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This as a Play

Of What Is Past, or Passing, or to Come

The Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts, School of Architecture

Institute of Culture: Political Architecture & Critical Sustainability

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N^o 77

Of What Is Past, or Passing, or to Come

A play on consequences of city development, clashes of architects and non-architects, and -isms.

The play is a part of a thesis project in architecture at The Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts, by a Norwegian student, it's written in English, and takes place in Oslo. The book also includes a diary, and a preface written by an architect.

ALEXANDER MAGNUS ØVREÅS WILLE



Of What Is Past, or Passing, or to
Come

N^o 01

PREFACE

I find it strange that Alexander asked me to write a preface for his play, and his book, as he's obviously a bit uncertain of his relation to me and mine. I'm not sure of what I think of his play neither, especially his caricatured portrayal of myself. Moreover, I think that his 100 Day Diary, with its odd focus on both walking and food, could, for me at least, at times go deeper into themes more directly linked to architecture. On the other hand, it may seem that his intention of the 100 Day Diary, is to get a glimpse into the 'architecture of his mind', and the 'architecture' of the final 100 days at an architectural education.

'Autogeography', was the first word I took notice of. I believe this may be a subtle reference to the writings of the Norwegian writer Karl Ove Knausgård, as he's often described his writings as 'autogeographical'. 'Autogeographical', meaning something that relates directly

to a particular space, and a personal experience of it, however, all other aspects of the 'autogeographical' text are fictionalised. I find this idea of blending what is real and what is fiction intriguing, especially with the basis of the 'real' in a space, as opposed to people one once met, or words once said. On that note: he does break his own format in most of Act I being based on direct quotations from the Norwegian architectural debate. In my opinion, it's not before the second act that the play actually becomes fully 'autogeographical' - at least, in my understanding of the genre/term.

Act III breaks the format of a traditional play, which I found surprising. I'm not sure if I found the third act to be a pleasant surprise in its breaking of the format, or if I found it slightly annoying as I initially expected a bit more of an explosive clash between the two opposing factions the first two acts build up and describe. Be that

as it may, I believe it's in this third act that the narrator as a fictionalised character starts blending with the actual writer, subsequently the intention of the play becomes clearer to me. It's, as he writes himself a 'clear ambiguity' (p.110) that comes to light in Act III, by which I believe he means an aggressive form of intentional ambiguity. Which in itself is quite a conundrum. Coupled with this 'conundrum', it seems to be an attempt at and wish for seeing the complex economic ecology our profession is a part of, and acknowledge our role in it as 'cogs in a heavy machinery' - as he writes on p. 102.

I'm not certain if I agree with the architectural education being dogmatic, subject to '*Architecturism*' (term introduced on p.105) and having a general tendency to 'simplify', and if so - if that is a negative, as he claims. Furthermore, I believe he has a paradoxical naïveté in his addressing of what seems to be his problems with his education. As one would expect of a student yet to

engage properly with the real world.

Despite disagreeing with several aspects of his text, I believe his intention to be goodhearted in relation to architects and the architectural field. I must also admit that I at times even found both parts of the play and the diary entertaining. Albeit being an unusual approach to a thesis project in architecture, I appreciate the attempt at not only situating a problem in a spatial design, but also to design a text for it. And for not being caricatured as 'The Starchitect'.

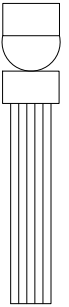
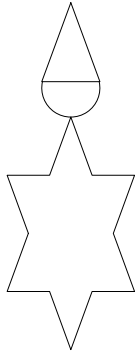
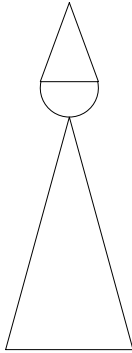
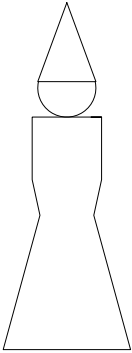
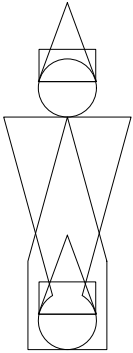
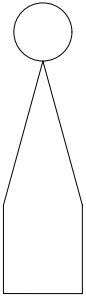
The Architect

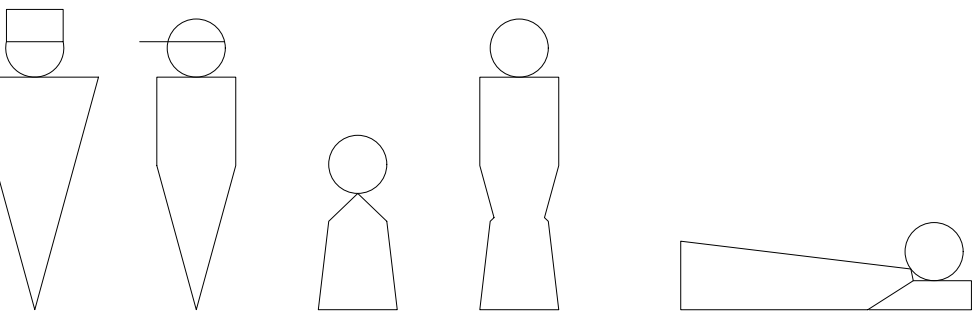
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THIS AS A PLAY

(Of What Is Past, or Passing, or to Come)





Me

This is a play.

In three acts.

An autogeographical one.

It takes place in Oslo, Oslo Harbour.

There's an unknown number of characters.

They're all male.

They're based on archetypes.

Products of prejudice and fiction - caricatures.

Some observation has probably been mixed in; I think.

I'm not sure how they were created, I didn't make them.

This play is based on voices in the Norwegian architectural debate.

I'm Me - the writer.

I'm a character, your narrator, the conductor of this play.

Caricatures

The Merry Melancholic

The Architect

The Critic

The Journalist

The Architectural Uprising

The Tired Homeless Man

The Tourist

The Starchitect

The Architectural Cult

The Child

Me

The Merry Melancholic

Won't stop quoting Kierkegaard, literally. Thus, this play is written in direct dialogue with Kierkegaard. Loves long walks in the rain. Is searching for a spiritual awakening. His search for meaning makes him a semi-protagonist. Surprisingly witty for being so sad.

The Architect

The Architect looks for quality, details, and potential in the built. Dressed in a black turtleneck and designer glasses. Prefers looking at the details in the concrete, as opposed to a building made of concrete. Once licked a façade.

The Critic

The Critic looks for places and situations to comment on. Has a beef with the architectural profession, thinking "them" to be smug. Insists on buildings built in a "traditional style" to be more democratic than those that have their roots in modernism.

The Journalist

All his articles have "**BREAKING**" in bold red letters and "X Things You...", "X Reasons Why X..." and "You Wouldn't Believe..." in their titles.

The Architectural Uprising

Unknown number of men, at least ten. Never formed an opinion of their own. We don't know who this group of people are, but we do know that they don't have any particular opinions when it comes to architecture, or other things.

The Tired Homeless Man

Not much is known of the Tired Homeless Man. He looks for a place to sleep, and probably food.

The Tourist

The Tourist wants to see and experience as much of Oslo as possible, as quickly as possible. Documents his trip to Oslo on his favourite object: his camera phone.

The Starchitect

Mysterious cult-leader. Might be the ghost of Christian Norberg-Schulz.

The Architectural Cult

Unknown number of men, at least ten. Truly believe they formed their own opinions, thus their personas on their own. Whether or not they did is somewhat dubious. We don't know who this group of people are, but we know that they have very particular opinions when it comes to architecture, and other things.

The Child

A child. A curious and playful child.

Me

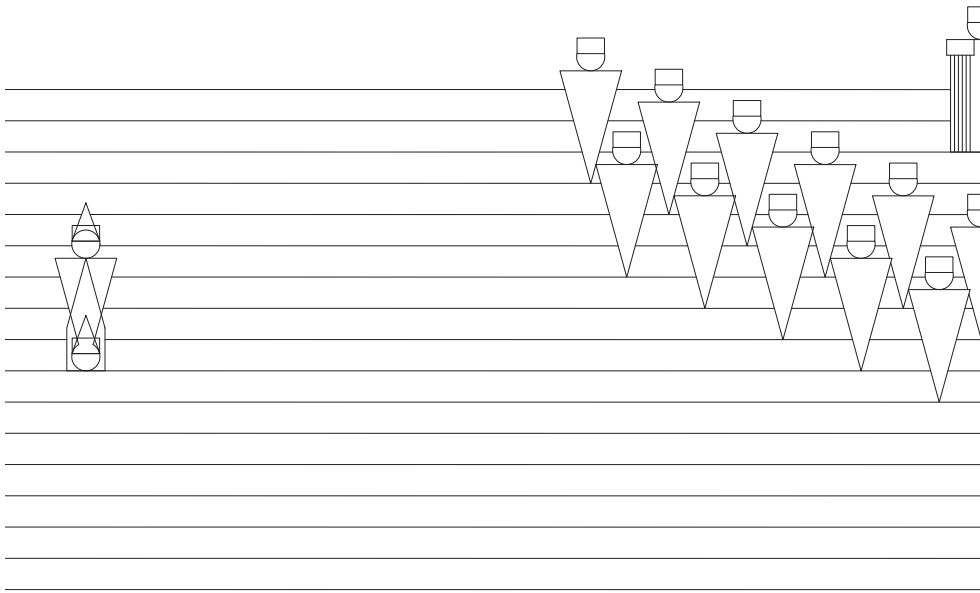
I'm myself. I'm the writer.

The Place

Sukkerbiten (translated: The Sugar Cube). A small island at the centre of the bay of Bjørvika. Terraine Vague. A zone of conflict between state-owned institutions. Battlefield of interests. Void space filled with temporary functions.

The staging of the play happens on a staircase, in an amphitheatre designed for the space of The Sugar Cube. The staircase and the amphitheatre serves as the scenography, Oslo Harbour and the Oslo Fjord serves as a backdrop; the drama of the city is, in a sense, set in the drama of the city. Encapsulating the space the drama occurs in, and is about, so that the viewer may leave and hopefully reassess the area.

The Sugar Cube is one possible place to enact the play. However, it could be performed anywhere.





ACT I:

Caricatures

Me

The Merry Melancholic

The Architect

The Critic

The Journalist

The Khoros Living Through Others' Opinions

The Merry Melancholic appears, he strolls in a lazy and downbeat manner.

The Merry Melancholic (*whispers to himself, barely audible*)

Life can only be understood backwards, but... it must be lived forwards.

The Merry Melancholic strolls towards us.

The Architect, The Critic and The Journalist stands at the edge of the stage, closest to us.

The Critic

It's unacceptable.

*The Critic waves his arm towards
the backdrop.*

No attention paid to human scale.

Ugly.

A badly dimensioned shoebox for blind
giants.

A perfect example of how the modernist
hegemony pays zero attention to the real
preferences of the people.

The Architect

Obviously, you've no idea of what you're
talking about. Look!

The brickwork's amazing.

The opening up towards the South,
amazing!

The Critic

'Amazing'?

It's empty!

Dead!

No one wanted this to be.

No one wants big dead shoeboxes of concrete.

The Architect

Oh, come on!

It's a Tuesday afternoon in November.

You can't expect all areas to be equally pulsating all year 'round.

In summer, it's a swarm of happy people swimming and singing.

The Journalist

Would you, as an architect, say that the third wave of the pandemic was largely caused by the popularity of the area?

The Architect

What?

The Journalist

Any correlation?

The Architect

Are you implying that this area is so successful that it created a third wave of a global pandemic?

The Critic

So "bad" you mean, and ugly.

The Journalist

You wouldn't believe how many studies show that exactly this might be something that would lead to ten reasons of increasing numbers of infected citizens.

The Critic

If you take "Biophilia" into account, something architects never do, you will see that there might be something to it.

The Journalist

Tell me about Biophilia.

The Critic

The opposite of "taste".

How our aesthetical preferences are based on instincts.

Which is why humans always prefer natural building materials, humans always prefer traditional architecture.

The Architect

That has nothing to do with the question at hand?

The Critic

Typical "architect's rhetoric".
You can't respond to the real preferences of the people. Because you know so much more than us, right?
Being an architect and all?

The Journalist turns to The Critic.

The Journalist

Would you say that a more traditionally designed city would be better at grappling with the pandemic?

The Critic

Definitely.
Look at the areas in Oslo that have been struggling the most.
Areas consisting of middle-to-high-rise buildings built in the sixties.
I don't think the pandemic's effect on these areas are "coincidences".

The Architect

That's absurd, you're trivialising the debate.

The issue is much more complex.

*After hearing the word "absurd"
The Merry Melancholic awakes from his
trance.*

*The Merry Melancholic moves
closer to The Architect, The Critic and
The Journalist, he stops in proximity
and looks up at the sky. Enjoying the
rain pouring down on his face.*

The Merry Melancholic (*whispers to him-
self, barely audible*)

People understand me so poorly that
they... don't even understand my complaint
about them not understanding me.

*The Architect, The Critic and the
Journalist stop for a second, turn their
heads towards The Merry Melancholic in a
puzzled manner - they didn't hear what
he said and turn back to their conversa-*

tion.

*The Critic raises a finger towards
The Architect.*

The Critic

Explain then, how is it that people always prefer traditional architecture, and that you never take their preferences into account when designing?

The Architect

I'm honestly not sure if I know what we're talking about at this point. We as architects are creative representatives of our time. If we're to design classical architecture in 2022, it would be a kitschy pastiche of something that once was.

The Critic

Architecture's not an artform, as you obviously have been misled and brainwashed to believe by the modernist architectural education. Architecture is a social sector that must listen to the population.

THIS AS A PLAY

Architecture is the last strain of this outdated stubbornness.

Even theologians have accepted that they don't own the truth.

Why can't architecture do the same?

The Journalist turns towards The Architect.

The Journalist

Do you deny that you are a part of a group of dogmatic modernists and enemies of beauty?

The Architect

I don't want to talk about "good" or "bad", "ugly" or "beautiful".

These are conceptions and words as limiting as they are describing.

The Journalist

Do you mind elaborating?

The Architect

The Architect takes a deep breath.

OK, here it goes:

The Architectural profession moved away from a central focus on the façade, just as the central perspective stopped being definitive in art.

The modern conception of beauty also includes the consequences, the needs, the flow, the flux, and it opens for what some may call the "ugly".

It's a more dynamic and democratic conception of beauty.

I believe it was Baudelaire that introduced the idea of 'beauty in ugliness', that modern beauty has a prophane aura. "Ugly", being all that doesn't fit the classical conception of "beauty".

Modern beauty is less conservative, more international, easier to develop and easier to practice.

Compared to the "classical" western conception of beauty we found in Aristotle and Plato and the ancient Greeks, that still is the foundation for what our "esteemed" critic here wants to praise and reintroduce as something "traditional".

THIS AS A PLAY

In short, I do not think of myself and my colleagues as dogmatic enemies of beauty.

The Critic

The Architect use the same belittling rhetorical tricks *all* architects *always* use.

I don't care about Baudelaire, Plato or what "conception of beauty" you prefer. What I care about is what people *want*, and the public wants traditional architecture.

The public feel alienated by the products of the modernist hegemony - by the nebulous and dubious strategies of the architectural cult.

The Merry Melancholic moves a few steps closer to The Architect, The Critic and The Journalist.

The Merry Melancholic (*whispers to himself, barely audible*)

Once you label me... you negate me.

The Architect, The Critic and The Journalist turn their heads to The Merry Melancholic, hearing him this time.

The Journalist looks at The Merry Melancholic.

The Journalist

And you, what do you think?

The Merry Melancholic looks at The Architect, he looks at The Critic, he looks at The Journalist.

The Merry Melancholic

I see it all perfectly; there are two possible situations - one can either do this or that. My honest opinion and my friendly advice is this: do it or do not do it - you will regret both.

The Architect, The Critic, and the Journalist stand in a confused state of awe.

The Journalist

Right. Erm, I think I have all I need.
Thank you both for coming, I'll send the
transcripts for proof-reading sometime
next week.

The Critic and The Architect nod.

*The Journalist turns towards The
Critic.*

Do you have time for more questions on
the total collapse, and unavoidable
downfall of the Idiocracy of Architec-
ture?

The Critic

Certainly.

*The Critic and The Architect disap-
pear.*

*The Merry Melancholic stares at
nothing in silence.*

*The Architect looks at The Merry
Melancholic.*

The Architect

You don't believe what they say, do you?
That the architectural profession and
education is a cult?

*The Merry Melancholic opens his
eyes, he keeps looking at nothing.*

The Merry Melancholic

There are two ways to be fooled. One is
to believe what isn't true; the other is
to refuse to believe what is true.

The Architect

You're a strange one, aren't you?

The Merry Melancholic

The most common form of despair is not
being who you are.

The Architect

And you know who you are?
You know how to avoid 'the most common
form of despair'?

The Merry Melancholic

In addition to my other numerous acquaintances, I have one more intimate confidant... My depression is the most faithful mistress I have known - no wonder, then, that I return the love.

The Architect

How would you like to not have... erm... your depression as your most trusted confidant and mistress?

The Merry Melancholic

Hope is a passion for the possible.

The Architect

Great.

I must show you something, the cure to your illness, the salvation to your everyday anxiety.

The Merry Melancholic

Anxiety is the dizziness of freedom.

The Architect

That may be, but there is a very simple

way to avoid it.
Come with me.

*The Architect turns to the backdrop
and points.*

One must marvel at the wonders of
modernity.
Can you believe that all this was built
in less than ten years?
Oh, the ingenuity of modern technology
and our brave modern world.
Do you think it would be possible, in
such a rapid pace - without cranes,
concrete, clear surfaces, steel?
Without the "grey"?

*Now, The Merry Melancholic is puz-
zled.*

Do you have forty-five minutes to hear
about our lords and saviour, Walter Gro-
pius?

The Merry Melancholic

Nothing is as heady as the wine of pos-

sibility.

