WHITE HOUSE REDUX

123 IDEAS

FOR A NEW WHITE HOUSE

To compose Don Quixote at the beginning of the seventeenth century was a reasonable, necessary and perhaps inevitable undertaking; at the beginning of the twentieth century it is almost impossible. It is not in vain that three hundred years have passed, charged with the most complex happenings – among them. To mention only one, that same Don Quixote.

Jorge Luis Borges in Fictions, Pierre Menard, Author of Don Quixote

a MacGuffin...

And consequently....
To compose the White House at the end of the eighteenth century was a reasonable, necessary and perhaps inevitable undertaking; at the beginning of the twenty first century it is almost impossible. It is not in vain that two hundred years have passed, charged with the most complex happenings – among them. To mention only one, that same White House...

Nevertheless, this is an attempt to re-tell the Story of Architecture through *a MacGuffin* called *"The White House"*...

Parallel to architecture's blurring, the White House lived its own life...

...People were coming to see the president's house...

...And the president...

...Some visitors came to negotiate...

...Each time a new peace was agreed a peace pipe was lit...

...Too much peace, too much smoke, too much future...

...The white smoke took over the architecture. Nobody could see the president any more. Paranoia occurred in people. President was there, but was absent. Blurred in smoke...

...Ironically enough, architecture's paranoia and people's paranoia coincided in the occurrence of the *white smoke* - it hides architecture, it hides the president... But people still want unblurred realities...

...Architects were called in. The double paranoia seemed as a perfect match - could the White House be an intelligent machine that enables the future encounters between people and power?

Public space is dead, long live the public space(s)... The White House Redux becomes a labyrinth structure where the public space is fragmented into 2028 lobbies (spaces of 20 x 20 x 10 m) customized for pluralistic expression - from protest arenas to support arenas, from puritan arenas to arenas of hedonistic satisfaction. It is a place where one may forever be lost while trying to approach the president's residence. It is through the expectation of the possible encounter with the image of power (the president's house) that the visitors end up exploring their personal fantasies. People and the image of power come increasingly closer to each other, but never end up meeting. Paranoia becomes a chronic condition... *Power remains*...

... The existing Mall area is transformed from being the memorial space of the passed wars to become the constructor of the official image of *people.* Unknowingly, people participate in the experiment (*Pavlov like*). Each lobby is tailored for any given subject. Parallel realities fuel the people's imagination (and frustration). Everything is observed, recorded and archived, *anything* is of interest for the power. Some of the lobbies become sealed off, in these places events become exhausted to their maximum. People come to see the president, they end up exploring their own excessiveness... Religious dj-ing... Eating orgies... Esperanto battles... Fight clubs... Freak shooting... Action painting... Ethereal dancing... Hedonistic pleasures...

lobby
lobby
lobby
lobby
President's backstage
From here, president may observe the power machinery bellow. In some weak moments, depending on his/her mood, president may also go to the lobbies to play with *people*. It is in the backstage area that the after-events may take place, almost in an after-party fashion of the excessive metropolitan experience...
Power machinery
It is here that the information from lobbies is sent. The army of technicians, antropologists, sociologists, economists, architects, engineers, clerics and humanists, maps the reality (which thereafter becomes translated into new constructs). These are processed and streamed into the catacombs, ready to be reviewed by the president and his loyalists.
Catacombs
The elevator takes the president to the digital catacombs, where the official image(s) of *people* are projected. It is in these catacombs that the futures are constructed.