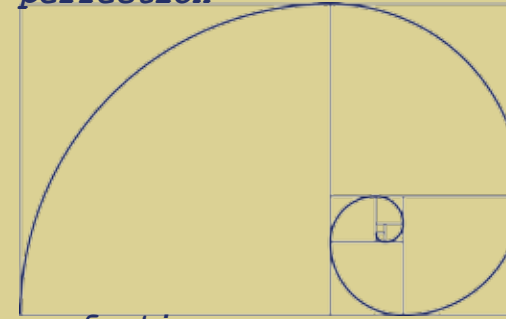
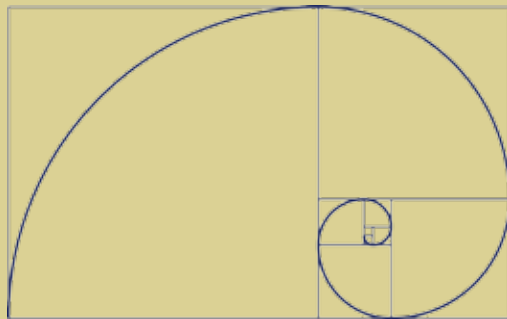


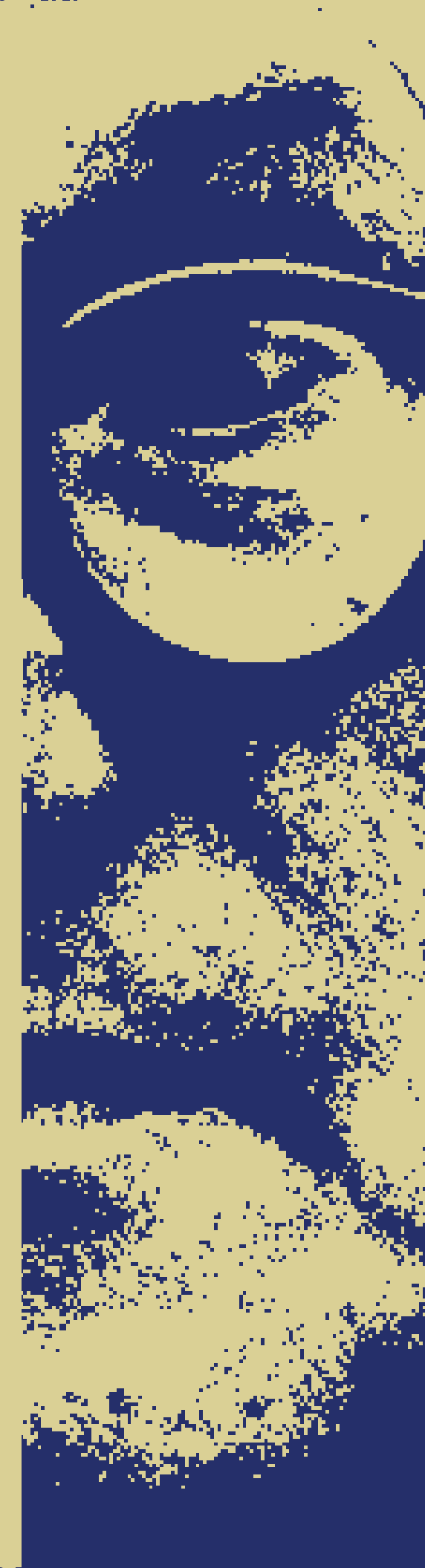
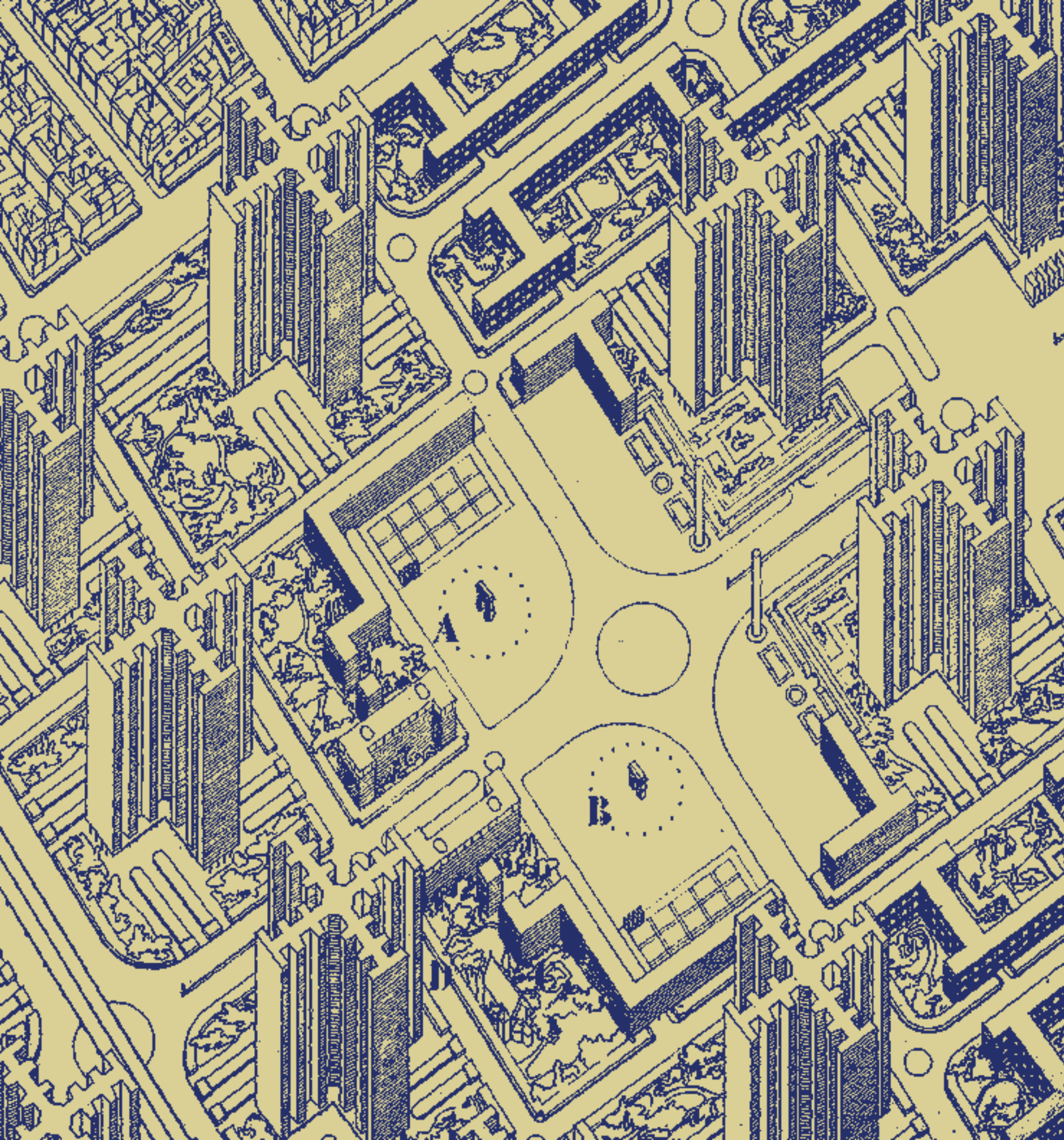


