

101 Designs for the World Trade Center



metropolis

joe elliot

preserve.
The
Tastefully given
landscaped over

to
the
Asia world's largest
Asia and fenced
rep. mosque. A goat
Here, in. You
pay a fee.

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metropolis

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The world's largest mosque.

A goat preserve. Tastefully landscaped and fenced in.

You pay a fee. You are given a goat herder costume, are allowed to herd goats, ride a camel.

An enormous self-contained vertical metropolis given over to the Palestinian people. Here, at least, they won't be policed and shot at.

Guilt Away Amusement Park

An Airstrip

A sky-high bullseye

An enormous garden dedicated to Iraqi and Afghani flora, especially those that are disappearing.

The Sleep Center. As the war on terrorism deepens and begins to grow grey hairs, the collective lack of conscience will become enlarged and burdensome and sleep will begin to overtake us. No one will be able to go more than a block or two without napping.

Leave it. Don't touch it. Don't move a single piece.

24/7 Spiritual Fact Propaganda Machine. The dissolution of the body, the unreality of the ego, the blindness of the mind, the loneliness of the tomb, etc., and yet the miraculous

flight of the hummingbird,
loudspeakers as an
of materialism that is not

The New U.S. Treasury.
citizen, perhaps on his
her by the ministers of
this spot, bearing his most
painting, a sports car, a
Super Bowl tickets, a child,
accompanied by scripted
and then the participant
return. A brief period of
every step of which has
as the burden is released
proceeds go to the
physically meet your

An exhibition hall for
such as these that will

f o r
antidote
seen as

A center
birthday,
greater
prized
mink coat,
etc. There

trades his
mourning
been
and the

follow

designs
revolve

instance, is blared from
to the unremitting propaganda
such.

for valuables. Once a year each
perhaps on a date allotted to
vision, makes a pilgrimage to
possession. A ring, an old box, a
a first edition, a CD, a pair of
is ritualized waiting and anxiety
discussions and ejaculations,
treasure in for nothing in
is followed by the dance of joy,
rehearsed for maximum effect,
participant set free. All
community. This is where you
American.

for the World Trade Center
and as our understanding

evolves and remains elastic and compassionate so that no single response becomes instituted, ossified and turned into a hammer.

A Second Pentagon, only this time in the shape of a huge star. Here, the newly recognized arm of the

economy will do their highly publicized para-military training. Spin-off products such as mercenary action figures will be merchandized to further fund this private enterprise and relieve the taxpayer somewhat. Here, also studies will be undertaken and seminars held that will examine the relationships between preparing and opening up markets and destabilizing popular governments.

Exact replicas of the first two, only hollow.

A huge model of downtown Manhattan itself on such a scale so that the streets are hip wide and

you can negotiate that like a leviathan. Each time a real estate transaction takes place a small yellow light blinks and a sleigh bell rings on the site. Frank Sinatra plays non-stop.



A munitions plant. Specializes in the manufacture of a new bullet that has a camera chip embedded on its tip. Each day newly disappeared citizens of the world appear in the on-going movie that is broadcast on the enormous billowing sail of the retro tour boat that circles Manhattan twice or thrice a day.

A huge playground, a portion of which is an amphitheater in which selected children do battle to the death over questions of autonomy, ownership of toys, and extent of

realm. If the combatants stop and try to talk it over, the parents are required to shout, "Use your hands not your words!" from the nice wooden bleachers in the shade of tall trees.

A house of mirrors. The only way to keep yourself from becoming lost is to secure a guide. The only way to secure a guide is to leave your self-importance at the door. There are metal trays into which you dump your unreality and from which you can, if you insist, retrieve it afterwards.

A towering twisting steel and glass structure that reaches up to heaven where the souls of those lost now reside as a testament to the undying courage and resiliency of this greaat nation . . . DUH!

Two towers, identical to the first ones, but with a large hole through the middle of each so that the planes don't crash but pass through.

A building whose sides are painted with sky and clouds and much smaller buildings so that it blends in falsely with the city scape and cannot be located.

Two towers that are mirrors on the outside so that attackers would only be attacking themselves.

