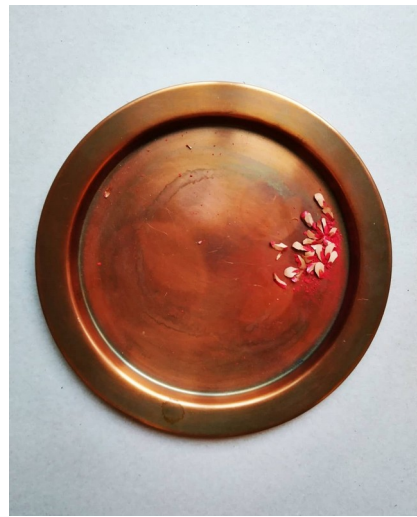


CELINE PERIER

POEM FOR ONE VOICE AND ORCHESTRA

FIRST PART : WRITE TO REINHOLD

For Reinhold Messner



*Don't get lost.*

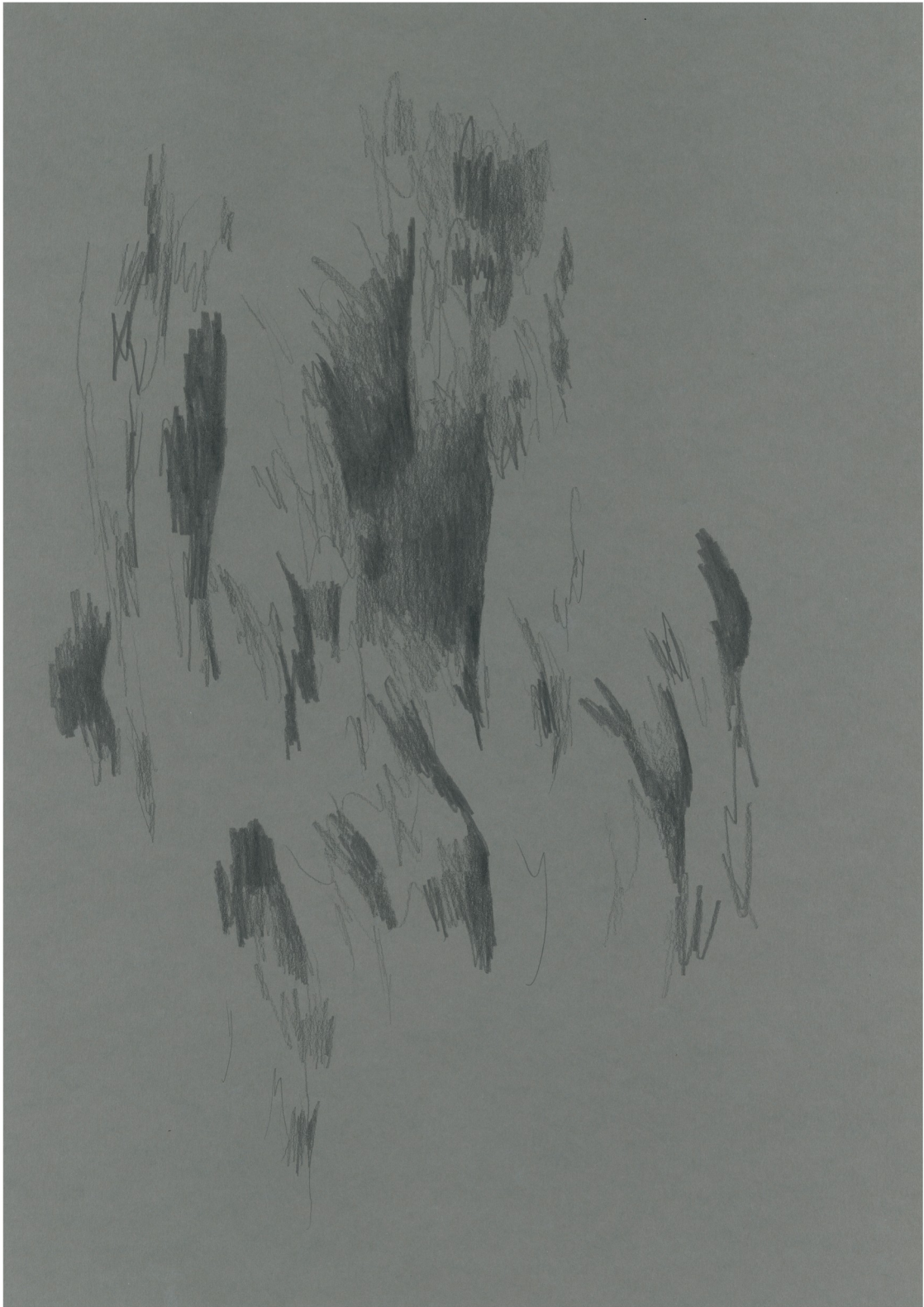
Passion. By consenting to have a name, the thing reveals a truth as simple as it is fundamental, namely that it is different from the name which designates it. At twilight. The heart never stops beating, under restraint. Intelligence of music. In the old days, we never spoke, you made me make music, you forced me to compose. The interval. We had the same organ, the same function, the same role. And we got divided. Our independence was born out of our dependence. From Blue we went to Ocher. From my childhood, I separated. Vesica Piscis. Al-mufassil. We are separated. The pattern has not yet gained its independence. It modulates. You have defined your perimeter now. Yet have you stopped fighting? Coming out of the folds of the night to marry the name, it also signifies a gap. And it's because the gap exists and it's different that she seeks to meet it. Do you remember we wanted to say the same thing so we made our voices heard. Blue is the place of your childhood. And we were recognized. At this cardinal moment, we had to choose: what is the first of the differences? Thus was born the repetition.

*You said : When you come from above, it's very difficult to find a route through. Whereas, if I come from below and see the mountain face a good distance away, my trained eye can read it to determine the best course. But on the way down, all you see below is a chasm.*

Night.







