

**PHOTOGRAPHING
BORING
PLACES**

**A LEAP OF FAITH - GOING
ON HOLIDAY**

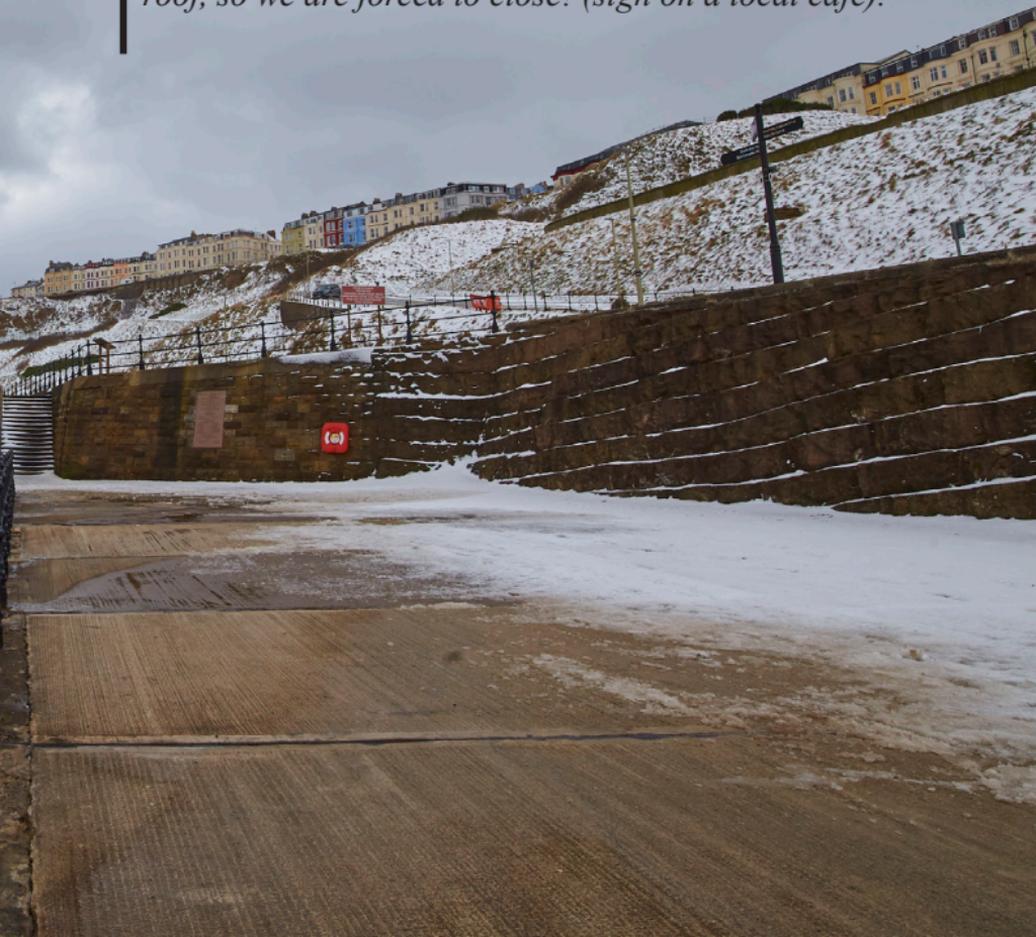
JASON RUFFELL



A traditional beach holiday, Scarborough, 2018.

I'm not one for beach holidays, I'm not one for crowded places, I'm not one for having fun. Scarborough, the Beast from the East, a grand combination. Everything was closed, even the Crazy Golf. An ideal holiday, I was miserable.

Sorry, but we cannot open the door without losing the roof, so we are forced to close! (sign on a local café).





I make mistakes. Life has been a constant succession of bad ideas. Life in the West for most conforms to a regular pattern. Linear, birth to death, punctuated by those milestones that make one feel exceptional, but in reality, mediocre. And cyclical, enforced breaks we don't question, Christmas, Easter, even though I don't have an imaginary friend and those of our choosing, usually called summer holidays, or hell depending on one's outlook.

Budleigh-Salterton, proudly English. The cross of St George, the symbol of that well known Engli... Roman warrior, born in Turkey, 2015.

It is the latter I struggle with, the former I have no choice and just close down the parts of my brain that aren't required, those that cause arguments and try to stimulate those that are, small talk and repetitive conversations.

