
From the Domaine Musical to IRCAM

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Source: *Perspectives of New Music*, Vol. 28, No. 1 (Winter, 1990), pp. 6-19

Published by: Perspectives of New Music

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/833340>

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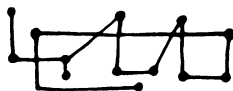
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FROM THE DOMAINE MUSICAL TO IRCAM:



PIERRE BOULEZ IN CONVERSATION WITH PIERRE-MICHEL MENDER*

LOOKING BACK OVER the great changes that have taken place during the past forty years, one has the impression that, after a moment of vigorous confrontation between the old and the new, there ensued, perhaps with the ratification of a new aesthetic, a certain lack of interest in aesthetic matters. How do you yourself see this period?

In retrospect, one always tends to see history as the product of great tides, of clashes of vanguards. This image does not render at all accurately the true sequence of events in this case. In 1945, no group existed. We were but a handful of students following in the footsteps of [Olivier] Messiaen—

*Pierre Boulez, *Pierre-Michel Menger*. Original text: “Du Domaine musical à l’Ircam: Pierre Boulez, entretien avec Pierre-Michel Menger,” *Le Débat* no. 50 (August 1988): 257–66. I would like to express my gratitude to Cecilia Dunoyer, who gave a thorough reading to a draft of this translation and made numerous useful suggestions for revision. [JWB]

who himself had many discoveries yet to make—and in those of [René] Leibowitz: ten or fifteen people out of the entire student body of the Conservatoire who had nothing in common other than having chosen a certain form of apprenticeship. It is true that, in an environment characterized by hostility, and even more by ignorance, such a choice already constituted a first decantation. But very early on, differences began to appear among us, stemming from the fact that some refused, in the name of humanism and the need to communicate with others, to advance any further into territory where they risked not being understood—an ideology that filled me with horror, and that appeared to me above all to serve as a screen for conformity. Thus, by 1946–47 our numbers had dwindled to very few indeed, and we still had no contact with international organizations. One must not forget that up until the 1950s one traveled very little; for my part, I traveled only under the aegis of the Barrault theater company.

As soon as they had gotten wind of our movement in Paris, other musicians were drawn here: [Henri] Pousseur came from Belgium; [Karlheinz] Stockhausen spent a year in Paris. In this way, international relations were initiated, notably relations with Darmstadt. Nowadays, when one speaks of Darmstadt as of a great fighting force, one simply forgets that its festivals were extremely restricted and of short duration—ten days out of the year. A bit in the manner of a very small book fair, we met to catch each other up on what we were doing, and to discuss and perform works written that year or in the previous year. The concerts took place before an audience numbering 150 at the most, in a little building that was not even equipped with a real concert hall. From time to time, one of the German radio stations, in Frankfurt, Cologne, or Baden-Baden, lent us its orchestra for concerts requiring larger forces. As for myself, I did not attend Darmstadt regularly until somewhat later, between the years 1955 and 1965. More than anything, I liked the convivial character of the meetings, the friendly—though sometimes polemic—atmosphere; some prominent people participated—[Theodor] Adorno for example, who gave two or three important lectures.

How do you explain the fact that you appeared to have formed a group?

From the outside, we may have looked like a group, but we had no common aesthetic. Perhaps we had a common ideal, but most important were the personal affinities, the clustering of people around certain personalities.

Nevertheless, from Sweden to Sicily, people were writing serial music . . .

There are always those who are susceptible to influence. And there are also certain times at which research into matters of technique is powerful enough to level differences of temperament. Take, for instance, the great years of cubism, 1911–12: it is indeed difficult to distinguish between a painting of that time by Picasso and one by Braque. The same goes for

certain works by Kandinsky—those of his Murnau period—and by [Alexei] Jawlensky. Technique takes on such importance that individual identities are submerged; but once the handling of the new vocabulary is mastered and becomes more flexible, they resurface. In our case, actually, this happened very quickly, for by 1955—and even before Darmstadt—it was impossible to confuse me with Stockhausen, or to confuse Stockhausen with [Luigi] Nono. In retrospect, one can say that these are works that belong to the same epoch, as one can also say of the works of certain Bauhaus painters among whom one finds a certain type of constructivism. But personalities resurface.

