PHOTOGRAPHING BORING

PLEASE BELIEVE THESE DAYS 2.55

PLEASE BELIEVE THESE DAYS PASS Site Gallery, Sheffield 2020.

Yes it is, No it isn't. I feel like Punch, but without the domestic abuse and crocodile. I do however have sausages.

everything is

ife in Lock-down. Suddenly our world has become a much smaller place. While the pandemic plays out on a global scale our personal world has shrunk. Not just physically but also social interactions.

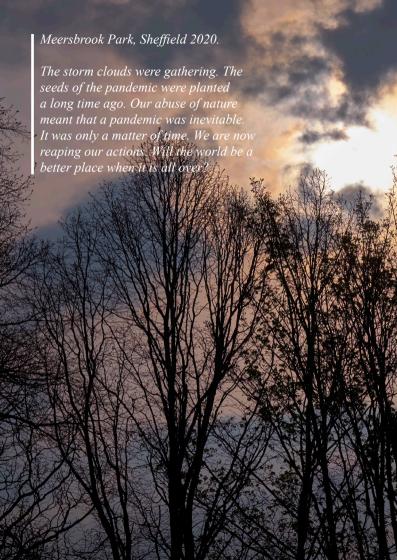
Following government guidelines, one hour of exercise a day, assuming I can walk at a reasonably fast pace, four miles an hour, my world has shrunk to 12.56637061436 square miles. I'm counting every inch.

It has forced us to inspect our own lives, those things that are important, those that are irrelevant.

different today

In these times we can see the success and failures of our rulers. Judge them on their response. Not everyone has that 'Dunkirk' spirit, celebrating abject failure.

Clapping for key workers, NHS, care workers, those in the supply chain, supermarket workers etc... whilst celebrating their contribution helps mask the Governments failure in testing, PPE and enforcing the lock-down early enough, organisations taking matters in to their own hands before action from the Government.





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While many businesses are struggling during the crisis, many had already shuttered before the pandemic due to economic reasons, austerity and the rise of online shopping. The high-street will never be the same again.

Isolation, Sheffield 2020.

While the media is full of great ideas, things to do at home if you are relatively affluent and can procure the necessary supplies, people flouting their gardens, their own personal green space, the reality for many is very different.

Isolated in cramped spaces, little opportunity to get out, it is no wonder that domestic abuse is on the rise and those that break the rules, eager to escape the confines of their four walls are regularly vilified by the media.







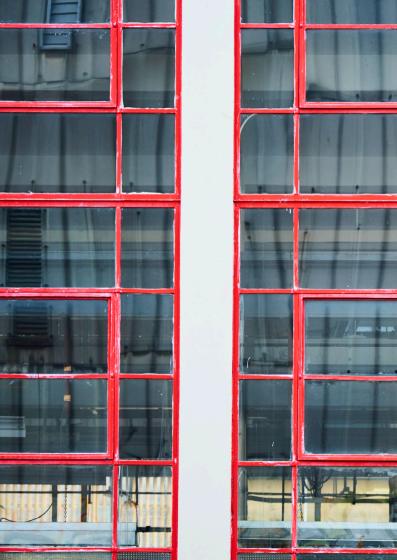
Faith, some need it, others not, the virus doesn't distinguish. Gleadless Valley, 2020.

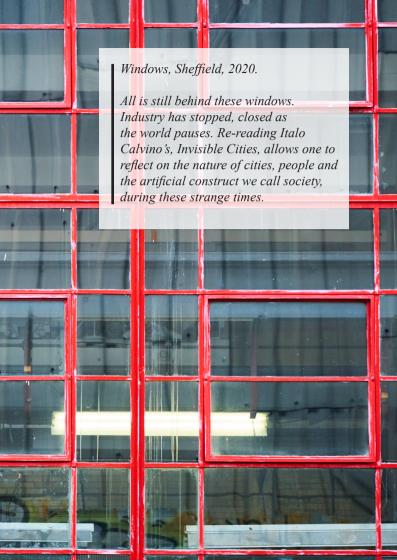


epidemic, Clay Wood, 2020. We've been here before. Cholera Monument, a memorial to the 402 victims of the 1832











You're going nowhere, Sheffield bus depot, 2020.

All lined up, like a bus showroom, waiting for a buyer. Public transport grinds to a halt amidst the pandemic.





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Y IS KINDNESS.

Be Kind, Sheffield, 2020.

Be kind. Let's look out for one another. Shouldn't we have been doing this already?



Closed. Playgrounds roped off, all is quiet, fun and laughter subdued. Sheffield, 2020.



Businesses taking matters in to their own hands. Sheffield, 2020.



Stay Home, protect the NHS, but from whom? The virus or continued Government cuts. Sheffield, 2020.



Staying at home with nothing but joyful technology can be dispiriting. Sheffield, 2020.







Well, that was a difficult edition to produce. An unexpected extra, but the Covid-19 pandemic forced me to look at my local environment in greater detail, my world became so much smaller. In the next edition things will be lighter, an exploration of holidays, the fun times, hot, lazy days, god, it feels me with dread already.

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