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CAN YOU HEAR? IT IS UNHEARD OF. PART 1.

COULD YOU REPEAT?

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Summary: If psychotherapy is art, then the ability to listen is also art. Is every kind of listening good? And if it can be good, could it also be not good? When does listening do harm? The article makes listening one of the psychotherapy lessons. Its method is phenomenology, and the result – clarification of the existential situation of people engaged in the therapeutic relationship. The beneficence of this relationship will be called into question.

„This all, what all, coming from where, consisting of what? […]. And if I was also listening to the remote breath that has been silent since long ago and at last I can hear it, I would learn yet more on this subject. But for now I will not listen to it, because I do not like the remote breath, and I am even afraid of it. But this sound is not like others that you listen to when you feel like it, and that can be silenced by going away or clogging one's ears – no, this sound would start to ring in your head without your knowing how or why. You can hear it with your head, the ears have nothing to do with it, and you cannot silence it, it silences itself when it wants to. It does not matter if I listen to it or not, I will always hear it, even a thunder could not set me free from it before it stops. But nothing forces me to talk about it when it doesn't suit me" [1, s. 67–68].

Not much has changed since Freud's time: psychotherapy still finds support in the possibility of a word directed to another person, given to someone in response and then given again. The magic of a word that in a therapeutic relationship regains its power, is based on the ability to listen.

Listening, in comparison with speaking, seems to come easier. Our language – rich in phrases related to speaking (such as „to muster up a word", „lack of words", „have something at the tip of the tongue") is more limited when it comes to listening. This peculiarity reflects

our everyday practice: we are taught how to speak and we learn how to speak; then we teach others how to speak. Listening reduced to obedience happens to be a lesson of discipline[1].

Let us not get deceived by coming to prompt conclusions though; listening is neither a possibility that just comes with time, nor is it possible without learning that would not cost the one who teaches. Just as one might "not believe one's eyes", one might also „ not believe one's ears" The ways of losing one's senses cross in one fate and it seems that the framework of the unspoken is the unheard of.

Let us make listening one of the psychotherapy's lessons. It might begin like this:

1. I am listening. Could you repeat?

The narrator of „ First Love" [2, p. 7], correctly or not connecting his marriage with his father's death – he was aware that apart from correlations in time there are also others in other aspects – was one of those people for whom it is difficult to express what they think they know. It is not certain if he has read Plato, but for sure he was not a sophist and he knew well that „one can, not knowing something, think that one knows" [4, p. 229]. He spoke rarely and only if he had no other choice. He was similar to Molloy in many regards – that one also avoided speaking, because once he had said something, it was never what he wanted it to be. „Excuse me sir, I need you" — he heard the other day, a moment after he ran over her dog, wounding him fatally. „Supposedly" — he thought — „seeing on my face, that often discloses me, that I have understood, she probably thought, If he understands this, he might also understand the rest. And she was not wrong, as in no time I found myself in possession of certain thoughts or views that could have come to me only from her […]. She needs me to bury her dog, and I need her, I do not know for what reasons. I think she presented them to me, because it was an institution that I could have not passed over the way I passed over everything else, so I told her unceremoniously that I need neither her nor anybody, which was maybe a little exaggeration, I must have needed my mother, because why else would I be so doggedly bound for her?". „It is one of the reasons" — he said later to himself – „for which I avoid speaking whenever it is possible. Because I always speak to little or too much, which causes distress, as I am very much in love with the truth [highlighted — M.O.]" [1, p. 60–61]. Both in some ways remind the narrator of the „Kaddish for an unborn child". They did not know each other personally (literature does have its limitations), but one can suppose that they would understand each other without speaking a word (*sic!*): speech was for them not a communication tool, rather a form of existence they relied upon when the other ones failed (relying upon it anyway). They spoke to survive, even though they had

[1]The testimonies of listening of those forced to obedience by those to whom the voice and the final word belonged (is it always on the way to the final solution?) were gathered by Pascal Quignard in an essay entitled „The Hatred of Music". Those who had to listen to orders had also to listen to music; the hatred to what they had once loved was only a matter of time (if they had any). „Music", writes Quignard, „as the only of arts took part in the extermination of the Jews committed by the Germans between 1933 and 1945". Why? he asks and answers: „The music rapes the human body. It makes one jump to one's feet. The musical rhythm enchants the body rhythm. When meeting music, the ear cannot close itself. The music, as it has power, easily joins any power. It is not egalitarian by its nature. Hearing and obedience are intertwined […]. Everywhere where there is a conductor and executors there is also music [highlighted by. M.O.]" [3, p. 183–186]. – Obedience, I think, is one of the possibilities of the being that hears. If it can listen, it can also demand authority and it can knock the disobedient ones into the abyss of mundane hell. It can also open heavens. The border between abyss and heaven runs through a human.

