



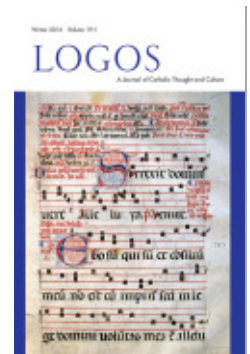
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Criticism and Contemplation: Steps toward an Agapeic Criticism

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Criticism and Contemplation

Steps toward an Agapeic Criticism

IN THIS ARTICLE, I would like to focus on poetry as the site for exploring a criticism grounded in contemplation and this for several reasons. First of all, though a contemplative approach certainly applies to other domains as well, as a scholar of literature and as a poet, as both outside of and within poetry, I feel, despite my inadequacies, a certain obligation to speak on this subject. Secondly, poetry, because of the almost homeopathic concentration of language and energy it can possess, augmented by its concern with meaning and the disclosure of truth, is the paradigmatic art form for exploring a criticism of contemplation. Human beings to a significant degree associate their being and their selfhood with language. If someone fixes our cars or furnaces, for example, we feel grateful: if they correct our grammar, we feel offended or ashamed. If language is “the house of being,” as Heidegger claimed (following Hölderlin—a poet), then we should be able to account poetry “the house of the house of being.” My long relationship with poetry has convinced me, as Jean Wahl has argued, that an honest encounter with poetry reveals poetry by its very nature to be a kind of a spiritual exercise, wherein “Le mystérieux est ici tout près; et l’ici-tout-près est mystérieux”¹ (“The mysterious is here very near, and the here-very-near is mysterious.”)

In a letter to Fr. Joseph-Marie Perrin written from Marseilles and dated May 15, 1942, the philosopher, activist, and mystic Simone Weil writes of an intimate experience with a poem:

There was a young English Catholic [at Solesmes] from whom I gained my first idea of the supernatural power of the sacraments because of the truly angelic radiance with which he seemed to be clothed after going to communion. Chance—for I always prefer saying chance rather than Providence—made of him a messenger to me. For he told me of the existence of those English poets of the seventeenth century who are named metaphysical. In reading them later on, I discovered the poem of which I read you what is unfortunately a very inadequate translation. It is called “Love.” I learned it by heart. Often, at the culminating point of a violent headache, I make myself say it over, concentrating all my attention upon it and clinging with all my soul to the tenderness it enshrines. I used to think I was merely reciting it as a beautiful poem, but without my knowing it the recitation had the virtue of a prayer. It was during one of these recitations that, as I told you, Christ himself came down and took possession of me.²

Surely, this is a startling confession, but her experience is not, I think, as rare as one might assume. Weil’s encounter with Herbert’s poem, though clearly possessing religious significance to her, bears more than a little resonance with what Richard Rorty, hardly a religious thinker, has called an initiatory event of “inspired criticism.” For Rorty, inspired criticism originates in the kind of experiences many of us have had: “the result of an encounter with an author, character, plot, stanza, line or archaic torso which has made a difference to the critic’s conception of who she is, what she is good for, what she wants to do with herself: an encounter which has rearranged her priorities and purposes.”³ Does anyone study the humanities seriously—certainly at what could be called a “professional level”—without having had such an experience? It

is difficult to imagine this not being the case, but, all too often, that initial enthusiasm and astonishment becomes disfigured as sarcasm, suspicion, even contempt, perhaps especially in the case of the “professionals.” Weil’s intimacy with Herbert’s poem, however, challenges such skepticism and puts its adherents on the defensive. Comfortable with a programmatic and doctrinaire naturalism with roots in the Enlightenment, many would dismiss her as deluded, regressed, clinging to infantile fantasies, narcissistic, or worse. Even in her sensitive, sympathetic documentary, *An Encounter with Simone Weil*, director Julia Haslett describes her subject’s religious turn as “a betrayal.” Why a betrayal? The answer is obvious. But, I think, it is rather a question of how some, holding to the outdated and insufficient assumptions of materialistic and scientific triumphalism, have betrayed Weil and what she represents. Indeed, she demands that we consider the relationship of transcendence and immanence, two words that serve as more-or-less socially acceptable substitutes for what Henri de Lubac calls “surnaturel.”²⁴ Understood from this perspective, we can start to understand how Weil’s experience reaches even deeper into the nature of the human person than the issues of identity and aesthetics upon which Rorty touches. In experiences like Weil’s, the artifact, the poem in her case, occupies a curious role: simultaneously the source of the experience and, paradoxically, even mysteriously, that through which the experience arrives. Indeed, as in the case in a work of stained glass, the poem is incomplete, inert, as it were, without a source of illumination.

