

Pages 136–137:
Cindy Mochizuki, *Ruckus*, 2021,
graphite and watercolour on paper,
26.83cm × 23.495 cm.

Ruckus is part of a series of unfinished pages of picture books: an exercise in working through a cosmology of creatures. The word and sound play of “ruckus / ラッカーズ” and “rock cod” is a result of the misinterpretation of the English language as heard through the ears of my eighty-year-old Japanese-speaking mother. Mishearing is an interaction that often occurs between us, resulting in a multitude of new and different meanings for vocabulary—opening up portals to other imagined places. The language of the multi-generational Asian diasporic home sets the groundwork for loud and cacophonous ruckus at all hours of the day.



ruckus

in the evening
clammer of noise
mouths of fishes
eyes open

ラ
ッ
カ
ー
ス

ラ
ッ
カ

ラ
ッ
カ

ラ
ッ
カ
ラ
ッ
カ

ラ
ッ
カ

ラ
ッ
カ

ラ
ッ
カ

ラ
ッ
カ

