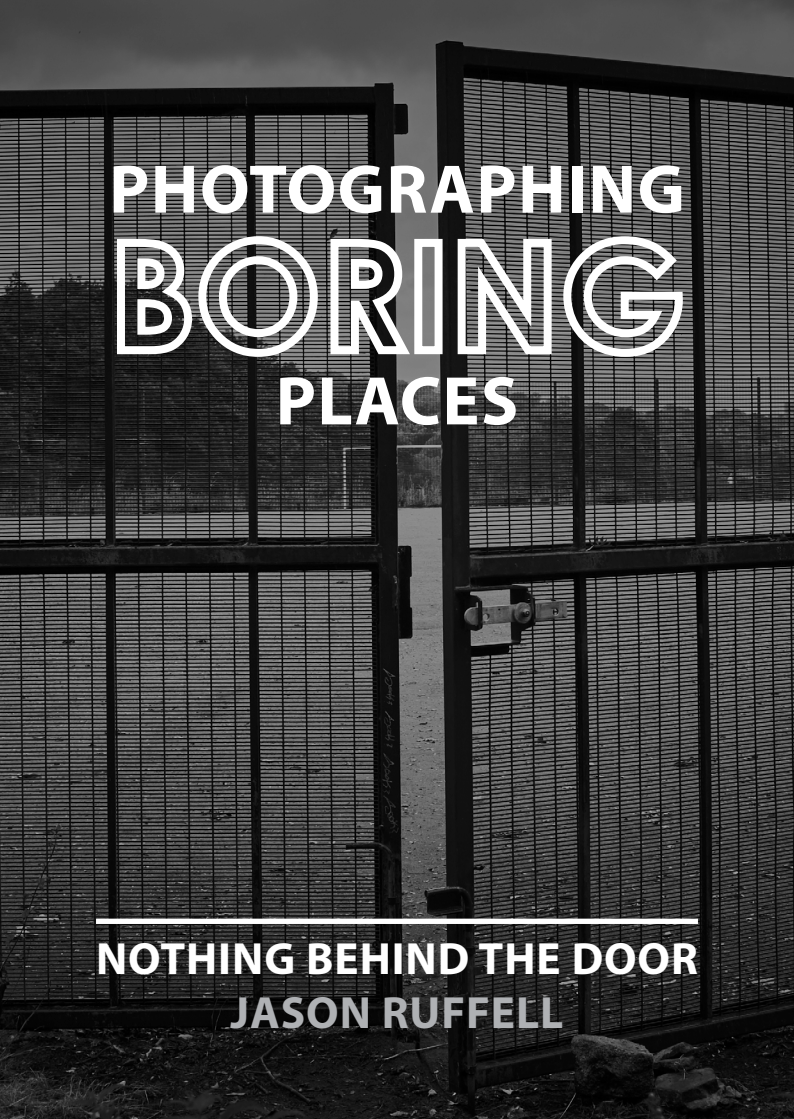
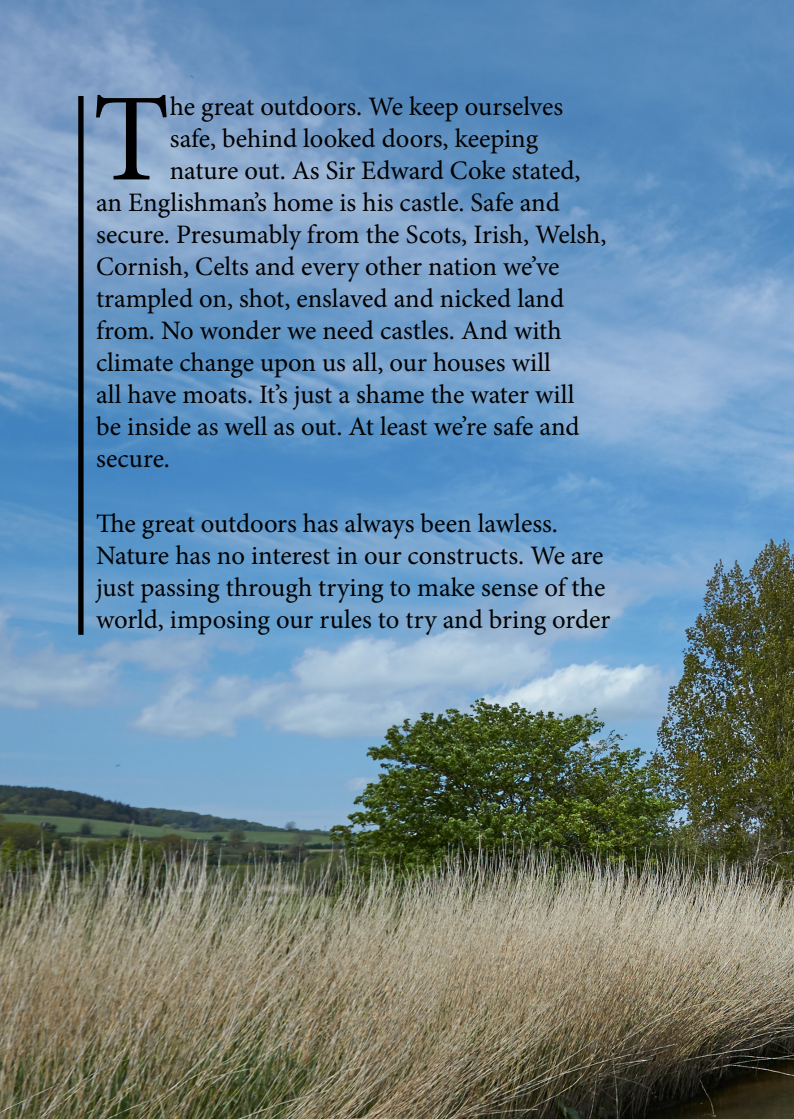

