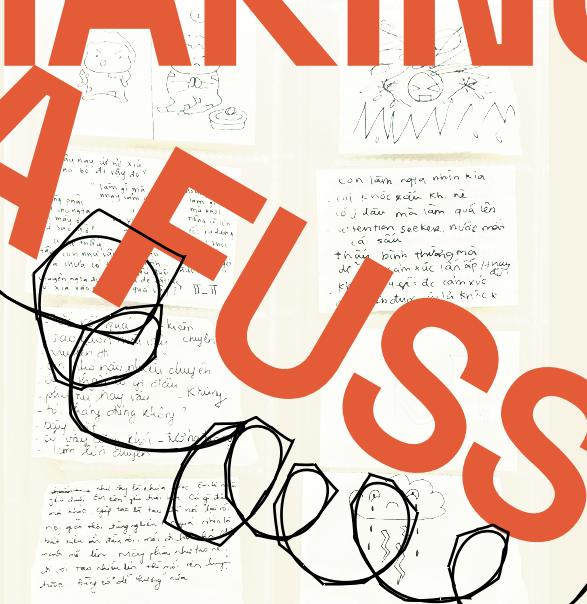
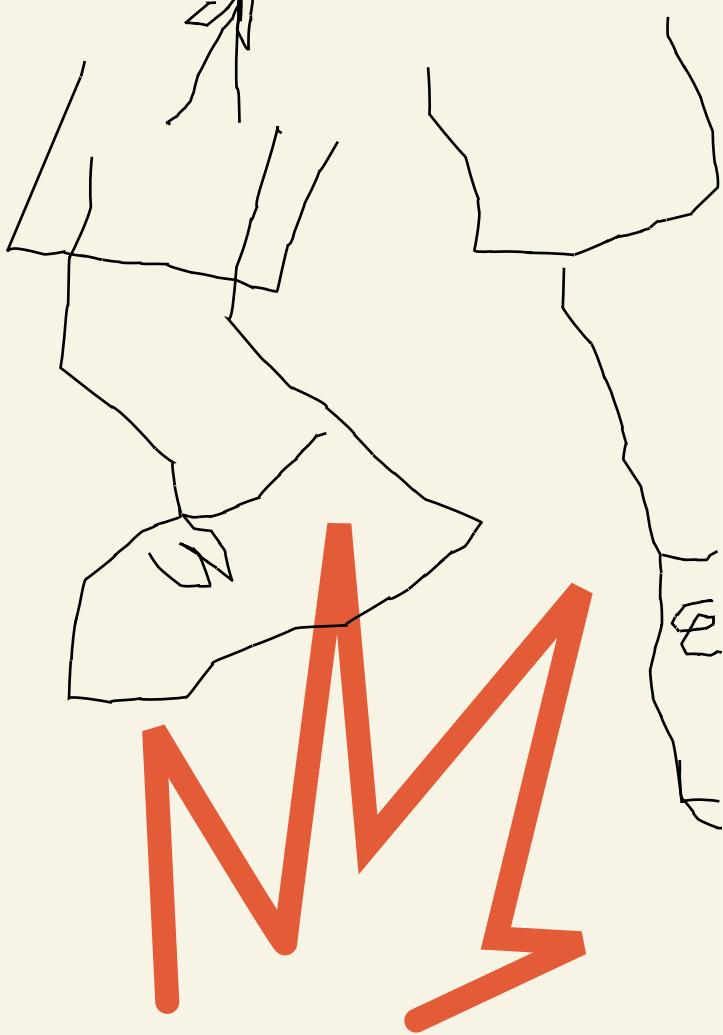


WHAT'S LOVE* GOT TO DO WITH

MAKING A FUSS



OMFGOSH why are you so take / weak / sensitive? CÓ GÌ ĐẤU MÀ KHÔC? / MÌNH A HÔ TỐI? ! You're ~~weak~~ YOUR TEARS TO ANTAGONIZE ME!! BÙNG LO LO CHƠI BAO BỒNG QUÁ BỰC LO LO LÀO MINH CHUA XONG MÀ MÌNH LÀU THÌ GIỜ À! TỘT TỘT G QUÀ LỐL WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? ! XAO? VẤN MÌNH LÀNG BIÊN KÌ HÔ TỐI? ! VUI LÒI ĐI! LÒL

OMFGOSH why are you so take / weak / sensitive? CÓ GÌ ĐẤU MÀ KHÔC? / MÌNH A HÔ TỐI? ! You're ~~weak~~ YOUR TEARS TO ANTAGONIZE ME!! BÙNG LO LO CHƠI BAO BỒNG QUÁ BỰC LO LO LÀO MINH CHUA XONG MÀ MÌNH LÀU THÌ GIỜ À! TỘT TỘT G QUÀ LỐL WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? ! XAO? VẤN MÌNH LÀNG BIÊN KÌ HÔ TỐI? ! VUI LÒI ĐI! LÒL

A WORKBOOK FOR SUPPORT CIRCLES

Kitty: This booklet was born out of what I call a “projecation”. I copied this term after hearing Shotaro talked about it last month.

A projecation is a project + vacation combined. The idea is that fulfilling projects and vacations have a lot in common:

- They are supposed to be shared among trusted companions.
- They enjoy and deal with uncertainties.
- They discover one's authenticity by allowing them to do what they love doing.

Vacations are a form of project and projects should be more like a vacation.

As I started writing about love and intimacy in Project Theory Probe¹, I want to hold space for more voices. To write about love all on your own, from your laptop screens, talking to your own head sounds contradicting and funny. Now has gone the age of a soloist. If disconnection is at the heart of our global sufferings, we need to re-engineer the way we create, including writing and publishing.

