

Naked Punch believes in the necessity of intellectual hope and the theoretic-practical acceleration of development to fight the latent crisis of this young twenty-first century. It calls for the possibility of a horizon, the possibility of a vision, a millennial promise all too neglected in contemporary day-by-day mercenary politics and intellects, sailors busying themselves around a ship still to leave the harbour with few bearings other than the will to survive.

Naked Punch aims to present original writings and musings of today's generation while offering a tribute to their influence and sources of inspiration. It strives to reveal new talents: philosophers and artists walking hand-in-hand, rubbing shoulders with already established thinkers and theoreticians.

It is obvious that, while wishing to keep track of the constant evolution of thought in our time, this journal does not pretend to be a mirror of the development of ideas and practices on a global scale. It focuses on a region of meaning and, like a humble spotlight offers an enlightened perspective on this realm albeit a 'local' one.

Naked Punch, however, seeks not to favour specific modes of expression or communication. It does not limit itself to the status of a neutral observer of developments in contemporary philosophy, (the "philosophical") art, (the "artistic") or politics (the "political"). No, it appropriates these mediums of discourse, accepting all available interlocutions. In the magic hat of its pages, it conjures up a hotchpotch of philosophy, literature, theatre, art, music, political and social critique, wishing to relate them to one another and all to the present; consciously attempting to force the boundaries between disciplines and thus the boundaries of expression. It is a force applied to the thin cords separating disciplinary arrangements and voyeuristically being-there to register the resulting harmonies. It wants to poke at the sectarian dislocation of expression too often present in current thought.

Hence, in the present issue, Shusterman's article on Bourdieu as a philosophe impolitique, Simon Webster's poetico-philosophical musings superimposed (actually, physically) on art, where the drawings have as much to say as the actual text, Drew Milne's aphoristic philosophy of the poetical and Di Paolo's article on the aesthetic and political implications of Frank Zappa's music.

Naked Punch is not primarily an expository magazine. We do not aim to bring to a wider audience these issues in a semi-diluted manner. The present journal is a collection of writings as unadulterated expression, lines having an aim and embodying the author's views, soul and intellectual development. It does, however, include a tribute to those thinkers or ideas greatly influencing us: hence Simon Critchley's piece on Derrida and Maria Grasso's rediscovery of the sadly neglected Saint Simon.

So where is the magazine coming from? Who is speaking and from where? I will refrain to say 'from language'—instead, its influences are twofold:

First, there is the origin. This journal originates from the vicissitudes of the Postanalytic Group in London—the group made its own an original magazine, with only one issue, born from nowhere and waiting for a bride, called Naked Punch, thereby planting its seed. These pages are thus contaminated by the endeavours and interests of the group. In brief, it sweats unease towards strictly analytical means of proceeding in a philosophical investigation, it does not believe in too sharp a division between and in-between words and arts and it does feel the whole weight of emptiness, the brutal nihilistic burden of inactivity. It feels immobility; it understands the threat of torpid stagnation through the retreat of all vital concerns. The main threat to our generation is a temptation for hara-kiri in an empty universe of useless facades hiding nothing. Or to become the sort of creatures who thrive in nothingness, substituting the

politically correct for the human, living by rules of engagement that, far from structuring the confrontation, pose guidelines to its mediatic transmission only.

Naked Punch then takes contemporary philosophy and art seriously, though by no means subjugating itself to its dicta; hence in this issue the tribute to Derrida and an interview with Arthur Danto, one of the fiercest advocates of contemporary art and its philosophical relevance today.

Second, there is the expansion. As soon as the magazine was conceived it started asking for greater self-determination, attracting people, ideas and directions. This created an evolutionary spiral delineating the present journal, able to argue its case and change the editors' opinions. The relation is splendidly reciprocal—the magazine is selected by the editors, who are in turn shaped by the magazine. We aim at attracting contributors from around the world bringing, to the extent possible, a non-ethnocentric feel to Naked Punch; we are delighted to receive, show and understand the current and pressing concerns present in geographical regions other than the West, looking for synergies and differences, guide, advance warnings and, perhaps at times, a lucid mirror image of ourselves. In the pages that follow you will be able to read Kyoo Lee's translation of contemporary Korean poet Choi Yong-mi together with her original interpretation and analysis and West Indian artist/poet Vincent Bernard's verses.

The project—Naked Punch—is an attempt at revitalising, bringing together and promoting emerging thinkers and performers, in no way being limited to the publication of a magazine. The Postanalytic Group holds fortnightly meetings where philosophy, literature and thought in general become a pastiche of clay moulded by a sixteen-handed deity. The “physical” branch of Naked Punch is embodied by a number of events associated with the launch of each new issue. Theatre, cinema and music do not find their preferred medium in the printed word and we therefore try to stage plays, shoot and show new cinema, and organise evenings, gatherings, parties, where all the oh so necessary expressions of thought come together under the same roof from twilight to the crack of dawn.

Naked Punch is the motor for the development of those working, contributing, and participating in the project as well as, we hope, the reader and those who attend our events. It is important that you do not approach this magazine with a consumer-to-product predisposition, waiting to be amused or instructed. Come on board, curse us, kiss us, this magazine is a gift probably to be welcomed with too much indifference. Read and react, the call to arms is audibly resounding— no, not now, it is no longer time for another hour of sleep, it is not time for another hour of television, eyes open, they are declaring bankruptcy, what now? ...

I realise this may seem serious and dramatic. Trust me, necessarily so. But open on page, it will crack a smile.

Lorenzo Marsili-Bisi