

자, 여기가 바로 그 아름다운 지베르니, 모네의 정원입니다.
제 말 잘 들리시죠?
한 줄로 서서 저 잘 따라오세요.

You hate that there are so many Asians in the room. Who let in all the Asians? you rant in your head. Instead of solidarity, you fell that you are less than around other Asians, the boundaries of yourself no longer distinct but congealed into a horde.

—“*Minor Feelings*” by Cathy Park Hong

I is **we**.
Am I **we**?

They don't understand that we're this tenuous alliance of many nationalities. There are so many qualifications wighing the “**we**” in Asian Amercia. Do I mean Southeast Asian, South Asian, East Asian, and Pacific Islander, queer and straight, Muslim and non-Muslim, rich and poor? Are all Asians self-hating? What if my cannibalizing ego is not a racial phenomenon but my own damn problem? “Koreans are self-hating,” a Filipino friend corrected me over drinks. “Filipinos, not so much.”

—“*Minor Feelings*” by Cathy Park Hong

The writer Jeff Chang writes that “I want to love **us**” but he says that he can't bring himself to do that because **he doesn't know who “us” is. I share that uncertainty. Who is us? What is us?** Is there even such a concept as an Asian American consciousness? Is it anything like the double consiousness that W.E.B. Du Bois established over a century ago? The paint on the Asian American label has not dried. **The term is unwidely, cumbersome, perched awkwardly upon my being.** Since the late sixties, when Asian American activists protested with the Black Panthers, there hasn't been a mass movement we can call our own. Will “**we**”, a pronoun I use cautiously, solidify into a common collective, or will we remain splintered, so that some of us remain “foreign” or “brown” while others, through wealth or intermarriage, “**pass**” into whiteness?

—“*Minor Feelings*” by Cathy Park Hong

칭챙총!

I never forgot hearing one award-winning poet of color say during a Q&A, “if you want to write about race, you have to do it politely, because then, people will listen.”

—“*Minor Feelings*” by Cathy Park Hong

Excuse me, excuse me

excuse me, excuses me (파리에서 꼬맹이들이 따라한 말투)

**

(C)lassification are that it gathers **similar information together and places it in proximity to related information.**

—“Mapping Beyond Dewey’s Boundaries: Constructing ClassificatorySpace for’ Marginalized Knowledge Domains” by HOPE A. OLSON

(H)omophile, makes networks **searchable by creating clusters..** this is a key thing that is does. **In the heart of homophily lies a really retrograde identity politics.** is grounding principles imposes or naturalizes the segregation it finds. and makes segregation a personal choice rather than institutional infrastructure of inequalities.

—SONIC ACTS FESTIVAL - THE NOISE OF BEING, Wendy Chun - Crisis + Habit = Update 25 February 2017 - De Brakke Grond, Amsterdam, The Netherlands

But a side effect of this justified rage has been...

(A) “stay in your lane” politics in which artists and writers are asked to speak only from their personal ethnic experiences. Such a politics not only assumes racial identity is pure—while ignoring the messy lived realities in which racial groups overlap—but reduces racial identity to intellectual property.

When we are inspired by a poem or novel, our human inpluse is to share it so that, as Lewis Hyde writes, it leaves a trail of “interconnected relationships in its wake,”

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~~In reacting against the market economy, we have internalized market logic where culture is hoarded as if it’s a product that will depreciate in value if shared with others; where instead of decolonizing English, we are carving up English into hostile nation-states.~~ The soul of innovation thrives on cross-cultural inspiration. **If we are restricted to our lanes, culture will die.**

—“*Minor Feelings*” by Cathy Park Hong

Classifications are **also closed systems** in that they represent some concepts and not others. No classification will ever be all inclusive.

—“Mapping Beyond Dewey’s Boundaries: Constructing ClassificatorySpace for’ Marginalized Knowledge Domains” by HOPE A. OLSON

the commonly heard defensive retort to Black Lives Matter, “**all** lives matter.”

Rather than being inclusive, “all” is a walled-ff pronoun, a defensive measure to “not make it about race” so that the **invisible hegemony of whiteness can continue unchallenged.**

—“*Minor Feelings*” by Cathy Park Hong

Better data won't solve this problem. Because it's not a question of whether things are included or excluded, but rather how things are included even when they're not. so you don't need to act to be captured you don't need to act to register.

