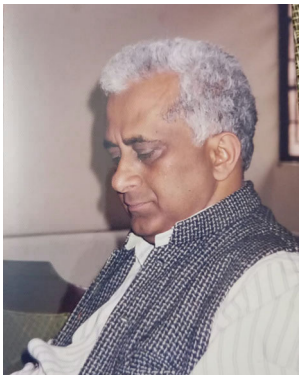
Saitya Brata Das *Editor*

Language and the World: Essays in Honor of Franson Manjali

Springer

Language and the World: Essays in Honor of Franson Manjali



Franson Manjali (1955–2023)

Saitya Brata Das
Editor

Language and the World: Essays in Honor of Franson Manjali

Springer

Editor
Saitya Brata Das
Jawaharlal Nehru University
New Delhi, Delhi, India

ISBN 978-981-96-6270-8 ISBN 978-981-96-6271-5 (eBook)
https://doi.org/10.1007/978-981-96-6271-5

This Springer imprint is published by the registered company Springer Nature Singapore Pte Ltd.
The registered company address is: 152 Beach Road, #21-01/04 Gateway East, Singapore 189721, Singapore

Mourning involves a movement away from the knowable and the communicable. That which has been named, in its movement from speech to muteness, is clearly more prone to melancholy. It would be even stronger tendency of melancholy when the process takes place in the plurality of overused and name-withered human languages. This involves an "overnaming" which according to Benjamin is the "deepest linguistic reason for all melancholy"…[such melancholy], according to Benjamin, is the basis of the distinction between Greek tragedy and German Trauerspiel. It is also for him the basis of the "divine violence" which strikes at the root of what is set up as the natural law. It is a non-violent violence, which opens up the space and the voice of art, essentially melancholic, due to the disjunction between the natural and the human, a disjunction which is also that of time, of the messianic time, a time outside of all given time, wherein the above tension cannot be resolved in any presumed dialectical movement of history.

—Franson Manjali

The opposite is itself precisely what is nearest. Deserts, mountains, distant lands, and seas can separate us from a friend in this life; the distance between this life and the other is no greater than that between night and day or vice versa. A heartfelt thought, together with our complete withdrawal from anything external, transfers us into that other world, and perhaps this other world becomes all the more hidden from us, the nearer to us it is.

—F.W.J. von Schelling

Acknowledgments

The editor expresses his gratitude to the three translators—Dhir Sarangi for the translation of Marc Crépon's essay, Garima Jha for the translation of Gérard Bensussan's essay, and Priya Kumari for translating the essay by Renate Müller-Buck.

Editor's Introduction

Events of Justice

The difficulty of speaking of Franson Manjali's "philosophy" has more than one reason. First of all, Manjali never speaks directly in his own voice; it is an indirect *récit* that he carefully cultivated over decades as a singular style of philosophical thinking (such is his self-effacement!). Secondly, even more decisively, his writing never has assumed the form of a "treatize", a "monograph", or a "book". There is no "thesis" or "hypothesis" that he proves or disproves in a systematic manner of argumentation, in a teleological fashion, which ends up in a decisive conclusion or result. Rather than thinking in a pre-determined method of argumentation leading to decisive results, Manjali thinks in style which is more of a *récit* of thought, a free unfolding of thinking on a temporal becoming where a shade or a tone of a thought opens up another, where the thought still remains open even though his essay is made to end almost in an abrupt style. It is extremely difficult to speak about thinking that follows such a free movement in becoming and unfolding, thinking that does not end up yielding to the demands of an "axiom" of deducing or inducing.

Like Nietzsche, also like Blanchot (both being his favorite *writers*) and like Benjamin (all three, in a strict sense, are not "philosophers" but *writers*), Manjali is a writer of discontinuous prose: prose that interrupts its own continuity; prose that by a necessity is destined to fragment itself—an incessant open *spacing*, without closure of deduction or induction. This is the highest necessity that freedom bears within itself: the necessity to be free, freedom which is free enough even to be necessary, the necessary freedom of necessity. This sudden conjunction of these two disparate—necessity and freedom—is truly the coincidence of opposites. Manjali likes to call it—again not in his own name but by taking recourse to other writers and thinkers—by this beautiful name: *event*. It is, as if as it were, in this name *event* (Manjali would prefer to speak of *events*—always in plural, *differential* and *deferential*, without being subsumable to any further unity) language itself come to its event: the event of an origin always immemorial and yet always prosthetic.

