WALLENBERG TRAVEL GRANT

WHITNEY HANSLEY

2012 RECIPIENT
WALLENBERG TRAVEL GRANT PROPOSAL

The project I completed during my Wallenberg semester was centered on the idea of a vertical equality. In the years since that studio and throughout my graduate studies, I have continued that search for equality, only now through the lens of health in its most holistic understanding. I am so very grateful to the Wallenberg Foundation and to the Taubman College of Architecture and Urban Planning for this opportunity. I would like to use the generous travel funds awarded in two ways.

Part One
After my fifth semester at Harvard GSD in the Fall of 2014, I interned with MASS Design Group in Boston during our January recess. I was so impressed with the firm’s work and research that I opted to continue working with the team as a research fellow through the spring until the end of summer so that I could be best prepared to enter my final thesis year. The project in which I am currently involved is funded by the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation, the largest philanthropy in the United States. The overarching question behind the project is: What is the hospital of the future? Broken into several chapters and sub-chapters, the book, which will serve as our final deliverable, looks in part at how hospitals have historically been built in the “Global West” versus the “Global South” with the idea that the Hospital of the Future will combine the best of all approaches as well as looking forward to new solutions. In my time working on the project, I have helped to research and compile a list of nearly 200 hospitals built by colonial forces between roughly 1850 and 1980 in different regions of Africa. Shortly after beginning our research, however, it became apparent that much of the architectural information pertaining to these hospitals was simply not available via desk research. Therefore, a portion of the book will be in the form of a photo essay in which several members of the MASS team will document aspects of these historic hospitals (from a list that has been pared down to about 50 hospitals) in person. I wish to use a portion of the Wallenberg travel grant toward this trip to Africa so that I can experience these hospitals firsthand and so that I can better understand the cultures that they now support. Given my interest in healthcare, I think that getting to travel with the team would prove the chance of a lifetime and greatly aid in the development of my thesis.

Part Two
The recent passing of the controversial Affordable Care Act (2010) has created significant shockwaves throughout the country. While support for this legislation tends to fall along party lines, there is no denying that it places the field of architecture at an interesting junction. In the United States, healthcare design has traditionally been seen as specific to hospitals and clinics. Over the course of the last decade, as more attention has been placed on the ever-growing aging community, designs concerned with “Aging in Place”, accessibility, and mobility have gained greater traction. The ACA has brought the concept of “Home Health”, that is, the coordination of comprehensive and timely high-quality services and supports for people across lifespans with chronic illnesses, to the fore. Home Health, a rapidly growing industry, has the potential to greatly change the healthcare system by decentralizing its services and presents an unprecedented opportunity to integrate the fields of design with medicine and related groups in order to improve the quality of healthcare and its delivery across the country.

For my thesis, I am interested in looking at how we might begin to view the home as the first step in preventative care. As of 2012, 30% of all Americans suffered from one or more chronic illnesses and in 2010, 7 out of 10 of the leading causes of death were classified as chronic conditions. While I believe that Home Health has a great potential, the fact that it is so closely tied with Medicare and Medicaid, that is to say it is targeted to populations above the age of 65, means that it is not available to a large portion of people already suffering from chronic illness. I am interested in the ways in which architecture might be able to assist those suffering from chronic conditions under the age of eligibility. With the remaining funds, I would like to travel across the United States to create a photo essay of my own. If
we recognize the potential for architecture to have a significant contribution in this changing landscape. It is important to become intimately familiar with its current challenges. In search of the demographic that would most benefit from an architecture focused on the implementation of the provisions of the ACA, in addition to taking cues from existing guidelines, I have identified 9 cities that I would like to visit over the course of 25 days. These cities were chosen because, as a group, they best reflect broader American statistics. While I am obliged to remain unbiased, what I am hoping to find are qualitative cues—cues that might not otherwise be so obvious from a top-down approach. My methodology will consist not only of exterior photos but also of interviews, a series of mapping and data analyses, visiting existing care centers, taking interior photos wherever possible, and further follow-ups after the trip. I have begun reaching out to contacts in these cities in order to make the most out of my time in the areas. Though presented in two parts, both aspects of travel are very much related and I am certain that my experience traveling with MASS will help to prepare me for my independent travel.
I don’t think I’ve ever fully appreciated how beautiful the Dulles airport is. Designed by Eero Saarinen in 1958, the same architect of the TWA terminal at JFK completed around the same time, this building is a bit less figural and plays with such interesting juxtapositions of light, mass, shadow, and reflection. On Thursday evening when I arrived in Washington DC, I had to physically pause for a moment to take it all in. I love airports in general but this may be the first to elicit such an emotional reaction.

The last few weeks have gone by so quickly. Almost too quickly. I sill feel like I haven’t properly prepared for this. Surely I’ve forgotten something… This trip has essentially been three years in the making and I feel such a pressure to get everything right. Despite this anxiety, I must admit that it was such a relief to finally arrive at my gate. Thankfully, the only thing that went “wrong” during the process was that the ticket agent made me check my bag. I bought a new bag specifically so that I could travel with only two carry-ons, and then possibly brag about how lightly I’d managed to pack. Even though the bag was small enough, the guy made me put it on the scale and then proceeded to tell me it was too heavy. Seriously? I could just be 10 lbs heavier… Totally ruining my street cred. Oh well, at least it was free.

In spite of fears of missed connections, I have to say that everything went incredibly smoothly. The seat next to me was vacant on the flight from DC to Brussels, which made that leg of the flight quite nice. The countryside surrounding the Brussels airport is absolutely beautiful. We landed just as the sun was rising and the orange hues cast over landscape made it even more stunning. Sadly, there is nothing particularly stunning about the airport itself. As anyone who has ever traveled to or from Africa through the city knows, and a word of caution for everyone else, the T terminal is literally purgatory. Ok, maybe that is a slight exaggeration but from now on, I will make sure I have everything I need before entering that commercial desert.

The flight to Entebbe was a bit less comfortable, but still manageable. There was an absolutely adorable little girl sitting behind me with her mother. Presumably Rwandan, I found the child’s French quite endearing for the first five minutes. Unfortunately, she has a tendency to yell everything she said. At around minute 8 I was almost about to snap...
before I remembered the headphones in my lap. Clearly, I am not ready for a child of my own.

12 hours later, after stopping briefly in Kigali (the flight patterns here are so circular that Kigali and Brussels are repeated on my itinerary multiple times), I arrived in Entebbe. I kept holding my breath expecting something to go horribly wrong like my passport somehow being expired or needing to have some additional document or not having all of the required shots but it was all fine. In fact, no one ever even looked at my yellow card and my bag was one of the first bags off of the carousel. Eager to get out of the airport, I grabbed it and made my way to the exit where Adam was waiting for me.

Sarah, my colleague based in Kigali with whom I will be completing the Mulago Hospital site visit, was kind enough to arrange all of my in-country travel and accommodations. Adam, someone she had used before, was extremely kind and soft-spoken and thank goodness, an excellent driver. Though I have yet to see the city in the daylight, it already feels overwhelming. It is about a 45 minute drive from the airport to Kampala and literally every 20 feet, there were people walking on the sides of the road. It was completely dark and no one was wearing any sort of bright or reflective gear. To me, the foreigner, this seems like a death wish. I thought driving in Shanghai was crazy; this was something else. They drive on the left in Uganda and while passing cars in any country typically involves changing into the lane of oncoming traffic, these drivers seem to have absolutely no fear of head-on collisions. Even at nearly 11pm, there was so much happening. So many flashing lights. If I weren't so tired and if Adam weren't so calm, I might have had a panic attack.

It always amuses me how in certain life-threatening instances, we are willing to place our fates in the hands of complete strangers and yet we do not have that same trust for pettier affairs. I have a feeling that this trip will require many leaps of faith.
After 24 hours of travel, sleep came easily but unfortunately, it did not last. Somehow, there had been a mix up with the sleeping arrangements in my room and, while I received an extra mattress placed next to my cot (which I later found out was supposed to be in Sarah’s room), I did not receive a net. I also forgot bug spray (I knew I’d forgotten something…) Trying to make due, I covered as much of myself as possible in the thin sheet, leaving a hole barely big enough for my nose to take in fresh air. I imagine it to have been a fairly comical sight though I found no humor in the situation at the time.

At 3am, after an hour of sleep, I woke up dripping in sweat to the amplified sound of a bee repeatedly hurling its tiny body into the light bulb that I had refused to shut off. I tried to convince myself that I really needed to go back to sleep but the heat made it nearly impossible. Anyone who knows me well knows that there are two things that are guaranteed to put me to sleep past 9pm: reading (anything) or watching an episode of Game of Thrones. I was lucky to be in a room on the first floor that was close to the hotel’s router. Even so, the speed of the internet connection was not nearly strong enough to support streaming video. Instead, I started reading one of the books Brian had lent me—“Till We Have Faces” by C.S. Lewis. I managed to read about 20 pages before I finally fell asleep again.

Apparently I slept very well this time. So well in fact that I missed Sarah banging on my door at 11am and I awoke very groggily at around noon. By the time I had put myself together enough to face the public, it was nearly 1:30pm and Sarah and her friends were finishing up brunch. In the midst of trying to make sure that everything went as smoothly as possible in terms of getting my suitcase and connecting with Adam, I had neglected to stop in the airport to look for a currency exchange center. I realized this the night before on the way to the hotel however, upon arrival, it became very clear that this was not that kind of a place. To be fair, upon discovering that I had no useful currency, the hotel manager not only walked me across the street to fetch me a cab but he also gave me more than enough shillings for the ride. I of course repaid him in full later that night once I had gotten money of my own but I really appreciated his hospitality. I feel like one would be hard-pressed to find anyone that would do the equivalent in the States. The taxi ride was uneventful and I arrived at “The Prunes”, a brunch spot that supposedly serves great coffee and large cupcakes following a 1:1 cake to icing ratio, just as Sarah and her friends
were sorting the bill.

Though I don’t know that I could ever be cool enough to live here for an extended period of time or become a full-blown expat, there are certain aspects that I do find alluring. One of which is the sense of camaraderie that starts to develop between foreigners that might not acknowledge each other’s existence in other settings. Here, however, there is a kind of identity that forms in belonging to the “other”. In many cases, the distinction is made evident by skin color but increasingly, the more telling factor is language.

Identity has been a recurring theme in my life over the last few months. Questions pertaining to how or why one should or shouldn’t identify with a certain history or behavior have invaded not only my conversations at work but have also resonated in my relationships and internal dialog. One of the things that I want to pay special attention to while I’m here is the experience of being an African American in Africa. This is not a new discussion, not that it needs to be as this is all new to me, but I do find it particularly relevant given the current social climate in the US. I have some thoughts already but I think I will wait a few more days before allowing myself to form an opinion. Suffice it to say, I took great solace in finding an identity with fellow Americans and native English speakers. Sarah’s friends—there were quite a few people that came and went throughout the day—were all incredibly nice and welcoming. However temporary, it felt like home.

The remainder of the day was spent pool and beachside at a resort a bit away from downtown Kampala. All of the colors were so vibrant! So incredibly beautiful. I won’t insult my Midwestern friends by claiming superiority but Lake Victoria is most definitely on par with the Great Lakes. There was a moment when I was standing in line waiting to order food when I looked out across the grass with the water behind and saw so many people smiling and dancing and playing football (soccer) and the dj started playing the song Africa by Toto. Marvelous.

My first food of the day consisted of chips (French fries), popcorn, cake, and the local beer, the Nile Special (nothing particularly special about it but it was a decent lager). There are three types of taxis in Kampala: cars, boda bodas (motorbikes), and mutatus (really shady buses). They all just sort of drive around and stop in front of you until you either acknowledge them or keep walking—if only it were so easy to catch a cab in Boston! We got taken on a bit of a goose chase in a mutatu on the way back to the hotel. Like most places, haggling is common practice here, especially with taxi fares when the driver assumes you have no idea where you’re going. Also, to return to the topic of language for a moment, even though English is one of the primary languages in Uganda, it was surprisingly difficult to communicate with the locals. Literally, every question was followed by a look of confusion and we could never seem to get a straight answer. A tad frustrating—particularly when midway through our ride, the driver turned to us, after we’d already agreed on the fare, to say that he’d misunderstood where we said we were going and the fare would now be double the agreed rate. Thankfully, I was with savvy travelers, all female I might add, and we managed to get to the hotel safely without too much of an altercation. I was a bit nervous, but apparently this is quite typical.

