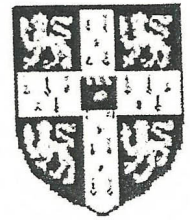




# Oxford and Cambridge Musical Club



in association with  
University College London Chamber Music Club

## Jeux d'Enfants Petite Suite

Bizet (1838-75)



## L'Enfant et les Sortilèges Fantaisie Lyrique en deux parties

Text by Colette

Music by Ravel (1875-1937)

Programme £1  
(including glass of wine)

*Saturday, November 10th, 2001  
at 6.30pm,  
United Reformed Church,  
Pond Square, Highgate*

Concert No 1853

**MUSIC OF CHILDHOOD**

**Petite Suite : Jeux d'Enfants**

I Marche (Trumpet and drum)  
IV Duo (Little husband, little wife)

II Berceuse (The doll)  
V Galop (The ball)

**Bizet (1838 – 75)**  
III Impromptu (The top)

**L'Enfant et les Sortilèges**

Fantaisie Lyrique en deux parties

**Ravel (1875 – 1937)**  
Text by Colette

Cast in order of appearance

The Child	Jo Parton
Mama	Oenone Forrester
The Armchair	Michael Crowe
The Bergère (Louis XV chair)	Christina Clarke
The Comtoise Clock	Michael Crowe
The Black Wedgwood Teapot	Alan Mayall
The China Cup	Christina Clarke
The Fire	Lyn Parkyns
A Shepherd	Oenone Forrester
A Shepherdess	Judith Barnes
The Princess	Evelyn Bercott
The Little Old Man (Arithmetic)	Donald Storer
The Black Cat	Michael Crowe
The White Cat	Oenone Forrester
The Tree	Christopher Reynolds
The Dragonfly	Oenone Forrester
The Nightingale	Lyn Parkyns
The Bat	Judith Barnes
The Squirrel	Ruth Pitman
The Tree-frog	Donald Storer
An Owl	Christina Clarke
4 Beasts : Alan Mayall, Jo Rodgers, Mary Storer, Christopher Reynolds	

Chorus of furniture, shepherds and shepherdesses, numbers, frogs, trees, beasts.

Orchestra led by Evelyn Chadwick

Conducted by Alan Reddish

Illustrations by Evelyn Chadwick

## Chorus(in addition to soloists)

Margaret Bond  
Rachel Goodkin  
Myrtle Lesser  
Norman Parkyns

Colin Myles  
Clive Scott

Anthony Hardwicke  
Michael Scott

## Orchestra

Violin	Evelyn Chadwick(leader) Robert Balchin Edmund Booth Michael Friess Richard Gullan Shirley Karney Anne Park* Donald Ray Peter Wall Judith Webster* Martin Young	Flute	Libby Summers Sue Morrell William Phipps (piccolo)	Horn	Peter Kaldor John Asher André Lipkin Adrian Rushton
		Oboe	Clare Shanks Angela Escott		
		Cor anglais	Nicholas Murray	Trumpet	Frank Burgum* Neville Young* Lotte Young*
		Clarinet	Ken Goodare (Eb) Barbara Wyllie David Edwards Edward Kay (bass)	Trombone	Alexia Konstantine* John Wells* Edward Salaman*
Viola	Robert Behrman Keith Daley Bernard Gilonis Carolyn Hayman Pamela Simpson	Bassoon	Elizabeth Trigg * Joanna Rushton Mark Flanders* (contra)	Tuba	Anthony George*
Cello	Libby Wilde Laura Forbes Helen Braverman Ruth Nash*	Harp	Maria Beattie*	Timpani	Andrew Westlake
		Celeste	Anthony Hardwicke	Percussion	Tony Summers Eleanor Steinitz*
Bass	Phil Chandler* Peter Peacock	Piano	Nicholas Reading		

\* guest

## Scenes of Childhood

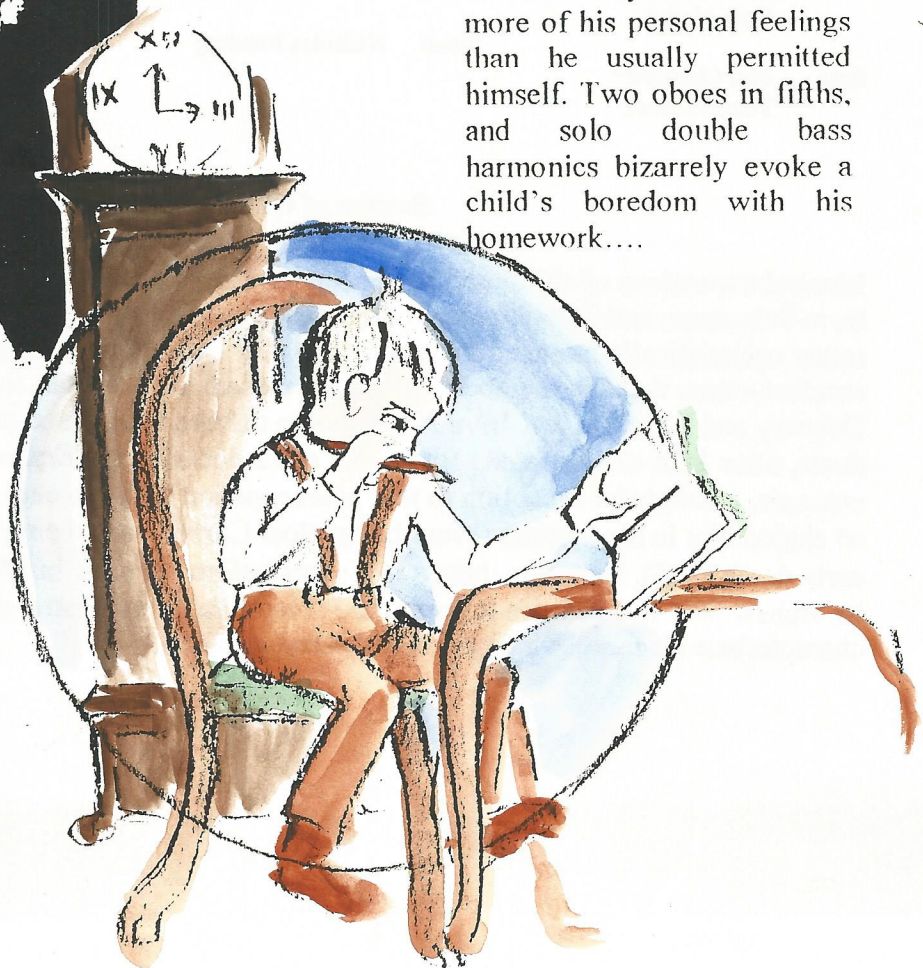
Musical evocations of childhood have been written by composers throughout Europe, from Schumann and Tchaikovsky to Elgar, Stravinsky and Walton. Some have been rather optimistically intended for children to play, others have, more or less wistfully, recalled a time we all remember. French composers in particular, including Fauré, Debussy and Ravel (in *Ma Mère l'Oye*), seem to have specialised in piano solos and duets, often later orchestrated. Bizet's set of 12 duets *Jeux d'Enfants* is a notable example, a delightful exception to that preoccupation with success in the theatre which so eluded him in his lifetime (even the timeless *Carmen* only being appreciated after his early death at 37). He wrote them a few years before *Carmen*, in 1871; in the same year he orchestrated five of them to form the *Petite Suite* for orchestra, showing all his characteristic elegance, vitality and orchestral mastery.



Ravel



Colette



Born on the Spanish border in the very year of Bizet's death, Ravel spent most of his life in Paris. Many of his most sumptuous works, culminating in *Daphnis et Chloe*, were written before the First World War. War service, and more personally, the death of his mother in 1917, perhaps led to the more hysterical quality of post-war works like *La Valse* and *Bolero*. Colette had written the libretto for *Ballet for my Daughter* in 1916; it was sent to Ravel but didn't reach him until after the war. He then set to work on it, with what he considered the more suitable title of *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*. She heard nothing for several years (except apparently a suggestion that one cat's *Min-hou* should become *Môrnâ-ou...*), but it was finished in 1924 and first heard in Monte Carlo the following year, where it was a great success. In spite of the large orchestra, much of the music has a spare chamber-music texture. Maybe it reveals more of his personal feelings than he usually permitted himself. Two oboes in fifths, and solo double bass harmonics bizarrely evoke a child's boredom with his homework....