PHOTOGRAPHING
BORING
PLACES
NOTHING BEHIND THE DOOR
JASON RUFFELL

The great outdoors. We keep ourselves safe, behind looked doors, keeping nature out. As Sir Edward Coke stated, an Englishman's home is his castle. Safe and secure. Presumably from the Scots, Irish, Welsh, Cornish, Celts and every other nation we've trampled on, shot, enslaved and nicked land from. No wonder we need castles. And with climate change upon us all, our houses will all have moats. It's just a shame the water will be inside as well as out. At least we're safe and secure.

The great outdoors has always been lawless. Nature has no interest in our constructs. We are just passing through trying to make sense of the world, imposing our rules to try and bring order

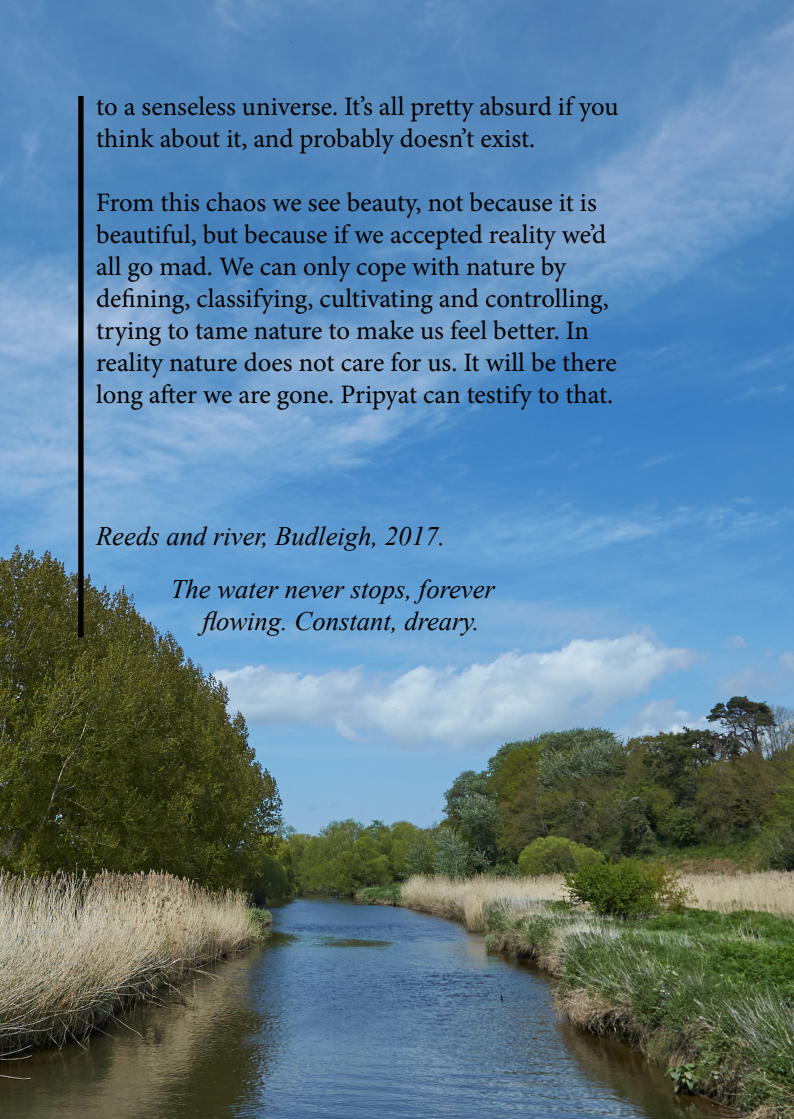


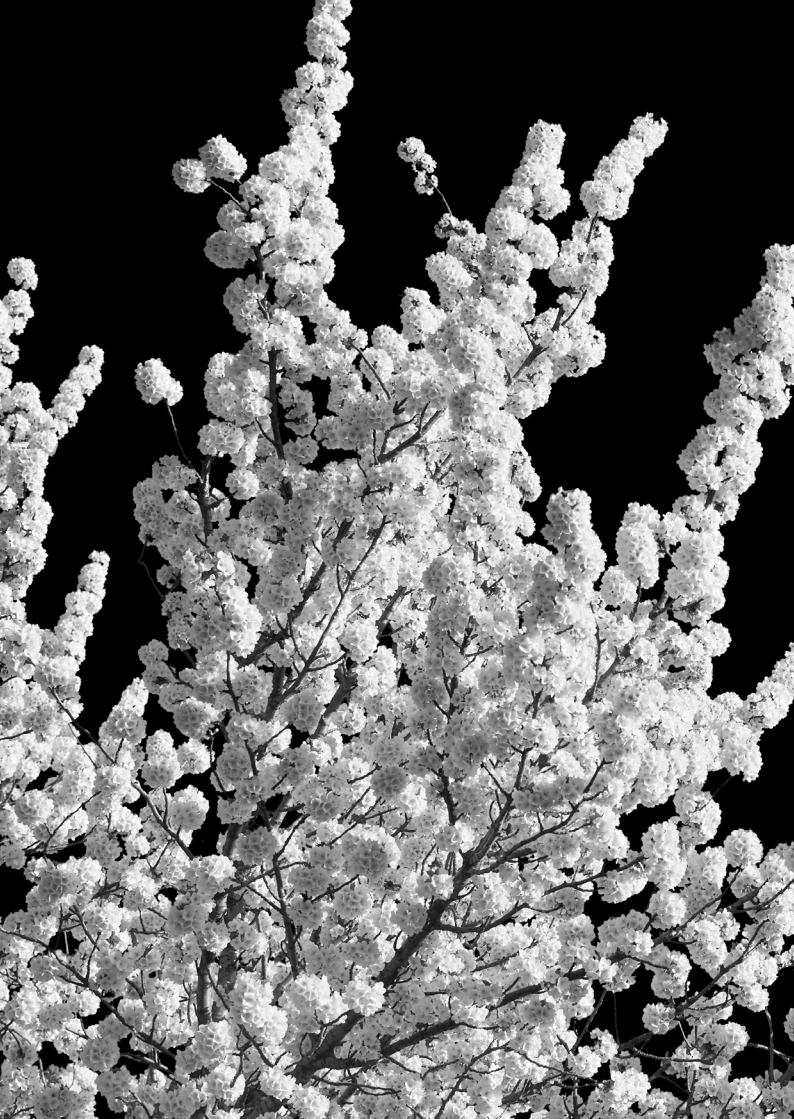
to a senseless universe. It's all pretty absurd if you think about it, and probably doesn't exist.