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The door is about to close.
excuse me! excuses me!

(L)ibrary classifications have responded to the needs of libraries to classify published works into a browsable collection. Therefore, what exists in published form will dictate, to a greater or lesser degree, what is included in a classification. Even a classification that does not limit itself to literary warrant will be irresponsible if it ignores the published record. Since what gets published is also limited by powerful social discourses, it too tends to produce a corpus largely representing mainstream thought.

—“Mapping Beyond Dewey’s Boundaries: Constructing ClassificatorySpace for’ Marginalized Knowledge Domains” by HOPE A. OLSON

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Do you mean “teresa had king an”?

In Pryor—the Black stand-up comedian—, I saw someone channel what I call minor feelings: the racialized range of emotions that are negative, dysphoric, and therefore untelegenic, built from the sediments of everyday racial experience and the irritant of having one’s perception of reality constantly questioned or dismissed. Minor feelings arise, for instance, upon hearing a slight, knowing it’s racial, and being told, Oh that’s all in your head. (...)

—“Minor Feelings” by Cathy Park Hong

overdramatic oversensitive overthinking

After hearing a racist remark, the speaker asks herself, What did you say? She saw what she saw, she heard what she heard but after her reality belittled so many times, she begins to doubt her very own senses. Such disfiguring of senses engenders the minor feelings of paranoia, shame, irritation, and melancholy.

The scholar Kathryn Bond Stockton writes about how the queer child “grows sideways,” because queer life often defies the linear chronology of marriage and children.

—“*Minor Feelings*” by Cathy Park Hong

Shame gives me the ability to split myself into the first and third person. To recognize myself, as Sartre writes, “as the Other sees me.”

—“*Minor Feelings*” by Cathy Park Hong

I is she
she am not I

The indignity of being Asian in this country has been underreported. We have been cowed by the lie that we have it good. We keep our heads down and work hard, believing that our diligence will reward us with our dignity, but our diligence will only make us disappear. By not speaking up, we perpetuate the myth that our shame is caused by our repressive culture and the country we fled, whereas America has given us nothing but opportunity. The lie that Asians have it good is so insidious that even now as I write, I’m shadowed by doubt that I didn’t have it bad compared to others. **(But)** (R)ace trauma is not a competitive sport. The problem is not that my childhood was exceptionally traumatic but that it was in fact rather typical.

Most white Americans can only understand racial trauma as a spectacle.

Right after Trump’s election, the media reported on the uptick in hate crimes, tending to focus on the obvious heretical displays of hate: the white high school students parading down the hallways wearing Confederate flag capes and the graffitied swastikas. **What’s harder to report is not the incident itself but the stress of its anticipation. The white reign of terror can be invisible and cumulative, chipping away at one’s worth until there’s nothing left but self-loathing.**

—“*Minor Feelings*” by Cathy Park Hong

Ah, Sorry
니하오
(입 뻐끔)

Facing the discomfort, facing the shame

—“*Minor Feelings*” by Cathy Park Hong

What if it gave users the most diverse rather than the most popular results? What if we got the least read rather than the most read? What if we embrace different constraints different initial conditions and what if rather than accepting what we’re always given and always given in the name of comfort (importantly homophile is always justified in terms of comfort) you are naturally feel comfortable around ppl like you hmmm But what if we build ties that did not represent homophile? What

would emerge if clusters represents difference rather than similarities? What if we engaged in multiple rather than bi-directional ties? What if we built networks based on mutual indifference? Isn't that what city runs on? Mutual indifference? What other modes of navigation and recommendation would be revealed?

—SONIC ACTS FESTIVAL - THE NOISE OF BEING, Wendy Chun - Crisis + Habit = Update 25 February 2017 - De Brakke Grond, Amsterdam, The Netherlands

But while shame can lead to productive self-scrutiny, it can also lead to contempt. (...) It's also human nature to repel shame by penalizing and refusing continued engagement with the source of their shame. Most white Americans live in segregated environments, which, as Alcoff writes, "protects and insulates them from race-based stress." As a result, any proximity to minorities—seeing Katinx families move into their town, watching news clips of black protesters chanting "I can't breathe" in Grand Central Station—sparks intolerable discomfort. Suddenly Americans feel self-conscious of their white identity and this self-consciousness midleads them into thinking their identity is under threat.

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The desire to not to be a minority is not innocent.

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저기요, 지나갈게요.