



# Park West Paper

NUMBER TWO



# Contributors

## Creative Director, Editor

### **Camila Ramos**

is a Cuba native and Miami local. She's a mother, lover of nature, award-winning barista, and operating partner of All Day.

## Design, Illustration

### **Amanda Finuccio**

is a Miami native living in Brooklyn. She's a graphic designer, researcher, and local produce advocate. She does all the above in the name of collaboration, joy, and justice.

## Photography

### **Julian Cousins**

developed an interest in photography when someone traded him a camera for one of his T-shirts. Since then, heavily inspired by technicolor films, he captures images that evoke the feeling of Florida's golden hour.

## Copy Editors

### **Olivia McAuley**

was born and raised in London. She made her way to Miami to study at the University of Miami, before working in music management and public relations. She currently writes about local music and events for *Miami New Times*.

### **Monica Uszerowicz**

is a writer, editor, and photographer in Miami. Her work has appeared in *BOMB*, *Artforum*, *The Los Angeles Review of Books*, *Hazlitt*, *Cultured*, *Filmmaker Magazine*, and elsewhere.

## Writing

### **Katie Carguilo**

began her career in coffee in 2002 as a barista, and holds the title for 2012 United States Barista Champion. She's been working at Counter Culture Coffee since 2007, and moved to the Bay Area to help establish their west coast roastery. She is currently Counter Culture's Coffee Manager.

### **Shyoni Chin-Tai**

is a Miami-based writer and creative. She is a storyteller by way of the pen, camera, and spoken word. She is powered by pork buns and iced coffee.

### **Niki Franco**

is a community organizer, writer, and facilitator of spaces for collective study. She is the host of *Getting to The Root of It with Venus Roots*, a podcast that leans into conversations with artists, theorists, and organizers. Her work has been featured in *Dazed Magazine*, *i-D*, *Vice*, *Miami New Times*, and WLRN. She has held workshops at MoMa Ps1, University of California Los Angeles, The Standard, Florida International University, and various community spaces.

### **Michelle Johnson**

is a Washington metropolitan area native, coffee professional, and educator currently living in Los Angeles. She's a public speaker, writer, creative, and social justice advocate—all through the lens of coffee. At home, you can find her dancing to her favorite female R&B artists and drinking wine in a satin robe.

### **Nicole Martinez**

is a writer and editor from Miami. Her writing has appeared in *ArtNews*, *Wallpaper\**, *Cultured*, *Dazed*, and more.

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is a co-founder of *Sprudge*, the world's most popular coffee publication. His writing has appeared in *The New York Times*, *T Magazine*, *Taste*, and *Eater*. He lives in Portland, Oregon.

### **Lauren Monzon**

is a pleasure activist from Miami. She explores alternative methods for managing people and resources to helm impending change towards a more abundant and equitable world. She engages communities through her writing, development, and institution-building work with grassroots organizations throughout Miami, Detroit, New Orleans, and New York.

### **Santa Sabel**

is an astrologer and bruja living in Miami. She is the creator of Bruja School, which offers community educational programming on magick and all things witchcraft. Her goal is to help people get in touch with their inner power and create their own destiny.

### **Kristen Soller**

helps others to verbally, visually, and aurally share their stories. She has over six years of experience in graphic design, copywriting, and project management, and is the host and producer of *Kidnapped For Dinner*, a podcast featuring conversations about disorienting moments in the creative process.

## Artists

### **Morel Doucet**

is a multidisciplinary artist and arts educator that hails from Haiti and is based in Miami. His work explores the cultural disparity of self-realization, assimilation, and transnational identity as a Haitian immigrant. It has been featured and reviewed in numerous publications including *Hyperallergic*, *Vogue Mexico*, *Oxford University Press*, *Clay Times Magazine*, *The Miami Herald*, and *Indulge Magazine*. His feature in this issue was photographed by David Gary Lloyd.

### **Lee Materazzi**

is a contemporary artist born and raised in Miami. She currently lives and works in San Francisco. Her work challenges the line between sculpture, installation, performance, and photography.

### **Reyna Noriega**

is an Afro-Latina author, illustrator, and educator. She lets her culture and experiences as a woman shine through in her work, in hopes that other women of color feel represented and empowered by their own vibrancy and beauty.





# Horoscopes

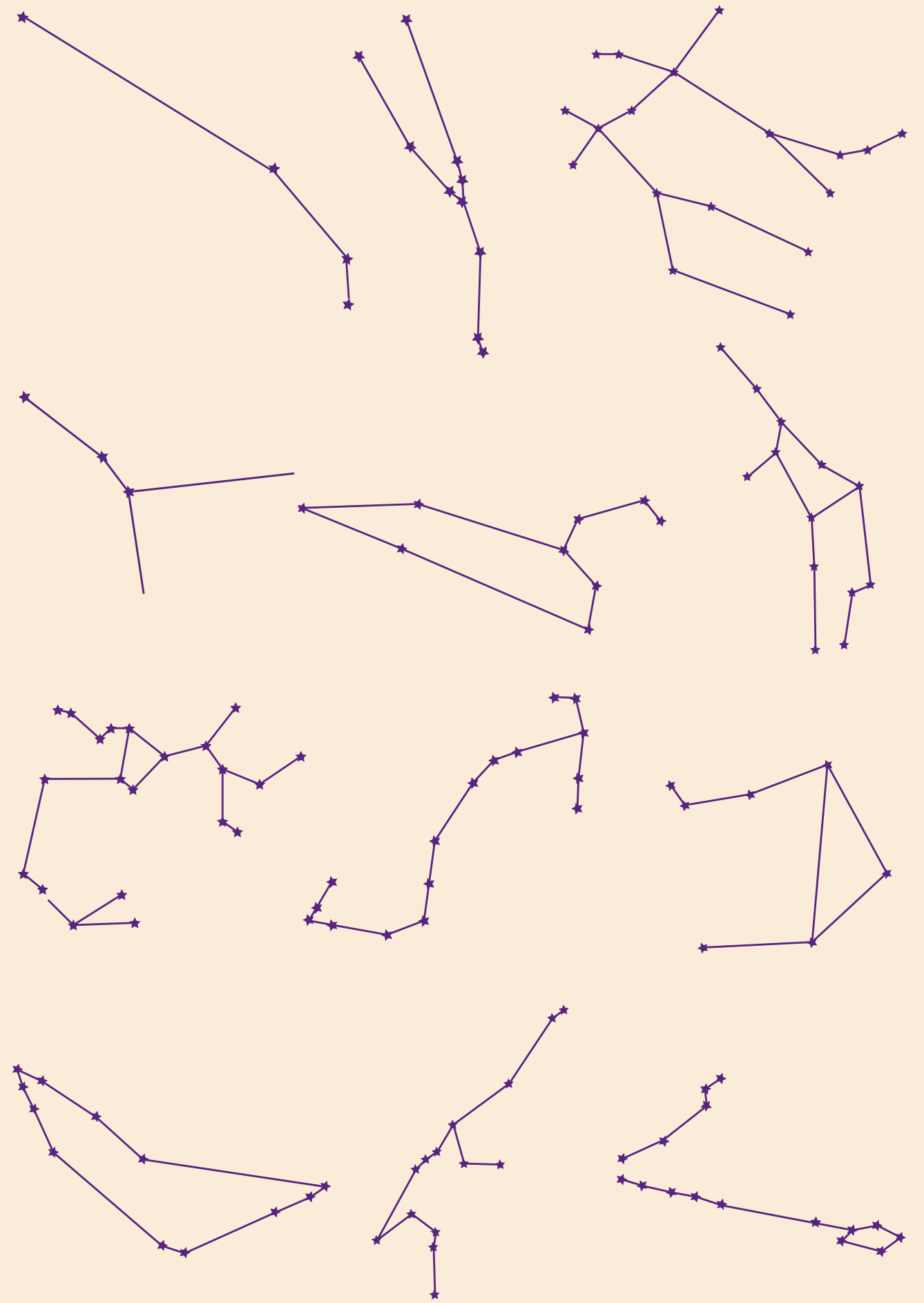
The year 2020 is upon us. It has become evident that we as a society must return to the abilities that intrinsically unite us: love, empathy, and collaboration. Despite our human differences, our spirits are forever connected and it is futile to separate ourselves from our neighbors. We are eternal energy that has existed since the beginning of time.

The physical world is evolving and given the wounds we have caused it, the reparative process for Mother Earth will be difficult. Together, we can tend to her wounds and allow healing to usher us into a new way of existing, an existence that is full of love and patience as we explore all the ways our differences make us stronger. In order to reach this future of mutual understanding, we must first understand ourselves.

As an astrologer, I'm fascinated by human potential. My mission is to lead people to their higher selves. I believe it is in our nature to be caring, nurturing, resilient, and capable. This review of the astrological signs for 2020 showcase your sign's personal journey, with insights into how and when you will be most powerful in helping bring forth a new earth.

Remember: no matter what is to come we will champion it together.

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Aries

We begin with Aries, our fierce leader of the zodiac. As an Aries, you have stamina that cannot be matched. Fearless and independent, your never-ending energy will inspire us all to harness our own inner strength.

You will show us through example the incredible resilience we all possess, enticing us to use our charm to infiltrate the spaces that need repairing. Your aversion to following trends means that you remain independent and disruptive. You will teach others how to return to themselves and follow the beat of their own drum.

The second half of the year, after the fire of the summer is spent, will be when your energy is most activated and called into action. Beware of a lull during late September to mid-October, when your ruler Mars goes into retrograde in your sign. Use that time to connect with those you love.

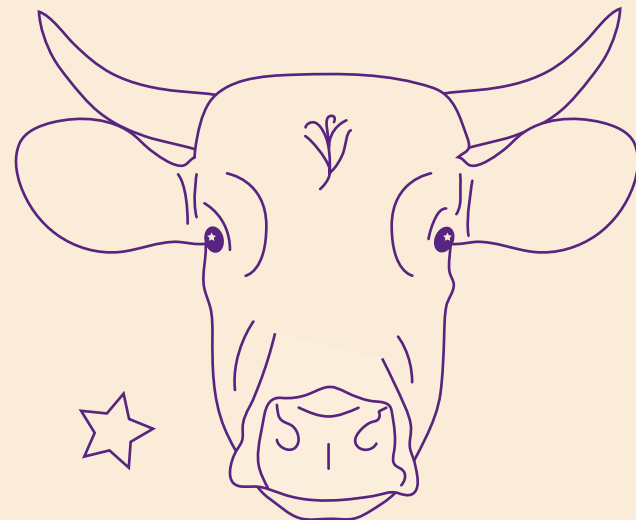


Taurus

Tauruses are masters of luxury. Your sign reminds you to take care of yourself and incorporate beauty into your every day. Your natural affinity for self-care teaches those around you how to spoil their senses while remaining loyal and kind to the Earth.

As we enter 2020, you will help others transform their need for pleasure into a quest towards sustainability. You engage those around you to rethink the future, a future where responsibility does not replace comfort, where the pursuit of joy welcomes revolutionary methods of existence.

March and April will be the best times to make an impact this year. Though your love for beauty and your stubbornness will be at an ultimate high during this time, you can channel it into building the future we all desire.

