

J O P K D Y J T P N
F P X O Y E Y M N J
M Y G O Z P S U N Y
E M T B E E N I N H
D E U P E V D O G J
I O V A F H H J U N
A H L H D T A B Y M
O B L C N R I Z H N
U X M A S E W E L L
H T G F J F L G K R

YOU WERE SAYING?



The views expressed in this chapbook may or may not correspond with the views of others including YOU, the reader, the glancer, the skimmer. Did you hear about what that one person wrote that one time while at that one place and how they got it on that one medium? NOPE, don't care. Seriously, I don't. Not that I don't care for the person or even their work. I just think it's assanine to be expected to know of every person who has done something in the lifespan of human existence. Maybe I'm too self conscious. Fuck it. I AM SELF CONSCIOUS. I feel like the world is expected of you, when someone nonchalantly drops a name of an author, designer, filmmaker, activist, or any other person in history. In the same vein, I find it unsettling to be subjected to whatever is already on the surface. Is it possible I'm embarassed for not knowing. I shouldn't because NOBODY IS BORN KNOWING HOW TO READ. Maybe communication isn't the right avenue for me because I care about my thoughts as well as the rights of the next person. Is everything worth knowing? I believe everyone should make that decision on there own. This may come off as a defense of self-proclaimed ignorance. In fact, it's my offense on nonsense. There's so many things to absorb and be aware of. BEING AWARE. I say that hauntingly because it's probably one of lifes biggest curses and gifts to the psychy. Wake up, shut up. Stop, look and listen to the world around you, collect \$200 and pass go. Design to design, design to blow minds, to show times, during showtime, to freshen and lessen the overly questioned. Create to relate and lessen hate. What gives? He already said lessen? He also said hate. So ? Lessen. Hate. Your point? My point? Wait a second there? I believe we may have lost the reader. Design old and new problems, Design solutions so we may solve them, design me, design them, design the tree, design a trend, design a way for designs to blend, design a rant to there's no end. Design to cheer up a friend or payback the rent she lends. Design to shed light on the dark, may it result in a brightened spark. RHYMING SUCKS but not ICE CREAM trucks. Now you ask, **WHY IS THERE A PHOTO OF THIS DUDES BACK?**

Something to rub in my ex-girlfriends face when i get this degree.

**"I'd like to start off
by thanking our
sponsors, for
financing the parts
for this
frankenstein
monster"**

MF DOOM

**Who made this semester possible My Experiences My Everything My
Earth**

ME ME ME ME ME ME ME

**Dave Levin (KIPP KTC), Ian Tsuji and staff, Sonia Avila, every person i
ever met & Professor Libby Clarke**

MeMe

A meme featuring a woman with long, wavy brown hair and a sad, pouting expression. She is wearing a bright red, long-sleeved cardigan with a white, scalloped collar and a vertical row of black buttons down the front. The word "MeMe" is overlaid in large, bold, white letters with a black outline across the center of her face. The background is a blurred indoor setting with light-colored walls and a purple decorative element.

20ST CENTURY BUMFIRE



SIBLINGS UNITE

RASHEEDAH

ME

RASHEED



PHOTO

PHOTO

PHOTO





**DO YOU, even if it means being le
THERE'S A SANBOX FOR US ALL .**



ft out.

I use to do this thing called, change who you are in order to please the next person. I suck at it. Lets continue being ourselves and being honest about who we are and what we want, that is of course we can identify those things.

BE YOU!



