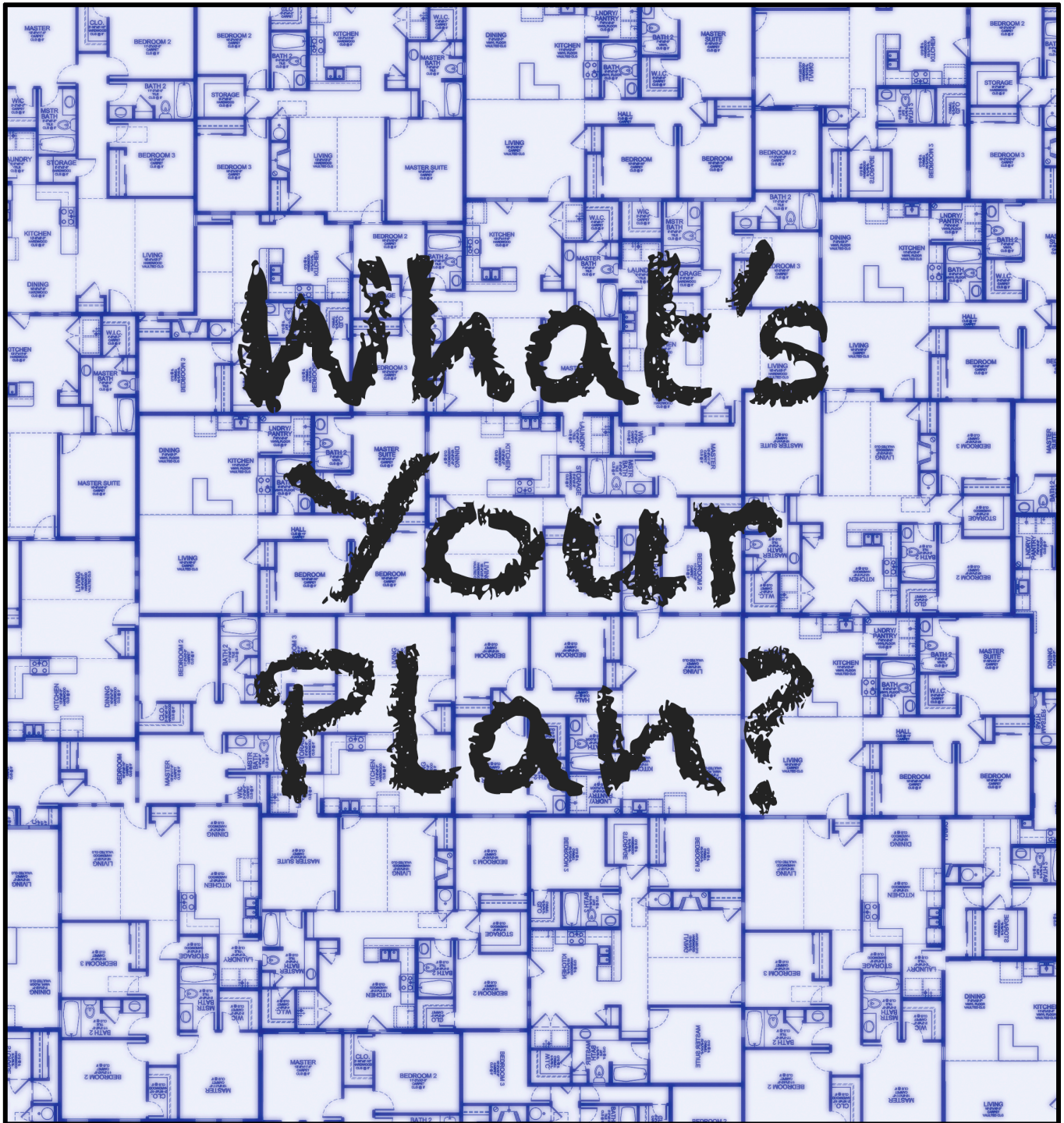


20x2 Chicago Zine!

Twenty speakers. One question. ^{One page}~~Two minutes~~ each.



20x2.org/chicago

Welcome to the first-ever 20x2 Chicago Zine! This wasn't supposed to happen.

Normally, 20x2 Chicago is a live stage show. Twenty interesting people each have two minutes to answer one question in any way they choose. It's a fast-paced show, fun and creative and heartfelt. The speakers feed off by the reactions of the audience.

As COVID-19 began to make its gravity known in China and Europe in early March, we were nearly ready to announce the April show at Schubas. We started to get a little nervous. Then it arrived in the US, and things really looked bad. After some deliberation, we decided that the right thing to do was cancel — and soon after we did so, Illinois put a stay-at-home order into effect.

It took some time to figure out what to do while everyone's stuck at home. Rather than try to coordinate a 20-person Zoom performance (although if this goes on long enough, maybe that won't seem so daunting) we decided to put together a zine. Twenty "speakers." Each gets one page in which to respond to the question in any way they like, provided it's reproducible in a printed document. That could work!

The question we gave everyone is **"What's your plan?"** The answers we got range in style, substance and subject matter. Taken together, it's as close to a 20x2 show as can be possible in print.

We want to give a big thanks to all our speakers, to the Schubas staff, and to you — yes, you! — for reading. Stay safe and as sane as possible during this challenging time, and hope to see you live and in person sometime soon!

Andrew Huff & James Allenspach

20x2 Chicago

20x2.org/chicago

@20x2chi



Edward Moses

At the start of the new year, we were all hoping for the best. Trouble always seems farthest off when there's a new leaf to turn over. That isn't to say that the exiting 365 days had been particularly arduous. I had managed to trace and find my stride for a lot of art that I had set aside. Music was happening again, finally, and the folks I spent my creative time with were all busy plotting on the year to come. Calendars were full, hearts were light, and we were ready for the best (and worst) of it all.

Of course, the best laid plans of mice and men oft go astray. But rare is the human forecast that attempts to mark the pitfalls before the holes are even dug.

Five days into January, I was laid off. A month later, I had a new job...but there were other concerns that arrived.

It's a hell of an exercise to tell yourself "everything is going to be fine" when you're riding the CTA Blue Line to work every day in the midst of an epidemic. The strain becomes that much worse as you watch the office empty...but your job demands that you stay.

"Everything is going to be fine, but we'd like for you to work from home for the foreseeable future...both for your health, and the health of your teammates."

Four or so weeks later, the only thing that isn't fine is my worry for my friends, a good deal of whom work in hospitality industries, or are first-response positions. Their tireless dedication is floated on that phrase. Not perhaps because they believe it, but because they have to. For the sake of their patients, and whomever else they care for.

"Hey, Mos. Y'all OK over there? Ok, cool...just being sure. No; we're just fine."

My partner has been a work-from-home stalwart since we've dated, given the international implications of her industry. Our house runs much the same as it did before, save for the furious amounts of hand washing, well-wishing to any delivery folks that stop by our door, and our appreciation for a well-stocked fridge.

"The day looks hectic, but I'm doing fine. You alright? Want another cup of tea?"

Mom and Dad were front-line workers long before the waves of praise. Dad was a 27-year Chicago Police Officer; a career spent seeking to practice an empathy over the uneven application of unfeeling laws. Mom was a 41-year Chicago Public Schools teacher and early childhood education specialist, both of which taught her how to be ready in these situations.

"Oh, your Dad and I are just fine; thanks for checking on us. Y'all good? Need anything?"

Grandma was my biggest worry. My oldest direct-bloodline matriarch at 93 years old, Miss Leanna had raised and reared children through so much, including poverty. I felt like there was only one minor enemy that might present a challenge.