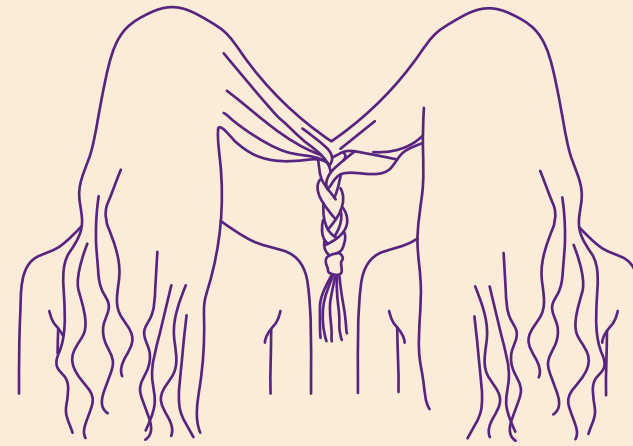


Gemini

Gemini is ruled by Mercury, the planet of truth and communication. This energy demands that you speak up about what is often swept under the rug. You love to start fires in conversations that force others to face the truth, regardless of how upsetting it may be. However, with compassion, you hold their hand through the journey.

You will find yourself assisting in the healing of throat chakras, enticing people to speak up about their pain. Your open communication will allow for the deconstruction of what has not worked, paving the way for positive change to occur.

In early April, your mind will be at its sharpest and your social ideas will flow. During the summer, you will be distracted by love affairs, but as soon as the fall comes, your mind will be back in high gear. Take the summer off to get back to work refreshed and eager to make a difference.

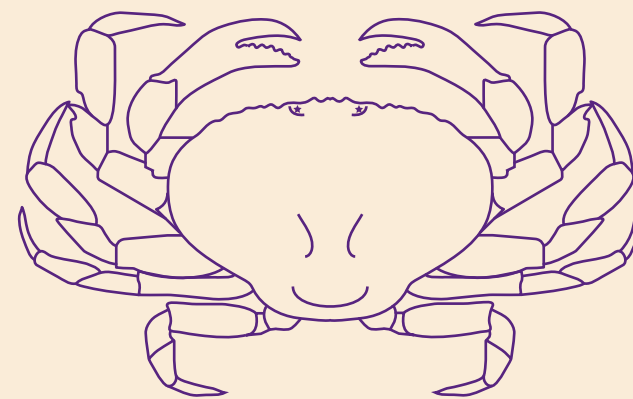


Cancer

Gentle creatures, Cancerians remind others that softness is not a weakness. You are in touch with your vulnerabilities and use them as strengths. Indulging in the nurturing spirit of femininity, you teach people to be emotional and empathic towards each other. Your vibe allows them to open up their heart space and connect to the abundant energy of love—from platonic to romantic.

Because of you, Cancer, those around you remember why they should push for a better world. You teach us how to be protective of our loved ones and create a world where love and connection are our most valuable resources. You wear your softness like a badge of honor and re-establish order by demonstrating how the heart is more valuable than the material.

As the year comes to a close, you will feel more in tune with your softness. The summer will test your faith and jumble your words, but you'll get back on the saddle by the time the year is done.



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**Leo**

Charismatic Leo, your light shines brightly with optimism and tenderness. Always thinking of what's best, you keep others encouraged, validating their experiences and cheering them on as they work to return the world to a kinder place.

Life can be enjoyed without the unhealthy patterns that we are bound by today, and your brightness can help lead us there. The immeasurable love that you have for the world will ignite the fire of those around you, reminding us all of the paradise that we can build if we believe in ourselves.

You will be most charismatic during September, and utterly irresistible—make sure you use it for good. Right after your birthday month, you'll be able to shine your light on even the darkest of corners.



**Virgo**

Only perceptive Virgos can see the traps that must be avoided as the world moves forward into uncharted territory. You know intuitively when something has gone wrong and your obsession with service forces you to drop everything to revitalize a wounded being.

You hold space for others through difficult journeys and nurture them as they replenish their energy. Allow your Virgo energy to show others how to empower themselves with the truth so they can fight for the survival of the planet.

This year, you will hit a few snags when Virgo's ruler Mercury goes retrograde in sentimental Scorpio in October, but it is this shedding of emotion that will help you shake back into your proactive self.

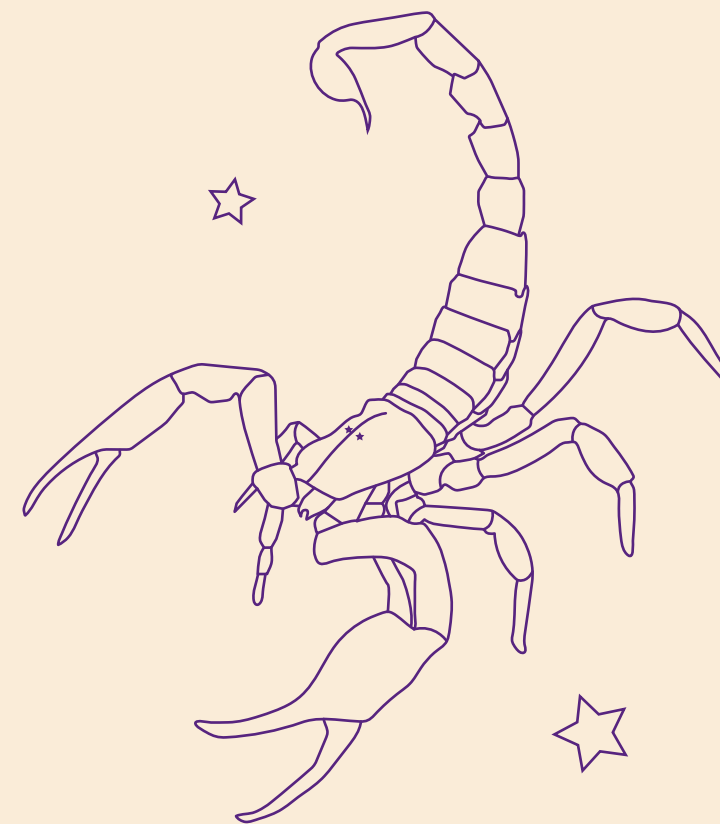


**Libra**

As masters of balance, you remind others not to overexert themselves. Your obsession with justice allows you to be aware of what is no longer serving you, or the world. As we move into a new era, not all of this world should be thrown away, nor kept. You will help us take stock of what must be challenged and what we must continue to nurture.

Despite your balancing effect on others, there will be obstacles in your own journey to self-care. When survival is imperative, you tend to push aside your needs in order to fulfill your purpose. However, reclaiming your access to rest and replenishment will be vital for your endurance, dear Libra.

You will begin the year in good graces. Spring energy will support you in mastering the balance between self-love and productivity. Use these months wisely, as your lessons in balance will be challenged come the summer months.



**Scorpio**

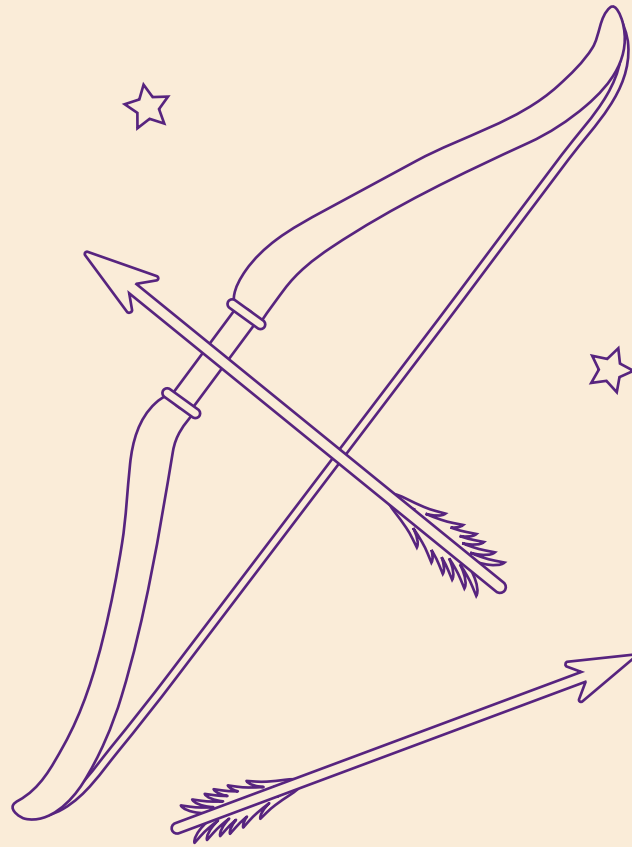
Scorpio, you are a human lie detector. You can enter the mind of others and flesh out the places where they hide their true selves. The new world will require a new level of truth and transparency that has yet to be seen.

Once truth prevails, your instincts will guide us on which paths of recovery to take. Your protective energy gives others the strength to move through difficult spaces. You can walk in both light and shadow, and it is this duality that allows you to heal others.

July will be your best month. As everyone gets lost in the thralls of summer, you'll stay sharp and observant. Make sure you take notes so you can look back when October comes; everyone will be confused about what's real and what's an illusion, but you will know better.

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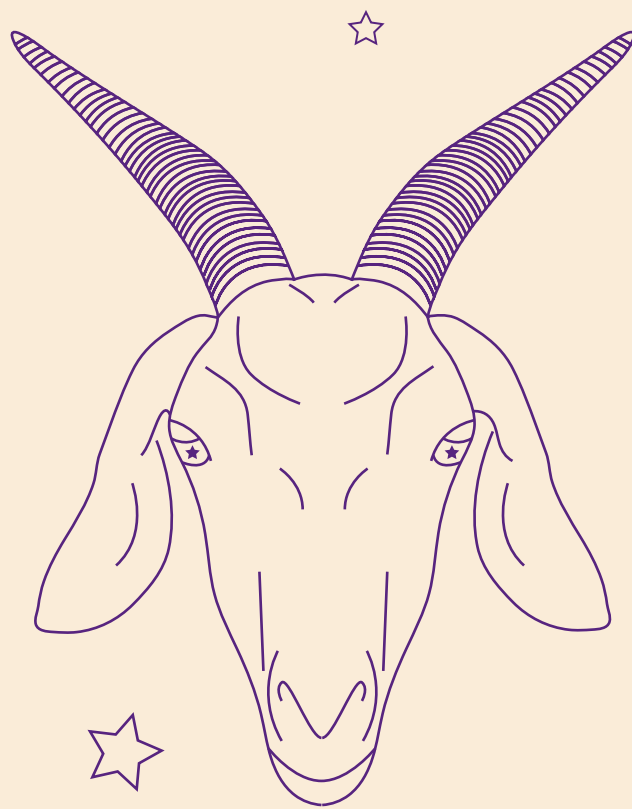


**Sagittarius**

Emanating a childlike energy, your stamina has no boundaries. You move with eagerness and agility and have a constant willingness to do more. Your optimism has no limits and you remind others that everything is possible, even that which we have yet experienced as a society.

Your competitive fire will challenge us even the fiercest of naysayers. You combine your success in the material world with your connection to the spiritual realm for most effective impact. As a Sagittarius, you firmly believe that you can persevere, and it is this resilience and optimism that takes you the distance.

You'll begin the year with a big boost in energy, which will falter in mid-February. Make sure to take your New Year's resolutions seriously, as they'll set your intentions for the rest of the year.



**Capricorn**

As a Capricorn, you have a firm grip on the physical world, allowing for a deep connection to hard work and its benefits. You don't cut corners and don't look for rewards or accolades.

Your goal is a job well done regardless of who notices. You're not tolerant of excuses and you challenge others' resistance to what is right over what is easy. You won't allow the world around you to fall for the trap of instant gratification. You know how to delay pleasure until the work is done!

Your energy will be at its highest in March, when you'll have the fewest distractions. The rest of the year will be more mellow, finally allowing for some much needed rest and relaxation.



**Aquarius**

Aquarius, your mind is a vast land of imaginative creations and unthinkable pursuits. Innovation is your energetic current, and it is that mentality that pushes you to give solutions to problems others have yet to think of.

