

## Little Pleasures, Deep Happiness: Making and Letting-Be

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‘It is so often the case that happiness, which ought to be our most precious objective, is considered by most adults as an adolescent dream.’ Luce Irigaray

My sister Sandra’s face had changed, but yesterday when she smiled she was again the girl I used to hold down on grassy ground and tickle, she was the young woman working hard at her factory job and who would fall in love with a young soldier on leave, she was the mother of three children and the woman now retired who adores fishing. My sister Sandra smiled when I came to visit.

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Wladyslaw Tatarkiewicz’s *Analysis of Happiness* was written during the Second World War, between 1939 and 1943. As he writes; ‘It may seem strange that a work on happiness should have been written at a time when men were suffering the greatest misfortune’ (Tatarkiewicz, 1976: xi). But happiness finds its place. Tatarkiewicz rescued the manuscript of *Analysis of Happiness* from his burning home during the Warsaw Rising, a failed insurgency by the Polish underground. His manuscript was almost lost again when a German officer snatched it from him and threw it into a gutter while Tatarkiewicz was being forcibly relocated to a camp. ‘A work of scholarship?’ the officer had shouted, ‘you won’t be needing that. There’s no more Polish culture.’ Tatarkiewicz took a chance and retrieved it. He explains that the references in his work are incomplete because his notes were burnt during the uprising, and that his aim was at least an outline of everything that can objectively be said about happiness, presented in a scholarly and literary manner.

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What led me to rest under one of the remaining eucalypts by a creek which had recently overflowed its banks, and then receded, was the sound of water bubbling over a broken line of pebbles and larger stones. A gentle fall of newly formed natural tiers narrowed the creek; the water running faster, turning back on itself before again touching gently the limits of its deeper borders. It was that sound and a bird's call that interrupted my walk, marking an opening, drawing me nearer to the water, the sunlight and its shadows; a reflective pause. Happiness.



What seemed strange to Tatarkiewicz may also seem strange to us today. To speak of happiness rather than economics or politics or even of the possibility of happiness disrupting brutality and abuse also possesses the strangeness of just such a dream as Irigaray's. Today such happiness, understood as other than momentary pleasure, may seem unfamiliar and even unsettling. Unsettling because the affect of intimate happiness, and what will be described as deep happiness, shows itself as the possibility of being in the world and with others differently. What such happiness can be said to disrupt is what Martin Heidegger called *Ge-stell*, a thinking always standing in reserve in the service of an economy defined as technological; in a world that has forgotten the possibility of happiness. [1] Intimate or deep happiness becomes the happening interruption to a world in which we are 'no longer in any sense available toward ourselves, no longer able to find ourselves again in nature or with others' (Irigaray, 2004a: 230). For Luce Irigaray, 'Individual capitalism has put the planet itself in danger and there will not be a future unless we make the salvation of the earth itself our immediate concern' (2004a: 231). And this means little by little letting be a happiness that has nothing to do with economic calculations, but is the welcome recall of our own becoming; a happening that partakes of the same risks that make for the degradation of the earth, that is, our relations with nature and exchanges between others. [2] We are thrown (Heidegger), or caressed (Irigaray) into being-with, [3] unveiling what has been forgotten, 'our human being and its principal resources: one's own becoming, [and] our becoming together' (Irigaray, 2004a: 232).

About a third of the way through his *Analysis of Happiness*, after offering several definitions for happiness, various concepts of happiness ‘through the ages’ (which I too will offer shortly), discussions on pleasure, suffering, and unhappiness, Tatarkiewicz offers us a section entitled Little Pleasures, where he makes what appears at first to be a minor observation. That within little pleasures, which include ‘fireside reveries, wistful moments during a journey, a tune heard at a distance, a lamplight evening with one’s family,’ lies ‘*the most personal form of man’s existence*’ (Tatarkiewicz: 103). Even though he names these moments as pleasures, they are not the satisfying of fleeting sensual cravings, but rather are moments of reflection where I rest in the world opening to it, and where I am in intimate relation with others. This profound intimacy shown in simple moments may also be found in Mathew King’s writing on Martin Heidegger where he is concerned with happiness’s relationship to Being. King calls these intimate, everyday reflective moments that show themselves, deep happiness, which he sees as the most important and characteristically human kind of happiness. [4] A happiness that has to do with the role of the human being in the happening of being, something to which we have become oblivious, in part because of accepting, and operating within, the neutrality of the technological thinking of *Ge-stell*. King hopes to show ‘that just as Heidegger’s thinking towards the overcoming of oblivion of being can help us understand deep happiness, deep happiness can be a key to overcoming the oblivion of being’ (2009: 1). [5] Such happiness cannot be described directly, but we can describe the situations where this happiness most strikingly happens, that is ‘in our relations with “nature,” with art, and with other human beings’ (57).

