HYPERREALITY is a world created among a branding that provides the illusion of a reality that does not and cannot exist. Defined by Umberto Eco.

GOOD HYPERREALITY is indistinguishable from reality.
SIGHT LINES views to spaces enhance anticipation

SERENITY TO MYSTERY light decrease, fog increase

INTIMACY TO DANGER vent decrease, fire increase

STAGES
FORT JAY

AMPLIFY
In this iteration, I contend that Fort Jay's hidden desires are:
1) to be a fortress (larger and stronger)
2) to take advantage of the harbor's proximity
3) to never have its soldiers circulate out in the open

Thus, the following steps are taken:
1) provide a shell around the residence and courtyard using modern technology to completely enclose its inhabitants
2) directly link the fort to the harbor by filling the moat, and using the above shell as a discrete landmark
3) make the primary circulation in and out of the fort underwater on a direct line, allowing the above shell to be completely enclosing

DISTORT
at this point, it is clear that Fort Jay possesses a number of inherently theatrical qualities. They include:
1) the star layout for 'attacking' has qualities suited for 'performing' at
2) the points become outdoor stages
3) the shell creates a grade unique interior spaces naturally fit for a journey's end
4) the interior becomes an indoor stage
5) potential role substitution for actions as defenders and audience as attackers

Goals for this design include:
1) CLEAR: inclusion of the approach to the fort as part of the theatrical experience
2) clear, but obstacle-oriented sequence
3) design that facilitates for an 'aggressive' audience experience
4) take full advantage of modern materials while working in the regional language
5) let the shell's height allow for a modern 'Shakespeare Globe'
6) let the shell's stature allude to another nearby renovated fort in Liberty Island...

STAGE 1 - NEW WORLD THRESHOLD
Though there is ample opportunity for actor/audience to be blurred, on the first encounter with the island you remain in order with closed views, until you find the pay in.

STAGE 2 - ALLIES, ENEMIES, OBJECTIVES

STAGE 3 - ROAD TO INNER SANCTUM
After a transitional experience with the island, you're in a new world

STAGE 4 - CLIMAX
HYPERFANTASY_ a world created among a branding that transparently provides a fantasy world while intentionally exposing how that world does not and cannot exist.

GOOD HYPERFANTASY _ is even more intriguing than the fantasy.
GOOD HYPERFANTASY is even more interesting than the fantasy.

HYPERFANTASY, a world created among a branding that transparently provides a fantasy world while intentionally exposing how that world does not and cannot exist.
Dear Diary,

I apologize for writing so late at night; I only just returned home. What I thought was going to be a simple visit to the theatre turned out to be...well...so much more. Evie, I don’t even know where to begin. To be honest, I only got my ticket on the first place because I thought I might see Mac...uhhh? Don’t tell anyone! I heard him talking to Mr. Glossy at work, saying that he might go this weekend. I think he likes Molly. I think he wanted Molly to go with him. I don’t like Molly. But you know all about that, Evie, don’t you.

Anyway, the ticket was only forty-five dollars on the theatre’s website, which is like ten dollars back in 2009, so I figured it was a cheaper night out than dinner and a movie. To be fair, I did have a few evenings and times before I left my apartment. The theatre is on Governor’s Island, which I hadn’t been to before, but I knew a lot of history since West 8 and Foster and Lincoln, and a whole bunch of other artists had gone at it. So I guess expected the trip would be a bit of a hassle but to be honest, getting there (at least to the ferry terminal...) was pretty simple. I was able to take the Brown Line all the way to South Station, the very southern tip of Manhattan. It was only half an hour from Grand Central. Once at South Station, I found signs for the Battery Ferry Terminal.

Inside, along about two hundred other people, I was surprised when I saw your option to ride the ferry, so I took part in “red_mission”, which was fine. Well, the Ferry Ride was an extra thirty-four dollars, so I figured what the hell and volunteered for “red_mission”, whatever it may be.