The Architect slaps the Merry Melancholic on the back, they disappear.

The Journalist and The Critic appear.

The Critic

We are facing an ideology and a regime that is completely unacceptable based on democratic principles.

The Journalist nods, smiles, and moves his recorder closer to The Critic. They walk and talk.

Modernism's breakthrough in the 1930s coincided with the development of fascism and communism.

All three had in common that they turned their backs on the past, believed in revolution, and had leaders that "knew" an objective and absolute truth.

Modernism is considered a successful revolution, where everything that existed in the past has become irrelevant.

Gropius' Bauhaus school vaccinated its students against seeing non-modernist architecture.

The Journalist

Now you're talking about the 1920s and 1930s.

Tell me about how it looks today?

The Critic

The Architectural Cult is very much alive.

They're more powerful than ever.

The Journalist

The Architectural Cult?

The Critic

There are eight typical criteria for cult movements.

These criteria are found in Scientology, The Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ, and so on.

We find the same in schools of architecture.

The Journalist

Tell me more about the architectural education as a cult.

The Critic

- and the profession.

An international, powerful cult.

They conspire against the people.

They control everything that is being built.

They meet in secret, in uniforms, and decide on what part of our old world they are to erase next.

If they had their will there would not be a Rome, no Paris, no Beijing, no nothing of the old.

Everything would be torn down, and the world would be rebuilt into a "Le Corbusian" dystopia!

The Journalist

Tell me about how it's like to refuse this cult. Does it make you and other likeminded a resistance?

The Critic

We're the resistance.

We know what the people want.

We've seen that the Architectural elite as the oppressors they are.

There are no schools of architecture in Europe where they teach classical architecture and urban planning.

We cannot have such a large and important sector of society governed by such a dangerous modernist ideology.

The Journalist

Tell me about how architecture could become more well-informed and more aligned with the real preferences of the people? Would it help to, as some have suggested, employ a City Architect?

The Critic

God no.

Architects only accept modernism; they endorse a one-sided authoritarian ideology that has more similarities to religion than academic insight.

The Journalist

Tell me about what you would propose instead.

The Critic

We must collectively dismiss architects and their self-proclaimed knowledge of what is good and what is bad, we must topple the modernist hegemony.

The Man Who Lives Through Others' Opinions appears out of nowhere.

A Man Who Lives Through Others' Opinions

I agree.

Another Man Who Lives Through Others' Opinions also appears out of nowhere.

Another Man Who Lives Through Others' Opinions

I also agree.

Another Another Man Who Lives Through Others' Opinions also also ap-

pears out of nowhere.

**Another Another Man Who Lives Through
Others' Opinions**

I also, also agree.

*Another Another Another Man Who
Lives Through Others' Opinions also also
also appears out of nowhere.*

*A swarm of Men Who Live Through
Others' Opinions takes form behind The
Critic - the swarm turns into The Archi-
tectural Uprising.*

The Architectural Uprising

We agree.

*The Critic takes a few steps, so
that he stands over the crowd.*

The Critic

Behold, the monstrosity!
Beacons of modernist oppression!
Of modernist hegemony!
Of authoritarianism!
Of oppression!

THIS AS A PLAY

The Critic points at the Munch Museum.

It's ugly!

The Architectural Uprising

It's ugly!

The Critic

Imagine that we let this turn into this!

The Architectural Uprising

Dislike!

The Khoros do a collective "thumbs down".

The Critic points towards Barcode.

The Critic

Imagine! That we let THIS! Turn into THIS!

The Architectural Uprising

Dislike!

The Khoros do a collective "thumbs

down".

The Critic points towards Sørenga.

The Critic

What gives them the right?!

To turn THIS into THIS?!

Imagine!

The Architectural Uprising

Dislike!

The Khoros do a collective "thumbs up".

The Critic

If it was up to me, I would tear it all
down!

Tear it all down!

Level the city with the ground and re-
build it in to be a *traditional* utopia!

The Architectural Uprising

Like!

The Khoros do a collective "thumbs up".

THIS AS A PLAY

The Critic

Death to minimalism!

The Architectural Uprising

Minimalism?

The Critic coughs.

The Critic

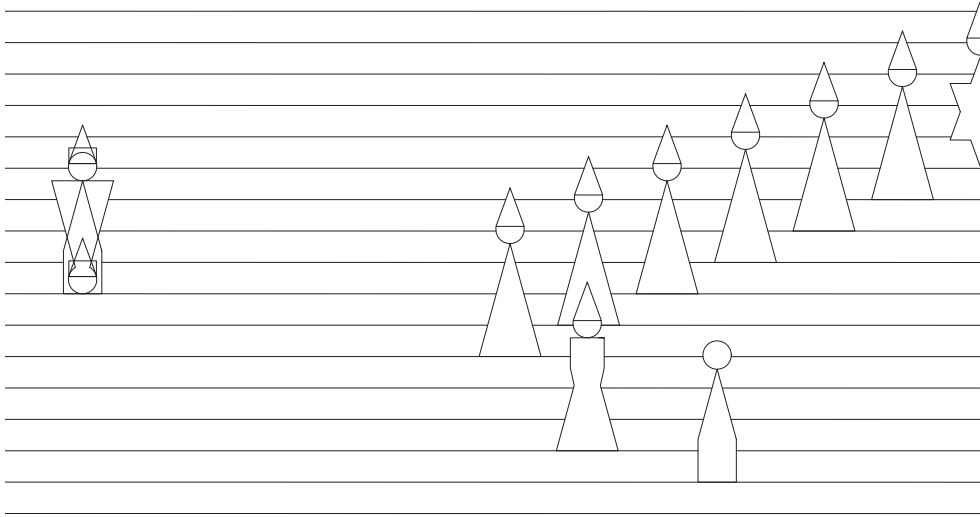
Modernism!

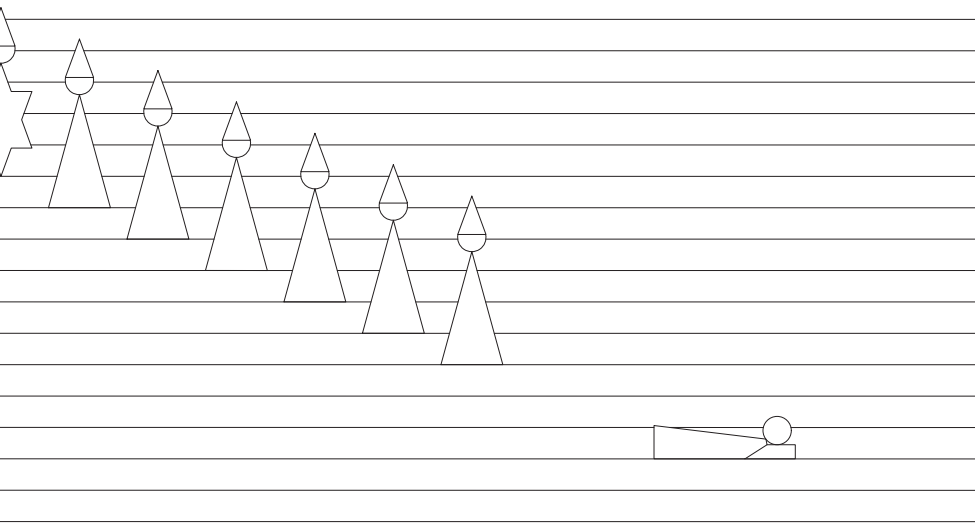
The Architectural Uprising

Like!

The Khoros do a collective "thumbs up" and starts cheering.

END OF ACT I





Act II:

Caricatures

Me

The Tired Homeless Man

The Critic

The Architectural Uprising

The Tourist

The Merry Melancholic

The Architect

The Starchitect

The Architectural Cult

The Child

The Critic and his followers are present in the background.

Close to us, at the 'edge' of the stage, The Tired Homeless Man lies on an old set of seat pads, resting his head against a mixture of rubbish and a home-made pillow.

The Tired Homeless Man rolls a cigarette, he shifts his focus from the cigarette to The Architectural Uprising, back to his cigarette.

The Tired Homeless Man shrugs, apa-

thetically.

The Tourist appears, he photographs like a maniac. In front of him, behind him, his own face, zooming in on details. He kisses his phone.

The Tourist sees The Tired Homeless Man, photographs him from afar, moves in closer, he stops in front of The Tired Homeless Man.

The Tourist

Excuse me, my good local sir. Do you happen to know, what exactly is going on, in that group of people, over there?

The Tourist points at The Architectural Uprising.

The Tourist photographs The Architectural Uprising.

The Tired Homeless Man shrugs, he keeps rolling his cigarette.

My good man, is it a common thing, in these parts? In Scandinavia, in this protected fortress in the North, where everything is sustainable and runs on

electricity, and everyone drives a Tesla, and you eat fish in harmony. Is it common with protests?

The Tired Homeless Man shrugs again, he finishes rolling his cigarette.

Extinguished gentleman, do you at least know what they are protesting?

The Tired Homeless Man

Not sure.

Probably some anti-elite thing.

The Tourist

Would you happen to know what kind of elite these people may be protesting? Is it something exquisitely Norwegian?

The Tired Homeless Man

Could be one of them general "Anti-ones".

Anti-Vaccine.

Anti-Yoga.

Anti-Veganism.

Anti-Petrol.

THIS AS A PLAY

Anti-Anti-Petrol.

Anti-Anti-Anti-Petrol.

Anti-Global Warming.

Or one of them "Pro-ones".

Pro-Global Warming

Pro-Anti-Pro-Global Warming.

Pro-Minorities.

Pro-Anti-Minorities.

Pro-Jesus.

God only knows, they're against something.

All of them "anti's" look the same to me, they have a lot of time and lots of anger.

The Tired Homeless Man inhales half his cigarette and rests his head on his homemade pillow.

The Tourist

Dear man, would you happen to know if they, by any chance, have an Instagram-account, or any other source where I may find more information of this very local protest?

The Tired Homeless Man gives The Tourist an odd look.

The Tired Homeless Man

Does it look like I do?
Can't you ask them yourself?

The Tourist

Oh no, I couldn't possibly imagine bothering them with my questions, I would simply feel like too much of a nuisance.

The Tired Homeless Man drags his hat over his eyes.

The Architect and the Merry Melancholic appear, they walk in proximity of The Tourist.

The Tourist rushes over to them.

The Tourist photographs himself.

My good sirs! Would you know what is going on over there? What is it they are protesting, some local feud? Politics? I merely want to gain a deeper understanding of this strange Nordic culture.

The Merry Melancholic

The highest and most beautiful things in life are not to be heard about, nor read about, nor seen but, if one will, are to be lived.

*The Tourist puts down his phone.
Puzzled by the response.*

The Tourist

I'm sorry old sport, but are you saying that they are protesting hearing and reading about, as well as seeing, gazing at things?

The Architect

They're protesting us.

The Tourist

You? You two? Who are you two?
Politicians?

The Architect

Not us two who, me who as parts of a bigger group who, may include us two - as a profession, a group.

The Tourist

But what do you do? Why are they protesting you?

The Architect

They are protesting that they don't understand that we are creating a better world.

The Tourist

I'm sorry, I'm not sure if I underst...

The Merry Melancholic interrupts The Tourist.

The Merry Melancholic

What if everything in the world were a misunderstanding, what if laughter were really tears?

The Tourist

I'm awfully sorry, good sir, I fear I do not understand the nature of the conflict that have caused the protest, or what it has to do with you.

Is The Uprising a consequence of an ei-

THIS AS A PLAY

ther simple, or complicated form of misunderstanding?

The Architect

Misinterpretation, misunderstanding, an accusation of a form of misdemeanour - a willed misunderstanding of something someone called a misdemeanour - that really is a blessing.

The Tourist

It seems rather complex and foggy, this whole debate.

Could you perhaps provide me with one essential keyword?

The Architectural Uprising slowly disappears in the background.

The Tourist picks up his phone.

The Architect

Architecture.

The Tourist

Pardon me?

The Architect

The one word you asked for: Architecture, it's an Anti-Architect protest.

The Tired Homeless Man lights up, he pulls his hat up on his forehead and looks at The Tourist.

The Tired Homeless Man

As I said, some anti-something with elites-something.

The Architect, The Merry Melancholic and The Tourist all look towards The Tired Homeless Man.

The Architect gives The Tired Homeless Man a warm look.

The Architect

Thank you.

The Tired Homeless Man

For what?

The Architect

For valuing our profession as an elite,

and thereby myself.

The Tired Homeless Man

Erm...

The Tired Homeless Man drags his hat down over his eyes again.

The Architectural Uprising has disappeared from the stage.

The Tourist photographs himself and runs off.

The Architect

He'll probably be on the barricades soon.

He'll be beguiled by their alt-right populist talk.

They don't understand the struggles we're dealing with.

Being the only ones still working towards a brave new world, they won't understand our struggle.

Against the evil developers, the incompetent bureaucrats, the unfair zoning regulations, they'll never understand

what we're trying to do.

That it's us, the architects, that are the ones able to save the world from the apocalypse.

We shouldn't focus on traditional or modern, on feelings, when our world is burning.

They won't understand how lonely we are in this realisation, not before it's too late.

The Merry Melancholic

It is a frightful satire and an epigram on the modern age that the only use it knows for solitude is to make it a punishment, a jail sentence.

The Architect

I don't believe it's related to the modern age.

It's an ancient form of punishment, a silencing and denunciation of those who know, has seen the light, carried out by the ignorant.

By those power hungry ... those conservative ... those alt-right ... menaces to so-

ciety ...

Zealots ... that's what they are ... these
"Uprisers".

The Merry Melancholic

What looks like politics, and imagines
itself to be political, will one day
unmask itself as a religious movement.

The Architect

Thankfully, Gropius created the Academy
... a space for betterness ... for dreaming
... for creating a way out of this mess
we're in...

Where less is more...

Where the young can be taught in the
ways of the modern, where the destruc-
tive ways of the old may be abolished.
We need beacons when the collective
human turns dark.

The Merry Melancholic

The task must be difficult, for only the
difficult inspires the noble-hearted.

The Architect

Exactly, all we do, we do for the greater good.

We have no ulterior motifs.

No capitalist agenda.

We don't possess hidden interest in ruling any more than we already do.

We're not interested in power, for other reasons than those of making everything better, for everyone.

We do what we can, where we can, as efficiently as we can, so that you and I may enjoy as much of life - as we can.

Although it is tiresome, to fight for a just cause when people like those Zealots ... that Uprising ... are wilfully misunderstanding us, and our holy goal.

The Merry Melancholic

We?

The Architect

We, the architects, *The Studio*.

We who create the world.

Us, the disciples of He Who Wields the Ruler.

THIS AS A PLAY

Do you now understand the importance of our cause?

The Merry Melancholic

A 'no' does not hide anything, but a 'yes' very easily becomes a deception.

The Architect

If accepted, you can also be a disciple of the apostle.

A follower of the Supreme Designer.

The High Creator of the Modern Order.

The Star Architect.

The Supreme Architect.

The Merry Melancholic shifts his glance towards the audience, expressing confusion.

The Architect straightens his back in a proud posture and gazes out in the nowhere.

The Starchitect.

The Architect and The Merry Melancholic stand in silence for a couple of

seconds.

Follow me.

The Architect starts walking across the stage.

The Merry Melancholic shrugs slightly.

The Merry Melancholic

To dare, is to lose one's footing momentarily. Not to dare is to lose oneself.

The Architect and The Merry Melancholic walk off the stage.

The Starchitect walks on stage, in front of him he holds a copy of "Towards a New Architecture" by Le Corbusier.

Behind him follows The Architectural Cult - all dressed in black sneakers, black trousers, black turtlenecks, neat designer glasses with a black frame and black velour capes.

Two of the Architects carry incense.

THIS AS A PLAY

The remaining Architects in the procession carry a 12H pencil from in one hand, and a candle in the other.

The Starchitect

Our world, like a charnel-house, is strewn with the detritus of dead epochs!

The Architectural Cult

Our world, like a charnel-house, is strewn with the detritus of dead epochs.

The Procession of The Architectural Cult starts spreading out.

The Starchitect

The house is a machine for living in!

The Architectural Cult

The house is a machine for living in.

The Starchitect walks to the centre-back.

The Architectural Cult gather in a V-formation, with the Starchitect as the head.

Two of The Architects (not the ones carrying incense) sharpens two metre-long 12H pencils with machetes.

The Starchitect

Architecture is the learned game;
correct and magnificent of forms
assembled in the light!

The Architectural Cult

Architecture is the learned game;
correct and magnificent of forms
assembled in the light.

The two Architects with the metre-long 12H pencils start drawing perfect squares on the floor.

The remaining members of The Architectural Cult (except those carrying incense) places each their shaven guinea pig within the drawn-up squares.

The Starchitect

Thus, let us assemble in the dark.
To preserve the learned game, to preserve and protect the wisdom of not-so-

THIS AS A PLAY

old.

Ready your pencils.

The Starchitect bows his head and raises his arms towards the sky.

The Architectural Cult, quite clumsily, takes pencil-sharpeners out of their pockets and starts sharpening their pencils.

Please accept our sacrifice.

So that we may keep our status.

So that we may guide the sheep towards the light.

As we are the shepherds of being.

The creators of the world.

Please accept our sacrifice, O' Thou Who First Wielded the Ruler.

The Starchitect draws a long metal ruler out from underneath his cape and forms a square in the air with it.

Please accept our humble squares of guinea pigs, as written by the prophet Gropius.

In concrete.

The Architectural Cult

In concrete!

The Architectural Cult brutally sacrifices the guinea pigs.

The Architectural Cult clean their pencils.

The Architectural Cult remove their hoods, then their capes, still awkwardly positioned in a V.

The Starchitect removes his hood, he faintly resembles Christian Norberg-Schulz, Le Corbusier - he resembles most bald to semi-bald male architects with round glasses.

