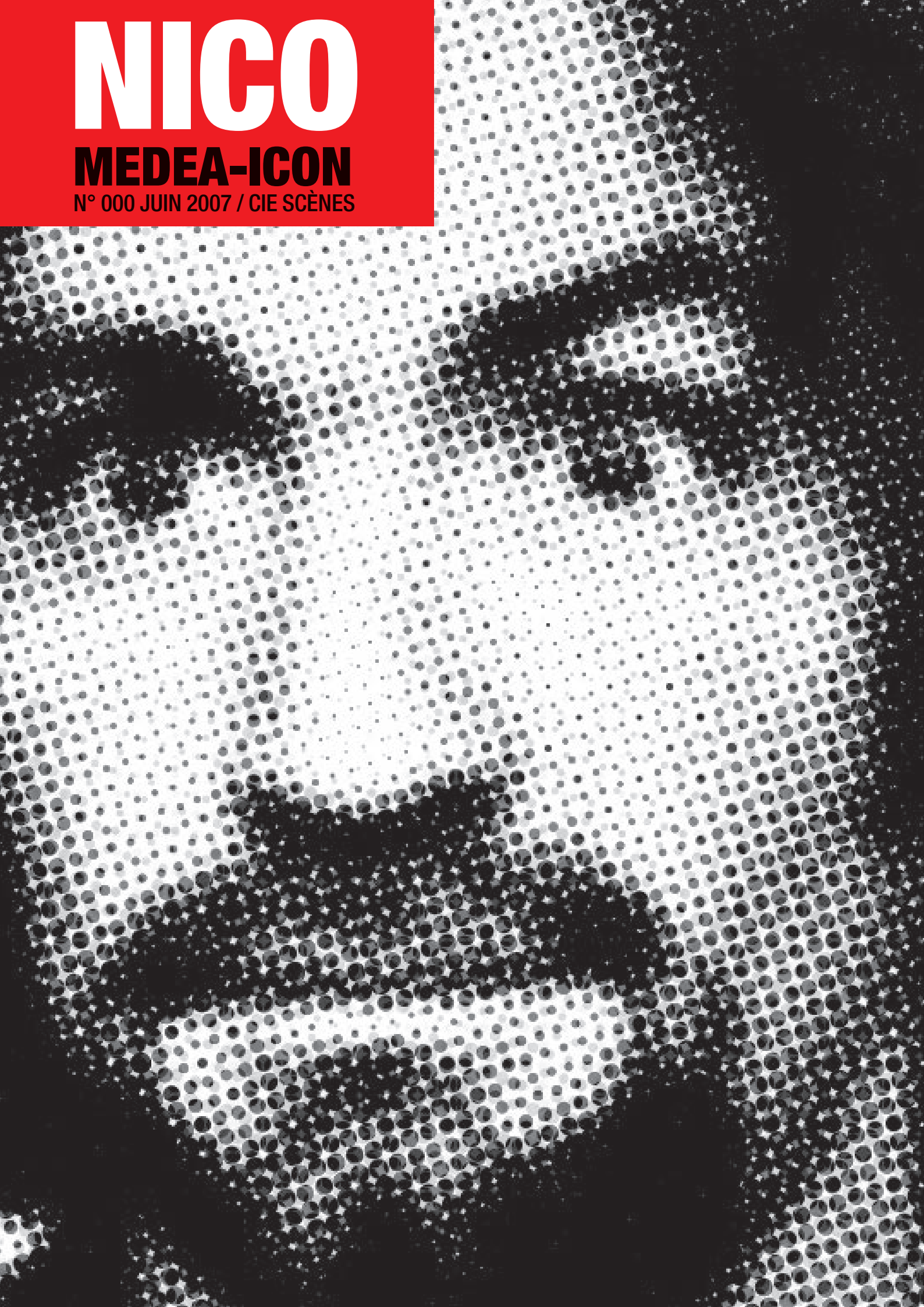


NICO

MEDEA-ICON

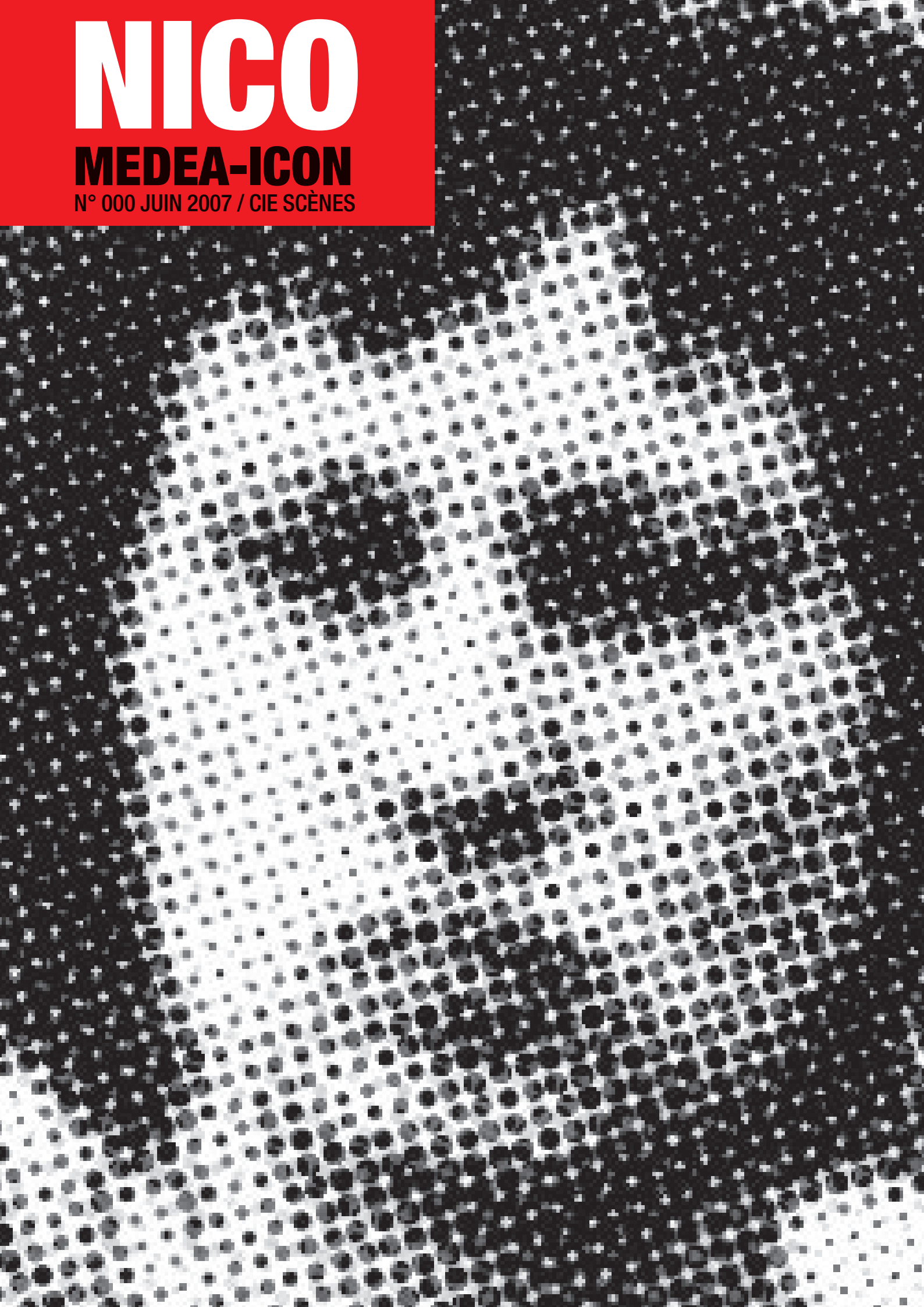
N° 000 JUIN 2007 / CIE SCÈNES



NICO

MEDEA-ICON

N° 000 JUIN 2007 / CIE SCÈNES





NICO-MEDEA-ICON

ROCK-OPERA

A PERFORMING OF PHILIPPE VINCENT

2008 CREATION

*A phantasmagorical biography of Nico.
The silent beauty of Nico, the Egeria of Andy Warhol and inspiration to the Velvet Underground, fascinated such rock stars as Lou Reed and Jackson Brown or the filmmaker Philippe Garrel. Truly a mythical figure of the underground culture, her tragic end only confirmed her legendary destiny. Nico-Medea-Icon is not a biographical work on/about Nico, it's a confrontation, a re-enacting. It aims at blowing up the idea of biography to the realm of fantasy. Heiner Müller's Medeamaterial does not tell Nico's story, it is more like a dream, a possible happening. Nico-Medea-Icon is a palimpsest of two overlapping myths, Nico over Medeamaterial or the opposite...*

