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## FROM REDEMPTIVE TRUTH TO INFERNAL LIE: THE COUNTERFEIT EMANCIPATION OF POSTMODERNISM

**Abstract:** In this paper we take into consideration Richard Rorty's study on the decline of redemptive truth as emblematic for postmodern abdication from truth and its practical consequences. The idea of a terminal point in our quest is shared according to this view by religion, philosophy and science alike. Knowledge of human nature and the quest for a solution to its problems would reflect dangerous redemptive thinking. It is only literature that can escape this common dogma of redemptive truth. Our argument is that the actual shift is on truth rather than on redemption, because Rorty endorses his own redemption-recipe through an imaginative emancipation based on literature. We argue that what he offers as alternative to millennia of religion, philosophy and science is nothing but counterfeit redemption.

**Key words:** Freedom, Truth, Philosophy, Literature, Salvation, Postmodernism

## 1. Logical Short-Sightedness

Intellectual blindness, just like visual blindness, consists of the *incapacity* of grasping contents and distinctions. Short-sightedness, comparatively, consists in the *difficulty* of grasping such distinctions. Such a relative loss of distinctiveness is equivalent to a repressive reduction in the un-arbitrary complexity of the real. If *philosophy* endeavored precisely to integrate all the levels of reality (with the ensuing risk of taking everything into its account), *ideology* on the contrary springs from a unilateralist local regard (in which a fragment of the whole –that one we are incidentally being attached to) is chosen to judge and to destroy all the rest.

To put it into simple terms, *analytical short-sightedness*, the one we are concerned with, produces a diminishment of the world, a compression of the life to the level of a retinal handicap, a tragic leveling of the multidimensional architecture of the world.

He who suffers from logical short-sightedness loses grasp of the richness and rigor of the intelligible composition of the world, just the same as mere visual short-sightedness loses grasp of its ordered articulation and proliferating brightness. The same thing happens when the logical short-sightedness becomes “critical” (either literary or artistic), and pronounces itself about “philosophy”.

It is true that philosophy begins with a major intuition. But philosophical *amazement* is not a mere *astonishment*, nor is it a *determinate* one. It is neither the simple inception of curiosity as contingent excitability to contingent variations. Amazement is, in truth, *a grave and original sentiment of the totality wrapped up inside a mystery that commands the effort of an oriented thematisation*<sup>1</sup>.

The *Organon*, thus, although is not the ontological beginning of philosophy, it is its phenomenological beginning. Professing logic in view of logic itself camouflages a contemplative passion, enslaved to the unmatched beauty of pure and transparent intelligible structures. The “technical” and “syntactical” dimension of logical forms can only scare away those alien to the philosophical amazement itself (since it is the one assigning the philosopher with the task of the real – just the same as the arid practicing an musical instrument within the laboratory of virtuosity can only scare the rhapsodist melodist away).

On the other hand, the mere *Organon* as syntax without semantics or as an instrument without application is nothing but an infinitely delayed prelude: a *neurosis*. Therefore, semantics without syntax is profoundness without contour, and conversely, syntax without semantics is shallow clarity of the forms lacking positive content.

## 2. The Refusal of Self-Seeking

In his article *The Decline of Redemptive Truth and the Rise of a Literary Culture* (2000), Richard Rorty aims at nothing less than thoroughly *emancipating* humanity by subverting central notions such as “truth” directly within man’s interiority, after so many other “all-destroying” figures have ripped humanity off any certitude regarding external truths or values. What religion, philosophy and science still hold in common is a presupposition that we can grasp *human nature* and we can offer some solution (redemption) for its problems.

Nevertheless, the question “Do you believe in truth or are you one of those frivolous postmodernists?” is often the first one that journalists ask intellectuals whom they are assigned to interview. That question now plays the role previously played by the question “Do you believe in God, or are you one of those dangerous atheists?”. Literary types are frequently told that they do not love truth sufficiently. Such admonitions are delivered in the same tones in which their predecessors were reminded that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Obviously, the sense of the word “truth” invoked by that question is not the everyday one. Nobody is worried about a mere nominalization of the adjective “true”. The question “do you believe that truth exists?” is shorthand for something like “Do you think that there is a natural *terminus* to inquiry, a way things really are, and that understanding what that way is will tell us what to do with ourselves? (Rorty, 2000, pg.1)

First thing to do before going further is to logically dissect this rhetorical admonition: nobody actually believed in a natural *terminus* of inquiry (in the sense of *completion by the individual subject*) - neither religion, nor philosophy. But between *everything* and *anything* there is a great deal to be gained within the realm of *something*. If we do not know everything, it doesn’t mean that we don’t know anything...