The brilliant idea was to gather people whom I like spending time with and propose a common mission:

creating a collective writing on love. We will go through times of fun and uncertainties together while discovering ourselves in the making of this booklet. The theme topic being, “Making A Fuss”.

1 : Project Theory Probe is an open-source journal with the goal to get an insight on what enables collaboration.

WHAT'S LOVE* GOT TO DO WITH

MAKING A FUSS

What's love* got to do with ____?

is a monthly series published on Project Theory Probe,
discovering the many ways that love has been overlooked in
our daily lives, then proposing solutions to our intimacy-
deprived capitalist existence.

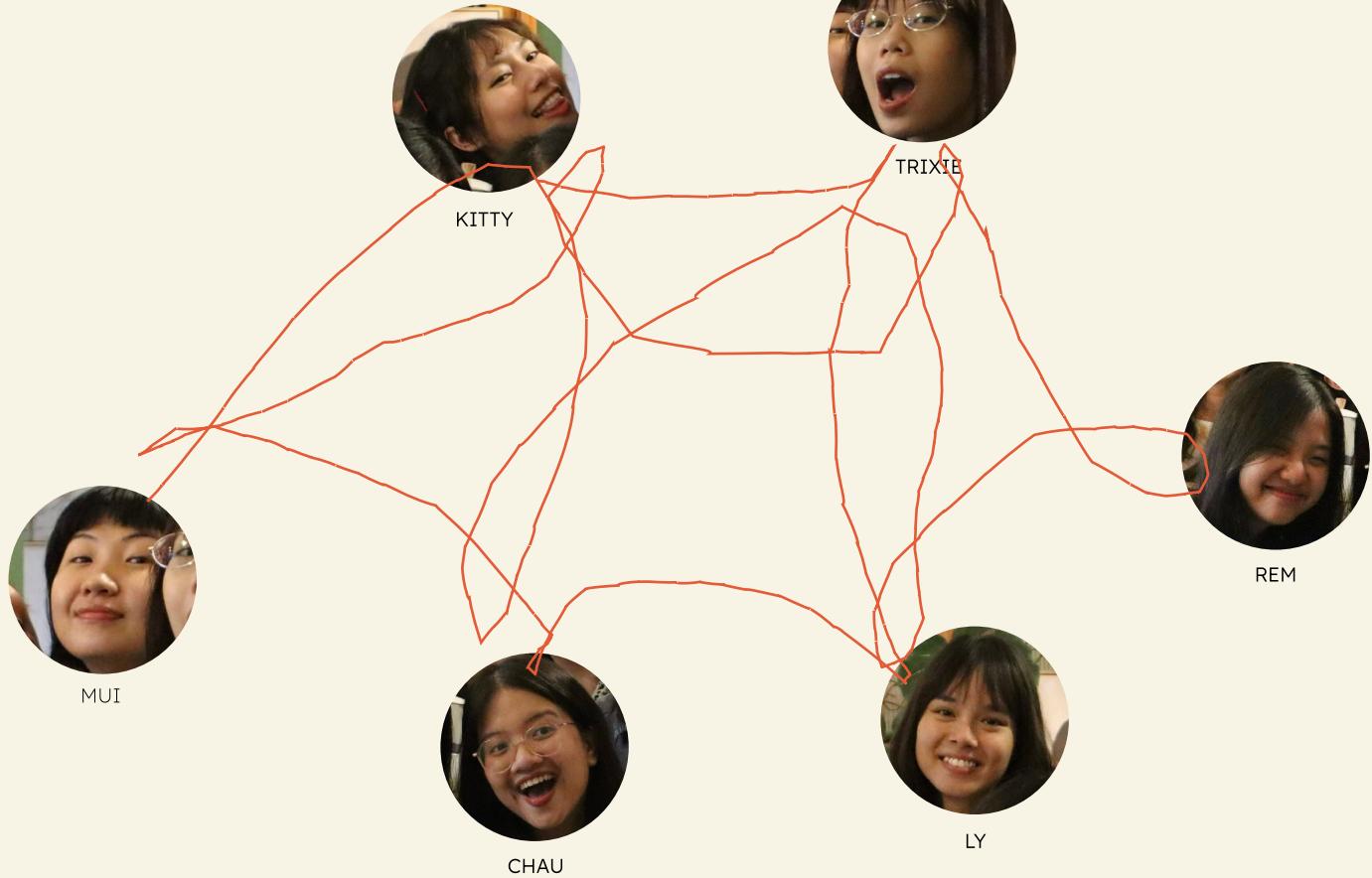
I. DIALOGUE

II. TOOLBOX

III. QUESTIONAIRES

AUTHORS

WOMEN WHO WERE PART OF THE
1ST TỪ TỰ PROJECTION

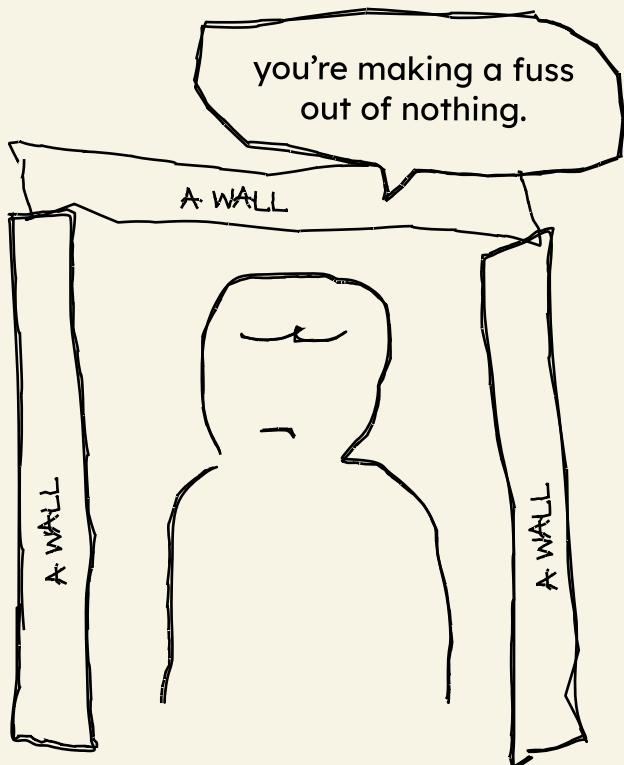


AUTHORS

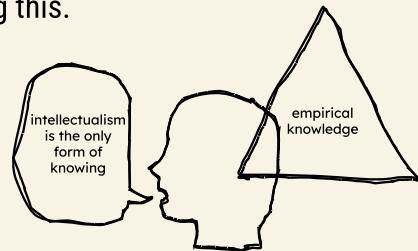
DRAW **YOU** AND THOSE WHO ARE
PART OF **YOUR** SUPPORT CIRCLE

WHAT IS A “FUSS”?

Kitty: A fuss is something you care about but is considered unnecessary by the other person.



When our nervous system is triggered from a place of overstimulation and fears, we can get panic about anything and everything. This booklet is not validating this.



