The Blue Bird

by Maurice Maeterlinck

Free public domain classic — Noveliopdf

The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Blue Bird: A Fairy Play in Six Acts

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: The Blue Bird: A Fairy Play in Six Acts

Author: Maurice Maeterlinck

Translator: Alexander Teixeira de Mattos

Release date: August 1, 2005 [eBook #8606] Most recently updated: May 16, 2024

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/8606

Credits: Text file produced by Charles Aldarondo, Tiffany Vergon, Charles Franks and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team HTML file produced by David Widger

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE BLUE BIRD: A FAIRY PLAY IN SIX ACTS ***

THE BLUE BIRD

A Fairy Play in Six Acts

By Maurice Maeterlinck

Translated By Alexander Teixeira De Mattos

CHARACTERS

TYLTYL MYTYL LIGHT THE FAIRY BÉRYLUNE NEIGHBOUR BERLINGOT DADDY TYL MUMMY TYL GAFFER TYL (Dead) GRANNY TYL (Dead) TYLTYL'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS (Dead) TIME NIGHT NEIGHBOUR BERLINGOT'S LITTLE DAUGHTER TYLÔ, THE DOG TYLETTE, THE CAT BREAD SUGAR FIRE WATER MILK THE WOLF THE PIG THE OX THE COW THE BULL THE SHEEP THE COCK THE RABBIT THE HORSE THE ASS THE OAK THE ELM THE BEECH THE LIME-TREE THE FIR-TREE THE CYPRESS THE BIRCH THE CHESTNUT-TREE THE IVY THE POPLAR THE WILLOW STARS, SICKNESSES, SHADES, LUXURIES, HAPPINESSES, JOYS, ETC.

CONTENTS

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

COSTUMES

SCENES

THE BLUE BIRD

ACT I. The Wood-cutter's Cottage

ACT II.

SCENE I.—At the FAIRY'S.

SCENE 2.—The Land of Memory.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—The Palace of NIGHT.

SCENE 2.—The Forest.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—Before the Curtain.

SCENE 2.—The Palace of Happiness.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before the Curtain.

SCENE 2.—The Graveyard.

SCENE 3.—The Kingdom of the Future.

ACT VI.

SCENE I.—The Leave-taking.

SCENE 2.—The Awakening.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

A new act appears for the first time in this edition and is inserted as Act IV—Palace of Happiness. It has been specially written for the Christmas revival of The Blue Bird at the Haymarket Theatre, where it will take the place of the Forest Scene (Act III., Scene 2). In the printed version, however, the Forest Scene is retained; and in this and all later editions the play will consist of six acts instead of five.

ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. CHELSEA, 14 November, 1910.

COSTUMES

TYLTYL wears the dress of Hop o' my Thumb in Perrault's Tales. Scarlet knickerbockers, pale-blue jacket, white stockings, tan shoes.

MYTYL is dressed like Gretel or Little Red Riding-hood.

LIGHT.—The "moon-coloured" dress in Perrault's Peau d'âne; that is to say, pale gold shot with silver, shimmering gauzes, forming a sort of rays, etc. Neo-Grecian or Anglo-Grecian (à la Walter Crane) or even more or less Empire style: a high waist, bare arms, etc. Head-dress: a sort of diadem or even a light crown.

THE FAIRY BÉRYLUNE and NEIGHBOUR BERLINGOT.—The traditional dress of the poor women in fairy-tales. If desired, the transformation of the Fairy into a princess in Act I may be omitted.

DADDY TYL, MUMMY TYL, GAFFER TYL and GRANNY TYL.—The traditional costume of the German wood-cutters and peasants in Grimm's Tales.

TYLTYL'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS.—Different forms of the Hop-o'-my-Thumb costume.

TIME.—Traditional dress of Time: a wide black or dark-blue cloak, a streaming white beard, scythe and hour-glass.

NIGHT.—Ample black garments, covered with mysterious stars and "shot" with reddish-brown reflections. Veils, dark poppies, etc.

THE NEIGHBOUR'S LITTLE GIRL.—Bright fair hair; a long white frock.

THE DOG,—Red dress-coat, white breeches, top-boots, a shiny hat. The costume suggests that of John Bull.

THE CAT.—The costume of Puss In Boots: powdered wig, three-cornered hat, violet or sky-blue coat, dress-sword, etc.

N.B.—The heads of the DOG and the CAT should be only discreetly animalised.

THE LUXURIES.—Before the transformation: wide, heavy mantles in red and yellow brocade; enormous fat jewels, etc. After the transformation: chocolate or coffee-coloured tights, giving the impression of unadorned dancing-jacks.

THE HAPPINESSES OF THE HOME.—Dresses of various colours, or, if preferred, costumes of peasants, shepherds, wood-cutters and so on, but idealised

and interpreted fairy-fashion.

THE GREAT JOYS.—As stated in the text, shimmering dresses in soft and subtle shades: rose-awakening, water's-smile, amber-dew, blue-of-dawn, etc.

MATERNAL LOVE.—Dress very similar to the dress worn by Light, that is to say, supple and almost transparent veils, as of a Greek statue, and, in so far as possible, white. Pearls and other stones as rich and numerous as may be desired, provided that they do not break the pure and candid harmony of the whole.

BREAD.—A rich pasha's dress. An ample crimson silk or velvet gown. A huge turban. A scimitar. An enormous stomach, red and puffed-out cheeks.

SUGAR.—A silk gown, cut like that of a eunuch in a seraglio, half blue and half white, to suggest the paper wrapper of a sugar-loaf. Eunuch's headdress.

FIRE.—Red tights, a vermilion cloak, with changing reflections, lined with gold. An aigrette of iridescent flames.

WATER.—A pale-blue or bluish-green dress, with transparent reflections and effects of rippling or trickling gauze, Neo-Grecian or Anglo-Grecian style. but fuller and more voluminous than that of LIGHT. Head-dress of aquatic flowers and seaweed.

THE ANIMALS.—Popular or peasant costumes.

THE TREES.—Dresses of different shades of green or the colour of the trunks of trees. Distinctive attributes in the shape of leaves or branches by which they can be recognised.

SCENES

ACT I.—The Wood-cutter's Cottage. ACT II., Scene 1—At the Fairy's. Scene 2—The Land of Memory. ACT III., Scene 1—The Palace of Night. Scene 2—The Forest. ACT IV., Scene 1—Before the Curtain. Scene 2—The Palace of Happiness.

ACT V., Scene 1—Before the Curtain. Scene 2—The Graveyard. Scene 3—The Kingdom of the Future. ACT VI., Scene 1—The Leave-taking. Scene 2—The Awakening.

THE BLUE BIRD

ACT I. The Wood-cutter's Cottage

The stage represents the interior of a wood-cutter's cottage, simple and rustic in appearance, but in no way poverty-stricken. A recessed fireplace containing the dying embers of a wood-fire. Kitchen utensils, a cupboard, a bread-pan, a grandfather's clock, a spinning-wheel, a water-tap, etc. On a table, a lighted lamp. At the foot of the cupboard, on either side, a DOG and a CAT lie sleeping, rolled up, each with his nose in his tail. Between them stands a large blue-and-white sugar-loaf. On the wall hangs a round cage containing a turtle-dove. At the back, two windows, with closed inside shutters. Under one of the windows, a stool. On the left is the front door, with a big latch to it. On the right, another door. A ladder leads up to a loft. On the right also are two little children's cots, at the head of which are two chains, with clothes carefully folded on them. When the curtain rises, TYLTYL and MYTYL are sound asleep in their cots, MUMMY TYL tucks them in, leans over them, watches them for a moment as they sleep and beckons to DADDY TYL, who thrusts his head through the half-open door. MUMMY TYL lays a finger on her lips, to impose silence upon him, and then goes out to the right, on tiptoe, after first putting out the lamp. The scene remains in darkness for a moment. Then a light, gradually increasing in intensity, filters in through the shutters. The lamp on the table lights again of itself, but its light is of a different colour than when MUMMY TYL extinguished it. The two CHILDREN appear to wake and sit up in bed.

TYLTYL Mytyl?

MYTYL Tyltyl?

TYLTYL Are you asleep?

MYTYL Are you?...

TYLTYL No; how can I be asleep when I'm talking to you?

MYTYL Say, is this Christmas Day?...

TYLTYL Not yet; not till to-morrow. But Father Christmas won't bring us anything this year....

MYTYL Why not?

TYLTYL I heard mummy say that she couldn't go to town to tell him ... But he will come next year....

MYTYL Is next year far off?...

TYLTYL A good long while.... But he will come to the rich children to-night....

MYTYL Really?...

TYLTYL Hullo!... Mummy's forgotten to put out the lamp!... I've an idea!...

MYTYL What?...

TYLTYL Let's get up....

MYTYL But we mustn't....

TYLTYL Why, there's no one about.... Do you see the shutters?...

MYTYL Oh, how bright they are!...

TYLTYL It's the lights of the party.

MYTYL What party?...

TYLTYL The rich children opposite. It's the Christmas-tree. Let's open the shutters....

MYTYL Can we?...

TYLTYL Of course; there's no one to stop us.... Do you hear the music?... Let us get up....

(The two CHILDREN get up, run to one of the windows, climb on to the stool and throw back the shutters. A bright light fills the room. The CHILDREN look out greedily.)

TYLTYL We can see everything!...

MYTYL (who can hardly find room on the stool) I can't....

TYLTYL It's snowing!... There's two carriages, with six horses each!...

MYTYL There are twelve little boys getting out!...

TYLTYL How silly you are!... They're little girls....

MYTYL They've got knickerbockers....

TYLTYL What do you know?... Don't push so!...

MYTYL I never touched you.

TYLTYL (who is taking up the whole stool) You're taking up all the room...

MYTYL Why, I have no room at all!...

TYLTYL Do be quiet! I see the tree!...

MYTYL What tree?...

TYLTYL Why, the Christmas-tree!... You're looking at the wall!...

MYTYL I'm looking at the wall because I've got no room....

TYLTYL (giving her a miserly little place on the stool) There!... Will that do?... Now you're better off than I!... I say, what lots and lots of lights!...

MYTYL What are those people doing who are making such a noise?...

TYLTYL They're the musicians.

MYTYL Are they angry?...

TYLTYL No; but it's hard work.

MYTYL Another carriage with white horses!...

TYLTYL Be quiet!... And look!...

MYTYL What are those gold things there, hanging from the branches?

TYLTYL Why, toys, to be sure!... Swords, guns, soldiers, cannons....

MYTYL And dolls; say, are there any dolls?...

TYLTYL Dolls?... That's too silly; there's no fun in dolls....

MYTYL And what's that all round the table?....

TYLTYL Cakes and fruit and tarts....

MYTYL I had some once when I was little....

TYLTYL So did I; it's nicer than bread, but they don't give you enough....

MYTYL They've got plenty over there.... The whole table's full.... Are they going to eat them?...

TYLTYL Of course; what else would they do with them?...

MYTYL Why don't they eat them at once?...

TYLTYL Because they're not hungry....

MYTYL (stupefied with astonishment) Not hungry?... Why not?...

TYLTYL Well, they eat whenever they want to....

MYTYL (incredulously) Every day?...

TYLTYL They say so....

MYTYL Will they eat them all?... Will they give any away?...

TYLTYL To whom?...

MYTYL To us....

TYLTYL They don't know us....

MYTYL Suppose we asked them....

TYLTYL We mustn't.

MYTYL Why not?...

TYLTYL Because it's not right.

MYTYL (clapping her hands) Oh, how pretty they are!...

TYLTYL (rapturously) And how they're laughing and laughing!...

MYTYL And the little ones dancing!...

TYLTYL Yes, yes; let's dance too!... (They stamp their feet for joy on the stool.)

MYTYL Oh, what fun!...

TYLTYL They're getting the cakes!... They can touch them!... They're eating, they're eating, they're eating!...

MYTYL The tiny ones, too!... They've got two, three, four apiece!...

TYLTYL (drunk with delight) Oh, how lovely!... Oh, how lovely, how lovely!...

MYTYL (counting imaginary cakes) I've got twelve!...

TYLTYL And I four times twelve!... But I'll give you some....

(A knock at the door of the cottage.)

TYLTYL (suddenly quieted and frightened) What's that?...

MYTYL (scared) It's Daddy!...

(As they hesitate before opening the door, the big latch is seen to rise of itself, with a grating noise; the door half opens to admit a little old woman dressed in green with a red hood on her head. She is humpbacked and lame and near-sighted; her nose and chin meet; and she walks bent on a stick. She is obviously a fairy.)

THE FAIRY Have you the grass here that sings or the bird that is blue?...

TYLTYL We have some grass, but it can't sing....

MYTYL Tyltyl has a bird.

TYLTYL But I can't give it away....

THE FAIRY Why not?...

TYLTYL Because it's mine.

THE FAIRY That's a reason, no doubt. Where is the bird?...

TYLTYL (pointing to the cage) In the cage....

THE FAIRY (putting on her glasses to examine the bird) I don't want it; it's not blue enough. You will have to go and find me the one I want.

TYLTYL But I don't know where it is....

THE FAIRY No more do I. That's why you must look for it. I can do without the grass that sings, at a pinch; but I must absolutely have the blue bird. It's for my little girl, who is very ill.

TYLTYL What's the matter with her?...

THE FAIRY We don't quite know; she wants to be happy....

TYLTYL Really?...

THE FAIRY Do you know who I am?...

TYLTYL You're rather like our neighbour, Madame Berlingot....

THE FAIRY (growing suddenly angry) Not a bit!... There's not the least likeness!... This is intolerable!... I am the Fairy Bérylune....

TYLTYL Oh! Very well....

THE FAIRY You will have to start at once.

TYLTYL Are you coming with us?

THE FAIRY I can't, because I put on the soup this morning and it always boils over if I leave it for more than an hour.... (Pointing successively to the ceiling, the chimney and the window) Will you go out this way, or that way, or that way?...

TYLTYL (pointing timidly to the door) I would rather go out that way....

THE FAIRY (growing suddenly angry again) That's quite impossible; and it's a

shocking habit!... (Pointing to the window) We'll go out this way.... Well?... What are you waiting for?... Get dressed at once.... (The CHILDREN do as they are told and dress quickly.) I'll help Mytyl....

TYLTYL We have no shoes....

THE FAIRY That doesn't matter. I will give you a little magic hat. Where are your father and mother?....

TYLTYL (pointing to the door on the right) They're asleep in there....

THE FAIRY And your grandpapa and grandmamma?...

TYLTYL They're dead....

THE FAIRY And your little brothers and sisters.... Have you any?...

TYLTYL Oh, yes; three little brothers....

MYTYL And four little sisters....

THE FAIRY Where are they?...

TYLTYL They are dead, too....

THE FAIRY Would you like to see them again?...

TYLTYL Oh, yes!... At once!... Show them to us!...

THE FAIRY I haven't got them in my pocket.... But this is very lucky; you will see them when you go through the Land of Memory.... It's on the way to the Blue Bird, just on the left, past the third turning.... What were you doing when I knocked?...

TYLTYL We were playing at eating cakes?...

THE FAIRY Have you any cakes?... Where are they?...

TYLTYL In the house of the rich children.... Come and look, it's so lovely. (He drags the FAIRY to the window.)

THE FAIRY (at the window) But it's the others who are eating them!...

TYLTYL Yes; but we can see them eat....

THE FAIRY Aren't you cross with them?...

TYLTYL What for?...

THE FAIRY For eating all the cakes.... I think it's very wrong of them not to give you some....

TYLTYL Not at all; they're rich.... I say, isn't it beautiful over there?...

THE FAIRY It's no more beautiful there than here.

TYLTYL Ugh!... It's darker here and smaller and there are no cakes....

THE FAIRY It's exactly the same, only you can't see....

TYLTYL Yes, I can; and I have very good eyes. I can see the time on the church clock and daddy can't...

THE FAIRY (suddenly angry) I tell you that you can't see!... How do you see me?... What do I look like?... (An awkward silence from TYLTYL.) Well, answer me, will you? I want to know if you can see!... Am I pretty or ugly?... (The silence grows more and more uncomfortable.) Won't you answer?... Am I young or old?... Are my cheeks pink or yellow?... Perhaps you'll say I have a hump?...

TYLTYL (in a conciliatory tone) No, no; It's not a big one....

THE FAIRY Oh, yes, to look at you, any one would think it enormous.... Have I a hook nose and have I lost one of my eyes?...

TYLTYL Oh, no, I don't say that.... Who put it out?...

THE FAIRY (growing more and more irritated). But it's not out!... You wretched, impudent boy!... It's much finer than the other; it's bigger and brighter and blue as the sky.... And my hair, do you see that?... It's fair as the corn in the fields, it's like virgin gold!... And I've such heaps and heaps of it that it weighs my head down.... It escapes on every side.... Do you see it on my hands? (She holds out two lean wisps of grey hair.)

TYLTYL Yes, I see a little....

THE FAIRY (indignantly) A little!... Sheaves! Armfuls! Clusters! Waves of gold!... I know there are people who say that they don't see any; but you're not one of those wicked, blind people, I should hope?...

TYLTYL Oh, no; I can see all that isn't hidden....

THE FAIRY But you ought to see the rest with as little doubt!... Human beings are very odd!... Since the death of the fairies, they see nothing at all and they never suspect it.... Luckily, I always carry with me all that is wanted to give new light to dimmed eyes.... What am I taking out of my bag?...

TYLTYL Oh, what a dear little green hat!... What's that shining in the cockade?...

THE FAIRY That's the big diamond that makes people see....

TYLTYL Really?...

THE FAIRY Yes; when you've got the hat on your head, you turn the diamond a little; from right to left, for instance, like this; do you see?... Then it presses a bump which nobody knows of and which opens your eyes....

TYLTYL Doesn't it hurt?...

THE FAIRY On the contrary, it's enchanted.... You at once see even the inside of things: the soul of bread, of wine, of pepper, for instance....

MYTYL Can you see the soul of sugar, too?...

THE FAIRY (suddenly cross) Of course you can!... I hate unnecessary questions.... The soul of sugar is no more interesting than the soul of pepper.... There, I give you all I have to help you in your search for the Blue Bird. I know that the flying carpet or the ring which makes its wearer invisible would be more useful to you.... But I have lost the key of the cupboard in which I locked them.... Oh, I was almost forgetting!... (Pointing to the diamond) When you hold it like this, do you see?... One little turn more and you behold the past.... Another little turn and you behold the future.... It's curious and practical and it's quite noiseless....

TYLTYL Daddy will take it from me....

THE FAIRY He won't see it; no one can see it as long as it's on your head.... Will you try it?... (She puts the little green hat on TYLTYL'S head.) Now, turn the diamond.... One turn and then....

(TYLTYL has no sooner turned the diamond than a sudden and wonderful change comes over everything. The old FAIRY alters then and there into a princess of marvellous beauty; the flints of which the cottage walls are built light up, turn blue as sapphires, become transparent and gleam and sparkle like the most precious stones. The humble furniture takes life and becomes resplendent; the deal table assumes as grave and noble an air as a table made of marble; the face of the clock winks its eye and smiles genially, while the door that contains the pendulum opens and releases the Hours, which, holding one another by the hand and laughing merrily, begin to dance to the sound of delicious music.)

TYLTYL (displaying a legitimate bewilderment and pointing to the Hours) Who are all those pretty ladies?...

THE FAIRY Don't be afraid; they are the hours of your life and they are glad to be free and visible for a moment....

TYLTYL And why are the walls so bright?... Are they made of sugar or of precious stones?...

THE FAIRY All stones are alike, all stones are precious; but man sees only a few of them....

(While they are speaking, the scene of enchantment continues and is completed. The souls of the Quartern-loaves, in the form of little men in crust-coloured tights, flurried and all powdered with flour, scramble out of the bread-pan and frisk round the table, where they are caught up by FIRE, who, springing from the hearth in yellow and vermilion tights, writhes with laughter as he chases the loaves.)

TYLTYL Who are those ugly little men?...

THE FAIRY Oh, they're nothing; they are merely the souls of the Quartern-loaves, who are taking advantage of the reign of truth to leave the pan in which they were too tightly packed....

TYLTYL And the big red fellow, with the nasty smell?...

THE FAIRY Hush!... Don't speak too loud; that's Fire.... He's dangerous. (This dialogue does not interrupt the enchantment. The DOG and the CAT, lying rolled up at the foot of the cupboard, utter a loud and simultaneous cry and disappear down a trap; and in their places rise two persons, one of whom has the face of a bull-dog, the other that of a tom-cat. Forthwith, the little man with the bull-dog face, whom we will henceforward call the DOG, rushes upon TYLTYL, kisses him violently and overwhelms him with noisy and impetuous caresses; while the little man with the face of a tom-cat, whom we will simply call the CAT, combs his hair, washes his hands and strokes his whiskers before going up to MYTYL.)

THE DOG (yelling, jumping about, knocking up against everything, unbearable) My little god!... Good-morning, good-morning, my dear little god!... At last, at last we can talk!... I had so much to tell you!... Bark and wag my tail as I might, you never understood!... But now!... Good-morning, good-morning!... I love you!... Shall I do some of my tricks?... Shall I beg?... Would you like to see me walk on my front paws or dance on my hind-legs?...

TYLTYL (to the FAIRY) Who is this gentleman with the dog's head?....

THE FAIRY Don't you see? It's the soul of TYLÔ whom you have set free....

