



The Rest is Silence A Remark on the Micro-Fascism of Critique*

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But the *other* night is always other. It is only during the day one believes to understand it, to seize it. In the day it is that secret which can be revealed, that darkness that awaits to be unveiled. The passion for the night only the day can feel. It is only during the day that death can be desired, contemplated, decided: attained. It is only during the day the *other* night can show itself as that love which can break all ties, and desires an ending and to join the abyss. But in the night it is that which one cannot be united, the reiteration that will never end, the saturation that possess nothing, a sparkling of something without ground and without depth. (Maurice Blanchot, *L'inspiration*, 1955)

... .. and the rattling noise moves the old train down south, towards the land of dreams (once it was called America); Figueras, Cadaqués, Dalí's surrealistic heaven of critical-paranoiac freedom lies there within reaching distance; to the west the Pyrenees majestically rise to the sky, to the east the big deep blue plays games with the reflecting sun; the window is open, the air is full of hope The journey is suddenly interrupted. 'Everybody, get out!' 'Where are we going?' 'Silence!' (Shut the fuck up!) The uniforms press the crowd toward the platform's exit. The south!?, yes, but still the one of the Reich, the Third. The journey continues on foot, over the mountains, across the border, towards Portbou, the innocently picturesque small town, the first one on Spanish territory. But they refuse entry to the country, all hope of escape gone. Uni-forms everywhere, of all colours: the grey mountains to the right, the brown

... and the voice of the so-called silence is carried forward by the stratifying *modus vivendi* of the Molar and not least the Hybris of critique, but only to produce an even harsher *resentiment* as it screams from its self-created position of moral-rightfulness, an all-embracing inferno of micro-fascist intellectualism in its hunt for a people who do not themselves have a voice inside the dialectical play of normalisation, but as a people to come they are

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horror in the back, the blue endlessness to the left, and Mr No up front. In the middle there is the fragile body of the nomad who seems trapped inside the Molar. Portbou (like the Danish castle): a critical constellation, an Event, a place of transit, transition and transience; a place of mobility ... and mortality, suicide and death, which is not the end but merely the continuation of a life that was always already dead, the same way as death marks the resurrection of life, wherefore death and life are not opposites but merely knots in a line of becoming, and suicide a line of flight from one death to another, from one weeping song to the other ... the rest is silence ...

II

... and, although death is the end of a body, a language, a life-time, it simultaneously indicates the beginning of an altogether different time, a spectral space, that of the body's spectres to come and haunt us; but these spectres have no name, they rest in silence, in the impotential space of the potentiality of a rest that cannot mark itself as 'the rest'; it can only be remarked upon, a remark which can never be an adequate gesture for the rest as pure virtuality that must remain silent, as it cannot be named nor recognised, it only speaks of the unknown, un-lived, unmarked, in the face of which the body, or rather its surviving spectres, would *never* recognise itself, as this untimely 'never' produces a language that is pure silence as it does not contain names that can be recognised in the Event: of the statement 'the rest is silence', which not only marks the brutal death of the body but also indicates the pure violence of the rest that is yet to come, the pure horror of the silent spectres that cannot be named, morally judged or imprisoned, as they are always already in flight, into the space of silence, without leaving anything, not even a single track behind, just producing potentialities of a (be)coming language that is beyond all recognition of names. Therefore 'the rest is silence', unlike 'silence!' or 'shut the fuck up!', is not a command to remain silent or a remark that indicates the haunting of a secret society that calls our (moral) responsibility and sense of justice into question, but merely a statement without a particular debt or depth: it is pure surface, it

left imprisoned in a heavenward flight towards the moralising transcendence of the all-too-good, in a landscape, that not only is the sedimentation of the body in dichotomies and dictums of the oedipal machinery, but obviously also in fervour of the plane of organisation, of which its interior is thought of as an idealisation of liberty inscribed by the truly reactive force of humanism, as it only stands as a repetitive displacement of the assemblage's cementation of the meaning-phenomenon's plea for justice, the value of values, the last bastion for every judgement of justice ... the rest is silence ...

II

... and here we are not saved from the micro-fascist intellectual critique by Martin Heidegger's double oblivion of Being, even though he, as only few have, thought silence beyond the enunciative substantive, towards Dasein itself, however only to end up in the mirror room of veiling and clearing, *Aletheia* as a melancholic longing for the unconcealed, as the revelation of truth beyond the territorialisation of the transcendental subject, which does not create a double, but reiterates Søren Aaby Kirkegaard's

produces ... nothing, it lives in the space of 'never' as it has no past and no future, it has no name, it is pure speculation, a promise of a sound to come ... the rest is silence ...

