## Commentary on Oaklandish

I wrote this story so long ago it feels at this point like someone else is responsible. I remember I was reading Saul Bellow's *Adventures of Augie March* and a bunch of Pynchon, which obviously bleeds through. I was in a stage in my writing where every story I wrote was a sort of pastiche of whatever I was enjoying at the time. Nothing original about that, but it's nice to look back now and feel like I've found a more authentic voice for myself. This story is still definitely me, but I'm more me now. As for the content, it's painfully autobiographical at its core. It was 2013 and I was new to Oakland at the time, living in a historically black neighborhood, displacing people by trying to live cheaply. I was deeply ashamed of this, but unapologetic too. I just wanted to write and that meant earning just enough money to get by. Young punks, musicians, and artists of every variety were doing the same. There were a lot of efforts at utopian, communal living. Everything was saturated with a sense that this lifestyle in this kind of neighborhood was a part of a proud heritage, as if art scenes had manifested themselves like this forever. But of course this was all against our politics. We had to hate ourselves for being there. In that environment, anxiety about privilege was ubiquitous. And my own racism was tested daily. I grew up in a very white, very small town. And though I had plenty of experience with poverty and grew up with friends who were PoC, I didn't quite understand how racist my brain really was. To help myself grow out of racism, I needed to write about it. So out popped this long-winded satirical riff in which I throw a lot of punches and maybe land a few.

For me, growing out of racism has been an inherently flawed, brutal practice. If it sounds like I'm disowning this story, it's because it scares me. I last edited it in 2017 and even then I had to decide to let it be what it was—a time capsule of a story from a racist perspective that cleaves dangerously close to being racist itself.