Perhaps through your ideas, we will reach a world where technology and ancient techniques meet, where we remember where we come from yet we push to reach a new world. Your resourcefulness, in combination with your altruistic nature, allows you to help the world around you reach a place where we thrive as a species, instead of just survive.

Starting in August, your ruler Uranus will be in retrograde. At this time, you'll be your most Aquarian self, and sudden downloads of information might get overwhelming. Take your time processing all this new information, and by December you'll have created something new that will blow everyone's minds.



**Pisces**

In order to create a better world, we need to believe it is possible. As a Pisces, you know that a utopian world full of love and an ethical connection to our planet is very much achievable. It is possible to live in a world where everyone works together to the benefit of all, a place where everyone gets a happily ever after.

You carry the naiveté of a child who dreams big and believes anything can happen. Without your unwavering faith, we would not be able to envision a future where peace is restored. The world is moving towards a future where suffering is a thing of the past, and it will be your rose-colored glasses that convince people that this future is available, and worth pursuing.

This year will begin in a blissed-out state. You will feel like nothing can take your joy away, so harness this energy until the end of May. Summer will be a time to relax and celebrate all your hard work with those around you. ♦

**Words by Santa Sabel**



# Transparency in Waves

“Coffee has never been better, or more interesting,” says World Barista Champion James Hoffmann in his book *The World Atlas of Coffee*, but what was it like before? American coffee drinking culture has been through a rapid transformation since it made its first impression on the United States. Through the lens of history, its development can be tracked by way of three different time periods, called ‘waves’—a term coined by coffee luminary Trish Rothgeb.

The First Wave was about consumption, as the English colonizers imposed an increasingly harsh tax on tea, drinking coffee became an act of political rebellion. By the 1900s coffee established itself as a staple beverage available everywhere, most notably in the home: think Folgers and instant coffees.

The Second Wave was all about connoisseurship and started in the 1960s with Peet’s in Berkeley, California. Coffee wasn’t just coffee, it was identified by producing country and prompted the culture to start caring more about preparation, emphasizing roasting approach and introducing espresso-based beverages: think Sumatra French Roast and what you drink at Starbucks (opened by two former Peet’s employees).

The Third Wave has been about letting the ingredients do the talking and being as traceable as possible. Coffees are listed by farm or cooperative. Variety, elevation, and processing methods are identified; and

the preparation is about highlighting the unique characteristics of coffees, rather than homogenizing flavors through a darker roast. Think the coffee you drink at independent cafés; pioneered by companies like Intelligentsia and Stumptown in the 1990s.

The waves are not monoliths. Within a day, you can drink something modeled from every wave, or even a Third Wave take on a First Wave idea, such as high-quality instant. Since there’s continuity between each wave, the question is: what are we learning from the current wave of coffee?

The Third Wave taught us that coffees don’t all taste the same and that they certainly do not all cost the same price. However, the reasoning behind the differences hasn’t been made easy for people to understand, in part because Third Wave roasters want the coffee to speak for itself. The idea is that the difference in quality and the work that goes into achieving that justifies the higher price.

That is, the higher price is touted as being derived from sourcing non-exploitative green coffee paid at the farm level, for the first time in history. The consistency in quality throughout the coffee’s production, processing, and preparation should be apparent in the cup’s flavor.

Though this is true in many cases, not all businesses practice what they preach in their convincing marketing. Though the connection between the price consumers pay and the price a farmer receives is implied, it is not always as related as we would all hope. There are still, unfortunately, a lot of times one may pay more for a cup of coffee—even a high-quality cup of coffee—without the farmers benefiting from that price.

Many in the Third Wave community saw the problem and worked to illustrate the price connection. Counter Culture was the first company to release a Transparency Report in 2009, which listed the FOB price—the price paid for a coffee when it leaves a port near the country of origin—for the coffees they bought and roasted. The report, which is published annually, has inspired many others from the Third Wave movement.

Over the past three years, twenty roasters and counting have been part of the Transparent Trade initiative working to disseminate information about the economic treatment of coffee farmers. The initiative members also created and signed a pledge to help define what transparency means in the coffee industry. They determined that to safeguard against greenwashing—only displaying the price paid for their most model coffees—companies would be obligated to disclose the percentage of their total coffee purchases that are transparent.

Right now, only a handful of roasters from all the waves are actively sharing the FOB prices they pay for coffee. If the expectation was that every coffee company would make the connection between the price they paid and the price the consumer pays explicit, it would

go a long way in creating a market that returns more value to farmers. Could widespread price transparency be a part of the Fourth Wave?

Trish Rothgeb’s original reading of the waves in coffee was influenced by her understanding of the waves of feminism. Right now, the Fourth Wave feminism campaigns—like #YesAllWomen and #MeToo—are all about making an individual struggle a community struggle.

In May of 2017, on a panel at a Barista Nation event, D. Stubblefield presented a definition for the Fourth Wave of coffee: “For me, the Fourth Wave of coffee is a more diverse and inclusive industry.” With this definition, D. postulates that an industry that prioritizes the collective will be more effective than an industry that prioritizes the individual.

If price transparency moved from an individual company endeavor to a collective industry standard, it could be the lever that pushes the coffee industry to put money, equity, and power into the hands of farmers. If price transparency was adopted widely and consistently across the coffee industry, would that in and of itself accomplish the goal?

There was a moment during Third Wave feminism when many believed women had completed the mission to becoming equal (it was usually white women who believed this). They thought we didn’t need to talk about feminism anymore, we just had to believe in it, lean into it, and live it. The reality is there will always be work to be done.

Widespread adoption of price transparency will be a step forward, but it alone will probably not break down the unequal economic power structures that disadvantage farmers. That doesn’t mean we shouldn’t do it. We can and should reflect on the work done now and during each wave of coffee and feminism. Put on another pot of coffee, and get ready to do more work. ♦

**Words by Katie Carguilo**



# Nature is a Language



*"Plants exist to transmute light into life. Human beings exist to transmute life into consciousness, love. These three—light, life, and love—are one, each an expression of the other, three dimensions of the same existence." <sup>1</sup>*

Throughout my conversation with Jorge Palacios, a sparkly cascade of bells ring from his cell phone whenever he receives a notification, a sound that has me imagining fairies summoning or a spaceship beaming him up and into the sky, to other dimensions.

Jorge laughs when I share these whimsical thoughts with him. He has a warm laugh, kind eyes, and an ease and patience about him that feels generous, considering the countless community projects and initiatives he is involved with, as well as the peers and collaborators who count on him.

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The 29-year-old Dade County native of Ecuadorian-Cuban heritage is an activist and community organizer working at the intersection of agriculture and social justice. He serves as Field Manager for the Education Fund's Food Forests for Schools initiative, which installs perennial, edible landscapes at Miami-Dade's public K-8 schools, providing students with fresh, organic fruits and vegetables. Schools incorporate these food forests into classroom curriculums on nutrition and into cafeteria lunches.

Jorge also founded Plant Philosophy with business partner and friend Sam Chillaron, selling edible landscaping services and providing creative, educational workshops around the science of plants. Outside of these projects, Jorge—alongside collaborator David Micheal—oversees The Green Haven, an edible garden and collaborative space in Miami's historic Overtown neighborhood.

And certainly, Jorge has been to other worlds and back. At 22, he travelled over 3,000 miles from Miami, Florida to Mount Shasta, California within the span of eight months on foot—a journey he recounted in detail in an interview with Christian Portilla on her culture and community podcast, *Meet Them Mondays*, last year.

Jorge sits down with me to connect the dots between his return to Miami and his work today, tracing the literal and figurative routes that undeniably led him back to himself, to community, to the earth.

#### Light: An Illuminating Path Back Home

When Jorge embarked on his cross-country journey in 2012, he was, as he describes, “in a dark place.” He began to struggle with alcohol abuse and lost his job as a retail associate at Neiman Marcus.

“I was having a lot of identity issues where I was very dependent on a lot of things, such as my work and family, to give me a sense of meaning,” Jorge reflects. “I didn't really know

my purpose. I was out of alignment; finding spirituality helped me understand that there's a lot more to me than where I'm at. I needed to make a radical change. As the spirituality came, I had these dreams and visions of just going on a sabbatical.”

As harrowing, eye-opening, and ultimately inspiring as his trip was, he returned to Miami with more questions about his purpose. The subsequent years of seeking would prove a necessary dormancy period for Jorge's growth.

“Once I came back [from the trip], it was like, ‘what now?’ My first thought was that I needed to start making money and start building toward something. What that was, I wasn't sure.”

Jorge's first job upon his return was a server at The Cheesecake Factory. While he continued to struggle with alcoholism, it was his involvement with activism and the Michael Brown shooting that would catalyze his path toward community organizing.

“The incident with Michael Brown in Ferguson is what influenced me to be some type of change, to get more involved with something and actually find some type of new meaning to life,” says Jorge. “Activism helped me understand a different form of empowerment—how are you going to be this revolutionary figure if you're not taking care of yourself?”

From this perspective, health on all levels—mind and body—became essential. After leaving The Cheesecake Factory, Jorge worked for different smoothie spots, began meeting people with community gardens through his activism work and adopted a vegan, plant-based diet. Feeling the benefits of these changes, his vision for helping others started to take shape.

“The revelation was that I want this for everybody. I want people to be more educated and inspired to eat better.”

He further developed this vision when he met Jasmine Rodriguez of Green Thumbs

for Healthy Bodies, a nonprofit empowering communities in food desert regions through garden education, community gardens, and collaboration with local farmers.

“Since meeting [Jasmine], I've been wanting to grow community gardens, to do something that gives people access to fresh foods. Through her, I met Sam [Chillaron]. From Sam, there was the Education Fund. I worked as an intern for a year with the Education Fund and now I'm the field manager,” Jorge recalls. “[The Education Fund] is where I really learned how to [work with the land] and make it thrive, how to get people involved, and how to facilitate working with other people.”

This knowledge, network, and vision would serve as a foundation for The Green Haven, which he established with David, his aforementioned collaborator, in 2018.

#### Life: An Effort to Revitalize a Community

The Overtown Green Haven is a burgeoning oasis in a food desert, an area with limited access to nutritious food or food providers.

“We want to change the narrative of [Overtown being a food desert] to where you can literally be in the neighborhood and come grab your herbs and collard greens and your fresh tomatoes and it's all good,” says Jorge.

Overtown is one of the oldest neighborhoods within the city's original boundaries and was designated as a “colored” neighborhood upon the incorporation of Miami in 1896. It was called “Colored Town” during the Jim Crow era and, up until the 1960s, was considered a thriving center of commerce and culture for South Florida's black community. Since the construction of I-95 and I-395 through the middle of Overtown, 75% of the area's residents have been displaced and many of the area's businesses, shops, and restaurants were forced to close. Many locals today live well below the federal poverty line.

“The overall mission of The Green Haven is to continue to provide a safe space. We want to build this project up, especially for kids in the neighborhood, to get them off the streets, and provide this influence that says, look, there's a lot more [to offer in the neighborhood].”

The Green Haven is an open lot with an edible garden, where Jorge and David partner with grassroots and non-profit organizations—such as Save the Kids and Green Thumbs for Healthy Bodies—to offer a range of programming around farming, wellness, and art to the community. This includes a hands-on after-school program teaching Overtown's youth about farming, nutrition, and food forestry; workshops about small production farming; an annual Green Fest highlighting Green Haven collaborators along with artists, poets, and performers; and a meet-up that offers food from the garden to the city's homeless.

