



Origins

líana fu



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migration stories

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Drawn from the community at and around the University of Chicago

Edited by Rachel Cohen and Rachel DeWoskin

Origins

líana fu

芝加哥華人播道會

Chinese Evangelical Free Church
of Greater Chicago

Communion Sunday Worship

聖餐主日崇拜

二零一九年一月六日

January 6, 2019



連於基督
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I. GENESIS

I was born into the lawn. Or I might as well have been, given how much I yearned for water and clung to the land. Sunlight struck the grass in our front yard with a knowing glare, cleaved through my curtains but never found the dark corners of my room, nourished everything and anything but us. The lawn did not ask for anything, always unchanging. Dad let us both die of thirst. Mom made a home out of us. The grass aged yellow, I grew up avoiding conversations deeper than topsoil. Cantonese, their language, died with me. Their hope invested in identical houses along a quiet street, in Sundays spent at church, in tongues tied to English. Neither had time to nurture anything but my life on this land. So our backyard

grew barren, and grandma and grandpa became gardeners of necessity.

I had a nightmare. A snake writhed in a plastic bag. I hurried to release it into the ocean.

They flew from Hong Kong and landed in the suburbs, lived in a house on the same street as ours. One summer the peach tree in their front yard toppled over itself, pregnant with small sunsets birthing themselves into our mouths. They grew faster than we could eat – we had them canned, in jam, whole, until we rattled the pipes with their pits. Grandma made every meal peach except for dinner. Grandpa and I went outside to harvest the last bloom before they spilled themselves onto the neighbor's lawn.

“Help me get that one,” grandpa said, phrasing Cantonese simple enough for a child to understand.

I reached out my hand for a peach so ripe a brush of my finger would have severed it from the branch. I took one, and the rest that fell with it.

After I let the snake go I walked away, but I turned around and saw it chasing me. It kept growing bigger, its scales gleaming green in the light.

They were small and soft – I could fit three in a hand. Grandpa took one and ate it in a bite, spit the pit out on the grass. I looked at the remaining two, one wearing dark spots where bugs had bored into it and left. I ate the one least bruised by time.

I climbed up to a high place and dropped a rock on the snake, splitting it in half. I thought it had died but it began to morph, shedding its translucent skin, and it turned into a woman. She looked knowingly at me.

It tasted bittersweet, like the point of convergence between something I could recognize now and something caught in the past. It tasted like an estuary caving into itself. Somehow, at the same time, it tasted like expanses of silence around our dinner table and the crashing of waves along the coast

of Hong Kong.

The snake that had morphed into a woman morphed into a man. A man with a military uniform and dark mustache aboard a swaying ship. Crates filled with some precious cargo, something pure and powerful enough to launch wars. I looked closer at the water and it wasn't water – it was tea. His teeth shone like fangs in the light.

The peach tree stopped giving us fruit after that summer – disease infected its roots. I remember spending another summer climbing up a different tree – a treehouse, with a canopy of leaves as a roof. Grandpa built the treehouse for us after months of planning, measuring, and constructing. In that treehouse, I lived in another world.

The man again. He thinks, countries are so fallible. Borders rise overnight. A map is spread open on a table, tea is being sipped. Everyone is so happy, and water is slowly trickling into the room but no one seems to notice. The map morphs into a body but no one cares – lines are still drawn, pieces still divided into shares. Someone gets a leg, another gets the head, until there's nothing left to claim.

Grandpa took the treehouse apart when I grew too big for it. The tree looked naked without it – its

armor shaved away piece by piece. I wanted to ask him, *do you think anything really ever lasts here?*

But I couldn't, the words already stolen from me before I could learn them.

Suddenly I am in the countryside, laying in an open field. It's time for dinner, I hear someone shout from the distance. I feel myself getting up and running because my stomach is empty, has been for days. I arrive, out of breath, and sit on the dirt floor around a makeshift table, dozens of faces sitting around me I can't recognize. I feel sadness for someone not here, but I don't know who. A hand places a bowl in front of me. I am starving, I realize I will eat anything. I look down and see a small peach in my bowl. A voice laughs and says: this is all Mao has for us?

