

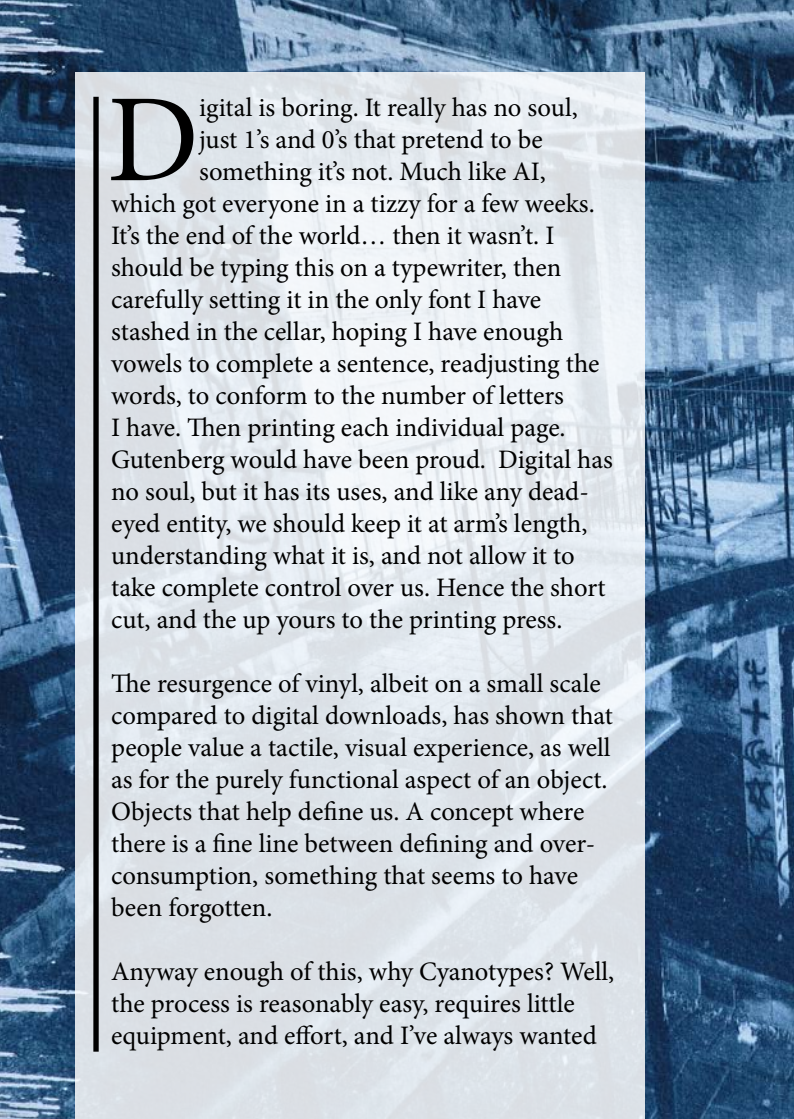


**PHOTOGRAPHING  
BORING  
PLACES**

**BLUE**

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**THE BLUE EDITION**  
**JASON RUFFELL**



**D**igital is boring. It really has no soul, just 1's and 0's that pretend to be something it's not. Much like AI, which got everyone in a tizzy for a few weeks. It's the end of the world... then it wasn't. I should be typing this on a typewriter, then carefully setting it in the only font I have stashed in the cellar, hoping I have enough vowels to complete a sentence, readjusting the words, to conform to the number of letters I have. Then printing each individual page. Gutenberg would have been proud. Digital has no soul, but it has its uses, and like any dead-eyed entity, we should keep it at arm's length, understanding what it is, and not allow it to take complete control over us. Hence the short cut, and the up yours to the printing press.

The resurgence of vinyl, albeit on a small scale compared to digital downloads, has shown that people value a tactile, visual experience, as well as for the purely functional aspect of an object. Objects that help define us. A concept where there is a fine line between defining and over-consumption, something that seems to have been forgotten.

Anyway enough of this, why Cyanotypes? Well, the process is reasonably easy, requires little equipment, and effort, and I've always wanted



to stain my kitchen blue. It's also allowed me to take my digital files, those soulless little devils, and give them some respectability, making each copy unique, instead of replicable, but then digitising them to make them replicable, oh the irony we cannot escape from.

Enjoy edition 14 and all its contradictions. My head can't cope with it all, so I'm going back to the kitchen to sniff some chemicals, probably the real reason for going analogue.

Previous Page, **Derelect I**, A cliché, much like this page, **Derelect II**, But why not.







## **Habitat, 2024.**

Everyone's home is unique and not unique. We have our own style, a style dictated by someone elsewhere, someone selling us a dream, or possibly a nightmare.



