\_\_\_Presentation

I love Heidegger because he plays with language, sees its limits, tries to break free, fails, betrays his fallability, despairs at religion and metaphysics, and resorts (perhaps desperately) to art in the hope that truth will emerge. The truth that for me emerges from the poetics of the experience. The experience of dense text confronts you with your own limits. Heidegger's humanity, his nostallgia for a more artistic time long gone, lingers for a while at the door, and then joins us at the table of average people.

If you don't understand the text, rest assured that the text understands you.

"Heidegger's style challenges our own instrumental attitude about language." -John Zuern

I begin with Holderlin, a Romantic, whom Hiedegger adored. I've seen the Dutch Rhine, lazy and wide. Niagara is nearer, and will stand as a proxy for the Rhine.

When I reflect on what is given, and what is at stake (in technology),   
the potential, and the risk,   
there is a covert ethics in view:   
an awareness of self and other:   
perhaps even flow of humility.

The terror of this encounter is sublime. But it is also beautiful.

\_\_Insights

Heidegger proudly calls (his own) language extraordinary, for "leading us through".

How does a tree endure as a tree? we must look at the environment. zoom out.

The way Heidegger plays with [Wesen] (essence) and [Sein] (being), reminds me of the existential questioning about essence and existence.

\_\_\_Questions

Does Heidegger use families of meanings via Wittgenstein's notion of "family resemblance"? (they were both born in 1889).

Is leisure the opposite of work?

Is there a revealer or a reveler?

Is Heidegger talking about the "potential" in what is concealed?

Can Romantic poets really save us?

Hasn't the art world become yet another market? Diamond Studded Skulls ftw