"Oh, honey...the cabin fever is killing me, but I'm doing just fine. But goodness, I miss being able to even go out for a little bit. Just to a park or something. Y'all OK over there?"

The non-stop outpouring of texts, phone calls, late-night FaceTime sessions, and hilarity shared makes it feel like a moment of unity amidst everything else. As grim as things are, we found a strange harmony; just trying to make sure we all remained palpable, tangible, and didn't sink into the worst of our worries or woes.

The best laid plans of mice and men oft go astray. So, we made better plans. Better than that, we planned to resume our best laid plans when the astray goes astray, or away. Since we all have to be easy in the weather of our relative home stars, we planned to do our best to shine a little brighter for one another.

And, when things are made level again. When we can hold, and hug, and laugh together again. When we can look to a warm day without regret for the time we'd miss with one another, we just planned to see each other again.

Not behind a screen, but in person. Just like we planned.

Believe it to the best of the energy you can summon. Everything will turn out fine.

And, if it doesn't, we'll plan accordingly.

Jasmine Davila

omg omg omg omg omg omg omg omg omg omg omg omg omg omg omg omg

I'm going to meet Carly at Uncle Mike's Place, where I will have my usual (*tocino* and *bangus* with garlic fried rice, runny eggs) and the two of us will split an order of blueberry pancakes.

I will also drink three large Pepsis.

After, we will drive to that big theater on Western near Diversey for the cheap parking and also to see a movie which might be *Mulan* or maybe something Marvel. Doesn't matter as long as I get to drink a lime Fanta (did you know it's the most Asian of the Fantas?) the size of my head.

We're already so close to the Kennedy so it's super easy to get on and head north to Niles aka heaven on earth because that is where King Spa is. Carly and I will make sure to get lockers next to each other when we check in at the front desk.

In the locker room, I will make my usual joke about getting us hers and hers vaginal steams before we find our lockers, get undressed and march straight into the wet room.

After our showers, Carly and I will sit in the hot tub, talking about breakfast, the movie, the drive up.

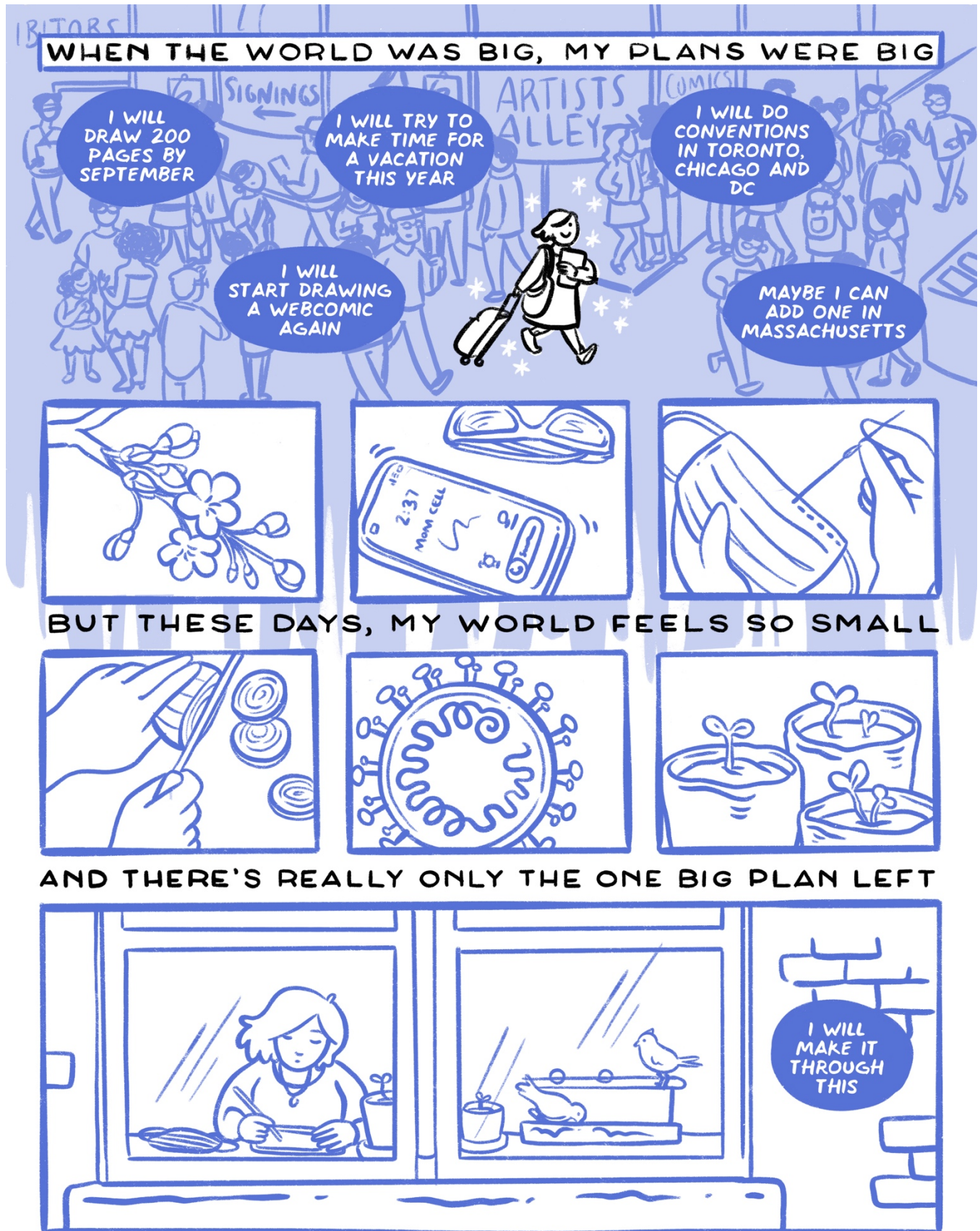
We will sit there for a long time even as elderly Ukrainian ladies and college age Korean girls come and go. We won't want to leave the tubs but we will have to in order to get food.

We will put on our spa-issued pajamas so we can walk around the co-ed areas where we can sit in tiny rooms where the walls are studded with crystals or painted in ochre.

Carly and I will toddle into the food court, order heaping trays of mediocre Korean food and eat the lot under a papier mache tiger.

We'll do another round of the dry sauna rooms. Lie on the floor of the oxygen room, and go for another dip in the hot tubs before we emerge, sleepy and wet-haired, into a beautiful Chicago night.

Sarah Becan



Scott Smith

So you're me?

Yes, *that's right.*

But from ... how many...?

37 years in the future.

I appear to have aged well.

I hope so. Or this whole plan was for naught.

Aren't you throwing off the balance of the universe just by coming here?

Listen, I know our usual reaction to fear and misunderstanding is dickishness but if you could set that aside for two minutes...

My apologies. Go on.

First of all, the world is fine. Globally, the Earth makes it past all this. There's death. There's sickness. No one is the same. Good things come out of it, but lots of bad things, too. But our better angels triumph over our lesser demons for the most part.

Is it like "Star Trek: The Next Generation? We now pursue lives filled with purpose and advancement that aren't merely in service to money?

Oh, yeah, no. That's still a thing. Nobody's inventing time travel out of the goodness of their hearts. Although it did devalue every form of currency on the planet. You'd think we'd have seen that coming, but no.

So this is more about me. Not the world.

Right. You already know why I'm here.

...

...

It was the frozen fish sticks, wasn't it?

It was.

