


BROKEN

+ ReMADE



FRACTURED

When the Gulf finally erupted it came as something of a relief. The hollow year of twenty-oh-ten drew on, and the system staggered forward as it always had. Yet whispers of discontent – a mirror-image of the green shoots of recovery – were heard; violence in the streets of Tehran, unrest in Xinjiang, socialism in the Americas and, in our own dark hinterland, the first strident calls for action from indigenous communities bridling against a patronising and intrusive military intervention.

But none of this will interest you. You know these stories. You lived through these times. You saw the United States and Russia collapse, riven by schism and succession. You saw the crackdowns in China, the devaluation of the Euro. The rise of the East-African Union. The splintering of Pakistan. And, yes, you saw the war in the Gulf, which, as I have mentioned, came as something of a relief.


It was a relief because it was, very literally, the end – a

point of certitude; a point of demarcation. When the gulf erupted the oil ran dry, and when the oil ran dry things... ended.

Some of them ended very suddenly. Economic conceits. Patterns of consumption. The great spread of suburbia. Ostentation. Indifference. Ugliness.

Yet some things were strengthened. When the transport networks collapsed, hundreds of thousands joined the bands tilling the markets-gardens – the hordes tearing down the serried ranks of vacant houses that had encroached upon orchard and farmland and floodplain. When the fate of the 'burbs was cemented, there were few who debated the necessity of restructuring the city.

They were lean years – and not without their troubles; the terrifying food riots that consumed the peninsula in late twenty-twelve spring almost immediately to mind. But they were also years marked by a conspicuous generosity – inner city-dwellers turning back-yards over to the refugee population; neat little residences clustering along the old alleyways. Office-



buildings compartmentalising their floor space to provide apartments for the former commuter class. Farms at Yarra Bend; dark soil heavy with legumes and runner-beans and corn and pumpkin, where before there had been nothing but the clipped grass of the golf links.

There was a great contraction – a strategic withdrawal as a city of five million splintered; focused into dense agglomerations around surviving infrastructures. The greatest of these grew around the old city centre, a place of nearly two million in a neat triangle bound by the old 'burbs of Preston, Footscray and St Kilda. A mass of tangled high-rises and semi-legal subdivisions, and farms and grazeland amidst the old parks – a place with tall turbines silhouetted against the skyline, with sparkling photovoltaics cascading down facades, with communications masts leering from every parapet. Horses in the streets, hauling produce and scavenged material. Old trams rattling down boulevards cleared of cars. Bicycles left on the grassy verge of the leaden, languid river.

Bearbrass. The yarra-yarra. Melbourne.

This is where we live.



Melbourne 2020

The fabric, fractured into distinct urban particles, is interspersed with farms and parkland.

