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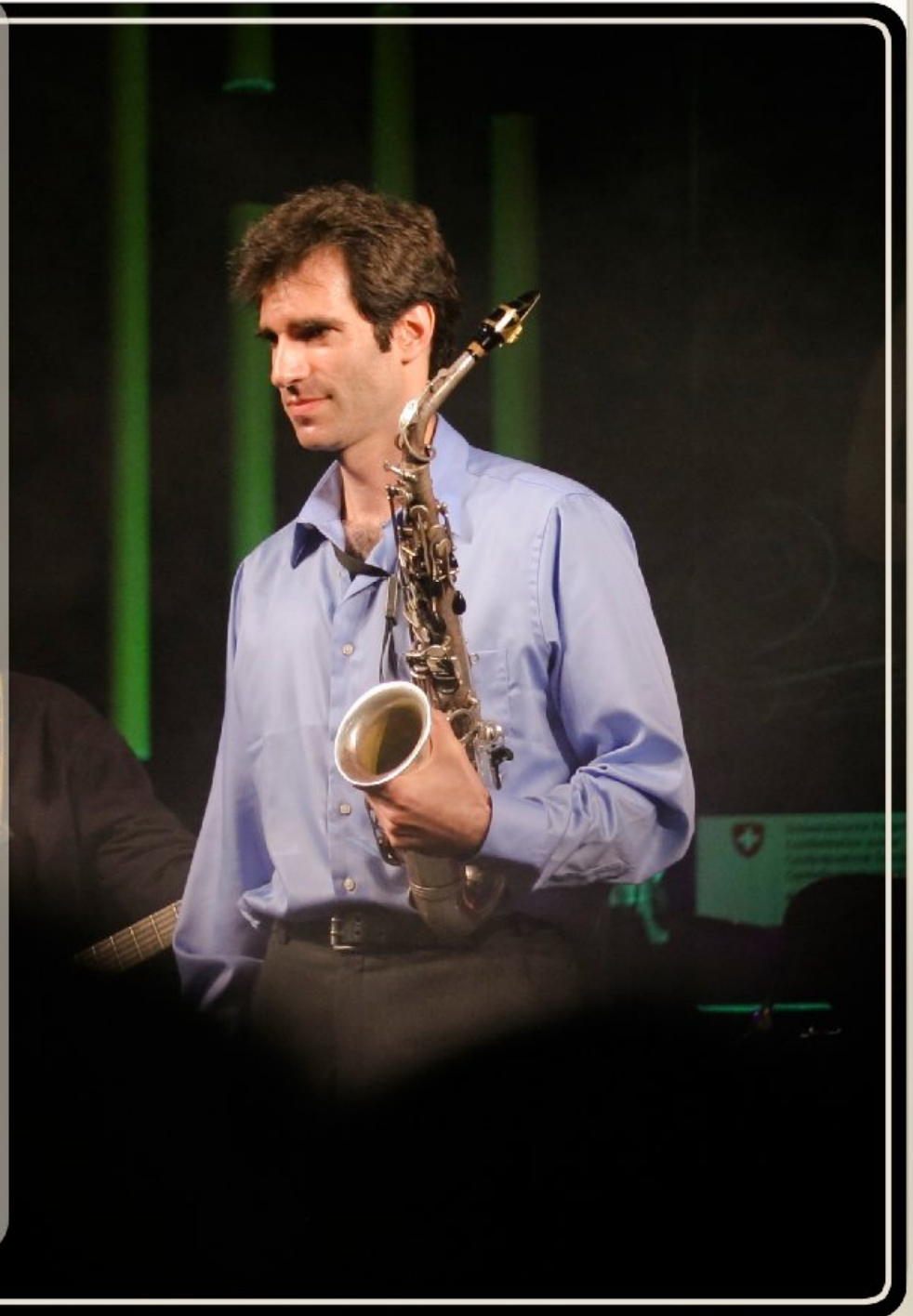
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Fete de la Musique | Interview with Ives Dormoy

Alors, quelles sont les particularités du genre musical sur lequel vous vous concentrez dans votre travail ? What is particular about your musical style?

I came to this music from the jazz, actually, from the most creative and improvisational form of it. Until now I feel like I was a jazz musician, even though, and because of, my music contains more and more elements brought in from other musical cultures, such as electronic music, rock, musical traditions of Central Asia, etc.

The nature of jazz since its appearance till now is to mix, match, borrow, oppose and combine the most different or strange elements together.

Pourquoi faites-vous de la musique électronique ? Why did you go towards electronic music?