I am trying to point out that many insights and voices have been silenced because we **only** validate some **ways of knowing**, especially ones that are logical, empirical, objective -- and ostracize other ways of knowing that are emotional, intuitive, immaterial.

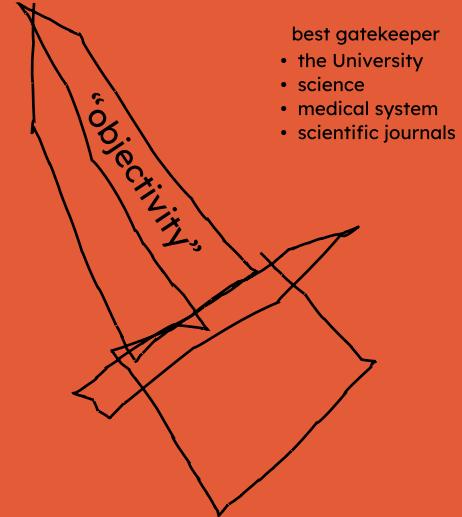
What gets cared for, thus, deserves time to be heard to and taken seriously, are topics that are curated by those who historically have been in power: the rich, white, intellectual, straight, tall, old, male...

Derrick Bell coined the principle **interest convergence**, which points out that the interest of minority groups are only allowed and facilitated when they align with and benefit those of the dominant majority.

Historically, the phrase “stop making a fuss” is used toward women as a technology to put them in line. It is effectively saying, “You are wrong. Stop creating drama on unnecessary things.”

who decides
what is right
and wrong?

who decides
what's (vn)ecessary?



“Empirical evidence”, born out of the desire for objectivity over all other ways of knowing, became the best gatekeeping tool.

personal activity:

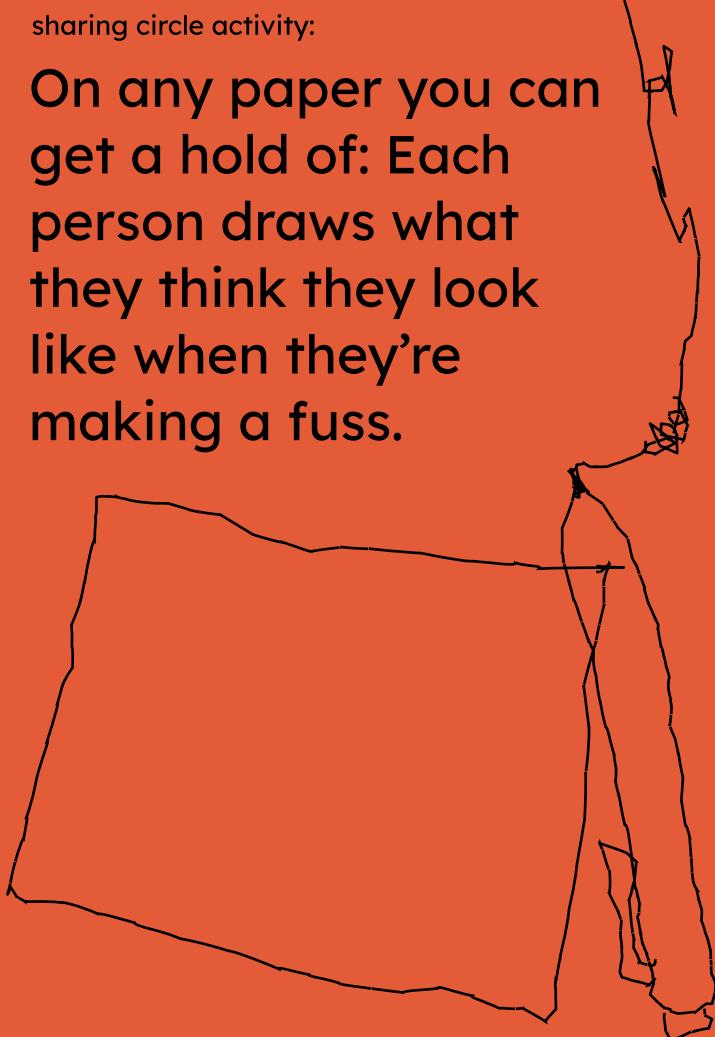
WHAT DO YOU LOOK LIKE WHEN YOU'RE FUSSING?

What do you **imagine yourself** look like?
What do they **feel** like? Draw ↓



sharing circle activity:

On any paper you can get a hold of: Each person draws what they think they look like when they're making a fuss.



