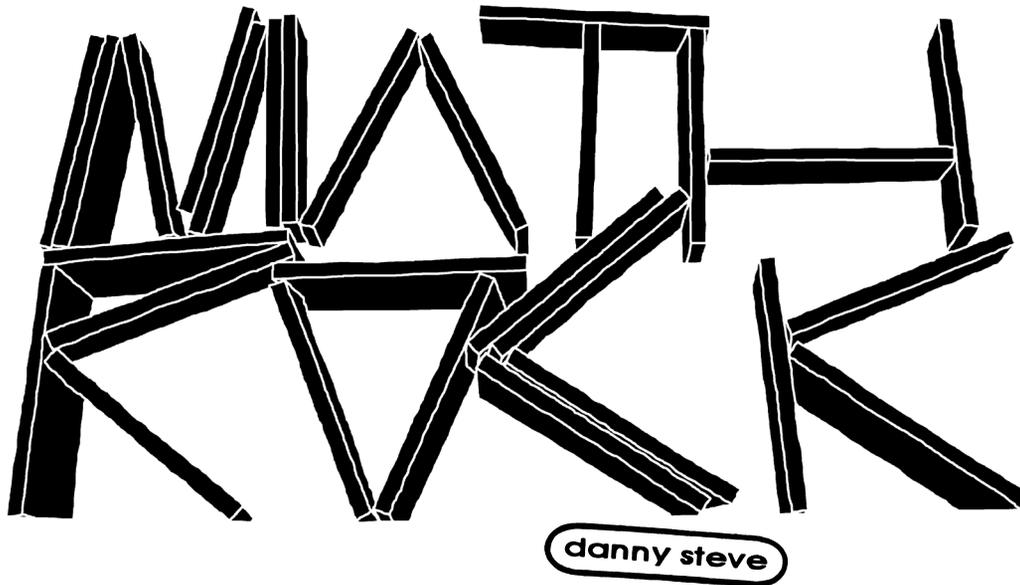


WATER

danny steve

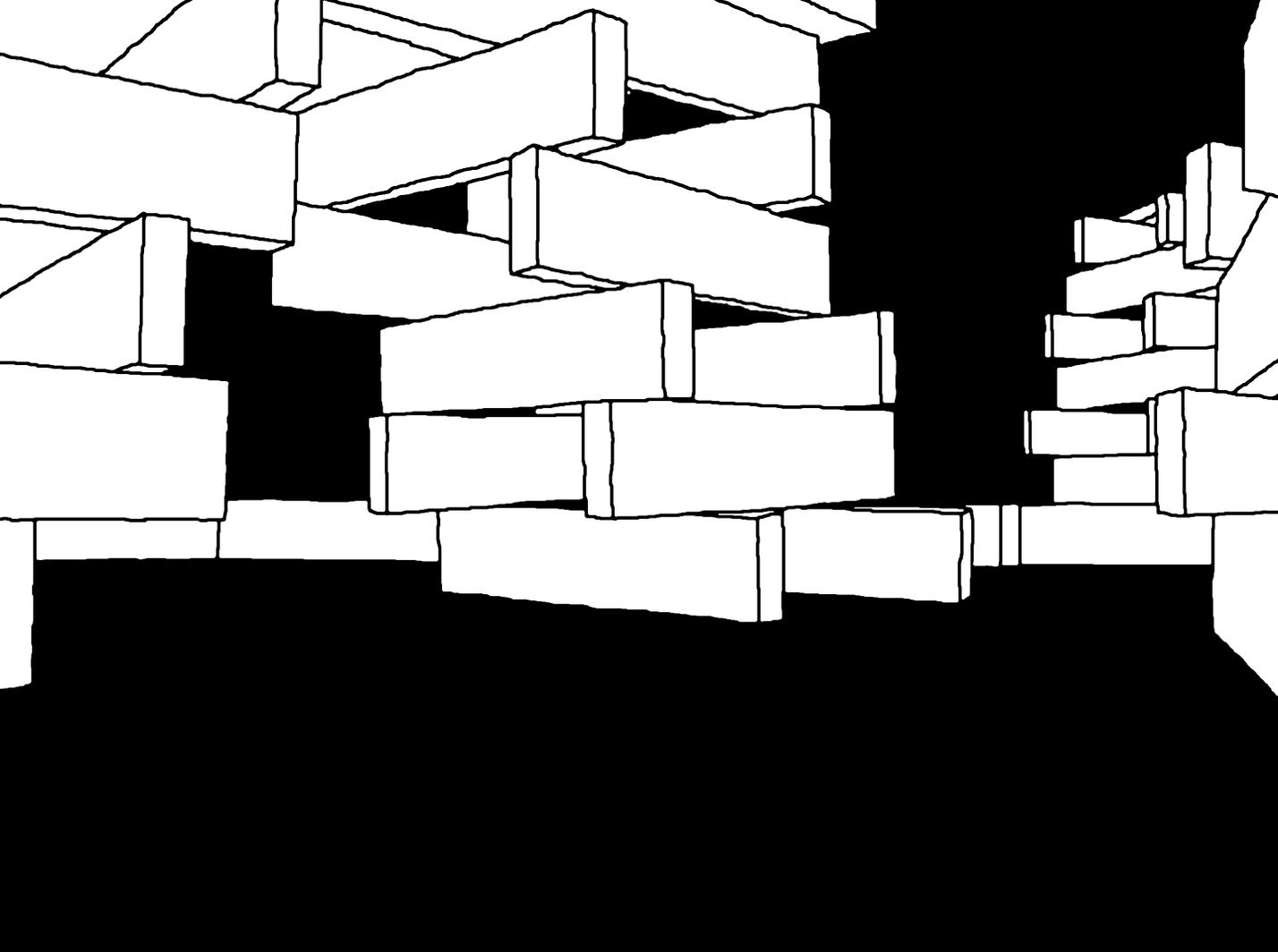




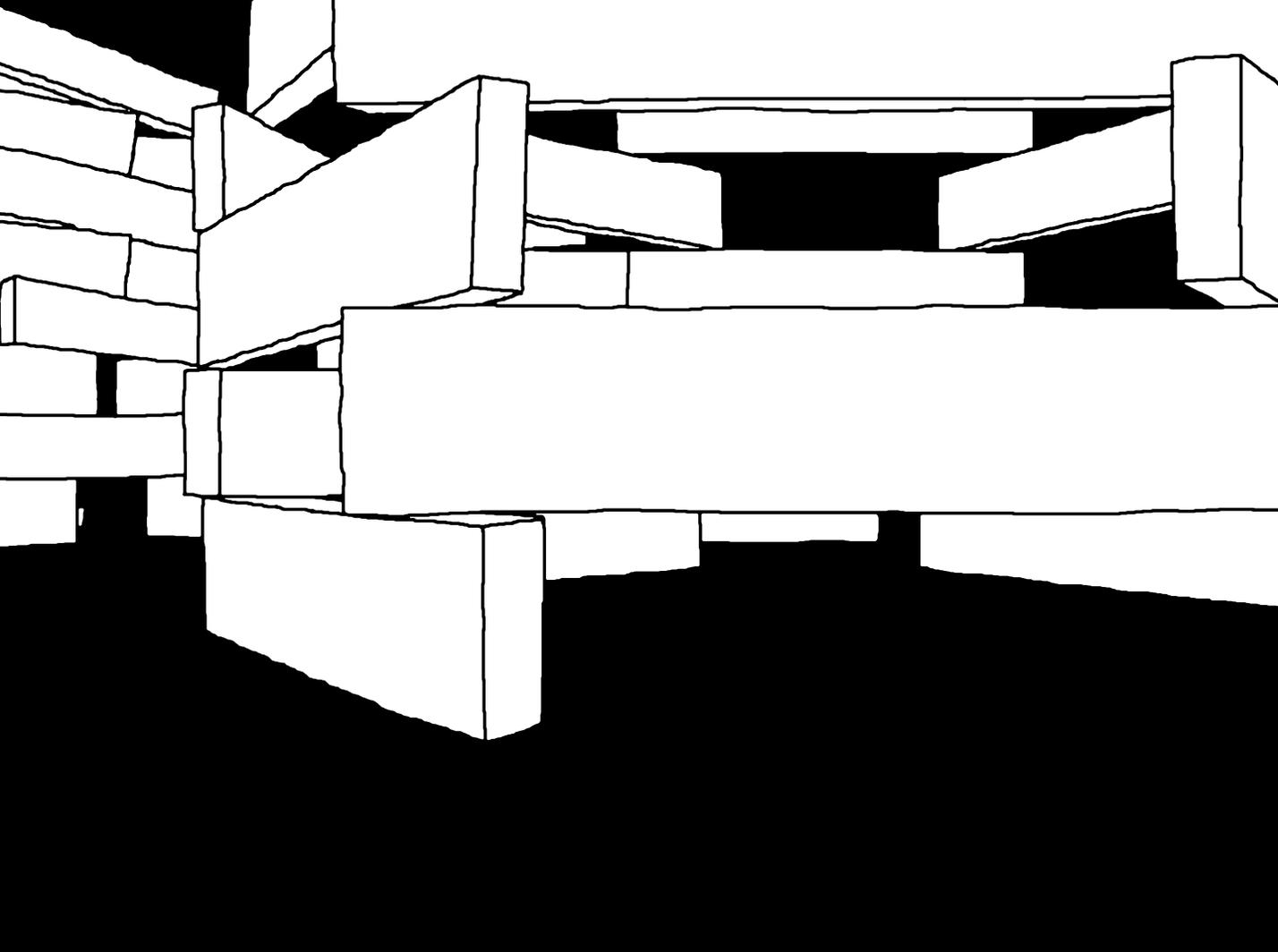
Les Requins Marteaux

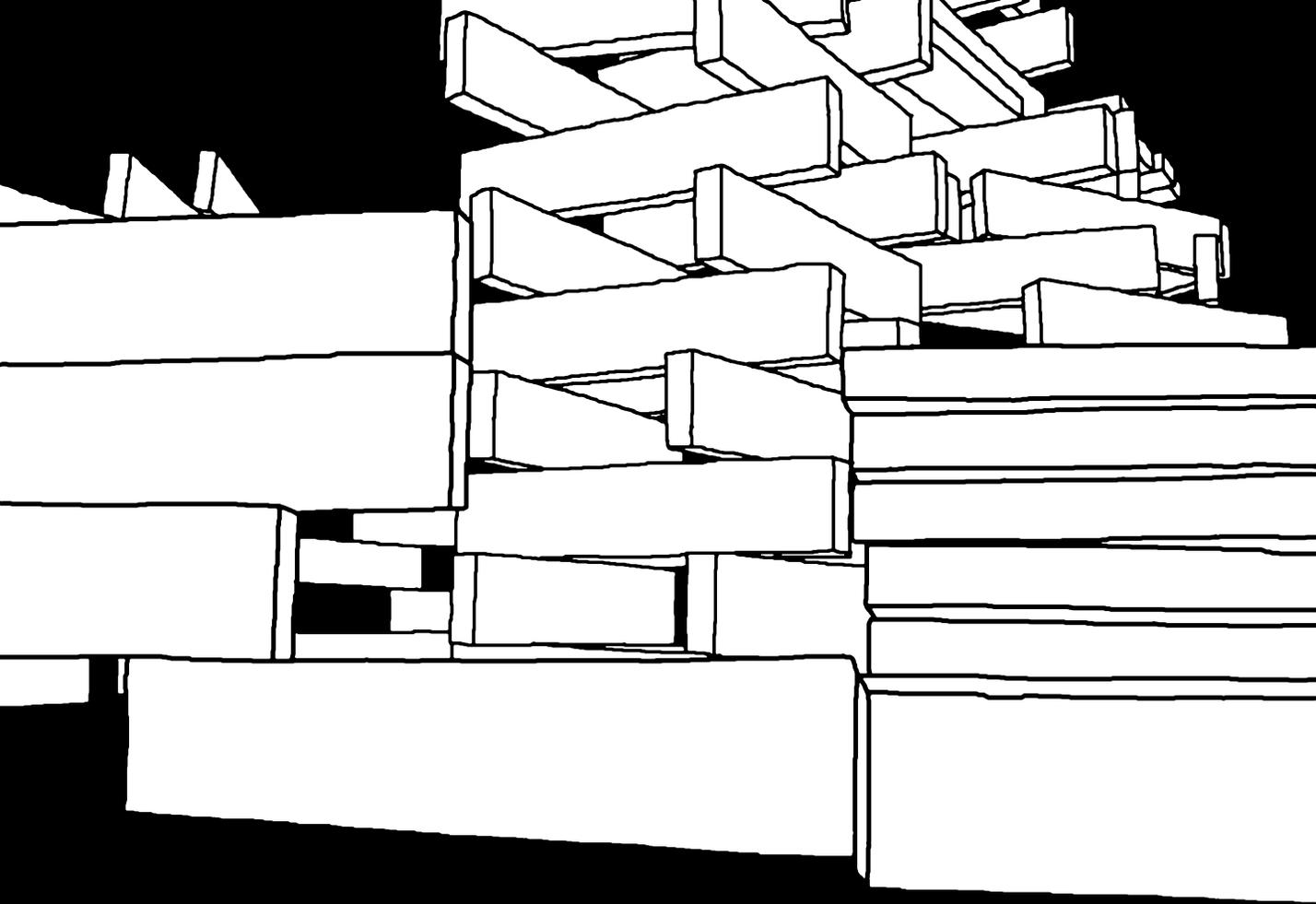
Chapi Chapo + Dirty Harry + Donald Judd = Mathrock (5')

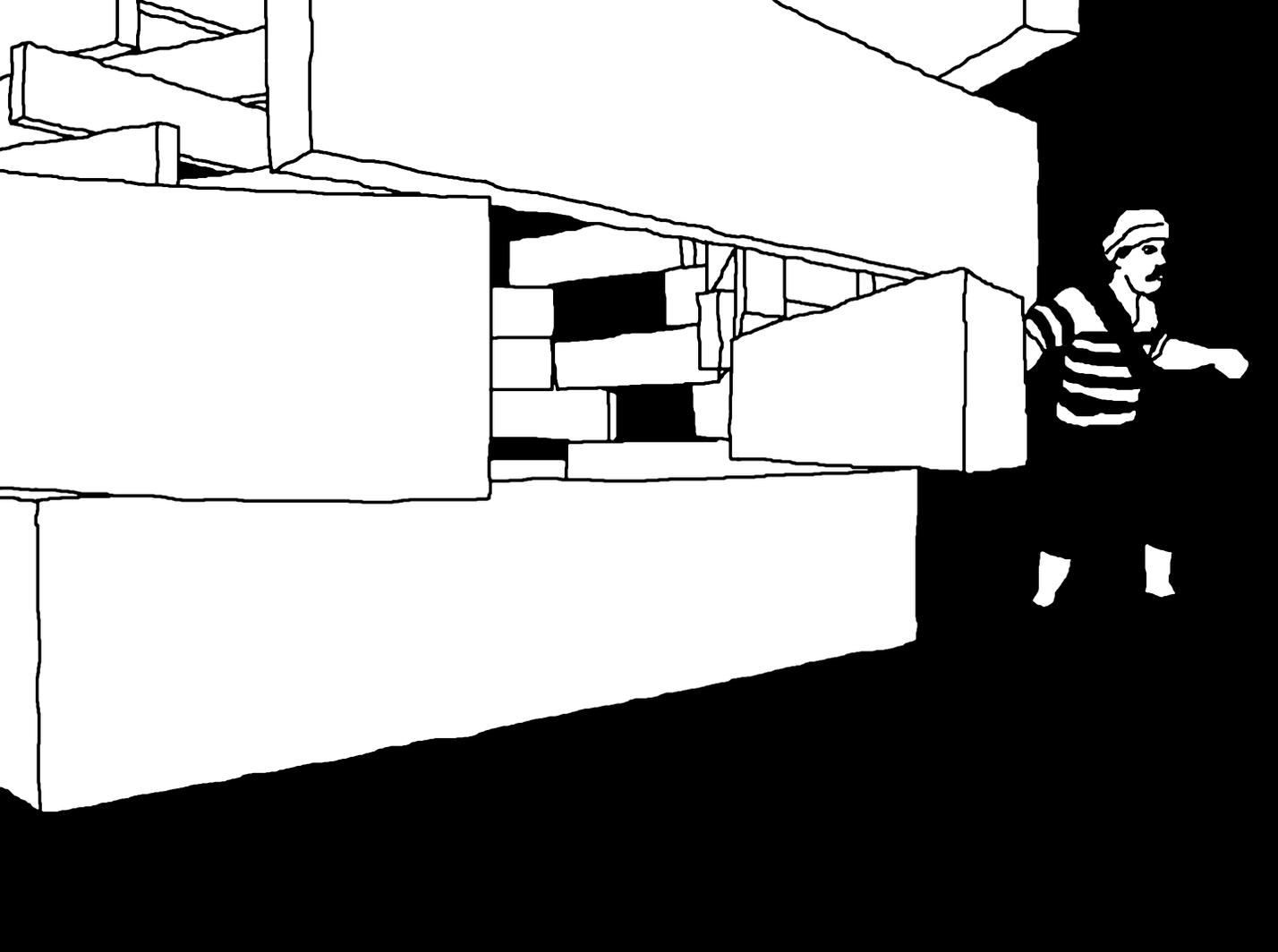
ADAPTATION GRAPHIQUE ©DANNY STEVE | VERSION NUMÉRIQUE LES REQUINS MARTEAUX
DIFFUSION ART BOOK MAGAZINE | DÉPOT LÉGAL AOÛT 2013 | ISBN : 978-2-84961-156-2

