

***STORIES FROM  
THE FUTURE***

OUR  
2030

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## **INTRODUCTION**

It started as an idea, a seed, that took root in the creative soils of ACUD MACHT NEU's program, **Collective Practices**. The seed sprouted, and we found one another.

It was 2020, a rough year by all accounts. It was the year that multiple crises came to a head, climate being one of many. We were interested in the future—2030 (now) to be specific. We talked about carbon-neutrality, race and gender relations, how to protect and listen to the non-human world, and much more. Our world—how we related to one another—changed dramatically due to COVID-19, but we found solace in imagining a better future. We decided to travel to this future we envisioned and bring back some of the things that made us especially hopeful, thoughtful, or curious, to share them with others.

This publication features some of what we found, artifacts from our 2030. We are proud of these things—poems, pictures, diary entries, and more—mostly because they demonstrate that the future doesn't have to be more of the same. Furthermore, the future isn't a far removed time or place, something to look forward to. As we learned in 2020, the future is a relative process of learning and un-learning, making and un-making. It is a space where things are possible. We are proud to show that it does get better.

Peace and Power,  
Lisa Pettibone & Dylan Harris

# STORIES ABOUT STORIES

when we came together in 2020, there were multiple, competing, and nested crises happening around us. for starters, there was a global pandemic, a once in a century event. though, these days, i know not to take too much stock in anything happening ‘once in a century.’ we were all told to stay home, to not see others in order to stay safe. but, we still found a way to connect through what would now feels like arcane tech – zoom, email, texting. the tech worked – it did the job – but it certainly didn’t make it easy, especially considering that our entire society existed on these platforms. we learned on zoom, we worked on zoom, we recreated on zoom. we had to re-learn what storytelling was, what it meant.

in addition to the global pandemic, there was a global reckoning with racial capitalism, with much of this reckoning taking place in the former united states. though, the impacts of this reckoning could be felt deeply across the globe. we struggled to think about the future then: who would live there? who gets to imagine it? who gets to tell stories about it? specifically, who were we to decide the answers to these questions? with these questions in mind, however, we continued. we wanted to lean into the reckoning.

additionally, burning beneath our feet was the changing climate. where i lived then, in the western part of the former united states, was literally on fire, for months. and still, despite these literal and figurative fires, people were still dismissive of the changing climate. people, or at least some people, had the privilege to be ignorant then. we wanted to tell stories about a future that was free of ignorance.

finally, there was profound loneliness and isolation. we all had to learn to be together while not being near one another. the loneliness hurt us the most, but stories helped then, as they always have and will.

our time together was beautiful, respite from the crises. we all began with an intuitive understanding of storytelling in mind. everyone can tell a story right? yes and no. storytelling is about meaning-making, sense-making. we were trying to make sense of the moment while speculating about the future. we wanted to build artifacts about the future and ‘bring them back.’ but i realized that the process itself – of living through unprecedented times to make stories about an unknown future – was an artifact itself, a testament to the need for meaning-making.

the world is still very much in flux. there has been significant progress since 2020 – the world is entirely carbon neutral now (though this was not necessarily the result of altruism or goodwill, mostly survival). once we stopped using fossil fuels, there was a bump in global temperatures, something that modelers knew would happen. this bump resulted in mass migrations (more than there already was at the time). there was so much migration that the entire idea of a nation-state was thrown out. there are now no borders, but there is still territory. we’re mucking our way through returning back to the people who had it in the first place. inequality persists of course, so we continue to tell stories.

now, ten years later, the world is still unprecedented. but, in the words of octavia butler – “god is change.” stories make sense of change. stories are our prayers.

Dear Sea Diary,

We are at 12°15'N 60°5'W, in the open ocean between Barbados, Grenada and Trinidad & Tobago. Our holding tanks are already half full and we are travelling to the next algae patch. Everyone on board is in a good mood, we will come home from this season with more crypto than you can count. The long days are wearing on us though, especially on Eduardo, he is getting to old for this job.

I just got word that I can move into the new infinity town in Trinidad. I was not sure if they accept me. I can pay the fee no problem but I am at sea for months on end and wouldn't be able to contribute to the community all year round. I was so anxious about their answer, I haven't slept for weeks. But today I got good news! They love the proposition of me contributing to the farm full time when I am not at sea. Ahh, I can already smell the tomato plants, the basil, the mint... I can't wait to move there and become part of a community.

Off you go, my diary entry, into the wide blue sea, revealing this story to someone else if Neptuns will...



A

rain  
droplet.

Just one of the billions that fall during the rainy season. Rain replenishes our rivers, irrigates our farms and it revives us when we're parched from the summer heat. We didn't always have this relationship. It rained too hard and it flooded. It didn't rain enough and the drought wouldn't end. Our communities drowned. Our cities dried up. And then, a miracle. The rains came, not erratic or violent like before. It was like how it used to be, before the climate emergency. Long, hard thunderstorms when needed. Gentle streams where necessary. Harmony was restored. Now, a decade after our rain crisis, we know better. Thanks to timely interventions, attitude shifts and restoration we have rain in 2030. And we will never take rain for granted again.

