

DE L'ANGLAIS DANS *JEU*, OU LES JOIES DU RISQUE

MICHEL VAÏS
RÉDACTEUR EN CHEF

POUR LA PREMIÈRE FOIS DEPUIS LA FONDATION DE LA REVUE, en mars 1976, *Jeu* publie aujourd'hui un article en anglais. Cela mérite des explications. Une présentation de Tony Nardi, à qui nous avons offert la Carte blanche de *Jeu* 133, éclairera ce choix fait par le comité de rédaction.

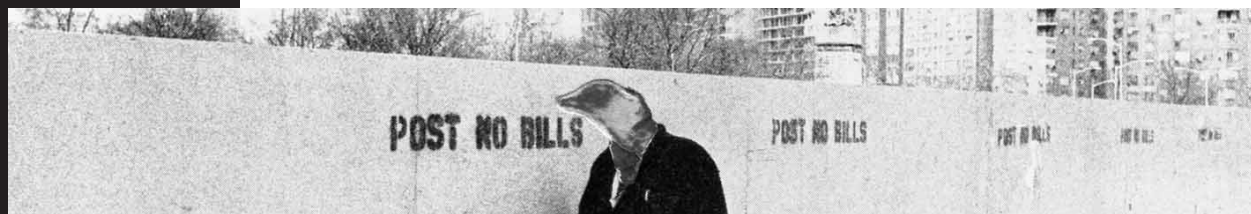
Ce comédien fort doué, d'une présence magnétique, par ailleurs trilingue, a depuis quelques années conçu ce que l'on pourrait appeler un « spectacle » ou, en tout cas, une prestation, consistant en la lecture publique de « lettres » qu'il a écrites, trois performances qui portent principalement sur l'organisation de la pratique théâtrale et sur sa réception, surtout à Toronto. Il est debout pendant plus de deux heures, lisant de manière fort expressive le texte qui défile sur son ordinateur portable posé sur un lutrin. Aucun effet d'éclairage, de musique ou autre. L'auteur-interprète réfléchit à haute voix sur la faiblesse des metteurs en scène et des critiques dont, au cours d'une carrière remarquable, il a subi les maladroresses, l'ignorance ou la paresse intellectuelle. Véhément dans son propos, il avance tel un Quichotte, sans masque, faisant flèche de tout bois, jouant le tout pour le tout au risque d'y laisser des plumes.

Nardi a commencé par offrir ces prestations à Toronto, puis à l'Université McGill et à l'UQAM à Montréal. Lorsque Olivier Kemeid, directeur artistique de l'Espace Libre, l'a invité rue Fullum pour donner quatre représentations de *Letter Two* fin août, début septembre 2009, Nardi a cru que son texte, écrit en anglais, serait traduit et donné en français. Mais Kemeid a préféré que Nardi

le livre dans la langue originale, avec des surtitres français. (Encore que les surtitres résumaient très brièvement un texte extrêmement dense, au débit souvent accéléré.)

C'est donc à l'Espace Libre que quelques membres de l'équipe de rédaction de *Jeu* ont vu cette « chose » qui, à cause du talent de conteur de l'interprète, fascinait bien au-delà du propos, lequel constituait avant tout un acte de courage et de grande lucidité. Le soir de la première, la prestation était suivie d'une discussion avec le public, animée par Paul Lefebvre. Chaque soir, l'animateur était différent.

À *Jeu*, nous avons choisi de nous abstenir de publier un compte rendu critique du spectacle, tant il se distinguait par sa forme de ce que nous offre habituellement la saison théâtrale. Certes, nous venons de publier – dans *Jeu* 131 – un dossier sur le conte et les conteurs, et il est vrai que, à certains égards, la prestation de Nardi s'apparente à la performance d'un conteur qui livrerait un discours pamphlétaire sur la vie théâtrale. Nous avons plutôt décidé d'offrir à Nardi la Carte blanche de ce numéro, en lui disant qu'il serait le mieux placé pour « prolonger », par l'écriture, son expérience montréalaise. Nous lui avons demandé plus précisément s'il pouvait traiter à la fois de la réception par le public québécois (par rapport à celui du Canada anglais) de *Letter Two* et des animations, différentes chaque soir. À notre grand plaisir, il a immédiatement accepté notre commande. Nous lui avons offert d'écrire son article en anglais, et je m'étais engagé à le traduire en français pour *Jeu*.