Give me an MRI or CT scan at Christmas and you'll find I'm dead inside. Give me an MRI or CT scan on my annual summer holiday and you'll find I'm dead inside. Things may look identical but there are subtle differences. Death comes in many forms.

It's not that I don't enjoy a break, it's just the mass exodus I have issues with. If I was mates with Moses, I would have more than likely declined the offer and had a stay-cation or gone back to the drudge of slavery and taken the time off at a more convenient time.

Going places, only to have to queue, fight your way through crowds and to generally be treated as a commodity isn't my idea of fun. So, heading to places off-season or not on the tourist map seem like a good idea. They usually aren't.

Places are generally cold, closed and for some reason I usually end up in an industrial estate. Usually, there are no deck chairs, ice-cream vans or donkey rides.

Crazy Golf, Scarborough, 2018.

*It's Golf and it's crazy. But not crazy enough
to open in sub-zero temperatures.*



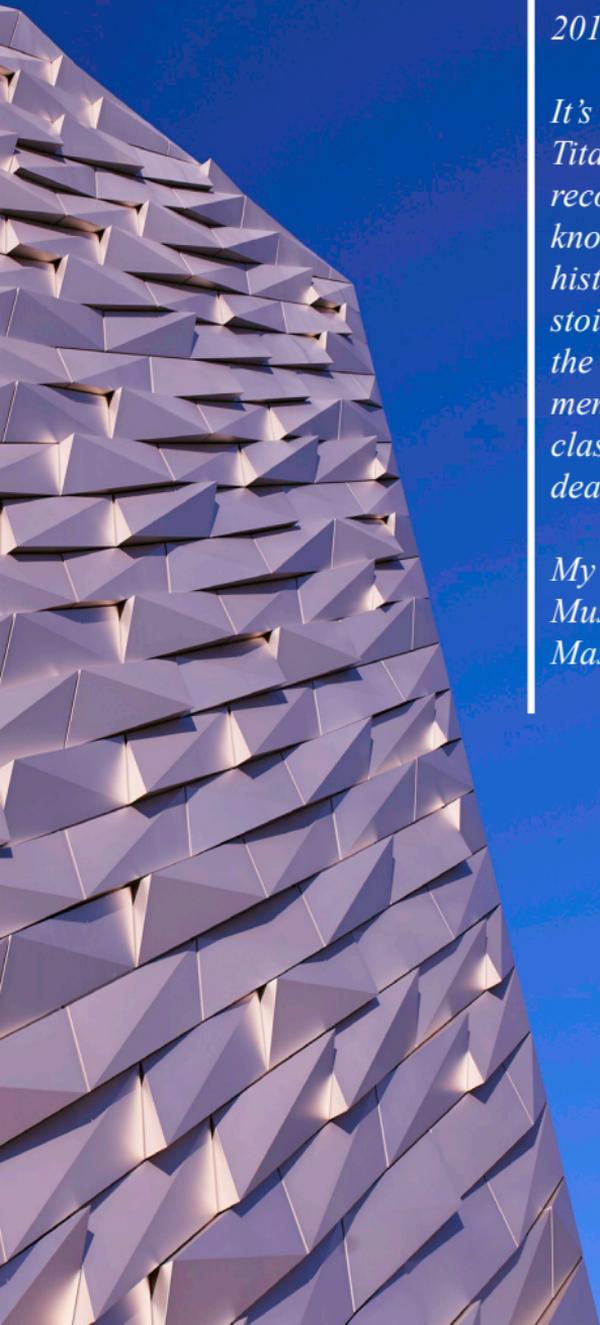
ASIDE
CRAZY GOLF

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SEE TOURS FOR SCORES

L BUCKET
&
PADE SET
£2
COLD
DRINKS
ALL £1







Swimming to the sky, Belfast, 2019.

It's Titanic. Or it was. The Titanic museum in Belfast recounts one of the best-known tragedies in modern history. The ruling elite, stoically, went down with the ship. Etched in our memory, but the steerage class passengers were already dead, drowned below decks.

My break also took in the Museum of Free Derry. Massacres and disasters.