There's a tree in our front yard grown from a stray maple seed. It sprouted as a mistake – no one bothered to care for it but the rain. Maybe the earth heard the seed land, and the clouds let themselves open, and the sidewalk slanted just so the water could reach the soil. The tree stood between me and a woman across the street from our house. *Go back to China*, she said between its leaves. Go back to wherever you came from. Where is that, where I came from? I don't know

China; Hong Kong is not China. I don't know Hong Kong. I was born into the lawn, nurtured by the soil. I belong to many lands at once, none who claim me, some still in the process of becoming, of remembering. All of them mean nothing. *And water your lawn.*

according to google translate

钱不会长在树上 (qián bù huì zhǎng zài shù shàng) means: I've never seen my grandparents gamble but I know: money won't grow: I'm not old enough to go inside but I taste: *lemon lemon lemon*, three in a row: *lemon cherry lemon or lemon cherry grape* I: summon bright lights and fruits that never rot I think: it smells sweet or sweaty or both *Lemon: lemon lemon Liberty: bell liberty bell liberty bell*: 乖乖乖: I'll be good: on school nights I watch Wheel of Fortune with 公公 I guess: which words fit into tiny boxes – HEARTBURN for Thing: ASIAN-FUSION CUISINE for Food and Drink: SAVE MONEY NOW for Phrase: Vanna White smiles at me for every puzzle I solve it takes me years: before I know he's learning English: before I know he'll never gamble with words: I gamble: I imagine he says *isn't it strange how money: doesn't grow on trees?* How: 怪: strange. I grow up: I never learn "Chinese": I never go to "China": we eat until our stomachs peached: we grow peaches on trees and they are moneyed: we bury their hearts in the dirt: fullness is 貴 is: priceless: there are many definitions for strange strange strange: strange is good: good is odd: odd is queer: queer is good: this is good I think: he lemoned: I think: I cherried: I think: I buried: how everything will rot: old and odd: meaning: 有錢使得鬼推磨: money makes ghosts.

fruit machine:

| | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 貴 gwai3 expensive | 怪 gwaai3 strange; odd; queer | 乖 gwaai1 good |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------|

origin: Britain
tested in: Canada

II. EXODUS

木

muk

Tree. Wood; lumber; timber. Made of wood; wooden. Simple; honest. Senseless; benumbed; dull. Coffin.

/

If I hadn't been so lucky I would have swum like the others and mingled with the sharks in jagged waters, dodging a stray bullet or two by a Communist soldier. All my life I think I've been fortunate—I almost died when I was four. I slipped off a path and nearly off the edge of a cliff; if it weren't for a tree that held onto me. There was nothing the land could offer me anymore, no way to build life out of dust and vacant stomachs. Maybe I was escaping—but no one wants to leave home unless it starts to untether them. I felt that unrest—but I didn't want to jump into the water. That would be forsaking the tree.

/

You sit at a dining table unknown to you because there are no memories of cross-table fighting matches with your brother over the last piece of fish cheek with a half piece of fat still caught in your molars. It is unknown to

you because Bobo isn't hovering by your feet waiting for you to drop rice. You think you can feel his ghost but that's just a draft. You eye the spread of egg tarts, pineapple buns, and fruit but you can't eat anything. You feel tension in your shoulders, your neck. They just moved this table up from the basement because the original one, the one who saw your life and more, the one Gong Gong built by hand, was falling apart.

"The grapes are sweet, eat some," Gong Gong—grandpa—says. You understand him, nod, and pop some in your mouth.

You only have thirty minutes to interview him and you can't make eye contact for too long or else you'll feel the weight of everything you're confronting. That's why you need your mom—she's the interpreter and the barrier. She's your entry point into all the conversations you couldn't have with him.

"What's your earliest childhood memory?" you ask.

You listen to your mom translate your words into Cantonese and you understand them. He understands them too. For a moment you are on the same stream. For a moment it feels like there is nothing dividing your life from his.

/

“My dad took me to pay respects to an ancestor, and it was on the mountainside. It was very dangerous. There was a stream we walked through, with water running through it all year long, so there was a lot of algae that developed. It was slippery and I didn’t know, so I slipped and I just fell and fell and fell, and the end would have been a cliff – that would have been the end of me. It was scary but fortunately, there was a small tree that caught me, and a ton of people went after me. Because of that tree, I was spared. Otherwise, I would have died.”

/

水

seoi

Water; river; seas. Liquid; juice;
fluid. Money. Extra charge;
income.

/

I arrived in Hong Kong with nothing in my pockets. But at least I didn’t have to swim. It took five years for my application to go through. Every time they sent it back to us we sent it back to them; five years, back and forth. I took the train, watched mountains grow into the tallest

buildings I’ve ever seen. I wasn’t even thinking about what to do after I got there – as long as I was going. I had nothing, but a man who was also coming from China gave me five dollars to take a taxi. He happened to be my great uncle. My first thought was to find my other relatives, and then get a job. Money was always on my mind. It doesn’t grow on trees, you know.