There were some waivers I had to sign, but I didn’t bother reading them...my eyes were already caught by a cute guy with beautiful black hair. He also seemed ready for “red_mission.” Thinking back, if I had read the waivers, I bet I would have been very surprised by the risks of this simple night to the theatre!

Soon, we were let outside. It was just starting to darken outside and there was a steady light breeze coming off the water that simmered, well, like New York Harbor. I was now on one deck, then a wind up to another. There was this massive metal and glass ship where there used to be this massive metal and glass ship. Sitting in the midst of a kind of bezerks, and there was this massive metal and glass ship thing that looked like a half staffed. I heard someone behind me call it the “starchor” which seemed fitting enough. For a moment I wondered if the water going out to space, but lost I heard these trips still and about there ground. On approach, I examined the “starchor” closer. It seemed surprisingly smooth and uncomfortable by outside equipment, almost like a shark or some giant, unaided by any other. We entered from the rear, amidst giant propellers. Up close, it seemed even more enormous, over a hundred feet tall!

In 1776, right here off the coast of Governor’s Island, David Bushnell (with help from Ben Franklin) designed the first submarine. Its mission was to plant a bomb under a large British ship blocking New York Harbor by drilling a hole under the hull. Moving at the speed of less than one knot, it was a slow mission, which ultimately failed, the bomb exploding harmlessly in the harbor to the confusion of all.
I couldn't believe it! It was the cute guy with the black hair! I noticed something when signing up! He smiled as he sat himself down beside me, and introduced himself as Tom. I muttered over my name, and he chuckles kindly. He asked if this was my first time. I said it was, and he said that he was a "seasoned veteran". I wasn't quite sure how you could be a "seasoned veteran" at watching a play, but I guess the people were already making me very nervous of the rest of the night. From someone began to speak... I couldn't tell from where... was there a speaker somewhere? No... they were right at the front of the room. What bizarre acoustic... I could hear them clearly but there was some kind of... medicinal in the room that also amplified the speech.

I was thinking about how close Tom was sitting next to me so I didn't hear all of what was said, but basically I remember something about embarking on the adventure of our lives, and to paddle as if our lives depended on it, and life vests under our seats. Whatever. Next thing I knew everyone was stepping themselves into their seat with these bizarre seatbelt things, a horn sounded, and everyone began paddling. The men at the front of the room, now sitting down facing us (kind of intimidating...), commanded us to paddle as fast as we could. I had no idea what was going on.
continued forward and looking straight ahead it almost felt like we were doing something wrong. It's hard to explain, but the fact that we could see Governor's Island straight ahead and for a few minutes it kept fading in and out of view of the front window made the final plunge feel almost like we were in sinking ship instead of a submarine. Oh, sad...mission. Okay, I think I get it now...something to do with us submitting to the experience, but also actively participating in a sort of mission involving a sub. Hm.

Sounds were all becoming very interesting. As the light disappeared from the water's surface and we could no longer see Governor's Island (though we knew we were headed straight toward it), I became very aware of a sound like a very long honnemore cord being wound. Hell padding, I realized that the large flexible looking tube that I was just noticing before Jam sat down next to me seemed to be pulling a large steel cable as well as some water through it. Was it made from glass? That wouldn't make sense...I was almost sure at that point that it could bend. Looking up, I realized there was also a cable system down our hatches that was circulating, and, even, even, padding. Various items hung from it as well as buckets holding things. I saw everything from notes being passed to people in other parts of the sub, to water bottles and food for sale, to t-shirts and other merchandise.

A few more minutes continued of window blackness that allowed me to focus on the sounds around, usually and blindly making our way toward our destination. It was very strange, making our way toward a theater I knew nothing about, but working with all those other people who would normally be nothing more to me than single serving friends who I had a quick chat with during intermission at a bar. But here we were, all working together toward a common goal. And it just made sense to get to know each other here. I found out Jeff-504 was a biochemist graduated and that he has two dogs and one cat. And I'm pretty sure he's single.