In the section on little pleasures Tatarkiewicz speaks of what he calls a third state, which he describes as the bedrock of our lives, from which the pleasures of two other states, work and play, grow (1976: 100). This third state is described as not being trivial, though it is similar to the reveries of lying in bed or gazing out the window while reflecting, and perhaps listening to the running water of a creek. For Tatarkiewicz such moments also include two moments that King writes of as deep happiness, love, or being-with another, and art. Tatarkiewicz suggests a third, prayer, which takes the place of King’s nature. [6] These moments of intimacy ‘*cannot be called up at will,*’ but show themselves often in

moments of contemplation, when we slow, and begin to simply reflect (103). Such a letting be is named by Heidegger, *Gelassenheit*, releasement, a 'being together with things rather than separated from and opposed to them' (King, 2009: 64), an abandonment of willing in a waiting, which may be seen as a disruption to the limits imposed upon thinking characterised by the discourses of economics and science. For Tatariewicz such letting be is experienced in 'real love,' which is 'neither work nor play, but something else as far removed from work as from play,' and it is something that also happens during prayer, when prayer 'is a cry from the heart,' or in art at 'the critical moment of its birth' (101). These moments of happiness, of heartfelt prayer and reflective creativity are, like those moments of reverie, in a real sense relaxation or a home coming, a gentle release into intimacy in the attentive happening of being-with.

Luce Irigaray, reflecting on the importance of Eastern thought and yogic practices for her philosophical thinking, speaks of the importance of being 'silently attentive to breath ... respecting that which, or who, exists and maintaining for oneself the possibility to be born and to create' (2002a: 50-51). The state of being of such meditative practice is self-consciously non-willed. Being in the world, breathing in, and out, becoming aware of my body, of the noise of my mind, breath entering and slowly leaving, this simple act of willed passivity begins to speak a pause – I open to you, to nearness, and the possibility of this unknown open expanse. In the sway of such a pause, being attentive in a gallery space, as a performer or audience member, listening and being responsive in conversation, or in the slow pace of a walk in the country, I begin to dwell in the open, unconcealing space of releasement's intimate call. [7]

Just such simple and unexpected, non-willed moments arrived for Mathew King while viewing *Voice of Fire*, a large abstract painting by Barnett Newman, while following a stream away from his university in Toronto, reading a poem about a tuft of flowers or the novella *Babbete's Feast*, and in his relations with his partner. These are the experiences for King in which 'the happening of being is most apparent,' a happening which 'constitutes the deepest kind of human happiness' (2009: 57). Happiness as the opening of possibility arising from a meeting with a work, a performance, painting or poem, of a meeting between you and me, of the sound of a bird that calls and to which I respond –

such happiness cannot be grasped in any series of propositions, because propositions, as Heidegger makes clear, always refer to things, and deep happiness, which is not a thing, is embraced only in the movement of its showing. [8] In this silent and attentive breath there is an unexpected and gentle familiarity, a sense of wonder within an event that calls to me from a nurturing and cultivating hearth. Within such moments I find myself at home.