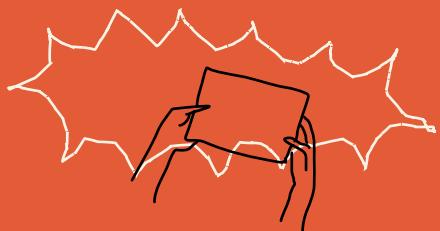
personal activity:

WHAT DO PEOPLE SAY TO STOP YOU FROM MAKING A FUSS? MAKE A LIST.

What are the voices that are now in your head,
telling you to stop fussing? Draw ↓

sharing circle activity:

1/ Burn a candle, put it in the middle of the circle. Then go around the circle, each person reads aloud a sentence from their list. Do this in a rapid, continuous sharing loop.

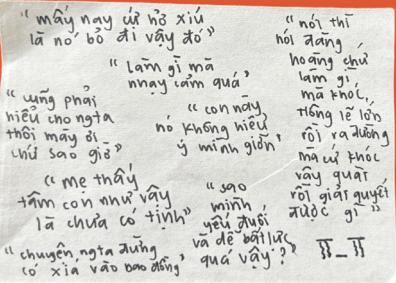


e.g. “You’re being too emotional.”
“Crocodile tears.” “Lighten up!”

- tān phái mīnh mūn; lā dudu
đó
- con/ bé/ em lām mōi thér
theo y/ con
- hở chuit lā khac
- ngta có lām ḡi con dāu mà
Khóc
- m̄g gressue quát s̄o

- con lām ngta nhin kia.
- coi khóc cùi kh. n̄e
- có j dāu n̄a lām quá lén
- attention-seeker, n̄uôc m̄t
cá sâu
- thây binh thuong mà
d̄ē bī con xuc lān ăp / thay
kh. giải quyết dc cảm xíc
minh r̄en động vào lā khoc R.

con chậm qua - lê mè que - you are not and never enough - you are so slow - what can you do with your major - I'm so tired because of you - depression is not real - đúng làm trêu cùi hoá vân đê - it's your fault - you're worthy only if you keep working - you are so stupid / dumb - có xuâ mā cung chiu không duỗi - am I a burden to my family - one person doesn't change anything - phải theo dào - cha n̄hó khâ ḡi video này cho



OMYGOSH why are you so fake / weak /
sensitive? có ḡi dāu mà khóc?! Thiết
Á HÀ TRỜI?! You use cũng your tears
To ANTAGOnize me!! ĐÚNG có Lo
chUYÊN BAO ĐỒNG Quá địx! Lô cho
mīnh chua xong mà muôn uú thê
Giỏi!! ảo TƯỜNG QUỐC LOL who Do
You Think You ARE?! Xao... Vây mà
cũng BUỒN Á HÀ TRỜI?! Vui Lên Đị!
cười đì LOLOLOL

chúi kia như vây lā chiu trước. Em tò ngó
yêu đuối. Em còn yêu đuối lán. Có ḡi dāu
má kholt. Giap tau lā tau lāi nói lāi rồi.
n̄i giòn thoí đúng nghĩa tíc ḡia. Nhìn lâ
biết kiêu lâi dāu rồi, mới dì lān h̄i. Phải
mang mē lâi. māy phai nhu taos n̄e,
dì vòi tau nhien lān thi mōi r̄en lung
tròc. Đúng có "d̄ē thường" n̄a.

- rắc rõi, quá - kiểm
- sao buồn h̄uân vây chuyén
- vui lên ch
- cm nhñ này, nhieñ chuyén
- iá + khaij cō gi dāu
- phu m̄i hay vây - Khung
- tôi thâng ching khóng?
- b̄ay atat
- cù vây cung khóc - Không khóng
- lām lín chuyen

- Why are you so sensitive?
- You don't get jokes.
- I see that you don't yet have inner peace.
- Your crying is so ugly.
- Attention seeker.
- Crocodile tears.
- It's just in your mind.
- It's nothing.
- Don't use your tears against me.
- You can't change the world.
- One person isn't anything.
- Wow, you get upset over that little thing?
- You won't survive in the real world.

sharing circle activity:

2/ After a few rounds of rapid sharing, take the words out of your body and help each other throw them away.





Ly

My whole life, I never knew was my way of making a fuss.

When I was a student, I struggled so much in classes where students were encouraged to only be the best and following social conditions was a virtue. Then came teachers who were not happy with their job, who were trained to be more interested in controlling rather than allowing.

I was not a "smart" student and I had to fit in in order to not be left out. As a result, a sense of toxic shame, deep discontentment and frustration grew within me larger and larger day by day. Eventually, I became a "bad" student for skipping classes, not following teachers' rules and not "studying" properly. Teachers hated me. Luckily, there were other "rebels" who felt the same as I did, but we could not quite

Trained to be more interested in controlling rather than allowing.



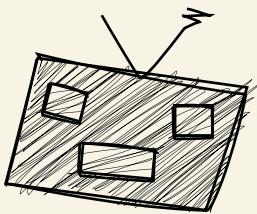
put a finger on the reasons behind our behaviors. Nobody ever bothered to understand why anyway.

I did not recognize it was my way of making a fuss to a system whose intention was not to teach and unite, but to control and divide.

This sense of inner turmoil followed me throughout my college years in Australia and unfortunately, it turned into depression because I believed that something was inherently wrong with me.

The confusion from not understanding why I was struggling so much internally, combined with not being encouraged to make a fuss, or at least to voice my concerns, played a huge role in worsening my depressive symptoms.

We're not machine



With constant suppressions, blame and shame, of course, depression and deep inner turmoil are inevitable.

I came to Australia because I believed in my parents' and society's decision that the only way to live my life in a rightful and acceptable manner was to graduate, get married and be happy -- and for an Asian girl, it's even better if it was done overseas.