/

You spend a lot of time listening in silence. You let his voice fill the house, understand pieces of what he says. You fade in and out of his memory. In the background you can hear Po Po, grandma, creak the wooden floorboards on her way to the bathroom. You hear the toilet flushing and it seems endless, another wavelength of sound tying itself to the frayed ends of your mind. It stops flushing. Your mom is talking, in English. She translates, not exactly, you know, because you remember at least some of what he said. But she knows better than you so you listen. You have always listened to her translate sermons to recite for pews full of people you called family. You think this must be similar work for her until she tells you later that she had not known about your grandpa’s life this way until now, until you asked her to be your guide.

/

“Of course, the first and foremost goal of me going to Hong Kong was to earn money. The very first year, during the day, I would go to a trade school to learn how to fix cars. At night, I would go to a friend’s factory, a plastic factory, and operate the ingestion mold machine. That lasted for about a year, and it’s how I got started making money to pay for my tuition and make a modest living. Then I went to work for an auto broker for British cars because Hong Kong was a British colony then. I wasn’t a full-blown auto mechanic at all, I was just helping out, so the wage was minimal. But the goal was to earn more money, so I wanted to find a better way to earn better wages. A friend of mine recommended me to work in the construction business because it was booming at that time because Hong Kong was booming. I joined the construction company and I started really low. I did all kinds of work. I made three times what I was making before as an auto repairman. I worked there for many years and I was a hard worker, honest, and I had a lot of integrity that gained the trust of the owners. I was there since it was a small construction company up until it went public. And then I became a foreman at a construction site, which was around the time I met your grandma.”

/

氣

hei

Gas; steam; vapor. Air; weather.
Breath. Anger; annoyance;
irritation. Smell; odor. Spirit;
morale. Airs; manners. Bullying;
insult. Chinese medicine; vital
energy.

/

Why would I ever leave home if I didn’t have to? I can’t speak English here. I can’t sleep soundly here. I’ve been running my whole life; I’m out of breath. I watch the Chinese channel and read the Chinese newspaper but this is not home. But home is not Fuk Wah, home is not Hong Kong. Maybe I’ll never have home but you will. You are happy so I am too. I am here. I am here because of you.

/

You hold back tears and you don’t know why – why the tears, not why you’re holding them.

/

“We came here in 1994. Because of what I went through in China, I truly despised the Communist Party. And because of 1997, the return of Hong Kong from British rule back to Communist China – I

really didn't like that. Luckily, through your grandma's mom, and immediate family relationships (your great grandma lived in the states), we were able to apply to leave. As soon as it got approved in 1994 we left. Your mom was able to come on her own because of her pursuing her education so she would have ways of finding a job and staying here, but her siblings would need a way to come here. So of course, once the application was approved we came over and got everyone settled to ensure that they had opportunities to stay in the states. It was really a way out – insurance, if you will – to be able to come here.

Who would want to leave their own birthplace? If only there were opportunities, jobs, education, and a good environment there. It is a societal issue. Even nowadays with refugees that's happening all over the world because of unrest in society because of the conflicts, battles, and wars. It's still an issue. Who would want to float around? I fled from the Communist government to Hong Kong, and I sort of fled also the Communist government and left Hong Kong for the U.S. Of course, it's not easy. The language barrier, the way you lived around here, even the climate – all need adjustment. It's different for me. Sometimes looking back I'm really not sure how I ended up here, but then also looking back at the most difficult

periods of my life and the worst adversities I have experienced in the past, I think it's all okay. For me, as a person, you just slowly adjust. You take one day at a time and you slowly adjust, and it'll all be okay."

/

I have collected everything I could for survival. I have grown what I could. What I have left I am saying to you now.

| | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| <i>Angels</i> | |
| <i>White guy</i> | 主日崇拜 Sunday Worship |
| <i>Asian wife</i> | <i>White guy</i> |
| <i>Polynesian</i> | <i>relationship</i> |
| 序樂Prelude | <i>alliance</i> |
| 祈禱Invocation | |
| 宣召 | 詩篇 95:6-7 |
| Call to Worship | Psalms 95:6-7 |
| 讚美詩歌* | 生命聖詩 第282首 (我知誰掌管明天) |
| Hymns* | HOL #282 (I Know Who Holds Tomorrow) |
| <i>central emphasis</i> | 生命聖詩 第445首 (數算主恩) |
| <i>modern mix</i> | HOL #445 (Count Your Blessings) |
| | 生命聖詩 第512首 (這是天父世界) |
| | HOL #512 (This Is My Father's World)ld |
| 祈禱*Prayer | 梁永勝牧師 Rev. Vincent Leung |
| 聖餐 | 梁永勝牧師 Rev. Vincent Leung |
| Holy Communion | |
| 啟應經文 | 生命聖詩經文選讀 第 42 段 (尋找拯救) |
| Corresponding | HOL Scripture Readings: #42 (Seeking |
| Reading | And Saving) <i>share / secret</i> |
| 奉獻Offertory | 常費/差傳奉獻 |
| <i>live translation</i> | General/Mission Fund Offering |
| 讀經 <i>POA at</i> | 以賽亞書 61:1-3 |
| Scriptures <i>now? learned</i> | Isaiah 61:1-3 |
| 講道 | Scott and Jeanne; |
| Sermon <i>Teressa</i> | 「以耶穌的眼光去看穆斯林」 <i>Jeane's</i> |
| 回應詩歌 <i>interim</i> | (Viewing Muslims with the Eyes of Jesus) |
| Hymn <i>When she</i> | 生命聖詩 第247首 (藉我賜恩福) <i>Wynne</i> |
| 三一頌 * <i>Sumble's</i> | HOL #247 (Make Me a Blessing) <i>in Jordan</i> |
| Doxology <i>pop in the</i> | 生命聖詩 第 536 首 (三一頌) <i>dress</i> |
| | HOL #536 (Doxology) |
| 祝福 * | 梁永勝牧師 |
| Benediction <i>Angie's</i> | Rev. Vincent Leung |
| | <i>puts maps on screen</i> |
| 迎新、報告 | |
| Welcome & | |
| Announcement | |
| 金句BibleVerse | |
| 殿樂Postlude | |

*眾立 Please stand as you are able

III. REVELATIONS

Liana Fu
Prof. Sharon Hicks-Bartlett
December 13, 2018
SOCI 20233

Chinese American Christian Communities: Possibilities for Theological Social Justice

[illegible]

...But it is possible to reconstruct the role of Chinese American Christians to reject the model minority myth, to dismantle the idea that the Asian American identity is a fixed monolith, to actively struggle against color-blindness, colorism, and classism. It is all possible with the knowledge of colonial and imperialist histories and their contribution to that history, in order to build coalitions across Asian American communities to fight collectively against oppression without creating new oppressions, toward a society that values true equality of powers...

She wanted to be baptized, but that was the breaking point. Bibles flew across the room. Her father was not happy. *Why do you need to get baptized? Isn't going to church enough?* She did not understand why he disapproved of this, out of all things. She knew she would win because she was his favorite. Later, her daughter would wonder, maybe her parents were scared of letting her go into the unknown. Before the daughter who wondered, she would come to America to study, live with a white family. Learn English as means of surviving the weather. Meet a man in a church and later marry him there. Call him the closest thing to love. Later, she would teach her children to love the church. Call it home. Gift them guilt to carry in their bodies for life. Her daughter would also ask to be baptized, and it would make her happy. Later, much later, she will struggle to understand her daughter's rebirth without baptism. Another language to learn, another language to leave.

...The origins of Chinese American Christianity can be traced back to 1853 when the oldest Asian American church was founded... Following the passing of the Immigration Act of 1965, the Chinese population between 1960 and 1980 more than tripled in size, from 237,000 to 806,000. The new wave of immigrants differed from the pre-1965 wave in that they spoke primarily Mandarin instead of Cantonese and had higher socioeconomic statuses because of the act's preference for high-skilled and educated immigrants. Because conservative missionaries had dominated China, these new immigrants also rejected mainline denominations and created their own Chinese churches. Today, evangelism for immigrants and American-born Chinese has become a convenient tool for negotiating multiple identities, where, to be more American, Chinese Americans can reject ancestor worship as unbiblical and idolatrous...

以賽亞書 61:1-3

¹ 主耶和華的靈在我身上，因為耶和華用膏膏我，叫我傳好消息給謙卑的人，差遣我醫好傷心的人，報告被擄的得釋放、被囚的出監牢，

² 報告耶和華的恩年和我們神報仇的日子，安慰一切悲哀的人，

³ 賜華冠於錫安悲哀的人代替灰塵，喜樂油代替悲哀，讚美衣代替憂傷之靈，使他們稱為公義樹，是耶和華所栽的，叫他得榮耀。

Isaiah 61:1-3

¹The Spirit of the Sovereign Lord is on me,
because the Lord has anointed me
to proclaim good news to the poor.