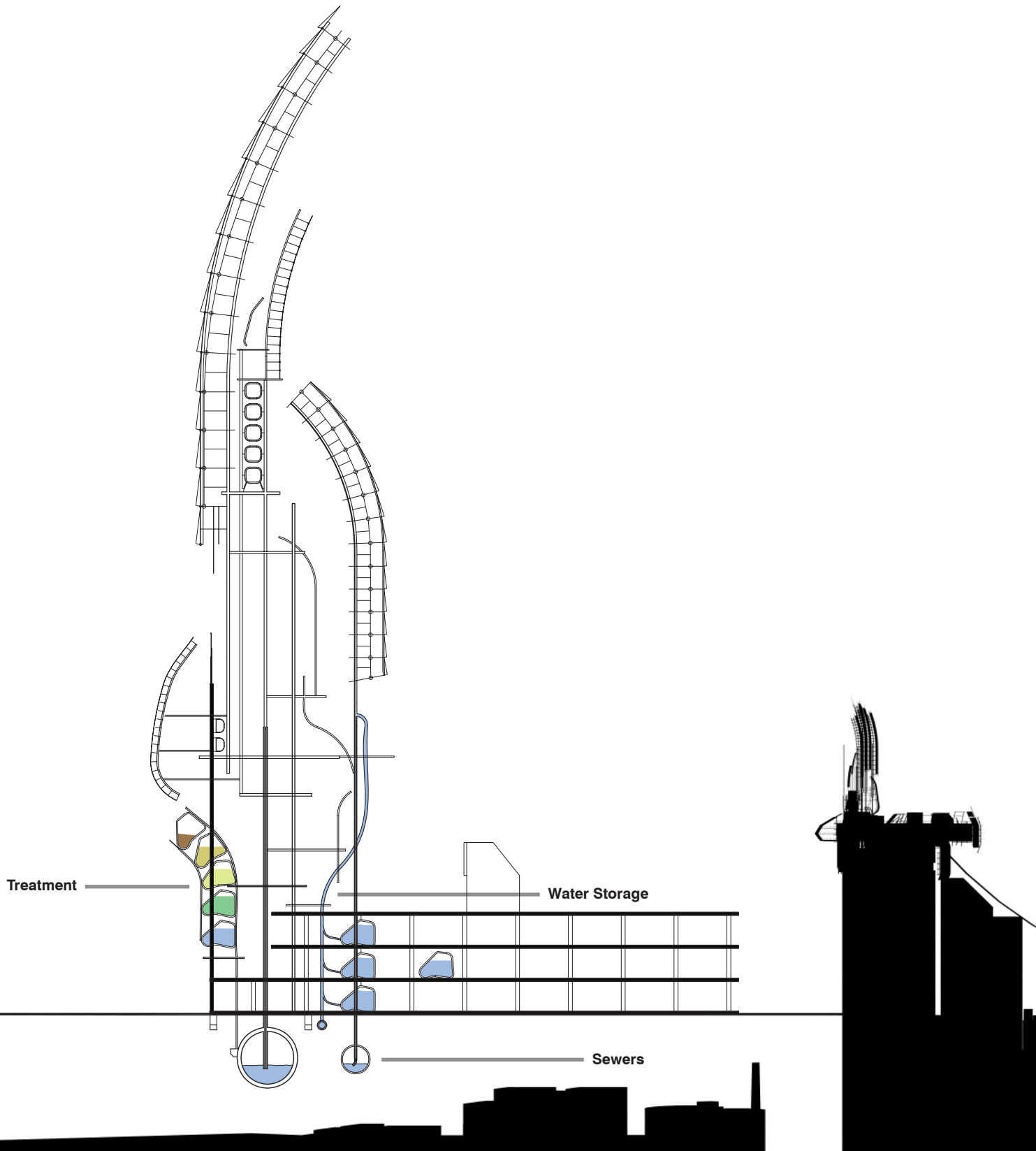






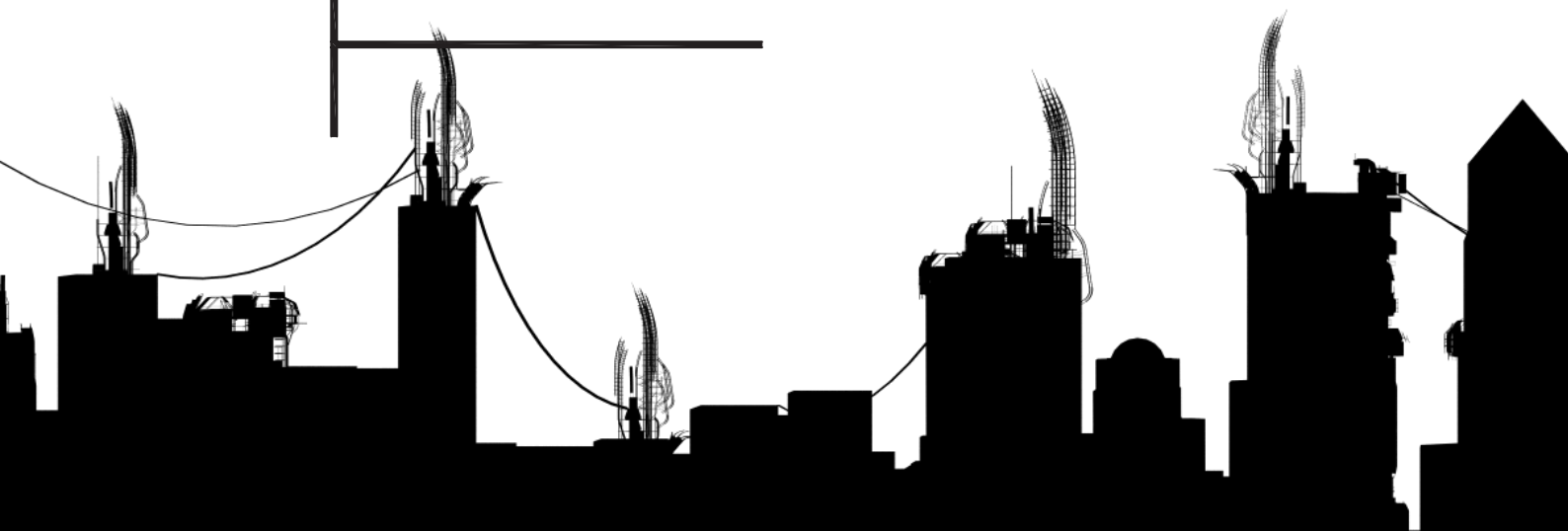
