

D O S S I E R D E P R E S S E

Delezozy

RARA WOULLIB en kiosque



Review Deblozay, LIFT / Greenwich & Docklands Festival - Internet

By Matt Trueman

22 JUN 2014



They're dotted around a park: sitting on the swings and tracing the tramlines of a tennis court; walking on walls and lolling on gravestones and lurking in bushes. All of them are dressed in the same, gothic Victoriana: lopsided top hats and moth-eaten tails, bunched black skirts and lacey black veils. Their faces are egg-white white, detailed with crisp black doodles: cobwebs and scales, puckered lips and smokey eyes. They look a bit like Rocky Horror fans, done up as Riff Raff and, of course, they make perfect cameraphone fodder.

Then they start singing: deep throaty bass notes, thick with reverb. Some foreign language: tribal, earthy, possibly primitive. Instruments join in, a lone drum first of all, then more of them, and before long, these rudimentary horns – elongated metal vuvuzelas – pipe up in a resonant hum. The effect, is like an accordion gasping into life. Or a wheezing lung with a death rattle. Or a rudimentary police siren. Weeeee-wawww. Weeeee-wawww. And then, ladies and gentlemen, we're off.

Deblozay, which translates from Creole as 'chaos,' is rooted in the Haitian festival of the dead, Guédé, and its rara music, which is repetitive, atonal and slowly works its way inside your bones until you become locked in its beat. We're not in Haiti, of course. We're in Greenwich. Even before we start, there are big questions of appropriation and exoticism at play. What does it mean for French performers to enact a Haitian ritual as art in London?

Deblozay isn't really a show you watch, per se. There's not much to see: the initial oddity of these deathly figures, and later others dotted around Greenwich in tableau, in the flicker of paraffin lamps. Instead, it's something you're part of. You experience it from within, as part of a crowd, processing through the streets. It's composed out of pace and rhythm, out of space and proximity. Of people and power. Of people power.

A funereal march through a squeeze alleyway is noticeably different from a giddy samba-style carnival down an empty A-road. It's one thing to follow the leaders and another to rush out of the way as they charge through us. When they stop playing, lurching to a gradual, woozy halt, you feel a potent sense of rudderlessness. Someone shouts, "Come on lads, one more tune." You want – crave for – the party to restart. Sometimes, when it's motoring along, you feel your chest start to swell. You feel your feet start to skip and fizz, almost tap-dancing. You feel a shout, a laugh, rising up and you just want to tear off, ricocheting through the streets like a rogue firework.

It's the summer solstice, too, and, with the sun refusing to go down, there's a charge in the air. The electricity of midsummer; that itchiness, that restlessness, that edge. There is a flicker of the London riots at play. We're heading through big council estates and these bellowing horns seem to be a rallying cry. Come join us, they say. Bring out your dead. Bring out your grievances. When we get to smarter, more expensive flats, the noise seems confrontational. It disrupts the area, with its manicured calm. I remember, too, that *Deblozay* stems from Marseilles, another place ripped up by rioting not so long ago. The same feeling's present, the same power and excitement and possibility, especially as our numbers swell with local residents and passers-by joining in. Only this time, it's contained – controlled chaos, not a destructive rampage. It's almost memorialising that night, raising its spirit(s) and reclaiming the streets once again. This time, though, it's a creative, communal, hopeful act. We end in an urban clearing, festooned with fairground lightbulbs. An organ toots up and suddenly we're dancing. All of us together.

Photograph: Sylvian Bertrand

By Howard Loxton

20 JUN 2014



The LIFT brochure describes this performance by Marseilles-based company Rara Woulib as “the most extraordinary funeral procession you will ever attend”.

I am not sure about the “most”—the Virgin Mary’s funeral in Bill Bryden’s production of *The Mysteries* sticks in memory and in real life what about Princess Diana’s? This certainly doesn’t seem like a funeral but it is definitely a procession, one that processes through the streets and byways of Greenwich, but it is much more than that and earns its place as a piece of international theatre.

The company takes its name from the *rara* of Haitian musical tradition when people come to gather and parade and it uses the instruments of *rara*: long metal trumpets called *klewons* and blown tubes that produce a haunting sound and together with different drums other percussion.

Deblozay is a Creole word that means something like chaos or bedlam but, though their ghoulish characters disrupt normality and often challenge their follower’s expectations, this is a very carefully thought out event that responds to its environment while still allowing its performers the freedom to improvise in response to individual audience members.

The company keeps its locations secret from its audiences, but, since the only other Greenwich performance is sold out, it won’t be a spoiler to tell you they set off from St Alphege’s Church in the heart of Greenwich.

The performance begins, before the fading of the daylight, with the audience entering the park that was formerly the church’s graveyard. They are greeted by strange noises that could be musical or mechanical coming from the shrubbery. Ahead is billowing smoke, where a black and white clothed woman is sitting.

Gradually it becomes apparent that the whole place is populated with chalk-skinned figures clothed in funereal black and white. They stand on old tombs, atop walls, sit on the swings of a children's playground, glance this way or that you will spot them. One picks up a leaf and studies it; another holds a feather, some advance and retreat over the same spot. Over a wall is what could be a burned-out building and there is a matching dereliction about these figures who seem trapped in some limbo.