NOT ANOTHER

I can't save it, but i can design a better world. Pay attention to the people and things going on around me. Compile my teachings and continue to learn. Brush, floss, gargle as much as possible. When your mouth is clean, you feel great and oddly enough people are more likely to listen to what you have to say that is if you want them to. Like when I say, **DO THE BEST YOU CAN WITH WHAT YOU GOT AT THAT TIME.** To hell with trends. It doesn't hurt to be aware of them but to blindly follow them is a disservice to the user. Doggonit!! I just refered to my fellow human the way a computer would. Then again a mindless drone would be a user. I'm aware you have a fingerprint which makes you the **SPECIAL INDIVIDUAL** that you are in case your parents didn't remind you enough each time you felt left out. You have a pulse and so do I and that is why I oughta share a little secret with you. Is the close clear? Good. You can **DESIGN YOUR LIFE....**I'll wait for the death of suspense to settle. I try not to disregard even the smallest details and events in my life. I watched a woman beat her child with a rainjacket. Funny thing was, they were indoors and I was outside. I was glued to the TV as a child so I can hold my own in various circles recapping the chronicles of our so-called idiot box which as much as people tend to bash, in turn well....just can't turn it off. Without moderation in anything, we can call it evil. It's much easier to point the clicker rather than admit you can't get enough of The Real World View of Oz or Kitchen Housewives of Springer Lake Shut up and watch the show or go read a book. (Just not this trash you're currently holding)

ER MANTRA

Feel good through design.

Challenge yourself through design.

Explore through design.

Enlighten through design.

Learn through design

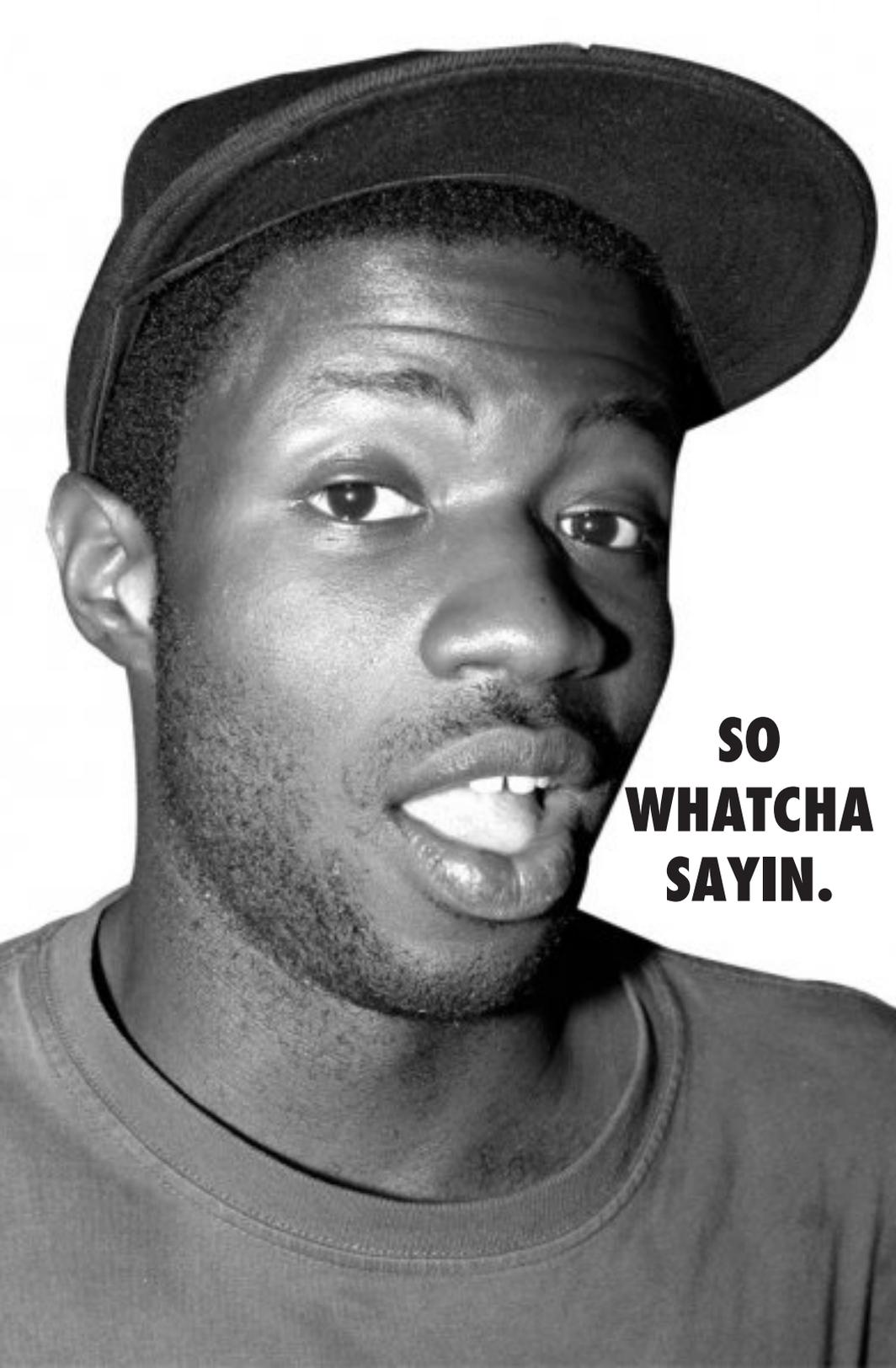
Grow through design.

