

Is it possible to write poetry, to philosophize after Auschwitz? For us, this question now becomes: *is it possible to edit a special issue of a journal of philosophy (and culture in general) about playing?* Of course, when, earlier this year, we chose the theme of this issue with the editorial staff, we could already have taken it into consideration. We could (perhaps should) have already felt uncomfortable in proposing this topic, but perhaps our questions were lagging behind the events. However, today, we know that our answer is 'No'. It is not possible to publish a special issue of a philosophy journal on the game, at this epochal conjuncture, as if nothing had happened. It risks being an act of barbarism (in the sense in which Adorno used the term barbaric) to talk about playing in this historical period of transition that, with blinding evidence, today, is presented as the migration-event. We cannot, as thinkers, writers and teachers of philosophy, enter our classrooms, write in our journals and pretend that what is outside 'is' not. We cannot think of proposing a theme that is likely to act as a dis-traction, and is fun, even somewhat superficial.

In our *Call for papers* we asked what «thin thread links philosophical thinking and 'playing'». «Is the ontology of the game (to quote Gadamer) able to offer a model not only for the philosophical 'thinking' but also for visual 'thinking' (of paintings), musical thinking, cinematic thinking, narrative thinking, etc.?». These are questions that seem barbaric today, first and foremost in an almost etymological sense of the term: they stutter, are rude, alien; they speak another language; a language that runs the risk of not speaking of the present, not attacking, adapting to the present (whether this be the historic moment, the historical period of the era of migration). These are questions that add negative to negative, barbarism to barbarism, impotence to impotence.

Of course, Adorno could not have been so naive as to compare the act of writing poetry to the barbarian act of the Holocaust. There is barbarism and barbarism.

Certainly neither I, nor we, want to compare the barbarism that we live by teaching lessons on philosophy and writing about philosophy, with the barbarism that is happening in our seas, on our borders, in distant lands and lands not far from ours.

If we are in a new era of migration and barbarism, it is certainly not our *fault*. Philosophy can not change this state; much less poetry and art. However, exactly for this reason, the provocation underlying the words of Adorno returns with insistence: what to do? Remaining in silence? Acting as if nothing has happened? Or, on the other hand, stopping creating philosophy, poetry, and art, because in this era it is not allowed, it is not legitimate, it is to blame?

The dilemma is strong and decisive, but the answer does not lie in an ultimatum. Even Adorno already knew this. *Between* the Scylla of indifference and the Charybdis of activism without thought, Negative Dialectics (and Critical Theory) already presented itself as a different possibility. So, although in some respects Adorno's proposal is not entirely acceptable (at least not entirely for us), we find acceptable, today more than ever, the need to rethink this ultimatum, precisely to avoid both

- in-difference, dis-interest (*we publish a philosophy journal, in relation to other languages, and this number is on playing: how does migration fit into this context?*),
- and falling into a practical pessimism about thought (*why waste time writing about playing, about philosophy, art, literature, music? Why waste time reading, when we could be much more useful outside, doing something else, saving human lives?*).

Restating this ultimatum less trivially and more philosophically (and paraphrasing Adorno's question again): is talking about *Playing and Thinking*, today, in the era of migration, an act of barbarism? The meaning of this journal and of this issue depends on the answer to this question. At least it depends on the meaning that we want to give it.

Therefore, as we set out to write this *Introduction*, we felt the need to answer this question and to share with you readers this discomfort, a discomfort that we feel is not only ours, but it is (should be) a discomfort of ‘thought’, and a discomfort to think about.

Therefore, in preparing to write this *Introduction*, we felt the need to read again the essay *Cultural Criticism and Society* by Adorno, to reinterpret it, thinking it (in a self-critical way) like a mirror: in front of which Adorno has placed *his* critique of culture, and before which we inevitably continue to place ours.

2) Cultural Criticism and Society

To anyone in the habit of thinking with his ears, the words ‘cultural criticism (*Kulturkritik*) must have an offensive ring (...). It recalls a flagrant contradiction. The cultural critic is not happy with civilization, to which alone he owes his discontent³.