The Starchitect

Alrighty, so, now that that's done, who has the agenda for today's meeting?

Architectural Cult Member #1 drops his incense and takes a Moleskine-notebook out from his back pocket.

Architectural Cult Member #1

First item on the list:

Institutional "Clusterfuck" in Oslo Harbour, state-owned institutions arguing on how to develop properties, what to develop, how to maximise profit, how can we gain advantage?

Is there room for any sterile concrete blocks in there, eh?

Architectural Cult Member #1 looks at the other architects looking for approval.

The Architectural Cult nods approvingly.

Second item on the list:

Successful over-budgeting and material-test-failure scheme accomplished in relation to the finalisation of The Munch Museum, big shout out to Peter for that.

Architectural Cult Member #2 (Peter) steps forward, raises his hand, he smiles and nods.

The Architectural Cult gives a

short round of applause.

Thanks to Peter, we were able to make the building completely grey, and so far removed from the winning proposal that the original title "The Light Tower" stopped making sense. For as we all know:

Architectural Cult Member #1 raises his hands, encouraging the others to chip in.

The Architectural Cult:

Towers have steeples! Steeples are for churches! Churches are ancient!

The Architectural Cult nods approvingly.

Architectural Cult Member #1

Exactly. Unless! The "tower" is a high-rise and made of steel and glass.

The Architectural Cult nods approvingly.

THIS AS A PLAY

Anyways: Third item on the list:

Now as the Photography Museum here at the "Sugar Cube" has been cancelled several proposals by non-architects have been put forward.

Would be great if someone could muster a way of dedicating this plot to a 75-story high-rise.

Preferably with apartments for architects on top.

The Architectural Cult nods approvingly.

Fourth item!

There is a so-called Architectural Uprising going on, some idiots believe that traditional architecture should make a reappearance ...

Architect #1 shifts to a mocking tone.

Like that would be a good idea!

The Architects laugh, stop laughing

and starts nodding approvingly.

However, they have gained a rather massive following. We should probably find a way to neutralise them.

Best suggestion so far is to blame all problems in the building industry on the evil developers.

And/or write in the media that the Uprising doesn't understand architecture as they are not architects - another shout out to Peter for that one.

Good work Peter.

Architectural Cult Member #2 (Peter) steps forward, raises his head, he smiles and nods.

The Architectural Cult gives a short round of applause.

The Architectural Cult stops clapping and starts nodding approvingly to each other.

Fifth ite...

Architect #1 interrupts himself as

THIS AS A PLAY

The Child runs across the stage, playing with a ball.

Whose child is that?

Architectural Cult Member #2 (Peter) steps forward.

Architectural Cult Member #2 (Peter)

Sorry, he's mine.

My wife's working late, couldn't find a babysitter.

Architectural Cult Member #1

And you brought him here?

What does your wife do, that makes her work this late?

Architectural Cult Member #2 (Peter)

She's an architect.

Architectural Cult Member #1

Ah, of course. What is she working on?

Architectural Cult Member #2 (Peter)

Currently she's trying to figure out how

to completely miss the estimated budget for a project. Looks like they will go over budget by at least 20 million.

The Architectural Cult nods approvingly.

Architectural Cult Member #1

And your son? What will he do?

Architectural Cult Member #2 (Peter)

He'll become an architect, of course.

The Architectural Cult nods approvingly.

The Child plays with his ball, he disappears.

On the opposite side of the stage of where The Architect and The Merry Melancholic walked off, they walk on stage again.

The Architect and The Merry Melancholic observe the meeting from a distance - unnoticed by the Architects.

Architectural Cult Member #1

Very well.

Where were I ... Oh, yes:

Fifth item!

We need to strengthen "Operation Vaccination" at The Oslo School of Architecture.

Bergen and Trondheim are still safe and modern.

However, some Classicism has managed to sneak into the curriculum in Oslo.

This is a top priority.

We must strengthen our efforts to keep pre-modernism, well... *pre - modernism*.

We really can't have any scary symmetry-and-ornamentation-kind of ideas sneak into the heads of the young light-bringers.

Gropius forbid, some of them might start designing parks, churches with towers and steeples, two-story houses with gardens.

We need to stay relevant, thankfully we have been able to sabotage the rise of AI-software in spacemaking.

But still.

I can't emphasise this enough: to keep the past in the past is key for our survival.

The Merry Melancholic

... why bother remembering a past that cannot be made into present?

The members of The Architectural Cult, except for Architectural Cult Member #1 turn their heads towards The Merry Melancholic and The Architect - in shock.

Architectural Cult Member #1

Precisely, precisely.

Architectural Cult Member #1 nods, then realises he doesn't recognise the voice.

Wait, who said that?

The Architect

My new friend did.

THIS AS A PLAY

The Architect pushes The Merry Melancholic one step ahead of him.

I hope you don't mind that I brought him.

I believe him to be a potential candidate for *The Studio*.

Architectural Cult Member #1

You brought an outsider?

An uneducated one?

To *The Studio*.

Good Gropius man, are you insane?

The Architect

'Architect' still isn't a protected title.

And in any case, he won't tell anyone what he saw.

The Architect glances at The Merry Melancholic

Besides, I'm pretty certain he doesn't formulate his own sentences.

*The Architectural Cult glance at
The Merry Melancholic with scepticism.*

*The Architectural Cult look at Me,
still sceptical.*

Me

He doesn't.

*The Architectural Cult nods approv-
ingly.*

The Architect

Also, I couldn't let him fall to the
beguiling brainwashing of The Uprising.

Architectural Cult Member #1

The Uprising? You believe them to be a
threat?

The Architect

Too early to tell, but I don't like
where it's heading.

They even hinted at us being organ-
ised and oppressing the "people's actual
preferences: traditional architecture".

The Architectural Cult

Shit.

The Starchitect

Good Gropius damn.

Forget item 1, 2, 3, and 5 on the list.

The Uprising is our one and only
priority.

Any suggestions on how to deal with
them?

Architectural Cult Member #1

We could use our contacts in the media,
and make them write a series of articles
on how "traditional architecture" is un-
sustainable, and that modern technology
is the solution?

*The Architectural Cult nods approv-
ingly.*

Architectural Cult Member #2 (Peter)

How about, maybe, I'm not sure, we could
claim that classicist architecture is
racist?

The Starchitect

How so?

Architectural Cult Member #2 (Peter)

Say that what they deem to be traditional architecture is based on central-European traditional architecture, and that by promoting this form of architecture, one is promoting an outdated, racist, colonial mindset that oppress every other kind of architecture?

The Architectural Cult nods approvingly.

The Starchitect

Very well. You're in charge of that Peter. Good input.

The Architectural Cult do a round of applause, they stop clapping and starts nodding approvingly.

The Architect

We have another problem.

Architectural Cult Member #1

What?

The Architect

They seem to be questioning if we know things.

Architectural Cult Member #1

Things?

The Architect

You know, stuff.

How and why, we design.

What's inside a wall.

Psychological impact of buildings, facades, of design.

What sustainability really is.

How to implement the UN Sustainability goals in our practice.

How to design a building that makes sense?

If we know how to design a building that can be built.

Stuff.

The Architectural Cult

Shit.

Architectural Cult Member #1

Have we tried saying that we oversee the creative process, and that the engineers are supposed to figure out the rest?

The Architect

Yes.

Architectural Cult Member #1

And?

The Architect

They didn't buy it.

The Architectural Cult

Shit.

The Architect

O' Thou Who Wield the Ruler, what do we do?

*The Architectural Cult all look to
The Starchitect, panicked.*

The Starchitect removes his glass-

es, polishes them, puts them back on.

The Starchitect

Hmm ... 'Tis tricky.

I believe I must take some time to contemplate this issue.

I believe I must return to my cave and think.

The Architect

Cave?

The Starchitect

My summer house with four bathrooms.

The Architectural Cult nods approvingly.

Until further notice, 'tis what ye shall do:

Question the knowledge of the Uprising.

Question their knowledge of architecture.

Question their political agenda

Question if they might be an alt-right, right-wing populist movement ...

The Starchitect signals Architectural Cult Member #1.

Architectural Cult Member #1 nods.

Architectural Cult Member #1

Peter, do you mind handling that?

Architectural Cult Member #2 (Peter) nods.

The Architectural Cult nods approvingly.

The Starchitect

Question if they know anything, at all.
Question them as they question us.
Dismiss their futile attempt at toppling
The Studio by questioning their ability
to see past facades.
Say something about phenomenology.
Question them.
Dismiss them.
Question, and dismiss.

The Architectural Cult

Question, and dismiss!

The Starchitect

In concrete.

The Architectural Cult

In concrete!

The Architectural Cult gather their capes, pocket their pencils, blows out their candles and picks up the sacrificed guinea pigs.

The two members of The Architectural Cult that drew the squares for the guinea pigs turn their metre-long pencils for their erasers and rub away the squares on the ground.

The Starchitect opens "Towards a New Architecture by Le Corbusier and starts reading.

The Starchitect

Architecture is the learned game;
correct and magnificent of forms
assembled in the light!

The Architectural Cult

Architecture is the learned game;

correct and magnificent of forms
assembled in the light.

The Starchitect

Thus, let us disperse into the dark.

*The Architectural Cult run off in
all directions, completely unsynchro-
nised.*

*The Starchitect walks slowly off
stage.*

*The Architect and The Merry Melan-
cholic remain.*

The Architect

Now, do you see?

The wisdom we must communicate.

The truth we must protect.

The Merry Melancholic

The truth is a snare: you cannot have
it, without being caught. You cannot
have the truth in such a way that you
can catch it, but only in such a way
that it catches you.

The Architect

Is that a yes?

The Merry Melancholic

It is perhaps the misfortune of my life that I am interested in far too much but not decisively in any one thing; all my interests are not subordinated in one but stand on an equal footing.

The Architect gives The Merry Melancholic a hug.

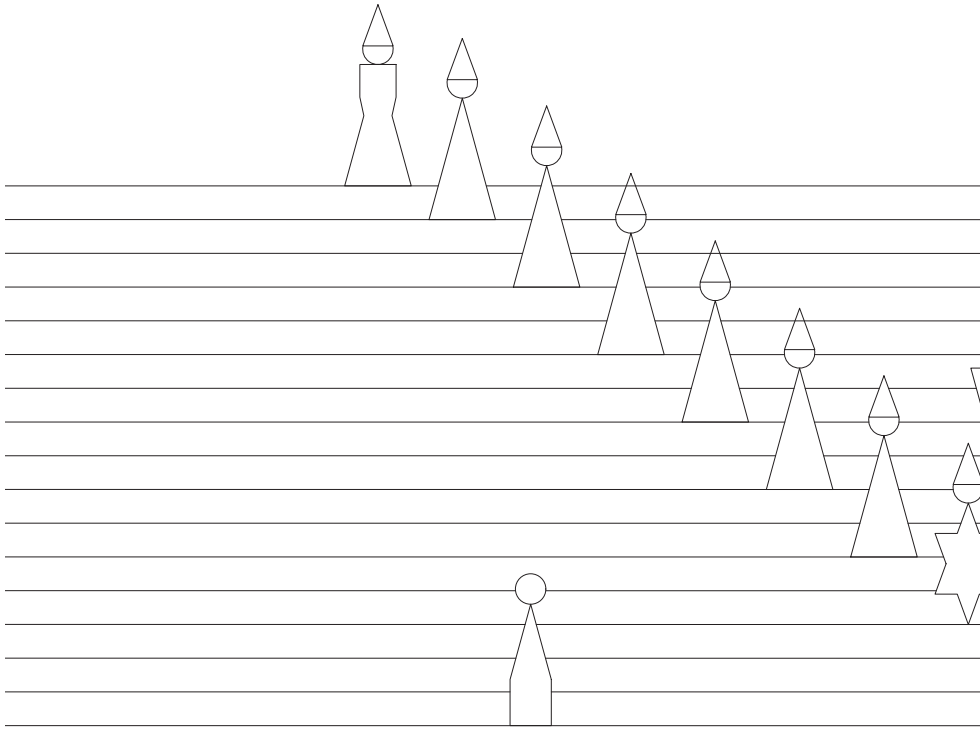
The Merry Melancholic gazes out towards the audience, visibly confused.

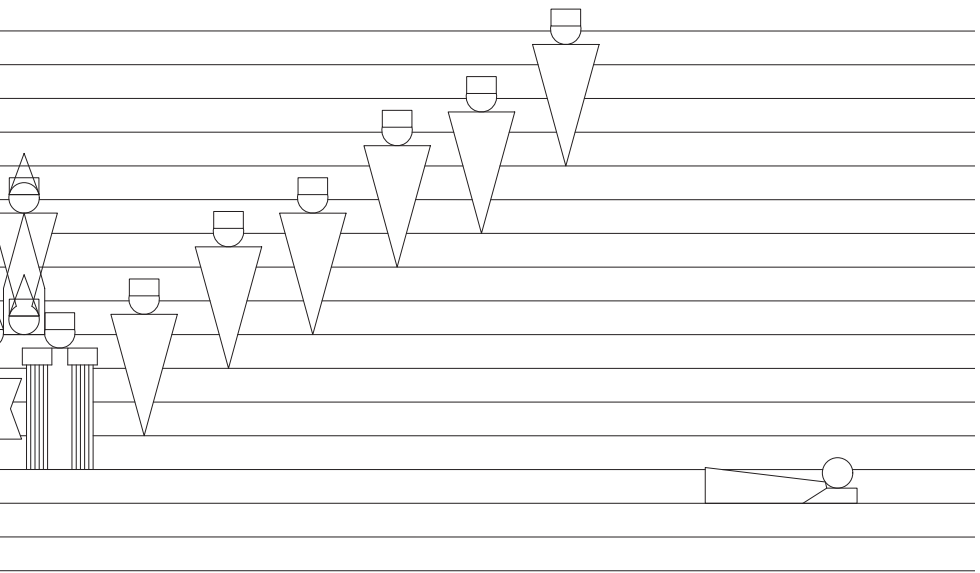
The Architect

Let's leave.

They don't leave.

END OF ACT II





Act III:

Caricatures

Me

The Tired Homeless Man

The Critic

The Architectural Uprising

The Starchitect

The Architect

The Architectural Cult

The Merry Melancholic

The Journalist

The Child

Me is standing at the centre.

The Tired Homeless Man lies where he's been lying since he first appeared, still resting his head on a mixture of rubbish and a homemade pillow.

The Critic and The Architectural Uprising and the Starchitect, The Architect and the Architectural Cult gesticulate as they're yelling at each other in the background - they're all wearing earmuffs; we can't hear them.

The Merry Melancholic watches the

THIS AS A PLAY

confrontation from afar.

Me glances at the uproar in the background and turns towards us.

Me takes a deep breath.

Me

Stay angry... I was told.

Stay angry... at those who did wrong...

'Then you'll know what you want do with your anger'!

'That'll crystallise your story, and the underlying intention of it.'

Should I be angry with a set of buildings?

With a masterplan?

With the critique of the masterplan?

The critics?

With these '*commoners*' unable to think in abstract spatial concepts - those unable to think in phenomenological experiences and line-drawings.

The Architectural Uprising take off their earmuffs and turns towards Me.

The Architectural Uprising

What?!

The Architectural Uprising puts on their earmuffs and stands still looking at Me.

Me

Or should I be angry with the 'un-commoners', those able to think in abstract spatial concepts, in phenomenological experiences, and in line-drawings.

The Architectural Cult takes off their earmuffs and turns towards Me.

The Architectural Cult

What?!

The Architectural Cult puts on their earmuffs and stands still looking at Me.

Me

Should I be angry with the capital that financed the buildings, that made this

THIS AS A PLAY

argument happen?

Capitalism?

Is that where I should direct my anger?

Modernism?

Post-Modernism?

Pre-Modernism?

Dogmatism?

Absurdism?

I could be angry with -isms...

-Isms... angry with those.

The Tired Homeless Man sits up in his improvised bed, he pulls his hat up, uncovering his face.

The Tired Homeless Man

They're all the same.

Rulers of that, brains of this.

Oracular, dictatorial doctrinarians.

Ironically unbending considering all being placed on the circular spectrum of dogmatism.

The Tired Homeless Man puts on a pair of airmuffs, he stands up, looks at Me, he doesn't move.

Me

Stay angry... I was told...

Angry with developers maybe, as they are neither architects nor critics of architecture.

Developers are bad, evil.

... at least that's what I've been taught.

They must be evil, someone must be...

Should I be angry with legislators?

Are legislators' evil?

They do allow fucked up shit to happen, they made the development that caused the chaos that caused the distrust possible.

Politicians too, they're all capitalists.

Or communists.

Or anything in-between the two - capitalist communists?

They must be evil.

Maybe that's why they're not here...

Why they shy away from the debate...

Maybe these officials, like...

Mephistopheles, simply don't like the light...

THIS AS A PLAY

Me looks around to see if he can spot any officials anywhere, he can't.

Stay angry... I was told... angry with...
with...

City councils.

Cities.

Municipalities.

Also, the nation state must, by
association, be evil... I think...

And the Continent.

The Old Continent.

And the New Continent.

And The West.

And The East.

And The North.

And The South.

And The Line in the middle, equator.

I should be fucking furious with
equator, that warm lying unstable piece
of shit.

And speaking of unstable, the World.

I must be angry with the World.

Because...

The World created the Continents, New

and Old.

The Continents made Nation States.

Nation States made states and
municipalities and cities.

And with cities:

politicians,

and councils,

and legislators,

and voters -

with interests and needs,

and greed.

Was it successful?

Did it succeed?

*The Tourist appears, he photographs
Me.*

The Tourist

Here?

Me

Anywhere.

*The Tourist photographs himself and
stands still, looking at Me, he puts on
a pair of earmuffs.*

THIS AS A PLAY

They disagree, well... at least they discuss...

Disagree... discuss...

