

# re.riddle

This autumn moon  
despises one  
who clouds this sky  
with teary eyes.  
— Sam Hamill

## Mirror for the Moon

In these end times, there are those who wish to colonize the moon, technocrats unaware of their past mistakes born of hubris, who wish to conquer and exploit the lunar landscape. Right now, instead of learning to die, they are planning the means to build and live on the moon for future civilization.

Throughout human history, on every land that humans have colonized, they have built a place of worship. The caves of Chauvet. The Aztec temples. Tin Hau temples. Stonehenge. Chapels in airports. Street altars in neighborhoods. Even a whaling station on an uninhabitable island of Antarctica has a church. What does it mean that no one has conceived of or built a cathedral or temple or altar on the moon? Is there a relationship to the calculative thinking of the disconnected scientific bourgeoisie and the absence of a visionary, communal meeting place to greet the uncertain Other. Is it because we are no longer interested in a project that is not useful or productive or income-generating?

The moon is the glowing constant presence that can still catch one speechless by its other-worldly light. Other times it is forgotten and unseen, until we return to it by romantic memory. The moon was a mirror for Saigyó, a poet in the 1100's. Central to his haikus, the moon was solace from the decadence and despair of his era. It is the same moon my loved one just saw 9 hours before me, 6000 miles away. And the same moon a woman not too unlike me saw 30,000 years ago from a frozen tundra.

And now there are those who want to ruin it.

I propose a church on the moon. It will never be built. But it will be dreamt. And in our dreaming we might chance upon our human dignity.

On September 28th, 8 p.m. on the night of the new moon of the harvest month, I will begin the conceptual and schematic design of the church on the moon. I will bring research materials and tools to "Pour the Line" at Abacus Row and ask visitors to look at the sky without a moon and imagine what deity or divinity could exist for the moon. From there, I will consider the unbuilt lunar environment, the site views onto a dead planet earth, work up several diagrams for the architecture of such a church, and eventually craft the aesthetic adornments, like for example a cycle of frescoes.

It will be the most beautiful church never seen.

Winter has withered  
Everything in this mountain place:  
Dignity is in  
Its desolation now, and beauty  
In the cold clarity of its moon.  
— Saigyó

