



Zaima Ahmed

2317151

Unit 7005



## Photoalbum/Photobook/Artist Book

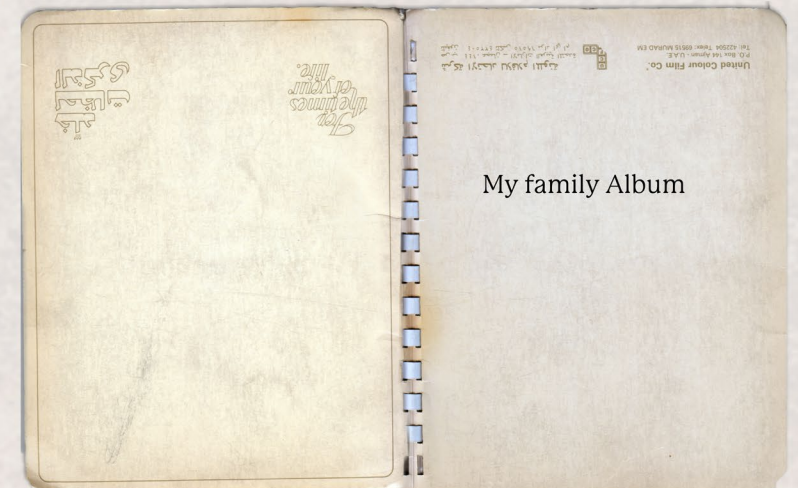
I started this project with the idea of a personal journey in my mind. I moved to UK from my home country with quite conflicted emotions and feelings. Along the way the journey taught me a lot about myself and the experiences made me understand the actual meaning of the word "home". Although home resonates with family, but this idea of belongingness somehow relates to the contentment a person can feel inside his own heart. The photoalbums always evoke feelings of Nostalgia, allow you to explore the power of memories.

The project started with me taking some happy memories from my childhood photo albums but it ended with me translating the deeper meanings behind those memories. The moments never end there, they keep evolving with your personality, heart and soul.


Since the idea of photo albums and photo frames is to record and view the happiest memories, I wanted to create a photo album where I didn't only record happy memories, but the deeper meanings behind those memories, my actual feelings, thoughts and emotions. This photo album doesn't only show me in different ages, it's a personal reflection of my feelings.

It connects me with my family, my own self and makes me recognize how important it is sometimes to recognize and feel contented with whatever conflicted emotions I feel.

It's a collection of memories that can be cherished, and it fosters an intimacy that others can connect with.





A watercolor painting of a cabin in a forest. The cabin is a small, two-story structure with a steep, dark roof and a chimney. It has several windows, some of which are illuminated from within, casting a warm glow. The cabin is situated on a grassy slope, with a stone wall in the foreground. The background is filled with dense, dark green foliage and trees, creating a sense of a secluded, wooded area. The overall style is soft and painterly, with visible brushstrokes and a muted color palette.

