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Autor: CS

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*«When they found the sorcerer
in the meanders of the Garden
locked in a crystal cage, they realized
he was not a prisoner of Love — but of his own doing»*

WHAT «IS»?
FICTIONS THROUGH REALITY
CS

*«take a flight of fantasy»
what «is»?*

There is a narrative quality to reality, full of plot twists, flashbacks, points of view and unreliable narrators. From time to time images of organization emerge, mysterious but explanatory sigils trapping reality in their spell.

«The garden may be read as a book, or as a spell [...] This garden is an instrument for ruling the universe»⁽¹⁾

Different cosmologies are based on an idea of progress(ion) from a raw to an initiated state.⁽²⁾ They follow a scheme or diagram of the world that varies, but have a common basic structure: Chaos outside, order inside; entropy outside, harmony inside. The «shape of the universe» is a sigil:⁽³⁾ In it lies the implicit suggestion that by knowing its inner workings, one can eventually control it. Inside the geometries of the Sephiroth⁽⁴⁾ cities and temples arise, antiquaries, libraries and archaeologies whose pinnacles touch unimaginable heights — monuments to the rise of order through chaos. But behind its immortal archives hides the harrowing ghost of finitude: In magic, all sigils are meant to be broken. *As above, so below*⁽⁵⁾ is a loophole of infinitely concatenated questions, leaving the doubt that there really is a definite answer. The garden is full of rabbit holes: «The illusion of the Right Hand Path»⁽⁶⁾ is that by digging far enough we will reach the end of the tunnel, where a state of perfection and completion (through knowledge) could be attained.

«stop waiting for history to reveal itself to you»⁽⁷⁾

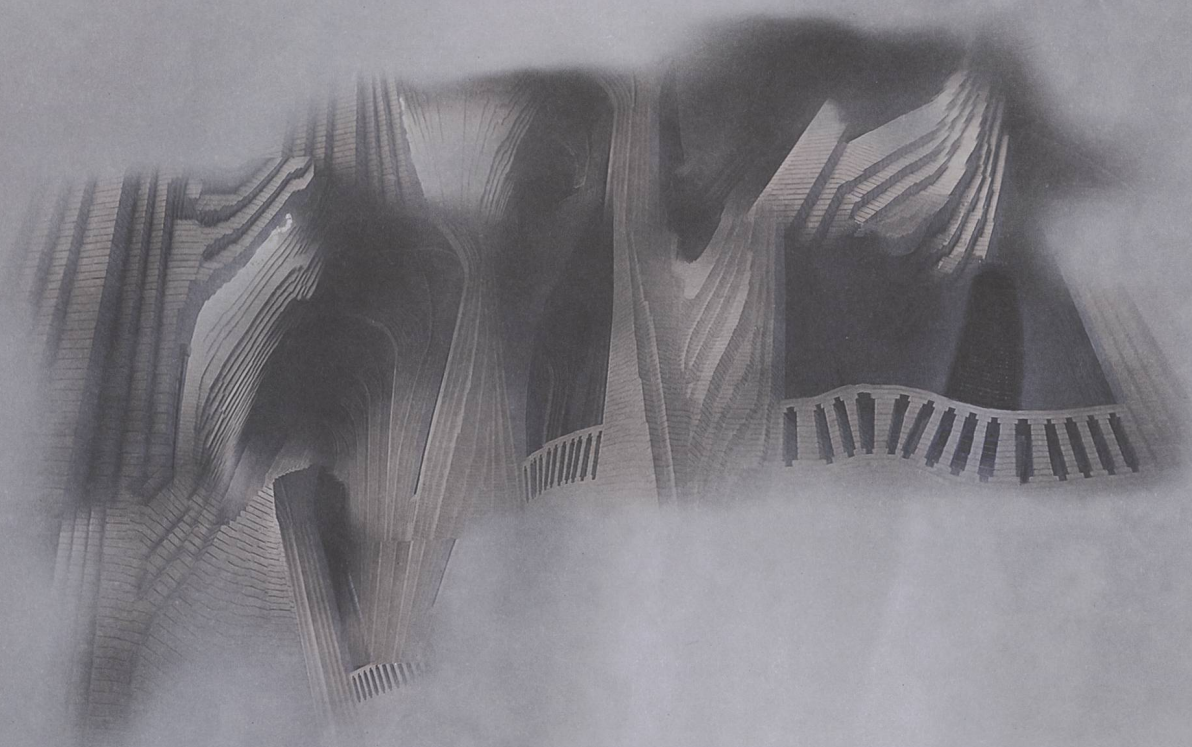
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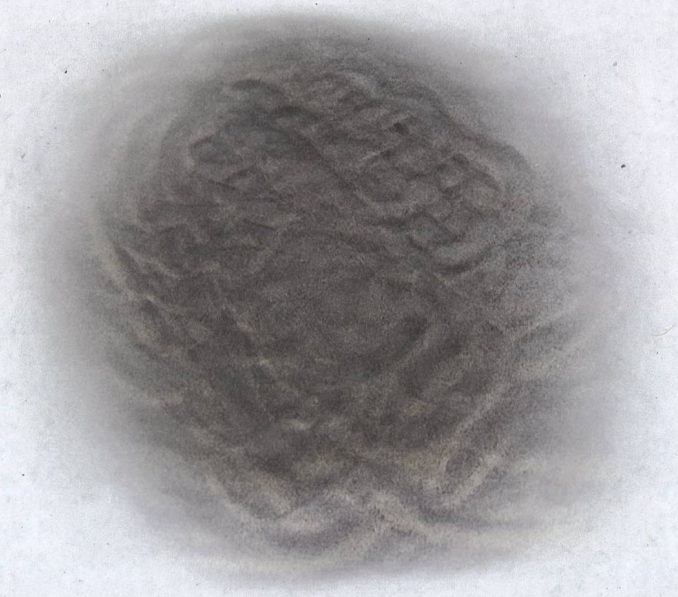
history is the nightmare I'm trying to awake from»⁽⁸⁾

