



Some thoughts on listening . . .

Reading—hours at a time narrows the mind to the stuffy confines of a room without windows; *Listening*—in contrast, whether in or out-of-doors, is freer, more alive; Listening allows the eyes to roam freely about, no longer straining in a small, constricted field. Listening allows for great space. And a polyphony of simultaneous, complementary movements. Try it. Experiment. Take what you're reading and record it in your own voice, or let a computer speak it for you. Then go outside to some special, quiet place and listen. Watch how easily you can follow the flow of what is being said and still observe the flowers, the birds, the wind in the trees, the movements of clouds and weather. Watch how that, if you go on to write yourself, with time, more space will begin to enter the rhythms of your prose. And if you write poetry or compose, you may soon discover for yourself the most basic of all movements in music—the back and forth of sound and silence. Listening: It is perhaps the most beautiful and primary of all arts.