

Geir Egil Bergjord

PIERRE HENRY'S HOUSE OF SOUNDS

**PIERRE HENRY'S
HOUSE OF SOUNDS**

**PIERRE HENRY'S
HOUSE OF SOUNDS**

Geir Egil Bergjord
Photographs and conception

Pierre Henry
Peintures concrètes and music



Pour Anita





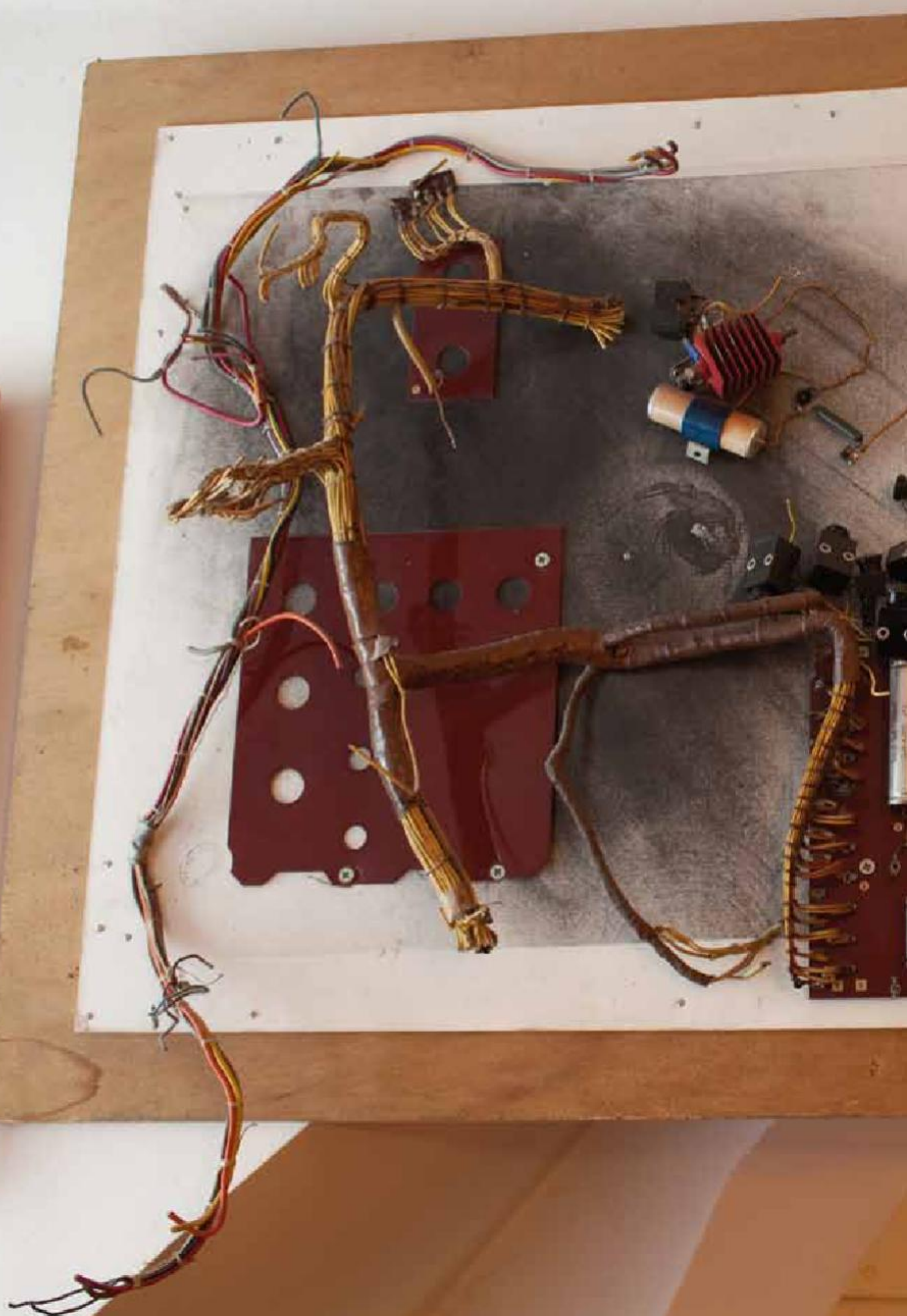
SONNEZ

SON - RÉ
Pierre HENRY





















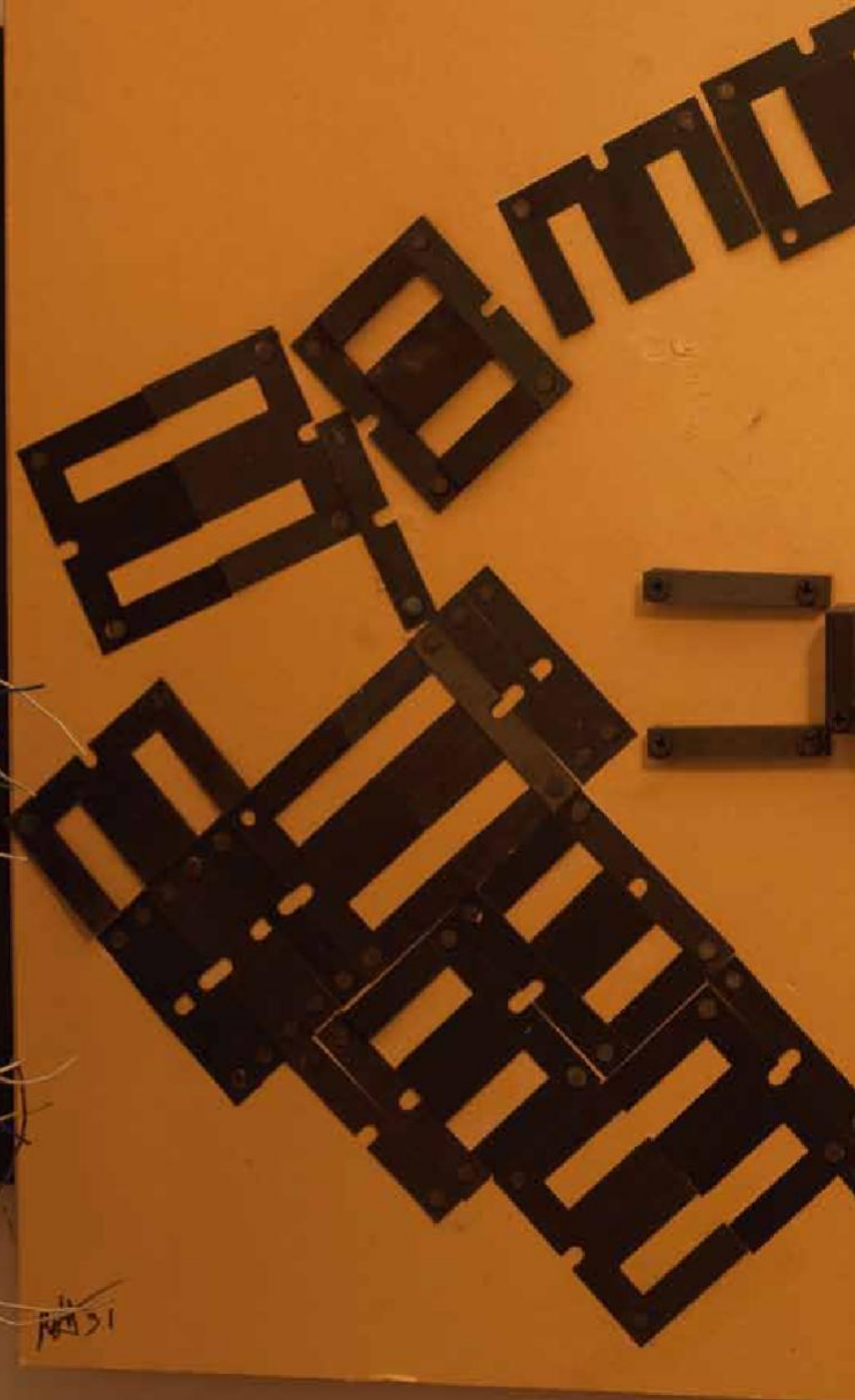


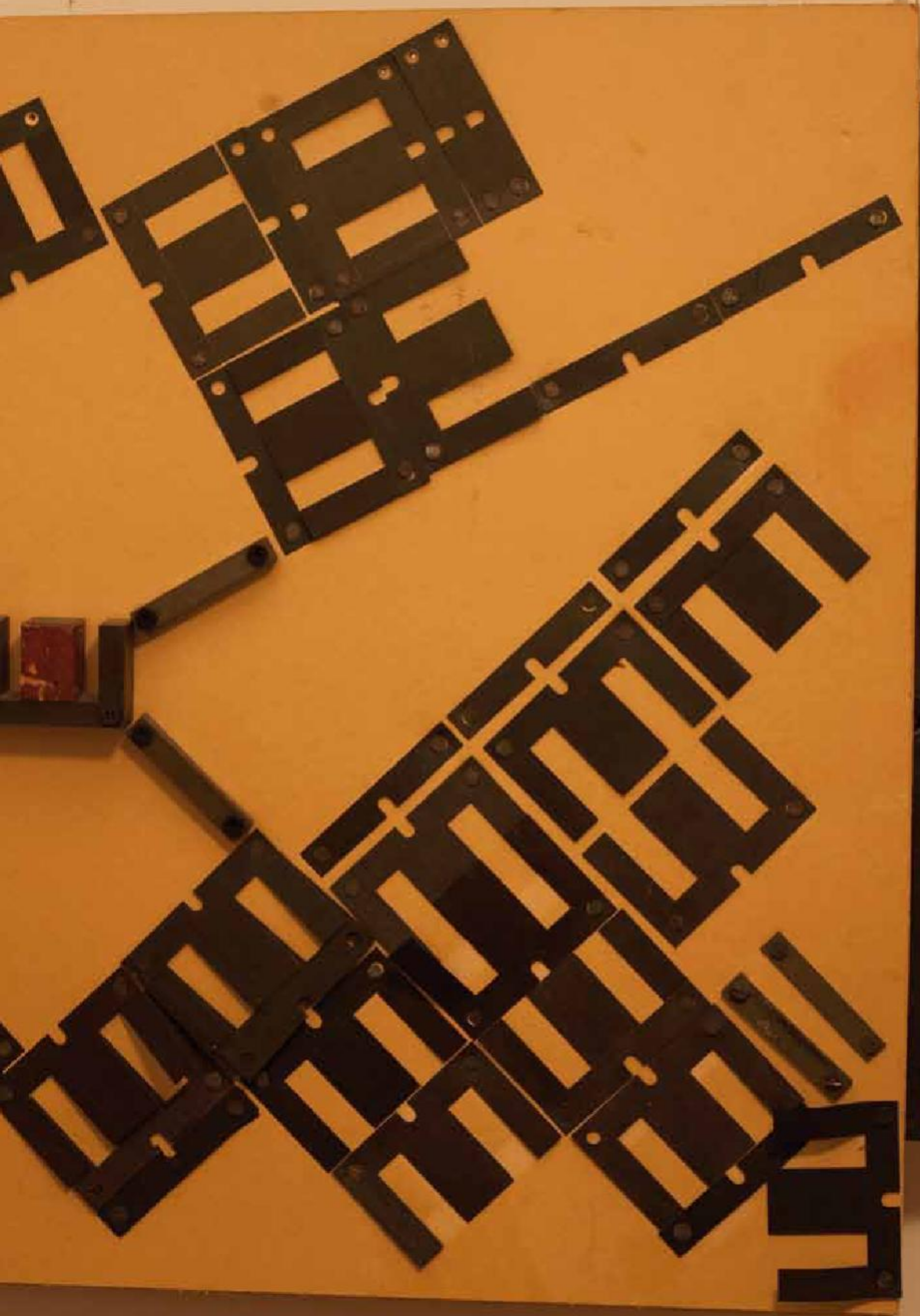


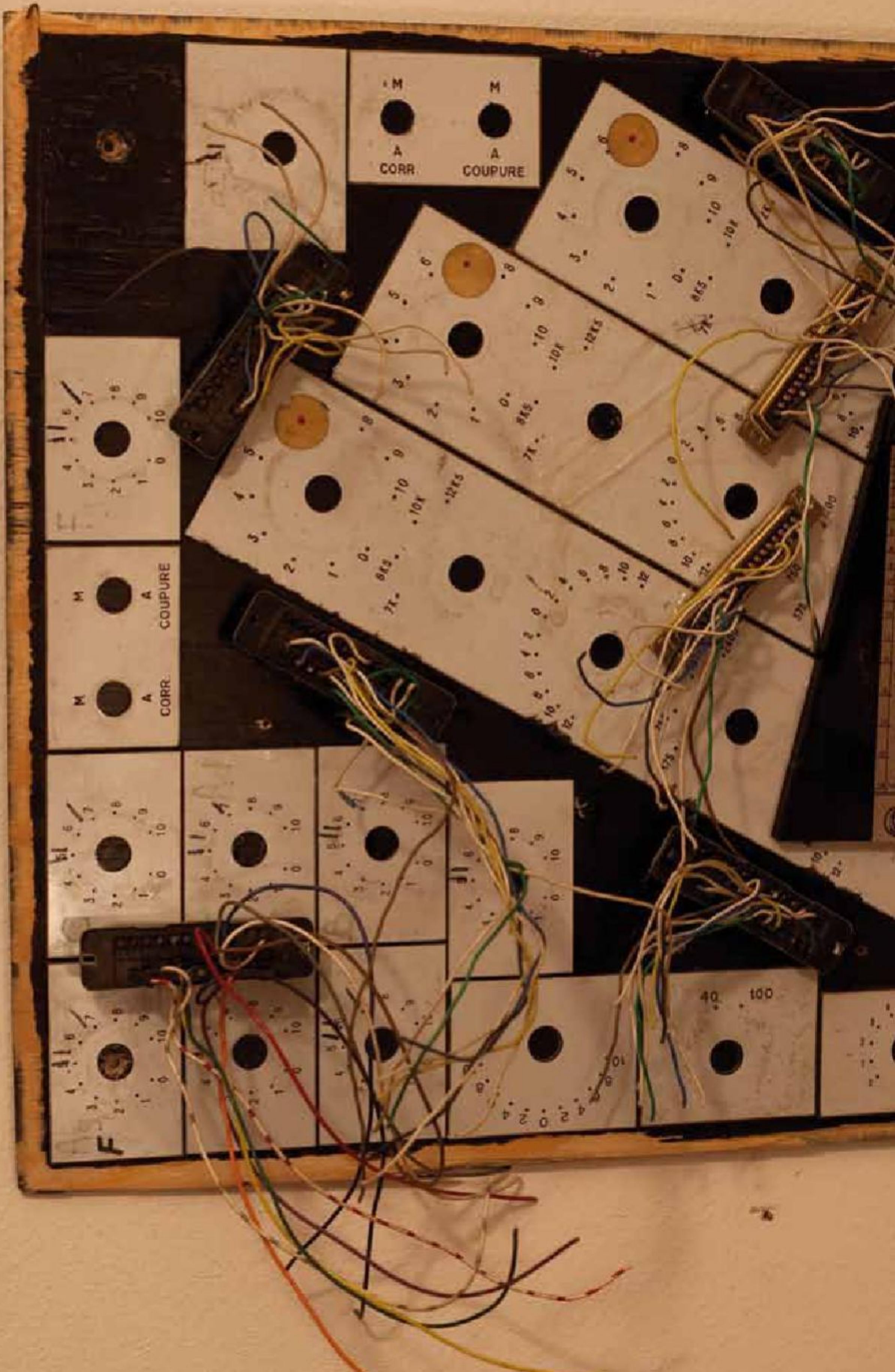












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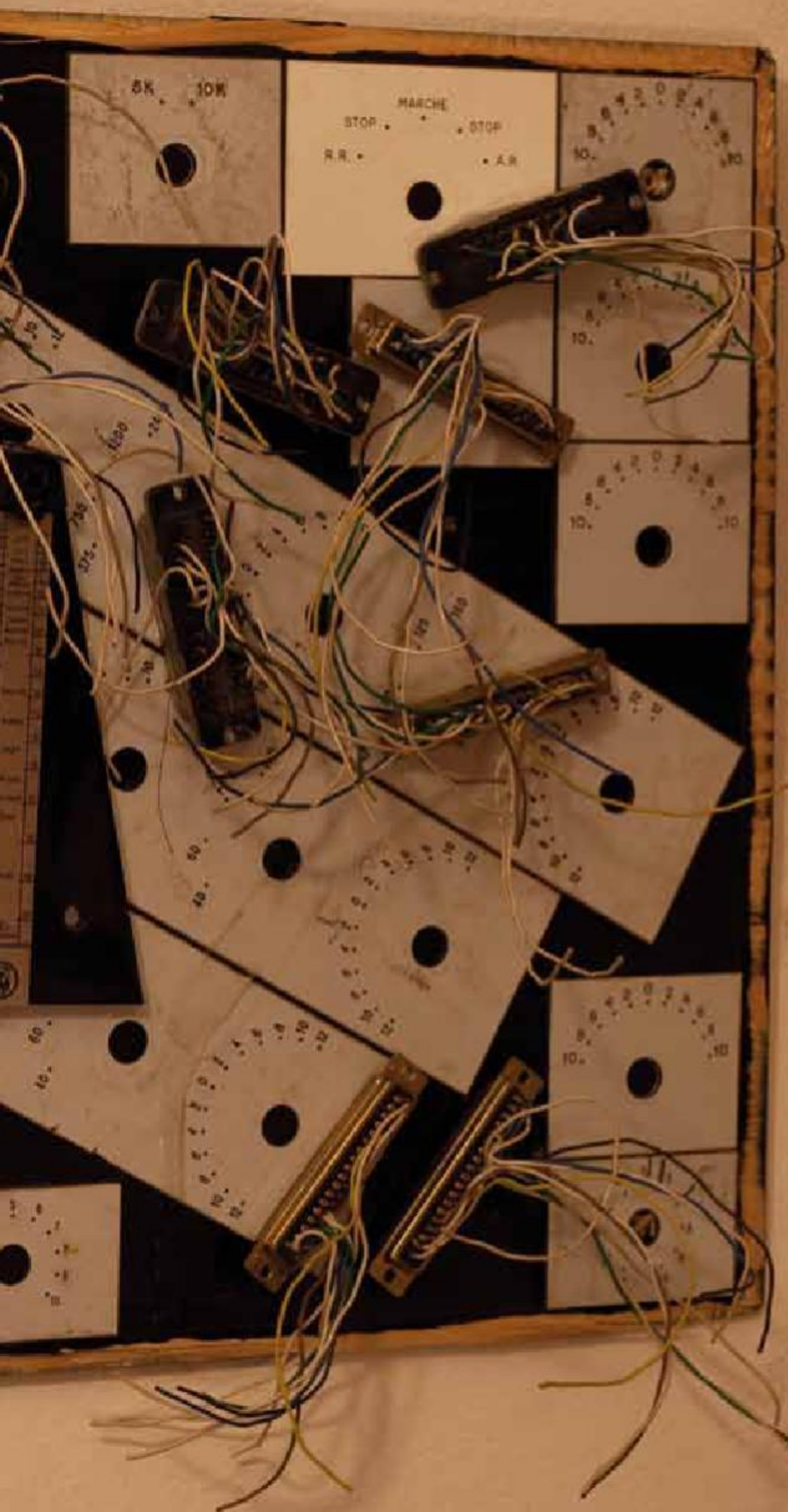
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R21















ANTONIN ARTAUD

ŒUVRES COMPLÈTES
VIII

SAMUEL BECKETT

COMMENT C'EST

☆ m

SAMUEL BECKETT

COMMENT C'EST

☆ m

SAMUEL BECKETT

L'INNOMMABLE

☆ m

SAMUEL BECKETT

MALONE MEURT

☆ m

SAMUEL BECKETT

MA
DE
1974

☆ m

SAMUEL BECKETT

BANDE ET SARABANDE

☆ m

SAMUEL BECKETT/MOLLOY

ANTONIN ARTAUD

66

ARTAUD - LES TARAHUMARAS

J.-J. Pauvert Ma mère G. Buttailli

May 2019

LE
BLEU
DU CIEL
PAR
GEORGES
BATAILLE

JEAN-JACQUES
PAUVERT
ÉDITEUR



Le poème

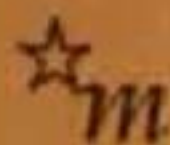
*Le procès
de
Gilles
de Rais*

Georges
Bataille

Jean-Jacques
Pauvert

MICHEL
BUTOR

LA
MODIFICATION



LES
ÉDITIONS
DE
MINUIT

MICHEL BUTOR MOBILE

LA
NATURE
—
NATURE

1906

3

NAT

19

THESSALONIENS
ARIE. MALACHIE
XODE
N SAINT MATTHIEU
ELON SAINT LUC
LON SAINT MARG
DES MACCABÉES
LÉVITIQUE
ÉCHIEL
NOMBRES
PROVERBES
PSAUMES
GES. LE LIVRE DE RUTH
OS. OSÉE
CORINTHIENS
ET AUX ROMAINS
CHRONIQUES
NAHUM

L'APOCALYPSE
DE
SAINT JEAN
Prix :
63 francs
Editions
CORRÉA
PARIS

PRIX
300 fr.
FLAMMARION
EB
EDITIONS
RUSSE



LES ÉCRITURES HÉBREUX

LES ÉPÎTRES DE SAINT JEAN

BRAS. NÉHÉMIE

LES DE LA CAPTIVITÉ

TOBIE

DEUTÉRONOME

LIVRE DE JOSUE

ÉPÎTRES PASTORALES

LAMENTATIONS. BARUCH

LIVRE DE JOB

ISAÏE

ÉPÎTRES CATHOLIQUES

LES DES APÔTRES

JUDE. ESTHER

DE LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE

le petit de la bibliothèque

ROBERT LAFONT



Small white note or card pinned to the wall.

Small white note or card pinned to the wall.

Small white note or card pinned to the wall.

Large, dark, stylized calligraphic signature or drawing on the wall.

Books on the top shelf of the bookshelf.

Books on the second shelf of the bookshelf.

Books on the third shelf of the bookshelf.

Books on the fourth shelf of the bookshelf.

Books on the fifth shelf of the bookshelf.

Books on the sixth shelf of the bookshelf.

Books on the seventh shelf of the bookshelf.

Books on the eighth shelf of the bookshelf.

Books on the top shelf of the right-hand bookshelf.

Books on the second shelf of the right-hand bookshelf.

Books on the third shelf of the right-hand bookshelf.

Books on the fourth shelf of the right-hand bookshelf.

Books on the fifth shelf of the right-hand bookshelf.

Books on the sixth shelf of the right-hand bookshelf.

Books on the seventh shelf of the right-hand bookshelf.

Books on the eighth shelf of the right-hand bookshelf.

ROBERT BELLAUNAY
Hollas







Books on the shelf include titles such as "The Bible" and "The Holy Bible".

Books on the shelf include titles such as "The Bible" and "The Holy Bible".

A black box with the word "BOSCH" printed on it is visible on the bookshelf.





