In the end, I dropped out of college with a major depression and came back to Vietnam against my mom's plan for me and against all the inner critics in my head saying that I am worthless and a coward for doing what I was choosing.

I then worked for 4 years and a half. Many things were still mysterious to me. There was always an intense and sinking sense of fatigue in me but I did not allow myself to rest because rest was seen as weak and unproductive, in other words, useless. There was an inner sense of suffocation but I never could locate where, why and what exactly. That humming anxiety became an enemy to me. I became an enemy to myself.



A lyric from a song I cannot recall the name of brought clarity to me. It sang, "we are not machine" and I swept, swept, and swept for all the years of numbing, suppressing, holding back, surviving and pretending. I was not living my life, the life inside of me was being drained from me and I felt dead.

My health worsened and I chose to make the biggest fuss ever: quitting my job and never going back to capitalist corporates. I was scared, depressed, lonely in my decision to follow this inner calling of "making bigger fusses" within myself by being an example of saying no to what does not feel right.

"But am I doing the right thing? It feels wrong and worthless not going back to work. Where is the money going to come from? Am I going insane? People are not happy with me. So many people are suffering and here I am, refusing to go to work and not contributing. Why am I doing this though? Something must be wrong with me."

Despite all the societal programming, fortunately, I made my own decision to end this bottomless exhaustion and see where it would lead me. Many times I thought things were endings, but they were just beginning to a new era of daring to create greater fusses, and it's terrifying and exciting at once.



What is ending, is the me that denies the "fussy me". What is ending, is believing making a fuss is bad and wrong. What is ending, is listening to fear.

What is beginning, is choosing love over and over again, especially when it feels the hardest. What is beginning, is making bigger fusses with people who are also starting to speak up.

personal / sharing activity:

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING NO TO?

As a way of protesting, demanding change, making a fuss?



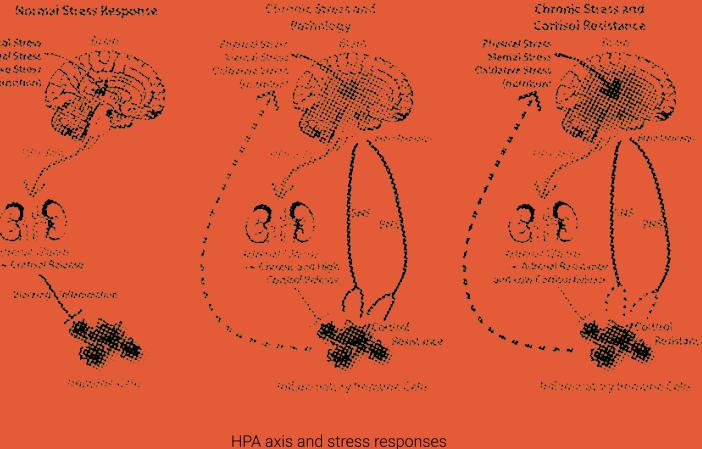
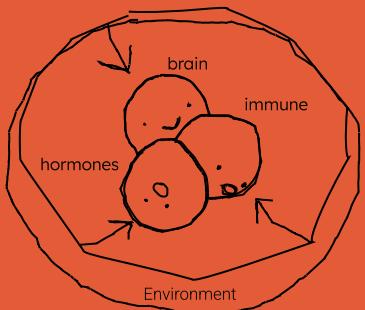
Western medicine has been treating us like compartmentalized dolls and disparate machines since the 18th century. We don't need scientific validation to suggest otherwise, but research over the past 30 years have caught up: now, we can no longer deny that our mind and body work together, unified, not separate entities.

To facilitate our stress response, the brain, immune system, and hormones work together in a super system called the PNI (psycho-neuro-immunoendocrine system).

Signals from the environment are relayed to the PNI system via a bridge, called the HPA Axis.

- H -- Hypothalamus, which is the brains' security office;
- P -- Pituitary Gland, which is the command centre of the hormones;
- A -- Adrenal Glands, which secrete the stress hormones and play a part in homeostasis.

Source: "I didn't want to make a fuss": The stress impact on the body, of suppressing emotional needs and not standing up for ourselves", Emma



HPA axis and stress responses

When we hold back our emotions, beliefs, and needs, and keep our insights to ourselves instead of speaking up, we trigger our stress system. Over time, this can lead to chronic inflammation in our bodies.

Many of us who try to please others in order to fit in, be accepted, and gain recognition often suppress our needs, emotions, beliefs, and values, resulting in a long-term activation of the stress response.

This prolonged stress response can lead to many of the most common illnesses in our society --

such as heart disease, obesity, autoimmune diseases, stroke, cancer, and mental and emotional health issues like depression, anxiety, addictions, and even psychosis.

"Please show me my
community.
bring us
together"
Please



Châu

I love making a fuss. It's a part of having Aquarius stellium in my birth chart.

In a non-astrological language, that means finding yourself looking in the opposite direction of where the wind blows very often. Acting out is my way to call for people's attention to what I find matters. But I wish that doesn't have to come with the cost of being an outcast. Because, how can I face the wind alone, especially when this wind carries so much cruelty and injustice, so much complexity and is shaped by greater, more collective forces other than just mine?

I lost count of the many times I lie on bed before sleep, closing my palms together, placing them on my chest wishing: "Please show me my community. Please bring us together."

When you make a fuss, you make a stance.

And when I make a stance, people tend to think that theirs are threatened. So I've learned to speak with more grace, to read more and take in more perspectives, to meditate and be more compassionate. I thought it would be easier for me to make a fuss that way. "Maybe if I make them feel safe, they'll start listening". But when you get more "zen" and loving, it seems to be even harder. In their minds, a buddha doesn't rage. A buddha's job, for them, seems to be one that has to unceasingly understand. You have to understand why some rich people don't donate for Gaza. You have to

understand why you're requested to rush and walk faster. You have to understand our jokes. You have to understand that we can't understand.