## L'Enfant et les sortilèges

### Part One: The House

A low-ceilinged room in a country house, opening on to the garden.

The house is in Normandy, old or, better, old-fashioned, with big upholstered armchairs, a grandfather clock with a dial decorated with flowers, a wallpaper with little pastoral figures. A round squirrel's cage hanging near the window. A large, canopied fireplace. The smouldering remains of a fire. A kettle purrs. The cat too. Afternoon.

(The Child, six or seven years old, sits in front of the homework which he's just begun. He's enjoying a tit or laziness, biting his pen-holder, scratching his head and singing softly.)



#### CHILD

I don't want to learn my lesson.  
I want to go for a walk.  
I'd like to eat up all the cakes.  
I'd like to pull the cat's tail,  
and to cut off the squirrel's.  
I want to roar at everyone!  
I want to put mother in the corner . . .

(The door opens. Enter Mother, or, rather, what the very low ceiling and the scale of all the scenery, with the exaggerated dimensions of all the objects making the smallness of the Child more striking, allow to be seen of her, i.e. a skirt, the lower part of a silk apron, a steel chain from which a pair of scissors hangs, and a hand. This hand is raised, with a questioning forefinger.)

#### MOTHER

Has mother's boy been good, and finished his lesson?

(The Child makes no answer, but pouting, slips lower into his chair. The skirt moves forward on the stage, one hand holding the top of a copy-book. The other hand, higher, holds a tray with a teapot and cup.)

Oh! you've done nothing! You've spattered the carpet with ink! Are you sorry for your laziness?

(The Child remains silent.)  
Promise me, dear, to work.

(silence)

D'you want to say you're sorry?

(The Child's only reply is to raise his head and put his tongue out at his Mother.)

Oh!!! . . .

(The skirt moves back a little. The second hand puts the lunch-tray on the table.)

(stern)

Here's lunch for a naughty child: tea without sugar, and dry bread.

You'll remain on your own till supper-time!

And think about your naughtiness!

And about your homework too!

Above all, think how sad you've made Mama! . . .

(The door opens again, the skirt moves away. The Child, left alone, is seized with a fit of perversity. He dances with rage, shrieking loudly at the door.)

#### CHILD

I don't care!

Anyway, I'm not hungry!

And I much prefer to be alone!

I don't like anyone!

I'm very naughty!

Naughty! Naughty! Naughty!

(With the back of his hand, he sweeps the teapot and cup off the table and they break into a thousand pieces. Then he climbs onto the windowsill, opens the squirrel's cage and pricks the little animal with his pen nib. The wounded squirrel cries out and escapes through the open fanlight of the casement window. The Child jumps down from the window and pulls the tail of the cat, which spits and hides itself under an armchair.) (beside himself)

Hurrah!

(Brandishing the poker, he pokes the fire and kicks the kettle over: floods of smoke and ashes.)

Hurrah! Hurrah!

(Using the poker like a sword, he attacks the little figures on the wallpaper which he tears off; large shreds of it come off the wall and hang loose. He opens the case of the grandfather clock, hangs on the copper pendulum which comes off in his hands. Then, catching sight of his school and copy-books on the table, he tears them to pieces, roaring with laughter.)

#### L'ENFANT

J'ai pas envie de faire ma page.  
J'ai envie d'aller me promener.  
J'ai envie de manger tous les gâteaux.  
J'ai envie de tirer la queue du chat  
Et de couper celle de l'écureuil.  
J'ai envie de gronder tout le monde!  
J'ai envie de mettre Maman en pénitence . . .

#### MAMAN

Bébé a été sage? Il a fini sa page?

Où! Tu n'as rien fait! Tu as éclaboussé d'encre le tapis! Regrettes-tu ta paresse?  
silence de l'Enfant)  
Promettez-moi, Bébé, de travailler?

Voulez-vous me demander pardon?

Voici le goûter d'un méchant enfant: du thé sans sucre, du pain sec.

Restez tout seul jusqu'au dîner!

Et songez à votre faute!

Et songez à vos devoirs!

Songez, songez surtout au chagrin de Mama!

#### L'ENFANT

Ça m'est égal!

Justement j'ai pas faim!

Justement j'aime beaucoup mieux rester

Je n'aime personne!

Je suis très méchant!

Méchant! méchant! méchant!





Hurrah! No more lessons! No more homework! I am free, free, naughty and free!  
*(Satiated with the devastation he has wrought and out of breath, he is about to fall into the arms of a large armchair covered in cretonne, when, to his surprise, they move apart, the seat escapes, and, hobbling like an enormous toad, the Armchair moves away.)*  
 (startled)  
 Ah! . . .

*(Having gone back three paces, the Armchair returns, heavy and mocking, and goes to greet a little Louis XV bergère, which he leads through a measured and grotesque dance.)*

ARMCHAIR  
 Your humble servant, Bergère!

BERGÈRE  
*(with a curtsy)*  
 Your servant, Armchair!

ARMCHAIR  
 Now we're forever  
 rid of this Child  
 with his wicked heels.

BERGÈRE  
 You see how relieved I am at that!

ARMCHAIR  
 No more cushions for his slumber,  
 no more seats for his musing,  
 no more rest for him save on bare earth.  
 And still more . . . who knows?

BERGÈRE  
 And still more . . . who knows?

ARMCHAIR, BERGÈRE  
 Now we're forever, etc.

ARMCHAIR  
 The bench, . . .

BERGÈRE  
 . . . the couch, . . .

Hourrah! Plus de leçons! Plus de devoirs! Je suis libre, libre, méchant et libre!

Ah! . . .

LE FAUTEUIL  
 Votre serviteur humble, Bergère.

LA BERGÈRE  
 Votre servante, Fauteuil.

LE FAUTEUIL  
 Nous voilà donc débarrassés  
 A jamais de cet Enfant  
 Aux talons méchants.

LA BERGÈRE  
 Vous m'en voyez, vous m'en voyez aise!

LE FAUTEUIL  
 Plus de coussins pour son sommeil,  
 Plus de sièges pour sa rêverie,  
 Plus de repos pour lui que sur la terre nue  
 Et encore . . . qui sait?

LA BERGÈRE  
 Et encore . . . qui sait?

LE FAUTEUIL, LA BERGÈRE  
 Nous voilà donc débarrassés, etc.

LE FAUTEUIL  
 Le Banc, . . .

LA BERGÈRE  
 . . . le Canapé, . . .

ARMCHAIR  
... the pouffe ...

BERGÈRE  
... and the wicker chair ...

ARMCHAIR  
... want no more of the Child.

PIECES OF FURNITURE  
*(which have been mentioned by the Armchair and the Bergère, some raising their arms, some their legs, repeat in chorus)*  
No more of the Child!  
*(The Child, motionless and in a dazed state, with his back against the wall, listens and looks on.)*

GRANDFATHER CLOCK  
*(ringing and singing)*  
Ding, ding, ding, ding;  
and again ding, ding, ding!  
I can't stop myself from chiming!  
I no longer know the time!  
He's taken away my pendulum!  
I have a terrible tummy ache!  
And a draught right in my middle!  
And I'm beginning to wander!  
*(The Clock advances on two feet protruding from under his wooden shirt. He has a small, round, rosy face in place of his dial, and two short gesticulating arms.)*

CHILD  
*(scared)*  
Oh! The clock is walking!

CLOCK  
*(walking and ringing)*  
Ding, ding, ding ...  
At least let me pass,  
that I may go and hide my shame!  
To chime so at my age!  
I, I who so gently struck the hours,  
the hour of sleep, the hour to wake,  
the hour ringing the one that's awaited,  
the blessed hour in which the naughty Child was born!  
Perhaps, if he hadn't mutilated me,

nothing would ever have changed  
in this house.  
Perhaps no one would ever have died ...  
If I'd been able to go on striking  
the hours,  
one and all exactly alike!  
Ah! let me hide my shame and sorrow,  
my nose against the wall!  
Ding, ding, ding ...  
*(Striking mournfully, the Clock crosses the stage to the other end of the room, facing the wall, and again becomes motionless. Two snuffly voices are heard close to the ground.)*

TEAPOT  
*(Black Wedgwood)*  
How's your mug?