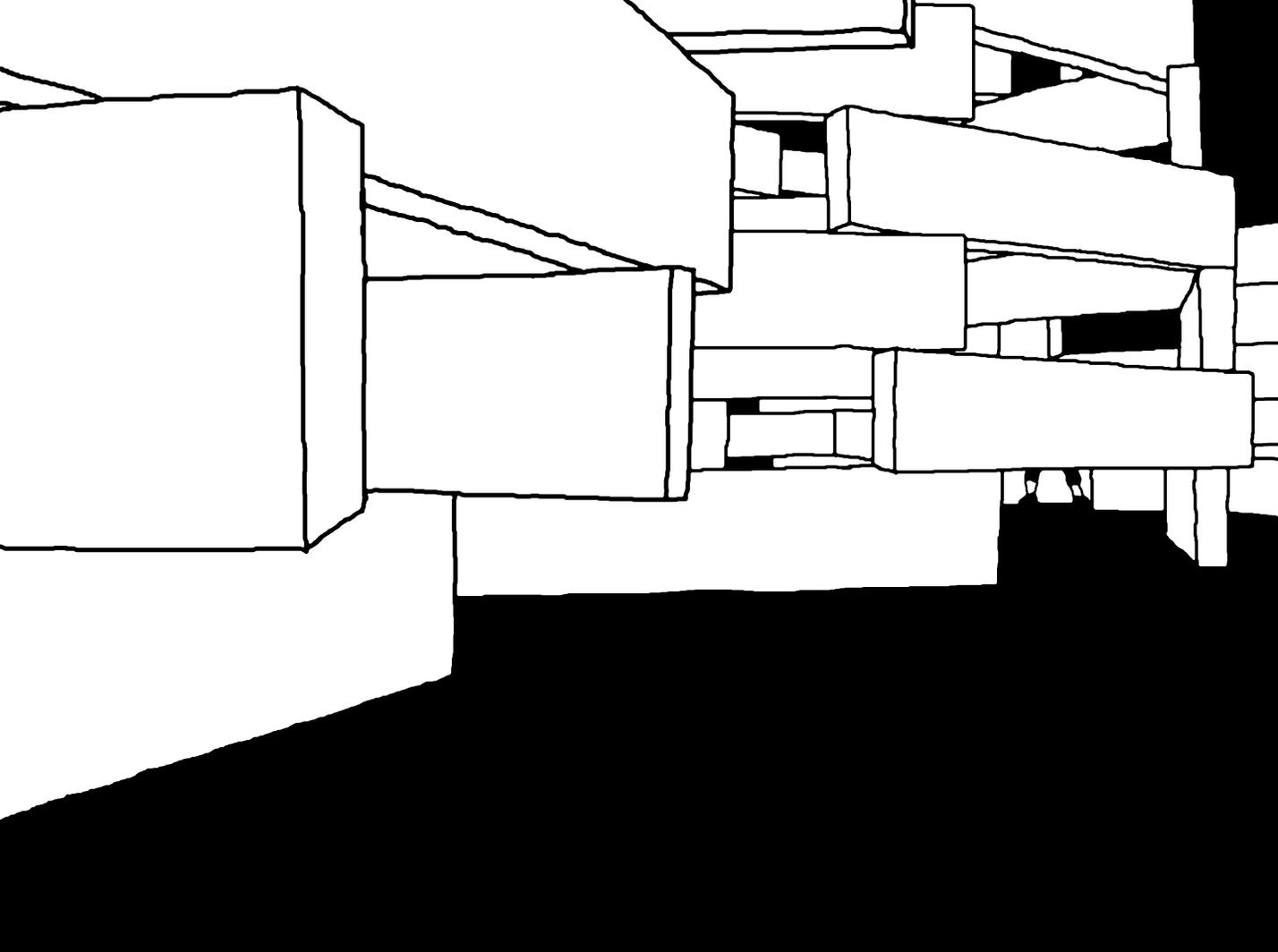


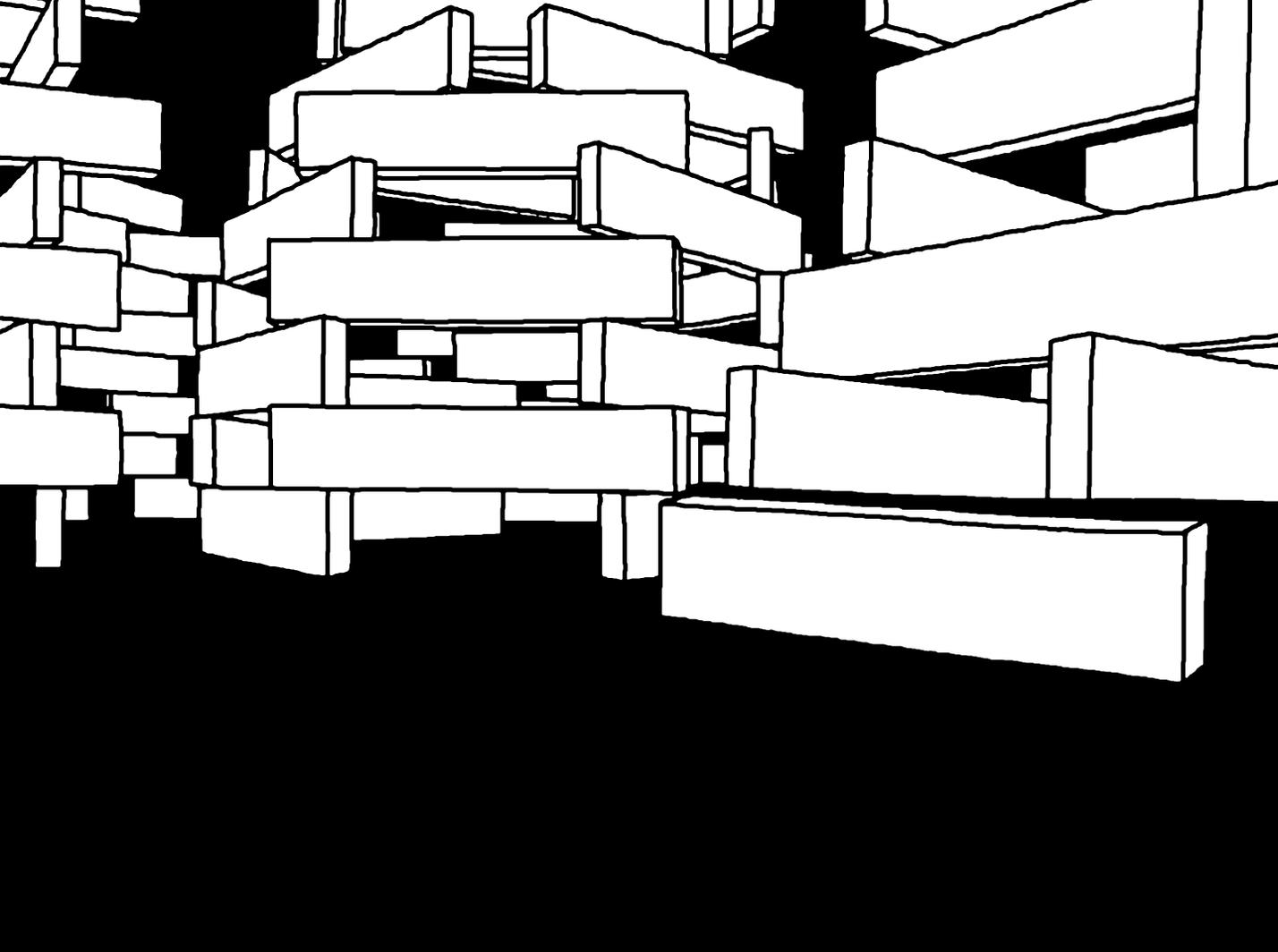


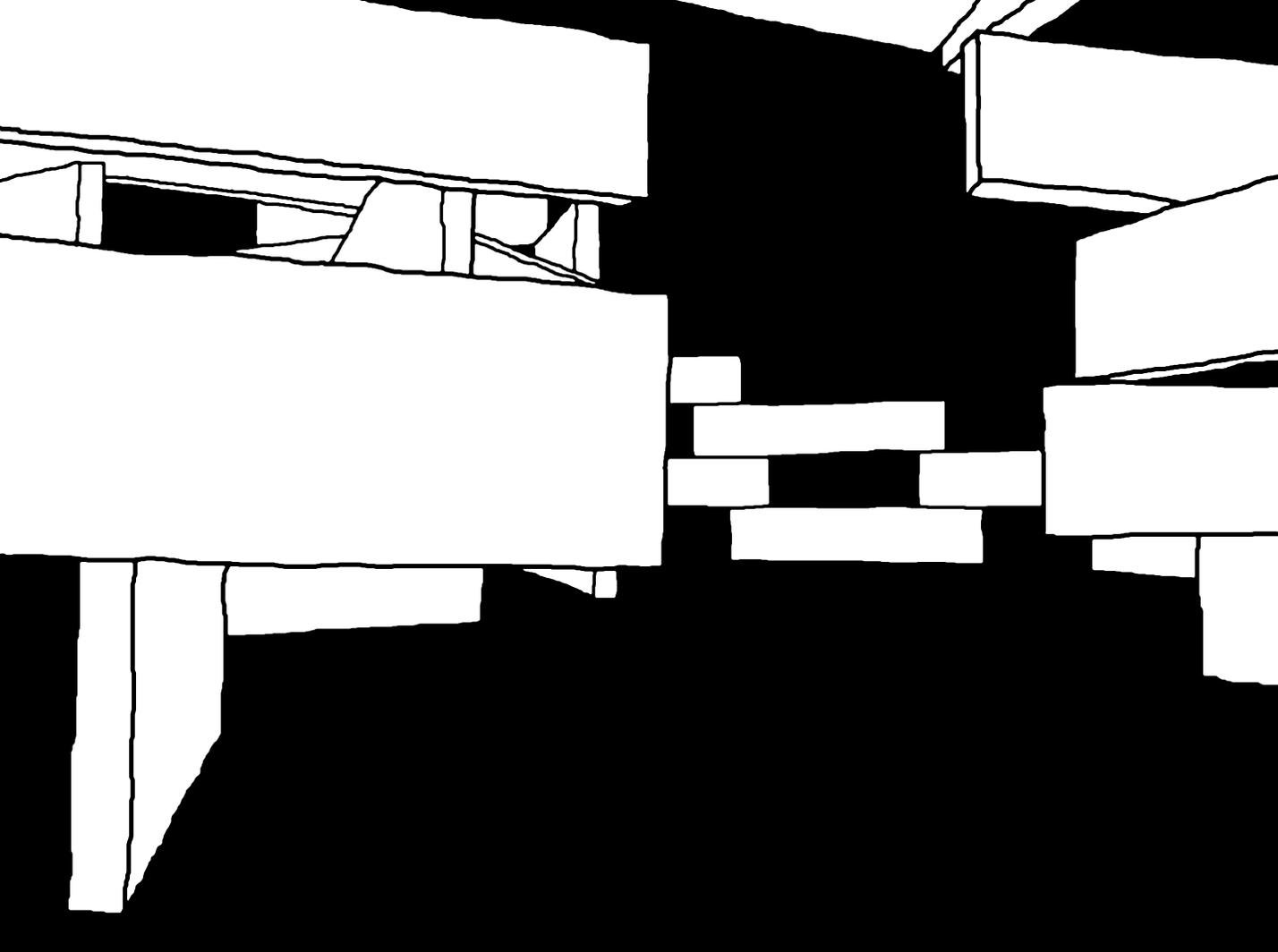


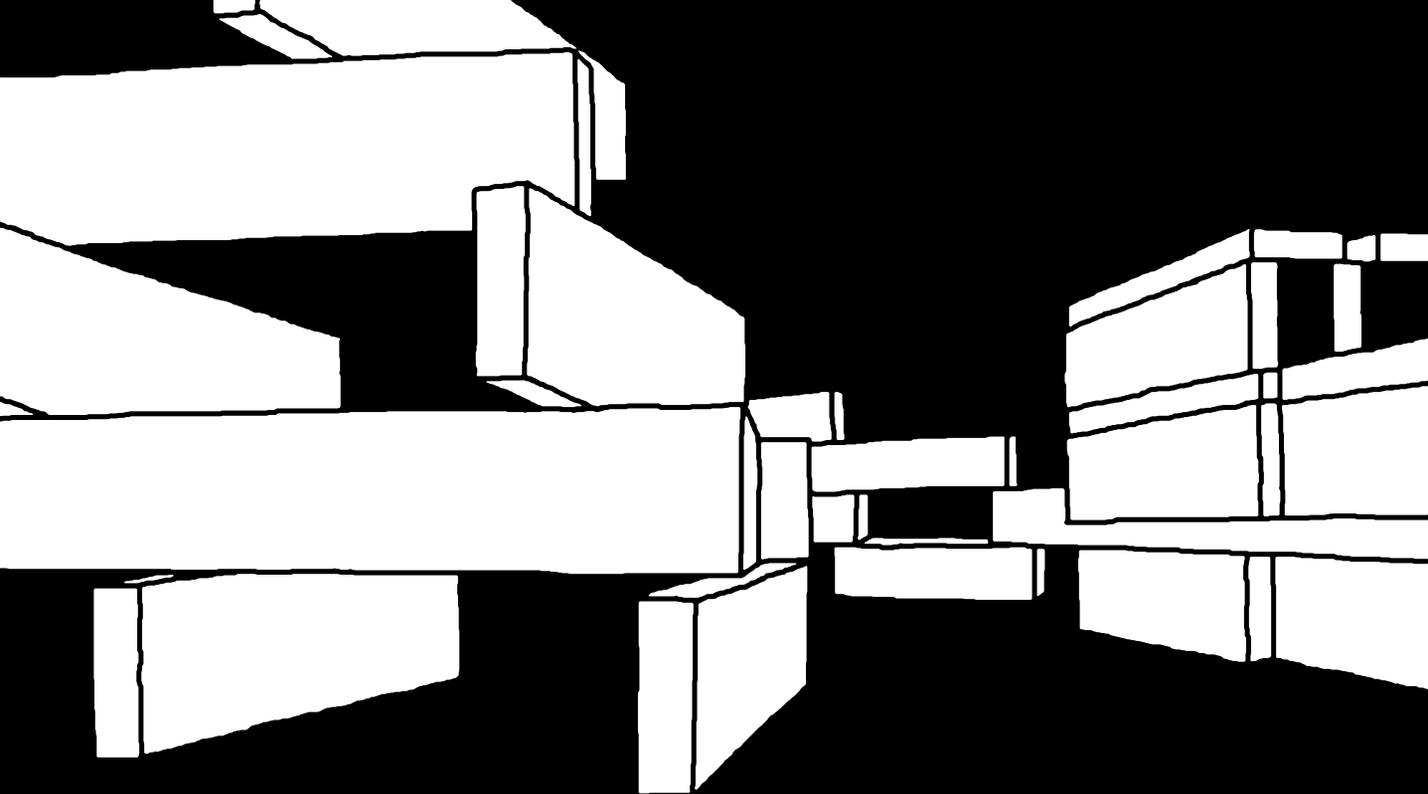


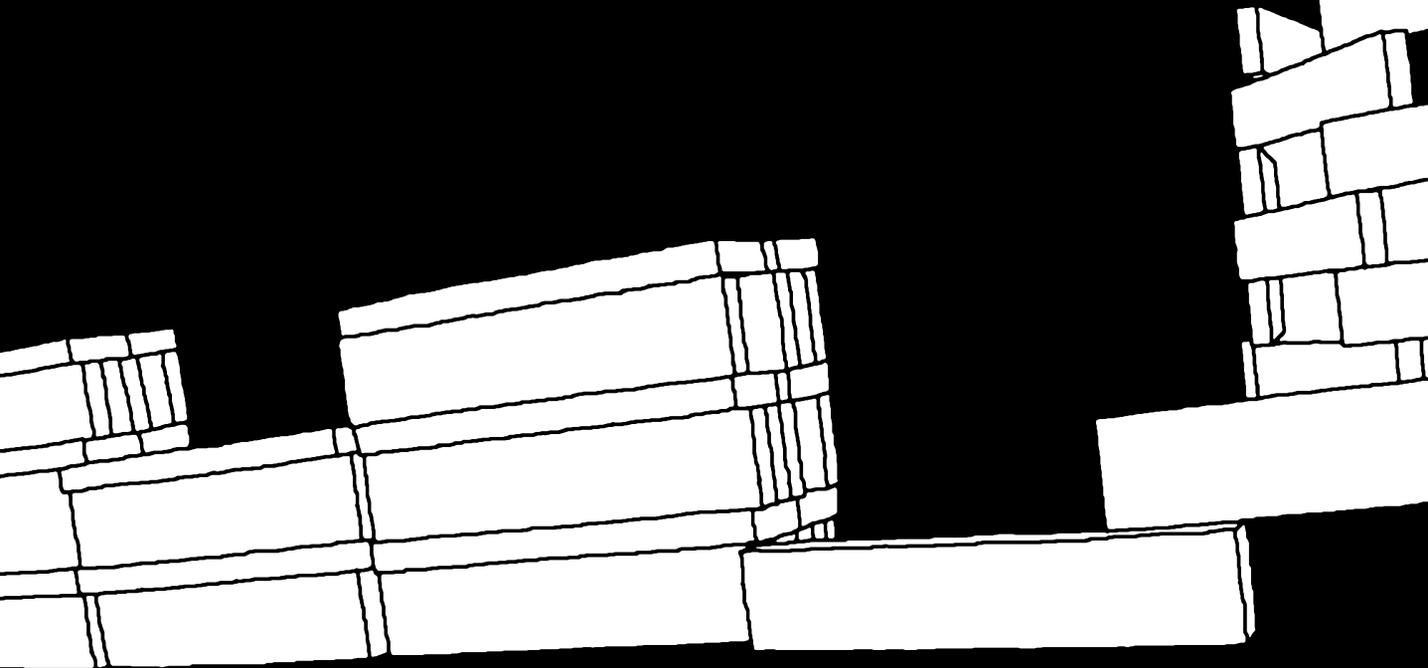


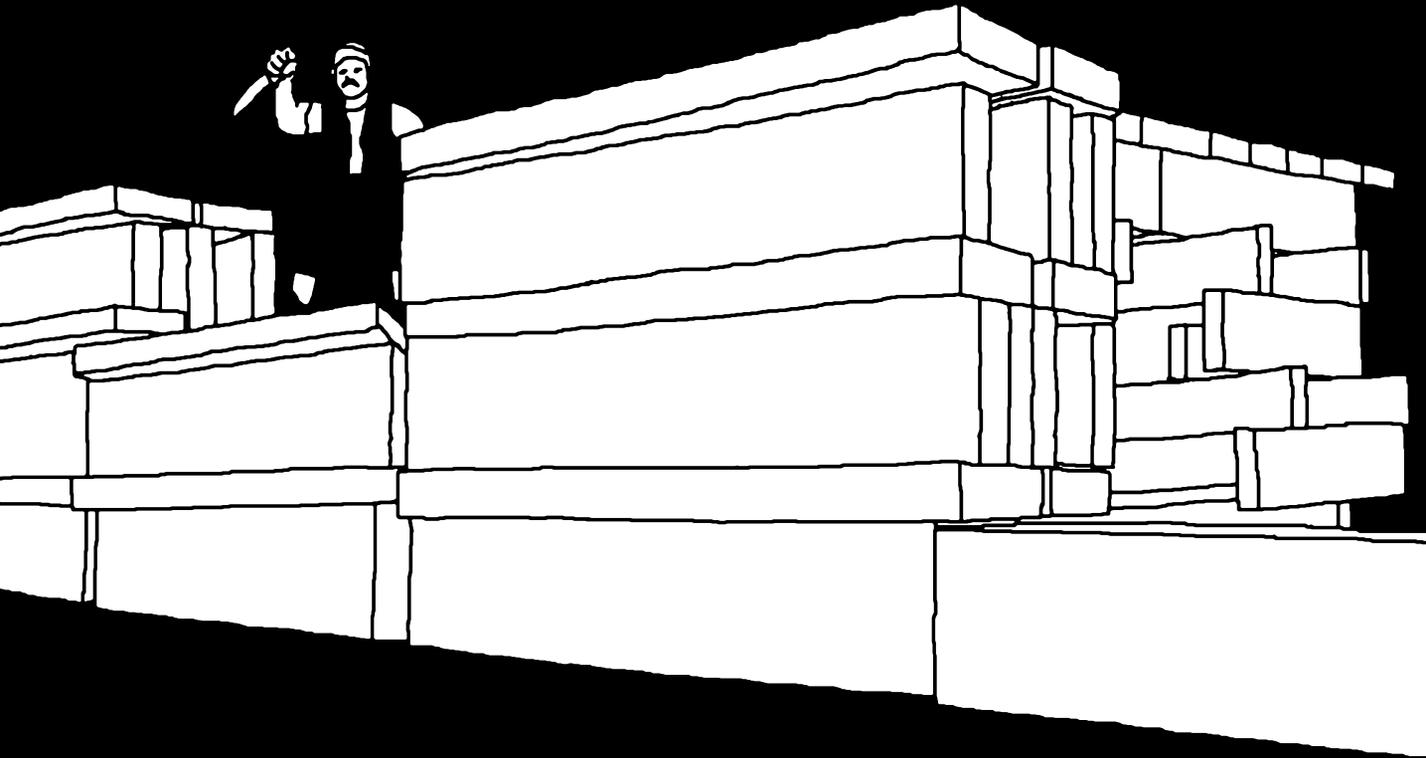


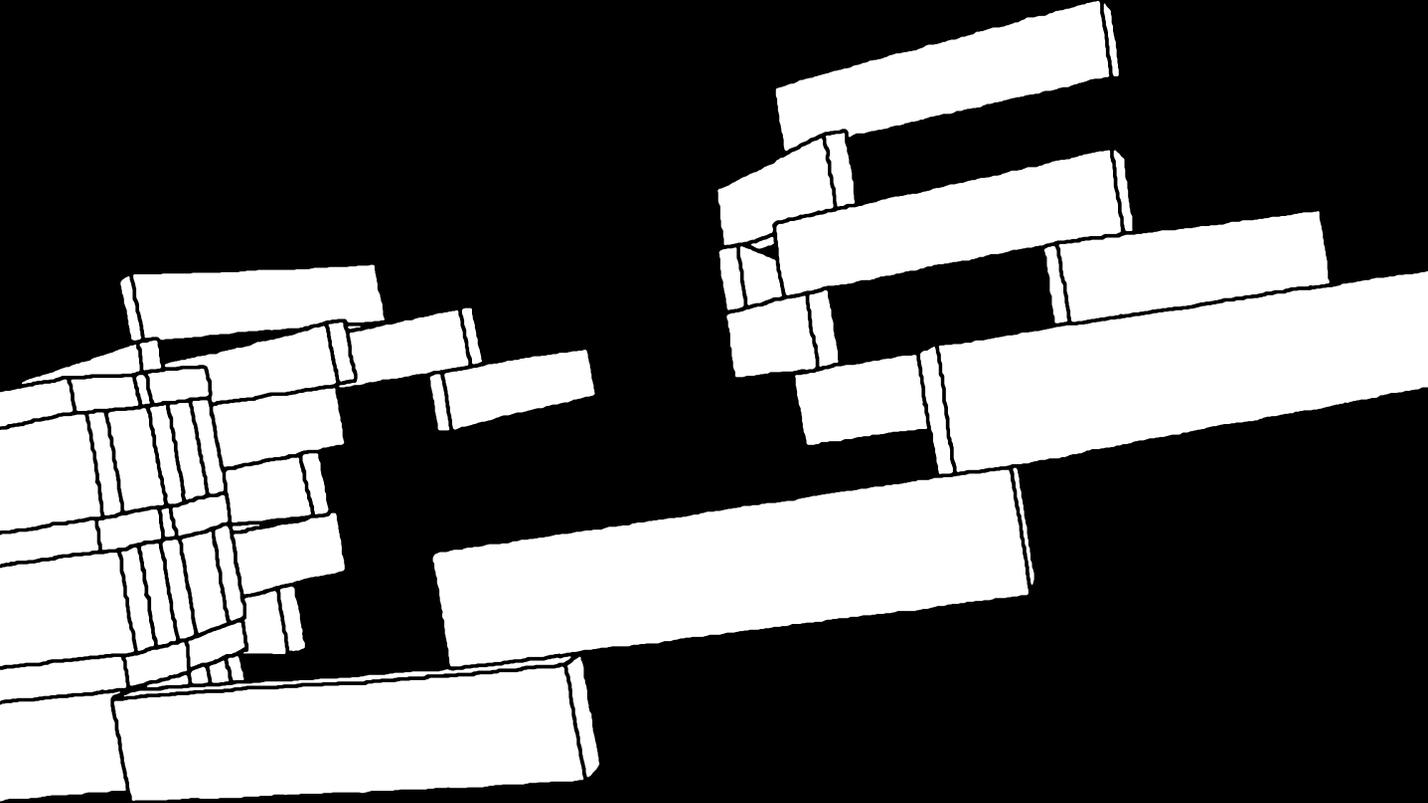


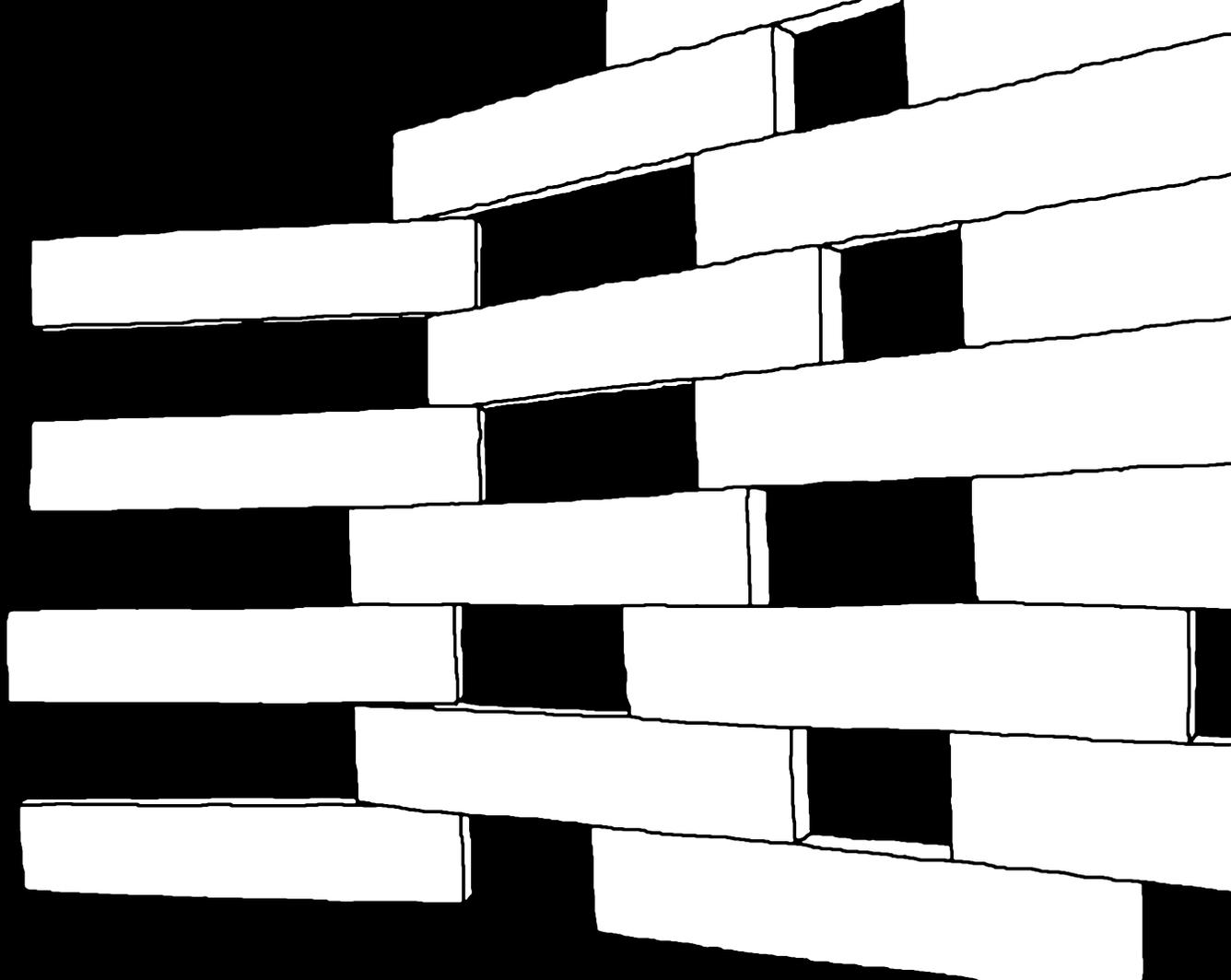


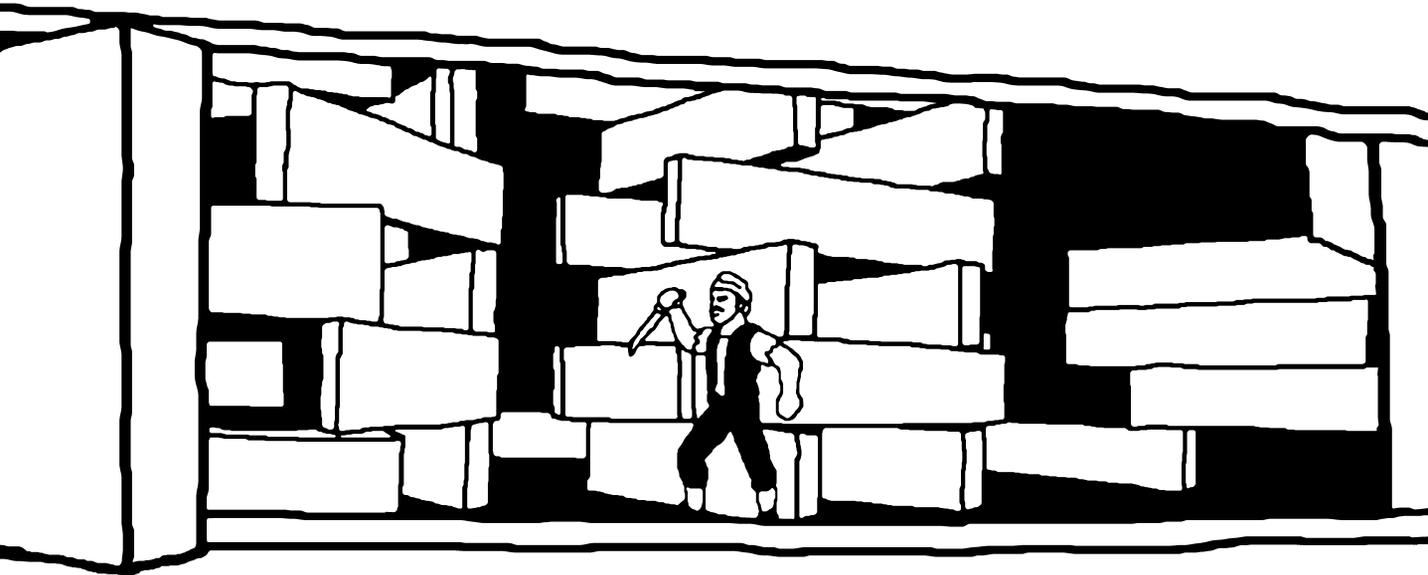


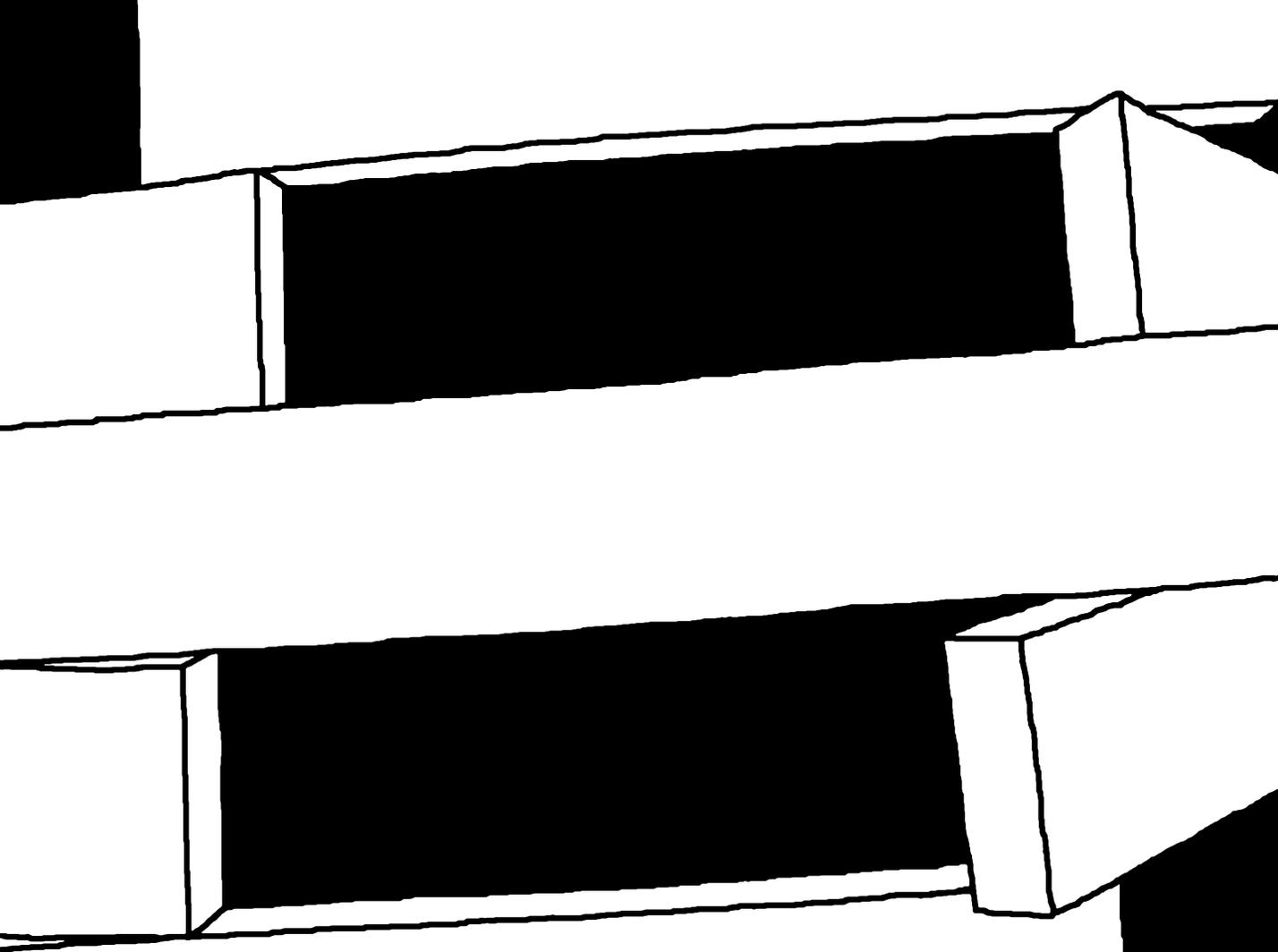


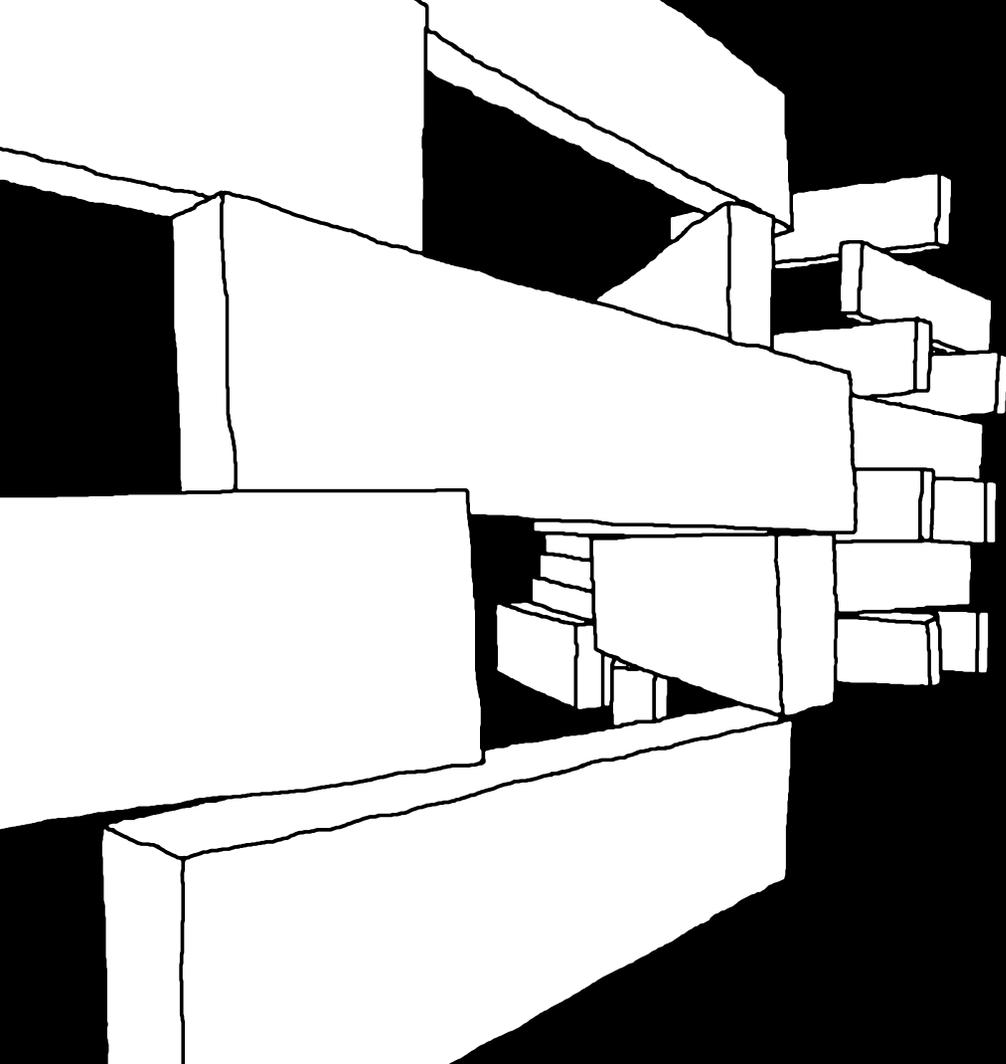


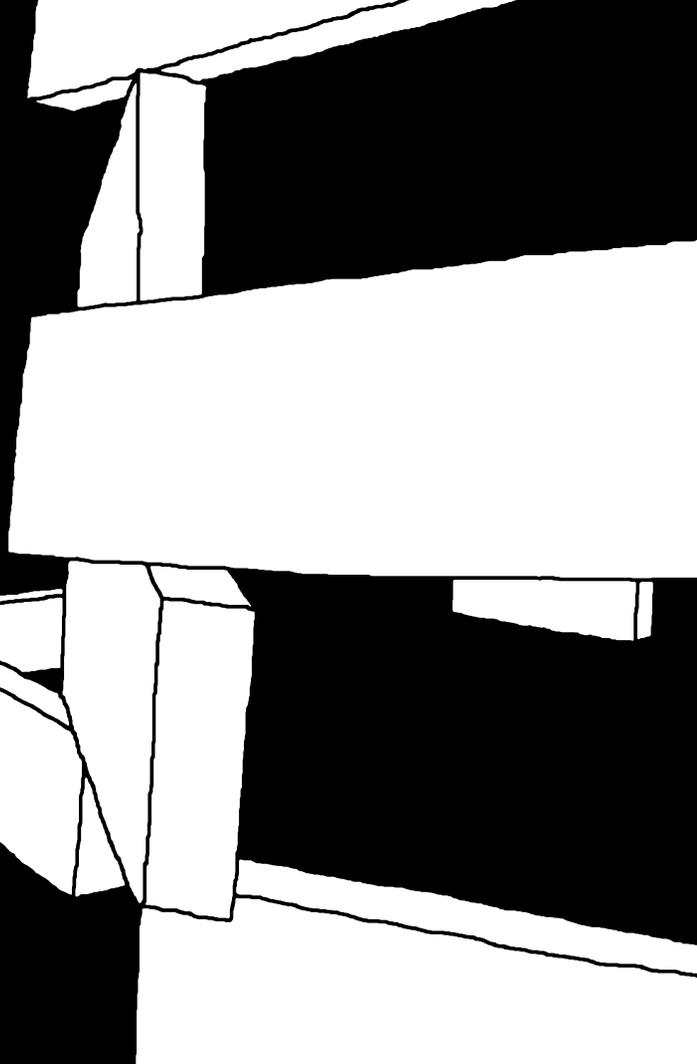
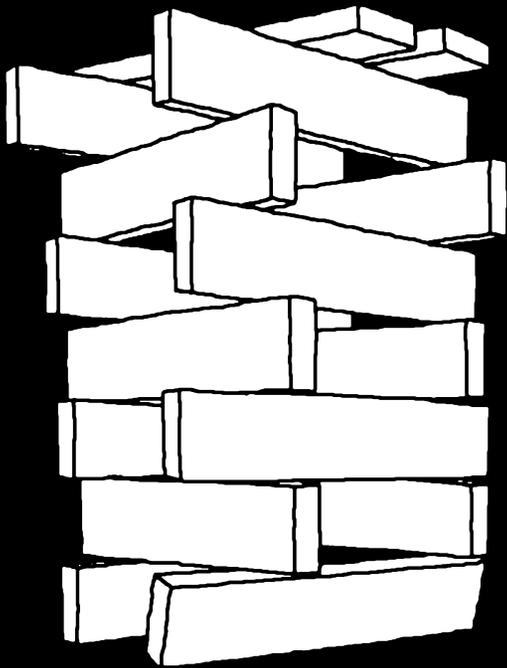