A central feature of Weil’s experience and those to which Rorty points is that they arise out of a contemplative engagement with a work. First of all, Weil translated the poem and then furthered her intimacy with it by committing it to memory, learning it *by heart*, to use a very apt metaphor. Translation is an intimate act and bears distinctly religious/spiritual, even supernatural overtones (think: Bottom’s translation in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, for instance, or, in a very different register the translations of Elijah and Enoch). Indeed, we might say that not only did Weil translate the poem, but the

poem, in fact, translated her, utterly transfiguring her through the encounter with it.

The dwelling with the artifact; our presence to it; our acceptance of it, as it is, in itself: this is contemplation. Chrétien de Troyes, in *Le Conte du Graal* provides a wonderful illustration of one of the ontological effects (or perhaps prerequisites) of dwelling in contemplation. As the young knight Perceval falls into reverie at the sight of three drops of blood on the snow (an image that reminds him of the complexion of his beloved), the poet tells us “Si pense tant que il s’oblie”—he thinks until he himself is forgotten.⁵ Weil, in abiding with the poem and absenting herself from the obligations of analysis—not to mention suffering from a migraine—in a very real sense “thinks until she herself is forgotten,” which allows the event to take place. This forgetfulness of self, a form of phenomenological reduction, is essential to the criticism of contemplation.

In his philosophico-scientific poesis, contemplation was so important to Goethe that he dared assert that “Every object, well contemplated, opens a new organ of perception in us.”⁶ Goethe’s insight has inspired physicist Arthur Zajonc to such a degree that the latter encourages a method he calls contemplative inquiry, a way of scholarship he believes aids analytical modalities through what he calls “an epistemology of love,” asserting that such an epistemology is “the true heart of higher education.”⁷ I like this idea very much. However, Zajonc’s ethos seems antithetical to most contemporary pedagogical and critical approaches we find in the humanities, approaches, alas, generally indifferent if not hostile to the very notion of such an epistemology.

The term “contemplation,” of course, possesses both religious and scholarly inflections and, I admit, it is not always easy to distinguish between the two. For example, contemplation, according to one definition, “signifies a clear, ready, mental seeing and quiet regarding of an object, being the result and effect of a precedent diligent and laborious inquiry and search after the nature, qualities, dependencies, and other circumstantial conditions of it.”⁸ This seems

rather prosaic and academic—yet it comes from an important early modern work on the contemplative religious life, Dom Augustine Baker's *Sancta Sophia* (1662). Baker's definition also anticipates the methods of phenomenology.

Phenomenology, of course, is a discipline familiar with what William Desmond might call the metaxological space between philosophy and theology (or even mysticism), though such a blurring of distinctions is not without its critics. Dominique Janicaud, for instance, himself working out of phenomenology, called into question phenomenologist Jean-Luc Marion and what has been called the "theological turn" in French phenomenology.⁹ But a religious turn, it seems, is somewhat implicit to phenomenology and was clearly not unknown during phenomenology's German nascence. Max Scheler, Edith Stein, Adolf Reinach, Hedwig Conrad-Martius, Dietrich von Hildebrand, and, one could say, both Karol Wojtyła and Rudolf Steiner all experienced religious or spiritual awakenings due to their phenomenological investigations.¹⁰ As Angela Ales Bello has recently argued, Edmund Husserl's phenomenological project from its inception inhabited a space inherently mindful of the question of God.¹¹ Husserl, in fact, ends his *Cartesian Meditations* in words, including a quotation from St. Augustine, that clearly evoke religious sensibilities and the ethos of contemplation: "Positive science is lost in the world. I must lose the world by *epoché*, in order to regain it by a universal self-examination. '*Noli foras ire*,' says Augustine, '*in te redi, in interiore homine habitat veritas.*'"¹² (Do not go out, but return into yourself. In the inner man dwells truth.) Scholars routinely label Heidegger a mystic: sometimes in the way of an epithet, sometimes in the way of praise. Similar charges have been levied against Emmanuel Levinas and Jacques Derrida.