THE CAT (going up to MYTYL and putting out his hand to her, with much ceremony and circumspection) Good-morning, Miss.... How well you look this morning!...

MYTYL Good-morning, sir.... (To the FAIRY) Who is it?...

THE FAIRY Why, don't you see? Its the soul of Tylette offering you his hand.... Kiss him....

THE DOG (hustling the CAT) Me, too!... I've kissed the little god!... I've kissed the little girl!... I've kissed everybody!... Oh, grand!... What fun we shall have!... I'm going to frighten Tylette I Bow, wow, wow!...

THE CAT Sir, I don't know you....

THE FAIRY (threatening the DOG with her stick) Keep still, will you, or else you'll go back into silence until the end of time....

(Meanwhile, the enchantment has pursued its course: the spinning-wheel has begun to turn madly in its corner and to spin brilliant rays of light; the tap, in another corner, begins to sing in a very high voice and, turning into a luminous fountain, floods the sink with sheets of pearls and emeralds, through which darts the soul of WATER, like a young girl, streaming, dishevelled and tearful, who immediately begins to fight with FIRE.)

TYLTYL And who is that wet lady?...

THE FAIRY Don't be afraid. It's Water just come from the tap....

(The milk-jug upsets, falls from the table and smashes on the floor; and from the spilt milk there rises a tall, white, bashful figure who seems to be afraid of everything.)

TYLTYL And the frightened lady in her nightgown?...

THE FAIRY That's Milk; she has broken her jug....

(The sugar-loaf, at the foot of the cupboard, grows taller and wider and splits its paper wrapper, whence issues a mawkish and hypocritical being, dressed in a long coat half blue and half white, who goes up to MYTYL with a sanctimonious smile.)

MYTYL (greatly alarmed) What does he want?...

THE FAIRY Why, he is the soul of Sugar!...

MYTYL (reassured) Has he any barley-sugar?...

THE FAIRY His pockets are full of it and each of his fingers is a sugar-stick....

(The lamp falls from the table and, at the same moment, its flame springs up again and turns into a luminous maid of incomparable beauty. She is dressed in long transparent and dazzling veils and stands motionless in a sort of ecstasy.)

TYLTYL It's the Queen!...

MYTYL It's the Blessed Virgin!...

THE FAIRY No, my children; it's Light....

(Meanwhile, the saucepans on the shelves spin round like tops; the linen-press throws open its folding-doors and unrolls a magnificent display of moon-coloured and sun-coloured stuffs, with which mingles a no less splendid array of rags and tatters that come down the ladder from the loft. But, suddenly, three loud knocks are heard on the door at the right.)

TYLTYL (alarmed) That's daddy!... He's heard us!...

THE FAIRY Turn the diamond!... From left to right!...

(TYLTYL turns the diamond quickly.) Not so quick!... Heavens! It's too late!... You turned it too briskly; they will not have time to resume their places and we shall have a lot of annoyance....

(The FAIRY becomes an old woman again, the walls of the cottage lose their splendour. The Hours go back into the clock, the spinning-wheel stops, etc. But, in the general hurry and confusion, while FIRE runs madly round the room, looking for the chimney, one of the loaves of bread, who has been unable to squeeze into the pan, bursts into sobs and utters roars of fright.)

THE FAIRY What's the matter?...

BREAD (in tears) There's no room in the pan!...

THE FAIRY (stooping over the pan) Yes, there is; yes, there is.... (Pushing the other loaves, which have resumed their original places.) Come, quick, make room there....

(The knocking at the door is renewed.)

BREAD (utterly scared, vainly struggling to enter the pan) I can't get in!... He'll eat me first!...

THE DOG (frisking round TYLTYL) My little god!... I am still here!... I can still talk!... I can still kiss you!... Once more! Once more! Once more!...

THE FAIRY What, you too?... Are you there still?...

THE DOG What luck!... I was too late to return to silence; the trap closed too quickly....

THE CAT So did mine.... What is going to happen?... Is there any danger?...

THE FAIRY Well, I'm bound to tell you the truth: all those who accompany the two children will die at the end of the journey....

THE CAT (to the DOG) Come, let us get back into the trap....

THE DOG No, no!... I won't!... I want to go with the little god!... I want to talk to him all the time!...

THE CAT Idiot!...

(More knocking at the door)

BREAD (shedding bitter tears) I don't want to die at the end of the journey!... I want to get back at once into my pan!...

FIRE (who has done nothing but run madly round the room, hissing with anguish) I can't find my chimney!...

WATER (vainly trying to get into the tap) I can't get into the tap!...

SUGAR (hovering round his paper wrapper) I've burst my packing-paper!...

MILK (lymphatically and bashfully) Somebody's broken my little jug!...

THE FAIRY Goodness me, what fools they are!... Fools and cowards too!... So you would rather go on living in your ugly boxes, in your traps and taps, than accompany the children in search of the bird?...

ALL (excepting the DOG and LIGHT) Yes, yes! Now, at once!... My tap!... My pan!... My chimney!... My trap!...

THE FAIRY (to LIGHT, who is dreamily gazing at the wreckage of her lamp) And you, Light, what do you say?

LIGHT I will go with the children....

THE DOG (yelling with delight) I too!... I too!...

THE FAIRY That's right.... Besides, it's too late to go back; you have no choice now, you must all start with us.... But you, Fire, don't come near anybody; you, Dog, don't tease the Cat; and you, Water, hold yourself up and try not to run all over the place....

(A violent knocking is again heard at the door on the right.)

TYLTYL (listening) There's daddy again!... He's getting up this time; I can hear him walking....

THE FAIRY Let us go out by the window.... You shall all come to my house, where I will dress the Animals and the Things properly.... (To BREAD) You, Bread, take the cage in which to put the Blue Bird.... It will be in your charge.... Quick, quick, let us waste no time....

(The window suddenly lengthens downwards, like a door. They all go out; after which the window resumes its primitive shape and closes quite innocently. The room has become dark again and the two cots are steeped in shadow. The door on the right opens ajar and in the aperture appear the heads of DADDY and MUMMY TYL.)

DADDY TYL It was nothing.... It's the cricket chirping....

MUMMY TYL Can you see them?...

DADDY TYL I can.... They are sleeping quite quietly....

MUMMY TYL I can hear their breathing....

(The door closes again)

CURTAIN

ACT II.

SCENE I.—At the FAIRY'S.

A magnificent entrance-hall in the palace of the FAIRY BÉRYLUNE. Columns of gleaming marble with gold and silver capitals, staircases, porticoes, balustrades, etc.

Enter from the back, on the right, sumptuously clad, the CAT, SUGAR and FIRE. They come from a room which emits rays of light; it is the FAIRY'S wardrobe. The CAT has donned the classic costume of Puss-in-boots; SUGAR, a silk dress, half white and half pale-blue; and FIRE wears a number of many-coloured aigrettes and a long vermilion mantle lined with gold. They cross the whole length of the hall to the front of the stage, where the CAT draws them up under a portico on the right.

THE CAT This way, I know every inch of this palace. It was left to the Fairy Bérylune by Bluebeard.... Let us make the most of our last minute of liberty, while the children and Light pay their visit to the Fairy's little daughter.... I have brought you here in order to discuss the position in which we are placed.... Are we all here?...

SUGAR I see the Dog coming out of the Fairy's wardrobe....

FIRE What on earth has he got on?...

THE CAT He has put on the livery of one of the footmen of Cinderella's coach.... It was just the thing for him.... He has the soul of a flunkey.... But let us hide behind the balustrade.... It's strange how I mistrust him.... He had better not hear what I have to say to you....

SUGAR It is too late.... He has discovered us.... Look, here is Water also coming out of the wardrobe.... Goodness me, how fine she is!...

(The DOG and WATER join the first group.)

THE DOG (frisking about) There! There!... Aren't we fine I.... Just look at these laces and this embroidery!... It's real gold and no mistake!...

THE CAT (to WATER) Is that Catskin's "colour-of-time" dress?... I seem to recognise it....

WATER Yes, it's the one that suited me best....

FIRE (between his teeth) She's not brought her umbrella....

WATER What's that?...

FIRE Nothing, nothing....

WATER I thought you might be speaking of a great red I saw the other day....

THE CAT Come, don't let as quarrel; we have more important things to do.... We are only waiting for Bread; where is he?

THE DOG He was making an endless fuss about choosing his dress....

FIRE Worth while, isn't it, for a fellow who looks a fool and carries an enormous stomach?...

THE DOG At last, he decided in favour of a Turkish robe, adorned with gems, a scimitar and a turban....

THE CAT There he is!... He has put on Bluebeard's finest dress...

Enter BREAD, in the costume described above. The silk robe is crossed tightly over his huge stomach. In one hand he holds the hilt of a scimitar passed through his sash and in the other the cage intended for the Blue Bird.

BREAD (waddling conceitedly) Well?... What do you think of this?

THE DOG (frisking round the LOAF) How nice he looks! What a fool he looks!

How nice he looks! How nice he looks!...

THE CAT (to the LOAF) Are the children dressed?...

BREAD Yes, Master Tyltyl has put on Hop-o'-my-Thumb's blue jacket and red breeches; and Miss Mytyl has Gretel's frock and Cinderella's slippers.... But the great thing was the dressing of Light!...

THE CAT Why?...

BREAD The Fairy thought her so lovely that she did not want to dress her at all!... Thereupon I protested in the name of our dignity as essential and eminently respectable elements; and I ended by declaring that, under those conditions, I should refuse to be seen with her....

FIRE They ought to have bought her a lampshade!...

THE CAT And what answer did the Fairy make?...

THE LOAF She hit me with her stick on my head and stomach....

THE CAT And then?...

BREAD I allowed myself to be convinced; but, at the last moment, Light decided on the moonbeam dress at the bottom of the chest with Catskin's treasures....

THE CAT Come, stop chattering, time presses.... Our future is at stake.... You have heard—the Fairy has just said so—that the end of this journey will, at the same time, mark the end of our lives.... It is our business, therefore, to prolong it as much as possible and by every possible means.... But there is another thing: we must think of the fate of our race and the destiny of our children....

BREAD Hear, hear!... The Cat is right!...

THE CAT Listen to me!... All of us here present, Animals, Things and Elements, possess a soul which man does not yet know. That is why we retain a remnant of independence; but, if he finds the Blue Bird, he will know all, he will see all and we shall be completely at his mercy.... This is what I have just learned from my old

friend, Night, who is also the guardian of the mysteries of Life.... It is to our interest, therefore, at all costs to prevent the finding of that bird, even if we have to go so far as to endanger the lives of the children themselves....

THE DOG (indignantly) What's the fellow saying?... Just say that again, will you, to see if I heard right?...

BREAD Order! Order!... It's not your turn to speak!... I'm in the chair at this meeting....

FIRE Who made you chairman?...

WATER (to FIRE) Hold your tongue!... What are you interfering with?...

FIRE I shall interfere where I choose.... And I want none of your remarks....

SUGAR (concilatorily) Excuse me.... Do not let us quarrel.... This is a serious moment.... We must, above all things, decide what measures to adopt....

BREAD I quite agree with Sugar and the Cat....

THE DOG This is ridiculous!... There is Man and that's all!... We have to obey him and do as he tells us!... That is the one and only fact!... I recognise no one but him!... Hurrah for Man!... Man for ever!... In life or death, all for Man!... Man is God!...

BREAD I quite agree with the Dog.

THE CAT (to the DOG) But at least give your reasons....

THE DOG There are no reasons!... I love Man and that's enough!... If you do anything against him, I will throttle you first and I will go and tell him everything....

SUGAR (intervening sweetly) Excuse me.... Let us not embitter the discussion.... From a certain point of view, you are both of you right.... There is something to be said on both sides....

BREAD I quite agree with SUGAR!...

THE CAT Are we not, all of us, Water, Fire you yourselves, Bread and the Dog, the victims of a nameless tyranny?... Do you remember the time when, before the

coming of the despot, we wandered at liberty upon the face of the earth?... Fire and Water were the sole masters of the world; and see what they have come to!... As for us puny descendants of the great wild animals.... Look out!... Pretend to be doing nothing!... I see the Fairy and Light coming.... Light has taken sides with Man; she is our worst enemy.... Here they are....

Enter, on the right, the FAIRY, in the shape of an old woman, and LIGHT, followed by TYLTYL and MYTYL.

THE FAIRY Well?... What is it?... What are you doing in that corner?... You look like conspirators.... It is time to start.... I have decided that Light shall be your leader.... You will obey her as you would me and I am giving her my wand.... The children will pay a visit to their late grandparents this evening.... You will remain behind; that is more discreet.... They will spend the evening in the bosom of their dead family.... Meanwhile, you will be getting ready all that is wanted for to-morrow's journey, which will be a long one.... Come, up, be off and every one to his post!...

THE CAT (hypocritically) That is just what I was saying to them, madam.... I was encouraging them to do their duty bravely and conscientiously; unfortunately, the Dog, who kept on interrupting me....

THE DOG What's that?... Just wait a bit I...

(He is about to leap upon the CAT, but TYLTYL foreseeing his intention, stops with a threatening gesture.)

TYLTYL Down, Tylô!... Take care; and, if ever I catch you again...

THE DOG My little god, you don't know, it was he who...

TYLTYL (threatening him) Be quiet!...

THE FAIRY Come, that will do.... Let Bread hand the cage for this evening to Tyltyl.... It is just possible that the Blue Bird may be hidden In the Past, at the

grandparents'.... In any case, it Is a chance which we must not neglect.... Well, Bread, the cage?

BREAD (solemnly) One moment, if you please, Mrs. Fairy.... (Like an orator making a speech) I call upon all of you to bear witness that this silver cage, which was entrusted to my care by....

THE FAIRY (interrupting him) Enough!... No speeches!... We will go out this way and the children that....

TYLTYL (rather anxiously) Are we to go all alone?...

MYTYL I feel hungry!...

TYLTYL I, too!...

THE FAIRY (to BREAD) Open your Turkish robe and give them a slice of your good stomach....

(BREAD opens his robe, draws his scimitar and cuts two slices out of his stomach and hands them to the CHILDREN.)

SUGAR (approaching the CHILDREN) Allow me at the same time to offer you a few sugar-sticks.... (He breaks off the five fingers of his left hand, one by one, and presents them to the CHILDREN.)

MYTYL What is he doing?... He is breaking all his fingers!...

SUGAR (engagingly) Taste them, they are capital... They're made of real barley-sugar....

MYTYL (tasting one of the fingers) Oh, how good they are!... Have you many of them?...

SUGAR (modestly) Yes; as many as I want....

MYTYL Does that hurt you much, when you break them off?...

SUGAR Not at all.... On the contrary, it's a great advantage; they grow again at once and so I always have new, clean fingers....

THE FAIRY Come, children, don't eat too much sugar.... Don't forget that you are to have supper presently with your grandpapa and grandmamma....

TYLTYL Are they here?...

THE FAIRY You shall see them at once....

TYLTYL How can we see them, when they are dead?...

THE FAIRY How can they be dead, when they live in your memory?... Men do not know this secret, because they know so little; whereas you, thanks to the diamond, are about to see that the dead who are remembered live as happily as though they were not dead....

TYLTYL Is Light coming with us?

THE FAIRY No, it is more proper that this visit should be confined to the family.... I will wait near here, so as not to appear indiscreet.... They did not invite me....

TYLTYL Which way are we to go?...

THE FAIRY Over there.... You are on the threshold of the Land of Memory.... As soon as you have turned the diamond, you will see a big tree with a board on it, which will show you that you are there.... But don't forget that you are to be back, both of you, by a quarter to nine.... It is extremely important.... Now mind and be punctual, for all would be lost if you were late.... Good-bye for the present!... (Calling the CAT, the DOG, LIGHT, etc.) This way.... And the little ones that way....

(She goes out to the right, with LIGHT, the ANIMALS, etc., while the CHILDREN go out to the left.)

CURTAIN

SCENE 2.—The Land of Memory.

A thick fog, from which stands out, on the right, close to the footlights, the trunk of a large oak, with a board nailed to it. A vague, milky, impenetrable light prevails. TYLTYL and MYTYL are at the foot of the oak.

TYLTYL Here Is the tree!...

MYTYL There's the board!...

TYLTYL I can't read it.... Wait, I will climb up on this root.... That's it.... It says, "Land of Memory."

MYTYL Is this where it begins?...

TYLTYL Yes, there's an arrow....

MYTYL Well, where are grandad and granny?...

TYLTYL Behind the fog.... We shall see....

MYTYL I can see nothing at all!... I can't see my feet or my hands.... (Whimpering) I'm cold!... I don't want to travel any more.... I want to go home....

TYLTYL Come, don't keep on crying, just like Water.... You ought to be ashamed of yourself.... A great big little girl like you.... Look, the fog is lifting already.... We shall see what's behind it....

(The mist begins to move; It grows thinner and lighter, disperses, evaporates. Soon, in a more and more transparent light, appears, under a leafy vault, a cheerful little peasant's cottage, covered with creepers. The door and windows are open. There are bee-hives under a shed, flower-pots on the window-sills, a cage with a sleeping blackbird. Beside the door is a bench, on which an old peasant and his wife, TYLTYL'S grandfather and grandmother, are seated, both sound asleep.)

TYLTYL (suddenly recognising them) It's grandad and granny!...

MYTYL (clapping her hands) Yes! Yes!... So it is! So it is!...

TYLTYL (still a little distrustful) Take care!... We don't know yet if they can stir.... Let's keep behind the tree....

(GRANNY TYL opens her eyes, raises her head, stretches herself, gives a sigh and looks at GAFFER TYL, who also wakes slowly from his sleep.)

GRANNY TYL I have a notion that our grandchildren who are still alive are coming to see us today....

GAFFER TYL They are certainly thinking of as, for I feel anyhow and I have pins and needles in my legs....

GRANNY TYL I think they must be quite near, for I see tears of joy dancing before my eyes....

GAFFER TYL No, no, they are a long way off.... I still feel weak....

GRANNY TYL I tell you they are here; I am quite strong....

TYLTYL and MYTYL (rushing up from behind the oak) Here we are!... Here we are!... Gaffer! Granny!... It's we!... It's we!...

GAFFER TYL There!... You see?... What did I tell you?... I was sure they would come to-day....

GRANNY TYL Tyltyl!... Mytyl!... It's you!... It's she!... (Trying to run to meet them) I can't run!... I've still got the rheumatics!...

GAFFER TYL (hobbling along as fast as he can) No more can I.... That's because of my wooden leg, which I still wear instead of the one I broke when I fell off the big oak....

(The GRANDPARENTS and the CHILDREN exchange frantic embraces.)

GRANNY TYL How tall and strong you've grown, Tyltyl!

GAFFER TYL (stroking MYTYL'S hair) And Mytyl!... Just look at her.... What pretty hair, what pretty eyes!...

GRANNY TYL Come and kiss me again!... Come on to my lap....

GAFFER TYL And what about me?...

GRANNY TYL No, no.... Come to me first.... How are Daddy and Mummy Tyl?...

TYLTYL Quite well, granny.... They were asleep when we went out....

GRANNY TYL (gazing at them and covering them with caresses) Lord, how pretty they are and how nice and clean!... Was it mummy who washed you?... And there are no holes in your stockings!... I used to darn them once, you know.... Why don't you come to see us oftener?... It makes us so happy!... It is months and months now that you've forgotten us and that we have seen nobody....

TYLTYL We couldn't, granny; and to-day its only because of the Fairy....

GRANNY TYL We are always here, waiting for a visit from those who are alive.... They come so seldom!... The last time you were here, let me see, when was it?... It was on All-hallows, when the church-bells were ringing....

TYLTYL All-hallows?... We didn't go out that day, for we both had very bad colds....

GRANNY TYL No; but you thought of us....

TYLTYL Yes....

GRANNY TYL Well, every time you think of us, we wake up and see you again....

TYLTYL What, is it enough to...

GRANNY TYL But come, you know that....

TYLTYL No, I didn't know....

GRANNY TYL (to GAFFER TYL) It's astonishing, up there.... They don't know yet.... Do they never learn anything?...

GAFFER TYL It's as in our own time.... The Living are so stupid when they speak of the Others....

TYLTYL Do you sleep all the time?...

GAFFER TYL Yes, we get plenty of sleep, while waiting for a thought of the Living

to come and wake us.... Ah, it is good to sleep when life is done.... But it is pleasant also to wake up from time to time....

TYLTYL So you are not really dead?...

GAFFER TYL What do you say?... What is he saying?... Now he's using words we don't understand.... Is it a new word, a new invention?...

TYLTYL The word "dead"?...

GAFFER TYL Yes, that was the word.... What does it mean?...

TYLTYL Why, it means that one's no longer alive....

GAFFER TYL How silly they are, up there!...

TYLTYL Is it nice here?...

GAFFER TYL Oh, yes; not bad, not bad; and, if one could just have a smoke....

TYLTYL Aren't you allowed to smoke?...

GAFFER TYL Yes, it's allowed; but I've broken my pipe....

GRANNY TYL Yes, yes, all would be well, if only you would come and see us oftener.... Do you remember, Tyltyl?... The last time I baked you a lovely apple-tart.... You ate such a lot of it that you made yourself ill....

TYLTYL But I haven't eaten any apple-tart since last year.... There were no apples this year....

GRANNY TYL Don't talk nonsense.... Here, we have them always....