Close-up, you see their white faces with deep-shadowed eyes sprout delicate decoration. A flourish of fine-lined curlicues curls up from a collar or creeps over a forehead, a cheek carries a complex veining. Their world-weary garments and mournful countenances have beauty as well as sadness. Each you come close to has a different ornamentation to discover.

First one then another begins to make soft moaning sounds, a few notes of melody gradually emerging, a cry of "male!" and there is drumming and harmonising and now everyone is moving out onto the streets of Greenwich.

For ninety minutes, they lead their followers first down a narrow lane then onto the highways. Traffic must wait for them, through roads lined with flats where their music is echoed by voices from balconies, along a route where sometimes red flares ahead predict the path.

Suddenly these revenants may turn and rush back through the crowd following, leaving those at the front deserted. Sometimes they will occupy a space where there is room for their followers to encircle them and all be in contact. Even if unable to be close, there is the music, the haunting wind sounds and sometimes just voices, changing tempos sometimes solemn or wistful but often developing dance rhythms, getting faster, and beneath a railway bridge exploiting its acoustic.

Each performer is a different distinctive character, maintained throughout, at times interacting with audience members, that one almost collapsing with exhaustion, this staring into one's soul with sad eyes.

Turning off the roadway, a path below the railway is lit by the flickering flames of myriad oil lamps. The roar as you cross a bridge over Deptford Creek is not just the trains on the track above but a sound that vibrates below your feet and, looking down, there are more black and white figures in boats on the water and moving on the walls high above it. Along all the route you can see silent figures, on buildings, in open grassy spaces, watching and watched.

For a time, everything halts. Along a long wall below the railway, the performers are strung out and waiting for a signal. When they move on, it is to split the group onto paths either side of a succession of railway arches, then to a sequence of chaos as they dart between and around them before finally emerging on to a roadway again and eventually to a fairy-ring of lights on a greensward where the evening culminates in the performers inviting everyone to dance.

Yes it's a procession, not a play, but it is ninety minutes of total involvement, full of music packed with emotion and characterisations that require actors, not just musicians. It is a piece of theatre fashioned to fit its location but that crosses cultures and continents. I enjoyed it.

Theatre goes walkabout: these shows really move audiences
Promenade theatre often means little more than a shuffle, but a wave of walking-based productions are taking audiences, on foot, into unknown territory

Matt Trueman



Deblozay and Greenwich and Docklands festival London
Rara Woulib's Deblozay is at Greenwich and Docklands festival, London

When theatregoers get to their feet, it traditionally heralds one of two things: a standing ovation or a walkout. And while theatre is not the sedentary artform it once was – we've sprinted through Punchdrunk's labyrinths and cycled round Blast Theory's Rider Spoke – most audiences still remain seated through performances.

When theatre gets us walking, it's often as a means to an end. Promenade theatre – despite its name – usually involves standing around and shuffling from scene to scene. Immersive theatre is more about exploration than ambulation. However, some shows ask audiences to walk alongside, with or in the midst of a performance, which means that walking itself becomes integral to the art.

Frédéric Gros's new book, *A Philosophy of Walking*, looks at the fine art of putting one foot in front of the other. Actually, as Gros makes clear, there's nothing fine about it: walking's neither a skill nor a sport, but a humble and, given the path of evolution, fundamentally human activity. Many make the same claims of theatre.

Gros writes about walking for its own sake and in its own right: hiking, mostly, but also aimless wanderers, epic pilgrimages and everything in between. And theatregoers can undertake a variety of walks at this year's Greenwich & Docklands international festival in London. A laundry conga-line will wind its way through the Old Naval College and 100 dancers will stream down the Thames-side paths, while Cie Pied en Sol's Spring leads the audience on a stroll through the seasons.

Then there's Deblozay, a London International Festival of Theatre co-production rooted in Haiti's festival of the dead, Guédé, and the rara music of Haitian carnivals. Rara Woulib transplant a potted version of the ritual – in Haiti, processions last for several days – into western urban environments, where death is usually kept more out of sight.

«It's not just a walk,» insists Deblozay's director Julien Marchaisseau. It's a procession: audience and performers become a single mass. «You're sharing time with a lot of people,» he says, «just walking with friends, strangers and neighbours.» Marchaisseau also seeks to steer us towards trance. We head in the same direction, at the same pace and in the same rhythm. «You let the music sink in and let go of your daily life to just go with the music. It's not a part of daily life. It's like a time capsule.» Gros says something similar: that walking for its own sake is a break from routine – «suspensive freedom», he calls it.

Walking also frees your mind. «It gives your brain something to worry about,» says Slung Low's Alan Lane, who has created several city-wide promenades. «That leaves another part of your brain open to other stuff.» For writers, walking can bring a different mode of thinking. On foot, sentences can fall into place in a way they don't when staring determinedly at a screen.

Gros writes a lot about this split focus and, following Karl Gottlob Schelle's 1802 essay *The Art of Walking*, compares walking with sitting. Gros argues that the seated worker is, essentially, «shackled» to his task and so «in a state of nervous irritation due to forced and prolonged concentration». You could say the same of audiences, sitting fidgeting in the stalls. Walking lets us process theatre in a different way: less concerted, perhaps, but, as a result, more receptive.



