

NOTHING SPECIAL
HAS HAPPENED

BY
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During the summer of 2024 me and my wife drove around the parts where we grew up.

Taking photographs of places, we knew, had forgotten or just never visited but heard of.

The long hours of driving on the old roads between cities and villages, listening to music or just talking became times of quality time offline.

Without the internet, ideas were born for further projects.
Photographs to be taken, books to be written.

Talking and remembering, times that had gone by
and people we lost going down the roads of nostalgia.

Even though the people were not there anymore, a house might have been painted in a different color and that's the ever-flowing river of life.

In the grand scheme of things...

We came to realize that

NOTHING REALY HAPPENED

to fast
a moment of time
withered away

five more minutes
what would you do?
what would you say?

going back
to your street







The road there
A Slithering snake
A rollercoaster of joy

The yard
A hell
A Paradise

The classrooms
A purgatory
A heaven

The road home
A rollercoaster of joy
A Slithering snake









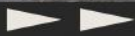




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the grove
a djungle

climbing frame
a spaceship

sandbox
a desert

do you remember
the last time playing











mirror
reflection
looking back

painted on smile
nose so red

single tear running
he new how to laugh
long time ago

laughter

he enters the stage
if they new
inside he cries







in the night
echoes
laughter
screams

in the moon
shadows rule
moving
lurking
hiding

tomorrow
open gates
life
laughter
smells
sounds

all over again





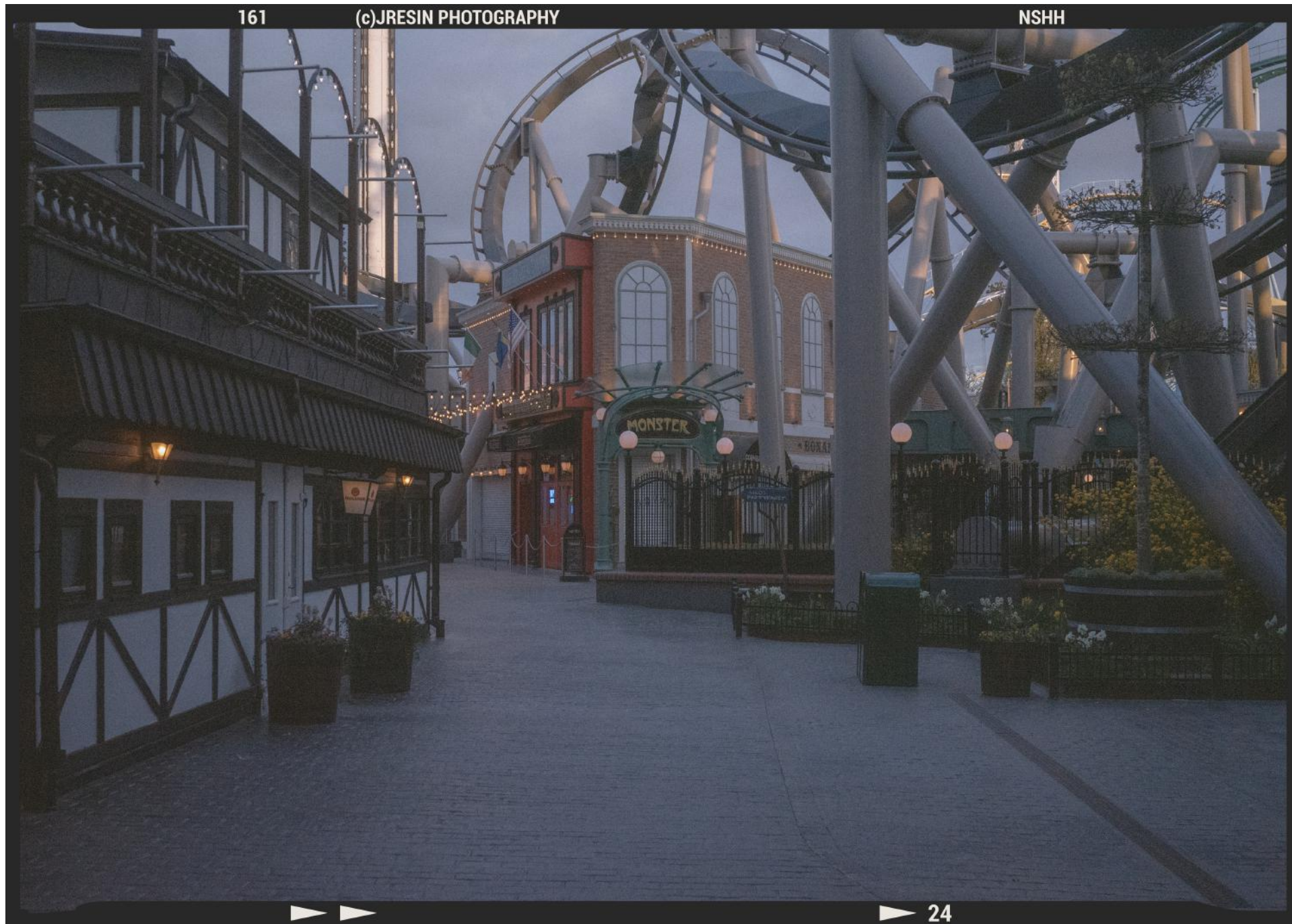












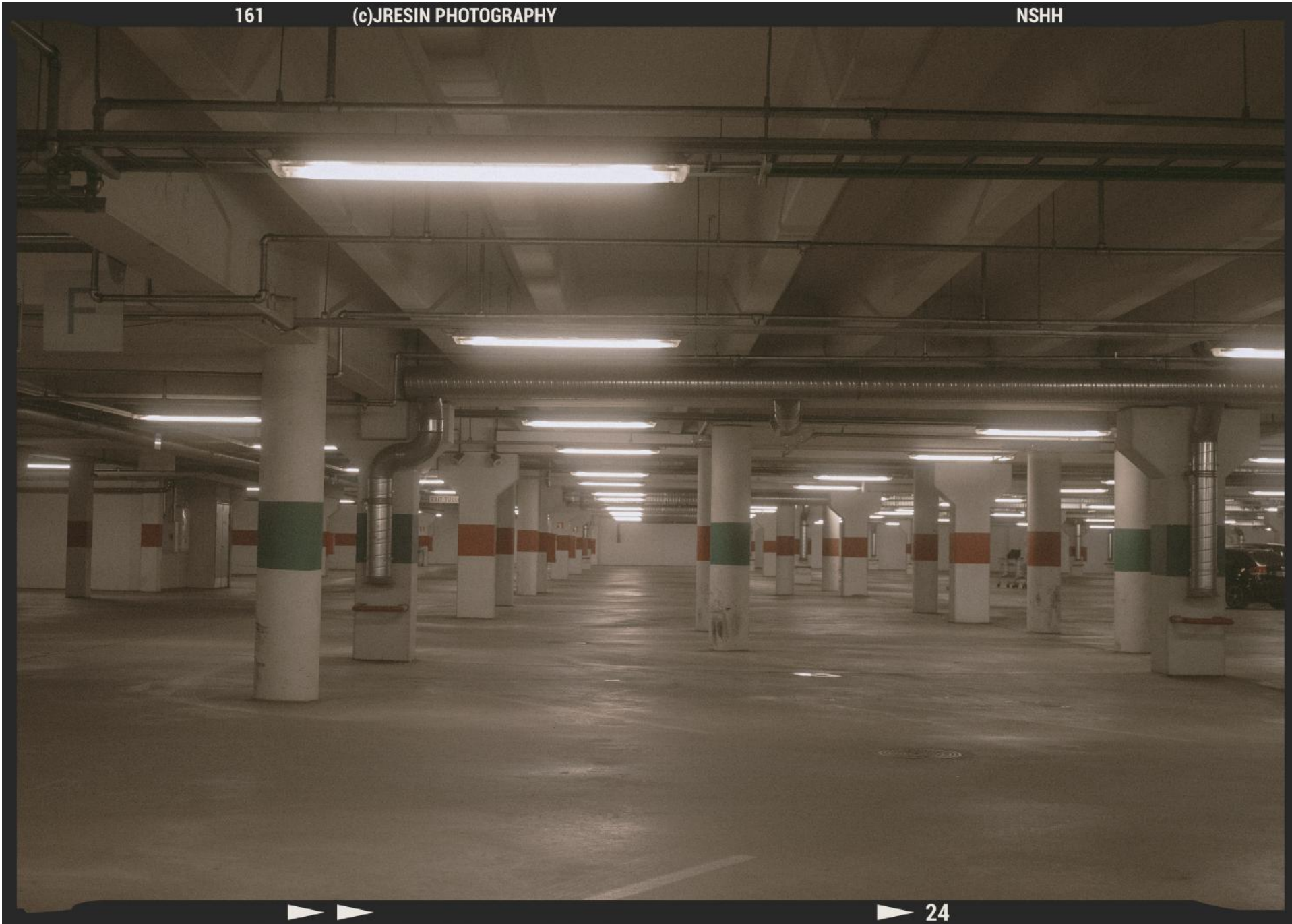


once rulers of our world
kings and queens

future
brighter than the sun

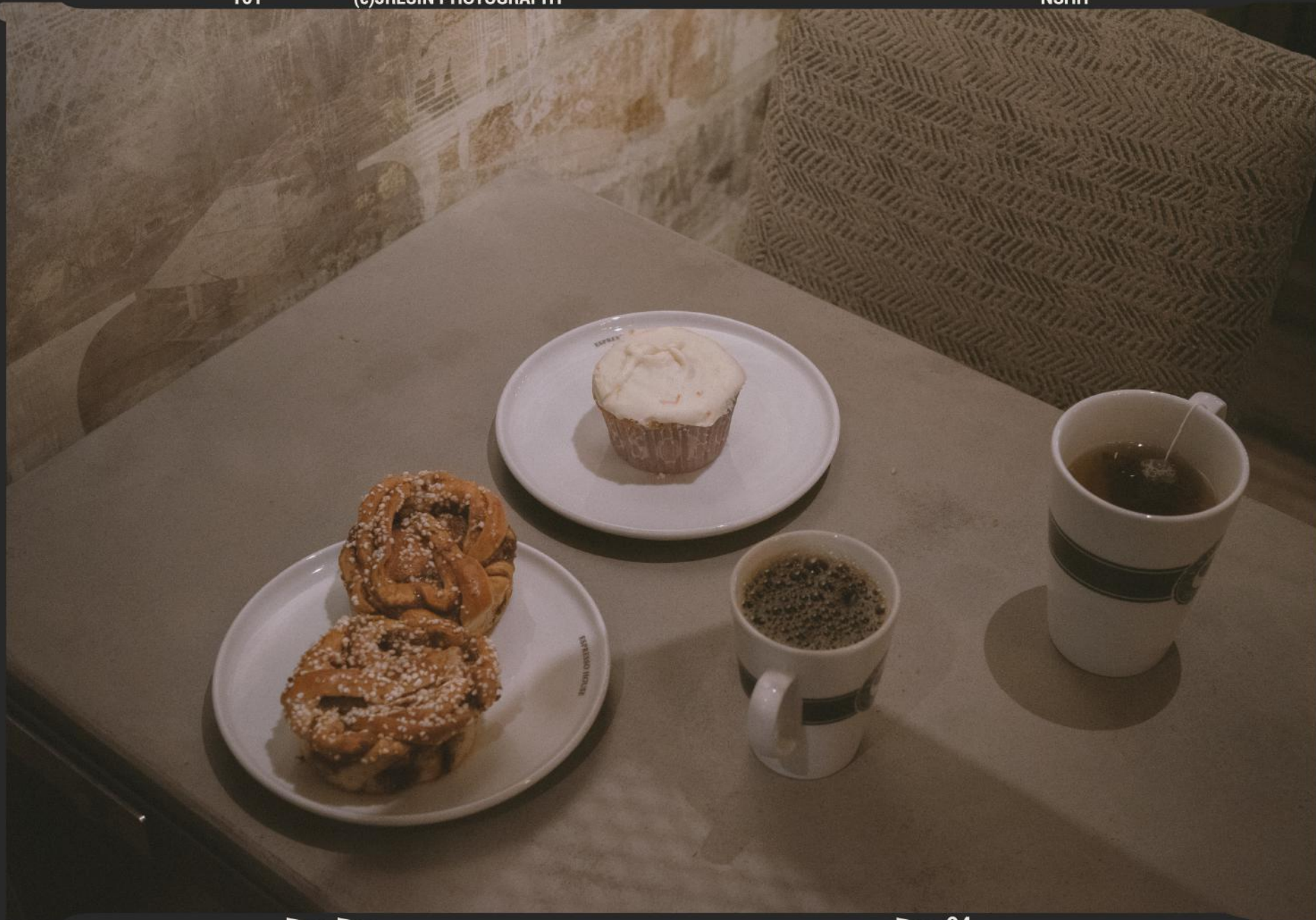
we roamed the streets
owned the malls
lived in the arcades

once one last time















i hear them
through the walls
through the windows

fighting
loving
talking
wondering

looking through the window
streets
parks
yards

empty

all i hear
the invisible people



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SMTU
8706214
45G1
IG
20m
96

RANS





to
from
over

connecting
uniting

hope
symbol
marvel

a bridge















clouds
blankets in the sky
covering the light
colors fading

nothing happens

cold air grabs you
friends warmth you
through hills
through valleys

life always happens



The name's Jörgen Resin.
I'm a fine arts photographer living in the north of Sweden with my wife.

I've been using cameras to make images for as long as I can remember,
being my first camera was a Kodak disc 3500 at the age of 8.

I primarily photograph urban landscapes in the style of fine art, amongst other things.
I'm a firm believer that there's a lot of beauty in the grey, ordinary
and the mundane and that's what I aim to show the world.