BREAKING FREE

a visual story of control
FRANK PETRISANO



CONTROL



There was a time when the street was alive. When we used it as a more than a means of connecting buildings, but as an arena of action. Nobody owned the street, we just maintained it. As cities grew, we were unable to keep it within our grasp, we lost it. Crime became commonplace, garbage filled the sidewalk, pollution made it impossible to breathe, without a change we were destined for death. God sent us his second son, Corbusier, and he saved us from our own demise. He taught us how to live, he offered us the guidance we needed. We wouldn't be here, raised above that filthy street if it wasn't for our great leaders revolutionary plan. We have progressed beyond your grandparents to live a clean, safe, efficient life. WE NEED GUIDANCE.

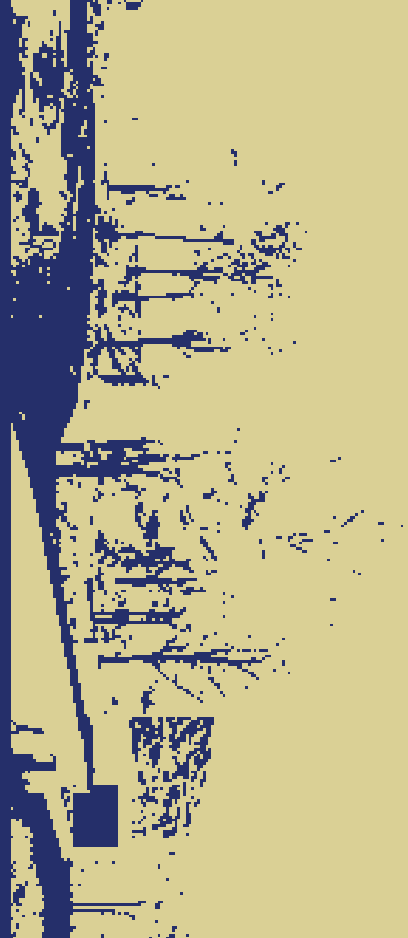


The solution was a stratified city. Vertical segregation, not based on wealth but on acceptance of the system. A system of control. The street wasn't removed completely, but was overrun by cars. Sidewalks diminished to fragments along the periphery of mega roadways. To live on this level of the city was a sign of rebellion. Money can't buy progress, only acceptance can.

Choosing not to accept banished you to level 1: the street. Thousands of Corbusian delegates passed by the members of the rebellion each day, indulged with the misplaced feeling of pity and empathy for their fellow man. Zack, a young delegate of just 10 is beginning to question his position within the city by trying to find out where to play after school.