“[The garden] is the seed of what this safe space can bloom into. The main language that everyone is always going to understand is food. Once you take the language of food off the list of people's finances, that simplifies things.”

#### Love: The Will to Nurture Growth

“We're so similar to how a plant grows—we literally come from a seed. We bloom and we grow and with patience, time, and care, we blossom. Same thing with plants,” Jorge muses. “Everything was created to fluctuate and to just be this very unique flourishing system. We all are meant to coexist with the land.”

In many ways, Jorge's consciousness about humanity's relationship with the land, within this “system,” was born of the realization of a disconnect within himself. At the heart of his and his peers' work through the Education Fund, The Green Haven, and Plant Philosophy are the hopeful intentions of fostering both reconnection and interconnection within ourselves, with others, and with nature. Their efforts in cultivating in others, especially

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local youth, a sense of ownership and nurturance, feel empowering and even defiant—reminding us of the stake and power we have in our environment.

“Once kids get involved in specific projects where they are the ones to help influence and be part of the growth—that gives them more of an appreciation [of their work] and helps them to understand that we have to do better in taking care [of our environment],” says Jorge.

What motivates us to better ourselves and our environment? In the face of such a daunting pursuit, I am reminded of the book *All About Love*, in which the eminent author and activist bell hooks identifies a sense of lovelessness in modern society and offers a reference to M. Scott Peck’s definition of love as “the will to extend one’s self for the purpose of nurturing one’s own or another’s spiritual growth.” In other words, love is an action, a *choice* to nurture growth.

One could liken Jorge’s distinct will to grow—within himself, within his community and more literally, with the earth—to a seedling whose roots/routes lead to Love. ♦

*Nature is a Language* is an ongoing series that profiles people who are helping Miami’s community to restore our connection with nature and our bodies.

**Words by Kristen Soller**

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<sup>1</sup> Dr. David Frawley and Dr. Vasant Lad’s *The Manifestation of Consciousness Into Plants*



# Coffee Drinks of the Future

Welcome, and thank you for making time in your busy corporate, interpersonal, and governmental schedules to join us today for a coffee. This is our Winter 2069 / Spring 2070 menu. We know, we know, seasons aren't really a "thing" anymore, but it's still fun to play along. Seasonality is so retro!

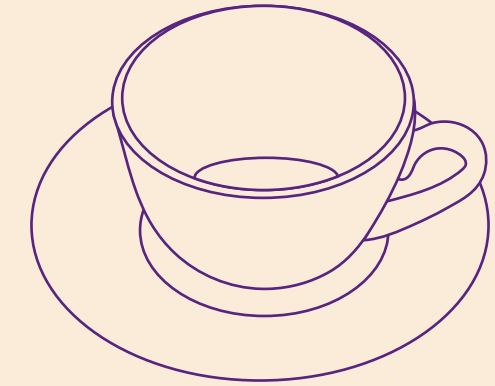
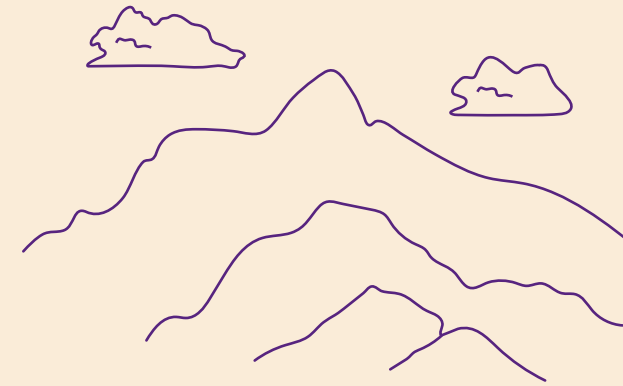
We respect the current international scarcity currently roiling our Global Credit redemption scheme, and so we've assembled a range of options for you to enjoy with the budget-conscious citizen in mind. On offer today you'll find a range of drinks: certified synthetic coffee beverages, corporate-sponsored coffee options, and a rare chance to drink coffee from one of the last remaining original coffee farms on the planet.

All this can be yours in our charming, early 21st-century retro-minimalist-designed space, enjoyed alongside a throwback soundtrack of artists including BTS and Nas X (formerly Lil' Nas X). Peruse our options, connect to our free wifi via your cochlear implant, and yes, we accept payment by retina scan.

Enjoy!

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**Cof-Free**

Since 2029, Cof-Free—the world’s first patented coffee-flavored alternative beverage—has offered drinkers the benefits of coffee, without all the agricultural hassle. Grown by lab specialists at the UC Davis Center for Coffee Technologies, Cof-Free tastes, looks, and smells like coffee—and most importantly, it delivers on the endorphin rush beloved by coffee drinkers in the 20th and early 21st centuries.

Each cup of Cof-Free is certified by the SCA (Specialty Coffeenetics Association) to be cruelty-, BPA- and import-exempt. You’ll enjoy delicious Cof-Free knowing that it was genetically structured—each and every synthetic allele—right here in the United States.

Start first with your choice from our colorful array of Scandinavian minimalist-designed powdered packets, with flavor notes like “bright,” “sweet,” and “robust.” Mix and match for the throwback experience you cherish most.

Cof-Free is available by the cup for 8 Global Credits. A Global Credit discount of 2 points is offered to SCA members. Cof-Free is represented for press, distribution, and legal queries by The Open Door Agency, with graphic design by Ooter Group. May cause side effects.

**Corp-accinno**

A deal like this doesn’t come along every day! Earn your chance for a free cup of rare, authentic coffee by assigning your name to the following binding non-prosecution agreement:

*“I hereby forfeit my lifelong right, and that of my offspring, to indemnify in the form of tort, class action lawsuit, or any other lawful prosecution seeking damages or recompense from Facebook or its subsidiaries (Instagram, Google, Tinder, Amazon, the United States Justice Department, et al.).*

*This includes lawsuits related to addiction, social dysmorphia, early onset wrist or eye injuries, depression, theft of lawful political election, mania, or any other disorder deemed to be caused or accelerated by excess social media use.*

*Terms cover lifelong use, up to and including Facebook’s launch date of February 4th, 2004. Terms are binding, and include incidents of death caused directly by social media use (i.e. distracted driving, urban walking, cochlear implant rupture, ocular implant rupture, and disruptive cyborg behavior within the Facebook Intracerebral Matrix). Terms include mandatory signature upload to Facebook Neural Network, if not already in place.”*

**The Last Farm in Honduras**

This is a once-in-a-modern-lifetime opportunity to enjoy coffee from Finca El Milagro, the very last operational coffee farm in the nation of Honduras.

Once revered for quality coffee production at farms like Finca El Puente and La Tortuga, Honduras was home to the largest annual coffee production in all of Central America: producing 7.3 million 60-kilogram bags in 2019. Today the formerly fruitful land is home to just a single remaining 11-hectare farm, located deep in the Montecillos Mountains at 5,000 meters above sea level, shielded from encroaching shorelines and rising temperatures.

Here, the boutique coffee company Willig-Bjornson of Oslo, Norway has owned and managed land since the heyday of the 21st century coffee boom. WB’s management team was able to purchase a site-wide exemption from the Mandatory Global Pesticide, Neonicotinade, and Resistant Coffee Varietal Act of 2030, thus avoiding the ravages of crop die-off and soil death. A private security force helped maintain the farm’s safety through both ensuing Honduran civil wars, ensuring a rare opportunity for you to drink coffee unspoiled by failed global economic and agricultural policies.

Finca Milagro farms biodynamically and harvests by hand, employing rhizome-level soil defenses from chemical creep and aberrant crop scourges happening at nearby farms.

This coffee experience, a riot of long-lost coffee flavors like stone fruit and black tea, can be yours for the cost of just 7500 Global Credits.

**The Cup of Consciousness**

Derived from the teachings of early 21st century spiritual teacher Eckhart Tolle, we offer you this Cup of Consciousness. By first opening to the present moment, we become open to life; then we see what the moment requires, and we can experience it fully.

Just as one must embrace the essence of no-thought and the wisdom of no-mind—the inner stillness—so too must we embrace a cup of no-coffee.

While this beverage item does not contain any actual coffee product, it does offer a moment of reflection and manifestation of Self. We offer a Cup of Consciousness for just 3 Global Credits; the cup’s long-lasting effects are priceless.

Recommended by the Oprah-bot, a subsidiary of the uploaded consciousness of Oprah. All rights reserved. ♦

**Words by Jordan Michelman**



# A New Common Sense

*Produce*  
*Create*  
*Produce*  
*Create*  
A hymn to capital.

Artists, no different than the worker, must produce in exchange for justification. In a time where self-imposed economic experts state that our livelihoods are merely outcomes of a hazy, unbiased free market, this is a call to remind ourselves that labor is not neutral. Not yours, not mine.

Historically, artistic contributions to cultural production (those that reinforce the status quo and those that challenge contemporary frameworks) develop narratives we internalize about ourselves, our cultures, our worth, and the political and social possibilities inherent in all three. The work of artists implicates each of our lives.

As climate change is inextricably tied to the interminable march of inequality towards apocalypse, the urgency of crafting new visions for what is possible amidst a crisis—one that is already drowning people living in marginalized precarity—is obvious.

In Miami, the height of gentrification shakes hands with the reality of heat temperatures and sea level rise. Most recently, Miami was named the most expensive city in the metropolitan US for renters. As our waters rise, more of us feel as if we are swimming against these currents.

The logic that informs this “development” is simple: the land is an empty vessel we can extract from, build on, make money off of—in the process, developers make promises of

(low-wage) jobs for most and luxury living for a few. However, most of us know that our ancestral knowledge posits a different truth: *free the land*.

Surviving post-apocalyptic realities requires profound radical imagination that shifts labor and creative processes from the individual to the collective and communal; even more so as corporate elites are strategically co-opting artists to further their agenda via advertising, “diversity”—representation without redistribution of resources—and the whitewashing of arts to further gentrification and the displacement of working-class communities.

Of course, it’s important to note and recognize that the precarity of the “gig” economy positions artists of all kinds to be susceptible to these sort of exchanges. This shouldn’t be conflated with an inability or unwillingness of the arts and artists to disrupt cancerous pathways of inequality.

As capitalism’s intrinsic instability and the global climate emergency intersect at a new climax, the role of artists lie in an immediate call to action to dismantle the structures of material inequality, specifically in support of a people power, in order to articulate and practice a new “common sense”—a common sense which demands an end to the extraction and commodification of land, people, housing, healthcare, and the Earth we all inhabit.

Standing on the edge of a dying world, the creative and ingenious blueprints which young people are laying down for the Miami we all deserve go unnoticed by the world. Yet in the words of Octavia Butler, “the child in each of us

knows paradise. Paradise is home. Home as it was or home as it should have been.”

Community organizations, artist collectives, and re-emergent gardens, nurseries, and community farms are redefining possibilities and building alternative models of Miami life.

The resurgence of radical thought in Miami is nuanced, principled, visionary, and grounded in both a critical assessment of conditions in Miami and a deep love for this city. These are groups committed to assuring Miami doesn’t simply survive, but that it thrives.

An example of local artists and creatives organizing labor and resources is the work of queer feminist collective, (F)empower, which has:

- Hosted free and accessible skill-sharing workshops on decolonized herbalism, embroidery, community gardening, poetry, journaling, and zine-making.
- Led free political education programs through the Liberation Book Club, where topics included feminist theory, worker cooperative models, ballot breakdowns, abolitionist theory, Global South environmentalism, and imaginative exercises.
- Executed the Black Mama’s Day Bailout campaign, alongside dozens of organizations across the country. The collective used social media, infographics, flyers, and art installations to demystify the prison industrial complex while making a case for the end of the carceral stat; held teach-in sessions for the community to learn more about Florida’s prison system and its horrors; and fundraised over \$30,000 to bail out Black mothers in time for Mother’s Day.