nothing or something else to say. „I don't know for what reasons things have to always be different with me", thought once one of them, „and even if I know, it will be simpler if I will live with the opinion that I do not know. This way I will avoid justifying myself. It seems though that it is impossible to avoid justifying, we keep on justifying something or ourselves. We justify, this is demanded from us by the unjustified phenomenon and set of emotions which life is, justification is demanded by our environment, and finally we want to justify everything for ourselves, until we manage to justify, or rather destroy, everything around us." [5, p. 8]. „Unbelievable" – thought the other – „how people repeat what they have been told a moment before, as if they condemned themselves to burning at the stake if they believed their own ears" [2, p. 14].

Between demanding a word („say something"), and giving (oneself) a word, accepting a word or silence instead of a word, there is time when anything can happen. What it brings is far from the unequivocalness of „yes" and „no" suggested when spoken in „Can you hear me? Yes? No?" „Not wanting to say, not knowing what you want to say, not being able to say what you think you want to say, but then to speak or something like that – it is what you should not lose sight of in the fever of formulating" [1, p. 54]. Also in the fever of listening, as there is no speech that would be not complemented by somebody's listening, which is just as ambiguous and running with time between the thought and the word, the word and other words, the word and the thought and the lack of words, silence instead of words to cover the silence.

When he finally told her that she disturbs him (each day she would sit by his side on a bench which, since he heard „Please make some room for me" will be in his imagination connected to her - „speaking of the bench the way it seemed to me on that evening is speaking of her" [2, p. 13]), she asked: „So you don't want me to come here anymore?" [2, p. 14]. Wasn't she believing her own words, as he supposed? And why should she believe them or not? Wasn't he making himself clear enough asking her not to disturb him? Anyway, how can one not believe one's ears? Let's think though: the sound wave, transformed into mechanical oscillation, and then into electric impulse, following neural paths straight to the hearing cortex so that it then, subject to the processes of analysis, turns into a sound, becomes meaningful with time only. Time has to pass so that the oscillations of the air, invisible for the "unarmed eye", could take the form of an object of awareness, which it will believe („I can hear it so there it is") or not believe („I must have misheard, this is impossible"). That the objects of awareness, actualizing in its acts, are nothing permanent – changing our position, we modify the forms around us – can be noticed by anyone who while hearing „the same again", suddenly hears „something different" or "differently" or not anymore. „His look woke her up" – a banal statement until heard in a foreign language for the first time: *Son regard à lui la réveille* [6, p. 14], and since then has not stopped to appeal to the imagination with a suggestive image: something that I cannot see can see me and wakes me up, just as if we were all inhabitants of Tlön, which is not on the map, as "when we sleep in one place, we are awake in another one, and this way each man is two men at the same time" [7, p. 24].

The consciousness withstands the senses nut does not stand on them, so not believing one's ears, just as putting faith in them, matches the dynamics of every act of listening, taking away the certainty that what has been heard „with one's own ears" has not only been thought of, and if it doesn't come from times and places that on the one hand do not exist, because

they have been or will be (possibly), on the other hand they exist in a sense if they give us food for hearing. So it is not certain if what has been heard "with one's own ears" has not only been thought of (you remember, he preferred to listen to the touch of her hand instead of her voice, which did not remind him of the other one [8]) or the unheard of, which we cannot think, yet say or recognize? (oh my God!). „Your husband is alive" – I heard when I picked up the phone from my neighbor the other day that was so like the others. I was at work when she called. „What kind of news is that", I thought, „Of course he is alive". It took me a moment to realize what she was just saying. In one moment my life lost its previous certainty. (Does each light feed on destruction like the flame of a candle, like love that shall not leave you until time comes?).