SCENES - THÉÂTRE - CINÉMA

5 bis, rue des Tuileries
69009 Lyon / FRANCE
tel : 00 33 (0)4 78 64 07 87
mail : scenes@free.fr
site : <http://scenes.free.fr>

COMPANY SUPPORTED BY
THE FRENCH MINISTRY FOR
CULTURE, THE RHÔNE-ALPES
REGION, THE CITY OF LYON.



NICO'S SCRAPBOOK

«It would be great if one day there was a novel about me, it should be imaginary and describe my soul rather than my life. My soul and my life are two different things. My soul is called Christa. My life is Nico. Christa is the maker of Nico, and now she is tired of Nico because Nico is tired of herself. Nico has been to the top in life and to the bottom.. [...] To avoid those depths its best to be nowhere and drift.»

Nico.



Nico in "la Cicatrice intérieure" de Philippe Garrel -1972

NICO-MEDEA-ICON

actress / singer: ANNE FERRET
guitar / harmonium / actor: BOB LIPMAN
guitar / cello: PIERRE GRANGE
actor / bass guitar / upright-bass: PHILIPPE VINCENT
drums: DOMINIQUE LENTIN

directed by: PHILIPPE VINCENT
musical composition: BOB LIPMAN ET DOMINIQUE LENTIN

set design: JEAN-PHILIPPE MURGUE
costumes: CATHY RAY
sound: JÉRÔME RIO
lighting: HUBERT ARNAUD
choreography: FLORENCE GIRARDON
coach for song: MYRIAM DJEMOUR

with the texts of Heiner Müller: **DESPOILED SHORE**
MEDEAMATERIAL
LANDSCAPE WITH ARGONAUTS

french translation: Jean Jourdeuil et Heinz Schawrzinger
english translation: Carl Weber

poetries / texts / songs: NICO / LOU REED / LESTER BANGS
french translation: Daniel Bismuth
german translation: Thomas Martin

video: VINCENT DELPEUX (GROUPE MOI)
BERTRAND SAUGIER (GROUPE MOI)
PIERRE GRANGE et PHILIPPE VINCENT

PERFORMING IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH WITH FRENCH, ENGLISH OR GERMAN SUBTITLES
duration: 1 HOUR 20

production manager: **OLIVIER BERNARD (00 33 (0)6 60 96 63 85)**
distribution: **CHRISTIAN LEBLANC (00 33 (0)6 62 48 65 98)**

production: SCÈNES - THÉÂTRE - CINÉMA

with the support of: LES BERNARDINES (MARSEILLE)
FORUM FREI THEATER / DUSSELDORF (RFA)
CENTRE DRAMATIQUE NATIONAL DE SARTROUVILLE
CASA MUSICALE DE PIGNA (CORSE)
LA CHARTREUSE DE VILLENEUVE LEZ AVIGNON
NTH8 (LYON)

COMPANY SUPPORTED BY THE FRENCH MINISTRY FOR CULTURE
THE RHÔNE-ALPES REGION
THE CITY OF LYON.

dossier translated by: LAURETTE TASSIN

NICO



MATERIAL

Leave me the children Jason one more day
And then I will go into my own desert
You still owe me a brother Jason
I can't hate for long what you love
Love comes and goes I wasn't prudent was I
Forgetting that No grudge shall be between us
Here take my bridal gown as bridal gift for
My lips can't say the word with ease your bride
Who will embrace your body Who will cry
On your shoulder will sometimes moan in heat
The gown of love my other skin
Embroidered by the hand of her who has been robbed
With gold from Colchis and dyed with the blood from
The bridal feast of fathers brothers sons
It shall adorn your new love just as if
It were my skin So I'll be close to you
Close to your love and far away from me
Go now to your new wedding Jason go
I'll turn the bride into a wedding torch
Watch your Mother stage a play for you
You want to see the new bride all aflame
The bridal gown of the barbarian has
The gift to weld an alien skin with death
Wounds and scars they make a splendid poison
The ash that was my heart is spewing fire
The bride is young Her hide is smoothly stretched
Not wasted yet by age nor any breeding
It's on her body that I write my play
I want to hear your laughter when she screams
Before midnight she will be all aflame
My sun will rise at Corinth's nightly sky
I want to see your laughter when it rises
And share my joy with you who are my children



Laß mir die Kinder Jason einen Tag noch
Dann will ich gehn in meine eigne Wüste
Du bist mir einen Bruder schuldig Jason
Nicht lange kann ich hassen was du liebst
Die Liebe kommt und geht Nicht weise war ich
Das zu vergessen Zwischen uns kein Groll
Mein Brautkleid nimm als Brautgeschenk für deine
Schwer geht das Wort mir von den Lippen Braut
Die deinen Leib umfängen wird weinen
An deiner Schulter manchmal stöhnen im Rausch
Das Kleid der Liebe meiner andern Haut
Gestickt mit Händen der Beraubten aus
Dem Gold von Kolchis und gefärbt mit Blut
Vom Hochzeitsmahl aus Vätern Brüdern Söhnen
Soll deine neue Liebe kleiden wie
In meine Haut Dir nah sein werd ich so
Nah deiner Liebe ganz entfernt von mir
Nun geh in deine neue Hochzeit Jason
Ich will die Braut zur Hochzeitsfackel machen
Seht eure Mutter gibt euch jetzt ein Schauspiel
Wollt ihr sie brennen sehn die neue Braut
Das Brautkleid der Barbarin ist begabt
Mit fremder Haut sich tödlich zu verbinden
Wunden und Narben geben gutes Gift
Und Feuer speit die Asche die mein Herz war
Die Braut ist jung wie Glatt spannt sich das Fell
Vom Alter nicht von keiner Brut verwüstet
Auf ihren Leib jetzt schreibe ich mein Schauspiel
Ich will euch lachen hören wenn sie schreit
Vor Mitternacht wird sie in Flammen stehn
Geht meine Sonne auf über Korinth
Ich will euch lachen sehn wenn die mir aufgeht
Mit meinen Kindern teilen meine Freude

MEDEA



ICON

CALENDAR OF REHEARSALS

SESSION 01 : 26TH, 27TH AND 28TH JUNE 2007
SAINT-JUST-MALMONT (42)

SESSION 02 : 19TH, 20TH, 21ST AND 22ND OCTOBER 2007
LE BESSAT (42)

SESSION 03 : 27TH NOVEMBER UNTIL 8TH DÉCEMBRE 2007
AUDITORIUM DE PIGNA

**PUBLIC PERFORMANCE 01 : 8TH DECEMBER 2007 AT 6 H 30 PM
AUDITORIUM DE PIGNA
CORSICA**

SESSION 04 : 3RD MARCH UNTIL 20TH MARCH 2008
TINEL DE LA CHARTREUSE

**PUBLIC PERFORMANCE 02 : 20TH MARCH 2008 AT 5 H PM
TINEL DE LA CHARTREUSE
VILLENEUVE LEZ AVIGNON**

SESSION 05 : 1ST UNTIL 12TH APRIL 2008
NOUVEAU THÉÂTRE DU HUITIÈME

**PUBLIC PERFORMANCE 03 : 11TH AND 12TH APRIL 2008 A 8 H PM
NTH8
LYON**

CALENDAR OF PERFORMANCES

**SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER,
DECEMBER 2008**

FORUM FREI THEATER - DÜSSELDORF
DIRECTION KATHRIN TIEDEMANN
JAHNSTRASSE 3 / 40215 DÜSSELDORF
27TH until 31ST octobre 2008

THEATRE DES BERNARDINES
DIRECTION ALAIN FOURNEAU
17 BOULEVARD GARIBALDI / 13001 MARSEILLE
Dates to be specified

THEATRE DE SARTROUVILLE
DIRECTION LAURENT FRÉCHURET
PLACE JACQUES BREL / 78500 SATROUVILLE
Dates to be specified

.../...