Those who, like myself, find themselves accused of postmodernist frivolity do not think that there is such a *terminus*. We think that inquiry is just another name for problem-solving, and we cannot imagine inquiry into how human beings should live, into what we should make of ourselves, coming to an end. For solutions to old problems will produce fresh problems, and so on forever. As with the individual, so with both the society and the species: each stage of maturation will overcome previous dilemmas only by creating new ones (Rorty, 2000, pg.1).

This attitude is consistent with the negative narrative postmodernism holds against any supposed repressive “meta-narrative”. Irony is, here, *via* Kierkegaard, nothing but general (*indeed*) frivolous detachment from anything that we might actually acknowledge within the framework of a grounded vision. However this is not the attitude behind the most revolutionary achievements that we capitalize as the result of centuries of thinking and innovation.

This rejection of truth as such is especially dangerous in morals and politics. When contrasted with the actual objectivity of evil, irony turns to cynicism<sup>2</sup>.

Rorty has, therefore, already supposed that there is no such terminal point of research, that things are not in such a way or in another, that the world is not a coherent totality. But this implies a lot of other presuppositions. We should conversely believe that: a) things *move* (because they do not stand) b) and they move *arbitrarily* (since they do not move precisely in one way or another). We cannot miss the fact that the skeptic never lacks a doctrine. It is precisely *the idea of a random and shapeless fluidity of life* that is here (infra-)dogmatically advanced in the guise of a supra-dogmatic freedom not limited by any structured reality.

This *anti-doctrine* is always a *resolute dogma*, a final resort that wipes out everything around while deluding us into believing that nothing is firmly assured – except from this vampire-like negative as substantiated active anti-reality, *purely negative freedom* that knows no limits because it knows no reality. *Rorty is certain of having no certainties*. He knows that things are never some determinate way or the other, and that we, generally *do not know what to do with ourselves*. And since we have no *Self* (says Rorty certain of him-self), surely we cannot gain some certain *self-knowledge* that will at least partially put us into command of ourselves.

We are, according to this account, submerged into hopeless opacity, life-sentenced to our own inner cave, captive of the fact that *we have no actual shape* and *we are in no certain way* (since postmodern thinking excludes us from being *somehow* - endowed with something proper to us, undistorted by sheer accident - lest we are essentialist beings – therefore “micro-fascist” beings, to put it into Deleuze’s jargon)

If you are seeking, dogmatically knowing in advance that you are not to find anything, then you are not actually seeking but actually *fumbling in the dark*. We denominate that kind of seeking, that already knows there’s nothing to be found *transcendental fumbling in the dark*. Its nature is to actually blindly seek, therefore to actually contradict its purpose. We oppose this inconsistent seeking – therefore this counterfeit seeking a receptive seeking, that is ready to eliminate at any time the fake currency of this *simulacrum* even though it knows that the coming-to-itself of the self is the work of a purely asymptotic spiritual journey (no philosopher ever bragged about immanently and subjectively terminating it).

But in the same way in which *death* may not coincide with *self-realization*, knowing one-self may still attain significant deepness during life’s span (even though truly finding oneself is no *visio beatifica* except within a perhaps miraculous exception).

And yet, a problem threatens our fragile being (of which Rorty claims it doesn't have any definite shape, and is not even stable but somehow in a never-ending flow of accidental and contextual engagements, in a pure self-differentiation Derrida-style, without a permanent underlying unity). And this problem cannot be volatilized by the skeptical – who is not more saved than the dogmatic, but is quite more likely to defect from this life, if we are to take Jung for granted.

A problem, a scission, a fracture puts *this* fragile being into a crisis. Likewise, mythologies and religions, psychotherapies and psychoanalyses have always observed that there are no such things as purely “personal” problems. Our “personal” problems are nothing than our personal pain into collision with universal problems of the generic man. When a boy loves a girl, to quote Constantin Noica's interpretation of Hegel, a boy in general loves a girl in general. Nominalism is, therefore, nothing than an illusion of an *egological inflation* experienced precisely by those that advocate the subject's de-centration at the same time in which they want to separate the individual, the singularity from its own generality<sup>3</sup>.

