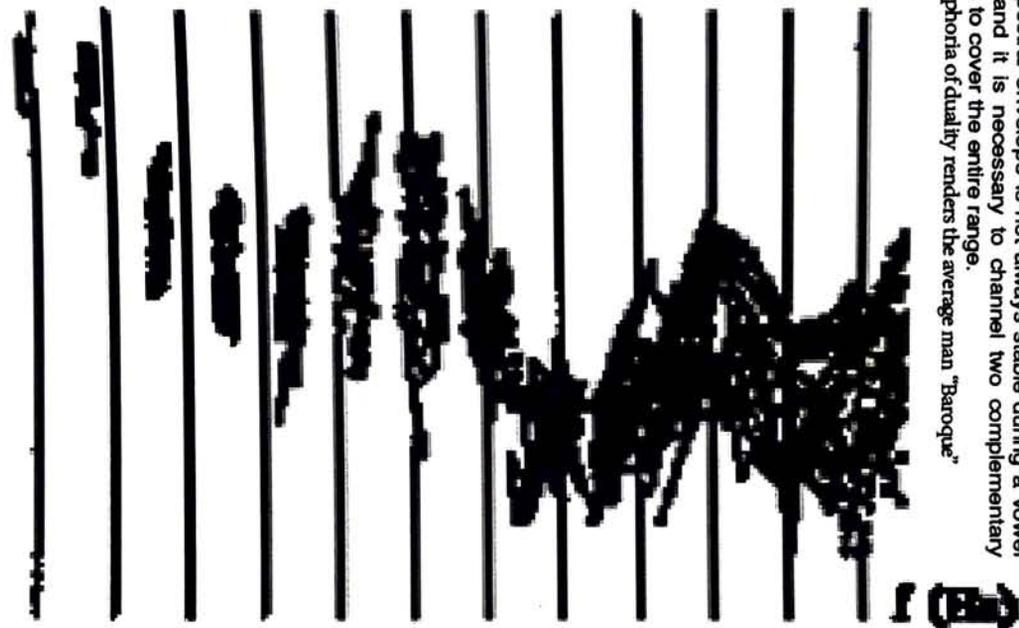


V O I C E

* MOINS DE VOGUES * PLUS DE VAGUES *

A (B)



The spectral envelope is not always stable during a vowel note, and it is necessary to channel two complementary voices to cover the entire range. This euphoria of duality renders the average man "Baroque".

A VIRTUAL CASTRATO(?!)

WHEN I BEGAN TO TEACH SINGING, THE MECHANICS OF VOCAL PHENOMENA WERE INADEQUATELY UNDERSTOOD. INSTINCT ALONE, SOMETIMES HAPPY, SOMETIMES ERRONEOUS, WAS THE ONLY SUBSTITUTE FOR ACCURATE KNOWLEDGE. I WAS ANXIOUS TO DISCOVER THE ACTUAL PHYSIOLOGY OF THE VOICE, TO SEE THE GLOTTIS EXPOSED IN THE VERY ACT OF SINGING. BUT HOW COULD THE MYSTERIES OF AN ORGAN SO WELL HIDDEN BE UNVEILED ?

ONE SEPTEMBER DAY IN 1854, I WAS STROLLING IN THE PALAIS ROYAL, PREOCCUPIED WITH THE EVER-RECURRING WISH SO OFTEN REPRESSED AS UNREALIZABLE, WHEN, DAZZLED BY A REFLECTION IN THE WINDOW, I SUDDENLY ENVISIONED THE TWO MIRRORS OF THE LARYNGOSCOPE IN THEIR RESPECTIVE POSITIONS AND THE GLOTTIS REVEALED - AS IF ACTUALLY PRESENT BEFORE MY EYES.

Our work constitutes one step towards the very difficult goal of transforming one instrument into another. Banal, but rich: *speech is the music of every day*. Para-verbal phenomena such as hesitations, reformulations, sighs, breathing, and laughter used to be considered as parasitic phenomena of speech communication.

A convivial stammering, like juvenile acne or a first moustache, a characteristically adolescent way of putting oneself forward through one's very timidity, building up one's supposed audacity by hiding gaffes in gracious awkwardness or, in the case of obvious failure, folding without any great loss, with one of those prepubescent poses of an almost-thirty-year-old troubled teenager whose plight discourages any inclination to chastise them.

Des "vibrations", des "sensations", des "résonances" - a demi-mondaine strategy of deliberate gaucherie... aiming to prudently manage the capital of elegant timidity and fearful vanity, at once insolently childish and pitifully adult.

C

L

V

B

* MOINS DE VOGUES * PLUS DE VAGUES *

A (201)



Who would not love to float free of all relations of force and confrontation? Who would not be fond of this escape from gravity, this magic of equilibrium between the ceremonial and the shambolic, the wild and the elegant?

UNFOLD THE SPACE (1984) THAT DOES JUSTICE TO YOUR BODY

We have to move from the concept of the club to the concept of the "large space".

Une immense piste de danse occupe l'espace laissé vacant par les sièges de l'orchestre. La diva Internationale peut y côtoyer les jeunes gens post-modernes, filles ou garçons, les intellectuels de droite ou de gauche, les vrais noctambules noirs ou blancs, les punks sans argent mais non sans originalité... C'est le travail des physionomistes de l'entrée de sélectionner et de doser la clientèle. Les seuls mots d'ordre sont "une attitude positive", "un look travaillé" et "le respect des différences".

