Oblivion is inevitable. Our mountains will crumble, and the sea will reclaim our land destroying all we know. Proving that nothing we did or did not do really mattered. My project is about reclaiming the idea of there being something where there is nothing, no hope. In the recent time we have taken a step into the future into digital emersion which has damaged everyone in some way or another. There is No joy in being a slave to a screen but what else is there to do, is living virtually akin to living at all?

My mother and I moved to a new house around Christmas from my childhood home. I cried for the place I grew up, in the woods, I could run for hours in whichever direction I pleased. My mother became increasingly angry with my resentment to the new house, saying “trees are trees, they’re all the same”. She’s right. The landscapes here merged together, they were not the trees I grew up with, but just trees.

This is why I didn’t want the reader of my book to see any differences in the landscapes that I could not. Therefore I made the decision to take all of my photos out of focus, each photo merges with the next, it is hard to describe just one image as it is so similar to the rest. I didn’t want them to feel immersed in the photos just observing through my own negative eye. The voyeuristic approach shows the distant relationship I have with this land.

The photos are all taken along one pathway on one long concrete road, one of two walks in the neighbourhood. It doesn’t span as long as the places I once explored so I had to keep looking to try and find something that amused me, trying to find something where there is nothing.

No text, I have nothing to say. I wanted the images to speak for themselves. I didn’t want context; I just wanted the reader to see blurry bleak black and white photos and hopefully feel the sadness I do. I didn’t want to tell the viewer what to think, what I was thinking, or even my intentions. I chose not to have a pre log for this reason- I’d rather remain anonymous. Who I am is not important, and nothing I could say would be important either. The title itself ‘Oblivion’ introduces the themes of my book, the definitions of oblivion are; a state of unaware/unconsciousness of what is happening around one, the state of being forgotten and disruption or extinction. I like how any definition of the word seems to fit my work perfectly.

The book is designed as something someone can flick through to stop thinking for a minute, to just absorb the familiarity of each image. It is designed more in a gallery context as the images aren’t literal.

My images are placed side by side on a double spread, one per page like the photobook of Anselm Adams’ work. Our books share the same content and layout however I have tried to make the images slightly more contemporary.

The photos presented differently in a bid to give an initial reaction of ‘maybe this/these images are different’ but on further inspection, they are not, they are just as plain as the rest.

Two of my images are blown up full page, page 6 and page 7. Page 6 is one of the more in-focus photographs, I feel it gives a sense of scale to my images. It has the most depth, I wanted to show that to juxtapose page 7 which is one of the flatter images. They both share the same grey tones and look very similar, which shows there is no sense of size or scale in my book. Page 9 is another page which differs from the two images side by side on a double spread. One image is placed on top of a darker image which almost creates an unbalanced atmosphere. Both are images of reflections on water, one more literal that the other, the top image clearly shows a line of trees being reflected, there is almost no variation in tone it looks flat and boring. The less figurative photo has swirls in the

sky and for a basic image has a lot going on. They are on top of each other as I wanted some separation as if they were placed on side by side it would appear like one long reflection, an undesired outcome. Page 11 is also laid out differently and looks very different to the other pages in the book. It has a high contrast, it's not plain and mundane like the rest, but almost offensive to the eye. The two photos on the left are flipped to create new images from the existing ones, it shows how everything is a carbon copy, they may all look slightly different but they are all the same. The page 13 image was busy so I felt I had to scale it down, and page 19 was the only portrait picture so I wanted to display it by itself.

The front cover is a photo of a pigeon against a brick wall with a dark tree trunk leaning to the left to the top of the left-hand side, it has been taken with a long exposure. The pigeon is an emblem of hope and peace, its white body catches the eye. I thought this image was relevant as the project is about the absence of hope.

The last image is the view from my window, people have insisted it's a nice view, but I see a vast field filled with sheep to be slaughtered at the end of the season. In the distance, disguised by the telephone poles in the foreground, there is an oil refinery- it looks like an unreachable dystopian city, yet again a reminder we are physically stuck in a cage.