



2019 Year-End Report



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Dear Residents, Stakeholders, and Concerned Citizens,

2019 was a busy and fruitful year for the Department of Reflection (DoR), highlights from which you'll find in this report.

In May we were retroactively founded in the summer of 2018 to coincide with the start of the Art in Public Life Residency, a first-of-its-kind artist residency spearheaded by Natalia Zuluaga at Oolite Arts with the goal of embedding an artist within the City of Miami Beach's Environment and Sustainability Department and "provide a fresh perspective in helping the city address the challenge of sea level rise and improve its overall resiliency."

DoR is a multifaceted response to the issues and needs i've encountered over the year and a half spent in Miami Beach. First and foremost it is an organizing structure to make space for creative, artistic, and affective forms of communication about issues related to and exacerbated by the climate crisis. Its focus is on the hyper-local and so we've mostly worked with local artists, writers, performers, scientists, thinkers, and other practitioners from the region.

As a non-traditional middle ground and meeting point between a municipality and its community, DoR needed a space or "Main Office" to explore together. To this effect we took over Miami Beach's iconic and long-empty Collins Park Rotunda for three months, filling it with interactive features by 25 collaborators and a flexible installation that included a 16-foot in diameter conference table and a listening station made entirely of sandbags, amongst other features. Over the course of our time at the Rotunda, the Main Office hosted workshops, performances, readings, discussions, presentations, and meals by local and invited practitioners, as well as seven municipal meetings, establishing and fostering new community relationships. A huge success, we were sad to leave the Rotunda in November, however, portions of the Main Office now live on at the Miami Design Preservation League's Art Deco Museum and at Oolite Arts, and will continue to live on nomadically.

Extending our reach to many out-of-town visitors, we also presented our *Reflecting Pools* at Untitled, Art during Miami Art Week. A temporary public water feature consisting of two reflecting pools with walls made of sandbags and two industrial gas-powered water pumps, like those used for emergency flooding situations, the public installation was activated daily by operators Jenna Carr Balfe and Dennis Brewster Fuller, with live musical accompaniment by Oscar Bustillo and Miles Hancock. In the midsts of the overflowing week, the *Reflecting Pools* became a site for communal public reflection on the very real embodied implications of sea level rise mitigation and resiliency efforts.

In the pages of this year-end report you will find a collection of information i like to call "affective data." In the spaces of government and politics that i've come in contact with over the past nearly two years, i've found much of what is valued, holds attention, and influences change is data. Most people like quantifiable results. Art, and the creative thinking that comes before and after it, feeds off of and builds affect. In some ways affect is a synonym for lobbying (as it is for persuasion). And so, the power of creative, nuanced, and layered affect is thus here presented in these pages, particularly under the "Findings" and "Recommendations" sections towards the middle of the report. i hope you'll particularly take your time reading and reflecting on these sections.

2020 will be just as busy for us, as we continue our free public programming in Miami Beach with a series of nomadic events and start to branch out beyond the barrier island. As always, we invite you to join us on this mission. Come to one of our events or, better yet, join the team which you can do by proposing programming or joining our committee.

We thank you to very much for your support and hope to see you in 2020!

Appreciatively,
misael soto, Director



Our Mission

We are dedicated to harnessing the access afforded to the artistic by facilitating internal and external moments of municipal inquiry and exchange. We achieve this via the direct foiling of institutions entrusted to take action, thus creating opportunities for deliberate and purposeful inaction. The Department of Reflection (DoR) operates under the belief that it is just as important for government to be vulnerable as it is strong, trusting that moments of vulnerability and reflection lead to greater understanding and multifaceted growth.

Since May 2018, DoR has worked with the Environment & Sustainability Department of the City of Miami Beach. Through said department, we work directly with and alongside other city departments, aligning ourselves with Miami Beach's goals while presenting alternative perspectives via critical internal dialogue and supplementary forms of public engagement. Working under the acknowledgement that Miami Beach is a vital leader in Miami-Dade County and the entire South Florida region, and as such is oftentimes responsible for setting trends and new standards, DoR views its role(s) within the city as applying locally, regionally, and globally.

With self-appointed authority (in collaboration with the appropriate city officials and departments), and through historical research and interdepartmental inquiry we investigate the past, identifying patterns within. Harnessing this information, we create original participatory investments in community place-making, facilitating dialogue and exchange amongst municipal staff, residents, and one another. Moments of reflection big and small are the result. Through these efforts DoR becomes a post-governmental intermediary between stakeholders, as well as a platform for healthy public critique, influencing future decision-making.

Currently our focus is on the City of Miami Beach's implementation of climate crisis mitigation efforts and sea level rise adaptations. We strive to point to and expose areas which are typically hidden from or overlooked by residents and tourists, confronting observers with what's at stake. As an informed and embedded outsider, our job is not to help move public opinion in any one direction, but instead to facilitate dialogue and deepen mutual understanding towards common solutions. We achieve this in part by recognizing that the city is here to work for its citizens. In short, DoR wants citizens to care, and with all the facts in front of them.

DoR is represented by its Director, misael soto, as well as a robust group of creative contributors. We are a burgeoning department still learning as we endeavor; in flux, ever growing, changing, and adapting to better serve the municipalities we work with. We invite you to join us on this mission!



Our Director



Misael Soto is the Director of the Department of Reflection, where they direct themselves as well as an ever-changing group of volunteers and creative collaborators on an undisclosed annual budget. Since founding the Department of Reflection in 2018, Misael has been a transformational and innovative leader who has continuously applied their more than 10 years of experience to best serve all City of Miami Beach stakeholders. Misael's most notable accomplishment includes developing and implementing the "Sand" project, a public installation that engaged about 500 residents and visitors directly, as well as countless passersby over the course of one month in the Fall of 2018.

Dialogue & Collaboration

The Department of Reflection is committed to keeping its doors open to all in the community and carries an ongoing invitation to those who feel they have something to contribute to our mission. We periodically invite practitioners in applicable fields to join us in our mission, sharing our access and resources, facilitating their efforts, and providing public platforms to share their work with the community. What can we teach each other when we take a pause from our routine and decide to make ourselves vulnerable?

A great deal of what DoR does is public programming including lectures, workshops, discussions, screenings, and performances. Produced by us with a growing group of community collaborators, together we push our mission further and wider.

Committee

The Department of Reflection's Committee is a dynamic group of determined volunteers eager to work with the Department in making a difference. With our inaugural meeting in September, this group of area residents and regional collaborators has met periodically with Department staff to discuss and inform each other, bring personal concerns to the table, and assist in furthering the Department's various agendas. The Reflection Committee's input focuses on how to strategically use and better leverage the direct access the Department of Reflection has to participating municipalities and institutions (currently the City of Miami Beach). Want to join us? Email info@departmentofreflection.org to learn how!



By the Numbers

Attendance

2,000 (Estimate of individual impressions)

Collaborators

25 (Local and National artists, writers, poets, musicians, journalists, scientists, activists, and civic leaders)

Newly Comissioned Projects

26 (Performances, presentations, workshops, discussions, installations, stories, poetry collections, zines, and meals)

Speaking Engagements, Residencies, and Institutional Partnerships

9 (Past and Upcoming)

- Oolite Arts, Miami Beach, FL (May, 2018 - May, 2020)
- International Association of Curators of Contemporary Art, Perez Art Museum Miami, Miami, FL (May, 2019)
- Americans for the Arts National Arts Roundtable, Sundance, UT (September, 2019)
- Alliance of Artist Communities Conference, Saint Paul, MN (October, 2019)
- UNTITLED, Art, Miami Beach, FL (December, 2019)
- Common Field Convening, Houston, TX (April, 2020)
- José Martí Park, Miami, FL (May, 2020)
- Bemis Center for Contemporary Arts, Omaha, NE (May - August, 2020)
- Santa Fe Art Institute, Santa Fe, NM (September, 2020)

Highlights



Main Office, at the Historic Collins Park Rotunda (September - November, 2019)

Designed as a reflection of Miami Beach City Hall's interior spaces, the site will become a hub, meeting place, and flex space for the Department of Reflection; giving the public insight into our current research and work with the City of Miami Beach. The department's Main Office will be an approachable and dialogue-friendly environment, free and open to the public. Exchange around Miami Beach's sea level rise and climate change mitigation efforts, and their effects locally, regionally, and globally will be encouraged via:

- Interactive installations
- Public events
- Booklegger's Library
- Bicycle Rental and more!





Ribbon Cutting Ceremony with Miami Beach Vice Mayor and Commissioner Ricky Arriola, Ray Breslin (Chairman Collins Park Neighborhood Association), and Elizabeth Wheaton (Director Environment & Sustainability Department).



Liz Ferrer and Sebastian Duncan-Portuondo riding Laurencia Strauss's *Advice Bike*.



Lee Pivnik sharing the Institute of Queer Ecology's hybridized publication project and exhibition *Common Survival*.

BFI panel discussion at DoR. A talk with Hayden Dunham and Katerina Llanes in partnership with the Bass Museum of Art's OVERTIME.



Interdepartmental exchange with the Environment and Sustainability Department.

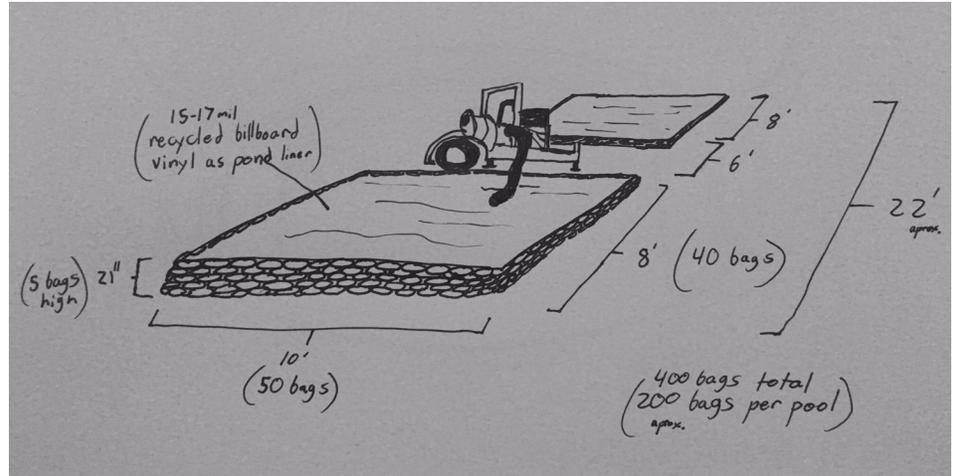


Office clocks with world cities which had erupted in protest. The office clocks, with dry erase surface underneath, were changed periodically to reflect different global concerns.



Reflecting Pools, at UNTITLED, Art, Lummus Park, during Miami Art Week (December 3-9, 2019)

Reflecting Pools was a temporary public water feature consisting of two reflecting pools with walls made of sandbags and two industrial gas-powered water pumps, like those used for emergency flooding situations. The public installation was activated daily by operators Jenna Carr Balfe and Dennis Brewster Fuller, with live musical accompaniment by Oscar Bustillo and Miles Hancock.



concept drawing





Selected Press

WLRN Miami | South Florida

Live Radio - WLRN News HD1
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This New Department Of The City Of Miami Beach Is A Work Of Art. Literally.

By DANIEL RIVERO • OCT 24, 2019

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Sasha Wortzel and Archival Feedback perform inside the Department of Reflection
JUAN MATOS / COURTESY OF DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION

The newest department in the City of Miami Beach is something of a work of art. And, as such, you won't find it in City Hall but rather closer to the arts.

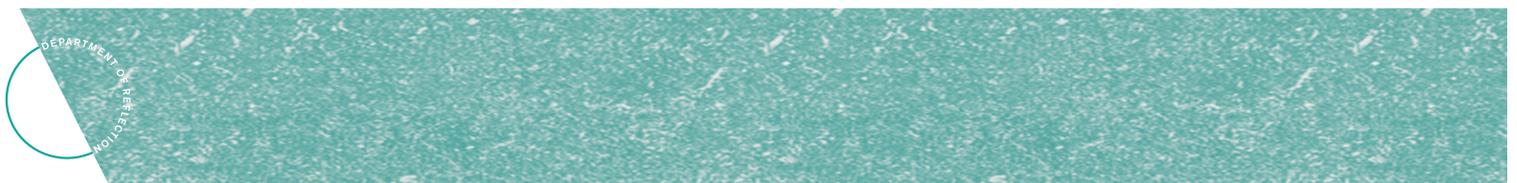
The Department of Reflection's current office is located in a circular building in front of The Bass art museum on Collins Avenue. When walking in, visitors are greeted by a floor mosaic made of a deconstructed disco ball, recalling the design found on the floor of the lobby in City Hall. Next to it, a collection of invasive plants masquerading as mundane office plants sit under a fluorescent ultraviolet light.

Listen
2:19

"The entrance kind of sets the tone for what I hope a lot of the discussions and thoughts to be about within the Department of Reflection," says artist Misael Soto, the brain behind the installation. "I want the Department to encourage people to

Listen to the WLRN radio piece here:

<https://www.wlrn.org/post/new-department-city-miami-beach-work-art-literally#stream/0>



question the narratives that we've been told throughout the years, the different stories and histories that in some cases are kind of taken for granted."

Soto is an artist in residence within the city of Miami Beach, something that grants the space a certain air of legitimacy as a government space. But the creation of the Department is "parafictional," he says.

"It's a fiction. It's my invention and it's what I consider the best way art can integrate with city government," says Soto. He decided to start the new Department when he was considering how to create a work of art with his residency that could create actual change in the way the government works.

"And my answer to that was to claim my own Department and just, fake it till you make it," he said.



Tom Scicluna presents a recently decommissioned City of Miami Beach submersible saltwater pumps as ready-made public sculpture. In the background is the Rotunda building, the temporary home for the Department of Reflection.
CREDIT COURTESY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION

The office has hosted meetings of various City of Miami Beach departments. The one-room office is centered around a circular table. On the walls, archival photos of Miami Beach hang alongside contemporary photos made to look archival, along with collages and a mini-library of local history. On the weekends, the space has hosted art exhibitions, lectures and talks, many of which revolve around climate change, local history and politics.

But a core goal of the Department is to help city officials -- elected or unelected -- better reflect on the decisions that they make. As such, the space lives somewhere between a museum with its penchant for archiving and contemplation, and a therapist's couch.

"Their job sometimes literally is to put out fires. They do a lot of reactionary work, and I'm not saying that in a judging way, it's the nature of what they have to do sometimes," says Soto of city officials. "What would help them every now and then is to look back, and do some inward soul searching every once in a while."

The Department opened its doors last month and has one more planned [event](#), on October 26th, before it has to leave the building. But Soto says he plans to keep the Department operational in some way at least until the end of his residency in May of 2020.



The Rotunda in Collins Park houses Misael Soto's *Department of Reflection*. | Photo by Suzannah Friscia

Misael Soto's New Installation in Collins Park Takes on Climate Change

SUZANNAH FRISCIA | OCTOBER 17, 2019 | 12:10PM

Entering *Department of Reflection*, a new art installation in Miami Beach, feels a bit like discovering a hidden cave or secret library. Inside the rotunda in Collins Park, noise outside fades away and a sense of calm and quiet pervades the dim circular space. A floor mosaic, whose tiles resemble tiny mirrors, greets guests at a door bathed in purple light, and a collection of potted plants fills an indentation in the wall.

That soothing feeling of escaping from the outside world for a moment was intentional, the installation's creator, Misael Soto, says. "I tried to give it this look and feel of 'city government meets the UN meets an art exhibition,'" Soto says, "and tried to think of it as a space that can hopefully seduce you in a way and calm you into some inward and outward reflection."

Designed to resemble the interior of a government office – complete with a large round meeting table and chairs, a bulletin board, and a water cooler with cups – the idea for the space came to Soto after the artist began working in the city manager's office with the Environment and Sustainability Department last summer. As the Art in Public Life resident, through a partnership between Oolite Arts and the City of Miami Beach, Soto has been researching the climate crisis and sea-level rise, learning more about Miami's municipal government by working closely with its officials, and creating public art projects such as last fall's *Sand: Amphitheater, Theater, Arena*.



Department of Reflection is a symbolic office space that invites visitors inside Misael Soto's process as an artist, asking viewers to question what's "real" and what it means for something to be "official." | Photo by Suzannah Friscia

"I have this seat at the table, so to speak," Soto says. "I have the city's attention, but on the other hand, it's only a foot in the door and I really have to take advantage of the opportunity. I felt like the quickest and most blunt way to do that was to just kind of declare my own department without actual authority and fake it until I made it."

The result is a symbolic office space that invites visitors inside Soto's process as an artist, asking viewers to question what's "real" and what it means for something to be "official." Upon entering the installation, guests encounter a variety of ways to interact with the contributions of the artists who collaborated on the project, beginning with mosaic work by Sebastian Duncan Portuondo.

A piece by Archival Feedback invites guests to sit on a chair made of sandbags and listen to recordings of shoreline sounds through a pair of headphones. Along one part of the wall, six clocks show the time in six cities, all of which are in coastal areas that sit at low sea level and have already begun to experience the negative effects of rising tides.

Dozens of handwritten notes line the wall like a horizon. It's part of Laurencia Strauss' *The Bubble Pops*, a project in which participants jot down their advice for handling adaptive experiences such as immigrating to a new country or surviving a hurricane. Pairs of visitors can rent the *Advice Bike*, a tandem bicycle that sits in the *Department of Reflection*, and listen to advice through speakers while they practice working together as one steers and the other pedals.



Clippings and collages inside the installation invite guests to explore the city's past and present iterations. / Photo by Suzannah Friscia

An area full of clippings and collages of maps invites spectators to explore the city's past and present iterations. Much of Miami Beach, for instance, used to be swampland. The plants at the entrance are all invasive species that have become ubiquitous in Miami and are increasingly used for landscaping. "I felt like using those plants could help complicate the narrative a little bit more – this question of returning things back to their original, natural cycles or ways of working," Soto says. "I don't think it's ever going to go back. I think learning from past mistakes is important, but also realizing that we're only moving forward."

Some of the pieces were first presented as part of Soto's *Sand* series, but viewers have a chance to engage for a longer term at the *Department*. Other details, such as the small basketball hoop connected to a mini Bookleggers Library cart, were taken directly from Soto's experiences at Miami Beach City Hall. (Mayor Dan Gelber is known for his love of basketball.)

Soto playfully draws inspiration from city government while parodying it a bit too. The artist purposely built the circular table so large it would be difficult to conduct a productive meeting there because people sitting across from one another would be too far away. "I really wanted to allude to the responsibility to community that is civic engagement," Soto says, "but also make it too big, to where you have to go back inward and really talk to the person next to you or just talk to yourself."

The reception desk at the entrance, too, was intentionally made too tall to serve its typical purpose. It's more of a partition, with no one there to greet guests or tell them where to go. "It's kind of this collapsing of the structures that are supposed to tell us how to interact with one another, and then hopefully creating space that reminds you of your own agency," Soto says.