There were moments when I guess people behind me were slowing down, and you heard people around them encouraging ‘go on, keep it up, you can do it!’ Part of me felt like we were in a platoon, together or something. All the while, we, these tiny people are driving this enormous behemoth of a ship forward, our little feet cycles eventually causing these giant gears and giant propellers to spin. It reminds me of the first time I saw a bug and suddenly understood so much better how they were making the sounds they were. And then we are, performing away.

Anyway, after about half an hour I really had to use the real room. In retrospect I probably shouldn’t have had those gin and tonics as I was told several times to stop swaying my body so...
much when I was paddling, but that’s neither here nor there. I got up to go the bathroom. As soon as I got up, though my rear seemed to start struggling with paddling, I sat back down. Suddenly I saw something. I touched me, he actually touched me! He pushed me back up and said something, but I didn’t understand. He called me something and touched me. I felt butterflies in my stomach. I saw him reach over and pull a lever, and everyone in the rear seemed to relax and start paddling a little faster. It’s just a like a giant bicycle, see? he said.

Really? I said. Yeah, he said. It was just the other row that can stay above your 40 for the whole trip. Wow, I said, leaving the row, that sounds real.

I made my way to the bathroom. Following signs to a lower level, a spiral staircase took me down one flight. The walls of the waterway were different down here; lesser emanances. I saw what appeared to be some kind of a kitchen, as well as another giant gear that looked like it was hooked up to a large battery. There was also a lot of storage. Everything from spare parts to spring cans full of gear only knows what. Everything seemed to be so transparent, I was worried the bathrooms wouldn’t have any privacy! But they did.

Back to paddling. Tom asked the other people in our row if they thought we could handle paddling at 55. We said we could do it, and though it was harder, we enjoyed the challenge. The men seemed to be trying to one up each other with how easy they could make everything look, while the women in my row seemed to be quite content to show when they were struggling as well as when things were getting easier. Personally, I was enjoying the exercise.

Saw some lights come on in the front of the station, and we began to see some pretty interesting scenes. We must have been fairly close to the bottom of the harbor, that is the things we were looking at, but it was still quite a distance. I remember lots of shipwrecks, cars, lots of trees, some very strange, looking fish, and a lot of forms that could have been anything from skeletons to pipes. Sometimes the sea would tip up a little bit and we couldn’t even see the sides of the river. Even I started something very large coming up ahead of us. It looked large and rough and like we were going to crash onto it!

Suddenly we pulled down a little more and didn’t crash, but continued to go straight. We appeared to have gone through a narrow opening of some kind. Did they have to drill a hole through some massive ship or something? I asked Tom, and felt silly afterward. He explained we had just entered.
Scenes on the Island: I used to assume we would still dock with the ferry on something straightforward like that, but of course I should have guessed that this trip had to get even more out there and we would find ourselves doing something like literally going into the island. So we leave people, what is this?

After what felt like an hour, I was starting to wonder when we would arrive at the submarine part or when we were going, when I noticed a slowing down. The man at the front asked us to make sure we were securely fastened to our chairs, and just as I was about to ask him why, I felt something I didn't expect. The entire submarine was rocking up! I thought it would just be a momentary occurrence, but my goodness, it just kept rocking and next thing I knew, the ride was turned completely upright, like the trolley or something right before it sank. However, our chain was a 'forbidden wheel' sign managed to keep us upright, through the entire thing completely different now since I was looking at the floor. There were a few tiny windows, but now I wished I had chosen one of the few safe facing backwards, so since three people closely had the best view now, looking straight ahead towards what was previously our ceiling of giant pines. I said that to Tom, and he said that they're reinforced. What does that mean? He started to say something about 'rank' when I felt the pressure on the pedals change significantly. The room also felt slightly brighter, and I looked up toward what used to be the front window and saw faint glimpses of light rippling through the glass, casting a pretty beautiful effect on me and all the in-jokes, shocked so readily on top of each other.

