

both in one

sought and found – enkindling both in one. Markus Lüpertz and Andreas Mühe exhibit, bringing drawing and photography toward each other. In Rostock a special backdrop is needed for the stage given over to the creative art of both and their different media.

Invocation of
Mnemosyne

Mother of the muses, stand by me, let me sing, raise my voice meaningfully. Stride through the mountains of images over hills and through valleys to see and to proclaim what was and is and further still. Of images I want to tell that breathe down your neck and get under your skin.

Mnemosyne, the daughter of Uranos and Gaia, sky and earth. Between sky and earth is everything that is the case, the world.¹ In a short sentence the young Ludwig Wittgenstein grasps the world's happenings. To proclaim them ceremoniously you need singers – “The singer”, according to Friedrich Hegel, “is the individual and real one from which, as subject of this world, it is generated and borne. His pathos is not the stunning power of nature, but Mnemosyne, the contemplation and interiority that has become, the recollection of the essence that was immediate a short while ago”.²

Hegel's talk of pathos does not know the negative connotations of today's usage, but speaks of sublime style. For him pathos is a celebratory means of persuasion. To portray from recollection means to change what has been in order to give it, fabricated, to others in the provocative presence of an art work. As a condensed view of the world, passed on for attentive contemplation. The mediator is Mnemosyne; she guarantees the “recollection of the essence that was immediate a short while ago”,³ that now, suffered and thought through, put into the work, stands “in a connection for the viewer that is also felt and perceptible”.⁴ The latter partial quotation comes from Friedrich Hölderlin, and his insistence on “enlivening art”, that gives back to the heart everything that domineering reason took from it,⁵ electrifies what is said.

More than two hundred years after Hegel and Hölderlin, the poet, Friederike Mayröcker, formulates it simply as: “the external world must become an inner world = what is felt. The inner world must again become external world = poem.”⁶

Mnemosyne – grants recollection and commemoration. According to legend, Zeus is said to have spent nine nights with the daughter of Titan, and the Muses, nine in all, came from this union.

“Tell me, Muse, the deeds of the much travelled man,
who wandered so far after the destruction of holy Troy,”⁷

To whom is Homer turning here? Hesiod, the earliest source, calls the daughters of Mnemosyne by name: Klio, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Thalia, Euterpe, Erato, Urania, Polyhymnia, Kalliope. He does not allocate tasks to them; only later are assignments made, but even these remain rather vague. Whether the poet of the *Odyssey* asks for epic support from the fair-voiced Kalliope or hopes for approval and aid from Polyhymnia, rich in song, remains open.

Along with Hölderlin I cherish the mother of the Muses. In the draft to his hymn to Mnemosyne, he celebrates the patroness of the poetically spirited mind. There is no version made by the poet himself. Much is disparate, scattered on four loose sheets in larger or smaller islands of text. The parts are waiting to be condensed into poetry. What has been scribbled down hurriedly is underway, setting out, striving toward form. It still needs to be invented, and so the scraps of fabric in Hölderlin’s sweeping handwriting seem threadbare even before they have found their way together. Wild, rough, fermenting – a passionate condition that says much and does not reveal. Eloquent silence over the lack of “melody” that bears everything, that allows the process of making to vanish, as presented so impressively by Hölderlin’s completed works. Conflict still predominates:

“And always
a yearning goes into the unbound”⁸

This stirred-up condition expresses the basic mood of creative individuals, standing for a searching, a wanting to grasp and comprehend, showing the distress that wants nothing to be lost, nothing excluded in doing so. And already the threat of failure is grinning, since artists are always willing to take on more than they can bear. Over and over again, Hölderlin begins to give form to opposites and to present what is striving apart “as both in one”.⁹ To portray this is his hot desire and need: liquid gas, two

mutually exclusive states of matter. Under high pressure that which strives and flees apart converges. Under such pressure artists stand and work. And if they hold up to it, then it happens that something meaningful is said, is created, which Hölderlin proclaims in the final line of his poem, *Commemoration*: “What remains however, is founded by poets.”¹⁰

This lays claim on the poet and thinker for an entire life, and every artist knows himself to be at his side, doing the same. Giving signs – humankind must invent itself and its world. To prepare the ground on which he deigns to roam suffices for him as a permanent task, since:

“We are a sign, uninterpreted
Painless are we and in foreign parts
We have almost lost our language.”¹¹

According to our destiny to be signs uninterpreted, empty matrices for our own contents, we are stimulated to set signs ourselves to interpret ourselves and the world: “Become, experiencing who you are”¹² is how Hölderlin translates Pindar’s dictum, pointing the conventional rendering, “Become who you are”, on to a path via sensitive experience. Kept in memory, torn from forgetting, what is recalled, fabricated and gathered in an artefact (poem or art work), steps into lively appearance as commemoration.