Dinner was at a Thai restaurant; Thai is hard to get in Kigali so a few of the Kigali-based folks were pretty excited about it. Don’t remember too much at this point, my jet lag had started to kick in again, but I do remember that it was very tasty. Different than Thai in the US but I couldn’t quite put my finger on why. The rest of the night was a bit of a blur. The only other highlight was that I rode my first boda boda. A bit harrowing considering the chaos that is Kampala traffic but it was also a bit of a thrill. Was able to secure a net this time as well as one of those plug in mosquito-killers. I’m pretty sure I was asleep within 5 minutes of returning to the hotel.
There is something about it being 3am here that makes my body feel like it’s time to wake up. It makes no sense. Kampala is 7 hours ahead of Boston and I’d normally be fairly close to going to bed in a normal situation (aka, not while taking a studio). The bee was back and this time he brought a friend. So obnoxious. I didn’t fall asleep until 6 and when my alarm rang two hours later, I almost wanted to cry. Despite my fatigue, I had to pep myself up—today was the big day.

I am very fortunate that the schedule worked out as it did. If Sarah had not had prior plans to be in Kampala that weekend, I would have had to endure a 10 hour bus ride from Kigali instead. I didn’t quite realize that when I first booked my flights. Google Maps gives you no sense of scale, much as Rhino gives you no sense of gravity. Ok, well, sure there is a scale at the bottom but the ease with which you can zoom and pan and twirl around makes it seem like nothing is actually so far away. Luckily, as it turned out, Mulago Hospital really wasn’t that far away; we’d given ourselves nearly 40 minutes to get there from the hotel so when Adam pulled up to the hospital entrance after only 10 minutes, Sarah and I were both pleasantly surprised.

One of the biggest frustrations Kyle, Sophia, and I had in searching for colonial hospitals in Africa was the decided lack of information available on the internet. Expanding the search to include books and journals yielded some additional findings but we all quickly realized that we just weren’t going to be able to know certain things without being able to visit the hospitals in person. Mulago was selected as one of the 10 or so hospitals we would visit (from a list that was at one point over 160 hospitals long) in part because of its interesting architecture and in part because we were able to find a fair amount of its historical background via desk research. Still, neither of us truly knew what to expect.

What we certainly did not expect was to walk onto a construction site.

Kampala lies a few miles north of the equator at an altitude of 4,000 feet on the northern shore of Lake Victoria. The climate is tropical but there is a reliable breeze, which flows through the city from the south, and temperatures are said to rarely rise above 85 degrees. It isn’t quite fair to say that the planners of the Mulago hospital were before their time.
when they designed the hospital in 1962; rather, the power in the design stemmed from the fact that they had gone through great efforts to properly survey the land and climate to understand the passive systems that might be implemented. In the document we would later receive from the hospital administrator, there are schematic plans and sections, yes, but there are also ample diagrams depicting rainfall and airflow through breeze links, which would later determine the massing of the buildings. Of course, this is nearly a century after figures such as Florence Nightingale revolutionized the ways in which people related infection control and spatial arrangements so again, it doesn’t quite feel right to call this study revolutionary however, I think the fact that this line of thinking is very much in line with modern trends only serves to underline the motivation for this project.

If the first thing you notice when you walk onto the medical campus is the amount of construction, the second is the sheer amount of people. For every visibly ill person, there were at least three or four additional friends or family members there to assist. Walking and wayfinding through the crowds proved just a small challenge for Sarah and I but I have no idea how someone would figure out how to get to the right place in a state of duress. Further, the steep slope down to the main entrance was not at all wheelchair accessible. On multiple occasions, I witnessed people carrying the infirmed upstairs, over steep dirt paths, or through packed corridors.

Apparently, there is no such thing as personal space here. This is only mildly annoying when it comes to mundane activities (eg. Waiting in line at a grocery store with the next person only 1 foot behind you), however, the fact that there is no such thing as an isolated space represents a huge problem for infection control. It was so crowded in the “designated” waiting areas (the truth is that people were waiting anywhere and everywhere they could) that it literally felt like people were on top of each other. I find this interesting because it suggests that in the quest for better healthcare, we are encountering not only infrastructural issues but also cultural norms.

As a complete outsider, I experienced an amalgam of emotions. The first, I am sorry to
admit, was the inclination to protect myself; I just didn't want to get sick. I have come to believe that travel clinics have mastered their use of fear tactics. The practitioner I saw before I left, while very nice, scared me half to death about drinking or eating anything while in Africa. I doubt that I would have felt much differently had I not gone to a clinic before visiting the hospital but not getting sick was very much at the fore of my thoughts.

The second emotion was pure curiosity. While we were ostensibly there for research, there was a much deeper inquisition. Especially in urban areas, white people are still truly an anomaly. I noticed that a bit yesterday with all of the stares Sarah and her friends received; here was no different. Because I was walking with Sarah at the hospital, I received those stares as well. However, while it was clear that Sarah was an outsider, I felt in the gazes directed at me a deeper sense of questioning. Are you one of us? I looked like I could belong and yet, there were so many signs that I did not. I have felt this way before in predominantly African American settings but those experiences were coded in cultural nuance whereas here, I truly am a foreigner.

After finally navigating our way to his office, we met with the hospital director to explain our intentions and to formally request his permission to explore the facility. There is always a bit of apprehension in these situations: What kind of research are you doing? Will this be published? Are you friend or foe? After reassuring him that we would not photograph patients' faces and that we would send him a copy of the report when completed, he was happy to oblige and assigned one of his colleagues to give us a tour.

Even in its present state of disarray, the hospital is beautiful. The curved administration building (currently unoccupied during the renovations) is so clearly modern in style. There is a magnificent ramp, reminiscent of a Corbusian design, that mirrors the curve of the building to allow for emergency vehicles to drop off patients on the ground floor while a pedestrian bridge allows entry to the first floor above. The hospital is divided into three terraces and is composed of the administration building, patient wards, operating theaters, an intensive care unit, a mortuary, and other smaller programs. The administration building, which sits at the highest elevation, is connected to the patient wards through a series of elevated paths. The wards are oriented perpendicular to the predominant wind direction in order to maximize the potential for natural ventilation.

We met with the lead consultant to discuss the renovations. He explained that the hospital was designed in 1962 with a maximum capacity of 898 beds. Due to increased demand, over the last 50 years, the actual number of beds has increased to over 1,500 resulting in severe overcrowding. In order to accommodate all of these patients, the design was compromised by the addition of temporary and more permanent subdivisions of the spaces along with a great deduction in the amount of space between beds. Much of the intent
behind the current renovation, part of a larger $88 million effort, is to restore the facility to its original state so that it may function as intended. There are a number of examples of hospitals that have evolved to accommodate higher capacities in this manner in the States. The difference is that the end result of all of the temporary efforts usually results in the demolition of the old facility, take for instance Brigham and Women's Hospital in Boston. Here, it is clearly not purely an issue of capital as they are constructing two new hospitals in addition to the renovation but rather heritage. “People become attached to certain things,” the director said. “We could not simply tear our hospital down.”

At some point, once the excitement of finally being at this hospital of which, until now, I’d only seen a handful of pictures begin to wane and I became increasingly uncomfortable. I don’t think I could be a doctor here. The stakes are ultimately just as high when building infrastructure, but you are not so frequently confronted with the face of death. I tried not to stare, even though people seemed to have no qualms with staring at me. Still, I couldn't help but see the looks of pain and sadness on some people's faces. There I was with my big camera and notebook in hand excited to be doing field work, and these people were literally fighting for their lives.

As we neared the end of our visit, we came upon a group of people standing in the road. A woman, I did not see her face, was carrying what seemed to be a lifeless body. The boy must not have been above the age of 12. I tried not to stare but I needed to know. Those eyes will haunt me forever.

My flight was not scheduled to leave until tomorrow at noon. Sarah was scheduled for the 5pm flight today and, while I’m sure it would have been alright, I was very grateful when I called Rwandair and was able to change my itinerary to get on the same flight free of charge. The flight from Entebbe to Kigali is a very quick 40 minutes—you barely have enough time to drink your beverage before the flight attendant is back at your seat to collect your trash. I’m sort of happy that it was so short but at that point, I really could have used a nap.

The MASS House is pretty big and it feels even larger now that there is no longer an office component. By the end of what seemed like two days packed into one, I was so thankful for a nice hot shower and a comfortable bed (with net!) I must have fallen asleep instantaneously.
Today was my first full day in Kigali. I was struck when we flew in yesterday at how pristine all of the countryside and buildings appeared. On the surface, it looked like a show of wealth however, when I mentioned this to Sarah, she corrected me by saying that Kampala is actually much wealthier than Kigali. I suppose this makes sense as Uganda is a far larger country but something still felt a bit strange. What I saw from the plane and later experienced on the ground was just a city that was clean; it was too clean.

Eager to better understand the differences between Kampala and Kigali, I continued to observe and ask questions of my colleagues. This morning, Nicki and I walked from the house to the office, stopping at the local Simba supermarket for juice and water along the way. Obviously, having spent less than 48 hours in the city, I have very little experience off of which to base my opinions. However, there really is a palpable cultural and infrastructural difference between the two cities. I expressed my thoughts to Nicki and she agreed to a certain degree. A couple of thoughts I have gathered through my conversations with Nicki and others: 1) Because the flight from Brussels to Entebbe does not fly over Kampala (and even if it did, as I arrived close to 10pm, I wouldn’t have been able to make out much anyway) and furthermore, since a lot of the more expensive houses in Kampala are within gated communities, I would not have been able to see that from the street 2) Kampala is a much livelier urban population whereas the majority of Rwandan residents live in more rural settings and 3) there are literally rules for everything and unlike in America, even the smallest tests of those mandates are not to be tolerated. I will refrain from speaking more on the matter as I feel thoroughly unqualified to do so but I will say that it is clear, and completely understandable, that the city cares very much about its outward appearances. It has been quite an interesting experience, especially as this is my first visit to the continent, to be able to compare these two cities with a completely foreign lens.

The day itself was fairly uneventful, giving me a chance to make up for everything we did yesterday and the day before. The internet wasn’t working properly for most of the day so I spent the time trying to compile my notes and thoughts from our trip to Mulago. We went to a Rwandan buffet for lunch although, I didn’t have much of an appetite. Honestly, I haven’t had much an appetite at all for the last week or so, not quite sure why. Still, I tried a little bit of a chicken soup and bread, both of which were pretty good. Quick side
note: this buffet is appealing because it costs about 2500 Rwandan francs, that's a little over 3 USD. In fact, while everything so far has been pretty cheap, nothing seems to cost less than 200 Rwandan francs. Why on earth are there so many zeros?! I had the same reaction to Chinese RMB. This is of course only a mild inconvenience but it does make for a bit of an adjustment when you're suddenly handing someone a 5000 something bill.

Kelly, Nicki, John and I went out to dinner at an Ethiopian restaurant not far from the office. I’ve had Ethiopian a couple of times before in the States and really enjoyed it so I was anxious to see what it would be like here. It did not disappoint. After a few bites, my seemingly misplaced appetite reappeared in full force. Even though it felt like I kept eating and eating, our server kept bringing us more and more food. At one point, we looked at him in confusion to make sure that he realized we’d ordered only for four people and he said, “yes, yes. Just wait 5 minutes and then, you try again,” insistent that we ought to be able to finish the massive pile of food in front of us. We ended up packing the rest to take home.
I think my body has adjusted to the time difference. Today, I woke up at around 7:30 am after a sound 8 hours of sleep. Unfortunately, I was already behind schedule. Eager to see more, I decided I'd join Andrew and Christian in their trip to Musanze today. The town is about 2 hours away from the MASS house and the drive is absolutely stunning. I have to say, I didn't realize just how mountainous Rwanda is. To get to Musanze, you have to go over two large hills and pass at least two volcanoes (they're not that close to the road itself but it's pretty amazing to see them in the distance.) It is dry season here and as a result, there is a brownish haze that hangs above the region. When there is not so much dust in the air, you can see much further into the distance from the road we took but it was incredibly beautiful nonetheless. Despite the lack of rain, I was surprised at how green everything is.