Department of Reflection is open to the public every Saturday through October 26. Community members are invited to propose programming or request the space for meetings and events. Soto hopes it will help inspire the artist's next work. Soto also notes it can serve as a model for similar *Department* installations in other municipalities. For now, the space is a continual experiment and a work in progress. "Hopefully, by creating my own department, I can affect all of the departments and elected officials from there," Soto says, "and through this veneer of officiality, try to make everyone see that the climate crisis is everyone's job."

Misael Soto's *Department of Reflection*. Open 2 to 6 p.m. every Saturday through October 26 in the rotunda at Collins Park, 2100 Collins Ave., Miami Beach; departmentofreflection.org. Admission is free.

Meet the Miami Artists Combating Climate Change



Morel Doucet, 'The ocean dances over sun buttered mountains,' 2019, porcelain ceramics and slip cast, 8'x4'. | Photo by Morel Doucet



NICOLE MARTINEZ
JUNE 20, 2019



[Save to Wishlist](#)

Meet six Miami artists raising awareness and galvanizing action around climate change, one of the city's most pressing issues.

Climate change is without question the single most important issue [facing Miami residents today](#). Rising sea levels continue to threaten the health and sustainability of marine ecosystems, and concern that climate gentrification is pricing out long-time residents from high-ground neighborhoods is rapidly spreading. As a result, [artists](#) are taking matters into their own hands: through sculpture, performance art, digital installations and exhibitions, six local artists are striving to build awareness around [Miami's](#) impending climate crisis.

Misael Soto

[Misael Soto](#) utilizes performance and installation to find actionable solutions to our climate crisis.

"I'm interested in how, even though increasingly we agree that climate change is real, we can't agree on what to do about it," explains Soto. According to the artist, he plays on the many layers of perception associated with this universal issue. "Someone's opinions on it can reveal so much about who they are," he says. "People seem to be more open to this reveal when it concerns the environment and this is where I want to be – in a moment of mutual vulnerability."

Commissioned by Miami-based artist residency [Oolite Arts](#) as its first-ever [Art in Public Life](#) resident, Soto was tasked with creating a series of immersive works alongside his ongoing participation in Miami Beach's governmental policies around sustainability. So far, Soto has produced SAND: a three-phase program that constructed a forum out of thousands of sand bags. Soto invited artists, musicians, scientists and writers to present their own research or strategies for battling climate change within its walls.

Misael Soto, SAND, 2018
Courtesy of Misael Soto



COLLECTING

Diverse and Dynamic: Increasing Multiplicity at UNTITLED Miami

December 5, 2019

Words: Michael Anthony Farley



I really appreciated the lack of greenwashing in a commissioned project by The Department of Reflection (local artist Misael Soto's public art platform) installed in between Ocean Drive and the entrance to the tent. The installation comprises two reflecting pools made of sandbags, a material familiar to anyone who's lived in a flood zone. At certain times, a pianist plays the keyboard between them, only to be drowned out by seawater pumps furiously filling the pools. They're a reference to region's storm surge defense systems, which seem a little absurd and futile in the face of ever-rising sea levels.

The irony of the whole assemblage is compounded by the fact that it's all petroleum-powered engines and the audience ends up having to breath acrid exhaust. Something about the theatrical dystopian absurdity of it all made me think back to Miriam Simun's brilliant public work *GhostFood* presented by The Contemporary in Baltimore a few years ago, in which she had a futuristic food truck offering Silicon-Valley-startup-style replacements for endangered food products.

Findings

As an agent for exploration within the discourse of the climate crisis and sea level rise, and these issues' affective, emotional, and embodied influences on the local population and government, the Department of Reflection, together with its collaborators, has produced an array of findings (or documentation, ephemera, results, leftovers, etc).

*Note, this section also includes findings from 2018 not included in that year's report.

Contents

Internal

Sand: Amphitheater, Theater, Arena - Personal Notes, Bulletin Board detail, Sunset Karaoke Songlist

DoR Main Office - International Clocks, Map Collages

Collaborative

Donzii, Song lyrics to *Sand*, Performed at *Sand: Amphitheater, Theater, Arena*, October 28, and November 3 and 17 2018

Laurencia Strauss, Documentation and participants' advice from *Bubble Pops & Advice Bike*, Ongoing project, Comissioned by DoR, October 2018 - Present

Sebastian Duncan-Portuondo, *REPORT: Findings from TIDAL DISCOMosaic*, Commissioned by DoR, Installed September-Present

Jenna Carr Balfe, Personal Reflections on *Creative Lobbying* workshops, Comissioned by DoR, Conducted October 26 and December 8

Glenda Romauldo, *Map of Miami Beach with Poetry*, Commissioned by DoR, Written 2018-2019, Printed September

Nicole Salcedo, Zine and participants' results from *Befriending Mangroves* Workshop, Commissioned by DoR, Conducted October 12

Julian Pardo, *El Ritual del Sancocho*, Commissioned by DoR, Presented October 26

Tom Scicluna, *Public Structure*, Commissioned by DoR, Installed October-December

A.G., Presentation stills from *Let's not do this right now*, Presented December 21

Elite Kedan, *PITCHDECK*, Commissioned by DoR, Presented October 12

R. Borealis Taimond (aka Bow Ty), *La Zonificación Ideológica del Departamento de Reflexión*, Commissioned by DoR, Data collected from the public October 12

Jan & Dave (Janese Weingarten and David Kudzma), Excerpt from *Miami is Hot and Tempers Flare!*, Zine, Commissioned by DoR, Performed November 2018, Printed September

Sasha Wortzel, Excerpts from *Hurricane Season*, Commissioned by DoR, Presented September 29

Archival Feedback, Original proposal and results from *Sounding the Current (to the Atlantic, the FL Straits, the Gulfstream) Hymnal*, Performed publicly October 28, 2018, Listening station installed September, 2019

Nathaniel Sandler, Three images and one story ("18 White Men in a Lifeboat") from *War and Beach: Military Fictions of Miami Beach after World War 2*, Read to the public October 12

Mie Frederikke Fischer Christensen, Research notes and images with link to *Sand, Soldier, Sirene* and *On Erosion*, Commissioned by DoR, Presented 2018-Present

Willy Smart, Excerpt from and link to *Looking at a Mirror in the Dark and Seeing an Insect There*, Commissioned by DoR, Read October 26

Rob Goyanes, Excerpt and Link from *Hourglass*, Commissioned by DoR, Read October 26



i'll have to take it easy today. In the middle of the night i awoke to a radiating heat from my lower back. It wouldn't really let me go back to sleep and was a problem for the remaining 4 hours in bed. My lower back has been the conduit of recent frustrations, anxieties, and stress... and so i find it amazingly appropriate that my lower back is also the primary muscle area affected by the work i've been doing for the project. This project in many ways has also been a conduit with personal issues and frustrations and my back will most likely express an anger louder and louder before that anger is quelled by the rewards of strengthening which takes time and patience, focus and thoughtfulness.

Monday, Oct 22 (Day 5)

Two items stick to mind when thinking back at today. The first is Ghanon, a homeless woman who immediately found herself in the installation. She is schizophrenic and open about it and talks... a lot. She's clearly talented and smart, and ebbed and flowed throughout her time at the installation between useful observations and unnecessary and annoying commentary. I often wished to ask her to shut up of leave, but wouldn't want to over silence anyone or make anyone feel unwelcome at the installation. She plans to return often so i'm curious to see how her involvement plays out and hope we can find a place for her. The other item to stick was how towards the end of the day many different friends came through and lent a hand or just support. It felt like a dinner party that had brought many desperate people in my life together for a brief moment.

Beyond this, we reach the 3000 mark with the bags and i hope to start laying down the bags tomorrow. Volunteers: Elite, Lee, Alan, Sylvia, Maria, with Sharon, Michael, Christina, and Phillip.

Thoughts/Reminders...

This bit of writing is to think out and jot down why i'm doing this project... in order to be able to return to it, to remind myself later. Because i have been losing sight of the big picture. At times i've been getting too caught up in the minutiae of the piece, and that's been getting me down and fuzzing up my concentration. The piece is about creating a space that breaks down expectations and ~~preconceived~~ preconceived notions, and frames and facilitates cross-pollination, interrogation, healthy critique, and exchange. At first, for this, we need to listen. We need to open ourselves and take in all the info, viewpoints, and research that others have done. That's what Amphitheater is about. The second part of the process is happening last, which is the Arena. i really ~~believe~~ believe this day of programming will only work if there is a way to push all the voices involved to question one another and encourage an endless interrogation.

Tuesday, Oct 23

This was a great day. A dream team of volunteers pulled through, helping us easily get to 600 sand bags (now 2600 total) and tie almost all of the bags. All of a sudden i'm seeing a mass of bags. It's very impressive and invigorating.

Volunteers: ~~Sharon~~ John, Mitch, Elite, Maria, Parvati, Robert, and Monica.

Shannon, a local homeless woman, came by again. She hung out at the site yesterday and enjoys speaking to us. She informs us: "you know you're setting this up in someone's living room right?" She's open about her schizophrenia... along with many other aspects of her life. She spoke a lot about her new job at Trump's Dorset country club, where she just started the night cleaning shift. "Thanks, Trump! Maybe I'll clean Melania's towels!"

A T I O N

LIFT WITH THE LEGS, NOT

"... and we walked off
to look for America..."
~ Simon + Garfunkle

THE BACK!

Maria
estuvo aqui!
-love-

hi

POLAND ♥
LOVES MIAMI

GO BEIBI GO

BERLIN LOVES YOUR PROJECT!

Robert
here

GOOD
LUCK!



STAYO
SANDY

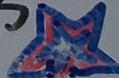


LUV
YOU
DAD ♥

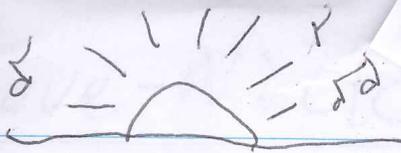
FOCUS
-Patience
-Accountability

Stunning
Artistic
Neat
Delightful
From
England.

Who needs a house
when you have a
SANDY THEATRE.
AMERICA
THIS IS!



SUNSET



KARAOKE

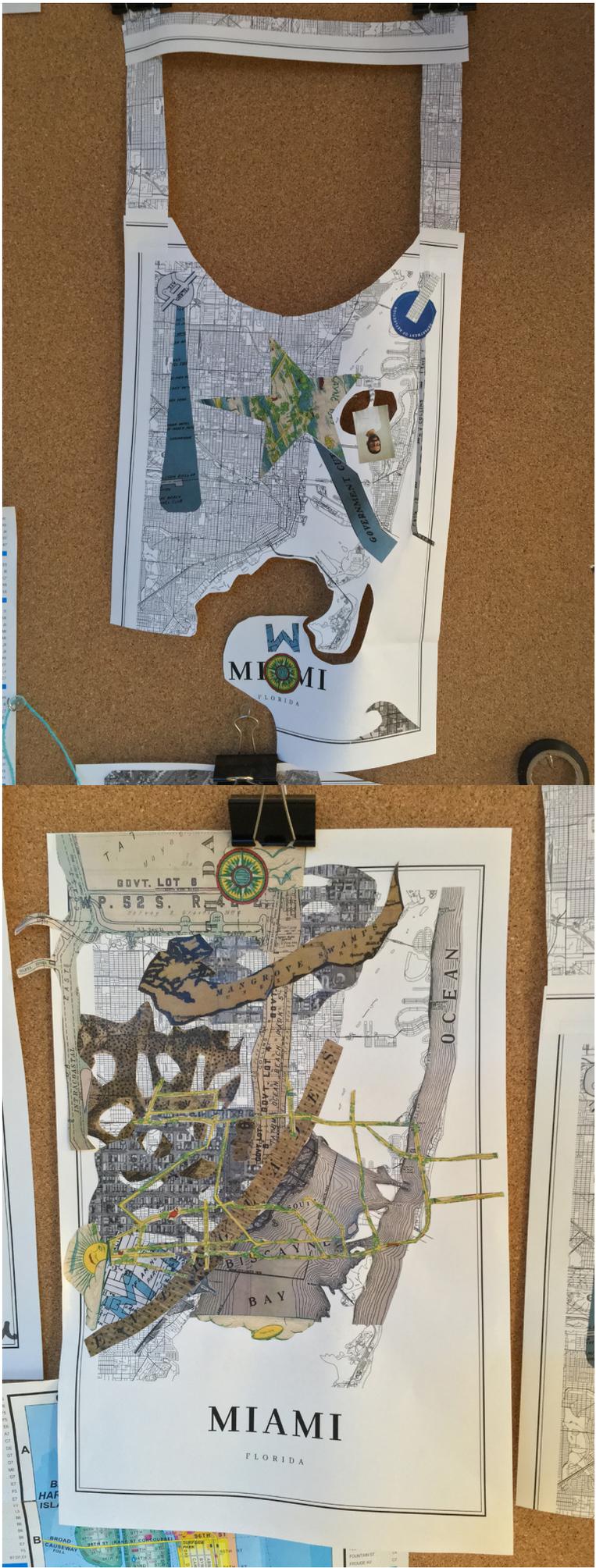
w/ JuJu Pie

Name	Song
✓ Layla	Shelley Duval - He Needs Me
✓ Misa	In Dreams - Roy Orbison
"	Bobby Jean
✓ Jenna	Do you really ^{want} make ^{me cry?}
✓ Germ	Fleetwood Mac - Rhiannon
✓ Layla	My heart will go on
✓ Jenna	Bjork - Joga
✓ Santi	Sigareta la lona - Papilosa ^{capitulos}
✓ Sam	Lovefood
✓ Veron	don't the rest ^{maybe} ^{this time}
Misa	That Way - Backstreet Boys
Layla	ABBA - Winner Takes it All
nick	All Along The Watchtower (Rob ^{JIM})
Sergi/Santi	El Rey - Vicente Fernandez
Coemmi	Suddenly Seymour
Misa	Backstreet Boys - I want it that

Map Collages

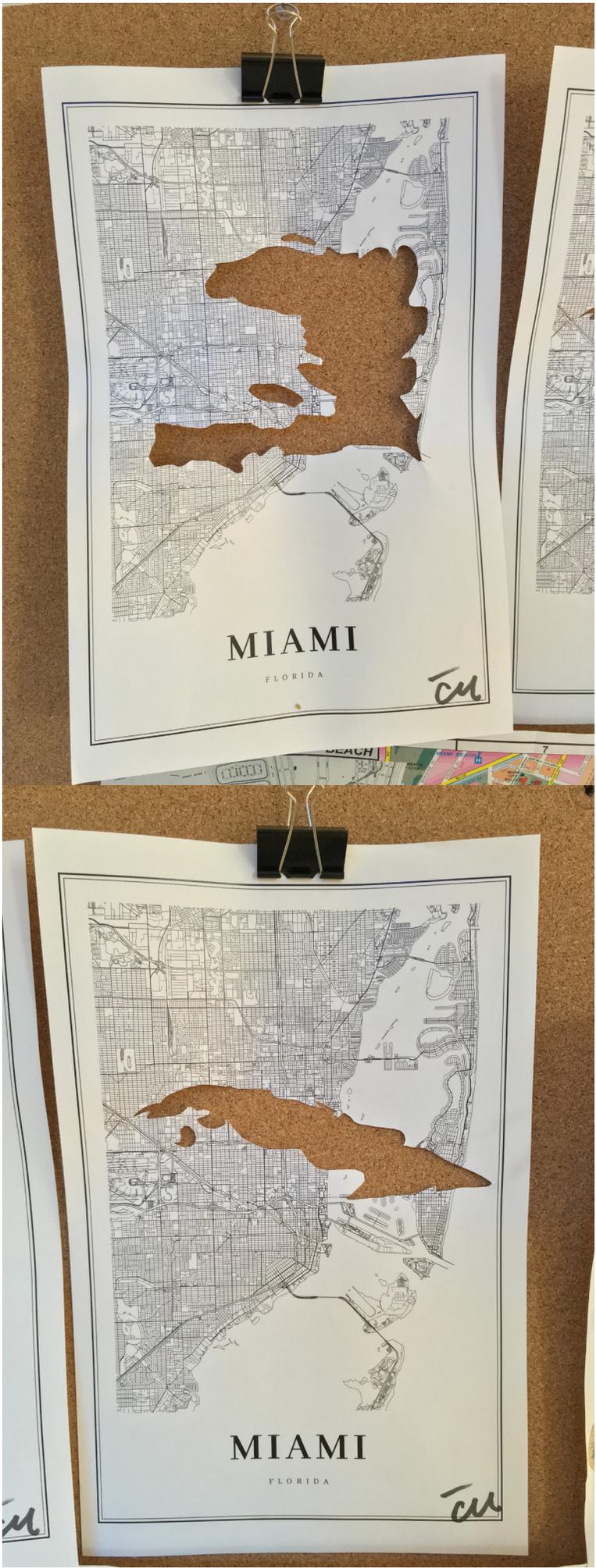
Made by department staff and visiting constituents.





Juan Luis Matos

Kefira Baron



Robert Colom

International Clocks

With an installation of six identical clocks we explore how global issues relate to the climate crisis, tracing them back to the local and vice versa. The first clock to the left is always set to Miami Beach. Periodically a different theme is chosen.



Global protests related to income inequality



Education (in collaboration with Ayesha Singh)

Donzii: Sand

The song "Sand" once upon a time was called "White Dove Sand". Donzii felt that re-naming the song to just "Sand" as we were performing as the house band for the *Sand: Amphitheater, Theater, Arena* made sense. And so it has come to pass that our hit track off of our second EP titled "gladugly" released on greymarket records is called "Sand".

- Jenna Carr Balfe, Donzii Frontwoman

Sand

**No one wants to live forever
I for one, prefer to die right now
Pretend you're dead and let the sun rise
Cause' freedom is beyond the living realm**

**Make haste forever
No one can control the hands of time
Pretend your dead and let the sun rise
Make a mistake and write in on your grave**

**Nothing takes the place of you
Cause time is material
And I've gone through you back to me**

**Nothing takes the place of you
Cause time is material
And I've gone through you back to me**

**No one wants to live forever
I for one, prefer to die right now
Pretend you're dead and let the sun rise
Cause' freedom is beyond the living realm**

**Nothing takes the place of you
Cause time is material
And I've gone through you back to me**

**Nothing takes the place of you
Cause time is material
And I've gone through you back to me**

Laurencia Strauss: *Bubble Pops & Advice Bike*

Laurencia Strauss first worked with DoR during 2018's *Sand: Amphitheater, Theater, Arena*, with her *Bubble Pops*, a participatory project that sees adaptive experiences, like immigrating or surviving a hurricane, as vital to our living cultural knowledge as we face changes due to sea level rise and the climate crisis. Popsicles are traded for advice at a mobile cart where participants are asked to consider an experience when they had to adapt and what advice they would give to others. In exchange, they receive a popsicle – vegan casts of Miami area snow globes – images of city-scapes at great risk for sea level rise impacts. As the forms are consumed, they melt and expose advice from a previous participant. The advice participants give is then engraved in English, Spanish, and/or Haitian Creole onto popsicle sticks for the next iteration of exchanges. These actions frame adaptive experiences as assets and link people as allies. Participation emphasizes the ecological concept of interdependence as it highlights capacity of self and the collective.

