Sometimes my vision gets cloudy...

(Sometimes my vision gets rainy...)

My nose just had a gross mucous slide or booger?
Growing up people would call my sisters and me mutts.

Sometimes they would posture themselves like they were joking—but their words usually stung with some truth.

My mom and dad are from very different places—and they look very different as well (which is good for not being inbred, but not so good for living in a racist world.) My dad is your all-American lacrosse playing guy from Long Island—my mom is your all-American Dominican immigrant.

They were high school sweethearts when my mom first came to the US she didn't speak any English so she & my dad would write each other notes & go home & use English-Spanish dictionaries to translate them & write a response. They were in LOVE(!) & 10 years later they got married & had my oldest sister (then my other sisters & eventually ME!)
Sometimes in class I want to YELL!!

Nothing seems relevant to me...

When something does...?

Noble Gasses
- Helium
- Neon
- Argon
- Krypton
- Xenon
- Radon

It's just elegant, they never mix!!

Don't think too much!

Stop being a dork...

Yo—How'd she fall asleep like that?

I don't know—She's really lazy.
My parents were always working so when we were little our grandparents took care of us. My grandma used to call us HEINZ™ kids when we were growing up—at first I didn’t think much about it because old people are always saying wacky stuff. Since she was German I assumed it had something to do with that, but I was wrong. “HEINZ™ because just like you & it’s got 57 varieties in it!” Apparently, the HEINZ™ ketchup corporation uses 57 different types of tomatoes to make a sauce that is widely loved by potato eaters everywhere & the 57 on the bottle actually means something—besides, you know, the number of times you actually have to hit the bottle to get any ketchup out of it. 😳

What my grandma didn’t tell us (when we were growing up) is that she was like me & my sisters & HEINZ™ ketchup too. Her parents looked very different & were from very different places & fell in love & had a bunch of kids too!! But unlike me & my sisters & HEINZ™ ketchup she couldn’t display her 57 varieties. When she & her sister would speak the Spanish they learned from their Mexican dad they would get called spics & were picked on—from then on they only spoke the German they learned from their German mom (but English at school!)
10:20 a.m.

Wednesday, April 20

I'm up!!

What should we eat?

Taco bell beans in a burger much

Eat this doesn't go together

Oh how about milk banana and some fried chicken

Not!!!

I'm eating with Katie instead she had normal cravings.

Read at 10:33
Growing up, people would always say I was the future. I never really understood that since I'm here now. They'd say that I was the answer to contemporary issues in the US—but our problems today are still unsolved. People like me have existed from the very beginning of time, there have always been people who fall in love with people who look different from themselves from different places (if there are people like me produced from the lack of love— the conqueror and the conquered forming one body) We've always been around—we aren't some new trend.

Relegating mixed people to the future denies them a present. We aren't the solution to the race problem in America—we are by and large a symptom, a product of it.
Artist Statement

Kimberly Andreassen's work is primarily focused on heterogeneity in a world obsessed with the "pure truth." Since Kimberly Andreassen is the person writing this, I'm going to switch to first person. I can't figure out how to use computers for anything other than wasting time and running statistics, so my preferred medium os pen on paper-- whether it be in the form of comics, illustrated essays, drawings, or doodles. The use of color in my work is something that I also like to experiment, oftentimes I work with a very conservative palette, partially to keep myself from getting distracted, but primarily to maximize the power derived from using color.

I draws on her experiences as a mixed person growing up in the United States, in the North and the South, and my struggles navigating race, language, and culture. As a burgeoning ecologist, Kimberly uses her skills learned in the lab to describe the world in interdisciplinary ways that academia doesn't always permit. My brain has a couple of wires crossed, so it only makes sense to also look at the world in a way that crosses boundaries. I make my work with two primary driving intentions-- 1) to broaden perspectives, 2) to create dialogue between communities that erroneously think that they have nothing to say to each other. I also feel like I need to fill a gap in the lack of multiracial voices that I need(ed) growing up.