

#18 : BOUND AND SERVITUDE.

7th / March / 2022

Photographed and written by Adrian Maidman.



I write this while watching the gradual but fierce invasion of Ukraine by Russia.

This work has no factual relevance to the conflict nor any explicit relevance to my opinions regarding the situation. I just found a chilling similarity between this series and the brutal greed that is driving this invasion.

The desires of one man are leaving a wake of destruction in a vulnerable and innocent country. Civilians are finding their lives destroyed and the pain caused by this violence and greed will scar Europe forever.



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Contortionism as entertainment is beyond strange in my opinion, not that we see much of it in the modern age. I guess the voluntary bending of a human's physical boundaries is a spectacle but its uncanny presentation

of the potential malleability of our bodies is generally an unpleasant thing to come to terms with.



Yet the metaphorical boundaries we push in our lives and society don't provoke the same reaction? We mould our

worlds, preferably in a way that benefits our ideals. We force the boundaries of our reality with every action we take.

The boundaries of our lives tessellate with the boundaries of everyone else's. We share the ground we stand on. We can share a visual experience by looking at the same photograph. Others may present differently than yourself but we all share a similar infliction, we must experience the world.

This is a strong argument towards unity. This, conveniently, is an equally strong argument for morality. The point of morality - in my opinion - is to foster stability and therefore unity.



If we each were given our own 10m² island that had no tangible connection with any other's islands. There would be no reason to develop a universal basis of ethics or morality since it would only pertain to the individual and their small domain. You could come up with your own way of guiding your life, as to maintain pleasure or health etc. Although this would be a far cry from the point of the ethics that we need today in our tangible Earth-based reality.

We must understand and accept the fact that our experience, be it unique, is not predicated on an entirely exclusive environment.



My point is that your actions have consequences and that if you bend the universe to your ideals. You may be bending it away from someone else's.

We, as humans, have the inherent right to wellbeing but also have the responsibility to not take that right from others.



[This seems obvious and I feel like it may come across as patronising. The truth is that I am sad to see that this barebones argument for basic human wellbeing is not only being ignored by world leaders but acted as if it were wrong.]

The reasoning for this occurrence is considerably beyond my intellectual capacity. I think hell is a condition of reality that is fundamentally based on the suffering of conscious beings and to act in such a way as to bring that into fruition is evil.]

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This series was hard to make sense of. I saw a conflict between the trees and the ropes. I wanted to explore the constraint in a more playful way (tree bondage maybe) but the photos felt to me as if they were significantly more sinister. There was a sense of struggle, either from the trees or the builder's useless attempt at making a fence.

Thank you so much for reading. I am gradually getting back into the swing of thinking and engaging with philosophy more fluidly. I have been under a lot of pressure as I have changed jobs and my brain tends to go into low power mode in an effort to recover some energy. I quit my dang job and now have a brief respite from responsibility. With some travel, I have found my inspiration creep back into my life. I have a lot more to come so fingers crossed I will get back to normal.

I intend to keep the articles to once a week, but I don't intend to restrict myself to a specific day for publication.



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Next week's title will be ...

#19 : THE WASTELAND.

Link to the rest of my articles:

<https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1jix0-yr6n7Ra9LVLtXerNRjMfLxuDm6?usp=sharing>

Photographs shot on Leica SL (Type 601).

If, for whatever reason, you wish not to receive any more articles, let me know and I'll remove you from the list. You coward.