

If silence is a noise and I could manage it for myself, I will probably look like this. Research of silence as a noise



Silence in Latin - Silentium by Annie Burkel

In French in SILENT there is Si and Lent.

SI... “If”... like an elsewhere, another possibility, an uncertainty, an escape, a Yes! as well as musical note.

Lent, “slow” in French... like a sweetness, a break, like passing time, like boredom, a huge emptiness, abyssal. Emptiness that glides slowly noiselessly.

Actually silence is the absence of noise in the dictionary. Is that even possible?

My environment is very quiet in this period of confinement, silence becomes noisy; the wind, birds singing, rustling of the leaves, branches cracking, floorboards creaking, footsteps, doors opening closing. I finally listen to silence while hearing what’s filling it. Little noises you don’t normally hear. Covered by the deafening sounds of the world. Little sounds that take over and give substance to silence. They reassure me of the existence of the world, without overrunning it.

However, silence at times when it resonates like absolute emptiness, emptiness without words, of the unspeakable, of secrets, it chills me. I don’t like it. It stinks of death. The last resting place. Not cheerful.

Deep inside of me and especially since I’ve become a psychotherapist, I’ve had to tame silences.

Overcome my vertigo on the edge of silences. I know they all have meaning, there is so much to discover in them. Little by little I’m getting used to them. I count the seconds of silence, holding my breath, apnea, that will help my patient come back to the surface of the water, will allow him to breath again in a gush, a scream. A revelation. As if these silences were the negatives of a picture, to be revealed in positive. Revealing silences.

Basically Silence may just be this; a breath. That will range from imperceptible to a roar. To the living.