Look, I was just in a weird place and I was freaking out because someone was coming within six feet of me at the grocery store and I just kinda panicked and grabbed a couple things and obviously the typos on the box should have been a clue but ...

You've been puking for two days now.

Yes.

It'll end tomorrow.

Thank God.

OK, that's it. Gotta go. My two minutes is almost up.

That's it? Why didn't you get here earlier? You could've saved me...us from all this.

I wish we could undo choices. Or those of others. Those things have already happened.

You can't undo what's done. Time travel doesn't work that way. Neither does life.

Besides, you could end up erasing our whole existence. At the very least, the you standing before you wouldn't exist.


So why bother coming here at all?

Nobody lives without living through hard things. But sometimes it helps to hear there's going to be an end. And the person you most need to hear it from is yourself. You are going to get through this. It will end. You will come out of this with the knowledge that you can persevere. You just need to keep telling yourself th- {POP}

Juan Martinez

The good news is that
the WHOLE PLAN Fits
on a Post-it!

THE PLAN IS TO DO MOST OF THESE THINGS
EVERY DAY: ① RUN 20 minutes, ② Read
to my son, ③ Keep up with my students,
plan for the academic quarters ahead,
④ take naps, ⑤ play too much Words with
Friends, ⑥ check in on actual friends,
⑦ Not have beers (b/c they don't help
with pandemic anxiety & make things
WORSE, actually) ⑧ watch all of Netflix
and HBO, ⑨ give son a bath, ⑩ cook
family delicious or acceptable meals, ⑪
REMEMBER THIS WILL PASS, EVENTUALLY,
⑫ Keep cat OFF THE TABLE+



(the bad news is that the whole
plan fits on a Post-it.)

Peter Sagal

"Here's the plan"

- 1) Break glass.
- 2) Press the button.
- 3) Wait.
- 4) Look around.
- 5) Press the button again. Really hold it down. Concentrate on listening for any kind of distant buzz, bell, or sound.
- 6) Decide it must be a silent thing.
- 7) Decide that's probably not right, and worry about bothering whoever is listening on the other end.
- 8) Think about that one time you repeatedly pressed an elevator button, in an old upscale apartment building in New York, and the last time you pressed it, you heard an old timey electric bell go off and then the elevator door opened and it had an elevator operator who had to endure each of the ten times you pressed the button and you felt terrible about it.
- 9) Think about that a little more.
- 10) Press the button again, but gently, in the way you try to honk your horn at the car in front of you that's not moving even though the light is green, so as to indicate that you're not angry, just trying to make them aware.
- 11) Remind yourself that it's just nerves. Of course the button is connected to something. If it hadn't been, why put it behind glass? Just be patient.
- 12) Note that there are some shards left from the glass you broke. Wiggle one of them a little bit to see if it will come loose. Think briefly that if the people who come are angry about all the buzzing, they might be pleased to see that you did a little to clean up the mess. Decide that's not important. This is an emergency. That's why you broke the glass. It says, "In case of emergency."
- 13) Think about how you will present the case, when they arrive, that it is in fact, an emergency.
- 14) Wonder if you should open that explanation with a joke, to break the ice. Something like, "I've always wanted to do that!"
- 15) Decide that wouldn't be appropriate.
- 16) Look at your watch and try to figure out how long it's been since you pressed the button the first time. Wish you had looked at your watch when you pressed it. Decide to guess it was three minutes ago. Think about how anxiety distorts time. Fail to remember if it makes it seem longer or shorter.
- 17) Think about Einstein's joke about how time is relative: sit on a hot stove, and a second takes forever, look at a pretty girl, time flies by.
- 18) Wonder if that's too sexist now.
- 19) Look at the sign that says "In Case of Emergency." Note, for the first time, that it doesn't say "...Break Glass." Feel terrible. What if you just assumed that? Maybe you weren't supposed to break the glass. Maybe you were supposed to do something else, and other people, everybody but you, are smart enough to understand what action was implied, but you, an idiot, decided that what they meant was to break the glass and push the button. You fool. You moron. Now you're in trouble.
- 20) Hope no one ever comes.

Veronica Arreola

What's my plan?

pandemic 2020

I am a planner.

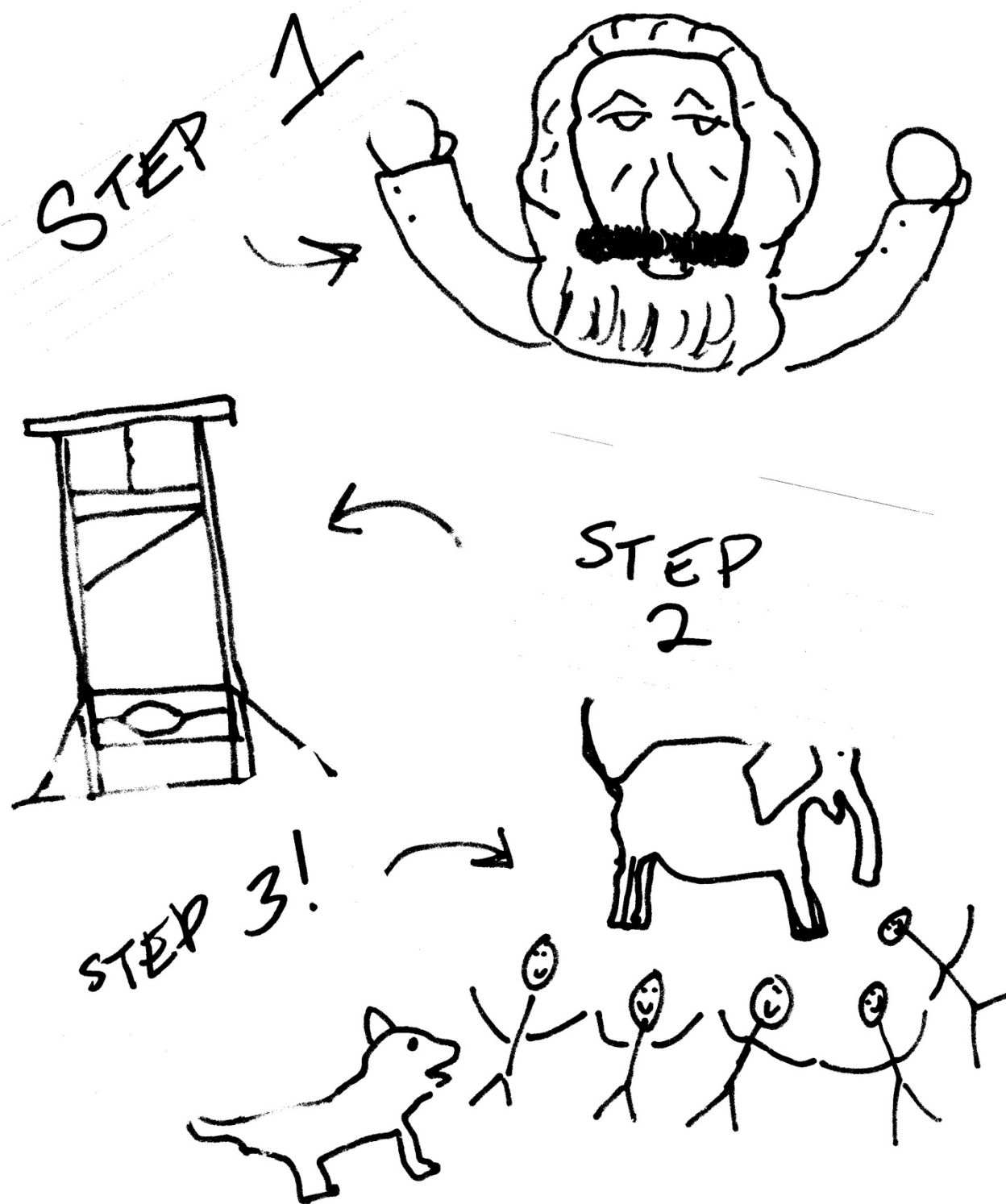
As a bullet journal person, I handdraw my planner each year, week, month, & day. I sit down with my Google calendar & transfer it to paper with my pile of pens & markers. I even teach bullet journaling to students & anyone who asks. One of the hardest parts of the pandemic is deleting items from my calendars. My daughter's soccer matches. Work events. Nights out with friends. Concerts. Weddings. Some to be attended at a later date. Others lost forever.