On the way, at basin of the first hill, I finally got my first look at the other side of Rwandan culture. The area surrounding the major bus station is far more urban, far less sterile, and much closer to what I saw in Kampala. So far, I have seen a lot of people walking on the streets on their way to somewhere else but here there are tons of street vendors and people gathered alongside the road. Obviously, it’s not so black and white; I have seen a number of places in front of which people tend to congregate on the commute between the house and the office but this was far less formal. Andrew explained that street vendors were banned in the areas I’d seen thus far, a fairly recent change, and many of the informal settlements had been torn down by the government pushing them to the outskirts of town.

The road to Musanze is also incredibly dangerous. People pushing enormous quantities of goods on bicycles walk along the sides of this windy road where speeds are often in excess of 80 kph. While the driving here is certainly tamer than what I witnessed in Kampala, people do tend to follow the cars in front of them very closely and passing around sharp corners does not seem to be treated with a particular reverence. Crashes are not uncommon. We witnessed a bus that looked like it had lost control going around one of the curves and ended up in a ditch. Thankfully, it went into the mountainside rather than off the cliff and no one appeared to be injured. At one point, we passed a large complex that looked decidedly out of place. “Ooo, that looks fancy!” I said to Andrew. “Yeah, that's...
the memorial to all of the Chinese workers who died in the construction of this road,” he replied.

Scheduled to open in September, the buildings that MASS has designed will complement the existing structures and the significant landscaping planned will turn the Mubuga Primary School into a more cohesive campus. I’ve been receiving updates on the construction process since I began working with MASS in January and it was so great to finally see it in person. The project looks wonderful so far: the team recently had its “Roof Party” (upon completion of the roof) and now they are beginning to turn to the smaller details. It was great to get to walk around with Andrew and Christian as they pointed everything out. I really wish that our program at school had a construction component. Everyone always says that you learn all of that on the job but I can’t help but feel that if I knew it now, I’d be able to bring my designs, while still conceptual, to a much better degree of resolution. For example, in this project, as in all MASS projects, nearly everything is made on site. The buildings are constructed using infill masonry and I think one of the elements I appreciated most about the design was the way in which the wall slopes at each of the windows. That was apparently not part of the initial plan but rather an adjustment made on site. A “happy accident” as one of my skating instructors used to say. I’ve felt this way before but especially now after seeing it in person, I think that using only local materials and
thinking through the construction process would be such a great parameter to include within a studio project. Too often, the materiality of our designs are post-rationalized as concrete, represented as semi-translucent, "ephemeral", white masses. I implicate myself heavily in this assertion. I just wish materiality and process were more emphasized in the studio culture. I have decided to make that my own goal for the upcoming year. Even if I can't get all the way there, at least it's a start.

The gaze, the one that asks why are you here?, was ever present here. On one hand, it was amazing to witness all of the local residents employed and gaining skills that they might later bring to a different setting because of this project. On the other hand, I felt a similar discomfort to that which I felt at the hospital. Aside from Andrew and Annie, a colleague who has lived in Musanze for the project for the last few months, everyone on site had brown skin, including of course, myself. The difference is... well, to be honest, I'm not so sure. But I sensed something beyond a curiosity this time. As they worked tirelessly in the relentless heat and I trotted around in my sandals taking photos, I couldn't help but feel a sense of shame.

There is a market midway to Musanze. I forget what it is called but all of the buses traveling to Uganda stop there and if you go one way, you hit Musanze and Butaro if you choose the other road. In talking with my colleagues trying to figure out schedules, I don't think I will be able to make it to Butaro after all. I didn't realize that it was also a two hour drive away. Still, I am very happy that I got to get out of Kigali to see more of the country.

On our way home, shortly after having passed the market, we were pulled over by a policeman. Andrew didn't seem to be as creeped out as I was but this guy was not someone I would ever leave alone with a small child. He came up to the passenger window, my window, and pointed to the speed gun in his hand. It was blinking 56 and apparently we were in a 40 kph zone. The signage was very poor and it is nearly impossible to know when you are entering or exiting a town as town and country seemed to blend seamlessly from the road. I'll spare the details but was clear this guy was not going to give us the wink and nod. The last thing he said before he took Adrew's Carte Jeune was, "I want to make you my punishment." I was so very close to shouting an expletive out the window but thankfully, I thought better of it.
I’ve been a bit surprised at how difficult it has been to find a solid internet connection. Constant connectivity is definitely something that I take for granted in the States. Our internet woes persisted throughout the morning and most of the afternoon however, the last few hours were alright. The router seems to have a mind of its own.

We have to sleep at Kelly’s house tonight due to certain unforeseen circumstances. Kelly’s dog, General is absolutely adorable. Christened a Rwandan Shepherd (by Kelly himself) General is one of those dogs that thinks he’s a lap dog even though he is very clearly too large. I am a total dog lover so I didn’t mind his rambunctious nature. Almost all of my Rwandan colleagues however, do not like dogs; they are afraid of them.

From what I understand, dogs are used as protection in Rwanda, not kept as pets. Last weekend, while we were in Kampala, one of Sarah’s friends told me about a rescue dog she’d taken in. Apparently the dog was in really bad shape when he was brought to her door and over the last few months, she has nursed him back to health. The problem is that the dog tends to attack men. It has attacked several of her male friends and the most recent offense was against the male guard (almost all of the homes have guards here) who had to receive stitches for his wounds. I have never personally been in this situation but I have known people that have had to make the choice between their dog and their family, friends, lifestyle, and especially, children. In fact, I recently had a discussion with a friend who argued that couples should not use dogs as practice for children because more often than not, what happens is that the dog is either neglected or put up for adoption once the baby arrives (the latter usually due to the dog’s aggression towards the child.)

I’m not sure what Sarah’s friend will end up doing, nor do I envy her position but this fear of dogs really resonates with me. It fits entirely with the underlying culture of fear I have sensed in my time here. It is very difficult to place and again, I am speaking after having spent an extremely limited amount of time in the city, but my feelings persist. Between the metal detectors in front of every public entry and the omnipresent guards armed with machine guns longer than my torso, I have in my most self-aware moments felt myself become increasingly afraid of making an error.
Hey, muzungu!

July 17, 2015

It has been so wonderful getting to know everyone in the Kigali office. Because the expat community is fairly small, everyone tends to spend quite a lot of time together both in and out of the office. Today, we had a remarkably affordable catered lunch (only 1,000 RWF per person; the exchange rate is about 700-750 RWF to 1 USD) and we all sat outside to eat on the patio. Some of the interns used the opportunity to teach me a few words in Kinyurandan.

Here's what I've learned so far:
Nitwa… My name is…
Witwande?… What is your name?
Amakuru?… How are you?

I don't yet know how to actually respond to Amakuru, but I've found that if you just say “Mmm” to everything, you'll get by well enough. As everyone ate and laughed and enjoyed the sunshine, it struck me: here, we are all family.

I later shared with the office some of the work we've been doing in Boston. Something, well, really, a great many things changed in me during my adolescence. I have always been a little bit shy but now, I find myself almost afraid to speak. I am able to shake off that fear fairly easily in smaller settings but talking to a larger group of people has become a bit of a hurdle. In truth, I feel this disposition is both a curse and a gift as my diffidence can be interpreted in multiple ways. At best, I demonstrate a sense of humility, at worst, it is read as a lack of confidence. I am still working on finding a perfect balance. What was so nice about being able to present the Boston office's work to the Kigali team however, was the that for the first time I had the chance to present something about which I am incredibly passionate without the pressure of an impending deadline. I am very grateful to have had the opportunity to share some of what we have learned over the last two months.

There had been talk of going to dinner in one of the more lively areas of town but instead we ended up going to a Chinese restaurant downtown (which, ironically dies after about 9 pm). So many of the restaurants here are perched on hills and have balconies that provide its visitors with the most amazing views. This restaurant was no exception. To
be honest, I have not been particularly impressed with the traditional Rwandan food. It tends to be very starchy and very bland. I think my favorite dishes have been potato-based but even then, I think I’d prefer a bit more spice. My favorite meals have been those of other cuisines created through a Rwandan filter. I think my favorites are in this order: the Ethiopian restaurant, the calzone on Monday night, and now the meal we had tonight. As is often the case with groups, we ordered a few dishes for everyone to share. I found the vegetable dishes the most delicious.

The building in which the restaurant operates is a bit strange. I think it might be part of a mall but it is also attached to a hotel. There is an entrance to this hotel that is accessible via the roof of the mall. We could see this from where we sat in the restaurant and once we’d sorted the bill, we decided to check it out. Calling it an entrance was, as it turned out, a bit generous. It felt more like a construction site and there was a distinct lack of human activity. I didn’t realize this until after the fact but one of the waiters from the restaurant followed us to the hotel and proceeded to accompany us for the duration of our escapade (the way he was acting made me think that he was a security guard). The whole experience was really eerie. I’m not even sure the hotel was open yet; we saw only one person during our entire time there. Andrew, definitely the most adventurous of the group, wanted to go to the top floor to see the view. The elevator stops at the 12th floor but there is a 13th from which you can access the roof. Before I knew it, we were climbing through what looked like an abandoned construction site, and moments later, we emerged on the roof of the building. The view was spectacular. Like a black fabric bedazzled with thousands of rhinestones draped over the most sensuous of figures, the hills of Kigali are at once captivating and inspiring. We stopped for a few minutes to take it all in. What a privileged vantage point.

But seriously, this really was a privileged vantage point. We should not have been allowed on that rooftop. I’d like to think that any man, or woman for that matter, with the same amount of earnestness and conviction would have been able to get onto the roof, regardless of skin color, but I sincerely doubt it.

I was beginning to get a little tired but I found my second wind on the moto to Ogo Pogo, a local bar. Despite the hot daytime temperatures, I’ve been a tad hesitant to wear shorts or skirts for fear of appearing too immodest. Modesty was not on the agenda at Ogo Pogo. Girls in fabulous, and sometimes very short, dresses and shoes that I could never wear moved about the bar. I’m not a huge fan of the beer here; all I have wanted for the last few days is a good IPA. In search of something different, I opted for straight gin. Perhaps not the best choice but it helped to loosen me up for our next stop: Sundowners.

Sundowners is the backdrop for a lot of memories within the group. It’s essentially just an outdoor version of The Cantina on South U in Ann Arbor. I rarely have the opportunity to dance as I used to in college, which made the whole experience that much more amazing. I’ve still got it! By this point, it was only Nicki, Sarah and I but I think we danced enough to claim we were 5. It was really interesting to see how men interacted with my two partners in crime. There was a lot of staring, of course, but then there was also a sense of curiosity that, in the daylight, those same people would not have expressed. A few guys came up and tried to teach Nicki how to dance like an African. Others gathered around our dance circle and would try to pull Sarah and Nicki and occasionally me into the center for a solo.

Muzungu… White person

I have always been the only or one of very few people in any given group who look like me. It has been a very strange experience for me to suddenly find myself in a situation where I look like I belong to the majority. I don’t know how I feel about it. People stare at me but I think it’s mostly because I am always with a Muzungu. On one hand, it would be really nice to no longer be the subject of their gaze. Yet at the same time, there is a part of me that wishes that I could qualify for the same celebrity status. I feel like I don’t “belong” anywhere. This sentiment is of course only representative of my perceptions at this moment and I am sure that if I were here for a longer period of time, I would begin to feel differently. Nevertheless, I am starting to think that being African American means belonging to one of the most isolating racial groups there is.
When you’re clenching so hard your knuckles turn white, there eventually comes a time when you have to let go. I had already started that by becoming a regular moto rider but I went even further today when I ordered a salad with goat cheese and pine nuts at New Cactus. They will tell you at any travel clinic in the States to avoid anything fresh that does not have a skin (that you have peeled off yourself) but for the most part, all of the permanent residents do not follow those guidelines. Nor do they take anti-malarial medication. Some of the drugs can have pretty nasty side effects such as hot flashes and hallucinations and even if they don’t, having to take a pill regularly is a bit of a nuisance. I really don’t want to get sick but I also really, really wanted a salad. It was fabulous.

After brunch, we went to an area by a large grocery store called Lagolett. I’ve been wanting to get some souvenirs for family and friends but I have been a little surprised at the lack of any stores. Maybe we just haven’t been in the right areas but literally, the only stores other than those selling phone-related devices that I’ve seen have been grocery stores. We passed a few roadside displays on the way to Mubuga on Wednesday but that is really all I’ve seen in the way of commercial activity. Maybe that’s also part of what feels so strange about Kigali… The shops around Lagolett aren’t much to write home about from the tourist’s point of view but there were a couple stores in which I managed to find a few things.

