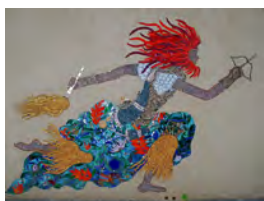




## Lauryn Hill

18 Jan 1995 - 26 Sep 1998



BLACK QUEER LOOKS

## Y todo comenzo bailando....

27 Oct 1998

“Y todo comenzo bailando”...The earliest memories I can recall of my existence are festive. 20 Pound Pots of pernil & pigfeet. Pasteles, Gandulez, Guinea, Pollo Guisado. Habichuelas. 5 different types of beans & 5 different dishes on one plate. Even if only 4 niggas pulled up to the crib, abuela was always cooking for 40. The image of her red lipstick stain on hefty glasses of Budweiser that once contained Goya olives is forever etched in my mind. This was that poor boricua family that stored rice & beans in “I Can’t Believe it’s Not Butter” containers. The kind of family that blasted Jerry Rivera’s & Frankie Ruiz voices over dollar-store speakers. The kind that prized Marc Anthony, Hector LaVoe, El Gran Combo, La India, Tito Rojas. Victor Manuelle. Salsa Legends that put abuela's feet to work. My cousin Nina & her wife Iris who sparked their Ls in the bathroom, waving around floor length box braids, and bomb ass butch-queen aesthetics. “Pero nino, you hoppin on the cyph?. Uncle Negro or “Black” as we called him for his rich dark-skin, stay trying to wife my mom’s friends. 7:11 pm. 7 pounds 8 oz. October 27th. Maybe it was the lucky 7. Maybe it was fated for them to welcome another, intensely-loving Scorpio into their home. Or maybe it was just another blissful evening in the barrio. Where Bottles of Henny would be popped, and cousins & aunts & uncles you didn’t even know you had would reappear. Maybe kids of all last names would gather- the Feliciano's, Ortizes, Colons, Medinas, Greens, Sabaters, Perezs. Maybe they all had the same mom? Maybe my grandmother got around. Or maybe her life was one of domestic abuse, poverty, welfare- a constant plight for survival. Maybe life was so precious that they never took it for granted, and lived everyday like it was their last. We hold Spanish Harlem at the center of our world & at the pith of our beings. If New York is the stage of my universe, then Ponce, Puerto Rico is the dancehall of my soul. My nuyoricana identity is the beacon where my light was first birthed.



## Boricua, Morena

27 Oct 1998 - 31 Dec 2004

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HIP HOP HISTORY

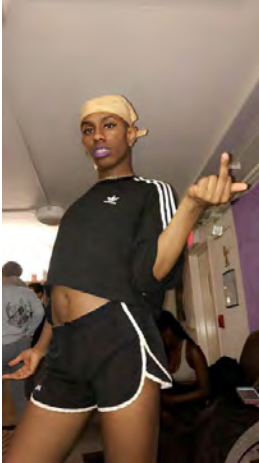
## Big Pun's Reign

28 Oct 1998



Big Pun, a young Puerto-Rican straight-out-of the South-Bronx, releases his debut album "Capital Punishment", which became the first album by a solo Latino rapper to go platinum! The album brought an unapologetically boricua flavor to the gangsta rap scene of the late 90s. and was definitely considered a classic song that my parents always played when it was time for the Puerto-Rican-Day Parade came around.

