Photography

Going back to school revived an interest in serious photography that began some 30 years ago.

At Virginia Tech, I was able to use a view camera for the first time. Despite the weight of the equipment (45 pounds for the camera outfit and tripod together) and its cumbersome nature (try wrestling with a focusing cloth in any kind of wind while twiddling adjustment knobs with frozen fingers), I have come to love the deliberate way of working that the view camera demands.

I have driven down back roads and up hollows in pursuit of decaying old buildings of little or no architectural lineage.

Most of them display a dignity, a rightness in their landscape. Many, in their last struggles with rot and gravity, offer up their secrets, casting off the modesty of shingle, clapboard and plaster so that we may see their rafter, stud and lath.

I am honored to have been taken into their confidence.