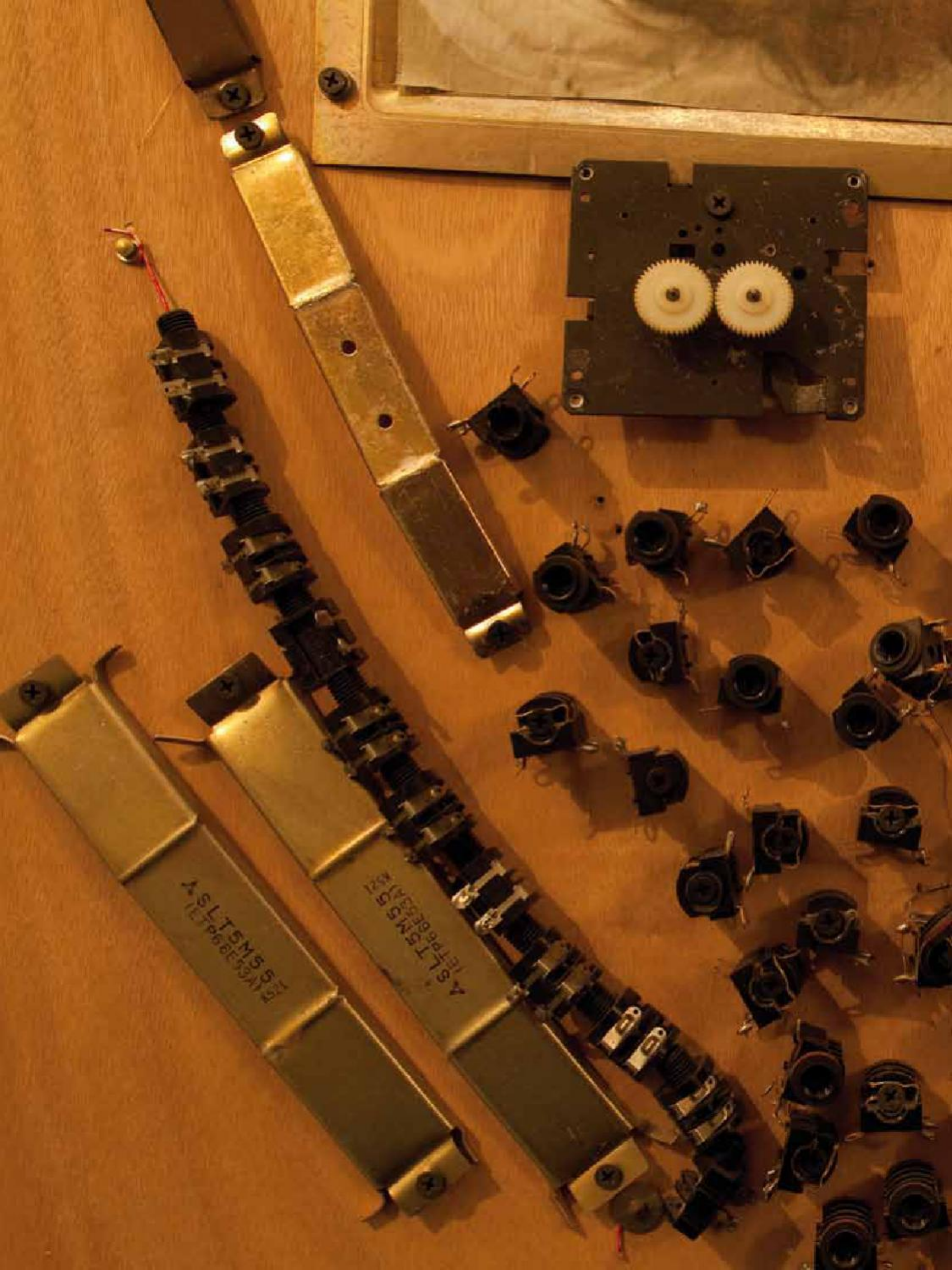












A-SL TSM S 52
ETW 3994 (LTP08633A) 22

A-SL TSM S 52
ETW 3994 (LTP08633A) 22

ES

ES

ES

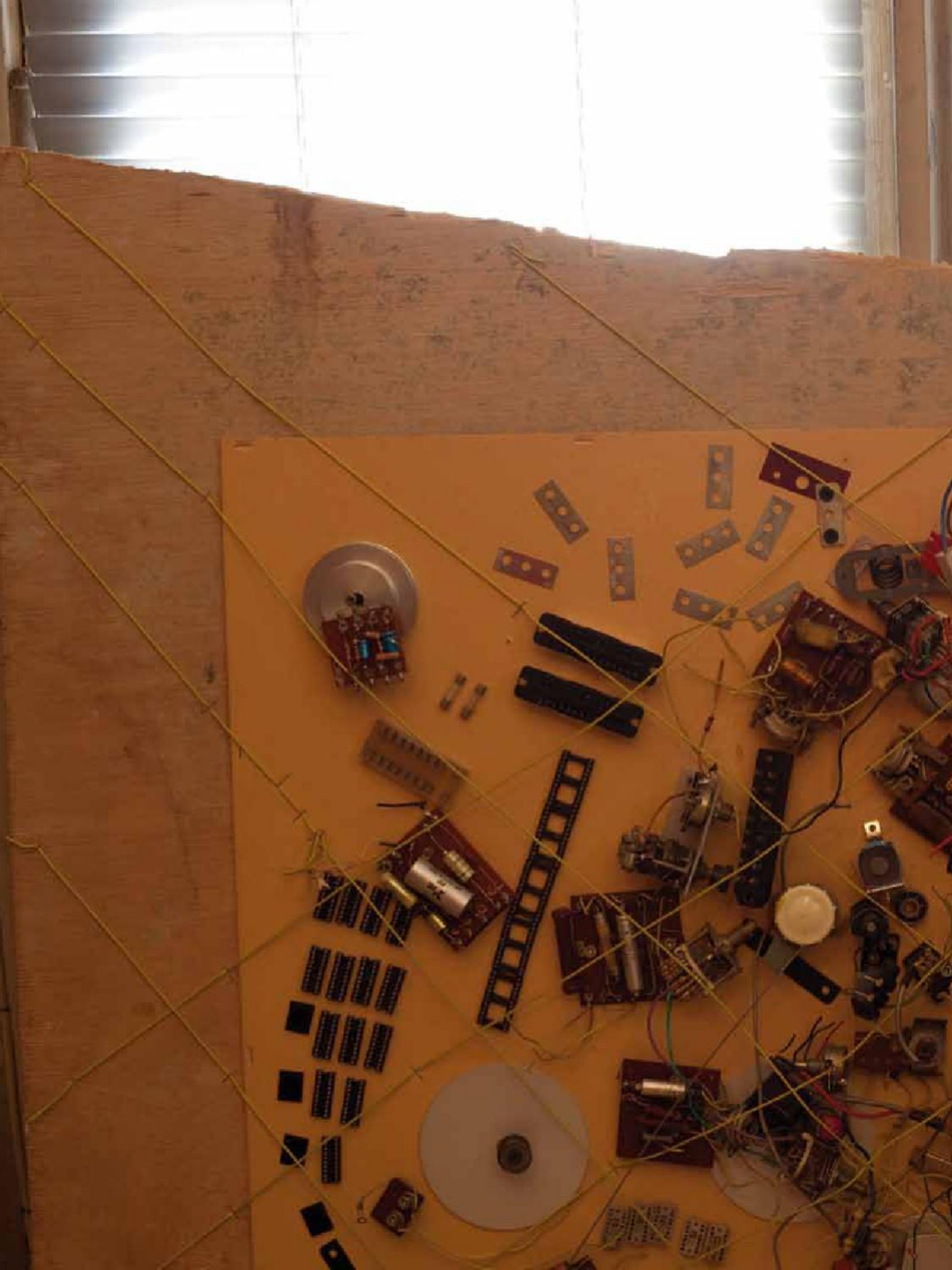
ES

ES











Scotch MAGIC
Scotch MAGIC



Partitions de montage
X^e SYMPHONIE 1979

X^e SYMPHONIE Partition continue Sacm

SYMPHONIE

X^e Symphonie

texte français

texte allemand

PROUST textes bilingues

BRASSON

(Restes)

Blases

L'AIR (textes)

Hugo Symphonie

L'EAU (textes)

JOURNAL de mes sons

auditive avec corrections

Le Journal de mes sons

UDITIVE

La vie auditive

Rubriques générales

PERPETUUM

MÉTAMORPH

FABLES

LA FONTAINE

1980 1

1984 2

1999



COPIE

1980-1984

(Clair)



Hugo Symphonie

Textes



INCIPIT ORIGINAL

Prologue - Musique -

EXTRAIT DE LA FUTURE FUTURE

Sortie au Jour Livre des morts 1974

SORTIE au JOUR

NOUVEAUX CHYMIQUES DIVERS

LA VILLE 1984

PIERRES REFLECHIE 1982 ~~1972~~

Victor Hugo Chatelet 1985

CATALOGUE 2000

LA ROQUE D'A.

INCIPIT
Febr 2000
INCIPIT

PARTITIONS 1952

1983 Frana - Gth. Gaborie PH

PARTITIONS Dimanche noir 1945

HARMONIE 1944 - 1945

PARTITIONS AVANT 1950

PARTITIONS 1950

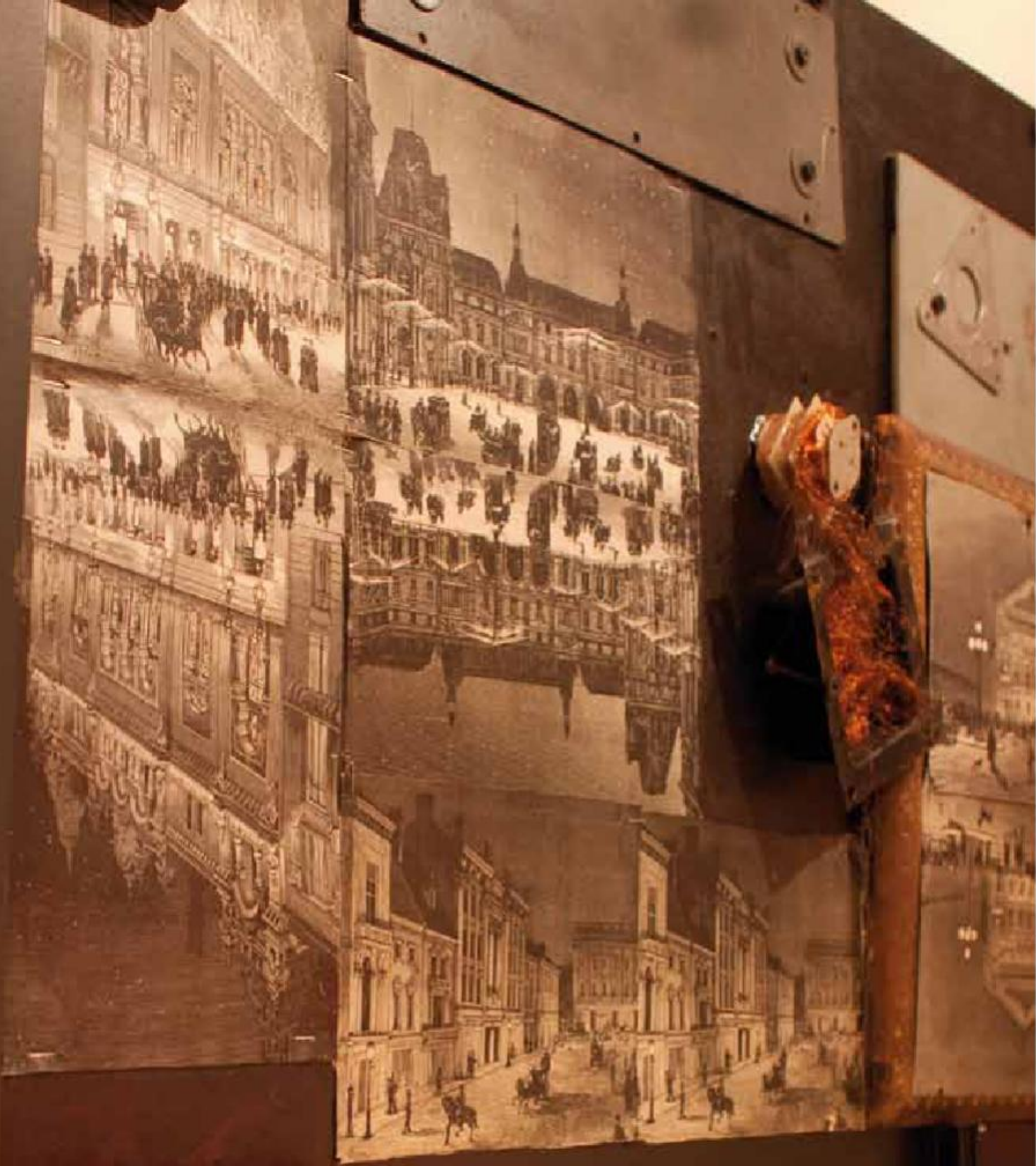








Mod



APR 1918



















Stacks of orange boxes on the left side of the image.

Stacks of white documents or folders on the left side of the image.

Stacks of white documents or folders on the left side of the image.

Labels on the left side of the image, including "APR 1913" and "APR 1914".

Stacks of silver-colored metal discs or tapes on the top shelf.

Row of orange folders on the second shelf from the top.

Row of orange folders on the third shelf from the top.

Row of orange folders on the fourth shelf from the top, with some handwritten labels visible.

Row of orange folders on the bottom shelf, with some handwritten labels visible.

Large stack of orange folders on the right side of the image, extending into the background.

Int | Ext ② Agitation ABC

Int | Ext ② Agitation DEFI

voir suppl. 14

Agitation

Ext ②

ABCDE

Prémonition

Ext ③

FGHI

Prémonition

Ext ③

ABC

conplit

Ext ④

DEE

conplit

Ext ④

FGH

conplit

Ext ④

ABCD

Etrangement

Ext ⑤

EFG

Etrangement

Ext ⑤

A'B

Ext ⑤

Ext ⑤

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Int | Ext (6) Respiration FGH I
Int | Ext (6) Respiration ABCD
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Int | Ext (8) Chlorination DEF
Int | Ext (8) Chlorination H G
Int | Ext (8) Chlorination ABC
Int | Ext (9) Chlorination DEF
Int | Ext (5) Chlorination ABC
Int | Ext (10) Effluent
Int | Ext (10) Effluent
Int | Ext (10) Effluent
Int | Ext (10) Effluent
Int | Ext (10) Effluent

Ulla - copie de travail - bob I
Ulla - copie de travail - bob II
Ulla - copie de travail - bob III

04114204

04114202

04114203

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04114216

01/4217
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01/6220
01/4221
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01/4225
01/4226
01/4227
01/4229
01/4230
01/4231
01/4232
01/4233
01/4234



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1
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Voie auditive - 2^e tronçon - A -

Radiophonie - 3^e tronçon - AB + 3^e tronçon A

Radiophonie - 3^e tronçon - C-D

JOURNAL DE MES SONS - FR. Delay. Textes seq ⑥ → ⑨ / 2000

JOURNAL DE MES SONS - FR. Delay. Textes seq ① → ⑤ / 2000

JOURNAL DE MES SONS - FR. Delay. Textes seq ② + restes atlu.

Voie auditive - Textes tronçons 3 & 4 PH interview

Voies So - Textes tronçons 1.3.4.5

Voies So - 6^e tronçon - A B C D E F G H Texte + Partes

Voies Radiophonie - 5^e tronçon - A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

Orphée - Textes tronçons 1.2.3

Orphée - 2^e tronçon - B R C

Orphée - Textes tronçons 4.5

Babel - 4^e tronçon - AB + 1^{er} tronçon D

Matériaux - Textes tronçon 1.2.3 interview

Matériaux - 3^e tronçon - A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

Matériaux - Textes tronçons 4.5 interview

Espace - temps - 1^{er} tronçon - ABC

Espace - temps - 2^e tronçon - AB + 3^e tr. A

Espace - temps - 4^e tronçon + 5^e tronçon AB

Dieu ou Diable - 2^e tronçon - ABCD

Dieu ou Diable - 4^e tronçon - ABCD

Dieu ou Diable - 5^e tronçon - A (Nous)

Dieu ou diable - 5^e tronçon - BC

Dieu ou diable - 2^e tronçon - B

FU20

FU20

FU29

FU29

FU30

FU31

(3)

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FU13

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Dieu ou diable - Ge tronsen - C

Dieu ou diable - Ge tronsen - B

Dieu ou diable - Ge tronsen - A

Dieu ou diable - Ge tronsen - E

Journal - Titres PH - Bobel - Vie auditive - Annis So. Orphé

Journal - Titres PH - Bobel -> Dieu ou diable

PARADIS PERDU, Lille - Bobine 1 - II ●

PARADIS PERDU, Lille - Bobine 1 - III

PARADIS PERDU, Lille - Bobine 1 - IV

PARADIS PERDU, Lille - Bobine 2 - I

PARADIS PERDU, Lille - Bobine 2 - II ●

PARADIS PERDU, Lille - Bobine 2 - III ●

PARADIS PERDU, Lille - Bobine 2 - IV ●

PARADIS PERDU, Lille - Bobine 2 - V

PARADIS PERDU, Lille - Bobine 2 - VI

PARADIS PERDU, Lille - Bobine 3 - I

PARADIS PERDU, Lille - Bobine 3 - II

PARADIS PERDU, Lille - Bobine 3 - III ●

PARADIS PERDU, Lille - Bobine 3 - IV ●

PARADIS PERDU, Lille - Bobine 3 - V

PARADIS PERDU, Lille - Bobine 3 - VI

FU15

FU16

FU17

FU18

FU19

FU20

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FU31

FU32

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FU34

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FU14

FU15

FU16

FU17

FU18

FU19

FU20

FU21

FU22

FU23

FU24

FU25

FU26

FU27

FU28

its 37 à 53

~~54 à 70~~

~~anthracosies~~

anthracosies

d'accords - trouquées - faux

anthracosie

composées

NR

~~17 à 19~~

MAN-UTILISÉES

ant No 17 sie

longes - marche - pages - 70 dom. (simples + plus)

NR

NON-UTILISÉS

~~17 à 19~~

anthracosie

parfaits (simples + plusieurs) - octaves (+ 17) - mineur

1 à 17

Nos

vules 10-60 - Cellules 1-60

vules ~~10-60~~ 65-97 vocales NR

vules ~~10-60~~ 80-97 NR

NON RETENUS

ARPEGES

~~exercices 34-44~~

~~exercices~~

22

vales

villes 1-12

hèmes 14-17 21-22

sonneres 1-4 14

me gicte

Allegretto

Scherzo Circus

Scherzo Circus ~~Allegretto~~

Andante 1 a ♯ c + fm f

Andante 1 f g

Andante 1 d e b

Andante 2

phonie Andante 2 Voix A repiquage

Andante 3

Andante 3

Andante 3

V 1 18

V 6 7

V 10 11

V 15 16

V 19

V 19 20

V 23 24

V 29

VI ① ②

VI ④

VI ⑤

VI ⑥

VI ⑦ ⑧ ⑨ ⑩

VI ⑪ ⑫

Allegro 1

Allegro 2

Allegro 3

Allegro 4

Allegro 4

Allegro 4

Allegro 4

Allegro 4

Allegro 4

Voix A-D

Coupsures de

Allegro 2

Scherzo 2

Scherzo 4

Scherzo 4

Scherzo 6

14775

VI 13
VI 14-15-17
VI 16 18
VI 19 20
VI 21 22 A
VI 23 24 25 A
VI 26 27 28 A
VI 29 30 31 32
VI 33 34
VI 35 MUSIQUE SP
VI 36 MUSIQUE SP
VI 37 38 39
VI 40 41 42 CHEMINEMENT
VI 43 44
VI 45

DE BASSON

II 10 11 PEDALE DE BASSON / + CORDES

II 12 13 14 OSTINATO DE CORDES

II 15 16 17 TOURNIQUET D'OCTAVE

II 18 19 20 21 TOURNIQUET D'OCTAVE
OSTINATO POMPIER FA

II 22 23 24 OSTINATO POMPIER FA

II 25 26 27 OSTINATO MHW SIGNAL

II 28 29 30 OSTINATO 7ES

II 31 32 OSTINATO 7ES
GALOP SOURD

II 33 ARPEGE EN DO - Variation polytonale

II 34 35 ARPEGE EN DO - VARIATIONS

II 36 37 38 TRICOTAGE
MOTIF MONTAGE 1 et 2

II 39 40 41 42 43

Graphie
Dynamatop
Médsons

CC 14-19 - Arpège 24-28 124
Arpège 36 CC 18- 37 43

CC 15-18
CC 14 CC 12
CC 80-10-42-50
CC 28-33-33 bis
Arpège 24-28 124
Arpège 36 CC 18- 37 43

CC 21
Cellule
CC 25
CC 27+
CC 32

CC 48 | CC 49 |
 21/45 / 21/46
 Arpegge 21 conclusion 1
 CC 49 / 53
 Arpegge 33 / CC 52
 CC 52 | Arpegge 41 / CC 52
 Andante - Intro 3 -
 DRAMA 9 MI
 Arpegge 37-38 sol b
 conclusion - arpegge 29 -
 CC 8 | CC 48 | cellule 74
 CC 22 - 22 bis

Hugosymphonie

II (40) (41) (42) (43)
 CHEMINEMENT NOSTALGIQUE
 MOTIF MONTAGE 2 / OSTINATO 755
 II (44) (45) (46) (47) (48) (49) (50) (51)
 I (49) (50) (51) CADENCE EN ARPEGE / MYSTERE DE FROTTEMENT
 II (52) (53) (54) MYSTERE DE FROTTEMENT
 I (55) (56) CELLULE D'ARPEGE NI-LA-DO
 III (1) (2)
 III (3) (4) (5) (6)
 III (7) (8)
 III (9) (10) (11) (12)
 ELEMENTS SPORT
 III (13) (14) (15) ELEMENTS SPORTS
 III (16) (17) (18) ELEMENTS SPORT | TOURNOIEMENT
 III (19) (20) (21) (22) TREMOLOTENUE | ELEM. SPORT | TOURNOIEMENT
 III (23) (24) (25) (26) (27) (28) ACCORD PARFAIT type Parsifal
 III (29) (30) (31) (32) (33) (34) (35) (36) (37) (38) (39) (40) (41) (42) (43) (44) (45) (46) (47) (48) (49) (50) (51) (52) (53) (54) (55) (56) (57) (58) (59) (60) (61) (62) (63) (64) (65) (66) (67) (68) (69) (70) (71) (72) (73) (74) (75) (76) (77) (78) (79) (80) (81) (82) (83) (84) (85) (86) (87) (88) (89) (90) (91) (92) (93) (94) (95) (96) (97) (98) (99) (100)



band
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400 ft.