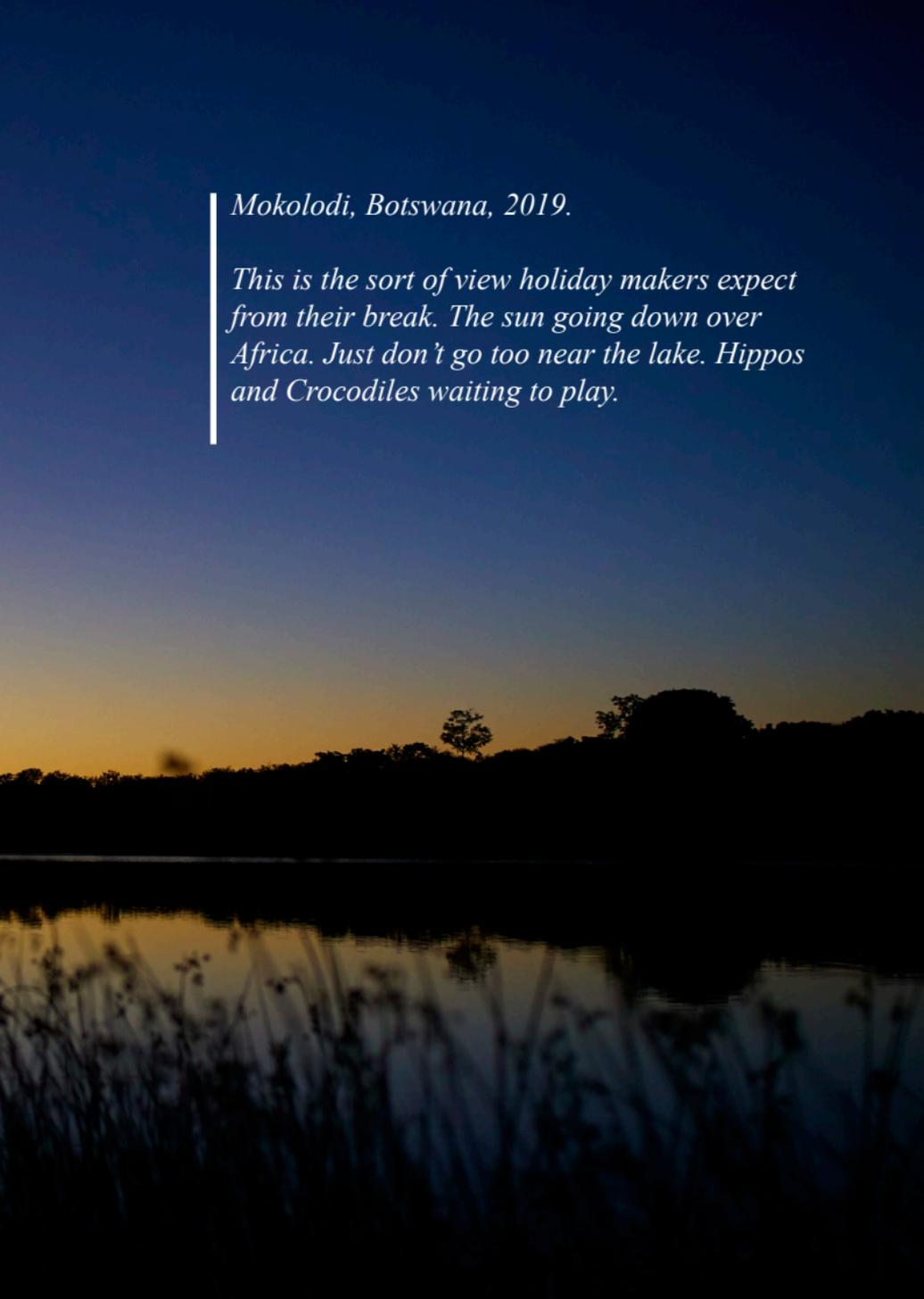


The devil is in the detail. Forth Rail Bridge, Edinburgh, 2019.

With global warming heating things up, we all need more air conditioning, Bradford, 2019.







Mokolodi, Botswana, 2019.

This is the sort of view holiday makers expect from their break. The sun going down over Africa. Just don't go too near the lake. Hippos and Crocodiles waiting to play.



Active holidays, Hebdon Bridge 2017.