Détail de l'affiche du spectacle de Tony Nardi, *Letter Two*, présenté à l'Espace Libre en septembre 2009. © Folio et Garetti.

Traduire un pavé quand on est soi-même dans la mare...

Seulement, voilà : armé de son écriture pléthorique, Nardi nous a livré un texte d'une seule coulée, dépassant de près du tiers le volume maximum demandé. Puis, retravaillant laborieusement son article à notre demande (mais nous nous sommes abstenus d'intervenir sur le contenu, même s'il peut faire grincer des dents...), il en a livré une seconde mouture – bien dotée d'interlittres, mais réduite d'à peine 121 mots... –, qu'il a par la suite augmentée en retouchant encore son texte à deux reprises. Un peu kamikaze, j'étais tout de même prêt à relever le défi de le traduire ; je nourrissais même l'ambition de tenter de le comprimer un peu dans ce processus. Cependant, au comité de rédaction, nous savions bien que, quelle que soit la traduction proposée, elle se distinguerait du style de l'original au point de pouvoir s'apparenter à une trahison aux yeux du principal intéressé.

Voilà pourquoi nous avons décidé de publier cette Carte blanche en anglais. Elle s'inscrit ainsi naturellement dans la démarche entreprise par Tony Nardi, en reconnaissant l'importance – je dirais : le caractère inviolable – de son propos. Lorsque je l'ai informé de notre décision, il a trouvé que nous faisons preuve d'un *fair play* que l'on chercherait en vain au Canada anglais. Nous estimons logique d'accorder un traitement spécial à cet artiste, dans la mesure où nous l'avons invité à s'exprimer dans nos pages et où il a accepté d'y livrer une sorte de « prolongement » à sa prise de parole publique. Nous avons toujours encouragé les artistes à s'exprimer sur ce que nous estimons important ou essentiel, et nous voulons laisser tout l'espace nécessaire pour

qu'ils se sentent à l'aise dans *Jeu*, au risque de les laisser dire du mal de nous. Cela ne signifie pas, évidemment, que nous endossons tous leurs propos, qui sont parfois maladroits, simplificateurs ou injustes¹.

Cela dit, revenons aux points essentiels soulevés par Tony Nardi dans sa Carte blanche : ses « lettres » sont-elles du théâtre ou non, et aurions-nous dû en traiter comme nous traitons d'autres spectacles de théâtre ? Je répondrai qu'il y a du « théâtral » dans ses prestations, comme il y en a dans certains spectacles de conte, de danse, de performance, voire à l'opéra ou au cirque. À *Jeu*, nous sommes ouverts à toutes les aventures – riches ou pauvres – du spectacle vivant, que nous accompagnons avec intérêt et enthousiasme. ■

1. Ainsi, dans la première version de sa Carte blanche, frappant sur la tête de turc que représentait pour lui le rédacteur en chef de *Jeu*, Nardi avait écrit : « Apparently, Vais has never heard of Dario Fo. » Cette phrase a disparu de sa seconde version, après que je lui aie dit que, en quarante ans de pratique de la critique, j'avais bien vu la plupart des pièces de Fo, avant et après *Mistero Buffo* que je l'ai vu lui-même jouer en solo, au Théâtre de Chaillot, à Paris, le 8 janvier 1974.

