



University of the Witwatersrand
Graduate School for Translators and Interpreters



*An analysis of
strategies used to
translate culturally
bound elements in
the comic book series*

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*Astérix: an analysis of the strategies uses to translate
culturally bound elements in the comic book series*

By Karine GAY

**A translation project submitted to the
Faculty of Arts as partial fulfilment for
the degree of Master of Arts in
Translation**

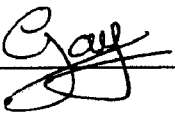
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ABSTRACT

The aim of this research report is to identify and describe the strategies used to solve certain translation problems in the comic book series *Astérix*. The comic book series is particularly rich in cultural allusion and presents particular translation problems. The study focuses on the choices made in the translation of lexical items which are culturally bound (food, dialects, accents, puns) as well as on extra-linguistic and linguistic elements (intertextuality, register). The research involves a systematic comparison of the original texts of the comic book series and their translations into British English (and certain American translations for the parts on names). Extracts are taken from the 29 of the 30 volumes of the series. The analysis is carried out within the framework of descriptive translation studies drawing on the methodological theories of linguistics and discourse analysis.

DECLARATION

I declare that this research project is my own, unaided work. It is submitted in partial fulfilment for the degree of Masters of Arts in Translation at the University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. It has not been submitted before for any degree or examination at any other university.

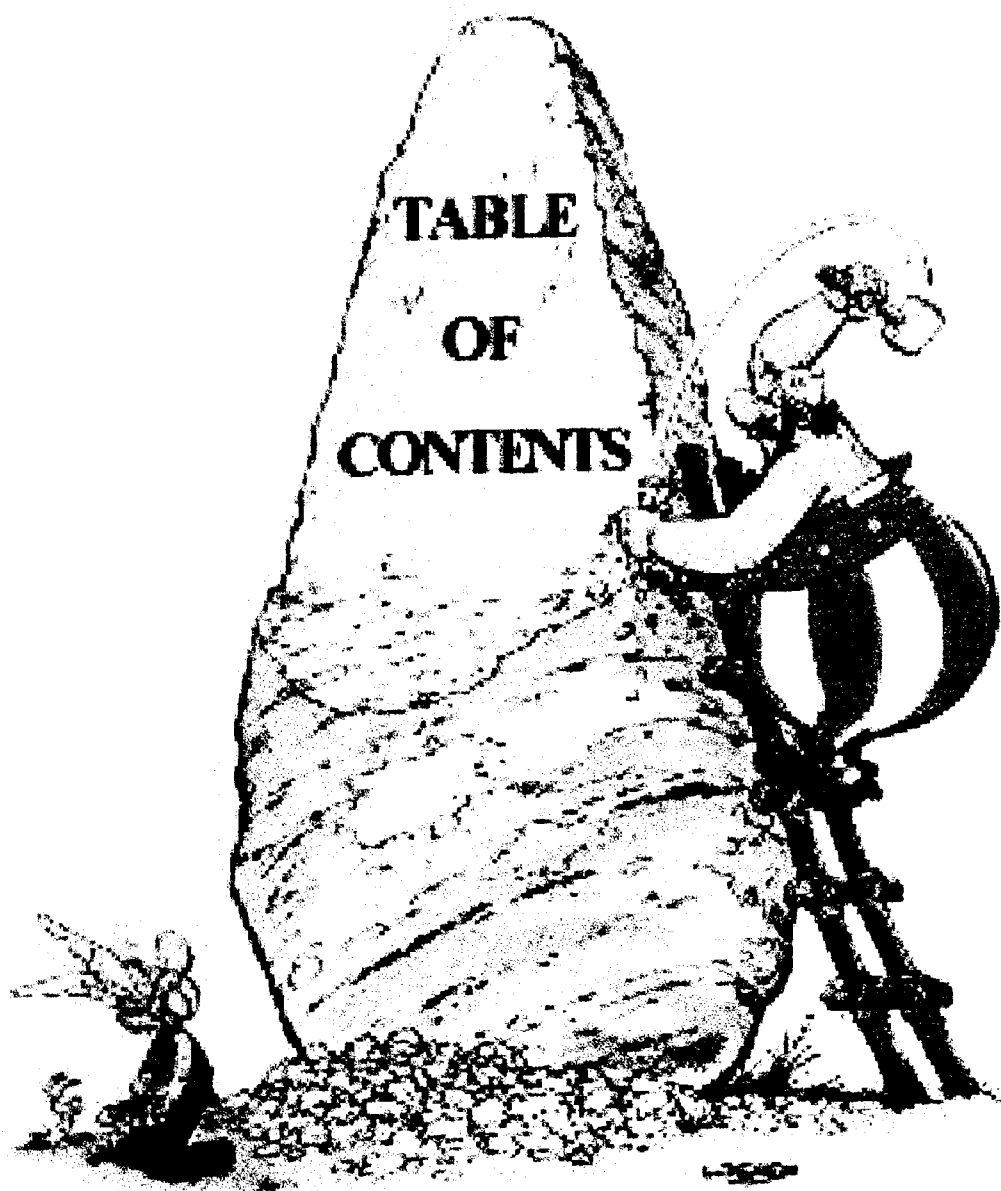


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(including a CD of some of the original songs used in the series on page 121)

CHAPTER 1: INTRODUCTION	1
1.1. GENERAL COMMENTS ON COMIC BOOKS	3
1.1.1. <i>General comments</i>	3
1.1.2. <i>Constraints in translating comic books</i>	4
1.2. BACKGROUND INFORMATION ON THE <i>ASTERIX</i> SERIES	6
1.3. THEORETICAL FRAMEWORK.....	9
1.4. OUTLINE OF CHAPTERS	14
CHAPTER 2: INTERTEXTUALITY AND SOCIOCULTURAL REFERENCES ...	15
2.1. REFERENCES TO OTHER TEXTS.....	18
2.1.1. <i>Latin quotes</i>	19
2.1.2. <i>Quotes taken from textbooks</i>	19
2.1.3. <i>Quotes taken from foreign literature</i>	20
2.1.4. <i>References to French literature</i>	23
2.1.5. <i>Conclusions and compensation</i>	29
2.2. REFERENCES TO OTHER WORKS	33
2.2.1. <i>References to films</i>	33
2.2.2. <i>References to sculpture</i>	37
2.2.3. <i>References to paintings</i>	41
2.3. OTHER REFERENCES	46
2.3.1. <i>Caricatures</i>	46
2.3.2. <i>Allusions to places</i>	48
2.3.3. <i>References to newspapers</i>	51
2.3.4. <i>Other references</i>	52
2.4. SUMMARY	58

CHAPTER 3: LANGUAGE AND CONTEXT.....	59
3.1. POWER RELATIONS.....	61
3.2. NAMES	63
3.2.1. <i>The Gauls</i>	63
3.2.1.1. Names not related to the characters.....	64
Astérix	64
Obélix.....	65
Assurancetourix.....	67
3.2.1.2. Names related to the nature of the character	68
Idéfix	68
Abraracourcix.....	70
Cetautomatix	72
Ordrealphabetix.....	73
3.2.1.3. Names related to a characteristic of the character.....	74
Agecanonix.....	74
Bonemine.....	76
3.2.1.4. Names related to the work of the character	78
Ielosubmarine	78
Panoramix.....	79
3.2.1.5. Conclusions	81
3.2.2. <i>The other characters</i>	83
3.2.2.1. Names related to a characteristic of the character.....	84
Appatix	84
Caraf.....	84
Petisuix	85
Ramollix	86
3.2.2.2. Names related to the work of the character.....	86
Detissax	86
Numérobis	87
Zurix	88
3.2.2.3. Names related to food.....	88
Cafeolix - Chipolata - Salamix.....	88
Soupalognon Y Crouton.....	89
3.2.2.4. Names related to expressions, songs, or phonetics	90
Persian characters	90
Ocatarinabellatchitchix.....	90
Septantesix - Vanendfaiillesix	91
Zebigbos	91
Osterlix - Zøødvinsen.....	92

CHAPTER 4: LANGUAGE AND USER.....	94
4.1. NATIONALITIES	96
4.1.1. <i>Name endings</i>	97
4.1.2. <i>Writing</i>	98
4.1.3. <i>Language</i>	99
4.2. FRENCH REGIONAL VARIATIONS.....	105
4.2.1. <i>The inhabitants of the Auvergne</i>	105
4.2.2. <i>The inhabitants of the French Riviera</i>	108
CHAPTER 5: LANGUAGE AND NATION	110
5.1. FOOD.....	112
5.2. SONGS	121
5.2.1. <i>Les chansons à boire (drinking songs)</i>	122
5.2.2. <i>Les hymnes (anthems)</i>	123
5.2.3. <i>Les comptines (children's songs)</i>	126
5.2.4. <i>Les chansons de spectacles (songs from shows)</i>	129
5.2.5. <i>Chants religieux (religious songs)</i>	130
5.2.6. <i>Chansons populaires (folklore songs)</i>	131
5.2.7. <i>Chants militaires (military songs)</i>	133
5.2.8. <i>Chansons de variété (popular songs)</i>	135
CHAPTER 6: CONCLUSION	144
FINDINGS.....	145
<i>Translation choices for intertextuality and sociocultural references</i>	145
<i>Translation choices for language and context</i>	146
<i>Translation choices for language and user</i>	146
<i>Translation choices used for language and nation</i>	147
HIERARCHY OF STRATEGIES	148
1. <i>Cultural adaptation</i>	148
2. <i>Creation</i>	149
3. <i>Deletion</i>	149
4. <i>Conservation</i>	150
5. <i>Order</i>	151
CONCLUSION	151

BIBLIOGRAPHY	155
PRIMARY SOURCES - ASTERIX.....	156
SECONDARY SOURCES.....	160
<i>Art.....</i>	<i>160</i>
<i>Asterix.....</i>	<i>161</i>
<i>Culture and cross-cultural communication.....</i>	<i>162</i>
<i>General Information.....</i>	<i>162</i>
<i>Literature.....</i>	<i>163</i>
<i>Linguistics</i>	<i>164</i>
<i>Songs</i>	<i>165</i>
<i>Translation Problems.....</i>	<i>166</i>

ANNEXES

ANNEX 1 : LIST OF ALL THE LANGUAGES.....	170
ANNEX 2: BIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHORS.....	173
ANNEX 3: LATIN.....	179
1. LATIN QUOTES.....	180
<i>Caesar</i>	<i>180</i>
<i>Cicero.....</i>	<i>180</i>
<i>Ecclesiastes</i>	<i>181</i>
<i>Horace.....</i>	<i>181</i>
<i>Juvenal.....</i>	<i>181</i>
<i>Pope.....</i>	<i>182</i>
<i>Virgil.....</i>	<i>182</i>
<i>Other.....</i>	<i>182</i>
2. LATIN DICTIONARY OF EXPRESSIONS USED IN ASTERIX.....	184

ANNEX 4: WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.....	188
BIBLIOGRAPHY.....	189
QUOTES.....	190
ORIGINAL TEXTS.....	191
<i>Julius Caesar, Act 3, sc. 1 & 2.....</i>	<i>191</i>
<i>Hamlet, Act 1 sc. 2 & 4, Act 3, sc. 1, Act 5, sc. 1-2.....</i>	<i>202</i>
<i>MacBeth, Act 3, sc. 4.....</i>	<i>227</i>
<i>Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, sc. 2.....</i>	<i>231</i>
ANNEX 5: ENGLISH LITERATURE.....	235
QUOTES.....	236
<i>Milton.....</i>	<i>236</i>
<i>Lord Byron.....</i>	<i>236</i>
<i>Other.....</i>	<i>236</i>
ORIGINAL TEXTS.....	237
<i>Milton, Paradise Lost, Book 2, l. 850 to 1009.....</i>	<i>237</i>
<i>Lord Byron, Child Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto the Third.....</i>	<i>247</i>
<i>Ben Jonsen, Drink to me only with thine eyes.....</i>	<i>256</i>
<i>Dickens, A Tale of Two Cities, Book 3: The Track of A Storm, Chapter 15: The</i> <i>Footsteps Die Out for Ever.....</i>	<i>257</i>
<i>Lord Wellington.....</i>	<i>260</i>
ANNEX 6: CYRANO DE BERGERAC.....	263
EDMOND ROSTAND.....	264
THE REAL CYRANO DE BERGERAC.....	265
THE PLAY.....	266
<i>Act 1, scene 4 in French and then in English.....</i>	<i>267</i>

ANNEX 7 : VICTOR HUGO	285
ENGLISH BIOGRAPHY	286
FRENCH BIOGRAPHY	289
241. <i>L'Expiation</i>	292
 ANNEX 8: LA FONTAINE.....	 295
BIOGRAPHIE	296
LE LIEVRE ET LA TORTUE.....	299
LE LION ET LE RAT.....	300
LE SINGE ET LE DAUPHIN.....	301
 ANNEX 9: CARICATURES	 302
<i>André Alerme</i>	303
<i>Barbe Rouge</i>	303
<i>Les Beatles</i>	304
<i>Bernard Blier</i>	304
<i>Gérard Calvi</i>	305
<i>Jacques Chirac</i>	306
<i>Sean Connery</i>	307
<i>Annie Cordy</i>	308
<i>Kirk Douglas</i>	309
<i>Dupond et Dupont</i>	309
<i>Frankenstein</i>	310
<i>Georges Fronval</i>	310
<i>Jean Gabin</i>	311
<i>René Goscinny</i>	312
<i>Jean Graton</i>	313
<i>Charles Laughton</i>	314
<i>Laurel et Hardy</i>	314
<i>Guy Lux</i>	315
<i>Aldo Maccione</i>	315
<i>Jean Marais</i>	316
<i>Marsupilami</i>	317
<i>Eddy Merckx</i>	318

<i>Raimu</i>	318
<i>Fernand Raynaud</i>	319
<i>Jean Richard</i>	320
<i>Jean-Paul Rouland</i>	321
<i>Achile Talon</i>	321
<i>Pierre Tchernia</i>	322
<i>Albert Uderzo</i>	323
<i>Lino Ventura</i>	323

ANNEX 10 : THE CHARACTERS 324

THE BELGIANS	325
THE BRITS	326
THE CORSICANS	327
THE EGYPTIANS	328
THE GAULS	329
<i>In the village</i>	329
<i>Other Gauls</i>	331
THE GOTHS	335
THE GREEKS.....	336
THE ROMANS	337
<i>Normal Romans</i>	337
<i>Dignitaries</i>	340
Admiral.....	340
Centurions	340
Decurion	341
General	341
Governors	341
Legatee	342
National Inspector	342
Prefects	342
Praetor	343
Quaestor.....	343
Senators	343
Tax Collector.....	343
Vice Amiral	344
<i>Officers</i>	344
<i>The Legionaries</i>	345

ANNEX 11: FRENCH SONGS..... 348

INDEX.....	349
AH ! LE PETIT VIN BLANC.....	350
BOIRE UN PETIT COUP (F. BOYER).....	351
CA C'EST PARIS (MINSTINGUETT).....	352
DOUCE FRANCE.....	353
DOUCE NUIT.....	354
FAIS DODO.....	355
IL ETAIT UN PETIT NAVIRE.....	356
ILS ONT DES CHAPEAUX RONDS.....	358
JE CHANTE (CHARLES TRENET).....	360
JOYEUX ANNIVERSAIRE.....	361
LA BRABANÇONNE – HYMNE NATIONALE BELGE.....	362
LA MER (CHARLES TRENET).....	363
LE PLAT PAYS.....	364
LE REVE PASSE.....	365
LES AFRICAINS (FELIX BOYER).....	367
LES ALLOBROGES.....	368
LES BONBONS (JACQUES BREL – 1964 VERSION).....	370
MA NORMANDIE.....	371
MENILMONTANT (CHARLES TRENET).....	372
NINI PEAU D'CHIEN.....	373
NUIT DE CHINE.....	374
PETIT PAPA NOËL.....	375
QUAND MADELON.....	376
REVOIR PARIS (CHARLES TRENET).....	377
ROSSIGNOL DE MES AMOURS.....	378
UN KILOMETRE A PIED.....	379

ANNEX 12: ENGLISH SONGS..... 380

INDEX.....	381
AULD LANG SYNE.....	382
BONEY WAS A WARRIOR.....	384
IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD.....	385
IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY.....	386
JOHN BROWN'S BODY.....	387
HOME SWEET HOME.....	389
LADIES OF BRISBANE.....	393
MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I'M A LONDONER (HUBERT GREGG).....	394
SILENT NIGHT.....	395

SPANISH LADIES.....	396
THE NOBLE DUKE OF YORK.....	400
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND (ROSS PARKER & HUGH CHARLES).....	401
THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.....	402
THIS OLD MAN.....	405
WE'RE GOING TO HANG OUT THE WASHING ON THE SIEGFRIED LINE.....	406
WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR.....	407
WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN.....	409
WHITE CHRISTMAS.....	410

SPANISH LADIES	396
THE NOBLE DUKE OF YORK	400
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND (ROSS PARKER & HUGH CHARLES).....	401
THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.....	402
THIS OLD MAN.....	405
WE'RE GOING TO HANG OUT THE WASHING ON THE SIEGFRIED LINE	406
WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR	407
WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN.....	409
WHITE CHRISTMAS.....	410

Chapter 1: Introduction

Chapter 1: Introduction

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This type of study is useful because the translation of comic strips remains a neglected area. The data collected in this particular descriptive study can be used to complete further studies of similar texts as for example the other translations of the Asterix comic book series (it has been translated into 99 languages and dialects – Cf. Annex 1 for the list of all the languages). This particular study will be looking at volumes 1 to 28 and volume 30 since the researcher has not been able to find the translation of volume 29. There is no doubt that the translation of the *Astérix* comic book series has been successful.

The question that this study addresses is how the translators have managed to transfer cultural and other elements in such a way that they are understood (in the same or a different way) and adapted to the new target context. What strategies have they used in order to translate the culturally bounds elements in this particular comic book series?

Chapter 1: Introduction

1.1. General comments on comic books

1.1.1. General comments

Comic books are very popular in modern society and there are many different types of comic books which range from adventure, to humour, to romance, etc. Comic books for children are usually part of a fantasy world (such as Superman or X-men). However, the comic books that wish to appeal to an adult audience are usually pinned on diverse aspects of a particular community such as its history, modern life, etc.

Some comic strip characters have virtually become a national institution: Andy Capp is as British as Astérix is French and Dennis the Menace is American (Van der Vyver, 1982: 4).



In fact, on 26 November 1965, the first French satellite, built by Matra, took off. Its official name was A1 but unofficially it was baptised Astérix by the people who built it.

Comic strips and comic books are, for the most part, not created for international consumption but for one particular culture.

That culture is referred to continually. *Astérix* is no exception. When it comes to translating these comic books across cultures, these cultural references become problematic. This is the reason certain comic strips (like the South African strips “Madam and Eve”) do not translate well outside their culture.

Although most comic strips are initially popular in their country of origin, their popularity can spread to other countries. For example, the *Astérix* series has been translated into 99 official languages and dialects which include Afrikaans, British English, American English, Spanish, Flemish, German, Italian, Latin, Castilian, Catalan, Basque, Ancient Greek, Modern Greek, Mandarin, Bengali, Hindi, Latvian, Russian, Swedish, Cantonese, Turkish, Portuguese, Norwegian, Danish, etc. (Cf. Annex 1 for the complete list).

Chapter 1: Introduction

In the case of the British English translations of the *Astérix* series, which are the translations under study in this research, all were done by the same translators: Anthea Bell and Derek Hockridge. There are only three volumes in the series, that is *Astérix legionnaire*, *Astérix aux Jeux Olympiques* and *La grande traversée* (*Asterix the Legionary*, volume 10, *Asterix at the Olympic Games*, volume 12 and *Asterix and the Great Crossing*, volume 22) that have been retranslated for the American audience by Robert Steven Caron. Apart from these three volumes, the British translations of all the other books in the series were used on the American market (and these translations were also used in all the other English speaking countries). This allows a consistent comparison between the source texts and the target texts.

1.1.2. Constraints in translating comic books

The translator of this particular genre is faced with three huge constraints (Van der Vyer, 1982).

When comic books such as *Astérix* are being translated, the common way to do it is to erase the text in the speech bubbles and then replace it with the translated text. Therefore, the first constraint faced by translators is a **space constraint**. The choices that have been made must fit into the speech bubbles that were drawn for the source language, and not the target one.

The second constraint is a **speech constraint**. The text, despite being written in the speech bubbles, is in fact spoken by the characters, and is to be read as if spoken. This is problematic because it is a mix of two different mediums: the written and the spoken one. This is shown through the frequent use made in the French version of phonetic spelling to represent the characters' accents (see, for example, 4.2.).

Chapter 1: Introduction

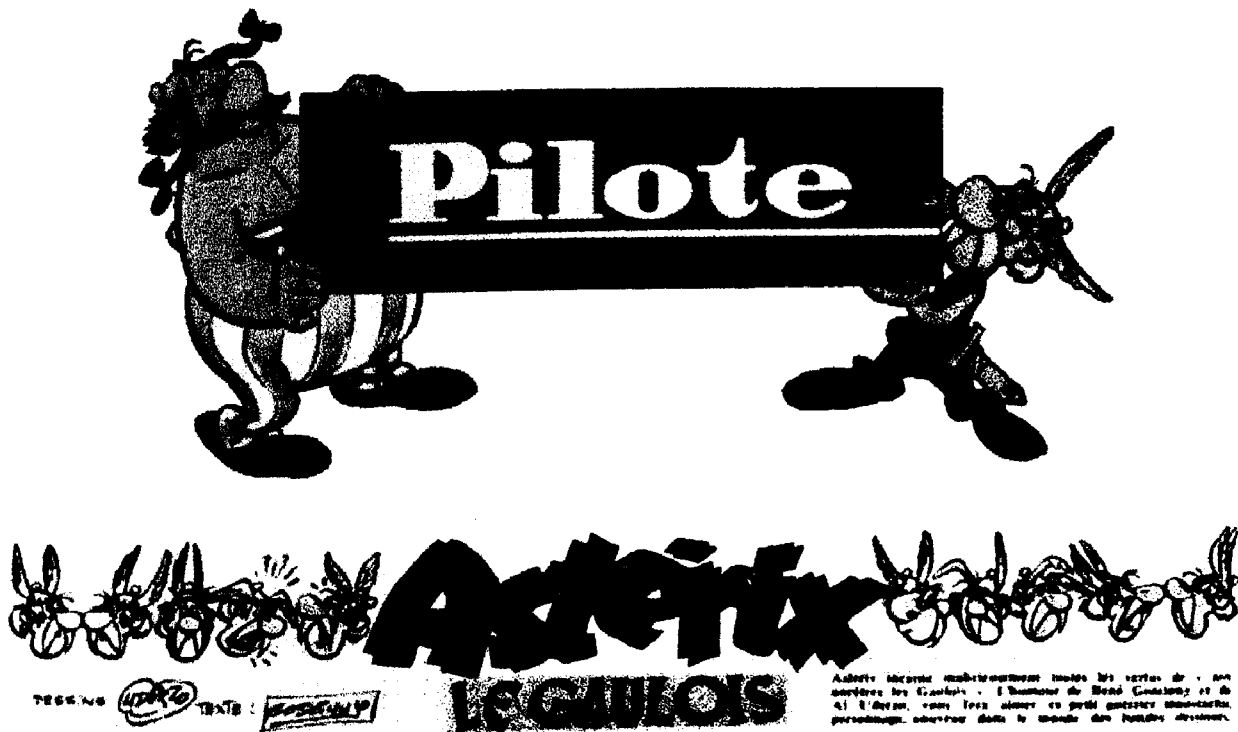
Finally, the third one is a **picture constraint**. The text that is chosen has to correspond to the picture that has been drawn in the original since the pictures are not normally redrawn for the translation.

By looking at the way in which the British translators have handled these problems in the comic book series *Astérix*, the researcher will identify the most commonly used strategies when faced with the problems of intertextuality, accents, cultural references, puns and songs. The researcher ends this research report with a 'hierarchy' of the solutions (Toury, 1980) used when faced with these different problems to which people translating related elements in comic books may refer back.

Chapter 1: Introduction

1.2. Background information on the Astérix series

The Astérix series originated in the pages of a *bande dessinée* (comic book) magazine called *Pilote* in 1959.



René Goscinny and Albert Uderzo (Cf. Annex 2 for a bibliography of the authors) had originally both written and drawn their own strip cartoons, before they met. They soon established a good partnership with Goscinny writing the scripts and Uderzo producing the artwork. Looking for a new character as the basis for a series in the new magazine *Pilote*, they came up with the ancient Gauls. Almost every French child's first history book opens with the phrase 'Our ancestors the Gauls'. Their ancestors the Gauls were brave and noble and (like the real historical chieftain Vercingetorix) stood up to Julius Caesar and his invading Roman army. They were all defeated in the end, even Vercingetorix. Goscinny and Uderzo use the pride of the French in their ancestors as the basis for their series. In fact, in the comic book series Astérix, one little village stands up to the Romans and always wins, thus thwarting history.

Chapter 1: Introduction

However, the series has been carefully studied to make the work appealing to a larger audience. Children follow the artwork and love the fights between the Gauls and the Romans, even more so since the Gauls always win. The adults read the series for its historical references (even though some are anachronistic like digging the tunnel under the English Channel), its cultural references (such as the caricatures of famous people, songs) and also its humorous nature. It also appeals to adults because of its allusions such as the use of literature in some of the speech bubbles.



Originally the idea was to make Asterix a genuinely heroic Gaul - a huge hunk of a warrior. Then René Goscinny thought it would be more amusing to make him small and weedy in appearance, apparently insignificant but in fact very cunning, and Albert Uderzo then came up with the idea of his inseparable friend Obelix, who is indeed big and enormously strong (he fell into the cauldron of magic potion when he was a baby, and this has a permanent effect on him), far from bright, but endearingly childlike. Other standard characters are the village bard and the village chieftain. In the later books, Obelix is accompanied by his little dog, Idéfix in French, Dogmatix in English.

Chapter 1: Introduction

About half the adventures take place in Gaul, in and around the little village itself - it is never named, but lies on the coast of Armorica, now Brittany. In the rest of the stories, Asterix and Obelix visit places including Spain, ancient Egypt, Britain, the area of present-day Germany where the Goths lived, Switzerland, Greece, Belgium, Corsica, even India, America, and the fabled continent of Atlantis. They also pay several visits to ancient Rome, taking the battle into the enemy camp - the enemy being Julius Caesar, whom they treat with cheerful disrespect.



In 1977 René Goscinny died suddenly of a heart attack, aged only fifty-one. His friend and partner Albert Uderzo decided to continue the series on his own, writing the stories as well as drawing the pictures, rather than involve another author, who he felt would be bound to introduce changes to the original concept. He has now produced six albums by himself, continuing the tradition as before, and still alternating adventures at home and abroad. No major changes can be noticed since Uderzo decided to keep the same style of writing as his friend.

Several English-language publishers initially turned down the series, on the grounds that it was too French to cross the Channel successfully. Eventually Brockhampton Press, the name at the time of the children's section of Hodder & Stoughton, decided to take on the venture. To translate the books they recruited a team consisting of Anthea Bell and Derek Hockridge. Derek, as a lecturer in French, is an expert quite familiar with all the French topical references. Anthea, as a professional translator, has a special interest in the translation of children's literature. The first English translations were published in 1969.

Chapter 1: Introduction

1.3. Theoretical Framework

In order to construct the model of analysis presented in this essay, I have drawn from many different sources including Brown and Yule (1989), Hatim and Mason (1990 & 1997), Nord (1991), Coulthard and Montgomery (1981), Fairclough (1989), Fawcett (1997), Holmes (1996), Gregory and Carroll (1978), Trudgill (1974) and Smith and Shuy (1977). This is not a complete model of text/discourse analysis, but one adapted to the needs of this research.

The model of analysis presented here is divided into two main sections: the analysis of extratextual factors and that of intratextual factors. Each section is then subdivided into multiple parts.

EXTRATEXTUAL FACTORS

The first factor is the **SENDER** (Nord, 1991: 42). The sender is not always the text producer. He is the person who uses the text to convey a message or to produce a certain effect. The important factors to find out about the sender are his status and role in society as well as the function he wants the text to serve (Nord, 1991: 47). How can the translator find out information about the sender? It is not always possible to speak to the sender directly especially when it comes to the translation of literature. However, there are other clues that the translator can use. In the case in which the sender is the author, the translator can use accompanying texts (such as the introduction to the book) or information regarding the author (such as biographies, critics, style, type of writing, etc). If the text to be translated is a speech, information can be found regarding the position and social status of the sender, and the translator can usually speak directly to the sender.

Chapter 1: Introduction

The second factor to be considered is the **RECIPIENT** (Nord, 1991: 51) or rather recipients (the source text and the target text recipient). What are the recipient's expectations? The more important factor is the recipient's background. This includes the "*communicative background*" (Nord, 1991: 51) or the knowledge the author assumes from the reader/hearer as well as his sociological background (social position, education, sex, ages, geography, etc). The translator must always bear in mind that the target text recipient will not have the same background as the source text recipient. He belongs to a different language environment and more importantly, to a different culture.

The third factor to be considered is the **MEDIUM** (Nord, 1991: 56) or channel. There are two main mediums: written and spoken. However, there are a lot of "complex mediums". The particular case of comic books can be considered as one of these "complex mediums" since the text in the speech bubbles is written as if spoken. Grammar rules do not always apply and spelling is altered in order to represent the pronunciation of the character. This can present certain problems when translating and require adaptation.

The fourth factor to be considered is what I would call "**COMMUNICATION FACTORS**". These include the *place* of production of the source text as well as the place of reception of the target text (Nord, 1991: 60). The socio-cultural, historical and geographical background of the place of production and that of reception influence the choices made by the author/sender/translator. However, Asterix, which was created to be a national cultural phenomenon, has now become a global one. It is translated into nearly 100 languages and dialects. The communication factors also include the *time* factor (Nord, 1991: 63). Languages and language conventions evolve through time. Should a translator "modernise" the language of an old text or should he write in the same language? This is still one of the sensitive questions in translation studies. It is also important because of temporal deictic references in texts. They include the *motive* or the reason for which the text has been produced/translated (Nord, 1991: 67). This can also include the fact that a text can be produced for a certain occasion. Finally, the fifth factor is the *text function* (Nord, 1991: 70) The overall function of the text can be determined according to Newmark's (1988) categories of expressive, informative, vocative, aesthetic, phatic or metalingual. The translator should then choose what type of translation to use, at least as

Chapter 1: Introduction

an initial strategy. Once the translator has decided the target audience, that is by whom the translation is going to be read, s/he can decide whether to do a literal translation (stay faithful to the original) or whether to adapt the translation to the new culture for which it is intended (help the target reader to understand the ideas in the text).

INTRATEXTUAL FACTORS

The first factor is the **SUBJECT MATTER** (Nord, 1991: 84). What is the topic of the text? Is the topic embedded in a particular cultural context? If the topic is general, the translator then knows that he will not be faced with too many problems of adaptation/explanation. On the contrary, if the topic is deeply rooted in a certain culture, making the translation understandable to the target audience might prove to be a more daunting problem, and this is the case in the translation of *Astérix*.

The second factor is the actual **CONTENT** (Nord, 1991: 89) of the text. There are many criteria to be studied with regard to content.

The first one is the “*internal situation*” (Nord, 1991: 93) or “*text world*” (Hatim & Mason, 1997: 16) of the text. Does the text represent real facts of the real world, fictional facts in a real world or a fictional world? The text world is very often linked to the genre of the text. Nobody would expect a political speech to present superheroes.

The second point to be looked at is the vocabulary used. Is the vocabulary used very specific or specialised (such as legal or engineering jargon) or more general? In other words, what is the register used by the author? The translator should pay particular attention to the use of key words which reappear throughout the text (or in related texts). The translator would then look at what I would call the *user's speech* (Hatim & Mason, 1990: 39 – 1997: 97) or dialect. This part of the analysis pertains more to literary works or speeches rather than scientific or legal documents. The vocabulary chosen can show the *geographical origin* (Hatim & Mason, 1990: 40) of the author/speaker/character. This is often seen through the use of accents. It can sometimes be seen through the choice between

Chapter 1: Introduction

the standard form of a language (such as Received Pronunciation English) and a non-standard one (such as Cockney English). The choice of a certain language form can also show the *social origin* (Hatim & Mason, 1990: 42) of the user. Two other points to be looked at are the *temporal aspect* (Hatim & Mason, 1990: 41) of the language used and *idiolects*. The temporal aspect, as mentioned before, is important because language evolves with time and so do the meaning of certain words. Idiolect refers to the way that a particular speaker has of expressing himself/herself. It is not the same thing as register since it can differ with every individual. The last point to be looked at regarding the vocabulary used is the *figurative use*. Does the author use many metaphors or plays on words? This will help the translator pinpoint parts of the text which may become problematic when it comes to translating the text in order to make it understandable to the target reader. Once more, the problem appears when it comes to translating for people who do not belong to the same culture and therefore do not have the same background knowledge. The translator will either have to make these presuppositions explicit or find a way of adapting them so that they can be understood by the target audience.

The third point is related to POWER RELATIONS (Hatim & Mason, 1990: 86 – or “social distance” (Hatim & Mason, 1997: 22)). Fairclough (1989) gives a very detailed explanation of how the vocabulary we choose reflects the way we see the world and the power relations between the different participants. It represents the ideology of the person speaking and his/her point of view. The authors play on this particular aspect to show that the Gauls do not accept Caesar’s power. Very often, the Gauls do not respect Caesar at all (see chapter 3). However, this is not the only time when the authors use language for this particular purpose. In fact, they also put Latin words (the language of the dominant class of that time) into the mouth of a pirate whose ship has just been sunk and who is swimming in the middle of the wreckage.

The fourth and last point to be looked at in relation to context is allusion (which is part of what Nord calls “presupposition” (1991:95)). There are different types of allusions (or intertextuality as Hatim & Mason (1990: 120; 1997: 17) call it) that an author/speaker can use. The first one is *direct reference* when the source of the quote is given. The second one is the use of *clichés*. These may be problematic since they are different in different

Chapter 1: Introduction

cultures. The third one is an allusion to *art or literary allusions*. These may be a problem if they refer back to a particular cultural feature which is not well known outside that particular culture. However, if the author/speaker refers to a very famous work of literature, which is then very likely to have been translated, the translator may decide to use the translation which has been published. The fourth type of allusion is *self-quotation*. The author/speaker may refer back to one of his own previous works or speeches. The fifth one is the use of *proverbs*. Many of these usually have equivalents in other languages (and the translator should establish what those are even though it is sometimes difficult), but some of them may not have equivalents, as is often the case when translating from cultures rich in proverbs such as Chinese or African languages. The sixth and last one is the use of *other cultural references*. These may include references to cultural events, traditional foods, etc.

The third and last intratextual factor to be considered in this study is that of **NON-VERBAL ELEMENTS** (Nord, 1991: 108). There are two types of non-verbal elements: *suprasegmental features* (such as the character's type, size, etc) (Nord, 1991: 120) and *independent text* (such as the pictures in comics books)(Nord, 1991: 108).

1.4. Outline of Chapters

By carrying out this analysis of the source text according to the parameters set out above, the researcher was able to locate all the problematic areas when it came to translation. Since it is not possible to study all the translation problems in this comic book series, the researcher limited the study to more specific areas.

Since the extratextual factors have been briefly described in 1.2., the remainder of this study will be focussing on the different intratextual factors.

Chapter 2 looks at allusions, more specifically art and literary allusions which will have been identified by the fourth point (allusions) of the content factor. It will also look at allusions to places (identified by the sixth point (other cultural references) of the content factor, as well as those made to people, though caricature (identified by the second point (independent text) of the non-verbal elements factor.

Chapter 3 focuses on power relations identified by the third point of the content factor, and then on the figurative use of language identified by the second point (vocabulary) of the content factor. Since a study of puns has already been carried (Stevens, 1994), this part will only focus on the characters' names (which are also puns).

Chapter 4 studies how the geographical origin of the character is shown through the use of language (such as accents) and how these have been translated. The geographical differences in users' speech will have been identified by the second point (vocabulary) of the content factor.

Chapter 5 examines the translation of cultural elements which are specific to France, such as the translation of references to food and the translations of songs. These references would have been identified by the sixth type of allusion (in the content factor).

In conclusion, chapter 6 recapitulates all the strategies that have been used to solve these different translation problems in order of importance (that is frequency with which a certain solution has been used).

