

#03 : RYE TURBINES.

25/10/21

Photographed and Written by Adrian Maidman.



I began this journey in the middle of the day with very little planning. I had the day off work and I refused to spend it indoors.



It was a long journey. Only when I got into Rye did I realise that the wind farm was a 2hr walk from the station. There was no real footpath there other than the pavementless road, so I decided to go as the crow flies through many fields.





After navigating endless fields and rivers, I began to see the turbines creep closer like a herd of giraffes. From a distance, you don't get a sense of the staggering size of these things.







I was surprised to find out they make a lot of noise. Not only do they make an intimidating *woosh* with every rotation, but they also seem to screech and howl every 5 mins or so. Since each turbine span at different rates, I began to feel like these things

were living breathing creatures. I noticed this when I felt genuine concern to see one appeared to be 'dead' and wasn't spinning.



After I felt I had got enough photographs, I began my walk back to the station. As I was about to leave the field, I noticed that at the bottom of the still turbine was an open door. I knew this meant that someone with access was around.



The top of the turbine was open and I could see people standing up there. I waved, they waved back.







Little did I know that the most unusual part of the journey hadn't begun yet. I don't have any images of this and I am fairly sure most of you have heard this story from me at some point.

It was about 6:30 PM and I was exhausted. I was out of water, food, and battery in my phone. It was going to get dark on my walk back so I wasn't thrilled.

There was a fast road that went straight into Rye from the wind farm. I thought that I could hitchhike but since that wasn't something I had done before, I was hesitant. Although, a lift seemed like a necessity at this point, so I convinced myself to try.

10 mins into having my thumb in the air and I had no bites.

I gave up and started to walk along the road towards the farm that takes me back into the sprawling fields. Just as I was about to turn off the road, a blue Ford pulls in and turns around from the opposite direction. The driver rolls the window down and asks where I am going.

I say "Rye" and he tells me to get in. The things I notice first are the abundance of random empty bottles in the front and back footwells. There appeared to be cigarettes and empty bags of tobacco stuffed in every gap of the car's internal panelling. The car smelt like years of marijuana smoke had penetrated every piece of its fabric. I couldn't care less, I was so pleased to have a lift.

He began driving and didn't say much, I introduced myself and he said his name was Barry. From this point on, I had no control over

the conversation. He stated that he takes these drives so he can get away from his chronically ill wife since she “complains a lot”. I could sense relief from him when he was rambling at me. I feel like I may have been the first person to listen to him in a long time.

I won't recount Barry's full monologue but it went along the lines of:

- His ill wife.
- His music tastes.
- That he is vaccinated.
- That he doesn't like the NHS's online services.
- “So what do you think of trans people?”.
- That young people are disrespectful.

I'm glad the journey was short and that he held the talking stick. Even though I suspected our views would not align at all, I was grateful for the lift and I hope I gave him a chance to feel heard. It was clear he has had a tough life and was just trying to cope. Hang in there, Barry.

Thanks for reading this week's article, I really appreciate the support and kind words I have been getting from you all. It feels great to have more control of the distribution of my artwork. I hope the quality only improves and if you have any ideas or suggestions for future articles, please let me know.

Next week's title will (potentially) be ...

#04 : A BRUTAL UTOPIA

Photographs Shot on a Leica SL 601.

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