

WHY AREN'T YOU
TAKING PHOTOS

ANYMORE?

yuji haikal

This book is dedicated to my beloved father,

SYED MAHBAR BIN SYED ABU BAKAR
(7 April 1952 - 19 March 2020)







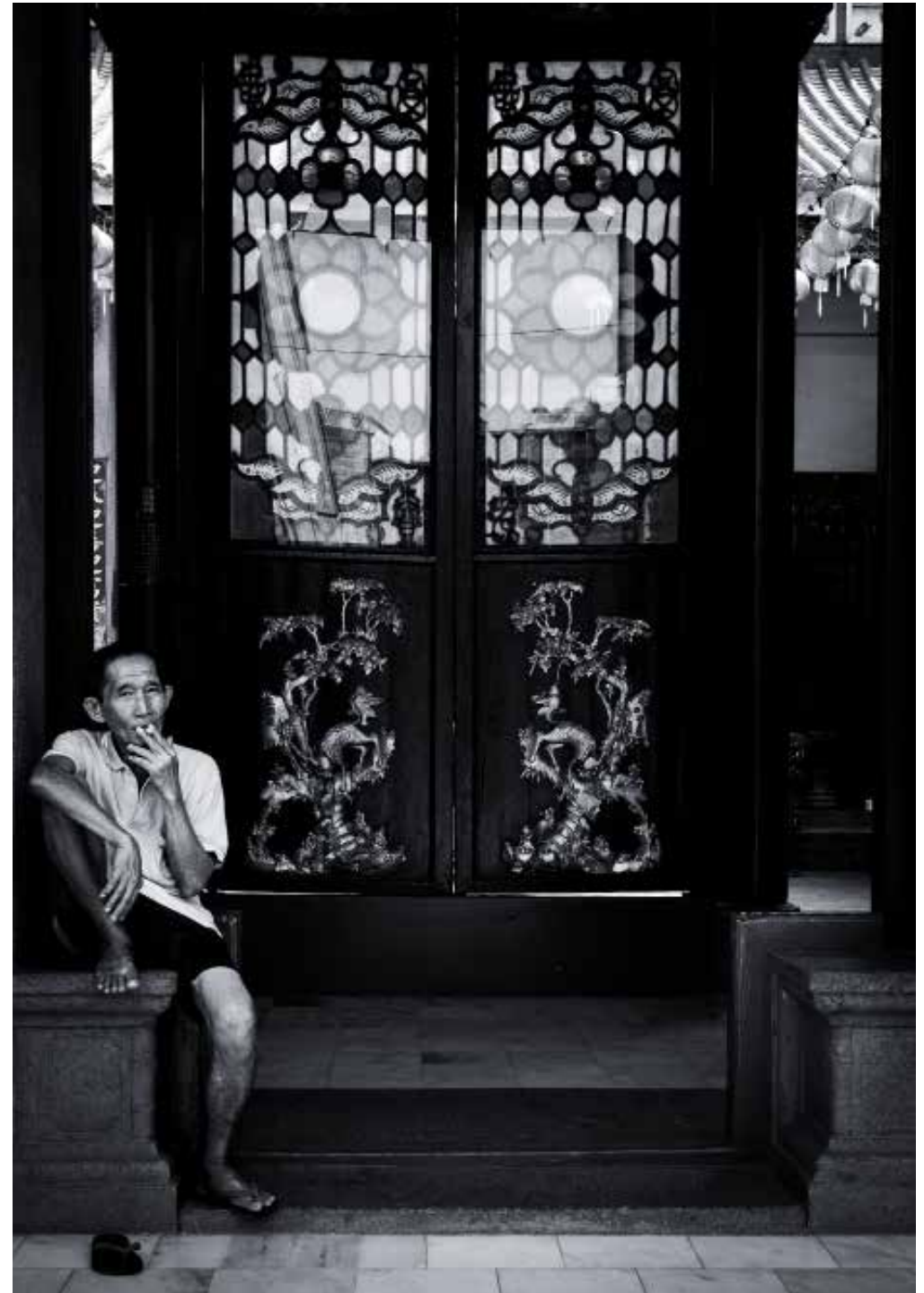
ALONE ON THIS JOURNEY
SERENITY ENVELOPS ME .
AMIDST THE BUSTLING
STREETS , I SENSE MY
FATHER PRESENCE. AS
IF WE STROLL TOGETHER
ONCE MORE.