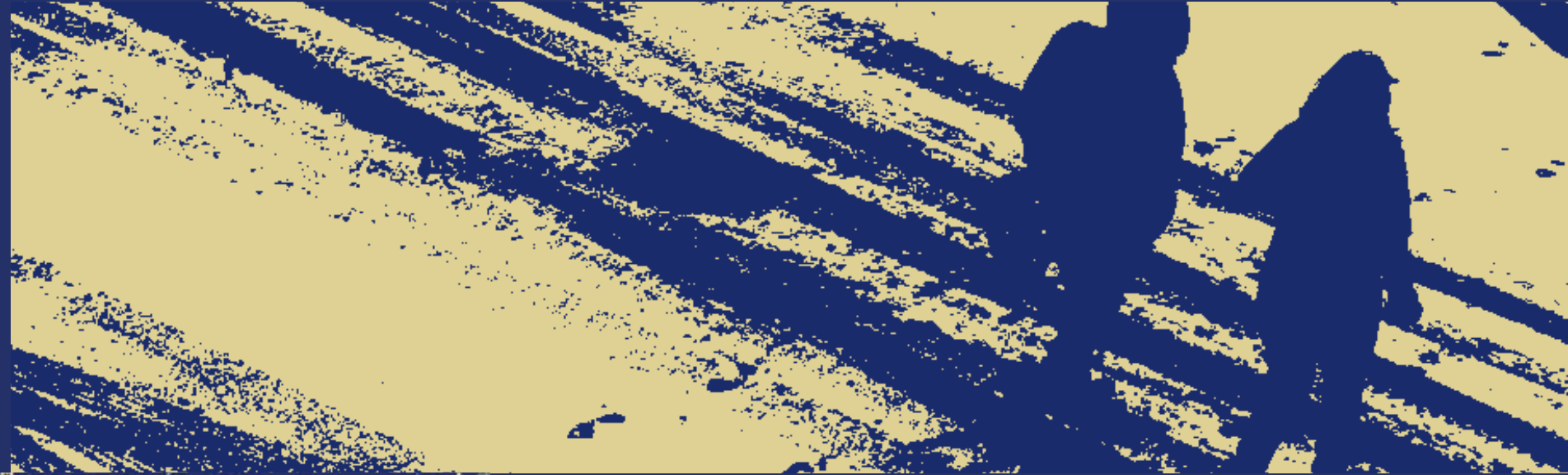
This is *control*
at a level beyond
recognition



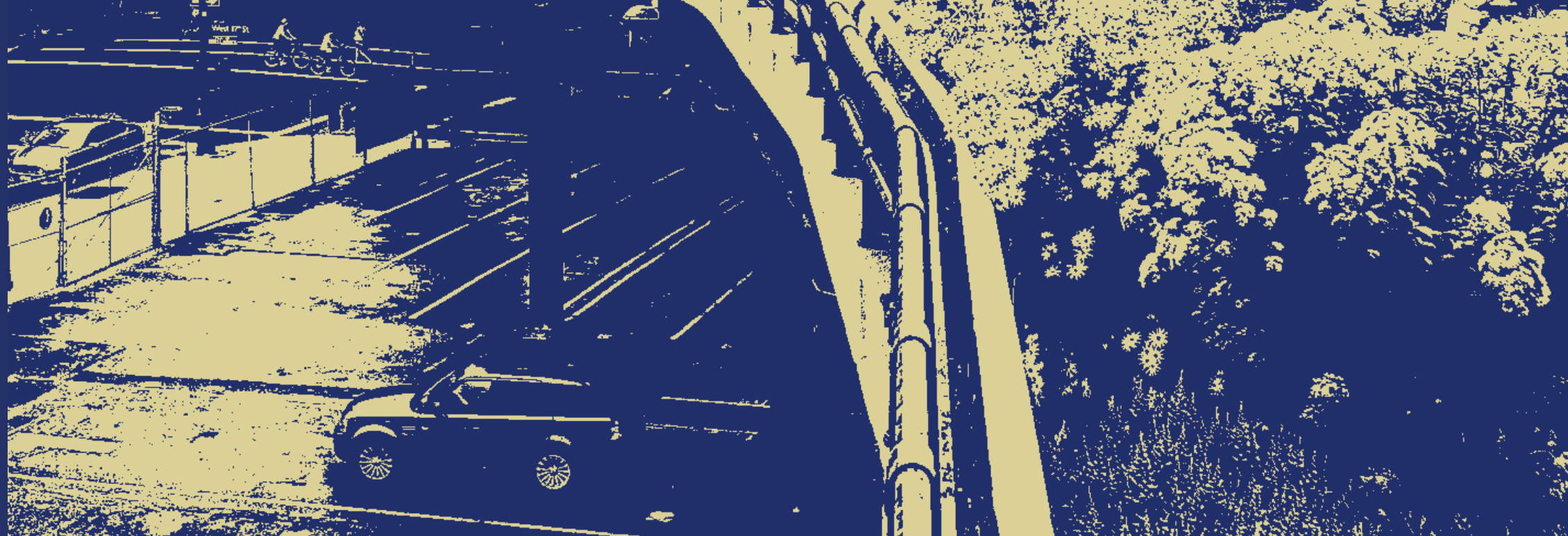
The word decision doesn't mean what it once did. To decide is to detract. Remove the number of possibilities of activity to a point where randomness ceases to exist. This is control at a level beyond recognition. This is cleanliness, efficiency, and safety. Zack and Kyle chose to visit the park. They take the lightly snow-covered path behind the school that still bears the footprints from yesterday's

trip. The city is all connected, time negated with proximity, with remarkable density. Lack of choice

is a symbol of progress, of efficiency, of God's vision delivered through the mind of Corbusier physically manifesting itself. We are lucky to have been spared the horrors of the filthy past, where life carried no meaning, no greater purpose than to perpetuate one's selfish desires.



Choice was generated by the poor and adulterated by the rich.





Every aspect of life made unnecessarily more complex as it depended on choice to continue. What television show to watch, what toothpaste to purchase, who to vote for, where to go for dinner, what to name your child, who to marry, what dog to buy, what vaccination to get.

The greatness of mankind suppressed with frivolous decision making at every junction.

Squandering brain capacity on meaningless excess. The city of today is pure, it has perfected us. We are free to leave at any time, to migrate to level 1 and join the rebellion, but, why would we?

The home is a machine for living. We are the operators of the machine, but also the product of its creation.

