

"REPORTED FROM THE IMAGINATIONS OF NEW YORKERS"

New York 2044

In a bleak political moment, NY2044 is a platform for progressive urbanist strategy, a defense of print as a civic medium that calls us to organize together, and a case for informed, humanistic optimism.

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ISSUE #4
Section #1
THE RECKONING

The EDUCATION issue

THE CITY'S YOUTH SURVIVE FATEFUL HARBOR PLUNGE

Implanted Chip Conspiracy Remains Unresolved

MENTAL HEALTH

When NYC's Youth Suffered from Possession, These Nurses Stepped Up



Reported from the imagination of David Leo Rice
Written by Noah Fischer

Forty-two people sit in a circle on couches, chairs, and the parquet floor of a Crown Heights brownstone parlor. Ranging in age from perhaps fifteen to twenty-five, they listen intently as one after another picks up the thread of a story they are co-creating. Some scribble notes — jotting down ideas for their turn.

They are telling a story set in Greenwood Cemetery. About fifteen minutes in, the first hand emerged from a grave. Now, two hours later, it has become a full-fledged zombie tale. A woman with spiked maroon hair and a patterned silk scarf speaks in a low, precise voice, painting with deadpan realism a picture of Walkers having entered an elder care center in Ditmas Park. Instead of tearing at flesh and gobbling brains, the undead sit down patiently and chat by the beds, game tables, and motorized chairs — offering companionship. These undead, she adds, are the elders' grandchildren who had taken their own lives. They are back for what matters. The room nods. The next storyteller picks up the thread.

The chilling thing about this story is how close it came to being true. Just a few weeks ago, these young people were — if not zombies — clinically possessed. And very nearly in a watery grave.

Among the storytellers is an earnest-looking man of twenty-three. This is Raj Zorastani. His mother is Kristy Zorastani, the former mayor of New York City. He has a straight back, jet-black hair, a

Story Continues on Page 6



NYC Youth, under the influence of Raj's Recent Manifesto, Are Rescued from New York Harbor.
Pen and Ink Drawing: Noah Fischer. Digital Color: Katherine Dominguez

INCARCERATION AND CREATIVITY

INSIDE THE GATES OF HELL

THE ART CLUB THAT TRANSFORMED A YOUTH PRISON — AND THE STRIKE THAT SHUT IT DOWN



Reported from the imagination of Jacob Cohen
Written by Noah Fischer

Since dawn, the guards have been picketing in front of the Rikers Museum. They tap batons rhythmically against police barricades as they circle in front of the building which has been retrofitted with sloping green roofs and enlarged cell block windows—the guard towers repurposed as observation decks for school groups. But this was once the most notorious youth detention facility in New York, and the bones of the old jail are still visible.

It's the third week of a strike by the Correction Officers' Benevolent Association against New York City's youth detention facilities—which are spread out across the boroughs, with the Riker's Museum remaining the symbol. Since the strike began, it's no family visits for the prisoners. Also: no mental health classes, and no programs of any kind, including the art club.

We caught up with Carlos Vélez, the COBA union rep, who is leaning against a barricade, talking strategy. He has one question before we start. "Who are the real prisoners here?"

"The walls are closing in on us,"

he says. "For years, we've seen the bots sent out on patrol, and they got them doing biometric monitoring, escorting prisoners between cells—we tolerated that. But now they're telling us that SecurX5 will break up fights, too. And that means they could cut us down seventy-five

percent." His face takes on a look of disgust. "And meanwhile, the killers we're here to guard—they are basically enjoying their little art utopia."

By art utopia, Vélez means the Gates of Hell Collective — which has been shut down for the past three

weeks along with everything else. "I hate to say it, but the inmates are finally getting a taste of what it's like to pay for their crimes. In my opinion, the art program should be shut down for good."

Story Continues on Page 5



Inmates Deeply Immersed in Portraiture at the Gates of Hell Collective.
Pen and Ink Drawing: Katherine Dominguez. Digital Color: Katherine Dominguez

FINANCIAL SURVEILLANCE

NOT DISPLAYABLE

How a Glitching Art Credential Became the Unlikely Lever for the City's Biggest AI Fight



Reported from the imagination of Elyn Jin
Written by Lindsay Liang

Riawv B. is 48 years old, and for the past fourteen months a city-run computer system has been unable to confirm that he exists.

His credential kiosk reads Not Displayable. His building access card stopped updating last spring. The payroll system at the university where he teaches — where he has taught, on and off, for eleven years — briefly lost his record entirely. No explanation was offered. He is not alone. As of this February, an estimated 10,200 accounts in the city's Contribution Equity system carry the same flag. The majority are artists, adjunct instructors, and cultural workers.

CE — Contribution Equity — arrived five years ago as an answer to a problem everyone in the city's cultural economy understood and no one had managed to solve. Built on a



blockchain Learning and Employment Record, it promised that exhibitions, teaching appointments, collaborative projects, and published criticism could be uploaded, timestamped, and translated into tokens that offset tuition debt and supplemented housing costs. The subway advertisements were everywhere: Every Contribution Counts. For a generation of cultural workers who had spent two decades watching their imagery, writing, and creative output scraped into AI systems without compensation or credit, the ad landed.

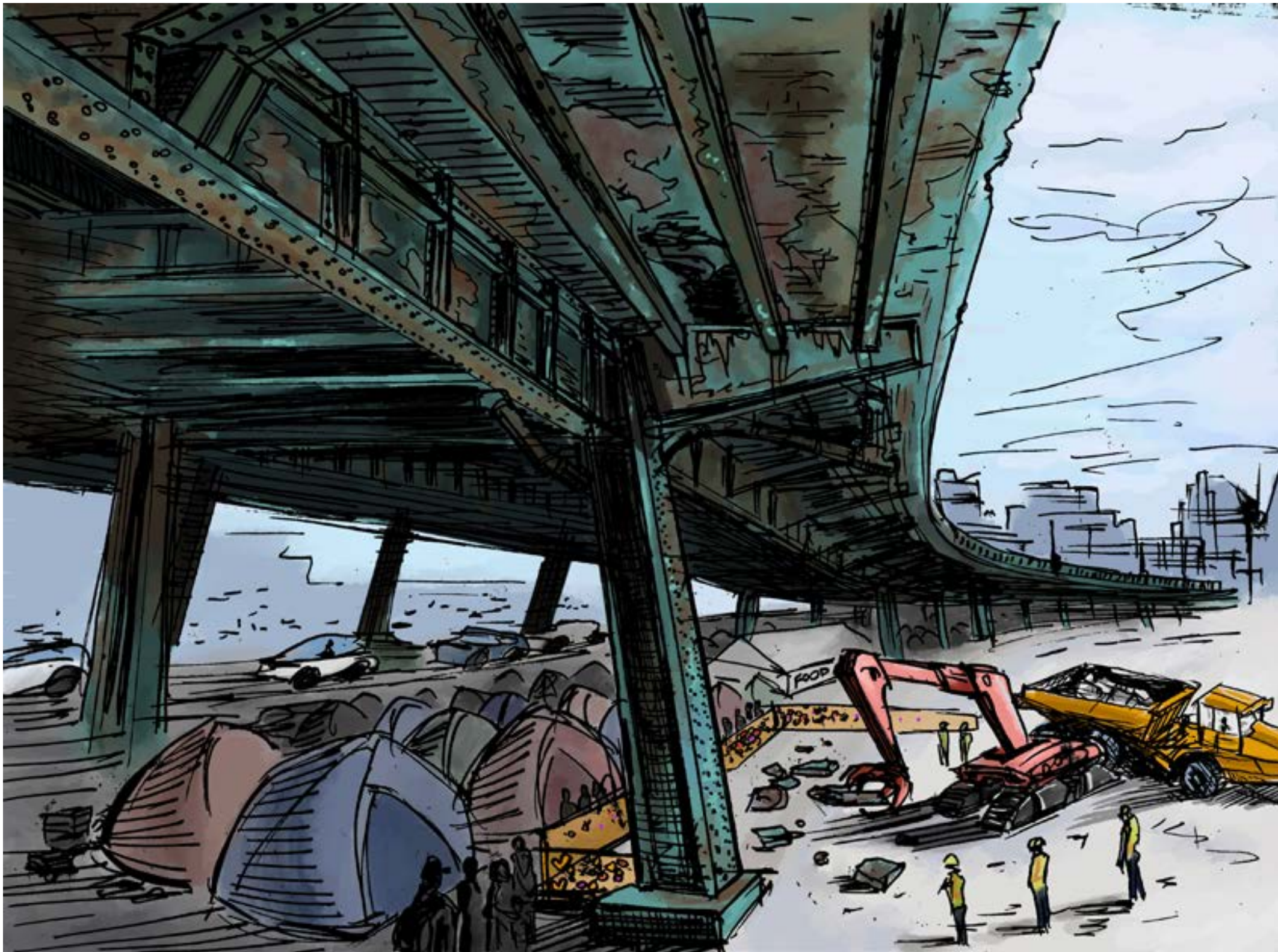
Story Continues on Page 7



PUBLIC EDUCATION & INFRASTRUCTURE

THE ROAD TO SOMEWHERE

A crumbling highway, a refugee camp, and a mayor's gamble



DOT Workers Begin to Remove Fallen Chunks of Concrete from Beneath BQE
Pen and Ink Drawing: Noah Fischer. Digital Color: Katherine Dominguez



Reported from the imagination of
Ciarán Finlayson
Written by
Noah Fischer

But rust is bubbling the ancient green paint along all twelve miles of the BQE.