**WATERMELON SUMMER**

the warmth of the soil on the soles of my feet reminds of summer, of when i was a kid and used to help around the family farm. i hesitate to call it soil, if i am being honest. these days, soil is more plastic than organic. remember that floating trash island in the ocean from 2020? they found a way to break it up in small, almost molecular pieces. something like a giant floating woodchip-per mixed with a blue whale. soil was spent anyway, so they found a way to splice it with the plastic. you have to spray it with an organic compound that smells like xerox ink. but it works, and it grows watermelons. i just split this one open, and it's clear on the inside, almost like it's full of cellophane. but it tastes amazing. the juice still drips down my neck when i bite into it. luckily, it's not as sticky as it used to be.

**GRASSHOPPER**

This grasshopper is the same bright green as its relatives over the ridge. But this grasshopper doesn't exist in the world-that-could-be. In that world, humans turned this meadow into a cotton farm, spun the cotton with oil-fired machines into yarn, sent the yarn on massive, soot-spewing ships to children to sew into clothes that were purchased "just because" a few of those humans had money they didn't know what to do with. In this world, there's a meadow, and this grasshopper, and children go to school, and the air is clear and clean, and everyone has enough clothes and no one has too many.

**CLOUDS 2**

"In this heartwarming, laugh-out-cloud sequel, Skyterra (Madison Pettis) finds out there's more to friendship than she could have ever imagined. She thought she'd found her new home on Musica—but a song drought threatens to change everything. Along with friends Skyline (G Hannelius) and Ben (Michael Eric Reid), she'll have to find the music inside and adapt to her new—"

I stumble over the last word, not sure I want to rent this movie for my brother's kid anymore. But then I glance over at their sweet face, sticky hands gripping the tablet. They will need stories, too.

"Climate."

**HUNGERGEFÜHLE**

*Hunger. Diese quälende, fordernde Leere. Kam häufiger vor in letzter Zeit. Seit fünf Seen bin ich nun allein unterwegs. Zeit, Raum... alles dehnt sich, dünnt sich aus. Kaum noch Kontakte, geschweige denn Resonanz. Gibt zwar recht viele Eichhörnchen hier. Aber die sind ja wenig ... zugewandt. Lassen sich nie anfassen. Und immer dieses Rumgehops-- zu nervös, meinen Hunger zu stillen. Aber dazu taugten sie scheinbar noch nie, hab ich mal gefühlt von jemandem-- nicht mal, als Essen noch physisch war.*

**HUNGER FEELINGS**

Hunger. That agonizing, demanding void. It's come more often lately. I've been traveling alone for five lakes now. Time, space... everything stretches, thins out. Hardly any contacts, let alone resonance. There are quite a few squirrels, though. But they're not very ... affectionate. Never let me touch them. And this constant jumping around. Too nervous to still my hunger. But they were never good for that anyway, or so I once felt from someone--not even when food was still physical.





***SWEET LIFE***

Dry air and dry soil, yet the honeysuckle thrived,  
its seeds as red as life's blood,  
its blooms as bright as sunfire.

Because it refused to die,  
the butterflies returned to rediscover the sweetness of life.

*Oh look, a coral symbiont !*



\*courtesy of The Fishpeople Community,  
where humans learn new ways of living with the sea.

## **THE SONG OF LIFE**

We sing the song of life

we sing with one voice  
the sea the fish  
the humans and the shells  
the corals and the sand.

We sing with one voice  
that there's no life *apart* -  
there is no us and them.

Life runs deep in the water  
as high in the sky  
on this Earth in the dirt,  
don't cut yourself off.

Slowly  
carefully  
grievingly  
hopefully

we accept we are one  
with the song of life.

Monday, October 14, 2030

Portland, Maine, USA

Dear diary,

It's another beautiful fall day in Portland, Maine, where I'm writing from today rather than back home in Boston. Today is Indigenous Peoples Day, or what we used to call Columbus Day back when I was a child. I still remember when I first learned about the horrible atrocities Christopher Columbus and other Europeans committed against the Indigenous people they encountered when they arrived in what we now call the Americas. I'm glad to have learned the truth, and I'm glad we honor Indigenous

peoples now on this day.

Today is also my 47<sup>th</sup> birthday. Since my friends, partner, and I have a long holiday weekend, we're celebrating by enjoying the fall colors, outdoor activities, and amazing cafés, restaurants, and bars Maine has to offer. In fact, since the holiday weekend often overlaps with my birthday, this trip has been a tradition every year since 2017. Well, I guess except for 2020 during the coronavirus pandemic.

My favorite part of this trip has always been admiring the passing landscapes on our way to and around



Maine. Our views of the coastlines and fall leaves have always been breathtaking, even if they've changed a bit over the years. When we first began making the trip in 2017, we didn't realize how the small windows in our old cars restricted our views. A few years later, when we switched to taking the train to reduce the environmental impact of our trip, we loved the way the train's large windows—and the lack of distractions from driving—made the views that much better. But taking the train did prevent us from visiting the more rural parts of the state, so in the last few years we've

been taking the train to Portland and renting electric vehicles to venture away from the train route. With panoramic windows and self-driving capabilities, these new electric vehicles have made the trip more enjoyable, safer, and cheaper and have enabled us to visit once again the farms and cideries we used to.

