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## Writer's silence and writing among silence

What is the writer's silence and what is the silence in the act of writing. In this context the silence does not mean noiselessness and soundlessness or being quiet, but silence as a tone of life and an orientation of existence, in other words way of being in the world.<sup>1</sup>

I start my journey with death and how mortality invites us to be present in our corporeality. Then, the path leads us to the dark forest and its story of oceanic silence. A snow forest follows. It tells about writing in the forest and a change in the tone of existence. Next there is crawling in the icy river among the impersonal. Afterwards there is a large field clearing like a sheet of white paper. Towards the end, we return to the dark forest and writing in the dark. After that I tell you more about my writing and how other people's landscapes of existence invites me to write.

This is a story of the writer wandering in the natural environments and the moments of writing. Story of the writing about silence in nature experiences and nature observations. Nature experience provides an opportunity to write about silence and tell about outdoor writing.

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<sup>1</sup> The silence as an existential orientation, it exists everywhere, for example when I'm inside a room or even in a city.

The purpose of this article is to tell about the writer's silence and about writing among the silence.<sup>2</sup> I describe the writing of my own, based on my own experiences. I dedicate this autoethnographic experiment, research, exploration to the silence and moments of writing by all the writers and to all of them who have courage to hear the spinning of their silence.

#### O. DEATH TONE<sup>3</sup> OF EXISTENCE

The dance with death can be a delicate, but potentially elegant stride toward living the good life.<sup>4</sup>

The most dreadful and most fascinating thing in life is death and the thought of death. It is not dreadful OR fascinating, but both at the same time. It is a corporeal experience which echoes from and against existence. As a writer, I call it *death tone of existence*.<sup>5</sup>

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2 Silence has been viewed in many different ways, for example from the perspective of literature, like *Silence in Modern Literature and Philosophy* (Gould 2018) and *Strategies of Silence - Reflections on the Practice and Pedagogy of Creative Writing* (McCrorry & Simon Heywood 2021). My writing of writer silence is intended to focus on how the writer experiences silence and how silence relates to writing. So this time I leave the literature perspective out.

3 Death tone is my word for corporeal sense. I write about it in my master's thesis. (Mäki-Penttilä 2019) Tone as a note of the corpus; its nuance, tint, sense, tinge, undertone, atmosphere, instinct. Corpus as body, but I don't want to use the word "body".

4 Juhl ym 2012, 18.

5 Also death tone of being. It is corporeal tone of being. Death tone is some kind of sense of living corpus.

We are born into the world full of life. We are clearings not yet written, like synesthetic circles. At birth, we are full of opportunities. And one day we realize that death is the only promise in the universe. It is quite creepy by the oddest way. The fascination arises from the paleness of existence, on the shore of death tone. The thought of death – death tone of being – is creepy raw, teasing, scratching and opening. And yet, in my experience it is the best I have.

In the everyday life, human beings escape the thought of death. This is the moment of losing one's ability to existence. *Being-towards-death* is being towards possibility, because it frees from delusion into occasionally tumbling opportunities, and it opens up one's own ability to existence. When one grasps the idea of the limitations of life, one is snatched away from the pleasurable, easy-to-take and escape opportunities that are closest to and it brings to simplicity of being.<sup>6</sup> Existence isn't for death, but death is the corpus of existence.<sup>7</sup>

The death tone gives me silence. In front of death I'm mortal and corporeal. Creepy-beautiful death tone opens my own ability to exist and live. It opens being and living. Among the death tone, I'm fragile and newborn. Acknowledging and recognizing the death tone is related to my writing. My words are rising from this pale simplicity. The death tone is the corpus of existence.

Death tone is at its strongest in fall and wintertime; when here up north the wild nature is quiet, dark and cold and the light is dim. This is my northern silence, and it is the basic

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6 Heidegger 2000, 309-326.

