

**CAN YOU HEAR? IT IS UNHEARD OF. PART 2.  
CONTINUE LISTENING**

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**existential psychotherapy**

**phenomenology**

**inexpressible**

**Summary:** The dark side of every relationship, including the therapeutic one, is „diverging in silence”. The silence must be listened to so that it leads to word. For that, the „listening from afar” is needed. „Listening from close perspective” is too short for the unheard-of that we live with to speak up in a meeting that heals. The article is a continuation of research undertaken in Part 1, titled “I am listening. Could you repeat?”. Just as there, here the method of research is phenomenology. The result of it is the thesis that only by “not believing his or her own ears” can the psychotherapist cope with the task of “taking at least some of the inner burden” of the patient who speaks to them - also when being silent.

„Au mois de juin 1942, un officier allemand s’avance vers un jeune homme et lui dit: «Pardon, monsieur, où se trouve la place de l’Étoile?». Le jeune homme désigne la côté gauche de sa poitrine“ [1, s. 11]<sup>1</sup>

In the morning, every time when she was leaving the house – recalls her childhood Herta Müller — her mother, standing by the gate, would ask her the question: *Hast du ein Taschentuch*. Each time she did not have it, and because she did not have it, she would go back to her room and take it along. *Each morning I did not have the handkerchief, because each morning I was waiting for my mom’s question*. The handkerchief was a proof of her concern. The question: *Hast du ein Taschentuch*, asked in a hoarse voice, expressed her affection indirectly. Expressed directly it could have hurt; *something like that could not have happened among peasants*. So was the love *disguised as love?* *Each morning I was standing*

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<sup>1</sup> „In June 1942, a German officer approaches a young man with a question: «Excuse me sir, where is the Square of the Star?». The young man points at the left side of his chest”.

*by the gate, once without the handkerchief and once with the handkerchief. Only then would I go on to the street; as if I had my mother with me along with the handkerchief* [2, 3].

### 1. Heard-of. Listened-to?

Let's imagine that we are looking at this starting ritual from aside. What do we see? We see a few years old girl, or maybe a teenager, and a woman who is probably her mother if they live under one roof, in a house behind a common gate. It is morning time; the child hurries to leave to the street, the mother stops her with a question, asked stiffly. The girl turns back, as if she was given an order, and then again she is by the gate, behind which she disappears. She has a handkerchief along. Each day begins the same way.

What would we think? What could we? That the child does her thing and the mother hers? That the girl is absent-minded and the mother keeps reins on her? That the one is a daydreamer and the other stands firmly on the ground? The child has many things on her mind and the mother just one? That the girl wouldn't dare to object to her mother and that's why she turns back without a word and, guessing what her thoughts are, she does what she should according to the other? Looking at this scene from a side, just like now: we have a certain view in front of us, we catch it on a thought and with words – so looking this way from beyond the scene, on which life is performed, which is not our life, will we hear love disguised as a question? And in the handkerchief, will we see the mother who is present, although she is not there? What kind of ear is needed to hear something disguised as something else? For example affection immersed in hoarseness, love behind a curtain of words that accept no objection, longing for someone in defiant actions, presence in spite of absence? An ear that listens further than one can see?

Let us stay some more time with Herta Müller. In her essay entitled „Each Language Has Different Eyes”<sup>2</sup> she writes about language that it has never been and is nowhere, in any time, *an apolitical space, as it cannot be separated from what people do with other people. It always lives in a particular situation, every time one must listen from it what it intends anew. In that inseparability from action it becomes binding or unacceptable, beautiful or ugly, one could also say good or evil. Each language, it means each way of speaking, has different eyes* [highlighted by M.O.] [5, p. 38]. — If language cannot be separated from action nor from the eye which shows the language and acts as well [4], then it also cannot be separated from the ear that sees while listening, and by seeing imagines what it means that it sees and says. The language feeds upon what has been seen and heard and causes an effect, and that, giving to-see and to-hear, pays the debt, feeding – well or wrong – the language that brings it into being. The ear, just like the language, is not apolitical, because *it cannot be separated from what people do with other people*. The ear, hearing, does not one thing to others. How to listen in order to hear well?

