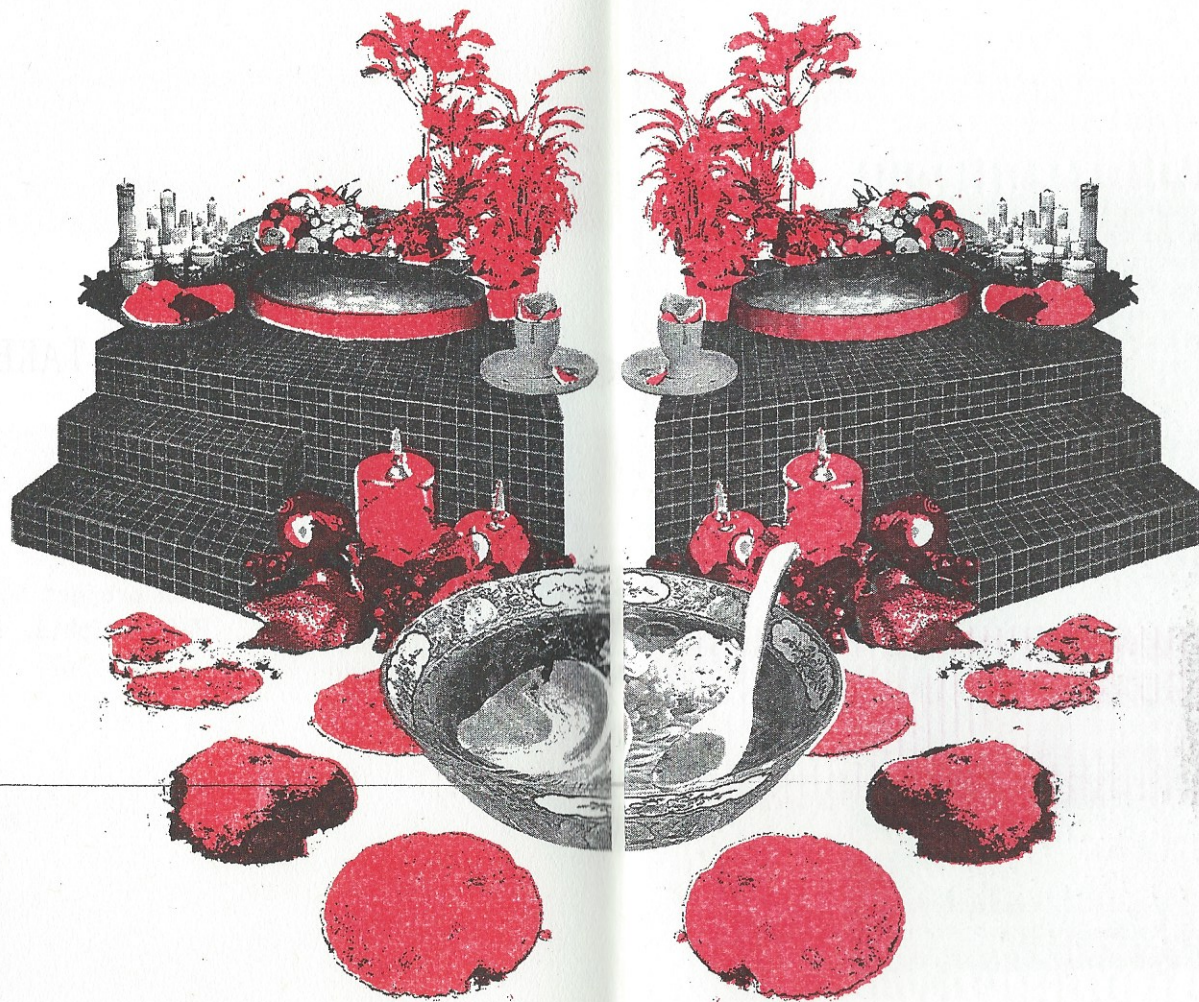


FORTUNE

ISSUE 11: TAKE CARE

a monthly publication project by & for queer asians  
Philadelphia, PA



Recommended reading/listening:

adrienne marie brown, Emergent Strategy: Shaping Change, Changing Worlds

adrienne marie brown, Pleasure Activism: The Politics of Feeling Good

Grace Lee Boggs, Living for Change: An Autobiography

Grace Lee Boggs, The Next American Revolution: Sustainable Activism for the Twenty-First Century

