



BEDFORD SQUARE.

## objectification of organisms.

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Not only do humans objectify material artefacts, but living organisms alike. Our infatuation with sexuality attests to this notion, inciting the depersonalisation of humans as sexual objects through the suppression of their human qualities (qualities that differentiate us from animals). Thus, lies the dichotomy: humans – as complex organisms of intellect – are debased due to their fetishism with sexuality, further ignoring the sheer complexity embedded in the development of humans-as-organisms.

Fetishism is the product of objectification; it breaches the complex morphogenetic properties of the physical world into an illusory dimension of one's augmented perception.

While living organisms exemplify the highest form of complexity, biological sciences focus on the process of formation and development of organisms (morphogenesis) and not their aesthetic qualities. Elegance is the product of process and methodology. Deduct process, and elegance becomes the product of one's relative beliefs. Take the "ideal woman" of the Renaissance, portrayed through her voluptuous figure (a sign of vitality and opulence) – standards that would clearly be rejected in any western society today. This depicts the relativism that subsists in objectifying artefacts, or in this case organisms, without any correlation to their logic of formation.

To reverse this process would mean to demand methodology and complexity from an artefact simply because it has been objectified. Design-through-objectification is the embodiment of this concept and has reached its climax due to the advancements of digital tools. Designers are empowered by new capabilities, such as modelling through mimicry. They disregard, and rarely understand, the proc-

ess of formation. This depicts a designer's infatuation with technology, the result of fallacious assurances of novel and embellished designs as a result of digital techniques. This is no different than the fetish of our predecessors to religious artefacts, when they imbued supernatural powers to objects they themselves created. Our intellect seems to be further victimised by the evolution of technological advancements. The difficulty in computing mathematical calculations due to the ubiquitous availability of calculators emphasises the inability to comprehend the logic of calculations, and not the difficulty of their computation.

Similarly, designers have lost sight of the logic embedded in the design process, due to their techno-fetishism, as did designers of the modernist era, due to their machine-fetishism. Thus emerges another dichotomy: humans, as complex organisms of intellect, are debased due to their infatuation with designing-through-objectification, stimulating their fetish of exuberant images and patterned forms (the result of spurious technological fetishes), as opposed to the exploration of methodological processes that give rise to the behavior of the artefact.

It is this scientific outlook that allows us to breach beyond the formal characteristics of architecture in understanding the sheer complexity, behaviour and connectivity that exists in the relationship between architectural objects. The change of metaphor from 20th century machine to 21st century biology portrays the evolution of a society through information, in understanding complexity. Cities are no longer perceived as a collection of static artefacts, rather as a complex system, living as an organism of some sort. Thus lies the fundamental need to halt objectifying organisms and shift attentiveness towards the comprehension of their development, differentiation and patterns of behaviour.

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## best of luck.

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Johnny's girlfriend often wondered whether he was gay. He seemed to lose himself in his work so she felt neglected in his affections. He would come home from the office exhausted and smelling of sweat. She didn't mind the sweat so much, it was faintly erotic, but the exhaustion left her feeling unwanted when it came to lovemaking.

But Johnny wasn't gay, he was an architect. Long nights were spent in front of screens as he romanced the permutations and parameters that generated his digital surfaces. Days and nights blurred into one. He had perfected his skills, customised commands. He grew the nail of his right pinkie so he could reach the numbers on his keyboard more efficiently. The monitor's glare was hypnotic - tantric. He tweaked his NURBS, rotated axes, swept curves and exploded polysurfaces with the flexibility of a great yogi. In the same way that Michelangelo caressed the veins of David with his chisel under the seductive glow of candlelight, electric pulses of eroticism channelled from Johnny's fingertips through the cable of his mouse into the neon haze of his monitor.

He went to bed one night and lay next to his girlfriend. As she dreamt of marriage, perhaps even children, Johnny stared at the contours of her body. He imagined rearranging her like a mesh manikin in Poser 8.0. How imperfect she seemed in comparison. Her moves paled to the elegant swagger of an animation. Every blemish on her skin stood out like a ghastly tumour. He disappointedly compared her eyes to the transparency and purity of glass, her tired skin to seamless Corian. He fell asleep.

Johnny wasn't paid for overtime, but he didn't mind. He was too scared to ask for compensation because he didn't want his bosses to be disappointed. To save money, he walked to work through the city instead of taking public transport. One day he

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arrived late and received an email from HR stating that the time would be deducted from his holiday pay. So from then he left half an hour earlier.

Johnny's girlfriend woke up and he had already gone. She looked around at their messy apartment. Dishes were piled in the kitchen. She put on rubber gloves and poured Fairly liquid into her palm. She paused and stared at a pile of empty takeaway containers. "It's such a fucking mess." And with the gloves still covered in soap, she walked out.

A few days later he momentarily noticed the untidiness. "Why is she so fucking dirty?" And he fell asleep.

As he walked to work, he gazed at the towers around him. Mullions, like tight leather straps, wrapped the pulsating bulge of the Gherkin as it soared above the grotty chaos of its surroundings. He imagined his hands wrenching and tugging at the tangled metal ducts that festooned the frontage of the Lloyds building. He exhaled as he felt his fingers stroking the crystalline panels of the Shard. It was architecture so pure, so cleansing, so efficient. The thrill of technology pulsated his heart as he imagined the City erupting around him in one great orgasm of permutations. His blood rushed and his eyes rolled back.

He arrived at his office and at his desk he took a sip of the cold coffee that was left from the night before. When he opened his Outlook there was an email. "Dear Johnny," it read. His heart stopped. "With the economy as it is..." it began. "We wish you the best of luck," it ended.

*Aram Mooradian edits Fulcrum.*

### TUFTED PUFFIN

*Every term we change the bird on our masthead (as well as several other aesthetic operations). Please say hello to the remarkable Tufted Puffin. With a wingspan of up to a metre it is capable of achieving flight speeds of more than 60km/h. Moreover, it habitually dives as deep as 28m to catch fish.*

