

PHOTOGRAPHING BORING PLACES




THE WINTER ONE.... BRR IT'S COLD
JASON RUFFELL



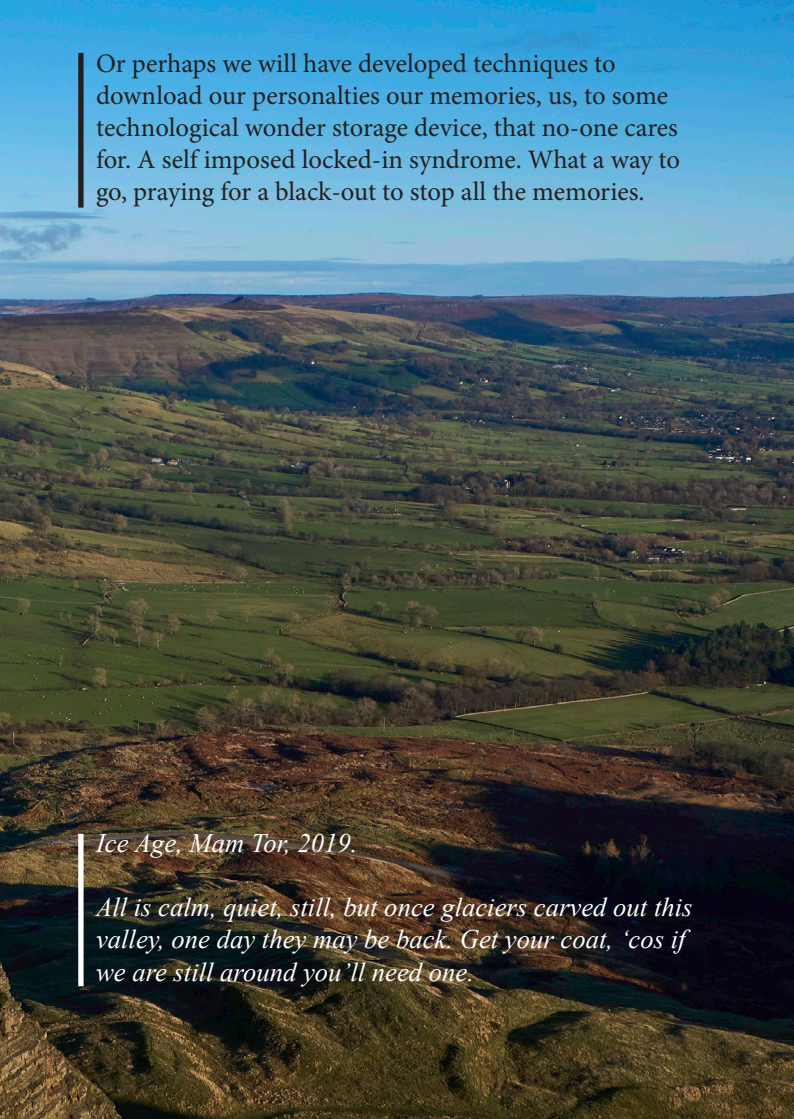
This edition was going to be the Christmas one, but due to laziness I've had to change it to fit the narrative. So this is the winter edition.

Winter will be the same as usual this year, Christmas on the other hand has been very different. An arbitrary marker, interrupted by Covid. Disease has no respect for cultural traditions. When will we let go? Nothing is forever. I imagine a day, humans are but a distant memory, and the creatures that rule the earth roam freely between what is left of the edifices we once venerated.



On a crumbling wall, a picture hangs, the paint flaking, mould covering the damp canvas, the slight hint of a smile under decay. A smile or a smirk? Outlasting the species that once held it in such high esteem. The Mona Lisa, may be the last of us. The last human on earth.



