. Imagine this city is at the forefront of global politics, a pawn to larger actors and practically helpless to reach across its own divides, until, one day, it does. A city that has sworn it will never forget.

These are both real places. Both places that must not forget, both places struggling to look to the future and remember the past,

places trying to hold on in the present. But the world remembers Berlin. Nobody thinks about North Lawndale.

On a chilly October day, I sat in the reception room at St. Agatha's church on the corner of Douglas and Kedzie boulevards in the Chicago neighborhood of North Lawndale. I was assisting my former boss—Peter Alter, curator at the Chicago History Museum—as he conducted oral histories of North Lawndale residents for the North Lawndale Historical and Cultural Society. I felt very distinctly how we were the only two white people in the room. In the room with us were six old ladies from the neighborhood, who had grown up in the area, lived their lives teaching in the schools or working in the police department

or working at Sears. One was the daughter of the first female alderman from the area. For many of them, they've devoted their retirement to restoring North Lawndale's narrative.

North Lawndale nowadays doesn't have much of a reputation among the rest of the world or even among Chicago at large (certainly very few UChicago students could tell you anything about it)—and the reputation it does have is one of crime. In some ways, this is not wrong. The ladies bemoaned the decadence of the modern youth, the prevalence of drugs that spiraled from generation to generation, and, tragically, the fact that more young people are dying than old people every year. Something is wrong, certainly.



But North Lawndale is much more than the crime-ridden inner city or ‘Chiraq’. For one thing, it’s one of the most historical neighborhoods in the city, including the K-Town Historic District with some of the best specimens of brownstones in the city. In the first half of the 19th century, North Lawndale was Chicago’s Jewish Mecca, a 90% Jewish neighborhood with synagogues on every block. After (relatively peaceful) ethnic succession made the neighborhood 90% African American by midcentury, it became a hotbed for the civil rights movement—Martin Luther King, for example, stayed on South Hamlin avenue when he lived in Chicago to briefly lead the Chicago Freedom Movement, while the area also saw important members of groups like Operation Breadbasket, the Illinois Chapter of the Black Panther Party, and the Contract Buyer’s League. Part of the reason for this activism, perhaps, was the relative poverty of the Black West Side compared to the South Side (especially in the Black Belt), where residents had been established longer and were more likely to own their own homes. North Lawndale suffered from slum lords and the practice of contract leasing, where residents who thought that they owned their homes could get them taken away on the least missed payment. Because of their poverty and the racism and the struggles they faced together, North Lawndale was especially strong. But it was also especially vulnerable to the riots of 1968 following the assassination of Martin Luther King. Half the

neighborhood was destroyed, and never rebuilt.

A lot of the people in the reception room at St. Agatha’s emphasized this loss. For the people born after 1968, even more than falling victim to the crack epidemic or increased crime, they never had a neighborhood to be proud of. North Lawndale went from a community to a place to get out of, with nothing in it but violence. Even those kids who managed to succeed only went on to move somewhere else. That’s why they wanted to talk to the North Lawndale Historical and Cultural Society: to remember a neighborhood their kids could be proud of, and make sure it would still exist into the future. To tell the world that North Lawndale was more than the news made it out to be.

Between working at the Chicago History Museum over the summer, where I wrote blog posts and transcribed oral histories about North Lawndale, and later meeting many of the residents in person at the Oral History event, I did a three-week study abroad program in Berlin. Berlin on the surface isn’t anything like North Lawndale: it’s a global destination for tourists who come to experience the legendary club scene, experience the history of the wall and two world wars, and take in a burgeoning arts scene. But in some ways, Berlin is everything North Lawndale is trying to become.

Both places, after all, have their fair share of history to alternately remember or forget. Berlin, in fact, seems to drown in its own history. While on the program, I made a

video about a former prison that’s been made into a residential housing complex. But there are also numerous monuments throughout the city, from the plaques at the train platforms where Holocaust victims were deported to fully preserved Stasi buildings and Nazi airports turned into museums. It’s hard to avoid Berlin’s history. North Lawndale isn’t the same of course—it’s not the capital of a major world power, and nobody ever split it in half. Even more important, North Lawndale needs to remember not because it should be ashamed of its past, but because without it it risks turning into the crime ridden neighborhood it’s deemed. Like Berlin, it’s still a battleground for its own historic narrative, and its history is still a marketing tool for its future.

Berlin wasn’t always the “world-class city” it is now, of course. That’s a marketing trick. Berlin before the fall of the wall was two totally separate worlds, neither of which really looked anything like the rest of modern-day Germany. West Berlin was a symbol of the west, it’s true, but in practice it became something of a backwater, surrounded by East Germany as it was. West Berliners tended to be people who objected to war, since West Berliners were exempt from the draft, and people who had no choice. West Berlin was much poorer, and cheaper, than the rest of Germany, and preserved a certain artsiness. Berlin had an active squatters movement, a vibrant street art culture, and leftist political leanings. After reunification, however, this artsiness became monetized. The

government legalized graffiti on certain walls, marketed Berlin’s distinctive club scene to the point that some clubs had more tourists than locals, and tried to make the city a “cultural capital”. Rents went up and Berlin entered capitalism like the rest of the country. It’s not to say that none of the authentic Berlin remains that hasn’t been monetized—far more does, even to a tourist like me, than in someplace like Paris. Berlin has a strong cooperative housing movement, the public transit and environmental infrastructure is fantastic, there is street art everywhere, beer is still absurdly cheap, and people still socialize at all hours of the night. The city is still very much alive. But there aren’t really any squatters left and Kreuzberg is beginning to acquire more boutiques and touristy clubs than immigrants.