Chau: "*Because a buddha doesn't rage*", people use this sentiment to dismiss my concerns. If I push the matter, they are saying, we cannot listen to you when we feel threatened. But why do I have to do so much to simply point to something that's important? Whereas you don't do anything and force me to understand for you.

Kitty and Chau: Aggression in spirituality is active care.

Trixie: It's so good that you brought it up. I have this fear of being perceived cuz of how I was taken care of when I was a child. Throughout childhood, I had anger issues and rage towards others. So my whole life has been about learning to be considerate.

But a child lacks confidence due to parental rejection: they had never experienced what it's like to be helped feeling better, soothed, cared for...



personal activity:

**WHAT DO YOU
MAKE A FUSS
ABOUT?**

sharing circle activity:

**SHARE YOUR FUSSES
ALOUD, START WITH:
“I CARE ABOUT ___.”**

TOOLBOX



Chau: I also wonder how often I have stopped others from making a fuss. How do I care for others when they make a fuss about me?

My dad recently visited Vietnam. He complained about my lack of presence. It was his way of making a fuss.

Rem: That's super helpful to think deeply about.

Chau: My mom feels confused about how to deal with my emotions. For her, my tears made her think that "maybe I am not a good enough mom." But I understand that in her POV, she has sacrificed a lot for me and now she thinks I'm complaining, so she's like, "are you kidding me?!"

Chau: I learned from Kitty this tip: When I cry, I can actively reassure the other person that my tears are not a threat. That I'm just crying because my emotions are present. It's not a sign of disapproval, blame, or complains.

Ly: And I learned from Chau this. She told me to please be mad at her when I want to, even when I am mad, she will be okay, because she trusts me, and she trusts that my anger makes sense.

Ly (through text): I realized that when I am triggered, I can forget all the love and spiritual practices. Should we come up with a code word or something similar to signal when we are in the triggered state? So that we can communicate to one another in dire times.





Mùi

So hard to admit, but I am a world-class human-pleaser.

I used to live a miserable life, always suppressing my own voice to come across as a lovable and innocent girl. I suppressed all concerns, opinions, observations, cries, disagreements. Adding onto the challenge, I was born such a highly sensitive soul.

During my school life, I witnessed how people with stances and sensitivity were talked about behind their backs and shunned. Thus, I had to stay chill, be "too cool to care", and keep neutral. What made me so scared of being seen and making a fuss? - I had never even wondered about that.

One day out of the blue, I was asked a simple question, "What's your opinion on this?" I saw my mind went blank, I

could not feel what I was feeling. Inside me was a black disconnection.

Sometimes, my feelings went deeply unconscious that everyone else could hear them but me. People knew me more than I knew myself. I made the easiest things so hard to convey.

I was raised to not listen to my body, to not be the one who decided when to eat or sleep, to not do what I want or cause any trouble, my life would be peaceful if I just did the "right" things; otherwise, my grandmother would tell all the relatives and neighbors the "wrongs" things I did. Some people may find this not so terrible and say, "Doesn't every child undergo this?". But those memories trapped me in the

past and I wasted so much time in the rewinding, re-imagining of the past and fixing every little thing of the present.

I covered up my implicit rage and only showed it when I was around my family, who were by my side every day. I cried, threw opinions, frowned, and argued. I said true and even nonsensical things. With them, I could be myself because I knew that they see me more than any singular emotion.

After all, I was still a chronic human-pleaser, I immediately regretted and felt guilty. But silently, there was a satisfied smirk within me: "I WANT TO MAKE A FUSS TO THE WHOLE WORLD".





Trixie

I think all the fear of being perceived I have experienced throughout my life has been related to my parents' inability to handle my reactions/me making a fuss, as a child.

Recently, I read "Adult Children of Immature Parents". Lindsay wrote about the many impacts immature parents could have on a child. A specific chapter that stood out to me was titled, "Lacking Self-Confidence Due to Parental Rejection":

"When parents reject or emotionally neglect their children, these children often grow up to expect the same from other people. They lack confidence that others could be interested in them. Instead of asking for what they want, their low self-confidence makes them shy and conflicted about seeking attention."

My childhood was littered with memories of my aggression being rejected in different ways. For one:

I was crying in front of a mall, and in an attempt to shut me down my dad said, "You cry so ugly." He then turned to the people passing by: "Do you know why she is crying? Who's this ugly crying child? Do you know her?"

Although I can now comfort myself, reassuring her that my crying wasn't wrong, that it was only because my dad didn't know how to hold them, I still have an unwavering sense that I can never rely on others to soothe me.

As far back as I can remember, I have always been a reactive child. Knowing what I know now after much reflection and self-doubt, I understand my reactivity is a byproduct of the buried memories of the emotional/verbal abuse and neglect that I can no longer retrieve.

Logically, I understand that experiencing emotional rejection is not always bad. But I have very few to no memory of safety and being comforted, being accepted by my parents, thus, I struggle so much to soothe and accept myself whenever I experience a big reaction.



I can't recall a memory of my parents handling my big emotions in the way that could soothe me.

"It just may not occur to them to reach out because they simply don't have much experience with other people helping them feel better."

Now I understand that I never deserved to be treated as if I was too much. I know my journey of healing is going to be long, but I no longer feel the reactivity, anger, and aggression from my childhood was a fault of mine. It is generational and ancestral. We all wound each other because we have been wounded.

We dismiss one another because we have never been admitted.

Kitty: Being trusted and soothed is a right, it's not something you need to earn.