Carte blanche

TONY NARDI

A THEATRICAL MISSIVE: ABOUT LETTER TWO

When Michel Vais proposed I write on the *Letter Two* experience at Espace Libre, how it differed from the presentations in English-Canada, he stressed the Carte blanche invitation was not granted everyone. Besides, the *Letter* could not be classified as 'ordinary' theatre. Useless for *Jeu* to write a review; better if I wrote something, he said.

At first, I was intrigued – even impressed. No one in English-Canada makes that kind of offer to an actor/writer. Not even close. Not to my knowledge. (In Fall 2000 Catherine Graham of the *Canadian Theatre Review* had 'proposed' I edit an issue on directors, and was visibly confused when I suggested a title: "No directors in Canada". Never heard from her since. After all, what could an actor possibly add to a journal "...committed to excellence in the critical analysis and innovative coverage of current developments in Canadian theatre"?) Michel Vais' offer was serious (approved by *Jeu's* editorial staff). That, in a nutshell, defines the difference between English-Canada and Québec (now we can go home and ponder our miserable exist-

tence as a very uncomfortable, 'bicultural' Chimera whose only salvation is a bullet to the head – all heads). That's the positive. Michel Vais' apparent *reason* for the offer was the negative. Here we go. We are one country, it seems.

What is 'ordinary' theatre?

I clung to his word 'ordinary', hating what it implied, realizing it was a clear, black-and-white judgment on *Letter Two* – on 'theatre'. A critic with forty years experience, Michel Vais believes *Letter Two* is *not* theatre (apparently, *Jeu's* editorial staff concurs). I disagree – and told him so. And thanked him for supplying me with an entry point to *this* piece. To his credit, he was open to the challenge. That, too, impressed me, and also marks a substantial difference: Francophone Québécois are generally more willing to debate theatre and culture than English-Canadians (as further evidenced by audiences and critics at Espace Libre's *Letter Two* presentations). It's why they produce a 'relatively' more relevant culture.

But, if Michel Vais' key word is 'ordinary', mine is 'relatively' (*Letter Two* betrays my point; it exonerates Québec. *Letter One* drives it home). Vais' had the opportunity to correct my assessment of his comment. He didn't. And I couldn't let it pass – like a commedia dell'arte actor who incorporates, on the spot, an audience member's comment because it serves the play's theme. (It's how I developed the *Letters*.)

In fact, Vais' categorization springs from the same thinking that provoked the writing of the *Letters* (especially *Letter Two*,

which rebukes people's cockeyed views on 'commedia dell'arte', on theatre, and their need to 'categorize'). His comment was a lid to a canful of labels and clichés on theatre we (thankfully) never got to discuss or dissect, catchwords enjoyed mainly by those "in the know", the majority: drunken actors, pretentious playwrights and directors, most critics, and the *professional* theatre audience. Moreover, it had an inbuilt assumption that he and I agreed on what constitutes theatre (that umbrella term for a set number of ironclad definitions for dramatic forms

alien and useless to most theatre artists). Conclusion? It's impossible to evaluate *Letter Two* in dramatic terms within existing and accepted standards of theatrical form. (Clearly, Vais' theoretical knowledge of, say, Dario Fo's work and my craft-based understanding of it inhabit different galaxies. Fo would definitely agree with Michael Chekhov: "The technique of acting (and therefore theatre) can never be properly understood without practicing it.)

Defining "what IS" with such glib certainty and rigidity leaves no room for breathing

Tony Nardi dans *Letter Two*, présentée à l'Espace Libre en septembre 2009.
© Stéphane Dionne.

or thinking outside the box and, therefore, for theatre. It screams "knowledge", like an erection on Viagra. It makes me wonder *what* Vais' saw in the *Letter* he saw. And exposes another *Canadian* trait: "We know". The problem is always "out there". Never *here*, where we stand. And you – and whomever you're talking to – are *never* at fault. You're the self-designated, self-ordained social scientists that decide who IS at fault.