Our views of Maine's fall landscapes have changed in other ways as well. Wind turbines now extend above the trees and dot the coasts, and solar panels are increasingly common on roadways, train lines, and buildings. Some people—both locals and visitors—

have objected to the installations,  
complaining about how they look.  
I don't mind them, though; in fact,  
I kind of like the constant reminders  
of the tradeoffs we're making in our  
relationship with nature.

Alright, we're about to drop  
off the rental car and have  
dinner before we catch the train  
back to Boston tonight. While  
I'm sad another fall holiday  
weekend in Maine is coming  
to a close, I'm grateful for  
this annual leaf-peeping  
pilgrimage and the time  
well spent with friends in  
such a beautiful place.

June 20, 2030

Dear diary, I know, I should be a bit more patient, but these rotating  
workshifts just don't ... work for me. At least not with the shifts I've  
been assigned to so far. Just had another nerve-racking day in the  
forest garden. Yes, everybody LOVES the forest garden--and I know it's  
so important, with the hot winds, evaporation, erosion and all. But ... this  
arrogant plane tree... They completely threw off their bark again... Is  
that supposed to tell me something? I'm just not good at reading their  
expressions--looks the same to me every time they "say" something.  
Maybe they were just showing off, but I wanted to be on the safe side  
and so I checked with Xeni. The dog's pretty easy at nose-bonding with  
the plant people and I rely on her to get a more articulate explanation  
from the plane. We've been working together for weeks now, dealing with  
groundwater supply in the forest garden. The plane's the expert, I'm  
here to assist (and learn?!). But somehow we don't get along. Xeni made  
a big show today of interpreting between us, as she swaggered about  
and stuck her nose to the trunk. She grumbled and sniffed, circled the  
tree, started all over again, and then wanted me to bend down a branch  
so she could smell the fresher juices ... or whatever. The other day there  
was a meeting nearby with a lot of other communities and a bunch of  
four-legged people--and they'd put on a show just like that. Xeni was over  
the moon about it and now everything takes three times as long with  
her... Well, eventually she was done and told me kinda headmistressy that  
the plane accused me of having hurt a central water vein when I  
installed some pipe that's been of no use anyhow. Rumor had it all the  
plant people were deeply irritated by my intervention. And while they  
were at it, the plane went on ranting about the human people--and  
especially me--for being too damn stupid to carry out even the simplest of  
tasks, always doing some random stuff instead without at least asking  
other people first. Well, yeah, you know what: I'm looking forward to  
moving on from there, too. My next shift will be in the rockery. It'll be  
perfect; checked it out already: The stones are just lying around, slowly  
heating up in the sun. And the best thing is: They're zero touchy and  
stay totally relaxed even with a klutz like me. It'll so suit me: chilling  
with the stones, just harvesting their sunergy from time to time... Xeni  
will be bored stiff while I'm gonna have my best shift ever. At least I  
hope so, otherwise I'm out of here. So, look forward to brighter entries,  
dear diary!

# MUSEUM ARTIFACTS



No decade has brought as much change to our way of living as the 2020s. In 2030, this new world has just been born, and is too young to tell its own story. Years later, however, many museums will capture the essence of this transition. That is why the artifacts on the following pages are post 2030, an older self telling the birth story of 2030.



Remember gas stations?

How they are filling  
our creative spirits.



10'000



freie internationale tankstellen!





Remember bad air  
quality?

It took a  
pandemic for us  
to realize how  
clean our air  
could be



20 years of breathing in New Dehli



2000- 2020



2030 - 2050

**Körperwelten**  
FOSSILE EDITION

ADMIT ONE

# THE AMERICAN COMBUSTION ENGINE MUSEUM

DETROIT

OPENING NIGHT  
WELCOMING NOTES BY C. H. ...



23 CEP

DATE ISSUED  
03/05/2039

TIME  
6:00 - 10:00 PM

Remember combustion  
engines?

*so loud and smelly*

**RACE TO ZERO**  
2020-2030: Die Dekade, in der wir die Welt verändert haben

**AUG 2 - SEPT 17, 2043**

Die globale Ausstellung ist zu Besuch im Landesmuseum Zürich. Durchlaufen Sie die wichtigste Dekade der menschlichen Geschichte aus der Sicht von Arbeiter:innen, CEOs, Klimaaktivist:innen, Künstler:innen, Forscher:innen, Regierungschef:innen und vielen mehr, welche diese Zeit geprägt haben und zur rapide Dekarbonisierung und Begrünung des Planet Erde beigetragen haben.

Landesmuseum Zürich. SCHWEIZERISCHES NATIONALMUSEUM. MUSÉE NATIONAL SUISSE. MUSEO NAZIONALE SVIZZERO. MUSEUM NAZIONALE SVIZZER.

Remember the 2020s?