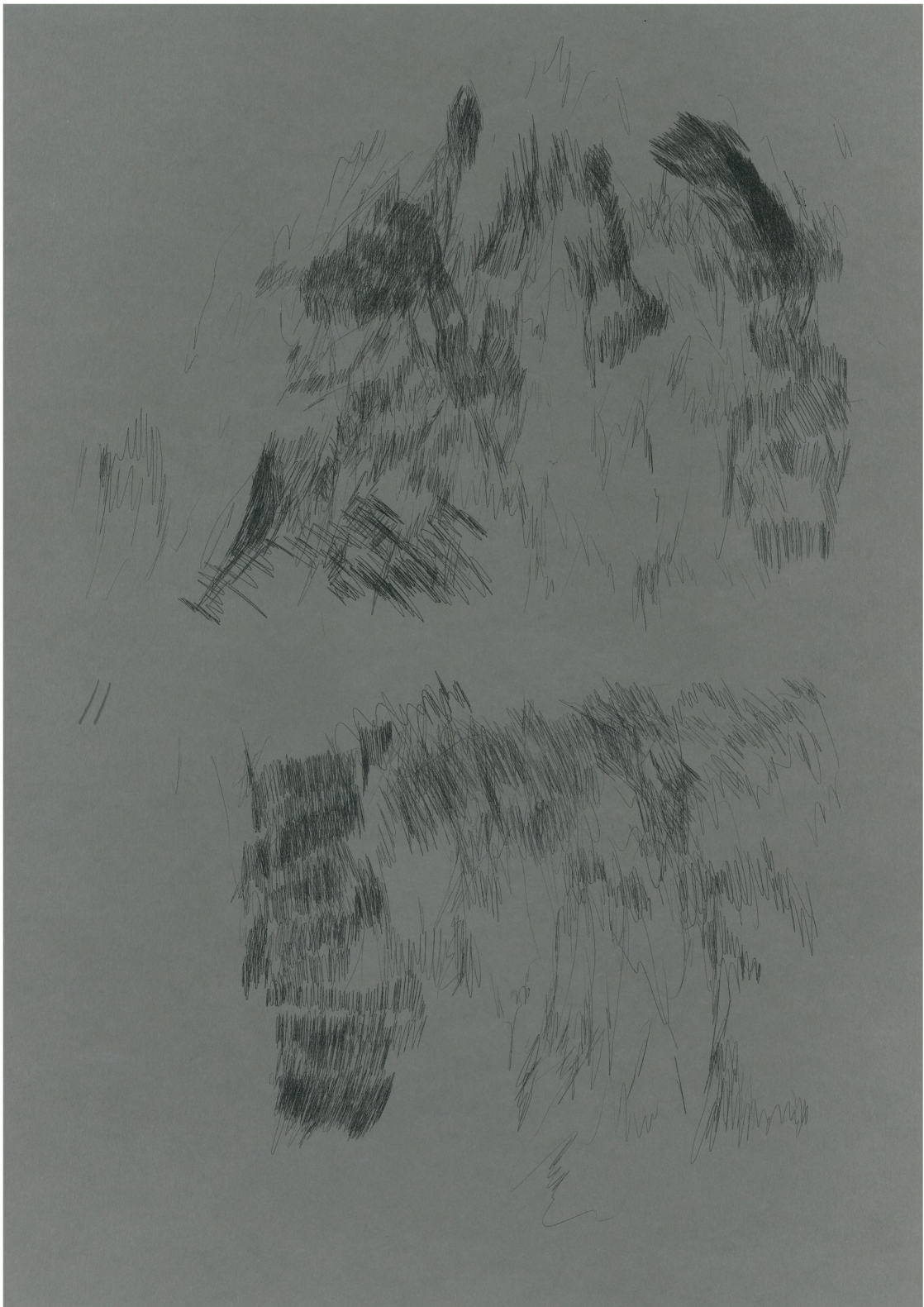




Passion is an inclination that exaggerates itself, above all, that settles in permanently, becomes the center of everything, subordinates itself to others and draws them in its wake. What is the model for? Not to "see as", to see a situation under the guise of another situation as in "discussion is war", but to neglect a large number of aspects of a given situation in order to direct the attention to only one or a few of them. For example, the fact of representing an enzyme by circles and squares is undoubtedly a geometric stylization but also a way of indicating everything that should not be looked at in the enzyme. The shape of the enzyme, taken in detail, is much more complex than what the model shows: it does not look like a circle or a square. However, if we want to see clearly in these complex aspects of reality, we must neglect many of them and temporarily pretend the enzyme is just a circle or a square. To understand something, you have to neglect a lot of other things, and the model is the expression of such an operation, a controlled operation of negligence. A strategy of neglect, therefore, which is linked to "understanding". It is not a matter of making aspects appear but of making them disappear to retain only a small number. The rule of discontinuity or instantaneity is formulated: one does not appear without the other having disappeared.