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

Before starting this second chapter, here is an explanation of what is meant by the concept of 'intertextuality' (presented in Hatim & Mason (1990 and 1997)) which is also referred to as presuppositions. This concept is defined as:

[...]The way in which we relate textual occurrences to each other and recognise them as signs which evoke whole areas of our previous textual experience. This is intertextuality, through which texts are recognised in terms of their dependence on other relevant texts. (Hatim & Mason, 1990:120)

These presuppositions can also be linked to other elements apart from texts:

Presuppositions often refer to objects and phenomena of the culture the sender belongs to... Presuppositions may refer not only to the factors and conditions of the situation and to the realities of the source culture, but can also imply facts from the author's biography, aesthetic theories, common text types and their characteristics, metric dispositions, details of subject matter, motives, the topoi and iconography of a certain literary period, ideology, religion, philosophy and mythical concepts, cultural and political conditions of the time, media and forms of representation, the educational situation, or the way the text has been handed down. (Nord, 1991: 96-97)

[Intertextuality] may take the form of imitation, plagiarism, parody, citation, refutation or transformation of texts. (Hatim & Mason, 1990: 125)

It is easy to understand how this may become problematic when it comes to translating such references outside their culture.

These presuppositions are implicitly assumed by the speaker, who takes it for granted that this will also be the case with the listener. Communication can therefore only be successful if speaker and listener both implicitly assume the same presuppositions in sufficient quantity. (Nord, 1991: 95-96)

Presuppositions can often be problematic within the same language and the same culture. They become even more so when they have to be put across cultures and languages. If such presuppositions cannot be assumed from the target audience, they need to be made explicit or there might be a breach in communication.

We never 'know' what our interlocutor 'knows'. But we can and do make assumptions about the cognitive environment we both share... Operating in different cognitive environments, ST (source text) and TT (target text) readers are not equally equipped for inferencing. (Hatim & Mason, 1990: 92)

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

Even though there are many ways to make these references more explicit in normal texts (through annotations, comments, etc.), it is not possible to use such techniques in a comic book. The researcher will analyse how the British translators handled this issue.

The authors of the *Asterix* series acknowledge the potential difficulty of translating their work. In an interview Uderzo gave for *Le Livre d'Astérix le gaulois* (Andrieu, 1999), he said:

C'est ce que j'appelle un vrai travail d'adaptation plus que de traduction... Dieu sait si ce travail est parfois complexe et si les personnes qui l'effectuent me reprochent parfois amicalement certains jeux de mots, chansons ou traits d'humour absolument intraduisible dans leur langue... Comme nous n'avons jamais voulu jouer le jeu d'écrire des scénarii 'internationaux', ils souffrent, les pauvres !

[This is what I would call a real adaptation work rather than translation... God knows that this work is sometimes very difficult and if the people who do it sometimes blame me, in a friendly way, for certain puns, songs or humorous aspects which are absolutely impossible to translate in their language... Since we never wanted to play the game of writing 'international' scenarios, they suffer, poor things! (My translation)]

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

2.1. *References to other texts*

The authors of the *Asterix* series sometimes refer to other written texts. In order to do so, they take a quote (which is often a very famous one and which everyone would recognise immediately) from a well-known text and modify it slightly in order for it to fit the context in which they wish to use it. These modified quotes are drawn from a wide range of literature, classical (such as plays) as well as current literature. Surprisingly enough, certain quotes used in the series are drawn from textbooks (such as grammar and history books, for example). This section will look at examples taken from each different case.

These allusions will become a problem in translation since the target audience, in this particular study British readers, will not immediately recognise the allusion if it is kept the same way. They do not have the same literary background, and even if some of the texts referred to have been translated into the target culture, they might not be part of the 'classics' which are studied in this particular culture, especially when it comes to references to textbooks.

Let us take examples of each type of reference and see how the British translators have handled this particular issue.

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

2.1.1. Latin quotes

The authors of the *Asterix* series often use Latin quotes. The reason for this is that the story is taking place during the Roman era, that is when the people spoke Latin. Some of these quotes are famous ones spoken by Caesar, such as “veni, vidi, vici”. Others are taken from classics such as Horace or Virgil. In every single case, the Latin has been retained since it is as much a foreign language to the

source text reader as to the target text reader. For a complete list of the Latin quotes used in the entire series, see Annex 3.

2.1.2. Quotes taken from textbooks

In *Astérix et la Serpe d'Or* (*Asterix and the Golden Sickle*, volume 2, p. 5), the bard is giving a lesson to the children in the village. He is standing next to his board (a stone) and a young student is standing before him. The bard looks at the students and asks “qui étaient nos ancêtres ?” (literally, ‘who were our ancestors?’). The young student looks at the bard and wonders what the answer could be “?”. For any

French person who has been to school and attended history classes, the humour in that particular question will be easy to understand. In fact, most French history books as has already been said (at least the ones that cover this particular period) start with ‘our ancestors the Gauls’. They never really go further back. This is why the student is challenged by the question. He is a Gaul so who are his ancestors? Of course, such an allusion would not be understood if retained as such in the British translation. In fact, if kept the same way, it would not only impair the understanding of the story but the humour of this particular passage would be lost as well. The British translators decided to change

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

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Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

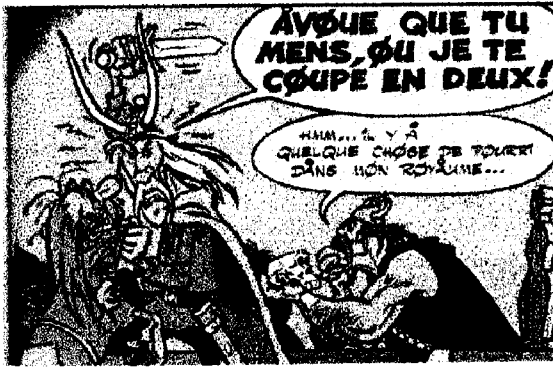
the allusion and find something which would still fit in with the dilemma faced by the student (it would have been difficult to fit anything else in the bubble, such as a proper answer, since the size of the bubble was designed for only one, or a maximum of two, characters and these bubbles are not redesigned for the translation). In order to keep the humour and the dilemma, they decided to keep a reference to a book, but in this particular case, it is a self-quotation. They have replaced the bard's speech by: "Into how many parts is Gaul divided?". Every Asterix book starts with the sentence "all of Gaul is occupied". This particular sentence has already been used in the first volume of the series, as well as at the beginning of this particular volume (since this is the second volume of the series). Furthermore, this picture is also on the first page (that is on the same page as the introduction), and therefore the reader will be able to understand the dilemma faced by the student. The translators decided not to assume, as was the case in French, any prior knowledge of another reading and to link their translation to the 'historical situation' in the comic book series. Gaul is not supposed to be divided since Caesar occupies all of it ("except for a little village").



2.1.3. Quotes taken from foreign literature

The authors of the Asterix series also use reference to other literary books. Some of these references are taken from foreign literature, which means that they are already foreign to the French reader (who will still recognise them since they are part of the classics). When the authors refer to foreign literature, there are two different cases.

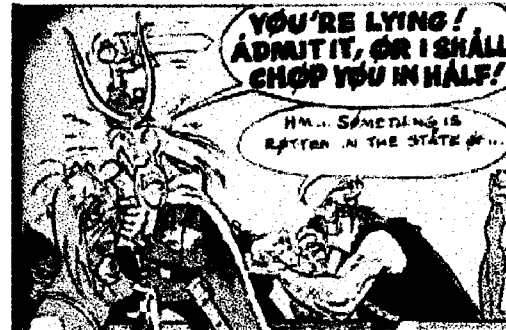
Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



The first type of reference did not pose too many problems for the British translators since the text was taken from the translation of an English author, Shakespeare (which is also studied as compulsory reading in French schools). The example is taken from *La grande traversée*

(*Asterix and the Great Crossing*, volume 22, p. 45).

In order to make the allusion work in French, the authors have played on two features, the drawing and the text. In that particular passage, Obsen, the Viking chief, discovers that Asterix and Obelix (whom one of his subordinates has captured) are



not really natives of the New World (in which they were when they were captured) but Gauls. He takes up a skull (which the Vikings used either as candles or as glasses), stares at it while holding his chin and says "*Il y a quelque chose de pourri dans mon royaume*". This is a sentence taken from the French translation of *Hamlet* (Shakespeare, *Act I, scene 4, l. 90*). This particular scene is not the one in which the skull is actually used

(Shakespeare, *Hamlet, Act V, scene 1, l. 20*), but the skull in the actor's hand has become a symbol of Shakespeare's play and therefore will help the readers to know which play it comes from. A little bit later in the same book, on page 47, the authors continue referring to *Hamlet* (Shakespeare, *Act III, scene 1*).

- *Etre ou ne pàs être, telle est là question...*



The translator's did not have too many problems with the translation of these particular passages. They went back to the English original and wrote the original for both quotes: "*something is rotten in the state of...*" (Denmark is omitted in the comic book), "*To be or not to be, that is the question...*". (Cf. Annex 4 for a list of the references to Shakespeare and for the extracts from the original texts).



Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

However, the allusions made to foreign literature are not always related to British literature. In *Astérix en Hispanie* (*Asterix in Spain*, volume 14, p.32), the authors of the comic book series decided to refer to a Spanish author.



In this particular case, they made reference to the hero created by Miguel de Cervantes, Spanish writer (Alcalá

de Henares 1547- Madrid 1616) named Don Quixote (published in two parts in 1605 and 1615) and his faithful, pragmatic squire, Sancho Panza. This book marks the emergence of the modern novel. It is a satire of novels of chivalry. The hero is known for his insanity. Every time he sees windmills, he thinks that they are the enemy and decides to attack them. It is like an instantaneous reflex every time he hears the word 'windmill' pronounced. In order to present the character, the authors have used a caricature of the descriptions given by Cervantes (a Spanish warrior in armour and with a spear and shield on a tired horse (named Rossinante in the novel), and his servant (with all the bags on the back of a donkey) and placed windmills at the back of the picture. Asterix and Obelix, who are trying to find their way to a small Spanish village (who also resists Caesar's power), come across these two strange characters. They ask their way and the servant replies:

vous continuez tout droit, à gauche des moulins...
and the warrior says "*des moulins? à l'attaque!*"

Since this particular reference is not part of French literature (it was originally written in Spanish), the translators



have decided to adopt the same solution as in the previous case: they used the translation into English of this particular novel. Of course, in this particular case, even a literal translation would have worked too.

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

By looking at the two previous examples given (and a study of other cases not discussed in this research), it can be seen that the British translators have always used the same method when the authors of the comic book series decided to refer to foreign literature. The translators went either back to the original (if the book had been written in English), or decided to look at a translation of the book into English.

2.1.4. References to French literature

Translation becomes more problematic when the authors make use of references to French classics, very few of which have been translated outside the French culture and which are therefore not very well known to foreign audiences. There are three authors to whom the authors refer extensively. There are important references to E. Rostand (*Cyrano de Bergerac*), V. Hugo and La Fontaine.

In *Le Cadeau de César* (*Asterix and Caesar's Gift*, volume 21, p. 31), the authors of the series decided to refer to a play called *Cyrano de Bergerac*. This is an important classic in French literature. It is part of compulsory reading in schools (and students often have to learn and act out this particular monologue). It has also been the subject of a film starring Gerard Depardieu. One of the main characteristics of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, the protagonist of the play and a wonderful warrior, is that he has a huge nose and has scant respect for the elite. In the opening scene of *Cyrano*, during a play attended by higher aristocracy, someone turns to grave *Cyrano* and tries to insult him by saying that his nose is big. *Cyrano* then embarks on a lengthy monologue to prove to the aristocrat that his vocabulary is not very good and that he could have said many things about his nose. In the *Asterix* series, all the Gauls have been drawn with big noses (which is one of their main characteristics). In this particular volume, a Roman soldier (to whom Caesar has offered the village as a gift and a joke since the soldier is an insult to the Roman legion) comes to the village to claim it and gets into a fight with Asterix. The Roman (who also represents the people in power) decides to insult Asterix by telling him that he has a big nose. Asterix then adapts part of the monologue to the situation of the time:

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



- *Tu as un gros nez... Un très gros nez!*
- *Ce n'est pas très drôle Romain ! Tu aurais pu dire c'est un menhir ! Que dis-je, c'est un menhir ? C'est un dolmen !*
- *Ca c'est envoyé !*
- *Eh bien, à la fin de l'envoi, je touche !*



- [- *You have a big nose... A very big nose!*
- *This is not funny Roman! You could have said it is a menhir! What am-I saying, a menhir? It is a dolmen!*
- *That is well said!*
- *Well, at the end of the launch, I hit! (Literal translation)]*

(Cf. Annex 6 for the original text of the quote from *Cyrano*, in French and its English translation. The text has been translated in English and is sometimes studied, but it is not a classic, and therefore, the translators have chosen not to use the translation, even though it has been published. It is interesting to see how the original text was used, that is the surrounding conditions and underlying meaning (contradiction of power) and see that it can also apply to the passage in which it has been used in *Astérix*.)

The readers of this kind of translation would not have understood the reference. Furthermore, the play on words which is used in the two last sentences (between 'envoyé' and 'envoi' – see literal translation above – also refers to the beginning of a duel between two soldiers) would have also been lost in the translation. The translators therefore decided to find an allusion to a book which would be understood by the target reader and at the same time, fit with the drawings. Since they were translating for a British audience, they decided to refer to a classic (which would also be understood by any other English-reading

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

audience) and used different quotes, taken once again, from *Hamlet*. The translators did not rely on only one continuous quote that they modified but on different unmodified sentences taken from different places in the play:

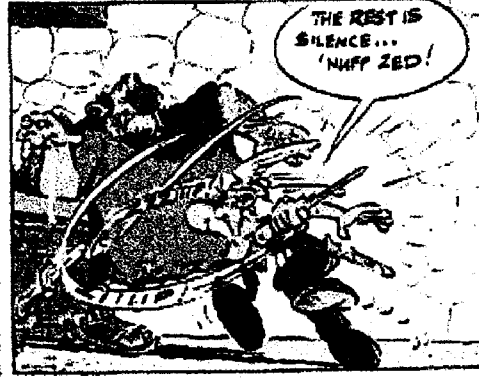


- *I am more an antique Roman than a Dane (Hamlet, Act I, scene 2, l.355)*

- *Fat, and scant of breath (Hamlet, Act V) O! That this too too solid flesh would melt (Hamlet, Act I, scene 2, l.129) Give us the foils! (Hamlet, Act V, scene 2, l. 30).*

- *A hit, a very palpable hit. (Hamlet, Act V, scene 2, l. 295)*

- *The rest is silence. (Hamlet, Act V, scene 2, l. 372)*



(Cf. Annex 4 for the original texts of Shakespeare. The quotes are taken from different parts of the play and all put together by the translators. It is interesting to see how they were used in the first place.)

As can be seen in this particular case, the translators have drawn the quotes from different parts of Shakespeare's play in order to make up a speech that could fit the circumstances drawn. In the French, the speech is linked to a physical feature of the Gaulish character, whereas in the English translation, it plays on the Roman's features. Furthermore, whilst the French also presents an implied denial of authority, the English translation does not have this particular feature. However, the translation does link to the pictures and also conveys the 'insulting' part even though the roles have been reversed (the insult is directed against the Roman) but it is still Asterix who shows his superiority in relation to the Roman soldier.

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



There are two short references made to Victor Hugo. The first one is used in *Astérix en Corse* (*Asterix in Corsica*, volume 20, p. 38): “les Corse se dirigent vers la morne plaine d’Aléria...”

This is an allusion to the famous verse written by Victor Hugo with reference to Napoleon (there are many references to Napoleon in this volume since he was of Corsican origin): “*Waterloo, Waterloo morne plaine...*” This reference was literally translated into the British version without adaptation: “*the Corsicans make for the bleak plain of Aleria...*” I do not think that the British readers would catch the allusion. On the contrary, any French reader who remembers either his V. Hugo books or his history textbooks (since it is often quoted in them) would catch the allusion to Napoleon.



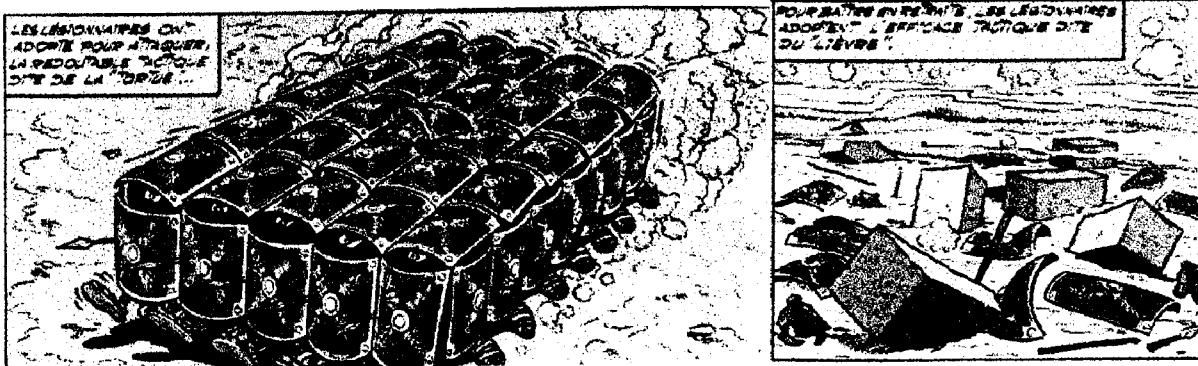
The second reference, made to exactly the same verse, is in *Astérix chez les Belges* (*Asterix in Belgium*, volume 24, p. 32). This time, the British translators decided to use a quote from Lord Wellington: “The battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton” (which gives “You

could suggest a meeting with Caesar on the playing fields when we’ve eaten” in the *Asterix* book). This verse is referred to a few other times and the first solution is always used. (Cf. Annex 7 for a bibliography of V. Hugo and the original text – Cf. Annex 5 for quotes by Lord Wellington)

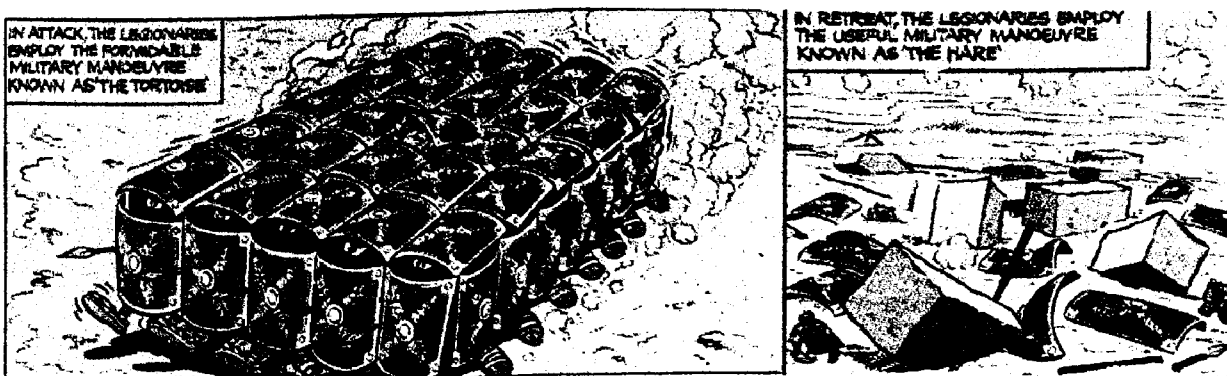


Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

Finally, the authors also use references to La Fontaine (Cf. Annex 8 for the original French texts – it is interesting to see how the sentence was used originally and how it was adapted by the authors to the situation in the pictures). Most of these references are taken from *Les Fables*.



Sometimes, the reference is linked to the characters involved in the fable. For example, in *Astérix et Cléopâtre* (*Asterix and Cleopatra*, volume 6, p. 39), the authors compare the Romans at first to the ‘tortue’ (tortoise) and then to a ‘lièvre’ (hare). This comes from the fable named ‘le lièvre et la tortue’ (the hare and the tortoise). In this particular case, the British translators decided to use quite a literal translation. The reference is not lost since most British audiences would be quite familiar with this fable. Furthermore, the readers can understand what is happening since the text is linked to the pictures.

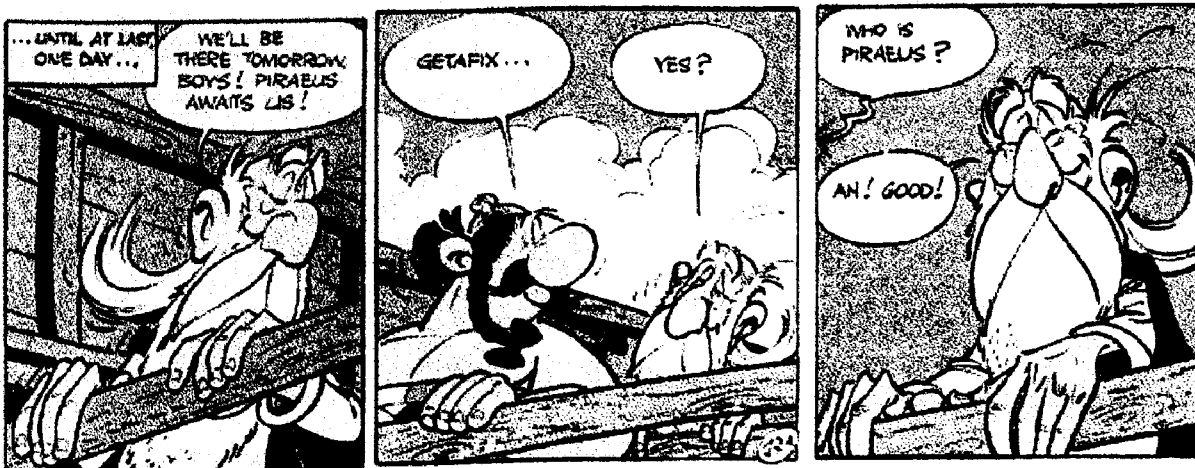


This is not the only place where the translators have decided to use quite a literal translation of the reference.

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



In *Astérix aux Jeux Olympiques* (*Asterix at the Olympic Games*, volume 12, p. 21), the authors refer to a fable entitled “*le singe et le dauphin*” (the monkey and the dolphin) in which the monkey thinks that a place is a person. Here, it is Obelix who thinks that the port to which they are going is a person.



In most of the other cases, the authors use references to the moral of the fables. For example, in *Le grand fosse* (*Asterix and the Great Divide*, volume 25, p. 15), the character says:

Patience et longueur de temps font plus que force ni que rage ! Je me demande où je vais chercher tout ça ?!!

and that is the moral of the fable “*le Lion et le Rat*”. Once more, translators have also used a more literal translation

and that, once more, fits into the context:



Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

Time and patience will achieve more than rage and violence ever could! Sometimes I wonder how I think these things up...

However, the British reader might wonder why the character is asking himself this question, whilst the French reader will know that it comes from a book.



From these examples, it can be seen that at times, the strategy of the translators is to ignore the fact that the authors were referring to a quote and translated it as if these quotes were originals from the authors. They have chosen to use a literal translation since it could fit in the context and with the pictures. Furthermore, even in the French version, most texts were given a certain independence, functioning on their own with no real need to refer back to the quoted text.

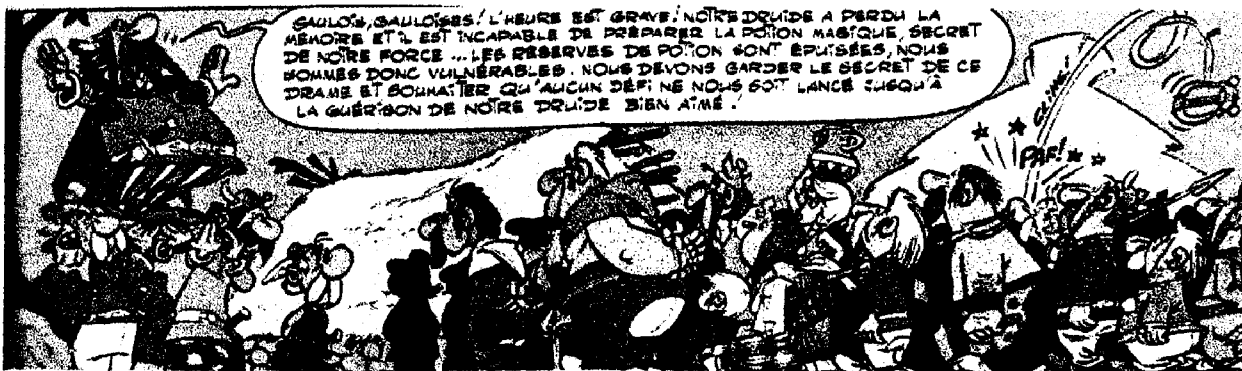
2.1.5. Conclusions and compensation

From the examples quoted above, it can be seen that the translators have used different techniques when faced with literary references. When the references were in Latin, they decided to keep them. When the references were taken from foreign literature (be it English or French), they have used either a translation or the original quote. More problematic for them were the references to a French text (where the latter is not well-known outside France and therefore had not been translated into many different languages). When a literal translation was not possible, the translators decided to adapt the speech by using a quote from a classic belonging to their own literature. In most case, the British translators decided to use references to Shakespeare. The advantage of this strategy is also that a Shakespearian reference is most likely to be recognised by English speakers outside Britain since Shakespeare is studied in nearly every single English speaking school (and *Hamlet* is often the most studied play by Shakespeare). Were the comics originally to have been written in English translated into French, I do not think that the French

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

translators would use *Cyrano* but would be more likely to use the French translation of *Hamlet* since it is also very widely studied (in translation) in French schools.

It must, however, be pointed out that, in some instances, the translators decided to insert additional quotes taken from Shakespeare, or still from Milton, when there were no quotes in the French original, a strategy referred to as 'compensation'. The translators added quotes in to compensate for the ones that they have not translated. This method has been used often in the British translation: the researcher has identified six instances in which this method was used.



This is the case, for example, in *Le combat des chefs* (*Asterix and the Big Fight*, volume 7) in which a quote from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* (Act III, scene 2, l. 13) was inserted when there was no quote in the French original:

Gaulois, Gauloise! L'heure est grave ! (p. 15)

Friends, Gauls, Countrymen! I have a serious announcement to make!



(Cf. Annex 4 for the quotes to Shakespeare and the original texts – Cf. Annex 5 for quotes from English literature and original texts – it helps the reader see how the quotes have been chosen from the original in order to fit the context of the comic book series).

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



It is also done in *Le bouclier averne* (*Asterix and the Chieftain's Shield*, volume 11) where a quote from Shakespeare's *Macbeth* (Act III, scene iv, l. 38) has been used to replace a French expression:

Quand l'appétit va, tout va (p. 9)
Let good digestion wait on appetite

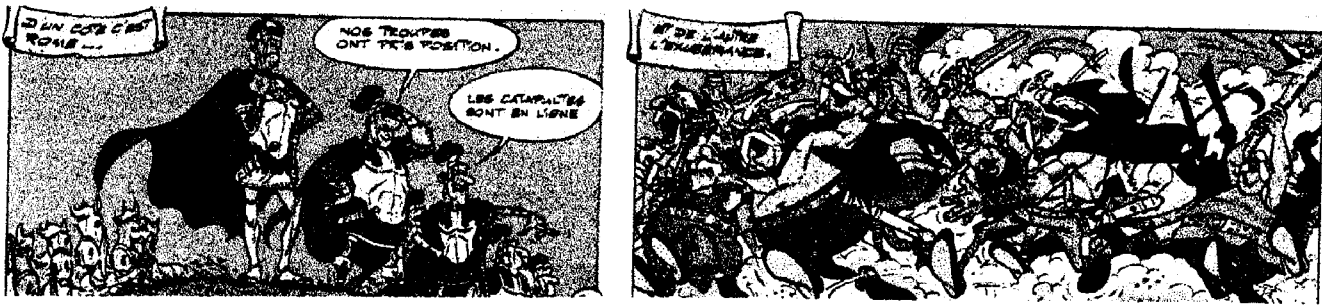


In the translation of *Astérix chez les Belges* (*Asterix in Belgium*, volume 24), the translators have used this technique in different places:

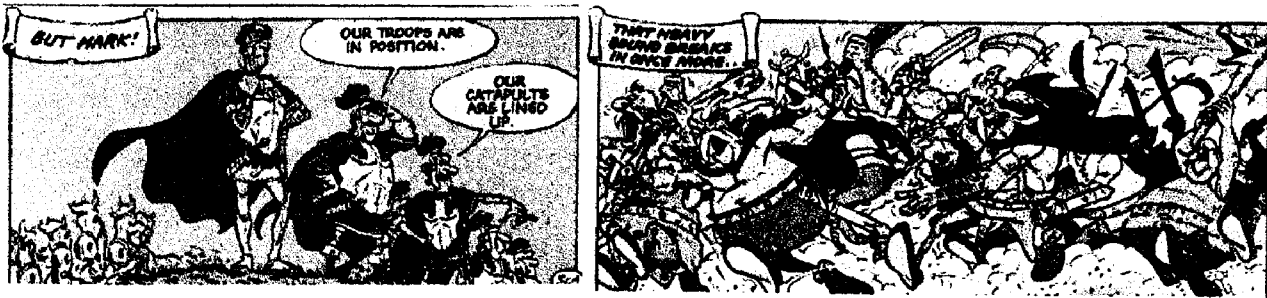
Je sais que c'est dur, mais quels que soient les dangers qui... (p. 11)
It is a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done, and despite the dangers (taken from Dickens – *A Tale of Two Cities*)



Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



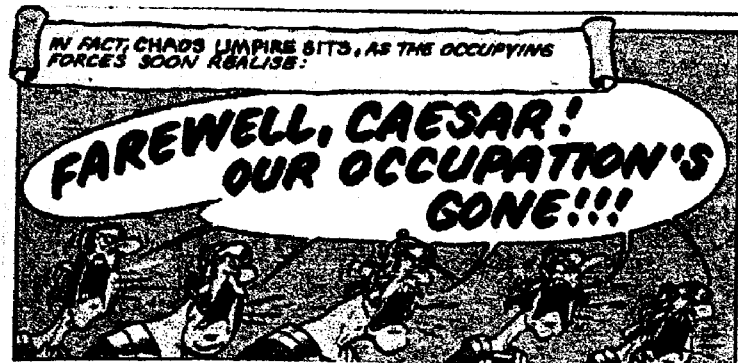
*D'un côté c'est Rome... Et de l'autre l'exubérance... (p. 40)
 But hark! That heavy sound breaks in once more... (taken from Lord Byron's Beppo, canto III, stanza 23-24)*



Comprenant qu'ils allaient drôlement déguster, leur bouche, d'un seul cri, dit (p. 45)

In fact, chaos umpire sits, as the occupying forces soon realise (taken from Milton's Paradise Lost, Book II, l. 907)

By doing so, the translators have kept the richness of the original. They have compensated for places where they have not used a reference, or literally translated a French one, by adding in these further allusions.



Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

2.2. *References to other works*

Literary references are not the only types of references made by the authors in the *Asterix* series. Reference is also made to other artistic elements such as paintings (original and historical), sculptures and movies. This type of reference can sometimes pose problems for translators when the reference is explicit in the text. However, if the reference is only done through the picture, the translators have no choice since comic strip drawings are very rarely redone for a translation. Even in the French original, many people would not always catch these references when they are implicit. It will all depend on the readers' background knowledge of art and movies.

2.2.1. *References to films*

Most of the references to films are rather implicit. The authors have caricatured certain scenes taken from certain films. This is the case in *Le tour de Gaule* (*Asterix and the Banquet*, volume 5, p. 31 & 32) where the authors caricature scenes taken from *César* and then from *Fanny* (films based on the books written by Marcel Pagnol).

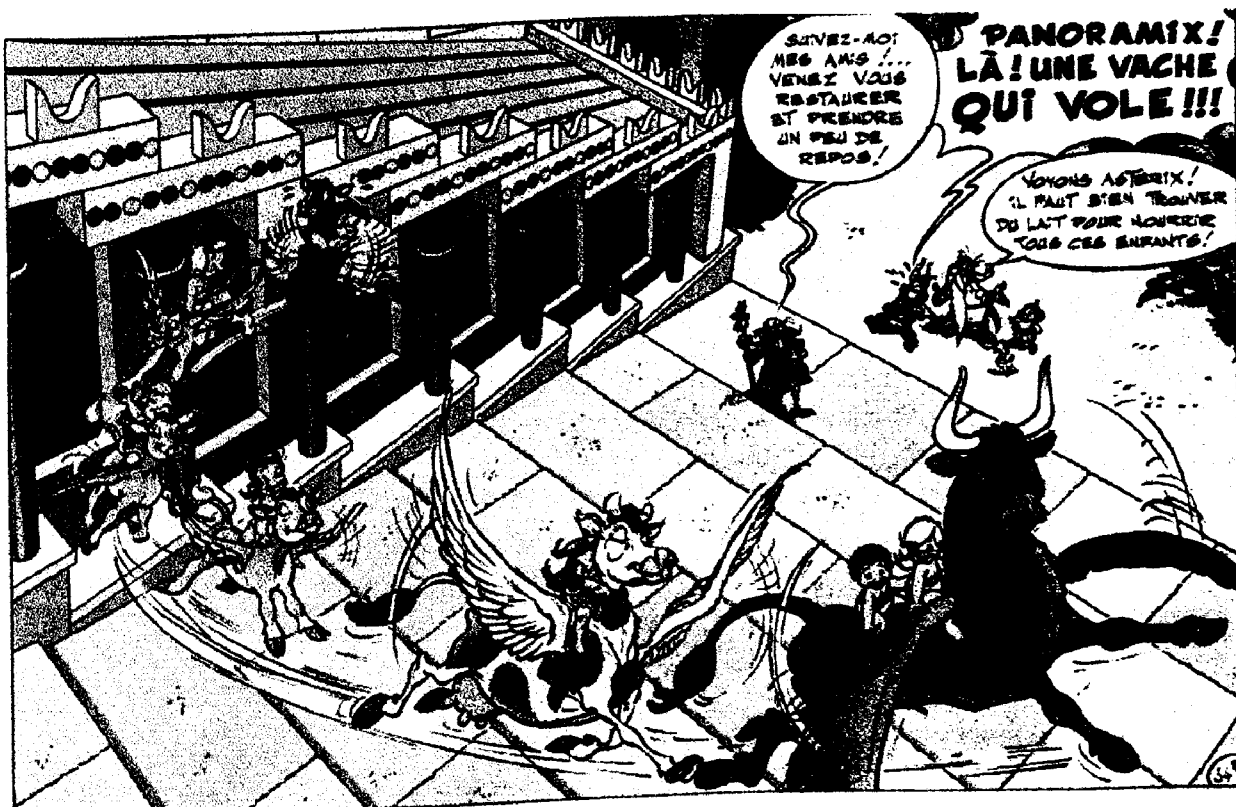


Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



This is also done in *Astérix et Cléopâtre* (*Asterix and Cleopatra*, volume 6, p. 6) which represents a scene from the movie *Cleopatra* with Elizabeth Taylor.

Another example of such a reference is in *La galère d'Obélix* (*Asterix and Obelix all at sea*, volume 30, p. 38) in which the picture is taken from Disney's *Fantasia*.

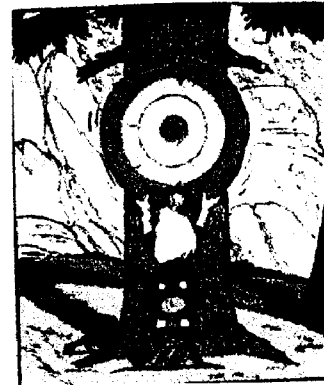


Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



Some are more obvious than others, as in *Le cadeau de César* (*Asterix and Caesar's Gift*, volume 21, p. 31) where the authors use the signature of Zorro.

Another quite obvious one can be found in *Astérix chez les Helvètes* (*Asterix in Switzerland*, volume 16, p. 39) in which the authors caricature the target of William Tell. In these particular cases, since the pictures are not redrawn, the translators have to retain the pictures as they are. Many of these references will also be understood by English-speaking audiences since those films are originally English films.



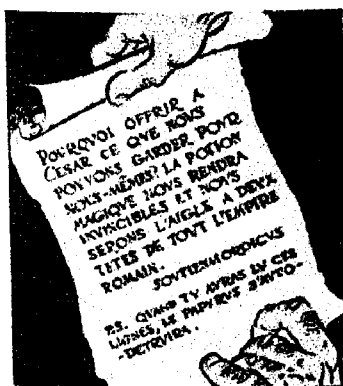
However, this is not always the case. Sometimes, the use of a caricature of a movie is a way to pay tribute to someone. For example, in *Astérix chez les Helvètes* (*Asterix in Switzerland*, volume 16, p. 7), the scene comes from Fellini's *Satyricon*.



Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



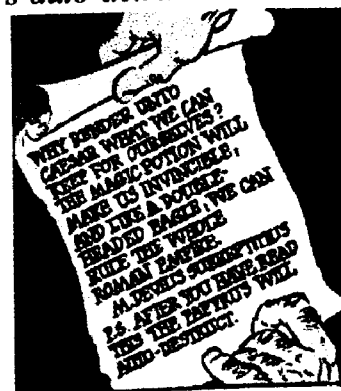
In order to pay tribute to Fellini, the organiser of the orgy is named Fellinus. In this particular case, the translators decided to keep the name of the organiser, and added “impresario” to the character’s name, in order to retain the reference.



Another example of such a case can be found in *L'odyssée d'Astérix* (*Asterix and the Black Gold*, volume 26, p. 9) in which a character (who is the caricature of Sean Connery in the role of 007 – which is 006 in Asterix) receives a message: *quand tu auras lu ces lignes, le papyrus s'auto-détruit*

This is of course an allusion to the movie *Mission Impossible*. Since the movie was initially done in English, and was a famous box-office hit, the translators decided to use the original sentence, that is:

After you have read this, the papyrus will autodestruct



As can be seen from the examples given above, there is not much translators can do with this kind of reference since most of them are implicit. When they are not, like in the case of *Mission Impossible*, most of the films are English anyway which means that the translators have to find the equivalent quote in the original movie. All the references to French films, which could have been problematic, are only implicit and not followed by text, therefore these do not pose translation problems.

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

2.2.2. References to sculpture

Most of the references made to sculpture are implicit. In most cases, one of the characters is presented in the sculpture's position (and very often there is no speech bubble as in this particular picture). Some examples of these allusions are made in *Les lauriers de César* (*Asterix and the Laurel Wreath*, volume 18, p. 16). Asterix and Obelix make a firm decision to steal the Roman Emperor's laurel wreath to season a stew. To get into Caesar's palace, they offer their services to Typhus, a dealer of "elegant" slaves. But there is a lot of competition on stage.



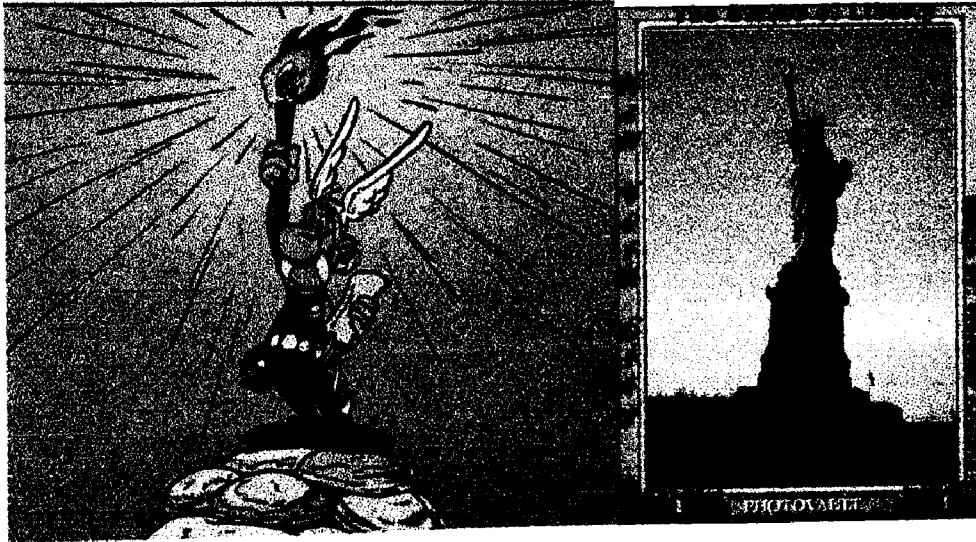
The Adonis-like slave poses like Rodin's Thinker,

and then like the Discus Thrower by the Greek sculptor Myron



and also the Lakoon by Polydoros and Athanodoros. The speech bubbles do not link to the character's position and therefore, the translators, just like the authors, will have to rely on the reader's knowledge of art for him/her to understand the allusion.

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



Another more evident example is that in *La grande traversée* (*Asterix and the Great Crossing*, volume 22, p. 35) in which Asterix becomes the Statue of Liberty.



However, sometimes, the references are also made explicit by the speech bubbles, and this is when translation problems tend to appear. One of the references which is supplemented in that way is that made in *Astérix chez les Belges* (*Asterix in Belgium*, volume 24, p. 34). In this volume, we encounter a Belgian family. We learn that the little boy's name is Manneken. When he appears, the little boy runs out because he needs to go to the bathroom and his father thinks that he has drunk too much beer. This is related to the Manikin Pis fountain that can be found in Brussels, commemorating a legendary little boy who extinguished a bomb under the Brussels walls by urinating on the fuse. Another version has it that the boy was lost and his father said that if he were found, he would commission a statue of the boy whatever state he was found in. The translators used the official name given to the statue of the little boy, that is Manikin.



Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



The problem is more difficult in *Astérix aux Jeux Olympiques* (*Asterix at the Olympic Games*, volume 12, p. 38).

Ils sont suivis par ceux de Samothrace, sûrs de la victoire...

This is an allusion to “la victoire de Samothrace” (The Winged Victory of Samothrace, a famous Greek statue on exhibition at the Louvre museum in Paris).



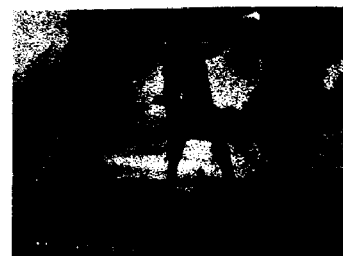
Ceux de Milo sont venus aussi.

This is a play on words in order to refer to the ‘Venus’ of Milo.



Rhodes n'a envoyé qu'un seul représentant, un colosse...

This is another play on words to refer to the Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven marvels of the world.



Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

In the British translation, only one of these allusions is kept, and that is the one made to the Colossus. All the others have been changed. However, the translators did not want to lose the humour that was in the original and therefore did not use a literal translation but new puns.



The athletes from magnesia are on a milk diet, the team from Cos is on lettuce and even the men of Salamis have gone vegetarian...

As can be seen, the translators have used puns based on food. This is not

the only time when they have used such a technique as will be shown later in the section dealing with names (and more particularly Corsican names). In this particular case, it can be seen that the translators have chosen not to use a reference to sculpture since most British readers would not recognise it (French readers might if they have been to the Louvre and seen the statues, but even so, some people might not). The reference to food also works well in the context of this volume since food is one of the issues that are discussed in the book (the real athletes are on diets while the Gauls are feasting). Therefore, the puns stay within the context of the volume.



It can be seen that, just like in the previous case, the translators have to retain implicit references as they are since drawings are not changed. When the references are not as implicit, and are used as bases for puns, the translators have found their own puns, often based on other elements of the volume, in order to keep the jokes in the same place within the text. The allusions have been replaced by puns which stand on their own, therefore requiring no background knowledge from the readers.

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

2.2.3. References to paintings

There are two types of references to paintings: references to historical paintings and references to artistic paintings.



The references made to historical paintings are twofold. Some of them are implicit whilst others are not. As said before, in the case of implicit references, there is nothing much the translators can do, just like in *Le combat des chefs* (*Asterix and the Big Fight*, volume 7, p. 30). In this case, Asterix and Obelix decided to consult Psychoanalytix, a druid who is specialised in problems of the mind, in order to help Getafix recover from amnesia (that he got after Obelix threw a menhir on him). There

are a lot of patients in the 'waiting clearing' (there was no waiting room in Asterix's time). Among them, there is an overly shy barbarian, a Gaul who thinks he is a boar and a little man, his right hand over his heart, his left hand behind his back, proudly wearing a cocked hat. The secretary says that nobody really knows who he thinks he is, but every French person, and I think certain foreigners, will recognise the classical painted position of Napoleon I.



In certain cases, the allusion to the painting is reinforced by the speech bubble. This is the case, for example, in *Le grand fossé* (*Asterix and the Great Divide*, volume 25, p. 5). In this particular volume, two Gaulish chiefs fight over the same village. Ignoring

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



Cleverdix's election by the left side of the village, Majestic declares he is the chief of the village. He is represented in the famous position of the painting of Louis XIV (by Hyacinthe Rigaud done in 1710) and even uses a modified version of Louis XIV's famous sentence: "l'Etat c'est moi" by saying "Le village, c'est moi !". A literal translation of the sentence would not have conveyed the reference to the French king. Instead of doing so, the British translators decided to refer back to a French history book written in

English. In most of those books, the king uses the sentence: "By divine right!" and it is that particular sentence the translators have decided to use.



As can be seen from this last example, the translators have decided once again to use a ready made translation (as was the case for the Spanish novel in the previous section) in order to convey the allusion that was made and in order for the readers to have a chance of understanding it.

The authors also use allusions to other famous paintings. Once more, this kind of allusions is divided into two kinds, the implicit ones, that do not present problems for translation and the more subtle ones. An example of the former is to be found in *Astérix chez les Belges* (*Asterix in Belgium*, volume 24, p. 47) where the authors caricature a painting by Breughel called "the Peasant Wedding Feast" (see the next page).

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



However, sometimes things are more complicated. In order for the reader to understand the allusion, the authors often use a pun in the picture that links to the caricature of the painting. This is the case, for example, in

Astérix Légionnaire (*Asterix the Legionary*, volume 10, p. 35). The pirates prefer to abandon their ship rather than face Asterix and Obelix. They end up on a makeshift raft, buffeted by the Mediterranean waves. The scene recalls the Raft of the Medusa, a painting by Théodore Géricault, showing the wreck of a ship called Medusa off the African coast in 1816. The main characters have been replaced by the pirate characters and the flag of the pirate's sinking ship has been added to the picture. For the readers to understand the reference that is



made, the authors have added a bubble spoken by the captain: "Je suis médusé!" which means 'I am stunned' and is also a play on a word in the name of the original painting. The translators decided to use another pun which would show the relation to the original painting by saying: "We've been framed by Jericho*" (*ancient Gaulish artist). In fact, in this translation, they have used a pun and also a footnote (which is not present in the French original). The translators' play on the word 'framed' (which both relates to the previous attack and to the fact that it is a painting) and then added a modified spelling of the author's name (with the footnote saying that it was an artist).



Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

In this particular case, the translators were faced with a double challenge. They could not use a cultural adaptation because they could not change the drawing and the speech bubble had to be linked to the painting in a certain way. The translation chosen fits in with the particular context quite well. The advantage the translation has over the original is that the reader, if s/he does not catch the allusion, may still have a starting point to research it (the author's name). In the French original, the allusion is easily missed if the reader does not know about this classic painting. The only problem with the strategy adopted in the English translation is that, since there was no footnote in the French, there is no real place for the note. It has been added over the drawing and may be missed by the reader.

As can be seen from all these examples, the translators have used mainly three techniques to translate references to other works. 1) When the reference was implicit in the French, they have left it as it was. 2) When the reference was complemented by text in one of the character's speech bubbles, the translators replaced the pun with another one which could convey the idea that it was not an 'original' picture of the author but was a caricature of something made by another artist. As in the original, they tried to create a pun in English by either playing on the author's name or on the title. Either way, the reference is usually quite understandable (if the reader has a certain knowledge of art). Even if the reader does not recognise the reference, it will not stop him/her from following the story and enjoying the humour. 3) When there was just a pun, with no real pictorial reference, the translators used a pun that could stand on its own, therefore requiring no previous knowledge from the readers.

2.3. Other references

There are certain references which do not belong to the two previous categories. These include references to French places, foreign places, companies, roads, newspapers, people, etc. These references can present translation problems since the British audience, in the case of this study, will not know what is being referred to. Like in all the previous cases, there are two types of such references: implicit ones and ones complemented by text.



An example of an implicit reference can be found in *Le tour de Gaule* (*Asterix and the Banquet*, volume 5, p. 18) in which we can see that all the champagne bottles have a red line across the label. This comes from a very widespread and well-known brand of champagne in France called “Mumm”. Even though it is widely exported, foreign readers might not be able to catch the allusion that is being made. However, since it is part of the drawing, there is nothing much the translators can do about it.

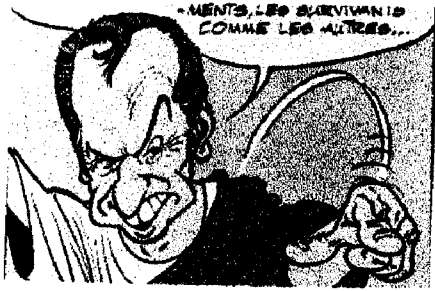
The examples which are of interest for this particular study are the allusions made by drawings and complemented by text, or the simple textual allusions.

2.3.1. Caricatures



There are many caricatures in the comic book series, some of actors, singers, politicians, other comic book characters, etc. For example, in *La serpe d'or* (*Asterix and the Golden Sichel*, volume 2, p. 22), you can find a caricature of Raimu, a well-known French actor.

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



In *Le domaine des Dieux* (*The mansion of the Gods*, volume 17, p.30), you can find a caricature of Guy Lux, a French TV show games animator.

In *Obelix et Co.* (*Obelix and Co.*, volume 23, p. 12), the young graduate is a caricature of Jacques Chirac, the current French President.



Others are more recognisable since they refer to international people, such as the caricature of Sean Connery in *L'odyssée d'Astérix* (*Asterix and the Black Gold*, volume 26, p. 8) as James Bond.

(Cf. Annex 9 for a more complete list of the caricatures – The authors allude to many famous people throughout the series, from comic book artists, to actors, to politicians, etc.)

As said in the beginning when presenting the constraints of translating comic books (see 1.1.2.), the translators have to keep the pictures as they are. Furthermore, since the caricatures are not complemented by names that might help the identification of the character, the translators cannot adapt the translation to help the English readers. Therefore, the readers might recognise some of the people, especially internationally renowned people such as Sean Connery, and will think that the other characters have been invented by the authors of the series.

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

2.3.2. Allusions to places

Sometimes, the authors decide to refer to certain French places, either in order to locate their character in France, or as a joke. For example, in *Le tour de Gaule (Asterix and the banquet, volume 5, p. 29)*, Asterix and Obelix have already completed part of their journey. They have now arrived on the French Riviera. They are walking around and the characters comment on the beauty of this place named the “promenade des Bretons”. This is a historical adaptation of the real name of this very famous pedestrian shopping avenue on the coast called ‘la promenade des Anglais’. The translators have decided to use a paraphrase and explain what people would associate with this place:

So this is the Gaulish Riviera...

As in the original, the translators have adapted current usage (the French Riviera) to suit the needs of the era described in the series, therefore becoming the Gaulish Riviera.



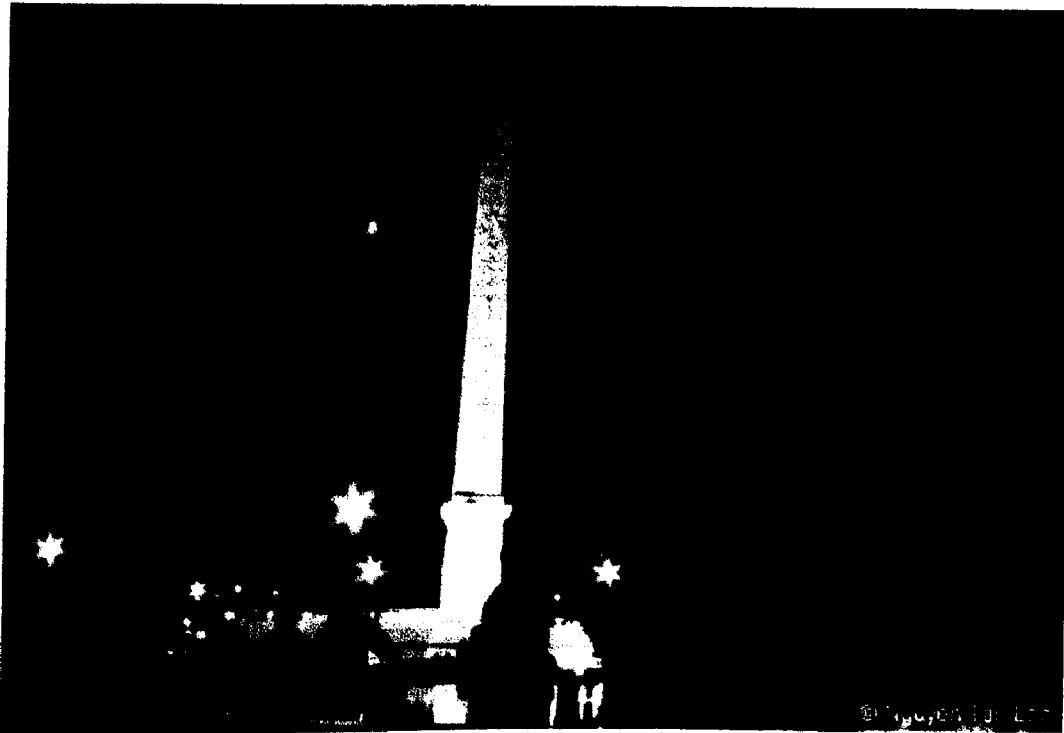
This is not the only allusion to a place. In *Astérix et Cléopâtre (Asterix and Cleopatra, volume 6, p. 26)*, the authors use a play on words in order to refer to a place in Paris:



- Non, non Obélix! Cet objet au milieu de la place du village? Mais ce serait ridicule, voyons!

- Nos opinions ne concordent jamais...

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



This is a pun in order to refer to the 'obelisk of Louxor' which is located on 'place de la concorde' in Paris. This obelisk was a gift to emperor Louis-Philippe made by Mohammed Ali in 1831. The translators have decided to retain the pun that was used in the French version:



- No, no and for the third time no, Obelix! That thing in the middle of the village would just look silly!

- We shall never be in concord over this!

The reader is likely to think that there is a reference to something both in the French version and the British version since the word 'concord' is not of very common usage. If the reader has been to Paris, or seen pictures of Paris, s/he is likely to get the joke. In this particular case, if the translators wanted to keep a joke and an allusion in the exact same place, it would have been quite difficult to play on something else since all there is in the picture is Asterix, Obelix, the desert and the obelisk.

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



Another such reference is made in *Astérix et les Normands* (*Asterix and the Normans*, volume 9, p. 8) in which a young visitor to the Gaulish village tells the bard that he would have a lot of success if he went to play at the 'Olympix'. The name of this place comes from the 'Olympia', a concert hall in Paris (Lutèce in *Asterix*) which is known by all French people since it

is where most major concerts take place. The translators decided to adapt the reference and used the 'place of varietix' (taken from the place of varieties). The difference between the results obtained by these two references is that the 'place of varieties' is not in use anymore whilst the Olympia is still the most current place for concerts. The use of an obsolete place creates a slight problem: younger generations might not have heard about the place and therefore miss the reference. However, because of the actual name of the place (which is really self explanatory), it will not impair the understanding of the story.



From these examples, it can be seen that the translators have tried to keep the reference when it was possible. In certain cases, the translators did not have much of a choice. For example, the pun based on the obelisk (in a picture where Asterix and Obelix are standing right next to one) could not have been adapted (since there are no obelisks in England). When this was not possible, they were faced with two different scenarios. In the first case, when the place had been used in order to place the characters, it had to be retained. Therefore, the translators have chosen to use a paraphrase in order to locate the characters. In the second case, when the place was referred to in order to emphasise an idea, the translators have tried to find an equivalent in their culture (as for example with the Olympia).

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

2.3.3. References to newspapers

There are mainly two references made to newspapers in the books under study. The first reference is to be found in *Astérix et Cléopâtre* (*Asterix and Cleopatra*, volume 6, p. 33) in which it can be seen that the rival architect is reading “*Pharaon-Soir*”. This is a reference to the French newspaper called France Soir. If you look at the drawing more carefully, it can also be seen that the comic strip on the back page is a reference to ‘Cheri-Bibis’, an old comic strip that used to be published in that same newspaper. This presented a translation problem. Normally, the drawings are not redone when it comes to translation. However, this particular example is one of the exceptions in which the drawing was modified. Since the source text used a play on the name of an existing newspaper in order to make it fit in the context (the story takes place in Egypt), the translators decided to do the same thing and transformed the Daily Telegraph into the “*Daily Nile*”. The title of the comic strip also needed to be changed. Therefore, the translators decided to use other existing cartoons, that is ‘Tarzan’ and ‘peanuts’ (spelt p’nuts because of space constraints).



The second reference is to be found in *Le combat des chefs* (*Asterix and the Big Fight*, volume 7, p. 38). In the French version, the people sell “*Pilotix*”. This is of course a reference to the first newspaper in which *Astérix* was published, and that is ‘Pilote’. Since *Asterix* was never published under another form in England, this reference had to be changed. The translators decided to use “*W.H. Smix*”. This comes from ‘W.H. Smith’, a large British bookstore chain which every British reader is likely to recognise.



Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

In both these examples, it can be seen that the translators have decided to make a cultural adaptation, changing the French reference for one belonging to the British culture. Because of the nature of the reference, there is no other choice. The translators have chosen equivalents belonging to the same category (a newspaper for a newspaper, etc.)

2.3.4. Other references

The authors also use other references to French companies, administrative abbreviations (in order to create a pun), brands, schools, etc. These references are already problematic in nature (except if it was to be an international company, which it never is). Therefore, the translators will have to modify these allusions in order to make them understandable to the British audience. Let us look at some examples.



In certain cases, the authors of the series use common administrative abbreviations (or acronyms) in order to create a pun. This happens in *Asterix the Gladiator* (volume 4, p. 22). The authors play on 'HLM' which normally stands for 'Habitations à Loyer Modéré' (low cost housing) but in this case becomes 'Habitations Latines Mélangées'

(mixed Latin housing). The translators had to find an acronym that contained only three letters and that could be related to housing (since it has to fit into the context of the story and the drawings). They decided to use a pun based on 'GLC' which normally stands for 'Greater London Council' which becomes the "Greater Latin Council".

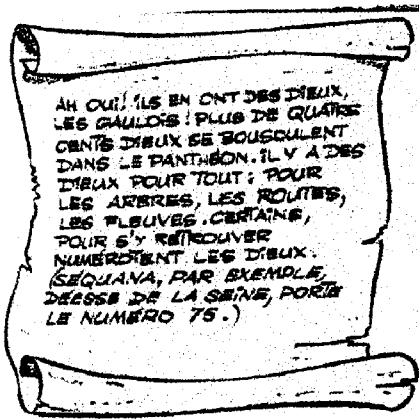
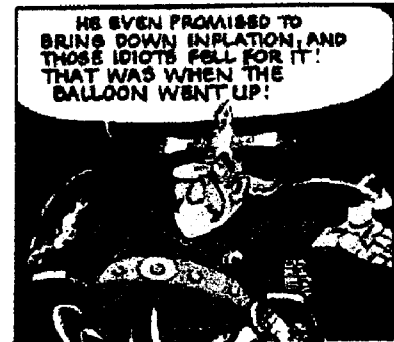


Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



This technique is also used in *Le grand fossé* (*Asterix and the Great Divide*, volume 25, p. 7). The authors use the acronym 'SMIG'. This is taken from 'Salaire Minimum Interprofessionnel Garanti' (inter-professional guaranteed minimum salary) which is now the 'SMIC – Salaire Minimum Interprofessionnel Croissance: inter-professional growth minimum salary). In Asterix's

version, it becomes the "Sesterce Minimum d'Intérêts Gaulois" (minimum sesterce of Gaulish interest). This represents an amount of money that the Gauls are sure to receive in exchange for their work. In this particular case, the acronym is not used on its own but within a speech in which one of the chiefs of the village (who is at war with the chief of the other half of the village), says that the chief of the other half of the village promised the Gauls, amongst other things, the SMIG. Since there is no equivalent acronym in the British system, the translators have chosen to use another economic factor instead: "inflation". It is also a factor that would affect the people directly and therefore to which the people would be quite sensitive. Anyway, since it is part of an entire speech made up of a list motivating what the other chief said to get people to vote for him, it does not really go noticed.



Another reference to the French administrative system is done in *Le devin* (*Asterix and the Soothsayer*, volume 19, p. 6). In this particular volume, the Gauls are afraid of the storm and pray to their Gods (and there are many in the entire series). The Gods are numbered:

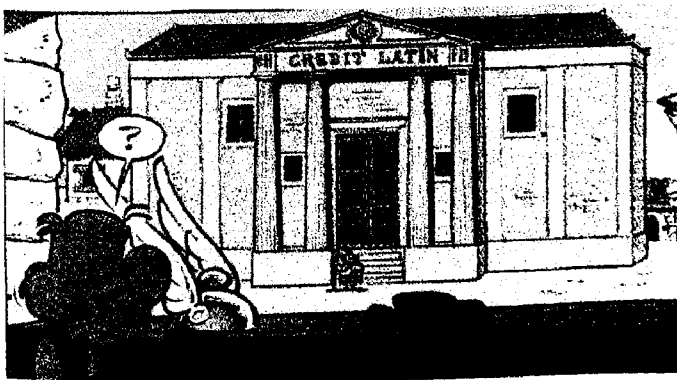
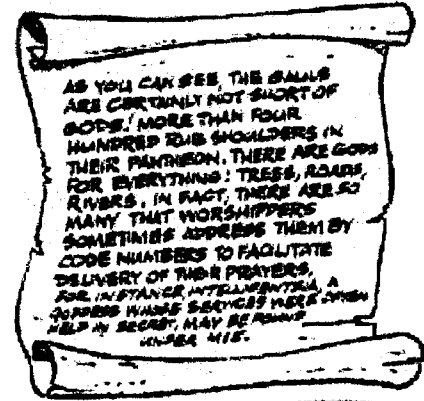
Certains, pour s'y retrouver numérotent les dieux. (Séquana, par exemple, déesse de la Seine, porte le numéro 75.)

This is a reference to the numbering of the departments in France. The department of the Seine river, that is the department of Paris, is numbered number 75.

Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References

There are so many that worshippers address them by code numbers to facilitate delivery of their prayers. For instance, intelligensia, whose services were often held in secret, may be found under MI5.

The translators wanted to retain the idea of numbering. Therefore, they looked for something that contained numbers in their culture and came up with the idea of Military Intelligence. They then created a play on words, creating the name of a god, and explaining what that god did (secret intelligensia) to convey the humour that was placed in the original.



Certain references are linked to French companies. This is the case in *Astérix et le chaudron* (*Asterix and the Cauldron*, volume 13, p. 36). Asterix and Obelix need to fill up a cauldron with money, it is a question of honour. In order to do so, they decide that they

are going to rob a bank. This bank is called the “*Crédit Latin*”. This is a reference to the company named the ‘Crédit Lyonnais’, one of the many French banks. The translators decided to change the name of the bank for a modified name taken from one of their banks, the “*Barclus Bank*” which is of course the ‘Barclay’s Bank’.



Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



In another case of reference to a French company, the translators had to ask for the redrawing of a particular picture in order for the British audience to understand the allusion. In *Astérix chez les Helvètes* (*Asterix in Switzerland*, volume 16, p. 20), Asterix and Obelix are on their way to find a flower and their wheel breaks. They have to stop at a petrol station to change it. In the French original, the little man who changes their wheel and fills up (giving hay to the horse) is from the 'Anthar' petrol station. These petrol stations were not very widely spread and therefore, not easily understandable (and is even problematic for younger readers in French since they do not exist any more). In the British translation, the little man was redrawn as the Michelin man, therefore emphasising the wheel problem.



Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



The authors also play on names of certain institutions, such as schools. For example, in *Obelix et Co.* (*Obelix and Co.*, volume 23, p. 12), the young economist (who is a caricature of Jacques Chirac, the French president) comes from the 'Nouvelle Ecole d'Affranchis'.

This is an allusion to the ENA (Ecole Nationale d'Administration), a school which trains the highest government officials. The translators decided to look for a British equivalent and therefore the school became the "*Latin School of Economics*" from the London School of Economics. Even though this choice does convey the fact that the young character is an economist, it does not convey the fact that he is a caricature of a government person. However, it is very unlikely that a British audience would recognise the character as being Jacques Chirac.

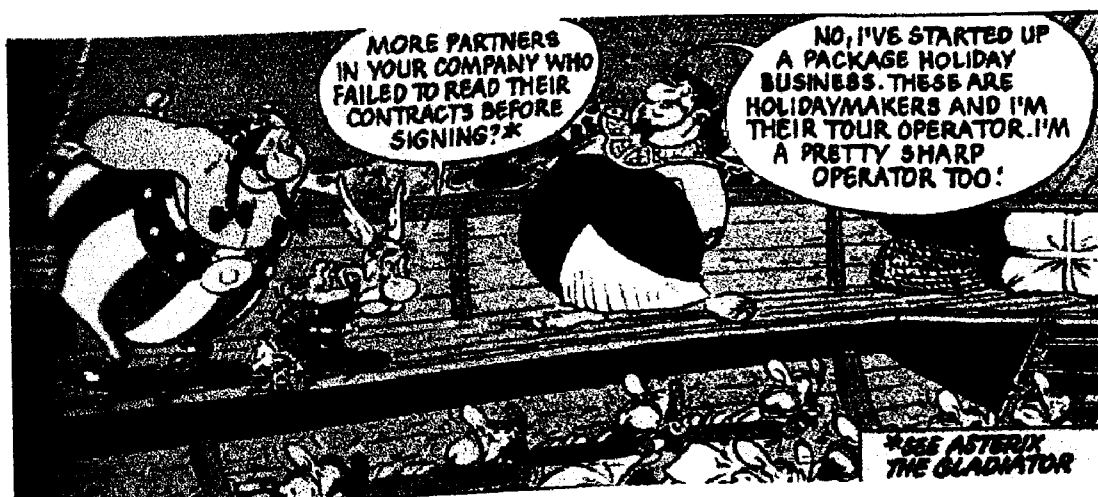
Therefore, the translation chosen conveys the part of the meaning, through an allusion, which is understandable to a British audience and necessary for the story line. As can also be seen through this example, and the previous ones, the translators have often used something containing the word 'London' to transform it into 'Latin'.



Chapter 2: Intertextuality and Sociocultural References



There is one last example for this category. In *l'odyssée d'Astérix* (*Asterix and the Black Gold*, volume 26, p. 21), Asterix and Obelix get aboard a boat controlled by one of their friends, a merchant. They find that there are many people rowing the boat. When they ask how they got there, the merchant says that he created a holiday company and that these are the people who signed the contract. They are the “G.M. – *Généreux Marsouins*”. This is a reference to the Club Med since it calls all its organisers GM (Gentils Moniteurs). The translators did not find an equivalent abbreviation to use, so they decided to use a paraphrase and call them “*holidaymakers*”. The use of the paraphrase still conveys the humour of the situation. Normally, on a cruise, the holidaymakers are having fun and the organisers are the ones ‘rowing’.



2.4. Summary

As can be seen from all the previous examples, the translators have tried to replace the French allusion with one that would be understood by the British audience, therefore replacing French company names by British ones. However, in places where there was no equivalent in the British culture, they have chosen to translate the reference used in the source text by a paraphrase in order for the target audience to understand the story and keep on following it. This second choice was also done in order to retain the humour of the original.

Chapter 3: Language and Context

Chapter 3: Language and Context

The authors of the Asterix series also play on the context in which the language is used. The problem of the use of language in a certain context is part of the domain of socio-linguistics.

Behaviour does not only have to be appropriate to the individual, it also needs to be suitable for particular occasions and situations... To give a boxing commentary in the language of the Bible or a parish-church sermon in legal language would be either a bad mistake, or a joke. (Trudgill, 1974:103)

Lexical selection tends to be a reflection of social role and status, and alternative lexicalisations may emerge from different ideological positions. (Hatim & Mason, 1990: 89)

Fairclough (1989) gives a very detailed explanation of how the choices of vocabulary we make reflect the way we see the world and the power relations between the different participants. The vocabulary used represents the ideology of the person speaking and his/her point of view. The authors play on this particular aspect to show that the Gauls do not accept Caesar's power. Very often, the Gauls do not respect Caesar at all. Examples of this situation will be given in the section on power relations (see 3.1.).

Another way in which the authors play on the context in which the language is used is through the names of the characters. In fact, each name of the character is based on a pun, and the translators had to modify them:

[...] From the viewpoint of idiomacity without loss of meaning or cultural value, some alteration in the expression should be acceptable, though this may still be debatable. (Wen-Li, 1991: 216)

Furthermore, the pun itself is based on the character's attitude, or looks, or one of its main characteristics. This use of pun is also used in order to achieve a humorous effect and people think that:

L'humour est souvent considéré comme une sorte de processus magique réservée aux initiés... Si cette magie de l'humour a son origine dans la performance linguistique, la traduction de l'humour de langue à langue peut sembler compromise. (Laurian, 1989: 5)

[Humour is often considered as a sort of magical process reserved for initiated people... If the magic of humour is based in linguistic performance, translation of humour from one language to another can seem compromised.]

Chapter 3: Language and Context

3.1. Power Relations

As said above, the authors often play on the context and the use of language in order to show that the Gauls, and the authors, do not accept Caesar's power. The way in which it is done in the Asterix series does not really present a translation problem for the simple reason that it is done through the use of Latin. In fact, most of the Latin quotes are used out of context or in situations when it should not be used. Latin, during Caesar's reign, was considered as the language spoken by powerful people. Therefore, out of respect, anybody speaking to them should use Latin, a highly respectable language. However, the villagers



never speak Latin, even when they are confronted by Caesar in an arena. In *Astérix gladiateur* (*Asterix the gladiator*, volume 4, p. 42), Asterix and Obelix are on the sand in the arena

whilst Caesar is in his loggia. All the gladiators walk up to him and greet him with the usual "*Ave Caesar, morituri te salutant!*". However, Asterix and Obelix walk up to him and say "*Salut, vieux Jules!*" ("*Hi, Julius, old boy!*") therefore showing a total disrespect for his power. Since Latin is already a foreign language for the source text audience, the translators have decided to retain it as it was, and therefore all the Latin quotes remain the

same in both versions. For the greetings of the Gauls, the translators have decided to use a very informal greeting, as had been done in the French.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

But this is not the only place where the authors play on the Romans' power. The reader of the series will find out that most of the Latin quotes are spoken by the pirates and in most cases, these quotes are made when their ship has been sunk (in most cases by Asterix and Obelix and once by the Roman army) and they are swimming amongst the wreckage. This creates a certain irony throughout the series since the only people speaking Latin are Caesar (who is the supreme leader) and the pirates (who are considered to be at the bottom of the social scale).



As said above, since Latin is foreign to both cultures, the translators have just kept the quotes as they were. It would be interesting, however, to look at how these quotes have been handled in languages where Latin is unknown, such as Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, etc. In cases where the Gauls use a very informal register of French language, even more informal than their usual speech, the British translators have also used a very informal register and vocabulary.







3.2. Names

The previous unfolding picture shows most of the characters that are present throughout the series. As can be seen, there are far too many of them to study in their entirety and therefore this study will be limited to the most important ones (about 30 of them) (Cf. Annexe 10 for a more complete list of character names).

