

CHAPTER ONE

THE HEART'S DELAY

As the brethren of Mont-Dieu introduce to our Western darkness and French cold the light of the East and that ancient fervor of Egypt for religious observance—the pattern of solitary life and the model of heavenly conduct—run to meet them, O my soul, and run with them in the joy of the Holy Spirit and with a smiling heart, welcome them devoutly and with every attention a dedicated will can show.

—William of St. Thierry¹

There were three gods in the beginning that were one: Ptah, Horus, and Thoth. They together divided the cosmos and all that was contained therein into three realms, and each assumed the role of lord of one. Ptah was the Supreme Person, the intelligence, the one who becomes heart and tongue. Horus was the heart, and Thoth, the divine instrument, the word. Each brought wisdom to his rule and embued every creature—great and small—with a sense of its place in the ever-diversifying whole. When it came to human beings, they felt the need for a moment's deliberations. "This creature is made in our image," Ptah said, "yet will be bound to honor one of us at the expense of the others. Let us safeguard its impartiality." The others agreed. Then Ptah continued, "Against the impulse from itself alone to speak through unconscious, ill-reasoned things, let thought not think itself supreme. Therefore, let speech issue not directly forth from the mind in order to seek expression on the lips." To this end, he gave the functions of humans their particular arrangement. From that time, thought, born in the heart, rose to the mind and was detained therein for the duration of an interval. This interval he pronounced sacred. In accordance with the delay, human speech was forever nourished by the heart's intelligence and the words spoken were imbued with the divine substance proper to them.

THE UNDERLYING TEMPO OF THOUGHT

Delay is an event that commands several standpoints. From the standpoint of the one lagging behind, there is no delay. There is only the other, up ahead, having proceeded at a pace that caused the gap—the differential in distance and tempo—

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or having begun at an earlier time and so having the advantage of a head start. Or if the laggard possesses a sense of delay, it is derivative. Either it comes from the other's looking back, wanting to be together with the one, uncomfortable with the lead, or it results from believing the one should be up ahead also. But otherwise coinciding with itself, there is no delay for the one behind, only a discrepancy in place between it and the other. From this point of view, a mere recognition of difference surpasses the impulse that things should be different, and a passivity results. That is how the laggard takes in its position: as patient as passivity or more so. Then there is how the other, up ahead, grasps the delay. From that standpoint, the question is why the delay persists, how it came about, if it need be so, and what can be done to change the situation. Delay is an irrefragible fact. It is there, an irritant to be accepted, denied, or ignored. The one ahead wants the other up in tandem or to be differently situated. Delay is cause for restlessness in mind—or its symptom. The restive condition is expressed as desire, in a nervous, retrospective glance over the shoulder. There is, however, a third viewpoint. From the standpoint of a neutral observer who watches the proceedings, delay is neither factual nor nonexistent. Its existence is a contingency that arises in the relation between the parties involved. It is a contingency asking to be annihilated, whose annihilation is an inevitability that results in more delay. This is the view from the heart. The heart views the specificity of things and knows the habit of thought well enough not to cross it. But habit is not necessity, rather the dress put on to conceal the necessary. What is necessary is a need for transformation, for thinking to be made fertile again through a connection with the whole. This is the heart's primary concern, and by keeping it primary, the heart knows the "sidewise" approach that releases the habit of thought from itself. Above all else, the lateral approach is what I consider.

The heart is in delay because thought is always in advance of itself. I am speaking from the point of view of thinking, where one must begin. Why is the state of advance so? In its function, thought takes the conditions "from before" (*ab ante*) and places them ahead of itself, thereby reproducing itself in a staccato rhythm. The movement of retrieving conditions from a past and reinstalling them in a future is the basic and fundamental movement of thought. It is the ordinary mind's "functional beat." It is the movement that predates any specific content that happens to occupy thinking, this, the "muscular" grasp of retention. It is important to get the feel of the movement of reaching back and throwing ahead. It is well known that thinking is a way of grasping again what was once present, of retaining. Two hundred years ago, Locke showed us that thought takes its form from retentive memory.² "To know" really means "to have held on to as known." Or more accurately, there is, cognitively speaking, no present tense. Present conditions are imported prior conditions or perhaps re-presented posterior ones. Since all such conditions exist only anterior to themselves, what is called thought is grasped like a fruit from the tree of past consciousness. Thought, at least as we ordinarily recognize it, thereby records what is retained and is in fact a record of