Despite the Proteus-like character of Manjali's thoughts, this enigma of the origin—of language—constitutes the real passion of his thinking. That the question concerning the "origin" of language cannot itself be formulable and formalizable in the form of formal linguistic analysis, in the grasp (*greifen*) of a conceptual (*begrifflich*) determination, or in the *pinning* it down to "truth": this origin is indeed *the event* par excellence—*the event of language* as such. Later we will see how Manjali understands this event of language as the very event of justice. What is important here is to recognize that what constitutes the real passion of Manjali's thinking poses an impasse, an enigma, a paradox, an aporia for thinking that, paradoxically, at once inhibits thinking and yet, at the same time, enables thinking to flourish. How to speak of such thinking which consists of ever exposing itself to what refuses to be measured by the thinkable? How to speak of that thinking that reaches its utmost fecundity precisely where it reaches it *a-poros?* We have seen that recognition of this enigma is necessary each time we speak of Manjali's thinking, which takes, as we know, myriad pathways—incalculable, aleatory, eventive, and adventitious.

Manjali calls *experience* of thinking "exploration". *Exploration* is *experience* in true sense of the term. The German word for "experience" is *Erfahrung*. To experience something is to explore, to undergo, to go *under*, to *under*take a voyage and to be transformed therein. To *explore* (this is one of Manjali's favorite words) is *to cry out*: ex (out)-*plorare* (to utter a cry); to *ex-plore* is to *ex-plode into a cry.* This *cry* is of uttermost importance to Manjali. In many of his classes, which this author has had the opportunity to attend, Manjali used to spend hours to *ex-pose* the sense of the French word *écriture*: the *cry*—the *cri*—of écriture/writing. This cry is the event of language. It is the cry of justice. When one is *ex-ploring*, s/he is *ex-posed* (one is deposed from all given, static, positions) to the *ex-ploding* of the *cri* of language—the *cri* that always one hears in its *differential* and *deferential* scattering of the same.

For Manjali the Protean thinker to think the same that does not mean nevertheless to remain identical. To speak of Manjali's "philosophy" is to be mindful of this Proteus-character of this thinking. A true Proteus that he is (not just in the external story of his life), Manjali's thinking revolves around the same that never remains identical to itself: discontinuity is as essential to thinking as its maximizing thrust towards sense; in fact, it is sense itself which is rather discontinuous and interruptive. That is why thinking for Benjamin, for Nietzsche and Blanchot, and also for Manjali, can at best be a kind of narrative-prose that opens up time only to disrupt itself. Benjamin, Blanchot and Nietzsche: three great thinkers of incompletion from whom Manjali never ceases to derive inspiration. That is why to speak of Manjali's "philosophy" is difficult in an essential sense: what he presents in his *récit*—provided that we can speak of his philosophical essays as *récit*—is the opening up of a field that lets thinkers come and go, make their appearance and disappearance, while he masks himself by letting others speak. Speaking and masking, masking and speaking: *récit* brings these two together in an intimacy whose enigma is difficult to be pinned down to a "truth". This is Manjali's oblique speech that does not let itself be pinned down; or, rather, it refuses itself to be pinned down, an obstinate refusal which nevertheless is gentle, a reticence that nevertheless does not reduce itself to any muteness. What