~~Xc 209~~ ~~musique~~ Guerre
Cadenances / ~~musique~~
Drame
Allegro I
Allegro II
Rappels / Final russe
Rondo
Xc - A40 - A17
Xc - A2



NK
NR
14



Ac- AA 46-47-476ir
Ac- AA 53-57-58-69

ELEMENTS originaux I, II, III
ELEMENTS originaux III, IV, V
ELEMENTS originaux et copie. Parties VII
ELEMENTS originaux VIII, IX, X

ELEMENTS ORIGINAUX XII

ELEMENTS originaux IIII sur 22 autres Copies
ELEMENTS originaux 307 - 311
Tome III. Réflex. orig. et copie. 311-312
V^e Guerre - Front. Russie - Nouvelle Russie

FU20
FU20

L'âge d'or 18 jours
L'AGE D'OR

Résumé abcd
Récit abcd (transcrit) FU19

FU29
FU29
FU30

1985

26
27
28
29
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Label - 40
Fiches - 30
Fiches - 30

Deuxième Symphonie Bob II E ● B67/76

Deuxième Symphonie Bob II F ● B67

Deuxième Symphonie Bob I E ● B67/76

Deuxième Symphonie Bob I F ● B67

2^e SYMPHONIE - mixage Perspectives du XX^e

bob. 1

2^e SYMPHONIE - mixage Perspectives du XX^e

bob. 2

ENIVREZ - VOUS Mixage perspective ORIG. bob. 1

ENIVREZ VOUS Mixage perspective ORIG.

bob. 2

ENIVREZ - VOUS Mixage perspective ORIG. bob. 3

ENIVREZ - VOUS Mixage perspective ORIG.

vous

Continuité CD

4

Pierre Henry des Années 50 Bob I

Pierre Henry des Années 50 Bob II

Pierre Henry des Années 50 Bob III

Pierre Henry des Années 50 Bob IV

Pierre Henry des Années 50 Bob V

Dieu A Bob

Dieu B



Homonymes

Forêt

Orig

des Noces / Chymiques / Bob I Orig A

des Noces Chymiques Bob I B

des Noces Chymiques Bob I C

des Noces Chymiques Bob I D

des Noces Chymiques Bob I E

des Noces Chymiques Bob I F

orig
orig

orig
orig

des Noces Chymiques Bob II A
des Noces Chymiques Bob II B
des Noces Chymiques Bob II C
des Noces Chymiques Bob II D
des Noces Chymiques Bob II E
des Noces Chymiques Bob II F
des Noces Chymiques Bob III A
des Noces Chymiques Bob III B
des Noces Chymiques Bob III C
des Noces Chymiques Bob III D
des Noces Chymiques Bob III E
des Noces Chymiques Bob III F

Bob 2

Enregistrement Metz

Cairon de l'abime non utilisé

Jeune du diable non utilisé

Sapies et coups - Nuit démesurée

Journal de mes sons 11h02 Bob 2

Journal de mes sons 13h30

Journal de mes sons 17h32 Bob I

Journal de mes sons 17h32 Bob I

Journal de mes sons 20h Bob 1

Journal de mes sons





Tom Tom du merisier 1

Tom Tom du merisier 2

Tous droits 2003

LABYRINTHE !
2003

LABYRINTHE !
2003

MIXAGES
2002
Continués
mixage
sans de mix

LUMIÈRES
2003
cabinets
sans de mixage

LUMIÈRES
2003
travaux









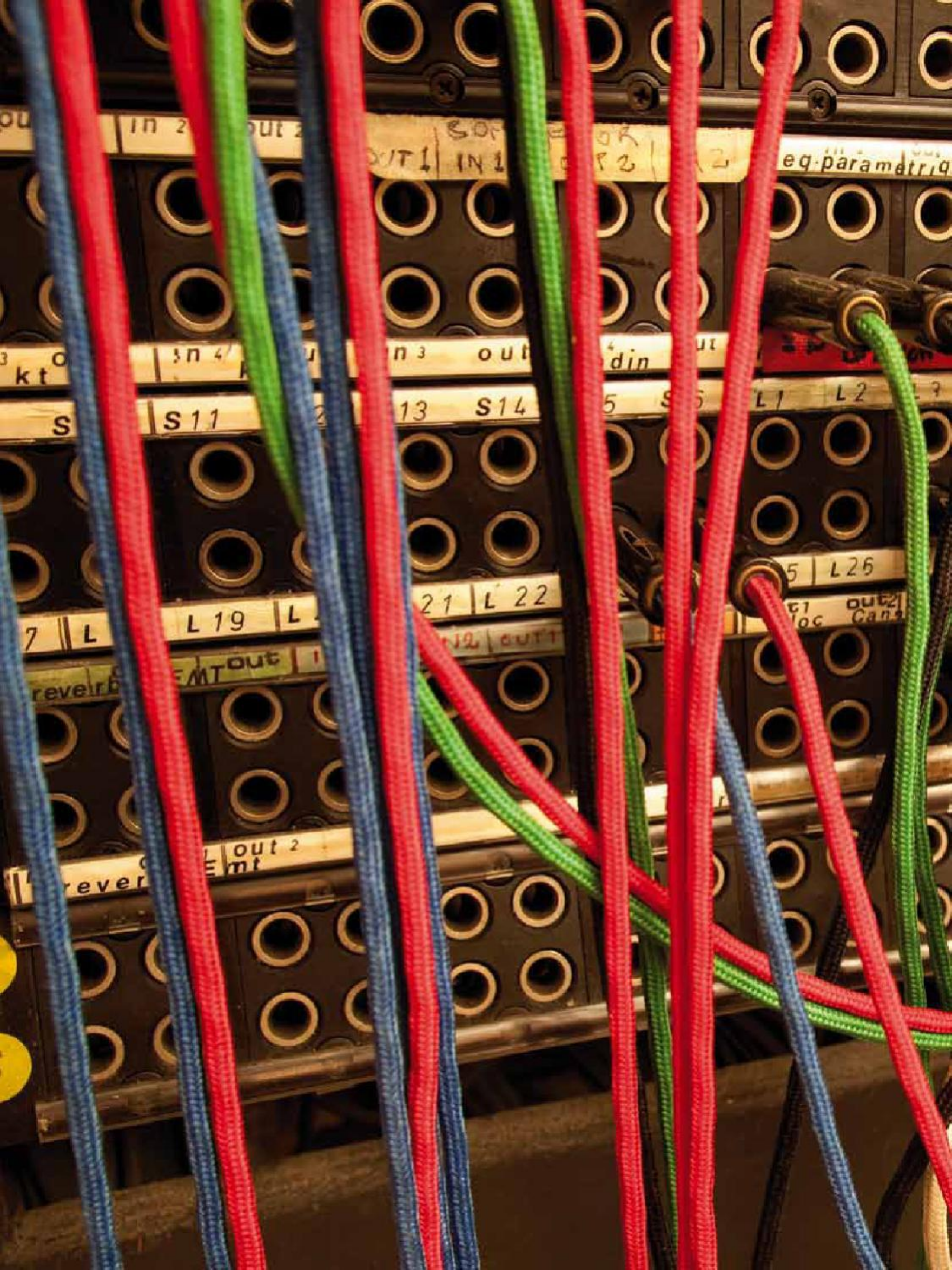


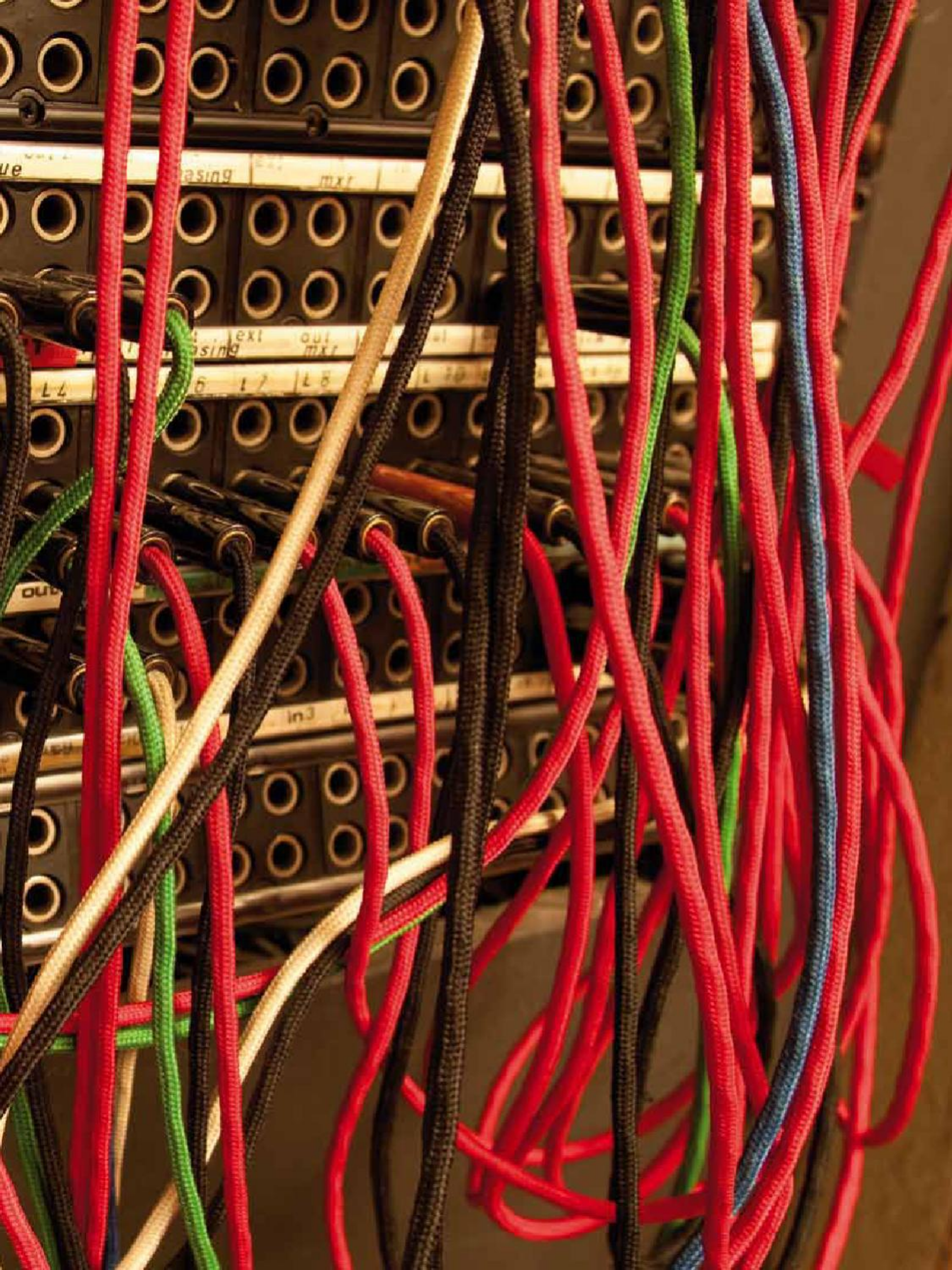












ue

bus

mxr

ext

out

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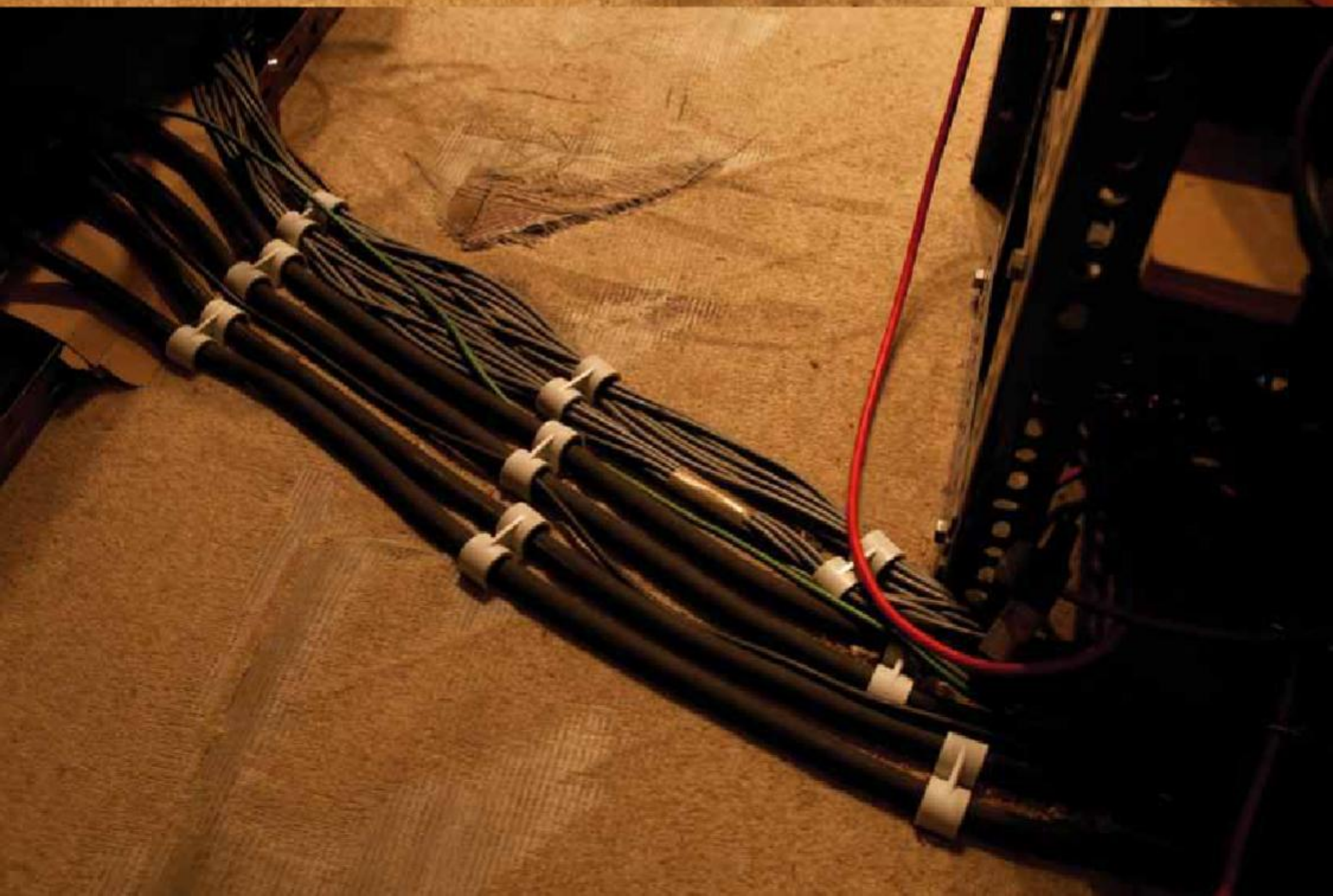
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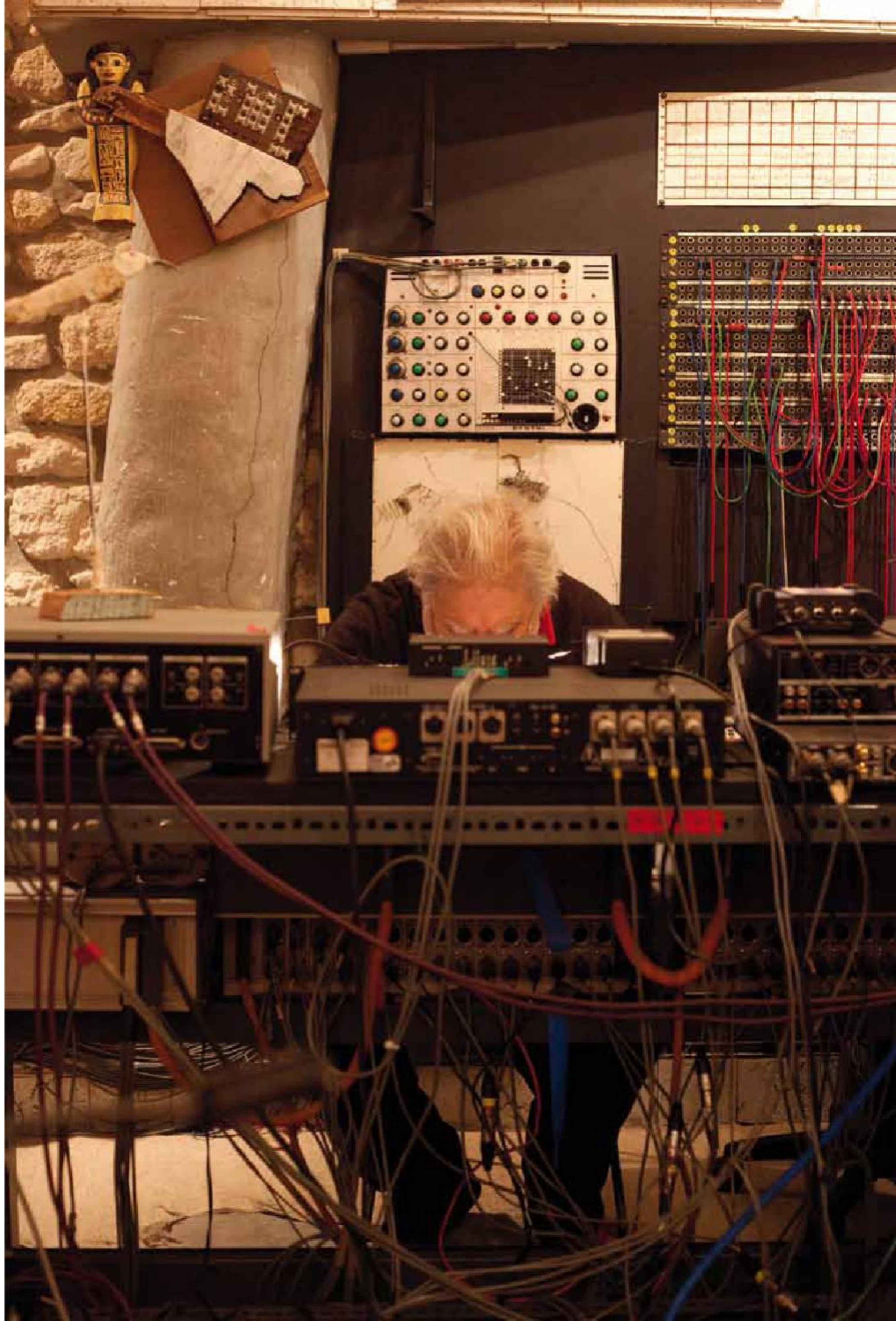


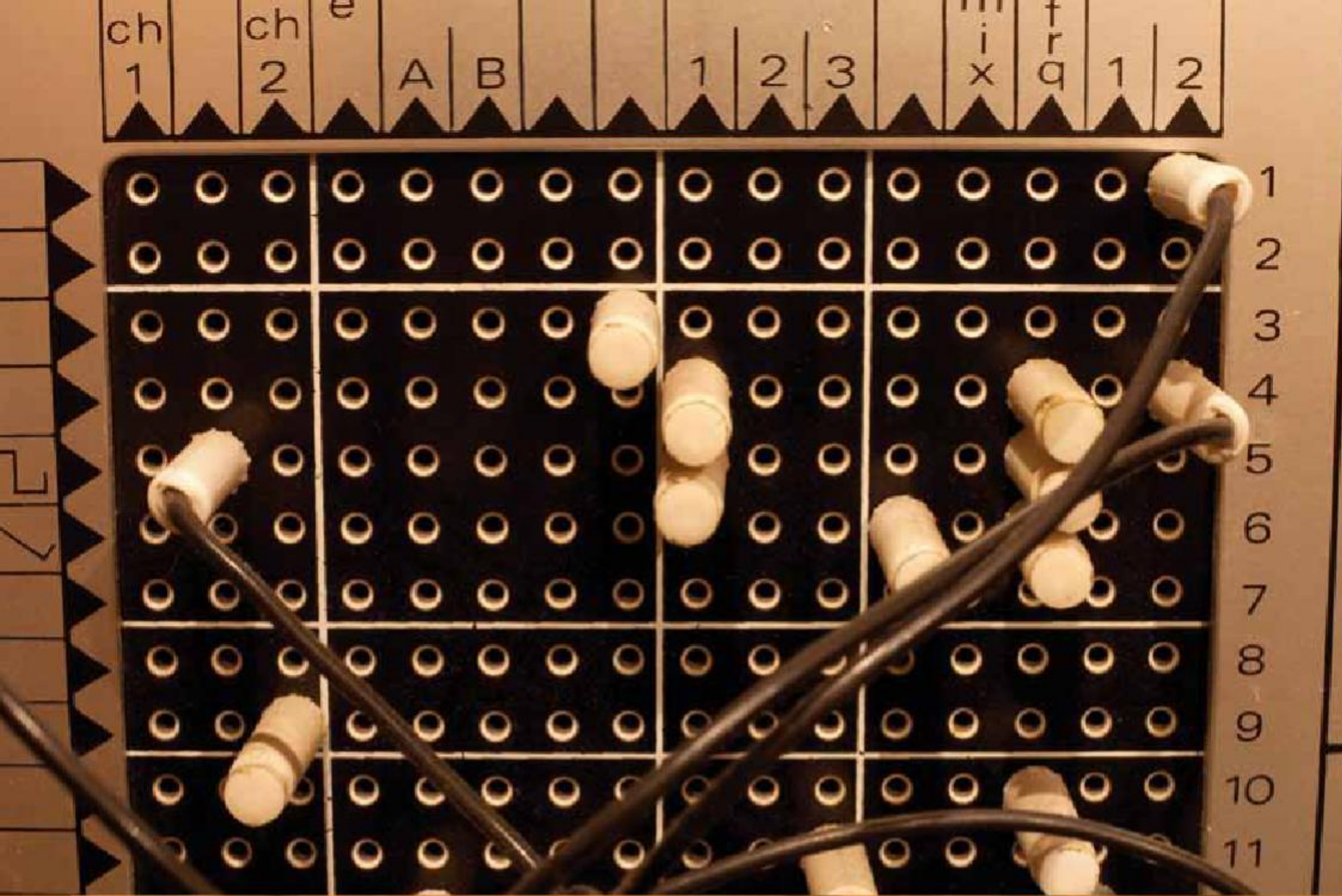


















Maigret

Rouge

PRESSES DE LA CITE

SIMENON

Maigret
et la vieille dame

LES PRESSES DE LA CITE

GEORGES SIMENON

Les Scripules
de Maigret 1

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Maigret a peur

GEORGES SIMENON

Maigret Perche
et la Grande Perche

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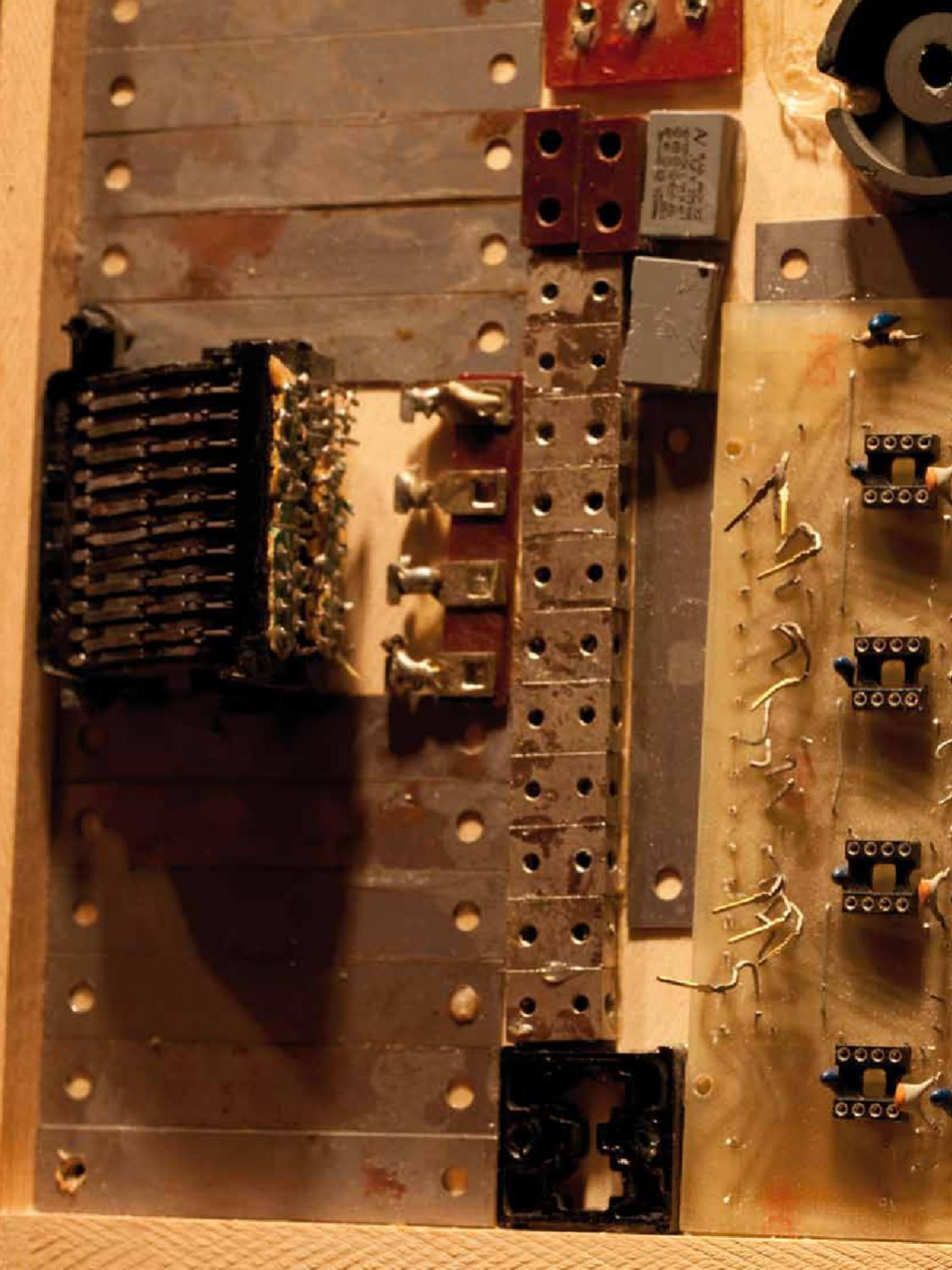
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GEORGES SIMENON