They argue, wearing earmuffs...

If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?

They argue...

One side still stuck on "beauty" and "ugliness" ...

On "good" and "evil" ...

The Critic takes off his earmuffs and turns towards Me.

The Critic

Modernist architecture creates dissatisfaction and unhealth. Beautiful classicist buildings make us happier.

The Critic puts on his earmuffs and stands still, looking at Me.

Me

The other fight for their pride and

relevance...

Many seem to have forgotten their importance and their knowledge...

The Architect takes off his earmuffs and turns towards Me.

The Architect

To reduce architecture to facades is to trivialise the debate.

The Architect puts on his earmuffs and stands still, looking at Me.

Me

Can one blame those who believe "The Cult" did wrong?

When their designs wrapped Oslo, not in mist, but in grey...

Can one blame "them" for defending themselves when accused of being pseudo-religious cult?

When their designs are only partially their own...

Stay angry... I was told when I scribbled this...

THIS AS A PLAY

"I'm lost in this quagmire of complexity and chaos - I want to make the quagmire available and interactable, for everyone...", I said once, when asked by a professor as of why I was writing "This".

The Starchitect takes off his earmuffs and turns to Me.

The Starchitect

Everything is complex, it's your job as an architect to cut through the complexity.

The Starchitect puts on his earmuffs and stands still looking at Me.

Me

I had no response, I was mute.

I don't identify as eloquent, not under pressure.

I wish I'd answered:

"Where is it written? That my job as an architect is to simplify, to cut through complexity?"

He'd probably answer something like...

The Starchitect takes off his earmuffs and turns to Me.

The Starchitect

Something that makes you shut up.

The Starchitect puts on his earmuffs and stands still, looking at Me.

Me

And I would shut up... I did shut up.
After all, I'm no expert of everything,
no jack of all trades and master of
none... not yet...

As I see it, I'm just now starting to
see the importance, or lack thereof, we
architects have in the big picture of it
all...

I can't go back to designing pretty
houses and cabins and apartments...

I can't... not now that I'm finally
beginning to understand what we're
involved in.

THIS AS A PLAY

I'm slowly starting to realise how I've been trained, and for what I was trained, I think...

The way I understand my education, when reflecting backwards, there were three years as a subject to a strange form of dogmatism.

Three years of being confused and angry... about being trained to be an individualistic creative, free of systems, yet meant to save the world, and thus, a subject to all systems...? Thereafter, two years of undoing the mental load of thinking in an over-designed system...

Maybe that's the underlying idea: to cherish idealism as long as possible... But I'm tired...

Of following this strange consensus. A "consensus" I didn't agree with in the first place...

The Journalist takes off his earmuffs and turns to Me.

The Journalist

Tell me about "consensus".

The Journalist puts on his earmuffs and stands still, looking at Me.

Me

To be making "beautiful" things and claim them to be changing the world for the better, knowing fully and well that the aspects of my hypothetical work that would make the world better to a large extent would be out of my control...

That I'm the first cog to be changed in the heavy machinery of construction...

I can't go back to "simple", and simultaneously keep what little I have of a conscience.

If we want to change things for the better, to manifest the optimism architecture supposedly has...

I believe we need to see "things" for what they are.

"Things" are chaotic.

Messy.

Complex.

THIS AS A PLAY

I believe we need to speak to those who protest what we've been doing, and acknowledge their scepticism...

Even if the critique seems off...

Avoid navel-gazing...

Break free from -isms... angry at those.

Widen the view.

Involve ourselves with others and involve others in our own... practice.

Change, not only in terms of sustainability goals force-fed down our throats...

Our profession needs to evolve...

I think ...

From being so-called experts of everything and specialists at nothing whilst simultaneously claiming to be highly specialised in all questions we're asked...

To embrace being experts of everything, specialists at nothing...

Use the expertise of everything to engage across the chain...

Engage in...

City Councils!

Municipalities!

Become developers!

The Child appears, playing with his ball, he runs towards The Journalist and stands next to him.

The Journalist hands the child a pair of earmuffs.

Hack into the political game, become politicians!

Accept the ruling factors of capital...

Dare to engage... in both capital and politics...

Combine the tools, the mindset, with... with... basically everything.

The Merry Melancholic steps closer to Me.

The Merry Melancholic

I see it all perfectly; there are two possible situations - one can either do this or that. My honest opinion and my friendly advice is this: do it or do not do it - you will regret both.

Me

Thankfully there are many that does exactly this - engage - even if they're somewhat shunned by those that cling to the strictest forms of architectural idealism.

"*Architecturism*": the blind belief in architects knowing best, for all.

"*Architecturists*": privileged radical leftists that believes in

"*Architecturism*", and thinks it will save the world - don't mind not making money on their world-saving projects, they don't need it, and therefore capital should not be a part of a project...?

Strange form of hypocrisy...

Thankfully there're few *Architecturists*.

In general, it's not *that* many architects out there...

It's not that many of us...

For *us* to dictate, foresee and create the frames for how to live the life of the collective human, and insist...

Insist!

That we're "right"... seems odd to me.

Communicate through disagreements to map what's there... and subsequently communicate the findings further...

To others than architects...

Communicate better, across disciplines...

Maybe treat our work as drafts, as half-finished proposals that can be developed to completion, finalised, by others... directly.

That can invite to something more than stroking our egos.

"Stay angry" ...

Stay angry at those who did wrong, then you'll be able to cut through to...

Who...

I struggle formulating who's to blame, there's so many.

And to blame? For what?

For the forming of *alleged*- cults and alt-right-movements.

For disagreements, for dissonance between the 'creators', the builders, the financiers, those that gave the green light, and those living in the created... For distrust in professionals, for increasingly heated conflicts everywhere...

THIS AS A PLAY

For the economy?

Oh, who's right, in this clash of clans.
Neither... probably... "truth" is seldom
true.

*The Merry Melancholic begins moving
towards Me.*

*The Architectural Uprising and the
Architectural Cult move toward each oth-
er.*

*The Tired Homeless Man and the
Tourist move toward each other.*

*The Critic and The Architect move
toward each other.*

"Stay angry" ... so that intentions may be
directed, so that positive change may
come.

Is it then constructive..

For me, as a student of architecture..
Heading towards a life as an architect -
in its broadest sense..

To blame others than ourselves, to blame
others than our own?

Wouldn't I become just another
belittling architect, if I were to

question and dismiss "the others"?

Pointing out "their" evil...

Enhancing the idea of an "us" and a "them".

Should I rather engage with those within my own "ranks"?

Use what platforms I may have to communicate my scepticism of... us.

However easy it may seem to point fingers at those you know...

Even if my scepticism is a product of a subjective misreading of a world I don't know as well as other may do...

I believe I need to speak it; I need to formulate this criticism...

And after five years of feeling this notion of discomfort hardening, this feeling of us being the ones separated from the rest: both in worldview and in preferences...

It burns this idea... that... that we need to detach ourselves... from ourselves.

The Merry Melancholic

To dare is to lose one's footing momen-

THIS AS A PLAY

tarily. Not to dare is to lose oneself.

Me

But, in the end, no matter how overexaggerated I write my opinions, no matter how extreme my caricatures have become, no matter how immoderate the many Me's have become...

I'm only one.

I'm Me.

I just need to put "This" out there, for myself, and hopefully to make someone react... either positively or negatively, or both; Either/Or won't accomplish much.

The Architectural Uprising merges with The Architectural Cult.

The Critic merges with The Architect.

The Tourist merges with The Tired Homeless Man.

The Journalist merges with The Child.

The Starchitect stands alone.

I didn't know how to express these thoughts...

I *don't* know how to express these thoughts...

...this clear ambiguity, through spatial design alone.

Therefore, I chose to write "This" as a play.

The Merry Melancholic

Leap of faith - yes, but only after reflection.

*The Merry Melancholic merges with
The Starchitect.*

Me stands alone.

100 DAY DIARY

DAY 1

Monday 21st of February

Danish winter is a bitch. Rained sideways this morning. Took me thirteen minutes longer than usual to walk to the studio - one hour and six minutes.

E-mailed E. O. Nedrelid (Head of Communications, HAV Eiendom), H. Hammervold (Board Member, HAV Eiendom) V. S. A. (Business Executive, Oslo S Utvikling), N. G. C. (Partner, Fabel Architects), A. R. (Educator w. PhD and architect at Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts), and S. Sourori (Spokesperson for The Architectural Uprising Norway). Arranged meeting with S. Sourori and E. O. Nedrelid next Tuesday in Oslo. Medium exited for the busride from Copenhagen to Oslo on Sunday.

Worked with 3 x 3 m drawing of Oslo Harbour for the rest of the day.

Heavy lunch from the canteen. Pork, potatoes, and strange broccoli-tzatziki salad. 5 out of 10.

Went for a run. Finished "The Myth of Sisyfos" in bed. Fell asleep.

100 DAY DIARY

DAY 2

Tuesday 22nd of February

Woke up at 05:55, peculiarly blue sky, and sun. Almost indigo. Walked to the studio - fifty-three minutes. Nice walk, first rays of sun this year, I think.

No answers from sources I e-mailed yesterday. Winter vacation in Norway. Hopefully some of them will check their inbox this week, so I may add them to the schedule when in Oslo next week.

Worked with 3 x 3 m drawing of Oslo Harbour 'till 16:15. Screamed at the computer in a sudden angry outburst. Two other students in the room seemed terrified.

Slightly less heavy lunch in the canteen. Risotto with beets and other root vegetables. 4 out of 10.

Collected references. Finalised the booking of the meeting with S. Sourori: 15:00 close by Solli Plass, in Oslo Tuesday 1st of March.

Had sweet potatoes, kale and chicken for dinner. 7 out of 10. Fell asleep thinking about lineweights in drawings.

DAY 3

Wednesday 23rd of February

06:50, sun again, was nice. A bit chilly. The Danish winter winds tears ones soul out. Walked to the studio - fifty-eight minutes.

Sat in the computer room working with 3 x 3 m drawing. Now turned into 4 x 4 m drawing due to having to include missing typology and areas. Got angry at the computer again, apologised to the one other student in the room.

Found a new podcast where a Philosophy professor discuss "classics" with guests. Listened to one episode on "Hávamál" and one on "Nicomachean Ethics". Nice background-entertainment when battling the computer.

Went for a run while finishing the episode on "Nicomachean Ethics". Aristotle had some interesting thoughts on the division of the soul, apparently.

Sweet potatoes, kale and chicken for dinner. 7 out of 10.

Read a few pages in "Sauermugg", in bed. Fell asleep at 23- something.

DAY 4

Thursday 24th of February

War in Ukraine. Gloomy and strange morning. Felt small in comparison to international conflict. Had an idea for a novel. Had cup of coffee and swallowed Vitamin D supplements, no sun today.

Went to Østerbro with roommate #1, he photographed his site, I looked at buildings. Walked to school and arrived at 12:01. Chicken thighs, something resembling baba ganoush, bread and chili for lunch - 7 out of 10.

Listened to an episode of the phil. podcast, on Freud and "Civilization and Its Discontents". Not sure if I'll remember much more than his theory on society starting with someone being able to contain themselves to not piss on the flame in a cave; had it not been for this one person that desperately wanted to piss on a flame, but managed not to, we would'nt have civilizations. Absurd enough to be worth remembering.

Worked with 4 x 4 m drawing, preparing for print on Friday. Walked home before sundown, rare. Had pork, potatoes, cauliflower - 5 out of 10. 2 glasses of red wine with roommate #4. No reading in bed.

DAY 5

Friday 25th of February

Barely slept. Did a dance in my sleep, woke up without the duvet covering most of my body. Forgot that I cleaned my room the day before. The room felt alien. Stopped by a store to buy paper for printing the drawing. Realised I don't have money for paper, nor print. Total walking time to the studio: one hour and 12 minutes.

Realising that I had to find money for print, finalising the programme became the objective of the day. Slight headache due to not drinking enough water. More people than usual in the studio, about ten students. Fell out of work-momentum in wondering about how it may be so that the Danish winter-weather seems to shift from rain (morning) to sun (evening), or sun (morning) and rain (evening) every day. No consistency, except for the dramatic shifts.

Bahn Mi in the canteen - 8 out of 10.

Roommate #2 and #3 finished their exam. Celebrated with champagne and frozen pizza. Not an ideal combination. Champagne was good though.

DAY 6

Saturday 26th of February

Crispbread of rye with cheese and black coffee for breakfast - 8 out 10. Not sure why, but it was great.

Day off from the project. Walked around the lakes and had an afternoon beer in Elmegade, Nørrebro. Roommate #2 and #3 had glassy eyes. Roommate #3 bought a briefcase and filled it with oranges. Subsequently tried to sell oranges to other guests in birthday of mutual friend. Why did people stop using briefcases? Did we stop using 'briefs'?

Had shawarma for dinner - 5 out of 10, but in a good day-off-kind-of-way. Sometimes food is better when unhealthy and greasy.

Suddenly thought of all the apartments I have been in and never will re-enter, odd burst of nostalgia.

DAY 7

Sunday 27th of February

Beam of sunlight woke me up at 9:17. Vague memory of someone slapping me across the face with a hotdog bun. Celebrated "Fastelaven" by eating buns with jam and cream whilst mentally preparing for taking the overnight bus to Oslo.

Pasta carbonara for dinner, used 12 eggs and vast amounts of parmesan - 8 out of 10.

DAY 8

Monday 28th of February: BUS TO OSLO 00:20

Spent first 1,5 hours of trip arguing with a Turkish couple (after what I could see from the alphabet on the documents in front of them). I paid for two seats at one side of the table, they had the two seats at the other side of the table. The female in the couple seemed to have a strong opinion on me not deserving my seat and wanted me to sit on the floor so that she could spread her legs under the table and onto my seat. Her husband tried to light up a cigarette in the bus. I wondered where they came from, and what their final destination was.

Full drug sweep when entering Sweden. Spent two hours in the customs station. Two young guys of

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about 17/18 was taken out of the bus. The bus left without them.

The turkish woman kicked me in the thigh from when we left the customs station at 02:10, 'till the bus stopped at 03:45-ish someplace in Sweden, was too tired to hear the announcement of where we were. She spoke so loudly it resembled screaming into her phone from 03:45-ish 'till she left the bus in Gothenburg at 07-something. Turned out we were two hours delayed due to the sweep at the Swedish border. Her husband offered me a date (the fruit) as they were leaving.

Slept a few hours and woke up forty minutes outside of Oslo. Slightly panicked due to the deadline of the programme submission closing in. Remembered the deadline for submitting a one-page-abstract of project. Got out of bus and took a taxi home to my mother's apartment. Finished revising programme, submitted. Wrote one-page abstract, submitted. Not sure if I will take the Copenhagen-Oslo bus again, at least not whilst being hungover. New low in bad planning.

Had rye bread with ham and cheese, water and black coffee for lunch - 10 out of 10. Needed food. Fell asleep at the kitchen table.

DAY 9

Tuesday 1st of March

Pleasantly nostalgic waking up in my old room in my mother's flat. My duvet is heavier in Norway than in Copenhagen.

Interviewed H. Hammervold (Board member of HAV Eiendom) from 10 - 11:30. Seems that the clashes between municipal institutions are fiercer and more frequent than first anticipated. Complete chaos in the division of lots in Oslo Harbour. HAV Eiendom only has mandate for Bjørvika. Someone caught a salmon in the fjord recently. Indicative of relatively good quality in the waters. Found out, by accident, the secret location of the Norwegian PM.

Interviewed S. Sourori (Spokesperson of The AU). Admitted (more or less) to dumbing down the rhetoric on purpose to engage more people - what's the option, no debate? Liked talking. Had an interesting take on how to relate to architecture from a psychological point of view. "Architects don't understand scientific thinking nor method". Had some interesting viewpoints on how areas that were restricted by natural borders in the landscape - like islands. How these areas and spaces give "dogmas" on how to develop and how to fit a set of functions into an

100 DAY DIARY

area, making the urban development resemble a creative "rebus" where the restrictions create interesting spaces. Mentioned Nantucket as good example. Also: how we only design for the inhabitant of the space, not the neighbours, and when doing so, one automatically creates bad cityscapes. Moreover, had note on how "most people" (herein: non-architects) actually discuss architecture psychology when discussing architecture, not architecture as architects understand architecture - according to S. Sourouri this was probable as the main reason for the current miscommunication and dissonance. Another problem: lack of terms, everything "pre-modernism" becomes "traditional", post-1920's becomes "modernism". Debate simplified into strange set of umbrella-terms. Parallels between psychology and architecture: one can't ignore neither of them. His view on ornamentation: only rule of ornamentation and only real rationale one needs to ornament is to make people react positively towards it. Ended up being a fifteen page interview. Bit sad to see the rhetoric of The AU on Facebook and Instagram after talking to a such well-informed and genuinely interested person. Although it is, as he says, effective.

Had dinner with my mother, her partner, and my brother. Ceviche w. salmon - 7 out of 10.

DAY 10

1st of March

Interview with Hilde Hammervold, notes in Norwegian.

100 DAY DIARY

Notater fra intervju med Hilde Hammervold
01.03.2022

Notater:

Styret i 4 år, kom inn etter de fleste beslutningene ble tatt.

Oslo Havn - 300 år med eiendomsportefølje.

Sett til København og Hamburg for inspirasjon til utviklingsmodell.

Så mye kompetanse i HAV Eiendom, søker mer.

Innflytelse fra kommersielle aktører.

Konsulentutredning nå ift. Filipstad og veien videre der.

Endring i OSU for 6 måneder siden.

66% av eiendommene i Bjørvika er eid av HAV Eiendom.

«Opptre som ordinær grunneier» - noe HAV skal og må.

Geografisk mandat bestemt - se reguleringsplan.

HAV Eiendom skal ikke ta stor risiko.

Områdeutvikler, regulerer og selger tomter.

C5 fra seg, utvikler til private aktører.