We are supposed to be content with being healthy & safe - but while my immediate family is, I have friends who are sick, have lost parents, & ***ALL OF THIS***. So when so many plans go to shit during a pandemic it is hard to feel anything but lost. **"Time is a social construct!"**

True but we mark it with events, drinks with friends, frozen toes on the sidelines, laughs, tears. That is tangible. Tracking WFH days is not. Even planning a return to campus seems dreamlike. But planning is what I do. Even if the days keep slipping by & books go unread.

V —

Ramsin Canon



Rosamund Lannin

I hate being called a planner. I hate it because it's gendered, like of course women are planners, we're not given much of a choice. Planner means secretary, planner means responsible, planner means no fun. That said, I am absolutely a planner. Maybe it's nature, maybe it's nurture, maybe it's compensation for an at-times chaotic childhood. Maybe it's in the stars: I'm a Virgo and my mom used to read me my horoscope every year on my birthday. I'm writing this in Microsoft Word because it gives me control over page dimensions and my handwriting is poor. It's fine. I've mostly accepted my predisposition towards thinking ahead.



A pandemic is a time to take it day by day. But I would argue, making an argument that a planner absolutely would make, is that it is also the time to think about what's next. An event of this magnitude makes you think. It is making me think about how our country does not care if people die, something they always thought but the quiet part is really loud. It is making me think about what my role is now in the world, and where I should apply my planner energy. It is making me think about how drab I look with my natural hair color: I get it painted gold every 4-5 months, like clockwork.



My plan right now is to get through the week, the day, the month, and try to get something done because I'm not writing King Lear but getting it done is how I deal, okay? My big plan is still incubating, having dim realizations and small stirrings, sprouting webbing between its fingers and toes. I don't know what it is yet. It's still a faint outline. I'm straining, in this strange time, to make out the lines and letters of the future. I don't know what the future holds. But I know that my plan is no killjoy – it's a spark in the dark.



4/29/2020 – Chicago, IL

Cesar Torres



Rachelle Ankney

What is the plan?

We've all been doing Zoom for work, Zoom for cocktail hour, and Zoom to spend time with far flung friends and family. With my partner's family, we exchange a few jokes about everyone's hair, we ask our siblings what they're eating (because that's the only day-to-day change in our lives right now), and we ask our nibblings how they're passing the time. Then the conversation peters out a bit, and after some awkward pauses, we all say goodbye. With my family, well, my family does not like small talk; we didn't like it even in the before times. We do like to talk to each other. But we have to have something else to do *while* we chat. In the before times, whenever we got together, we'd play board games or card games, or we would work a puzzle while we chatted. But Zoom really seems to favor chatting, especially over playing most games.

So far, my parents have figured out (with lots of photos via text) how to play Taboo/Password over Zoom. And we've collaborated on a simple dice game by having one set in each household. My sister has a scavenger hunt planned for a future call. But the family's signature game, the game at which we are utterly masterful, is Charades. We needed a plan for how to play Charades over Zoom.

Folks who are amateurs at Charades might think this is quite easy. After all, the actor-outer can easily stand in front of their camera and act out a phrase or title and others can quite easily guess, right? No! The most amateur misconception about Charades is that acting out the clue is the most important part. Again, no. Let me unpack the three secrets to being a Charades pro.

The first is *listening*. If everyone is stuck and going in the wrong direction, you have to hear that. If you decided to pretend to be an owl to act out the word "who," and all you're hearing from the crowd are snarky shouts of "bird-brain," "no neck," and "sleepy," it's time to call in the second secret:

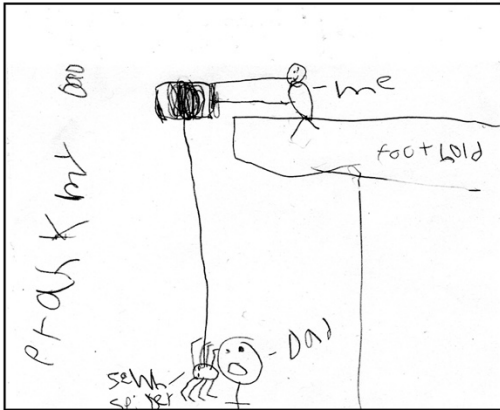
As a Charades pro, you must be willing to change direction, discard your original plan and try something new. "Who," for example, rhymes with "boo," which would be very fun to act out. Coo and moo are out since they have to be sounded out, and new and blue might be difficult to conceptualize (no pointing at something blue!!), but if boo doesn't work, there's always zoo and poo. Acting out poo is always good for a laugh.

The third secret is again *listening*, this time with a sharp ear for any person who is shouting something that is, at least vaguely, in the right direction. This is really the most important thing – if someone is going in the right direction, and the actor-outer is not paying attention, all that acting out is completely pointless. Gesturing at the person who is on the right track (okay, in my family, gestures have turned into wild gesticulation) is an absolutely essential part of charades. But Zoom is just no good for pointing! How in the world is anyone supposed to know whether I'm pointing to my nephew in Ohio as opposed to pointing to my Dad in Indiana? We could say someone's name, but that would be breaking one of the most important rules of charades. And it would interfere with all of the shouting and yelling of words that is the job of the charades audience.

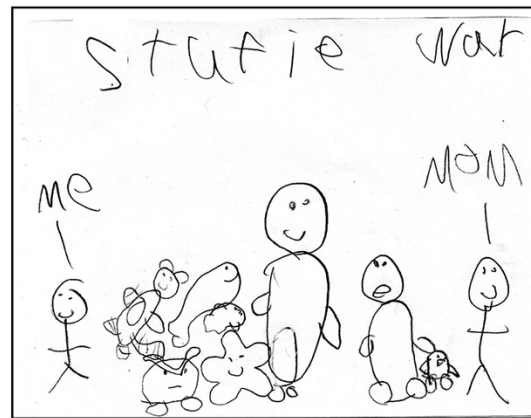
So, here's the plan. Each household has created a very large paper screen to set behind the actor-outer, and on that screen, in very large script, we have written our family members' names. This weekend, for Mother's Day, we'll test out our plan. Will it work? Maybe. Will it be frustrating and confusing? Probably? Will we have fun anyway? Probably. Will we have to make small talk? Not at all!

Frankie

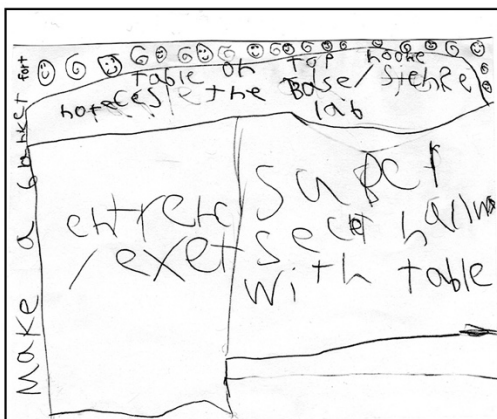
Plan for Not Being Bored...