From this chaos we see beauty, not because it is beautiful, but because if we accepted reality we'd all go mad. We can only cope with nature by defining, classifying, cultivating and controlling, trying to tame nature to make us feel better. In reality nature does not care for us. It will be there long after we are gone. Pripyat can testify to that.

Reeds and river, Budleigh, 2017.

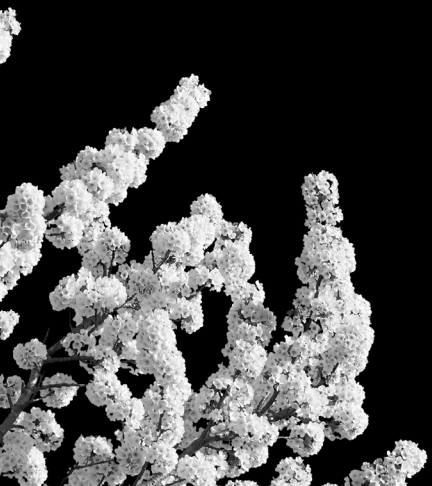
The water never stops, forever flowing. Constant, dreary.





Spring Blossom, Sheffield, 2018.

I wish I could say I made an effort with this photo. In reality I shot it from my back door. Living in a terraced house I only have a small weed patch, however this tree is one of the few spared by Amey's chainsaws in one of the less affluent parts of Sheffield.



The Boring Everyday

Maths. One of those subjects you either love or hate. You can grow to love the discipline, seeing the beauty of the everyday illustrated in numbers. The Fibonacci sequence highlighted in spirals, branching and sections, components that make up the natural world. Well, sequences we've imposed on the world, in perfect specimens. The imperfect discarded as they don't match the view we wish to have of the world. Show me the Fibonacci sequence in box of wonky veg and I'll accept a there's a higher meaning.

Or you can become a conspiracy theorist and learn to hate maths, dismissing the truth presented in numbers as lies. Did you know that the Royal Navy's Fleet Air Arm bombed Pearl Harbour in 1941 to bring the USA in to the war?

Just saying.

"All life is biology.
All biology is physiology.
All physiology is chemistry.
All chemistry is physics.
All physics is math."

Dr. Stephen Marquardt.

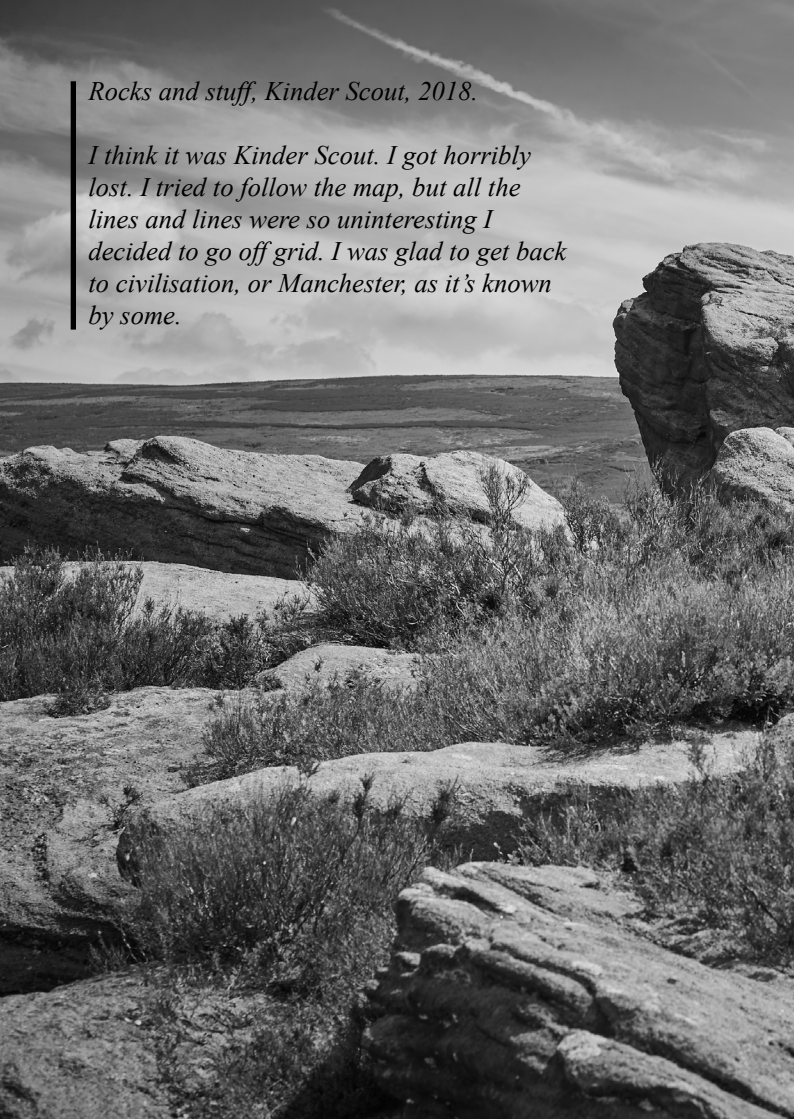
The Golden Ratio defines the beauty of life, however from extensive research (I looked at a couple of shonky websites) that beauty does not seem to have filtered down to websites sites that claim this as a fact. Their creators design skills absent. Perhaps thinking nature has done their job for them, they can just sit back, relax and design their pages as if they were composed on a ZX Spectrum.

