

Speaking the Poetry of Martin Heidegger and Luce Irigaray

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The article will engage primarily with the writings of Luce Irigaray's Everyday Prayers and Elemental Passions, and Martin Heidegger's The Thinker as Poet and Contributions to Philosophy (of the Event), concentrating on their differing poetic-philosophical thinking and sayings of performativity.

Key words: philosophy of art / Heidegger, Martin / Irigaray, Luce / poetry / performativity

I would like to begin with two lines from Luce Irigaray's *Elemental Passions*, lines that begin to say what *Speaking the Poetry of Martin Heidegger and Luce Irigaray* hopefully will, in its own turn, begin to show.

The sun rising – rays alighting upon things, lightly touching all over, gradually revealing them, bringing them out of the enveloping mist. (Irigaray, *Elemental* 95)

These two lines refer, in part, to the passing by and revealing touch of the other. They begin to say the possibility of being in the world, not by defining us through the glare of observation and knowledge, but rather open to wonder through a gentle touch that envelops like mist, a revealing of beings themselves – through the writing itself, a writing that does not speak about something, but *is* the event of such an opening. Just as Heidegger writes of Friedrich Hölderlin's poetry, it is not up to us to speak *about* a poem for that 'would mean to consider from above, and thus, from outside, what the poem truly is. On what authority', he asks, "through what sort of knowledge, could this occur. It would be better", he continues, "if we let the poem tell us about its proper character, what it consists of, what it is based on" (Heidegger, *Elucidations* 209). Or as Irigaray suggests, to speak *with* from within difference, rather than *about* (Irigaray, *Way of Love* 7).

And just as these two lines alight upon and allow the things themselves to shine forth, so do the later works of Heidegger and Irigaray respectively, works that have blossomed from the earlier. That with which we will be speaking, a prayer from 7th February 1998 by Luce Irigaray in her *Everyday Prayers*, and the poem series, *The Thinker as Poet*, by Martin Heidegger, along with the two different voices of Heidegger's *Contributions to Philosophy (of*

the Event), [*Beitrage Zur Philosophie (Vom Ereignis)*],¹ and Irigaray's *Elemental Passions*, begins, as Heidegger writes from his *Contributions*, to partake of a thinking that "does not describe or explain, does not proclaim or teach", but rather is itself the "to be said." (Heidegger, *Cont. to Phil. (From Enowning)* 4). And since this essay will bear witness to the poetic thinking with-in these few selected works, I will not be trying to express similarities in detail between Irigaray and Heidegger, though in some instances such events may arise; nor will there be an attempt to draw an uninterrupted path from Heidegger to Irigaray to form a historical time line; rather the writing hopes to become a dialogue with these thinkers as much through the silences they inhabit, as with what they say – silence as a moment of that which is unspeakable,² a threshold bringing language to articulation through preservation and letting be, a performative writing opening toward another way of thinking, another way of being in the world which for Irigaray already carries the breathable "delight of the air" (Irigaray, *Everyday* 138).

In the *Contributions* Heidegger is no longer asking as he was in *Being and Time*, "What is the meaning of Being?" but rather "How does Being essentially unfold?" (Heidegger, *Cont. to Phil. (From Enowning)* 8-9) Here saying becomes not *about* something, but is the actual happening of thinking, a way of writing that Luce Irigaray will later engage with in *Elemental Passions*, even though she will be, as she says, speaking with her mouth open like a stone angel in a cathedral, one who has had her tongue stopped and all that remains for her is to sing (Irigaray, *Elemental* 7). Both Irigaray and Heidegger are acknowledging and responding to what they see as an all-encompassing whole of metaphysics, a whole that dominates the epochs of what Heidegger names the first beginning, that is, thinking from Plato to Nietzsche; and for Irigaray marks the very beginnings of ontology. Heidegger in *Country Path Conversations*, names a calculative thinker as one who knows their thoughts in advance through an ordered reductive methodology; while for a mediative thinker, conversation, silence, and listening are required, making for an engagement that is holy, a holiness not separated from one's daily life or thinking, but is integral to it. Writing, as Heidegger suggests of the Hölderlin poem *Homecoming*, is a meditation, and becomes the event of homecoming itself: "The poem 'meditates' on that which the poet in his poethood invokes ('the holy'), and the manner in which the poet must speak of that which has to be brought into poetry ('the care')", (Heidegger, *Elucidations* 222) and that "[t]he elegy 'Homecoming' is not a poem about homecoming; rather, the elegy, the poetic activity it is, is the homecoming itself" (ibid 44).