North Lawndale’s battle is much different, of course. There’s little danger right now of gentrification (seemingly—though there’s some ominous talk I’ve heard about new developments ignoring the needs of current residents. In an oral history I transcribed, one resident said she envisioned the North Lawndale of the future as another West Loop.) But it’s still a battle over representation, and over culture. The first time I went to North Lawndale, to take pictures of former Polish synagogues for an exhibition at the museum, I felt as if I passed a million moments of cultural reclamation. On one street corner, I saw a group making a mosaic on a storefront. I passed the African Heritage Garden that planted

African plants in the shape of the continent, and saw a map for a series of gardens across the neighborhood. I ran into the Lawndale Pop-Up Spot eating lunch as it put up a temporary exhibition in a shipping crate on some important figure. They told me about their yearly celebration of Sukkot (the Jewish harvest festival) where they invited the former Jewish congregations from the area, visionary architects from around the city and current residents to think about historical memory and avant garde architecture. I passed the former Sears Tower, once the employer of most of the area’s residents before being scared away in 1968, which has been preserved and now hosts the headquarters to several nonprofits helping youth in the area. I passed an after school program run out of a storefront church, aiming to keep kids off the streets. I visited Douglass Park, a park fought over by the neighborhood numerous times: from the battle to change the name from that of a slaveholder to an abolitionist, to the ongoing fight to remove the destructive yearly Riotfest music festival. As I biked around Lawndale, I saw hope. And as I walked around Berlin two weeks later, I saw the same impulses, magnified, watched, marketed.

I don’t know what to think about the similarities between North Lawndale and Berlin. Two places literally pocked with vacancies from their recent traumas, fighting over their own narratives: whether as a “cultural city of the future”, or simply a community that is more than

its crime statistics. And two neighborhoods grappling with their histories, and how and why to remember them. I don’t want to make so facetious an argument that Berlin is the ultimate destination of North Lawndale, if it continues to reclaim its narrative this way, just like the squatters and the street artists of a past Berlin. I’d like to think that North Lawndale won’t become another West Loop, but something better, that the residents will live there as they deserve to live without getting displaced by tourists or boutiques like so many of the interesting parts of Berlin before them. But I would also like North Lawndale to be able to do some of what Berlin has done—to try to rebuild from its past without forgetting it, to become in some ways a destination without selling its soul entirely. It’s impossible to go to Berlin and not feel like this is what a city is meant to be, this is what Jane Jacobs would have wanted. Despite all its struggles, despite the impending gentrification, despite the fact that the city paradoxically markets itself as authentic, it’s impossible not to feel that Berlin is a real place. I know that North Lawndale can be one—it is one already—too.

Lena Birkholz is a third-year in the college from Austin, Texas, studying English and Urban Studies. In her free time she engages in time-consuming local tourism, hops between coffee shops, and tries to explain post-structuralism to her friends.

The Mayor's Old House in El Paso, Texas

Story by
Eli Wizevich

In the summer I lived in the mayor's old house in El Paso, Texas. I was working at the El Paso Times and renting a room in an old mansion in the Rio Grande Historic District for \$26 a night.

Henry Trost, an architect of the Southwest, built the house for Tom Lea, Jr., the one-term mayor of El Paso between 1915-1917. Those were the strained years of the Mexican Revolution, especially along the border. When Pancho Villa briefly invaded Columbus, New Mexico, Lea threatened to arrest him if he ever brought his rabble closer to El Paso. Villa put a bounty on Lea's head. The mayor had police escort his children to school and keep an eye on the house until things simmered down. The children stayed in their hardwood rooms, and no danger ever came.

I arrived at what was left of the Lea home 106 years later. My dad and I drove across most of the country, 2500 miles from Connecticut to El Paso, where the streets were filled with sand, washed down off the dry hills on the rare evenings when monsoon rains reached deep into the Chihuahuan Desert. One of my new roommates came out to unlock the padlock chaining up the fence around the yard. She barely spoke, and I fixated on a simple decal of the Virgin Mary on a minivan across the street, mourning a murder in cursive Spanish script. Dessie, the house's plain cartoon of a pitbull, howled at me and licked my calves. Livers, her homemade dog food, simmered in a saucepan and filled the mayor's old house with

sourness. I was on the edge of the United States and felt like it.



A few colleagues at the paper were interested about the history of the house where I was living and told me to talk with Adair Margo, once a humanities bigwig in the George W. Bush administration, the former First Lady of El Paso, and now retired and eager to talk about local history and art. I called her one afternoon, and she invited me out to her house, which she advertised as a piece of history itself.

She and her husband Dee (the other former mayor) lived in a new house designed to look like an old one in a gated community on the West Side, the more affluent slice of El Paso that follows the Franklin Mountains up to the New Mexico state line. We drank Topo Chico—"the best fizzy water, so fizzy you can leave it open for hours"—poured over finely crushed ice and admired the high walls of the living room, covered in art she accrued as a gallery owner. Among her prized possessions was a pencil portrait of herself by Tom Lea III, son of Mayor Lea, who grew up in the house where I was living.