One tower covered on all four sides by green/grey camouflage, topped by an enormous infantry helmet which is itself topped by, instead of the kaiser spike, an aluminum dollar sign.

I read that one to Karl and he said why not just put up a huge penis that spurts out gold onto statues of huddled masses in the plaza way below.

The Hall of Winning. Winners are allowed in. Losers are kept out. Does not have to be large, since it only has to accommodate a few, and those can easily be kicked out as soon as public opinion's engineered against them.

Remember, the paradox here is: the more
that are barred, the more powerful the
building.

Across from the
Hall of Mirrors
is the Bastion of

Enough. This neo-
gothic edifice of stone
buttresses and
gargoyles is without

windows and
without doors.

The paparazzi wait
outside day and
night, but they have
yet to catch anyone
going in or coming
out. Yet, this hardly
matters, since the

building, like the concept,
needn't function in reality,

but only be in place for its opposite to flourish.

A Meditation
Center. No yoga.
No mats. No
gurus. No mantras.
No polarizing
dharma. Just sitting.
Keep your eyes
open, please.

A lake. Behind the meditation center is a man-made lake that is closed to the public by simple landscaping and trees. Those in meditation do not know it but their practice is a prayer or a sort of invitation that has been answered by the family of swans that have come to live there.

Salubrarium. A pilot program for a new Health Care System. At the heart of this new multi-level complex is an operating theater where chubby insurance executives scrub up, put on pajamas, and go ahead and wield the knife. Might as well eliminate the middleman.

See-Yourself-eria. An institute that provides alternative information and news. They take a picture of you as you enter this labyrinth of rooms. Each is equipped with an electronic screen and sound system that registers what is happening in the sector of the world that that room has been devoted to and decorated in the style of. Thus, every event from every corner of the world is televised for you a picture of whom pops up on the

screen as the event unfolds, and your part in the debacle, via the global marketplace and politics, is explained to you. Similarly, when the ads (which now represent only those companies that have disobeyed regulations) come on, they are split screen, and there you are, simultaneously buying the happy product on one and dumping oil in a bay or pointing a gun



at a head or chopping down trees
on the other.

The Sleep/Birthing Center. People come here from all over the world. Each participant is asked if he or she really wants to live. If they do, great. If they don't, whatever possessions, jobs, relationships, etc. they're hiding behind is removed. Their metabolism is slowed down and they are put into suspended animation. At the end of nine months they are reborn.

Sponge Factory. This is a new material that can be placed on the chest of the citizen and draw out all the evil humours such as anger, jealousy and resentment. A thick greenish liquid is then squeezed out of the miracle sponges and poured into candy bar forms. This highly concentrated chocolate coated treat, while too rich and lethal for the average joe, has, when administered to world leaders at a reception at the U.N., say, the opposite effect, miraculously enough, homeopathically transforming them into good citizens: helpful, courteous, brave, willing to serve their fellow humans, shy of praise.





An empty pow-wow
grounds for Native
American nations that no
longer exist. Protected
from human intrusion by
a lethal ring of disease.

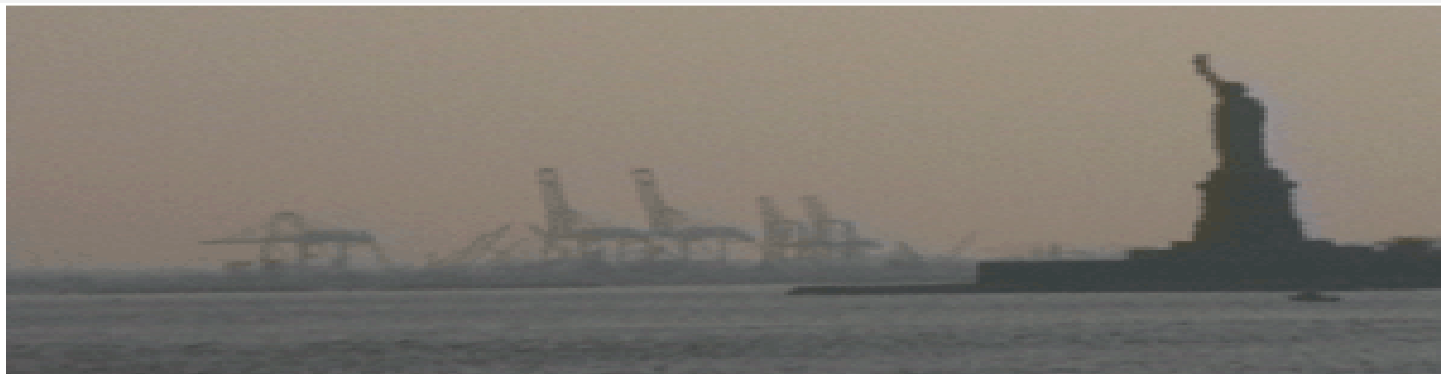
Dirt. Just dirt.