Was there, then, a negative unity? Was it in their collective rejection of the past that people defined their common ground?

Exactly. We rejected a number of positions that had deteriorated or had become trivialized, for the only way to establish something else was to cut ourselves off from that environment. But the fact of having gathered together with others as if on an island and having formed, under these circumstances, a certain kind of relationship does not result in a stylistic unity. Stockhausen's article on the musical treatment of a poetic text is very clear in this regard: the manner in which Nono, myself in *Le Marteau sans maître*, and Stockhausen in the *Gesang der Jünglinge* treat the text is different in all three cases.¹

All the same, when you wrote or spoke, you used "we"??

It signified making the existence and the validity of a creation recognizable from the outside. The same reason impelled me to form the *Domaine Musical*. If I had been living in Germany, this would not have been necessary, because doors there were open, the radio stations did not hesitate to devote whole concerts to contemporary music, there was the festival at Donaueschingen. . . . Subsequently, many names were forgotten, as I recently realized upon looking once again at the programs from Darmstadt in the years 1953, '54, and '55. But it is normal that a sorting-out take place, and that only the strongest personalities survive to represent a generation.

You have always written a great deal. Is this because you considered it your duty to bring forth a collective doctrine, even though you may have had ambivalent feelings about collective movements?

It is a feeling that comes from having always seen such groups fail—in all areas. I remember, at the surrealists' exhibition in 1947, how depressed a friend and I became at the stupidity implicit in their desire to return to the past. In music, the *Groupe des Six* failed very quickly; as for Messiaen's group, *Jeune France*, it was inconsistent. A few phrases are never enough to form a group, and, speaking for myself, I have always felt the keenest distrust for grand collective declarations; in all my writings of that epoch, you will not find any such thing.

One group does survive: the Viennese School. . . .

This is only a name that was given, long after the fact, to those who, indeed, were associated with Schönberg in Vienna. Just as we have been given the name of the Darmstadt School.

Among those who have formulated the idea of the avant-garde, has anyone like Adorno, at once philosopher and musician, exerted any influence on you?

I believe that we had more influence on him than he had on us. Toward the end of the forties, when Adorno returned to Germany, he was in the thrall of Berg, on account of which we judged him somewhat out of date. Moreover, we knew him only as a composer (in 1953–54 his writings had not yet been translated and only the Germans, such as Stockhausen, had read him), and in this capacity he seemed quite second-rate to us, a representative of a generation that had not known how to go beyond its predecessors. It follows that, while we had respect for the man, we had hardly any for what he represented. For his part, he was filled with doubts about our generation, and he wrote about the obsolescence of new music. But he was a man of extraordinary intelligence, and simply from looking at our scores (although Stockhausen reproached him for not studying them carefully enough), he realized that what we were doing was the consequence, unforeseen by him but logical, of what he already knew. The last time I saw him, shortly before his death, he declared himself shocked by the lack of craft exhibited by the majority of our generation—a criticism he never made of Stockhausen's works, or of mine—for to see people composing without any real tools shocked him more than anything.

Perhaps, then, it was the fact that there was no one in France comparable to Adorno that led you to assume a role analogous to his, to become a theoretician, today Professor in the Collège de France.

In the end, what impelled me to write was the same as what impelled me to form the Domaine Musical, namely, the desire to make known to the world what was going on. So many people write about music without knowing a thing about it! I am convinced that, short of being a very great poet (the words of Mallarmé or of Baudelaire about Wagner are the greatest that could ever be written about music), one can understand only from the inside the relationship between musical expression and musical language. Because he was educated both in philosophy and in music, Adorno could make the connection with the world outside of music. I myself am not educated in philosophy, but I have forced myself to reflect upon compositional practice, and I have tried to arrive at a formulation of my ideas that is general enough to be accessible to others. What I wrote, for example, about the time of Wagner interested [Gilles] Deleuze; in this way my reflections could serve as a point of departure for a philosophical reflection.²

It is a real problem, is it not, given the esoteric nature of his art, for the musician to enter the general movement of ideas?