When we returned from the market, I tried to get some rest before the barbeque that Kelly had planned to host this evening. After about 15 minutes of trying to will myself to fall asleep, I heard several loud thumping noises. I stepped out of my room to find Nicki and John moving the living room furniture from the upstairs space into the newly vacated first floor common area. Rather, I found Nicki and a few of the neighborhood children dangerously balancing a couch out the window while John stood below. Apparently, in what would appear to be an excellent prank, the furniture had been assembled in the room and was impossible to get out of the room in its present state any other way. I went down to the front of the house to help John. It was surely quite a comical sight but we managed to transfer everything from the upstairs room to the living room within 30 minutes or so.
Children from the neighborhood frequently visit the MASS house. One boy, I think his name is Oliver, used to come by nearly every day after school. He is apparently away somewhere now to continue his studies but Nicki and I have passed his younger sister a few times on the way to the office. The three boys that were over this afternoon were a total riot. I am ashamed to admit that I have forgotten the name of the third but he, along with the other two, Chris and Andrew, were quite riled up after their triumphant furniture moving. Somehow, I ended up in the living room with the three of them while everyone else was getting ready to head out to the barbeque. At first, when they realized that I was the only adult left in the room, they quieted down a bit, occasionally asking me a question (they were shocked to find out I was nearly twice their age). Then, still clearly feeling me out, they began to do different tricks. I felt at that moment like an overprotective mother as the boys began to literally bounce off the walls, but it was also a really wonderful interaction. Their energy was infectious.

I found Andrew to be most intriguing. At 14, he is the oldest of the group and based on our brief conversation, he is destined to be quite the ladies’ man. He is also clearly incredibly smart. I forget exactly what we were talking about, but the flicker in his eyes and the animation behind his expression were mesmerizing. But there was something distracting about his appearance; for being 14, he was noticeably small. When I asked Nicki about it later, she said it was because of malnutrition. I realize that this is a rather odd response, but when she said that, I wasn’t sure how to feel. Around the holidays, there are always those Feed the Children commercials that come on with that tear-jerking Sarah McLachlan track playing in the background. It is very clear how one is supposed to feel in response to those images. Pity, however, was the farthest thing from my mind when talking to Andrew. I was talking to him just as I might talk to any other precocious 14-year-old boy. Were he in the States and just as small, I, along with everyone else, would have assumed that he simply hadn’t yet hit his next growth spurt. Yet, there was something about knowing that said growth spurt might never come (or if it does, that it might not be as great as his genetic disposition might allow) that became very unsettling. I don’t know what else to say other than I’m really glad I got a chance to meet him.
I cannot imagine what could possibly possess a person with so much hate that he would kill for the sake of pride, for the sake of identity; I do not understand genocide.

Nicki and I headed to the Kigali Genocide Memorial after brunch. The site feels rather removed from the city; it’s in an area that I hadn’t been to before, perched upon a hill that overlooks the downtown area. Rather than a single building or monument, the memorial feels more like a campus. In the approach to the main building—during which, the main entrance is not entirely evident—you catch glimpse of the gardens, a few smaller buildings, and an amphitheater below. There was something so serene and still about the setting.

I’ve had to do quite a bit of research into memorials recently and it’s interesting because during that research, I immediately donned a critical point of view from a planning or spatial viewpoint. Whilst progressing through the KGM, however, I found it very difficult to process all of the information and analyze the architecture at the same time. In truth, the videos and text installation were organized in such a way that they pulled the visitor into another world. But that’s the thing about good design, especially in a context as somber as this memorial; it shouldn’t be so obvious. The exhibit space, through which one passes events presented in chronological order, is clover-shaped in plan. At the center is a series of beautiful, yet haunting sculptures. Like many museums, the audio component is accessed through headsets that one has the option to rent up entry. Were one to walk through the museum without one, she would be met with an eerie silence.

Rwanda lost 2 million of its 7 million inhabitants over the course of just 3 months. The underlying narrative throughout the museum was an insistence that the genocide was largely avoidable. The panels told the story of corrupt political leaders, extremists, and global powers that turned a blind eye. One of the plaques read:

"A National Trauma Survey by UNICEF estimated that 80% of Rwandan children experienced a death in the family in 1994, 70% witnessed someone being killed or injured and 90% believed they would die."
In 1994, I was five years old and blissfully unaware of the horrific events occurring in Rwanda. I think the hardest part for me in visiting the memorial came through that approximation. In all of the photos of young children who lost their lives during the tragedy, I could not help but to think of myself at that age. In the photos of their parents, I saw my parents, over and over and over again.

Nous ne t'oublierons jamais...
We will never forget you...
Today was my last day in Kigali. To call it bittersweet would be a significant understatement. There are the technical difficulties, which one ought to know to expect (different cultural customs, language barriers, figuring out how to get around, etc) but then there are the other, more permanent incompatibilities. While I have found temporary homes created in part through shared experiences (such as being among English speakers in a non-english speaking country), I have realized during my time away, that my true home lies with my loves, my passions. That said, were there to come a time where my passion brought me back to Kigali, I would be beyond excited.

Today was also Allie’s first Rwandan buffet experience. As I’ve mentioned before, the food here is pretty bland and I think a few added spices could go a long way. There is however, one sauce that will completely level anyone brave (or dumb) enough to put on a healthy amount. I don’t remember what it’s called but it’s the kind of thing where if you mention Rwandan hot sauce to anyone who knows it, you will be met with instant recognition. Kelly warned me about it but, what with my propensity toward extremely spicy foods, I couldn’t leave the country without trying it at least once. Definitely the hottest sauce I’ve ever tasted...

I’ve been trying to pick up souvenirs for people as I go. I’ve gotten a few things that I’ve mentally assigned to people back home (although, those designations are subject to change) but I’m counting on finding the bulk of my gifts in Morocco. The one gift that I wanted to make sure to get was coffee beans. The coffee shop under the office has pretty good roasts. It doesn’t taste quite like what I’m used to but I’m not sure if that’s because of the beans themselves or all of the other stuff that I normally add to my coffee that I can’t seem to get here. Nevertheless, I made sure to pick up a couple of bags before I left.

Everyone is so incredibly nice and welcoming at the office. I’ve felt that all week but I felt it even more when I went to say my goodbyes. I will truly miss them all. Until we meet again...
I have spent the entire day (and night) traveling. The trip from Entebbe to Brussels is about 10 hours. Then, I had a 7 hour layover in Belgium. I was very tempted to buy some Belgian chocolate or a waffle or something else decidedly Belgian but I couldn't quite persuade myself that I needed it. I did, however, manage to buy a 220-volt hair straightener, which was a major development. My hair has done pretty well so far but it feels so much better to know that I have a real weapon against the frizz now. The trip from Brussels to Casablanca was nice. I miss the days when it was expected that one would converse with the person sitting next to you on a plane. Ok, most of the time I just want to be left alone, but I miss the gesture. Today, I was lucky enough to sit next to a man named Hassan. His family is from Casa but he now lives in Norway. He showed me a ton of photos and videos of his hometown and family as we flew back to the continent I had left just the day before. It was all very nice; I love it when strangers invite me into their lives like that.

All of my connections for this trip have been incredibly tight. Thanks to Don and the team at MASS, someone has been there to pick me up and drop me off at each of the airports and I never so much as took a moto by myself. From the outset, the only connection that I anticipated having and trouble with was that from Casa to Fez. The initial plan was that I would fly “directly” from Kigali to Tangiers but, as it turned out, if I arrived one day earlier, I could meet Anna and her parents in Fez and then we could all take the train together to Tangiers. While I was very excited to see more of Morocco, the idea of getting from the airport in Casa to the train station, which is not connected and accessible via a separate train system or by taxi, frightened me a bit. By the time I made it through customs and retrieved my luggage, I did not think I had enough time to take the airport’s connecting train so I thought it would be better to take a taxi. First mistake.

I do speak French. Rather, I understand French and, when I am able to overcome my natural shyness, I am capable of speaking the language at about a third grade level. The taxi driver spoke some English but encouraged me to speak in French. I have come to realize that it is expected that you haggle for virtually everything here. I am terrible at haggling. The driver kept trying to get me to let him take me all the way to Fez. “Let’s go to Fez!” he kept saying. It would have cost me a virtual fortune so I had to politely decline. Within 30 minutes, I needed to get to the Gare Casa Voyageurs and I still needed to purchase my
ticket. While the driver was kind and amusing enough, he took me to a different station than the one I needed to get to and charged me 300 Dirham (the conversion is much easier here, 10 Dirham = 1 USD), which is I’m sure way too much, considering the train ticket was only 120 Dirham. Just as we pulled up (to the wrong station) the train I would have wanted was pulling up. Unfortunately, there was a bit of a line and I tried to explain to the people waiting that I needed to get on the waiting train. They apparently did not understand and instead, I ended up causing a small mob at the ticket counter. Oops. Of course, I missed that train and that ended up pushing my entire itinerary back by two hours.

One major highlight of the night was the friend I made on the train. Once I managed to get on the correct train, it was about a 4 hour trek. About 3 stops in to the journey, a girl about my age came into my car, prior to which I had been the sole occupant. Her name is Soukaina and she lives in Rabat. It was the most amazing experience because she could not speak English well but understood it perfectly, and I was in the same position with French. So, we ended up having a great conversation in which I spoke English and she spoke French. We were together for about 3 hours and by the end of that time, we’d exchanged contact information and promises to visit one another should we have the opportunity. I’m sure that there were a few things lost in translation but it was truly a wonderful thing.

I finally made it to the Fez train station at around 11:30. Incredibly groggy from my 28 hours of travel, there was nothing better than meeting Anna and her parents waiting for me with a plate of the most delicious food. I am so grateful that everything worked out.
Anna and I have been friends since we were 11 years old. We were both in the same home-room in sixth grade. She has always been curious, kind, and confident and has never ceased to march to the beat of her own drummer. Since she graduated from MIT in 2011, she has traveled around the world working with various local governments to develop STEM programs and to help launch Fabrication Labs. When she jokingly asked me one year ago if I'd like to accompany her to a Moroccan wedding this summer, I laughed it off, thinking there was no way I could pull that off. Well, lo and behold... I made it! There is no one else I'd rather trek around a foreign country with than Anna.

Anna and her parents, Jan and Jeff, started their Moroccan adventure in Marrakesh and they have been now in Fez for two days. The hotel is absolutely gorgeous, so surreal. The rooms, suites, really, are all adorned with various Moroccan treasures and fantastic wood-work. The shower is an entire room with two showerheads on either side. Unfortunately, I couldn't figure out the hot water last night so it made for a rather quick experience but it was amazing nonetheless. The grounds were equally stunning. I only vaguely remember walking in but I know that once we reached the correct gate, we got out of the taxi and walked through a series of narrow passages that took us gradually upward. In my dazed state, I noticed three things: the undulating paving patterns designed to help horses and other animals keep their footing, the incredible wooden doors that sporadically appeared within the stone walls, and the cats—so many cats!

After a lovely breakfast and a tour of the grounds, we left the hotel to head for the souk, which is apparently the largest marketplace of its kind in the world. The labyrinthine passageways that were eerily quiet last night were alive with market vendors today. Unsurprisingly, there are quite a few tourists in Fez and the locals can pick them out immediately. If you're not careful, you may find yourself saddled with a "tour guide"—typically young local men who start off by asking where you're going and/or if you're lost. Sometimes they ask if you'd like to see a particular monument or store. If you show any sort of interest, the man will likely follow you, it might be considered harassment were it not thoroughly customary, and insist that you go here or there. You can try to politely decline as many times as you'd like but we found that pretty much the only way to get rid of him at that point is to give him a little bit of money. Anyway, we made our way through the
maze, successfully shaking any would-be tour guides and stopping periodically to check out stalls and boutiques. It was so unbelievably hot. I thought I was going to faint on multiple occasions. I don't know how the locals do it. Sure, they're sitting in the shade but it had to be nearly 100 degrees without even the slightest breeze...

One of the attractions we were all interested in visiting was the wood museum. It took a bit of winding and backtracking but we eventually made it. C'était incroyable! I love wood and I love Islamic architecture. Every single piece within the museum was breathtaking. Even the museum itself was pretty wonderful. Four stories in height, it was essentially a large atrium that took advantage of buoyancy-driven ventilation. It wouldn't quite be accurate to call the lower levels “cool” however, they were significantly cooler than the uppermost floor. The roof was raised to form a series of openings at the top of the atrium. I wish I'd been able to take more photos but unfortunately, as this was also a sacred space, photography was rather restricted.