Vais' belief also proves that, notwithstanding the substantial cultural difference between the "two solitudes", the difference is paradoxically *way* smaller than we think. Viewed from a healthy distance, one can't tell them apart. Beyond the gloss, language, food, iconic references and the so-called culture, the collective DNA, for better or worse, is essentially the same. It is ironic; in proposing a piece that partly addresses the differences between the two in their response to the *Letters*, Vais' comment underlines their core similarity: a surface understanding of theatre craft that essentially reflects a general, superficial understanding and practice of culture.

Vais' (and *Jeu's* editorial staff) is not alone. That's why I'm on his comment like a dog on a bone. Enough people from both cultures at the *Letters'* presentations have expressed a too-clear judgment on what theatre (culture) *is*, what it *isn't* and how others *should* define it. Too often I've heard the refrain, "Now that you've done the *Letters* isn't it time to get back to doing 'real' theatre?" as if there were a last word (and agreement) on what that is. It suggests (to me, at least) that there is a problem with how we, coast to coast, perceive theatre, understand the art form, its 'quality', and its purpose – and whom we deem qualified to define it. (I'm not implying I don't have a lot more craft to learn.)

At best, this reflects an unconscious arrogance of an adolescent country too keen to teach what it has yet to learn. It reminds us that we're a 'small town' country, victims of our auto-generated mediocrity and inauthenticity, talent notwithstanding, and prefer to plastic-cover our cultures (as immigrants did with furniture). That we're living in a time of theatre and culture 'specialists' only compounds the problem and produces more nausea.

The Québécoisness of Espace Libre

That *Letter Two* felt more at home in a French milieu, where its content was dealt with more directness, honesty and introspection, speaks volumes. That a Franco-Québécois theatre presented a piece in English (as with UQAM presenting *Letter One* in 2008) cannot be overstressed. Imagine the Centaur Theatre in Montreal – or any English-language theatre in Canada – presenting a Québécois

play in French with English surtitles? Not in our lifetime, it seems. No professional theatre in English-Canada, to date, has embraced the *Letters* like Espace Libre (Factory Theatre's much appreciated 2008 mini-presentation of *Letter Three* notwithstanding). Artistic director Olivier Kemeid's theatrical and *cultural* backgrounds, and his innate awareness that different voices make a culture, cannot be overlooked or undervalued. He (thanks to Paul Lefebvre's recommendation) was the main reason for *Letter Two* at Espace Libre.

Like all outsiders from *both* sides of the two solitudes, I can read between the lines faster than they're being drawn. So I'll say what some think and fewer say: Olivier Kemeid (like Paul Tana of UQAM) is not Québécois de souche, will never qualify, notwithstanding that he's Montréal-born and that (like Tana) he possesses great command and knowledge of the French language and culture. I'm not saying Kemeid's interest in *Letter Two* was based on something other than its theatrical merits or VOICE. I'm simply underlining that Espace Libre, in my opinion, does not reflect Québec's general outlook on culture (theatre, TV and cinema), 'other' voices and minorities. Last I checked, Normand Brathwaite was still the lone token '*othercultural*' mascot in Québec's *Cré Basile* (cocoon) reality. Nonetheless, Espace Libre hails from Québec, and Kemeid (like Tana) is a very 'reasonably accommodated' Québécois.

Michel Vais' editorial-staff-sanctioned 'categorization' also came from Québec, from the editor-in-chief of arguably its top and only theatre journal. I'd love to know

how his logic extends to his categorization of culture, and what qualifies.

Is it theatre?

Canadian actor Douglas Campbell¹ (one of the greats and a force of nature), co-moderator with actress/wife Moira Wylie at Espace Libre, said that *Letter Two* worked because it was expressed through the tools and exigencies of theatre. Many agree; the *Letters* are acts of theatre. Michel Vais argued he did not see *Letter Two* with Campbell as co-moderator, therefore based his comment on the night he saw it. I couldn't even begin to understand his logic. We left it at that so I could respond with this (writing).

