

Tsu example and remove all my ambitions, I would be immediately ready to do so but it is beyond my power, the flow keeps taking me away from what I have once through it would last for my entire life. I am asleep now after a whole week of early awakening...

I woke up today that the weather was just fantastic and I got a great inspiration, build on the cottage I went to see by the sea as it was a boat hanger but instead host my project inside. Well indeed I am obviously afraid of the neighbors and of all the permission to construct it, how in the hell you can justify such an act of architecture? What I have done right after awakening with this intuition was totally clean up the room from all my things and taking the desk in the cellar and then going to get whatever stylish desk my wife wanted, coming thus in total agreement that she would take care of this space while I can take care and renovate our little cottage by the lake (this if we are ever gonna bid enough to get it), a place with much potential considering the big garden that comes with it. As we had to convince our son to come out promising him a box of Lego, we thus went to the shopping center and I generously got him the big box he wanted. Right then the real estate agent called me and said that I could have come with my family to see the cottage once again and we did, driving through the beautiful autumn forest, most light in the heart. One really need genius and craziness as some sort of catharsis to overcome the close endness of the socially programmed reality. We did so indeed, at least play the game and see what happens. The evening was also work carrying down in the basement the outdoor furniture and then be with the family watching a really bad an obvious Hollywood movie, just another part of everyday life.

An easy rainy autumn day still improving the apartment, putting boxes away and arranging the bookshelf I have with all my devices but mostly updating my project now that I have been arranging so many a thing in the last days. Right now it is a very crucial time, very crucial as it might be the last possible configuration and it was indeed good to get all our emotions out. I personally long for the cabin by the sea, a place where I can construct a show room for my project, a machine with many media languages at work. I can't wait to get that possibility and as I am just a third of the way from the finalization, I am content with a smaller space where to prototype at least a consistent part of this period of time. I ought to be concrete in this respect and think of something I can really realize in the coming three years, something I can just vies intimately to few ones as anyway there is no longer any chance of exhibiting publicly (everything is getting terribly institutionalized), the work is anyway to private and to place it in such a beautiful nature, a nature one has to struggle to reach, that is really something. I shall accept that it is just a stage, a smaller room than the "cathedral" I have in mind, just a "chapel" while the actual cathedral could be even more remote, out in a little island and now I will have my base at the sea so that I can explore the archipelago and eventually identify something for the future.

One of those really distressful days, with somewhat of an anxiety growing with me after trying t get a little mortgage over the sea cabin. I really wonder how that will turn out and I am sincerely still rather lost on what to do now that I might at last have my little land yet will certainly not be able to construct anything in full scale, mostly because of all the regulations and the neighbours (which on the other side feels good to have as they can keep an eye on the place while I am gone). Much distress and the rain beating out. I wish I could just dedicate myself to my "tomb" but I guess what distresses me is the fact that in the end I might not be able to do anything final there, just something temporary due to all the limitations and one reason that I cannot really exhibit is that I now need spaces designed in a particular way and cannot really do a few weeks show as there are the resources behind it. I am at a lost and feel rather frustrated in this respect. One option could be to just concentrate doing twelve years of work, think thus of a smaller architecture and eventually resize it to two third of the cathedral I have in mind. Well, crucial and exhausting days while I try to keep up with the readings for my doctorate (ironically on media and architecture) and small improvements in the household, now drilling and screwing things but also filming myself as part of my meta-project.

A day at the University getting a last interdisciplinary insight of the humanities this time with media and gender studies people on the panel. On one side there were people that were trained to be researchers in media studies, very plain and predictable (as much as art students who are told to make art), on the other there was a bit of life and "passion" as they called it with people who embraced the faith of feminist studies more intuitively (well this might as well disappear as the discipline will get more established). In other case my head was in the little project I have conceived if I will be ever able to get a hold of the cabin by the sea. It all can summarized with the following maxim: "if you wanna be big, be small". I was rather frustrated to get such a place and then having to deal with permissions, neighbours and not to mention costs and time of realization, then I came up with a grand plan... be as small as possible, realize the entire project (I would be very distressed if I was just to select a part), realize it in its entirety but scale it down to a third, a cathedral turned into the size of a cabin where there can only be one visitor at a time, an intimate viewing of this memory room. As the discussions during the seminar went by I have tried to think of all the range of materials to utilize and so forth. I feel much more tranquil now and look really forward to it. My sister also asked me just now if we wanna rent an apartment together with them in our native town in the Alps. It was a good occasion but now it seems we are coming down to a resolution and it would be to expensive for me to put my energies and resources even there, not to consider how hard it has become to move the family around, my wife working and my kid wanting to be home and at his parents. I would certainly not go against all these tendencies, I just let them be but it just fell good that I have a place now of my own for recreation and want have to feel any other obligation the time I will be there. I am still waiting for a response whether I can borrow some money and set my first bid.... freaking processes but I was quite fast. Will see how these Nordic iconoclastic will digest my intervention!

