Something Understood: A Response

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George Herbert's "Prayer (I)" is a poem about prayer. It is also a poem about understanding, as becomes clear at the very last minute:

> PRAYER the Churches banquet, Angels age,
> Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
> The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
> The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth;
> Engine against th' Almightie, sinners towre,
> Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
> The six-daies world transposing in an houre,
> A kinde of tune, which all things heare and fear;
> Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,
> Exalted Manna, gladnesse of the best,
> Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,
> The milkie way, the bird of Paradise,
> Church-bels beyond the starres heard, the souls bloud,
> The land of spices; something understood.[1]

Now here is a perfect reading experience!—left to right, top to bottom, arriving, at the end, at something understood. The poem's structure up to that first and final period is paraphrastic, twenty-six or so different versions, depending on how you count, of what prayer is. The participle completes the poem, and puts it in the past. The reader now understands, may lay the poem down, and can live on as one who has learned what it has to teach.

Such a reading of "Prayer (I)" is bound to provoke questions about that word, "understood." The editors of this issue of *New Literary History* have chosen "understanding" to explain, encourage, and reform the practices of contemporary criticism. It promises an alternative to projects of disciplinary "knowledge production," to the "natural sciences, whose goal is *explanation*" (341, 343). Understanding, on their understanding, is instinct with the critic's and the teacher's imperative to communicate, and to share: "getting someone else to see what you see" (341). It also makes a demand on us that mere "knowledge" does not,

a demand that is challenging to specify, but that often gets expressed as *real* understanding, with urgent emphasis on the *real*. Something about such understanding assumes resistance, and requires effort. Often its governing metaphor is depth, as though mere knowledge lay ready on the surface of things, while understanding must be dug for.

In many of its present-day uses, however, "understanding" also has a temporality, a sense about it of thoroughness and finality. It is the end-state in the process of coming to know: if you do not understand, you have to keep going, until you do, when you can stop. According to the usual etymology, the *under-* gets us to the bottom of things, the foundation, and *-standing* suggests a stable state. In this sense the word has long been congenial to the sciences, and to projects of measurable, testable, technical mastery generally, to proofs and certifications. To take one ad hoc measurement of how contemporary students encounter it, "understanding" appears twice as many times in the Common Core standards for mathematics as it does in English language arts.

The essays here variously test the word as an ambition and an auspice for the practice of literary criticism. The resulting accounts favor the aspects of depth, demand, and ongoing experience over that of finality, but in one way or another, all register the encounter between them. Two main approaches emerge: understanding as a variety of aesthetic response, and understanding as an engagement with a personal, subjective critical voice. Some essays also pay special attention to ways that ideas of understanding are shaped by resistance to it. Each entails different criteria for recognizing understanding, whether as a state or a practice. As a trio they overlap with the terms of the editors' anatomy of experience from their introduction (experience, subjectivity, meaning, relation, imagination), but will be configured a little differently here at the volume's end. What I will try to do is to draw out those three approaches, keeping company along the way with Herbert's poem "Prayer (I)," which will prove a helpful interlocutor, right up to the end.

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Let us begin then, if not with prayer, then with "Prayer." In a poem made of surprises, the syntax is its most cumulatively surprising aspect. The Elizabethan sonnets in its background maintain a close relationship to argument, even if particular sonnets play that relation slant. Hence the "When . . . when . . . then" structure so well loved by Shakespeare, a pattern of thought that ingeniously collaborates with the sonnet's various logic-chopping divisions into quatrains, sestets, tercets, couplets.

Herbert's sentences, by contrast, afford no such divisions. In fact, there is only one long sentence, and on the strictest modern definition, no sentence at all, for there is no main verb to be found. Instead, the poem is made up of a sequence of phrases and clauses in apposition. It is the sonnet form, rather than a complete syntax, that holds them together.