Only what is hearable can be heard. Heard does not mean the same as possible to hear, because not everything that is possible to hear can be heard. And this does not relate only to the sensitivity of our hearing organ, expressed in physical units (being a base for comparisons) and fluctuating during days and nights that add up to the course of our life. Our ability to hear is not only the function of what there is, but also an expression of what can be. It seems reasonable to say that everything heard-of is accompanied by un-heard-of, and even that not-listened-to is a burden of every moment. — „Is there anyone that would like to put himself in my place and feel to what small degree it was at the moment the one I seemed to be" [1, p. 46–47]? „What you say to me cannot reach me" — I hear from my patient when she comes again. „What I say stops somewhere between you and me" — I answer. „Only when I talk to my friend does what I hear here reach me". „To hear, you need someone close to you near you. I am not near you… You can hear my voice but you do not know where it comes from".

Let's imagine this: each moment is a stage where the performance of the world is being staged. The performance changes with time, remaining the same performance of one spectator and numerous actors. The actors that appear on the stage: people, things and events – in other words, everything that causes (that), makes (something), acts (somehow)[2], is given to a body with one pair of eyes and one pair of ears, contacting each other with the intermediation of the brain, also only one. Every "I can see", "I can hear", "I can feel" consists of a sequence of sensations combining in the perceptive field of the spectator. The impressions he or she takes from the performance, plaited with what they have experienced before, become the imagination of what they experience now by hearing and looking, feeling. Being a spectator of the „theater of imagination" [9, p. 8], they are at the same time its actor: they are always on the stage, although they might think they are in front of it; in motion, although they seem motionless. Can they, being moved themselves, hear clearly the others, also moved, although in a different way („Each cat jumps in a different way on the edge of a puddle" [10, p. 178])? Amid the bustle of idiomatic dialects, how to recognize the sounds they are certain of? Do they not rather live with the echo of what there is and of what is hearable, merely a reverberation of what could be meaningful? And the imagination of what they hear, is it not a signature of time where history is written; the unique sign of what is coming (I am listening) and of what has already passed (I have heard)?And the moment of hearing, each time when it happens, is it not a world premiere of the hearable, unique like

[2] *Actŏr*, just a reminder, the one who acts, who does (*ăctitŏ*).

everything that happens just once, and irreversible, even if it is infinite? Is the heard-of an elusive trace of passing-by?

Let us state this precisely: What is hearable can be heard (performed) or unheard (forsaken). It is probably both, as the boundary between the (already) heard and the (yet) unheard is to be drawn only on a piece of paper, taking (*sic!*) sometimes the traces of our presence on the performance. What is hearable comes to us in the form of the heard-of. The form is the sign of what is put in it; what is hearable, although what is not necessarily being heard. As every sign, the heard-of represents something different; in this case both what is heard of in a given moment as well as what is unheard, although listened to. The rules that apply to the phenomenon of audibility – sprawled between what is possible to hear and the one who hears (and how) or does not hear (and what), and represented in the form of the heard of – are not easy to foresee, if they exist at all. Because for what (and whose) reason did the policeman call Molloy, who had just gotten off the bike, respecting the law, forbidding cyclists into the city? „It is a legitimate regulation and I comply to it always, in spite of the difficulties of moving forward with crutches while pushing the bike at the same time. I managed somehow. It had to be thought of. So we got through this difficult section, my bike and I, simultaneously. But a bit further on I heard someone calling me. I lifted my head and saw a policeman. It is an elliptic way of putting it, as I understood later, by induction or deduction, I do not know, that it was himself. What are you doing here? He asked. I am used to being asked this question so I understood it right away. I am taking a rest, I answered. You are taking a rest, he said. I am taking a rest, I said. Please answer my question! He cried. This always happens to me when they want an answer from me. When I think that I have just frankly answered the given question, it turns out that actually it is not the case. I will not quote all the intricate details of this conversation. Finally I understood that my way of taking a rest, my posture during the rest, astride on the bike, with my hands on the handle bars, with my head on my hands, was an attempt on I do not know what, on public order, on decency. I pointed shyly on my crutches and dared mutter something about my disability that forces me to rest whenever I can or rather whenever I must. I heard then that there are no two separate regulations, one for the healthy and one for the disabled, but only one, the one that both the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the happy and the sad, should comply with. Oh, was he a true speaker!" [1, pages. 45–46].

