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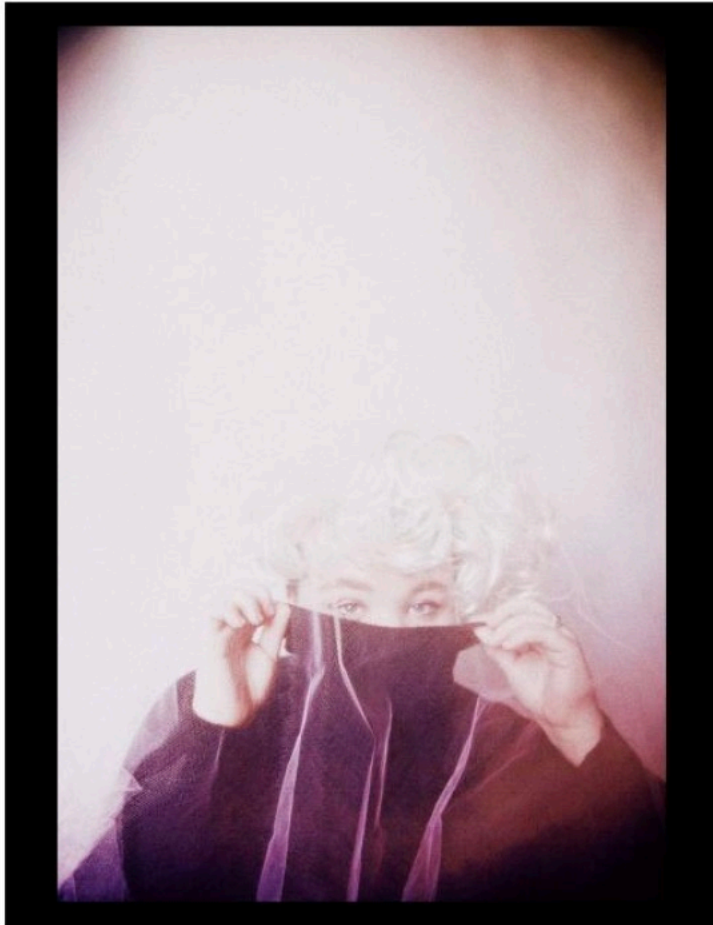
O



Are your memories living things? Do they call to you of family dinners before your brother moved away, when your grandparents were still alive, when getting to feed the fish in the koi pond behind the restaurant was a noteworthy event? Maybe it's a place, one you loved as a child, but you know if you ever return, it will be completely changed? Is it yearning for the feeling of having the whole world open to you, no choices irrevocably made, your whole life in front of you? Is it a smell, one that transports you to last time you saw your childhood best friend? Maybe it's just a moment: a moment you knew wouldn't last as it happened, the kind that you can feel as it resonates with the nostalgia for your future past. Nostalgia follows us every day as we walk through a minefield of our own memories. At its core, nostalgia is what lies at the place where love, longing, and grief intersect. It is painful, but laced with warmth, and allows us to trace our roots. We asked our community for nostalgia, and they delivered. So please enjoy the memories, both familiar, and unknown.

