

EPILOGUE

The epilogue conceived as an installation and a performance, happened on May 31st for Becca's *Inner Beauty Salon* grand reopening. "Ritual elements" I performed with Becca and the audience (from karaoke singing to the collective baptism of Becca's kittens) punctuated the reading of an edition of texts which were written by the audience 10 days earlier in *Vermilionville*, giving them a new poetic direction in a historical healing context. A couple of days before the performance, Becca gave me her secret prayer. The gift, "le cadeau" is the initiation ritual to become a *Traiteur*. She changed into an artist as I started to become a healer.



1/

Becca thanks for coming, welcome to the inner beauty salon. Talks about Reincarnation and our shared past lives: our Celtic life and the Auschwitz experience. We were mother and child in a gas chamber, holding each others hand.

BECCA. - See you soon

ERIC. - See you soon

BECCA. - See you soon

ERIC. - See you soon

2/

ERIC SINGS *EVERYTIME*, BY BRITNEY SPEARS

Notice me

Take my hand

Why are we

Strangers when

Our love is strong

Why carry on without me?

Everytime I try to fly

I fall without my wings

I feel so small

I guess I need you baby

And everytime I see you in my dreams

I see your face, it's haunting me

I guess I need you baby



3/
ERIC READS

My past lives now lay in front of me
I see Family trees and the rotting parasites that feed from their roots
Confusing data,
I would need one of these lives to analyse the genealogical labyrinth
Bacteria
Snail
Egret,
Worm,
worm eats egret,
egret eats worm
Roman sculptor,
« Jeu de paume » player,
Celtic goddess,
Portuguese hooker.
a life leads to another and stops,
A life lies and connects.
Bendend like laser lights through pale crystals
From swamp crawling reptiles to slobery mammals

Palmettos
Majestic palmettos
Fanning
Dear fanning palmettos...

The Aracis sisters are sitting on the sidewalk
Along: younger with youngster
Lady France mumbles
The singing Catholic woman notices her prayer

Language
Wise, yet young
Young spirit, spiritual
Healthy?
Healthy!
Sense of Herself?

Flower Clover
So Necessary!
Bees Bees
Beautiful, Wonderful Bees!!!
Population
Majestic bees
Population comeback
Pollenates our flowers and blossoms for fruits and veggies

Birds in Louisiana,
similar yet different from where I come from

An appreciation for the past.
How did they do?
Amazing pioneers.

Celebration in the land
Richness in soul
Royalty in heart
Amazing majesty
Amazing royalty

The princess
The queen
Not yet coming into her own

Older
Stable
Stoic
Sister

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BECCA READS

Palmetto
Plants
Bayou
Algae
Lilly Pads
Benches
People
Traffic
Cicadas
Camera
Lightpoles
Trees
Buildings
Birds
Dirt
Mud
bugs
Puddles
Flowers

Helicopter taking off from airport
Children playing - their work
People seeking shade though summer is not yet here
Pontoon boat docked and still on the placid water
Ladies with their handbags
Sun - relentless sun
Never ending traffic - RUINING silence drowning out the bird's songs
Ragin Cajun fans

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4/

Becca stands up and plays on her alligator frottoir, a Cajun percussion instrument. She makes 3 turns around the rug and hangs back the frottoir again on the wall.



5/

ERIC READS

Palmetto next to an electric box fixated to a square post holding a light. The pond is covered with vegetation and insects fly over. There are branches from the tree touching the water. The cars pass on road behind the pond.

A woman on the porch of Broussard's house. She's spinning a wheel, reenacting past occupation.

The sun just came out of a cloud. It's brighter. The pontoon boat didn't move yet from the shore.

Behind us, there is a cylinder permitting overflow water from the pond to go on the other side. It is made out of plastic material. There are ripples in the pond.

Visitors of Village V are harboring red shirts and foam big hands like they use in baseball games. They're throwing it at each other while kids pass by and look mesmerized by the scene of our group. WHAT ARE THEY DOING? They probably ask themselves. The spinner and a man dressed in « old clothes » are joking on the porch.