This activity of the poetic, thinking arising with the poem, the writing process and the reading of the poem, one's opening and thinking through that poem, becomes a lived event toward *our own* homecoming.

Such an advent is also being spoken in Irigaray's *Elemental Passions*. Writing that, I now recognise, is 'actual making love'. As Irigaray says in her introduction, her writing will offer

some fragments of a woman's journey as she goes in search of her identity in love [...] Between nature and culture, between night and day, between sun and stars, between vegetable and mineral. Amongst men, amongst women, amongst gods, she seeks her humanity and her transcendency. Such a journey is not without its trials (Irigaray, *Elemental* 4).

In *Elemental Passions* Irigaray's thinking may be read *with-in* the writing not as a representation, but as performance, as the very happening of thinking, speaking a love that is the "motor of becoming, allowing both the one and the other to grow," rather than, "a love that appropriates the other for itself by consuming it" (Irigaray, *Elemental* 27), where *sophia* "is often reduced to a mental exercise" (Irigaray, *Way of Love* 3). But the modest, thoughtful and difficult love that Irigaray makes with the page, herself, the reader and her lover is where *we* may also begin to think writing as an event that not only makes us but the world, an event allowing for the possibility, as Della Pollock suggests in her essay on performing writing, a dialogue of care, of consequential affection which "often begins small", and is for "relatives, not identities" (Pollock, "Performing" 89 and 98). Something that resonates with its uncommon call to what could possibly be seen as sentiment, and which is also a form of the care that reveals itself in Heidegger's *Being and Time* as being-with (*Mitsein*), an intimate face to face relation. Performing writing that is at once modest and questioning is to write in the present in relation with an other on the earth, toward thinking faithfully; it is a writing that is an intimate conversation from which a community may arise through a letting be in responsive moments. In *Sharing the World* Irigaray writes of the event – or advent, as an encounter between humans in which something happens, something is born. And "it is important" she says "to care for this newborn – in each one, between the two. Three births alter the one, the other, the whole" (Irigaray, *Sharing* 31) – strange sharings by which we are touched, and filled with wonder – unsettled.

In Heidegger's philosophical work such performative writing is especially, but differently, present in his *Contributions*, and is highlighted by the distance between what he names in that work's Preview as its "official" title and its "essential heading." Where the official, as Heidegger writes, "must now necessarily sound bland, ordinary and saying nothing and must give the impression that it is dealing with 'scholarly contributions' aimed at some 'progress' in philosophy", and where the essential, which is that which "belongs to be-ing and to be-ing's word" is no longer "talking 'about'

something and representing something objective” (Heidegger, *Cont. to Phil. (From Enowning)* 3). This way to writing, which Heidegger refers to as its style, becomes the saying of the nobility of language, of language’s possibility of beginning to speak our relation to be-ing³ as a moment of steadfast restraint, a “hesitant” moment in the sheltering of a “gentle measure” in times of strife (Heidegger, *Cont. to Phil. (Of the Event)* 55).

