

BENEDICK, OR ELSE

PROLOGUE

Which introduces us to our place at a specific point in time. *The House as a Drunk Aquarium, 2018.*

We arrive at the rare moment where the building has been caught off guard, as it adjusts to a new position. *In just five minutes, with a wireless remote.* This is a temporal hiccup, a jump from its founding to its future... A motion sickness type of blur, a side glance from the speeding convertible.

ACT 1

A sort of introduction in which we are fast-forwarded to the scene of a room situated both outside and inside. People are gathering for the first time, and for a collective cause. Something is happening. Someone shouts. *Neighbouring Sounds, 2018.*

Now, let me tell you a bit more about our plans. *The architectural concept was derived from the need for flexibility - a common requirement for cultural and educational institutions.* The new architectural expansion plan proposes a building that breathes, moves, adjusts, inhales and circulates in multitudes of ways. And as the building expands and contracts, it can work in many configurations, welcoming multiple events simultaneously.

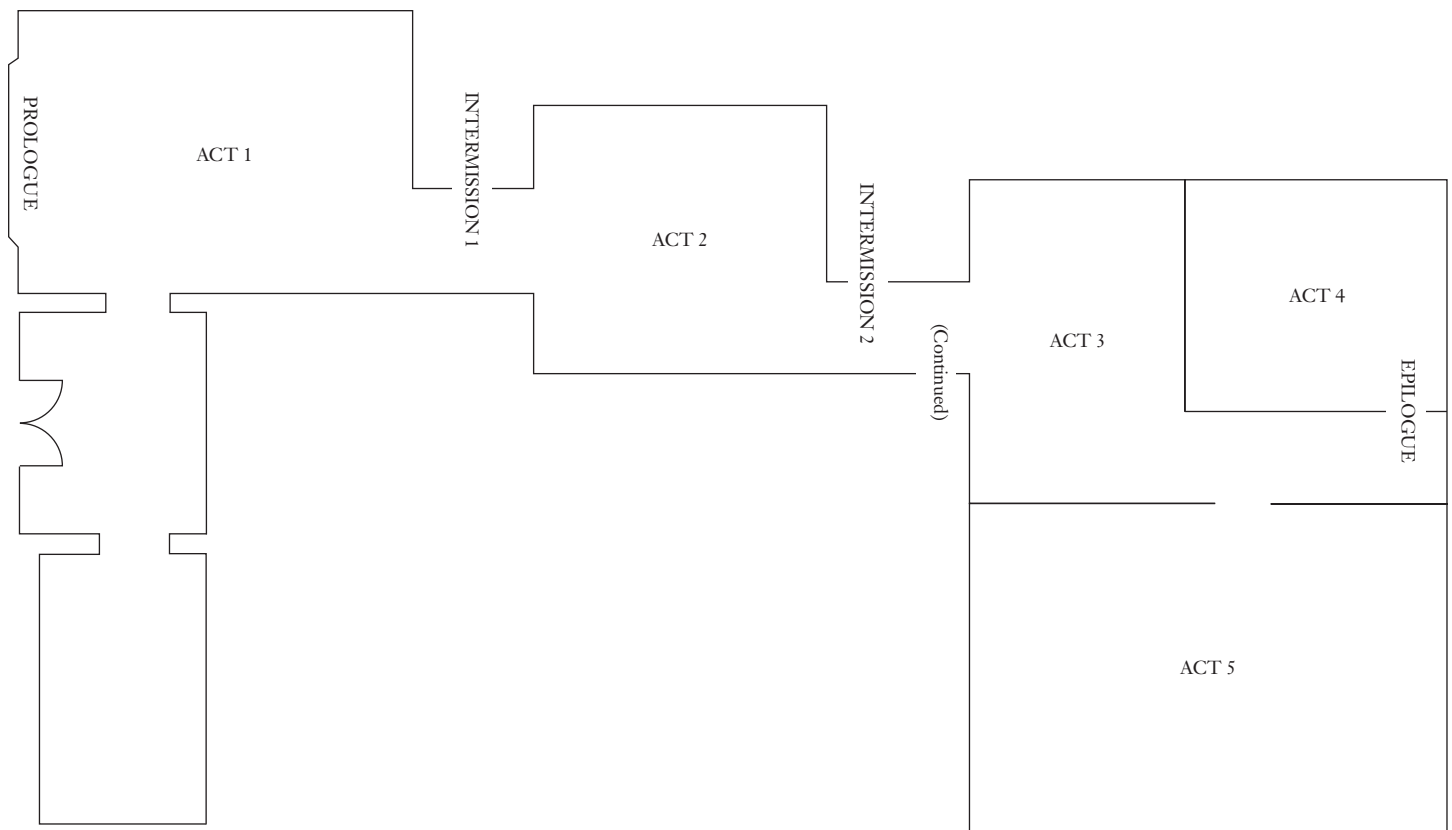
This was a heritage area in immediate proximity to one of the oldest neighborhoods of the city. Its distinctive architecture used to be protected by a preservation plan. *During the design process, the surrounding area covered by the heritage preservation rapidly decreased, unleashing all possibilities for creative interventions. The consequence will be a complete intensification of the architectural scheme.*