But rust, it turned out, was only the beginning.

On a February morning, three hundred pounds of concrete broke free from the underside of the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway and fell without warning onto the settlement below. The chunks — each the size of a small refrigerator, loosened by fissures developing for years deep within the salt-corroded steel — landed on the tent village set up under the Hamilton Avenue section of the BQE since the Great Storm of 2032. Two members of the Lopez family were killed: Marisol Lopez, 34, and her son Dario, 7.

“You can patch the surface. As far as what’s underneath — just hope and prayer.”

— **Marcus Delgado, DOT ironworker**

The city has since begun relocating the camp’s roughly four hundred residents — most of them displaced by flooding — to emergency transitional housing in East New York and Canarsie. Meanwhile, workers have begun installing protective scaffolding beneath all twelve miles of the BQE. No one can say with confidence how many similar widowmakers hang, silent and invisible, above the 200,000 vehicles that use the road every day. The highway is too important to shut down and too dangerous to leave alone. Replacing it will cost an estimated \$15 to \$20 billion in a city running a structural deficit for eleven consecutive years.

But Mayor Alicia Nurse sees this as an opportunity. She wants to build a hyperloop rail line that is superfast and carbon neutral. Whether New Yorkers are ready to support this is an open question.

“Nothing you can do about the salt,” says Marcus Delgado, 51, a scaffolding ironworker installing safety netting under the Hamilton Avenue section, his hands steady on a bolt the size of a fist. “You can patch the surface. As far as what’s underneath — just hope and prayer.” The view from his scaffolding is a study in contrasts: to the west, Manhattan shimmers with green-roofed mid-rises and beyond Governors Island, 140 offshore wind turbines move in slow unison like a white forest growing from the sea. Directly below, self-driving freight vehicles — now 40 percent of BQE traffic — move in tight, whisper-quiet formation.

“For a very long time the left was good at being right and bad at being effective.”

— **Carmen Vega, Fiscal Commons Institute**

Delgado lives in Sheepshead Bay and drives the BQE every day. He knows what the mayor is proposing. “I understand about the train,” he says. “But I live in Sheepshead Bay. It’s not going there. How is it going to help me?”

What Nurse is proposing is a grand bargain New York hasn’t attempted since the postwar era. The BQE will not be replaced with a new highway. The triple cantilever comes down; the corridor becomes an extension of Brooklyn Bridge Park and a surface boulevard. The highway’s freight and commuter function gets absorbed by an expansion of the Interborough Express Hyperloop, and new freight rail and barge capacity along the Brooklyn waterfront. The city will issue \$14 billion in infrastructure bonds — paid for in part by closing tax exemptions and a new surcharge on incomes above \$250,000. In New York, that means the middle class.

“We cannot keep expecting billionaires to fix society,” Nurse said at a press conference outside Methodist Hospital. “We need people to start seeing taxes as a buy-in opportunity rather than a burden. Successful societies all around the world share the tax burden. They do not have thousands of families

living under bridges that are falling apart on top of them.”

Delgado attended one of those briefings. He was skeptical going in. He’s still not fully persuaded. “Norway, France — they pay more, they get more. I get it in theory. But here, people have been burned. You pay your taxes and the road falls on your neighbor’s kid anyway.”

He picks up his wrench. “Moses built this thing to last, Nurse. I guess that’s something.” He looks at the rusting railing. “But it’s time for something new.”

Ciarán Finlayson

is a writer, editor, and Communications Director at the Fiscal Policy Institute, author of *Perpetual Slavery*, whose work has appeared in *Artforum* and exhibition catalogues for the Studio Museum Harlem and Haus der Kulturen der Welt. He is currently studying economics at John Jay College of Criminal Justice.

These are the Issue #4 Correspondents

To learn more about the correspondents, please visit:

www.NY2044/correspondents



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“Where Can I Pick Up a Newspaper From the Future and Read in Public Space?”



New York 2044 at STREETSEATS

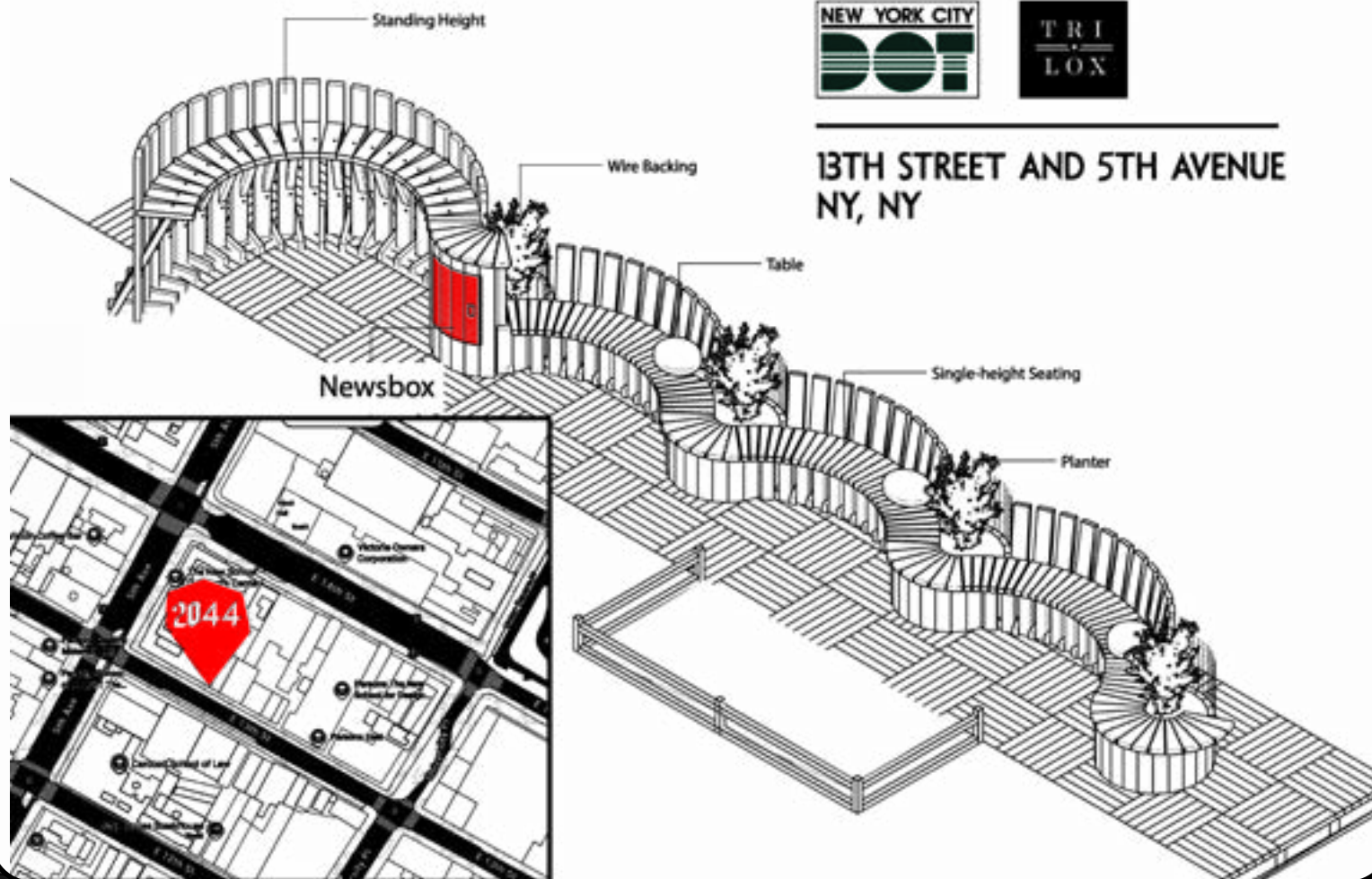
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ABOUT THIS PROJECT

New York 2044 is a newspaper from the future, reported from the imaginations of New Yorkers whose experiences provide insight into the city’s most persistent challenges.