Maybe I read too much about technology but I really feel quiet upset going to pick my son early at school to do something together and then just ending up in the apartment with him totally bored and only willing to watch TV and video games. I am mostly upset with his totally liberal grandmother and all the spoilsness from a too liberal society. How revival would have been a little walk around the lake today. I feel I can no longer take responsibility on my son for instance, it is society now who will shape him (passive work and passive leisure). Maybe one day, when he will grow up other things can be taken in consideration but now in this effeminated society there is not much one can do but a abstain from the feast, the addiction. Other than that I have manage today to to more editing on my Website and walk to the supermarket through the forest and then back. I have also added some small inner shelves on the bookshelf where all my "instruments" now are... well I guess that is also the matter when, as the Gospel goes, when at the had of our lives we will be asked to show what came out of our talent that was given to us from the begging (these observations cannot be taken in the Marxist environment of the university though). Anyhow, I still haven't heard from the bank, a committee will decide the matter and if they won't even land me such miserable sum then hell to this place and civilization, I will be off in no time. Certainly these fucking committees spoils all the love and the good of individuals, dry their potential... I have got comitees at school and I will have committees deciding whether or not I can build my architecture... the result is only going to be a great bourgeoisie conformism, the killing of genius... shall we disobey or conform? What most upset me I guess is to waste our life, our vitality, all the meanings we could produce and we are restricted to produce (for the good and the bad). For now my work proceeds virtually and my hands are in those of providence, the flow of an Ulysses shored to something. Presently, as I do not wish to spend the Christmas watching TV at my in-laws, I might opt to travel, probably to Provance and then by train to Italy, or Greece and then by boat to pay a short homage to the parents.

Today another usual early awake, like a Napoleon, after the usual update of my project, I have been scanning the satellite map of the archipelago and try to position a terrain where to at least start fantasizing on my Cathedral. I was feeling way to diminished by having to get a small property with close by neighbors but I finally did manage to locate something that looks at least closer to what I expect, a terrain in an island by the water pointing South, thus with sun from dusk to dawn. In this way I could still attempt to construct my 622 square meters cathedral in an agricultural terrain that is five times bigger and well forested so that I can't be seen building my bricks or constructing my mountain. I feel so vigorous just thinking about such a challenge! Next week I will go to take a look, as it seems there is not any competition for now and I feel revive. No one is interested in such a disconnected place with no water and no electricity but that is really something I don't feel I need as I anyway look for constructing something from the scratch and self-sustainable and with time, an advantage over those other buyers who need at least something where to move in. With time and much consultancy I will also try to have the authorities to accept/digest my fanatic idea (yet quite romantic if one comes to think of it). What kills me and other humans are most monotonous and predictable lives, we ought to attempt something heroic, it is our blood, yet, obviously with all the precautions, following nature and being careful of the technical amplification which can easily step over it... this should be the formula for the modern civilization confronter and comforted by technology (I am reading now much about it with my model Professors Sara Danius and Hans Ruin, great humanists). I also managed to get to the center of town to return some classic movies at the library (I have been really disappointed with the popular choice they have elsewhere) and got myself a bigger bag, a technical one as I am all striving to perfectionate myself in my technical suite and equipment. Still some time to go before the picture is completed but to have my own salary and being able to make my own choices for the first time is really a difference. I have been waiting with patient and now I no exactly what to go for, as an observant Samurai.

