

Primer, Paint, Rust: Calgary, AB

This old scratched steel box was part of a junk pile outside a heavy manufacturing plant. It had been primed, painted, used for some unknown harsh purpose, then finally discarded.

I have no idea what it might have been for, but its spattered lines and tight aggressiveness reminded me a little of a Jackson Pollock painting. I inspected the box close up, finally finding the composition I was looking for: a stream of lines to one side, a blotchy, interesting eddy to the other. To me, it looks like rain spattering under the eaves of a house during a violent storm.

I like the texture of this photograph. I can run my hands over it in my mind and feel the deep fissures that some machine left in the thick paint.

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