

Now Let's Take a Listening Walk

to 'Many voices, all of them loved'

ascending the sound of the spiral then

The Divine Ear must be dissolved. Divinity is... the ponderability that compounds the inequitable and measures out breath in disposable cups. Divinity is... the missionary's boot, the microbial symphony on the soles of his boot. Divinity is... all those lifeforms without eyes and mouths that comb and branch inconceivable.

like, we really feel whales because we can hear them, because we can imitate their song and think them mimics, we want to save them they help us focus and sleep

we want to save them they prosecute whiteness surfacing smile, like

whale mouth berthing
upon ear sea
cleaver
brought to waxy
pasture endures 'chemical
cloud-mould of
audition'
number crunch
inner incinerator screeves

or, spirals disrupted, a heap of eyelashes on the pavement, crushed shells, is the family drama and these somatised drawings and sound maps, is how I tried to describe it

R quoted Joyce's 'strandentwining cable of all flesh' in a chat about navel-gazing as contemplation of the celestial placenta into which we're all plugged

around the same time we walked around time,
time's pass

we walked to Ladywell and back giving way to dogs enjoying the patter-bounce-echo of paws on the spiral bridge, like

a group exhibition of atoms, interim, stars

festooned
ahhh

sub

out

an opening

flowers spill

doors and doors and doors
sheets raised
one knot

prob

gallery closed

up on spores grow beards one knot to **bhr**, to bear
 hither, thither horn on earth to bear, bring repeatedly
 to groan in bits after the sesh
 loathes I of mind shuttering it's *ahhh*
 mortify sediment me *haḥ-haḥ-haḥ*
 letting loose affords frowny
 for constellations turned upside the
 future-filling balls
 brought against waves sky is of
 eggshells, the firmament a boat cilia sails or
 suckers or nodes departing since there's no help
aḥ-aḥ-aḥ – < *kṣa!* for a field or its defender the world as its own destruction
naḥ-naḥ-naḥ *bhr* – >reactionary spaghetti your children's children
 in the gravitational field of your bow down your doors / phonemical
 your doors / transcribable
 your doors / ventriloquize
 do sensors detect
 art – – – poodles as body does horripilate
 in face
 this piece makes me skOOsh this sled-dog chorus
 placed just so macro concerns made ~ *ṁmmṁ* ~ *ṁmmṁ* ~ *ṁmmṁ* ~
 submerge to touch
 voice pores alveolate congenital self-kissing entity
 scoop one-one up keep busy the bench of appreciation
 when, squee, rhepe cornucopious
 the unknowability of love's scales, nonbarbarism deliver us nightly

the beyond of teaching teacher voice

TEACHER: You may begin.

SOME MISSIONARY: Why not then worship my *boot*?

TANTRIC METAPHYSICIST: Boot is body. Body is boat. Why not then sail through bliss; why not then tune your body to the interruptions swimming below, the disruptions blowing above? You pave paradise and walk ungrounded.

SOME MISSIONARY: Why not then *worship* my boot?

TANTRIC METAPHYSICIST: Sound is deathless; the gramophone of the universe is never at rest. Science must invoke the analemmic swan!

SOME MISSIONARY: Why *not* then worship my boot?

TANTRIC METAPHYSICIST: ...

TEACHER (*off-stage, from above*): Two hours and twenty lightyears later, the Tantric Metaphysicist is still alive and swimming strongly. Sharks attracted by the smell of fresh blood flowering in water gather round. The exam was over.

when spelunking forgotten dreams

Stop just before the entrance, the sheet of running water or loamy smell. This is the last sunlit station; the rest is groove. The architecture of the cave helps people and animals sync up with space-time as well as with each other, like the internet shapes our built and social environments and is shaped by them. The finest paintings are far from the entrance, but no one controls the buzzer, you can call your way in. Call then; utter any silent sound or informational noise, the cave will respond. A little away, a little away; come close, come close. You can trust this voice, can you? You can hear your way to belief, the deeper you move in its stuff. Brush fingers, sticks, and bones against stalactites, compare the effects to xylophones or soundbars or whatever feels right to your sonic context. Stamp your muddy handprints on the walls, ceding your subjectivity to speleothem. Feel your way into millions of years of drip, flow, gush – never dry, never still – even if you cannot perceive the wetness and movement with your fingers, ears, nose – you can, you can. A shimmering carpet of crystals; an assemblage of golden eagles, porcelain skulls, bio-glitter, lip melt, flute, fur. Every sound in the history of space-time still resounds; every sound ever made leaves a scratch in the field; the field is the recording, every sound ever made reproducible. The air swathes warmer here, breath ripples further than you intended to go or thought possible. Maybe you'll ignite a torch to signal reciprocity; maybe you'll awake surrounded by bear scratches, horses, birdcages, shapeshifters, or by bears, artists, ceremonies, spirits. Will you dance, will you boggle, will you enter another kind of sleep? Here you are folded in; you cannot see or be seen, you are out of the state's earshot, beyond cannons and espionage. Here you can sleep for millions of years; borne by your secrets which will never be mined. You are the matter in which splendour is hidden; you are the sculptor who shrouds their work.

inside the long string instrument we vibrate

In a footnote to *Synthetic Philosophy of Contemporary Mathematics* (2012), Fernando Zalamea writes: 'The images of decantation, transfusion and distillation that recur throughout this work indicate those creative gestures by way of which, as we shall see, mathematical ideas or structures are "poured" – sometimes with the help of others, as "filters" – from one register to another, often leaving behind, as a kind of "sediment," features previously thought to be integral to them.' This footnote is the soul of this walk, which is conducted by Ellen Fullman's performance-lecture 'Constructing a Musical Phrase from the Ground Up' (2013).

