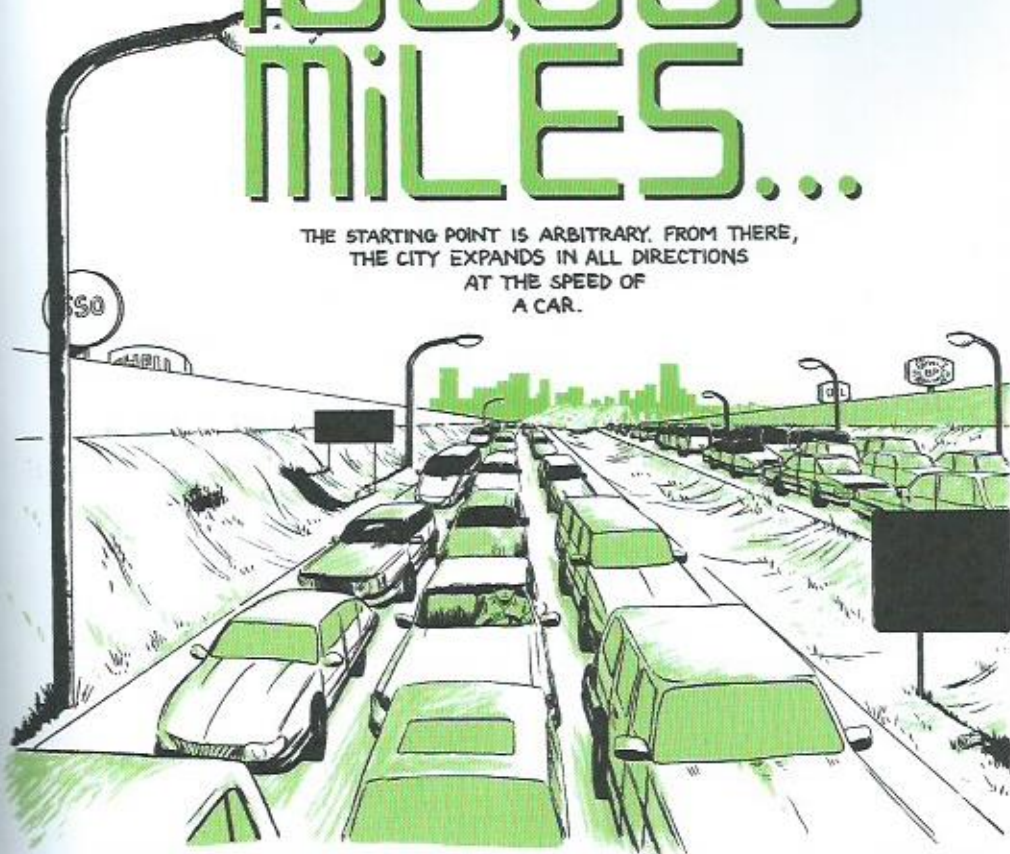
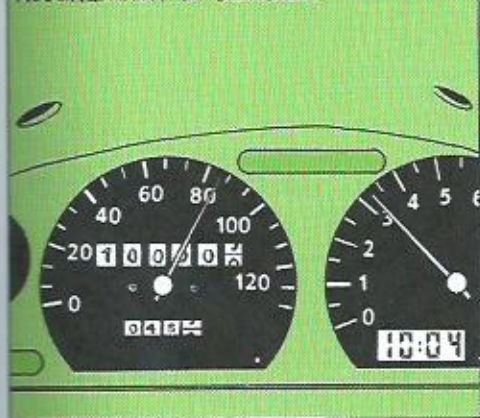


100,000 MILES...

THE STARTING POINT IS ARBITRARY. FROM THERE,
THE CITY EXPANDS IN ALL DIRECTIONS
AT THE SPEED OF
A CAR.