We don't question the influence we have on the machine, because it was conceived by our great leader and left for us to inhabit. It doesn't talk, but communicates more effectively

than most people. It doesn't have feelings, but understands its impact on our psyche. The home serves as the backdrop to most of Zack's growth as a delegate. He bears witness to his parent's experiences as senior



delegates, views the happiness they exude day in, day out when talking about their days at work over dinner. He understands how lucky they are to live on level 10, how bad life is below them, but also the potential of a better life on level 20 remains in his

subconscious. Choice isn't visible, but it does still exist on the street. Beyond the safe enclosures of the cars racing by lies the lawless abyss of the Superplane. We don't talk about it, and most of the delegates don't know it exists. I happened to see it for myself one day when my car broke down and I smashed through a partition wall. Zack saw the Superplane today for the first time on his way to school after some impromptu exploring set him off his normal walking route. For some reason, the desire for differentiation came over him, he felt this burning desire to choose that he had never felt before. His curiosity led him to the ultimate space of choice, where infrastructure was non-existent.

The only thing creating space was the gaps between congregation zones. The rebels crafted their fate, not buildings.

I can't imagine what life must be like down there, or how they haven't been dissuaded by the tales of filth and crime of our ancestors. Zack seems to be intrigued.



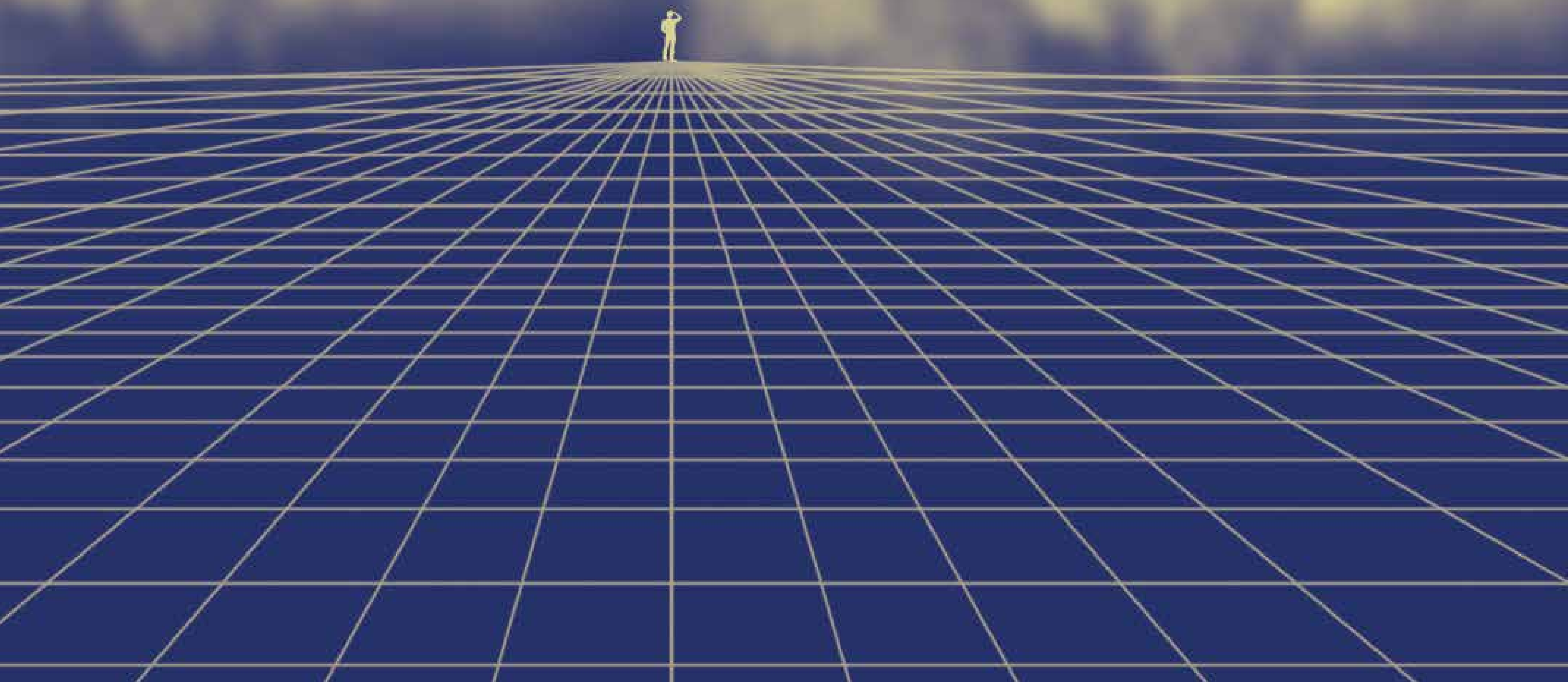
The ground is segmented in a grid, suggesting an order of repetition and guidance.

There are no visual obstructions, an understanding of the vast expansiveness is immediate.

The complexity of the infrastructural undertaking that made this openness possible is not apparent at first glance, but its result is felt. Zack begins to explore the level. 10 steps north, 5 steps east, 5 steps south, 15 steps north, he stops, sits down, rolls around. His actions completely unconstrained, experiencing his surroundings like a baby opening their eyes for the first time. For a moment in time, he forgets about his family, his school, the park, the daunting skyscrapers that loom over him like prison guards on their post. He is in a moment of pure bliss.

The ground is segmented in a grid, suggesting an order of repetition and guidance.

