Patrick Farmer

The speaker is silenced before his crowd.
Wishing to be the quiet. I cannot. I do not exist. It does not. It is what I want to tell you. What it has taught me. I cannot. You will not hear. Listen. Or you will reply. I will not hear. Listen. Or gesture. Call names. I want to tell you you have nothing to say. There is nothing to say. How do I tell you that. If I am quiet. You become louder.
How do I tell you that I am being quiet. And how will you hear. Are you listening.

In order to be your silent I must not. Then you will listen. I will moan anemic. Boneless not I. Empty. Will you listen. Not I. Though I cannot tell you. What are you listening for. To. Against. If I tell you not to listen you will find another way.
The silent horizon is a deafening anticipation. We can never know. Thus we can never quiesce. Focus. Attend. We must attend in no order of silence we must attend to a certain noise. I didn't see a reflection. Until I saw Manet. But surely he heard. In consideration we are noise. You stop walking. Hear. Then open folds of a laminated map. In order to once again approach. Begin again. The balance inside balance. Quiet. My shadow it moves. Attend.

Salt expands. Contracts. Peals shadows out of polis and grace. Power flattens bald to barking. Think of all the parallels between the salt of the sea. The hairs of the cochlea. Salt impinges. A thirst of the oceans membrane of hairs. The hair that understands silence. A dead percentage of ears. The myriad spirals of a species of cochleae. Any recording is a reminder of the open. I sat in my car with its windows uptight. Where is the recording of this. Forty minutes later I could not hear the birds. I did not leave. I have no idea what it was I must have been recording. Though it had stopped. I need to record. To remember what it can be to be quiet.
In the same instance. Perhaps more so. In its referential multiplicity and association. Writing. We are not yet as familiar. For reasons outlined all over. Keep moving.

Two inherently living alternatives. Knowing what a room sounds like before you enter in imputations of significance. His sensual ear listens not one way. A strata of impenetrability. Listening to every angle and distance between two shapes. Look at me. I am silent. They are not talking for us. This silence grants power they do not wish for. Or need.
Is it intrusion. Mind says so. Is it intrusion. Move away and is it still. What are we now listening to. If so. Why. To the point why. Does it mean that much. The quarelling ears. Cones fling mud. As to break a fall. For a moment break and think for a moment. After all this. Get this far and we still do it. Need it. So many elevate ourselves. In the process. Can we treat this as what it is not. As we do not know in any place.
Evidently. I am yet to listen. Are we that desperate for beauty. The word. Still. Are eyes closed.
Analogously. Staring. Are we now liberated. Once it finishes stops outside mind. The moment is it takes for ears to adjust. From limitation.

A microphone screams to be heard. I have to leave. I do. Not that everything can be heard should be heard. Who would want to. Look. He moves in curves. Quiet right to. One should listen to stop moving. Albeit lines or curves. A confusion of ears. Is this the collective noun. The singular perplexion. This natural state. Natural. For what it is. Surely if we could close them by now. Would not wake up when someone whistles. Coincidently. To silence the gruff. Snort. Too many. The opposite of the ear. Magnificent. Whatever it is. Listen to listen more. The sea does not suffer diminution. Though it will dry up. Will we still. Here to take its place in the ear of things.

I say I am more critical of. There is a paradox here. Field recordings. Of sound. Than of writing. Regardless of degrees of equivalency in emotion. Because. And again. Regardless. Of how much 'I' of process. The result. Bears little of myself. A state I would usually bend towards in rapturous proclivity. Do certain words remind people of places. I suppose one could say the name. Proust. And a number of individuals will hear the spoon clinking on the plate. Where. The railway of hammers. Collisions of trains. Where. That is not it. Truly. The double. So vast in number. Such terror of tautology. As I am my own double as are these recordings. All four. No exception. Mr Golyadkin felt and distinctly understood that they were taking him for something different and not looking at him in the proper light at all. Allow me to ask you. In whose presence you are making this explanation. Before whom are you standing. In whose room are you. Four feet. Many layers. The result bears more of myself than it did the last.

Into how many puddles does one have to stare before recognising pattern. The double serves to extend the mind beyond the range of the mind. These recordings reignite my initial interest. To a point. I am not my initial interest. Layers continue to sit like moss. Though I am not so sure what this entails. These recordings are. My time. I struggle to recognise within them. The present. Is this position reserved for the recordist. I do not know what it is I am hearing. Even though I have heard. Its double. Before. Silence is said to keep things open. These recordings may facilitate the accumulation of strata. Let's says of consciousness. Mania. Over time and rivers. Picking one pocket and putting it in the other consequentially. Back and forth. If one is seeking any quiet. Any form of this untamed state. A state of inseperable in mind and body and perception to the field.
Listen to Rene Char when he says. No bird has the heart to sing in a thicket of questions. Or Fyodor Dostoevsky before him. Both knew how to use the sickle. The scythe. But knew where to put it down. Field recording is being the art of remembering and to be forgetting. A wholly ecological engagement. One of tensions. Thus. A cultivation of a concrescent bower. As familiar as a face in a mirror. As reckless as a face in a mirror. As plurivalent. As unknowable. A mutation of childlike naievity. A totality of the animate and inanimate of objects. The Goethian sense of delicateness engendered in spending time with the humanist of ecologies. A by-product of so often a pre-cursor to a kind of varied expression and representation.

Seven sounding objects rehearse in the same sets of instants. A deluge of the embracing environment the calling imagination. For Cage, Atleast in 1961. Experiences, Gotten as they are all at once. Passed beyond our understanding. I should imagine that this did not change. If anything. We lived for another thirty one years. The effect only increased. As everything we encounter and create in our reactions to these encounters piles up in all directions exponetially. Not to mention that which we do not experience. Or cannot. How wonderful.