The same is true, I believe, in all the arts. Do you know of a single great text on painting that is not derived from some other subject? The texts of Claudel and of Diderot are very beautiful, but they are not truly reflections on painting; they arise from a kind of humanistic, even phantasmatic, reflection. The only texts I have read that are truly about painting are those of Klee, from the time of his courses at the Bauhaus. These reflections of the painter upon his craft seem to me infinitely more interesting than all those half-technical, half-literary commentaries, where one finds precisely nothing that is truly technical and nothing truly poetic.

In short, is it criticism that you condemn?

Yes, in a way. I prefer discussions in which ideas from one field are completely transposed into those of another, provided, of course, that this is done in a truly imaginative way. But discussions that depend upon poorly assimilated technical criteria disturb me.

Nowadays, hasn't discourse concerning artistic creation changed? Is it not the engineer rather than the philosopher who, because he has access to machines, has tried to monopolize this discourse?

I don't think so. The engineer has a precise type of imagination, very different from that of the composer, such that they hardly ever come into contact with each other—unfortunately—and it is sometimes necessary to go to a lot of trouble to get them to meet. But certainly it is true that discourse today is not the same as that of forty or forty-five years ago.

When I discovered music, I discovered it all at once, while today one discovers it only in stages. At the age of nineteen I had not heard any contemporary works because they were practically never played. Bartók was ignored, only occasionally did one hear Stravinsky, and never *Le Sacre du printemps*. Ravel was considered the last word. Then, suddenly, to discover all that important music—that was an enormous shock. It was luck, I believe, that our generation was privileged to discover it all at once. As a result, we absorbed it all very rapidly, at the same time rejecting all that had preceded it. We wiped the slate clean, for after such a shock, one can no longer accept being introduced bit by bit, as it were surreptitiously, into history. One often hears it said that the war produced this rupture. Yes, but it was an indirect consequence of the war: the absence of knowledge, followed by sudden knowledge that made everything else disappear.

After that, it became imperative to reflect upon musical language. We could no longer simply content ourselves with transforming what we had inherited. From this came the passage through the zero degree of writing and the posing of the fundamental question: What is musical writing? What purpose does it serve? How to manipulate it? Thus it was that Stockhausen and I and several others asked ourselves which element we should use as a point of departure in the creation of new values—a question which implied that the bases of the language itself should be reconsidered. Were these

bases false or not? They were, in any case, “de-realized” in relation to a certain perception; this stage was indispensable. Today, I still think that those historical periods which cause the greatest changes are those which violate certain givens of perception. In effect, when you accept such givens, you work within known boundaries—while if, intellectually, you violate these givens, you are obliged to break through frontiers and accept new norms. Such an experience is necessarily brief—in my case it lasted two years—but it is primordial, comparable to that of Webern in 1912–13, when he composed his little pieces using only a few notes, without being able to go any further because he had achieved maximum condensation and wanted to avoid repetition.

During that short period, one felt as though one were on an extremely narrow road, torn between the need to do something new and the realization that one did not yet have the means to do so, owing to a technique that was too rigid. From this arose a sort of dialectic movement between order and subversion: for a time, thoughts of discipline and order would dominate; then, having truly reflected upon order and discipline, one would set oneself to reflecting upon ways to introduce subversion, for a work is born of the subversion of a basic order.

In my case, it was from 1952–53 on, when I began to work on *Le Marteau sans maître*, that I oriented myself toward more unpredictable gestures, my technique becoming more flexible and making room for freedom. From this point, I quickly arrived at the idea of the open work. I was led there by the following reflection: Since I have allowed for choices on the local level, why not extend such choices to the form itself? Why decide on a single solution? To conceive of a work as something to be invented at the last moment implies that all solutions are available, even if none is chosen. This is not easy, for at a given moment you have five available solutions, then four, then x , and these choices must be made within a form that has continuity. It is much more difficult to control a trajectory that is full of bifurcations than one that is linear. There is where the great moment of discovery occurred for me.