MEDEASPIEL HEINER MÜLLER

A bed is lowered from the flies and put upright on stage. Two female figures with death masks lead a girl on stage and place her with her back to the bed. Dressing of the bride. She is tied to the bed with the belt of her wedding dress. Two male figures with death masks lead the bridegroom in and place him facing the bride. He stands on his head, walks on his hands, turns cartwheels before her, etc.; she laughs without a sound. He rips up the wedding dress and takes his place with the bride. Projection: The Sexual Act. The male death masks tie the hands of the bride to the bed with the shreds of the wedding dress, and the female death masks her feet. The remains serve to gag her. While the man stands on his head, walks on his hands, turns cartwheels, etc. before the (female) spectators, the woman's belly swells until it bursts. Projection: The Act of Birth. The female death masks pull a child from the woman's belly, untie her hands, place the child in her arms. Meanwhile, the male death masks have draped the man with so many arms that he can move only on all fours. Projection: The Act of Killing. The woman takes off her face, rips up the child, and hurls the parts in the direction of the man. Debris, limbs, intestines fall from the flies on the man.



Ein Bett wird vom Schnürboden heruntergelassen und hochkant aufgestellt. Zwei weibliche Figuren mit Totenmasken bringen ein Mädchen auf die Bühne und stellen es mit dem Rücken zum Bett auf. Einkleidung der Braut. Mit dem Gürtel

des Brautkleids wird sie an das Bett gebunden. Zwei männliche Figuren mit Totenmasken bringen den Bräutigam und placieren ihn mit dem Gesicht zur Braut. Er steht kopf, geht auf den Händen, schlägt Rad vor ihr usw.; sie lacht lautlos. Er zerreißt das Brautkleid

und nimmt seinen Platz an der Braut ein. Projection: Geschlechtsakt. Mit den Fetzen des Brautkleides fesseln die männlichen Totenmasken die

Hände und die weiblichen Totenmasken die Füße der Braut an das Bett. Der Rest dient als Knebel. Während der Mann vor den (weiblichen) Zuschauern kopfsteht, auf den Händen geht, Rad schlägt usw., schwillt der Bauch der Frau an, bis er platzt. Projection: Geburtsakt. Die weiblichen Totenmasken

holen der Frau ein Kind aus dem Bauch, lösen ihre Handfesseln, legen ihr das Kind auf die Arme. Gleichzeitig haben die männlichen Totenmasken den Mann so mit Waffen behängt, daß er sich nur noch auf allen Vieren fortbewegen kann. Projection: Tötungsakt. Die Frau nimmt ihr Gesicht ab, zerreißt das Kind und wirft die Teile in die Richtung des

Mannes. Aus dem Schnürboden fallen Trümmer Gliedmaßen Eingeweide auf den Mann.

Gliedmaßen Eingeweide auf den Mann.

NICO-MEDEE-ICON

The character Nico intrigues us. Nico as an icon, an unknown woman, a vision, a myth.

Her story, her face, her attitude, her acting, tease and provoke lust. She is theater material.

Reading Nico's texts, poetry, autobiography : The moving Target, or about Nico such as the text by Lester Bangs : Your shadow is afraid of you : a attempt at not being scared of Nico, lead me whether consciously or not, toward Heiner Müller's MedeaMaterial.

During the preparation of the project these images kept reflecting each other, from Nico to Medea, and from Medea to Nico, in a constant play of mirrors.

Both materials exchanging on various levels: Germany, woman, mother, period, terrorism, foreigner, child, determination.

HOW TO STAGE NICO? HOW TO SPEAK OF NICO? WHO IS NICO? MEDEA? NICO?

"Yes, it appears that one should add Blood to the sacred trilogy Drugs, Sex & Rock and Roll. When Rock and Roll becomes a Greek tragedy..." Jean-Paul Bourre.

To avoid the biographical approach on/about Nico, she must become the actor of a situation.

To shatter even the idea of a biography she should be sought out in a fictional situation. Nico was never confronted with the situation of Medea. She appears to be more of a dream, a possibility that never came

about. Müller's text Medeamaterial dates back to when Nico had left the Velvet Underground and started a solo carrier with the albums The Marble index, DessertShore as well as The End. The poetics of both works (Müller/Nico) communicate through unexpected channels. They both tell of a time of tragic heroes (Jimmy Hendricks, Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin...) at the end of the sixties. Drugs, sex and rock & roll gave a special status to death. The leitmotiv of many of the rock and blues texts is a trip during which it is repeatedly suggested : "Get back to where you once belonged". This warning is a constant reminder that death awaits at the end of the road.

Rock and Tragedy meet in the field of death.

Müller's text has, in this context, two particular advantages. It projects Nico into a time and space similar to that of films such as the Cicatrice Intérieure by Philippe Garrel (1972) and a no man's land (DessertShore) in which the situation is expressed outside of a psychological context. A metaphor for death before death itself. Furthermore the phrasing, the rhythm, the vocabulary of the text is song material. It could have been named the song of Medea (Medea-lieder) echoing another of Müller's writings bearing the evocative title of Medeaspiel.

The text can be acted as a lieder or and rock-opera. The situation requires neither setting nor accessories as Müller tells of a peep-show in which the body is the sole speaker.

The music will be written by the New-York composer Bob Lipman and the French composer Dominique Lentin. Some sections will be directly inspired by Nico's music and John Cage's arrangements.





MY HEART IS EMPTY MON CŒUR EST VIDE

<i>My heart is empty</i>	<i>Mon cœur est vide</i>
<i>But the songs I sing</i>	<i>Mais les chansons que je chante</i>
<i>Are filled with love for you</i>	<i>Sont emplies d'amour pour toi</i>
<i>A man said that to me</i>	<i>Un homme m'a dit ça</i>
<i>That's how I know</i>	<i>C'est ainsi que je le sais</i>

<i>Sometimes love it does not show</i>	<i>Parfois l'amour ne se montre pas</i>
<i>Sometimes it does not even know</i>	<i>Parfois il ne sait même pas</i>
<i>There is no witness to my anger</i>	<i>Il n'est nul témoin de ma fureur</i>
<i>When it stabs until it dies</i>	<i>Quand elle frappe jusqu'à ce qu'elle meure</i>
<i>I am looking for the strangler</i>	<i>Je cherche l'étrangleur</i>
<i>To help me help me with my crime</i>	<i>Qui m'aidera, m'aidera dans mon crime</i>

<i>Show me the way to warning</i>	<i>Montre-moi comment prévenir</i>
<i>Warning fo the morning light</i>	<i>Prévenir la lumière du matin</i>
<i>I will stab it with a knife</i>	<i>Je la poignarderai de ma main</i>
<i>The blinding sun</i>	<i>Le soleil aveuglant</i>
<i>The heartbeat for the time to come</i>	<i>Le cœur battant quant à l'avenir</i>

<i>The honesty that lies to you</i>	<i>L'honnêteté qui te ment</i>
-------------------------------------	--------------------------------

<i>My heart is empty</i>	<i>Mon cœur est vide</i>
<i>But the sangs I sing</i>	<i>Mais les chansons que je chante</i>
<i>Are filled with love for you</i>	<i>Sont emplies d'amour pour toi</i>

Nico / 1985/ Procession.

