

CARING FOR OUR SHARED FUTURES

EPALF + NOV '20
CARING PACKAGE 2



letter of caring

*

In July 2020, APANO's Arts & Media Project produced its first Caring Package, a collection of artwork centered on care in the form of a digital zine. Our community has been searching for ways to expand, practice, bend, and embody care - care for ourselves, our loved ones, and our communities. For the 2020 East Portland Arts & Literary Festival, we are producing a second edition called Caring for our Shared Futures to continue offering care for our communities.

For this issue, we invited Asian, Pacific Islander, Black, and Indigenous artists in Portland to create artwork that envisions a world that prioritizes their lives, cultures, and worldviews and imagines what a just and equitable future for all looks like.

We hope that you enjoy these visions. As we continue to heal together we hope that we can also build these futures into reality.

With hope and solidarity,
Roshani and Candace

table of contents

*

a gathering, an unfurling, a light
by **Sloane Leong**

Advent 2050
by **Jenny M. Chu**

Homegrown
by **Georgina Brooks**

Hemoglobin Count 2077
by **Mickey Sanchez**

OUR ANGER WILL NOT BE POLICED
by **Vo Vo**

a soft softening
by **Hannah Kim**



a gathering, an unfurling, a light
by Sloane Leong

Description:

Graphite, alcohol, digital color

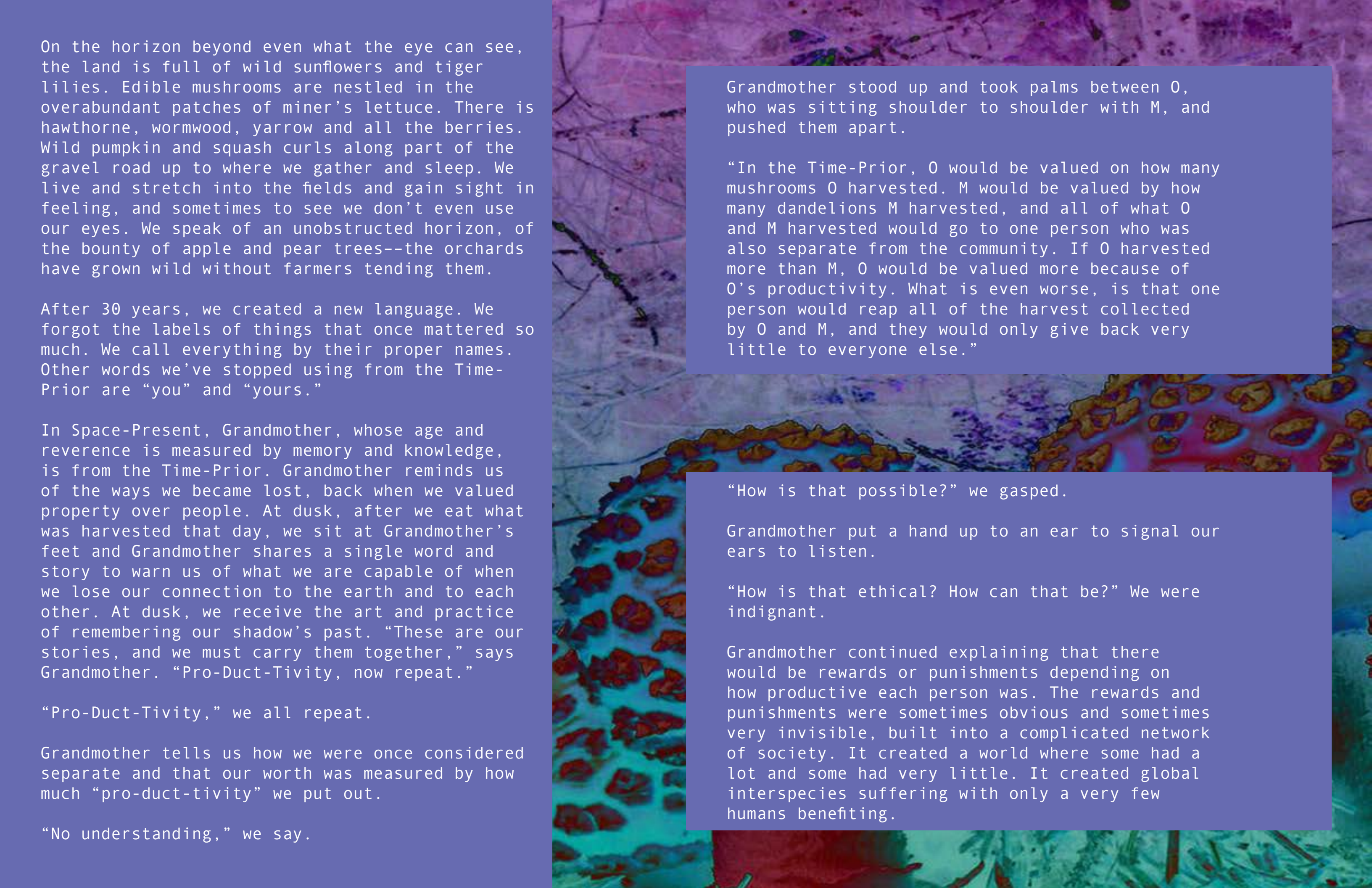


Sloane Leong is a mixed indigenous cartoonist, writer, and artist. She is most well known for her indigenous sci-fi comic Prism Stalker and she has a new graphic novel called A Map to the Sun out from First Second Books.

Advent 2050

by Jenny M. Chu

We left the cities and the suburbs. We left lampposts, and paved sidewalks, and lawns with sprinkler systems. We left the aesthetic of manicured and landscaped. We left the idea of weeds. We left single-use plastics, and double-ply paper towels. We left factory farms and large demand and supply chains. We left pink, pre-packaged meat. We left corn syrup. We left our desks and office chairs. We left small talk and everyday casual racism and gender. We left the arbitrariness of bureaucracy. We left hate, violence, and assault rifles. We left the military and the prisons. We