Abraham (Ester) Hicks, inspirational speaker on Youtube

I am learning [nonlinear learning, (two steps forward, one step back)] to love myself. Daily, with small actions and small moments accumulated because I must [because if I don't, how can I expect anyone else to!]. This is life's work, to slowly undo the trauma of my ancestors and address the pain of the my birth and my experience. To reject the self hatred/self deprecation I was modeled. Actively forgive myself and others for being wrong, making mistakes; being utterly imperfect human. Let myself channel my unique divine contribution into this world. I know the form this takes, I can feel it when it's flowing. I know. Trust my gut. I know I am capable of everything I want to be when I step out of my own way [I must not be an obstacle to myself]. Find my grounding, re-find myself in moments of imbalance. Stretch more; floss; show up for those closest to me; breathe deeply; listen deeply; eat healthy; get rest; drink water. I deserve this care because this is good for me and I am good. I am love and you are love and our love is magic.

Returning Home with cà ri gà

Ma sits on stool outside  
innovates makeshift sink:  
metal bowls that once beheld feasts,  
alternated life as wash station for  
guttled featherless gà chicken for curried cà ri gà,  
now serves suds, dirty dish water in one and  
rinsing water in other for chopsticks and bowls --  
calls back memories of Vietnam & do what you can with what you have attitude,  
watch river run of sud dribble down Del Mar Blvd driveway  
her lips plump with contradiction and protest  
wants to wash absent the Western hippie attitude for American convention  
scrub distant the piercings and tattoo for refugee dreams of stability & safety  
do not stand out too much so you do not get hurt

Ma grows măng cầu xiêm tree in backyard,  
Green skin with dull thorns, tenderly falls open to soursop' s white flesh and black  
seeds  
Sweetness laps the tongue while memory holds it down:  
It is the taste of Sông Mê Kông' s currents licking the Cấn Thơ river banks on mar-  
ket day

Chilean host ma points to the tropical green fruit that also grows in ma' s califor-  
nia yard:

*"Cherimoya es mejor en vino tinto."*

My body is an upheaval of contradiction to six inconsequential falling words -- i  
feel naked in wintertime without even a graspable Spanish sentence protection  
Eyebrows knit confusion together while head nods a thin sweater of fake comprehension  
Become running joke for girl who nods like understands but whose mind is sprinting,  
searching for meaning  
Suddenly, I am Ma -- outsider in dress and eyes  
in her twenties, without country  
without a granule of country' s language on her tongue  
but with family. Everything for family. Do not give up. Because of family.  
Except I am amy -- flirting with the complexity tJo be Asian American in Latin Amer-  
ica

with only a granule of Spanish on her tongue  
I chastise myself into smallness, muteness without my armor of words;  
My trophy of self-esteem was the wit of my thought; without my fragrant ingredients  
I am hollowed into "safe" silence -- a bland, lifeless sauté, stir-fried with  
uncertainty

Ma' s dishwashing reminds me to start with what you know  
Ask questions about what you don' t. To do it for family.  
Good people won' t get angry, sister reminds me.  
Start by cleaning gà for cà ri gà.

I explain how Ma marinates gà to host sister, gesture and mime through the lack of  
words

Remember through deftness of my hands, through lessons from ma, that I am rooted

I learn some Spanish too.

AMY HUNYH



SERENA HOCHAROEN

Last month I had a hunger for cold fruit. Strange for the season. Maybe my ancestors' hunger channeling through me. And they declared a desire for dim sum desserts. Dan tats, almond jello, mango pudding. And sponge cake, like I had in Hong Kong. I went to Chinatown and took adrienne marie brown up on her homework assignment to create a pleasure altar. I carried home mango, dragon fruit, longan fruit. My friend bought me a birthday pomegranate, and there were strawberries. Smoothies of blueberry or coconut milk and cantaloupe, like another friend's mother had made them. I told my ancestors to eat. I told myself to eat. I walked past the fence by 49th, where the passion fruits hung hidden by drying leaves.

