



LAURA PERRUDIN  
PERSPECTIVES & AVATARS

# THE W WORD

FEATURING BECCA STEVENS

## What is this thing called magic ? What is this thing called art ?

Maybe simply Ways  
To achieve changes  
Into consciousness.  
Transformative powers,  
Transformative forces,  
I shouldn't know about.

Don't need any hat  
Don't need any cat  
Don't need any bat  
To know that.

Don't need any toad  
Don't need any owl  
Don't need any crow  
To do so.

And if I do  
And if I do  
And if I do  
And if I do...

Just catch me  
And burn me  
Or drown me  
Disappear me

For what I know  
*(I should know less than you do...)*  
For questioning norms  
*(...and shape myself to your views)*  
For being old  
*(I should always remain...)*  
Or being young  
*(...under the care of a man)*

Wring Well the Wicked and Wrong Witch !  
Wring Well the Wicked and Wrong Woman !  
Wring Well the Wicked and Wrong Witch !  
Wring Well the Wicked and Wrong Woman !

## What is this thing called magic ? What is this thing called art ?

Some knowledge of language ?  
Some science of symbols ?  
Relationships between  
Humans and their higher selves ?  
Some dangerous awareness  
I shouldn't know about....

Don't need any toad  
Don't need any owl  
Don't need any crow  
To do so.

Don't need any hat  
Don't need any cat  
Don't need any bat  
To know that.

And if I do  
And if I do  
And if I do  
And if I do...

Just bully me  
And jail me  
Or kill me  
Disappear me

For being ugly  
*(I should always please your eye...)*  
For being pretty  
*(...but I should never entice)*  
For owning my body  
*(I should belong to you)*  
For being free  
*(My life just shouldn't be mine)*

Wring Well the Wicked and Wrong Witch !  
Wring Well the Wicked and Wrong Woman !  
Wring Well the Wicked and Wrong Witch !  
Wring Well the Wicked and Wrong Woman !

## Independance : crime ! Knowledge : crime ! Power : crime ! Freedom : crime !

## LIGHT PLAYERS

We have seen so many things  
Around the world, we travelled,  
Many things we could teach  
You if you'd take time  
To look at us carefully.

We have stories to tell,  
Premonitions to reveal  
But we are just cogs in the wheel,  
« Solve et coagula »  
Is our serene fate.

We let the wind change our shape,  
We know how beautiful  
It is when things change,  
Our bodies are a mirage  
They just live in your eyes

**But our powers are true.**

Oh don't fight against time  
But slowly dance with it,  
Let your tears flow to earth  
Let the wind lead your feet.

We are the architects  
Of a realm where the birds  
Perpetually relearn  
To find their pathways  
Into moody mazes.

We are light players  
Painting new scapes all day long,  
We play to hide and seek  
With the moon and the sun,  
The stars and the mountains.

Our shadows are shelters,  
We carry promises  
Of relief to the trees,  
To the thirsty weeds and the flowers,  
To the frogs and the fields,  
To the forests and the grasses

**And we have some advice**

Oh don't fight against time  
But slowly dance with it,  
Let your tears flow to earth,  
Let the wind lead your feet.

## FOLLOW SNOW

Snow and silence, your two old friends,  
Are rarefying like orangutangs.

As delicacies they will soon be sold :  
Caviar will be less valuable,  
And they'll be more precious than gold.

**Better to hear this than be blind ?  
Better to hear that than be deaf ?**

**Goodnight baby, close your window,  
Or maybe just go and follow snow.**

You walk through the city like a hunted beast  
Looking for some silence that doesn't exist

Wondering if it remains a bloody place  
On this planet where you could hear...  
Well, anything else than human mess ?

**Better to hear this than be blind ?  
Better to hear that than be deaf ?**

**Goodnight baby, close your window,  
Or maybe just go and follow snow.**

**Whatever you do, I'll come and go.  
If you need silence, just go and follow snow.**

# PUSH ME

FEATURING PHILIPPE KATERINE

How was the driver of your cab today ? Are you satisfied ? *Avez-vous apprécié le chauffeur aujourd'hui?*

How was the service of your lunch today ? Did you enjoy ? *Êtes-vous satisfait de la qualité du service?*

How was the state of cleanliness today ? Did you enjoy ? *Êtes-vous satisfait de la propreté des toilettes aujourd'hui?*

How was the delivery man today ? Are you satisfied ? *Êtes-vous satisfait du livreur de votre colis ?*

**Grade ? Grade ? Grade ?** *Un ressenti ?*  
**Give a grade ! Give a grade !** *Une petite note ?*  
**Push me ! Push me !** *Pousse moi !*  
**Push me ! Push me ! Push !** *Pousse mon bouton !*