TYLTYL That's different....

GRANNY TYL What? That's different?... Why, nothing's different when we're able to kiss each other....

TYLTYL (looking first at his GRANDMOTHER and then at his GRANDFATHER) You haven't changed, grandad, not a bit, not a bit.... And granny hasn't changed a bit either.... But you're better-looking....

GAFFER TYL Well, we feel all right.... We have stopped growing older.... But you, how tall you're growing!... Yes, you're shooting up finely.... Look, over there, on the door, is the mark of the last time.... That was on All-hallows.... Now then, stand up straight.... (TYLTYL stands up against the door.) Four fingers taller!... That's immense!... (MYTYL also stands up against the door.) And Mytyl, four and a half!... Aha, ill weeds grow apace!... How they've grown, oh, how they've grown!...

TYLTYL (looking around him with delight) Nothing is changed, everything is in its old place!... Only everything is prettier!... There is the clock with the big hand which I broke the point off....

GAFFER TYL And here is the soup-tureen you chipped a corner off....

TYLTYL And here is the hole which I made in the door, the day I found the gimlet....

GAFFER TYL Yes, you've done some damage in your time!... And here is the plum-tree in which you were so fond of climbing, when I wasn't looking.... It still has its fine red plums....

TYLTYL But they are finer than ever!...

MYTYL And here is the old blackbird!... Does he still sing?...

(The blackbird wakes and begins to sing at the top of his voice.)

GRANNY TYL You see.... As soon as one thinks of him....

TYLTYL (observing with amazement that the blackbird is quite blue) But he's blue!... Why, that's the bird, the Blue Bird which I am to take back to the Fairy.... And you never told us that you had him here!... Oh, he's blue, blue, blue as a blue glass marble!... (Entreatingly) Grandad, granny, will you give him to me?...

GAFFER TYL Yes, perhaps, perhaps.... What do you think, granny?...

GRANNY TYL Certainly, certainly.... What use is he to us?... He does nothing but sleep.... We never hear him sing....

TYLTYL I will put him in my cage.... I say, where is my cage?... Oh, I know, I left it behind the big tree.... (He runs to the tree, fetches the cage and puts the blackbird into it.) So, really, you've really given him to me?... How pleased the Fairy will be!... And Light too!...

GAFFER TYL Mind you, I won't answer for the bird.... I'm afraid that he will never get used again to the restless life up there and that he'll come back here by the first wind that blows this way.... However, we shall see.... Leave him there, for the present, and come and look at the cow....

TYLTYL (noticing the hives) And how are the bees getting on?

GAFFER TYL Oh, pretty well.... They are no longer alive, as you call it up there; but they work hard....

TYLTYL (going up to the hives) Oh, yes!... I can smell the honey!... How heavy the hives must be!... All the flowers are so beautiful!... And my little dead sisters, are they here too?...

MYTYL And where are my three little brothers who were buried?...

(At these words, seven little CHILDREN, of different sizes, like a set of Pan's pipes, come out of the cottage, one by one.)

GRANNY TYL Here they are, here they are!... As soon as you think of them, as soon as you speak of them, they are there, the darlings!...

(TYLTYL and MYTYL run to meet the CHILDREN. They hustle and hug one another and dance and whirl about and utter screams of joy.)

TYLTYL Hullo, Pierrot!... (They clutch each other by the hair.) Ah, so we're going to fight again, as in the old days.... And Robert!... I say, Jean, what's become of your top?... Madeleine and Pierette and Pauline!... And here's Riquette!...

MYTYL Oh, Riquette, Riquette!... She's still crawling on all fours!...

GRANNY TYL Yes, she has stopped growing.

TYLTYL (noticing the little DOG yelping around them) There's Kiki, whose tail I cut off with Pauline's scissors.... He hasn't changed either....

GAFFER TYL (sententiously) No, nothing changes here....

TYLTYL And Pauline still has a pimple on her nose....

GRANNY TYL Yes, it won't go away; there's nothing to be done for it....

TYLTYL Oh, how well they look, how fat and glossy they are!... What jolly cheeks they have!... They look well fed....

GRANNY TYL They have been much better since they ceased living.... There's nothing more to fear, nobody is ever ill, one has no anxiety....

(The clock inside the cottage strikes eight.)

GRANNY TYL (amazed) What's that?...

GAFFER TYL I don't know, I'm sure.... It must be the clock....

GRANNY TYL It can't be.... It never strikes....

GAFFER TYL Because we no longer think of the time.... Was any one thinking of the time?...

TYLTYL Yes, I was.... What is the time?...

GAFFER TYL I'm sure I can't tell.... I've forgotten how.... It struck eight times, so I suppose it's what they call eight o'clock up there....

TYLTYL Light expects me at a quarter to nine.... It's because of the Fairy.... It's extremely important.... I'm off!...

GRANNY TYL Don't leave us like that, just as supper's ready!... Quick, quick, let's lay the table outside.... I've got some capital cabbage-soup and a beautiful plum-tart....

(They get out the table, dishes, plates, etc., and lay for supper outside the door, all helping.)

TYLTYL Well, as I've got the Blue Bird.... And then it's so long since I tasted cabbage-soup.... Ever since I've been, travelling.... They don't have it at the hotels....

GRANNY TYL There!... That didn't take long!... Sit down, children.... Don't let us lose time, if you're in a hurry....

(They have lit the lamp and served the soup. The GRANDPARENTS and the CHILDREN sit down round the table, jostling and elbowing one another and laughing and screaming with pleasure.)

TYLTYL (eating like a glutton) How good it is!... Oh, how good it is!...I want some more! More!...

(He brandishes his wooden spoon and noisily hits his plate with it.)

GAFFER TYL Come, come, a little more quiet.... You're just as ill-behaved as ever; and you'll break your plate....

TYLTYL (half-raising himself on his stool) I want more, more!... (He seizes the tureen, drags it toward him and upsets it and the soup, which trickles over the table and down over their knees and scalds them. Yells and screams of pain.)

GRANNY TYL There!... I told you so!...

GAFFER TYL (giving TYLTYL a loud box on the ear) That's one for you!...

TYLTYL (staggered for a moment, next puts his hand to his cheek with an expression of rapture) Oh, that's just like the slaps you used to give me when you were alive?... Grandad, how nice it was and how good it makes one feel!... I must give you a kiss!...

GAFFER TYL Very well; there's more where that came from, if you like them....

(The clock strikes half-past eight)

TYLTYL (starting up) Half-past eight!... (He flings down his spoon.) Mytyl, we've only just got time!...

GRANNY TYL Oh, I say!... Just a few minutes more!... Your house isn't on fire!...

We see you so seldom....

TYLTYL No, we can't possibly.... Light is so kind.... And I promised her.... Come, Mytyl, come!...

GAFFER TYL Goodness gracious, how tiresome the Living are with all their business and excitement!...

TYLTYL (taking his cage and hurriedly kissing everybody all round) Good-bye, grandad.... Good-bye, granny.... Good-bye, brothers and sisters, Pierrot, Robert, Pauline, Madeleine, Riquette and you, too, Kiki.... I feel we mustn't stay.... Don't cry, granny; we will come back often....

GRANNY TYL Come back every day!...

TYLTYL Yes, yes; we will come back as often as we can....

GRANNY TYL It's our only pleasure and it's such a treat for us when your thoughts visit us!...

GAFFER TYL We have no other amusements....

TYLTYL Quick, quick!... My cage!... My bird!...

GAFFER TYL (handing him the cage) Here they are!... You know, I don't warrant him; and if he's not the right colour...

TYLTYL Good-bye! Good-bye!...

THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS TYL Good-bye, Tyltyl! Good-bye, Mytyl!... Remember the barley-sugar!... Good-bye!... Come again!... Come again!...

(They all wave their handkerchiefs while TYLTYL and MYTYL slowly move away. But already, during the last sentences, the fog of the beginning of the scene has been gradually re-forming, so that, at the end, all has disappeared in the mist and, at the fall of the curtain, TYLTYL and MYTYL are again alone visible under the big oak.)

TYLTYL It's this way, Mytyl....

MYTYL Where is Light?...

TYLTYL I don't know.... (Looking at the bird in the cage.) But the bird is no longer blue!... He has turned black!...

MYTYL Give me your hand, little brother.... I feel so frightened and so cold....

CURTAIN

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—The Palace of NIGHT.

A large and wonderful hall of an austere, rigid, metallic and sepulchral magnificence, giving the impression of a Greek temple with columns, architraves, flagstones and ornaments of black marble, gold and ebony. The hall is trapezium-shaped. Basalt steps, occupying almost the entire width, divide it into three successive stages, which rise gradually toward the back. On the right and left, between the columns, are doors of sombre bronze. At the back, a monumental door of brass. The palace is lit only by a vague light that seems to emanate mainly from the brilliancy of the marble and the ebony. At the rise of the curtain, NIGHT, in the form of a very old woman, clad in long, black garments, is seated on the steps of the second stage between two children, of whom one, almost naked, like Cupid, is smiling in a deep sleep, while the other is standing up, motionless and veiled from head to foot.

Enter from the right, in the foreground, the CAT

NIGHT Who goes there?

THE CAT (sinking heavily upon the marble steps) It is I, Mother Night.... I am worn out....

NIGHT What's the matter, child?... You look pale and thin and you are splashed with mud to your very whiskers.... Have you been fighting on the tiles again, in the snow and rain?...

THE CAT It has nothing to do with the tiles!... It's our secret that's at stake!... It's the beginning of the end!... I have managed to escape for a moment to warn you; but I greatly fear that there is nothing to be done....

NIGHT Why?... What has happened?...

THE CAT I have told you of little Tyltyl, the woodcutter's son, and of the magic diamond.... Well, he is coming here to demand the Blue Bird of you....

NIGHT He hasn't got it yet.....

THE CAT He will have it soon, unless we perform some miracle.... This is how the matter stands: Light, who is guiding him and betraying us all, for she has placed herself entirely on Man's side, Light has learned that the Blue Bird, the real one, the only one that can live in the light of day, is hidden here, among the blue birds of the dreams that live on the rays of the moon and die as soon as they set eyes on the sun.... She knows that she is forbidden to cross the threshold of your palace, but she is sending the children; and, as you cannot prevent Man from opening the doors of your secrets, I do not know how all this will end.... In any case, if, unfortunately, they should lay their hands on the real Blue Bird, there would be nothing for us but to disappear....

NIGHT Oh dear, oh dear!.... What times we live in!... I never have a moment's peace.... I cannot understand Man, these last few years.... What is he aiming at?... Must he absolutely know everything?... Already he has captured a third of my Mysteries, all my Terrors are afraid and dare not leave the house, my Ghosts have taken flight, the greater part of my Sicknesses are ill....

THE CAT I know, Mother Night, I know, the times are hard and we are almost alone in our struggle against Man.... But I hear them coming.... I see only one way:

as they are children, we must give them such a fright that they will not dare to persist or to open the great door at the back, behind which they would find the Birds of the Moon.... The secrets of the other caverns will be enough to distract their attention and terrify them....

NIGHT (listening to a sound outside) What do I hear?... Are there many of them?...

THE CAT It is nothing; it is our friends, Bread and Sugar; Water is not very well and Fire could not come, because he is related to Light.... The Dog is the only one who is not on our side; but it is never possible to keep him away....

(Enter timidly, on the right, in the foreground, TYLTYL, MYTYL, BREAD, SUGAR and the DOG.)

THE CAT (rushing up to TYLTYL) This way, little master, this way.... I have told Night, who is delighted to see you.... You must forgive her, she is a little indisposed; that is why she was not able to come to meet you....

TYLTYL Good-day, Mrs. Night....

NIGHT (in an offended voice) Good-day?... I am not used to that.... You might say, Good-night, or, at least. Good-evening....

TYLTYL (mortified) I beg your pardon, ma'am....I did not know....(Pointing to the two CHILDREN.) Are those your two little boys?... They are very nice....

NIGHT This is Sleep....

TYLTYL Why is he so fat?...

NIGHT That is because he sleeps well....

TYLTYL And the other, hiding himself?... Why does he veil his face?...Is he ill?... What is his name?...

NIGHT That is Sleep's sister.... It is better not to mention her name....

TYLTYL Why?...

NIGHT Because her name is not pleasant to hear.... But let us talk of something

else.... The Cat tells me that you have come here to look for the Blue Bird....

TYLTYL Yes, ma'am, if you will allow me.... Will you tell me where he is?...

NIGHT I don't know, dear.... All I can say is that he is not here.... I have never seen him....

TYLTYL Yes, yes.... Light told me that he was here; and Light knows what she is saying.... Will you hand me your keys?...

NIGHT But you must understand, dear, that I cannot give my keys like that to the first comer.... I have the keeping of all Nature's secrets and I am absolutely forbidden to deliver them to anybody, especially to a child....

TYLTYL You have no right to refuse them to Man when he asks you for them....I know that....

NIGHT Who told you?...

TYLTYL Light....

NIGHT Light again! Always Light!... How dare she interfere, how dare she?...

THE DOG Shall I take them from her by force, my little god?...

TYLTYL Hold your tongue, keep quiet and try to behave.... (ToNIGHT) Come, madam, give me your keys, please....

NIGHT Have you the sign, at least?... Where is it?...

TYLTYL (touching his hat) Behold the Diamond!...

NIGHT (resigning herself to the inevitable) Well, then... Here is the key that opens all the doors of the hall.... Look to yourself if you meet with a misfortune.... I will not be responsible....

BREAD (very anxiously) Is it dangerous?...

NIGHT Dangerous?... I will go so far as to say that I myself do not know what I shall do when certain of those bronze doors open upon the abyss.... All around the

hall, in each of those basalt caves, are all the evils, all the plagues, all the sicknesses, all the terrors, all the catastrophes, all the mysteries that have afflicted life since the beginning of the world.... I have had trouble enough to Imprison them there with the aid of Destiny; and it is not without difficulty, I assure you, that I keep some little order among those undisciplined characters.... You have seen what happens when one of them escapes and shows itself on earth....

BREAD My great age, my experience and my devotion make me the natural protector of these two children; therefore, Mrs. Night, permit me to ask you a question....

NIGHT Certainly....

BREAD In case of danger, which is the way of escape?...

NIGHT There is no way of escape.

TYLTYL (taking the key and climbing the first steps) Let us begin here.... What is behind this bronze door?...

NIGHT I think it is the Ghosts.... It is long since I opened the door and since they came out....

TYLTYL (placing the key in the lock) I will see.... (To BREAD) Have you the cage for the Blue Bird?...

BREAD (with chattering teeth) I'm not frightened, but don't you think it would be better not to open the door, but to peep through the keyhole?...

TYLTYL I don't want your advice....

MYTYL (suddenly beginning to cry) I am frightened!... Where is Sugar?... I want to go home!...

SUGAR (eagerly, obsequiously) Here I am, miss, here I am.... Don't cry, I will break off one of my fingers so that you may have a sugar-stick....

TYLTYL Enough of this!...

(He turns the key and cautiously opens the door. Forthwith, five or six GHOSTS of strange and different forms escape and disperse on every side. MYTYL gives a scream of fright, BREAD, terrified, throws away the cage and goes and hides at the back of the hall, while NIGHT, running after the GHOSTS, cries out to TYLTYL.)

NIGHT Quick! Quick!... Shut the door!... They will all escape and we should never be able to catch them again!... They have felt bored in there, ever since Man ceased to take them seriously.... (She runs after the GHOSTS and endeavours, with the aid of a whip formed of snakes, to drive them back to the door of their prison.) Help me!... Here!... Here!...

TYLTYL (to the DOG) Help her, Tylô, at them!...

THE DOG (leaping up and barking) Yes, yes, yes!...

TYLTYL And Bread, where's Bread?...

BREAD (at the back of the hall) Here.... I am near the door to prevent them from going out....

(One of the GHOSTS moves in that direction and he rushes away at full speed, uttering yells of terror.)

NIGHT (to three GHOSTS whom she has seized by the neck) This way, you!... (To TYLTYL) Open the door a little.... (She pushes the GHOSTS into the cave.) There, that's it.... (The DOG brings up two more.) And these two.... Come, quick, in with you!... You know you're only allowed out on All-hallows....

(She closes the door.)

TYLTYL (going to another door) What's behind this one?....

NIGHT What is the good?...I have already told you the Blue Bird has never been here.... However, as you please.... Open the doors if you like.... It's the Sicknesses....

TYLTYL (with the key in the lock.) Must I be careful in opening?...

NIGHT No, it is not worth while.... They are very quiet, the poor little things....

They are not happy.... Man, for some time, has been waging such a determined war upon them!... Especially since the discovery of the microbes.... Open, you will see....

(TYLTYL opens the door quite wide. Nothing appears.)

TYLTYL Don't they come out?

NIGHT I told you they are almost all poorly and very much discouraged.... The doctors are so unkind to them.... Go in for a moment and see for yourself....

(TYLTYL enters the cavern and comes out again immediately.)

TYLTYL The Blue Bird is not there.... They look very ill, those Sicknesses of yours.... They did not even lift their heads.... (One little Sickness in slippers, a dressing-gown and a cotton nightcap escapes from the cavern and begins to frisk about the hall.) Look!... There's a little one escaping.... Which one is it?...

NIGHT It's nothing, one of the smallest; it's Cold-in-the-Head.... It is one of those which are least persecuted and which enjoy the best health.... (Calling to COLD-IN-THE-HEAD) Come here, dear....It's too soon yet; you must wait for the winter.... (COLD-IN-THE-HEAD, sneezing, coughing and blowing its nose, returns to the cavern and TYLTYL shuts the door.)

TYLTYL (going to the next door) Let us look at this one..... What is in here?...

NIGHT Take care!... It is the Wars.... They are more terrible and powerful than ever.... Heaven knows what would happen if one of them escaped!... Fortunately, they are rather heavy and slow-moving.... But we must stand ready to push back the door, all of us together, while you take a rapid glance into the cavern....

(TYLTYL, with a thousand precautions, opens the door ajar so that there is only a little gap to which he can put his eye. He at once doubles his back against the door, shouting.)

TYLTYL Quick! Quick!... Push with all your might!... They have seen me!... They are all coming!... They are breaking down the door!...

NIGHT Come, all together!... Push hard!... Bread, what are you doing?... Push, all of you!... How strong they are!... Ah, that's it!... They are giving way!... It was high time!... Did you see them?...

TYLTYL Yes, yes!... They are huge and awful!... I don't think that they have the Blue Bird....

NIGHT You may be sure they haven't.... If they had, they would eat him at once.... Well, have you had enough of it?... You see there is nothing to be done....

TYLTYL I must see everything.... Light said so....

NIGHT Light said so!... It's an easy thing to say when one's afraid and stays at home....

TYLTYL Let us go to the next.... What is in here?...

NIGHT This is where I lock up the Shades and the Terrors....

TYLTYL Can I open the door?...

NIGHT Certainly.... They are pretty quiet; they are like the Sicknesses....

TYLTYL (half-opening the door, with a certain mistrustfulness, and taking a look into the cavern) Are they not there?...

NIGHT (looking into the cavern in her turn) Well, Shades, what are you doing?... Come out for a moment and stretch your legs; it will do you good.... And the Terrors also.... There is nothing to be afraid of.... (A few SHADES and a few TERRORS, in the shape of women, shrouded, the former in black veils and the latter in greenish veils, piteously venture to take a few steps outside the cavern; and then, upon a movement of TYLTYL'S, hastily run back again.) Come, don't be afraid.... It's only a child; he won't hurt you.... (To TYLTYL) They have become extremely timid, except the great ones, those whom you see at the back....

TYLTYL (looking into the depths of the cave) Oh, how terrifying they are!...

NIGHT They are chained up.... They are the only ones that are not afraid of Man....

But shut the door, lest they should grow angry....

TYLTYL (going to the next door) I say!... This is a darker one.... What is here?

NIGHT There are several Mysteries behind this one.... If you are absolutely bent upon it, you may open it too.... But don't go in.... Be very cautious and let us get ready to push back the door, as we did with the Wars....

TYLTYL (half-opening the door; with unparalleled precautions and passing his head fearsomely through the aperture) Oh!... How cold!... My eyes are smarting!... Shut it quickly!... Push, oh, push! They are pushing against us!... (NIGHT, the DOG, the CAT and SUGAR push back the door.) Oh, I saw!...

NIGHT What?...

TYLTYL (upset) I don't know, it was awful!... They were all seated like monsters without eyes.... Who was the giant who tried to seize me?...

NIGHT It was probably Silence; he has charge of this door.... It appears to have been alarming?... You are quite pale still and trembling all over....

TYLTYL Yes, I would never have believed.... I had never seen.... And my hands are frozen....

NIGHT It will be worse presently if you go on....

TYLTYL (going to the next door) And this one?... Is this terrible also?...

NIGHT No; there is a little of everything here.... It is where I keep the unemployed Stars, my personal Perfumes, a few Glimmers that belong to me, such as Will-o'-the-Wisps, Glow-worms and Fireflies, also the Dew, the Song of the Nightingales and so on....

TYLTYL Just so, the Stars, the Song of the Nightingales.... This must be the door....

NIGHT Open it, if you like; there Is nothing very bad inside....