writing (the word) makes people superfluous
the forever-recorded everything
history
the illusion of immortality
and the Word is its instrument
«you are not able to forget anything»

warping the scriptures

The Master's tools will never dismantle the Master's house;⁽⁹⁾ one could argue that the Bible spelled backwards still speaks the same language (and is a kabbalistic method of totalization: It is all God's words, all letters belong to Him⁽¹⁰⁾). What are we left with when we accept that satanism is ultimately confirming the adversary, merely turning





their symbols upside down?⁽¹¹⁾ One could argue that every establishment cultivates its opposition up to a certain level: One needs another in order to exist, the second taking on an almost parasitic role, and the first ultimately confirmed by the existence of an «other» from it. In fact, this inseparable god-devil diad forms itself a unity in balance, creating a false motion.⁽¹²⁾ This metaphysical impasse seems to have trapped ethics (and politics) for a long time, switching roles in an aeternal dance where the dualistic machine always wins, in some kind of perpetual motion.⁽¹³⁾ But this is an impossible machine: The leftovers accumulate in an uncanny outside, menacing to crumble on the inside.⁽¹⁴⁾

trapped in form

Paraphrasing WS Burroughs,⁽¹⁵⁾ the current *reality program*⁽¹⁶⁾ is dissimulated behind a veil of objectivity. It exists everywhere, therefore it is nowhere because it has nowhere to go. There's nothing it can possibly know, because it already knows everything. The qualities of omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence contribute to making «god» invisible. Hence its disappearance is an illusory death; it is instead the last stage of its completion.⁽¹⁷⁾ There is no point in illustrating what already «exists», what is called for is «being wrong»: «*Every act of writing is a sorcerous operation, a partisan action in a war*» against constituted meaning. The law-abiding artist ultimately confirms the dominant control system. They can only interpret things which already happened, instead fabricating prophecies or *hyperstitions*.⁽¹⁸⁾

breaking the dualistic machine

«fiction is not opposed to the real. Rather, reality is understood to be composed of fictions»

A story is true as long as it's being told and believed. Cosmic myths are rooted at either end of linear time, or *outside of time*: They are always happening, they are as real in their mytho-historical time as they are in the stories being told about them. The apocalypse is always happening as long as the Book of Enoch is being read and believed.

*collapsing pinnacles are to be avoided
by way of skirting⁽¹⁹⁾*

How many times does god have to sacrifice himself to perpetrate his kingdom? We are not freed from magic, magical thinking, and belief; we actually just love good stories. Narrative is the vein of reality, we need something to believe in; some just choose progress(ion).

«writing operates not as a passive representation but as an active agent of transformation and a gateway through which entities can emerge»

the revolution will not be televised

The mistake of Burroughs is to ultimately fall into the trap of the *one absolute reality*; if we ought to believe in the postulated abundance of fictions manifesting themselves on the material plane (which become ultimately realities) or rather being evoked through a flight of fantasy, then the escape route from the matrix⁽²⁰⁾ is not by way of fighting it (directly). By remaining open to the already-present contingent realities (populated or directed by entities), a resistance can create its own language and cosmology, *to be told*.

repetitions are magic keys

repetitions are poetic

repetitions are prophecies

When questioning *what is*, we might try to visualize the origin of all things as a thin geometry, a calm image of order against chaos. Soon the spell is broken by a restless *stream*, a multitude of shapes emerging for fractions of seconds — unpredictable and irregular spikes springing from this *body of energy*.