

9 avenue b



press book

Presentation

9 AVENUE B is just another address in the maze of East Village streets on the edge of Puerto Rican Lower East Side, but nonetheless, it's an address full of inspiration, an address of creative service, an address where a Frenchman, Emmanuel Reverdi, a sort of electronic troubadour, blends his music with the voice and poetic texts of a Frenchwoman, crazy about New York, Sophie, who, just days after they met, became his wife. In the very city that inspires them.

In these streets they endlessly roam, they listen and absorb everything around them : every sound, every word read from lips or walls, everything becomes an asset. They bring back the content of an extra original album filled with pacifying love and a new vision of harmonic dialogue. The concept of spoken poetry or spoken words takes on its full meaning here. The texts, mostly in English, others in French, are brimming with spontaneous love and intense emotions. The music is intoxicating with sensations, evocative rhythms, and sounds of ingenious modernity, delivered with fairness and truth.

In a word, the album Access is a pure product ; it is fusion, and as its name suggests, “accession/fusion” for the fusion of love and sensuality of spoken poetry like no one else speaks it and music intrinsically sensory, like few can feel it and even fewer can transcribe it.

Access represents an accession to other dimensions, a desire for universality and fairness, a collective and benevolent mindset, a world where we would all be one, a world of sharing, mutual aid, respect, love, and poetry.

**AYMERIC HUOT-MARCHAND for MELODIE MUSIC
LABEL & DISTRIBUTION**

The musicians of words, 9 avenue B... by Pascal Dupont



Published : 29/04/1999 at 00:00

Read the article : https://www.lexpress.fr/informations/les-musiciens-des-mots_633447.html

Sung poetry. Rimbauds of the asphalt, modern-day troubadours, they tease the muse and proclaim their odes in the capital's trendy cafés. A new genre has arrived from across the Atlantic : « Spoken word ». By Dupont Pascal Published on 29/04/1999 at 00 :00

Tuesday evenings at Flèche d'or, rue de Bagnole, are all about music and poetry. In this former railway station on the Petite Ceinture, a mecca for the alternative scene, Rimbaud du bitume, emancipated gazelles, big-capped rastas and students with goatees play elbow-to-elbow around a large bar made of odds and ends. Admission is free, the mess is total and the talent is uneven. On the small stage, Michèle, a lady between two ages, declaims one of her odes, dedicated to the birds of Bosnia and composed before “the wrath of men” was unleashed. She is followed by a red-haired aedist nicknamed Pilote, who spouts mocking, raging verses, inspired, he adds, by the “conceptual bandaisons” of a certain Igor, a philosopher from Paname. And while the narrator chants his text, a shaggy tramp dances with his cane.

La Flèche d'or, but also the Club-Club or Les Instants chavirés : the clubs and concert halls in the northern and eastern districts of Paris are regularly taken by storm by a small troupe of bards, hilarious or afflicted, as the case may be. Like so many other musical trends, this poetic revival comes from across the Atlantic, where the genre has been all the rage since actor Johnny Depp, infatuated with rhymes, introduced it as a clipped version on MTV. Today, major bookstore chains such as Barnes & Noble offer readings in cities all over the country. And, since the monster exhibition devoted to them at the Moma (New York's Museum of Modern Art) four years ago, beat authors, or their ghosts, have enjoyed a new and legitimate fame : Allen Ginsberg, who spouted his poem-flow, Howl, during a trance party in 1955, is the ancestor of the spoken word generation, as the practitioners of new poetry declaimed or sung are known. Today, on Spare Ass Annie (Island), the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy, funny rappers, set to music, scratch and sing, with nonchalant irony, excerpts from William Burroughs' Naked Lunch or Nova Express.

“This is no longer rap, but a form of raw versification, where the melody rests entirely on the voice and the way each person phrases and scants.”

L'EXPRESS

“Is prosody about to replace nightclubbing on the hipsters' agenda ? In lower Manhattan, the Nuyorican Poets Café, a mecca for rhymers, organizes endless poetry slams, during which urban troubadours declaim their dreams of peace and fraternity. Marc Levin's film Slam, released this winter, has popularized the style, which already has its legends, such as Mike Ladd, whose prophetic incantations are set to an overlay of percussion and cool ambiences (Easy listening for Armageddon, Scratch Records/Warner).