Husserl famously described phenomenology, with its dedication to returning "to the things themselves," as "first philosophy."¹³ My contention is that phenomenology is also "first criticism." I find it perplexing to see so many colleagues in my discipline take first recourse in criticism to turn to the almost tribal reflexes of their

chosen critical allegiances, which eventually become hermeneutical cages. Such moves cannot by any claims be construed as “first criticism,” but as second or third at best. William Desmond has called such critical gestures “a hermeneutics of suspicion,”¹⁴ recalling Harold Bloom’s more indecorous and infamous label, “Schools of Resentment.”¹⁵ One wonders how much such negative hermeneutics have contributed to the decline of the influence of the humanities both in academic culture and, more importantly, in the culture at large. It cannot be negligible. And this critical stance is not only characteristic of scholarship in the humanities.

The twentieth-century theologian Hans Urs von Balthasar, himself no stranger to phenomenology, observes that, in biblical studies, hermeneutics and other secondary interpretive technologies have usurped the primacy of the contemplation of the object itself. “Does it not make one suspicious,” he writes, “when Biblical philology’s first move in its search for an ‘understanding’ of its texts is to dissect their form into sources, psychological motivations, and the sociological effects of the milieu, even before the form has been really contemplated and read for its meaning *as form*?”¹⁶ I am suspicious, I confess, of critical enterprises in literary studies that turn first to the institutionalized biases of their own discourses and place the text in question into predetermined categories. Is it possible that we are all guilty, at times, of the “enormous condescension of posterity?”¹⁷ This is not to say that studies that seek sources, psychological motivations, sociological pressures, and other contexts are invalid interpretive modes. Clearly, they may hold value in themselves and, as Maurice Merleau-Ponty has observed, for phenomenological studies, “the other’s gaze on things is a second openness.”¹⁸ But they are removed from the things themselves and, like a photocopy of a photocopy of a photocopy of an original document, significantly distanced from the originary artifact. Indeed, theory’s tendency is to interpret the artifact in terms of the critic.

Interestingly, perhaps ironically, the Greek word for contemplation is θεωρία. Theory, however, as it is now understood in literary

criticism, is not very recognizable as contemplation. Rather, it is an ὄργανον, a tool, an instrument for arranging concepts and ideas. It may be utilitarian, pragmatic, even political, but it is not at all organic. Such a mechanistic approach to literary criticism, unmitigated by something more “living,” I think, runs the danger of becoming somewhat damaging and, ultimately, deadening. It hollows out and trivializes the immediate experience of the phenomenon, of literature, an experience that once (or more) drew so many of us into a state of astonishment, and runs the risk of killing it through vivisection. In examining the historical arc of philosophy, Nicolas Berdyaev has observed that “While in official philosophy, from Descartes on, the mechanistic conception of nature triumphed and, with rare exceptions, philosophy could not overcome the spectre of a dead mechanism of nature, for mystic philosophy nature always remained something alive, a living organism.”¹⁹ Like Berdyaev’s “mystic philosophy,” a criticism grounded in phenomenology, what I would like to call (with a nod to Desmond) agapeic criticism, allows us to view the literary artifact not as a dead mechanism of history/subjectivity but, indeed, as “something alive, a living organism.” Agapeic criticism as method attends to the poem as a “living artifact” (oxymoron intended), which contains access to being, the being of the poem as well as the being of the poet, not to mention, in the most remarkable of cases, the being of the absolutely Other. In the contemplative presence to a poem characteristic of agapeic criticism, the poem becomes one’s environment. One truly “enters into” the poem, abiding with presence(s) informing the poem.

The power of a phenomenological approach to literature, “texts” as we call them, resides in the *epoché*, the bracketing of preconceptions and assumptions in order to invite a purer experience of the phenomenon standing before one. A text—etymologically, poetically, literally—is “something woven.” It possesses its own texture, context, subtext, perhaps pretext. The *epoché* allows one to be present to the text, to dwell with it. This is the importance of Weil’s experience with Herbert’s “Love”: she lived with this poem, moving

beyond analysis and dialectic and opening herself to the poem itself quite naturally but in the way one might cultivate a garden—in patient waiting, acceptance, abiding attention. What she did not do was bother herself with trying to “understand” the poem or categorize it according to a predetermined critical apparatus. The *epoché* allows our abiding, but the *epoché* is not easy. This is especially the case in our often contentious times and milieu that seem almost to require an agenda when encountering a text, an obsession with commentary fairly democratized and rendered absurd if not inert in the culture of commentary on internet news sites and social media. But the *epoché* is not without danger. A phenomenological reading of a text is an experience of intimacy and, like all forms of intimacy, both subject and object expose themselves to vulnerability. This can be uncomfortable. Indeed, a phenomenological attention to reading can divulge a somewhat disturbing—but possibly also inspiring—level of awareness. As Georges Poulet has argued, in reading,