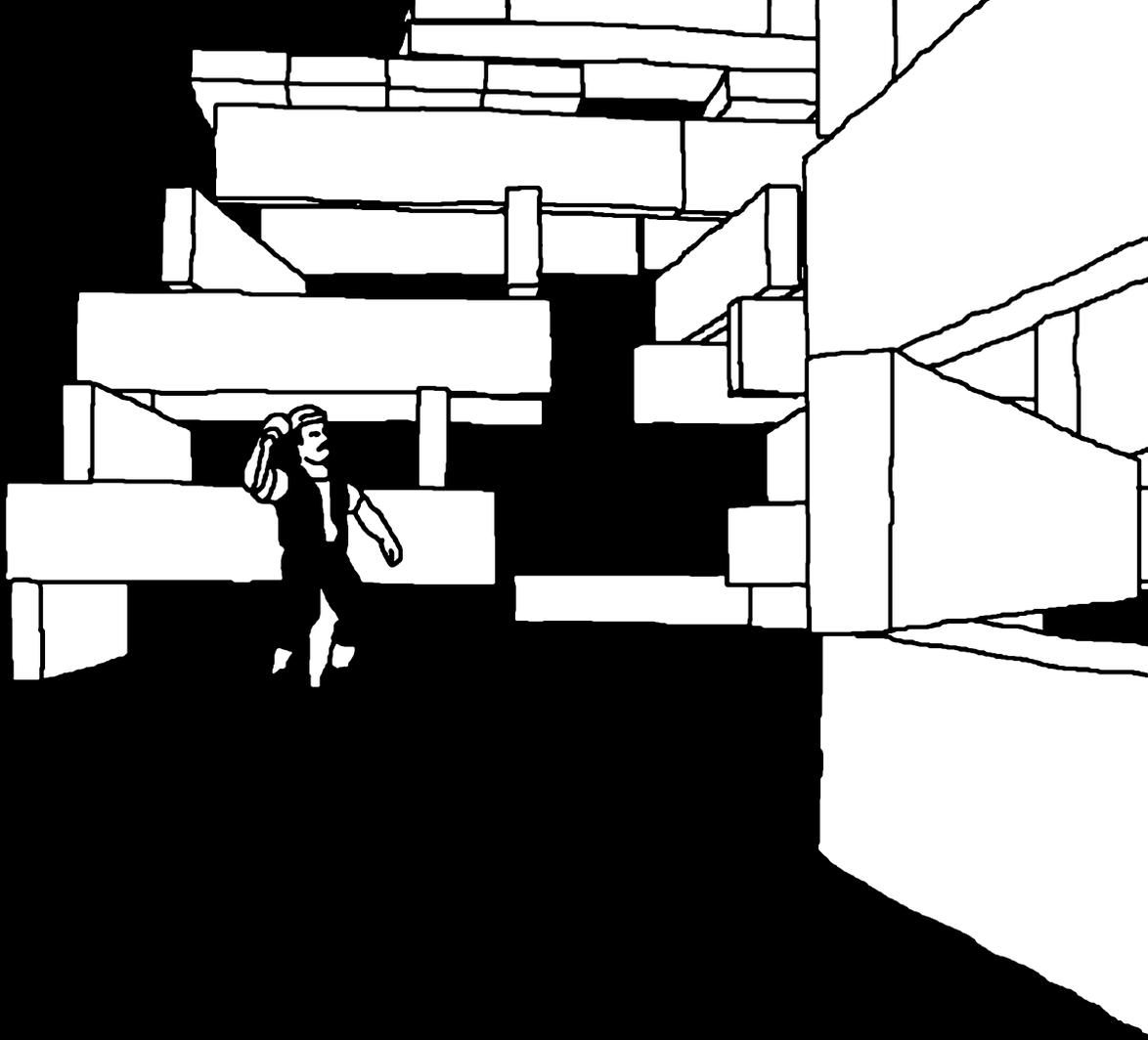


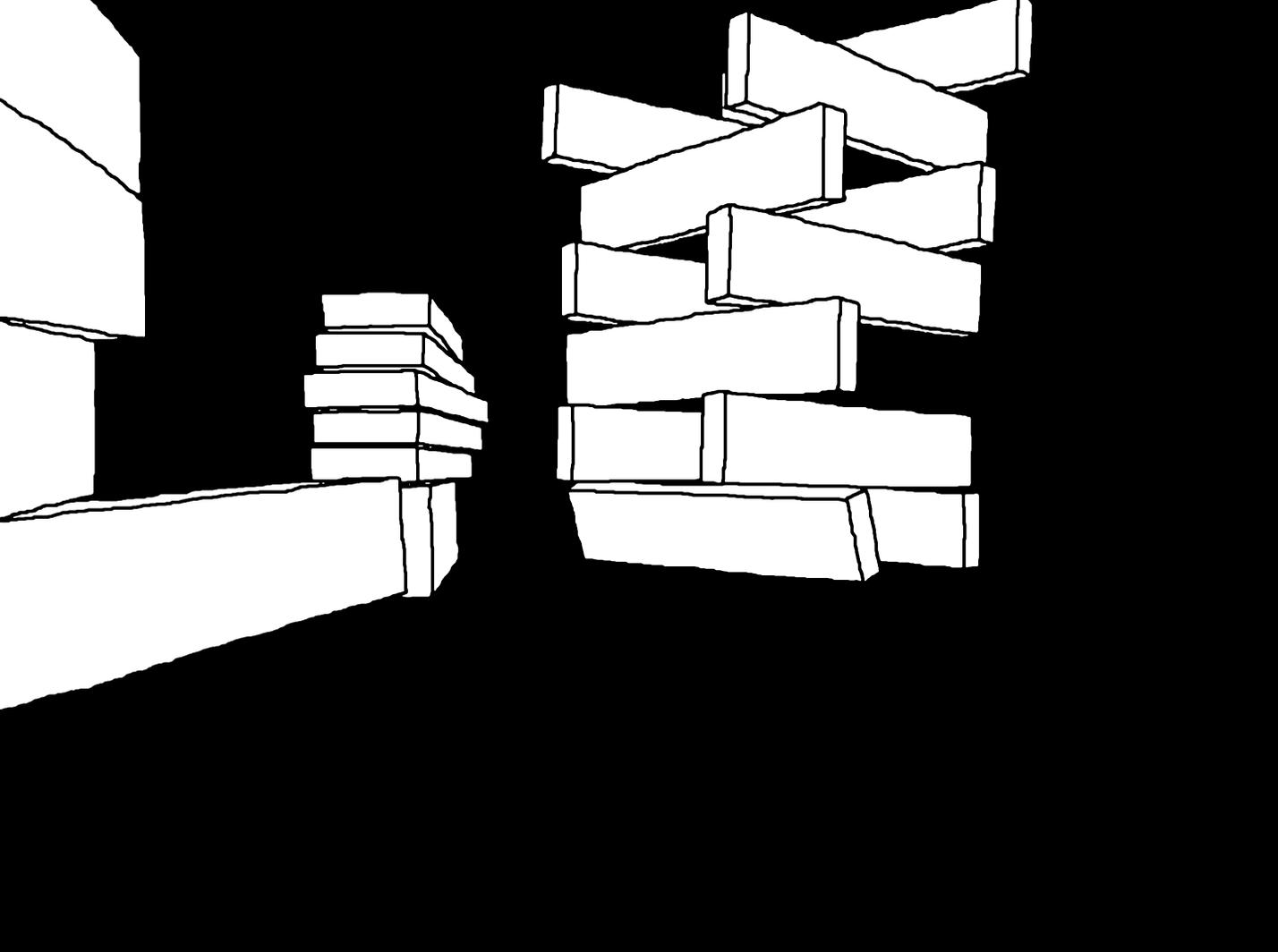


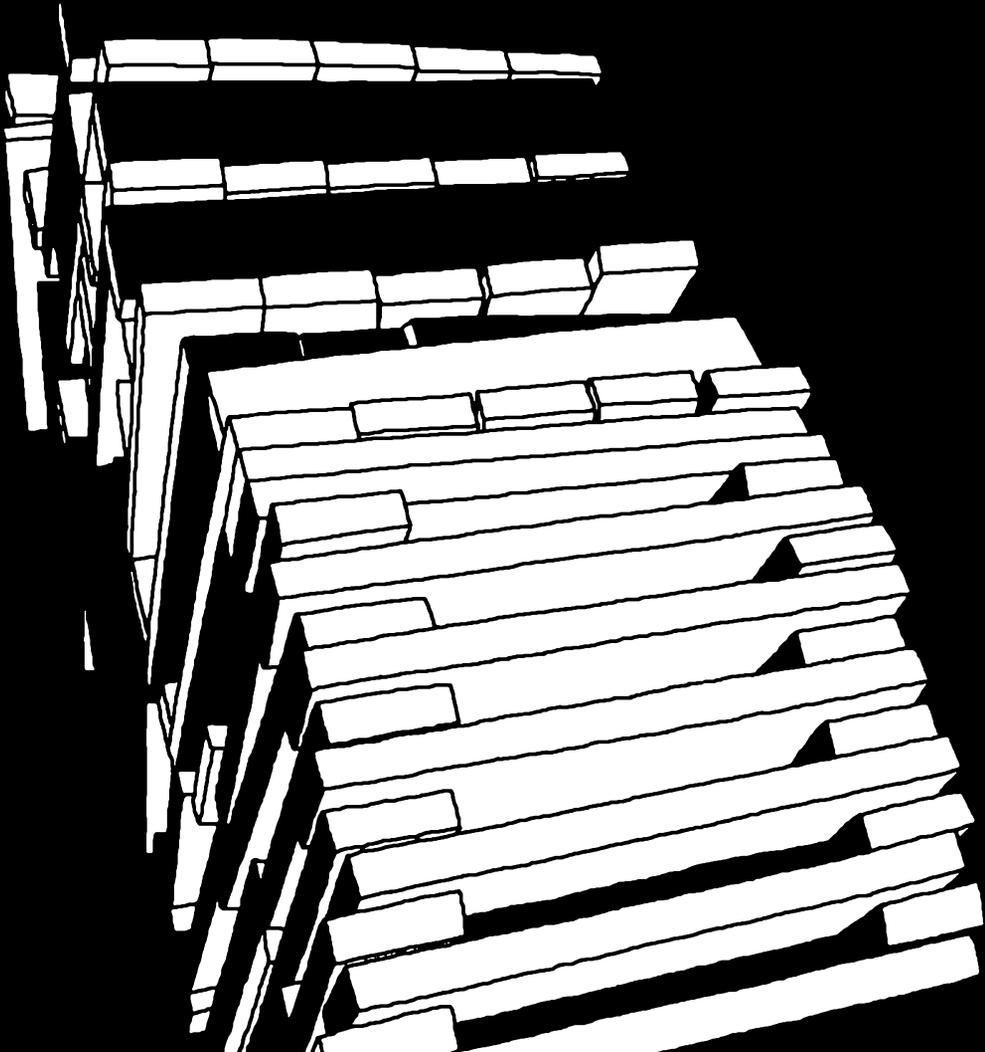


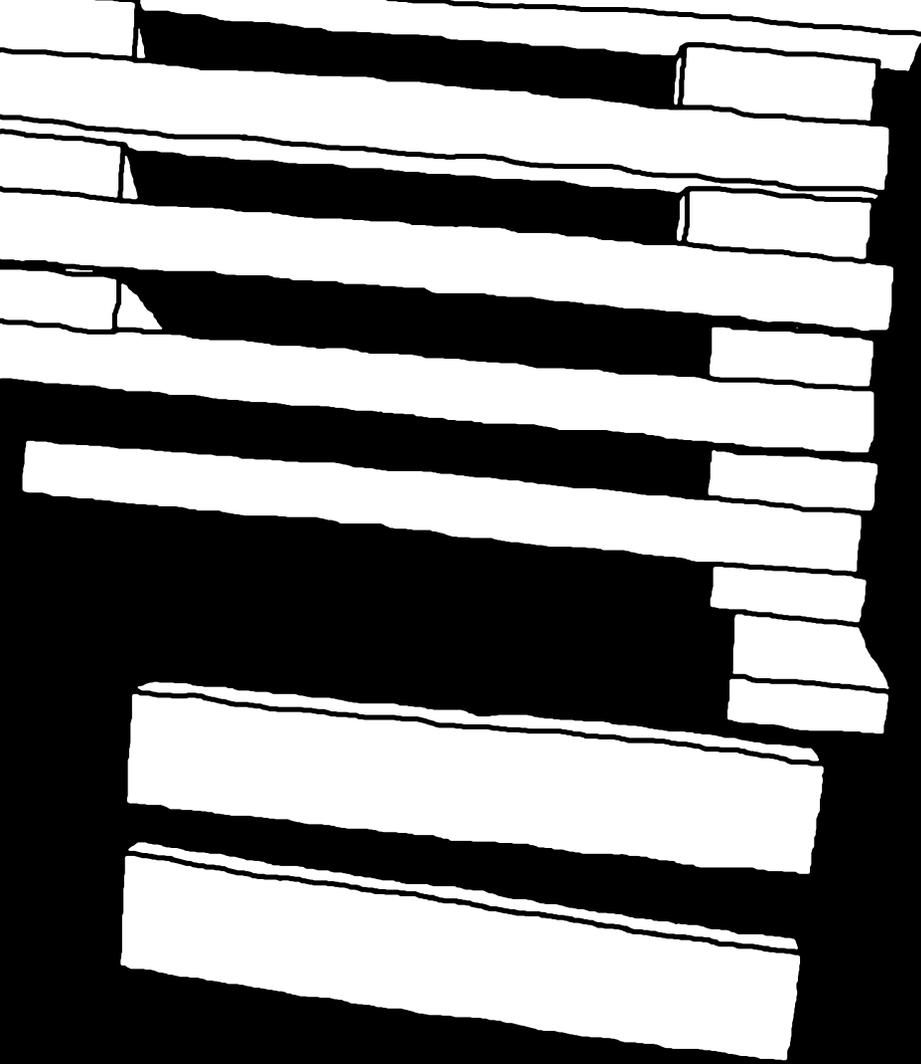


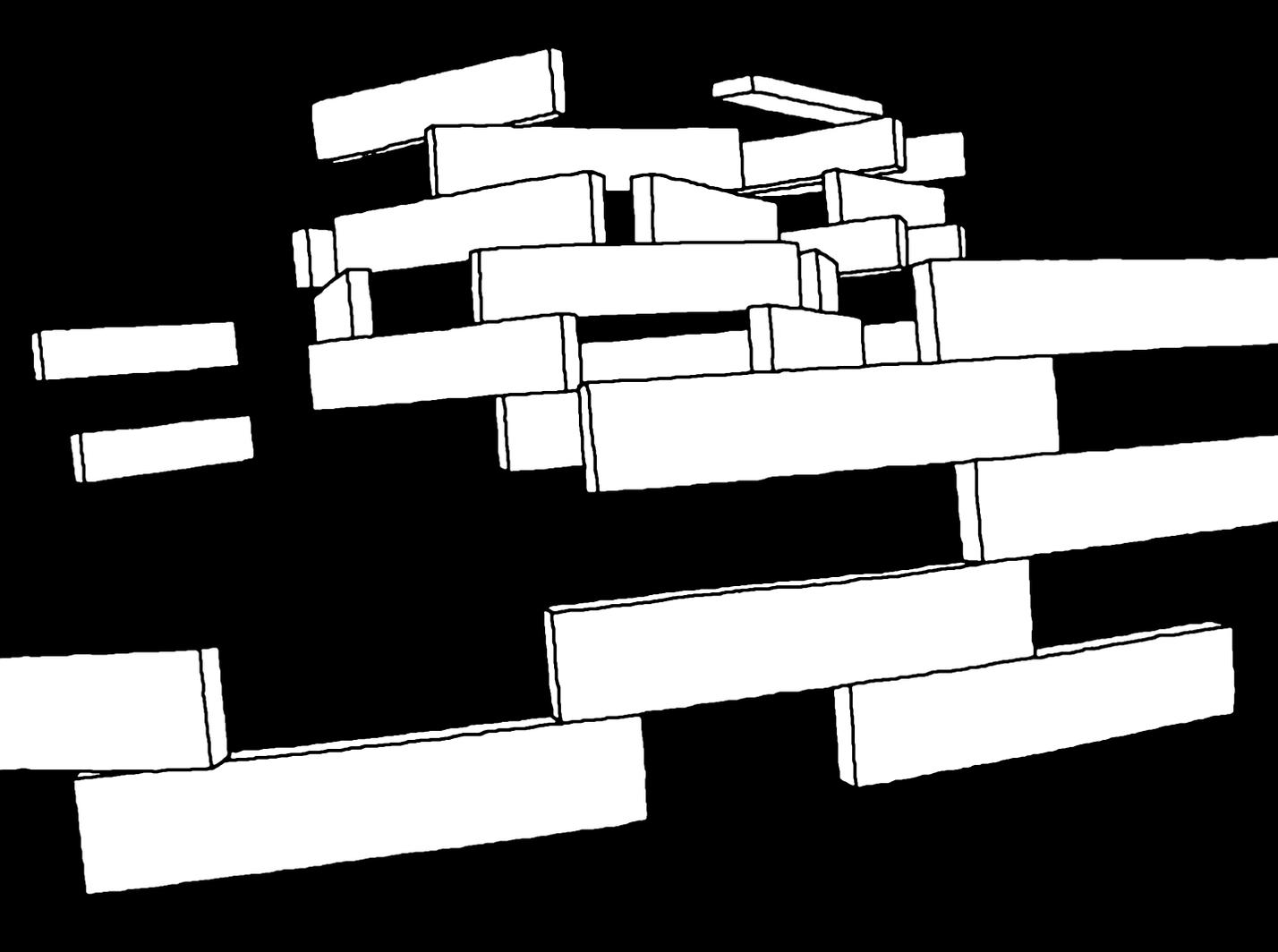


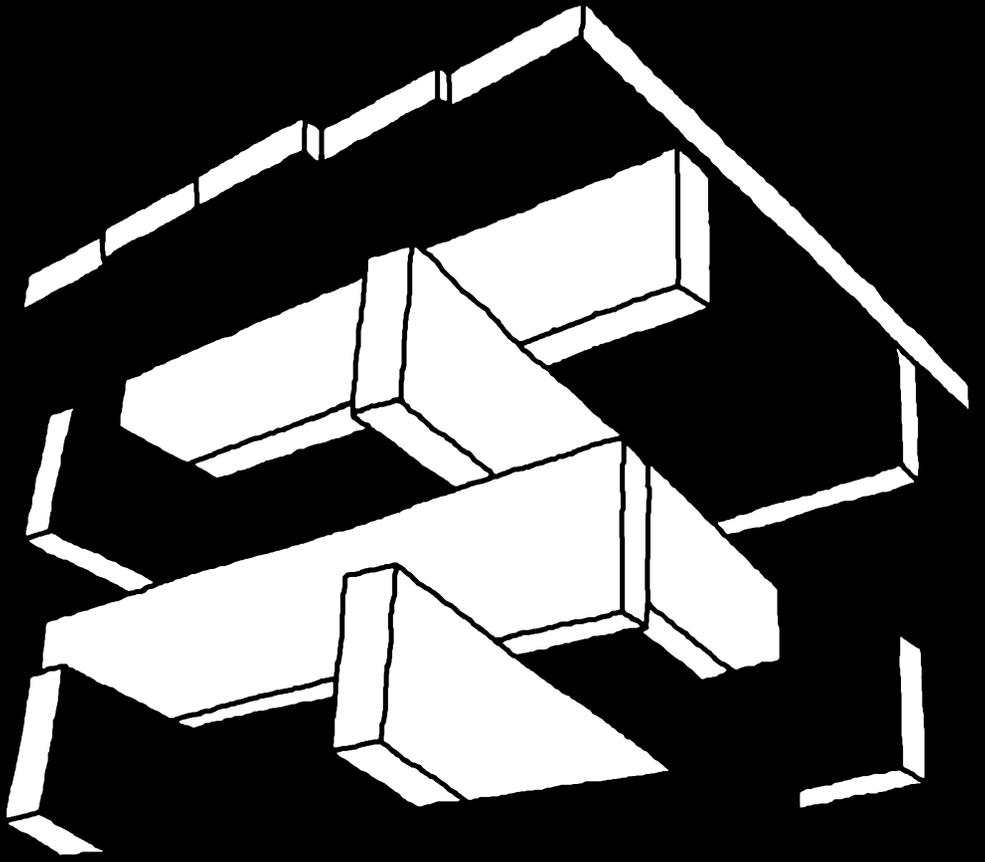


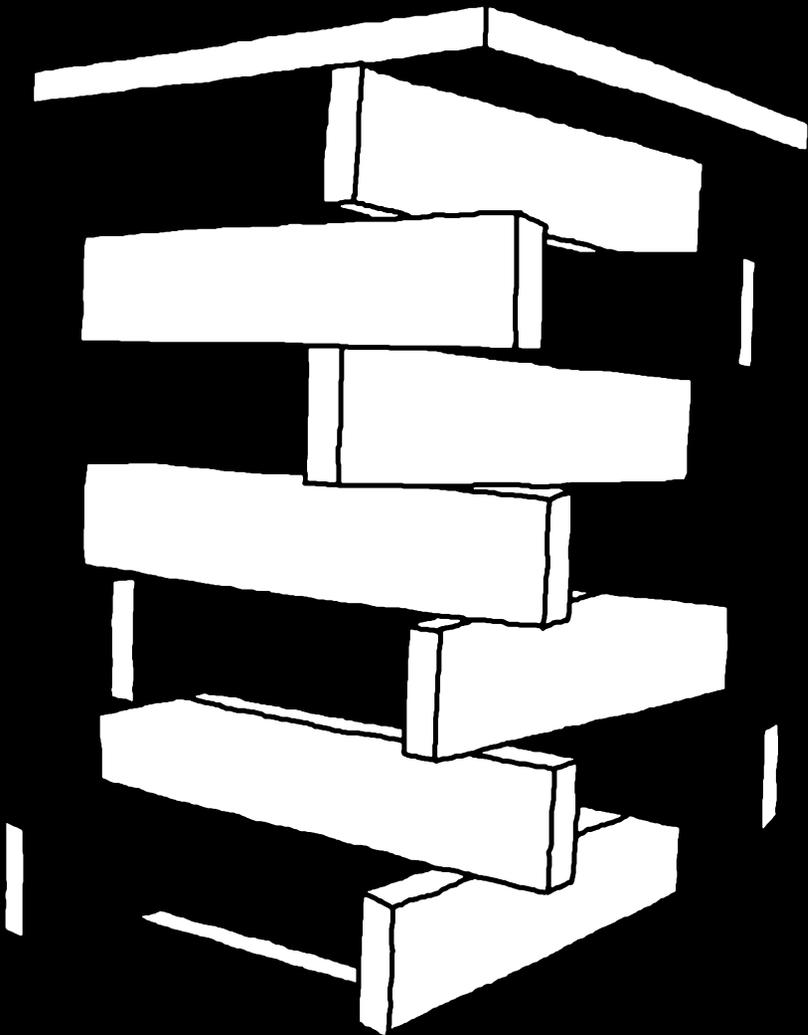


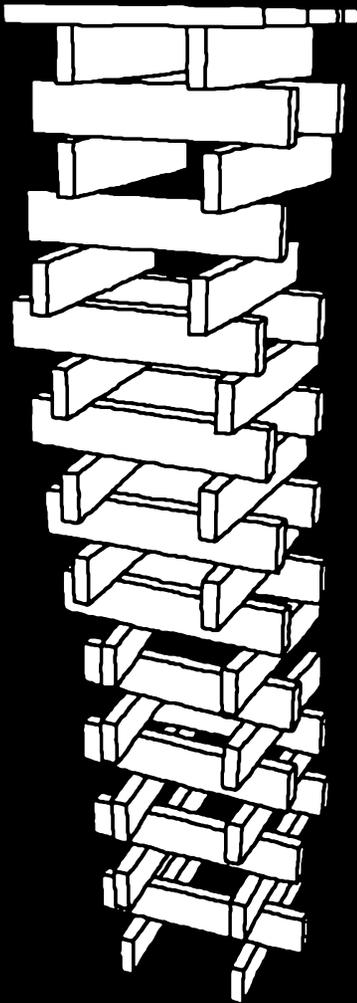


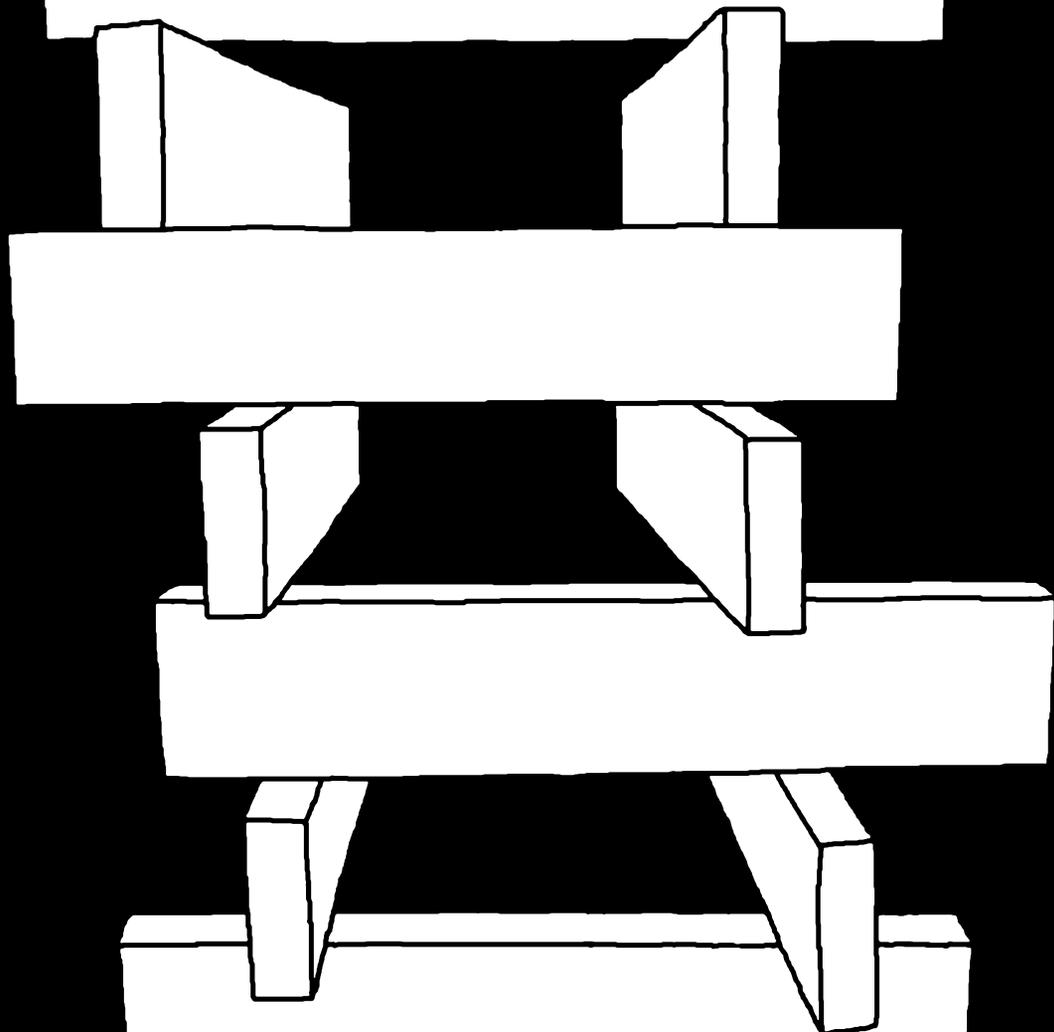


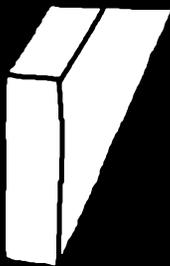
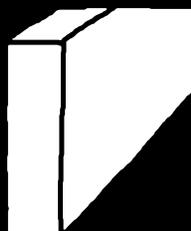
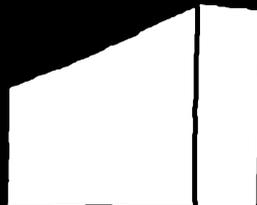
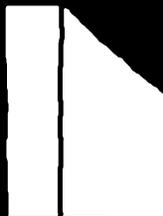