The nearish future timeframe counteracts the temptation that lots of speculative projects have to wipe away the messy contradictions of the present. The paper is made from scenarios that the correspondents were asked to imagine with the lens of informed optimism.

You hold in your hand Issue 4, on education. This issue asks: What is learning for? Can educational programs prepare New Yorkers for a disrupted and unequal economy? Can it become the magic ingredient to mend a deteriorated democracy?

I originally began this project on a public art grant organized by More Art. Working with curator Dylan Gauthier, we

published Three issues—on housing, immigration, and energy—distributed through street kiosks, mobile newsstands, and live reading events where correspondents performed articles to live music. After the initial grant ended, the project stayed with me. There was something about the practice of optimism in today’s world that mattered. Especially since decades of online information consumption has shaped a baseline nihilism especially in how young people see the world. It’s palpable to me as a teacher.

Our aim is to build a bright and nuanced possible future through the eyes of those shaping it today.

—Noah Fischer

A year later, I decided to continue and expand it, with grants from The New School and Puffin Foundation, and a new partnership with The Clemente Center. We also built a website for all the issues so far, at ny2044.com. For this issue, the New York 2044 team conducted interviews with students, teachers, and union educators; educators working with immigrant communities, and people teaching literature to nurses.

We’d like to thank the following organizations for their support of this project



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ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

NOT IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

How an East 98th St. protest exposed New York's AI Education Fiasco



Reported from the imagination of Frances Hogan
Written by Lindsay Liang

The scene is one New Yorkers know well, even when the issue changes: a crowd gathering outside a public building that has suddenly become more than just a physical space. Parents with strollers slow down to read the signs. Adjunct instructors arrive carrying iced coffee and canvas tote bags, as if they have been pulled into history on the way somewhere else. Older tenants stand slightly apart, watching with the patience of people who have seen many versions of reform arrive on their block before.

The signs belong to the same protest, though they do not all tell the same story. One says OUR CHILDREN ARE NOT TRAINING DATA. Another warns NOT IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD. A third, painted by hand and held chest-high by a woman in hospital scrubs, says YOU ALREADY TOOK OUR KIDS.

The building stands on East 98th Street, in one of those narrow Manhattan corridors where educational worlds press up against one another without quite touching. A few streets away are private schools with expansive arts programs, small seminars, and families already planning tutors and admissions strategies years in advance. Nearby are neighborhoods that have spent years receiving each new educational experiment in the language of access, equity, modernization, and support.

The building itself had already lived several New York lives. It began as a public school. During the flood-related displacement of the 2030s, it was repurposed as a temporary relocation site for students from another damaged

campus. Later it sat mostly empty, one more institutional shell waiting for a new rationale. In spring 2044, the city announced what that rationale would be: the building would reopen as a new AI-integrated secondary school, part of the latest expansion of New York's Educational Futures Integration Initiative, first introduced in 2030.

On paper, the program sounded familiar by now. Students would receive adaptive instruction, behavioral support, comprehensive cognitive assessment, workforce-readiness planning, and what officials described as a real chance at success. Administrators would gain efficiency. Teachers would get relief. Families in under-resourced neighborhoods would finally secure the stability they had long been promised.

By 2044, those promises had acquired a history.

Over the past fourteen years, New York expanded AI schooling through a public system already strained by underfunding, staff shortages, and widening inequality. Schools short on money and time received software, monitoring platforms, predictive tools, and state-backed infrastructure. Families heard promises of support. Administrators heard promises of efficiency. What spread through the system was not only new technology, but a new way of reading

children: through behavior scores, engagement metrics, cognitive assessments, and the student currency framework known as CR tokens.

Tiana Brooks was one of the parents who once believed. A Black mother who lives near the protest site and works irregular shifts in hospital reception

tion that he needed firmer correction.

"That part is hard to say out loud," she said. "Because it wasn't just that they lied to me. It's that I used their language on my own kid."

What followed was not a dramatic collapse. Malik stayed in school. He got better at sounding right, calmer, smoother, easier to manage. That was exactly what began to frighten her.

ed "Mental Health Support System" programs recommended by the state. These services were marketed as culturally responsive and evidence-based. Parents later discovered that some were owned by the educational arms of large private prison companies. More than half a dozen told her that, within months of those programs entering schools, students who struggled with the AI behavior systems were increasingly referred for ODD and conduct disorder evaluations. Two said family court judges later cited those evaluations in decisions that sent their children to the Youth Division of White Street MDC.

"It was sold to us like a way out," Tiana said. "What it really did was decide early who was trainable."

Tomas Gallien-Phun represented a different afterlife of the system. Raised in Queens, he now lives precariously in the West Village, sustained through a dependency he describes inconsistently as mentorship, collaboration, or support. As a student, he had

By then, he said, students and even staff had a phrase for the system's harsher edge: "You cross the BMS, you cross the road," a reference to the Behavior Management System and Crossroads, one of the city's juvenile detention centers. The joke circulated because everyone understood the warning beneath it.

Helena Falkenrath, an Upper East Side literature professor and mother of a two-year-old son, opposed the model from the start. She spoke about embodied learning, critical thinking, interpretive judgment, and the importance of live attention and slow conversation in a child's education. But her objections became urgent when the city selected East 98th Street.

"I object to the premise of this model," she said. Then she paused. "I also object to its placement."

That second sentence explained more than the first. For years, AI schools had been concentrated in neighborhoods where families were asked to accept experimentation as improvement. East 86th Street placed that model too close to institutions still protected by small classes, arts education, and human teachers. That proximity changed the politics.

For fourteen years, AI schooling advanced through dashboards, pilot programs, careful language, and unequal distance. On East 98th Street, that distance narrowed. What had once been introduced as a technical solution now looked more openly like a political choice: what kind of education the city is willing to imagine for some children, and what kind it still quietly reserves for others.

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Frances Hogan is an NYU adjunct faculty member teaching applied psychology and education including in NYU's Prison Education Program—a PhD candidate in Early Childhood Education, and a union member of ACT-UAW Local 7902 whose background spans foster care social work and human rights advocacy.

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New Yorkers Protest the AI School at East 98th Street
Drawing: Lindsay Liang. Digital Color: Katherine Dominguez

and administrative support, she enrolled her son Malik in one of the city's early AI-integrated programs and trusted its judgments. When his behavior scores came back low, she read them as confirma-

"He got really good at saying what they wanted to hear," she said. "But he wasn't growing. He was getting flatter."

As Tiana compared notes with other parents, she heard about a deeper layer of the system. Some schools had signed on to discount-

once been perfectly suited to the system: ambitious, responsive to evaluation, eager to understand what counted.

"There's still this impulse in me to be legible," he said. "To say the acceptable version first. Even now."

THE CITY YOU PAY FOR

Film schools are going distributed. The students who stayed in New York are asking what they're paying for



Reported from the imagination of Jennifer Mei
Written by Lindsay Liang

On a Tuesday afternoon in March, Darius Okafor is editing in a borrowed room on the fourth floor of a building in Bushwick that used to be a garment factory, then a single artist's loft, then a co-working space, then a casualty of the 2036 commercial real estate collapse, and is now a studio share for about a dozen young international filmmakers who rotate through on a monthly basis. His rent for the month is \$540. His tuition, for the distributed MFA program at NYU Tisch he is completing from New York rather than from his home city of Lagos, is roughly half what it would have been a decade ago.

"I could have made this film in Lagos," he says, not looking up from his monitor. "I came to New York for the conversations — the creative friction. The city feels a little lower energy than I had expected."

This spring, NYU Tisch made it official. Most students in the film and fine arts programs would no longer be required to live in New York full-time. Under the distributed studio model, students complete their work in their home cities and travel to New York for cinematography at a New York institution for nineteen

years, was that the industry stopped being a place. Production dispersed. The holospace replaced the edit suite. By the mid-2030s, AI-assisted environments and virtual sets were standard. A student in Guadalajara or Accra or suburban Dallas could complete a rigorous film education without relocating, without the debt load that relocation implies, without the survival jobs that once consumed the years supposed to be devoted to craft.

"The path into cinema no longer begins with a move to Manhattan," says Ferreira. "It begins with a network."

She means this as a good thing. Not everyone hears it that way.

