

Music and Thought: A Composer's Reverie

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Thinking pulls back the thick veil covering the universe,
only to replace it with another so thin we barely guess it is there.

Edmond Jabès.¹

Music is a mystery to me. I've been a composer and musician for most of my life – I was reading music before reading words – yet I find music fundamentally enigmatic. It's hard to catch in its fleetingness, and to put into words what I understand. It is, every time, an elusive thing.

I've been trying to understand the form of thought I'm in when listening to music; I've been observing my own listening states. I notice that there's one kind of listening where the music is in the background, like a soundtrack to my life, and another where music is in the foreground of my consciousness. When music is background – to other activities, to thought or feeling – it's a passive way of hearing. It exists as an accompaniment to other things, but is not fully the focus of my attention. It can affect my mood, and energy. Some people love to work to music, for instance, or to cook or exercise.

When music is in the foreground – when I am intentionally listening – worded thought is absent. I hear it for itself, without words coming into it at all. It's a realm of thought where sounds, intervals, melody, sound-images and impressions, sensations

of harmony, contour, pacing and rhythm, feelings of density and texture, are present without words. Perhaps this kind of thinking is a type of abstraction – like thinking in shapes and forms might be for a visual artist. I'm proposing that dedicated listening allows for all of the music's elements to be in the foreground, and words are not really part of it. The exception to this is when we are listening to music that has text, like opera or songs. In this case, our listening is divided between musical sound and the meaning of the words. But with music that has no text, the music, (actual or in one's mind), is wordless. In fact, if words are the focus of my thoughts, the music recedes into the background.

When music is in the foreground of my consciousness, it becomes a world. I am actively and purposively listening; thinking in words is suspended as I attend to the phenomena of sound. All other things fall away, and music fills my consciousness. It's almost as though I give myself up to music. Here, when I'm fully engaged in following the music, there's no room for thinking in words, they are not part of the experience, or maybe only briefly – I might notice something and summon up a word or two perhaps, as a way of briefly identifying to myself what I am hearing: "fugue" or "solo" or "bass drum" – especially if, as a composer, I hear something I want to remember for later. But to be fully *with* the music, I have to abandon language. To think in words while listening is to lose the train of musical thought. It's similar to me to the experience of reading a book – if I allow my mind to wander, my eyes roam over the words but do not take them in, and then I'm no longer engaged with the text - the reading has become accompaniment to my own thoughts.

The fact that the experience of music and the experience of thinking in words take place in different parts of the brain underscores the difference between the two activities. Language and words are left brain activities while music largely belongs to the right brain, with activity in other parts as well. This suggests to me that thinking in words and thinking in music are fundamentally different processes, words having a direct line to meaning, while music is something intuitive, spatial, sensory. In the experience of listening to music we have, only once, the experience of hearing something for the first time. That first time is the experience of the new, the unknown; listening again is never quite the same as that first hearing. It's often said that when we're faced with the unknown, we might experience a fight-or-flight response. This doesn't happen for me (unless the music is violent or painfully loud). I tend to be curious when I hear something I've never heard before. I become alert and listen more acutely. The 'new' draws me in, like an invitation. I am intrigued.

When I was about nine years old, I got my first library card. Our local library had a collection of LP recordings that you could take home for a week. It was there that I discovered several recordings of music from Africa; this music was so different

from the Brahms and Bach and jazz recordings that we had at home. I loved listening to these library records. Some years later, when I was a teenager, my music teacher Allen Shawn told me about an exhibit at the Lincoln Center Library of music scores by composer Elliott Carter. The exhibit featured audio playback of a recording of his Sonata for cello and piano. This music was completely alien to me, intriguing and baffling at the same time. When faced with something unknown, rather than feeling fear, anxiety or consternation, I've often felt curiosity mixed with confusion, or puzzlement, or wonder. I still love that feeling of "what strange new world is this?"

When I begin to love something, I listen to it again and again. There are recordings that I've listened to hundreds of times. This re-investigation is partly because there's something about the music that I want to experience again – like a place I want to return to – but also because the music is so unknowable; there are always aspects that I never noticed before. There's no way to be finished with listening to music. Musical experience is not a static, finished accomplishment. The music might be from traditional folk music, popular music, the post-European classical canon, or film music – any music can bowl me over. My mind doesn't care what genre I am listening to. My ear is attracted regardless of cultural lineage.