The cold and only eating cold fruits left my brain foggy and slow. But I had to blur my edges and become shadow to wake up my ancestors. Didn't Mulan have to wake up xir ancestors? I sense mine like being woken up to taste the fruits. Like Mother's Day, when your descendants make you breakfast in bed by cutting up fruit and bringing it to you on a tray?

December blew in, and my ancestors came to visit. A spider by my pillow. A stinkbug that came in with the borrowed fake flowers and stayed as a guest for several days before flying onto the hood of my sweatshirt, by my ear. I didn't think of them as ancestors until the stinkbug was in the sink. My awakening. Progress, not perfection.

I have sensations of flight on my mind. There are different types, and I want to know how to name them and achieve them consciously. (Octavia's Brood gave me this idea.) I practice leaving my body to better understand how I experience dissociation, and how this differs from other types of flight I have experienced. I remember that my sixth-grade self knew how to fly on the swings, and that my mother, at the age of twelve, also believed she could fly.

Leaving my adult body in sleep has felt different ways. Once, dreaming of the mountains of China, I swam breaststrokes in the sky above this land, as my body reawakened to the knowledge of how to fly after a hundreds-year old lapse in memory. Another time, dreaming of the rise of fascism, and then police brutality and Black Lives Matter, I hovered a few feet above the ground, looking for my classmates on break, and passed a parking lot where a Black man had just been murdered by a police officer, a small crowd of tense and grieving passerby, witnesses, and street medics attending. In a third dream, a swirling gust of wind swept me up and above, and I watched the bus my friend was on, below. The wind and the bus matched pace. It was so windy, the decaying bits of autumn leaves and dirt clouded the scene like Charles M. Schulz's Pig-Pen. This is how I feel about the world: overwhelmed by drifts of information, scribbles of scrapped energies. I hunger for the richness of actual dirt and pines, complex forest ecosystems where water drips down to feed roots, and mammals rest beyond (within) the hubbub of human chaos.

Attended a workshop facilitated by Vilde Chaya of Stonefruit Community Herbalists. Learned that winter is a time meant for drinking sweet starchy teas, being with the dark and the light, resting, and dreaming. (Thank you, Vilde!) There are orange peels in the fire cider and fresh berries in the almond balls; we are messy and rich. I see myself in the snow, in the woods, in the backyard of an ex's childhood home. It is from a time when I was scared; but there were deer, and that little spot of nature said, "I am beautiful."

New lover showed me their chest. Silken mountains, risen wheat dough; thinking of my mom on the paisley couch, before I told anyone that I love people who identify with having titties. My chest, cornmeal dough, sand bees, sucking on a straw, confusion about my boundaries of self, where the edges of my skins exist. Noting difference between where I remember my chest ending and where it actually fills, where air lands. The outline.

Last week I thought about not taking my hormones: an intentional act of decomposing, returning to wildness and a fallowing of my land, an unfarming of my body. Embracing death and life and change and chaos and my own fertility.

In and out of dissociation, floating in a sensed stream of now bleeding into forever, I internally acknowledge how far I have come in healing my lineage. I have experience beyond either-or thinking. I have friends who stuck around and don't punish me. I have housemates who seem unharmed when I leave dishes in the sink. I have some of what I need because I have given this to myself, this gift of life woven alongside and after spiritual death. I think about how this is unmeasurable by new lovers and faraway sisters.

I tell this one I'm not ready to cry in front of them. I already have, different types of crying. What's the difference? The difference (my lips form the sentence more easily than I expect) is between crying because I love the forest and miss it, and crying because I feel ashamed. We discuss that shame and guilt do not move us toward our goals. It is the difference between a sense of agency and a body that affirms my understanding of myself, a body that can engage in sex and laughter with the same breath; and a body that cannot.