Final Project Outcome









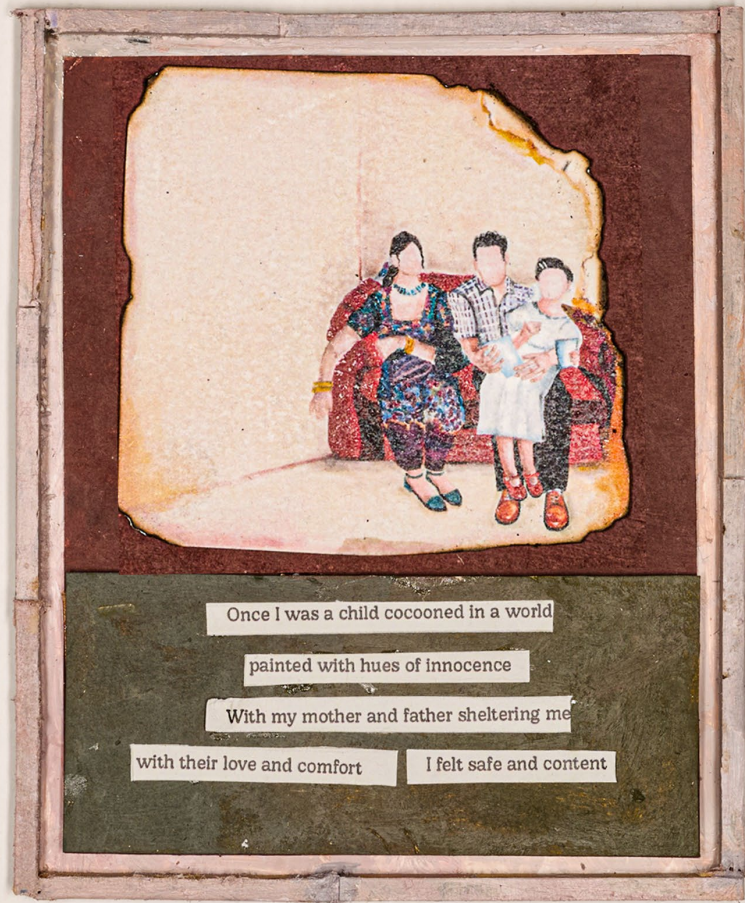
I am a ghost haunting the margins of existence. A lone  
figure drifting in a ceaseless tide





A hundred things fight back across the  
chasm of years





Once I was a child cocooned in a world

painted with hues of innocence

With my mother and father sheltering me

with their love and comfort

I felt safe and content



My home was my sanctuary

It was the only place I could be myself







I turn around every corner





and I can hear everything playing in my mind





My mother was the centre of my universe.

Her heart was a boundless

ocean of love that always held me together with all that she had for my joy.



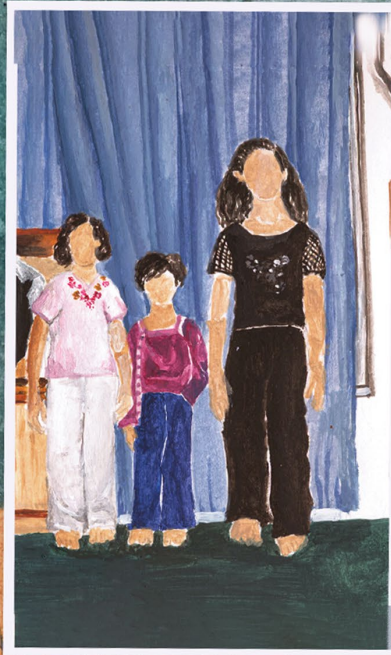
My sorrows were mirrored  
in the depths of her soul  
yet her pain was a  
shadow that was often  
unseen.

I could see how it  
consumed her slowly yet  
she never complained for  
the sake of my happiness.

How can I ever find a love  
so selfless?







We were a constellation  
of souls  
bound together by love,  
laughter and  
happiness.  
There were fights, quarrels  
and  
sometimes frustration but  
this  
bond was so  
special and rare



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Its walls silent witness  
to my triumphs  
and heartbreaks



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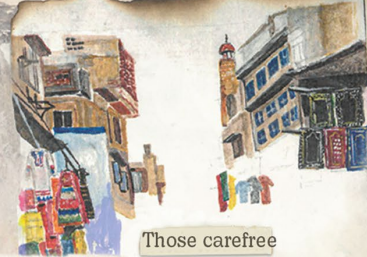




This was a place that nourished my dreams.  
It nurtured me and gave me wings to fly  
and beyond.



Yet this was not the  
house of  
my dreams  
With  
all the love that  
it gave me



Those carefree  
days were  
priceless  
But my heart  
restlessly seeks  
for more

Was it the restless  
pursuit of more  
that shadowed the  
profound sense  
of belonging  
I now hold dear?





Time is an elusive pattern and it slips through our grasp  
In this ceaseless tide, we are all solitary boats carried away





Then began a relentless march through a barren landscape.