La Tête d'un homme 1

Maigret
et l'Indicateur

GEORGES SIMENON





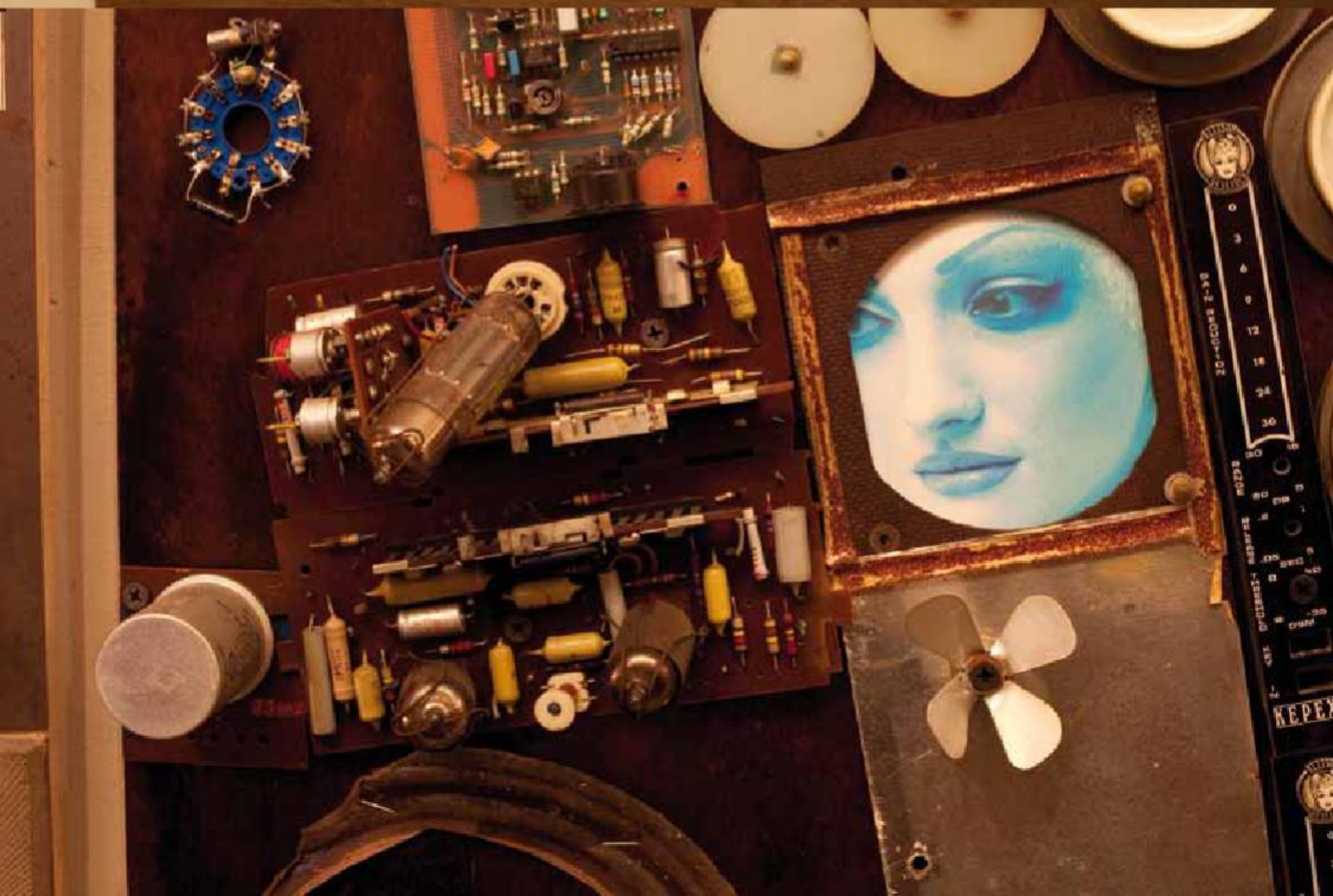












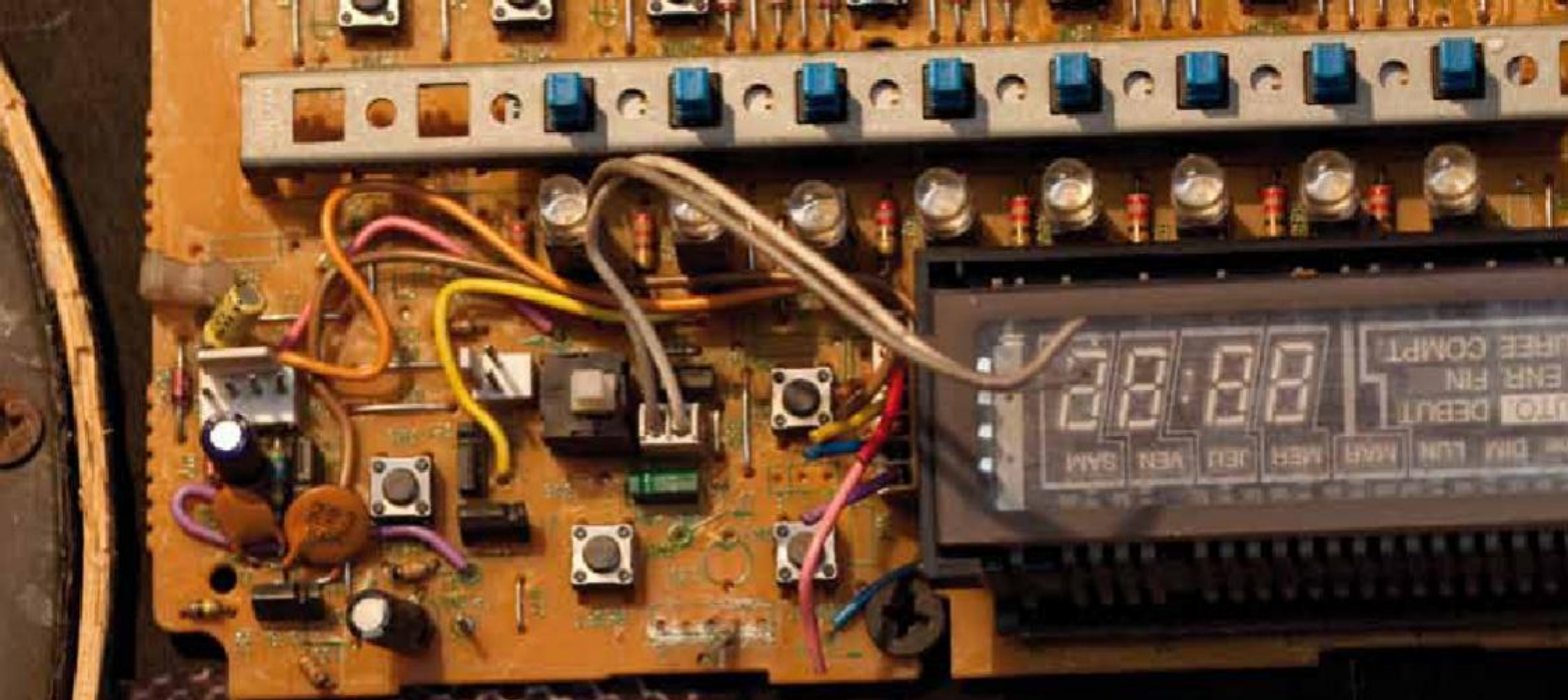




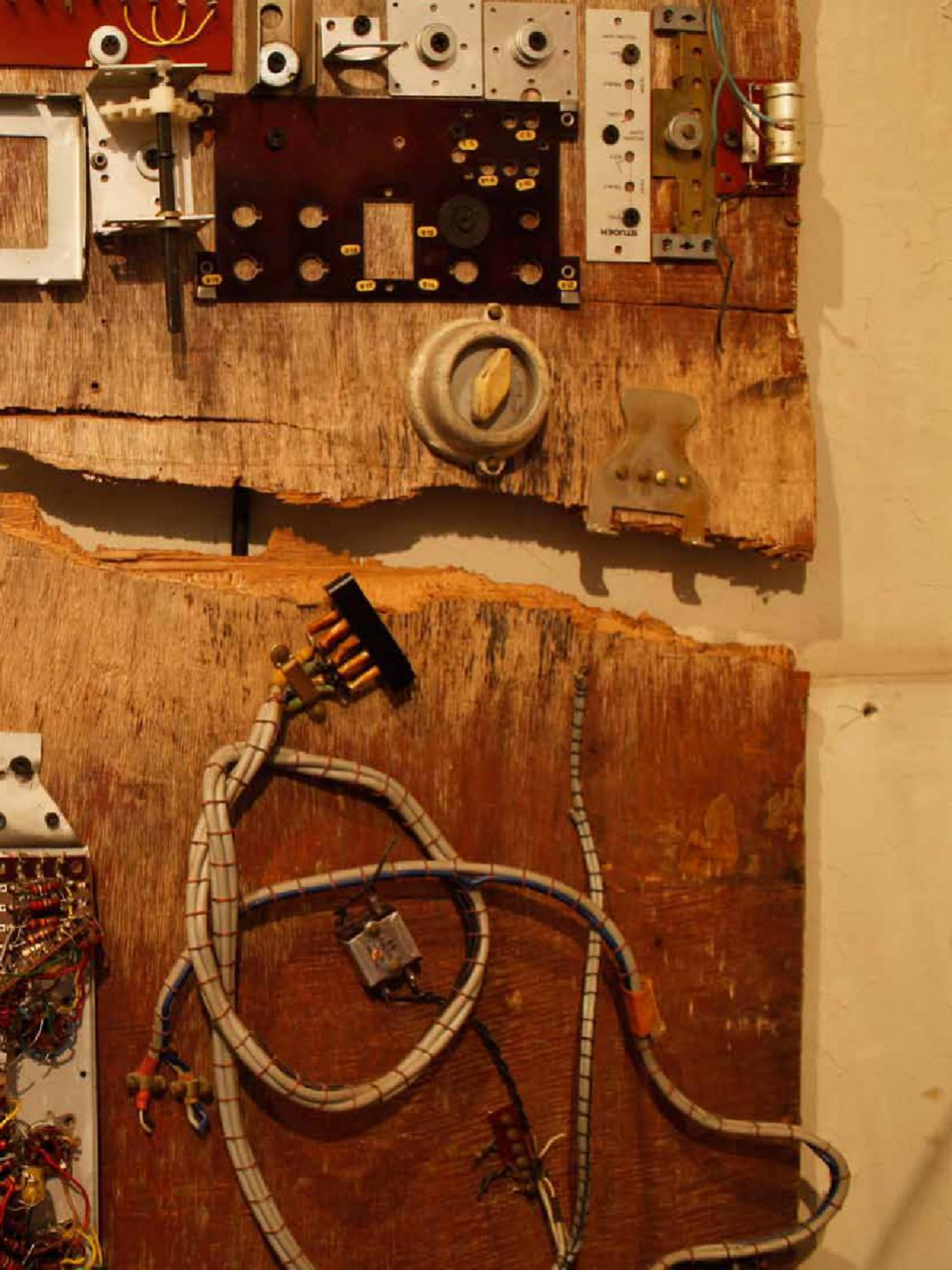








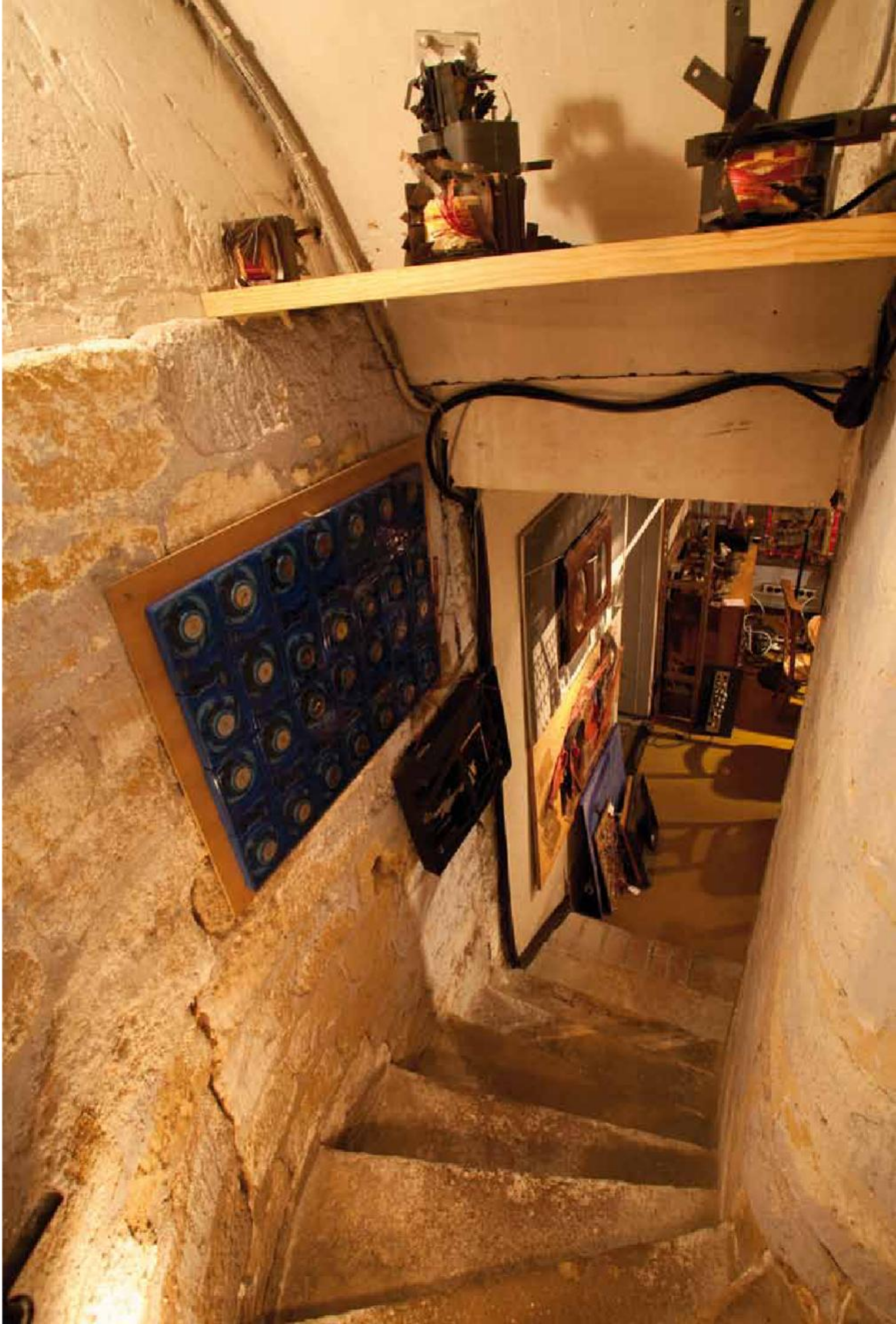




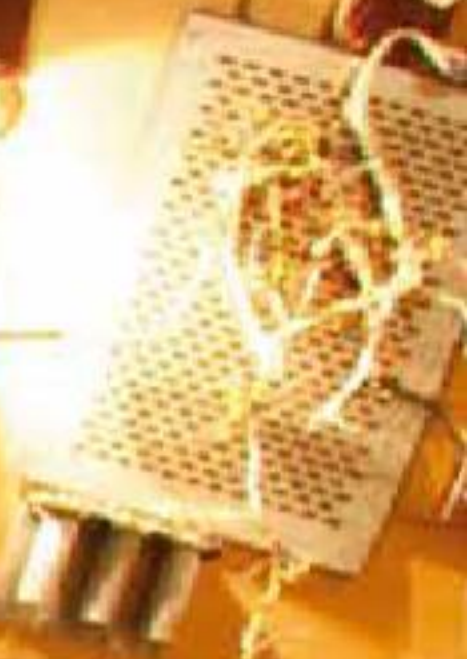
















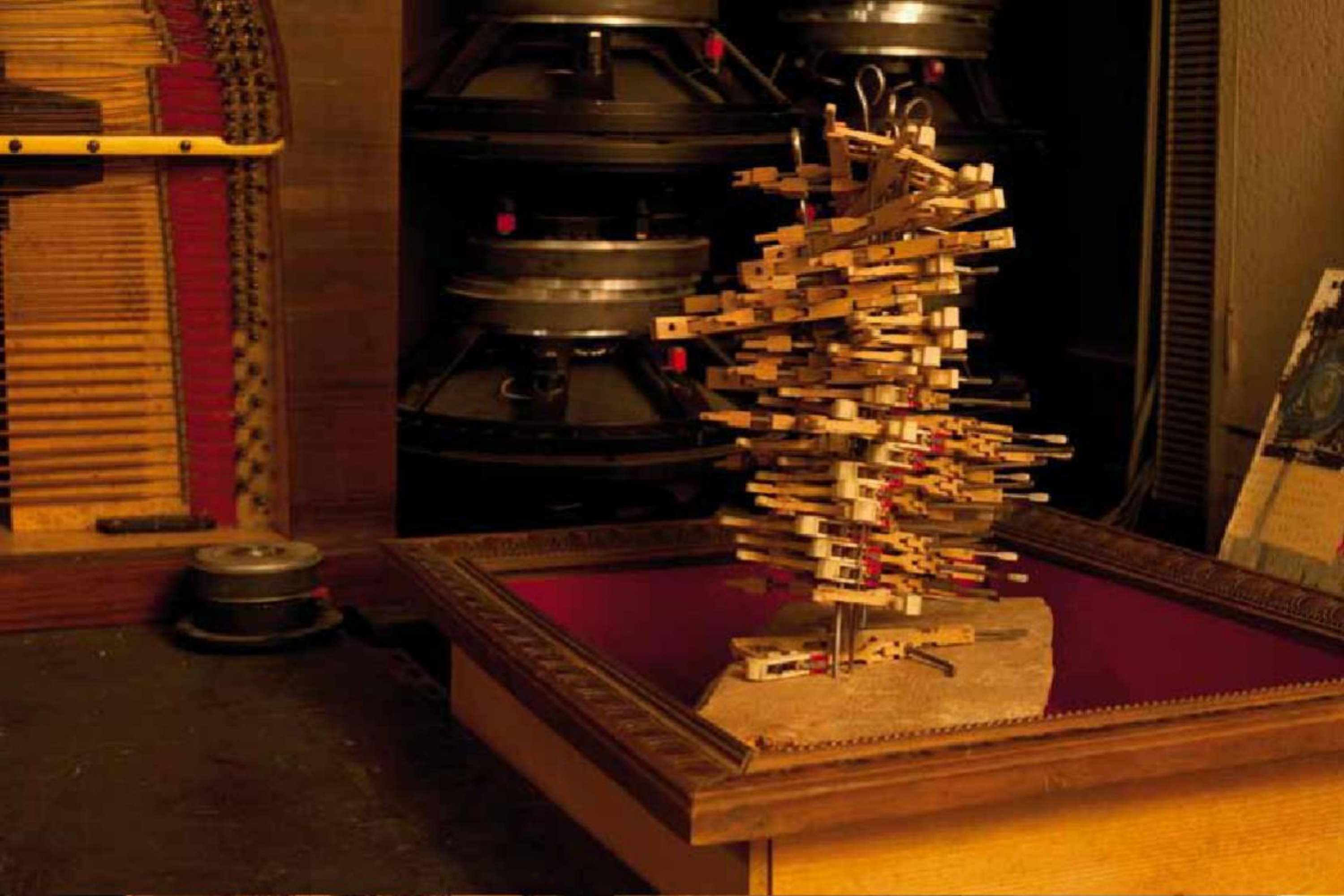
















pierre henry



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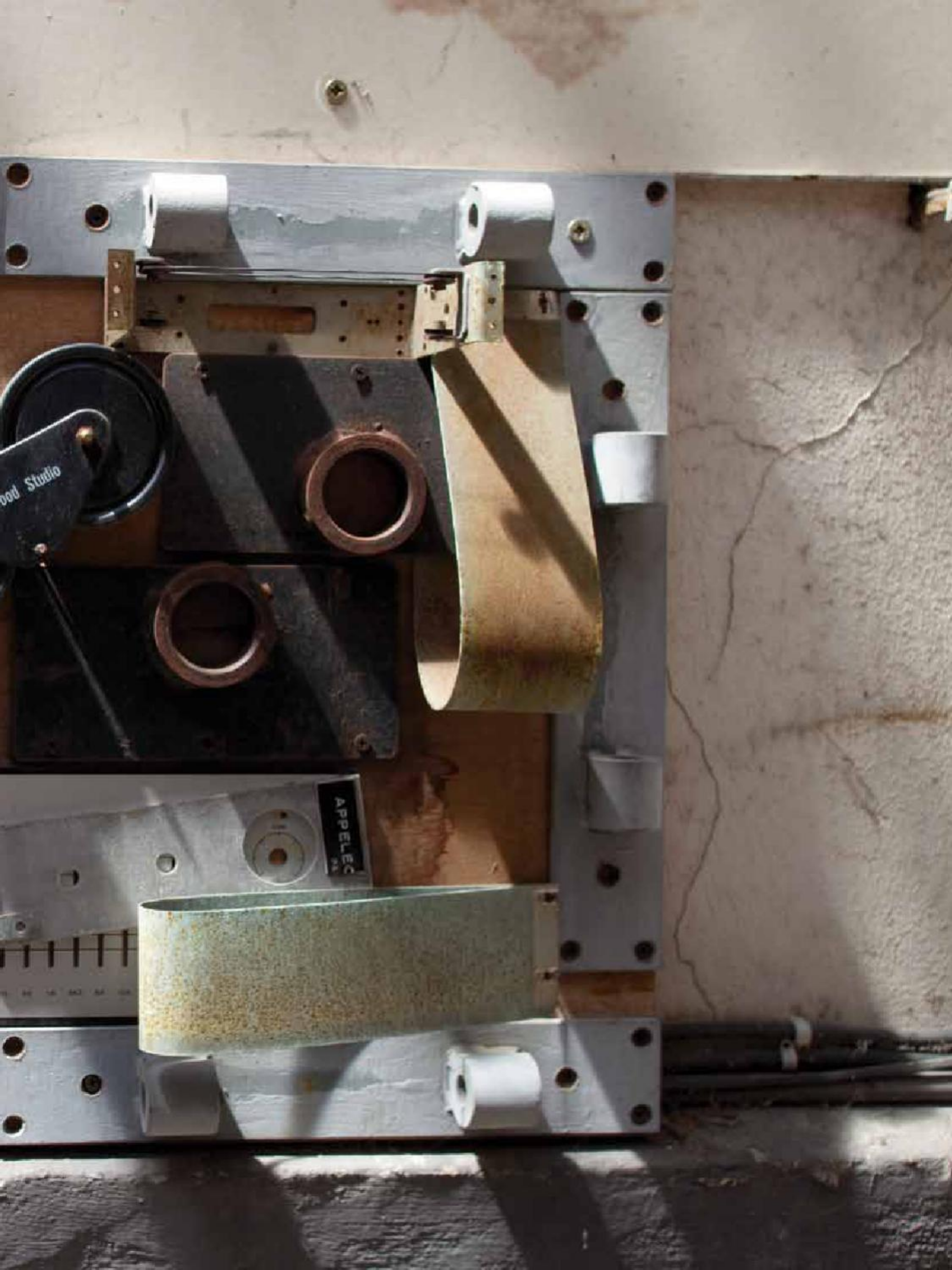
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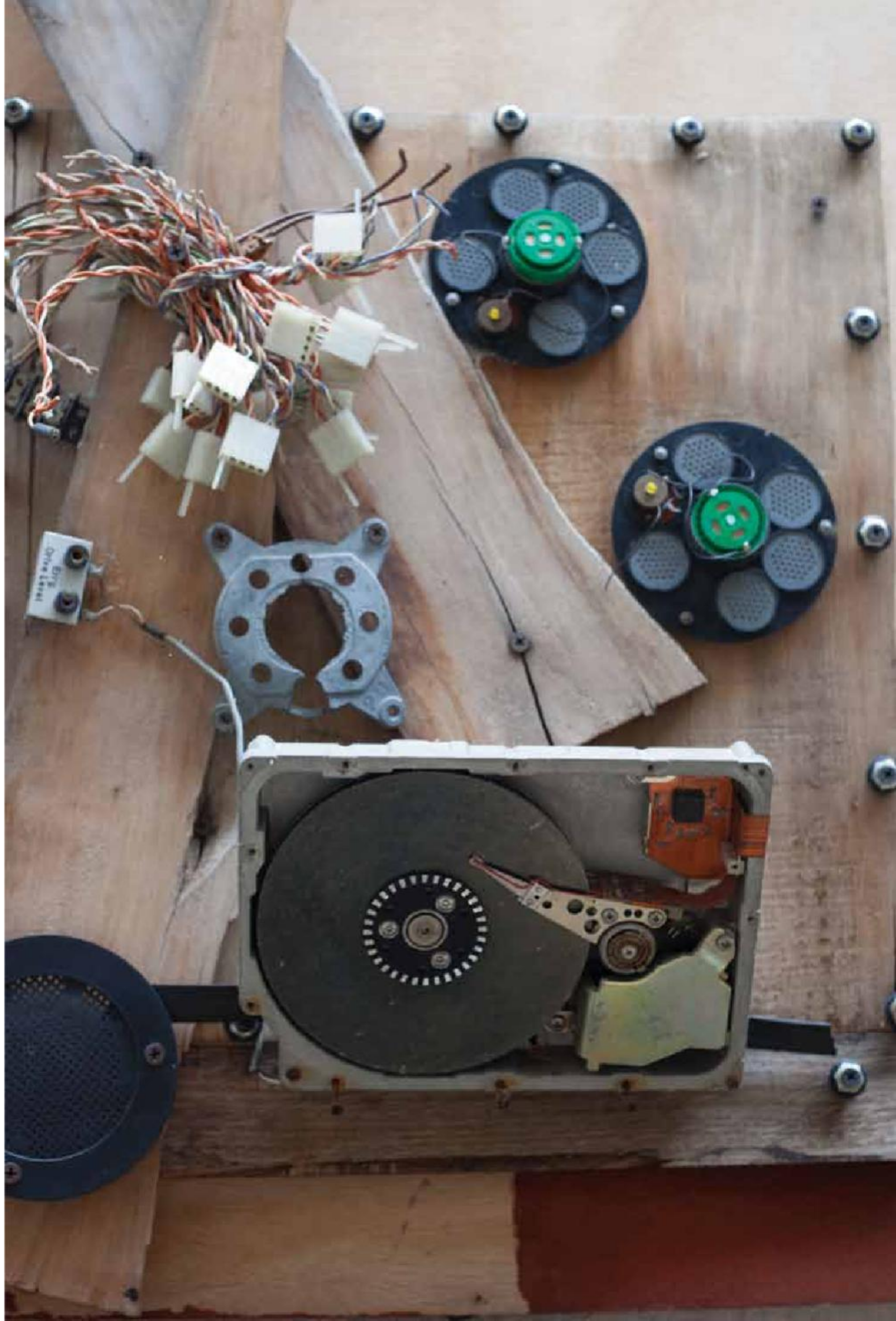
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A wall section featuring a poster for "ORPHÉE" with a white figure, surrounded by various items pinned to it, including what appears to be a map or a collection of small objects.

A wooden board or panel mounted on the wall, displaying several tools and objects, possibly related to a craft or workshop.

BIBLIOTECA

ORPHÉE

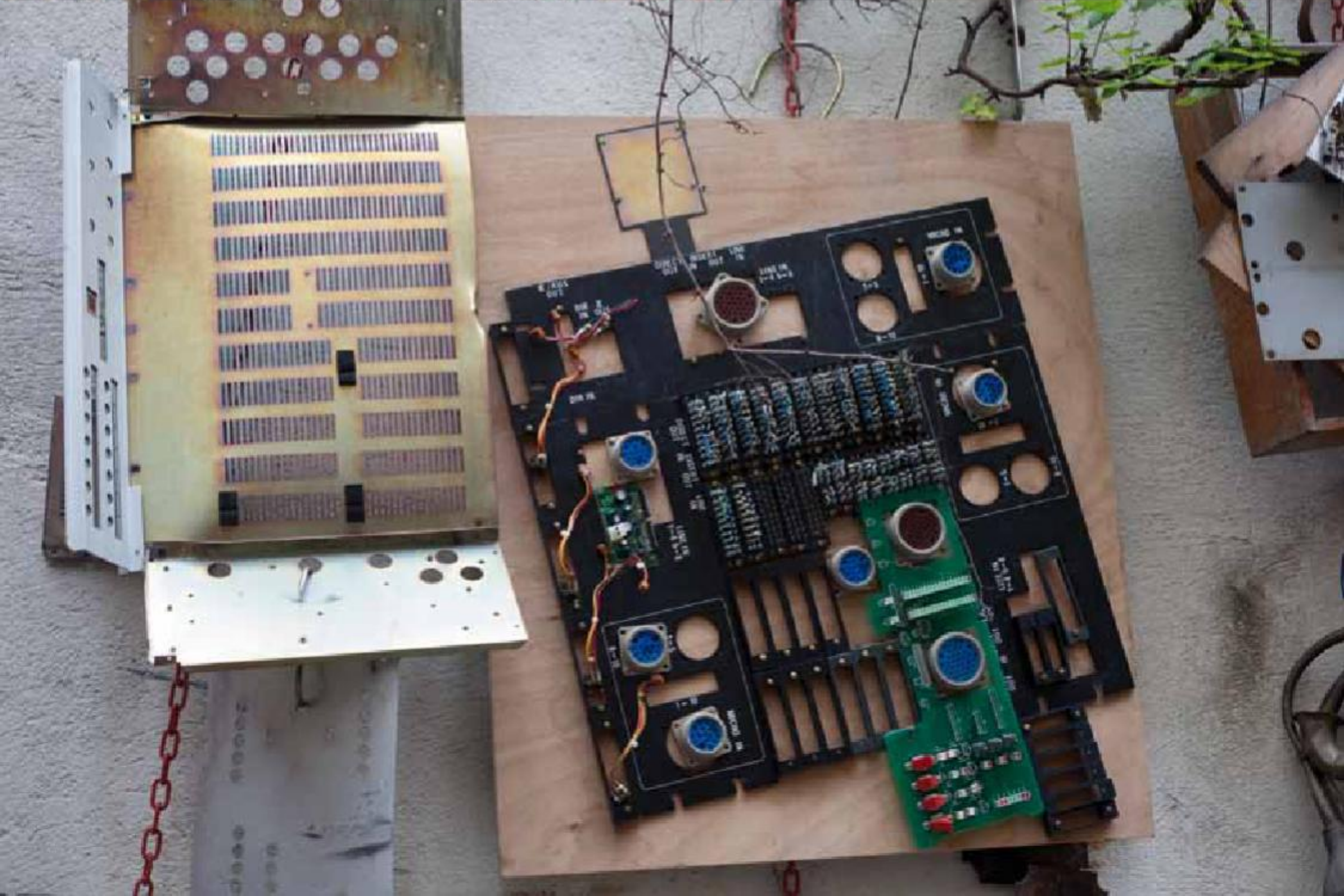






















TRAITE DE SON TUBE VOTRE
 Que dans le tube P. 11



MON

F. CASSE

Grand Prix de Rome
 1888

1910

Paris 10 & 11 rue de la Harpe

100 exemplaires

EXERCICE EN CHOEUR

Musique à 4 mains, deux touches pour chaque main



EXERCICE

Pour les Petites notes doubles et pour les Petites notes doubles

Les Petites notes doubles ont été ajoutées aux leçons



5. LES SIGNES HARMONIQUES
 pour en un seul pas en deux pour acquies la parfaite perfection. Voulez être sûr de vos notes dans cette Méthode toutes les fois que vous pouvez de les publier plus de cinq ans et pour le public. Publiée par toute la grande commission guide par son

Une fois que vous de voir dans l'actualité, et dans tout son mouvement à la même place





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LES
PUBLIQUE
ETL
MAY 1988





Top shelf of books with various titles and spines.

Second shelf of books, including titles like 'L' and 'L'.

Third shelf of books, including titles like 'L' and 'L'.

Fourth shelf of books, including titles like 'L' and 'L'.

Fifth shelf of books, including titles like 'L' and 'L'.



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Piscine / FUSIL DE FG
Le dernier métré ABCD
Dictionnaire ABCD
TEXTE
Vocabulaire / Plumes ABC + TEXTE 10/14
Vision / HAL AB
Montée couchant Modifiés A
Hémaphrodite BCD B
Hémaphrodite EFG
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DE CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI À PIERRE HENRY

ORPHÉE







pierre henry







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VARIATIONS FOR A HOUSE, AND SOME SIGHS

by Pierre Henry

“I’ve fitted out my burrow, and the result seems to be a success.”

Franz Kafka, *The Burrow*

I. MY HOUSE IS A CIRCLE OF SOUNDS

I remember my childhood home as a laboratory that was premonitory of my future musics. A basement kitchen, a first floor, a balcony, a park, a sort of “audio geography”. And the stone staircase in front of me is the same. A departure from this marvellous labyrinth that’s my childhood.

I’ve also had studios like little houses: eating, sleeping, working. Here, it’s still a new configuration; an entire house that’s become my only universe.

I’ve recomposed it. I’ve turned it into a sort of burrow.

It was already a working house. There were two workshops, for binding and dressmaking. Fascinating, to live in a house that’s not at all bourgeois... I’ve turned the roof spaces into technical areas; the living room has become a composition studio, the basement a recording auditorium.

This house has become my life. I settled into it as though it were a “philosophy of expectation”, in order to produce sounds. Where to imagine them: my room, the kitchen with its large table, which functions as a workshop. I often use this kitchen for the acoustic preparation of concerts. I appreciate the courtyard for its tintinnabulating “dustbins” of paint.

In this house, very soon, there arose a desire for a different form of creation. The week of the Cirque d’Hiver in June 1972 – an ambitious, amazing project. As I worked, I felt the advent of a plenitude.

New house, renewed vigour.

I started thinking, dreaming, awaiting the good and bad times. Before, it was above all savage, spontaneous creation.

I’m burning with enthusiasm. There are now unusual modes of life, silences, everyday listenings, forgettings, a rebirth. I go down two floors, and I’m happy to find myself in a studio where I feel perfectly operational.

From the start of the morning onward, the studio’s my refuge. I run to it. I’ll have spent half of a musical life in it, by the end. This house is a place of a *will* to work. New projects every day.

I have nights that are strongly-marked, dramatic – and with music! Sleeping, I perceive antagonisms that create fear between my daytime sounds. I enter this house like a set of gestures, ever renewed.

On awakening, I'm joyous. I'm happy to get back to the paintings.
I breathe them. I hear them. They reflect the sounds of the studio in
recomposed echoes.

This house is in a way a *compositional awakening*.
I'm satisfied.

II. ON BIRTH

In my research, the most important vector is birth. And other guiding themes:
war, cataclysms, rites, everything that's hard. There's the body. In particular,
there's death.

Then harmony, those *tendencies* of encounters; I like to talk about couplings
of sounds. Birth in music means placing a sound, seeing it emerge out of
nothing, and then, on the basis of this sound, defining another.

Dictating a start. Something as new as the birth of a plant, an ant or an infant.
That which is most enchanting as a point of departure.

Thus I begin the *birth* of *Le Voyage*.
With breath.

III. ON INSPIRATION

When I improvise, my musics arrive. I try out an encounter; something.
Yes, something superhuman that grabs you.

I believe in the pleasure of listening to oneself. But it's transient. I don't believe
in what people call inspiration. When it exists, it should link up with the divine,
the cosmos. It's then a premonition.

Everything depends on the music, and its duration. I place two continuities
together, and expect that the result is going to be extraordinary.

It's appalling. I move them around, I play them over again. When it's right,
I feel contentment like a celebration of sounds.

I anticipate the *acts* of my music, divulging in advance all the rhythmic,
temporal, accidental parameters.

The right synchronism to come. I have the privilege of deploying a composi-
tion in its own precise time.

During the performance, I know that at seven seconds there'll be an *incidental*
intervention, that thanks to this the suite will exist, and that it'll be written
in exact sounds.

I begin by listening to sounds on their own. I like to try them out, to make
preliminary continuities. Then to reattach, link up, *weld the melodies* of pitch
and timbre. Dominating power relationships.

Before mixing, there's a sort of fixation on the primary data, which are often
not simple enough.

These factors must be brought alive, animated, given a highly polyphonic
rhythmicity, a placid or impetuous dynamic.

It'll certainly be necessary to do more correcting, and add colours.
Softer, heavier. Mixtures. A martingale for success.
What inspires me: motors, and what's round; the wheel, and what turns;
my reels of storms; the curves of my sounds.
It's my music from day to day.
According to the day.
There's no routine.
Experiences occur: one day this, one day that.
According to my character, and how I feel things.
Style, unity, disparity.
The daily impulse.
Abstraction, refused.
Expression, emotion.
An action linked to current mythologies; soon, sensitivity of movement,
speed, power and ruin come to the fore. My music's different every day,
but I still see ordered continuity in it.

The *motor* of my creativity: to show my life. It's here in the form of immo-
bile schemas, traced out on my paintings.
Life, as I love and perceive it. The dawning of my emotions.
The burgeoning of sounds. There's also the agitation of the world.
All these *ends*, in my music. I apprehend ends.
I apprehend death. Lives count for me. They proliferate in my music.
Space and time are the *sewing machine* of what I do.

IV. IN THE STUDIO

Adhesive tape had its drawbacks: it didn't always stick, and the matching
had to be done by ear. The speed of the tape recorders was unpredictable.
The rewindings also. And the *tangles*... The number of missed attacks,
ill-defined pre-attacks and negative echoes left me wondering.
Since 1990, I've made progress with Digital Audio Tape (DAT).
Each sound's time-coded, with a numbered reference.
The editing programme exists in advance as a score.
Copies become originals.
Without this digital technique, I wouldn't have twenty years of new works