- a new stop motion
- a new invention
- a ambush
- a fake camp out



- eating a bunch of food
- sneaking up on my parents during a zoom meeting



- a virtual slumber party
- a brawl off
- figuring out what every one wants to do



- figuring out what to do for this
- making a zine

Elizabeth Gomez

I've traded my amaroidal black coffee for Cheerios. Before this, mornings were rushing out the door, no breakfast, silver insulated metal cup in hand, and just too fucking busy to tie my shoes before getting into the car. Now, I sit on a black cracked leather folding combination chair step stool and spin golden wet crusty circles in thick white milk.

There's always masturbation, but it requires too much work and preparation. Is now the time? While the kid is remote learning and the man is on another zoom call listening to coworkers ask, "When do you think this will be over?" Then there's the feeling that someone will crash into my room because what boundaries anymore? Everyone goes where they please when they please. Ants trapped in an ant farm marching up and marching right back down. If not a physical disruption, there's the screams, "Hey! Hun?? Can I ask you something?"

Fuck these people.

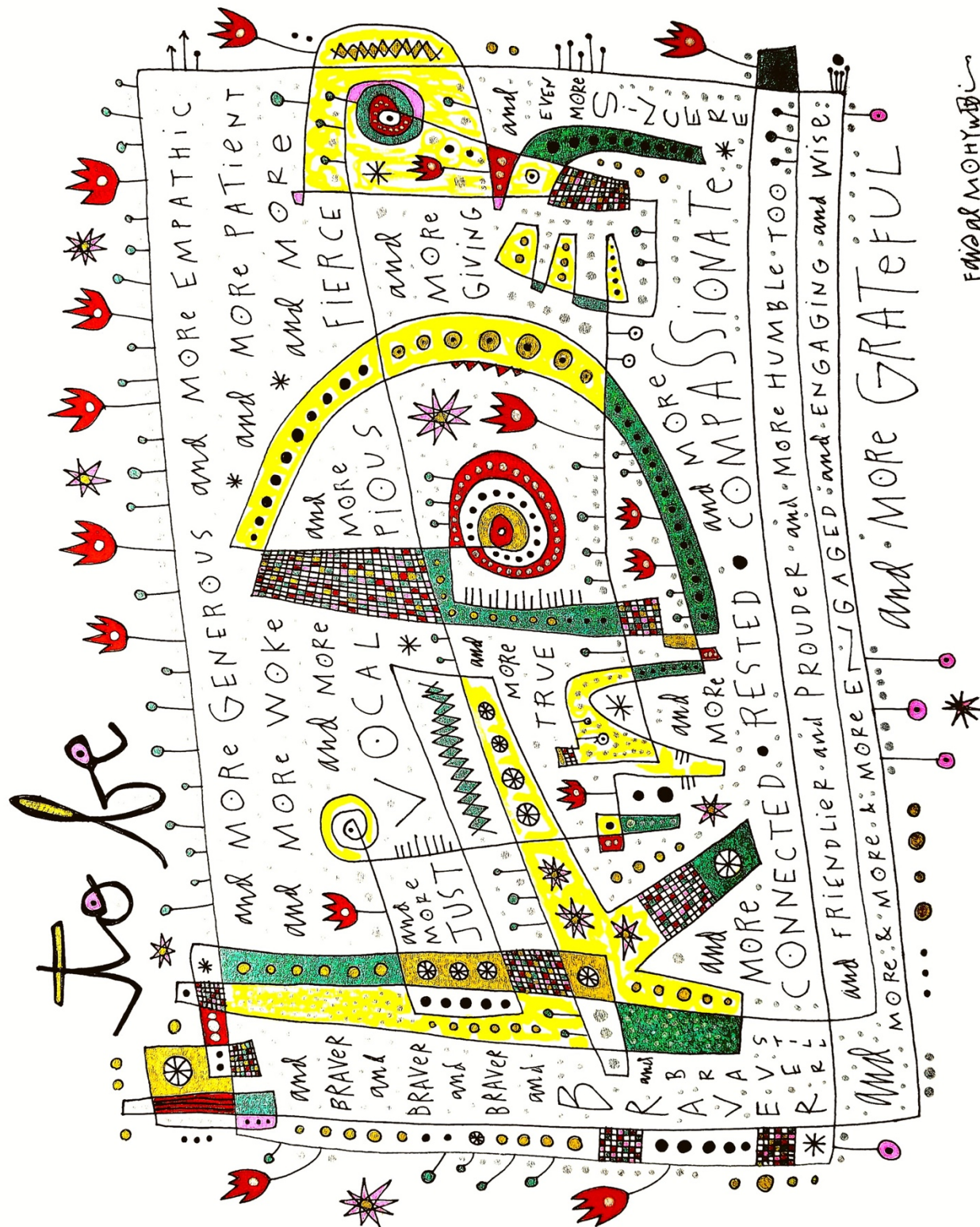
The cheerios are wet but maintain their crunch. I spin the small circles into one cohesive swarm, a tornado-like tunnel of white liquid. They follow each other, trapped and connected with only one fate - to be chewed two, maybe three times, and swallowed. Their only purpose being to satisfy the hunger in my belly, a belly stretching wide and growing softer by the day. The sugary milk runs down the side of my mouth. I snap my tongue out to lick it before it reaches my chin.

I consider a shower but why? It's emails all day and an occasional Facebook message from someone I vaguely remember in high school asking me, "How are you doing? Is everyone ok?"

I imagine them on the other side of the message typing on their phones at their dining table. The windows lined with white embroidered curtains and rooster printed wallpaper above the edges of the kitchen counter. Their aged, smoke-stained fingers flipping through their phones until they land on my face when their loneliness reaches so far out that they have no choice but to ask about my everyone, while their children run through the house with scissors chasing cats.

The planes over my house fly low into O'Hare. Maybe I could go to the backyard and pretend to touch the tin birds as I lay in the grass, barefoot and sprawled on a blanket. I can already feel the sun burning into my greying hair. My eyes automatically squinting behind sunglasses trying to get a glimpse of a white mechanical beast soaring. My spoon taps the bottom of my bowl. The step stool chair squeaks. And I am done.

Faisal Mohyuddin



Edwal MCHW 2020

JH Palmer

Our plan is to retreat; we take a deep dive into our living spaces. We dig up tax information from 2003, we uncover correspondence between our parents written after their separation but before their divorce. We shred the tax information, and endless bills. We recycle entire storage containers of junk mail. We don't know what to do with the parental correspondence, so we put it back in the boxes.

We succumb to our earlier selves, sleeping in way past a reasonable hour, skipping showers, and staying up late, sometimes by choice and sometimes because sleep refuses to claim us.

We read too much news and not enough literature, we stare at our phones for so long they get hot in our hands, we have unsettling dreams. We stop reading so much news but it feels irresponsible, we start to read more literature but it feels irresponsible. We feel small, and the world feels large.