Let Walter De Maria do
whatever he wants.

The Movie House. This friendly building is for those who are not attracted to the Meditation Center. Inside, all the familiar rituals of buying tickets and having them torn in half, of acne-faced ushers in uniforms, of standing in line for popcorn and candy bars, etc., are kept intact. You are comfortingly

cordoned off with velvet ropes to one of the thousand screening rooms where our favorite movies play over and over. Dutch

sailors clubbing the friendly Dodo bird, an easy dinner, into extinction, for instance.



A museum of wonders. The ones you can't buy or fetishize: time, air, wind, sunlight, etc.

An atrocity museum. The identity of each slave brought to the new world or killed on the way is imagined, scripted, acted out, shot, edited, then looped in a landscape the participant can sit in.

Home Base. A safe place like in freeze tag. Here, everyone is encouraged to tell the truth. Politicians actually confess the slimy deals they have made. Family

members are allowed to say what they think of each other. Teachers are allowed to be openly non-supportive of a student.

World Trade Center. A place where people actually trade things. No money

is exchanged, no currency evolved, no profit left over after the goods have changed hands. The one rule is this: you bring your gift, but you do not choose what gift is given to you. No whining, please. Say thank you.

Open Mic Night. A lavish institute where every interrupted thought, every dashed hope and every squashed protest is given

complete and
vehement articulation
by our expert team
of hosts, shamans and
scribes who meet the
defeated individual at
the gate and carry
him into the
compound on a
rattan and pillowed
sedan.

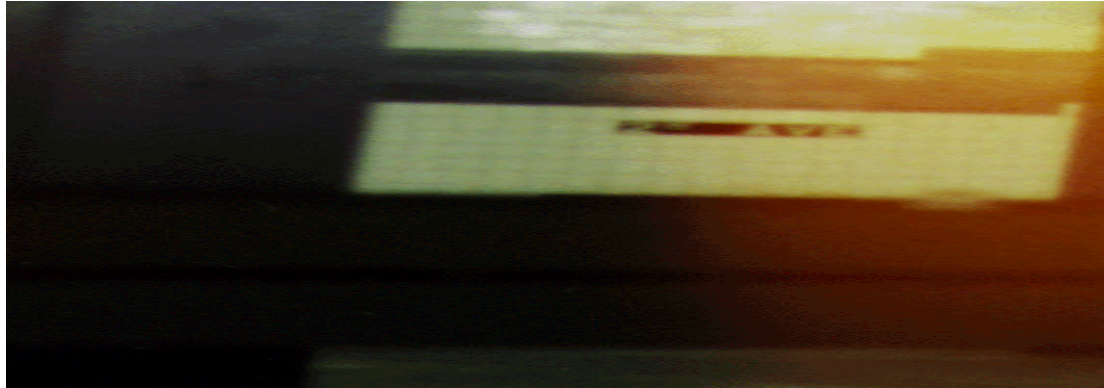
A tiger park. Every
four years, we feed
our mayor to these
noble beasts. This, not
billions of filthy
dollars, is the price
paid for the holy
honor of serving our
great metropolis.

