

## 1999 - SUNDANCE

I giggled, slanting on the couch. What a ridiculous sight! F. grinned too, beside me. It looked too foolish for words.

It was the much awaited day of the solar eclipse over the South of the Netherlands. A year before we had already booked a hotel at Bouillon, in the South of Belgium, where the eclipse would be total, together with our friend S. and her son P. But I had fallen ill so I had had to cancel it, and F. stayed with me. Not that it would have mattered much, since it was typical Dutch wheather: a thick layer of clouds obscured the sky in North Western Europe.

On the tv the programma switched to several places along the eclipse path where people had gathered to watch this exceptional natural phenomena. And almost everywhere it was overcast. In England a group of New Age followers had assembled at Stonehenge, the mystic Keltic holy place. Amongst them this shaman. It rained cats and dogs, so the man had decided to performe a sundance. The camera followed every move the man made in what should have been his "fifteen minutes of fame" or his "finest hour". But to our utter amusement the man had dressed in a transparant plastic raincoat with hood. The water dripped of his coat underneath which you could see him perform ritual dance paces in boxer shorts and sopping Nike gym shoes. His chanting was smothered by the hood out of which hung long strands of soaking wet grey hair.

We now laughed out aloud. "I think he should at least perform dressed only in a loincloth, on bare feet. Or even better, stark naked. Of course this won't work at all!" I cried out. F. fully agreed with me. And indeed it continued raining. Later on we learned that the eclipse had only been visible at the coast of Brittany in Western France. Without the druid; who had been absent.