I am aware of a rational being, of a consciousness; the consciousness of another, no different from the one I automatically assume in every human being I encounter, except in this case the consciousness is open to me, welcomes me, lets me look deep inside itself, and even allows me, with unheard-of licence, to think what it thinks and feel what it feels. . . . Because of the strange invasion of my person by the thoughts of another, I am a self who is granted the experience of thinking thoughts foreign to him. I am the subject of thoughts other than my own. My consciousness behaves as though it were the consciousness of another.²⁰

Such an experience could be a little disquieting—or, on the other hand, enlivening—but, in general, it is not. Why not? It should be, at least some of the time. Perhaps what Poulet also discloses here, indirectly, is our inherent inattentiveness or laziness in the act of reading. Perhaps a fear of intimacy explains why an initial response to an unfamiliar text is often one of resistance.

We struggle with the text, and with the author, agonistically, in our encounters with them. We, in a very real sense, *contend* with them. This may be why, when one learns a poem “by heart” or approaches it agapeically, it slowly opens, like a flower, of its own accord but attentive to “atmospheric conditions”—time, place, state-of-soul, and so on—as happened in the case of Weil. Through this relationship we build with the poem, we eventually “come to know it” in a way not unlike Adam “knew” Eve: intimately, but more than bodily or intellectually. It moves from the spirit level and opens into the soul, and from there affects the physical, carnality, the flesh. John Panteleimon Manoussakis notices a similar phenomenon in the discomfort one can feel when praying before an icon: a sudden realization that, while one gazes at an icon, one is also seen from beyond the image.²¹ Manoussakis calls this *inverse intentionality*, “a chiasmic point where the two extremes cross paths,”²² though I prefer the term *double intentionality*, as the phenomenon is given as a very real meeting of two centers of consciousness. Marion and Levinas entertain this notion in the context of the confrontation with the other; what Manoussakis (and I) consider, though, is how the intentionality of the other is encountered archeologically, one might say, through our intentional presence to the artifact. There may be other ways to *explain* the phenomenon, but this is an accurate description of the eventmental character of the experience itself.

It might be argued that the agapeic critical gesture is merely *lectio divina* masquerading as philosophy, but this is not the case. *Lectio divina*, indeed, may sometimes result in the experience of astonishment common to phenomenological readings—seeing that *lectio divina* is oriented to “science and knowledge” by theologians and “wisdom and appreciation” for contemplatives²³—but *lectio divina* is just as pre-determined (though perhaps more generous of spirit) than critical gestures arising out of theory. *Lectio divina*, that is, like theory-driven readings, does not hold to the *epoché*. Entering into an encounter with a text, a phenomenon, without a goal in mind is what opens the possibility for the *epoché* to result in an experience of astonishment.

And this astonishment occurs when we encounter truth, for what is more astonishing than truth? The *epoché*, then, becomes an agapeic opening to the truth behind, buried within, and abiding within the phenomenon, or, in Heidegger's words, "the clearing and concealing of what is."²⁴ Such an openness clearly informed Edith Stein's approach to reading, particularly her encounter with St. Teresa of Avila's autobiography, a book she read in one sitting and that compelled her upon completing it to acknowledge, "This is the truth."²⁵ Such a disclosure of truth witnesses to the poetic, to poesis: an encounter with the maker, a moment of ἀναγνώρισις, recognition. As Stein's colleague Heidegger observes, "All art, as the letting happen of the advent of the truth of what is, is, as such, *essentially poetry*."²⁶ Of course, not all art is art and not all poetry is poetry. We know this. This complicates things. The kind of art I am considering is that which, as Stein writes, "mysteriously suggests the whole fullness of meaning, for which all human knowledge is inexhaustible. Understood in this way, all genuine art is revelation and all artistic creation is sacred service."²⁷ Only an agapeic reading can affirm a poem's access to being.