Poetry Center. Every poetry document and artifact is referenced and cross-referenced, translated and re-translated, reduced and distilled, so that the essential message that every monad is alive, is spirit, is the occasion for jubilation and tragedy, becomes clear, understandable truth, so that poets, safe in this truth, can remove the unnecessary

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armor of careers and become merely luminous,
leading by brightness, not by craft.

Fill in the hole with sand. Instead of sending in
trucks and piledrivers and cranes and backhoes
(wondrous though these inventions may be),
instead of sending in the long arm of money



(corporations and their disgruntled lackeys)
to coerce matter into a permanent and
licensed form, send out children with plastic
trucks and shovels and buckets to play and
destroy, play and destroy on a daily basis.



Temple of Ancestry. Large flexible theatrical spaces where a citizen could bring his ancestral sitting arrangements: how his grandparents or great-grandparents sat in their rooms having some tea or reading or looking out the window. This room would be recreated for the descendant who would be urged to sit in it in a similar manner for hours and ponder what of a non-

material nature, he would like to leave on the face of this cinder that is revolving around a star that is hurtling through space away from some alleged, originary blast.

A Scribatorium where people can come and write their own ideas for the World Trade Center (none of which will ever be implemented, of course) and extend this poem. Here are the lines. You fill it out.

A Museum of State Torture. All the devices temporal power has used to extract cooperation for their dumb aims. One wing of the building is a hall of fame for those who have been lost to their methods: Lorca, Mandelstam, etc.

Cloud Generator. A huge domed environment which is pumped full of clouds. The citizen enters and is immediately lost. Vapors swirl about his head, which is literally in the clouds, which is a good thing. In fact, all created things and the purposes behind them have been removed, and in this state of unknowing, he is prepared to receive love and guidance other than the human kinds.



A generosity accelerator.
This is like a nuclear
accelerator, and it is
possible that theoretical
physicists can help us
design it effectively. But it
has nothing in common
with a nuclear reactor. It
does not react or interact,
but proactively and pre-
emptively gives. Really, it is
more like the wind or a
weed.

An Exquisite Corpse. There is no competition. No one wins and no one rules or is first. Each architect (who will be re-named equitect for the duration of the project) pulls a part of the building out of a hat. He then must design this part without knowledge of

the rest. Then they must come together and build this beautiful non-totalizing mongrel of an impure edifice without fighting over turf.

A Poem Machine. Each person is interviewed for his secrets, fantasies, backgrounds, longings, resentments, etc. The full moral

inventory. These facts are fed into a mytho-poetic computer that spits out an epic poem (or in some cases, fragments thereof) with that person as the hero or questor. This will make poetry relevant in an age of rampant individualism. Also, by fulfilling each person on a mytho-poetic level, it will remove that huge reservoir of hidden energy, the collective unlived lives of our citizenry, which the Republican Party takes advantage of and turns into greed and hatred and without which will most certainly totter.

A replica of Grossingers. This famous Borsch Belt resort in the Catskills would be recreated exactly. Service would be provided in 50's outfits. Big band and rat pack impersonators would be hired for entertainment. The stand up would always finish his set with a few tasteless numbers on 9/11.

Terrorist Catcher. One building is a towering blow up doll of Jesus Christ with widespread arms. This time, when the airplane comes, it will crash into his enthorned and bleeding heart, and, instead of exploding, will be wrapped up by his endless puffy limbs and cushioned by the cotton candy that permeates the monument's superstructure. The other tower, the

Virgin Mary, will have a decidedly Disneyfied figure for extra shock absorption.

The “Lotto” Transformation Center. The player comes in and picks his numbers and hands over the cash. The clerk says congratulations and escorts him through a doorway that is entitled WINNER. After he passes through a tunnel a group of loving professionals informs him that his money went to the NYC public school system, that there will be no winner in the traditional sense, and that his participation in the common good, his sense of himself as a positive force in the world, something more than just someone that wants his, now, is far more rewarding than winning the Lotto. Films with the faces of smart, smiling, grateful children will be shown. One will raise his hand and answer a very difficult question correctly. That child

will then become that contestant's official "school child" and will send the contestant regular letters as part his or her school's balanced literacy program. Everytime the contestant plays "Lotto" the words "winner" and "contestant" (in quotation marks to avoid a lawsuit) appear on the classroom's word wall with blinking lights. This

propagandizing and brainwashing will spread. "Lotto" stations will open wherever real Lotto stands already exist. The people outside will wear signs and chant, "You're not going to win, so why not "win"?"