He has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted,
to proclaim freedom for the captives
and release from darkness for the prisoners,

²to proclaim the year of the Lord's favor
and the day of vengeance of our God,

to comfort all who mourn,

³and provide for those who grieve in Zion –
to bestow on them a crown of beauty
instead of ashes,

the oil of joy
instead of mourning,
and a garment of praise
instead of a spirit of despair

They will be called oaks of righteousness,
a planting of the Lord
for the display of his splendor.

...Central to the possibility for reimagining a radical Chinese American Christian identity is the notion that identity itself is not fixed or static; it is constantly shifting, especially for immigrants who have experienced displacement...

ode to joy

I want to sink into the snow. The
grass

watches me unravel. I slip
into the underwire bras, one arm
through one hole at a time. It's for
your posture. It's for the t-shirt
weather. It's Christian. I want
to die

with the lawn. Why can't I be
covered too. Why's
yellow a bad shade. Why's
revelation. When the trees turn

so do I, around the sidewalk up
the gravel driveway into
home. so the grass is decaying
and I want to live

alone, in the city. It's too quiet
here. I want to hear –
something. I want to feel –
unholy. Hell is for sinners
but I'm stuck here. I want to
embody

midwest but
my body's still bent.

...In the case of modern-day Chinese Americans, religious identity often takes precedence over ethnic identity. Antony William Alumkal argues that Asian Americans uniquely have a stake in projecting their religious identity over their ethnic identity – to escape from confronting the problems festering in Asian American communities...

moral guidance for decisions

In the margins of
Sunday service pamphlets,

under the guise of god's all
knowing
fluorescent lights,

the ink bleeds
black for my

sins. listen, it's in the heart
beat – *kindness* instead
of *obligation*.

once, I stood so straight-skirted,
legs-tighted and converted in line,
Mrs. Gray let me choose

between M&M's or Skittles,
to which I didn't say,

the taste of God
feeds me into neither.

According to the theory of racial triangulation, Asian Americans are simultaneously limited in their political and civic voice and presented as an example of success, despite being racially minoritized, in order to preserve White supremacy (C. J. Kim, 1999). It is, at its core, a patronizing practice that maintains White dominance by disregarding the lived experiences of one group to shame another group.

Pitting people of color against each other is an intentional function of white supremacy and the white racial frame; the key to solving inter and intra conflicts is to move toward a coalition that actively struggles against these oppressions...

leftovers

*Gather the pieces that are left over;
Let nothing be wasted.*

Pieces of Cantonese streaming
through the static of the television,
flashes of open eyes during
prayers before lunch,

the apparition of white faces in
expanses of endless hallways –
Love thy neighbor as thyself.

Head bent over a Bible, eyes alert,
verses embedding themselves
into a stored memory of –

Setting the table with flower
stained napkins and paint
chipped chopsticks –
Grandpa's cracked Vermeer hands.

Father, Son, Holy Spirit. "Why did
you have three kids, mommy?"
"Because God wanted me to."

Because God said –
"Go back to China," said the 鬼佬.
A ghost.

*It will break in pieces like pottery,
Shattered so mercilessly that
among its pieces not a
fragment will be found.*

These parts do not fit the
prototype.
恩恩, go back home.

...But 57% of Asian American Evangelicals see themselves as “very different” than the typical American even though they tilt conservative (45%) and disagree with homosexuality and abortion by the widest margin (65% discourage homosexuality and 64% say abortion should be illegal in all or most cases)...

red rover red rover

I incant the same verse:
for god so loved the

first girl I kissed
was a mistake

I ran into her.
I learned the meaning of

美 from my pastor
whose translator said:

who is crossing
who is crossed

God we found a silver heart
necklace on the ground

she laid it on her tongue
so I could too

taste metal
red rover red rover send

me right over
blood ripe in my mouth

I keep running
God I keep breaking

up the way it's supposed to be

...Pae makes the case for envisioning a world where power is shared, negotiated, and questioned outside of the dominant frame of what it means to be Asian American.

In this way Asian American identity can be formed that goes beyond dominant portrayals of what it means to be an Asian American and fosters solidarity between Asian Americans of every ethnicity, class, and religion and fosters solidarity with other racial and ethnic groups that aim at similar political goals, countering oppression and marginalization not only on the domestic but also on transnational levels. Thus, we consider Asian American identity and existence, as well as those of other racial minorities in the United States, to be a political category that opens an imaginative space where diverse counterpublics constructively criticize and collaborate with one another. This space is founded upon the shared goals of dismantling racism, especially white supremacy, in every part of human society and of moving toward a society based on shared power and just relations among all human beings...