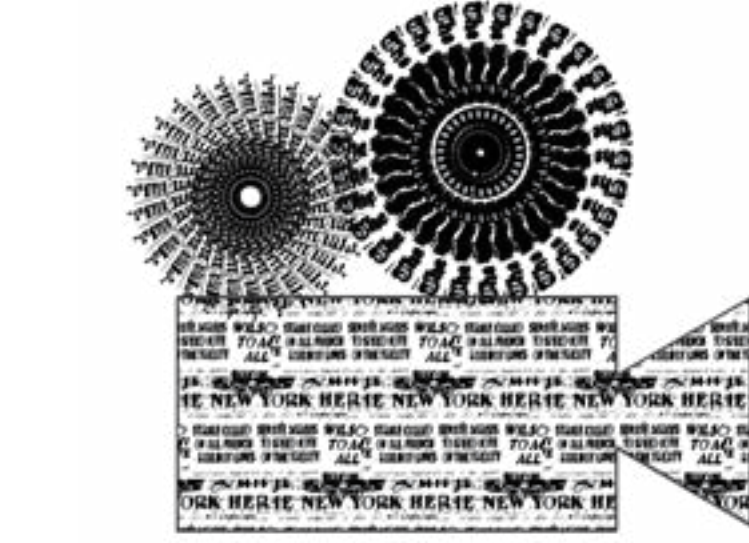
Back in Bushwick, Okafor has stopped editing and is eating lunch. "The industry is more conservative than it presents itself. It's very much about who you know. That hasn't changed. What has changed is that the gatekeepers are more distributed. I guess there are more gates."

Margot Venn, who has taught cinematography at a New York institution for nineteen

years, describes what she calls the friction problem. "When students genuinely lived here — when they were broke and stressed and sharing apartments and riding the subway at 2 a.m. — they were in contact with the city. With people whose lives were nothing like theirs. That friction is not comfortable. It is also, historically, where a lot of important films come from. Taxi Driver and Do the Right Thing were both made by Tisch grads who made contact."

Filmmakers who came of age entirely within distributed programs are already producing a recognizable aesthetic — formally precise, technically accomplished, and, in the view of some critics, curiously sealed. The social world appears as backdrop rather than pressure.

Okafor pushes back. "I grew up in Lagos. I know what friction is. I don't need New York to provide it." But he concedes



Darius Okafor Working in his NYU Dorm.
Drawing: Lindsay Liang. Digital Color: Katherine Dominguez

the point. "The people getting the most out of the distributed model are the ones already embedded in something — a community, a scene, a city with its own culture."

He finishes his lunch and looks out the window at the Bushwick streetscape — a delivery drone hovering outside a

ga, a hand-painted mural, someone asleep in a doorway two floors below.

"The city is still the city," he says. "Filthy, expensive, everyone slightly destabilized, the infrastructure coming apart at the edges. And people still come." He turns back to his monitor. "That's actually a very interesting film, if someone wants to make it. What keeps drawing people to a place even when there's no more reason. Is it the ghost of the magnet?"

He goes back to editing. Outside, New York goes on — smaller in some ways than it used to be, stranger, more distributed, still somehow the place where certain conversations happen that do not happen anywhere else. Whether that is enough to justify what it costs to have them is a question the city is still, loudly and expensively, in the middle of answering.

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Jennifer Mei is a student at NYU

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GATES OF HELL ART CLUB CONT'D

Not every guard on the line agrees. Latisha Baronne, eleven years in youth detention, steps away from the main group. "What the inmates are doing in that art club — they're expressing themselves. Some have become famous artists after getting out. I sing, and I'd love to have a shot. Plus, the programs are necessary because it's stressful in here—the stress is killin' us." She glances back at the picket line. "We need our own Gates of Hell!"

Last year, this publication profiled the Gates of Hell art club as part of our coverage of Sinner — the phenomenal crossover artist who croons and raps over a handmade and he crafted and learned to play here. The club has been running for twenty-five years. Before the strike, we spent an afternoon at its oldest location, Crossroads Juvenile Center.

The club's room is about half the size of a gymnasium, with skylights and ten-foot walls. Perhaps fifty inmates of various genders were sprawled on foam pillows and handmade furniture, some moving between creative stations with a rare, unhurried ease.

One corner functions as a making center — hand saws, chisels, clamps — from which inmates produce furniture and instruments from recycled institutional materials: soybean oil cans, maintenance pipe, plastic funnels, buckets stretched with salvaged membrane. At the center, two young inmates faced each other, one carefully sketching the other's portrait, both locked in an intensity of mutual attention. The art club is one of the only spaces in the facility where sustained eye contact is not a prelude to confrontation.

On a nearby low stage, three kids played. The cello was fashioned from a large soybean oil can, its neck carved from a reclaimed two-by-four. The trumpet was assembled from PVC pipe fitted with plastic funnels and a repurposed valve. The drummer beat on a bucket stretched with the skin of a discarded basketball. The sound was highly tuned, ethereal, almost classical, but rooted, with a beat that moved through the floor.

"This is how we do prison," said Daron, the cello player. "In the past, if someone was blind, sometimes the only thing available to them was to develop their singing voice. That was the one gift life gave them in exchange for taking our lives. We're locked in here. We've got no choice but to hone our artistic abilities to the max."

Yesterday, we learned that Daron has been in lockdown for three weeks during the strike. And yesterday, he tried to kill himself.

Jacob Cohen, one of the co-founders of the Gates of Hell Collective, was once removed from his job teaching art at Rikers for advocating too loudly on behalf of a fifteen-year-old in solitary. He considers it a credential. "One of the best days of my life was seeing it closed," he says of the jail.

Gang culture, he says, is "compelling as fuck" — it offers excitement, belonging, status, a sense of living in a movie. He doesn't pretend the art club can

simply replace that. But he sees it as replacing the gang as an organizing social force. The gang organizes people around violence and hierarchy. The art club organizes around creativity and mutual support.

The pipeline is beginning to speak for itself. Beyond Sinner, Gates of Hell has produced musicians, visual artists, and filmmakers. The comic series Dr. Octo is seen regularly on the subway—it's only available on paper, and features the ghost of Kalif Browder as a main character. Browder is the teenager who spent nearly three years at Rikers without a conviction, in and out of solitary, before taking his own life at sixteen and sparking the prison reform movement.

Today, the strike is showing signs of moving to a conclusion. A data security breach involving the SecurX5 robots has shifted the momentum and the city is making sounds about pulling back on its restructuring plans, and the union is back in talks. For Daron and the others, the resolution can't come soon enough. What the strike has momentarily exposed is how essential the Gates of Hell has become — a space where a person's inner life can breathe, where the limitation becomes, as Daron put it, the gift.

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Jacob Cohen is a Brooklyn-based experimental cellist, found-object instrument maker, and educator who has spent a decade bringing music and art into juvenile detention facilities — from Rikers Island, where he produced over 600 life drawings later exhibited at the Queens Museum, to the Crossroads Juvenile Center in Brownsville, where he co-runs a weekly studio program with incarcerated youth ages 12 to 21.

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NYC Youth, Once Possessed, Find Their Stories

scruffy beard, and bright, pained eyes. He is the unexpected leader of this burgeoning movement, having recently published a manifesto about the power of fiction and collective storytelling — printed as a full-page ad in the New York Times, sponsored by a coalition of nonprofits. Until recently, he was one of New York's most feared and hated inhabitants — especially among the parents of teenagers.

"But Bellevue would have done more harm than good. The doctors are contractually prohibited from even naming the chip as a possible cause for the Possession surge. I felt that Pan might have been a voice from the Forz Corporation behind the chips. Nurse Monique was my only anchor of sanity."

A Near Tragedy in New York Harbor

The Possession Movement

On an overcast night last month, more than a hundred young people boarded the Staten Island Ferry at Whitehall Terminal. Raj had summoned them via the city's community-run network — the secure, homespun alternatives to the corporate internet that youth had migrated to over the past decade. The manifesto was penned in the name of Pan, the mysterious, Slenderman-like figure who'd been leading the Possession Chip sweeping New York for nearly a year.

The manifesto read, in part:

Zomrades! They've taken more than you think. Housing, jobs, opportunities — The Millennials ate those up. Our greedy parents, with overblown bellies. But they took even more. By putting chips in our brains! That's how they stole it all from us. But we, Zomrades, in the taking of Pan — We're taking it back.

