

.adeemessti megnaras o

yeegnarasa eenesti adeemessti

:adeenoosom nekisgnog eaee-nen

ti eagnras manijah

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1. Body

I am in love. I am a being-in-love. Being-in-love is in love.

Being-in-love is in love with a body. My love manifests through a body I love. But the body is not being-in-love. For the body may die, as bodies do. But being-in-love does not die. Being-in-love becomes substantial through a body it loves. The mode in which being-in-love loves a body is substance. “By mode, I mean the affections of substance.” (Spinoza, *Ethics* Part I, Def. V) So the mode in which being-in-love loves a body is itself an affection of substance; it is

substance qua affection of substance. “Substance is by its nature prior to its affections.” (Spinoza, *Ethics* Part I, Prop. I) So the mode in which being-in-love loves a body is the affection of being-in-love.

Love is the affection of being-in-love.

Therefore, love is a substance, and an affection of substance. Therefore, love is prior to itself. Such is the nature of love. Qua self-caused substance, love is a causation. Qua self-affected substance, love is an affection. Love is a causation and an affection. The cause of love is affection. The affection of love is causation. Therefore love is a self-causation through affection, and a self-affection through causation.

2. God

In *Being and Time*, Heidegger writes: “Being-towards-death is essentially anxiety.” (Heidegger 266) Heidegger says “authentic” Being-towards-death, in anticipating death, overcomes its cowardliness, and comes finally to face death, the “uttermost possibility” (Heidegger 266). Inauthentic Being-towards-death, on the other hand, is a “constant fleeing in the face of death” (Heidegger 254) which “perverts anxiety into cowardly fear” (Heidegger 266). For Heidegger, anxiety is perverted into cowardly fear; whereas, courageously resisting the perversion, anxiety affirms itself as the authentic state-of-mind of Being-towards-death.

Being-in-love is not being-towards-death. Being-in-love does not face death. Nor does it face away from death. Anxious Being-towards-death is essentially *not* being-in-love. What is there to be anxious of? Death. But being-in-love is not *of death*. It is *of love*. And being-in-love

does not face death: it is not *for death*. And being-in-love does not face away from death: it is not *from death*. And Being-in-love is not anxious: it is not *of death*. And Being-in-love faces love. It is *for love*. And being-in-love faces away from love. It is *from love*. To face, and to face away, is a practice of love. *For love*, being-in-love faces love. And *from love*, being-in-love faces away from love. And *to love*, being-in-love *goes through* God, *communes*. To love, necessarily, is to commune. To make love with another, then, is to make commune with another. To commune-with is a community.

To a capitalist, unity is a lacking oddity. We must imagine a capitalist pathetic.

3. Eigen

Being-in-love is first of all Being-*untowards-death*. Being-in-love does not face death; nor does it face away from death. Rather than face death or away from death, being-in-love faces, or faces away from, love. The un- of this untowarding, however, is not a given. It is a constant process of labor. Beings-towards-death seek to seduce being-untowards-death. To what? Death. For being-in-love, to labor is to labor towards this untowarding, for itself, and for every another, same or not.

Heidegger distinguishes “authentic” and “inauthentic” Dasein. “As modes of Being, authenticity and inauthenticity are both grounded in the fact that any Dasein whatsoever is characterized by mineness. But the inauthenticity of Dasein does not signify any ‘less’ Being or any ‘lower’ degree of Being.” (Heidegger 43) Footnote 3 on the same page indicates “the connection between ‘eigentlich’ (‘authentic’, ‘real’) and ‘eigen’ (‘own’) is lost in translation.”

Following the meaning of ‘eigen’ in the original text as ‘own’, authentic (*eigentlich*) Dasein may be Dasein which is its own (*eigen*), and inauthentic (*uneigentlich*) Dasein may be Dasein which is not its own (*uneigen*). But to be in love is characteristically to be not one’s own. I love Them; I am Theirs. Being-in-love, then, may be characterized as *uneigentlich*. At the same time, I am, of course, mine. Being-in-love, still, may be characterized as *eigentlich*. Being-in-love, then, is to belong to another, *and* to oneself. This is no incoherence. To be an expert in love is just to be an expert at this *and-ing*. Being-in-love is authentic, and being-in-love is inauthentic. Authentic being-in-love belongs to itself. It turns to love. And inauthentic being-in-love belongs not to itself. It turns away from love. Being-in-love turns to love, and turns way from love. The turning of being-in-love is *in each case to love*. Being-in-love is *comported by love*.