A world of meditation ... an 'angel' guides visitors along the route of Robert Wilson's exhibits in his three-hour piece *Walking* in Holkham, Norfolk. Photograph: Si Barber

Robert Wilson's *Walking*, a three-hour walk through installations, sought meditation through repetitive mechanical action. It's quite possible to lose yourself when out on foot. That, says Lane, means the theatremaker's «duty of care goes through the roof». He's seen walking audiences unwittingly step out in front of buses.

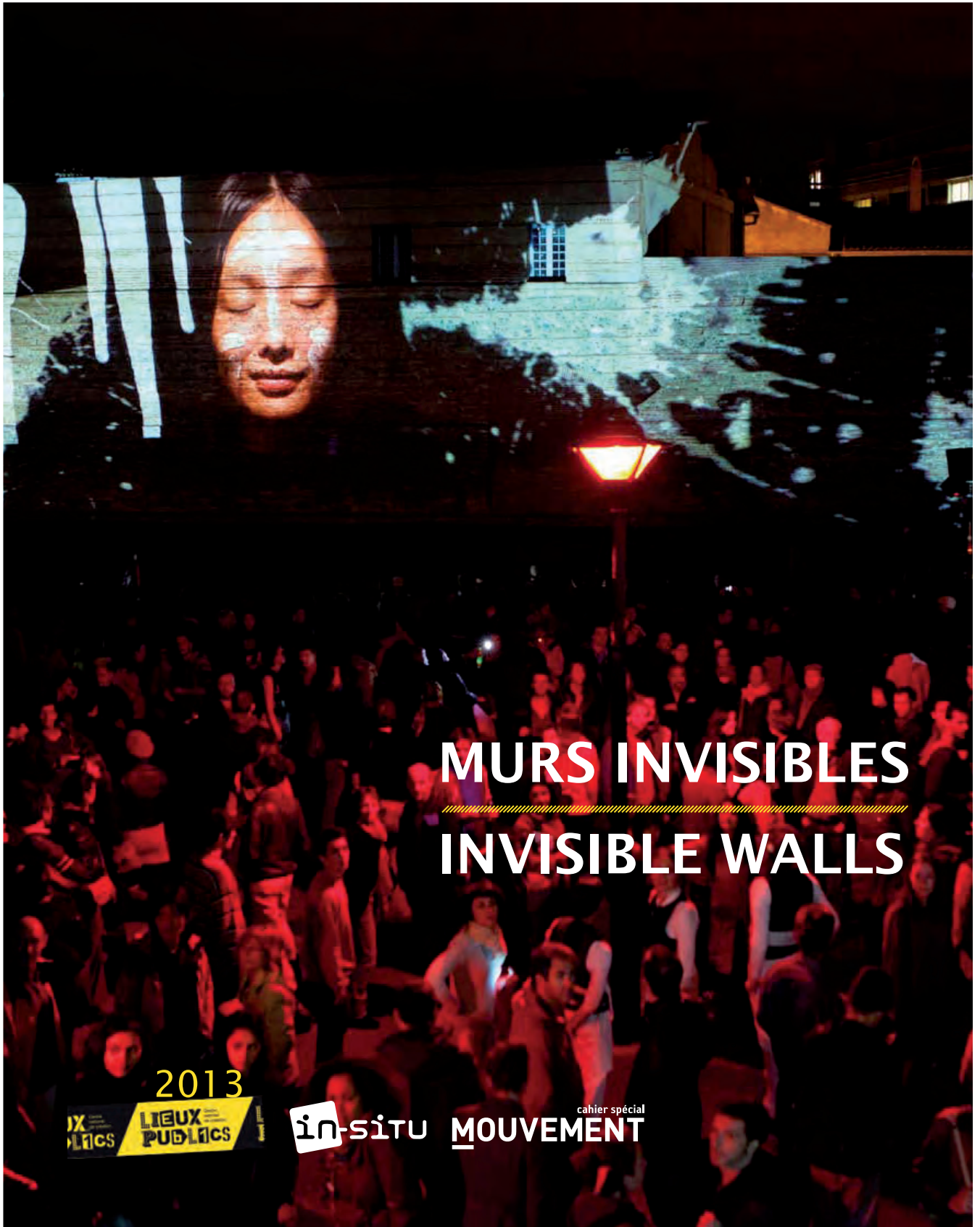
Conversely, walking can attune you to your environment, turning your focus outwards. When theatre borrows from the walking tour, as in shows like *En Route* or Fiona Templeton's *YOU – the City*, it relies on this impulse. Walking changes your relationship to a place. You walk through, rather than simply going to; you're enveloped by a space, not observing it from the outside. Your perception relies on different senses. You can feel its geography and, to go back to Gros, you can't really rush: «Walking is the best way to go more slowly than any other method that has ever been found.»

Theatre is similar: a chance to stop everything else and focus on one thing. Walking theatre, like slow food or slow travel, seems to suit that beautifully. One thing's for certain: it's beginning to find its feet.

- Greenwich and Docklands International festival runs from 20 to 28 June.