Tom Lea, the youngest, became famous for his New Deal murals in courthouses of the Southwest and his illustrations for *Life* magazine of Marines fighting in the Pacific with hollow, traumatized eyes. Adair had recorded and published Lea's oral history and founded the Tom Lea Institute to promote his

art and the novels he wrote. The Bushes, still close friends with the Margos, loved Lea's anti-war art, Adair told me, and even hung one of his paintings in the Oval Office.

"He makes art about life," she said, thumbing through a book of Lea's work at an exhibition she curated at the National World War II Museum in New Orleans. "I don't like art about art. I've been through all that." She paused on a painting of a Marine whose face was in the process of being shredded into a very red deluge by a Japanese bullet during the Battle of Peleliu. "He really saw all that."

Above all the art in the Margo house were the dark wooden beams of the high ceiling, commissioned and hand-carved in the exact, intricate style of the old Misión de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, a few miles south of us in Ciudad Juárez, Mexico. "I'll take you to the Mission to see the originals," Adair offered. "And you can meet Jose Mario. He's an opera singer and he will sing for us." I was very confused about all this, but my editor, another friend of the Margos, had advised me not to squander such opportunities. He also gave me the morning off.



A week later Adair picked me up outside the newsroom in a very white, very large, very American SUV to drive into Mexico. We crossed the Stanton Street Bridge over a concrete channel of shallow brown water that's called the Rio Grande, paid a few coins to the Mexican border guards,

and promptly became very lost in a web of thin one-way streets and alleyways in Juárez. At one point, she drove us into a major intersection with no lanes, came to a complete stop in the middle, and started backing up. She didn't show any signs of panic, which was the opposite of reassuring, because in some situations you're supposed to show signs of panic.

She didn't trust my effort to guide us to the Mission with Google Maps and instead called the opera singer to ask for directions. Predictably, he didn't know where we were either, and she couldn't communicate our location to him.

Eventually we both trusted Google Maps, which took us down more thin streets and into the marketplace where we just barely wedged past trucks and motorbikes and men running very quickly in front of cars with arms full of fruit. At a particularly tight impasse, Adair asked me to hop out and direct traffic. She had asked me so calmly, so reasonably, like asking me to pass her a bottle of Topo Chico, that I stepped out of the car without protest and did just that—directed traffic in the middle of the road, in the middle of the market. Surprisingly, a man in a pickup truck laden with crates of onions followed my waving hand and backed up. Adair thanked him in Spanish flat with an American accent, and we



went to a parking garage across from the main plaza downtown.

Jose Mario Sanchez Soledad, the opera singer, and his adult son, David, were sitting in the pews of the dark Mission when we came in from the east with the sunlight. Inside was dark and cool against the heat. The Mission was founded in 1659 when Ciudad Juárez was still called El Paso del Norte.

Benito Juárez, the president of Mexico in the mid-19th century, was not born yet and had never visited the town. There was no border yet to distinguish the El Paso del Norte on one side of the Rio Grande from the other. For Spanish explorers, it was just a pass between mountains on the way north through the desert. Missions in new Spanish towns were usually built directly across from the municipal palace—a spatial representation of the intimacy between the Catholic Church and the state. But this transient town with only a handful of citizens had no government worth housing, and so the eastern door still let in unobstructed sunlight over the low buildings of

modern Ciudad Juárez and the dry, brown mountains. We introduced ourselves quietly because of an ongoing Catholic ceremony. Worshipers in baseball caps and overalls circled between their seats and a life size effigy of Jesus, lying down in a glass case, with a patchy, reddish wig and beard and an askew crown of thorns.

“Protestants think plainly about happiness and faith,” Jose Mario said. “But we think about suffering and fear. If we believe in God through happiness and love, that is good. But we have a fear, a fear of God, and we suffer, and we know we suffer. Jesus suffered. He was resurrected. But he also died.” “Whenever we were whining, my father used to say, ‘Kids need to suffer,’” Adair chimed in. “And now kids are so spoiled.” She shook her head. “They are!” The opera singer and his son and I were quiet.



Outside the Mission, migrants were queuing under the shade of little plastic canopies. They were waiting to get inside the food kitchen in the basement, in the last Mexican city before the United States. A very thin Venezuelan man holding a curly haired baby with a crown of spit around her

mouth came up to us. “Her mother has hypertension, and her foot is bleeding, and she is on the street without shelter or food,” the man told our group in very calm Spanish. Adair gave him as much money as she could find in her purse and suggested going back to the car to get more. Jose Mario looked smug. “I always tell them two things,” he said. “You didn't have the guts to stand up against your own government. And how many laws have you broken on the way here? Huh! They have no ground with me.”

“Bush had a good plan for immigration,” Adair added. “We have no sovereignty now.” The Venezuelan man and the opera singer and his son and I were quiet.