A most oppressive gray day but nonetheless quite some work done, the fire within me make it up for all the surrounding gloominess, the narcissistic silver all around, this fire being the least hope to set forth with my construction. I thus went to the bank today, my wife bank, seeing if I can open up an account with them and get all the coverage I need to get started. I was at a shopping center in a very shitty apartment building complex with much working site to improve commerce, I guess the only way out for the alienated people living there. I was also doing all sort of other purchases with zero or no money left. It is amazing how, even now that I get some money I manage to be without them having them all invested in my project and off course the family with all the grocery and the tools I bought to move the living room wall and make the bedroom bigger as my wife wishes. Much work then, some frustration, but also some excitement as this morning I woke up with the idea that if I ever get to have my little land to build my cathedral, I should definitely start with the two smaller buildings on the side, thus delimiting the territory, having on one the base and on the other a scaled prototype version of the cathedral. I am glad I also found bricks to buy, in my first looking around I thought they were no longer produced as working material but really in our technical freeze of history, both future and past directions are possible and I found the right company close to my parents-in-law (ironically as I am giving up the idea of doing anything there anymore and just leave the place to my kid... will see). For now I am home alone, my kid at a birthday party and my wife still at work. Meantime I have manage to prepare the living room and bedroom with plastic sheets to protect them from tomorrow demolishing of the cement wall (hopefully my lungs will also be protected with all these shit materials... just another reason to use real ones for my project). I am really n incendiary though, provoking much actions... it seems that really nothing would happen if I was not the one to start executing ideas (e.g. for two months we have talked about moving the walls but my wife had always reservations... all this Nordic hesitations!).

Ten hours straight working throughout the Sabbath to remove the wall dividing the main bedroom from the too long living room. According to Lao Tsu one should not interfere and everything will be fine but I guess I just went for it despite the fact that it is rather unhealthy with all the dust pouring down the cement wall and filling up the room. Well, I had my precautions wearing two masks and keeping the window open getting rid of the cement bricks by tossing them into our small garden (the neighbour just told me that soon they are going to anyway dig everything up to isolate the basement so it can be mistreat it for now and if I have to have garden I will have it my property where no father-in-law nor condominium committee will tell me what to do). Anyhow it really seems like in the last decade all my carpeting work has consisted in having to renovate the work of other carpenters. I hopefully now I deserve to build my own thing (a part of my cathedral) from scratch. When I am an intellectual I try to be a carpenter and vice-versa, and yet also in my intellectual profession there is much renovation to be done while the desire is really to build from scratch particularly if the others have built their theories of cement or other cheating substances (I will try in this respect to avoid artificial matters, stone, glass, bricks and wood will do). I am now home alone totally worked out, I had my red beat soup and some bread after abstaining from food the whole day..

Another full day work cleaning up all the dust I made yesterday despite the precautions. At least now the apartment is more then livable and I also made a few illuses so that it will be quite spacious such as give up the idea of having the desk in the bedroom with the beautiful view but just share one with my wife in the living room... end of the dispute? I guess the thing is that for the first time we bought a place where to stay for the rest of our lives and at least I do not want it to be a close end game, I need some openendness thinking for instance of my cathedral or future trips like the round of Europe I am contemplating to do during Christmas holiday so that I can visit some interesting site, this also having the spatial mapping of my project in mind and also practitioners I want to want to document, a real bounty it would be and myself really a viking, then repairing in my little shore if I ever get a hold of this piece of land in the island. Well, I guess I did my share of work for the family and deserve a bit of liberties which only strengthen my inner fire and kills the otherwise gloomy spirit of a clerkifing society... if they only allowed individuals to go their own ways only making sure that it is not an harmful one rather then blocking their willing to secure that no one will be abused. Whatever, I might even have to go to the hospital even though it has been decades I haven't been to one... I got piece of cement in my left eye and it is not out yet nor I can see it causing a constant irritation, yet I am still alone home my wife and kid being in the country and not really willing to give a hand... when society provides such security and comforts the fathers are just taken with lightness and kids and women wants more and more rights... what a burden :-)

Funny enough, yesternight my wife, who has been really careful to avoid me in the last days, she has expressed all her discontent in my idea to get a little land and build up a place there. She finds it an absurd project and I told her that I don't have to do it and we can as well live the way we live without anything additional. At that point she made me understand that we have already undertaken the process of separation, or at least an economical situation which made me see the whole thing in a really fishy perspective. She is obviously now in the process of inheriting her parents' farm and I now see her from the perspective of who tries to secure all her belongings. She is basically becoming rich and right here I am abandoning her as I did with my parents (I am now getting closer to them as they are getting poorer and less secure). Nothing to get angry about, I have envisioned myself to possibly fit under all circumstances but I feel glad in a way that destiny brought me out of the bourgeoisie dimension. I am actually inspired with allot of plans to travel and document and close myself in my cell and self-document. I don't feel any guilt, I have always been accused for proposing very natural things such as a walk to the lake and I always accused for the habits of passive consumption mostly fed by technology. I just don't see my life that way, no potato couching and even when I have to seat as I did today reading through many articles, I try to be most active, the idea of a passive passivity just depresses me as this gloomy weather might also in the long run (in this Nordic weather you ought to work out). Well, so it is, another chapter about to commence, ten years of growing my kid, vegetables, planting, renovating, teaching ... certainly some trace of my operandi will, if not be remembered, it will interact with the development of things, with the constellation of the many matrices I have happened to interact with. I also manage to cement the open edges of the walls I have removed, I manage quite allot and wonder really why are people giving me up. I just need a little illusion, a small prospect and I can remove whole mountains for them. In my wife case I really now think it is a bit of greediness although really my intervention might have given a value to her properties, a spiritual value though, not directly an economical one and this she understands as my life ahead is not a simple straight path (my willing is though). Off I am then in a freedom which I did not expect nor I really looked for, it just naturally came and it would have been to hypocritical to hinder it. Luckily in such a freedom, my life-project will give me the necessary constraints to keep the track and don't dissipate, hopefully, like my biological father did with his. How parallel our lives are, are we to provide different morals though? All to be seen now that we have finally took some steps to take on different paths.