in a millisecond.
In fact, imaginative phenomena have become rarer. On the other hand,
striking details in the mixtures, and *new* unusual-invisible ties, have increased
my chances of achieving what I seek. But I must admit my attachment to
the analogue.
There have been tapestried continuos of brief sounds in polyrhythms.
Sounds of instruments, depleted sounds that gave rise to *Gymkhana*, *Babel*
and *Pierres réfléchies*.
In the studio, there's now a new tempo. Spirit, speed, digitisation.
But not always immediate composition.
So I need a patient form of collaboration, close to my thinking process.

Rediscovering my different paths and forgotten imbroglios.
In the studio, you think that projects of works will speak for themselves.
The work exists through all processes: experiences, listenings, discoveries
in composition notebooks full of musical summaries, figures, levels, pitch
and acoustic analysis.
For me, all the listed synchronisms are the rare symphonies of the *Miroirs
du temps*, a recent work.
My secret theme: the search for lost time.

V. A UNIQUE SOUND

What I always like, in the house.
Modifying, changing a sound: it's been metamorphosed.
It's presented otherwise, transposed, shrunk.
It's enlarged, and becomes dust, or a deep lake.
There are sounds that don't leave the ear.
Presenting, ordering. It's formal. What counts is the originality of the
primary sound.
In this house, there's still a need to search. There's a mine of unexploited
sounds, an extraordinary deposit. There should be a daily *Radio de mes sons*.
They're works in themselves. They must be listened to as simple formulae,
thematic catalogues, anthologies and meetings outside of concerts.
One might go far in the new explorations of audio sensations.
Personally, I don't fear a zero point of awaiting a sound.
Before finding it, I form it. I draw it inside myself.
What's a sound? It's a vibration that comes, in a sense, from a sun.
An unknown sun. It's also a signal.
A sound alone. It's the spirit of the work. It's become a note of music. It can
be in one's head.
When I was young, I heard astonishing things within myself – enormous,
unbearable sounds – and I said to myself: "I have to do that."
Sound alone is overwhelming.
A silence-sound, then all my storms.

VI. PAINTING WITH SOUNDS

As an adolescent I was drawn to drawing and ancient cartography by a
visual equilibrium of objects among themselves. I *painterised*, then forgot
about painting, with the incredible vocation that had been guided by my
father: music, everything. Later, I admired other people's painting. Kandins-
ky's in particular. I have many books about painters. I've known painters,
and I've composed for them.
Like *Investigations*, with Degottex. Since my digitisations, my doubly creative
function asserted itself. I went from the studio to the kitchen, where, on the
big table, I spread out my painting-sounds. The supporting structures were
inventive, essential: planks, doors, cupboards, drawers...

Then the *components* came along. Not *accumulations*, but display units, as a kind of symbol-support.

Figures-drawings. Objects moving out of abstraction in the direction of an *inner view*. Then new gestures appeared. Those of my audio instruments were turned into assemblages, fixings of equilibria.

Other gestures too: destroying. We know that these *peintures concrètes* were derived from instruments of mine that had become obsolete.

But sometimes they still work! Dismantling, destruction, violence that produces new material (without *anger*).

Components put together, bits of instruments, thousands of washers, screws, switches, dust from an extinguished musical sun.

I've *assembled* all that over more than twenty years. It's the *obverse* of my sounds. I've assembled by circumventing, sometimes subverting my musical forms.

I have crotchets at 60, I have things in C, I have self-portraits modelled on my music.

They're emblematic of their origins: mixing desk, tape recorder.

My painting's a techno-archaeological surface. In all of this there's a degree of abstraction, plus invented, simulated sidekicks.

With other personages, another surface is born. Encounter-dialogue-flight.

This quest for reality, this dramaturgy of the continuous is also in my works.

Painting in relief is contained in my music.

Curves, spirals: the *wheel* of my childhood's still there.

VII. A NEW UNIVERSE, CLASSIFICATION

All of my work is governed by *how to find*.

The idea of classification, with its associations of ideas, analogous and other, its lists, its secret pathways, its families; the years, the works, the opuses (those I like).

Classifying is creating, said Perec; and this aphorism is in sections, here, by chronology, by title. Alphabetic library / sound-library.

Elements of editing, mixing, remixing, remastering, offcuts, remainders.

Then the conduct of concerts. I work by thumbing through the classifying notebooks as though they were books.

Before composing and listening.

Listening by classifying; but in this house, made up as it is of drawers, that means opening a window and relistening to what had been somewhat forgotten.

Rediscoveries, new ideas: a "house of sounds".

VIII. A DREAM OF MUSIC

I hold onto my dreams. They live in me. All the paroxysms in my head.

Nightmares of sounds in profusion. The other night I had a dream about a walk through a landscape that was music. Not really music to be heard.

A concretisation. I was in it. I was an audio score. I often dream about scores, and solid music. I like to say that in my head, in advance, I hear sounds I want to produce. That's not quite the case. In my head I hear a music of sounds, as in a dream. It's evanescent; it lasts a thousandth of a second. It's an audio piece of a new genre.

When I compose, following singular states, I feel influenced; I'm in phase with a new work.

It can be heard. It's an idea of spontaneity, based on my dreams. My way is lighted by my subconscious. A notion of a particular sexual instinct. An impulse that's the rhythm of my blood.

Rhythmic combinations of what I do.

The instantaneous act of an imaginary mixture.

The figured bass of my continuos.

A dream of music experienced.

IX. MY MUSIC, THEN AND NOW

With the *Symphonie pour un homme seul*, it was blocks of closed grooves, music without titles, concertos, tom-toms.

At present, in a studio that suits me technically, and is well instrumented, I'm trying to define my audio language. Refined, exact, transparent.

Fluid music, without dross, highly present in my head. I don't think there can be inventiveness without a knowledge of instrumental writing. There are the parameters of theory and the virtuosity of orchestral pacing.

I think imagination must be linked to dexterity, nuances and sensibility.

My music has become a function based on freedom, like assemblages of words; like a great poem.

Here I've heard my future music.

For me, working means anticipating sessions as points of reference.

I make comparisons and look for ideas in my older works.

And all of that's in the present.

We've set up a sound library with my analogue repertory on DAT, which has given me a preliminary vision of the music I'll be composing.

Music almost heard, before being made.

The way's marked out, because you can immediately go on for another twenty minutes, but in a precise way, to within a second. You can imagine everything you're going to do; you can make models; you can try out music before imagining it. Imagination attaches to precise musical facts.

Before, music was something ongoing. Now, it's a more plethoric instant.

We like to leap across time.

You can increase, and multiply; you can produce fugues or pauses, but also strettos, as Schaeffer said.

I think the house is associated with some fundamental works, like the opera

Kyldex. Many periods of manipulation and mixing, as with *Prisme*, when I was in quite a lyrical, enthusiastic state of mind. Then the work that is really of the house, with its sources and audio experimentation, *Futuristie*, for which I created new sounds in the basement – the most surprising of all.

There was also *Dieu*.

And then afterwards, the huge mosaic of instruments from the classical domain where, sound by sound, I built a cathedral – *Pierres réfléchies*.

There was also *La Ville*, *La Maison de Sons*, where I unwound four thousand loops for Klaus Schöning of the WDR in Cologne. Work in this house has become, for me, a desire for absoluteness, for reality, as with this *Histoire naturelle*; my most cosmic scores, and also *La Dixième remix*, or *Une Tour de Babel*.

X. THE POSSIBILITY OF A BOOK

In Stavanger, excellent photos of a concert, by Geir Egil Bergjord.