« An artist agent for the very famous countertenor Erik Karol, and concert organizer in New York, Sophie Reverdi, « La Française », discovered poetry in between touring artists, writing her texts in French, but also in English, which she speaks fluently. The euphony of this language is extraordinary,” she says. What's more, Manhattan is an incredible source of inspiration. The city has a sensitivity that's skin-deep.”

A classically-trained musician who could play any instrument, « Manu » aka Emmanuel Reverdi for his part, had dabbled in all styles - rock (with the Souris déglinguée), jazz, funk or “crazy electronic music” - before going into exile to recharge his batteries and compose.

These two were bound to meet.



Sophie read pages from her notebooks to Manu, in a distanced, almost whispering voice. "It is language because it is there where you left it/ in the shape of a mouth/ It is confession because you have found it/ And what was memorized is quickly forgotten/ on a night such as this..."

To let the lyrics breathe, Manu has dressed them in subtle, whisper-like melodies. "America has awakened a need for gentleness," he says.

Then they took to the stage. At Tribeca's Bell Café, the Spiral Club on the Lower East Side or the small neo-Gothic Trinity Church... "New Yorkers are enthusiastic people who love to discover. For an artist, the gaze of others is less hostile and inhibiting than in France", Manu judges. Not once did the French couple set foot in the Nuyorican Café, located just a stone's throw from their love nest. They knew nothing about spoken word, which they practiced without knowing it.

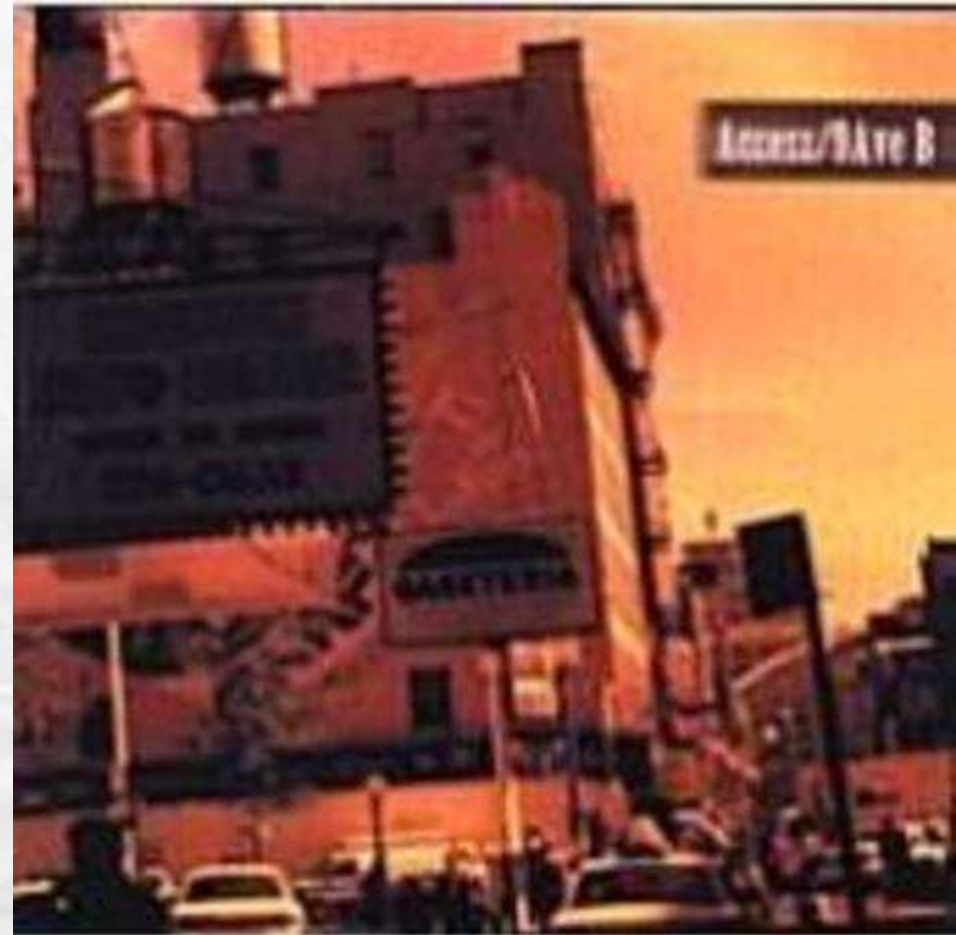
Sophie was pregnant, so the lovebirds returned to France and took advantage of the opportunity to get themselves published. Their New York address, 9 Avenue B, became their stage name. The product of an unconditional passion, their album (Access, Melodie) is a joy to listen to. It has recently appeared in the bins of Parisian record shops, where sung poetry has made a discreet appearance.