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eroto-magnetic shockular
merrying that mode
of bumping
to music whilst
walking of riffing on
poem-machines
anti-grave
licence universal
all one has to do is dream

we'll track each other
over Rajasthani
quilts two
aliens exploring
ice sheets in concert mind
speech travelling
circumlunar
creating spectacular
lay finespun under solidus

most harmonic lattice
lined filter beds
read as music
meander through
these bars or moveable
nuts granite tune
temperament
whilst playing with
them magic fingers free

time is all about walking
in the intervals
covering
each other skirts
seams burst paroxysmic
space is finding
definition
inside lines poeticule

showboats spectrum in earnest

blood-roarer, via body's sympathetic

this time you're already inside when you *ha*
aṃ begin no need of your many entrance
says this cave you don't need to visit to *sa*
aḥ know how do you know how do you prove you
sonospheric collapse spinal cord-wards *ha*
aṃ after particle hailstorm leaves pinprick
tunnels too many to count your centre *sa*
aḥ a tottering column of sea urchins
lightning antennae impinge from inside *ha*
aṃ out you are alone in your own body
illuminated by the fountain of *sa*
aḥ fire now listless now luring drollery
whoop bloody whoop bloody whoop bloody whoop *ha*
aṃ bloody bloody whoop bloody come come home

to your adventure your wonderland your *ha*
aṃ river snakes swim up amber bubble bong
cars ring your vital forces eddying *sa*
aḥ the stethoscopist hears your heartbeat not
your effluvious infrastructure not *ha*
aṃ your unsounded deluge meta-woofers
compensate for vasculotoxic care *sa*
aḥ his auscultation drawing a sonic
colour line around fugacity which *ha*
aṃ might mean brownian black voices noises
which might sign the zap of semiotic *sa*
aḥ gap the well pronounced sound that produces
law otherwise latent in the nameless *ha*
aṃ dread attending onomatopoeia

paths to enlightenment drawn in sand

CHILD (*holding a stick*): How many worlds may be seen in the desert?

ARTHUR AVALON: Let us suppose, he said (*holding forth*), that man's body is a vessel filled with oil which is the passions.

CHILD: If centres proliferate, what formula shows the blizzard's role in the poetics of relation?

ARTHUR AVALON: If you simply empty it and do nothing more, fresh oil will take its place issuing from the Source of Desire which you have left undestroyed.

CHILD: If the beach is burning, what of the adulterous woman's name?

ARTHUR AVALON: If, however, into the vessel there is dropped by slow degrees the Water of Knowledge (Jñana), it will, as being behaviour than oil, descend to the bottom of the vessel and will then expel an equal quantity of oil.

CHILD: Who confers innocence to the potting mix homunculus, to repossess its shit?

ARTHUR AVALON: In this way all the oil of passion is gradually expelled and no more can re-enter, for the water of Jñana will then have wholly taken its place.

CHILD: What is so unabolishable about hierarchy, confinement, destitution, death?

ARTHUR AVALON: As the Latins said, 'If you attempt to expel nature with a pitchfork it will come back again'.

CHILD: What if there's no more nature, either because it's over or because everything is?

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Notes on References

'ascending the sound of the spiral then': Patrick Farmer, *Azimuth: The Ecology of an Ear* (Oxford: Sonic Art Research Unit, 2019), p. 47. Paul Simon and Ladysmith Black Mambazo's 'Diamonds on the Soles of Her Shoes' (1986); Invisibilia podcast's 'Two Heartbeats A Minute' (April 2020); Herman Melville's *Moby Dick: or, the White Whale* (1851); James Joyce's *Ulysses* (1922) are additional references.

'a group exhibition of atoms, interim, stars': Fritjof Capra's *The Tao of Physics: An Exploration of the Parallels Between Modern Physics and Eastern Mysticism* (2010); N. K. Jemison's *Broken Earth Trilogy* (2015-2017); Octavia Butler's *Lilith's Brood Trilogy* (1987-1989); and various *Star Trek* episodes and movies are references.

'the beyond of teaching teacher voice': Sarah Hayden's lecture-poem performance 'Teacher Voice Treatment' (Harvard University, March 2020) and Swami Pratyagatmananda's *Japasutram: The Science of Creative Sound* (Madras: Ganesh & Co., 1961) are references.

'when spelunking forgotten dreams': Werner Herzog's *Cave of Forgotten Dreams* (2010); Phantom Power podcast's 'City of Voices with Shannon Mattern' (March 2018); David Hendy's radio programme 'Noise: A Human History: Echoes in the Dark' (May 2019) are references.

'inside the long string instrument we vibe': Fernando Zalamea, *Synthetic Philosophy of Contemporary Mathematics*, translated by Zachary Luke Fraser (Falmouth: Urbanomic, 2019), p. 33; Ellen Fullman's project The Long String Instrument and artist talk 'Constructing a Musical Phrase from the Ground Up' (Museum of Contemporary Art Detroit, March 2013). Fred Moten's *The Little Edges* (2016) and Ursula K. Le Guin's *The Left Hand of Darkness* (1969) are additional references.

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'paths to enlightenment drawn in sand': John Woodroffe (Arthur Avalon), *Shakti and Shakta: Essays and Addresses on the Shakta Tantrashastra* (2008), p. 549. William Blake's 'Auguries of Innocence' (1863); Édouard Glissant's *Poetics of Relation*, translated by Betsy Wing (1997); Walter Benjamin's 'Bert Brecht', translated by Rodney Livingstone (1930); Samuel Beckett's *Endgame* (1957); Theodor W. Adorno's 'Trying to Understand *Endgame*', translated by Shierry Weber Nicholson (1982) are references.

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