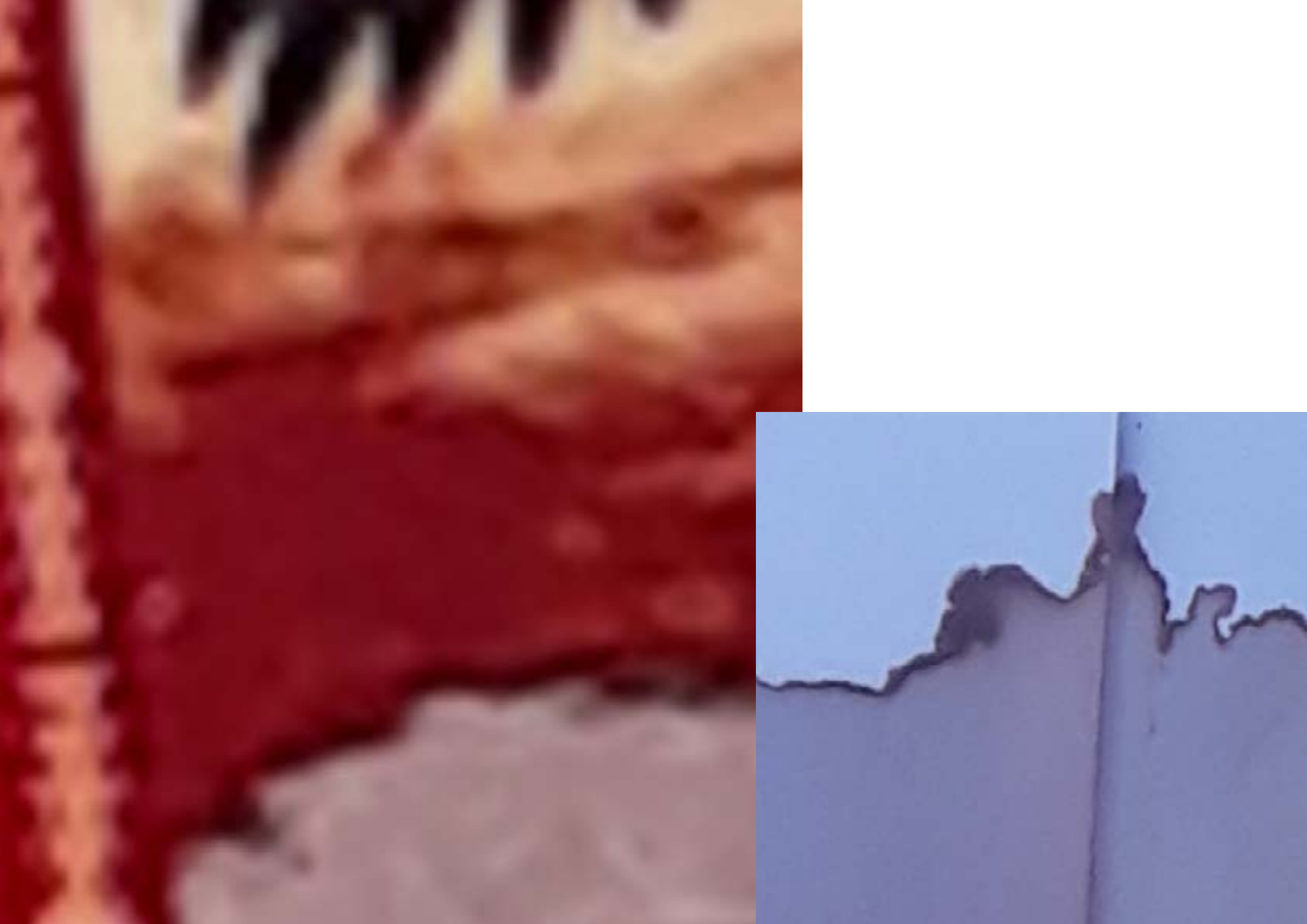




Shush...Listen, listen...
What ? The noise? The others ? You ?
No, the silence
The silence? But it doesn't exist anymore. It disappeared. Not fashionable anymore, fired, deleted, eliminated, erased.

Then no, it's returned. Almost instantaneously, several weeks ago. It re installs itself very discreetly, into certain bedrooms, houses, buildings, streets, airports...
What has happened?
A tiny thing, almost invisible, has invaded us and confining us. It invites us to rediscover silence. Incredible, no one could have ever imagined it: silence is back
I had forgotten about it, like most. I wasn't thinking about it anymore.
Silence. Silence. I remember. In the past, it was my companion on the road. It helped me to grow up, to understand the meaning and the depth of our lives.

An image to represent it?
Yes, the desert. A sand desert. It's dunes are so soft, the color of sunset, so perfectly clear, build with tiny grains of sand cohabitating in a perfect harmony. Without a sound, without fireworks. Calming and infinite. That's silence.
Ssshhhh...Shushhhh
Why ?
I lost silence. I will never find it again.
But you told me it was back.
Yes but sadly not for me. Those incessant ringing in my ears, the horrible ringing that never stops.
Don't worry, you will find a path that will lead you to those dunes and their enchanting and protective silence.





On silence , to you , 9/4/20

I have a theory that silence is just noise, cut up and crushed in many, many tiny pieces. So small you can't see them but you can feel. Those little crumbs then get into your shoes when walking. You try to shake it out balancing funny on you other leg. When I'm alone, in my bed upstairs that's when I'll look for it. It doesn't ever last long because I live in a very noisy house with thin walls. Sometimes I experience his singing in my ears and I get scared that I damaged my hearing with too loud music. Then it passes and it's really, really quiet for a short moment until my housemate gets hick-ups. Is silence just the absence of sound? longing for a voice? Do you ever hear things that only you can hear? It happens to me all the time. Apparently the mind is capable of coming up with phantom noises when it isn't stimulated. The experience of

silence is a very subjective one. And there's many winds of silence, the uncomfortable silence of the elevator, the very heavy, almost-possible-to-slice-silence of heart breaking conversation , the silence of waiting. There's also phone silence which now that I have a lot of phone calls I experience quite often. It can be unbearable, and yet sometimes it's all you have. It's very scary because it feels unreal, makes me question my very existence, like did I ever met you, or am I talking to myself ? Are you really there on the other side? I miss your voice every time you don't speak. And now that I don't see you, the silence on the phone is all we have , so we are silent instead of looking at each other and holding hands.