There are no visual obstructions, an understanding of the vast expansiveness is immediate. The complexity of the infrastructural undertaking that made this openness possible is not apparent at first glance, but its result is felt. Zack begins to explore the level. 10 steps north, 5 steps east, 5 steps south, 15 steps north, he stops, sits down, rolls around. For a moment in time, he forgets about his family, his school, the park, the daunting skyscrapers that loom over him like prison guards on their post. He is in a moment of pure bliss.



Hours pass, and Zack has found himself completely alone.

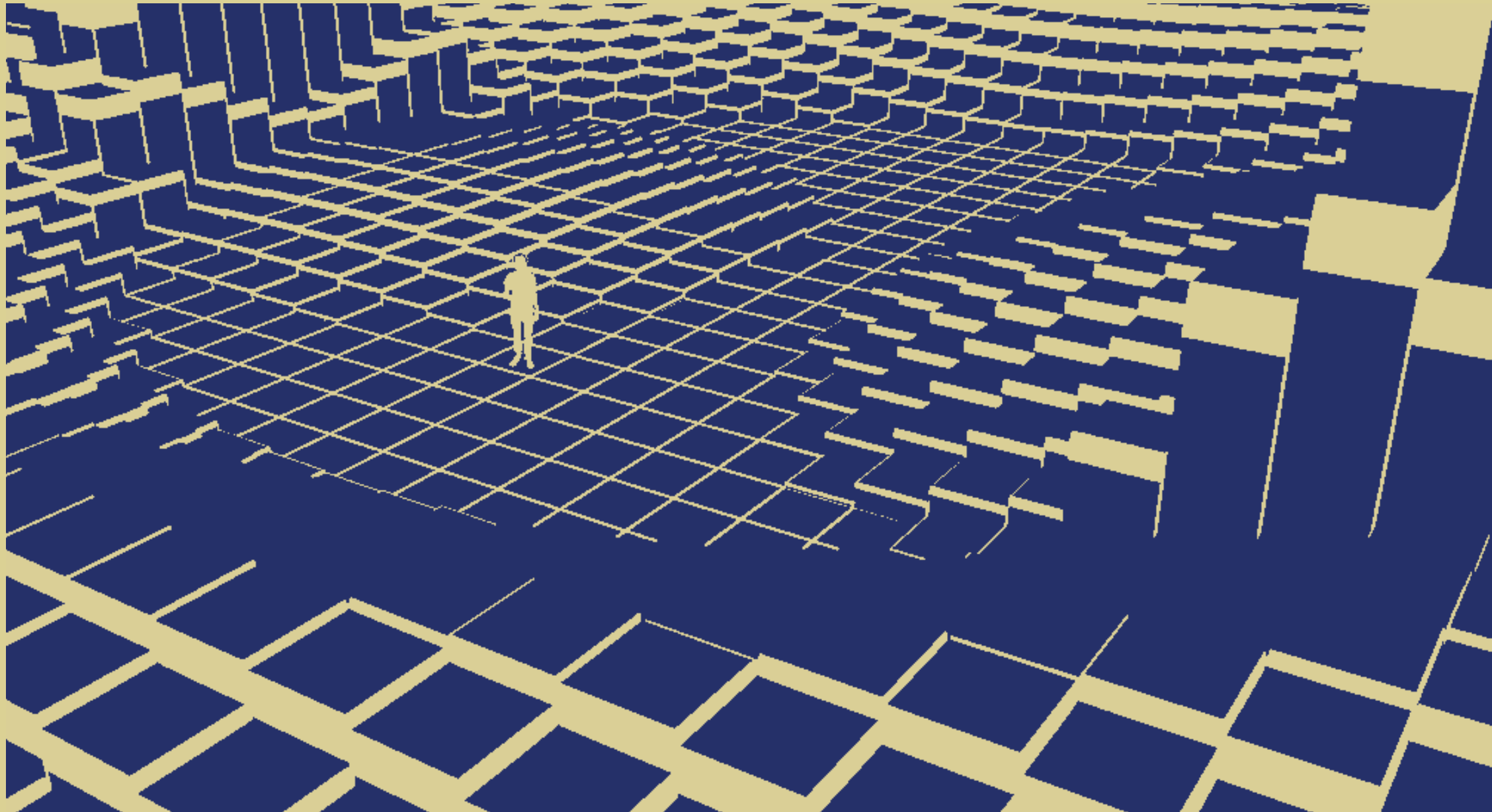
He hasn't seen a person since he passed the women in the pink scarf, he went back to where he thought he saw her, but she was gone.

All he sees is the familiar grid cut into the landscape, the same 2 x 2 square repeating for what seems to be infinity. Panic sets in. His instinct is to run, so he starts and doesn't stop until he is completely out of breath. In the distance, he sees something popping out of the ground. A box. The familiarity of the object puts him at ease, he rushes for it. As he draws close, it disappears into the ground. The small glimpse of fate, or normalcy, gone before he even understood what it was. 3 more boxes protrude out of the ground, then 5 more, then 10, different sizes, colours, textures. After about 30 seconds of this, what appears to be a building forms around him. As he walks through the space, boxes disappear to clear his path. He is controlling it! He swipes his hand, before he hits a box, it slides out of the way. Zack has found the Generator, an

exception to the desolate landscape of the Superplane installed as a moment of temporary relief from the flatness of the rebellion's world. The Generator doesn't control, it suggests, it learns, it adapts. It embraces its human interactions and facilitates the continual relationship with its user.

