

SPACES OF WORSHIP (A SERIES OF PICTURES TAKEN FROM QUIET INTERIORS)

CHURCHES ARE DARK AND SPACIOUS AND THEY SMELL OF MARBLE AND STONE AND OF MORE AND MORE INCENSE AND OF PEOPLES' PALMS FROM OVER YEARS AND YEARS, AND THEN MORE YEARS OF HOLDING ONTO THE BACK OF THE SEAT BEHIND WHICH THEY STAND TO FOLLOW THE SERVICE.

PICTURES PAINTED ON THE WALLS AND HUNG THERE, TOO, ARE DARK AND FADED. SOMETIMES THEY SEEM TO STAIN THE CHURCH WALLS LIKE THE SWEAT FROM UNDER YOUR ARMS. THE COLORS, THOUGH, ARE WONDERFUL; SOLID AND THEN LOST IN A SATIN GARNISH ON THE STONE SURFACES.

CHURCH WINDOWS ARE BRIGHT AND BIG AND SPACIOUS AND CLEAR AND THEY LET IN THE LIGHT; THEY ENLIGHTEN, EVEN ON A GRAY DAY. THEY ARE COATED WITH THE BREATH OF PARISHIONERS INSIDE AND THE SCENT OF LIFE OUTSIDE. THEY HAVE BEEN STAINED AND PAINTED AND ARE CLEANED FROM TIME TO TIME.

THE VESTIBULE, THE FORECOURT, THE FRONTISPIECE OF THE CHURCH IS THE ANTECHAMBER, THE PASSAGEWAY BETWEEN THE LIGHT OF DAY AND THE CHAPEL ANTERIOR AND EXIT. IT IS WHERE THE FRESH AIR MINGLES WITH THE SCENTED, WHERE INDULGENCES OF ONE FORM OR ANOTHER ARE TENDERED WITH HANDS THAT ARE WASHED AND CLEAN.

THEN THE ALTAR; LOOKING FORWARD TO INDULGENCE, FOR INSIGHT FOR A PRESENCE INVOKED BY THE CONTRAST OF THE LIGHT AND THE DARK. THE SILVER AND THE GOLD, THE WOOD AND THE CLOTHE AND THE ARTIFACTS OF RITUAL HELP TO MAKE YOU FEEL UPLIFTED WHILE YOU TAKE IN THE MARBLE AND STONE AND THE INCENSE OF PEOPLE'S PALMS AND YOU BECOME A SPACE OF WORSHIP.

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