kind of language is this *écriture?* How do we formally and thematically analyze—in the propositional structure of "truth", in the grammatical structure of language (whether tree structure or animal structure)—this *cry of the event*, this *event of the cry*?: Manjali ceaselessly asks this question in all his years that make up of we call as the years of a "career". How do we understand, hermetically and hermeneutically, in the hermetic language of hermeneutic or in the hermeneutic language of a hermit, this excess—this *excessus*—of language, this event of a cry that *ex*-ceeds language, and thereby letting language arrive or come (*l'avenir*: Manjali follows Derrida's terminology more than that of any other, excepting Blanchot, for Blanchot has always been the signature of *ex*-ception for him) to its own *jouissance,* to its own pleasure, to its joy? For language too has its own pleasure and Manjali ceaselessly attends to this pleasure: not the pleasure of being able to return to itself in the composure of self-identity, but the pleasure of an exodus, in the difficult way out, as the very word "exodus" shows itself (*ex-hodos*—the way out, the *hodos* that does not return to its self-same identity). *The event of language is the exodus of language*: the cry that goes out of the womb of the mouth and suffers in the *outside,* in the harsh sands of the desert, in the desert of suffering, in the desert where all destination loses its address, the desert where one loses one's way, the desert where one does not know where one is going to and from where has one come. The language of the event is the language of exodus: in its pleasure, in its *coming*, language suffers the violence of pleasure. How do we formalize it in the grammatical pinning it down to a tree structure, to the propositional pinning it down to a conceptual structure? Manjali wonders. He wonders in a very essential sense: he himself is *ex*-posed in the desert out of which the cry of the event—or, the event of the cry—e-rupts, inter-rupts, dis-rupts, rupt-ures, rapt-urs. What *e-rupts* is essentially that which *rupts:* all eruption is a rupture, as the root verb *rumpere* implies; without breaking, without the fissure, there is no eruption, no event, no advent, no coming, no pleasure, no moaning, no bursting into a cry, no explosion in an exploration. Such is the language of language! Such is the origin of language. Explosion is the origin of language; bursting into a cry is the event of language. In one of his fascinating essays Manjali brings this out in such a lucid manner, reading very carefully a very old text of an ancient Indian philosopher of language called Bhartrhari:

> Meaning is the particular instantiation of the activation, through an explosion or "bursting forth" (sphota) in the intellect (*pratibha*) of the perceiver. What is important in these views is the dynamic perspective attached to both meaning and form.

Manjali then goes onto say,

> As the semantic essence of speech, Sphota, is both umembodied (it is the linguistic centre, the universal) and unmanifested in all-differentiating and all-diversifying time. Bhartrhari's references to the various analogies employed by other scholars to describe this *sphota* (that of the 'wave', and that of the 'flame', and even more pertinently that of the 'seed' or the 'egg') make this amply clear. Owing to the literal meaning of the word, some commentators have also defined *sphota* as the 'bursting forth', etc. Some have even suggested that *sphota* might actually refer to the bursting forth of meaning in the mind/brain. However, in the present author's view it is indeed useful to retain this very physical sense of the word, rather than quickly reduce it to something cognitive or linguistic, without abandoning the insistence on

> the undifferentiated character of the *sphota*, in comparison with *dhwani*. (Manjali 2014a, pp. 85–86)

Manjali then goes onto address some of the deepest metaphysical questions concerning the origin and the event of language, into the cosmological questions concerning the universe, the questions concerning time and history, and the messianic problematic of the destruction of power. Juxtaposing 7th century philosopher of language Bhartrhari with the contemporary philosopher Walter Benjamin's messianic conception of language and time, Manjali was being able to raise some of the most disconcerting questions of our time, opening up the problematic of language, beyond any formal analysis of the static properties of language, to the great questions of politics and history, of memory and time, of law and justice, of event and advent. This particular essay is perhaps Manjali's at his best; and we have around us very few thinkers, almost none, who can really match the insights therein attained. Manjali listens to the cry of language that bursts forth in the desert of our time, and finds therein messianic promises and possibilities where the oppressive powers of the world enter into suspension and destruction. This messianic anarchy of Manjali is not a well-defined, programmable, political project of overthrowing a well-defined "enemy" of people: it is *an-arché* in true sense of the term, that is, to think the possibility of the political as without having to be grounded on an *arché*, on a founding principle to ground a new hegemony in turn.