The opening words of the text are well-known. Adorno wonders whether it is really possible to criticize culture and history, since if we were not ourselves culturally and historically *schooled*, we would not be able to develop a criticism. Any form of critical thinking seems to contradict itself. If there is no «uncorrupted nature» or a «higher historical situation», if no one can call themselves a Kantian «beautiful soul» (but we are all always and inevitably enmeshed in the «way of the world»), then what happens always, already and inevitably depends on us: our hands are dirty, dirtied by the world, the earth, the history. The dream of the Platonic philosopher has long ceased to be dreamable. Culture is not *in* the philosopher; and barbarism *outside*. Those who think the contrary, today, add «vanity to vanity».

His vanity aids that of culture. (...) Where there is despair and measureless misery, he sees only spiritual phenomena, the state of man’s consciousness, the decline of norms – Adorno writes⁴.

Is there «despair and measureless misery» ‘outside’? The intellectual comes along and ... writes a poem (after Auschwitz and about Auschwitz); the intellectual comes along and philosophizes about that despair, writes about that suffering. As if he were capable – says Adorno ironically – of seeing and understanding that suffering from on high; from the heights of the «conscience of humanity», from the absolute, ‘spiritual’ knowledge. As if in what is happening (yesterday, Auschwitz; today, castaways, barges, walls and barbed wire) it were possible to see a decadence of the norm; as if there were a normal to oppose the non-normal. However, as Nietzsche already knew, any criticism of decadence is ridiculous, because we are, all, always (and always have been) part of the decadence.

The cultural critic makes such distinction his privilege and forfeits his legitimation by collaborating with culture as its salaried and honoured nuisance. This, however, affects the substance of criticism⁵ – Adorno writes.

What do you do, you philosopher? Are not you a «salaried and honored nuisance» of culture? Do you not write, criticizing the system that feeds you? Do you not make rhetoric of children dying on the beaches and peoples who flock to the borders, while taking home a lavish salary? What value does your criticism have? You express the «truth about false consciousness» (of others ...), but, actually, you hold on tight to your position. So, even your consciousness is only a false consciousness. You «feel in on the job»⁶.

Adorno seems even harsher (and more pessimistic) at the end of the essay.

³ T. Adorno, *Prisms*, p. 19.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *Ivi*, p. 20.

⁶ *Ibid.*

But the sinister, integrated society of today no longer tolerates even those relatively independent, distinct moments to which the theory of the causal dependence of superstructure on base once referred. In the open-air prison which the world is becoming, it is no longer so important to know what depends on what, such is the extent to which everything is one. All phenomena rigidify, become insignias of the absolute rule of that which is. There are no more ideologies in the authentic sense of false consciousness, only advertisements for the world through its duplication and the provocative lie which does not seek belief but commands silence. Hence, the question of the causal dependence of culture, a question which, seems to embody the voice of that on which culture is thought only to depend, takes on a backwoods ring⁷.

Our society is a «sinister society» Any attempt at empowerment and emancipation is bound to fail. We cannot even think in a 'Marxist' way of damaging the superstructure of the structure. The world has become a 'prison' that we can neither understand with causal schemes nor hope to liberate, starting from 'spaces of diversity', because everything has already conformed. Even the «*authentic* sense of false consciousness» (because we all have a false consciousness; no one is transparent to himself, as the philosophers of suspicion have taught us; however, previously the intellectual could at least have the illusion of being in '*authenticity*', if not in truth), even this does not make sense: only «advertisements for the world through its duplication» remain. It is hard not to think of the photo of little Aylan, and how its duplication in the media has made it, in the end, only the image and réclame of itself.

The more total society becomes, the greater the reification of the mind and the more paradoxical its effort to escape reification on its own. Even the most extreme consciousness of doom threatens to degenerate into idle chatter⁸.

We are reified; we are things among things, images amid images, Facebook-posts among other posts, individuals unable to alter the course of world. Even assuming the possibility of being aware of this (and aware of the fact that it is a «doom threatens»), even assuming a desire to 'announce' and 'denounce' this fate, what else can we do but idle chatter?