Happiness cannot be called up at will, it is heartfelt, showing itself in the poverty of simplicity as the most personal form of existence, and cannot be grasped in a series of propositions, and has the intimacy of a homecoming. But for others it is something quite different, and some of the differing opinions around happiness begin with the conflation in the nineteenth century of happiness's two original meanings of joy or rapture, and an overall appreciation or satisfaction with life, into one. [9] And from the fact that today we are meant to find happiness in some *thing*, an object or achievable end, the satisfaction of a completed project, reinforcing the hierarchy of subjective experiencing of desire and an objective possession of goods, that is values, rather than a happening of or letting be, with that which is essential, a relation between.



In 1910 the Victorian Spiritualist Union (VSU), in A'Beckett St, Melbourne, first showed its collection of watercolours and gouaches by the British spiritualist, Georgiana Houghton. When I first visited these paintings some fifteen years ago they were a revelation. And when I witness Houghton's paintings today they still offer me the same gift. Each numinous delicate layering in these seemingly abstract paintings settles, welcomes me, restfully into place. On my first visit to the VSU the paintings hung askew, and smelt of decay, but even so, they lit up the room. Today, each of the paintings has been re-mounted using archival board and re-framed; and they emanate the same luminosity. But each time I visit the Union I feel like a fraud. I approach the building with trepidation, in part because of the excitement I feel on being about to witness Houghton's paintings again, but also because of the fear I may be found out. I am entering a spiritualist church,

and am a non-believer. How can I witness these works that have been painted through a medium 'under guidance (not control), of spirit guides,' a medium who did 'not in the very slightest degree shift off the responsibility of [her] own life' while under guidance? (Houghton, 1882: 71) Houghton describes her way of painting as being 'passively active', a 'co-operation with what now is' (73). How am I to witness such works? Jan, who sits behind the desk when I visit the paintings this time, puts me at rest. She is one of the women who 'do readings,' act as mediums in private sessions, and help with administration of the Union's business, and is one of the reasons that these small slight paintings mean so much to me; because it is here, with Jan and the other members of the church, that Houghton's paintings dwell. It is here they have found their home, a home into which I also have been welcomed. Martin Heidegger speaks of dwelling as that which cherishes and protects, that which preserves and cares for. [10] This environment in which the paintings of Houghton dwell sustains their and my presencing.

The Reverend Ken Lee Tet, a past VSU President, suggested that Houghton's paintings are 'manifestations first, and art second.' [11] It is through the acknowledgment of their religiosity, in their lifting of the veil to the presence of the spirit world and thus to God, that Houghton's paintings may be truly witnessed. They are paintings produced in the home, through the intimacy of prayer, blurring my appreciation of what it is to make a painting and how that work may be viewed as other than an aesthetic object. Dwelling in the VSU these paintings are nurtured in their sacred indifference hanging as a backdrop to the spiritualist concerns of the congregation. They hang as they would in anyone's home, these paintings, which receive and welcome me. And now, upon reflection, I recognize why I visit the VSU with such trepidation. It is because of what opens to me in this place; that which is not generally experienced, but always already present.

When Mathew King speaks of witnessing *Voice of Fire* as a moment of deep happiness, he had been visiting the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa to view a different work, and unexpectedly saw this very large, simple painting of a red stripe on a blue ground, and 'there was ... an extraordinarily tight *fitting-together* between the painting and me.' And in that fitting-together, 'the being of the painting impressed itself on me, into me' (87). Not in any metaphysical sense, for he gained no knowledge about the work, rather there

was an insistence; a happening-to-him of the painting's being, which opened King to the work itself. A work he opened to in which the present was foremost; a present divested of concerns other than with the work that was showing itself. [12] A present that foreclosed 'the anxiety resulting from tension between present and future focuses of experience' (91). This happening of happiness shows itself to King as being-with the work in wonder or what he calls reverence, a meeting between beings within Being. On first witnessing *Voice of Fire* King was shocked by its affect, but not, he stresses, in any 'sudden wrenching way' which he says carries with it negative connotations. For him it was a being 'shocked into joy,' as if he had been reunited with a loved one who had been presumed dead, taking him to a state of deep happiness. He became 'limp, relaxed, pliable, loose – in other words, open and receptive to (the painting's) being' (91). In what could be recognised as releasement, standing in awe King rested in deep happiness, but as Heidegger suggests, as 'soon as this thrust into the awesome is parried and captured by the sphere of familiarity and connoisseurship, the art business has begun' (Heidegger, 1993: 193).