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MURS INVISIBLES INVISIBLE WALLS

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LIEUX PUBLICS

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PERSISTENCE OF RITUALS

Like Rara Woulib group and their strollings, some artists are endeavouring to revive the spirit of grand collective rituals. New ceremonial behaviour patterns are carving out a niche for themselves in public spaces.

Julie Bordenave

Traduit par Sarah Jane Mellor



Rara Woulib, *Deblozay*.
Photo: Bushido.

With their talent for bringing about an upheaval and restructuring the collective urban framework, artists who penetrate and occupy public space are the most capable of getting to grips with social taboos. Amongst these features death which is denied in a society where ageing as well as illness have been ignored, hushed up and brushed under the carpet for a long time. "Bringing back the dead to our town centres", is as well the fervent wish of Alexandra Tobelaim, actress trained at Erac at Cannes who is a founder of the Tandaim company. With Lieux publics she initiated last November an artistic work intitled *Le Mois du chrysanthème (The Month of Chrysanthemum)*: on the tarmac strips of turf welcome back the dead to the land of the living for a shortlived intergenerational communion, like a rite of passage, an initiation ceremony between the different stages of life: "In an entropic fashion we will greet the dead from everywhere, creating a kind of cemetery without borders."

If the West has gradually evicted, banished and expurgated death from daily life, and in parallel re-

moved cemeteries from its town centres, other civilisations still cohabit and live in close proximity with their dead in a more tangible fashion. On his return after four years spent in Haiti, Julien Marchaisse founded in 2007 the Rara Woulib collective: "There is fragile and precarious but the greater the presence of death in everyday life, the greater the sense of vitality which pervades people's lives. On my return to France, I was shocked to see to what extent death is hidden and excluded concealed behind the walls of retirement homes, of hospitals; undertakers deal with everything, there are no more vigils and wakes... Hence the idea of confronting the public once again with death by conferring on it a soft and poetic complexion." Musical parade at night, *Deblozay* (meaning "disorder" in Haitian creole) draws its inspiration from *rara* (a carnivalesque and musical form of voodoo), summoning up Haitian *guédés* (spirits) and Mexican aesthetics from the Festival of the Dead, combining zombies and the living in a bewitching, frenzied dance: cultural syncretism both joyful and formidable which seizes hold of the onlooker by holding this sight so as to make him lose his bearings and anchorage points, engulfing him in a swirling, uplifting and transfixing urban trance. This collective, comprising around twenty musicians and visual artists, initially tested out and experimented with this spectacle in the streets of Marseilles, occupying the Parc Longchamp at nightfall, or transforming the Pavillon de partage des eaux des Chutes-Lavie into giant "music box": "This approach consists in inhabiting city at night, which is a habit that we have lost and grown unaccustomed to in many places. Each new spot gives rise and brings into being a new form of writing."

The elders and transmission

A society which is in denial about its dead and death also averts its gaze from the elderly. In *Echappées belles* by the Adhok company, the latter take the revenge by escaping from a retirement home to evolve and deliver moving scenes, slices of life, before setting off to the sound of the Ramones. Posing ourselves collectively the question of transmission, also means reconciling ourselves with our own history. With *Les Fils (Sons of the Soil)* the Dutch company Schweigman celebrates and commemorates the memory of the elderly in order to root and anchor the family heritage in the present: "Behind every individual there lurks an imaginary triangle of ancestors. Physical features, just like psychological and emotional patterns are handed down from generation to generation." The plastic artifact in the landscape symbolizes seven generations of forebears, embodied and portrayed by the same number of masks planted

on stakes, with ever vaguer and uncertain features the further we go back in time.

In a more symbolic way, Dries Verhoeven chooses to pay homage to a fading memory of a whole world through *Fare Thee Well* which is a show intended to “bid farewell to what has disappeared and what is doomed to vanish in the future; to lost fragments of our civilisations”. These vestiges can be visualized by means of a telescope; encrusted at the centre of the image there is a flowing text which enumerates all those things from which we will have to take our leave. One prediction succeeds another to the background music of one of Haendel’s operatic arias; we are gripped by the poignant sensation that we are witnessing the waning and fading away of our own contemporary existence and through this the fleeting glimpse of our own identity. This is a dizzying sinking feeling for the isolated viewer who becomes the hapless observer of a world from which he temporarily withdraws: “a visual requiem for our epoch, an elegy of dystopias in a crisis-hit era, exposing the world as being in a state of flux”, the artist comments.

