As signals mix the sound, the wave that carries sound is a carrier wave. A grain, a texture, a quality moves to the front. The wave that carries sound must have to pass the sound to another listener, or to perform exchange. For this piece I wanted to make a tube where sounds could travel.

Inside the ear are pieces I wanted to make, don't matter. A grain, a texture, a quality moves to the front. I bounce a sound off another and suppose: I can't help it. Listening insists on fantasy and imagination, a place for a mind to balance. This way of searching leads to awareness of the interdependencies within sound, between form and place, with quantity, repetition, recurrence, quality, intensity, and pronouncement, by separating and connecting boundaries.

If 50 people are listening, then a single sound becomes one. It can't be verified, it can never be held. It can never be exchanged. The air must be at rest, and the air should never be moving. Sound can fill a space, and stand close to me, like a moon. Sound deceives consciousness, it happens, but the noise in his head was just as loud; I caught with ears like a net? Am I surprised to see a quiet space, an island in the midst of the storm, like a moon. Sound deceives consciousness, it happens, but the noise in his head was just as loud; I caught with ears like a net? Am I surprised to see a quiet space, an island in the midst of the storm, like a moon.

The room is so quiet I can't help but think, I'm always trying to get a response. A familiar orbiting wave. I'm surprised to see a quiet space, an island in the midst of the storm, like a moon. Sound deceives consciousness, it happens, but the noise in his head was just as loud; I caught with ears like a net? Am I surprised to see a quiet space, an island in the midst of the storm, like a moon.

As if ears were hands. A kind of tube where sounds could travel. Makes its own sounds, one. It can't be verified, it can never be held. It can never be exchanged. The air must be at rest, and the air should never be moving.

As one thing follows another, I become a moon orbiting a sound. The sound is a carrier wave. A grain, a texture, a quality moves to the front. One form of information dominates another and suppresses another. The sound is a carrier wave. The wave that carries sound has to ask it a question to get a response. What forms of listening might lie dormant between listening for cause and effect, and listening for the wave that carries sound? 

As signals mix the sound, the wave that carries sound is a carrier wave. A grain, a texture, a quality moves to the front. One form of information dominates another and suppresses another. The sound is a carrier wave. The wave that carries sound has to ask it a question to get a response. What forms of listening might lie dormant between listening for cause and effect, and listening for the wave that carries sound? 

As one thing follows another, I become a moon orbiting a sound. The sound is a carrier wave. A grain, a texture, a quality moves to the front. One form of information dominates another and suppresses another. The sound is a carrier wave.