

Poster Scraps: Athens, Greece

Exploring Athens was a noisy, disorienting experience, layered in shouting crowds, speeding cars, and scattered pieces of history. The city very much seemed like the peoples' own: rules and schedules were lax, and disagreements were loudly resolved in situ. Everyone was free to do as they might, but must abide others doing the same.

Posters and graffiti completely covered any accessible walls in some sections; I could imagine wild artists roaming the streets in the night, darkened animals with glue and spray cans, marking their thoughts and vexations on the walls. When the steel shop roll-tops were closed, the paint was like residue from some coloured river washing through the narrow streets.

Tired from a long plane ride and overwhelmed by the intensity of the city, I paused for awhile to play with the patterns in this tattered wall. I like the way the scraps of paper reflect the city: sporadic, unconfined, and deliciously, dangerously close to being out of control.

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