left fossil fuels. We left our second and third vehicles in our driveways as shelter for the animals. We let the vines overtake everything we thought we owned, including the houses, the courtroom, and the bank towers. We left the ideas of property and ownership. We left GPS and buried our cell phones. We left the concept of nuclear family units and gained each other. We left the words “me,” “my,” “mine” and replaced them with “we” and “ours.” We left all the clocks and returned to the sun and moon.



On the horizon beyond even what the eye can see, the land is full of wild sunflowers and tiger lilies. Edible mushrooms are nestled in the overabundant patches of miner's lettuce. There is hawthorne, wormwood, yarrow and all the berries. Wild pumpkin and squash curls along part of the gravel road up to where we gather and sleep. We live and stretch into the fields and gain sight in feeling, and sometimes to see we don't even use our eyes. We speak of an unobstructed horizon, of the bounty of apple and pear trees--the orchards have grown wild without farmers tending them.

After 30 years, we created a new language. We forgot the labels of things that once mattered so much. We call everything by their proper names. Other words we've stopped using from the Time-Prior are "you" and "yours."

In Space-Present, Grandmother, whose age and reverence is measured by memory and knowledge, is from the Time-Prior. Grandmother reminds us of the ways we became lost, back when we valued property over people. At dusk, after we eat what was harvested that day, we sit at Grandmother's feet and Grandmother shares a single word and story to warn us of what we are capable of when we lose our connection to the earth and to each other. At dusk, we receive the art and practice of remembering our shadow's past. "These are our stories, and we must carry them together," says Grandmother. "Pro-Duct-Tivity, now repeat."

"Pro-Duct-Tivity," we all repeat.

Grandmother tells us how we were once considered separate and that our worth was measured by how much "pro-duct-tivity" we put out.

"No understanding," we say.

Grandmother stood up and took palms between O, who was sitting shoulder to shoulder with M, and pushed them apart.