Katie & Nina





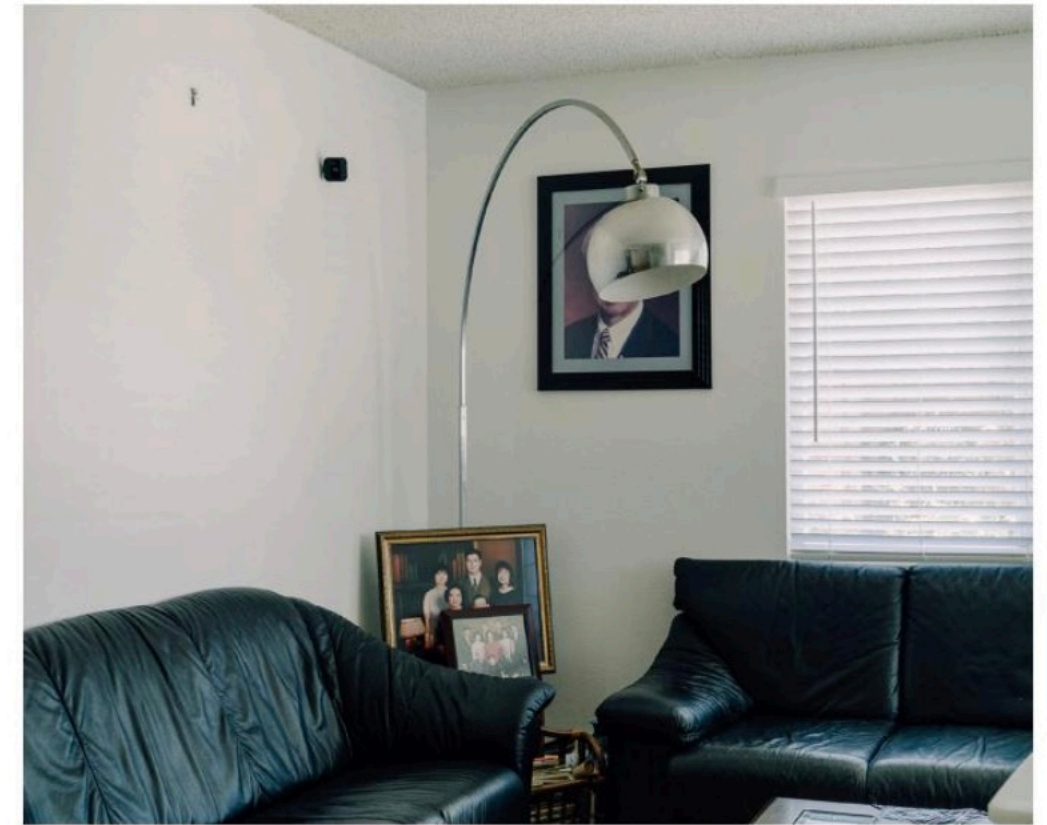
Sometimes I feel like I am Marilyn Monroe. Not the glamorous icon, laughing, singing, dancing woman she appears to be, but the woman who is trapped by expectations designed by and for the male gaze. Women are taught and told to be objects of beauty by the media, and the rest of the population watches, participates. The portraits in 'Not Your Marilyn' emulate this feeling of looming pressure. Of being trapped. Of frustration and fear. Of anger and compliance. In this way, Marilyn is much more than a sex symbol, but a symbol for this entrapment: the entrapment that comes with the objectification and belittling of women. By photographing women who are covered in the conventions of the idealized woman figure, of what women should be, an idealization version of themselves like the concept of Marilyn, the monotony of one kind of representation of women is evident. Why should women be reduced to just their sex appeal, their bodies, and how 'Marilyn' they might be. Women don't all fit that box, and we shouldn't have to. In reclaiming this symbol or trope that has been used to reduce women, I challenge the viewer to see the damage of Marilyn in this new gaze.











Chinese communities form a substantial portion of the population of Southern California's San Gabriel Valley. Suburban cities in the valley with large non-white populations, also called ethnoburbs, include Alhambra, Arcadia, Rosemead, San Marino, San Gabriel, South Pasadena, and Temple City and then eastward to Diamond Bar, Hacienda Heights, Rowland Heights, and Walnut. This body of image based work documents a relationship to the SGV. I've spent many childhood summers in the San Gabriel Valley and lived in many of its' various "ethnoburbs" and continue to live and have an ongoing relationship with them. It's a place I carry a sense of cultural pride for and yet I still am somewhat adjacent to it. And even so, it's a place that's played a formative role in my life. It's a place that's continuous and ever changing, yet occupies and holds a memory, an essence, a moment in the present for me. Aspects that I attempt to recreate through the photographic image.













Driving by the house you grew up in

It's small, painted white
with cracks,
an empty car in the driveway,
and a sleeping black cat by the door.