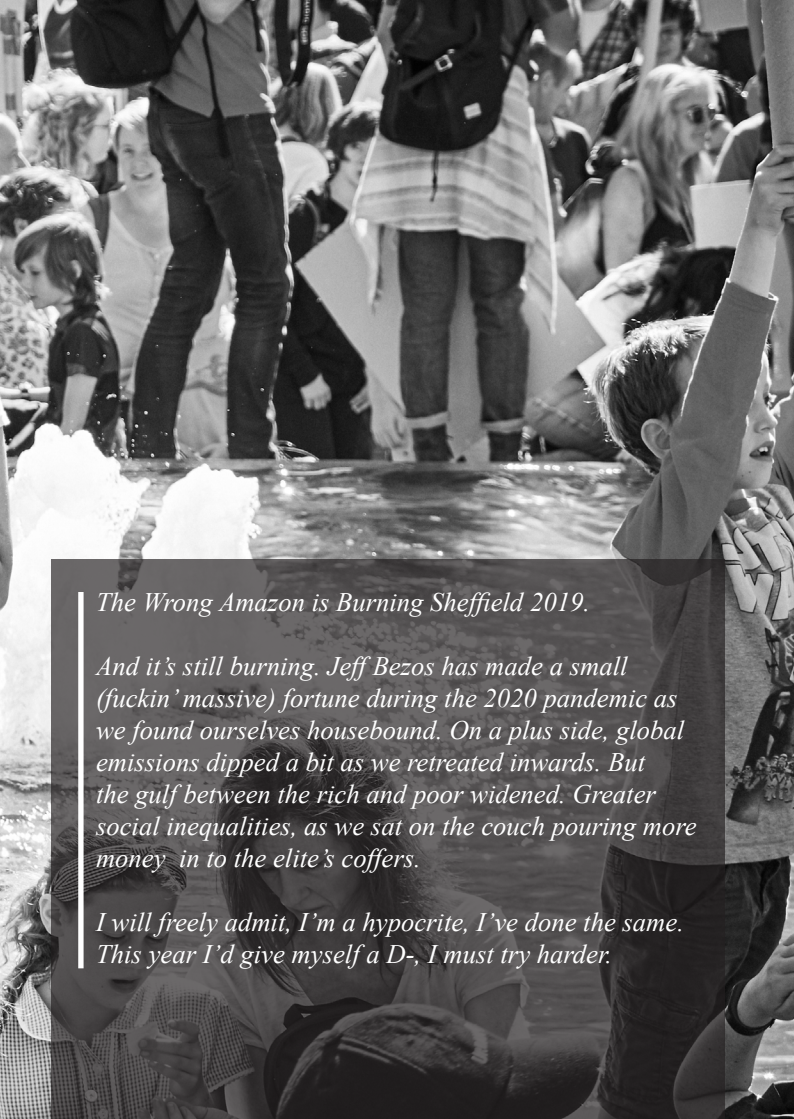


Or perhaps we will have developed techniques to download our personalities our memories, us, to some technological wonder storage device, that no-one cares for. A self imposed locked-in syndrome. What a way to go, praying for a black-out to stop all the memories.

Ice Age, Mam Tor, 2019.

All is calm, quiet, still, but once glaciers carved out this valley, one day they may be back. Get your coat, 'cos if we are still around you'll need one.





The Wrong Amazon is Burning Sheffield 2019.

And it's still burning. Jeff Bezos has made a small (fuckin' massive) fortune during the 2020 pandemic as we found ourselves housebound. On a plus side, global emissions dipped a bit as we retreated inwards. But the gulf between the rich and poor widened. Greater social inequalities, as we sat on the couch pouring more money in to the elite's coffers.

