



ARTPLACE

2018

ANNUAL

SUMMIT

ARTPLACE

WELCOME

Welcome to the ArtPlace 2018 Annual Summit in Louisville!

We're so glad to have you here.

Once a year, we gather ArtPlace America's community of colleagues from the field of creative placemaking—projects and organizations we have been able to support, our foundation and government partners, and the researchers, advisors, and colleagues who help shape our work.

Louisville gives us a culture rich backdrop to hear from national and local leaders on some of the most pressing issues facing our field and our communities, who will inspire and equip us with the insights and strategies to advance our work.

You can choose your own adventure based on the skills you're looking to develop with practical workshops on the diversity of fundraising, as well as tips on understanding and measuring your impact. Storytelling and filmmaking workshops will help you get the word out, and you'll have the opportunity to learn about the latest approaches to impact evaluation and new resources for creative placemaking.

You'll also have an opportunity for deeper connection and reflection during small group discussion seminars, designed and facilitated by the Aspen Institute Executive Leadership

Seminars. We believe that holding space for productive, generative, and creative dialogue is a cornerstone of a healthy democracy, and fundamental to meaningful work in every community.

Throughout the summit, sessions will run in three formats—**PLENARIES**, **WORKSHOPS**, and **SEMINARS**—each providing a different learning opportunity. Check out the following pages for more information on all the sessions and find the materials you'll need.

After our closing session, we hope you will head home with fresh reflections on your work, a stronger network, and new ideas and skills to further your impact in your community. So, let's have fun and recharge as we reflect, connect, and fill up on the knowledge and inspiration our incredible community has to offer.

Please feel free to tweet the inspiration you find throughout the summit using our hashtag **#ArtPlaceSummit**.

If you haven't already, don't forget to download our Guidebook App so you can see which rooms your sessions are in, and to find out more about the presenters.

—ArtPlace Team
#ArtPlaceSummit

AGENDA

Monday, May 21

12pm-4pm	Registration
1:30pm-3pm	Pre-Summit Sessions
4pm-5pm	Welcome PLENARY What's Next for Artplace?
5pm-6:15pm	Dinner & Seminar Session I: Home?
6:15pm	Depart for The Kentucky Center for the Arts
7pm-9pm	ArtPlace & Theater of War Present: Addiction Performance Project
9pm-10pm	Post-show Cocktail Reception

LOUISVILLE FUN FACT

95% of the world's bourbon is produced in Kentucky! You can learn more about this Kentucky spirit touring the Kentucky Bourbon Trail. Or, if you want to stay within Louisville city limits, check out the Urban Bourbon Trail.

AGENDA

Tuesday, May 22

7am-7:30am	Power Walk Led by Sarah Calderon Optional—meet in lobby
8am-9:30am	Breakfast PLENARY Making & Keeping Place in Kentucky
9:30am-10am	Break
10am-11:30am	SEMINAR Session II: Belonging? Groups 1-7 BREAKOUTS Please select your session onsite, Groups 8-14
11:30am-11:45am	Break
11:45am-1pm	PLENARY What Happened to the Public in Public-Private Partnerships?
1pm-2pm	Lunch / Break
2pm-3:30pm	SEMINAR Session II: Belonging? Groups 8-14 BREAKOUTS Please select your session onsite, Groups 1-7
3:30pm-3:45pm	Break
3:45pm-4:45pm	PLENARY Our Towns: A 100,000-mile Journey into the Heart of America
4:45pm-6:30pm	Break
6:30pm	Depart for ArtPlace Party Shuttles provided—depart from lobby
7pm-9:30pm	ArtPlace Party Kentucky Center for African American Heritage
10pm	Final Shuttle Departs KCAAH

AGENDA

Wednesday, May 23

7am-7:30am	Power Walk Led by Sarah Calderon Optional—meet in lobby
8am-9:30am	Breakfast PLENARY Creating Safe and Beloved Communities
9:30am-9:45am	Break
9:45am-10:45am	SEMINAR Session III: Healing? Groups 1-7 BREAKOUTS Please select your session onsite, Groups 8-14
10:45am-11am	Break
10:45am-11:45am	SEMINAR Session III: Healing? Groups 8-14 BREAKOUTS Please select your session onsite, Groups 1-7
11:45am-12pm	Break
12pm-1pm	Closing PLENARY
1pm	Summit Concludes

LOUISVILLE FUN FACT

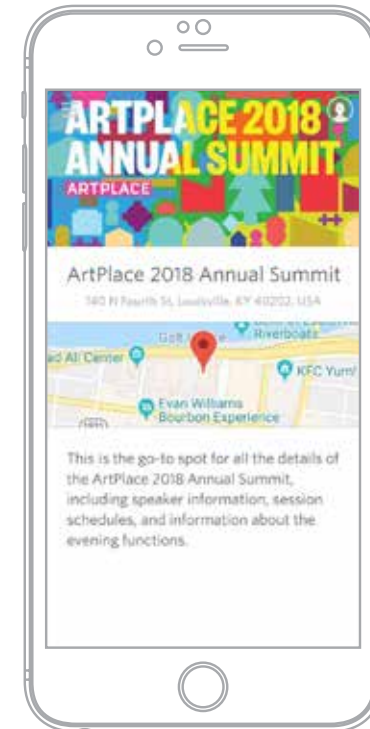
Disco balls reign in this town. 90% of the disco balls in the USA are produced in Louisville by National Products on Baxter Ave.

DOWNLOAD THE GUIDEBOOK APP!

For the most up-to-date information on the summit, follow these simple steps to download our app!

- 1 Navigate to your smartphone's app store.
- 2 Download 'Guidebook.'
- 3 Log-in or create an account.
- 4 Search for 'ArtPlace.' You'll find our event app under 'ArtPlace 2018 Annual Summit.'

We'll be using the app throughout the summit to navigate the hotel, clarify your track's next session, share updates, and network among participants.



PLENARIES

Ideas and Inspiration

Organized around pressing topics and leading voices, you'll hear from leaders across the country who are addressing key community issues and moving the field of creative placemaking forward.

What's Next for ArtPlace?

ArtPlace has spent the better part of the past year reflecting on our contributions toward our shared field of practice that recognizes artists and culture bearers as allies in the work of building equitable, healthy, and sustainable communities. In partnership with Arizona State University, The Kresge Foundation, and the National Endowment for the Arts, we recently hired The Bridgespan Group to assess the strength of our field nationally. ArtPlace will share highlights from that assessment and also how it has informed the work that the organization will do over the next two-and-a-half years.

Making & Keeping Place in Kentucky

Outside the state, Kentucky may be known for horses, bourbon, and coal, but who are the leaders and what are the cultural strategies and partnerships that are shaping an equitable, healthy, and sustainable future? Hear from artists and organizers who are honoring a rich cultural heritage while practicing locally informed, human-centric, and holistic creative placemaking. What progress has been made? What challenges are

ahead? What lessons can help other states and regions?

