

Dystopian Architecture

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We live in an age of uncertainty, skepticism, and restlessness but try to entertain the thought that this absence of a single, encompassing philosophy is the best we'll ever have.

It's amusing that so many of the philosophies of the past sought to reassure and provide a mental clarity and health to us. In these systems of belief, we as a species could act out our time alive with some semblance of what was right, what was wrong and have a guarantee that somewhere beyond our line of vision, the horizon after next, there was a place where we could find solace. But skepticism has a tendency to break apart such a façade, the last few hundred years have been the age of the skeptic and revealed that *truth*, a thing that we have enshrined in a word and given a weight exists only as relative concept.

Where we once said truth, we now hear rhetoric.

And yes, maybe this age of uncertainty is the best thing we shall ever have! But it certainly doesn't afford us health.

The grandest manifestations of such philosophies of truth were the buildings that they resided in. The church provided us with a skywards-pointing spire, ever reminding us of where the truth resided. So what would the architecture of the age of skepticism look like? Davidson's *Multiple Drafts Model* I see as a manifestation of this. Collapsed under the weight of an increasing gravity it professes in its decoration that there is no central place of worship: Its screens are an iconostasis strewn haphazardly across its multifaceted façade. There is no hope for the redemption of a soul here either: The monitors communicate that whereas the soul was purported to reside in the vehicle of the body, indicating a hierarchical mind over matter, this has been reversed. They now appear inseparable as the flesh of the body, indeterminate and fragmented, floats through an ether of the artist's thoughts.

Multiple Drafts Model is a monument to uncertainty and while its menacing structure (drawn from surely dystopian thoughts) fills me with a certain anxiety, a part of me takes comfort that this is the best that we have so far. A structure any more rigid and orderly would be born of a mind too convinced by the rhetoric of the world.