I am not making electronic music! I use the instruments of the electronic music such as computer, and borrow ideas and sounds.

The notion of electronic music includes many different music styles, such as techno, for example, which is very popular now. But there is also the styles that are very experimental as acusmatics. I borrow ideas from everywhere, without having any preconceptions. It's like a widely developed idea of sampling that turned into a separate musical genre! From my point of view, the result is till jazz, not the one that is taught in conservatories, that is based on senseless repetition of the same tunes, same standards written in the sixties, but the one that is permanently searching for new forms and new content.

Quelles sont les motivations dans votre projet coopération avec les musiciens traditionnels tadjiks ? What is attractive for you in the cooperation with Tajik musicians?

We mentioned different styles of electronic music. I think that the creation goes the same way in the traditional music. So I try to get to know new musical forms and

cultures, searching to make a richer jazz, more unexpected one, combine or oppose new elements, show their similarities or differences.

In Central Asia, I discovered many layers of musical culture that seemed to me new and familiar in the same time. They reflect what I search in music, even though I don't have any competence in musicology. There's no in the whole world, at least as far as I know, a musical tradition that is more close to my vision.

Qu'est-ce que les musiciens tadjiks peuvent attendre de cette coopération?

What the Tajik musicians can expect from their cooperation with you?

From my side, it would be very rude to try to teach something to the Tajik musicians. The force of their musical tradition is already enough.

I would rather like to propose to them and form a musical universe, that they would be very comfortable in, freely improvising, creating sounds and rhythms that their traditional melodies would fit with, hoping that such an uncommon combination would let them show the richness of their musical tradition.

Avez-vous des expériences de coopération artistique en Asie Centrale et comment les décririez-vous ? What other cooperation experiences in Central Asia do you already have and how would you describe them ?

I got to know the Uzbek traditional music in 2005, when we came to Tashkent with Rudolph Burger to give a concert in cooperation with Uzbek musicians. Our meetings were so productive, that since then we continue playing together. They truly became members of our group. Their music is not exotic anymore for me.

So I expect to have the feeling of normality and natural interaction when I meet the Tajik musicians, and I want us to create together something very natural and obvious on the basis of their traditional music.



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Tajikistan I: Dushanbe Jazz Festival

Onto the Festival:

Anyways, come to find out that the leader of Mizrob, Ikbol Zavkibecov, actually writes for films and does a great deal of 'modernized' traditional music, adding more pop/rock elements like distorted guitars that are contrasting traditional instruments. It's interesting... I've noticed this kind of thing in a lot of Eastern countries: taking their traditional styles and making them more appealing by adding pop/dance/film-score type elements.

So...the first rehearsal was really a run through/clean up of their piece, which I'm playing on, and my piece which, let's be honest, they hadn't looked at yet.

Their piece falls into this Tajik/pop style...guitar riffs in an almost classic rock mode, with soprano sax playing the more traditional melody more, um, traditionally. The riffs are a good hook—the tune, albeit simple and really meant to appeal to an audience, works. There's not much to it since it takes basic elements from each style, but it works, and the audience will leave singing it—I am adding a voice to the melody (playing alto sax), and taking an improvised solo in, well, more of my style, which if you've heard me live, sounds something like the love-child of Grover Washington Jr. and Eric Dolphy...I think I frightened them just a little...

Anyways, my piece (*Open Letter to Dushanbe*) was difficult for them. I was right to have rewritten everything before I sent it...they don't really read music...or at least very little, and the ones who can didn't bother to look at it. So, I basically had to teach them the piece orally, which was also super fun because my interpreter—a sweet guy name Cyril—didn't know musical terms.

The hardest part was explaining a Samba rhythm...I actually thought that this would be easy, and explaining the chordal structure would be hard—wrong again—Ikbol understood perfectly well my chordal structure, but the Samba rhythm...the drummer kept

trying to make it rock—I've learned that people here play two different styles, Tajik and rock...jazz is out of the loop, and Brazilian Samba, forget it! Eventually (by the show), I got him doing something close...I don't know how he got there, but he started playing something akin to a Calypso...I was like "Great! Fine! Close enough! Do that!"

The other issue had been trying to get these guys to go, well, a little nuts with their playing...their playing, even in the styles they know, are very controlled and exacting...granted, traditional music tends to be this way: very conservative. My piece is a stretch for them because there is a lot of group improvisation in it, which they are not used to, and my Russian isn't good enough to explain—and I use the proper terminology here—'going ape-s#!t', which is what I wanted at the end of the piece. Eventually they got it—or at least some of them did.