STAGING ROCK&ROLL

Rock&roll: contemporary resurgence of Greek Tragedy.

The staging reminds that of the commonly expected rock scene: Drum set, amplifier, guitar, microphone and stand, video screen. In the midst of this, the tragedy must expand. Music as in a rock concert is predominant; it is the essence of the performance, it determines the rhythm, the tone, the color. The sound level obliges the singer to use her microphone. The illusion of the stage no longer exists. The text requires the naturalism of the stage says Müller in his final acting instructions.

MEDEASPIEL

Müller's Medeamaterial is more of a performance piece: Medea takes revenge of her husband by killing his new wife, then assassinating his children and presenting him their lifeless bodies, the whole thing within 40 minutes. There can be no psychology written into such a situation. The energy unleashed by a rock concert leading all involved, musicians, singers and spectators to exhaustion, must provide the situation: a sort of voodoo ceremony that attempts to exorcise the evil, to extract it and thrust it out. One must come out of oneself, to meet one's end.

"And at the end against life, that bitch that had bestowed upon her the poisonous gift of absolute grace, Nico won by departing perfectly busted by the fight, after having patiently reduced her beauty to mush. 'What have you done with your gift?', asks the Bible. 'I put all my art into destroying it', might have answered Nico, born Christina Päffgen, deceased worn out but revenged."



Greek tragedy was performed with masks. The drama, as a palimpsest, is made up of a succession of masks sliding one over the other: from Medea to Nico, to the actress, to the singer, to Nico. A continuing series of mirrors and reflections leading to confusion until shattered.

MEDEA THE FOREIGNER

In Titus Anatomy, Heiner Müller speaks of the Goth that had learned to read Ovid (the story of Terea and Philomel) and had then used it against Lavinia, Titus's daughter, by raping her then cutting off her hands and tongue so she could neither speak nor write about those who committed the deed.

The September 11 terrorists likewise learned to pilot commercial aircraft then turned them against the twin towers.

Language is a major element in the work.

Medea is a foreigner; she speaks little or badly the language of her host country. We have chosen English and Carl Weber's translation as the main language used in the performance.

Anne Ferret, the actress, is French however the use of English –the language of rock&roll, as means of oral exchange gives Medea an objective, that of mastering that tongue in order to turn it against her husband.

The French or German translation of the text will scroll along the projection of the performance on the screen.

NICO-MEDEA

Nico had given her son, Ari, his first heroine fix. She declared in 1985: "If I hadn't been a singer I would certainly be dead today. I would have belonged to the Baader band. I am more or less an outlaw".



WE'VE GOT THE GOLD NOUS AVONS EU L'OR

<i>We've got the gold we do not seem too old</i>	<i>Nous avons eu l'or nous ne semblons pas trop vieux</i>
<i>We've got the gold we do not seem too old</i>	<i>Nous avons eu l'or nous ne semblons pas trop vieux</i>
<i>It does not bear a single flower</i>	<i>Il n'arbore pas la moindre fleur</i>
<i>Pity it does not bear a single flower</i>	<i>Une pitié qu'il n'arbore pas la moindre fleur</i>

<i>Very proud and very poor</i>	<i>Très fier et très pauvre</i>
<i>you're walking on your prison floor</i>	<i>Tu arpentes le sol de ta geôle</i>
<i>A pity it does not bear a single flower</i>	<i>C'est pitié qu'il n'arbore pas la moindre fleur</i>
<i>Pity it does not bear a single flower</i>	<i>Une pitié qu'il n'arbore pas la moindre fleur</i>

<i>Very proud and very poor</i>	<i>Très fière et très pauvre</i>
<i>I'm waiting at your prison door</i>	<i>J'attends à la porte de ta geôle</i>
<i>Pity it does not bear a single flower</i>	<i>Une pitié qu'elle n'arbore pas la moindre fleur</i>
<i>A pity it does not bear a single flower</i>	<i>C'est pitié qu'elle n'arbore pas la moindre fleur</i>

<i>We've got the gold we do not seem too old</i>	<i>Nous avons eu l'or nous ne semblons pas trop vieux</i>
<i>We've got the gold we do not seem too old</i>	<i>Nous avons eu l'or nous ne semblons pas trop vieux</i>
<i>A pity it does not bear a single flower</i>	<i>C'est pitié qu'il n'arbore pas la moindre fleur</i>
<i>A pity it does not bear a single flower</i>	<i>C'est pitié qu'il n'arbore pas la moindre fleur</i>

<i>We've got the gold we do not seem too old</i>	<i>Nous avons eu l'or nous ne semblons pas trop vieux</i>
--	---

Nico / 1973 / The End / dedicated to Andreas Baader.

MEDEA PROJECTION

The official language being English the performance requires subtitles.

We have commissioned the Groupe Moi (the artists Vincent Delpoux and Bertrand Saugier)

to create a film of non academic format : 8m x 2m in 4/1 around the text subtitles (either in French, German or any other language required, Spanish, Italian...).

The film could be of Street-movie format, an urban tracking in which the camera comes across the text gradually, synchronized with the actress on stage.

In the actual street scenes all the inscriptions, shop fronts, posters, street panels, etc. would be modified to show the text in German or French.

Some scenes could also be inserted into the tracking itself or by means of a screen installed on the street. The scenes and projections to be conceived from various sources:

- Archive shots of Nico (film commercials, performance recordings...);
- Shots of the actress Anne Ferret;
- The Medeaspiel : A movie scenario written by Heiner Müller in 1974 that could be the reference for the scenes
- Images from a video camera filming the actress live and projected real time on stage.

The video shots and editing will be done by the Groupe Moi, Pierre Grange (film maker) and Philippe Vincent (stage director).

FILM AND PERFORMANCE SYNCHRONIZATION.

A perfect synchronization of the film and the live performance is vital to the successful realization of the show.

1- The performance leads the film. Therefore a technician must follow the live enunciation of text by the actress and in timing with her send

off the images with a midi controller.

2- The film leads the performance. For example a video clip of the actress singing, an audio beat recorded on the film band is sent to a drummer's headset. He can then follow the tempo perfectly and play live with the singer on tape.

A FILM DISPATCHED ON THREE VIDEO PROJECTORS.

With a Matrox tripleHead card it is possible to show a 2400 x 600 pixel film on three video projectors (800 x 600).

This device provides perfect synchronization of several videos with a full screen display (super scope 4/1) or through a triptych presentation.