Similarly, community organization Dream Defenders offer a hopeful intersection of conscious art and politics with their production of the *Freedom Papers*.

The *Freedom Papers*, both in tangible zine form and accompanying short films, articulate

a vision for South Florida that centers on the collective benefit of all. The vision is informed by responses and testimonies of thousands of residents across the state of Florida. In this notable document, Dream Defenders demand:

- Freedom from Poverty
- Freedom from Prisons/Police
- Freedom of Mind
- A Free, Flourishing Democracy
- Freedom of Movement
- Freedom from War, Violence, and Environmental Destruction
- Freedom to Be

These are groups on the vanguard, but each and every one of us possess skills and hold roles that can support radical social change. There is so much at stake for all of us.

*Questions for those of us striving to step into a journey of social change to reflect upon:*

- Which types of spaces allow us, as individuals, to step into a sense of collaboration and exchange, and rid us of sentiments of constant competition? How do these spaces make us *feel*?
- When we recognize our personal power rooted in agency and accountability, how do we use this power to build and elevate people power?
- What practices are helpful when we are trying to assess how much capacity we have for collectivizing and organizing?
- In terms of art and cultural production we seek to produce, who would benefit from these images and words?
- What opportunities arise for myself and my community when I step into my leadership?
- What tools of resilience and regeneration can we tap into to restore our energy when we experience moments of depletion?

*This is a call to action for artists, creatives, and workers to return to themselves, a place we all long for—to exist in a place of abundance and belonging. A new world is coming. ♦*

**Words by Niki Franco**







# Phone Dead

“The phone is dead.”

“Give it a minute.”

“It’s been in this rice for two days. We wasted good rice for this dead phone.”

“Another day won’t hurt then.”

“Well, staring at it isn’t going to dry it out.” I scoff, earning me a glare.

Cass watches me as I come to a halt in front of a bag of bleached white grain, a sad lump torn at the top.

I have been pacing back and forth across my living room floor for the last half hour. There used to be a rug here; a fake Persian with hues of blue and silver and faded yellow. On summer days I used to push my toes into it, feeling the warmth of the sun in its soft threads.

Now I walk around in socks because the stone floor is too cold.

“You need to replace it.”

“Not yet.”

“You cannot take phone calls off of an iPad.”

“No one calls me.”

“Referring to your best friend as ‘No One’ is hate speech.”

“I can’t replace it, yet.”

“There is nothing on there you need anymore.”

“I didn’t back it up.”

“You know what I mean.”

I can’t stop my face from making the ugliest scowl. It’s been five months. I get it. When I look at Cass, she’s scrolling through her own smartphone, of course.

The couch she’s sitting on used to have artwork hanging on the wall above it. In their place are just dark shadows where the sun didn’t fade the paint. They look like hollow eyes.

“You’re doing that thing again where you’re imagining something morbid.”

I glance at Cass, who’s taking a video of me with that same phone.

“How do you know I’m thinking something morbid?”

“It’s always the look on your face,” I can tell she’s zooming in.

“Post-breakup glow.”

“Please stop.”

The phone disappears.

“You said we were going for lunch.”

“I said I needed you.”

“In all the time we’ve known each other, food is the thread that keeps us together. Let’s get lunch.”

I glance back at the bag of rice.

“It’ll be here when you get back.”

Now we’re sitting outside of a cafe. It’s actually my favorite place. Staring at the menu for too long, Cass snatches it out of my hands and orders for me. Her brand of love is rough, which helps me sometimes.

“I saw that new horror movie the other day.”

“Mmm.”

“Terrible idea for a first date, because the movie sucked and almost everyone walked out.”

“Right.”

“We had sex in the back row.”

“That’s crazy.”

Cass throws a napkin in my face. I swipe it away, angrily.

“I didn’t want to eat.”

“You haven’t eaten in ages.”

“I just didn’t want to—“

“Leave your tower of torment?”

I make a face, retorting, “Nice choice of words.”

“I’m trying to like do this thing where I empathize with others—“

“Impossible task—“

“You’re like one of those dead white poet guys. Which one?” Her long fingers snap at the air, the polish on the talons she calls nails glittering in the sun.

“The one with the blackbird.”

Our eyes fall to the center of the table.

“I’m annoyed you brought this bag of rice.” Indeed. I brought the bag of rice.

“Let me have my things.”

“Not when they bring you misery, darling.”

“How long have we known each other?”

“Since we could walk. Remember, you’re the one that pushed me after my first few steps at the park and gave me this stupid scar on my eyebrow.”

I wave my hand at the memory, “You love that scar.”

“I don’t. I never have. I developed a complex because of this scar.”

“But you have a fat ass.”

“That I do.”

“Then what’s the problem.”

“What’s the point of bringing us up?” I paused, eyeing the bag of rice.

“You’re the longest relationship I’ve had.”

Cass shrugs, “If you’re suggesting we start dating, I have to remind you that I am in a very healthy relationship with my work—oh and some guy that I married three years ago.”

I ignore her joke, “I’m just thankful, I guess.”

“Yeah, otherwise you’d be alone all the time with no one to drag you to brunch.”

“I’m still not hungry.”

“More French toast for me.” I reach for the bag, but Cass, with supernatural speed, is already shoving her hand inside.

“Are you still sad or do you just spend your days going through scenarios you could’ve changed?”

My hands are clenching and unclenching the armrests of my chair, watching her dig in the bag.

“Probably both, less sad.”

Her hand emerges with my smartphone. It’s silver edges and glossy display crusted with rice grain dust.

“Less sad is good, right?” She ponders.

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“I don’t know,” I sag in my seat, honest in my reply. Is ‘less sad’ a sign of healing, or just another phase in the cycle of grief? All I can do is think about what I could have done differently. If I had asked that question. If I had stopped to listen longer, ‘If, if, if, if.’

I turn my memories over in my mind so many times, wanting them to be different. I sip my iced coffee, trying to make my mouth busy instead of frowning.

“You deleted his number.”

“I deleted a lot of things.”

“And so you drop this in the pool—”

“I was pushed—”

“Just as a call comes in from a number you never saved.”

My skin feels like it’s crawling with ants, the memory playing itself back in my mind. I had stared at the phone with disbelieving eyes. I hadn’t seen him since the breakup. Funny how everyone else had run into him, but I hadn’t. And still, there hadn’t been even a text.

It looked like his number. But who remembers numbers anymore? It could’ve been another scam call, they all sort of look like numbers you might save on your phone. There was something familiar about it though, and it had been months since the breakup. I had seen random numbers pop up on my lock screen before, why did this one send me into a panic? Foolish hope probably. It’s all I’ve had, desperate for a chance to try again and unwilling to let go.

He left. He did not want to see me again. He could not be with me and unpack the chaos that had become his life.

Now I have a cold floor and barren walls and gaps and voids in my home and my life that can not be filled. I don’t even want to try. The thought of trying brings me to tears.

I had missed the call in my stupor, and fumbled with my phone like an idiot when a notification for a voicemail appeared, and then I was

shoved face-first into a pool.

In retrospect, it was a terrible party. I didn’t want to be there. There were too many people that I didn’t know and not enough champagne. The host’s shallow pool claimed the life of one of my favorite pairs of shoes and my smartphone.

That taught me a lesson about going out and being sociable. With my luck, I won’t even be able to retrieve the voicemail he left. Since then, I’ve been consumed with this chlorine-damaged brick.

“That’s what you get for going to a party without me.”

“You declined so you could have game night with your husband.”

“And that’s what you get for not coming to game night with me and Jackson.”

“You told me to go to the party!”

“And that’s what you get for taking my advice.”

“You’re about as useful as Co-Star.”

“Listen to you tempting karma by slandering Co-Star.”

It’s funny how you pick and choose what kind of advice you want to take. When you are at your lowest, you will go to everyone and everything for guidance and solace.

“Let them come back to you,” people say.

“Don’t get stuck on someone who won’t call you back,” self-help blogs suggest.

“Communicate openly about all things, even when it hurts, let the universe do its work,” astrology apps counsel.

I literally don’t understand any of that stuff.

“What the hell is this,” she holds up my phone, taking one of her sharpened nails and taps at her pending friend request on Facebook I had never accepted.

I choke and sputter on coffee, making a mess

on my side of the table. Still coughing, I still thrust my hand out for the phone.

Cass sits back in her chair, brows raised, the device still clutched in her own hand.

“You okay there, friend?”

It takes a minute to clean my face and catch my breath. “Give it to me,” I beg.

“You have many missed texts from your mother.”

“Cass, I’m not joking.”

“Neither am I, she’s *really* upset.”

I stand, ignoring the bile in the back of my throat, hand out. “Give me the damn phone.”

“What do you think is in that voicemail? If it even is him? What are you hoping for?”

I don’t know. I don’t fucking know. I slump back into my chair, my pent up anger and resentment bubbling over.

It’s not like I hadn’t demanded closure when it all happened. I said everything I had to say, despite the shock and denial that had paralyzed me. I spoke my truth, whether or not it was elegant. I told that idiot I loved him. The first and last time I would say it. I still love him. Guess that makes me an idiot too.

“He cut you out of his life. We can debate whether or not that was the right thing to do, but you threw out a perfectly good rug and gave away artwork, things he gave you. You deleted photos, texts, voicemails and his contact card, trying to cut him out.”

I stare at the phone in her hand.

“People are allowed to leave you. Just because they were the first person to come around that wasn’t an asshole and actually treated you right, doesn’t mean that they’re going to be permanent in your life. Good or bad, they all come and go. You don’t get to choose how, when, or why. It’s not about you, as much as it feels like it should be. People are allowed to leave. And you’re allowed to keep the good

things that they leave behind. That’s the point.”

I look at her then, my voice thick, “May I have my phone back, please?”

She places it in my hand without further objection. My phone feels foreign in my hand, uncharacteristically heavy as I thumb through the device, which is suddenly working as if nothing had happened to it. When I get to the voicemail, my finger hovers over it.

“I know you’ve been waiting for him, holding out for a chance to go back to the way it was.”

“This is why we’re friends,” my voice is weak. I miss him.

“I know you also just want to be past this.”

“This is why we’re *best* friends, I’m tired of being sad.”

“You’re paying for this meal if it’s a robot call.”

I tap the recording, hold it to my ear, and I brace myself for the sound of his voice. It would be enough to break me, right here.

It only takes a ragged drag of breath before I set down the phone. Cass waits. The food comes. French toast. I’m suddenly starving. She starts when I dig into the plate.

“Excuse me, I thought we weren’t hungry.”

“I’m hungry,” I snarl through a mouthful of food.

She sits back, “Robot call?”

“Yes.”

“You’re paying.”

“Sure.” ♦

**Words by Shyoni Chin-Tai**



# Eleventh House

Jess Swanson, the co-founder of mystical directory Eleventh House, was turning a darkened street corner in New York when a man's voice beckoned her to stop. "He was screaming 'Gemini, Gemini' at me and since that sounded pretty crazy to me, I kept walking," she recalls. At that point in her life, she admittedly paid little attention to any spiritual or mystic practices—but something about that man's persistent call finally brought her to a halt. "When I finally decided to turn around and approach him, he knew I was a writer, he knew I would soon be leaving New York, and he told me he felt compelled to stop me because there was an older woman's voice speaking very loudly to him. Soon after that, he gave me my first tarot deck and I began receiving regular readings."

