

07.

On Playing *CONVERGE*

Skin to skin with sound, emerging in the act of utterance, inceiving a genuine, a genuinely desired conversation with fellow soundmakers, givers of sound to ourselves for ourselves as one does in real not-staged conversations, conversations cumulating temperatures and colors and sensibilities by way of their ostensible subjects and stories and attitudes and opinions, all evolving in the language under immediate construction, its own self-language, saying untranslatably what it is that that language says, can say, finds to say, is the only language in which those things are ever said. That is what happened when, sometimes, it truly happened; habits are hardwired; they usurp the ground of authenticity, masquerade as reality, obtrude between you and your perhaps contaminated hope to achieve transparency with your partners, all of you separately struggling with the same impediments to being actually together, sensing that too much effort to get there imposes the dreaded conscious-of-selfness, but that it takes far more effort than that to tunnel in past the inevitable ennui-boundary at which nothing more is possible but whose surpassing is the moment when everything might possibly become possible. And, then, if it rises, it speaks, becomes the it that speaks, within whose speaking we absorb, not knowing that it is us, us the listeners, us the speakers.

liner note (2019) for:

*CONVERGE* [Inter/Play session 1981]

B.B.

Michael O'Brien

Lenore Epstein

OPEN SPACE CD 41 (2019)