**Happy, mid-happy, mid-sad or sad ?** *Content ? Mi-content ? Mi-pas-content ? Pas content ?*

And was the welcome on board smiley enough today ? Did you enjoy ? *L'équipe de bord était-elle souriante aujourd'hui ?*

What about the disappearance of your trash today ? Are you satisfied ? *Comment jugez-vous notre service de traitement des déchets ?*

And was everything comfortable enough today ? Did you enjoy ? *Tout était-il confortable aujourd'hui ?*

Did the invisible slaves honor their king today ? Discreetly enough ? *Les lutins magiques ont-ils été assez discrets ?*

Are you satisfied ? *Êtes-vous satisfait ?*

**Grade ? Grade ? Grade ?** *Un ressenti ?*  
**Give a grade ! Give a grade !** *Une petite note ?*  
**Push me ! Push me !** *Exprimez-vous !*  
**Push me ! Push me ! Push !** *Poussez mon bouton !*

**Happy, mid-happy, mid-sad or sad ?** *Content ? Mi-content ? Mi-pas-content ? Pas content ?*

What about your security experience today ? (Are you satisfied ?) *Comment évaluez-vous le contrôle de sécurité aujourd'hui ?*

How was your body cavity search today ? (Did you enjoy ?) *Avez-vous apprécié la fouille anale ?*

What about the feeling of safety of the space today ? (Are you satisfied ?) *Vous sentez-vous en sécurité dans ce lieu public ?*

The size of the army's assault rifles today ? (Big enough ?) *Les fusils d'assaut de l'armée sont-ils assez gros ?*

The global surveillance of your life today ? (Are you satisfied ?) *Vous sentez-vous suffisamment bien surveillés aujourd'hui ?*

Have you been filmed and tracked and filed enough ? (Do you feel secure enough ?) *Êtes-vous satisfait ? Détendez-vous...*

**Happy, mid-happy, mid-sad or sad ?** *Content ? Mi-content ? Mi-pas-content ? Pas content ?*

... ...



# WELL, THEY LIED.

Tough grim suns have sealed  
Their bleak blinding lids  
Of meaningless blue fields  
The void has appeared to sight  
    Under that light that's so tight  
    Under that light that's so tight

It dazzles us to blindness  
Everything is so bright  
All I would like to find is  
A puddle of a night  
    To flee that light that's so tight  
    To flee that light that's so tight

**Evil tough blue in the sky**  
**Just to think I'm gonna die**  
    Under that light that's so tight  
    Under that light that's so tight

All I want to do here  
Is to hide or disappear  
It's a rough raging strife  
Between some meaning of life  
    And that light that's so tight  
    And that light that's so tight

That endless noon is wrong  
It stifles me with its hands  
On my throat, I feel thronged  
I can't bear, I can't stand  
    That damned light that's so tight  
    That damned light that's so tight

**Evil tough blue in the sky**  
**Just to think I'm gonna die**  
    Under that light that's so tight  
    Under that light that's so...

**Evil tough blue in the sky**  
**Just to think I'm gonna die**  
    Under that light that's so tight  
    « Nice weather » they said.

**Well, they lied.**

# GAME OVER

FEATURING KRISMENN & IAN CHANG

The world is blind under a blank page ever-dawning.  
This is the age of ashes and ruined vast impasses  
Leading to the void near above. Sailing graves  
Made of your trash suffocate and mash your own cradle.

## Has clear-sightedness never been ?

You're unable to learn, you always trap yourself into enclosed rings.  
I warned you, I'm sure you knew that I was coming.  
You allowed yourself a mirage to deny that I could find you  
To avoid what destiny brooded and absorb what insanity ruined.

## Has clear-sightedness never been ?

Now you can see the scape's rubble absorbed in my mouth's darkness  
And somehow you keep caulking and sealing the inside of my truth  
To soothe your fear, to deaden the sound of my tooth  
On your rear. Like there's a future for your dears

## Has clear-sightedness never been ?

Now you can hear the silence of the wild beasts in the evening  
When there's only your own industrial creatures to keep coldly singing  
« Ugliness is a truth, your illusions were a joke »  
For a longtime you had fun like kids but the game is over.