But we hold this subjective and comforting impression that we are perfectly irreducible. However, the most fierce individualists succumb (sooner rather than latter) to banal symptomatic statistics in the universal's sanatorium. But this is already reason enough to assume that our problems imply our solutions: *if we cannot do everything, that doesn't mean we cannot do anything*.

But- lastly – the skeptic believes that solutions only generate further problems. Accordingly, this salvation as solution would do nothing than eternally trigger the inferno of unending crisis. The chain would be eternally corrupted.

Of course –there is no great and final salvation that humanity itself could ever construct (so much less the therapy-state). It is precisely such an attempt to a final completion that rendered man architect of a Tower, through which the furious despair aspired to extinction inside the depths of a profound peace. It is precisely this kind of a pseudo-eschatological phantom in which the patient disguised himself into a doctor that perpetuated the chain of those solutions which are nothing than future problems. Even more problematic: when others, those “enlightened” are trying “to solve” humanity in laboratories, social and cultural engineering. When they plan and institutionalize the complete and ultimate resolve adjusting through *total projects* nature and culture, then, of course, the spirit must resist.

But then again: it is the *spirit*, not the *power* (contemplative reason, not instrumental reason) that acknowledged itself in self-reflection, in its very conditions of possibility. In his immanent fractures he

understands that he is ill. And he knows that his *limit* is his own illness. And that his health can only be found in his own *un-limiting*, in his infinite becoming for himself, as permanent dislocation from the limit in which he permanently falls again. This potential infinite pulsation is the life of the finite spirit, and his infinity as well.

Rorty rejects one of philosophy's original tasks, that of *nosce te ipsum*, of knowing thyself, because he collapses politics and metaphysics. Hegel's system of Totality is confounded with, e.g., the Soviet Union. Beyond the concept of totality, the ontological difference is immense: when you acknowledge that "*Die Wahrheit ist das Ganze*", you actually eliminate precisely such arrogant *simulacra of totality* upon which the most abominable totalitarianism was built.

It is precisely because Marx has "overthrown" Hegel (*id est* he substituted the *Absolute* with the *class*) that he deduced the necessity of a "dictatorship of the proletariat", of which Hegel lucidly anticipated in his *Phenomenology of the Spirit* that it is a usurping attempt of a simple *particular* to achieve a tyrannical totalisation of the entirety, and that it will end up in bloodshed and terror.

### 3. The Refusal of Redemptive Truth

Before proceeding further, it is well-worth remarking that in rejecting "redemptive truth", the shift is placed on truth rather than on redemptive, since, as we will see, redemption is looked for in other sources, and not entirely denied.

I shall use the term 'redemptive truth' for a set of beliefs which would end, once and for all, the process of reflection on what to do with ourselves. Redemptive truth would not consist in theories about how things interact causally, but instead would fulfill the need that religion and philosophy have attempted to satisfy. This is the need to fit everything—every thing, person, event, idea and poem --into a single context, a context which will somehow reveal itself as natural, destined, and unique. It would be the only context that would matter for purposes of shaping our lives, because it would be the only one in which those lives appear as they truly are. To believe in redemptive truth is to believe that there is something that stands to human life as elementary physical particles stand to the four elements—something that is the reality behind the appearance, the one true description of what is going on, the final secret (Rorty, 2000, pg.2).

*Reductio ad absurdum*: we should understand, conversely, that there is *nothing* that lays at the foundation of the human being. Human being is foundationless, groundless, lacks any basis. Otherwise put, it is not grounded: but that implies it is not actually *justified*. Because it comes from nowhere, goes nowhere, has no purpose, and therefore we have nothing to do with it, that is: with *us*. What is here implied is that there is actually no significant (qualitative, ontological) difference between

humans, stones or protozoa. There are no inherent properties, shape or structures proper to human nature.

To the “Truth will set you free” principle, Rorty opposes his mere faith that we are already pretty much free in our own immediate *contingency*, and it is truth that actually limits, endangers and terrorizes this freedom. Although he banter the soteriological claim philosophy makes, he actually claims no less for... literature, that, in his view (but profoundly erroneous), has nothing to do with truth.

