

KEPONE DUST – Context.  
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Ink, sweat, saliva and blood.  
Walk, walk. Run. Flee.  
Returning to Peyi Ginen?  
Predation.  
Devouring.  
Fleeting idea of  
Marooning molasses  
Molasse-d Maroons  
Coagulated blood. Bruises.  
Life-devouring Waters  
Shrill cries  
Dull cries utter hundreds  
Billions of drops of blood shed  
Cohorts of Negrified Bodies  
By Ink, Sweat, Saliva and Blood ...

KEPONE DUST talks about the black body 's experience from the sugar plantations to chlordecone soil-poisoning. What experiences, emotions, have black bodies gone through? What are anger and alienation? What is slowly dying? What is a slow genocide ?

KEPONE DUST is the first movement in a performance triptych titled KEPONE EXPERIMENT. Through KEPONE EXPERIMENT, I sought an answer to my reflection on the servile condition, or at least on the demotion and the enslavement of the black body. This reflection is prompted upon my return to the country. The chlordecone scandal occupies public space. KEPONE is the scientific name for the molecule of this organochlorine pesticide used in the banana plantations of Guadeloupe until 1993, when its use had been banned since 1973, 20 years earlier, in France and Europe. Recently, the court reportedly dismissed the Béké operators, that is to say descendants of the great slave families of Guadeloupe and Martinique, arguing that there was statute of limitations on the facts.

Before being hit hard by the bitter reality of the (potential) poisoning of everyone with chlordecone, I remember, living in Metropolitan France, telling myself that I would have to raise my children (if I had any), in Guadeloupe. Home. Where the food is healthy. I remembered that we ate the fruits and vegetables that the garden produced. My mother, a physician, had planted a Creole garden: tomatoes, cucumbers, lettuce, roots, plantains, peyi apricots, etc. - to ensure our good health. Products of our land. A

nourishing and pure land. This sweet childhood memory left me with the idea that our earth was healthy. The chlordecone scandal came to the forefront of the political scene as well as in the Press when associations, environmentalists and researchers spoke out against the government and the operators. At that time, I was living in Paris and this thought crossed me at the heart of the early-2000s, mad cow crisis. Returned to my native land, at the core of this tumult, in the mid-2010s, it had already been 6 years since the information had broken out in broad daylight. It was a disillusionment. Yet, consuming local food and staples remains a priority.

This performance is a first step in my reflection on our attitude in the face of adversity and the bleak future that could all concern us. Cancers (prostate, uterus, breasts, blood) are on the increase. Endometriosis. Could it be possible that the chlordecone, which pollutes a large part of our soils, marine waters and groundwater for 700 years - a scientifically established fact - has acted as an endocrine disruptor, leaving many women with unsuspected consequences? Genital defects, congenital way? Indirectly obtained sterilization. Childbirth is difficult. Long-term. It was difficult to be "bréhaigne" two generations ago. Still. While some of our grandmothers gave birth to a dozen children in the chain. Today the uteri are made hostile, are occupied by invasive masses ... And men and their prostate. Under the pretext that the proof of the cause and effect is not perfectly done, the poisoning is perhaps only that: an infiltration of the products in the soils to protect the economy, the bananas against the weevil.

Environmental performance, black bodies take the right on the ground, on public space. The Saint-Félix beach (anse dumont) where I chose to choreograph this performance, presents a very layered relief that allows the exploration of many spaces, emotions, dynamics, and experiences. Alienation, marronnage, fugitivity, woods, sand, trees, branches, water, etc. It's a multisensory experience that spectators will only experience here in two dimensions: hearing and sight (and again there will be no 3D); It will miss the smell of molasses, halfway between sugar and rum and the taste of didiko (our traditional breakfast) that usually follows. A moment when we remember, we deconstruct, we probe ourselves ... We talk about the fate of those black bodies, intergenerationally, interculturally, sometimes inter-racially ...