VALLEY OF KINGS LA VALLEE DES ROIS

<i>The bandits be my witnesses</i>	<i>Bandits soyez mes témoins</i>
<i>His hault shall be my knife</i>	<i>Sa faute à lui sera mon poignard</i>
<i>His weapon be</i>	<i>Que son arme soit</i>
<i>His weapon be my innocence</i>	<i>Que son arme soit mon innocence</i>
<i>The killer must not die</i>	<i>Le tueur ne doit pas mourir</i>
<i>Is there a charge against my fate</i>	<i>y a-t-il une charge contraire à ma destinée</i>
<i>Can't I betray my hate</i>	<i>Ne puis-je trahir ma haine</i>
<i>Will I regain my father's gait</i>	<i>Reprendrai-je le pas de mon père</i>
<i>Must the killer die</i>	<i>Le tueur doit-il mourir</i>
<i>The testament lies hidden from me</i>	<i>Le testament repose à mon insu</i>
<i>Underneath my sins</i>	<i>Dessous mes péchés</i>
<i>A carriage</i>	<i>Un carrosse</i>
<i>A carriage will take me to</i>	<i>Un carrosse m'emportera</i>
<i>The Valley of the Kings</i>	<i>À la Vallée des Rois</i>

Nico / 1973 / The End / dedicaced to Charles Manson



HEINER MÜLLER ABOUT MEDEAMATERIAL

This text needs the naturalism of the stage. DESPOILED SHORE can be performed in a peep show, for example, as part of the regular presentation; MEDEAMATERIAL at a lake near Straußberg that is a muddy swimming pool in Beverly Hills or the baths of a psychiatric hospital. Just as MAUSER presumed a society of transgression in which a man condemned to death can turn his real death on stage into a collective experience, LANDS CAPE WITH ARCONAUTS presumes the catastrophes which mankind is working toward. The theatre's contribution to their prevention can only be their representation. The landscape might be a dead star where a task force from another age or another space hears a voice and discovers a corpse. As in every landscape, the Un this segment of the text is collective.

Translation by Carl Weber

HEINER MÜLLER ÜBER MEDEAMATERIAL

Der Text braucht den Naturalismus der Szene. VERKOMMENES UFER kann bei laufendem Betrieb in einer Peepshow gezeigt werden, MEDEAMATERIAL an einem See bei Straußberg, der ein verschlammter Swimmingpool in Beverly Hills oder die Badeanstalt einer Nervenklinik ist. Wie MAUSER eine Gesellschaft der Grenzüberschreitung, in der ein zum Tod Verurteilter seinen wirklichen Tod auf der Bühne zur kollektiven Erfahrung machen kann, setzt LANDSCHAFT MIT ARGONAUTEN die Katastrophen voraus, an denen die Menschheit arbeitet. Die Landschaft mag ein toter Stern sein, auf dem ein Suchtrupp aus einer andern Zeit oder aus einem andern Raum eine Stimme hört und einen Toten findet. Wie in jeder Landschaft ist das Ich in diesem Textteil kollektiv. Die Gleichzeitigkeit der drei Textteile kann beliebig dargestellt werden.

(Photos realised at Pigna's auditorium, the 8th of december 2007, during the public presentation)

NICO-ICON

Nico, Andy Warhol's Egeria, the inspirer of his Velvet Underground, fascinated by her silent beauty such rock stars as Lou Reed and Jackson Brown, as well as the filmmaker Philippe Garrel. Legendary figure of the underground culture, she came to a tragic end thus asserting her status as an icon. Nico's entire life was but one thing: a ferocious, relentless vengeance against beauty; a burden she had not claimed, not desired. Her combat drew down under all those who tried to touch the goddess, as she waged her war against life. Bitch of a life that had had the indecency of spoiling her when it came to handing out physical attributes. Any teenager would kill to have the looks of young Nico. Beauty come true, distant and cold, with huge eyes even more melancholic and sublime than those of Julie Christie. To kill, Nico will do her best: she had to murder such grace, that natural superiority that made of her man's dream and women's nightmare. Even her death – perfectly seedy for one who was destined to humiliate daily and until an advanced age the Hollywood fakes- was part of the sad game Nico played with her destiny.

She could have died very old like Marleen Dietrich, or really young like her friend Tim Buckley. But she preferred to stage a totally sordid and ordinary death, at an age one is neither too young nor old enough to go: in 88 on a sunlight roadside in Ibiza next to her bicycle.

And at the end, against life, that bitch that had bestowed upon her the poisonous gift of absolute grace, Nico won by departing perfectly busted by the fight, after having patiently reduced her beauty to mush. 'What have you done with your gift?', asks the Bible. "I put all my art into destroying it", might have answered Nico, born Christina Päffgen, deceased worn out but revenged.

Since Nico many models have endeavored to sing. All have followed their beauty: a heavily made up song, clinical, with a fake smile and schooled gestures. In one gut level, not really acceptable song Nico could have shamed all the Carla Bruni's, all the Ophelie Winter's with a legitimate contempt, scorning with each pout the much too perfect shapes of the mystery-less sphinx. Nico didn't pick up singing to occupy the empty hours of her beauty. The only times she ceased fire, forgot her warfare and her hidden wounds, remained as mysterious and beautiful as that day we discovered her on Velvet Underground's first riddle of an album, is when she sang: A deep yet gentle voice; cold still maternal and soothing. She was also the ideal yet dangerous adolescent companion of her Afraid, of her Fairest of the seasons, of her All tomorrow's parties... We used to memorize faithfully her words, left with a one night stand or another: "I don't sing for the audience, I try to remain as alone as possible, to avoid the slightest contact. I like dark and tragic songs..." We were jealous of those lucky guys that were granted such confessions, all the Lou Reed's, the John Cale's, the Tim Buckley's, the Tim Hardin's... No coincidence in the fact that they were, or still are, our closest confidants, when their records turn up in the fog. In those days when we would draw up stupid, useless lists of records we would take onto a desert island, we would choose at least two of Nico's: Chelsea girl and Desertshore. We have grown up now and have listened to all the records on earth and no one cares about what should be taken along onto a desert island probably contaminated, we are though more than ever certain that her music, so desperately tragic and beautiful, will follow us to the grave.

*Jean-Daniel Beauvallet
translated by Laurette Tassin*



MAIN LINES, BLOOD FEASTS, AND BAD TASTE BY LESTER BANGS

YOUR SHADOW IS SCARED OF YOU: AN ATTEMPT NOT TO BE FRIGHTENED BY NICO

In the autumn of 1968, an album came out which changed my life. It is still changing my life, and apparently has had similar impact on others, because the editor of this magazine not only asked me to write this article, but has been calling, cajoling, nearly threatening in her attempts to have me get it in. This from the editor of a national, commercial magazine, over a ten-year-old, out-of-print record which most people haven't heard and wouldn't want to if they knew what was in it.

So I guess my editor and I are smitten. But the quality of the smiting is more than just peculiar; this article was assigned and written for fear as much as love, or the love of fear. In *Stargazer*, his poetically definitive book on the Andy Warhol universe of the 1960s, Stephen Koch tried to come to some understanding for himself as much as his readers of Warhol by resorting to a quote from Baudelaire: «Half in love with easeful death,» Then, just to drive home the point he was making about the intimacy between narcissism and Warholian deathly otherness, he wrote: «Half in love. Exactly.»

Anyone more than half in love with death would have to be a monster, of course. Perhaps a Gilles de Rais, Idi Amin, Adolf Hitler. But there are some who would inflict the rarefied atrocities of Gilles de Rais, Idi Amin's bludgeoning nullification of all humanity, and the howling yet systemized totalitarian lockstep of Hitler—all upon themselves and no other. Sometimes, for performing such stupefying acts against their own persons, such basically pathetic people become culture heroes. In such a

climate, the relationship between the artist (for that is what the people who I'm talking about are, though there are plenty of private citizens torturing and snuffing themselves in the same way) and his or her audience must be exceedingly odd.

Lou Reed went on the radio here in New York the other night to play some of his favorite records by other people and take calls from listeners. One kid called in and said, «That girl who died in 'Street Hassle,' was that someone you knew?» «Why?» said Lou. «Well,» said the kid, «I mean did that really happen, did somebody really die in real life?»

«Would that make it a better song?» asked Lou Reed.

Now it's very easy to just write that kid off as an asshole, until you start to ask yourself just why you would want to listen, all the time, to a song about someone dying from an overdose of heroin. You might then begin to wonder if you are not the junkie, a junkie for the glimpses of the pit, half in love with easeful death at best—at worst, vicariously getting off on other people's pain and calling it cute decadence.