But whatever the music, it's never completely knowable. Knowing is always knowing-in-part. I'm suggesting this is possibly true for all of us. We can experience music differently each time, even music we think we know well, because we can't know it in its entirety. As a composer, even with my own pieces, I often feel I don't know them completely. And it's possible that we experience music differently each time because we are also always changing. We're in continual flux ourselves, and our abilities to perceive are always transforming. I listen again to something I love, and even feel I know deeply, and I'm very often surprised. It's enlightening to listen as if for the very first time.

...of one subject we make a thousand, and in multiplying and subdividing them, fall again into the infinity of atoms...²

Musical experience is mercurial – it mutates and evolves and is hard to define. Our experience of it, like all experience really, slips through our fingers like trying to hold onto water. It's sometimes heard one way, and sometimes another. A piece of music – any music – is a multitude of experiences in one, and is subject to a vast array of interpretations. I appreciate the beautiful flux of musical experience, and that there is no certitude in it but rather a sea of possible understandings.

I can feel I understand a work, but if I try to say what it is I understand, I'm a bit lost. I know it "musically" but find translating that knowing into words a very poor

sketch of an attempt at best. It is very, very hard to talk about music, but of course we always try.

I've somewhat come to terms with the fact that I (we) can never fully 'get' it. Any piece of music will always surprise, and always elude. Music is always more than our knowledge about it, the experience of it will always defeat any facts one can list, will always defeat what we can say about it in words. Perhaps music is a form of knowledge on its own, with something like its own meaning. There is a kind of logic – a musical logic – that is perceptible in many kinds of music. We are naturally attuned to patterns, to recurrences. Repetition and variation, form and structure, are underpinnings for a certain kind of musical logic, or even something like meaning.

'Meaning' is tricky because it's so connected to words, to language. Often, we know we understand something when we can speak about it. But music is not exactly a language. There is no clear, one-to-one meaning for sounds. The composer Iannis Xenakis has written:

Music is not a language. Any musical piece is akin to a boulder with complex forms, with striations and engraved designs atop and within, which men can decipher in a thousand different ways without ever finding the right answer or the best one.³

So perhaps music is not a language; but maybe it has something like language behind it. I think that gets closer to it. We can feel something like comprehension, or understanding, especially in works that resonate with us in some kind of emotional way.

Thus art aims at impressing feelings on us rather than expressing them; it suggests them to us...⁴

Henry James has said, and it is very often quoted: "In the arts, feeling is always meaning".⁵ But what kind of meaning is it? Maybe emotional 'understanding' is in some way elicited or illuminated by music. Maybe this form of understanding is not verbal, but is something more intuitive.

We hear by way of our ears and brains but there is also a kind of emotional hearing, which is not a defined or fixed thing, and might be different for each of us. Music can open us up to shades of feeling, and these may be tiny and subtle or large and powerful. I'm not referring to the Romantic idea of music expressing the emotions of the creator. I'm thinking instead of the emotional landscape that is evoked by the materials of the music itself, and this is something that will differ

greatly across the spectrum of listeners. Music can evoke feelings in us, rather than making a picture of feeling, or representing feeling – it moves us to feel for ourselves. Music is not portraying an experience; it is an experience. Some works can bring us closer to an emotional response than others; some music can help us access certain unnamed and maybe un-nameable emotions, and these experiences can draw us closer into the world of that music, with its many strong impressions and images.

an impression may be so exciting emotionally as to almost leave a scar on cerebral tissues.⁶

The kind of indelible impression that musical moments can make on us, are part of what makes it memorable, and calls us back to it, again and again. The world of music is a vast pool of emotions. There are so many shades and shadows of emotion in music, maybe emotions we have no names for. It's as if these subtle emotions are awoken by the music, bringing us closer to aspects of ourselves that we might otherwise miss. I sometimes think that this is what music is for, to get at what words can't reach.