The unexpectedness of being shocked into joy that so affected King is the granting to the work 'a free field to display its thingly character directly,' where 'everything that might interpose itself between the thing and us in apprehending and talking about it must be set aside' (Heidegger, 1993: 151). In doing so I become nearer to the work, I become in proximity with it, and am suddenly somewhere (152). The wonder that such proximity instigates does not 'reduce people to their private experiences, but brings them into affiliation with the truth happening in the work,' where I stand in wonder, coming to presence in the radiance of our meeting (149).

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The two main historical uses of the term happiness have been hedonism, which equates happiness with satisfaction; and eudaemonism, or human flourishing, which is concerned with an overall good. Generally in its popular manifestations within film, television, everyday conversation, happiness could be said to be understood as hedonist, being based in pleasure and gratification of desire, and not eudaemonist, that is, a happiness or

well-being consisting in the actualisation, or the living of human potential. Hedonism began, as a philosophical appreciation, with Aristippus of Cyrene in the third century BC, for whom pleasure was the sole good. This understanding of happiness can be found in differing forms from Epicurus, in his belief that spiritual pleasures are as pleasant as and deeper than sensual ones; that virtues and the pleasant life go together, that our needs are simple and happiness can be found within ourselves, and in the concern for others; until its gradual conversion into the utilitarianism of Jeremy Bentham's (1748-1832) reasoned, non-emotional, social awareness, culminating in his *felicific calculus*, which measures pleasure and pain. Utility, now synonymous with happiness, is defined by Bentham as 'the tendency, characteristic of some processes, to produce benefits, advantages, profits, good or happiness ... to prevent failure, suffering, misfortune or unhappiness for those concerned' (Tatarkiewicz, 1976: 48). The happiness of the individual is the happiness of society as a whole. Emmanuel Levinas redefined the hedonist tradition in the twentieth century, returning it to simple pleasures as the ground of an ethical dimension. For him happiness is nourishment, the enjoyment of eating bread, the quenching of thirst, where I am totally immersed in the wealth of the world, like the labourer feeling the warmth of the sun on his arms. Happiness is the originary ground from which I raise myself to become self-consciously human, it is personal, but it is not yet reflection, though it 'is worth *more* than ataraxy [imperturbability] ... It is the act that remembers its "potency"' (Levinas, 2004: 113).

This act of remembrance, a call to, and of, reminiscence, may be found arising from a very different ground in the writings of St Augustine, where for Augustine it preserves the knowledge of our birth in God, which when recalled makes for the happy life, *beata vita* (Arendt, 1996: 47).

Just as we call memory the faculty of remembering things past, thus we may without absurdity also call memory what in the present enables the mind to be present to itself that it may understand by virtue of its own thought.

St Augustine, *The Trinity*, XIV, 11, 14 (Arendt, 1996: 46) [13]



St. Augustine's reflective ethic is eudaemonistic; it proposes happiness as an end for human conduct, to be found in the object of God as loving union. We are insufficient in ourselves, unlike Levinas's atheistic self-sufficiency. [14] This *beata vita* however, like nourishment, 'is actually life itself' (Arendt, 1996: 10), and this love of God, and our neighbour, which constitutes happiness, is for St Augustine still 'Natural Philosophy... since all the causes of all natural things are in God Creator' (May, 1999: 82).

Eudaemonism is neither joy nor satisfaction, but well-being, the degree of good possessed from which *felicitas*, joy, arises. For St. Augustine this is *beatitudo*, where 'the happy man is one who possesses what he wants and wants nothing that is evil' (Tatarkiewicz, 1976: 5).