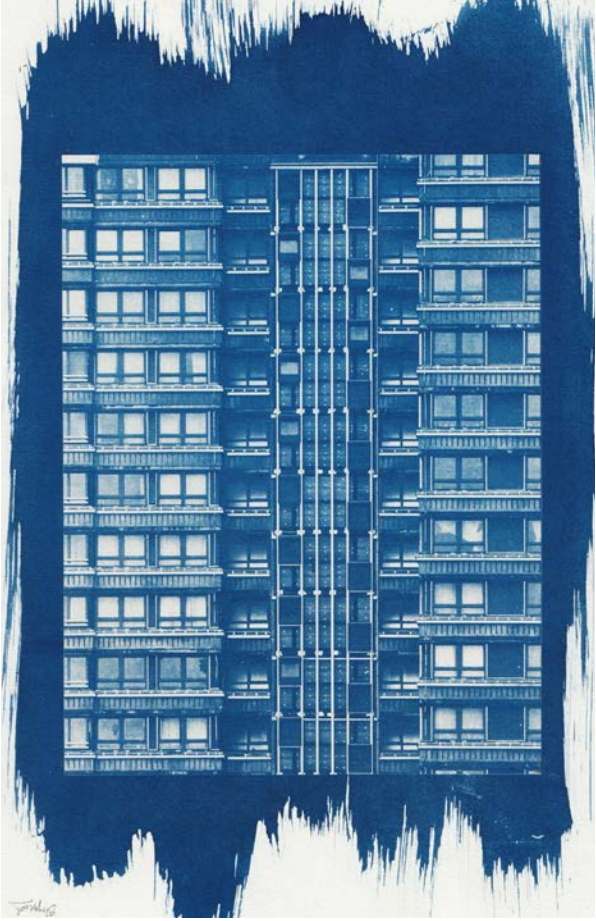




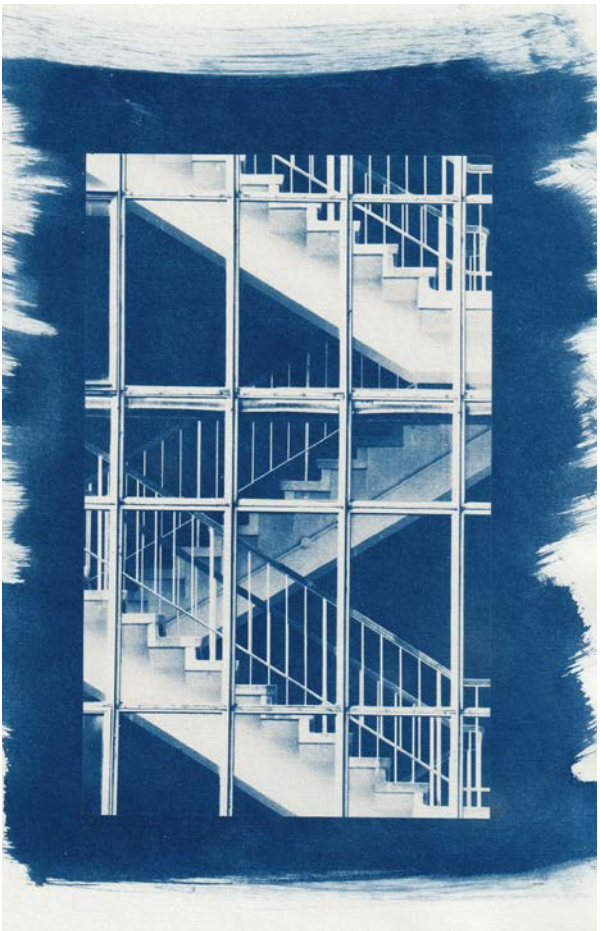


**Surveillance.** Now this building is awaiting to be turned into flats, 2024.

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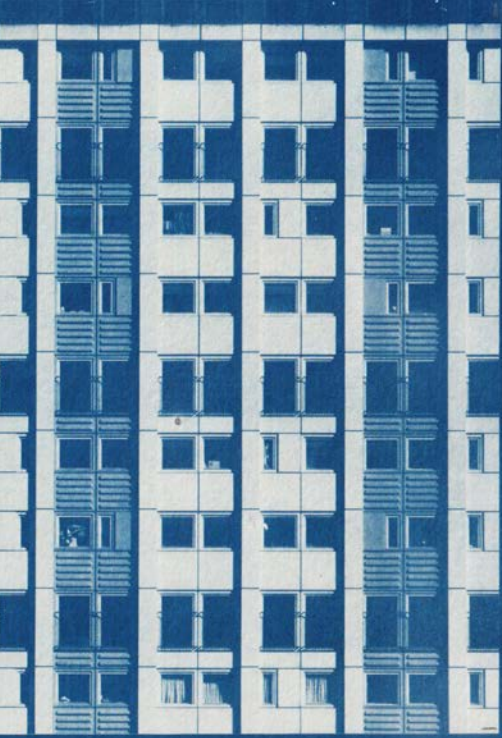
**Flats**, this was taken at the height of the cladding scandal after Grenfell, just before new cladding was put back on, 2024.