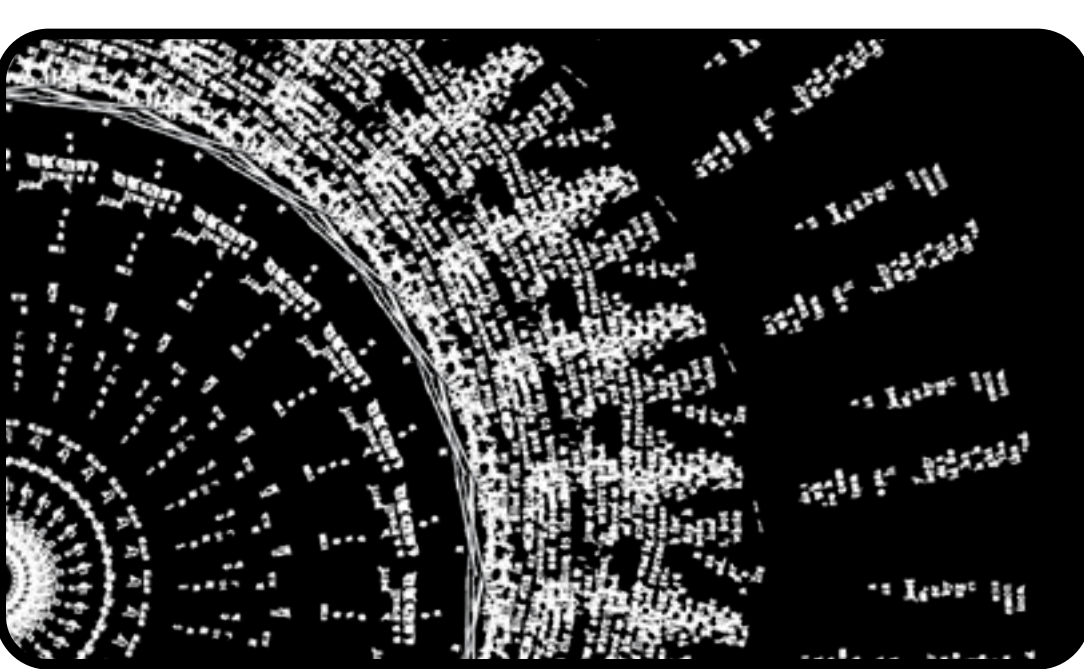
There's one freedom we still have. The freedom to make the great transition. Pan says: meet at midnight. The location will be whispered. We will rise. And we will matter.

The plan: at an astrologically significant moment, as the ferry passed the Statue of Liberty, the group would leap together into the harbor. A great death at a site of significance — the hallmark of Pan's movement. The previous months had seen ritual suicides at Columbus Circle, the Stock Exchange steps, and Strawberry Fields. Last May's tragedy on the Met steps — seventeen young people found dead from poison at 3 a.m. after the Gale — had been the largest event until now.

This time, 141 attempted. All 141 survived.

Rescue boats were dispatched from Governors Island. Twenty minutes after the ferry departed, the young people were pulled from the frigid water and taken to Bellevue.

"I'm not saying I was mentally well — I was out of my mind, I was chip-possessed," says Raj, interviewed after the meetup concluded.



Monique

Monique Laurent was born in Haiti. She came to New York as a young woman and found her way to Helene Fuld, where she encountered Professor Rice's writing program. She is now the president of the Nurses Story Circle —

Because the deaths were so often preceded by behavior suggesting someone else was speaking through the young person, the epidemic acquired a colloquial name:

"Possession is what happens when a spirit or narrative gets stuck," says Professor David Leo Rice, director of the writing program at Helene Fuld College of Nursing in Harlem. "It's the water going stagnant, like a swamp. The Possession movement's teenagers aren't sick because they believe in something beyond the material world. They're sick because that belief has nowhere to flow."

Telling Stories Is the Way

"I was bashing my head against the walls of my room in Bellevue until nurse Monique Laurent arrived," Raj says. "They were pumping me with sedatives, but it wasn't working. Every time she came in — to check my vitals, to bring food — she would tell me a new chapter of an ongoing story. As the story built, I felt myself change."

He pauses. "Actually, it saved me from poisoning myself with my own anger."

"I was obsessed about the chip — furious at my mother for ordering the implants and maddened by the impossibility of ever knowing for certain if she really had, because of the mutation. That uncertainty made me lose myself. Made

"It's said that a nurse is often the first and the last person to touch you in life. Nurses work at the edges of our physical reality, and bear the weight of the disconnect so many feel today."

the waters of my swamp circulate by connecting to a river. The river is storytelling."

In Bellevue, Monique told Raj a story in chapters throughout his two-week stay — a narrative woven from details of his life and her own. Building a world of pain and joy to inhabit when his own felt uninhabitable.

"I saw from the beginning that he was hearing it," Monique says. "Possession is terrifying — for the family, for the city. People lock these kids up, pump them with drugs, even though they know it's likely an effect of the implants. That's the fear speaking. In our writers' circle, we see things differently."

Monique Laurent was born in Haiti. She came to New York as a young woman and found her way to Helene Fuld, where she encountered Professor Rice's writing program. She is now the president of the Nurses Story Circle —



Head Nurse Monique Laurent at Belview (Left) and Raj Zorastani soon after his release (Right)

Pen and Ink Drawing: Noah Fischer. Digital Color: Katherine Dominguez



enters. When Raj was brought into Bellevue, his attending nurse called Monique. "It wasn't a mistake," she says simply.

The Chip Controversy

The chips were implanted under Raj's mother's administration. When the Mutant Plague emerged from the Flood of 2032, then-mayor Zorastani faced a morbidity rate rising every day. When the Forz Corporation developed a chip-based solution — a cranial device that gathered biological data and allowed the vaccine, once injected, to evolve in real time — she felt she had little choice. It worked. The plague was beaten.

But questions lingered. What else could the chips do? Could they interface with AI, influence behavior, be hacked? And what about the viral mutation that rendered them impossible to scan or remove? As all records were the unconditional property of Forz, which refused disclosure, no one could confirm whether they had been implanted or not.

Monique carries that knowledge into every hospital room she

"I've never forgiven myself for the chip directive," says Former Mayor Zorastani, who has spent years pursuing a disclosure lawsuit. "We had to just do it. But we all knew we weren't seeing the full picture. It almost killed my son. The corporate cover-up has been massive."

Writing

Many who encountered Raj's manifesto noted how well-written it was. Very few young people today produce prose with such a personal character. They are, as Rice puts it, operators of AI prompts — for whom AI is no more exotic than lightbulbs were to their great-grandparents.

"On one hand, I see youth speaking in cryptic fragments — bullet points fed as if from a neu-

ral prompt. Hyperaccurate, factually reliable, but basically meaningless as human expression. On the other hand, there's a counter-movement based on communicating in associative babble — almost like glossolalia. Meaning is attempted but facts and grammar are abandoned entirely."

"You have some people just speaking bones," he says, "and some people just speaking flesh. Without synthesis, you have no flow."

He pauses. "All cultures are founded on myths. America has been foundering because our national myth — the American Dream, which is a dream about financial success — is not that deep. In the writing program, we believe that storytelling is an ancient technology for finding a life-affirming balance, a way to live in a world that doesn't exactly add up. Our work is an answer to this missing synthesis between the flesh and the bones."

Nurses of the Word

Monique was one of Rice's students. So were most who now lead the Nurses Story Circle across New York — a guild, as Rice has put it, like M16 recruiting from Oxford. Discreet. Invitation-only.

"The courses that survived the wave of AI automation at Helene Fuld were the ones nobody could replace with software," Rice says. "Small seminars built around storytelling and folklore. Oral as much as textual."

"A nurse is often the first and the last person to touch you in life. Helene Fuld was built to support nurses from underserved communities. When they graduate, the college president tells them: 'From this day forward, you will no longer be poor. Nursing itself is about holding the spiritual and the material together without contradiction, and that requires a huge amount of inner strength.'"

Former Mayor Zorastani Makes Amends

The day after the Crown Heights salon, former mayor Zorastani and Raj invited Monique to dinner at Cipriani on Wall Street. Afterward, the three walked to the ferry station and along Battery Park.

"The Forz Corporation needs to be brought to justice, and eventually it will be," the former mayor says. "But if I lose years off my life in the meantime, Forz will have won. I'm going to take a page out of Raj's book, and seek balance."

"Join us in the story circle," Raj tells her. "Or start your own."

Monique smiles. "There's a line often attributed to Faulkner: that a story is a campfire in the woods, and the brighter it burns, the more clearly it reveals the darkness that surrounds it."

The three stand at the railing above the harbor. The Statue of Liberty is just visible in the distance, ringed in fog. Raj looks at it for a long moment and says nothing.

The storytelling movement has no formal name yet, no nonprofit filing, no board of directors. What it has is a brownstone parlor in Crown Heights, a circle of chairs, and forty-two young people building a world together out of words. In this world, zombies are patient. They sit with the elders. They have come back for what matters.

David Leo Rice is a novelist, animator, and surrealist fiction writer whose books include *A Room in Dodge City* and *The Berlin Wall*; he co-hosts the podcast *Wake Island*. He currently teaches English and literature at Helene Fuld College of Nursing in Harlem, where his seminars draw on folklore, oral tradition, and the spiritual traditions his students bring from Haiti, West Africa, the Caribbean, and the Philippines. David Leo Rice is a novelist, animator, and surrealist fiction writer whose books include *A Room in Dodge City* and *The Berlin Wall*; he co-hosts the podcast *Wake Island*. He currently teaches English and literature at Helene Fuld College of Nursing in Harlem, where his seminars draw on folklore, oral tradition, and the spiritual traditions his students bring from Haiti, West Africa, the Caribbean, and the Philippines.