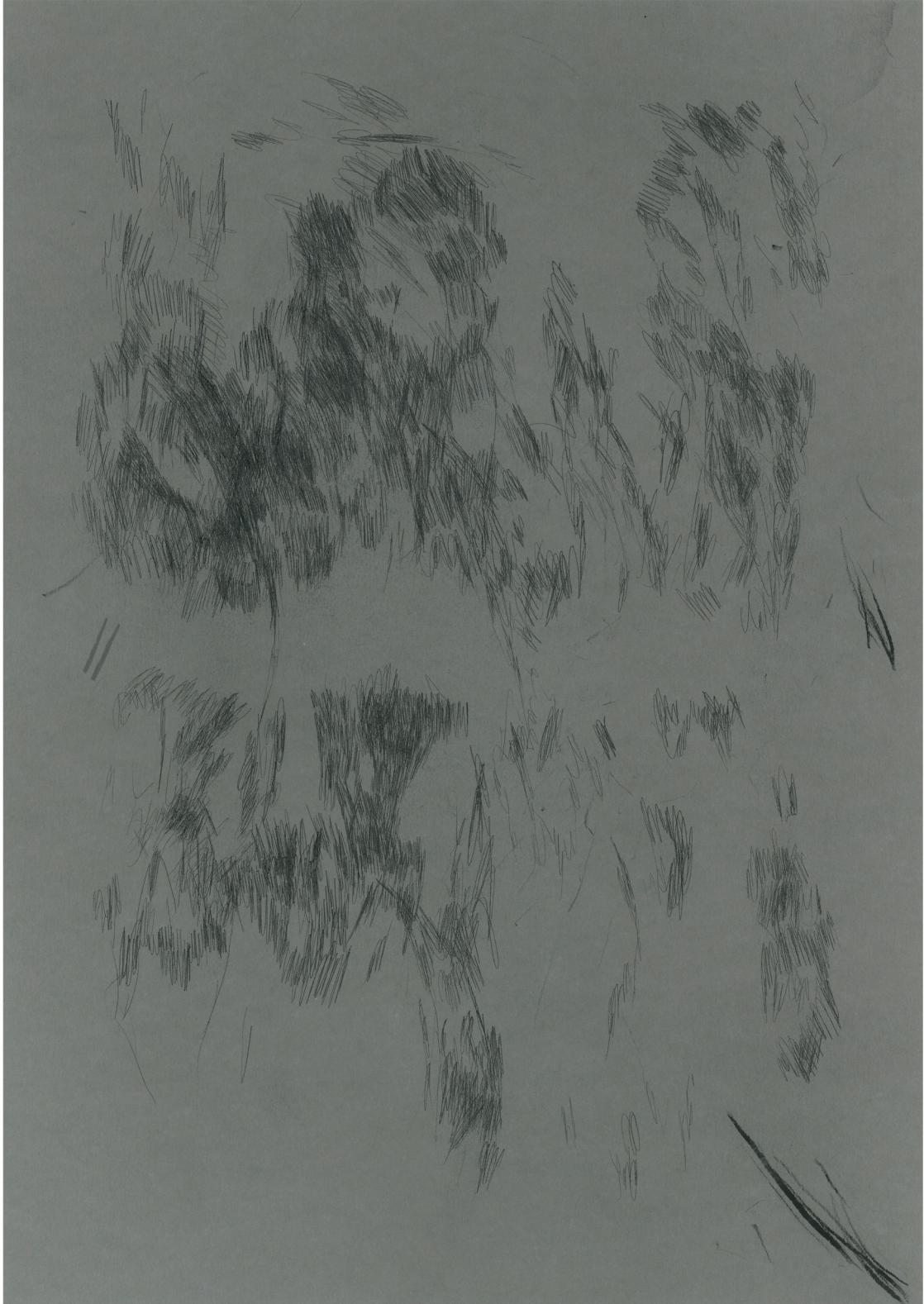
You said : *The mountain doesn't lie. On its sides and ridges, you can see in great detail why you could not go through another route.*

Night.