"In the Time-Prior, O would be valued on how many mushrooms O harvested. M would be valued by how many dandelions M harvested, and all of what O and M harvested would go to one person who was also separate from the community. If O harvested more than M, O would be valued more because of O's productivity. What is even worse, is that one person would reap all of the harvest collected by O and M, and they would only give back very little to everyone else."

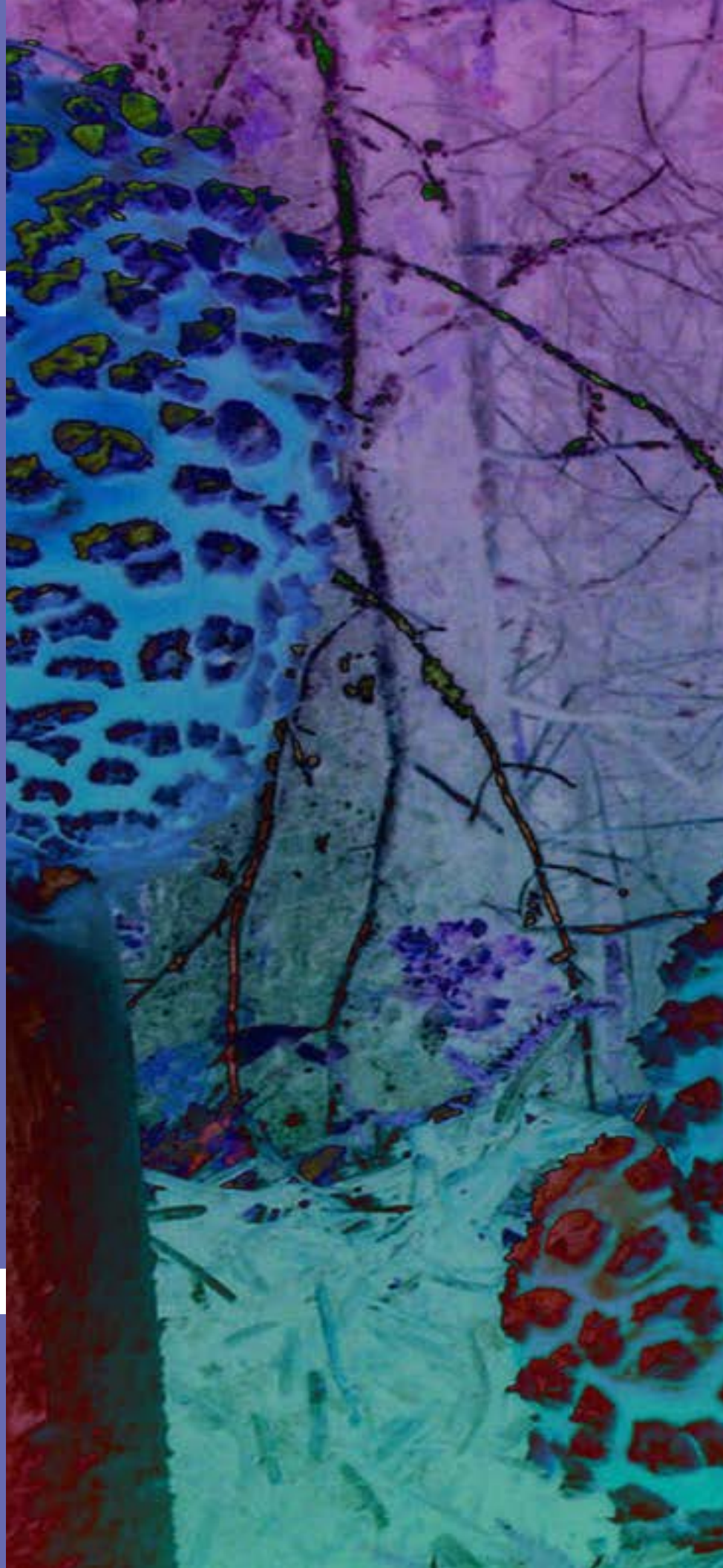
"How is that possible?" we gasped.

Grandmother put a hand up to an ear to signal our ears to listen.