REPEAT

Or, do something else. **ANYTHING ELSE.** If it makes you feel good, **DO IT.** It's a shame if you're reading this and the first thing that comes to mind is a Shia Le Bouf motivational video. Then again, I just mentioned him. The engine to your vehicle of a mind is a driving force, a passion, a **REASON.** It could be money, recognition, self growth, accomplishment. Shit, even fear can be a driving force. In all fairness to the world, it doesn't matter because as much as you may feel alone in your mind and beliefs, theres a community bigger than your bedroom who in fact shares those thoughts you call your own. **KNOCK KNOCK, *Who's there?*** The glue of humanity known as **COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS.** Speaking of humanity. I learned \$28 can start a business in many third world countries. As soon as I'm flush.....I don't need to make any promises. And that's it right there. A solution from afar through many hands only to get a golden star sticker in form of a slipper which I can't image providing peace of mind while strutting through urban regions. A cesspool of grainy, hard, sharp particulates and high traffic for adversarial footwear. For \$60, one can appease their western guilt instead of visiting Western Union and saving \$20.

My memory goes back to when I was 2 or 3 years old. I remember the woman raising me mentioning she wasn't my mom and she didn't know who or where she was. I remember thinking to myself, "cool, this person has cared for me like a mom, all that other stuff didn't matter." The South Bronx in the late 80s for me was the wet clay to my "mothersculpting" existence. When I was 5, my foster mom asked if I wanted a father. "Sure, why not." I moved to Bedford-Stuyvesant in 1991 with this dude who was to be my foster father. I attended P.S. 3 in the West Village area of Manhattan. He was gay, and I mention this because he was black and it was the '90s. A single gay black foster parent came with it's own carton. At that point in my life, convention was a thing you read about or saw on TV. In 1992 due to job changes, we moved back to the Bronx where I joined the US Chess Club in part of the after school program. Later I learned I had 2 brothers. Turns out I wasn't the only child. I met them and learned that they too had moved from home to group home in back. Before moving in with them, I resided at Blaine Hall in the New York Foundling Hospital. The hall was a group home for children who's families were in crisis. In this case, I had no family other than the two brothers living with their foster parents. My foster father at the time left me at Blaine Hall. He said he would come back. The funny part was believing him. LOL. I lived in Chelsea for about 2 years before moving back to the Bronx and in with my 2 younger brothers and their foster parents. While living under the god fearing homophobic household of southerners in the projects, I attended the KIPP academy where I learned the character developing skills that would keep me sane in the following years. In 1999, I moved into another group home with one of my brothers(the middle one). He taught he me how to ride a bike. After graduating from high school in 2004, I attended Polytechnic University which at the time wasn't NYU POLY. The foster care agency said they would pay for everything. One way of getting out the group home was to live on campus. After 2 years, the agency decided not to pay for school leaving me stuck with the bag. At the time I was working at a bike shop and my bff and I got an apt in Williamsburg. I was 20 paying \$1800 a month. When I was 23, I used uspeoplesearch.com and paid \$20 using only my mothers name and DOB from my birth certificate. I got an address to some project building and just knocked on a door only to be questioned nd welcomed by a living room full of family members including aunts and cousins. My mother was contacted minutes later and the first thing she said was "YOU GOOD?" My response was, "Of course, I'm your son."





**SO
WHATCHA
SAYIN.**