



fixed.
fall 18





I.

One of my favorite shirts as a child was a white cotton tee with an illustration of Little Miss Giggles by Roger Hargreaves. In case you didn't grow up around these infamous Mr. Men and Little Miss books, let me refresh you on this jubilant character. Little Miss Giggles was blue, she was round, she was a comic, she had red pigtails and freckles, she had a yellow nose, and she was everything I ever wanted to be. I wore her around with pride, perhaps exuding into the universe what I would hope would come back to me.



II.

When thinking of colonialization, one can often notice the specific use of language in terminology. Educational texts often refer to impoverished, newly discovered areas with terms such as savage, helpless, primitive, frail, and more times than not, *she*.

She must be helped. *She* must be healed. *She* must be saved.

“The Helpless Woman.”





III.

We were driving home from San Francisco. I can remember the exact moment we passed the soccer field and cruised along the 24. My brother was sitting in the back seat of our minivan with me, as the rest of the car was occupied with our parents, uncle, and grandmother. My brother had just discovered Pandora, and I was fascinated by anything that lit up and made sound. We started out slow and steady, a stream of shuffled early 2000's pop. We slowly crept into letting ourselves feel the atmosphere, loopy from a late drive home from dinner. I can't recall specifically how it happened. "House of Gold" by Twenty One Pilots is encased in my brain as the song I became best friends with my brother. We huddled over a small iPhone screen and followed along with some Googled lyrics, and sang as though that song belonged to us. I remember feeling *normal* for once. Mr. Happy and Little Miss Giggles.







IV.

Stained.
Healing.



V.

I spent most of my childhood living within myself more than I was living in the outside world. A place that was safe and free of judgements. Who wouldn't want to leave that?

At the ripe age of 21, I think I have finally developed an existence in the outside world. In order to exist in reality, one must create a way to conjure *'home'* while navigating an alternate universe.







VI.

Eugenics is defined as the science of improving a human population by controlled breeding to increase the occurrence of desirable heritable characteristics.

We must be *healed* and *fixed*.



VII.

A dog. It seemed like a perfectly sensible idea. Man is a dog's best friend, remember. So: the dog and I looked at each other. I longer than the dog. And what I saw then has been the same ever since. Whenever the dog and I see each other we both stop where we are. We regard each other with a mixture of sadness and suspicion, and then we feign indifference. We walk past each other safely; we have an understanding. It's very sad, but you'll have to admit that it is an understanding. We had made man attempts at contact, and we had failed. The dog has returned to garbage, and I to solitary but free passage. I have not returned. I mean to say, I have gained solitary free passage, if that much further loss can be said to be gain. I have learned that neither kindness nor cruelty by themselves, independent of each other, creates any effect beyond themselves; and I have learned that the two combined, together, at the same time, are the teaching emotion. And what is gained is loss. And what has been the result: the dog and I have attained a compromise; more of a bargain, really. We neither love nor hurt because we do not try to reach each other. And, was trying to feed the dog an act of love? And, perhaps, was the dog's attempt to bite me not an act of love? If we can so misunderstand, well then, why have we invented the word love in the first place?

Edward Albee. *The Zoo Story*.







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Photographed in Rochester, New York.
December 2018.

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