Martin Heidegger sees in Hölderlin’s sketch of a hymn a description of the “source of poetry”.¹³ I read the “a l m o s t”, however, with a clear accentuation of vehemently admonishing objection. A call to be resolute, to take a stand against the demon “uninterpreted” – a spur and driving force for all artists.

For, to be painless means to have become insensitive, in having a world dominated by reason, alien to ourselves in this world. Full of discontent, on this path we have almost lost sensitive language.

On the razor’s edge, the poetically spirited mind rears up, braces itself against forgetting and losing and, certain of itself and the world, seeks to create identity, balanced between the changes of opposites.

“– I (Hölderlin) say: thus it is necessary that the poetically spirited mind in its unity and harmonious progress give itself an infinite viewpoint in its business, a unity in which, in the harmonious progress and change of everything, goes forwards and backwards and,

through its thoroughly characteristic relationship to this unity, gains not merely an objective connection, but for the viewer also a felt and perceptible connection and identity in the change of opposites, and it is its final task to have a thread, a recollection in this harmonious change so that the spirited mind never in a single moment and again in a single moment, but in one moment as in the other, constantly, and in the various moods, remains present to itself, just as it is completely present to itself in the infinite unity which is on the one hand the dividing point of the united as united, but then also unifying point of the united as opposed, finally also both at the same time, so that in it the harmoniously opposed is neither opposed as unified, nor unified as opposed, but as both in one, as united-opposed inseparably felt and invented as felt.”¹⁴

Hölderlin does not want to stop; with a long thread, finely spun, he allows the poetically spirited mind to weave on the cloth of knowledge. Warp -|- weft – return. Between the vertically tautened threads of the “unified as unified”¹⁵ (warp), the shuttle shoots quickly with the opposite thread back and forth in the horizontal. And the texture of the “harmoniously opposed” is woven. It is a grid of threads that connects “united-opposed inseparably”¹⁶, but nevertheless has interstices that lead into the open.

We, however, thanks to our being Hölderlin’s accomplice, stand in a fictitious landscape of images and we, who are experienced in contemplating the works of those who, like us, are on the track, will find ourselves in the change of opposites, for:

“In the interplay of the impossible with the possible, our possibilities are broadened.”¹⁷

Ingeborg Bachmann

both in one

Sunset over the Baltic Sea, the chalk cliffs on Rügen – there stands Narcissus Mühe, sunning himself naked in the setting sun. Andreas Mühe is a reflected Narcissus, no young fool who, in love with himself, falls into his own mirror-image. His light images are not according to nature, but fabricated artefacts, composed sensuous formations for which he resolutely creates a photographic reality. On location with the image in mind, it is a matter of shifting the large-format camera into the right position and waiting for the moment when the idea and the upside-down image in the camera come closest to each other.

Sun from the front and back. The photo-Narcissus, Mühe, makes the impossible possible, using a mirror to refract the incidence of the sunlight and send it on a detour to his back. The place of the happening was found almost two hundred years before by

the painter, Caspar David Friedrich. He took it after intensive study back into his small studio, painting from memory his view of the chalk cliffs along with viewers.

Mühe gives his own particular presence to the painting of his predecessor. In it, both Caspar David Friedrich and Andreas Mühe are now lodged, setting signs with a claim to permanence. The successor has wandered through the painting's composition, knows his way around the fictitious landscape. Mühe does not ape Friedrich but uses the felt and interiorized imagic atmosphere to orchestrate his narrative in the imagic space of his predecessor with a change of tones in the medium of photography.

Caspar David Friedrich, too, did not paint after nature. He did make studies on location, but he realized the composition in his studio room, as if the image-creating meeting of spirited mind and sensuousness needed a neutral, quiet place to couple.