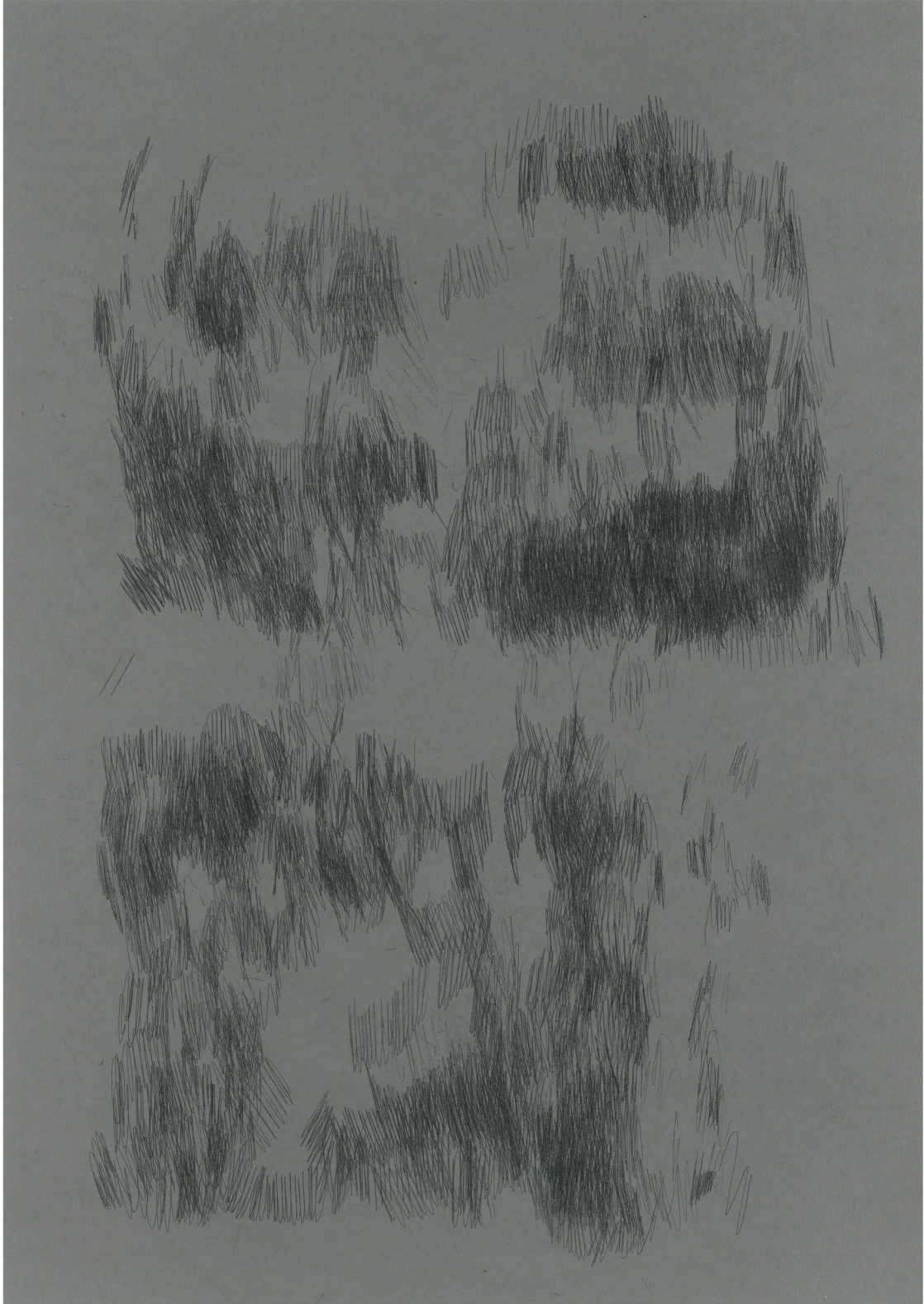
















We do not go beyond. We will always be out of step. You can't go wrong. Stronger less strong. I am okay. So that you can have. I will play too. Words have the liveliness of being constantly chosen. Poetry does nothing but use, lose, refuse and stroke names. You can like a name. And if you like that name, saying it a number of times will make you like it more.

*You said, I started hearing voices. A mixture of human voices, I didn't know who it was but felt like I was in the theater, in a hubbub of conversation. I wandered through a desolate landscape. I was hoping to find help but was alone with my hallucinations and distress. (...) The hallucinations were getting worse. I knew those voices and hallucinations were playing tricks on me. Yet I continued to take them at face value. I was convinced that flesh and blood humans were coming to my rescue. (...) Despite my efforts to fight them, the hallucinations left me no respite. (...) If I continued the descent, it was a pure survival reflex. Haggard, at the end of my strength, I was ready to die. It would have been easier to drop me on the ground and stay there. But my self-preservation instinct made me get up and go, one step at a time. (...) My hallucinations thus fueled my hope and guided me towards the valley.*

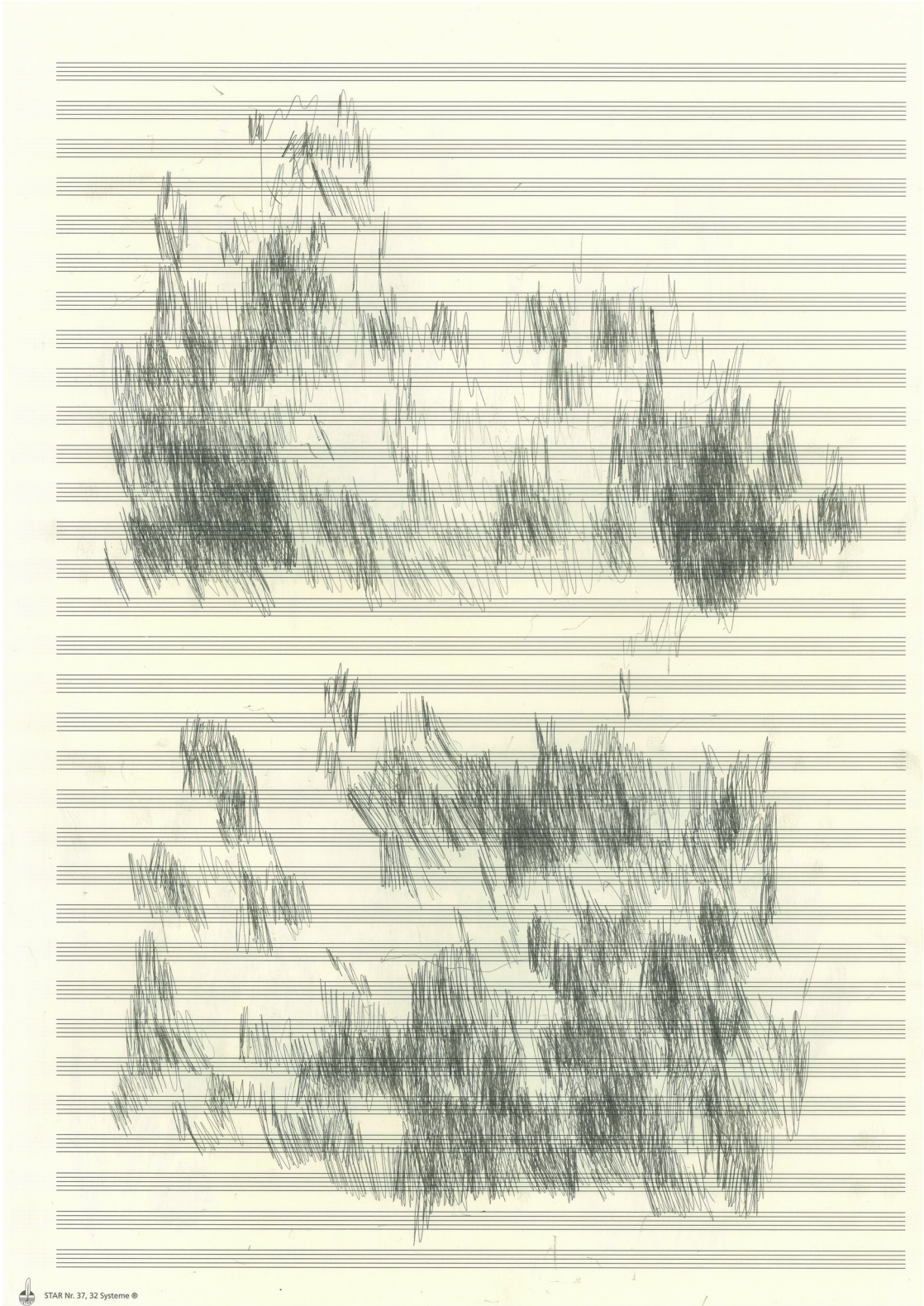
« Stones falling into crevasses.

