

To be everywhere, you must be nowhere.

Chapter one, in which we discover that spectral music is not necessarily ghostly.

Marseille, September 2001, a performance of the City Chamber Orchestra on the Cours Julien during a neighbourhood street party. I am conducting this very noise-based concert, during which 15 musicians play pneumatic drills, police sirens, traffic signs and other urban objects. The music is very thick, the tones highly spectacular, a spectral contemporary music, as they say. Since the start of the concert, I have been watching a very attentive little lady. She follows everything, she listens to everything, moves around the orchestra (that is part of the show), applauds ravenously. At the end of the fourth movement, she asks me for "a waltz".

Chapter two, in which we check that the proof that the moon is inhabited is that there is a light on (Francis Blanche).

The *département* of Bouches-du-Rhône, September 2002 to September 2003, every day of the full moon, artists invade a town in the *département*, from sunrise to the zenith of the moon, summer and winter alike, be it a Tuesday or a Saturday. So on Wednesday 20 November at 10 p.m., despite the myriad reservations of the town council, 1,300 people participate in a lunatic Public Concert in the "disreputable" neighbourhood of Jas-de-Bouffan. We would see them again, together with many others, in the different ports of call throughout this journey through the calendar and the territory.

Chapter three, in which we are surprised that a mayor and an artist have something to talk about.

Gap, November 2004. For twelve hours, the scenographer François Delarozière walks the streets of Gap in the company of the mayor, Pierre Bernard-Reymond. To illustrate his ideas, he rents a twin-engined plane to fly the elected representative over his own town. This is part of *Mission Repérage(s)*, a research action implemented by Maud le Flo'h and Lieux publics. In February 2005 in Marseille, the sculptor Toni Casalonga would "tag" the Secretary of State Renaud Muselier, transforming the legend of one of the statues on the monumental "Marseille, gateway to the colonies" staircase into "Marseille, gateway to Africa". Over 3 years, 17 "needless" encounters, with no obligations for results, with no begging artists, no elected representatives providing funding, no media, no hackneyed phrases, but 17 fundamental encounters aimed at reinventing a genuine role for artists in the debate on the city.

Chapter four and provisionally the last, in which our blissful optimism leads us to claim that this "cultural policy" crisis is a unique chance to be seized.

The Ministry of Culture will no longer be the great organiser of cultural policy, and so much the better. The territorial authorities have no mandatory authority in this field, so let's make the most of it to innovate and clear the way for different formats. In the throes of crisis, Europe mumbles a cultural policy while the neighbouring countries have many allies to invent new forms of popular art. As occasional employment in the field of entertainment is in the throes of crisis, let us measure the role of artists. The cities are becoming exhausted with their music schools, media libraries, theatres, operas, dance studios, wastelands, festivals, castles to be visited, museums, and so on; so let us start from the central question: what purpose does art serve in our society, what purpose do artists serve in our society?

Either it is merely a question of satisfying the desire for cultural recognition of distinct social groups, in which case we continue to scatter our efforts, a little for each group, and everything is alright. Young well-to-do people will be able to listen to flutes and young girls will be able to devote themselves to dancing (good for their deportment). And we will take care to forget the

“neighbourhoods” so that “youths” can create groups doomed to disappear, only 1 in 1000 becoming part of the star system.

Or we think that art and artists are the drivers of changes operated within society, the sensitive elements of the social link, useful and essential “discoverers”. So we move the lines, we remove art from the cultural cocoon which both protects and suffocates it, we seize the means so that works are born and so that all the inhabitants of this country can frequent them. We make artists responsible so that the question of this “frequentation” is not that of the organisers but their own. We do not see cultural equipment as goals but as resources, simple tools in constant change. We do not talk of audiences but of inhabitants, not of institutions but of territories, not of teaching but of discovery and learning, not of amateurs but of those who enjoy doing, not of cultural policy but of the role of art in our communal life and in the lives of each individual.

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