Following Franz Kafka, in the first part of our phenomenological research, we differentiated listening from afar and listening from close perspective. We said that the first one, as it comes from a further perspective, is unclear; the other, as it is short, makes clear

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<sup>2</sup>One year ago, as I was writing „Genealogies of Psychotherapy. Fragments of Existential Discourse”, I entitled one of the chapters „What does the Eye Say by Sticking Out the Tongue” [4]. I did not know Müller's essay at that time, but there was a secret bond that already then tied me to its author. It was given away by the words, in which only later did I recognize the course of things.

what it does-hear. Let us add now: in listening from afar there is all the time (*all the tenses/ mix with me in that/ bottomless pit from which/ I drink until/ the mouth* [6, p. 359]); in listening from close perspective — the current moment that has to forget the past moment (which it followed) and the future one (that will replace it), to have no doubt on what it hears. It is not strange then that listening from afar, as it is listening with time, is a long listening and seems to have no end (where does time begin, where does it end?). One can listen shortly only when one has no time. One listens briefly then (I have-heard) and hastily (say no more); clearly (I have-heard with my own ears), but how about correctly? Short listening has no time for hearing the unheard-of.

When he was alive — Herta Müller recollects her parents' marriage – her mother would get angry with her father for putting small screwdrivers into the cutlery drawer. She would say that *this is no place for tools and it has to be cleared up*. When he died, they would remain there, but now in peace. *The view of the screwdrivers did not disturb the mother anymore. As their owner was not sitting at the table anymore, at least his tools should be placed by the cutlery* [5, p. 14]. — Listening to mute things – non-sense-things? The silence of, let's say, plants, until they speak with the words of the Bible: *Bear ye one another's burdens* — just as those watermelons then, to that peasant child, who was looking at their drooped heads, resting on the fat fields (*They take a burden that they wouldn't be able to bear if they were to rely only on themselves* [7, p. 81]), it was looking and hearing at the Word of God come into being, so listening to the silence – unheard-of? Listening with eyes which look further than they hear – in-expressible?

## 2. Inexpressible

In the family house of Herta Müller there was a lot of silence. *The more someone was able to keep silent* — she recollects — *the more distinct was their presence* [7, p. 74]. All self-contained, they guarded the inexpressible and the unspeakable from the spoken. By keeping silent, was everything spoken, without omitting anything? How can one bear everything and not break down? — She admired *the plants with hairy, creeping, too thin stems, dented, scratchy leaves and fruits the size of the head, whose face of bright flesh is growing to the inside* [7, p. 81]. How would it be, she thought, if people, just like pumpkins or watermelons, were able to *diminish a bit their inner burden*? In her house this was impossible: *Everyone bore in their head their own staircase, on which the silence walked up and down. We passed each other by in silence* [highlighted by M.O.] [7, p. 83].

Everything that we bear on ourselves (voiced or unvoiced) is too large to be picked for a word, seen with an eye or heard with own eyes. — *Does trying to learn something about them, based on the way they shake off the crumbs have sense* – you asked, recollecting a train trip; people would get on and off; one of the women was having a ham croissant and shook off the crumbs after each bite; another was eating a baguette and did what the other had done, but only after she had eaten everything [8, p. 127]. How does your trial differ from those others, when from the heard-of one tries to express everything? Words; aren't they the crumbs of who you are, and your speech but a way of shaking off the crumbs? *Speaking, thinking, writing* — you answer — *are and will remain just makeshift remedial measures, they will never capture what has happened, even approximately [...]. One can just see through fragments of reality, and even they, each time when I try to do this, are different. Think*

*clearly, so that things begin to glitter truly* [8, p. 135]? — Listen, so that things begin to murmur? Look so that they cast shade? Think and so that keep alive the dispute between what there is and what there is for me: unheard-of yet heard, unspeakable yet expressed, invisible yet seen?

*The disproportion between how little I mean and the enormity of the world is shocking to me* [9, p. 147]. So counting on whatever something: something seen, something heard, something said (would be best if in order and with no digressions: *After this beginning – they said – please proceed to facts* [10, p. 93]), to be able to reduce “a bit our inner burden” (as the field does it, on which the plants with too big heads climb so that they “do not break their necks) would be a naivety if it is not a harm (*A story? No, no stories. Not anymore* [10, p. 93]). Everything that we bear on ourselves can be balanced only with everything. For that all the time is needed? — *Until today I feel ashamed when I realize how little I understood then. I am surprised to what small degree I saw in the present the luggage that by passing by it has left for me for the future. What is later is not interested with the division between the past and the present. The time recalled from then and the one from today, which begins every day to be the recollected one, do not move through the memory chronologically, but as different faces of things. All the time meetings of new details take place, they involve in new connections all the time, in every constellation they look differently. The lowest dimension of things runs through the head. From time’s perspective, everything seems shamelessly new in the face of knowledge, acquired by a person on that subject. The lowest dimension of things bargains with the present exactly about what at some other time was not necessary to do and not worth speaking. Mixing with the present uncovers revealingly the third, fifth or twentieth face of an earlier time, unskillfully hidden tangle, which at that time was too close or too far from the eyes. The memory has its own calendar: what is distant in time, could be recent past as a yesterday event. I could say: I meet my past in the present, in the incessant catching and releasing* [8, p. 106].