A new world, a new life and an impending fear of not belonging anywhere





There was a sense of achievement. I was living my dreams





Yet something inside me was breaking. There was a longing for more





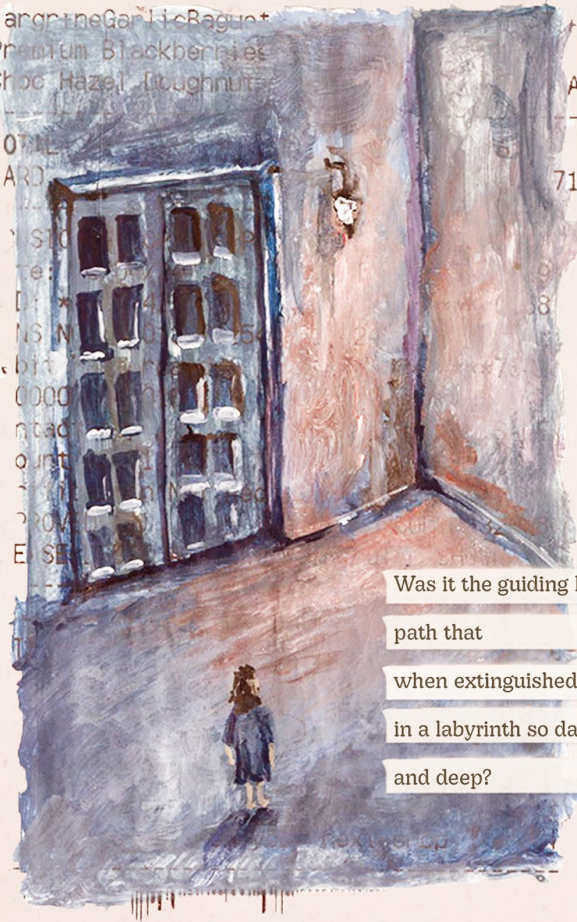
For what was lost and what was once lived and cherished. The absence of that comforting  
embrace left my heart in a chilling void



argentineGarlicBaguet  
Premium Blackberries  
Choc Hazel Doughnut

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Was it the guiding light in my  
path that  
when extinguished left me  
in a labyrinth so dark  
and deep?

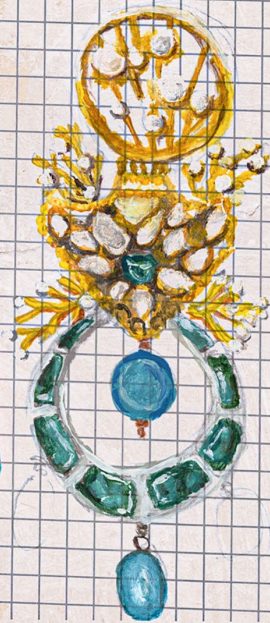




The weight of displacement presses down on me



A constant reminder  
of what was left  
behind







And an unforeseen future that stretches before me





The fear of vulnerability haunts me



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Thank you so much for visiting us today



Card holders coop

I'm a solitary figure in a in a  
crowded room my laughter a  
hollow echo.  
A mask to conceal my inner  
feelings

I FIND MYSELF STANDING  
AMONG THE CROWD YET  
SO ALONE  
I REACH OUT BUT NO ONE  
NOTICES  
I SPEAK BUT NO ONE  
LISTENS







Displacement has fractured my sense of self





I will now be an untold story of disconnected connections with the fragments  
of myself that I once loved and lost in search of belonging



Each new environment is a foreign canvas I attempt to paint a new identity for myself

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For Your  
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We will refund goods purchased if returned  
with a receipt in a saleable condition up  
to 28 days from the date of the receipt.  
Items sold in a Sale Event can be refunded  
if returned with a receipt in a saleable  
condition up to 14 days from  
the date of the receipt.  
(exclusions apply)



But the colors are muted

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Thank You  
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the date of the receipt.  
(exclusions apply)



of Lidl

1.3
1.89
0.89
1.59
0.49



B 20 % 10.49 1.78 0.00 0.30

I'm a nomad of the heart forever searching for a place to call home

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Please Keep This  
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Auth Code 71886  
Ref: 104/160  
Thank You  
For Your  
Business