The encounter with a work that "mysteriously suggests the whole fullness of meaning" is an event that deserves serious consideration, but usually does not receive it in theory or literary studies. In the case of poetry, which Heidegger rightly intuited as that which has the potential to "[convert] that nature of ours which merely wills to impose, together with its objects, into the innermost invisible region of the heart's space,"²⁸ I would like to examine how a poem might open through an agapeic approach.

In reading a poem, first of all, we are confronted, as Poulet has said, with the consciousness of another. In an agapeic encounter with the poem, we dwell empathetically with it, bracketing our assumptions about historicity, politics, even gender—bracketing them, but not forever erasing them. In Bello's words, "Through the lived experience of empathy my consciousness goes beyond itself and discovers another consciousness, but through this other consciousness one can

delineate the psychic and spiritual life of the other, who places himself or herself in relation to others through consciousness.”²⁹ Who has not undertaken a serious study of an author and not thought that he or she really knows the author in question? Indeed, do we not say, when engaged with a study of their works, that we are reading Herbert, for instance, or Blake, or Eliot—reading, that is, *them*. This intuition arises from empathy. This empathy, however, reminds us that the critical act—any critical act—can never be entirely, perhaps even remotely, objective. It is analogous to our participation as auditors to an inspired performance: we recognize something profound and we are ourselves part of the profundity—and we do not need to consult the Heisenberg principle to know this to be the case. The Spanish poet Federico Garcia Lorca describes this participatory ecstasy in terms of the *Duende*, a “mysterious power that all may feel and no philosophy can explain,”³⁰ which he believes to be potential in all art forms, but finds most commonly in music, dance, and spoken poetry.³¹ Lorca defines such an inspired experience as “profound, human, tender, the cry of communion with God through the medium of the five senses and the grace of the *Duende*,” ultimately enacting “the unending baptism of all newly-created things.”³² Herbert’s poem “Love,” indeed, became a new creation through Weil’s contemplation of it. She gained access to the originary creative act of the poem, reaching its being, reaching the being of Herbert’s poetic performance, and touching, she claimed, even the Being of Christ. But, even as Being is disclosed in an apeic reading, it is not exhausted. Much is still hidden, or else Weil would not be able to associate it with divinity. It possesses more of theophany than of revelation (though that is present as well): it is something to be experienced rather than comprehended. The amount of truth made available through an open presence to a poem’s Saying, in Heidegger’s words, “sets all present beings free into their given presence, and brings what is absent into their absence.”³³ In an apeic reading of poetry, the wholly unspoken may indeed shine through the text as the holy unspoken.

Through a phenomenological reduction, the poem (though, surely, not every poem) can become what Marion calls a “saturated phenomenon,” that which “saturate[s] intuition to such an extent that all horizons are shattered.”³⁴ The poem presents itself to me: it is printed on a page; it appears, hopefully, in a language I know; it was written at some time by someone for some reason. The poem also discloses meanings, both explicit and implicit. But the phenomenon of the poem does not show everything—and my intuition still apprehends something other. Marion, using Husserl’s famous example of a tobacco box, reminds us that when we examine the box our intuition fills in that which we do not see (the side of the box beyond our seeing, for example) an experience that “already conceals and reveals an invisibility,” which, following Husserl, he calls a “phenomenology of the unapparent.”³⁵ The invisible, the unapparent that arrives in the contemplation of a poem, contributes significantly to the “saturatedness” of the poem. Invoking his concept of the icon, Marion (in language Manoussakis will appropriate), though speaking of the icon of the face, aptly describes the iconographic function of poetry as well:

What I see of them, if I see anything of them that *is*, does not result from the constitution I would assign to them in the visible, but from the effect they produce on me. And, in fact, this happens in reverse so that my look is submerged, in a counter-intentional manner. Then I am no longer the transcendental *I* but rather the witness, constituted by what happens to him or her. Hence the para-dox, inverted *doxa*. In this way, the phenomenon that befalls and happens to us reverses the order of visibility in that it no longer results from my intention but from its own counter-intentionality.³⁶

The Greek word παράδοξος, etymologically, means “counter opinion” or, better, “beyond opinion,” “alongside opinion.” But δόξος also means “glory”—and here I mean glory in a religious sense. The inverted *doxa* (δόξος), disclosed by the *epoché*, then, not only astonishes by means of a phenomenality that exceeds opinion; it also

astonishes as an inverted glory, a glory turned back and refracted through the poem.

And so we come to the question of God.