Cigarettes, my father's
constant companion.
Memories shrouded in smoke.
Each street photo evokes
the weight of his choice, a
reminder of his battle with
COPD.









Time unfolds, **patient** and steadfast. In my father's footsteps, I learn the art of punctuality, the virtue of waiting. His wisdom echoes, urging me to embrace life's rhythms with resilience and grace.







Amidst screens and pixels, my father found solace in ink and paper. Traditional newspapers became his steadfast ally, holding tales of yesteryears.









My father's tireless work was driven by love for our family. He labored relentlessly to ensure our well-being. His unwavering **effort** inspires me to work diligently, knowing the profound impact of selflessness and the bonds it strengthens.



THE JEAN WITH A ZIP FLY

As Levi's expanded to the East Coast, so did their denim offering. In 1954, Levi's introduced the 501® Z, a zippered version of the Shrink-To-Fit® 501® Original.



501® Z ZIP FLY & WITH A ZIP FLY

THE JEAN FIT FOR REBELS

By 1955, 501® jeans had a more "anti-fit" in the seat, fuller leg and a boxer silhouette reminiscent of the classic biker look. This was the first style to bear the leather-like Two Horse Pull and the signature Red Tag™ now said "LEVI'S" on both sides.




501® Z ZIP FLY & WITH A ZIP FLY

501® Z ZIP FLY & WITH A ZIP FLY

501® Z ZIP FLY & WITH A ZIP FLY



My father's love knew
no bounds, embracing
not only our family
but also extending to
others. Sacrifices made,
hearts intertwined, his
unwavering affection
illuminated our paths.