Creators Integration Services. The hub of the emerging Republic. An alternative to the ad hominem wild polarity of super celebrity and pathetic outcast, this institute will offer a more integrated and helpful way out of individualism and towards community. Its motto will be "We Don't Know."

The Proximity Center. This is where, for the sake of evolving consciousness, activities which are usually kept apart, are practiced together. For instance, there would be a make-over/ slaughterhouse wing. Your

face is lifted in the same room a chicken's neck is wrenched. As cellulite is removed from your thigh you can watch the throat of a lamb being opened. Liposuction is performed in the hall of interviews. Here, people prepare themselves to be seen and practice presenting themselves while thousands of others go under the knife. Amazingly enough, the fat produced by these procedures alone would be enough to power the extensive machinery needed to keep Donald Trump's ego intact and his comb-over in place.

The Museum of the Hippie. This could be a big money maker. As the baby boomers fade into the sunset it may be that the two and a half decades of disfavor that this historical oddity has fallen into will come to a close and a re-examination of what this creature actually stood for will commence at long last. One room might be devoted to how Hippie-ism is just another American revival of Christianity. To begin with, there's the long hair, sandals and loose fitting robes. There's the Broadway hit,

Jesus Christ Superstar. Then there's the original break-up of the nuclear family: remember, Jesus asks the apostles to leave their homes and follow him and live together in a community of ideas, a radical way of life that is echoed in the whole hippie commune movement. Also, it may be recalled that Jesus is decidedly anti-money: he throws the money lenders out of the temple.

Finally, don't forget his turn the other cheek speech. No where does Jesus advocate retaliation, revenge and kicking ass overseas. He thought this only continued the problem. This is why the hippie sticks the stem of a flower in the barrel of an American soldier's combat rifle, you may recall.

Shrine. Like the hundreds of spontaneous shrines that sprang up outside of firehouses and police stations and in the subways, and like the thousands of pictures of lost loved ones pasted on street signs and walls all over the city but especially downtown that October, November and December, this will be an edifice of mourning, a temple where anyone can bring a picture of a loved one that is lost or missing or dead, and build a shrine. Candles, flowers, letters, clothing, locks of hair, the artifacts of remembrance thickly layer the lowly lit niches and recessed spaces. Only people on official sadness business will you see measuring their steps down those halls.



A parking lot for the lost. In honor of those who disappeared in the Twin Towers, leaving behind cars that went unclaimed for weeks in parking lots next to commuter stations in the bedroom communities of Connecticut, New York and New Jersey, this parking tower would be a place to bring the cars of those who have suddenly died

or gone missing or are unable to be reached. A team of dedicated mechanics would lovingly care for these orphans, so obscurely abandoned, taking them out for the occasional test run, changing the oil and plugs regularly, checking the air in the tires,

listening attentively to the engine, keeping them washed and buffed. Then, when this tower is filled, the ones that had been there the longest would be one by one crushed and turned into the building blocks out of which the second tower would be fashioned.

Pastures and huts, a television studio. Essentially a prison, this pleasant rolling piece of fabricated land is where we put our world leaders out to pasture. We, as a people, have released them from their burden of power and into rusticated retirement. The set-up would be amply funded by the reality TV show called “World Leaders Out To

Pasture". We get to see how other without armies at their and yes-men to protect them, of special interest groups communal dinner with sitting down together to eat would be particularly

O

they interact with each fingertips, without lackeys without millions of dollars clamoring for favors. The George and Saddam and serving each other, gratifying.

Reservation. This prime piece of real estate would be given back to the Native Americans who were pushed off of it by the Dutch. The ceremony at the United Nations where a delegation of Native Americans “pays” the Port Authority for the

land with a few
blankets and
trinkets and
baubles would be
priceless.