We wandered through the souk a bit more after the museum. I finally found the rooster figurine I've been looking for, as well as a couple of other knick knacks I'm excited to give to friends back home. For lunch, we ventured into a restaurant that a "tour guide" recommended (he said it was his parents'). I won't linger on this too long but our lunch was one of the funniest experiences I've had on this trip. We walked in and there was no one else in the restaurant. The young man that beckoned us in alerted what we assumed was his mother to come wait on us. The woman politely took our orders and then about a minute later, we saw the son running out the door. Five minutes after that, he came back, apparently with the ingredients for our dishes. He was literally going to buy them from the market below... At least we knew it was fresh!

I made my first big purchase at an antique store as we made our way back to the hotel. Though I first mistook it as a belt, the garment I purchased was typically worn around the head by the Berber women of the Anti-Atlas. It is covered with turquoise and coins. The vendor, Mohammed, couldn't tell me too much more about it, but it's pretty awesome. I looked up one of the coins later on (that is, when I had internet access again—side note: next time I travel abroad, I am going to have to seriously look into unlocking my phone and purchasing a data plan... it's really annoying to be constantly seeking out free wifi hotspots) and I think it dates the garment to the 1930's or so.

I would have loved to spend longer in Fez; our train left at around 4 in the afternoon and while I was certainly ready to get out of the heat, I wasn't quite ready to leave the city. The train ride to Tangier (pronounced: tahn-jay as I found out after being politely corrected a few times) was about 4 hours. Unlike yesterday's trip, our cabin was completely full. There were the four of us, all of our stuff, and a young couple. The man spoke more than
the woman, both very polite, but both seemed very shy. Just as the sun was beginning
to set and I was contemplating a quick nap, we were all startled awake by three of four
large blasts against the window. Our natural impulses had been to duck down and when
we looked up, we saw that the outer pane of the window had been completely shattered.
Luckily, it was only the outer pane and we didn't seem to be at risk of the glass falling into
the cabin but it was so incredibly scary. About three minutes later, one of the attendants
came by and said that the trains are frequently hit by young men and boys who make a
sport out of hurling rocks. I think I might still be shaking...

I first met Manal and Mitko in 2013 at one of Anna's beach parties. They were all class-
mates at MIT. Actually, for some reason, Manal's parents were at that party as well. Such
great people. I must confess that I feel a bit awkward now taking part their wedding fes-
tivities after only having met them once but they are some of the most hospitable people
I have ever met. Sara, Manal's sister, was there to pick us up at the train station. Once
settled into the house, we ate and drank late into the night. I am absolutely exhausted.
We spent the morning in heaven. I can count the number of times I’ve been to a spa on one hand but this one took the cake. This hammam is located inside of the hotel in which Manal and Mitko’s wedding ceremony will be held. So many different scents, soaps and scrubs... After a few long days of travel, this was exactly what I needed.

I think I’m in love with the food here. Breakfast was a delicious spread of fruit and pastries and eggs and toast. Lunch was a brilliant bastille-filled chicken with almond paste and turmeric. This was, of course, accompanied by a massive food coma. Unfortunately, after attempting to take a nap amidst all of the commotion, I quickly gave up. There are a ton of people staying in Manal’s parents house and a whole separate group of friends staying in another house nearby. The guests are mostly friends from college and work who made the trek from the States to celebrate. I’ve really enjoyed meeting everyone so far. Dinner was a tangine (also insanely good) followed by a beachside bar and dancing. At one point, I remember looking up at the stars, pausing for a moment to try to take it all in. Is this real life?

No, no. This is definitely not real life.
Today was our day of exploring. Like the souk in Fez, the Medina is made up of many winding roads and pathways all lined with shops on the ground floors and residences at the top. I’ve been trying to find a dress for the wedding. Unfortunately, all of the traditional dresses I’ve seen so far are almost too traditional; they’re not the kind of dresses I could see myself wearing more than just this one time. So, finding a more contemporary style was largely what motivated my shopping pattern.

Again, as in Fez, the shop owners lined the roads, beckoning at the doors of their stores for us to come in and have a look. We stopped for one older Berber man who swore to us that he had the most impressive view of the Medina on his rooftop. As we went upstairs, he chuckled, saying “Good! Now you make exercise!” The view did not disappoint. The off-white buildings of the Medina in front of the glimmering Mediterranean Sea was enough to take anyone’s breath away. The man offered us tea and sat to speak with us for a while. The usual questions: where are you from? What do you do? What has brought you here? Eventually, the conversation shifted to us asking questions of him and his life. It turned out that he had several daughters and one of the young men we had passed on our way up was one of his sons. His family lived further away. He made it sound like they lived completely off the grid; their customs and traditions had been preserved through distance from capitalist endeavors. We asked if the children went to school. “The boys, yes. They go until thirteen. But the girls? No, not the girls...” I think we were all a bit taken aback by that comment. It’s been a while since I’ve encountered such blatant sexism. But here before me was a father, trying to provide for and protect his family. He saw nothing wrong with keeping the girls in their place in the home. We tried but how do you argue against that? Even as we attempted to make our case, it felt like we were threatening the way of life he’d fought so hard to preserve.

We ended our time in the Medina at the Kasbah museum. Like the wood museum in Fez, the trademark geometric patterns and arches of Islamic architecture were present but there were also hints of Spanish influence. Unfortunately, we were only able to spend a short amount of time inside before it closed but some of the items they had on exhibit were truly wonderful. Dinner at the house was accompanied by belly dancers and toasts. The air vibrated with excitement in anticipation for tomorrow’s celebrations.
I have spent the majority of the day trying to stay out of the way. It’s a little tough because Anna and her parents are part of the wedding party so my schedule does not exactly follow theirs. This is not a traditional Moroccan wedding. The family went through the whole shebang last summer when Sara got married. We watched the video of the ceremonies yesterday and everything was so exquisite and elaborate. I don’t remember how many dresses she wore but each one was even more dazzling than the last. As grand as that wedding was however, I don’t blame anyone for wanting a more modest approach now. In fact, the ceremony was the best of both worlds. There was not a religious component and apparently, the couple had already signed the legal document so really, it boiled down to lots of photos, dinner, toasts, and dancing late into the night. Manal’s dress was absolutely stunning, as was the venue itself. The wedding party arrived just before sunset so as they took their photos, they had the gorgeous view of the sun setting over the sea behind them. I cannot imagine a more romantic scene.

There were several toasts through the night. Most were in English, although some were in French. Manal recited her toast in both languages. It was a very sweet and moving speech but the thing that stood out to me the most was that in the French version, she concluded by saying, “Mitko, je vous aime.” On one hand, this is simply a formal “I love you,” but on the other, the use of “vous” implies a deeper level of respect. A very mutual respect. That is the kind of relationship worth aspiring to have.
I’ve been exhausted all day. At 2 am, I was one of the earliest to leave last night. People party late in Tangier. Of course, nothing starts early either. There are only two acceptable times for business: afternoon or evening. Hopefully, this will make adjusting to the time difference that much easier when I get back to Boston.

Once everyone was awake and recovered from last night, we headed out to an area called Tétouan, which was about an hour away. We traveled by bus and it was rather amusing because at certain parts during the trip, the landscape made it feel like we could be traveling down I-5 to Southern California. I don’t think I could ever get tired of the beach views here. I’m not much of a swimmer but the water here was so warm that I couldn’t help but to wade in. At one point, a man came through with a camel, offering rides for a small price. Eager for the photo opportunities, I decided I’d give it a try. Getting onto and off of the camel were harrowing but all in all, it wasn’t so bad. I can’t imagine traveling any extended period of time across a desert on one but for the five minutes I stayed on, it was actually kind of enjoyable. I also managed to collect a pretty good amount of shells during my time in the sand. I’ll have to think of something crafty to do with them when I get home.

Dinner was at a place about 20 minutes away out on a dock. Again, the food was fantastic but more impressive was the setting itself. Out in the middle of the water, it felt like we could be literally anywhere.
Today was very low key. Most people, including myself, are leaving tomorrow. I ventured out on my own a little bit. It’s tough not having data on my phone but in a way, it’s kind of nice to have to learn the city the old-fashioned way. I realized yesterday that I haven’t done nearly enough shopping for my friends and family so that was today’s mission. When I reconnected with Anna’s parents, we decided to return to the Medina in search of a weaver’s cooperative someone had recommended in a travel blog, Fonduk Chejra… It took us a while to get pointed in the right direction; apparently we’d been mispronouncing it. The coop was on the third level of an indoor market along the edge of the Medina. The view that awaited us was incredible. The space was open to the sky and a rectangular arcade surrounded an opening revealing the roof of the marketplace below. Behind each of the arches were stalls in which different weavers worked; the distinct sounds of the looms pounding echoed through the space. We visited a few of the weavers to see if there were any small gifts we could purchase. There were quite a few rugs that would have been marvelous in my apartment back home but unfortunately, I had very little space left in my suitcase. Eventually, we arrived at Mohammed’s shop. We were attracted to it because of the colorful pieces he had hanging outside of his door. Jan started talking to him and learned that he was a 5th generation weaver and that he had learned his craft from his father in that very shop. After a little more talking, Mohammed called to have some tea delivered for us. I have to say that while it was a wonderful gesture, scorching hot tea was pretty much the last thing I wanted in that heat but I nursed it all the same. This was business, after all. About 30 minutes later, we settled on a number of scarves, blankets and hats. Not all of the scarves had been finished yet so Mohammed called for his son who was out playing by the beach. Seeing the young boy next to his father in the shop and the obvious bond between them was honestly one of the most touching moments of the trip. I will cherish that memory forever.

Our last dinner, la dernière fête, was a much smaller group tonight than we had over the weekend but still just as warm and joyful. I somehow managed to cram everything into my suitcase. I suppose it’s a good thing I have long given up on trying to take it as a carry on. I am so incredibly grateful to have had the opportunity to take this trip. It has exceeded all expectations.
PART TWO
AUGUST 30

9 cities, 15 states, 25 days
5,100 miles, 75 hours

San Francisco, CA
Salt Lake City, UT
Denver, CO
St Louis, MO
Memphis, TN
New Orleans, LA
Houston, TX
San Diego
Las Vegas
New York
Chicago
San Francisco

(AUGUST 5)

USA

(AUGUST 30)

8.26
8.22-8.23
8.24*-8.25*
8.27-8.30
8.18-8.19
8.14*-8.15
8.12*-8.13
8.12
8.11
8.9-8.11
8.10-8.17
8.22-8.23
8.24-8.25
8.26
I was incredibly fortunate to have two of my friends and colleagues, Allison Green and Brian Palmer, join me for this portion of my travels. Allison is a recent graduate of the Urban Planning program at Harvard GSD and Brian is a PhD student at Harvard GSAS. Additionally, I would like to thank Giselle Sebag, a recent graduate at Harvard School of Public Health for all of her support. I must also thank all of the friends and family members who were kind enough to let us stay with them over the course of this trip. And of course, I am so very grateful to my parents who let us borrow the car for this month (the only way we could afford to take this trip was to borrow the car and drive it in a giant loop). I could not have done this trip without them.

In academia, we tend to focus on the outliers—the failures and the exemplary—when in reality, there are hundreds of thousands of units and people affected on a daily basis. Consequently, this trip served as a personal opportunity to gain a better understanding of how subsidized housing operates in the US. As outlined in the initial proposal, the project was always about public health. In light of recent reports highlighting the connection between mold growth within public housing stock and a correlated rate of chronic respiratory illness, we were particularly interested in the presence of indoor contaminants. However, as we moved from city to city, our focus changed based on what we’d learned. Quickly, we began to understand the complexities associated with even the concept of "health" in subsidized housing. Rarely did we receive feedback that linked health concerns to an architectural intervention and yet many of the comments were spatial nonetheless. Because this was never intended to be any sort of scientific assessment of housing projects, we had a bit of freedom in learning to adapt our questions, change our targets, and constantly reexamine what exactly we had learned.

Initially, we’d planned to visit only public housing projects, thinking that consistency would enable us to make comparisons more easily. However, after visiting some of the projects in Salt Lake City (where we had the opportunity to sit down and talk to some of the housing authority officials, get a tour of some of the projects, and meet with the architects of one of their highest-profile projects, Bud Bailey) we realized that a lot of the innovation was happening outside of tightly controlled public funding and instead, through strategic partnerships. Salt Lake City was really one of the best cities we could have chosen to start with. The city’s Ten Year Plan to end chronic homelessness has resulted in a number of interesting projects and initiatives that address health on multiple scales.

