

About

## FALLING THROUGH THE ARCHITECT

by K. M. Ross

Welcome to the dark machinery: to a meticulously-detailed Edinburgh in the year 1992, where a Fruitmarket delivery boy is about to take the shop van to an address that appears not to exist at all.

The machine, the random play of hazard, will introduce him into another environment altogether: a sleazy dive of a flat in a tenement block on Causewayside labelled Rochelle Place.

There Fian, the Buddha-girl, lives a life of pure serenity. There the Australian Steve acquires money by his grey-market dealing in computer parts. There nothing is exactly what it seems: neither the people, nor this environment itself; and the boy through his own unsuspecting openness is quickly drawn in to a cat's cradle of the strangest forces and desires.

### ראש-אל

And above it all, **The Architect** moans on, self-proclaimed creator and maintainer of every minutest detail of the process of event, hovering like an unthinkable whale-form in and through and over the universe. YHVH, the Lord, our God – or so he claims.

He tells a frightening story of origins beyond imagination, of the secret origin and motivation of his own act of Creation. Ranting and rhyming away, he builds on hooks and preoccupations from the minds of each of the human characters.

### יהוה אחד

While the relations of Bob and Fian and Steve build from crisis to crisis, from sex to violence to mental breakdown, we are left to wonder: what is trying to break in? Are the God-texts only a black tormented dream? Or some strange psychological weaving-together, the roar of the composite? ... Or could this be the voice of the machine itself, that great Design, so huge that its relevance is not to us, through which we tumble helplessly like a race of pinballs, fortuitously clashing and connecting and falling away again?

We are falling, falling, through vectors, frighteningly precise – drawn by what kind of hand?