"How is that ethical? How can that be?" We were indignant.

Grandmother continued explaining that there would be rewards or punishments depending on how productive each person was. The rewards and punishments were sometimes obvious and sometimes very invisible, built into a complicated network of society. It created a world where some had a lot and some had very little. It created global interspecies suffering with only a very few humans benefiting.

Other
words
we've
stopped
using from
the Time-
Prior are
“you” and
“yours.”



“In the Time-Prior, O and M were deemed separate beings by someone else who was also separate from the collective. In the Time-Prior, separateness made some feel superior over others and a lot of people were disconnected from the responsibility or care to the greater community. In the Time-Prior, this created a society where very few humans had a lot of power over all other humans, animals, and land. This resulted in a lot of sickness and stress and strife and death. At that time, the earth was terraformed and tamed by these few disconnected humans. In the Time-Prior, only 30 percent of the land was wild, everything else has been bulldozed and built over.”

O and M looked pained, and quickly scooted back toward the other and held hands.

“Tomorrow night, we will learn the word “Cap-Pital-Lism,” Grandmother bent down and hugged our children.

The newborns only know our language of communion: everything in divine-relationship. We define ourselves in context: the Being Within in relation to everything else. There is no “Being Within” without “us.” We speak in “us” and “we.” “I” was so prevalent and normalized in the Time-Prior, but “I” has all but composted back into the forest floor. “I” is still sometimes used periodically in our Shadow Lessons with Grandmother.

When there is a disagreement we ask, “where is our heart today,” and we describe what is felt and through this exchange we move back into us.

Our bonds always come first, and we measure those bonds in communion with everything else. We ask ourselves, are we in divine-relationship with the soil and the earthworm? How about the wisteria and the wild boar? What about the wind and the field? And the trees? And with us, and with the Being Within? We are quiet and still enough to hear the answers from everything, from the land and from the seven hummingbirds that visited the jasmine this morning.

When we drove off and left the freeways behind forever, we brought with us our paint brushes. We brought some words. We brought some books. We brought all the instruments, and our carpentry tools. We brought joy, and especially song and singing. We brought poetry. We brought our bodies and belly laughs. We brought dance. We brought our wool sweaters and stories. We brought buckets to hold the water. We brought our wonder and curiosity. We brought empathetic science. We brought our journals and sketching pencils. We brought memory and imagination. We returned back to the horizon as an event, and back to stargazing every night. We lost linear time, and returned back to the celestial. We ran our world on the eternal energies of the earth. We left nature alone to grow back without our meddling. In the Space-Present, we returned back to each other.

**We
brought
our
bodies
and
belly
laughs.**

Description:

This piece is a vision and an exercise. It was written during a time of 210,000 deaths (and rising) due to Covid-19, the worst unemployment ever, ongoing Black Lives Matter protests, persisting wildfires and natural disasters, the rise of misinformation and fascism, continual assault on journalists and freedom of speech, and ongoing human rights mistreatment at ICE detention centers...not to mention an anxiety inducing US presidential election. By the time this is published, we will know the results of the election. This American experiment started



as a dream, which means that it is not inevitable. We can dream a way that includes everyone. And because nothing is inevitable, it means that our visions need practice, need stewardship--but first, we must be able to see it.

Jenny M. Chu is a thinking artist and a convener. She was raised in Oregon by parents who emigrated from Saigon and Hong Kong. She is an older sister to a younger brother. She aims to live a life where 70% of it is spent in non-linear time--sometimes what is new, is just a returning back to. She often seeks the possibility of a horizon on a clockless day.



Homegrown

by Georgina Brooks

Description:

Growing a garden this summer was my most important form of self-care because it taught me patience, to appreciate small successes, and most of all, responsibility. What would it look like if we tried maximizing our urban spaces with growing food, and creating sustainable architectures at the same time. Each home could grow their crops and come together to enjoy the fruits of their labor.