*The most important decade in human history*



*When we tackled climate change*



***Are you tired of walking the road from odd job to odd job?***

***Are you scared of the Christian Crusaders?***

***Are you just looking for a small, close-knit community where you can live simply, find meaning, and get back to your roots?***



***Then come to OLIVE, an Earthseed community.***



Olive is a family-friendly community, with about 200 residents from two months old to nearly one hundred years.

We work hard, learn new trades, and help each other celebrate good times and get through bad. In Olive, you can learn to read, write, and speak 17 different languages, learn baking, woodworking, and regenerative agriculture, and acquaint yourself with the teachings of Earthseed.

We welcome you for as little or as long as you like, no commitment. We use a barter economy, so all we ask is a few hours of work—in whatever field or trade you know—for room and board. Residents who have contributed for one year will be Welcomed to join permanently. We are connected to other Earthseed communities in Greece and internationally, as well as the Global Ecovillage Network.

***What are you waiting for?  
Make the change to OLIVE today!***

***All that you touch You Change.***

***All that you Change Changes you.***

***The only lasting truth Is Change.***

***God is Change!***



# FUTURE BODY ENCOUNTERS

*“I just don’t believe in a story; I believe in narratives. There are things to tell, of course, and we can repeat it. And we can’t help it to make a story out of them. For our own survival, we long for it to be a story, and we long to be comforted. But the truth is: there is no story. It is a continuation. We end but the thing continues, indifferent to our being here, and that’s the hardest thing perhaps for us to accept, the indifference of the whole enterprise to our individual needs and pain. You die, ha, the sun rises again. Well at some point it won’t but who will be here to tell that?” — Jamaica Kincaid*

## 2020: Before the pandemic

Stepping out of the bus, it is 150 meters to the entrance of the building, but even those 150 meters seem long because my backpack is too heavy and my shoulder feels sore; I cannot simply turn my head to either side. Then, entering the auditorium, taking a seat and a notebook, smelling the room’s distinct auditorium smell, seeing the crowd of other learners around, some still chatting, some watching their phones with their heads in the position of older folks that fell asleep during church service. Some scratching their heads, some not. One neighbor seems really focused, the other has a book that the prof mentioned last week, which I would have forgotten if they did not have it at their side. I am freezing today, there is a wind coming into the auditorium from somewhere, usually I am sitting in the middle front because I learned that I waste less energy on focusing simply by sitting middle front. Today I sit middle back. Maybe the wind is always there and I never noticed it, at the front. The professor holds her lecture and I take notes, look at her, start to get worried I could catch a cold from freezing, but I still take notes, the sound of her voice holds something promising, or maybe it is the way she looks to the crowd before she turns to the board. There is something in her way of turning that I can tell now comes something important or now comes something most of us will not understand. I seem to formulate this connection between her thought and her way of moving her body ostentatiously, but not actually. I don’t formulate it at all but I know it for certain.

## 2020: During the pandemic

Getting up from the kitchen table, returning to my room. I already walked 12 meters today or maybe 15. Turn on my computer and click on the zoom session for today’s class. Grabbing my notebook, writing today’s date and “5th Lecture” at the top of the page. I can’t watch the screen with a zoom and watch the screen and take notes

at the same time. I tried a few times but had to hold apple + tab to see her and then to go back to typing my notes, I literally felt mini cramps in my fingers. I thought what is wrong with me but tried to not over interpret and thought why not going back to that good old handwriting, I like handwriting anyway, a feeling as if I am writing knowledge straight into my brain, pixel by pixel. The zoom session continues, I pinned the speaker view to see her mouth shaping those words, or more simply said, to see the person who is actually speaking and not the one who has forgotten to mute themselves. Where were we, yeah, handwriting, speaker view, my chair, I am too close to the screen. I didn’t notice yet but when my focus drifts, I stretch my legs and my upper body leans against the chair. Or maybe when I do that I lose interest in what’s going about on screen? My eyes are so tired, my back hurts, she wanted to take a small break today after 45 minutes, but she forgot. I turn off my camera. I don’t want anybody to see I am getting bored. The next lecture is in 1 hour, in the same room at the same desk in the same position and the same smell. Will it really have happened or was it a recording I saw? Does it matter if I am there? Is anybody out there anyways?

## 2030: Accommodating the body

Getting out of bed is easier this morning. I feel less anxious than yesterday. Each time I prepare a presentation for the study group, I adapt my body’s representation of it. Will I understand, will the other learners understand? I don’t want to give the impression of mastering the content completely, nor that it is for their entertainment. Instead, my embodiment is at the point between challenging myself and challenging my co-learners. I stand tall, my voice is firm, my words crisp, my hands move congruently and suggest unambiguous spatial thinking. Doing gestures that embody spatial directions, supports the understanding of scientific concepts. This seems obvious, but still 10 years ago, it was ignored on a societal scale. It all started with that pandemic in 2020, when public places were locked down and people were asked to isolate themselves. The sudden scarcity of witnessing another body in their flesh and color, the lack of public intimacy, boosted the acceptance to reunite the body and the mind. What once was widely accepted as “Cogito ergo sum” became “Facio et Cogito Ergo Sum”, and today society accommodates for embodied learning. In remote situations, we use mixed reality tools – spatial mapping, sensors and holographs projecting sensations, ideas, emotions into every participant’s body and space. There is no way to overcome the absence of the body entirely, the social animal in humans seeks the spatiotemporal proximity to other bodies. Neither mind nor body can be tricked on the notion of liveness. The reunification of our bodies and minds however has made us healthier humans that by now have taken healthier decisions for the planet.