Heidegger’s *The Thinker As Poet*, a poem that gently sways between day-break and twilight, and is also touched by the seasons, is just such a happening event; a poem that walks in the country, through an open field of becoming on and toward another way, in a time of darkness. The writing consists of ten poems bracketed by two others, the first bracket, which creates a questioning and narrative introduction to the series of pathways, takes a different shape to the last, in which eight lines of happening occurrence say the event of nature itself; a difference arising from what transpires between? Each of the ten poems between these introductory and concluding poems commences with a hymn to nature. The first line of each song, or prayer, beginning with “When,” marks a unique event in the living present; the morning sun quietly glows, a thunderstorm gathers, a snowstorm blankets, the evening light bathes; and each finishes with an ellipsis, a threshold of breath opening upon silence, which is its own articulation – hymns followed by other mediations upon thinking that conclude with that closing bracket, which in speaking nature gathers each preceding hymn and meditation.

One hymn begins:

When through a rent in the rain-clouded
sky a ray of the sun suddenly glides
over the gloom of the meadows ...

The sun shines, and through its’ gentle touch a landscape is revealed, darkness dispelled, as Irigaray’s enveloping mist is also parted – the winter’s sun, a changing light part of the seasons, opens the meadows to spring’s occurrence – while we too are stirred on our way, as the hymn opens a meditation:

We never come to thoughts. They come to us.
That is the proper hour of discourse.
Discourse cheers us to companionable
reflection. Such a reflection neither
parades polemical opinions nor does it
tolerate complaisant agreement. The sail
of thinking keeps trimmed hard to the
wind of the matter.

From such companionship a few perhaps
may rise to be journeymen in the
craft of thinking. So that one of them,
unforseen, may become a master.

Thinking is not a series of propositions arising from the specific truth of beings, nor Machination, a blind screaming and deluding crowing over oneself to escape hollowness (Heidegger, *Cont. to Phil. (Of the Event)* 103-109), but a waiting upon, just as the dormant meadows under the sky, touched and lit by the sun's gliding rays, blossom. "This is the proper hour of discourse", when both becoming earth and sky spark in the wake of a thunderstorm. Touched by strife, mastery arising in and with nature rests in the simple in which all essential occurrence has gathered, and as Heidegger says, such mastery, which is the true craft of thinking, occurs "only after a thinker has *forgotten* in a creative sense, the *previous* way of thinking about being, that is about beingness", (Heidegger, *ibid.* 219) and that "its greatness consists in the fact it needs no power and thus no violence", (Heidegger, *ibid.* 221) yet such trembling uniqueness necessarily resonates with that previous thinking. There is a toing and froing in a real sense between different ways of being in and with the world, as we succumb to participation in an enframed technological world, while opening to the occurrence of pathways as discrete as the shadows cast by scudding rain clouds.

When the cowbells keep tinkling from
The slopes of the mountain valley
Where the herds wander slowly ...

In a labour wedded to the cow's gentle step, the reverberating bell's tinkling, as in Hölderlin's poem,⁴ will be put out of tune by even the most humble of readings, muffling a bell's breath.

The poetic character of thinking is
still veiled over.
Where it shows itself, it is for a
long time like the utopism of
a half-poetic intellect.

But poetry that thinks is in truth
the topology of Being.
This topology tells Being the
whereabouts of its actual
presence.

Poetic thinking, as Heidegger suggests, is “a thinking that is *underway*...” (Heidegger, *Cont. to Phil. (Of the Event)*, 3), it is not part of a closed system, but opens toward an other beginning (*Anfang*), in all its fits and starts, its wrong paths, its “half-poetic intellect”, through listening and reflecting towards be-ing’s becoming in companionable dialogue. It is a thinking that begins to open through these poems toward that which is modest and poor, where the heart has an ear; a becoming thinking that is of the earth, sky, divinities and mortals, and which needs to think against itself, bringing us face to face with the other – a song arising from a humble art, which has only just begun, thinking that is not finished, nor does it desire to be so.

That a thinking is, ever and suddenly—
whose amazement could fathom it?

Through such strife driven amazement we gather, and out of such joyous wonder, become, as the last of Heidegger’s poems, the closing bracket, simply speaks that which cannot be represented – such a becoming.