If you're after something more exciting from your break, there are plenty of activities to choose from. I decided to try surfing (in the North Sea). It was bloody cold, and the rented wetsuit



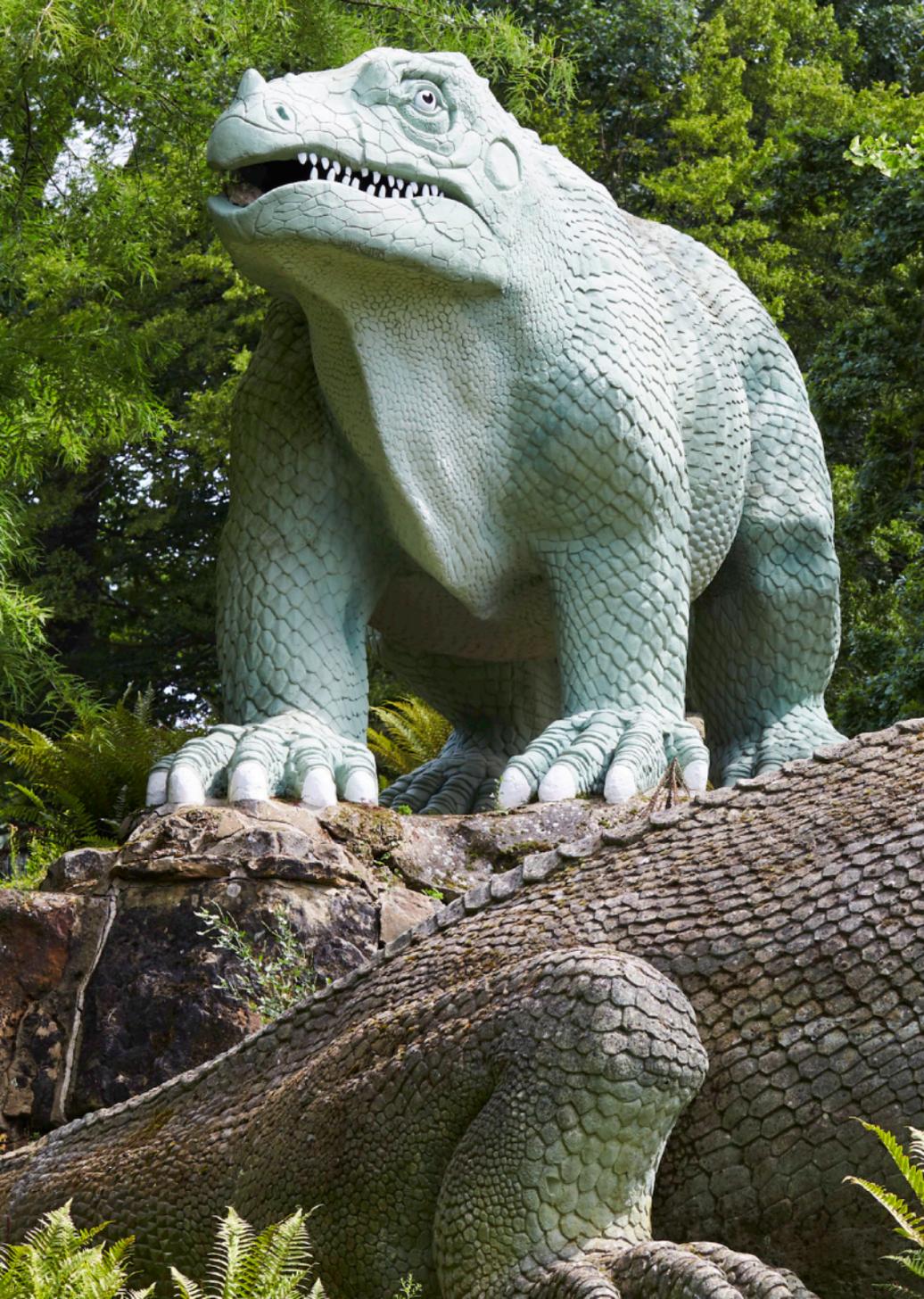
was an interesting fit. I'm pretty sure they're not meant to be baggy, it was a cool look. I spent three days trying to drown myself, flailing, washed in, and then back out again by the tide.

