

# AUTOPOIESIS

By Anne Lepère



Duration : 41 minutes

Director : Anne Lepère

Mix : Jeanne Debarsy

Dramaturgy : Sebastian Dicenaire & Marion Sage

Visual : Aurélie Commerce

With the voices of Louise Chardon, working with BodyMindCentering (BMC),

Lisa Mellouki, astrologue, Vincent Degrande & Michael Scoriels, Atelier Lutherie Degrande.

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*Translation – English*

Flowing  
Sliding  
Bewildering  
Spreading  
Evasive  
Plaintive  
Jittery

Kneeling

The child has a soft skin, falls and falls and does not hurt

*- No allergy?*

*- No*

*- So you're going to breathe this*

*- I'm tightening*

*- How is the pain now?*

*- Has it changed? Has it decreased or not?*

*- is it less pain, Madame?*

*- Mrs ? The pain... how is it now? Does it diminish or not? Compared to the beginning?*

*- Are you still at 6.5?*

*- it diminishes?*

*- you can breathe but avoid moving*

*- there we will be obliged to mobilize you a little bit; so you have to let yourself go, okay? We have to remain passive; we are the ones who manage. After we will take you to our truck.*

**VOICE OVER**

Vaporous, I wandered over the ruins of a Cistercian abbey.

Out of time, in the distance, I saw Chiron.

This centaur, half-horse half-human, was passing quietly through the mist.

Above us the moon was slipping away.

His hooves moving he began to sing me a story.

The story of an arrow that inadvertently in his knee had landed.

His Olympian's calm seemed broken.

He asks me to approach his wound ... so I put my hands on the edges of the sore, and as he invites me, I parted his tissues.

Once the tear is wide and high enough, I get into it.

What is wounding. This warrior arm of the one who is wounding  
What is hurting. You will no longer carry the liability of the one who is hurting.  
Saving tears, laying down the arms... enchanted mourner.

I'm not alone here. It's swarming  
Legless cripple and cancer patients  
Widows  
Limbless  
Stumps  
Curious tattooed  
Pieces of wandering souls  
Toothless, orphans, AIDS patients  
Hornets  
Distressed pouts  
Heap of sorrow

I enter this pocket full of tears  
Lined with grief  
Blind and flouted ones  
Burnt people, lonely beings  
Mutes, cut stems  
Streaming sap  
Pricked souls  
Felo-de-se  
All of them, they all were there  
Half human, half gods  
Their integrity were soiled  
With their bare hands they tested the wound  
I'm coming over there.  
Among all these people that seems to ignore each other, someone is coming.

*Do you know the story of the Tyrant, the Luthier and the time?*

*The story is about a tyrant who wanted to know all the thoughts of each of these subjects at each moment, to know everything all the time.*

*And he asked his entire kingdom to look for a way to create a machine or a way for him to be able to watch everybody all the time. And whoever gets there could marry his daughter and the one who failed would die.*

*Of course as it is a tyrant everyone would want him to disappear and die, so the first ones who come to him invent machines to dissolve the tyrant in acid or burn him in an oven ... and Well, he's not stupid and everyone is sent to his killer machine. Until the moment there is a luthier who comes, and the luthier comes with a metronome that has the power to move time, to stop time, and therefore the one who manipulates the metronome becomes the master of time, so that's great, the Tyrant becomes the master of time, he stops the time, with a finger when he stops the metronome then, it makes time go again. There is only him who stays there in the continuous time.*

*And in fact, that's what I feel now, it's like ... the time stopped here, and with you I'm in the process to resume the time's course.*

*In fact the trick of this luthier and this metronome is that when time stops, everything stops, except the tyrant, who continues to age and it ages much faster than others.*

## **VOICE OVER**

**The wound suggests another reality.**

**It has always been there, like a possible but hidden behind an opaque glass.**

*We can put in a small pot the two pins  
Here I am working the thicknesses. Then the 1, it means 1 millimeter, you see there for example it's 3.15.*

*There is a lot of talk about the soul, the hearing; There are also the lungs.  
The soul is here, it's the little room that's inside*