Forests spread
Brooks plunge
Rocks persist
Mist defuses
Meadows wait
Springs well
Winds dwell
Blessing muses

However Heidegger warns of the difficulties arising from institutionalising sudden unfolding dwelling in amazement – or what in the *Basic Questions of Philosophy* (131-156) he calls after amazement, wonder – and the performativity of this event, an event that cannot be brought about by man’s will, or explained because explanation is already directed to some being itself. One must take care in the displacement through wonder in which we find ourselves while “in the midst of beings as such” (Heidegger, *Basic* 147), for, here also “resides the danger of ... disturbance and destruction” by “unbridled positing of goals” that destroy the event, allowing for the “avidity for learning and calculation” to enter. Philosophy then becomes an institution among others” (Heidegger, *Basic* 155). Our thinking, the opening to an other way, is still necessarily precarious, and it is tempting to “slip into a systematic of the earlier style” (Heidegger, *Cont. to Phil. (From Enowning)* 216). We fall again under the sway of Machination, the fragile strife driven necessity of wonder has been disrupted through

my desire for its very happening; breath, wind, sun, growth, labour, thanks giving, and companionship, are conceptualised from and into a unity that returns to crush the moment. Yet here there remains the possibility that opens upon, through an enticing leap, a realm and way toward the “splendour of the simple” (Heidegger, *Poetry* 7); a listening to and a waiting within a silence expanse, from which a sun rising begins lightly to touch the things themselves.

In her *Everyday Prayers*, Luce Irigaray shares with us a selection of poems/prayers which she has written, one every day between the years 1997 and 1998. And in the preface to these published prayers Irigaray says that such writing is like a sketch through which she finds, “words which will allow a new stage in her thinking.” Poetry, and also importantly “frequenting nature” (Irigaray, *Everyday* 29), she says, makes possible a poetic writing that “seeks to preserve and promote a . . . becoming” (Irigaray, *Prayers* 30), which situates “ourselves differently with respect to the world, to the self, to the other” (Irigaray, *Prayers* 33). These 61 selected prayers say recurring events which celebrate life, relations with others, the seasons, sharing the world, the budding of fruit, happiness, and the kinship “between a beloved lover and a bird” (Irigaray, *Prayers* 48). I will engage with only one of these prayers, the one written during winter’s close on Saturday February 7th 1998; a season which, as Irigaray says, recalling Heidegger, “[c]alls on the poetic voice to speak the revival of nature, of meeting, in words that unite differently earth and sky, the human and the divine” (Irigaray, *Prayers* 39).

The prayer: February 7th 1998

If our encounter was poetry,
 It absolves of everything.
 Uncovering other words,
 Vehicles of the sacred,
 It transforms the flesh,
 Opens a new epoch
 Where deities and humans
 Differently gather
 On earth and in the sky.
 An other dwelling is founded
 Of which we are the prophets.
 Still in exile?

Irigaray begins her prayer with, “If our encounter was poetry.” She does not say a poetic encounter, nor is she speaking about poetry; rather it is an encounter that *is* poetry, which is also a prayer, opening to an other

thinking that includes dialogue between humans and the divine: an engagement between transforming and transformed bodies.

