

Personal ARTifact

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Objects have memory. Pick up a watch that belonged to your grandfather and you will instantly think of him. Look at a gift from a past birthday and the person who gave it to you will immediately come to mind. Objects have power. They connect us to the people and places from our past. They house our personal history.

For this project you will select an object that has significance for you. You will make 2 types of still life photographs of this object- an environmental still life and a studio still life. You will also write a short statement about your object to further explain its significance to you. In the end you will submit your best shot combined with your refined writing. Of course you may be wondering, 'What is a studio still life? What is an environmental still life?' Read on...

Environmental Still Life images show an object in an environment. The environment may be the place where the object is normally kept such as on a shelf, under a bed, etc. It may be in an unexpected or unusual place that shows the object out of context. Experiment with both.



Studio Still Life images are shot using controlled lighting in a controlled 'set'. The strength of these type shots comes from lighting and camera angle. Lighting and camera angle are used to intensify aspects of the object such as texture, shape, volume, etc.



Just to be Clear:

- shoot your object in 2 ways (environmental and studio style)
- edit your best shot to maximize its emotional impact
- combine your best shot with your edited writing sample
- That's it.

Sample Submission



Confused, she stumbled to the door, all she said was
"Where are my glasses" over and over.

She slipped on the ice
She didn't see it

An hour later she was being air lifted to a hospital

Her brain was swelling

The doctors had to remove part of her skull

She survived but she wasn't the Grammy I used to know
She cant walk, She cant talk
She might not even know me
I haven't gone to that nursing home in 3 years

I can't see her like that



It has some wear to it. My mom made this for me from scratch for my "Masquerade" themed sweet sixteen. Looking for a mask to match my rockstar red dress was hard since every beautiful mask was over a hundred dollars. My mom told me not to worry about it. I did. The day before the big event, she handed me this. Looking at it brings me back to one of the most enjoyed moments in my life. I'm more than proud to say that she was the maker. My mask is one visual piece of my memory I hold close to my heart.

He gave me this necklace in the 7th grade.
(If it was already chipped when I got it, I never noticed.)
Eventually, we broke up. And dated again. And broke up again.
(If anyone can count how many times we repeated the cycle, it isn't me.)
We stopped talking. Years passed. high school was halfway over.
Suddenly, we were back in each other's lives again.
Eating lunch with the same people turned into hanging out after school.
I wanted him back. I was fully willing to do stupid things to make him want me too.
(Spoiler: in the end, it didn't really work.)
He stabbed me in the back - not out of malice, but lack of interest.
(Or investment, or care, or human decency...)
He ruined my life. Our friendship. Any semblance of something more than that.
Hey, maybe it was payback. I guess we're just as stupid now as we were at 13.
You might know him. You might sit next to him in English. He might be your friend.
But I won't give you a name. I won't sink that low.



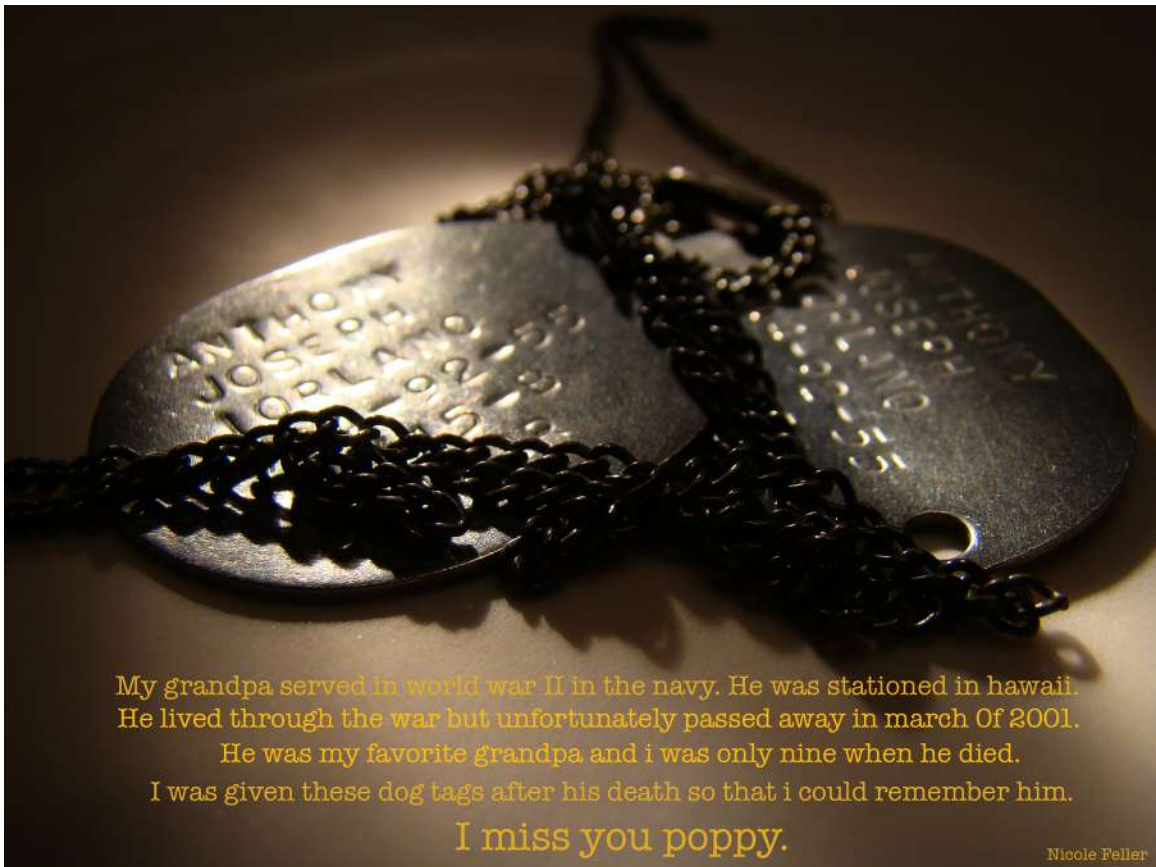


"Here come the scissors..." Over and over again in my head. I can still hear the words like a tribal chant; as sharp and detailed as the jagged, rusted blades with handles, only sharper in my imagination.

The mimicking tone of voice; that of a clown with dark smeared make-up at a old, deserted carnival; struggling to grasp the attention of a small lonely child passing by. Out of the worn pockets of my uncle's shredded blue jeans; the blades would come sliding out. The ugliest, sharpest blades that I had ever known.

I was small, and the blades were huge.. I will never forget the words. "Come here so I can cut your hair.. I only want a snip" motioning the blades across the air in front of my face. I loved my long blonde hair, it was my shield, my security blanket. They would laugh every time the blades drifted toward my head. The laughs haunted my dreams. Everything went blurry. Get away from me, you will never touch my hair. I was young...

I was [terrified].



My grandpa served in world war II in the navy. He was stationed in hawaii.
He lived through the war but unfortunately passed away in march Of 2001.

He was my favorite grandpa and i was only nine when he died.

I was given these dog tags after his death so that i could remember him.

I miss you poppy.

Nicole Feller