

# Who is Me

Composed and designed by  
Vi Nguyen

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I dedicate this book to  
my mother, who I am  
confident will always have  
my back.

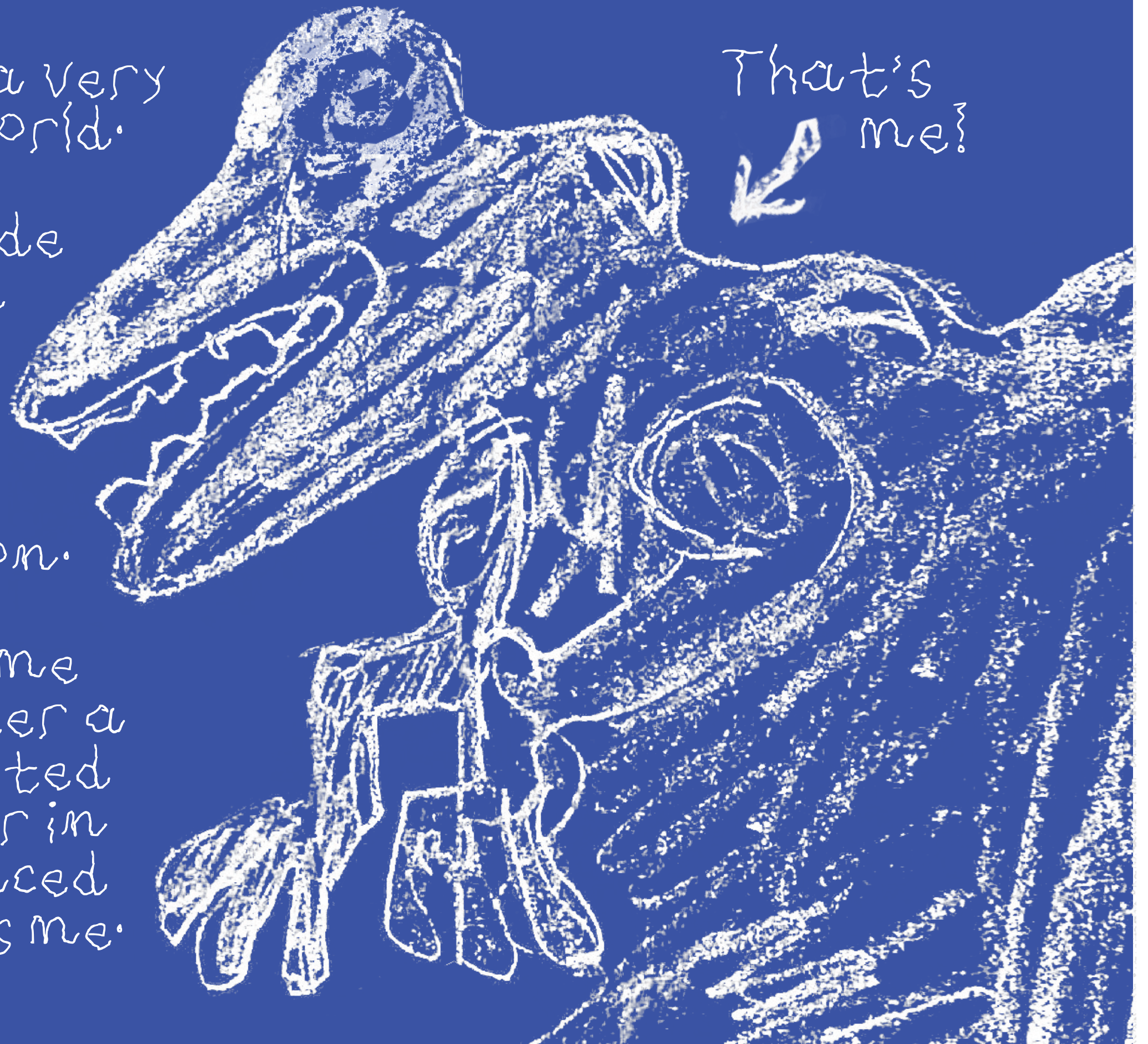


We live in a very  
hostile world.

People are rude  
and the  
cosmos is  
cruel.

I am a  
spiteful person.

How some  
can foster a  
tenderhearted  
demeanor in  
a venom faced  
society escapes me.



That's  
me?

One day, my partner & I stopped by a nearby Dunkin' store. The line was long & the customers were uncaffeinated.

The Dunkin' cashier, doing their best impression of a cobra, hissed & cursed at us in their native tongue, which my partner understood.

This interaction solidifies my unwillingness to depend on others for support.

Why should I ask for help when people can easily be so hostile in return?



I enrolled at MassArt in  
2020 & my 1st semester  
was incredible!