For the presentation today, I will not use any VR tool to project my body into their space, I will have a walk outside because there is no AC.

„The States,“ or what others refer to as „New America,“ came from the breakdown after the 2020 election, when the United States was on the precipice of civil war. Most know the story, but few people outside our borders know the intricacies. The melting pot experiment was a flop and tensions were bubbling over. The change came from the bottom up, groups of activists from all walks of life who felt drawn to the different communities popping up. Political parties straying from National Conventions. It wasn't always peaceful, but for the most part it was intentional. Some moved their families, others participated virtually.

The States are broken up into three major territories. Pacifica, the western territory, people often refer to as „out west.“ The central territory is named Liberty, and is often referred to as „the Basin“ or „the Plains.“ The eastern seaboard is officially called Atlanta, but people still call it „back east.“ This is The States, the New America. Pacifica, Atlanta, and Liberty all sovereign nations, bound by history and a tenuous mutual respect. Within each nation there are sub-territories that generally follow the principles of the dominant group, but this is not a strict science.

Infinite Towns, the only subsidiary of Amazon left after the chaos of the early 2020s and the downfall of Google, took over several major US cities to re-use infrastructure in an efficient manner. They were only allowed to do so because they had the capital to invest at the time. Their goal is to build mini-developments (about 150 people) of like-minded individuals within larger metropolitan areas.

Earthseed communities are truly invested in healing the earth and living with it, and their fellow humans. They often have carbon burial sites in their colonies to signify the death of carbon-based lifestyles and their commitment to degrowth/regrowth of provisioning ecosystems.

The fAIr hackers have collectives close to or within major cities mostly so they can piggyback on communications infrastructure. While they started off as the same group, they now stand apart from the Monkey Wrench Gangs of the early 2020s who used aggressive tactics to subvert virtual tyrants such as Facebook and Google.

The fAIr hackers are dedicated to open-source, just, and sustainable coding practices that work toward eliminating poverty and suffering.

Theirstorytellers roam, collecting and retelling human and more-than-human stories, traditions, and practices in a variety of mediums, making a rich and textured tale of the New America. They are collectors and watchers, sounding boards for the New American project.

The Vision Keepers stay as far away from cities as they can so they can concentrate on collecting and representing the wants and needs of their territory's people. They focus on the process of decision-making, using fAIr hacker and Theirstoryteller methods. They keep their communities small and have a highly rigorous process for training each other, ensuring each Vision Keeper is minimally focused on personal gain and ego.

Finally, the Includers and Healers, who work closely with Theirstorytellers, make sure all are included in decision-making processes by fanning out to inform territories of new information or ideas. They are the bridge-builders of the new society, striving to break down walls that naturally form between communities, territories, and nations.

The fAIr hackers, Vision Keepers, Theirstorytellers, and Healers/Includers collaborate to make sure group decision-making is done according to each territory's rules - which vary considerably.



-  COUNTRY
-  Carbon Burial
-  Infinite Towns
-  Earthseed Communities
-  Includers + Heders Territories
-  MOUNTAIN RANGE
-  FAIR Hackers
-  Kaloikostopian Cooperative
-  Vision Keeper Headquarters