7 l'existence n'est pas "pour" la mort, mais que "la mort" est son corps; Nancy 2010, 37; 2008; 14. English translation by Richard A. Rand: Existence isn't "for" death, but that "death" is the body of existence.

tone of existence. Sometimes at some moments there is some writing. A few words about what a lake ice or magpies sound like.

Life is nomadic hiking trip. We are born here and at birth we shout out loud. Of course, because a dark and warm womb is a very different place than this great expanding universe. Among the birth corpus is pristine and opened. There is tone of world's spatiality and openness. Later in life when this bare born corpus has found different kind of shapes and voicings, there is the death tone beneath everything. The death tone is echo of bareness. Writing is my way of breathing and shouting quietly; create a temporary home among of huge spatiality.

#### I. OCEANIC DARK FOREST

I walk in the dark forest. It is windy. Wind is roaring in the trees. The ambiance of the forest is dark, swinging and weird. I sit down and lean against tree trunk. As the twilight deepens, the lichens on the spruce trunks form a variety of glowing shapes, broad-edged ornaments large and small. The view is uncanny. Likewise, those numerous fallen aspen leaves glow in the ground as individual spheres of light. As if they were floating. Thoughts go awry. The darkness deepen, when I hear the roaring waves of wind.

In the dark existence becomes different, as the sharpness of the eyesight changes. Seeing depth and distance becomes ambiguous. Darkness provides a favorable opportunity for *tactile* and hearing experience. The dominance of visual sense attenuates. Darkness creates clarity when an *unfocused gaze*

releases the thoughts. Unfocused gaze focuses momentarily on infinity.<sup>8</sup>

Who has ever sit alone in a dark forest knows that it is not a pleasant space. Rather, being in a dark forest is the moment of fragility, vigilance and open silence. The experience of existence expands and clarifies. Existence becomes one circle. My eyes have been open all day, but only here in the dark I begin to see. Hearing is strengthened just as if hearing has become seeing. I begin to see with my corpus. There is only one great unified darkness. I don't see myself seeing, I hear the black song of the wind. It is a billowing foamy wave crest of trees; my dark sealess sea. An experience in the dark is something that is hard to express by words. It is a corporeal experience of the unity of everything.<sup>9</sup>

This kind of uncomplicated, immediate and limitless state of feeling can be called *oceanic*.<sup>10</sup> It is both an episodic feeling where sensory boundaries are blurred and some kind of established background feeling of existence. Existential oceanic feelings are pre-intentional and they organize the experience as a whole. They are not directed at specific objects, but give a basic vibe to the experience of existence. Permanent oceanic feeling is more like existential orientation.<sup>11</sup>

Writer's silence is oceanic. The concept of the oceanicity is my way to give a name for my dark forest experience and

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8 Pallasmaa 2016, 37

9 Mäki-Penttilä 2019, 10–15. Writing called *Pimeä tuuli* (Dark Wind) about writing and sitting in a dark forest.

10 Oceanic feeling is Romain Rolland's concept. Parsons 1999, 36–37, 173.

11 Ratchliffe 2012; Saarinen 2014; 2015a and 2015b, 29.

also for my death tone. My silent orientation is oceanic or existential oceanic is my silent orientation. It is more than feeling, it is a sense or tone of being, orientation of being.<sup>12</sup>

The thought of death – like a dark forest experienced alone – is a creepy black oceanic spatiality that creates a bare tone in the corpus. It is an experience of a ghostly, foggy white sailing ship in the dark sea.

## 2. ECSTATIC SNOW FOREST

It is a regular Monday morning in January.<sup>13</sup> I wonder to the forest and up to the hills. There is no breeze but a lot of snow. This is the forest where I wrote in the dark. Now, the morning is bright and full of light. I'm sitting on the ground. It starts to snow. The snow forest is silent, but I hear the snowflakes fragile voice. I intertwined with the fall of the snowflakes. I sit and write:

Slow and light snowflakes land on paper. They are on paper for a while until they start to melt. The paper gets wet and the writing begins to spread. With snowflakes, a larger scale of time drops into the paper.