BLACK QUEER LOOKS



## Hood Queens & Kings

1 Jan 2001 - 31 Dec 2003

The 90s may have died, but the energy was well & alive. Hood Queens reigned supreme, and we were all pawns in their petty schemes. Momma was shaking her derriere in dereons, popping off at every family function in her signature overalls- double the denim, double the trouble. Double the glam, slaying in her harlem bubble. Every boss bitch on our block had a look about her- baby phat, fedora hats. box braids cut to the shoulders blades, shirley temple curls & diamond pearls. Her chains hanged low, her speech moved slow. She was the trendsetting go-getting gangsta type-of-hoe We knew nothing of gender fluidity then. We knew that guys wore v-neck tees,, pelle pelle jeans and we're all about their green , girls would sport tight shorts, bagged niggas on the bball courts, and had to beg for child support. We knew that heteorsexuality was an performance, and it was overt. "Soon as you see them walk up in the club, Im a flirt East Side, in the cut, Harlem Boys be posted up, outside of Johnson, smoking Ls & bonding. Corner of 110th and Lex. Late night flex. Fresh pair of filas, with the addias knee-high. saggy pants & underwears that were only name-brand. one hand on the Gucci belt , the other on the trigger. In those days, you were a Gangsta, cops still called you nigger. A triple O.G , A P-I-M-P, no metro card in your jeans, so you hopped trains in your sleep. Of course, no queen was complete without her king. For just as Remy had Papoose, Lauryn had Wyclef, Jay-z had Bey, my mother Maria had O.G.S. My pops was a rapper- or at least he thought was- short, not good at sports, no facial hair, just peach fuzz. What he lacked in height, he compensated in character. He was a fly guy , he has charming, smooth, easy going & could bag any woman that laid eyes on him. But, as the unfortunate tale goes, he would prove to be selfish, deceitful, and abusive. So much so that my mom dropped him like it was hot, snoop doggy dog style. In '03, I was just learning to speak, crawling to TLC's creep, and yet, unbeknownst to me, my queer spirit was short lived. My black hands were in handcuffs, before I could swallow Gerber Puffs. I was taught not to cry, to keep my wrists straight, to pee all over toilet seats, to hurt and to hate. To harm, to charm, to bite, to fright, to repress, suppress, to get bread day and night. imprisoned to chains of carcinogens- second hand smoke, ash trays in my toy bins. I grew up with a fleeting father figure and flooded lungs. I was asthmatic and of multiple tongues. Harlem mornings were blissful, Bronx nights were wishful, but my preschool days are a still a cloudy daze

HIP HOP HISTORY



## Missy Be Puttin' It Down

1 Jan 2001

Miss E.....So Addictive went platinum this year, putting black queens like Missy Elliot at the top of the charts, globally & domestically. The album was so successful that it granted Missy not one, but two Grammy Awards."Get Ur Freak On" won her Best Rap Solo Performance and Best Female Rap Solo

Performance. Missy herself would go on to become an intergenerational hip hop queen. Everyone in my family grew up listening to her!

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BLACK QUEER LOOKS

## Love, Loss & Renewal

1 Jan 2004 - 10 Dec 2004

In '04, we were learning that hood niggas had a softer side. There was a yearning for an old school type of love, a love that was deeper than some superficial hood fling or a hit-it-and-split it. We were craving that 70s R&B, “some Marvin Gaye & Luther Vandross”, that old school Ginuwine, that girl-you-finer-than-glass-of-wine, that Anita Baker, those “Sweet Love” makers. Jagged edge proposed and we couldn’t oppose. Girl, Let’s Get Married. T-Pain had us sprung. I was 7 then and learning what love was and what it wasn’t. My mother had her fair share of heartbreaks with abusive, “ain’t-shit niggas”. I feel like I dated every every man she did. That’s how personal and intimate her relationships were. She messed around, sure, but for her love was deeper. Her heart was a sensitive skin tag that she bore on her shoulder. She could try to protect it, but would always be scratched out by the men who cheated her in some way or another. Then, my stepfather came into the picture. Luciano Sabater, a 19 year old charming, motivated, & really bright boy from Wilson Projects. He scooped her up right away. How couldn’t he. He was the only man I knew in her life who was good to her, treated her like a princess, and would give her the world. I remember when we lived in my old projects, and her bed was roach infested. Her and Chano. would sleep on a makeshift bed made of cushions and blankets on the floor. Wow. To come home from school and watch them just laugh on the floor bed together meant everything to me. Being poor didn’t matter when you had people you loved. But sometimes you couldn’t protect the ones you loved from racism. When I was 7 years old, I learned what racism that was. I witnessed my older brother get arrested for a crime he did not commit. He was 14 and spent a year in a juvenile detention center on the grounds of “stealing Dominoes pizzas”. I’ll never forget the day they took him. It was violent & cruel & it scarred me. They banged down the door of my grandmother’s apartment. They threw him and his friends against the hard cement project floors. They put him in handcuffs. They took him and they had no right to. But they did. Cause that’s what white men did to poor black boys. They ruined their lives. I remember feeling like there was a huge void in my life. Joseph’s absence was huge for me. Sure he could be abusive and hyper masculine. Sure he could be the world’s biggest dick and called me flamer, homo, “Sasha Fierce”, and all the other queerphobic slurs in the book. But he was the only older black man that I loved deeply. We read Percy Jackson books together, we watched funny movies. I made him the best Peanut Butter sandwiches a boy could make. We had intellectual discussions. We were different but similar in that we were both intelligent. We both imagined lives for ourselves and our families outside of the hood. During his absence, my younger sister was born. I didn’t really like her at first. I wasn’t too hot at the idea of no longer being the youngest and having all the attention. I even remember being mad when my mom told me she was having a girl. “I want a younger brother”, I would exclaim. But once my mother birthed her, and I held her in my hands, I knew she would become my best friend. It was the December of 06 and I had a whole younger sibling who would look up to me.

