

## THE AUTHORITY OF ABSENCE



Section Through the Void

Where is the Architecture that is being discussed? Where does it lie?  
Where is the lightning to lick you with its tongue?  
The lightning from the dark cloud of man.  
I cannot see it for only the blind can.  
Where is the authority? Where is the repression?  
Where is the madness with which you should be cleansed?  
Regress. Express.

We must return to our origin, return to Eden. From the tree was offered  
the apple, as one did fall. Look to the darkness for your answers.

Architecture as evil transforms itself; baits the child, murders.  
The silent scream of innocence heard like the paint peeling from the  
face of a burning doll.

Architecture is sick for sure, but enough of diagnoses. Time for cure  
by amputation. Architecture has polluted our mind and now enters our  
body. Cut away the rotting flesh.

The clouds are forming.  
The sand is piling. Time collapsing. Reality oscillating. We are now  
at the frozen crest of the Falls, the water like glass severs our limbs.  
The child screams. The serpent strikes.

The venom injected deep within the womb. Feel the burden grow.  
Knowledge flows through the brain like venom through the body.

A self digestion of being.  
The Ark, heavy with burden is starting to sink. Throw all you cherish,  
burn all you desire. Abandon the Ark, lest you sink. Then these floating  
fragments must be reconstructed according to your own perverse grammar  
of assemblage. The genesis of a hybrid reality.

Avoid reflections, when the water is disturbed: meaning distorts.

*News calls for rain.*