

Falling Through the Architect: samples

(From Chapter One)

On the ill-lit basement landing of a stairwell in Edinburgh's Rochelle Place, Bob Newey stood staring at the door through which he was about to be reborn. A brown paper bag of groceries leant against the wall beside his right foot; in a dark recess behind him the ends of bicycles were vaguely discernible. As he raised his hand to knock again, a confused picture repeated itself in his mind: some will-of-the-wisp likeness of himself, flexible, nearly transparent, winking indecisively in and out on a spot of pavement in the scrappy little street-end known as Sciennes.

He looked at the door, at the grains and textures of the surface, as his finger swung back and balanced itself a second time. The green paintwork was scuffed and scarred, there was no name or number, a vertical letter-slot was set in the centre and a yellowing cartoon pinned with ancient drawing-pins to the upper left-hand panel. This was surely the wrong door, it was obviously the wrong door; and yet by some strange and dogged logic Bob was still obliged to knock on it. Having got this far, he could only go ahead. Some cryptic syllables repeated themselves in his mind, words in his boss's Indian accent, 'Missus Ears, Two-Bee, Sheez.' His knuckle cracked down, the sound shot outwards to reverberate in the dull air, and he was seeing that spot on the western pavement again, on Sciennes on the other side of the building, where some kind of a ghost stood hovering on the path above the row of numberless basement back doors, flickered once like a static charge, then bulged impossibly to the right to form the outline for an instant of a shapeless letter B.

This time, there was a stir of life, indeterminate noises behind the door and some shouted words somewhere that he could almost make out: it sounded like 'Get That Fear'...?

There was no time to consider it. The door was yanked open and someone stood there, only half-visible, rocked back and blinking against the unemphatic light of the landing. Bob made out a goatee beard and a downward fall of hair, and gave due consideration to just how wrong a door could be before launching into his explanation,

'Um, actually I'm looking for a Mrs Ayres, number 2B, Sciennes, I'm not sure if this is the right, you know, door...?'

(From Chapter Two)

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So I, alone here, set apart in the integument of cycles, howling down the solar winds, the Mage, the Old Man, contiguous point-to-point with every fibre and particle and wave and cryptogram of My Creation yet somehow poised on a cliff's edge just above it (where?), seeing planet and galaxy and universe and all-subsuming snail-shell multiverse from points within and overhead and all ways round, I YHVH OF HOSTS have to fold myself somehow into the incredible simplification of Chronology and add one word to another and never loop or erase or split in two and three and on to a fibre-infinity of simultaneities like the mind of God, of Oneness in Plurality, the Multessential Strand. I, crazy as it may seem, have to find a Linguistic Context. It's not so cod-baked easy. Have you ever tried to do that, set your mind back to think like a child again... or a fruit-bat, a whelk, a bacillus... drawn yourself down into that lineless pristine circuitry of emptiness racked here and there by the single catastrophe of a connection? No? I say: No? Then how much more difficult do you imagine it is for Me, unutterably and primordially set apart, peeping downwards into the unaccustomed fields of Time and Space like a bird into a worm-hole, not finite and plodding, symbol-bound, contentious and small-time rational; but Self itself, Creator Spiritus, the uninterrupted stream in which the glitter of Qualities comes manifest in pure transcendent flight, My origins beyond thinking, towering across the gulfs of Here-Where-I-Am, immortal, eccentric, old hoar-head floating in the ineluctable cold vacuum of Present Eternity? Hah?

(From Chapter Three)

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There was a wailing, half-Eastern kind of music in the air again, an acrid smell, and a small crowd of heads in the intermediate space of the lounge; who they were he wasn't quite sure. The light-apparatus was motionless above, casting steady bands of red and orange as if someone had forgotten to give it a nudge. He stared at the distant hole in the wall that connected with the bathroom: something that in his fixed gaze had taken on the effect of a solid blotch, a hologram of dark insertions. He looked up, to see Fian unmoving unsmiling in the armchair just across. And over everything, over the whole lounge spread before him,

over the heads, the isolated glow of spliffs or fags alight and the bottle-cities of the flat surfaces, over the threadbare carpet, over the dusty ruck of curtains at the window, he seemed to see a teeming corn-gold fall of solid light, creeping downwards slowly like a pattern, inundating the normal everyday shapes of furniture and accessories like a rash over a worn film. Across Fian's face it fell, and across Doog handing his guitar to someone else to try a note or two, and across all the mild haze of the air and upward-struggling tonal flightpath of the music: innumerable tiny grains or spangles, droplets in such profusion that they formed deep hangings of pollen for moments in the air, and reached the bottom edge of the film-strip and passed out of the frame, to give way to the new floods descending. Bob was enchanted, but, in this atmosphere and at this time, hardly surprised. He saw himself cut off from past and future, from all his normal thinking, his hopes and apprehensions about the times to come, sitting transfixed on a sofa in the flat in Rochelle Place, watching the rain of gold, the golden inundation, fall stately and serene over the colours of the room – pouring, pouring from on high.