It is not my intention in this paper to prove the existence of God by way of poetry. Perhaps we are not ready in this investigation to begin naming names. Nevertheless, Benjamin's hunchback continues to haunt us.³⁷ But we do need to start thinking about what exactly it is that occasionally shines through the poem in an agapeic reading. We feel it, are moved by it, participate in it, so it is not "nothing." Balthasar calls this shining quality "splendour," a phenomenon which "brings with it a self-evidence that en-lightens without mediation."³⁸ Considering the effects of transcendent beauty becoming immanent (a very real *translatio*), Balthasar contemplates the phenomenon as process:

The form as it appears to us is beautiful only because the delight that it arouses in us is founded upon the fact that, in it, the truth and goodness of the depths of reality itself are manifested and bestowed, and this manifestation and bestowal reveal themselves to us as being something infinitely and inexhaustibly valuable and fascinating. The appearance of the form, as revelation of the depths, is an indissoluble union of two things. It is the real presence of the depths, of the whole of reality, *and* it is a real pointing beyond itself to these depths. . . . We "behold" the form; but, if we really behold it, it is not as a detached form, rather in its unity with the depths that make their appearance in it. We see form as splendour, as the glory of Being.³⁹

The glory of Being the theologian Balthasar speaks of here has more than a little in common with the philosopher Heidegger's assertion that "The art work opens up in its own way the Being of beings,"⁴⁰ a statement we could also read as the "Being behind beings." While it is true that Heidegger typically proves rather cagey when it comes to the question of God (a trait also evident in Derrida), there

can be no mistaking the metaphysical and onto-theological implications of this statement. Weil, both a philosopher and a mystic, moves beyond the theoretical commitments and responsibilities of theology and philosophy and, unashamedly and unflinchingly, touches the mystery itself. Her experience is not unique, not even unique to readers of poetry. Heidegger's engagement with Rilke and Hölderlin among other poets certainly testifies to this, as do the undocumented experiences of uncounted numbers of sensitive, attentive readers. Others may not have a platform similar to Weil's and Heidegger's from which to share their experiences, they may lack the vocabulary or conceptual framework to put these experiences into context, or, sadly, they may fear exposing themselves to scandal and ridicule. Some may lack the ability or desire to put their experiences into language. But Wahl speaks truth when he speaks of poetry as a kind of spiritual exercise. An agapeic reading of poetry may become just this. Theories about religious experiences abound, but it is a good idea to bear in mind, as Heidegger advised, that "religious experiences are not theoretical."⁴¹ Nor are the experiences of Being attained through an agapeic reading of poetry.

Notes

1. Jean Wahl, "La Poésie comme Exercice Spirituel" in *Poésie, Pensée, Perception* (Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1948), 17–19, at 18.
2. Simone Weil, *Waiting for God*, trans. Emma Craufurd (1951; repr., New York: Harper Perennial, 2009), 26–27.
3. Richard Rorty, *Philosophy and Social Hope* (London: Penguin, 1999), 145.
4. Most significantly in Henri de Lubac, *Surnaturel: Études Historiques* (Paris: Aubier, 1946). See also John Milbank's examination of de Lubac's theology, *The Suspended Middle: Henri de Lubac and the Debate concerning the Supernatural* (Grand Rapids, MI: William B. Eerdmans, 2005).
5. Chrétien de Troyes, *Le Roman de Perceval, ou Le Conte du Graal*, ed. William Roach (Genève: Librairie Droz, 1959), 4202.
6. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Scientific Studies: The Collected Works*, vol. 12 (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1995), 39.
7. Arthur Zajonc, "Attending to Interconnection, Living the Lesson" in Parker J. Palmer, Arthur Zajonc, and Megan Scribner, *The Heart of Higher Education: A Call to*