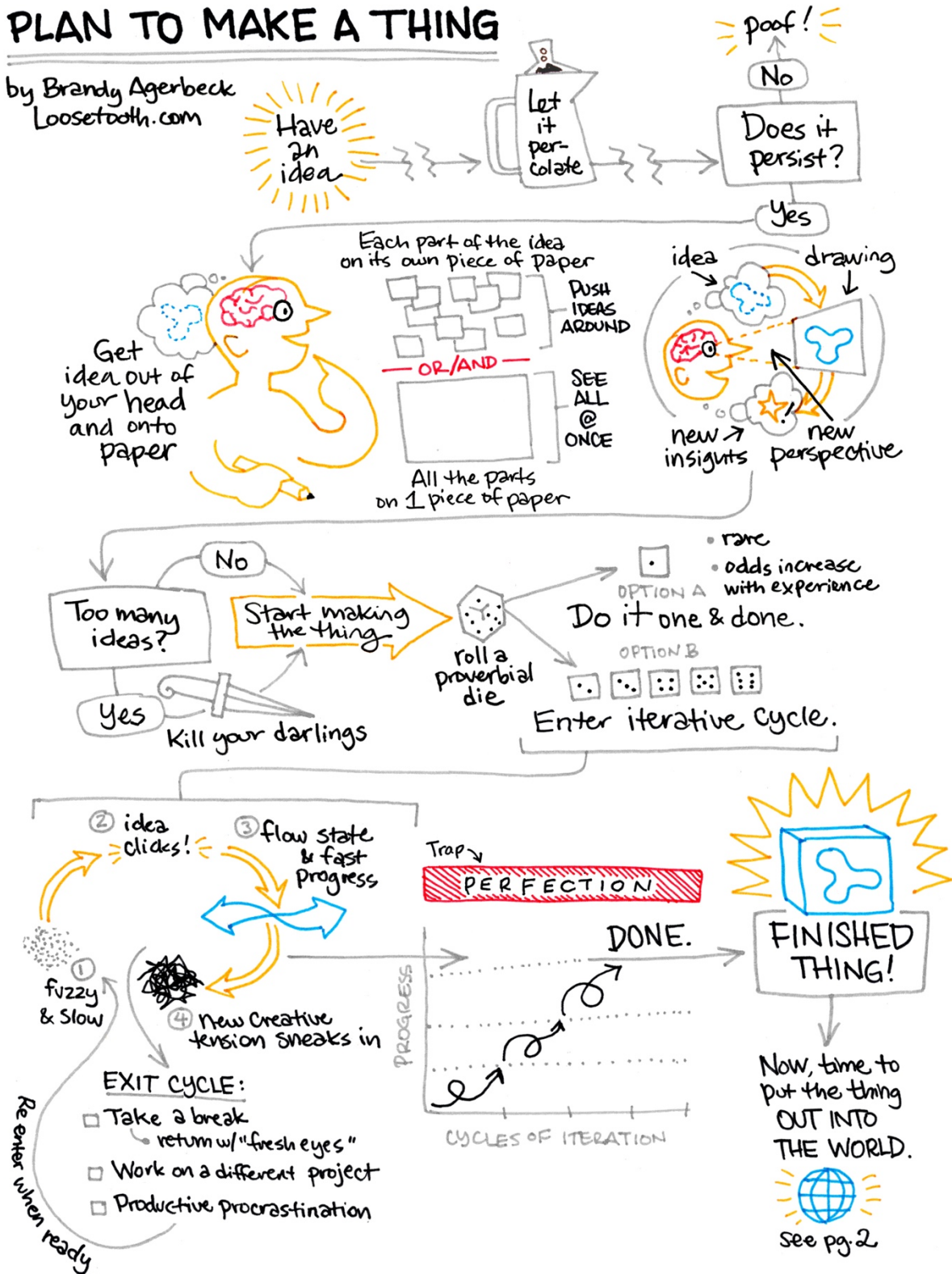
We start taking walks to get out of the house, we notice the sounds of birds, we begin to recognize neighborhood dogs, we become easily depressed by changes in weather: snow, rain.

Then it's been several weeks, and into months; we begin to reminisce about the most pedestrian activities: commuting; stopping for coffee on our way to work; rush hour.

We uncover boxes in the basement that contain photos and VHS tapes reflecting older versions of ourselves and it's riveting — "look at that," we say, "so young, so spunky, so sassy." We share them on social media as a way to have a larger conversation with the world, the one that says "this is who we were."

PLAN TO MAKE A THING

by Brandy Agerbeck
Loosetooth.com



Robert Collins

My plan is to make soup, and it's your plan to just buy the items listed and follow the steps below.

1 head of Cauliflower
salt
black pepper
1 tbs cumin
1 tbs curry
1 small onion diced
1 small carrot diced
1 clove of garlic
cayenne pepper (optional)
stockpot
blender

Cut the cauliflower into large florets and drizzle with your favorite cooking oil, then season with salt, pepper, and a teaspoon of the cumin and curry powder and place on a baking sheet in a 425-degree oven and brown on each side.

While the cauliflower is roasting, sauté the onion and carrots with 2 tablespoons of oil until they are soft then add the garlic and cook until you can smell the garlic. Put in the remaining cumin and curry powder and stir until it just starts to stick to the bottom of the pot. Then add two cups of water and bring to a boil scraping the bottom of the pan to remove any of the spices that may have gotten stuck on the bottom.

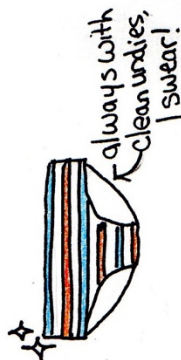
Once the water is boiling, add the roasted cauliflower into the pot and bring back up to a boil and then reduce to a simmer and cook for 10 minutes. Remove from the stove and pour the contents into a blender and process until smooth. Return to the pot and taste; add additional salt and pepper, and if needed to kick it up, a dash of cayenne pepper. Then place in a bowl and enjoy.

Eden Robins

FIELD GUIDE

to CLOTHES

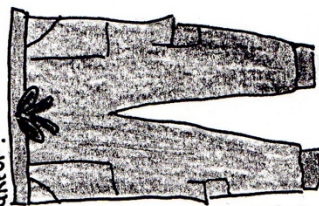
I've been wearing since March



by Eden Robins

Soft Pants

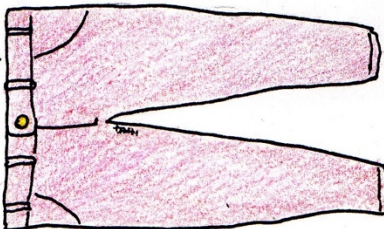
I swear I did not see that these were cargo soft pants until they came in the mail. They're too loose for the cargo pockets to be functional anyway, so I guess they're for fashion. I'm all about fashion these days. You guys remember makeups?



That was a thing we used to wear. Well, not me, but some people. Anyway, these pants are great and don't give me that sad feeling of having worn pajamas all day when I take them off to put on pajamas.

Hard Pants

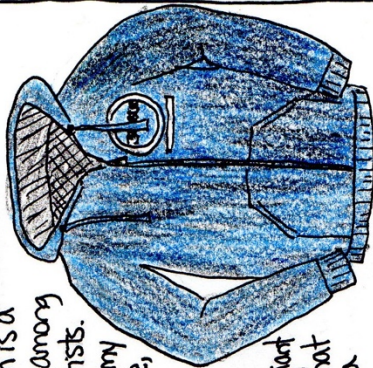
My pants tend to blow out the crotch all at the same time, like a pants symphony. I bought this pair in a panic when that happened to the previous batch, and now these pants have also blown out the crotch. At the great circle of life. If these stitches don't hold... well, let's not worry about that just yet.



Are these pants flattering on me? I do not know. But just 3 long months ago, I wore them at the bottom of the ocean—6000 feet below sea level. Ah, the good old days, when we wore pants in submarines.

Hoodie

Speaking of submarines, here's a sturdy warm hoodie from LUMCON—the Louisiana Universities Marine Consortium, where my marine biologist friends work. When they invited me out to sea, I had zero articles of ocean-themed clothing, which is a HUGE faux pas among deep-sea scientists.