Penger til havnekassen for å utvikle verdens mest bærekraftige og effektive havn - formålet til HAV Eiendom.

Kostnad for å flytte og omstille den industrielle havnen - 13 milliarder.

HAVNA MÅ VÆRE ET STED.

Endring i 2018 i HAV Eiendom.

2018 - hvis boligprosjekter kan HAV Eiendom kun være minoritetsaktør/minoritetsaksjonær.

Noen eiendommer i forhold til avtalte verdier.

Helt klare eierstrukturer - feltene.

Formålene er gitt i regulering og fra statlig plan.

Bjørvika Utvikling - infrastruktur og allmenninger.

3 milliarder i infrastruktur.

ALEXANDER MAGNUS ØVREÅS WILLE

2 milliarder fra HAV Eiendom.

Partnere på forskjellige eiendommene for utvikling.

Har med forskjellige private aktører som samarbeidspartnere til utvikling av forskjellige felt - bygge opp kompetanse.

27% - 67% - «dette er tallene».

Per kvm utviklet i Bjørvika tilkommer det 5000,- per kvm BRA til infrastruktur. (Infrastrukturbidrag)

A2 problematisk. Oslo Havn og Oslo Kommune krangler om tomt til brannstasjon. Oslo Kommune startet å bygge brannstasjon på A2 uten å eie tomten - ble aldri enige med HAV Eiendom om pris.

A4 - Havnelageret.

A4, seks år siden ble sendt inn, fortsatt ikke gått i gang.

Statens Vegvesen - tverre ift. Fiskebrygga.

Plan & Bygg.

Lokk over festningstunnelen - Fiskebrygga.

A5 - Diskusjon om park foran børsen - motpart i Snøhetta og Fred Olsen.

Diskutere med Eirik om A5.

Studentbolig A9 - Diagonalen, utviklet i samarbeid med Thon-gruppen.

D2 - regulert til skole. Området er for lite, det er regulert feil - feil verdivurderinger.

D2 - regulert til skole, D5 - regulert til næring. D2 trenger deler av D5, underskudd.

Hvem skal finansiere underskuddet?

Justere planen i henhold til plan og bygg.

Egnet forslag fra plan og bygg.

Avfallssug på D5.

Clarion Hotell - cashflow for å sikre trygghet til HAV Eiendom.

OSU, Clemenskarveret - HAV Eiendom minoritet-saktør/aksjonær.

Byantikvaren og disputten om C6.

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A11, Oslo Kommune gikk tilbake på Fotografiske museet - bøyen under for press fra befolkning. A11, midlertidige funksjoner.

A11, uten museum blir det irrasjonelt kort sesong.

Hvor skal bussene snu?

Bymiljøetaten, tar over eiendom når utviklet.

800 kvm hvis ikke fotografisk.

Utfordrende grunnforhold

40% bygg, 40% allmenninger, 20% vei i Bjørvika.

Sørenga - utviklet privat.

D6, D12, Kontor, hotell, bevertning, næringseiendommer

D7, D8, D9, -:- + bolig.

D10, D11, D14 - bolig

Kate Raworth - DONUT Economy

Få inn folk som ikke føler seg hørt - brukermidvirkning

Skal gi mer tilbake enn kommersielle aktører

Hensyn til unge - spesielt Grønlikaia

Ikke skal bli stygt for allmennheten

40% av fellesområder skal være tilgjengelige for alle

Skal ta hensyn til strømninger og etterspørsel

Det er laks der Akerselva renner ut.

Jobber med vannkvaliteten

Under bedring ift. Vannkvalitet - var containerhavn.

Problematikk rundt lokk. E18 under lokk, forutsetning for å kunne utvikle. - Filipstad.

BANE NOR - bakke, HAV - sjøfront.

Filipstad - den siste indrefiletten.

ALEXANDER MAGNUS ØVREÅS WILLE

Mangler 2,5 milliarder til lokk til E18 - som gjør at utviklingen ikke kan gå i gang da det er forutsetning.

Kongshavn Nord - Plan & Bygg.
Vippetangen - Oslo Havn.

SWECO - Utredning ift. Ferger.

Sikkerhetsspørsmål Vippetangen
Holdes åpent i forhold til funksjon til siloen
på Vippetangen
UFUV

DAY 10

Wednesday 2nd of March

Didn't have time coffee before running to the tram. Sudden sense of spring in Oslo.

Interviewed E. O. Nedrelid (Head of Communications, HAV Eiendom). Very jovial and updated person. Remarkable ability to filter information and formulate arguments eloquently. Highly informative discussion on the vision of HAV E., and the company's idea of working with the 'big picture' - working towards both ecological and social sustainability, on a local and global level. Mentioned wanting to make the planned highrise at Grønlikaia, as well as the rest of the planned built, symbol(s) of Norwegian sustainable building culture. I.e. working with CLT and large scale timber constructions. Had an interesting remark on how this new are must build a new identity as there has been nothing there but industrial harbour. As well as how the population of Oslo needs to be reminded of its relationship to the fjord and the ocean. "We didn't ski around here until recently, we were sailors and merchants."

Met Ex. Had two pizza-slices from 7/11 for dinner - 2 out of 10.

DAY 10

Wednesday 2nd of March

Interview with Eirik Oland Nedrelid, notes in Norwegian.

Eierstruktur:
Privat eid av privat

Må være lydhør - HAV Eiendom er «Eid av folket».

Tjene til Oslo Havn, kapital til utvikling av bærekraftig konsentrert havn
Verdens mest bærekraftige havn - stå opp mot Lastebilindustrien. Togtransport blitt utkonkurrert, jernbanen er knekt.
Havnen der du er, der folk er, infrastruktur til å frakte varene effektivt ut i landet. Enten bygge om landsdekkende infrastruktur, eller bygge om havnen og bruke infrastrukturen som er. Hensiktsmessig med havn.
Fungerende bærekraftig havn + levende og aktiv by - formålet til HAV Eiendom.

Vil være en del av løsningen, klima og klimautfordringer sentral verdi og styrende for HAV Eiendom.
Tjene penger på så bærekraftig vis som mulig. Bærekraftstrekanten.

Gammel plan for Grønlikaia - åpenbart feil. Kan ikke privatisere promenaden.
Kommunen tar fra rett til å bruke egen tomt - Sørenga, Tjuvholmen.
Det er feil å kjøpe eiendom langs vannet i Oslo Havn, hvis du ikke vil ha folk der.
Verdiforandringer i selskapet satt opp mot skiftende styresammensetninger.

Smultringen til Kate Raworth/DONUT ECONOMY - global, sosial, lokal bærekraftig.
Kontorer og næring nord på Grønlikaia, bolig sør.
70 000 ish kvm til kontorbygg Grønlikaia.
Må levere attraktive kontorer.

ALEXANDER MAGNUS ØVREÅS WILLE

Undervurdert i næringslivet å genuint ta hensyn til klima, miljø og sosiale forhold.

Nullsumspill.

Deleløsninger i forhold til bil. Blir ingen gasjeanlegg på Grønlikaia. Effektive transportløsninger for næring nord på Grønlikaia.

Være modige - prøve å forutse behov og utvikling, «nå ser vi på dette».

4000 arbeidstakere på Grønlikaia som ellers ville kjørt.

Diskusjon får bestemme løsningen.

Symbolisk verdi: massivtre høyhus, litt rart at verdens høyeste trehus står i Brumunddalen. Symbol på norsk byggeteknikk og fortrinn i trebygg.

E0 - flytte inn, skulle flyttes ut i gammel plan.

Ivareta den opprinnelige kaia. Understreke og fremheve det som er av historisk verdi og historie i området. Må bygges en identitet for Grønlikaia, har ikke vært annet der enn industrihavn - med unntak av at en bit av kaia ble bombet. Oslos innbyggere har glemt at vi tradisjonelt har vært sjøfolk og handelsmenn. Å vende seg mot marka og ski og tur er et forholdsvis nytt fenomen.

Uenigheter rundt gamle bygninger. HAV Eiendom vil ivareta eksisterende bygninger og transformere hvis mulig.

Oslo Havn var trafikkmaskinen fra helvete.

A3, mer lønnsomt på sikt med SALT.

A11, ligger til byråd.

A4 Fiskebrygga, A5 Oslo Børs.

3,3 milliarder trengs til infrastruktur i

100 DAY DIARY

Bjørsvika, 2,2 milliarder skal komme fra HAV - bestemt ut ifra eierandeler.
Bymiljøetaten tar over driften når eiendommene er utviklet.

Involvere så mange som mulig i utviklingen av Grønlikaia - snu opp ned på prosessen og involvere dem som ikke har følt seg hørt/sliter med å bli hørt.

Ærlighet og åpenhet for demokratisk byutvikling - transparens i utvikling fordi det angår alle. Bak mål hvis man ikke spiller med åpne kort i moderne byutvikling. Det er ikke bare naivt, skal man drive ordentlig butikk skal man ha kortene på bordet.

«Dette velger vi bort» - ekspertgruppa. En måte å argumentere for hva som skal komme.

Stort ansvar hos HAV Eiendom.

NOVA - støtte.

Kommer ingen vei ved å være tilbakeholdne.

Rykning, må be om tillit, må være åpne.

C6 - middelalderpark eller konsentrere næring. Vil ikke bli en spesielt hyggelig park med jernbanen gjennom, vil være forurenset pga. Transport inn til Oslo - bortkastet å ikke bruke lokasjonen til næring når det ligger ved siden av jernbanen.

DAY 11

Thursday 3rd of March

Packed. Breakfast with my father, Eggs Benedict with a West-Norwegian twist (smoked lamb) - 9 out of 10. Went to the airport at 10:40, flew back to Copenhagen at 12:40. Winds were favourable, arrived 20 minutes ahead of schedule. Read in "Sauermugg" whilst flying, so far it might be one of the five best books I've read.

Went directly to studio from airport, arrived at 14:45. Felt head exploding with information after interviews conducted. Had to discuss it with someone. Crashed. Delighted to see that most of the people in the studio are back. Walked home at 17:30-ish - one hour and 3 minutes.

Had chicken thighs, kale and sweet potato for dinner, burned the chicken - 5 out of 10. Tried to work from home, but had to admit to being too tired to be able to work. Watched shit TV 'till roommate #1, #2, #3 came home. Roommate #4 sick.

Received an e-mail from potential new source: activist working with the quality of the water in the Oslo Fjord. Plan on contacting her Friday.

DAY 12

Friday 4th of March

Awake at 7:30, didn't hear alarm. Turned out my aunt and two cousins were in Copenhagen, planning on meeting them for lunch. Haven't seen them in ages. Looking forward to discussing my project with cousin #2. Walked to the studio - 52 minutes.

Edited photos and transcribed interviews. Trying to unravel the clusterfuck that has been, and is, development of Oslo Harbour. "The battle of state-owned institutions" particularly interesting.

Had "Smørrebrød" for lunch w. Aunt and cousin #1 & #2. Didn't discuss project. Turns out #cousin 2 is writing a children's book about the feelings of animals.

Returned to the studio - 30 minute walk. Edited photos from Oslo Harbour and prepared PDF for print. Felt empty afterwards. Worried that I might have lost momentum. Stress is building up, a bit. Hopefully tomorrow will turn out to be more efficient. Gave up at 16:30 after staring at 4 x 4 m drawing on my computer for 30 minutes.

3 beers in the sun - 9 out of 10.

DAY 13

Saturday 5th of March

Woke up somewhere. Went to the studio to pick up my things, met several cleaners, haven't seen them in the studio before, and walked home - 2 hours 23 minutes. Had coffee in the sun with roommate #1 and two of his friends.

Dinner with Danes. For once I didn't feel lost in differences between Norwegian and Danish. Usually more awkward being the only Norwegian in a room of Danes. A Nordic union would be an interesting addition to the EU.

Felt strange to see how they were in another phase of life than myself - even though they were only two years older. The gifts were more thoughtful and 'grown-up', the dinner was healthy and well prepared. Quality over quantity in terms of drinks. Felt a bit childish in terms of how my next couple of years probably will turn out. Comfortably uncomfortable.

Left my bike.

DAY 14

Sunday 6th of March

I believe my body had to make up for lost sleep. Woke up at 14:01. Was supposed to be in the studio. Crit upcoming Wednesday. Spent an hour in bed listening to a podcast on how young children want to, but aren't able to go to school, and how digital tools might help them find motivation again. Absurd irony in situation, although my lack of motivation probably was due to a mix of being physically tired and unrested, with a pinch of hungover.

Wondering where my motivation and momentum went. Hopefully it will come back to-day, or night.

Had chicken thighs, kale, sweet potato for dinner - 8 out of 10.

James Acaster Netflix special, remarkably good storyteller, might be some rhetorical tricks to steal from him for upcoming presentations. Fascinating way with words, and playfullness in presentation.

Fell asleep.

DAY 15

Monday 7th of March

Important day. Things must happen: I have to print drawing and put it together, print photographs, print text, finish transcribing interviews, translate highlights of interviews, print interviews, answer e-mails. Woke up stressed. The weather was nice though, sun and comfortably cold. Walked to school, bought printing paper on the way - had to crack open my savings, felt shitty. Got paper. Walk to studio plus paper-shopping - one hour and fifteen minutes.

Finally got a permanent space in the studio, 'moved in' to space. Printed play, photos, + map of the plots in Bjørvika/the part of The Fjord City where HAV Eiendom has its mandate. After battling the computer for three hours I was able to print the 4 x 4 m drawing - 140 A3's.

Spent couple of hours tiling.

Walked home - one hour and three minutes. Skipped dinner. One glass of wine - celebrated that roommate #4 got promotion and soon will own her own business.

Stress is an amazing source for motivation.

DAY 16

Tuesday 8th of March

Dreamt of tiling paper & hatches. How different hatches have different colours, how different colours represent different features of human psyche. Philosophy podcasts & working with maps blending. Hands sweating as I woke up. Cup of coffee, walked to studio - 48 minutes. Oddly satisfying mist wrapped around Copenhagen.

Tiled drawings 'till 13:30. Finished 2 x 4 m of the drawing. Had a lunch break at 12, chicken thighs with some kind of coleslaw, chili and pickled - strange mix - 5 out of 10.

Coffee in the sun to stress down. Podcast on "Völuspá". Lovely story on how the world starts out fine, becomes beautiful, then gradually turns to more and more shit, before finding golden nuggets in the ashes of old world one can use to build a better one. Related to moral in pretentious moment: stress in a downwards spiral 'till hands start sweating, find golden nuggets, turn it around. Looking for nugget.

Transcribed interviews after lunch. Started working with presentation at 19:30.

Walked home - 1 hour 2 minutes. Skipped dinner. Ate two cookies - 4 out of 10. Crit tomorrow.

DAY 17

Wednesday 9th of March

55 minutes.

Crit with Norwegian guest critic. Struggled distilling information and input from guest-critic. Left with a feeling of discomfort and uncertainty. Something has to change. Most helpful comment: "Find a machete and cut through the project" and "write a manifesto". Take a stance in the debate, and 'choose' my own opinion, so to say. Seems like a counter-intuitive way of going at it. Finding back to the idiosyncratic way of doing things. Doesn't sound bad. I prefer idiosyncratic.

Personal reflection: I have to go back to the core of the project, take the machete and cut away the competition, amongst other things. Go back to the theatre as the core and driving force of the project. Something has to happen.

One hour and 12 minutes home, crashed.

DAY 18

Thursday 10th of March

One hour and 3 minutes.

Watched the crits of my peers. Tried to scribble down thoughts for my own project.

Talk with tutour, discussed the way forward. To test out ideas for the competition to see if that could be fruitful for the project as a whole. My immediate reaction was "fuck that" - still stuck in the somewhat gloomy feeling from the day before. On the other hand, I felt I had to give it a try. Not a productive space to be in, bordering on childish. Must get my shit together.

Discussed what actually happened in the crit with peer. Always strange how one sort of blacks out during ones own presentation. Might be a filter that has been constructed during the years of studying architecture - if the criticism reaches a certain point my ears turn off. It goes in one ear and out the other, and my reaction to what is being said turns out being nodding and saying "Yes".

The format of the diary must undergo a round with the machete. There is no room for everyday details from now on.

DAY 19

Friday 11th of March

Day of thinking, contemplating. Stayed home and looked at what I had been doing up until this point. Seemed clear to me that the idea of including the competition/doing a proposal to build up the argument of the theatre is wrong, for me. My interest does not lie in looking at city planning. And it doesn't help me in finding a voice, nor a purpose for my project. I have to return to writing the play, and work my way from there on out. Maybe add an element of drawing the play as well? A day of thinking seemed to be what I needed to go at it again.

DAY 20

Saturday 12th of March

Mix of anxiety for touching the project and nervousness for what to come. Something changed overnight. Seemed clear to me what to do the day before, however, when waking up on the 12th the energy was gone. Is this a feeling all master's students experience? A drift-off from all forms of momentum and energy. There has to be some kind of motivation here somewhere, after all, I have stayed with studying architecture for soon-to-be five years. Realised not having slept a full night in several months. Maybe I just need to sleep.

100 DAY DIARY

DAY 21

Sunday 13th of March

Day of sleep/Day of trying sleep and find energy. Walked in Frederiksberg Gardens. Suddenly I didn't want to read, wasn't curious on inner lives of authours that's been giving small bursts of energy to the everyday for... for... for as long as I can remember. Made a decision while walking that I had to actually sleep a full night before going at it again.

DAY 22

Monday 14th of March

Day of sleep/Day of trying to sleep #2. Stayed home from the studio and tried to take my mind off things. Remove myself from the project for a day. Spent the day painting, finishing a commission - almost broke and need to find money before next rent is due. Maybe the solution to drawing my way back into the spatial and more "architectural" aspect of the project lies in a liquid medium, as opposed to the pencil or marker? Or computer. Hands-on approach could definitely be what is needed to get an actual grip on how to work with the creation of a foundation for an experience.