The only trouble is that there is so much beauty mixed in with the ugliness. So what we have is a simultaneously transcendent and twisted work of art by a creative force whose vision has been itself twisted by circumstance, but because of that, and because the intertwining of beauty and horror runs so deep, the creator perversely keeps pursuing an admixture of his basest and purest elements. And if you are the type of person who likes being around such art as a regular thing then you are going to end up a little twisted too, if you weren't in the first place.

In which case you will have a minor problem which you will never be able to share with most people. A minor problem and a minor jewel. A jewel with facets of disease running all through it. You can turn it any way you like, look at it in any light or from any angle, but

you can only escape being. . . sullied? by the grace of what amounts to the soft hand of death by turning your back entirely.

And that too would be unfair, in a sense, to both yourself and the artist. Because in raising the base or crippled or tormented or mutilated to such a level, the artist has it seems done something at once noble and rather evil. In loving it you too become culpable, and then will try to seduce others, secretly hoping the whole world might one day come to wear your stigmata. Hence this article about The Marble Index, an LP by a German woman who calls herself Nico, with arrangements by John Cale. Like Lou Reed, both of them used to be in the Velvet Underground, though neither has ever attained anything close to his media attention and record-rack popularity. There are reasons for that, of course: whether he's creating good art like Street Hassle, or crap like Rock and Roll Heart, Lou Reed seems to be an idea of the negative which most people can accept, or even find funny.

I think The Marble Index is the greatest piece of «avant-garde classical» «serious» music of the last half of the 20th Century so far. The other night I played it for my new girlfriend, and she pronounced it

«depressing.» That doesn't particularly alienate me from her, because it's not like the only alternative for her was Peter Frampton, but more especially because her reaction was perfectly reasonable and even, in being negative, perhaps ultimately correct. Great art has always confirmed human values, but what are we to do when the most that our greatest works of art can affirm is that the creator fears he or she may be slowly, but surely, losing humanity entirely, along with the rest of mankind?

I don't know if I would classify it as oppressive or depressing, but I do know that The Marble Index scares the shit out of me. But what scares me even more is what most people seem to want instead. Every time I see some kid with concentration-camp-cropped hair maybe tinted green with maybe a garbage bag over his or her genuinely pathetic belittled frame, I want to puke and maybe even cry a little at the same time. Because so much of this punk rubbish is based on the stupidest apprehension and declamation of how proud one can be

that «We don't feel! « when they don't even realize the horror and irony Johnny Rotten spat into that particular phrase. When The Marble Index was released a lot of record buyers wanted some vainglorious apocalypse and now most of them want either to be mummified Frampton~style and told that everything is okay snookums, or they want to be bludgeoned into a kind

of terminal insensibility that they mistake for freedom from the contradictions in their lives and surroundings which are eating them alive, or they want to be told that it's all just a bunch of shit and the best is as good as the worst. But it just ain't so, and they know it in their guts, so they resort in desperation to something like Elvis Costello, who, when he last played a big hall in New York and mouthed that cheap line about how he doesn't wanna be your lover/»I just wanna be your victim,» the audience actually fucking cheered, as if there never was anything alive between the hand-in-glove poles of happyhappy and what is finally merely banally disgusting mean-spiritedness.

Maybe this would make more sense to you if I told you that I want to run so far from presuming to define or even describe this record because I love it so passionately that I'm terrified of what that might say about me. There are no cheap thrills on The Marble Index, no commercials for sadomasochism, bisexuality, or hard drugs dashed off for a ravenous but vicarious audience-rather, it stares for a relatively short time that might just seem eternity to you into the heart of darkness, eyes wide-open, unflinching, and gives its own heart to what it finds there, and then tells you how that feels, letting you draw your own value judgments.

I played The Marble Index for a woman I loved about a year ago. She had never heard about Nico, never heard of John Cale, never really heard the Velvet Underground except in the context of this whole humorous but basically jive media game I set up with Lou Reed for a while. She listened to the whole thing in a state of mesmerism bordering on shock, then said of Cale, «He built a cathedral for a woman in hell, didn't he?» I called her up again today when I was fucked up about this article and she said, having still only heard it that one time, that she thought Nico was lost in her own blackness. I said, «But there's a pearl in there.» I could hear her shudder over the phone, and suddenly she started talking very fast, and this is what she said as I madly pecked at my typewriter struggling to keep up: «Her whole body can glisten, she's just like a seed, the original seed of intercourse, her whole body can shine like the sun hits the water with sprays of light, and yet she's chosen to de-create from the surface to de-create again and again until the only message is 'I'm the life force itself, I'm the will to live,' a human embryo without hope of maturity, just sending signals. SHE'S IN THE WOMB, and what you call the pearl is just the pearl inside Mama's belly, the pulsebeat. She's accomplished de-creation: 'Let me be behind everything human, oh god, the fact to catch a star in your eye or touch another human being, to

feel another human being, to touch another universe is nothing, is just a frozen borderline' -that there is no nexus, just retreat, until the frozen borderline, until all you feel is the white light of survival and the abyss is the ocean around her. It's one teeny star, one microstar in the macrocosm of her body, and it's all she's chosen to have, she's obliterated them all, stamped them out. She is a black hole in space with one point left. And then this is what she says: 'It's empty, it's black, it's alone, it's a whirlpool, an eddy, it's nothing,' but it's not nothing, it's her that's nothing. And that's why she could mutilate an insect, because that little wasp or grasshopper had more life than she ever could at all. She wants to mutilate it too because it's another act of negation, because it snuffs more light out of her star. She's like Beckett's play *Breath*, she's trying to find the last breath so she can negate breath, love, anything. A soft look would kill her.»

She's quite a rock critic, that old girlfriend of mine — sometimes she scares me even more than Nico. But then, I'm scared of everybody — I'm scared of you. My girlfriend's eloquence was one reason I loved her almost from first sight, but not why I had to get halfway to the other side of the geographical world to be able to write a song that said how much I loved her. It was because of something obviously awry in me, perhaps healing, at least now confronting itself, which is one way to perhaps not rot. There's a ghost born every second, and if you let the ghosts take your guts by sheer force of numbers you haven't got a chance though probably no one has a right to judge you either. (Besides which, the ghosts are probably as scared of you as you are of them.) Nico is so possessed by ghosts she seems like one, but there is rather the clear confrontation of the knowledge that she had to get that awfully far away from human socialization to be able to write so nakedly of her love for damn near anyone, and simultaneously and so crucially the impossibility of that love ever bearing fruit, not because we were born sterile but directly the opposite, that we come and grow ever fiercer into such pain that we could sooner eat the shards of a smashed cathedral than risk one more possibility of the physical, psychic, and emotional annihilations that love between two humans can cause, not even just cause but generate totally as a logical act of nature in its ripest bloom. Strange fruit, as it were. But only strange to those who would deny the true nature of their own flesh and spirit out of fear, which reminds me somehow that if you seek this album out you should know that this

is a Catholic girl singing these songs, and perhaps her ultimate message to me was that the most paralyzing fear is not sin, not even the flight from the feared object/event/confrontation/ who cares what-that the only sin is denial, you who would not only turn your eyes away from what you fear as I sometimes must turn my ears away from this album, but would then add injury to what may or may not be insult by asserting that it does not exist.