I am at the core of the silent death tone: the writing – my verbal trace in the world – disappears. Snow reveals the fragility of writing; what is actually left of the writing. If the

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<sup>12</sup> The dark forest experience is my way to tell about my silence, but tactile oceanicity does not exist only in the dark forest.

<sup>13</sup> Writing with snowflakes 16.12.2019 Jyväskylä, Central Finland.

writing disappears right away, why am I writing. I believe that the glimmer of death tone makes me write. By writing I can leave a track on paper that seems to be permanent, but the snow reveals the fragility of writing and living.

Why am I writing. For the snowing and snowflakes. Because of existence. Why am I writing? I ask this over and over again by writing and all the time the snowing comes over the writing, melting the exact letters. No one asks me why I breathe. I breathe because I'm alive - I write because I'm alive?

I write because by writing I can be present in my existence. Writing is my way of living. Writing is the archeology of existence. The pen is my archaeological brush. Writing is a way to create a form for living and being. By writing I brush the invisible tone of existence visible.

In the snow forest, I continue writing, until I'm overmuch-writing. I write myself out of the forest, out of the silence. I still sit in the same place, but I write too much and the forest experience disappears. Fortunately, there is cold in winter forest, when sitting still for too long. The cold forces me to move and walk. Walking is an opportunity to warm up and an opportunity to stop noisy overmuch-writing: to be silent-present in the corporeal forest experience.

But someone – noisy subject – in me wants so much to communicate, to say everything. I walk in the snowy forest and wish the head to stop producing words, but more and more new thoughts are coming.<sup>14</sup> I find it disturbing that

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14 I have started my dissertation in January 2020 in which I explore writing in the natural environments. Usually when I write in the forests, I only write a few sentences or words, but now because of the dissertation, the head makes a fuss and the verbalizing stays on.

the form of being is verbal and the experience of the forest disappears. I am not in the world, and I'm inside my head. The experience of the forest turns flat and straight. My head is getting bigger and bigger. It doesn't get out of the alley of verbalization. It's too cold, so I can't stop to write. I decide to record my thoughts while walking:

Writing is writer's walk. The writer walks by writing. The writer can walk on the paths of discourses or in the pristine snow.

I walk in the forest and put the phone in my pocket. I am relieved. But! More thoughts arise that prove to be the most important thing in the world. I know, the ideas and words do not stop by thinking. Words and thoughts would roll over my existence like an avalanche or tsunami, if I'd focus on my talking head. I try to focus on my feet on a snowy ground. In spite of that, it feels like I'm just walking on top of all the verbal discourses. I decide to try to remember my thoughts later but my intention to remember rules out experiencing the snowy forest again, and erases the white openness and silence. It's as if trying to go to the sea to swim stone weights on as it is to walk in the middle of bright whiteness and try to remember.

Suddenly something happens. The forest absorbs me. It has snowed fragile white and light snow all morning. I have written and walked in a large and shady spruce forest. And now I arrive at a brighter place where bright light throws down. The head silences and being opens. My corpus is totally forested. The whiteness of the snow forest absorbs me into its interior.



Later at home I write that there is no clock time temporality, there is neither me nor the monolog of the self-subject and the frantic need for communicative verbalization. It's just great whiteness, drowning in white. This experience – after the talking head – feels like losing myself. *If I'm here somewhere, I'm snow powder and an endless reflection.*

I also find an ecstatic leap from the snow forest experience.

In an *ecstatic leap*, we become drawn to *chthonic* force. *Chthonic* means living in the primitive ground.<sup>15</sup> In the leap, we give up thinking and safety-producing structures. The leap is a return home and body. It involves the experience of knowing oneself as a whole, when our body awakens and the accentuated ego steps aside and loses control.<sup>16</sup> In white forest there is experience of leap, tone of being shifts. First there is over-much-writing which leads me towards head-centeredness until the white forest absorbs me to ground, my corporeal home. Actually the returning to the corpus begins from the experience of the cold, when the cold forces me to move. Among the chthonic force there is corporeal tone of the silence.