You're Not the Boss of Me: What Happens to the Public in Public-Private Partnerships?

From its bankruptcy workout to its approach to transit to the security cameras in its downtown, Detroit, MI has been shaped with the philanthropic and private sectors in roles more traditionally played by government. And it is not alone: American communities are increasingly relying on public-private partnerships. Many of them are created in response to opportunities that arise out of market forces with very few communities first having an explicit conversation about how residents and their interests are democratically represented in those conversations.

Our Towns: A 100,000-mile Journey into the Heart of America

For the last five years, Deborah and James Fallows have travelled some 100,000 miles across America in a single-engine prop airplane, visiting dozens of towns. In the process, they have run across ArtPlace colleagues

in Ajo, AZ; Columbus, OH; Eastport, ME; Pittsburgh, PA; and elsewhere. They have now published an account of their visits that shares the creativity and solutions being deployed on the ground across our country. National Endowment for the Arts Chairman Jane Chu will introduce the discussion, which will be moderated by the Surdna Foundation's F. Javier Torres (who easily rivaled their mileage during his time at ArtPlace).

Creating Safe and Beloved Communities

Safety and justice are not only fundamental ideals of our country—they are urgent issues of our time. For the last two years, ArtPlace and Local Initiatives Support Corporation (LISC) have been examining community development work happening at the intersection of arts and culture and public safety. Do arts and cultural strategies have the power to create more equitable approaches to crime prevention, community-oriented policing, restorative reentry, neighborhood safety, and more? What significant paradigm shift is necessary for many practitioners and community members to begin working in this way?

Closing Plenary

Help us wrap the ArtPlace 2018 Annual Summit on a high note! You'll get a final dose of powerful inspiration and a preview of next year's 2019 Summit.

LOUISVILLE FUN FACT

You've probably heard of the Louisville Zoo, but do you know that most of the zoo sits on top of the Louisville Mega Cavern? It's a human-made cavern, originally a limestone quarry, and has been open to tourists since 2009. For the adventurous there are zip line tours, an underground bike park with over 320,000 square feet of trails (the only underground bike park in the world), an aerial ropes challenge course and, for the history buffs, there are historic tram tours.

WORKSHOPS

Tools and Techniques

Designed to supply practical tools on specific issues, choose your own adventure based on the skills you want to develop. Workshops will include practical information on diverse ways to fund your work, as well as tips on understanding and measuring your impact. You'll find workshops to help you tell compelling narratives about your work and capture them on video for broader audiences. Facilitated peer-to-peer discussions will help you address common challenges in creative placemaking that no toolkits have tackled. We also invite you to dig in with us on field-wide discussions about knowledge and resources.

Crowdfunding in Your Own Back Yard, Led by Joby

Who better to support your project than the local community members who care about it? In this session you'll learn how to organize all kinds of capital—cash, social networks, in-kind donations, volunteers, advocacy—and create a grassroots crowdfunding campaign uniquely tailored to your community.

Expanding Your Fundraising Repertoire, Led by DAISA Enterprises

DAISA Enterprises will facilitate a workshop that harvests the knowledge from everyone in the room around their sources of funding. Hear about the approaches your peers

have taken to creatively identify, attain, and leverage alternative resources to support creative placemaking work.

Evaluation with a Community Development Lens, Led by Success Measures

This session will introduce you to a series of evaluation tools and methods commonly used in the community development sector, whether the goal is to measure changes to a place or to the people in that place. Learn how to gather data and information in a way that is both rigorous and fits into your day-to-day schedule, and share your own approaches to measurement and evaluation.

Evaluation with an Arts and Culture Lens, Led by Animating Democracy

This session will introduce you to the Aesthetics Perspectives framework, and help you think critically about the different kinds of artistic attributes your projects contain along with the implications for evaluation.

Short Films for Social Media, Led by DIYdoc

The developers of this free iPhone app, and the ArtPlace communications team will lead a workshop on how to make easy, free, social-media-ready two-minute films that tell the story of a person, your organization, and your projects.

Storytelling Best Practices, Led by Storytellers for Change

When was the last time you were moved to tears by a press release? Right, thought so. Check out some award-winning strategies for “heart-leading” communications. This workshop will move you, as all good stories should, and you'll take away great strategies for storytelling success.

Anti-Displacement Strategies, Led by Haas Institute for a Fair and Inclusive Society

Communities around the country are developing new and creative ways to counteract displacement. Join Eli Moore and Sasha Graham, two of the artists and organizers behind *Staying Power*, an arts-integrated anti-displacement policy strategy in Richmond, California, for a learning and working session. Hear about local, regional, and national scale efforts, and share anti-displacement work happening at home.

Collaborative Practice from the Artists' Perspective, Led by Center for Performance and Civic Practice

Collaboration in creative placemaking can be daunting for both artists and non-artists alike. Featuring the experiences and challenges of artists as a launch point, this session is designed to help take your partnership practice to the next level by examining what goes into successful (and not-so successful) cross-sector relationship development.

The Creative Placemaking Field and ArtPlace's Strategic Contribution, Led by Margy Waller

ArtPlace is embarking on a new strategic direction with the hopes of building a stronger creative placemaking field. Come share your thoughts on what the field needs to become stronger and create more opportunities for people to engage in working in this way. Field leaders, including Arizona State University, Kresge Foundation, the National Endowment for the Arts and ArtPlace are eager to hear your ideas and thoughts!

Creative Placemaking Tools: What Exists? Where Are They? What's Missing? Led by The Kresge Foundation

What creative placemaking resources can help enhance your work, and where can you find them? We'll explore an array of resources—looking at where people are finding knowledge—and together identify resources that still need to be developed.

SEMINARS

Connect and Reflect

The Aspen Institute Executive Leadership Seminars use moderated, text-based dialogue to allow leaders from all sectors to step back from day-to-day concerns and reflect more generally on the core values by which they lead. What do we believe, and why do we believe it? Why do we do what we do? What does a good society look like, and what is our role in helping create it? Aspen Institute Executive Leadership has crafted a special program for the ArtPlace Summit with the aim of deepening our reflection, synthesizing what we learn in other sessions, and strengthening the connections among us.

What to Expect in an Aspen Institute Seminar Discussion

Todd Breyfogle, PhD, Director of Seminars

Welcome to the Aspen Institute Seminars component of the ArtPlace Summit. The aim in these discussion sessions is to provide space and time to step back from day-to-day concerns and reflect more generally on what we believe, why we believe it, and why we do what we do. That is to say, the seminars are designed to be reflective explorations—the aim is not to teach or persuade, but explore the contours of our inner personal and professional lives.

An Aspen Institute seminar is essentially a collaborative journey. With the help of an experienced moderator, each participant contributes her or his own reflections, experience, and curiosity to

the Great Conversation. Correspondingly, the success of the seminar depends on each person being willing to contribute to the discussion and to make room for the contributions of others. There are no right or wrong answers—the seminar is not a class but a laboratory of ideas, experiences, and values in which conversation and mutual engagement is key.