What are they, then, these parts that the form holds together? One good answer, and the most usual in the criticism, is that they are a series of paraphrases for prayer itself, as though there were an implied "is" after the first word. There is nothing to tell us whether the images are meant to replace each other, or accumulate into some comprehensive picture. If there is no argument, however, there are still some large shifts in image and mood. The first quatrain gives us the idea that prayer is a kind of meeting place, a banquet, set for the believer. "Angel's age" is enigmatic: is an angel's lifespan so brief as a prayer? With the next line, though, the poem attains some conceptual momentum, looking upward, and it follows its own lifted gaze for a while. Prayer is God's breath rising again to the heavens, as we speak it back; it is the heart in pilgrimage toward God. The "soul in paraphrase" partakes of this rising energy, a gift returned to the voice that spoke first, in the beginning. That vertical axis defines the next line, too, prayer as the plumb line that reaches between earth and heaven. "Plummet," though, reverses the direction: now, it falls from heaven down.

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The first of the lines I want to draw through these essays describes a polemical alliance between understanding and aesthetic experience. Immanuel Kant's *Critique of Judgment* is a touchstone for many writers here; his work can explain both what is so promising about that alliance, and some of the difficulties it must overcome.

Understanding, or *Verstand*, is already a basic term in Kant's analysis of aesthetic response, what he describes as the judgment of beauty: a "free play of the imagination and the understanding."[2] Imagination, *Einbildung*, is the faculty by which the mind makes representations of the world as it is available to the senses. Understanding is the source of the concepts that organize those representations, *a priori* concepts such as cause and effect, and practical, *a posteriori* concepts such as "cat" or "injustice." By and large, these faculties collaborate to fix our relation to sense experience, and that collaboration is judgment, *Urteilskraft*. The judgment of beauty is exceptional in arising when the representation and the concept rebuff one another. As Kant puts it, "[t]he powers of

cognition that are set into play by this representation are hereby in a free play, since no determinate concept restricts them to a particular rule of cognition."[3] The imagination solicits a concept, the understanding furnishes one, the imagination manifests the concept's limits, the understanding proposes again, and so on.[4]

Kant's free play is prominent in any genealogy of the literary-critical valuation of indeterminacy. Understanding is both required and disrupted by aesthetic experience: they are not opposites, but to give understanding final authority would be to foreclose the ongoing play of aesthesis. How then to sustain this free play, in concert with a concept of understanding that preserves depth and communicability? Eugenie Brinkema is wariest of all the thinkers here about the term. She prefers "form," and her reading of the framing of images in the film *Get Out* exemplifies what it would mean to commit to learning from form rather than using it to allegorize our prior commitments. The challenge is not to rest in the recognition of form, but to formalize that perception; to step back from the concept and see it, too, as a form, and hence not as a determinate interpretation, a place to stop, but as a call for further interpretation. She follows Roland Barthes in taking a little formalism to be a dangerous thing, dangerous because you can take it for a settled understanding, and then put it to use—with what violent consequences, *Get Out* testifies. To formalize form, and presumably formalize that formalization, is a project of "abyssal interpretation," which allows what is unrecognized and unexpected to emerge without becoming instrumental (432). Of understanding, she says, "there is simultaneously already too much and none at all," and she is unwilling to say of radical formalism that it is itself a form of understanding—on the contrary, form's endless work is to make sure we do not understand (447).

Brinkema's radical formalism is not a rewriting of Kant, but it shares his suspension of concepts. Lauren Michele Jackson's contribution undertakes a detailed reading of Percival Everett's *Glyph* as though to demonstrate how this suspension might work in practice. The infant-savant Ralph, a voluble baby with a tetchy appetite for French theory, imports into the novel, through his precocious reading, a syllabus's worth of methodology by which to understand himself and the book he is in. But Jackson takes Everett ultimately to be steering us away from theoretical concepts, toward form, form of all kinds, as a language for valuing what is. What form is good for is not understanding, but love. She quotes Brinkema on the final page, and both are ready to set "understanding" aside, as a word more apt to do harm than good.

For the most part, the other contributors are prepared to work with understanding, the word and the concept, rather than cut ties—but they

all have to reckon with the potential for instrumentality, for finality, that Brinkema and Jackson warn against. Nicholas Gaskill's central term is "abstraction," and he outlines a pragmatist tradition that takes abstraction to be as basic to humanistic as to scientific thinking. Is understanding abstract? The claim could lead us toward deracinated reductions of our encounters with art. But this is the wrong account of abstraction, Gaskill argues, because it removes abstraction from experience. Toward the end of an essay that traverses William James, John Dewey, Alfred North Whitehead, and Louise Rosenblatt, he turns to Kenneth Burke's account of the process of feedback by which the encounter with criticism transforms its object. The text abstracts from experience, the critic abstracts from the text, but each abstraction has new affordances for us as meaning-makers, and most importantly, each remains within experience, looped back in. As all life is—but art has a special power to teach us that lesson, which we are always trying to forget.