On the fence surrounding the plot to keep out intruders, scarecrows, larger than life size pictures of loathsome developers like Donald Trump or Leona Helmsley, would be affixed.

The House Kitsch Art. With an awareness that this site demands of the increase in global interdependence, this museum would encourage new art of a more ecumenical flavor. Instead of four dogs, it will be Jesus, Mohammed, Moses and Gautama sitting at a table and playing poker. Mohammed will be on horseback and Jesus will be riding shotgun. Of course, to be fair, they all get a chance on the cross, even the Buddha with his sweet half smile. The compositions on velvet would be myriad and stunning. Think of the single tear going down the face of Abraham as he raises a jagged knife above his son.

Oral Poetry Center. As
part of the universal
health care system so
sanely enacted by
Congress, each woman
receiving pre-natal care is
asked to read aloud a short
piece of literature. From that
voice recording is extracted all
the linguistic building blocks:
phonemes, diphthongs and
syllables of English. Then a
set of tapes is given to each
child upon delivery of the
great works of world poetry
in their mother's voice. This
tape or CD is played over
and over in the nursery until
it is ragged and the sonic

experience is part of the child's insides, his sinews and bones, before he can even speak. Thus, orality, that primary technology that opens the door of the soul's memory,



after thousands of years is re-introduced, freeing the individual from the seduction of the later music and words of the marketplace.

A dream place.

The world's largest billboard. Advertizing space for the President's re-election campaign. Pictures of the narrow-eyed one down in the wreckage shaking hands with firemen. This way, when people go to visit the site, its meaning is not diverted

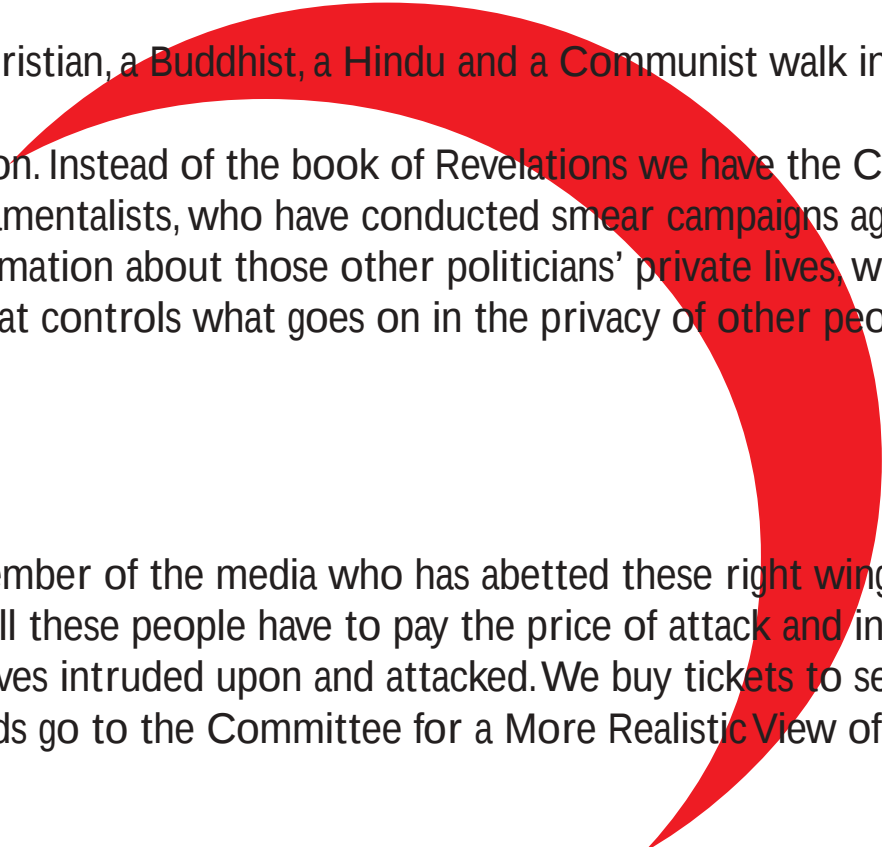


into the vapory byways of meditation and compassion, but is turned into immediate good use.