What is at stake here? At stake here is the double bind—the *differend*—between the event and law. Following Derrida and Deleuze here—these two thinkers of différance and difference without it having to be a representation of difference—Manjali points to the possibility of justice through an interminable inoperation and interruption of the law. The messianic suspension of the law—here Manjali is closer to Derrida, as perhaps he has always been—an anarchic event, or anarchic events. Events are necessarily anarchic, in Manjali's understanding, by a necessity which is the eternal donation of freedom, by a paradoxical co-incidence of the incommensurable. This event, exceeding politics and yet opening up the space for the political, is that which makes totality or closure impossible.

These are the great questions that Manjali asks, questions that are always dangerous and risky, risks that, however, he has always assumed. Behind the quiet, almost solitary, "gentlemanly" empirical man, there lives a fiery intellect, filled with a messianic-explosive imagination, always about to burst into a flame which only here and there finds an adequate expression. For he has also to the listen to the other demand that thought itself imposes on a thinker: always to appear masked. Like Nietzsche, also like Kierkegaard, here mask is not accessory, an accidental putting on: through masks, the essential play of the world is introduced.

Such is the thinker Manjali. This is why it is only deceptively easy to speak of Manjali's work. He always finds himself in the desert of language and hears the cry that erupts in the wilderness; he listens to that cry which is as ordinary as death and yet is as extraordinary precisely thereby: death that goes *extra* way out of the ordinary, born out of the open wound that gives birth to events, death that is the yawning abyss of the origin. This is nothing other than the origin of language itself. Despite

myriad paths that Manjali *under*takes and always *under*goes what he takes up, his real passion of thought in all these decades of thinking, researching, in searching *out*, in his interminable and incessant road *out*—in being always *out* this way, exposed and solitary amidst the people he loved—is this: this prodigious and yet utter fragility of the origin—of language itself, this cry that resounds when language erupts out of a cut, of a slit, of a wound. In this sense, Manjali's thought is closer to Nietzsche and to Blanchot than to any other thinkers. Nietzsche too hears the cry of the origin, always heard only prosthetically and therefore only dimly and darkly. It is in great tragic music—which Nietzsche finds resounding in Sophocles rather than in the great monumental conceptual structures of Hegel—that we hear darkly the cry of the origin. In that sense—and here Manjali follows Nietzsche very closely[1]– Manjali's deconstruction of the formal-grammatical linguistics' analysis of language[2] is in very proximity to Nietzsche's deconstruction of the conceptual structures of Western metaphysics from Plato to Hegel. The concept is the last evaporating reality—of the immemorial cry of the origin; in fact, according to Nietzsche, the concept is the inversion of the cry, like the Platonic idea (and Hegel's concept) is the inversion of reality. Essays after essays, Manjali tirelessly emphasizes this. To hear the cry of the origin one has to be exposed to the harsh sun of the desert, to the suffering of the wilderness. Like Oedipus who has to pluck out his eyes in order to see, because he did not see when he had his eyes—so that he becomes like Tiresias, the blind one who sees—so someone who takes the road *out* in order to hear the cry of the origin has to be ex-posed in the desert of language, de-posed from one's homeland of analytically arrived "truth" and of the pinned-down dwelling of the "concept": only thus does one explore. Manjali explores. He explodes into a cry. And nobody hears it out. One would like to hear it because it is a risk; it is the very wager of existence where one has to constantly measure out against the immeasurable. Manjali always takes this risk. Often he fails. By failing he succeeds. Like Nietzsche, he throws his dice, he affirms chance, he fails, and there he succeeds. His downfall is his tragic joy. In this sense also, he is anarchist (another of his favorite words: *an-arché*—without or beyond or above all *arché*) in true sense of the term out of which—we are now speaking of his engagement with the question of the political—he questions "authorities", those principles or *archéi* that claims themselves to be originary in a mythic self-identity. Manjali, in his road *out*, in his *ex*-plorations, searches *out* the origin behind and beyond these mythical "origins": the anarchy of the origin that refuses to be grounded in the mythic foundation of a community, of a race, of a national self-identity, or even a linguistic self-presence. This is Manjali's "politics", in an entirely heterogeneous sense to the point that one wonders whether it is possible to speak of " politics" here, for the dominant conception of what "politics" means itself needs questioning, that is to say, needs to be put into question, to be put *under* question.