Years later, Swanson was back in her hometown, Miami, at a party. A friend had recently recounted how a lip oracle had delivered some startling revelations that would inevitably propel her on an entirely new career path. "I had been searching for a lip oracle when I showed up at this party at 777 Mall, and incredibly, Angel [Garcia] was there offering lip oracle readings," Swanson says.

"I knew it was a sign."

A meandering spate of coincidences had brought Swanson and Garcia together, and their bond deepened over their shared interest in the occult. Garcia, a multidisciplinary artist who also grew up in Miami, read tarot and acted as an oracle on a similarly gradual journey towards uncovering her power.

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“When I was little and growing up in Hialeah, I used to play a game where the other kids would come to me, I would hug them and then guess their emotions,” laughs Garcia. It wasn’t until college—where she began reading different mythologies and met another mystic—that she began to recognize her own innate abilities.

After their fateful meeting at 777 Mall, Garcia and Swanson recognized that Miami was full of mystics and brujas, who sometimes struggled to bring their practice into the light. “We wanted to embrace Miami’s mysticism because it’s so different from anywhere else,” says Swanson. “We wanted to make it accessible to people.” They launched a monthly party—held every third Thursday of the month—called Eleventh House in order to connect Miami’s mystics to those who wanted to go deeper into their own spiritual journey, offering affordable readings to partygoers and encouraging them to better

understand their astrological legacies.

Swanson and Garcia launched an online directory to facilitate direct connections with 11 female mystics and healers in Miami. According to Garcia, the directory also acts as a community for these powerfully intuitive women: “As a practitioner, you’re constantly faced with your ego, so the community acts as a safe space for us as well.”

Swanson adds: “When healthcare isn’t accessible, this space becomes talk therapy and guidance, not just for the mystics, but for the community at large.”

It’s quite likely that most Miami locals have experienced some type of encounter with mysticism or witchcraft. Slaughtered chickens on street corners and floating animal carcasses have, however, twisted perceptions about its

intentions. The Eleventh House community flips that narrative on its head, recognizing that these spiritual art forms are a powerful tool for manifesting your deepest desires or uncovering a path to enlightenment.

Eleventh House mystics are healers and mediums. They are oracles and artists and brujas. They are queer, femme, Afro-Caribbean, and Latin. They cast spells, clear energies, and predict the future. They travel to distant planes and transcend our notions of time. They teach us how to manifest our intentions, reframe our maladies, and heal our collective wounds.

Eleventh House witches tend to use their craft as a means for others to get closer to their ultimate truth. They advocate for rituals that bring you closer to your own magic. “Tarot is designed to be an entry point to understanding yourself,” says Natalia Molina, one of the Eleventh House mystics. A longtime tarologist and witch, Molina’s sense of intuition guides her spiritual readings. Sabel Santa, an astrologist and witch, specializes in natal charts. Another healer, Monica Uswerowicz, ties her practice to Miami’s flora and fauna. Other Eleventh House mystics lean closer toward rituals common in Santeria or voodoo. Nearly all are informed by their diverse backgrounds and roots within Caribbean countries and lore.

Heavily influenced by Miami’s pulsing energies and intersecting histories, the Eleventh House healers absorb the good and the bad. Between climate change and a frightening political landscape, our collective anxiety is steadily increasing. How can we enter the dawn of a new decade intentionally and with balance? Eleventh House spells and remedies for casting out negativity range from creating rituals to recognizing the lesson within each experience.

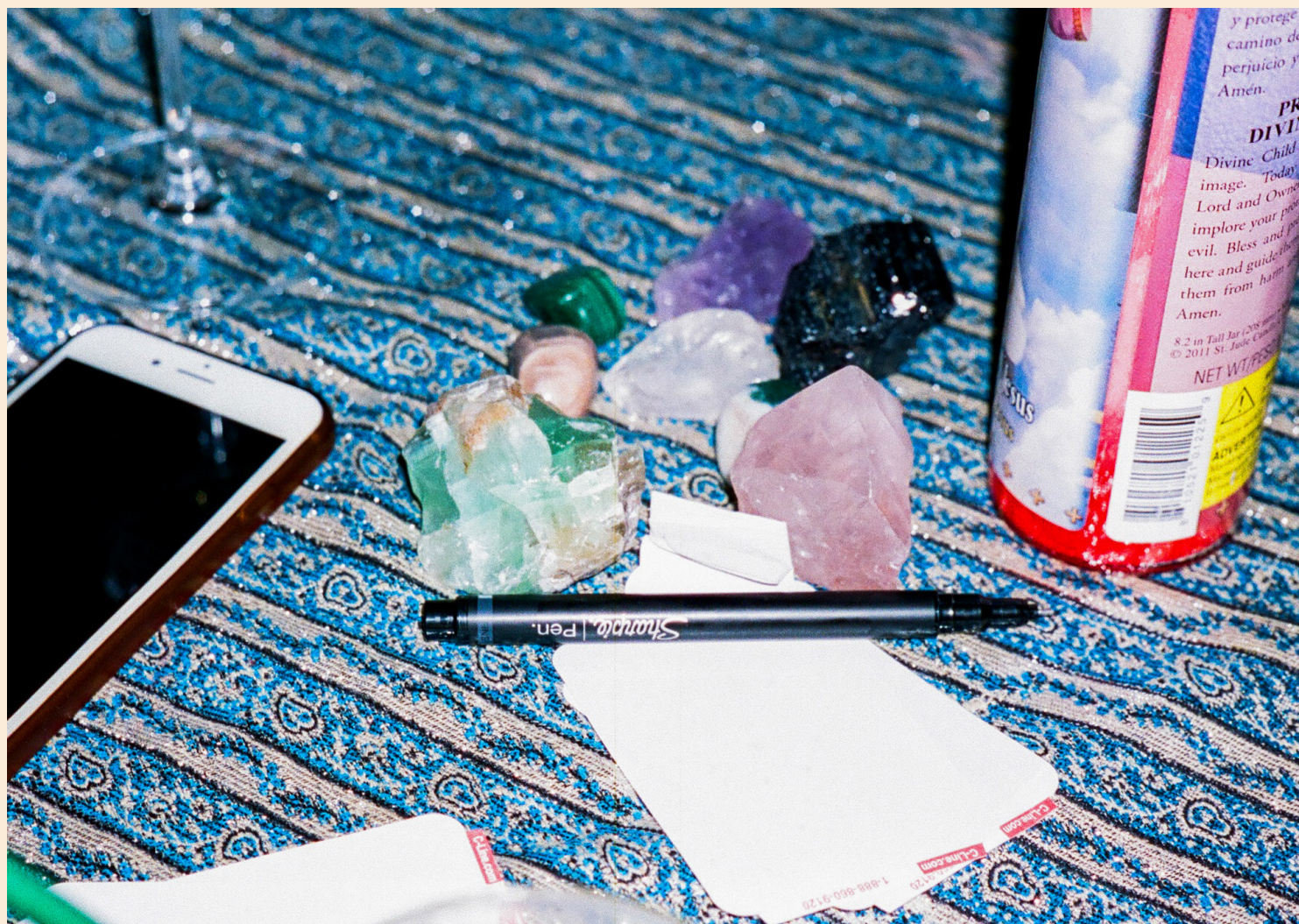
“Information is important, but we’re not designed to absorb it and be okay,” says Molina. She recommends finding creative ways to meditate in an effort to reduce stress, like drawing, instituting a longer morning routine, or staying off the internet before bed.

“We tend to repeat ancestral patterns, but sometimes having a ritual that feels like nonsense helps you find synchronicity and understand it in a different way,” says Garcia. She prescribes a session designed to understand your limits, so you can take frequent breaks when emotions are running especially high. Garcia and Molina both recommend that we learn to appreciate when it’s time for a reading. “Everyone is different and it’s whatever you feel,” says Molina. “I like to have readings done on my birthday for example, but when you feel like you need to redirect energies, a reading can help.”

Specific spells can also quell underlying fears about climate change and gentrification—arguably Miami’s most persistent problems. “Putting a cup of water on the streets of your neighborhood is a way to honor the people who have taken care of it for so long while being reminded of how our neighborhoods are flooding. Garcia urges us to draw pink hearts on our sidewalks to encourage community and affection. “We don’t think these rituals can stop gentrification, but we certainly believe that people will feel more protected,” says Garcia.

Magic is defined as “the power to apparently influence the course of events through mysterious or supernatural forces.” Its very definition is grounded in skepticism, a phenomenon cast outside of the contemporary western world as too esoteric to be true. In reality, though, this magic lies within each of us—we are the masters of our making, the nerve center of our future selves. The Eleventh House mystics profess manifestation and unlock the blockages keeping us from that defining truth. Their magic is made upon an ability to see it all so clearly. “We don’t tell the future,” says Garcia. “We illuminate the present.” ♦

**Words by Nicole Martinez**





# Proverbs and Pleasures

**Proverbial affliction.** A burden so saddling and pervasive, its vivid weight etched across Miami’s multicultural lexicon. South Florida and its inhabitants are no strangers to immanent distress.

The same unsustainable politics of racialized extraction that inscribed suffering into the ordinary of Miami’s Caribbean, Latin-American, and Indigenous predecessors drained our swamp, built our railways, and *still* subsidizes our “booming” agricultural industry.

Today, our state’s incarceration rate ranks higher than every nation’s on the planet.<sup>1</sup> At current emission levels, by 2050 Miami is estimated to experience 134 days per year of life-threatening apparent temperatures surpassing 100 degrees Fahrenheit.<sup>2</sup> And though local governments project a six-to-ten-inch minimum in sea level rise by 2030, it takes only six inches to render our drainage systems futile.<sup>3</sup> Now, Little Haiti residents face the fastest gentrification process in this country as resource-rich individuals snatch higher land: our heritage of catastrophe remains colloquial.<sup>4</sup>

“How do you become in a world bent on you not being and not becoming?” Imani Perry asks in *Breathe: A Letter to My Sons*.

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“Le yo vle touye  
chen yo di'l fou.” ✦ *When they want to kill  
a dog they say it's crazy.*

“Le debo a las once  
mil vírgenes y a cada  
santo un peso.” ✦ *I owe each of the  
11,000 virgins and  
every saint a dollar.*

“Milat pov se neg,  
eg rich se milat.” ✦ *A poor mulatto is black,  
a wealthy black is mulatto.*

“Un dolor de los cojones  
a las tres de la mañana  
y sin calmante.” ✦ *A pain in the balls at  
three in the morning  
without painkillers.*

“Lavi se te glise.” ✦ *Life is a slippery land.*



**Proverbial adaptation.** So too are strategies of survival encoded into our everyday. Embedded throughout South Florida’s cultural ordinary exist ways of being that continue to generate abundance despite scarcity, systemic dehumanisation, and the endogenous losses of life.

*Sopa de mondongo, lengua de res*, curried tripe and beans. The unsavory turned nourishing through continued community play with available resources. The shower cap turned tupperware lid. The alka seltzer tablets releasing whirring streams of miniature, peppery bubbles, tenderizing the pot full of aged beans.

The cluster of flipped wheelbarrows, now improvised dining chairs with peacocking, housing men indistinctly digesting in the otherwise barren shade of the skyscraper they’re constructing. Iteration resources. Unfathomable from within dominant modern paradigms of wealth-hoarding and linear progress, wilding iteration—as a practice—helps supply needs within perpetually shifting, marginal environments.

The *abuelita* who gives you *cosquillas* on your feet after making you *puree de malanga* when you’re home sick from school, happy beside you binge-watching *Law and Order* in a language she does not understand, your bodies interwoven on the couch. Thirteen years later, the daughter and granddaughter snuggled with her in bed as her heart fails, striving to palliate her mortal suffering.