Georgina Brooks started screen printing in 2016 after stumbling across an ad for an apprentice printer on craigslist. Since then she has self-published multiple zines, comics and art prints, selling her work at markets as Golden Pear Studio, and currently working at Seizure Palace Screen Printing. Her illustrations are inspired by the beauty

of the Pacific Northwest, travel, and slice of life. Online portfolio at georginabrooksart.com and IG @agoldenpear.



Photo by Hannah Krafcik

Mickey Sanchez (he/they): is an artist and video game developer living and working in Portland.



During the pandemic I have been inundated with accounts of traumatic medical proceedings in my immediate family. My initial reaction to the pandemic and George Floyd uprisings was to imagine a world of greater self-reliance - or at least a renewed connection to family and chosen family as the systems around us seem less and less consensual. This work explores what in-home care could look like in the future, though it isn't necessarily a utopian vision: like today the user still has to make an effort to find community created content that centers consent. For the backgrounds I created a reference to an iconic image from early computers: the cascading win celebration of the computer game Solitaire. The title of the work is a tongue-in-cheek reference to the highly anticipated and somewhat problematic video game *Cyberpunk 2077*. This work would be best experienced by teaching your Alexa or Google Home to read it aloud with you - though you shouldn't actually buy either of those things IMO. presented with luv



Hemoglobin Count 2077

Computer: Good morning, administrator.

You: Huh? Why are you greeting me right now I'm not even awake yet.

Computer: New awakening routines were included in last night's update - would you like me to read patch notes?

You: No... Turn off greetings on awakening.

Computer: Greetings on awakening are now off. Would you like to share your satisfaction rating with this new update?

You: No. What time is it?

Computer: The time is 7:45 AM.

You: Oh... Check patriarch's key vitals.

Computer: Kidney function remains steady. Hemoglobin down by 8%. Immediate plasma infusion recommended.

You: How much plasma do we have?

Computer: There are 6 matching pints for the patriarch.

You: Hmmm...

Computer: Say "Yes" to begin plasma replacement for patriarch. Please note: patriarch is sleeping and may be awakened by initiation of procedure.

You: First, play *I Just Fall In Love Again* by Anne Murray in patriarch's chambers. Increase volume gradually over 10 minutes.

Computer: Command acknowledged.

You: When patriarch awakens, ask his consent.

Computer: Command acknowledged.

You: You know what... search for consent focused care mods.

Computer: Listing mods:
Consently by Erian (sponsored). 3.5 out of 5 stars. *Consenticator* by queerCat666. 4.6 out of 5 stars.

You: Stop. Download and install *Consenticator*.

Computer: Acknowledged... installation complete.

You: Apply to patriarch's care routine. Oh and start the coffee please.

Computer: Coffee is ready.
Matriarch initiated routine.

You: Do we have any more
Excedrin migraine?

Computer: No. It has been sold
out for the last... 6 days.

You: Please change standing
order to the generic migraine
medicine please.

Computer: Order updated..
generic medicine in stock..
estimated delivery today at
11:15 AM.