[1] One only needs to read Manjali's various texts on Nietzsche, including his edited volume which grew out of an incredibly rich conference on Nietzsche that he organized in 2004 (See Manjali 2006).

[2] See the relevant essays (especially essays 1, 11, 12 &13) that are collected in *Labyrinths of Language* (Manjali 2014).

There is no anarchist politics or politics of anarchy in the simple, prevalent, dominant sense of the term; and yet, precisely thereby it points towards the possibility of pure politics as infinite contestation. This pure politics has no other sense than the infinite and interminable exposure of totality to an infinity that no totality can ever measure. In that very extraordinary essay I have just cited above, Manjali indicates (Manjali always *indicates*, he only *indicates*)—reading Walter Benjamin, another messianic thinker of anarchy—the possibility of a pure politics, politics that is absolved from the means and end structure which constitutes the language of the law. What is that, having finally absolved from the structure of being mere means to an end, that is to say, by a suspension of the law, opens to the possibility of justice—if not an event, or events? Language here again serves for Manjali, as for Benjamin, as the cipher, as an indication of the politics without *means*: the messianic possibility of the pure language of the name, absolved from the prattle of the law, is the language without *means*, which is to say, it is the event of language itself. The event of language is the language without *means*, that is to say, the event itself does not consist of *meaning*. *To mean* is to have at one's disposal *means* in sight of an end: to speak, by positing meaning as the originary moment of language, is to posit a mythic foundation which would be the self-identical to itself. The pure language, on the other hand, is attuned to an anarchic mourning that exceeds the mythic violence of the law by following as much as preceding it. To understand this event, Manjali uses two words here: "uncircumscribable" and "infinite". Manjali here is speaking of Benjamin here, and through Benjamin, he indicates—and Manjali only indicates—the pure possibility of pure politics as the messianic violence that interrupts the mythic violence of the law. This passage which enables Manjali, with a recourse to Benjamin, to pass from the question of language to the law is fascinating:

> Mourning thus involves a movement away from the knowable and the communicable. That which has been named, in its movement from speech to muteness, is clearly more prone to melancholy. It would be even stronger tendency of melancholy when the process takes place in the plurality of overused and name-withered human languages. This involves an 'overnaming' which according to Benjamin is the "deepest linguistic reason for all melancholy"…[such melancholy], according to Benjamin, is the basis of the distinction between Greek tragedy and German *Trauerspiel*. It is also for him the basis of the 'divine violence' which strikes at the root of what is set up as the natural law. It is a non-violent violence, which opens up the space and the voice of art, essentially melancholic, due to the disjunction between the natural and the human, a disjunction which is also that of time, of the messianic time, a time outside of all given time, wherein the above tension cannot be resolved in any presumed dialectical movement of history. (Manjali 2014a, pp. 84–85)

What Manjali calls here as "tension" is the agonal differend, or the anarchic polemos whose enemy is "any presumed dialectical movement of history", for "any presumed dialectical movement of history", with its maximizing thrust towards unity, would subsume the singularity of events within the figure of totality. I would like to think that this is the very heart of Manjali's thought. Sufficient here is to attend to this: language for Manjali is something like a cipher or crypt, not a determinable series of static statements, for all that *states* and can be *stated*—including the great political institution called "the State"—is, by a logic interior to it, *static;* language is

not a fixed apparatus of determinable properties which can be analyzed, logically-conceptually-grammatically, in terms of "truth". Rather, for Manjali, the fecundity of the crypt is such that it opens up what cannot be stated in static statements. This is what Manjali calls *event* or *events*. Following a philosopher like Emmanuel Levinas, Manjali would call this opening up of infinity from the heart of finitude as *the ethical*. Language is not a determinable and closed system of law that is necessarily governed by a hegemonic *arché*, nor is it a necessary apparatus of morphological-syntactic-phonological properties which can be analyzed by a set of rules or laws: the "state" of language is not static but rather eventive. Manjali also calls this eventive eruption of language, in its aleatory possibility of messianic interruptions and disruptions, as "dynamic", a word that he uses in almost all his essays from later period.