The final outcome was fantastic. We were the last performance on the last night of the Festival. The Festival itself was failing due to the programming and logistical organization. Putting marathon concerts inside a concert hall is death to any festival, most especially a jazz festival where people should be able to come and go as they please—I was bored, everyone was bored, the setting made it boring. This was all part of the conservative nature in which jazz (and all arts) are approached in the former USSR.

Tajikistan I: Dushanbe Jazz Festival *continuation...*

Conservatism is a key idea here. In the USSR, jazz was considered degenerate music—I've had to defend it many-a-time—so it was played underground. Now, it is in fear of being institutionalized. Students copy, mimic, well known players and especially specific recordings. I heard some very talented musicians, but for the most part, there was little to no actual creative improvisation. They were copying licks—if not entire passages—from other people's solos. As I had mentioned before, this is rampant in countries once (and some still) under communist regimes. Jazz has become a study, not unlike classical music. Great musician's improvised solos are to be learned like etudes and

people go off on "the grand brilliance and vision of the Director", or the "masterful performance of 'such and such'", or the "great philosophy of art that was upheld"...this last one is my favorite...it's ALL about philosophy...nothing practical. They discuss their grand philosophies and pat each other on the back (I used a much vulgar terminology at the meeting in referring to this practice, but I won't repeat it here—for the kid's sake, you know...you never know who may be reading this...). It's like high court practice, addressing the nobles...

So, then it was my turn...I let them have it...with both barrels.



I told them about the state of jazz tradition and education in the West and how it would benefit them to take this approach; I told them to disregard their 'master class' concept of being lectured at and turn them into workshops to actually benefit the students and not so that artists can hear themselves talk; I told them that they have to include more and more Western musicians because their students are learning in a vacuum through mimicry as opposed to through real experience with someone from the tradition; I told them that if they want to succeed,

memorized—mimicked. I heard this from all bands—regardless of the former Soviet country of origin—throughout the Festival.

I had to finally make a stand and say something about this...

So finally, at the end of the Festival, there was a round table discussion with all (or at least representatives) of the participants. The purpose of this was supposedly to discuss the good and bad of the Festival and how to improve it. Now, one of the most unique—and downright annoying—traditions in the former Soviet countries is that when having a discussion, even if it is to figure out what went wrong, there is tremendous (and very verbose) praise given to the director and organizers and participants. Everyone who speaks does this. A meeting that should take 30 minutes takes 2-½ hours because of this—and it's downright silly...

they have to approach jazz for what it is, and not stick it in a concert hall (like a museum) and force people to stay for 5 hours because it's 'educational' for them; and finally, I told them to stop 'patting themselves on the back' (insert vulgar phrase here) because they are not doing anyone any good save stroking each other's egos...

Demetrius Spaneas

<http://www.dspaneas.com/2010/06/tajikistan-i-dushanbe-jazz-festival/>

Contemporary art in a department store

Once known as an elite department store, that preserved the traces of past epoch and which is still in a ceaseless attempt to keep up with present demand, "Tsum"(Central Department Store) hosted the exhibition that took place from 30th of March to 12th of April. The idea was initiated by the Swiss Cooperation Office, and Tsum became an original venue for contemporary art display.

"Modality" – interpreted as a necessity; the notion that subconsciously awakens the associations with the law of public morality, the breach of which results in



deprecation and reproach. What did Jamshed Kholikov, the curator of the exhibition, and other contemporary artists really want to express by "modality" in gender-related issues? Has "modality" anything to do with the gender?

Some of the works can be grouped under the same concept of "simply genius"; a time-proved truth, Mona Lisa by Leonardo da Vinci, stands as the basis for the collage "Lost mystery" by Suleiman and Ozar Sharifi. Masterpiece and humor is a for sure winner. At first glance, the work seems to be a ridicule of the masterpiece from a school book, but it is none other than the artist who could reveal the reality hidden beneath the surface – the reality based on the artist's visceral sense and life observation, providing a dramatic glimpse into how a woman, in her tradition-bound life of daily chores, is enclosed in a framed world – the frame of the masterpiece that depicts social development of women.

The work by Aleksey Rumiyansev "Taj Kung Fu" was not immediately evident for many visitors, since it looked as part of the "Sporting Goods" section, to which such sporting symbols are typical. Besides, the banner print produces an effect of low-rate advertising for mass-produced goods. The deliberate selection of its location, close to the sport section, is also of significance. A laborer, just like a sportsman – a fighter in sundry positions, as if a borrowed fragment of photocopied brochures of the early 90s, the epoch of first action films famous for their oriental fight scenes. Teenagers of that time, with their cherished dreams to resemble those films heroes, now as grown adults are working and building in the manner of "Taj Kung Fu" fighters.