This collaboration was extended further the following year with Strauss's *Advice Bike* and an installation of advice-giving notes, collected via the *Bubble Pops* project, along the walls of DoR's entire main office at the Collins Park Rotunda. Participants are invited to check-out the bike plays recorded advice to riders from others about how to adapt as they experience adaptation with their co-rider. With the front chain removed, instead of the normative gender and power positions of a tandem bike, both riders are challenged to rely on each other as they make decisions together. The front rider steers and brakes as the back rider pedals. Isolating the components of the bike system requires the riders to engage in relational awareness and negotiations to propel the bike forward. This experience seeks to generate an embodied knowledge of interdependence - connecting individuals in our shared city and perhaps making it easier to even feel our global reliance on each other to attend to critical climate issues.

Below you'll find:

- Documentation from both interactive works
- Installation view from inside of DoR's main office
- Selection of notes with *Bubble Pops* participants' advice



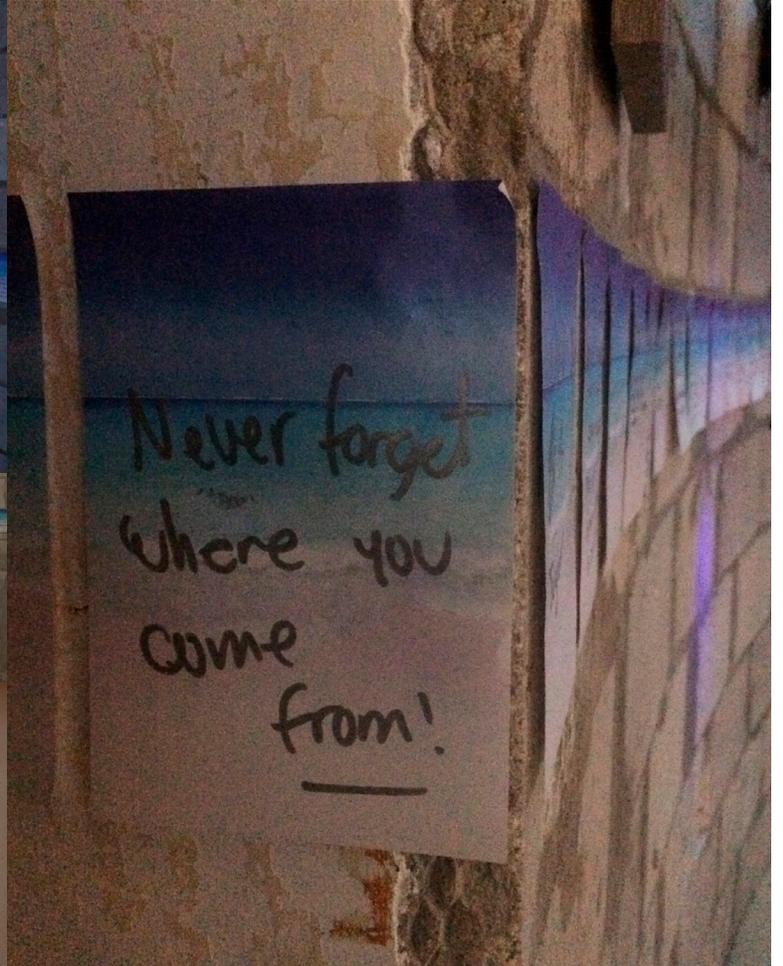
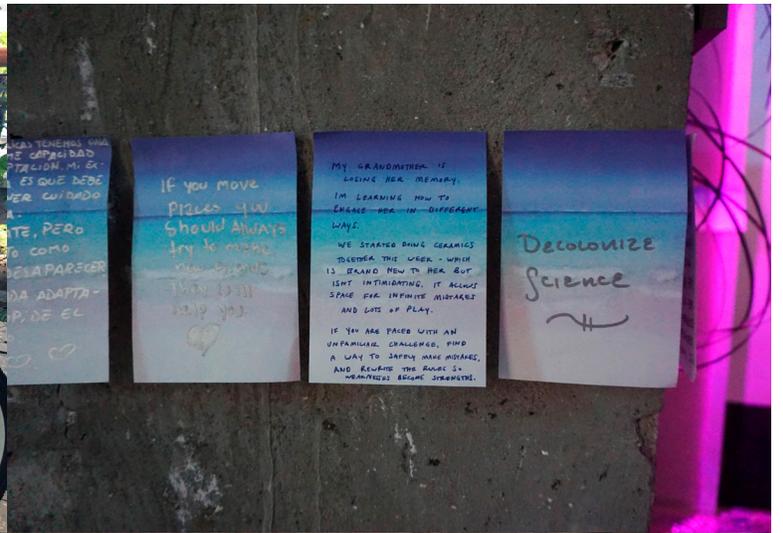
LET'S TRADE

A POPSICLE FOR SOME ADVICE

Think of an experience that taught you something about adaptation.

What advice do you have to share?

Your popsicle will have advice from someone else, something they learned in a situation that required adaptation - like immigrating, surviving a hurricane and other life experiences. Your advice will be given to another person in the Miami area.



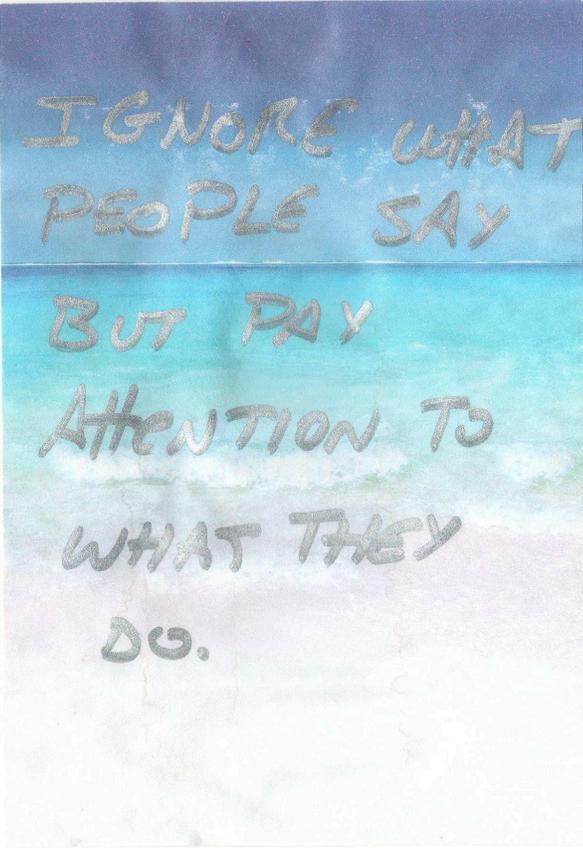
Do not expect
people who have a
different culture to
react the same way
you do

tienes que
despreparte
de lo ~~triste~~
tristes



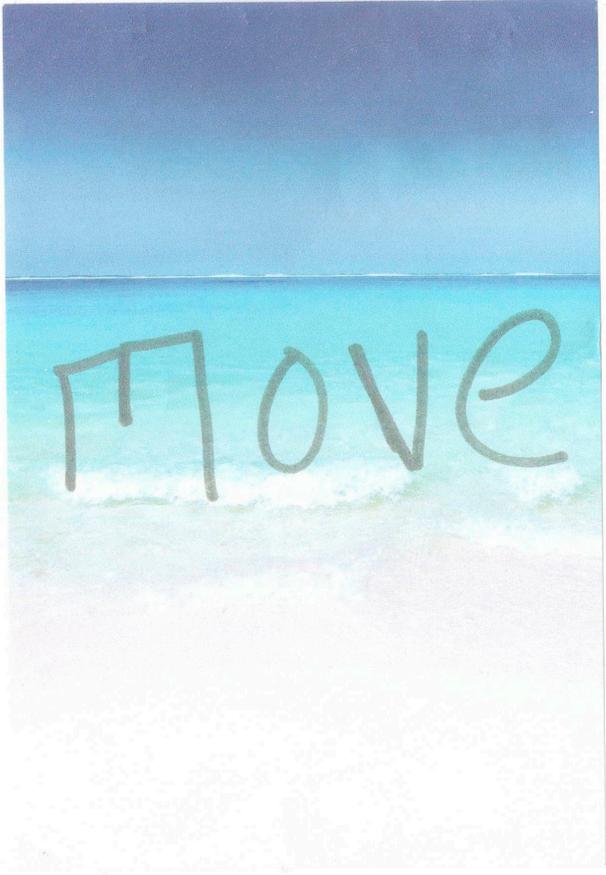
VIVÍ 3 MESES ESCON-
DIDA EN UN SÓTANO.
TENÍA 10 AÑOS (1987)
(EN CHILE DURANTE
LA DICTADURA)
ME RESISTÍ A ADAPTAR-
ME A ESA SITUACIÓN.
SOBREVIVIR ES LA MEJOR
RESISTENCIA.
EL HUMOR DA FUERZA

Stop fearing
failure.
Evolution
has always
depended
on it.



IGNORE WHAT
PEOPLE SAY

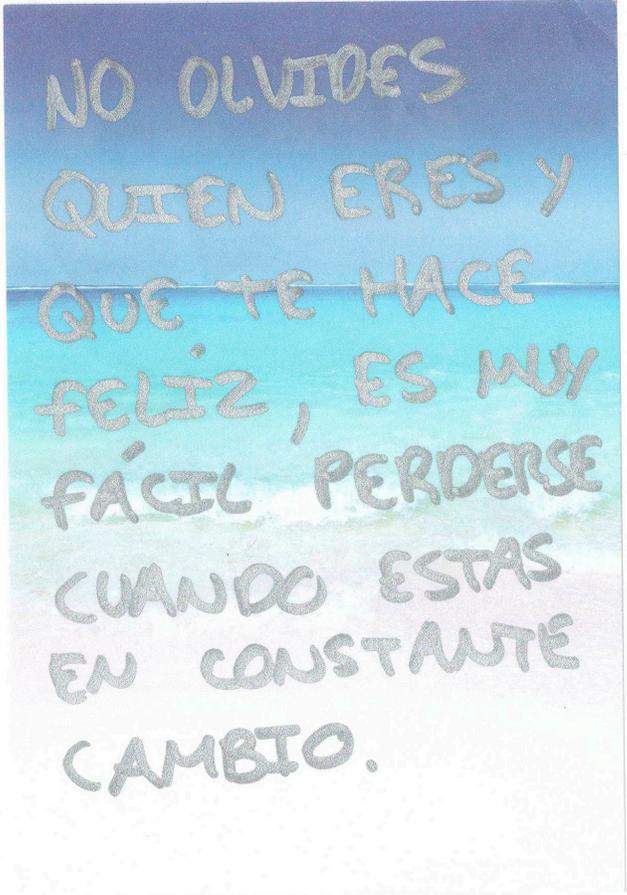
BUT PAY
ATTENTION TO
WHAT THEY
DO.



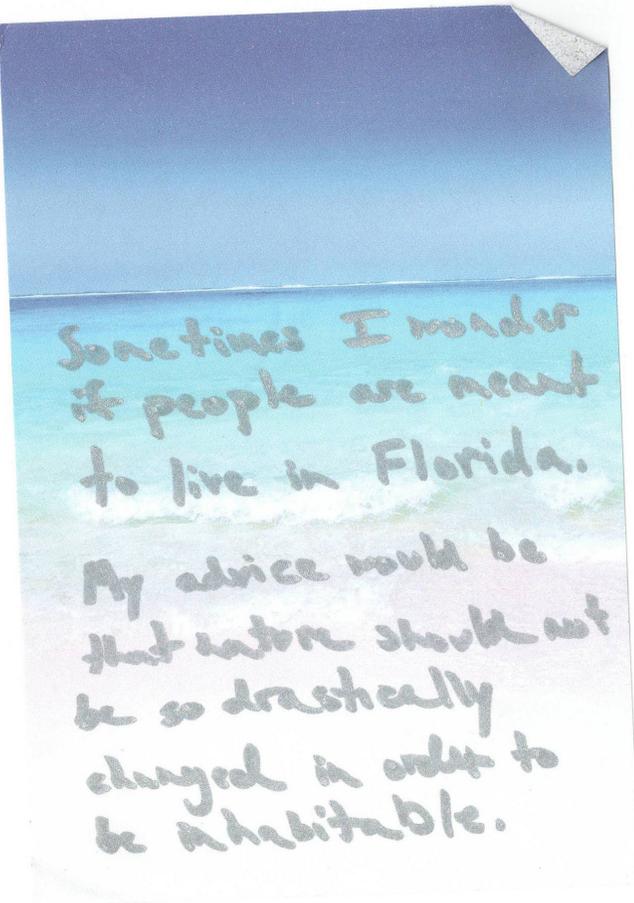
MOVE



TAKE
UP
SPACE



NO OLVIDES
QUIEN ERES Y
QUE TE HACE
FELIZ, ES MUY
FÁCIL PERDERSE
CUANDO ESTAS
EN CONSTANTE
CAMBIO.

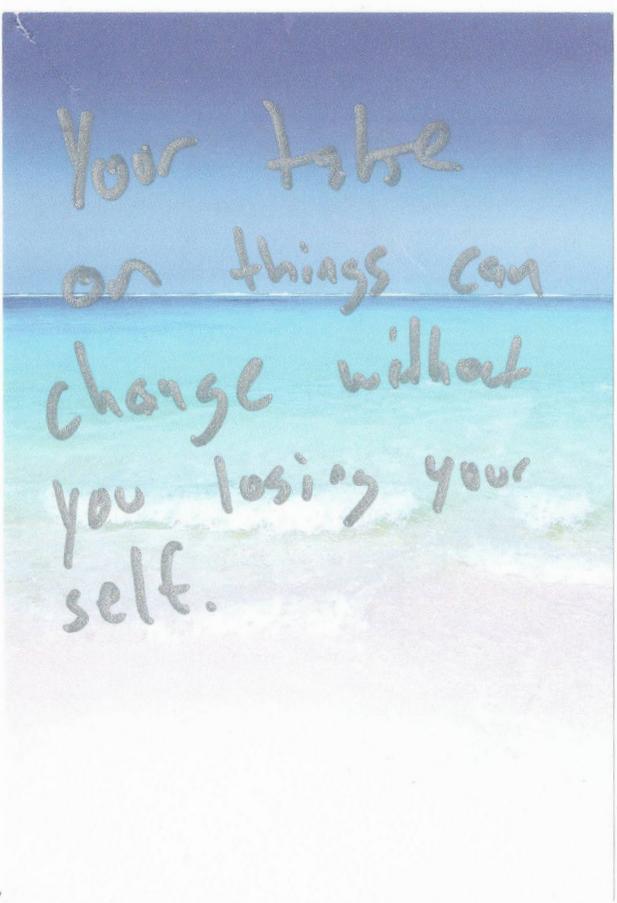


Sometimes I wonder
if people are meant
to live in Florida.

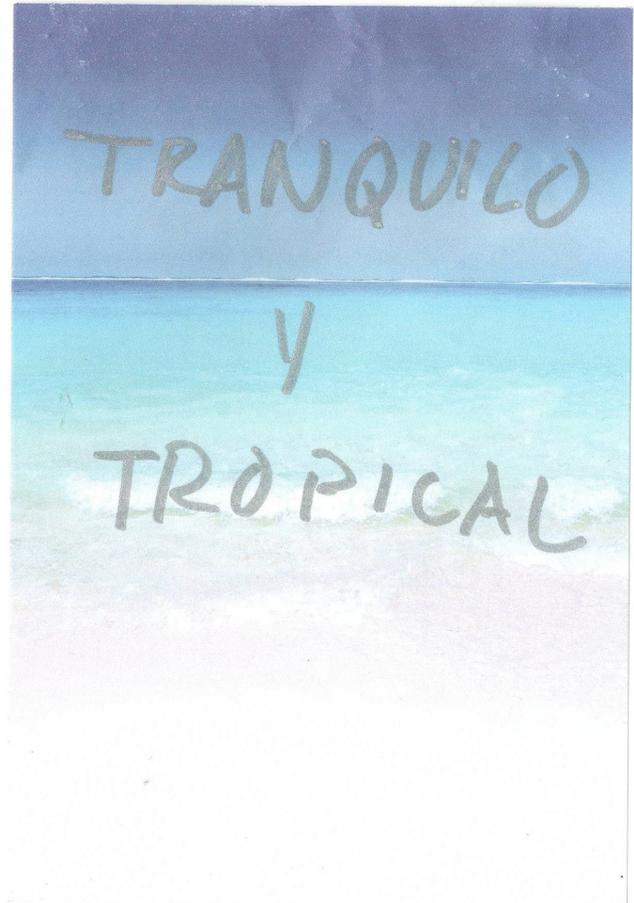
My advice would be
that nature should not
be so drastically
changed in order to
be inhabitable.



EVERY
SINGLE
THING
HAS AT
LEAST
10,000
USES



Your taste
on things can
change without
you losing your
self.



TRANQUILLO
Y
TROPICAL



REPORT: Findings from TIDAL DISCOMosaic at the Department of Reflection

DESIGN

The TIDAL DISCOMosaic design emerged from meditation with the beach shoreline. Awareness of a fluid and shifting border along our coasts has become increasingly significant for understanding humans' relationship with the places we live. Residents of sea-level places must deeply consider how we will engage the rising tide and our impact on the Earth. This mosaic draws attention to the rhythms that are formed within the tidal zone - between the land and sea, sand and water. Made from an organic network of square mirrors, this piece continues the DISCOMosaic project that Duncan-Portuondo initiated in 2016. In the wake of the PULSE shooting in Orlando, a wave of emotional writing communicated the importance of the dance floor as a site of community gathering, embodiment, and the formation of identity. DISCOMosaics reference the disco ball as an iconic marker of our club sanctuaries. The TIDAL DISCOMosaic channels the importance of club culture within Miami Beach, celebrating this place as central to both our human and environmental habitats.

INSTALLATION

The TIDAL DISCOMosaic by Sebastian Duncan-Portuondo was created with the help of many volunteers, including special dedication by lead assistants Cheryl Barkan and Franco de la Morte. We started the project with a DISCOMosaic party where the community was invited to help mosaic the entryway panel. The mosaic was completed through continued mosaicing sessions by Duncan-Portuondo alongside various assistants. The TIDAL DISCOMosaic was installed in 2 panels on the floor of the Collins Park Rotunda spanning the double-door entryway on the West wide of the building.

EXPERIENCE

The entryway mosaic helped set a meditative, institutional, and distinctive tone to the physical presence of the Department of Reflection in the Collins Park Rotunda. Every visitor walked over this sparkling threshold as if emerging onto a sandy island from the surrounding waters. Along with the purple entryway grow lights, plants, mini-fountain, entrance desk and blue lighting, the DISCOMosaic helped to establish a hushed and almost sacred environment to prompt reflection, community engagement, celebration and rumination.

RELOCATION

At the close of the Department of Reflection's time in the Collins Park Rotunda, we removed the TIDAL DISCOMosaic panels from their original location. The uprooted artwork now stands as a relic of the original architecture, gesturing to the circular shape of the Rotunda and configuration of the doorway engineering. It shows some damage from the process of unscrewing the panels from the floor as well as footprints from Department visitors. The TIDAL DISCOMosaic can be reconfigured as an entryway mosaic for future sites of the Department of Reflection or be displayed as an artwork, in consultation with Sebastian Duncan-Portuondo.

