

# *Bridge #5 Presentation*

*Integrative Studio & Seminar*

*Ali Ghulam*

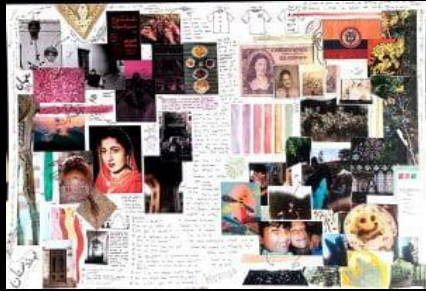
“

I said *Muhiudeen*. All raised one of their eyebrows; their mouths shifted ever so slightly as to hold back from sharing their disapproval and confusion. My face, burning from humiliation, began to shine a red glow so intense it matched the rays of the sun. *Where are you actually from?* I didn't know. I couldn't say. They proceeded to call me an imposter, a foreigner, an *immigrant*. When I got home, I immediately asked my father where we were from. His eyes darted away from mine, seemingly wishing they could jump out and run away to a time that didn't include me bringing up the subject. Looking away from me, he hesitated to explain that we were originally from Hyderabad, India, and that we were, in fact, immigrants. That moment seared the word into my brain and started an obsession that would lead me to explore my family's history, the context of their departure from the subcontinent, and my own cultural identity as well.

”

*STUDIO*

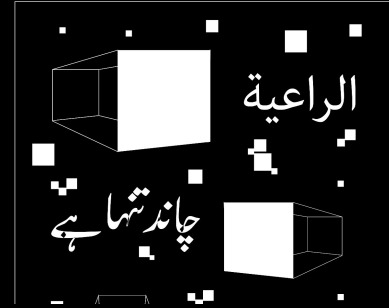
*Process*



*Moodboard*



*Prototype #2*



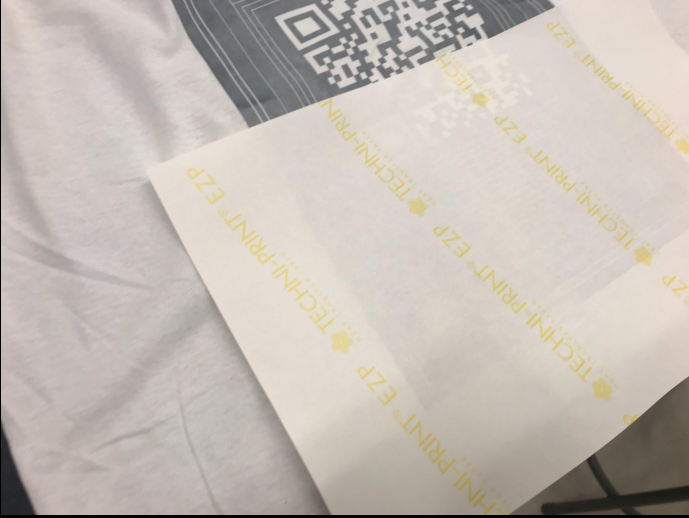
*Prototype #3*

# *T-shirt Design*

Symbols that correspond through color and type



QR code that linked to the website I created





*Color, Music,  
Videos, and Prose*



*Future Possibilities*

# *Challenges*

*SEMINAR*

*What was it about?*

*Why immigration?*

“

The sun beat down on the stone play area; it's heat so scorching that it evaporated beads of sweat before they even erupted from one's pores. As children, we would play in such areas once recess was called. We all flooded the barren stretch of land in our kummas (traditional caps) and dishdashas (traditional white robes) to forget the focus and attention of class and to run and enjoy a moment of fun and freedom — the corners of our mouths expanded to the bottoms of our earlobes.

”



# *Challenges*

*FUTURE*  
*POSSIBILITIES*

*REFLECTION*