For the listening that values clarity and that is why it is short (with every following moment it would risk the uncertainty if the heard-of is the same as the being-heard), the speech that does not utter a sound is impossible to hear. Yet what had or has had a voice penetrates into things that seem soundless to us. By being the environment of those who have lived or are still living, they preserve their traces. The fleeting listening, just as fleeting seeing, will overlook and not hear them. To hear from them what intend or have intended those for whom they were a part of their world, listening from afar is needed. Listening from afar needs time. Not in terms of having the time, but in the meaning of being within the time, listening attentively to what is now being voiced in order to listen to that which is also speaking, but unclearly.

*sometimes only the grief remains that will  
lead you to the end holding  
your hand like a mother holds her child’s  
if you did not have her  
it will be instead of  
her<sup>3</sup>*

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<sup>3</sup> M.Opoczyńska. *zanim*, Niepublikowane; 2014-2016, p. 366

### 3. Unheard-of

*We are not totally present in our lives* [11, p. 230], so we are easy to overlook, not hear, overhear, take for someone else, or mishear, hear the wrong way and hurt. Each act of listening does something else, as it does not see the same. Listening that considers everything there is, although not for us, does not believe its ears. It knows that it will not find everything in them, that everything hides between what has been heard (seen, said) and is unheard-of. That is why it is listening all the time to catch between what it hears, what it cannot hear; what used to be ourselves although it is not anymore today, or what is disguised as something else. The listening that counts on what is certain for us, has to be satisfied with the heard-of. It can hear, but does it hear us?

„It hurts”, she repeated every time we saw each other. „It hurts all the time”, she would answer when I asked what hurts and when. I could not believe my ears, because I remembered that she laughs when she does not know that I am looking at her. Does she not want me to forget her pain and that is why she reminds me of it? Maybe she is afraid of finishing the therapy and extends it by repeating her complaint? „It hurts all the time”, she would say, and I repeated in my thoughts: It hurts all the time? Time hurts? All? The past and the future? It hurts now? — I began to listen to what she is saying and not to what I think she is saying. As if what I hear did not count, but it counted that I am listening; not only to what she is saying, but that she is saying everything. Since then, what she did not want to remember of, what she thought had died a long time ago, for what enough had been said, had slowly begun to be voiced. Yet the forgotten wants to be remembered and tries in pain to enforce its rights. The unheard-of hurts all the time.

Today, when I return with my memory to those days, I find the moment when the time began to flow for both of us again. I remember how one day, reading Simone Weil, I bumped into the passage: *When wrong is being done to a person, a cry comes out from his or her inside: «Why are they doing me harm?».* He or she is often wrong while trying to realize what harm is being done, who is doing it and why. *But the cry is infallible.* [12, p. 165]. I understood then that my “not-me” in the answer to her complaint: “it’s-you”, made her pain stronger. She wanted to be near the one who caused her the pain. She missed the one “who hurt”? It does not matter that it was not me. The desire for closeness was stronger from what we call the truth. The pain gave her support because it would not let her down. It did not console her, but it was in the same place as she was.

*the look that it carries on itself is not  
visible in every step  
the invisible  
closes its eyes  
it looks  
at the same<sup>4</sup>*

Another patient of another therapist, a young man living with an old mother, dreams that he is walking through the fields on a wide meadow, and this way reaches a house, covered with a thatch. He goes inside and sees that the mother is standing on the top of it. He

<sup>4</sup> M.Opoczyńska. *zanim*, Niepublikowane; *before*. *Unpublished* 2014-2016, s. 365