The request to repeat („you are taking a rest") and repetition, being a request („I am taking a rest"). A request masking a claim („Please answer the question!") and a claim that does not allow for a request („I pointed shyly on my crutches and dared mutter something about my disability that forces me to rest whenever I can nor rather whenever I must."). Speaking („Oh, was he a true speaker") and setting the rules („I heard then that there are no two separate regulations, one for the healthy and one for the disabled"). Listening („what are you doing?" – „I am taking a rest") and demanding obedience („[there is only one regulation], that both the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the happy and the sad, should comply with"). Between the hearable, a network of impossible-to-hear relations is being set.

Would the heard-of be but a shadow of the unheard-of, which we are apart from what is hearable? And not believing one's ears – an unspoken trace of what there is, staged on the stage of a performance called our life?

2. I have heard. Say no more.

If I do not know anything about what I am apart from what I am able to, then it will be easy for me to reduce what there is to what I hear (see, feel). What I hear is an idea of what I have an impression of, and as such it is poor when compared to the reality I live in. The imaginative consciousness – to remind the works of Jean Paul Sartre – is what is directed towards as a "wave among the waves"; „a piece of wood" drifting on it, it is what is imagined upon what apart from that is an "infinite multitude of possible attributes and relations". „In the world of perception" – he wrote — „«no thing» may appear that would not maintain an infinite number of relations with other things. Moreover, those infinite relations and relations that the components of things enter – they are the very essence of things. This is where a certain *redundancy* of the world of «things» comes from; in every moment, there is much *more* contained in that world than we can perceive; to complete the richness of my actual perception, I would need infinite time" [11, p. 24].

We do not have time, and everyone ends. Being finite, we finish things whenever we imagine that they finish with ourselves. It is not really difficult for us: we have to rely on impressions, and they are always selective because they are partial. We are parties of things, and it is only their profiles that are given to us. Having so little, we try to imagine the rest. Impressions of things: silhouette of a figure moving with the wind, voice flowing into the silence reaching us in portions of words, some smell, some touch, they become the impressions, the ideas of things and not much is needed for us to take them for things, although they are only of things. Drafts become portraits, portraits – the persons portrayed; you are what I do-see, period; voices – into words, words into views, views into „the viewed": you are what I do-hear[3]; that's it. The unreal function of consciousness to which Sartre dedicated his work, leads as a consequence to meeting the world's redundancy towards us, finite creatures („I felt vaguely that nothing in this world can reach its end, that nothing can be completed" [12, p. 15]) and at the same time (paradoxically?) — to denying our immeasurability. „I was small, even smaller than usually, and the white hawthorn that trembled so much was larger than me. I saw this because just a moment before it was really close. But I was wrong, because my arms were as large as rain clouds over the vicinity and they just moved more frantically. […]. But the legs, my impossible legs, spread over the wooded mountains and cast shadow on the village valleys […]. Please, gentlemen, tell me what height I am, measure those arms, those legs?" [13, p. 92]. Isn't it, the imaginative consciousness, on the service of the „pleasure principle" and the intellect subject to its claims, limited, in this case, to „counting on something" and „counting something" that may never come? And its works, aren't they often an illusionary victory over the reality, that „falls out of hands", as „you do not win anything, You cannot even control the coming moment" [13, p. 96]?

If I do not know anything about the unheard-of, it will be easy for me to reduce every something into something else: „involuntary gestures of flowers" I will eventually

[3]The word „do" used in „do-see" and „do-hear" is supposed to stress the appropriate nature of the imaginative consciousness; perceiving, we relate the impressions to previous experience. Putting this metaphorically: what is actual, makes itself a place in the previous and becomes the actual imagined. What is the role of consciousness in creating images is disputable, and therefore the notions „do-see" and „do-hear" are not precise. Maybe one should say „I will-see" and „I have-seen" at the same time, which is impossible. We have to do with the awareness of the controversy.

reformulate to „ drying" [14, p. 48]); stammering voice – I will take, following what I will-hear; when I return, you will not be there. You will turn your eyes away from the dead-end street of my eyes, you will turn back, no passage. And this way, or by chance, I will become the leaven of your fate; I will make it move and it will contest your life - infinite, going by only among the finite. The irrecoverability of tears, falling off me like the leaves off the trees; will they come back?