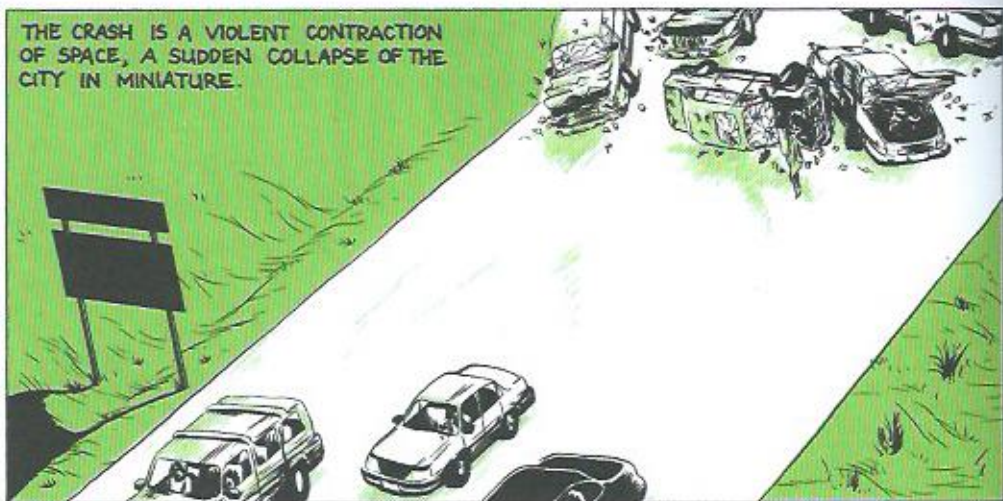
THE SUM TOTAL OF ALL THE CARS' ODOMETERS
IS THE MEASURE OF ITS SUCCESS: PURE
ACCUMULATION OF DISTANCE.



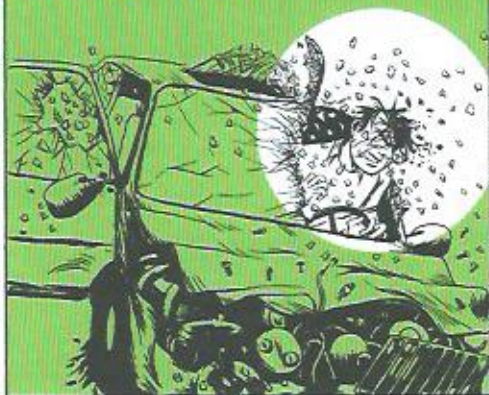
ITS INHABITANTS PREFER TO EXPERIENCE IT AT
75 MPH. THE CONSTANT SPEED AND MOTION IS
NOT WITHOUT INCIDENT.



THE CRASH IS A VIOLENT CONTRACTION OF SPACE, A SUDDEN COLLAPSE OF THE CITY IN MINIATURE.



THE VEHICLE, LIKE A MECHANICAL PROCRUSTES, TRANSFORMS ITS PASSENGERS INTO ABSTRACT PORTRAITS OF THE CITY.



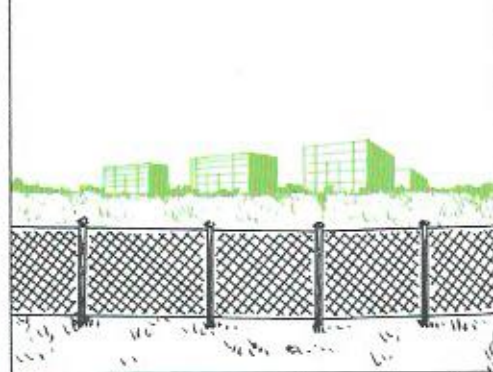
THE CRASH REVEALS THE HIDDEN LOGIC OF THE MORNING COMMUTE, THE TRIP TO THE MALL, THE PLEASURE DRIVE, THE TRAFFIC JAM.



EVERY WEEKDAY THE PEOPLE ENDURE GREAT DISTANCES TO REACH THEIR PLACES OF WORK.