The greater number of emotions are instinct with a thousand sensations, feelings or ideas which pervade them; each one is then a state unique of its kind and indefinable...⁷

What lingers is an aftereffect – a memory of the sensations or emotions, those nameless, endlessly gradated subtle feelings that music can evoke, akin to mood. In addition to this emotional aftereffect, we can retain a sound image, something of the music's qualities. For instance, we might remember a given work's complexity, or its whirlwind nature, or its quietude or its overall textures... And the memory of music, like the memory of anything in our lives, is subject to change. We remember it the way our imagination draws it up, and this may mean we remember it differently from how it actually was. Memory is a fluid and mutable thing, as we all know, with its Rashomon-like aspect – each of us will remember different things about any experience. There is no one right way to experience a piece of music, and certainly no right way to remember it. Experience is individual, for each of us something of our own. The few things we share, the rare moments we hear in common, can give us a feeling of shared perception.

I often compare notes with my colleagues on what we heard in a given concert, or in a given piece, to see if an aspect I perceived was heard by others. When that perception is shared, it feels like a confirmation. But often it's as though

we had two completely different experiences, which in a sense is true, as listening experiences are individual, separate, unique to each person, they are solitary experiences. We hear for ourselves, not for others. There is no correct listening, there is just our own tentative hold on the music. We have to grasp the experience for ourselves as it unfolds, rather than finding the experience solely in the music as an object. The work is neither in us nor in itself alone - it exists in the space between.

Music creates this place for experience, an experience that is not predetermined; it's an open area where each of us can have his or her own emotional, sensual, or even abstract experience. And this experience will likely vary each time. Repeated listening may bring us deeper into some kind of understanding, that non-verbal, intuitive, abstract form of understanding.

Music is a form of art constituted by its own vanishings. In its essence and depth music is thus closest to 'death'.⁸

The ephemerality of music means a kind of alert presence is required – music is always disappearing. We have to join it – almost to become it – to experience it before it's gone. Sounds begin and end, they have an attack and some form of a decay – what Morton Feldman calls “this departing landscape”: “Decay, however, this departing landscape, this expresses where the sound exists in our hearing — leaving us rather than coming towards us.”⁹

When we listen, it is in this moment, and now this one, while loosely retaining what has come before – like a residue – and very faintly anticipating or leaning towards what might come. Music is always departing from us; a sound is set into motion, lasts a certain amount of time and then the vibration eventually stops. It is fleeting and impermanent.

There are choices we make, often unthinkingly, about where to put our attention. Is it to the top notes, or bass line, or melody (if any) or to the rhythmic energy, or a gesture that stands out, or to the fainter hues of the background? All the while we are attending to the changes on the larger scale: are there movements? Is there a chorus or refrain? Is there a solo? Is the tempo different now, has the texture or harmony or volume changed? Attention is *intention* – I aim to follow the music closely, like focusing a lens. This takes concentration, similar to the sense of concentration for the composer when he or she was creating it. As a composer, I'm steeped in musical thought, I'm trying to keep something going, and to have it unfold in the way that best brings it into being. The listener and the composer share this concentrated listening, this contemplation, which in itself is a kind of wondering:

what will happen, what can it do, how does it change, how long will this go on, what kind of world is this?

The perceiver, then, is an observer, trying to catch a glimpse of a world which cannot be his own (for no one's experiences are identical to another's).¹⁰

Listening takes practice, and deepens with practice. The ability to stay attuned to the present phenomena, and to hold in memory some of the shapes and colours and forms perceived, is acquired over time. This facility to stay with it, in a present and alert state of mind, allows us to avoid falling back into our worded thoughts. It's certainly ok to think about other things while music is playing, but then we're not really listening – instead, we return to a passive hearing, where the music is background to our thinking. To really listen is to take hold of that invisible thread and follow it as it goes along, observing its changes of shape and character and mood. We listen with our ears of course, but more than that, we listen with our whole body – our nervous systems and our physical sense of texture and touch, of loudness and softness – to vibration, which we can almost feel with our skin. We listen with our mind, which allows for the subtle emotional responses, and the awareness of changes and contrasts and developments. I sometimes have the image that my whole body is an ear when I am really listening.

And should my mind wander, every little new thing, every unexpected thing, grabs my attention, and pulls me back in, refocusing the lens of attention. This lens can be very sharply focused, following a given instrument or melodic line, or more diffuse, observing the textural feel, the overall pacing, the qualities of mood.

Nothing is worse than that assertions and decisions should precede knowledge and perception....¹¹

Any *a priori* thinking we have about a given piece of music, can interfere with our experience of perceiving it, new, each time. A musical work isn't the summation of facts and knowledge we have about it, it's the collection of sensory perceptions, intuitions and emotions in that moment of hearing. The thinking can come later.

