

## As You Say

As a plain technical prerequisite, even the most insignificant welcome is a starting point for music, and sometime an exquisite technical prelude.

As you say: What is a conversation? I'll rephrase that question, I take this up again: what is the act of listening silence and giving it back.

What does it mean to stay quiet and to reciprocate? Is it feeling... Not filling the silence with words, but stay silent. A being in waiting, and without expectation?

But honestly! We all mime our powerlessness, our flaws, our shortcomings, through what erodes the ditches. We will bury our corpses there without asking too many questions. Because conversation is like music, it revolves around an ontological silence, a being-to-oneself in oblivion, an excorporealized one: a present to oneself external to any other place—a verbal center always being vacant.

It freaks your mouth out, so you keep talking, you insist on crawling, articulating, developing, pouring out a powerful stream of cognitive content.

While most tongues in mouths project themselves into feasts of devouring, pushing themselves like chameleon tongues, conversation is about welcoming and forgetting oneself, a slow infusion in a seamless flow.

And above all, this withdrawal from oneself: a becoming conversation is not loudness, but the gentle touches of fingertips on the top of water.

Because conversation is music. And music is silence, not the absence of anything, but the essential act of welcoming.

*Half to itself, half to the mic:* Do not behave like an easy speaker... Please, do not. You'll miss the point.

Lyrics : Bruce Woolley.