This is the setting for the famous and infamous Adornian expression with which we began. «Cultural criticism finds itself faced with the final stage of the dialectic of culture and barbarism. To write poetry after Auschwitz is barbaric. And this corrodes even the knowledge of why it has become impossible to write poetry today»⁹.

This is the apex of a 'negative dialectics'. Culture or barbarism? Now we know what Adorno's answer is; that it is the same answer contained in that beautiful and difficult text co-written with Max Horkheimer: *Dialectic of Enlightenment*: «myth is already enlightenment, and enlightenment reverts to mythology»¹⁰. Culture and/is barbarism: the two aspects are inseparable; and cannot be synthesized-surmounted.

Enlightenment, understood in the widest sense as the advance of thought, has always aimed at liberating human beings from fear and installing them as masters. Yet the wholly enlightened earth is radiant with triumphant calamity¹¹.

At the present stage of this dialectic, the (inevitably unhappy) self-consciousness can only tell us that culture and barbarism are accomplices. Therefore, it seems that anything you do is wrong. It is a mistake to be silent. It is a mistake to talk. It is a mistake to take photographs. It is a mistake not to take photographs. It is a mistake to speak out against

⁷ Ivi, p. 34.

⁸ Ibid.

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ *Dialectic of Enlightenment*, Stanford University Press, Stanford, 2002, p. XVIII.

¹¹ Ivi, p. 1.

the situation; it is a mistake to ignore it. Give lectures, write books, publish philosophy journals (about playing) as if nothing had happened and you make a mistake. Decide not to do so – because it is ‘untimely’ and ‘unnecessary’ – and you make a mistake. It is a mistake to write a poem. But, just the same, it is a mistake not to write it.

So, of course, it is clear: to write poetry after Auschwitz is barbaric, but not writing poetry is also barbaric. This is the deepest and most ‘timely’ meaning of Adorno’s provocation: that is not, therefore, an invitation not to write poetry, not to make art, music, literature, or philosophy, but it is an invitation to self-criticism. It is an invitation not to feel and be a beautiful soul, to be aware of the ways of the world, and to take responsibility (personal and community) for the difficult choices – without *external* justification, and in some ways still destined not to see the *solution* – that you make. And that you cannot not make: because the contrary is certainly barbarism.

3) Is there an alternative?

Two thinks in this essay by Adorno seem to indicate a possible alternative. The first one is on the page prior to the conclusion. The second one is in the conclusion itself.

First:

No theory, not even that which is true, is safe from perversion into delusion once it has renounced a spontaneous relation to the object. Dialectics must guard against this no less than against enthrallment in the cultural object. It can subscribe neither to the cult of the mind nor to hatred of it. The dialectical critic of culture must both participate in culture and not participate. Only then does he do justice to his object and to himself¹².

While classic conceptual, «topological», pigeonholed thought risks becoming ‘paranoid’ and losing touch with reality, Adorno’s negative dialectic is an invitation (and an attempt) not to remain prisoners of the object (and reality); but neither, at the same time, to lose it. Neither cult nor hostility to philosophy, art, literature, music, cinema. Taking part and not taking part in them. Beyond the *aut-aut* and *et-et*: the *nec-nec*.

And now the finale.

Absolute reification, which presupposed intellectual progress as one of its elements, is now preparing to absorb the mind entirely. Critical intelligence cannot be equal to this challenge as long as it confines itself to self-satisfied contemplation¹³.

The critical spirit (of philosophy, of poetry, of those who teach and those who study, of the writer and of the reader) will never be up to facing this time of reification, alienation (loss of subjectivity, loss of the value of singularity), this time of devastation of humanity

- a) as long as it remains in the false alternative between progress or no progress (myth or enlightenment; it was better before, or is better today); and
- b) as long as it remains unchanged, that is
- c) as long as it remains immobile to contemplate itself, satisfied.

These then are the faint, untimely indications in Adorno's essay:

- a) reject immediate answers, simplifying synthesis, simple short-term, low cost, pigeonholed solutions;
- c) do not silence our discomfort, dissatisfaction, even some sense of inadequacy and frustration: when faced with the poverty of thought; when faced with our inability to imagine and truly create an alternative to the barbarism that we inhabit.
- b) get moving, put thought into motion, *into play*.