Though the *Letters* are anti-theatre, in that they take issue with dead, establishment-inspired, over-costumed, over-designed, over-produced, over-enunciated, colonialist-infested, glossy, dressing-room theatre, they are essentially *theatrical*. They contain and respect dramatic narratives and structures. And music. They are symphonic solos. Jazz improvisations. That's how I wrote them and why I present them live. They are exhilarating and a bitch to deliver. And the actor doesn't wear a gabardine-thick Arlecchino costume and a half mask to mask (and absorb) fatigue (and sweat), but is 'naked'. And he doesn't run to the dressing room after the presentation to hide from the audience, catch his breath, drown in a bottle and count the missed opportunities, but faces the audience and the music,

1. Cet acteur est décédé le 5 octobre, à l'âge de 87 ans. Nous signalons sa disparition dans le bloc-notes de ce numéro. NDLR.

and applauds them for tolerating *him* for two and a half hours. *Letter Two* celebrates the isolation and the death of theatre and the actor while making a case for both. It's a serious, straightforward, Pirandellian Harlequinade. Where's the problem?

Michel Vais' concept of 'theatre', in my view, is the problem; it's closed and pre-packaged; it refers to a 'past' sold as a 'set present', wax-museum theatre, as dead as the pages all plays are written on. The theatre awaits a string of Hamlets to unset it. With a few exceptions, those who teach or preach the art form (academics and critics) usually have more difficulty defining the *Letters*. Practitioners of all art forms usually get it, and understand that craft fundamentals must be complemented with a healthy disrespect for orthodox methods.

Post-presentation discussions

The Q & A's at Espace Libre were some of the more dynamic to date. The filmed version of the *Letters* will sadly miss not having them in the mix. Douglas Campbell and Moira Wylie were, ironically, two of the most revolutionary moderators to date. No disrespect to the many amazing moderators over the last three years. Campbell and Wylie were eloquent voices in defense of the actor's role, acknowledging that the actor has lost his/her place in the theatre and has essentially become a mouthpiece/mannequin for other people's ideas and art (directors and designers). Campbell urged the young actors in the audience to *live* the life of the artist, totally and completely, to DO it (create theatre), to read and take interest in all subjects on

the human condition – that affect the world. He called for a revolution and questioned the present-day existence and relevance of (most) theatre schools and actors' unions, including the one he co-founded: Canadian Actors' Equity Association. At 87 years of age, his was the youngest voice to date. An anarchist (by his own admission). It was a privilege to have him – and Wylie – there. Like most moderators, they had not previously seen or read the *Letter*.

The 'oldest' voice was *The Gazette* critic Pat Donnelly. If ink were a commodity or a vaccine (some maintain it's both) she has squandered more than her share. Donnelly, incidentally, was present at the Wylie/Campbell discussion and reported it as follows: "On Friday night, Moira Wylie and Douglas Campbell joined Nardi on stage for the talkback. Which almost created a second play-after-the-play, with bold declarations on many subjects from Campbell, and bilingual participation from the crowd." (Olivier Choinière should have named names in his safe and veiled open letter – including Donnelly's².)

Two other voices stand out. Robert Lalonde stood up and said he had wished 80 of his colleagues had been there to see *Letter Two*. He said a lot more, but *THAT* said it all. Evelyne de la Chenelière was surprised at my comment that theatre, however great and relevant, is ultimately *irrelevant* (as proven by the many great playwrights throughout history and man's growing inhumanity to

2. Voir Olivier Choinière, « Très cher critique de théâtre à Montréal », dans *Jeu* 131, 2009.2, p. 8-10, et Pat Donnelly, "Cannibalism in Van Diemen's Land, Tony Nardi's *Letter Two*, and *Coma Unplugged*", *The Gazette*, 5 septembre 2009. NDLR.

man). My comment, according to her, undermined the relevancy of theatre and apologized for *Letter Two* (which she had liked). I disagreed. And suggested she was perhaps projecting. I have no problem living and sleeping with a paradox, I added. *She* might. Theatre is not the cure for cancer but we should execute our craft and make it relevant as if it were the cure (with the firm knowledge that it can never be). To the end, de la Chenelière insisted that she was being misunderstood and hadn't been given the chance to explain. Though I gave her a number of opportunities, even after the Q & A, she left, dissatisfied with our exchange, and I dissatisfied with her dissatisfaction.

