



I believe...



...you're not telling me the truth.



She is not an accident.
You don't fall into an affair
by chance.

Faith is a path.

I believe when you say that
you still love me. That it's
not about that.



At least the
masquerade
is over.



I've known Jerry since
we were two.



I'm so sorry.



Stop saying it.

The dough should be ready.
Why don't you roll it out and
get them in the oven?





Alright.



Damn.



I'll get it.




click click





This isn't right. It's not
This isn't right. It's not
not right. I've screwed
screwed it all up. Oh God.
Oh God. Oh God. God. It
I've screwed it all up.

The background is a dense, multi-layered collage. It features various shades of paint (green, orange, pink, grey, black) and textures of torn paper and crumpled plastic. Several small, square photographs are pasted onto the collage, each showing a black and white image of a bird, possibly a crow or raven, in flight or perched. The overall composition is chaotic and expressive.

Kale?

Yes, Adam?

I don't think
we can use this
dough anymore.

Kale?

I know how
to fix it.

浓郁有天然茉莉花香，用后留香持久，诚为盥洗
 上生产一种新产品——花茉莉香皂。该皂香气
 各地方大，
 蜂花牌香皂，历年所
 蜂花牌香皂，历年所

蜂花茉莉香皂

...was not so much a light as
 it was a vibration, a vibration
 that works on all spectrums, aural,
 visual, tactile. It overwhelmed my
 entire being, effected senses that
 I never before had an awareness of.

And it communicated.
 It used no voice. It
 needed no voice.

It could not be defined as
 a specific being, God, Allah,
 Buddha; it was all these and
 none. It was perfect empti-
 ness and composed of all things.

Before my encounter, I believed myself lost, lost to myself,
 lost to my faith, my values, my God. I had betrayed all I be-
 lieved in, all I lived for, all that I was.



There is a simple perfection that forgives, that tells us we are not failures, that tells us our wrongs can be forgotten.



Our wrongs will be cleansed from our beings.



A.

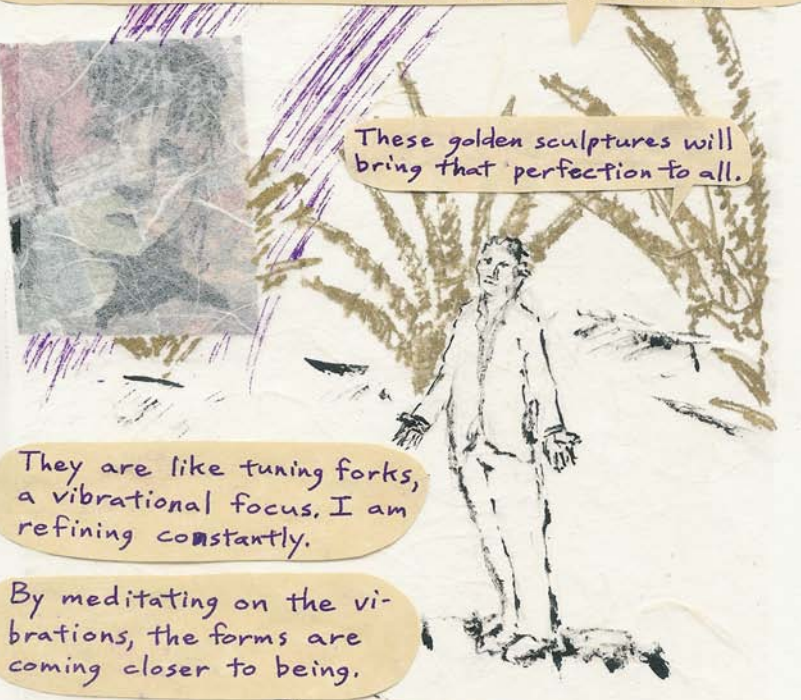
simple. "

perfection.



that forgives.

These works, these images of that perfection that I have given my life to are more than mere icons.



These golden sculptures will bring that perfection to all.

They are like tuning forks, a vibrational focus. I am refining constantly.

By meditating on the vibrations, the forms are coming closer to being.

Every creation, every action, every breath. My life is so that I may bring that simple perfection to all.

Jerry.


Thank you so much for coming.



Adam.

It's wonderful to know that all our indiscretions are forgiven.

Adam.



Yes, Jerry?

I could've ripped your bowels through your nose!

Now I look at this pisslick you've become and wonder what was jacking my brains to pudding!

I have loved Kale my whole life, you son of a bitch. Nothing but your rat's ass ever came between us. You screwed the soul out of Kale by screwing me, then screwed us both for the holy blowhard. You and me, we sinned, Adam. We were wrong and we're going to hell. And best of all, I don't give a damn. You deserve it.

One thing though. I love Kale and she is broken. What the hell are you doing?

It's okay Jerry. There is a simple perfection. You are forgiven.

Go to hell. But I guess I don't need to tell you that.

You are forgiven, Jerry. I am the proof.

What the hell were you thinking, Jerry. In the middle of all that?



I lost it at the bastard.