San Francisco is truly in the middle of a housing crisis. It’s more than just gentrification. We heard from almost all of the residents that we talked to an underlying current of fear and uncertainty. There was a sense that many of them were hanging on to their tiny piece of SF real estate by a thread and the slightest incident could be enough to push them out of the area entirely. After seeing such a holistic emphasis on health in Salt Lake, we changed gears a little bit once we got to the Bay Area. We decided to start looking at Continuing Care Retirement Communities to get a sense of what systems that are explicitly designed to care for occupants’ health on a continuing basis look like. The difference was night and day. First, they were so much more open to questions. While we frequently had to jump through multiple hoops to talk to anyone in person at some of the public housing sites, at the CCRCs, we found that people were more than willing to show us around and answer any questions. Somewhere between San Francisco and Los Angeles, we got to the point where we reasoned that we were better off not calling housing authorities beforehand to try to make appointments than to call, get turned down, rerouted, or worse, told to fax any questions we might have in advance. As such, we really put a lot of the housing authorities on the spot and we are very grateful to everyone who took the time to speak with us.

Truth be told, New Orleans was an entirely different animal. The city was in the middle of celebrating the 10th anniversary since Hurricane Katrina and we were not ready for the emotionally-charged conversations we were privileged to have with some of the area’s long time public housing residents. Here, their stories further complicated the notion of health by adding the dimension of safety and security. One of the most telling sentiments that we heard from multiple residents was that the new construction left them feeling more vulnerable than they had in their old sturdy brick buildings. In a city with one of the highest murder rates in the country, shelter represents more than just a roof; it is a fortress.

We ended our trip on a high when we were able to receive a tour around Denver Housing Authority’s South Lincoln property. The DHA is one of the leading housing authority’s in innovation in the country. The Healthy Living Initiative they created in 2009 has guided and followed the evolution of the South Lincoln project. It was truly a delight to see so many of the questions we’d accumulated over the course of the trip answered in this one project.

The catalog presented here is very much still a work in progress. All told, we visited nearly 40 projects and spoke to as many people as would speak to us. Many of the project’s fact sheets have missing information reflective of the lack of transparency provided by the housing authorities themselves. At the end of the day, I think this trip has served only to raise more questions; questions to which I intend to devote my career toward answering. There were however, four key threads that emerged through visiting all of the projects: strategic partnerships, identity, fear/scarcity, and services/amenities.

This trip has been so deeply informative for me as a designer and as a person and I cannot stress enough how incredibly grateful I am to the University of Michigan, Taubman College of Architecture and Urban Planning, and the Raoul Wallenberg Foundation for this tremendous opportunity.
**BUD BAILEY APARTMENT COMMUNITY**
3960 South Main Street
Salt Lake City, Utah 84107

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>YEAR COMPLETED</th>
<th>2014</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FUNDING PROGRAMS</td>
<td>HOPE VI, LOW-INCOME TAX CREDITS, OLENE WALKER HOUSING LOAN FUND</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AVAILABLE SUBSIDIES</td>
<td>SHELTER PLUS CARE VOUCHERS (16 AVAILABLE), PROJECT-BASED HOUSING VOUCHERS (40 AVAILABLE), 8 MARKET RATE UNITS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONSTRUCTION COST</td>
<td>$26.8 MILLION</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ARCHITECT</td>
<td>METHOD STUDIOS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PROPERTY MANAGER</td>
<td>HOUSING AUTHORITY OF THE COUNTY OF SALT LAKE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NUMBER OF UNITS</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC</td>
<td>FAMILY, REFUGEES, HOMELESS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>UNIT TYPES</td>
<td>1 STUDIO, 92 ONE + TWO BEDROOM, 28 THREE BEDROOM, 15 FOUR BEDROOM UNITS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PROPERTY AMENITIES</td>
<td>COMMUNITY GARDEN, FITNESS CENTER, COMPUTER LAB, BUSINESS CENTER, AMPHITHEATER, PLAYGROUND, BBQ+PICNIC AREA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AREA MEDIAN INCOME</td>
<td>$72,200</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*2015 AMI for a family of 4. To qualify for affordable housing units, residents must earn 50% or less of the AMI.*
Jefferson Circle
1750-1 S Jefferson Cir
Salt Lake City, UT 84115

YEAR COMPLETED ................................................................. XXX

FUNDING PROGRAM ............................................................. PUBLIC

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ......................................................... PROJECT BASED SECTION 8 (FOR ALL 20 UNITS)

CONSTRUCTION COST ........................................................... XXX

ARCHITECT ................................................................. XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER ......................................................... HOUSING AUTHORITY OF SALT LAKE CITY

NUMBER OF UNITS .............................................................. 20

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC .......................................................... FAMILY

UNIT TYPES ................................................................. 20 TWO BEDROOM UNITS

PROPERTY AMENITIES ........................................................... XXX

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ...................................................... $72,200

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4. To qualify for Sec 8 units, residents must earn 50% or less of the AMI. The minimum rent for Sec 8 is $250-500/month.
GRACE MARY MANOR
3505 S Main St.
Salt Lake City, UT 84115

YEAR COMPLETED .............................................. 2008

FUNDING PROGRAM ........................................... Low Income Housing Tax Credit (LIHTC)

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ......................................... 50 project based section 8 vouchers, 30 project based shelter plus care vouchers, 4 units without subsidy

CONSTRUCTION COST ........................................ $9 million

ARCHITECT ...................................................... xxx

PROPERTY MANAGER ......................................... Housing Opportunities, Inc & the Housing Authority of the County of Salt Lake

NUMBER OF UNITS ............................................ 84

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ...................................... chronically homeless

UNIT TYPES ....................................................... 84 one bedroom units

PROPERTY AMENITIES ........................................... case workers assigned to each resident, library, community room, fitness center, patio area, 24 hour attendant, weekly activities

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ....................................... $72,200

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4. Residents of Grace Mary Manor are very low-income, and rent is determined at 30 percent of their income.
In 2011, when Grace Mary Manor first opened its doors, approximately 13% of Utah’s 13,000 homeless people were considered “chronically homeless”, yet they consumed nearly 64% of the city’s resources for all homeless individuals. Adopting a “Housing First” methodology, Grace Mary Manor was designed to help this high risk population break the cycle. As these people are often battling addiction and mental illness in addition to dealing with the stress of inconsistent housing, each resident is matched with a case manager upon moving in. Residents need not meet with his/her case manager should he/she choose not to however, the case managers are present on site to assist residents’ stabilization. The terms of the lease are more lenient than many other housing projects. For example, residents are allowed to smoke on the premises so long as they do not do so in their rooms.
Since most residents are coming with very few personal belongings, the rooms were designed to make them feel safe and at home upon entry.
Residents are provided with call buttons (pull cords) in the kitchen, bedroom, and bathroom areas. This is linked to the main office where there is someone on site 24/7.
This is the space where the clinic will go once it is completed. It will be operated by 4th Street Clinic (separate from the Housing Authority).
“There are so many people looking to live here and they’re willing to spend ridiculous amounts of money to do so. So, I’d rather pay my rent early and just not say anything and hopefully they won’t say anything either and it will all just be cool. If the rent goes up, I move. And by move, I mean, out of the city. Like to Oakland or down to Daly City or out of California altogether.”

TONY C, SAN FRANCISCO RESIDENT
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>25 Sanchez St</strong>&lt;br&gt;25 Sanchez St&lt;br&gt;San Francisco, CA 94114</th>
<th><strong>YEAR COMPLETED</strong></th>
<th>1972</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>FUNDING PROGRAM</strong></td>
<td>PUBLIC, RENTAL ASSISTANCE&lt;br&gt;DEMONSTRATION (RAD)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>AVAILABLE SUBSIDY</strong></td>
<td>PUBLIC HOUSING</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CONSTRUCTION COST</strong></td>
<td>XXX</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ARCHITECT</strong></td>
<td>XXX</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PROPERTY MANAGER</strong></td>
<td>SF HOUSING AUTHORITY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>NUMBER OF UNITS</strong></td>
<td>90</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC</strong></td>
<td>SENIOR</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>UNIT TYPES</strong></td>
<td>75 STUDIO, 14 ONE BEDROOM, 1 TWO BEDROOM</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PROPERTY AMENITIES</strong></td>
<td>COMMUNITY ROOM, COVERED GARAGE (12 CARS), GARDEN</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>AREA MEDIAN INCOME</strong></td>
<td>$101,900&lt;br&gt;*2015 AMI for a family of 4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
363 Noe St
363 Noe Street
San Francisco, CA 94114

YEARS COMPLETED ................................................................. 1971

FUNDING PROGRAM .............................................................. PUBLIC

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ............................................................ PUBLIC HOUSING

CONSTRUCTION COST .......................................................... XXX

ARCHITECT ............................................................................. XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER ............................................................ SF HOUSING AUTHORITY

NUMBER OF UNITS ............................................................... 22

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ........................................................ SENIOR

UNIT TYPES ................................................................. 19 studio, 3 one bedroom

PROPERTY AMENITIES ........................................................... XXX

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ........................................................ $101,900
* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.
“I think part of the reason is that a lot of the apartments are rent-controlled and because it’s so expensive to stay in San Francisco, I think a lot of people don’t complain to their landlords because they’re afraid of getting evicted or calling the Board of Health. They don’t want to draw any attention to themselves because they’re paying under-market rent and so they’re willing to live in these unhealthy situations because they don’t have a choice. It’s not like you can move out of an apartment in San Francisco very easily.”

AYNNE V, SAN FRANCISCO RESIDENT
462 Duboce Ave
462 Duboce Ave
San Francisco, CA 94117

YEAR COMPLETED ........................................................................................................ 1971
FUNDING PROGRAM ..................................................................................................... PUBLIC
AVAILABLE SUBSIDY .................................................................................................... PUBLIC HOUSING
CONSTRUCTION COST ................................................................................................... XXX
ARCHITECT ................................................................................................................... XXX
PROPERTY MANAGER .................................................................................................. SF HOUSING AUTHORITY
NUMBER OF UNITS ....................................................................................................... 42
TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC .............................................................................................. SENIOR
UNIT TYPES ................................................................................................................... 34 studio, 8 one Bedroom
PROPERTY AMENITIES .............................................................................................. RECREATION ROOM WITH KITCHEN, STORAGE AREA
AREA MEDIAN INCOME ............................................................................................... $101,900
* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.
Mission Delores
1815 Egbert Avenue
San Francisco, California 94124

YEAR COMPLETED ................................................................. 1967

FUNDING PROGRAM ............................................................ PUBLIC

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ............................................................ PUBLIC HOUSING

CONSTRUCTION COST ........................................................... XXX

ARCHITECT ........................................................................... XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER ......................................................... SF HOUSING AUTHORITY

NUMBER OF UNITS ............................................................... 91

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ....................................................... SENIOR

UNIT TYPES ................................................................. 68 studio, 23 one Bedroom

PROPERTY AMENITIES .................................................. COMMUNITY ROOM

AREA MEDIAN INCOME .................................................. $101,900
* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.
Valencia Gardens
390 Valencia St
San Francisco, CA 94103

YEARS COMPLETED ................................................................. 2006

FUNDING PROGRAM ............................................................... HOPE VI, OTHER FUNDS

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ............................................................... MIXED

CONSTRUCTION COST ......................................................... $74 Million ($23.2 M HOPE VI Funds and $50.7 M OTHER FUNDS)

ARCHITECT ................................................................. VAN METER WILLIAMS & POLLACK

PROPERTY MANAGER ............................................................. JOHN STEWART CO.