Aristotle's use of the term eudaemonia is usually translated as happiness, but may also be translated as 'having a good,' and is meant as an objective state, rather than the usual subjective state we understand as happiness today, that is a happiness driven by desire, one that accomplishes itself in momentary satisfactions. What becomes apparent however is that eudaemonia and joy, rather than leading to different or confused readings, may be experienced as deep happiness arising from simple everyday moments, little pleasures. The terms can now be again conflated, but not necessarily in conflict, rather as ways of being in relation with each other. Happiness is the joy in the wonder of being; it is neither subjective nor objective, but a discrete way of being in the world. Happiness becomes a 'the grounding mood for the thinking of being' when we dwell in the reverie or the reflective moments of being's happening to us, where we are in wonder at being itself; a wondering of which, as Mathew King writes, 'Opportunities abound: the trick is to grasp them for what they are' (68).

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On Sunday at the speedway there is a lull between races as silent as the open sky. This is what I see, tenderness as he leans toward her. Ear rings and tribal tats. She leans toward him just after tying her hair back in a bun – black t-shirt and sunnies – gently, oh so slightly reaching out touching his forearm. And yes, they kiss. One of their boys, the

younger, stands up and smiles; the older, to the left, sunnies like his mother's, is thinner than his parents. He sits, still, ears sticking out facing the quiet track. On the ground at his feet is a dropped butt of a hot dog bun discarded between two crushed Bundy cans left over from the last meet. Spectators are no longer focussed on any one thing; relaxed they nod to each other, shake hands or embrace briefly. They walk slowly; even the gangs of kids dawdle. An older couple in their seventies with blue fold away seats set up on the tray of their ute stand by their truck, and after watching a race she lies down in the cabin. He stands there quietly for a while then reaches down, and strokes her stomach. There is tenderness here in the lull between races.

*Spectators please leave the pits.*

The announcement rings out across the speedway from tiny speakers, and cars begin to drive onto the track in single file. Leaders and stragglers, vicious noise, louder and louder around a track that has been driven over thousands and thousands of times by trucks, caravans, trailers, and modified cars, and under which are crushed fossils from ancient pines. Around again, the lead unchanged as the order settles, another lap, cars spin out on the far bend before the final straight. Two cars stall, and the yellow flag is raised. 'Get the shit heap off the track.' A slow procession, then it's on again, dust thickening as the race progresses until No. 23 waves the chequered flag on a victory lap. The next race, a local driver, Collin Ward, starts at the rear of the field passing all official Street Stock cars by the final lap. It will be his last race for the day however, 'mechanical problems,' says the local paper the following Tuesday.

At dusk in the pits cars are being loaded onto trailers and trucks, compressors are packed away, and race gear stowed. A boy wearing glasses and a floppy camouflage hat is ignored by another boy his own age when he attempts to say good-bye. It is the tenderness in his faint smile and in his eyes as he glances, disappointed yet happy, that I love. Returning his glance, I too am happy; sitting under this tree as the sun sets in the company of these people who, like me, are attending the Daylesford Speedway.

Mathew King asks where one of our most intense engagements with happiness may be. Is it in my relationship with other human beings, in the reciprocity of affection? Intimate engagement with another can be a defining moment of happiness, but this engagement cannot merely be a relation between two human beings who 'experience themselves as belonging only to the human, listening only to the human, responding only to the human' (105). What is necessary for affective happiness is a relationship of belonging, listening, and responding to an other and living in relation with the world, a world not defined by humans alone, but one in which the earth, sky and the divinities partake. [15] Luce Irigaray's recent writing has as one of its primary concerns happiness which is just such a showing. [16] She speaks of a felicity in history, where immersed in life she awaits the impossible, which is that making of the real that is not yet, through being in relation with others and the world (2000: 115). This is a being-with that requires us to learn 'to speak all over again,' and when doing so we need to call for the assistance 'of nature, of culture, of silence, of song, of philosophy and of poetry' (27). And in our singularity as we begin to speak ourselves in relation with an other and the world such intimacy calls forth the happening of happiness. And such happiness that shows itself is not limited to self gratification or the possession of an object or desire, but is a deep happiness exposing an epoch that has forgotten its possibility. An intimacy, as the French philosopher and theologian, Jean-Louis Chrétien says, which always supposes the other, an intimacy through which we are called into our very being.