CUP  
*(Chinese)*  
Rotten!

TEAPOT  
... better had ...

CUP  
Come on!

TEAPOT  
*(to the Child, insidiously menacing, with the airs of a boxing champion)*  
Black and costaud,  
black and chic, jolly fellow,  
I punch. Sir, I punch your nose,  
I knock out you, stupid chose!  
Black and thick, and vrai beau gosse,  
I box you. I marm'lad' you ...

CUP  
*(to the Child, threatening him with its gold, pointed fingers)*  
What the hell, Mah-jong,  
what the hell, since it's not understood,  
it will have, it will have, it will have,  
it will have, cascara, harakiri, Sessue Hayakawa,  
na! it will always have a Chinese air.

LE FAUTEUIL  
... le Pouf ...

LA BERGÈRE  
... et la Chaise de paille ...

LE FAUTEUIL  
Ne voudront plus de l'Enfant.

LES MEUBLES

Plus de l'Enfant!

L'HORLOGE COMTOISE

Ding, ding, ding, ding;  
Et encore ding, ding, ding!  
Je ne peux plus m'arrêter de sonner!  
Je ne sais plus l'heure qu'il est!  
Il m'a ôté mon balancier!  
J'ai d'affreuses douleurs de ventre!  
J'ai un courant d'air dans mon centre!  
Et je commence à divaguer!

L'ENFANT

Ah! L'Hörlogë marchë!

L'HORLOGE

Ding, ding, ding ...  
Laissez-moi au moins passer,  
Que j'aie caché ma honte!  
Sonner ainsi à mon âge!  
Moi, moi qui sonnais de douces heures,  
Heure de dormir, heure de veiller,  
Heure qui ramène celui qu'on attend,  
Heure bénie où naquit le méchant Enfant!  
Peut-être que, s'il ne m'eût mutilée,



Rien n'aurait jamais changé  
Dans cette demeure.  
Peut-être qu'aucun n'y fût jamais mort ...  
Si j'avais pu continuer de sonner,  
Toutes pareilles les unes aux autres,  
Les heures!  
Ah! Laissez-moi cacher ma honte et ma douleur  
Le nez contre le mur!  
Ding, ding, ding ...

LA THÉIÈRE  
*(Wedgwood noir)*  
6 How's your mug?

LA TASSE  
*(chinoise)*  
Rotten!

LA THÉIÈRE  
... better had ...

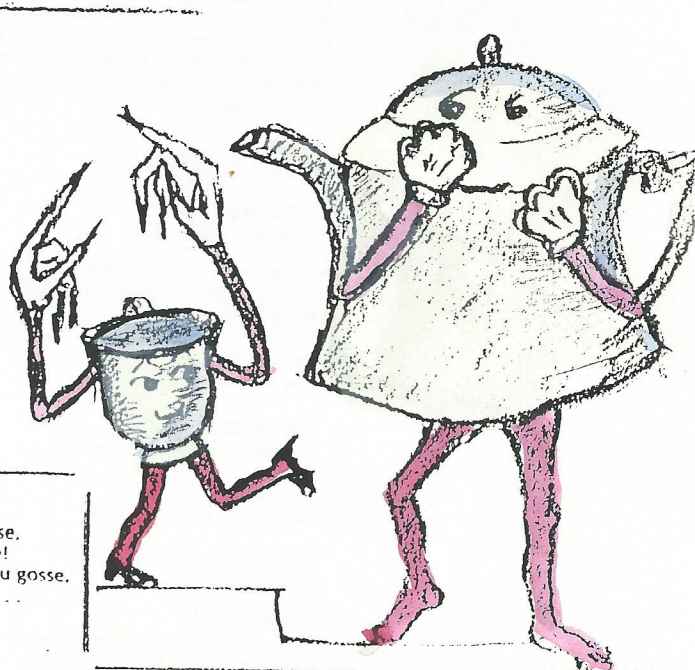
LA TASSE  
Come on!

LA THÉIÈRE

Black and costaud,  
Black and chic, jolly fellow,  
I punch. Sir, I punch your nose,  
I knock out you, stupid chose!  
Black and thick, and vrai beau gosse,  
I boxe you. I marm'lad' you ...

LA TASSE

Keng-ça-tou, Mah-jong,  
Keng-ça-tou, puis -kong-kong-pran-pa,  
Ça-oh-rà, Ça-oh-rà, Ça-oh-rà,  
Ça-oh-rà, Cas-ka-ra, harakiri, Sessue Hayakawa,  
Hâ! Ça-oh-rà toujours l'air chinoâ.



CUP, TEAPOT  
Ha! it will always have a Chinese air.

TEAPOT  
I box you.

CUP  
Ping, pong, ping . . .

CUP, TEAPOT  
Ping, pong, ping, pong, ping.  
Ah! What the hell have you done with my Kawa?  
(The Teapot and Cup disappear, dancing.)

CHILD  
(horror-stricken)  
Oh! my lovely china cup!  
(The sun is setting, its horizontal rays are turning red.  
The Child shivers in fear and loneliness; he approaches  
the fire which sputters a burning spark in his face.)

FIRE  
(bounding out from the chimney, thin, spangled and  
dazzling)  
Away! I warm the good but burn the bad! Foolhardy  
little savage, you've insulted all the friendly household  
gods who held the fragile barrier between you and  
misfortune! Ah! You've brandished the poker, upset the  
kettle, and scattered the matches! Beware! Mind the  
dancing flame! You'll melt like a snowflake on its  
scarlet tongue!  
Ah! Beware! I warm the good! Beware! I burn the bad!  
Beware! Beware! Ah! Beware!

(Fire darts forward and first pursues the Child who  
shields himself with the furniture. Behind Fire, springing  
from his footsteps, rises Cinder. She is grey, sinuous and  
silent. At first Fire does not see her. Then, having seen  
her, he plays with her.)

Ah!  
(She plays with him. She tries to subdue Fire beneath  
her long grey veils. He laughs, escapes from her and  
dances. The play continues until, tired of struggling,  
Fire allows himself to be clasped. He makes a last leap  
to free himself, flares up again for a moment, then falls  
asleep, enrolled in her long arms and veils.)

Ah!  
(The moment he ceases to burn, shadows invade the  
room, twilight has come, already starting the window-  
panes, while the colour of the sky heralds the rising of a  
full moon.)

CHILD  
(in a subdued voice)  
I'm afraid, I'm afraid . . .  
(Tiny laughs reply. He looks around and sees the torn  
pieces of wallpaper rising up. A whole procession of  
the little figures painted on the paper steps forward,  
rather ridiculous and very touching. There are the  
Shepherdess and the Shepherd, the sheep, the dog, the  
goats, etc . . . An artless music for pipe and tabor  
accompanies them.)

SHEPHERDS  
Farewell, Shepherdesses!

SHEPHERDESSES  
Shepherds, farewell!

SHEPHERDS, SHEPHERDESSES  
No longer shall we pasture our green sheep  
on the purple grass!

SHEPHERDS  
Alas, our violet goat!

SHEPHERDESSES  
Alas for our gentle pink lambs!

SHEPHERDS  
Alas for our purple cherries!

SHEPHERDS, SHEPHERDESSES  
And our blue dog!

SHEPHERDS  
When we embraced, Shepherdesses,  
our love seemed eternal . . .  
eternal our piping.

LA TASSE, LA THÉIÈRE  
Ha! Ça-oh-rà toujours l'air chinois.

LA THÉIÈRE  
I boxe you.

LA TASSE  
Ping, pong, ping . . .

LA TASSE, LA THÉIÈRE  
Ping, pong, ping, pong, ping.  
Ah! Kek-ta touhtuh d'mon Kaoua!

L'ENFANT

Oh! Ma belle tasse chinoise!