NUMBER OF UNITS ............................................................... 260

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ......................................................... FAMILY, SENIOR

UNIT TYPES ................................................................. 218 FAMILY FLATS, 42 ONE BEDROOM SENIOR APARTMENTS

PROPERTY AMENITIES ......................................................... DAY CARE CENTER, COMMUNITY ROOMS, GARDEN, FITNESS

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ......................................................... $101,900

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.
Grand Lake Gardens
401 Santa Clara Ave
Oakland, CA 94610

YEAR COMPLETED .......................................................... 1966
FUNDING PROGRAM ......................................................... PRIVATE
AVAILABLE SUBSIDY .......................................................... PRIVATE PAY
CONSTRUCTION COST ...................................................... XXX
ARCHITECT ................................................................. XXX
PROPERTY MANAGER ....................................................... ABHOW
NUMBER OF UNITS ......................................................... 135
TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ................................................... SENIOR
UNIT TYPES ................................................................. 91 "MAINTENANCE-FREE"
PROPERTY AMENITIES .................................................... COMMUNITY GARDEN, FITNESS CENTER, COMPUTER LAB, BUSINESS CENTER, DINING ROOM
AREA MEDIAN INCOME ..................................................... $101,900

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.
The Berkshire
2235 Sacramento St
Berkeley, CA 94702
RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

YEAR COMPLETED ................................................................. 1966

FUNDING SOURCE ................................................................. PRIVATE DONORS

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ............................................................. PRIVATE PAY

CONSTRUCTION COST ............................................................ XXX

ARCHITECT ............................................................................. XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER ............................................................. VINTAGE SENIOR LIVING

NUMBER OF UNITS ................................................................. 77

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC .......................................................... SENIOR

UNIT TYPES ............................................................................. 59 ASSISTED LIVING, 18 MEMORY CARE UNITS

PROPERTY AMENITIES .......................................................... DINING HALL (ALL DAY DINING), RIDES TO MEDICAL APPTS, NURSES ON STAFF 24/7, PLANNED SOCIAL ACTIVITIES, ESCORT SERVICES

AREA MEDIAN INCOME .......................................................... $101,900

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.
“I’m out on the floor [more than most executive directors]. I’m looking. I’m seeing what’s going on. I need to know. I care. I know all of my residents and I usually know what’s going on with them. I sit down with my nurse and we talk about the residents once a week. I just need to know what’s going on because ultimately, I’m responsible.”

DEBORAH S, THE BERKSHIRE EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
La Valencia Senior Apartments
15 N Valencia St
Alhambra, CA 91801

YEAR COMPLETED ................................................................. 2008

FUNDING PROGRAM ............................................................... PUBLIC

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ............................................................ PUBLIC HOUSING

CONSTRUCTION COST ............................................................ XXX

ARCHITECT ................................................................. XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER .......................................................... Genessy Management

NUMBER OF UNITS .............................................................. 11

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ...................................................... SENIOR

UNIT TYPES ................................................................. XXX

PROPERTY AMENITIES .......................................................... XXX

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ...................................................... $63,000
* 2015 AMI for a family of 4

* Target Demographic is Senior

Construction Cost: xxx

Public Program

Available Subsidy: Public Housing

Number of Units: 11
Burke Manor
15 N 3rd St
Alhambra, CA 91801

YEAR COMPLETED: XXX

FUNDING PROGRAM: PUBLIC

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY: PUBLIC HOUSING

CONSTRUCTION COST: XXX

ARCHITECT: XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER: HOUSING AUTHORITY OF THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

NUMBER OF UNITS: XXX

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC: SENIOR

UNIT TYPES: XXX

PROPERTY AMENITIES: XXX

AREA MEDIAN INCOME: $63,000

*2015 AMI for a family of 4
Plaza on Main
333 W. Main St.
Alhambra, CA 91801

YEAR COMPLETED ................................................................. 1999

FUNDING PROGRAM .............................................................. PUBLIC

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ............................................................ PUBLIC HOUSING

CONSTRUCTION COST .......................................................... XXX

ARCHITECT ................................................................. XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER ............................................................ HOUSING AUTHORITY OF THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

NUMBER OF UNITS ............................................................. 110

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ........................................................ SENIOR

UNIT TYPES ............................................................. XXX

PROPERTY AMENITIES .......................................................... XXX

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ........................................................ $63,000

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.
Solheim Lutheran Home
2236 Merton Ave
Los Angeles CA 90041
Retirement Community

YEAR COMPLETED ............................................................ 1923

FUNDING PROGRAM ......................................................... PRIVATE DONORS

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ..................................................... PRIVATE PAY (* IF RESIDENT HAS DEPLETED ASSETS, COLHEIM WILL NEGOTIATE AN AFFORDABLE MONTHLY RATE)

CONSTRUCTION COST .................................................. $5,000 FOR INITIAL UNITS IN 1923

ARCHITECT .............................................................. XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER ................................................. SOLHEIM LUTHERAN HOME

NUMBER OF UNITS ..................................................... XXX

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC .............................................. SENIOR

UNIT TYPES ............................................................. INDEPENDENT, ASSISTED, MEMORY CARE

PROPERTY AMENITIES .............................................. DINING HALL (ALL DAY DINING), PHYSICAL THERAPY, PET THERAPY, CHAPEL SERVICES,

AREA MEDIAN INCOME .............................................. $63,000

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.
Casas Bonitas Homes
12976 Cottonwood
Surprise, AZ 85378

YEAR COMPLETED ......................................................... XXX

FUNDING PROGRAM .......................................................... PUBLIC

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ....................................................... PUBLIC HOUSING

CONSTRUCTION COST ..................................................... XXX

ARCHITECT .................................................................. XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER ..................................................... HOUSING AUTHORITY OF MARICOPA COUNTY

NUMBER OF UNITS ........................................................... XXX

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC .................................................. FAMILY

UNIT TYPES ................................................................. 2, 3, AND 4 BEDROOM APARTMENTS

PROPERTY AMENITIES .................................................. XXX

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ................................................... $64,000

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.
YEAR COMPLETED ................................................................. 1953

FUNDING PROGRAM ................................................................. PUBLIC

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ................................................................. PUBLIC HOUSING

CONSTRUCTION COST ............................................................... XXX

ARCHITECT ................................................................. Lescher and Mahoney

PROPERTY MANAGER .................................................. HOUSING AUTHORITY OF MARICOPA COUNTY

NUMBER OF UNITS ................................................................. 296

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC .............................................................. FAMILY

UNIT TYPES ................................................................. XXX

PROPERTY AMENITIES ............................................................... XXX

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ............................................................... $64,000

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.
John Hollar & Baden Homes
1003 N. 93rd Ave
Tolleson, AZ 85353

YEAR COMPLETED .......................................................... XXX
FUNDING PROGRAM .......................................................... PUBLIC
AVAILABLE SUBSIDY .................................................... PUBLIC HOUSING
CONSTRUCTION COST .................................................... XXX
ARCHITECT .................................................................. XXX
PROPERTY MANAGER ...................................................... HOUSING AUTHORITY OF MARICOPA COUNTY
NUMBER OF UNITS .......................................................... XXX
TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC .................................................. FAMILY
UNIT TYPES ............................................................ 1, 2, 3, AND 4 BEDROOM APARTMENTS
PROPERTY AMENITIES .................................................... XXX
AREA MEDIAN INCOME .................................................. $64,000
* 2015 AMI for a family of 4
John Hammond Homes
8500 W. Washington
Peoria, AZ 85345

YEAR COMPLETED ................................................................. XXX

FUNDING PROGRAM ............................................................... PUBLIC

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ............................................................. PUBLIC HOUSING

CONSTRUCTION COST ............................................................ XXX

ARCHITECT ................................................................. XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER ............................................................... HOUSING AUTHORITY OF MARICOPA COUNTY

NUMBER OF UNITS ................................................................. XXX

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC .......................................................... FAMILY

UNIT TYPES .............................................................. 2, 3 AND FOUR BEDROOM UNITS

PROPERTY AMENITIES ............................................................ XXX

AREA MEDIAN INCOME .......................................................... $64,000

*2015 AMI for a family of 4

2015 AMI for a family of 4
**Parkview Estates**
10950 N. 87th Ave
Peoria, AZ 85345

- **Year Completed**: XXX
- **Funding Program**: Public
- **Available Subsidy**: Public Housing
- **Construction Cost**: XXX
- **Architect**: Lescher and Mahoney
- **Property Manager**: Housing Authority of Maricopa County
- **Number of Units**: XXX
- **Target Demographic**: Senior
- **Unit Types**: One bedroom apartments (for elderly, handicapped or disabled)
- **Property Amenities**: XXX
- **Area Median Income**: $64,000
  
  *2015 AMI for a family of 4*
PARKVIEW ESTATES
PECOS, ARIZONA

TO BE OPENED ON THE 25TH THURSDAY OF DECEMBER 2006
Historic Oaks of Allen Parkway Village
1600 Allen Parkway
Houston, Texas 77019

YEAR COMPLETED ..................................................... 1944, Rehabilitated 2000

FUNDING PROGRAM .................................................. Public

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY .................................................. Public Housing

CONSTRUCTION COST .................................................. XXX

ARCHITECT .............................................................. XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER .................................................. The Lynd Company

NUMBER OF UNITS ..................................................... 500

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ................................................ Family

UNIT TYPES ..............................................................
216 One Bedroom, 166 Two Bedroom, 98 Three Bedroom, 13 Four Bedroom, 7 Five Bedroom Units

PROPERTY AMENITIES .................................................. XXX

AREA MEDIAN INCOME .................................................. $46,300

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.

The Lynd Company
Historic Oaks of Allen Parkway Village
1600 Allen Parkway
Houston, TX, 77019
YEAR COMPLETED ................................................. 1975, Renovated 2008

FUNDING PROGRAM ............................................ PUBLIC

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ............................................ PUBLIC HOUSING

CONSTRUCTION COST ........................................... XXX

ARCHITECT .......................................................... XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER ............................................. Tarantino Properties, Inc.

NUMBER OF UNITS ............................................... 210

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ........................................ SENIOR

UNIT TYPES .......................................................... 200 ONE-BEDROOM, 10 TWO-BEDROOM UNITS

PROPERTY AMENITIES .......................................... NURSE CALL SYSTEMS, AUTOMATIC ENTRY DOORS, SECURITY CAMERAS

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ......................................... $46,300

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4
Cuney Homes
3260 Truxillo St
Houston, TX 77004

YEAR COMPLETED .............................................. 1939, Renovated 1997

FUNDING PROGRAM ........................................... PUBLIC

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY .......................................... PUBLIC HOUSING

CONSTRUCTION COST ......................................... xxx

ARCHITECT ...................................................... xxx

PROPERTY MANAGER ........................................... Tarantino Properties, Inc.

NUMBER OF UNITS ............................................ 564

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ................................. FAMILY

UNIT TYPES ..................................................... 224 one bedroom, 229 two bedroom, 81 three bedroom, 19 four bedroom units

PROPERTY AMENITIES ....................................... xxx

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ...................................... $46,300

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.

Tarantino Properties, Inc.
“My thing is that, as far as the management, I think that they should show the residents more attention. Instead of inspections. Last year, there were four inspections. There’s only one main inspection that Housing does but then all through the year they say they want to come to the apartment. I figure well, they’re having all these inspections and some of these people can’t clean out they’re cupboards after they’ve been here for 5 years. They’re disabled and they’re elderly. A lot of elderly people were getting write-ups for their housing but you know, some of them don’t have help. They always say, “We have the right to have all of these inspections,” but the tenants also have the right to privacy. They call it the Privacy Act or the Confidentiality Act. But there’s no privacy if the people from the office are always coming to your house and you pay your rent on time and you keep your house clean. I don’t see why they have to constantly come. I figure they should pay something on the rent if they’re always coming...”

DAVIDA J, CUNEY HOMES RESIDENT
**Ewing Apartments**  
1815 Ewing St  
Houston, TX 77004

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>YEAR COMPLETED</strong></th>
<th>1979, Renovated 1995</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>FUNDING PROGRAM</strong></td>
<td>Public</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>AVAILABLE SUBSIDY</strong></td>
<td>Public Housing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CONSTRUCTION COST</strong></td>
<td>XXX</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ARCHITECT</strong></td>
<td>XXX</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PROPERTY MANAGER</strong></td>
<td>Tarantino Properties, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>NUMBER OF UNITS</strong></td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC</strong></td>
<td>Family</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| **UNIT TYPES** | 23 One Bedroom Units  
17 Two Bedroom Units |
| **PROPERTY AMENITIES** | Community Building, Storefront  
Police Substation |
| **AREA MEDIAN INCOME** | $46,300  
*2015 AMI for a family of 4* |
Irvington Village
2901 Fulton St
Houston, TX 77009

YEAR COMPLETED ................................................................. 1941, Renovated 2008

FUNDING PROGRAM ................................................................. PUBLIC

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ................................................................. PUBLIC HOUSING

CONSTRUCTION COST ............................................................... xxx

ARCHITECT ................................................................. xxx

PROPERTY MANAGER .............................................................. Tarantino Properties, Inc.