4. Death and immortality

For Dasein, death as a possibility is precisely the possibility of impossibility. Being-towards-death *anticipates* death. He understands death “as far as possible from anything actual” (Heidegger 306). It is *impossible* for Dasein to actualize death. Dasein could not *be*, if Dasein actualized death. Or so Heidegger thinks. For we may ask: must we assume that to die is to cease to be?

Heidegger considers Being-a-whole, Dasein which has reached its wholeness, as annihilated Being. “As soon as Dasein ‘exists’ in such a way that absolutely nothing more is still outstanding in it, then it has already for this very reason become ‘no-longer-Being-there’. Its Being is annihilated when what is still outstanding in its Being has been liquidated.” (Heidegger 280) Heidegger is right on at least one point: “as long as Dasein *is* as an entity, it has never

reached its ‘wholeness’. But if it gains such ‘wholeness’, this gain becomes the utter loss of Being-in-the-world.” (Heidegger 280) So it seems we are stuck in a double bind: Dasein may like to exist as Being-a-whole, that is, as nothing more still “outstanding” in it. But to exist as such, apparently, is precisely for its Being to be annihilated, *insofar as it is an entity*. This suggests the existence of a Being which is *not an entity*, yet still *is*. Such is the Being of being-in-love. For the Being of Dasein is not so much annihilated when it reaches its whole as it is *nihilated*. “Annihilate” is *to nihilate*, and suggests an actor doing the annihilation. To annihilate oneself is merely to kill oneself. To nihilate oneself, on the other hand, is a type of falling. Heidegger writes: “as falling, everyday Being-towards-death is a constant *fleeing in the face of death*.” (Heidegger 298) To nihilate oneself is to flee in the face of death. To what? Love. To nihilate oneself is to take flight, to fly to love, to fall in love. Dasein reaches its wholeness precisely at the moment it nihilates itself; Dasein nihilates itself precisely at the moment it falls in love.

Death is the annihilation of this world and every-thing in it. The annihilation of this world and every-thing in it is a removal of the conditions of possibility of things. Something cannot conceive of the removal of its own conditions of possibility. Nothing can conceive of the removal of its own conditions of possibility. Therefore, to die is to *be nothing*. But to *be nothing* is still to *be*.

The body, through which being-in-love becomes substantial, may die, as bodies do. When such a body dies, being-in-love becomes insubstantial. If being-in-love were to die, being-in-love would *be nothing*. But being-in-love does not die. And if it did, it would still *be in love*. But death is the removal of the conditions of possibility of things. The conditions of possibility of the

thing, the *it*, of “it would still *be in love*”, would be removed by its death. But being-in-love does not die. For being-in-love *is not nothing*. Only nothing can conceive of the removal of its own conditions of possibility. *Not nothing cannot* conceive of the removal of its own conditions of possibility. Therefore, being-in-love cannot die. For being-in-love, its own death is the *impossible impossibility*. For if being-in-love *were nothing*, it would cease to be. That is, it would not *be nothing*. It would not *be*, at all. But being-in-love will not cease to be. For being-*in-love*, falling *out of* love is precisely the annihilation of this world and every-thing in it. But what has been nihilated, cannot be annihilated. That which has arrived, cannot be sent to its destination. Being-in-love cannot fall out of love. She is not *inside* love; she is *in* love. There is no-where to *fall out of into*. She can only fall *deeper in* love. She will not “get over” it. She does not know how. For love is prior to itself, and being in love is a condition of possibility of being-in-love; *it is its own condition of possibility*. Which is why being-in-love is *not nothing*. Nor is being-in-love merely a thing. Nothing is not its own condition of possibility. Nothing’s condition of possibility is *not nothing*. Being-in-love is a condition of possibility of nothing.

Courage enters being-in-love when it thinks its love dying. To face its dying love is to face its *impossible possibility*. The horrific possibility is rendered impossible by courage. Being-in-love will *not do nothing* at the face of its dying love. It will *do anything* at the face of it. Courage for being-in-love springs from the moral conviction: anyone who hurts its love is *bad*.

5. Mirth

Anxiety is the basic state-of-mind for Being-towards-death. But may anxiety be subverted into self-deprecating mirth? To self-deprecate is to subvert oneself. To subvert oneself is to cease to

determine oneself as an entity, of which, “Dasein always does so in the light of a possibility which it *is* itself and which, in its very Being, it somehow understands” (Heidegger 69). Leaning into the darkness of the *impossibility* which it *is not* itself, Dasein of Being-towards-death may subvert anxiety into self-deprecating mirth, to let oneself be *indeterminate*, as a *non-entity*.