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retention. Its extraordinary usefulness has to do with its skill in the storeroom of the past. Everything accomplished or to be accomplished resides in the storeroom. In all such thought, we find the yoke of accomplishment.

Being in advance of itself, thought is also pregnant with . . . thought. The movement of retrieving what came before and projecting it onto an afterwards is one of reproduction. Thought forever leads itself forward out of itself, which is to say, its past. The conditions that it retrieves are those of thinking. The conditions that it projects are the same. This is another way of saying that thought, as we know it, is concerned primarily with reproducing the conditions of its own production. Being pregnant with itself, thought gives birth to more of the same. The invention of the concept is often attributed to Socrates. In the concept, the habit of thought, explicitly expressed, is that of *concupere*, to grasp onto itself. Mythologically, thought is parthenogenetic. It repeatedly splits off from its parent to be born a separate and full-fledged identity like Athene from Zeus's skull. For thought, a virginal birth follows an immaculate conception, the enigma of its auto-con-ception. Like a primitive life form, an amoeba, thought attains to a kind of immortality. The feat that it never completely dies is achieved by its successive breaking off from itself, its fission, its self-division, its duplication and duplicity. Immortality comes with a stigma. Lacking proper insemination, thought almost completely lacks genetic material through which it might trace an origin beyond itself. The absence leaves thought an isolated but deafened power. It cannot hear the word of Thoth. Beneath itself, thought—the thinking always thinking about thinking, an endless self-reflection—is poised restlessly over the well of an unthinkable utterance. To the sound of depth, there is great attraction, a proclivity for a great obedience, and an irresolution. Thought's dysfunctional ambivalence.

The functional beat of thinking makes for a constant theme common to all thinking, a kind of underground drone. Thought thinks about being ahead of itself (and therefore lagging behind) or about being behind itself (and therefore catching up). A common way the theme of being-in-advance-of-itself is taken is in terms of self-advancement. The origin of self-interest may be found here. Self-advancement is the fundamental form of achievement. Planning and preplanning, prioritizing and strategizing, goal seeking and deliberating, choosing and selecting are ways in which thought, in advance of itself, exercises specific powers of achievement. Each means promotes thought, makes thought and its product—results—indispensable to the subject's enterprise of life. What also grows more and more indispensable is the unbroken chain of achievement since it gives the outward manifestation of thought an appealing form. Awareness, taken by accomplishment, neglects to include the inner cognitive rhythm of thinking. In the place of neglect, an avoidance arises, precisely the shape of the double movement. As avoidance, the interior rhythm lends itself to the form of objects, the phenomenal world as an aura of obscurity. This is the self-obscurity of thinking: its basic tempo remains unperceived and imperceptible. It is to this point that Kant's discussion of time as the form of inner sense is directed.³

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In delay, the heart lacks synchrony with thought. The lack functions as a weight upon the noetic mind. It is how someone left behind, Lot's wife or Eurydice, weighs on thought. Repeatedly, thought is drawn back from its forward motion in a gesture of recouping. No reconstituting of a past is involved but only a nagging thought of escaping the underworld. Like Orpheus who has left that world behind but remains its subject, the mind never leaves what trails it in the rear. Is Eurydice there still? Eventually, *that* thought will overpower the will, even the will steeled against a backward glance. The weight is all too powerful. I do not see such weight wholly as ill-fortune. Like the pendulum that works a clock, the weight of the heart's asynchrony animates thought and keeps it from stagnating aimlessly in the cold desert of logic. Self-advancement is thereby precluded from being the sole impulse of thought's function. I can imagine a world in which thought would not be so impeded. There, many daring edifices would rise from the desert floor, each thought-product imaged in Lot's wife turned to a pillar of salt. Each would be an unlivable habitat for the whole human being. None would serve to make the whole human being inhabitable. Although great devotion is necessary in their construction (and concomitant dismissal of the heart's impulse), dismissal is not the cause of delay. The heart's asynchronous relation returns thought to itself with an ever-repeated dissatisfaction. Though often masked, dissatisfaction provides reason with reason to search beyond an impulse that wagers accomplishment. In search, hope for acknowledging the self-obsessed condition of mind arises.

