

Benjamin Boretz

Elaine, Unfolding

It gets to know itself but what it gets to know is herself.

Music, listening to itself. Music whose act is listening to itself.

This music is getting to know itself. It listens. Learns that way, what it does is learn, by tracking itself behaving. Hearing what it just did is the news it learns and takes it in with innocence. Does and is and sees and responds - selfknowing, selfbeing, selfbecoming in progress together.

So when you listen:

what you hear is not it.

It's a her.

and that's just the way she is.

Listen
to her:

but what is she?

coming from where?

being

where?

just behind the leaf

just below the bubble

just around the bend

Elaine at 90 - A Celebration

just then there but where just now
and now just where
yet here
also just there
just so
so everso slightly

she goes

she is

there

is the residue of many commingulating Its

thems

usses

to and for all the usses

she speaks

and the rules (the ones inside, the acquired identities, the edges of
identity earnestly observed/insouciantly flouted but always in her
face never in yours),

trying not others but only herself on:

try playing her keys with vienna fingers;
color them dark light sharp quick
feathery stomp do no lucubration but stay
light
like something
that even when harmonically paranoiacal
is always
nice
to play

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to hear
on your
flute
your
violin
your
vibraphone
basset horn
harp
oboe d'amore
celesta
jews harp
boneyard gamelan
shakuhachi
conchshell

on yours yes
but becoming hers
being something of her
you play hear
witness
follow
track the sound of
composing woman
already gone
composing herself away
beyond the Great Divide and over a thousand Time Zones
retuned
exorcised
all the Music Enforcement demons within
(which no one actually ever saw but but for the sign saying
No Tunes Allowed in This Auditorium might have been thought
to only exist as a paranoid entartete Kunst nightmare or
internalized rite of identity producton but either way they live
entirely
in their heads)

still now

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trying other Others on,
knowing it's how to be a Self
here
conjuring first the sepulchral raging cringing spirit of DeathMaid
Emily
imaging her molten icy chastehating selfpitiless LeftField
counterclockness
(you know she's heard Aaron's,
at least subliminally
but filtered it through a fictionalized fakebook
costumes and grammars and Otherscales of
selftranslating Outness
no wink of goyimnaches
all farheimischt
by the sheer inextinguishable Bronxiness of the composer...)

perhaps to become means to become serially Other
to reOther yourself so Otherwise so
what echoes back
finally

is
finally

you
finally

but
really

it
always
was