This hoodie was my first such article, and as soon as I got it, I wore it to the desert. The back has a giant LUMCON logo that you could land a helicopter on.

House Shoes

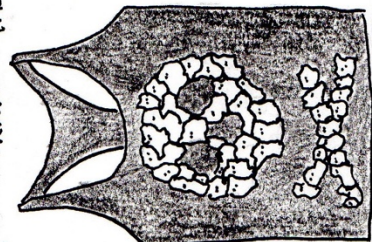
Let's be honest, I've never called slippers "house shoes" in my life. That's a bananas euphemism, like calling Republicans "Good People." But times have changed, and slippers are shoes now. I'm ashamed to say I got these on Amazon, but holy cow are they comfortable. You heard of this thing "memory foam"?



Not just for beds. You'll pay for it in sweaty feet, or maybe that's just me. I guess I'm sweeter than I thought.

Tank Top

This is really just a synecdoche for all my tank tops, which are legion. I find sleeves claustrophobic. Not long sleeves, weirdly, but I feel like short sleeves make my shoulders sweaty. This tank top features a skull composed of puppies and kittens that came with some kickstarted period underwear. I've worn it so much, it's not really suitable for outside wearing, which works great right about now.



Andrew Huff

>walk west

You are in the living room. There is a door to the west, next to a large television. A long sofa is to the south, where a cat is currently napping. To the north, there is a faux fireplace flanked by bookshelves full of books. There are windows to the southeast, east and northwest. A love seat is in front of the windows to the east. There is a coffee table in the center of the room.

A remote control rests on the coffee table next to a small, shiny black rectangle.

>take remote control

Taken.

>examine remote control

I see nothing special about the remote control.

>turn on television

The TV is now on. A man is talking loudly at another man who is squinting seriously.

>change channel

A woman is plating chicken over pasta. She takes a bite and seems to enjoy it, but her eyes are not smiling.

>change channel

A man in a tuxedo tiptoes down a hallway, gun at the ready. He approaches a door. As he prepares to peek inside, a black-clad arm comes down on his shoulder and he crumbles to the floor.

>pick up rectangle

Taken.

Examine rectangle.

You look at the shiny black rectangle. Its face lights up as you examine it, revealing it to be a smartphone.

>open instagram

The Instagram app launches and you see a photo of someone's cat.

>scroll instagram

You swipe up to reveal a friend's selfie in a mask, holding a coffee mug. The caption reads "What day is it again?"

>scroll instagram

You swipe up to reveal an ad. You swipe up again automatically to reveal a photo of someone's dinner. It's very brown.

>close instagram

You close Instagram. Two minutes have elapsed according to the digital clock in the upper left corner.

>open twitter

The Twitter app launches. It shows a tweet from a politician, a political tweet from a friend, a retweet about politics by an acquaintance, and a sponsored tweet from a brand.

>close twitter

You close Twitter. One minute has elapsed. The television is still on; the man in the tuxedo is chained to a wall, and is talking to a beautiful woman.

>open facebook

The Facebook app launches, and you see a post by your racist cousin, a photo set by your friend who had a baby, and a sponsored post advertising a thing you bought last week.

>close facebook

You close Facebook. Two minutes have elapsed. The television has gone to commercial.

>open instagram

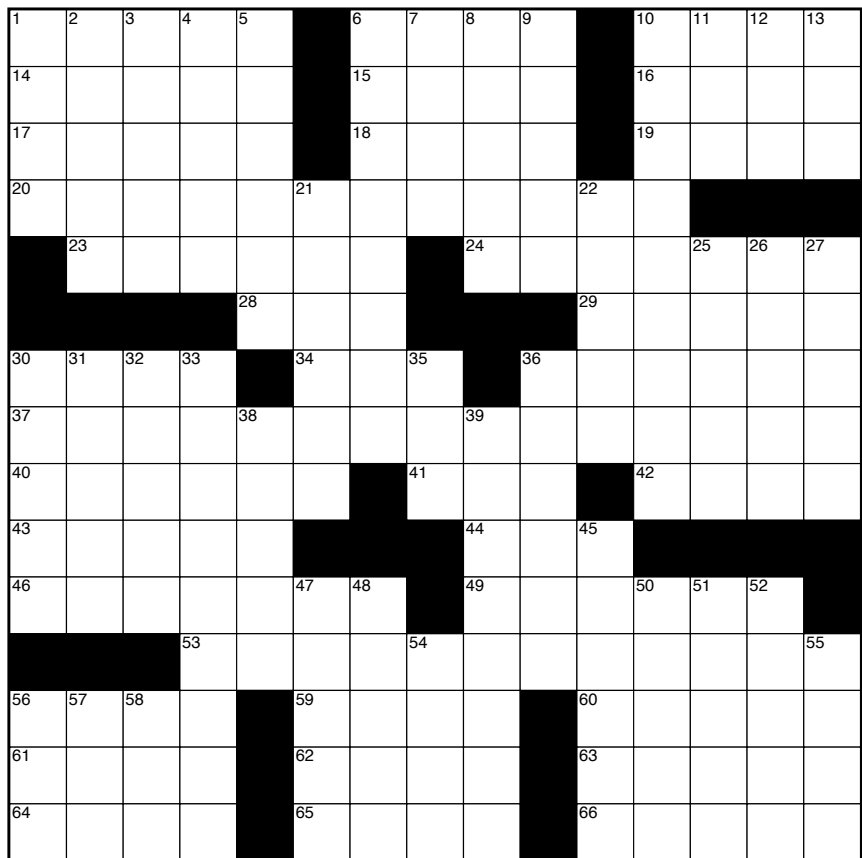
James Allenspach

ACROSS

- 1 Humorist Mo
- 6 Saints (Fr.)
- 10 It's a seaweed roll
- 14 The first general purpose electronic computer
- 15 Ghost
- 16 Plumb and Arden
- 17 Dame Judi
- 18 In addition
- 19 This Are Two ____
- 20 Bert the Turtle's plan
- 23 Insult from punks
- 24 Puts more bullets in
- 28 The first programmer
- 29 Tony fell in love with her
- 30 Return of the ____ Dinn
- 34 "Ew!"
- 36 Almost gone, in the age of digital TV
- 37 Egon Spengler's plan
- 40 Mutual civility
- 41 "Sure thing"
- 42 Pitcher handle
- 43 Official decree
- 44 38 states have ratified it
- 46 What happens after actions, hopefully
- 49 Mexican brewery
- 53 Dorothy Gale's plan
- 56 They defend your right to free speech
- 59 His real name was Bamboo Harvester
- 60 One of Sean's many names
- 61 Ammonia compound
- 62 Clobber
- 63 You wouldn't want to wait this long
- 64 You need this for plants
- 65 With H, water
- 66 Taste or touch

DOWN

- 1 Comedian Foxx
- 2 Above
- 3 Tim and Eric company
- 4 Voms
- 5 Ancient Greece district
- 6 Beastie Boys song
- 7 White powder
- 8 TMBG wrote a song about him
- 9 Where I do my cookin'
- 10 Chicagoland, for example
- 11 The cool kids put it on their toast
- 12 Barbie's bae



- 13 A British suffix
- 21 There's a lot of it online
- 22 The first name in glue
- 25 Believer (suffix)
- 26 Mélanie Georgiades' stage name
- 27 You can dance it or you can eat it
- 30 Happen
- 31 Got no money
- 32 Tomatoes
- 33 Customarily
- 35 Important part
- 36 Per person
- 38 Stone pillar
- 39 Appeared
- 45 Sportswear manufacturer
- 47 Lure
- 48 Cast about
- 50 You got this, if you bought the PDF
- 51 Weighed down
- 52 Church lists
- 54 Copter
- 55 With "Cyber", the maker of Skynet
- 56 S. Hemisphere country
- 57 ____-Magnon
- 58 You can get this in Hawaii, hurr hurr

Speakers

Brandy Agerbeck writes, speaks and teaches how to reclaim drawing as your best thinking tool. She wants you to use drawing to see and shape your life and your work in new ways. Her latest book is *The Idea Shapers: The power of putting your thinking into your own hands*. You can always find her at Loosetooth.com.