The rituals invented

Before paying homage to the vestiges and remnants of a civilization, the street arts put forward the idea of enshrining it amongst beings who are well and truly alive. Street artists have never been lacking in creativity in inventing collective rites and rituals: at the turn of the Millennium, Théâtre de l’Unité offered its irresistible *Manifestations de Joie (Manifestations of Joy)*; more vehemently, the “Manifs de droite” (Right-wing demos), created in 2003 in the wake of the movement of casual and intermittent employees, experienced their heyday following the election of Nicolas Sarkozy in 2007... Places of manufacture give rise to traditions which create ties and bonds that knit closely together the social fabric of a geographical area: at the Channel in Calais, bringing in the New Year has for a long time been celebrated collectively, on the occasion of Feux d’hiver (Winter fires); for the inauguration of Les Thermes d’Encausse in 2011, Les Pronomade(s) initiated a Poste Restante service, inviting local inhabitants to deposit sealed messages with the postal authorities, to be delivered to the intended recipients or addresses in 2036 (that is to say twenty-five years later, the duration of the lease)... In Marseilles, Lieux publics introduced in 2003 the urban ritual *Sirènes et midi net*. On the first Wednesday of each month, the test of the civil protection and defence siren is blended by artists into a unique ephemeral creative work on the Opera forecourt: “A creative work of art which resonates with this urban sound signal, with what imaginary ideas it conveys, between war and aquatic divinity, amidst musical glissando and screeching seabirds sweeping the mariners of The Odyssey to a

watery grave...” Over the years, this monthly event has brought together a crowd, a whole fraternity of faithful spectators; people also turn up to attend in order to learn the latest tidings, a habit of yesterday, of times gone by...

Other rituals have been introduced by Lieux publics connected with the city’s cultural heritage, such as *Stars on Stairs*, which is acted out on the monumental steps of Saint-Charles railway station and its breathtaking open-air stage overlooking the city. A more “immaterial” heritage, the legendary verve and sparkle of Marseilles will enjoy pride of place

and be honoured on the occasion of *Le Grand Bavardage (The Big Talk)* next September during Métamorphoses event. This will consist in a Sunday banquet for one thousand guests, set out on tables laid along La Canebière, where local artists

(Ilotopie, Agence de Voyages Imaginaires, No Tunes International...) will take part in this feast, partying and carousing with the invited public in order to “render audible to the whole world the expressive language and gift of the gab for which this city is so famous”.

Public space is well and truly the dedicated place to bring out the full force of a collective body, going beyond and transcending normality, even resulting in the creation of new customs. Thus by taming and domesticating set limits and forbidden things, real, imaginary or fantasised, street arts can also transgress and contravene them by opposing reinvigorating, liberating, transgressive or reflective acts and gestures; sometimes a mere spark is all that is required as a catalyst to enable us to reclaim and repossess this supposedly public space, where frontiers existing in our minds sometimes outnumber and outweigh physical frontiers.

Rara Woulib, *Deblozay*.
Photo: Bushido.



To pay homage to
a fading memory of
a whole world.

MÉTAMORPHOSES

VENREDI 20 SEPTEMBRE 2013

Libé

Marseille réenchantée

Espaces communs

Drôle de terrain de jeu pour des artistes. L'espace public marseillais ressemble de loin à une vaste bar à ficelle, entre kalachnikovs et capitale européenne de la culture. Une guerre d'image, dans laquelle les artistes se voient assigner le rôle de réenchanter la cité, apaiser ses blessures. C'est plutôt réussi d'ailleurs et les grands rendez-vous permettent à la ville de se découvrir un public nombreux et paisible, mais souvent passif, et plutôt consommateur, dans le centre du moins. Métamorphoses, que produit, avec Marseille Provence 2013, le centre national Lieux publics, peut-il changer cela? Une quarantaine de propositions (dont une trentaine de créations) en trois actes répartis dans le cœur de Marseille. Des compagnies européennes qui vont tenter de

dépasser les codes des arts de la rue, d'interroger la ville, réunir ses habitants dans un même espace public sans sacrifier l'intime, le sens et l'émotion. Décaler les regards peut révéler une autre ville, elle-même en pleine métamorphose. Marseille change et se crée de nouvelles déambulations, des espaces communs dans une ville qui en manque. Des craintes aussi. De gentrification, de standardisation. Les 32 compagnies attendues ne poseront pas frontalement ces questions. Elles doivent, en revanche, bouleverser. Les spectateurs, les codes, les regards sur cette ville, émergente, chancelante. Une ville incertaine, chaotique. Une ville d'inattendu. Très beau terrain de jeu pour des artistes en somme.

Rara Woulib, cortège d'esprits pirates

Les déambulations sans préavis de la compagnie animent les rues marseillaises d'un imaginaire haïtien.

L'aventure a commencé en 2003, loin de Marseille. Alors qu'il vivait à Haïti, Julien Marchaisseau, fondateur de la compagnie marseillaise Rara Woulib, voit passer en bas de chez lui un «*mar*» haïtien, cortège qui sillonne la ville au Carême, en jouant de curieux instruments, entêtants. Il les suit, et leur divagation, urbaine et musicale, le perd pendant des heures, l'amène à découvrir une autre ville.

Paillard. De retour en France, il explore la musique du *rara*. Avec quelques musiciens, sur des instruments rapportés et d'autres qu'ils fabriquent, chacun ne joue qu'une note, variant au plus d'une octave, pendant des heures. La troupe commence à déambuler la nuit dans Marseille, costumée, maquillée, mêlant au *rara* un autre imaginaire haïtien, celui des

guédés, ces esprits des morts qui sortent à la Toussaint de façon bruyante et paillard pour servir de guides entre la vie et l'au-delà.

