

Still, Life (a series of pictures taken from aged architecture and other things)

People like taking pictures of old buildings and old things. People seem to like looking at pictures of old buildings and old things. Especially old pictures of old buildings and things, when they were new. Perhaps this is because we understand that our past has evolved into our present and without the pictures there is too often very little visual evidence of that past and so the affiliation is less strengthened. Without the pictures there is no literal and no emotional voice for our perspective on the past, in the present. But the pictures seem also to hinder us with a sense of dissociation, a kind of dissonance, if you will. For some, our sense of nostalgia may be confronted by the reality of a loss of social stability, predictability, cultural security. For others, though, perhaps a sense of good riddance.

I think what we may miss most is what we don't see, or didn't see, and now want to. What happened to our cultural past - what was, then, our social and our architectural present? What happened to all of those familiar visual representations. Those navigational points of reference that reminded us of where we had been, where we were, and where we were heading; yesterday, today, tomorrow?

Photographing old architecture and cultural artifacts in the land is not an easy demand. There are a number of qualities to be considered. Its context - urban, mid-town, rural. Its design. Its purpose. Its height. Its depth. Its volume. Its lines, its structural resources, its individuality. Its light. In short, its personality; and so I take these kinds of pictures with a thought, is there still life...

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