LE FEU

Arrière! Je réchauffe les bons, mais je brûle les méchants!  
Petit barbare imprudent, tu as insulté à tous les Dieux  
bienveillants, qui tendaient entre le malheur et toi la  
fragile barrière! Ah! Tu as brandi le tisonnier, renversé  
la bouilloire, éparpillé les allumettes, gare! Gare au  
Feu dansant! Tu tondrais comme un flocon sur sa  
langue écarlate!  
Ah! Gare! Je réchauffe les bons! Gare! Je brûle les  
méchants! Gare! Gare! Ah! Gare à toi!



L'ENFANT

J'ai peur, j'ai peur . . .

LES PÂTRES  
9 Adieu, pastourelles!

LES PASTOURES  
Pastoureux, adieu!

LES PÂTRES, LES PASTOURES  
Nous n'irons plus sur l'herbe mauve  
Pâitre nos verts moutons!

LES PÂTRES  
Las, notre chèvre amarante!

LES PASTOURES  
Las, nos agneaux rose tendre!

LES PÂTRES  
Las, nos cerises zinzolin!

LES PASTOURES, LES PÂTRES  
Notre chien bleu!

LES PÂTRES  
Le bras tendu, pastourelles,  
Nos amours semblaient éternelles,  
Nos pipeaux.



SHEPHERDESSES

With ready lips. Shepherds,  
eternal seemed our piping.  
(Ballet of the little figures who express in dancing their  
sorrow at being separated from each other.)

A SHEPHERD

The naughty Child has torn up  
our gentle story –  
a shepherd here, a shepherdess there –  
the naughty Child, who owes to us  
his very first smile.

A SHEPHERD, A SHEPHERDESS  
A shepherd here, a shepherdess there, etc.

A SHEPHERDESS

Ungrateful Child, who has slept  
while our blue dog kept watch over him.  
Alas, our violet goat!

A SHEPHERD

Alas for our pink and green sheep!

SHEPHERDS

Farewell. Shepherdesses!

SHEPHERDESSES

Shepherds, farewell!!  
(They go away, and with them the music of pipe and  
tabor. The Child has slipped full length on to the floor,  
his face buried in his crossed arms. He weeps. He's  
lying on the pages he has torn from his books, and it's  
one of the large pages on which he's stretched out  
which rises like a flag-stone to let pass, first, a languid  
hand, then a golden head of hair, and then an adorable  
fairytale Princess, who hardly seems awake and who  
stretches out her arms weighted with jewels.)

CHILD

(amazed)  
Ah! 'tis she! 'tis she!

PRINCESS

Ah! Yes. 'tis she, your fairy princess.

she for whom you called out in your dream  
last night.  
She whose story, begun yesterday,  
kept you awake so long.  
You were singing to yourself: "She is blonde  
with sky-blue eyes."  
You sought me in the heart of the rose,  
and in the scent of the lily.  
You sought me, little Love,  
and since yesterday I've been your first love.

CHILD

Ah! 'tis she! 'tis she!

PRINCESS

But you've torn up the book.  
What's going to happen to me?  
Who knows if the evil enchanter  
isn't going to put me to sleep for ever,  
or dissolve me into cloud?  
Tell me, aren't you sorry never to know  
the fate of your first love?

CHILD

(trembling)  
Oh! Don't go! Stay! Tell me . . .  
And the tree in which the bluebird sang?

PRINCESS

(pointing to the scattered leaves)  
See its branches, see its fruit, alas . . .

CHILD

(anxiously)  
And your necklace, your magic necklace?

PRINCESS

(pointing again)  
See its broken rings, alas . . .

CHILD

Your gallant? The Prince with a rose-coloured crest?  
Oh, that he'd come with his sword . . . If only I had a  
sword! A sword! Ah! into my arms, into my arms!

LES PASTOURES

La bouche en cœur, pastoureux,  
Éternels semblaient nos pipeaux.

UN PÂTRE

L'Enfant méchant a déchiré  
Notre tendre histoire,  
Pâtre de ci, pastourelle de là,  
L'Enfant méchant qui nous doit  
Son premier sourire.

UNE PASTOURELLE, UN PÂTRE  
Pâtre de ci, pastourelle de là, etc.

UNE PASTOURELLE

L'Enfant ingrat qui dormait sous la garde  
De notre chien bleu.  
Las, notre chèvre amarante!

UN PÂTRE

Las, nos roses et verts moutons

LES PÂTRES

Adieu, pastourelles!

LES PASTOURES

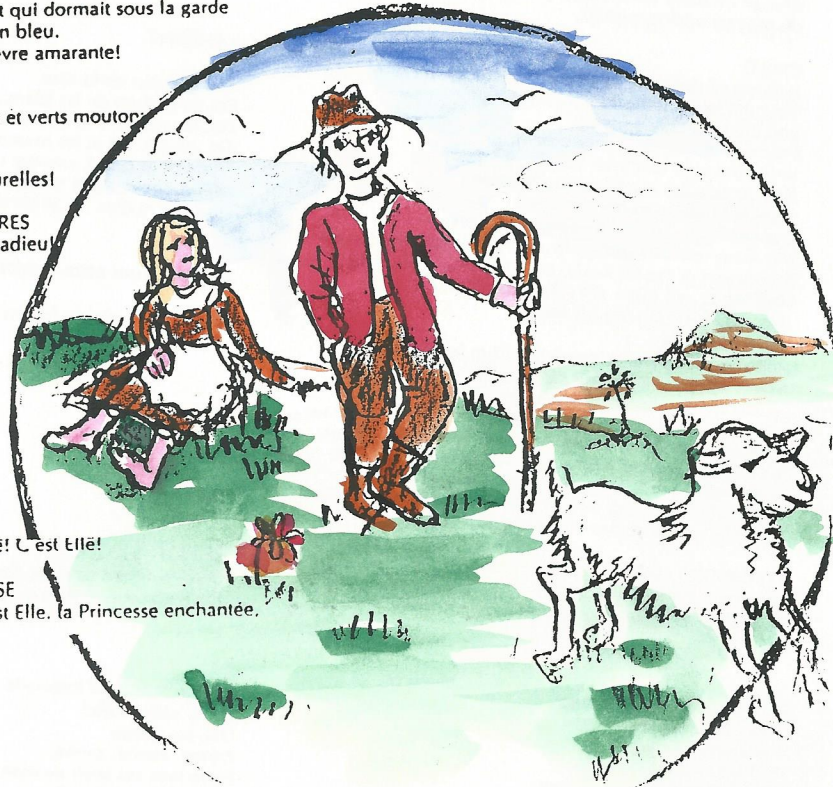
Pastoureux, adieu!

L' ENFANT

Ah! C'est Elle! C'est Elle!

LA PRINCESSE

Ah! Oui, c'est Elle, la Princesse enchantée.



Celle que tu appelais dans ton songe,  
La nuit passée.  
Celle dont l'histoire, commencée hier,  
Te tint éveillé si longtemps.  
Tu te chantaï à toi-même: «Elle est blonde  
Avec des yeux couleur du temps.»  
Tu me cherchais dans le cœur de la rose  
Et dans le parfum du lys blanc.  
Tu me cherchais, tout petit amoureux,  
Et j'étais, depuis hier, ta première bien-aimée!

L'ENFANT

Ah! C'est Elle! C'est Elle!

LA PRINCESSE

Mais tu as déchiré le livre.  
Que va-t-il arriver de moi?  
Qui sait si le malin enchanteur  
Ne va pas me rendre au sommeil de la mort,  
Ou bien me dissoudre en nuée?  
Dis, n'as-tu pas regret d'ignorer à jamais  
Le sort de ta première bien-aimée?

L'ENFANT

Oh! Ne t'en va pas! Reste! Dis-moi . . .  
Et l'arbre où chantait l'Oiseau bleu?

LA PRINCESSE

Vois ses branches, vois ses fruits, hélas . . .

L'ENFANT

Et ton collier, ton collier magique?

LA PRINCESSE

Vois ses anneaux rompus, hélas . . .

L'ENFANT

Ton Chevalier? Le Prince au Cimier couleur d'aurore?  
Ah! qu'il vienne, avec son épée . . . Si j'avais une  
épée! Une épée! Ah! dans mes bras, dans mes bras!  
Viens, je saurai te défendre!