THE AMBITION TO ACCUMULATE CAPITAL IS DIRECTLY PROPORTIONAL TO THE DISTANCE FROM THE CITY CENTER. ALL INFRASTRUCTURE NO CIVITAS.



EACH COMPLEX IS A SCALE MODEL OF SOME FUTURE MEGALOPOLIS. A CORPORATE UTOPIA. THE CITY AS A GLOBAL CONSTELLATION OF FINANCIAL TRANSACTIONS.



SUBMERGED WITHIN THE VIRTUAL REALITY OF ETERNAL GROWTH ECONOMICS, THE WORKERS MISS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THEIR LOCATION.



THE CAR IS AN INCUBATOR.



IT'S A SKINNER BOX, A PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT, A DEPRIVATION CHAMBER.



THE STEERING WHEEL THE INSTRUMENT PANEL, THE ACCELERATION PEDAL, THEY ALL NURTURE THE ILLUSION OF CONTROL AND INDEPENDENCE.



BEHIND THE WHEEL EACH CITIZEN OF THE CITY MUTATES INTO AN INDIVIDUAL. A SELF-MADE MAN WITHOUT DEBT TO ANYONE OR ANYTHING.



THE ROAD AS LIFE. EACH EXIT AN
UNDISCOVERED POSSIBILITY.



MAYBE I SHOULD
CHECK OUT NEW
GADGETS AT
THE MALL?



THE CONDITIONING BEGINS EARLY. THE MEMORIES
OF THE CITY ARE CAR MEMORIES.

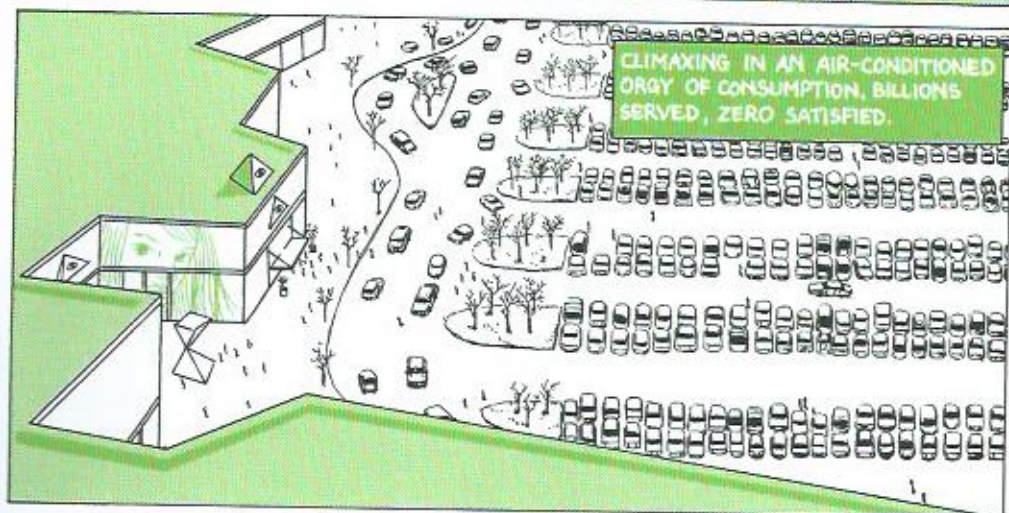
MORE THAN
MEETS THE
EYE!



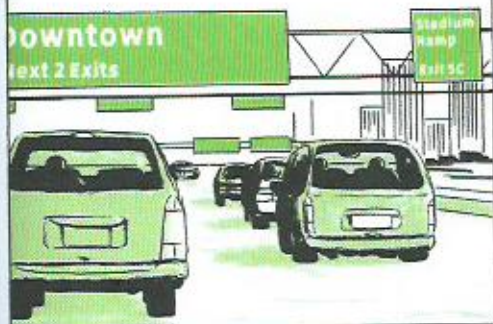
THE CAR AND DESIRE BECOME LOCKED IN A
CARNAL EMBRACE BEHIND THE WINDOWS
OF A SUBURBAN VAN.