Delay speaks in the voice of insufficiency. From the standpoint of the laggard, the one in front has shown insufficient consideration for the other's tardiness. That one has failed to inquire into reasons for the other's being in the rear, reasons that would disclose a conflict between the heart's intelligence and thought's autoeroticism. Cognitive velocity is a measure of the ignorance. I have said that maintaining the velocity of producing the conditions of its own reproduction absolves thought from examining its final end. That no stop occurs is proof of thought's inherent insensitivity. From the standpoint of the leader, the situation is different. In the leader's view, the other is insufficiently motivated, equipped, or free to keep up. The restless mood of thought's functional beat sees events through the eyes of impatience. Impatience contains a privative vision; it sees the heart through what it cognitively lacks. Yet because thought cannot understand why the other remains behind, the conditions of the heart's retardation call to it. In this way, the heart's lack echoes an absence within thought, and so, from an attribution of insufficiency, the mind hears its own emptiness. Regardless of whether it is audible to cognition, even in the fit of deprivation, there is a summons and the summons is issued.

Originally, a summons was a secret reminder delivered by a messenger and intended to be understood by no one but its recipient. Its inherent specificity, "for your ears alone," made it an encryption that addressed one regarding a critical matter that involved sacrifice, forbearance, or commemoration. By design, a sum-

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mons disturbs the automatic order of things. It meets the necessity of order (which is subjective) with another necessity (which is objective) that requires an obedience. Thus the summons is an ordeal, a dangerous test the outcome of which indicates a higher judgment. Delay breaks into the realm of the habitual in the form of a secret message. In the momentary cessation, thought is imperiled and its project (of self-replication) is at risk. The ordeal needs emphasis even though the moment may pass almost unnoticed—as unnoticed as thought's refusal of the summons. With the summons is necessarily associated the judgment. To summon and to judge. It is fair to say that delay has the effect of weighing a situation. Scale and pans is the ancient symbol for judgment. In the scale at a mortal's death, the heart is set against a featherweight. In the scale at life, the mind's substance is set against the breath. If we were to watch the weighing from the point of view of a neutral witness, we would say that delay is the time it takes for the pans to come to rest.

It follows that judgment—a weighing in which the substance of mind is found deficient—belongs to another order of temporality. That time is of patience, time according to the long-suffering one who is in delay. Such time is not the lurching gait of projection, the reaching back and throwing ahead, but rather the halting step of decisiveness that never leaves the ground it covers. Time of judgment then does not belong to the “spatiotemporal continuum” (as Husserl puts it) since that time is always on the verge of running out, wearing thin, decaying, or falling into ruin.⁴ Since it predates thought's functional beat, time of judgment still bears the mark of origin through which each thing appears as itself and no more. The mark connects judgment with the silence of things for in the time of silence no thing occludes any other thing. Each stands forth in clarity from the background. Thus, judgment issues from a time that allows thought itself to take its proper place and to cease to occupy the place of the other.