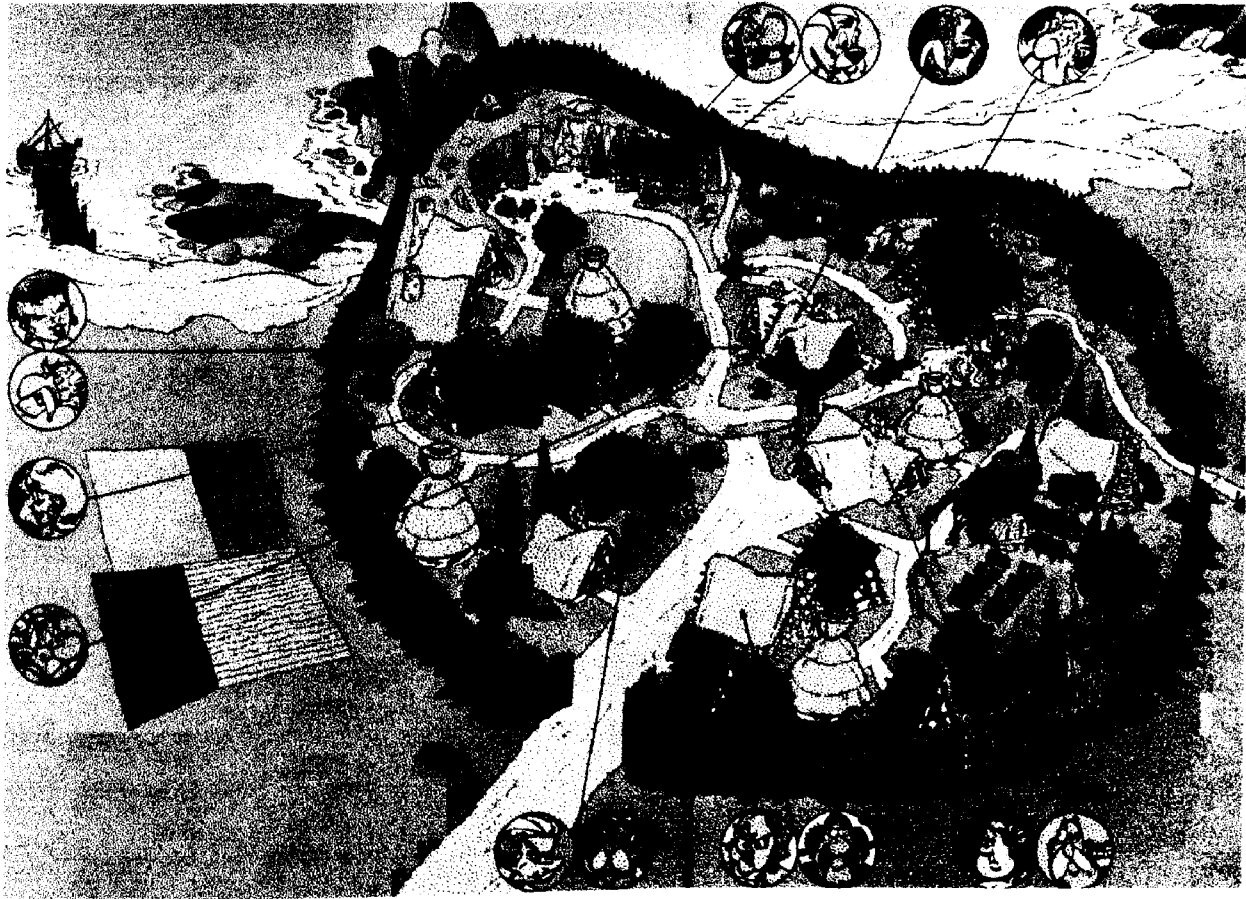
3.2.1. *The Gauls*



This section examines the names of the Gaulish characters in the comic book series, limiting itself to the people living in the village. These are the only characters who appear throughout the entire series and, therefore, the choice of their names was made differently from the other characters in the series. Most of the time, their names are either related to the nature of the character, to one of his/her characteristics, or are linked to

his/her work. Sometimes, the names are not related to the character, but this only happens rarely. The reason for these choices is that the readers of the series have time to become familiar with the character and, therefore, to understand the links. This choice did present a few problems in translation since the translators had to find names that could also be related to the characters.

Chapter 3: Language and Context



3.2.1.1. Names not related to the characters

Astérix



He is the main character in the comic book series named after him. The authors had problems choosing his shape and size. Many different types of characters were designed before the one that we know.

Albert voulait dessiner Astérix selon les canons traditionnels de ses héros forts en torse, au physique gonflé à l'hélium. Mon idée était opposée. Je voulais réaliser un antihéros, un petit bonhomme. Astérix devait être un nabot, aussi perceptible qu'une ponctuation. Il était important pour moi que le personnage soit en lui-même marrant. Avec Astérix, je voulais un personnage malin. (Quote of Uderzo, in Andrieu, O. 1999: 13).

Chapter 3: Language and Context

The name “Asterix” was chosen because of its relation to the typographical sign (*) since the author wanted him to be ‘as visible as a punctuation mark’. Furthermore, his name is made up of two words, ‘Aster’ (star) and ‘rix’ (king in Celtic language’) (Andrieu, O. 1999: 13). This could only bring success. This name was also chosen by René Goscinny because

Il avait le bon goût de débiter par la lettre ‘A’, ce qui représentait, un avantage indéniable pour les classements alphabétiques des futures encyclopédies de la bande dessinée. (Quote of Goscinny in Andrieu, O. 1999: 13).

His name always remained the same no matter what language it was translated into. Depending on the languages, it sometimes lost the accent on the ‘e’ (as is the case in English), but that is the only difference. The reason for which it remained the same is the English translation keeps the same origin, that is the typographical sign. It is also called an asterisk in English.



Obélix



He is the inseparable friend of Asterix and the second most important character in the series.

Obélix sera créé pour combler les ardeurs du dessinateur, grand spécialiste des héros survitaminés. (Andrieu, O. 1999: 13)

Chapter 3: Language and Context

The character is rendered humorous by his actions and his comments. Everybody says that he is fat, and he cannot tolerate this. His role in the story is to deliver menhirs, to hit the Romans, to eat wild boars, and that is about it. He accompanies Asterix on all his adventures, and always takes his little dog along with him. This is also humorous since it is hard to imagine such a huge character and such a little dog. His preferred sentence is "*Ils sont fous ces...*" to which he adds all the different nationalities he comes across.



The opinions regarding the origin of his name are divided. Some say it comes from '*obèle*' (†), another typographical sign. Others say that it comes from the word 'obelisk'. In any case, it has nothing to do with the word 'obesity' at all. Once more, the shape of the character changed before the authors adopted the shape he has now (and these changes can be seen in the first books of the series).

Once more, the name of the character remained the same no matter what language the series was translated into. He also loses the accent on the 'e' in some languages, but, once more, this is the only difference.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

Assurancetourix.

He is the bard of the village. His name, 'assurance tous risques', literally comprehensive insurance, is not linked to the character in any way. He can be considered as a fully comprehensive insurance against any type of attack, since, whenever he sings, everyone runs away. Even though he appears in every volume of the series, he remains a secondary character, and only becomes the main protagonist in two

books, the ninth book: *Astérix et les Normands* (*Asterix and the Normans*, volume 9) and the twenty-eighth book: *Astérix chez Rahāzade* (*Asterix and the Magic Carpet*, volume 28). Opinions regarding his talent are very divided: he thinks he is a great bard and all the other characters think he is terrible. His appearance in all the other books of the series is usually limited to one or two pictures. In his first appearance, he usually says he is going to sing and in the next one, he gets hit. He also appears in the last picture of most volumes, tied up and gagged to make sure he does not sing during the banquet.



In both the British and American versions, his name has been translated so as to link it to the character and his fondness of singing. In both cases, the names have been chosen in relation to the fact that he is a bard, therefore plays music, and that he is extremely bad at it. Therefore, the translations of his name would fall in the category of names related to the work, or performance at work, of the character. In British English, he becomes Cacophonix. It comes from the word 'cacophony' which means

A harsh discordant mixture of sounds (The New Oxford English Dictionary, 2000)

Chapter 3: Language and Context



In American English, translators chose another name that means the same thing: Malacoustix. This name comes from 'mal (or bad) acoustics'. In both cases, the name has been linked to the character's performance in his work.

3.2.1.2. Names related to the nature of the character

Idéfix

The little dog that accompanies Obelix all the time is named 'Idéfix' (idée fixe), literally 'set mind'. Its name was chosen during a competition organised by *Pilote* during the 60s when the character was named for the first time (*Astérix et Cléopâtre – Asterix and Cleopatra*, volume 6). Even though its name was not chosen by the authors, it is still related to the nature of the character. It is the first environmentally sensitive dog which howls every time a tree is cut down. All it wants is to protect nature and spend time with Obelix.



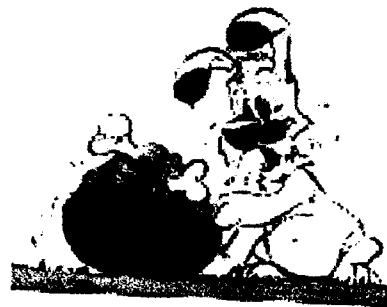
Chapter 3: Language and Context



The same translation was used in both the British and the American versions. The name of Dogmatix was chosen. This created a double link. Firstly, it retained this idea of set mind because of its relation to 'dogmatic' defined as

Inclined to lay down principles as incontrovertibly true (The New Oxford Dictionary of English 2000).

Secondly, it can also be related to the word 'dog', which is what this character is. In this particular case, it can be seen that the translation cuts across different categories. It is related both to the nature of the character (as was its source text counterpart) and to the physical aspect of the character.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

Abraracourcix

The chief of the Gaulish village is named Abraracourcix. This comes from the French expression '*tomber sur quelqu'un à bras raccourcis*' which means to be ready for a fight or to attack someone violently. A literal translation of his name would be 'with foreshortened arms'. He is a very courageous character, highly respected by his people (except maybe by his wife and porters), and heard by his enemies. He fears only one thing, that the sky will fall on his head.

Pas diplomate pour un sesterce, il laisse la plupart du temps Astérix appliquer la ruse pour trouver des solutions adéquates. (Andrieu, O. 1999: 24)

However, he is always ready for a good fight, be it in a boxing ring (*Le combat des chefs – Asterix and the Big Fight*, volume 7) or on a battlefield.

Different translations have been chosen in the British and the American versions. In the British version, he becomes Vitalstatistics (vital statistics). The reason given by the translator Anthea Bell for this choice is that



The chieftain is rather stouter than is good for him, and was therefore called with reference to his girth (www.literarytranslation.com)

Chapter 3: Language and Context



In contrast, in the American version, he became Macroeconomix (macroeconomics). Maybe this translation was adapted from the British one rather than directly from the French one. The first book of the French series was published in 1961, the first British translation in 1969 and the first American translation in 1971. This could explain the choice of the name since statistics are often linked to economics. Then, since he is quite a stout character, the choice of macro was preferable to that of micro, which would have had a humorous effect but would not have related to the character. It can be said that, in both cases, the translation could fit in the category of names related to a characteristic of the character and to his role. It is related to his role as chief of the village because he is the one to make all the decisions for the village (including the financial ones) just like a modern government would define the budget for the country and its macro-economic situation.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

Cetautomatix

The blacksmith of the village was named Cetautomatix, which literally means, 'it is automatic'. The shape of the character changed a lot over the first few volumes of the series. However, this did not present a problem since his name is not related to one of his physical characteristics. He works metal with his hands, and sometimes with a hammer. Most of the time, he only appears in two situations. In both cases, his reactions are conditioned reflexes which is the reason for this choice of name. If the bard says he is going to sing, the blacksmith hits him (with whatever he has in his hands at that time). If the

fishmonger says that his fish is fresh, he insults him and this is often the cause of the fights in the village.

Sometimes he combines his two hobbies in one by hitting the musician with the fish (Andrieu, O. 1999: 39).

The name of this character has been translated quite literally in both versions, through the use of Fulliautomatix. Therefore, the link to the character remains the same.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

Ordrealfabetix

The fishmonger in the village is named Ordrealfabetix, which literally means 'alphabetical order'. His name comes from the fact that his reactions work in a set order, just like an alphabetical order. A: he imports his fish and does not go fishing. B: the blacksmith says his fish is not fresh. C: the fishmonger throws the fish at the blacksmith's face. D: the fight in the village begins. E: everyone joins in.

Once more, different translations have been chosen in the British and the American versions. However, in both cases, they have been linked to the fact that he is a fishmonger and that his fish is not very fresh. Even though the village is on the coast, he does not go fishing to catch the fish he sells, but imports it from Lutèce, since he wants to sell the best quality fish. In the British version, he becomes Unhygienix, which comes from 'not hygienic'. As said before, this relates to the fact that he sells fish that is not fresh. In the American version, the name chosen was Epidemix. This translation is more far-fetched than the previous one since he does not cause any health epidemics in the village. In fact, nobody ever eats his fish. However, he can be seen as causing a fight epidemic, since his fish is often the cause of the fight in the village. In both cases, the translations have shifted from a name related to the character's characteristic to one linked to his work.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

*3.2.1.3. Names related to a characteristic of the character***Agecanonix**

The oldest person in the village was named Agecanonix, which literally means 'venerable age'. His name is based on his age. He is about 93 years old, but still in great health. He still takes part in all the fights even though other characters have scruples hitting him. He also drinks heavily during the banquets. He is not indifferent to beautiful young women, even though he is married to the most beautiful and youngest woman in the village.

Once more, two different translations have been chosen in the British and American versions. However, in both cases, the translations have been linked to the fact that he is old. In the British version, he becomes Geriatrix. This comes from 'geriatric'. The definition given by *The New Oxford Dictionary of English* (2000) is

Of or relating to old people, especially with regard to their health care.

Therefore, the translation has a double effect. First, it does convey the idea that the character is old. Secondly, it has a humorous effect since he does not need any health care at all, even though he has been drawn walking with a stick. In the American version, the translators have chosen to use Arthritix. This name comes from the noun 'arthritis' which, according to the *New Oxford Dictionary of English* (2000) means

A disease causing painful inflammation and stiffness of the joints.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

Even though this disease is usually associated with old age, it cannot be associated with this particular character. As said before, he is still very healthy and participates in all the fights in the village or with the Romans (even if his wife often tries to prevent him from doing so). He still runs after young women. He never complains about any pains and is not stiff. In both translations, the names chosen are linked to the character's age. However, the connotations of the words chosen do not always apply to this particular character and may impair the association. If the reader bases his assessment of the character's characteristics on his name, they will find it very disturbing to see him run around and always participate in fights since he is supposed to be old and sick.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

Even though this disease is usually associated with old age, it cannot be associated with this particular character. As said before, he is still very healthy and participates in all the fights in the village or with the Romans (even if his wife often tries to prevent him from doing so). He still runs after young women. He never complains about any pains and is not stiff. In both translations, the names chosen are linked to the character's age. However, the connotations of the words chosen do not always apply to this particular character and may impair the association. If the reader bases his assessment of the character's characteristics on his name, they will find it very disturbing to see him run around and always participate in fights since he is supposed to be old and sick.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

Bonemine

The chief's wife has been named Bonemine, literally 'looking well' or 'good face'. This brings about a double play on words. First, she is, more often than not, very angry at her husband and pulls strange faces. This means that her face does not look nice in these cases. Secondly, the expression in French is also used to refer to people who have a nice figure. If we look at the drawings of the character, she is rather short and very stout. Her physical appearance would never be qualified with this expression. Furthermore, her husband, who is often in trouble, tries to please her by calling her this (or her pet name "mimine" which also means "small hands"). This has a humorous effect.

Once more, different choices have been made in both the American and the British versions. In both cases, the names do not relate, as was the case in French, to the physical appearance of the character. They are more closely related to the nature of the character. In the British version, she becomes Impedimenta. This comes from 'impediment' which is defined as

A hindrance or obstruction in doing something (New Oxford Dictionary of English, 2000).



Chapter 3: Language and Context



This can be linked to the fact that she is a hindrance to her husband. There are two reasons for this. Firstly, she does not like the fact that he is the chief of a small village made up of barbarians. She would rather want him to leave for the big city and open a shop, just like her brother did. She loves luxury and would want her husband to buy her nice items of clothing and have a nice house. She keeps on reminding him of this fact. Secondly, she also sometimes prevents her husband from being seen as a chief by stealing the shield he is usually carried upon. In this particular case, there is a shift from a name linked to the character's physical appearance to one linked to the character's nature.

In the American version, she has been named Belladonna. This translation can be seen in different ways. If one refers to the Italian components of the name, 'bella donna' (beautiful women), the same play on words as the French is retained. If it is linked to the amaryllis flower (which is related to the belladonna lily), the same link and humour is retained. However, if it is linked to the belladonna lily, the impact is more like that obtained with the British translation. In fact, the belladonna is

Deadly nightshade and a drug prepared from the leaves and root of this plant, containing atropine (New Oxford Dictionary of English, 2000).

In this translation, she becomes even more dangerous than a simple hindrance, she becomes deadly. This last interpretation of the name might be rather strong if taken literally. However, if taken more mildly, it can link to the relation with her husband explained above. In this case, the choice cuts across different categories. As in the source text, the translation is linked to the character's physical appearance (and conveys the humour of the choice). Similarly to the British translation, it is also linked to the character's nature.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

*3.2.1.4. Names related to the work of the character***Ielosubmarine**

The wife of the fishmonger was named Ielosubmarine. She is not referred to very often in the series, but appears once in a while. Her name was chosen in reference to the Beatles' song which was famous at that time: 'yellow submarine'. It was a good choice since it was linked to the fact that she works with her husband: she sells fish, which can therefore be related to submarines.

The name chosen in the translation was Bacteria. This was done because of the fact that she is the fishmonger's wife. Her name is related to his. He is Unhygienic or Epidemix, depending on the language, and she is Bacteria. These choices, once more, can be said to cut across different categories. The name chosen is related to the character's work, but also to the character's matrimonial status.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

Panoramix

Finally, the druid of the village was named Panoramix. He is the only one to know the secret of the magic potion. This potion makes the Gauls very strong and allows the village to resist the Roman attacks. His name, which comes from 'panorama', was chosen because of his work as a druid. He knows a huge panorama of potions with very different effects, and he is the only one to hold the secret.

Once more, two different translations were chosen in the British and the American versions. However, in both cases, the same relation (or even a closer one) as the French one was kept. Both names are linked to the character's work as a druid. In the British version, he became Getafix. This is a double play on words. Firstly, it has the same relation as the French name. He is the druid of the village. He is the only one to know the secret of many different potions. All these potions help the Gauls to 'get a fix' (even though it is often a temporary one). The second reason is, according to Anthea Bell, that

There is also the theory that the druids of ancient Britain may have used circles of standing stones (like Stonehenge) as astronomical observatories, to help them 'get a fix' on the sun (www.literarytranslation.com).

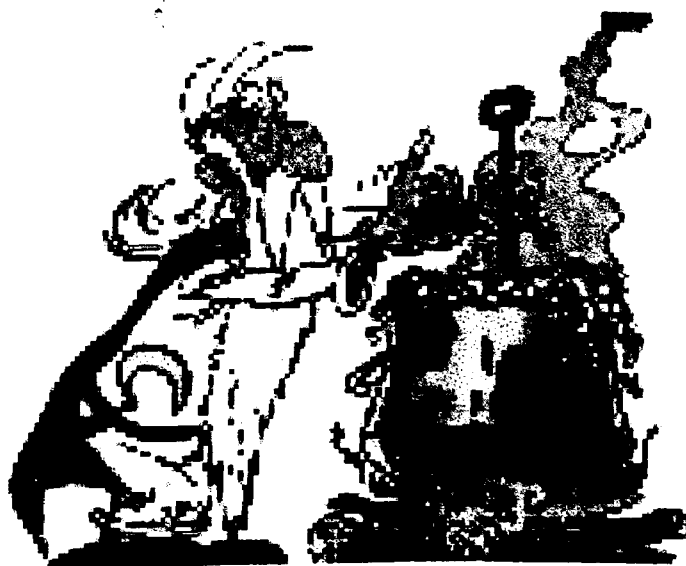


Chapter 3: Language and Context

The same name could have been used in the American version even though it would only have retained the first connotation of 'getting a fix' and not the second one. America does not have a site like that of Stonehenge. However, in the three translations in American English, the druid was named Magigimix. This name relates to the fact that he does magic, through all the potions he prepares.



As can be seen, the translators have chosen, in both cases, names that are related to the character's work as a druid. However, in the British version, the name chosen is culture-bound (to the British culture), even more than the original was.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

3.2.1.5. Conclusions

In both the British and the American versions, the translators have used the same categories as those used in French. In fact, names can fall into four different categories: names not related to the character, name related to the nature of the character, names related to a characteristic of the character and names related to the work of the character.

In some cases, the translators have kept the names within the same category. This is the case, for example, for *Astérix/Asterix*, *Obélix/Obelix*, *Panoramix/Getafix/Magigimix*. Not all the translations are as effective or related as others. For example, as said before, the use of *Arthritix* (and the connotations of the word) for the translation of *Agecanonix* is not as related to the characteristic of the character as is the use of *Geriatricx*.

In other cases, the translators have changed from one category to another. For example, they have changed from:

- an unrelated name to a name related to work, as is the case for *Assurancetourix/Malacoustic/Cacophonix*.

- a name related to the nature of the character to one related to one of his characteristics, as is the case for *Abraracourcix/Vitalstatistics*.

- a name related to the nature of the character to one related to his work, for example *Ordrealfabetix/Epidemix/Unhygienix*.

- a name related to a characteristic of the character to one related to his nature, for example *Bonemine/Belladonna/Impedimenta*.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

It must be understood that these categories are not strictly defined and that in some cases, names may overlap between different ones. This is the case for example, with the translation of Bonemine in the American English version. The translation is simultaneously linked to a characteristic of the character and to her nature.

In some cases, in my opinion, the translations work better than the original in identifying the character. This is the case, for example, for the bard Assurancetourix who becomes Cacophonix or Malacoustix. The character can more easily be identified by his translated name than by his original name. This can also be said of the couple Ordralfabetix and Ielosubmarine. The fact that they are a couple and sell something that is not fresh can more easily be identified through their names in translation, that is Epidemix/Unhygenix and Bacteria.

More generally, it can be said that the translations chosen convey both the link and the humour intended in the French original. As said previously, they sometimes even work better than the original. In any case, the relation to the character can easily be identified. This might not happen from the beginning, but as soon as the reader has gone through one or two volumes of the series, he/she will easily understand and identify the character.



3.2.2. The other characters

The names of the other characters in the series cannot be categorised as has been done for the Gauls. The reason for this is that the characters do not appear for a period of time long enough to have a name which describes them. Therefore, the names are not linked to the character itself but constructed by means of a play on words which are humorous. In some cases, this play on words can be linked to an obvious characteristic of the character. To make the presentation easier, I have placed some of these names in different categories such as names related to a characteristic of the character, names related to the work of the character, names related to food and names related to expressions, songs, or phonetics.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

3.2.2.1. Names related to a characteristic of the characterAppatix

Appatix is a Corsican chief. He appears in *Astérix en Corse* (*Asterix in Corsica*, volume 20). His name comes from 'antipathique' which means 'unpleasant'. The

author played on the prefix and replaced 'anti' by another prefix which has the same meaning, that is 'a'. This name is related to the character since he is really unpleasant to whomever he meets. In this particular album, he is 'at war' with the main character because of his character. The English translation of the name did not keep the idea of 'unpleasantness', since it was translated as 'Tagliatellix'.

In fact, the translators have chosen to use names of 'pasta' for most of the Corsicans. In my opinion, this emphasised a controversy happening between French people and Corsicans. As can be seen, they have the same ending to their name (which represents their nationality – cf. 4.1.1.) as the Gauls since Corsica is part of France. However, the Corsicans consider themselves as independent and more related to Italy. This could explain the use of pasta names.

Caraf

Caraf is one of the Norman characters met by Asterix and Obelix in *La Grande Traversée* (*Asterix and the Great Crossing*, volume 22). The name is related to the character since he is a very heavy drinker. A carafe is used to put drink in, and he keeps on 'pouring drink into himself'. His name has been retained in the English translation, because it can be linked to the character who is always drinking.

Chapter 3: Language and Context

Petisui

Petisui is a Swiss innkeeper who helps Asterix and Obelix against the Romans in *Astérix chez les Helvètes* (*Asterix in Switzerland*, volume 16). In French, the name has two connotations.

First, it has a very literal meaning which stems from 'petit suisse' (small Swiss). The character is very short and therefore his name can be related to his size.

The second connotation, which is more culture-bound, is related to food. 'Les petits suisses' are small yoghurts usually made for babies. They are about 15g and very creamy. When hearing the name of the character, the

link would immediately come to the mind of a French person since these yoghurts are very famous and well-known.

His name has been retained in English but the connotations are different. If the reader has a certain knowledge of French, s/he will associate the same size characteristic with the character. However, when hearing the name, one could think of 'petty Swiss'. With this translation, a reader might get the wrong connotation. He is one of the main characters and cannot be considered as 'insignificant'. However, he might be considered 'petty' or 'nit-picking' by the people staying in his inn. In fact, to illustrate Swiss punctuality, and Swiss watches of course, the inn keeper shouts 'cuckoo' every single hour so that the people in the rooms can turn their hour-glass around, even in the middle of the night.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

Ramollix

Ramollix is one of the elders in the Corsican village (*Astérix en Corse – Asterix in Corsica*, volume 20). The name comes from 'ramolli' (limp, soft in the head). The name is related to the character because of his age. It has a double connotation. The first one is

linked to the character's physical appearance. He is old, bent and walks with a stick to support himself because his body is 'ramolli'. Secondly, loss of mind is a phenomenon very often associated with old age.

The character always appears sitting on a tree trunk with other elderly people, watching and commenting. As was the case with the translation of the name of the other Corsican character mentioned above, he was given a pasta name: Tortellinix.

3.2.2.2. Names related to the work of the character

Detissax

Detissax is a Briton (*Astérix chez les Bretons – Asterix in Britain*, volume 8). We do not see the character directly, just his inn. The name comes from a phonetic pronunciation of the English 'dirty' and the French 'sac' (bag). The name is related to the character because he sells bags of charcoal. In English, the idea of 'dirty' was not directly retained. He was name Tintax (from tinted). This presents the idea that he is coloured from his work. In my opinion, this keeps the idea of dirtiness in the background, but not as a direct reference. If the colour is black (because of charcoal), then he is dirty. It requires more deductions in English than it does in French.

Chapter 3: Language and Context

Numérobis

Numérobis is an Egyptian architect (*Astérix et Cléopâtre – Asterix and Cleopatra*, volume 6). The name is related to the quality of the work done by this architect. In fact, his name comes from ‘numéro bis’ (second number). He is only a second rate architect. All his houses and palaces collapse.

In English, the idea that his work is not very good has not been retained. More emphasis has been placed on his work as an architect. He has been named Edifis (edifice), which links him to the building trade.

With this choice of translation, the reader cannot understand right from the beginning why Cleopatra’s order (to build a beautiful palace for her and Caesar to live in within three months, or he will be thrown to the crocodiles) is a problem. It is only after a few pages, when the reader sees some of the architect’s buildings, and his architectural plans, that



it can be understood. In the French version, if the reader actually thinks about the name, it can be understood earlier on. It can also be understood that there will be another architect and therefore rivalry.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

Zurix

Zurix is a Swiss banker who helps Asterix and Obelix escape from the Romans by hiding them in a bank safe (*Astérix chez les Helvètes Asterix in Switzerland*, volume 16).

His name is directly related to his work. When speaking about the Swiss, people always think of banks, and that is the reason a banker was introduced in the story. The passage where he appears is a parody of Swiss banks. It plays on the idea of anonymity and safety of Swiss banks. His name was also chosen because Zurich is often associated with the main banking centre of Switzerland. It is also the supposed location where the story is taking place. His name has been retained in the English version, as have the connotations (which are international).

3.2.2.3. Names related to foodCafeolix - Chipolata - Salamix

Cafeolix is another of the Corsican chiefs. This time, the authors decided to use a name related to food (as is done in other cases too). His name comes from 'café au lit' (coffee in bed). In fact, they related the entire family to food. His sister is named Chipolata and his brother Salamix. In the English translation, the idea of using food as his name has been kept. To keep in with the translation of the other

Corsican names, he was given a pasta name: Vermicellix. The two other characters mentioned above retained their names since these are also quite popular foods in Italy.

Chapter 3: Language and Context

Soupalognon Y Crouton

Soupalognon Y Crouton is a Spanish chief whose son is captured and brought to Gaul (*Astérix en Hispanie – Asterix in Spain*, volume 14). His name comes from ‘soupe à l’oignon avec des croûtons’ (onion soup with croutons). This is the traditional French breakfast eaten by people living on farms when winter is cold.

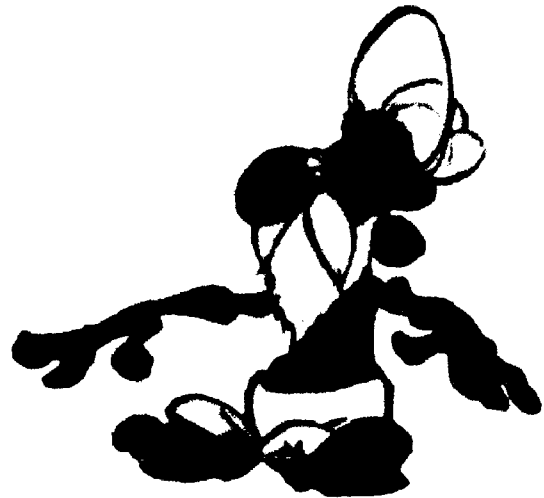
The translators decided to do a cultural transfer. Instead of naming the character after the French traditional breakfast, he was named Huevos Y Bacon (egg and bacon) which is the traditional English breakfast.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

3.2.2.4. Names related to expressions, songs, or phoneticsPersian characters

Most of the Persian characters encountered in *Astérix chez Rahūzade* (*Asterix and the Magic Carpet*, volume 28) are derived from phonetic writing of everyday expressions. The translators decided to keep this idea by substituting the everyday English expressions with the French ones. For example, the king is named Cekouaca Merciki which comes from 'c'est quoi ça? Merci qui? (what is this? Thank you who?). In English, he was named Watzit Owzat (what is this? How is that?). Other examples are the fakir Kīçah (qui ça? - who?) who became Watziznehm (what is his name?) or even Pourkoipāh (pourquoi pas? - why not?) who became Howdoo (how do you do?).

Ocatarinabellatchitchix

Ocatarinabellatchitchix is the main Corsican chief. His name is based on an old song: Oh Catarina Bella... The English translators decided to keep that idea of song and named the character Boneywasawarriormayayix (Boney was a warrior...).

Chapter 3: Language and Context

Septantesix - Vanendfaillevesix

Some of the characters' names are based on a phonetic pronunciation/spelling of words. Some examples are Septantesix (Belgian druid) and Vanendfaillevesix (Belgian chief) (*Astérix chez les Belges - Asterix in Belgium*, volume 24). The first one comes from old French (which is still used in Canada and Switzerland). It comes from 'septante six' which means seventy-six.

The second name comes from the pronunciation of English: one and five (=) six. The same effect cannot be obtained in English so the translators did not retain this type of name. The druid became Valueaddedtax because of the fact that he was a druid. He adds value to whatever he touches by using it for a potion. The chief became Brownix because he is always attracted to food, especially 'tartines' (slices of bread and butter) in French. Since English people don't eat this with their tea at four, but rather have brownies, he became Brownix.

Zebigbos

Another example which fits in this category is the British chief Zebigbos (the big boss) who appears in *Astérix chez les Bretons (Asterix in Britain*, volume 8). In this case, the translators decided to use an English expression as a translation for his name. He became Mykingdomforanos (my kingdom for a horse). This can be linked to his situation. Caesar has conquered the whole of Great Britain except this little village. The chief sent a warrior to Gaul to bring back some magic potion so that they could resist. He would give anything to get help and get out of this very delicate situation.

Chapter 3: Language and Context

Osterlix - Zøødvinsen

Other characters' names are related to French places which would probably not be known to an English speaker. Some examples of these are Osterlix (Corsican soldier: *Astérix en Corse* – *Asterix in Corsica*, volume 20) and Zøødvinsen (Dane dog: *La Grande Traversée* – *Asterix and the Great Crossing*, volume 22). The first name refers to the battle of Austerlitz,

Also called Battle of the Three Emperors (Dec. 2, 1805), the first engagement of the War of the Third Coalition and one of Napoleon's greatest victories. His 68,000 troops defeated almost 90,000 Russians and Austrians nominally under General M.I. Kutuzov, forcing Austria to make peace with France (Treaty of Pressburg) and keeping Prussia temporarily out of the anti-French alliance (Encyclopaedia Britannica CD 2000).

This battle is well-known to every French person since it appears in all history books. However, it would probably not be known by most English people. In keeping with the translation decisions made earlier and in other volumes, the translator named him MacAronix (another reference to food and more particularly, pasta, in this case: macaroni).

The second name is the 'zoo de Vincennes'. It is a very famous zoo located in Vincennes, a city in the Val-de-Marne department, Paris region. It is in the eastern residential suburb of Paris, immediately outside the city limits. Once more, this would not be known to English speakers. The translators decided to link the name to the fact that the character is a hunting dog. Therefore, he was named Huntigseåssen.



Chapter 3: Language and Context

As can be seen by the translation choices made by the British and American translators, the names chosen could also be placed within set categories that are very similar to the French ones, such as names related to a characteristic of the character, names related to the work of the character, names related to expressions, songs or phonetic pronunciation/spelling and finally, names related to food (which is more particular to the translation than the original).

But all these foreign characters don't always come to Gaul, the two main characters, that is Asterix and Obelix, often go abroad. They travel the world, and the translators are faced with another problem: how to translate accents and dialects.



Chapter 4: Language and User

Chapter 4: Language and User

The fourth part of this study is linked to what can be described as 'language user'.

Depending on the user, language varies in several respects. We shall here distinguish idiolectal, geographical, temporal, social and standard/non-standard variations. (Hatim & Mason, 1990: 39)

The researcher will look at the translation of different regional accents as well as 'national' accent, or the way in which the speech used by one character can help the reader determine his origin. In fact, the comic book series is based in France (Brittany to be more precise). However, the main character travels throughout the country and also abroad. In order for the reader to know where the characters are, and to locate the other characters (or know where a visiting character comes from), the authors play on regional and national variations or on accents. When the character goes abroad, the foreign characters are based on stereotypes which are reflected through the use of language (inversion of the adjective and the noun in order to represent the way of speaking of British people). When Asterix travels within France, the authors play on accents. In order for the reader to notice that the character is using an accent, the authors have used a semi-phonetic type of writing which reflects pronunciation. This presents an important challenge when it comes to translating the speech bubbles for a different culture.

4.1. Nationalities

Asterix and Obelix's adventures do not always take place in France. Even though the little village is located in Brittany, Asterix travels all over the world. In fact, the village was strategically placed where the characters could have access to the whole world because of the sea.

They go to Germany (*Astérix et les Goths – Asterix and the Goths*, volume 3), Egypt (*Astérix et Cléopâtre – Asterix et Cleopatra*, volume 6), England (*Astérix chez les Bretons – Asterix in Britain*, volume 8), Italy and the Sahara desert (*Astérix légionnaire – Asterix the Legionnary*, volume 10), Greece (*Astérix aux Jeux Olympiques – Asterix and the Olympic Games*, volume 12), Spain (*Astérix en Hispanie – Asterix in Spain*, volume 14), Switzerland (*Astérix chez les Helvètes – Asterix in Switerland*, volume 16), Norway (*La grande traversée – Asterix and the Great Crossing*, volume 22), Belgium (*Astérix chez les Belges – Asterix in Belgium*, volume 24), the Arab Emirates (*L'odyssée d'Astérix – Asterix and the Black Gold*, volume 26), India (*Astérix chez Rhazade – Asterix and Magic Carpet*, volume 28) and even Atlantis (*La galère d'Obélix – Asterix and Obelix all at sea*, volume 30). Their trips around the world are represented on the map that follows.

When coming across foreign characters' speech bubbles, the translators are faced with one question:

[...]should one translate or not translate argot by argot, a patois by a patois, etc. (Brisset, in Venuti, 2000: 343)

What did the translators of the British English version decide to do?

