

Scratched Pan: Princeton, BC

This old baking pan was air-drying on our kitchen table, propped up near a large bay window. A veteran of many cookie expeditions, its bottom side was a network of cracks in burned-on, blackened oil.

I noticed the pan as I walked through our kitchen one late afternoon. The late afternoon sun was behind a thin cloud, and beautiful, soft golden light was falling over the aging metal. For a moment, the pan seemed translucent, like an ancient scroll or a weather-beaten piece of fabric.

I played with the patterns and lines through my camera lens until the sun sank below the horizon and the golden light faded. I made many exposures, but I like the way my eye moves through this one the best. The yellowed metal in part of this photograph seems to glow like a paper lantern.

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