An account of judgment and the summons that brings thought to a stop differs markedly from a view that speaks of the proposition as vehicle of judgment. The nominalist seeks to replace the action of judging with the words said of the act, and places the proposition congruous to judgment. The congruence was worked out by scholastic logicians who substituted for the real work of judging—a determination of the significance or “weight” of particular contents of mind—the mechanical determination of what meanings a given thought assigns. Since the determination of assignation had a form, the form of judgment could be assayed by logic (“the laws of thought”) for validity. The result was advantageous to efficiency. Judgment ceased to concern itself with substance and instead substituted syntax for a measure of its correctness—and syntax holds itself together as a set of rules for substitution. There was a further benefit that the scholastic nominalist found in his work. Where a judgment contains what is said (and not the assessment of the saying), it provides a semantic record of the mind's reproduction of itself. The pro-position operates in a manner similar to the pulse of thought inasmuch as it announces in advance what thought's stance will be. The proposi-

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tion, like thought, is ahead of itself and trails meaning behind. In the history of thinking, propositional syntax begins to represent the project of thought, its self-determination and autoconception. Thought *becomes* proposition, a positing in favor of thinking. The time is ripe for logic's conquest of thought that leaves the heart a muffled prisoner in the cavity of the chest.

What becomes of Thoth's word, the expression of a primordial responsibility, a subjectivity? Reducing judgment to grammatical form is a consequence of nominalism that unmoors language from its transcendent origin in the intelligence. Instead of relating directly to a source of meaning, nominalism gives language two new roles. First, through language we "raise a dust and then complain we cannot see" (Berkeley) and thus remain blind to the double movement of intellect. Self-obscurity is served. Second, language is given the assignment to serve the conditions of thought and thereby restricted to the assignation of meaning. Since it helps reproduce the conditions of thought's own production, language could be thought to be maieutic, but only with the birth of a homunculus. Language grows oblivious to its original and only task, of rendering the word of the heart audible to the ear of the world. No longer does it grow halting at the summons of delay but rushes headlong into propositional discourse.

When judgment degenerates to syntax, it serves thought rather than the converse—thought serving an articulation of Ptah, the Supreme Person's reality. Lacking weight, judgment lacks conviction, and the mind's own operation remains imperceptible. Opaque to the mechanism of its own reproduction, the Same continuously confronts the mind—the same world, the same things, the same mood toward those things, the same attitude toward itself. Taken over time, the Same yields continuity. The function of the *cogito* is secretly obscured in each moment and the next. In secret, it is continually erased, stated and erased, stated and erased, until statement and erasure both evaporate into thin air. The force of oblivion (which is different from Nietzsche's "active force of oblivion") conceals the fundamental anxiety of thought's position.⁵ Should continuity of concealment be broken at any point, the terror of the situation would swamp the mood of indifference. Discontinuity is the alien horror, Attila's Huns on the steppes. The least intimation and thought's self-identity is threatened. Even a temporary fit of transparency loosens the stranglehold of cognitive dogmatism and softens the mind's stance against its relation to the heart.

Delay also is retardation. Relative to thought's tempo, the heart's appears burdened with extraneous sufferings, trappings of concern, and the wraps of expiation. Its labor is with expression which when uttered takes place at some remove from the onset of the event, like a confession trailing an elaborate defense. Its quieter voice comes after the machinations settle down, when the consequences no longer take priority. Such is the visible effect of gravity from an invisible body: it disturbs the planet in its orbit. In a similar vein, a lagging heart pulls at thought's autoeroticism. Eroticism brings a hyperventilation that makes time accelerate. Hypertemporalization, the sped-up passage of things, expresses itself in time's

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vacuity (boredom), time's shrinkage ("too much to do"), and high-velocity time ("is it already over?"). Fear clouds acceleration. The theme of time as death gains perception as does that of time dying away. Before long, time is subsumed as a category of morality. This is corruption in which delay expresses itself willy-nilly as the worm coiled in the heart of hearts. Delay consumes a subject like a dread preoccupation, an inevitability evidence for which is continually lost, a sentence whose irrevocable terms are forgotten.

"Through suffering is suffering cured." A hindrance of delay hinders the pursuit of inattention the way a thorn works its way into the skin. Gradually or all at once, the heart's languish calls thought from its obsession with perishing and reawakens composure. This is the fact of disruption. That there is disruption follows from another fact, that the pans of judgment must come to rest *in their own time*. When thought obeys a judgment it remains subject to, it practices an obedience to the holy word, the word of healing and of wholeness. That is the practice of delay. It is that practice of which I speak.