Glacial streams.

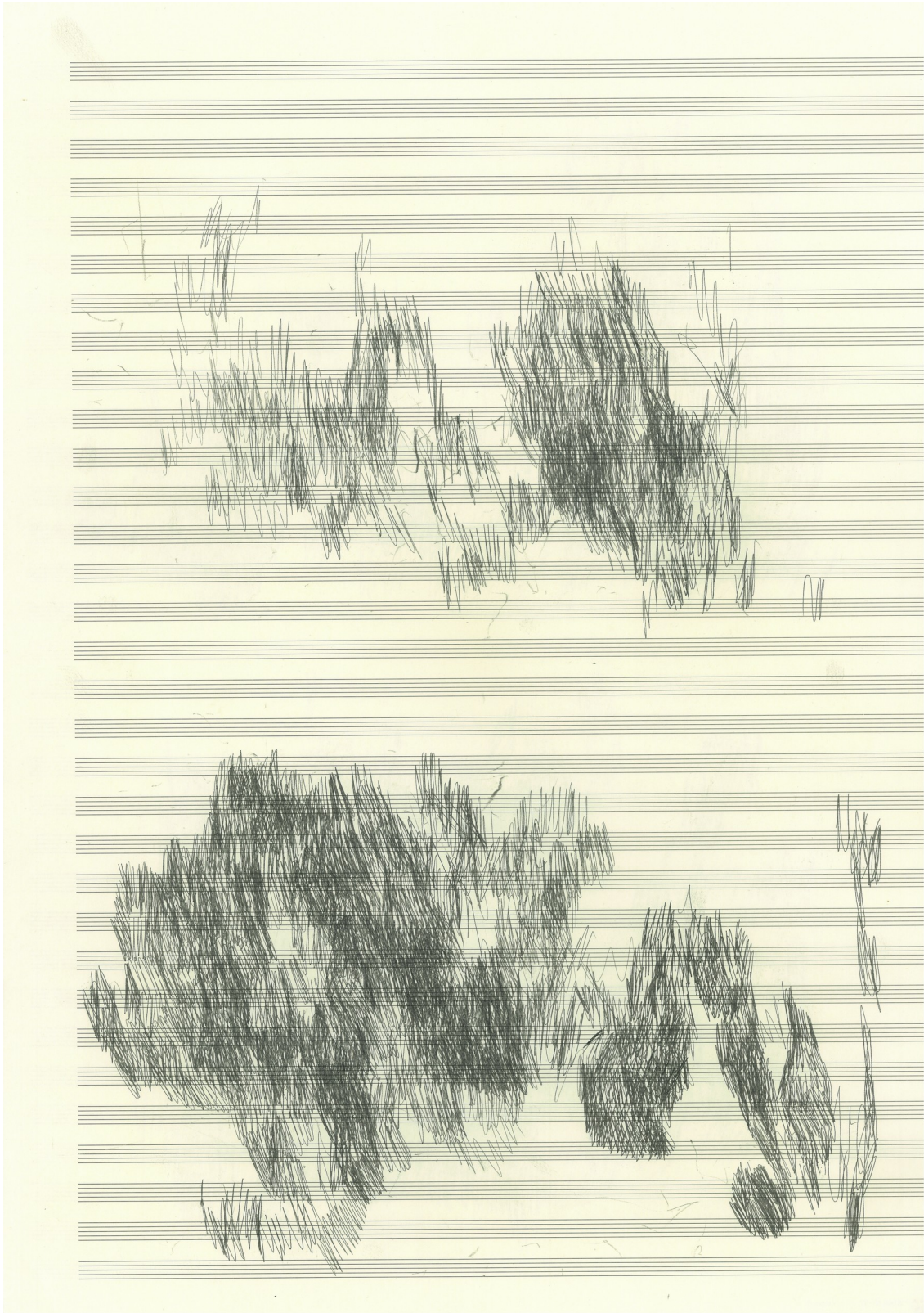
Avalanches. »

Night.

