

### **Opaque alterity or Hell of equal**

El centro no es un punto./ *The center is not a point.*

Si lo fuera, resultaría fácil acertarlo./ *If it were, it would be easy to get it right.*

No es ni siquiera la reducción de un punto a su infinito./ *It is not even the reduction of a point to its infinity.*

El centro es una ausencia./ *The center is an absence*

de punto, de infinito y aun de ausencia/ *of point, of infinity, and even of absence.*

y sólo se acierta con ausencia./ *and you can only get it right with absence.*

Mírame después que te hayas ido./ *Look at me after you have gone,*

aunque yo esté recién cuando me vaya./ *even if I am only there when I leave.*

Ahora el centro me ha enseñado a no estar./ *Now the center has taught me not to be,*  
pero más tarde el centro estará aquí./ *but later the center will be here.*

Roberto Juarroz. Poesía vertical 16.<sup>1</sup>/ *Roberto Juarroz. Vertical Poetry 16*

That absent center, which the signifier digs as inaugural absence, needs to be recreated in order not to lull us to sleep in “the hell of the equal”, an avernus obedient to the logic of the Whole that Byung-Chul Han knew how to detail so well.

In the word nestles matter and its emptiness, its power lies both in the strand of real that it is possible to tear out, and in that which exceeds it and absents it from itself, by the opacity that is proper to it.

Thus, what the blow of language implants as radical alterity, founding the inaccessible, leaves as a residue outside that which accompanies the word, a void of signification, which opens to the dimension of that which will never cease to find writing, the real that we call

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<sup>1</sup>Roberto Juarroz: *Poesía vertical*, Ed. CATEDRA Letras Hispánicas, Madrid, 2014, pág 133.

No sexual relation, just as it also opens us to a dimension of the real waiting for something to contingently cease not to be written, for a letter as a seal of the impossible to write an edge.

But the Hell of the equal banishes all possible alterity...

that which the opacity of jouissance presentifies in the most irreducible singularity that nests in each individual,

that to which the Other of sex confronts us,

that of the unconscious that makes us parasitically spoken beings, hollowing out all selfhood,

that of the signifier that unveils it as unequal to itself, giving rise to the stumbling block that makes mistakes,

that which prevents us from phagocytizing or destroying the other, ignoring the neighbor and annulling even the similar, making it become infernally equal, pretending it to be identical, or requiring its extermination as a "final solution" for that which returns as alien.

In these current times, the hurried word, in solidarity with an imperative of well-being, longs to detach itself from its dimension of truth, in pursuit of promulgating a knowledge that does not fail, for setting itself up as certain, thus losing the sting that drives the resonance of the absence that inhabits it and makes each word nothing but opaque to itself.

AI condenses a Whole of knowledge and jouissance. Under its promise of the most faithful respect for the singularity of each one, it offers The answer to measure, thanks to the possibility of algorithmizing us through the endless information that as generous slaves we offer in the exercise of our pretended "freedom". Now, together with the offer of absolute respect for singularity, it traffics as a clandestine passenger, an answer that aspires to a word without any rest, in the pretension of suppressing the misunderstanding that constitutes us, as much as it entangles us.

Thus, outside the logic of the Hétéros (ἕτερος), which is sustained by the incompatibility of the One with the Self, we are offered, through successful senses, a disproportionate cohesion of unicity with the image, which is far from reestablishing the dimension of the impossible, and consenting to the otherness of the other, the alien, the strange that is both a cause of discomfort and a safeguard of becoming One with itself, a position so dangerously akin to totalitarianisms. This uniqueness crushes the enigma that makes sense, a sense always in flight, annihilates the incommensurability of difference, the effect of the most absolute otherness.

With neurotic religiosity, by loving alliance to the father, faithful believers hoping in the possibility of completely illuminating all opacity, we come to declare ourselves devoted

parishioners of that or that which promises to eradicate it, thus becoming followers of that God guarantor of calculation, who promotes at the reach of a click a tempting capture of identity.