- Renewal; Transforming the Academy through Collegial Conversations* (San Francisco: Josey-Bass, 2010), 77–100, at 94.
8. Dom Augustine Baker, *Holy Wisdom [Sancta Sophia] or Directions for the Prayer of Contemplation, Extracted out of more than Forty Treatises*, digested by R. F. Serenus Cressy, ed. Abbot Sweeney (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1950), 4.1.2 (502–03).
 9. See, in particular, Dominique Janicaud, *Phenomenology "Wide Open": After the French Debate*, trans. Charles N. Cabral (New York: Fordham University Press, 2005).
 10. I am surprised that, to date, no one has undertaken a study of this phenomenon.
 11. Angela Ales Bello, *The Divine in Husserl and Other Explorations*, trans. Anthony Calcagno, vol. 98, *Analecta Husserliana*, ed. Anna-Teresa Tymieniecka (Dordrecht: Springer, 2012).
 12. Edmund Husserl, *Cartesian Meditations: An Introduction to Phenomenology*, trans. Dorion Cairns (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1960), 157.
 13. Edmund Husserl, *Ideas Pertaining to a Pure Phenomenology and to a Phenomenological Philosophy, First Book: General Introduction to a Pure Phenomenology*, trans. F. Kersten (The Hague: Springer, 1982), §19 (35), §63 (148).
 14. William Desmond, *The Intimate Strangeness of Being: Metaphysics after Dialectic* (Washington, DC: Catholic University of America Press, 2012), 26.
 15. Harold Bloom, Preface to *The Anxiety of Influence: A Theory of Poetry*, 2nd ed. (New York: Oxford University Press, 1997), xv.
 16. Hans Urs von Balthasar, *The Glory of the Lord: A Theological Aesthetics, Volume I: Seeing the Form*, ed. Joseph Fessio, SJ, and John Riches, trans. Erasmo Leiva-Merikakis (San Francisco: Ignatius, 1982), 31. Balthasar's emphasis.
 17. E. P. Thompson, *The Making of the English Working Class* (1963; repr. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1986), 12.
 18. Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *The Visible and the Invisible, followed by Working Notes*, ed. Claude Lefort, trans. Alphonso Lingis (Evanston, IL: Northwestern University Press, 1968), 59.
 19. Nicolas Berdyaev, *The Meaning of the Creative Act*, trans. Donald A. Lowrie (New York: Collier Books, 1962), 68.
 20. Georges Poulet, "The Phenomenology of Reading," *New Literary History* 1, no. 1 (1969): 53–68, at 54 and 56.
 21. John P. Manoussakis, "The Phenomenon of God: From Husserl to Marion," *American Catholic Philosophical Quarterly* 78, no. 1 (2004): 53–68, at 64.
 22. *Ibid.*, 62.
 23. Jean Leclercq, *The Love of Learning and the Desire for God: A Study of Monastic Culture*, trans. Catharine Misrahi (New York: Fordham University Press, 1961), 89.
 24. Martin Heidegger, "The Origin of the Work of Art" in *Poetry, Language, Thought*, trans. Albert Hofstadter (New York: Harper & Row, 1971), 72.
 25. Kieran Kavanaugh, ICS Introduction to *The Science of the Cross* by Edith Stein, *The Collected Works of Edith Stein*, vol. 6, trans. Josephine Koeppel (Washington, DC: ICS Publications, 2002), xiv.

26. Heidegger, "Origin of the Work of Art," 72. Emphasis in Heidegger.
27. Stein, *Science of the Cross*, 12.
28. Heidegger, "What Are Poets for?," *Poetry, Language, Thought*, 72.
29. Bello, *Divine in Husserl*, 34.
30. Lorca quotes Goethe's response to a performance by violinist Niccolò Paganini. Federico Garcia Lorca, "The *Duende*: Theory and Divertissement" in *Poet in New York*, trans. Ben Belitt (New York: Grove Press, 1955), 154.
31. *Ibid.*, 159.
32. *Ibid.*, 158–59; 166.
33. Martin Heidegger, "The Way to Language" in *On the Way to Language*, trans. Peter D. Hertz (New York: Harper Collins, 1971), 126.
34. Robyn Horner and Vincent Berraud, Translator's Introduction to *In Excess: Studies of Saturated Phenomena* by Jean-Luc Marion (New York: Fordham University Press, 2001), ix.
35. Jean-Luc Marion, *In Excess*, 105 and 109.
36. *Ibid.*, 113.
37. Walter Benjamin, "Theses on the Philosophy of History" in *Illuminations*, ed. Hannah Arendt, trans. Harry Zohn (New York: Schocken Books, 1968), 253–64, at 253.
38. Balthasar, *Glory of the Lord: A Theological Aesthetics, Volume 1: Seeing the Form*, 37.
39. *Ibid.*, 118–19. Balthasar's emphasis.
40. Heidegger, "Origin of the Work of Art," 39.
41. Martin Heidegger, *The Phenomenology of Religious Life*, trans. Matthias Fritsch and Jennifer Anna Gosetti-Ferencei (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 2010), 236.