Imports include MC 900 Ft Jesus's experimental One Step Ahead of the Spider (American Recordings), a suite of realistic epigrams and urban poems set against a jazzy backdrop of soft techno, and the Word Up compilation (EMI Music Canada), a seminal album of "word music" : 46 tracks, including Jimi Hendrix in the Company of Cows, a hallucinatory tribute to the black guitarist set against a background of mooing. Headstrong, inspired or funny, this pleiad sometimes annoys with its multicultural correctness : there's the black poet, the gay poet, the black and gay poet, and even, to respect a theoretical diversity of Noah's Ark... a white poet !

Pascal Dupont

9 avenue b

-ACCESS



TRAX March 1999 by Benoit Carretier

9 AVENUE B, ACCESS

SELF-PRODUCTION / MELODY DISTRIBUTION



Spoken words are an integral part of black American culture, but we had no idea that a French couple living in exile in New York could make them their own.

The fruit of an encounter, a love story and then a marriage, ACCESS can be seen as a souvenir card of a Big Apple that never ceases to be the embodiment of a "something". The mafia, Harlem, the Apollo, the financial lung of the United States...and the East Village, the meeting place of intellectuals and artists. Sophie Reverdi's dark vocals flow from monotone to poetry, over sparse Trip hop rhythms. Poignant and chilling. Access reveals a rare musical quality and unfeigned authenticity.

Listening to it, you get the feeling that the couple have mastered their art enough to produce, with three bits of string, a debut that won't suffer from comparison with artists benefiting from far more substantial means. Of course, the machine can sometimes run on empty, but these clumsinesses and awkwardnesses are more moving than annoying. A true record, which, with its brand-new distribution contract, should soon be appearing in a bin near you. One to watch.

Benoît Carretier for TRAX

9 AVENUE B

CD album 13 tracks

Forum March 1999



All the paths of urban electronics and poetic spoken words lead to the 9 Avenue B of this delicate male/female duo. Sophie and Emmanuel reverdi, a couple in life as well as on stage, manage their musical household perfectly. So, if this album could very well have been recorded in New York, it's certainly not because of snobbery ? For it was in this gigantic city of a thousand facets that these two Frenchmen met and wrote a magnificent postcard in 13 tracks. The whole soul of the Big Apple permeates the band's compositions, just as it did in the past in the work of the velvet Underground.

A two-headed brain, 9 avenue B is led by the delicate voice of Sophie, for whom the Statue of Liberty is much more than a symbol, and by emmanuel, who handles all programming.

Assuredly well accompanied, we let ourselves be guided through streets darkened by skyscrapers. While most of the lyrics are in perfect English, the couple don't forget their origins on two remarkable tracks. Assisted by a few friends, including a certain Erik Karol, whom we already met in the late 80s when he offered us a lyrical new wave, Sophie and Emmanuel never cease to charm us. The loops and fiddling are at the service of the tracks, rather than the other way round, as is often the case in many productions of this genre. 9 Avenue b has succeeded in making its album Access(ible) to all ears in fusion.