It could also be said that there is a connection with a *pre-subjective* domain, which work pre-reflectively before subjectivity and before the language is constructed the experience.<sup>17</sup> In the snow forest talking head – the modern self

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15 Levin 1985, 284, 300. Jung recognized this ground as a chthonic force.

16 Levin 1985, 297–299, 304–305 ja Heimonen 2009, 234, 237–238. Heimonen writes about the ground and earth in the context of dance. Corporeal dimension of dancing has inspired me as a writer.

17 Stanley 2012, 63, 76.

and its discourse paths – will be challenged.

Silence contains an aspect of *self-forgetfulness*. When we are in a silent place, we begin to forget the fact of our own humanity. Silence allows us the freedom to come unshackled from our material form and to ascend to the philosophical fulfilment. There is an untethering in such a silence; our breath becomes air.<sup>18</sup>

When I come down from the forest to the bike path, I realize what has happened. I remember that I was trying to remember something but forgot it among the brightness. I realize that oceanic and silent tone of existence is the moment, when you forget, then you actually remember.

It seems that there is a moment in writing when silence is in danger of closing. The tone of being changes when there is too much writing immersed in words. Writer's silence is to forget conceptualizing, writing, brilliant ideas, talking noisy head<sup>19</sup> and at the same time to remember – get connected with the corporeal silence, the cozy oceanic orientation.

### 3. ECHO OF ICE

It's February.<sup>20</sup> I have slept two nights in a small old cottage, where the temperature of sleeping chamber has been 12 degrees. I put a fire in the fireplace, but it doesn't work prop-

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<sup>18</sup> Thompson 2021, 20.

<sup>19</sup> And forgetting incomplete dissertation.

<sup>20</sup> 28.2.2020 Temmes North Ostrobothnia, Kalevala Day; Finnish Culture Day.

erly. All the smoke comes in, not out through the chimney. It is impossible to stay in the chamber. I have taken off the chambers windows for the first time in the evening and again in the morning to get the smoke out. I've been sitting and writing in outerwear in a kitchen, and waiting for the smoke to go away from chamber. While sitting still, I'm starting to feel cold. The window glasses of the kitchen and hand wash water are frozen. It feels awkward to be inside the cottage, but I can't be outside either, there is -17 degrees.

I can't fix the fireplace, so I decide to walk out to the fields.<sup>21</sup> There the sun shines and it is warmer. I think it would be nice to walk to the field clearing to write. I walk in the white snow along the meandering river. The river is partially frozen. I walk along the riverbank. The river ice has collapsed, and the river is open in the middle, where the dark cold water is running. I keep walking and suddenly notice a peculiar ice formation. The riverbanks are frozen, and there the ice is multi-layered. I see five different layers of ice on top of each other. Between lace-edged layers of ice, there are hanging ice-cones that are like large glass chess pieces. The view is spectacular. I have never seen ice like that.

I have a camera with me, and I decide to photograph the ice. The beautiful special ice is too low, too far from me that I could get a good picture of it. I need to get closer, but how. I guess the icy edge is pretty brittle and would probably break under me. I don't want to fall into the water. But these peculiar ice-cones are calling me. I'll test if ice carries me when I land on my stomach on the ice. The ice does not break and I crawl on my stomach carefully and slowly along the ice edge. In the middle of the river, right on the edge of an ice, dark

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21 Chimney sweep comes later.

water runs freely. Inch by inch I crawl closer to the special ice and photograph it.