The event of language is the cry. Once we are *ex-posed* open to the cry of this event or these events, then the Pandora 's Box of ethico-political questions erupt that disrupt and interrupt totalities, systems, apparatuses—of knowledge, of political regimes, of "truths". Manjali's anarchist philosophy of language—which does not hesitate to put into question philosophy itself—ceaselessly tempts us to *at-tempt* this opening up of the Pandora's Box of language, to open the closed book of language once more, to expose ourselves to the desert where the cry is heard once again. Somewhere between the closure of the Book and opening of *écriture* there stands Manjali crying in the desert of language. He lets us hear words of a promise that murmurs and rustles—out of the profound melancholy of the depth—which will redeem us from the violence of injustice. The call of justice *to* come, which demands infinite acts of responsibility from each one of us, is the call he wants us to hear out of the darkness of our historical existence. But the one who hears the call that comes from *to come* of time, the time that remains *to* come—what Derrida would call *l'avenir,* as distinguished from *futur*—which even demands the arrest or suspension of what has already become fixed as the law of the world, this singular being who hears the coming of the other time, this time of the other, is not for Manjali a prince of the world, a man of dominion and principalities. He is more like sadhu—just like Benjamin's messiah incognitus who is more melancholic than a triumphant figure—who opens up, from the heart of the time that has been, the other time that is not yet accomplished. In these inimitable words Manjali opens up those other thoughts, those thoughts of the other time that come to intervene and interrupt the time of the present:

> The action of time on things induces specific dynamics in their ontology. Consequent to the action of time, things are perceived as *siddha* (accomplished) or *sadhya* (to be accomplished). A thing in the process of accomplished is perceived as *sadhana*…in the state of *sadhana*, man retreats himself from the normal course of actions in time. It is a weak state, having power only to prevent its own accomplishment in time as *sidddha* (completed thing). In this conscious state of being a *sadhana*, in which man is a sadhu, there is a double orientation to time. A *sadhu*—often a figure of inexorable melancholy—has, on the other hand, internalized all the experiences of the past, or rather all the events of destruction wrought by time, and on the other hand, he/she is looking forward to the time to come with hope and promise. A *sadhu* is also the one who arrests the unstoppable movement of time, intervenes in it, and creates intervals in it (Ibid., pp. 88-89).

A weak, fragile figure—barely a *figure* as such, for the concept of "figure" invokes certain mythic power—*sadhu* opens time to that which the law of presence cannot capture and capsize; she intervenes in it and opens intervals in it so that justice may shoot through this *inter-* of *venes* and *vals.* Manjali thinks the possibility of justice as the time of the intervention in the intervals: it is the very possibility of time itself as events, as events of justice, for justice requires time that is not just *siddha* but also *sadhya.* Hence is the incessant and interminable necessity of *sadhana.* Sadhu is she who opens up a hyphen by interrupting the unity of sense so that, in this distance of dis-junction, the other may come. This is precisely the task of sadhana, that is, by weakening of worldly powers, we come to renounce the power of time over us. I consider this as the most beautiful thought that Manjali ever has come to think.

* * *

Two questions occupied Manjali towards the end of his life. First is the question of image to which Manjali has devoted a number of admirable essays (Manjali 2014b, pp. 153–67); second is the problematic of justice. In a series of unpublished fragments—sort of working notes towards an essay or a monograph—which are possibly among the last working notes of his life, Manjali embarks on an ambitious project of addressing the problematic of justice. The abstract of the fragments reads:

> We shall try to eke out some of the poststructuralist approaches to law and justice. We shall be mainly concerned with the views of the philosophers, Foucault, Deleuze and Derrida. (The title of this paper is derived from the title of Levinas' well-known work, *Otherwise than Being Or, Beyond Essence.*) On the one hand, these philosophers undermine Law, in its historical and socio-political existence, but on the other hand, through complex argumentation concerning the discourse of law, their views converge on a justice that is obtained only by an endless displacement of law. Justice, for them, is that which precedes law and can thus be located only as an *event* or a paradoxical becoming that simultaneously exceeds law. Though justice by law is always aspired for and never finally or fully attained, every moment of historical existence is potentially charged with events of justice that is outside of law.[3]