We had coffee and lunch at La Nueva Central, an old, bustling café founded in the 1930s by a young Cantonese man whose father sent him to Mexico to avoid war with the Japanese. Jose Mario ordered orange chicken for me without my knowledge. His son drank a warm coffee in a tall glass. Adair ate papaya cubes and took some of my chicken but barely touched it. The three of them talked

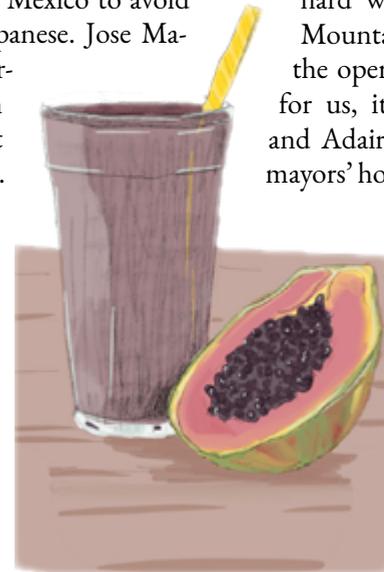
about art. The opera singer had taken his son, a budding painter, to Europe to see the great museums. “My son told me this, and I'll never forget this,” Jose Mario said. Across from me, the son looked uncomfortable as the subject of conversation. “He said, ‘Now I know I have something to learn from the old masters!’” “Very true!” Adair said and patted the son on his shoulder. They talked more about the old masters, about tradition and shallow things. “Art takes time and depth,” the opera singer concluded on behalf of the group. “It's something you have to work at. That's the root of it.” I'd had enough art for the day. I had admired the beams of the Mission, hewn from the hard wood of the Organ Mountains, and although the opera singer never sang for us, it was time for me and Adair to go back to the mayors' houses.

Adair couldn't drive me into the US because her big, white, American SUV had a reentry pass I wasn't included on. She dropped me a few blocks from the pedestrian bridge back to El Paso. I walked past the shops on the Mexican side of the border, nearly all dentists and optometrists for Americans seeking cheap medical care, and bars, which served a similar function during Prohibition. I waited in line on the bridge back to America for an hour, declared the pastry I bought at the Chinese-Mexican restaurant to border control, and then walked back to my car at the newsroom, past the cheap clothing stores on the American side, past the racks of Dickies workpants and 99-cent baseball caps imported from Mexico that say things like *When All Else Fails...READ The Instructions* (meaning the Bible), and past the Greyhound station where a bus driver was smoking in the shade of a tree. His bus was on its way from Los Angeles to Dallas, and I was on my way back to the Mayor's old house.

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Eli Wizevich is a fourth-year undergraduate at the University of Chicago. He studies History. He spent summer 2023 writing for the El Paso Times. He spent the summer before that working at a sawmill in Connecticut.



Hillside Homeschool Studio
Photo by Lola Lambert
on August 30th, 2023

At Taliesin

Story by **Elyas Boyan**
Illustrations by **Lola Lambert**

Photographs by **Annie Yang, Casey Breen, Lola Lambert, and Elyas Boyan**

August 27, 2023:

Ten people stepped off the train in Portage, WI, with clothing, notebooks, literature, and drafting supplies to last three weeks. They headed to Taliesin, where time would stop for a while as they tried to understand their place in relation to the history of a property, to the life's work of an architect, to a practice of creation and destruction; to the Driftless rivers and hills.

It is hard to put into words what Taliesin was, and what it is. It began as a retreat for Frank Lloyd Wright to escape the city and return to the hills of his childhood. Over time, it became his home and studio, a place where he could experiment freely with shape and form, workshoping his style of organic architecture and teaching it to others. From 1932 until 1985, Wright and his wife, Olgivanna, ran an on-site holistic architecture school known as the Taliesin Fellowship. Fellows slept in wings off of the drafting room, rotating cooking, cleaning, farming, and construction tasks, while simultaneously training as architects with Wright reviewing and critiquing their work. Learning at Taliesin grew into a lifestyle for many, with some far overstaying their tenure. One fellow, his family, and Minerva, the 99 year old wife of one of Wright's apprentices, still live on the property. The Fellowship even outlasted Wright himself, maintained by Olgivanna in his stead after his passing.

Despite the longevity of the Fellowship and the life it brought to its corner of the Driftless Area, as a student and resident of its walls and hills for three weeks I felt a distinct sense that life had come and gone. All that was left was the occasional tour group passing through, idolizing the ghost of an American architect, and the haunted buildings crumbling under their own weight. (It really was a place of experimentation. Wright pretended that physics wouldn't affect his work; many buildings were poorly and quickly constructed on a whim. The amount of money invested in repairs and restoration each year makes it clear that despite Wright's confidence, physics made no exceptions. If there is no foundation, will a building sink? Yes,

yes it will.) Eight college-aged kids and two teachers reinvigorated the place with just our presence, yet we could feel the emptiness trying to press in on us; the ghosts trying to reclaim their territory.

I passed my time at Taliesin exploring the surrounding woods and corn fields, where I encountered cabins built by fellows, untouched for decades; small rivers winding their way towards the Wisconsin River, towering oaks and walnuts, fields completely overtaken by poison ivy. I walked around with a sketchbook and pen in my pocket and my pants tucked into my socks. I spent time in the drafting studio, the same one hundreds of architects-in-training used before me, sitting in the same rickety desks and stools designed by Wright and built by the fellows. It felt like an escape—the same way Wright had imagined it for himself—yet the eerie silence prevented me from feeling completely at ease.

The photos curated here aim to capture and process the surreal experience we had this fall. Superimposed are excerpts from the journal I kept while *At Taliesin*. The title is a reference to the newspaper column that Wright and his apprentices published during the first years of the Fellowship.

Elyas Boyan is a second-year from Providence, Rhode Island, studying Architecture and Sociology. In their free time they enjoy learning new romance languages, bending sculptures out of wire, and exploring the world by bike.