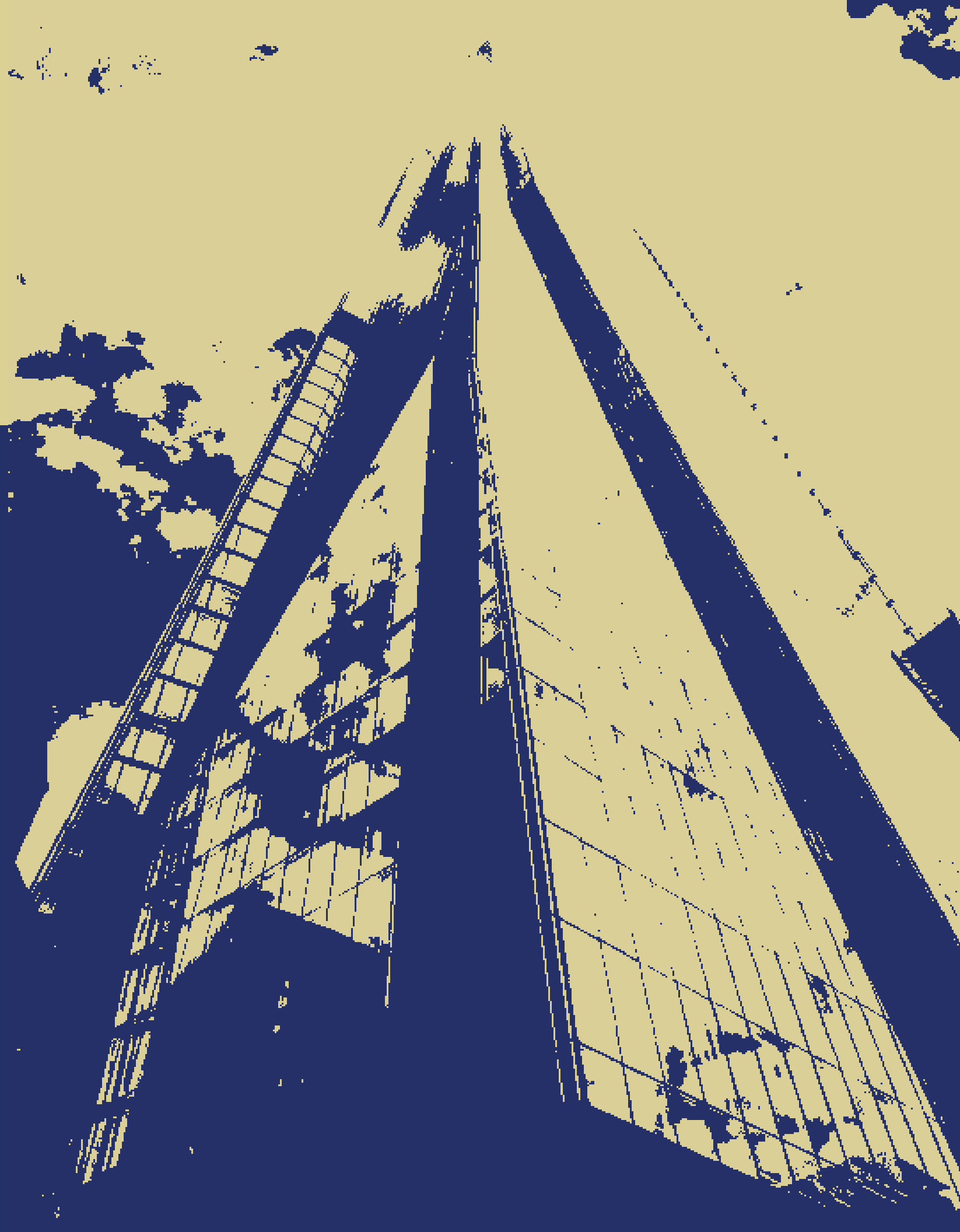
It isn't architecture, it's an organism, embedded in the landscape but ready to emerge at any time.

He spins around, desperately looking for a landmark, something to tell him where he has been, where he should go.



For the first time in his short life, Zack feels as though he has a purpose. His actions mean something, he has influence, power.

As he lies down in the field of micro-boxes cradling him, he looks up at the city. He's never viewed it from this angle, the enormity of the scale washing over him as though he was seeing something for the first time. The clouds cover the tops of the building, leaving the impression that they continued into the heavens. He suddenly misses home, his parents, his dog, Kyle, the park. He wasn't ready for choice, he needed to get out. He walked toward the partition wall, scanning its seams for a door or an opening that would let him free. Feeling his way forward, he continued walking, no luck yet.