Detained by the retardation of the heart, I experience a slackening of psychic tensions. My continuous flight from discontinuity—that state of perpetual extension—ceases. Advance planning, worry over detail, protection against possible lapses, promotion of priorities, and the stress on means all extend the psyche beyond its bounds. I am a factory on a wartime timetable, when deadlines demand an excessive readiness. To delay, in its root meaning, is *lexare*, to relax or decontract. What is relaxed? The focus of thought, which is the *cogito's* finest achievement. When a command to slacken disrupts my schedule, the heart loosens the concentration of thought. Restrained by a less rigid focus, data of immediacy enter into mind. The focal point of habit is a product of mediation and serves the selfsame end as all mediation: to obscure the subject itself. The heart's communication is abrupt, unexpected, paralytic, and destabilizing. It is the sabot thrown into the gears of the machine or the pull cord causing sudden decompression. That the delay brings a slackening, therefore, does not mean that the heart lacks force or that it is reticent. Quite the contrary. The heart does not voice a tender invocation or a poetic paean to wakefulness. The sharp arrest of thought—through tender means—brings disarray. Severed from its impulse to self-reproduction, thought is momentarily related to the other. In the moment, the mind sees beyond itself to that which it is meant to serve. Animated by that which authorizes its proper function, thought is suddenly new and new as only it can be in the face of the sudden.

AUTONOMY OF TEMPO

Thought is out of synchrony with the heart because it presumes its own autonomy. Yet the asynchronous movement does not arise from thought's essence nor from that of its relation to the heart. It is thought's profession of autonomy—of being a

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law unto itself—that desynchronizes its timing. Its obsession with recreating the conditions of its own “immortality” leads it to disregard the organic tempo that envelops its functional beat. That tempo is signature of human wholeness (and holiness). When heeded, the organic tempo brings thought to think *from* its proper place and to function *in* its proper place. Thinking in essence explores origin and expresses the sign of origin: pure energy (*dynamis*). Nonconclusive, inconsequential, without result, no exit—thinking in such a mode assists in animating consciousness and in joining itself to that selfsame animation. The organic tempo, measure of an inner sense of the body, aligns thought's functional beat with other tempos of the whole without impeding thought's individuality of function. One part of the function is to support a circulating attention—an ambient sensation that pervades the interior body. When I am involved in the study, I encounter an articulation of the supernal role of thought even beyond maintenance of the circulation by which the subject remains a whole and in contact with the greater whole.

When disjoined from the inner tempo, thought grows cognitive and puts on the dress of the *cogito*. Any costume sets a new boundary between self and other. The act limits awareness in such a way as to constitute a denial of what encompasses mind. Thought becomes wrapped in itself, a law unto itself. Time is ripe for autonomy. Yet autonomous time is not so much a condition of thought as its product. If Kant is speaking of time as a condition of thought insofar as it is the inner sense, he is misleading.⁶ Inner sense is a somatic phenomenon. Passage of a fine attention—a particular *phantasm*—around and throughout the somatic mass takes place in a definite tempo. The rhythmic qualities of movement (which are proper to any movement of life) indicate basic conditions of harmony to which thought may relate. The timing of thought, when ill-adjusted, proceeds oblivious to a demand of harmonization. Kant's reference to inner sense, as a pure form of intuition, is in reality a condition of objectifying thought. When ego-consciousness or the *cogito* concerns itself with some state (a feeling, mood, sensation, or attitude), it has already grown objectifying, reflexive. Time has become the phenomenal expanse in which to assign objects to their place in a chronic scheme of events. It is “inner” only by contrast to the spatial expansiveness of the already constructed object.⁷ It is “sense” only quixotically since it is not entirely raw and yet to be processed. Autonomous time is the time of self-concern. It is thought's absorption in its own phenomenal appearance. It is the inside of a bowl curved back to enclose itself—perpetually filled by its dark reflections.

