

# **With the Wind**

by Jeanne Debarsy

In the beginning, there's the blow, reassuring...  
Then comes the sound, telling stories...

## Synopsis

Virginia, Aram and Vardan whisper their feelings. Through their breath one can hear their stories shape. Stories of exile, memories of Armenia, one morning when the wind rose, when they had to leave everything behind.

*Duration: 14' 40*

**Voices and music:** Virginia et Aram Kerovpyan et Vardan Hovanissian

**Direction and engineering:** Jeanne Debarsy

**Visual Design:** Maël G. Lagadec

**Production of** ACSR (Empreinte) and Babelfish asbl, with the support of Fédération Wallonie Bruxelles

## Script

V = Virginia Kerovpyan

A = Aram Kerovpyan

H = Vardan Hovanissian

Choir = Voices in the background

0'50

V: Smell something nice. A clementine or a flower under your nose. You breathe well right away, naturally... Something pleasant opens within us.

A: We breathe and sound comes out when we expire. There is the sound. Through breathing we allow sound to become audible.

2'50

H: I grew up like all children, without feeling I was growing old because when you're a kid you don't know what will happen to you in the future. You play, you have fun, you enjoy life.

3'10

All: Vardan Hovanissian, Virginia Pati Aram Kerovpyan

H: When I play the duduk, it tells the story of Armenian people. This instrument, I've been with it for almost 35 years...

V: I was asked to learn some Armenian melodies while I could not speak the language yet, so I started to learn how to speak. You discover the dialect, the different colours of this tongue. It's very pretty, beautiful.

A: It's part of my identity.

V: It was attracting me, I wanted to dive into it.

A: I was born in Istanbul. When I was a kid, I was going to church like all Istanbul children. And so I got affected by liturgical singing.

5'38

H: We had a tree... When we were kids we would go up that tree... It's small grapes you eat... and the last time I went home, I saw that this tree was almost cut down. It made me cry because it was the story of my childhood. We used to play and climb up the tree to eat its tasteful fruit.

6'00 : *sound design + duduk*

H: And this instrument, it sings the pain of our people. I can't say that it cries but it tells a sad story of our country.

A: We are humans, not even small dots in the universe... And it's up to us to give some sense to

this all.

H: I was 25 years old.

V: Me, I am from the Armenian diaspora. My mother is Armenian, from a village called Kessab, and today it is located in Syria.

*8'06 : Virginia's song*

V: Caravan... I have forgotten the words.

H: And it talks about... the story of... On the roads of refugees. That's it, a little part of my story too.

*9'00 : sound design break*

Choir: Many go out, leave... 25 years ... of diaspora...

A: It's been two centuries that we've been playing with the fire in the Middle-East!

Choir: Go out, leave... 25 years...

H: It's not only my story! There are a lot of refugees who left their country, and it's about that.

Choir: Go out, leave...

V: My Armenian family has lived deportation and...

Choir: It's about that... playing with the fire...

H: And you see, up to now, it's a story that repeats itself all the time.

Choir: Repeats itself all the time... and it's not over... 25 years... it's not over... it's not easy... economical stories... repeating all the time....

*10'50*

H: But I believe it's the last time that... We will never give up our land, it's enough already, there's no room to go back.

Choir: Playing with the fire... economical stories... repeating all the time...we know that song...

A: It's just a question of willing to be normal! And we don't chose to have problems related to identity. All we want is: live normally, like human beings.