

# PRESSING ARE MY FEELINGS

*Review on the text 'The Beauty of Phenomenology as Method' by Arman.*

As I am listening to Sigur Ros' old album I cry.

I cry because my life is busy. Their songs make me feel like I am missing out, they remind me of times and places. They tell of rest and comfort, of landscapes and weathers. In my greatest dreams I think of 'Glosoli' (Sigur Ros, 2005), it plays in my head, repeatedly. These songs are supposed to last. The more genuine part of my life is unrecognizable, only in intimate and abstract sound I can feel them again. Music pounces on us, it sustains us. At least that is my perspective.

I know about certain things, simply by living. I will always have knowledge because I live my perspective. *'Perception is our most basic mode of being in the world'* (Arman, 2008). As my own reaction to everything is unique and all I own, my self is my point of view on the world. I inhabit an environment and whatever shapes me, shapes my thoughts and opinions. It is the outside world and our distinctive experiences that constantly affect us as well as our perspective.

In the practice of my own I try to articulate a perception to an audience through text, as I am describing the sensation of the exposure of the artist. I approach this feeling as an embodied creature, as myself, and speak through voice recordings and sounds of how I perceive and experience a public's look. But not in a way that people should exactly understand what I am trying to say. Pressing are my feelings. A person may feel them with me, but doesn't have to, he can feel without me as well. An audience can feel multiple things, words can remind them of something, or simply the act of listening is enough to perceive. *'Perception is not a state of mind or brain but an organism's entire bodily relation to its environment.'* (Merleau-Ponty, 1945) There is some kind of intra-expressive resonance incarnating in my stuff as I am listening to myself through making.

With their scenic sounds, Sigur Ros evokes a spacious amount of emotions within me. They can change my temperature and slow me down with vocals. I let myself be moved by the loveliness offered by chanted places, perceiving their Icelandic texts like the stories of landscapes. Their tunes sound like my memories, their chords are of my home. And while you (my reader) will now listen to it,

you will undergo it very differently.

*Unreal*

*You appeared to me*

*Like to no other*

(Jón Þór Birgisson, 2012)



**figure 1:** Sigur Rós, 'Ekki múkk (moving art)' (2012)

*References:*

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Inga Birgisdóttir (2012). Sigur Rós: Ekki múkk (moving art). [video] Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=INW-Zy3-Vw80> [Accessed 9 Jan. 2020].