But is she only asking us to let the full perception of the fear flood our hearts, or leading us on to embrace the death she seeks? I don't know. What I do know is that when I first set out to write this article I got very high-I was so stupid I thought I'd just let the drugs ease my way into Nico's domain of ghosts, then trot back and write down what I'd found there. But when I went and picked up the album, her face on the cover, in a picture I've seen a thousand times, seemed to be staring directly at, into me with a malevolence so calm it was inhuman. It was like holding a snake in your hands and having it look you right in the eye. I put the album down and walked away, but when I looked back I saw those two eyes, following me around the room. Let me add that drugs have not ordinarily affected me in this way, at least since the Sixties. I finally got up the nerve to put the album on after that experience, but found it almost unbearable to listen to. Not that it wasn't beautiful, rapturous in fact, but that its beauty was so deathly and its rapture out of such agony. It's putting lead weights in my heart because I don't want to listen to it right now (and of course the lead weights are not *The Marble Index* but its reflection into me of my unknown fears and pangs), but I have to gather some notes and lyrics to finish this article now, so while I do that you all be sure to run right out and buy it, okay kids? Except you can't, because it's not even available anymore. I can just imagine the demonstration demanding its reissue: everyone in black robes and hoods, carrying torches with cold fire and a casket containing the wax effigy of a giant insect. But enough evasion; I'm going to go subject myself to this damn thing once more. And I certainly hope you bastards appreciate the passion behind this pointless self-torture.

* * *

You get two songs. In each case I'll quote from the lyrics, with a minimum of interpretation, and then tell what Cale's music sounds like. Not that they are two such separate entities, however: this was a marriage made in purgatory.

«Frozen Warnings»

*Into numberless reflections
Rises a smile from your eyes
Into mine
Frozen warnings close to mine
Close to the frozen borderline*

Through a pale morning's arctic sunlight glinting dimly off the snow, a bank of violas emits one endless shrill note which eventually becomes electronically distorted by points of ice panning back and forth through the space between your ears, descending and then impossibly ascending in volume and ineluctable intensity until they're almost unbearable though infinitely graceful in their beauty; at length they wind off into the skies trailing away like wisps of fading beams.

«Evening of Light»

*Midnight winds are
landing at the end of time
The story is telling air to lie
Mandolins are ringing
to his fires singing
Conscience sink into a
slumber till the end of time
... the doorbells hum
unto the undead end of time
In the morning of my winter
When my eyes are still asleep
A dragonfly lay in the cold
dark snows I'd sent to kiss your
heart for me*

soft rustling of its gentle wings stilled under drifts that eventually preserve its frozen corpse for eternity under a snowbank that becomes an ice mountain, the insect and Nico having become one in endless sleep, for they were the real lovers in the first place after all.)

*The children are jumping
in the evening of light
The tears and sins are heavy
in the evening of light
Midnight winds are landing
at the end of time*

A trickle of harpsichords out of the sky which drop gently at first and gradually increase in volume and presence in the mix until they seem to almost lacerate, punctuated occasionally by the shiftings and groanings of bowed basses like famished carnivores in some deep



bog from which they ascend with the by-now violent intensity of the harpsichords, now accompanied by some electronic gnashing noise which sounds like someone's nerves are being roasted on a spit. All of this gets more and more intense until the violas return to arch up in a series of twisted pterodactyl shrieks, the harpsichords pounding down like murderous hailstones, the basses sounding militant air-raid, two-note alarms before crashing to their own death, the whole sucked away by a series of hissing, clicking, buzzing electronic processors, simply more dead information being disposed of.

What Goes On, january1983

(Nico's concept of love: While she lies interred in the endless wastes of the arctic night, she has sent an insect to the object of her affections, to kiss his heart yet. But even the insect must die before it can reach him, the

PHILIPPE VINCENT

After studying at the school of the theater La Comédie de Saint-Etienne in 1984 and 1985, Philippe Vincent founded the Compagnie Egregore. He assisted for two years Christophe Feutrier and the author Dragan Šelimović then began his inquest into the work of the German author and playwright Heiner Müller. This will lead to the production in 1987 of Quartett at the Avignon Festival, in 1988 at the Comédie de Saint-Etienne of Trilogy: a confrontation of three texts: the great imprecation in front of the walls of the city of Tankred Dorst, Despoiled Shore/ Medeamaterial / Landscape with Agonastes by Heiner Müller and a revival of Quartett. As of 1989 he began collaborating with the author Michel Deux and Greek tragedians (Oedipus at Colone by Sophocles and Seven against Thebes by Michel Deux after Eschyle). The company then took over an old movie theater in the center of the town of Saint-Etienne where Seven against Thebes and Timon of Athens were produced. During that period work on Heiner Müller is continued and pieces are performed mostly at the bar Le Marienbad : Ich ScheiBe auf die Ordnung der Welt, Mauser... In 1993 Philippe Vincent meets the movie director Pierre Grange as a result the first performances using movies and video. After producing Excitation on Miss Julie by Strindberg the Compagnie Egregore changes its name to La Compagnie Scenes. The company undertook a residency at the Saint-Priest-en-Jarez NEC then at the Théâtre de la Croix-Rousse. This enabled Philippe Vincent to accomplish his research around the Work of Heiner Müller with the production of Hamlet-Machine, Paysage sous surveillance, La Mission, as well as L'affaire de la rue Lourcine and Les Bonnes by Jean Genet; Waiting for Richard after Shakespeare; Fatzer and Homme pour Homme by Bertolt Brecht. A number of these productions were performed at Comédie de Saint-Etienne and at the Théâtre de la Croix-Rousse. In 1999 during a cinematographic and theater residency at the Théâtre de Vénissieux the company set up the Müller Work in Progress and produced Quartett (with the participation of nine rappers of the Vénissieux community), Germania 3, Ich ScheiBe auf die Ordnung der Welt III a performance as a duo with the musician Louis Sclavis and Philippe Vincent). That same year Philippe Vincent directed two films: Mauser after Müller (a filmed performance with the students of the music school of Vénissieux) and Après tout ce sont des choses qui arrivent (After all these are things that happen) co-directed with Pierre Grange, the scenario of which was written during a series of cinematographic workshops organized by Scènes with around forty inhabitants of Vénissieux.

In 2001, invited by the Avignon Festival, Philippe Vincent directed the French production of Anatomy of Titus Fall of Rome, by Heiner Müller. The production is bought by the Théâtre de Genevilliers in Paris along with Waiting for Richard after Shakespeare. The work around Heiner Müller ended in 2002 at the Subsistances in Lyons with the organization of the Müller Factory, pluri-disciplinary manifestation: theater/dance/music/cinema/talks/artwork... with the participation of many guests: directors such as Jean Jourdeuil (FR) and Irène Bonnaud (FR), the painter Mark Lammert (RFA), the authors Sophie Lannefranque (FR) and Thomas Martin (RFA), the choreographer Wanda Golonka (RFA), the video artist Dominique Barbier (RFA)... From 2003 to 2006 L'Orestie, a work made up of nine parts each of which are commissioned from a different artist, author,

director, choreographer, plastic artist. Three parts have been produced: in 2003 at Pigna Corsica with a text by author Thomas Martin accompanied by a Corsican polyphonic vocal group. In 2004, in Lyons and Marseille, with Décadage: a choreography by Florence Girardon and Dominique Uber and a musical poetry piece by Patrick Dubost. Then in May 2006 L'Orestie 4 and 5 manufactured in collaboration with the theater director from Berlin Adeline Rosenstein, work in progress...

In 2007 Philippe Vincent created a performance around the presidential elections called: Every thing is possible in the best of worlds better.

In 2005 he produced at the Théâtre du Point du Jour, Patriotisme by Thomas Martin after the work of Mishima. Germany/communism/cinema is a tetra logy in progress: Three of the filmed performances are finished: Mauser after Müller (16mm/B&W/40mm/1999); Fatzer (35mm/B&W/100mm/1999); the Rudimentary System after August Stramm (filmed performance, acted and broadcast live over Internet in several locations (France/USA/RFA). Heimats-tuck by Thomas Martin the last part will be produced in 2008/2009.