October 9, 2030  
– FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE –

**TJ JOINT HOMECOMING COMMITTEE PRESENTS DIGITAL FLOAT  
TO PROMOTE ITS NEW MASCOT,**

# **THE DECOLONIAL!**

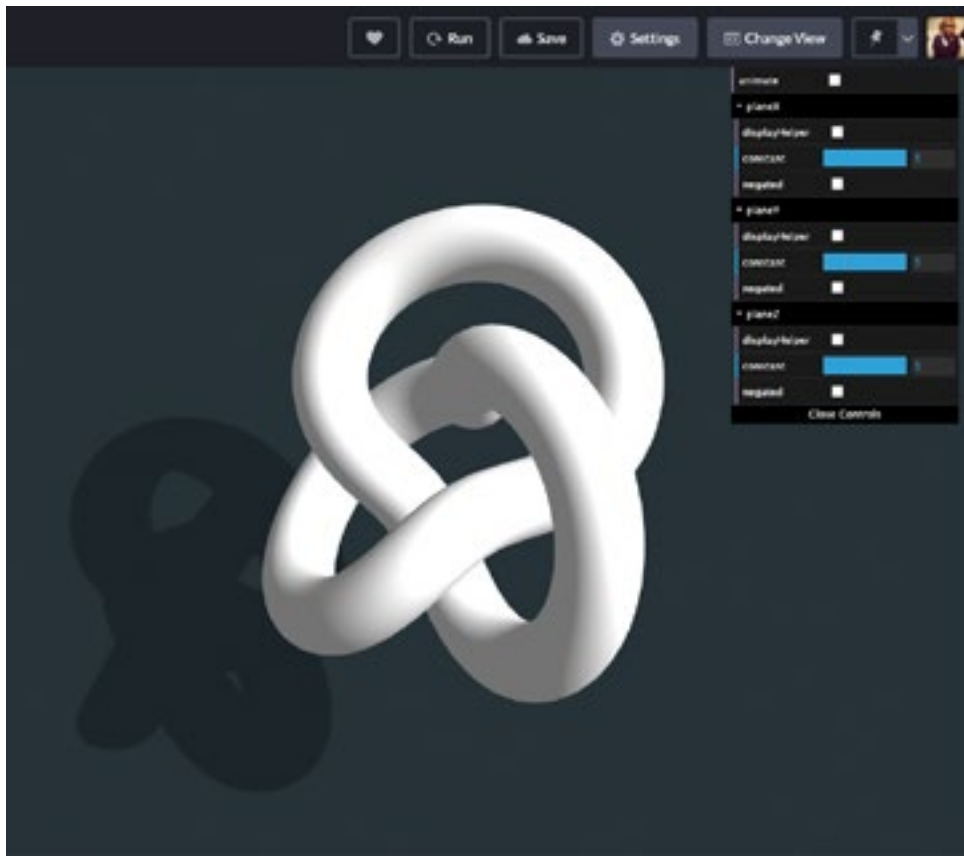


Fig. 1: The new decolonial mascot is animated, disappearing over time as internal and external factors are decolonized. In the beginning, the white outside representing settler colonization demonstrates a fully colonized starting point.

Dear parents, alumni and the TJ community:

We, the members of the TJ Joint Homecoming Committee, take seriously the task we have been given of putting a “face” to the school’s new mascot. As you are likely aware, the administration of the Thomas Jefferson High School for Science and Technology in Alexandria, Virginia (part of the Powhatan Chiefdom at European contact) decided to change the school’s mascot this previous summer from the Colonial to the Decolonial. This decision came after a student petition earned over 1,000 signatures from students, faculty, and alumni during the 2029–2030 school year. Our principal and vice principal decided to update the school’s curriculum to reflect this change, saying:

“We are proud to have the best students in Fairfax County, and the United States. So we must listen when so many of our students tell us where we as an institution are falling short and what we need to do to make things right. With the introduction of the Decolonials mascot, we hope to begin the long and difficult process of decolonizing TJ. With this, we hope to decenter white settler colonist narratives and expand the sources and types of knowledge we impart in this school.”

The new Curriculum Committee appointed English and Government teacher Lisa Turtle to lead the design and implementation of a new decolonized freshman IBET block (integrated Biology, English, and Technology courses). Turtle said of the decision:

“As an integrated three-course block, IBET is the perfect place to begin the difficult but necessary work of decolonizing TJ’s curriculum. We are working hard to maintain our rigorous academic standards and adhere to Fairfax County curriculum requirements while bringing in new methods and knowledge to decenter the White, settler colonist narratives that have been so harmful in our community and across the globe. We are especially excited to collaborate with parents, students, and community members on this project.”

The school’s new mascot is an important guide for our values and priorities as a school, guiding not only our curriculum and teaching philosophy but also our interactions with students, alumni, and the community. We are at the beginning of a much longer journey which we hope you can all be a constructive part of.

As serious and inspiring as these new developments are, we also understand the important role of a high school mascot in promoting school spirit. For this reason, we, the members of the TJ Joint Homecoming Committee, have taken up the work of designing a homecoming float to debut our new mascot at the first countywide sporting event of the 2030–2031 school year. Our first decision was to create a digital float, using cutting-edge technology developed in the Senior CAD lab and teaming up with the 3D print team. TJ alumnus and Joint Homecoming Committee member Jason Blanks said of the float:



"I have built our digital mascot to reflect settler (white) control of native Virginia land treated as property and the destruction of that control and treatment, which is by definition 'unsettling.' To quote Tuck and Yang, from 'Decolonization is not a metaphor:' 'Decolonization eliminates settler property rights and settler sovereignty. It requires the abolition of land as property and upholds the sovereignty of Native land and people.' I've used white and blue as two of TJ's colors, but the white/outer surface represents settler control/appropriation and the blue/inner surface represents Native control. With this digital mascot, I hope to challenge the TJ community to take this new mascot seriously and consider decolonization not only in a metaphorical sense but also physically, possibly even by giving back the land on which the school sits to recognized Native tribes."

We hope you join us on the football field, or on our dedicated VR channel, to inaugurate our new digital mascot and wish the football team all the best in their homecoming game against W. T. Woodson High School!

TJ Homecoming Game:  
THE DECOLONIALS FACE OFF AGAINST THE CAVALIERS!  
Friday, October 11, 2030 – 6pm sharp  
6560 Braddock Road – Alexandria, VA 22312

**Please note:** Parking lots 1 and 2 are reserved for bicycles and autonomous vehicles, respectively. Only electric private cars are allowed on TJ campus; owners of combustion engine vehicles are asked to park behind the Home Depot across the street.