DAY 23

Tuesday 15th of March

Another day at home. Felt wrong going back to the studio - although another voice in my head told me that I couldn't stay home for much longer. Time is running out, and something has to happen. 'Till lunch I was painting, after lunch I answered e-mails. Told some of the sources that I hadn't talked to yet and told them that the window for more input was shut. From now on I have to work with what I have and stay on course. If I were to get more sources of information at this point, the project won't end up being my project anymore. It will become a compressed compendium of information and voices that are everyone's but my own. Machete-time. Felt 'redemptive' - in lack of a better word - to reach this stage. The knot in my stomach loosened a bit. Was easier to sleep.

DAY 24

Wednesday 16th of March

Turned 26. Can't buy youth tickets on airplanes anymore.

55 minutes.

Lectures, Institute-gathering on "The Ecologies of Architecture". Bit puzzled by how often Deleuze & Guattari appear in architectural lectures. Could it be, that the duo Deleuze & Guattari are the thinkers for those not working directly with thinking? Spent afternoon restructuring my studio space. Clearing my head and making a foundation for more work through cleaning up and organising the material that has been produced so far. Catharsis in structuring. Tutorial again tomorrow. Not feeling great about not really having done anything since last crit but trying to find energy and thinking. However, it had to be done. If it is so that one can't prioritise oneself for a small week in an all-consuming process like this, so as to do better, something is wrong with the format of how one is meant to do it.

Listened to phil. podcast episode on "Walden" and Henry David Thoreau. Self-serving bias in the idea of moving away from the noise and stress for a while. Last evening of 'relaxing' before going back to production.

DAY 25

Thursday 17th of March

57 minutes. St. Patrick's Day, saw a drunk stranger with a Leprechaun hat & costume on my way to the studio.

Tutorial. Clarified strategy for working forwards. Case-studies: Oslo Harbour, looking at conflicts between state-owned institutions & consequences - lots A2, A4, D2/D5 and A11, possibly C6, in zoning regulation plan. Dry facts. In addition, a mapping of the Oslo Opera House as a landscape to be done - roof of the Opera as possible stage for the play? Also, must contact J.H.O., J.L., O.W., O.W., ++ in Oslo and confirm interest in acting in snippet of play. Organising photographs of Oslo Harbour has to be done. Collection of to-do's will hopefully lead to personal stance in debate & target for manifesto that is to be written.

Suddenly thought of, and honestly feared becoming one of those that only "plan to do". One that lives on intents and never finishes. The "I'm going to do this ...", but only gets as far as "I'm ...". It's a horrible place to be stuck, & if I turn out to be that kind of person I seriously have to re-evaluate my ability & commitment to creative production as a living.

100 DAY DIARY

DAY 26

Friday 18th of March

Supposed to go to Citizen Service for MitID. Somehow managed to miss my appointment, thought I was supposed to be there at 12:46, turned out it was at 12:16. As a result Danish bank account "frozen", reminder to start using my calendar more.

Inefficient day. Arrived in studio at 14-ish. Worked with case studies A2, A4, A11, D2/D5 for a couple of hours and gave up the day.

Received invitation for seremony for receiving "Drømmestipendet" in Oslo on the 27th of April.

Skipped dinner, couple of beers in the sun.

DAY 27

Saturday 19th of March

Black coffee and crispbread of rye for breakfast. Picked up clothes from tailor, had to fix crotch of three pairs of trousers and the elbows of a shirt. Prepared apartment for showing of paintings for potential customer - he bought a print. Have to ship from Norway, and soon. Really need the cash.

DAY 28

Sunday 20th of March

Day off from the project.

Four hour walk around Copenhagen. Spent 40 minutes in the sun outside the Thorvaldsen Museum. Always thought the space outside the museum would be more noisy due to the busy road next to it. Was calmer than I thought it would be. Peaceful, even. Apparently it is possible to combine busy road and peaceful open space. Does the sun block out the noise? Something attractive about the idea of a void-site.

Early to bed, suddenly remembered a reference received from tutour sometime in October/November - a Woody Allen film about a young and an older writer. I think I found it, think it might be "Anything Else". Started watching the film, fell asleep.

DAY 29

Monday 21st of March

58 minutes.

Case studies. Quite certain that All/Sukkerbiten will be a good site for project. Was supposed to be a Photography Museum on the lot, but the project was stopped due to protests from public. Now it is regulated to be a park - which would be a welcome free/empty programme for the area. However, without any function on the small island there might be a danger of the season of Oslo's most sunny lot to be as short as Norwegian summer. Some kind of function could attract people, more than the two-ish months of summer there is in Norway. An open-aired amphitheatre could be a welcome addition? Picturing casting models. Would it be possible to build downwards, a stage under sea-level and tribunes upwards to ground level?

Went for a run and listened to an episode on "Symposium" by Plato, awfully irritating guest-professor in the studio, seemed unable to understand the point of curiosity/how to interpret and find meaning in written material.

Finished "Anything Else", probably wrong film - as in not the reference given by tutor. Fell asleep.

DAY 30

Tuesday 22nd of March

Awake at 6:15. Lay in bed looking at the ceiling 'till 8. Is it really so simple, that all there is to a project, of any kind, is to simplify a series of information into a comprehensible and 'dumbified' narrative? So many treads, so much research, so much work done just to throw it out the window and draw something. "It's your responsibility as an architect to make the decisions that narrow the scope of the project". The mere idea of living of drawing buildings in plans and sections makes me want to disappear into the Amazon. If the aim is to simplify and spatialise, I think this might be my last project as 'an architect' - ironically the last one I need to do before becoming an actual architect.

Didn't leave my apartment before 17:40 - to buy groceries. Strange day of thinking and painting and facilitate sales. Gathered some information on the case studies.

Started watching an episode of "The New Pope", Sorrentino is, without a doubt, a favourite - maybe because of the fact that he isn't afraid of letting the narrative be slightly confusing.

DAY 31

Wednesday 23rd of March

One hour and one minute.

Make decisions, choose site for enactment. Even if fictional or whatever kind of format. The idea of an amphitheatre at Sukkerbiten is growing on me - also because I think I would use it myself. An open-aired kind of space, similar to the amphitheatres in ancient Greece. A void usable for more or less anything. And a permanent void, not a temporary function, as the saunas and "SALT".

Growing insane from constant referencing to great theories and pompous words and concepts - mere simplifications of larger concepts and systems; as long as you have the correct references, and use them to further your moral standing and show everyone that you in fact are a super-moral being, you've done it. God forbid nuancing. "It's all a trick", sprinkled with phenomenology and Vitruvius.

Had to stop myself from continuing down the negative spiral. Not productive, for anything. Although, seems to be a lot of simplification everywhere.

DAY 32

Thursday 24th of March

One hour three minutes.

Started day with one hour coffee in sun. No information available on two out of three case studies. Likely that some of the information I got from source on institutional clusterfuck is confidential information? As it is not any trace of it in any database? Further strenghtening the argument of choosing All/Sukkerbiten as a site for project. Idea of digging down into the concrete - going, literally, in the opposite direction to the building culture that is half-way established in the harbour.

A subtle 'fuck you' to the idea of the highrise; a downrise down-dig down-something.

Started sketching on ideas for the amphitheatre, will print a siteplan from 4 x 4 m drawing during the day in 1:200. Plus, prepare material for tutorial tomorrow.

DAY 33

Friday 25th of March

58 minutes.

Printed 1:200 Drawing of Sukkerbiten, and started drawing in temporary functions currently there. Everything one need for a non-posh theatre is there already - toilets, outdoor seating and serving, food trucks, Temporary containers functioning as small exhibition spaces. If one is to compare the temporality of the functions at Sukkerbiten with those of SALT, that was supposed to only last for a few years but has now become an institution, could the same happen with Sukkerbiten? Is it possible to keep the temporary aesthetic and atmosphere, but in a more fixed manner? Could a fixed intervention maintain and emphasise a certain atmosphere?

Tutorial, got approval to go forward with the "non-place", "the void", the amphitheatre. Investigating Francesco Venezia as a reference. Similar way of working with "non-places", atriums, voids with functions.

DAY 34

Saturday 26th of March

Day off project. First swim in the ocean of the year, in the ocean. 4 degrees C, nice afterwards, hellish in water. Spent the day enjoying the first glimpses and feelings of "summer"/spring - sun.

DAY 35

Sunday 27th of March

Day off project. Spring cleaning in apartment, full day of cleaning and preparing for the time to come. Will become hectic in the weeks to come, especially the one following the cleaning. Have to nail down the main basis for the project, as well as having to further develop the play 'till next crit. Could an option for enactment be to set the play in the visualisations of the amphitheatre? Combine the project work and play into a cartoon, of sorts? In that way I would'nt have to include actors, time to film, cut, and that whole chaos. It is a coward's way out, but on the other hand it would probably diminish the stress that is closing in on completely taking over my life.

Pasta Puttanesca, might have been the best sauce I've cooked.

DAY 36

Monday 28th of March

Woke up at 4:55, unable to sleep again. I don't understand why I can't sleep but I suspect it might be due to stress building up. Plan for day: work 'till not too late, go for a run when coming home, early to sleep, read something heavy to make sure I pass out.

55 minutes.

Re-organised calendar and drawing material. Researched maps of seabed in the Oslo Fjord, added data into 1:1000 and 1:200 drawing. Planned sections to be produced the next couple of days. Simple line drawings including the context (Seabed, Oslo Opera House, Munch Museum, Backdrop of Bjørvika). Researched Francesco Venezia and Arnold Böcklin (atmospheric reference in 'Die Toteninsel', does it exist similar material from Norwegian painters?). Building up a palette of references. Possible inspiration to find in 'Le Meprise', by Godard? - was referenced in paper on F. Venezia. Day of preparation for production, all data is gathered, and ready to go for production of sections and drawing material. Also found some inspiration for writing on the play again in Oscar Wilde and his wittiness.

Home at 19:37, went for a run.

DAY 37

Tuesday 29th of March

Woke up at 05:00 again. Running didn't seem to work on tiring me out.

58 minutes.

Tried to find the remaining information in order to start sections of the Harbour. New thought: make the sections simplified, "machete" out all unnecessary information, make them so simple that they are easily read by anyone. Backdrop as simple line. Emphasise landmarks through small touches of detail. Draw in seabed. Draw the sections in scale 1:1000 in first round. An overview of the bay and to explain the actual size of the context.

There is a very annoying red light in the computer room that won't go out. It doesn't seem to be attached to any of the computers (that also have red lights flashing on their back). Could it be a light for a bicycle?

Strange rush of energy from the baby-steps taken towards a concrete direction.

I wonder if I'm able to include some W.B. Yeats in this year's project as well.

Home at 19:50, went for a run.

DAY 37

Wednesday 30th of March

Finally managed to sleep past 06:00, woke up at 6:50. Went to get MitID at the Citizen Service Centre. What possible practical reason could it be for replacing the old system with an identical one? Probably something to do with cyber-security. Something technical I chose not to learn how to learn or understand when applying for an architecture school.

Kept working with sections. Lines and blocks turning to Tetris in my head. When drawing a simplified version of the Munch Museum into the backdrop of the sections I was puzzled by how short amount of time it took. Block on block with an angle.

Found new background-entertainment: podcast on classical literature. Listened to an episode on Faust, amongst others. Seems eerily relevant in our day and age. Humans desperately trying to overcome human limitation.

The sections begins to take form. Hopefully they will be ready for showing at tomorrow's tutorial. There will be a fair amount of large drawings, maybe I should change the perspective of next crit, put everything on the floor? Forcing interaction.

DAY 37

Thursday 31st of March

55 minutes.

Tutorial. New reference: Aldo Rossi's monument for the partisans in Cuneo. Will need to make a catalogue of references, as well as a catalogue for existing proposals for "Sukkerbiten".

Worked with sections AA and BB, and started constructing an axonometric drawing - drawn out of the, now, 3 x 2 m drawing. File crashed. Spent hours fixing the file, left afterwards. Too pissed off at the computer, and too tired to continue working. I really don't believe we are made for sitting in crammy spaces with bad ventilation staring into screens, or maybe its just me.

War On Drugs concert. Apparently the singer, Adam Granduciel writes music as modernist painters painted at a point: adding layer on layer upon layer of paint, and then remove, japanese-garden-kind-of-approach, removal 'till motif stands out clear. The metaphorical machete. Remembered back when lack of sketches and process-material was the problem. Now I slowly start to feel overwhelmed and confused by my own material. War On Drugs was alright, a bit too "nice" to be classified as proper rock, but anyways.

DAY 38

Friday 1st of April

One hour two minues.

Worked with sections AA, BB, and Axonometric, as well as collages 'till early afternoon. Worked with play 'till early evening.

Pinned down drawings from the wall behind my table in the studio to slowly start curating existing material for next weeks crit. before lunch.

Returned to drawings after lunch.

Not sure if happy with the format the diary is starting to take, neither reflections nor contemplation, it is starting to resemble a list of what-has-been-done's.

Walked an extra hour when going home, to clear my head and think on if taking the weekend off could be a good idea, or if it would lead to more stress.

DAY 39

Saturday 2nd of April

Took the day off the project. Walked in the sun and bought a pair of shoes. That turned out to be too small. Panicked in the store, wasn't able to try them on properly. Amazed at those people that go shopping to relax.

DAY 40

Sunday 3rd of April

Couple of hours walk. Strange bipolar weather, oddly calming with the combination of gray filter over Copenhagen mixed with intense rays of sun. Like summer desperately wants to break out from some kind of entrapment, a cold box.

Spent couple of hours in computer room going over sketches and other material to be curated. Worked with sections a while, thrown out of computer room at 18:00-ish. Had forgotten about the studio's/school's closing hours. Ridiculous aftermath of the pandemic. Same demands of the students, same amount of work, only with a third of the time we used to have. Glad that I attended a properly functioning school for the bachelor's at least, the current state of the academy resembles decay.

100 DAY DIARY

DAY 41

Monday 4th of April

One hour.

Wrote abstract of project. Made quick collage to illustrate. Collages: more prominent feature in the project from now on, efficient and quick medium.

Printed sections AA and BB in 1:1000. BB too small to draw on, must upscale a version to 1:200 or 1:300. Short tutorial: will go over last semester's work and add into the project again. Keep focus on what qualities that are to come from material, instead of getting stuck in strange details. Back to computer room: fix section BB, check on section CC.

Internet at the school crashed around five. Probably due to the chaotic winds outside. If not, the school really is in decay - gradually it seems like one and one and one and two 'infrastructural' elements of the school collapse. Doesn't help that the administration don't seem to listen to those students that actually try to take action. Sometimes I wish I still had that kind of energy, to take action that is, but truth is: I'm too tired, and too soon 'till graduation. Went home at 19:00, one hour home. Spent the evening working with the presentation. Crit Thursday.

DAY 42

Tuesday 5th of April

One hour and four minutes.

Went through Carsten Thau's old book collection - donated to the students at the/the academy. Never seen such a wide variety of cultural fields and interests compressed into a space as small as ten boxes. Found books on Tiziano, German Expressionist painters, the value of myths and storytelling, a collection of essays and short stories from the Renaissance masters, amongst others. Also found a book by Ernesto Grassi, student of Heidegger and the teacher of my former Professor of Philosophy in Chil . Unfortunately the book was in German, maybe I should learn German? And Italian? And French? Thau seemed to know them all, judging by his books. A life of reading and writing wouldn't be half bad.

Spent the day finishing section CC and printing BB in 1:200, CC in 1:1000 and 1:200, and starting sketching over them. As well as curating material. After having printed the drawings, some of the stress calmed down, odd feeling. Felt like an internal bubble bursted. Early to bed after simple dinner, hopefully be able to sleep a full night and be productive Wednesday. A win would be good. Read in "Sauermugg" and fell asleep.

DAY 43

Wednesday 6th of April

Sometimes it snows in April. 48 minutes.

Sketched over sections and plans 'till 13, had my most expensive lunch in the cantine to date.

Re-read the play, after not having really touched it for a while. It needs revising, more revising. After re-reading what I've written for Act II I decided not to include it in the presentation, the quality is too low in its current form. Next week will be a writing week - with the hundreds of pages of notes and sentences spread on single sheets and in notebooks it should be an adequate amount of time for constructing a final draft.

Went through notes from former tutorials, curated and organised catalogues with references, former proposals for "Sukkerbiten"/All. Stakeholders involved, a bit amazed at the actual clusterfuck "Sukkerbiten" has developed into, it really is the Sugar Cube of the fjord - in terms of how attractive it is. Turns out the area I formerly thought of as a pointless strip of land in front of the Munch Museum turns out to be a transformed part of the former industrial harbour. Printed material and prepared for Crit tomorrow.

Strange joy from listening to Whitesnake, Kansas, Europe and other obscure classics.

DAY 44

Thursday 7th of April

Crit w. I. Minns & M. Ahnfeldt-Mollerup. Felt more like a win/better crit than last one. Good amount of, and several interesting references mentioned. Somehow the crit calmed me, as also experienced physically from the beginning of the crit being drenched in sweat - 'till the end perspiration free. Looking forward to work with the references given and go deeper into the project and theatre aspect of the play.

Courtney re-mentioned Hotel Pro Forma and Operation Orfeo, sent me scanned version of book - look into ASAP. Also, Adolphe Appia, revisit him, look deeper, what solutions and ideas may I "steal" from him?

Important other references for later: Bertolt Brecht, Claus Beck-Nielsen, Adolphe Appia, Hotel Pro Forma, Nostalgia - Tarkovsky, Deconstructing Harry - Woody Allen, Peter Brook/Peter Wilson, Punch Drunk, Andrea Frazier, Design Drama, Spartacus Chetwynd, Rimini Protokoll, something a la Auguste Renoir was mentioned, alas it can't be him I guess. As he is a painter. Tired after crit and went home, looking forward to working with project again. Crit did what crit was supposed to.

