



I'm not robot



Continue

Heidegger what are poets for analysis

Heidegger begins: ... And what good are poets in a time of need? asks Hölderlin's elegiate Bread and Wine. Today, we barely understand this question. So how do we understand the answer hölderlin gives? So, what is the nature of this 'misery' Heidegger quotes? The gods (not only Christ, but also the classicist gods) failed, died as an organizational principle, and with them our civilization was decentralized. That's a pretty common theme in modernist literature. The most famous is the English-speaking world, William Butler Yeats explored it in the first verse of his famous poem, The Second Coming (1920). The second coming Trace and rotation in the expanding gyros Sokol does not hear the falcon; Things are falling apart; the center can not hold; Mere anarchy is released into the world, the blood-muffled tide is released, and everywhere the Ordinance of Innocence is drowned; The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity. Surely there is a revelation at his fingertips, but when he has. The second coming is within reach. Second coming! Hardly are these words out When a huge image of Spiritus Mundi troubles my sight: somewhere in the sand of the desert shape with the lion's body and head of man, the sight as empty and fierce as the sun moves its slow thighs, while all around it reel shadows of indignant desert birds. The darkness is falling again; but now I know that twenty centuries of rocky sleep was indignated by the nightmare of rocking the cradle. And what rough beast, its hour finally came, was slouching towards Bethlehem to be born? At the beginning of Holderlin's view of our age as one of God's desolings, we must also remember that this work was written in 1946, after the final collapse of Germany. Heidegger himself was held accountable for his early involvement in national socialism, and the occupying French authorities forbade him from teaching. Germany was divided and in ruins, Europe was in ruins, and the terrible truth of German atrocities and genocide was proven to make the blood-muffled tide worse than the First World War Yeats was alluding to. No wonder Heidegger laments that world night spreads its darkness (p. 89). The passionate intensity of the old regime is over. As a result, the default for the gods is brighter than ever. What does this mean for us? Due to this default, there fails to discover the world's reason that justifies it (p. 90). The loss of the country leaves us on the edge of the abyss [Abgrund]. Now the age for which the earth cannot come hangs in the abyss. But it will be possible to return from this abyss. that devastation that has been unfolding for centuries, and which could now be entering its final crisis? We find ourselves in the wilderness with no clear way out, without a single main story. Born A few months before Heidegger, T.S. Eliot would have been a suitable companion for English speakers to give Heidegger a survey of this devastation. The wasteland is perhaps the most famous poem of the early 20th century. Son of man, You can not say or guess, because you know only a pile of broken images, where the sun beats, and the dead tree provides no shelter, cricket without relief, In both Heidegger and Eliot's visons human devastation we can not expect deus ex machina, no salvation from the gods. If we are to be saved from a dark age, we will have to do it ourselves. But how? Through the arrival of some monstrous second coming, like in Yeats? This is too close to the fake Messiaran regime of the Nazis, the solution cannot be a political system. The organizational principles of our world must be established, in short, these gods must return in some form. But the gods who were once there returned only at the right time - that is, when there was a turn between people in the right place, in the right way. For this reason Holderlin, in the unfinished hymn Mnemosyne, written soon after elegy Bread and Wine, writes (IV, 225): . Heavenly forces Can't do all things. They are mortals who will reach the abyss sooner. So the turning point is Time, but the truth coming long is the hard time of the world night. First, it takes a long time to get to the center. At this midnight tonight, the misery of time is greatest. Then the hard time is no longer able to even experience its own misery. This incompetence, in which even the misery of a poor state is an utterly austere character. The misery is completely obscured in the fact that it now seems to be nothing more than a need that wants to be fulfilled. Yet we must think of world night as the fate that takes place on this side of pessimism and optimism. Maybe the world night is approaching its midnight. Perhaps world time is now becoming a completely hard time. But perhaps not yet, not even, despite the immeasurable need, despite all the suffering, despite the nameless sadness, despite the growing and spreading unrest, despite the growing confusion. A long time is long, because even terror, which itself considers to be the basis for turning, is powerless unless there is a turn with mortal men. But there's a turn with mortals when they find their way to their own nature. This nature is that mortals reach the abyss before the forces of heaven. Mortals, when we think of their nature, remain closer to this absence because they are affected by the present, the ancient name of Being. But since the presence hides at the same time, it is itself no longer an absence. the abyss holds and notes everything. So the way out is through the possibility that we mortals, because we are mortals, are touched by the present absence. Mortals are able to reach... into the abyss to pave the way for the possibility that these forces will return to us. They're gone, but not completely gone, they left us clues if we can just read