IN THE DIRECTION OF INCLUSION

The heart's delay can be further understood in the phenomenon of inclusion. According to the “Egyptian” arrangement, in order to avoid precipitous utterance, speech waits so that it may comprehend the thought behind it. The comprehen-

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sion of an interior intelligence of the heart provides the point of reference for speaking. What speech is for becomes evident. Awareness of the intelligence that impels an utterance transforms the words into vehicles for a nonobjectified meaning that they serve. The transformation of utterance is a return to original function. Lacking the orientation of the heart, speaking speaks exclusively for the speaker—the one by chance utilizing the function of speech—and through a logic of exclusion. It ceases to signify its own ambiguity and conceives of itself as certain and defined. When speaking is for the speaker alone, the tongue is the organ of the mind. Words make reference solely to themselves and the spade of insight never breaks through the semantic crust of things to turn over the soil of reality. In the fallow of grammar, utterance falters. Its task of naming the namable is forgotten. Speech leaves behind an opening to the world and grows inbred, thick, and stupid.

We can take a clue from the impulse of inclusion. When spirited by inclusion, a group may delay action until all voices are heard. To include all in council is not necessarily to exclude conflict but to arrive at a sense of the whole. Then, a different voice emerges. In speaking inclusively—not for the one or the other but for both—the heart can be heard. In the context, dis-solution of the excluded middle—with its assertion that either this is or is not the case—works a reconciliation where is least likely, at the margins of conflict. A new resonance is felt, not for that which is present but for that which is not. The banished, exiled, absconded other speaks, the one that speaks for all yet is none. Analogously, the faint utterance emanates from the silent heart. The emanation turns toward the world through the word that signifies a purpose of significance. It speaks of that which takes precedence, a reconciliation of differences that negates no difference. It speaks of subjectivity.

As a phenomenon, inclusion expands to fill the time needed to arrive at a sense of the whole. Unlike thought, inclusion does not leap ahead to negate the presentation of awareness. Instead, inclusion remains enfolded in the wings of immediacy, not quite present. Its nontransparency respects the ambiguous nature of speaking. Not reliant on “clear and distinct ideas,” inclusion does not define the present in such a way as to render it commensurate with itself. Presence remains that which escapes definition—even a “that which” brings a greater degree of determinateness than in actuality. Inclusion, it could be said, is the action of absence “in” whose field the infinite array of things can be contained. The inclusion of opposites—which inclusion effects—then is opposed to the exclusion of oppositions, as thought would have it. *Time is thought's greatest device of exclusion.* One minute necessarily excludes every other minute. By contrast, inclusion includes thinking, made evident by this very thought that I am proposing. Yet the proposal of inclusion by the heart, thought finds disruptive and threatening. An unboundedness so opposes the conditions for thought's self-replicating mechanism that thought comes to a stop. In the cessation prompted by inclusion, time blinks and in its privation every other moment is included.

How does a moment of inclusion arise? From conflict to inclusion, the shift

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is not preordained. This much can be said: it is initiated by attendance to conditions in their actuality. The rigors of immediacy precipitate a perception of the inner sense whose trajectory is a radius of the heart. If sensation engenders a language, then inclusion articulates an organically felt immediacy as the ground of the word. What is spoken, born of a somatic intelligence, emanates from the cave of the body—voice itself—in search of audible means of expressing its truth. A growing correspondence between the attention and the “primal language” of the soma eventually realigns the conflicted members of subjectivity in accordance with a template of wholeness. The template, from the keep of the heart, is raised again toward heaven by the lift of the word, speech itself. Even the silence of the keep is thus beholden to the word. It is this direction that my words now explore.