HE ALSO TAUGHT US
TO BE KIND TOWARDS
PEOPLE OF DIFFERENT
RACES AND RELIGIONS,
EMBRACING THE UNITY
OF A MULTI-RACIAL

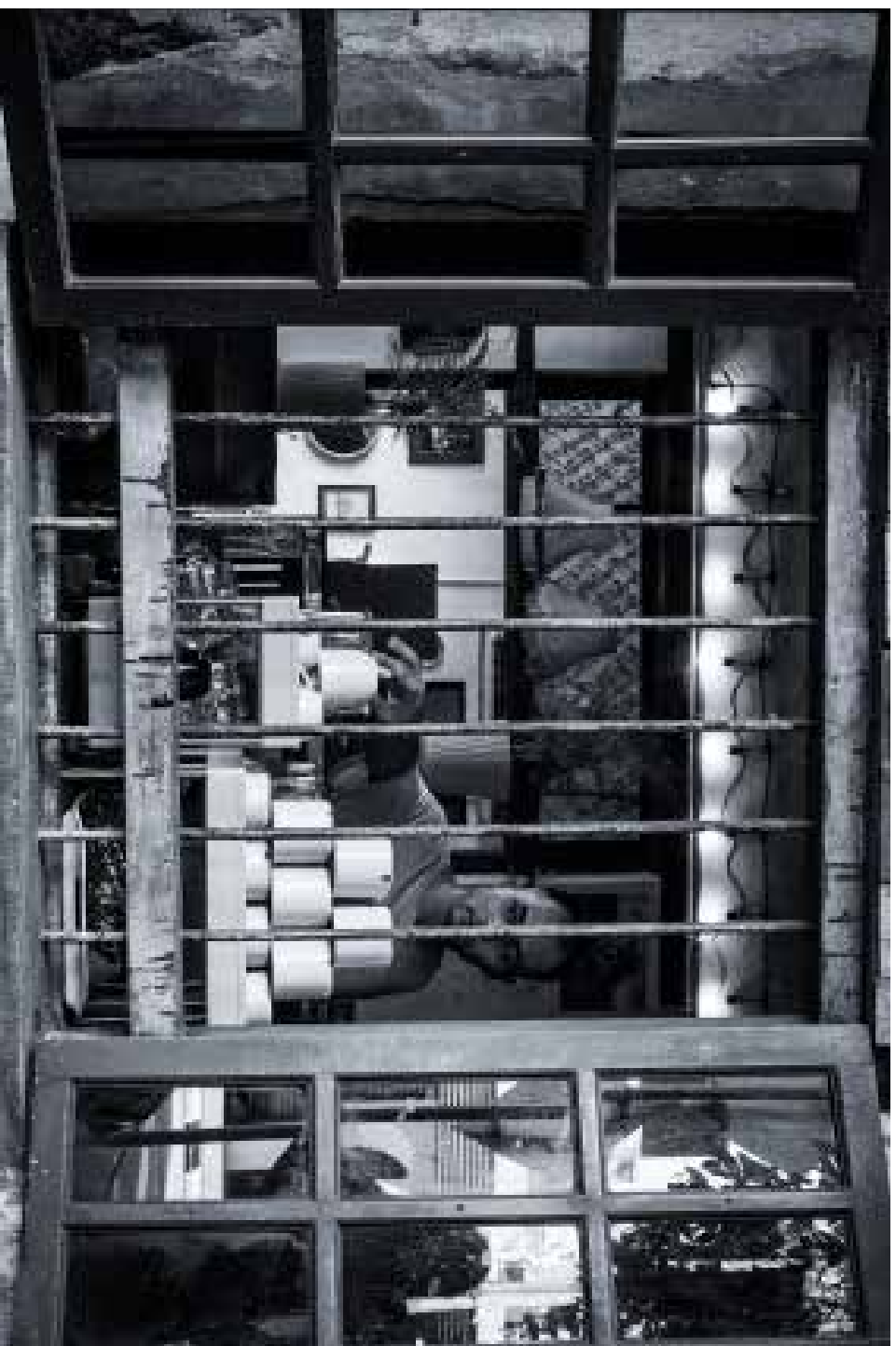






A steaming flask of black coffee, lovingly prepared by my mother, held a special place in my father's daily routine. A ritual of warmth and indulgence, he savored each sip before the embrace of cigarettes.







Bicycles, a gateway
to cherished moments,
remind me of my father's
loving guidance as he
taught me to ride. These
memories fill my heart
with joy and gratitude.







Festivals held a special place in my father's heart, and he always took me along. Hand in hand, we ventured into vibrant parades and joyful celebrations. Those cherished moments created memories that will forever glow within me.