Another anarchist, Rocco Galati, a constitutional lawyer and frequent *Letters'* moderator, unfortunately missed the Espace Libre presentations, busy confronting similar problems of *reasoning* and *rigour* within the Federal Court. Like few in the theatre, he immediately recognized the diseased template the *Letters* address (and subsequently produced, single-handedly, the filming of all three, supporting, mainly, the voice behind the *Letters* and not always their content).

The many presentations in Toronto were varied. Some were exceptional (even magical), but mostly attended by a handful. Each *Letter*, seemingly attracting a different audience from different communities, had strong supporters and equally intense detractors (usually more of the latter). The presentations were memorable mainly on account of those who *didn't* attend or who *did* attend but didn't *engage*. Overall, people *not* in theatre (or the arts) were more open and responsive

to the issues, proving that theatre artists are behind the times.

Many Q & A's began with a silent, prolonged thud, like I'd landed from outer space, or had killed their first-born, reflecting the serious effects of cultural and political colonialism: arrested development and an inability to think (critically) for oneself. A far cry from the pre-Socratic philosophers spawned by the Greek colonies in southern Italy. Intuitively, the idea of moderator was born from my fear of having to dialogue with that silence. The moderator was a necessary broker, social laxative and cattle prod (and free to prod me, as well).

Members of the so-called Italian-Canadian community (in Toronto and Montreal) were perhaps those least present at the *Letters*. When they did show up, their critical comments, attitudes and indifference were – for the most part – an accurate reflection of a lost and largely irrelevant community, where creating and producing authentic culture is concerned.

In Spring 2008 a Toronto-daily theatre critic who hasn't seen the *Letters* said it best, in an e-mail: "In the last two decades, I can't remember too many things that have generated as much ink – and as much discussion as your shows (*Letters*). The irony, of course, is that my editors insist that, while I may be very interested in what you have to say on theatre, the whole thing is too much of an insider's point of view for it to be of general interest to our readers... And you say that insiders are staying away." The ultimate irony? A largely silent and invisible theatre community gave *Two Letters* a Dora nomination for outstanding new play.

Who needs theatre?

Only those who work *in* theatre seem to need it. For what purpose? That's a question many shy away from, like criminals at a border crossing, afraid it might expose their crime. The question is primarily for those *in* the theatre. It doesn't diminish the art form or the effort. It's meant to demand more from both.

English-Canada doesn't have theatrical heralds like René-Daniel Dubois. Only in its dreams and nightmares. I separate him from the rest not as a slight against the others (Evelyne de la Chenelière, Olivier Choynière or Raymond Cloutier), but because he is presently a standard – like no other. Is Québec better off for having them? In its dreams, it seems. In the end, their effect, overall, is relative. They are "heroes for sale" in a 'nation' that likes heroes and celebrates them. But mainly a showpiece, convenient clowns, where "tout le monde en parle" for one day, and then on to the next. And when they walk the street, people who know them (peers) cross the road to avoid them, ignore them or throw them a smile with too many teeth, that confirms how petty, meaningless and dead this 'beautiful' theatre milieu and culture really is.