"Labor Day" – another work of Aleksey, made of papier-mâché. An image of a boy selling plastic bags at the market portrays the true nature of family's existence – the father is an immigrant worker, the mother with many children, the elder brother left school...A dumbbell that props him up from beneath as if slightly pushing his cart forward in pursuit of a random buyer shouting out "Do you need a hand, Sir?". However the work was hardly visible against the background of a glamorous fiancée – installation "Parandzi", and the work of Vera Karnaukhova "I was born to love". Behind all the exuberant flowers on the tapestry, partly blurred and devoid of clarity, there is a hidden tragedy of a woman deprived of her maidenly dreams and liberty burdened by infinite daily cares of a family life, something so natural to our society. The work being lost among other expositions should have demanded a separate display and a more accurate execution.

Contemporary art in a department store *continuation...*

There is a growing global tendency among artists to shape their goals and ideas by means of performance. Exhibition “Modality” was opened by a performance demonstrated by Vera Karnaukhova and Umeda Kutfudinova, which was indeed an enthralling sight. The very idea of the performance “Unity in Diversity” is a topical issue of our present day society, but the implementation of it left much to be desired. The negligence of their costumes could have probably been part of the whole idea, but synchronism and mastery should have been conducted on a much higher level. The sound (in our case it is silence) is very important too – if there is silence demanded, there should be absolute silence.

Slideshow by Ghairat Usmonov “Dance of Fire” brings up the problem of women’s self-immolation; victims of traditional views and desperation of life. The background music draws a margin between the dancing of fire and dancing in fire. Sad as it may be, the image of

Jamshed Kholikov “Welcome to Eden” suggests an uninterrupted chain of recurrence and unchangeable patterns of women’s fate in Tajikistan. Where is this weak link? The birth of a girl or parents’ involvement in education? Encaging moral principles? Even the



European cover (wedding gown) does not guarantee a way out from that chain, as it was observed by the artist.



For the average visitor of “Modality” exhibition, calendars and promotion materials of one of the sponsors of the exhibition were distractions and diverted the attention from the gender-related art works by disharmonizing the exposition space. It raises the problem of modern art perception by general audience; attracting a great number of visitors was one of the basic priorities of the project’s organizers. Contemporary art of Tajikistan reached out to a new exhibition platform. It led to a necessity to provide the less educated audience with more explanations.

woman dancing in fire is much more depressing and troubling. A series of photos “The Door” by no means is the image of a home cage, but its smooth varnished surface carries our minds to a monument erected by society in the name of women – women locked in by high protective walls.

Comical as it may look at first glance, photo series by

Anna Basanova
(Independent art critic)

Escape from inevitability in the novel by Gilbert Sinou

He decided to turn over a new leaf and go only straight, root out his memories of the past. All is dead – his all-absorbing love that used to make Ricardo Vicaressa's heart beat violently in passion at the slightest touch of Flora – his first true love and happiness. She meant nothing to him anymore. There was nothing left for him to live for but a woman that he dreamed about every single night. The woman that left this world three thousand years ago and rose anew from the ashes in his night dreams to reunite with him after their long years of separation.

Gilbert Sinoue– psychologist-Freudian , a connoisseur of the innermost chords in the human soul vividly suffuses the mind of his novel's protagonist "Days and Nights", Ricardo Vicaressa with countless carnal images from his past life, which rob him of rest and ceaselessly tempt him. His obsession with her like a horrible melody eats his whole being away and estranges him from the outside reality. For the first time in his life he was powerless to control so alien to him rebellious clash of clandestine feelings. He lived a long irregular life, passed away and was born again, was recklessly in love, and again was separated from her beloved for eternity. A mysterious kiclide statuette (funeral statuette of Ancient Minos epoch used in the rites of sacrifice to the Gods men and women)a strange round island, a destroyed temple in Crete, silent Knossos, indistinct wall pictures, labyrinths of streets in ancient Greece and her – Sara, the girl from his dreams – were the images that reiterated every night. He did not know what to do, his weakness tormented him. Once he tried to stop breathing, stop thinking and talking, turn to a stone or roar at the top of his lungs to set that torment free...But failed. All was in vain. He only longed for future – the future that he dreamed of and foretold by the Indian Yanpa – to undertake a long journey. Indian-shaman – a symbol of the other world and supernatural power – the last representative of tehuyelchy tribe and him, Ricardo, the last representative of heyroca tribe – both are alone in the world burdened by the fate.

