



NON-COMPLACENCY

(questions towards wonderment)

WORKSHEET

*** _____ edition

So it works? _____ ?

So it works? _____ ?

So it works? _____ ?

So it works? _____ ?

So it works? _____ ?

So it works? _____ ?

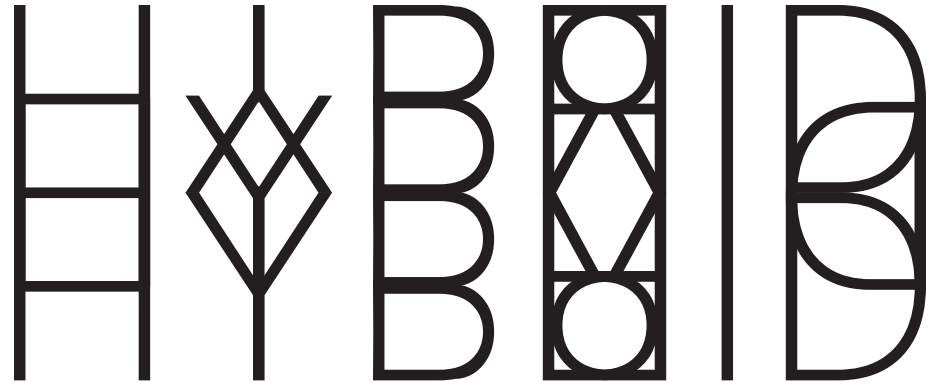
So it works? _____ ?

So it works? _____ ?

So it works? _____ ?

So it works? _____ ?

*****But you still have to floss*****
your teeth



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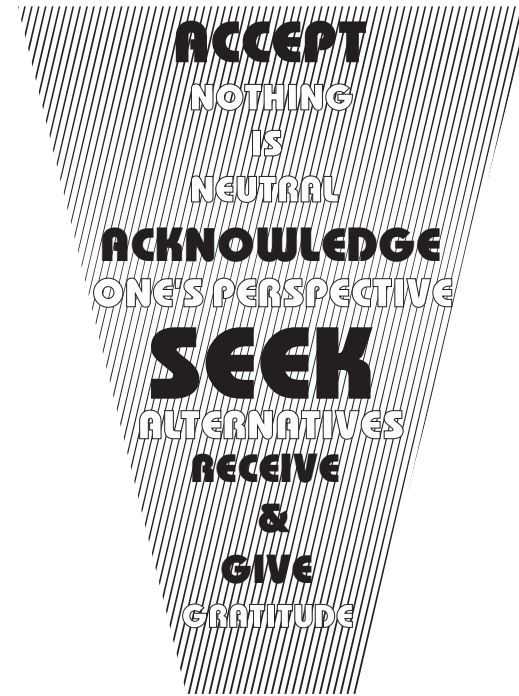
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Cover image: Armando Ramos (Classic Tuesday)

HOW TO BE A NON-COMPLACENT?