Magic

9 AVENUE B

« Access »

The rock journalist's life is such that sometimes something surprises him. Not in his sleep, which is light and rare, nor during his vacations, since most of the time he's tanning in the artificial light of his Macintosh screen, but rather when he opens his mail, which is always abundant, a little less so during the summer months when the sorting centers (it's necessary for youth to happen) are infested with music-loving trainees. And so, amidst the silver washers issued by the majors (too bad for them) and the indie labels (thanks to them), self-produced records that HM generally dissect, sometimes sneak in. "Access", the first album from 9 avenue B, a French duo living in New York, succeeds in this feat of seducing without premeditation, and deserves to play in the big league.

rock&folk

Behind this name (or address, to be more precise, since it's their street address in the East Village), electronic troubadour Emmanuel reverdi and his muse Sophie create a soothing, ethereal music based on docile machines and punctuated by fickle words sometimes forming ydilllic verses. This morphing of sounds and syllables is Spoken Words, a style that's all the rage in New York. 9 Avenue B finds its inspiration on the street. On the outskirts of the Puerto Rican district, the Reverdi couple simply stroll along, filling their eyes and minds with the fleeting but intense sensations that lead to composition. As things stand, no label has yet given "Access" the airplay it deserves, but the case of 9 avenue B is already arousing interest and passions, which is a very good sign.

Jérôme Soligny April 1999

L’AFFICHE FEBRUARY 1999

9 AVE. B

"Access"



How can one render the pulsations of a city ? It’s neverending agitation, its smell ? « Access », by small and almost impressionist touches, carries us back to our fantasies about New York. It’s yellow cabs always in a rush, the breathing of it’s spectacular buildings, the breath of a multicultural crowd. It is here, in this album, obvious, the atmosphere of a city that incarnates life. One which we discovered in films, videos, on pellicule, before diving into it.

Like Sophie who signs some urban poems here. A diaphanous voice, very French touch, which gives this synthetic music a true humanity. 9 avenue B is similar to « Massive Attack », to the suburban poetry of the « Lasts Poets », the vocal improvisations of « Steve Coleman », comparable in spirit to what he did on « Genesis And The Opening Of The Way ». “Access”, a short story that fits into the life of a man and a woman. Clichés of a city, references to a music that is already ours.

CHRISTOPHE GROS-DUBOIS

9 AVENUE B

MIX MAGAZINE MARCH 1999

MIX

What a strange thing that this CD ! A beautiful patronymic puzzle. Weird names, title and music.

9 AVENUE B evolves in a rarely used register : Spoken words. Texts are read languorously on ambient or even industrial rhythms. Reminding people like "Die Form", "Art et Technique", "Throbbing Gristle"... or more recently "G.O. L".

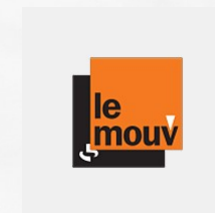
Not always cheerful but loaded with emotions. More than an invitation to voyage, it is to the magic of their sounds that this duo invites us to, in their intimacy and its dreamy setting. Superb...
Simply !

David Hallen

9 AVENUE B

« ACCESS » Melody

By Fiona Frohwirth FIP/ Le Mouv April 99



This first album is a true love story. A couple in love, wandering around a city, almost getting mixed up with it. New York. No wonder their desire to express themselves took the form of spoken words. And that, was above their control... It is well after having recorded "Access" that these two Frenchies found out more of this genre. It's strange. And not surprising. It could be said that spoken word and living in Manhattan are sometimes synonymous.

On the background of electronic music, we hear Sophie's voice preaching for a new way of life, outside dictates of consumption and violence. An album to listen quietly at home. A breath of fresh air, but more, a first stone in the building of French spoken word that seems to want to make its entrance into our country. Programmed on FIP le Mouv for 9 weeks.

Fiona Frohwirth

TRIBECA

March 1999

by JMF



When they get married, most people invite their families and friends to come and party in a rented place for the occasion with champagne and garter contests. Sophie and Emmanuel Reverdi celebrate their love story with an album. That's how they decided to take their pseudo in reference to this street of the East Village in New York, where they met. Through the magic of spoken word, Sophie evokes the threnance of love, human relationships, the transition to second states and all those funny things that occur when walking in the streets at night, watching the misty sky, We wonder what we're doing here.