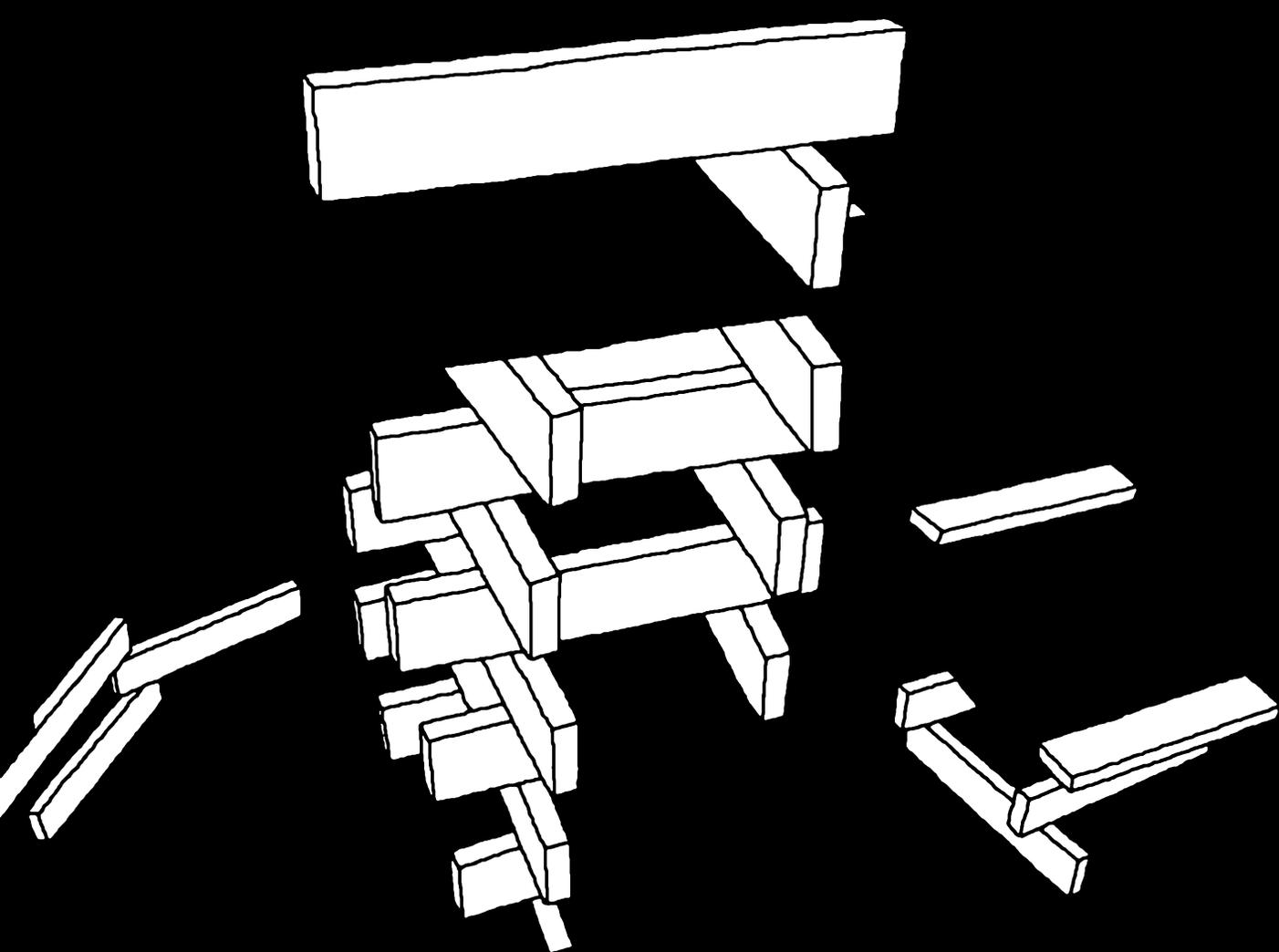


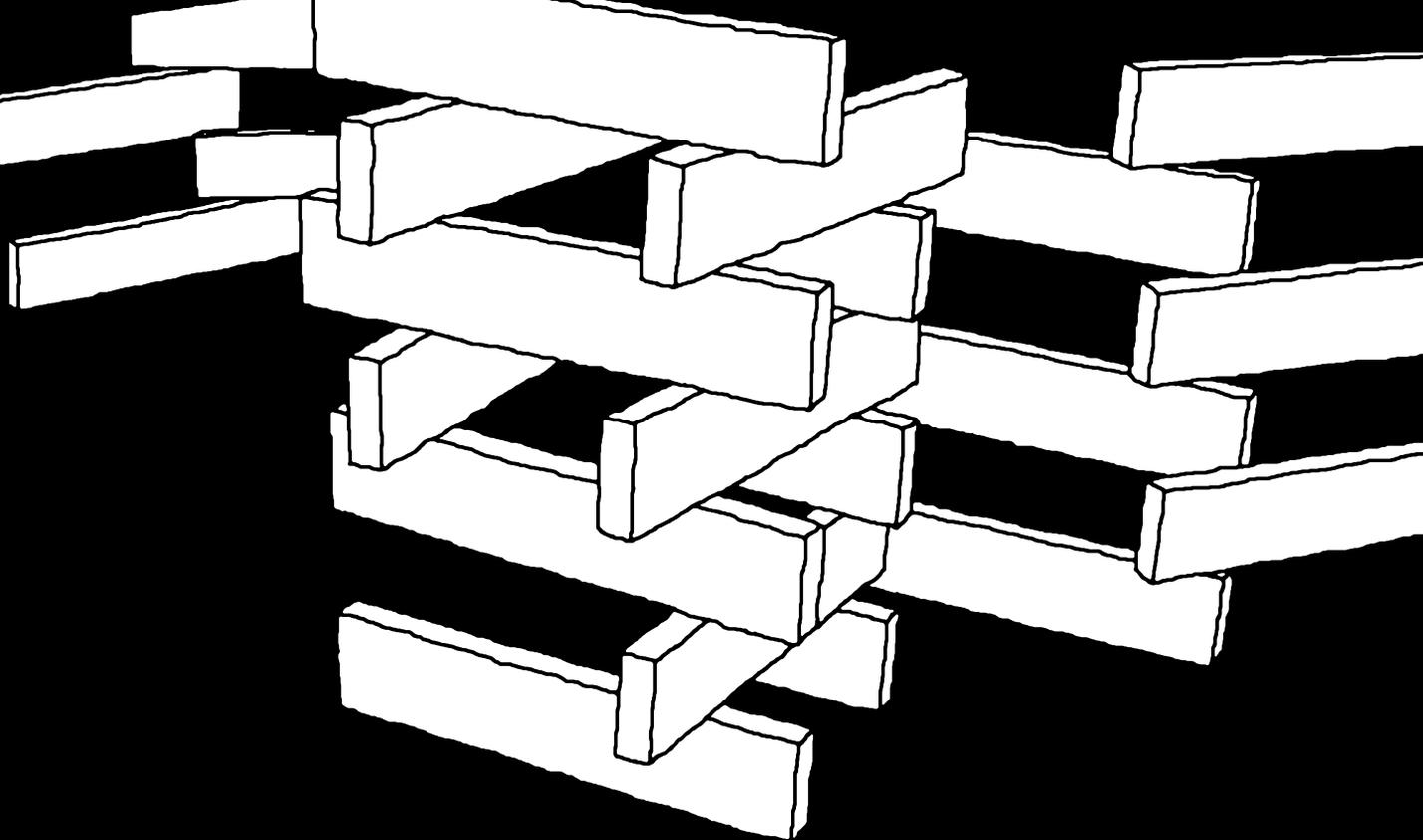


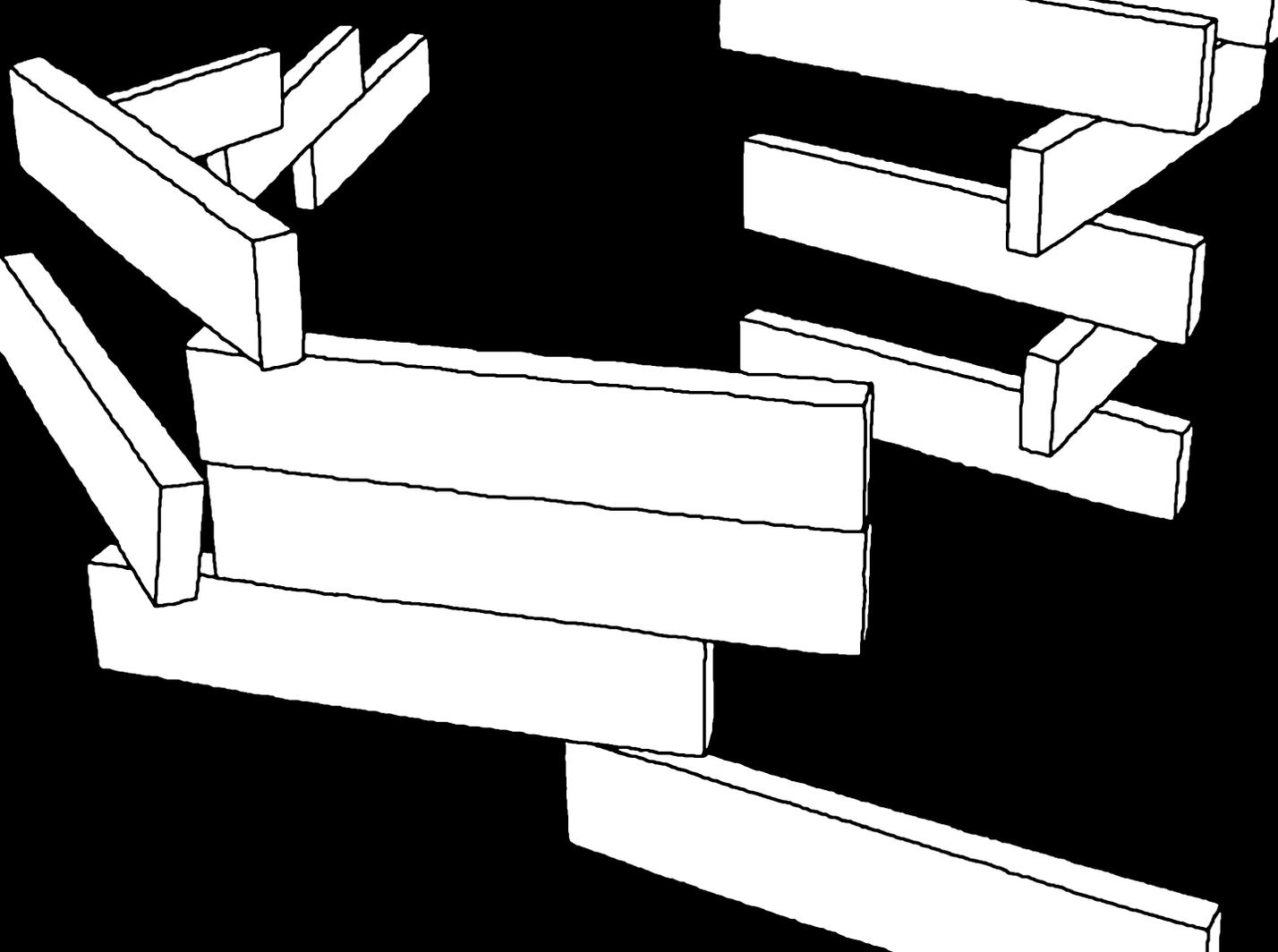


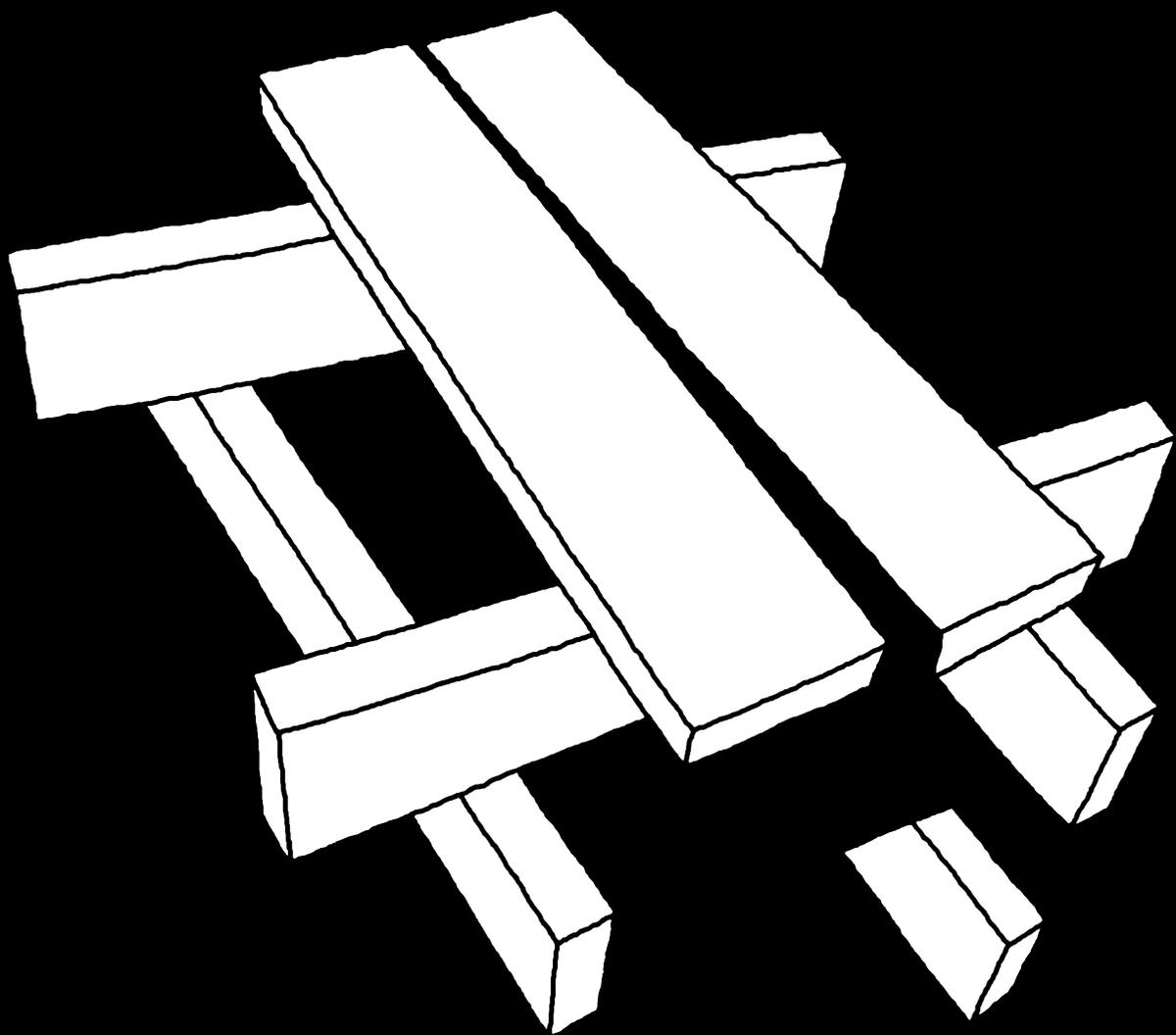


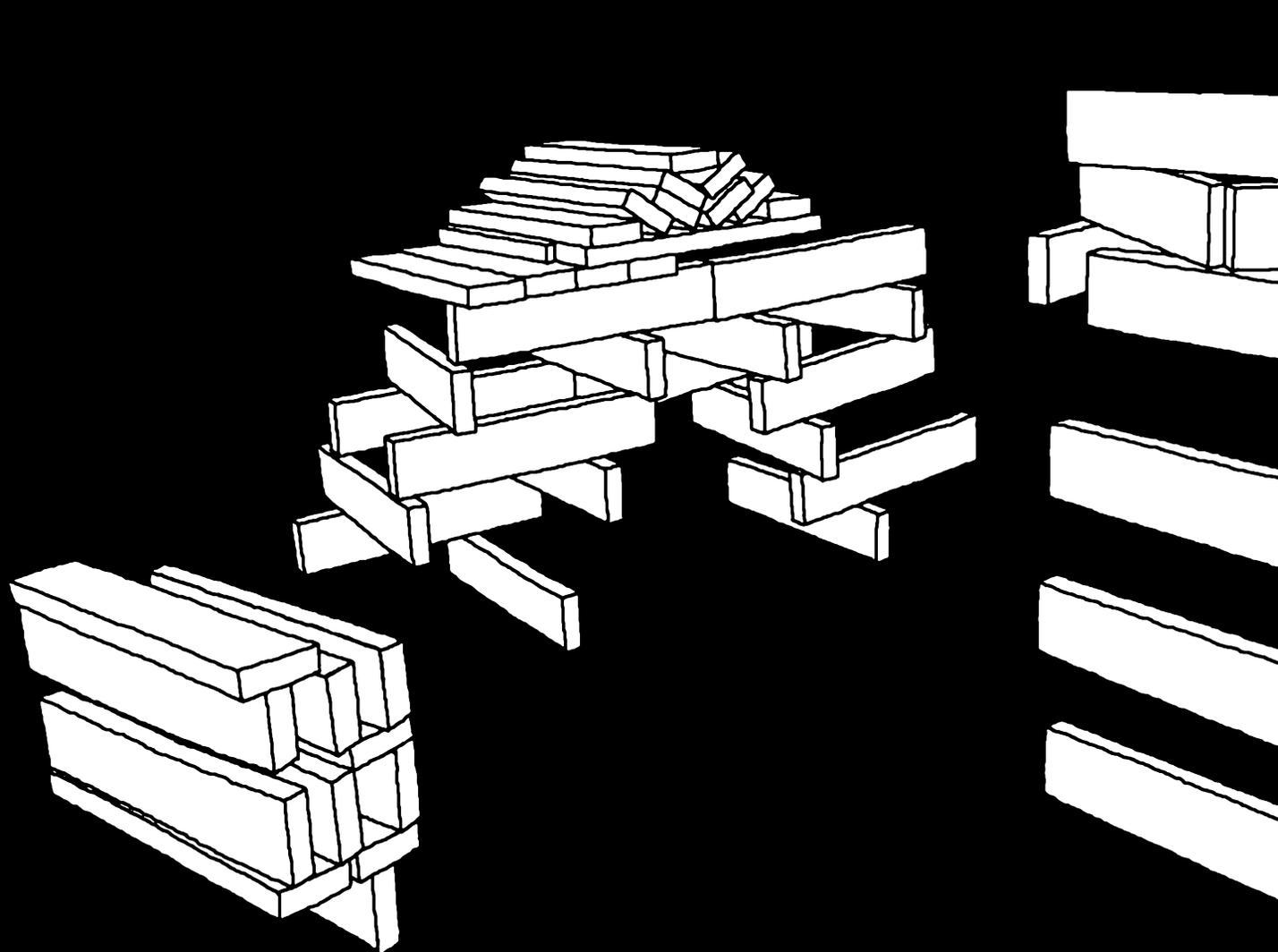


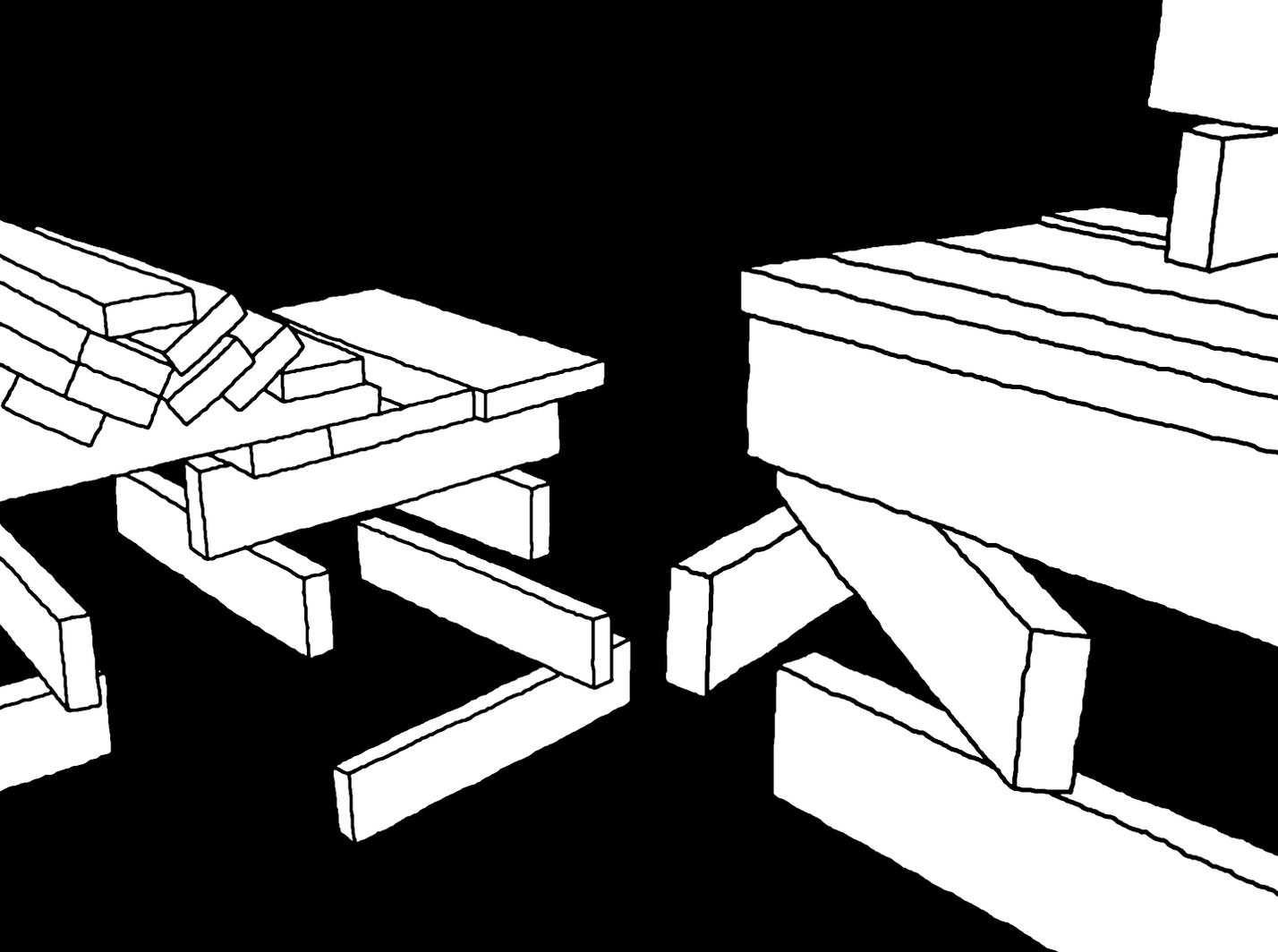


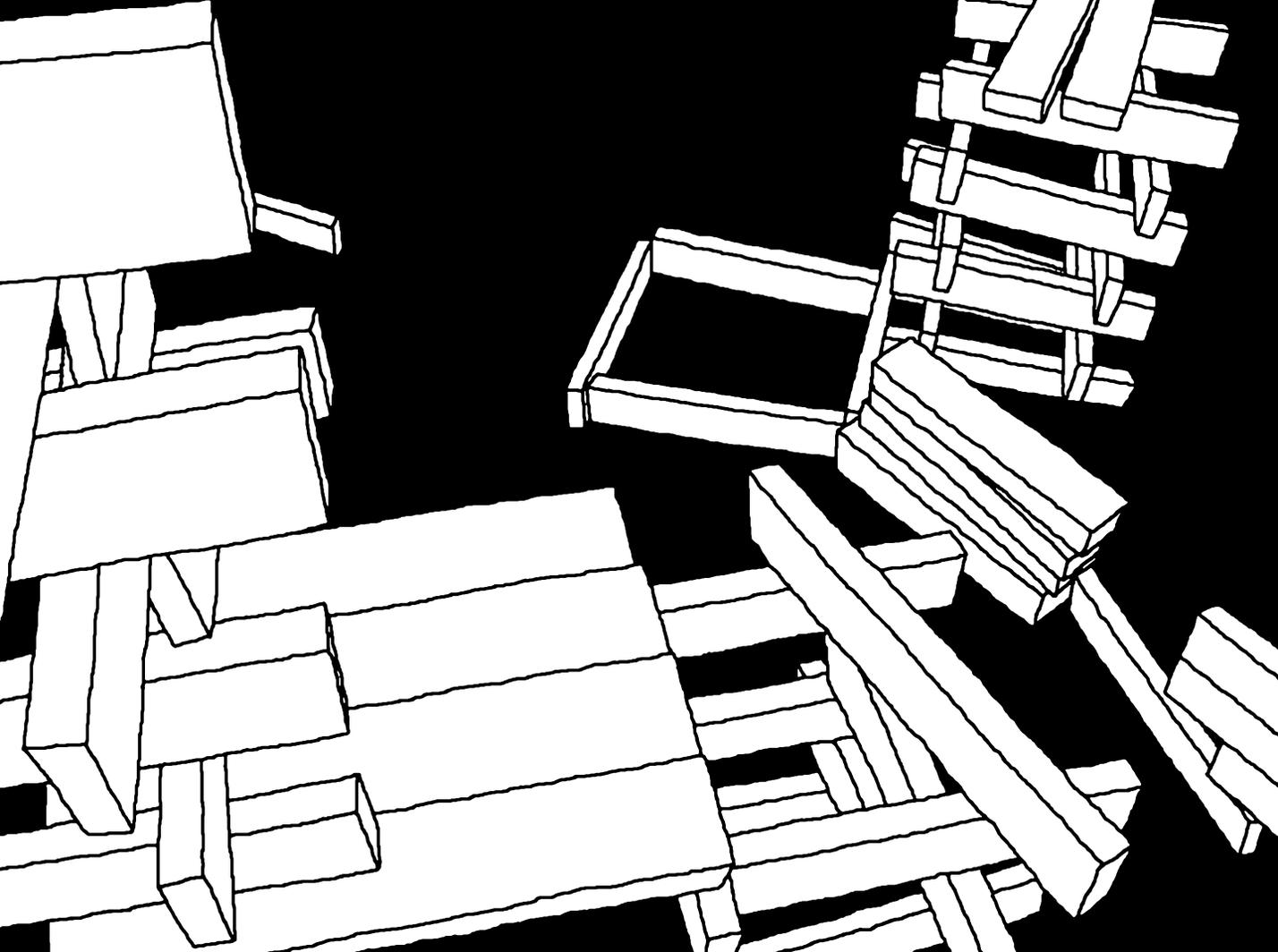


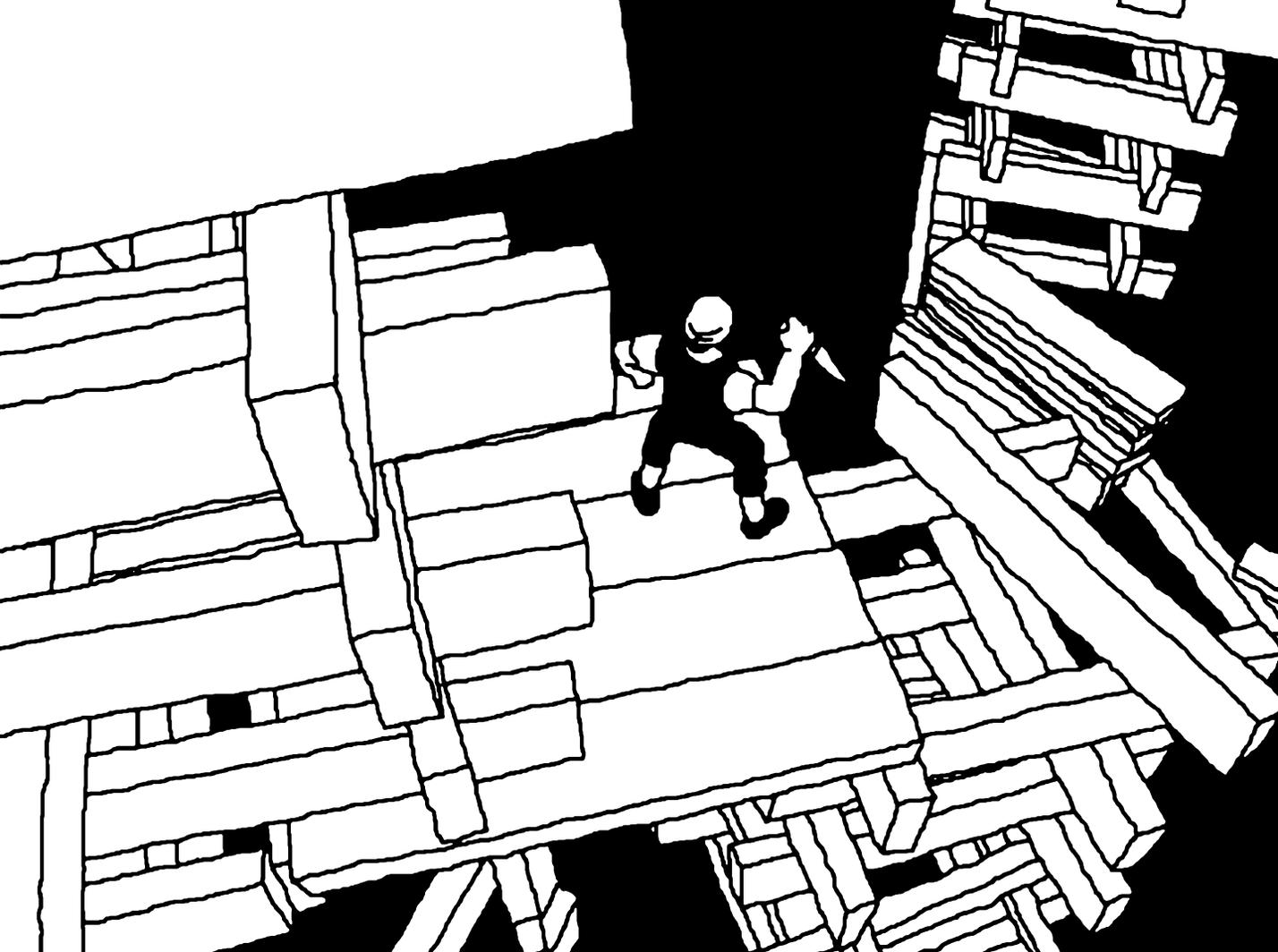


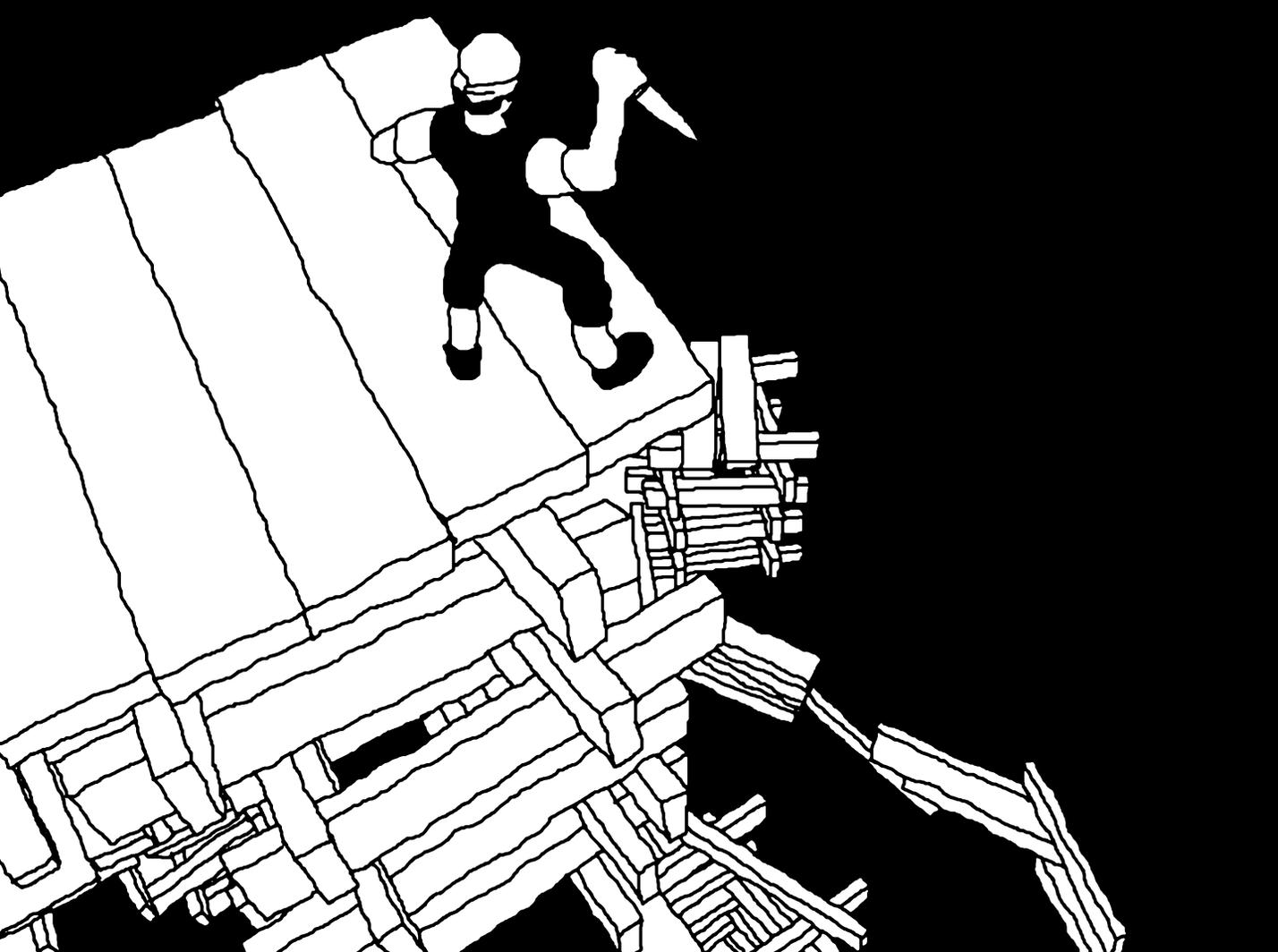


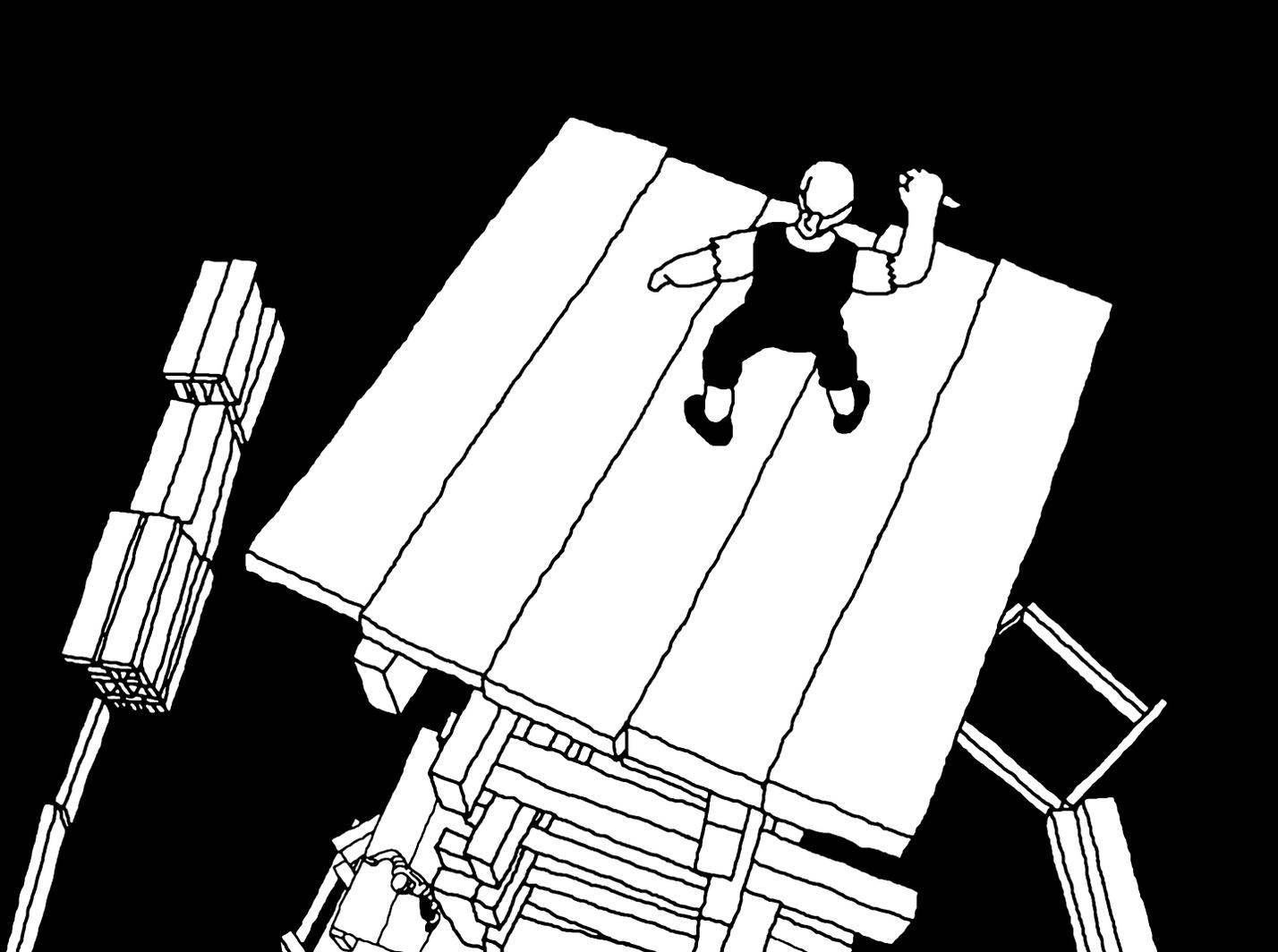




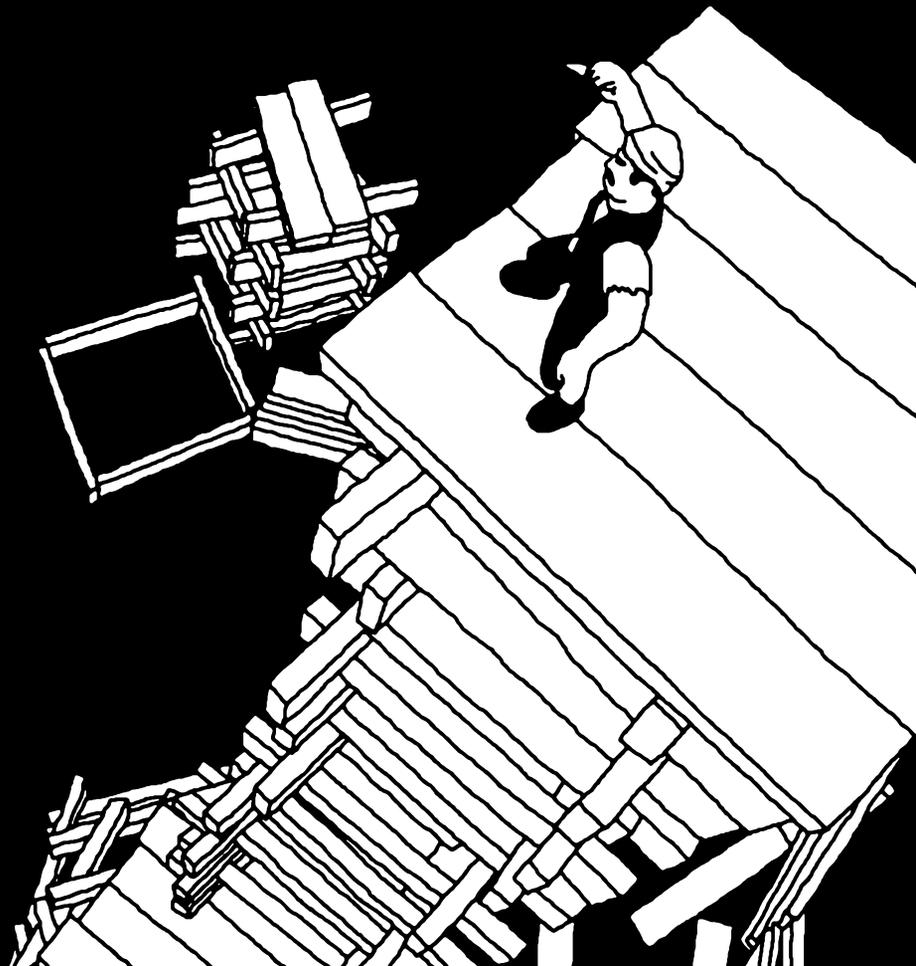


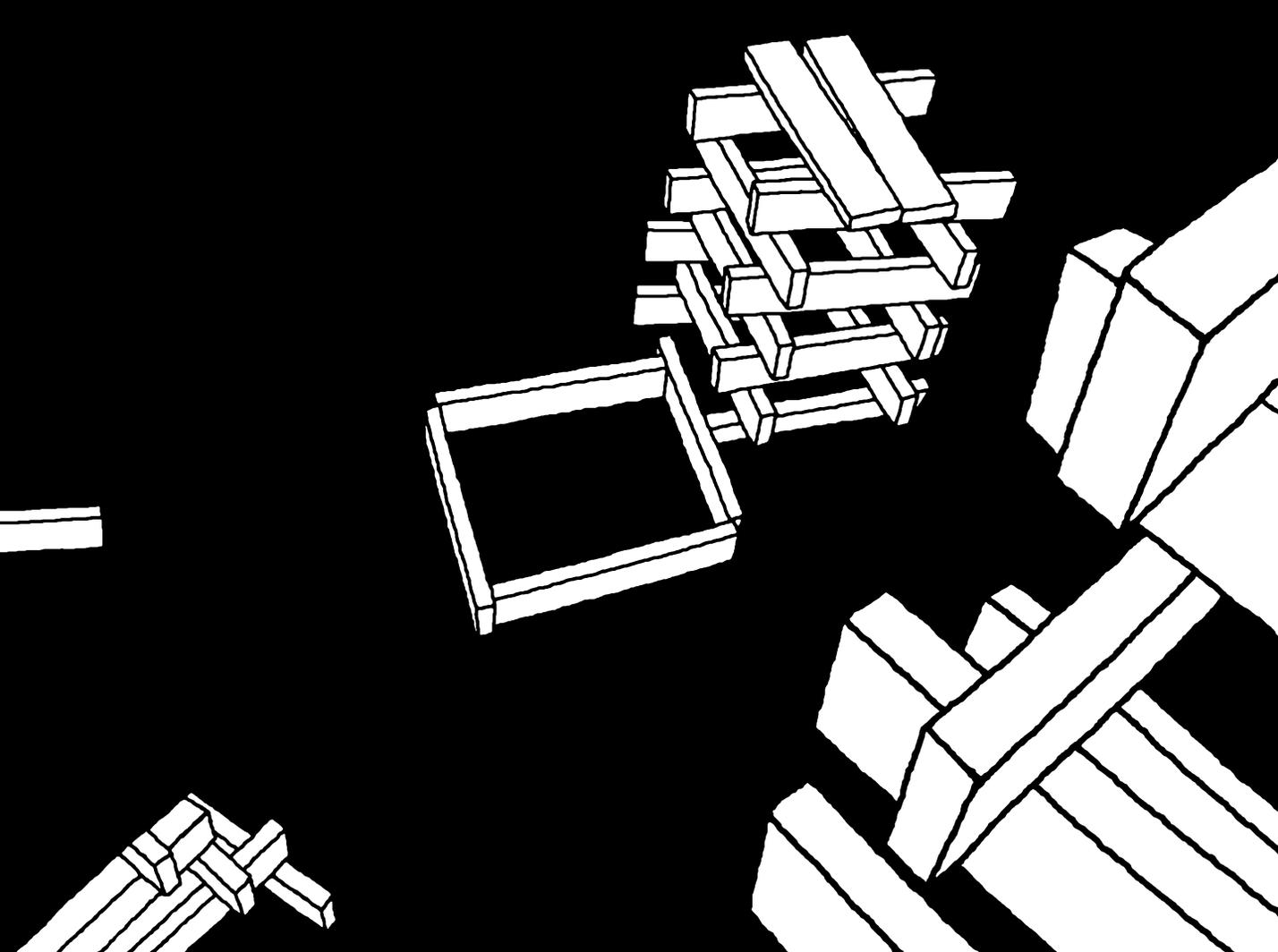


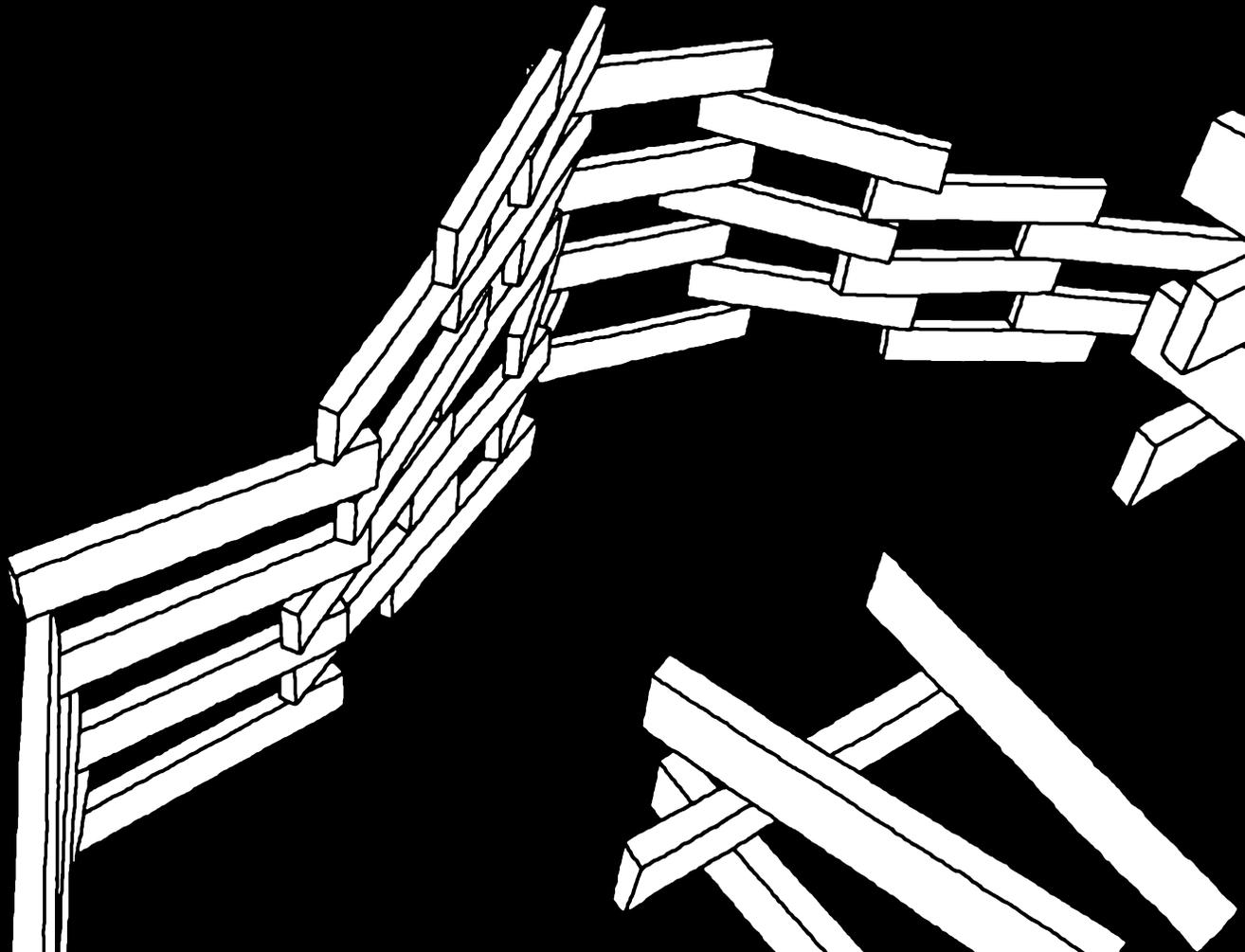


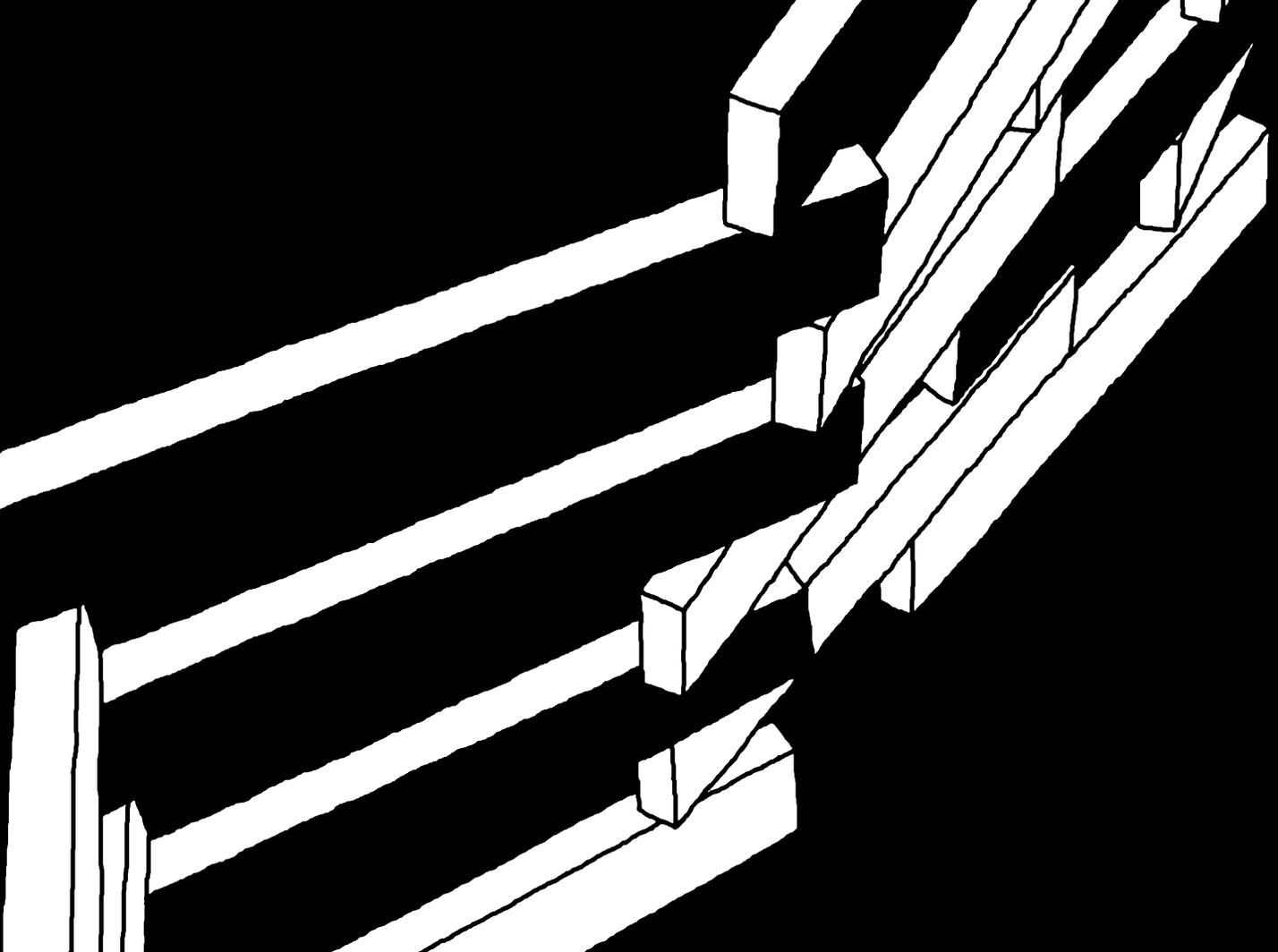


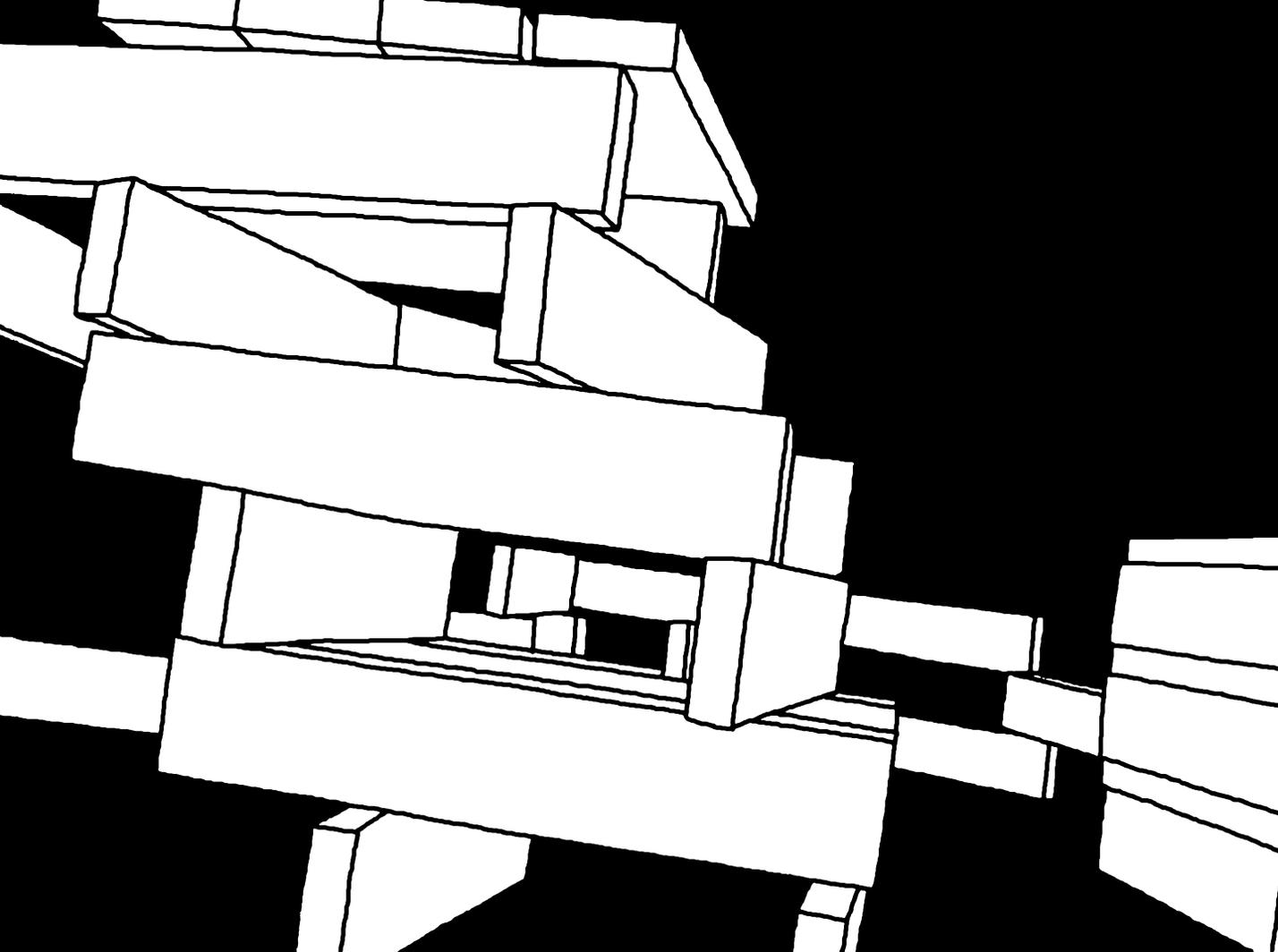


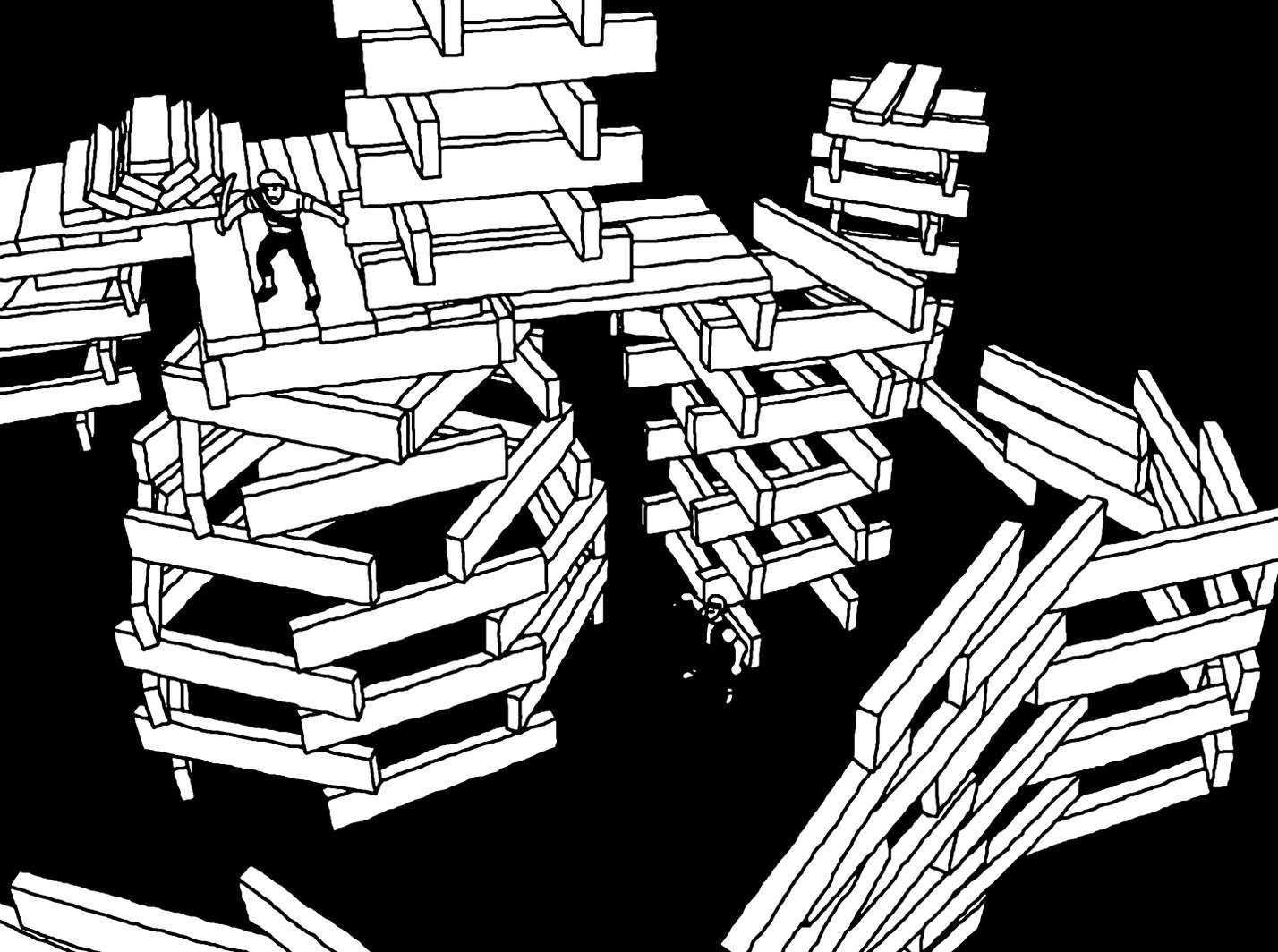


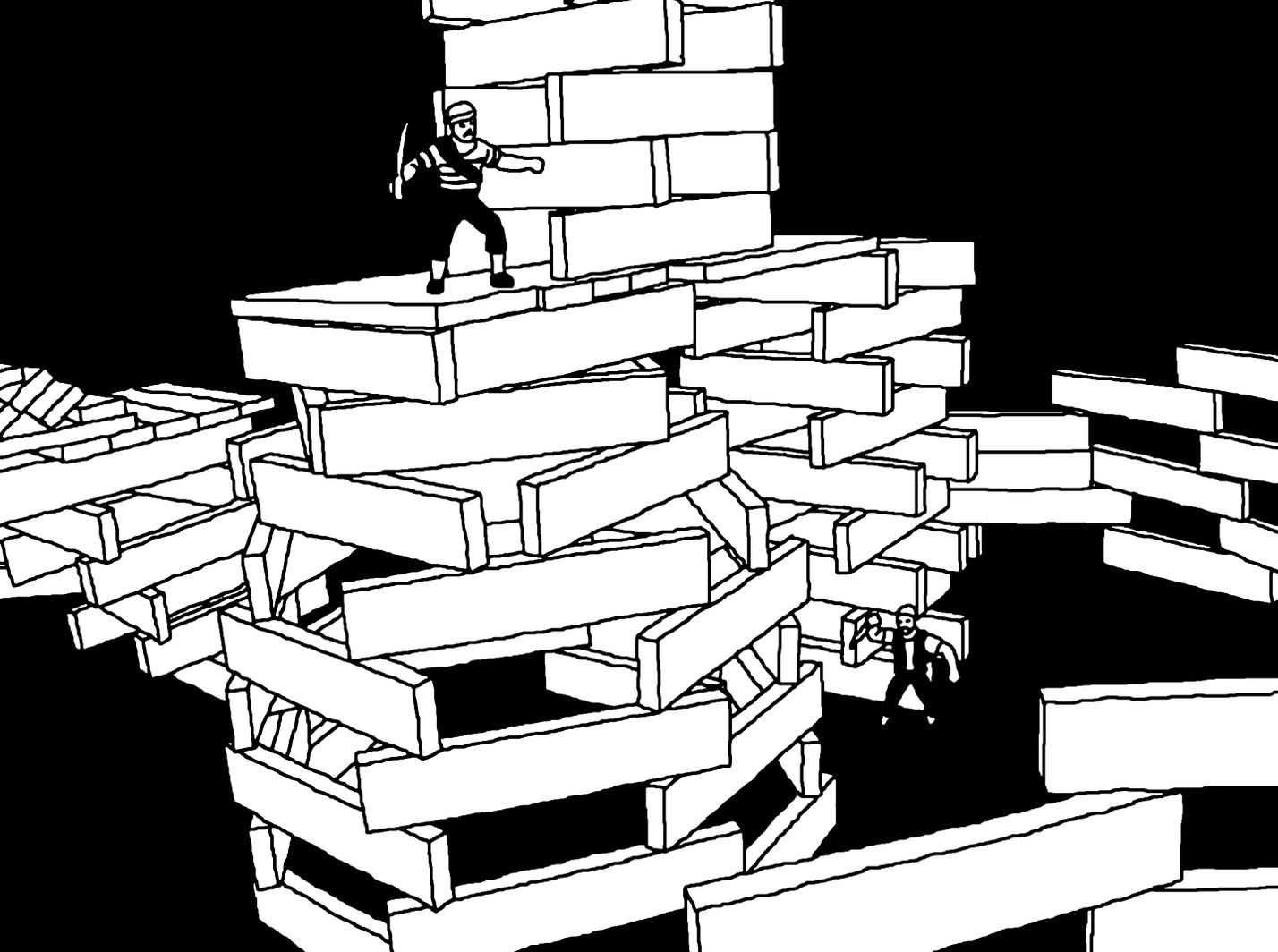


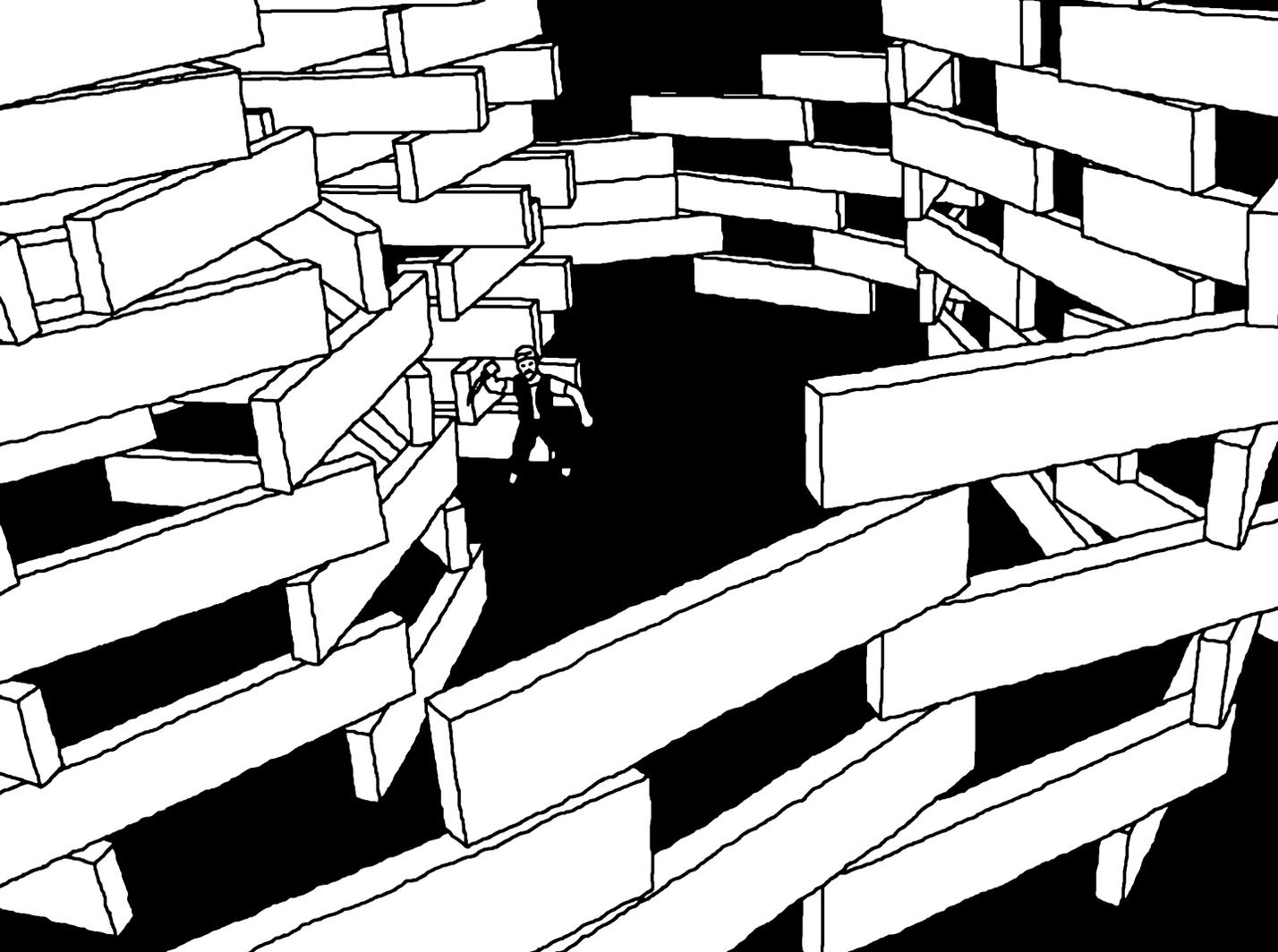


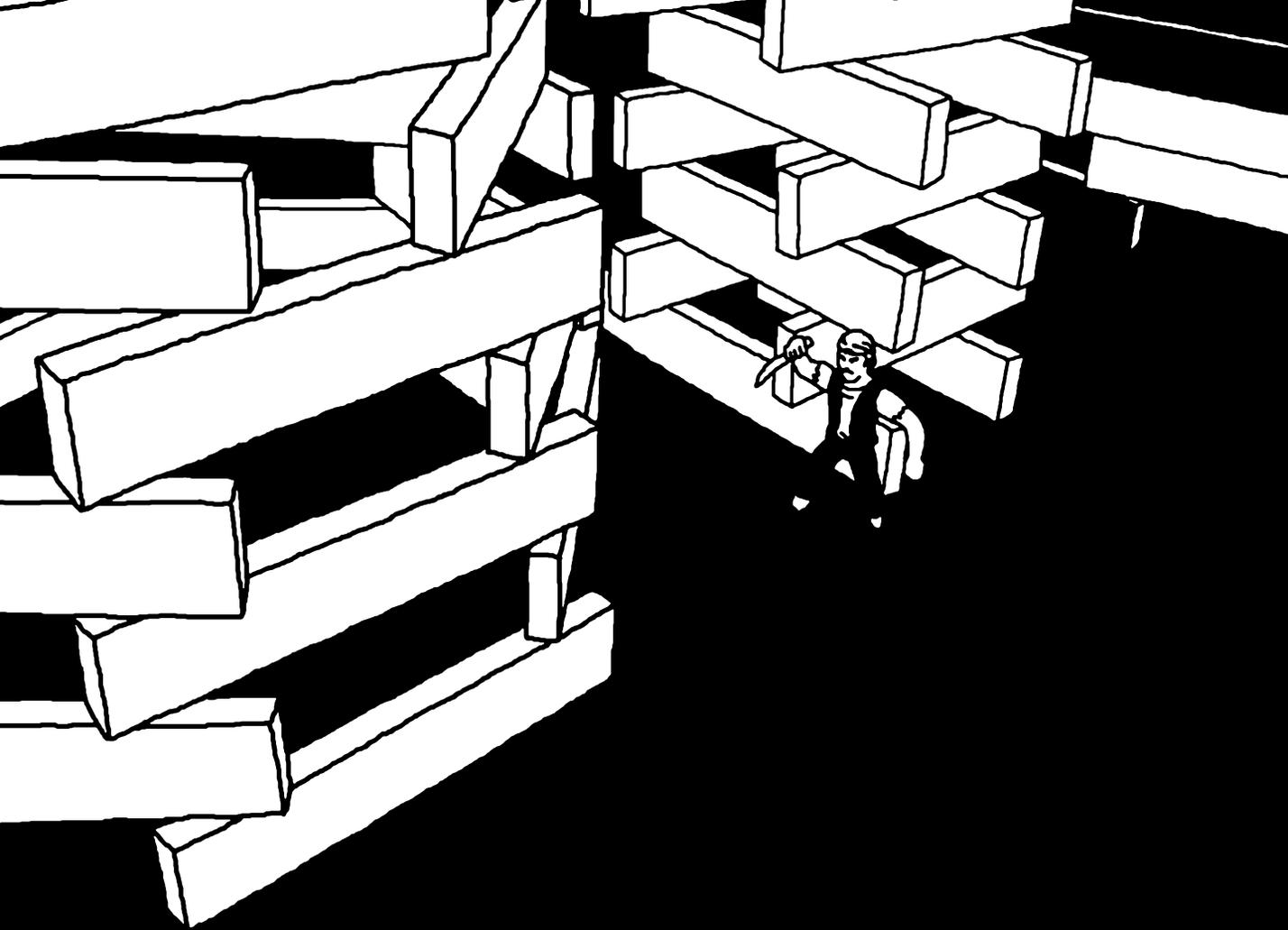


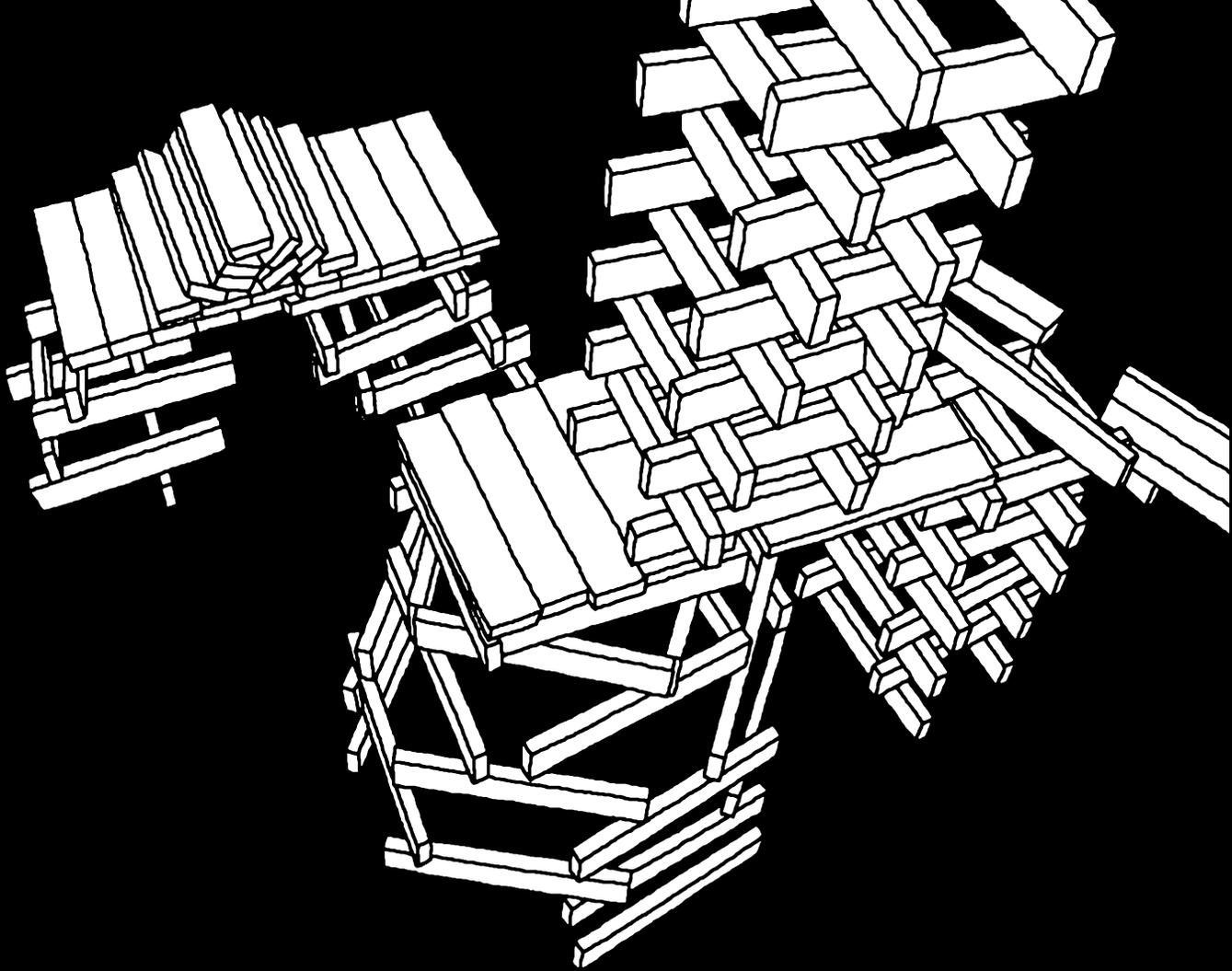


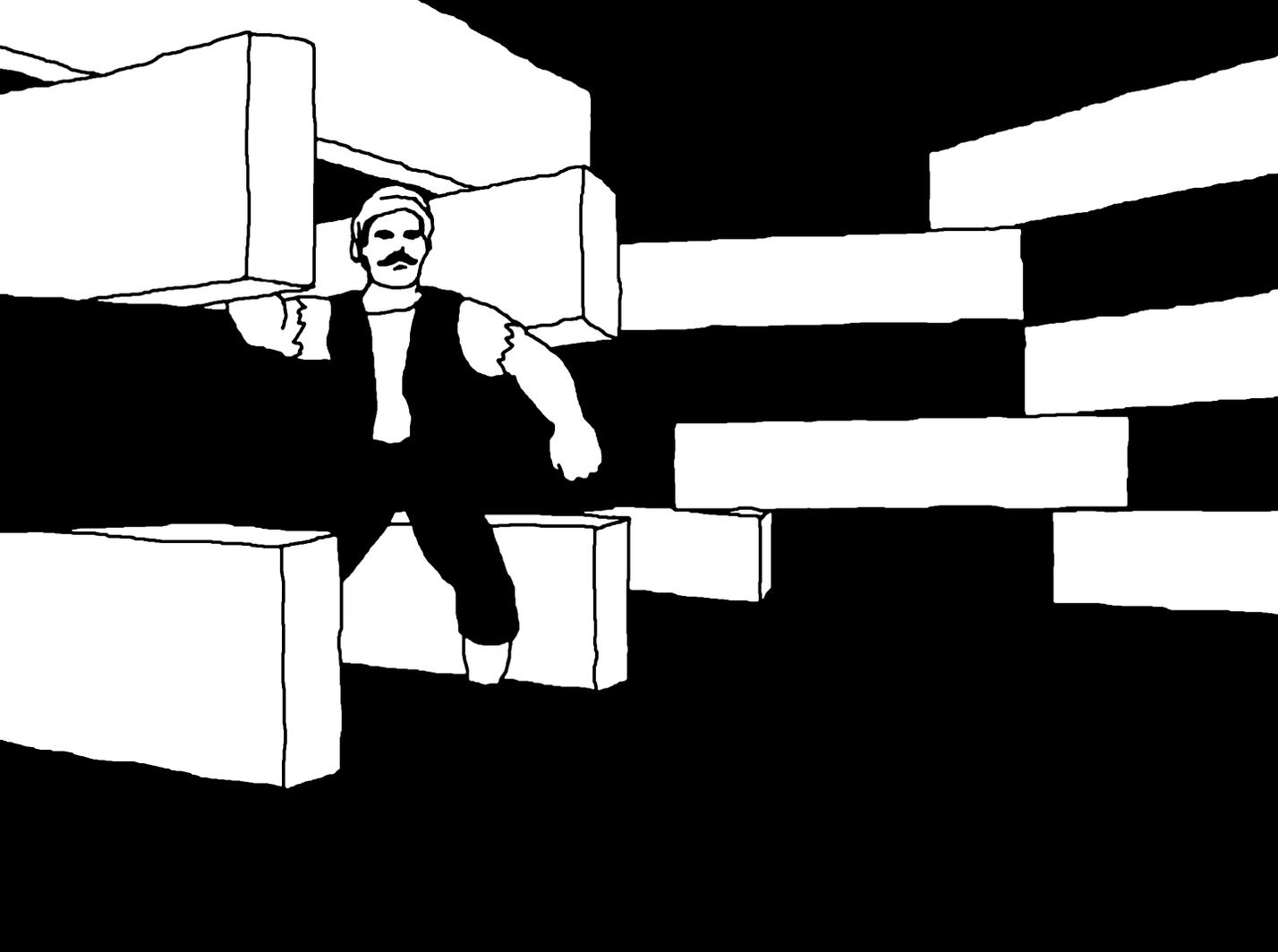




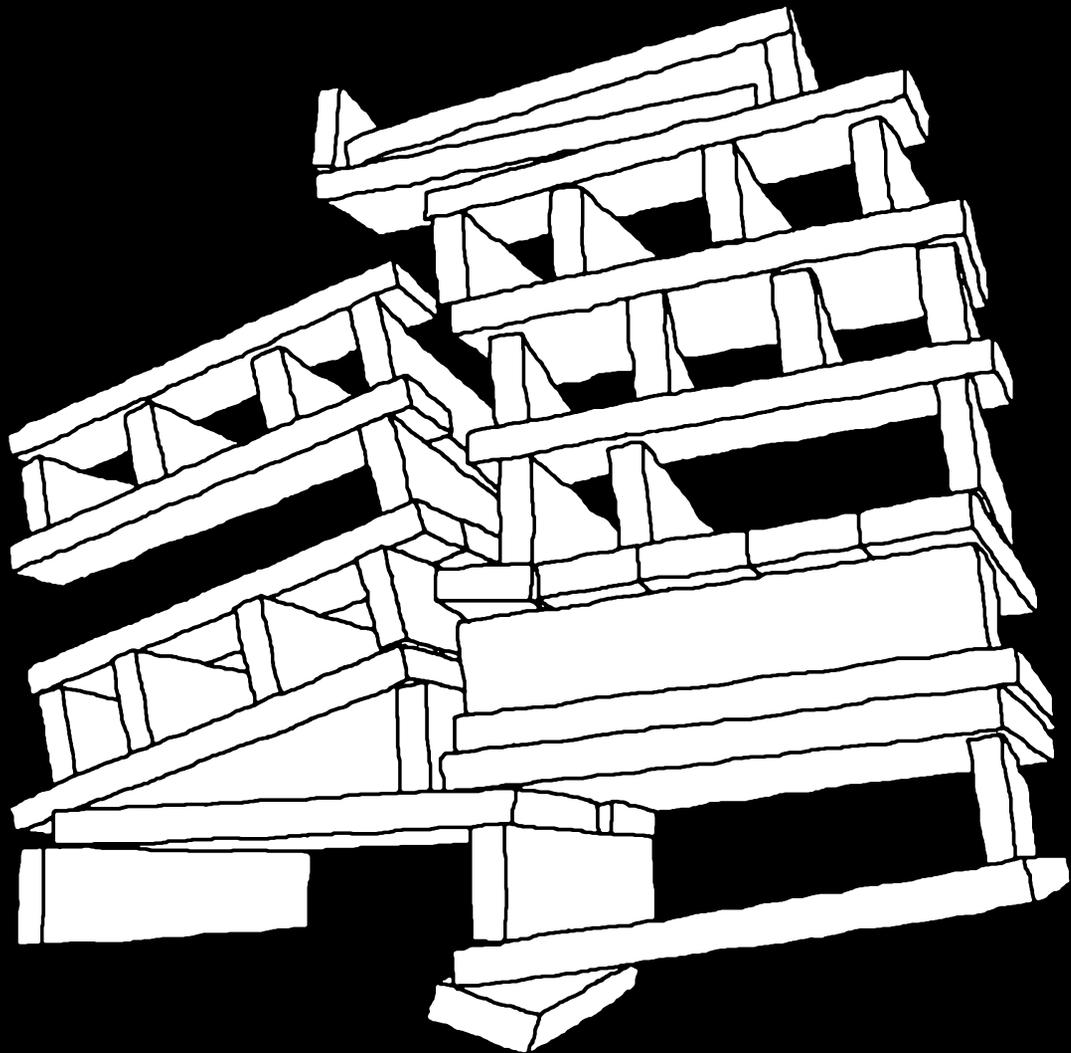


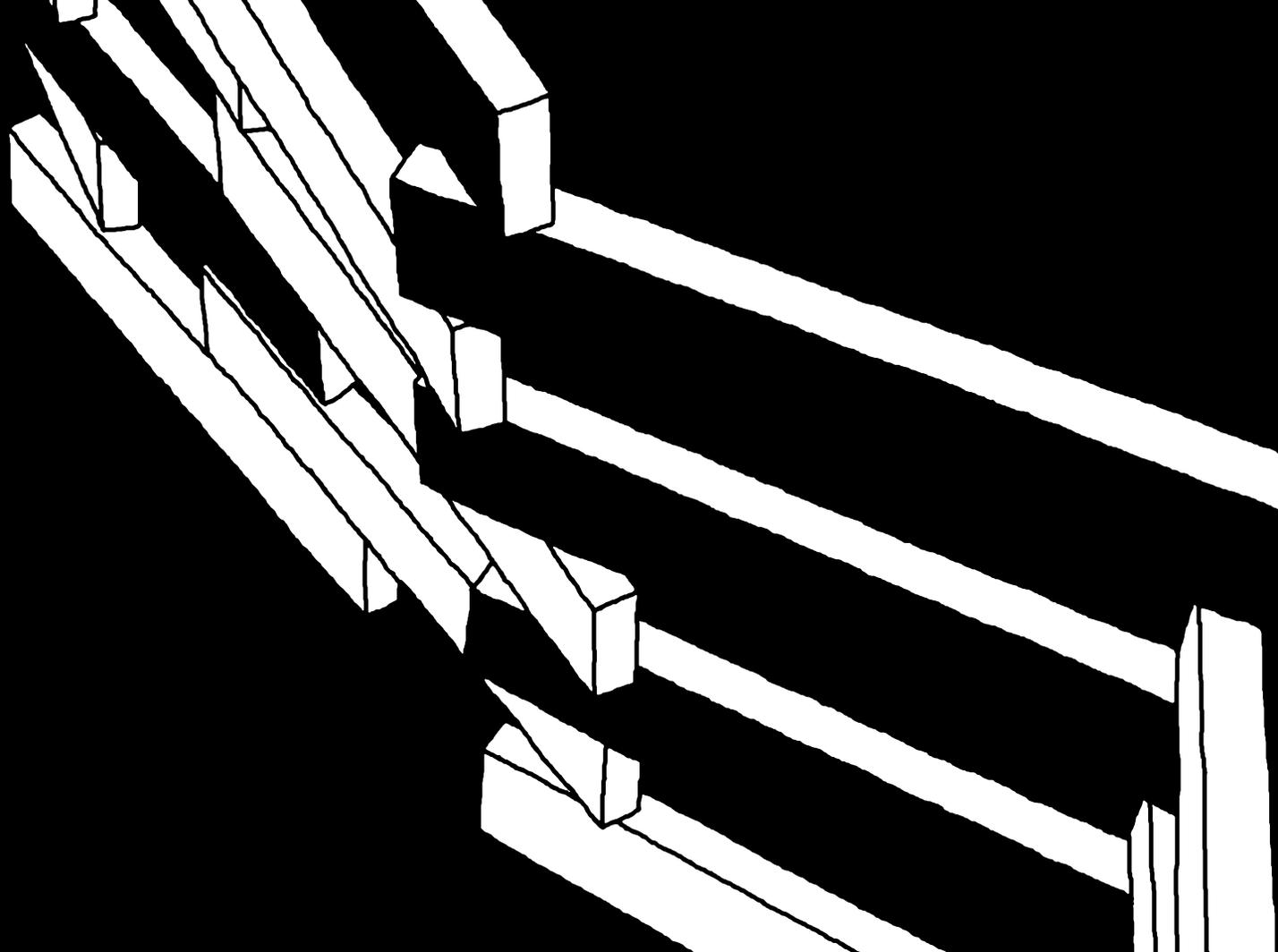