(TYLTYL throws the door wide open. The STARS, in the shape of beautiful young girls veiled in many-coloured radiancy, escape from their prison, disperse over the

hall and form graceful groups on the steps and around the columns, bathed in a sort of luminous penumbra. The PERFUMES OF THE NIGHT, who are almost invisible, the WILL-O'-THE-WISPS, the FIREFLIES and the transparent DEW join them, while the SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALES streams from the cavern and floods the Palace of NIGHT.)

MYTYL (clapping her hands with delight) Oh, what pretty ladies!...

TYLTYL And how well they dance!...

MYTYL And how sweet they smell!...

TYLTYL And how beautifully they sing!...

MYTYL What are those, whom one can hardly see?...

NIGHT Those are the Perfumes of my Shadow.

TYLTYL And those others, over there, in spun glass?...

NIGHT They are the Dew of the plains and forests.... But enough!... They would never have done.... It is the devil's own business to get them back, once they begin to dance.... (Clapping her hands together.) Now then, Stars, quick!... This is not the time for dancing.... The sky is overcast and heavily clouded.... Come, quick, in with you, or I will go and fetch a ray of sunlight!... (The STARS, PERFUMES, etc., take to flight in dismay and rush back into the cavern; and the door is closed upon them. At the same time, the song of the NIGHTINGALE ceases.)

TYLTYL (going to the door at the back) Here is the great middle door....

NIGHT (gravely) Do not open that one...

TYLTYL Why not?....

NIGHT Because it's not allowed....

TYLTYL Then it's here that the Blue Bird is hidden; Light told me so....

NIGHT (maternally) Listen to me, child ... I have been kind and indulgent ... I have done for you what I have never done for any one before ... I have given up all my

secrets to you.... I like you, I feel pity for your youth and innocence and I am speaking to you as a mother.... Listen to me, my child, and believe me; relinquish your quest, go no further, do not tempt fate, do not open that door....

TYLTYL (a little shaken) But why?...

NIGHT Because I do not wish you to be lost.... Because not one of those, do you hear, not one of those who have opened it, were it but by a hair's breadth, has ever returned alive to the light of day.... Because every awful thing imaginable, because all the terrors, all the horrors of which men speak on earth are as nothing compared with the most harmless of those which assail a man from the moment when his eye lights upon the first threats of the abyss to which no one dares give a name.... So much so that I myself, if you are bent, in spite of everything, upon touching that door, will ask you to wait until I have sought safety in my windowless tower... Now it is for you to know, for you to reflect....

(MYTYL, all in tears, utters cries of inarticulate terror and tries to drag TYLTYL away.)

BREAD (with chattering teeth) Don't do it, master dear!... (Flinging himself on his knees) Take pity on us!... I implore you on my knees.... You see that Night is right....

THE CAT You are sacrificing the lives of all of us....

TYLTYL I must open the door....

MYTYL (stamping her feet, amid her sobs) I won't!... I sha'n't!...

TYLTYL Sugar and Bread, take Mytyl by the hand and run away with her.... I am going to open the door....

NIGHT Run for your lives!... Come quickly!... It is time!... (She flees.)

BREAD (fleeing wildly) At least wait till we are at the end of the hall!...

THE CAT (also fleeing) Wait! Wait!...

(They hide behind the columns at the other end of the hall. TYLTYL remains alone

with the DOG by the monumental door.)

THE DOG (panting and hiccoughing with suppressed fright) I shall stay, I shall stay!... I'm not afraid!... I shall stay!... I shall stay with my little god!... I shall stay!... I shall stay!...

TYLTYL (patting the DOG) That's right, Tylô, that's right!... Kiss me.... You and I are two.... And now, steady!...

(He places the key in the lock. A cry of alarm comes from the other end of the hall, where the runaways have taken refuge. The key has hardly touched the door before its tall and wide leaves open in the middle, glide apart and disappear on either side in the thickness of the walls, suddenly revealing the most unexpected of gardens, unreal, infinite and ineffable, a dream-garden bathed in nocturnal light, where, among stars and planets, illumining all that they touch, flying ceaselessly from jewel to jewel and from moonbeam to moonbeam, fairy-like blue birds hover perpetually and harmoniously down to the confines of the horizon, birds innumerable to the point of appearing to be the breath, the azured atmosphere, the very substance of the wonderful garden.)

TYLTYL (dazzled, bewildered, standing in the light of the garden) Oh!... Heaven!... (Turning to those who have fled) Come quickly!... They are here!... It's they, it's they, it's they!... We have them at last!... Thousands of blue birds!... Millions!.... Thousands of millions!... There will be too many!... Come, Mytyl!... Come, Tylô!... Come, all!... Help me!... (Darting in among the birds.) You can catch them by handfuls!... They are not shy!... They are not afraid of us!.... Here! Here!.... (MYTYL and the others run up. They all enter the dazzling garden, except NIGHT and the CAT.) You see!... There are too many of them!... They fly into my hands!... Look, they are eating the moonbeams!... Mytyl, where are you?.... There are so many blue wings, so many feathers falling that one cannot see anything for them!.... Don't bite them, Tylô!.... Don't hurt them!.... Take them very gently!....

MYTYL (covered with blue birds) I have caught seven already!.... Oh, how they flap their wings!.... I can't hold them!....

TYLTYL Nor can I!.... I have too many of them!... They're escaping!.... They're coming back!.... Tylô has some, too!.... They will drag us with them!.... They will take us up to the sky!.... Quick, let us go out this way!.... Light is waiting for us!.... How pleased she will be!.... This way, this way!....

(They escape from the garden, with their hands full of struggling birds, and, crossing the whole hall amid the mad whirl of the azure wings, go out on the right, where they first entered, followed by BREAD and SUGAR, who have caught no birds. NIGHT and the CAT, left alone, return to the back of the stage and look anxiously into the garden.)

NIGHT Haven't they got him?...

THE CAT No.... I see him there, on that moonbeam.... They could not reach him, he kept too high....

(The CURTAIN falls. Immediately after, before the dropped curtain, ENTER, at the same time, on the left, LIGHT and on the right, TYLTYL, MYTYL and the DOG, who run up all covered by the birds which they have captured. But already the birds appear lifeless and, with hanging heads and drooping wings, are nothing more in their hands than inert remains.)

LIGHT Well, have you caught him?...

TYLTYL Yes, yes!...As many as we wanted!... There are thousands of them!... Here they are!... Do you see them?... (Looking at the birds, which he holds out to LIGHT, and perceiving that they are dead) Why, they are dead!... What have they done to them?... Yours too, Mytyl?... Tylô's also?... (Angrily flinging down the dead bodies of the birds) Oh, this is too bad?... Who killed them?... I am too unhappy!...

(He hides his head in his arms and his whole frame is shaken with sobs.)

LIGHT (pressing him maternally in her arms) Do not cry, my child.... You did not catch the one that is able to live in broad daylight.... He has gone elsewhere.... We shall find him again....

THE DOG (looking at the dead birds)) Are they good to eat?....

(They all go out on the left.)

SCENE 2.—The Forest.

A forest. It is night. The moon is shining. Old trees of various kinds, notably an OAK, a BEECH, an ELM, a POPLAR, a FIR-TREE, a CYPRESS, a LIME-TREE, a CHESTNUT-TREE, etc.

ENTER the CAT.

THE CAT (bowing to the trees in turn) To all the trees here present, greeting!....

THE TREES (murmuring in their leaves) Greeting!....

THE CAT This is a great day, a day of days!.... Our enemy is coming to set free your energies and to deliver himself into your hands..... It is Tyltyl, the son of the wood-cutter, who has done you so much harm.... He is seeking the Blue Bird, whom you have kept hidden from Man since the beginning of the world and who alone knows our secret.... (A murmuring in the leaves.) What do you say?... Ah, it's the Poplar!... Yes, he possesses a diamond which has the virtue of setting free our spirits for a moment; he can compel us to hand over the Blue Bird and thenceforth we shall be definitely at Man's mercy.... (A murmuring in the leaves.) Who is speaking?... Ah, the Oak!... How are you?... (A murmuring in the leaves of the OAK.) Still got your cold?... Does the Liquorice no longer look after you?... Can't you throw off your rheumatism?... Believe me, that's because of the moss; you put too much of it on your feet.... Is the Blue Bird still with you?... (A murmuring in the leaves of the OAK.) I beg your pardon?... Yes, there is no room for hesitation; we must take the

opportunity; he must he done away with.... (A murmuring in the leaves.) I didn't quite catch.... Oh, yes, he is with his little sister; she must die, too.... (A murmuring in the leaves.) Yes, they have the Dog with them; there is no keeping him away.... (A murmuring in the leaves.) What did you say?... Bribe him?... Impossible.... I have tried everything.... (A murmuring in the leaves.) Ah, is that you, Fir-Tree?... Yes, get four planks ready.... Yes, there are Fire, Sugar, Water and Bread besides.... They are all with us, except Bread, who is rather doubtful.... Light alone is on Man's side; but she won't come.... I made the children believe that they ought to steal away while she was asleep.... There never was such an opportunity.... (A murmuring in the leaves.) Ah, that's the Beech's voice!... Yes, you are right; we must inform the animals.... Has the Rabbit got his drum?... Is he with you?... Good, let him beat the troop at once.... Here they are!...

(The roll of the RABBIT'S drum is heard, diminishing in the distance. Enter TYLTYL, MYTYL and the DOG.)

TYLTYL Is this the place?...

THE CAT (obsequiously, eagerly, mealy-mouthed, rushing to meet the CHILDREN) Ah, there you are, my little master!... How well you look and how pretty, this evening!.... I went before you to announce your arrival.... All Is going well. We shall have the Blue Bird to-night, I am sure.... I have just sent the Rabbit to beat the troop in order to convoke the principal animals of the country.... You can hear them already among the foliage.... Listen!... They are a little shy and dare not come near.... (The sounds are heard of different animals, such as cows, pigs, horses, donkeys, etc. The CAT, aside, to TYLTYL, taking him apart) But why have you brought the Dog?... I have told you he is on the worst terms with everybody, even the trees.... I fear that his odious presence will spoil everything....

TYLTYL I could not get rid of him.... (To the DOG, threatening him) Go away, you ugly thing!...

THE DOG Who?... I?... Why?... What have I done?...

TYLTYL I tell you, go away!... We don't want you here and there's an end of it.... You're a nuisance, there!...

THE DOG I sha'n't say a word.... I shall follow you at a distance.... They sha'n't see me.... Shall I beg?...

THE CAT (aside, to TYLTYL) Do you allow this disobedience?... Hit him on the nose with your stick; he is really unbearable!...

TYLTYL (beating the DOG) There, that will teach you to be more obedient!...

THE DOG (yelling) Ow! Ow! Ow!...

TYLTYL What do you say?...

THE DOG I must kiss you now you've beaten me!... (He covers TYLTYL with violent kisses and embraces.)

TYLTYL Come.... That will do.... That's enough.... Go away!...

MYTYL No, no; I want him to stay.... I am afraid of everything when he is not there....

THE DOG (leaping up and almost upsetting MYTYL, whom he overwhelms with hurried and enthusiastic kisses) Oh, the dear little girl!... How beautiful she is!... How good she is!... How beautiful she is, how sweet she is!...I must kiss her!... Once more, once more, once more!...

THE CAT What an idiot!... Well, we shall see!... Let us lose no time.... Turn the diamond....

TYLTYL Where shall I stand?...

THE CAT In this moonbeam; you will see better.... There, turn it gently!...

(TYLTYL turns the Diamond. A long-drawn-out rustling shakes the leaves and branches. The oldest and most stately trunks open to make way for the soul which each of them contains. The appearance of these souls differs according to the

appearance and the character of the trees which they represent. The soul of the ELM, for instance, is a sort of pursy, pot-bellied, crabbed gnome; the LIME-TREE is placid, familiar and jovial; the BEECH, elegant and agile; the BIRCH, white, reserved and restless; the WILLOW, stunted, dishevelled and plaintive; the FIR-TREE, tall, lean and taciturn; the CYPRESS, tragic; the CHESTNUT-TREE, pretentious and rather dandified; the POPLAR, sprightly, cumbersome, talkative. Some emerge slowly from their trunks, torpidly stretching themselves, as though they had been imprisoned or asleep for ages; others leap out actively, eagerly; and all come and stand in a circle round the two CHILDREN, while keeping as near as they can to the tree in which they were born.)

THE POPLAR (running up first and screaming at the top of his voice) Men?... Little men!... We shall be able to talk to them!... We've done with silence!... Done with it!... Where do they come from?... Who are they?... What are they?... (To the LIME-TREE, who comes forward quietly smoking his pipe) Do you know them, Daddy Lime-Tree?...

THE LIME-TREE I do not remember ever having seen them....

THE POPLAR Oh, yes, you must have!... You know all the men; you're always hanging about their houses....

THE LIME-TREE (examining the CHILDREN) No, I assure you.... I don't know them.... They are too young still.... I only know the lovers who come to see me by moonlight and the topers who drink their beer under my branches....

THE CHESTNUT-TREE (affectedly adjusting his eyeglass) Who are these?... Are they poor people from the country?...

THE POPLAR Oh, as for you, Mr. Chestnut-Tree, ever since you have refused to show yourself except in the streets of the big towns...

THE WILLOW (hobbling along in a pair of wooden shoes) Oh dear, oh dear!... They have come to cut off my head and arms again for fagots!...

THE POPLAR Silence!... Here is the Oak leaving his palace!... He looks far from well this evening.... Don't you think he is growing very old?... What can his age be?... The Fir-tree says he is four thousand; but I am sure that he exaggerates.... Listen; he will tell us all about it....

(The OAK comes slowly forward. He is fabulously old, crowned with mistletoe and clad in a long green gown edged with moss and lichen. He is blind; his white beard streams in the wind. He leans with one hand on a knotty stick and with the other on a young OAKLING, who serves as his guide. The Blue Bird is perched on his shoulder. At his approach, the other trees draw themselves up in a row and bow respectfully.)

TYLTYL He has the Blue Bird!... Quick! Quick!... Here!... Give it to me!...

THE TREES Silence!...

THE CAT (to TYLTYL) Take of your hat. It's the Oak!...

THE OAK (to TYLTYL) Who are you?....

TYLTYL I am Tyltyl, sir.... When can I have the Blue Bird?...

THE OAK Tyltyl, the wood-cutter's son?...

TYLTYL Yes, sir....

THE OAK Your father has done us much harm.... In my family alone, he has put to death six hundred of my sons, four hundred and seventy-five uncles and aunts, twelve hundred cousins of both sexes, three hundred and eighty daughters-in-law, and twelve thousand great-grandsons!...

TYLTYL I know nothing about it, sir.... He did not do it on purpose....

THE OAK What have you come here for; and why have you made our souls leave their abodes?...

TYLTYL I beg your pardon, sir, for disturbing you.... The Cat said that you would tell us where the Blue Bird was....

THE OAK Yes, I know that you are looking for the Blue Bird, that is to say, the great secret of things and of happiness, so that Man may make our servitude still harder....

TYLTYL Oh, no, sir; it is for the Fairy Bérylune's little girl, who is very ill....

THE OAK (laying silence upon him with a gesture) Enough!... I do not hear the Animals.... Where are they?... All this concerns them as much as us.... We, the Trees, must not assume the responsibility alone for the grave measures that have become necessary.... On the day when MAN hears that we have done what we are about to do, there will be terrible reprisals..... It is right, therefore, that our agreement should be unanimous, so that our silence may be the same....

THE FIR-TREE (looking over the top of the other trees) The Animals are coming.... They are following the Rabbit.... Here are the souls of the Horse, the Bull, the Ox, the Cow, the Wolf, the Sheep, the Pig, the Cock, the Goat, the Ass, and the Bear....

(Enter the souls of the ANIMALS, who, as the FIR-TREE utters their names, come forward and sit down among the trees, with the exception of the soul of the GOAT, who roams to and fro, and of the PIG, who snuffles among the roots.)

THE OAK Are all here present?...

THE RABBIT The Hen could not leave her eggs, the Hare is out on a run, the Stag has a pain in his horns, the Fox is ill—here is the doctor's certificate—the Goose did not understand and the Turkey flew into a passion....

THE OAK These abstentions are most regrettable.... However, we have a quorum.... You know, my brothers, the nature of our business. The child you see before you, thanks to a talisman stolen from the powers of Earth, is able to take possession of the Blue Bird and thus to snatch from us the secret which we have kept since the origin of life.... Now we know enough of Man to entertain no doubt as to the fate which he reserves for us once he is in possession of this secret. That is why it seems to me that any hesitation would be both foolish and criminal.... It is a serious

moment; the child must be done away with before it is too late....

TYLTYL What is he saying?...

THE DOG (prowling round the OAK and showing his fangs) Do you see my teeth, you old cripple?...

THE BEECH (indignantly) He is insulting the Oak!...

THE OAK Is that the Dog?... Drive him out! We must suffer no traitors among us!...

THE CAT (aside, to TYLTYL) Send the Dog away.... It's a misunderstanding.... Leave it to me; I will arrange things.... But send him away as quick as you can....

TYLTYL (to the DOG) Will you be off!...

THE DOG Do let me worry the gouty old beggar's moss slippers!.... It will be such a joke!...

TYLTYL Hold your tongue!... And be off with you!... Be off, you ugly brute!...

THE DOG All right, all right, I'm going.... I'll come back when you want me....

THE CAT (aside, to TYLTYL) It would be a good thing to chain him up, or he will commit some folly; the Trees will be angry and all will end badly....

TYLTYL What can I do?... I have lost his leash....

THE CAT Here's the Ivy just coming along with strong bonds....

THE DOG (growling) I'll come back, I'll come back!... Ugh! Goutytoes! Timbertoes!... Pack of old stunted growths, pack of old roots!... It's the Cat who's at the bottom of all this!... I'll be even with him!... What have you been whispering about, you sneak, you tiger, you Judas!... Wow, wow, wow!....

THE CAT You see, he insults everybody....

TYLTYL Yes, he is unbearable and one can't hear one's self speak.... Mr. Ivy, will you chain him up, please?...

THE IVY (timorously going up to the DOG) Won't he bite?...

THE DOG (growling) On the contrary, on the contrary!... He's going to kiss you!... Just wait and see!... Come along, come along, you old ball of twine, you!...

TYLTYL (threatening him with his stick) Tylô!...

THE DOG (cringing at TYLTYL'S feet and wagging his tail) What am I to do, my little god?

TYLTYL Lie down flat!... Obey the Ivy.... Let him bind you, or....

THE DOG (growling between his teeth, while the IVY binds him) Ball of twine I... Hunk of yarn!... Hangman's rope I... Calves' leash!... Look, my little god I ... He's cutting my paws!... He's choking me!...

TYLTYL I don't care!... It's your own fault.... Hold your tongue; be quiet; you're unbearable!...

THE DOG You're wrong, for all that.... They mean mischief.... Take care, my little god!... He's closing my mouth!... I can't speak!...

THE IVY (who has tied up the DOG like a parcel) Where shall we put him?... I've muzzled him finely.... He can't utter a word....

THE OAK Fasten him tight down there behind my trunk; to my big root.... We will decide later what had best be done with him....

(The IVY and the POPLAR carry the DOG behind the OAK'S trunk.)

THE OAK Is that done?... Well, now that we are rid of this inconvenient witness, of this renegade, let us deliberate in accordance with justice and truth.... I will not conceal from you the deep and painful nature of my emotion.... This is the first time that it is given to us to judge Man and make him feel our power.... I do not think that, after the harm which he has done us, after the monstrous injustice which we have suffered, there can remain the least doubt as to the sentence that awaits him....

ALL THE TREES and ALL THE ANIMALS No! No! No!... No doubt at all!... Hanging!... Death!... The injustice has been too great!... The abuse too wicked!... It

has lasted too long!... Crush him!... Eat him!... At once!... Here and now!...

TYLTYL (to the CAT) What is the matter with them?... Are they displeased?...

THE CAT Don't be alarmed.... They are a little annoyed because Spring is late.... Leave it to me; I will settle it all....

THE OAK This unanimity was inevitable.... We must now decide, in order to avoid reprisals, which form of execution will be the most practical, the easiest, the quickest and the safest, which will leave the fewest accusing traces when Man finds the little bodies in the forest....

TYLTYL What is all this about?... What is he driving at?... I am getting tired of this.... He has got the Blue Bird; let him hand it over....

THE BULL (coming forward) The most practical and the surest way is a good butt with the horns in the pit of the stomach.... Shall I go at him?...

THE OAK Who speaks?...

THE CAT It's the Bull.

THE COW It would be better to keep quiet.... I won't meddle with it.... I have all the grass to browse in the field which you can see down there in the blue light of the moon.... I have quite enough to do....

THE OX I also.... However, I agree to everything beforehand....

THE BEECH I can offer my highest branch to hang them on....

THE IVY And I the slip-knot....

THE FIR-TREE And I the four planks for their little coffin....

THE CYPRESS And I a perpetual grant of a tomb....

THE WILLOW The simplest way would be to drown them in one of my rivers.... I will take charge of that....

THE LIME-TREE (in a conciliatory tone) Come, come.... Is it really necessary to go

to such extremities?... They are very young.... We could quite simply prevent them from doing any harm by keeping them prisoners in an enclosure which I will undertake to form by planting myself all around....

THE OAK Who speaks?... I seem to recognise the honeyed accents of the Lime-tree....

THE FIR-TREE Yes, it's he....

THE OAK So there is a renegade among us, as among the Animals?... Hitherto we have only had to deplore the disloyalty of the Fruit-trees; but they are not real trees....