The power of theatre (art) as a call to humanity is crucial and grossly overrated. Quality aside, theatre will never be central to our modern life. As practiced, it's mostly cheap film on stage, increasingly becoming a 'fashion runway', with characters and personalities talking to each other, in-flesh whores with emotions for sale, and a lab-window wall between audience and actors, leaving little oxygen for both. A well-manicured zoo – with keeper. And those who spend their lives

caged in one eventually forget they have little in common with those who roam free in the (wild) natural world. The transaction between actor and audience is the *only* element worth defending and fighting for in the theatre, whatever the form or style. And if and when theatre dies, completely, the last standing theatre artist will be an actor (the one that started it all), not a writer, director, or critic.

The signs show that it won't be a Canadian or Québécois actor. Sure, one can argue that an actor would sooner die in Québec than in English-Canada. But as a victory it's so relative and meaningless, and would look fittingly ridiculous on a c.v. – or on a tombstone. I thank Michel Vaïs – and *Jeu's* editorial staff – for resuscitating Voltaire's maxim (defending an opinion one disagrees with) in a time when most people have forgotten it (especially those in the theatre). ■



GRAPHISME ET ILLUSTRATION : Folio et Garetti.

Abécédaire

MICHEL VAÏS

C comme COUR Festival Teatro a Corte

« Cour » comme une cour d'école, ou comme la cour d'un roi ? Le Festival Teatro a Corte, à Turin, m'intriguait. On m'a attiré là-bas, en juillet 2009, en me promettant des spectacles présentés dans les « demeures royales de la famille de Savoie ». Les échos provenant d'une collègue ayant déjà pris part à ce festival qui n'en était qu'à sa troisième édition contribuaient à attiser ma curiosité. En fait, il s'agit de théâtre de rue, c'est-à-dire hors les murs des salles conventionnelles, ou plus exactement de théâtre *in situ*, comme on dit aujourd'hui.

Quelques faits : la célèbre famille de Savoie a occupé dix-neuf châteaux dans la ville et autour de Turin, sur une période d'un millénaire puisqu'on retrace sa présence notamment en Italie du Nord (surtout dans le Piémont) et en France depuis le X^e siècle. Au cours des ans, elle a possédé des royaumes, des comtés, des principautés et autres duchés. En témoignent des vestiges de demeures somptueuses, la plupart très bien conservées ou restaurées. Des descendants de l'illustre famille, chassée d'Italie par Mussolini, n'ont acquis qu'en 2006 le droit de revenir au pays vivants (un cadeau de Berlusconi !). Jusque-là, les descendants des Savoie ne pouvaient revenir qu'en cercueil, pour y être enterrés dans le mausolée royal de la crypte de la basilique Superga, en banlieue de Turin.



Il Corso, spectacle de clôture du Festival Teatro a Corte, qui s'est tenu à Turin en juillet 2009. © Françoise Crété.

Sous la direction de Beppe Navello, le Festival Teatro a Corte s'est donné comme objectif d'exploiter certains de ces lieux fabuleux pour y présenter des spectacles, en plein air ou dans des salles de ces châteaux. Du 10 au 26 juillet 2009, l'événement s'est déroulé dans douze espaces, répartis dans huit communes. Autre caractéristique de ce festival : il avait lieu du jeudi au dimanche, pendant trois semaines. J'y ai pris part pendant les deux dernières.

De la rue au site spécifique

Un colloque réunissant surtout des intervenants français a bien souligné le rapport entre la rue et les châteaux. Jean Sébastien Steil, coordonnateur d'In Situ, réseau européen de création artistique pour l'espace public – Lieux Publics, a précisé que l'appellation In Situ avait succédé à celle de Centre national des arts de la rue, et que l'organisme ainsi rebaptisé avait toujours pignon sur rue à Marseille. Devenue internationale, l'association voulait se distinguer de ce que l'on appelle par exemple en Hollande les « arts de la rue » (cracheurs de feu, échassiers...), pour regrouper des pratiques plus contemporaines. Steil a évoqué un spectacle de rue de douze minutes qui, depuis six ans, a lieu tous les premiers mercredis du mois à Marseille. Il débute à midi précis, heure où retentit la première sirène de la sécurité civile