III

... and this is nothing but the realm of the work of art: that which is nothing on its own. It is this nothingness that is at the same time its very secret, a secret that is able to produce a multiplicity of lines of flight, which are unnameable at the time of the artwork's gestation, they cannot but remain silent. It is the vulgar micro-fascistic criticism whose journalistic business it is to give voice to this very silent secret that is inherent to the work of art, a voice that is always already formed by the names and symbols of an art historicism that fetishises time by measuring the value of art on a scale of progress and historical continuity and equally fetishises space by constructing an artificial outside from which its narcissistic commentary, spiked with moral judgements, is fired at the artwork. What is beyond recognition of this brown mass of so-called critics is that the work of art cannot be commented upon; one cannot have an opinion of it, as this opinionated commentary always already assumes a superior space, the Molar, from which the transcendental subject is supposed to critique an object of art. However, the true critic 'forgets' to critique; instead the artwork is killed, split, cut, mortified, destructed. The great work of art has its own death embedded within; it is suicidal from the very beginning of its gestation wherefore the task of the critic is not to second-guess the purposes and motives of the author of a work of art and comment on them according to some moral values, but to destruct it, to redeem it from its authors and historical understanding. Authors and history-makers do not possess privileged insight into the significance of an artwork. Instead the work of art is a work of silence insofar as it lacks familiar names, symbols, voices that can be recognised from the outside. It is this *lack*, this empty space of the secret nothingness, which calls to be filled; fillings that are nothing more than ephemeral lines of flight into the space of pure virtuality. This, and only this, composes the originality (*Ursprung*) of a work of art: it needs to

leap, not towards the embrace of hesitation and doubt, but as free fall towards man himself as he stands on the edge of the abyss, as a permanent lingering attention towards the epefanic resurrection, where death stands as the gesture of Artaud, but only to grant us stillness, this gentle unheard sound, which might give our existence abundance inside the relative horizon of sense, as the gathering of existentialities in the endless extent of language, where silence already has been and has not yet arrived, since silence does not belong to the domain of stillness but to that which transversally cuts through the variation of stillness (Sound) ... the rest is silence ...

III

... and death as a matter of virtual *singularis*, where death does not stand in opposition to life but folds it infinitely, as the mortality of the Event, pure repetition of difference, as a being without duration and therefore silence does indeed have its location in the silenced, but only in that silenced which is placed silent by the Molar's otherness, wherefore silence can not be nor stand in opposition to anything, as silence does not belong to the

be continuously produced, worked upon, as it remains unfinished; it calls for a jump (*Sprung*) into its impotential space of silence to be filled through pure repetition of difference. In this sense critique is the *organon*, the immanent productive part, of the work of art. As Benjamin says, in the case of great works, art is merely a transitional stage. They were something else (in the course of their gestation) and become something else again (in the state of critique). Hence the work of art is in a constant state of becoming through immanent critique, which is not a critique from without, the Molar, not even a critical hammer of opposition working against anything, but a force that destructs the artwork from inside through the insight of thought and concepts, which therefore redeem the phenomena of artworks from the micro-fascistic intellectualism that works in the name of historicism, but this redemption is not more than an experiment, a speculation on the plane of immanence, producing a transcendental artistic exploration ... the rest is silence ...

IV

... and here silence is the suicide note that is left behind by the corpse: full of words, names, sentences – the sound of language, it screams, but it does not speak, it is full of emptiness, it tells no story, its truth must remain silent, like the dead corpse whose singular life's abrupt end can only leave speechlessness behind, but no explanation or any other narrative or meaning. The suicide note is the only surviving mark of a catastrophic encounter: a horrific dream, a war – only isolated words can remain of that encounter. The catastrophe (from the Greek *cata*, reversal, and the German *Strophe*, verse, text) rewrites the text of history, but this text does not speak, it does not say anything, it is speechless, which is not silence, as silence cuts through everything that is speechless. Suicide shuts up, it brings forth speechlessness, but it is pure silence, virtual *singularis*, catastrophe, which produces lines of flight that cut through language, meaning, everything profane. But language itself is a machine that is not kept alive by the words it produces, but by silence, as language is not a collection of screaming symbols that geometrically refer to each

negation of dialectical negativity, it has no voice here, even though the screams of the intellectual criticism brutally and violently state this demand, but only to serve as its own salvation and hieratical resurrection towards Das Reich of the Third ... the rest is silence ...