“These poems,” she writes, “will say what and who I am in a relation with nature, and in a relation with the other. They are a way of letting the other hear something of the mystery that I represent for him.” And she goes on to say, “[p]oetic language is more appropriate to this work than speculative discourse where, in part, I talk the other’s language” (Irigaray, *Prayers* 47). In poetry she is able to begin to speak her own voice; her tongue unstopped. These everyday prayers of Irigaray’s are first and foremost an action of living, of being in relation, of consorting in intimacy. Only after this is it an interchange of information or ideas by spoken word. Such a living conversation gathers the other and me and the world to our different being. For Hölderlin, whose “poverty” and simplicity of saying Irigaray often “feels close to” (Irigaray, *Prayers* 32), poetry was a singing from the darkness of a displaced world of the holy (Heidegger, *Poetry* 92). And those of us embedded within this darkness, Heidegger says, “must learn to listen to what *these* poets say.” We must listen however, as Irigaray points out, not to acquire knowledge, but in a “listening-to as a way of opening ourselves to the other and of welcoming this other, in their and our difference” (Irigaray, *Sharing* 233). And it is here these poets, even while in exile, “keep the opening open” (Irigaray, *Forgetting* 114). Her winter’s prayer in its saying is the preparation for a space “for us to become human” (Irigaray, *Way* 31). A step taken that is neither predetermined nor formulated, and as Irigaray says is “towards an un-covering, of oneself and the other, which reopens the place where each one takes shelter to prepare the moment of that encounter” (Irigaray, *Key* 30). *Our* encounter: an event in which something is happening, the birth of a “breath or soul”, an event that fills us “with wonder,” even a disconcerting wonder (Irigaray, *Sharing* 31) – as in any conversation or prayer where, as Jean-Louis Chrétien suggests, “the movement of the word is like that of breath drawn in and blown out”, which gathers “me before the other upon a threshold” (Chrétien, “Wounded Word” 154).

This encounter, which is poetry, absolves of everything, it sets free, acquits of debt, a debt and absolution perhaps necessary because of a “Lack of respect for the identity or subjectivity of each [that] amounts to a kind of murder: a spiritual murder, the most serious murder and also the most serious suicide” (Irigaray, “Women” 15). But here in this prayer we are audaciously set free from “everything” to begin to think with-in another language, “uncovering words” that begin to say intimacy, becoming “Vehicles of the sacred.” It is here that our flesh is transformed opening upon a new carnal field, where deities and humans converse in and through the body. “Differently gathering”, not as a crowd, pack, or even

nation where each person is subsumed by an overarching order, but rather where each of Irigaray's divinities/humans, as Liz Grosz explains, are "always tending towards becoming [their] own ideal" (Irigaray, "Women" 12) through a movement of history "linked, above all to love" (Irigaray, "Women" 14). And such a gathering is "On the earth and in the sky", a passionate congregation within the limits of each one and other, each person, each god, where humans may recall dwelling in the blue, breathing its air; while divinities inhabit the earth, reaching into the heart of the hearth. As Heidegger writes, we gather "all that concerns us, all that we care for, all that touches us insofar as we are, as human beings," (Heidegger, *What* 144) to participate in a beginning from which "all powers and relations are quickened" (Heidegger, *What* 62). And in this pregnant quickening through dialogue an other dwelling is founded, a world shared in which history unfolds like a rose, a rose that "is without 'why'; [that] flowers because it flowers"; which is how Irigaray, quoting the 17th century mystic, poet and theologian, Angelus Silesius, introduces her own dialogue with Heidegger in *The Forgetting of Air*.⁵

Yet Irigaray has suggested, Heidegger's dialogue may be one he is having with himself, not between two different others, and that a potentially dialogical exchange is reduced to "a monologue in two voices" (Irigaray, *Way* 47). But in her winter's prayer, where everything may be absolved during conversation between a vulnerable and steadfast two, our poetic encounter becomes rejuvenation. And this prayer as a lived relation is something we too are a party to as readers and listeners, a third assisting in the others' and our own birth into a becoming world. Irigaray has begun to write the unthought, the carnal and transcendent other in the contest that is Heidegger's striving and uplifting fourfold. In her Saturday winter's prayer those who endure and dwell in such an unfolding speak in what appears as prophesy in times of prejudice, destitution and destruction, singing the holy from within and out of darkness. And, as has been said, to these we must learn to listen.