DAY 45

Friday 8th of April

Post-crit tutorial w. tutor 14-ish to 16-ish. Re-run through the references. Agreed upon plan of "attack" for Easter/coming week. Go to library and pick up references, read references, watch films, and write, write, write, write. Aim at finishing the play. At least build up enough so that the play can be finished in full during the next two weeks.

Picked up four plays by Brecht in the library. Read two plays by Claus Beck-Nielsen, amongst them "Parliament". Fun and gritty witty writing style. Completely changed my impression of the artist - remembered lecture he held three or four years ago at BVerk. The impression I got back then was that his art/works was focused on him and only him. Although no-one was there to see it, I felt embarrassed in that short moment that my idea of this person changed in such a major fashion. Wonder who else I've personally cancelled for my bad interpretations of their ideas and works. One time in the future I should probably revisit those I've wilfully and consciously cut out of my own "canon".

Early evening, dinner at home. Closing in on completely broke. Need another sale soon, if not I'm fucked. Straight up, fucked.

DAY 46

Saturday 9th of April

Strangest, and probably most illegal job of my life. Probably wrong to write it into this 100 Day Diary, as the project is and should be the focus. Anyways, one digression or two should be fine. Broke as I was, and as students often are, we are easy prey for not strictly, I don't know, legal(?) work. Although I'm not sure if I actually did something wrong, I have a feeling that I at least did something I shouldn't have. I took a job for an unnamed Chinese company, reading in 1000 sentences in Norwegian to a monitor, that later will be used in training an AI. It might be my own prejudices against what I see as Xi Jinpings dream of world domination that manifested itself in the aftermath, however, I don't think I've ever felt so bad after a "gig". Also because they plugged into our internet. Hopefully it's only my irrational fear kicking in. If not, I don't know what to do. It should be fine. Should be fine. Didn't really make enough money for any form of illegalities, treason, whatever form. Whatever misdemeanor. Crossing my fingers, almost praying although not religious, that it was a legal, nice little company I did the job for.

This job, and the following fear, stole my Saturday. Got drunk.

DAY 47

Sunday 10th of April

Started going through references. Started with "Deconstructing Harry". Even though the film has a flare of, a stroke of, something genius in it, I wonder how Woody Allen became one of the big directors. He follows a recipe. Maybe that's why his films are so appreciated, you know ish what you'll get, but with slight variations. So small variations that you notice something's off; maybe a bit more witty, bit more gritty, a tiny smidge of romance, bit more of whatever, that turns the viewers perspective. We love repetition, I think.

Started gathering my hundreds of hundreds of notes for the play. Trying to map out what to include and what to throw out. Apartment became chaos.

I'm not sure if talking to someone about the strange job I did the day before would help. Hopefully it will work just forgetting about it. Put a lid on it. And pray that it never becomes something. The woman that offered the job seems to have been doing this for three years - according to Facebook. Should be fine. Should be fine.

Spent four hours cooking dinner w. roommate #1. Bahn Mi. Was nice. 8 out of 10.

DAY 48

Monday 11th of April

Slept 'till quite late. At least later than I had for the past five weeks or so. Woke up at 11, can barely remember when that happened last. Had coffee and watched Nostalgia by Tarkovsky. First, I saw the film in one go, wrote down different interesting points in the film. Second, saw the film and stopped and took notes. Might be one of the strangest, most beguiling films I've seen. Started crying randomly when rewatching one scene. Tarkovsky and Tonino Guerra made an artwork, more sort of, in lack of better term "Moving Poetry" than film. Actual Cinema, one could say. Was so much information, and visual information to be extracted that most of the day ended up beating around the Nostalgia. The stairwell scene(s), especially the composition in the final one must be usable in some kind of way. Creating drama with these two elements: stairwell and people. What more does one need? Revisited diagrammes and text from Operation Orfeo, Hotel Pro Forma.

Had one phrase from Nostalgia stuck in my head throughout the day:

"You know of great romances. No kisses. Nothing at all. Very pure. Hence great. Feelings, unspoken feelings are unforgettable."

DAY 49

Tuesday 12th of April

Went to library. Started reading Brecht, the "Caucasian Chalk Circle". More heavy than Beck-Nielsen. Will probably spend more time reading and understanding this one. Writing again, revised Act I. Too many words. Cut out fill-words. Will revisit again soon. Cut everything down to the bone. Read out the play out loud, for the first time, about 1 page 1 minute, if reading in a medium and clear tempo. Aiming at three short acts of about 20 pages each. Total duration of play about one hour. A bit more: okay, if less the acts will be merged into two acts, I think. However, as a response to the disappearing attention-span of people, in general, short acts might be a better solution? TikToks on stage.

Forgotten how much I love to write with a purpose. The joy of world-making, of constructing characters. The escape one can find in fiction. Suddenly became aware of how writing "fiction" or "theatre" or whatever label one prefers has started to alter my memory - much like Harry Block in Deconstructing Harry. Characters and their "real" inspirations start to blend. Memories revisited are slightly altered. In a moment of insanity I feared that I had started blending fact and fiction, my everyday life with the world I aim to create.

DAY 50

Wednesday 13th of April

My father showed up, spontaneously, Tuesday evening. Had night of wine and food, nice to see him actually having some time off. Been a long time since I've seen him relaxed in any sense.

Write and rewrote and read 'till 13:45, went to meet my father for lunch in city centre. Spent the rest of the day with him, and went to dinner with in the apartment of a couple he knows.

Got references and input from my fathers friend #1, educated as an architect at the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts some twenty years ago, however only worked in theatre since graduation. He mentioned the similarities of Brussels and Oslo in flow, former plays based on already existing dialogues and situations, political protests in the north of Norway - protests against oil. Will check out when I got the time.

Went for a one and a half hour walk late that night. Working from home removes the two hours of walking in the everyday, although nice to "relax", I think my routines have become so fixed that I need those hours, those steps, those moments of contemplation. Halfway to exam. Fuck.

DAY 51

Thursday 14th of April

Went to Louisiana with my father. Saw Sonia Delaunay, Peter Cook, Diane Arbus. Wasn't very impressed with neither of them. Sonia Delaunay was a bit cotton-candy in painting and patterns, Peter Cook seemed like an architect that wanted to be a painter but couldn't paint, Diane Arbus was a bit more interesting. First time, I think, that I was most drawn to photography. My negative response to the exhibitions could also be a product of there being way too many people at the museum. Overheard a guard saying it was 2500 people there. Claustrophobic. Thankfully there was quite a lot of room around Asger Jørn's paintings. Which, in my personal opinion doesn't make any sense at all.

My father left early evening, after an early dinner and a bit of wine.

I went home to read and write and gave up, due to said wine.

DAY 52

Friday 15th of April

Slept 'till half late. Read a bit of Brecht, a bit of Kierkegaard, a bit of Plato, a bit of Stig Sæterbakken, bit of Yeats. Ended up being a strange morning with blending project-related references and personal preferences. Wasn't really able to write much. Written myself into a corner. Spent some hours trying to solve the conundrum of how to find a spark of action in the play again, momentum, if you will.

Spent the full day reading and checking up references, could almost call it a day off from project as research was fun. But not quite.

Dinner celebrating the death of Jesus, evening off.

DAY 53

Saturday 16th of April

Day off from project. Went for a couple-of-hours kind of walk and had a drink with friend I hadn't seen in many years. First day of spring in Copenhagen - where spring felt safe.

DAY 54

Sunday 17th of April

Roommate #3 came home from Easter Break. Was nice living alone for a couple of days. Even though I felt ashamed of how little I had produced in their absence. I believe shame, and shame-induced pressure from people around might be crucial in my production. Without shame, without some kind of external pressure - or someone to see me work I quickly get stuck. I'm not sure if I need an audience, but my ego needs to be stimulated to some extent. Which I guess is why I study architecture, why I'm writing a theatre play, why I have a side-practice and survive on painting. If I didn't have an ego slightly bigger than my neighbour, I would probably do something less, well, exposed. Creative.

Day 55

Monday 18th of April

Full day of writing. Cathartic, almost, to just stay in that space for a full day. Euphoric, even. Caffeine, nicotine, grub and some kind of writing machine. Good god damn, what else does one need? Probably a lot. Had to acknowledge how over-privileged I am to be able to spend so much of my time doing something I love. Shielded from harsh realities of how the actual works. Note to self: enjoy the last time as a student.

DAY 56

Tuesday 19th of April

One hour two minutes.

Woke up with idea: what if the two opposing factions in the play end up being so extreme that they become the same? Would be a fun, almost ideal ending to the play, better than what was originally planned, must test out.

Back at Campus. Back in my corner, in my writing space. Spent morning answering e-mails, planning the days ahead. Trying to get on top of what needs to be done in the days to come. Realised its only one week 'till I have to go to Oslo to receive stipend. What does one wear to a ceremony? Suit? Shit.

Finished writing the first draft of Act II, will probably need some serious amounts of revising - note to self: read and revise as the first thing every day next week.

Walked home and revised again.

Read in "Sauermugg", I've spent too much time on this book, the narrative is starting to blur with all other readings from the past months. Plan to dedicate an hour next morning to finish the book, I'm not sure what, but I'm quite sure there is something I can steal from it and put into the play. It has a very distinct wittiness.

DAY 57

Wednesday 20th of April

Finished "Sauermugg", finally. Ended up leaving home half an hour later than usually, but definitely worth it. Will write underlined passages and sentenced into its own document tonight before going to bed. Goal for evening: finish "The Symposium" by Plato - must be something to steal from that one as well.

58 minutes.

Revised Act I and II of the play. Made minor changes. Every time I read something unnecessary appears, that can be cut out. Time to cut out all that won't be put in play, somehow. "Too many words, too many words."

Skipped lecture, partly because I forgot about it, partly because I need the time. 30-something days left. Apparently we don't have those 100 days after all.

Re-read chapter on Operation Orfeo by Hotel Pro Forma, interesting diagrammes, to make some of my own should be done. Amazing what one could do with stairwells. Read article on Adolphe Appia and his scenography.

Started drawing scene-diagrammes.

DAY 58

Thursday 21st of April

First day of running to the studio - 41 minutes.
Second bath in the ocean, 8-ish degrees. Started
the day with reading Brecht. Tutorial at 11:40
w. tutour #1, tutour #2 joins in at 11:55.

Revised the play for a couple of hours after
lunch. Finished reading The Caucasian Chalk
Circle - probably found the solution to the third
act in its third act. Introducing the background
character, in The Caucasian Chalk Circle: the
judge, in my own play: the character/caricature
"Me". Let Act III start with a background on the
story, the project(?), the underlying narrative
presented through the telling of the character
"Me". Then let the story of "Me" blend into the
ongoing narrative from Act I & II, culminating in
a chaotic meet of the cult and the meet. Where
the extremes become so extreme that they become
the same. Not really disagreeing, not really
knowing what they are against anymore, they only
know that they are against the opposing faction.

Spent late afternoon and early evening working
with diagrammes, and ideas on how to develop the
diagrammes quickly.

DAY 59

Friday 22nd of April

One hour two minutes. Horrible bruise on my right heel, started swelling as I arrived in the studio. Somehow my big toes have a reduced sense of feeling as well - according to the internet it's called "Mortons Neuroma". Very strange.

Tutorial w. tutour #1. Plan of action, strategy for production. Will have to finalise revising the programme by Monday-ish, finish third act of the play sometime during the coming week, as well as produce the diagrammes showing the interconnectedness of the spatial proposition and the choreography of the play. Produce what may be produced while I'm in Oslo, and for the remaining days up until the crit on the 4th and 5th produce what must be done on campus. Which leaves me four days of production of "the heavy" up until the crit. Time is definetely running out. Good damn it.

Spent afternoon revising the programme. Doesn't need to be done much, mainly going at it with the "machete" and removing parts that now confuse.

Stopped working early evening to be able to enjoy some hours in the sun. My head locked in on the city planning of Nantucket before going to sleep. Strange.

DAY 60

Saturday 23rd of April

Day of revising programme and writing on Act III.

Half day of working, walked out into the park and spent most of the day trying to enjoy the sun, and "stretch the eyes", as one could say.

E-mailed former employer at EM Upper Secondary in Oslo, would be nice to teach a bit again next year.

DAY 61

Sunday 24th of April

Walked to the studio early afternoon, one hour fifteen minutes. Revised programme and helped younger brother of friend with his application to Aarhus School of Architecture. Seems the least one could do when one remembers the all-consuming stress of applying to studying architecture.

Early to bed, tried to sleep, wasn't able to. Watched three hour long film instead. I love to be slightly bored by too long films, must be the easiest way to turn off the grinding wheels of the brain.

DAY 62

Monday 25th of April

Had to sleep an hour longer. Started packing a bit for Tuesday. Will have to pack about half of my things for this Oslo trip. Odd form of nostalgia, if not melancholia in the realisation of my years in Copenhagen slowly moving towards an end. I've lived most of my young adult life here, will be strange to readjust to the 'conservative' North.

One hour ten minutes - had to buy plasters for my heel.

Meeting w. information on the graduation exhibition, feel somewhat annoyed that they haven't given us any information before now.

Early lunch. Spent afternoon finalising programme, and writing on Act III, as well as planning for how to work from home when being in Oslo. Bit nervous for the ceremony on Wednesday, will I have to say something? What does one wear to a ceremony? A suit? It's easy to procrastinate with meaningless thoughts and feelings of stress when the deadline for this project is closing in.

Read large chunks of 'The Symposium', seems to be something to steal there. I think I want hot dogs for dinner, because, why not?

DAY 63

Tuesday 26th of April

Worked from home. Bit slower morning than anticipated, and hoped for. Did laundry and packed all items and clothes not needed for upcoming months to take back to Oslo - dawned on me that I really am moving.

Worked with Act III and started structuring the supplementary text to be handed in on the 25th in addition to the project. Did some more research on how to publish myself. Would be great to find a way of doing it where I don't have to use the workshop at the Visual Communication's department. For some reason they are slightly more scary than complete strangers; are half-strangers and the half-unknown the most terrifying?

Packed and flew to Oslo. Everything was on time, and even got a free towel - didn't know that happened anymore. Finished reading 'The Symposium' on the flight, there is definitely something I can steal in the constant 'upping' in the speeches there. And something in the anger. Looks like the story of 'Me' might turn half-aggressive/aim for it. Could be fun. Maybe organise an impromptu table-read w. tutours and guest critics as actors on the crit next week?

DAY 64

Wednesday 27th of April

Nervous. Breakfast with my father - Egg's Benedict with a West-Norwegian twist - seems to be a favourite of his.

Arrived a few minutes before the ceremony started. They seemed quite stressed out if I were to come or not. First thought I seemed to have misunderstood/interpreted the scarce information we received a bit differently than the other attendees and the three other recipients. I was the only one in a suit. In the room. Well, well. Longer ceremony than expected. The Mayor had some nice things to say when handing out the diploma and cheque - my right foot started tingling.

'Festivities' lasted for a while, went home to change and back again. Tried to get a hold of the Mayor to have her opinion on the idea of my project, but she disappeared.

Met friends in bar afterwards. Tried to see if I could convince any of them to join in table-read at "The Sugar Cube", unfortunately they all have work the next couple of days. Fell asleep wondering when I will receive the prize-money, bit tired of being broke.

DAY 65

Thursday 28th of April

Early awake for day of photography at "The Sugar Cube". Spent most of the day walking around the harbour photographing. Spent afternoon writing a bit on Act III and supplementary text, as well as editing photos. Rounded off long day of working with doing 'section'-diagrammes.

Day 66

Friday 29th of April

Day of writing and making diagrammes. Not enough room on my computer to edit 360 degree 'panoramas' of the views from Sugar Cube. Started planning visualisations - simple line drawings + photo collage; if time maybe add in hatching as well. Contacted publishing firm for book, looks like it will cost me about 5000 DKK to print 24-30 copies of the book. Probably worth it. Got one offer where needed days for production will be min. 4 days. Which is positive news, as most need at least a month. Bit more expensive, and only paperback, but that will have to do.

Finished drawing the diagrammes.

Sold print to couple.

Had two glasses of wine and went to bed, early flight Saturday.

DAY 67

Saturday 30th of April

Ungodly early awake. Went directly to the hangar to deliver print to customer. Almost fell asleep on the bus.

Straight to tutorial, went through findings and production done in Oslo, and what to do ahead of crit next Friday. Also found out that our exams are going to be from the 31st of May 'till 2nd of June. Almost like I hope to be on the 31st, if not the 1st of June.

Will focus on drawings the next couple of days - inspired by Wang Shu, everything analogue, again. Maybe add in a bit of gouache as well. Just to be dramatic. Must remember to write H.M. across the street and see if he is able to muster some actors. Also: write in props, and zoom in on characters and 'design' them ahead of the crit. Give meaning and purpose to some of the lesser characters through the usage of tools/props? Something to mention for the crit: the 'afterlife' of the project.

Finally found the name of the Woody Allen film, we think, at least, "The Purple Rose of Cairo", will find that one and "Caro Diario" ASAP.

Went home from the studio at 15:30 to continue working on the monologue from Act III.

DAY 68

Sunday 1st of May

Day of planning the chaos to come the next 3,5 weeks. And the immediate days after the final presentation. Maybe I should travel somewhere, somewhere warmer than here. And just sleep for a week. Or get drunk. Or both. Do something else than hardcore production.

Plan for Monday:

Pick up coat from rep. at tailor down the street.

Buy paper and materials for 'Shitty Model',
Draw the 'skeleton' of the different drawings -
plan, sections, axonometric

Plan visualisations - probably an old-fashioned collage with photo, painting, newspaper clippings? Draw inspiration from Kurt Schwitters and Håkon Bleken, as well as Christer Glein. The 'raw collage' could be a good medium for communicating the project.