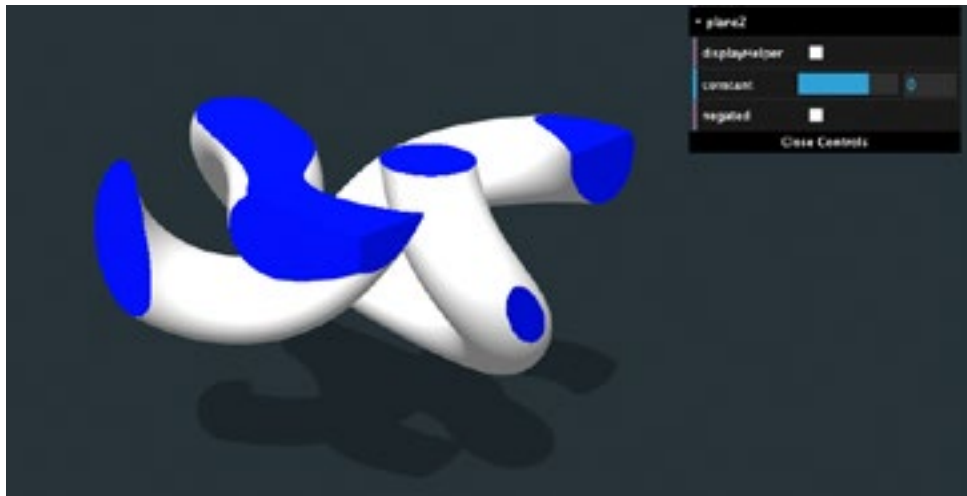


Fig. 2: Over time, internal and external factors are decolonized, exposing the blue indigenous regions of the torus. Both the blue and white are TJ's school colors.

## HOLLY IN SNOW

The time traveler returned with a story of a plant thriving in snow. Its berries fed birds, its leaves offered herbal remedies. It was cherished, growing wild, called by its ancient name: „the sun never forgot“.



## ***CRY ME A FLOWER***

Is there growth  
without grief ?

For what is gone,  
for what is left  
even Men cry  
in the face of the sunset  
while we wait for a new dawn

and wiser creatures  
do not as they (we) please  
but as they must,

flowers bloom  
where tears watered the land.



\*courtesy of The Burning Man Community,  
where life is to be reborn from ashes and dust.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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<b>Marit</b>	Future body encounters	30–31
<b>Mike</b>	Diary	12–16
<b>Robin</b>	New America map and description	32–35

**Alessandra Jerolleman** is a professor, applied researcher, and advocate. In 2020 she was working to promote and create policies focused on increasing equitable outcomes from climate adaptation and emergency management. Today she spends more time with her nose in a book, preferably outside by a creek, or her hands on the earth in her garden.

**Daniela Silvestrin** is a curator, cultural researcher, and organizer-facilitator living and working in Berlin. Her research focuses on the potential of speculative and disruptive creative practices to conceive and envision new forms of experimental knowledge production. For the past decade she has been focusing her work specifically on creative and artistic ways to think about and create sustainable futures. Next to her work as a curator she co-founded one of the first sustainability consulting agencies for cultural institutions, festivals and artistic productions.

**Twitter:** @dan1\_s // **Website:** danielasilvestrin.info

**Dylan M. Harris** tells stories about storytelling. He lives with his partner and dog on a floating island in the former Gulf of Mexico, where he writes, teaches, and continues to imagine just futures for both humans and non-humans (though that distinction is becoming more and more unnecessary). In 2020, he was an Assistant Professor of Geography & Environmental Studies at the University of Colorado Colorado Springs, and he co-facilitated the original Stories from the Future workshop. These days, he is still a professor of sorts.

**Twitter:** @dylanmattharris // **Instagram:** molotov\_cocteau

**Franziska Elmer** is a science communicator, marine ecology expert and climate pirate based in the Caribbean. In the late 2010s, she taught hands-on Marine Ecology classes until, in 2020, she embarked onto a Climate Sabbatical to contribute full time to climate action. The coral reefs, her career and her students' careers were on the line. She is stoked that we achieved carbon-neutrality before climate change destroyed all coral reefs and brought other systems past their tipping points. Currently, she is advocating for intersectional environmentalism and negative emission goals, to bring carbon emission down to save levels below 350 ppm. @shooting\_seastar

**Grandmother Lyn Ford** is a mentor and coach for young storytellers. She is completing her latest collection of online nature folktales. Lyn is active in the National Association of Black Storytellers Circle of Elders outreach programs, and the Heirloom Seeds Project for the City of Columbus Community Gardens Program in Ohio. The Heirloom Seeds Project, which began in 2021, continues to support: healthy living and eating; the use of heirloom seeds and native plant species; green spaces and natural habitats in the city, and the development of self-supporting community gardens. riedtales2@gmail.com