Michel Chaouli, like Gaskill, takes understanding to be an experience, but his reading of Franz Kafka's "In the Penal Colony" emphasizes understanding's perplexities, and the difficulty of sharing it. His limit case is the hero, or victim, of Kafka's story, whose crime is slowly, fatally inscribed onto his body. An observer can see that he finally understands ("It begins around the eyes"), but not what (355). An experience is precisely what is most difficult to share. Audrey Wasser has other grounds for doubts about understanding, if it means an achieved relation to a work of art as an object independent of our accounts of it. Criticism is best understood as a form of knowledge production after all, she argues, knowledge that is distinct from the process of reading. The one is public, contestable, and sets the terms on which we relate to one another; the other is receptive and provisional and difficult to communicate. We do better to understand criticism in relation to the arguments among critics than as an understanding of the work. Another cautionary note is sounded by David Kurnick in his essay on the beauty of queerness. Queer studies, he observes, can often take for granted an identification of queerness and literariness, treating both as forms of aestheticized openness that are "lovely and lovable in an almost definitional sense" (565). If we assume that affirming this scheme of value is sufficient to say we understand a work of literature, we may miss other, positivistic forms of understanding that the novel, in particular, has to offer. His example is Samuel Delany's fascination with quantity—with demographics—in his experience of the New York bathhouses. Counting matters to Delany, and there is nothing especially indeterminate about his estimation of numbers of bodies in community. Understanding Delany's novel *Stars in My Pocket Like Grains of Sand* (1984) demands a relation to facts that it treats as facts.

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"Prayer" begins its second quatrain with a new round of paraphrase, and the mood changes dramatically: prayer is now a siege engine directed at God himself, or a tower of Babel, built to challenge him. Reversed thunder is thrown back up into the clouds. The darkening wants an explanation, and perhaps it is to be found in "plummet"—a neutral word for the measure of depth, but also a fall, a plunge, a reminder both of the distance between us and heaven, and how it is that we came to be estranged by our own sin. The poem is listening to itself, reacting to itself. The Christ-side-piercing spear likewise thrusts upward, an act of the most violent retaliation, and that bitterness carries into the next line—the six-days' world, the world of all creation, changed forever by an hour's dying on the cross.

But that line, "The six daies world transposing in an houre," is not easy to conscript fully to the rebellious thrust of the spear. Perhaps it is an hour of suffering. Or perhaps it is the hour of prayer, which can gather all of the energy of creation into a concentrated intensity of devotion. "Transpose" is a specially curious word. It can mean to pass, to transform, or to translate, but it also has a musical sense, transposing a melody from one key to another, and perhaps the poem, again revolving its own utterance, follows that hint into a tune which all things hear and fear. Now prayer is less a speech act than a sustaining melody, even if fear lingers from an interlude of agon. Such a reading of the poem imagines it, for all its formal accomplishment, as improvised in real time, almost like a Shakespearean soliloquy—Hamlet, surprised by what he has just said, talking back to himself. The poem is not quite its own critic, but is its own reader, intimately self-listening, self-querying, self-reactive, self-critical.

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To think understanding as aesthesis is to imply that there are phenomena, works of art especially, which are misunderstood when they are given a determinate concept. Another aspect of the Kantian framework is in play when we allow understanding to be expressed by (or even to consist in) an irreducibly personal voice. Is not understanding by its nature shareable? Are not idiosyncrasies of thought or style, insofar as they persist as differences between readers and writers, the remainder left over when transactions of fact and method are complete? Surely understanding has no need of them, and properly sets them aside. Emily Ogden's essay makes the most direct reproach to such reasoning in its

defense of the personal voice as both understanding and understandable, an *I* that can be joined to a *we* without losing its particularity. She values stylistic difference, the critic's idiolect, and takes the personal voice to be a way of proposing criticism not as categorical judgment, but as an inhabitable position, where the imagination of the reader can "go visiting" (as Hannah Arendt puts it) from "standpoint to standpoint" (402).[5]