CLIMAXING IN AN AIR-CONDITIONED
ORGY OF CONSUMPTION, BILLIONS
SERVED, ZERO SATISFIED.



CAUGHT ON A NEVER ENDING HEDONIC TREADMILL
THE INHABITANTS SEEK MORE STABLE GROUND.



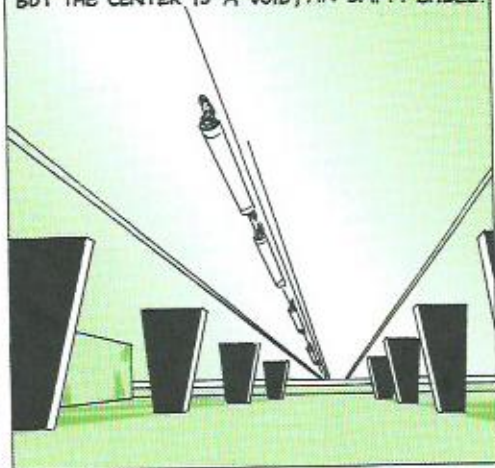
NOSTALGIA FOR WALKING STIRS THEIR ATROPHIED
LIMBS. LONG DORMANT MUSCLE MEMORY STEERS
THEM DOWNTOWN.



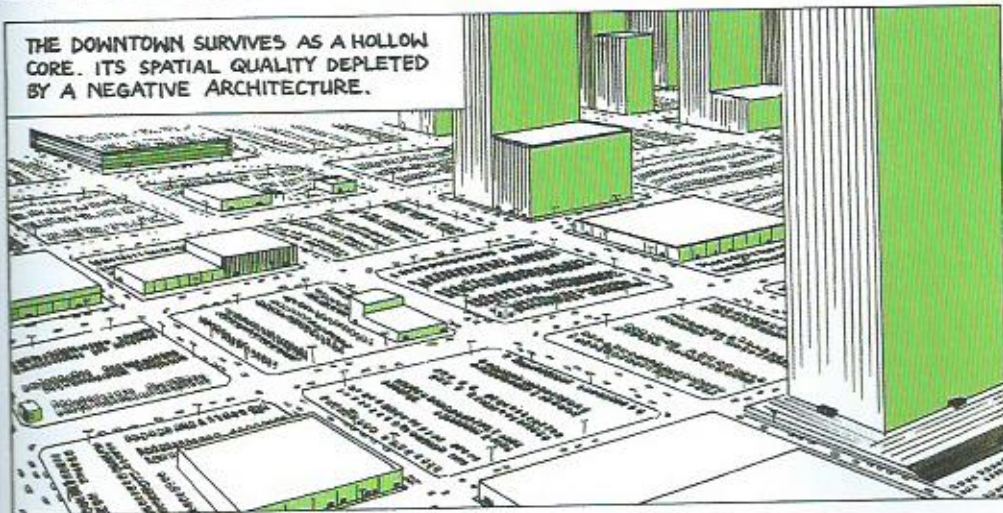
THIS WAS ONCE THE TRADITIONAL CENTER
TEEMING WITH INTENSE HUMAN ACTIVITY
UNMEDIATED BY THE GLASS OF A WINDSHIELD.



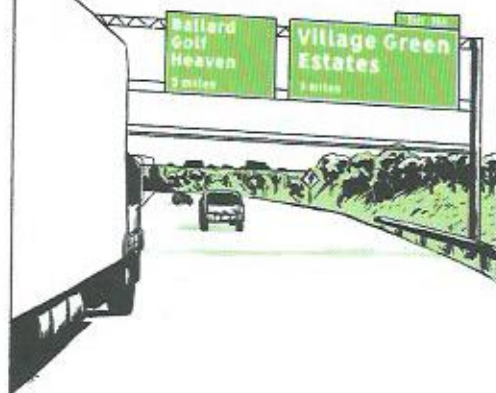
BUT THE CENTER IS A VOID, AN EMPTY SHELL.