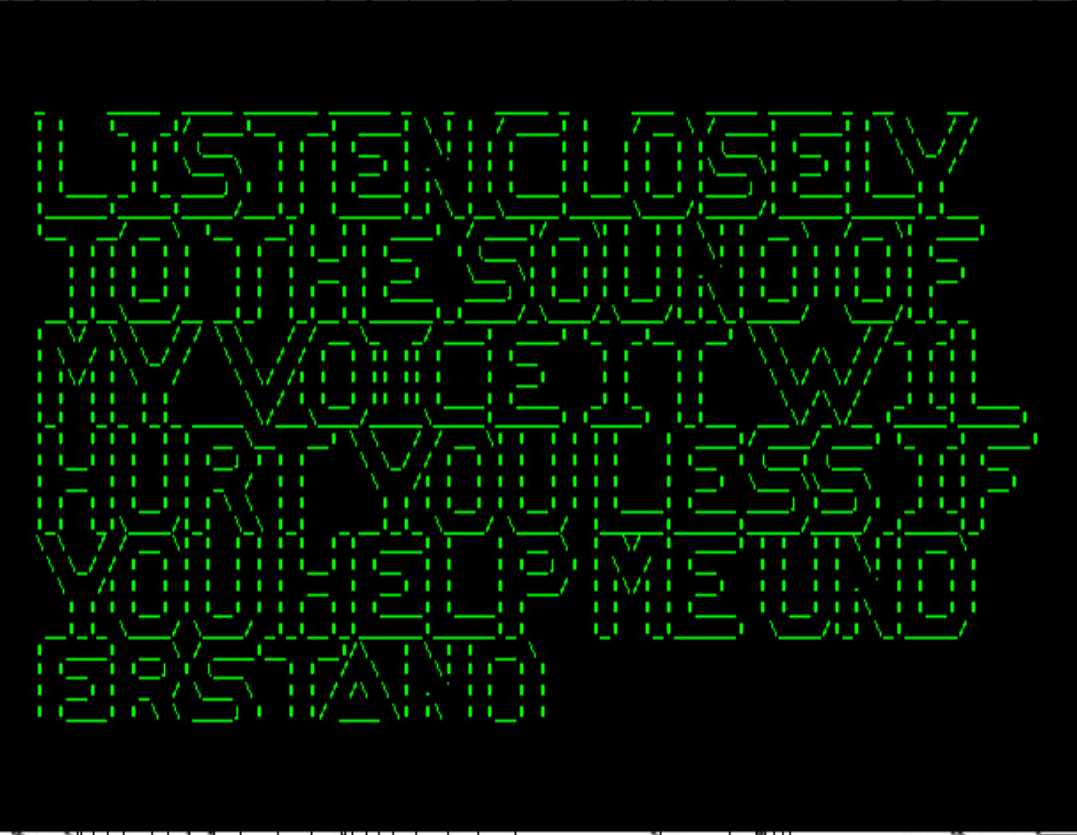
You: Great.

...

You: Does this ever end?

Computer: Playing *The End* by
The Doors.