Driven to despair and anxiety by that obscurity he repeatedly sought for an answer, solace, someone who could believe his words and interpret dreams haunting him. Neither Anselmo Toledano nor Adelme Mayzani, noted Bona-Saires psychoanalysts, could even heal his soul from the agony of phantom love but pushed him deeper into an abyss of incomprehensibility. Since that moment he considers psychoanalysis a useless scientific fiction incapable of interpreting his dreams and state of mind. He ran out of patience, his heart was wrung with passion and suffered from captivity – he threw everything to the wind, destroyed his past, abandoned the house he was born in, sold all his plantations and broke the heart of the woman he loved so much...and left Argentina.

Unaware of the hell he dared to go through a plaything of destiny, he followed a voice that led him to Sara: the wind, the ground, the rivers and sees – all the nature whispered to him of her. He had to cross the ocean cover thousands of miles and the inner voice kept urging him to hope for best and he firmly believed in it.

He prevailed over everybody. He wrested the truth and

confirmation for his dreams– he is not reckless. Every scrap, every fragment of his dream but Sara did exist. Was she real or just a mere fantasy of his delirious mind? Archeologists Ivans and Marius Stergiu unveiled all the mysteries of his dreams: mysterious kiclide statuette, strange round-shaped island, a temple ruins in Crete, silent Knossos, indistinct wall mural paintings , labyrinths of streets in ancient Greece all did exist, even Tyre, the town where Ricardo passed away, where he found his Sara – the town that was buried under the volcanic lava. Without losing his time – he has been waiting for three thousand years, he rushed to Aleksandr Vlazki, a painter without the past and hope. It was him who knew where to look for the girl with a mole on her cheek in that little miraculous town measuring 80 square kilometers, whose citizens sitting for hours at their windows knew each other by sight. They spoke all day long and night like old friends that chanced to meet after their long separation. It was a confused dialogue of two men – one looking for love – the other one who lost it, that turned into an open outpouring of the most private feelings. Why did the painter insist on accompanying him, and why did he decide to be involved in the search? Could he possibly want to confirm his

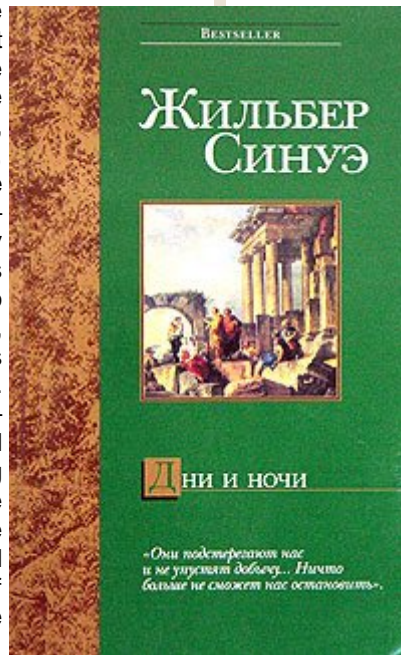
apprehensions or did he intend to re-experience the same emotions once he had when was in love like Ricardo? Just as Pygmalion he prayed for God to reunite him with Sara – the woman he devoted his life to. Delirious with joy he ran at a break-neck speed towards Festa, the town where Sara really lived – and found her at last. Her slim and fragile body was blooming with womanhood. She was charming. He could not take his eyes off her chiseled features that were beyond description.

Can it really be true love, overwhelming desire that burns inside and deprives of peace... to be the part of her, to live for her, to breathe in her smell, to think of only her, to die for her...The love that even Gods envy, the love that many people dream of. That love that drives people mad and consigns to oblivion...The love that brings joy and death and...the Gods that will never let such love exist. Happiness and fate always coexist. The love of Tristan and Isolde, Romeo and Juliet...and the same end. Is it worth seeking for her only to live a few days with her and then die...to raise from the ashes,

recollect her name and go in search of her after three thousand years unaware of what his fate had in store for him. There they are aboard a of an Argentina bound ship , Ricardo holds her tight as if he had a presentiment of something evil, still afraid of being separated for three thousand years again...but their ship wrecks and ruins their hope.

The novel "Days and Nights" can by equated to physiological sketch, philosophical fairytale. It is farfetched and fabulous; the idea of transmigration of the soul is not new and fills Gilbert Sinoue's novel an unbridled fantasy.

The author cautions the reader against human weakness before the nature, shows vain attempts of mankind to change the inevitable disregarding the fate. It makes the novel pessimistic.



Read by Mirzoaliev Sukhrob