The most intimate sensation, the sensation of my own sensitive life act, is also the most open, and its intimacy is deepened only through openness. To feel oneself is not a beginning, but a response to the appeal made by a sensible that is other than myself and that elicits the exercise of my acts. (Chrétien, 2004: 120)

An act that is a consenting to the world, a joy, but of a different 'order than self-sensation and self-enjoyment' (123), an act similar to Houghton's passively-active mediumship. For Chrétien this consensual yes is a welcoming between two in the dialogue of prayer, and

for Irigaray it is 'making oneself a presence assisting the other in turning back to themselves, in the discovery of what and who they are and their faithfulness to this disclosure,' while holding onto the becoming of oneself' (2008: 128).

Without this gesture death becomes, again, 'the rallying place' we are so familiar with; natality and love forgotten as we become enslaved to property and capital, to violence (Irigaray, 1996: 23). To a violence that is so much a part of our art practice that it almost goes unrecognised, or if theorised becomes the very ground of a work and my response to it. As Hans-Thies Lehmann writes, 'it is part of [theatre's] constitution to hurt feelings, to produce shock and disorientation, which point the spectators to their own presence...' which he calls an 'interruption' (Lehmann, 2006: 187). These 'absurd' interruptions that begin from a place of 'dereliction and ridicule' are meant to shift the everyday through a bizarre form of redemption (117). But what if hurt, this violence, was displaced by a caress, touched simply by a 'letting go and giving of self' (Irigaray, 1993: 192-3)? [17] In such a place of vulnerability there will always remain the possibility of annihilation, but within the profound intimacy of an ultimate sympathy, which opens not in a flash of ridicule but through a vulnerable modesty. This place of possibility was experienced by Mathew King in front of *Voice of Fire*, Wladyslaw Tatarkiewicz during prayer, and me while visiting my sister.

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While Anastasia Klose, the Melbourne performance artist in her video is being consensually, repeatedly, slapped by a male, it becomes obvious there 'is no such thing as a small act of violence' (Power, 2010). Only twice during the performance she appears vulnerable, otherwise she is in control, it is her video, her work; she has set the rules of engagement and given her name to the piece. These two moments are when she asks the male performer to stop slapping her, and when she stops slapping him without being asked. The violence is as much in the slap as it is in the premise of the video, in her putting herself, and an other, in the position of having violence perpetrated upon them, and their perpetrating violence on an other. Watching the video there is in the relation

between the two a sense of disequilibrium, but there is also an attempt to offer a sheltering care, but it is a sheltering whose hearth has been abandoned. This is a work of absence, absence felt most readily when Close is at her most vulnerable and may be seen to return to, affection. Perhaps this return is to an originary call, affection between and with self and other, which for Luce Irigaray is 'like being faithful to the rhythms and melodies of the universe.' A gesture that requires 'extreme poverty: a return to the most simple, the spring of the greatest happiness' that may be glimpsed here only in the slightest hesitation, and the breaking by Klose of her own rules (Irigaray, 2004b: 55).

In this moment of reprieve, of hesitation and displacement, a space is opened that lets affection be. That it is merely a moment, an aberration, is telling. The desire to shock and disorientate has become a staple for art practice. But what if this brief moment of hesitation that highlights the awkwardness of violence, this letting be that shows affection, consenting to joy, if only fleetingly, what if this moment was embraced? Such an embracing would then be a letting-be that 'speaks a fittingness to the world.'

[But] why does it appear we are, within academic discourse, ambivalent about such a pivotal experience and its affects on creativity generally? Why are we afraid of giving way to happiness? Perhaps here lies the rub. To give way, to allow an other place, to let be, these are required gestures. (Irigaray, 2008: 55)

A reciprocal relation within the wonder of the gesture of being-with becomes a welcoming moment of risk taking. Am I to open in steadfast vulnerable modesty to you who open in caring self-affection to me, as we both open to the world that is always already listening and responding? All this in a moment of hesitation, which is perhaps all we have, presently.