In Paris, a proposal made to a Norwegian photographer for a catalogue of my paintings.

They trace out the career of this oneiric house.

The idea of a book about the house becomes a reality.

My pictorial work presented in relationship to the rooms, their history, the space.

They *sculpt* time in a house.

My current musical and physical situation combines with the spirit of the house.

This book-itinerary is an embrace of the life and the music.

It's also a visit.

This book goes right to my imagination by juxtapositions, details, fantastic amplifications. In the end, it could be likened to my very first work, *Voir l'Invisible*.

The invisible can be seen in these photographs, with their new oneiric style.

Few recent journeys. I no longer go to the cinema, or to museums. I never watch television. I'm in my lair, with my arsenal of ideas punctuated by readings, sounds and *peintures concrètes* that can be viewed in this symphony of visual deliriums.

Opuses

- 1972 *Deuxième symphonie*
1973 *Kyldex* and *Prisme* (with Nicolas Schöffer, Alwin Nikolais, Carolyn Carlson)
1974 *Enivrez-vous* (after Baudelaire, with Carolyn Carlson)
1975 *Futuristie* (a tribute to Luigi Russolo)
1976 *Parcours-cosmogonie* (twelve concerts)
1977 *Dieu* (after Victor Hugo, with Jean-Paul Farré)
1979 *La Xe symphonie de Beethoven* (based on microstructures from Beethoven's nine symphonies)
1980 *Noces chimiques* (with Daniel Mesguich, Franck Royon le Mée, Urban Sax)
1982 *Pierres réfléchies* (inspired by Roger Caillois)
1984 *La Ville*
1985 *Hugosymphonie / Les cinq éléments* (with Martine Viard)
1986 *Portrait-souvenir* (in memory of François Dufrêne)
1988 *Le Livre des morts égyptien*
Echo d'Orphée
Variations pour les cordes du piano 2
1989 *Une maison de sons*
1992 *Maldoror* (serial in fifty episodes, after Lautréamont, with Cécile Violet)
1993 *L'Homme à la caméra* (music for Dziga Vertov's film *Man with a Movie Camera*)
1996 *Intérieur/Extérieur*
Antagonismes
1997 *Histoire naturelle*
1998 *La Dixième remix*
Une Tour de Babel
2000 *Phrases de quatuor*
2002 *Dracula*
Sonate d'ondes courtes 2
Carnet de Venise
2003 *Labyrinthe!*
Duo
2004 *Voyage Initiatique*
2005 *Comme une symphonie, envoi à Jules Verne*
Orphée dévoilé
2006 *Grande toccata*
2007 *Pleins jeux*
Utopia (a tribute to Claude-Nicolas Ledoux)
Trajectoire
2008 *Miroirs du temps*
Investigations 2
2009 *Capriccio*
Dieu (new version)
Sinfonietta
Symphonie collector (a tribute to Pierre Schaeffer)
2010 *Envol*
Empreintes (a tribute to Arman)

Miscellaneous works

- 1971 *Nijinsky, clown de Dieu* (for Maurice Béjart, with Laurent Terzieff)
Musique pour une fête (for Maurice Béjart)
1973 *Corticalart III* (with Roger Lafosse)
Machine danse (for Maurice Béjart)
1977 *Métamorphoses* (with Anne Wiazemsky)
Instantané-Simultané (for Maguy Marin)
1979 *Perpetuum* (with Thierry Vincens)
1982 *Paradis perdu* (after John Milton, with Denise Peron)
Journal de mes sons (with Ingrid Caven)
1983 *Paradise lost* (with Urban Sax)
Victor Hugo visionnaire
1984 *Ouverture de la bouche* (with Florence Delay)
1985 *Berlin, symphonie d'une grande ville* (for Walther Ruttmann's film *Berlin: Symphony of a Great City*)
1987 *Les douze heures de la nuit* (for Jean Baronnet's film)
1988 *La dixième symphonie de Beethoven 2*
Cristal/Mémoire (after Marcel Proust, with Hannah Schygulla and Heinz Bennent)
Autoportraits
1989 *Une maison de sons*
1990 *La grande Apocalypse* (with Jean Négroni)
1993 *Ma grande Pâque russe*
1994 *Schubertnotizen*
Notations sur La Fontaine en 20 épisodes (with Jean-Paul Farré)
Les petits métiers
1996 *A story and Instrumental sounds* (with Violent Femmes)
1997 *Schubert 97*
1998 *Tokyo 2002* (for the 1998 football World Cup)
Les 7 péchés capitaux
Fantaisie Messe pour le temps présent (with Michel Colombier)
1999 *Apparitions concertées* (for Jacques Villeglé)
2000 *Concerto sans orchestre* (with Nicholas Angelich)
Tam-Tam du merveilleux
More (with Eric Truffaz)
Dans la rue
Journal de mes sons 2
2001 *Poussière de soleils*
2002 *Requiem profane*
Mobile
Par les grèves
Equivalences
2003 *Faits divers*
Lumières
Schahntenzen
2004 *Métamorphoses d'Ovide*
2005 *Deux coups de sonnette* (with Laure Limongi)
2006 *Variance*
Murmures
Tram train de Mulhouse
2007 *Pulsations*
Impressions sismiques
2008 *Un monde lacéré* (for Jacques Villeglé)
Battements
Variance II
Utopia hip hop
2009 *Dieu à la maison* (with Jean-Paul Farré)
2010 *Déambulation*
Dracula 2010

PIERRE HENRY – BIOGRAPHY

Pierre Henry was born on 9 December 1927. It was at the age of seven that he became interested in music. Between 1937 and 1947 he studied at the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique, Paris, with Olivier Messiaen, Félix Passerone and Nadia Boulanger.

According to Henry, Messiaen proved a decisive revelation in his quest for a renewal of music, which began early and proved long-lasting.

1944-1950: numerous instrumental works. 1945-1951: a career as an orchestral pianist and percussionist. Research on experimental instruments.

1948: first film score, *Voir l'Invisible*, using acoustic objects.

In 1949, Henry began working with Pierre Schaeffer, and together, in March 1950, they created *Symphonie pour un homme seul*.

1950-1958: as the musical director at the Groupe de Recherche de Musique Concrète (GRMC) for radio, Henry composed some twenty major works, including *Bidule en ut* and *Le Microphone bien tempéré*, 1950, *Le Voile d'Orphée* and *Variations pour les cordes du piano*, 1953, and *Haut Voltage*, 1956. He also produced a large number of radio programmes.

In 1958 he left the French broadcasting service, RTF, and, with Jean Baronnet and Isabelle Chandon, founded Studio Apsome in Rue Cardinet, Paris. This was the first privately-owned studio to be devoted to experimental and electroacoustic music. Here he carried out pure research on new techniques and electronic processes of his own invention. He ceaselessly explored this unprecedented musical universe, assimila-

ting and adapting constantly-evolving technologies to which he brought a consummate knowledge of classical musical technique.

Between 1958 and 1982, he himself financed his studio. He composed music for films, the theatre and the advertising world, along with twenty-four highly diverse works such as *Coexistence*, 1958, *La Noire à 60*, 1961, *Le Voyage*, 1962, *Variations pour une porte et un soupir*, 1963, *Messe de Liverpool* and *Messe pour le temps présent* (with Michel Colombier), 1967, *L'Apocalypse de Jean*, 1968, *Fragments pour Artaud*, *Gymkhana* and *Mouvement-Rythme-Étude*, 1970.

In 1955, Maurice Béjart premiered *Symphonie pour un homme seul*. This was followed by fifteen further ballets.

There were also collaborations with other choreographers such as Georges Balanchine, Carolyn Carlson, Merce Cunningham, Alwin Nikolais and Maguy Marin.

Performances with artists such as Yves Klein, Jean Degottex, Georges Mathieu, Nicolas Schöffer and Thierry Vincens.

1967-1980: eighteen discs in the Philips collection *Prospective du 21e siècle*. And in 1999, an edition of nineteen discs presenting thirty-two works, with Universal Philips.

In 1971, Henry moved Studio Apsome to a house in Paris's 12th arrondissement, and 1982 saw the creation of a new studio, Son/Ré, with Henry as its artistic director.

Around a hundred works have been created in the House of Sounds. (See list on the page opposite.)

Henry has given numerous concerts around the world, with an unfailingly impressive control of spatialisation.

“Pierre Henry is an absolute innovator in the aesthetics of sound, and a pioneer of new musical freedom, who, through the application of his technological research, has opened up a path to many other musical universes.” (Michel Chion, *Pierre Henry*, Paris, Fayard, 2003)

Since 1995, an entire contemporary music generation has hailed Henry's revolutionary inventions, which have also been taken up by industrialists.

His modernity, which is ever more evident, makes him “the great reconciler of generations” (*Le Monde*, July 2000)

Grand Prix de l'Académie Charles

Cros, 1970

Grand Prix National de la Musique, 1985

Grand Prix de la SACEM, 1987

Victoires de la Musique, 1988

Grand Prix de la Ville de Paris 1996

Grand Prix de la SACD, 1996

Prix Karl Sczuka, 1997

Victoire de la Musique, 1998, for lifetime achievements

Qwartz d'Honneur, 2005

The President of the Republic's prize, awarded by the Académie Charles Cros, 2005, for his oeuvre

PIERRE HENRY, MY FRIEND

by François Weyergans

Member of the Académie Française

The problem, when writing about a friend, is that one tends to remember oneself as much as the other person. A confrontation between two narcissisms. So who takes charge of the *other person's* narcissism? It seems to work better in love stories – why not, then, in friendship, which is so much harder to conjure up? Though caught between doubt and pleasure, I'm taking on the task because the subject's my friend Pierre Henry.

This year, 2010, I've known him for a half century. We first met in 1960, in Maurice Béjart's dressing room at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels, after a performance of *Orphée*. The music was by Pierre – and I heard just the sounds I needed. We met again next day at the home of Laura Proença and Patrick Belda, two soloists with the Ballet of the Twentieth Century, who'd invited us to dinner. Subsequently – affinities are elective – there was Paris (frequently), Provence (occasionally), Normandy, Belle-Ile-en-Mer and Bordeaux, with the "lying-down" concert at which Pierre provided the audience with mattresses on the floor around the boxing ring in which he set up his tape recorders.

Years have gone by, and today I'm going to talk about the house he's occupied since 1971. Ask me to write about Ludwig II of Bavaria's castles (which I've never been to), and you'll get ten brilliant pages. But Pierre's house, where I've spent so many hours, so many days? He put me up in it; he lent it to me. And it's no small matter, to lend someone your house – a house Paul Klee might have painted. I looked after the loudspeakers and the tapes. In the kitchen, I was uneasy about disturbing the jars of spice, the boxes of salt, the shells and pebbles picked up on Greek

beaches. Because Pierre's highly meticulous – obsessive, even.

I'd already known him for eleven years when I heard he was about to leave his famous studio in Boulevard Saint-Germain. This was where he'd composed the dance "jerks" for *Messe pour le temps présent*, the tapes of which he asked me to take to Béjart on the Trans-Europe Express just after the end of the mixing session, at 2:00 pm. That same evening, in Brussels, the choreographer was able to start rehearsals.

So Pierre was leaving Saint-Germain-des-Prés!

What counted, he said, wasn't the habitation – it was the inspiration.

If he was moving house, I said to myself, it was because he was moving on.

In his new home near Place Daumesnil, I was amazed, to begin with, by the table in his kitchen. It was the ideal kitchen table. Where had he unearthed it? At Steph Simon's? And the great thing is that the table's still there. Like Diderot and his sofa, you'd just love to narrate it – a table around which so many bottles of good wine were opened and drunk. The ritual was this: Pierre would disappear into the cellar down a staircase worthy of a horror film, and come back up gleefully with a bottle in each hand. He introduced me to the wines of Santenay and Saint-Joseph. He also introduced me to two types of mineral water I now consider indispensable: Chateldon, which can be found in the better restaurants, and above all Hydroxydase (the most chic and expensive of mineral waters, stocked mainly by pharmacies and organic shops).

Writing about a house like that is intimidating. It's a part of my life. And it's where the highly prolific Pierre composed so many works that moved me deeply when I first heard them performed. They shaped the face of contemporary music. In the cellar he recorded sounds and voices, including those of our mutual friends Laurent Terzieff and Hanna Schygulla. We were constantly thinking up projects, many of which still haven't been brought to fruition. But what a pleasure it is to have plans! We talked about them and dreamed about them; and this led to streams of notes, phone calls, faxes – Pierre ended up calling me "François the Faxer"!

His daughter Béatrice became a friend of my daughter Métilde (they were born just a year apart), who, while we were talking about this text the other evening, said: "As far as houses are concerned, you might mention that I was really pleased to see Béatrice in Rue de Toul, because she had a *Barbie* house, and I only had the Barbies and Kens, not the *house*!"

Is there sadism in Pierre's music? Since Freud's text on Dostoevsky, we've known that novelists use sadism in the construction of their works. But musicians do the same. Listening to his work has allowed me to understand him. And sadism has been a more prominent feature of the works composed in Rue de Toul than of their predecessors.

At a dealer's by the river I recently bought a splendid book, beautifully printed in black and white by the Imprimeries Réunies in Lausanne, with reproductions of Egyptian sculptures from the Amarna period. It was dedicated to a leading Egyptologist,

but the dedication might equally be applied to Pierre: "Like Petosiris, whose Eternal Dwelling Place he discovered, he never forsook the path of Thot the Hermopolitan." Could the dwelling place in Rue de Toul be seen as eternal?

Pierre Henry was alternately a Zazou (a term he's fond of), a comic, a believer, a miscreant, an unknown, malcontent, happy, recognised, moody, uneasy, serene, grumpy, loveable (like a bulldog) and charming (like a Prince Charming), an inventor and a discoverer, exploratory and sedentary, wise as a Taoist, patriarch of the Rue de Toul, and impertinent as a kid, but above all, and unceasingly, a composer of music.

Our conversations were never futile. Meeting him, and observing his thirst for work, his new compositions, has always given me, in turn, an urge to work. If I told him I'd had what we call a nice trip, he'd reply: "Okay, but did you *write*?" He's generous – which is indispensable; and so rare...

We've talked about everything – bread, love, fantasy, restaurants (he's

a gourmet, the way some people are mathematicians), the cinema (he's a movie buff who went to see all the new films up until very recently, and who still talks eloquently about them), dictionaries (he has a word of praise for each one – he sent me the *Petit Littré* when I was writing in a room above a café in the Var department). Who or what have we *not* discussed? Schopenhauer, perhaps, or Winston Churchill, or Marc Chagall. But we've made the Marx Brothers, WC Fields, Gustave Flaubert and surrealism our own! What I'm thinking about is the importance of dialogue between two minds that stimulate, provoke, inflame and electrify each other in their improvisation of friendship. I'm thinking of the verb "to galvanise", and the adjective "invigorating". I'm thinking about Pierre Henry, wherever his geographical presence.

In Rue de Toul I wrote several chapters of my first novel, *Le Pitre*. I drank black tea in a white room, on the first floor beside the toilet, where Pierre kept piles of detective novels; which was how I discovered James Hadley Chase.

This is also where Pierre sculpts and paints. In what he calls his "young time", he was close to the Nouveaux Réalistes. And in this "house of sound" he follows a visual impulse that has led to an unclassifiable, fascinating oeuvre like none other, in the margins (or the mainstream) of Arte Povera and minimalism. I urged him to exhibit, while also urging collectors to buy his works. But Pierre wouldn't hear of it. He refused to let his paintings go. He always said: "I won't sell." Which in my view was the origin of the concerts that took place in his home: he wanted his paintings and sculptures to be seen at the same time as his music was being heard.

It's a real pleasure, when Pierre invites me round to hear one of his new pieces! What he says is: "I'm going to give you a listening." And my ears are never as happy as in Rue de Toul.

WHO IS PIERRE HENRY ?

by Maurice Fleuret

This summer we danced to the sound of an “electronic jerk”. This winter we’ll pray to the sound of an “electronic Mass”. You can’t hold back progress!

At a time of jets and gadgets, intelligent robots and plastic hearts, our musical universe is surrounded by loudspeakers. Yes, but before becoming a “hit” in Saint-Tropez, the jerk in question – a violent cry of rage and passion, sex and revolt, with a touch of savage humour – courageously flung itself at the high, severe walls of Avignon’s Palais des Papes during a new choreographic liturgy created by Maurice Béjart as a result of a commission by Jean Vilar, the grand master of the city.

The composer of the two works in question is a small, quiet man whose serenity of bearing contrasts with the restless flickering of his eyes. Everyone talks about him; few really know him. He is never to be seen in places where one is supposed to be seen. Only rarely does he leave his audio alchemist’s lair, a doll’s house at the back of a courtyard in Boulevard Saint-Germain. At the age of forty, Pierre Henry is still a teenage dreamer, disarmingly shy and at the same time ageless, filled with a certainty that’s no doubt close to wisdom. He’s capable of spending fourteen hours tracking down a “sound object”, then polishing it till he gets dizzy. Or, in the limited amount of space that’s not taken up by his machines, he walks or runs around, shouting (or so he tells me): “I sometimes need a sort of physical explosion.”

I can see him feverishly operating filters and potentiometers, his whole body in motion, like a virtuoso swept along by the intoxication of the sounds.

Henry is first and foremost a musician. As far back as he can recall, he’s had a thing about sounds, weird amalgams and audio effects. Music? He still doesn’t know. He sees himself as a film-maker, or a painter specialising in an art that’s more direct, alive, engaged with the century. “It was only gradually that I discovered music within myself,” he says. He comes from a family of doctors and pharmacists with a deep love of music, who dreamed of seeing him going to the Conservatoire. He was often taken to concerts and operas, and when he was seventeen the family moved from the forest of Sénart to Rue de Léningrad, just a stone’s throw from the Conservatoire National in Rue de Madrid, where he followed a conventional curriculum, studying the piano and the different aspects of composition. Nadia Boulanger gave him an interest in musical economy, and confirmed his penchant for classicism. But the traditional material left him dissatisfied. He attended Félix Passerone’s percussion classes, and familiarised himself with the more advanced techniques of the timpani, the xylophone, the vibraphone and the innumerable types of drum that are used these days. After completing his studies, it was as a percussionist that he played in different Parisian orchestras, recording studios and theatres.

But the central figure in Henry’s preparatory years, as for many others, was Messiaen, with whom he analysed the classics of the 20th century and explored Hindu music, birdsong and the science of rhythm. This was also where he developed his other vocations as a composer and researcher.

And it was during this period that Pierre Schaeffer, a researcher from a less orthodox background, began

playing with, and organising, captive sounds. He thought he could “evade music through the Ecole Polytechnique, and technique through poetry”. In 1943 he founded the experimental studio at the Radiodiffusion Française.

Musicians of every kind came and went, but they did not really understand him, let alone work with him or follow his cues. Then one day Henry turned up, with “a fragile appearance that predisposed him to violence.”

In his *Premier Journal de la Musique Concrète* (1948-1949), Schaeffer noted: “An instinct of power, highly characteristic of his generation, carried him towards a maximal breaking point, a minimum of melody and harmony. Invited to audition, Henry entered the studio after a succession of other candidates. It was supposed to be an ephemeral passage, but he ended up staying on indefinitely. *Symphonie pour un homme seul* began with a friendship between two loners.”

This symphony established a new genre without written scores, instruments or performers. The music contained all the audible sounds that could be captured by microphones, retained by wax and played back through loudspeakers. It was carved out of everyday, concrete reality as an assemblage of sounds separated from their source, which the composer could control only by ear, and could organise only by hand, in the immediacy of lived experience. Henry tells me about the technical difficulties he was faced with at the time: “We had some filters and a mixing device, and that was it. No magnetic tape, no ‘phonogène’, no editing facilities. For the mixing of the *Symphonie*, we used up to eight flexible disc players.” This resulted in imperfections, of course, but they were swamped by the generous inspiration and contagious

enthusiasm that were coming to life in this absolutely virgin territory. The collectively-created *Symphonie pour un homme seul* remains a masterpiece of verve and direct lyricism, such as one seldom finds in a nascent art.

After that, Henry rarely set foot outside radio studios. He began producing what he had always dreamed of, collecting the most unusual “audio objects” provided by the industrial age, Nature and suitably “prepared” instruments. He worked at a regular pace, with ten to thirteen pieces per year, for films, the radio, television and concerts. The surrealist muse that was hovering over the laboratories at that time fitted in well with an ethos of system that resulted in the 1950 *Bidule en ut*, and particularly *Le Microphone bien tempéré*, 1950, in which, from tom-toms to Chopin, virtuosity was already vying with the singularity of the inspiration. This period of intense fecundity peaked with *Orphée 53*, composed jointly by Henry and Schaeffer for tape, violin, harpsichord and two voices, which was premiered at the 1953 Donaueschingen festival. It was the first work in which concrete music got to grips with the expressive forms of opera.

Henry then produced the sequence *Le Voile d'Orphée*, where a harpsichord ended up accompanying the magnetic tape in what would now be called “mixed music”. This dramatic cantata had a brilliant career that was justified both by its exceptional expressiveness and the rigour of what could be seen as the first “electro-acoustic” work. The machines had been perfected. The variable-speed tape recorder, for example, did not just render it possible to produce collages and make incisive incisions (so to speak) into the very substance of sound, but also to modify pitch and timbre. And there were filters for the attenuation or accentuation

of particular harmonic components, along with devices for amplitude control, multitracking, mixing, etc. In *Le Voile d'Orphée*, the voice was put through every possible concrete transformation, including echo, repetition, canon, inversion, acceleration, filtering. The raw material was no longer determinant, but subject to the musician's constructive imagination. Better still: as the raw material was reduced, the composer's formal thinking came to the fore.

Thus it was that Henry's lifelong quest took shape, with the introduction of musicality into the jungle of auditory objects, and a concern for authentically concrete phrasing. There was a rejection of the superfluous effects and confused verbiage that had marked the initial period, in favour of an asceticism that consisted of reflecting on the material, and on the purpose of the music.

Henry puts it quite clearly: “I strongly believe in the rarefaction of the material, the stimulation of ingenuity and imagination that can be found in drawing the ‘unheard’ out of just one instrument. We soon exhaust the auditory sources – I have now explored the boundaries, the outer limits of concrete and electronic sound. But that's not where the problem lies: it lies in the accuracy with which elements are selected and utilised.”

For Schaeffer, though, starting in 1953, it was essentially a question of listing, cataloguing the universe of auditory objects, finding methods and words, and, in sum, acting de facto as a scientist rather than an artist. Henry did not see it like this. He spent four years in seclusion, applying recent advances to radio, television, the cinema, records and the theatre. He strove to alert the public to the kind of music that was,

in the end, the most authentic voice of the time. He created “spatiodynamic” music for the cybernetic tower designed by the futuristic architect Nicolas Schöffer. And for Maurice Béjart, who choreographed *Symphonie pour un homme seul*, he composed ballet music that went round the world: *Voyage au coeur d'un enfant*, 1954, *Arcane*, 1955, *Haut Voltage*, 1956, *Le Cercle*, 1956, *Orphée*, 1958.

But in 1958, as a result of disagreements with Schaeffer, Henry resigned from his post as head of projects at the Groupe de Recherche de Musique Concrète. He now found himself alone in a country where private patronage did not exist, and where avant-garde music was far from being an object of mass consumption. At 80 rue Cardinet, with Jean Baronnet, he founded Studio Apsome – the first independent French studio devoted to experimental music.