Everyone seemed to feel a collective rush of excitement and we pedaled harder, the anticipation of the experience to come in the theater almost unbearable. If this was just as getting there, what would this actual show have in store for us? Suddenly, I heard a something metal sound and felt the whole ride just jolt forward for a moment. We could all suddenly feel more pressure against us, as though we were no longer pushing through water, but something more viscous, like mud or even snow. Jim turned his head to me and asked what had just happened, but people in the back of the ship were already panicking. Following their fingers, I realized that it was no longer steel cable and water passing through the center tube, but something much more complex. Squinting, I couldn't to see, but realized that it looked so awful yet like the spiral staircase I had used to go to the bathroom.

Our suspense building, a new sound was heard reminiscent of a far sibilant sigh. Jim explained that almost the entire top of the ship is filled with compressed air, which has to help force the water out of the outer casing so that we can rise to the surface more easily. He's so good at explaining things! We pedaled harder and the light got brighter. We were almost there! Little by little we found
we needed petrol and tea and that the ship was doing a lot of the rising on its own. Need of ship's! Breaking the water, we saw a fellow with a form that seemed to be such an accurate representation of the outside of the ship that it could have been a coat for it. We heaved a little, and it was like being in a well vaulted, we were flat above kind of vaulted. I heard someone mutter something about mayorns, which would be pretty neat I suppose.

Finally we stopped. We all cheered and congratulated each other. I felt so accomplished! Little did I know how much more was yet to happen on this little theatrical adventure. A sliding door opened up in the lake and people proceeded up the spiral staircase to the outside world. It was only in that moment that I realized we were most likely under the actual theater, not at a separate deck. No, no, we don't see any of Governor's Island until we're in the theater! Kind of concept freaks, aren't these people?

Climbing up the spiral staircase, I felt like Dorothy entering munchkin land, and indeed, when I came out it was like nothing I had ever seen before. The color had truly been turned on. Bright lights everywhere and a single figure stood in front of all of us and oh, oh it was, oh...


ACKNOWLEDGMENTS- bibliograpy

AUDIENCE-
1. those who watch a performance
2. those who are intended to occupy a building.

CAPTIVE AUDIENCE- audience members who have no choice but to watch.

CAST- the performers. Here it references the various precedents that play a role in shaping the final product

EXPOSITION- narrative elements in place for the sole purpose of providing the audience with information or backstory. Unless dramatized, does not advance the story further.

HYPERFANTASY- the fake authentic. Appears to keep you in a fantasy world when really it is exposing the entire structure of it (being on a movie set, backstage at a play, working in McDonalds) GOOD- is even more scintillating than the fantasy.

HYPERREALITY- coined by Umberto Eko. The authentic fake. An experience that appears to bring you into a real world when in reality that world does not exist. (an engaging movie, Disneyworld, McDonalds) GOOD- never lets you know its not reality.

JARGON- glossary

LOBBY- where an audience waits to be let into a show. Often lobbies are decorated with images of the performance, or simply evocative of certain moods.

MILITANT- aggressive pursuit of a clear goal. GOOD- succeeds by being bold and enterprising.

MILITANT SPACE- a physical location that provides the occupant with the sense that its use is strictly disciplined. GOOD- does not allow us to deviate.

MILITARY THEATER- the location of military action bordered by areas of inactivity. GOOD- is active at multiple scales.

MILITARY THEATRE- strictly controlled, actively engaging live performance. GOOD- provides opportunities for us to both follow orders and to make choices.

PLAYBILL- Table of Contents.

PROP- an element that aids in the clarity of action

SETTING- site

SPECTACLE- magnificent display on a grand scale. GOOD- inspires and connects us.

STAGE- 1. a period or step in a process, activity, or development.
2. the location of a performance.

STORY- a narrative with a beginning, middle, and end.

STOREY- one level of a building.

STRUCTURE- what holds a story/storey together.

SYNOPSIS- contention

THEATER- a venue for theatre. GOOD- is a character.

THEATRE- live performance of a story. GOOD- challenges values.

THEATRICAL- foreign or exaggerated, often beyond believability. GOOD- serves as metaphor for our essential life truths.

THEATRICAL SPACE- a physical location that provides the occupant with the sense of a different world than the one they associate with their everyday lives. GOOD- compels awareness of the world in us.