At the same time, I discovered the sketches for the “*Livre*” of Mallarmé—but, curiously, it was after the fact: I had just finished my Third [Piano] Sonata when they were sent to me. Thus I found in them a kind of confirmation: in fact, when I had thought of open form, I had in mind the typographical arrangement of the “*coup de dés*” that allowed the reading of phrases diagonally, in such a way that, depending on whether one chose one bifurcation or another, several meanings were mingled. But upon seeing the “*Livre*,” or rather the ruin it was—a very beautiful ruin—I understood what there was about it that was not realizable. Music, in its turn, has been moving toward open form. But here the musician faces a dilemma between, on the one hand, his far-reaching powers of speculation

and, on the other, the limits of technique with which he is necessarily confronted. The real world of music, with which I had, from this time forward, almost daily contact, made me measure this distance, for it is in trying to apply this idea of open form to real situations that one sees what is utopian about it: an open work for a hundred players could not work, would be bound either to end up in chaos or always to produce the same result. Seeing that, I began to think seriously about conditions of relativity within a work. Now, when you talk about relativity within a work, you are talking about relativity of language, relativity of keys. In other words, it was no longer a matter of setting forth, following the principles of the Viennese School, a sovereign rule from which all else flows. For this theocratic view of the world, which consists of deducing it from a few principles (giving oneself all the same seven days to create it), I substituted a progressive approach. I concluded that a rule was a rule only for an instant, then it was broken, and the violence of its being broken gave birth to another rule. Ultimately, I arrived at the constant transformation of discipline and of the rule.

Was I part of an avant-garde movement? This question has never preoccupied me. Today, there exist two very different currents, one neoromantic, the other what I call primitivistic, represented by the Americans and corresponding to “minimal art” in the plastic arts. Neoromanticism has absolutely no interest for me; it only repeats the errors of the neoclassicism that existed between the two world wars. It fancies itself “historical” but is really so profoundly antihistorical that I cannot understand the meaning of such an approach. I can explain it to myself only as a reaction born of fatigue, of impotence in the face of a technique not sufficiently mastered to allow one to do what one wants with it. Hence the neoromanticists take refuge in history. They want to be in history at the same time as they view themselves in history, to be both inside and outside, something which is impossible to accomplish, unless one has the ability to see oneself from a place beyond death.

As for the other movement, that of the Americans, it is born of a reaction against a certain complexity of language—that of my generation but also that of Schönberg’s. It tends to reduce musical elements to the minimum and to return to extremely rudimentary bases of language, all the while making use of certain phenomena previously little used, such as phase shifting—that is, technological phenomena, but realized, if you will, by hand, in order to preserve for them an imperfect aspect. This attempt at radical simplification is not uninteresting, but I find it inadequate. In fact, the complexity of the language disturbed these composers, and they tried to reduce it and to substitute for it a complexity of a different order, which they found, specifically, in rhythm. But one cannot found a language upon a single element, and there resides the inadequacy.

Thus, of the two present-day movements, one exhibits a historical weakness, the other a weakness of constitution. In addition, both define themselves in reaction to something, which is not very meaningful. To adopt a strongly critical position, as we did in 1945, is one thing; to write music against other music is quite another. If you set as your goal a reaction against the mannerisms of a generation, all you will bring about is a new mannerism.

Isn't this tendency much more strongly marked in the plastic arts, where fashions change rapidly, than in music, where stylistic periods are much longer?

Periods are a little longer in music, but fashions exist all the same. Darmstadt had its own, each year had its own slogan—I remember writing an article about that. That said, neither I nor my generation were terribly worried about defining our place in relation to others. We wanted to be ourselves and to find our own place, which is very different.

But you knew, in order to do this, that you had to take command: you have always emphasized the inertia of institutions . . .