A place where fragments of my soul





Could perpetuate into one whole





But a fear haunts me,

Does a place like that exists?,





Belonging isn't always about feeling at home  
I can feel right as rain somewhere and still feel like a stranger





I can feel love, deep and soul shaking yet feel a gnawing emptiness  
inside my soul. It's a heart wrenching thing to love someone  
fiercely and know you don't belong with them





Or to adore a place but feel like a ghost

haunting its beauty



We chase comfort, these cozy corners of the

world, trying to quite the storms inside

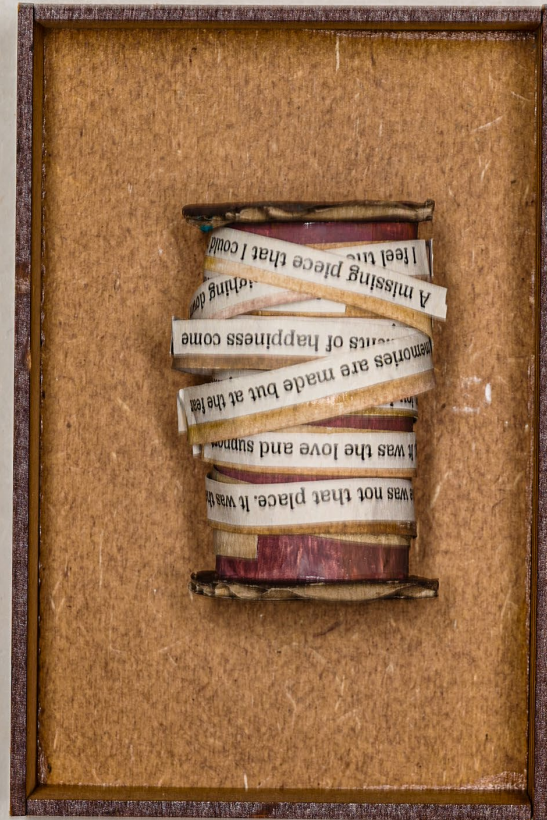
but is that really living? Or just surviving?

Sometimes home is just a word.

A place to rest your head, not your soul







World is just a stage and I am an actor





playing my role, dictated by circumstances





I still remember the  
smell of those lavender.  
The sun hitting my  
The water face. The air  
as cold as ice making hands  
around me. It's the

Somehow or the other I am always reminded of who I was, where I was





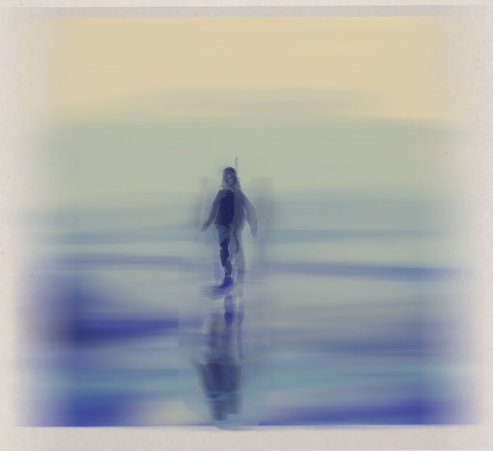
No matter how much I try to walk away, I land back on same memories