The short readings will provide the starting point for our discussions, which will be led by an experienced moderator. In the discussions, we'll engage both head and heart, and have an opportunity to synthesize not only our own experiences but the other things we've heard and learned during the summit.

Be sure to bring this book of readings with you to each seminar session—we will refer to them frequently in our discussions.

Dinner & Session I: Home?

Maya Angelou, *Home*

Session II: Belonging?

Gloria Anzaldúa, *To Live in the Borderlands*

bell hooks, *Belonging* (Chapter 2 excerpts)

E. Lily Yu, *The Wretched and the Beautiful*

Session III: Healing?

Luther Standing Bear, *Indian Wisdom*

Wendell Berry, *Healing*

This anthology has been prepared in draft form for use in a special seminar, subject to periodic revision. The materials are for the exclusive use of participants enrolled in the seminar and may not be reproduced. Each reader is cautioned to respect the full copyright protection of all material in this volume. Additional information about the seminar and this volume is available from The Aspen Institute, One Dupont Circle, Suite 700, Washington, DC 20036; 202-341-7803.

Home

By Maya Angelou (1928–2014)

I was born in St. Louis, Missouri, but from the age of three I grew up in Stamps, Arkansas, with my paternal grandmother, Annie Henderson, and my father's brother, Uncle Willie, and my only sibling, my brother Bailey.

5 At thirteen I joined my mother in San Francisco. Later I studied in New York City. Throughout the years I have lived in Paris, Cairo, West Africa, and all over the United States.

10 Those are facts, but facts, to a child, are merely words to memorize, "My name is Johnny Thomas. My address is 220 Center Street." All facts, which have little to do with the child's truth.

15 My real growing up world, in Stamps, was a continual struggle against a condition of surrender. Surrender first to the grown-up human beings who I saw every day, all black and all very, very large. Then submission to the idea that black people were inferior to white people, who I saw rarely.

20 Without knowing why exactly, I did not believe that I was inferior to anyone except maybe my brother. I knew I was smart, but I also knew that Bailey was smarter, maybe because he reminded me often and even suggested that maybe he was the smartest person in the world. He came to that decision when he was nine years old.

25 The South, in general, and Stamps, Arkansas, in particular had had hundreds of years' experience in demoting even large adult blacks to psychological dwarfs. Poor white children had the license to address lauded and older blacks by their first names or by any names they could create.

30 Thomas Wolfe warned in the title of America's great novel that "You Can't Go Home Again." I enjoyed the book but I never agreed with the title. I believe that one can never leave home. I believe that one carries the shadows, the dreams, the fears and dragons of home under one's skin, at the extreme corners of one's eyes and possibly in the gristle of the ear lobe.

35 Home is that youthful region where a child is the only real living inhabitant. Parents, siblings, and neighbors, are mysterious apparitions, who come, go, and do strange unfathomable things in and around the child, the region's only enfranchised citizen.

Geography, as such, has little meaning to the child observer. If one grows up in the Southwest, the desert and open skies are natural. New York, with the elevators and subway rumble and millions

of people, and Southeast Florida with its palm trees and sun and beaches are to the children of those regions the way the outer world is, has been, and will always be. Since the child cannot control that environment, she has to find her own place, a region where only she lives and no one else can enter.

5 I am convinced that most people do not grow up. We find parking spaces and honor our credit cards. We marry and dare to have children and call that growing up. I think what we do is mostly grow old. We carry accumulation of years in our bodies and on our faces, but generally our real selves, the children inside, are still innocent and shy as magnolias.

10 We may act sophisticated and worldly but I believe we feel safest when we go inside ourselves and find home, a place where we belong and maybe the only place we really do.

To Live in the Borderlands

By Gloria Anzaldúa (1942–2004)

5 To live in the borderlands means you
are neither *hispana india negra espanola*
ni gabacha, eres mestiza, mulata, half-breed
caught in the crossfire between camps
while carrying all five races on your back
not knowing which side to turn to, run from;
To live in the Borderlands means knowing that the *india* in you,
betrayed for 500 years,
is no longer speaking to you,
10 the *mexicanas* call you *rajetas*, that denying the Anglo inside you
is as bad as having denied the Indian or Black;
Cuando vives en la frontera
people walk through you, the wind steals your voice,
you're a *burra, buey*, scapegoat,
15 forerunner of a new race,
half and half-both woman and man, neither-a new gender;
To live in the Borderlands means to
put *chile* in the borscht,
eat whole wheat *tortillas*,
20 speak Tex-Mex with a Brooklyn accent;
be stopped by *la migra* at the border checkpoints;
Living in the Borderlands means you fight hard to
resist the gold elixir beckoning from the bottle,
the pull of the gun barrel,
25 the rope crushing the hollow of your throat;
In the Borderlands
you are the battleground
where enemies are kin to each other;
you are at home, a stranger,
30 the border disputes have been settled
the volley of shots have scattered the truce
you are wounded, lost in action
dead, fighting back;

5 To live in the Borderlands means
the mill with the razor white teeth wants to shred off
your olive-red skin, crush out the kernel, your heart
pound you pinch you roll you out
smelling like white bread but dead;
To survive the Borderlands
you must live *sin fronteras*
be a crossroads.

Belonging (Chapter 2 Excerpts)

By bell hooks (1952–)

Kentucky is My Fate

5 If one has chosen to live mindfully, then choosing a place to die is as vital as choosing where and how to live. Choosing to return to the land and landscape of my childhood, the world of my Kentucky upbringing, I am comforted by the knowledge that I could die here. This is the way I imagine “the end:” I close my eyes and see hands holding a Chinese red lacquer bowl, walking to the top of the Kentucky hill I call my own, scattering my remains as though they are seeds and not ash, a burnt offering on solid ground vulnerable to the wind and rain—all that is left of my body gone, my being shifted, passed away, moving forward on and into eternity. I imagine this farewell scene and it solaces me; Kentucky hills were where my life began. They represent the place of promise and possibility and the location of all my terrors, the monsters that follow me and haunt my dreams. Freely roaming Kentucky hills in childhood, running from snakes and all forbidden outside terrors both real and imaginary, I learn to be safe in the knowledge that facing what I fear and moving beyond it will keep me secure. With this knowledge I nurtured a sublime trust in the power of nature to seduce, excite, delight, and solace.

15 Nature was truly a sanctuary, a place of refuge, a place for healing wounds. Heeding the call to be one with nature, I returned to the one state where I had known a culture of belonging. My life in Kentucky, my girlhood life, is divided into neat lines demarcating before and after. Before is the isolated life we lived as a family in the Kentucky hills, a life where the demarcations of race, class, and gender did not matter. What mattered was the line separating country and city—nature mattered. My life in nature was the Before and the After was life in the city where money and status determined everything. In the country our class had no importance. In our home we were surrounded by hills. Only the front windows of our house looked out on a solitary road constructed for the men seeking to find oil, all other windows faced hills. In our childhood, the rarely traveled road held no interest. The hills in the back of our house were the place of magic and possibility, a lush green frontier, where nothing man made could run us down, where we could freely seek adventure.