Pendant des années, le Rara Woulib a exploré Marseille, repartant du lieu où s'était achevée la déambulation précédente, sans faire parler d'elle. Parfois, elle ne prévenait personne mais le public grossissait, intrigué. D'autres fois, l'invitation donnait un lieu de rendez-vous imprécis. La suite doit toujours être un mystère, que gardent soigneusement ceux qui ont déjà suivi la compagnie. Jusqu'ici, à Marseille, les sorties étaient pirates. La compagnie, aux sorties désormais soigneusement préparées, scénographiées, investit des bâtiments municipaux, joue dans des fontaines, sur des toits, suspend parfois la circulation automo-

bile. Quand des policiers la croisent, ils s'étonnent seulement de ne pas avoir été prévenus. N'imaginant pas un instant que des centaines de personnes peuvent suivre les esprits des morts dans les rues marseillaises sans autorisation... «*L'illégalité crée de la tension, pour les comédiens comme pour le public, observe Julien Marchaisseau. On commence le spectacle sans jamais savoir si on pourra le terminer.*»

Institutions. Rara Woulib explore des zones frontières, où le spectacle a peu l'habitude d'aller, recherchant les territoires chargés d'histoire. C'est un guédé qui déterre l'âme de la ville. Comme la compagnie n'entrait pas dans les cases, elle n'a guère été soutenue jusqu'ici par les institutions. Ce qui lui a permis de se développer en toute liberté, à l'écart

des codes du spectacle vivant. Pierre Sauvageot, directeur de Lieux publics, les a découverts par hasard. «*Parmi la foule, je connaissais à peine une personne sur dix, d'habitude c'est l'inverse*», dit-il. Soutenue depuis par le réseau In Situ, la compagnie émerge, est invitée dans de gros festivals européens. Le plus difficile commence. Comment conserver le mystère, la liberté, quand la reconnaissance approche? Comment sauver la magie de l'inattendu quand on est attendu?

En attendant, pour goûter l'expérience, retirez un billet vendredi 27 à partir de 18 heures en gare Saint-Charles. Le lieu de rendez-vous sera écrit dessus, départ entre 20 heures et 21 heures. Il est conseillé d'avoir des chaussures de marche. Et pas trop peur des esprits.

OLB



Les artistes vous invitent à leur **Grand Bavardage** : autour d'une table sur la Canebière, happenings, joutes théâtrales, contes, chants se mêlent aux mots et aux pissaladières... Le 22 de 12 h à 16 h, entre le bd Dugommier et les Réformés (13001). PHOTO VINCENT LUÉAS LE VILLAGES DES FACTEURS D'IMAGES



KompleXKaphamâM propose **Figures libres** : des musiciens, une chanteuse et des opérateurs vidéo occupent les plateformes de véhicules, tandis que sept projectionnistes se déplacent dans la foule, avec le matériel de projection pour envoyer depuis le public, les balcons, des portraits d'habitants, silencieux, qui interrogent les identités de nos villes. Pas de paroles. Une narration très éclatée. Comme les identités marseillaises. Les 20 et 21, départ à 20 h 30 pl. de Strasbourg (13003). PHOTO VINCENT LUÉAS



Sous la direction du plasticien Olivier Grossetête, **Une ville éphémère** en carton d'une vingtaine de bâtiments grandeur nature s'élève, avec la participation des habitants. Du 1^{er} au 6 octobre, 11j, pl. Bargemon (13002), de 10 h à 12 h 30 et de 14 h à 19 h. PHOTO V. LUÉAS LE VILLAGES DES FACTEURS D'IMAGES



Les Italiens de ZimmerFrei construisent des villes en métamorphose depuis des portraits d'habitants. Des documentaires dans lesquels la rénovation urbaine devient un décor pour les résidents, qui continuent leur vie. Cela donne **La Beauté, c'est ta tête**, dernier épisode de **Temporary Cities**, tourné à Marseille. Des récits qui racontent entre autre les «*murs invisibles*» de cette ville (lire pages 11-13). Projections du 26 au 28 à 20 h 30 et 22 h, pl. Louise-Michel (13001). PHOTO THOMAS SOST

ET AUSSI...

ACTE I : LE GRAND ENSEMBLE

The City Speaks Une exposition sur les mouvements d'hommes et de femmes qui s'approprient la ville à travers l'expression créative. Du 1^{er} au 10 octobre, place Bargemon (13001) du 20 septembre au 6 octobre.

ACTE II : FORAIN CONTEMPORAIN

Stars on Stairs Triptyque en couleurs et en mouvement sur l'escalier monumental de la gare Saint-Charles. Jany Jérémie, *Migrateurs/Transatlantique* : «*Stars on Stairs/verts*» du 25 au 29 septembre

«*Embrouille chorégraphique*» du 26 au 28 à 20 h 30 et 22 h, escalier monumental de la gare Saint-Charles.

«*Stars on Stairs D-E-F-I-S*» 400 descentes d'escalier. Gare Saint-Charles, les 28 et 29 de 15 h à 18 h.

Igor hagar Un voyage musical de Pierre Sauvageot. Du 26 au 29 (les 26 et 27 à 19 h, 20 h 30, 22 h; le 28 à 15 h, 17 h, 19 h, 20 h 30, 22 h; le 29 à 15 h, 17 h, 19 h), gare Saint-Charles (13001) voir N.