NUMBER OF UNITS ................................................................. 318

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ............................................................. FAMILY

UNIT TYPES ................................................................. 108 one bedroom units
                                                        127 two bedroom units
                                                        46 three bedroom units
                                                        37 four bedroom units

PROPERTY AMENITIES ............................................................. xxx

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ............................................................. $46,300
* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.

** Tarantino Properties, Inc.
Bienville Basin
215 Treme St
New Orleans, LA 70112

YEAR COMPLETED .................................................. 2015 (PARTIAL OPENING)

FUNDING PROGRAM ........................................... CHOICE NEIGHBORHOODS INITIATIVE

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ........................................... 81 PUBLIC HOUSING UNITS,

CONSTRUCTION COST ........................................... 97 MARKET-RATE UNITS, 49

ARCHITECT ...................................................... HRI PROPERTIES, PALMISANO

PROPERTY MANAGER ........................................... HRI PROPERTIES

NUMBER OF UNITS ............................................. 706 (117 PUBLIC HOUSING,

PROPERTY AMENITIES ......................................... APARTMENTS, 260 UNITS FOR LOW/

UNIT TYPES ...................................................... MULTI-FAMILY BUILDINGS,

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ....................................... FAMILY

ON-SITE RESTAURANTS AND SHOPPING

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ........................................... $60,000

$30.5 MILLION (HUD GRANT), $170

“WORKFORCE” UNITS (RESIDENTS

MAKE LESS THAN 60% AMI)*

$600 MILLION

FUNDING PROGRAM

CHOICE NEIGHBORHOODS INITIATIVE

81 PUBLIC HOUSING UNITS,

97 MARKET-RATE UNITS, 49

“WORKFORCE” UNITS (RESIDENTS

MAKE LESS THAN 60% AMI)*

$30.5 MILLION (HUD GRANT), $170

MILLION (OTHER INVESTMENT),

EXPECTED FINAL COST IS $600 MILLION

ARCHITECT

HRI PROPERTIES, PALMISANO

PROPERTY MANAGER

HRI PROPERTIES

NUMBER OF UNITS

706 (117 PUBLIC HOUSING,

APARTMENTS, 260 UNITS FOR LOW/

MODERATE INCOME FAMILIES**

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC

FAMILY

UNIT TYPES

MULTI-FAMILY BUILDINGS,

TOWNHOMES

PROPERTY AMENITIES

ON-SITE RESTAURANTS AND SHOPPING

RETAIL, COMMUNITY GARDEN,

PLAYGROUND + PICNIC AREA

AREA MEDIAN INCOME

$60,000

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4
**This project is still under construction.
“Post-Katrina, they demolished the Big Four public housing developments in New Orleans, which were strong, sturdy brick buildings where people could shelter in place during a storm. Now they’ve rebuilt them with sticks. They’re the kind of buildings that bullets will go right through. That’s been a big concern for people moving into these new structures. That’s not something that was considered as part of the design.”
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>BW Cooper Apartments</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3416 Earhart Blvd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Orleans, LA 70125</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>YEAR COMPLETED</strong></th>
<th>ORIGINALLY BUILT 1942, REBUILT AFTER KATRINA BEGINNING IN 2012</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>FUNDING PROGRAM</strong></th>
<th>MIXED, GULF OPPORTUNITY ZONE TAX CREDITS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>AVAILABLE SUBSIDY</strong></th>
<th>LIHTC, PUBLIC HOUSING, VARIED</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>CONSTRUCTION COST</strong></th>
<th>$160 MILLION</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>ARCHITECT</strong></th>
<th>KEITH B. KEY ENTERPRISES (DEVELOPER)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>PROPERTY MANAGER</strong></th>
<th>MCCORMACK BARON RAGAN MANAGEMENT SERVICES, INC</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>NUMBER OF UNITS</strong></th>
<th>175 (ONGOING)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC</strong></th>
<th>FAMILY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>UNIT TYPES</strong></th>
<th>TOWNHOMES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>PROPERTY AMENITIES</strong></th>
<th>XXX</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>AREA MEDIAN INCOME</strong></th>
<th>$60,000</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

*Note: 2015 AMI for a family of 4. *This project is still under construction.*
"We [blacks] don’t own or control nothing here in the city. Nothing. It’s hard to find us. It’s even hard to find us in places where we used to live! We used to reside at these places... Ten years later, people are still drowning from the same water. Billions of dollars have come in. You all might have contributed. Did the people get it? No. [Before Katrina] it was 85% blacks in New Orleans. Now, it’s down to about 45%. We’ve got the highest incarceration rates in the world. We rank second in income inequality behind Atlanta. 35% of families—children—living in poverty. And you say we’re back?! No. We’re still drowning.”

ALFRED M. STAND WITH DIGNITY NEW ORLEANS
CLEABORN POINTE AT HERITAGE LANDING
440 S. Lauderdale
Memphis, TN 38126

YEAR COMPLETED ........................................... XXX

FUNDING PROGRAM ...........................................
HOPE VI ($22,000,000), PUBLIC ($1,100,000), PRIVATE
($3,300,000); TOTAL INVESTMENT: $85,200,000

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ......................................... MIXED

CONSTRUCTION COST ......................................... XXX

ARCHITECT ....................................................... XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER .......................................... ALCO MANAGEMENT INC

NUMBER OF UNITS ........................................... XXX

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ....................................... XXX

UNIT TYPES ...................................................... XXX

PROPERTY AMENITIES ......................................... XXX

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ...................................... $58,000
* 2015 AMI for a family of 4

CONTRACTOR .....................................................

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ...................................... $58,000

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4
Formerly Cleaborn Homes, this was the fifth HOPE VI project awarded to the Memphis Housing Authority. The first of three phases of redevelopment was completed in 2013. The Total Tenant Payment (TTP) falls between $201-$350 for 77% of residents and between $101-$200 for 14% of residents.
Dr. R.Q. Venson Center
439 Beale Street
Memphis, Tennessee 38103

YEAR COMPLETED ......................................................... XXX

FUNDING PROGRAM ........................................... PUBLIC ($4,157,530)

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ............................................. PUBLIC HOUSING

CONSTRUCTION COST .................................................. XXX

ARCHITECT .................................................................. XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER ................................................... MEMPHIS HOUSING AUTHORITY

NUMBER OF UNITS .................................................... 215

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ............................................... SENIOR

UNIT TYPES .................................................................. XXX

PROPERTY AMENITIES .................................................. XXX

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ............................................. $58,000

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4
ST. LOUIS
Les Chateaux Apartments
1020 S. 14TH Street
St. Louis, MO 63104

Construction cost xxx
Funding program public, private
Available subsidy section 8
Construction cost xxx
Architect xxx
Property manager Volunteers of America
Number of units 40
Target demographic senior
Unit types one and two bedroom units
Property amenities community room, bible study, religious service, game nights, bus trips, pot lucks, bingo
Area median income $70,300

*2015 AMI for a family of 4
Clinton-Peabody Apartments
1401 LaSalle Street
St. Louis, MO 63104

YEAR COMPLETED .............................................. XXX
FUNDING PROGRAM ........................................... VARIED
AVAILABLE SUBSIDY .......................................... VARIED
CONSTRUCTION COST ........................................... XXX
ARCHITECT ..................................................... XXX
PROPERTY MANAGER McCormack Baron Ragan Management Services, Inc
NUMBER OF UNITS ............................................ 358
TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ...................................... FAMILY
UNIT TYPES ...................................................... ONE TO FIVE BEDROOMS
PROPERTY AMENITIES ........................................ XXX
AREA MEDIAN INCOME ........................................ $70,300
* 2015 AMI for a family of 4
Murphy Park Apartments
1920 Cass Avenue
St. Louis, MO 63106

YEAR COMPLETED ................................................................. XXX

FUNDING PROGRAM ............................................................. VARIED

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ............................................................. VARIED

CONSTRUCTION COST ........................................................... XXX

ARCHITECT ............................................................... XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER ........................................ McCormack Baron Ragan Management Services, Inc

NUMBER OF UNITS .............................................................. 160

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC .................................................. FAMILY

UNIT TYPES .......................................................... TWO - SIX BEDROOM UNITS

PROPERTY AMENITIES .......................................................... XXX

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ................................................................. $70,300

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4
North Sarah Apartments
1024 N. Sarah
St. Louis, MO 63113

YEAR COMPLETED ................................................................. 2012*

FUNDING PROGRAM ................................................................. VARIED

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ................................................................. PUBLIC HOUSING, SECTION 8, TAX CREDITS, MARKET RATE

CONSTRUCTION COST ............................................................... XXX

ARCHITECT ................................................................. XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER ............................................................... McCormack Baron Ragan Management Services, Inc

NUMBER OF UNITS ................................................................. XXX

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ............................................................. FAMILY

UNIT TYPES ................................................................. ONE, TWO, THREE BEDROOM APARTMENTS AND TOWNHOUSES, LIVE/WORK UNITS

PROPERTY AMENITIES ............................................................... XXX

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ............................................................... $70,300

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.
North Lincoln Park + Mid-rise
1401 Mariposa St
Denver, CO 80204

YEAR COMPLETED .......................................................... xxx

FUNDING PROGRAM ......................................................... PUBLIC

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ....................................................... PUBLIC HOUSING

CONSTRUCTION COST .......................................................... xxx

ARCHITECT .................................................................. xxx

PROPERTY MANAGER ...................................................... DENVER HOUSING AUTHORITY

NUMBER OF UNITS ......................................................... 131 ROW HOUSES, 75 MIDRISE

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ................................................. FAMILY + SENIORS ONLY

UNIT TYPES ................................................................. ROWHOMES AND MIDRISE APARTMENTS

PROPERTY AMENITIES ...................................................... xxx

AREA MEDIAN INCOME ...................................................... $79,900

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>YEAR COMPLETED</strong></th>
<th>2016*</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>FUNDING PROGRAM</strong></td>
<td>PUBLIC (HOPE VI+ TOD)/PRIVATE (FORMERLY PUBLIC HOUSING)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>AVAILABLE SUBSIDY</strong></td>
<td>VARIED (AFFORDABLE + MARKET RATE UNITS)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CONSTRUCTION COST</strong></td>
<td>$200 MILLION</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ARCHITECT</strong></td>
<td>MITHUN (MASTERPLAN),</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PROPERTY MANAGER</strong></td>
<td>DENVER HOUSING AUTHORITY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>NUMBER OF UNITS</strong></td>
<td>900</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC</strong></td>
<td>FAMILY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>AVERAGE RENT</strong></td>
<td>1-3 BD: $700-$1300/MONTH (MKT RATE); WORKFORCE APPTS: $500-$1200/MONTH</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PROPERTY AMENITIES</strong></td>
<td>LA ALMA RECREATION CENTER, BYERS LIBRARY, OSAGE CAFE, ARTS STREET, YOUTH MEDIA STUDIO, COMMUNITY GARDEN, BIKE/ CAR SHARE PROGRAMS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>AREA MEDIAN INCOME</strong></td>
<td>$79,900</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.
“Each phase has an aspect of active space, gardens (community gardens), and art. The art is part of trying to create an environment, especially when you’re building high rises, a place where people want to gather. A place of cohesion. Something that’s aesthetically pleasing to look at.”

SHAUNA B, SOUTH LINCOLN HOMES (ADMINISTRATOR)
This is an interactive staircase!
Sun Valley Homes
990 Alcott Way
Denver, CO 80204

YEAR COMPLETED..........................................................1952

FUNDING PROGRAM .........................................................PUBLIC

AVAILABLE SUBSIDY ......................................................PUBLIC HOUSING

CONSTRUCTION COST ....................................................XXX

ARCHITECT .................................................................XXX

PROPERTY MANAGER ...................................................DENVER HOUSING AUTHORITY

NUMBER OF UNITS .........................................................330

TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ................................................FAMILY

UNIT TYPES .................................................................XXX

PROPERTY AMENITIES ...................................................XXX

AREA MEDIAN INCOME .................................................$79,900

* 2015 AMI for a family of 4.
Sun Valley Homes is a 30-acre public housing project located near the South Platte River and Invesco Field. According to a report published by the Urban Land Institute Colorado, the project is the most isolated and distressed property in Denver Housing Authority’s (DHA) 5,000-home portfolio. More than half of the families within the Sun Valley neighborhood live below the poverty line with the average household income at just $10,000 per year. Major problems within the area include a decided lack of adequate services (specifically, fresh food grocers and retail shopping) as well as insufficient employment opportunities.
thank you!!