

Artist's Statement

It is hard to identify exactly what defines the urban, its people, its buildings, the cultures that interact within its boundaries. These are all elements that construct and characterize the core of the metropolitan. Lost in between my photographs are found. Exposed are cross-sections of our physical domestic and urban environments, filled with diverse, colorful elements in various stages of neglect, decay and regeneration. Transformed by processes of rain, sunlight, oxidization and mundane use, they bear scratches, scoring and rust; revealing a passage of time where there is no allusion to reality.

Discovery is situated in the imperfect and deficient through the juxtaposition of colours and textures, our everyday environs are abstracted into obscure, colour-field landscapes. Gates, pots and pans, machines, factories, walls and domestic detritus transform into vibrant, macro surface explorations, captivating an aesthetic previously ignored. Embodying the ordinary and everyday ugliness each with its own unique history, each a piece of our corporeal and ever changing human environment.

I am fascinated by the way a city constantly transforms itself, particularly the minute or often overlooked objects that fill the space around us. Each alley, dumpster, cupboard and corner holds its own ineffable story. How people construct narratives, interpret visual planes and extract meaning from visual stimuli is fascinating, constantly forging connections between the process of sight and the cognitive act of perception. Each interpretation varies, linking colors and textures with individual experiences, emotions, personal history and culture. Once logical perception is allowed to subside, viewers create their own narratives; breathing new life into the ugly, invisible and unknown.

*To view more of Scott's work, please visit: <http://untitledartist.com/>

Creative Approach

The pulp and paper factory in my hometown became a focal point of my early photography, the light grey smoke billowed out daily, pushed and pulled by the wind off the sea, sometimes enveloping the streets and passersby in a thick fog. Sometime later a significant demolition took place and a portion of the factory was gutted; massive pipes, conduits and machines lain bare with decades of their use recorded, like the rings in a tree, numerous layers of colourful sludge, chemicals and organics lining these human scale intestines, tracing an invisible history of our town. These traces of wear and tear, scouring, rust and unique colours mixed over time all fascinated me and have henceforth been a prominent focus of my photography. Industry, urbanization, consumerism and domestic demands all begin with some sort of mechanical production and prior to that fabrication, materials first had to be extracted from the earth. My photos capture part of the journey these unknown objects make back to the earth as they degenerate, degrade and decay, slowly returning to their primary elemental forms.

I search for 'landscapes' within these domestic trappings, piles of machinery, metal panes, and towers of recycling trying to isolate pockets of colour and texture interacting in meaningful ways. I can spend hours trapped inside a square inch of space trying to decide on how to approach and capture it, becoming lost in the intersection of manmade marks, rust and colour. The influence of time and its effect on these objects is one of the unifying themes throughout my photography. In a sense there is a certain mythology or storytelling characteristic associated with these 'landscapes' but it is not one I wish to attach to the work by forcing it to bear a 'Title', pushing my perspective as omnipresent. Rather by leaving the images 'Untitled' it permits the viewer to witness, react, succumb and let their own imagination and creativity spill out onto the work. Identifying recognizable symbols or motifs, unearthing narratives and landscapes where none existed, conjuring up, instantaneously, a new history for the work; disease

and surgery, flying over the volcanoes of Kamchatka, a childhood hangout on a pier in Milwaukee, fertility, post-apocalyptic dystopia, the shock revealed in connections to mortality, the surprising beauty found through the marks and traces on the objects we abandon and forget.

Traces of what was, is, and might pass...happening right before us yet invisible to our eyes. The stories of tiny layers and fractured intersections of our lives; innovations, accomplishments, meals, passages up and down the stairs, knocks on doors, stirring, bangs, falls and crashes...from the domestic mark making of the kitchen serving a few, to the public machines and mechanisms serving thousands, each day, each activity, each use mediating an encounter with a human, each encounter leaving its mark, each mark an indelible trace in our furtive shared history that no one cares for nor ever imagined.