Focused listening, then, calls for giving up *a priori* knowledge and expectations. We all have these, we have expectations about how music goes, about what we are used to hearing, what we, in a way, want to hear. And not only that - each piece of music we listen to is stained with the context of everything we've heard before, all other music we've listened to. But when listening, I find it fruitful to listen with a sense of not-knowing, "*to avoid getting closed in by knowledge*"¹² in the

words of Hélène Cixous, to receive the music anew, in this moment. I want to pay attention to it as it is, rather than how I think it is, or expect it to be, or remember it to be, or was taught it should be. The more I've decided I know how a piece goes, the more I might not be open to how it is actually going.

Time is not linear, though it expresses itself that way...In the end you understand music through your memory. You go back to the same thing again and again and experience it differently.¹³

We listen repeatedly to get closer to some kind of understanding. This re-listening is also part of music itself; music is built on repetition and variation – things that are the same, or things that are partly the same and partly different. In music, repetition gives us a sense of the familiar, or allows something to become familiar, and variation is a kind of elaboration on that 'thought'. Repetition and variation are important constituents of musical experience. It is like remembering, or mis-remembering or re-remembering. Music can also work against this, presenting us with ever new, ever more contrasting materials, that almost obliterate in the mind's ear what came before; erasure, deconstruction, dis-remembering.

One of the things I like most about music is that it can completely alter my experience of time. I often say I write slow music because I want to make time larger than it is – I want to expand the experience of each moment. Music takes us out of clock time and into its own time. Mundane time is supplanted by musical time.

Attentiveness in listening involves holding on to some aspects of music even as it is leaving us – so that we can observe changes, or recognize repetitions or recurrences. Morton Feldman has suggested that music is a memory form as opposed to an art form. I've been thinking about this for years.

When we are listening to music, we can't help hearing each moment in the context of what has come before. We hear...melodically, in that there's a sense of connectedness, a sense that one thing follows another. In some music there is a sense of implication: "this must happen because of this" or, "this leads to this". In other music, it is simply a matter of succession: "this... now this... now this..." but the residue of what came before is still there in a kind of clouded, hazy impression. It's our memory that allows us to create the world of the piece. We hold in mind that it started a certain way and as it goes on, some aspects of the music remain with us, as others fall away. We are exploring a castle, and we remember some rooms while others go almost unnoticed. There is light and darkness, colours and shades, shapes and forms. Memory is selective, and whimsical, and usually it is the more startling and dramatic differences that we retain. We tend to remember things that

are different, or new, or frightening or in some way outside the norm. Emotion consolidates memory...the feeling helps create an imprint in us. The emotional impact endures, but the particulars will have faded; we often remember the feeling of things more than the specific content.

As a composer and as a listener, I'm engaged in a speculative form of thought. For me, the composition is not pre-designed, I don't know the form of it beforehand (for instance, I don't decide to make a piece in four movements, I don't create a form and then fill it in). Instead, it is like finding the smallest of threads, and then I follow that thread, pulling myself along through a labyrinth, warily, carefully, so as not to miss any possible stray thoughts or surprises or avenues.

I'm working with a kind of deliberate disorientation. What is very important is to keep this disorientation continuously at play. I want to get myself out of my comfort zone. This is a balancing act between what I can control and what I don't yet understand, between the known and the mysterious. I don't seek a point of closure or culmination but one of opening and departure. I want to get to the point where everything is new.

The process of working the material, and wondering and reflecting, requires intense concentration, deep focus, and a patient waiting - waiting and listening. For me, there's a fascination with subtleties, with detail, with small things. I tend to work very closely, like getting right up to the canvas. I play a chord over and over again, to try to understand it, to make sure it's right. I respond to initial material by experimenting, seeing what it can do - stretching it out, thinning or thickening it, making it higher or lower, repeating it, or repeating it with variations. There is a 'what-if' aspect to the process: What if this goes longer? What if I do it backwards? What if I leave out something? What if I make it quieter? Does it need to thin out here? What if it slows down? What if I have a silence here? And then there are other questions: What are the work's qualities (is it smooth, rough, delicate, harsh, calm, lively?) What is its nature? What is this world?

