

## *Affectionately, For Alexandre Tissier*

...some claim that time heals all; all perhaps except wounds.

**“It is also so that our musical practices, accountable for a certain tradition, remain alive that we call attention to our texts and projects. In this sense, as modest as it might be, our contribution – unthinkable without that of our musician friends or without you – writes itself into a militant register which, from Lévi-Strauss to Hannah Arendt, presents ‘art’ as a common possession.”**

Through these lines the concert of December 2005, at which the last creation of Alexandre Tissier was performed, started ; through his lines the brief career as a composer ended and for his loved ones a new wandering began.

The year finished more sadly than if it had just simply finished ; a friend, a musician, had left. Companion of the seas, his creative energy married to unshakeable ethics drove his singularity.

These days I must still walk alone with some sad thoughts, and I still have a way to go, but when I relive through my memories the precious moments we spent together, the moments of joy and elation return to life, for if Alexandre was tense – and who would not be in this world full of pain? – he would laugh gladly. This ingenuousness, which remained intact in him, brought to mind the *Enfance retrouvée à volonté* of which Baudelaire speaks and which Schumann, to whom he was attached, presents us in his *Kinderszenen* ; need we be reminded that the cycle finishes with *Der Dichter spricht* ? It is here that I find what I shall hold onto of Alexandre : the words of a poet.

### ***Friendship***

Is a look enough? Or a smile? It seems so to me, and perhaps it is here that friendship dwells – just this side of spoken language. As fragile as they are, friendships forged by hearts exist beyond all hopes. Among the signs that two beings offer each other are, not thunderbolts, but a gradual evolution, a closeness progressing over time. “We were friends and didn’t know it” highlighted Blanchot who made a category of this affect, a condition of the possibility of thought, and its practice. To a friend, I would say, we owe almost nothing except the truth – even if that is probably what we are least in possession of.

So, my dear Alexandre, to the great wind that drove you and which I so often misunderstood, to this breeze which, always leading you a little further, drove you to your final absolute secrecy, to your continuing absence that nothing will fill, to this emptiness which has left a hole and which renders grief improbable such is its resemblance to a disappearance, to all this it is difficult to face up, however we owe it to you ; it was your wish.

Just as art and love are truly rare, so is friendship ; comparable to philosophy of which the possessors – lovers of wisdom – are anything but wise, it *subsumes* discord within its concept. But does friendship not hold the privilege of being this singular place which, not the same for any other, provides the test of otherness? In this way, and to paraphrase Voltaire, we find that we battle against our own ideas to the bitter end in order to defend them...

## **Music**

Rubato? Here doubtless lies the only attributable meaning of friendship ; in this tempo stripped down and forever restored your music subsists. And if the music is, in the Nietzschean sense, the art of the night and shadows, it has darkened. Let us remember however that for the author of the Book, the word *night* was illuminated.

The inestimable devotion that you had to our art drove you far from these existences pointing due north, the north of certainty. So, your life, a rupture, was like that of all creators – and there are few – hard to bear but luminous like the poetics of Mallarmé in its desire. Writing was for you a test of the limits, and as they were on the threshold of the unknown, the task was not an easy one. Your demands, your invention, your lively curiosity, your power allowed the work you were carrying to emerge ; that which you leave to us, like a watermark, lets us foresee what will, *fold by fold*<sup>1</sup>, I am sure, be unveiled as a great oeuvre. Composing was to you like establishing yourself, as little as was possible, on this breach separating thought from the unthinkable, for it is there and there alone that deep down the future finds its inscription.

If the distress brought on by the act of writing is hardly easy to live with, your aspirations were not only musical ; you dreamt of a world with a charitable nature ; perhaps you looked for this elsewhere, for your quest found, alas, precious few echoes in a space emblazoned by new icons favouring blandness and consensus. These established a domination, that of the absence of singularity in the place where all things were equal, and you fled from it. Painfully, you evoked the process of desertification in which you believed your generation had been born, or the confiscation of a civil project by certain institutions. You dismissed as well the sad passions which, from renunciation to guilt, diminish the being ; you had little esteem for cliques and their intrigues, for schools, their followers, their leadership, their tribunals and their excommunications... However solitude weighed upon you, even if it is necessary to reconcile oneself with it, as your beloved Rilke tells us. What makes up this world made you sick in the same way the Eternal vomited the half-hearted ; yet do they bear the marks of divine chastisement? - content to produce without creation. And if “no-one has the right to knock an artist”, Deleuze tells us, you were that.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Pli selon pli*

Not wanting to live if living came at this cost, you lead us to feel your act as that of a free and brave man. How can we not think of those who, from *The Albatross* to *The Suicide of Society*, and from here to Camille, could *Sing the region to live in?*

Your music is still addressed to the passengers that we are or, without wanting to be too Greek, to the mortals; we formulate the wish of maintaining the wind.

*A flash, then night...* This, my dear friend, forever belongs to you ; that into which we plunge your passing is nothing other than darkness ; and if death, as Chris Marker murmurs, is not a partition but a path, then, wherever you are, may your soul know peace.

*In the wake of your friends here, in China and in Japan:*

*Alain, Bruno, Chunyan, Céline, Diane, Eric-Maria, Fuminori, Gérard, Gilbert, Hervé, Jérôme, Mari, Marie-Claude, Martine, Mié, Mizuho, Sandrine, Shinsuke...*

Harcène Larbi – Paris, 2006