Saw the film "Caro Diario", as recommended by tutor. Strange film, my kind of strange. Nanni Moretti seems like a character and person it would be interesting to talk to/have a drink with.

Wrote H.M. Went early to sleep.

DAY 69

Monday 2nd of May

Went to Tutein & Koch, bought 4 x 300 g Canson paper. Total walking time to the studio, including stops: one hour twenty minutes.

Finally received the prize money. A short break from being in economic ruins. Spent a third repaying debt. Painful feeling.

Drew up the skeletons of the four drawings. Drawing by hand does take a lot of time, too much time from a rational point of view. However, it suits me better, so much better. And I do believe it is more effective in creating some kind of 'feeling', some kind of 'atmosphere', give a personality to what is being drawn. Be it a figure, a design, whatever.

Stayed in the studio 'till 23-ish drawing. The final phase has officially started, I guess. It's not always easy to tell in terms of amount material that has to be produced, or crits, or critical comments or time. The easiest way to realise you're in 'hell', as some would call it, is to be there. Time to give up having sparetime and a life for a while.

Started reading Kierkegaard again, 'Either/Or'.

DAY 70

Tuesday 3rd of May

Early up and out and back to the studio.

Fifty-two minutes.

Spent the full day drawing, detailing, finalising the dry architectural drawings. Pleasing to work with due to it demanding zero - to none effort and actual thinking. Frustrating in its monotony. Representation isn't creation. Been a long time since I've sat down and drawn for 10 hours straight, no break. Found podcast where two philosophers read and discuss and somewhat lightly joke about The Bible. Been a long time since I read it, or large chunks of it, can't remember if I ever read all of it - I doubt it. God was a dick in The Old Testament. Did he die after The Old Testament? Get replaced?

Planned visualisations while eating lunch. Will attempt at a Schwitters/Glein/Bleken/Ingemann - kind of mix. Somewhat nervous ahead of painting in the studio. My project is 'douchy' enough as it is in being a theatre play. I guess that's the way I go about things.

Looked at possible structures for presentation.

Pressure in chest.

Worked 'till studio closed at midnight and walked home. Crash.

DAY 71

Wednesday 4th of May

Biked to school, first time in forever. While biking I summarised arguments for walking to myself. Will leave the bike at the school. Not having that morning hour to myself somehow raises the pulse. One needs windows to think about whatever one wants to think about. Windows to think freely, free from what one does for others. Well, that was the "I'm sick of this shit"-kind of thought of the day.

Spent morning watching crits and preparing presentation. Things have to be clear this time. And culminate in impromptu table-read of the play with the guest critics as actors. Very hit-and-miss kind of approach, but I have to emphasise the importance of the play, the play is the project.

Have to find time to do drawings zooming in on characters. Also write in props. Draw in props. Print out props? Some kind of inclusion of props.

Finished dry drawings. Started visualisations. Make a list of references?/Diagramme of references/personal canon? Worked 'till kicked out w. visualisations, not sure if that is what to call them - paintings, collages?

DAY 72

Thursday 5th of May

One hour and two minutes.

Saw crits, had to leave, felt stress building up. Somehow I lost most of the day painting on the visualisations, suddenly it was 17:00 and touch-base w. tutor. All seem tired, already. Got final exam date: 31st of May, 08:45, first one from the programme. Hopefully the sensors appreciate this extreme and strange project. An architectural project that doesn't really involve much direct architecture. Feel the nerves building up. I'm too tired and numb to really take in whatever nerves building up. It's more an uneasy feeling. However, it is some strange kind of relief in now knowing the date for the final exam, and location. Only thing I'm afraid of is the logistical nightmare of arranging w. actors. I suspect H.M., if he is willing to join - very big if - will want to show up so early for such an amateur kind of show.

Had table-read, went better than expected. The flow in Act II especially seemed to quite painless. Will print a section from the meeting of the Architectural Cult and ask the tutors and guest critics to read at crit Friday.

Feels lack of sleep. Spent the evening preparing the presentation and printing.

DAY 73

Friday 6th of May

I don't like breaking the walking routine, felt it when I got to the studio - wasn't as awake as I would've been if walked.

Crit. Guest critic #1 told me to imagine more, seemed a bit uncertain of the format, and asked the question that seems to be building up to be a routine: what do I want with this project? Although I've been asked the question several times now, it is as if I know with myself very well what I want to achieve with this project. Why I'm working as I do, and why I'm doing this strange kind of project. But, I struggle with formulating the Hollywood-pitch to as of why. It's some mild fear in me, I think, that scares me from actually saying what I'm working with and looking at. I want the project to be a catalyst for a more productive debate, but what is even more important to me, I think, is to present my project as a reality check. For both us architects, and for those non-architects interested in the field of architecture. We're, architects - in this case, somewhat dogmatic, which I got the sense of again from guest critic #1 and his blind faith in our profession. Whenever someone says that "architecture is ...", or "has the ability to do something other

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fields cannot ...", I become a bit suspicious. It seems to me to be an extreme simplification of how things really are. "The beauty of architecture is that it can cut through the research", guest critic #1 said something that sounded ish-like that. Maybe that's where my problem with architecture as a profession/religion lies, cutting through. Simplifying. Distilling our everyday and surroundings into easily fathomable concepts and elevator-pitch-goggles from which one may see the world clearly. Guest critic #2 suggested treating the design of the amphitheatre as a character. If it doesn't fit into the narrative, cut it out. Guest critic gave a general remark on the students from our programme needing to have guts in more "imagination", use the political as a strategy, and to be more radical. At least that's how I understood his remark - if I were to direct the remark to myself... The design as it is now is something one needs to wear a black turtleneck to produce. I need to go back to what I did before my last exam, and build my own strange world.

DAY 74

Saturday 7th of May

I crashed. Enjoyed the sun. Tried to work. Had a bottle of wine in the sun and enjoyed what seemed to be the first day of summer. I'm tired.

DAY 75

Sunday 8th of May

Woke up with idea for project. Even if I like it or not, my brain and my being lives in the project.

One hour and ten minutes.

I started rearranging the chaos that's been my spot in the studio. Moved drawings around, started layering the photographs I'd printed last week and earlier in the semester. Suddenly my fingers went full autopilot, I started clipping and cutting in drawings and pictures, organised rests and parts and bits of previously produced material and arranged them on the wall behind my seat. Starting to resemble my own strange little quirky world, more in line with the idea of a play. Not the clean dry architectural drawing I love and loathe, but chaotic collage-y world that even I, the creator of it, struggle to interpret. Idea to fill bords in a similar fashion and design my exam space into a scenography, an image of my own working process, invite the sensors into my mind, really, intrigues me. 4 x 4 map as a floor tiling. 3D-print important buildings from Oslo Harbour. Mix "Straight Line Crazy" with my own crazy. "Stay angry" as guest critic #2 said at the mid-crit. Go full force brute creativity and mix.

DAY 76

Monday 9th of May

One hour seven minutes. Stopped by Stelling and bought more paint and ink.

Worked with supplementary written piece. Will be key in structuring the argument for what I want and what the shit I'm really aiming for. Structuring the dry factual background one needs to understand the complexity of the mess. Write it easily understandable and "simplified" so that the totality of the final project is both fathomable and un-simplifying.

E-mailed printing - store. I need to send the book to print next Monday (the 16th) at the latest. "Very latest" on the 18th. Still intrigued by the idea of designing my exam room as an installation, a window into the workspace - semi-carefully curated. It is a meta-project already, in some senses, the spatial could connect the threads as they are now. I need to finish the play. But I need to find the anger to make it aggressive and honest enough to actually say something.

Either/Or before going to sleep, I love aphorisms.

DAY 77

Tuesday 10th of May

53 minutes. Arrived in the studio at 9.

Intense "writing-workshop" in the 1,5 hours before tutor arrived for post-crit sharing session. Working with supplementary piece of writing. Was writing a dry factual background on "key-themes" of the project when I realised that I've already written about most of it in my programme. Repeating myself won't do any good. I'll keep the themes, but test taking out pages from the diary on these themes and compiling them in a well-curated document with illustrations/drawings/photographs. And make a diary/photo essay on the themes.

What do I want with my project? What does it want to achieve? I start to see that the reason why I've been unable to give a clear cut answer as to what I'm criticising is that I'm critical to several things, and several instances. My project has really been about creating nuances, grey areas, to show that the material I've been digging my head into for these past months isn't something one should be able to crystallize into an elevator-pitch. That's where the current problem lies. It's too easy to blame one, to blame two, it's a complex dysfunctional assemblage, so to speak. This mess of Oslo. What

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I've been building for these last 77 days has really been a complicated nuancing of something presented as easily fathomable, but disagreed upon. Sat down and started writing manifesto on nuancing, doing the opposite of what a manifesto is supposed to do: an anti-manifesto manifesto. Idiosyncratic in nature, hopefully it will serve as the clear-cut formulation of what I've been trying to do with my project.

Question was asked in post-crit session on if the project has an intention to, or can, go beyond describing and frame the ongoing situation. My subtitle "Of What Is Past, or Passing, or to Come" is indicative of that. "Of What Is Past": chaos and development; masterplanned and met with an Architectural Uprising. "..., or Passing": the current debate, miscommunication, distrust in the architectural profession by non-architects; ornamentation and ugliness of architecture in debate. "..., or to Come": further global crisis, more dissonance, world becoming more polarised - just look at the scene of global politics - fucking war and chaos and extremism in all directions; or hopefully, something more optimistic: clear up communications crossdisciplinary work, bridging, involving functioning mediators in all professions. It's too easy to settle on Black & White - view of the world. We need the grey.

DAY 78

Wednesday 11th of May

One hour two minutes.

Day of writing, focus on supplementary piece of writing. Crystallising intentions through choosing pages from 100 Day Diary, writing an anti-manifesto manifesto manifesting my intention of nuancing - as well as voicing criticism in different directions aimed at a variety of instances, and lastly: short aphorisms on truths and nuances. Need to write a clear introduction to the three-split document.

Worked with a timer, two hours of writing, two hours of model work, two hours of writing, two hours of sketching, etc... finished the first draft of the supplementary piece of writing at 21-ish. Revised play and worked with Act III and misc. fix 'till 23, went home and crashed.

Feeling energy drawing out. Will prioritise sleep and laundry and actual food Thursday evening. Find some kind of energy before going into the final week of production. A lot has to happen.

Decided on keeping the design as a part of the project, I just need to give the design some attention, some love, so to say. Find some confidence in this kind of work.

DAY 79

Thursday 12th of May

53 minutes.

Tutorial, keep design in project. I owe it to myself to finish this project with a design as well. Look at possibilities for framing the city as a stage. Write reflections on why I've written a play - include in monologue of "Me". Monologue of "Me" almost done, adding the politics into the play. Referencing Brecht through build-up, in The Caucasian Chalk Circle's final act we're given the story of the judge, and mainly focusing on him 'till the final scene where the story is "solved". Act III will be similar in composition. Making sense of the play in relation to the project as a whole. The project is a play and a stage. Not a play. And. A stage. Or vice versa. It's both.

Went home early: continue working from home. And cook. Do laundry. Make sure I actually get some sleep. I feel a cold brewing. I don't have time to get sick. Too much to produce. Next week will be a living hell. Sending the book to print on Monday. 'Finishing' design Monday evening. Drawing Tuesday - Thursday/Friday. Models and print Friday-Monday/Tuesday. Submitting Wednesday the 25th. Fuck. I'm somehow looking forward to a chaotic next week.

DAY 80

Friday 13th of May

Slow morning. One of the best mental investments in a while. Slept 'till nine-ish. Had coffee at home. Walked: one hour ten minutes. Walked slowly.

Finished Act III, and Supplementary Piece of Writing. Started putting together file for book - to be delivered for print on Monday. Hopefully it's just to hand it over so that they may print straight away. As simple in design as possible - title of book will be subtitle of project: "Of What Is Past, or Passing, or to Come". Black cover - more or less copy the design of Penguin's little black classics. It's going to be strangely amazing to hold a copy of my own book. A symbol of the most demanding part of the most demanding project I've done is done.

Started putting together book. Went faster than expected. Now unsure if the programme should be included or printed and bound separately. There's something nice about the book being a product of its own - even though it's linked to the rest of the project. Now it becomes slightly meta - considering that these sentences will be included in the book. Looking forward to re-reading and revising book next two days. And then: chaos.

DAY 81

Saturday 14th of May

One hour one minute.

Informal chat with co-students on how to structure presentation of project. So far I believe the most rational way of going at it will be to have the play in the middle of the presentation - introduce in short with the idea of the narrator, maybe the first page from the book/the play. Then the space and the place - with a short recap of the space (done with some wit to avoid it being too dry); the design at The Sugar Cube. Then invite the sensors and the audience to inhabit the space with a half-improvised table-read of the play - setting the tone for the final part of the presentation - looking at the problematics and intentions of my project in a discursive reflective way. Voicing my basis for some of my inherent scepticism of the education, the debate, the scope of the ecology we're a part of.

Spent most of the day revising the book and the play, finished putting together the book. One day ahead of schedule, giving full Sunday to 3D-model sketches for models (meta), and work with finalising the design of the amphitheatre - if the design is ever to be fully designed. Involve Slow Cooked Archaic Modern Architecture?

DAY 82

Sunday 15th of May

52 minutes.

Spent hours up to lunch revising the play and the book. Think the file is closing in on being finished. Kind of strange writing these words on this book, in the file that is to be this book. Doesn't help with how the fictionalised world of this project has started to blend with the real world. What is it that makes fiction so interesting? Even more importantly, what makes reality so interesting? In the way we work, and are trained for creative production it seems almost beneficial to sometimes blend the two, choose one's own reality. Not sure how to formulate it, but a balanced blend of living in day-dreaming and in reality seems to me to be an ideal form of idealistic way of living.

Spent afternoon and evening 3D-modelling the models for the physical models and collecting sketches from throughout the semester and draw my way back into the design. Even though I've been subject to variations of sleep-deprivation and stress for the majority of this semester and project, it's a bit sad somehow to see the ending closing in. Contemplated on afterlife of project.

DAY 83

Monday 16th of May

58 minutes.

Tutorial looking through book. Some changes needs to be made + proof-reading. Are quite a few spelling mistakes and missing words circulating through the pages. Must update references and include references of also the spatial aspect of the project. Rescheduling sending to print 'till Wednesday morning then, which will be the absolutely latest to send to print, if I'm to have the books ready by the 25th, which I need... Which makes this entry the second-to-last typed entry, from Wednesday on out the entries will be handwritten. Looking forward to it.

Spent afternoon and early evening revising the book and fixing the graphics.

Evening spent back in IT-room 3D-modeling for the models and working with the final design of the amphitheatre. Strangely satisfying working with something spatial, semi-physical again - after having spent so much time the last couple of weeks writing and revising text.

Amused myself by having two incomplete sections of the book before going to print. I like incomplete things.

DAY 84

Tuesday 17th of May

DAY 85

Wednesday 18th of May

DAY 87

Friday 20th of May

DAY 89

Sunday 22nd of May

DAY 90

Monday 23rd of May

DAY 91

Tuesday 24th of May

DAY 93

Thursday 26th of May

DAY 94

Friday 27th of May

DAY 95

Saturday 28th of May

DAY 97

Monday 30th of May

DAY 99

Wednesday 1st of June

100 DAY DIARY

DAY 100

Thursday 2nd of June

NOTES FOR THE READER

IN THE BACKPACK/

INFLUENCES/

INSPIRATIONS/

WRITTEN IN DIALOGUE WITH/

REFERENCED/

LITERARY REFERENCES

SØREN KIERKEGAARD

EITHER/OR - A FRAGMENT OF LIFE

THE CONCEPT OF ANXIETY

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

A TERRIBLE BEAUTY WAS BORN

PLATO

SOCRATES' DEFENCE

THE SYMPOSIUM

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

NIEBLA

BERTOLT BRECH

THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE

LINDBERGH'S FLIGHT

THE DECISION

CLAUS BECK-NIELSEN

THE PARLIAMENT

HENRIK IBSEN

THE MASTER BUILDER

A DOLL'S HOUSE

SAMUEL BECKETT

WAITING FOR GODOT

OSCAR WILDE

ONLY DULL PEOPLE ARE BRILLIANT AT BREAKFAST

A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR

THE WOMAN DESTROYED

ALDO ROSSI

A SCIENTIFIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY

JOHN HEJDUK

VICTIMS

BRIAN ENO

A YEAR WITH SWOLLEN APPENDICES

UNKNOWN

THE BIBLE: THE OLD TESTAMENT

ARCHITECTURAL/VISUAL REFERENCES

ADOLPHE APPIA

THEATRE AT HELLERAU

HOTEL PRO FORMA

OPERATION ORFEO

SEBASTIANO SERLIO

CITY AS THEATRE: THE COMIC, THE TRAGIC AND
THE SATYRIC SCENE

ALDO ROSSI

MONUMENTO AI PARTIGIANI, CUNEO

FRANCESCO VENEZIA

TEATRO GIBELLINA

HANNSJÖRG VOTH

STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN AND CITY OF ORION

ADALBERTO LIBERA

CASA MALAPARTE

RAUMLABOR

EICHBAUMOPER

HIERAPOLIS

ANCIENT AMPHITHEATRE AT DELPHI

ARNOLD BÖCKLIN

DIE TOTENINSEL

EDVARD MUNCH

THE FRIEZE OF LIFE

GIORGIO MORANDI

NATURA MORTA

ANDREJ TARKOVSKIJ

NOSTALGHIA

THE STALKER

SERGEJ EISENSTEIN

BATTLESHIP POTEMKIN

PAOLO SORRENTINO

LA GRANDE BELLEZZA

È STATA LA MANO DI DIO

NANNI MORETTI

CARO DIARIO

WOODY ALLEN

DECONSTRUCTING HARRY

EVERYONE SAYS I LOVE YOU

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