PRINCESS

*(her arms writhing)*  
 Alas, my weak little friend,  
 what can you do for me?  
 Can one know the length of a dream?  
 My dream was so long, so long,  
 that perhaps, at its end,  
 you might have been the Prince with the rosy crest.  
*(The floor moves and opens beneath her; she calls out.)*  
 Help! Help! Sleep and Night want to take me again!  
 Help!

CHILD

*(vainly trying to hold her back by her golden hair, veils and long white hands)*  
 My sword! My sword! My sword!  
*(But an invisible force sucks down the Princess, who disappears underground.)*

CHILD

*(alone and desolate, in a subdued voice)*  
 You, the heart of the rose,  
 you the white lily's scent,  
 you, your hands and your crown,  
 your blue eyes and your jewels . . .  
 You've only left me like a moonbeam,  
 a golden hair upon my shoulder,  
 a golden hair . . . and fragments of a dream . . .  
*(He leans forward and looks among the scattered pages for the end of the fairy-tale, but in vain . . . He seeks . . .)*  
 Nothing . . . all these are school books,  
*(He pushes them with his foot.)*  
 dull and dreary.  
*(But shrill little voices come out from between the pages, which rise up and disclose the malicious and grimacing little figures of numbers. Out of a large album, opened out like a roof, emerges a little old man, humpbacked, beak-nosed, bearded, with numbers on his clothes, capped with a π, a tape measure for belt, and armed with a ruler. He holds a wooden book which clicks in time, and he takes little dancing steps, while he recites scraps of problems.)*

LITTLE OLD MAN

Two taps run into a tank!  
 Two slow trains leave a station

at twenty-minute intervals,

-vals, -vals, -vals!

A peasant-woman,

-woman, -woman, -woman,

carries all her eggs to market!

Once a haberdasher,

-dasher, -dasher, -dasher,

sold six yards of cloth!

*(He catches sight of the Child and makes for him in a very ugly manner.)*

CHILD

*(panic-stricken)*

Good Lord! It's Arithmetic!

LITTLE OLD MAN

*(acquiescing)*

-tic, -tic, -tic!

CHORUS OF NUMBERS

*(lifting up the pages and squalling)*

-tic, -tic, -tic!

*(The Little Old Man dances round the Child, increasing his baleful passes.)*

LITTLE OLD MAN

*(pinching his nose)*

Four and four, eighteen,

eleven and six, twenty-five,

four and four, eighteen,

seven times nine, thirty-three.

CHILD

*(fascinated)*

Seven times nine, thirty-three?

NUMBERS

Seven times nine, thirty-three.

*(They come out from under the pages.)*

CHILD

*(bewildered)*

Four and four?

LITTLE OLD MAN

*(whispering)*

Eighteen!

LA PRINCESSE

Hélas, petit ami trop faible,  
 Que peux-tu pour moi?  
 Sait-on la durée d'un rêve?  
 Mon songe était si long, si long,  
 Que peut-être, à la fin du songe,  
 C'eût été toi, le Prince au Cimier d'aurore!

A l'aide! A l'aide! Le Sommeil et la Nuit veulent me reprendre! A l'aide!

L'ENFANT

Mon épée! Mon épée! Mon épée!

L'ENFANT

Toi, le cœur de la rose,  
 Toi, le parfum du lys blanc,  
 Toi, tes mains et ta couronne,  
 Tes yeux bleus et tes bijoux . . .  
 Tu ne m'as laissé, comme un rayon de lune  
 Qu'un cheveu d'or sur mon épaule,  
 Un cheveu d'or . . . et les débris d'un rêve . . .

Rien . . . tous ceux-ci sont des livres arides.

D'amères et sèches leçons.

LE PETIT VIEILLARD

Deux robinets coulent dans un réservoir!  
 Deux trains omnibus quittent une gare

à vingt minutes d'intervalle.

Valle, valle, valle!

Une paysanne,

Zanne, zanne, zanne,

Porte tous ses œufs au marché!

Un marchand d'étoffe,

Toffe, toffe, toffe,

A vendu six mètres de drap!

L'ENFANT

Mon Dieu! C'est Arithmétique!

LE PETIT VIEILLARD

Tiquè, tique, tique!

LES CHIFFRES

Tique, tique, tique!

LE PETIT VIEILLARD

Quatre et quat' dix-huit,

Onze et six vingt-cinq,

Quatre et quat' dix-huit,

Sept fois neuf trent'-trois.

L'ENFANT

Sept fois neuf trent'-trois!

LES CHIFFRES

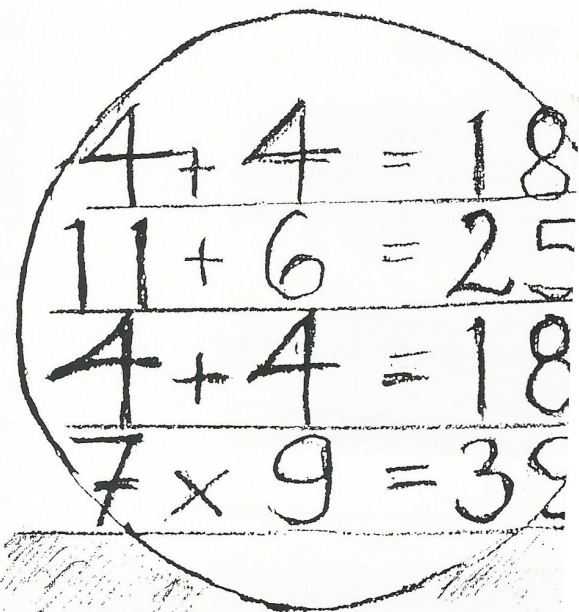
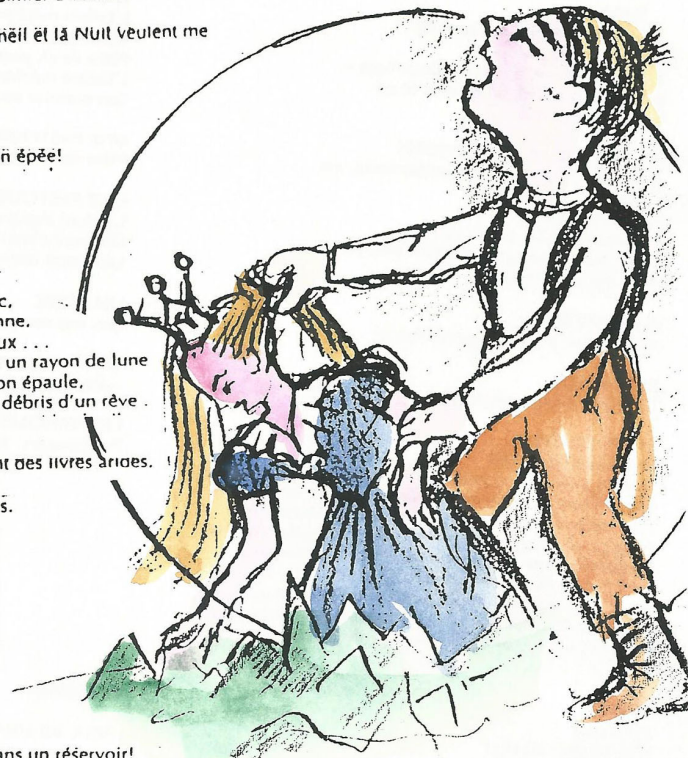
Sept fois neuf trent'-trois.

L'ENFANT

Quatre et quat'

LE PETIT VIEILLARD

Dix-huit!



CHILD  
Eleven and six?

LITTLE OLD MAN  
(as above)  
Twenty-five!

CHILD  
Four and four!

LITTLE OLD MAN  
Eighteen!

CHILD  
(boldly exaggerating)  
Three times nine, four hundred!

LITTLE OLD MAN  
(swaying to get the tempo of the dance)  
Millimètre,  
centimètre,  
decimètre,  
decamètre,  
hectomètre,  
kilomètre,  
myriamètre,  
not a miss!  
Oh, what bliss!  
Millions,  
billions,  
trillions,  
and frac-cillions!