Trixie: Un... It was not my fault for feeling what I felt when I was so young...

Kitty: Is it easy for you to feel things now?

Trixie: I see myself as a villain so I can't feel so readily. I felt ostracized for so long, like I didn't deserve acceptance because so I wasn't allowed to feel soothed. To soothe someone is to accept them.

(Added later on)

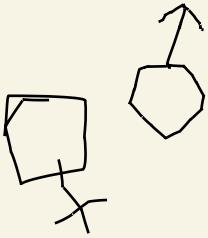
Ly: When your mom sees you cry, that's also when she sees her inner child crying through you, but she was responded with anger, so maybe this is the only way she knows how to respond along with all the suppressed anger, sadness, grief, and loneliness.

IN DEFENSE OF CRYING

THE SIGHT OF CRYING IS
SEEN AS A **THREAT**



How can we normalize it? Why do my tears trigger you so much? Does crying threaten others because they don't want to confront themselves?



Rem

My whole life, I have seen my mom making a fuss. But only us, her children, could see and witness the bursting emotions every time it occurs.

Witnessing my mom's outburst is both a blessing and a curse. All of Mom's emotions are bottled up and she is inhibited from revealing even the slightest dissatisfaction to others. Making a fuss becomes a forbidden commodity, something signifies the meanness and bitterness of a person, which they desperately try to hide. Even to her husband, Mom blames herself for not being soft and patient enough, her manners to be aggressive and her voice lacks love.

I think of the many factors that shape who she is as a woman, a mother, a wife, and an individual living in society. There is so much pressure to be an Asian woman, in Vietnam particularly,



to be perfect and considered a decent woman. Being a housewife and taking care of family means giving up certain opportunities to make money and gain a societal economical position, and vice versa. Having children and starting a family means giving up parts of your independent self or lifestyle, and vice versa. 'You have to be actively good at taking care of household and familial matters, meanwhile being submissive and faithful to your husband. If your husband leaves, it's forever your fault and you should be criticized for not being good enough.'

Those voices loom over mom's mind and influence how she looks at herself and her children. From observation, I

witness certain traits and make predictions of why my mom shies away from making a fuss:

- Her fear of abandonment and lack of security: Mom is scared of her children leaving her one day, so whenever she made a fuss, she would then apologize and feel even more hurt than her children do.
- Self-blaming: Mom blames herself for being incapable of controlling her own emotions.

For a long time, from seeing mom's tendency, I shield myself from making a fuss whatsoever.



In romantic relationships, I saw fussing as a sign of unloving, hence, I wholeheartedly avoided all confrontations.

My mantra was: "OK anh đúng" (OK you are right), which meant there would be no argument, no conflict. Although I'm aware of this tendency, I still struggle to this day to honestly raise my concern or voice a controversial opinion. Noticing a slightest sign of conflict would activate my fight-or-flight system and shut down any loving energy left in my body. It's a response that my body is conditioned in order to cope with the sudden mood swings and uncertainty I faced in childhood.

But these days, I have been trying to do what I don't feel comfortable with, exposing myself to different spectrums, and observing my distress responses.

personal / sharing activity:

WHAT IS YOUR “NO TOUCH ZONE”?

What cannot get deeper in your relationship out of fear of not getting accepted?

T

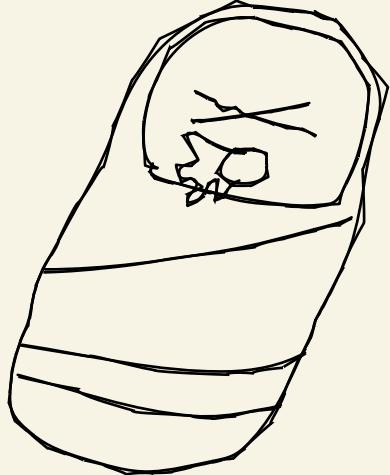
Trixie: I also want to chime in that, when Rem got genuinely curious about the reasons your mom reacted the way she did, I felt appreciative and... ticklish ("nhột") cuz I also experienced anger [like your mom] and shut down others. I agree that when others cry, it's signaling to myself that I need to confront myself, that maybe there's a part of me that has just hurt them. Seeing their tears is like seeing a part of me getting attacked, and feeling that I am a villain. But once my perceived "villainess" is alleviated, is accepted, then I will have the courage to admit that I have hurt others and truly regret and grieve for them.

Trixie: So representing other Aries, I want to sincerely apologize.

Ly: Believe me, if you can read what's in my mind, you're not the most aggressive person.

Trixie: How to differentiate between being triggered versus deserving to voice our fusses?

Someone said: Your emotional stability.
Everyone: *nods*



Kitty

I am so heartbroken by how easy it is for us to dismiss one another.

At birth, I committed a grave sin, which was to be born a sickly baby. This baby was hyper sensitive to all stimuli, from harsh lighting, synthetic smell to powder and inaudible chatters. A baby who vomited every time she ate and cried whenever she was put down from parents' arms was a perpetual emergency that demanded supreme adult care.

My original sin of burdening others turned me eternally in debt. Trying to not be a burden became my primary life goal. And this goal was reinforced by every dismissive interaction that I received.



- This is not a time to talk about this.
- Can you stop making a scene?
- Why are you acting up?
- Don't bother about others when you can't even care for yourself.
- Why are you so weak?
- Are you for real?
- Lighten up!

My childhood was sewn together by patches of dismissiveness. Those sentiments wrapped into a blanket I wore around my head since birth. They stretch into carpets that I tip toed on into the infinity of my adulthood.

I wanted to be light, to be weightless, to be so attentive to others' needs that they would never have to worry about me again.