4.1. Nationalities

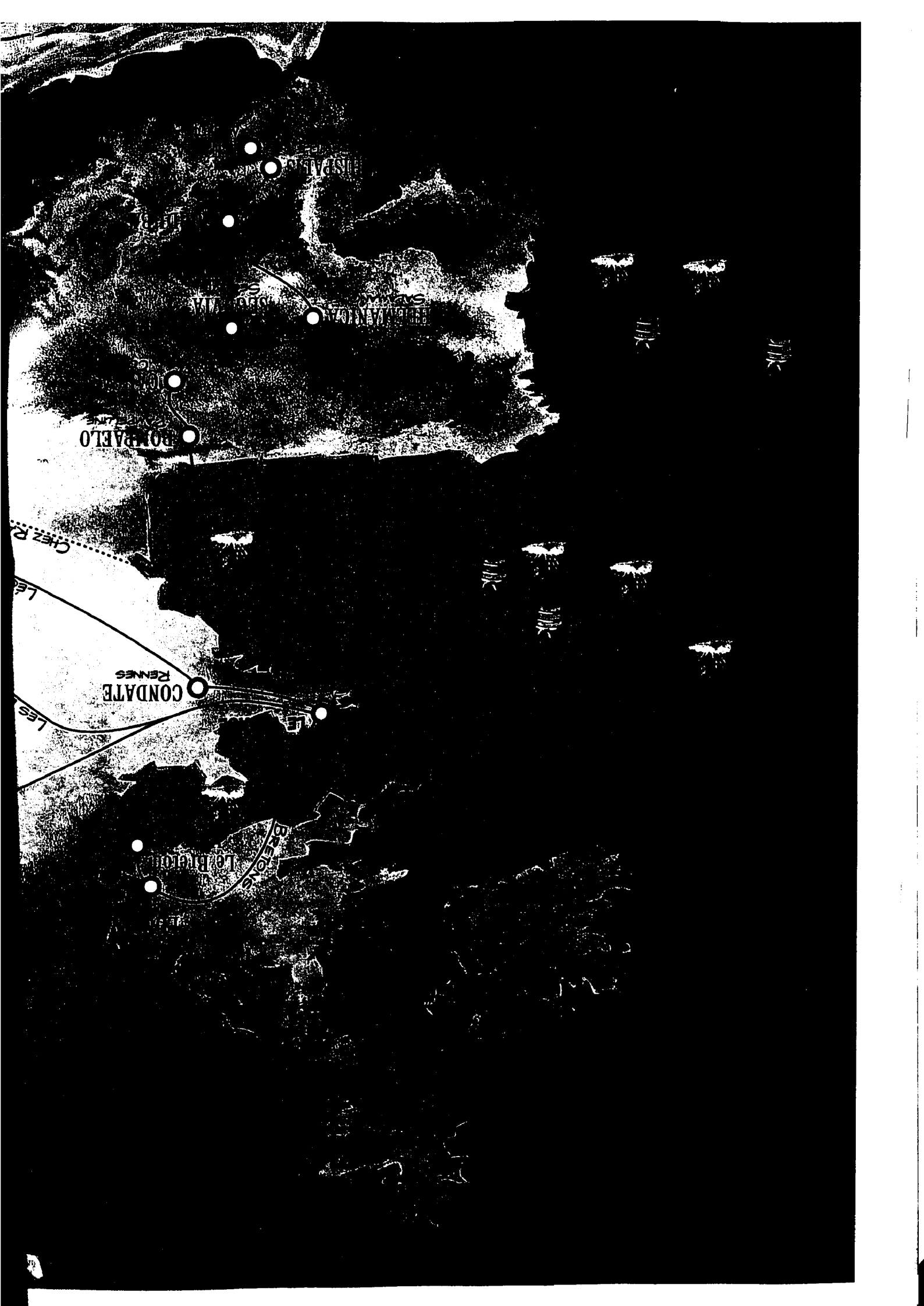
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What did the translators of the British English version decide to do?



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Chapter 4: Language and User

4.1.1. Name endings

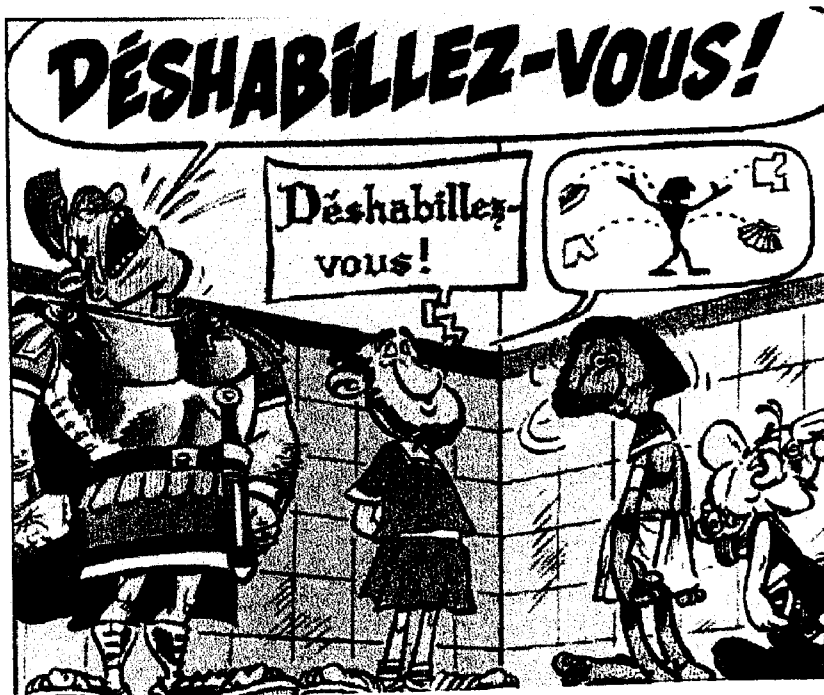
While visiting all these countries, Astérix meets a lot of people. Sometimes, these characters even re-appear in a later volume of the series. How is it possible to recognise them? The authors have decided to use suffixes to indicate the nationalities of the different characters. The choice of some of the suffixes stems from history such as the choice of -ix for the Gauls, taken from the name of the Gaulish hero Vercingetorix.

The translators of the series were given full freedom regarding their translation of names. However, they were restricted by this ending constraint which they chose to keep the same. Their choices became more a work of adaptation than translation as it is more commonly conceived.

Nationality	In French		In English	
	Suffix	Name	Suffix	Name
Britons	-ax	Jolitorax	-ax	Anticlimax
Danes	-sen	Avänsen	-en	Steptöänssen
Egyptians	-is or -et	Numérobis	-is or -et	Edifis
Gauls (men)	-ix	Allégorix	-ix	Harmonix
Gauls (women)	-ine	Bonemine	-a	Impedimenta
Goths	-ic	Casseurdebric	-ic	Eccentric
Greeks	-os	Fécarabos	-os	Thermos
Iberians	-on	Soupalognon Y Crouton	-on	Huevos Y Bacon
Indian (men)	-i or -ah	Cekouhaca Merciki	-it or -at	Watzit Owzat
Indian (women)	-ade or -ane	Seurhane	-ade	Lemonade
Normans	-af	Bellegaf	-af	Chiffcaf
Phoenicians	-is or -et	Epidemais	-is	Ekonmikrisis
Romans	-us	Claudius Hypotenus	-us	Carrotjus

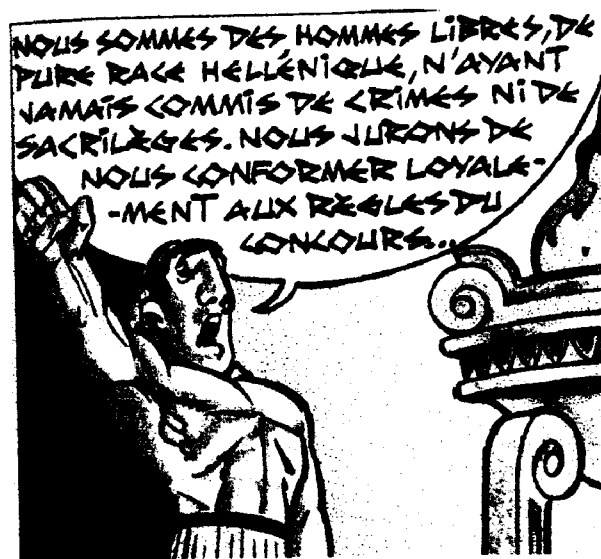
Every time Asterix goes anywhere, he meets many different characters. Some of them only appear briefly but their name is still given in order to give emphasis to this ending characteristic. Therefore, any reader that has followed the series from beginning to end, when a character re-appears, should be able to recognise the geographical origin of that character.

Chapter 4: Language and User

4.1.2. *Writing*

The authors use different types of writing in order to show the character's geographical origin. In fact, four of the nationalities have a different type of writing. When the Goths (in other words the Germans) are speaking, the authors have used a gothic font, when the Norwegians are speaking, the authors have used diacritics (å and Ø), when the Greeks speak, the authors have used squared lettering, and finally, when the Egyptians speak (except in *Astérix et Cléopâtre – Asterix and Cleopatra*, volume 6) in which the authors 'interpreted' the speech of the characters to make it more understandable, the authors use drawings. There is one other nationality which is recognisable, not because of a different type of lettering, but because of different punctuation. In fact, the authors have retained the special punctuation characters ¡ and ¿ used by Spanish-speaking people in the speech of their Spanish characters.

The translators have decided to retain these differences in lettering in order to help the reader identify the character's origin.



Chapter 4: Language and User

4.1.3. *Language*

However, the characters' names are not the only way to recognise their geographical origin. The language they use also plays a very important part.



In order to represent the Germanic languages, as spoken, for example, by the Goths, a different type of font (gothic) is used for the writing (except when they have been hit by the Gauls – the writing is then the same as for the Gauls). This type of font has been restored in English. However, the Goths also have a pronunciation problem when speaking French which is shown in the speech bubble (through the use of a more phonetic writing, reflecting the pronunciation and not the exact spelling). They cannot pronounce the 'v' and instead use 'f', and also replace the middle 's' by 'z'. They speak French, just with that slight 'accent' (which also sounds like a person with a cold). In the British English translation, a change of pronunciation was also used in some cases (not all the time). However, it was made on a different basis. The Germanic characters use German words mixed with modified English ones (*La serpe d'or – Asterix and the Golden Sickle*, volume 2, p. 46):

- fous troufez za correct fous ?
- ap-zo-lu-ment bas!

- Zut vas kein nice zink to do!
- nein, it nicht vos!

This type of translation is understandable. However, for a person that has never done any German or has never been in contact with any German speaking person, this might present a few problems. However, the Goths only wear skin loincloths which might help to identify them.



Chapter 4: Language and User



The British characters (*Astérix chez les Bretons – Asterix in Britain*, volume 8), when speaking French, use English grammatical constructions, therefore inverting all the nouns with their adjectives:

De la magique potion pour combattre les romaines armées. (p. 9)

The authors also use literal translations of certain English expressions:

C'est un morceau de chance (what a bit of luck) (p. 8)



This allows the reader to recognise immediately the character's origin and also provides quite a humorous effect. This was very difficult for the translators since they were putting it back into English, therefore cancelling out the inversions. The translators have often added 'what!' at the end of the Britons' sentences in order to show their origin:

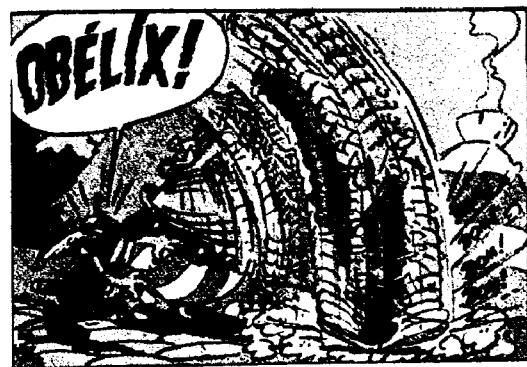


A Roman galley, what! (p. 12)

However, their task became even more complicated when the grammatical construct was used to create jokes based on misunderstandings:

Secouons-nous les mains (let's shake hands) (p. 8)

and of course, Obelix takes the Briton by the hand and shakes the entire person.



Chapter 4: Language and User

Since he gets moaned at, it also allows him to add, when they meet the chief:



Il ne faut pas le secouer trop fort, même s'il le demande (but you mustn't shake him too hard even if he asks you to) (p. 9).



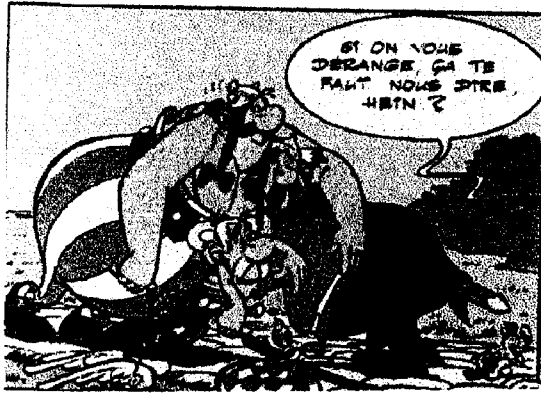
The British translators decided to use a slightly modified translation of the expression in order to create the humour (which cannot be cancelled because of the pictures):

I should be very proud if you would shake me by the hand! (p. 8)

therefore allowing for the character's misunderstanding. However, in all the other

cases, except when the 'what' was added at the end of the sentence, the characters speak current English, which makes it more difficult to place them (except maybe for the help of the pictorial element of clothing – the gingham trousers, for example).

Chapter 4: Language and User



This is not the only case when the identification of the characters' geographical origin through language is lost. It also happens in the translation of the Belgian characters (*Astérix chez les Belges – Asterix in Belgium*, volume 24). In fact, they speak French with a special accent (which is based on the real accent Belgian people have

when speaking French) and also idiolectal expressions such as 'une fois' (one time). Once more, the authors use a more phonetic writing of the characters' speech to show their pronunciation defaults:

- Si on vous dérange, ça te faut nous dire, hein? (p. 13)*
- Ca était pour une fois les asticoter! (p. 16)*
- Ca tu peux dire! Parce que vous et tes castars, tu peux faire mieux peut-être! (p. 16)*



This is totally lost in the British English translation and there is no compensation done at all:

- Not disturbing you, are we?*
- That was just to annoy them a bit!*
- Say that again! You think you lot could do any better!*

The result is that the Belgians speak just like the Gauls, and they even dress the same way, so it becomes very difficult to recognise them.



Chapter 4: Language and User



The last interesting example is that of the Black lookout on the pirates' ship. He is originally an African character, and also suffers from a very bad pronunciation problem. In French, he cannot pronounce

any 'r' therefore leaving them completely out:

Avé Césa' ! Avé Césa' ! Voilà ce qu'on 'écolte à êt'e hypoc'ite ! (La galère d'Obélix, volume 30, p. 31)

However, once more, this pronunciation problem was totally discarded in English and he speaks perfectly well, except for his use of "capt'n" instead of 'captain'. However, I believe that such a pronunciation difference could have been kept in the English translation:



Many black speakers do not have postvocalic /r/ in cart or car. This feature can quite clearly be traced back to British dialects, and it is also, of course, a feature found in the speech of many American whites... [They] also demonstrate a loss of intervocalic /r/ in words like carrot and Paris (ca'to, pa'is), so that Paris and pass, parrot and pat may be homophonous... Some also show a loss of /r/ after initial consonants, in certain cases, e.g. f'om = from, p'otect = protect. (Trudgill, 1974: 68)

Chapter 4: Language and User

By this quote, it can therefore be seen that the translators could have retained exactly the same pronunciation feature for this particular character. It is possible that the translators did not want to create an impression of racism. It is also possible that the translators felt that this type of pronunciation was too closely linked to Black American speakers, rather than Black African speakers, and since the story takes place long before the discovery of America, they might have decided not to use this type of pronunciation. However, since the researcher has not been able to contact the translators, these are only speculations.

In most cases, the reader of the English translation cannot rely on the character's speech patterns to determine where s/he comes from. The reader is only left with the character's name and also, in certain case, his/her appearance in order to determine where s/he comes from.

But the characters don't only travel internationally. They also travel throughout France (see the following map) and all the Gauls, even though they all live in the same country, do not speak the same way. They all have different dialects or accents.



VOYAGES

LES CELTES, CHAMPIONS DU MONDE !

LE PEUPLE GAULOIS EST ISSU DE LA CIVILISATION CELTE, EN PROVENANCE D'EUROPE DE L'EST, POPULATION NOMADE QUI S'INSTALLA PETIT À PETIT SUR LES TERRITOIRES PROSPÈRES RENCONTRÉS LORS DE SES PÉRÉGRINATIONS : FRANCE, BELGIQUE, ESPAGNE, GRANDE-BRETAGNE, IRLANDE, ETC.

AU CINQUIÈME SIÈCLE AVANT NOTRE ÈRE, LES CELTES OCCUPAIENT DÉJÀ LA MOITIÉ DE L'EUROPE.



4.2. French regional variations

The same problem appears when it comes to French regional accents. Once more, the authors play on a more phonetic writing of the characters' pronunciation in order to locate where these characters come from, when they are visiting some other place, or where the main characters are, when they are the ones visiting. This is very prominent when it comes to more southern regions of France, like the Auvergne or the coast.

4.2.1. The inhabitants of the Auvergne



The inhabitants of Auvergne replace all the 's' sounds by a 'ch'-sound:

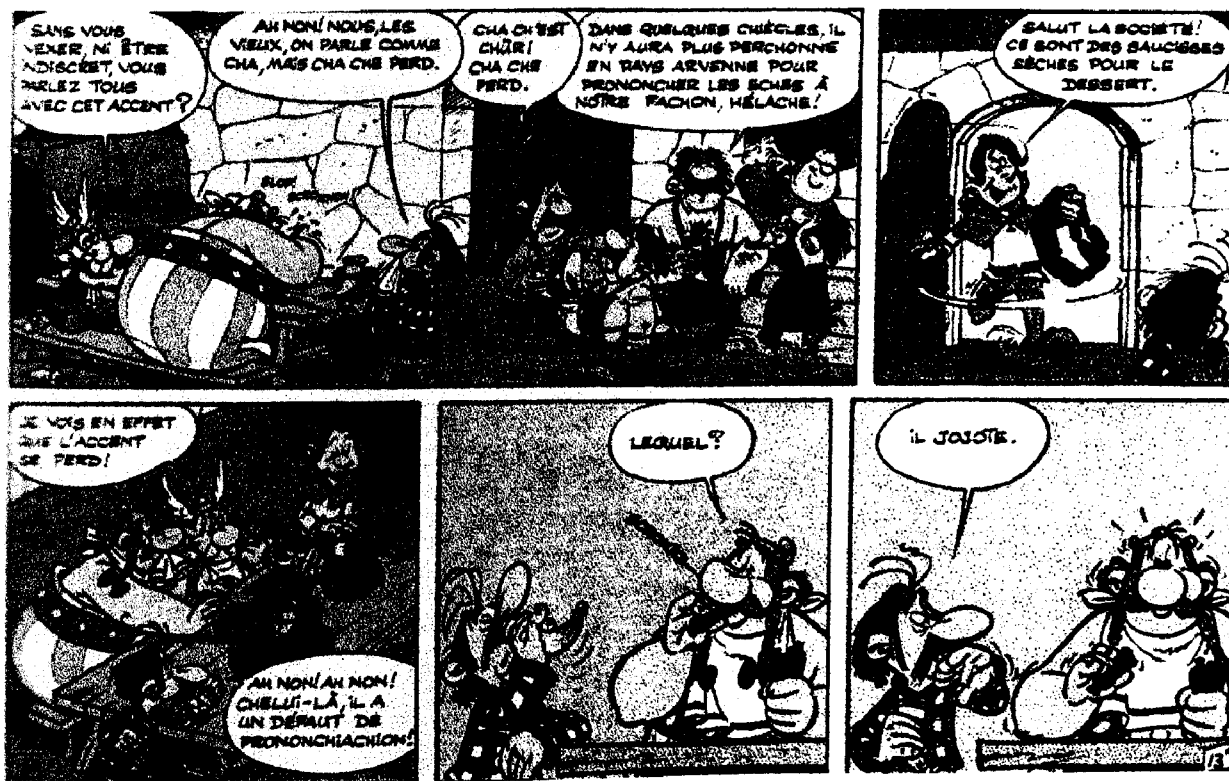
Chalut! Je chuis chinchèrement ravi de te revoir!
(*Astérix en Corse*, volume 20, p.9)

Once more, the translators have decided not to translate the regional variations. Therefore, all the characters, no matter where they come from, speak exactly the same way.



However, this becomes much more of a problem when the accent is the base for a joke (*Le bouclier averne – Asterix and the Chieftain's Shield*, volume 11):

Chapter 4: Language and User



- vous parlez tous avec cet accent?
- ah non ! Nous les vieux on parle comme cha mais cha che perd.
- Cha ch'est chure que cha che perd !
- Dans quelque chiecles il n'y aura plus perchonne en pays averne pour prononcer les eches à notre fachon, hélache !
- Salut la société, ce sont des saucisses sèches pour le dessert !
- Je vois, en effet, que l'accent se perd !
- Ah non, chelui lui, il a un defaut de prononchiachion !
- Lequel !
- Il jojote ! (p. 17)

- [- Do you all speak with this accent?
- Oh no! We, the old generation, speak like that but it is getting lost!
- It is true, it is getting lost!
- In a few centuries, there will be nobody in the region of Auvergne to pronounce the esses like we do, unfortunately!
- Hi everyone. Here are dry sausages for dessert!
- Yes, I can see that the accent is getting lost!
- Oh no, that one has a pronunciation problem!
- Which one?
- He pronounces 's' like 'j']

Chapter 4: Language and User

However, as you can see by the literal translation into English, there is no basis for the joke since they all speak the same way. Therefore, the translators had to find another joke that could be spread out over so many speech bubbles (nine in total over five pictures). The translators decided to carry on from the previous conversation (which regarded the Romans) and to include the current situation (a meal in a small restaurant):



- I bet you Avernians would like to see the Romans in the soup!
- Yes, the whole boiling of them! They're driving us potty!
- They levy money on every wine vat.
- It's very taxing... Hard on us shopkeepers, and what do we get in return? Not a sausage!
- Hi! Sausages for afters everyone!
- Why did he slam the door so loud?
- We Avernians are very fond of bangers.
- What sort are these?
- Wild boar sausages.

As can be seen by the translation, each play on words is linked to the previous bubble.

First, they speak about Romans, and then they get served soup. This links to wanting to chase the Romans away because they levy taxes. There is then a play between tax and taxing which links to not getting a sausage (idiomatically used as not getting anything).

Chapter 4: Language and User

That is when the other character brings sausages (it is a transfer to the literal meaning). Then there is a misunderstanding between two characters regarding banging the door and bangers (which is why he asks what they are) and the other character gives him the composition of the sausages. This translation, even though not as humorous as the original text, is passed more on puns which the translators have linked to the rest of the story by linking it with what happens before and what happens during that passage.

4.2.2. *The inhabitants of the French Riviera*

The inhabitants of Marseilles do not have such a pronunciation problem as those of the Auvergne. In fact, they only have a few rare ones: they replace all the 'in' sounds by 'ing' and they accentuate certain vowels sounds more (the sound 'è' becomes 'ai' and the sound 'au' becomes a deeper 'ô'). However, what is really characteristic is that their have their own expressions:



- *peuchère! Vous ne seriez pas ces deux gaulois que tous ces fadas de romains cherchent partout?* (*Le tour de Gaule*, volume 5, p. 31)



Once more, just like in the case of the Auvergnats, the British translators have decided not to retain this particular feature.

This is a problem when this is the base of a joke: what happens when an inhabitant of the French Riviera meets an inhabitant of the Auvergne?

Chapter 4: Language and User



- Vé! C'est un peu bieng organise, cette fâte!
 - Chette quoi?
 - Cette fâte! effeu-ê-té-eu-cette fâte.
 - Ah! Chette fête!
 - Vouaye, cette sôterie, si vous préférez! (Astérix en Corse, volume 20, p. 11)

This required some adaptation on the translators' part because of the fact that the different geographical origins were not retained:

- Tickety-boo, eh?
 - Tickety what?
 - This is what makes us tick!
 - Ah, punching Romans! They're the ticket!
 - Not a bad punch line! (Asterix in Corsica, volume 20, p.11)



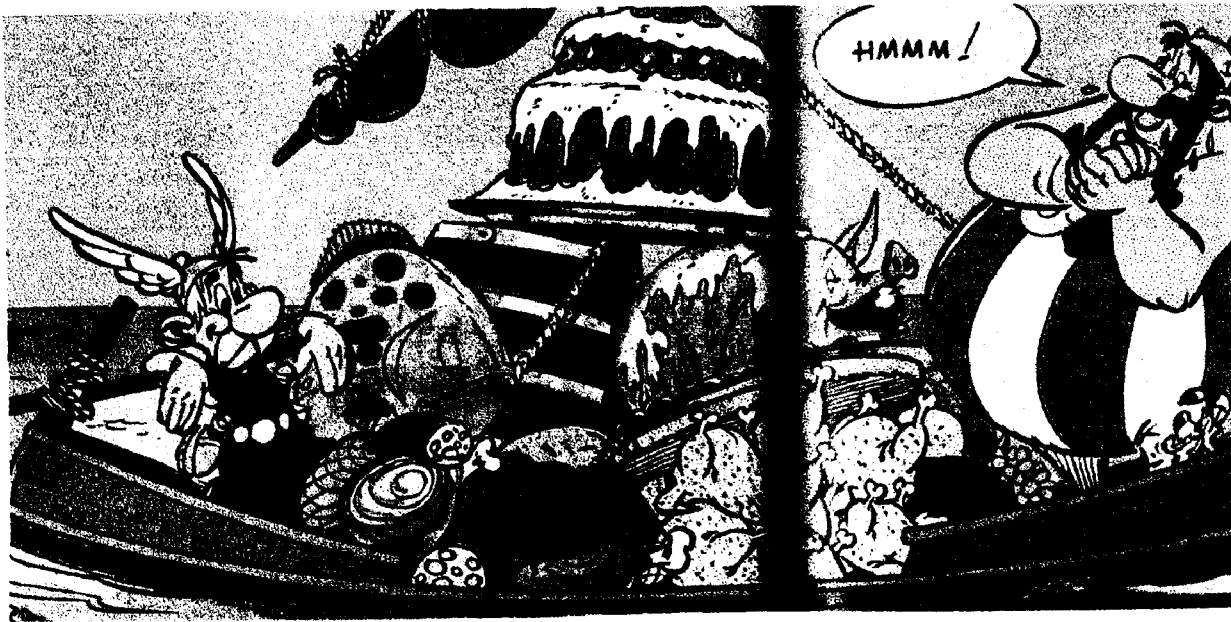
As can be seen by this example, the translators have decided, once more to use puns in order to replace jokes which were based on the characters' accent or on a misunderstanding because of different accents.

But the language spoken is not the only difference there is between nations. Each nation has its own culture and develops its own vocabulary in order to suit its culture.



Chapter 5: Language and Nation

5.1. Food



France is renowned for its food. It is the home of many big chefs and well-known restaurants. But even without requiring such a high standard of quality, even in every day life, French people eat many different types of food that only exist in France, be it 'charcuterie' (cooked pork meats) or cheese. There are so many different varieties of foods and they each have been given a different name. Furthermore, each region will have its own specialities, that are always linked to that region, and in certain cases, are only available in that particular region.

Since *Astérix* is based in France, and the Gauls were known to be big eaters, the authors have often referred to many different types of food from all over the country (and also from other countries when the characters travelled abroad). The Gauls do not only eat wild boar, sometimes they change their menu.

It is true that in many cases, the authors have made up new dishes that do not exist, and therefore the translators have decided to do exactly the same thing, and use quite a literal translation:

Chapter 5: Language and Nation



les boudins d'ours et les cous de girafes farcis (Asterix chez les Helvètes, volume 16, p.10)
Bear black pudding and stuffed giraffes' necks (Asterix in Switzerland, volume 16, p. 10)



However, in certain cases, the authors refer to real culinary specialities. How did the British translators translate these references?



One of the cooked pork meats which is often referred to throughout the series, probably because of its popularity even today, and because it can be found in the fridge of nearly every French home is "saucisson" (*La serpe d'or* – *Asterix and the Golden Sickle*, volume 2, p.37; *Le tour de Gaule* – *Asterix and the Banquet*, volume 5, p.27, etc.).

Chapter 5: Language and Nation

It is something between sausage and salami and is only made in France. It does not exist anywhere else. The translators have therefore decided to use “*sausage*” as translation every time it came up. Even though it is not a perfect translation, it does fit in with the drawings (since it is usually sold in the form of a big sausage – but there are also smaller ones) even though certain people might wonder why the characters slice cold sausage to eat it.



Another problem with this choice appears in *Le tour de Gaule* (*Asterix and the Banquet*, volume 5) in which the characters go around France and collect culinary specialities from all over.

Because the translators have chosen to translate “*saucisson*” by “*sausage*”, the specialities of Tolosa (Toulouse) and of Lugdunum (Lyon) are now the same:

saucisses de Tolosa... saucisson de Lugdunum (p. 48)

They both end up being sausages, even though they are two very different things. This might mislead the readers concerning the real culinary specialities of the region.



Chapter 5: Language and Nation



In this same book, the translators were also faced with the difficulty of translating another speciality which does not exist anywhere else (not even in other regions of France), *des quenelles* (p. 27).

These are dumplings made of flour and egg, flavoured with meat or fish. This long explanation obviously could not fit in the bubble. Furthermore, since footnotes cannot be added, the original word cannot be used. The British translators decided to use: *meat-balls* (p.27).



In this particular case, the translators were quite lucky since they did not have to match the name with the drawing (since the food is in a little packet) otherwise they would have found out that “quenelles” look like mini sausages in sauce. In this particular case, the translation does not convey at all what it really is, and personally, I think it is unfortunate. The translators could have used something like ‘dumplings in sauce’ since the bubble was big enough to do so.

The other problem faced by the translators in that same volume is the puns based on culinary specialities. In fact, there are two in the book. The first one is based on the speciality of Cambrai (Camaracum in *Asterix*)

Chapter 5: Language and Nation



Chapter 5: Language and Nation

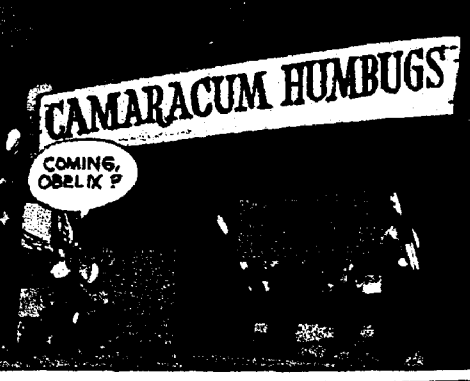
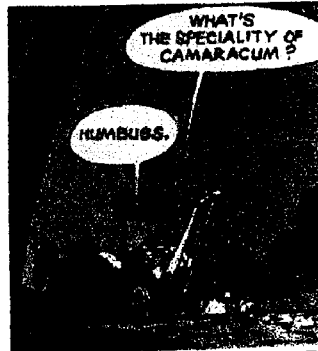
- *Et quelle est la spécialité de Camaracum?*
- *Les bêtises.*
- *Oh, moi je demande poliment quelque chose, et lui...*
- *Tu n'y connais rien ! C'est très bon... D'ailleurs tu verras, nous sommes arrivés.*
- *Eh ben ça alors !... Et en plus, ils ont l'air d'en être fiers !*
- *Tu viens Obélix ?*
- *Messieux ?*
- *Nous voudrions des bêtises...*
- *Gaulois, ce sont vos dernières bêtises... Foi de Quintilius, je vous tiens Gaulois ! Ma récompense sera grande !*
- *Tu nous as vu, mais tu ne nous tiens pas encore, Quintilius, viens nous prendre !*
- *Il va faire une grosse bêtise !*
- *Nous nous excusons, nous avons mis un peu de désordre dans votre magasin...*
- *Pensez-vous ! Entre Gaulois, il faut s'aider ! (p. 15-16)*

There are three plays on words in this passage. The first one is in the answer to the first question. Obelix thinks that Asterix is mocking him and telling him that he always says stupid things, when in fact he is just answering the question and referring to the speciality of the town. Then, when Quintilis starts speaking, he refers to both meanings of “bêtises”. It is their last sweets but also their last adventures against the Romans (at least according to him). Then, when the Gaul says that the legionary must come to catch them, Obelix comments emphasising the second meaning that was given to the word (something stupid).

In this particular case, the translators decided to use the given translation for the speciality which is ‘humbug’.

- *What's the speciality of Camaracum?*
- *Humbugs.*
- *You mean people there look honest, but they turn out to be...*
- *No, no, you don't understand... Well, you'll see. Here we are.*
- *Why, they actually seem to be proud of it!*
- *Coming Obelix?*
- *Yes, Sir?*
- *We'd like some humbugs...*
- *Thought you could humbug us, eh, Gauls? Got you, Gauls, as sure as my name's Goldenslumbus! I'll get promotion for this!*
- *You try and get us, Goldenslumbus! This will be short and sweet!*
- *I think this calls for a gob-stopper...*
- *Awfully sorry, we seem to have made a bit of a sticky mess...*
- *Oh, that's nothing in a sweet shop. We Gauls must stick together...*

Chapter 5: Language and Nation



Chapter 5: Language and Nation

This translation does allow them to retain some of the puns. However, Obelix's comment about dishonesty, which is also another meaning of the word 'humbug', does not fit in well with the picture. In the picture, he is angry, and even though the marks showing his anger could look like question marks (which would fit better with the comment), the expression on his face shows the reader that it is not the case. When the word is used again, the translators have decided to retain the misunderstood meaning in the Roman's speech by turning the noun into a verb: 'to humbug'. In the three last frames, many puns have been added to the British translation whilst there weren't any in the original. The result of these additions is that the reader discovers what humbugs are: "sticky... sweet shop..." so that even if the reader has never heard of them before, s/he will understand that it is a kind of sweet. In conclusion for this particular case, it can be said that the translators' choice of retaining the set translation and adding extra puns does retain the humour in the same place and does contribute to the understanding of the passage.

However, there is a second case in which the translators' choice changes the reference that is made. At the end of that same book, the Gauls have won their bet and they have returned to the village, all the food is spread on the table and they list what they have brought back and then Asterix walks up to the person who set the bet and says:

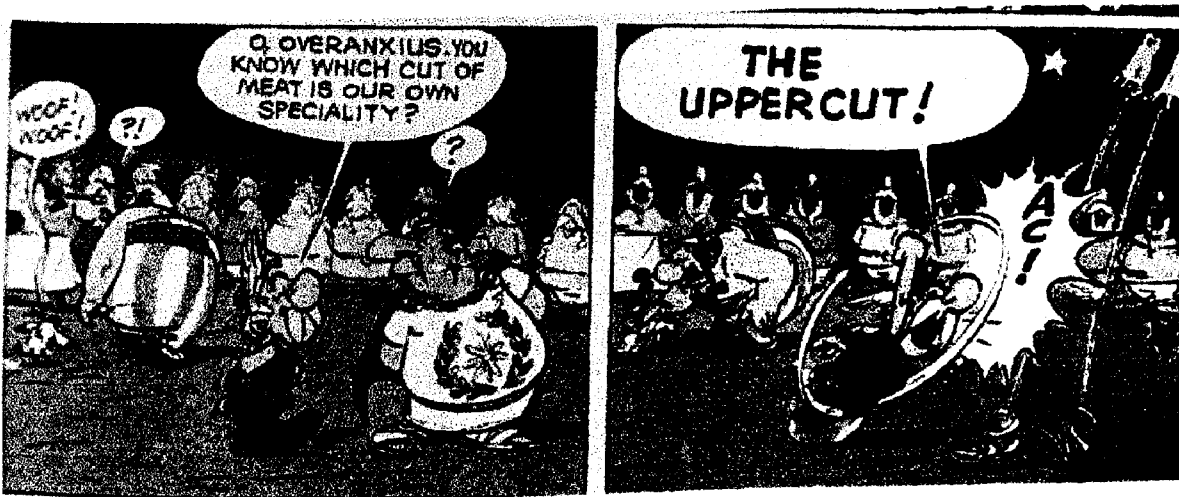
O, Fleurdelotus, notre village t'offre sa spécialité... La châtaigne! (and he punches the Roman, p. 48)



In this particular case, the authors have played on the speciality of Brittany, which is a chestnut, and the fact that it also means a punch. In the English version, the translators said:

Chapter 5: Language and Nation

O, Overanxious, you know which cut of meat is our own speciality? The uppercut!



This translation does work in this particular context since it can be linked to food because of the question asked. However, it does not reflect the real culinary speciality of the area, therefore resulting in a loss of cultural knowledge for the reader.

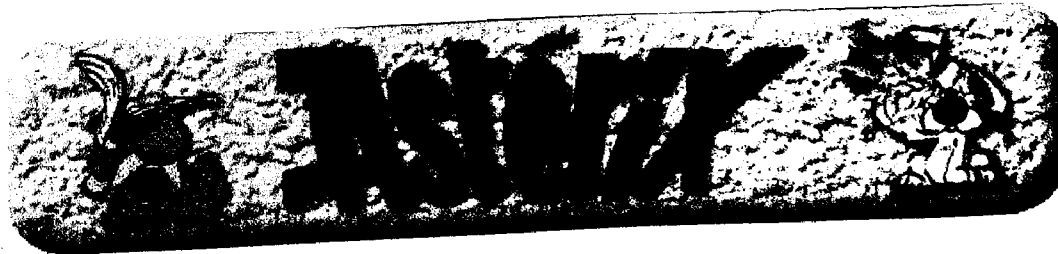
In conclusion, it can be said that the translators have chosen solutions that could fit into the pictorial context of the volume. When it was an invented food, they kept it the same way so it could correspond to the picture. The same technique was used when it comes to puns: the translators created another pun that could fit into the context. However, from a more cultural point of view, there is a certain loss of knowledge since the real culinary specialities are not retained and are sometimes replaced by a translation that has absolutely nothing in common with the speciality or even its ingredients.