On silence , to you a letter by Gosha Malgorzata





I couldn't bear silence but it looked like I had to get use to it a text by Emma

As every morning I wake up and open my laptop, while my water is boiling my series is on, while I'm dressing myself my second episode of it is on. I leave my house and put my headphones on a podcast of somebody's story in somebody's body. I dive into my school's building and suddenly I can hear real voices again I took them down. Spend a day with mostly no music, only noises of people, machines, footsteps, a lot of laughter. Then I go home finish my podcast or start a new one probably about somebody's life in somebody's house. Then I'm here again in my bedroom, can't bare that I'm the only one in the house, I sing or put my series on while I'm going about the rooms to do my things. I guess I need to shower and this is the only place where I'm happy there are no voices, no electronic sounds. It could be my type of silence, can hear myself thinking and my water running. That's where I like to be bored and allow myself to be this way. I get out. My housemates are back. I hear their voices and from now on I try to be with them and not only enjoy my series voices.

I associated silence with passivity boredom and inactivity. I have been feeling it as abnormality. It's abnormal everywhere you feel it. It's sometimes a beautiful confession of powerlessness that you don't talk about or that you feel so bored that silence becomes your noise of boredom. Silence is the sound of lethargy.





She sees silence as an uncomfortable situation, to fight against as if it's almost impossible
She also sees it as a precious moment, a rare moment where she never feels scared. It's more like a release.
She thinks that we don't have much control over the silence - but we can also think about silence differently. Silence
often comes in a conversation. But you get a surprise in silence you hear suddenly a sound. She is separating those
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What Juliette told me about Silence





Phone call from Amsterdam to Sèvres with Lucien LAIolo

The silence is what you can perceive from very far away you see, with it's ears that we all want to see and then suddenly there is the contrary of a blast, it's like when a bomb explodes. The contrary is a massive blank. It's at this exact moment that silence takes you from inside. It is for people that do yoga for example, how they get their ecstasy. But for me the silence it's an absolute emptiness. But in our society, if we listen to silence in our society, where we're living, it's a bit stressful because we are so used to being solicited by sounds most of the time that we didn't ask for, like wind or branches or whatever things but at the end it's for us a support. We use it as a soothing cream. I think that if I can give a definition of silence, my silence, it's in the middle of the noise that I hear silence.





wwRemy's text and favorite song - Sounds of Silence Simon & Garfunkel

Simon and Garfunkel sang in the 70's: the Sounds of Silence. Silence to me has many sounds. Ever more so since we've been in confinement. You can hear more, sounds we'd lost touch with. When I wake up early, it's the cats meowing and purring. It's the birds signing outside. The wind blowing in the trees (one of my most favorite sounds). The house creaking. When I (try to) meditate, it's the sound of my own breathing, my heart beating, the sound of my thoughts, my head radio constantly talking to me. Dictating what I should be thinking, feeling. My enemies talk to me. I imagine I'm arguing with them. Then I let all that go, and breath until my inner silence, my inner calm returns. True silence. Silence filled with sounds. Silence is scary for many, but to me when you've tamed it, it's roar becomes as soft as the purring of my cats, reassuring, soothing, calming, rejuvenating





What Roxanne felt and send me when I ask her about the silence

“J’ai envie de pleurer mais je ne suis pas triste. Je suis apaisée mais j’ai besoin de me soulager. Serait-ce la nostalgie qui guette? Je ne comprends pas ce que je ressens au dedans mais le vie seulement. Mélancolie passagère ? Causes d’un détachement volontaire ? Une autre partie de moi émergerait-elle ? La vague de larmes est passée, soulagée peut-être par le flot des mots.

Mon silence me fait autant remarquer que mon rire. On s'interroge, on s'inquiète, on questionne du regard pour n'obtenir en réponse qu'un semblant de présence animé par la bienséance et les bonnes manières.

Je suis détachée. Je suis détachement. Je flotte dans ma tête comme l'âme au dessus du corps. J'observe. Je pense. J'écris. “

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