FIND

THE

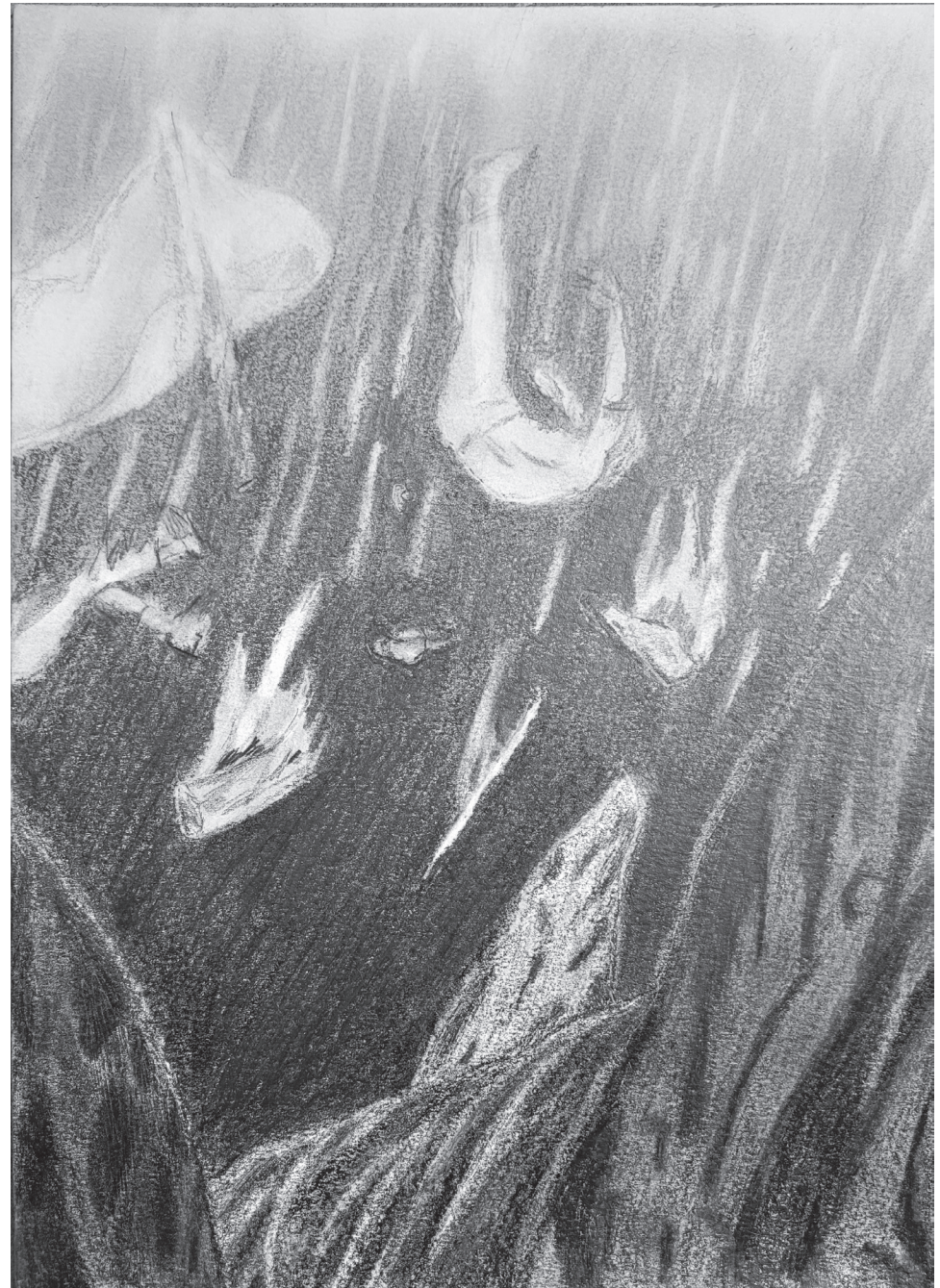
EDGE





March 24, 2019
3:12 PM

Edit





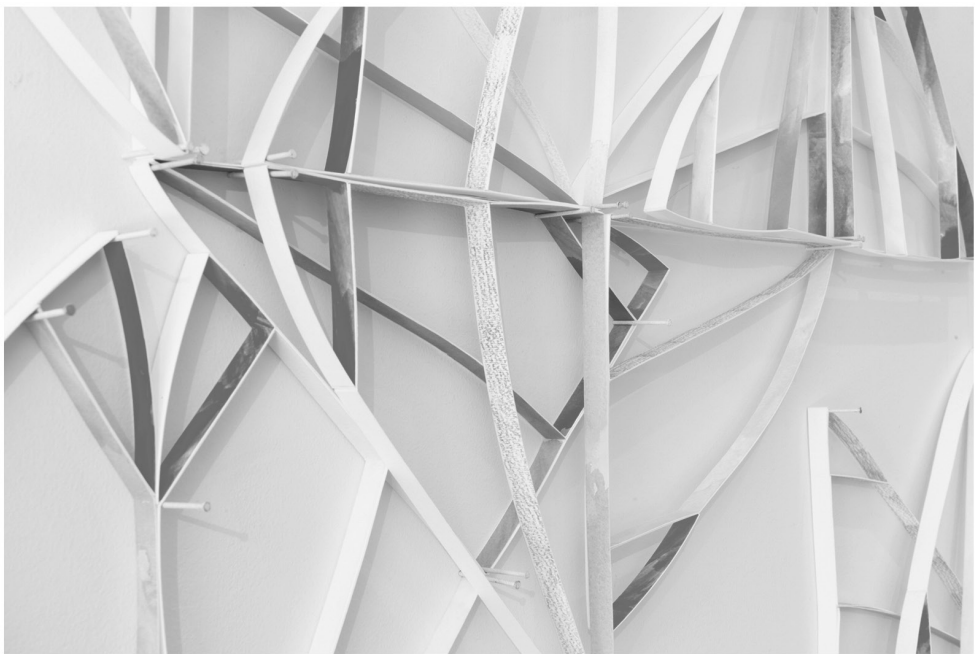
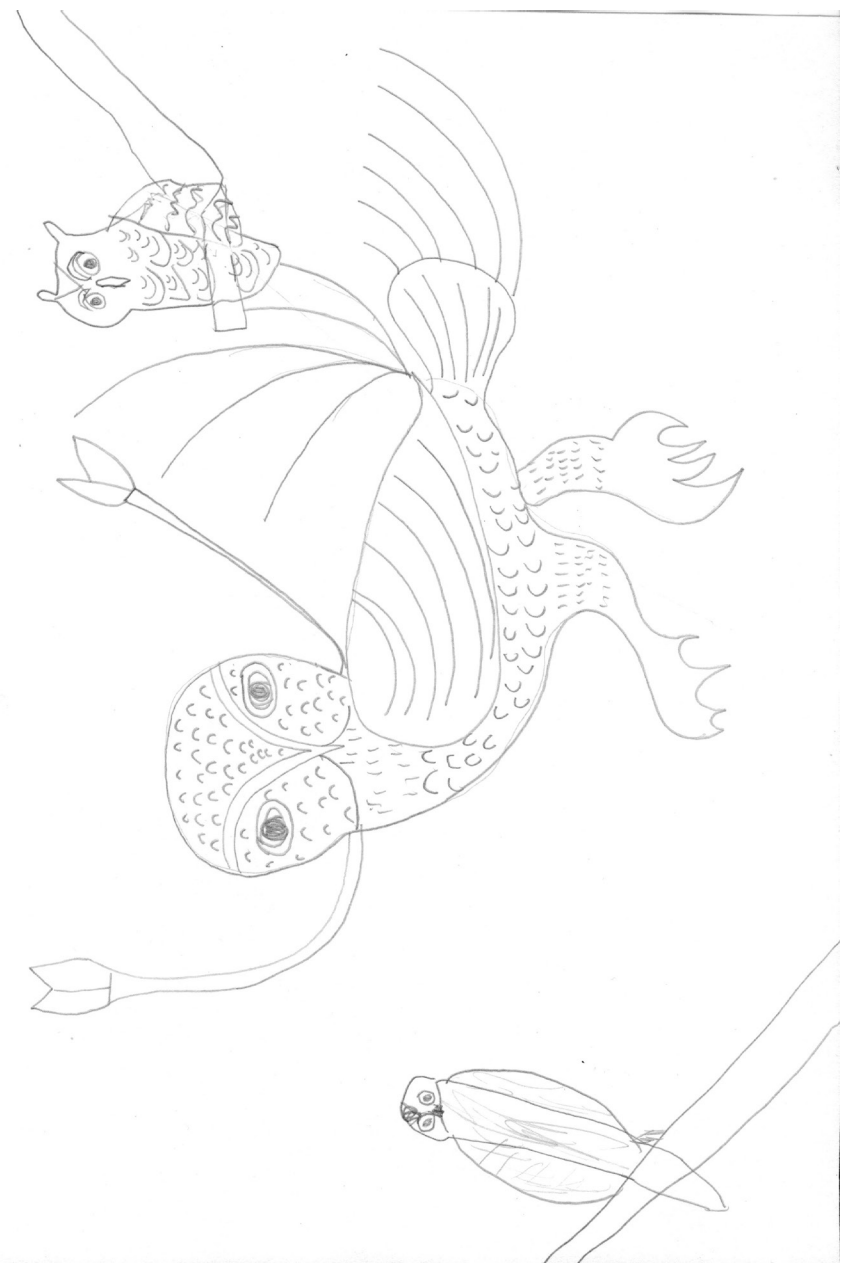
ana 殺し文句を更に何度も繰り返して、店の外まで彼を押し出すようにして
った。猶疑心と恐怖に身を震わせながらも、エリザベスを会いたい一心で
いられた。たつた健作は十五分ほどしてセントラル・スクエアの警察署
ここで二度も四度も深呼吸をした後、彼は警察署入口前の幅広い石段を三
とき、正面入口のドアを押して開け、内部に入っていた
とは打って変わってやけに明るく、広々として見えた。ガランとした署
は見あたらず、わずかに一、二組の二、三人づつにのみままった黒褐色の
は、そぼそとスペイン語やクレオール語やらで囁き合っていた。制服姿の
、机の上の書類に目を通したり裏面にあちこち歩き回ったりしていた。
ト、ドアを押して開けて中に入った若者ではあったが、歩署内へ足を踏み
極度の緊張で膝がぐくぐくと震えだし、前進がままらなくなってしまう
警官が彼の機嫌を通りざま、いきなり声をかけた。
at are you doing here? Are you waiting for somebody? (ハ、お前
ているんだ? 誰かを待っているのか?)
さんばかりにギョッとしたりした健作は、声のする方へ向きを変えたまま、金縛り
れたかのように身体全体が硬直してしまつた。
の顔色が真っ青であるのに気づくと不審に思ったが、じつと彼を睨みつ
度は、彼の赤みほろほろした顔を、頭のてっぺんから足のつま先までしげしげ