ANNE FERRET

Actress studied in 1985-86 at the school of the theater La Comédie de Saint-Etienne. She has worked in the theater with Denys Laboultière, Philippe Faure, Alain Duclos, Louis Bonnet, François Bechaud, Daniel Benoin et Gilles Chabrier. With Philippe Vincent since 1992: Les Bonnes, La tragédie de Io, Hamlet, Quartett, L'affaire de la rue Lourcine, Germania III, La Mission, Mauser, Richard III, Fatzer, Anatomy Titus Fall of Rome, Mon pays en pièce II, Homme pour Homme, Patriotisme, Rudimentaire, Une Orestie, Tout est au possible dans le meilleur des mondes mieux.

And on the film Après tout c'est des choses qui arrivent...In the Pierre Grange film En Mai fais ce qui te plait (Mayday)...

DOMINIQUE LENTIN

Drummer, percussionist, composer and musician.

As a composer and musician he has taken part in a great deal of concerts for the groups Dragon from 1970 to 1975 (Andy Warhol's opening at the Museum of Modern Art in Paris), for the group Kool Gool with the guitarist Pascal Brechet, for the group Les I, the Zou trio, Les Galeries Brossard with F. Basset and W. Gonzalez, Le Vaste Océan Trio Jazz with B. Meillier and C. Cauvet.

For the theater:

A midsummer's night dream, Sior Todero Brontolon ou le vieux Tracassier, Saturne ou les Métamorphoses with Ankinéa Théâtre.

Haute Surveillance, Trilogie, Ici Apparitions, with the Théâtre de l'Incendie.

La Mission, Richard III, with Philippe Vincent.

Voisines, Miss Mona et les bébés with Cœur d'Artichaud.

Affaires étrangères, M.E.S. Jean-Paul Delore.

Selected recordings:

L'empire des sons (Musea)

Ferdinand et les Philosophes (RecRec)

Silhouette poétique (AMF to be released)

D. Lentin Takumi Fukushima (S.M.I.)

FLORENCE GIRARDON

Florence Girardon studied classical dance with Alain Astié (Lyons) and Elizabeth Schwartz (Paris), then contemporary dance with Michel Hallet Eghayan, Kilina Cremona in Lyons and at the Westbeth Studio in New York (Merce Cunningham). She signed her first choreography in 1994 *L'exil des anges* and founded that same year the Compagnie Zélid based in Saint-Etienne. The past eleven years she has created numerous choreographies, re-locating her dance-writing into more and more contemporary projects, she is open to complicities and collaborations with creative artists of various fields. The projects she undertakes may spread over several years and show her desire to constantly invest new territories so as to upset her modes of writing. Her dance creations are an experiment in which she attempts to escape models and the spectacular, her dance language is close to the individual, sensitive to flaws, to the vague, to disorder, to stillness and loss of balance; an organic dance made more of matter than lines, that is executed with eyes wide open onto the world. After a first series inspired by literary works of various authors (Durrell, Duras), she commenced, from 1998 to 2000, a project titled *dont actes*, free from intermediaries it is a work on the superposition of signs as a representation of our world. Then follows *désir-s 1 de révolution* in 2002 where she dances solo: a minimalist and radical update of the recurrent elements that constitute her choreographic writing. As of 2003, the company commences *paysages_mondes* a trilogy that proposes to investigate the relationship between landscapes and bodies. Three episodes have been produced of which the second was commissioned by Maguy Marin for a group of dancers of the CNN of Rillieux-la-Pape. 2004 is the year of the first collaboration with la Compagnie Scènes and its director Philippe Vincent, it is *décadrages*, a piece co-written with Dominique Uber, as part of the Compagnie Scènes' *UNE ORESTIE*. It was her first confrontation with the theater. In 2005 Florence Girardon found another occasion to re-place her work from scenic space to public space, from the dancer's body to a collective body made up of non dancers: *Flux*; a performance for about sixty pedestrians circulating around town. She also closed, in 2005, the trilogy *paysages_mondes* by producing at the Museum of Mining of Saint-Etienne, *pm3* which took the form of a musical and visual choreographic event including the spectator within the performance space.

In 2007 she co-directed with Philippe Vincent, a performance about the presidential elections: *Tout est au possible dans un monde meilleur mieux*.

BOB LIPMAN

Musician

Born in N.Y., passing thru the NYC Downtown Experimental Music Scene in the late 1980's and early 90's, multi-instrumentalist Bob Lipman has been composing, performing, and acting in French Theater, Circus, and Dance since 1995; working with Philippe Vincent, Laurent Frechuret, Eric Masse, Florence Girardon, Gulko and others. He was most recently heard at the Festival of Musique Innovatrice in St. Etienne playing his Six-String Bass. Passing from Basses to Guitars to Keyboards and Sampling to Percussion and Wind Instruments, mixing genres like Rock, Funk, Jazz, 20th Century Contemporary Music, Film and Electronic Music, Bob has proven to be a versatile performer, leaving his compositional «prints» and his «sound» wherever he passes.

PIERRE GRANGE

Writer and director of many long and short films as «May-day», produced for MK2 by Marin Karmitz (1995).

Cinematographer on many short and long features, among which every films directed by Philippe Vincent: «Fatzler» «The Rudimentary system», «lo», «The Watcher» and so on.

Computer Graphic Images designer.

Plays guitar since fourteen, plays cello since forty-five.

HEINER MÜLLER

Müller was born in Eppendorf, Saxony. He joined the Socialist Unity Party of Germany (Sozialistische Einheitspartei Deutschlands, SED) in 1947 and began serving for the German Writers' Association (Deutscher Schriftsteller-Verband, DSV) in 1954. Müller became one of the most important dramatists of the German Democratic Republic and won the Heinrich Mann Prize in 1959 and the Kleist Prize in 1990.

His relationship with the East German state began to deteriorate, however, with his drama *Die Umsiedlerin* (The Resettler Woman) which was censored in 1961 after only one performance. Müller was banned from the Writers' Association in the same year. The East German government remained wary of Müller in subsequent years, preventing the premiere of *Der Bau* (Construction Site) in 1965 and censoring his *Mauser* in the early 1970s. Müller began to work with West German ensembles and theater houses in the 1970s and 80s, directing premières of some of his best-known works in Munich (*Germania Tod in Berlin* (Germania Death in Berlin), 1978), Essen (*Die Hamletmaschine* (Hamletmachine), 1979) and Bochum (*Der Auftrag* (The Mission), 1982).

Due to his growing world-wide fame, Müller was able to gain more widespread acceptance in East Germany again. He was admitted to the Academy of Arts of the GDR in 1984 — only two years before he became a member of the Academy of the Arts of West Berlin. Despite earlier honors, Müller was not readmitted to the East German Writers' Association until 1988, shortly before the end of the GDR. After the fall of the Wall, Müller even became president of the Academy of the Arts of the GDR for a short time in 1990. In 1992 he was invited to join the directorate of the Berliner Ensemble, Brecht's former company, as one of its five members. In 1995, shortly before his death, he was appointed as its artistic director.[2]

The last five years of his life Müller continued to live in Berlin and work all over Germany and Europe, mostly producing stagings of his own works. He wrote few new dramatic texts in this time, though, like Brecht, he did produce much poetry in his final years. Müller died in Berlin in 1995, acknowledged as one of the greatest living German authors and the most important German dramatist since Bertolt Brecht.

An nine-volume edition of his complete works has recently been published by Suhrkamp. Among his better known works, other than those already mentioned, are *Der Lohn-drücker* (The Scab), *Wolokolamsker Chaussee* (Volokolamsk Highway) Parts I-V, *Verkommenes Ufer Medeamaterial Landschaft mit Argonauten* (Despoiled Shore Medea Material Landscape with Argonauts), *Philoktet* (Philoctetes), *Zement* (Cement), *Bildbeschreibung* (Description of a Picture aka *Explosion of a memory*) and *Quartett*



LM

Lune & Miel
Organisation de mariages