I can now state my thesis. It is that the intellectuals of the West have, since the Renaissance, progressed through three stages: they have hoped for redemption first from God, then from philosophy, and now from literature. Monotheistic religion offers hope for redemption through entering into a new relation to a supremely powerful non-human person. Belief—as in belief in the articles of a creed—may be only incidental to such a relationship. For philosophy, however, beliefs are of the essence. Redemption by philosophy is through the acquisition of a set of beliefs which represent things in the one way they really are. Literature, finally, offers redemption through making the acquaintance of as great a variety of human beings as possible. Here again, as in religion, true belief may be of little importance (Rorty, 2000, pg.3).

Consequently, it appears, Rorty himself shares a redemptive hope himself –as long as it doesn’t come from philosophy and intellect, but from literature and imagination because philosophy looks objective and coercive, whereas literature would be subjective and emancipatory<sup>4</sup>.

But firstly, literature is not devoid of truth, and it cannot simply be here opposed to philosophy. What it endeavors is to actually expose the “human comedy” precisely in order for us to gain a deeper understanding of what we are, of what is great and what is base in human nature, of our most intimate dilemma and challenges. This is what we learn through literature: humans’ stances regarding our love, freedom, truth and lie, death, meaning and the divine. *But all these belong to nothing else than to a wider definition of truth*, that is not purely conceptual, but is incorporated into symbolical narratives.

Literature does not display a mere fictional masquerade for the sake of sheer image-combination or delirious phraseology for self-display, as utopian alternative to a precarious reality. Quite the contrary, as Schopenhauer remarks, the art is precisely holding a mirror in the face of people so that we can recognize ourselves. Anywhere a work of art leaves deep traces, it can only do so because the vision it encloses communicate the light of a *meaningful truth* to an interrogative and perplexed humanity. Therefore, doubt and skepticism is not a distinctive feature of literature. They also exist in philosophy and even religion. But in all three of them, the *truth* remains an azimuth for the interrogation itself. And it is truth about our deepest humanity that we symbolically portray in literature.

#### 4. Negation Can Express not only Refinement, but also Barbarism

Denial, negation and skepticism are assimilated here to refined irony as purely negative freedom, the *free-from*, not the *free-for* attitude. But it is the end result that matters. And barbarism is itself denial, negation and skepticism. So it's the end result that matters: *de-culturation*, no matter what ideology we might invoke is barbarian.

From within a literary culture, religion and philosophy appear as literary genres. As such, they are optional. Just as an intellectual may opt to read many poems but few novels, or many novels but few poems, so he or she may read much philosophy, or much religious writing, but relatively few poems or novels. The difference between the literary intellectuals' readings of all these books and other readings of them is that the inhabitant of a literary culture treats books as human attempts to meet human needs, rather than as acknowledgements of the power of a being that is what it is apart from any such needs (Rorty, 2000, pg.3).

Here we arguably have an incitement to self-brain-washing. Richard Rorty is, still, a literary critic, and he believes that we can dispose of extremely complicated philosophers such as Aristotle or Kant (that have established enduring reflexive paradigms) in two short summary phrasal executions. This encourages the neglect of a sound philosophical formation. A hidden purpose is thus revealed: do not bother reading philosophy anymore, we can do without. Such a relief for the literary critic's hegemony, that enjoys beautiful phraseology, but distastes to focusing on abstract laborious syllogisms! Now we are through with that. It is not necessary to study Aristotle or Plato, Cusanus or Tomas, Leibniz or Spinoza, nor Kant, Hegel, Heidegger or Wittgenstein. A simple Rorty will do, he knows by now it's worthless endeavor.

I consider such ironist methodology, subjectivist and whimsically anti-objectivist an instigation to the mutilation of spirit. Studying philosophy is optional if you are a worker for example. But if you deal with spiritual matters, it is a presumption of ignorance that you can dispense yourself of the thesaurus of the deepest visions that humanity ever produced. This is strongly one-sided orientation, an incitement to only take into consideration what flatters the imagination, and to avoid purely intellectual and theoretical endeavor, because our wonderful pictorial fantasy gets asphyxiated when two concepts or logical propositions are apodictically connected<sup>5</sup>.

Associating negative freedom, irony and imagination is biased against positive freedom, seriousness and intellect because it develops

false justifications and renunciations in order to denigrate the sour grapes of philosophy.