And what about listening? I think listening is also an art, and it is also speculative, also contemplative. How can we be attuned to a piece of music, how can we connect to its affect, its atmosphere, its dramas or its sonorities? (For instance, not everyone is drawn in by the fragile sound worlds of Jurg Frey or the brief gestures of Anton Webern. Not everyone is moved by the grid paintings of Agnes Martin, or Mark Rothko's thin washes of colour.) We can develop our attention span for music. We can cultivate our ability to focus. Listening with presence is our way in. We have to find our own way into each piece. Does the work draw us in, or are we left out of it somehow? Does it touch us, or are we left cold? This is

speculative listening. If you are a speculative listener, you are in a state of wonder, and that wondering opens you to experience.

It's mysterious to me why we are drawn to one thing and not another in music. There's no clear way to account for preferences. We can be so deeply drawn to some music, so enraptured, while left indifferent by other works. And we can also become attracted to something that we didn't like before – especially after repeated exposure – as though the repetition has allowed us finally to hear something special in it. Music that didn't draw us in at first can become our next new favourite thing.

What is it that draws us to it? It may be that the sound, the music, is filled with the kind of energy that brings out your inmost self. The emotion it causes makes you feel understood, as though the recognition you feel for it, goes both ways – it has also somehow recognized you. I have a deep feeling of “I know this” and “it knows me”, even while at the same time I can feel utter confusion: “what the heck is this mysterious thing?” Often, I'm most attracted to the thing I understand the least. It is a mysterious evocative presence. I am intrigued and drawn to its otherness.

We often use the word ‘beauty’ to denote that which attracts us, that moves us, what holds for us a kind of meaning, even if it is unknowable, the feeling of “I know this, (and this knows me)”. There is a deep sense of recognition. It's reassuring to feel a sense of connection to music, and any other arts, in this way. It's inspiring to feel awed by something, or surprised or intrigued by what we find ‘beautiful’.

Maybe beauty is not the right word. Maybe we can use the word ‘wonderful’ or ‘marvelous’ instead, acknowledging the element of newness and surprise that can come from experiencing the thing that moves us. This sense of the beautiful or marvelous needn't be something elevated or superior to our everyday experience – not some kind of Ideal – we can find beauty or a sense of wonder in the mundane as well as the extraordinary. I'm not referring to the Romantic notion of the sublime here. There is no hierarchy to wonder.

There is something that happens in us when we are confronted with the wondrous. We have some kind of feeling inside, some un-nameable recognition, some movement inside us (we say are moved) like a state of being, a subtle emotional thread of awareness. It is particular, it is itself, it is mysterious and unknowable; we want to understand this thing, to possess it in some way. It makes us feel alive. And paradoxically, in that moment, we also lose ourselves in it. It is a kind of de-centering, we relinquish ourselves to the experience of this thing that we are swept away by.

This loss of self is an important sensation for me. While I am listening, I give myself up to the experience. I am lost in it. I become involved with someone else's

thinking, drawn deep into the composer's world, tasting the life of another, in the words of Simone de Beauvoir.¹⁴ While listening to music I suspend myself, and have a rest from the burden of being. It's almost like the 'I' of myself is gone for that time - I listen deeply, and all my trivial concerns, the daily grind, the mundane aspects of life, with their attendant dramas, are absorbed completely into this other stuff that we call music.

Thinking means that each time you are confronted with some difficulty in life, you have to make up your mind anew.¹⁵

All music is made up of the same things – sounds, silence, rhythms, melodies, harmonies, textures of the instruments... all existing in time. John Cage has taught us that all sound can be heard as music, and it is always happening. Within that continuum of sound, works of music have their own time. A piece of music starts, continues and somehow ceases. It can move very fast or glacially slow. How do we deal with vast moments of silence? How do we deal with intensity and volume and excess? What do we make of complexity, intricacy, contrast and layering? How do we hold it all as it moves through time? And how do we navigate the bewildering newness of music we've never heard before?

When hearing something for the first time – especially hearing something that is "difficult" or unusual, or unfamiliar – we're confronted with the unknown, and we have to make up our mind anew; that is, we have to consider it for ourselves and come to some kind of understanding, finding for ourselves a possible meaning. This means we can listen, feel and maybe intuit for ourselves, some new kind of understanding. We can make space for each work to be the way it is, like discovering some kind of new creature we've never seen before. We observe it with curious attentiveness – how does it behave, what will it do, what kind of life form is this?