THE PIG (rolling his small eyes gluttonously) I think we should first eat the little girl.... She ought to be very tender....

TYLTYL What's he saying?... Just wait a bit, you...

THE CAT I don't know what is the matter with them; but things are beginning to look badly....

THE OAK Silence!... What we have to decide is which of us shall have the honour of striking the first blow, who shall ward off from, our tops the greatest danger that has threatened us since the birth of Man....

THE FIR-TREE That honour falls to you, our king and our patriarch....

THE OAK Is that the Fir-tree speaking?... Alas, I am too old!... I am blind and infirm and my numbed arms no longer obey me.... No, to you, brother, ever green, ever upright, to you, who have witnessed the birth of most of these trees, to you be the glory, in default of myself, of the noble act of our deliverance....

THE FIR-TREE I thank you, venerable father.... But as I shall, in any case, have the honour of burying the two victims, I should be afraid of arousing the just jealousy of my colleagues; and I think that, next to ourselves, the oldest and the worthiest and the one that owns the best club is the Beech....

THE BEECH You know I am worm-eaten and my club is no longer to be relied upon.... But the Elm and the Cypress have powerful weapons....

THE ELM I should be only too pleased; but I can hardly stand upright.... A mole twisted my great toe last night....

THE CYPRESS As for me, I am ready.... But, like my brother, the Fir-tree, I shall have, if not the privilege of burying them, at least the advantage of weeping over their tomb.... It would be an unlawful plurality of offices.... Ask the Poplar....

THE POPLAR Me?... Are you serious?... Why, my wood is more tender than the flesh of a child!... And, besides, I don't know what's the matter with me.... I am shivering with fever.... Just look at my leaves.... I must have caught cold at sunrise this morning....

THE OAK (bursting out with indignation) You are afraid of Man!... Even those unprotected and unarmed little children inspire you with the mysterious terror which has always made us the slaves that we are!... Enough of this! Things being as they are and the opportunity unequalled, I shall go forth alone, old, crippled, trembling, blind as I am, against the hereditary enemy!... Where is he?...

(Groping with his stick, he moves towards TYLTYL.)

TYLTYL (taking his knife from his pocket) Is it me he's after, that old one, with his big stick?...

ALL THE TREES (uttering a cry of alarm at the sight of the knife, they step in between and hold back the OAK) The knife!... Take care!... The knife!...

THE OAK (struggling) Let me be!... What does it matter?... The knife or the axe!... Who's holding me back?... What! Are you all here?... What! You all want to.... (Flinging down his stick) Well, so be it!... Shame upon us!... Let the Animals deliver us!...

THE BULL That's right!... I'll see to It!... And with one blow of the horns!...

THE OX and THE COW (holding him back by the tail) What are you doing?... Don't be a fool!... It's a bad business!... It will end badly.... It is we who will pay for it.... Do let be.... It's the wild animals' business....

THE BULL No, no!... It's my business!... Wait and see!... Look here, hold me back or there will be an accident!...

TYLTYL (to MYTYL, who is uttering piercing screams) Don't be afraid!... Stand behind me.... I have my knife....

THE COCK He has plenty of pluck, the little chap!...

TYLTYL So you've made up your minds, it's me you're going for?...

THE ASS Why, of course, my little man; you've taken long enough to see it!...

THE PIG You can say your prayers; your last hour has come.... But don't hide the little girl.... I want to feast my eyes on her.... I'm going to eat her first....

TYLTYL What have I done to you?...

THE SHEEP Nothing at all, my little man.... Eaten my little brother, my two sisters, my three uncles, my aunt, my grandpapa and my grandmamma.... Wait, wait, when you're down, you shall see that I have teeth also....

THE ASS And I hoofs!...

THE HORSE (haughtily pawing the ground) You shall see what you shall see!... Would you rather that I tore you with my teeth or knocked you down with a kick?... (He moves ostentatiously towards TYLTYL, who faces him and raises his knife. Suddenly the HORSE, seized with panic, turns and rushes away.) Ah, no!... That's not fair!... That's against the rules!.... He's defending himself!...

THE COCK (unable to hide his admiration) I don't care, the little chap's full of grit!...

THE PIG (to the BEAR and the WOLF) Let us all rush on them together.... I will support you from the rear.... We will throw them down and share the little girl when

she is on the ground....

THE WOLF Divert their attention in front.... I am going to make a turning movement....

(He goes round TYLTYL, whom he attacks from behind and half overthrows.)

TYLTYL You brute!... (He raises himself on one knee brandishing his knife and doing his best to cover his little sister, who utters yells of distress. Seeing him half overturned, all the ANIMALS and TREES come up and try to hit him. TYLTYL calls distractedly for assistance.) Help! Help!... Tylô! Tylô!... Where is the Cat?... Tylô!... Tylette! Tylette!... Come! Come!...

THE CAT (hypocritically, holding aloof) I can't come.... I have sprained my paw....

TYLTYL (warding of the blows and defending himself as best he can) Help!... Tylô! Tylô!... I can't hold out!... There are too many of them!... The Bear! The Pig! The Donkey! The Ass! The Fir-tree! The Beech!... Tylô! Tylô! Tylô!...

(Dragging his broken bonds after him, the DOG leaps from behind the trunk of the OAK and, elbowing his way through TREES and ANIMALS, flings himself before TYLTYL, whom he defends furiously.)

THE DOG (distributing great bites) Here! Here, my little god!... Don't be afraid! Have at them!... I know how to use my teeth!... Here, there's one for you, Bear, in your fat hams!... Now then, who wants some more?... Here, that's for the Pig and that's for the Horse and that's for the Bull's tail!... There, I've torn the Beech's trousers and the Oak's petticoat!... The Fir-tree's making tracks!... Whew, it's warm work!...

TYLTYL (overcome) I'm done for!... The Cypress has caught me a great blow on the head....

THE DOG Ow!... That's the Willow!... He's broken my paw!...

TYLTYL They're coming back, they're charging down upon us, all together!... This

time, it's the Wolf!...

THE DOG Wait till I give him one for himself!...

THE WOLF Fool!... Our brother!... His father drowned your seven puppies!...

THE DOG Quite right!... And a good thing too!... It was because they looked like you!...

ALL THE TREES AND ANIMALS Renegade!... Idiot!... Traitor!... Felon!... Simpleton!... Judas!... Leave him!... He's a dead man!... Come over to us!...

THE DOG (drunk with ardour and devotion) Never! Never!... I alone against all of you!... Never! Never!... True to the gods, to the best, to the greatest!... (To TYLTYL) Take care, here's the Bear!... Beware of the Bull!... I'll jump at his throat.... Ow!... That's a kick.... The Ass has broken two of my teeth....

TYLTYL I'm done for, Tylô!... Ah!... That was a blow from the Elm.... Look, my hand's bleeding.... That's the Wolf or the Pig....

THE DOG Wait, my little god.... Let me kiss you.... There, a good lick.... That will do you good.... Keep behind me.... They dare not come again.... Yes, though.... Here they are coming back!... This time, it's serious!.... We must stand firm!...

TYLTYL (dropping to the ground) No, I can hold out no longer!...

THE DOG (listening) They are coming!... I hear them, I scent them!...

TYLTYL Where?... Who?...

THE DOG There! There!... It's Light!... She has found us!... Saved, my little king!... Kiss me!... We are saved!... Look!... They're alarmed!... They're retreating!... They're afraid!...

TYLTYL Light!... Light!... Come quick!... Hurry!... They have rebelled!... They are all against us!...

Enter LIGHT. As she comes forward, the dawn rises over the forest, which becomes light.

LIGHT What is it?... What has happened?... But, my poor boy, didn't you know?... Turn the diamond!... They will return into silence and obscurity; and you will no longer perceive their hidden feelings....

(TYLTYL turns the diamond. Immediately, the souls of all the TREES rush back into the trunks, which close again. The souls of the ANIMALS also disappear; and a peaceful COW and SHEEP, etc., are seen browsing in the distance. The Forest becomes harmless once more, TYLTYL looks around him in amazement.)

TYLTYL Where are they?... What was the matter with them?... Were they mad?...

LIGHT No, they are always like that; but we do not know it because we do not see it.... I told you so before; it is dangerous to wake them when I am not there....

TYLTYL (wiping his knife) Well, but for the Dog and if I had not had my knife!... I would never have believed that they were so wicked!...

LIGHT You see that Man is all alone against all in this world....

THE DOG Are you very badly hurt, my little god?...

TYLTYL Nothing serious.... As for Mytyl, they have not touched her.... But you, my dear Tylô?... Your mouth is all over blood and your paw is broken!...

THE DOG It is not worth speaking of.... It won't show to-morrow.... But it was a tough fight!...

THE CAT (appearing from behind a thicket, limping) I should think so!... The Ox caught me a blow with his horns in the stomach.... You can't see the marks, but it's very painful.... And the Oak broke my paw....

THE DOG I should like to know which one....

MYTYL (stroking the CAT) My poor Tylette, did he really?.... Where were you?... I did not see you....

THE CAT (hypocritically) Mummy dear, I was wounded at the first, while attacking that horrid Pig, who wanted to eat you.... And then the Oak gave me a great blow

which struck me senseless....

THE DOG (to the CAT, between his teeth) As for you, I want a word with you presently.... It will keep!...

THE CAT (plaintively, to MYTYL) Mummy dear, he's insulting me.... He wants to hurt me....

MYTYL (to the DOG) Leave him alone, will you, you ugly beast?...

(They all go out.)

CURTAIN

ACT IV

SCENE 1.—Before the Curtain.

The curtain represents beautiful clouds

(Enter TYLTYL, MYTYL, LIGHT, the DOG, the CAT, BREAD, FIRE, SUGAR, WATER and MILK.)

LIGHT I believe we have the Blue Bird this time. I ought to have thought of it before. But the idea came to me, like a ray from the sky, this morning only, when I recovered my strengthen the dawn.... We are at the entrance to the enchanted palaces where all men's Joys, all men's Happinesses are gathered together in the charge of Fate.

TYLTYL Are there many of them? Shall we have any? Are they little?

LIGHT Some are little and some are great; some are coarse and some are delicate; some are very beautiful and others not so pleasant to look upon.... But the ugliest were expelled from the garden some time ago and took refuge with the Miseries. For we must not forget that the Miseries inhabit an adjoining cave, which communicates

with the Garden of Happiness and is separated from it only by a sort of vapour or fine veil, lifted at every moment by the winds that blow from the heights of Justice or from the depths of Eternity.... What we have now to do is to organise ourselves and take certain precautions. Generally, the Joys are very good; but, still, there are some of them that are more dangerous and treacherous than the greatest Miseries.

BREAD I have an idea! If they are dangerous and treacherous, would it not be better for us all to wait at the door, so that we may lend a hand to the children should they be obliged to fly?....

THE DOG Not at all! Not at all! I mean to go everywhere with my little gods! Let those who are afraid remain at the door! We have no need (looking at BREAD) of cowards (looking at the CAT) or traitors!...

FIRE I'm going!... I hear it's great fun!... They dance all the time....

BREAD Do they have any eating as well?

WATER (moaning) I have never known the smallest Happiness!... I should like to see some at last!....

LIGHT Hold your tongues! Who asked your opinions?... This is what I have decided: the Dog, Bread and Sugar shall go with the children. Water shall stay outside, because she is too cold, and Fire, because he is too turbulent. I strongly urge Milk to remain at the door, because he is so impressionable. As for the Cat, he can do as he likes.....

THE CAT I shall take the opportunity of calling on the chief Miseries of my acquaintance, who live next door to the Joys....

TYLTYL And you, Light? Aren't you coming?

LIGHT I cannot go into the Joys like this: most of them cannot endure me. But I have here the thick veil with which I cover myself when I visit happy people.... (She unfolds a long veil and wraps herself in it carefully.) Not a ray of my soul must

startle them, for there are many Happinesses that are afraid and are not happy.... There... like this, even the ugliest and coarsest of them will have nothing to fear....

(The curtain opens and discloses the next Scene)

SCENE 2.—The Palace of Happiness.

When the curtain of clouds opens, the stage represents, in the forefront of the palace, a sort of hall formed of tall marble columns, between which hang heavy purple draperies, supported by golden ropes and concealing all the background. The architecture suggests the most sensual and sumptuous moments of the Venetian or Flemish Renascence, as seen in the pictures of Veronese or Rubens, with garlands, horns of plenty, fringes, vases, statues, gildings, lavishly distributed on every side. In the middle stands a massive and marvellous table of jasper and silver-gilt, laden with candlesticks, glass, gold and silver plate and fabulous viands. Around the table, the biggest luxuries of the Earth sit eating, drinking, shouting, singing, tossing and lolling about or sleeping among the haunches of venison, the miraculous fruits, the overturned jars and ewers. They are enormously, incredibly fat and red in the face, covered with velvet and brocade, crowned with gold and pearls and precious stones. Beautiful female slaves incessantly bring decorated dishes and foaming beverages. Vulgar, blatantly hilarious music, in which the brasses predominate. The stage is bathed in a red and heavy light.

(TYLTYL, MYTYL, the DOG, BREAD and SUGAR are a little awestruck at first end crowd round LIGHT in the foreground, to the right. The CAT, without a word, walks to the background, also to the right, lifts a dark curtain and disappears.)

TYLTYL Who are those fat gentlemen enjoying themselves and eating such a lot of good things?

LIGHT They are the biggest Luxuries of the Earth, the ones that can be seen with the naked eye. It is possible, though not very likely, that the Blue Bird may have

strayed among them for a moment. That is why you must not turn the diamond yet. For form's sake, we will begin by searching this part of the hall.

TYLTYL Can we go up to them?

LIGHT Certainly. They are not ill-natured, although they are vulgar and usually rather ill-bred.

MYTYL What beautiful cakes they have!....

THE DOG And such game! And sausages! And legs of lamb and calves' liver!... There is nothing nicer or lovelier in the world than liver!...

BREAD Except quartern-loaves made of fine white flour! They have splendid ones!... How lovely they are! How lovely they are!...

SUGAR I beg your pardon, I beg your pardon, I beg a thousand pardons.... Allow me, allow me.... I would not like to hurt anybody's feelings; but are you not forgetting the sweetmeats, which form the glory of that table and which, if I may say so, surpass in grandeur and magnificence all that exists in this hall, or perhaps anywhere else?...

TYLTYL How pleased and happy they look!... And they are shouting! And laughing! And singing!... I believe they have seen us....

(A dozen of the biggest LUXURIES have risen from table and now, holding their stomachs in their hands, advance laboriously towards the CHILDREN.)

LIGHT Have no fear, they are very affable.... They will probably invite you to dinner.... Do not accept, do not accept anything, lest you should forget your mission....

TYLTYL What? Not even a tiny cake? They look so good, so fresh, so well iced with sugar, covered with candied fruits and brimming over with cream!...

LIGHT They are dangerous and would break your will. A man should know how to sacrifice something to the duty he is performing. Refuse politely, but firmly.

THE BIGGEST OF THE LUXURIES (holding out his hand to TYLTYL) How do you do, Tyltyl?...

TYLTYL (surprised) Why, do you know me?... Who are you?...

THE LUXURY I am the biggest of the Luxuries, the Luxury of Being Rich; and I come, in the name of my brothers, to beg you and your family to honour our endless repast with your presence. You will find yourself surrounded by all that is best among the real, big Luxuries of this Earth. Allow me to introduce to you the chief of them. Here is my son-in-law, the Luxury of Being a Landowner, who has a stomach shaped like a pear. This is the Luxury of Satisfied Vanity, who has such a nice, puffy face, (The LUXURY OF SATISFIED VANITY gives a patronising nod.) These are the Luxury of Drinking when you are not Thirsty and the Luxury of Eating when you are not Hungry: they are twins and their legs are made of macaroni. (They bow, staggering.) Here are the Luxury of Knowing Nothing, who is as deaf as a post, and the Luxury of Understanding Nothing, who is as blind as a bat. Here are the Luxury of Doing Nothing and the Luxury of Sleeping more than Necessary: their hands are made of bread-crumb and their eyes of peach-jelly. Lastly, here is Fat Laughter: his mouth is split from ear to ear and he is irresistible....

(FAT LAUGHTER bows, writhing and holding his sides.)

TYLTYL (pointing to a LUXURY who is standing a little on one side) And who is that one, who dares not come up to us and who is turning his back?...

THE LUXURY OF BEING RICH Do not ask about him: he is a little awkward and is not fit to be introduced to children.... (Seizing TYLTYL'S hands) But come along! They are beginning the banquet all over again.... It is the twelfth time since this morning. We are only waiting for you.... Do you hear all the revellers calling and shouting for you?... I cannot introduce you to all of them, there are so many of them.... (Offering his arm to the two children) Allow me to lead you to the two seats of honour....

TYLTYL No, thank you very much, Mr. Luxury.... I am so sorry.... I can't come for the moment.... We are in a great hurry, we are looking for the Blue Bird. You don't happen to know, I suppose, where he is hiding?

THE LUXURY The Blue Bird?... Wait a bit.... Yes, I remember.... Some one was telling me about him the other day.... He is a bird, that is not good to eat, I believe.... At any rate, he has never figured on our table.... That means that we have a poor opinion of him. But don't trouble; we have much better things.... You shall share our life, you shall see all that we do....

TYLTYL What do you do?

THE LUXURY Why, we occupy ourselves incessantly in doing nothing.... We never have a moment's rest.... We have to drink, we have to eat, we have to sleep. It's most engrossing....

TYLTYL Is it amusing?

THE LUXURY Why, yes.... It needs must be; it's all there is on this Earth....

LIGHT Do you think so?...

THE LUXURY (pointing to LIGHT, aside, to TYLTYL) Who is that ill-bred young person?...

(During the whole of the preceding conversation a crowd of LUXURIES of the second order have been busying themselves with the DOG, SUGAR and BREAD and have dragged them to the orgie. TYLTYL suddenly sees them seated fraternally at the table with their hosts, eating, drinking and flinging themselves about wildly.)

TYLTYL Why, look, Light!... They are sitting at the table!...

LIGHT Call them back, or this will have a bad end!...

TYLTYL Tylô!... Here, Tylô!... Come here at once, will you? Do you hear?... And you too, Sugar and Bread, who told you to leave me?... What are you doing there, without permission?

BREAD (speaking with his mouth full) Can't you keep a civil tongue in your mouth?...

TYLTYL What? Is Bread daring to be impertinent?... Why, what's come over you?... And you, Tylô?... Is that the way you obey? Now then, come here, on your knees, on your knees!... And look sharp!...

THE DOG (muttering, from the end of the table) When I'm eating, I'm at home to nobody and I hear nothing....

SUGAR (honey-mouthed) Pardon us, we could not possibly leave such charming hosts so abruptly: they would be offended....

THE LUXURY You see!... They are setting you an example.... Come, we are waiting for you.... We won't hear of a refusal.... We shall have to resort to a gentle violence.... Come, you Luxuries, help me!... Let us push them to the table by force, so that they may be happy in spite of themselves!... (All the LUXURIES, uttering cries of joy and skipping about as nimbly as they are able, drag the CHILDREN, who struggle, while FAT LAUGHTER seizes LIGHT vigorously round the waist.)

LIGHT Turn the diamond, it is time!...

(TYLTYL obeys LIGHT'S order. Forthwith, the stage is lit up with an ineffably pure, divinely roseate, harmonious and ethereal brightness. The heavy ornaments in the foreground, the thick red hangings become unfastened and disappear, revealing an immense and magnificent hall, a sort of cathedral of gladness and serenity, tall, innocent and almost transparent, whose endless fabric rests upon innumerous long and slender, limpid and blissful columns, suggesting the architecture of the Palladian churches or certain drawings by Carpaccio, notably the "Presentation of the Virgin" in the Uffizi Gallery. The table of the orgie melts away without leaving a trace; the velvets, the brocades, the garlands of the LUXURIES rise before the luminous gust that invades the temple tear asunder and fall, together with the grinning masks, at the feet of the astounded revellers. These become visibly deflated, like burst bladders,

exchange glances, blink their eyes in the unknown rays that hurt them; and, seeing themselves at last as they really are, that is to say, naked, hideous, flabby and lamentable, they begin to utter yells of shame and dismay, amid which those of FAT LAUGHTER are clearly distinguishable above all the rest. The LUXURY OF UNDERSTANDING NOTHING alone remains perfectly calm, while his friends rush about madly, trying to flee, to hide themselves in corners which they hope to find dark. But there is not a shadow left in the dazzling room. And so the majority, in their despair, decide to pass through the threatening curtain which, in an angle on the right, closes the vault of the Cave of Miseries. Each time that one of them, in his panic, raises a skirt of the curtain, a storm of oaths, imprecations and maledictions is heard to issue from the hollow depths of the cave. As for the DOG, BREAD and SUGAR, they hang their heads, join the group of the CHILDREN and hide behind them very sheepishly.)

TYLTYL (watching the LUXURIES flying) Goodness, how ugly they are!... Where are they going?...

LIGHT I really believe that they have lost their heads.... They are going to take refuge with the Miseries, where I very much fear that they will be kept for good....

TYLTYL (looking around him, wonder-struck) Oh, what a beautiful hall, what a beautiful hall!... Where are we?...

LIGHT We have not moved: it is your eyes that see differently.... We now behold the truth of things; and we shall perceive the soul of the Joys that endure the brightness of the diamond.