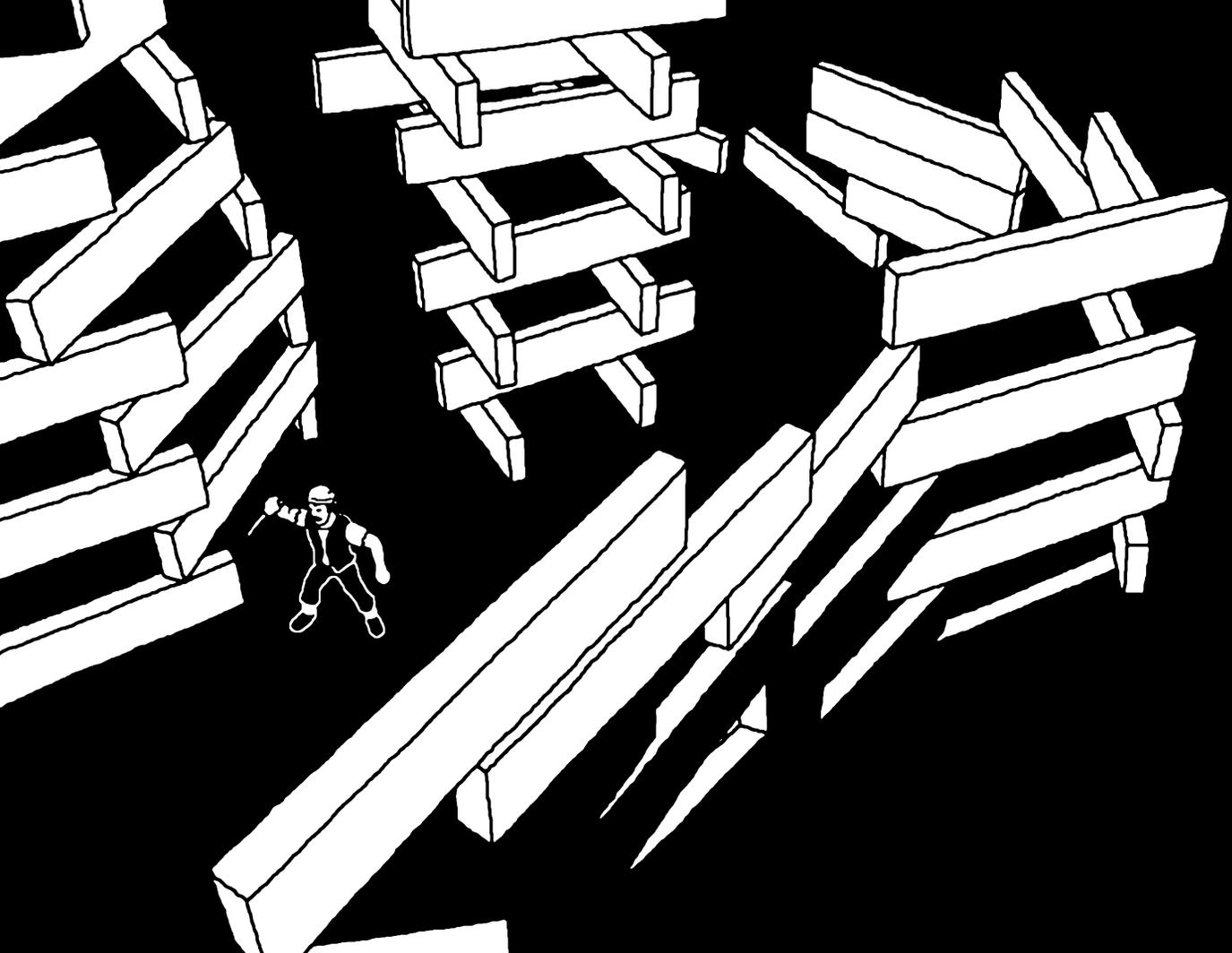


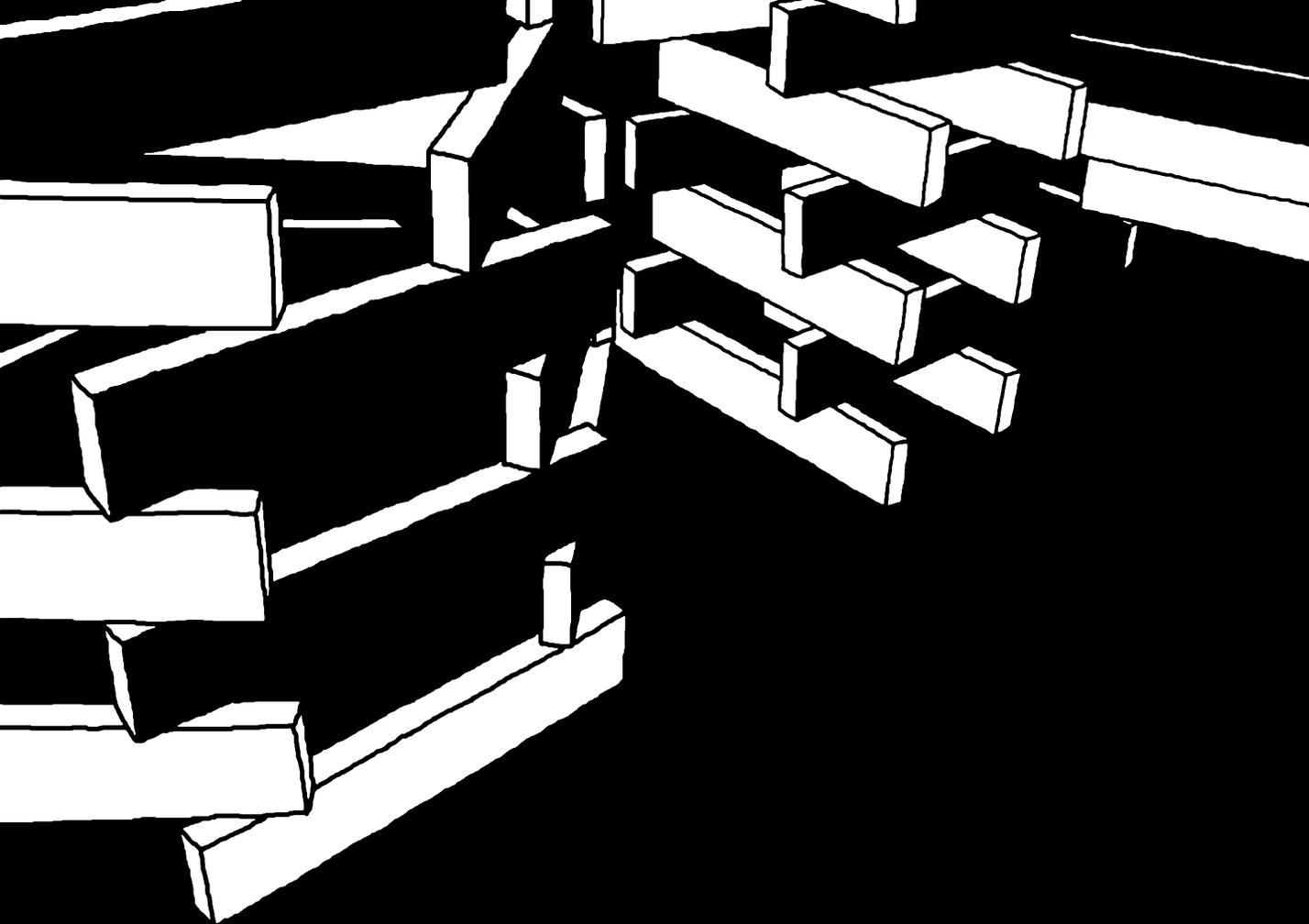


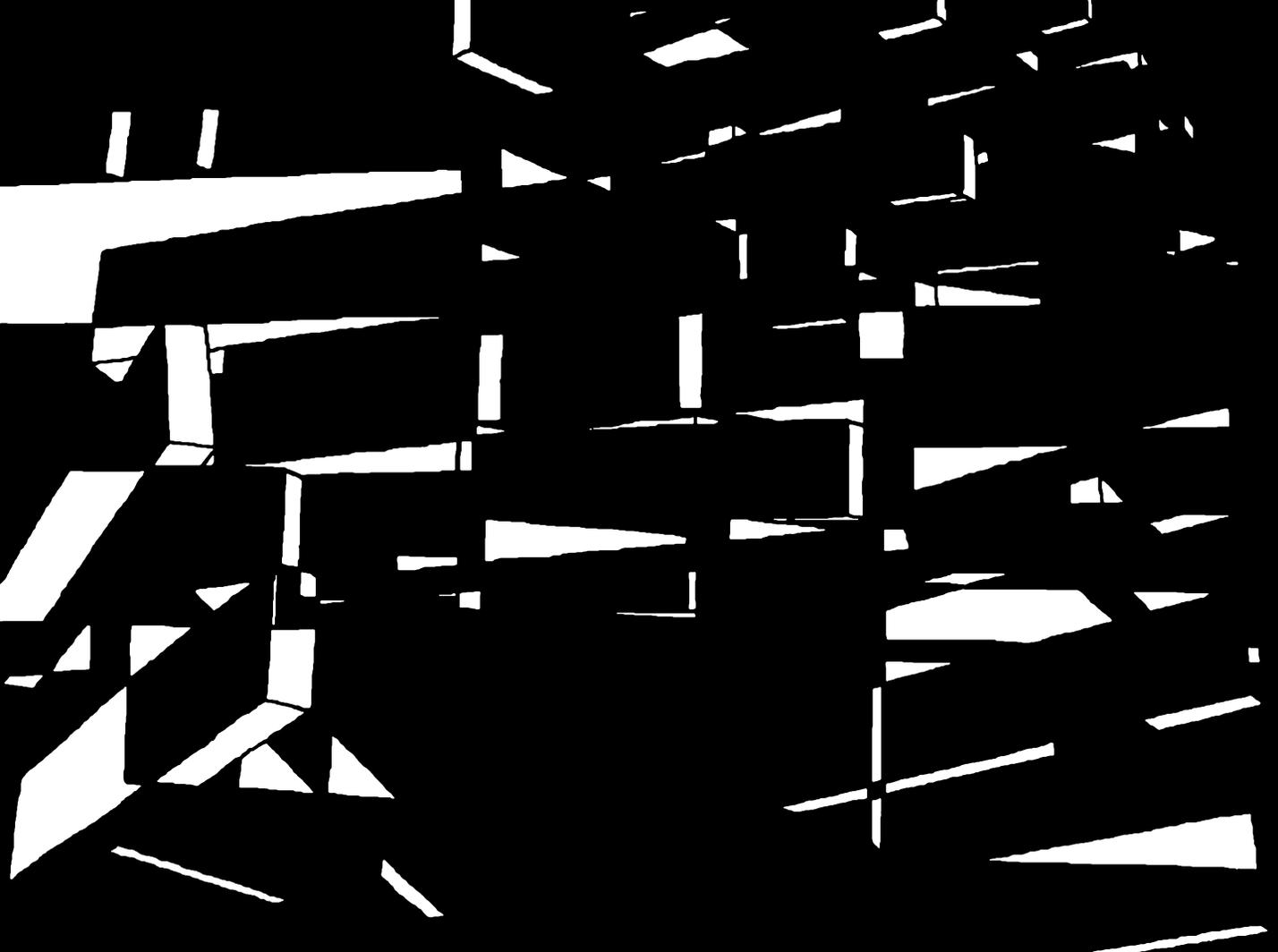




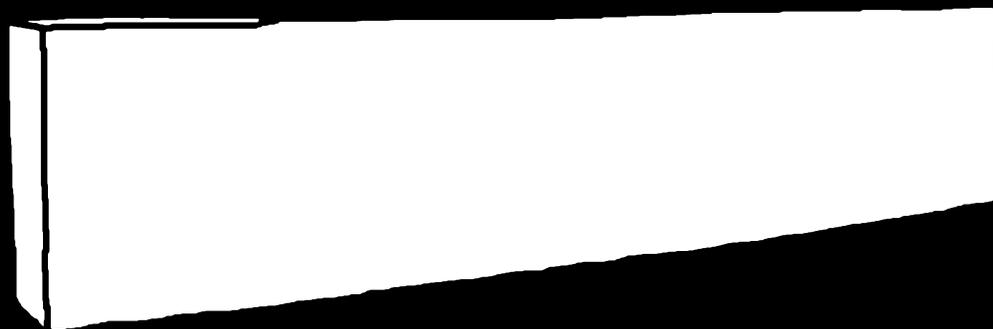


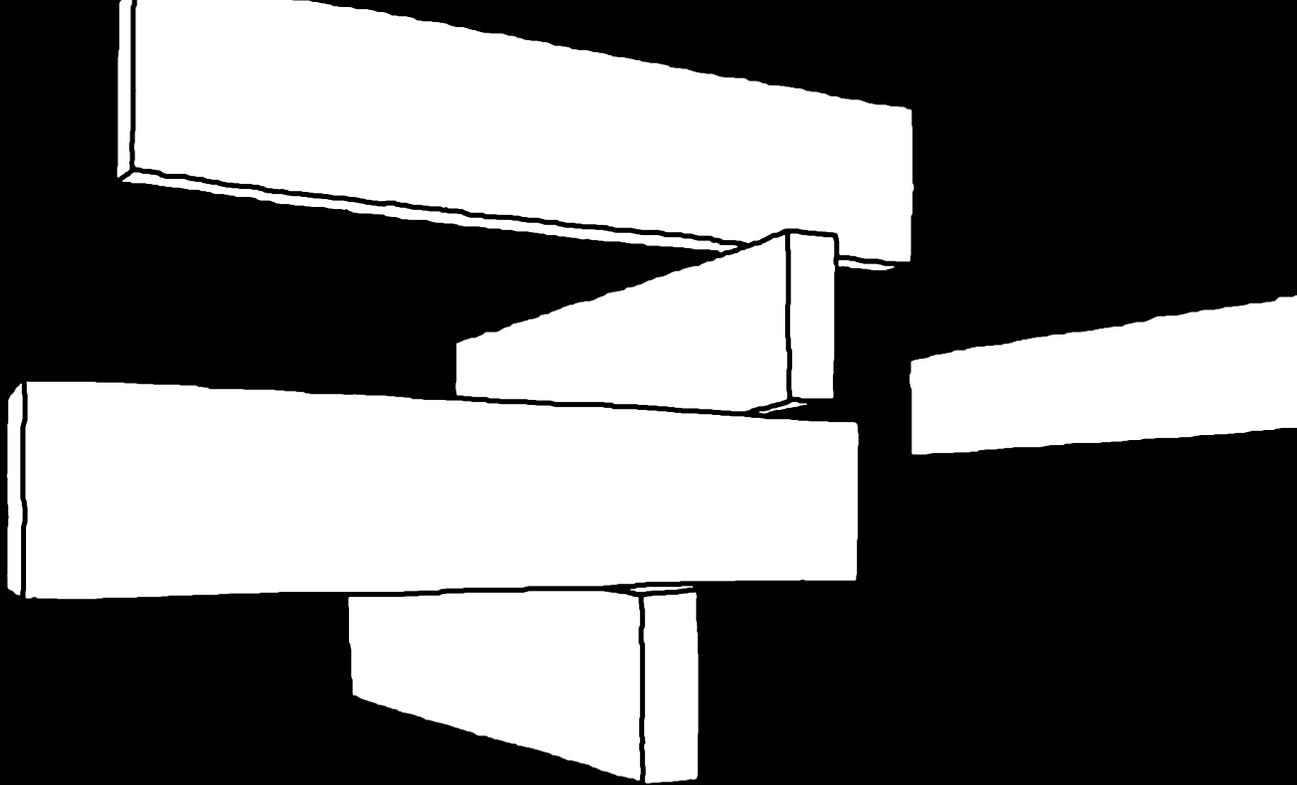




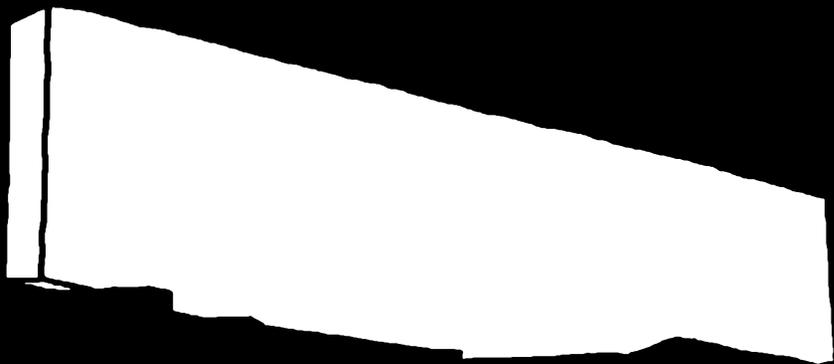


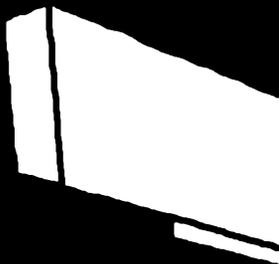


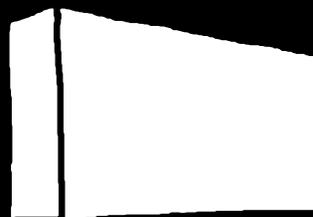














100







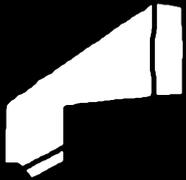






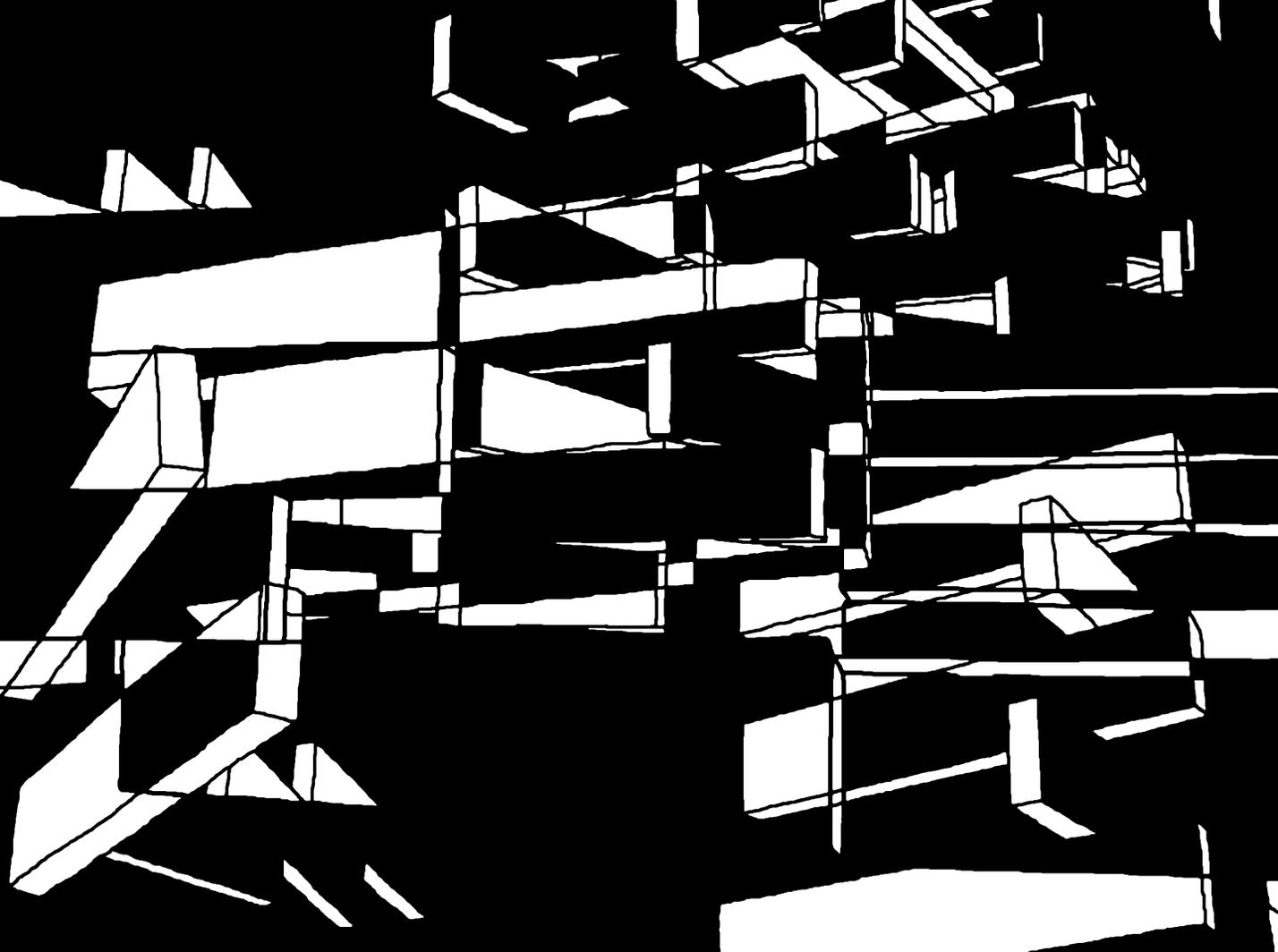


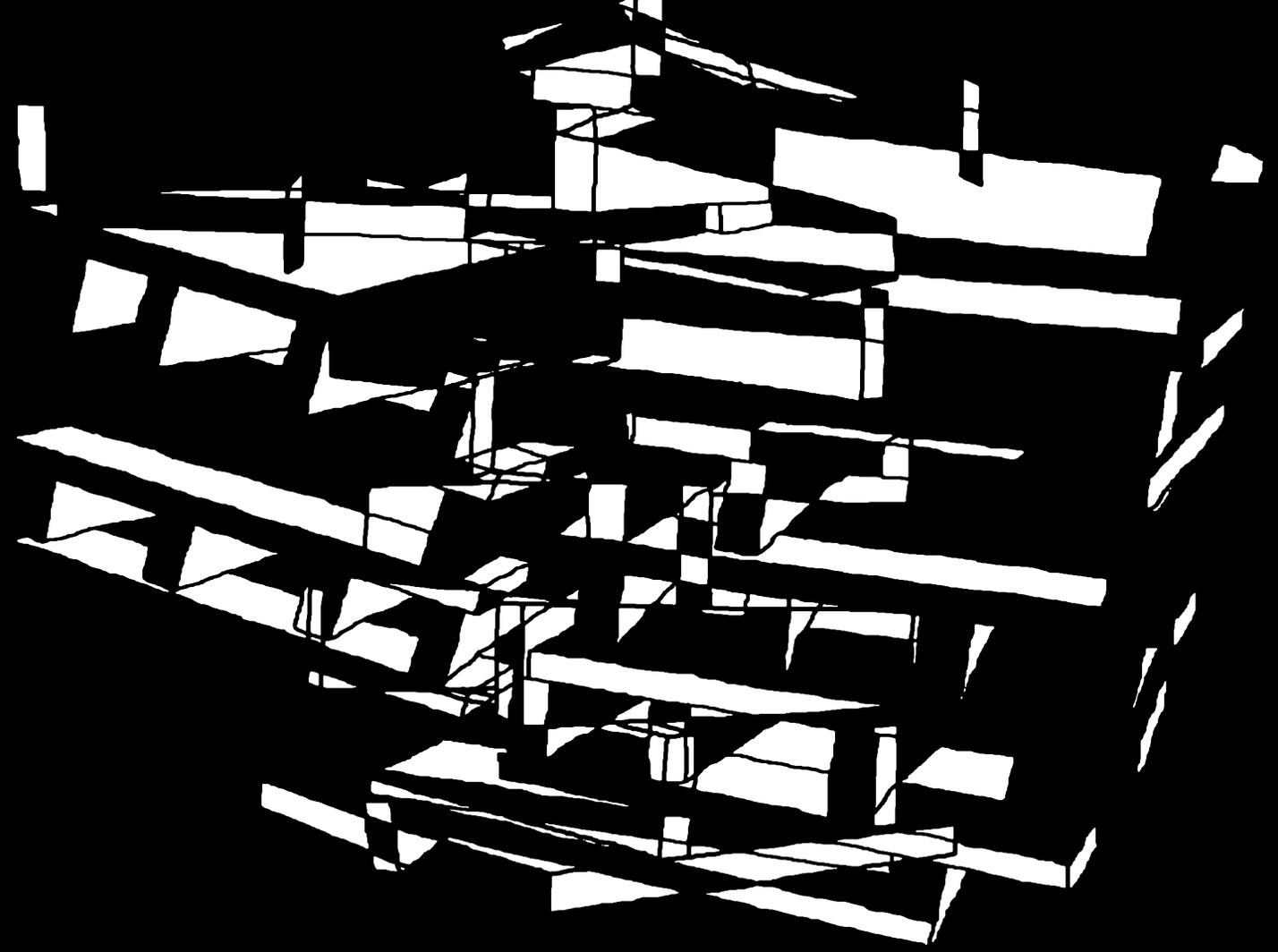


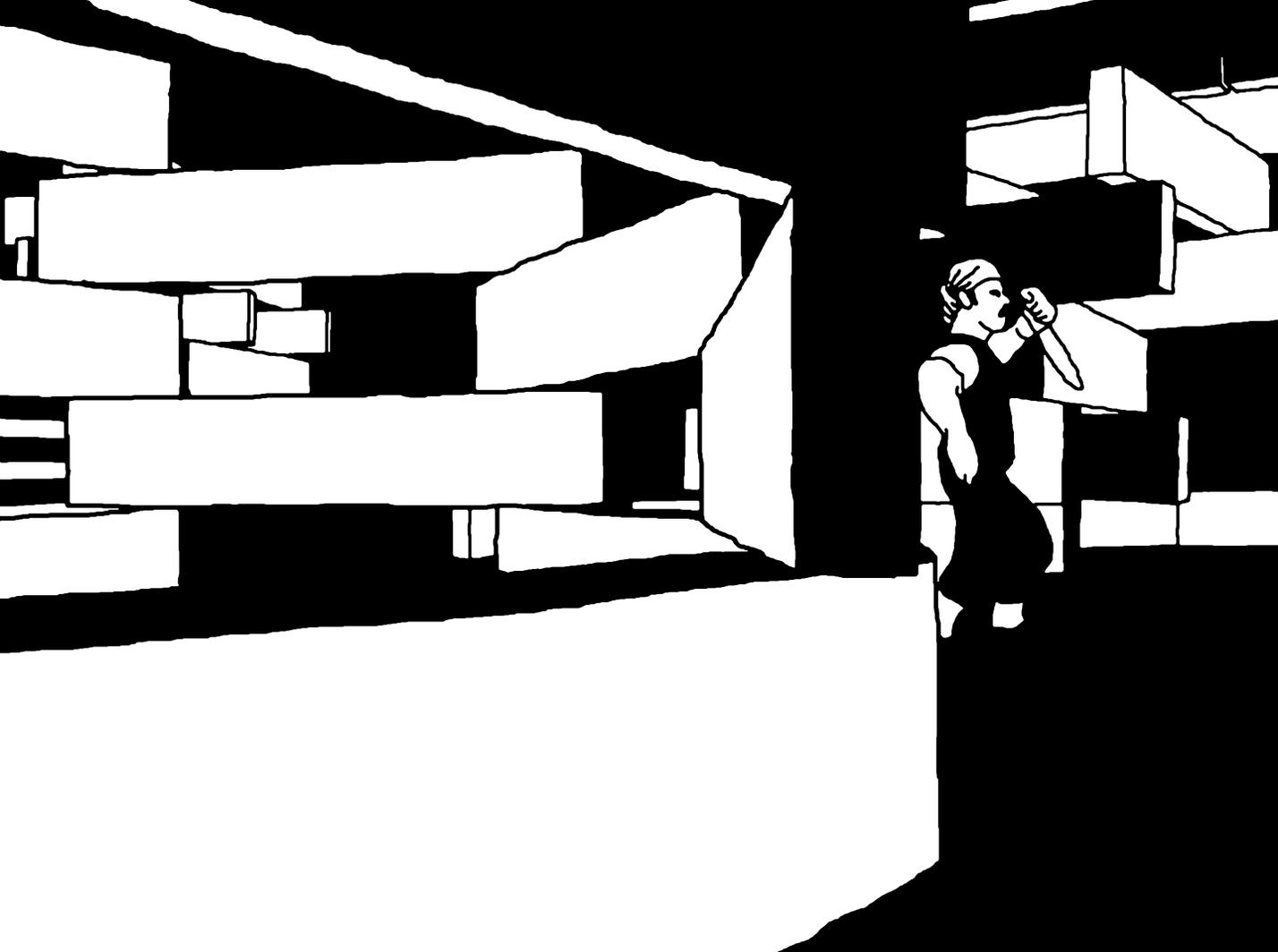


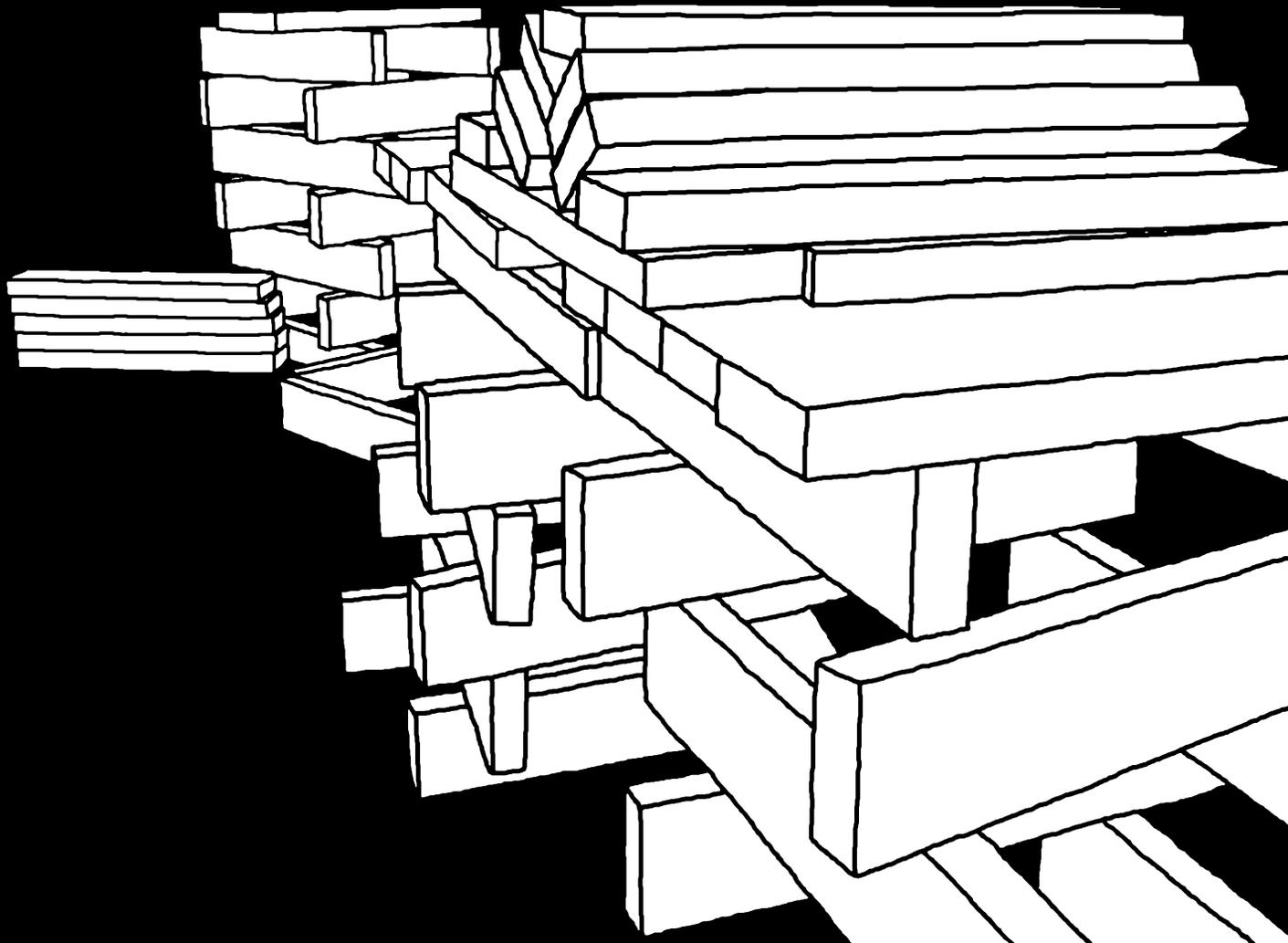


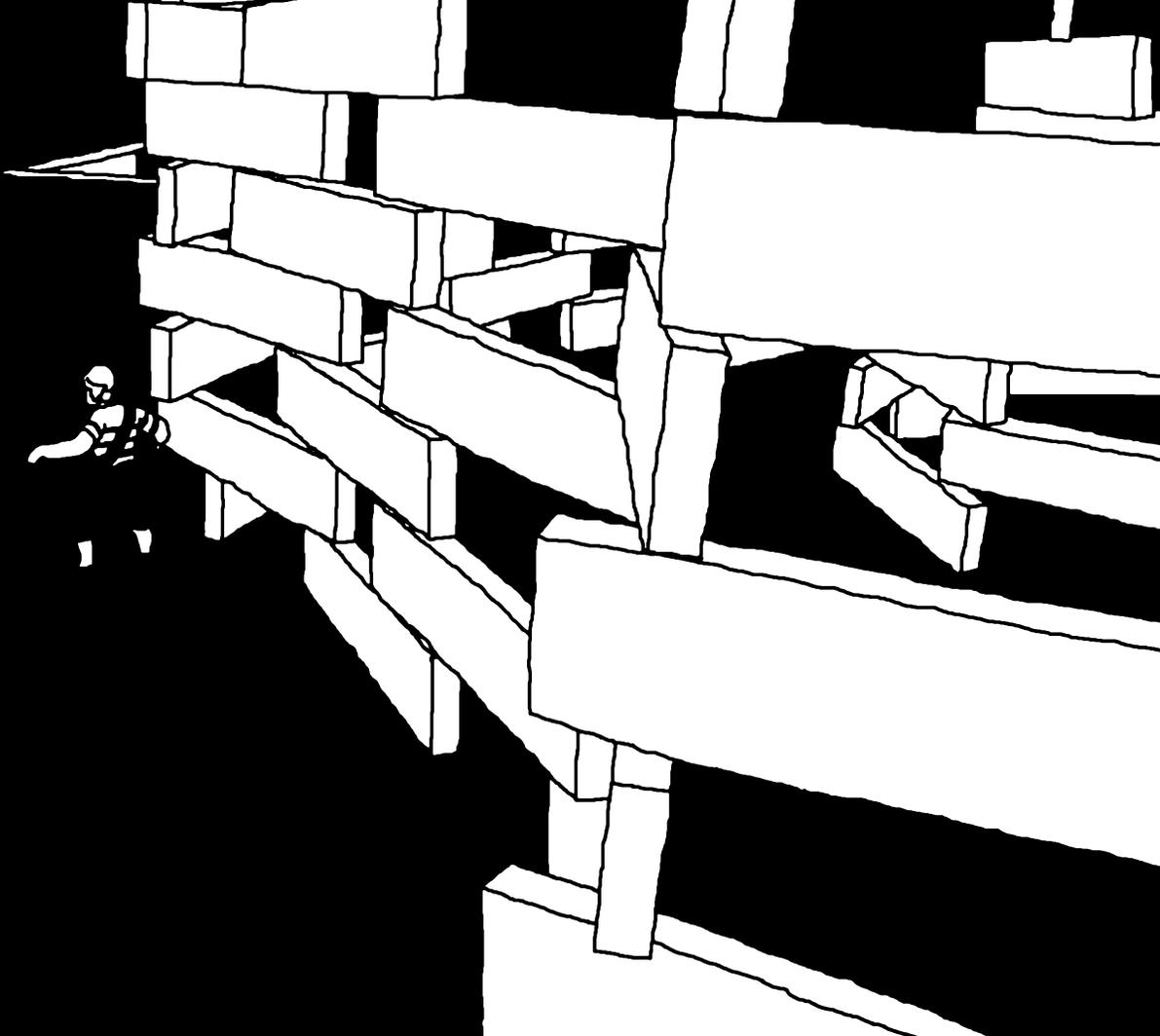


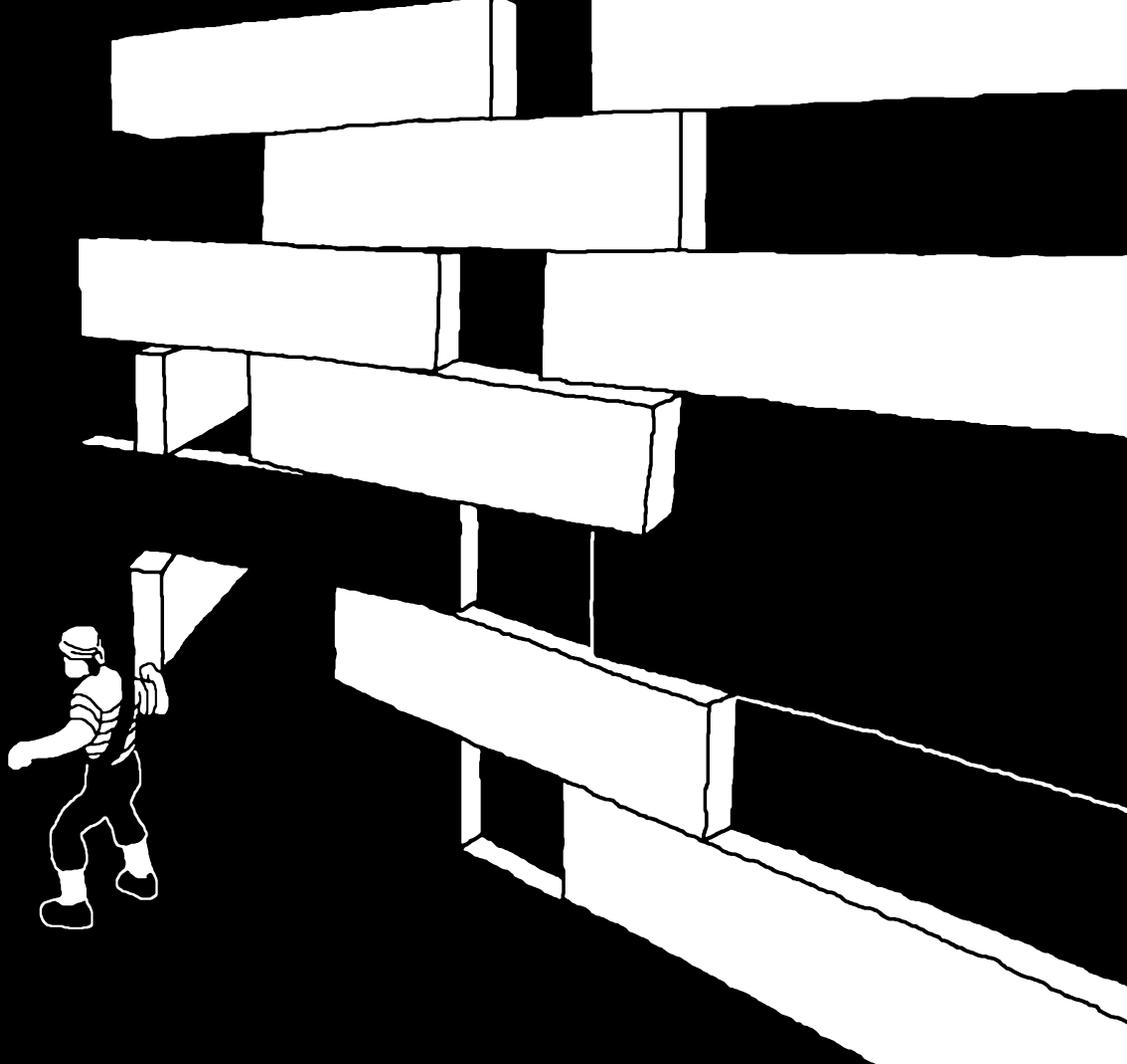


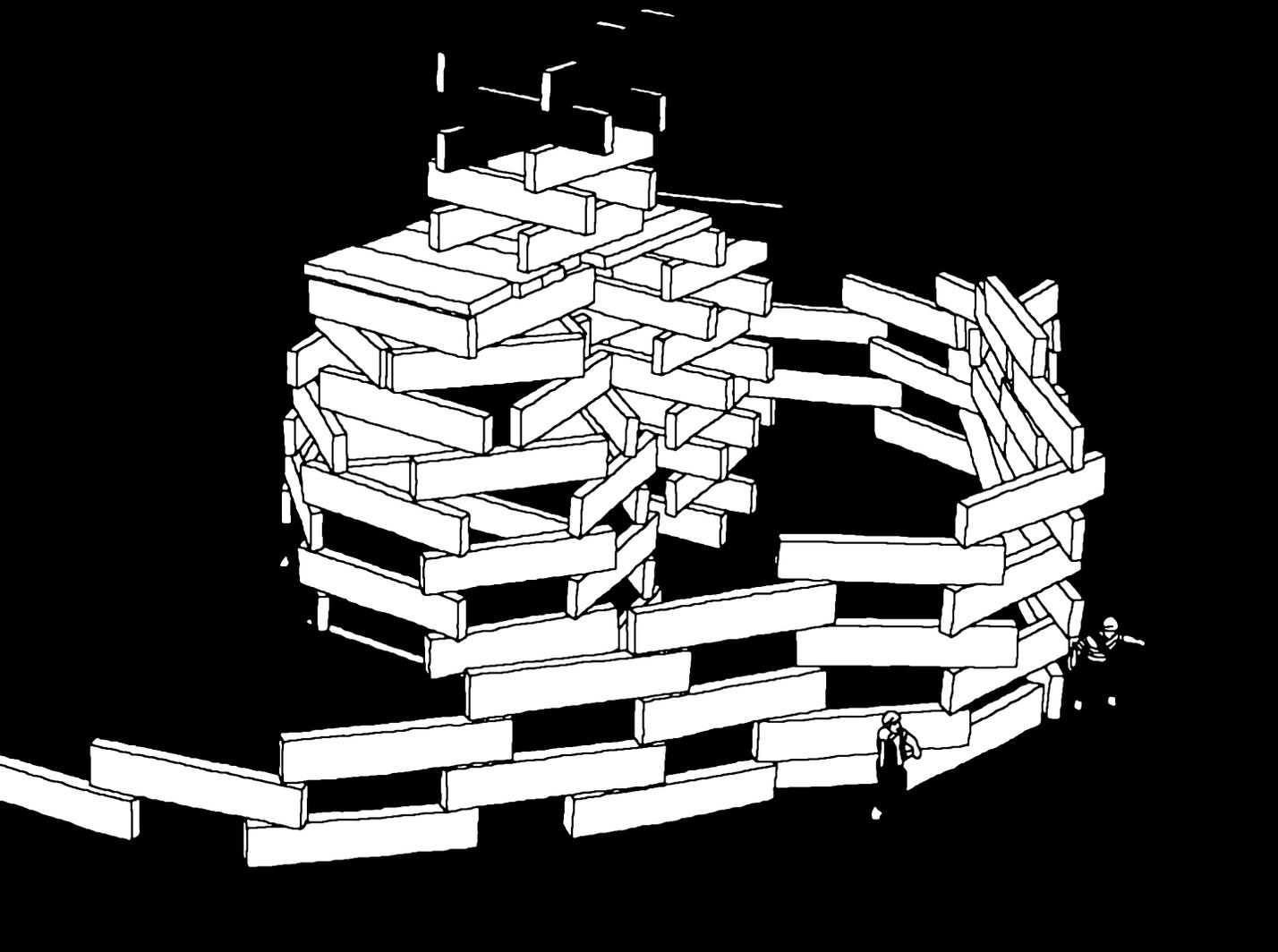


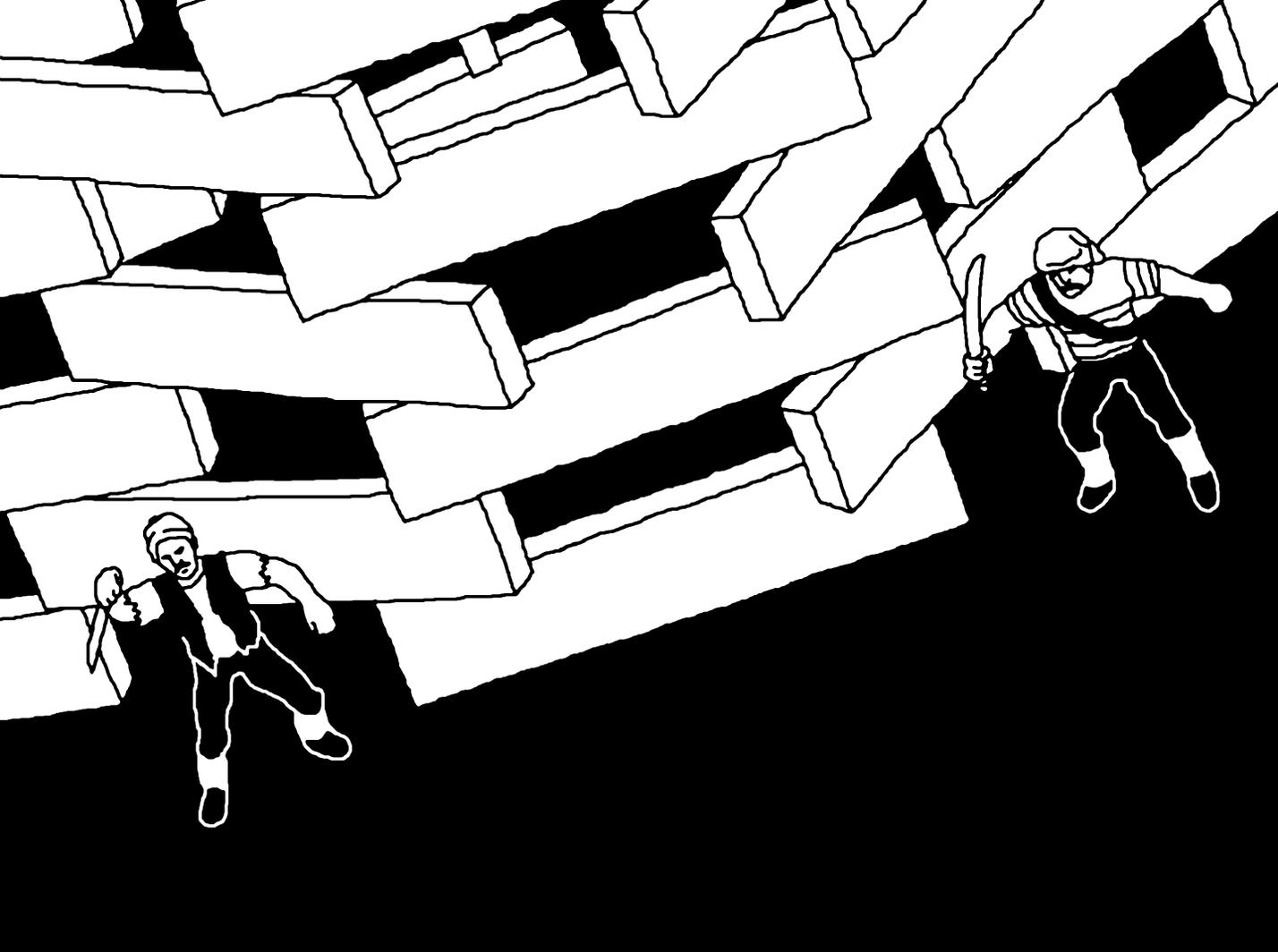


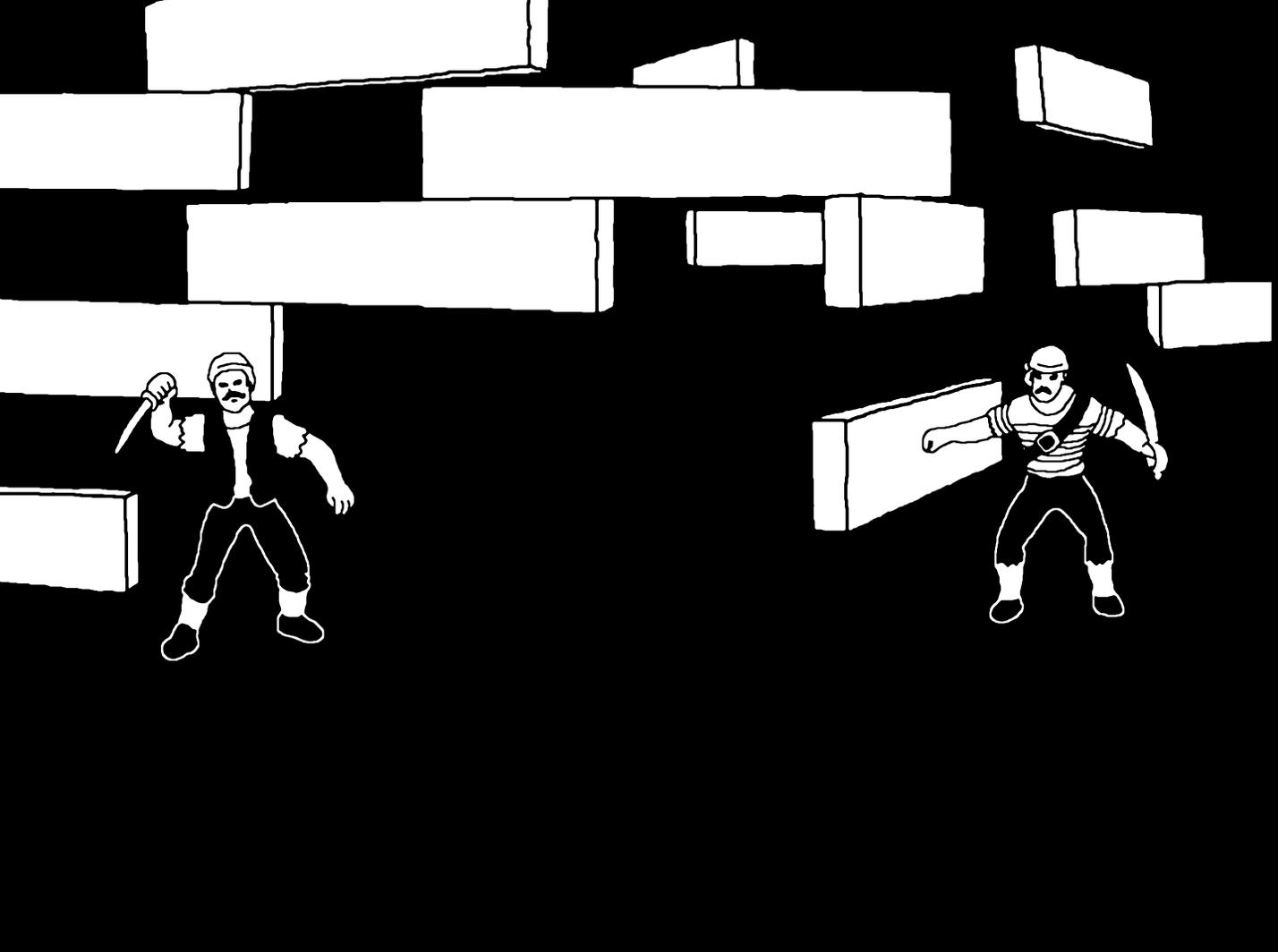


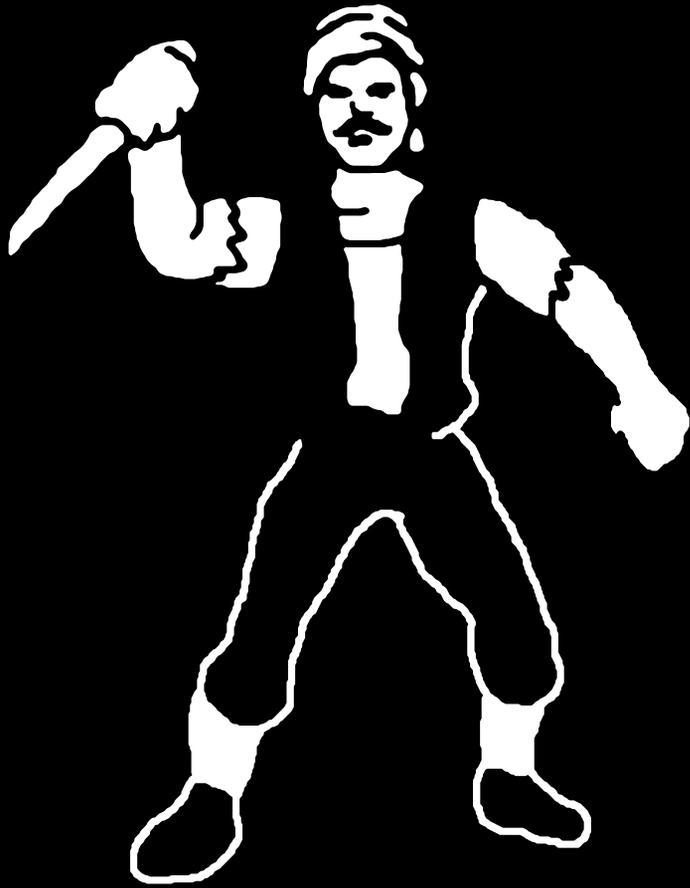




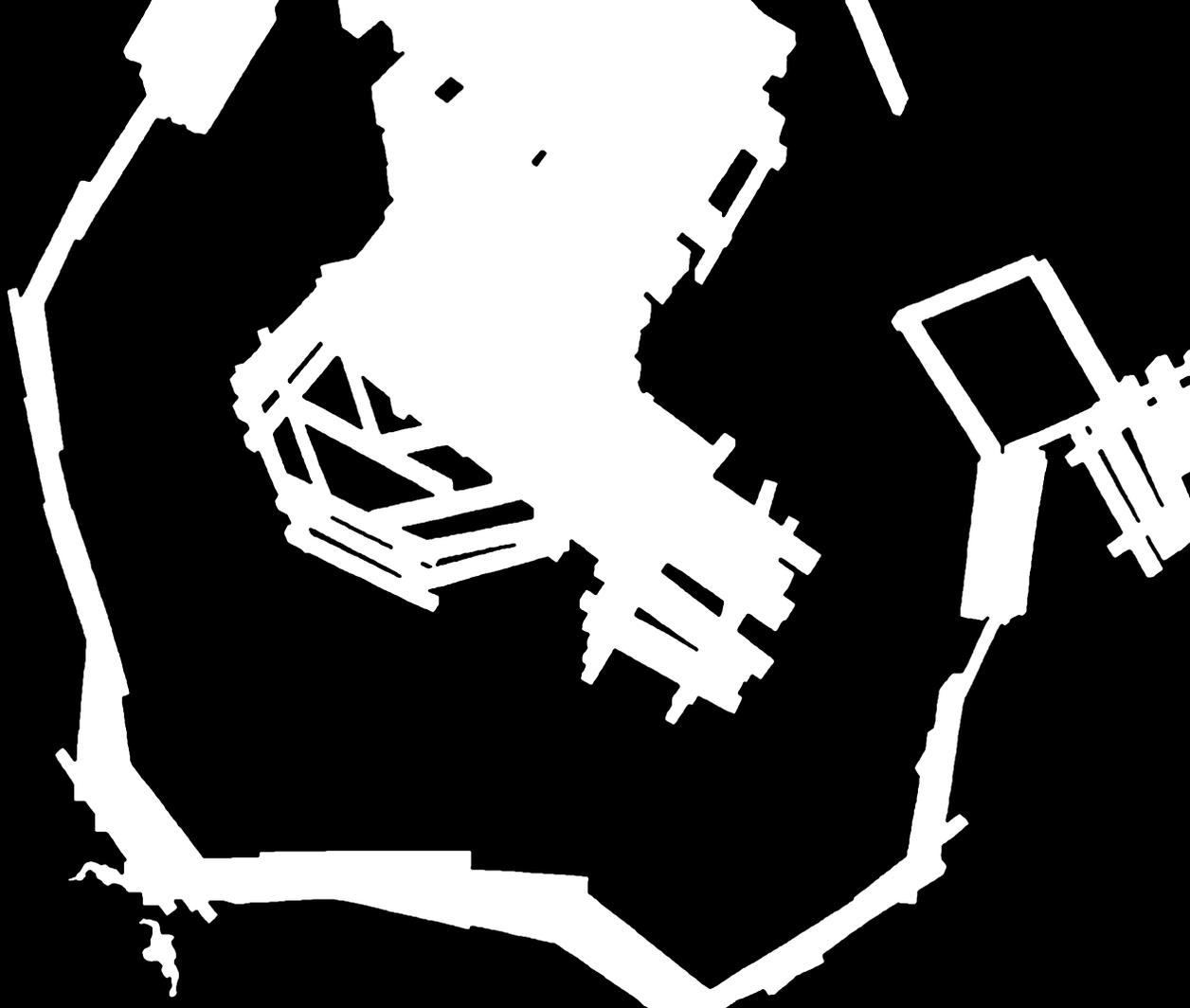


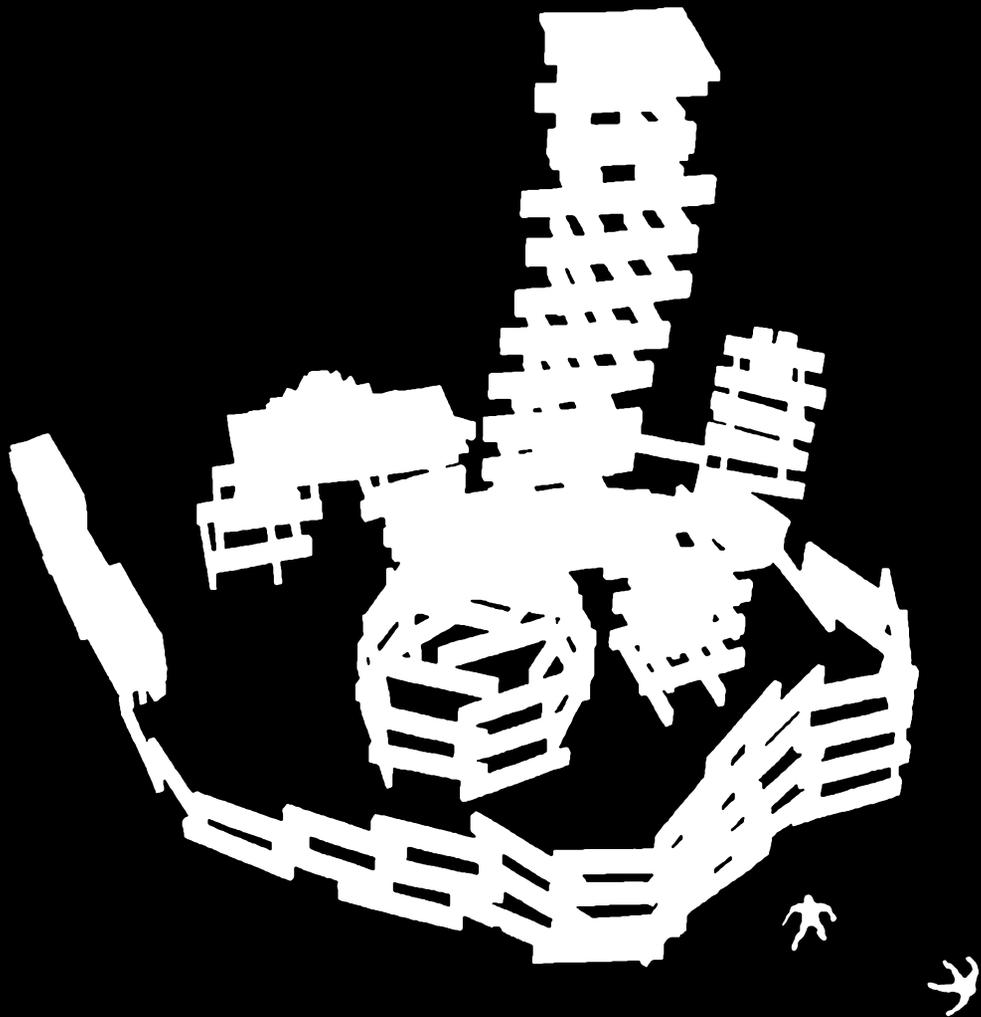






Daft Punk
weirdo punk