## Has clear-sightedness never been ?

**Skarzhit alemañ  
Dall eo ar bed-mañ  
N'hallit ket lâret n'eo ket bet lâret deoc'h-c'hwi ar wech-mañ  
Bet eo bet brav ho puhez  
Met mare al ludu zo a'i  
,Oac'h ket 'vit kompren e oa digoue'et ar fin hag e oa fin ho c'hoa'i  
An amzer da zont n'eo ket deoc'h ken  
Mont a ra ar bed war an tu gin  
,Pezh a laka ac'hanon da ,n om c'houlenn :  
Daoust-hag eo bet kap an den da welet sklaer ur wech bennaket ,ta?  
Selaouit kamaraded  
Serrit mat ho pegoù bras  
Kat ,peus berr ,walc'h an amzer tudoù kaezh  
Re ziwe'at eo bremañ ,benn klask cheñch penn d'ar vazh  
Sklaer eo bet, met n'eo ket ken**

*Partez d'ici  
Ce monde est aveugle  
Inutile de le nier  
Votre vie fut belle  
Mais voilà le temps des cendres  
Vous ne pouviez comprendre que votre jeu était terminé  
Le futur ne vous appartient plus  
Le monde tourne à l'envers  
Je me demande  
Si l'homme a déjà été capable de réfléchir ?  
Écoutez donc  
Et taisez vous  
Vous avez bien profité, pauvres gens  
Il est trop tard pour tenter de changer les choses  
C'était clair mais ça ne l'est plus...*

Krismenn recorded himself at Loch tadig Studio (St Servais, Brittany) and appears courtesy of Pias  
Ian Chang was recorded by Jordan Martin at Redwood Studio (Denton, Texas)

## FROM ONE DARK SIDE TO ANOTHER

**From one dark side**

**to another,**

Hypnotizing iron monsters  
Leave no chance to those who sight  
Their fascinating lethal light.

**From one dark side**

**to another,**

Hypnotizing iron monsters  
Leave no chance to those who sight  
Their fascinating lethal light.

**From one dark side**

**to another,**

The hypnotizing iron monster  
Left no chance to me.

## COUNTRY TOWNIE BIRD FEATURING CLÉMENT LEMENNICIER

It's a laborious drudgery  
To make myself understood by them  
When understanding's so easy  
And natural on the branch of our elm.

And it is such an annoying task  
To hide weaknesses, fears and shames, to wear a mask,  
When I can so simply be true,  
Tell and show all of me to you  
*(Like silence)*

**What a gift, this peace I find here  
A shelter from despair and fear  
Living and growing like our tree  
The release a true love can be**

And how deeply exhausting it was  
To stay wary of getting invaded, judged or crushed,  
And how perpetually stifling it was  
To feel so lonely in the middle of a crowd.

How could I bear the oppressive tie  
Of conventions, proper procedures and decorous lies  
When our world together's a sight  
So free and borderless and wide ?  
*(And silent)*

**What a gift, this peace I find here  
A shelter from despair and fear  
Living and growing like our tree :  
The release a true love can be.**

# METASONG

FEATURING EMEL MATHLOUTHI

Am I supposed to be beautiful ?  
Am I supposed to mean something ?  
Am I supposed to be understood ?  
Or just to be entertaining ?

Am I supposed to calm you down ?  
Am I supposed to wake you up ?  
Am I supposed to make you dance ?  
Am I supposed to turn you on ?

**From dances to lullabies,  
From prayers, marches to battle-cries :  
I don't know if I am supposed to be sung  
Or to be howled.**

Emel Mathlouthi was recorded by Laura Perrudin at Cactus-Blockhaus Studio (Paris) and appears courtesy of Little Human Records

I changed the world so many times  
I set you free with a few rhymes  
I healed your solitude and pain  
I made you smile and strong again

I am as old as humanity  
And I belong to everybody  
I belong to laughs, sweat or tears  
And I am stronger than frontiers

So if I come from your throat  
So if I come from your guts  
So if I come from your heart  
So if I come from your cuts

Then why do you sell me  
As a pimp sells his whore ?  
I can't handle being empty,  
And bland anymore.

**From dances to lullabies,  
From prayers, marches to battle-cries :  
I don't know what I'm supposed to be...**

**From dances to lullabies,  
From prayers, marches to battle-cries :  
I don't know if I am supposed to be sung  
Or to be howled.**



## LE REFUGE DE LA COULEUR FEATURING MORGANE HOUEMONT

**Basalte, nuits,  
Démons, fourmis,  
Scarabées, graphite,  
Mûres et chauves-souris,**

**Regard de khôl  
Et As de trèfles,  
Peuple des geôles et  
Bois d'ébène,**

**Peuple des cloîtres,  
As de pic, abysses,  
Encre de Chine  
Et de cassis.**

J'habille le monde et ses confins  
Mais chaque nuit j'épargne la lune  
Mais me le direz-vous enfin  
Une couleur, en suis-je une ?

