

A cathedral in the middle of nowhere in the south of France.  
Majestic, with a painting by Rubens inside.  
Perfect light, both through the glass and in the painting.  
Every corner is a painting itself.

The outside is warped by bullets from WWI.

Breathtaking and unimaginable.

It's unthinkable  
how something this meticulous and grandeur  
could be afforded  
or approved.

How can someone say  
"I have this idea in mind, it's going to take a 100 years",  
and the other say  
"Yes, let's do this."

The cathedral is too big  
for current frame of mind.

It's too fat for the endless stretches of thin scroll.  
Multi-cultural, multi-functional, multi-lingual,  
knowing exactly what it can and cannot do.  
What it can and cannot afford.  
With some exceptions  
that blow everything imagined up  
and turn the world upside down overnight.

To miracles we're used to.  
A band of killer whales chasing a fishing boat into the sunset?  
We've seen it.

We're walking encyclopaedias  
existing and operating in multiple places at the same time.

With a life span ranging up to 125.

With a milage of 1 million kilometres per lifetime.

Why would we want to spend a 100 years on a cathedral?

A cathedral, like this one,  
is a condensed bit of time and space.

A perfect monolithic hand-made cathedral like this  
could not be made  
nor thought of nowadays  
Nor should it be.

The young think of old as monolithic.  
The old think of young as privileged.  
But everything's simply stretching and  
expanding in new directions  
with no increase or decrease in the general value.

