



PHOTOGRAPHING BORING PLACES

RETREATING FROM THE REAL
JASON RUFFELL

The Princess Bride, 2021.

*"Hello, my name is Inigo Montoya, you
killed my father, prepare to die."*

This 'Zine' has sort of morphed from its initial concept, to more meanderings of my thoughts on everyday life. Possibly a by-product of lockdown where even boring places are out of reach. Over the pandemic I have retreated from the real world, boring or not, in to the written word, usually the real of the past, as I'm not one for fiction. Life is bizarre enough.

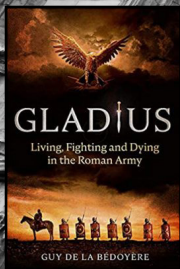
Days on Zoom have left me, when finishing work, loathe to stare at any more screens. Apart from staring out of the window at the passer-bys, which can be few as the street I live on is quiet, it has left few options to entertain oneself. Apart from bin day. That can be very exciting. Delving in to a good book, or sometimes not so good, has been a respite from the everyday humdrum of living through a pandemic.

This edition, some of the photos may be less than boring, but they have been chosen to illustrate my interests, in the written word, interests that do not just sit within one subject. I have enjoyed all of the books illustrated, and if you like the topic, I would recommend them, after you've read this, of course.

I was inspired by a book a friend worked on during the Pandemic, *'View From My Window'*. My view is boring, but the books that have kept me going, aren't.

I will be more boring in future.



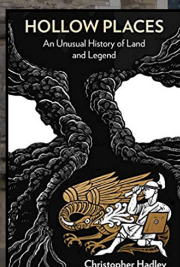
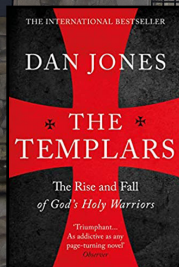
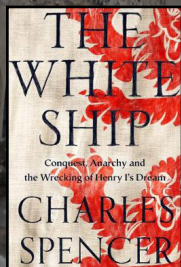
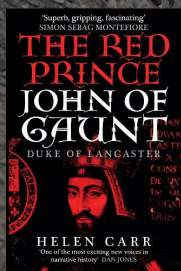
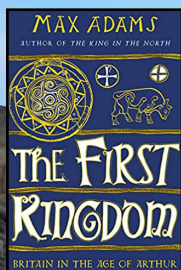




York Minster, 2017.

Before Christianity took hold, York or Eboracum, was inhabited by Britons and their overlords, the Romans, a mixed bunch from around the Empire. Life was good or hard depending on your status. If it was good you could rely on underfloor heating and exotic goods shipped in from across the world, if bad, slavery and an early grave.

Did IX Hispana depart from Eboracum before disappearing from history? Did they simply get lost and never return home? Is there any evidence of amphora inscribed with badly drawn legionnaires, their name and missing, resting in the archives? Was life that bad that they didn't want to go home? How do you lose a legion? We may never know. But it seems a tad careless of Rome.



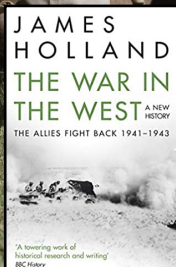
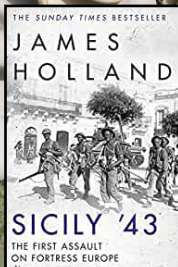


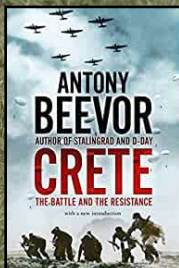
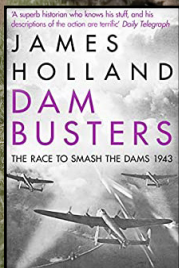
The Tower of London, 2017.