Since elementary school, I became obsessed with being independent. When I passed out on the floor because someone hit me violently during sports, my immediate response was to get up and keep on playing, unaware that I had my right wrist broken in the fall.

My mantra was: Let's not burden others because everyone already has so much on their shoulders. Resolving things on my own to the point of self-isolation, numbness, endless agreeableness and submissiveness are survival strategies that came out of not knowing what it is like to be heard, to be held.

Kitty: Why do you think it's easier to be dismissive than to care?

Ly: We pretend that it's okay although it's not because if you admit that something is not okay, then you have to work.

Someone said: Fear. Fear of change. If you admit that something is off with the status quo, then things have to change. And uncertainty is scary.

Another said: Also pride. You don't want to admit you have fucked it up.

Kitty: Busyness.

Chau: Business.

Ly: It takes longer to care. And people think we don't have time.

Kitty: It's about answering, *what is my priority?*

Ly: Yes. It's choosing between being present for another person versus finishing tasks to validate that you're not failing at life.

Chau: Whenever we dismiss someone, we are saying, *I would rather fail this moment with this person than seeing myself fail at life.*

Kitty: So it comes back to *who gets to decide what is success*, isn't it? If success is reframed as having a loving, fulfilling, interconnected life, then we would work hard at caring for one another, the earth...

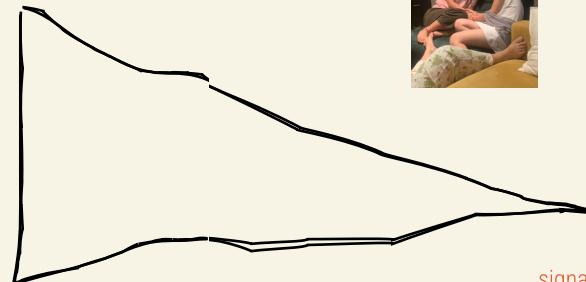




sensitivity
detecting, noticing



love
caring, listening, accepting



voicing
signaling, making a fuss

The dangerous thing is, traits like being perpetually smiley, soft, and agreeable, are seen as the hallmark of the "Divine Femininity" -- a soft independence that attracted many boys to my classroom's windows during recess. I thought their admiration for me was love. A child would drink up any validation, lest it be the only kind.

Believing in that admiration, though, was a suicidal gesture. I was a caged bird that didn't know she was handicapped by her "lovers".

I went through the motion of what I thought was intimacy although I was severely hurt and emotionally disconnected, because my only relationship goal was to make the (wo)man who adored me feel comfortable.

The compassionate friendships I later enjoy in life are what free me. One person, is all we need to liberate our imagination by showing us the possibilities of love. Just one person who ever stood up for you, who encouraged you to take up space, who appreciated your sensitivities, would change everything.

Shotaro explained to me during one of my crying episodes that "responsibility" is the foundation of forming a relationship. To respond is to acknowledge someone's world and beingness. If we refuse to be responsive and dismiss their fusses, then we are effectively saying, *No, I don't want a relationship with you.*

Seeing responsiveness as the mark of love is an antidote to the widespread self-destructive romantic fantasies our world is experiencing. Because we no longer mistake possessiveness with being loved.

TV dramas that glorify controlling jealousy, obsessive crushes, and self-sacrificing "goodness" are toxic. They perpetuate a kind of silencing individualities in the name of "love."

But to love and being loved is liberating. We can only get there by honoring the wisdom of our emotions and insight, no matter how different and burdensome they seem to be.

personal activity:

LIST OUT WHAT THE LOVING VOICES SAY WHICH ENCOURAGE YOU TO BE YOU.



sharing circle activity:

Share in vivid detail moments when you are encouraged to voice your sensitivity.



MENTIONED RESOURCES

Adult Children of Emotionally Immature Parents: How to Heal from Distant, Rejecting, or Self-Involved Parents
by Lindsay C. Gibson

The Drama of the Gifted Child: The Search for the True Self, Revised Edition
by Alice Miller

'I didn't want to make a fuss': The stress impact on the body, of suppressing emotional needs and not standing up for ourselves
by Emma Jaynes

Staying with the Trouble Making Kin in the Chthulucene by Donna J. Haraway

YOUR OWN TOOLBOX

personal / sharing activity:

HOW TO MAKE A FUSS?

Let's brainstorm: How to make a fuss in the way that's not reactive, but from a deep commitment to courage, compassion, and truth?

mail us your
fusses and etc.



wedocare@tutu.house

Chau: This is very healing. Thank you...

Trixie: After projection, I feel *OMG did it really happen* 😱😱 ! The order of events in the past 2 days was so perfect to reach the realization and learning something meaningful about making a fuss. I think my favorite time was the morning yesterday when we wrote reflection and shared, the organic conversation became the content for this booklet. I like it because I gained so much insight and perspective, how fusses got shunned, or how we shun it when we have a glimpse of it in the other person. It's either out of unawareness or the aftermath of being shunned.



Ly: Before, I didn't think making a fuss was deeply connected with loving. Thank you for bringing my voice back to me...

Rem: I feel... challenged. I feel changed... [Long pause] We must prioritize being in relationships that allow you to make a fuss.



End of chapter 1.

Our first (online) meeting.



In-call messages

- Chan Anya 2:11PM
psychology
hoomans
cats
- Hân 2:11PM
sáu róm
- Chan Anya 2:11PM
hola
- Kitty Ngan 2:12PM
nháy nhót karaoke

Send a message

Acknowledgement

Editor **Kitty**

Illustrator **Trixie**

Designer
Trixie
Mui
Kitty

Writer
Ly
Kitty
Chau
Mui
Rem
Trixie

Organizer **Kitty**

Font
Roboto (Condense)
Lexend

Developer **Haruma Kikuchi**

Contributor **Shotaro Yagi**