What were you like then?

before me
before Alaina
before John
before spinach every night

What were you like
before oil dripped into the soil
before Walmart
before the railroad tracks cracked
before the ground got this hot

I want to know what you saw through the window

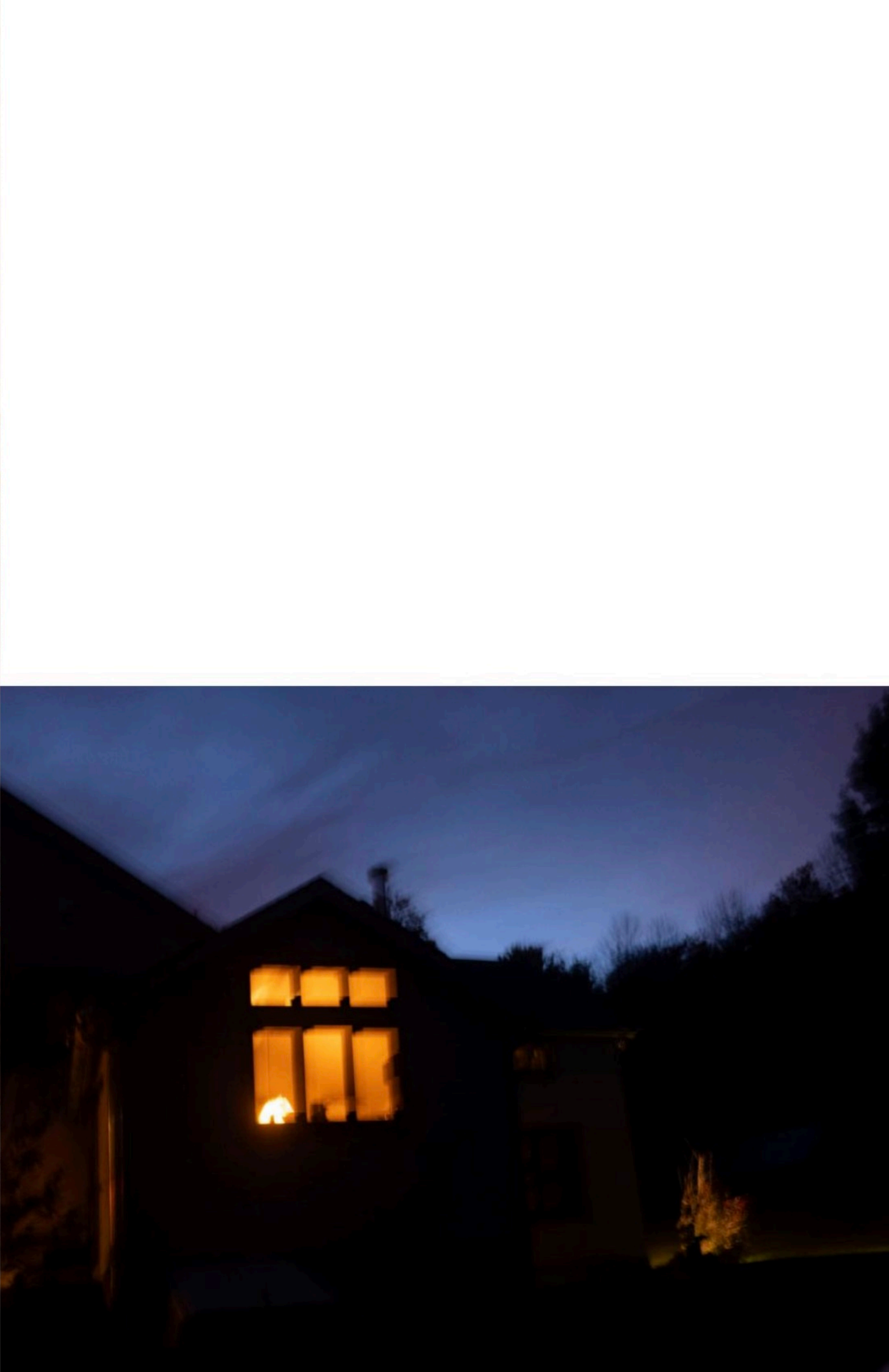
if you saw a bluebonnet
sprayed with hopeful pollen,
or if weeds were covering
your father's daydreams