**Mangeur de lumière  
Galvaniseur de prières  
Chromatique transfuge  
De la couleur je suis le refuge**

**Corbeaux, pirates,  
Abîmes, asphalte,  
Endeuillés, charbon,  
Espace et tréfonds.**

**Forages d'or  
Sous les nappes des rois,  
Je suis le manteau  
Du pouvoir et des chats.**

J'habille le monde et ses confins  
Mais chaque nuit j'épargne la lune  
Mais me le direz-vous enfin  
Une couleur, en suis-je une ?

**Mangeur de lumière  
Galvaniseur de prières  
Chromatique transfuge  
De la couleur je suis le refuge**

Morgane Houemont was recorded by  
Jérémy Rouault at Full Size Panda (Rennes, France)

## MAJOR ALLEGORY OF NORM FEATURING MÉLISSA LAVEAUX & IAN CHANG

I am a hero baby,  
I am the ultimate  
Representation of Humanity

I am the architect  
Of your reality,  
Of what you see and hear and think and feel.

My vision is your life.  
My music is your life.  
As well as are my books and films and pain-

-tings and my video games.  
Let's keep it in the right order :  
Everything else is sub-gender.  
There's just one thing I'd need to check...

**Where are my pixels from ?  
Who created me this way ?**

**Swollen with importance...  
Are we that sure so many people  
Would like to see what I see?**

But sometimes I am tired  
Of saving princesses  
Tired of saving the world with my balls

Of being deaf and blind  
Around in circles  
Of being the center of it all

Hey guys, it seems like  
We bet the major part  
Of humanity is a straight white man

I just have a little doubt,  
Let's keep it that way,  
But I'd like to take a look outside to check  
if it's true...

**Where are my pixels from ?  
Who created me this way ?**

**Swollen with importance...  
Are we that sure so many people  
Would like to see what I see?**

Mélissa Laveaux was recorded by Laura Perrudin at Cactus-Blockhaus Studio (Paris) and appears courtesy of Twanèt  
Ian Chang was recorded by Jordan Martin at Redwood Studio (Denton, Texas)

# SOMETHING TO LOSE

*freely based on « Le Loup et Le Chien »  
by Jean de La Fontaine*

Once I met one of them  
Who got lost in the woods  
With the excess of trust  
And the attitude of a lord

He was powerful and stout  
He was courteous and robust  
He was opulent and proud  
And his stately chest stuck out

I'd gladly have butchered the mutt  
I'd gladly have ripped him apart  
But it would have been a losing fight  
Because the dog was twice my bulk

**So I accosted him humbly,  
Talked about his gorgeous jewellery  
And his beaming portliness,  
And his soft shiny fur,  
And his brilliant success  
Like a servile courtier**

*(...I had nothing to lose)*

He said : « My good lord you could chose  
To be as fat as me  
Yes you could leave the woods  
And your poor fellow-wolves

You guys are so skinny,  
Eternally hungry  
Never safe, always on guard,  
The claws ever ready

Follow me, I tell you  
And I promise you'll know  
A better destiny  
I swear, you can trust me. »

**I won't lie : I was drooling  
For so long I had been starving  
So sure I deserved  
At least a decent dinner**

*(...I had nothing to lose)*

Dylan James was recorded by Jérémy Rouault  
at Full Size Panda (Rennes, France)

FEATURING DYLAN JAMES, RÉGIS BUNEL, ETIENNE CABARET & JEAN-MATHIAS PETRI

So I said, desperate :  
« What would I need to do ?  
« Almost nothing » He said.  
« Hunt a bit, lick a hand

Keep the poor and the tramp  
Away from your master  
Flatter the lords and their power  
For a nice recompense :

Pigeon bones, chicken bones,  
Mutton, ham fat and mince  
And did I even mention  
All the caresses ? »

**I felt my mouth water and tears  
Overflow me, I confess  
But following his steps  
I saw something unclear**

*(...I had nothing to lose)*

« What is that, in your neck ?  
- That ? Nothing.  
Such a small thing.  
My necklace could have been  
The cause of what you have seen  
This naked skin on my throat,  
This little gap in my coat.

- So they keep you fastened ?  
You can't run where you want to run ?  
- Not always but never mind.  
Follow me and unwind

**But I was already far  
With all my reborn reason  
Venerating again  
The deep dry greedy taste  
Of my sacred freedom.**

Régis Bunel, Etienne Cabaret & Jean-Mathias Petri were recorded  
by Jérémy Rouault at La Ville Robert (Pordic, France)

# MERCI

Jérémy Rouault · Clément Lemennicier · Laurent Carrier · Hélène & Albert Perrudin ·  
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de direction artistique avec les deux précédents albums de Laura Perrudin ·  
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