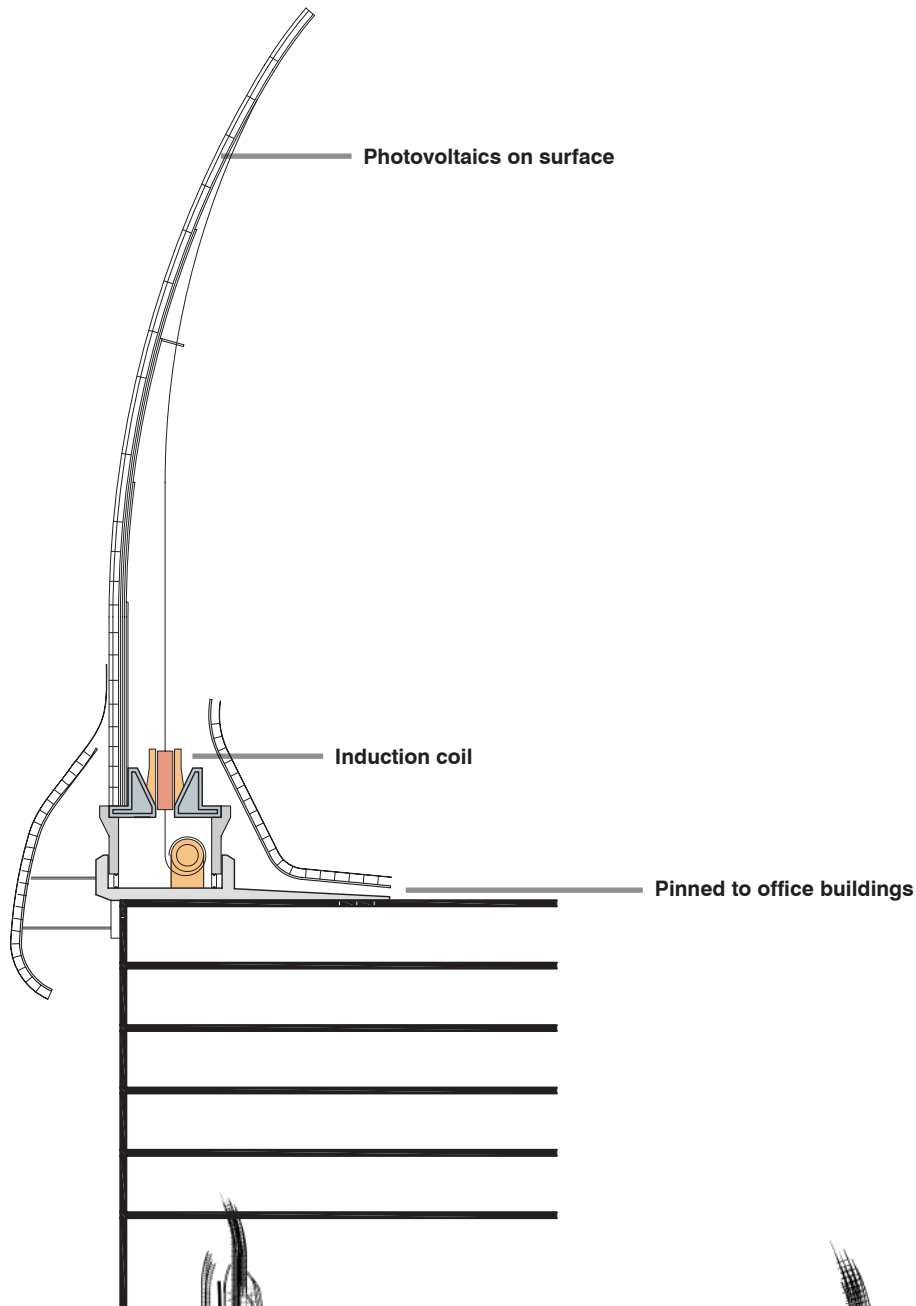
Water