Jim Allenspach has been co-hosting 20x2 for longer than you've been alive, as long as you were born after October 2016. He recently started his own podcast called *The James Allenspach Songbook*, a collection of the random melodies and songs that pop into his head throughout the day. Find it wherever you download your podcasts.

Rachelle Ankney is a math professor who approaches the whole world analytically. She loves numbers and puzzles and trying to find solutions. Even crazier, she wants to know your political views and why you hold them – but don't stand too close, or she'll try to convert you to loving math!

Veronica I Arreola is a professional feminist, soccer mom, and is depressed over the blank dry erase calendar in her kitchen.

Sarah Becan has been drawing comics since she was very small. Her food-based autobiographical webcomic "I Think You're Sauceome" sparked a love of food and culinary illustration, and her work has since appeared in various publications, including *Savour Magazine*, *Eater.com*, and the *Chicago Reader*. Her first graphic novel, *The Complete Quija Interviews*, was a recipient of a Xeric award, and her second graphic novel, *Shuteye*, was released in early 2012. She illustrated the cookbook *The Adventures of Fat Rice*, published in 2016, and is the illustrator of *Let's Make Ramen!*, a Comic Book Cookbook, published July 2019 by Ten Speed Press.

Ramsin Canon lives and works in Chicago with his dog, Rosalita T. Dowg.

Robert Collins is the chef and owner of Babito's Bites, a catering service offering grain free and traditional menu items. Rob is a born and raised in Chicagoan that has lived across the city from Gresham, Englewood, South Shore to his present base of Rogers Park. He enjoys spending time with his partner in life, Hana, and their dog Layla, cooking, traveling and laughing.

Jasmine Davila has appeared in venues both small and medium sized, reading in live lit shows such as *Essay Fiesta*, *20x2*, and *CHIRP Radio's The First Time*. She currently produces and hosts lady live lit show *Miss Spoken*. She tweets, instas, and tumbles as @jasmined.

Frankie is eight years old and in the second grade. He likes to invent, play video games and eat.

Elizabeth Gomez is a Chicago based comedian, writer, and storyteller. She established the city's first all-female roller derby league, *The Windy City Rollers*, in 2004. She is the founding writer of a writing collective called *Drinkers with Writing Problems* and editor at *Heaux Magazine* (a magazine where smart people talk about dumb things), spends her days working for an Alderman on Chicago's city council, and spends her nights trying to learn all the dance moves from *Magic Mike*. You can learn more about her ridiculousness at thatelizabethgomez.com.

Andrew Huff is a PR professional, journalist, the former editor and publisher of *Gapers Block*, a professional blogger for corporate clients, and host of *20x2 Chicago*. He's also cohost of the live lit show *Tuesday Funk*, where he's normally known for his topical haiku. He lives in West Ridge with his wife and three cats.

Rosamund Lannin is pleasantly surprised to have lived in Chicago for over a decade. During that time, she has published essays and speculative fiction, performed stories around the city, and consumed many carne asada burritos. You can find her on the Internet @rosamund.

Juan Martinez is a professor at Northwestern University and the author of *Best Worst American*, a story collection. He's working on a novel right now and on a bunch of new stories.

Faisal Mohyuddin is writer, educator, and visual. He is the author of *The Displaced Children of Displaced Children* (Eyewear, 2018) and *The Riddle of Longing* (Backbone, 2017). He teaches English at Highland Park High School in the north suburbs of Chicago, serves as an educator adviser to the global not-for-profit *Narrative 4*, and lives in Oak Park, Illinois. faisalmohyuddin.com

Edward Moses In 2000, Edward Moses's diverse musical upbringing began to suddenly make a lot of sense, as the whirlwinds of albums his parents had at home merged with his sudden discovery of hip-hop and slam poetry, all in a single summer. He's shared stages with rap luminaries like Aesop Rock and Gift of Gab, all while trying to float his sneaker habit by disguising himself as a mild-mannered IT specialist.

JH Palmer is a Chicago based writer and performer. From 2012-2017 she produced the live lit show *That's All She Wrote*, and she has performed at numerous storytelling and live lit events. Her work has appeared in *The Toast*, *Hypertext*, *The Thread*, and *Story Club Magazine*. She earned an MFA in Creative Nonfiction from Columbia College Chicago.

Eden Robins quit her job just in time for a global pandemic. Since then, she has kept herself busy with anxiety, insomnia, and making field guides about life in quarantine.

Peter Sagal is the host of NPR's "Wait, Wait... Don't Tell Me!" and the author, most recently, of *The Incomplete Book of Running*.

Scott Smith is a media strategist and Chicago fundamentalist. A child of the city's southeast suburbs, he's lived in Chicago proper since 1998. He lives on the South Side in Morgan Park with his wife and daughter where he hosts and produces the live lit show *The Frunchroom*, featuring stories of, by, and about the South Side. You can learn more about it by going to TheFrunchroom.com.

Cesar Torres is a novelist, filmmaker and designer whose work explores the conflation of Aztec and Maya myths, futurism, violence and the queer erotic body. He's the author of the dystopian sci-fi book series *The Coil*, as well as the *How to Kill a Superhero* series under his pen name and alter ego Pablo Greene. Cesar is also the founder and designer of *LED Queens Fitness Apparel*, a brand of gym wear with customers all around the world.

20x2 Chicago

Twenty speakers. One Question. Two minutes each.

What happens when you take 20 handpicked creatives and luminaries, give them each ~~two minutes in front of a live audience~~ *one page of paper* and the same (fuzzy) question to unravel? That's the premise behind the **20x2 Chicago Zine**. The results can be as varied as the emotions and reactions they evoke. This edition's question is “**What's Your Plan?**” You'll laugh, you may cry, and you might even come away inspired.

featuring:

Brandy Agerbeck	Andrew Huff
Jim Allenspach	Rosamund Lannin
Rachelle Ankney	Juan Martinez
Veronica Arreola	Faisal Mohyuddin
Sarah Becan	Edward Moses
Ramsin Canon	JH Palmer
Robert Collins	Eden Robins
Jasmine Davila	Peter Sagal
Frankie	Scott Smith
Elizabeth Gomez	Cesar Torres

20x2 is an ongoing project that exists to showcase the creativity that lurks in each of us. Writers, musicians, filmmakers, web geeks and other bon vivants are asked to take two minutes each to answer the question of the day. The results can be as varied as the emotions and reactions they evoke.

Launched in 2001 during SXSW Interactive, 20x2 has grown to an ever-expanding pantheon of participants. Founded in Austin by Kevin Newsum, Chicago's own Andrew Huff produced the first permanent satellite 20x2 Chicago show with technical director James Allenspach in 2013, with shows now happening quarterly — or at least they *were*, until the pandemic shut everything down. Keep up with what we're doing at **20x2.org/chicago** and **[@20x2chi](https://twitter.com/20x2chi)** on Twitter, Facebook and Instagram!