5 When we left the hills to settle in town where the schools were supposedly better, where we could attend the big important church Virginia Street Baptist (all things we were told would make us better, would make it possible for us to be somebody), I experienced my first devastating loss, my first deep grief. I wanted to stay in the solitude of those hills. I longed for freedom. That longing was imprinted on my consciousness in the hills that seemed to declare that all sweetness in life would come when we seek freedom. Folks living in the Kentucky hills prized independence and self-reliance above all traits.

10 While my early sense of identity was shaped by the anarchic life of the hills, I did not identify with being Kentuckian. Racial separatism, white exploitation and oppression of black folks was so widespread it pained my already hurting heart. Nature was the place where one could escape the world of man made constructions of race and identity. Living isolated in the hills we had very little contact with the world of white dominator culture. Away from the hills dominator culture and its power over our lives was constant. Back then all black people knew that the white supremacist State with all its power did not care for the welfare of black folks. What we had learned in the hills was how to care for ourselves by growing crops, raising animals, living deep in the earth. What we had learned in the hills was how to be self-reliant....

25 Leaving Kentucky, fleeing the psycho history of traumatic powerlessness, I took with me from the sub-cultures of my native state (mountain folk, hillbillies, Appalachians) a positive understanding of what it means know a culture of belonging, that cultural legacy handed down to me by my ancestors. In her book *Rebalancing the World* Carol Lee Flinders defines a culture of belonging as one in which there is “intimate connection with the land to which one belongs, empathic relationship to animals, self-restraint, custodial conservation, deliberateness, balance, expressiveness, generosity, egalitarianism, mutuality, affinity for alternative modes of knowing, playfulness, inclusiveness, nonviolent conflict resolution, and openness to spirit.” All these ways of belonging were taught to me in my early childhood but these imprints were covered over by the received biased knowledge of dominator culture. Yet they become the

Belonging (Chapter 2 Excerpts, cont.)

subjugated knowledge that served to fuel my adult radicalism.

Living away from my native place I become more consciously Kentuckian than I was when I lived at home. This is what the experience of exile can do, change your mind, utterly transform one's perception of the world of home. The differences geographical location imprinted on my psyche and habits of being became more evident away from home. In Kentucky no one had thought I had a Kentucky accent, in California speaking in the soft black southern vernacular that was our everyday speech made me the subject of unwanted attention. In a short period of time I learned to change my way of speaking, to keep the sounds and cadences of Kentucky secret, an intimate voice to be heard only by folks who could understand. Not speaking in the tongue of my ancestors was a way to silence ridicule about Kentucky. It was a way to avoid being subjugated by the geographical hierarchies around me which deemed my native place country, backwards, a place outside time. I learned more about Kentucky during my undergraduate years as I placed the portrait of a landscape I knew intimately alongside the stereotypical way of seeing that world as it was represented by outsiders.

Perhaps my greatest sense of estrangement in this new liberal college environment was caused by the overall absence among my professors and peers of any overtly expressed belief in Christianity and God. Indeed, it was far more cool in those days to announce that one was agnostic or atheist than to talk about belief in God. Coming from a Bible-toting, Bible-talking world where scripture was quoted in everyday conversations, I lacked the psychological resources and know how to positively function in a world where spiritual faith was regarded with as much disdain as being from the geographical south. In my dormitory the one student who openly read from scripture, a quiet white male student from a Mormon background, was more often than not alone and isolated. We talked to one another and endeavored to make each other feel less like strangers in a strange land. We talked scripture. But talking scripture was not powerful enough to erase the barriers created by racism that had taught us to fear and beware difference. And even though there were organized Christian groups on campus they did not speak the religious language I was accustomed to hearing....

My college years began that process of feeling split in my mind and heart which characterized my life in all the places I moved to California, Wisconsin, Connecticut, Ohio, New York. At heart I saw myself as a country girl, an eccentric product of the sense and sensibility of the Kentucky backwoods and yet the life I lived was one where different ethics, values, and beliefs ruled the day. My life away from Kentucky was full of contradictions. The issues of honesty and integrity that had made life clear and simple growing up were an uneasy fit with the academic and literary world I had chosen as my own. In time the split mind that had become my psychic landscape began to unravel. As I experienced greater success as an intellectual and a writer, I felt I was constantly working to make my core truths have visibility and meaning in a world where the values and beliefs I wanted to make the foundation of my life had no meaning. Still and all, I did not feel that I could come home. The self I had invented in these other worlds seemed too unconventional for Kentucky, too cosmopolitan.

Like many writers, especially southerners, who have stayed away from their native place, who live in a state of mental exile, the condition of feeling split was damaging, caused a breaking down of the spirit. Healing that spirit meant for me remembering myself, taking the bits and pieces of my life and putting them together again. In remembering my childhood and writing about my early life I was mapping the territory, discovering myself and finding homeplace—seeing clearly that Kentucky was my fate....

Making the connections between geographical location and psychological states of being was useful for me. It empowered me to recognize the serious dysfunctional aspect of the southern world I was raised in, the ways internalized racism affected our emotional intelligence, our emotional life and yet it also revealed the positive aspects of my upbringing, the strategies of resistance that were life enhancing. Certainly racial separatism, in conjunction with resistance to racism and white supremacy, empowered non-conforming black folks to create a sub-culture based on oppositional values. Those oppositional values imprinted on my psyche early in childhood enabled me to develop a survivalist will to resist that stood me

Belonging (Chapter 2 Excerpts, cont.)

in good stead both during the times I returned home and in the wilderness of spirit I dwelled in away from home. Oppositional habits of being learned during childhood forged a tie to my native place that could not be severed.

5 Growing up, renegade black and white folks who perceived the backwoods, the natural environment, to be a space away from manmade constructions, from dominator culture, were able to create unique habits of thinking and being that were in resistance to the status quo. This spirit of resistance had characterized much of Kentucky's early history, the way in which white colonizers first perceived it an untouched truly wild wilderness that would resist being tamed by the forces of imperialist white supremacist capitalism. Even though the forces of imperialist white supremacist capitalist patriarchy did ultimately subordinate the land to its predatory interests it did not create a closed system, individual Kentuckians white and black, still managed to create sub-culture, usually in hollows, hills, and mountains, governed by beliefs and values contrary to those of mainstream culture. The free thinking and non-conformist behavior encouraged in the backwoods was a threat to imperialist white supremacist capitalist patriarchy hence the need to undermine them by creating the notion that folks who inhabited these spaced were ignorant, stupid, inbred, ungovernable. By dehumanizing the hillbilly, the anarchist spirit which empowered poor folks to choose a lifestyle different from that of the state and so called civilized society could be crushed. And if not totally crushed, at least made to appear criminal or suspect.