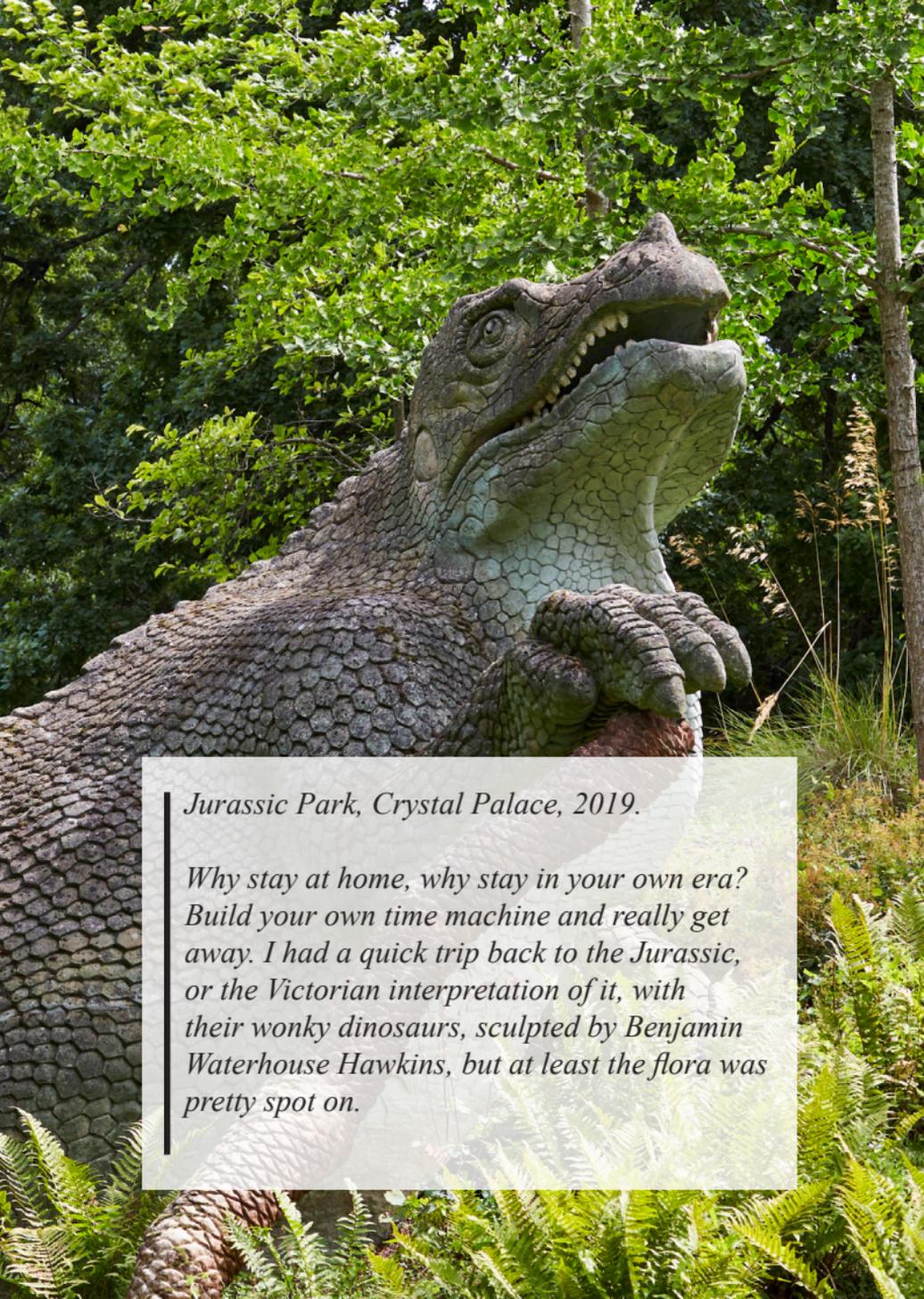
*A walk in the country, Peak District,
2019.*

*A healthy walk in the sunny Peak
District. Actually, it was in December
which at least meant it was deserted.*









Jurassic Park, Crystal Palace, 2019.

*Why stay at home, why stay in your own era?
Build your own time machine and really get
away. I had a quick trip back to the Jurassic,
or the Victorian interpretation of it, with
their wonky dinosaurs, sculpted by Benjamin
Waterhouse Hawkins, but at least the flora was
pretty spot on.*



Getting away, your time to relax and sit in a traffic jam, A2, Kent, 2018.



Get yourself a beach hut, somewhere away from everyone, Bamburgh, 2018.