三一頌

讚美真神萬福之根，
地上生靈當讚主恩，
天上萬軍頌讚主名，
讚美聖父，聖子，聖靈。
阿們。

Doxology

Praise God from Whom all
 blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here
 below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly
 host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy
 Ghost.
Amen.

Did spirituality fill a void that could have been filled by a capitalist western mentality?

本週金句 Bible Verse

耶穌卻回答說、經上記著說、『人活著、不是單靠食物、乃是靠 神口裡所出的一切話。』 馬太福音 4:4

Jesus answered, "It is written: 'Man does not live on bread alone, but on every word that comes from the mouth of God.'"

Matthew 4:4

今日證道摘要 Sermon Notes

- Ask what comes to mind upon your terms of Muslims and the middle east? What lessons / y / lessons?
 - ↳ "they're human beings like us"
 - ↳ "when you meet Muslims it changes your perspective"
 - ↳ "the other thing is the gospel"
- picture of family
 - ↳ laugh at being far away
 - ↳ "no men to take care of the family"
 - ↳ "visiting ministry" groups of 4-5 visit families (refugees) ^{sign + house} bring food, start w/ story of creation, ^{they want to hear} from the fall, Noah, Abraham, up to Christ
 - ↳ specific stories to understand why Christ had to come
 - ↳ brown are healed and prisoners are set free
 - ↳ brings up emancipation proclamation
 - ↳ biblical → Leviticus 25 → every 50 yrs a proclamation to set free slaves
 - ↳ in every nation ppl are in dark places
 - ↳ all who don't know Christ are slaves
 - ↳ 1st + 11th + 12th they are in prison

About the Author

Liana Fu is a Cantonese American writer grown from the sub/urban Midwest. Her prose and poetry appear in *Occulum Journal*, *Glass: A Journal of Poetry*, *Hyphen Magazine*, *Asian American Writers Workshop*, *The Fourth River*, and elsewhere. Find her at lianafu.com.

Afterword

We are proud, pleased, and grateful to present this series of five chapbooks as part of the ongoing Migration Stories Project at the University of Chicago. We decided to introduce a chapbook series because it feels important for writers in our community to have a place for longer reflections about histories and experiences of migration. In these pages, Tanya Desai writes on animals shipped across oceans and among royalty in the early modern period; Tina Post traces movements of paper and people through the *Chicago Defender* and the Great Migration; Felipe Bomeny pieces together one man's experience of leaving Xelajú during the Guatemalan Civil War; Liana Fu uses poetry, prose, found texts, photography and two languages to think about coming of age in the Hong Kong diaspora; and Susan Augustine chronicles the work of the Hyde Park Refugee Project to support two Syrian refugee families arriving on the south side of Chicago. Each piece illuminates another moving line in the vast map of the history of migration, and helps us to see more clearly how these lines shine through the life of our shared neighborhoods.

The Migration Stories Project began in November of 2016 as a project of the Creative Writing Department in the hopes of making more spaces to tell and listen to migration stories, and to help elucidate the collective history of migration in the community at and around the University of Chicago. Over the last three years, the Migration Stories Project has created or co-hosted nine public readings, and has collaborated with the Smart Museum, Student Support Services, and the Regenstein Library. In 2017, we published an anthology of migration stories, written by people from all around our community, now accessible at <https://knowledge.uchicago.edu/record/1236>. We are glad to be a part of the new Migration Studies Cluster hosted jointly by the English Department and Creative Writing, which creates research opportunities for our students and fosters new collaborative relationships among our faculty. More information on Migration Stories Projects can be found at <https://creativewriting.uchicago.edu/>.

We hope these chapbooks inspire new readers as they have inspired us, to keep reading, writing, and imagining stories of migration.

Rachel Cohen & Rachel DeWoskin

Creative Writing
University of Chicago

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U Chicago Arts The logo for UChicago Arts, featuring the text "UCHICAGO" in a grey sans-serif font and "Arts" in a red serif font.

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Migration Stories Chapbook Series

Susan Augustine, *Jumping In*

Felipe Bomeny, *Leaving Xelajú*

Tanya Desai, *Dürer and the Rhinoceros*

Liana Fu, *Origins*

Tina Post, *Paper Trails*