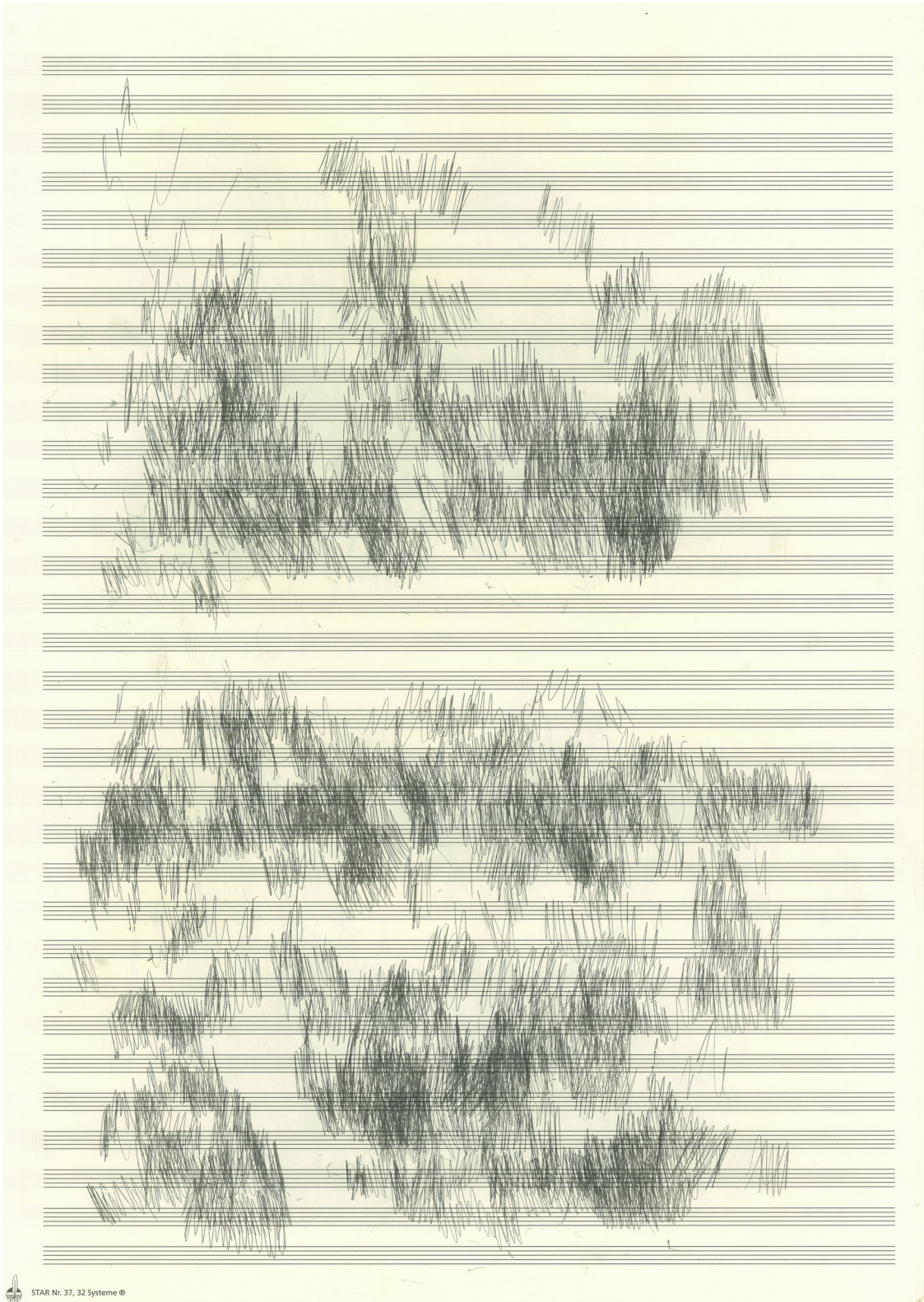




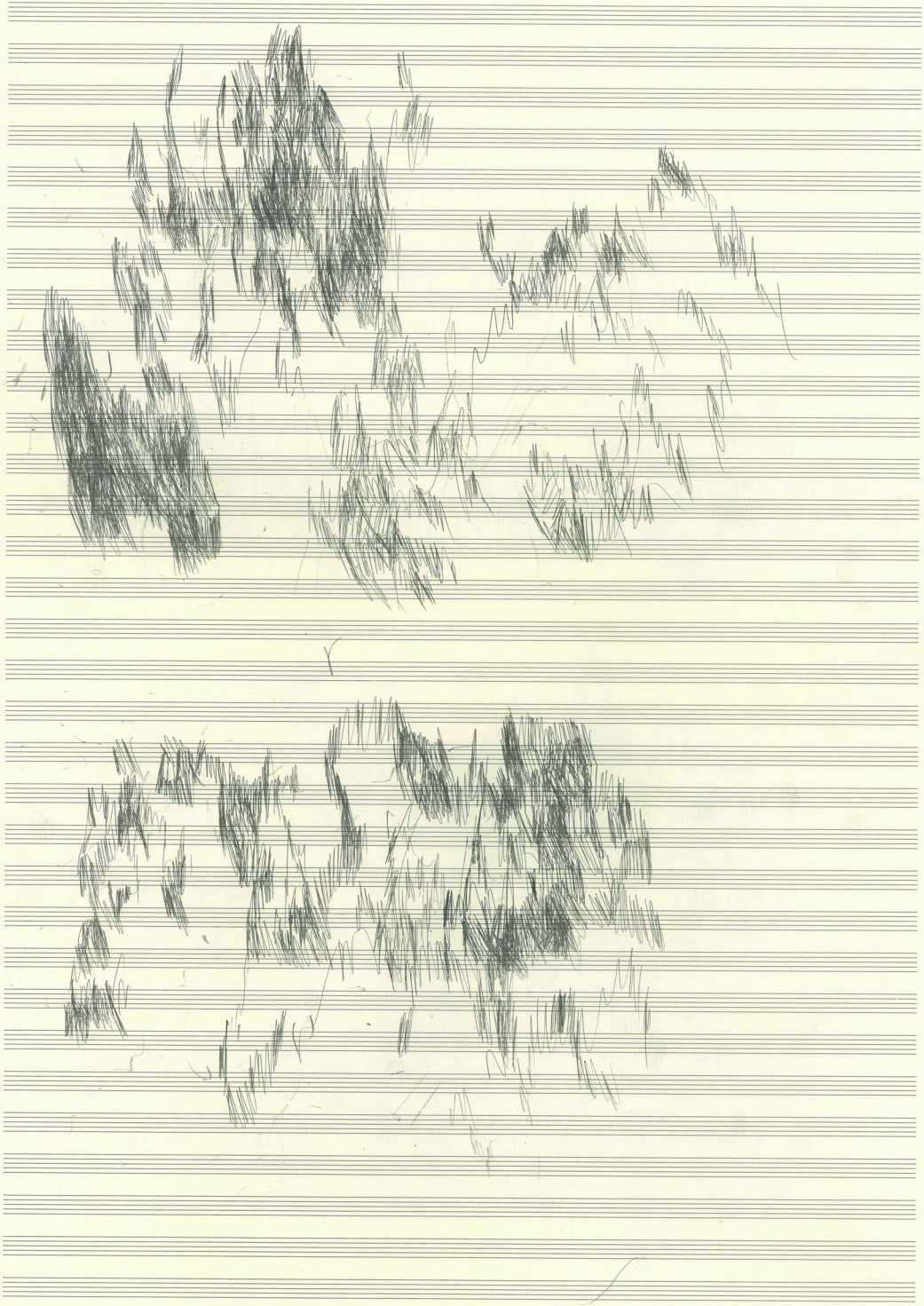