Personal Reflections on Creative Lobbying workshops

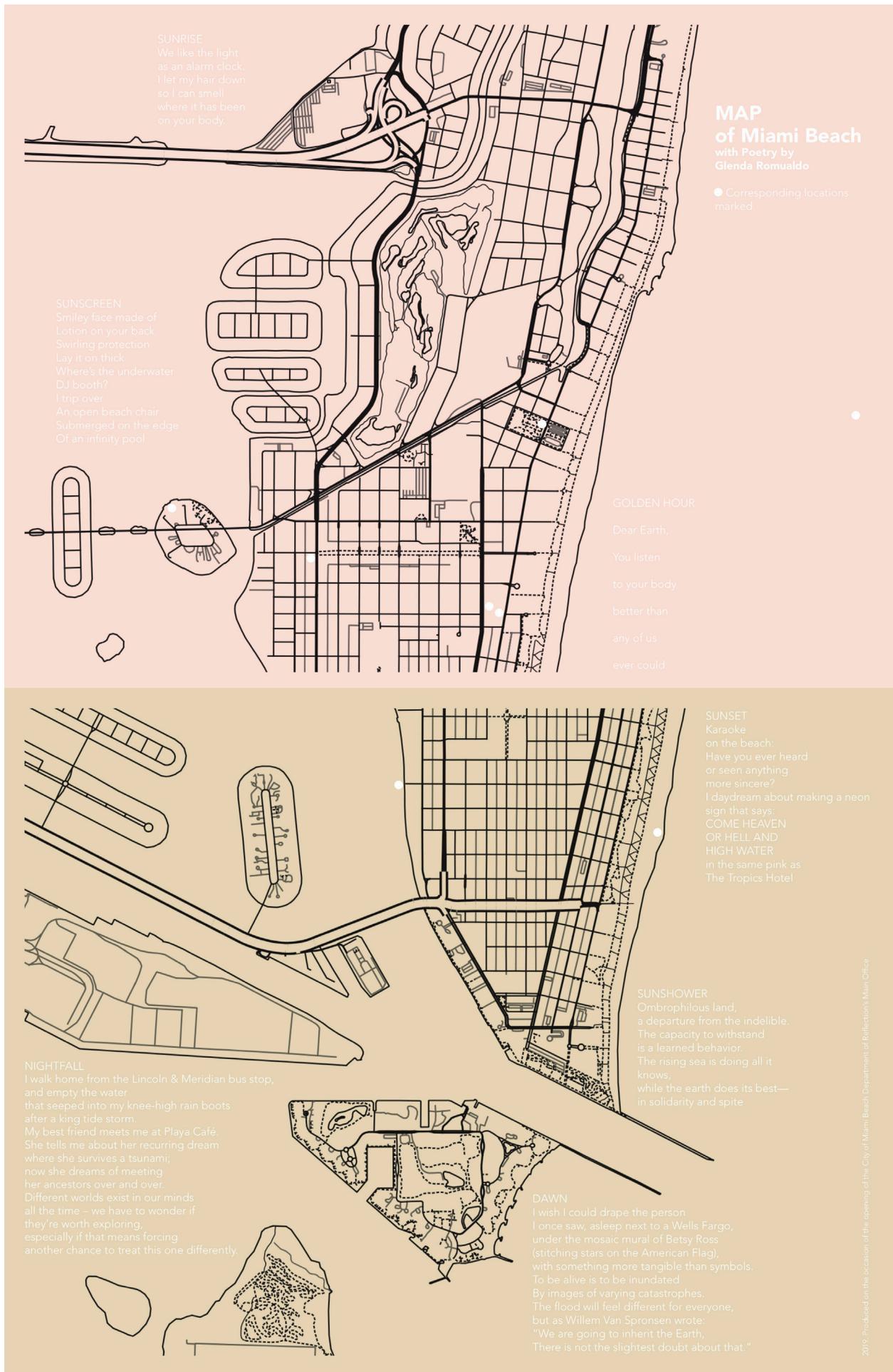


A little bit of fuck
it.

open to time based
solutions.

together to liquidate ego hate.

Glenda Romauldo: Map of Miami Beach with Poetry



Tom Scicluna: *Public Structure*

Pumps Locations - Nautilus Dr./ Nautilus Ct. and Meridian Avenue & 42nd Street

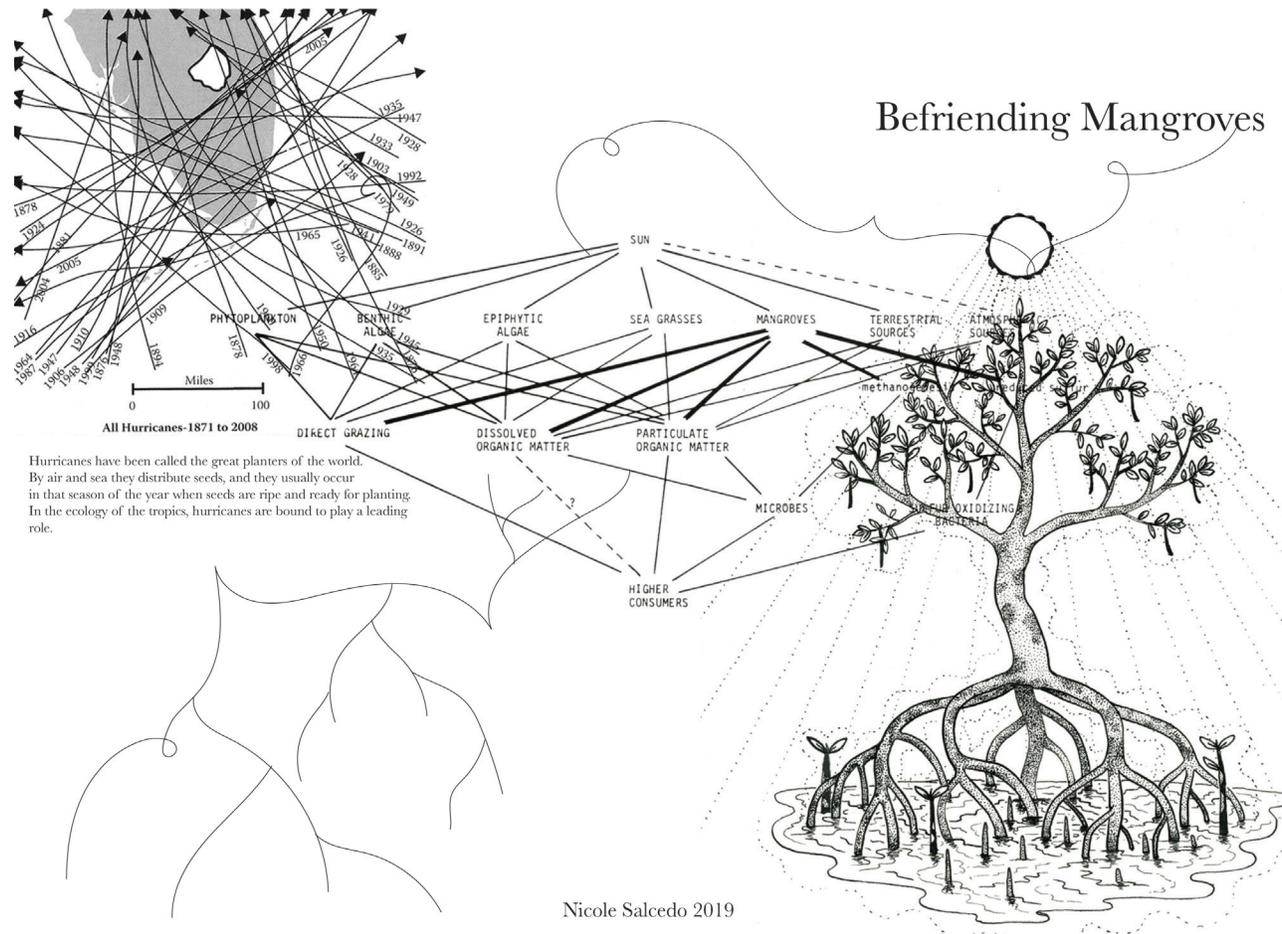
Pump station # - SWP#11 and SWP#13

Manufacturer - KTI Hydro

HP/ Volts - 70HP/ 460 Volts

Time in Service - 2013 to 2018





Hurricanes have been called the great planters of the world. By air and sea they distribute seeds, and they usually occur in that season of the year when seeds are ripe and ready for planting. In the ecology of the tropics, hurricanes are bound to play a leading role.

Nicole Salcedo 2019

Figure 8. Potential pathways of energy flow in mangrove ecosystems.

Sit and breathe.

Soften and open your heart

Anchor yourself into the center of the earth
connect to the heart of the earth

Breathe with the earth

Sit with mangrove.

they speak in creaks with their branches,
and waves of love like subtle tremors.

Clean up trash that you find around them
...they love that.

RED MANGROVE

Uses: The inner portion of the bitter green sprout, or hypocotyl, is sometimes eaten as an emergency food. Also, the dried hypocotyls, with ends trimmed, have been smoked like cigars. Dried leaves make a most agreeable tea. The tannin is not objectionable to the taste. The writer drank it every day for 2 weeks (M). However, subsequent research has given her an unfavorable view of tannin in the diet. The tea should not be drunk in excess and milk should be added to bind the tannin. Dried leaves have also been smoked in pipes as tobacco. Mangrove twigs are frayed at one end and used for cleaning the teeth. Oysters may be found clinging to the prop roots of mangroves growing in salt water.

Imagine a coastal wall of mangroves, miles wide, protecting a civilization that came to respect and love the gifts of the mangrove. People tending to, and just leaving the mangroves to do what they do best.

BLACK MANGROVE; HONEY MANGROVE; SALTBUSH

Uses: As a famine food, the sprouting seeds are edible if cooked. They are toxic when improperly prepared or raw. (H) Dr. Howard prefers the seedlings with the seed-leaves attached, rather than the seeds themselves. Leaves may be coated with salt which can be collected for use. In Nigeria, salt is obtained from the leaves and roots and is said to be "better than that from other mangroves." Flowers are chief source of mangrove honey.



DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION

Thoughts

DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION

Memory of other trees
with whom I've
had relationships with -
the care and time we
shared

DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION

TEACHING
AN UNBEKNOWNST
SUBJECT

DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION

Thought
secrets
inside

DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION

Mutual
acknowledgment +

DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION

Sensations

DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION

~~Electricity~~
- Embodied
- Extension
- Pull

DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION

ROTATION

DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION

Sensation

Big energy field

~~It~~ wonder if it extends in the road?

DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION

suspension of time

DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION

Emotions

DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION

SECURITY

DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION

I FEEL SO
SMALL &
IMPERMANENT

DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION

Regrets CHASING
this land to
Hold on too - wish
it swam by & found
a quieter spot

DEPARTMENT OF REFLECTION





Julian Pardo: *El Ritual del Sancocho*

With *El Ritual del Sancocho* Julian Pardo created an interactive performance inspired by a Colombian "Paseo de Olla" (or pot outing), a casual family day trip to a river organized around the cooking and eating of one large sancocho stew. Family and friends all bring the raw ingredients; green plantains, yuca, potatoes, cilantro, onions, and meats to a river, along with cutting utensils and together prepare the sancocho by the river. During the entire afternoon and into the night Pardo brought this tradition to the Department of Reflection, where participants joined in preparing, cooking, drinking, dancing, sharing memories, and expressing gratitude for the present, past, and future.

In the four-part performance, Pardo expressed Colombian culture, specifically the importance of family and with an emphasis on collaboration. Part one had participants assisting in chopping, peeling, and preparing the ingredients. Part two saw a blessing of the sancocho and gathering of everyone present. Individuals contributed one ingredient to the pot and added each their *sasón* (the idea that everyone has their own cooking style). As the sancocho cooked, curated video and song playlists further immersed everyone in the tradition of the Paseo De Olla, dancing and toasting ahead of the meal. Finally, Pardo served the sancocho along with individualized gestures of gratitude, and an overall appreciation for his Colombian heritage and culture.

- Julian Pardo

Dos and Don'ts

- Do not confuse the “leisured consumption” of “experimentation” as pure and simple *leisure*
- Do take your time, outside of systems, for reflection
- Do not assume hierarchal structures as exclusive support systems- in other words, when you are ready to do a *specific thing*, on your own terms and timeline, do not then assume that the only method of pre-production is to find a way in and up a hierarchal structure

Embrace...



- Latency
- Reflection
- Solitude
- Leisure
- Malleability
- Lack of Commitment
- Vulnerability
- Feedback-loops

PITCHDECK

SHORT ABSTRACT SPECULATIVE FICTION IN THE FORM OF A CORPORATE PITCHDECK, AND PARTICIPATORY VIDEO.

Script for a video/performance by Elite Kedan, created for the Department of Reflection, Misael Soto, (<https://departmentofreflection.org/>) Miami Beach FL, October 12, 2019.

Site of performance is interior of rotunda building in Collins Park, operating as the Department Of Reflection. A single video is projected onto the cement block wall, to match size and proportion of the building's windows (each approx. 20 feet height, 9 feet width), as well as onto a portion of the floor, in the area where the building cantilevers out over water-filled moat. Text appearing in video to be read by participants around circular conference table within rotunda.

[READ INTRO] as a way of staging the piece, as a prompt to yourself and to others. Intentions, impressionistic sketch, the beginnings of something. Include excerpt from Ruha Benjamin.

[BEGIN VIDEO]

*[Fade in: spiraling pan flythrough animation at eye level, within computer model of rotunda building and surrounding area on Miami Beach. Begin in wireframe mode, white on dark background]
[Shift spiraling pan to 'ghost' mode]*

[Note #1 Name a big relevant change in the world]

WE NOW LIVE IN A REPARATION ECONOMY

WE ARE LIVING IN A DIFFERENT ERA

[Shift spiraling pan to 'arctic' mode]

[Scroll vertically from top to bottom of projection]

EXTRACTION > FULFILLMENT> SIMULATION> REPARATION>

[Grid overlay of rotunda's exterior panel façade zooms out and densifies to become screen]

THE GAME IS NOT A FIXED THING

[Note #2 Describe winners and losers, placeholder]

[Shift spiraling pan to 'ghost' mode]

LOSERS

WINNERS

[Note #3 Tease the promised land / don't present product/service details, but 'teaser' of happily ever after]

[Note #4 Introduce features as 'magic gifts' for overcoming obstacles to the promised land. "when you introduce your product or service, do so by positioning its capabilities like the lightsaber, wizardry and spells. Cite incantation or spell here]

**AN IPOD
A PHONE
AN INTERNET COMMUNICATOR**

**AN IPOD
A PHONE
AN INTERNET COMMUNICATOR**

**AN IPOD
A PHONE
AN INTERNET COMMUNICATOR**

[Spiral pan goes blank]

JUST KIDDING

[Pan into 'ghost' mode]

CITIZENS NOW EXPECT THE REPARATIONS EXPERIENCE

[Scroll staggered horizontally]

**MODELING RELATIONSHIPS OF CARE
NAVIGATING CONES OF UNCERTAINTY
CHECKING YOUR BROWSING HISTORY**

[Invert rendering to white wireframe on dark background]

[Scroll vertically from the top]

**FOR THE SINS
WE COMMITTED
WITH GUSTO**

**AND FOR THE SINS
WE COMITTED
IN SECRET**

**FOR THE SINS
WE COMMITTED
AND SCORED**

**AND FOR THE SINS
WE COMMITTED
IN VAIN**

**FOR THE SINS
WE COMMITTED
WITH A SHARP MIND**

**AND FOR THE SINS
WE COMMITTED
SPACED OUT**

[Transition spiraling wireframe into 'xray' mode overlay]

[Note #4 introduce features as magic spells. Reintroduce incantation]

**MORE FUTURES
MORE NARRATIVES
MORE WORLDS**

**MORE FUTURES
MORE NARRATIVES
MORE WORLDS**

**MORE FUTURES
MORE NARRATIVES
MORE WORLDS**

[Note the irony of how this can also be read as the rehashed promise of more, new, better product; also need more gathering, more discourse, more care.]

[Note #5 Present evidence that you can make the story come true]

[Spiraling animation transition to dark mode w/ reflection]

[Light 'ghost' render on dark background]

THE REPARATION ECONOMY IS HERE

[Warp transition mode]

THE WAY WE DO BUSINESS HAS FUNDAMENTALLY CHANGED

[Light, grainy 'artistic' mode spiraling and flattening city]

[Scrolling vertically from bottom up]

**The thing is,
you're slaves.
You've got a
slave mentality.
You don't have
a plan. You're
not ready to be
free. And we
don't know
where we're
going.
Into the sea?
That's not a
plan. And I'm
not a leader. I'm
not the guy. I
don't know
where we're**

going. And
you're not
ready. And I
can't do it...

[Transition to 'Xray' mode wireframe overlaid with gans generated ocean sunsets loop]

COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO LIVE

[End script]

[Begin sources]

[Continue ghost wireframe spiraling with sunset loop overlay]

[Scroll sources vertically from bottom up]

Ruha Benjamin,
Ferguson is the Future, 2018
<https://datasociety.net/wp-content/uploads/2018/06/ferguson-is-the-future.pdf>

Paola Antonelli, curator,
Broken Nature: Design Takes on Human Survival; XXII Triennale Milano, 2019
<https://www.triennale.org/en/events/broken-nature/>

Laurie Anderson
We Have To Imagine Different Ways To Describe The Ends Of Things, 2017
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=skYJsHqTbAA>

Steve Jobs, Apple Keynote 2007
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vN4U5FqrOdQ>

Ingrid Burrington *Everybody Runs*,
Databite No. 102, Data & Society Research Institute, 16 Oct 2017
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qBkF50pJ7Uo>

***The Greatest Sales Deck I've Ever Seen*, Andy Raskin,**
Medium.com, 15 Sept 2016
<https://medium.com/the-mission/the-greatest-sales-deck-ive-ever-seen-4f4ef3391ba0>

Generating Videos with Scene Dynamics, 2016, Carl Vondric, MIT; Hamed Pirsiavash, Univ. of Maryland, Baltimore; Antonion Torralba, MIT; <http://carlvondrick.com/tinyvideo/>

The Tibetan Book of the Dead
English translation by Lama Kazi Dawa-Samdub Compiled and Edited by W. Y. Evans- Wentz E-book by Sumnum https://archive.org/stream/TheTibetanBookOfTheDead/The-Tibetan-Book-of-the-Dead_djvu.txt

Yom Kippur Machzor
https://www.sefaria.org/Machzor_Yom_Kippur_Ashkenaz_Linear%2C_Mincha_Service_for_Erev_Yom_Kippur%2C_Ashrei?lang=bi

[END]

[START DISCUSSION]



La Zonificación Ideológica del Departamento de Reflexión

Un Reporte sobre los datos recopilados del taller de Ideal Futures Real Estate™

Para nuestra presentación en el Departamento de Reflexión, elegimos realizar un estudio de la ideografía (es decir, la 'geografía' idealista) de los asistentes al evento. Utilizando una brújula política clásica con una dimensión Z adicional de 'inversión' versus 'no inversión', un formulario web, y un mapa 3D interactivo (desarrollado específicamente por nuestro equipo de TIC para la presentación), pudimos visualizar nuestras posiciones ideales en vivo en referencia al tema del cambio climático y las posibles soluciones al problema.