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HIP HOP HISTORY

## The College Dropout

1 Jan 2004 - 31 Dec 2004



In this year, the rise of a college drop out was prominent. Kanye West's debut album peaked charts in the US and abroad and he sold thousands of copies. Afters of struggling to get signed to a recording label, and producing his own music, he celebrated a successful first album. He even fully recorded a song after getting almost fatally injured in a car accident.



## Ain't Nothing but a G Thang

1 Jan 2005 - 31 Dec 2009



BLACK QUEER LOOKS

## On the Hotline

1 Jan 2007 - 31 Dec 2009

It was fall of '08 and black teenage flings were all the rave. My older sister had a boyfriend named Terell. She adored him. He was her everything. The love that Alicia sang so sweetly about manifested itself in my living room. Susan fulfilled all the stereotypes of classic teen love: she dealt with the cheating, the disloyalty, the lies. I was living myself through her 18 year old eyes, and began to think about love. Correction: obsess over it. I was 10 but I was love with love. Falling in love with the idea of seeing myself with a womanly companion. Someone who would finally embrace and accept my effeminate nature. Some girl who was okay with the nerdy, needy kind of boy. I daydreamed about future wives, frequently listened to R&B music, and even lulled over Disney Channel white-straight-tween romance. Come to think of it, most of my 10 to 12 year old life was consumed by the Disney Channel. I praised characters like Sharpay & Troy Bolton. The High School Musical narrative, while fairly bland & white, excited me. I was fully invested in white culture. I needed to imagine a reality outside my own because I detested it. I rejected the place I came from so fervently because I saw myself as so different from the people I grew up with. I was quiet, nerdy, and really invested in my education. I actually really loved learning things and was made to feel weird for it. The whole "nerd" title followed me for a while. The question now, I guess, is whether I was actually a full-on nerd or were they just never took interest in or regarded education as something as valuable to their lives. I was different then too. My sexuality was a performance of my own fragile masculinity. I had multiple girlfriends but none that I actually cared for or desired. Meaningless "relationships". But do "relationships" exist when you're in grade school? Elementary school taught me a lot about who I wanted to become and gave me a basic foundation. I graduated as the valedictorian- school was serious. One day I was gonna be a Havard major and that was a serious commitment. At the end of day, regardless of how empowering leaving grade school was for me, it could never prepare for me for the whirlwind of hell that middle school would soon become.



## BLACK QUEER LOOKS

### I Am Changing

1 Jan 2010 - 31 Dec 2012

My middle school days saw the worst & the best of me. I was the classic black ashy pre-teen, who was super emotional, wrote annoying poems, complained about girls and never wore deoderant. My friend group was a pretty small group of similarly ashy, but cool and collected mexican and black guys. Those days, the only white men I knew were my teachers or the police officers that arrested members of family. Yet I hated being black. I remember hating my dark skin so much and wishing to be light-skinned like some of my guy friends. The anti-blackness that had run rampant for years in my puerto-rican household finally had it's full effect on me. All those years of always being referred to as "negro" or "moreno". I was constantly reminded that I was black that people always erased my puerto-rican heritage. "You're not hispanic, bro...you don't even speak it". Middle school was a lot of that rejected feeling. I felt like I was living on the margins of my own community, with a completely different mentality from my freinds and family. But at times I turned my inteligence into arrogance. I became snobbish cause I knew I was smart and I needed to prove something. I was 12 years old and didn't even know how to take care of my hair. L-O-L what else did I have to loose. But fortunately for me, I met someone who could help me actualize my dreams of leaving the hood and being exposed to a new environment. Rob Gilson, a loving, warm, kind-hearted white man, afforded me the privilege of applying to the TEAK Fellowship, a wonderful program that helps low-income students from the city gain admission to top high schools and colleges across the country. TEAK was my ticket out on the hood. And lord knows I was ready to hop on the train to a Massachusetts boarding school if it meant leaving the city behind. As if TEAK weren't enough, I personally went through so much in middle school. My father was arrested for something he didn't do, but something he was involved in because the weapon that had been used in said incident was registered under his name. All the time I split between him and mom ended when he was sentenced to more than a few years in jail. An accomplice to murder. My older brother also had been involved, and had been the one accused for being the one who fired the weapon, as they found his DNA. And just like that. POOF. 2 Black men that had meant the world to me, in an instant, became completely unavailable and incapable of ever helping or being there for me because of a petty punishment. My dad may have slacked off in his fatherhood: he may have lied to me, may have fed me false promises, and may have made me feel like crap for being gay, but when he was there, he was there. And he gave. And he did something. And he isn't a malicious person. He would never kill someone. But to my displeasure, his sentence drove the biggest wedge in our relationship. This man that I'd once seen as my daddy was now another black man behind bars. He had sunk to the bottom of the food chain, never to return to the status of a full citizen. I learned that the road less travelled isn't always the easy one. I struggled so hard balancing this new and challenging workload that TEAK required out of me and my personal drama. TEAK pushed me in ways I didn't think I needed to be pushed, and forced me to think about my methods and strategies as a student differently. We had a whole class on time management- I didn't even realize that something like that was important! I became hard on myself and set a really high bar for excellence. I was obsessed with being great. Anything worse than an A, was a D in my head. I needed to be the best at all times. It got exhausting. It was toxic. I hated myself so much and remember feeling so stressed. But my hard work really paid off when I got accepted into Concord Academy, a prestigious Massachusetts boarding school



