

Cracked Ice, Frozen Bubbles: Calgary, AB

This photograph was made in the most urban of locations - under a busy expressway with rush-hour traffic rumbling by overhead. I had gone to the distant industrial quadrant to photograph a burnt-out building, only to find that it had been demolished. With time to spare and a camera in my hand, I wandered the aging streets looking for a photograph.

The area was certainly rich in subjects - dilapidated buildings, abandoned scrap and the like - but soon I found myself under this busy bridge confronted by an unexpected natural wonder. This frozen stream had remarkable visual texture. Bubbles had been frozen into it at intervals, scattered over the surface like clouds of balloons. The ice was turbid and translucent, and frustrated any attempt to make out objects beneath it. The surface had been cracked and scarred by rocks heaved from the bridge.

The ice, like the experience of being alone under the bridge as the sun sank lower in the sky, was singularly, disconcertingly creepy. I could not rid myself of the feeling that I would have been unpleasantly surprised by what lay underneath. Of all the exposures I made, I like this one best: it looks like a violent ocean splashing high into a clouded sky.

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