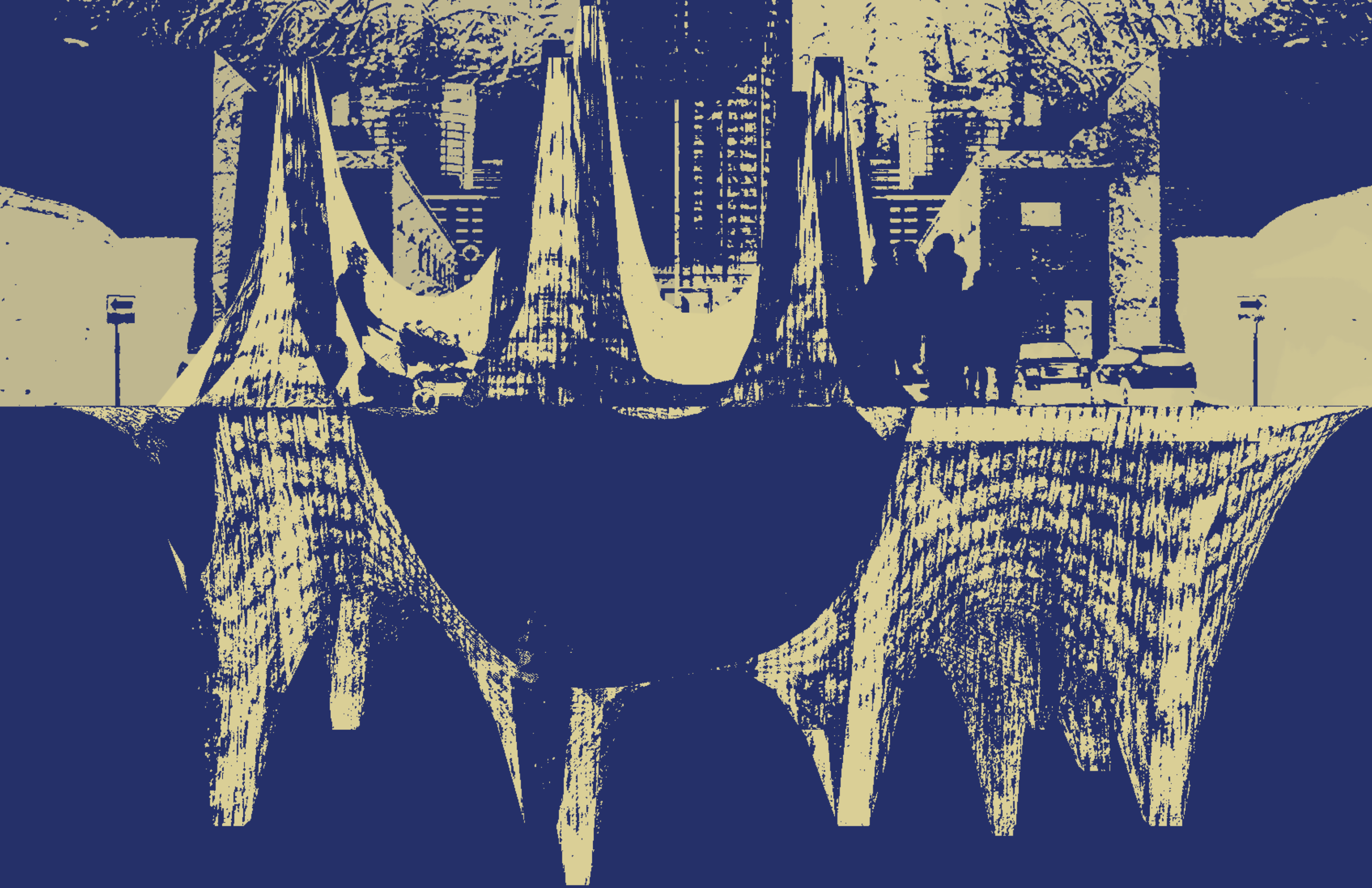
Without knowing it, Zack emerged into the second infrastructural exception to the nothingness of the Superplane. YOURspace, branded as an interactive shelter for the rebellion, inhabited most of zone 10 where Zack found himself. Like the generator, it began as a means of giving its users control over their environments. Their own movements dictating the way the space configured and responded to them. If the home is understood as a machine for living, YOURspace was conceived of as a living machine. The unforeseen consequence of a living machine, was the amount of life it took on. It was meant to learn from its user's actions and respond in an adaptive way to better serve their needs through predictive algorithms. The idea seemed simple, but implied a confusing relationship between master and servant. YOURspace learned to master its users, swaying the mutual feedback loop to one side. Zack was trapped in its grasp, the undulating plane surrounded him. He could see out, but couldn't hear anything. As he walked through, bulges of fabric emerged from the ground, creating new spaces for him to navigate through. People inhabited the spaces that seemed to disappear and reappear as he walked passed. They seemed at ease, peaceful, their content expressions calmed Zack. Normalcy set in again, he felt like he belonged. Zack was experiencing a range of human emotion he had not yet been exposed to. A push away from the complacency of the routine ingrained in him from birth. As he navigated this new horizon, he was experiencing an internal journey of his own.