Photographer Minor White goes out into the natural environment and observes. He only grabs the camera when something wakes him up so that he recognizes that the subject has chosen him. He calls this *inner echo*. Instead of clinging to his camera and capturing his subject like a prisoner he waits until the time is right – as if the subject would announce when it's the right moment to press the button. Minor's key instruction is to let the subject find you. As you approach a possible topic, you feel something echoing within you, something familiar to you.<sup>22</sup>

The special ice-cone causes an echo in my existence. Peculiar ice make an invitation. It is my opportunity to recognize the moment when the subject has chosen me. First, there is the echoing invitation. Then, the crawl towards the ice-cones and photographing. Taking a photo is my response to the invitation. Finally, the photo is not the most important thing, but the crawl on the fragile ice.

I have also combined the idea of internal echo with *pre-writing*. Pre-writing is the stage of discovery, when a writer assimilates writing subject.<sup>23</sup> The echo is invitation, which echoes in the silence of the corpus. It is my pre-writing and pre-photographing moment, where I assimilate my writing theme or subject, I'm assimilating the echo of the ice-cones.

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22 Loori 2008, 29.

23 Rohman 1965, 106, 110.

Only afterwards when I have left the fragile and unpredictable river ice, I begin to create a verbal form for my experience. I feel that when I crawl on the ice, I somehow forget and lose myself. I forget who I am, where I am coming from and what my (sun light) intention has been. In a way, this is forgetting own history; just as temporal personal historicity, and its weight and direction are gone.

Impersonal existence is not having personality, it is pre-human. This being is *il y a*. It is an anonymous and indefinite existence that exists regardless the conscious experiencer. It is a nocturnal existence that is not reached in the light of knowledge, it does not allow itself to be named. There is something, but it cannot be understood or comprehend within any meaningful framework, such as language.<sup>24</sup>

Human existence is timeless and stalled to the eternal present. *Il y a* is an absolute emptiness before creation, a roaring silence reminiscent of listening a seashell.<sup>25</sup> My crawling towards the icy chess pieces is crawling towards the running water, the roaring *il y a*, towards anonymity and impersonality, which are the features of the writer's silence.

#### 4. FIELD CLEARING

I walk from the river to the middle of a white snowy field. I sit down and start writing about the ice-cone-invitation experience. I sit in the middle of the field clearing. The snow is pure and clear. The sky is completely blue without clouds. I

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24 Levinas 1996, 14–15, 52.

25 Levinas 1996.

notice traces of a hare in the snow.<sup>26</sup> I ponder the tracks that animals – including people – leave in the snow, tracks on the paper. I think about the white snow blanket as a blank white sheet of paper. Then it feels like I have written enough, and I just sit. I sit in the middle of a big snowy paper sheet. There is only a white large expansive field and paw imprints of hares and mine on it.

Afterwards, when I have stopped writing and lost my words, I suddenly take my leave. I start walking. My feet leave big spiral of footprints in the field. I walk in the white snow, in the white snow clearing. White snow makes me walk. I'm walking on the big snowy paper. Writing is leaving a track. Today I'm corporeal pen, my feet are pen-twins. There, in the middle of the snow-clearing-spiral I return to the question, why do I write, why leave tracks when the world is full of them. And then I just stand quietly and wordless in the middle of the field spiral.

I walk out of the spiral. I stay next to it and look at it. The sun shines from behind and the sun and my trunk create a long shadow over the spiral. Here, when you stand for a moment, you can see your own shadow moving, wandering, even if not moving yourself. The movement of the planet is revealed. The planet is wandering, spinning.

Here we all are together. The hare has left its tracks on the snow when it has come to the field to eat the hay under

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26 I don't know if there are traces of *Lepus timidus* (snow hare/white hare) or *Lepus europaeus* (brown hare). The tracks of the *Lepus timidus* are rounder than the tracks of the *Lepus europaeus*, but there are only one kind of trace, I cannot know whether these are rounder or not. Besides, the snow is so powdery that the tracks are not very accurate.

the snow. I have walked in the field and left my mark on the snow because I can't be inside. I walk in the field and sit down to write, I write about my observations and perceptions, describe my experiences, explore being, living and the northern silence by writing. Among the huge whiteness I experience my openness. Likely, the hare experiences all this very differently. As a human being, I call the experience *Lichtung*.