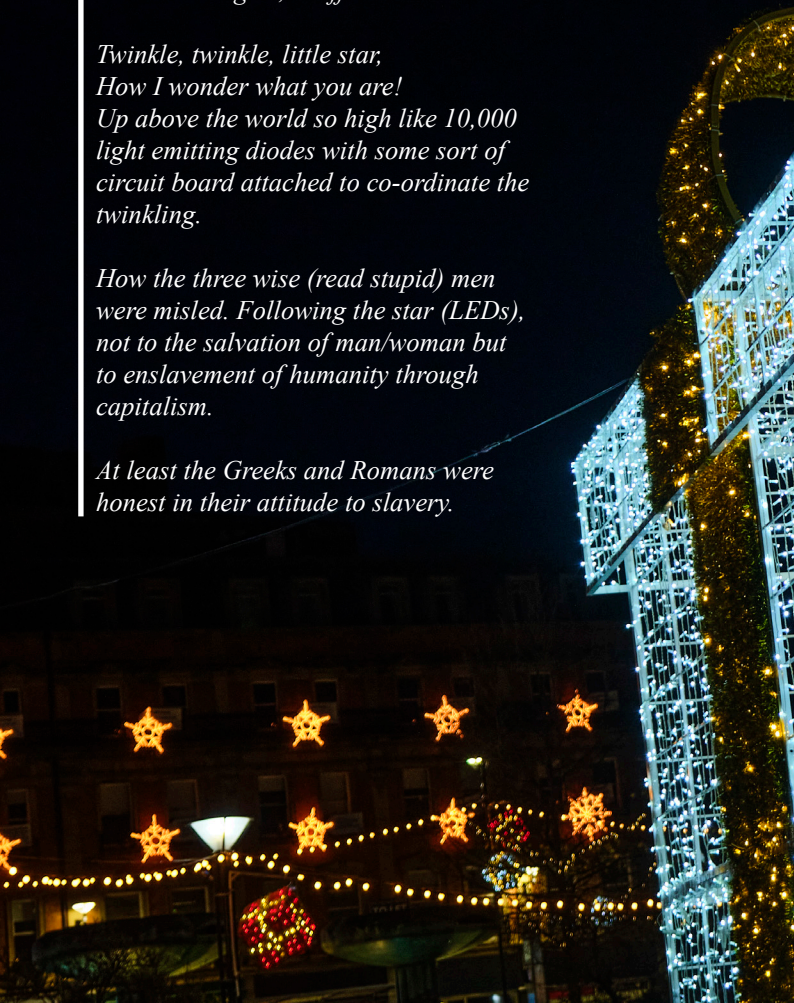
I will freely admit, I'm a hypocrite, I've done the same. This year I'd give myself a D-, I must try harder.

Christmas Lights, Sheffield 2020.

*Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high like 10,000
light emitting diodes with some sort of
circuit board attached to co-ordinate the
twinkling.*

*How the three wise (read stupid) men
were misled. Following the star (LEDs),
not to the salvation of man/woman but
to enslavement of humanity through
capitalism.*

*At least the Greeks and Romans were
honest in their attitude to slavery.*







Getting back to nature, well it's better than dealing with humanity. Cat Lane Woods, 2020.



Under the ice, it looks so peaceful, Cat Lane Woods, 2020.

Independence, Scarborough 2018.

Brinkmanship. The art of fucking up the country. One so deftly handled by the conservative party, they are experts. And of course, as they told us, we shouldn't trust experts. Fishing rights, so contentious in the Brexit negotiations, sold down the river at the last minute to secure a thin deal which could have been negotiated years ago. Power politics, egos, announcing success to bolster their image at a time of their choosing.

Will these boats be here in 2021?





INDEPENDENCE

DOORNE II





Sheffield Cathedral, Sheffield, 2020.

The supernatural personified in stone, shrouded in mist. The west end extension completed in 1966, doesn't exactly thrust its way up to God as most church towers, instead, it's firmly rooted to the earth, drilling down to hell? The church was rededicated in 1966, but to whom? Lucifer? Are the citizens of Sheffield all Satanists? Nothing would surprise me this year.



Decline, Sheffield, 2020.

The empire where the sun never sets, finally goes down on a dreary, grey day... the sun barely breaking through the clouds. The heavens finally given up on the arrogant empire



that even in decline proclaims its superiority. The gods have no time for mortals who come to believe they are gods them-self.



Mist (with ducks), Sheffield, 2020.

It's been a grey, dull year, reminiscent of establishing scenes from a 1970s Hammer Horror, rather than the lurid, blood curdling final acts of the vampire, wolf-man or politician.



*Very High Alert. Warning, warning... stay at home...
this is not a drill. Sheffield, 2020.*



*There is hope. The gods have smiled upon us once
more. Sheffield, 2020.*



| *Light at the end of the tunnel. Will the vaccine set us free? Sheffield, 2020.*



| *But in reality, we all know it was a hoax, probably conjured up by the Illuminati. Sheffield, 2020.*





Stairway to Nowhere, Sheffield, 2020.

This stairway seems to go to nowhere, maybe a sewage outlet? I didn't explore. In the frosty early morning both the man-made and natural were covered in thin later of snow. Is the stairway heading up, or down? Like the glass, half full? I'm beyond caring, it's just another day.



Well, that was 2020. I would say a roller-coaster of a year, but in reality, just one long disappointing ride, like the ski jump at a fun fair, revolving endlessly and occasionally coming down with a jolt to break one's spine. So, for 2021 I'm going to be optimistic. The next edition pubs, those I have loved, those I have been drunk in and those I will be getting pissed in, will celebrate getting back to normal, well, a pissed version of normal. Bring on the Bacchanalia.

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