TYLTYL How beautiful it is!... And what lovely weather!... It is just like midsummer.... Hullo! It looks as though people were coming to talk to us....

(The halls begin to fill with angel forms that seem to be emerging from a long slumber and glide harmoniously between the columns. They are clad in shimmering dresses, of soft and subtle shades; rose-awakening, water's-smile, amber-dew,

blue-of-dawn, etc.)

LIGHT Here come some amiable and curious Joys who will direct us....

TYLTYL Do you know them?...

LIGHT Yes, I know them all; I often come to them, without their knowing who I am....

TYLTYL Oh, what a lot of them there are!... They are crowding from every side!

LIGHT There were many more of them once. The Luxuries have done them great harm.

TYLTYL No matter, there are a good few of them left....

LIGHT You will see plenty of others, as the influence of the diamond spreads through the halls.... There are many more Happinesses on Earth than people think; but the generality of men do not discover them....

TYLTYL Here are some little ones: let us run and meet them....

LIGHT It is unnecessary: those which interest us will pass this way. We have no time to make the acquaintance of all the rest....

(A troop of little HAPPINESSES, frisking and bursting with laughter, run up from the back of the halls and dance round the CHILDREN in a ring.)

TYLTYL How pretty, how very pretty they are!... Where do they come from, who are they?...

LIGHT They are the Children's Happinesses....

TYLTYL Can one speak to them?

LIGHT It would be no use. They sing, they dance, they laugh, but they do not talk yet....

TYLTYL (skipping about) How do you do? How do you do?... Oh, look at that fat one laughing!... What pretty cheeks they have, what pretty frocks they have!... Are

they all rich here?...

LIGHT Why, no, here, as everywhere, there are many more poor than rich....

TYLTYL Where are the poor ones?...

LIGHT You can't distinguish them.... A Child's Happiness is always arrayed in all that is most beautiful in Heaven and upon Earth.

TYLTYL (unable to restrain himself) I should like to dance with them....

LIGHT It is absolutely impossible, we have no time.... I see that they have not the Blue Bird.... Besides, they are in a hurry: you see, they have already passed.... They too have no time to waste, for childhood is very short....

(Another troop of HAPPINESSES, a little taller than the last, rush into the hall, singing at the top of their voice, "There they are! There they are! They see us! They see us!" and, dance a merry fling around the CHILDREN, at the end of which the one who appears to be the chief of the little band goes up to TYLTYL with hand outstretched.)

THE HAPPINESS How do you do, Tyltyl?...

TYLTYL Another one who knows me!... (To LIGHT) I am getting known wherever I go!... (To the HAPPINESS) Who are you?...

THE HAPPINESS Don't you recognise me?... I'll wager that you don't recognise any one here!

TYLTYL (a little embarrassed) Why, no.... I don't know.... I don't remember seeing any of you.

THE HAPPINESS There, do you hear?... I was sure of it!... He has never seen us!...

(All the other HAPPINESSES burst out laughing) Why, my dear Tyltyl, we are the only things you do know!... We are always around you!... We eat, drink, wake up, breathe and live with you!...

TYLTYL Oh, yes, just so, I know, I remember.... But I should like to know what

your names are....

THE HAPPINESS I can see that you know nothing.... I am the chief of the Happinesses of your home; and all these are the other Happinesses that live there....

TYLTYL Then there are Happinesses in my home?

(All the HAPPINESSES burst out laughing.)

THE HAPPINESS You heard him!... Are there Happinesses in his home!... Why, you little wretch, it is crammed with Happinesses in every nook and cranny!... We laugh, we sing, we create enough joy to knock down the walls and lift the roof; but, do what we may, you see nothing and you hear nothing.... I hope that, in future, you will be a little more sensible.... Meantime, you shall shake hands with the more noteworthy of us.... Then, when you reach home again, you will recognise them more easily and, at the end of a fine day, you will know how to encourage them with a smile, to thank them with a pleasant word, for they really do all they can to make your life easy and delightful.... Let me introduce myself first: the Happiness of Being Well, at your service.... I am not the prettiest, but I am the most important. Will you know me again?... This is the Happiness of Pure Air, who is almost transparent.... Here is the Happiness of Loving one's Parents, who is clad in grey and always a little sad, because no one ever looks at him.... Here are the Happiness of the Blue Sky, who, of course, is dressed in blue, and the Happiness of the Forest, who, also of course, is clad in green: you will see him every time you go to the window.... Here, again, is the good Happiness of Sunny Hours, who is diamond-coloured, and this is the Happiness of Spring, who is bright emerald....

TYLTYL And are you as fine as that every day?

THE HAPPINESS OF BEING WELL Why, yes, it is Sunday every day, in every house, when people open their eyes.... And then, when evening comes, here is the Happiness of the Sunsets, who is grander than all the kings in the world and who is followed by the Happiness of Seeing the Stars Rise, who is gilded like a god of

old.... Then, when the weather breaks, here are the Happiness of the Rain, who is covered with pearls, and the Happiness of the Winter Fire, who opens his beautiful purple mantle to frozen hands.... And I have not mentioned the best among us, because he is nearly a brother of the great limpid Joys whom you will see presently: his name is the Happiness of Innocent Thoughts, and he is the brightest of as all.... And then here are.... But really there are too many of them!... We should never have done; and I must first send word to the Great Joys, who are right at the back, near the gates of Heaven, and who have not yet heard of your arrival.... I will send the Happiness of Running Barefoot in the Dew, who is the nimblest of us.... (To the HAPPINESS OF RUNNING BAREFOOT IN THE DEW, who comes forward capering) Off you go!...

LIGHT (to TYLTYL) In the meantime, you might enquire about the Blue Bird. It is just possible that the chief Happiness of your home knows where he is....

TYLTYL Where Is he?...

THE HAPPINESS He doesn't know where the Blue Bird is!... (All the HAPPINESSES OF THE HOME burst out laughing.)

TYLTYL (vexed) No, I do not know.... There's nothing to laugh at.... (Fresh bursts of laughter.)

THE HAPPINESS Come, don't be angry... and let us be serious.... He doesn't know: well, what do you expect? He is no more absurd than the majority of men.... But little Happiness of Running Barefoot in the Dew has told the Great Joys and they are coming towards us....

(Tall and beautiful angelic figures, clad in shimmering dresses, come slowly forward.)

TYLTYL How beautiful they are!... Why are they not laughing?... Are they not happy?...

LIGHT It is not when one laughs that one is really happy....

TYLTYL Who are they?...

THE HAPPINESS They are the Great Joys....

TYLTYL Do you know their names?...

THE HAPPINESS Of course; we often play with them.... Here, first of all, before the others, is the Great Joy of Being Just, who smiles each time an injustice is repaired. I am too young: I have never seen her smile yet. Behind her is the Joy of Being Good, who is the happiest, but the saddest; and it is very difficult to keep her from going to the Miseries, whom she would like to console; for, if she left us, we should be almost as miserable as the Miseries themselves. On the right is the Joy of Fame, next to the Joy of Thinking. After her comes the Joy of Understanding, who is always looking for her brother, the Luxury of Understanding Nothing....

TYLTYL But I have seen her brother!... He went to the Miseries with the Big Luxuries....

THE HAPPINESS I was certain of it.... He has turned out badly; keeping evil company has corrupted him entirely.... But do not speak of it to his sister. She would want to go and look for him and we should lose one of our most beautiful Joys.... Here, among the greatest Joys, is the Joy of Seeing what is Beautiful, who daily adds a few rays to the light that reigns amongst us....

TYLTYL And there, far away, far away, in the golden clouds, the one whom I can hardly see when I stand as high as I can on tip-toe?...

THE HAPPINESS That is the Great Joy of Loving.... But, do what you will, you are ever so much too small to see her altogether....

TYLTYL And over there, right at the back, those who are veiled and who do not come near?...

THE HAPPINESS Those are the Joys whom men do not yet know....

TYLTYL What do the others want with us?... Why are they standing aside?...

THE HAPPINESS It is before a new Joy who is arriving, perhaps the purest that we have here....

TYLTYL Who is it?

THE HAPPINESS Don't you recognise her yet?... But take a better look at her, open your two eyes down to the very heart of your soul!... She has seen you, she has seen you!... She runs up to you, holding out her arms!... It is your mother's Joy, it is the peerless Joy of Maternal Love!...

(The other JOYS, who have run up from every side, acclaim the JOY OF MATERNAL LOVE with their cheers and then fall back before her in silence.)

THE JOY OF MATERNAL LOVE Tyltyl! And Mytyl!... What, do I find you here?... I never expected it!... I was very lonely at home; and here are you two climbing to that Heaven where the souls of all mothers beam with joy!... But first kisses, heaps and heaps of kisses!... Into my arms, the two of you; there is nothing on earth that gives greater happiness!... Tyltyl, aren't you laughing?... Nor you either, Mytyl?... Don't you know your mother's love when you see it?... Why, look at me: are these not my eyes, my lips, my arms?...

TYLTYL Yes, yes, I recognise them, but I did not know.... You are like Mummy, but you are much prettier....

MATERNAL LOVE Why, of course, I have stopped growing old.... And every day brings me fresh strength and youth and happiness.... Each of your smiles makes me younger by a year.... At home, that does not show; but here everything is seen and it is the truth....

TYLTYL (wonder-struck, gazing at her and kissing her by turns) And that beautiful dress of yours: what is it made of?... Is it silk, silver or pearls?...

MATERNAL LOVE No, it is made of kisses and caresses and loving looks.... Each kiss you give me adds a ray of moon-light or sunshine to it....

TYLTYL How funny, I should never have thought that you were so rich!... Where used you to hide it?... Was it in the cupboard of which Daddy has the key?...

MATERNAL LOVE No, no, I always wear it, but people do not see it, because people see nothing when their eyes are closed.... All mothers are rich when they love their children.... There are no poor mothers, no ugly ones, no old ones. Their love is always the most beautiful of the Joys.... And, when they seem most sad, it needs but a kiss which they receive or give to turn all their tears into stars in the depths of their eyes....

TYLTYL (looking at her with astonishment) Why, yes, it's true, your eyes are filled with stars.... And they are really your eyes, only they are much more beautiful.... And this is your hand too, with the little ring on it.... It even has the burn which you gave it one evening when lighting the lamp.... But it is much whiter; and how delicate the skin is!... There seems to be light flowing through it.... Doesn't it do any work like the one at home?...

MATERNAL LOVE Why yes, it is the very same: did you never see that it becomes quite white and fills with light the moment it fondles you?...

TYLTYL It's wonderful, Mummy: you have the same voice also; but you speak much better than you do at home....

MATERNAL LOVE At home, one has too much to do and there is no time.... But what one does not say one hears all the same.... Now that you have seen me, will you know me again, in my torn dress, when you go back to the cottage tomorrow?...

TYLTYL I don't want to go back.... As you are here, I want to stay also, as long as you remain....

MATERNAL LOVE But it's just the same thing: I am down below, we are all down below.... You have come up here only to realise and to learn, once and for all, how to see me when you see me down below.... Do you understand, Tyltyl dear?... You believe yourself in Heaven; but Heaven is wherever you and I kiss each other....

There are not two mothers; and you have no other.... Every child has only one; and it is always the same one and always the most beautiful; but you have to know her and to know how to look.... But how did you manage to come up here and to find a road for which men have been seeking ever since they began to dwell upon the Earth?...

TYLTYL (pointing to LIGHT, who, discreetly, has drawn a little to one side) She brought me....

MATERNAL LOVE Who is she?...

TYLTYL Light....

MATERNAL LOVE I have never seen her.... I was told that she was very fond of you both and very kind.... But why does she hide herself?... Does she never show her face?...

TYLTYL Oh, yes, but she is afraid that the Joys might be frightened if they saw too clearly....

MATERNAL LOVE But doesn't she know that we are waiting only for her! (Calling the other GREAT JOYS) Come, come, sisters! Come quickly, all of you! Light has come to visit us at last!...

(A stir among the GREAT JOYS, who draw nearer, with cries of "Light is here!... Light! Light!...")

THE JOY OF UNDERSTANDING (thrusting all the others aside, to come and embrace LIGHT) You are Light and we did not know it!... And we have been waiting for you for years and years and years!... Do you recognise me?... I am the Joy of Understanding, who have been seeking you for so long!... We are very happy, but we cannot see beyond ourselves....

THE JOY OF BEING JUST (embracing LIGHT in her turn) Do you recognise me?... I am the Joy of Being Just, who have besought you so long.... We are very happy, but we cannot see beyond our shadows.

THE JOY OF SEEING WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL (also embracing LIGHT) Do you recognise me?... I am the Joy of Seeing what is Beautiful, who have loved you so dearly.... We are very happy, but we cannot see beyond our dreams....

THE JOY OF UNDERSTANDING Come, sister, come, do not keep us waiting any longer.... We are strong enough, we are pure enough.... Put aside those veils which still conceal from us the last truths and the last happinesses.... See, all my sisters are kneeling at your feet.... You are our queen and our reward.

LIGHT (drawing her veils closer) Sisters, my beautiful sisters, I am obeying my Master.... The hour is not yet come; it will strike, perhaps, and I shall return without fear and without shadow.... Farewell, rise and let us kiss once more, like sisters lost and found, while waiting for the day that will soon appear....

MATERNAL LOVE (embracing LIGHT) You have been very good to my poor little ones....

LIGHT I shall always be good to those who love one another....

THE JOY OF UNDERSTANDING (going up to LIGHT) Let the last kiss be laid upon my forehead....

(They exchange a long kiss; and, when they separate and raise their heads, tears are seen to stand in their eyes.)

TYLTYL (surprised) Why are you crying?... (Looking at the other JOYS) I say! You're crying too!... But why have all of you tears in your eyes?...

LIGHT Hush, dear....

CURTAIN

ACT V

SCENE I.—Before the Curtain.

Enter TYLTYL, MYTYL, LIGHT, the DOG, the CAT, BREAD, FIRE, SUGAR, WATER and MILK.

LIGHT I have received a note from the Fairy Bérylune telling me that the Blue Bird is probably here.

TYLTYL Where?...

LIGHT Here, in the graveyard behind that wall.... It appears that one of the dead in the graveyard is hiding it in his tomb.... We must find out which one it is.... We shall have to pass them under review....

TYLTYL Under review?... How is that done?...

LIGHT It is very simple: at midnight, so as not to disturb them too greatly, you will turn the diamond. We shall see them come out of the ground; or else we shall see those who do not come out lying in their tombs....

TYLTYL Will they not be angry?...

LIGHT Not at all; they will not even know.... They do not like being disturbed, but, as it is their custom, in any case, to come out at midnight, that will not inconvenience them....

TYLTYL Why are Bread, Sugar and Milk so pale and why do they say nothing?...

MILK (staggering) I feel I am going to turn....

LIGHT (aside to TYLTYL) Do not mind them.... They are afraid of the dead....

FIRE (frisking about) I'm not afraid of them!... I am used to burning them.... Time was when I burnt them all; that was much more amusing than nowadays ...

TYLTYL And why Is Tylô trembling?... Is he afraid, too?...

THE DOG I?... I'm not trembling!... I am never afraid; but if you went away, I should go too....

TYLTYL And has the Cat nothing to say?...

THE CAT (mysteriously) I know what's what....

TYLTYL (to LIGHT) Are you coming with us?...

LIGHT No; it is better that I should remain at the gate of the graveyard with the Things and the Animals.... Some of them would be too frightened and I fear that the others would misbehave.... Fire, in particular, would want to burn the dead, as of old; and that is no longer done.... I shall leave you alone with Mytyl....

TYLTYL And may not Tylô stay with us?...

THE DOG Yes, yes, I shall stay; I shall stay here I... I want to stay with my little god!...

LIGHT It is impossible.... The Fairy gave formal orders; besides, there is nothing to fear....

THE DOG Very well, very well, it makes no difference. If they are vicious, my little god, all you have to do Is this ... (he whistles) and you shall see.... It will be just as in the forest: Wow! Wow! Wow!...

LIGHT Come, good-bye, dear children ... I shall not be far away.... (She kisses the CHILDREN.) Those who love me and whom I love always find me again.... (To the THINGS and the ANIMALS) This way, all of you....

(She goes out with the THINGS and the ANIMALS. The CHILDREN remain alone in the middle of the stage. The curtain, opens and discloses the next scene.)

SCENE 2.—The Graveyard.

It is night. The moon is shining on a country graveyard.. Numerous tombstones, grassy mounds, wooden crosses, stone slabs, etc. TYLTYL and MYTYL are standing by a short stone pillar.

MYTYL I am frightened!...

TYLTYL (not too much at his ease) I am never frightened....

MYTYL I say, are the dead wicked?...

TYLTYL Why, no, they're not alive!...

MYTYL Have you ever seen one?...

TYLTYL Yes, once, long ago, when I was very young....

MYTYL What was it like, say?...

TYLTYL Quite white, very still and very cold and it didn't talk....

MYTYL Are we going to see them, say?...

TYLTYL Why, of course, Light said so....

MYTYL Where are they?...

TYLTYL Here, under the grass or under those big stones....

MYTYL Are they there all the year round?...

TYLTYL Yes.

MYTYL (pointing to the slabs) Are those the doors of their houses?...

TYLTYL Yes.

MYTYL Do they go out when it's fine?...

TYLTYL They can only go out at night....

MYTYL Why?...

TYLTYL Because they are in their shirts....

MYTYL Do they go out also when it rains?...

TYLTYL When it rains, they stay at home....

MYTYL Is it nice in their homes, say?...

TYLTYL They say it's very cramped....

MYTYL Have they any little children?...

TYLTYL Why, yes; they have all those that die....

MYTYL And what do they live on?...

TYLTYL They eat roots....

MYTYL Shall we see them?...

TYLTYL Of course; we see everything when I turn the diamond.

MYTYL And what will they say?...

TYLTYL They will say nothing, as they don't talk....

MYTYL Why don't they talk?...

TYLTYL Because they have nothing to say....

MYTYL Why have they nothing to say?...

TYLTYL You're a nuisance....

(A pause)

MYTYL When will you turn the diamond?

TYLTYL You heard Light say that I was to wait until midnight, because that disturbs them less....

MYTYL Why does that disturb them less?...

TYLTYL Because that is when they go out to take the air....

MYTYL Is it not midnight yet?...

TYLTYL Do you see the church clock?...

MYTYL Yes, I can even see the small hand....

TYLTYL Well, midnight is just going to strike.... There!... Do you hear?...

(The clock strikes twelve)

MYTYL I want to go away!...

TYLTYL Not now.... I am going to turn the diamond....

MYTYL No, no!... Don't!... I want to go away!... I am so frightened, little brother!... I am terribly frightened!...

TYLTYL But there is no danger....

MYTYL I don't want to see the dead!... I don't want to see them!...

TYLTYL Very well, you shall not see them; shut your eyes....

MYTYL (clinging to TYLTYL'S clothes) Tyltyl, I can't stay!... No, I can't possibly!... They are going to come out of the ground!...

TYLTYL Don't tremble like that.... They will only come out for a moment....

MYTYL But you're trembling, too!... They will be awful!...

TYLTYL It is time, the hour is passing....

(TYLTYL turns the diamond. A terrifying minute of silence and motionlessness elapses, after which, slowly, the crosses totter, the mounds open, the slabs rise up....)

MYTYL (cowering against TYLTYL) They are coming out!... They are there!...

(Then, from all the gaping tombs, there rises gradually an efflorescence at first frail and timid, like steam; then white and virginal and more and more tufty, more and more tall and plentiful and marvellous. Little by little, irresistibly, invading all things, it transforms the graveyard into a sort of fairy-like and nuptial garden, over which rise the first rays of the dawn. The dew glitters, the flowers open their blooms, the wind murmurs in the leaves, the bees hum, the birds wake and flood the air with the first raptures of their hymns to the sun and to life. Stunned and dazzled, TYLTYL and MYTYL, holding each other by the hand, take a few steps among the flowers while they seek for the trace of the tombs.)

MYTYL (looking in the grass) Where are the dead?....

TYLTYL (looking also) There are no dead....

CURTAIN

SCENE 3.—The Kingdom of the Future.

The immense halls of the Azure Palace, where the children wait that are yet to be born. Infinite perspectives of sapphire columns supporting turquoise vaults. Everything, from the light and the lapis-lazuli flagstones to the shimmering background into which the last arches run and disappear, everything, down to the smallest objects, is of an unreal, intense, fairy-like blue. Only the plinths and capitals of the columns, the key-stones, a few seats and circular benches are of white marble or alabaster. To the right, between the columns, are great opalescent doors. These doors, which TIME will throw back towards the end of the scene, open upon actual life and the quays of the Dawn. Everywhere, harmoniously peopling the hall, is a crowd of CHILDREN robed in long azure garments. Some are playing, others strolling to and fro, others talking or dreaming; many are asleep, many also are working, between the colonnades, at future inventions; and their tools, their instruments, the apparatus which they are constructing, the plants, flowers and fruit which they are cultivating or plucking are of the same supernatural and luminous blue as the general atmosphere of the Palace. Figures of a taller stature, clad in a paler and more diaphanous azure, figures of a sovereign and silent beauty move among the CHILDREN and would seem to be angels.