*Lichtung* (clearing) means openness of existence.<sup>27</sup> It can be defined as the world. The world wrenches us into our existence.<sup>28</sup> There is no boundaries between world and me. The world does not appear as an object in front of me. The world is in me; I'm in the world.

Can also be said that the experience no longer happens to you but in you.<sup>29</sup> *Lichtung* is corporeal clearing of the world.

## 5. DARK FOREST WRITING

I sit in the dark forest.<sup>30</sup> I have a piece of pen and a small notebook. Sitting in the dark feels odd. The silent opened fragility. The creepy and fascinating tone together. I sit still, breathe and listen to the dark forest with my corpus. In my experience, it means that listening, hearing and touching are together. It's like palpating with your corpus, knowing

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27 Heidegger 2000b, 91. Heidegger 2000a ja 1995.

28 Kakkori 2012, 217.

29 Eric Fromm's words. Gordon 1965, 110.

30 Writing in the dark forest October 2017 Jyväskylä. Central Finland. (Mäki-Penttilä 2019, 12–15.)

by touching, and listening with your bones and circulation. There is no analysis of the senses or even verbal thinking, but a palpating tone of corpus, like a synesthetic scan of the dark ocean.

*Synesthesia* means a state in which the connections between the sensory channels work in an unusual way. A person can experience melodies and letters or another person's personality or an emotional state in colors. Synesthesia is the non-pruning of nerve pathways.<sup>31</sup> In general, in my existence, hearing and tactile sense are close to each other. For example, if something or someone touches me, for me it is a tactile experience which is more like hearing experience. Also, the lights are an aural experience for me. In the dark forest, oceanic synesthesia flourishes because it's dark and I feel that my eyes are quiet.

I want to write about the dark experience, hence I translate my corporeal existence in words and language. I escort my being towards the words. My wordless corpus-sense transforms into verbal, like I painted it and with it brushstroke by brushstroke. In the beginning, I reach for shapes, colors, shades. *Kuulostelen ruumiillani* – I listen with my corpus. I listen to the world with my every cell, that is, listening and tactical feeling intertwining. My corpus and the world intertwine. As if I were scanning the darkness with my corpus and looking at nothingness and everythingness.

First there are few words, one, two or three. They are not in logical order. Some are not the right words at all. Pimeys (Darkness) purhuu, mörhii. More words emerge, slowly, through the corporeal sense. It's like a vibrating unimagina-

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31 Häkkinen 2018.



ble picture, like a picture I hear in my ear and see with my skin. I write, but the main focus is still on the corporeal sense. The words are less important. I breath. Quietly. I write about my writing and my corporeal tone in the dark. The corporeal tone is intact and sure, but the connection with it, is thin, vulnerable. I don't want to break it down by noisy quick-tempered verbalizing.

The darkness deepens. It happens that I no longer see the writing at all. I still write the words, but I can't visually confirm their existence on paper, just as if the words disappeared right away. Writing still exists, but I can't be sure of the text. In this mode, writing feels even more like painting.

This is the moment when I feel that darkness has accompanied me to see the bareness of existence more clearly. To non-beginnings and unendingness. To silence. I call this experience of silence the nomadic clearing of existence. I am at the heart of the thinness, among the death tone, discourse-bare-corpus. I'm exposed.

The corpus is neither a signifier nor a signified. It's exposing and exposed. Existence is breakage and corpus is an extension of this breakage.<sup>32</sup> The corpus is the being-exposed of the being.<sup>33</sup> The world is exposed to the writer and the writer to the world, and the writing is the result of a contact between the two exposed.<sup>34</sup>

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32 Nancy 2010, 44; 2008; 25.