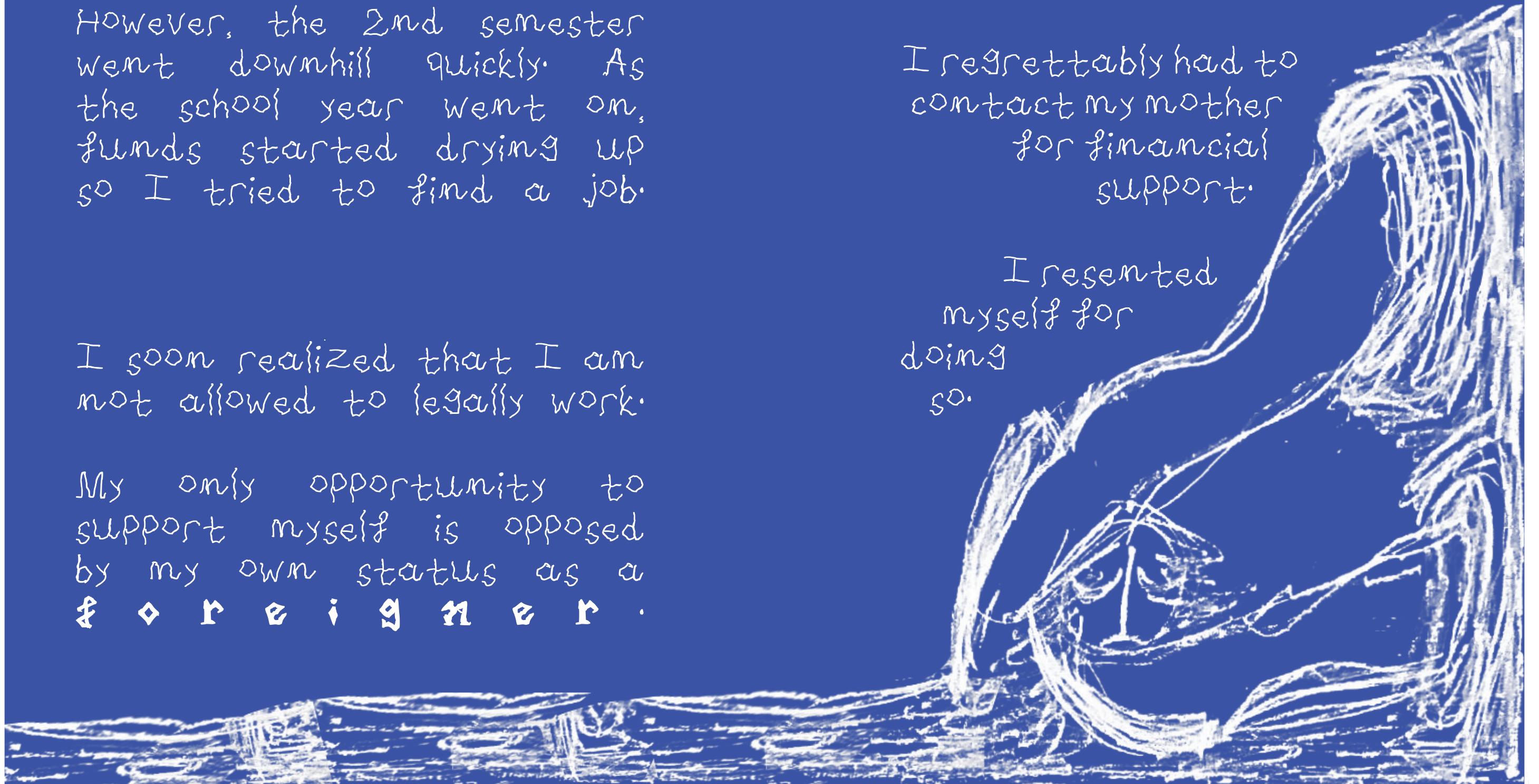
However, the 2nd semester  
went downhill quickly. As  
the school year went on,  
funds started drying up  
so I tried to find a job.


I soon realized that I am  
not allowed to legally work.

My only opportunity to  
support myself is opposed  
by my own status as a  
**f o r e i g n e r .**

I regrettably had to  
contact my mother  
for financial  
support.

I resented  
myself for  
doing  
so.






Unfortunately,  
flipping off America and  
moving back to Vietnam  
isn't an option.

The reason being...

**I AM A  
HOSTAGE  
OF LOVE.**



If  
you  
have  
ever  
seen Ridley  
Scott's 1981  
film Alien, you  
would probably  
shiver at the memory of the  
"Facehugger" scene.

Anyhow, I am the crew member  
Kane and I was "facehugged"  
by the potent love bug, mushy  
feelings run amok in me.



My  
decision  
to be  
in love  
solidifies  
my  
hostage  
status in God's country.

"Shaken and  
Stirred"

A B C D E F G H  
I J K L M N  
O P Q R S T  
U V W X Y Z  
a b c d e  
f g h i j  
k l m n  
o p q r s  
t u v w  
x y z  
0 1 2  
3 4 5  
6 7  
8 9

Hi,  
my  
name  
is Vi

I'm  
21  
years old.  
I go to  
MassArt. I  
like to collect  
candles. I have  
no idea what  
I'm doing most  
days.

"Prickly"

A B C D E F G H  
I J K L M N O  
P Q R S T U V  
W X Y Z  
a b c d e f  
g h i j k l  
m n o p q  
r s t u  
v w x  
y z  
0 1 2  
3 4 5  
6 7  
8 9

This essay is merely a retelling of my experiences in an attempt to find the root cause for my daily frustration. Relinquishing control & accepting fate as it unfolds can and should be a freeing experience.

Woe is me.