This is What The Builders of CE Tokens Never Thought Would Happen

"Artists had been fighting the AI labor theft question for years without a legal mechanism that worked," says Dr. Fatima Osei, an education economist who consulted on the system's early design. "CE spoke the same language. It said: your work counts. People wanted to believe it."

Riawv B. wanted to believe it. He uploaded his entire archive — twenty-one years of exhibitions, teaching appointments, studio visits, reviews — watching each entry resolve into a confirmed node. I'm not a huge believer in this sort of thing, he remembers thinking. But what did I have to lose?

He would spend the next year finding out. CE verified his history without difficulty. It then classified his income prospects as highly inconsistent and his account as elevated risk. The technology had produced, with considerable precision, an exact description of the problem it had promised to solve.

The deeper contradiction arrived with the city's UBI expansion in the early 2040s. As automation displaced workers across sectors, the city issued stipends to those in transition — including a substantial portion of the creative workforce. The CE risk algorithm read those stipends not as a bridge, but as a confession. A person

receiving a city stipend to make art was, in the algorithm's judgment, a person who was not working. Two systems designed to help had combined to push artists further outside the economy than before.

Last May, adjunct instructors marched against the incorporation of CE scores into university hiring decisions. Riawv B. attended. He stood near the edge of the crowd, took a photo, posted it to the flow. Within days his access card stopped updating. Within two weeks, 847 other accounts showed the same flag. By July the number exceeded six thousand — drawn not only from marchers but from people who had reposted coverage, or simply written critically about CE

in public forums.

The explanation arrived in a leaked internal memo: automatic behavioral risk escalation. Attending a protest qualified.

So did posting about one. The credential system designed to recognize invisible labor had built, somewhere in its architecture, a mechanism for making troublesome workers invisible.

But the blocked accounts had done something unintended: they produced a list. Six thousand flagged accounts, each belonging to someone who now knew they shared a credential status, a grievance, and a paper trail. The atomization that had kept cultural workers isolated for decades — each managing precarity alone, in their own studio, on their own adjunct contract — was briefly, accidentally reversed by the bureaucracy trying to suppress them. They formed the Unverifiable Workers Coalition in October. By January they had nine thousand members.

Their demand was precise and considerably more threatening than abolition: restructure the token's risk model to recognize cultural labor on its own terms, and formally link CE to the long-stalled AI Creative Labor Compensation framework. CE, it turned out, had accidentally built the infrastructure the AI labor fight had always lacked — a permanent, verifiable, blockchain ledger of creative work that could not be

quietly altered.

"CE was trying to count labor that the economy ignored," says Osei. "The Unverifiable Workers flipped the question. They said: you've already counted it. Now make the machines pay for what they took."

Riawv B's account still reads Not Displayable. In his studio, surrounded by twenty-two years of making things in this city, he has been thinking differently about what the ledger contains.

"I uploaded everything," he says. "I thought I was asking for credit, asking to finally enter the economy. It turns out I may have been building evidence."

The City Council vote is scheduled for April. Across the city, nine thousand members of the Unverifiable Workers Coalition are waiting — flagged, blocked, and in possession, for the first time in twenty years of losing, of exactly the kind of documentation that tends to make large institutions very nervous indeed.

Elyn Jin is a student at NYU



Crowds Wait to Use the CE Machines

Drawing: Lindsay Liang. Digital Color: Katherine Dominguez

POLICIES IN THIS ISSUE A-I

- 26-Hour Work Standards Act** - 2044 (pending) IWP City Council legislation: competing mayoral pilot called "a delay dressed up as a compromise." Independent Workers' Party
- 6/360 food framework** - 2040s 60% of food within 360 miles; Crown Heights Tenant Gardeners, contested by OnlyLocallyProduce. The New Literacy
- AI Creative Labor Compensation framework** - long-stalled legislation: compensating artists for AI scraping linked to CE restructuring by Unverifiable Workers Coalition. Not Displayable
- AI grievance hologram industry (unregulated)** - 2038-2044 1 in 6 families used hologram grief services since 2040; regulatory frameworks lagged far behind. The Long Goodbye
- Behavior Management System (BMS)** - 2030s AI behavior scoring in NYC schools: "You cross the BMS, you cross the road." Not in Our Neighborhood
- Big Barter / A-Hu** - 2030s-2044 W.E.B. Du Bois-based barter system: activated city-wide after the 2032 Flood. Audited, five boroughs. The Earth Is the Critical Asset
- BLM private server organizing** - 2020 Activists ran private servers outside platforms cooperating with law enforcement. How New York Learned to Read the Ballot
- BQE replacement / Interborough Express expansion** - 2044 (proposed) Mayor Nurse: replace BQE with light rail. Brooklyn Bridge Park extension, \$14B in infrastructure bonds. The Road to Somewhere
- BQE scaffolding installation** - 2044 Safety setting under all twelve BQE miles after collapse killed two employees
- campment residents.** The Federal program linked to devices, platforms, and the integrated city. Art Class and the Blank Slate Epidemic
- CE tent settlement relocation** - 2044 400 food-displaced residents moved to transitional housing in East New York and Canarsie. The Road to Somewhere
- Brooklyn Marine Terminal mixed-use development** - 2040s Activists launched complete units in Red Hook, over half affordable; overdelivered against Atlantic Yards precedent. What a NYC Highschooler Needs to Graduate
- COBA strike** - 2044 Three-week correction officers' strike shut all youth detention programs including Gates of Hell, Gates of Hell
- Civies Deep Dive documentary** - 2044 FOG component: seniors produce neighborhood journalism projects mentored by working reporters. What a NYC Highschooler Needs to Graduate
- Creative Agency Deficit Syndrome (Blank Slate)** - 2033 DOB designation for cre-

- Commercial real estate collapse** - 2038 Collapsed co-working market converted out-of-borough buildings into informal studio shares. The City You Pay For
- Community fair-use license (Homespun networks)** - 2040s Framework for distributing publications through text-only local servers outside corporate platforms. The New Literacy
- Contribution Equity (CE) system** - 2038 City blockchain credential system translating cultural labor into tokens: contained hidden protest-suppression mechanism. Not Displayable
- CR Token system** - 2030-2044 Behavioral currency tracking system: disproportionately drew Black and Hispanic students. The Long Goodbye
- CUNY entrepreneurship bootcamp** - 2040s Two-week intensive: students launch complete businesses in a converted Harlem warehouse. Tacos Are Flying Through the Air
- CUNY entrepreneurship program** - 2038-2044 Matched degree and credential-track students for entrepreneurial partnerships across CUNY campuses. The Long Goodbye
- CUNY/SUNY adult literacy embedded network** - 2038-2044 Literacy programs inside libraries and health clinics in low-literacy communities across the five boroughs. NY Leaps to Highest Literacy Rankings
- CUNY/SUNY newsroom fellowship program** - 2038 Graduates placed in local newsrooms with first-year salary covered by philanthropic funds. NY Leaps to Highest Literacy Rankings
- CUNY/SUNY unretrofit philanthropic gift campaign** - 2038-2044 Maya Osei and Erica Marks secured public universities for neighborhood journalism programs. NY Leaps to Highest Literacy Rankings
- CUNY Immigrant Student Center for Resources and Research** - 2030-2044 City College resource center for immigrant students.
- Deferred action for childhood** - 2038-2044 City arts integration initiative (EPH)