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35 This spirit of resistance and revolution that has been nurtured in me by generations of Kentucky black folks who had chosen self-reliance and self-determination over dependency on any government provided the catalysts for my personal struggle for self-definition. The core of that resisting oppositional culture was an insistence on each of us being people of worth and dignity. Acknowledging one's worth meant that one had to choose to be a person of integrity, to stand by one's word. In my girlhood I was taught by my elders, many of whom had not been formally educated and lacked basic skills of reading and writing, that to be a person of integrity one had to always tell the truth and always assume responsibility for your actions. Particularly, my maternal grandmother

Baba taught me that these values should ground my being no matter my chosen place or country. To live these values then, I would, she taught, need to learn courage—the courage of my convictions, the courage to own mistakes and make reparation, the courage to take a stand.

5 In retrospect I have often wondered if her insistence on my always being dedicated to truth, a woman of my word, a woman of integrity was the lesson learned by heart that would ultimately make it impossible for me to feel at home away from my native place, away from my people. Striving to live with integrity made it difficult for me to find joy in life away from the homefolk and landscape of my upbringing. And as the elders who had generously given of their stories, their wisdom, their lives to make it possible for me, and folks like me, to live well, more fully, began to pass away, it was only a matter of time before I would be called to remembrance, to carry their metaphysical legacy into the present. Among illiterate backwoods folk I had been taught values, given ethical standards by which to live my life. Those standards had little meaning in the world beyond the small Kentucky black communities I had known all my life.

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35 If growing up in an extremely dysfunctional family of origin had made me “crazy,” surviving and making home away from my native place allowed me to draw on the positive skills I had learned during my growing up years. Kentucky was the only place I had lived where there were living elders teaching values, accepting eccentricity, letting me know by their example that to be fully self-actualized was the only way to truly heal. They revealed to me that the treasures I was seeking were already mine. All my longing to belong, to find a culture of place, all the searching I did from city to city, looking for that community of like-minded souls was waiting for me in Kentucky, waiting for me to remember and reclaim. Away from my home state I often found myself among people who saw me as clinging to old fashioned values, who pitied me because I did not know how to be opportunistic or play the games that would help me get ahead....

During the more than thirty years that I did not make my home in Kentucky, much that I did not like about life in my home state (the cruel racist exploitation and oppression that continued from slavery

Belonging (Chapter 2 Excerpts, cont.)

5 into the present day, the disenfranchisement of poor and/ or hill-billy people, the relentless assault on nature) was swiftly becoming the norm everywhere. Throughout our nation the dehumanization of poor people, the destruction of nature for capitalist development, the disenfranchisement of people of color, especially, African-Americans, the resurgence of white supremacy and with plantation culture has become an accepted way of life. Yet returning to my home state all the years that I was living away, I found there essential remnants of a culture of belonging, a sense of the meaning and vitality of geographical place.

10 All the positive aspects of a culture of belonging that Kentucky offered me were not present in other places. And maybe it would have been harder for me to return to my native place if I had not consistently sustained and nurtured bonds of kin and family despite living away. My last lengthy place of residence prior to becoming a resident of Kentucky was New York City. Had anyone ever predicted when I was younger that I would one day live in Manhattan I would have responded: “that is never gonna’ happen—cause I am a country girl through and through.” Concurrently, had I been told that I would return in mid-life to live in Kentucky, I would have responded: “when they send my ashes home.” New York City was one of the few places in the world where I experienced loneliness for the first time. I attributed this to the fact that there one lives in close proximity to so many people engaging in a kind of pseudo intimacy but rarely genuine making community. To live in close contact with neighbors, to see them every day but to never engage in fellowship was downright depressing. People I knew in the city often ridiculed the idea that one would want to live in community—what they loved about the city was the intense anonymity, not knowing and not being accountable. At times I did feel a sense of community in the city and endeavored to live in the West Village as though it was a small town. Bringing my Kentucky ways with me wherever I made homeplace sustained my ties to home and also made it possible for me to return home.

35 My decision to make my home in Kentucky did not emerge from any sentimental assumption that I would find an uncorrupted world in my native place. Rather I knew I would find there living remnants of all that was wonderful in the world of my growing up.

During my time away, I would return to Kentucky and feel again a sense of belonging that I never felt elsewhere, experiencing unbroken ties to the land, to homefolk, to our vernacular speech. Even though I had lived for so many years away from my people, I was fortunate that there was a place and homefolk for me to return to, that I was welcomed. Coming back to my native place I embrace with true love the reality that “Kentucky is my fate”—my sublime home.

The Wretched and the Beautiful

E. Lily Yu

5 The aliens arrived unexpectedly at 6:42 on a hot August evening, dropping with a shriek of metal strained past its limits onto the white sands of one of the last pristine beaches on Earth. The black hulk of the saucer ground into the sand and stopped, steaming. Those of us who had been splashing in the surf or stamping rows of sandcastles fled up the slope, clutching our towels.

10 Once our initial fright dissipated, curiosity set in, and we stayed with the policemen and emergency technicians who pulled up in wailing, flashing trucks. It was all quite exciting, since nothing out of the ordinary seemed to happen anymore. Gone were the days when acting on conviction could change the world, when good came of good and evil to evil.

15 One of the policemen fired an experimental shot or two, but the bullets ricocheted off the black metal and lodged in a palm tree.

“Don’t shoot,” one man said. “You might make them angry. You might hit one of us.”

The guns remained cocked, but no more bullets zinged off the ship. We waited.

20 At sunset, a pounding began inside the ship. No hatches sprang open; no rayguns or periscopes protruded. There was only the pounding, growing ever more frantic and erratic.

“What if they’re trapped?” one of us said.

25 We looked at one another. Some of us had left and returned with the pistols that did not fit in our swimming trunks. A whole armory was pointed at the black disk of metal half buried in the beach.

The pounding ceased.

Nothing followed.

30 We conferred, then conscripted a machinist, who with our assistance hauled her ponderous cutters and blowtorches over the soft sand and set to work on the saucer.

We stood back.

35 While the machinist worked, any sounds from the saucer were drowned out by her tools. With precise and deliberate motions, she cut a thin line around the disk’s circumference. Sparks flew up where the blade met the strange metal, which howled in unfamiliar tones.

When her work was done, she packed her equipment and de-

parted. The aliens had failed to vaporize her. We let out the collective breath we had been holding.

Minutes crawled past.

5 At last, with a peculiar clang, the top half of the saucer seasawed upward. In the deepening dusk we could barely distinguish the dark limbs straining to raise it. Many monsters or one, we wondered.

“Drop your weapons,” one policeman barked. The upper part of the saucer sagged for a moment, concealing whatever was within.

10 From within the ship, a voice said in perfectly comprehensible French, “We do not have weapons. We do not have anything.”