Both Irigaray and Heidegger make performative writing; in *The Contributions* Heidegger writes with and from a reflective attunement, while Irigaray in *Elemental Passions*, also with the comportment of attunement, speaks the difficulty of love, and the poetry they embrace becomes not a substitute for thinking, but on the way to it. But to write poetically, reflectively, and attentively, placing oneself with-in the day and night of living – how is this to be practiced? Could it begin in this instance, on this way, with hospitality? As Irigaray suggests, to truly welcome an other, "whom-ever this other could be: a companion, a friend, a child, a foreigner," it is not enough to offer my home, for that "in fact amounts to a representa-

tion of the place we ourselves occupy – a space apparently open in a closed world.” What is required is the true gift of an open house, which offers “the other that which we unconsciously reserve for ourselves” (Irigaray, *Sharing* 23). This encounter nestled in a difficult place between call and response, is a relation, not between commodities, always so ready to hand, but a way of listening to and being in touch with each other, with all its attendant difficulties. It is however all too easy to lapse into old patterns that writing itself seems to generate, patterns merely indulging a particular retrograde structure, only later realising this is due, in part, to a particular lack of care. Perhaps, as Heidegger suggests, language is more powerful than we. Or as Irigaray says, discourse, that is, formal analytic objectivity, “substitutes itself for the original world in which life began, which prevents us both from remembering it and from communicating with it – her. Unless one wonders about the world” (Irigaray, *Sharing* 121). In moments of wonder that occasionally reveal themselves, to write becomes in a sense to write beyond my means, upon a lip where thinking has become fragrance, and this moment, thankfully, as Irigaray says of the incantation of the other’s voice, “invites me to take time to breathe in and enjoy it” (Irigaray, *Sharing* 52). To write, is to speak to someone, and to think of someone who is always a quite definite someone, someone who responds, making a conversation where something happens, where what is “made of our flesh, of our heart, and not only of words” (Irigaray, *Key* 30), becomes an occurrence in which we are open to and are opened by the sometimes grace of the everyday.

If I may I would like to finish with two very short narratives. The first takes its title from Luce Irigaray’s *Elemental Passions*, and the second from a line in Heidegger’s *Contributions*.

The first:

Elemental Passions

“When I am speaking to you, I sense something like a dark and frozen chasm capable of engulfing everything” (Irigaray, *Elemental* 90)

She said to him, “That sometimes I catch a glimpse of that part you have left so far behind, and in that frail illumination, I love you, I love myself.” And he melted, catching a glimpse of that time when he too had touched the blue sky in which they had both dwelt. The man had been reading the woman’s writing for many years, but today he realised it was actual love she spoke to him. “I had begun,” she said, “frozen like a stone

angel in a cathedral, my mouth open, a white hole, but now only later I sing a joyful hymn.” Once the man had tried to write of when he had been exposed by and listened to such a becoming woman. It was mid-day in the dappled light of the Australian bush; he was walking with her across ground dug over by colonists in search of gold, walking amongst Ghost Gums, Candlebark, Blackwood and Wattle. This woman and man walked by gaping mine shafts and worn mullock heaps, through Djadja Wurrung country passed the memory of an Aboriginal protectorate. It had been an age. She speaks. There is silence, and bird song and the chaffing of brittle leaves. He for once listens. She speaks of his abuse, its consequences and how she had lived. How she stood in the dark and cried to leave. But never did. And he hears her, perhaps for the first time; it is beautiful, and horrible. He listens without laying claim to her, to her breath. This time their nearness is palpable. Speaking, and listening. Now they walk again, each rock blinks, and fallen leaves decomposing, rest upon the earth. They are now on the other side of the gully, looking back towards a felled Candlebark. As they tentatively stand together, in the open, touching – making love.