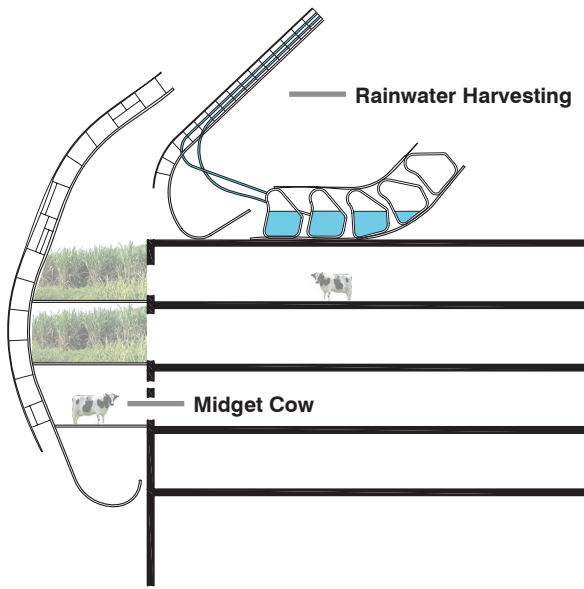
Water harvesting from grey and blackwater systems frees the city from the archaic auspice of the late 19th century directed network. The fractured elements of the metropolitan fabric become autonomous. The long bamboo-like fronds draw water from the sewers where it is treated and stored – a kinetic and tangible articulation of the importance and availability of the city's water resources. The water storage makes use of the now redundant multistorey carparks – bladders sitting in the vacant car-spaces.



Power

Turbines, for all their green credentials, are noisy buggers in an urban environment. After the collapse, some bright spark hit upon the idea of lateral movement turbines – the bamboo-composite front waves gently backward and forward in the breeze, pulling a magnet through an induction coil. The power generated is less than that of a conventional turbine but the net effect is, and most everyone agrees that watching the roofs of the city sway like a forest is, while a little unsettling, better than the constant whum-whum-whum of a cavalcade of blades.





Farms

Farms pinned to the sides of buildings, turned over from old office spaces, abandoned since the collapse, feed the metropolis inhabitants. On one degree they are more for show than any practical purpose – the bands of fields interspersed between the fractured metropolitan figures are more than capable of feeding the city – but these times are slower, and people welcome the ability to potter around in a garden.