The title given to these notes is: *Events of Justice, or Otherwise than the Being of Law*. What Manjali means by "events" here is not accidental occurrences in which justice instantiates itself in differential fashions; rather, events of justice themselves are intrinsically: (1) differential, (2) multiple, and as such are (3) truly eventive, eruptive, adventitious. Much more difficult is to understand what Manjali means by "the being of law": justice are events, law is being. It appears as if—at least this much we can infer from these enigmatic, cryptic notes which are very difficult to understand—that the *différance* (which is not dialectical opposition) between justice and law is *like* the *différance* between events and being (while "events" are always plural, while " being" is in singular). How to understand this? How to understand this intrinsic connection made between "being" and "law"? The ontological understanding of "law"—law in its very being—is at stake here, but it is not just that: what seems to be at stake here is that law, in its very lawfulness, itself has the *being-character;* and that, precisely by that same measure, being itself, in its very being-character, has the

[3] Manjali, "Events of Justice, or Otherwise than the Being of Law".

law-character. Manjali does not elaborate on this intriguing connection that is made here between "being" and "law", but he provides an indication: the title in part is derived from the title of an important book by Emmanuel Levinas—*Otherwise than Being or Beyond Essence.* It appears here that "deconstruction" of the law also has to be, at the same time, deconstruction of ontology: only then can we understand "otherwise than the law" as "the otherwise than being" or as "otherwise than the being of law". This also indicates that "events of justice" are *events* to the extent that they are always *otherwise*, that the otherwise shows itself as events—otherwise than being, otherwise than law. Events are disparate to being as justice is to law. This *disparate* constitutes an essential paradox: justice is simultaneously *becoming* and *exceeding*—the law; justice *becomes* to the extent that it also *exceeds thereby;* justice *exceeds* to the extent it necessarily *becomes* thereby. These final notes—very cryptic and full of paradoxical formulations—from his final years show how was he struggling with a very fundamental question that lies at the heart of his concerns. It points towards his near obsessive concern to understand the world that has come to be, the world whose poisonous air we breathe today; and to understand this world, he found himself placed in the desert of the world out of which questions, infinite questions, erupt like thousand volcanic eruptions, with loud cries bursting out in thousand explosions. Yet, he still saw burning the messianic fire of hope, very dimly though, that life-giving fire whose messianic trait he saw affirming itself against the abyss of hopelessness, while the world around him was growing darker, even more darker, and growing darker still.

This is a collection of essays in his memory and in his honor. These essays recall and renew "the unavowable community"—in words of Maurice Blanchot—which Manjali always dreamed of. It is the idea of a messianic community—a community *to* come—the community that interrupts not only any other totality but its own totality above all: such an idea of community—disrupting available, fixed, substantive identity—lies at the heart of Manjali' thought. This volume, renewing this vision, also recalls the thought of a responsibility whose inheritance can only be discontinuous and thereby opening ever new and ever singular horizon, interrupting any mythic foundation that constitutes hegemonic world order. Only thus death—not only his death—becomes not only bearable but also is overcome, and then we can ask, with the apostle: "Death, where is thy sing"? (1 Corinthians 15: 55)

Bibliography

Manjali, Franson, "Events of Justice, or Otherwise than the Being of Law" (Unpublished Notes).

Manjali, Franson, "Time, Language and the Destruction of Power" in *Labyrinth of Language*: *Philosophical and Cultural Investigations* (Delhi: Aakar Books, 2014a), pp. 76–90.

Manjali, Franson, "Towards a Philosophy of Image" in *Labyrinth of Language*: *Philosophical and Cultural Investigations* (Delhi: Aakar Books, 2014b), pp. 153–67.

Manjali, Franson (ed.). *Nietzsche: Philologist, Philosopher and Cultural Critic.* Delhi: Allied Publishers, 2006.