A compelling definition of what it means for criticism to fail emerges from this view. Success is not a question of whether the critic's view is accepted—we can admire criticism with which we disagree. To fail as a critic is to fail to project belief in your claims, to fail to show how they could fit in anyone's life, because it is not clear they actually fit in your own. Kant lends to this argument the idea of the subjective universal, that conviction, native to aesthetic experience, that others should share your judgment. But against the possibility that this universal is depersonalized, Ogden turns to Arendt and Stanley Cavell to show how "the *I* of the critic and the reader are never dissolved into a single viewpoint" (402). Seeing what others see need mean neither becoming the other, nor accepting a claim that can be neatly separated from its source, or from yourself.

Jesse McCarthy's essay might seem to set out to make an opposite case, arguing, as his title has it, for "identity as a limit to aesthetic judgment." But the concept of identity he is working with differs from Ogden's idiolect: it refers instead to the categories of solidarity shaped by privilege, interest, and injustice, racial identities prominent among them; all the *we*s intermediate between the individual and the universal, and their accompanying repertoire of counterposed *they*s. Opening oneself to the unpredictable character of aesthetic experience, McCarthy argues, means stepping outside those categories, standing to the side of your assumed identity. The encounters he describes—with a sentence in Marcel Proust, with the ring-shout "Kneebone Bend"—are not first and foremost encounters with idiosyncrasies of voice. Those works are powerful because they are not of us and not obviously of any class of people we could become. The step beside yourself is not a step toward universality, any more than into a new identity—rather, you step beside in order to be changed. And to have changed, to have been changed by the encounter, is at the very least a necessary condition for understanding a work of art.

Both essays refuse the idea that understanding is by definition deracinating. To return to Gaskill's key term, its abstractions need not be abstracted from the lives of writer or reader. Ryan Ruby's contribution doubles down on the value of the particular, individual voice, in proposing that the work of the critic be read as a work of art—obliged to speak neither for the collective, nor for any institution or its practices.

His concluding example is A. V. Marraccini's *We the Parasites*, a book that makes a voice for itself flooded with the voices of others, among them the unobjective objects of its critical attention. Understanding is not a form of antiperspectival abstraction from persons, but rather an investment in their viewpoints, their circumstances, and their promiscuous ventriloquism—depth of understanding, that elusive demand, is to be found in the ways that ideas are held, even in their style, the entanglement of idea, affinity, and idiolect. Is this position close to what Becca Rothfeld argues, as well? She narrates her long philosophical antipathy to Socrates, and how she managed to come to an appreciation of the arch-dialectician's redeeming "oddity" only by sympathy with his would-be lover Alcibiades. She compares the men's encounter, in the *Symposium*, to a judgment of beauty. The third party, Alcibiades-as-critic, shows her the way, not by universalizing himself, but by loving what he loves. What we understand best is other people understanding.

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The sestet of "Prayer" is still restlessly varying itself, still caught in the toils of self-revision, but once again, the mood changes. Perhaps it is the tune that does it? The fear is somehow eased, and the poem is gently elevated into reassuring, even joyous abstractions. Some balance between this rising and falling is kept by that idea of exalted manna, as though in exile from heaven we were still grateful enough, confident enough, to lift up a share of the gift in thanks for what has befallen us. The line that follows is perhaps the most touching of all: man dresses up, heaven dresses down. They greet one another almost as equals. But once again, the poem keeps going—*that's not quite right*, it implies, *not yet*—and some obdurate dissatisfaction with ordinariness gives a mystical impulse to the last three lines. There is the strange, haunting image of church bells heard beyond the stars (ringing down to us? or as though we were already there?). The penultimate gesture is a cast of sensuous orientalism, the land of spices, so very far to the east of the parsonage in Bemerton where Herbert was an Anglican priest in his final years.

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This grouping of these essays according to their investment in aesthesis and individuality is an artificial one. Their interests cannot cleanly be separated from one another, nor from the last two I will take up—but

they are worth special consideration for their approach to understanding by way of the resistance to it. Sometimes the critic, after all, confronts someone who does not want to get it. Elaine Auyoung's contribution faces this challenge at the level of pedagogy. She gives a sympathetic hearing to accounts of literary criticism as craft knowledge, or knowledge-how, offered by Jonathan Kramnick and others, but wants to ask, who has access to that how?—especially, access to its tacit assumptions, the constituent skills laid in place before anyone college-bound gets to a college classroom. Miranda Fricker's concept of "epistemic injustice" helps her recognize the many practices of skilled perception that might be taught, but often are not.[6] Economically privileged students have seen them modeled along the way. Less privileged students, less often.

