

Still Rural

It is said life goes on within you and without you. Life is the circle that changes and then never really changes. What is, has been, and is very likely to continue to be so. For example, we are born into community, are socialized and enculturated. We move away; we want to establish ourselves on our own. We want to be independent. And we think we are, have been, will be. We leave behind some of our society, may even change some of it.

But we are really a part of the circle. And at a point in our progress we realize that we have been entranced in spite of ourselves. We find that what we are, or have even become, always was. With in, and without.

Urban life seems to support the idea that all is about change. Independence, free thinking, evolutionary, you may contend. Creativity, after all. Urban is not like rural. It is not about stillness. It is urban, still urban.

And rural? It is not so much about change. Its patterns of socialization, of enculturation persist. It seems different to those outside looking in. Its evolution is based on the tides of the seasons and on the established ways of townships, community, life in the country, so to say. It is rural, after all, still rural.

These pictures are meant to show a steadiness, a kind of an impression of the universality of the rural, that is, after all just rural. They are meant to demonstrate the naturalness, the plainness, the repetitive quality of the circle. The country (like the city) is really a state of affairs that go on with in, and with out, that changes, then never really changes. Urban is just urban, and rural is still rural.

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