**Stairs, but where do they go? I have no idea and have no inclination to find out, 2024.**

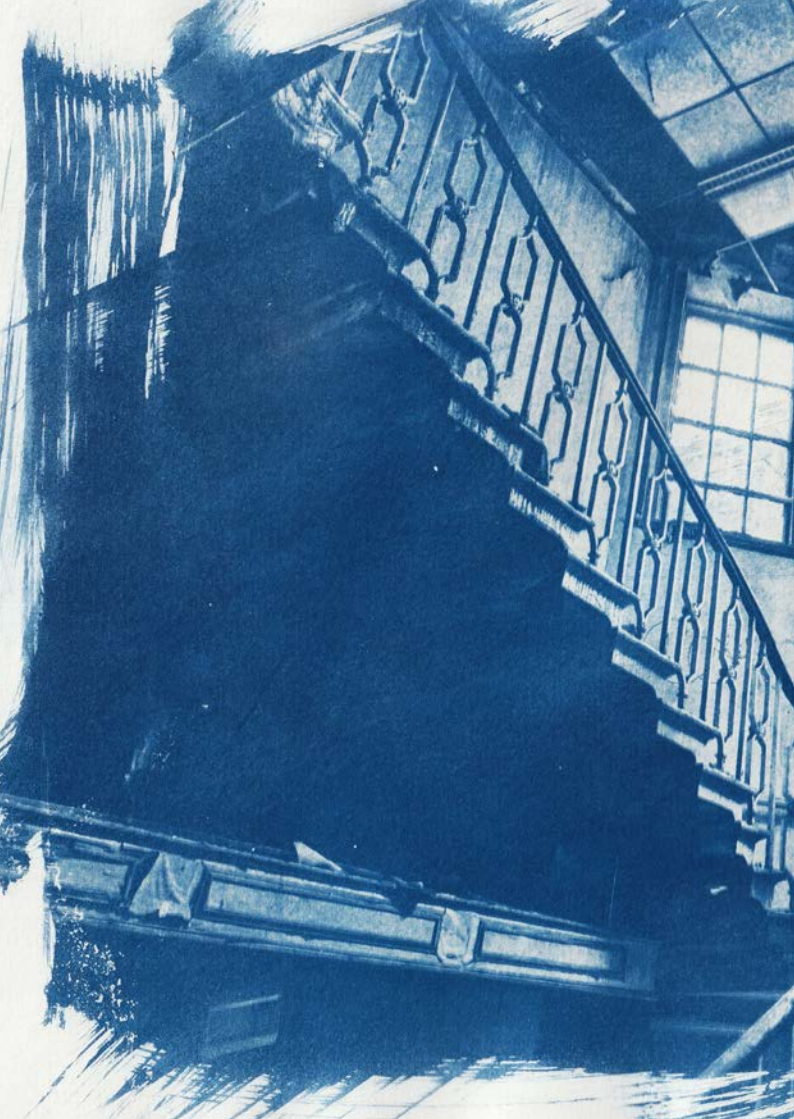
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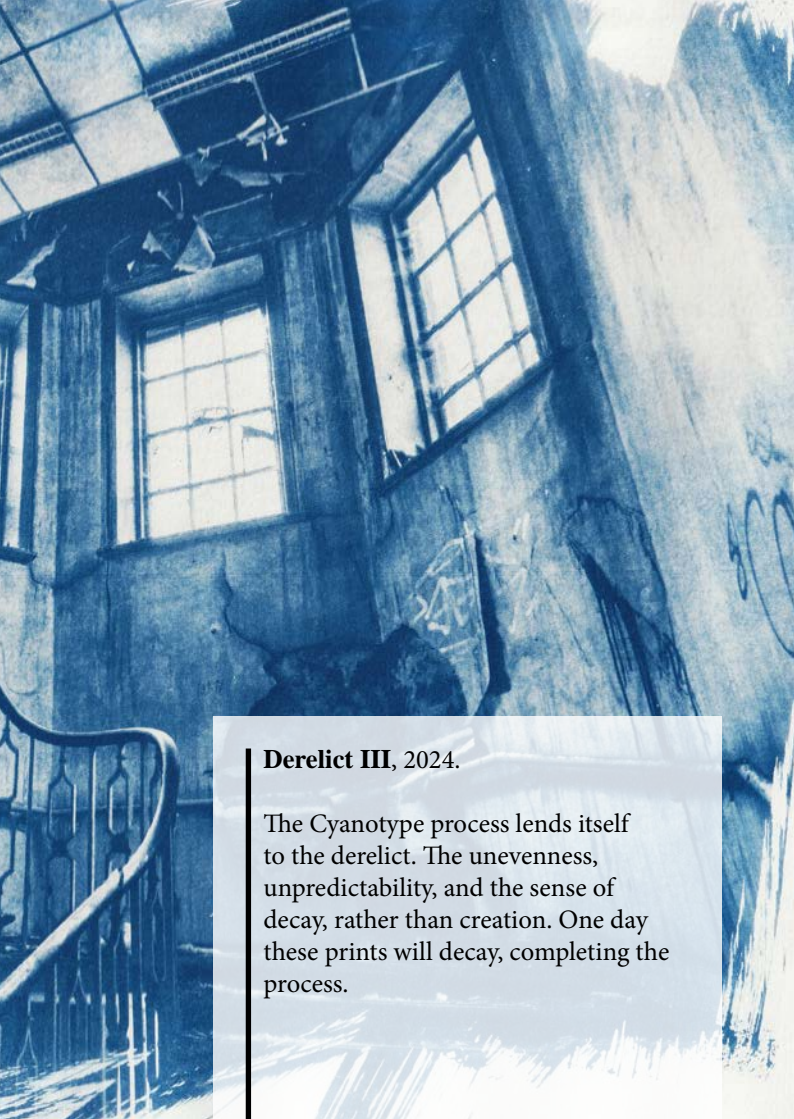