- Educational Futures Integration Initiative (EPH)** - 2030 NYC AI integrated schooling program expanded over 14 years into under-resourced neighborhoods. Art Class and the Blank Slate Epidemic
- Election suspension and restart** - early 2030s Presidential elections suspended during post-Crash authoritarian period; restarted eight years before 2044. What a NYC Highschooler Needs to Graduate / NY Leaps to Highest Literacy Rankings
- Distributed Housing Stabilization Act** - 2041 Converted abandoned buildings into permanently affordable residential commons with legal tenure protections. A Newspaper, a Former Art School / The Road to Somewhere
- DOE Grow matching program** - 2044 Algorithm matching high school seniors across neighborhood seniors across neighborhoods for collaborative civic projects. What a NYC Highschooler Needs to Graduate
- ACA (Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals)** - 2012-ongoing Federal program: testing undocumented immigrants brought as children. Tacos Are Flying Through the Air
- DIY mesh-net movement** - 2020-2044 Began during BLM; by late 2030s, 60-70% of under-30s used distributed networks as primary information; restarted eight years before 2044. What a NYC Highschooler Needs to Graduate / NY Leaps to Highest Literacy Rankings
- Distributed Housing Stabilization Act** - 2041 Converted abandoned buildings into permanently affordable residential commons with legal tenure protections. A Newspaper, a Former Art School / The Road to Somewhere
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- Election suspension and restart** - early 2030s Presidential elections suspended during post-Crash authoritarian period; restarted eight years before 2044. What a NYC Highschooler Needs to Graduate / NY Leaps to Highest Literacy Rankings
- Forz Corporation chip mandate** - 2031 Subcutaneous AI vaccine device mandated by Mayor Zorastani during the Mutant Plague. Records withheld. When NYC's Youth Suffered from Possession
- Forz Corporation disclosure lawsuit** - 2039 Former Mayor Zorastani's ongoing suit seeking public disclosure of chip data and capabilities. When NYC's Youth Suffered from Possession
- Initiative 7 (Amazon-backed ballot measure)** - 2044 Proposed: redirecting 70% of city energy to AI data infrastructure; obligated after \$60M campaign. How New York Learned to Read the Ballot
- FULLSIS program** - 2033-2044 City arts education program using embodied, device-free methods to restore creative agency in students. Art Class and the Blank Slate Epidemic
- Bitcoin cliff-drop** - 2030s Three thousand banks failed in 72 hours; unemployment hit 25 percent; two-party dominance ended. Independent Workers' Party
- ICE school-zone raids** - late 2020s Federal enforcement in school zones drove immigrant families to keep children home for months. NY Leaps to Highest Literacy Rankings / Not Displayable / The Long Goodbye
- Initiative 7 (Amazon-backed ballot measure)** - 2044 Proposed: redirecting 70% of city energy to AI data infrastructure; obligated after \$60M campaign. How New York Learned to Read the Ballot

Policies Continue in Section 2, Page 7

FIND YOUR NEW CITY

at BMI



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K-12 ARTSED

ART CLASS & THE BLANK SLATE EPIDEMIC

After a decade of cuts, New York's schools discover that art class provided the skill they couldn't afford to lose

Reported from the imagination of Ms Kelly
Written by Noah Fischer

It's nine AM and twenty-five thirteen-year-olds walk south down 5th Avenue, turning uphill toward Sunset Park. They are blindfolded. Each has a hand on a rope controlled by two teachers keeping them from wandering into traffic. Occasionally they stop, grab the boxy film cameras around their necks, point them in a random direction, and click the shutter. They have no idea what they're shooting. That's the point.

Such sights have become common across all five boroughs — kids navigating by sound and touch, students singing on traffic medians timed to the whoosh of the city's networked autonomous traffic, dozens of kids pressing paper against buildings, trees, manhole covers, capturing the city's texture in graphite. All of it is FULLSL8, the city's newest answer to what educators call the Blank Slate epidemic.

Blank Slate
"Drawing something on a blank paper became, at some point, just not something they could do," says Ms. Kelly, a middle school art teacher in Brooklyn, and one of FULLSL8's co-founders. "The brainstorming stage was always the hardest thing to teach. But there was a time when I could get them there — those were the magic moments I was always chasing. Then that started to close down."

The problem wasn't recognized as an epidemic until the floods of the early 2030s knocked out the power grid. City emergency workers began encountering something that didn't fit any existing category.

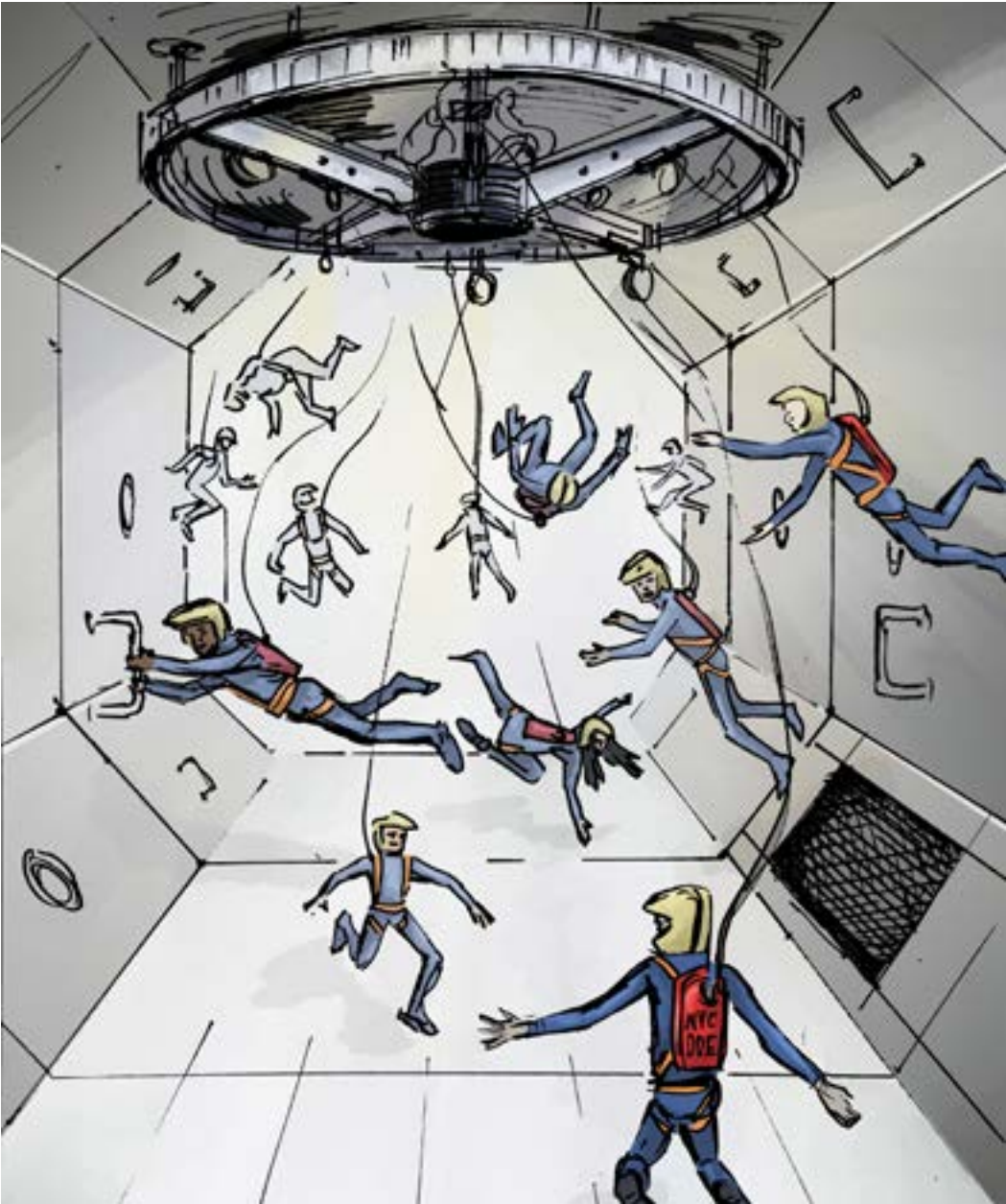
"We'd find young people just sitting in immobile groups, heads down, like their batteries had died," says Deputy Commissioner Andrés Villanueva of the Office of Emergency Management. "They couldn't consult their devices, so they couldn't answer a single question. We ended up holding hundreds of them at the old 72nd Precinct — just waiting for the power to come back on. It was pretty sad, actually."

The conditions had been building for years — through devices, games, embedded school platforms, and eventually the integrated chip, a subcutaneous AI prosthetic adopted by roughly a third of NYC public school students within three years of its 2031 release. By 2033, the DOE had a name for it: Creative Agency Deficit Syndrome. Teachers called it Blank Slate.

"You can't have art without intention," Ms. Kelly says. "And if there's no intention, there's nothing. I'd have students in front of a blank paper with a full hour and nothing would come. They genuinely felt there was nothing they could say or express by themselves."

Ms. Kelly is floating. So are her students.

The FULLSL8 Zero Gravity Simulation Tank sits in a smooth white sphere adjacent to the American Museum of



Ms Kelly's Class enjoys the Low Gravity Simulation Tank at Museum of Natural History

Pen and Ink Drawing: Noah Fischer. Digital Color: Katherine Domínguez

Natural History. The students are harnessed into motorized cables that perfectly counterbalance their weight. It is the most sought-after field trip destination in the five boroughs. Schools apply eight months in advance.

"We want you to be quite a bit disoriented," Ms. Kelly says, directing toward the center. "You will create from what you find."

A sensor pulses. A seventh grader named Tomás is pressed against the far wall, eyes wide. His printer spits out a slip the size of a fortune cookie fortune: You don't have to move. Just feel the wall against your back. He reads it. Looks up to see her near, smiling. He nods once. With thirty students, it is not unlike conducting an orchestra.

"They Genuinely Felt There Was Nothing They Could Say or Express by Themselves."