IV

... and silence is not part of the play-of-sense inside the totality of the phenomenon of meaning, wherefore its force is not to be found as destruction, not even as the pure movement of deterritorialisation even though it may be one of its attributes, since it does not belong to Spinoza's defeatist desire even if it is its attire as the continuous expansion of the body and in the opus of originality and authenticity it never was, as it has no essence even though its singularised existence is to be found in the organising middle of the body, from where it originates actuality as an always minor for which reason silence exists as a fold in that which carries the voice of the Molar, so very distinct and different from the critique of intellectualism, this pure violent banality of Academia, as this indifference is the pre-established and thereby necessary otherness

other like A to A', but pure matter that needs to be continuously translated to ensure its survival. Translation unfolds and perpetually renews language, the potentiality of which is inscribed in its own silent fold. Translation is hence a destructing, silencing, of language that aims to unfold, however temporarily, the silence of language, wherefore translation is the *organon*, the organisation or medium, of language, which however cannot be mapped by the screaming intellectualism of historical linguistics. Benjamin's 'pure language' is a language that is continuously translated which produces a history that does not aspire to express a prefigured meaning; instead it is expressionless, as its production cannot be measured against any meaning, intention, speech acts or communicative actions. But 'pure language' is not the *logos* of all empirical languages; instead it is a silence that is immanent to all languages: 'pure language' is the becoming, movement, transgression of language. In this sense translation's organisation of language is not only immanent but also points to a transcendental field. This is the monad, which both inhabits but also exceeds all language ... the rest is silence ...

V

... and the rest of silence can never be reached; 'the rest' is a remark that can never become 'true' as its only truth is that of its own destruction. Benjamin's 'destructive character' is always blithely at work; she is the *organon* of the artwork and language as she organises by destructing, which brings about a critique that is not metaphysical but monadological, both immanent and transcendent; an inherent part of a phenomenon but also a speculative exploration of its own 'beyond': virtuality. The 'destructive character' brings time, as the 'eternal image' of history, to a halt, a standstill; it is this suspension of history, knowledge and understanding that potentially enables a renewed connection to the silence of the artwork and language, which is not the *lending* of a voice to the silenced, as this lending always already comes from the historical Molar, but the enabling of the fold of silence to produce new voices and minor sounds. The 'destructive character' cannot be understood, as there is no meaning in her production. The meaning

of the white wall through which the rigid segmentation can proceed its expansion in the conservation of content and expression by the overcoding of form and substance and hereby ensuring an abstract standard, as a rhetoric, metaphoric and symbolic function of which its effect is every relations invariants, the Molar and its critical intellectual opposition as the very essence of a dialectical and synthetic thinking, a pure death-hymn in the landscape of opinion, which habit it is to say I say I, I say, this machinery of repetition whose production is that of form and its development that of the subject and its formation, pure individuation in the treadmill of symmetry and hierarchy, so very far from silence ... the rest is silence ...

V

... and as a fold finds expression and content in an always minor idiolect, this folded line to Blanchot's 'Outside', which no longer can be thought of in the figurativity of the Hegelian Wolf, the 'One', the 'Other' and its 'Third', but in itself however it is not an outside, only rhythmic variations in the inferno of micro-fascist opinions between the Molar and the intellectual critique,

frequently assigned to her is 'witch', *Unmensch* and 'barbaric creature', as her motto is: 'If you want to endure life, prepare yourself for death.' She plays with death; her body is a theatrical stage, a surface, a stage prop, not a property; she cannot be placed in a Molar structure, like the family. She is not a moral or humanist citizen, not even a 'character', as she is anything but pathological. Her path is that of destruction; which is not a getting rid of something but a shrinking, reduction, fragmentation, allegorisation. She disposes meaning, layer upon layer, to reach the silent monad. This disposal is one that disintegrates her own 'proper' body, she destructs herself. But this destruction does not aim to reach some 'original' kernel, perhaps Heidegger's Being; it also does not negate in order to reach a higher life-form, a new synthesis. Instead her body is the pure surface of what Benjamin calls 'non-synthesis'. A synthesis would slow down all life juices to a thick morass of ideals: an ideal plane, a clean sheet. Her 'non-synthetical' body always moves and develops fantasies of her own death; she plays with death to be alive and constantly tries to find ways through the Molar structures of narcissistic anxiety or fatal guilt. She destructs her own 'character' not to be 'free' because this 'freedom' is nothing but a Molar fantasy; she destructs to open up a virtual space where one is, as Blixa Bargeld hopes, left in peace, but moveable, free to make noise, without guilt ...

rhythmic variations which as relations have detached themselves from the pre-established dichotomised oscillation between formations of expression and content, the Intermezzo, where silence carries a radical normativity, as the double of other in me, as that silence which resides in the middle of the Event, of which its individuation is the reality of that which happens, the pure foundation of 'Haecceity', but whose full force is that part of the Event which its accomplishment cannot actualise, a pure surplus in the actualisation of the factual, which reality is that silence which exist as a remnant in the organising of the multiple, it is the non-pulsed silence of the silenced, the silence of Aion ...

... the rest is silence ...

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