Enter on the left, as though by stealth, gliding between the columns in the foreground, TYLTYL, MYTYL and LIGHT. Their arrival causes a certain movement among the BLUE CHILDREN, who come running up on every hand, form a group around the unwonted visitors and gaze upon them with curiosity.

MYTYL Where are Sugar, the Cat and Bread?...

LIGHT They cannot enter here; they would know the future and would not obey....

TYLTYL And the Dog?...

LIGHT It is not well, either, that he should know what awaits him in the course of

the ages....I have locked them all up in the vaults of the church....

TYLTYL Where are we?...

LIGHT We are in the Kingdom of the Future, in the midst of the children who are not yet born. As the diamond allows us to see clearly in this region which is hidden from men, we shall very probably find the Blue Bird here....

TYLTYL Certainly the bird will be blue, since everything here is blue....(Looking all around him.) Heaven, how beautiful it all is!...

LIGHT Look at the children running up....

TYLTYL Are they angry?...

LIGHT Not at all....You can see, they are smiling, but they are surprised....

THE BLUE CHILDREN (running up in ever-increasing numbers) Live children!...Come and look at the little live children!...

TYLTYL Why do they call us the little live children?

LIGHT Because they themselves are not alive yet....

TYLTYL What are they doing, then?...

LIGHT They are awaiting the hour of their birth....

TYLTYL The hour of their birth?...

LIGHT Yes; it is from here that all the children come who are born upon our earth. Each awaits his day.... When the fathers and mothers want children, the great doors which you see there, on the right, are opened and the little ones go down....

TYLTYL What a, lot there are! What a lot there are!...

LIGHT There are many more.... We do not see them all.... There are thirty thousand halls like this, all full of them.... Just think, there are enough to last to the end of the world!... No one could count them....

TYLTYL And those tall blue persons, who are they?...

LIGHT No one exactly knows.... They are believed to be guardians.... I have heard that they will come upon earth after men.... But we are not allowed to ask them....

TYLTYL Why not?...

LIGHT Because it is the earth's secret....

TYLTYL And may one talk to the others, the little ones?...

LIGHT Certainly; you must make friends.... Look, there is one who is more curious than the rest.... Go up to him, speak to him....

TYLTYL What shall I say to him?...

LIGHT Whatever you like, as you would to a little playfellow....

TYLTYL Can I shake hands with him?...

LIGHT Of course, he won't hurt you.... But come, don't look so constrained.... I will leave you alone, you will be more at ease by yourselves.... Besides, I want to speak to the tall blue person....

TYLTYL (going up to the BLUE CHILD and holding out his hand) How do you do?... (Touching the CHILD'S blue dress with his finger.) What's that?...

THE CHILD (gravely touching TYLTYL'S hat) And that?...

TYLTYL That?... That is my hat.... Have you no hat?...

THE CHILD No; what is it for?...

TYLTYL It's to say How-do-you-do with.... And then for when it rains or when it's cold....

THE CHILD What does that mean, when it's cold?...

TYLTYL When you shiver like this: brrrr! brrrr!... When you blow into your hands and go like this with your arms....

(He vigorously beats his arms across his chest.)

THE CHILD Is it cold on earth?...

TYLTYL Yes, sometimes, in the winter, when there is no fire....

THE CHILD Why is there no fire?...

TYLTYL Because it's expensive and it costs money to buy wood....

THE CHILD What is money?...

TYLTYL It's what you pay with....

THE CHILD Oh....

TYLTYL Some people have money and others have none....

THE CHILD Why not?...

TYLTYL Because they are not rich.... Are you rich?... How old are you?...

THE CHILD I am going to be born soon.... I shall be born in twelve years.... Is it nice to be born?...

TYLTYL Oh, yes!... It's great fun!...

THE CHILD How did you manage?...

TYLTYL I can't remember.... It is so long ago!...

THE CHILD They say it's lovely, the earth and the live people!...

TYLTYL Yes, it's not bad.... There are birds and cakes and toys.... Some have them all; but those who have none can look at them....

THE CHILD They tell us that the mothers stand waiting at the door.... They are good, aren't they?...

TYLTYL Oh, yes!... They are better than anything in the world!... And the grannies too; but they die too soon....

THE CHILD They die?... What is that?...

TYLTYL They go away one evening and do not come back....

THE CHILD Why?...

TYLTYL How can one tell?... Perhaps because they feel sad....

THE CHILD Has yours gone?...

TYLTYL My grandmamma?...

THE CHILD Your mamma or your grandmamma, I don't know....

TYLTYL Oh, but it's not the same thing!... The grannies go first; that's sad enough.... Mine was very kind to me....

THE CHILD What is the matter with your eyes?.... Are they making pearls?...

TYLTYL No; it's not pearls....

THE CHILD What is it, then?...

TYLTYL It's nothing; it's all that blue, which dazzles me a little....

THE CHILD What is that called?...

TYLTYL What?...

THE CHILD There, that, falling down....

TYLTYL Nothing, it is a little water....

THE CHILD Does it come from the eyes?...

TYLTYL Yes, sometimes, when one cries....

THE CHILD What does that mean, crying?...

TYLTYL I have not been crying; it is the fault of that blue... But if I had cried, it would be the same thing....

THE CHILD Does one often cry?...

TYLTYL Not little boys, but little girls do.... Don't you cry here?...

THE CHILD No; I don't know how....

TYLTYL Well, you will learn.... What are you playing with, those great blue wings?...

THE CHILD These?... That's for the invention which I shall make on earth....

TYLTYL What invention?... Have you invented something?...

THE CHILD Why, yes; haven't you heard?... When I am on earth, I shall have to invent the thing that gives happiness....

TYLTYL Is it good to eat?... Does it make a noise?...

THE CHILD No; you hear nothing....

TYLTYL That's a pity....

THE CHILD I work at it every day.... It is almost finished.... Would you like to see it?...

TYLTYL Very much.... Where is it?...

THE CHILD There, you can see it from here, between those two columns....

ANOTHER BLUE CHILD (coming up to TYLTYL and plucking his sleeve) Would you like to see mine, say?...

TYLTYL Yes, what is it?...

THE SECOND CHILD The thirty-three remedies for prolonging life.... There, in those blue phials....

A THIRD CHILD (stepping out from the crowd) I will show you a light which nobody knows of!... (He lights himself up entirely with an extraordinary flame.) It's rather curious, isn't it?...

A FOURTH CHILD (pulling TYLTYL'S arm) Do come and look at my machine which flies in the air like a bird without wings!...

A FIFTH CHILD No, no; mine first! It discovers the treasures hidden in the moon!...

THE BLUE CHILDREN (crowding round TYLTYL and MYTYL and all crying together) No, no, come and see mine!... No, mine is much finer!... Mine is a wonderful invention!... Mine is made of sugar!... His is no good!... He stole the idea from me!...

(Amid these disordered exclamations, the LIVE CHILDREN are dragged towards the blue workshops, where each of the inventors sets his ideal machine going. There ensues a cerulean whirl of wheels, disks, flywheels, driving-wheels, pulleys, straps and strange and as yet unnamed objects shrouded in the bluey mists of the unreal. A crowd of odd and mysterious mechanisms dart forth and hover under the vaults or crawl at the foot of the columns, while CHILDREN unfold charts and plans, open books, uncover azure statues and bring enormous flowers and gigantic fruits that seem formed of sapphires and turquoises.)

A LITTLE BLUE CHILD (bending under the weight of some colossal blue daisies) Look at my flowers!...

TYLTYL What are they?... I don't know them....

THE LITTLE BLUE CHILD They are daisies!...

TYLTYL Impossible!... They are as big as tables!...

THE LITTLE BLUE CHILD And they smell so good!...

TYLTYL (smelling them) Wonderful!...

THE LITTLE BLUE CHILD They will grow like that when I am on earth....

TYLTYL When will that be?...

THE LITTLE BLUE CHILD In fifty-three years, four months and nine days....

(Two BLUE CHILDREN arrive, carrying, like a lustre hanging on a pole, an incredible bunch of grapes, each larger than a pear.)

ONE OF THE CHILDREN (carrying the grapes) What do you say to my fruits?...

TYLTYL A bunch of pears!...

THE CHILD No, they are grapes!... They will all be like that when I am thirty.... I have found the way....

ANOTHER CHILD (staggering under a basket of blue apples the size of melons) And mine!... Look at my apples!...

TYLTYL But those are melons!...

THE CHILD No, no!... They are my apples and they are not the finest at that!... They will all be alike when I am alive.... I have discovered the system!...

ANOTHER CHILD (wheeling a blue barrow with blue melons bigger than pumpkins) What do you say to my little melons?...

TYLTYL But they are pumpkins!...

THE CHILD WITH THE MELONS When I come on earth, the melons will be splendid!... I shall be the gardener of the King of the Three Planets....

TYLTYL The King of the Three Planets?

THE CHILD WITH THE MELONS The great king who for thirty-five years will bring happiness to the Earth, Mars and the Moon.... You can see him from here....

TYLTYL Where is he?...

THE CHILD WITH THE MELONS There, the little boy sleeping at the foot of that column.

TYLTYL On the left?...

THE CHILD WITH THE MELONS No, on the right.... The one on the left is the child who will bring pure joy to the globe....

TYLTYL How?...

THE CHILD (the one that first talked to TYLTYL) By means of ideas which people have not yet had....

TYLTYL And the other, that little fat one with his fingers to his nose, what will he do?...

THE CHILD He is to discover the fire that will warm the earth when the sun is paler than now....

TYLTYL And the two holding each other by the hand and always kissing; are they

brother and sister?...

THE CHILD No; they are very comical....They are the Lovers....

TYLTYL What is that?...

THE CHILD I don't know.... Time calls them that, to make fun of them.... They spend the day looking into each other's eyes, kissing and bidding each other farewell....

TYLTYL Why?...

THE CHILD It seems that they will not be able to leave together...

TYLTYL And the little pink one, who looks so serious and is sucking his thumb, what is he?...

THE CHILD It appears that he is to wipe out injustice from the earth....

TYLTYL Oh!...

THE CHILD They say it's a tremendous work....

TYLTYL And the little red-haired one, who walks as if he did not see where he was going, is he blind?...

THE CHILD Not yet; but he will become so....Look at him well; it seems that he is to conquer Death....

TYLTYL What does that mean?...

THE CHILD I don't exactly know; but they say it's a great thing....

TYLTYL (pointing to a crowd of CHILDREN sleeping at the foot of the columns, on the steps, the benches, etc.) And all those asleep, what a number of them there are asleep!... Do they do nothing?...

THE CHILD They are thinking of something....

TYLTYL Of what?...

THE CHILD They do not know yet; but they must take something with them to

earth; we are not allowed to go from here empty-handed....

TYLTYL Who says so?...

THE CHILD Time, who stands at the door.... You will see when he opens it.... He is very tiresome....

A CHILD (running up from the back of the hall and elbowing his way through the crowd) How are you, TYLTYL?...

TYLTYL Hullo!... How does he know my name?...

THE CHILD (who has just run up and who now kisses TYLTYL and MYTYL effusively.) How are you?... All right?... Come, give me a kiss, and you too, Mytyl. It's not surprising that I should know your name, seeing that I shall be your brother.... They have only just told me that you were here.... I was right at the other end of the hall, packing up my ideas.... Tell mummy that I am ready....

TYLTYL What?... Are you coming to us?...

THE CHILD Certainly, next year, on Palm Sunday.... Don't tease me too much when I am little.... I am very glad to have kissed you both beforehand.... Tell daddy to mend the cradle.... Is it comfortable in our home?...

TYLTYL Not bad.... And mummy is so kind!...

THE CHILD And the food?...

TYLTYL That depends.... We even have cakes sometimes, don't we, Mytyl?...

MYTYL On New Year's Day and the fourteenth of July.... Mummy makes them....

TYLTYL What have you got in that bag?... Are you bringing us something?...

THE CHILD I am bringing three illnesses: scarlatina, whooping-cough and measles....

TYLTYL Oh, that's all, is it?... And, after that, what will you do?...

THE CHILD After that?... I shall leave you....

TYLTYL It will hardly be worth while coming!...

THE CHILD We can't pick and choose!...

(At that moment, a sort of prolonged, powerful, crystalline vibration is heard to rise and swell; it seems to emanate from the columns and the opal doors, which are irradiated by a brighter light than before.)

TYLTYL What is that?...

THE CHILD That's Time!... He is going to open the gates!...

(A great change comes over the crowd of BLUE CHILDREN, Most of them leave their machines and their labours, numbers of sleepers awake and all turn their eyes towards the opal doors and go nearer to them.)

LIGHT (joining TYLTYL) Let us try to hide behind the columns.... It will not do for Time to discover us....

TYLTYL Where does that noise come from?...

A CHILD It is the Dawn rising.... This is the hour when the children who are to be born to-day go down to earth....

TYLTYL How will they go down?... Are there ladders?...

THE CHILD You shall see.... Time is drawing the bolts....

TYLTYL Who is Time?...

THE CHILD An old man who comes to call those who are going....

TYLTYL Is he wicked?...

THE CHILD No; but he hears nothing.... Beg as they may, if it's not their turn, he pushes back all those who try to go....

TYLTYL Are they glad to go?...

THE CHILD We are sorry when we are left behind, but we are sad when we go.... There! There!... He is opening the doors!...

(The great opalescent doors turn slowly on their hinges. The sounds of the earth are heard like a distant music. A red and green light penetrates into the hall; TIME, a tall old man with a streaming beard, armed with his scythe and hourglass, appears upon the threshold; and the spectator perceives the extremity of the white and gold sails of a galley moored to a sort of quay, formed by the rosy mists of the Dawn.)

TIME (on the threshold) Are they ready whose hour has struck?...

BLUE CHILDREN (elbowing their way and running up from all sides) Here we are!... Here we are!... Here we are!...

TIME (in a gruff voice to the CHILDREN defiling before him to go out) One at a time!... Once again, there are many more of you than are wanted!... It's always the same thing!... You can't deceive me!...(Pushing back a CHILD.) It's not your turn!... Go back and wait till to-morrow.... Nor you either; go in and return in ten years.... A thirteenth shepherd?... There are only twelve wanted; there is no need for more; the days of Theocritus and Virgil are past.... More doctors?... There are too many already; they are grumbling about it on earth.... And where are the engineers?... They want an honest man, only one, as a phenomenon.... Where is the honest man?... Is it you?... (THE CHILD nods yes.) You appear to me to be a very poor specimen!... Hallo, you, over there, not so fast, not so fast!... And you, what are you bringing?... Nothing at all, empty-handed?... Then you can't go through.... Prepare something, a great crime, if you like, or a fine sickness, I don't care ... but you mast have something.... (Catching sight of a little CHILD whom the others are pushing forward, while he resists with all his strength.) Well, what's the matter with you?... You know that the hour has come.... They want a hero to fight against injustice; you're the one: you most start....

THE BLUE CHILDREN He doesn't want to, sir....

TIME What?... He doesn't want to?... Where does the little monster think he is?... No objections, we have no time to spare....

THE CHILD (who is being pushed) No, no!...I don't want to go!... I would rather not be born!... I would rather stay here!...

TIME That is not the question.... When the hour comes, it comes!... Now then, quick, forward!...

A CHILD (stepping forward) Oh, let me pass!... I will go and take his place!... They say that my parents are old and have been waiting for me so long!...

TIME None of that!... You will start at your proper hour, at your proper time.... We should never be done if we listened to you.... One wants to go, another refuses; it's too soon or it's too late.... (Pushing back some CHILDREN who have encroached upon the threshold.) Not so near, you children!... Back, you inquisitive ones!... Those who are not starting have no business outside.... You are in a hurry now; later, when your turn comes, you will be frightened and hang back.... Look, there are four who are trembling like leaves.... (To a CHILD who, on the point of crossing the threshold, suddenly goes back.) Well, what is it?... What's the matter?...

THE CHILD I have forgotten the box containing the two crimes which I shall have to commit....

ANOTHER CHILD And I the little pot with my idea for enlightening the crowd....

A THIRD CHILD I have forgotten the graft of my finest pear!...

TIME Run quick and fetch them!... We have only six hundred and twelve seconds left.... The galley of the Dawn is already flapping her sails to show that she is waiting.... You will come too late and you won't be born!... Come, quick, on board with you!... (Laying hold of a CHILD who tries to pass between his legs to reach the quay.) Oh, no, not you!... This is the third time you've tried to be born before your turn.... Don't let me catch you at it again, or you can wait forever with my sister Eternity; and you know that it's not amusing there!... But come, are we ready?... Is every one at his post?... (Surveying the CHILDREN standing on the quay or already seated In the galley.) There is still one missing.... It is no use his hiding, I see him in

the crowd.... You can't deceive me!... Come on, you, the little fellow whom they call the Lover, say good-bye to your sweetheart....

(The two CHILDREN who are called the Lovers, fondly entwined, their faces livid with despair, go up to TIME and kneel at his feet.)

THE FIRST CHILD Mr. Time, let me stay behind with her!...

THE SECOND CHILD Mr. Time, let me go with him!...

TIME Impossible!... We have only three hundred and ninety-four seconds left....

THE FIRST CHILD I would rather not be born!...

TIME You cannot choose....

THE SECOND CHILD (beseechingly) Mr. Time, I shall come too late!...

THE FIRST CHILD I shall be gone before she comes down!...

THE SECOND CHILD I shall never see him again!...

THE FIRST CHILD We shall be alone in the world!...

TIME All this does not concern me.... Address your entreaties to Life.... I unite and part as I am told....(Seizing one of the CHILDREN.) Come!...

THE FIRST CHILD (struggling) No, no, no!... She, too!...

THE SECOND CHILD (clinging to the clothes of the FIRST) Leave him with me!... Leave him!...

TIME Come, come, he is not going to die, but to live!... (Dragging away the FIRST CHILD.) Come along!...

THE SECOND CHILD (stretching her arms out frantically to the CHILD that is being carried off) A sign!... A sign!... Tell me how to find you!...

THE FIRST CHILD I shall always love you!...

THE SECOND CHILD I shall be the saddest thing on earth!... You will know me by that!...

(She falls and remains stretched on the ground.)

TIME You would do much better to hope.... And now, that is all.... (Consulting his hour-glass.) We have only sixty-three seconds left....

(Last and violent movements among the CHILDREN departing and remaining. They exchange hurried farewells.)

THE BLUE CHILDREN Good-bye, Pierre!... Good-bye, Jean!... Have you all you want?... Announce my idea!... Have you got the new turnscrew?... Mind you speak of my melons!... Have you forgotten nothing?... Try to know me again I... I shall find you!... Don't lose your ideas!... Don't lean too far into space!... Send me your news!... They say one can't... Oh, try, do try!... Try to tell us if it's nice!... I will come to meet you I... I shall be born on a throne!...

TIME (shaking his keys and his scythe) Enough! Enough!... The anchor's raised!...

(The sails of the galley pass and disappear. The voices of the CHILDREN in the galley are heard in the distance: "The Earth! The Earth!... I can see it!... How beautiful it is!... How bright it is!... How big it is!"... Then, as though issuing from the depths of the abyss, an extremely distant song of gladness and expectation.)

TYLTYL (to LIGHT) What is that?... It is not they singing.... It sounds like other voices....

LIGHT Yes, it is the song of the mothers coming out to meet them....

(Meanwhile, TIME closes the opalescent doors. He turns to take a last look at the hall and suddenly perceives TYLTYL, MYTYL and LIGHT.)

TIME (dumbfoundered and furious) What's that?... What are you doing here?... Who are you?... Why are you not blue?... How did you get in?... (He comes forward, threatening them with his scythe.)

LIGHT (to TYLTYL) Do not answer!... I have the Blue Bird.... He is hidden under my cloak.... Let us escape.... Turn the diamond, he will lose our traces.... (They slip

away on the left, between the columns in the foreground.)

CURTAIN

ACT VI

SCENE I.—The Leave-taking.

The stage represents a wall with a small door. It is the break of day.

(Enter TYLTYL, MYTYL, LIGHT, BREAD, WATER, SUGAR, FIRE and MILK) You would never guess where we are....

TYLTYL Well, no, Light, because I don't know....

LIGHT Don't you recognise that wall and that little door?...

TYLTYL It is a red wall and a little green door.

LIGHT And doesn't that remind you of anything?...

TYLTYL It reminds me that Time shewed us the door....

LIGHT How odd people are when they dream.... They do not recognise their own hands....

TYLTYL Who is dreaming?... Am I?...

LIGHT Perhaps it's myself.... Who can tell?... However, this wall contains a house which you have seen more than once since you were born....

TYLTYL A house which I have seen more than once since I was born?...

LIGHT Why yes, sleepy-head!... It is the house which we left one evening, just a year ago, to a day....

TYLTYL Just a year ago?... Why, then....

LIGHT Come, come!... Don't open great eyes like sapphire caves.... It's the dear old

house of your father and mother....

TYLTYL (going up to the door) But I think.... Yes, really.... It seems to me.... This little door.... I recognise the wooden pin.... Are they in there?... Are we near mummy?... I want to go in at once.... I want to kiss her at once!...

LIGHT One moment.... They are sound asleep; you must not wake them with a start.... Besides, the door will not open till the hour strikes....

TYLTYL What hour?... Is there long to wait?...

LIGHT Alas, no!... A few poor minutes....

TYLTYL Aren't you glad to be back?... What is it, Light?... You are quite pale, you look ill....

LIGHT It's nothing, child.... I feel a little sad, because I am leaving you....