Chapter 5: Language and Nation

5.2. Songs

There are many songs in the *Asterix* series. Even though the bard sings extremely badly, as can be seen by the drawings of the crooked music notes or irregular music lines, he still sings existing songs (that have been modified for the purpose of the series). And he is not the only one to sing. The researcher has been able to identify 48 of the songs used in the *Asterix* series. These songs can be grouped under eight different headings (Cf. Annex 11 for the words of some of the English and French songs and the original



1. Douce France (C. Trenet)
2. Je chante (C. Trenet)
3. Revoir Paris (C. Trenet)
4. La mer (C. Trenet)
5. Menilmontant (C. Trenet)
6. Toute la pluie tombe sur moi (S. Distel)
7. Ca c'est passé un dimanche
8. Le plat pays (J. Brel)
9. Les bonbons (J. Brel)
10. Il était un petit navire
11. Fais dodo
12. Ca c'est Paris (Minstinguett)
13. Boire un petit coup (instrumental)
14. Douce Nuit (instrumental)
15. Ma Normandie (instrumental)
16. I've Dreamed of a White Christmas
17. Silent Night (various artists)
18. The Rain in Spain (My Fair Lady)
19. Silent Night (instrumental)
20. The days of Christmas (instrumental)
21. What shall be do with a Drunken Sailor (instrumental)
22. Spanish Ladies (instrumental)
23. Little Brown Jug (instrumental.)
24. We're going to hang the washing on the Siegfried Line (instrumental.)
25. When Johnny comes marching home again (instrumental)
26. John Brown's Body (instrumental)
27. It's a Long Way to Tipperary (instrumental)
28. Ladies of Brisbane (instrumental)
29. Auld Lyne Syne (instrumental)

Chapter 5: Language and Nation

5.2.1. *Les chansons à boire (drinking songs)*

There are two drinking songs in the series. In many of Asterix's adventures we come across wine. However, many of the characters such as Obelix or even the fakir in *Astérix chez Rhazade (Asterix and the Magic Carpet, volume 28)* get drunk easily. So, when they are drunk, they start singing. Both of the songs used in the series are old traditional songs: "boire un petit coup" and "ah! le petit vin blanc".



The first song appears three times, once in *Astérix et les Goths (Asterix and the Goths, volume 3, p. 27)*, once in *Astérix chez les Bretons (Asterix in Britain, volume 8, p. 30)* and once in *l'odyssée*

d'Astérix (Asterix and the Black Gold, volume 26, p.17). The songs chosen by the translators are not the same in each case. In the first case, it has been replaced by a World War II song "It's a long way to Tipperary" and in the



third case by a traditional song "I'll take the high road".



Chapter 5: Language and Nation

In the first case, Asterix and Obelix are disguised as Goths and have joined a group of marching Goth soldiers, therefore explaining the choice of a marching military song in the translation. In the second case, the druid is drunk, which explains the choice of a drinking song in French, and he is sort of lost, which could explain the choice of a marching song in the translation. In the second case, the translators have replaced the song (which is not sung but just spoken) by a quote taken from Ben Jonson's poem to Celia *Drink only with thine eyes* (Cf. Annex 5 for the original text).



The second song only appears once in *Asterix gladiateur* (*Asterix the Gladiator*, volume 4, p.37) and has been replaced by a folklore song "Roaming the gloaming".



5.2.2. *Les hymnes (anthems)*



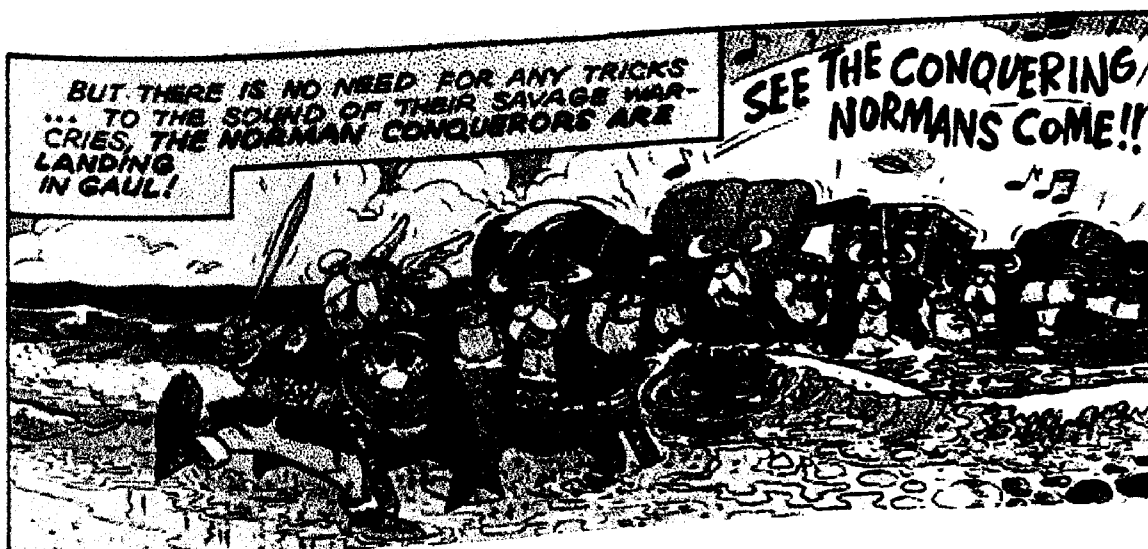
There are a few national or regional songs in the series. The researcher has identified three of them. The first one is "les allobroges" (which is the anthem of the people of Savoie – *le fils d'Astérix – Asterix and Son*, volume 27, p.36). This song is part of quite a few military and national songs sung by a Roman nanny (a disguised Roman legionary) to the

son of Asterix.

Chapter 5: Language and Nation



The second one, “*Ma Normandie*” (which, as its title indicates, is the song for people coming from Normandie) is used twice in the series. The first time, it is used in *Astérix et les Normands* (*Asterix and the Normans*, volume 9, p. 14) in which the Normans have just disembarked on the coast of Gaul to find someone that will teach them fear (because fear gives you wings and the Normans want to fly). In this case, the translators have decided to use a military song: “*See the conquering hero come*” (except that in this case the hero is replaced by the Normans) which links to the disembarking picture: they are attacking.



Chapter 5: Language and Nation



In the second case, that is in *La galère d'Obélix* (*Asterix and Obelix all at sea*, volume 30, p.8), it is sung by a German character (and Normandie becomes Germany) who is a slave longing to go home. The translators have decided to retain that idea of longing for home and have used “home sweet home”.



The third song is the Belgian national anthem “On a encore des siècles d’esclavage” (*Le domaine des Dieux – The Mansion of the Gods*, volume 17, p.10) and it is sung by Belgian slaves under the control of Roman legionaries. Since this song exists in different languages, the translators have used the English version of the song.



Chapter 5: Language and Nation

5.2.3. *Les comptines (children's songs)*

This type of song is used for many different occasions, most of the time either to accompany the characters or to make the situation more humorous. The researcher has identified five. The first

two are lullabies: “le pt’it quinquin” (*Le tour de Gaule – Asterix and the Banquet*, volume 5, p.16) and “fais dodo” (*Astérix chez les Helvètes – Asterix in Switzerland*, volume 16, p. 45). The translators have chosen to also use a lullaby: “sleep little baby”.



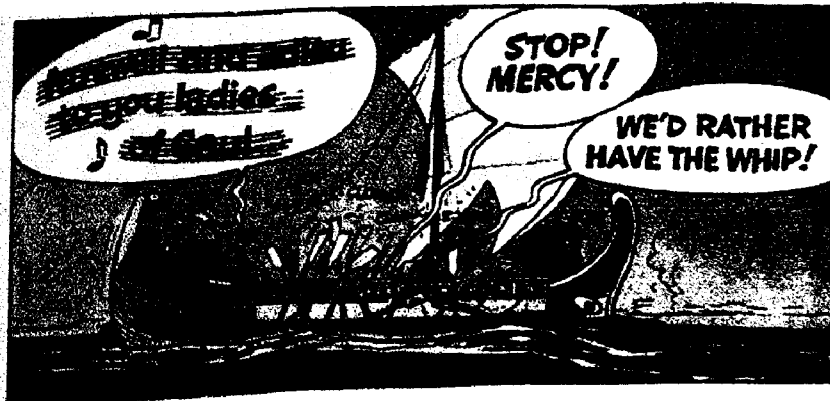
The next two songs are ‘fun’ songs: “il était un petit navire” (*Astérix gladiateur – Asterix the gladiator*, volume 4, p.12, and *la grande traversée – Asterix and the Great Crossing*, volume 22, p.40 and *Astérix chez Rhazade – Asterix and the Magic Carpet*, volume 28, p.19) and “ils ont des chapeaux ronds” (*Astérix gladiateur – Asterix the gladiator*, volume 4, p. 6 and *Astérix chez les Bretons – Asterix in Britain*, volume 8, p. 26).

Chapter 5: Language and Nation



The first 'fun' song is used when the bard is trying to sing to help the

slaves to row faster. In this case, it has been replaced by "Ladies of Brisbane", another marine song. Then it is used when Asterix and Obelix have been captured by Vikings and are rowing back to Norway. The translators have replaced this song by another navy song "Spanish Ladies". It is also used another time when the fakir has just fallen from his magic carpet into a barrel of wine and he sings that he has never sailed.



Chapter 5: Language and Nation

Regarding the second 'fun' song, it is first used by the bard who is singing in the forest to entertain himself.



The translators have decided to use a song closer to home and have chosen the folklore song "*Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner*".

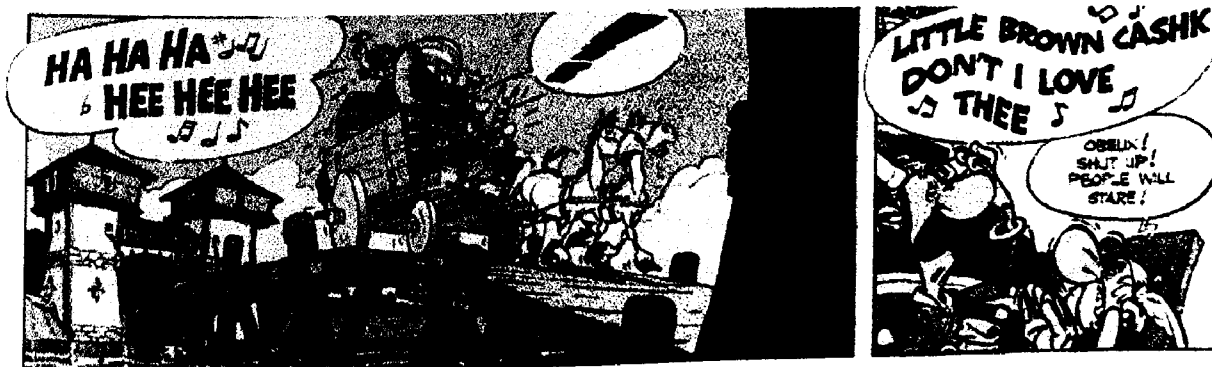


It is used a second time when Obelix has drunk many barrels of wine and is now drunk. He is still in Britain and now sings that the Brits have round barrels (instead of round hats, as the original song says).

Chapter 5: Language and Nation

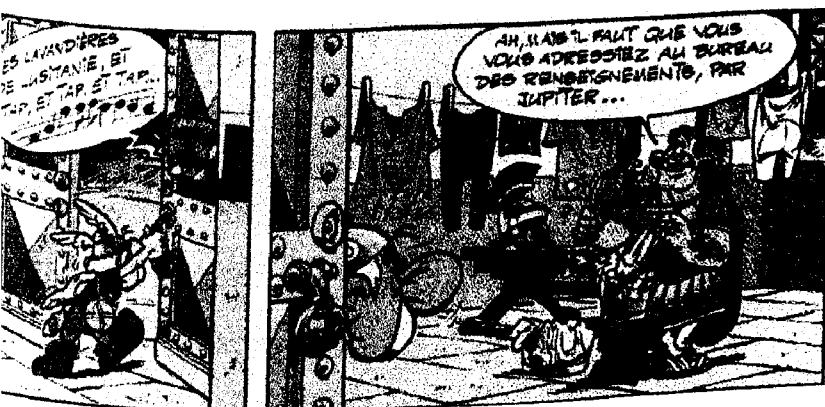


The translators have chosen to use a drinking song: “*Little Brown Jug*” to convey the fact that Obelix has drunk too much.



Finally, the last song in this category is usually used when walking long distances: “*un kilomètre à pied*”. Since this is a repetition (counting up numbers) and therefore an endless song, the translators have also decided to use a rather repetitive song that can go on for a long time: “*this old man*”.

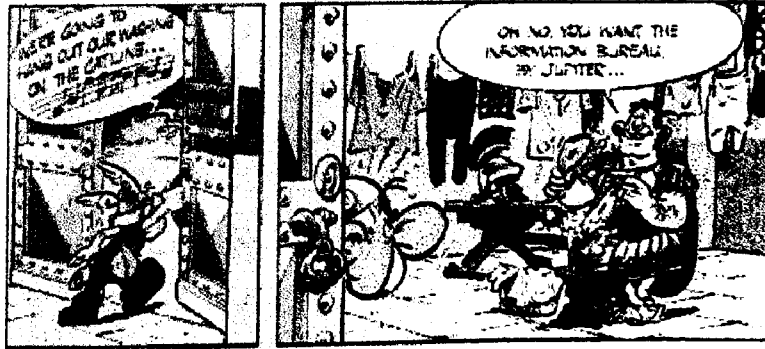
5.2.4. *Les chansons de spectacles (songs from shows)*



Certain songs in the series were taken from movies, or operas, or musicals. The researcher has identified three that fit in this category.

Chapter 5: Language and Nation

The first song is taken from a movie: "*les lavandières au Portugal*" (song by Jacqueline François in a 1955 movie with the same title: *Astérix légionnaire – Asterix the Legionary*, volume 10, p.16). In this case, a Roman soldier is doing the washing so the translators have decided to use a World War II military song related to washing: "*We're going to hang out our washing on the Siegfried line*".



One of these songs was taken from an opera, the very famous "*ah je ris*" (which comes from the Faust opera by Gounod and which is also the favourite song of the Castafiore in *Tintin: Astérix chez Rhazade – Asterix and the Magic Carpet*, volume 28, p.18).

Finally, the last song is taken from a musical: "*I'm singing in the rain*". The bard interprets it with a very bad French accent (*Astérix chez Rhazade – Asterix and the Magic Carpet*, volume 28, p.46) and ends up really singing in the rain (and that is why he was brought to India, to make rain).

5.2.5. *Chants religieux (religious songs)*



There are three songs which are of religious origin used in the series. They are linked to Christmas: "*vive le vent*" (*Astérix chez les Bretons*

– *Asterix in Britain*, volume 8, p. 23), "*douce nuit*" (*Le domaine des Dieux – The Mansion of the Gods*, volume 17, p.11) and "*petit papa noel*" (*Astérix chez Rhazade – Asterix and the Magic Carpet*, volume 28, p.6).

Chapter 5: Language and Nation

The first of the songs is quite diverted from its original purpose since it refers to wine. Because the whole story reverts around a magic potion barrel and



the confusion with wine barrels, the translators have decided to use "roll out the barrel" which fits in very well with the pictures (the Roman legionaries are all tasting from all the confiscated barrels).



The second song is used by Goth slaves that are busy working for the Romans during the night. The translators have also chosen the equivalent Christmas song: "silent night".



Finally, the third song is used by the bard and, coming from the sky, he gets neither Father Christmas (as in the original song) nor a genie (as in the Asterix song) but a fakir.

5.2.6. *Chansons populaires (folklore songs)*

Identifying folklore songs is slightly more difficult than identifying the other types of songs. The reason for this problem is that even though all elderly people know these songs, there are no records or scores for these songs since they are not attributed to any singer. The researcher has identified four folklore songs: "ça c'est Paris" (*La serpe d'or – Asterix and the Golden Sickle*, volume 2, p.46), "Rossignol de mes amours" (*Astérix gladiateur – Asterix the Gladiator*, volume 4, p. 7), "Nuits de chine" (*Le combat des Chefs – Asterix and the Big Fight*, volume 7, p. 13) and "Les bûcherons" (*Le combat des Chefs – Asterix and the Big Fight*, volume 7, p. 25).

Chapter 5: Language and Nation



The first one is used by Asterix and Obelix who have accomplished their mission (they have a golden sickle for their druid) and are leaving 'Paris'. The translators have decided to retain the fact that the song is linked to the place they are leaving and have used: "*I love Paris in the springtime*".



The second song is sung by the bard in the middle of the forest. The translators have retained the idea of a bird (taken from the original song and not the Asterix version of the song) and have chosen "*I'm only a bird*" which also conveys the loneliness of the bard.



The third song is sung once more by the bard. The druid is not well and the villagers hope that the shock caused by the bard singing will bring the druid back from his madness. Since this song is not particularly linked to the context

nor to the pictures, the translators were rather free to choose any song they wished to and used "*If you were the only girl in the world*".



Chapter 5: Language and Nation



The fourth song is used by Asterix and Obelix who have gone in the forest and cut down a tree (which is a false tree with a Roman spy hidden inside) and are now bringing it back to the village. The translators have chosen to use a military/religious song which retains the fact that something has been 'cut down': "*John Brown's Body*".



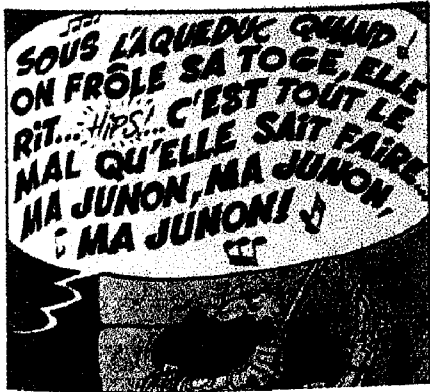
5.2.7. *Chants militaires (military songs)*

Since the series also involves Romans, who were very well known for their powerful army, there are, once a while, a few military songs. The researcher has identified five military songs: "*la Madelon*" (*Les lauriers de César – Asterix and the Laurel Wreath*,



Chapter 5: Language and Nation

volume 18, p.43), “*tiens voilà du boudin*” (sung in the foreign legion at meal times: *Le fils d’Astérix – Asterix and Son*, volume 27, p. 33), “*les hussards de la garde*” (*Le fils d’Astérix – Asterix and Son*, volume 27, p. 34) “*le rêve passe*” (*Le fils d’Astérix – Asterix and Son*, volume 27, p.35 and 38), and “*les Africains*” (sung after the return of invasions in Africa: *Le fils d’Astérix – Asterix and Son*, volume 27, p.36).



The first song is used by a drunken Roman. The French song is both a folklore and a drinking song. Since the Roman has transformed it, because he is drunk, in a sort of lovesong, the translators have decided to



use “*Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do*”.

As can be seen, the other four songs are taken from the same volume. A Roman legionary disguises as a nanny to steal the baby that has been left in front of Asterix’s house.



To stop the baby from crying, the nanny sings, but only knows military songs. “*Le rêve passe*” has been replaced by two different translations. In the first case, it becomes “*Lily Marlene*” and in the second one, a folklore song “*Pack up your Troubles*”.



Chapter 5: Language and Nation

5.2.8. *Chansons de variété (popular songs)*



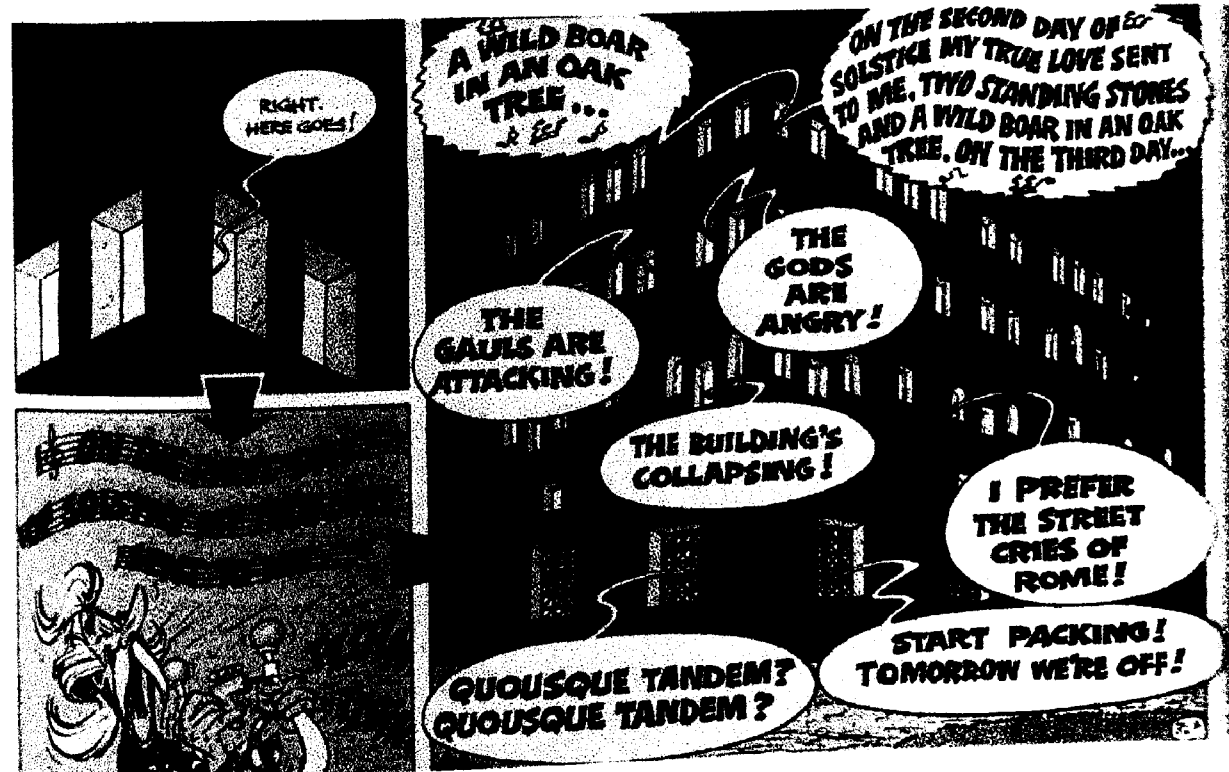
There are many songs taken from the popular artists of the time. Some of these songs have become classics of French culture, others are sung by renowned artists. Some choruses of the songs are well known, but not the entire song: "petite fille de français moyen" (sung by Sheila: *Astérix en Hispanie – Asterix in Spain*, volume 14, p. 20), "darla dirladada" (sung by Dalida: *Le domaine des Dieux – The Mansion of the Gods*, volume 17, p. 40). The first



song has been replaced by a Christmas song in the translation: "I Dreamed of a White Christmas" and so has the second one: "The Twelve Days of Christmas".

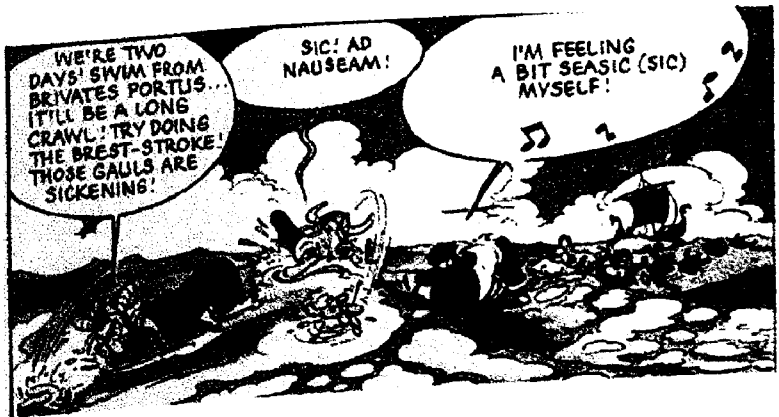


Chapter 5: Language and Nation



Other songs are based on songs sung by renowned singers: "tout ça ca fait d'excellents Français" (by Maurice Chevalier: *Astérix et les Normands – Asterix and the Normans*, volume 9, p. 46), "Barbara" (by Yves Montand: *Le fils d'Astérix – Asterix and Son*, volume 27, p.46), and "la pluie tombe sur moi" (the French version of "raindrops keep falling on my head", sung by Sacha Distel: *Astérix chez Rhazade – Asterix and the Magic Carpet*, volume 28, p.7). The second song was not

translated as a song but by a comment by the character explaining that he feels seasick (he is the black pirate and swimming in the sea because the ship has been sunk once more).



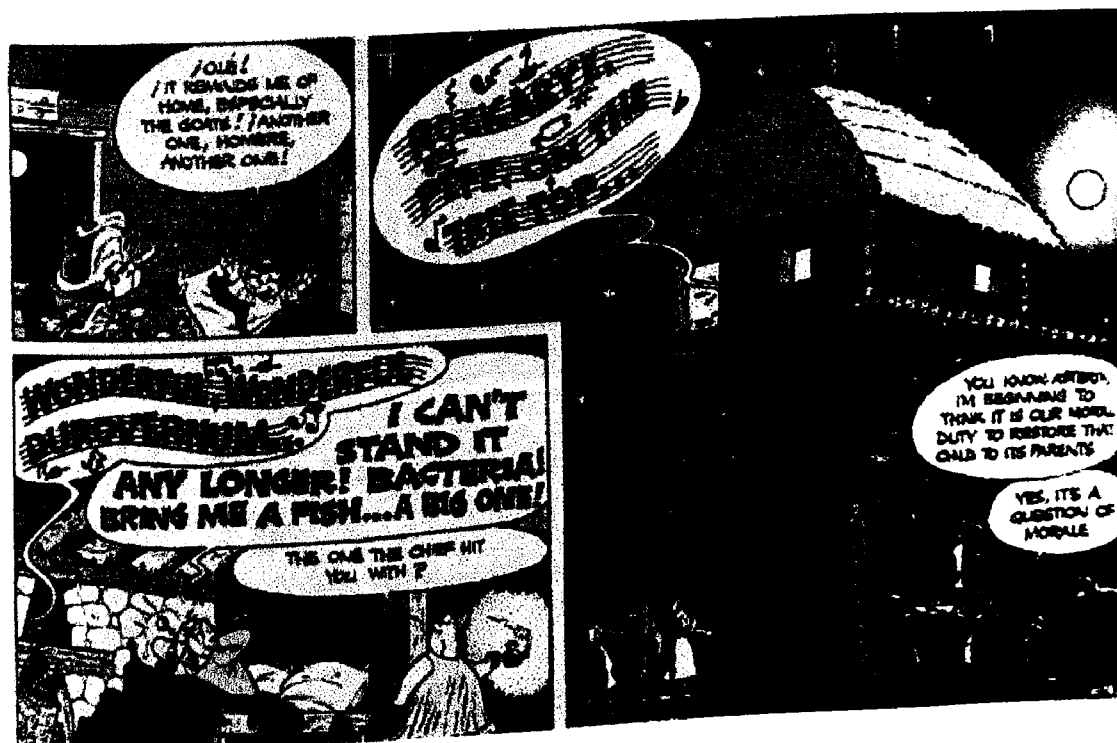
Chapter 5: Language and Nation

The third song, since it is originally translated from an English song, was returned to its original song: "Raindrops Keep Falling on my Head".



Chapter 5: Language and Nation

One song is by Jacques Brel: “les bonbons” (*Astérix en Hispanie – Asterix in Spain*, volume 14, p. 20). One of the songs is based on a more recent song: “les élucubrations” (sung by Antoine – *Astérix et les Normands – Asterix and the Normans*, volume 9, p. 43). The first song is used by the bard to put the young Spanish child to sleep so it was replaced in the English translation by a lullaby: “rock-a-bye-baby”.



In the second case, the bard is supposed to be singing modern ‘rock ‘n roll’ type songs. Therefore, the translators have decided to retain that idea of modernity and have used two songs: “America” (from the musical comedy *West Side Story*) and “Rock Around the Clock” to retain that idea of rhythm and

rock.



Chapter 5: Language and Nation

Finally many songs are based on songs sung by Charles Trenet (who is also famous for the wording of his songs and regarded as one of the main representatives of France and French songs – listen to the CD for some of his songs): “*Douce France*” (*La serpe d’or – Asterix and the Golden Sickle*, volume 2, p. 5), “*la marche des jeunes*” (*Astérix et les Goths – Asterix and the Goths*, volume 3, p. 27; *Astérix chez les Belges – Asterix in Belgium*, volume 24, p. 6), “*revoir Paris*” (*Astérix et les Goths – Asterix and the Goths*, volume 3, p. 37), “*menilmontant*” (*Astérix Gladiateur – Asterix the Gladiator*, volume 4, p.37), “*Je chante*” (*Astérix chez les Belges – Asterix in Belgium*, volume 24, p.7), “*il pleut dans ma chambre*” (*Astérix chez Rhazade – Asterix and the Magic Carpet*, volume 28, p.10), and “*la mer*” (*Astérix chez Rhazade – Asterix and the Magic Carpet*, volume 28, p.20).



The first song is used by Obelix while working. He is happy to be in Gaul so sings about it. The translators have decided to use a song expressing the same feeling and that British people would recognise (by adapting it to the situation, of course): “*There’ll always be an England*”.



Chapter 5: Language and Nation



The second song, which is a song used by people walking long distances, was replaced by another marching song in English used in the military: "The Noble Duke of York" and "When Johnny comes marching home again».



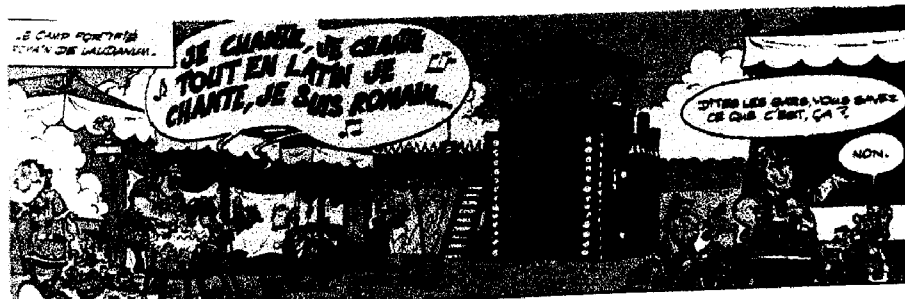
The third song was not translated by a song but by a quote taken from *Macbeth*.



The fourth song was replaced by a popular song in the British translation: "Love is a Many Splendou'd Thing".

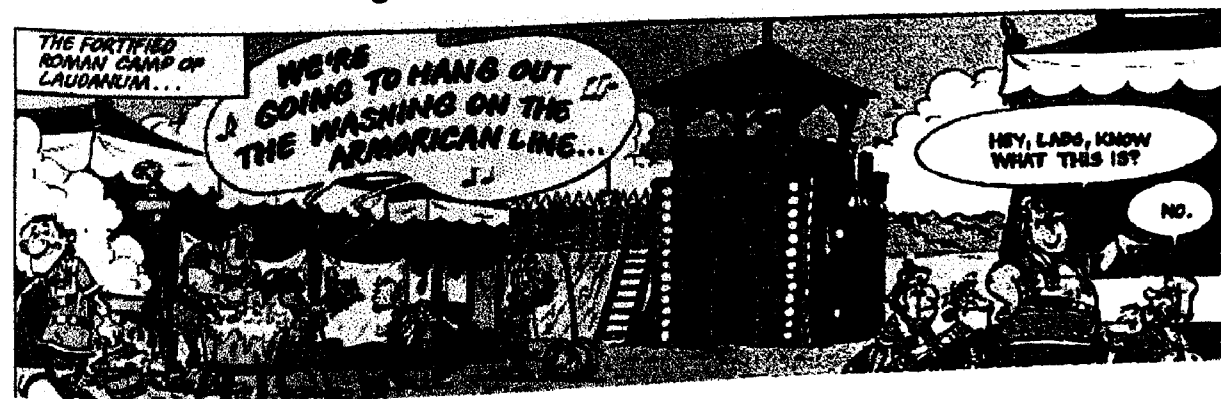


Chapter 5: Language and Nation



The fifth song is used by a Roman who is doing the laundry and once more, because the situation is the

same as in one of the earlier examples (even though the song is different), the translators have used the same song in English: "We're going to hang out our washing...".



The sixth song is used by the bard because it is raining on him (because he sings so badly).

The translators have decided to use a song taken from a musical which is related to rain:

"The Rain in Spain" (from *My Fair Lady*).



Chapter 5: Language and Nation

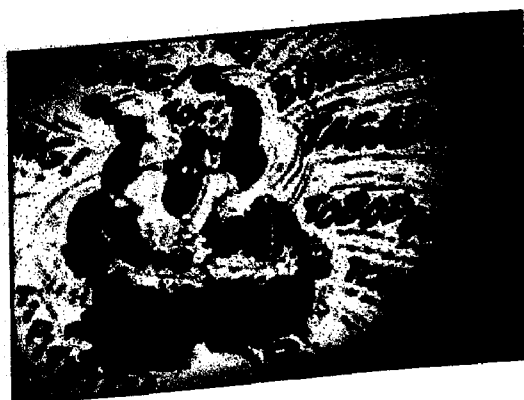
Finally, the last song is also used by the bard, but this time he is contemplating the sea and is on a boat. The translators have decided to retain that idea of being on a boat and have used the children's song: "speed bonny boat".



Chapter 5: Language and Nation

It can be seen that the translators have tried to retain songs where possible. The songs chosen in the translation can fit in the same categories as the ones used in French, but not in the same places. The main difference in categories that can be noticed is, whilst the categories of popular and folklore songs are the most prevalent in French, there are more military songs in the English translation.

I think that this has been done for two reasons. The first reason is the fact that, in most cases, the translators did not choose songs according to the one that had been chosen in French, but rather according to what was in the picture. Since the comic book series is based on the Roman occupation, and the fact that Caesar was known for his very strong army, there are a lot of soldiers of all kinds in the story. In most instances, there are soldiers in the picture (either Romans, or Goths, or any other nationalities) or the songs are about them. The second reason might be that the translation, even if done by British translators, is also destined to English speaking people throughout the world. If the translators had chosen more British folklore songs, the people might not have been able to identify them and therefore enjoy the effect. The researcher has had considerable problems, being located in South Africa, to identify the more folkloric songs such as "There'll always be an England" or "Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner" whereas all the more military, or more international songs were immediately recognised. The translators may therefore have taken into account the fact that their translation was not only aimed at a British audience but also at people throughout the world.



Chapter 6: Conclusion



Findings

Since the aim of this research report is to look at the different strategies used by the British translators in order to translate the different cultural elements in the comic book series, here is a summary of the findings made after this study.

Translation choices for intertextuality and sociocultural references

The translators have used different strategies when faced with this kind of reference. When the references were made implicitly through the drawings (for sculptures and movies, for example) or were foreign even to the original (like the Latin quotes), the translators have left them as they were. When the reference used could be considered as normal text (without need to refer back to the original), the translators have chosen to use a literal translation (like for the morals of the *Fables*). When the reference used had been translated into English, or taken from English, the translators have used the already made translation or returned to the original (like for Shakespeare or Cervantes). When the reference related to more French items (French texts, places, companies, etc.), the translators have used four strategies: conservation, adaptation, creation or deletion. In some cases, the translators had to keep the references because there was no other way to get around it (like the obelisk of the Concorde). However, if it was possible to find something in the British culture that could represent an equivalent of the one referred to in French, then the translators decided to use that (for example when referring to newspapers, companies and certain places). When neither of the above was possible, the translators have either created another reference or a pun. Very often the translators have created puns that were based on food, since it is one of the dominant features of the *Astérix* series and the French culture. Finally, when none of this was possible, the translators have deleted the reference, either completely or by paraphrasing it with an explanation (like the SMIG, for example). However, it must be pointed out that the translators have added references in

Chapter 6: Conclusion

places where there were none in the French original, possibly in order to compensate for the places in which other references, not always literary ones, were omitted or deleted.

Translation choices for language and context

Regarding power relations, and because of the very way they are presented in the series (through the use of Latin quotes in most instances), the translators had no real choice and retained them as they were.

However, when faced with the puns used to express the names, the translators have used one technique only: adaptation. The names were changed in order to create new puns. However, the translators have retained the same categories of puns as those that were used in the French original, that is a name related to the character's work, a name related to the nature of the character, a name related to a characteristic of the character or his nature, and have added a category, names related to food (and only one type of food per nationality: all the Corsicans are 'pasta'). The use of puns created on food had already appeared in the translation of French puns linked to other works, and the translators have continued using that solution.

Translation choices for language and user

The translators have chosen two different solutions for the translation of these particular problems. In order to retain the idea of different nationalities, the translators have retained the different name endings according to the character's origin. In many cases, they have even retained the French endings.