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As I lean into the bush, sunlight is reflected off the individual cluster of fruits that make up each blackberry. Hanging from the tapered end of one cane are white and delicate pale pink flowers, tight and small bright green berries, ripening red and almost pickable black berries. Pushing aside the broad green leaves and avoiding the cane's thorns I cradle a cluster of these berries in my palm, picking the ripest. It is the picking, as much as the prospect of eating and the pleasure of immediate tasting, which makes me happy. It is reaching deeper into the bush, choosing each berry and feeling for their plumpness or resistant firmness. I am taken up by the choosing of each berry in the afternoon's sunlight. In the quietude of the day I look more closely at each cane. Unexpectedly there are more berries at every glance nestled between green and red, crossed by thick stalks until I tentatively ease them to the side. Another and another cluster. The more attentive I am the more ripe berries I uncover waiting in their abundant fruiting. Being attentive, picking blackberries, I am again taken up – and am truly happy as the sun warms my neck.



The hesitation of Anastasia Klose and a mere glimpse that interrupts a pattern of violence, the smile on my sister's face, prayer, a kiss between lovers, or walking over the threshold into the Victorian Spiritualist Union, call forth a showing of the possibility of deep happiness. In the acknowledgement that arises in such hesitation or the unknown possibilities within a glance, a kiss, there is not so much a question of making, or of the next project, but of how I am with-in the world, beginning to allow gestures to be that preserve and awaken 'the self and the other to what is habitually forgotten in living' (Irigaray, 2004b: 32). From such a ground the fitting happiness of exchange, in all its difficulty and possibility, speaks joy well before any loss or absence, any anxiety or forgetfulness; 'praise, thanks or questions,' require a different breath (Irigaray, 1996: 122-3). It becomes now a question of making something exist in the present for which we lacked words, gestures, and a means of welcoming. Language and gestures begin to be made from the 'most humble everyday: both within and outside us' (Irigaray, 2004b: 32). It is not a question of proscribing gestures, but merely letting be those that arise from this person who loves, from a vulnerable opening, from the taste of berries, in my giving

thanks or concerned hesitation; through gestures that lightly celebrate the present. This is the happiness, and the possibility of a making, or letting-be I wish to take seriously, a happening between each other and the world, a slight shift, not towards violence, but to the happening of happiness that changes everything.

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Endnotes

[1] See Heidegger, Martin, *The Question Concerning Technology and Other Essays*, translated and with introduction by William Lovitt, New York, Harper Perennial, 1977. 'Everywhere we remain unfree and chained to technology, whether we passionately affirm or deny it. But we are delivered over to it in the worst possible way when we regard it as something neutral; for this conception of it, to which today we particularly like to do homage, makes us utterly blind to the essence of technology.' Page 4. But as William Lovitt notes on page 19, 'the reader should be careful not to interpret the word (*Ge-stell*) as though it simply meant a framework of some sort. Instead he should constantly remember that Enframing is fundamentally a calling-forth ... It puts into a framework or configuration everything that it summons forth, through an ordering for use that it is forever restructuring anew.' In our technological abandonment of being, what Heidegger calls the safeguarding of truth (*Wissen* – essential knowledge), tends to degenerate into 'calculated, rapid, mass-scale dissemination of understood information.'

[2] There has been for a number of years active research and policy decisions based on behavioural economics and its implications for happiness, or subjective well-being. This research is concerned with the economic outcomes and the resultant happiness of 'economic actors,' that is, the '*interpersonal side of economic interaction*.' For example see Gui, Benedetto, and Stanca, Luca, 'Happiness and relational goods: well-being and interpersonal relations in the economic sphere,' *International Review of Economics*, June, Vol 57, No 2, 105-118

[3] Being-with is used within this writing both as it is understood in Heidegger's *Being and Time* as *Mitsein*, attending to each other, empathising, a transcendence of self, which brings me into relation to an other, and in the sense of being conscious of the other while allowing them to be, while both are in the world. I have hyphenated the term following Heidegger, and to emphasise the terms intimacy.

[4] Mathew King mentions Tatarkiewicz's *Analysis of Happiness* favourably as 'last century's most comprehensive philosophical treatment of happiness' (King, 2009: 31).