And the last:

Those who go under

Someone playing Hangman on the beach had completed the gallows, head and body, before a nine letter word, *enchanted*, had been written in the sand pardoning the figure. Stepping around discarded letters and entering the water, the recovering man adjusted his snorkel, and for the first time in his life looked clearly beneath the water’s surface into the sea. The woman had said he should come with her on holiday, but he couldn’t imagine swimming in anything as blue or as clear as was in the photos she had shown him. He could imagine the woman on the beach, but when he tried to imagine himself beside her he felt anaesthetized, the blue remained nothing but a broad empty colour field, distant as a blank screen at the cinema. But finally he had agreed, and after a tentative leap had gone under, now floating in deep water as clear as a glass landscape endlessly in motion, silent save for the man’s breathing and his involuntary laugh of wonder. Wonder at the abundance of fish, the shocks of iridescent blue living coral, the waving grasping anemones and florid orange polypus on which minute purple flowers opened, then shut, like so many eye lids. He was gleeful – the man spilt; his own eyes closing likes those of the disturbed flowerets as he wept with joy.

NOTES

¹ There are two current translations of Heidegger's *Contributions*, the first by Parvis Emad and Kenneth Maly, *Contributions to Philosophy (From Enowning)*, Indiana University Press, Bloomington, 1999, and the later, by Richard Rojcewicz and Daniela Vallega-Neu, *Contributions to Philosophy (Of the Event)*, Indiana University Press, Bloomington, 2012, that differ considerably. I will be quoting from both translations.

² Silence: For Irigaray silence offers a welcome to a language other than our own, it is also a moment of that which is unspeakable, a preserving which allows for an exchange.

³ I have retained Emad and Maly's translation of Heidegger's *das Seyn*, when Sein is no longer grasped metaphysically, from the archaic form of *das Seyn*, because of its non-capitalisation; often be-ing is rendered, Being; and I use 'being' when it refers to the things themselves, including people. I have retained Being only in the poem Thinker as Poet, as it was translated by Hofstadter, in *Poetry Language Thought*.

⁴ Put out of tune

By humble things, as by snow,
Was the bell, with which
The hour is rung
For the evening meal
(Heidegger, *Elucidations* 22)

⁵ Perhaps this blooming rose is a species of which Heidegger speaks, a rose whose self-blossoming emergence perseveres and endures within its own unfolding, a blossoming however, as Irigaray suggests, that could for Heidegger become introverted, or a mirrored reflection.

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Pesniško izrekanje Martina Heideggerja in Luce Irigaray

Ključne besede: filozofija umetnosti / Heidegger, Martin / Irigaray, Luce / poezija / performativnost

Tako Martin Heidegger kot Luce Irigaray se v svojem filozofskem pisanju pesniško približujeta drugačnemu mišljenju, obenem pa pišeta tudi pesmi. V članku se avtor loteva Heideggerjevega pesniškega cikla »Thinker as Poet« (Mislec kot pesnik) in pesniške zbirke Luce Irigaray »Everyday Prayers« (Vsakdanje molitve), s tem da upošteva njuno filozofsko pisanje. Pri tem obravnava živi prag pojavov, o katerih pišeta Heidegger in Irigarayeva, in s tega praga, medtem ko govori o razlikah med njima, začenja govoriti tudi sam. V »Prispevkih« Heidegger v zvezi z izvornim mišljenjem imenuje slog kot tisto, kar ohranja samogotovost in zadržanje, »podrejeno nežni meri – in to prestaja z molkom« in besom. Slog, ki v tem delu govori z intimnim glasom, stopa v razmerje do drugega v ljubezni. Kar zadeva Heideggerjev cikel »Mislec kot pesnik«, avtor obravnava njegovo zgradbo in posebej eno izmed pesmi v njem. V »Molitvah« Luce Irigaray pa se osredotoči na eno samo pesem, napisano ob koncu zime leta 1998, pri čemer razkriva ujemanja in razlike med njeno in Heideggerjevo poetiko. Pri obeh filozofih naletimo na dejavno izrekanje mogočega, na razcvetanje, pri katerem želi biti udeležen tudi avtor, s tem da ga zapisuje in izgovarja.

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