33 Nancy 2010, 51; 2008, 35.

34 Lindberg 2010, 24.

Writing means a gesture toward touching upon sense. A writer doesn't touch grasping, by taking in hand, but by way of sending herself/himself to the touch of something outside, hidden and displaced.<sup>35</sup> Writing is about touching and becoming touched. Writing is also just one way to experience life and nature.

There is always something that calls me strongly, like darkness, and I have a strong desire to translate it into words and say it in words. When I write in the forest, I usually write a little and briefly. Mostly I hike in the natural environments and writing is not that important, writing is just one tone in life. I don't go to the forest to write or take photos, but to be outdoors; to be exposed to the forces of the nature. Darkness, harsh frosts, storms and rains are my favorites.

When I write, I like to write by hand. Often when I write, I also draw at the same time. A notebook, pens, and a camera are often included in the forest just in case, just as lunch and a bottle of water are included. And if pen and paper are not included, I write by singing:

I sit in a windy forest on a root of the tree.<sup>36</sup> I lean against a tree and feel the swinging motion of the trunk. The wind makes the tree sway, the tree makes me sway and the rhythm of the waltz starts to play in me. Gradually, the melody and words emerge. This is new song, I haven't heard it before. I sing the melody and words. Tree and the wind are the orchestra accompanying me. I don't have paper and a pen, so I don't write by writing. I write by singing. I feel the tree swinging, I listen, I watch the forest, I touch the moss. I hum

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35 Nancy 2010, 32. 2008, 17.

36 In Temmes. North *Ostrobothnia*, Finland, in the forest. 2014.

and I sing the melody first without words, I let the melody come out until the words come along.<sup>37</sup>

## 6. THE END IS THE BEGINNING

The silence has many negative and positive attributes. It should not be thought as the opposite of speech, but *conceive of it as part of speech, located on continuum*. How silence engenders speech.<sup>38</sup> I write among the silence. This does not mean that there is silent before or after writing, but that I write among silence. The silence is part of the writing. Of course because it is the existential orientation of the corpus. Therefore, in act of writing, the writer again and again returns to the beginning, that is returning to the corpus; retains the tone of the corpus, perception and experience. Then the focus does not escape into words and producing words. This is writing among silence.

Silence can be viewed aesthetically, ethically, and politically.<sup>39</sup> The silent orientation; the writer's silence is just silence. It is a way of living and being. And when some writing happens, there is no aesthetic, ethical or ecological goals, the writing is not intentional. Writing is a way to be open with

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<sup>37</sup> I repeat the song so many times that it leaves a memory mark. Later at home I record the song and name the song: waltz of Suonetar. In folklore Suonetar is a healer and dead awakener. This waltz and eight other my songs were part of exhibition *Esiäitien elämänvoiman juurilla* in the Finnish forest museum Lusto 21.8.2015-10.1.2016. (Kailo & Heiskanen 2013; Kailo 2018; Heiskanen 2017)

<sup>38</sup> Gere 2001, 206, 219.

<sup>39</sup> Gere 2001.

the world. Spin together with the world.<sup>40</sup>

The orientation of silence is bare untouched snow. It is an oceanic darkness. I would rather give up words and writing than lose my silence. Silence is a tone of living from which words emerge by corporeal listening. Living among the silence is being present in an experience in which the self dissipates, and the world opens. Among the silence, it is possible to write about observations and experiences and tell things. Words are born naked. They are trembling, clumsy, fragile, questioning, and wandering.

It's harder to tell than to invent. Inventing is extremely easy.<sup>41</sup> Writing among silence, it's about the telling. Inventing means discourses, head-centeredness and noise for me. While telling there is the silent wisdom of the corpus. To be exposed<sup>42</sup> to the death tone makes living among silence and to writing among corpus possible. When I'm telling by writing, I am present in perception and experience. When I am present in perception and experience, telling is a natural way to be. Of this short corporeal writing is an opportunity to take root in the ground.

Silence does not mean emptiness or the absence of sounds, but it is living in the corporeality that opens the world and being among the world. There are voices, flavors and smells.