“Come out where we can see you,” the policeman said. The rest of us were glad that someone confident and capable, someone who was not us, was handling the matter.

15 It was too dark to see clearly, and so at the policeman’s command, and at the other end of his semiautomatic, the occupants of the ship—the aliens, our first real aliens—were marched up the beach to the neon strip of casinos, while we followed, gaping, gawking, knowing nothing with certainty except that we were witnessing history, and perhaps would even play a role in it.

20 The lurid glow of marquees and brothels revealed to us a shivering, shambling crowd, some slumped like apes, some clutching their young. Some had five limbs, some four, and some three. Their joints were crablike, and their movement both resembled ours and differed to such a degree that it sickened us to watch. There were sixty-four of them, including the juveniles. Although we were unacquainted with their biology, it was plain that none were in good health.

25 “Is there a place we can stay?” the aliens said.

Hotels were sought. Throughout the city, hoteliers protested, citing unknown risk profiles, inadequate equipment, fearful and unprepared staff, an indignant clientele, and stains from space filth impervious to detergent. Who was going to pay, anyway? They had businesses to run and families to feed.

35 One woman from among us offered to book a single room for the aliens for two nights, that being all she could afford on her teacher’s salary. She said this with undisguised hope, as if she thought her offer would inspire others. But silence followed her remark, and we avoided her eyes. We were here on holiday, and holidays were expensive.

The Wretched and the Beautiful (cont.)

The impasse was broken at three in the morning, when in helicopters, in charter buses, and in taxis, the journalists arrived.

It was clear now that our guests were the responsibility of national if not international organizations, and that they would be cared for by people who were paid more than we were. Reassured that something would be done, and not by us, we dispersed to our hotel rooms and immaculate beds.

When we awoke late, to trays of poached eggs on toast and orange juice, headlines on our phones declared that first contact had been made, that the Fermi paradox was no more, that science and engineering were poised to make breakthroughs not only with the new metal that the spaceship was composed of but also the various exotic molecules that had bombarded the ship and become embedded in the hull during its long flight.

The flight had indeed been long. One African Francophone newspaper had thought to interview the aliens, who explained in deteriorating French how their universal translator worked, how they had fled a cleansing operation in their star system, how they had watched their home planet heated to sterility and stripped of its atmosphere, how they had set course for a likely-looking planet in the Gould Belt, how they wanted nothing but peace, and please, they were exhausted, could they have a place to sleep and a power source for their translator?

When we slid on our sandals and stepped onto the dazzling beach, which long ago, before the garbage tides, was what many beaches looked like, we saw the crashed ship again, substantiation of the previous night's fever dream. It leached rainbow fluids onto the sand.

Dark shapes huddled under its sawn-off lid.

Most of us averted our eyes from that picture of unmitigated misery and admired instead the gemlike sky, the seabirds squalling over the creamy surf, the parasols propped like mushrooms along the shore. One or two of us edged close to the wreck and dropped small somethings—a beach towel, a bucket hat, a bag of chips, a half-full margarita in its salted glass—then scuttled away. This was no longer our problem; it belonged to our governors, our senators, our heads of state. Surely they and their moneyed friends would assist these wretched creatures.

So it was with consternation that we turned on our televi-

sions that night, in the hotel bar and in our hotel rooms, to hear a spokesman explain, as our heads of state shook hands, that the countries in their interregional coalition would resettle a quota of the aliens in inverse proportion to national wealth. This was ratified over the protests of the poorest members, in fact over the protests of the aliens themselves, who did not wish to be separated and had only one translation device among them. The couple of countries still recovering from Russian depredations were assigned six aliens each, while the countries of high fashion and cold beer received two or three, to be installed in middle-class neighborhoods. In this way the burden of these aliens, as well as any attendant medical or technological advances, would be shared.

The cost would be high, as these aliens had stated their need for an environment with a specific mixture of helium and neon, as well as a particular collection of nutrients most abundant in shrimp and crab. The latter, in our overfished and polluted times, were not easy to obtain.

This was appalling news. We who had stitched, skimped, and pinched all year for one luxurious day on a clean beach would have our wallets rifled to feed and house the very creatures whose presence denied us a section of our beach and the vistas we had paid for. Now we would find these horrors waiting for us at home, in the nicer house next to ours, or at the community pool, eating crab while we sweated to put chicken on the table and pay off our mortgages. Who were they to land on our dwindling planet and reduce our scarce resources further? They could go back to their star system. Their own government could care for them. We could loan them a rocket or two, if they liked. We could be generous.

Indeed, in the days that followed, our legislators took our calls, then took this tack. If they meant to stay, shouldn't our visitors earn their daily bread like the rest of us? And if biological limitations made this impossible, shouldn't they depart to find a more hospitable clime? We repeated these speeches over the dinner table. Our performances grew louder and more vehement after a news report about one of the aliens eating its neighbor's cat; the distraught woman pointed her finger at the camera, at all of us watching, and accused us of forcing a monster upon her because we had no desire to live beside it ourselves. There was enough truth in her words to bite.

The Wretched and the Beautiful (cont.)

5 It did not matter that six days later the furry little Lothario was found at a gas station ten miles from home, having scrapped and loved his way across the countryside. By then we had stories of these aliens raiding chicken coops and sucking the blood from dogs and unsuspecting infants.

A solid number of these politicians campaigned for office on a platform of alien repatriation, and many of them won.

10 Shortly afterwards, one of two aliens resettled in Huntingdon, England was set upon and beaten to death with bricks by a gang of teenaged girls and boys. Then, in Houston, a juvenile alien was doused in gasoline and set on fire. We picked at our dinners without appetite, worrying about these promising youths, who had been headed for sports scholarships and elite universities. The aliens jeopardized all our futures and clouded all our dreams. We wrote letters, signed petitions, and prayed to the heavens for salvation.

20 It came. From out of a silent sky, rockets shaped like needles and polished to a high gloss descended upon six of the major capitals of the world. About an hour after landing, giving the television crews time to jostle for position, and at precisely the same instant, six slim doors whispered open, and the most gorgeous beings we had ever seen strode down extruded silver steps and planted themselves before the houses of power, waiting to be invited in.

And they were.

25 “Forgive us for imposing on your valuable time,” these ambassadors said simultaneously in the official languages of the six legislatures. Cameras panned over them, and excitement crackled through us, for this was the kind of history we wanted to be a part of.

30 When they emerged from their needle ships, their bodies were fluid and reflective, like columns of quicksilver, but with every minute among us, they lost more and more of their formless brilliance, dimming and thickening, acquiring eyes, foreheads, chins, and hands. Within half an hour, they resembled us perfectly. Or rather, they resembled what we dreamed of being, the better versions of ourselves who turned heads, drove fast cars, and recognized the six most expensive whiskies by smell alone; whose names topped the donor rolls of operas, orchestras, and houses of worship; who were admired, respected, adored.