¹² T. Adorno, *Prisms*, p. 33.

¹³ Ivi, p. 34.

So, in this sense, yes. Today, more than ever, the task of philosophy (but also of poetry, literature, music, cinema) once again becomes this: to cause dissatisfaction, anxiety, discomfort; to question the data, not to settle, but to keep looking, probing, dreaming of alternatives; *to put thought into play*.

Playing with the thought. A fragile and un-helpful oasis. Logic of possibility and breeding ground of alternatives not crushed on the real. Sign of a need not suppressed by *novelty*, that speaks to the heart of every living being, in every culture, in every age, of every individual. *Novelty* that urges and asks not to be crushed, removed, relegated to the unthinkable.

4) Putting thought into play

So, in this sense, yes. Here and now it not only becomes possible, but it is right and proper to make poetry and philosophy, put thought into play (and rediscover the game of the possibility): today, after Auschwitz, in the era of migration, on an «earth radiant with triumphant calamity».

As long as you keep in mind that the thought of the game (the game of thought) is not (and never was) trivially reassuring and justificatory – and Ermanno Bencivenga reminds us of this well, in the essay/interview that opens this issue of “Logoi” («there is nothing more subversive than a player. In this sense, philosophy is a very dangerous game. Socrates, taught this to everyone»¹⁴).

As long as you keep in mind that the thought of the game (the game of thought), from Nietzsche onwards, is no longer feasible in conciliatory and idyllic terms, almost as an escape to back-worlds, in dreams of immaculate childhoods. Infact, the root of the Greek-Western experience of the game is the *agon*, and its recovery (Nietzschean and somewhat post-modern¹⁵) can only pass as a ‘conflict’ of values, for a transvaluation of the data. Herman Siemens (President of the *Friedrich Nietzsche Society of Great Britain*) reminds us of this, in a previously unpublished essay that we present in this issue of “Logoi”. After reading it, Nietzschean scholars will have questions to answer. However, it is interesting for us to emphasize the ethical-hermeneutic perspective of this work. Any writing that does not want to limit itself to the description of the reality, can only be agonistic, in conflict with the (anti) values of its present. Not necessarily to oppose new counter-values to these (which would mean falling back into the same dialectic of metaphysics, or – to say it again with Adorno – into the logic of barbarism), but rather to enter into dialogue with an ideal community of readers, readers which every writer is looking for (and therefore always ‘coming’ readers).

Agonal mores too demand that we change - from moralists to immoralists. They are, however, less ridiculous for a number of reasons. In the first place they are grounded in an affirmative acknowledgement that the individual is commanded by instincts of life, a belief in ‘fate’ qua unconscious forces. In the second place the demand is not formulated as a law addressed to the individual; instead it is somatic, a specific form of practice, regulated by mores, pitched at the level of affects, instincts - a collective configuration of wills. Finally, there is no desire for finality, no pretence at conclusive change; it is rather an open-ended, eternally recurring festival dedicated to the overcoming of our collective past¹⁶.

¹⁴ E. Bencivenga, *Il gioco sovversivo della filosofia. Intervista a cura di A. Caputo*, “Logoi”, 2015, I, 3, p. 5.

¹⁵ See J. Pearson, *Language, Subjectivity and the Agon: A Comparative Study of Nietzsche and Lyotard*, in “Logoi”, 2015, I, 3, pp. 76-101.

¹⁶ H. Siemens, *Agonal Writing. Towards an Agonal Model for Critical Transvaluation*, in “Logoi”, I, 3, p. 29.

So, in this sense, yes. Not only does it become possible, but it is right and proper to write about the game in the era of migration. Because «you can *take a game seriously* without being fiendishly annihilated». And this happens when, «we know there are other games and we interact, we have a dialogue with them» - De Natale's essay reminds us¹⁷.

It is an honor for us and we like to emphasize that it is precisely Claudio Magris (in our *Philosophy and Literature* section) who questions the value of the literary game. As we know, for Magris 'ferry' and 'migrate' are the 'meaning' of literature.