I discover breathwork I enjoy. The facilitator leads us in a waltz: one, we fill our bellies. Two, we fill our chests. Three, we exhale. Together we queer and polyamorize the in-out narrative of binary breath. I let myself have the nourishing deep breath and the shallower chest breath and do not have to choose between the two.

care, in four acts

act i

i am in the back seat, watching the passing scenery of 76 west. m and s are up front. they are round rocks, the earth that surrounds me. the ones that remind me how to feel good on this ground, even when i am most often just vapor, along for the ride.

we arrive at our destination, a retirement community near valley forge. we are here to meet Mr. and Mrs. Ikeda and ask them about farming, about staying close to the land even when you have lost it. i am committed to the results of this form, the interview, but the practice of it takes me away from myself.

we sit across from each other, strangers except for a shared history that, for me, is almost always at once distant and inescapable. the Ikedas love god and they tell me about it. i feel nervous and far away, until they start to talk about the farmers in japan— the ones who wrap fruit hanging from trees in paper. "Each one!" Mrs. Ikeda tells me. "Can you imagine?!"

act ii

q is the one who shows me about packaging— the forms in which we take care. she teaches by example all the ways to wrap myself, carry myself through this world. she tells me my body is a package for my spirit and she makes me feel like a gift.

act iii

h and c watch me admire some slippers in the store. when i am not looking, they buy me a pair, the red ones, and give them to me for my birthday.

when i am not looking again, c calls me with the news that h has been in an accident. at the hospital, people visit, people stay. c leaves only for work, jury duty, and to buy h matching slippers in high-vis yellow. h and i watch tv in her hospital room, our feet now corresponding. i am excited to surprise c with a pair of their own— blue and fuzzy— for christmas. together, we will be all three primary colors with warm feet.

act iv

a tree grows ripe with fruit in paper.

dear h,

Remembering early, how much a rush it was to write to you, with all the expectation + private joy of epistolary. Today, these days, my skin is dry, brain dull, and down there is a hole, no real pleasure. I want to be in the sun with you, three or four round drops of sweat on your nose. Even this is clumsy, stalling. My bed is unpleasant, room still in shock. In all shifting, still, hard to be on time — the weight of dressing, of showing up. Still can't change my mind before it sinks here. The weather is pretty perfect today. Other things, harder to describe. 12/25

I'm in the courtyard giving you space with the nurse — it's clear she wasn't expecting so much company, but is asking many nice questions of you. Curling into the couch to get the right angle with the scissors — your stitches are being pulled out, the last of the outside on your surface. Your left cheek is still sore, light wash of neeoon across the bone. Your pain is being managed, and we are stewards of this. After this, we'll go to walgreens which is open till 11, to get paper towels and your mom a santa hat. Mom is worried there's not enough chicken. I ash in the dasani bottle chan set out, close the cap, a small sauna in there. 12/25

Sat up in recliner 10am - 2:38pm

9 Mon Tim brought ramen and checked out powerback  
Waked 80ft w Walker, watched by Enly  
but didn't need any help!

Met Connie w/ Juliana + Carca + Patrick  
Jer + Andra - Left Hand - Right Hand

Washed hands @ sink! + brush teeth!

10 → REHAB DAY! POWERBACK - IT IN GYM  
Tue w/ ANDRA - STOP! CRUTCHES LUCIA  
CONNIE BRINGS BUI'S! RM 520 JENNA  
1 WEEK SINCE ACCIDENT

TOILET PEE!! CONNIE, EILEEN, LILLI, LUCIA  
11 WHEELCHAIR TOUR w/ LUCIA - DR KECKERT  
Wed M, KATUN, JIMIE, ANDRA MOVE TO RM 525 BIGGER  
FIRST SHOWER - BONE BROTH w/ GOREY + ASLINN.