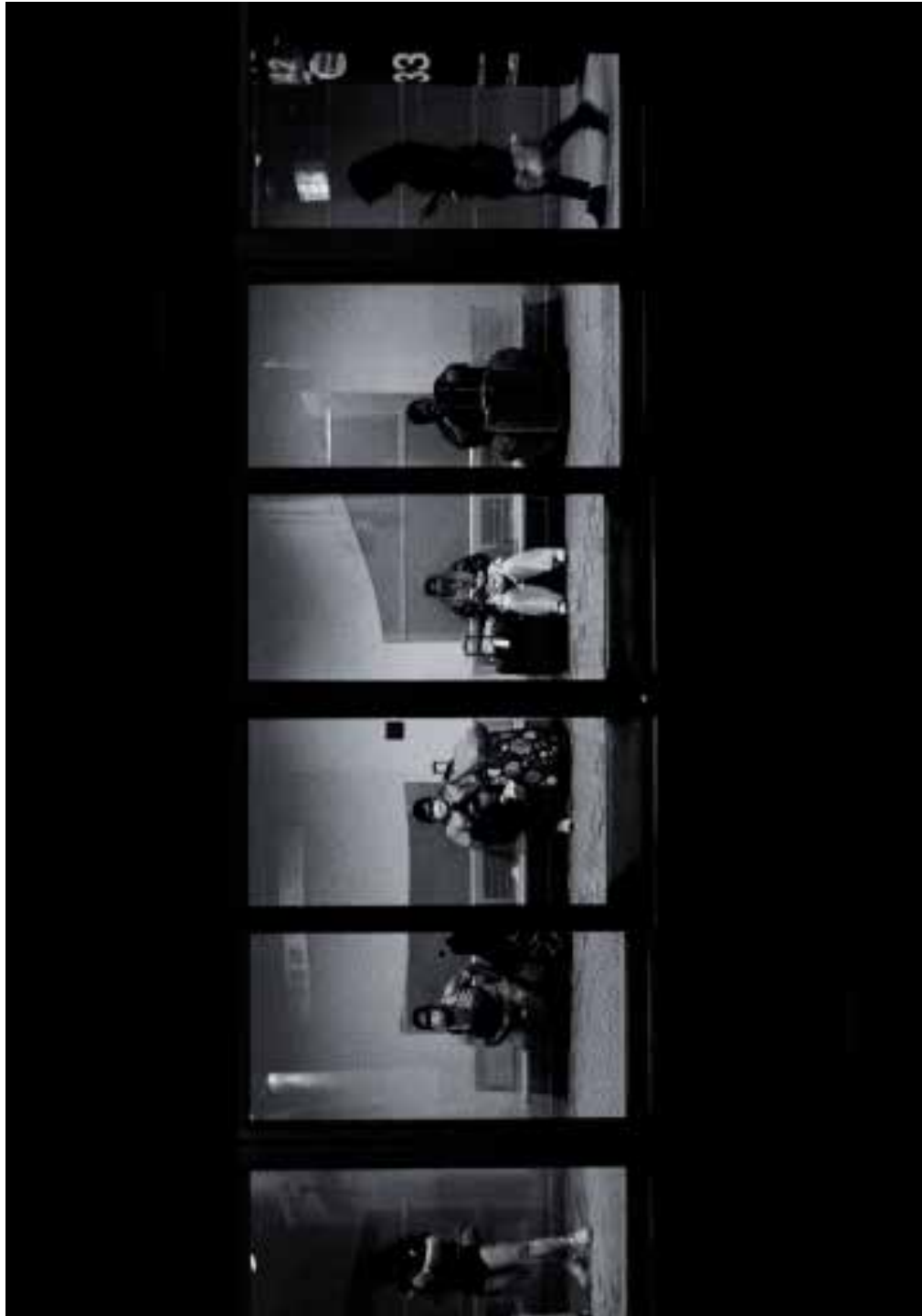








My father was a station master. Childhood hours spent at the train station, witnessing his dedicated work, shaped my love for the rhythmic journeys on steel tracks. The sights of bustling passengers evoke a deep sense of nostalgia.



THE END IS
ONLY THE
BEGINNING...
AS THE JOURNEY
CONTINUES.



Prologue

In the whisper of a departed voice, the title emerges: “Why aren’t you taking photos anymore?” A question posed by my late father, Syed Mahbar bin Syed Abu Bakar, now resonating within the depths of my soul.

On a sorrowful day, the 19th of March, 2020, my father departed this earthly realm, carried away by the cruel hands of a heart attack. Yet it was his battle with Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease, a consequence of his unyielding relationship with the unrelenting allure of tobacco, that silently eroded his strength. The hospital corridors became his battleground, and even a night spent slumbering in the ICU couldn’t deter his indomitable spirit. However, it was in those final precious days, as he sought solace in the embrace of his loved ones, that he posed an inquiry that seemed almost trivial at the time.

“Why aren’t you taking photos anymore?”

In that fleeting moment, I failed to grasp the true weight of his words. Memories of my father’s unwavering support danced before my eyes, transporting me back to the year 2007. It was then, in the twilight of

his career, that he gifted me my very first DSLR camera—a Nikon D70s. This gesture, so seemingly small, ignited a flame within my being, and my love affair with photography began to blossom.

Then, with the arrival of my father’s retirement, the winds of change swept through our lives. From the depths of his hard-earned savings, he bequeathed to me the gift of a camera—an instrument that would become an extension of my very soul. With every click of the shutter, I embarked upon a photographic odyssey, immortalizing the beauty of landscapes, the fleeting moments of joyous events, the sacred union of love, and the vibrant melodies of musicians. Yet, as time unfurled its tapestry, a subtle shift occurred within me. By the close of 2012, weary of a world where DSLRs dangled from every neck, I chose to place my passion for photography on hold. I resisted the ebb and flow of trends and viral sensations, preferring to step back into the embrace of a simpler life. Financial struggles further solidified my decision, and with my father’s gentle guidance, I sold my cherished DSLR to a dear friend, who continues to cherish its artistry to this day.

