

Window

These photographs reverse the traditional metaphor of the visual arts -- the picture's frame as a window to the world -- by depicting windows seen from the outside. If that long-held view is no longer viable in the post-modern world, is its obverse any more legitimate?

Can windows, those slivers through which owners / dwellers choose to reveal something about themselves to the public, reveal something about us?

And if eyes are the "windows to the soul," what are windows -- the eyes of buildings -- the windows to? Can we see something true of us by looking into, rather than out of, windows?