NUMBERS  
(drawing the Child into their dance)  
Two taps run into a tank!  
Two slow trains leave a station  
at twenty-minute inter . . .

LITTLE OLD MAN  
A peasant-woman,  
-woman, -woman, -woman,  
carries all her . . .

NUMBERS  
Once a haberdasher.

-dasher, -dasher, -dasher,  
sold six . . .

LITTLE OLD MAN  
Two taps run into a tank!

NUMBERS  
A peasant-woman,  
-woman, -woman, -woman,  
goes off to the market . . .

LITTLE OLD MAN, NUMBERS  
(wild round-dance)  
Three nines, thirty-three!  
Twice six, twenty-seven!  
Four and four! Four and four? . . .  
Twice six, thirty-one!  
Four plus seven, fifty-nine!  
Five fives, forty-three!  
Seven and four, fifty-five!  
Four and four! Five and seven!  
Twenty-five! Thirty-seven!  
Ah!

(Giddy, the Child falls full length on the ground. The Little Old Man and his Numbers move away.)

LITTLE OLD MAN  
(appearing in the wings)  
Four plus four, eighteen!

NUMBERS  
(imitating him)  
Eleven and six, twenty-five!  
Thirty-three!

LITTLE OLD MAN  
(as above)  
teen!  
(The Child sits up with difficulty. The moon has risen and lights up the room. The Black Cat slowly crawls out from under the armchair. He stretches himself, yawns and washes himself. At first the Child does not see him, and stretches himself out, exhausted, his head on a footstool.)

CHILD  
Oh! My head!

L'ENFANT  
Onze et six?

LE PETIT VIEILLARD

Vingt-cinq!

L'ENFANT  
Quatre et quat'?

LE PETIT VIEILLARD  
Dix-huit!

L'ENFANT

Trois fois neuf quat'cent!

LE PETIT VIEILLARD

Millimètre,  
Centimètre,  
Décimètre,  
Décamètre,  
Hectomètre,  
Kilomètre,  
Myriamètre,  
Faut t'y mettre  
Quelle fête!  
Des millions,  
Des billions,  
Des trillions,  
Et des frac-cillions!

LES CHIFFRES

Deux robinets coulent dans un réservoir!  
Deux trains omnibus, quittent une gare  
à vingt minutes d'inter . . .

LE PETIT VIEILLARD

Une paysanne,  
Zanne, zanne, zanne,  
Porte tous ses . . .

LES CHIFFRES

Un marchand d'étoffe.

Toffe, toffe, toffe.  
A vendu six . . .

LE PETIT VIEILLARD  
Deux robinets coulent dans un réservoir!

LES CHIFFRES  
Une paysanne,  
Zanne, zanne, zanne,  
S'en va-t'au marché . . .

LE PETIT VIEILLARD, LES CHIFFRES

(Ronde folle)  
Trois fois neuf? Trent'-trois.  
Deux fois six? Vingt-sept.  
Quatre et quat'? Quatre et quat'?  
Deux fois six trente et un!  
Quatre et sept cinquante-neuf!  
Cinq fois cinq quarant'-trois!  
Sept et quat' cinquante-cinq!  
Quatre et quat'! Cinq et sept!  
Vingt-cinq! Trent'-sept!  
Ah!

LE PETIT VIEILLARD

Quatre et quat dix-huit!

LES CHIFFRES

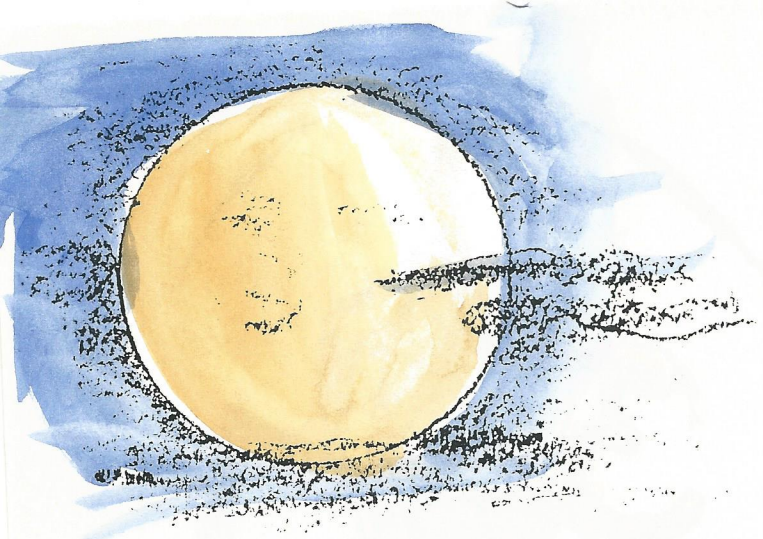
Onze et six vingt-cinq!  
Trent'-trois!

LE PETIT VIEILLARD

Z'huit!

L'ENFANT  
Oh! ma tête!





*(The Cat plays, rolling a ball of wool. He approaches the Child and tries to play with his blonde head as with a ball.)*

Oh! My head! My head!  
*(He partly raises himself, and sees the Cat.)*  
It's you, pussy? How big and dreadful you are! You speak too, no doubt?  
*(The Cat shakes his head, spits and turns away from the Child. He plays with the woollen ball. The White Cat appears in the garden. The Black Cat interrupts his play.)*

Oh! ma tête! ma tête!

C'est toi, Chât? Que tu es grand et terrible! Tu parles aussi, sans doute?

Duo miaulé

**Cats' Duet**

*(The Black Cat joins the White Cat. The Child timidly follows him, attracted by the garden. At this moment the walls part, the ceiling flies up and the Child finds himself transported with the Cats into the garden which is lit by a full moon and the rosy glow of sunset.)*



## Duo miaulé

Môr-nâ-ou, nâ-ou, Moâ-ou,  
Mi-in-hou,  
Mô-in-hon, Monhin,  
Monhinhon, Mé-in hé-in-hon,  
houinhon hin...

Mi-in-hou,  
Mé-in-hon,  
Monhin mi-hin, Moârain,  
Monhou, Mâ-râ-on, Mé-ra-hon  
Mé-in-hon hinhon, hé-hin-hon,  
houinhon hin...



Part Two: The Garden  
Trees, flowers, a little green pool, a fat tree-trunk  
covered in ivy.

The music of insects, frogs and toads, the laughter of  
screech-owls, a murmur of breeze and nightingales



CHILD  
*(stretching his arms)*  
Ah! what happiness to find you again. Garden!  
*(He leans against a tree-trunk, which groans.)*  
*(frightened again)*  
What?

TREE  
*(groaning)*  
My wound . . . my wound . . .

CHILD  
What wound?

TREE  
The wound you inflicted today on my side, with the  
knife you pinched . . . Alas! It's still bleeding sap . . .

L'ENFANT

Ah! Quelle joie de te retrouver. Jardin!

Quoi?

L'ARBRE

Ma blessure . . . ma blessure . . .

L'ENFANT

Quelle blessure?

L'ARBRE

Celle que tu fis aujourd'hui à mon flanc, avec le  
couteau dérobé . . . Hélas! Elle saigne encore de sève . . .

OTHER TREES

*(groaning and swaying)*  
Our wounds . . . our wounds . . . They're still fresh and  
go on bleeding sap . . . Naughty Child!

*(The Child, moved to pity, puts his cheek to the bark of  
the big tree. A dragonfly passes, chirping, and  
disappears. She passes and repasses. Others follow her.  
An oleander hawkmoth imitates her. Other hawkmoths  
and dragonflies.)*

DRAGONFLY

*(the first one to have passed, singing as it flies)*  
Where are you?  
I'm looking for you . . .  
The net . . .  
It's caught you . . .  
O you, dearest,  
long and frail,  
your turquoises,  
your topazes,  
the air which loves you  
misses them  
less than I . . .

NIGHTINGALE

Aaa! . . .  
*(The music of insects, frogs, etc. is heard.)*

DRAGONFLY

Alone, alone,  
I am pining  
and look for you . . .  
*(to the Child, while flying around his head)*  
Give her back to me!  
Where is she?  
My companion,  
give her back to me!