SLEEP WAS GOOD! CONNIE NEXT TO ME :)

POWERBACK ORIENTATION VANS BACK  
12 HARD/SAD DAY M - MAKES CHK. ADOBO - BOVINE  
THU PT OT DAY JJ - BRINGS KOMBUCHA - PLANNING  
H + C WATCH BIG HANG w/ ANDRA - TV TIME  
TUBES BEAT CRUTCHES LMMWK. CHAIR PUSHES  
A WALK PLUSIDE LAST MOON →

13 Fri SEE ACCIDENT PHOTOS 1st TIME. HEATHER TARYN  
LOTS OF STAIRS, BATH IN/OUT.  
OTHERS. BIG NIGHT OUT! WHEELCHAIR  
TO FAX + HOUND @ 8:30PM - w/ CECIL TO WATER  
-IBELS. LOL. RAINY! Jaimie + Q. I WAY 2WAY (ROXY)  
ROXY BACK? THERAPY w/ ELAINE - MARY WHEELCHAIR + JAME  
DITA OXY? MEETING w/ POMELOAN ROXY SCHEDULED

TRANS CONNIE @ WORK SAFER/MORE WALK

14 TENDON PTM/PLAY  
Sat PATRICK ROXY

WALKER W/ BOB LANCET JEREMIAH  
CONNIE @ GPT FROM MANDA

THIS MORNING IS HAPP. TOO MUCH PAIN  
15 THE BIG WHY'S, HOPLESS, UNWAVE, A-B WRODN  
WEIGHING PEOPLE POINT @ ME. LOIT, LONEY  
SUN NOT WHAT WAS, WILL NEVER BE THE SAME.  
FEELS IMPOSSIBLE, MAD AT HOW IT CHANGES  
EVERYTHING. PEOPLE, MY INTERACTION w/ THE  
WORLD. CAN'T DO THIS, WON'T DO THIS. VOID.  
TO DAY IS HARDER TO BE ALIVE. NON WAR  
ROXY SLEEPOVER DIM SUM

PEARLWARE MTO  
ANDRA - TIME FEELS SO GOOD TO TALK ABOUT ME FEELING SOO.

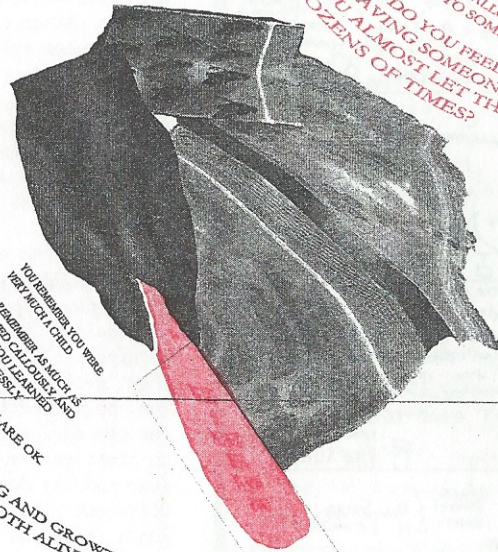
WALKER } CENTER TIME  
CARLA } THAI FOOD SANATDEE (DINNER)  
PAPAYA SALAD DEWUAY, NOODLES  
GREEN CURRY TOM KHA SOI

knit blanket. down your length. We passed ferguson driving west on washington, and you took a video: this is where it happened, parked right where that station wagon is. Remembering how mom used to do this with her camcorder, out the window. She brought those DVRs over, a holiday thought, with warning to keep in the family. Ok. those are sitting with co-op bags of things saved from the car — fabric ends from carla, water bottles and plastic flatware from a production gig, your library books, tiles freshly cut — in my room, in front of the mirror, next to the monstera cutting andra gifted. I'm describing because i think you can see it. I'm writing because there are other things to discuss in real time — how to get your keys to jump your car, how to get the family to the airport, who will be with you for your PCP appointment, what's your pain level, did you say roxy's swinging thru, what time A + I will go to print, how we get to the spa and are you up for it, and have you heard from the lawyers recently? These logistics are clearer than anything lately, and i have a feeling i wake from intense dreaming each night right when you wake to pee. Miss you, but what part and when is harder to describe. 12/25