Lola Lambert is a second-year in the College majoring in Chemistry and Physics. She is interested in intersections between art, architecture, engineering, and science, and particularly fascinated by textiles and handicrafts in architecture.

The Guest Wing
Photo by Annie Yang
on September 15th, 2023





8/31
DO NOT TAKE
THIS FOR GRANTED.
REMEMBER HOW LUCKY
YOU ARE TO BE HERE.

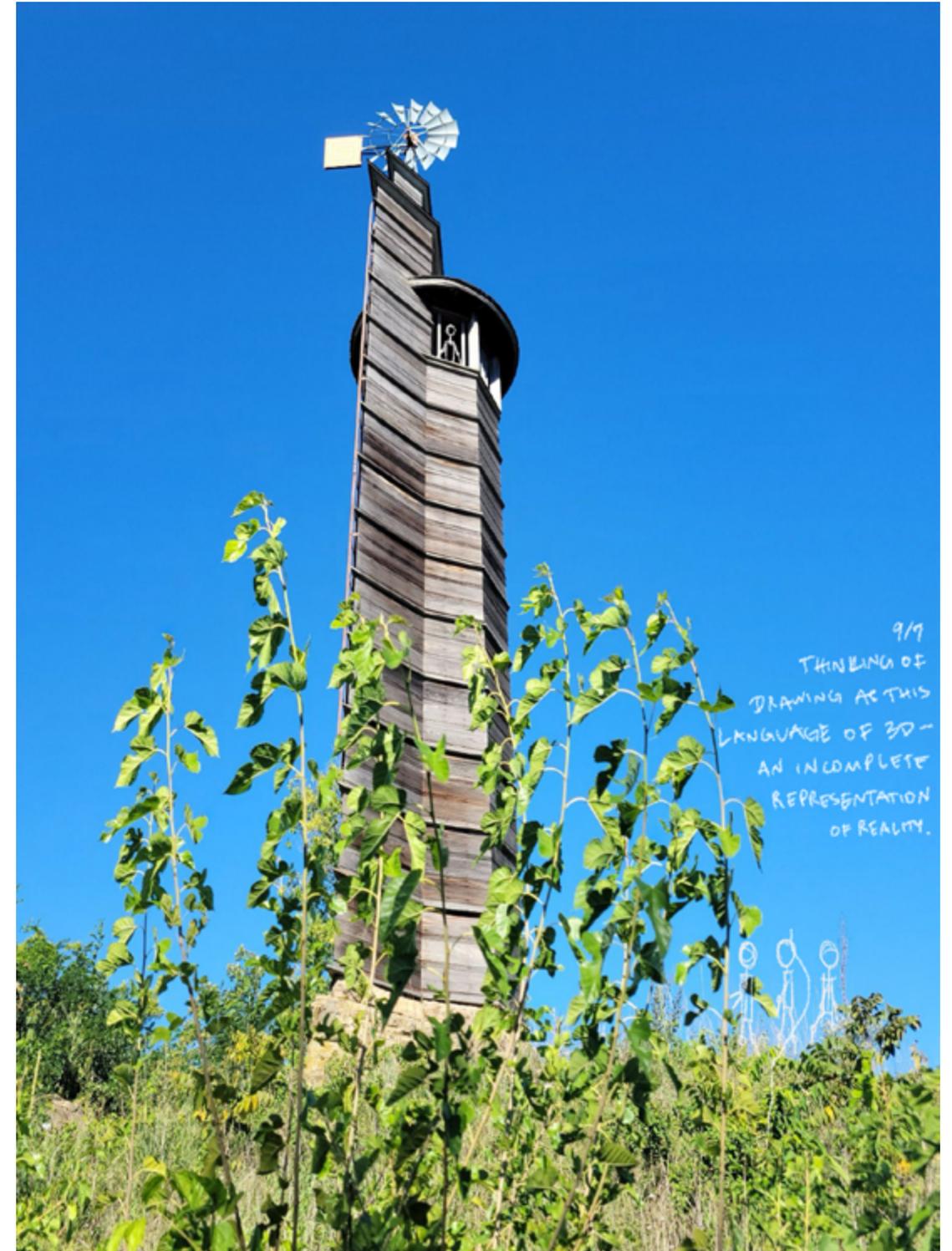
Hillside Home School Library
Photo by Elyas Boyan
on August 28th, 2023