突然、 seemed different from
IT WAS EXTREMELY BRIGHT + SPACIOUS.
ARRIVED AT THE STATION - 15 min
CUNCKER, PICK-UP LINE TELLING PHASE
deep breath
MOM
Scheduled to get in to 30th St around 12:30. I'll head over to the dentist from there.
Great. See you then
What's ガラン mean?
Otochan needs the whole sentence
ガランとした署内には...
It's quiet-nothing happening in the police station
deserted?
No. Just quiet
OK - thanks!
gathered in small groups
These were only just a few small groups of a few brown people in the corners

さびしい WIDE, EXTENSIVE, BRIGHT
LITEX STONE STEPS
INTERIOR, INSIDE, INTERNAL
おしあげ To force/push up (INSIDE THE) STATION
gathered in small groups
These were only just a few small groups of a few brown people in the corners

figures
ed
looking
MENTS
SKS
KING
ne
space
whisper
murmur
silly often narrowly, closely
feeling temptation partially
thinking
uniform
blackish brown
whole hooded single-minded intent

to shake, to shake, to shake, w/ fr
to push out, to squeeze out
people QUIET
deserted?
w/ fr
omen



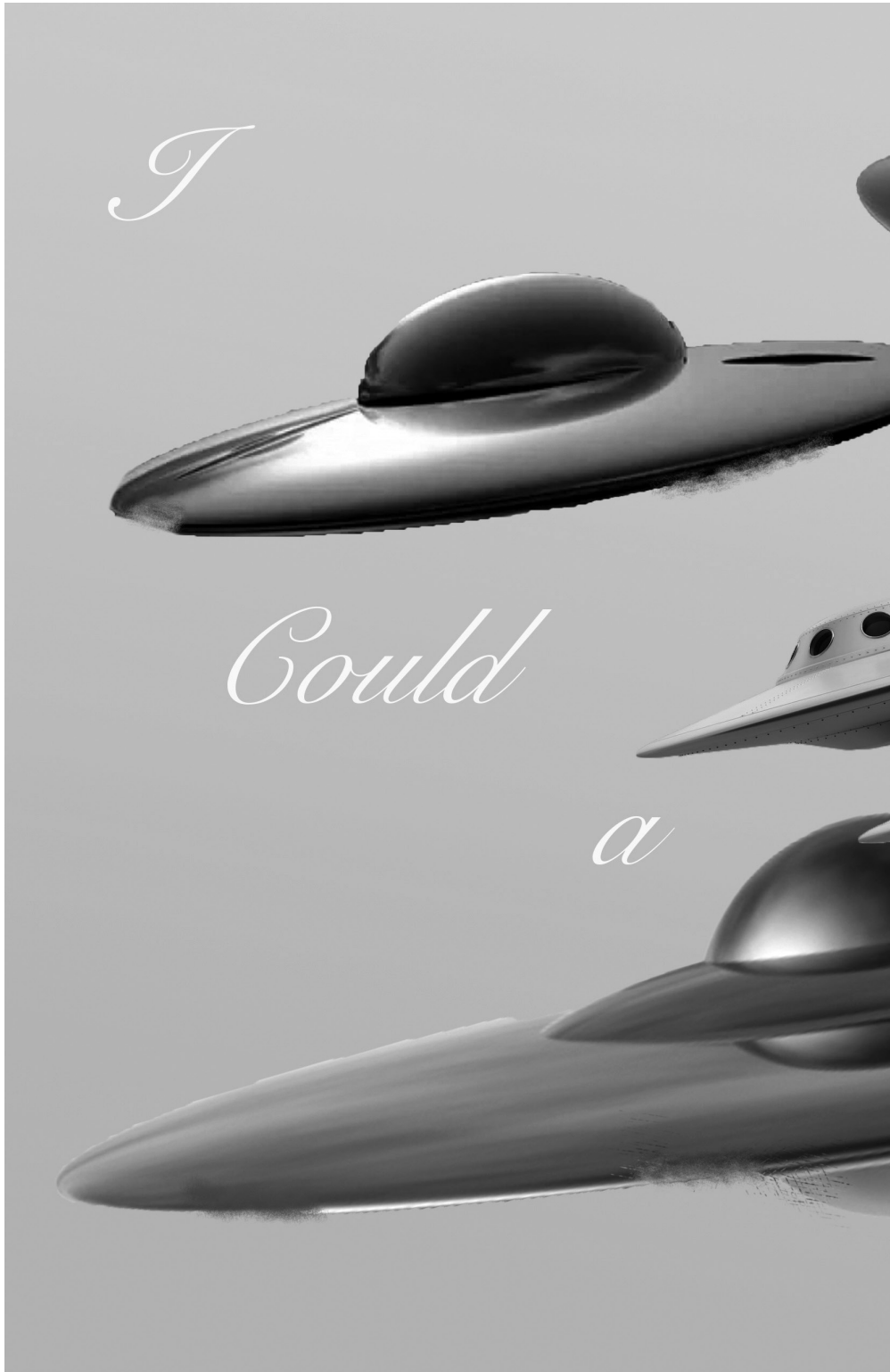


Asuka Goto's "lost in translation" is a collection of several hundred works on paper documenting her process of translating her father's novel from Japanese to English. One of my favorite moments in these works is a screenshot of Asuka texting her mom for help translating a particular word, a private and personal moment that also becomes, like the overall project, a beautiful meditation on the transmission and formation of racial, cultural, and national identity as it is translated from one person to the next and the impossibility of replicating or even defining these identities.

