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I never spoke a word until I was five, and when I began to speak, they all thought I was from the States. My sentences were fluent and my words properly pronounced. That day my teachers were astonished, my siblings dumbfounded, and my parents are still convinced it was a miracle and give their relentless praying credit. I don't know why I didn't speak; I didn't think I needed to. I was absorbed in my own world thinking that everyone understood me. I even drew them pictures to show how my day was, what I liked and disliked. I drew them on paper, walls, and furniture. I specifically remember that I drew a picture of a girl tied to a chair and another person across from her trying to force a spoonful of mushy peas into her closed mouth. I still don't like peas, but nevertheless, I was a strange kid. The fact that I spoke perfect English from my first words, never to absorb an accent, labeled me as "different" in a not so good way. I was teased that I wasn't Jamaican by friends, teachers, and older siblings, and I'm still told.



I was eight years old when I left Kingston. I came back home from school one day, and all my belongings were packed. My older siblings told me that we were going to Miami to visit my grandmother and we all left without saying farewell to anyone. I believed it until I was registered into an elementary school. I wasn't to question our conditions and should always appreciate that things could be worse. I tried to figure things out. I knew Kingston was dangerous, and at that age I referred to the city's weekly disputes as the "fireworks with no show," but why did we leave so suddenly? I'm still not sure, and I've never been OK with that fact.



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This yearning for answers and information sparked my interest in the great thinkers such as Kant, Freud, Hobbes, and Marcel. I don't necessarily believe in their answers or acceptance of the "no true answer," but the neverending dialectic conversation intrigues me. I once believed that we could break free from all limits, but then realized that if a limit contains, then everything, even "nothingness," contains. Whether it contains food, time, symbols, organs, it's a limit. If we break free of limits, then we lose ourselves; it's all about the journey.



I want to create work that makes people ask questions, also to create strong interest through posters, postcards, signs—anything to put light on events happening in other countries, how we're a part of that and how it influences everything in our and everyone else's daily life. Not many of my classmates, coworkers or family members knew about Tibet's crisis, Bhutto's death, North Korea's starvation, the controversy behind the 2008 Olympics and the Healthcare crisis here in the United States and Canada. I think this kind of awareness will create a strong sense of unity and motivate movement towards betterment as a nation and world. I want my work to be applied and useful and to have an impact on a large crowd of people and enjoy helping others to articulate ideas and communicating for them.