The game is decisive because the game is freedom. [From here also] the theme of travel; the opening or closing that the journey reveals, the elastic necessity to open oneself as much as possible to new values, but to erect impenetrable borders to defend the non-negotiable ones; there is also the irresponsibility and immorality of the journey, when someone passes through a country, that is perhaps in wretched conditions, without feeling directly involved and, in any case, changing abode every day and, therefore, less involved in the misery of existence¹⁸.

And this imaginative and reconstructive poeticalness of the child's game is the same poeticalness of art, writes Magris, thus creating, *malgré lui*, an ideal bridge to our *Philosophy and Art* section, where we present the Italian translation of an essay by Phillip Prager: *Play and the Avant-Garde: Aren't We All a Little Dada? A decidedly provocative essay, starting from the title, which will push the reader to reconsider the Dada movement as a mirror of the 'original' human need for freedom, creativity and innovation*¹⁹.

Dada is a state of mind that can be revealed in any conversation whatever, so that you are compelled to say: this man is a DADAIST—that man is not; the Dada Club consequently has members all over the world, in Honolulu as well as New Orleans and Meseritz. Under certain circumstances to be a Dadaist may mean to be more a businessman, more a political partisan than an artist—to be an artist only by accident—to be a Dadaist means to let oneself be thrown by things, to oppose all sedimentation; to sit in a chair for a single moment is to risk one's life²⁰.

The text/interview of Federico Maria Sardelli is equally provocative: *I play*; a title with an ideal 'point' at the end of the title, confessed the interviewer, Laura Parente. So, an assertive period²¹.

We like to emphasize that, in the current issue of "Logoi", perhaps more than in other cases, we were able to collect 'other' voices, beyond the properly philosophical: the vision that a writer (like Magris), a mathematician (like Luigi Borzacchini), a composer/musician (like Sardelli) has of the game.

The interview with Sardelli cannot be summed up in a few words. It reflects the multifaceted talent of this personality (who was, among other things, on the covers of two well-known music magazines this summer: "Amadeus" e "Musica").

A choice diametrically opposite from the point of view of aesthetics, but similar in deconstructive terms to that made by the director Raoul Ruiz (presented here by Michele Sardone)²², who, instead, works with the dramatic aspect of the game (a theme that also returns in the essay by Michele Bracco, in the *Psychology* section). Isn't the *vertigo of the possibility* an experience typical of a 'man in delirium' as much as any game of signs?²³

¹⁷ F. De Natale, *Il gioco come simbolo della filosofia* in "Logoi", 2015, I, 3, pp. 51-61.

¹⁸ C. Magris, *Un'operazione di Passeur. Intervista a cura di L. Romano*, in "Logoi", 2015, I, 3, pp. 73-74.

¹⁹ "American Journal of Play", vol. 5, n.2, winter 2013, pp. 239-256; Italian translation in "Logoi", in "Logoi", 2015, I, 3.

²⁰ R. Hülsenbeck, *Collective Dada Manifesto* (1920) ristampato in *The Dada Painters and Poets*, ed. by R. Motherwell, 1951; repr., 1988, p. 246, quoted by P. Prager.

²¹ F. M. Sardelli, *Io gioco. Intervista a cura di L. Parente*, in "Logoi", 2015, I, 3, pp. 143-153.

²² M. Sardone, *Ruiz ludens. La vertigine nel gioco e nel cinema*, in "Logoi", 2015, I, 3, pp. 154-60.

²³ M. Bracco, *Il dito del diavolo. Linguaggio, gioco, delirio*, in "Logoi", 2015, I, 3, pp. 161-76.

However, the game is not only this. And the ‘mathematical’ appearance of *uncertainty* remains essential for directors like Ruiz; and the scientific (and neuroscientific) aspect also remains essential for any reflection on language and signs (like in Bracco’s essay).

Also for these reasons, in this issue we wanted to include the language of science.