## Moment 4 Life

1 Jan 2010 - 31 Dec 2013

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BLACK QUEER LOOKS

### My Younger Sister is Born

10 Dec 2010

Enter story info here

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BLACK QUEER LOOKS

### A Seat at the Table: Conquer Concord

1 Jan 2013 - 31 Dec 2015

I fought long and hard for A Seat at the Table in high school. And found myself lost, confused, betrayed, misunderstood, hurt and devalued. I learned so much about myself as soon I stepped a foot outside of NYC. I had the hots for my male head of house, and I was intent on telling someone about it. 2 years into high school, and suddenly, I was a full blown gay man. Everyone had already assumed my sexuality, but didn't actually care when I told them that I had come to terms with it myself. that's how it worked in a white boarding school. All anyone cared about was the latest gossip. Even if tea spilling meant slandering a bi-curious little black boy from the bronx. It didn't mean anything to them. Luckily I met people. I had black, brown, and asian friends to see me through a painfully white experience. I learned quickly that I'd been romanticizing white people and whiteness too much in my pre-Massachusetts days. White people actually sucked, didn't really bathe, and didn't actually care about me because I was black. I would always feel like I was foreign and like I indebted to them because I was poor and black. I grew fed up with it, that I just wanted to be away from my school. And if it meant living with an Italy family for a year and studying abroad, I was ready to take the first flight to Rome. And I did. I spent a painful summer of getting my mom to gain full parental custody over me just so she didn't need two signatures to consent to me spending a year in Italy. The endless time spent in front of Family Court Judges and racist italian consulate was worth it, when I got to eat real Italian pizza in front of the colosseum. I swam in a beautiful Mediterranean and saw things I'd read avidly about in Latin class in real life. Sight wise, Italy stimulated my imagination and the country was beautiful to look at. But culturally, I always felt a huge disconnect. My Italian host mother was domineering and belligerent to me. She insisted on always being in my space, and often made me feel like I wasn't making an active enough effort to partake in her European cultures and customs. I never felt good around her or about her. She cut my hair using scissors for crying out loud. She was a racist white woman and I spent an entire year living in her home. The entire experience of living with Cinzia (Italian mom) in that country & studying with other wealthy ass white kids from US schools took the biggest toll on me. But it made me aware of racial injustice. I will always be read as a black man- at home and abroad. The pillars of the pantheon couldn't protect me from racism. I would always have to contend with how others contended with my blackness, and especially because I was darker-skinned and had kinky hair. I realized that then, abroad, and began to become more confident. If I could survive Italy, I could survive anything. I was ready to come back home and Conquer Concord.