looks at her movements and recognizes that she is ripping off the roofing. Beyond the reach of her sight and hands, a fire begins. He is about to call her, show with his hand the place that threatens them when he realizes that he cannot utter a voice and his hands, as if made of stone, would not listen to his intentions. — „I think” — says the therapist to me during supervision — „that the patient dreamt of therapy. He is afraid of me, he recognizes someone who threatens him in me. I told him that and he said I was right”. — Right. I disbelieve this time that the patient dreamt so that he could say the therapist was right. Therefore I listen on, trying to hear the one speaking to me through the dreamy image. „this way or another, he is losing the roof above his head” — I think. Does he not dream his terror; he, who for years has been ill with an unidentified neurological disease that attacks his limbs? — „We do not talk about this” — says the therapist when I share with her what I have just heard. „He says that the disease is not a problem for him, maybe some time ago, at the beginning, but now not anymore”. — *Everything that has happened influences everything that may still happen* — I recollect the words of Imre Kertész. *It cannot be erased from time, it cannot be erased from the process that for the lack of a better word is called fate* [11, p. 308]. Dreaming of a house with a roof above his head, that he loses, does the patient dream his fate? And, in a sense, our human fate as well, since the vault of the house we live in, calling it our own, is the time that will come for everyone [13]? History, noted Emmanuel Lévinas in 1934, trying to hear the unheard-of that penetrated his time, *is but the deepest limitation, a fundamental limitation; the time of the human existence's condition is above all the condition of irreversibility. An accomplished fact, carried by the following present, escapes the human's power forever, but it remains to burden his fate* [14, p. 6]. — Escapes but burdens, so it is still present, but now disguised as something else. The handkerchief as a mother. The screwdrivers among spoons and forks instead of a marital quarrel, voiceless watermelons — the Word of God, a yellow star on the chest of a young man instead of kisses among the stars, on the square, of those previously in love. *Is it possible that the handkerchief question never related to the handkerchief, but to the burning loneliness of a human?* [3, p. 17].

Every time a patient comes to visit us he hopes that the unheard-of that he lives with will be listened to. Just to hear what he is saying is not enough to lessen his inner burden. The heard-of is just an echo of all that there is and that he is carrying, and what lets itself be recognized: seen, heard, said - only to a small degree. (*What sentences could be used to describe the transformation of a loss into an object which for no understandable reasons begs to have the lost person projected into itself*<sup>5</sup>). To reduce the inner burden, does one have to experience it oneself? Not in the way that you just know about it, but in the way that it touches you and weighs you down, just as the fat field is weighed down by the heads supported by it, too heavy for the fragile sprouts to carry them. It is in a way “putting yourself in the shoes of the other” but not in such a way as to swap places with that person (which is impossible), but to be in the place that he or she is in already, and carrying

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<sup>5</sup>A memory of the only son of her grandmother, torn apart on a mine during the war, was an accordion. *No one could free the grandmother from the burden of losing her child. Just as to me the apricot trees were a memory of the dead father, for her the accordion was a memory of her dead son. The accordion was an object left by him that was supposed to represent him [...]. In silence would she gaze at it the way you gaze at the saints in a church and ask them for help without words. She had her dead son in the middle of the house, she forgot that the accordion cannot be human, that the accordion does not care to whom it belongs. How is it possible that she would mistake the accordion for her son?* [7, p. 91].

everything not to his or her measure, awaits somebody who would be able to lessen his or her *inner burden* (just as the soil which accepts the burden of the drooping heads, on the fragile lines of the fate).

*Most people believe — you wrote — that it is enough to go about the present intensively to forget the past* [8, p. 121]. — Do they not try this way to lessen the burden that the time places on their shoulders with what was lived and not lived through, past and being as a possibility? *My experience says, on the other hand — you write further — that the past comes back the more persistently, the more the present becomes the center of attention [...]. Only without the present could I have my head free from the past* [8, p. 121]. — The time, I am thinking along you, casts a net for everything that drops into it. We thrash around in the inflow of the days and the outflow of the nights in the hope that we will be able to forget it. Yet the remains of the past scattered in the corners are still keeping the traces of those days. I still feel them and that is why I know I exist. When does the it has already been start?

*where does the time hide*

*if not much*

*is needed that*

*it comes back to me in the rain*

*of memories changing*

*every now into*

*rapid stream of life*

*with which*

*it flow<sup>6</sup>*

To put myself in the place of a patient who, just like myself, carries everything with him- or herself, it is to share the time which I am with the time that falls on me the moment he or she arrives. Of course, I am not ready for this meeting (is anyone?), because what may happen now has never happened before (*One lives in such an unsatisfactory way, because one always enters the present unprepared, unable to do anything, absent-minded* [15, p. 23]). And when I am thinking that yes, this has already taken place, it has been already seen, already heard, do I not try to escape the unheard-of that burdens me, because I do not trust that we will be able to carry it together with the patient? *So the unhappy are not being listened to. They are in the situation of someone, who has had his tongue cut off, but would sometimes forget his disability. They move their lips, but no sound comes out of them that could reach our ears. So soon they become unable to use the tongue because of the certitude that nobody will hear them* [12, p. 163].

When she was fourteen, her sister died. She recollects that since then her mother, looking at her, would say that her sister was better at this or that. She was looking at her and seeing the other. The loneliness of a child, whose face was covered by the face of the dead one, reflected in the eyes of the mother. She keeps speaking while being silent. To hear her, is to see?