The Ragin' Cajuns fans with the foam hands come closer to us. They read an explanation of Broussard's house before entering the house.

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6/
BECCA PLACES CRYSTALS ON THE RUG



7/
BECCA SINGS THE CAJUN HAIL MARY



8/

BAPTISM AND RENAMING OF THE KITTENS

We'd like to offer them as gifts to you tonight. So they can carry on the lives of those who did good and those who did bad.

This is Beausoleil Broussard, bright sun as the night. He was among the first 200 Acadians to arrive in Louisiana on February 27, 1765, aboard the Santo Domingo. On April 8, 1765, he was appointed militia captain and commander of the "Acadians of the Atakapas" in St. Martinville, La. Not long after his arrival, Joseph Broussard died in St. Martinville at the presumed age of 63. The exact date of his death is unknown, but it is assumed to have been on or about October 20, 1765 after the gangrene which had spread in his left foot sucked all the life of his body.

This is Evangeline, one of the central characters of Cajun mythology. She died after finding her lost love Gabriel during le Grand d erangement.

This is Martin Begnaud, the ancestor of Becca who was brutally murdered in his general store in Scott Station, Louisiana. He was bound, gagged, blindfolded, stabbed more than fifty times, and robbed of over \$5,000.

These are Martin's Murderers, the Blanc brothers, Ernest and Alexis, who were finally hung a couple of blocks from there in the late XIXth century and now leave in peace with their victim.



9/

BECCA SINGS THE CAJUN NOTRE PERE

10/

ERIC READS

The trapper carries his bucket to the Bayou... he continues his ritual created to survive. His livelihood.

His neighbor comes to call on him... he has a nutria pet for him... an exchange, an exchange of greetings, of goods, of needs to survive.

How we need each other to survive.

We Acadiens, are not the earth people, but needed to become earth people to survive.

The Mardi-Gras runs - runs through... trapper pays no mind. He has become an Earth people.

These tourist assholes are what we have become... merchandise.

A phrase, go cups, we are no longer earth people. We had to adapt... this is what we've become!

Our language: like everyone else! Our food: Who we are is slipping away into detachment.

Yes the cicadas continue to sing.

The alligators continue to eat,

The earth continues to do what it has always done.

Adapt to continue.

Will we adapt so much our culture or ways or traditions will be lost?

The trapper returns, returns to his ritual... bucket clinking, bucket filling with water.

The water is a highway. Our highway to our culture, to our livelihood.

It's filled. Filled with what we think of it now... pollution, trash

No honor

No thanks

The water helped us survive.

The exchange

The run

STRIKE STRIKE STRIKE

If he can't start a fire, he can't survive.

But today if he can't start the fire, the tourists won't stop.

Here comes the team of red. Commercializing interrupts.

It's who we have become: group selfies, catch phrases, annoying, as polite as they can be. Documenting everything... not being present seeming bored. Not WOWed by the beauty around them.

CLICK CLICK CLICK - STRIKE STRIKE STRIKE

SNAP SNAP SNAP - The branches

SNAP SNAP SNAP - The camera

11/

WE ALL SING THE KARAOKE VERSION OF ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE BY THE BEATLES



12/

EPILOGUE OF THE EPILOGUE

What happens when nothing happens. There's always music, also when there aren't any instruments.

I feel the sounds, the moment where nothing happens is one of sound, also when it's quiet. In the now, this is the place where I am and where I want to be.

What would one do if one is at the place the he or she always wanted to be?

I think the same things will happen there where nothing happens.

And now, for something completely different, because I got distracted in being here by people who walk to the group. My existence became suddenly one of mankind.

I am here, with other people. In my writing, I was for a few minutes on a mountaintop with just the wind that sounds like Cajun Music.

The best thing that can happen when writing is to make a mistake. It means you are searching for a more profound way to express yourself.

Triangle.

THE END

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