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# I'm Better

1 Jan 2014 - 4 Dec 2017



BLACK QUEER LOOKS

## Non-Binary Queendom

1 Jan 2016 - 4 Dec 2017

It's November 2017 and I'm a non-binary queen. I'm ditching my mom's narrow-minded, traditional views of gender and freeing myself from the chains of heteronormativity. I can be me. Me is very black. Me is genderqueer. Me sometimes feels like a girl. Me is neither boy nor girl. I'm a GAY black being with a deeply effeminate & loving soul. I have nothing but love and admiration for everyone in all of my circles. My friends and family are the center of my universe. Millennials are beautiful people. We love so deeply and we affirm each other everyday. We've seen hip hop transform from a somewhat hated genre into a global industry. We have an appreciation for the past and yet we living our best damn lives in the present. We're more queer, more black, and altogether more understanding of one another's beings. We're staddling two worlds at all times- the digital & the physical. We cultivate our social media presences. We made black twitter. We made the 'gram poppin. We discover poets, artists, and visionaires on tumblr. We make brands for ourselves, and network through various platforms. We've developed a vernacular for our feelings. We have words for things that excite us, and things that upset us. It's either lit, we're with the shits, or we're in our bags. We throw shade & roast niggas out of endearment. When we're thirsty, we want the D, and when we're salty, we spill the tea. I'm learning where to find love and whom to love the most. I'm learning who is of value to me in life, and the people that I should be grateful for. I'm blossoming. I'm shining. I really feel that it is my time for my light to glow and be recognized. I've been fighting all my life to be visible. And now I'm invincible. People see me. They hear me. They watch my Youtube videos. I've amassed a fan base, and I'm still going. Music will forever be everything to me. It pieces together parts of my life that will never make sense, and privileges my identities. It grounds me in the moment and tells me what I'm feeling. SZA's Ctrl gave me my black femme magic. It gave me the emotional release I needed in Summer 17. I was holding back so much venom for queer men who made me feel undesirable. But I learned that I was a supermodel. A dove in the wind. I didn't need to locate my self-worth in undeserving men. I could be comfortable just by myself. Brockhampton validated my existence & my narrative. The message was clear- I'm here & I'm black queer. I've fought to be seen. And I will be heard. I'm femme. I'm queer. I'm a whole bo\$\$ bitch. I'm happy to say that the men in my life don't have fragile masculinities. They treat me like I'm the most fabulous person ever. And they adore me. And I adore them. They got with the program: gay people exist, and they're important. I may complain, I may not love myself as I always should, and I may not know what the future holds for me. But I do know that I'll be successful. Because my light is real. It burns, it glows, it sparks, it ignites, it incites. It will take me places and I can't wait to go. Regardless of where I go, though, I'll always have a soundtrack to ground me. Hip Hop inspires me. It motivates me to keep making art, and make rap of my own. Black music has truly evolved over my lifetime. The music of my time enriches me, moves me, pushes me, makes me question my surroundings and reminds me that while there's suffering in blackness, there's also strength, love, beauty, pettiness, and humor in blackness. Gay black bois like me are being recognized as people that's of value and important to mainstream. Let's keep that momentum going. It's my non-binary queendom, and you're living in it.





Quess Green

LATS 348: Drawing Democracy

Professor Rosario

December 4, 2017

## **BLACK BOI, BO\$\$ BITCH**

### **I. ARTIST STATEMENT:**

In an era of insta-famous art heauxs, all-knowing twitter goddesses, & prized facebook queens, one's social media presence speaks volumes of their story & upbringing. For the non-binary queen Quess Green, this has always been true. Green's personal aesthetic, both the way he adorns his physical body and the way he presents himself online, has an unapologetically black queer flavor. A loud & proud gay afro-*boricua* from NYC, Quess Green is a scholar, poet, blogger, vogue artist, hip-hop dancer & black queer feminist. As a passionate mover of many interests, Green describes his artwork as "a bold & colorful dance between multiple mediums that embraces the uniqueness and dynamism" of his being. Whether it be through his Youtube commentaries on queer-white hookup culture, instagram-baddie flicks, flawless vogue routines, or even his research essays on womanism, Green's work privileges the "black queer femme" & embraces a black queer feminist ideology. The central themes of his work are the power of black gay effeminacy & womanhood, black queer presence in hip hop culture, the Nuyorican identity in popular culture, and black masculinity in hip hop. Green's pursuit of the Africana & Latinx Studies concentrations at Williams College has enabled him to think more critically about how his identity has shaped his experiences. Where is there womanism in the employment of afro-diasporic religiosity in Beyonce's *Lemonade*? Has the culture of low-income inner-city barrio residents become a commodity for white gentrifiers?

How is afro-latinidad represented on tv series like “The Get Down”? These are just a few of the questions Green has been engaging with. His involvement in two prominent dance groups, Sankofa & NBC, has also allowed him to engage with the outward performance and aestheticization of his black queerness. In December 2017, Green performed a vogue solo piece, to a verse of Junky” by the boy band Brockhampton, with the Kofa men. Within Kevin Abstract’s verse, he raps about his experience as a gay rapper. A unique performance like this, that centers black queerness & yet exists within a male-dominated space, perfectly sums up the vision & purpose that drives Green’s art. He works to make this black gay femme more visible & valuable in popular culture.