*Coping with the foreign feelings
articulating his own environment*

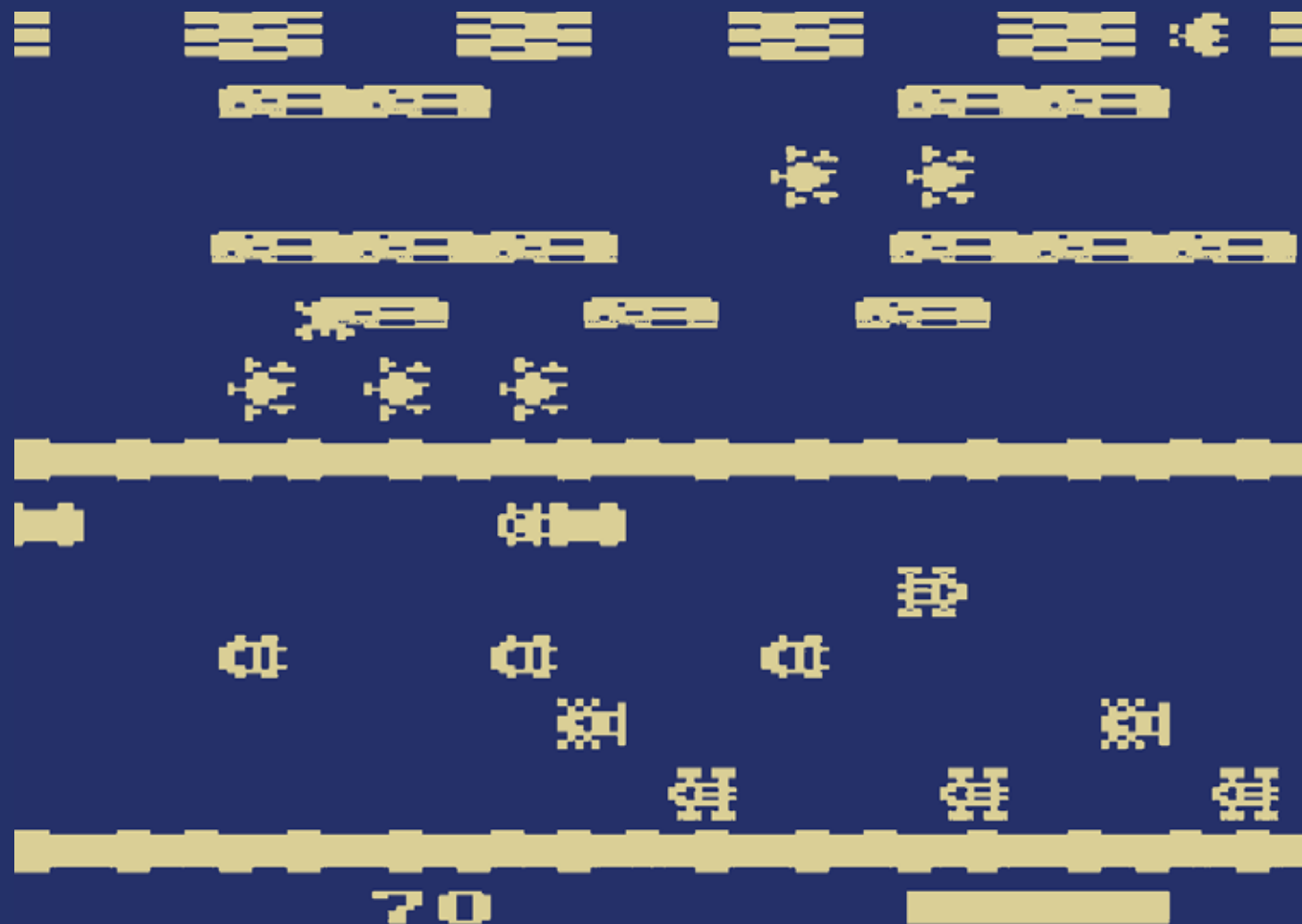
T E R R I F I E D O R

*of control, of influence, of
He Couldn't tell if he was*

E L A T E D

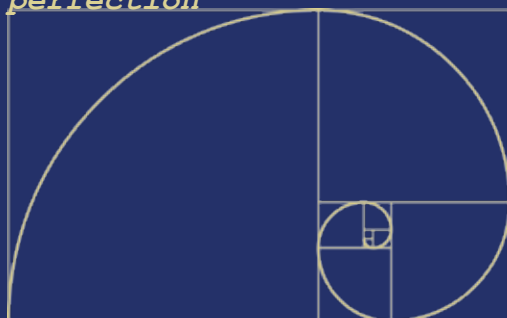


Their environment had sedated them to accept that the subliminal captivity it brought on was the highest level of freedom possible. Ignorance was truly bliss.

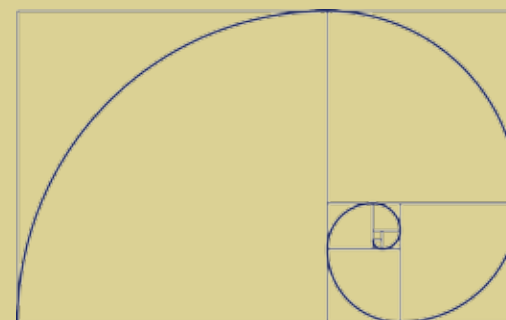
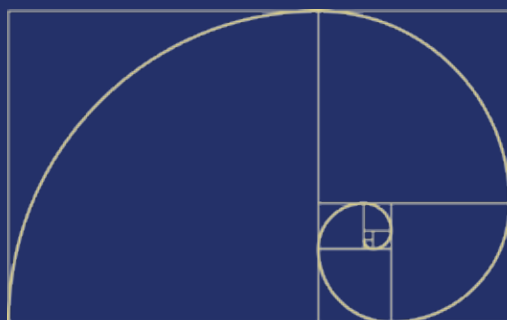


His house didn't seem the same once he got back to it. It was then that he realised the degree to which he had been conditioned to accept his environment. Knowing there was difference would forever prevent him from accepting monotony. He would spend the next years of his life attempting to instill change; to bring the excitement and intrigue he was exposed to the upper levels. His efforts would prove to be trivial. Acceptance into the system was deeply engrained within society, normalised beyond the point of return. The most frustrating part was that delegates would believe the stories of the generator, or YOURspace, or the infinite plane of decision found on the street level, but they were just unable to comprehend its importance. Their environment had sedated them to accept that the subliminal captivity it brought on was the highest level of freedom possible. Ignorance was truly bliss.

15 years after that fateful day, he returned to his parent's home for dinner. It was a Wednesday, they always had roasted chicken and vegetables on Wednesdays. Although he lived pessimistically, depressed with the knowledge of a potential differentiation, he did look forward to Wednesdays. He loved chicken. He was greeted with his mom telling him he was free to choose what they were eating for dinner.....



CONTROL



ACCEPT

NOTHING

BUT

PERFECTION