Midway Barn
Photo by Annie Yang
on September 1st, 2023



Tan-y-deri
Photo by Lola Lambert on September 13th, 2023



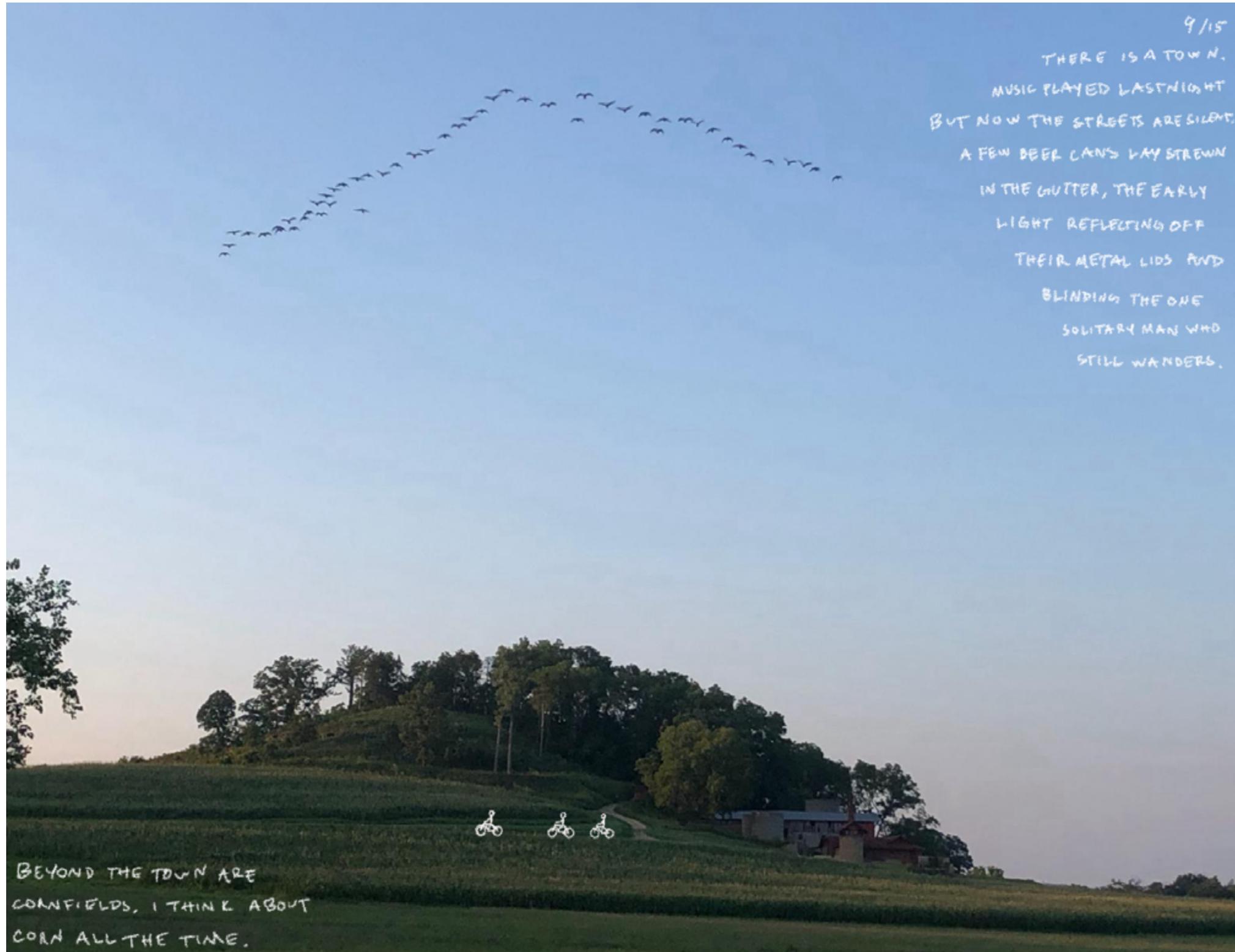
Romeo and Juliet Windmill
Photo by Casey Breen on September 5th, 2023



The Main House
Photo by Annie Yang
on August 29th, 2023



Fog on the Path to Midway Barn
Photo by Annie Yang
on August 31st, 2023



Birds over Midway Barn
Photo by Elyas Boyan
on August 29th, 2023

SANTEE

STORY AND PHOTOS BY
JONATHAN GARCÍA

*"A mí me gusta ir de compras
En el centro de LÁ con los compas
Tocan banda y traen botas
No estás aquí entonces, baby girl,
¿ontas?"*

- "Santee", Estevie

Beyond the coastal estates of the world's elite, beyond the formerly Japanese enclave of Sawtelle, now overrun with UCLA students, beyond the office towers and bougie shopping centers of the Westside, beyond the trendy gayborhood of West Hollywood and the gated studios of its ever-so-slightly-more-famous sibling to the east, beyond the gentrified cafes and still-hanging-on carnicerías of a now-former Echo Park barrio, beyond the live poultry shops and open-air markets of a MacArthur Park barrio that shows no signs of gentrifying, lies the so-called downtown of America's most polycentric city.

Distinguished from the rest of Los Angeles by its density of office towers and papered-over storefronts, downtown has earned

a reputation among white collar Angelenos as an unimportant relic of a bygone era, a reputation that has been difficult to shake even as the upper middle class is priced out of the very same neighborhoods they hold in higher esteem.

Like in many American cities, the flight of the upper classes for the suburbs left downtown Los Angeles forgotten, bereft of investment and dependent on an increasingly poor, majority-minority tax base. But even today, as urban cores around the country are resurrected as residents remember their roots, redevelopment of Los Angeles' alleged center remains lopsided at best. Even as monied interests inject investment into new, eye-catching architectural marvels like the gleaming expanses of

the Walt Disney Concert Hall or the ad-covered ritz of LÁ Live's entertainment district, the historic spaces of the urban core rot on. The once-glamorous theaters of Broadway still host money transfer services and storefront churches proclaiming "Jesucristo es el Señor."

"Jesus Christ is Lord."

Main Street, the former fulcrum of the nation's greatest streetcar system, remains littered with half-empty surface parking lots. Once the beating heart of the center city, the weakening pulse of Pershing Square's concrete-covered moonscape still awaits defibrillation. Far from fixing these failures, developers seem content to create new playgrounds for the rich that loom over the unchanged decay.