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40 It is possible that in such an openness of silence, the essence of human is something called ecological. The ecological aspect is current, but I do not want to write about ecology in this writing because writing about ecology is politics and there is no politics among the existential orientation of silence.

41 Cixous 2016, 13.

42 Exposition; Expeausition. Nancy 2008, 32–33.

Silence is a death-toned constant opening. It is oceanic, impersonal, pre-reflective and ecstatic. It is remembering and forgetting at the same time; remembering corpus and ground and forgetting subjective head-centeredness.

Death tone is my continuous echo. Sometimes, the echoes make me photograph, sing or write. Or write spiral with my feet in a snow clearing. Using the tone of death in writing is like crawling carefully on thin ice, it is fragile and gets easily broken. Therefore, I write quietly, slowly, subtly and by listening the corpus. It seems that the silence of the writer is the corporeal being in the world and writing among the silence is to write the corpus.

Someone might think that writing in the natural environment means loneliness and being alone, but the act of writing is always a direction to others and otherness. Moreover when writing in the forest, you are never alone, because there are many beings in the forest like squirrels, hares, spruces, magpies. In the summer in the forest, there is writing among the ants. Someone might think also that writing among silence takes place only in the natural environments without people, but silent orientation and corporeal hearing also comes true with people:

I am sitting in the blue tent of the Veen emo.<sup>43</sup> I'm wearing Metsänneito suit.<sup>44</sup> I am in a tent in the Villa Viena.<sup>45</sup> It's evening and it's already getting dark. I am writing poem portraits. Outside the tent is a sign that reads; what would you look like as a poem.

One by one, an unknown person crawl in the tent. I watch at the unknown creature for a moment and write a poem portrait. Writing poetic portraits is based on silence and being together. The poet looks at the other person, who looks back at you.

I look at another person, I listen with my unfocused gaze of corpus. I'm listening with my corporeal sense as I listen the dark forest, field clearing and special ice. The tones of different aspects of other human are processed into words through corporeal listening. By corporeal listening I write *something* invisible to be visible. *Something* which is as much about you and me, which is she/he, which is we, which is the world and the planet. It is some kind of silent spinning together. When the poem portrait is complete, I read the poem aloud and give it to the portrayed person.

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43 Veen emo ~ The Finnish Mother Goddess of Water. Ecopsychologist Irma Heiskanen has made Veen emo's tent, which is based on the traditional knowledge of indigenous peoples. Veen emo has been a key figure in Finnish mythology and folk poetry.

44 Metsänneito ~ called also Annikki; Hongatar; Bear mother; Queen of the forest (Kailo 2018, 125.) Metsänneito suit is based on the research work of PhD Kaarina Kailo (2018), the suit is made by Kailo and Asta Räsänen.

45 14.9.2019. Kalevala "village" in Oulu. I write poetic portraits for 3 hours. Writing poetic portraits is a particularly beloved way of writing. I have written hundreds of poetic portraits.

*Soit à écrire, non pas du corps, mais le corps même. Let there be writing, not about the body, but the body itself.*<sup>46</sup> Bodies<sup>47</sup> are not the fullness or filled pace, but some open space. The task of writing is to create a space for what is without space.<sup>48</sup> Endlessly, the end and the beginning are intertwining. Hearing the echo of death tone makes being and living nomadic. Life is a nomadic exploration. Among the nomadic spatiality, writing is a way to ask who I am today; to build a temporary hut.

SARI MÄKI-PENTTILÄ is a forest writer who creates her text through hiking, silence and nature experiences. In her dissertation, she studies nature writing. This writing about writer's silence is a small peek into the subject of silence. For this writing and writing in English, she has sought help from the moonlight forest in April 2021. The Finnish word *kuu* (moon) and the English word *moon* are very close to each other.

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46 Nancy 2010, 32; 2008, 8, 9. English translation by Richard A. Rand.

47 Les corps

48 Nancy 2010, 36; 2008, 14–15.

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