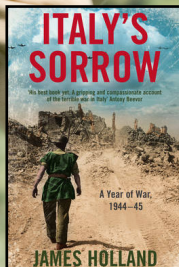
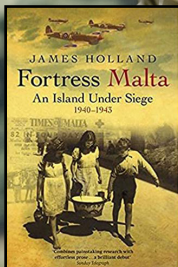
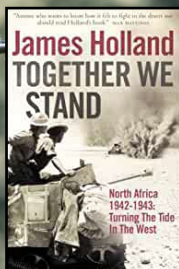
The medieval period, more tumultuous and Machiavellian than the fictional Game of Thrones, both feature mythical beasts, unbridled violence, sex and intrigue but reality also features the downtrodden peasants with plague... bonus.

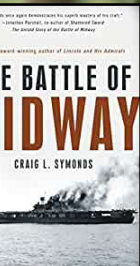
Don't mess with the Maquis, 2009.

The Second World War has always fascinated me. Not so much the warfare part but the individual stories of courage, bravery and state sponsored evil. Also the politics, the cajoling behind the scenes that need to go in to building a coalition and how states can brainwash their people and buy in to abhorrent ideologies.









The fat Commissar, 2009.

More stories from the war, but also lesser known stories, those that usually do not fit in to the western narrative and some that have also dropped out the consciousness of all nations dues to some uncomfortable truths.



The Thin Red Line, 2009.

History is written by the victors. And of those, the victors of the victors. Waterloo, a great British victory, not fought at Waterloo and only a third of the army made up British troops has gone down in history as a turning point, when we vanquished Napoleon. When I say 'we', I mean us, the British, those Prussians, Dutch-Belgian, Hanoverians, Nassauers etc... what did they do?

ROBERT KERSHAW

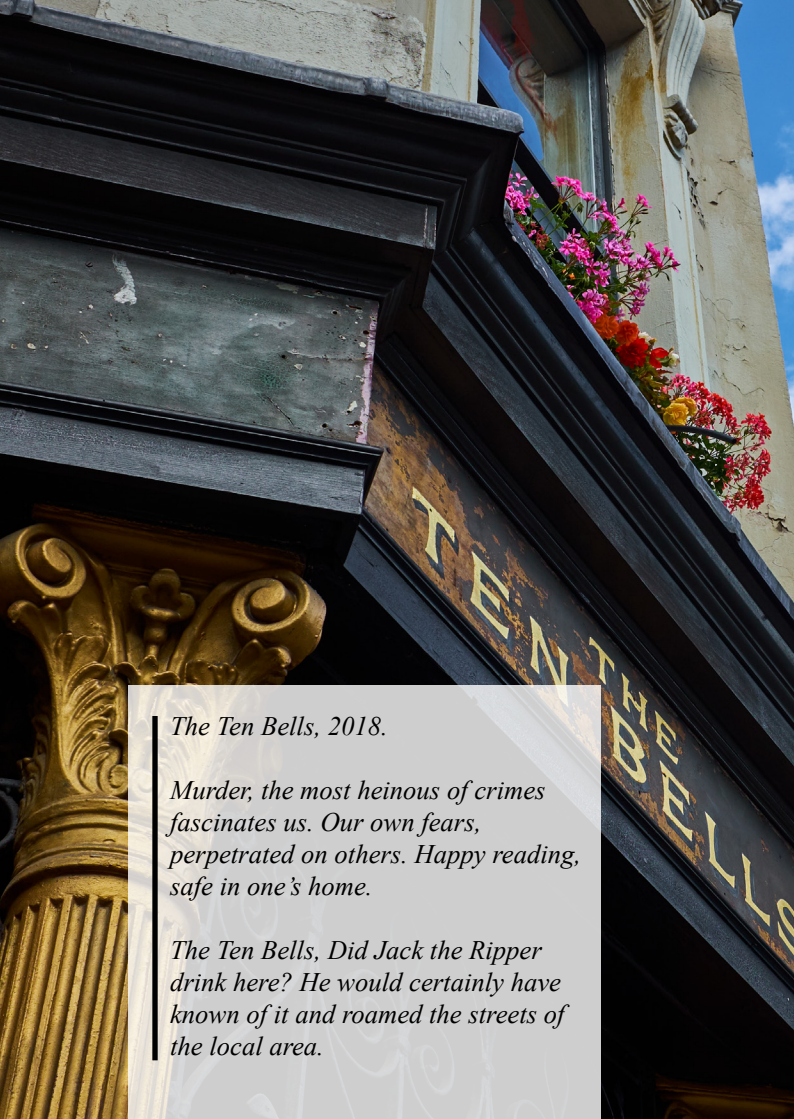
'A blow-by-blow account of the fateful day.
I couldn't put it down.' *INDEPENDENT*