The texts are for the lupart in English. The minimalist music of her now husband, with trip hop accents and ambient perfectly accompanies his surreal stories. And the heart of artichaud that I am can only succumb to so much romanticism. Note that this album is only available in the Fnac for now.

JMF



9 avenue b
-BRAND NEW

9 Avenue B introduces **BRAND NEW**

9 Avenue B is an address in New York, but it's in France that « 9 Avenue B » release their brand new album... « Brand New ». This time, 6 years after the release of their first album « Access », it's in Paris... But you will never see Paris as you see it on the cover photo. Because it is reversed.

Inverted – like the image and its mirror, Paris and New York; New York, American economic and cultural capital, which is said to be the most 'European' city in the USA!

Inverted – like their strange and surprising music compared to the current musical scene, so heavily saturated with commercial slurry leveled down.

Inverted: mixing the themes of pleasure from nature and the nature of pleasure, combining them with the mastery of technology put at the service of their music, Sophie and Emmanuel Reverdi offers a surprising and enchanting album, sensual and sometimes disturbing, often mysterious and even mystical.

In their luggage, Rhe Reverdi's carries so much : their travels, their encounters, their concerts, their twin children, passionately conceived in their 9 avenue B rented flat, and of course, masters of Anglo-Saxon literature.

Let's talk travel : their main journey takes place in New York City, inspiring their first album, Access » » and their name, 9 Avenue B.

Street music ? Not really, because it's not about improvising a guitar tune. Music and waves of life, yes, in what life has most of evolutive, amazing and variable ; and all this occurs in this utterly unique melting pot, that gives breathe to the east Coast Metropolis. In Manhattan, they meet the poetess and pianist, Idée Alpert, whom we meet over the album, with initiatory lyrics, and whose spirituality seems to be equally filled with love, benevolence and delicacy ; Or Mary Levy, journalist and poet who pleads for peace. Of course, Jeff Bien, their longtime friend, one of the greatest canadian poets of all time. But they are living among all kinds of artists friends, painters, dancers, sculptors, jazz and pop musicians, photographers, designers, clowns, fire-eater, comedians, trendy Chefs, and this scene is just magical to them both, and as enchanting as if they were brought back in time at Andy Warhol's Factory. Probably it was even better.

There are other encounters, made over the pages of the Anglo-Saxon classics. Oscar Wilde. Hugh MacDiarmid. John Clare. Percy Bysshe Shelley : as many authors as aequally imposing and heterogenous. All of them are interested in nature, each with a different voice, an original vision. All will live, in one way or another, an exile.

Thus John Clare, who had marked the bourgeoisie during the 19th century with his pastoral poetry, and was admired and then forgotten by a society already steeped in fashion phenomena, will end up in an asylum.

Or Shelley, a young aristocrat who, at the same time, will try all his short life to live outside of constraints and social oppression, and who will end up drowning off Italy, where he has taken refuge with the woman he loved, far from social constraints... and creditors.

Oscar Wilde, forced to hide his true nature, and even make his mea culpa, will end his life in exile in Paris, where in 1900 he died in ignominy... He is now recognised as one of the greatest English writers, poets and playwrights.

And finally, Hugh MacDiarmid, a brilliant 20th century Scottish poet and journalist who wrote much in his native dialect, and who went into exile on an island in the Shetland for ten years, from where he wrote some of his best poems.

If other authors parsemèd the titles of this CD, Sophie did not lack inspiration herself. And it is through the music, which she has chosen or written, that she entrusts us with her languid voice, her worries, her hopes and her desires for the world, for humanity and love.

Let this album touch you, amaze you, rock you, titillate you. Meanwhile, the Reverdis are preparing for their next musical adventure.

LAURENT VAGO independant journalist june 2005

BENZINE

9 AVENUE B : BRAND NEW

August 2005



Sophie and Emmanuel Reverdi present us with a collection of recordings made six years ago, in the tradition of their highly successful debut album *Access 1999*. This time, it's a travel diary of encounters between Paris and New York, a play on mirrors in which the poets of exile (Wilde, Diarmid, Clare, Shelley) are invited in the form of a soaring spoken word evoking the last Golden Palominos, heralding the next musical adventure in 2005.