CHILD  
I can't! I can't!

DRAGONFLY  
*(insisting)*  
Where is she?

LES AUTRES ARBRES

Nos blessures . . . nos blessures . . . Elles sont fraîches,  
et saignent encore de sève . . . ô méchant!

LA LIBELLULE

Où es-tu?  
Je te cherche . . .  
Le filet . . .  
Il t'a prise . . .  
Ô toi, chère,  
Longue et frêle,  
Tes turquoises,  
Tes topazes,  
L'air qui t'aime  
Les regrette  
Moins que moi . . .

LE ROSSIGNOL  
Aa! . . .

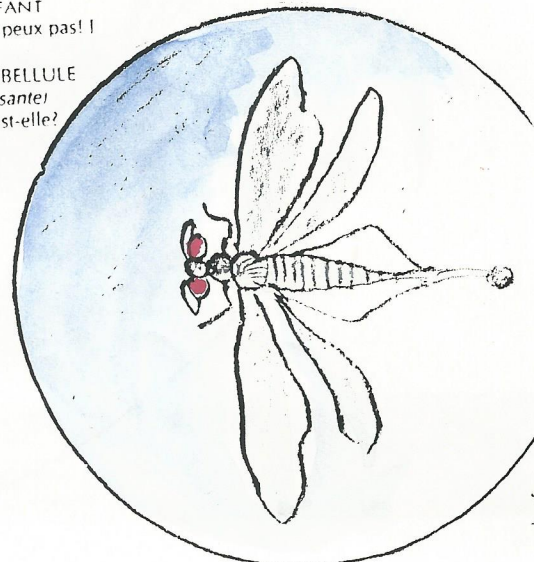
LA LIBELLULE

Seule, seule,  
je languis . . .  
Je te cherche . . .

Rends-la moi!  
Où est-elle?  
Ma compagne,  
Rends-la moi!

L'ENFANT  
Je ne peux pas! I

LA LIBELLULE  
*(pressante)*  
Où est-elle?



CHILD  
(turning away)  
I cannot . . .

(aside)  
The dragonfly which I caught . . . Pierced with a pin . . .  
against the wall.

(horrified)  
Ah!

#### Round-dance of the bats

BAT  
(in the air)  
Give her back to me . . . tsk, tsk . . . Give her back to me  
. . . tsk . . . My mate . . . the bat . . . you know?

CHILD  
(hanging his head)  
I know!

BAT  
(flying)  
The big stick . . . tsk, tsk . . . the chase . . . last night . . .  
tsk . . . Your victory . . . And the little animal, there,  
dead at your feet . . .

CHILD  
Mercy!

BAT  
The nest full . . . Little ones . . . with no mother. They  
must . . . tsk, tsk, be nourished . . .

CHILD  
Motherless! . . .

BAT  
Now we . . . tsk, tsk . . . We fly, we hunt . . . We turn . . .  
we hunt . . . We snatch . . . tsk . . . tsk . . . It's your fault . . .

(Below, a little frog emerges from the pool and rests his  
two hands on the edge. Another does the same, then  
another, until the pool is encircled with frogs crowded  
against each other and croaking. Croaking, they get out  
of the pool and begin to play in the way frogs do.)

#### Dance of the frogs

(One of the frogs, having danced, props himself with  
his hand against the Child's knee.)

SQUIRREL  
(curtly, from the top of the tree, amidst a noise of  
splitting nuts)  
Save yourself, silly! And the cage? The cage?

FROG  
Wha-wha-wha-what's that?

SQUIRREL  
(in the fork of two low branches, and coughing the way  
squirrels do)  
The prison. Heu, heu. The prison. The nib which jabs  
between two bars. Heu, heu. I was able to escape, but  
your four moist little hands aren't as good as mine.

FROG  
Wha-wha-wha-what did you say? I don't know the ca-  
ca-ca-cage. I know the fly thrown to me.  
(She jumps.)  
Ploc! And the red rag.  
(She jumps.)  
Ploc! The bait comes, I leap up, I'm caught, I escape, I  
return. Ploc!

SQUIRREL  
Brainless! You'll share my fate!

CHILD  
(to the squirrel)  
The cage, it was to see better how nimble you were,  
your four tiny paws, your fine eyes . . .

SQUIRREL  
(sarcastically)  
Yes, it was for my fine eyes!  
(While he speaks, the garden is peopled with jumping  
squirrels. Their games and caresses, suspended in the  
air, do not disturb those of the frogs below. Two  
dragonflies embrace, separate, and then reunite. A  
couple of oleander hawkmoths imitate them. Other  
groups cling to each other and separate. The garden,  
palpitating with wings, glowing red with squirrels, is a  
paradise of tenderness and animal joy.)

L'ENFANT

Jé nè puis . . .

La libellule que j'ai prise . . . Percée d'une épingle . . .  
contre le mur.

Ah! . . .

LA CHAUVÉ-SOURIS

Rends-la moi! . . . tsk, tsk . . . R  
Ma compagne . . . La Chauvé-

L'ENFANT

Jé saïs!

LA CHAUVÉ-SOURIS

Lē baton . . . tsk, tsk . . . la poursuite . . . mier . . .  
tsk . . . Ta victoire . . . Et la petite bête, là, morte a  
pieds . . .

L'ENFANT  
Grâce!

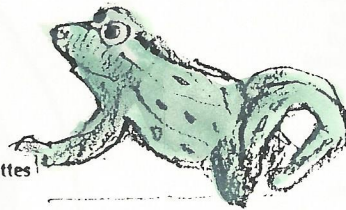
LA CHAUVÉ-SOURIS

Le nid plein . . . Les petits . . . sans leur mère. Il faut  
. . . tsk, tsk, qu'on les nourrisse . . .

L'ENFANT  
Sans mère! . . .

LA CHAUVÉ-SOURIS

Alors, nous . . . tsk, tsk . . . Nous volons, nous chassons  
. . . Nous tournons . . . nous chassons . . . Nous  
happons . . . tsk . . . tsk . . . C'est ta faute . . .



#### Danse des Rainettes

L'ÉCUREUIL

Sauvé-toi, sotte! Et la cage? La cage?

LA RAINETTE  
Kékékékécék-ça?

L'ÉCUREUIL

La prison. Heu heu. La prison. Le fer qui pique, entre  
deux barreaux. Heu, heu. J'ai pu fuir, mais tes quatre  
petites mains mouillées ne valent pas les miennes.

LA RAINETTE  
Que-que-que-dis-tu? Je ne connais pas la ca-ca-  
ca-cage. Je connais la mouche qu'on me jette

Ploc! Et le chiffon rouge.

Ploc! L'appât vient, jé bôndis, on me prend, je  
m'échappe, je reviens. Ploc!

L'ÉCUREUIL  
Sans-cervelle! Tu auras mon sort!

L'ENFANT

La cage, c'était pour mieux voir ta prestesse, tes  
quatre petites mains, tes beaux yeux . . .

L'ÉCUREUIL

Oui, c'était pour mes beaux yeux!



Do you know what they reflected, my fine eyes? The free sky, the free wind and my free brothers, jumping as if winged . . . Look then at what they reflected, my fine eyes all glistening with tears!

CHILD

They love each other. They're happy. They've forgotten me.

*(The Black Cat and the White Cat appear on the top of the wall. He licks her ears in a friendly way and plays with her; they move away, one following the other along the top of the narrow wall.)*

They love each other . . . They've forgotten me . . . I'm alone . . .

*(In spite of himself, he calls out.)*

Mama! . . .

*(At this cry, all the animals rise up and separate, some flee, others run up menacingly, blending their voices with those of the trees, crying)*

ANIMALS, TREES

Ah! It's the Child with the knife!

It's the Child with the stick!

The bad Child with the cage!

The bad Child with the net!

The Child who loves no-one,

and whom nobody loves!

Shall he escape?

No! He must be punished!

I've my talons!

I've my teeth!

I've my clawed wings!

Let's unite, let's unite! Ah!