The tendency to take these skills for granted goes along with failing to recognize other skills, forms of learned perception cultivated at home and in community. The academy's "asceticism," as Auyoung puts it, disallows a wide range of epistemic resources. Her approach opens a question that haunts many of the essays: how much do you already have to understand in order to understand? A few contributors cite Hans-Georg Gadamer, whose *Truth and Method* argues for the importance of tradition to understanding. Understanding never begins from nothing; if there is a play of concepts, those concepts are *Vorurteile*, a word English often translates as "prejudices."[7] Is understanding what is blocked by ideology, or is it only possible within ideology?

If there is no beginning from nothing, however, it may still be possible to get there, or to try. This is the call of Monica Huerta's essay. "From Nothing to Letting Nothing Go" is, on the one hand, an invitation to "cuddle" with the artist Sofía Córdova's *GUILLOTINÆ Wanna Cry, Act Yellow: Break Room*, to approach that video work, woven in language and image throughout the argument, with disarmed curiosity and a readiness to explore solidarities (552–53). On the other, it is a direct challenge to the defenses, the prejudices, which impede that approach. Barbara Johnson's question "Is Writerliness Conservative?" (from the essay of the same name) gives her a place to start, but Johnson's framing of ignorance not as a gap in knowledge, but as an imperative to understand, gets us only so far. Huerta honors the imperative but takes Johnson's version to be too beholden to the ideal of an individual understander, however avid to overcome otherness. Such acts of critical heroism are their own form of resistance to the "letting go" that she advocates, a letting go that prepares us for a deeper solidarity. This work is to be done not in institutions or fields but in networks of study, answerable to the lives their members lead. The various forms of abstraction from those lives, from *these* lives, ours, and from the forms of structural injustice that

shape them—abstractions that are not derived from experience, but imposed by power—are so many forms of refusal to understand. Her "nothing" is a clearing of the field, undertaken in some mix of hope and confidence that a better, even a truer form of understanding will be the texture of this bravely undefended community.

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Hannah Arendt, asked why she writes, says that she wants to understand. "And when other people understand—in the same sense in which I have understood—then I experience a satisfaction like the feeling of being at home."[8] Probably all of the writers here, all of them also teachers, have experienced some version of this feeling, the experience, in a community real or imagined, of the community-creating force of the subjective universal. *We* understand. But none of them altogether trusts it. (Arendt doesn't, either.) One way or another, all of these essays press toward *real* understanding, and try more or less explicitly to show what the difference is between that real understanding and mere understanding, or knowledge, or ideology, or whatever understanding's rigidified foil should be called. An intuition opposite to Arendt's haunts them, haunts us: as G. W. F. Hegel puts it, "The familiar in general, precisely because it is well-known [*bekannt*], is not known [*erkannt*]."[9] This generative suspicion of the familiar answer is articulated in these pages in terms of aesthetic theory, the emergent otherness of personality, and the refusal of prejudice. The experience of reading these essays together has the merit of enacting this restlessness. In that sense, it is a little like reading Herbert's poem: one proposal after another, with some comforting affinities among them, and some striking differences, and no certain syntax holding them together.

So many understandings. Perhaps another account emerges from their juxtaposition, as from the structure of Herbert's poem. Each of his paraphrastic phrases and clauses could be taken to be an act of translation. Imagine the poem as if it were propelled by an implicit dialogue—the first voice making a proposal, the second, implicit voice repeatedly saying *no*, or *not quite*, or *not yet*, or just *I still don't get it*; the voice of someone who wants to understand prayer, but does not find any of these answers quite gets there, and keeps asking again. That voice could belong to another person whose powers of seeing the poet wants to help. It could just as well come from inside. The poem's commitment, either way, is to producing a new answer again and again. What would happen if it stopped? Many are the pedagogical situations in which teaching runs

aground in mere repetition, and the student either gets it, or doesn't. You could say, that is the moment at which the teacher's understanding and the student's failure to understand are in maximum contrast. We are not at home at such moments; we are very much in school. But you could also say, that moment of repetition is the one at which it becomes clear that the teacher does not understand, not really. If they did understand, they would be able to keep translating.