*Here it is finished, finally finished.  
It's happened to me to reopen and remove all this stuff.*

The worlds are flowing  
And mingle

Waving time  
Out of bed

Sweep through our wounds and initiate us to the other life,  
to the other path  
to the other self

Dance Dance and Think  
Dance Dance and Heal

Call of the Centaur deviating our roads,  
brightening our flows  
offering our hearts the melting of borders

Dance Dance and Think  
Dance Dance and Heal  
the wounds  
Teach the pace  
Take take a step

Tenuous rhythm blows and keeps silent  
Abstract Agony  
Then disappear

Call of the Centaur  
deviating our roads,  
brightening our flows  
Offering our hearts  
the melting of borders

The worlds are flowing  
And mingle  
Waving time  
Out of bed

Sweep through our wounds and initiate us to the other life,  
to the other path  
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## **Voice Over**

### **And your wound? Do you still see it? Is it still open?**

Kintsugi, it reminds me the Kintsugi, a Japanese art of the fifteenth century.  
Kin means gold and Tsugi is the join.  
So like that when there's a pot that broke, they fix it,  
The break, the crack is underlined by pure gold. They repair it with gold.  
They stick and they stick again;

I do not know where I am  
Chiron body  
I have the feeling I am still  
Still in Chiron's body

I do not recognize much and it's not very clear  
So I open my ears  
The ears that guide me  
I hear a ...  
It would be a bit like a ....  
So I'm going to pull,  
Pull on the wire  
As if  
Get out of this  
Gradually  
Ahhh  
Pouch  
Ahh  
This kind of pocket  
And that seems well closed  
And...  
I come against the wall  
I stick my ear

And the sound gets me go across.

The soul is actually a little spruce cylinder  
We insert it by the hearing of the instrument  
We will place it under the bridge, next to the high-pitched strings  
The violin is very connected to natural laws in fact  
So yes, there is a part called the soul  
Another parts are the lungs  
I think that if we are searching, we can find others parts ...  
...like the hearing.  
All these instruments parts are related to the body, to the senses, to the soul, yes.

Yes, hearing too.  
All these instruments parts are related to the body, to the senses, to the soul.

In fact all the vibrations that are produced by the strings and which are transferred everywhere will bring a kind of sound's road.  
And this road must be made.  
The more you play, the more you ask...  
It's like bodybuilding, gymnastics and all that.  
The more you become supple, the more it will circulate freely and then after six months a year of play it's surprising what it makes to the sound,....  
It takes three years to "make sound" a new violin and so when you work on an older instrument, or a big restoration, somehow this work has already been done.

All the vibrations that are produced by the string and which are transferred a little bit everywhere is going to bring a kind of road of the sound and this road it is necessary to make it. And then you solicit it and then you walk a little on it.  
Upon high strings,  
you solicit them,  
it's like gymnastics ...

It becomes the wheel of sound  
The oscillations of Chiron  
It becomes the wheel of sound  
And you are in a zodiac.  
Chiron took me to a zodiac

*Because there were not yet all the ways that opened  
You see it's in the past*

An asteroid showed up its rock in the sky.

Astronomers have observed it, they named it Chiron as a tribute to the wounded centaur.

And logically for astrologers the position of Chiron in our zodiac, in our sky map, our birth chart, symbolizes the wound.

Our wounds resonate with Chiron's ...

And when pain enters our bodies, our frequencies line up.

Chiron allows me to palpate the wound and Mercury to heal it

*The murmurs of Mercury gather my attention*

A fire from which rise high flames, illuminating in the middle of a halo a triangle flanked by short flames, having an eye in its middle.

Chiron makes me meet mercury

Mercury takes care of our painful fragments, heals and gathers our crumbled scattered rushed pieces.

So it means that it is not about learning, from the outside world, it is a learning that must be found in one's inner world. The scorpion is associated with Pluto, which was discovered in 1930 and in 1930 came waves of psychology, therapy, and psychoanalysis;

So that means that the human properly speaking has never been able to go to probe his own mysteries because the ways were not yet opened so it was lived in the secret, it was lived in the occult world, it was lived in all that was heretical, so hidden, in secret, we could not go there.