**Student Games**, flats for the Student games, which I believe Sheffield council has now paid off, however the stadium was demolished before the loan was repaid, 2024.

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### **Derelict III, 2024.**

The Cyanotype process lends itself to the derelict. The unevenness, unpredictability, and the sense of decay, rather than creation. One day these prints will decay, completing the process.







## **The General Cemetery, 2024**

A place to go to contemplate. Futility or hope. It's up to you. At least it's quiet, quiet for the dead, as no more bodies are interred here.



**The Arts Tower.** An iconic piece of architecture on the Sheffield skyline, 2024.

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**Hallam Towers.** An iconic piece of architecture on the Sheffield skyline, no longer there, replaced by something uninteresting, 2024.

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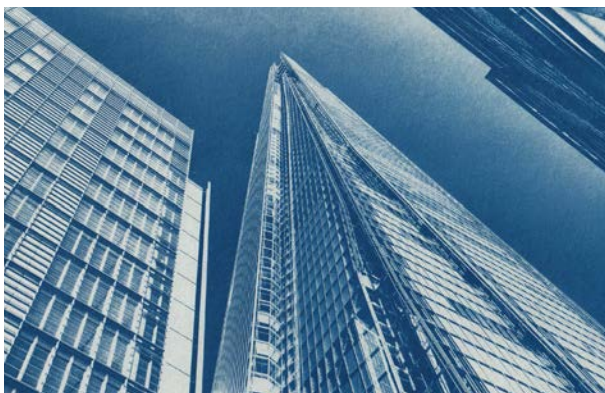
## **Derelict IV, 2024.**

Digital files with faux Sepia may have sufficed, but like the false narrative of AI generated images, they are just not the same. An image is more than just the representation of a scene, it is the emotion it elicits from the viewer that makes it real.





**The High Level Bridge**, the space between Gateshead and Newcastle, 2024.



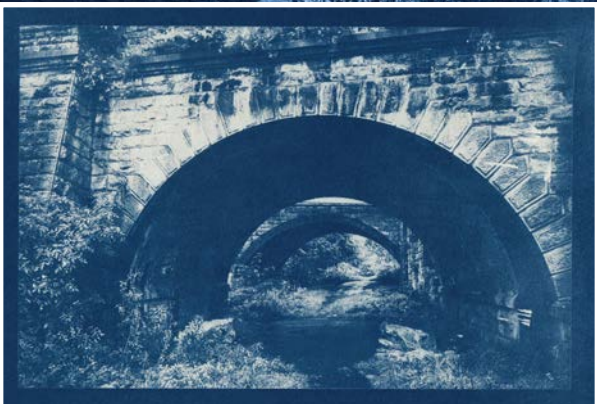
**The Shard**, an icon of capitalism, I assume. I have no idea what goes on in there, 2024.



**Anonymous office block**, somewhere in London, I forget, 2024.



**Façade**, somewhere in Newcastle. An old face awaiting a new body, 2024.



My adventures with chemicals will continue, but I must also get back to what I do best, nothing. In fact, I'm not very good at that either.

They say you learn more from your mistakes than your success. I have learnt how to make mistakes, perhaps that is success, or success in my eyes, that I'm good at something. We can't all be exceptional, in a monotonous way

Edition 15 will be more fun, less blue.

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