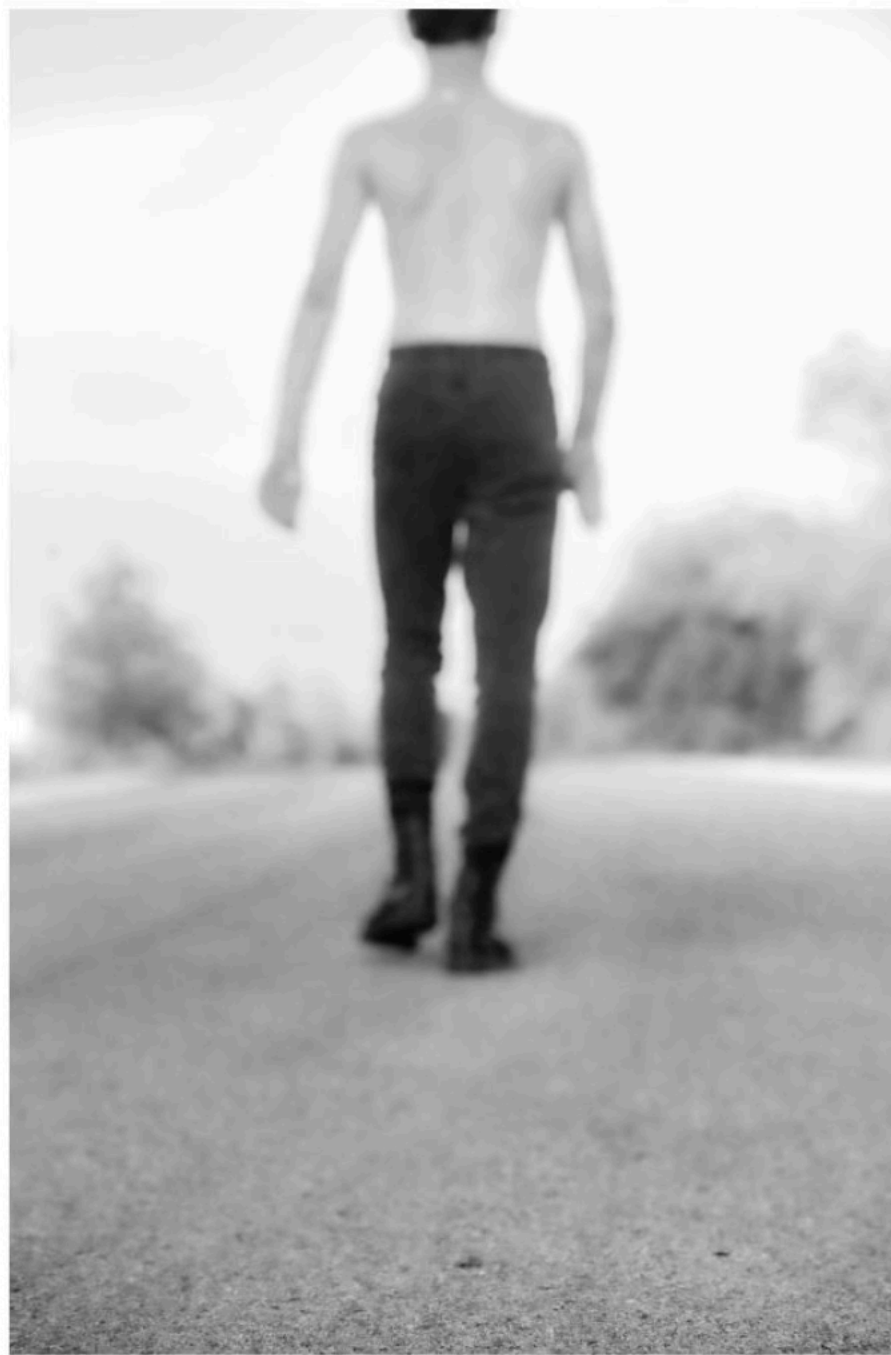
Or if you saw me
telling you my secrets
before I no longer could

I want to know what you saw
before spinach every night
before John
before Alaina
before me

because I want to know who you cared for, before you ever had to care for me.