**24 HOURS AT
WATERLOO**

• 18 JUNE 1815 •

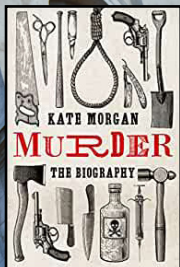
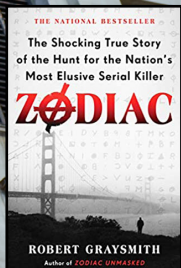
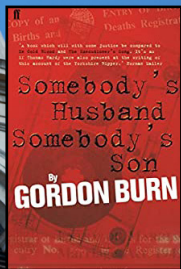
VOICES FROM THE BATTLEFIELD



The Ten Bells, 2018.

Murder, the most heinous of crimes fascinates us. Our own fears, perpetrated on others. Happy reading, safe in one's home.

The Ten Bells, Did Jack the Ripper drink here? He would certainly have known of it and roamed the streets of the local area.



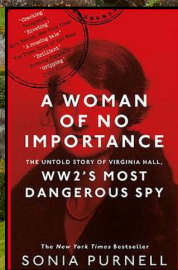
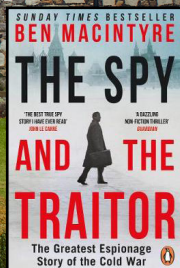


Hall Place, Bexleyheath, 2019.

Growing up in the quiet suburb of Bexleyheath in South East London I was unaware that there was a spy at work.

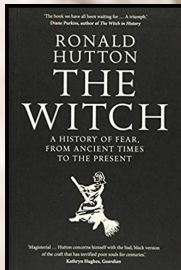
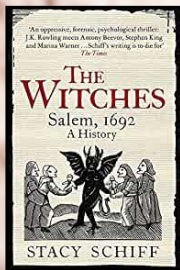
Melita Norwood, the longest serving Soviet spy working in England, lived a few streets away. She would have certainly visited Hall Place, a local landmark. What secrets myself and my friends may have let slip whilst playing outside.

Careless talk costs lives.



The Devon Witches, 2017.

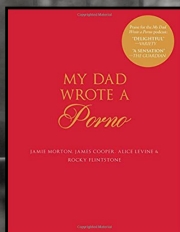
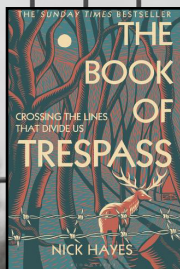
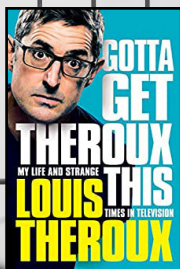
The paranoia surrounding witchcraft is reflected in the modern age around conspiracy theories, anti-vaxxers and general lunacy surrounding the pandemic. In the past we would have blamed innocent women, now, bat eating foreigners... Ozzy Osbourne... again!



THE DEVON WITCHES
IN MEMORY OF
Temperance Lloyd
Susannah Edwards
Mary Trembles
OF BIDEFORD DIED 1682
Alice Molland
DIED 1685