*Velorios* congregating the rhizomatic relationships forged across a lifetime to process the loss they have been impacted by. Your peers encircling you, tending to your nourishment when loss shreds so bad that you cannot. Interdependence potentiates our individual capacity to grow, act, shape change as communities and institutions.

This adaptation is “economics.”

For nearly 2,000 years, “economics” was defined as “household management.”<sup>5</sup> Then, in 1620 CE: as the Atlantic slave trade and the Colonial Era’s sustained intercontinental pillaging reciprocally resource the Renaissance of European nations, “revenue” first slips into the bounds of “economics.”<sup>6</sup>

Still, for another two centuries, “economics” retains its vernacular association with the domestic. Only in the 1800s, in the throes of the Industrial Revolution, does “economics” come to pervasively denote the management of financial assets.<sup>7</sup>

There, reflected in our language, the Industrial Revolution’s institutionalization of parasitic relationships concentrating resources so totalizingly as to render home management a commercial abstraction. Today, still, humanity’s predominant ways of organizing home—organizing our living—orient around parasitic relationships, all in the illustrious name of the god we now call Profit.

The financialization of “economics” is the financialization of our lives. What of dehumanized labor, a hundred empty condos in Brickell do not a life make.

It is well past time we reclaim economics.

“How do we articulate a compelling economic vision to sustain us through the unimaginable, to unite us as things fall apart?” asks adrienne maree brown in *Emergent Strategy: Shaping Change, Changing Worlds*.<sup>8</sup>

How do we resource our being (needs) and becoming (pleasures) in a way that re-centers our agency and deters us from miming the oppressive economics we are so intimately acquainted with?

Here again, a return to our ordinary furnishes the beginnings of another economic response: *kompa, merengue*. The soft clacking of dominos shuffling over a singsong of voices

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“Ou bat tanbou epi ou danse ankò.” ✦ *You beat the drum and you dance again.*

“Soy como un árbol frondoso, y el que quiera sombra que se arrime.” ✦ *I am a fronded tree; whoever wants shade lean close.*

“Piti piti zwazo fè nich li.” ✦ *Little by little the bird makes his nest.*

“A mí me matan; pero yo gozo” ✦ *They will kill me, but I will still rejoice.*

“Sonje lapli ki leve mayi ou.” ✦ *Remember the rain that made your corn grow.*



and laughter. Your pet nestling against you in bed.

It is this alignment with mutualistic pleasure that has kept us alive—spawned our continued being—despite evergreen apocalypse. This “pleasure is a measure of freedom,” notes adrienne maree brown in *Pleasure Activism: The Politics of Feeling Good*.<sup>9</sup> The ability to satisfy not only our needs, but also our desires, *is* political.

It’s impossible to know the macroscopic infrastructures that could emerge to recalibrate economics around mutualistic pleasure. But we can look around, feel the wind on our faces, and commit to iterating toward the liberation from desire through mutual pleasure within the infrastructures of our lives.

Perhaps the rhizomatic scaling of this erotic economics might one day brand Miami an epicenter for the Americas of mutual pleasure as much as it is branded today a financial one. After all, to quote Audre Lorde, “that deep and irreplaceable knowledge of my capacity for joy comes to demand from all of my life that it be lived within the knowledge that such satisfaction is possible, and does not have to be called *marriage*, nor god, nor *an afterlife*.”<sup>10</sup>

After all, “*Dèyè mòn, gen mòn.*” / *Beyond the mountains, more mountains.* ♦

**Words by Lauren Monzon**

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1 Initiative, Prison Policy. *States of Incarceration: The Global Context 2018*. Prison Policy Initiative, June 2018. 2 Harris, Alex. ‘Florida Really Tops the Charts’ of States Climate Change Will Heat up, Report Says. *Miami Herald*, 16 July 2019. 3 The Southeast Florida Regional Climate Change Compact. *Unified Sea Level Rise Projection: Southeast Florida*. Southeast Florida Climate Compact, Oct. 2017. 4 Oppenheimer, Lily. *Activists Shed Light On How Climate Change Affects Miami’s Most Vulnerable*. WLRN, WLRN, Sept. 2018. 5 *economy, n*. OED Online. Oxford University Press, September 2019. Web. 24 October 2019. 6 Ibid. 7 Ibid. 8 *Fractals. Emergent Strategy: Shaping Change, Changing Worlds*, by adrienne maree brown, AK Press, 2017, pp. 59. 9 *Pleasure Activism: The Politics of Feeling Good*, by adrienne maree brown, AK Press, 2019, p. 3. 10 *Uses of the Erotic. Sister Outsider: Essays and Speeches*, by Audre Lorde, Ten Speed Press, 2007, p. 57.







# The Chocolate Barista

## Obituary

We are gathered here today to lay to rest someone we've all come to know, love, and appreciate the last three years. We are celebrating a life, one that was dedicated to the empowerment of Black people in the coffee industry, living authentically and, at the end of the day, sharing a damn good cup of coffee.

Today, we're laying *The Chocolate Barista* to rest.

Our deepest selves have life cycles—as we experience seasons of being that last anywhere from a few months to a few years. When a cycle comes to an end and we start to experience the death of the person we once were, the grieving process is long and exhausting, yet freeing and exciting.

*The Chocolate Barista* was born four years ago. It was a creative outlet and a space built to give a window into the lens through which she viewed coffee and the culture that came with it. She wasn't a stranger to coffee, having already been a barista, a participant in competitions, and even an active member of the r/coffee subreddit at one point.

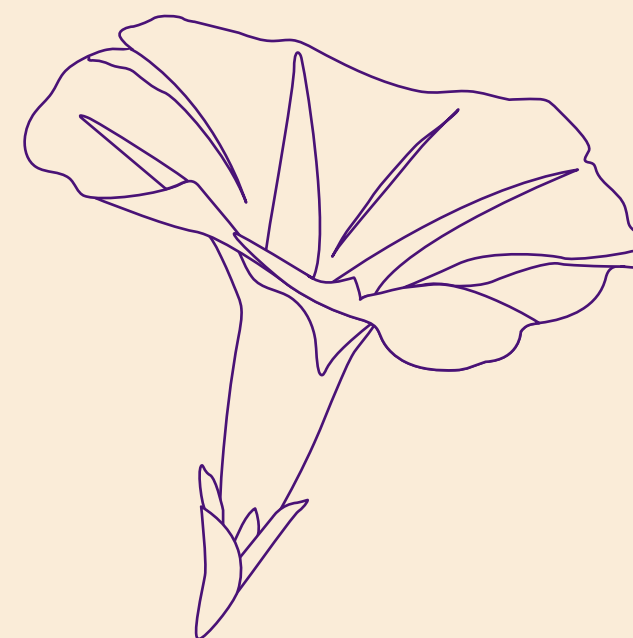
*The Chocolate Barista* was an extension of an existing identity. A personality. A community advocate. A lover of curating a coffee shop's music and an accompanying outfit. Nothing more or less. At least at the beginning.

It only took six months for everything to change, including the course of my career in coffee.

2016 was a year most of us will never forget. It was the last year of the Obama presidency, pre-Trump. Topics surrounding the rights of identities outside the "norm" of cisgender, heterosexual, male, and white normativity were on the forefront. Going through my own season of reconnecting with my Blackness and womanhood, it felt natural for me to explore how this affected my everyday experience, including my relationship with coffee.

I decided to write about it, but not just my personal experiences as a Black woman in coffee. I wanted to dive into the stereotypes we've either heard regurgitated about Black people or their opinions on coffee. I researched and wrote for nearly a week, barely sleeping. I ended up with something comprehensive that looked at multiple perspectives and shed a spotlight on another part of my life.

I was always impatient about getting new blog posts up on *The Chocolate Barista* once I was finished drafting. But I sat on this one for another day, and even sent it to a close friend who offered to edit. I'll never forget what they said to me after their edits were complete.



"You know you're going to have to talk about this stuff now, right?"

"Oh, no. I don't know about that," was how I responded.

The idea of opening up more conversations about race terrified me. Pulling the "race card" as it pertained to actual productive discourse wasn't as normalized as it is now, especially considering my audience. I lived in Phoenix, Arizona and worked in coffee, after all (where everyone's mostly white).

I pushed forward regardless of my apprehension, and the response surprised me. The blog post went viral, catching the attention of everyone with an internet connection across the global coffee industry. The rest is history. More blogs about race were posted and the conversation continued to move forward. There were countless emails from people asking for my advice on how to do better, and invitations to talk about diversity around the country and the world. There were writing commissions. Podcast interviews. A once-in-a-lifetime experience to apply my marketing skills at a job in Australia.

For three years, my coffee career grew exponentially. I saw things and met people I don't think I ever would've been able to otherwise. At the same time, it was eating me up inside. I wouldn't have been able to do so much of what I'd done had I not started talking about race. It was at the expense of my own humanity that I was allotted privileges. I was the coffee industry's token Black girl, their diversity hire on a job or lineup of panelists.

It started to feel deeply problematic, and I carried the weight of that—all while feeling obligated to continue to smile and wave for the sake of my people.

I can't and won't ever gloss over the fact that *The Chocolate Barista* was immensely helpful to Black people in the coffee industry. *The Chocolate Barista* built a foundation and established pathways for us to do whatever and

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be whoever we wanted. It allowed so many of us to find each other, and laid new ground for opportunities to be created, for us and by us. Even still, *The Chocolate Barista* couldn't protect me from continuing to experience racism. I was often a walking target for people to test me, causing me to further defend my own humanity in addition to others'. It was emotionally taxing, deeply affecting my mental health and ability to take care of myself. The financial burden was dire, and just barely scraping by became my normal.

The responsibility to champion racial diversity—be an activist, a social justice warrior—was too much for me to bear. I hit a breaking point and wished to be just like everyone else: a coffee professional.

I thought back to the barista I was prior to *The Chocolate Barista's* birth and reminisced on the goals I had then. Would I be the next US Barista Champion? It was possible. My passion for education still exists; maybe I should pursue a role as a trainer.

Exploring other options outside of *The Chocolate Barista* was met with guilt and shame. I still felt obligated to be the face of diversity. It wasn't until I came across a tweet that helped me begin to move forward:

"Black people don't have to explain shit to anybody."

Black people are not responsible for other people's education on racism or how to be a better person. We're not responsible for holding your hand through your coffee shop's hiring process. We don't have to drop everything to dedicate our lives to teaching anybody anything. Some of us do, but we don't have to.

Once I realized this, those feelings started to break down and, while the period of processing them was not easy, I felt better and more confident in what was ahead for myself.

The possibilities are endless, and none of them have to center around activism if I don't

want them to. And so, I started the 12 steps of grieving—not for another person, but for another part of me—and making room for the rebirth of, well, me.

Death isn't always negative, especially as it pertains to our energy and inner selves. Death and rebirth are necessary steps in the process of evolving from one thing to the next. *The Chocolate Barista* served a purpose in a time and for an industry that needed it. But it's no longer necessary for me to fulfill this role.



### Rebirth

There's room to remember who we once were and everything they taught us. We give thanks to our old selves for getting us to where we are now, creating the blueprint for who we can be moving forward. I can celebrate what *The Chocolate Barista* brought to people. I can recognize how she helped shape who I am now.

The person I was before used her strong will and voice to uplift those who are often silenced. She inspired positive change that had a ripple effect far, far beyond her reach. She created a space for people to exist in a world that actively worked against them, because she was someone just trying to exist, too. I still look up to this person and feel proud of her.

But now, it's time for me to take what I've learned and apply it to the person I'm becoming.