After my father’s untimely departure, his question resurfaced, piercing the depths of my heart. Its weight, filled with a curious mix of guilt and longing, intensified with each passing day. Drawn to places steeped in familiar memories, I ventured forth armed with only the lens of my smartphone, capturing fleeting moments that reignited a dormant spark within. As I returned from these solitary excursions, a revelation unfurled its wings before me—a rekindling of my passion for photography. I believed that by embracing this art once more, my father would find solace, his smile shining down upon me from the heavens above. And so, with an unyielding determination, I made a silent vow: my next camera would be a rangefinder—a dream I had carried within since my days of youth. Though financial constraints necessitated the purchase of a second-hand Leica M rangefinder, accompanied by a 35mm lens, its very presence ignited a renewed fervour within me, propelling me along a path long abandoned.

Since the dawn of 2022, I have traversed the streets with a newfound sense of purpose, capturing life’s tapestry with profound intention. Workshops and ceaseless research have become my guiding stars, guiding me towards becoming the photographer my father would be proud of. Amidst the bustling streets of Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia—where my father, mother, and I once strolled hand in hand—I find solace in his ethereal presence. This photobook, crafted with love, is a testament to my beloved father and the beginning of an endless journey

in the realm of photography. With every turn of a page, I pay homage to his unwavering belief in my dreams, breathing life into his memory through the power of images.

My name is Yuji Haikal, and within the embrace of these photographs, the essence of my father lives on—a silent, timeless companion, forever etched upon the canvas of my heart.

Acknowledgements

Bismillahirrahmanirrahim.

I extend my heartfelt gratitude to Allah SWT for blessing me with good health and the opportunity to create my first photobook. This book holds great personal significance as it answers my late father's question and is dedicated to his memory.

I am deeply thankful to my ever-supportive mother, Sharifah Fatimah, and my brothers, Syd Anaz and Syd Nizam, for their unwavering encouragement. I am grateful to Mia Lamza for her patience throughout this journey.

I am indebted to Gueari Galeri (Ari, Caron & Setyo) for their inspiration and guidance in bringing this photobook to life. Their idea to dedicate it to my father truly resonated with me.

Special thanks to Exposure+, PBC Kuala Lumpur, ZonTiga, Faisal Aziz, Wan Zuharuddin, Affiq Rislan, Edmond Leong, Zairul Irwan, Razlan Ramlee, Kay Izwan, Api Husien, Aina, Habiburrahman, Niva and all those who have shown unwavering support and encouragement throughout this journey.

Last but not least, I extend my heartfelt gratitude to Leica Camera and Leica Malaysia for their invaluable support and awesome camera.

About the photographer

Yuji Haikal, born and raised in Johor, Malaysia, is a self-taught photographer with a remarkable journey in the world of photography. While his academic background lies in the field of Information Technology, Yuji's passion for capturing moments and telling stories through his lens is entirely self-driven.

In 2007, he received his first camera, a gift from his late father, and instantly fell in love with the art of photography. With sheer determination and a natural eye for composition, Yuji embarked on a creative journey, exploring various genres such as landscape, event coverage, and portrait.

However, in 2013, Yuji decided to put his passion on hold, temporarily setting aside his camera. Life's circumstances and personal challenges led to a hiatus that lasted for several years.

It was a profound question from his father, "Why aren't you taking photos anymore?," that ignited a fire within Yuji's heart. Motivated by his father's memory and longing to reconnect with his creative side, Yuji embarked on a journey of rediscovery. In recent years, he has returned to the streets, exploring familiar places and embracing the beauty of everyday life through his lens.

Today, Yuji Haikal continues to capture the beauty of life, infusing his images with emotion and storytelling. With each click of the shutter, he strives to evoke feelings, inspire others, and create meaningful connections through his unique perspective.

Limited to 100 copies,
of which this is number

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Yuji Haikal
www.yujihaikal.com

WORDS, DESIGNS, SKETCHES & PHOTOGRAPHS:
Yuji Haikal

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All photographs were taken using Leica M Rangefinder with 35mm lens.

This photobook is handmade by the author.
Printed in Malaysia.

"Why Aren't You Taking Photos Anymore?" is a heartfelt photobook by self-taught photographer Yuji Haikal. Through captivating images of the streets in Malaysia, Yuji embarks on a personal journey to rediscover his passion for photography and honor his late father's memory. This poignant collection celebrates love, loss, and the power of art to heal and inspire.

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