However, when coming across any other distinctive geographical feature of a character's language, be it an international character or a national one, the translators have chosen, in

Chapter 6: Conclusion

most cases (except for the German character), to discard the language particulars. As said in the body of this report, even though it might be understandable at a national level (since rendering accents is a very problematic issue, cf. 4.2.), it could have been avoided for certain international characters (as for the Black pirate, Cf. 4.1.).

Translation choices used for language and nation

When related to food, the translators have mainly decided to use adaptation. They have chosen to refer to a type of food that would be identified by an English reader and that could fit in with the pictures used. However, the only problem with this is that, in some cases, it gives a false idea of what food is eaten or is (like the “quenelles” becoming “meat-balls”). For the purpose of a comic book, which is mainly done to entertain people, this is probably the best solution to use since the reader must understand immediately what is going on and what the characters are speaking about.

Regarding songs, the translators have also decided to use adaptation to the British culture. However, they have chosen to remain within the same categories used by the French authors (even though, individually taken, each song and its translation may not belong to the same one), putting more emphasis on military songs because of the situation depicted in the comic-book series, and the eternal presence of legionaries.

Hierarchy of strategies

The strategies used by the translators can be mainly placed into three categories: cultural adaptation¹, conservation of the original reference², and creation³/deletion⁴. The research entered all the cultural references and their translation, and the strategy used in a Lotus 1-2-3 document, and then asked the program to calculate which strategy was used most often and here are the results.

1. Cultural adaptation

This is the most commonly used strategy throughout. In eighty-eight percent of the cases, the translators have adapted all the cultural reference to an English audience. The translators have replaced the original allusion with one that would be recognisable to the British audience and bring to the reader's mind the same idea as the allusion used in the original (replace a French bank by an English bank and so on). When the translation belonged to a certain category, as is the case for the translation of the names or of songs, the translators have placed their translation choices so as to fit within the same categories as the ones used by the original authors. Therefore, it can be said that the translators have limited their choices to fit within the framework designed by the authors. The researcher does not include literal translations in that particular category since the translators have not searched for an equivalent in the culture they were translating for.

¹ When translators exchange a culturally bound reference which is linked to the source culture with one that belongs to the target culture in order for the target culture to understand the reference made is called cultural adaptation.

² When the translators decide to leave the reference as it is, that is not adapt it for the target reader to understand but literally translate the reference as is, it is called conservation.

³ Sometimes, the translators decided to add in a reference to the target culture in a place where there were none in the original text, it is called creation.

⁴ Sometimes, when the translators cannot keep the original reference, or cannot find a way to translate it in order to keep a reference, they can decide to cancel it completely. This is called deletion.

Chapter 6: Conclusion

2. Creation

This is the second most used strategy by the British translators. When a cultural adaptation was not possible because of the context, or the knowledge required from the reader, because of the constraints faced by the translators, or any other reasons, the translators have decided to create their own allusions or puns, as for example with the references to certain paintings and sculptures (not closely linked to the picture). This happens in about eight percent of the cases.

3. Deletion

This happens with certain allusions to French companies or administrative references, and more particularly to the use, in the original, of geographical differences in language. The translators have levelled out the reference by either deleting it completely or by using a paraphrase so that the reader could continue to follow the story. This happens nearly as often as the process of creation since the translators have tried to compensate for the losses incurred by this translation strategy. However, the translator have compensated for these deletions or this levelling out by adding other references in places where there were none in the original. Therefore, on the whole, the translations are as rich in allusion as is the original since the translators have created about as many allusions as the number they have deleted.

4. Conservation

In very few cases, about two percent of the cases, the translators have retained the exact allusion that was done in the original. This was only done in cases where the allusion could be traced back to a set English translation or original (e.g. Shakespeare) or when the allusion was too closely linked to the picture and French culture (the obelisk). This only happens in about four percent of the cases.

Chapter 6: Conclusion

5. Order

The order presented above is based on the number of occurrences of each solution used. As said above, this order of strategies was obtained through a table of occurrences entered in Lotus 1-2-3. Therefore, there are many more cases of cultural adaptation than levelling out, than conservation. However, it is highly possible that the translators have worked by elimination. What is meant by this is that they would have probably tried to retain the allusion when possible (and when necessary, of course). When this particular strategy was not possible, they would have tried to use a cultural adaptation and related the idea presented to one of a British reader's everyday life. This is the strategy that was used the most often. However, when this was not possible, or required too much background knowledge from the reader, the translators have either deleted the original reference or created a different one (creation appears as often as deletion throughout the series). When it was possible to create a new reference to replace the original one, the translators decided to do so but when this was not possible at all, they levelled it out (and sometimes created another somewhere else to compensate for the loss).

Chapter 6: Conclusion

Conclusions

Even though they were faced with many difficult constraints, the translators have managed to find ways in which to overcome these problems in order to produce a translation that was as successful and rich as the original one even though read by a totally different audience.

It is however interesting to note certain similarities and major differences between the original texts and the English translation. The translators have retained as many puns as there were in the original in order to make the series as humorous. The translators have also used many outside references (literary, historical, musical, etc.) therefore retaining the richness of the texts. However, there is one major difference that must be pointed out. The authors of the original series have used many different means in order to portray, in a stereotyped sort of way, the geographical origin of the different characters present in the series. This includes the type of clothes they wear (the normal Romans always wear togas and the soldiers in the army always wear uniforms, the Brits wear gingham trousers, etc) and the type of language they speak (showed through the use of different types of fonts and also of different pronunciation patterns). This allows the French reader to differentiate between people of any nationality, even between French characters and Belgian ones (even though they dress the same and both speak French, their pronunciation and stereotyped idiosyncrasies are different). In the British translation, the readers will often only be able to rely on the character's clothing to help identify his/her geographical origin. The translators have retained the different types of writing (for the Goths, the Egyptians, the Norwegians, etc.). However, for certain nationalities, they have not retained these differences in language therefore making it more difficult for the reader to identify the character's origin (the Gauls and the Belgians now dress the same way, have the same physical appearance and also speak in exactly the same way). This also applies to the people throughout Gaul (France). The people from the South now speak exactly like the people from the North.

Chapter 6: Conclusion

Even with this slight loss, the translators have managed to achieve a translation as rich, as interesting and as humorous as the original, and as successful (Asterix comic books are very popular in English speaking countries). Furthermore, it must be noted that the British translators were faced with another constraint: the fact that their translation was not only destined for the British audience but also for English speaking audiences throughout the world, be it in America or in Africa.

It is interesting that three of the volumes in the series were retranslated for the American audience. The most significant changes between the two editions are the names of the characters. However, in *La Grande Traversée (Asterix and the Great Crossing, volume 22)* in which Asterix and Obelix go to America, there have been certain changes even in the drawings: certain military insignias have been deleted, a reference to superman has been added in, a reference to *Saturday Night Fever* (with John Travolta has been added) and certain references to Shakespeare have been deleted. It is also interesting to note that for all the other volumes, the British translations were retained even in the American publications. There were no further retranslations therefore proving that the British translators have been able to make their translations acceptable, understandable and enjoyable for any English speaking audience, even though the American culture is different from the British. It is this same edition that is published in every single English speaking country, including South Africa.

The British translators have achieved a wonderful work and the success can be seen by the number of fan pages for Asterix on the Internet. Ninety percent of these fan pages are in English and based on the translations made by Derek Hockridge and Anthea Bell. The translators have been able to retain the fact that the Asterix series was destined both for children and adults. Those children exposed to them will soon be gripped by the storylines, enamoured by the characters and covertly receive a basic classical education. But, put simply, those adults who miss out on *Asterix* books because they assume they are meant for children, are missing out on some of the most sophisticated comedy of the past half-century, penned by two of its finest comic writers. Should that be four?

Chapter 6: Conclusion

Through the strategies identified throughout this study, and presented before, the translators have been able to make a text which was deeply rooted in French culture accessible to people from all English speaking cultures. The fact that the translation is to be read by people that live not only in Britain, but also in other English speaking countries has made the translation choices more difficult than they already were because of the inherent constraints of the comic book medium. However, the translators have overcome all of these problems and achieved a translation that has as many cultural elements as the original, is as humorous, is interesting for any type of audience, but is 'adapted' to the culture that is to read the text.

There is one last question that subsists. Will the question of a 'new' translation of *Astérix* arise in the future? The authors of the series, as demonstrated in this report, have used many French cultural elements in their texts and in their pictures. The elements which are of classical basis, such as the use of literary allusions, paintings or sculpture, will never date. However, the use of certain caricatures and of certain songs may become problematic for future audiences (once the songs have gone out of date and the people caricatured have died). This is inherent to the source text and the original texts will not be rewritten.

What happens to the translations? In the translation of *Asterix* into English, the translators have used elements that do not date, except for the use of certain songs. However, these songs are adapted to the context and even if the reader does not know the original songs to which the translators are referring, they will still understand the songs and they will still be able to enjoy the series as it stands. The puns used are often not linked to 'allusions' and therefore do not require a certain type of education and knowledge on the part of the reader. Therefore, I do not think that the question of retranslating *Asterix*, at least into English, will ever arise.

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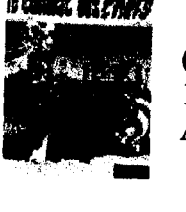
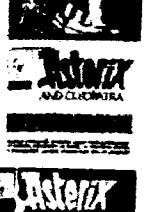
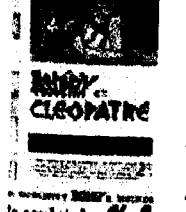
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Annexes



Annex 1 : List of all the languages

- 1 Afrikaans (South African)
2 Arabic
3 Argentinean (Spanish)
- Belgium:
4 - Flemish (Vlaams)
5 - Antwerps
6 - Gents
- 7 Brazilian (Brazil-Portuguese)
8 Bulgarian
- Chinese:
9 - Hong Kong edition (Cantonese)
10 - Beijing edition (Mandarin)
- 11 Croatian (Hrvatski)
12 Czech (Český)
13 Danish (Dansk)
- Netherlands:
14 - Dutch (Netherlands)
15 - Frisian (Frysk)
16 - Limburgs
17 - Twents
- 18 Esperanto
19 Estonian (Eestikeel)
20 Fârsi (Persian)
- Finland:
21 - Finnish
22 - Karjala (Carelian)
23 - Savo
- France:
24 - Français (French Gaulois)
25 - Breton (Brezhoneg)
26 - Corsican (Corsu)
27 - Alsatian (Elsaesisch)
28 - Occitan (Langue d'Oc)
- Germany:
29 - German (Deutsch)
30-55 - For Asterix Mundart versions,
[click here](#)
- Greek:
56 - Greek (Ellinika)
57 - Attic (Classical Greek)
58 - Pontiaka
- 59 Greenlandic (Inuktitut, newspaper
edition)(©)
60 Hebrew (Ivrit)
- India:
61 - Bengali (Bangla Bhasha)
62 - Hindi
- 63 Hungarian (Magyar)
64 Icelandic (Íslensk)
65 Indonesian (Bahasa Indonesia)
66 Italian (Italiano)
67 Japanese
68 Korean (Hangugo)
69 Latin
70 Latvian
71 Lithuanian
72 Luxembürgisch (Lëtzeburgesch)
73 Maltese
74 Norwegian (Norsk)
75 Polish (Polski)
76 Portugese (Português)
- Rhaeto-Romansh (Alps area)
77 - Rumantsch Grischun
78 - Sursilvan (Oberländer-Romanisch)
79 - Vallader (Unterengadiner-Romanisch)
- 80 Rumanian (Român)
81 Russian
82 Serbian (Srpski)
83 Serbo-Croatian (Srpkohrvatski)
84 Slovakian (Slovenský)
85 Slovenian (Slovenski)
- Spain
86 - Spanish (Castilian)
87 - Asturian (Bable)
88 - Basque (Euskara)
89 - Catalan (Català)

90 - Galician (Galego)
91 - Valencian (Valencià)

92 Swedish (Svenska)
93 Thai
94 Turkish (Türçke)
95 Vietnamese

United Kingdom:

96 - English
97 - Scottish Gaelic (Gàidhlig)
98 - Welsh (Cymraeg)

99 USA English

Published:

97 official languages and dialects and 2
bootlegs (Thai and Lithuanian).

Annex 2:
Biography of the
authors



René Goscinny

(14/08/26 - 05/11/77)

Né le 14 août 1926 à Paris, René Goscinny passe son enfance en Argentine, entre Buenos Aires et la Pampa.

Après des débuts prometteurs de sous-aide-comptable d'un aide-comptable dans une usine de récupération de vieux pneus, il entre à 17 ans comme apprenti dessinateur dans une agence de pub en Argentine.

A 19 ans, il part conquérir l'Amérique et, plus précisément, les studios Walt Disney. Très vite promu chômeur, il ne rencontre jamais Walt Disney mais tombe par hasard sur la bande du futur "Mad" - Harvey Kurtzman, Jack Davis, Will Elder - et se sent beaucoup moins seul : l'humour anglo-saxon coïncide parfaitement avec sa propre manière d'envisager les choses.

En 1948, il devient dessinateur dans un studio où travaillent, entre autres, Harvey Kurtzman, Will Elder et John Severin.

Il rencontre Morris à New York, Charlier à Bruxelles et Uderzo à Paris, à la World Press, petite agence belge dont il dirige le bureau parisien créé en 1951.

Les auteurs de l'époque étant payés avec un lance-pierres, le stakhanovisme s'impose : Goscinny, qui a compris que son talent s'épanouissait plus efficacement dans le scénario que dans le dessin, met en chantier une foule de bandes dessinées.

Tout au long des années 50, René Goscinny écrit un grand nombre de scénario : "Junior" pour Uderzo de 1954 à 1957, Lucky Luke de 1955 jusqu'à sa mort pour Morris dans Spirou; à partir de 1956, dans Tintin, il crée ou reprend plusieurs héros comme Spaghetti pour Attanasio, Strapontin pour Berck, Prudence Petitpas pour Maréchal, Modeste et Pompon pour Franquin, Oumpah-pah pour Uderzo en 1958, etc.

Ce sont aussi : Lili Mannequin pour Will en 1957 dans Paris-Flirt, Le Capitaine Bibobu dont il est aussi le dessinateur, en 1955 et 1956 dans Risque-Tout, Pistolin pour Hubinon entre 1955 et 1958, La Fée Aveline pour Coq dans Jours de France en 1960.



C'est aussi en 1956 que se produit un crash irréversible avec la World Press : Goscinny, Charlier et Uderzo, désireux de promouvoir ce métier qui n'en est pas un, rédigent une très sulfureuse Charte des Dessinateurs, qui leur vaut de se retrouver sur le pavé du jour au lendemain - et sur la liste noire de tous les éditeurs. Ils tombent par hasard sur un certain Jean Hébrard, qui vient d'hériter d'un énorme café place de la Bourse et leur fournit les fonds nécessaires à la création d'Edifrance, une petite société de presse. C'est sous la double paternité d'Edifrance et Radio-Luxembourg que naît Pilote, le 29 octobre 1959. Goscinny partage la rédaction en chef avec Charlier et signe avec Uderzo le premier épisode des aventures d'Astérix.

Annexes

Dans Record, où il écrit Record et Véronique pour Will, il lance en 1962 Iznogoud avec Tabary.

Il est également l'auteur du petit Nicolas illustré par Sempé.

En 1965, il invite Gotlib à collaborer aux Dingodossiers. Après mai 68, il installe dans Pilote les inoubliables pages d'actualité, et anime sur Europe 1 "Le Feu de camp du dimanche matin", avec Gébé, Fred et Gotlib.

Entre temps, sans la moindre promotion, au bouche à l'oreille, le petit Gaulois a connu une irrésistible ascension : en 1965, le premier satellite français est baptisé Astérix et, quelques années plus tard, les albums sont traduits dans 28 pays, sans compter l'esperanto et le latin qui ne sont pas des pays, mais des langues...

Pendant que le boom Astérix secoue la bande dessinée, la faisant passer du statut de maladie infantile à celui d'art respectable, Goscinny, qui n'a pas son pareil pour reconnaître et cultiver les talents, fait de Pilote un laboratoire de création où s'épanouit la nouvelle bande dessinée, avec Gotlib, Reiser, Cabu, Bretécher, Mandryka, Druillet, Tardi, Giraud, Mézières, F'Murr, Fred, Bilal, etc.

En 1972, après le départ du trio Gotlib-Bretécher-Mandryka pour L'Echo des Savanes, il offre la rédaction en chef du journal à Guy Vidal.

En 1974, il crée avec Uderzo et Georges Dargaud les Studios Idefix, qui donnent naissance aux Douze travaux d'Astérix en 1976, tandis que sort le 23ème album d'Astérix, tiré à 1.300.000 exemplaires.

Goscinny avait une foule de projets : l'édition, la télé (malgré son "atmosphère de bureau de poste en faillite") et surtout, le cinéma.

Scénariste de l'irrésistible Viager, réalisé en 1971 par Pierre Tchernia, il s'était enthousiasmé pour cette autre façon de faire rire, puisque c'était sa vocation. Mais l'histoire s'arrête le 5 novembre 1977, tandis que l'équipe des Studios Idefix travaille sur La Ballade des Dalton, perpétuant son rêve le plus ancien : après tout, il était parti en Amérique conquérir les studios Walt Disney...



Albert Uderzo

(24/04/27)

Fils d'immigrés italiens (sa famille n'acquiert la nationalité française qu'en 1934), Albert Uderzo découvre très jeune la bande dessinée à travers le personnage de Mickey Mouse, publié dans le *Petit Parisien*, puis dans le journal du même nom. En 1940, alors qu'il n'a que 14 ans, il se présente à la Société Parisienne d'édition qui l'engage. Il y apprend les bases du métier, le dessin de lettres, la retouche photo et le

calibrage d'un texte, etc.

Il publie sa première illustration, une parodie de la fable *Le Corbeau et le Renard*, dans le magazine *Junior*.

Il fait également la rencontre déterminante d'Edmont-François Calvo.

Après un séjour en Bretagne, il rejoint son père et l'assiste chez un luthier parisien. En 1945, il travaille avec Renan de Vela sur un projet de dessin animé intitulé *Clic-Clac*, puis illustre *Flamberge*, une histoire de mousquetaires écrite par un certain Em-Re-Vil. L'année suivante, à la suite d'une petite annonce, il est engagé aux éditions du Chêne. Il y dessine un récit en 16 planches mettant en scène le *Grognard Clopinard*.

Sous le pseudonyme d'Al Uderzo, il collabore au magazine *OK* et conçoit successivement *Arys Buck*, le *Prince Rollin*, puis *Belloy l'Invulnérable*.

En 1949, il se retrouve reporter-dessinateur au journal *France-Dimanche*. A la suite de Jean Bellus, il anime *Le Crime ne paie pas*, une BD verticale publiée par *France-Soir*.

Après avoir dessiné *Captain Marvel Junior* dans *Bravo !* Uderzo se lie avec Yvan Cheron, le responsable de l'agence belge international *Press*. Ce dernier l'invite à Bruxelles et lui présente Georges Troisfontaines, le directeur de l'agence *World Press* ; il fait également la connaissance des dessinateurs Victor Hubinon, Eddy Paape et Mitacq... ainsi que du scénariste Charlier avec lequel il relance *Belloy* en 1951 dans *La Wallonie*.

La même année, il rencontre un jeune homme fraîchement arrivé des Etats-Unis : René Goscinny.

Une complicité se crée très vite entre les deux hommes. Tout d'abord, ils rédigent et illustrent une rubrique sur le savoir-vivre, publiée dans la revue féminine *Bonnes Soirées*. Ils conçoivent ensuite *Pistolín*, mettant en scène un gentil corsaire, suivi peu après par *Luc Junior*.

Ces 2 séries paraissent dans la *Libre Junior*. A cette époque, ils ont même l'idée de lancer sur le marché américain un personnage répondant au nom de Qumpah-Pah. Celui-ci n'emporte guère de succès et reste encore quelques années dans son carton à dessins.

Toujours pour *Bonnes Soirées*, Uderzo illustre *Sa Majesté mon mari* et *Valérie Andre*, une héroïne de la guerre d'Indochine.

En compagnie d'Octave Joly, il se lance en 1955 dans 2 feuilletons réalistes: *Tom et Nelly*, enfants du siècle pour *Risque-Tout* et *Marco Polo* pour *La Libre Junior*.

Fin 1955, Uderzo, Charlier, Goscinny et Jean Hebrard (responsable de la publicité à la World Press) décident de fonder un syndicat, afin de défendre leurs droits. Leurs employeurs l'apprennent et décident de les licencier.

Le quatuor fonde alors deux sociétés parallèles: Edifrance et Edipresse, tout à la fois agence de publicité et de presse. Sponsorisés par le chocolat Pupier, ils sortent le fascicule Pistolin. Au sommaire, on retrouve Uderzo dans Belloy, dans Les enfants héroïques et dans Les grands noms de l'Histoire de France.

Parallèlement, avec Goscinny, il crée Bill Blanchart, une série réaliste publiée dans la Libre Junior, et continue Benjamin et Benjamine dans le magazine du même nom, à la suite de Christian Godard.

En 1957, sur un texte de Charlier, il dessine Clairette, une BD sentimentale proposée par Paris-Flirt.

Un an plus tard, Uderzo fait son entrée à Tintin.

Outre la série Oumpah-Pah, enfin publiée, il y réalise diverses histoires complètes et La Famille Cokalane, une création publicitaire commanditée par le shampooing Petrole Hahn.

Les responsables d'Edifrance/Edipresse fourmillent de projets. Le premier d'entre eux, Le Supplément illustré, se veut destiné à l'ensemble de la presse quotidienne. Pour l'occasion, Uderzo dessine Banjo 3 ne répond plus, une bande réaliste préfigurant Tanguy et Laverdure et Antoine l'Invincible.

Ce supplément ne dépassera pas le n°0. Il en est de même pour Radio-Télé, pour lequel il ne dessine qu'une couverture et qu'un strip. Ce magazine s'il ne sort pas, permet néanmoins à l'équipe d'établir de sérieux contacts avec la station Radio-Luxembourg, qui se concrétiseront en octobre 1959 par la sortie de Pilote.

Dès le premier numéro de cet hebdomadaire, Albert Uderzo entreprend Tanguy et Laverdure avec Charlier et Astérix avec Goscinny.



Le petit Gaulois s'impose au fil des années comme le best-seller absolu et le personnage le plus connu de toute la bande dessinée française.

Au fil des années, Uderzo abandonne ses autres séries pour ne plus se consacrer qu'à ce personnage.

En 1967 sort le premier d'une longue série de dessins animés Asterix le Gaulois. Sept ans plus tard, toujours en compagnie de Goscinny, il fonde les Studios Idefix.

En 1979, soit 2 ans après la mort de son scénariste, il crée les éditions Albert-René.

Depuis le décès de Goscinny en 1977, Uderzo est seul pour assumer la responsabilité du texte et des dessins. Mais il est tellement imprégné de ses personnages qu'il n'a aucune difficulté à maintenir l'esprit de la série. Le plus éprouvant est de trouver à chaque fois une nouvelle idée. Uderzo écrit et dessine chaque image d'un album lui-même, dans son appartement. Il travaille environ 9 mois pour réaliser un album (3 mois pour le scénario et les dialogues et 6 mois pour les dessins). Pour les seules aventures d'Astérix, 14.000 dessins environ ont déjà été produits.

Annexes

La collection Astérix comprend aujourd'hui 30 titres, diffusés à plus de 250.000.000 d'exemplaires dans le monde entier et traduits en plus de 40 langues. Sans parler des 6 films d'animation, longs métrages et de tous les produits dérivés concédés sous licence.

Après plusieurs années d'absence, Uderzo ressort en 1996 un album des aventures des célèbres Gaulois, La Galère d'Obélix.

Annex 3: Latin



1. Latin quotes

Caesar

Vini, vidi, vici (vol. 1, p. 14 – vol. 11, p. 18 – vol. 14, p. 6 – vol. 17, p. 28 – vol. 23, p. 21): I came, I saw, I won. Supposedly said by Julius Caesar following a successful lightning raid of Asia Minor

Alea jacta est (vol. 1, p. 14 – vol. 4, p. 11 – vol. 6, p. 10 – vol. 7, p. 40 – vol. 8, p. 14 – vol. 20, p. 5 – vol. 21 p. 35): the die is cast. Attributed to Julius Caesar before crossing the Rubicon river (in Northern Italy) with his armies and consequently declaring war on Pompey.

Vis comica (vol. 10 p. 28): The strength of the comical. It is a quote from an epigram from Caesar about the Latin poet Terentius.

Cicero

Acta est fabula, plaudite cives (vol. 2, p. 43) = “The story is over, applause, citizens!” Said by Cicero or Cato Sr. on his deathbed. “Acta est fibula” was common as an ending in theaters. Literally, “The fairy tale has been acted.”

O tempora! O mores! (vol. 11, p. 5 – vol. 20, p. 18): O the times! O the morals! From Cicero's first oration against Cataline.

Quousque tandem (vol. 17, p. 41): To what point at last [O Cataline, wilt thou abuse our patience!] (from Cicero's First Catalinarian)

Ecclesiastes

Vanitas vanitatum... (vol. 1, p. 36 – vol. 4, p. 15): vanity of vanities, and everything is vanity (Ecclesiastes 1:2, Vulgate).

Horace

Exegi monumentum aere perennius (vol. 5, p. 6): I have built a monument more lasting than bronze (Horace, Odes III.xxx.i).

Dulce et... (vol. 7, p. 23): Lovely and honourable it is to die for one's country. (Horace, Odes III.ii.13)

Nunc est bibendum (vol. 16, p. 36): now for drinks (Horace, Odes I.xxxvii.1)

Ira furor brevis est (vol. 22, p. 8): anger is a short madness (Horace, Epistles I.ii.62)

Non licet omnibus adire corinthum (vol. 24, p. 26): It is not given to everyone to reach Corinth. This is close to Horace, "Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum": Not everyone is lucky enough to get to Corinth (Horace, Epistles I.xvii.35)

Nunc est Bibendum, nunc pede liberi pulsanda tellus (vol. 29, p. 40): Now it is the time to drink, and now it is time for the loose feet to hit the floor (Horace: Carmina 1, 37, 1-2)

Juvenal

Panem et circenses (vol. 4, p. 38 – vol. 11, p. 34 – vol. 14, p. 44): bread and circuses (Juvenal, Satires x.80 60-130AD)

Mens sana in corpore sano (vol. 12, p. 40): sound mind in a sound body (Juvenal, 60-130 AD, Satires x.356)

Pope

Errare humanum est (vol. 3, p. 6 – vol. 20, p. 19): to err is human (Alexander Pope, An Essay on Criticism l.525)

Virgil

O fortunatos... (vol. 8, p. 5): O farmers excessively fortunate if only they recognized their blessings! (Virgil, Georgics ii.458)

Timeo Danaos... (vol. 10, p. 17): I fear the Greeks even when they bring gifts (Virgil, Aeneid ii.48).

Audaces Fortuna iuvat (vol. 11, p. 15): Audentis Fortuna iuvat: fortune assists the bold (Virgil, Aeneid x.284)

Auri sacra fames (vol. 15, p. 11): cursed craving for gold! (Virgil, Aeneid iii.6)

Felix qui... (vol. 20, p. 22): lucky is he who has been able to understand the causes of things. (Virgil, Georgics ii.490)

Non omnia possumus omnes (vol. 26, p. 22): we can't all do everything (Virgil, Eclogue vii.63 attrib to Macrobius Lucilius, Saturnalia vi.1.35)

Felix Qui Potuit Rerum Cognoscere Causas (vol. 29, p. 41): Happy be he who can recognise the cause of things. (Virgil, Georgica 2, 490)

Other

Vae victo vae victis (vol. 1, p. 5): Woe to the conquered one, woe to the conquered ones. Brennus is reputed to have said this when he and his Gauls sacked Rome in 390 (except that Brenos is actually a Celtic god, not a leader).

Aut Caesar, Aut nihil (vol. 1, p. 30): Caesar or nothing. The motto of Cesare Borgia (1476-1507)

Video meliora proboque deteriora sequor (vol. 3, p. 20): I see and try the better things [but] follow the worse ones. (Ovid, Metamorphoses vii.20)

Victrix causa diis placuit sed victa catoni (vol. 5, p. 44): The victorious cause pleases the gods, but the conquered one pleases Cato [the younger] (Lucian, Bellum Civile I.128)

Diem perdididi (vol. 11, p. 5): I have lost a day (Emperor Titus 39-81 AD)

Ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant (vol. 13, p. 15): Where they make a wilderness and call it peace (Tacitus 56-120 AD, Agricola 42)

Beati pauperes spiritu (vol. 14, p. 15): Blessed are the poor in spirit. (Matt. 5:3, King James)

Vinum et musica laetificant cor (vol. 21, p. 5): Wine and music make the heart merry. [Variation on the proverbial "vinum bonum laetificat cor hominis".]

De mortuis nil nisi bonum (vol. 21, p. 5): About the dead [say] nothing but good. (Diogenes Laertius, Lives of Eminent Philosophers, I.70)

Qui habet aures audiendi audiat (vol. 21, p. 8): Let he that hath ears to hear, let him hear (Mark 4:9)

Redde Caesar... (vol. 23, p. 33): Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's. (Matt 22:21).

Si vis pacem, para bellum (vol. 23, p. 33): If you want peace, prepare for war. (Vegetius, 4th-5th cent. AD)

Nunc dimittis (vol. 25, p. 18): leave now (Vulgate, Ev. S. Luc 2:29)

ave atque vale (vol. 25, p. 45): hail, and farewell evermore (Catullus 87-54 BC, Carmina ci)

Contraria contrariis curantur (vol. 28, p. 34): The opposites are cured by their opposites (Hippocrates, Breaths, bk.I).

2. Latin dictionary of expressions used in *Fastidix*

A

- Acta est fabula: Drama has been acted out. These words announced the end of a performance in a Roman theatre.; emperor August said these words at his deathbed.
- Alea jacta est: The die is cast. A latin translation of the Greek words Ceasar said in 49 vC when he crossed de Rubico. A law ordered every Roman general to replace his troops before crossing the river.
- Caesars step was a declaration of war to the Senate.
- Audaces fortuna juvat: Fortune favors the bold (Virgil, Aeneis 10)
- Auri sacra fames: The cursed hunger for gold
- Aut Caesar, aut nihil: Either Caesar or nothing Device from Cesar Borgia
- Ave atque vale: Hail and farewell
- Ave Caesar morituri te salutant!: Hail, Caesar! Those who are about to die salute you!
- Gegroet Casesar!, Words said by gladiators according to Suatonius
- Amicule, deliciae, num is sum qui mentiar tibi? Baby, sweetheart, would I lie to you?
- Apudne te vel me? Your place or mine?

B

- Beati pauperes spiritu: Blessed are the poor in spirit
- Bis repetita placent: The things that please are repeated again and again Horatius
- Braccae tuae aperiuntur. Your fly is open.
- Balaenae nobis conservandae sunt. Save the whales.

C

- Caveat emptor: Let the buyer beware
- Cogito ergo sum: I think therefore I am
- Contraria contrariis curantur: Opposites are cured by opposites. Hippocrates
- Credo Elvem ipsum etiam vivere. I think that Elvis is still alive.

D

- De facto: In reality
- Delenda Carthago: Carthago must be destroyed. Cato de Oude.
- De mortuis nil nisi bene: Speak nothing but good of the dead. Chilo
- Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne: A woman who is beautiful above ends in a fishtail Horatius
- Diem perdidit: I have lost the day. Suetonius

Dignus est intrare: He is worthy to enter (Molière)
Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos: As long as you are fortunate, you will have many friends
Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori: It is sweet and fitting to die for the Fatherland.
Horatius
Da mihi sis crustum Etruscum cum omnibus in eo. I'll have a pizza with everything on it.

E

Errare humanum est: To err is human. Hieronymus
Et nunc, reges, intelligite, erudimini, qui iudicati terram: And now, kings, understand; you who decide the fate of the Earth, educate yourselves
Et tu, Brute: You too, Brutus
Exegi monumentum aere perennius: I have raised a monument more durable than bronze.
Horatius

F

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas: Fortunate is he who has been able to learn the causes of things. Virgil Georgica 2,490
Fluctuat nec mergitur: It is tossed by the waves but it does not sink
Fac ut nemo me vocet. Hold my calls.

G

Gloria victis: Glory to the defeated
Gnothe seauton (Greek): Know thyself. (lat. Nosce te Ipsum)

I

Ipso facto: By that very fact
Ira furor brevis est: Anger is a brief madness. Horatius
Ita est: Thus it is (yes).
Ita diis placuit: Thus it pleased the gods
Id imperfectum manet dum confectum erit. It ain't over until it's over.

L

Labra lege. Read my lips.

M

Major e longinquo reverentia: Greater reverence from afar.
Mens sana in corpore sano: A sound mind in a sound body. Juvenalis
Morituri te salutant: zie Ave Caesar, etc.

N

Non licet omnibus adire Corinthum: Not everyone is permitted to go to Corinth Horatius
Non omnia possumus omnes: We cannot all do everything Virgil
Nunc est bibendum: Now it is time to drink. Horatius

O

O fortunates nimium, sua si bona norint agricolae: Oh! blessed beyond all bliss are the farmers, if they but knew their happiness.
O tempora! o mores!: Oh! the the times! Oh! the habits! Cicero
Obesa cantavit. The fat lady has sung.

P

Panem et circenses: Bread and circuses Juvenalis
Pax Romana: Roman Peace
Plaudite cives!: Applaud, citizens!
Purgamentum init, exit purgamentum. Garbage in, garbage out.

Q

Quid novi?: What's new?
Qui habet aures audiendi audiat: He who has ears, let him understand how to listen
Quis, quod, ui, quibus auxiliis, cur, quomodo, quando?: Who, what, where, in what ways, why how and when?
Quod erat demonstrandum: Which was to be demonstrated.
Quomodo vales: How are you?
Quot capita, tot sensus: There are as many opinions as there are heads. Terentius
Quousque tandem?: How long? Cicero
Quo vadis: Whither goest thou?

R

Redde Caesari quae sunt Caesaris: Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's
Ruber et Niger: Red and Black.
Radicitus, comes! Really rad, dude!

S

Sic ad nauseam: And so on to the point of causing nausea
Sic transit gloria (mundi): Thus passes away the glory of the world.
Singularis Porcus: Wild boar
Si vis pacem: If you want peace... (para bellum = prepare for war)
Sol lucet omnibus: The sun shines for everyone. Petronius
Sursum corda: Lift up your hearts
Subucula tua apparet. Your slip is showing.

Si fractum non sit, noli id reficere. If it ain't broke, don't fix it.
Summam scrutemur. Let's look at the bottom line.

T

Timeo Danaos et Dona ferentes: I fear the Greeks even when bearing gifts Virgil
Tu quoque fili: You too, son!
Tibi gratias agimus quod nihil fumas. Thank you for not smoking.

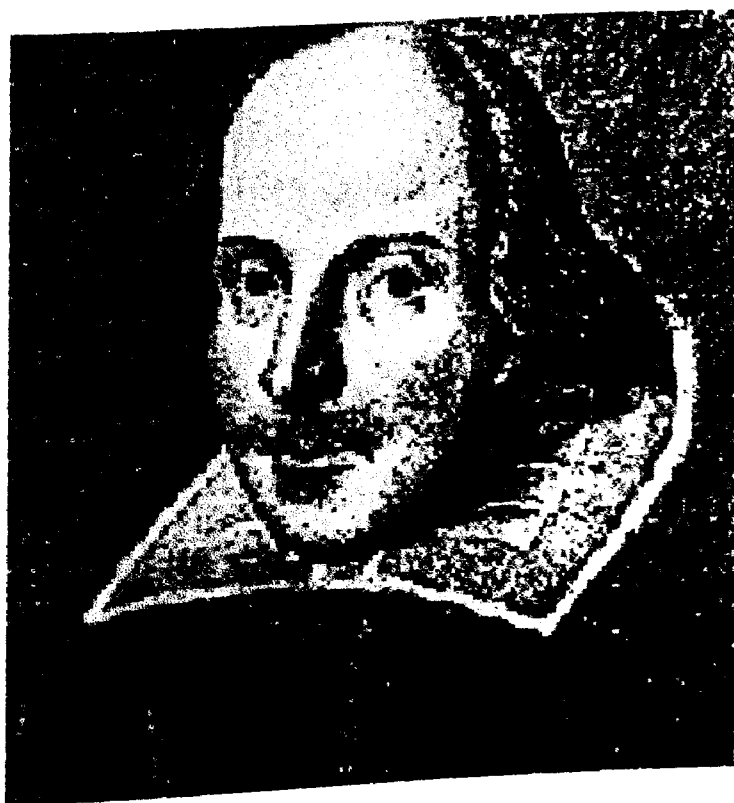
U

Ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant: Where they create desolation, they call it peace
Uti, non abuti: To use, not abuse

V

Vade retro: Get thee behind me
Vae victo, vae victis: Woe to the vanquished men, woe to the vanquished people
Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas: Vanity of vanities, all is vanity
Veni vidi vici: I came, I saw, I conquered
Veritas odium parit: Truth breeds hatred
Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni: The victorious cause pleased the gods, the
defeated one pleased Cato. Cato Uticensis
Victurus te saluto: He who is about to win salutes you
Video meliora proboque deteriora sequor: I see the better way and approve it, but I follow
the worse way Ovidius
Vinum et musica laetificant cor: Wine and music gladden the heart
Vis comica: Sense of humour
Volo comparare nonnulla tegumenta. I'd like to buy some condoms.