ANDRIENNE, CONNIE, & HEIDI

ANDRIENNE, CONNIE, & HEIDI

YOU REMEMBER YOU WERE  
WENT INTO A CHILD  
YOU REMEMBER AS MUCH AS  
YOU LOVED CALORIES AND  
SWEETS, YOU LEARNED  
TO LOVE SELFLESSLY  
YOU REMEMBER YOU ARE OK  
AND SHE IS OK TODAY.  
YOU HAVE FOUND HEALING AND GROWTH  
THE COMFORT IS YOU ARE BOTH ALIVE



HOW DO YOU TALK ABOUT SHAMES  
HOW DO YOU TALK ABOUT  
THE WAYS THAT YOU EVER  
AVICTED UPON YOURSELVES  
HOW DO YOU TALK ABOUT  
THE MOST HARM YOU EVER  
PASTILY ALLOWED  
HAPPEN TO SOMEONE?  
HOW DO YOU FEEL ANY COMFORT  
IN SAYING SOMEONE WHEN  
YOU ALMOST LET THEM DIE  
DOZENS OF TIMES?

POEM ABOUT BK RIDING HOME  
ON METROLINK WHILE I AM (STILL)  
IN COLTON, STOP BY STOP SHI GOES,  
WE HEAR HIR 车 FROM THE MOTEL,  
WE HEAR HIR TRAIN HOOTE FROM  
OUR KITCHIN, HOW KIN THAT BE,  
HI IS THERE AN THEN THERE AN THEN  
THERE, & I AM HERE AN THEN HERE  
AN THEN HERE, AN WHILE WI ARE APRT  
STILL ALL THIS IS GOING ON, ON EN ON  
FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS AN HUNDREDS  
YEARS, THROUGH OSHINS OF GEOLOGICK  
TIME ETERNAL AN THROUGH GLANCE FLECKS  
AN FINGER SWIPES EVEN LESS THAN UH  
SECOND

Don' t call me  
I' ll call you  
And if you want to talk to me, I' ll call you  
No good nor bad — only evil!\*

TINKEL BINKEL CORP.  
MANIFESTO  
一。 PRAY WE NEVER ARRIVE  
二。 DON' T EXPLAIN YOURSELF  
三。 FOMO IS JUST A FEELING  
四。 NO IS NOT NEGATIVE  
五。 FALL OUT OF TOUCH  
六。 NOT RESPONDING IS AN ACT OF LOVE  
七。 DON' T SAY SORRY SAY HELLO  
八。 NO RUSHING. NO EXCEPTIONS  
九。 TURN AROUND  
十。 SECRETS ARE FOOD

FEELING A LITTLE PRODUCTIVE?  
ASK YOURSELF  
WOW YOU ARE SO CONFUSED?  
NOW YOU HAVE SOME ME TIME

THIS IS NOT A DRILL.  
IT IS BAD FOR YOU.  
DECREASE CONTENT ONLINE.  
EXPERIENCE LESS.  
BE QUIET.  
WE CAN EVEN BE QUIET TOGETHER.  
WE HAVE TOO MANY EXPERIENCES TO KEEP TRACK OF,  
OUR MEMORIES ARE AT MAX CAPACITY.  
SO MUCH IS LOST EVERY DAY. DO LESS,  
REMEMBER MORE. THIS IS NOT A DRILL.



MANNY FIGUEROA



MANNY FIGUEROA



dear fortune bbs,

i make this cake when i want to impress people. but only people that i love — i only bake for people that i love. (i' m far too lazy otherwise) it' s one of the ways my mom shows her care, one of the things she' s passed on to me.

serve it with ice cream or creme fraiche or greek yogurt or whatever really. it' s not fussy (no icing!) and you bake it in a loaf pan (instead of a cake pan which always feels a lot to me) and it keeps well.

love,  
juliana

nigella lawson' s dense chocolate cake  
(lightly adapted by me)

1 cup softened unsalted butter  
(this is the only part that requires forethought, though if you forget, you can set the butter out near a warm oven for like, two hours)

1<sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub> cups dark brown sugar  
(i usually lessen it to just over a cup, no need to be precise)