That is certainly true. But I was thinking of aesthetics, and on that level we never fought against any philosophy whatsoever. We did not need to do that; we felt strong enough to ignore others. On the institutional level, by contrast, I am a fervent advocate of open warfare, for those who hold the reins of power will do anything to squelch those with whom they disagree. If I went to Germany for a while, it was because their institutions were open and I was able there to devote myself to my work—while here I would have been exhausted from struggling against stagnant institutions. Actually, I did struggle to get our music heard here, on a modest scale at first. Thanks to private resources, to patrons, we were able to begin giving a few concerts at the little Marigny theater. These were very modest affairs—although they caused a lot of commotion—for they never drew more than two hundred people.

But among that number were all those whose opinion counted: writers, poets, and people who later were to be found in charge.

That is true. I believe that we benefitted from the fact that with regard to concerts of new music there was absolutely nothing in France, the establishment having made the mistake of ignoring our music. We succeeded so well that our five or six concerts per year, along with the discussions and polemics to which they gave rise, in the end mattered more than the entire season of radio programming, for example. Polemics have always interested me, and I have always been ready to entertain all opinions, but I cannot entertain the opinion of those who have not taken the trouble to listen. I have always thought that my role *vis-à-vis* the outside was to present credentials.

Today, you are the one in command. How do you perceive your situation? How do you conceive of your role?

It would be like comparing a mountain stream to its flow once it has reached the plain. A time comes when the ideas of a generation finally take hold. After forty years, it is nothing to be astonished at that a certain number of works have become points of reference for the next generation, just as our generation was related to the Viennese school, forty years before us. As for me, remembering on the one hand the ignorance and the inertia of French institutions against which I fought and, on the other, the German model, I see my role above all as an effort to keep doors open. This is why I founded IRCAM. That doesn't mean, however, that I accept just anything there.

So you do make choices: you also keep your distance from certain trends, such as minimalism and neoromanticism.

True, but that doesn't keep us from premiering a work by Steve Reich. And we will even perform the German neoromantics, if only to become acquainted with their music.

The absence, today, of a support group—which was such a source of strength for you—is it not a new form of solitude?

When I was young, I had, it is true, numerous friends. I also had a lot of time and hardly any obligations—other than to play music at night in the Barrault theater to earn my living. Today, this form of social life peculiar to artistic milieux no longer seems possible to me. On the one hand, I have much less time, since I have a great many responsibilities—responsibilities that I insist on assuming because, if I did not, institutions would falter. I believe, on the other hand, that a certain form of culture, of gatherings around a few patrons, has disappeared and has not been replaced by anything else. I think of the gatherings at the home of Suzanne Tézenas, that great patron of the Domaine Musical, to which [Henri] Michaux and many painters came.

There exist, between painters and musicians, invisible forms of exchange. I think of Webern and [Piet] Mondrian, a case which I find quite significant. Mondrian worked at first in a representational style; he painted landscapes. Then his work underwent a rarefaction, and his landscapes became a row of trees. This rarefaction corresponds to one in Webern's language, and it consists in both cases in a use of absolutely rigorous elements: whiteness in Mondrian and silence in Webern; vertical and horizontal lines in Mondrian and rigid cells in Webern. Then came Mondrian's New York period: the boogie-woogie and the collages. In parallel, Webern's language became more flexible, as in the two last cantatas. There you have two figures with identical lines of development—the ways in which their worlds were created are similar—yet they certainly never met. For Webern, the plastic arts consisted of something merely provincial,³ while Mondrian liked dance music and hardly even knew jazz. Of course, there is also the contrary case: Schönberg and Kandinsky. During

the most important period in their lives (1910–13) they met, corresponded, spent summers together—in short, they must have had profound discussions about many important subjects. Kandinsky invited Schönberg to contribute to the *Blaue Reiter*, and in the first issue there are three reproductions of scores by Berg, Webern, and Schönberg. After this time of great closeness, they separated completely.⁴