We looked at these beautiful creatures, whom we no longer thought of as aliens, and saw ourselves as we could be, if the lottery, or the bank, or our birthplace—if our genes, or a lucky break—if only—

5 We listened raptly as they spoke in rich and melodious voices, voices we trusted implicitly, that called to mind loved ones and sympathetic teachers.

10 “A terrible mistake has been made,” they said. “Because of our negligence, a gang of war criminals, guilty of unspeakable things, namely—”

Here their translators failed, and the recitation of crimes came as a series of clicks, coughs, and trills that nevertheless retained the enchantment of their voices.

15 “—escaped their confinement and infiltrated your solar system. We are deeply sorry for the trouble our carelessness has caused you. We admire your patience and generosity in dealing with them, though they have grossly abused your trust. Now we have come to set things right. Remit the sixty-four aliens to us, and we will bring them back to their home system. They will never disturb you again.”

20 The six beautiful beings clasped their hands and stepped back. Silence fell throughout the legislative chambers of the world.

25 Here was our solution. Here was our freedom. We had trusted and been fooled, we had suffered unjustly, we were good people with clean consciences sorely tried by circumstances outside our control. But here was justice, as bright and shining as we imagined justice to be.

We sighed with relief.

In Berlin, a woman stood.

30 “Even the little ones?” she said. “Even the children are guilty of the crimes you allege?”

35 “Their development is not comparable to yours,” the beautiful one in Berlin said, while his compatriots in their respective statehouses stood silent, with inscrutable smiles. “The small ones you see are not children as you know them, innocent and helpless. Think of them as beetle larvae. They are destructive and voracious, sometimes more so than the mature adults.”

“Still,” she said, this lone woman, “I think of them as children. I have seen the grown ones feeding and caring for them. I do not know what crimes they have committed, since our languages can-

The Wretched and the Beautiful (cont.)

not describe your concepts. But they have sought refuge here, and I am especially unwilling to return the children to you—”

The whispers of the assembly became murmurs, then exclamations.

5

“Throw her out!”

“She does not speak for us!”

“You are misled,” the beautiful one said, and for a moment its smile vanished, and a breath of the icy void between stars blew over us.

Then everything was as it had been.

10

“We must ask the aliens themselves what they want,” the woman said, but now her colleagues were standing too, and shouting, and phone lines were ringing as we called in support of the beautiful ones, and her voice was drowned out.

“We have an understanding, then,” the beautiful ones said, to clamorous agreement and wild applause.

15

The cameras stopped there, at that glorious scene, and all of us, warm and satisfied with our participation in history, turned off our televisions and went to work, or to pick up our children from soccer, or to bed, or to the liquor store to gaze at top-shelf whisky.

20

A few of us, the unfortunate few who lived beside the aliens, saw the long silver needles descend point-first onto our neighbors’ lawns and the silver shapes emerge with chains and glowing rods. We twitched the kitchen curtains closed and dialed up our music. Three hours later there was no sign of any of the aliens, the wretched or the beautiful, except for a few blackened patches of grass and wisps of smoke that curled and died.

25

All was well.

Indian Wisdom

Luther Standing Bear (Ota Kte, Mochunozhin) (1868–1939)

Out of the Indian approach to life there came a great freedom—an intense and absorbing love for nature; a respect for life; enriching faith in a Supreme Power; and principles of truth, honesty, generosity, equity, and brotherhood as a guide to mundane relations.

5 As a child I understood how to give, I have forgotten this grace since I have become civilised.

10 Praise, flattery, exaggerated manners and fine, high-sounding words were not part of Lakota politeness. Excessive manners were put down as insincere, and the constant talker was considered rude and thoughtless. Conversation was never begun at once, not in a hurried manner. No one was quick with a question, no matter how important, and no one was pressed for an answer. A pause giving time for thought was the truly courteous way of beginning and conducting a conversation. Silence was meaningful with the Lakota, and his granting a space of silence to the speech-maker and his own moment of silence before talking was done in the practice of true politeness and regard for the rule that, thought comes before speech.

15 We did not think of the great open plains, the beautiful rolling hills, the winding streams with tangled growth, as ‘wild’. Only to the white man was nature a ‘wilderness’ and only to him was it ‘infested’ with ‘wild’ animals and ‘savage’ people. To us it was tame. Earth was bountiful and we were surrounded with the blessings of the Great Mystery.

20 If today I had a young mind to direct, to start on the journey of life, and I was faced with the duty of choosing between the natural way of my forefathers and that of the... present way of civilization, I would, for its welfare, unhesitatingly set that child’s feet in the path of my forefathers. I would raise him to be an Indian!

25 From Wakan Tanka, the Great Spirit, there came a great unifying life force that flowed in and through all things—the flowers of the plains, blowing winds, rocks, trees, birds, animals—and was the same force that had been breathed into the first man. Thus all things were kindred, and were brought together by the same Great Mystery.

30 Kinship with all creatures of the earth, sky and water was a real and active principle. In the animal and bird world there existed a brotherly feeling that kept the Lakota safe among them. And so close did some of the Lakotas come to their feathered and furred friends that in true brotherhood they spoke a common tongue.

The animals had rights—the right of man’s protection, the right to live, the right to multiply, the right to freedom, and the right to man’s indebtedness—and in recognition of these rights the Lakota never enslaved an animal and spared all life that was not needed for food and clothing. For the animal and bird world there existed a brotherly feeling that kept the Lakota safe among them.

5 This concept of life and its relations was humanizing and gave to the Lakota an abiding love. It filled his being with the joy and mystery of living; it gave him reverence for all life; it made a place for all things in the scheme of existence with equal importance to all.

10 The Lakota could despise no creature, for all were of one blood, made by the same hand, and filled with the essence of the Great Mystery. In spirit, the Lakota were humble and meek. ‘Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth’—this was true for the Lakota, and from the earth they inherited secrets long since forgotten. Their religion was sane, natural, and human.

15 The old Lakota was wise. He knew that a man’s heart away from Nature becomes hard; he knew that lack of respect for growing, living things soon lead to a lack of respect for humans too.

20 The old people came literally to love the soil and they sat or reclined on the ground with a feeling of being close to a mothering power.

Healing

Wendell Berry (1934–)

I

The grace that is the health of creatures can only be held in common.

5

In healing the scattered members come together.

In health the flesh is graced, the holy enters the world.

10

II

The task of healing is to respect oneself as a creature, no more and no less.

15

A creature is not a creator, and cannot be. There is only one creation, and we are its members.

To be creative is only to have health: to keep oneself fully alive in the creation, to keep the creation fully alive in oneself, to see the creation anew, to welcome one's part in it anew.

20

The most creative works are all strategies of this health.

25

Works of pride, by self-called creators, with their premium on originality, reduce the creation to novelty—the faint surprises of minds incapable of wonder.

Pursuing originality, the would-be creator works alone. In loneliness one assumes a responsibility for oneself that one cannot fulfill.

