

What sensible interest would I have in creating music if I didn't know that other people would be engaged by it and want to hear it? (Of course, I can't really know it – do you?) Pure self-indulgence won't handle it because that's just a dismissive putdown, and what isn't? I don't actually ever need to ask myself this question, because I am constantly drawn to create music without telling myself why; and I don't have fantasy images of potential gratifying social events that might pull me on. There doesn't seem to be any necessity for creating music except that it feels necessary and engages me deeply once I get into it. So if I have to think about needing a sensible interest in doing it I think: it's fundamentally the same interest as I have when I listen to music, or read a book, or think hard and long about something: it gets me in deep and takes me somewhere that, to whatever extremity, becomes a permanent transformation – or as Gilbert Rouget puts it, a transformation of consciousness. Of course the nature of where it gets me, or how my consciousness is transformed, is not externally demonstrable, but you know it without any need for reinforcement of conviction when it happens to you. Sometimes the “social” occasion of a music doing is a solitary episode of self-discovery, seeing (metaphorically of course) what was there inside of you that you hadn't perceived (for better or worse, unavoidably). My “ONE” solo piano sessions were self-consciously oriented that way, solitary occasions for a self-contained purpose; finding what music might lurk in you unsuspected probably threatens to uncover aspects of your being that might lurk within that unpremeditated music. (All music is unpremeditated even if it's premeditated.) There were 10 of those sessions, between 1985 and 1987. This one, which I'm indexing here as FIVETEXT, was the last one. Why do I think you might have a sensible interest in listening to it? Because I have no way of knowing that you wouldn't, since I do.