So, left to fend for themselves for decades now, the predominantly poor and Hispanic Ángeles that remember the promise of the forgotten downtown turn to creative (and semi-legal) means of making a living for their families. This double-edged legacy of social abandonment and individual resilience has had two outputs. One is Skid Row, that depressingly dystopian district whose denizens on the margin sell stolen goods, drugs, or themselves to survive. The other is Santee Alley.

Despite its location in an even-more-forgotten warehouse district of the forgotten downtown, the Santee sphere of influence is hard to miss. Walking east on Olympic Boulevard, you are struck by the change as soon as you cross Los Angeles Street. Gone are the Joe's Parking lots, aging bank branches, and "for rent" signs plastered to darkened windows. In their place, a series of low-lying, stucco-covered warehouses that span entire city blocks dominate the landscape. The buildings themselves are faded and unassuming, and would be entirely unremarkable if not for what spills out of them.

Nothing less than an ocean of informal commerce floods out of the warehouse interiors, spilling onto adjacent sidewalks and even street rights of way with the wares of dozens of sellers. Merchants in the aptly named Fashion District hawk wholesale clothing, Mexican *cobijas* (blankets) and *serapes* (cloaks), semilegal discount goods, and definitely illegal designer counterfeits, all cash only. Also present are food carts serving up

tacos and bacon-wrapped hot dogs for hungry shoppers, their brightly colored umbrellas like boats casting shadows on the sea of activity below. Meanwhile, hundreds of passersby carefully navigate between islands of open sidewalk as the assembled vendors call for their attention. And this display is only the precursor to the alley itself, which can be found at the headwaters of the makeshift market, two blocks east.

Hanging high above the crowds, a banner over the entrance reads "The Santee Alley: Open 365 Days a year!" Ever since the market coalesced (for Santee Alley is not the kind of establishment that is founded) across four city blocks in the mid-1980s, it has never permanently closed, not even during the coronavirus pandemic. In some sense, there is no one to close it. The alley is a public right of way of the City of Los Angeles, a city that has chosen to concentrate its interests elsewhere. The thoroughfare's many shops are absent from official city zoning maps, which label the overtaken warehouses as "light manufacturing," or, incredibly, as "institutions for the aged." The economic activities of the alley also evade detection from the Chamber of Commerce, the City Office of Finance, the LAPD crime maps, the IRS, and the Census Bureau. Santee's cultural influence is simply too vast to not be known by government administrators, but they collectively seem to turn the other way as there remains no official acknowledgement of the market's existence. Thus, despite

the changes of recent years, despite the vendor-operated Business Improvement District and its gleaming new website, despite the "gentrification" of some shops (meaning they sell boba on the side or now accept Venmo), and despite the dubious legality of certain goods, Santee remains unregulated and unbothered by outside interests. The implications of this are immediately apparent upon entering the space. Stalls are haphazardly carved out of warehouse walls or shoddily constructed of any available material and strewn against walkways. Merchants boast of their stock of counterfeit goods without a care in the world. If a bargain for electronics, jewelry, toys, or designer goods seems too good to be true, it's likely because it is. The food carts found at the end of each block make no claims about sanitation compliance, and workers look at you sideways if you ask about public health records. What occurs in Santee Alley is grassroots, informal, unplanned capitalism spurred by the pervasive do-it-yourself attitude of those who remain downtown.

Down the narrow alley passageway separating man from material, merchants wage an all-out war on the senses, competing for your attention. Garishly colored signs hang directly into the walkway, each more enticing than the next.

"¡Especial! 20% off."

"Free shoes, free shirt, free tie, free belt, free socks." The suit seems to be the only piece that isn't free.

"40% más grande."

"Tenemos los precios más bajos, no pague más."
"We have the lowest prices, don't pay more!"

And, in case you're interested in going into business, "Estamos buscando vendedores. Llama a Manuel. Se habla español y ingles."

"We are looking for vendors. Call Manuel. We speak Spanish and English."

Aromas of a thousand different origins float through the air, creating a uniquely pungent mix of sickeningly sweet incense, fruit-flavored vape smoke, cheap men's cologne, and grilled hot dog. Not content to simply allow their products to sell themselves, meanwhile, vendors entice you into their respective stalls: "¡Pasale, pasale compa! Tengo los productos mejores en los callejones."

"Come in, come in my friend! We have the best products of the alleys."

Los callejones, or "the alleys" in English, is the more commonly used name for Santee Alley and the greater Fashion District. Here, Spanish is the true lingua franca of commercial activity. To speak only in English is to make oneself known as an outsider to this part of downtown, an identity that increases the likelihood of being targeted for spontaneous upcharges or suspiciously slow service. Stall owners clearly take great pride in creating an in-group based on



their shared Spanish-speaking immigrant backgrounds, an impression only enhanced by the aesthetic design of the alley itself. Mexican *papel picado* and kitschy portraits of Frida Kahlo adorn many of the stall walls, while Salvadoran, Honduran, and Guatemalan flags hanging over the alleyway create makeshift shade for passersby. In a forty-nine percent Hispanic city in the heart of Mexican America, appealing to shared ethnicity isn't just a sentimental gesture: it's a highly effective marketing technique. In its informality, visual identity, language, and culture, Santee Alley creates the form and function of a Latin American market from the leftover scraps of a once-great American commercial district.