2 large eggs, beaten

1 teaspoon vanilla extract

4 oz bittersweet chocolate  
(i' d use the ghiradelli baking bars from fu wah)

1 cup all-purpose flour

1/3 cup cocoa powder  
(if you don' t have cocoa powder, you can substitute flour)

1 teaspoon baking soda

A little over 1 cup of hot coffee (or hot water)

1. Preheat oven to 375F. Line a 9x5 inch loaf pan with parchment paper.
2. Break the chocolate into pieces and melt it. I use a makeshift double boiler, with one small pot of water and another pot to melt the chocolate on top.
3. Mix the butter and sugar till creamy and well-blended. It' s easier with an electric mixer but totally doable by hand, your arms might get a lil tired, ask a friend to take a shift
4. Add eggs and vanilla, mix well.
5. Add melted chocolate. It should be slightly cooled. Don' t overmix. Nigella: "You don' t want a light airy mass."
6. Mix flour and baking soda. Get your coffee or water ready. Add the flour mixture spoon by spoon alternately with the coffee until it' s all added and mixed. It' ll be pretty liquidy.
7. Pour into the loaf pan and bake 30 minutes. Don' t fill the pan to the brim because it might overflow, pour the rest in a lil pan and cook it if you have extra.
8. Lower heat to 325F and bake for 15 minutes.
9. It' ll be a lil moist when it' s done so if you stick a chopstick in there to test it, it won' t come out totally clean.

JULIANA FELICIANO REYES

EVA W ò (they/she): I am a queer, mixed Chinese-American/white artist from New Mexico based in Philly. I use digital photography, collage, design, and moving images to cast spells and generate portals toward liberation. My work intends to be a blessing of affirmation, validation and inspiration for the bodies and spirits of those I work with, represent, and share community with.

AMY HUÏNH (she/they) is a teochew-vietnamese queer kid from the san gabriel valley in california. amy is a virgo with a love for words, plants and carving — all medicinal things

SERENA HOCHAROEN (she/they) is an artist born in the Midwest and currently living in Philadelphia, PA. She likes to sew, draw, and eat fruit.

MANNY FIGUEROA (they/them) is a Queer, Non-Binary, Indo-Caribbean Artist from Philadelphia, PA. As of recent, their work documents the confidence and feelings of individuals through headshot or portrait photography. Through their work, they' ve captured detailed and raw subjects aiming to communicate the potential vibrancy of those persona(s) and the appreciation of them. Additionally, their work has been collaborative and committed to contributing their creativity and skills as a source of affirmation of and gratitude towards those they' ve worked with.

SABINE LIPTEN (they/she): I am a bi racial lesbian who has lived in Philadelphia for the past six years. I am a creator of zines, tattoos and many cooked meals. I am alchemizing.

JULIANA FELICIANO REYES (she/her) is a Filipinx-American writer and journalist who was raised in a family that takes extreme pleasure in eating.

ANDRIENNE PALCHICK (she/her) is an artist and printmaker based in West Philadelphia. She creates work centered around narrative, documentation, ritual, and celebration. She makes multiples.

CONNIE YU (they/them) is a writer and performer interested in educational and curatorial work that resists institutional forms of knowledge-transmission.

HEIDI RATANAVANICH (she/they) is a visual artist and educator. Their work uses a range of media—particularly sculpture, video and public/private gatherings—to give form to inquiries into the politics of place and space. She is specifically interested in the intersection of food sovereignty, ecology and economy.

TINKEL BINKEL CORP. founded in autumn 2019 AD and before we were born, Tinkel Binkel Corp.® is a registered trademark of the present times. At Tinkel Binkel Corp. , we strive to create meaningful content that can liberate fellow beings upon contact, both immediate and long-term. The Corp. works in several mediums of life, including conversation; interview, identity-switch, film, novel, and poem. Using a finely-tuned ten-point Manifesto as a foundation and springboard for relating to one another and the whirled at large, Tinkel Binkel Corp. hopes to proliferate their liberatory rhetoric in as vast and multitudinous spheres as possible. Nothing ever happens, it just is. Thank You.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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45/50

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many thanks