I have been thinking more about this imperfect translation as I enter middle age and re-enter new parenthood. Most of my ideas about Korean-ness came from the specific experience of my parents, who moved here just before I was born. While there is overlap, their idea of Korean identity is different than someone else's based on what they received and chose to keep from their families and communities. It is even more complicated for my kids, who have a Chinese-American mom and a Korean-American dad. Trying to parse out and quantify how Korean/Chinese/American the various cultural habits and traditions they will inherit from us reveals how absurd a static, essentialized idea of racial/national identity is. Similar to how the individual modules in my work never quite turn out the same because of my hand and the materials, racial, national, and cultural identity is imperfectly translated depending on the specific life experience and circumstance of each person.

Having struggled throughout my life with simultaneously feeling not Asian enough and not American enough I realize the losing battle of framing the question around these two undefinable poles. While the term Asian-American is useful (and was created) as a tool for political organizing, it can also be flattening and marginalizing to those who don't fit the narrow definitions of what we can be like. It is unlikely that I will escape this label, so I want to create and define my own sense of belonging within it, in spite of it; and give myself and my kids the freedom and space to express our own specific, unresolved, and ultimately untranslatable definitions of being Asian-American.

-Alex Paik



THE ORIGINAL SERIGRAPH BY SISTER MARY CORITA KENT ENTITLED "IN THE BEGINNING" WAS PRINTED IN 1958, FOUR YEARS BEFORE THE ARTIST ENCOUNTERED ANDY WARHOL'S SOUP CANS IN 1962. KENT WOULD GO ON TO MAKE THE POP INSPIRED, TEXT-BASED PRINTS WITH TIMELY MESSAGE OF PEACE, LOVE AND SOCIAL JUSTICE FOR WHICH SHE IS BEST KNOWN.

THIS PARTICULAR PRINT WAS A GIFT OF THE ARTIST TO THE MEMPHIS COLLEGE OF ART. THE PRINT WAS PART OF THE COLLEGE ART COLLECTION BEFORE MCA CLOSED ITS DOORS PERMANENTLY IN 2020 AFTER 84 YEARS. IT WAS PURCHASED BY ERIN HARMON AND DAVID PRITCHARD. THE SUBTLE COLOR PALETTE INFLUENCED HARMON'S PAINTED PAPER COLLAGE "SUMMER GRID III".

Print Sister Mary Corita, IHM
P-NE In the beginning
1860
3224
3623MC 22x17 FF14
L



gift of the artist Sister Mary Corita, IHM 6/27/58



An Excerpt from My interview with a Anteater known as “The Anteater Metternich” about his visit to Western Australia in the early twentieth century

By Claudio Gnomo

CG: *What led you to choose a life of travel and intrigue?*

Anteater Metternich : You know, I had traveled before my mission to Australia. I went to Jamaica but was not allowed far from the citadel. The insects were fascinating, the centipedes were especially fantastic.

CG: *How did you do there?*

AM: I was an unofficial aide, there to observe and in turn was being observed by the ambassador to see if I was ready to serve our office.

It was my first time eating bananas. Yellow fever spread amongst the humans, it became difficult to find the little speckled ones I liked.

When out of sight, I would enjoy stuffing one deep into a champagne flute and piercing it like a harpooner landing a great whale. What a mess I would make in my hotel room. I mean --to be a young anteater in a hotel room was adventure enough!

CG: *So, what was the most memorable adventure you had in Australia then?*

I forget the name of the town where they only ate bread and margarine. It was there that the humans took me to see another human head. It was freshly separated from it's body. They seemed to be very proud of it so I tried to seem curious and appreciative of their having brought me to see it. It was explained to me that it belonged to a criminal. I thought, “ Are not all Human Australians criminals?”

As the men played cards, I sketched the head in pencil and gave the drawing to the mayor. I am told he had it framed.