Green draws inspiration from black queer & trans icons like the instagram trans-queen @ItsBambii, the glamorous, YouTuber Kingsley, the rap artist Kandie, the well-known entertainer and singer Todrick Hall, the black-gay-rap-messiah Frank Ocean himself, the rapper Kevin Abstract & the esteemed choreographer Jonte. The work that these folks do everyday just by existing as unapologetically black & queer in such public spheres has been crucial in helping Green find love for himself and his voice. They have empowered him through their art to enter this conversation on black queerness.

Green showcases his black queerness through “serving looks.” To “serve a look” is a <sup>1</sup>black queer slang for crafting a unique, decadent look or outfit that highlights your features. He serves looks on the daily, strutting Williams in my plush pink bodysuits, crop tops, booty shorts, shiney jewels & a face full of bright makeup. But Green’s “looks”, however are not complete without his movement & words. His dance style, a unique combination of voguing & hip-hop styles, brings the

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<sup>1</sup> “Serving looks” is a black queer slang because it originated in the black queer community

swagger to his looks. His words & creative writing give depth to his looks. He documents personal hardships in the form of memoir-style poems.

For my final project, I wanted to bring all of these aspects of my visual voice by crafting a digital timeline of my life. I essentially divided my life up into 5 phases, each named after the title of a popular hip hop songs. When you look at the timeline front-on, you'll notice 2 different panels: a "LOOK" panel & a "HIP-HOP HISTORY" panel. The LOOK panel consists of an image of a particular makeup or drag "look" that I've done, accompanied by a poem that describes what was going on in my life at the time. The "HIP HOP HISTORY" panel consists of images of famous hip-hop artists & albums that were most popular at that time accompanied by a brief textual description. I thought it would be captivating to look at my life through the lens of hip-hop & R&B music particularly, because these two genres of music have always been central to my upbringing. Music has the power of grounding us in a moment in time, and I know for me, this has always been true. For each 3-year increment of my life starting from when I was born (October 1998), I've crafted a playlist of my lifetime, and I will try to play as much of this mix as I can while I'm presenting the timeline to give the viewer a full experience. I also thought it would be interesting to show my life as a series of images & texts. If you were to print the timeline out, it comes across as one lengthy poem about my life, which is also really cool.

## II. NOTES ON CRAFT:

The more I reflect on the ideal of democracy, the more I feel betrayed by the it. Even as a naive 10 year old, I knew it was never true that everyone had a say in running our country, and that everyone's stories & voices mattered. If that were true, then my mom wouldn't have struggled for years to move my family out of the projects. My world wouldn't have been confined to the 25-block

radius of Spanish Harlem & the Bronx. I wouldn't have to work ten times harder to assure my family's future wealth & success. I wouldn't have had to hide the fact that I was a boy who kisses other boys. Subconsciously, I've always understood that democracy was not designed with people like me in mind. The reality I live in does not align with what one should imagine as a democratic society. For that reason, the ideal of democracy is something that's largely absent from this project. For me, democracy has never been a reality, and in a project that revolves around me and my becoming, I didn't feel the need to center it or contest with it. My lived experience in it of itself is a rejection to democracy.

One of the biggest challenges I faced with this project was narrowing down the songs and images I wanted to choose to represent different stages and parts of my life. It's hard to summarize lived experiences to a series of songs, images and words. Composing the poetry for each 3-years of my life was also difficult. It was really hard, as a 19 year old out queer boi, to get back into the mindset of 10-year-old me, who hadn't even thought of sexuality as fluid. Crafting visceral poems about earlier events in life required me to confront a lot of past trauma. Emotionally, it was taxing at times and I had to step back and take breaks from the work. Working on this piece over the span of a month really helped me to paint a complex, profound & thorough picture of my life. I would wake up some mornings and just come up with new ideas. I learned a lot about myself with this project. Reflecting on the person I was, and the person I've become showed me how far I've come. It's also showed me how far I've yet to go. It personally took a lot of emotional labour to think so deeply about my past self and reconstruct these parts of my past that I'm not really conscious of. Looking at memories through the lens of hip hop songs allowed me to tap into memories & feelings.

The interface I used for this project is called “tiki-toki”, and it is an online timeline-creator, was really useful. While I had to pay a small fee for an account to gain access to all of the necessary features, I found it to be a very helpful, and user-friendly software. The site itself explains to you how to use each of the different tools.