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# **SUD-OUEST**

BIG REGIONAL DAILY  
OF INFORMATION

**Bordeaux**

**Saturday, March 2, 1996**

## **VIEWPOINT**

# **Harmonics**

**PHILIPPE MÉZIAT**

The beauty of the instruments is striking. So are the sounds emanating from them as soon as they are struck. It is stunning to hear, across the full audio spectrum, and perhaps even beyond, the purity of a timbre made rich with equally pure harmonics. It is not difficult to believe it has taken Jacky Craissac years to perfect what comes close to the pure idea of metal, hide or leather - or even the idea for the honesty-plants he has gathered on a tree, and whose rustling marks the end of the concert. The beauty of what is seen and heard engulfs the small Molière Theatre, the perfect space for such a performance.

We are in a workshop: the blacksmith's, perhaps the clockmaker's, and why not the jeweller's. It is the workshop of the percussionist turned leather/metal worker who keeps juxtaposing materials *ad infinitum*. On one side stand the surfaces to be struck; on the other, the different sticks, hammers and mallets used to make them resonate. In the middle, orchestrating collision is the demiurge who has conceived it all. At times the music may seem overly demonstrative except when a piece lasts long enough for the music to come to life. The journey of the workshop visibly summons up Andalusia, and rhythms that would not be out of place in the works of Bartok or Stravinsky. An arresting, beautiful "proposition" awaiting (a) partner(s). So much potential cannot be left alone. It is already a good thing that the audience and Jacky Craissac were able to meet at all. Tonight is the second phase of a concert series inviting yet a purer echo.

□ **Jacky Craissac, last night at the Molière Theatre, 33, rue du Temple, Bordeaux. And tonight at 8:30 PM.**