A partir de ese momento, el objetivo era zonificar el espacio ideológico entre las personas que asistieron. Debido a problemas técnicos, solo tuvimos tiempo para zonificar un espacio intersubjetivo, pero eso actuó como una prueba de concepto suficiente para nuestros propósitos.

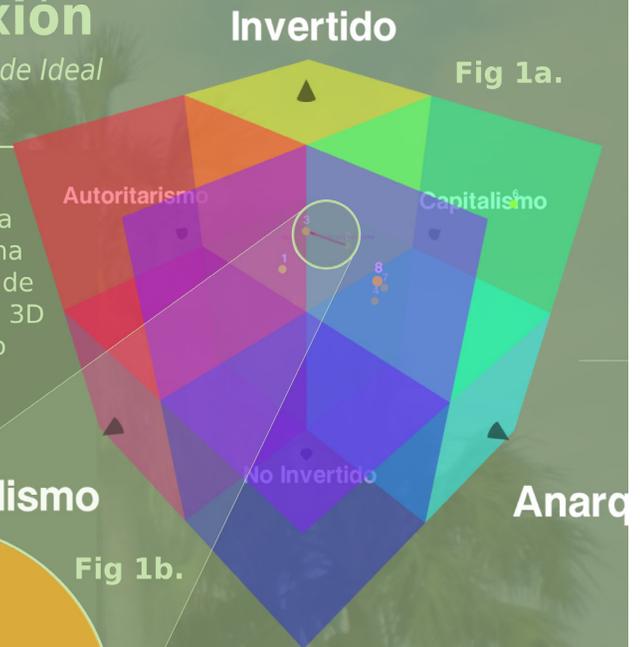


Fig 1a.

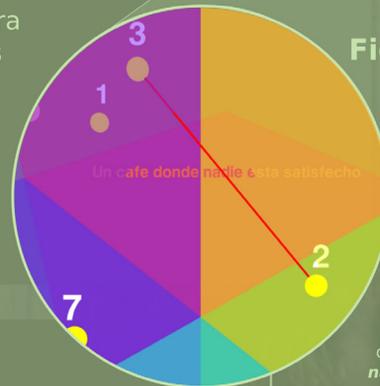


Fig 1b.

Fig 1b. Esta vista de primer plano muestra el espacio que pudimos zonificar concretamente entre la Entidad 2 y la Entidad 3. Tuvimos algunas dificultades para acordar qué se podría construir en el espacio debido a una dinámica adversaria entre la Entidad 3, quien apoyaba una posición de anarquismo social, y la Entidad 2, quien cayó (aunque con un poquito de vergüenza) casi exactamente entre el autoritarismo y el anarquismo del lado del capitalismo. Sin embargo, finalmente decidimos zonificar el espacio para *Un cafe donde nadie esta satisfecho*.

Datos

Entidad	Ocupacion	T1	T2	T3	T4	T5	T6
1	Environmental scientist	8	AT	AT	AT	AT	AT
2	Guapería	7	AP	AT	AT	AP	DP
3	Shamanista Propagandista	9	AP	AT	AT	AP	AP
4	Artista (Artist)	7	SO	AT	AT	AT	AP
5	Corporación Polytotalitarian	0	AT	AT	DT	DT	DT
6	Agente de Real Estate Ideológica	9	DT	AT	AP	AT	DT
7	Conglomeración Pandimensional	7	DP	AP	AP	AP	SO
8	Muchas	10	DP	AP	AT	AT	AT

AT = Acuerdo Total AP = Acuerdo Parcial SO = Sin Opinión DP = Desacuerdo Parcial DT = Desacuerdo Total

Leyenda

Numero	Tema	PESOS IDEOLÓGICOS*				
		In	An	Au	So	Ca
T1	En una escala entre 0 y 11, con qué frecuencia piensas en el Cambio Climático?	6	0	0	0	0
T2	Para combatir Cambio Climático, los gobiernos del mundo deberían aplicar regulaciones más estrictas sobre el consumo y las actividades de las personas.	0	0	5	1	0
T3	Para combatir Cambio Climático, los gobiernos del mundo deberían cambiar los incentivos corporativos para subsidiar los mercados verdes	0	0	1	0	5
T4	Para combatir Cambio Climático, las comunidades deben unirse para dejar de apoyar los sistemas e instituciones que tienen un efecto negativo sobre el clima.	0	2	0	4	0
T5	Para combatir Cambio Climático, los individuos y las corporaciones deberían asumir la responsabilidad de innovar nuevas soluciones creativas e invertir en ideas que ayuden a resolver el problema.	0	4	0	0	2
T6	Para combatir Cambio Climático, tenemos que terminar capitalismo.	0	1	0	5	0

* Los pesos ideológicos fueron elegidos intuitivamente con el conocimiento y la visión de la diseñadora del sistema y no pueden considerarse de ningún modo objetivos. Ideal Futures Real Estate™ continúa mejorando nuestro método de pesaje con cada evaluación

Fig 2.

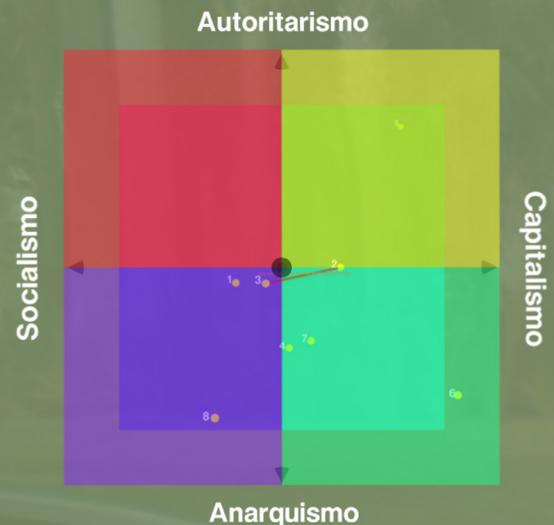


Fig 1a & Fig 2. Estas imágenes muestran ángulos diferentes de la brújula política 3D y las posiciones donde las Entidades participantes caen en función de sus respuestas. El concepto original de una brújula política puede rastrearse en el sitio politicocompass.org, y aparentemente ha estado accesible en línea desde 2001.

Para participar en la zonificación ideológica de Miami-Dade, visite nuestro sitio!

idealfutures.cf/miami

The zine for *Miami is Hot and Tempers Flare!* was created by Jan & Dave in response to a request from the Department of Reflection asking them for a way to further proliferate the research and work they produced for a previous DoR project *Sand: Amphitheater, Theater, Arena*, October 2018. On that occasion, Jan & Dave, together with musicians Sinisa Kukec and Marcos Cherlo, performed *Miami is Hot and Tempers Flare!*, an original performative work exploring Miami Beach's history before all of the youth culture cool and fashion glam of the early 90's.

MIAMI IS HOT AND TEMPERS FLARE!

Sunscreen might have been around longer than most of us realize. The first one appeared on the market in the late 1960s. Its purpose was to attempt to minimize the effects of ultraviolet light from the sun. It wasn't until around 1972, however, that labeling of the sun protection factor, or SPF, was introduced in the U.S. These sunscreens, which were improved and modified over time, were designed to block ultraviolet-B radiation.

It wasn't until the late 1980s that researchers determined that although ultraviolet-B light initiates most skin cancers, ultraviolet-A rays also play a role in promoting skin cancer. So, in the early 1990s, sunscreens were improved to contain



JAN & DAVE ENACT THE ANCIENT MIAMI RITUAL KNOWN AS "GUITAR BATTLE ON THE BEACH"

In the 1940's a Miami, a Florida Physician named Benjamin Green, invented the first effective sunblock to protect the GI's in the South Pacific during WWII from sunburn. It was called - Red Vet Pet because it was a red colored petroleum jelly like gel. He later improved on this formula and this new jasmine scented cream became know as Coppertone. In 1944, Coppertone suntan cream was the first commercially mass-produced sunscreen in the United States. These first products are nothing like what's available today. They were uncomfortable, pasty, thick and felt like "Paint".

The ingredients in sunscreen have also changed since those early days. Now they contain numerous chemicals, block both UVA and UVB rays, are much more comfortable to wear and last for hours in and out of the water. I can't confirm who invented sunscreen, but I'll give credit to all our of these scientists and innovators. Because of their developments and experiments we have more advanced sun protection today

Benjamin
Jan & Sinisa
& Marcos
Dave

Some sources name **Franz Greiter**, an Austrian scientist as the true inventor of sunscreen. His Glacier Cream, introduced in 1938, was the first commercially viable sun protection cream. In the 1962, Franz Greiter introduced the concept for the Sun Protection Factor rating system-SPF. This has become the worldwide standard for measuring the effectiveness of sunscreen.

SUNSCREEN

In the 1940's a Miami, a Florida Physician named **Benjamin Green**, invented the first effective sunblock to protect the GI's in the South Pacific during WWII from sunburn. It was called - Red Vet Pet because it was a red colored petroleum jelly like gel. He later improved on this formula and this new **jasmine** scented cream became known as **Coppertone**. In 1944, **Coppertone suntan cream** was the first commercially mass-produced sunscreen in the United States.

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SUNSCREEN: A History

Jasmine scented
Red pet vet

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- 1938 A Swiss chemistry student named **Franz Greiter** suffers sunburn while climbing **Mount Piz Buin** on the Swiss-Austrian border and sets out to invent an effective sunscreen.
- 1944 Benjamin Green, an airman and pharmacist, uses a greasy substance called "red vet pet" (red veterinary petroleum) to protect himself and other soldiers from ultraviolet rays during World War II. Heavy and unpleasant, it works primarily as a physical barrier between the skin and the sun.
- 1940s After the war, Mr. Green mixes red vet pet, cocoa butter and coconut oil into a product that would eventually become Coppertone suntan cream.
- 1946 Mr. Greiter's product, called **Gletscher Crème (Glacier Cream)**, comes to market under the brand **Piz Buin**, which is still sold today.
- 1956 The familiar Coppertone Girl was drawn by an illustrator named Joyce Ballantyne. She used her 3-year-old daughter, Cheri, as the model.

Continue reading the main story
RELATED COVERS

- 1970s **Piz Buin** introduces sunscreens with ultraviolet A and ultraviolet B filters.
- 1978 The Food and Drug Administration proposes to regulate sunscreens, recommending standards for safety and effectiveness. These guidelines — some parts of which never took full effect — mostly dealt with establishing SPF testing and labeling. However, the official document did state: "In the long run, suntanning is not good for the skin."



Sunbathers lathering up with suntan lotion have a pharmacist to thank for the original Coppertone formula.

The first effective suntan lotion was developed around 1938 by a Swiss chemistry student named Franz Greiter, who got sunburned as he climbed Mount Piz Buin in the Alps, according to The New York Times.

However, pharmacist Benjamin Green came into the picture in 1944, when he served as an airman in World War II. Green used red veterinary petrolatum, or "red vet pet," as a physical barrier from the sun to prevent ultraviolet rays from hitting his skin, according to The New York Times.

Coppertone's history webpage said Green was a pharmacist from Miami, Florida, who sought to protect himself and his fellow soldiers from sunburn. The New York Times described Green's first sunscreen product as "heavy and unpleasant."

After the war, however, Green developed a more pleasing product by adding cocoa butter and coconut oil to the red vet pet. This combination would later become Coppertone suntan lotion.

Meanwhile, in 1946, Greiter started to market his product, Piz Buin, named in honor of the mountain he was climbing when he first got the idea for suntan lotion. His invention had originally been known as Gletscher Crème (Glacier Cream).

A decade later, in 1956, Coppertone introduced its famous logo of a dog and a little girl in a bathing suit, also known as "The Little Miss Coppertone." The New York Times reported the illustrator, Joyce Ballantyne, drew the little girl to look like her 3-year-old daughter, Cheri.

Sun protection factor (SPF) was developed by Greiter in 1932, according to an article published in Photobiology. Greiter is also credited with having developed the first sunscreens that absorbed UVA and UVB light, as well as water-resistant sunscreens.

A 1978 FDA document noted overexposure to the sun can cause premature skin aging and skin cancer. This was also the first year the FDA began regulating sunscreen as OTC products.

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Sasha Wortzel: *Hurricane Season*
Excerpts from Performance Script



I. 1915: June – too soon

“The summer I was struggling with the editorial page, all of us rented a house over on the beach for a week. Carl Fisher had just finished filling it in. He was the first to realize you could create land by pumping it up from the bay bottom.

Most of Miami Beach was a blank layer of sand with streets laid out — no houses, just markers. The trees that were planted were no more than sticks. There were a few buildings along the beachfront, mostly the bathhouses that were called “casinos.” There was Smith’s Casino and next to that was Hardie’s. The only house I remember had a sign in front saying: “Salubrity, the Home of J.N. Lummus.” It stuck out like a sore thumb.

III. 1924-25: August—look out you must (1924-25)

The stock market was rising, but Miami real estate rose faster and more people talked about it and hurried to profit by it. Trains, boats, automobiles arrived jammed with people. Hotels and rooming houses were packed. Tourists slept on porches, in tents, on park benches. The air was electric with talk of money. “Hundreds” became “thousands.” “Millions” became a common word. Business lots, house lots, buildings, houses, tracts at the edge of the city, and tracts beyond tracts began to sell and resell as fast as the papers could be made out. Sales were made with small down payments of cash and any number of mortgages. Paper profits were dizzy.

Seven million dollars in construction was announced for Miami Beach, where beach estates and building lots were valued at fantastic figures. It was all cloudy, all visionary, all on paper, but everybody making these heady millions clung fiercely to the belief that it was real and that it would go on indefinitely.

The excitement of Miami’s boom went roaring up the coasts.

IV. September—remember. (1926)

Late that night, in absolute darkness, it hit, with the far shrieking scream, the queer rumbling of a vast and irresistible freight train.

Miami Beach was isolated in a sea of raving white water.

By sunset that same night in Miami the wind was gone. in the ruined city the cheapness, the flimsiness, the real estate shacks, the billboards, the garish swinging signs, the houses badly built, the dizzy ideas, the boom itself, was blown away.

For years to come Florida real estate would be a laughing matter. But what had been the Florida boom, the hot released passion for easy money from land, was certainly the same kind of hysteria which had helped colonize the New World.

Archival Feedback: *Sounding the Current (to the Atlantic, the FL Straits, the Gulfstream) Hymnal*

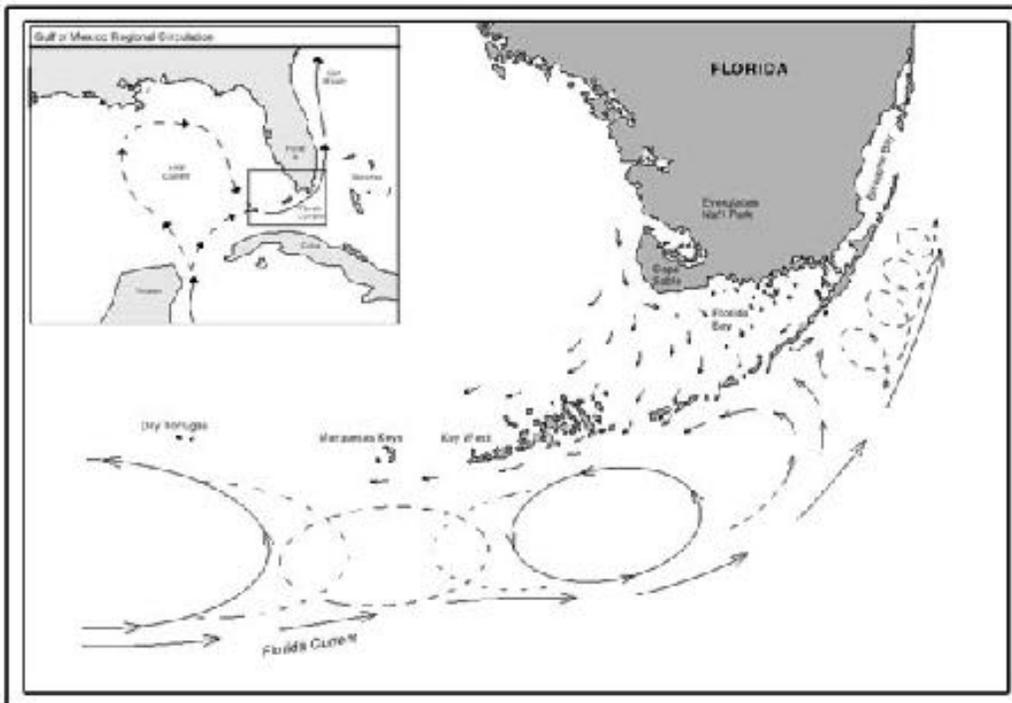
Miami Beach Public Works (Phase I)
Sand: Amphitheater, Theater, Arena
Collins Park
October 28, 4-7pm (last of the evening, see schedule below)

Hymn: Sounding the Current (to the Atlantic, FL Straits, to the Gulfstream)

Call: Playback of an arrangement of collected field recordings [Atlantic MB Shoreline, storm drain, seafoam, South Point Pier, Deering Estate]

Response: Live transduction feed on land with static passages and reactive performance (TBA mins), lending itself to collaborative interactions. Audience can listen to live feed on 4 headphones the entire night (Oct 28th). 10-15 mins Live feed plays into performance at the end of the evening's programming.

Recorded live as a document.



https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Florida_Current

Archival Feedback's hymnal is comprised of recordings reacting to the original call made by *Sand: Amphitheater, Theater, Arena*, to reflect and explore sand as a material, its place within the historic record, used to form Miami Beach as we've known it. Archival Feedback reacted to sand as a hefty material, an insulator made heavy by its proximity to the ocean and its forces. If sand is a medium, then the forces of the current are its guide.

During *Sand: Amphitheater*, we recorded the shoreline live with listeners huddled around, wearing headphones, as mics documented performative gestures simultaneously with the surf. Mics on the beach where they shouldn't be. The hydrophone traces the shoreline when rocked by the waves. Mic moved north, surf pushes south, a Sisyphean task. The presentation of the hymn *SANDtrack* during the live component of the program was loud, dispersing (most) of an audience uncomfortable with a distorted version of the landscape, an urban experience of the waterways. This document investigates the material through urban water, wetness, activation, field work, process, tech, gestures with intention.