You: Wait I... oh nevermind



LISTEN CLOSELY
THE SOUND OF
YOUR OWN MIND

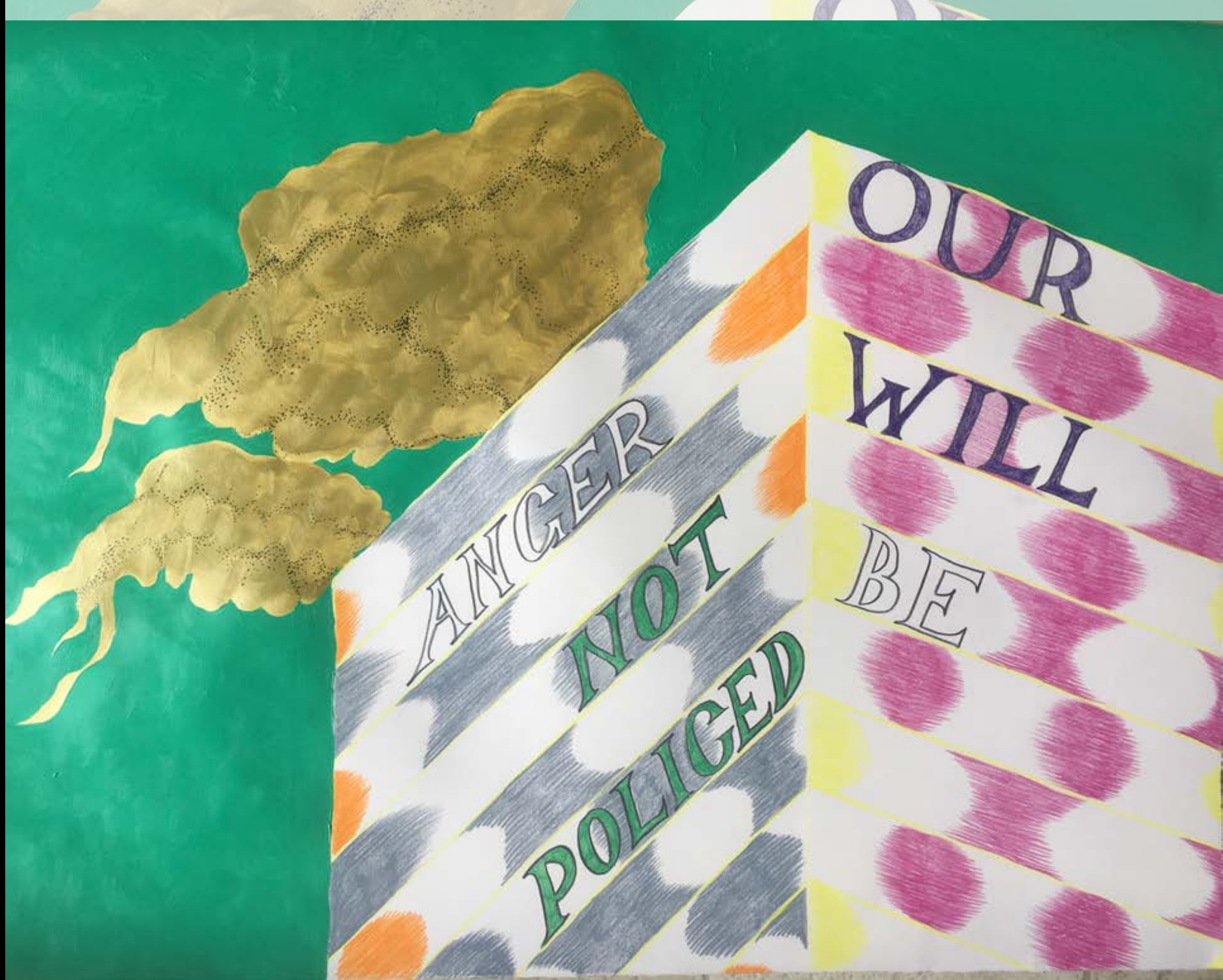
OUR ANGER WILL NOT BE POLICED

by Vo Vo

Description:

Black lives matter. From the small to the big, imagine our responses, our outrage, our hurt, our desperation and our erasure being heard. Being understood, and being validated. Not policed. Not reduced. Not invisibilized. Not controlled, and not punished. Heard, and then repaired.

LISTEN



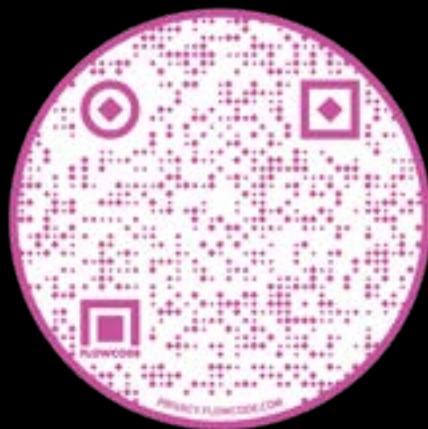
Up to and After Abolition

Compiled by Vo Vo



Transformative Justice Resources

Compiled by Cory Lira
Recommended by Vo Vo



Vo is a radical educator of 11 years in over 20 countries in inclusion, racial justice, intercultural communication, Trauma-Informed Care, De-escalation and Restorative Justice. They have trained staff and Board from over 200 organizations in OR and WA. Editor of an internationally renowned publication, speaker, curator, artist and musician who has exhibited and toured in Australia, Germany, Indonesia, The

Netherlands, Singapore, Croatia, Mexico, Finland, Denmark, New Zealand, Vietnam, Sweden, Malaysia, and the States. Local festival organizer. One of the festivals they curate is IntersectFest: A Festival For and By People Of Color – now in it's sixth year. It has featured over 200 Black, Indigenous, and POC artists, including dancers, poets, filmmakers, curators, visual artists and more. It also creates space to discuss radical political approaches to community organizing and artistic practice. Their recently initiated career as a visual artist has seen them primarily work in textiles, embroidery, weaving, and furniture building. Their installations seek to interrogate power dynamics, structural oppression, challenge histories and realities of imperialism, white supremacy and colonization. They continue to explore support strategies and models of community care within a post-traumatic social landscape.

i) FUTURISTIC

For the future we imagine
Progress—a shooting bright rocket
Stretching time tight like a tendon
All of us wearing galactic spacesuits in metallic hues
Speaking telepathically, riding hoverboards.
Or conversely, Decay—
Living underground with tuberlike complexions
Scrabbling at each other having lost
everything,
including poetry.