One work that marked this turning point was *Coexistence*, for two tape recorders whose synchronism could be random. Each object, in the first instance, was put together sound by sound. But the particular innovation was in the spirit of the material, and especially the contrasts and skilful architecture of the rhythms. Across the work's five movements there was an encounter, an opposition and a correlation between two states of auditory material, two types of music. Béjart used it for a ballet in April 1959, even before it was premiered in concert version. For Henry, *Coexistence* constituted an essential step towards a more controlled compositional method – one in which nothing was left to the imagination, and where chance itself was required to make itself explicit. In Rue Cardinet, the scope was broader than before. Auditory objects and concrete music were put in perspective, and all sorts of

synthetic means were introduced, in the same way that Eimert and Stockhausen, in Cologne, were staunchly defending the most solid bastion of electronic music. Long opposed, the electronic and the concrete were now reconciled by the realisation that different means could be used to achieve the same result. In *Gesang der Jünglinge*, for example, Stockhausen treated voices and electronic sounds as identical forms of material. But it was behind Studio Apsome's soundproof walls that the first and most seamless synthesis took place.

Today, in France and Germany, in the United States and Japan, creators of music on magnetic tape no longer make a distinction between the white noise produced by generators of electrical oscillations and the audio events captured by the microphone. Henry produces electronic sonorities by means of objective processes, and exclusively electronic works – like *Le Voyage*, for example – that have all the diversity and life of strictly concrete productions.

In Henry's case, what might have been a slow conquest, a difficult emergence, took place very quickly due to the fact that he has always, and above all, been attached to the music. By this I mean that the thousands of objects in his sound effects library do not turn his head. He has not been hypnotised by the cold virtuosity they evoke, and has never allowed himself to dissolve into theory. Each of his works is a lived experience, a profound commitment. "I don't waste my time thinking about the past," he told me. "I've always forced myself to be as clear as possible about what I'm doing. My private life, and the conditions of my professional life and work, have an

obvious effect on my musical thinking. With each work, I start from scratch. The gestation period's long: it was two years for the *Variations*, which were then set down in two months. I take the time it takes. It sometimes happens that I put an audio work, or an entire sequence, on hold for several years."

The logic that guides Pierre Henry is that of sensibility to what is within him and around him. The cinema has marked him deeply. It has provided him with a system of articulation, a means of controlling duration, a sense of movement or immobility that the new audio art did not yet possess, and a confirmation of the importance of silence, with which his knowledge of Webern had already acquainted him.

Musicians may neglect him, ignore him, lack assiduity in beating a path to his studio – which he doesn't take lightly! – but sound engineers and image-makers, directors and choreographers are keen to work with him. I can think of at least thirty film scores he has written, not counting sixteen cartoon films produced with Siné for Italian television, and innumerable commercials. He has contributed to plays by Amodov, Ustinov and Georges Michel (most recently *L'Agression*, for the TNP). He is Béjart's musician of choice, and provided the music for the choreographer's total spectacle *La Reine Verte*, 1963, as well as *La Tentation de Saint Antoine* at the Odéon last year.

All of these projects are not "pure" – by which I mean that some of them are commercially inspired. You have to live! And Pierre Henry's equipment comes at a price.

As he says, "I use my more or less commercial projects to subsidise the works I really want to compose!" Because, unlikely as it may seem, before

L'Apocalypse he had received no official commissions whatever, nor had he ever been invited to participate in a major international festival, or benefited from any of the numerous advantages that were beginning to be granted to leading composers. Each time I went to see him in Rue Cardinet, and, later on, in his cluttered two-room apartment in Boulevard Saint-Germain, where he has now been living for three years, he was working on at least twenty different pieces, twenty projects of all sorts. And they weren't the kind of thing he could readily entrust to his assistants. The methods may have changed, but the work remained artisanal. He had to get personally immersed; up to his ears, so to speak. Which was why the door was often locked, and the phone off the hook, in a self-imposed quarantine. A vicious circle! It's a miracle, in such conditions, that a dozen works of such length and inventiveness have come out of Studio Apsome since 1960.

One of the strangest of these, without doubt, is *La Noire à 60*, 1961. "Breaking down 1,415 beats of a metronome at 60 by inserting drumbeats, electronic impulses, the rustling of reeds and vocal susurrations," says Henry, "I wanted to give real consistency to a succession of strictly monophonic durations composed of pulsations, bursts and cells that could be irrational in their behaviour." This "attempt to structure time subjectively" has led to a discourse of extraordinary severity and density, in which sound and silence balance out in a classicism of radiant purity. As Béjart puts it: "Time, stretched to an extreme degree, suddenly blows our musical memory apart; and the ear, finally solitary, delivered from any rhythmic expectation, rejoices without

anxiety in a universe it sees as simple... Only the present exists, immense, eternal, indestructible.”

Having been hugely successful in the exercise of spareness and rigour that opened up the doors of a concentrated lyricism, and revealed to him the chthonic voices of subconscious sensibility, Henry could now engage in an exploration of the inexpressible. He immediately undertook this journey, *Le Voyage*, which was none other than that of the soul after death, following the itinerary of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*. It was an immense composition, lasting more than an hour – an inner vision, both intimate and frightening, superb in its language, which, right from its first performance under the vaults of Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre on 25 June 1963, stood out as a key work in contemporary music. Without ever falling into a gamut of effects, or complacencies of auditory illustration, it conveyed, in an almost magical way, the eloquent sonorities that all of us have constantly borne within ourselves, but without ever being able to express them. Many of us found our heads spinning that day, as though, all of a sudden, death and its aftermath were within our comprehension, our intelligence.

As though the essential mystery of our destiny, without being unveiled or defused, had become closer to us, more real, abrupt in its truth. Like a scream.

Béjart – talk of the Devil! – took possession of this high-flying work, and in 1962 turned it into a ballet for the Cologne opera company, in whose repertory it remains to this day.

And the Henry-Béjart collaboration continued. In 1959 there was *Signes*, in Tübingen, and in February 1965, before the *Messe pour le temps présent*, which I will discuss in due

course, the Ballet of the Twentieth Century premiered *Variations pour une porte et un soupir* at La Monnaie in Brussels.

I would like to mention this work once more, because it pushes auditory economy to an extreme point, but also because in my view it is better suited than any other to the initiation of those who are unfamiliar with new music.

In twenty-six movements that add up to a total of around an hour, from Sleep to Death, via Awakening, Fevers, Respirations, a Nursery Rhyme, Gymnastics, a Yawn, Waves, Anger, etc., it comprises “all of human activity, from birth to death, or from dawn to dusk”, which Henry subjects to a radiography of sounds. The material is disarming in its simplicity. Yet far from banal. A creaking door, a voiced breath, a sung sigh, no more than that. “When I was creating the creaking of a door,” says Henry, “I lived with the door for three days. I made it express all the sounds it was capable of. I became that door.” It is not so much the fantastic skill of the inventor that dazzles me as the superhuman intelligence I find in the expressive power of the sounds themselves, and the way Henry reveals their significance, the forces that liberate what is common to them and us, making them yield up the life that secretly inhabits them; to the point where, listening to the *Variations*, one has the striking impression of discovering the silent sound of one’s own organs, the unknown number controlling all of this delicate mechanism that governs us.

Le Voyage goes to the depths of the soul; the *Variations* go to the depths of the body. They meet up in the same mystery. And I can’t bring to mind another kind of music (apart from that of Bach, let’s say) which goes so far!

There remains the *Messe*. Following the consecration of the Liverpool Metropolitan Cathedral of Christ the King, Henry continued working on it over the summer of 1967, and an augmented version was performed in the Sigma festival of art and contemporary trends that makes Bordeaux the capital of the avant-garde each year.

A Mass for loudspeakers, with concrete or electronic sounds, and nothing more, seems absolutely impossible. The fact is that the liturgical text has to be intelligible. More than that: it has to be consistently foregrounded, or at least the keystone of the edifice. As for the music that accompanies it and comments on it, what is there to be added to the contributions of the great Western geniuses over a period of more than a thousand years?

After four fruitless efforts, Pierre Henry immersed himself in the verbal aspect of the project. As an old friend of the Lettrists (Izou, Dufrené, etc.), he did not hesitate to demolish the words, to rip them up, to attack them on all fronts so as to make them disgorge their music. He allowed himself only one voice – a man’s, as grating as raw granite, which he multiplied to the scale of a crowd. With a cello, a flute and a few electronic sounds, he produced the most scintillating metallic rustlings, the twists and turns of an elementary dance, and all the sound effects one might associate with the book of Genesis. We are instantly plunged into the implacable march of a primitive, essential auditory ritual full of the drama of early Christian times. This is a “service” of Oriental subtlety, but also hieratic inflexibility, in which the terrible eloquence of the Old Testament can be seen.

On the day of the world premiere, a British priest, utterly dazzled, wrote with enthusiasm: "The repetitions, the incantations, the birth of the word while still immersed in the automatism of the prayer wheel, reminiscences of all the sacred expressions, contained in continued tension, constitute a real mystical exercise in exhilaration close to delirium, ecstasy, and a fantastic vision of unity."

Following on from thousands of others, Henry saw his Mass as a symbol of all sacrifices, all mysteries, all aspirations, frozen outside time.

This is where we can really see the distance covered since the generous, baroque *Symphonie pour un homme seul*. Consistently rejecting auditory

cliches, while applying the laws of vocal inflection and the profoundest human language to his accumulation of twenty or thirty thousand "objects", he has turned the music of the loudspeaker into today's most proper, precise, profuse form of expression. He is admittedly saying nothing more than what artists, poets and thinkers have always repeated, but he is saying it with the voice of his time – a voice that takes on every audio identity, from the touching sound of a youngster whistling in the street to the most apocalyptic explosion. He forces us to listen to our own voices through the roaring of engines and the thud of automatic weapons.

Pierre Henry tells me that once he has completed the two or three works on which he is currently working,

he is thinking about a treatise on electronic composition. But he recognises that he would be able to provide no more than a collection of formulae. There are phenomena that cannot be explained, and music that cannot be made, but only experienced. There's just one thing to be done, and that is – to listen.

This text was first published in the review *Réalités*, in June 1968.

Maurice Fleuret (1933-1990) was a composer, journalist and musicologist. He created numerous music festivals, including the Fête de la Musique. He was the director of music at the Ministère de la Culture from 1982 to 1986.

WHAT'S WITHIN A BUILDING?

by Tommy Olsson

Let's get very subjective to start with; I was fourteen years old when the intriguing sounds that kick off *Symphonie pour un homme seul* – the piece Pierre Henry wrote in collaboration with Pierre Schaeffer in 1950 – crossed my path, courtesy of the fringe section of Swedish broadcasting. In those days of my early teens, interesting things were regularly (or not so regularly) recorded on cassette. Luckily I managed to tape some of it; though it would take a considerable amount of time before I learned what it actually was. It took me almost a lifetime, to be honest. Listening to it now, some thirty years later, what attracted me then still remains a source of inspiration. The shock of something completely different, yet at the same time oddly familiar, and the lo-fi sound of the recording process itself, the tape hiss, the atmospheric and somewhat intimidating mixture of everyday sounds with fragments of orchestration cut into little pieces. I would not say it still sounds new – rather, it always came across as very old. At least from where I was standing in 1978, and definitely today. But it was, and still remains, so absolutely *foreign* and to some degree devastating in its apparent lack of structure. This was around the time of the punk explosion, and my friends and I were generally hanging around the record player spinning seven-inch singles by the Damned and the Sex Pistols. This revelation of organised sound eventually helped turn me into a complete alien – few of my peers picked up on this one. The ideas of the avant-garde did not go down very well with ordinary rural Swedish teenagers in the 1970s. (Frankly, nor did the Sex Pistols, to any great extent.) Today, *Symphonie pour un homme seul* is part of my cultural baggage, along with bands like Joy Division, the spiritually related Throbbing Gristle, and a few

other things. I always appreciated a certain degree of chaos when it came to music, or anything else, and I still do.

So I must admit I actually prefer a slight sense of disorder when it comes to writing as well. The relation between text and music is but one of a myriad of entry points into this universe. Our main focus here, the inside of Pierre Henry's home, is quite another. Given the history of concerts generously conducted in the comfort zone of his own home, with the audience seated in separate rooms, I'd like to think of Henry using his house as an amplifier on these occasions, or even playing the building like an instrument in itself. I did not have the pleasure of attending any of these events, so this is pure speculation on my part – I don't have a clue, really. But I like to think about these things, as I like to think about the influence of *musique concrète* on people like Frank Zappa, or the early terrorist tactics of *Einstürzende Neubauten*, acted out during the first half of the 1980s. And recently, the transition of his work into the sampled and recycled world of present day electronica; very much the same way he approached the psychedelic grooves of the 1960s. Things like that. The various points of connection and the varying politics of communication. The fact that we exist in a permanent state of crisis, a battery whose positive and negative constantly switch places, and that we're very lucky to find ourselves in this situation. To exist is, after all, more interesting than not to exist.

One such point of connection is of course my main source of material here; the grand project of Geir Egil Bergjord to document Pierre Henry's home, resulting in what seems to be an endless flow of photographs,

a fraction of which are presented here. What can one expect from the domestic surroundings of someone involved in sound for more than half a century? A massive archive, to start with, and by God there is one; shelf after shelf of reels of magnetic tape. Impressive enough purely on a visual level, the thought of actually listening through the stuff is mind-boggling. Indeed, from where I sit – which for the moment is *my* home – I can look at my own shelves and get enough of a headache when considering a proper system for my cassettes (some claim this to be a dead medium, amongst other dead mediums, but if you were to believe everything people say you wouldn't even be able to light a cigarette). My point is; some of us accumulate stuff. This is who we are.

The other striking factor when going through these photographs is the number of assemblages, mostly made of worn-out equipment. Again, these come across as something from a different time, yet there is nothing quite like them. The associations wander instinctively through the early decades of the modernist project in search of a point of reference. Could one possibly pin them down somewhere around the shift from Dada to surrealism? Would that make sense? No, but it might be as close as we'll get when looking for clues in the world of the visual arts. The thing is that they're composed, very much in the same way as music is composed – and more often than not by using leftovers from the act of making music. They're very much in tune with Henry's musical output – the same other-worldliness, and the same foundation in a time left behind; the pre-digital era. The fine line between the senses is thus blurred; we "hear" the assemblages (I almost wrote "paintings", as it seems just as appropriate

a term), pretty much the same way as we visualise images when confronted with a piece of music.

Of course, the activities of the inhabitant(s) of a house make their mark on the surroundings. The longer a person stays in the same house, the deeper the atmosphere. Henry has lived and worked here since the early '70s. From what I can see from the ever-growing documentation by Bergjord, this is a very stable situation, and by definition "his" house – not only because of the things it contains, the archive, the number of books (many), or even the number of assemblages – but if we're to believe Bergjord's camera, and chosen perspectives, it is already a kind of museum. Or maybe a labyrinth is more suitable as a metaphor. The very internal and associative structure of the archive, apparently vastly complex, but simple enough if you know your way around. There are many of us who share the same problem – if it is indeed a problem.

Thus, the pictures also hint at the idea of the home as a sort of private, deeply personal gallery space. I believe this is very much the way it works for most people; what we choose to include or exclude is firmly rooted in memories and a sense of belonging. People who are in one way or another financially dependent on their creativity will, however, almost always be up to their knees in their own past. This can be arranged in various ways, of course. Maybe. At best.

There is a relation between music and architecture, albeit not a very obvious one, and not one many people spend time thinking about. I do think, or, to be honest, my intuition tells me, that there are intimate connections between what

we see and what we hear when we approach these images at the same time as we're listening to any work by the composer. While writing this, I'm listening to a boxed set of three CDs entitled *8.0* – released when Henry turned eighty – parts of which, like many other works by him, occasionally make a genuine crossover into the more accessible mainstream by adding something as uncommon for "serious" music as a funky groove. Impressive enough by any standards, and the fact that this is the work of a man turning eighty should make it clear that vitality has nothing to do with age. There are sections of *8.0* that would work wonders on any present-day dance floor, and other parts kick major ass when you compare them to the cutting edge of contemporary experimental rock music. Henry, of course, is no stranger to rock 'n' roll, having collaborated with the progressive outfit Spooky Tooth on their 1969 album *Ceremony*, besides being a major influence on such diverse musical universes as the wave of German krautrock/kosmische muziek in the 1970s and the emergence of Japanese noise-core thirty years later. Naturally, as with any musical progression of significance, Henry himself has moved on considerably since the collaborations with Pierre Schaeffer in the 1950s. It would be misleading to speak only in terms of musique concrète when approaching the man and the music (not to mention the building). If we hang onto the idea of the labyrinth for a while, there seems to be a certain labyrinthine quality to many of his works. The only exception I can think of now – though there may very well be others – is *Le Voyage*, from 1962, which does its title justice by being an exceptionally linear piece of music. But I suspect I'm going a bit off topic here... The question was about the

relation to architecture, a far from obvious issue. Few people hear music when confronted with a building, unless the building is so common and anonymous that you recognise the rhythm of your heartbeat as the most fundamental musical instrument there is. But what I'm really after when proposing this question is a matter of structure – apparently absent in Henry's early works – and texture, which on the other hand almost seems, at times, to have developed into a method; verging on actually becoming structure, in some cases. In any case, to put it bluntly, it all boils down to a matter of organisation. This also goes for the interior of the building, from the simple notion of where to place a sofa to the already-mentioned more complex problems of an expanding archive, and at least a corner to work in. This is usually what comes first for workaholics like myself – the rest is either built up around the working space or, sometimes, left in a mess which over time tends to act like something organic surrounding the working space. Of course this mess hides plenty of secrets, for most of us. But what's being kept in the drawers is usually best left in the drawers, and Geir Egil Bergjord's camera – although very close to the action – doesn't seem to be especially concerned with the very intimate, but rather the interaction with and within the surrounding walls.

After all, if music is organised sound, a home is organised living.

As I briefly mentioned Joy Division earlier, it's hard to avoid the enigma of their producer Martin Hannett when writing about acoustic territories. In the film *24 Hour Party People* – a summing-up of the music scene in Manchester between the

late '70s and the early '90s – Martin Hannett's character is introduced when he's approached by the character Tony Wilson. Standing in a field, chain-smoking, holding one of those huge long ultra-sensitive microphones, "What are you doing?" is the question he's asked. "Recording the wind" is the answer he gives. This attitude to the world of sound runs like a red thread in the background through contemporary music, dating back to Luigi Russolo's early experiments with organised noise, way back in the futuristic days of 1913. The conclusion drawn seems to be the same one that Pierre Henry arrived at: music is basically a matter of how to *listen*.

As a kid, I used to visit my father at work in a factory. Almost every grown-up in the area worked in this factory, which produced paper – the whole process, from fresh cut timber to brown wrapping paper; the kind of operation that tends to dominate a small village. I remember clearly how I used to find certain melodic qualities within the wall of noise surrounding the premises. Like, if you stand close to one particular machine long enough you're bound to find its rhythmic qualities, but if you're standing in the middle of a building, surrounded by machinery, there seems to be a ghost singing a little tune somewhere within the sheer volume. As if the cacophony just needs to be loud enough to trigger something else. I'm still not sure whether this is some chemical reaction within the neurological corners of the mind, triggered by the ears

going numb, or whether it is actually produced by noise if it is complex enough, and loud enough.

If we're to believe William S. Burroughs – and I think he has a strong case in this respect – life is a cut-up. Our lines of thought are constantly being interrupted and spliced with various kinds of information. There's no way of avoiding this. Well, at least there's no *satisfactory* way of avoiding this; the alternative would almost certainly turn out to be unbearable. The alternative is silence, and silence is death. The information seems to be hidden within these folds. Applied to music – Burroughs himself did some groundbreaking literary work by cutting up audio tape and rearranging it more or less at random, breaking the narrative of his recorded voice, spliced with newscasts and whatnot – we arrive at the sound collage. As always, the million-dollar question comes up; how random is random? Upon a closer listen, none of Henry's works lacks an inner logic. Composed at random they are not – quite the contrary. And exactly how do the premises influence the recordings? The acoustics of your living space – what do they actually do to you? How do they influence your work? We all know the feeling of moving into a new flat; the precognitive notion that we'll either stay a long time or move on soon. Until we eventually find the right acoustics for our everyday life.

And everyday life is a cut-up. It may or may not be correct to speak of the Beatles' 1968 **White Album** in

connection with this – I do really tend to see this double album either as one big patchwork of conflicting interests or a tenderly composed piece of interwoven lines of thought. In any case, there is at least one piece that's relevant in the discussion of the cut-up and the use of sound as the dominating factor – John Lennon's having-a-hangover late '60s angst-infected *Revolution 9* – a kind of present-day report involving rallies against the war in Vietnam, intercut with mashed-up pieces of opera arias, musical numbers, as well as pieces and fragments of music by the Beatles themselves. At the end of its eight minutes of restructured and deconstructed chaos, the voice of Yoko Ono appears in the web of sound whispering, "You become naked".

Naked. Indeed. A house is not a home until you walk through the rooms naked. That's what a home is – a place to stroll around without clothes. That is, unless there's a Norwegian photographer following in your footsteps through the living space. Stuff like that happens all the time.

Bergen, June 2010

Tommy Olsson, born in Sweden in 1963, is a visual artist and writer. He lives and works in Bergen, Norway.

PIERRE HENRY SEEN BY...

by Yves Bigot

There are few artists who can be described as geniuses. But Pierre Henry is one. A painter, sculptor, gastronome, agitator, recluse, grouch, fanatic, epicurean and mystic, but above all an adventurer in sound as liturgy, this prophet of modern music has invented, developed and inspired no less than three major artistic genres and movements, while twice – at an interval of thirty years – achieving hit-parade superstar status.

“If the Beatles had worked with Pierre Henry in 1966, as Paul McCartney intended, the history of 20th-century music would have been revolutionised,” wrote the English magazine *Mojo* in 2001. But this happened in any case – and not just once.

At the end of the War, Henry (b. 9 December 1927) was a student of Olivier Messiaen and Nadia Boulanger at the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique in Paris. He joined Pierre Schaeffer at the experimental studio of the Radio Télédiffusion Française, and in 1950 *Symphonie pour un homme seul*, their manifesto as engineer-musicians, laid the foundations of concrete music, with the intention of “deconstructing music so that the harmony of the spheres can resonate”. Maurice Béjart made use of it five years later, at the start of a collaboration that was to include fifteen ballets. And other choreographers followed: Georges Balanchine, Carolyn Carlson, Merce Cunningham, Maguy Marin, etc.

Then came *Haut Voltage*, the first electroacoustic work, which marked Henry’s emancipation. He directed the Groupe de Recherche de Musique Concrète, then set up Studio Apsome in Rue Cardinet, an audio avant-garde structure which attained its apogee in 1963 with the *Variations pour une porte et un soupir*. Used in the cult series *The Sopranos*, this work had a major influence on progres-

sive English rock groups during the 1960s, notably Pink Floyd and Soft Machine, and, more recently, Radiohead.

But it was with *Le Voyage*, 1962, the first psychedelic composition (expressing the soul), that Henry began to fascinate the rock generation of the 1960s and the hippies, all devotees of the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, which he illustrated in music. There were the Beatles (*Tomorrow Never Knows*) and Jimi Hendrix (*Are You Experienced?*) in London, Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention (*Freak Out!*) in Los Angeles, Jefferson Airplane (*Would You Like a Snack?*), the Grateful Dead (*Anthem of the Sun*), the Quicksilver Messenger Service (with the long improvised passages in their version of *Who Do You Love?*) and David Crosby (*I’d Swear There Was Somebody Here*) in San Francisco, Gong in the south of France and, later, Rodolphe Burger (*Cheval-Mouvement*) in Strasbourg. The seal was set on this metathetically mediated connection with the *Messe de Liverpool*, 1967, the radio show *Salut les Copains*, the barricades of May ’68 and the discotheques of Saint Tropez.