The same place and my heart skips a beat

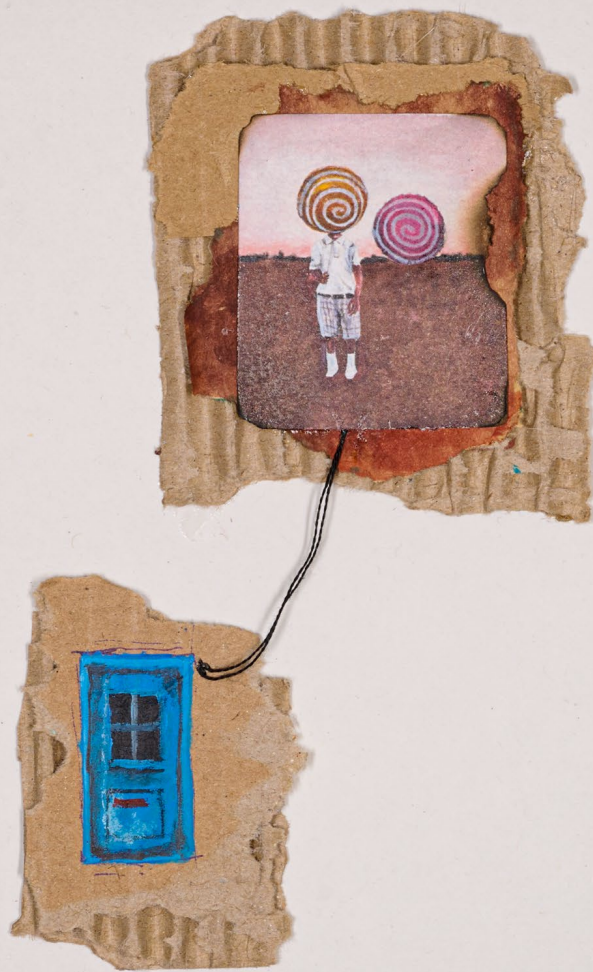






And then I feel like a ghost soul that wanders in this desolate  
landscape, searching for glimmers of hope

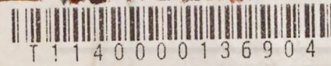




For a connection that will illuminate my path and bring me home



Sue Ryder - Farnham  
16 South Street  
Farnham  
Berks



This constant search for belongingness restlessly moves me from place to another



Sue Ryder - Farnham  
16 South Street  
Farnham  
Berks  
GU9 7RP

Slip: 0000021941000136911

Sue Ryder - Farnham 2194  
16 South Street  
Farnham



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Isolation has become my constant companion