What if the future is neither in the stars
nor underground,
Just an unspooling
not going nowhere fast just
A softening
No more Big Bangs or Industrial Revolutions
Only a Soft Softening—

Melt into our wounds and it'll become some kind of portal...

ii) MANIFESTO

In 2050,
Nobody is famous
Everybody is loved.

The butter is soft
The flowers are explosive
The love letters are long.

The trees are on fire
in a good way.
The clouds are asking questions
and I'm trying to answer.

iii) THAT FEELING

the thrill of a piercing guitar solo
the scratchiness of pen and paper meeting
that exhale as you set down a book you just read all the way through
the peach and how its juices gush out, excited, to meet the outside air
your friends' laughter, how it builds, almost going out of control and then
settling back, a gentle thrum—
the low vibration of a car sunning itself in the heat,
top down you're going to the beach and eating strawberries by the handful,
and ain't it all so grand!
Mud, and the way it grows lotus flowers who aren't even ashamed—

a soft softening
by Hannah Kim

iv) LOVE YOU, SEE YOU SOON

i read the greatest book today
you know how when you read about something you want to eat it
so i went and got a whole bushel of peaches
and they were all too ripe but i didn't care
i ate five in one sitting and then
i took the sweetest of honey naps
on my white sheets
the afternoon sun was something else
i'll tell you all about the book later
we can talk about it over spaghetti
and dessert which will be, yes, peaches,
there's still some left over
i'll grill them the way you like them.

v) 2050

Here we are...
It's a perfect afternoon.

Hannah Kim is a writer, gemini, comedian, musician and tarot practitioner. She is currently based in Seoul, South Korea. Her work has been published in Nailed Magazine and Banana Magazine, she leads literary seminars at Literary Arts and she sells her zines at Jailbreak. Find her on Instagram at [@ur_best_american_girl](#)



Description:

This is a poem in 5 parts. Like many others, I have a lot of thoughts on what I think a better future would look like, especially from a policy standpoint-- like, land back, universal healthcare, abolish the prison industrial complex, end capitalism, save our planet etc. But when I tried to integrate these into a piece, I kept getting stuck.

The scope was so big and I felt so small, and the poems felt too small, like how do I contain all this vastness and all these different sectors? On the flip side, I kept going into weirdly pastoral territory when trying to envision a better future-- like, in the future we'll be herding sheep in green pastures and no one will be racist and it'll be great! Neither of those approaches were panning out (I don't WANT to be a shepherd) so I decided to focus more on the internal landscape, more on the feeling...like what might it feel like to be alive in a better time, where everyone is safe, well fed and fulfilled. What might a typical day be like? And how can I touch on that possible feeling with touchpoints from our current life?

Because despite the bleakness of life and the suffering that surrounds us, I think we've probably all tasted paradise at least once! Even if it was just a fleeting moment like when you taste something really good or your favorite song comes on or someone tells you that they love you etc. Right now, we are at a crossroads where we must fight for our futures. We'll all be called on to make sacrifices and we'll probably be tired, overwhelmed, scared and angry at many points. But after that, I hope it'll be time to be Soft. To rest and eat fruits and bask in the sun and spend 90% of our days finding new ways to soften and new ways to love.

★

**THANK YOU
FOR VISIONING
FUTURES WITH US
&
TAKE CARE**

★

Caring Package Design
by Lillyanne Pham



Lillyanne Pham is a Portland-based community builder who pushes and pulls creative forms of communication and expression.
IG: @lillyannepham