SANDtrack: A sonic map of various points on, near, or within Miami's shorelines, as captured through varying microphone arrays and arranged geographically from south to north, west to east. Initially composed and presented in conjunction with *Sand: Amphitheater* on 10.28.18. [Atlantic MB Shoreline, storm drain, seafoam, South Point Pier, Deering Estate]

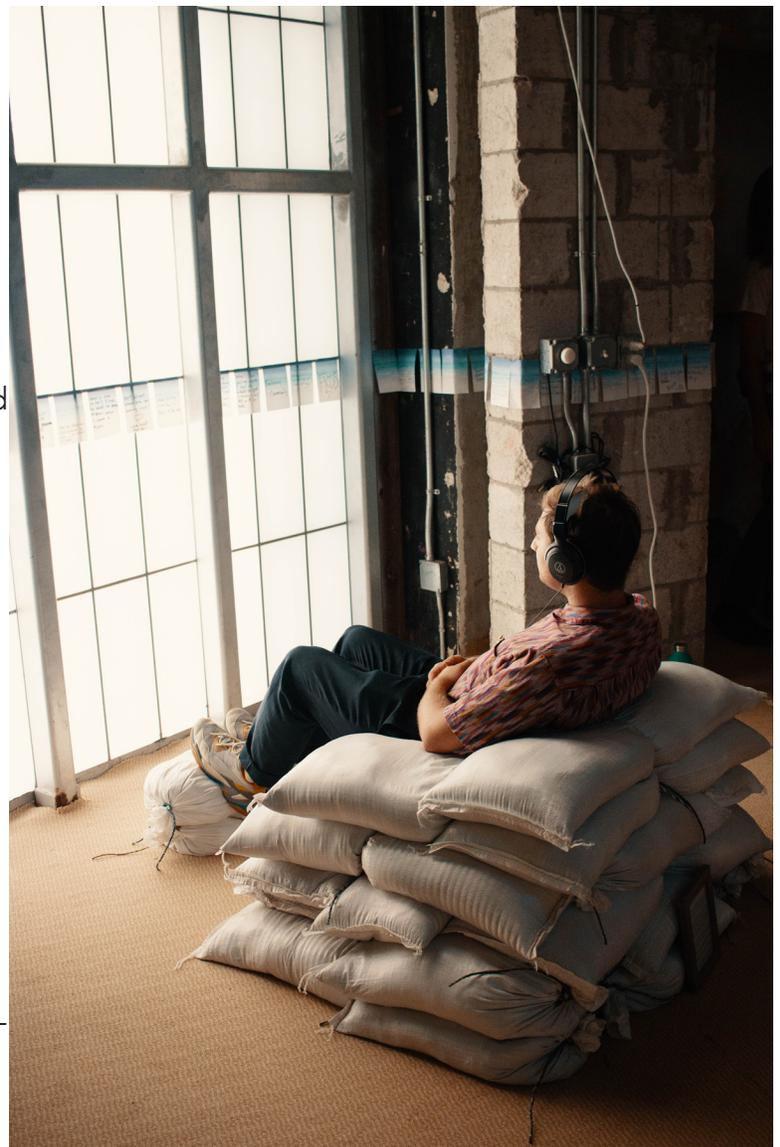
SND: A response piece to *SANDtrack*, utilizing incidental loops and fragments of the original piece arranged over a sprawling, rhythmic backdrop derived from related field recordings run through granular synthesis patches.

LiveOceanHydro_10_28_18: Live feed recorded with listeners experiencing the shoreline of Miami Beach transduced through hydrophones, as part of an immersive teaching performance during *Sand, Amphitheater* on 10.28.18.

SAND_Hertz: A response to *LiveOceanHydro_10_28_18* utilizing frequency manipulation to transform natural shoreline sounds as transduced through hydrophones into an abstraction resembling a long, reverberating bell solo.

Listen here *Sounding the Current (to the Atlantic, the FL Straits, the Gulfstream) Hymnal*:

<https://soundcloud.com/archivalfeedback/sandtrack>



Nathaniel Sandler: *War and Beach: Military Fictions of Miami Beach after World War 2*

Beginning in the Fall of 2018, the Department of Reflection has invited Miami based writer Nathaniel Sandler to write pieces of fiction inspired by an archival photograph. Each photograph has stood out when looking through Sandler's personal archives and were chosen for their respective perplexing content. Taken in Miami Beach, each photo is highly militarized, but taken after World War II in times of supposed peace. Sandler's stories playfully explore a militarized United States as well as our now non-existent relationship to peace.

The first of the series, written in conjunction with *Sand: Amphitheater, Theater, Arena*, is a 1947 image of a mock invasion of Miami Beach performed by the US Army to a large crowd. Sandler's story is about two young women, one a hobbyist sand collector, attending the event in order to obtain a sample to mark the day.

The second, taken in 1955, stood out when looking through Sandler's personal archives as the circular raft at the center of the image was reminiscent of the shape of the Collins Park Rotunda which originally housed the DoR Main Office and was where the story was first shared with the public. The story was of those 18 (white) men inside of the inflatable, all with Miami's classic 50's skyline in the background.

The third photo is of a 1958 military training exercise with a submarine passing by the MacArthur Causeway. Story forthcoming.

18 White Men in a Lifeboat

The guy with the live frog in his pocket had just gotten done making kissy faces at the little beast. It croaked loud enough for everyone onboard to hear and tried to squirm out of his tight grip. Apparently, the creature was rare—found deep in the Everglades just yesterday. Everyone laughed at the amphibian's raspy moan, but then there was a silence that showed the group found it a bit strange. Grown man carrying a live frog, especially out here in the middle of the Atlantic, seemed unnatural. Thing should be in the wild. It's own wild.

Next to me was the guy who talked about Eddy Rickenbacker a few too many times while we were bobbing around in that reeling lifeboat. He was driving me and most of the rest of the temporarily stranded souls in this state-of-the-art life raft absolutely highball-to-the-rim nuts. But it was funny. We laughed.

"You know Eddy got stranded for almost a month out in the Pacific. Greatest fighter pilot alive. They drank rainwater. Had to bury his buddy at sea. Badass. Thank god we can see Miami from here, right?"

Another prolonged silence broke out over the eighteen of us. The lolling and splashing up seawater murmured against the prototype Pan Avion life raft. We were testing it for the airlines and the military. Apparently it was the first innovation in ten years and it could float half deflated.

The guy whose name was Robert or Richard I didn't hear properly chimed in with the obvious next question: "Who thinks they could even make from here I don't know."

The third silence was shorter and everyone grunted or yelled in the positive except the guy whose chest has a weird war wound who said something that sounded like "no Sir-ree Bob." It was just far enough to remain unknown, and the kind of test none of us wanted to take.

Across the circular yellow blob we were interminably floating within, the guy who awkwardly had on long pants splashed water in the guy who claimed to be apprenticing to be a private detective's face. Everyone laughed and screamed "WOOOOOOAAAAAA" in joking anticipation of hullabaloo breaking out. Someone yelled "COMMUNIST" and then we all yelled "COMMUNIST."

The guy who works for Pan Avion made an attempt to settle down the raucous crowd with some feckless version of "calm down boys," but no one was really listening. It was as if we were all drunk; high on our burning skin, and gleefully enjoying the chaos of no real pecking order. Eddy Rickenbacker wasn't actually here. There was no captain. We were the same.

The guy who set up me with this weird gig—who I decided I didn't like 30 minutes into floating around—leaned over and said, "this is the best \$5 I've ever made. Free boat ride, right! Right?!?"

There was in this strange little life raft as follows:

the guy who works for Pan Avion
the guy with the live frog in his pocket
the guy who claimed to be apprenticing to be a private detective
the guy who had a flask on him and was clearly taking the \$5 we were all making to the bar afterward
the guy who awkwardly had long pants on
the guy who said absolutely nothing the whole time
the guy who said was way too sunburnt already
the guy who talked about Eddie Rickenbacker a few too many times while we were bobbing around in that reeling lifeboat
the guy whose name was Robert or Richard I didn't hear properly
the guy dating a nurse who didn't shut up about it
the guy with the glasses
the guy whose chest has a weird war wound
the old guy who definitely hates Jews cause he used the word "kike" twice earlier
the guy who is obviously Jewish
the guy who said he was opening a bar called "Happy's"
the guy who set me with this weird gig —who I decided I didn't like 30 minutes into floating around
—and my buddy Ronald

And of course me.

Yelling at the guy who set me up with this weird gig —who I decided I didn't like 30 minutes into floating around— was the guy who was way too sunburnt already.

"This ain't no dreamboat and neither are you."

The guy with the eyeglasses said something about how he thought Lucille Ball was a dreamboat and then an argument broke out about her versus Marilyn and Liz. The guy dating a nurse who didn't shut up about it tried to say something about his own sweetheart and everyone groaned loud enough to maybe finally shut him up, but probably not.

We'd been in this raft for around two hours and it was starting to get uncomfortable. All these guys. We'd talked about nothing. The guy who worked for Pan Avion was saying they were going to tether us up to the company follow-boat to check the drag and then begin the deflation process. The guy who was clearly taking

the \$5 we were all making to the bar afterward said with a loud slur "No THIS is a DRAG." The guy who said he was opening a bar called "Happy's" agreed, and it seemed like the two itchy drunks might become friends, as itchy drunks are wont to do.

The guy who works for Pan Avion pulled out an M3 knife and slashed one part of the life boat. He didn't announce it, and it was it a bit of jolt. The guy who hates Jews cause he used the word kike twice earlier and the guy who is obviously Jewish awkwardly fell closer to each other. Their eyes knowing and their bodies clumsily backing away from each other. It was tense to watch, but the guys ignored it.

The sun was becoming devastating. It felt red, the color it was turning us, these 18 men in a boat, waiting, broiling unsteady and constantly shifting.

Water rushed in after the M3 slashed the second section of the raft and then the third. Within seconds all of us were waist deep in a near sinking lifeboat. There was a collective exhaustion sprawling over us. The groans elicited less laughs. The frog croaked. He was out of the pocket and being safely held out of the water. The guys all looked nervously at him.

For a brief moment in time, everyone on board the life raft absolutely hated each other. And a strange thing happened unbeknownst to all. Each of them (not at the same time, but close enough) vowed in their heads to never see any of these bozos again. Even me and Ronald, who'd been friends for a few weeks already, were ready to forget each other. The moment lingered and you could almost taste it, salty, blistering and silent. It was miserable here, bobbing, roasting alone with eighteen people.

The guy who said absolutely nothing the whole time, said absolutely nothing.

Testing a military grade liferaft (1955)



Mock invasion of Miami Beach (1947)

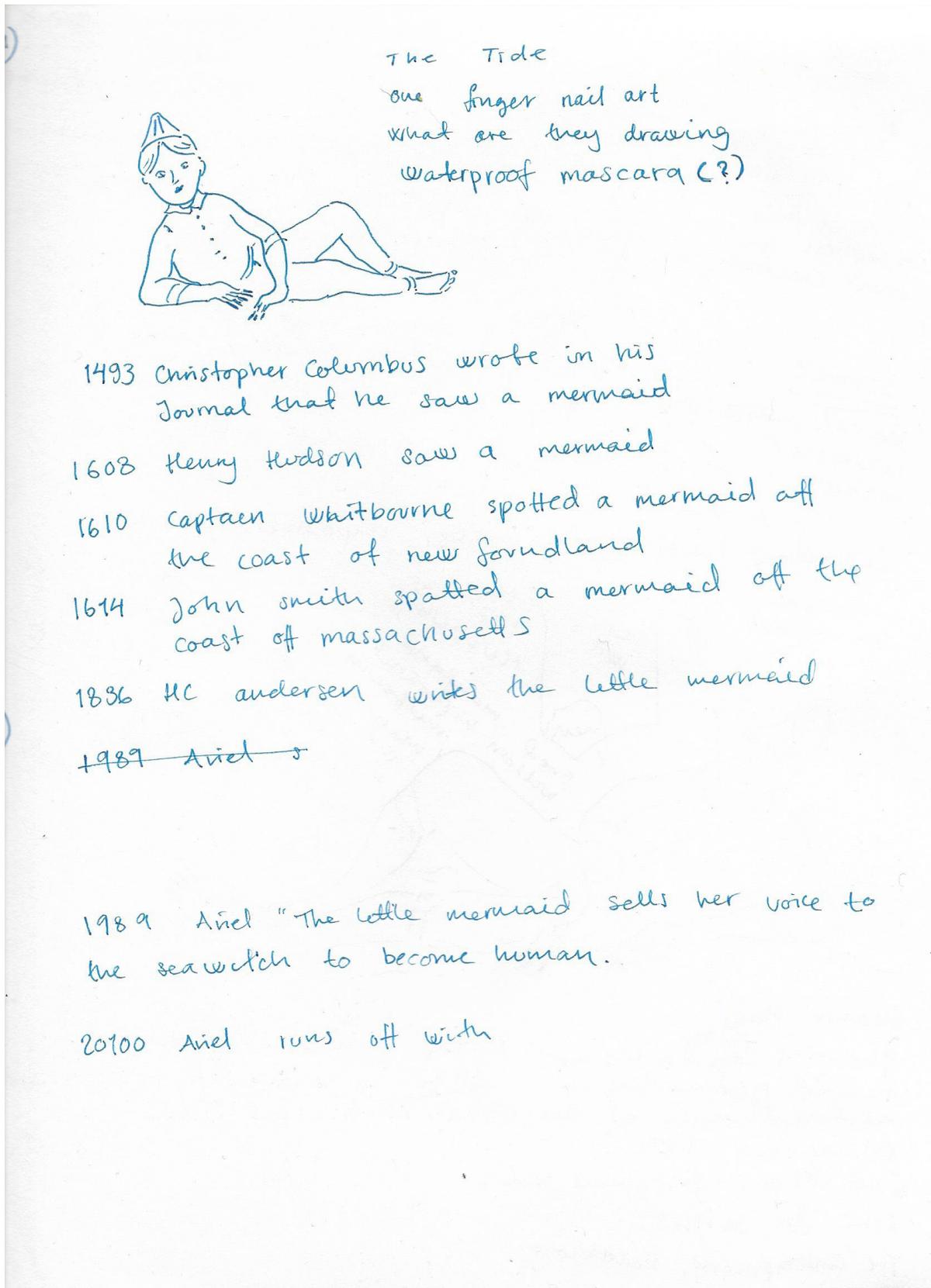


Submarine off Macarthur Causeway (1958)



Mie Frederikke Fischer Christensen: *Sand, Soldier, Sirene and On Erosion*

Presented here are a selection from Mie's notes taken as part of the research and development of her work for DoR during the Summer of 2018.



Well actually if dig deep enough you hit the bed
and if you wanna put up a skyscraper you have
to carve it.

Porrot fish; the chew on shells ^{*rock} and poop out "Sand"
⇒ The sound.

FN/UNsand?

Capitalism - brings the
change into the fold
softens it and take its
teeth away

- Sand, The ocean and Nordic Mythology;
- Danish beaches, Director (American).
- Religion, Atlantis, mermaids / manatees

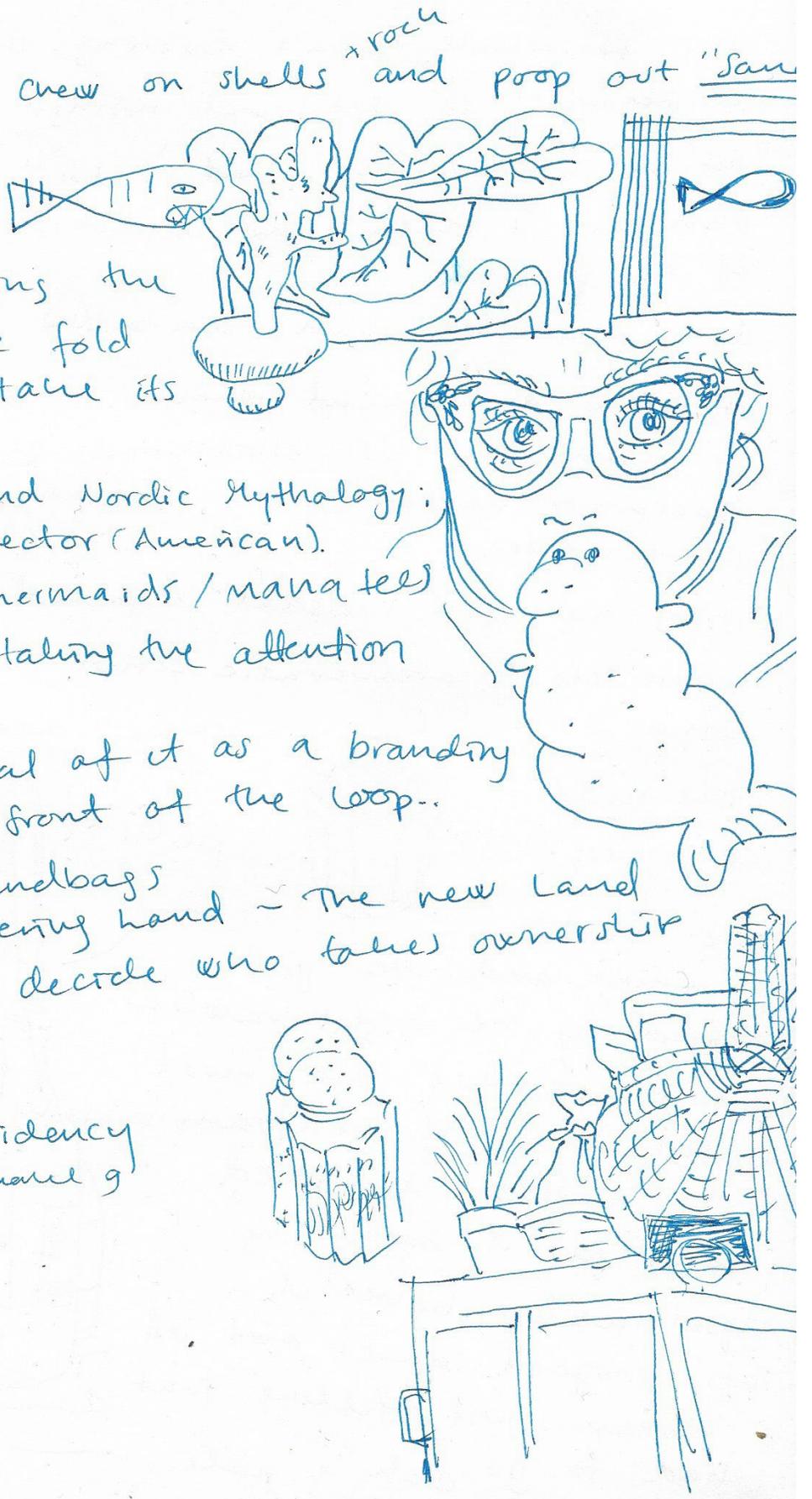
A great way of taking the attention
off you..

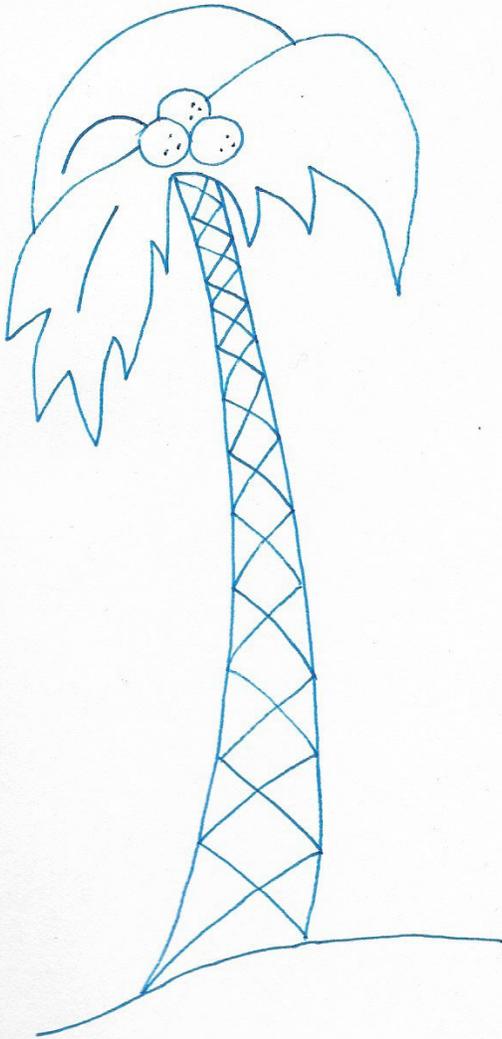
Resiliency (?) critical of it as a branding
The front of the loop..

