

If all architecture is a series of decisions, isn't it more interesting when those decisions are made by the spontaneous and resourceful many (i.e., the actual inhabitants, time, Mother Nature) than by the educated and benevolent few (the singular creative vision of the architectural firm)?

By showing the hand of its inhabitants and the universal effects of time and nature, the particular brand of vernacular architecture I am drawn to can be seen as "humanist", and the adjectives we might ascribe to it can be applied just as easily to ourselves: humble, absurd, weathered, complex, sad, beautiful, contradictory, boring etc. And so, our buildings can be seen as mirrors into our own condition.

In my work I present these buildings as portraits, their backgrounds in service to their subject, their lowly status elevated through the act of painting and the resulting decorative object. In titling the work I borrow from the language of architectural theorists and other thinkers to further "add weight" to the typically inconsequential and modest subject.