Mühe sensitively decomposes the model-image in order to allow it to come to appearance once again in his invention of an image as a photograph. This is also the way he proceeds on Obersalzberg on historically mined terrain. And it seems as if he had in his ear Friedrich Nietzsche's talk of true illusion. Since the true illusion makes itself known as illusion, it does not deceive, laying open to view what speaks out from it. The scene of – *The Kiss II* –, a fictitious still from a fictitious film-scene appears in such a light, in which a high-ranking officer allows himself to be kissed by his batman. Taken from a voyeuristic perspective, the actors act, vanishingly small, before a sublime backdrop of mountains. The visible spotlight in the foreground, however, clearly shows that we are on the set and everything is a matter of true illusion.

And there are many such hints in the group of works from Obersalzberg. Selfie with heavy equipment. Like a small salute cannon, the large plate camera intrudes here into the picture to shoot *Hermann, Master Huntsman of the Reich* into the smug staging of his stiff and silly parade before a grand natural backdrop. And the image space? Once again Caspar David Friedrich – *The Huntsman in the Forest*? It's possible; at least the small painting from 1814 is one of his patriotic paintings. But I do not want to swear to that.

Soldier on the Upper Lake – before a sublime backdrop of mountains. I am small – the mountain is oversized. How do I come to terms with that? "The astonishment bordering on fright, the horror and holy shudder which grabs the onlooker when viewing the masses of mountains rising to the sky, deep gorges and in them roaring waters..."¹⁸

Immanuel Kant impressively describes the power of the appearance that exposes us to narcissistic mortification. However, even in calling to mind a physical impotence, there

soon arises a “power to resist” of a very special kind, “that encourages us to measure ourselves against the apparent omnipotence of nature”. A “non-sensuous measure”, Kant speaks of the “super-sensuous substrate,” points the way out of impotence, allowing “the humanity within our person to remain unhumbled”.¹⁹

Accordingly, the sublime cannot be encountered in the things themselves, but is put onto them, falls upon them as the flashlight of an “intellectual feeling”, illuminating them from an aesthetic idea. In this idea, despite belonging to nature, humankind can know itself as participating in the absolute.

With his braces down, leaning far back, probably in a drunken state of smug arrogance furthered by alcohol, there he is standing – the soldier.

Those who do not intellectually grasp, as Kant demonstrates, the narcissistic mortification in view of the superbly grand and powerful, simply piss on it. The pathetic game of Nazi propaganda cannot be better disenchanted. Astonishing is the lightness with which Mühe succeeds in tearing the veil from the false illusion by means of strikingly simple gestures in his intensified narrative images.

In his portraits of persons in the Obersalzberg group of works, Mühe pursues moments, putting them into a pose. Snapshots by Walter Frenzt, who had the task of accompanying Hitler everywhere as photographer, provide the initial material. The Frenzt photos are made completely from a documentary standpoint, which Roland Barthes designates as “that’s the way it was”²⁰ in his magnificent volume of essays, *The Bright Chamber: Remarks on Photography*.

Andreas Mühe separates details from the photos by Hitler’s personal photographer. With a scalpel, in exact surgical incisions, he exposes sequences of images for processing – isolating gestures and cutting out poses. A special focus is put on the obsequious postures of persons in Hitler’s entourage. Having long since become second nature, they seem almost genuine. But Mühe’s gaze penetrates deeper. And then the photographer puts the now transparent, seen-through postural dress onto his actors, showing the skin, muscles, sinews and fibres beneath in an unmasking nakedness.

In contrast to film, the photographer can throw light upon a character only in the moment of a flashlight. And it falls to the viewer’s receptivity for the still photo to develop the scene further. The fictitious kernel, the instructions for inventing stories, Mühe presents in the clear contours of his portraits. The light toes the line – sharp, engraved edges – as with Leni Riefenstahl.

General Walter Warlimont – short, stocky – no model for Arno Breker’s heroes made of stone. In the naked staging he appears as a model athlete, doubled in his bodily posture by a trained actor.

Mühe fabricates white Nuba into the image, exhibits them, presents them staged in Riefenstahl’s aesthetics. In this way, “cleverly dumb” images come about. They are oxymora. In the change of tones, thoroughly composed formations tautened to the point of tearing. In them Mühe lets the “that’s the way it was” of the historical shots collide in his photographs against the “that’s the way it was fabricated” of the posed gestures, bringing opposites booming to expression.

Take on the position which someone else previously had. Apparently child’s play. Mühe is a photo-mime. His game is subtle when he gives a new role in the present to what is past through his fabrications. Thus, Adjutant Fritz Darges, a man of average height in the historical photos, a rather inconspicuous, mediocre figure, mimed by a model as a proudly obsequious, white-black, German Nuba and loyal subject.

