

ANTIPHON

*A response to material collected at the
Church of the Holy Sepulchre*

Via Dolorosa 'The Way of Sorrow' lined with shop owners and street sellers hustling knick knacks, rosaries and guides for pilgrims, winds through Jerusalem's Old City and ends up at the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. It was built in the 3rd century, allegedly at Golgatha where Jesus was killed. It is said that during the excavation of the roman temple, that stood there before the construction of the church, remnants of the very cross that Jesus Christ was crucified on were discovered at the site.

The Antiphon is a musical term emanating from the greek (anti 'opposite' and phonos 'sound'). The antiphon, used in Christian music and ritual, is sung alternately by two cantors, or by two choirs. It could also be a short sentence sung by the congregation as a response to the cantor or choir.

For many years a Muslim doorkeeper kept control over the keys to prevent arguments between the different Christian sects.

To sing antiphonally is to alternate, to call and to respond.

The space responds to Christ nailed to the cross, countless crusaders and fist fights between representatives of the churches. The choir responds to the cantor. The listening responds to the liturgy.

History charges a space, is in charge of its current.

The call: A place marking the sensation of a beginning, marking and enhancing the borders of specific ways of relating to that beginning and the ongoing.

The call: Processions coming through.

The call: How and why the church was divided between the churches, how and why the partitions are intensely guarded, how the space responds to the callings.

The call: One passing tourist whispering to another 'Early morning, 4 o'clock in the morning.' Their voices blending with others and becoming a part of the echoing murmur.

The call: Where old violence is controlled by schedules regulating times and places for worship.

The call: Franciscan chants resounding with those of the Armenian Orthodox procession. Their bells and the thick incense rising from the shiny vessel swaying back and forth.

The call: The young men. The many young men and their voices.

The call: Camera lenses focusing, shots of the grave, of pilgrims kneeling and weeping, of walls, floors, ceilings and doors, of other observers and their cameras.

The call: 'Sorry, every body here, other side.'

The call: 'Excuse me madame madame please porfavore.'

The call: The act of calling upon, and the claiming of that which is holy.