The Wailing Wall. A
reconstruction of the jagged

concrete and steel wall that was left standing. Our temple, the center of our way of life, the American Dream, has been destroyed. We will kneel before it and put folded dollar bills in its cracks.

A Sculpture Garden. An enormous golden calf protected by Jesus in a three piece suit, Moses in paramilitary gear, Mohammed holding up Adam Smith's the Wealth of Nations, and Barbara Bush as the Virgin Mary. Yahweh, the war god himself, is the absence behind the glittering idol, and therefore classified, undepicted. Although he's manifest every time a nation takes action, starts its engines and crosses borders; that is when you can hear his heavenly laughter.



A Muslim, a Jew, a Christian, a Buddhist, a Hindu and a Communist walk into a bar.

Chamber of Revelation. Instead of the book of Revelations we have the Chamber. Here, Christian fundamentalists, who have conducted smear campaigns against other politicians using information about those other politicians' private lives, who have enacted legislation that controls what goes on in the privacy of other peoples'

bedrooms, or any member of the media who has abetted these right wingers by leaking information, all these people have to pay the price of attack and intrusion by having their private lives intruded upon and attacked. We buy tickets to see them being human. Proceeds go to the Committee for a More Realistic View of the World.

The Service Center. The site is occupied by an enormous mansion with an endless number of extremely untidy rooms. The citizen is trained in the practice of service. CEO's, Cabinet members, high ranking officers, Senators and the like learn to mop, scrub, wash, fold, dust and wipe. They do windows. As soon as it is clean, a team of spouses walk through the door and start leaving their shoes, coats and dishes everywhere. During the whole training period children are screaming and demanding

snacks and candy, scissors and crayons, and the citizen's job is to respectfully field each one of these poorly put together requests. It is possible that with this very ordinary instruction the citizen will be opened up to the idea that yes, the world is unjust but that it's not your job to police it and make it just but to clean up after it and lovingly serve it.

The Center for MORE



The Center for Character Assassination. This new branch of study will investigate how rumor and gossip and smear campaigns dominate electoral politics, in what ways a personal resentment or grudge alters history, and why success in warfare is linked to the strategy of demonizing the enemy. Indeed, how, even in peacetime, no is safe, and how, instead of trying to rise above others as our culture preaches and acquire a recognizable identity, fame, power and, above all, things, and that having

such an identity means offering a target to the world, and that, instead, you should strive to remain anonymous, hidden, and do your works without fanfare, behind closed doors.

The world's largest safe. A huge building that looks like a safe and operates like one. Made of solid steel several feet thick and has a large combination lock on its front door. If you

liquidate all your assets and give them to the Republican party, you and your family can move into your own cubicle within this exclusive residence. Once inside all your "needs" are met, and you'll never have to leave and encounter any others: germs, foreigners, people from other neighborhoods, etc.

American Center of Theatrical and Ethical Arts. One play I had in mind is a monologue. Tall, long-haired and doe-

eyed, an actor, dressed in the white robes of the Essenes, with straps of ammo criss-crossing his chest, and carrying a general issue automatic rifle on his shoulder, recites with charity and love Bush's State of the Union address, any of them.

The Institute of How-To. This huge complex when seen from the sky resembles a beehive. Each compartment resembles a suburban garage. Inside of each a man in his grubby weekend clothes, who is paying for this pleasure, combs his universe for new things to put to use. One cubicle, for instance, might be devoted to how to harness

the tremendous power of dual consciousness, how satori or nirvana might be brought into the workplace or down the aisles of the supermarket.

Forthcomingness Institute. This labyrinthine wavy building has no right angles in its interior. Full of corridors that wind and split off and dead end and circle back, the participant in the ancient and forgotten art of free speech is encouraged to find his way through the dim architectural puzzle, through the hallway of fear and the cul de sac of second thoughts, through the alleyway of confusion and the exitless bedroom of reputation, and then, finally, to one of the seven small windows, which he then opens, leans out and shouts his truth, if he still remembers it, to the world.

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