A clear contouring of lines on a smooth surface provides the cold decor, helping the staging into an image. Toeing the line, lined up, in line: eyes straight ahead! The line thus used behaves authoritarily, demarcates and excludes, separates dictatorially, lays down, determines, prescribes, is the plumb-line and guiding principle for the seeking eye.

The line has interpretive sovereignty on the battlefield of propaganda in the cold shine of power. Andreas Mühe makes use of it, allowing his fictitious realities on the line to slide off the rails. Images that breathe down your neck uncomfortably.

BOTH IN ONE

Whom is Markus Lüpertz seeking out there? To whom is he dedicating his studies? To whom is he giving his heart, hand and understanding? – To an old man made of wood. His long, thin body tautened like a bow. Wild hair, crowned with laurel, and the long beard tangled as if by a storm. Is he even dancing? And because it looks as if he is playing the lyre, he has been identified as Apollo. This is how he hangs today on a wall in Berlin’s Bode Museum. The lime-wood Apollo by Münstermann from the early 17th century is striking in many respects. He was probably painted. Overly eager restorers removed the remainders of paint only in the middle of the last century. A stupid act which must pain especially Lüpertz, who paints his sculptures.

More importantly still, Münstermann's Apollo has been removed from an ensemble of figures, was part of the displayed side of an organ, stems from a church on castle grounds. Now the old age can be explained. Used to encountering Apollo as a young man, the wizened appearance must seem strange. Here, however, we are standing in front of a hybrid: Apollo and David in one. To transform and incorporate powerful alien, pagan figures remains a problematic exercise for Christians with a questionable outcome. There comes a rumbling from such combinations because dominion of the one over the other and co-optation provide the impulse, and not an unfolding of difference in a unity that is straining apart. The pagan element remains refractory, unsettled, works on, unbridled, beneath the binding. Counterposed, it refuses its incorporation under the penalty of demise, chafes itself sore, a sore that will not heal. Dancing, however, is easy for Apollo under David's skin. Numerous portrayals show King David at the transfer of the Ark of the Covenant, playing a harp, dancing on ahead. Francesco Salviati shapes the scene impressively in the mid-16th century in the Sala Grande of the Palazzo Ricci-Sacchetti in Rome.

And there it is, David's hand, which is also Apollo's hand, both in one, present to us as a hand plucking a harp. Lüpertz grasps it as a fulcrum, as an eye-catcher, placing it frequently in the centre of the sketches.

Ossa digiti manus – there are many bones in the finger. Felt to be a series of warriors, surgeons saw them in a phalanx, subdivided into proximalis, media and distalis. With a few searching lines, Lüpertz brings the bones of the fingers close to the body, in intermediate position and further from the body, into position, and the drawn hand begins to pluck the strings of the harp. I love the bony tuning-fork arch which the bone segments of the index and middle finger form joining onto the bones in the palm of the hand. The drawer capturing the curve of the forking, the plucking hand presents itself harmoniously.

Notes on loose pages are Lüpertz' sketches for Münstermann's A/D. To take notice of something means to value it, to treasure it, to keep it in memory and to want to save it. The note, however, alters, gives, in the art work fabricated for it, a new presence to what is recalled in commemoration. And this is the process. Feeling with the hand, tracing until the felt line flows back interiorized from head to hand, externalizing itself through the hand via the head in a flow onto paper.

Then what has been experienced with the seeing eye, from inside to the outside and noted in a fictitious form resists the sight's vanishing. It must pass through marrow, bone and understanding and again through marrow and bone, otherwise it will be lacking in substance and the note will remain pale.

"The density of the body does not compete with the density of the world but, on the contrary, is the only means I have for reaching into the midst of things, by allowing myself to become world and it to become flesh."²¹ Maurice Merleau-Ponty describes this metabolism in his late work, *The Visible and the Invisible*, that remained a fragment published posthumously in Paris in 1964.

On the whole it can be surmised that the tactile sense is more original than the distanced sense of sight. In this context, Merleau-Ponty and other phenomenologists have described seeing as a touching with the gaze.