Mirth is a basic state of being-in-love. For him, laughter, joy, and mirth are always-already in the air. For Being-towards-death, mirth is an impossible possibility. For the condition of possibility of mirth is precisely to be not anxious. But Being-towards-death is essentially anxious. Being-towards-death would like to affirm the impossible possibility. But its use of courage only allows it to face death, Orients it towards death.

“Courageously”, Being-towards-death might say: *I could die for you*. But being-in-love would roll theirs’ eyes at the implied Orientalism. And she would laugh, mirthfully.

6. Orient / orientate

In *Queer Phenomenology*, Ahmed writes: “to be orientated around something is not so much to take up that thing, as to be taken up by something, such that one might even become what it is that is “around.” To be orientated around something means to make that thing central, or as the center of one’s being or action.” (Ahmed 116) This is the sense of “being orientated” I shall use. Ahmed also writes of being “orientated *toward* objects” (Ahmed 115), which is carefully distinguished from the sense of being orientated *around*. ““Towardness” is a mode of directionality;” (Ahmed 115) Being-*towards*-death is a mode of Dasein, with a mode of directionality, that is, *towards* death, *facing* death. On the other hand, ““around” refers to

“round” and suggests a circling movement.” (Ahmed 116) Being-untowards-death is essentially being-around-death. “To be orientated around something is to make “that thing” binding, or to constitute oneself as that thing.” (Ahmed 166) Being-in-love is orientated; she is orientated around theirs’ beloved. Being-in-love, as being-untowards-death, is essentially being-around-death. To be “around” something also suggests a nearness. Being-in-love is always near death; she lives “on the edge” of life. But it is precisely this edging which gives being-in-love immortality. To go “around” suggests a circling movement. A circling movement is a repetition. Being-around-death is essentially *repetition*. Repetition of life and death is reincarnation. If being-in-love is immortal, this is at least partly because she is reincarnated.

For Being-towards-death may think itself, as well as towards-death, as towards being-in-love, *Oriented to* being-in-love; Being-towards-death may think to *Orient itself* towards being-in-love. But such an Orienting is an impossible impossibility, for being-in-love is not a location. A condition of possibility of being-in-love is being *orientated*. An orientated being is rarely anxious. The anxious psychoanalytic subject, on the other hand, is merely re-Oriented by the analyst:

The American poet H.D.’s reflections on her experience of Freud’s office: “Today, lying on the famous psychoanalytic couch, … wherever my fantasies may take me now, I have a center, security, aim. I am centralized or re[O]riented here in this mysterious lion’s den or Aladdin’s cave of treasures” … as objects that adorn the interior of Freud’s room, the objects themselves are cut off from the history of past arrivals and of dwelling places … Appropriations are violent (Ahmed 149).

Freud's room, from which psychoanalysis unfolds, is surrounded by exotic "Oriental" objects. But psychoanalysis does not orientate the anxious psychoanalytic subject; it merely *re-Orients* said subject. Exotic "Oriental" objects *surround* said subject; however, said subject is not *orientated around* said objects, nor are the objects orientated around said subject. Said subject has an object, or objects. Each object is an *aim*, a *security*, a *telos*. Oriental objects are violently appropriated by the anxious psychoanalytic Said subject as here an aim, there a security, again a telos. To appropriate something is to ignore or disregard its substantial part and use it for its insubstantial part. To appropriate being-in-love is to ignore its substantial part – theirs' love, and the body she loves – and *use love* for its apparent cause and affect. This would be bad. But it is impossible. Being-in-love is not an Oriental object. Attempts to appropriate him fail necessarily, for love is a cause, or an affect, only qua substance. It is impossible to appropriate love for its cause or affect, or to use love for its insubstantial part. For love has no insubstantial part. Any insubstantial part of love would be a posteriori to love. But love is prior to itself.

For "for" orients; whereas, for to is to orientate. Orientation is substantial; whereas, the "Orient" is insubstantial. For to orientate-around is to be orientated-around; whereas, "for the Orient" is not "to be oriented". To be orientated-around is to enact appropriate turnings. Being-in-love turns towards love; it is *for love*. And being-in-love turns away from love; it is *from love*. To turn towards, and turn away, is a practice of love. The practice of love by being-in-love is to enact turnings here and turnings there. But not every-one is orientated.