We can think about music, but when we are in the act of listening to music, we are suspending thought. We are in the present moment, slipping between the just-past, and the what-is-to-come, in a state not quite now or then...

The present, in ordinary life the most futile and slippery of the tenses- when I say 'now' and point to it, it is already gone – is no more than the clash of a past, which is no more, with a future, which is approaching and not yet there.¹⁶

Maybe music is not so much 'thinking' as it is 'imagining'. Thinking is not quite the same as consciousness – we can be conscious of the music, but there is another

layer of concentration, a heightened layer of attentiveness, that becomes an imaginative participation in what is unfolding before us. Our imagination is in collaboration with the music.

Listening is a receptive activity – I perceive the sounds – but it is also an active one – I construct some kind of reality with all that I am hearing. The music is there before us, and we are there to receive it, but it somehow needs our imaginative participation – it happens between us; it could be heard as noise, or it could be heard as music, with all kinds of feelings and images. We are in a form of co-creation when involved in the work of listening; we create our understanding of the music we're hearing, we're constructing this castle as we roam in it. When we listen, we're putting it together for ourselves.

Music teaches us how to listen to it. Merleau-Ponty, in regards to painting, has said: "It is more accurate to say I see according to it, or with it, than I see it".¹⁷ Perhaps we can say about music, that we hear with it, we hear according to it.

If the music we are listening to is of a kind that is constantly changing, then we have to catch each moment, a constellation of musical shapes. If it is a kind of music that overall stays much the same, we are in a continuous landscape that allows us time and space to perceive subtle shadings and colourations. If it is discontinuous, we can hear each moment as a separate object. If it is fast and highly wrought, we can marvel at its qualities of complexity. If it is simple and threadbare, we can savour each moment, following it like a tenuous and fragile web.

I like to hear music that defies my expectation, music that goes outside standards of harmonic motion, or phrasing, or melody. Then, I'm faced with the unfamiliar, giving me the chance to be perplexed, bemused, curious, astonished and confused. The usefulness of hearing something utterly strange, utterly foreign, is that it asks us to marvel, to ponder; the gift of confusion is the invitation to enter a different world, a call to hear, to feel, and even perhaps to think, in a new way.

Notes

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1. Edmond Jabès, *The Little Book of Unsuspected Subversion*, pg. 57.
 2. Michel de Montaigne, *Essays of Michel de Montaigne*, Chapter XIII, Of Experience, translated by Charles Cotton.
 3. Iannis Xenakis in his introductory notes to the performance of his sound-light Diatope installation at the Pompidou Centre in 1978.
 4. Henri Bergson, *Time and Free Will*, pg. 16, Pogson, translator.
 5. *The Letters of Eugene Delacroix*.
 6. William James, from *The Principles of Psychology*, pg. 670.
 7. Henri Bergson, *Time and Free Will*, pg. 18.

8. Mu Xin, "Notes from Underground," in *An Empty Room*, tran. By Tongming Jun Lin, pg. 51.
9. Morton Feldman, *Essays 1985*, pg 89.
10. Thomas DeLio, "The Complexity of Experience", originally published in *Perspectives of New Music* (Vol. 31, No. 1, 1993; pp. 64-77); in "Forum on Complexity".
11. Cicero, Acad., i.13. Cited by Montaigne in "Of Experience".
12. Hélène Cixous, *Coming to Writing*, pg. 161.
13. Harrison Birtwhistle, Borthwick, Hart and Monti. "Musical Time and Eschatology," pg. 291.
14. "That is the miracle of literature, which distinguishes it from information: that another truth becomes mine without ceasing to be other. I renounce my own "I" in favor of the speaker; and yet I remain myself. It is an intermingling ceaselessly begun and ceaselessly undone, and it is the only kind of communication capable of giving me that which cannot be communicated, capable of giving me the taste of another life." In *What Can Literature Do*, Simone de Beauvoir, as discussed by Toril Moi in her essay, "What Can Literature Do? Simone De Beauvoir as a Literary Theorist".
15. Hannah Arendt, *Life of the Mind*, pg. 177.
16. Hannah Arendt, *Life of the Mind*, "Where are we when we think?" pg. 205.
17. Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *Primacy of Perception*, pg. 164.