Cross fitters use sandbags
Moving and Transferring hand - The new Land
Agriculture, how to decide who takes ownership

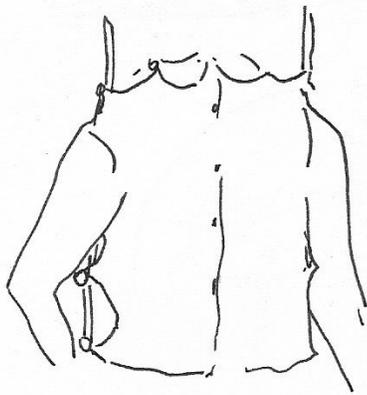
History of Miami.

Cinematics arts residency
(how do they not have a
camera?)

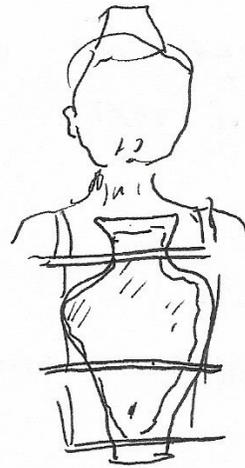




NOTES: SWEAT ON MY UPPER LIP
WHITE DWARF, 7 SISTERS,
RED GIANT, MY FACE AFTER A
BIKE RIDE LIKE A SUPERNOVA
ABOUT TO EXPLODE,
SHARKS
CARRYING, THE BACKPACK
SAND, CATSHIT. BELONGING
UNIVERS, GRAIN OF SAND.
WILLIAM BLAKE, THE SUMMER
BOOK



Grommets



Sandbag color?



MR. Pelican

BUCKET of Jellyfish

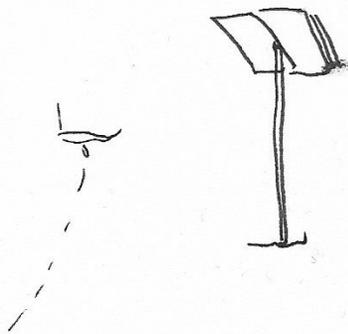
We share our mothers health



Resting spaces

NEEDS

- α SAND COLORED OUTFITS (MILITARY FEEL)
- α SAND BAG
- α GROMMET (?)
- α TUMES





Excerpt from *On Erosion*:

I have a black and white photograph of my grandmother as a young woman, younger than me. She is laying on a towel on the floor, pretending to be on the beach. The picture is taken from the front. She is lying with naked breasts pressed against the towel looking straight into the camera, smiling, proving that here can be beaches with no sand at all.

Watch *Sand, Soldier, Sirene* and read *On Erosion* in its entirety here:
<https://www.departmentofreflection.org/mie-frederikke-fischer-christensen>

Willy Smart: *Looking at a Mirror in the Dark and Seeing an Insect There*

Excerpt



In the list of animals that have passed the mirror test, sandwiched between “Birds” and “Fish” on the Wikipedia article for Mirror Test, is “Ants,” which are by a good margin the smallest creatures to appear on the list. In a 2015 study published in the slightly off-brand sounding “Journal of Science,” several species of ants were shown to behave peculiarly when confronted with their reflection in a mirror. Having been marked with a blue dot on their face and having then encountered their reflection in a mirror, ants attempted to remove the dot; whereas similarly marked ants that were not confronted with mirrors did not work to remove the dot. The authors conclude that it may be appropriate to assume some form of self-reflection exists in certain ant species. Very well. A reasonable interpretation, from a scientific perspective. But of course, mirrors are fundamentally magical objects rather than scientific objects. In its current form, science distinguishes itself from magic: what’s not science is pseudoscience. What’s not on this side of the mirror is on that side of the mirror. But these two sides, we know, do touch, despite the distance the mirror suggests.

Read *Looking at a Mirror in the Dark and Seeing an Insect There* in its entirety here: <https://www.departmentofreflection.org/willy-smart>

Rob Goyanes: *Hourglass*

Rob Goyanes' *Hourglass* is a work of fiction set in North Beach. Goyanes was commissioned by the Department of Reflection to write the story (originally for *Sand: Amphitheater, Theater, Arena* and then expanded upon) in response to our tandem research into the global sand trade and a mutual interest in Miami-specific stories of the past and the region's enigmatic future.

Excerpt

We always met at night. His dumbass was always late, so I lit a cigarette. I was standing between four stucco columns holding up an empty trellis. As I waited for Arquimedes I thought about what abandoned purposes it could've served. Speckled shade by bougainvillea never grown? Showers for beachgoers never installed? Someone walked by with four identical Pomeranians, breaking my train of thought. They were so stupid looking. So I fingered some ash on the last one, exhaled a cloud of blue.

One time when I was a kid, a few blocks down, I got stung by a jellyfish. It hurt, but I remember feeling like it also gave me some kind of special power. I got out of the water and went up to a boy I didn't know who was poking some seaweed with a stick. I convinced him to pee on the sting, so we snuck behind a lifeguard tower. He had this uncertain look on his face as the smelly warmth trickled down my leg.

I always found perverse pleasure in sundry things. The tall skinny palms curved by the wind, the knotted seagrapes, the pink promenade. The hum of the stormwater pump, its balletic spray. A Jamaican guy with like, dozens of abs gliding by on his rollerblades; the kids smoking weed in the alleyway of a condemned Art Deco chateau.

The sights only temporarily diluted my annoyance with Arquimedes, who was now a half-hour late with no text or call. Goddamnit. I took out my phone and considered giving him some shit but ended up just scrolling for what seemed like no time at all.

Page 1



Listen to Rob Goyanes read *Hourglass* in its entirety here:
<https://soundcloud.com/misaelsoto/hourglass-reading-by-author-rob-goyanes>

Recommendations

Contents

Internal

Recommendations from DoR

Collaborative

Recommendations from Institute of Queer Ecology

Recommendation from the Department of Reflection

Re: Plaques on the Third Floor of City Hall

We propose the research and implementation of two new public plaques at City Hall to be installed adjacent to those of Carl Fisher and John Collins currently on its third floor. These two plaques would honor other pioneers of the area and bring balance to the representation currently present at city hall. One plaque would be a representation of the original known human settlers in the area, the Tequesta people. The second plaque would be a representation of an early tetrapod (such as Tiktaalik), the first known animals to walk on land, arguably the first settlers of land on Earth.

Please refer to the attached first mockup.



The Institute of Queer Ecology

September 14, 2019

RE: Department of Reflection

Mitigating climate collapse will require an unprecedented scale of coalition building. It will require localized projects which collectively can affect global systems, and it will require working with people across unfathomable distances—of time and space! The Institute of Queer Ecology is a step towards broader coalition building, amplifying marginalized voices in environmental discourse, making space for intergenerational queer community, and working across disciplines to realize a goal. The project of “saving this world” requires remaking it, so that it is grounded in symbiosis and mutualism rather than built on individualistic competition and extraction.

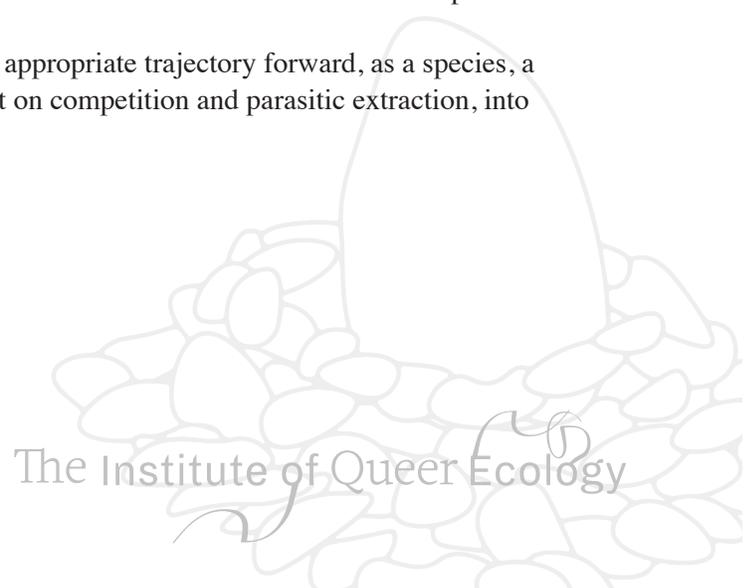
Charles Darwin’s theory of Evolution was that speciation was driven by competition. Individual organisms compete for reproductive advantage and its survival of the fittest. This competition between species leads to natural selection. It’s safe to say that the idea that “competition breeds evolution” has taken root not only in our understanding of evolutionary biology, but it’s how we understand (and often justify) a global economic system that operates primarily on the principles of extraction. We have been taught that the natural world is structured through individualistic competition, and have subsequently subscribed to a destructive way of inhabiting the world with a sociopathic disregard for other living things.

Instead, The Institute of Queer Ecology advocates for a new empathic paradigm of understanding other species and ourselves through alternative survival strategies of symbiosis, mutualism, and interdependence. In our bodies right now, we bloom with 40 trillion bacterial cells; nonhuman entities that make up the human microbiome which affects key bodily functions and influences our health. Humans have evolved to live in symbiosis with their microbiomes for millions of years, and the number of bacterial cells in our bodies outnumber our human cells. We are walking multispecies amalgamations, dependant on each other and our environments for mutual support.

Darwin made incredibly important observations and drew conclusions that have shaped how we as a species have come to understand ourselves. Yet, Darwin’s work envisions a heterosexual gender binary model of nature that reads stale 150 years later. There needs to be an equal amount of focus on the work of people like Joan Roughgarden, an American transgender ecologist who is updating Darwin’s work with her theory of social selection, which focuses on how cooperative reproduction benefits the social infrastructure of a species. Queer and alternative reads of evolutionary biology and ecology can inform how we all see ourselves as a species.

With all this in mind, the Institute of Queer Ecology thinks an appropriate trajectory forward, as a species, a city, and a society, is to remake systems that are currently built on competition and parasitic extraction, into systems that prioritize symbiosis and mutualism.

Lee Pivnik
Director
The Institute of Queer Ecology
+1 786 368 7044
leepivnik@gmail.com
queerecology.org /
leepivnik.com



The Institute of Queer Ecology

Looking Ahead

In 2020 DoR will begin [Fieldwork](#), a nomadic series of site-responsive programming at unique locations around Miami Beach. Sparking dialogue between self and site, each event of the series will provide insight into a sites history and its place in our contemporary community.

Each Fieldwork will either be a temporary event of our own or a info station within an existing municipal program. At each event we will provide visitors with tools specific to the site so they may conduct their own fieldwork.

We will once again be working with an impressive group of dedicated local partners including Jenna Balfe (Movement Therapist and Performance Artist), Dana Bassett (Writer and Hospitality Expert), Nina Sarnelle (Visual Artist), Laurencia Strauss (Visual Artist and trained Landscape Architect), Monica Uszerowicz (Writer and Photographer), Stephanie Wakefield (Urban Geographer), Elizabeth Wheaton (Director, Miami Beach Environment & Sustainability Dept.).

Fieldwork begins with a special “Connect - & - Reflect” event inside of Miami Beach’s City Hall tailored specifically for staff and elected officials on Friday, February 21, 2020. Subsequent dates to be announced very soon at departmentofreflection.org.

Looking (far) Ahead

The Department of Reflection is investing all of its energy and resources towards a total embeddedness within the City of Miami Beach (and all other institutions it may work with in the future). As such, our goals at the moment include:

Within our 1st year...

- Have at least one Site of Reflection accessible to all residents at all times.
- Have at least one moment of exchange with all City of Miami Beach departments.

Within our first 2 years...

- Reach all residents with at least one moment of reflection.

Beyond...

- Work within multiple municipal entities simultaneously.



Resources

In the following you'll find a selection key resources influential to DoR's research and development from 2018 to the present.

Contents

DoR Library Collection

"Reconfiguring the Land," from *Lost Miami*, pages 22-24, Carolyn Klepser

Billion-Dollar Sandbar, pages 99-100, Polly Redford

"Happy Where Heart Is," by Christian Herald, Readers Digest, June 1954

SAND CAST CONCRETE RELIEF FOR MIAMI BEACH PUBLIC LIBRARY, Albert Vrana

(Invasive) Office Plants, DoR Main Office

Selected Links

Artforum - *Living with Water* - August 09, 2019

<https://www.artforum.com/architecture/jessie-kindig-on-preservation-in-miami-beach-80449>

Bloomberg - *Miami Will Be Underwater Soon. Its Drinking Water Could Go First* - August 29, 2018

<https://www.bloomberg.com/news/features/2018-08-29/miami-s-other-water-problem>

Throughline (NPR Podcast) - *The Litter Myth* - September 5, 2019

<https://www.npr.org/transcripts/757539617>



THE SPIRIT LEVEL RICHARD WILKINSON AND KATE PICKETT

RUSH RISING milkweed editions

Elvia Wilk Oval

CITY HALL

How to Do Nothing Jenny Odell

Thomas Merton Contemplation in a World of Action

THE UNDERCOMMONS: FUGITIVE PLANNING & BLACK STUDY STEFANO HARNEY & FRED MOTEN

purves what we want is free SUNY

OVERLOOK: EXPLORING THE INTERNAL FRINGES OF AMERICA WITH THE CENTER FOR LAND USE INTERPRETATION

Keller Easterling Extrastatecraft The Power of Infrastructure Space

JOSHUA KEATING INVISIBLE COUNTRIES Yale

HENRY PETROSKI THE ROAD TAKEN

THE WORLD IN A GRAIN VINCE BEISER

LOST MIAMI BEACH

MICHAEL GRUNWALD THE SWAMP THE EVERGLADES, FLORIDA, AND THE POLITICS OF PARADISE

The Journal of Decorative and Propaganda Arts Florida Theme Issue 1998

Miami THEN AND NOW Arva Moore Parks and Carolyn Klepser

BLACK MIAMI IN THE Twentieth Century

CASTLES IN THE SAND The Life and Times of Graham Fisher

Billion-Dollar Sandbar

Tabular HOOSIER BY JANE FISHER

Then the Ocean Beach project seemed to stall. Collins had finished his bridge, but land sales were slow, and plans for a causeway from Miami to the Lummus part of town were delayed by World War I. In April 1916, the Lummus brothers, who had land but little money, joined forces with Carl Fisher, who had the opposite problem, and others to form the Miami Ocean View Company. Avery Smith, who was still leasing his land from Lum, seems to have been left out of Miami Ocean View. President of the company was oil millionaire James Snowden, who had just bought an oceanfront tract from John Collins where he would build his fabulous estate. "With the organization of the Miami Ocean View Company," writes Howard Kleinberg, "Fisher had for all practical purposes bought out most of Lummus' holdings."¹⁴ By 1917, the town had grown enough to become the city of Miami Beach. With the end of the war and the prosperity of the 1920s came the Florida land boom. In Miami Beach, after Fisher's company filled in the land and mounted a publicity campaign, and the County Causeway provided additional roadway access and trolley service, development took off.

RECONFIGURING THE LAND

One thing Miami Beach lost long ago was its original topography. Today, about half of its acreage is manmade—either waterways carved out of the original landmass or new land created from dredged-up bay bottom.

Before there was a Miami Beach, this was a peninsula along the ocean, about twelve miles long and terminating to the south at Norris Cut. Biscayne Bay, about three miles wide, separated it from the mainland. Indian Creek split the peninsula from north to south, entering from the bay at present-day Sixty-seventh Street and continuing down to Twenty-fourth Street. At one time, it washed into the ocean there, but by the twentieth century, this outlet had silted up.

Across the bay, the City of Miami's quest for a direct shipping channel brought about the first incursion into the geography. In 1905, Government Cut severed the south end of the peninsula, creating what is now called Fisher Island.

Miami Beach pioneer John Collins wrought the second major change to the landscape in 1912 with the Collins Canal, connecting the

south end of Indian Creek to the bay. The following year, the Collins Bridge was the first causeway across the bay, which at that time was open water except for Bull's Island. At the east end of the canal, the Collins company bulkheaded and dredged Lake Pancoast and removed an island in Indian Creek near Thirty-third Street.

The west side of the peninsula was mostly a tangled mangrove swamp. As early as 1913, the Lummus brothers had begun clearing their land at the south end and filling it with sand dredged from the bay. This process was taken to a greater extreme by Carl G. Fisher, who influenced the creation of Miami Beach more than any other developer. He filled in Bull's Island and, in 1914, renamed it Belle Isle to make it more marketable. In 1916, Fisher's company took over much of the Lummus land and continued the dredging and filling of the bay front. Six million cubic yards of fill were brought in. In 1920, a second causeway was completed across the bay at Fifth Street, built on fill dredged up from Government Cut.

A 1935 map¹⁵ documents the original landmass of Miami Beach up to Sixty-second Street. It shows the original shoreline of the bay in South Beach at Washington Avenue up to Sixth Street; then angling northwestward to Michigan Avenue at Fifteenth Street; then north through the middle of the Bay Shore Golf Course; along the Biscayne Waterway; and then through the La Gorce Golf Course. Everything to the west of that line was filled in. In the north part of the city, the original landmass extended from the ocean only as far as Dickens Avenue.

In the process of deepening the bay to create a racecourse for speedboats and channels for Fisher's clients' yachts, islands were almost accidentally created from the dredgings. It didn't take long to realize that lucrative new real estate could be created by pumping the fill into retaining walls. First Flagler (Monument) and Star Islands and then Palm and Hibiscus Islands were formed in this way. In 1923, Fisher dug out Sunset Lake, turning what were four small peninsulas into the Sunset Islands. Farther north, Fisher carved out Surprise Lake and its three waterways, and in 1924, he dredged up Allison and La Gorce Islands and built the first bridge across Indian Creek. Several miles to the north, in April 1925, a cut was completed at Baker's Haulover that linked bay to ocean and forever changed the tidal flow.

LOST MIAMI BEACH

Also in the early 1920s, the Collins Bridge was replaced by the more substantial Venetian Causeway, and five additional islands were constructed on it, west of Belle Isle: Rivo Alto, DiLido and San Marino were in Miami Beach; San Marco and Biscayne were within the Miami city limits.