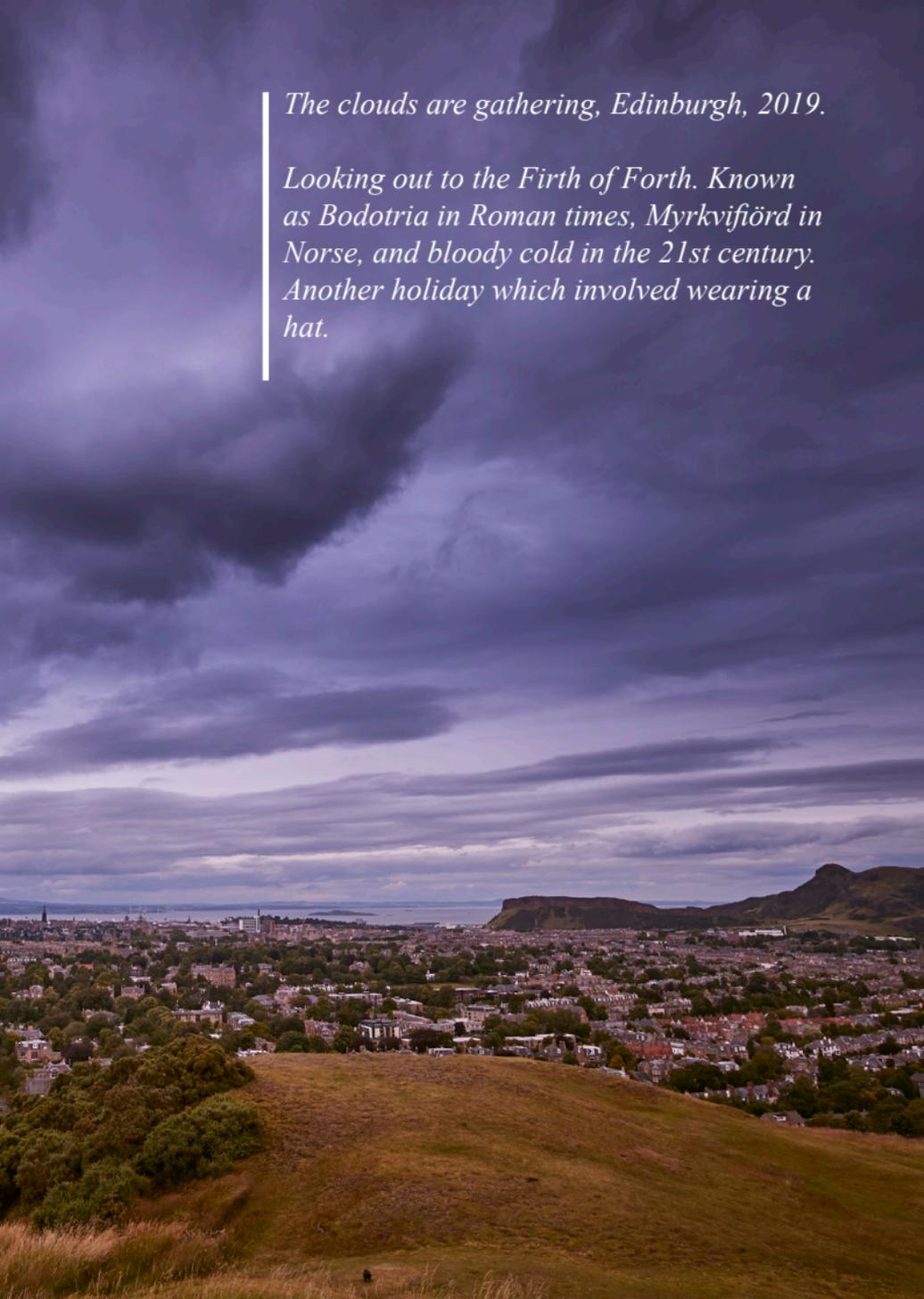


Pick a good hotel, one where you can relax and recuperate, away from the howling winds, Scarborough, 2018.



If you're bored, learn to drive on a patch of scrub land, Gaborone, 2019.





The clouds are gathering, Edinburgh, 2019.

Looking out to the Firth of Forth. Known as Bodotria in Roman times, Myrkvifiörd in Norse, and bloody cold in the 21st century. Another holiday which involved wearing a hat.



Thank God the holiday season is over, and the weather has turned and I can legitimately moan. The next edition, as Halloween approaches, will be on ghosts and the supernatural... oooo spooky.... it may even be in print so that you can sit by the light of a single candle and try and scare yourself to death, or burn it, if it really bores you, but be careful as it could induce spontaneous human combustion.

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