As a literary critic, it is easy to freely pronounce yourself on the big issues, not paying however the tribute that the present owns to the past convinced by easy skepticism that your local and minor opinions exempt you from the hard labor of the concept.

## **5. The Counterfeit Redemption of Postmodernism**

But what kind of redemption is being here endorsed? Once philosophy is completely discredited, and literature triumphs, what is actually redemptive in this epochal shift? There are at least three means of salvation that Rorty's postmodern freedom is offered.

### *5.1 Redemption through Empty Novelty*

Since Hegel's time, the intellectuals have been losing faith in philosophy, in the idea that redemption can come in the form of true beliefs. In the literary culture which has been emerging during the last two hundred years, the question "Is it true?" has yielded pride of place to the question "What's new?" Heidegger thought that that change was a decline, a shift from serious thinking to mere gossip curiosity. (See the discussions of *das Gerede* and *die Neugier* in sections 35-36 of *Sein und Zeit*.) Many fans of natural science, people who otherwise have no use for Heidegger, would agree with him on this point. On the account I am offering, however, this change is an advance. It represents a desirable replacement of bad questions like "What is Being?", "What is really real?" and "What is man?" with the sensible question "Does anybody have any new ideas about what we human beings might manage to make of themselves?" (Rorty, 2000, pg.4).

Judging by the presumptuousness with which Rorty discarded two millennia of profound philosophical endeavor, it is ironical to witness his own solution: the question concerning "What is new?" becomes the operative contemporary judging criterion, the long awaited redeeming of humanity from religion and philosophy. This is what the literary critic proposes?; childish progressivism in which the empty novelty receives – *because it is new*, the people's vote. This is fashion-philosophy. Truth and redemption do not come from the fountains of knowledge, deeply embedded into our secular forgetfulness. No! Redemption now comes from TV, from the news, from the last edition of our favorite tabloid, where the most absurd and eccentric novelties are proclaimed new ideas and new ways about what to do with ourselves.

Truth comes *via* Google nowadays: in the midst of scandal and self-marketing, where different products compete to be defined and promoted as new and original, here we can now absorb more wisdom than from discrete and profoundly meditative old figures such as Kant or Schopenhauer.

We must not be very indulgent with respect to the fact that, after Rorty proclaimed there's no human nature that we can understand and cultivate, he still admits of redemption provided the receipt is brand new...

### 5.2 *Redemption through Bovarism*

As I am using the terms "literature" and "literary culture", a culture which has substituted literature for both religion and philosophy finds redemption neither in a non-cognitive relation to a non-human person nor in a cognitive relation to propositions, but in non-cognitive relations to other human beings, relations mediated by human artifacts such as books and buildings, paintings and songs. These artifacts provide glimpses of alternative ways of being human. This sort of culture drops a presupposition common to religion and philosophy – that redemption must come from one's relation to something that is not just one more human creation (Rorty, 2000, pg.1).

Firstly, it is doubtful that we can actually entertain non-cognitive relations with other human beings. Even in love, truth must be somehow present (great love ruins when lie comes about). If Rorty's redemption is based on artifacts, then it is futile, because it builds on the sand. Then the idea of walking around in humanity's culture just as if we are visiting a hypermarket with a rich offer of "alternative modes of being human" is consumerist, mimetic and desperate redemption. In this kind of choosing we actually imitate others out of unsatisfied bovarism, instead of realizing that if there's any kind of "redemption", it can only begin by confrontation with the mirror. It is just in self-knowledge that masks and lies fall off, and you see yourself the way you are, as much as this is possible: finite, projective, incoherent, dependent, mimetic. That is: redemption cannot discard truth, because it begins with truth. It is only when you try not to delude yourself and to eliminate at least some of the most blinding phantasms you have set on the road of redemption, because truth will set you free.

### 5.3 *Redemption through Imagination*

For members of the literary culture, redemption is to be achieved by getting in touch with the present limits of the human imagination. That is why a literary culture is always in search of novelty, always hoping to spot what Shelley called "the shadows that futurity casts upon the present", rather than trying to escape from the temporal to the eternal. It is a premise of this culture that though the imagination has present limits, these limits are capable of being extended forever. The imagination endlessly consumes its own artifacts. It is an ever-living, ever-expanding, fire. It is as subject to time and chance as are the flies and the worms, but while it endures and preserves the memory of its past, it will continue to transcend its previous limits. Though the fear of belatedness is ever present within the literary culture, this very fear makes for an intenser blaze (Rorty, 2000, pg.6).

