

MÉTÉORE



UNE RÉALISATION DE
Chloé DESPAX ET Nora BOULANGER-HIRSCH
TEXTE DE Ludovic DROUET
GRAPHISME Sibylle CABELLO

METEOR

Synopsis:

“There is someone there
I open the door
And I know there is someone there
I knew it
For a few days now
For a few days past
I have felt his presence”

“Meteor” is the second part of the triptych *Baron Samedi*, written by the playwright Ludovic Drouet. All three pieces of radio fiction, in stereo and binaural recording – “Meute”, “Meteor”, and “Bunker” – tell one and the same story.

What does the imagination generate to avoid being overcome by a sense of emptiness? Little by little, the trauma becomes clearer and the setting becomes perceptible.

Duration: 19’30

Credits:

Produced by Nora Boulanger Hirsch and Chloé Despax

Text: Ludovic Drouet

Performed by: Ludovic Drouet

Recorded and edited by: Chloé Despax and Nora Boulanger Hirsch

Mixed by: Bastien Hidalgo Ruiz

Illustration: Sibylle Cabello

Production: a co-production with Radio Panik, with the assistance of the Atelier de Création Sonore and Radiophonique (ACSR); supported by the Fonds d’Aide à la Création Radiophonique (FACR) of the Fédération Wallonie-Bruxelles

Biographical information:

Nora Boulanger Hirsch is a stage director and sound artist, who works as a trainee lighting and video director for the Festival d’Avignon. In 2016, she completed a course at the INSAS (in Brussels) – direction section – with the creation of a new work, *J’ai appelé ceux qui viendront*, inspired by Oliver Sacks’s book *Musophilia*. She later joined the festival team of the Festival Longueur d’Ondes in Brest; she spent three years in the city, where she worked with young people who have problems with the education system, as a coordinator and radio technician. Now based in Marseilles, she alternates sound, lighting, and directing. Drawing on reality with a view to shaking it up, Nora Boulanger Hirsch uses her imagination to reproduce what she sees while reinventing it.

Previous work includes: Et si les terres ne finissaient pas, a radio production presented at the Festival Longueur d’ondes in 2019; 52 Hertz, an experimental production at Le Maquis (Brest), at the ESACT (Liège), and at La Fabrique de Théâtre (Hainault), supported by La Chaufferie-acte 1.

Chloé Despax is a sound producer, coordinator, and radio producer (Radio Grenouille in Marseilles, the Radio Moniek collective, the Saout Radio web platform, Radio Femmes Fatales, Radio Panik, and Radio Campus in Brussels). As a radio artist, she has explored the various possibilities offered by creative work in radio: documentary, fiction, field recording, sound poetry, radio drama, performance, and installation. Informed by her training in cultural mediation and in the sociology of culture, her work explores the place of “minorities” in our society; this requires drawing on a local base, empirical knowledge, and a real willingness to engage in intercultural dialogue. Her interest in people’s experience in relation to mental health and the questions it raises has its roots in her own childhood; it has resulted in, for example, her coordination, with the L’Autre lieu Recherche - Action sur la Psychiatrie et les Alternatives non-profit association, of a month-long cross-disciplinary series of mental-health-related programmes on Radio Panik in 2011.

There is someone there

I open the door
and I know there is someone there

I knew it

For a few days now
I have felt his presence

In every corner of the hallway
and the corridor

In every nook and cranny of my bedroom
and in the wardrobe

Behind the wardrobe door
and behind the shirts hanging up

Behind the bathroom mirror
under the toilet seat, in the toilet

In the kitchen cupboard

And in the dog kennel

There is someone there
I can feel it

In the darkness of the hallway

In the dark corners of the living room

Where it is even darker, in the bedroom
corners I used to find comforting

[Door]

I know

2.32

I noticed
a little while ago

I realised it was no longer just me and the dog

*[footsteps on the floorboards,
the sound of coat hangers being moved]*

That there was someone else here
in my house

Someone who was moving things

Things that had always been in place
always in the same place

I had always positioned them by the criteria
passed down since time immemorial

By which toilet, shirt,
and dogs were already in the same place,

The place, their place,
where they had always been

[Crackling from a radio]

Always the same shirt on the same hanger
since the creation of the world

Always the same dog
since the Garden of God

The garden where my house
already stood on its foundations

With the toilet seat up, solitary meals from cans –
cheap stew, pork, and ravioli