TYLTYL Leaving us?...

LIGHT I must.... I have nothing more to do here; the year is over, the Fairy is coming back to ask you for the Blue Bird....

TYLTYL But I haven't got the Blue Bird!... The one of the Land of Memory turned quite black, the one of the Future turned quite pink, the Night's are dead and I could not catch the one in the Forest.... Is it my fault if they change colour, or die, or escape?... Will the Fairy be angry and what will she say?...

LIGHT We have done what we could.... It seems likely that the Blue Bird does not exist or that he changes colour when he is caged....

TYLTYL Where is the cage?...

BREAD Here, master.... It was entrusted to my diligent care during our long journey; to-day, now that my mission is drawing to an end, I restore it to your hands, untouched and carefully closed, as I received it.... (Like an orator making a speech) And now, in the name of all, I crave permission to add a few words....

FIRE He has not been called upon to speak!...

WATER Order!...

BREAD The malevolent interruptions of a contemptible enemy, of an envious rival....

FIRE An envious rival!... What would you be without me?... A lump of shapeless and indigestible dough....

WATER Order!...

FIRE I won't be shouted down by you! ...

(They threaten each other and are about to come to blows.)

LIGHT (raising her wand) Enough!...

BREAD The insults and the ridiculous pretensions of an element whose notorious misbehaviour and whose scandalous excesses drive the world to despair....

FIRE You fat pasty-face!

BREAD (raising his voice) Will not prevent me from doing my duty to the end.... I wish, therefore, in the name of all...

FIRE Not in mine!... I have a tongue of my own!...

BREAD In the name of all and with a restrained but simple and deep emotion, to take leave of two distinguished children, whose exalted mission ends to-day.... When bidding them farewell, with all the grief and all the fondness which a mutual esteem....

TYLTYL What?... You are bidding us farewell?... Are you leaving us too?...

BREAD Alas, needs must, since the hour when men's eyes are to be opened has not yet come.... I am leaving you, it is true; but the separation will only be apparent, you will no longer hear me speak....

FIRE That will be no loss!...

WATER Order! Silence!...

FIRE I shall keep silence when you cease babbling in the kettles, the wells, the brooks, the waterfalls and the taps....

LIGHT (threatening them with her wand) That will do, do you hear?... You are all very quarrelsome; It is the coming separation that sets your nerves on edge like this....

BREAD (with great dignity) That does not apply to me.... I was saying, you will no longer hear me speak, no longer see me in my living form.... Your eyes are about to close to the invisible life of the Things; but I shall always be there. In the bread-pan, on the shelf, on the table, beside the soup, I who am, if I may say so, with Water and Fire, the most faithful companion, the oldest friend of Man....

FIRE Well, and what about me?...

LIGHT Come, the minutes are passing, the hour is at hand which will send us back into silence.... Be quick and kiss the children....

FIRE (rushing forward) I first! I first!... (Violently kissing the CHILDREN.) Good-bye, Tyltyl and Mytyl!... Good-bye, my darlings.... Think of me if ever you want any one to set fire to anything....

MYTYL Oh! Oh!... He's burning me!...

TYLTYL Oh! Oh!... He's scorched my nose!...

LIGHT Come, Fire, moderate your transports.... Remember you're not in your chimney....

WATER What an idiot!...

BREAD What a vulgarian!...

FIRE There, look; I will put my hands in my pockets.... But don't forget me.... I am the friend of Man.... I shall always be there, in the hearth and in the oven; and I will come sometimes and put out my tongue for you when you are cold or sad.... I shall be warm in winter and roast chestnuts for you....

WATER (approaching the CHILDREN) I shall kiss you without hurting you, tenderly, my children....

FIRE Take care, you'll get wet!...

WATER I am loving and gentle; I am kind to human beings....

FIRE What about those you drown?...

WATER Love the wells, listen to the brooks.... I shall always be there....

FIRE She has flooded the whole place....

WATER When you sit down, in the evening, beside the springs—there is more than one here in the forest—try to understand what they are trying to say....

FIRE Enough! Enough!... I can't swim!...

WATER I shall no longer be able to tell you as clearly as I do to-day that I love you; but you will not forget that that is what I am saying to you when you hear my voice.... Alas!... I can say no more.... My tears choke me and prevent my speaking....

FIRE It doesn't sound like it!...

WATER Think of me when you see the water-bottle.... Alas! I have to be silent there; but my thoughts will always be of you.... You will find me also in the ewer, the watering-can, the cistern and the tap....

MILK (approaching timidly) And me in the milk-jug....

TYLTYL What, you too, my dear Milk, so shy and so good?... Is everybody going?...

SUGAR (naturally mawkish and sanctimonious) If you have a little corner left in your memory, remember sometimes that my presence was sweet to you.... That is all I have to say.... Tears are not in harmony with my temperament and they hurt me terribly when they fall on my feet....

BREAD Jesuit!...

FIRE (yelping) Sugar-plum! Lollipop! Caramel!...

TYLTYL But where are Tylette and Tylô gone to?... What are they doing?...

(The CAT is heard to utter shrill cries.)

MYTYL (alarmed) It's Tylette crying!... He is being hurt!...

(Enter the CAT, running, his hair on end and dishevelled, his clothes torn, holding his handkerchief to his cheek, as though he had the toothache. He utters angry groans and is closely pursued by the DOG, who overwhelms him with bites, blows and kicks.)

THE DOG (beating the CAT) There!... Have you had enough?... Do you want any more?... There! There! There!...

LIGHT, TYLTYL and MYTYL (rushing forward to part them) Tylô!... Are you mad?... Well, I never!... Down!... Stop that, will you?... How dare you?... Wait, wait!...

(They part the DOG and the CAT by main force.)

LIGHT What is it?... What has happened?...

THE CAT (blubbering and wiping his eyes) It's the Dog, Mrs. Light.... He insulted me, he put tin tacks in my food, he pulled my tail, he beat me; and I had done nothing, nothing, nothing at all!...

THE DOG (mimicking him) Nothing, nothing, nothing at all!... (In an undertone, with a mocking grimace) Never mind, you've had some, you've had some and you're going to have some more!...

MYTYL (pressing the CAT in her arms) My poor Tylette, where has he hurt you?... Tell me.... I shall cry too....

LIGHT (to the DOG, severely) Your conduct is all the more, unworthy since you have chosen for this disgraceful exhibition the already most painful moment when we are about to part from these poor children....

THE DOG (suddenly sobered) To part from these poor children?...

LIGHT Yes; the hour which you know of is at hand.... We are going to return to silence.... We shall no longer be able to speak to them....

THE DOG (suddenly uttering real howls of despair and flinging himself upon the CHILDREN, whom he loads with violent and tumultuous caresses.) No! No!... I refuse!... I refuse!... I shall always talk!... You will understand me now, will you not, my little god?... Yes! Yes! Yes!... And we shall tell each other everything, everything, everything!... And I shall be very good.... And I shall learn to read and write and play dominoes!... And I shall always be very clean.... And I shall never steal anything in the kitchen again.... Shall I do a wonderful trick for you?... Would you like me to kiss the Cat?...

MYTYL (to the CAT) And you, Tylette?... Have you nothing to say to us?...

THE CAT (in an affected and enigmatic tone) I love you both as much as you deserve....

LIGHT Now let me, in my turn, children, give you a last kiss....

TYLTYL and MYTYL (hanging on to LIGHT'S dress) No, no, no, Light!... Stay here with us!... Daddy won't mind.... We will tell mummy how kind you have been....

LIGHT Alas! I cannot!... This door is closed to us and I must leave you....

TYLTYL Where will you go all alone?...

LIGHT Not very far, my children; over there, to the Land of the Silence of Things....

TYLTYL No, no; I won't have you go.... We will go with you.... I shall tell mummy....

LIGHT Do not cry, my dear little ones.... I have not a voice like Water; I have only my brightness, which Man does not understand.... But I watch over him to the end of his days.... Never forget that I am speaking to you in every spreading moonbeam, in

every twinkling star, in every dawn that rises, in every lamp that is lit, in every good and bright thought of your soul.... (Eight o'clock strikes behind the wall.) Listen!... The hour is striking!... Good-bye!... The door is opening!... In with you, in with you!...

(She pushes the CHILDREN through the door, which has half-opened and which closes again behind them. BREAD wipes away a furtive tear, SUGAR and WATER, etc., all in tears, flee precipitously and disappear in the wings to the right and left. The DOG howls behind the scenes. The stage remains empty for a moment and then the scenery representing the wall and the little door opens in the middle and reveals the last scene.)

SCENE 2.—The Awakening.

The same setting as in ACT I, but the objects, the walls and the atmosphere all appear incomparably and magically fresher, happier, more smiling. The daylight penetrates gaily through the chinks of the closed shutters. To the right, at the back, TYLTYL and MYTYL lie sound asleep in their little beds. The DOG, the CAT and the THINGS are in the places which they occupied in ACT I, before the arrival of the FAIRY.

Enter MUMMY TYL

MUMMY TYL (in a cheerfully scolding voice) Up, come, get up, you little lazybones!... Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?... It has struck eight and the sun is high above the trees!... Lord, how they sleep, how they sleep!... (She leans over and kisses the CHILDREN.) They are quite rosy.... Tyltyl smells of lavender and Mytyl of lilies-of-the-valley.... (Kissing them again) What sweet things children are!... Still, they can't go on sleeping till midday.... I mustn't let them grow up idle.... And, besides, I have heard that it's not very healthy.... (Gently shaking TYLTYL) Wake up, wake up, Tyltyl....

TYLTYL (waking up) What?... Light?... Where is she?... No, no, don't go away....

MUMMY TYL Light?... Why, of course it's light... Has been for ever so long.... It's as bright as noonday, though the shutters are closed.... Wait a bit till I open them.... (She pushes back the shutters and the dazzling daylight invades the room.) There! See!... What's the matter with you?... You look quite blinded....

TYLTYL (rubbing his eyes) Mummy, mummy!... It's you!...

MUMMY TYL Why, of course, it's I.... Who did you think it was?...

TYLTYL It's you.... Yes, yes, it's you!....

MUMMY TYL Yes, yes, it's I.... I haven't changed my face since last night.... Why do you stare at me in that wonderstruck way?... Is my nose turned upside down, by any chance?...

TYLTYL Oh, how nice it is to see you again!... It's so long, so long ago!... I must kiss you at once.... Again! Again! Again!... And how comfortable my bed is!... I am back at home!...

MUMMY TYL What's the matter?... Why don't you wake up?... Don't tell me you're ill.... Let me see, show me your tongue.... Come, get up and dress....

TYLTYL Hullo, I've got my shirt on!...

MUMMY TYL Of course you have.... Put on your breeches and your little jacket.... There they are, on the chair....

TYLTYL Is that what I did on the journey?...

MUMMY TYL What journey?...

TYLTYL Why, last year....

MUMMY TYL Last year?...

TYLTYL Why, yes!...At Christmas, when I went away....

MUMMY TYL When you went away?... You haven't left the room.... I put you to

bed last night, and here you are this morning.... Have you dreamed all that?...

TYLTYL But you don't understand!... It was last year, when I went away with Mytyl, the Fairy, Light—how nice Light is!—Bread, Sugar, Water, Fire: they did nothing but quarrel!... You're not angry with me?... Did you feel very sad?... And what did daddy say?... I could not refuse... I left a note to explain....

MUMMY TYL What are you talking about?... For sure, either you're ill or else you're still asleep.... (She gives him a friendly shake.) There, wake up.... There, is that better?...

TYLTYL But, mummy, I assure you.... It's you that's still asleep....

MUMMY TYL What! Still asleep, am I?... Why? I've been up since six o'clock.... I've finished all the cleaning and lit the fire....

TYLTYL But ask Mytyl if it's not true.... Oh, we have had such adventures!...

MUMMY TYL Why Mytyl?... What do you mean?...

TYLTYL She was with me.... We saw grandad and granny....

MUMMY TYL (more and more bewildered) Grandad and granny?...

TYLTYL Yes, in the Land of Memory.... It was on our way.... They are dead, but they are quite well.... Granny made us a lovely plum-tart.... And then the little brothers—Robert, Jean and his top—and Madeleine and Pierrette and Pauline and Riquette, too....

MYTYL Riquette still goes about on all fours!...

TYLTYL And Pauline still has a pimple on her nose....

MUMMY TYL Have you found the key of the cupboard where daddy hides his brandy bottle?...

TYLTYL Does daddy hide a brandy bottle?...

MUMMY TYL Certainly. One has to hide everything when one has little meddlesome good-for-nothings like you.... But come, out with it, confess that you

took it.... I would rather it was that.... I sha'n't tell daddy.... I sha'n't beat you....

TYLTYL But, mummy, I don't know where it is....

MUMMY TYL Just walk in front of me, so that I may see if you can walk straight.... (TYLTYL does so) No, it's not that.... Dear heaven, what is the matter with them?... I shall lose them too, as I lost the others!... (Suddenly mad with alarm, she calls out) Daddy Tyl!... Come, quick! The children are ill!...

(Enter DADDY TYL, very calmly, with an axe in his hand.)

DADDY TYL What is it?...

TYLTYL and MYTYL (running up gaily to kiss their father) Hullo, daddy!... It's daddy!... Good-morning, daddy!... Have you had plenty of work this year?...

DADDY TYL Well, what's the matter?... They don't look ill; they look very well....

MUMMY TYL (weeping) You can't trust their looks.... It will be as with the others.... They looked quite well also to the end; and then God took them.... I don't know what's the matter with them.... I put them to bed quite quietly last night; and this morning, when they woke up, everything was wrong.... They don't know what they're saying; they talk about a journey.... They have seen Light and grandad and granny, who are dead, but who are quite well....

TYLTYL But grandad still has his wooden leg....

MYTYL And granny her rheumatics....

MUMMY TYL Do you hear?... Run and fetch the doctor!...

DADDY TYL Why, no, no.... They are not dead yet.... Come, let us look into this.... (A knock at the front door.) Come in!...

(Enter NEIGHBOUR BERLINGOT, a little old woman resembling the FAIRY in ACT I and leaning on a stick.)

THE NEIGHBOUR Good-morning and a Merry Christmas to you all!...

TYLTYL It's the Fairy Bérylune!...

THE NEIGHBOUR I have come to ask for a bit of fire for my Christmas stew.... It's very chilly this morning.... Good-morning, children, how are you?...

TYLTYL Fairy Bérylune, I could not find the Blue Bird....

THE NEIGHBOUR What is he saying?...

MUMMY TYL Don't ask me, Madame Berlingot.... They don't know what they are saying.... They have been like that since they woke up.... They must have eaten something that wasn't good....

THE NEIGHBOUR Why, Tyltyl, don't you remember Goody Berlingot, your Neighbour Berlingot?...

TYLTYL Why, yes, ma'am.... You are the Fairy Bérylune.... You're not angry with us?...

THE NEIGHBOUR Béry... what? Goodness gracious me!...

TYLTYL Bérylune.

THE NEIGHBOUR Berlingot, you mean Berlingot....

TYLTYL Bérylune or Berlingot, as you please, ma'am.... But Mytyl knows....

MUMMY TYL That's the worst of it, that Mytyl also....

DADDY TYL Pooh, pooh!... That will soon go; I will give them a smack or two....

THE NEIGHBOUR Don't; It's not worth while.... I know all about it; it's only a little fit of dreaming.... They must have slept in the moonbeams.... My little girl, who is very ill, is often like that....

MUMMY TYL By the way, how is your little girl?...

THE NEIGHBOUR Only so-so.... She can't get up.... The doctor says that it's her nerves.... I know what would cure her, for all that. She was asking me for it only this morning, for her Christmas box; it's a notion she has...

MUMMY TYL Yes, I know; it's Tyltyl's bird.... Well, Tyltyl, aren't you going to

give it at last to that poor little thing?...

TYLTYL What, mummy?...

MUMMY TYL Your bird.... It's no use to you.... You don't even look at it now.... And she has been dying to have it for ever so long!...

TYLTYL Hullo, that's true, my bird!... Where is he?... Oh, there's the cage!... Mytyl, do you see the cage?... It's the one which Bread carried.... Yes, yes, it's the same one, but there's only one bird in it.... Has he eaten the other, I wonder?... Hullo, why, he's blue!... But it's my turtle-dove!... But he's much bluer than when I went away!... Why, that's the blue bird we were looking for!... We went so far and he was here all the time!... Oh, but it's wonderful!... Mytyl, do you see the bird? What would Light say?... I will take down the cage.... (He climbs on a chair and takes down the cage and carries it to the NEIGHBOUR.) There, Madame Berlingot, there you are.... He's not quite blue yet, but that will come, you shall see!... Take him off quick to your little girl....

THE NEIGHBOUR Really?... Do you mean it?... Do you give it me like that, straight away and for nothing?... Lord, how happy she will be!... (Kissing TYLTYL) I must give you a kiss!... I fly!... I fly!...

TYLTYL Yes, yes; be quick.... Some of them change their colour....

THE NEIGHBOUR I will come back to tell you what she says....

(She goes out.)

TYLTYL (after taking a long look around him) Daddy, mummy, what have you done to the house?... It's just as it was, but it's much prettier....

DADDY TYL How do you mean, it's prettier?...

TYLTYL Why, yes, everything has been painted and made to look new, everything is clean and polished.... It was not like that last year....

DADDY TYL Last year?...

TYLTYL (going to the window) And look at the forest!... How big and fine it is!... One would think it was new!... How happy I feel here!... (Going to the bread-pan and opening it) Where's Bread?.... I say, the loaves are very quiet.... And then here's Tylô!... Hullo, Tylô, Tylô!... Ah, you had a fine fight!... Do you remember, in the forest?...

MYTYL And Tylette.... He knows me, but he has stopped talking....

TYLTYL Mr. Bread.... (Feeling his forehead) Hullo, the diamond's gone!... Who's taken my little green hat?... Never mind; I don't want it any more.... Ah, Fire!... He's a good one!... He crackles and laughs to make Water angry.... (Running to the tap) And Water?... Good-morning, Water!... What does she say?... She still talks, but I don't understand her as well as I did....

MYTYL I don't see Sugar....

TYLTYL Lord, how happy I am, happy, happy, happy!...

MYTYL So am I, so am I!...

MUMMY TYL What are you spinning round for like that?....

DADDY TYL Don't mind them and don't distress yourself.... They are playing at being happy....

TYLTYL I liked Light best of all.... Where's her lamp?... Can we light it?... (Looking round him again.) Goodness me, how lovely it all is and how glad I feel!...

MUMMY TYL Why?...

TYLTYL I don't know, mummy....

(A knock at the front-door.)

DADDY TYL Come in, come in!...

(Enter the NEIGHBOUR, holding by the hand a little girl of a fair and wonderful beauty, who carries TYLTYL'S dove pressed in her arms.)

THE NEIGHBOUR Do you see the miracle?...

MUMMY TYL Impossible!... Can she walk?...

THE NEIGHBOUR Can she walk?... She can run, she can dance, she can fly!... When she saw the bird, she jumped, just like that, with one bound, to the window, to see by the light if it was really Tyltyl's dove.... And then, whoosh!... Out into the street, like an angel!... It was as much as I could do to keep pace with her....

TYLTYL (going up to her, wonderstruck) Oh, how like Light she is!...

MYTYL She is much smaller....

TYLTYL Yes, indeed!... But she will grow bigger....

THE NEIGHBOUR What are they saying?... Haven't they got over it yet?...

MUMMY TYL They are better, they are mending.... It will be all right when they have had their breakfasts....

THE NEIGHBOUR (pushing the LITTLE GIRL into TYLTYL'S arms). Come along, child, come and thank Tyltyl....

(TYLTYL, suddenly frightened, takes a step back.)

MUMMY TYL Well, Tyltyl, what's the matter?.... Are you afraid of the little girl?... Come, give her a kiss, a good big kiss.... No, a better one than that.... You're not so shy as a rule!... Another one!... But what's the matter with you?... You look as if you were going to cry....

(TYLTYL, after kissing the LITTLE GIRL rather awkwardly, stands before her for a moment and the two children look at each other without speaking; then TYLTYL strokes the dove's head.)

TYLTYL Is he blue enough?...

THE LITTLE GIRL Yes, I am so pleased with him....

TYLTYL I have seen bluer ones.... But those which are quite blue, you know, do what you will, you can't catch them....

THE LITTLE GIRL That doesn't matter; he's lovely....

TYLTYL Has he had anything to eat?...

THE LITTLE GIRL Not yet.... What does he eat?...

TYLTYL Anything: corn, bread, Indian corn, grasshoppers....

THE LITTLE GIRL How does he eat, say?...

TYLTYL With his beak. You'll see, I will show you....

(He moves in order to take the bird from the LITTLE GIRL'S hands. She resists instinctively; and, taking advantage of the hesitation of their movements, the DOVE escapes and flies away.)

THE LITTLE GIRL (with a cry of despair) Mother!... He is gone!... (She bursts into sobs.)

TYLTYL Never mind.... Don't cry.... I will catch him again.... (Stepping to the front of the stage and addressing the audience.) If any of you should find him, would you be so very kind as to give him back to us?... We need him for our happiness, later on....

CURTAIN

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE BLUE BIRD: A FAIRY PLAY IN SIX ACTS ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying

royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

• You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60

days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.” • You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works. • You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work. • You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at

www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.