THE DOWNTOWN SURVIVES AS A HOLLOW
CORE. ITS SPATIAL QUALITY DEPLETED
BY A NEGATIVE ARCHITECTURE.



THE WEAKENED CENTER OPENED PROMISING
NEW VISTAS.



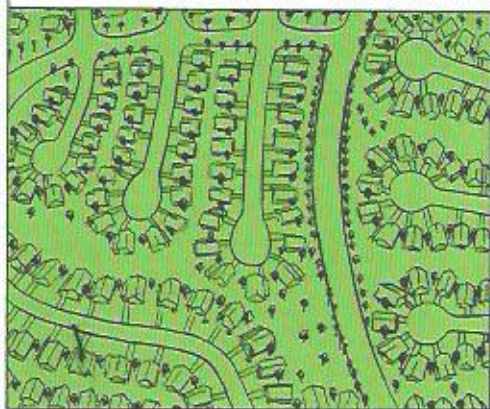
THE SUBURBAN HOUSE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE
A BUCOLIC RETREAT; A PLACE FREE FROM
TOXIC CIVILIZATION; A BREATH OF FRESH AIR.



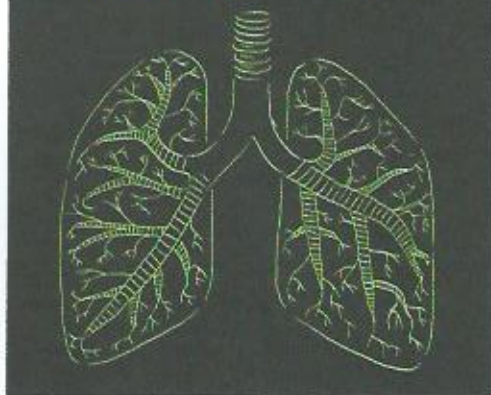
A COLLECTIVE WILL TO SUBURBIA MANIFESTED
IN PRE-FAB, RUSTIC, ANTI-URBAN ENCLAVES.



CUL-DE-SAC BLOOMS SPREAD EVERYWHERE.
EACH DEAD END A DESPERATE ATTEMPT
TO CONCEAL THE EXTENT OF ITS SELF-DELUSION.



THE LUNGS OF THE CITY INFECTED BY THE
AGENTS OF ITS CREATION. THE CAR VIRUS
MASQUERADING AS PANACEA.



IN THIS CITY EVERYONE HAS A TERMINAL
CONDITION.



THE INHABITANTS ARE FOREVER TRAPPED IN AN ENDLESS LABYRINTH OF ASPHALT MOBIUS STRIPS.



IT'S A THIN, VISCOS MEMBRANE OF REPETITIVE ODOMETRIC ACTIVITY. WORK. DRIVE. SHOP. DRIVE. CRASH. REPEAT.



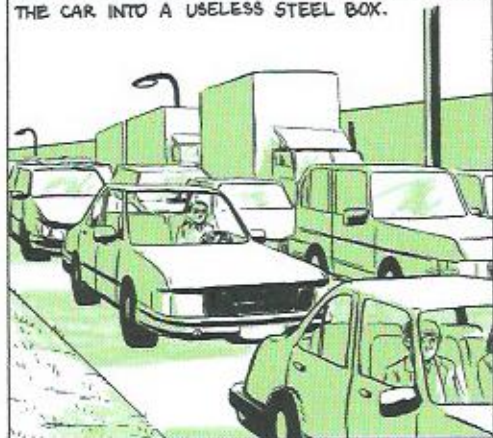
THE BURNED OUT HUSKS ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD ARE A REFLECTION OF THE CITY'S SPATIAL DISCONTINUITY, A MIRROR REALITY RESEMBLING OUR OWN.



