

ARTIST STATEMENT #251:

*52 Churches**

I thought I was wandering the whole world, but it was only a tiny peninsula masquerading as all of Christendom. If God and Man existed as they claimed, it would be just like this. The Light is pure and absolute, but each window is cut to a different thickness and mounted into diverse frames and walls and houses, thus each who chooses to remain exclusively within one of the houses sees a different light. This light they claim as the true Light. Fifty-two times over the course of the year I found this general assessment supported, but in between each house is the open range of existence, and here the Light can be seen directly. And each week I walked between the houses, from one to the next. If finite man was real and infinite God were manifest to him, as is claimed, then one would expect exactly such a splintering effect.

Each week I saw the same Light through a different window, and if the window was dirty or cracked, which was oftentimes the case, then so went that light, crookedly and with much of its innate authority obscured to the sight of those in the house, forced to wear corrective lenses to straighten out the crooked rays they perceived. If they went to a different house, or many different houses, as I have done, and consequently discovered that the lenses no longer produced the familiar adjustment, would they come to question the value of the lenses or would they wear them just the same, for the sake of tradition? I thought of such things, walking between the houses where the Light can be seen directly, in a sense. Though it is invisible, it makes all else visible. I thought of such things.



January 20, 2016

*Throughout the calendar year 2015, I attended service at a different Christian church each week within the city limits of San Francisco (see map).