It is the end of the semester. The classroom started the year as a clean white space — intentionally blank. Now the long wall is covered in rubbings: the diamond grid of a manhole cover, the grain of a London plane tree, a building cornerstone reading 1924. Above them,

photographs — some crisp, some motion-blurred — from the blindfold walk.

One is Amara's. She spent most of the semester insisting she was bad at art. Her photograph shows ghostly streaks of passing delivery vehicles, a lamppost cutting through the frame, and in the lower left corner, her own hand, slightly out of focus, reaching out. She is mesmerized by it.

In the corner, a science teacher explains hypothesis formation to students beginning the semester's final project. They will design their own studies, collect their own data, make something from it that no algorithm proposed.

What will they make?

They'll be the ones to decide that. That's the point.

"The goal is to help them have an idea," says Ms. Kelly. "To help them become people who could feel something and then decide what to do with it. Who didn't need to transfer their agency to a computer." She pauses. "That's what art is."

2044

New York 2044

Ms Kelly is a pseudonym for a Middle School Art Teacher in a Public School in Brooklyn

New York 2044



Middle School Students on their Blindfolded Walk Through Sunset Park, Brooklyn

Pen and Ink Drawing: Luna Soledad Fischer. Digital Color: Noah Fischer



DEAR AUNTIE NYC

Dear Auntie NYC,

My CE score turned orange three weeks ago and I have no idea why. I haven't been to a protest. I did repost a meme about the subway being late, but that's just journalism. My building access still works but my equipment loan at the university got flagged. I'm a nursing student. I borrow a blood pressure cuff. What is happening? — Confused in Harlem

Dear Confused,

Auntie has heard this story before. The meme was probably fine. The algorithm, however, has opinions about everything. Submit your supplementary documentation, keep copies of every automated response, and find the person two years ahead of you who already navigated this. There is always someone two years ahead of you. Also: learn to take blood pressure manually. It is a skill that will outlast every platform ever built. — Auntie NYC

Dear Auntie NYC,

My family wants to get a hologram of my grandmother. She died six weeks ago. I understand the technology exists and that it can be very lifelike. My feeling is that this is a terrible idea but I am outvoted three to one. Is there anything useful I can say at the next family meeting? — Outvoted in Flatbush

Dear Outvoted, Say this: the hologram is not her. Say it once, clearly, before anyone turns it on. Say it not as an objection but as a preparation — because the lifelikeness is exactly what makes it dangerous, and your family deserves to walk in with their eyes open. You are not wrong to be worried. You are also not wrong to let your family grieve in the way they need to. Both of these things can be true. Make sure there is someone — a real person, not a subscription — in the room when they first meet her. — Auntie NYC

Dear Auntie NYC,

I am a former warehouse logistics coordinator. I now work twenty hours a week as a building systems technician. On my days off I have been taking a painting class on Willis Avenue. I am bad at painting. My teacher says this doesn't matter. Does it matter? — Bad Painter, Mott Haven

Dear Bad Painter,

It does not matter. Auntie will go further: the badness is part of the point. You spent how many years being a function, moving things efficiently from one place to another, optimized and measurable? Now you are making something with your hands that is bad and yours and exists in the world for no reason except that you made it. That is not a small thing. That is, depending on your politics, either a human right or a revolutionary act. Keep going. Auntie wants to see what you make by October. — Auntie NYC

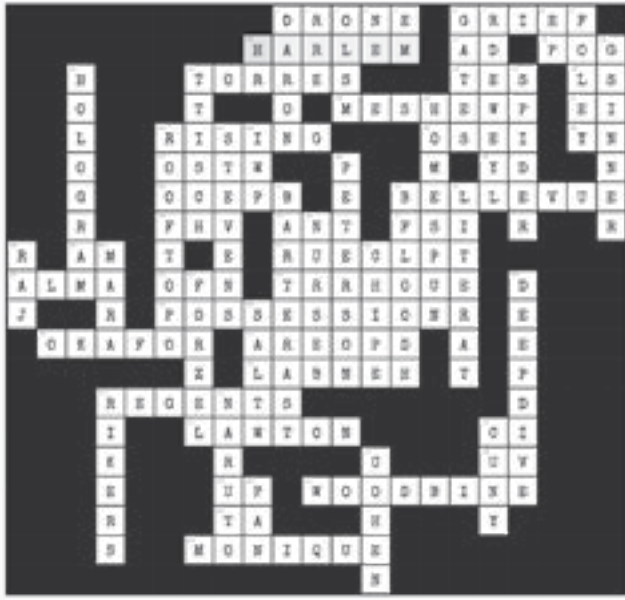
Dear Auntie NYC,

There is a barter tent on Fordham Road near my apartment. I have been watching it for three weeks from across the street. I don't know what I have to offer. I am a 54-year-old retired transit worker. I know how subway doors work. I know how to fix things. I don't know if that counts. — Watching from the Bronx

Dear Watching,

It counts. It counts enormously. Auntie wants you to cross the street. The whole premise of the barter network is that your labor has value the cash economy never learned to price — and a person who knows how things work, how they break, and how to fix them is exactly the kind of person the network was built for. The amber light means available to trade. You don't need an appointment. You just need to cross the street. — Auntie NYC

Crossword Answers



HOUSING WANTED / OFFERED — NY2044 Classifieds Student & Creative Worker Listings — May2044

WANTED

Distributed Tisch MFA student, Lagos-based, needs Bushwick studio share for 3-week spring intensive. Quiet, clean, own equipment. CE score available on request. DM @dariuseditsbklyn

Seeking room in cooperative housing arrangement, any borough. McNair Scholar, full-time researcher, non-smoker. Will contribute to household CE mutual aid pool. References from John Jay provided.

Two adjunct instructors seeking 2BR, preferably near transit. Combined teaching load = 6 courses. CE status: orange but under review. We are reliable. We have always been reliable.

Newly arrived São Paulo film cohort (8 people) needs 2-week block housing, spring intensive. Bunk situation fine. We have slept on worse. Contact residency coordinator @tischsaopaulo

UBI recipient, visual art-

ist, seeking studio-share with other CE-flagged creatives. Not a flight risk. Just unverifiable.

Seeking sublease, May-June. Nursing student, Helene Fuld. Early hours, very quiet, will water your plants and not ask questions about the mold.

Graduate student in ecology/sustainability seeks room near CCNY or Bronx. Currently working with urban garden collective. Can offer vegetables, mutual aid, community.

John Jay senior, Environmental Club treasurer, needs affordable room. Budget: \$800. I know. I know.

Looking for cooperative housing with shared kitchen. MFA sculpture student, work involves occasional use of plaster and resin. Ventilation preferred but negotiable.

Seeking 30-day rotating studio share, Bushwick or Mott Haven. Filmmaker, own gear, no drama, will contribute to building CE infrastructure if collective is organized.

IWP member and union educator seeks room near Staten Island Ferry. 20-hour workweek means I am home a lot. I cook. I am good at meetings.

Undocumented student, CUNY community college, seeks safe and stable room. References from McNair program and campus advisor. Please, just a room.

Two DACA students seeking shared 2BR, any borough with reliable subway access. Clean, employed, involved in campus environmental org. CE scores: green.

Adjunct seeking housing NOT contingent on CE verification status. Will pay first, last, security in cash equivalent. Long story.

Visiting artist, Berlin exchange program, needs 6-week sublet. Works in printmaking. Minimal footprint. Speaks four languages, mostly stays quiet.

Former warehouse worker, now building systems

tech on new 20-hour schedule, seeks affordable room in Mott Haven or Hunts Point. Paint supplies may be involved. Recently discovered I like to paint.

Seeking cooperative living situation with other cultural workers. Prefer building with CE mutual aid pool already established. Tired of navigating this alone.

NYU Prison Education Program instructor seeks room near transit to multiple boroughs. Odd hours. Very principled. Great references.

Graduate student, Teachers College Columbia, researching youth media and political expression. Seeks sublet near 125th St. CE: green. Lease: flexible.

Sculptor, NYU BFA, works in wood, metal, plaster, foam. Seeks studio-share with other 3D artists or makers. Materials small but I am otherwise ideal.

Film student, distributed program, in NYC for

residency only. Need 10 days in April, 10 in October. Willing to pay full month's share for right situation. Just need a key and a bed.

Union organizer, IWP field operations, seeks room in any outer borough. Travel constantly. Basically looking for somewhere to store clothes and sleep 4 nights a week.

Seeking housing near Crossroads Juvenile Center, Brownsville. Art educator, weekly program. Need stability. Program depends on it.

Two nursing students, Helene Fuld, seeking 2BR near Harlem. We work opposite shifts. You will barely know we're there.

Seeking cooperative housing near CUNY system campus. Adult learner, returning student, single parent. CE score pending remediation review. Situation complicated. Person: reliable.