Before we move on to examples of therapeutic practice, let's stay with Sartre for one more while. The cube. When I think of it, I know it consists of six walls, eight angles, and each angle between any three walls is right. When I look at the cube from my point of view, I do not see neither eight walls nor the right angles. I see its "profile" – once this way, once another, depending on the side I look from. The given view excludes other ones; they are possible, but not for me, or not now. „The qualities [of the cube] bolt to existence and stop mid-way. Poverty is specific to the image" [11, p. 37]. So if any cube exceeds my consciousness (I can think it, but I cannot fully see its quality), then how about you, who take note of me or not at all? I can see that you are there, I can hear you speaking. I imagine someone and something. I can imagine many things, but does more mean you? „The image opposes to perception because of the poverty specific to it. The particular elements of the image do not relate to the rest of the world, and they keep two or three relations between each other, for example the ones I was able to notice or the ones I particularly want to capture. It should not be supposed that other relations exist in confidentiality, that they wait for a beam of light to be directed upon them. No, they do not exist at all. For example two colors that in reality would be in a relation of certain dissonance can co-exist in an image, having no relation to each other" [11, p. 25].- If I forget the poverty of the imaginative consciousness which, as I myself want to believe, knows no boundaries, will it not „take" it to „extremes", reducing the redundancy to a dimension?

3. I am listening. I do not hear.

„You are inflicting pain to me" – she was saying for many months, she, the one who did not remember her past and had no hopes for the future. Time was passing by, months of therapy were passing by – she kept standing in one place. The permanence of her position seemed significant to me. I imagined that she does not want to „move on from a place" which, although cramped, was her own. At other times I imagined that she wants to "stop the time" this way, not agreeing for it to pass. Some other times, again, I speculated that she wants me to experience the failure of my hopes. She had reasons to believe that life had been unjust to her. Sometimes she blamed others for it, sometimes herself. When she blamed me, was the pain easier to bear? Or maybe by telling me each time when we saw each other that I am inflicting pain to her she wanted me to feel the pain, too? She hurt me, accusing, to make me feel how it is when it keeps hurting? Or another time something else, and again a trace of me that hurt her just the same. My imagination, feeding on what was-heard (seen, felt), then changed into words directed to the imagined one, hurt her because I imagined to myself, but was I imagining herself? Her pain. Was it not a sign of that redundancy that goes beyond our imagination, so also beyond mine, and is impossible to be painlessly closed in a subject (of a thought or word), unless for the price of life? It was something that did was not allowed to take its voice away; unarticulated, defending itself from being articulated;

unspeakable, for which there is no word, and if there is, then is it appropriate? It was a trace of the unheard-of, that from beyond the heard-of „spoke": „listen to me more?", because „the inner areas do not correspond with the speech, they drag a person to where words cannot stay. What is often decisive is what cannot be spoken of, and the impulse to speak of it runs successfully, as it deviates exactly from that what is most important" [15, p. 12–13]?

„He is like a steamroller", I hear from a therapist, talking with me about her patient, a young man. „Absolute zero of emotions", „He sits there motionless, I cannot even see him breathe", „As if he was frozen", „I almost fall asleep during the sessions". The therapist imagines that he attends the therapy only out of consideration for his wife who is worried with the behavior of their few years old son. For some time the child has been „dressing up as a chick", driving his father mad and bringing the mother to tears. „I catch myself" – says the therapist to me — „wanting to shake him, so that he finally says something, becomes involved". „He doesn't say anything?" – I ask in a moment. „No. He only answers my questions curtly when I ask them". –He doesn't say anything?, I am thinking, or does it remain unheard that he speaks? Or maybe they both say s o m e t h i n g, but none of them hears w h o? I repeat after the therapist the words with which she tells me about the meeting. I repeat them allowed to do-hear the one whose they say: „like a steamroller", „no emotions", „motionless", „as if he was frozen", „I cannot see him breathe", „I am falling asleep". Isn't what I hear just different names of trauma? I ask the therapist to tell me his story. She begins with the end, I ask her to go to the beginning. Then she says that when he was eleven years old, his older sister died in a car crash, where also he and his family took part in. „His parents survived" — she added. „And him?" – I ask. „He said that i t s e e m s t o h i m h e h a s n ' t".