Alyssa Dickson





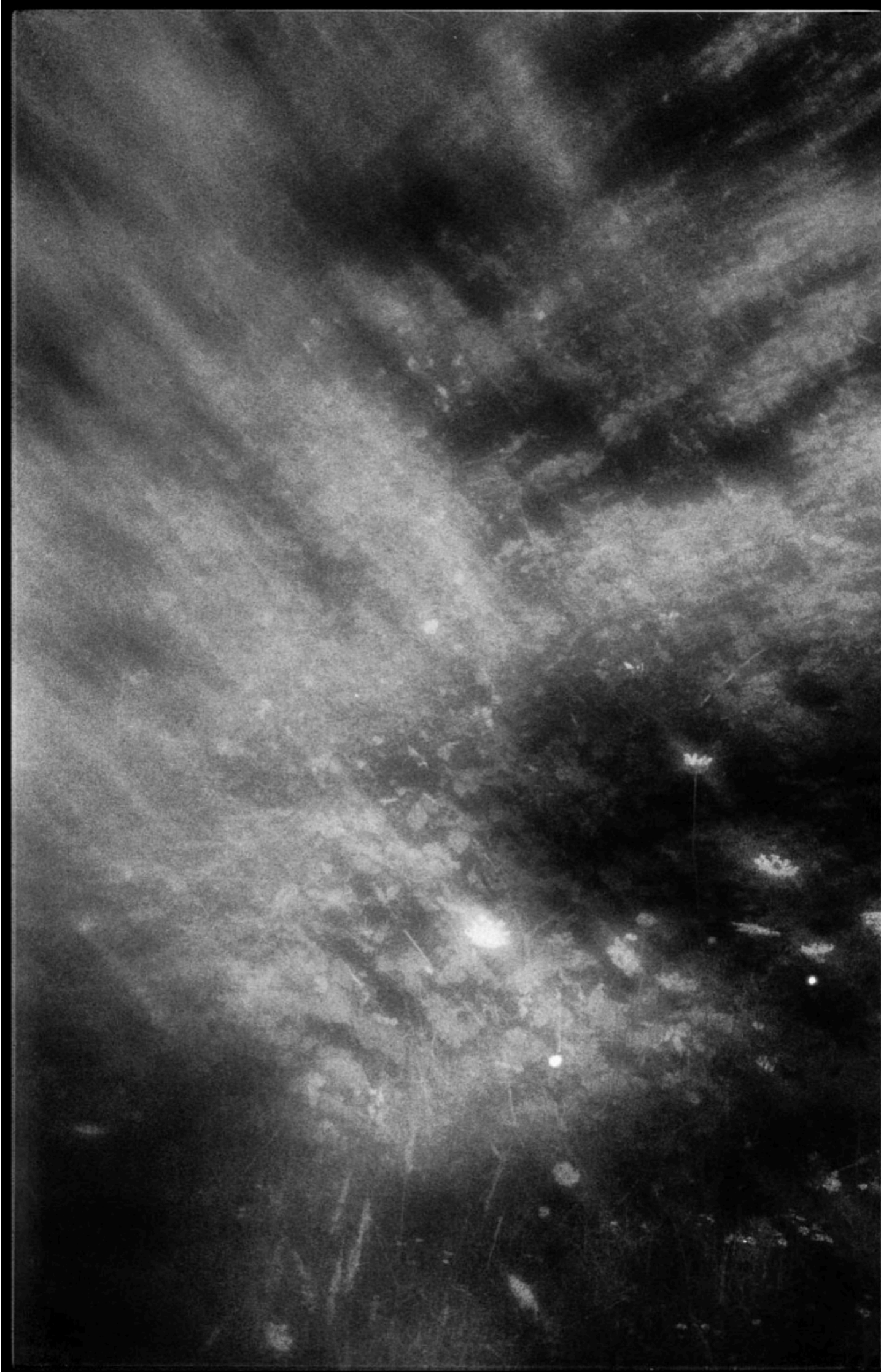


nostalgia

the linguistic origin of the word *nostalgia* comes from two greek words νόστος (nostos) and άλγος (algos). Νόστος means "homecoming" while άλγος means "pain" or "ache." Therefore a rough translation of the word *nostalgia* in the context of Archaic Greece means "pain from being away from home." The word *nostalgia* was coined by Homer in 8th century BCE to describe the suffering of Odysseus and his 10 year journey home.







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