The external world must become an inner world = what is felt. The inner world must become an external world again = drawing, painting, sculpture. In a slight twist of the hand, Friederike Mayröcker's chiasmic equation for the metabolism between the external and the inner world becomes an equation for the procedure of fine artists. Thus things stretch out their hands to each other, delighting us with images that get under our skin. The transfer succeeds with playful lightness if, like Lüpertz, you know how to bring materials like charcoal, chalk and gouache into play on paper. Charcoal, pressed down lightly, restrainedly tender in its line – more or less grey. When pressed down strongly, charcoal breaks and leaves traces in deep black density. More pliable in use is chalk, milder in tone. Gouache, however, is a wonderful means of colouring, impossible in its behaviour – glazy-pasty, just as you like. If you put more or less water in the pool, then the colour is opaque or flows transparently, not keeping within any borders, inundating the line, flowing beyond banks. Energetically, at some point Lüpertz commands a halt, plants lines on top, gathering the colour into surfaces in order once again to blur borders, and so on. In this way the seeking hand gains orientation for itself, brings the fleeting impression to paper, drawing maps of the new land of images.

Recalling, finding yourself in the other, that goes under the skin, penetrates the surface, eats into you. Burrows further on the inside, breaking a path for itself in a quick note. In more than ninety drawings Lüpertz has approached the form of Münstermann's Apollo in ever renewed attempts. And viewers, if they play along, are drawn into the happenings by the sheets of paper. If you want to find out more about Münstermann's Apollo, take a look at Lüpertz' notes, allowing yourself to be guided, sensitively

confused, to be put onto a line and pass along false tracks and detours. Do you want to know more about Apollo, the Muses' guide, protector of the arts and enigmatic god? Read on.

Not to reveal your reasons implies showing yourself in the form of an enigma, provoking a dispute through whose progress attentive viewers will find themselves and become wiser. Heraclitus reports on the special way in which Apollo presents and reveals himself. "The master to whom the Oracle in Delphi belongs does not say anything and does not conceal anything, but gives signs."²²

Nietzsche, who in his writings repeatedly points out that art does not make enigmatic, but is itself essentially an enigma coming to appearance as such, shows himself to be a critical follower of the Olympian.

What, however, holds art together in the enigma? What does it show and what does it bring to appearance? It executes the enormous split between the sensuous and the intelligible which only artists know how to bear. Thinkers, despite assertions to the contrary, succumb all too easily to the primacy of the intellect. Only few go as far as Hölderlin did in portraying the poetically spirited mind or even demand, like Nietzsche, an artists' metaphysics.

What do artists present in the shining of illusion? Which, according to Nietzsche, does not deceive because it doesn't pretend, showing itself openly as an enigma? Nothing less than renewed nature appears in works that unite what strives apart.

A fragment from pre-Socratic times treats this not easily understood coincidence, presented in Apollo's insignias. "They do not understand how it goes together in the mind, being carried apart: a union striving apart like that of the bow and the lyre."²³ Bow and lyre are Apollo's attributes. Both instruments gain their necessary tension from unifying forces straining in opposite directions.

For those who succeed in experiencing for themselves in an art work that tension of a union straining apart, things come together in unforeseen sights. Artistic making – the experience of myth shows us.

When it is day, then it is night. How does that come together? All logic excludes this. If Mother Night bears the day in the early morning which later in the evening sinks, exhausted, back into her womb, in order to be resurrected the next day as a new-born, then relations are put aright mythologically. The wheel turns and the impossible steps roundly into appearance. In day's child, Mother Night is present and that which strives apart is bedded in one. In a similar way, art manages the split when it tautens its bow in

what it has made artfully in its artefacts, holding together what strives apart, and showing it.

Such a power makes it attractive for Nietzsche's enterprise. To hold together sensory and intellectual material is an enormous feat which the bastard-thinker, Nietzsche, professes self-confidently against the invective of his academic colleagues, seeking protection and assistance from art. Self-knowledge led him to enter into this alliance, allowing it to become the guiding principle for his philosophizing.

In artistic making the artist shows what his self-knowledge consists in. In all ages, art gives witness to what humankind is, what represents and constitutes it, by tirelessly repeating the "know thyself"²⁴ in the works and presenting the artists as the founders of rules under whose auspices what is not unifiable comes together.

That tension, however, allows viewers to tarry with things of art which show themselves in the shining of illusion and dressed without having to describe the why any more precisely, searching for the rules of the joining and its formation. An enterprise that leads reflective viewers back to the "know thyself" as the essence to which the artistically made things essentially appeal in the shining of renewed nature.