However, when examined, the ZX Spectrum's width, breadth, height and processing power conform to the Golden Ratio, so what do I know?

$$\Phi = \text{Phi} = 1.618$$

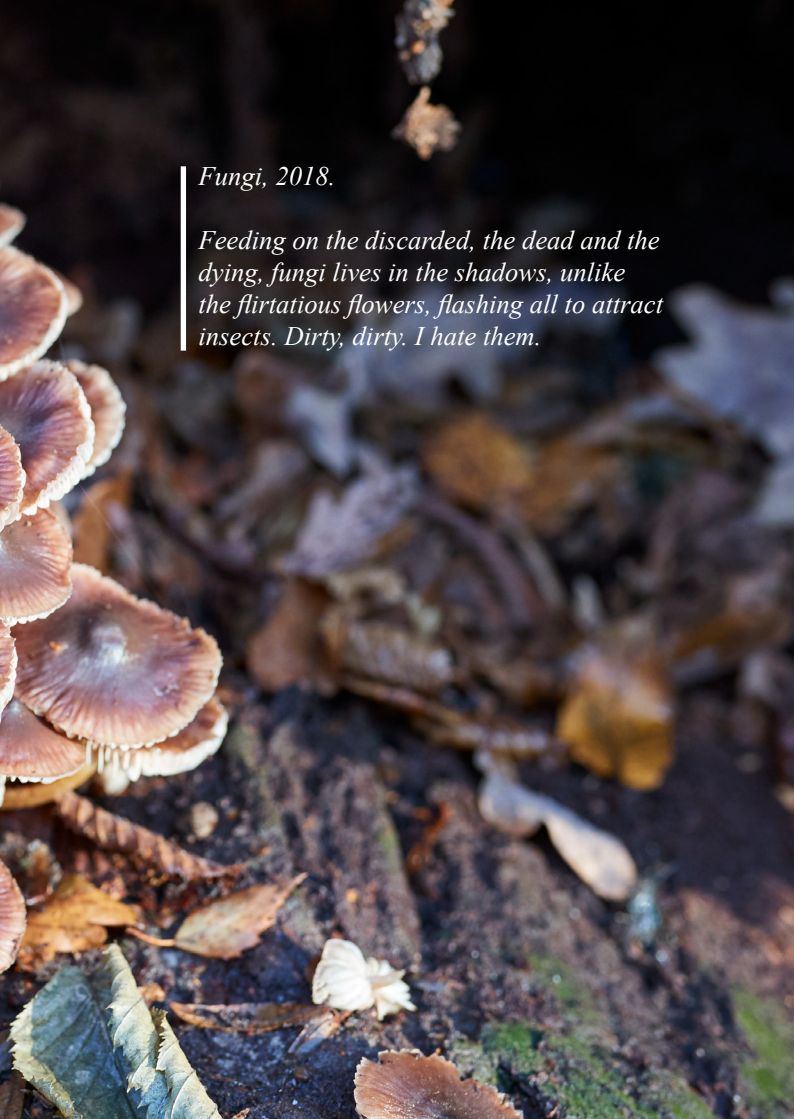
Cacti, in a greenhouse. It could have been exotic, but no, Sheffield 2019.