APPROACHING THE TIME OF DELAY

Thought's functional beat, its retrieval of past conditions to propound future ones, is auto-mation itself; *automation*, in its root, meaning a self-willing. The kernel of contradiction between the will and what is given as sheer mechanism, the rhythm of thinking, defines subjectivity on this level. The contradiction is akin to that of the musician's desire for music from the vibrating string of his or her instrument. “Willing” in terms of the automatism is fundamentally a willing to replicate conditions that have obtained, namely, those of the forward throw (the *pro*-jection) of time. “Willing,” it could be said, is epiphenomenal, an echoing effect of thought's functional rhythm. It is real but not quite real. Against automation, nothing breaks the sur-reality of the will like delay. Like a drag on a moving vehicle, delay affects the velocity positing and repositing the self-making conditions. Delay is a hindrance to the smooth rhythm of thinking, a recurrent friction (sand in the gears, a spoke in the wheel) that disables the operation. The stream of thought harbors the illusion of clear sailing, no matter what. The minimal action of delay proves otherwise. A small retardation disturbs out of all proportion to its magnitude. It can bring fragmentation to the underlying pulse of thought or even an arrhythmia like cardiac arrest. Therein a vulnerability in thinking is exposed, that its predominance is susceptible to a slight incursion, and ceases. In a momentary halt, the saga of the automatism and autonomy comes to an end. When the force animating thought returns to its place, abandoning the *cogito*, retentive memory lapses and gives ground to another remembering. Under its influence, that of the heart, thought speaks in a different way, by way of the wholeness of speaking, the holy word.

Delay approaches the mind from behind, from the rear. To be hailed by one in delay means to be called back, to turn to look over one's shoulder at something already passed by. The rearward approach marks a direction radically different from that of automatic thought, perception, and action. Spatially, to heed the approach of delay requires the reversal that Plato describes in the allegory of the

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cave. In the image of *metanoia*, contradictories abound. The space one looks through toward the approach of delay is a space never traveled. No traveler passes that way because of its inaccessibility. Delay belongs to a region that never presents itself to thought except through . . . delay. Thus, the time of delay is likewise never inhabited. It is uninhabitable desert, supporting no life, no somatic exigency. Its remoteness, however, is not that of a prehistoric past that leaves no record. It is removed since it is of a time not produced by thought's production. No project can allow one to pass that way. The gates are barred, the temple is forbidden. Belonging to "anarchic" time (Levinas), the delay predates the world's appearance and therefore remains intractable to evidence denying its existence.⁸ It could also be called "anarchaic." The delay through which the heart speaks is buried beneath the time of the world, below yesterday, today, and tomorrow, beyond the clockwork. Its very slackness or passivity defeats the sleek ballistics of time's arrow and offers proof, contrary to Zeno, that the infinite divisibility of time is far less significant than its infinite frangibility. Delay shows, by the way, that there is time for the arrow to get to the other side. It proves that time's fragility has nothing to do with death but rather the unremitting voice of life issuing from the heart. While it is true that from the wreckage of thought, another vehicle will be constructed, launched, and projected onward, delay will abide like a reef below the waves, awaiting another moment. In thought's anguish over the concealment lies its hope for remembrance of a speaking that is whole.

TELEOLOGY AND DELAY

The delay that I speak of is not born of a reticence, hesitancy, or vacillation. On the contrary, the delay is full with purpose, is purpose itself. In delay is found the *telos* of thought and speech. I am not thinking of the purposive will that is a by-product of thought's autoeroticism. The automatism of that will is craving, compulsion, and obsession. That will fosters impulses to perpetuate thought's obscuration and keep the mind confused. Yet the willed phenomena are perceived to be the best expressions of one's subjectivity, results wrought by the springs of desire: we herein encounter the phenomenon of autoeroticism. In its account, one enters the world as a "free agent" in order to pursue ends through appropriate means. Attainment is a confirmation of one's election to a world that is just as one conceives it. The complex of desire and achievement is the perfume of allurements, continuously enticing the subject into dark woods like the whip-poor-will's taunting song. The purposefulness of delay, by contrast, announces itself as a random event that impinges on the mind from without and goes against the desired order of things. Purpose camouflaged as purposelessness: this necessarily belongs to an intelligence that I have already mentioned. "Random" disruption destabilizes one's assumed identity. Since the nature of habit buries itself in the sediment (Husserl), a shock, as Santayana says, is needed to break the hold of identifica-