The cultural vibrancy of the dance between Santee buyer and seller belies a much harsher reality on both sides. Santee Alley was born of economic necessity following the bottoming-out of downtown, and it remains in business in part due to continued desperation. According to a recent study published by the Los Angeles Times, most street vendors in LÁ live on the brink of homelessness or are stuffed into precarious, overcrowded housing conditions, with as many as a dozen people per bedroom. Those that flock to Santee Alley are no exception, regardless of the lively crowds that the alley attracts. Beset by rising rents, inflation, street crime, and lingering consumer uncertainty from the COVID-19 pandemic, all but the most successful Santee Alley shops have felt a steadily constricting financial squeeze that

threatens to become a chokehold if conditions do not improve. Adding to their burden, many vendors are undocumented and live in near-constant fear of deportation, limiting their employment opportunities to informal work like that found in the alley. Trapped in a neo-Gilded-Age version of America without the minimum wage protections or worker safety laws taken for granted by the documented, immigrant vendors often have little choice but to double down on their shop investments and hawk their products all the more fervently.

The desperation that keeps vendors from leaving Santee Alley also keeps their customers returning. The discounted and often bootlegged goods sold at these informal establishments are typically far cheaper than their equivalents at major retailers, making them important bargains for those residents of Los Angeles who desire the materialistic status afforded by luxury consumerism without paying luxury prices. The cultural currency of comfort in speaking Spanish with shopkeepers is an even more compelling draw for the thirty-



eight percent of LÁ's population that speaks that language exclusively. Furthermore, in an increasingly digitized and surveilled economy, Santee's reliable acceptance of cash is a boon to those who prefer to keep their transactions under-the-table, especially the undocumented. Far from just being a creative example of ethnic capitalism, therefore, Santee Alley also serves as a lifeline for individuals on both sides of each transaction.

At the pinnacle of the alley, at Pico Boulevard, the vendors have annexed a shopping mall. What was once a tri-level temple to suburban-style consumerism has since been rearranged to accommodate the needs of a poorer, much more diverse population. Its sun-bleached stucco façade has been shorn off to create an airy, brick-lined passageway through the former mall that acts as a continuation of the alley thoroughfare, with rafters repurposed as awnings serving as the only reminders that this space was once built for someone else.

Here, too, the walls are lined with makeshift stands selling anything you can possibly imagine, but at the mall's center rises a small concrete podium

where, on Saturdays, local singers and musicians practice their craft for impromptu audiences. At any given moment, the lilt of music might drift through the mall: the soulful *gritos* of mariachi, the wail of brass *banda*, the steady beat of *cumbia*, the riffs of Chicano rock. Crowds gather to socialize and dance as the musicians play on, transforming this end of Santee Alley into a scene more closely resembling that of a party than that of a bustling commercial establishment.

Invariably, inevitably, someone requests a classic Mexican folk anthem, often "*Cielito Lindo*" or "*Mexico Lindo y Querido*." As the familiar strains soar through the air, a hush falls over the crowd. Vendors cautiously step out of their stores and into the crowd, always with one eye on their merchandise. For a brief moment, the alley is united. And together, they sing. They know every lyric, hum every melody. And when it ends, the crowd dissolves. Back to staffing the stalls, back to work, back home. Back to the realities of everyday life. Back to carving out a living.

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Not far from the southern tip of Santee Alley, the gargantuan 10 Freeway looms. Raised on thick

concrete pillars to tower above the remains of the neighborhood it desiccated, the gunmetal-grey roadway creates an impenetrable wall of noise, pollution, and darkness that even the vibrant energy of Santee Alley cannot penetrate. Under the freeway's withering gaze, the stalls and street traffic that bring the alley to life abruptly give way once again to the same soulless, blocks-long stucco-covered warehouses from which the alley was birthed. Constructed in the building boom of the Eisenhower administration, the 10 carved a path of destruction and decay through this part of downtown that displaced the residents of Historic South Central, a formerly vibrant Black neighborhood known for its prominent jazz nightclubs. Today, the freeway funnels wealthier and whiter Angelenos from the Westside out to parts beyond, choking the communities of color on both sides of its right of way with their exhaust. The imposing visual and geographic barrier of the freeway serves as a sobering reminder that despite the efforts of those who remain in the forgotten downtown to claw themselves towards social mobility and cultural vibrancy, their fates are still shaped in part

by civic attitudes that at best, constrict their growth, and at worst, actively undermine them. And yet, the persistence of Santee and its injection of life and energy into a derelict downtown district is a tribute to their resilience.

Santee is messy, chaotic, overcrowded, unsexy, uncouth, and unregulated. It is a symbol of desperation due to disinvestment and a means for the marginalized to continue the struggle for their own American dream as the one promised to them is denied by systemic forces. It is inglorious, and even exploitative of the buyers and sellers who return with few other options. And yet, somehow, it not only survives but thrives, reactivating what were once abandoned spaces into uniquely vibrant urban markets that once again draw crowds from all over the city to its purported center. Just as the vendors revived the former mall on Pico, so too does Santee Alley revive its section of downtown, making the city ever so slightly more livable in its wake.



Jonathan García es un fourth-year undergraduate de Los Ángeles, California. They care deeply about cultural representation in place-making. Le puedes encontrar en los callejones.



Dick Whittington, *Aerial view of downtown Los Angeles looking northeast from the I-10 and I-110 freeways*, USC Special Collections, 1970.

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Colophon:

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