Crowds become a distraction





Noise a refuge from my thoughts





but my heart keeps searching for familiar people





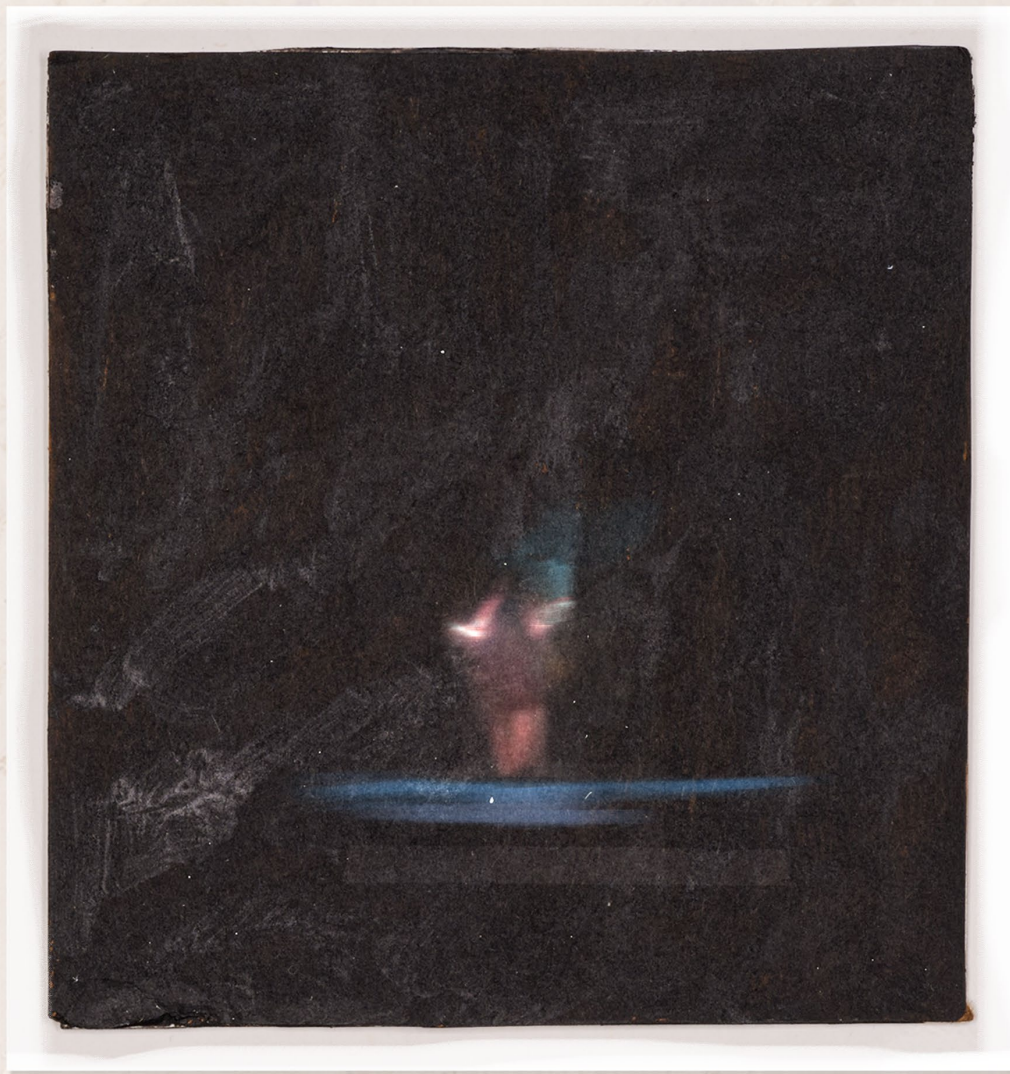
in unfamiliar places





Time keeps moving forward





It forces you to let go





But how does one let go of this urge to belong somewhere





What is this feeling of "being at home"?





Why is my heart stuck with broken memories, lost childhood and unsaid words?





My mind keeps trying to recreate that exact moment heart wants to revive that exact moment, etch it forever in my heart



happy  
sad

A world that is, e  
so big. So new,  
so terrifying, so s  
scary. It over  
whelms me so  
much: I try to  
go out, I try to  
talk

there always be  
happy? or will  
Will I ever be  
I even want?  
want? what do  
find what I  
Will I ever

why d  
a new  
Do I  
my  
th  
afra

plete

shattered  
sad  
afraid  
addressed



scared  
frustrated  
sad  
happy

overd  
I bring  
thing  
home  
I ran  
I'd leave  
to pack  
all  
one day  
It was just  
sudden  
just decided  
to pack  
a suit  
to pack  
a suit  
to pack  
a suit

I am just so  
scared  
of  
pain  
of rejection  
of broken  
dreams

closed, blank  
terrifi  
sad, overwhe  
frustrated, sad  
happy

I often try to understand my conflicting feelings. I write my pain



A world that is

so big. So new,

so terrifying, so

over

where one so

try to

go out, try to

Will I ever be

I even want?

What do

find what I

will I ever

after

scared

frustrated

sad, over

scared, blank

closed, blank

Why do

a new d

Do I

my

this

after

scared

frustrated

sad, over

scared, blank

closed, blank

Why do

a new d

Do I

day,

to pack

decided

It was just

hidden

I am

scared

find

pain,

of

reflection

dreams

and then try to erase it





I bottle things up and try to keep them inside





Reminding myself that the past is past





Time is forever gone by






and these memories will fade away



But if it all fades away



A watercolor painting of a window with a flower box. The window is framed in a dark purple color. The flower box is filled with yellow and white flowers. The background is a soft, light purple color. The painting has a soft, ethereal quality with visible brushstrokes and a gentle color palette.

Where will I belong? Where was my home?





Was it the physical structure of that place, the intangible essence of those walls?



Was it the laughter shared?  
secrets whispered, warmth of that embrace?





Now I ask myself where did I  
ever feel at home? If that place was so special  
why was it not enough to sustain me?  
If I am here why is my heart back there?  
Will ever feel complete again?  
Will I ever belong somewhere?  
Because belongingness isn't always  
feeling at home







Maybe home is a fleeting moment





A happy memory





A brief sense of belonging





It's not a place to reside in forever. Now home is a phantom limb,  
a missing piece of puzzle always incomplete





I carry fragments of it within - the taste of my mother's food  
the touch of worn furniture, the echo of laughter





These are the anchors that tether me to the past but they weigh  
me down preventing me from fully embracing the present





I am trapped in a labyrinth of longing, searching for an exit that may not exist






A ghost haunting the corridors of time, seeking a way to reconcile past, present and future





Perhaps in this endless search, I will find a way to piece together fragments of my soul and create  
a new identity one that is both grounded in the past and hopeful for the future





Photography for Artist Book













My mother was the center of my universe. Her heart was a boundless  
of love that always held me together with all that she had for my joy.