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tion.⁹ Under the wraps of thought's deep, habit assigns meaning to phenomena and the world of phenomena springs into place—while the soul sleeps! But when the river bottom of automatism is scoured, assignation becomes unmoored and floats to the surface. Concealed congruence of thought and object, word and thing, yields to a discrepancy between the meaning and itself—a schism in the bedrock of meaning. There is a gap between thought and reality. Does one follow the gaze down the abyss? In any event, the perturbations in the self's identity are in the reach of delay's teleology. It is through the purpose that the attention strengthens, an anxious tremor, and reveals its form as a question. Thus it has been said that interrogation and inquiry are step-children of delay's firm resolve.

The question *is* the invasion of purpose but a purpose not yet my own. Interrogation delivers the shock that reduces the automatism and the *cogito* to rubble, though because their heart is not with but in a different place from them (like a folktale ruse), they easily survive the blow. On examination, however, the “inner shock,” the question, the enigmatic designee of the heart's purpose, points to a way of initiation, a *principium*. Strangely, the beginning of or initiation into subjectivity necessarily implies a “way,” as indicated by the deep association between *initiation* and the Sanskrit *yana*, way. If the way could be directly stated, it would state the heart's purpose in delay. This would be to make the statement commensurate with thought that takes a stance, knows the status, and holds to a standard—and this is impossible. Such an impulse places responsibility on a par with disclosure—and this is impossible. Yet, to be responsive before owning the ability to respond to the shock of disruption, the interrogation, the summons, is to hold oneself open to the heart's purpose. That responsiveness before responsibility may be no more than a lack of refusal, the negation of a negative, not yet a true positive, but even this serves to illustrate the indirect nature of the way. Only with the advent of responsibility does the way open, disruption coincide with anticipation, purpose of delay join with volition of the subject, and the nonlinear procedure become the *modus operandi*. I speak of these matters later.

“Do not forget thy blunted purpose, Hamlet,” the ghost of the father admonishes. If the purpose is other than vengeance, but still a purpose not yet his own, the speech makes it sound possible to remember and then finds Hamlet culpable in his forgetting. This is not right. Hamlet is unable to remember because the memory cannot be remembered, though he is still culpable. Memory of the purpose is necessarily dim, dull, without the luster of thought's natural light, Descartes's *lumen naturale*.¹⁰ Its eruption is disorder in a series in contrast to the automatism of thought, and ambiguous and opaque. Dostevsky's description of the “exceptional, vague, and enigmatic” makes reference to the imprint of delay in the corrupted linear of the word. A command not to forget the purpose, in its impossible fulfillment, brings on the mood of anxiety that places the subject ever more at the disposal of an unknown call. What is forged in the darkness cannot be called “memory” but a kind of vulnerability on the far side of control, a surrender, a sacrifice. The anamnesis differs from the retrieval mechanism of thought's func-

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tion particularly in its acceptance of the mind's irresoluteness and its striving to ally itself with a higher faculty of intelligence. One could say that it is the action of the organ, still embryonic, that is capable of carrying a question—of officiating at one's own initiation into subjectivity. Such a capability is no less than that of momentarily stopping thought's functional beat and entering into the pulse of immediacy, sensitive to Throth's word.

Craned backward, the mind in its extreme tension meets the other than thought. Could the unstable posture be called embodiment? The extraordinary condition subtly alters the *cogito*, thought reproducing thought, in a way analogous to a stretch's altering the body: sensitivity is included. There, an impress of the heart's delay passes and, like the caress of a beloved, lets one surrender one's customary evasiveness. There, preserved in the original language, the anarchaic word circulates throughout the soma and is let circulate once the guard is abandoned. Like a word on the tip of the tongue, language can "almost" be a memory, yet is not. It is a shadow of experience, the way that the fragrance of a pine forest dissipates, grows diffuse, but is not lost after one has left the woods. The shadow trails the systole and diastole of thinking, a murmur, hence, an enigma. In the murmuring shadow, the purpose of delay is repeatedly voiced and voiced repeatedly until thought wakes to take notice.