Listening from afar and listening from close perspective. If from close perspective, only what is tangible can be heard: clear and with no echo. From afar comes what used to be close and today lets know of itself with an unclear echo. From close perspective: „this is the house of my father, but a piece by a piece stands cold, as if each of them was involved in their own business, which I have partially forgotten or had never really known. What benefit could they have from myself, what do I mean to them, even though I am the son of my father, an old villager". From afar: „And I do not dare knock on the kitchen door, I am only listening from afar, standing, but in such a way that I couldn't be caught eavesdropping. And because I am listening from afar, I cannot hear anything but a quiet ticking of a clock – or maybe it only appears to me that I hear it – that comes from my childhood years" [16, p. 620].

Does every: „I have heard" carry along: „he/she doesn't say more"?; drowns the afar with the close, and as a consequence, listens only briefly? – It seems to him that he has not survived. He is motionless; does he breathe? He barely speaks, only when asked to, because „what can speaking do? If nothing in life is right, also the words fall into the abyss" [15, p. 13]. Those that he had and those that he then lacked?– „Words are tailored for speaking, maybe even precisely tailored. They exist only for the purpose of speaking and, let's say, also of writing. But they also do not understand the screwdriver-like branches of an apricot tree or a brain hat. They are not able to represent what is happening in the head" [15, p. 18]. — It seems to him he has not survived. The son, dressing up as „chicks", tries to give the breath back to his father? Does he want the one to whom it seems that he has not survived to come alive? Wants to stand out, counting on a look that will wake him up? The son, would it be only him that is able to listen from afar?

If we realize that our first encounter with the world which is not ourselves takes place in the womb of our mother and reaches us on a wave of sounds, ringing out in the dark, coming "who knows from where", unclear, muffled by the fluids of the placenta and the walls of the womb, then we will consider the phenomenon of listening from afar as fundamental for our future ability to listen. This is where our world starts, disguised as sounds, meaningful. Before we see it „with our own eyes", we hear it „with our own ears"; before it becomes touchable, it is earlier hearable; before clearly, first unclearly; before from close perspective, first from afar. And, let's also draw our attention to it, before we "give out our voice", hearable for others, we must have a breath of air with their help. Inhale and exhale, two contradictory movements (that do not draw our attention until we are short of breath), determine our being hearable and being that listens. Inhaling makes us closer to what is beyond us; exhaling moves it away; we inhale the world into us and then we exhale it, mixed with us. In the alternation of the two movements, we make up a unity with it. On the "swing of breath" every "I am listening" is hung.

Listening, just like breathing, alternately makes us closer and further from what is hearable to us. The substantiality of the heard-of, voiced in the form of „I have heard with my own ears" corresponds to the opposed ephemerality of the unheard-of that lets know of itself in words such as „I cannot believe my own ears". Whereas "hearing clearly" usually makes the effort of further listening unnecessary (the heard-of concentrates the hearable within, just as lens does with a beam of light), „not-hearing" or „over-hearing" might bring us to further listening. „Not believing our own ears" makes us either listen on or not listen anymore. „Heard-of earlier", moves the „unheard-of for later" away from us. Because of that we can listen clearly („he is like steamroller"), but not everything. Listening that ends at the moment of having-heard is satisfied with what we imagine is there. What is beyond (the rest that has not become the image) remains unlistened-to, may be letting know of itself, although unclearly. The place where it comes from might be compared to the world beyond the mother's womb. The child has no idea of it, although it is alive thanks to that world. „I have heard you. Say no more" cuts us off the sources of life in a way.

The patient who is unable to make a sound whenever he is afraid („I am carrying a silent burden. I have been packing myself up in silence so deeply and for so long that I will never be able to unpack myself in words. When I am speaking, I am only packing myself up in a different way" [17, p. 7]). To make a sound, one must have a breath of air. One must have something to breathe with to have a breath of air; one must live with something to be able to survive oneself. He, silent, is sitting in front of me in my office and is unable to have a breath of air. Does he have nothing to breathe with? Cannot he see in myself the somebody who could give the breath back to him so that he could make a sound? To speak, one must breathe. Banal ascertaining. But if we challenge its obviousness, the drama of life will come to our eyes. The breath is accepting something from beyond. The first one is preceded by trauma, just as when we had it for the first time, before it could have become rhythmical. [18]. Maybe we still remember it, especially those among us for whom it is not so easy in life to „breathe lightly". Is this why some people are silent for a long time before they dare to speak out? It is not easy to do-hear them, as the unheard-of that they live with escapes the efforts of translation. Set-forth before listened-to takes away the hope for the breath that comes back.

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