There were also the *Jerks électroniques* “*Yper-sounds*” in the *Messe pour le temps présent*. With their celebrated silver cover, the former sold in hundreds of thousands, while the latter took its place in the history of the Avignon festival, thanks to the ballet created by Henry’s old friend Maurice Béjart. The 1969 *Ceremony* album, featuring the English blues-rock group Spooky Tooth, was just an epilogue, culminating in a midnight concert at the Olympia.

But whereas Pierre Henry’s influence on the history of rock music remains a well-kept secret, techno acknowledges him as its guiding light. His *Psyché Rock* has been used in many guises, from Costa Gavras’ film ζ to that of Jean Becker, *Elisa*,

with Vanessa Paradis, from Mean Girls to the Futurama series, and in advertisements for everything from the Mobicarte to the New York stock exchange and Nescafé, via hundreds of more or less authorised samplings; to the point where, in 1997, leading DJs like William Orbit and Coldcut were paying tribute to him on albums such as *Métamorphoses*, with remixes of the *Jerks électroniques*, and *Psyché Rock*, revamped by Fat Boy Slim, was adopted as the anthem of dance culture from Brighton to Ibiza. Solicited by the American group Violent Femmes, working with the Propellerheads, participating in *L’Amour foot*, organised by *Libération* in 1998, appearing like a rock star at the Olympia, the Cigale, the Montreux Festival, La Roque d’Anthéron, the Beaubourg piazza, the esplanade of La Défense, Radio France, the Centre Pompidou and the Cité de la Musique, Henry continues to make news at the age of eighty-three, with his ever-popular concerts in his home (1996, 2002, 2005, 2008, 2009), the boxed set of his works (*Mix 01, 02, 03 and 04*), his apotheosis at the Victoires de la Musique in 1998, the Quartz d’Honneur in 2005 and the Président de la République prize, awarded by the Académie Charles Cros in 2005, but also a constant stream of new works, among them *Intérieur/Extérieur*, *Une tour de Babel*, *Tam-tam du merveilleux*, *Dracula* and *Dieu*, after Victor Hugo, recited by Jean-Paul Farré in Henry’s house between 20 July and 8 August 2009.

When the avant-garde reaches the largest possible audience, it becomes a phenomenon. So what about genius?

Yves Bigot was born in 1955 and grew up in Saint Tropez. He is a journalist, writer and producer.

He contributes to the newspaper Libération, does radio work on Europe 1 and France Inter, and is a specialist in rock music and football. He has published books with Grasset and Flammarion.

Having been a director of programming at France 2 and a director of stations and programmes at RTBF and Arte Belgique, he is now the head of programmes at Endemol France.

SHOOTING FROM A DISTANCE

by Geir Egil Bergjord

In September 2006, I attended a Pierre Henry concert for the first time. It was the first in a series of three, programmed by Numusic, an annual electronica festival in Stavanger where I live. Already a fan of Pierre Henry, I had arranged to take photos during the rehearsals in Stavanger Cathedral, where his performances were held. To see Pierre Henry's dedication to his work at the rehearsals and his performances, impressed me (left a little numb after a breakup, I had not been impressed by or able to enjoy anything for several months). Spending quite some time taking photos in the cathedral during the rehearsals, I hung around to say goodbye to the crew after the final performance. I remember shaking Pierre Henry's hand and all I could say was a simple *merci*. We had no common language! I felt stupid as one only can feel, when you want to express something of importance, but have no words.

The following day, by chance I met Marc Ordaz, the Director of Centre Culturel Franco-Norvégien in Stavanger. Marc, who was the go-between in setting up my photo shoots at the rehearsals, had taken Pierre Henry to the airport the same morning. He told me that on the way to the airport, Pierre had expressed some curiosity about me and my work: "He liked the way you were taking photos, and you had somewhat surprised him during the rehearsals." Whether this was correctly quoted or not, I don't know, but if it wasn't for this remark none of the following would have happened. Pierre Henry showing this sensibility to my work, without seeing any of my photos, encouraged me to make a selection of prints from the cathedral and to write him a letter. I had the letter translated into French by a friend, and remember putting it in a mailbox on a Monday. Within a week I received an

email from Isabelle Warnier, Pierre Henry's personal assistant. The email was in French... though, reading several bravos, I knew it was something good. I was invited to Pierre Henry's house in Paris.

In March 2007 I visited 32, Rue de Toul for the first time. When I arrived, there was a meeting going on in the kitchen with Pierre's sound engineer Etienne Bultingaire. Isabelle took me down in the basement and asked me to wait a few minutes. Stupefied, I sat down on one of the chairs. I had asked for a rendezvous to take some portraits of Pierre Henry in the studio and had not expected to find his house like this. The meeting finished and I returned to the kitchen. Pierre Henry was sitting on a chair, with his hair a bit messy, as if he'd just got out of bed.

I asked how he was doing in polite French: "Comment allez vous?"

I had been practicing the phrase with my host in Paris in the morning. He replied in French and I did not understand.

Isabelle translated: "Pierre's back is bad today. He doesn't want to stand during the photo session." OK. We were left alone in the kitchen to work. Pierre was sitting across the table with one of his assemblages right behind his head, not leaving me many options to compose a frame. Aware of the pain in his back and with no common language it was difficult to ask him to move. I tried to make the best out of it. Isabelle returned to the kitchen and asked how the shooting was going.

"OK," I said, "but maybe Pierre is tired now?"

She asked him in French and translated to me: "No, he is OK. He can go on some more. Maybe you want to take some photos of him in the studio?"

We moved to the studio across the hallway, and Pierre sat down in front

of his mixing desk. We were left alone again. A little shy, I started shooting photos of him from a distance, then gradually moving closer. In the end I was leaning over the mixing desk with a wide angle lens attached to my camera, while Pierre was moving the faders up and down on his mixing table, posing as if he was mixing sound. This went on for a while... in silence. When Isabelle returned to the studio, I asked if I could take some photos in the basement. This was OK, and I went down in the basement with my gear. I tried to not spend too much time (I tend to get lost in my work...) and stopped after 45 minutes or so. When I returned to the kitchen, Pierre asked me to sit down at the table. With Isabelle as a translator, we had a short meeting where Pierre proposed that I make some documentation of his assemblages (his visual arts had never been shown outside of Rue de Toul, or documented before). This meeting was the starting point of a project, leading to the book you are now holding in your hand.

My next visit to Rue de Toul was in December 2007. Pierre had cleared some wall space in the kitchen, and at his request, we did a photo session, shooting his assemblages one by one, like documentation for a museum.

The following day I had Isabelle on the phone: "How was the photo shoot yesterday? Do you want to continue with the project?" she asked enthusiastically.

"Sure I would like to continue," I said "But to be honest, I do not understand why Pierre Henry wants a photographer from Norway to take photos the way a thousand photographers in Paris could do. When I see Pierre's assemblages, I see them as part of the house. Why won't he let me shoot them in their original positions instead?"

During 2008 I returned to Paris several times to take photos of Pierre's assemblages in the house, and the idea of a book was born. In 2009 I was granted a 3-month stay at Recollets Internationales to work with the project, and during this stay a large amount of work was done. My working hours in Rue de Toul would normally be after lunch. Some days I arrived in time to join them for coffee and ice cream from Berthillon. Some days Pierre and his sound assistant Bernadette Mangin would already be working when I arrived, and I would just say a short bonjour at the door to the studio. If I could hear the sounds as I entered the gate to the courtyard, I knew Pierre and Bernadette were too busy, and would just sneak up to the first floor to meet Isabelle in her office. Other times, when Pierre was away, I would have the keys to 32, Rue de Toul, leaving me the option to shoot details in the studio as I wanted, and also from the courtyard at night. The house would be in constant change. Assemblages would move from one room to another, and the ones that had been in the best position in the

kitchen on my last visit, could be found in the courtyard exposed to rain, sun and the Parisian polluted air, the next. Only a handful of Pierre's assemblages remained in the same spot as I found them on my first visit to the house. Sometimes at the end of a day's work, I would notice some detail I wanted to shoot, thinking: "Ah... I'll do it tomorrow," only to arrive the next day to find the same piece deconstructed and made into something else. Of course this would leave me somewhat frustrated in my work, but at the same time, it is the brutality in Pierre Henry's way of treating his visuals that I like and admire: a brutality also found in his music.

I have some dear memories from this house. Like the times Pierre Henry, after a day's work, spontaneously invited me to dine with him in the kitchen. A good moment was during a meeting with the cultural attaché at the French Embassy in Oslo, Dominique Lebrun (regarding an upcoming concert in Norway). As we sat around the kitchen table, Dominique suddenly realized that Pierre doesn't

speak any English and that I don't really speak French.

"But how do you and Geir communicate without a common language?" she asked Pierre Henry with a sort of surprise in her voice.

"We don't talk," Pierre replied calmly, and then continued: "we look at images and we listen to music."

This was in December 2009, and at this point I had been picking up French long enough to understand what he said. (Yes, I took lessons. Thank you Nathalie, Virginie and everyone at CCFN-Stavanger, but French sure is difficult). Pierre was right though. We did not need many words to fulfill this project. It was as if it developed its own logic, and in the end I just had to fill in the gaps. Still, my strongest impressions from working in the house were the times I arrived while Pierre was working in the studio. Moving around the house shooting details of the massive archives of magnetic tape, while listening to his sounds, is just something I will never forget. These times I felt really privileged. Thank you!

GEIR EGIL BERGJORD – BIOGRAPHY

by Tor Åge Bringsværd

“He marvelled at the fact that the cats had two holes cut in their fur at precisely the spot where their eyes were.”

— Georg Christoph Lichtenberg
Aphorisms, trans. R. J. Hollingdale
(1990), 108.

Geir Egil Bergjord, born in 1964 on the west coast of Norway and living in Stavanger, is without doubt one of the most exciting Norwegian photographers of our time. He has had numerous exhibitions, carried out a succession of art projects and won several well-deserved prizes. Yet, for me personally, his photo books and web-projects are the most fascinating – whether they are ‘diaries’ of foreign cities, month-long nocturnal observations of the way the light from cars and neon adverts is mirrored in wet asphalt or exciting descriptions of many years’ expeditions from loft to cellar in his grandmother’s house. Geir has taught me to see the world and intimate things in another way, that is to say, *his way*. And isn’t this the greatest compliment we can pay an artist; that he has given us yet another way of seeing life?

What does it take for us to perceive something as “truth”? Our world view is based on a selective and

subjective choice of information. We therefore adjust to a more or less hastily gathered random collection of “reality snippets”; a puzzle we sort and organise not only in accordance with our experience, but perhaps as much in accordance with our expectations. The way we perceive a loaf of bread first and foremost depends on how hungry we are.

Of course, many believe it’s easy to use one’s eyes, but it most certainly isn’t. At birth we see the world upside-down and just getting that view turned around demands effort and practice. But also as adults we should jolt our vision everyday if we wish to avoid going astray in a tabloid fog. The truth is then that we do not see things as they are; we see them as *we* are. And strictly speaking we do not see first and foremost with our eyes. It’s our *brain* that sees – and it chooses what it *wants* to see. Incidentally, in *The Little Prince* by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, the word *brain* is swapped for *heart*: “It is only with the heart one really can see.” True enough, if one thinks about it.

In Norwegian folk tales, the Ash Lad is rather an unusual hero. He is of course the one who is fascinated and

inspired by things that others find immaterial and worthless. Along his way to try to win the princess and half the kingdom, he can quite easily find himself picking up things that everyone else would just pass by quickly – a dead fledgling magpie, a shard from a broken bowl, a worn out sole of a shoe. Things that later prove to be significant.

For me, Geir Egil Bergjord is a kind of photographic “Ash Lad” – whether he shows us colourful clothes pegs on a backyard washing line in Rome or all kinds of shiny taps in a shop window in Berlin.

Tor Åge Bringsværd, born in 1939, is a Norwegian author and playwright.

THE HOUSE OF SOUNDS A SKETCH OF ITS HISTORY AND FUNCTIONING

by Isabelle Warnier

32 rue de Toul is the location of Pierre Henry's third Parisian studio. But it is the first in which his life and work have been brought together.

15 April 1971 saw the installation there of Studio Apsome (Applications de Procédés SONores de Musique Electroacoustique), which Henry founded in 1958 after he left the RTF's experimental studio, and which had initially been set up in Rue Cardinet, then Boulevard Saint-Germain.

Soon afterwards, he recorded Laurent Terzieff reading Vaslav Nijinsky's *Diary*, on which Maurice Béjart based his ballet *Nijinsky, clown de Dieu*, for which Henry composed the music. The work had a long run at the Palais des Sports in Paris, then in Brussels, London and New York; and the resulting income financed the first renovations of the house, which has since been in a constant state of evolution.

With Isabelle Warnier since 1967, and also working with the young Canadian composer Bernard Bonnier, Henry has composed around twenty works here, including the *Deuxième symphonie*, first performed at the Cirque d'Hiver in 1972, Nicolas Schöffer's cybernetic opera *Kyldex*, premiered in Hamburg in 1973, and *Enivrez-vous*, for Carolyn Carlson at Sigma in Bordeaux, in 1974. *Futuristie*, 1975, a tribute to Luigi Russolo, used a multitude of sounds recorded in the house that summer. It was first performed on 16 October 1975 at the opening of the extension to the Théâtre National de Chaillot. Then

came the major fresco *Parcours-Cosmogonie* (twelve concerts), *Métamorphoses, Dieu*, after Victor Hugo, with Jean-Paul Farré, which was premiered at the Palais des Arts, Paris, in October 1978, *La dixième symphonie de Beethoven*, the *Noces chimiques*, first performed at the Opéra Comique on 5 June 1980, *Pierres réfléchies, Paradis perdu, La Ville*, and numerous Hörspiele (radio pieces) for the WDR in Cologne.

By the end of 1982, Henry's technical apparatus was becoming somewhat obsolescent. And it was at this point, at the age of fifty-five, that he began receiving assistance from the Ministère de la Culture, which allowed him to pursue his work with new equipment. He began receiving regular support from the DRAC Ile-de-France, followed in 1990 by the city of Paris, and in 2006 the SACEM.

The result was the creation of Studio Son/Ré (Son/Recherche électroacoustique), where since 1982 Henry, assisted by Bernadette Mangin, has composed more than eighty works. This freedom from the commercial contingencies that had hampered the functioning of Studio Apsome since 1958 allowed the composer to focus on his multiform creativity, and to expand his output considerably.

Since 1990, he has been constructing a parallel pictorial universe in relation to that of his sounds, and his house has gradually been taken over by his "concrete paintings", which share the space with an extensive sound library that goes back to the 1950s. This huge vocabulary of recordings

is a still-active crucible of creativity, both past, present and to come.

In 1996, for Paris's Festival d'Automne, Henry decided to put on a six-week series of public concerts in his house, with performances of *Intérieur/Extérieur* for forty people each evening. Les Spectacles Vivants of the Centre Pompidou sponsored two further series of concerts in Rue de Toul: *Dracula*, 2002, and *Voyage initiatique*, 2005. The 2008 Paris Quartier d'Été festival had a programme of twenty-two concerts, *Une heure chez Pierre Henry*, including *Miroirs du temps*, following a varied programme of small forms taken from the repertory, and in 2009 a new version of *Dieu*, a sound poem adapted from texts by Victor Hugo, with Jean-Paul Farré. In October 2010, with Le Batofar, Henry put on a series of twenty-four concerts in his home.

Annick Duboscq began contributing to the *peintures concrètes*, and, since 1990 Etienne Bultingaire has worked with Henry on the sound for innumerable concerts in France and elsewhere.

Recently, with assistance from the Conseil Régional of the Ile-de-France, the DRAC Ile-de-France and the city of Paris – and, for the requirements of digitisation, the Bibliothèque Nationale de France – Studio Son/Ré has acquired a computing system that is exclusively devoted to the conservation of music representing sixty years of unremitting activity. And this is what Pierre Henry is now concentrating on, along with his compositional work.

This occupant of the House of Sounds presents his thanks to one and all, on every level.

To those who created the book: Geir Egil Bergjord, François Weyergans, Yves Bigot, Tommy Olsson, Tor Åge Bringsværd, Gilles Fage & Laurence Barbier, Ann Grieve, and those attentive readers Danielle Dumon & Dagmar Rolf.

To those who made the book possible: François Arveiller, Alexandra Bannelier, Olivier Bernard, Emmanuelle Lavaud, Isabelle Marnier, Corrine Micaelli, Alejandra Norambuena-Skira, Yann Ollivier, Nathalie Viot.

The central pillars of the edifice: Isabelle Warnier, for her virtuoso

management on every level; Bernadette Mangin, for her dexterity in the art of sounds; Annick Duboscq, for her illuminating contribution to the *peintures concrètes*; Etienne Bultingaire, for his ceaselessly renewed musical projections; Pierre Lefèvre, for his sagacity and his electric drill.

The children: Béatrice, who grew up here among the sounds; David, Virginie and Sophie, who often came along to entertain us.

The House of Sounds in all its different facets (paintings, music, installations, lighting systems, etc.) would not exist without an insistence on openness to the public. This occupant of the House of Sounds

is particularly grateful to those who helped with the “proximity concerts”: Joséphine Markovits, Serge Laurent, Patrice Martinet, Batofar & Sophie Kafiz. Not forgetting the spirited volunteers.

It has also enjoyed the unwavering, enthusiastic commitment of Gérard Davoust, Son/Ré’s president, Joël Boutteville, its treasurer since 1982, Anne Rey, its general secretary, Georges Barthès, ever-present, and those institutions whose contributions have been essential to the existence of *concrete* music.

The occupant of the House of Sounds pays tribute to Maurice Fleuret who has always helped him, without doubts.

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With the participation of the Fonds d'Action SACEM.

This non-profit organisation was created in 1977 as part of a diversified funding policy that was to benefit all the active currents of musical creativity, without distinction.

It monitors the different operations from start to finish, and beyond. It also offers practical advice, for example in terms of promotion and logistics.

These partnerships often span several years, so as to maximise their chance of success.

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Vivienne Knowles, for Geir Egil Bergjord's biography.

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A CONCERT IN THE HOUSE

Pierre Henry

The four previously unreleased works on the CD: *Capriccio*, *Phrases de quatuor*, *Miroirs du temps*, *Envol*

Capriccio, 19' 34" (2009)

A commission for the 52nd International Festival of Contemporary Music, Warsaw, autumn 2009, and CulturesFrance. First performance: Warsaw, 20 September 2009.

"In this world, the land of chimeras is the only one worth living in." Jean-Jacques Rousseau

This work for sounds derived from percussion, rubbing, sliding, stretching and actions coordinated on a piano, as on a sounding board, is dedicated to impressionist French music.

It involves research, through the language of sound, into continuous rhythm, intermittency, distancing, and their reciprocal juxtapositions, fleeting impressions, delicate nuances of feeling and chimerical inner eroticism.

A sort of fugue in which the sounds, rather than being different and opposed, harmonise in subtle affinities – a capriccio of fusion.

Phrases de quatuor, 17' 15" (2000)

A tribute to Maurice Béjart, who died on 22 November 2007, and who choreographed this work at the Paris opera house in 2003.

I wear the same metal-framed glasses as Franz Schubert; but our affinity goes deeper than that. I imagine an inner whirlwind, a vortex connecting us and producing a creative fluid: the flow of life.

We are two loners with an insatiable desire to produce works. At his death, aged thirty-one, Schubert left behind an immense body of music; and at the age of seventy-five, I'm working like never before on proliferative, ever-incomplete compositions.

The theme of non-completion is central to these *Phrases de quatuor*.

There are micro-structures of a few seconds that give glimpses of the *Quartettsatz*, the first movement of a quartet that was abandoned in the first months of 1820, when Schubert was twenty-three. And the *phrases* of this allegro relate to a dozen or so fragments of the *Quintet for strings* that Schubert composed in 1828, the year of his death. They use related keys: C minor for the quartet; C major for the quintet. Two works of coincidence and analogy: these alliterations of auditory writing are analogous in the vehemence of the attack, the fugacity of the nuances, the contrast between extraordinary outbursts of violence and the seraphic sweetness of the singing moments.

The episodes of these *phrases* mark time in a sort of diffuse panic, or develop in a cyclone of *separations*, polarised between the high notes and the low, as though there were no happy medium!

In this universe that I've isolated, deconstructed and reassembled in a disordered fashion, like the pieces of an abstract jigsaw puzzle, a third work appears, derived from the *partition* of the other two. I've infused it with a logic comprised of spirit and quite Schubertian accents. Like an imaginary self-portrait. This *digest* appears to have been blended on a background that serves as a continuo, details of which sometimes break through into the foreground.

There are interjections, reactions, juxtapositions, and comments which, aesthetically and acoustically, belong to another place, another time.

If the musicological *spiral* is to be complete, one should also hear quotes from Ravel, Debussy, Saint-Saëns, Berg and César Franck, references to Pelléas, a universe of forests and fogs in which Golaud is the new Erlking.

I come into all this in order to introduce suspense, respiration and humour through concrete, atmospheric annotations. My own sounds are also intended to confuse matters, to make doors creak, water drip; to insert a cry. The cry uttered by Wozzek in his dream. It is the lament of a lone man lost in his night. This is the essential sadness of German romanticism. It is also Schubert.

Miroirs du temps, 23' 22" (2008)

A tribute to Olivier Messiaen, and in particular his *Chronochromie*.

First performed during the concert programme *Une heure chez Pierre Henry*, 4-15 August 2008, as part of Paris Quartier d'Été.

It was while visiting the solar furnace at Odeillo, a few years ago... I imagined mirrors capturing hours and days. I let it all mature, and this temporal assay became a reality. *Miroirs du temps* represents a return to the *attraction* of musical notes among one another. A memory of Olivier Messiaen in his class.

Miroirs du temps: transformation of energy, conversation of notes, successions of pitch in complex development on a pivot-sound. A whole harmony of illuminated rhythms. Colour-sounds, added notes, rainbow-block (as Messiaen liked to say). In the end, a discontinuous variable continuity of accents. But what counts here is the writing of an instrumental phrase. In these mirrors, finally, I tried out a specific rhythmic system, with heavy passages and light passages.

To quote Paul Valéry's *Cahiers*: "Time is an equation of permanence and change."

Today, when composing, a sound will suffice to recall a concrete melody to my mind. *Miroirs du temps* is a crystallisation of my past.

Envol, 13' 45" (2010)

Envol is a musical poem in a playful style, with a relationship to the dynamics of birds.


Here the expressive nuances, in their brevity, are close to those of flight – for me, a sort of aerial swimming.

The natural constituents of *Envol* derive from everything that flies.

Displaced traces of reeds, looped staircases, a lake, a burlesque spitting snake, auditory sensations, starlings, a rift and a quivering dawn.

A short piece of music that slips away, flies away.

The four previously unreleased works on the CD
Instrumentation, recording, composition: Pierre Henry
Produced at the Son/Ré studio (which receives assistance from DRAC Ile-de-France, the Ministère de la Culture et de la Communication, the city of Paris and the SACEM).
Musical assistant: Bernadette Mangin



PIERRE HENRY

Capriccio, 19'34

Phrases de quatuor, 17'15

Miroirs du temps, 23'22

Envol, 13'45

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The accompanying CD contains four previously unreleased pieces by Pierre Henry: *Capriccio*, *Phrases de quatuor*, *Miroirs de temps* and *Envol*.