Plants in a bag, Saltaire, 2018.



Rocks and stuff, Kinder Scout, 2018.

I think it was Kinder Scout. I got horribly lost. I tried to follow the map, but all the lines and lines were so uninteresting I decided to go off grid. I was glad to get back to civilisation, or Manchester, as it's known by some.

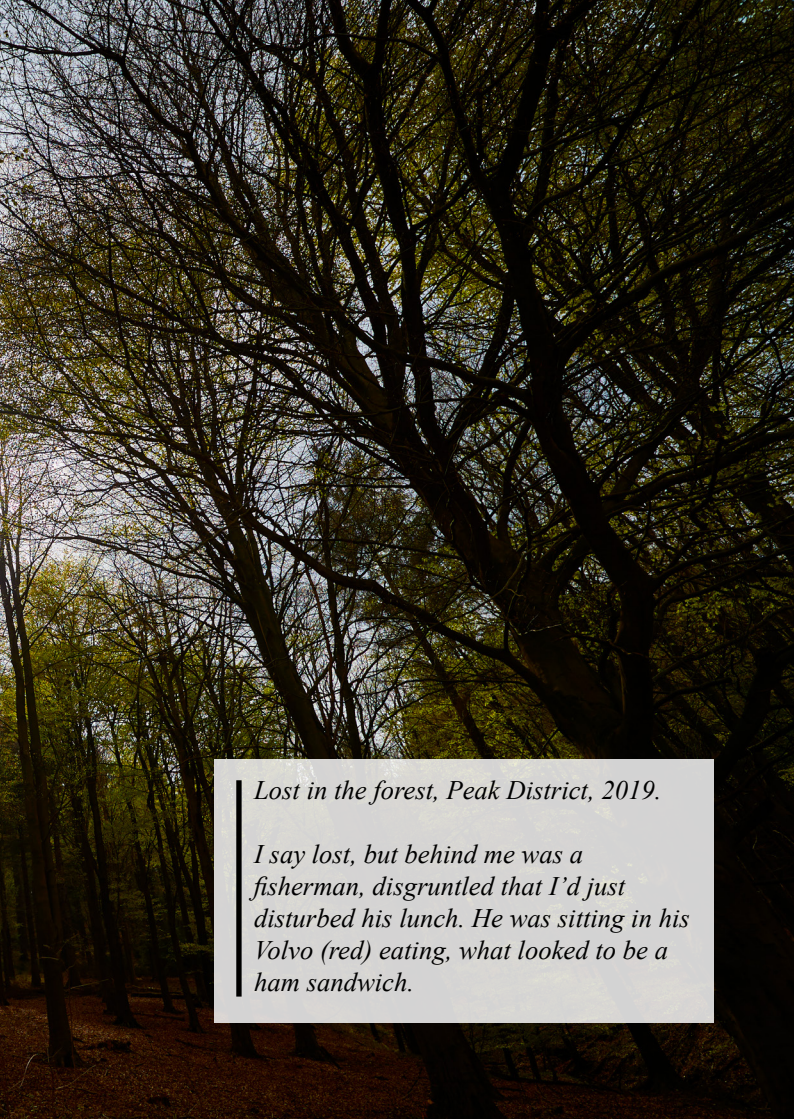


Fungi, 2018.

Feeding on the discarded, the dead and the dying, fungi lives in the shadows, unlike the flirtatious flowers, flashing all to attract insects. Dirty, dirty. I hate them.

Weeds in the Don, 2017.

I need Ophelia. Unlike Sir John Everett Millasis, I didn't have a young lady to chuck in the water to complete the scene.