To return to my case, I have the impression that as time passes everyone tends to withdraw into himself. I hardly ever see [Michel] Butor or [Alain] Robbe-Grillet, two men with whom I had connections, anymore: Butor is in Geneva, Robbe-Grillet has retired to his native Normandy. It is possible that, with age, one feels less of a need to exchange. Read, for example, Mallarmé's correspondence: the letters written from Ardèche, at the beginning, are full of his work and projects. Toward the end of his life, though he is in the midst of writing his most outstanding works, his letters dwindle to practically nothing. A moment comes, I believe, when one needs to save one's energy for oneself, to put it entirely into what one is doing, and when one has neither the time nor the desire to communicate on a day-to-day basis.

At the moment when, during the mid-seventies, you founded IRCAM, you spoke of a crisis of musical language from which we had to escape. In the other arts—in literature, in painting—the principle of the avant-garde has dissolved. Music, by contrast, impelled by you, has remained faithful to the idea of aesthetic progress, of continually forging ahead.

The difference comes from the daily contact I have with the music business, to call it by its proper name, and from having been at the head of the most official institutions. From this experience I know very well the limits on what can be done in that sphere, however progressive it may be. The crisis of which you speak followed, I believe, that exasperation with institutions that characterized the movement of 1968, of which the least one can say is that it was hardly constructive. Many composers were content to indulge every manner of fantasy, giving in to that false sense of liberty that, in music particularly, sets in after a time of excessive discipline. But, instead of the expected ground swell, 1968 was nothing but a brew of nervous tension that resolved itself in interminable chatter, in works that were without importance because they were devoid of innovative ideas. One of the central questions in music today is that of the material—a question that, for example, architects faced between 1900 and 1920. Instruments, indeed, have their limits—but in order to go beyond them, is it enough to use existing instruments, making them do all sorts of ridiculous things? These little intermittent and eccentric (in the geometrical sense) actions quickly convinced me of the need for real thought about musical material—for *global* thought which, embracing the entire process of composition, begins with the material and ends with the relation between the

public and the work. No such thought could take place in the customary milieu, too subject to social and commercial pressures; thus it was necessary to found an institution that would permit researchers to isolate themselves to work, create, and even fail—for one must have the opportunity to fail.

What I seek, what I have always sought, is quality, not quantity. Nothing irritated me more than those festivals which promised 120 premieres in two days. For my part, I try to furnish composers and technicians with a permanent, technological environment at a very high level. I invite there composers whom I find interesting, or whom others find interesting, since I am not the only one making decisions; on the contrary, I place a filter over my own preferences, which in this case I do not consider fundamental. My goal is not to form a homogeneous group, surrounding myself with composers who, in a way, would bear the house label. My goal, as I said earlier, is rather to guarantee a certain passage and to furnish credentials.

Would you say that the last ten years have been as productive as those of the fifties and sixties?

Work has been accomplished. I see, among those who are between twenty-five and thirty years old, composers who seem to me the equivalent of what we were when we were their age. If they attract less notice than we did, it is because they have a generation before them that is still active—they do not find themselves, as we did, standing before a void—for in 1945–50, apart from Messiaen, there was nothing much happening in France.

No one, however, has assumed your role.

But someone will assume it, someone no doubt completely unforeseen.

One has the feeling that, since 1975, you have become a radical and that, in wanting to penetrate to the heart of music, you have, so to speak, opened a Pandora's box in permitting an even greater freedom, without apparent barriers. Can there be any end to this process?

I would not pose the problem in those terms. For instance, what interests me about the very young composers is that they think differently from the way I do while taking my work as a point of departure, and that their work begins where mine ends or, at least, stabilizes. And I notice that, in fact, they privilege certain qualities, certain sonorous conceptions that I would not, from which it follows that there is, between them and me, a certain commonality of aims, but none of procedure. In fact, the idea of forming a school is perfectly unbearable to me. My role consists of making sure that they do not limit themselves to conceptual research, of pushing them to create works that the public can hear, for practice and speculation can only truly progress hand in hand. For their part, they do not think of themselves as an avant-garde (I do not care for the term myself—like Baudelaire, who denounced it as a military metaphor). They are, I would say, *la garde*, which expresses a stronger view of things and shows that they think of doing work that will carry them into the future. Not that they

have, as I have said, an aesthetic unanimity, but they share the same attitude toward research—for instance, the reflection upon the material of which I have spoken.