Insofar as the subject wants nothing more than to detach himself from this unassimilable remainder, in his ambition to say it entirely, he surrenders with fascination to the AI, since it seems to realize the relationship, making words and things finally seem to copulate. The signifier appears to abandon its character of semblance, and reinforcing its foolishness with mad cunning, it plugs up the au-sense that it seeks to disprove, putting at risk the very foundation of the existence of every subject: the trace that determines it, the lack in being that inhabits it, the inaugural void that animates it.

This answer without remainder, commodification of full senses that aspires to domesticate the symptom and eradicate discomfort, illusion of efficiency and efficacy that pretends to make the Non-relation non-existent, to suture it in such a way that everything would enter algorithmically in the representation making the word as puerile as innocuous, leaves no margin for those little touches of the language, for those inventions that escape from what is translatable in the language of the Other, since we are still foreigners of the language from which we cannot exile ourselves, since we are only submerged in the labyrinth of words from which we will have no way out, we must be able to dwell in that word-world and those little touches that each one imprints on it, allow us to inhabit that intimate foreignness, which is both disturbing and pacifying.

I yield the floor to the poet: "These inventions beat in the bowels of the tongue and bring babbles and breezes of childhood as memory of the word that came from outside, touched the infant in its cradle and opened a wound that will never close. Those new words, are they not perhaps a victory against the limits of language?" Juan Gelman

He died of "multi-orgasmic failure" came at the site of the multi-organ failure that ended the life of the mother of a 54 year-old woman, who still lives with one of her sisters in her childhood home, and whose mother denied her all access to exogamy and thus to an encounter with a sexual partner. The flashing stumble, fleeting awakening from the dream of meaning, sexuality and death, contingently allow the encounter with the real of non-relationship. Unlike the absolute knowledge that AI offers without the possible rupture of the eclipse that coagulates us in the universe (uni-verso), the accent in the making of this artisan icc of language, reinjects in the word that pretends to be full, this echo of emptiness, this center always absent, keeping open the cleft that reveals that knowledge is deceptive with respect to the real that it covers.

The word is toric, as long as it is supported by a speaking body. The machinic words without a body, expel the language, not counting on the hollowness required for the sound matter to resound as the pulsional echo of a saying. Rejecting the real, they degrade the power of the symbolic by denying it's impossible, core (kern) made of absence, necessary for the opening to the multiplicity of aerated senses. Without this hole that always remains as inapprehensible, desire would be extinct.

"Multiorgasmic failure" twists (retorifica) the word, inoculating it with that breath of life and emptiness

| --of which François Cheng speaks to us with beauty-, at the same time that it tears out a pinch of real. That stumble, as a vacuolating production, relaunches new senses by touching that always absent significance that breathes emptiness.

Witness of the incidence of the signifier impacting on the body as an event of the singular way in which the word bit the flesh, the symptom, fervent enthusiast of the gluttony of senses, will require a reading that, without ignoring the necessary twists and turns of dialectics, relies on the asemantic, to enclose, with the materiality of writing, the meaninglessness of its opaque jouissance.

Once the veil that history weaves has been sufficiently torn, covering with semantic phantasms the a-semantic jouissance of the symptom, identifying it, having pierced its sense of truth, will confront an ineffable balance that remains in perpetuity, giving space to the possible realization of being, if there is any, as a nothingness in the dimension of the symbolic, and as the most untransferable of that 'well managed by doing' with the jouissance in the sinthome and its singular fx of knotting, which far from leaving the subject in the most absolute solitude, makes possible a good link to the other, and consequently with the other that does not coagulate in an us.

The more we try to purify ourselves of the opacity that inhabits us, to close the inescapable crack that it opens and divides us, we will find that its return will also do so with greater ferocity, fearfully marinating with the tyranny of jouissance, inviting the real to run amok.

Is not this opaque alterity the very essence of the sinthome whose consent makes of this remainder a no longer malodorous asset?

If only the saying knotted, a synthomatic speaking will be necessary, which digs the hole by emptying the void. Thus psychoanalysis returns to the subject its primordial hollowness, that absent center, in which desire pulsates at the same time, as much as the living presence of the unmortified, this will only be possible if each one writes his silence in that unconquerable emptiness.

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