Lost in the forest, Peak District, 2019.

I say lost, but behind me was a fisherman, disgruntled that I'd just disturbed his lunch. He was sitting in his Volvo (red) eating, what looked to be a ham sandwich.

Plant, Sheffield, 2017.

It's sad that I planned this whole edition to make this one joke, but who doesn't like a digger?

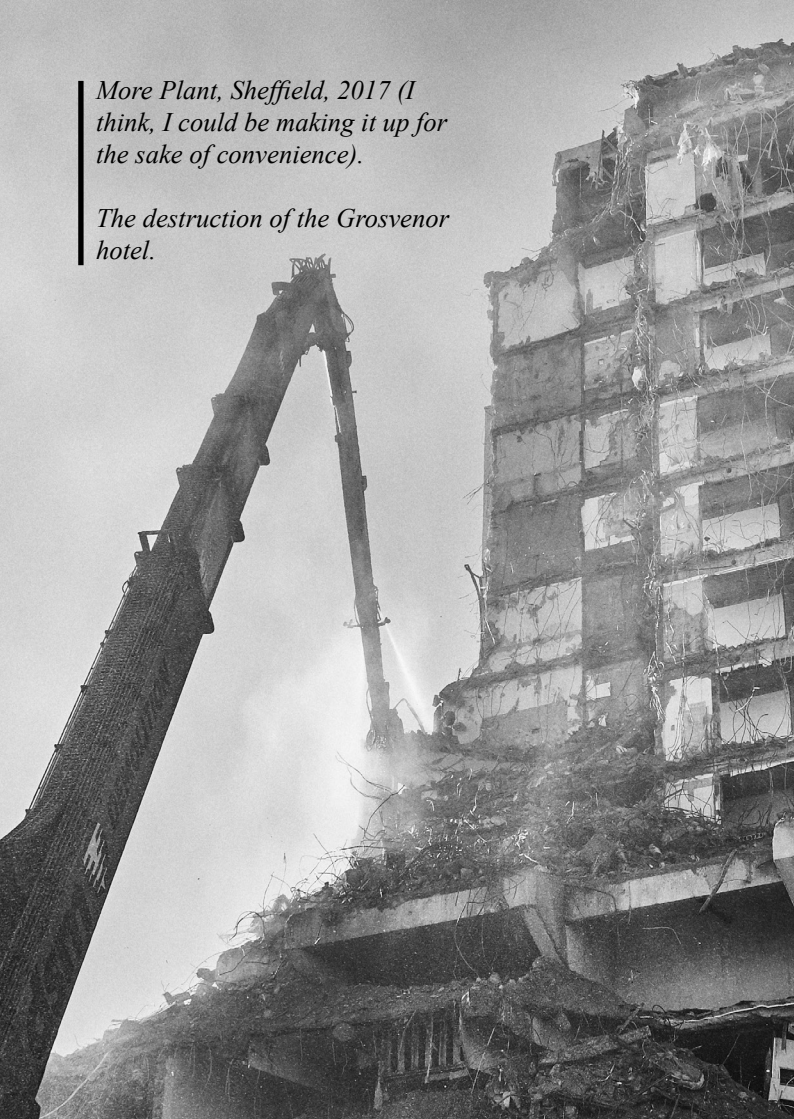
John Lewis
dsm

A rolling stone gathers no moss, hence why these are covered in moss, Hathersage, 2017.

Out of focus tress, possibly a Black Sabbath album cover, Sheffield, 2017.

The branches of a tree should be interesting but there are some many of them they are monotonous, Sheffield, 2019.

Grasses down the Don, it was either weeds or ducks, Sheffield, 2019.



More Plant, Sheffield, 2017 (I think, I could be making it up for the sake of convenience).

The destruction of the Grosvenor hotel.

Second edition done. Thank God(s), nature, whatever, for that.

Praise for Photographing Boring Places

"It was significantly more interesting and engaging than the peer review, it's just a shame it wasn't longer."

anon

"This little Zine had me laughing my ass off. Highly recommended."

anon

All content © Jason Ruffell, 2019. Why you'd want to copy any of it is anyone's guess.