Streetwalker Gallery de Ljud Group. Du 26 au 28 (les 26 et 27 à 17 h et 19 h; les 28 et 29 à 14 h, 30, 16 h 30, 19 h), à la gare Saint-Charles.

Flat de Rodrigo Pardo. Du 26 au 28 à 20 h 30 et 22 h, université Aix-Marseille (13001), faculté des sciences (13001), campus Saint-Charles (pl. Victor-Hugo, 13003).

Fare the Well de Dries Verhoeven. Les 26 et 27 de 17 h à 23 h, le 28 de 15 h à 23 h, le 29 de 15 h à 20 h, gare Saint-Charles, quai M.L.

ACTE III : LA VILLE ÉPHÉMÈRE

La construction de la **Ville éphémère** (lire ci-contre) est ponctuée de rituels quotidiens : la **Ville qui danse** fait bouger les bâtiments de carton, inaugurée par la **Première Danse** de Sirènes et Midi net, le 2 octobre à midi, et on partagera un moment de convivialité autour de la **Soupe de chantier**, tous les soirs à 19 h, pl. Bargemon (13002) du 1^{er} au 6 oct.

En parallèle, les **Dazi baos anonymes** investissent le chantier et contribuent à lui donner tout son sens de nouvelle agora publique, de 11 h 30 à 19 h.

Lieux publics et le réseau européen pour la création artistique en espace public In Situ rassemblent des artistes, urbanistes, philosophes, sociologues, directeurs de festivals, responsables politiques, pour un débat autour de la notion de murs invisibles «*Invisible Walls*» dans l'espace public, les 3 et 4 octobre de 9 h 30 à 18 h 30, théâtre de la Criée (13007).

Destruction de la Ville éphémère le 6 octobre, à partir de 16 h.

INFOS PRATIQUES

Métamorphoses se tient du 20 septembre au 6 octobre. Tous les spectacles sont gratuits.

Plus d'information sur www.lieuxpublics.com, et toute l'actualité de Métamorphoses sur l'application Métamorphoses 2013.

La participation au forum In Situ-Lieux publics «*Murs invisibles*» se fait sur inscription sur www.in-situ.info et www.lieuxpublics.com.

Réservations pour les groupes et inscriptions aux projets participatifs, ainsi que pour Streetwalker Gallery : 04 91 03 81 28 et communication@lieuxpublics.com

MARSEILLE SE RUE DANS L'ART

Michel et Sandro se métamorphosent pour les arts de la rue dans la capitale européenne de la culture.

Par Michel Samson et Sandro Di Carlo Darsa

Dans le cortège des ombres



Et voilà qu'on fait procession, dans la nuit noire, sur un chemin bordé de fenouil, de muriers, de folle avoine dans des odeurs de figes écrasées, derrière la gare de l'Estaque... Depuis un moment et sans trop savoir pourquoi, nous voilà suivant une bande de spectres déchaînés, tous habillés de noir, visages blanchâtres et lèvres noires, qui lancent des litanies en créole haïtien tandis que des fantômes à chapeaux juchés sur des rangées de conteneurs frappent le rythme avec leurs gros bouts de bois. Il est dix heures du soir, on est deux cent vingt, jeunes et moins jeunes, arrivés en train sans connaître la destination du TER, une maman pousse sa poussette à bébé qui cahote sur le sentier, un homme suit sur son fauteuil roulant, on fatigue tous un peu, putain qu'est ce qu'on fout là ?



[\(Sandro di Carlo Darsa\)](#)

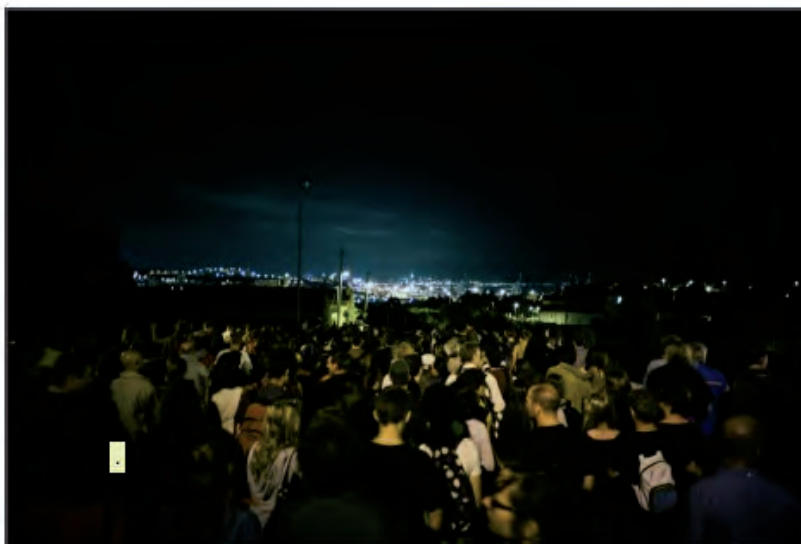
On est plongé dans les arts de la rue, évidemment ! Ce soir c'est Deblozay, « un voyage musical urbain sur le rythme du rara haïtien » proposé par la jeune troupe marseillaise [Rara Woulib](#).