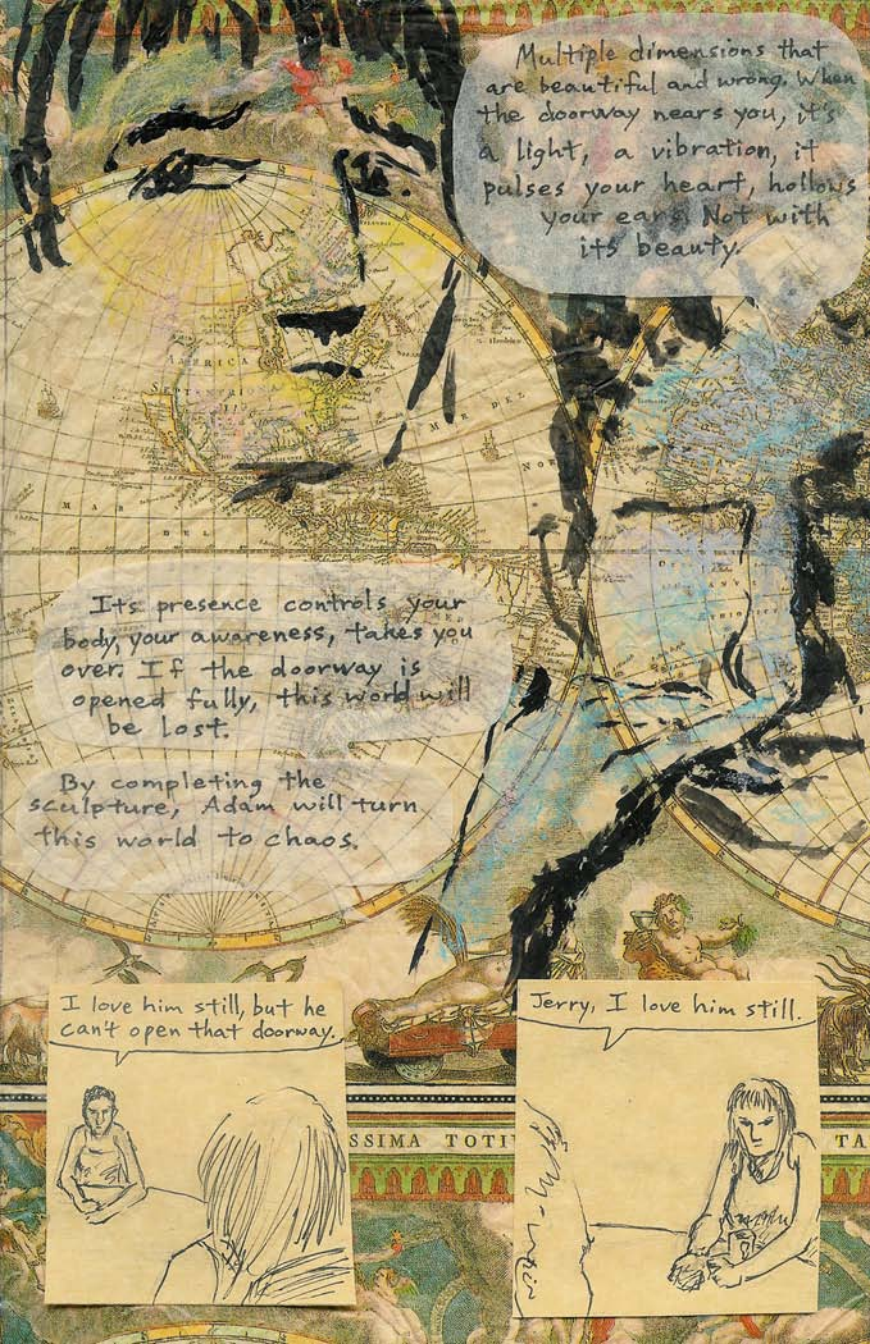
Look, I never told anyone this, it's crazy. I saw what Adam saw.

It's not what he says it is.

He walked right into it and the thing that he walked into was not some perfect place.

It was a doorway,
an opening between
dimensions.





Multiple dimensions that are beautiful and wrong. When the doorway nears you, it's a light, a vibration, it pulses your heart, hollows your ears. Not with its beauty.

Its presence controls your body, your awareness, takes you over. If the doorway is opened fully, this world will be lost.

By completing the sculpture, Adam will turn this world to chaos.

I love him still, but he can't open that doorway.



Jerry, I love him still.



I know you do, You're obsessing like a foghorn and losing your self. Adam's not worth the mulch for a worm farm. He's gone. You've got to forget him.

What he said, I did was wrong, horribly terribly wrong. I don't deserve to lick the floors behind you.



Have you heard anything I said??

Look, forget about the affair. It's past. I understand. I do. I did it once too. A year and a half into our marriage.



I never told you. It was brief and

NO!

Not you.

No you didn't. No, Kale. You did not do that Kale.

You would never do that.

Ferry, honey. I did. If I didn't have an understanding of how it could happen, I may not have accepted you again.

Or Adam. What's happening with Adam is about the door he opened. He was being tested and failed. Now he's trying to pull everyone in.



Stopping that is our fest.

It's not about infidelity.

Yes it damn it!

Yes it is!

AND YOU DIDN'T NEVER DO THAT KALE!
YOU GET THAT SHIT
OUT OF YOUR MOUTH
BECAUSE YOU NEVER
DID IT! YOU NEVER DID!
NEVER! NEVER! NEVER!!

THIS TEL

M.A

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Faith is a path.

FEBRUARY

the unwelcoming

4 ○	5	6	7	8
11	12 LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY ☾	13	14 VALENTINE'S DAY	15
18 ●	19 PRESIDENT'S DAY	20	21 ASH WED	22



The path turns and twists like an oiled snake.

ENDING TODAY
FINAL PLACEMENT

There is no forgiveness.

There is no test.

There is no condemnation.



Faith is fundamentally an acceptance of ignorance.



Who are we?
What made us?
How can we best serve this existence?



There are no answers.



There are no truths.



Faith is a path.



The path is from a point

to a point.



From an instant



The definition of all

to an instant.



is nothingness.



All that we can know



is our own awareness



in this instant.

Faith is nothing

more than an acceptance

of this awareness

in this instant.