Math-rock ? Un calembour, un « pitoyable sous-courant de l'indie-rock caractérisé par des changements de mesure à chaque temps, dont les adeptes se targuent de savoir jouer carré », nous rappelle David Kamp. L'humour sombre du genre transpire déjà dans l'équation préalable à ces 5 minutes de mathrock. *Mathrock (5') = Chapi Chapo + Dirty Harry + Donald Judd*. Donald ? Des stacks de Judd il ne reste que l'obsessionnel parallélépipède, aplati, dérisoire, répété en pleins et en vides, servant de motif aux noirs et blancs des pages. Variations géométriques, tantôt jeu d'enfant, décor ORTF, tantôt construction schématique, architecture industrielle (échafaudage, usine de ciment) propice aux poursuites cinématographiques, hantées par un binôme sans chapeau, ni magnum 44, ni objet spécifique. Deux figurines donnent l'échelle (le ton), des échos gibbeux de voix 70's¹, dissonances tragi-comiques. Harry ? Scorpio ? Chapi ? Chapo ? Simples évocations à lire comme une traduction visuelle de textures sonores, badines et froides, jouées d'un trait lourd et vibrant (rock).

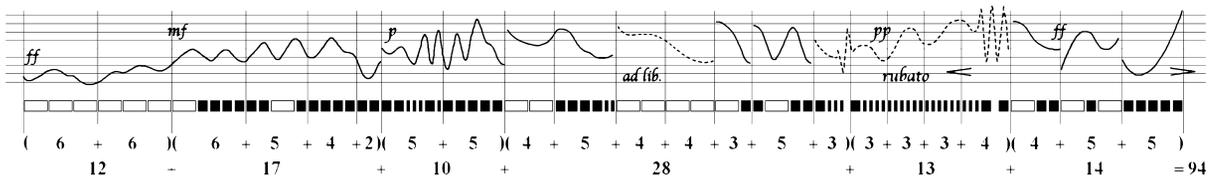
Ceci pour le timbre. Que dire de la structure² (math) ? Considérons la proportion de noir et blanc de chacune de ces 88 images³ comme un indice de durée, l'angle de représentation et le nombre de formes indiquant respectivement la hauteur et l'intensité. On obtient alors la partition suivante⁴:

¹Les répliques fatales de l'inspecteur Callahan réduites ici à « *You've got ask yourself one question/ in all this excitement/ Do I feel lucky? Well, do ya, punk?* »

²Structure calquée sur les cinq dernières minutes du film *Dirty Harry*, donc.

³88 étant aussi le nombre de touches constituant communément les 7^{1/4} octaves d'un piano, soit un clavier ordinaire. Et ensuite?

⁴L'interprète rigoureux appliquera un tempo de $300 \div 94$ à sa lecture, soit environ 3,2 secondes entre chaque battement de cils.



Musique pour l'oeil minimale et fracassante. Les basses lentes et intrigantes du premier mouvement (12') accélèrent, chevauchées de disparitions aigües dans le mouvement suivant (17'). Panoramique haché dans le troisième mouvement (10'). Altitude bruyante dans le quatrième (28'), épaissement du drame qui s'écrase en soubresauts. Un doute strident perce l'obscurité du cinquième mouvement (13') (combien de coups a-t-on tirés ?) et crève en larsen. Lumière. Sixième et dernier mouvement (14'), hoquet pesant d'un duel final. Abandon. On a envie de conclure comme John Cage : « *A l'origine nous n'étions nulle part ; et maintenant, de nouveau, nous avons le plaisir de nous trouver petit à petit nulle part.* »

DAVID KAMP & STEVEN DALY, *Le Dictionnaire Snob Du Rock* (Scali, 2006) - ITALO BETTIOL & STEPHANO LONATI, *Chapi Chapo* (ORTF, 1974) - DON SIEGEL, *Dirty Harry* (Prod. Siegel, 1971) - DONALD JUDD, *Specific Objects* (Arts Yearbook 8, 1965) - JOHN CAGE, *Silence* (Denoël, 1970)