In your body there how is it going?

I go down a retractable staircase,  
First, moving with the head  
Disintegrated steps,  
A sign : "é"  
Like caving, on the back  
Slippery clay  
He is there, he has yellow eyes  
A bat or a little smiley  
An astronaut's head

It's a sewer pipe  
Little fingers with bound legs  
The water stops then starts again  
As if there was water coming  
As if it could decide to stop

It is animal water  
Must ride  
On the side  
*Poum Poum Poum*  
There is a window and I have to break it  
And I go down a little lower

But I do not know how to break it, I have nothing to break it  
So I see a little hole like a little golf hole  
It's two holes of golf actually  
It's two holes of golf and it's eyes  
It's the eyes of the wolf

I ask him who I should meet  
Who should I meet  
With his fangs he removes knots  
Who should I meet  
    There are wooden shelters,  
He will hang them  
    And creaky pontoons  
    A trunk  
But his eyes still look at me  
There are ropes to unravel  
Like to vibrate the strings otherwise

From fracas to chakra without grief  
Broken the freezing stream  
Broken chaos  
Open the inside link it to beyond  
Beyond  
Pluck the apparent envelope,  
'Parent not quoted  
Crumble its opacity  
Decimate the unison and from the sound "A" cross the intricate layers of the  
subtle bodies.  
Antics across our ephemeral spaces.  
A vibration  
Polyphony during an ultimate breathe  
That arranges trajectories to induce a vibration, polyphony that pulses and  
pushes a soft squawk with unstoppable contours.

Cold, poppy juice, hemp, mandrake, sleeping pills, wolfpess, opiate potion,  
opium, soporific elixirs, alcohol, ether, cold, nitrous oxide, xylocaine adrenaline,  
viscous xylocaine, cold, xylocaine nebulizer, hypnomidate, etomidate, diprivan,  
ketamine, cold, hypnovel, midasolam, halogenated gas, halothane, fluothane,  
isoflurane, forene, sevoflurane, cold, sevorane, desflurane, supran, morphine,  
fentanyl, alfentanyl, rapifen, sufentanyl, sufenta, cold, remifentanil ultiva,  
curares, succinylcholine, celocurine, cold, atracurium, tracrrium, vecuronium,  
norcuron, cold, cisatracurium, nimbex, cold, pancuronium, pavulon, cold,  
mivacron, cold ...

- Oh, that's ticking  
- It's the sun  
- It's the sun that's ticking  
Oh sun sun

- Put yourself on the back Miss. Everything is fine. We install you  
Thank you  
- It's over, all is well

- Have some rest, everything is fine  
Do not worry,  
- I am happy  
- Everything went well, rest, everything is fine mademoiselle  
Relax  
- I'm going to work

I just have a question to ask you

- yeah

No, no, I'm not talking to you, Madam, I'm talking to my anaesthetist.

Here you relax, so I see the bandage. It's okay ?

- Have I said my dream or has it already dissipated?

I feel a little pain but not too much ... obviously I'm stone

Enmeshing blue links, like red lights but with just two lights. The first is all below. And then a head of an astronaut.

With a sign "é" or a ... Poum Poum Poum ... Small Smiley ... and a shell.

- There is a fish with small thorns and there is rain ... postoperative rain.  
Preparatory to the sun. Winter

- Here too she is good, she just arrived, she made her movie

- Well, can I have a towel to put my tangerine pips she has just given me.

- What's this ?

- They ate a mandarin, a Tanguerine,

- Ah Well, I thought it was a little piece of you

- Ah no huh, a little piece of me he he.

- We gave her a bit of ... What's the name again?

- Tangerine

- It feels good. It's good huh

- Good recovery Madam

- Thank you goodbye

It was Autopoesis

- it's so tasty like that compared to mandarin ... well it's a cloning eh

A radio play made and performed by Anne Lepère

- From time to time try to you move

- Ah, it tingles a bit

- That's it. Madam is the last one. She closes the show. The best for last, I tell you!

- Ah the best for the end, I'm going to do a little dance then, with Marion!