*(All the animals fall upon the Child at the same time, surrounding, pushing and pulling him. It's a frenzy which becomes a struggle, for each animal wants to punish the Child on its own, and the animals begin to tear each other to pieces. The Child, caught, delivered, retaken, passes from paw to paw. At the height of the struggle, he is thrown into the corner of the stage and forgotten by the animals in their orgy of fighting. Almost at the same time, a little wounded squirrel ilops beside the Child with a sharp cry. The animals, ashamed, are stilled. They separate and surround at a distance the*

*squirrel they have injured . . . Taking a riband from his neck, the Child ties up the squirrel's wounded paw, then falls back weakly. Profound silence, stupefaction among the animals.)*

AN ANIMAL

*(out of the deep silence)*

He has dressed the wound . . .

ANOTHER ANIMAL

He has dressed the wound . . . He has bound the paw . . . stopped the bleeding . . .

OTHER ANIMALS

He has dressed the wound.

ANIMALS

*(amongst themselves)*

He's in pain . . . He's wounded . . . He's bleeding . . .

He dressed the wound . . . His hand must be bound up . . .

the bleeding stopped . . . What's to be done? He knows how to cure ills . . .

What's to be done? We've wounded him . . . What's to be done?

AN ANIMAL

A moment ago he was calling . . .

ANIMALS

He was calling . . .

AN ANIMAL

He cried out a word, just one word: "Mama!"

ANIMALS

"Mama . . ."

*(They come closer together and surround the recumbent Child. The squirrels are suspended from the branches above him, while the dragonflies fan him with their wings.)*

AN ANIMAL

He's silent . . . Is he going to die?

ANIMALS

We don't know how to bind his hand . . . to stop the bleeding . . .

Sais-tu ce qu'ils reflétaient, mes beaux yeux? Le ciel libre, le vent libre, mes libres frères, au bond sûr comme un vol . . . Regarde donc ce qu'ils reflétaient, mes beaux yeux tout miroitants de larmes!

L'ENFANT

Ils s'aiment. Ils sont heureux. Ils m'oublient . . .

Ils s'aiment . . . Ils m'oublient . . . Je suis seul . . .

Maman! . . .

LES BÊTES, LES ARBRES

Ah! C'est l'Enfant au couteau!

C'est l'Enfant au bâton!

Le méchant à la cage!

Le méchant au filet!

Celui qui n'aime personne

Et que personne n'aime!

Faut-il fuir?

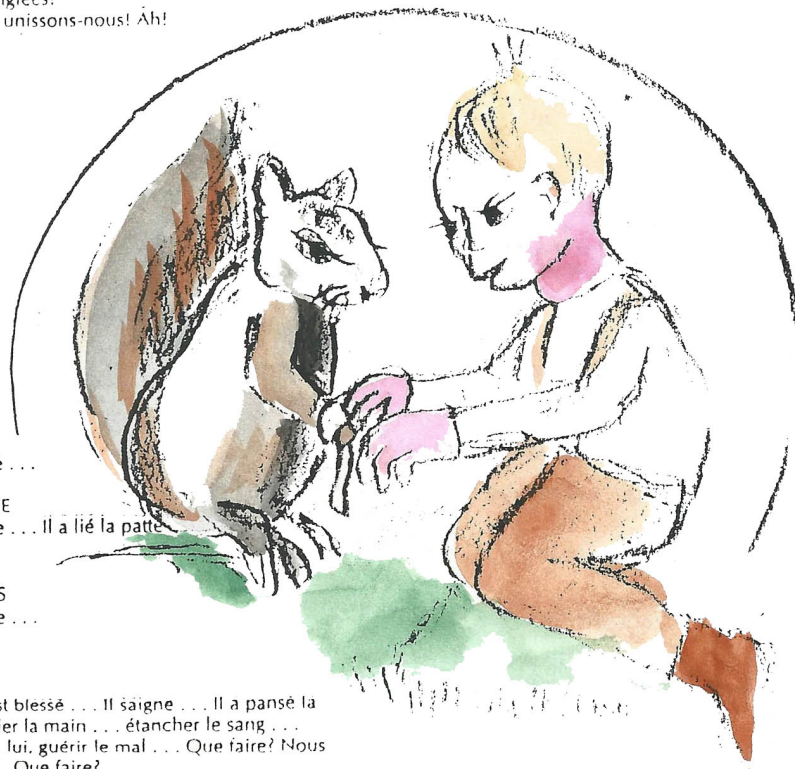
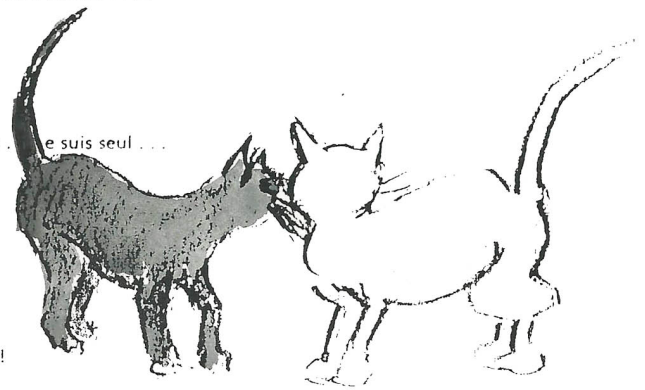
Non! Il faut châtier.

J'ai mes griffes!

J'ai mes dents!

J'ai mes ailes onglées!

Unissons-nous, unissons-nous! Ah!



UNE BÊTE

Il a pansé la plaie . . .

UNE AUTRE BÊTE

Il a pansé la plaie . . . Il a lié la patte sang . . .

D'AUTRES BÊTES

Il a pansé la plaie . . .

LES BÊTES

Il souffre . . . Il est blessé . . . Il saigne . . . Il a pansé la

plaie . . . Il faut lier la main . . . éteindre le sang . . .

Que faire? Il sait, lui, guérir le mal . . . Que faire? Nous

l'avons blessé . . . Que faire?

UNE BÊTE

Il appelait, tout à l'heure . . .

LES BÊTES

Il appelait . . .

UNE BÊTE

Il a crié un mot, un seul mot: «Maman!»

LES BÊTES

«Maman . . .»

UNE BÊTE

Il se tait . . . Va-t-il mourir?

LES BÊTES

Nous ne savons pas lier la main . . . éteindre le sang . . .



AN ANIMAL

(pointing to the house)

That's where we'll find help! Let's take him back to the nest! They should hear there the word he cried out a moment ago . . . Let's try and call it . . .

(The animals, all together, lift up the Child, pale and inert, and carry him step by step towards the house.)

ANIMALS

(hesitatingly and softly)

"Ma . . . ma!"

(louder)

"Ma-ma!"

(The Child opens his eyes, tries to stand up. With their paws, wings, heads and backs, the animals still support him . . .)

(still louder)

"Mama!"

(A light appears at the windows of the house. At the same time, the moon emerging from a cloud and the rosy golden dawn flood the garden in pure light. The song of the nightingales, the murmuring of trees and animals. One by one the animals, withdrawing their support from the Child as it becomes unnecessary, sadly break up the group around the Child, but they escort him a little further, fêting him with flapping wings, somersaults of joy, then, halting their friendly procession in the shadow of the trees, they leave the Child on his own, erect, luminous and fair in a halo of moonlight and dawn, holding out his arms towards her whom the animals called: "Mama!")

ANIMALS

He is good, the Child, he is wise, very wise, he is so wise, so good.

He dressed the wound, stopped the bleeding.

He is wise, so wise, so kind.

He is good, the Child, he is wise, very wise.

He is so kind.

CHILD

(holding out his arms)

Māmā!

UNE BÊTE

C'est là qu'est le secours! Ramenons-le au nid! Il faut que l'on entende, là-bas, le mot qu'il a crié tout à l'heure . . . Essayons de crier le mot . . .

LES BÊTES

"Ma . . . ma!"

"Ma-ma!"

"Mama!"

LES BÊTES

Il est bon, l'Enfant, il est sage, bien sage, il est si sage si bon.

Il a pansé la plaie, éteint le sang.

Il est sage, si sage, si doux.

Il est bon, l'Enfant, il est sage, bien sage.

Il est si doux.

L'ENFANT

Māmā!