On this understanding, understanding is translation, the exercise of the capacity to answer the desire to understand in new ways. To say as much is to formalize that intuition that you don't really know if you understand something until you try to teach it. And also to remind us how in the act of teaching, or just in conversation, you may discover that you do not in fact understand something that you thought you did, because you can no longer make it make sense, to someone else or even to yourself. There is a pragmatic cast to such a definition: understanding is not an inner state to which our explanations refer, but consists in those explanations as they unfold in time and in context. Understanding is not in the seeing, and still less in what is seen, or even how it is seen, but in the helping. One objection to this idea is that it leaves us in an anchorless ecumenicism. No: translation does not imply forsaking commitments, only being able to keep refreshing them. Another objection is that such paraphrase is something that artificial intelligence, in its current deployments, is especially good at. Do we therefore want to say that ChatGPT, paraphrast extraordinaire, understands? That is a question for another essay, and besides, the answer would have to change by the month, as it would for a very young child. But even if translation is not a sufficient condition to show understanding, still I would claim it is a necessary one with us humans: if someone cannot do it, or stops being able to do it, you have some reason to say they do not really understand.

This is the account of understanding that works best for me, and it serves me well, as a teacher, and also as a reader of themed issues and as a congenial colleague in a diverse department. I believe it. But it is not Herbert's account. That final phrase, "something understood," may proclaim the good the poem has done; it may also concede that for all of the foregoing figurative acrobatics, prayer is forever tacit and we only need to know that we already know. But I suspect its most important sense is that prayer is understood by God. God hears us, God understands what we are saying, and God understands what we mean when we say it. Understanding is not a conversation or an argument. It is a perfected state. How does this sit idea with us, as readers of the poem, as twenty-first century humanists? Are we to be chastened, humbled? Consoled? Both? Humanism in the West began as a furious contradiction between

classical learning and Christian doctrine. Its absolute was internal, by way of faith. That contradiction is mostly gone, and the truth of doctrine—the truth we did not make, the truth to which we must bend our minds and hearts—is now projected outward onto the positivism of science, as an object of our ambivalent skepticism. The agon is no longer within the humanities but between the humanities and a form of knowledge they descry in their institutional rivals and replacements. I do not know what to make of this but it sometimes troubles my conscience, that we have become certain of the value of uncertainty. I get to the end of the poem again and again I wonder if I understand.

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NOTES

1 George Herbert, *The Works of George Herbert*, ed. F. E. Hutchinson (Oxford: Clarendon, 1967), 51.

2 Immanuel Kant, *Critique of the Power of Judgment*, ed. Paul Guyer (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2000), 103.

3 Kant, *Critique of the Power of Judgment*, 102.

4 What Kant means by "free play" is a matter, appropriately enough, of ongoing scholarly debate; my account falls into the camp that Paul Guyer calls "multicognitive," where "the free play is precisely among a multiplicity of possible concepts and hence cognitions suggested by the beautiful object." Paul Guyer, "The Harmony of the Faculties Revisited," in *Aesthetics and Cognition in Kant's Critical Philosophy*, ed. Rebecca Kukla (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2006), 166. Becca Rothfeld, better qualified than I, offers a slightly different account in her essay here.

5 Hannah Arendt, *Lectures on Kant's Political Philosophy,* ed. Ronald Beiner (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1992), 43.

6 Miranda Fricker, *Epistemic Injustice: Power and the Ethics of Knowing* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2007).

7 Hans-Georg Gadamer, *Truth and Method*, trans. Joel Weinsheimer and Donald G. Marshall (London: Continuum, 2006), especially 267–304.

8 " . . . ich will verstehen. Und wenn andere Menschen verstehen—im selben Sinne, wie ich verstanden habe—, dann gibt mir das eine Befriedigung wie ein Heimatgefühl." Arendt, *Ich Will Verstehen: Selbstauskünfte zu Leben und Werk* (Munich: Piper, 1998), 47. Translation mine.

9 G. W. F. Hegel, *The Phenomenology of Spirit*, trans. Michael Inwood (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2018), 16.