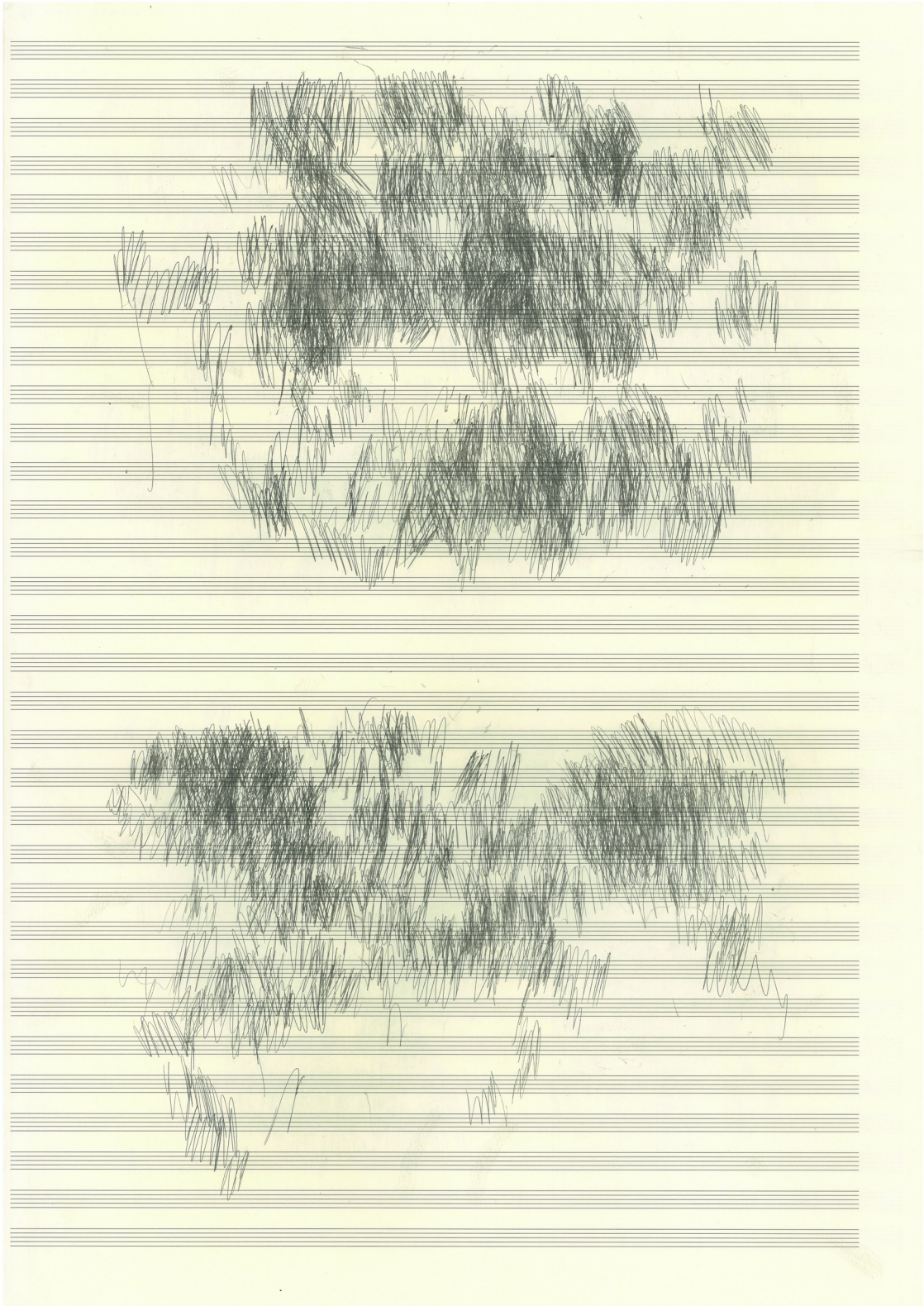




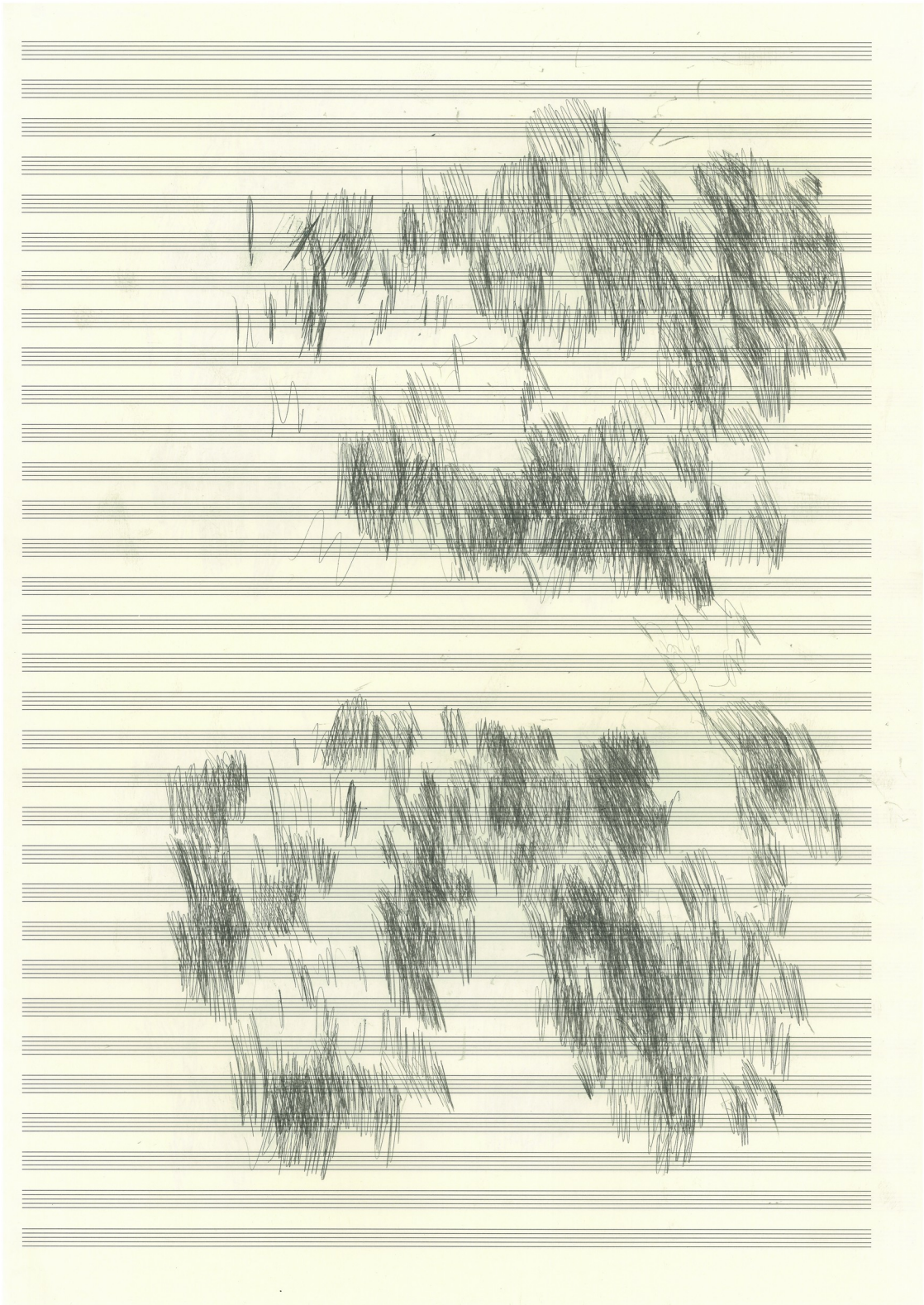




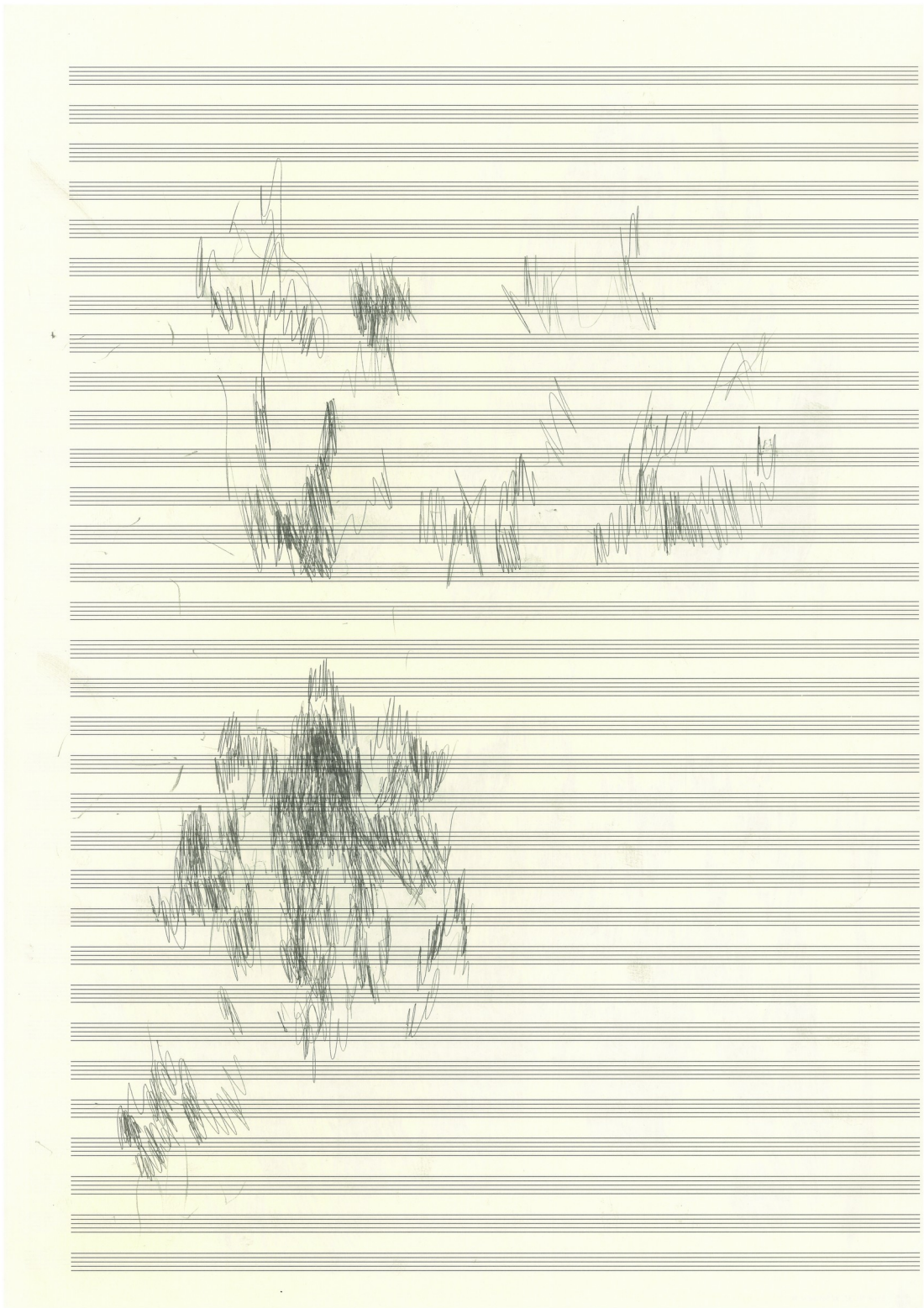












This poem was carried out as part of a residency at Project Bloom in Paris in 2021.