*what is not reachable floats*

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<sup>6</sup> M. Opoczyńska. *zanim, Niepublikowane; before. Unpublished 2014-2016, s. 358*

*in the air and heads for  
whatever it wants*

*like the wind like the smoke  
like the soul that you do  
not have although  
it hurts<sup>7</sup>*

The child, ten years old today, has had the same dream for a few years. It is in a room that becomes smaller and smaller every moment, it loses the windows and the door, finally it reaches the size of the bed. The bed, the size of the mother, becomes the whole world. The ambiance is fear that wakes her up with a cry. On the threshold of dream and reality – the mother with the phone; she takes photos to show the psychologist “the child’s perturbations”. The child is not speaking. It dreams its dream about being in the body of the mother. Is that because of longing for “I am listening” that would “take it into its arms”?

*in front of the mother’s eyes closed  
since birth  
the first  
love<sup>8</sup>*

She locked her sexuality inside her as a punishment for not being able to free it from the story, in which she came to this world. When she was trying to erase the memories of men, by whose side she woke up as a woman, she would meet insensitivity that she tried to resuscitate with efforts for what was impossible. Wanting to forget, she wanted the impossible. She had been instead of herself before she came back to herself in the story she lived.

Since his childhood he would „toil close to death”, he says as years have passed. His passion were motorcycles. When he was eighteen, for „saved money he constructed a foldaway”. That day, in the summer, two class colleagues asked him for keys. He gave them to them and he never saw neither one of them nor the foldaway again. The one who then survived, also died in an accident a few years later. He himself remained alive and is now reaching his sixtieth birthday. He has come for support, because he cannot forgive himself that he agreed to the manager’s offer and signed an agreement to terminate the work contract. He is not convinced with the arguments of his nearest that it was a good decision, because „at least he received the severance pay”, Those who had not signed the agreement, were also fired but did not receive the pay. Since he has not been working, he cannot sleep. He cannot forgive himself that for the pay he agreed to leave the job. „I could have been working on” he repeats and I hear as if he was saying: „they could have been living on, if I had not dismissed them with the keys for death”. From the love to what costs life, his passion.

„He keeps coming back to the beginning”, tells me a therapist, tired with the therapy of a man which, according to her, should be by now reaching its end. Three years of the therapy have passed and “he keeps complaining about the same thing”. The therapist would like to finish the therapy, and the patient “keeps coming back to the beginning”. “Why does is

<sup>7</sup> M. Opoczyńska. *zanim*, Niepublikowane; *before*. *Unpublished* 2014-2016, s. 365

<sup>8</sup> M. Opoczyńska. *zanim*, Niepublikowane; *before*. *Unpublished* 2014-2016, s. 346

he coming back to the beginning?” — I am thinking, supposing that something important must be there if he keeps coming back there. „What were his beginnings?”, I ask and as an answer I hear that before he was born his parents, elderly already, had not expected a child. There had been already eight children in the poor home and “nobody was waiting for more”. Is he coming back to the beginning in the hope that he will finally meet there someone who is waiting for him? „When we talk about his mother” — mentions the therapist, „he always begins to feel unwell. He says that he feels dizzy, nauseated, he begins to feel anxious because it seems to him that in a moment he will get a heart attack and die”. Does the memory of the mother awaken the fear of death? Does he come back to the beginning hoping for life that awakens then?

Rudi’s great-grandmother used to be called „The Twig”. She had a thin braid that would hang on her back. Her husband died at a young age, not being ill before. She would wander through the village and in each man she would look for her husband’s face. *It is not you*, she would say looking into his eyes. And when one day she heard from someone who *knew it all* that her husband had died a long time before, she burst into tears and run to the forest. She stayed and finally died there. Her child who was three years old at that time became a carpenter when it grew up. In each piece of wood it would sculpt a face; as long as a fright would appear [16, p. 29]

*Four legends speak of Prometheus* — wrote Franz Kafka and began to consecutively quote the first, second, third and finally the fourth one. According to the last one *it was enough of the one that lost the reason for being. The gods were weary, the eagles were weary, the wound healed. Only the rocky mountains remained. The legend* — he concludes — *tries to investigate what is uninvestigated. And as it takes its beginning from the depth of truth, it has to find its end in the uninvestigated.* [17, p. 295]. — Is it not the same with the unheard-of? If we want to hear the unheard-of, starting with the beginning which encloses everything [18], does our listening not have to find its end in the unheard-of?

So I keep on listening, because only this way am I capable of psychotherapy’s calling to diminish a little the inner burden of a patient. The calling. Who is calling? Calling all the time?

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