For the non-orientated, to domesticate is to dominate, to baldly assert mastery of nature. But to the orientated, to domesticate is to sanctify, to know a name. To be orientated is to be domesticated, to be sanctified, to let the orientated know one's name. To act on Orientalism is to

"domesticate" the oriental, to violently appropriate the oriental, to dominate the oriental, to badly assert mastery over theirs' "oriental nature". To the orientated, the domestic is the sacred. Thus we express domestical dismay at wearing shoes indoors, in the sphere of the sacred domestic. But the sphere of the domestic and the sphere of the public cannot be sharply distinguished; there is no algorithm which decides whether a given sphere is domestic or public. Domestic or public, we would like our spheres to be sanctified. Thus Jesus walked barefoot, sanctifying the public. And now, the dissipation of Orientalism, the becoming orientated of every being, may be coextensive with the sanctification of the domestic sphere. In conjunction, both the domestic and the public may be sanctified. Or, what is the same, every sphere of the world may thus be sanctified.

For to orientate, is to be orientated. For to love, is to commune-with. For to commune-with, is a community.

For to beloved, is being in love.

7. Proper political theology

There is no one else, for our past binds us.

豈無他人，維子之故。

(Book of Songs詩經)

The sanctification of both the domestic and public is not the collapse of the distinction between the domestic and public. In *The Human Condition*, Arendt writes: "love, in distinction from

friendship, is killed, or rather extinguished, the moment it is displayed in public." (Arendt 55)

Still the aphorism: art is love made public. Public love, public display of love, is the love of friendship. Private love, domestic love, is also the love of friendship, but not merely that.

Private love is constituted on a bind made in the past. The past is that which is inaccessible; that is, to all but the ones who have been bound, the ones who are bound. There are anxious attempts to break the bind. We must imagine them pathetic.

Arendt continues: "Because of its inherent worldlessness, love can only become false and perverted when it is used for political purposes such as the change or salvation of the world."

(Arendt 55) Love used for political purposes is love appropriated. Love appropriated is indeed false and perverted, insofar as to appropriate love is to ignore its substantial part and use it for its insubstantial part. But the love of being-in-love is not appropriated. Theirs' substance is love, and the body she loves. The body she loves, she loves through God. To appropriate the love of being-in-love, then, is to appropriate God. This, of course, is theologically impossible.

Friendship is a type of love. In *The Concept of the Political*, Carl Schmitt declares: "The specific political distinction to which political actions and motives can be reduced is that between friend and enemy." (Schmitt 26) We must imagine Schmitt pathetic. God loves all; God has no enemy; every one is a friend of God. Proper political theology dissolves the distinction between friend and enemy, and thus the political distinction altogether.

But not every-one is God. One who is not God must be giving sacred hate to enemies and be giving love to friends. Sacred hate is a type of love. Sacred hate is not pathetic. Pathetic hate is the hate of a racist. Sacred hate is majestic. From sacred hate may arise moments of disorientation. "Moments of disorientation are vital. They are bodily experiences that throw the

world up, or throw the body from its ground." (Ahmed 157). Moments of disorientation are "queer moments of halt" from which may arise "blaccelerative momentum" (Baek 12). Such momentum may be re-orientated; moments of disorientation are moments which allow being-in-love to be re-orientated. Thus beloved may re-orientate being-in-love, and being-in-love may re-orientate beloved. Moments of disorientation are, to say the least, uncomfortable. But they are vital. Such a moment is a condition of possibility of being re-orientated, which is a non-revelation, but might be a type of revealing.

Moments of re-orientation are occasions for dancing, broken off before speaking and saying. "Song and dance touch on the realm of the animal but more than that they break off from the realm of man. This broken archive lies before Heideggerian "speech" and Levinian "saying"" (34 Moten). To turn towards, and to turn away, is a practice of love. To dance is a practice of love. Ahmed writes: "*Nausea* could be described as a phenomenological description of disorientation, of a man losing his grip on the world." (Ahmed 162) The nauseous man cannot dance. The nauseous man has made too many turns one way and not the other. The nauseous man has lost his balance. Nausea reveals itself as a sensation of disorientation. Ahmed continues:

So what happens when the table dances? ... For Marx, when the table becomes a commodity it is endowed with agency as if it had a life of its own. This life, we could say, is "stolen" from those who make the table. (Ahmed 164)

For bodies that are out of place ... You can feel odd, even disturbed. (Ahmed 170)

But stolen life does not endow nothing with anything. A body "out of place" might be a lacking oddity, but in love, no-body is out of place. In love, bodies are in unity. Re-orientated, I dance with beloved. A dancing community is in-love.

Dance my dear unstolen lives, flee constantly in the face of death, take flight. Fly to love,
fall in love, be in love.

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