them. But what mortal is able to reach into a terrible abyss, follow the tracks and pave the way for the return of the cosmic order? Poets are mortals who, singing sincerely about the god of wine, feel the traces of escaped gods, remain on the footsteps of the gods. and thus trace their fellow mortals on the way to turning... Being a poet in a difficult time means: visiting, singing, tracking the escaped gods. That is why the poet at the time of the night of the world resing the saints. That's why, in Holderlin's language, world night is a holy night. It is an essential part of the poet's essence that before he can truly be a poet at that age, the misery of time had to make the whole being and profession of poet a poet a poetic question for him. Therefore, poets in times of need must, in particular, gather in poetry the nature of poetry. Where this happens, we can assume that poets exist who are on the path to the fate of the world age. Others of us must learn to listen to what these poets say – provided that, given the time that hides being because it protects it, we do not deceive ourselves through reckoning solely in terms of what is dissecting what is. The closer the night of the world approaches midnight, the more exclusivity prevails exclusively, in such a way that it withdraws its essence and presence. Not only is the holy one lost as the way to the deity; even the traces leading to this lost trail are almost wiped out. The more the trails become less likely a single mortal, reaching into the abyss, can visit there for signs and signs. This is then all the more strictly true that every person gets the furthest in terms of just as far as he can go down the path assigned to him. The third verse of the same elegy, which begs the question : What good are poets in a deorpend time? — pronounces the law that rules over its poets: One thing stands firm: whether it is near noon or near midnight, the measure sometimes lasts, common to all; but each is assigned his own, each of us goes in the direction and reaches a place where he can. Those of us who are not great poets must learn to listen, we must help keep their word and thus do our part. For Heidegger, Holderlin is particularly powerful in articulating this devastation and getting out of it. His thinking poetry (p.93). But there are still in this way: Suppose, however, that this oblivion was the hidden nature of the hardship of what was suffering at that time. Then there really wouldn't be time for an aesthetic flight into Holderlin's poetry. Then there would be no moment when the figure of a poet would become a made-up myth. Then there would be no opportunity to use his poetry as a rich resource for philosophy. We must avoid being enchanted by aesthetic, abuse of poetry by mining for philosophical or other purposes. Think about the use of poetry among politicians. And Heidegger is not seen as the bearer of Holderlin's poetry, but rather of thinking through the lens of Holderlin's poetry, so that Holderlin has exerted increasing influence on Heidegger's idea and terminology since the mid-1930s. So, if we can avoid these dangers, what do we gain by following Holderlin? By being the preservers and listeners of his poetry? But there would be, and there is, the only necessity, by contemplating our journey soberly into what his poetry says, to come to learn what is unspoken. This is the course of the history of being. If we get and enter this course, it will lead thinking into dialogue with poetry, a dialogue that is about the history of being. Scholars of literary history inevitably regard this dialogue as an unscientific violation of what such a scholarship requires as facts. Philosophers regard dialogue as a helpless pervert into fantasy. But fate is not in all of this. So we follow poets who are able to read and articulate clues. Holderlin is one, now Heidegger represents another whom he considers to have this power. Rilke. For Heidegger, Rilke will realize the misery of time more clearly. This time remains in need not only because God is dead, but because mortals are barely aware and capable of even their own mortality. Mortals have not yet come into possession of their own nature. Death is a mystery. The secret of pain remains shrouded. Love didn't learn. But mortals are. They are, in that there is language. The song still lingers over their pydling country. We have a way out of this wasteland. While the song still lingers over their desolate land, there is still the possibility of hearing and conducting this call. The singer's word still follows the saints. The song in Sonnets on Orpheus (Part I, 19) says: Although the world quickly converts, like cloud-shapes' tremors, everything perfect goes back to prehistoric times. Despite the change abounding further and freer your prelude song still sounding God with lyra. Suffering is not noticeable, nor has love learned, and what removes us in nothing will be revealed. Only the song is high breath hallows and hail. Meanwhile, even a trace of the saints has become unrecognizable. It remains undecided whether we are still experiencing the saints as a clue leading to the divine deity, or whether we are now only encountering the trace of the holy one. It remains unclear what the clue might be leading to the trail. The question remains as to how such a track could turn out for us. Time is in need because it lacks the unquestioning nature of pain, death, and love. This misery is in itself suffering, because this area of being is tightening, to which pain and death and love belong to each other. Concealment exists because the realm to which they belong to each other is the abyss of being. But the song still remains, naming the country over which it sings. What is a song in itself? How can a mortal do that? Why is he singing it? How far does it go into the abyss? Abyss?