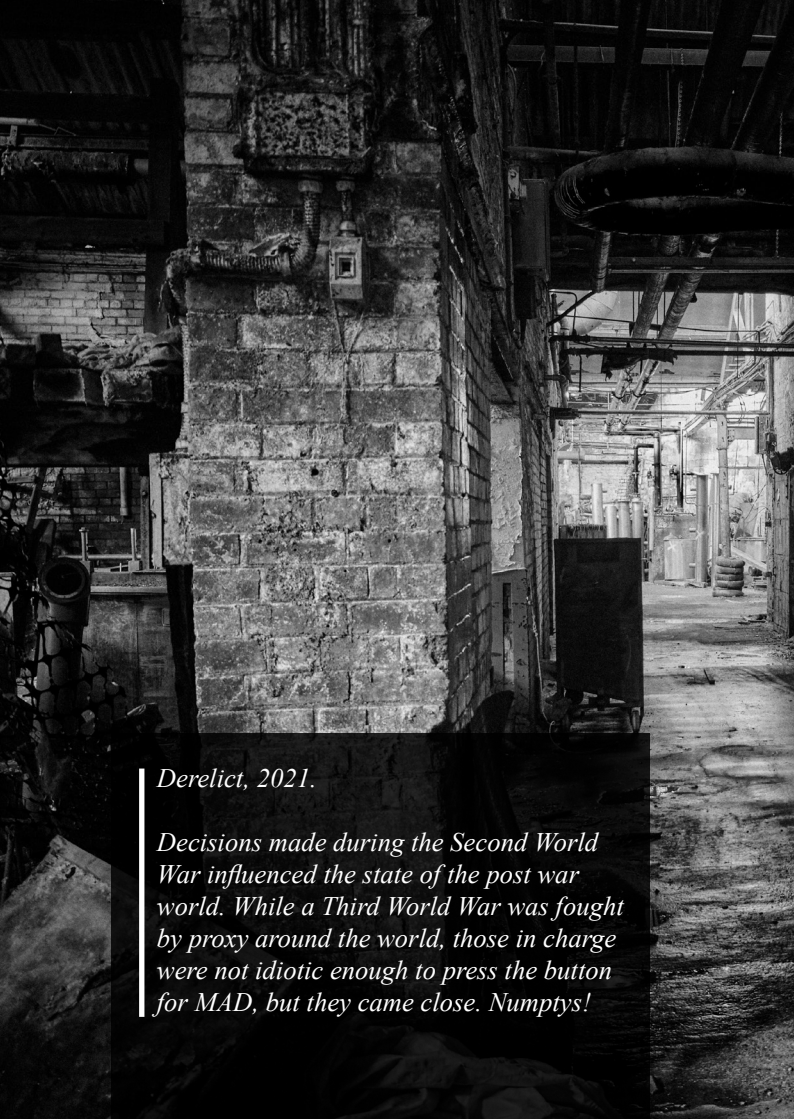
THE LAST PEOPLE IN ENGLAND
TO BE EXECUTED FOR WITCHCRAFT
TRIED HERE & HANGED AT HEANTREE
In the hope of an end to persecution & intolerance

**Notice
Trespassers
will be
prosecuted**



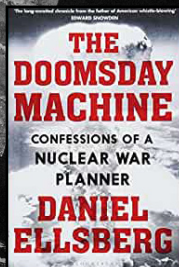
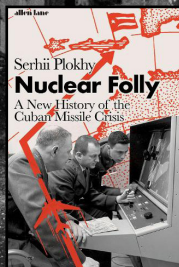
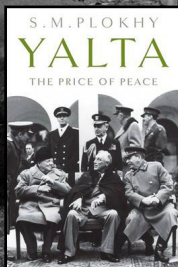
Trespass 2010.

A few books fell outside any form of classification, or more likely I didn't have any pictures to illustrate their subject, so they are just lumped here on one page under the title, Trespass. Transgressions from the norm. I think that works and I don't care if it doesn't!



Derelict, 2021.

Decisions made during the Second World War influenced the state of the post war world. While a Third World War was fought by proxy around the world, those in charge were not idiotic enough to press the button for MAD, but they came close. Numpty!





After a year in darkness we are gradually emerging back in to the light. I say gradually, as nature has taken it upon itself to say ‘fuck you’ to us humans. While the Government has relaxed restrictions, allowing us greater freedom to meet outdoors, nature has played the torrential rain, soggy, muddy card. I guess we’ll all have to evolve Sou’westers and Wellington boots.

The next edition will hopefully be back to normal... in print.

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