My rebirth as my current self has been one of the most beautiful experiences of this life cycle. It smells like creosote after it rains in the desert and sounds like the curious cooing of a baby. It's like putting on a new pair of jeans that fit perfectly. A fresh pair of kicks right out the box.

This new self is informed by who I was before, but I'll move much differently. I'll look familiar but not the same, in the best way.

New growth will sprout in this land and the harvest will be something positive. I'm breeding new ground for true inner peace and an understanding of myself and every identity I hold inside me. I walk through the world with a new sense of purpose to explore, looking ahead to horizons unknown.

I'll continue to carry my own legacy as *The Chocolate Barista* through each new adventure that comes my way, using it as a guide. I can trust myself to know where to go from here.

*The Chocolate Barista* rests peacefully. And who I am, Michelle, will become one with that peace. So, here lies The Chocolate Barista: activist, community organizer, friend to all, and champion of Black people in coffee. May she rest well forever in our hearts.

January 10, 2016 – January 10, 2019 ♦

**Words by Michelle Johnson**





## Beer

### Draft

**SIX POINT CRISP**  
pilsner, new york  
9 or 16 oz / \$5.00 or \$7.00

**BARREL OF MONKS WIZARD WIT**  
witbier, florida  
12 oz / \$7.00

**COLLECTIVE ARTS LIFE IN THE CLOUDS**  
new england IPA, canada  
9 or 16 oz / \$6.00 or \$8.00

### Bottles or Cans

**MIA MEGA MIX**  
american pale ale, florida  
\$6.00

**10 BARREL CRUSH**  
cucumber sour, oregon  
\$6.00

**J DUB'S BELL COW**  
milk chocolate porter, florida  
\$7.00

**ST. FEULLIEN SAISON**  
belgian farmhouse ale, belgium  
\$8.00

**ST. BERNARDUS TRIPEL**  
tripel, belgium  
\$10.00

**DELIRIUM TREMENS**  
strong pale ale, belgium  
\$10.00

**ORIGINAL SIN**  
extra dry cider, new york, usa  
16 oz / \$8.00

## Natural Wine

### Sparkling

**J'OSE LES FINES BULLES**  
chenin blanc, chardonnay, 2014 — touraine, france  
\$10.00 glass / \$35.00 bottle

**CÉLINE & LAURENT**  
cremant, nature, 2016 — bourgogne, france  
\$16.00 glass / \$69.00 bottle

### White & Orange/Contact

**LITROZZO**  
procanico and malvasia, 2017 — lazio, italy  
\$11.00 glass / \$59.00 bottle, 1 liter

**THE HERMIT RAM**  
sauvignon blanc, 2018 — canterbury, new zealand  
\$13.00 glass / \$55.00 bottle

**TEARS OF VULCAN**  
viognier and pinot gris, 2017 — dundee, oregon  
\$14.00 glass / \$59.00 bottle

### Rose & Light Reds

**MEINKLANG FRIZZANTE**  
rosé of pinot noir, 2018 — burgenland, austria  
\$11.00 glass / \$49.00 bottle

**OSTATU**  
rosé of tempranillo, 2018 — rioja, spain  
\$11.00 glass / \$49.00 bottle

**MEINKLANG MULATSCHAK ROTER**  
zweigelt and st. laurent, 2018 — burgenland, austria  
\$13.00 glass / \$55.00 bottle

**CETTE MAIN LÉGÈREMENT SERRÉE**  
**M'A LAISSÉ PERPLEXE**  
carignan and chardonnay, 2017 — ardèche, france  
\$16.00 glass / \$69.00 bottle



# Every Day Until 5

## Pastry Case

### SAVORY

#### EVERYTHING BAGEL

house-made, fresh each morning  
\$4.75 each / \$25.00 per half dozen

#### CROQUETA

smoked ham and gouda cheese  
\$2.75 each / \$15.50 per half dozen

#### EMPANADA

plantain, black bean and queso fresco  
\$3.25 each / \$18.75 per half dozen

#### CROISSANT

classic butter  
\$3.25 each / \$18.50 per half dozen

### SWEET

#### CHOCOLATE CHUNK COOKIE

askinosie chocolate, maldon sea salt  
\$3.50 each / \$19.00 per half dozen

#### BANANA BREAD

with sunflower seeds, vegan  
\$3.25 each / \$18.00 per half dozen

#### FUDGE BROWNIE

askinosie chocolate, date caramel, sea salt  
\$4.25 each / \$23.00 per half dozen

#### BUCKWHEAT CAKE

with oats and buckwheat groats, gluten free  
\$3.75 each / \$21.00 per half dozen

*please call two days ahead for large pastry orders*

## Eggs

### THE EVERYDAY<sup>+</sup>

two eggs your way, with bacon or avocado,  
and buttered baguette or homefries  
\$12.00 / sub sautéed greens \$1.00

### RUNNY & EVERYTHING<sup>+</sup>

sunny-up egg, bacon, cheddar, lettuce,  
heirloom tomato, and garlic aioli on an  
everything brioche bun  
\$13.00

### ONE-HANDED<sup>+</sup>

yolk-cracked marbled egg, sage sausage,  
cheddar, and herb aioli, on an english muffin  
\$12.00

### PAN CON CROQUETA

ham croquetas, gouda, sauce, gribiche,  
and homemade pickles, on cuban bread  
\$10.00

## & More

### FRENCH TOAST<sup>+</sup>

tres leches batter-soaked brioche, pecan butter,  
and maple syrup  
\$13.00 / add berries \$3.00

### AVOCADO TARTINE

avocados on avocado salad with pickled onions  
and puffed quinoa, on seven grain toast  
\$12.00

### BAGEL & SALMON PLATE<sup>+</sup>

citrus-cured salmon, cucumber, heirloom tomato,  
red onion, sunflower shoots, cream cheese, and  
capers with an everything bagel  
\$14.00

### HOMEMADE GRANOLA

Nuts, seeds, dried and fresh fruit, honey, and  
mint, served on greek yogurt or with alt milk  
\$11.00 each

# Weekdays Lunch, 11-5

## KATSU SANDO

sesame panko chicken, miso-katsu sauce,  
house pickles, lettuce, mustard aioli, on brioche  
served with japanese potato salad  
\$11.00

## THE SALAD

romaine lettuce, pickled scallion, cucumber,  
radish, mint, dill, and toasted buckwheat groats,  
with tahini almond dressing  
\$12.00 / add soft-boiled egg<sup>+</sup> \$3.00

## GODDESS SANDWICH

sunflower shoots, chickpea mash, lettuce, pickled  
scallions, avocado, roasted green tomatoes, and  
green goddess aioli, on multi-grain bread  
\$13.00

# Weekend Specials

## HUEVOS RANCHEROS<sup>+</sup>

blue corn tortilla, poblano-tomatillo salsa,  
avocado, refried black beans, cotija cheese,  
lime crema, and two fried eggs, served with  
charred serranos  
\$13.00

## CHICKEN N' WAFFLES

house made liège waffle, fried drumstick  
and thigh, with fermented blueberries and  
blueberry-maple reduction  
\$19.00

JOIN US FOR

**LIVE JAZZ / ACOUSTICS**  
**EVERY FIRST SUNDAY, 2PM**

*CURATED BY BRAINVILLE ARTS*

<sup>+</sup> *consuming raw or undercooked meats, poultry, seafood,  
or eggs may increase your risk of food-borne illness*



# Coffee

## DOUBLE SHOT

a double shot of espresso  
served straight, with sparkling water  
2 oz / \$3.25

## & MILK

a double shot with sweet florida-milk;  
choose your milk ratio and texture:  
wet, dry, or iced  
from 3 to 16 oz / \$3.55 to \$5.60

## OR WATER

a double shot with as much or as little  
water as you would like, hot or iced  
from 3 to 16 oz / \$3.50

## ???

caramel pecan-milk cold brew iced latte  
with whipped cream, non-dairy/vegan  
12 oz / \$6.50

## ROYAL TEA

matcha green tea and oat milk,  
infused with nitrogen; served up or iced  
6 to 16 oz / \$3.50 to \$7.50

## POUR OVER

from our single origin selection;  
made to order, japanese style served  
in a decanter with a sipping cup  
12 oz / \$5.00

## HOT DRIP

drip coffee, on tap  
12 or 16 oz / \$3.55 to \$5.60

## COLD BREW

brewed at room-temperature; iced  
16 oz / \$5.00

## NITRO

extra-strength cold brew, infused  
with nitrogen; served straight  
6, 12 or 16 oz / \$5.50 to \$9.00

## CUPPING

industry method of evaluating  
coffees, served with grounds  
\$9.00

# Specialty

## OUR SWEETHEART

our very first seasonal drink;  
a cold brew and rosemary limeade  
9 or 16 oz / \$5.50 or \$7.50

## JOE WENT TO THAILAND

house thai iced coffee with xocolatl bitters  
16 oz / \$6.25

# Tea

## JASMIN SNOWBUDS

green, taiwan  
\$4.75

## SHAN LIN XI

oolong, taiwan  
\$5.50

## YUNNAN GOLD

black, china  
\$4.00

## VIETNAM RESERVE

black, china  
\$5.50

## CHAMOMILE

herbal, egypt  
\$3.25

## ROOIBOS

herbal, south africa  
\$3.25

## AD ICED TEA & ADAP

house herbal infusion  
\$3.75

## HOUSE CHAI

tea or with milk, hot or iced  
9 to 16 oz / \$2.75 to \$5.50

# Juice

## ORANGE

fresh squeezed  
9 or 16 oz / \$4.00 or \$7.00

## GUAVA

from dade-county redlands  
9 or 16 oz / \$4.50 or \$7.50

## LEMONADE

fresh squeezed, sweetened  
with florida cane sugar  
16 oz / \$4.00

*alternative milks / housemade vanilla or chocolate  
upgrade available upon request*

# Happy Hours

## Thursdays & Fridays, 4-8pm

natural wine from \$5/glass, \$25/bottle  
draft beer pint \$5  
cheese platter \$15  
raclette from \$6

## Weekends Only

**BOTTOMLESS MIMOSAS**  
méthode champenoise sparkling wine  
and house-squeezed oj  
\$30 per person

# Sourcing

## Protein

### FLORIDA FRESH FAMILY FARMS

eggs and chicken, wholesome conversion  
farm in wiersdale, florida  
pork, storage ranch in dunnelon, florida

### PROPER SAUSAGE

bacon from miami, florida

## Bread, Pastry, Tortillas

### HOUSE-MADE, AT ALL DAY

bagels, cookies, banana bread, buckwheat  
cake, brownies, english muffins

### ZAK THE BAKER

baguette, brioche, and multi-grain  
from miami, florida

### TAQUIZA

blue corn tortillas from miami, florida

## Produce

### PG TROPICALS

guava juice from redlands, florida

### URBAN OASIS PROJECT

when available: avocado, cucumber, greens,  
onions, radishes, starfruit, sunflower sprouts,  
and tomatoes, from small south florida farms

## Beverage

### DAKIN DAIRY

milk from myakka city, florida

### RUBY ROASTERS

espresso from nelsonville, wisconsin

### PARTNERS COFFEE

hot drip and nitro from brooklyn, new york

### JOJO TEA

jasmin snowbuds, shan lin xi, yunnan gold  
from miami, florida

### KILOGRAM TEA

matcha, vietnam reserve from chicago, illinois

### NATURAL WINE

we select wines that are produced  
sustainably, with organic principles and  
biodynamic practices, using only  
native yeasts, with minimal sulfites added

### BEER

small, craft breweries





ALL DAY

**ME  
NU**