

THOUGHT AND UTTERANCE

We find a thrilling connection between thought and utterance. The story of philosophical thinking, necessarily told by heart, translates the various facets of this transition from thought to language. The rumour of this union, descended from the pre-Socratic translators of the principles of the universe down to the Romantic vision of natural language, understood as growth, as fruition, announces (enounces) the fact that the linguistic site of thought is not indifferent to the essence of thought. We could imagine utterance as a journey from thought to the nature of things, and the word its never haphazard vehicle: because ever since ancient philosophical undertakings, we have been told that there is no boundary between thought and being, that a balance is needed between the word and the thing (the word seizes, captures the essence of the thing) that it designates, otherwise the second game of the logos would overlay the world; or that, through language, the thought works and builds in this world. Through utterance, the language brings into the world the deeper order of thought, says the philosopher of Romanian utterance. Moreover, the ethnologic and anthropologic fever engulfing "primitive" languages (the rumour goes) uncovers even more terrible things: countless "exotic" utterances untangle encipherings of the world other than ours; one suspects that with them, reflection perceives different horizons and conundrums, and beyond this all, one senses, in tune with the breath of the respective language and owing to it, at least the stupefaction of a world much more luxuriant and ontologically permeable than imagined, wherein the avatar of the mosquito as a stallion is a daily affair.

If we come to talk about the literary garment of philosophical reflection, all we do is to hum deferentially the thinker's tidings of the pre-eminence of languages in philosophical matters as, unlike other provinces of thought, the philosophical mode evinces a profound agreement between cogitation and its linguistic aspect, between the contents of the thought and its expression. It is thus difficult and sterile to develop a philosophical thought independent of the linguistic instances of its consecration, and if this happened indeed, then the reality of thinking would be lost. What would it be like to fit Anaximander, Pascal, Herder or Blaga into the logic of propositions, or to translate Nietzsche into Morse? Each one represents a different manner of questioning the world, and things acquire their centre and meanings around dominants and intuitions that cannot be grasped outside the "skilled mirror" of the language. This is why the question regarding the duration, or validity of a certain philosophical discourse is wrongly addressed. There is an evolutionist presupposition of this question that "unmasked" the precariousness of "time" ideas compared to an already attained, or imagined (promised) standard of excellence. Reading philosophical reflections in a fashionable key eludes the open character of the philosophical enterprise, its pre-text quality in the development of thought. Philosophical texts are as many occasions to articulate thought, promises of ever-actual and ever-employable modes. A treatise that unsettles or vindicates the world will never become obsolete.

Not that everybody agreed. A history may be written of the pains taken to "break new ground" in language, to transform expression into jargon, or language into idiom. The obsession with the universal language, of a language protected from the morass of semantic promiscuity haunted the scholars of the Enlightenment, "vitiating" the Viennese Circle and now has found refuge in the numerous specialised lingo of human sciences. The shortcoming of these local interests and languages, otherwise profitable as they mirror multiple, albeit partial parcels of man, lies in their divorce from a coagulating principle that would endow them with consistency and a firm ground. Present-day trans- and inter-disciplinary unrest may herald a possible recovery of thought.

If I am not taken at my word, reading Mircea Vulcănescu will be conclusive.

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