[5] Being (which may be spelt with a capital B, and as Beying, Be-ing and be-ing with a hyphen at different times in his writing; while being/s without the hyphen and beginning with a lower case 'b' generally refers to things in the world), is for Heidegger *the* question of philosophy, a question that he says has been forgotten and he hopes to restore. 'Beying is the ether in which man breathes.' It is that which is already there, that which gives itself to itself as the offering of a gift, which is received within the mode of care. To be at home is to be near Being. See Heidegger's *Letter on Humanism*. Be-ing is 'that holding [deep] sway in whose truth beings can first enter in to the preserving of beings.' (Heidegger, *Contributions to Philosophy*: 302) – the deep sway in which beings come forth and take place *as* beings. Beings are what they are *from within* this deep sway of be-ing (be-ing as disclosing, emergence, revealing-concealing, the clearing-opening of withdrawal and self-sheltering). Beings are tuned and determined from, with and out of be-ing, emergence, revealing-concealing. Be-ing as emergence grants to beings to come into and stand in what is their own as things' (Maly, 2008: 34).

[6] Martin Heidegger links all four: being-with, that is Tatarkiewicz's love and King's relations with other human beings, prayer (the divine), nature, and poetry, which in their interrelation open to the holy. See Heidegger's *Elucidations of Holderlin's Poetry* and also *Building, Dwelling, Thinking* for his use of 'the fourfold,' of earth, sky mortals and divinities.

[7] See Martin Heidegger's *Conversations on a Country Path, A Triadic Conversation*, for a helpful discussion on thinking and non-willing, especially pages 31-43

[8] 'The point is not to listen to a series of propositions, but rather to follow the movement of showing.' Heidegger, 1972: 2, and see also King: 58

[9] In 18<sup>th</sup> century France: *felicité*: joy, rapture; *bonheur*: overall appreciation of life. German: *Glückseligkeit*: intense joy; *Glück*: satisfaction with life. In the 19<sup>th</sup> Century *bonheur* and *Glück* came to be used for both notions (Tatarkiewicz: 3).

[10] *'The fundamental character of dwelling is this sparing and preserving.'* (Heidegger, 1971b: 147)

[11] *'There are two blue lights on during the meditation. On this particular occasion above the paintings clouds appeared. People did not want to come back from meditation [they were so engrossed]. The cloud was like a mist. It was identified as ectoplasm by one of those attending.'* Lee Tet, Ken, then President VSU, discussion with the author 7.3.01.

[12] This Showing is *'what brings all present and absent beings each into their own, from where they show themselves in what they are, and where they abide according to their kind.'* And, *'In everything that speaks to us, in everything that touches us by being spoken and spoken about, in everything that gives itself to us in speaking, or waits for us unspoken, but also in the speaking that we do to ourselves, there prevails Showing which causes to appear what is present, and to fade from appearance what is absent'* (Heidegger, 1971a: 127 and 126). Showing is here discussed by Heidegger in relation to Saying.

[13] *'The knowledge of the possible existence of the happy life is given in pure consciousness prior to our experience, and it guarantees our recognising that happy life whenever we should encounter it in the future.'* It is not innate but *'specifically stored up in memory as the seat of consciousness.'* (Arendt, 1996: 47)

[14] *'Enjoyment accomplishes the atheist separation; it deformatises the notion of separation, which is not a cleavage made in the abstract, but the existence at home with itself of an autochthonous I.'* (Levinas, 2004: 115)

[15] The earth is all that grows contributing to life, the sky relates to the weather, the passage of time and the sun, while divinities are the manifestation of Being in the things around us in the earth and sky, making up, with us as mortals who acknowledge their birth and death, Heidegger's Fourfold.

[16] 'I would like to say that what interests me more and more is happiness.' JAC, *Rhetoric, Writing and Culture*, Vol 16, Issue 339, 3, and 'Happiness, whether private or public, personal or collective, is the goal which I have been pursuing for some years.' (Irigaray, 2004b: 230)

[17] Jean-Luc Nancy in *Being Singular Plural* writes, 'the essence of being is the shock of the instant. Each time "Being" is always an instant of Being, (a lash, blow, beating, shock, knock, an encounter, an access). As a result, it is also always an instant "with".' (33)

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