I am really quite exhausted despite it was a really intense a fruitful day, a sunny autumn day, a rare crystal clarity out of the usual Nordic gloom. After waking up at 5 a.m. (I usually do that if I don't do any physical activity the previous day), I have been quite much taking care of my project and meta-project (the new addition reflecting and complementing my life-practice... probably making meaning out of it). My wife doesn't seem to react from the fact that we are soon to separate, we treat each other with respect but rather coldly. I left early today to make it to the University and show my face there once in a while. On the way there I made my usual stop to drop the films I borrowed for the weekend at the Cultural House. I got there rather early so I made my way to the main library and made many a movie of myself picking trash on the sidewalk, filming public spaces, detecting shapes from clouds, researching in the library... all n the contest of the golden autumn. Aside from this spiritual business I feel much of an Arab these days having commercial business from many directions. For the money I am supposed to buy my little apartment I am trying to buy a bigger one on the other side of the street, then I am also trying to buy a refurbished laptop... allot of bidding and transactions now that I have financial autonomy. I thus been down in the deep South of town where I am planning to move, a really rough place filled with immigrants and half empty warehouses, I kind of like the feeling! I certainly find more authentic these congested places (to put it in Kool Haus terms) rather than the fake residential ideal bourgeois dream place, I would suffocate there... so let's go for some roughness (am I following up my father's steps in Montreal?). For now still a bit of conventional family living.

Still many crisis a resolution ahead, mostly with my wife who, on one side wishes me to be present as her husband but on the other do not really tolerate my practice. It is a difficult dilemma which may end up in having us either separating or just keep up being a married couple most as some sort of facade. I am not pushing for either of those, both in fact have their advantages and disadvantages and it thus feel that at last I will have my little room for experiments as I have longed for so long now, also much of the reason why have not, throughout the summer, I did not keep my head down as I have done in the last decade, now at least with some financial security and with my son more and more autonomous and with the realization that the surrounding environment (and maybe it is not only the case of Sweden but it is something generally to be applied to adulthood). I might get this little room for realizing this idea I have now been carrying for years. It is a giving birth and like all giving birth it is in fact painful, not to mention that like for the case of Joseph and Mary, one ought to have a shelter and so I too got it in a most run down place... my barn I am sure will be filled with some spiritual light, no matter the context and the size, it is again a step. I am also rather happy today since for the first time, after many calls with the home estate agents, reading the final chapters of Chaplin's autobiography and his Jesus like political trial that killed his creativity, and painting the cement I filled on the wall I have demolished, in the afternoon I have managed to seat for an hour and write my paper for the Cultural Theory course. It should include some of the authors discussed and I have got inspired to write about heroes or non heroes from 19th century literature till today, showing a new path, that of the media collector rather than the terrorist. Anyhow, words flew accounting on many years of reading Russian classics. In this respect, guided by my intuition and already mature passion, I can certainly write more than 1000 words an hour. The paper might be shocking though for my Swedish professor, such a pure theorist much politically correct and certainly not into making any sort of moral preaching as I might end up doing with my amateur theoretizing. I just go ahead nonetheless, I suspect that these people are not really willing for real debates, they have their bourgeois life out of which they do not expand, at least some of them with the wedding ring on their finger like I do, although I am presently realizing what sort of a Machiavelli opportunist I could be putting all my genius to achieve my goal (I wouldn't really hurt anyone though and things comes out unintentionally, it is just because it is my strong subconscious willing to maneuver me). I am glad though that I have means now to prophesize my artistic faith, without cultivation it