However, this 19th century building has been fully preserved, cleaned and restored to its initial state, from red to white, and then back to red.

INTERMISSION I

In which a protagonist appears, and delivers few sentences on maintenance. *Good Time at the Organizational Complex, 2018.*

New requirements mean readapting. The stretch marks are still apparent after being *conceived in an incubator of sheetrock.* What's important here is that the usual camera angles do not work. The organizational complex is being inserted into its clavicles, but not yet fully processed.



ACT 2

In which we are guided into a corner. *Sewer Club Extension*, 2018.

This building is welcoming and fulfills all desires, a rubberized body that can be pressured, gripped and slowly rotated into any position wanted. A libidinous body, real-doll ready to answer the call. Although it is not specified where the instructions are being dispatched from, the system will keep fulfilling the needs as long as it is alive. It needs space. It pulsates through an orgy of functions, buzzing like the gadgets on tables of restaurant notifying the customers their food is ready. The steam in the air is emanating from the warm soaking in a perpetual jacuzzi with millions of friends. It leaks through the crevices, (and spreads like an std). The space without qualities finds itself everywhere and nowhere at once.

INTERMISSION II (continued)

In which we're told that businesses have souls. *Good Time at the Organizational Complex*, 2018.

A proliferation of a system is based on repetition of signs, at once diffuse and fluid, within which architecture and nature dissolve and disappear into the amniotic space. The metropolis ceases to be a place, to become a "condition": in fact, it is just this condition, which is circulated uniformly. This condition can be recognized by overwhelming multiplication of qualities, or the lack of qualities at all.

Hypertrophy of the operational spaces continues. As being taken over by the unknown force, the mechanisms for production of the space and the maintenance of the spaces of representation are exposed on the operating table. All the side rooms have been opened, and their color temperature has been slowly rising to 5000K over the last hours, reflecting in the polished hallways. They are carpeted with gray glossy linoleum, color card 'Fog', with the walls painted in the complementary lighter shade of gray. The currents of construction are out of control; as the hallways repeat, they will continue to build future operational rooms on their own.

ACT 3

In which we are introduced to the waste of space and the space wasted, and potential difference between the two. *Blueprint for the Running Room*, 2018.

We should automatically embrace the change. Then we try to find ways in which change can be mobilized to strengthen the original identity. It's a weird combination of having faith and having no faith.

ACT 4

In which one might vaguely remember things used to look different. *The Disappearing Room (or, Room in the Air)*, 2018.

If there is a noticeable pressure in the chest, that is the building ticking, pulsing, adjusting and slowly humming the names and numbers of the plots of land.

There is something in the air. Through the wall, a constant sound trickles out. Air conditioners, ionizers, purifiers, humidifiers, HVACs, essential oil diffusers, beeswax candles, plants and all the other devices work in synch to efficiently fight the fatigue.

ACT 5

A Resolution, and shortly after abrupt ending in which the room suffocates itself. *The Nicotine Museum*, 2018.

Refurbishment and creativity; production and heritage; research and preservation. Two sets of mobile platforms offer a large repertoire of spatial configurations; the programmatic flexibility increases the potential of the existing building. The potential expresses post-occupancy, which is to say: at the moment after the inhabiting starts. What we must keep in mind is the life in the building, which will dictate the life of the building.

EPILOGUE

In which we, despite everything, continue walking backwards. *Good Time at the Organizational Complex*, 2018.

Remember looking outside, through the window, and you will notice permanent construction. It never stops. We can't imagine or recollect the time when it was silent. It razes over the city, the soundtrack of the drills becoming a symphonic background of disposable architecture, one building haphazardly climbing over the next. It silently grows in between chess benches and japanese trees, and shuts off the blinds of the views from the balconies. The life expectancy of buildings has plummeted as a result of warming capital flows - as the last luxury floors are being furnished with corian and formica kitchen cabinets and countertops, its steel roots are already being ripped out of the ground. The task of an architect is almost impossible; to express increasing turbulence in a stable medium one would really need to be a physicist...