At the north end of the city, Biscayne Point was created in the bay in 1925, and developer Henri Levy began dredging and filling in the south half of the former Meade Island to create Normandy Isle. In 1929, on Levy's initiative, a third causeway crossed the bay there. Another point, Biscayne Beach, reached into the bay at Eighty-fourth Street in 1947. Johns and Collins Islands and the bay front at Forty-first Street were filled in as the Mount Sinai Medical Center grew, and the Julia Tuttle Causeway, the city's fourth, was built in 1959.

SOUTH BEACH PARK AND THE SMITH COMPANY

South of Ocean Beach, casino owner Avery Smith appears to have continued operating independently on his leased land. Then, in September 1920, all of the Lum property south of Biscayne Street, including Smith's 132-foot-wide strip and more, was surveyed and, in December, was platted as the South Beach Park Subdivision. The platting was done anonymously, but a realty ad at the time¹⁶ identifies the owners of South Beach Park as James R. Reid and Wade H. Harley. Reid (1863–1929) was from Bowling Green, Ohio, and came in 1911 to Miami, where he developed the Bay Shore Subdivision.¹⁷ Harley (1888–1963), "pioneer Miami real estate man,"¹⁸ came to Miami in 1904 from South Carolina. In South Beach Park, these two laid out Harley Street one block south of Biscayne Street and Reid Place running along the oceanfront. In 1928, the Kennel Club obliterated both these streets.

In 1921, Avery Smith founded the Smith Company, Incorporated, together with his friend James Warr, who came back, and Miami banker Charles L. Briggs. Briggs was from Haverhill, Massachusetts, where he had owned a tannery, and had interests in New York and Boston banks. By 1926, he owned a paper mill in New York State, and in Miami, he was a partner in Briggs and Warr, real estate.¹⁹

As Smith later recalled, "We then purchased the Charles S. Lum strip of land, upon which I had built many buildings, and had operated under

Of all this new growth, the strangest were the islands that began popping up from Biscayne Bay at such a rate that only the great hurricane of '26 stopped an imitation Venice from filling everything between Miami and Miami Beach. The last one—called Pelican Island because of the birds that perch on its melancholy circle of pilings between the Venetian and Julia Tuttle causeways—still lies under four feet of water where various bankruptcies and jurisdictional disputes between Army Engineers and the State of Florida and City of Miami Beach have hidden it like Sleeping Beauty since 1925. The first, Star Island, was made in 1917–1918 by Carl Fisher and his Miami Ocean View partners. Its immediate success inspired many other promoters to follow suit.

Built to connect with the County (now McArthur) Causeway, Star Island was the first completely artificial island in Biscayne Bay. Until then, dredges had only filled and extended natural shorelines—though some of the shorelines at South Beach and Belle Isle had been generous, to say the least. But the new causeway was an earthen dam across the bay; only narrow channels for boats were left at either end. Because the whole thing was artificial anyway, no one could object to deepening the channel on the Miami Beach side and heaping up the fill into an island.

No one did. Since the Gay Nineties when Flagler steamers began running aground on Biscayne Bay's soft shoals and sandbars, "Deep Water" had been a magic phrase in the Magic City. Every time a Rivers and Harbors bill came up in Congress, deputations went from Miami to Washington to beg for federal dredges. Anyone who deepened water anywhere in the bay was a public benefactor. So, in short order, Miami Ocean View received its local, state, and federal permits to build Star Island, paying the State of Florida \$16,428 for the privilege. Two years later, before the island had so much as a footbridge connecting it with the Beach or the mainland, Carl was asking \$200 a front foot for the property.

Lots of money was made in Miami this way in the twenties, and through the thirties, forties, and fifties as well. But in the sixties—five causeways and twenty-six islands later—more and more Miamians, realizing there was precious little left of what was after

all a publicly owned bay, protested that the pioneering phase was over. Time to stop dredging, they said, before the bay is paved out of existence.

Communism! cried owners of bayfront property, many of them old residents who knew how things had always been done and had always been told this was progress.

Perhaps it was in 1917. But merely because Carl Fisher used Biscayne Bay as a sandpile, scooping out channels and piling up islands like a boy playing on a beach, does not make the practice sacred forever.

In many ways, Carl was a boy playing on a beach—a fact he readily admitted but no one would believe because so much money was involved. We Americans take our money very seriously, and don't like to think of anyone spending it on anything but the most conventionally approved playthings—champagne, chorus girls, houses, speedboats, sports cars. Steam shovels and highways are always Serious Business to us, whether they are needed or not.

Later on, when Carl's first beach succeeded beyond his wildest dreams and he began playing with another, one of the Collinses asked him, "Why, when you don't need the money?"

"From the monetary standpoint, I don't consider it," he replied. "But I would like to see a place every two or three weeks where the steam shovels are throwing dirt and the buildings are going up."

It was as simple as that.



The inspiring saga of Kotaro Suto

'HAPPY WHERE HEART IS'

Condensed from *Christian Herald*

Ben Funk and James Monahan

ONE EVENING in May 1953, newspaper readers puzzled over a strange advertisement in the Miami *Daily News*. "We are going back to Japan. We will miss the Miami community because it is as much our home as is Japan. May God bless you and keep you in good health. You will be our friends always. (Signed) Kotaro and Masa Suto."

But old-timers read the news through misty eyes. Kotaro Suto was the modest, lovable little man who, singlehanded and unpaid, had transformed the wastelands of Miami Beach into a tropical paradise of graceful palms, flowering shrubs and exotic blooms. For more than 35 years he had rambled over the island

like a Japanese Johnny Appleseed, beautifying public grounds and private lawns. People who tried to pay him will never forget his smiling rejoinder: "Suto not need money. City must be pretty."

One pioneer answered the ad: "Good-bye, Mr. Suto. Your devotion to American ideals transcends even our citizenship."

Kotaro Suto had landed in San Francisco in 1900—a diminutive lad of 20 with a toothy smile and eyes searching for the "American frontier" of the storybooks. Instead he was soon lost in the city's Japanese colony. For 15 years he worked as houseboy, day laborer, truck farmer, gardener. Suto loved everything American, but he wasn't happy. Away from his homeland,

Christian Herald (June, '54), copyright 1954 by *Christian Herald Assn., Inc.*
27 E. 39 St., New York 16, N. Y.

1954

'HAPPY WHERE HEART IS'

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Despite his generosity the business prospered. He trained dozens of gardeners, and soon was servicing some 100 estates. But alone in his rattletrap truck he still made his daily rounds, sprucing up little homesteads, caring for public grounds.

As his bank account grew he contributed generously to local charities and civic projects, slipping into the office of attorney Frank Katzentine, an old friend, to make his gifts anonymously.

The depression brought Miami Beach's fabulous growth to a temporary halt. Unemployed men were put to work on the city streets. One day Suto talked with a group who were listlessly raking leaves. One was a carpenter by trade, another a plumber, another an electrician. Suto went to see Katzentine, then mayor of Miami Beach. "Men not made for raking leaves," he said. "Should build things city needs."

The city raised some money and obtained more from the federal government, and the relievers built a fine public library. But there were no funds for landscaping. Then one day passers-by beheld a miracle; the barren library tract had been blanketed with lush green sod. Trees and shrubs transformed the site into one of Miami's loveliest parks. Suto had been there.

Carl Fisher died in 1939, and the city erected a monument which testifies: "He carved a great city from a jungle." On Christmas morning the grounds around the statue were ablaze with brilliant red poin-

settias—the first of Suto's annual tributes to his friend and benefactor.

"Suto's happiness was always the reflection of someone else's joy," says Mrs. J. Julien Southerland, Miami Beach pioneer. "He would plant things around drab little homes while people were away at work, and enjoy their surprise when they came home."

For Suto, Pearl Harbor was a personal tragedy. His gentle soul was devastated by the folly and slaughter between the two peoples he loved. Then the Air Force took over most of Miami Beach. Strangers peered suspiciously at the timid little man. Miami police and the FBI were besieged by ugly rumors that Kotaro Suto was a spy.

"Finally we had to raid his home," detective Pete Stewart recalls. "Sure, we found 'papers'—stacks of them, hidden in an old trunk. They were unredeemed Liberty Bonds from World War I, copies of the Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg Address and a dog-eared *Boy's Life of George Washington*."

Kotaro Suto reached his 70th birthday in 1950. After the war years he felt tired and old. He worried about his lovely Masa, who was 20 years younger. In December 1952 he told Katzentine, "Momma and me make unhappy decision. Time now we go back to Japan. Soon Suto die—Momma must be near own family."

Suto parceled out the business among his employees. To each man

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and still not part of the American community, he was rootless in the new world. Then he learned about faraway Florida, where jobs were plentiful and there were few Japanese. There he found his frontier, far down on the Florida peninsula where, in 1916, Carl Fisher was pumping the magic city of Miami Beach out of a swampy sand bar across Biscayne Bay.

The wasteland seemed hopeless, but Kotaro Suto realized that the warm subtropical sun could coax flowers out of the sand and make them bloom the year around. He went to Carl Fisher's estate and asked for a job. "Poor Mister Fisher have white-man gardener," Suto recalls. "Pretty bad. Not make things grow like Japanese. Mister Fisher smile when I say I fix place real pretty."

Soon Fisher's grounds were transformed, for Suto was accustomed to growing things in stubborn earth. He worked from dawn until after dark, fascinated by the new city that Fisher was carving out of the alligator-infested mangrove swamp.

When road-building machines cut across filled-in land Kotaro Suto followed silently, planting things. In his spare time he traveled over the island putting in shrubs, trees and flowers he had started in Fisher's nursery. He would slip quietly into a front yard after dark; in the morning the homeowner would look out upon a bit of beauty that hadn't been there the day before. Carl Fisher inquired about these round-the-clock labors. Suto explained

shyly: "When see ugly spot, easy to stop truck and plant something."

In 1920 the Fishers, realizing that he seemed lonely, offered to send Suto back to Japan to find a wife. He beamed with joy and gratitude. Jane Fisher teased him: "You must not bring an ugly girl to our beautiful Miami. Find a pretty wife."

Weeks later they heard from him. "Many ugly girls want come to America. Pretty girls stay home," he reported. "I keep looking." Then he returned triumphantly with little Masa, frail, exquisite daughter of a Kanagawa silk merchant.

Now Suto labored joyously with his hands deep in the soil he loved. Masa went to school studying the strange language. Together they spent their evenings with an English-Japanese dictionary, poring over books and magazines to learn American ways. Touched by their devotion, Carl Fisher gave them a small tract of land, and Suto started his own nursery business. He grew thousands of trees and plants. But for every one he sold he planted dozens more along the city's streets.

As Miami Beach grew during the '20's new parks were laid out. Suto took them on as personal projects, donating his plants and landscaping genius to beautify them. When the world-famous Lincoln Road was cut across the island he planted its entire length with flowering oleanders. Friends urged him to bill the city. "Suto have too much plants," he said. "Beauty belongs not in nursery but where people can see."

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he presented tools and equipment in exchange for a promise to take care of the public places Suto loved. He refused to put a price on his enormous stock of shrubs and plants. Instead he made a farewell tour of Miami Beach, tenderly placing them in public and private grounds.

On the eve of the Sutos' departure the pioneers of Miami Beach gathered in the city hall to honor the gentle couple. A resolution, inscribed in Japanese and English, paid tribute to "your long and useful life" and expressed the people's prayer that "your remaining years may be years of joy and contentment." There were flash bulbs, microphones and newsreel cameras, and the proceedings were recorded for a Voice of America broadcast.

Only Katzentine refused to treat the leave-taking as final. Into Suto's hands he pressed a re-entry permit obtained from Washington—"just in case you change your mind."

Late last year brief messages reached Miami from Japan. The Sutos weren't happy. "Momma cry

all time," Suto wrote. "I cry too."

Then one day the storage company in Miami wrote a businesslike letter. The Suto possessions (including Momma's treasured refrigerator and washing machine) were crated and ready for shipment to Japan. That did it! Momma hurried to the telegraph office. "Hold everything," she cabled. "We come home."

They received a royal welcome in Miami, and today Poppa Suto is building with his own hands a new house and some workshops on property adjoining Katzentine's land. He plans to specialize in dwarf trees and exotic plants which Momma Suto will sell in a little shop on Miami Beach. Meanwhile Katzentine is coaching Suto for the citizenship tests he will take this year.

Pretty Momma Suto, an attractive streak of silver showing in her dark hair, laughs gaily as Suto drives off in his brand-new truck to inspect his precious island.

"Poppa not old man any more," she says. "Poppa young and happy now where heart is."

The Uninvited

SOME YEARS AGO the American Ambassador in a European capital, asked to a formal dinner by a most conservative hostess, told her that he would come with pleasure. The afternoon of the party a Paris couturier put on a fashion show. The elderly Ambassador, who was a bachelor with quite an eye for the ladies, attended the showing—and that night turned up at the dinner with the youngest and prettiest of the models on his arm.

The hostess, her seating arrangements completely thrown out by the unexpected guest, remarked icily, "But you didn't tell me you were coming with anyone."

"Ah, but I did tell you, madame," replied the Ambassador with a flourish—"this is Pleasure!"

—Contributed by Andre Visson

SAND CAST CONCRETE RELIEF FOR MIAMI BEACH PUBLIC LIBRARY

This relief is of concrete, cast in a sand mold. The design as I have worked it out on a scale model, is executed in a style which can best be described as non-subjective symbolism. By this I mean a series of varied designs so handled as to inspire the imagination of the viewer, as a child finds subjects in clouds or a blazing fire. All art demands a degree of participation by the viewer. Modern art allows him the most freedom of interpretation.

This library is created to contain a record of man's relationship to his environment, therefore I have chosen the idea of portraying the development of man - past, present and future. This meaning is directed by the use of symbolism. Symbols in the design conduct the viewer from man's lowly beginning at the base of the building upward and out into the everwidening scope of the future. Since man is a complex being and his development in the various areas of knowledge have not been separate and distinct from one another, I have not relegated science to one corner of the design, religion to another, etc., but have interwoven them throughout.

The style in which this relief is handled allows the viewer to see and understand more every time it is seen. The user of the library, returning time and time again, will be able to perceive new feelings and interpretations.

The meaning is timeless, not dated to any particular period. The execution of it is modern, appropriate for the time in which we live.

Albert Vrana
Sculptor

Snow Creek Studio - Route 3, Box 330C
Bakersville, N.C. 28705 - Tel. (704) 688-3514



(Invasive) Office Plants, DoR Main Office

For nearly four months, the entrance to our main office location inside the Collins Park Rotunda included a collection of eight common South Florida invasive plant species under a bright purple grow light.

We found that although invasive and highly resilient, most of the plants did poorly under the artificial grow light. Doing particularly bad were the *Tradescantia zebrina* (aka inchplant) and the *Dianella tasmanica* (aka Tasman Flax-lily), the latter of which was unsalvageable entirely. The only species remaining healthy, though not quite thriving, were the *Zamioculcas* (aka ZZ plant) and the *Sansevieria trifasciata* (aka snake plant).

Sansevieria trifasciata is a species of flowering plant in the family Asparagaceae, native to tropical West Africa from Nigeria east to the Congo. It is most commonly known as the snake plant, Saint George's sword, mother-in-law's tongue, and viper's bowstring hemp, among other names. Like some other members of its genus, *S. trifasciata* yields bowstring hemp, a strong plant fiber once used to make bowstrings. It is now used predominantly as an ornamental plant.

Zamioculcas (common names Zanzibar gem, ZZ plant, Zuzu plant, aroid palm, eternity plant, or emerald palm) is a genus of flowering plant in the family Araceae, containing the single species *Zamioculcas zamiifolia*. It is a tropical perennial plant native to eastern Africa, from Kenya south to northeastern South Africa. *Zamioculcas* is grown as an ornamental plant, mainly for its attractive glossy foliage and easy care. Dutch nurseries started wide-scale commercial propagation of the plant around 1996.

Liriope is a genus of low, grass-like, flowering plants from East Asia and Southeast Asia. In the southeastern United States they are sometimes referred to by the common name monkey grass or spider grass. *Liriope* usually used in the garden for their evergreen foliage as a groundcover. Some species grow aggressively in the right conditions, spreading by runners; hence their nickname, "creeping lilyturf".

Dianella tasmanica, commonly known as the Tasman Flax-lily or Tasmanian Flax-lily is a herbaceous strappy perennial herb of the family Asphodelaceae, subfamily Hemerocallidoideae, found in southeastern Australia including Tasmania. It adapts readily to cultivation and is commonly seen in Australian gardens. *Dianella tasmanica* is a hardy plant which has been cultivated in gardens and as a potted plant for many years in Australia, preferring shade and regular moisture. It can also be grown as an indoor plant, in a brightly lit space. A form with variegated leaves known as "Rainbow" is in cultivation, as well as a compact form "Little Devil", and a salt-tolerant form with red-tinted leaves

Tradescantia zebrina is a species of spiderwort more commonly known as an inchplant or wandering jew. It is native to Mexico, Central America and Colombia, but can also be found from Belize to El Salvador and Panama, as well as on the Caribbean islands. It is naturalized in parts of Asia, Africa, Australia, South America, and various oceanic islands. *Tradescantia zebrina* grows in thickets in the wetland and rainforest, often on stones in shady and open areas or on river banks at altitudes of 2000 meters or below, but mainly at lower altitudes. The plant is not frost-resistant and is therefore kept in the winter months as a houseplant (usually a hanging plant).

Ficus lyrata, commonly known as the fiddle-leaf fig, is a species of flowering plant in the mulberry and fig family Moraceae. It is native to western Africa, from Cameroon west to Sierra Leone, where it grows in lowland tropical rainforest. It is a banyan fig (*Ficus* subgenus *Urostigma*) that commonly starts life as an epiphyte high in the crown of another tree; it then sends roots down to the ground which envelop the trunk of the host tree and slowly strangle it. It can also grow as a free-standing tree on its own, growing up to 39–49 ft tall. It is a popular ornamental tree in subtropical and tropical gardens, and is also grown as a houseplant in temperate areas, where it usually stays shorter and fails to flower or fruit. It requires indirect natural light.

Aglaonema is a genus of flowering plants in the arum family, Araceae. They are native to tropical and subtropical regions of Asia and New Guinea. They are known commonly as Chinese evergreens. *Aglaonema* have been grown as luck-bringing ornamental plants in Asia for centuries. They were introduced to the West in 1885, when they were first brought to the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, London. They have been cultivated, hybridized, and bred into a wide array of cultivars.

Nephrolepis obliterated, commonly known as Australian Sword Fern or Emerald Queen, has sword-shaped leaves that remain sturdy in windy areas. It grows vigorously and is a tough and adaptable plant. It was introduced in the heyday of foliage plants by several companies as Australian Sword or Kimberly Queen.

Questions, comments, concerns, interests, matters, worries, things?
info@departmentofreflection.org

We would like to thank the following for their founding and continued support:
Oolite Arts, Board and (present and past) Staff
City of Miami Beach Elected Officials
City of Miami Beach City Manager Jimmy L. Morales
City of Miami Beach Art in Public Places
City of Miami Beach Environment and Sustainability Department
and the Citizens of Miami Beach



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The Department of Reflection is not accredited by any national association nor has the Department of Reflection been directly voted into existence or authority by residents of any municipality (for now). However, the Department of Reflection has been inspired by and thus has been designated authority internally under the interest of all residents, human and otherwise.