On this dance floor, we seek precarious comfort on a doomed planet. Two devils lead the dance: the devil of imperfection, linked to the natural entropy of the universe, and the devil of disorder and confusion, secreting a background noise of corrupted meaning. All viscosity, all ambiguity emanates from the diabolical.

A fixed point emerges from this chaos of free wills.

En 1980 dans les sous-sols du Palace ouvrent "Le Privilage", un club restaurant très élitiste où toutes les stars et VIP pourront se retrouver pour des soirées nettement moins grand public mais tout aussi démentes.

Naturally, this privileged situation is scandalous to a contemporary youth's shock pragmatism. A frog's fortress sheltering an elite corrupted by the nostalgia for subversion... promoting a fragrant mediocrity of insolence, grafting petulance on to humble talent...

How to eliminate this arrogant viscosity?

The Night, benevolent to those who live for pleasure, unforgiving to puppets of social hierarchy... anyone can be a citizen of the night - but inelegance will not be tolerated.

The prince of the night is not so much one who possesses but one who can 'set things off', the fire keeper of thresholds and tipping points, capable of triggering a thousand gestures. Coercing the elites to adopt the modest, defeated tone of celebrities who, yielding to the crowd, agree to remove their disguises. She is a master in the diplomacy of caprice and the art of the cocktail, making age groups, generations and social categories her fruit, interbreeding them with looks. It is a cocktail of money, fashion and the press, but also talent and the street... a cocktail as poised and volatile as the critical point where gaseous, liquid and solid states coexist... A crucial point:

For dislocation and depression is infinitely more rapid than the patient maturation of united bodies of struggle, subversion and solidarity capable of embracing the multitude.

Y

O

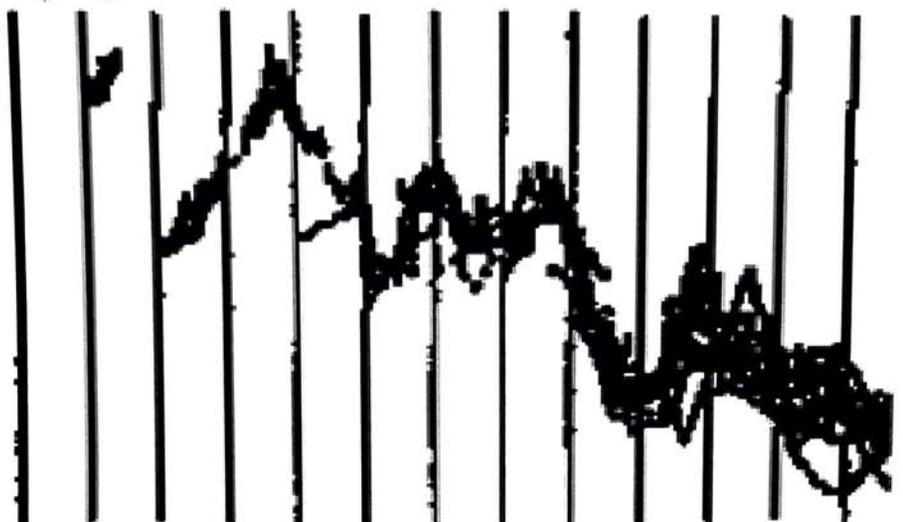
U

T

H

* MOINS DE VOGUES * PLUS DE VAGUES *

A (dB)



F (Hz)

"Oh mirror! Am I on form? Am I conforming?
Tell me, quickly! You know that's what I'm being paid for!"

MAKING SENSE OF VARIATIONS

Scrutinising the horizon of millennial tendencies, we discern a multitude of young cavaliers in charge of increasingly 'intelligent' nomad-objects... but their life? Bulimic, constipated, 'stressed', overwhelmed by tests and running on pitiless thermostats - constrained to respond to their own ultimate...

Young nomads, we love you!

Be yet more modern, more mobile, more fluid, if you don't want to end up like your ancestors in the muddy fields of Verdun. Be light, anonymous, precarious like drops of water or soap bubbles: this is true equality, the Great Casino of life.

If you're not fluid, you will very quickly become losers. You will not be admitted into the Global Superboom of the Great Market...

Be absolutely modern, be a nomad, be fluid - or check out, like a viscose loser!

Gnawed at by future hunger, by appetites anticipating other appetites, these youngsters must learn to send simple, strong messages to survive in the future cybervillage. Cosmopolitanism is after all a certain transcontinental way of staying at home and amongst your own.

A farce that traverses generations. In the end, is history just a graveyard of aristocracies, an interminable chronicle of triumphs

as ephemeral and derisory as the perpetual pugilism of the Great Natural Banquet in which the species gobble each other up?

One senses an imminent demise. We shall go down, but let it be in a manner to which we may look forward as worthy of our dignity.

~!~

The Night allows the dancer to stagnate deliciously in an infinitely protracted ludic transit, playing the arbiter of elegance, without sinking too quickly into the treacherous pestilence of *nouvelle philosophie*.

Philosophers: those magnificent thugs of thought who tremble neither before the sacred nor before science; the turbulent Knights of Speculation, the Great Priests of the fluid and the chaotic, virtuosos of mimetic contagions...

Our conclusion, in the 'advice to the young' style:

Keep away from 'philosophers'!