4.03

Meticulously piled up in the cupboard
of the eternal kitchen

with its eternal light bulb
making regular crackling noises

and making strange reflections in
the drops of water in the sink

[water dripping]

The sink where my late, white wife
used to wash her fingertips

I have taken steps

[Shower running; radio]

I've laid a trap for him

I have painstakingly
put back all the little things he had moved

I even recreated the wear and tear
that have always lent my house its charm

The chipped tile on the bathroom floor,
the scratched varnish on the kitchen cupboard

All so as to be certain sure
that there is someone else in my house

To have concrete, undeniable proof
to ward off the conviction that I am mad

Because I'm certain he is spying on me,
watching what I shit and what I eat

Checking the temperature of my sheets

6.27

And taking samples of traces of shit
on the back of my underpants

There is someone here
I have proof

The shower mat has been moved, the dog's bowl too
He unbuttoned my shirts

He messed up my carefully stacked tins
And re-varnished the cupboard I deliberately scratched

[A brush scrubbing]

Like I once scratched my late, white wife's face
on purpose

We were sitting in the kitchen,
she, and I, and the dog

Watching the fire beyond the window

The fire was on the sea

The fire covered the mountains

Everything was burning

The three of us sat in the kitchen, typically,
watching everything burn

[Door]

There's someone there
I'm sure of it

When I open the door
I can sense his presence and I know he's there

8.46

In my stratagem
In the web I'm weaving

He is gradually getting caught up in my plan

Because what he didn't know was

That by putting back in their right place
the immovable objects he deliberately moved

Deliberately disrupting the truce established
between a certain order and chaos

By putting them back, as I say,
as a good steward and head of the household

I set out a track for him

A track he followed
By moving those same things

Striving to get them out of their rightful place
as a bad steward,

As consistent as he is undesirable
Behaving as fanatically as I do

[Knives]

He is getting caught in my snares

[Bells]

And in the labyrinth I made for him
and in his frenzy to disorganise and create chaos

He has fallen into my last trap

[Steps on the floorboards]

10.09

He had to go through the hall to put
the black jasper vase askew

That has always dominated there

Then, he went to the kitchen and, as I expected,
disorganised the carefully arranged tins

And re-varnished the cupboard I had deliberately scratched

[A brush, scrubbing]

Like I once scratched my wife's white face
on purpose

We were sitting in the living room with the dog
watching television

Bad news came to us from the cosmos
There was a special news flash about it

[Radio crackling]

A meteorite was on its way from the cosmos
And threatened to crash into the Earth

Moving on through the corridor he went into
what used to be our marital bedroom

As I had expected,
He unbuttoned my shirts and knocked down the hanger

Then, predictably, he left our former bedroom
(once full of the sharp tang of marital smells)

[Door]

and headed for the dog's kennel

The same dog, I say, since the Garden of God,
the waste lot where my late, white wife and I met

[Water in the sink]

I don't know what happened to the meteorite

I don't know what is left of the world

All I know is that the dog's welfare
and keeping the house in order have become

Since my wife's premature departure
and the beginnings of the fire on Earth

My only priorities, the only things that stopped
me being burnt up like my white wife

[Furnace and knives]

He has been back to the dog's bowl
The same half-hunting dog half-pet since Eden

I gave it to my white wife
as a token of my great passion

My mutt
– someone has come back to his bowl

And in the labyrinth I constructed for him

In a frenzy of disorganising and creating chaos
he has fallen into my final trap

He put the laundry-room key back in the lock
and went looking for my final misdeed

He found it
– the closed toolbox he had left open

He fell into my trap

which now
holds him
prisoner

I stare at the regular, yellow tiles
in front of the laundry room door

He is waiting for me behind that door

I can hear him groaning

[banging]

My white wife would have been so proud of me
My wife who is now dancing with the meteors

My white wife, a bearer of fire
I think of her as I look at the tiles

[Radio switching stations]

I'm going to open the laundry room door
At last I'll see his face

Contorted by pain after the trap was sprung

A bear trap I left beside the toolbox
A big rusty old bear trap

[Knives]

All of whose teeth I sharpened

My white wife

At last I'm going to see him
Him and his face

17.14

Sublimely lit from behind

Him and his face

and his foot, his foot bled dry,

caught in the bear trap

His thigh bleeding, torn by the sharpened fangs

A bleeding thigh, yes,

My whole being haemorrhaging

because my femoral artery is punctured

[Credits]

Météore was written and performed by Ludovic Drouet

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Mixed by Bastien Hidalgo Ruiz

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