But what kind of redemption can arise out of my encountering a flux of fictions? Unless they purport some adequate meaning I can actualize in my own life, they are nothing but provisional and contingent enjoyment. This is not self-overcoming at all. Horizontally transcending my limits – in a *quantitative* succession, does not change anything on a *qualitative* level: each new product is just like the flies and the worms, a flood of ephemerides that flows towards the bad infinity.

Redemption does not come then from the Tree of Life anymore, but from the fictional productivism of an imagination disconnected from any vertical source of sense.

But is this really redemption? Have we set ourselves free by this? Does it offer any meaning? Is it preparing us for death? Does it offer any protection, direction or truth? Nothing of the sort. This is nothing but mere whimsical playfulness, whose artifacts crumble when confronted with our first radical interrogation of our sense in the world.

Thus, simulacra and vanities that Rorty sets as substitutes for redemptive truth are rather infernal lies, bohemian utopia that deludes man into believing there's no nature, no insight into ourselves that can lead us towards reconciliation with ourselves in order to find a meaning in life that is not arbitrary fiction. If you don't believe into a firm truth then, you take refuge into Spanish castles that provide you nothing than a comedy that drags humanity into the abyss, because such ironism induces forgetfulness of the gravity and responsibility inherent to the mere fact of being.

### **Notes:**

<sup>1</sup> What is scientific about the world is *how* it is. Mystical is *that* it is, as Wittgenstein brilliantly put it. Scientist and neo-structuralist dogmatisms have already done with these major questions and they secure overestimated answers (scientism) or empty self-contradictory ones (neo-structuralism). We use Manfred Frank's exhaustive analysis of Neo-structuralism as radical historicity: Frank, Manfred, *What is Neostructuralism?* (Minnesota: University of Minnesota Press, 1984).

<sup>2</sup> "Pain and suffering has replaced ideology and moral sentiments have replaced politics, as Richard Rorty advised us to do. But this type of humanitarian activism ends as an anti-politics, as the defense of "innocents" without any understanding of the operations of power and without the slightest interest in the collective action that would change the causes of poverty, disease or war", (Costas Douzinas, 2007, p.84).

<sup>3</sup> "For Rorty, every kind of representation of something in the objective world is a dangerous illusion. Now, it is certainly the case that with the pragmatic turn the epistemic authority of the first person singular, who inspects her inner self, is displaced by the first person plural, by the 'we' of a communication community in front of which every person justifies her views. However, it is only the empiricist interpretation of this new authority that leads Rorty to equate 'knowledge' with what

is accepted as 'rational' according to the standards of our respective communities.”, Jürgen Habermas, *Richard's Rorty's Pragmatic Turn*, in Bandom, 2000, p.36).

<sup>4</sup> “If there is a metaphysical counterpart to infantilism anywhere in this vicinity, it is in Rorty's phobia of objectivity, and the suggestion that we should replace talk of our being answerable to the world with talk of ways of thinking and speaking that are conducive to our purposes. This fits a truly infantile attitude, one for which things other than the subject show up only as they impinge on its will. Acknowledging a non-human external authority over our thinking, so far from being a betrayal of our humanity, is merely a condition of growing up”. (*Towards Rehabilitating Objectivity*, John McDowell in Brandon, 2000)

<sup>5</sup> “The literary culture Rorty envisages is a radically historicist and Nominalist one. The Historicism he advocates stands in sharp opposition to metaphysics – metaphysics conceived as the discipline which aims at capturing a final, single matrix of what is real behind all appearances (a ‘metaphysics of presence’ in the Heideggerian sense). The project of metaphysics embodies a hope for what Rorty labels as ‘redemptive truth’, the prospect that a set of true beliefs could give an answer to our persistent and pressing practical questions such as ‘what to do with ourselves?’. While that prospect presupposes that “history does not really matter” (Rorty 2007b, 6), historicism acknowledges and takes into account, also in the political respect, what is yet to emerge, that is, the unpredictable new.” (Miklós Nyirö, 2009, p.64).

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