30

Novelty is a new kind of loneliness.

35

III

There is the bad work of pride. There is also the bad work of despair—done poorly out of the failure of hope or vision.

Despair is the too-little of responsibility, as pride is the too-much.

The shoddy work of despair, the pointless work of pride equally betray creation. They are wastes of life.

5

For despair there is no forgiveness, and for pride none. One cannot forgive oneself, and who in loneliness can forgive?

10

IV

Good work finds the way between pride and despair.

It graces with health. It heals with grace.

15

It preserves the given so that it remains a gift.

By it, we lose loneliness:

we clasp the hands of those who go before us, and the hands of those who come after us;

20

we enter the little circle of each other's arms,

and the larger circle of lovers whose hands are joined in a dance,

25

and the larger circle of all creatures, passing in and out of life, who move also in a dance, to a music so subtle and vast that no ear hears it except in fragments.

30

V

And by it we enter solitude, in which also we lose loneliness.

35

Only discord can come of the attempt to share solitude.

True solitude is found in the wild places, where one is without human obligation.

Healing (cont.)

One's inner voices become audible. One feels the attraction of one's most intimate sources.

5

In consequence, one responds more clearly to other lives. The more coherent one becomes within oneself as a creature, the more fully one enters into the communion of all creatures.

One returns from solitude laden with the gifts of circumstance.

10

VI

And there is no escaping that return.

15

From the order of nature we return to the order—and the disorder—of humanity.

From the larger circle we must go back to the smaller, the smaller within the larger and dependent on it.

20

One enters the larger circle by willingness to be a creature, the smaller by choosing to be a human.

And having returned from the woods, we remember with regret its restfulness. For all creatures there are in place, hence at rest.

25

In their most strenuous striving, they are at rest.

Sleeping and waking, dead and living, they are at rest.

30

In the circle of the human we are weary with striving, and are without rest.

35

VII

Order is the only possibility of rest.

The made order must seek the given order, and find its place in it.

5

The field must remember the forest, the town must remember the field, so that the wheel of life will turn, and the dying be met by the newborn.

The scattered members must be brought together.

Desire will always outreach the possible. But to fulfill the possible is to enlarge it.

10

The possible, fulfilled, is finite in the world, infinite in the mind.

Seeing the work that is to be done, who can help wanting to be the one to do it?

15

But one is afraid that there will be no rest until the work is finished and the house is in order, the farm is in order, the town is in order, and all loved ones are well.

20

But is pride that lies awake in the night with its desire and its grief.

To work at this work alone is to fail. There is no help for it. Loneliness is its failure.

25

It is despair that sees the work failing in one's failure.

This despair is the awkwardest pride of all.

30

VIII

There is finally the pride of thinking oneself without teachers.

The teachers are everywhere. What is wanted is a learner.

35

In ignorance is hope. If we had known the difficulty, we would not have learned even so little.

Healing (cont.)

Rely on ignorance. It is ignorance the teachers will come to.

They are waiting, as they always have, beyond the edge of the light.

5

IX

The teachings of unsuspected teachers belong to the task, and are its hope.

10

The love and the work of friends and lovers belong to the task, and are its health.

Rest and rejoicing belong to the task, and are its grace.

15

Let tomorrow come tomorrow. Laugh. Sleep. Not by your will is the house carried through the night.

Order is only the possibility of rest.

Long Day's Journey into Night

Eugene O'Neill (1888–1953)

And several other times in my life, when I was swimming far out, or lying alone on a beach, I have had the same experience, became the sun, the hot sand, green seaweed anchored to a rock, swaying in the tide. Like a saint's vision of beatitude. Like the veil of things as they seem drawn back by an unseen hand. For a second you see, and seeing the secret, you are the secret. For a second there is meaning! Then the hand lets the veil fall and you are alone, lost in the fog again, and you stumble on towards nowhere for no good reason.

5



We Came to America
Faith Ringgold, 1997
Acrylic on canvas
painted and pieced border
74.5 x 79.5 inches

LOUISVILLE FUN FACT

The oldest operating Mississippi-style steamboat in Louisville, the Belle of Louisville, is over 100 years old! Belle has been a National Historic Landmark since 1989, and is listed in the National Register of Historic Places. She moved around the country a bit before calling Louisville home and you can still cruise the Ohio River on this lovely historical boat.

LOUISVILLE FUN FACT

Two Louisville kindergarten teachers, Patty and Mildred J. Hill, created the “Happy Birthday to You” song. It was originally entitled “Good Morning to All” but was later changed to fit a birthday theme.

LOUISVILLE FUN FACT

Known as the “City of Parks,” Louisville prides itself on its greenspace. The city is home to 18-designed Frederick Law Olmsted parks. Louisville Waterfront Park is an award-winning park on the banks of the Ohio River. And, Jefferson Memorial Forest, at 6,500 acres, is the largest municipal urban forest in the United States.

LOUISVILLE FUN FACT

F. Scott Fitzgerald was stationed at a camp near Louisville as a young Army Officer. Parts of the city served as inspiration for his novel, “The Great Gatsby,” like the Seelbach Hotel.

ABOUT ARTPLACE AMERICA

ArtPlace America (ArtPlace) is a ten-year collaboration among 16 partner foundations, along with 8 federal agencies and 6 financial institutions, that works to position arts and culture as a core sector of comprehensive community planning and development in order to help strengthen the social, physical, and economic fabric of communities.

ArtPlace focuses its work on creative placemaking, projects in which art plays an intentional and integrated role in place-based community planning and development. This brings artists, arts organizations, and artistic activity into the suite of placemaking strategies pioneered by Jane Jacobs and her colleagues, who believed that community development must be locally informed, human-centric, and holistic.

GRATITUDE


It takes a lot of people to pull off the ArtPlace Summit. First and foremost, thanks to you — our community of colleagues — for joining us in Louisville this year!

We're especially grateful to the writers, performers and artists, workshop presenters, plenary speakers, and the Aspen Institute Executive Leadership Seminars — for sharing their deep knowledge, experience, aspiration, and wisdom.

We're also grateful to our foundation, government, and research partners for shaping and supporting our work. Thanks to Manuel Miranda Practice for the graphic design vision and execution. The Summit wouldn't be possible without the logistical expertise of our amazing event planners, Stephanie Kaufman and EmmaKylee Rice.

Jamie Bennett
Sarah Calderon
Lyz Crane
Adam Erickson
Marirosa Garcia

Jamie Hand
Leila Tamari
Danya Sherman
Sarah Westlake



**I believe that one can never leave home.
I believe that one carries the shadows, the
dreams, the fears and dragons of home
under one's skin, at the extreme corners
of one's eyes and possibly in the gristle of
the ear lobe ... I believe we feel safest when
we go inside ourselves and find home,
a place where we belong and maybe the
only place we really do.**

—Maya Angelou, *Home*

ARTPLACE 2018 ANNUAL SUMMIT
ARTPLACE