

1 "A work of art stems from its silence."
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3 If contemporary art experience can be said to have a distinctive feature, that is
4 awareness of limitation. It springs from a difficulty, from incompleteness: shaping
5 experience. It is a sort of meaning crisis about what has been passed on to us, a language
6 crisis that eventually makes silence and waiting pervasive, as in Hofmannsthalian Lord
7 Chandos' case, or that other language made up of silence and words, that *tone* of Trakl's
8 that made Wittgenstein happy. It is Trakl, precisely, who shows how in words themselves,
9 in color and sound, in the articulating of form through pauses, caesuras and stills,
10 unutterable everness unveils. A picture, a poem, a score... "are –Trakl says- like living
11 hedges in a land whose boundaries are always merging with such vast plains their limits
12 cannot be imagined". This is why a work of art stems from its silence. We should not forget
13 Trakl is Webern's poet. Within the boundaries of the hedge, dancing takes place. And it is
14 here, in this dance, where nothingness jumps onto stage so as to make it impossible for a
15 utopia of greater lucidity to exist, or for a Word to be uttered.

16 Dance was, originally, the meaning of the word labyrinth. Its graphic representation
17 described an image movement scribbling on sand a dance of circles which forgot their
18 centre and locked up the space on earth, previously void. New palaces would later be
19 modeled on that dance, such as the one built by Daedalus at Knossos. No wonder Joyce in
20 Ulysses called one of his main characters Simon Daedalus. All of them have appropriated
21 the idea of limitation, and naming it in a most ruthless way entails the pleasure that all
22 knowledge bestows upon by exhibiting the conditions of our existence. And thus language
23 expresses all the material of the visible -how it is born and dies, how it casts itself into the
24 abyss of time. There is no doubt it is in this border/language "*wo die schönen Trompeten*
25 *blasen*", as Trakl would say, trumpets announcing the infinite games ever possible,
26 through which we name the passing by things; or, as in Lucía Warck-Meister's liquid,
27 veiled transparencies, the instant of something turning up which withdraws and bewilders,
28 merely leaving, on the tracks of name, the record of its silence. All in all, "we are here to
29 say: house, bridge, glass, tree, window, or column and tower, at the most," as the Rilke of
30 *Elegies* would say, knowing things are besieged by the afternoon of time. A time of frailty
31 which becomes the most cherished territory for a modern artist, someone who, like
32 Chandos, thinks life's memory is safeguarded in silence.

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34 Francisco Jarauta

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37 (Translation by Patricia García Ces)
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