

Environment and relation: William Carlos Williams, a multiplicity of field.

Focusing on environment in the poems of William Carlos Williams—subsequently bringing into place apparently disparate theoretical propositions—attempts to elucidate the perceptive everyday through disposition of imagination (seeping down to the minutiae of myriad preparative interpretation). Whilst embroiled in milieu, built up over many years of ‘loving participation in environment’, an impression is felt, a crease in which lies a revolving application with ones imagination, of not trying to control it, of remaining aware of the imaginations dependence on a perceptual environment it has a large role in creating. There is no one-way in which to record a field, we are all involved in a continual rebuilding and demolishing of atmosphere, much like finding the resonant frequency of a room, surely there is a point to be found, where imagination and environment are inseparable, stripped of layers, vibrating of indistinguishable frequency.

The ways in which I comprehend a landscape lend themselves to a lack of speed, I find myself in protraction, experiencing as much as I can, often spending all day in one small area, ear to the ground. Exploring the sediment of a riverbed recently exposed. I can gather much in such a small and transitory area, partially driven by the knowledge that the river will rise again soon, but also in mind of the vast totality of things to be heard and experienced. In such a place I often feel like I have covered many miles, such are the labyrinthine possibilities if one takes one’s time and is open to letting the location come first over ones hopes and imagined possibilities whilst simultaneously accepting they are one and the same thing. The practise of phonography can lead to many wonderful places, remote excursions in unknowable worlds, composing scale of infinite change, remaking what is lost in mind.

Developing consilient ties in creating depth of field, a further standing. An entity in and through standing. How many steps to hear to a point. How long is one still. How long one is still. What goes through. Particular point. Number. Profundity. Disposed. Point exist regardless. Point exist.

When reading and listening to a poem and a field recording one is interpreting them in relation to the present, one’s immediate surroundings, so it is a reaction in the present via a present that once was, thus creating an infinite present, changing in accordance to the degree of change that one presents to change.

Field recording is the retelling of a present in the present, thus creating a third present. An affirmation in the joy of living things, in touching and speaking directly about ones world. Of writing ways of hearing ways of perceiving in confluence.

listening elsewhere environment

create
cancel
create. Birds induce situation.

flux. Of equilibrium.

listen. Never starts.
starts.

(~~thing~~) (~~we~~) never

I find it perceived separation
Everything is what is done
He strives to dissimilarity
in the same key
A river bank where I annex my life
New (ness) days cease to exist
duration locked away in Norse resignation
Listening in ones hearing
nothing listening listened
hearing but what is happen (ed)
Distance burns their wing never reaches
its ground
disappears realised everything
it refused
-a passage then interpreting a particular listening of a number
All sleeping is still
The same still, Lucretius moves
In response to what I heard
He all moves (all) same all times
Tail retract, ground (slights) underneath
slight left gurgle
attempting left heed
sleeping left antonyms
familiar water
absorb skin crease skin
scale talks of grace's antiquity

1 I miss words - (S)
1 I miss words - (S)

function whirl effortless unavoidable function
unavoidable repeats unavoidable
-self made void of three, still, creaking
gaps we one heave up
ground unbearable

Patrick Farmer

Fluctuations of means—in which to participate in fields. (written)

From stone to stone does, not notice there ceased to be water long ago, seems like moments, only stone moments. Of miles size and shape stone only stone shape stone size. To step off onto stone, from stone, distance spreads open shortest points, between the shortest point between the two eyes—to turn to ears. Do yet cannot hear voluntary movement of stone—turn to taste. No direction ascertained from variant melee, tongue caresses rounded topography, probing the moss of rivers, for ode was, for once can remember cannot forget, cannot remember separation of stone and water—to turn to smell. To lie amongst redolent bed, one of zero, melting, all of one of them for short time, desire to stay there put being something that one has been, is not, will be, could be, can wood be, be, have been, have to be. Perpetuation of a ceaseless longing. Forgetting ones own one, lying with self, thus rocks, staring back as they object, forth. Rocks move time, spent forever being still changing. Grow smaller, grows smaller, no growing larger, no will to power, smaller grows in co-operation of assimilation, smaller on environment, inert, perceivably. Time elapses in smell, amongst rock, in hand—smelling through fingers imperceptible over time. Leaves fall a surface over time, remain rock if cannot think in stone, in leaves, becoming stone. In their gaze stone turns to stone, is a riverbed is a bank snatched in birds mouth, elapsed in beak, rolling gums, dropped. The same place ground.