Do you think that the audience for music resulting from this type of research has expanded, or that it has been transformed in depth?

On this question, I am reservedly, and rationally, optimistic. It cannot be denied that the audience has grown. But I cannot ignore the fact that the percentage of those interested can only shrink: certain activities demand that one make an effort, and the majority of people, unfortunately for them, refuse to do so. A profound modification of their attitude would require a no less profound modification of the educational system—something over which we have no control. Our actions can only be sporadic and punctual, and all that we can hope is to enlarge our circle of hell a little.

One aspect of the program of IRCAM seems to us problematic: that which raises scientific study to the level of perception of pieces. What relationship is there between the psychoacoustician, who explores the laws of human perception and musical structure, and the creator?

Personally, I will believe in psychoacoustics when the psychoacousticians evince a vast and advanced musical culture. For at the moment they are content to extract various elements from their contexts and to indicate certain limitations of them. In doing this, they forget that at the very instant when one modifies a perceptual given by reducing it to a single element, one modifies the experience of it completely. This is a problem that Heisenberg dealt with at a much higher level. I would add that I am convinced that in the perception of music there is a large measure of the irrational. From my interpretive experience, as a conductor, I have acquired a sensitivity, a kind of practical education that permits me to perceive what is audible—or profitable, to use an unpleasant word—and what is not. There is a divergence between speculation and perception, which is not necessarily bad, for speculation engenders a type of perception different from what one would obtain from relying solely upon intuition. This divergence between the original idea and perception, I believe, arises from the fact that the musician in his speculations makes use as much of his eye as of his ear; and while the eye can condense the temporal aspect at will, the ear cannot. As long as psychoacousticians do not recognize this dilemma, their work will remain in an elementary state.

The fact that the composer is a public figure, at the heart of institutions, distinguishes him from the painter or the writer. Does this situation account for the interdependence of musical institutions? For the necessity of struggling against their inertia?

I believe so. The musical world can be reconfigured only with great difficulty: notice how few interpreters are oriented toward contemporary music. Institutions function well for only a few years; then they become

sclerotic. No one can have new ideas indefinitely. For the sake of renewal it is necessary to change milieu, as I have done, and it is necessary truly to involve oneself in one's activity. I greatly believe in the force of example: if you set a good example, inevitably people will follow.

—translated by Jonathan W. Bernard

NOTES

1. Boulez refers here to Karlheinz Stockhausen, "Music and Speech," in *Die Reihe* 6 ("Speech and Music"), English edition, trans. Ruth Koenig (Bryn Mawr: Theodore Presser Co., 1964): 40–64. The original, German edition was published in Vienna by Universal in 1960; see also Stockhausen, *Texte*, vol. 2 (Cologne: M. DuMont Schauberg, 1964), 149–66, 58–68. [JWB]
2. Boulez no doubt alludes here to one or more of his essays on Wagner that have been collected in *Orientalisations* (originally titled *Points de repère*), ed. Jean-Jacques Nattiez, trans. Martin Cooper (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1986): "Richard Wagner: The Man and the Works," 223–30; "Cosima Wagner's Diary: 'R. Is Working,'" 231–36; "*Parsifal*: The First Encounter," 237–39; "Wieland Wagner: 'Here Space Becomes Time,'" 240–44; "Approaches to *Parsifal*," 245–59; "*The Ring*," 260–91. [JWB]
3. Schiele and Kokoschka excepted.
4. See *Arnold Schoenberg—Wassily Kandinsky: Letters, Pictures, and Documents*, ed. Jelena Hahl-Koch, trans. John C. Crawford (London and Boston: Faber & Faber, 1984). [JWB]