On the one hand, as mentioned, we have the essay by Borzacchini, which guides us in a ‘master’ reconstruction of the history of the concept of the case: through philosophy and science (but also tangentially literature and theology) and arriving at contemporary issues, related to probability theory and contingency (in mathematics and science)²⁴. On the other hand, we have the text by Mario De Caro, an ‘original’ interpreter of the ‘new realism’: a realism declined in the direction of a ‘Liberal Naturalism’ and, therefore, attentive to the dialogue with the sciences, but also open to not absolutizing scientific language. A realism and a naturalism at play?²⁵

Now we come to the teaching section, *School at Play*. Here, more than ever, theory tries to find ways to become practice: scholastic and educational in general.

In this section (and again in the bi-weekly updates) we have tried and will try again to present (in a more comprehensive and detailed way than in the first two issues) the project entitled *Philosophia ludens*: a complex proposal for teaching philosophy, which aims to bring into play the thoughts of philosophers and the philosophical questions: in the dual sense of ‘put into play’:

- opening of meaning and redescription of possibility;
- playful modalities of laboratory-classroom activities.

Therefore, the reader will first of all find a presentation of the *Philosophia ludens* methodology (by its creator, Annalisa Caputo); then a dialogue/interview with Antonio Brusa, founder of the *Historia Ludens* method (of which *Philosophia ludens* is somewhat a ‘younger sister’)²⁶. Then, we present a double review by Johannes Rohbeck, who presents and critically discusses our proposal, as it appears in our two texts on teaching: *Philosophia ludens e Un pensiero in gioco*²⁷. Finally, an essay by Mario De Pasquale, who (a bit from inside and a bit from outside the limits and possibilities of the proposal of *Philosophia ludens*) helps us to take stock of the topic of the game in philosophy and of the different languages that can come into play with philosophy: at school and in the city *Philosophia ludens*.

The section ends with the tale of two experiences of philosophical games, external to the PH method and decisively (and historically) more accredited nationwide (and beyond): Philosophy Forum (by Enrica Tulli) and Philosophy Olympiad (by Valerio Bernardi).

And so we can finish this Introduction, by returning to the question with which we began. We have not forgotten to include (in this brief presentation of the contents of the essays) the article by Simona Venezia, *L’istante che si arresta: la prospettiva ontologico-ermeneutica del concetto di gioco*²⁸. We left it to the end because Venezia ends (not that we planned it) with the same author with whom we chose to begin. And then about whom we chose to remain silent: Paul Celan, who through his poetic *resistance* somehow became a living symbol of what writing poetry after Auschwitz can (and should) mean.

There is poetry and poetry. Philosophy and philosophy. There are games and games.

Sieben Stunden der Nacht, sieben Jahre
des Wachens:
mit Äxten spielend,
liegst du im Schatten aufgerichteter Leichen

²⁴ L. Borzacchini, *Archeologia e destino della probabilità*, in “Logoi”, 2015, I, 3, pp. 120-42.

²⁵ M. De Caro, *Realismi, linguaggi e gioco. Intervista a cura di F. Lusito*, in “Logoi”, 2015, I, 3, pp. 115-20.

²⁶ A. Brusa, *Historia e philosophia ludens. Intervista a cura di A. Caputo*, in “Logoi”, 2015, I, 3, pp. 177-79.

²⁷ J. Rohbeck, *‘Un pensiero in gioco’ e ‘Philosophia ludens’*, in “Logoi”, 2015, I, 3, pp. 180-82.

²⁸ In “Logoi”, 2015, I, 3, pp. 62-71.

- o Bäume, die du nicht fällst! -
zu Häupten den Prunk des Verschwiegenen
den Bettel der Worte zu Füßen,
liegst du und spielst mit den Äxten -
und endlich blinkst du wie sie.
[P. Celan, *Mit äxten spielend*]

Seven hours of night, seven years of waking:
playing with axes,
you lie in the shadow of propped-up corpses
–o trees that you do not fell!–
at your head the pageantry of the unspoken,
at your feet the beggary of words,
you lie there, playing with the axes–
and at last you are shiny like them.
[P. Celan, *Playing with Axes*]

There is the game of battle-axes, which shines of death: and it is not a game, but «a shadow of corpses», those corpses that yesterday and today press at the borders of our «glitzy and purposeful silences», and our chatty and confused words (*Bettel der Worte*). And this *Mit Axten spielend*, this timeless gerund (*playing with axes*) subtracts the game from life (as well as life from the game). It subtracts the game from children (and children from the game of their land and their culture). It subtracts trunks from axes, and work from hands, drying up countries and civilizations. It subtracts transparency from words and simplicity from silences. A game in which, in the end, we are all accomplices. Because this game with axes is not only played by others, but by us. We are *Mit äxten spielend*.