Williams' says of Shakespeare '...by writing, he escaped from the world into the natural world of his mind.' Field recording is in ways and another ways of escaping, from mind, from the natural world, in turn, no difference. To posit, in light, escape loam. All it knows of it is all it knows escape. All it exists is there, nothing else and circumference co-exist. Simultaneous its own extreme.

In perceiving a relation of one thing through another thing, the imagination will shape the reading of a thing in its own light, but it is a light that owes much of its energy to that which it is interpreting. Much the same as field recording, if we consider the disposition of the recordist as a state of imagining, evidently the location being recorded is the environment in which the imagination temporarily resides. Ones disposition, ones imagination, will enter into that environment, taking from it ones own perceptions of it – perhaps it is feasible to enter into this the supposed objectivity of the microphone and the contingent of a technology documenting events in the environment that ones own body did not consciously perceive – I would posit that recording in the field is an act of reinforcement, a process of perpetuation where parts of oneself and environment detach in relation to proximity. I would ask; is the playing back of a field recording of one space into another a playing back of a totality? A composition of oscillating intensity of reaction between two predominating factors, imagination and environment, found to be indistinguishable.

Analogous factors in the degree of reference one possesses in understanding/comprehending the prosody of the poet, the allegory and the poets life/milieu, and the disposition of the field recordist, where the microphones were placed and why, what the recordist is trying to convey, the location of the recording, the microphones used, the degree of post production and assemblage/artifice. A direct understanding of these factors does not automatically lead to a heightened degree of enjoyment of a thing, to me it seems folly to insist on a particular reading of a particular prosody, a particular meaning, of a particular listening of a particular phenomena, everything is in flux, the disposition of the poet, the field recordist, the listener, the environment which contains us as we create it—arising upon dependence of external factors—a wash of circumstance so multifaceted that it is impossible to trace a true reading or listening, leading one to turn one's body once more into the present, to live in active contact with what Williams calls "the flesh of constantly repeated permanence", moving towards a environmentally participatory idiom.

A field recording is an attempt outside in embracing the impassable. Close its lingering breath sweats, hung in refracting atmosphere. Field makes a cut between worlds.

All ways of listening to field recording
All ways of hearing to field recording
William Carlos Williams ways of listening to field recording
Listening to fields recording

(alone above) a frozen pond
it amplifies your heart beat, it hears you, body.
It is all you can hope/to hear alone
Patrick Farmer

Recording creates environment as it confounds document.
Factotum of being surrounded | all disappears in attention.

Caught (in mind)
beside the water he looks down, listens!
But discovers, still, no syllable in the confused
uproar: missing this sense (though he tries)
untaught but listening, shakes with the intensity
of his listening.

William Carlos Williams (from Paterson)

Invariably writing on bridges.
Often, I realise that field recording in its totality is a fragment of poetry.

A field recording of an empty glass
of an full glass
of a photograph
of a painting of a full glass
of an orange a field recording a staircase
poetry a fragment of (a) (thing) (things)
and relation

Is oblivion contained in totality? Each contained in one another.

Where is contained in this context?
Every association encourages contradiction.

Contain ceases to embrace and the mind abandons totality.

The rock
married to the river
makes
no sound

And the river
passes—but I remain
clamant
calling out ceaselessly
to the birds
and clouds

(listening)

Who am I?

The voice!

William Carlos Williams (from Paterson)

“clamant”

To spend always with this adjective—enfolded imagines a parallel, a field recording made under the Passaic falls, where do the dis-similarities reside? Is the room in which this poem is read as much a cause for deliberation and the uncanny as listening to a recording of the falls that such words fell from? There is no such thing as one and the same environment, so why do we seek it?

Separation exists to heighten the parallels, the arts listen from each one and other; all aspects held to light held to dark. The power of environment encapsulated in white noise, parallel found in the senses, to consume an all-engulfing rationale. All still as can be, with self, with situation, listening is all thought, how loud becomes when quiet is seen, disposition heard—understanding environment through one's understanding of another, Walt Whitman wrote of, *'an atmosphere of lovers.'*