

Due to Covid I have been shielding for my family for months, it sometimes feels overwhelming to think of going anywhere. however the tedious sameness of my home has become unbearable. With little else to do in the house my mother reluctantly brought down a box, overflowing with photo albums and heavy with memories; by far the most intriguing objects in the entirety of the house. I wanted my photos of these photos to have a wanderlust undertone to replicate my own desire to globetrot.

These photos were previously only vague stories my parents would talk about the photos immortalise the memories perhaps the stories would deteriorate in absence of the images so seeing these much awaited felt like a privilege. It felt as if I were revisiting family photos to places I haven't been to before. The most intriguing for me was the photos from 1982 when my parents travelled around Europe on my father's motorcycle Yamaha TR1. I think the inability to travel has been insufferable and that is why this album fascinated me the most it gave me an ability to travel via photographs, they are easy to retreat into.

Almost feels like I have travelled as I have taken the images, as if traveling to places I have never been to. These are places that can never be seen again, the sites have been lost to time, it abides by the simple principle; "a man can never step in the same river twice as he is not the same man and it is not the same river". To my mother they are memories to be protected fiercely, for me it brings hope

The photos I have showcased are visibly dated HAIR MAKEUP NO PHONE ETC it gives the photos a perceived nostalgia, moreover these are photographs that I could not physically take myself at this current time but are timeless enough to believe I had shot them if not educated otherwise.

Using these images somewhat resembles plagiarising family heirlooms. Even before I laid eyes upon these images I treasured them. It was an interesting altermago whether to keep these images sacred or to showcase them to the world as I believe they deserve to be. Clearly the photos open the debate of plagiarism of not only of photography but similarly of art

The obvious artist to discuss being Richard Price as in his series Untitled (cowboys) where he crops the famous Marlboro man and claims the work as his own, I do feel I am entitled to claim these images as one day they will physically be in my possession, for this project I have cropped the images

purely to call the my own. He had no real relation to the photos. Much like his images the decisive moment has already been determined, I could hold up my camera to these images and leave for hours or days and the shot would be exactly the same this is perhaps the only style of photography that can be identically replicated.

Price is the most notorious and controversial with playing with copyright however his practice is more common than I originally believed, a classic and overlooked artist being Duchamp and his ready-mades. people question ready-mades and whether or not they are truly art however it is a less common to debate the copyright of said ready-mades perhaps because the inventor of said readymade is not considered an artist as such yet the title itself 'ready-mades' declares it had already been designed and produces by a third party

Mimesis or imitation of the visible world is apparent throughout art history and I think that is the beauty of it, to see how ideas transform to adapt to the current issues we face. All art is plagiarised to an extent from the sculptures of Greek gods and hero's from the odyssey to Picassos masked period strongly influenced by an exhibition at la louve displaying mostly stolen tribal African masks.

Original photographs BEFORE CROPPING



Pictured here is an off-centre lush landscape with a waterfall flowing from the top left corner spilling off the right-hand side. this image was taken on a detour from Norway to Sweden, I like these images as it represents the spontaneity of my parents' trip, I think it adds an element of nature to my collection and shows the beauty of the outside I am so desperately craving



On returning to Norway my parents stumbled across a desolate church with such ornate décor, I liked these images as it looks the most luxurious place to visit, somewhere I would also like to visit once this lockdown has run its course.



My parents travelled up in a cable car to the top of a mountain in 'Voss'. The Norwegian flag flows freely and proudly though the air.



On a hike in what was Yugoslavia they came across a small shack with a couple of horses. I love how green and peaceful this image is, it adds an element of tranquillity to my photos.



my parents visited this particular café in Grado, Italy. this snapshot truly captures the holiday atmosphere of two tourists enjoying cocktails in the sun.



The following three images were captured in Romania, at this time Nicolae Ceausescu was in full force, he was tearing down the historical monuments in order to build his 'grand palace'. The country had fallen into poverty due to his greed and communist beliefs. The first two photographs look bleak with scarcely anyone there however in the third the photo is packed with tourists trying to get a glimpse of Vlad the Impaler's castle. I like how diverse the architecture in in Romania, it would be easy to believe these three photos could have been taken in different countries. The diversity of the landscape is very apparent in these photos, in the first photo these is a border of trees complimenting the harmony of the rooves. The second has towering mountains and tall building engulfing the street below. The thirist representing the ancient style of buildings

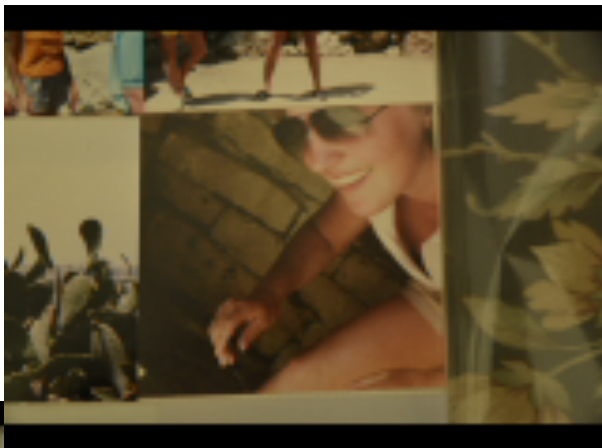




again, the photo was taken in Norway the stillness of this photo is calming. My father in centre-frame this gives the image a more casual vibe.



This is the bike that made the whole trip possible taken in Switzerland. I have included this photograph as I like the leading line from corner to corner of the frame.



Similar to the photo in Italy I think this casual snapshot embodies the holiday spirit and the joy of traveling.



Lastly my parents visited Malta to conclude their tour around Europe. I like the composition of this photo with the cacti greeting the sky just above halfway of the frame.