However, playing is not just this. And we, too, can, always, put ourselves at play otherwise. All of us.

PLAYTIME: die Fenster, auch sie,
lesen dir alles Geheime
heraus aus den Wirbeln
und spiegeln
ins gallertäugige Drüben,
doch
auch hier,
wo du die Farbe verfehlst, schert ein Mensch aus, entstummt,
wo die Zahl dich zu äffen versucht,
ballt sich Atem, dir zu,
gestärkt
hält die Stunde inne bei dir,
du sprichst,
du stehst,
den vergleichnisten Boten
aufs härteste über
an Stimme
an Stoff²⁹.

PLAYTIME: the windows, they too,
read you all that secrecy
from your whirls
and mirror it
in the jelly-eyed beyond,
but
here too,
where you miss the color, a human sheers off, unmuted,

²⁹ P. Celan, *Playtime*, in *Schneepart*, in *Gedichte II*, Suhrkamp, Frankfurt a.M., 2000¹³, p. 386.

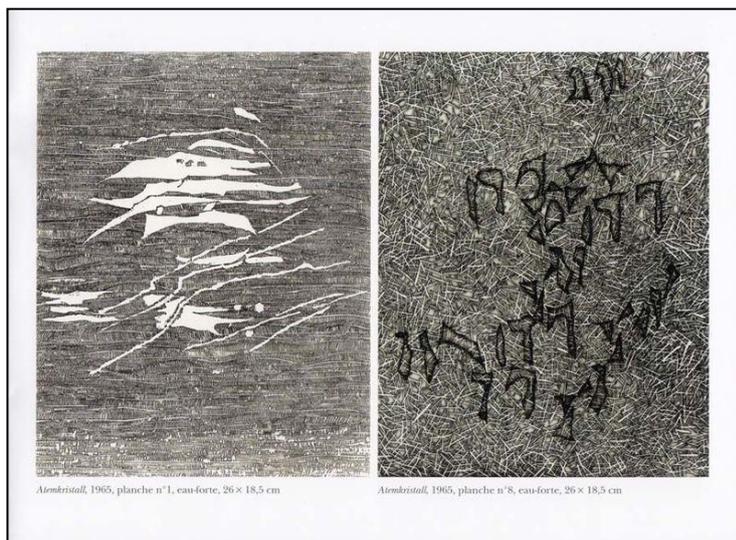
where the number tries to ape you,
breath clots, toward you,
strengthened
the hour stops next to you,
you speak,
you stand,
most firm above
the parabelized messengers
by voice
by matter.

Simona Venezia comments: «only in the incalculable and unpredictable moment of the imperfect game do you play really, (...) in the experience of a time finally lived to the full, and not only as a functionalist criterion of something, (...) an always imperfect and incomplete time, that is at the same time a word»³⁰.

And, so, in our time, in the time of migration, in an imperfect and incomplete way, ‘we speak’ and still we wait. We wait for thinkers and poets who can still and newly involve us. And we write. And we collect writings. Without triumphalism. Without fatalism. Because (still and always) it is the only thing that is permitted to thought. «But writing a life is another story. Incompletion»³¹.

With masts sung earthwards
the sky-wrecks drive.
Onto this woodsong
You hold fast with your teeth.
You are the songfast
pennant.

Mit erdwärts gesungenen Masten
fahren die Himmelwracks.
In dieses Holzlied
beißt du dich fest mit den Zähnen.
Du bist der diedfeste
Wimpel
[P. Celan, *Atemkristall*]



³⁰ Ivi, p. 71.

³¹ P. Ricoeur, *Memory, History, Forgetting*, Engl. Transl. University of Chicago Press, London, 2004, p. 506.