Once I was a child cocooned in a world  
painted with hues of innocence  
With my mother and father sheltering me  
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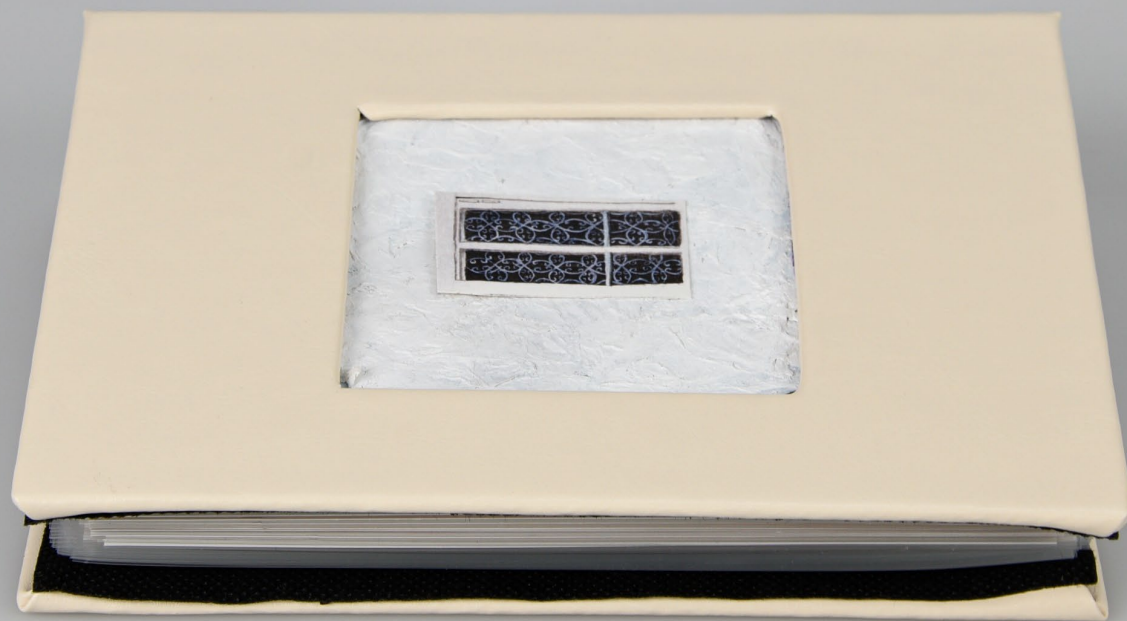


My sorrows were immense  
in the depths of her soul  
yet her pain was a  
frustration that was often  
hidden

I could see how it  
tormented her slowly yet  
she never complained for  
the sake of my happiness

How can I ever find a love  
so selfless?



















## Development of Creative Identity and Skills

As a final and the most comprehensive project of this MA course, this project has enhanced my creative language and skills immensely, adding to my identity as an illustrator

Learning outcomes achieved were:

- 1) Ability to draw from personal experiences and translating them into compelling visuals
- 2) Developing a deeper connection with emotions and experiences
- 3) The exploration for complex themes like displacement, loss of connection and identity enhanced my capacity for empathy and introspection in my art style
- 4) Use of Mixed media, found objects, photography, text and image developed my artistic expression making it visually rich and also enhanced my visual story telling skills
- 5) My ability to think critically and explore abstract concepts was improved greatly
- 6) I was able to develop my technical skills further while experimenting with versatile mediums
- 7) The ability to create a coherent and compelling narrative added more to my skills of storytelling and project structure development



**Thankyou for viewing my project!**