A task without end. What art plays toward us does not pretend to be any final truth, but unmistakably calls on us to pass through ourselves and not to suspend the process of self-knowledge. Setting signs by drawing, bringing something significant to the world and putting the demon, "uninterpreted", in its place – the wanderer's gaze encounters many landmarks by Markus Lüpertz in the world of images.

Both in one – The Exhibition

Lüpertz, who is really an annihilator of light-images, sees Mühe's works from the viewpoint of a painter, certifying that he, the photographer, has a pronounced sense for painting. The painter does not seek any quarrel, but exchange, and both, the photographer and the painter, must feel well together on the stage provided for them in order to exhibit there what emerged with the support of the Titanide Mnemosyne, finding its way into that harmony which exquisite harmonizing produces.

Given to us as an astounding gift, it is our task as viewers to receive it, the determining act "of creative reflection of the artists which consists in their taking material from their world, from the sum of their outer and inner life, which is more or less also ours, that they take from this world the material to designate the tones of their spirited mind".²⁵

For plausible reasons I have raised Hölderlin's line of thought into the plural in order to address both Mühe and Lüpertz in it.

What remains to be said:

I praise, and Hölderlin stands by me, the "poetic character" of the exhibition and what is shown.

Heinrich Heil

Translated from the German by Dr Michael Eldred, artefact text & translation, Cologne

¹ "Die Welt ist alles, was der Fall ist." ("The world is everything that is the case.") Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus logico-philosophicus, Werkausgabe Band 1*, Frankfurt am Main, 1989, p. 11.

² Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, *Phänomenologie des Geistes*, Hamburg, 1952, p. 507.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Friedrich Hölderlin, "Über die Verfahrensweise des poetischen Geistes", in Friedrich Hölderlin, *Sämtliche Werke und Briefe*, vol. 1, Munich, 1978, p. 875.

⁵ Ibid, p. 885.

⁶ Friederike Mayröcker, *fleurs*, Frankfurt am Main, 2016, p. 139.

⁷ Homer, "Odyssee", in Homer, *Ilias / Odyssee*, trans. Johann Heinrich Voß, Munich, 1990, p. 441.

⁸ Friedrich Hölderlin, *Sämtliche Werke*, vol. 2: *Gedichte nach 1800*, ed. Friedrich Beißner, p. 193.

⁹ Hölderlin 1978 (see note 4), p. 875.

¹⁰ Friedrich Hölderlin, "Andenken", in Hölderlin 1978 (see note 4), p. 390.

¹¹ Friedrich Hölderlin, *Sämtliche Werke*, vol. 2: *Gedichte nach 1800*, ed. Friedrich Beißner, Stuttgart, 1953, p. 203.

¹² Friedrich Hölderlin, "Zweite Pythische Ode", in Friedrich Hölderlin, *Sämtliche Werke*, ed. Friedrich Beißner, Stuttgart, 1974, p. 74.

¹³ Martin Heidegger, *Was heißt Denken?*, Tübingen, 1984, p. 7.

¹⁴ Hölderlin 1978 (see note 4), pp. 874 f. (author's emphases).

¹⁵ Ibid. p. 875.

¹⁶ Ibid.

¹⁷ Ingeborg Bachmann, “Die Wahrheit ist dem Menschen zumutbar”, speech delivered at the award of the Radio-Play Prize of the War-Blinded. First published as a live radio broadcast by WDR Cologne, 1959.

¹⁸ Immanuel Kant, *Kritik der Urteilskraft*, ed. Karl Vorländer, Hamburg, 1924, p. 116.

¹⁹ Cf. *ibid.* p. 107.

²⁰ Roland Barthes, *Die helle Kammer. Bemerkungen zur Photographie*, Frankfurt am Main, 1985, pp. 86 f.

²¹ Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *Das Sichtbare und das Unsichtbare*, Munich, 1986, p. 178.

²² Herakleitos, “Fragment 93”, in Hermann Diels, *Fragmente der Vorsokratiker*, ed. Walther Kranz, vol. 1, Zurich and Hildesheim, 1985, p. 172.

²³ Herakleitos, “Fragment 51”, in Diels/Kranz 1985 (see note 22), p. 162.

²⁴ According to tradition inscription aboved the Oracle at Delphi.

²⁵ Hölderlin 1978 (see note 4), p. 888.