**jana** contributes to collective transformative processes. In 2020, jana co-founded the Unleashing Fantasy Collective (UFC) to facilitate workshops on speculative fiction to co-imagine future degrowth-societies. Over the past ten years it proved to be existential for our societies to find those stories that inspire solidary and caring communities and strengthen our capabilities to self-organize. Therefore, the UFC continuously collects and spreads human and non-human life stories and practices to provide a nurtured learning ground for organizing the good life for all. [unleashing.fantasy@mailbox.org](mailto:unleashing.fantasy@mailbox.org)

**Jason Blanks** (né Banks) is a former attorney, a former software engineer, a former community cryptocurrency economist, and a former relationship facilitator. In early 2030, his partner was offered a curatorial position at the National Gallery in Washington, D.C. So, after living in Europe for two decades, he relocated with his partner to D.C. He is currently volunteering in various capacities in his first communities in and around D.C., as he determines what to do next. [@jasonnotklein](https://twitter.com/jasonnotklein)

**Josh Huffman** has been working in film and tv production in New York since he was a baby faced college graduate. After 2020 solidified his face into that of a wizened old man, he began working with the studios and local crews to make productions carbon neutral, trying to change the system from within while only slightly compromising his morals. [josh.huffman@gmail.com](mailto:josh.huffman@gmail.com)

**Katelyn Greller** is a writer and talker from what was called Maryland before the balkanization of the former United States. She currently resides in South Pennsylvania with chickens and someone like Kurtis Conner. In 2020 she became an editor for the Deep Adaptation Forum blog, which today is simply called the news. **Instagram:** [@katelynbg](https://www.instagram.com/katelynbg)

**Lavinia** is a princess from an old epic saga who found her voice when she met Ursula Le Guin. She sings, writes, reads and lives passionately. Back in 2020, she was studying maths and stuff at university, mostly because she hadn't yet decided where to grow her garden yet. Today she has many more roots and still plenty of languages to learn. You can teach her yours at [lulam@tuta.io](mailto:lulam@tuta.io)

**Lisa Pettibone** is a teacher, writer, and sustainability geek living with her husband and their teenager in Berlin. She has taught sustainability topics at universities across Germany, and facilitated the Stories From the Future in 2020. She still can't believe we achieved carbon-neutrality by 2030, but is thrilled to be able to spend more time on other aspects of the sustainability transition: building and realizing positive visions based on social and racial justice and degrowth principles. [@lisapettibone](https://twitter.com/lisapettibone)

**Liz** is an anthropologist and writer. In 2020, she was working as a researcher and evaluator for energy efficiency and renewable energy programs. In 2021 she began a collaborative project on environmental justice and energy infrastructure in Virginia as the state made its (ongoing) transition to clean energy. With her son recently graduated from high school, she and her partner are embarking on a sustainable backpacking adventure.

**Mako Muzenda** is a Zimbabwean writer. She completed her PhD in Cultural Studies, focusing on media and memory in post-Independence Zimbabwe. Outside of academia, Mako recently published a series, 'Micro Life', which explores the hidden world of small plants and insects. She began the project in 2020 by taking photos of her mother's garden. She also manages a small coffee farm in Zimbabwe's Eastern Highlands, that doubles as a sanctuary for women who've survived domestic abuse.

**Marit Brademann** is a researcher and artist concerned with bodily movement and embodiment from a sociological and an environmental perspective. Her ongoing project "moving brain/borders" brings humans overly concerned with reason back to the smartest of all devices: the human body. She believes that the day body and mind are reunited for everybody, we will have saved the planet without much less sacrifice than we had expected. [@la\\_marite](https://twitter.com/la_marite)

**Mike Athay** is an environmentalist, educator, and advocate for more just and sustainable applications of technologies in societies. Until 2020, he mostly read and taught; since then, he has also been researching, writing, podcasting, recording, and advocating. He thinks 2030 is pretty dope, but he acknowledges that word sounded better in 2020. **Instagram:** [@coolglasses](https://www.instagram.com/coolglasses) | **Twitter:** [@mikeathay](https://twitter.com/mikeathay)

**Olga Wiedemann** is a cultural producer based in Berlin. Coming from a background in art history and business, Olga combines these two fields in the production of contemporary art exhibitions, performances and conferences. As part of the COLLECTIVE PRACTICES team, she functions as a project manager and brings her experiences as Head of Production into the event series.

**Robin Lovell** has been thinking about climate change since the age of 7. They are a professor of geography, amateur woodworker, juggler, and writer, and live with their wife and daughter in New York.



# ***ABOUT THE PROJECT***

**Stories from the Future** was a project that took place as part of the **Collective Practices** programme organized by ACUD MACHT NEU. From May 2020 to January 2021, **Stories from the Future** hosted a series of internal and public workshops with roughly 20 participants to create artifacts from a just, climate-neutral 2030.

These artifacts are presented in an online exhibition available at <http://collectivepractices.acudmachtneu.de/2020/12/16/stories-from-the-future-our-2030/>, where archives of the public online workshops are also available.

**Stories from the Future** was co-facilitated by Lisa Pettibone and Dylan Harris, and supported by Daniela Silvestrin and Olga Wiedemann from the **Collective Practices** team.

# ***ABOUT THIS PUBLICATION***

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[www.collectivepractices.net](http://www.collectivepractices.net)

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