Avec ces sombres personnages au regard fixe, on traverse donc ces zones incertaines des bords de Marseille qui mixent campagne et décharges sauvages, hangars neufs et pavillons, vieilles bastides et HLM. Le voyage en troupe, parfois sautillante et compacte, parfois étirée et bavarde, dure trois heures et demi entre l'Estaque et Saint Henri. C'est long, parfois lent mais toujours entraînant, et sans trop comprendre pourquoi on poursuit le voyage jusqu'au bout. Sous les platanes d'une rue de faubourg on ressent cette marche comme une intrusion dans un quartier engourdi. Le cortège suiveur s'enfonce pourtant jusqu'à la place centrale, pour s'y calmer avant de repartir.



Le silence des HLM endormis est fracassé par les vuvuzelas métalliques de nos guides morts-vivants. Les revenants se déchaînent et se calment. Respiration parfois haletante, parfois apaisée. On suit encore et toujours, jusqu'à la fin. La fin sur la colline, au dessus de la ville, de sa baie toujours surplombée de Notre Dame de la Garde, finit d'emporter le cortège au son d'un ogre de Barbarie, ailleurs encore. Sans lieu ni temps. Les fantômes ont posé leurs instruments et invitent à danser, comme pour nous réconcilier, tous ensemble. Il est minuit, peut être, maintenant les machines à bières tirent la pression.



On a encore testé autre chose de ce catalogue des arts de la rue qui tentent de métamorphoser Marseille depuis dix jours : le cortège *rurbain* derrière un orchestre des enterrements. Ça change les idées, ça ajoute des images, ça étonne, ça fatigue et ça fait aussi du bien.



4 OCTOBRE 2013

ROUEN RIVE DROITE

MONT-SAINT-AIGNAN. Rendez-vous ce soir, à 21 heures, pour une déambulation musicale insolite dans la ville.

Sur les chemins du rara

Pour ouvrir sa nouvelle saison culturelle, la Scène nationale Petit-Quevilly/Mont-Saint-Aignan a choisi d'étonnants Marseillais, ceux de la compagnie Rara Woulib.

Les dix-huit artistes de ce collectif multidisciplinaire invitent le public ce vendredi, dès 21 heures, devant l'hôtel de ville de Mont-Saint-Aignan. Embarquement gratuit pour un voyage presque... en terre inconnue. Avec des chaussures de marche...

Cette troupe de musiciens, comédiens, plasticiens, costumière, artificiers (accessoirement tous bricoleurs de génie) peaufine depuis le début de la semaine, la version mont-saint-aignanaise d'un spectacle déambulatoire baptisé « Deblozay ». Un nom étrange, qui signifie « désordre » en créole haïtien, importé par Julien Marchaisseau, metteur en scène.

Réveiller les esprits

« J'ai vécu trois ans à Haïti, de 2002 à 2005, et j'y ai découvert la culture vaudou sous toutes ses formes », explique ce percussionniste, qui a décidé de partager son coup de foudre pour le rara haïtien, des chants accompagnés par d'étranges longues trompes métalliques et des tubes en bambou, dans lesquels le soufflant ne peut jouer qu'une note. Tout cela crée des sonorités profondes qui, à la nuit tombée, pourraient inviter les esprits (dans tous les sens du terme) à se réveiller... Ce cortège musical et poétique va déchiffrer les sentiers cachés ou oubliés de Mont-Saint-Aignan.



La compagnie Rara Woulib a concocté un itinéraire surprise...

« Nous aimons l'imprévu, les endroits limites, et donner d'autres perspectives et un regard différent sur des endroits connus. Ce que nous cherchons c'est une transformation éphémère de la ville sur notre passage, rendre visible ce qui est invisible », enchaîne un comédien.

« La semaine dernière nous étions à Marseille où nous avons emmené les gens dans un train spécial... L'important est de créer un climat amenant les gens à se demander s'ils ont rêvé... » Impossible de connaître l'itinéraire des personnages qui vont mener cette déambulation, à la lumière de lampes à huiles métalliques ou de torches. Le mystère fait partie du jeu.

« A chaque fois, le trajet reste secret. A tout moment, le public a le choix de suivre, de quitter ou d'entrer en cours de chemin. Mais ce que nous pouvons dire, c'est que grâce à l'accueil qui nous a été

réserve, nous avons pu apprécier toutes les dimensions de Mont-Saint-Aignan », révèle tout de même le metteur en scène. C'est le lieu traversé qui écrit la variation de ce désordre haïtien.

La balade de deux heures s'achèvera autour d'un bar. Car ces « guédés », mystérieux revenants haïtiens, ont le sens de l'accueil et de la fête.

S'ils ont en plus les faveurs du ciel, le spectacle (en co-accueil avec l'atelier 231 de Sotteville-lès-Rouen) devrait être une belle invitation à suivre la programmation de cette nouvelle saison hors les murs, en attendant la fin des travaux à Marc-Sangnier.

SOPHIE BOGATAY

« Deblozay », par la compagnie Rara Woulib, à 21 h. Rendez-vous place de la mairie, à Mont-Saint-Aignan.