TRAFFIC SLOWS TO A CRAWL, EACH CAR PAYING A 5 MPH TRIBUTE, A SILENT RECOGNITION OF THE TWISTED BLUEPRINT OF AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE.



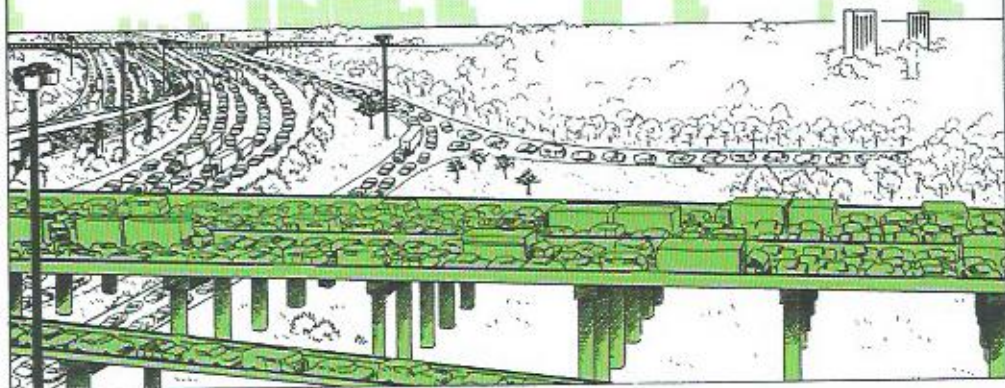
THE TRAFFIC JAM IS AN ONTOLOGICAL DISRUPTION. THE SLOW MOTION BOREDOM TRANSFORMS THE CAR INTO A USELESS STEEL BOX.



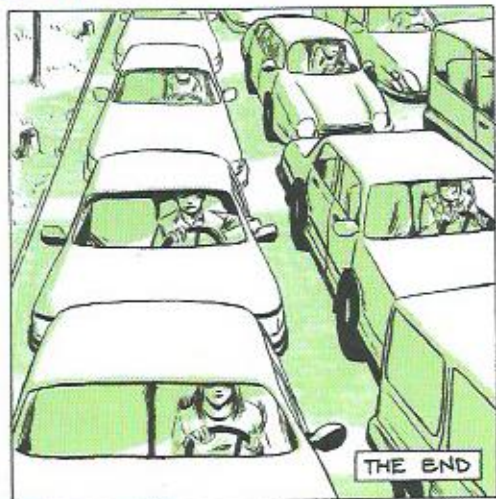
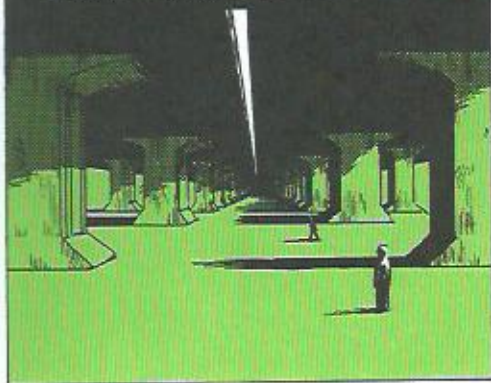
THE HUMANS BECOME AGITATED, NERVOUS. SUBCONSCIOUS FEARS SURFACE. WILL IT EVER MOVE AGAIN?



A NEW ESCHATOLOGY EMERGES. IS THIS IT? THE FINAL TRAFFIC JAM? 100,000 MILES OF CARS IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION. SOMEWHERE AHEAD, ONE BY ONE, EACH VEHICLE IS BEING DISASSEMBLED AND DECONSTRUCTED TO MAKE ROOM FOR A NEW REALITY.



THE DISORIENTED DRIVERS ARE LEFT TO WANDER ON FOOT. THE HIDDEN ARCHITECTURE OF THE CITY REVEALED TO THEM, AMONG THE PILLARS OF ABANDONED OVERPASSES.



THE END