Annex 4: William Shakespeare



Bibliography

d. April 23, 1616, Stratford-upon-Avon

Shakespeare also spelled SHAKSPERE, byname BARD OF AVON, or SWAN OF AVON, English poet, dramatist, and actor, often called the English national poet and considered by many to be the greatest dramatist of all time.

Shakespeare occupies a position unique in world literature. Other poets, such as Homer and Dante, and novelists, such as Leo Tolstoy and Charles Dickens, have transcended national barriers; but no writer's living reputation can compare with that of Shakespeare, whose plays, written in the late 16th and early 17th centuries for a small repertory theatre, are now performed and read more often and in more countries than ever before. The prophecy of his great contemporary, the poet and dramatist Ben Jonson, that Shakespeare "was not of an age, but for all time," has been fulfilled.

It may be audacious even to attempt a definition of his greatness, but it is not so difficult to describe the gifts that enabled him to create imaginative visions of pathos and mirth that, whether read or witnessed in the theatre, fill the mind and linger there. He is a writer of great intellectual rapidity, perceptiveness, and poetic power. Other writers have had these qualities, but with Shakespeare the keenness of mind was applied not to abstruse or remote subjects but to human beings and their complete range of emotions and conflicts. Other writers have applied their keenness of mind in this way, but Shakespeare is astonishingly clever with words and images, so that his mental energy, when applied to intelligible human situations, finds full and memorable expression, convincing and imaginatively stimulating. As if this were not enough, the art form into which his creative energies went was not remote and bookish but involved the vivid stage impersonation of human beings, commanding sympathy and inviting vicarious participation. Thus Shakespeare's merits can survive translation into other languages and into cultures remote from that of Elizabethan England.

Quotes

Shakespeare

Julius Caesar

"Friends, Romans et. al...." (vol. 7, p. 15): Mark Anthony in Shakespeare's play (Caesar, Act III, sc. 2, l. 78)

Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war (vol. 24, p. 44): Shakespeare, Julius Caesar Act III, sc. i, l. 273.

But yesterday the word of Caesar might / Have stood against the world (vol. 24, p. 45):

Julius Caesar Act III, sc. ii, l. 124

That day he overcame the Nervii (vol. 24, p. 45): Julius Caesar, Act III, sc. ii

Hamlet

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane (vol. 21, p. 31): Shakespeare, Hamlet Act I, sc. ii, l. 355

Fat, and scant of breath (vol. 21, p. 31): Hamlet Act V

O! that this too too solid flesh would melt (vol. 21, p. 31): Hamlet Act I, sc. ii, l. 129

Give us the foils! (vol. 21, p. 31): Hamlet Act V, sc. ii, l. 30

A hit, a very palpable hit. (vol. 21, p. 31): Hamlet Act V, sc. ii, l. 295

The rest is silence. (vol. 21, p. 31): Hamlet Act V, sc. ii, l. 372

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark (vol. 22, p. 45): Shakespeare, Hamlet, Act I, sc. iv, l. 90

To be or not to be: that is the question (vol. 22, p. 47): Shakespeare, Hamlet, Act III, sc. i

MacBeth

"Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!" (vol. 11, p. 9): Shakespeare, Macbeth Act III, sc. iv, l. 38.

Richard III

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse" (vol. 14, p. 48): Richard III, Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou, Romeo (vol. 25, p. 14): Romeo and Juliet Act II, sc. ii, l. 33

Original Texts

Julius Caesar, Act 3, sc. 1 & 2



ACT III - SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others

CAESAR

[To the Soothsayer] The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer

Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS

Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

ARTEMIDORUS

O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer: read it, great Caesar.

CAESAR

What touches us ourself shall be last served.

ARTEMIDORUS

Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

CAESAR

What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS

Sirrah, give place.

CASSIUS

What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CAESAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following

POPILIUS

I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CASSIUS

What enterprise, Popilius?

POPILIUS

Fare you well.

Advances to CAESAR

BRUTUS

What said Popilius Lena?

CASSIUS

He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

BRUTUS

Look, how he makes to Caesar; mark him.

CASSIUS

Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

BRUTUS

Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

CASSIUS

Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus.
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS

DECIUS BRUTUS

Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

BRUTUS

He is address'd: press near and second him.

CINNA

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CAESAR

Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Caesar and his senate must redress?

METELLUS CIMBER

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,--

Kneeling

CAESAR

I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools, I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS CIMBER

Is there no voice more worthy than my own
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRUTUS

I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar:
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CAESAR

What, Brutus!

CASSIUS

Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

CASSIUS

I could be well moved, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA

O Caesar,--

CAESAR

Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS BRUTUS

Great Caesar,--

CAESAR

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA

Speak, hands for me!

CASCA first, then the other Conspirators and BRUTUS stab CAESAR

CAESAR

Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar.

Dies

CINNA

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS

Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

BRUTUS

People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand stiff: ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS BRUTUS

And Cassius too.

BRUTUS

Where's Publius?

CINNA

Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

METELLUS CIMBER

Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance--

BRUTUS

Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

CASSIUS

And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

BRUTUS

Do so: and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS

CASSIUS

Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS

Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.

BRUTUS

Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

CASSIUS

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRUTUS

Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'

CASSIUS

Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

BRUTUS

How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

CASSIUS

So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

DECIUS BRUTUS

What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS

Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant

BRUTUS

Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Servant

Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel:
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS

Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,

He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Servant

I'll fetch him presently.

Exit

BRUTUS

I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CASSIUS

I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

BRUTUS

But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRUTUS

O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome--
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity--
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

BRUTUS

Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

ANTONY

I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours: now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not last in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy thy Anthony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

CASSIUS

Mark Antony,—

ANTONY

Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

CASSIUS

I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY

Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS

Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

ANTONY

That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRUTUS

You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS

Brutus, a word with you.

Aside to BRUTUS

You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS

By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS

I know not what may fall; I like it not.

BRUTUS

Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
 You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
 And say you do't by our permission;
 Else shall you not have any hand at all
 About his funeral: and you shall speak
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
 After my speech is ended.

ANTONY

Be it so.
 I do desire no more.

BRUTUS

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt all but ANTONY

ANTONY

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use
 And dreadful objects so familiar
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
 And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Servant

I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

Servant

He did receive his letters, and is coming;
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
 O Caesar!--

Seeing the body

ANTONY

Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
 Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Servant

He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

ANTONY

Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
 Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
 Into the market-place: there shall I try
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand.

Exeunt with CAESAR's body

SCENE II. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens

Citizens

We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS

Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
 Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.
 Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Caesar's death.

First Citizen

I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Citizen

I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS goes into the pulpit

Third Citizen

The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

BRUTUS

Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may be the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: --Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All

None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS

Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR's body

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,--that, as I slew my best lover for the

good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All

Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen

Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen

Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen

Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Citizen

Caesar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Citizen

We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS

My countrymen,--

Second Citizen

Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen

Peace, ho!

BRUTUS

Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

Exit

First Citizen

Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Citizen

Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

ANTONY

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

Goes into the pulpit

Fourth Citizen

What does he say of Brutus?

Third Citizen

He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen

'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Citizen

This Caesar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen

Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen

Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY

You gentle Romans,--

Citizens

Peace, ho! let us hear him.

ANTONY

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men--
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen

Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen

If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen

Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen

Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen

If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Citizen

Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Citizen

There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Citizen

Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANTONY

[REDACTED]

And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament--
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read--
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen

We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All

The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.

ANTONY

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, bearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Citizen

Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

ANTONY

Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen

They were traitors: honourable men!

All

The will! the testament!

Second Citizen

They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

ANTONY

You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Citizens

Come down.

Second Citizen

Descend.

Third Citizen

You shall have leave.

ANTONY comes down

Fourth Citizen

A ring; stand round.

First Citizen

Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Second Citizen

Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

ANTONY

Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Citizens

Stand back; room; bear back.

ANTONY

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle: I remember
 The first time ever Caesar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
 See what a rent the envious Casca made:
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
 This was the most unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen

O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen

O noble Caesar!

Third Citizen

O woful day!

Fourth Citizen

O traitors, villains!

First Citizen

O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen

We will be revenged.

All

Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
 Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY

Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen

Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen

We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

ANTONY

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honourable:
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him:
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb
 mouths,
 And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
 In every wound of Caesar that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All

We'll mutiny.

First Citizen

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen

Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY

Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All

Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

ANTONY

Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All

Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY

Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Citizen

O royal Caesar!

ANTONY

Hear me with patience.

All

Peace, ho!

ANTONY

Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

First Citizen

Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Second Citizen

Go fetch fire.

Third Citizen

Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen

Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

Exeunt Citizens with the body

ANTONY

Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant

How now, fellow!

Servant

Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY

Where is he?

Servant

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

ANTONY

And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Servant

I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANTONY

Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

Exeunt

Hamlet, Act 1 sc. 2 & 4, Act 3, sc. 1, Act 5, sc.

1-2



Act I, scene ii. The queen attempts to console Hamlet. 1834.

ACT I

SCENE II. A room of state in the castle.

Enter KING CLAUDIUS, QUEEN GERTRUDE, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants

KING CLAUDIUS

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Collegued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting:

Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject: and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these delated articles allow.
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

CORNELIUS VOLTIMAND

In that and all things will we show our duty.

KING CLAUDIUS

We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And loose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

LAERTES

My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

KING CLAUDIUS

Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

LORD POLONIUS

He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

KING CLAUDIUS

Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,--

HAMLET

[Aside] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

KING CLAUDIUS

How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAMLET

Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET

Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

HAMLET

Seems, madam! nay it is; I know not 'seems.'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING CLAUDIUS

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolment is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd: whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

HAMLET

I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

KING CLAUDIUS

Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come:
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heavens all bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

Exeunt all but HAMLET

HAMLET

Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
 That he might not betwixt the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
 Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on: and yet, within a month--
 Let me not think on't--Frailty, thy name is woman!--
 A little month, or ere those shoes were old
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears:--why she, even she--
 O, God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer--married with my uncle,
 My father's brother, but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules: within a month:
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not nor it cannot come to good:
 But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO

HORATIO

Hail to your lordship!

HAMLET

I am glad to see you well:
 Horatio,--or I do forget myself.

HORATIO

The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAMLET

Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
 And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
 Marcellus?

MARCELLUS

My good lord--

HAMLET

I am very glad to see you. Good even, sir.
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

HORATIO

A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAMLET

I would not hear your enemy say so,
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 To make it truster of your own report
 Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
 But what is your affair in Elsinore?
 We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

HORATIO

My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAMLET

I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HORATIO

Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

HAMLET

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
 Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
 My father!--methinks I see my father.

HORATIO

Where, my lord?

HAMLET

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO

I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

HAMLET

He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again.

HORATIO

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET

Saw? who?

HORATIO

My lord, the king your father.

HAMLET

The king my father!

HORATIO

Season your admiration for awhile
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

HAMLET

For God's love, let me hear.

HORATIO

Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

HAMLET

But where was this?

MARCELLUS

My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

HAMLET

Did you not speak to it?

HORATIO

My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

HAMLET

'Tis very strange.

HORATIO

As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

HAMLET

Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

MARCELLUS BERNARDO

We do, my lord.

HAMLET

Arm'd, say you?

MARCELLUS BERNARDO

Arm'd, my lord.

HAMLET

From top to toe?

MARCELLUS BERNARDO

My lord, from head to foot.

HAMLET

Then saw you not his face?

HORATIO

O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

HAMLET

What, look'd he frowningly?

HORATIO

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET

Pale or red?

HORATIO

Nay, very pale.

HAMLET

And fix'd his eyes upon you?

HORATIO

Most constantly.

HAMLET

I would I had been there.

HORATIO

It would have much amazed you.

HAMLET

Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

HORATIO

While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

MARCELLUS BERNARDO

Longer, longer.

HORATIO

Not when I saw't.

HAMLET

His beard was grizzled--no?

HORATIO

It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

HAMLET

I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.

HORATIO

I warrant it will.

HAMLET

If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All

Our duty to your honour.

HAMLET

Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

Exeunt all but HAMLET

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

Exit

SCENE IV. The platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS

HAMLET

The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

HORATIO

It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAMLET

What hour now?

HORATIO

I think it lacks of twelve.

HAMLET

No, it is struck.

HORATIO

Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within

What does this mean, my lord?

HAMLET

The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

HORATIO

Is it a custom?

HAMLET

Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth--wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin--
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners, that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,--
Their virtues else--be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo--
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

HORATIO

Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost



Act I, scene iv. Hamlet sees the ghost of his father.
1835.

HAMLET

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Ghost beckons HAMLET

HORATIO

It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

MARCELLUS

Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

HORATIO

No, by no means.

HAMLET

It will not speak; then I will follow it.

HORATIO

Do not, my lord.

HAMLET

Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life in a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.

HORATIO

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

HAMLET

It waves me still.
Go on; I'll follow thee.

MARCELLUS

You shall not go, my lord.

HAMLET

Hold off your hands.

HORATIO

Be ruled, you shall not go.

HAMLET

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!
I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET

HORATIO

He waxes desperate with imagination.

MARCELLUS

Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

HORATIO

Have after. To what issue will this come?

MARCELLUS

HORATIO

Heaven will direct it.

MARCELLUS

Nay, let's follow him.

Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE I. A room in the castle.

*Enter KING CLAUDIUS, QUEEN GERTRUDE,
POLONIUS, OPHELLA, ROSENCRANTZ, and
GUILDENSTERN*

KING CLAUDIUS

And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

ROSENCRANTZ

He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

GUILDENSTERN

Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Did he receive you well?

ROSENCRANTZ

Most like a gentleman.

GUILDENSTERN

But with much forcing of his disposition.

ROSENCRANTZ

Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Did you assay him?
To any pastime?

ROSENCRANTZ

Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

LORD POLONIUS

'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

KING CLAUDIUS

With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

ROSENCRANTZ

We shall, my lord.

Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN

KING CLAUDIUS

Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,

We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

OPHELIA

Madam, I wish it may.

Exit QUEEN GERTRUDE

LORD POLONIUS

Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves.

To OPHELIA

Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,--
'Tis too much proved--that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

KING CLAUDIUS

[Aside] O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burthen!

LORD POLONIUS

I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.

Exeunt KING CLAUDIUS and POLONIUS

Enter HAMLET

HAMLET

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
 To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause: there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.--Soft you now!
 The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd.

OPHELIA

Good my lord,
 How does your honour for this many a day?

HAMLET

I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

OPHELIA

My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;
 I pray you, now receive them.

HAMLET

No, not I;
 I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA

My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
 And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
 As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
 Take these again; for to the noble mind
 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
 There, my lord.

HAMLET

Ha, ha! are you honest?

OPHELIA

My lord?

HAMLET

Are you fair?

OPHELIA

What means your lordship?

HAMLET

That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should
 admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPHELIA

Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than
 with honesty?

HAMLET

Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner
 transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the
 force of honesty can translate beauty into his
 likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the
 time gives it proof. I did love you once.

OPHELIA

Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAMLET

You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot
 so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of
 it: I loved you not.

OPHELIA

I was the more deceived.

HAMLET

Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a
 breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest;
 but yet I could accuse me of such things that
 it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very
 proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at
 my beck than I have thoughts to put them in,

imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

OPHELIA

At home, my lord.

HAMLET

Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

OPHELIA

O, help him, you sweet heavens!

HAMLET

If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.

OPHELIA

O heavenly powers, restore him!

HAMLET

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

Exit



Act III, scene i. Hamlet reproaches Ophelia. No date.

OPHELIA

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING CLAUDIUS and POLONIUS

KING CLAUDIUS

Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute
Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

LORD POLONIUS

It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said:
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play

Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

KING CLAUDIUS

It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I. A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades, & c

First Clown

Is she to be buried in Christian burial that
wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Second Clown

I tell thee she is: and therefore make her grave
straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it
Christian burial.

First Clown

How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her
own defence?

Second Clown

Why, 'tis found so.

First Clown

It must be 'se offendendo;' it cannot be else. For
here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly,
it argues an act: and an act hath three branches: it
is, to act, to do, to perform: argal, she drowned
herself wittingly.

Second Clown

Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,--

First Clown

Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here
stands the man; good; if the man go to this water,
and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he
goes,--mark you that; but if the water come to him
and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he
that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own
life.

Second Clown

But is this law?

First Clown

Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law.

Second Clown

Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been
a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o'
Christian burial.

First Clown

Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that
great folk should have countenance in this world to
drown or hang themselves, more than their even
Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient
gentleman but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers:
they hold up Adam's profession.

Second Clown

Was he a gentleman?

First Clown

He was the first that ever bore arms.

Second Clown

Why, he had none.

First Clown

What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the
Scripture? The Scripture says 'Adam digged:'
could he dig without arms? I'll put another
question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the
purpose, confess thyself--

Second Clown

Go to.

First Clown

What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Second Clown

The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clown

I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do in: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

Second Clown

'Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?'

First Clown

Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Second Clown

Marry, now I can tell.

First Clown

To't.

Second Clown

Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance

First Clown

Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker: 'the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan: fetch me a stoup of liquor.

Exit Second Clown

He digs and sings

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behave,
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

HAMLET

Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

HORATIO

Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

HAMLET

'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clown

[Sings]

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me until the land,
As if I had never been such.



Act V, scene i. Hamlet and Horatio with the Gravedigger. Date unknown.

Throws up a skull

HAMLET

That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

HORATIO

It might, my lord.

HAMLET

Or of a courtier; which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

HORATIO

Ay, my lord.

HAMLET

Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

First Clown

[Sings]

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Throws up another skull

HAMLET

There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

HORATIO

Not a jot more, my lord.

HAMLET

Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

HORATIO

Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

HAMLET

They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

First Clown

Mine, sir.

Sings

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

HAMLET

I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

First Clown

You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

HAMLET

'Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clown

'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away gain, from me to you.

HAMLET

What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clown

For no man, sir.

HAMLET

What woman, then?

First Clown

For none, neither.

HAMLET

Who is to be buried in't?

First Clown

One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

HAMLET

How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken a note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he gaffs his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clown

Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

HAMLET

How long is that since?

First Clown

Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

HAMLET

Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

First Clown

Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

HAMLET

Why?

First Clown

'Twill, a not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

HAMLET

How came he mad?

First Clown

Very strangely, they say.

HAMLET

How strangely?

First Clown

Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

HAMLET

Upon what ground?

First Clown

Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

HAMLET

How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clown

I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die--as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in--he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

HAMLET

Why he more than another?

First Clown

Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

HAMLET

Whose was it?

First Clown

A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

HAMLET

Nay, I know not.

First Clown

A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

HAMLET

This?

First Clown

E'en that.

HAMLET

Let me see.



Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rims at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HORATIO

What's that, my lord?

HAMLET

Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

HORATIO

E'en so.

HAMLET

And smelt so? pah!

Puts down the skull

HORATIO

E'en so, my lord.

HAMLET

To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

HORATIO

'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

HAMLET

No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel? Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away: O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a wall to expel the winter flaw! But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

Enter Priest, & c. in procession: the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following: KING CLAUDIUS, QUEEN GERTRUDE, their trains, & c

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow? And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken The corse they follow did with desperate hand Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate. Couch we awhile, and mark.

Retiring with HORATIO

LAERTES

What ceremony else?

HAMLET

That is Laertes, A very noble youth: mark.

LAERTES

What ceremony else?

First Priest

Her obsequies have been as far enlarged As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful; And, but that great command o'ersways the order, She should in ground unsanctified have lodged Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers, Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her; Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants, Her maiden strewments and the bringing home Of bell and burial.

LAERTES

Must there no more be done?

First Priest

No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

LAERTES

Lay her i' the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

HAMLET

What, the fair Ophelia!

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

Scattering flowers

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

LAERTES

O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

Leaps into the grave

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

HAMLET

[Advancing] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Leaps into the grave

LAERTES

The devil take thy soul!

Grappling with him

HAMLET

Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear: hold off thy hand.



Act V, scene i. Hamlet and Laertes struggle in Ophelia's grave. Date unknown.

KING CLAUDIUS

Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Hamlet, Hamlet!

All

Gentlemen,--

HORATIO

Good my lord, be quiet.

The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave

HAMLET

Why I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

O my son, what theme?

HAMLET

I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

KING CLAUDIUS

O, he is mad, Laertes.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

For love of God, forbear him.

HAMLET

'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

HAMLET

Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day.

Exit

KING CLAUDIUS

I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.

Exit HORATIO

To LAERTES

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

Exeunt

SCENE II. A hall in the castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO

HAMLET

So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?

HORATIO

Remember it, my lord?

HAMLET

Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall: and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,--

HORATIO

That is most certain.

HAMLET

Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them; had my desire.
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,--
O royal knavery!--an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

HORATIO

Is't possible?

HAMLET

Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

HORATIO

I beseech you.

HAMLET

Being thus be-netted round with villainies,--
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play--I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statist do,
A baseness to write fair and labour'd much
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

HORATIO

Ay, good my lord.

HAMLET

An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should stiff her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As'es of great charge,
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

HORATIO

How was this seal'd?

HAMLET

Why, even in that was heaven ordinaunt.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscribed it, gave't the impression, placed it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

HORATIO

So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

HAMLET

Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

HORATIO

Why, what a king is this!

HAMLET

Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon--
He that hath kill'd my king and whored my mother,
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage--is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

HORATIO

It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

HAMLET

It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say 'One.'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours.
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

HORATIO

Peace! who comes here?

Enter OSRIC

OSRIC

Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

HAMLET

I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly?

HORATIO

No, my good lord.

HAMLET

Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

OSRIC

Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

HAMLET

I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

OSRIC

I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

HAMLET

No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

OSRIC

It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

HAMLET

But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

OSRIC

Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,--as 'twere,--I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter,--

HAMLET

I beseech you, remember--

HAMLET moves him to put on his hat

OSRIC

Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent

differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

HAMLET

Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

OSRIC

Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

HAMLET

The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

OSRIC

Sir?

HORATIO

Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

HAMLET

What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

OSRIC

Of Laertes?

HORATIO

His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

HAMLET

Of him, sir.

OSRIC

I know you are not ignorant--

HAMLET

I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?

OSRIC

You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is--

HAMLET

I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

OSRIC

I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

HAMLET

What's his weapon?

OSRIC

Rapier and dagger.

HAMLET

That's two of his weapons: but, well.

OSRIC

The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

HAMLET

What call you the carriages?

HORATIO

I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

OSRIC

The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

HAMLET

The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it?

OSRIC

The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

HAMLET

How if I answer 'no'?

OSRIC

I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

HAMLET

Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

OSRIC

Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

HAMLET

To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

OSRIC

I commend my duty to your lordship.

HAMLET

Yours, yours.

Exit OSRIC

He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

HORATIO

This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

HAMLET

He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it.
Thus has he--and many more of the same bevy that I
know the dressy age dotes on--only got the tune of
the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of
yesty collection, which carries them through and
through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do
but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord

Lord

My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young
Osric, who brings back to him that you attend him in
the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to
play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

HAMLET

I am constant to my purpose; they follow the king's
pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now
or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord

The king and queen and all are coming down.

HAMLET

In happy time.

Lord

The queen desires you to use some gentle
entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

HAMLET

She well instructs me.

Exit Lord

HORATIO

You will lose this wager, my lord.

HAMLET

I do not think so: since he went into France, I
have been in continual practise: I shall win at the

odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here
about my heart: but it is no matter.

HORATIO

Nay, good my lord,--

HAMLET

It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of
gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

HORATIO

If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will
forestall their repair hither, and say you are not
fit.

HAMLET

Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special
providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now,
'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be
now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the
readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he
leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

*Enter KING CLAUDIUS, QUEEN GERTRUDE,
LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &
c*

KING CLAUDIUS

Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

*KING CLAUDIUS puts LAERTES' hand into
HAMLET's*

HAMLET

Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

LAERTES

I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

HAMLET

I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.

LAERTES

Come, one for me.

HAMLET

I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

LAERTES

You mock me, sir.

HAMLET

No, by this hand.

KING CLAUDIUS

Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

HAMLET

Very well, my lord
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

KING CLAUDIUS

I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

LAERTES

This is too heavy, let me see another.

HAMLET

This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

They prepare to play

OSRIC

Ay, my good lord.

KING CLAUDIUS

Set me the stoops of wine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire:
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
'Now the king dunks to Hamlet.' Come, begin:
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

HAMLET

Come on, sir.

LAERTES

Come, my lord.

They play

HAMLET

One.

LAERTES

No.

HAMLET

Judgment.

OSRIC

LAERTES

Annexes

Well; again.

KING CLAUDIUS

Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.

Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within

Give him the cup.

HAMLET

I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile. Come.

They play

Another hit; what say you?


LAERTES

A touch, a touch, I do confess.

KING CLAUDIUS

Our son shall win.

QUEEN GERTRUDE


Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

HAMLET

Good madam!

KING CLAUDIUS

Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

KING CLAUDIUS

[Aside] It is the poison'd cup: it is too late.

HAMLET

I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAERTES

My lord, I'll hit him now.

KING CLAUDIUS

I do not think't.

LAERTES

[Aside] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

HAMLET

Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

LAERTES

Say you so? come on.

They play

OSRIC

Nothing, neither way.

LAERTES

Have at you now!

*LAERTES wounds HAMLET: then in scuffling, they
change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES*

KING CLAUDIUS

Part them; they are incensed.

HAMLET

Nay, come, again.

QUEEN GERTRUDE falls

OSRIC

Look to the queen there, ho!

HORATIO

They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?

HAMLET

O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited

Dies



Act V, scene ii. The death of Hamlet. 1843.

HORATIO

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night sweet prince:
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither?

March within

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and others

PRINCE FORTINBRAS

Where is this sight?

HORATIO

What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

PRINCE FORTINBRAS

This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

First Ambassador

The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

HORATIO

Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' reads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

PRINCE FORTINBRAS

Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

HORATIO

Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more;
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance
On plots and errors, happen.

PRINCE FORTINBRAS

Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage:
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies:
after which a peal of ordnance is shot off*

MacBeth, Act 3, sc. 4

SCENE IV. The same. Hall in the palace.

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY
MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants*

MACBETH

You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

Lords

Thanks to your majesty.

MACBETH

Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

LADY MACBETH

Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer appears at the door

MACBETH

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.

Approaching the door

There's blood on thy face.

First Murderer

'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH

'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

First Murderer

My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

MACBETH

Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
First Murderer

Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH

Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

First Murderer

Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

MACBETH

Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again.

Exit Murderer

LADY MACBETH

My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making.
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home:
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony:
Meeting were bare without it.

MACBETH

Sweet remembrancer!
████████████████████
And health on both!

LENNOX

May't please your highness sit.

*The GHOST OF BANQUO enters, and sits in
MACBETH's place*

MACBETH

Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

ROSS

His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

MACBETH

The table's full.

LENNOX

Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH

Where?

LENNOX

Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your
highness?

MACBETH

Which of you have done this?

Lords

What, my good lord?

MACBETH

Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS

Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH

Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

MACBETH

Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

LADY MACBETH

O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

MACBETH

Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes

LADY MACBETH

What, quite unmann'd in folly?

MACBETH

If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH

Fie, for shame!

MACBETH

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal:
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

LADY MACBETH

My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH

I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords

Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO

MACBETH

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

LADY MACBETH

Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACBETH

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes

Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

LADY MACBETH

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

MACBETH

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanched with fear.

ROSS

What sights, my lord?

LADY MACBETH

I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

LENNOX

Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

LADY MACBETH

A kind good night to all!

Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH

MACBETH

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

LADY MACBETH

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH

How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

LADY MACBETH

Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH

Annexes

I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

LADY MACBETH

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed.

Exeunt

Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, sc. 2

SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

JULIET appears above at a window

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO

[Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO

By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

ROMEO

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

JULIET

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'

And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries
Then say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse an say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops--

JULIET

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET

Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love--

JULIET

Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Annexes

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROMEO

The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JULIET

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

JULIET

But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

Nurse calls within

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

Exit, above

ROMEO

O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard.
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse

[Within] Madam!

JULIET

I come, anon.--But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee--

Nurse

[Within] Madam!

JULIET

By and by, I come:--
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul--

JULIET

A thousand times good night!

Exit, above

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from
their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

Retiring

Re-enter JULIET, above

JULIET

Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

ROMEO

It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

JULIET

Romeo!

ROMEO

My dear?

JULIET

At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

At the hour of nine.

JULIET

I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

ROMEO

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET

'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO

I would I were thy bird.

JULIET

Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such
sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

Exit above

ROMEO

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

Exit

Annex 5:
English
Literature

Quotes

Milton

Chaos umpire sits... Chance governs all. (vol. 24, p. 45): Paradise Lost book II, l. 907
With ruin upon ruin, rout upon rout, Confusion worse confounded (vol. 24, p. 45): Paradise
Lost book II, l. 995

Lord Byron

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! ... Arm! Arm! It is - it is - the
cannon's opening roar! (vol. 24, p. 40): Lord Byron, Beppo c.III.s.23
Vol. 24, p. 41: Beppo c.III stanza 24
Did ye not hear it? No -- 'twas but the wind / Or the car rattling o'er the stony street; / On with
the dance! (vol. 24, p. 43): Beppo c.III.s.12
Nearer, clearer, deadlier than before... But hark!-- that heavy sound breaks in once more, As if
the clouds its echo would repeat, And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! Arm! it is --
it is -- the cannon's opening roar! (vol. 24, p. 43): Byron's 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage'
There was a sound of revelry by night. (vol. 24, p. 47): Childe Harold's Pilgrimage (c.III s.21)
On with the dance. Let joy be unconfined. (vol. 24, p. 48): Childe Harold's Pilgrimage (c.III
s.22).

Other

"Drink to me only with thine eyes" (vol. 8, p. 30): Ben Jonson, "The Forest. To Celia", c.
1600
"It is a far better thing I do now than I have ever done before..." (vol. 24, p. 11): The last lines
from 'A Tale of Two Cities' by Charles Dickens

Original Texts

Milton, Paradise Lost, Book 2, l. 850 to 1009

- 1608 December 9. Born into the family of John Milton Sr., and his wife Sara, at the family home, "The Spreddeagle," Bread St., London. The large house is within several blocks of St. Paul's Cathedral and in a well-to-do mercantile neighborhood. John Milton Sr. is a prosperous scrivener-legal aide, real-estate agent, notary, preparer of documents, money-lender; he is also active as a composer of liturgical music.
- 1615 November 24. Brother Christopher born.
- 1618 Portrait painted by Cornelius Janssen (Leo Miller, Milton's Portraits 7-9). Milton is tutored at home by Thomas Young, a Scottish Presbyterian who will come to be identified with the Puritan movement. Young will present Milton with a Hebrew Bible and will trade Latin and Greek verses with him.
- 1620 (?) Enters St. Paul's School, under the high master Alexander Gill. After Milton's death, his brother Christopher told John Aubrey "When he [John] went to Schoole, when he was very young he studied very hard and sate-up very late, commonly till 12 or one a clock at night, & his father ordered the mayde to sitt-up for him, and in those years composed many Copies of Verses: which might well become a riper age" (Darbishire 2, 10). After the age of twelve, the young Milton "rarely retired to bed from my studies until midnight" (Columbia 8.119). His best friend at St. Paul's is Charles Diodati, son of a prominent Protestant Italian doctor. Charles will matriculate at Trinity College, Cambridge, February 7, 1623. Milton is also instituting a long-term friendship with Alexander Gill the younger, an under-usher at St. Paul's and about ten years older than Milton.
- 1625 February 12. Admitted to Christ's College, Cambridge, under the tutor William Chappell.
- 1626 Dispute with Chappell causes him to be sent home to London or "rusticated" temporarily. While in London, Milton informs Charles Diodati that he is seeing classical comedies and tragedies performed. When he returns to Cambridge, he is put under the tutor Nathaniel Tovey.
- 1627 June 11. Lends his future father-in-law, Richard Powell, £500.
- 1629 Expresses dissatisfaction with the curriculum at Cambridge in his first Prolusion: Milton avows that possibly half his audience of fellow students "bear[s] malice" toward him (French 1:150). Portrait painted (?). Milton sees, and later derides, dramatic performances at Cambridge.
December 25. "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity" composed before dawn.
- 1630 Charles Diodati attends the University of Geneva, Switzerland. Edward King, the subject of Milton's "Lycidas," is given a fellowship at Christ's College.

Annexes

- 1631 February. Christopher Milton matriculates at Christ's College, under Milton's tutor Nathaniel Tovey.
- 1632 Milton's "On Shakespeare" published in the Second Folio of Shakespeare's works.
- July 3. Takes M. A. cum laude at Cambridge. He has evidently been on much better terms with fellow students, since his poems on the death of Hobson indicate convivial behavior (Parker I: 94) and his last college exercise, the Oratorio pro Arte ("oration on behalf of art"), discusses, among other things, the value of worthy and congenial friendship.
- Retires to family homes at Hammersmith, near London, and at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, to study for five years, at his father's expense, occasionally visiting London "for the purposes of learning something new in mathematics or music, in which I then delighted" (Columbia 8.120).
- November. Christopher Milton admitted to Inner Temple, London, to study law.
- 1634 September 29. Comus performed as part of the ceremonies honoring the installation of Thomas Egerton, the Lord President of Wales, at Ludlow Castle, on the border of England and Wales. Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton College, will be given a copy of the masque to read.
- Trades Greek and Latin verses with Alexander Gill the younger.
- 1637 Comus is published, anonymously at first, with the aid of the court composer Henry Lawes, who has written the music.
- April 3. Mother Sara dies and is buried at Horton.
- September 2. Writes to Charles Diodati that he is finishing an intense and "great period of my studies" (French 1:343).
- November. "Lycidas" is written (Edward King, Milton's fellow pupil at Christ's College, in whose memory the poem was written, had drowned August 10).
- 1638 "Lycidas" is published in the Cambridge memorial volume for Edward King, *Justa Edwardo King Naufrago* ("In memory of Edward King, shipwrecked").
- April (?)
1638
through
early
1639
Tours Western Europe, passing quickly through France, then concentrating on Florence, Siena, Rome, Venice, Milan, and Naples, and returning by way of Geneva. Milton meets Hugo Grotius, the famous Dutch legal scholar and poet, possibly in May, 1638, in Paris.
- 1638 Well received at meetings of the *Accademia Svogliati* in Florence, where he reads his own Latin verse. Presumably Milton goes to Vallombrosa, a monastery near Florence. He also probably visits Galileo, then under house arrest by the Inquisition in Florence. He attends an operatic performance at the palace of Cardinal Francesco Barberini, nephew to the Pope, in Rome, and visits the Vatican Library. He meets the biographer of Torquato Tasso, Giovanni Batista, Marquis of Manso, in Naples. Milton will write "Mansus" in his honor.
- A planned trip to Greece is canceled, apparently because of rumors of impending civil war in England. Milton learns of Charles Diodati's death (Charles was buried in London August 27), possibly while visiting Giovanni Diodati, theologian and uncle of Charles, in Geneva.

Annexes

- 1639-1640 Settles in London, instituting a kind of private secondary school or academy, at first with his nephews Edward and John Phillips, later with aristocratic children as well.
Charles I invades Scotland (1639). The Long Parliament is convened (1640).
- 1640 June 30. Repossesses Richard Powell's lands in Wheatly for non-payment of debt.
- 1641 May. Of Reformation published.
June or July. Of Prelatical Episcopacy published.
July. Animadversions published.
- 1642 February. The Reason for Church Government published.
May (?). Marries Mary Powell. She leaves him about a month later, to return to the Powell family household near Oxford, and does not return. The Powell family declare on the side of the Royalists.
August. The Civil War begins.
October. Milton's brother Christopher begins service on the side of the Royalists while in residence in the city of Reading (Parker 1: 231). Royalist army maintains its headquarters in Oxford. Battle of Edgehill October 23.
- 1643 August 1. Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce published.
- 1644 February 2. Second, augmented edition of Doctrine and Discipline published.
June 5. Of Education published.
July 2. Battle of Marston Moor (turning point in the War).
August 6. The Judgement of Martin Bucer Concerning Divorce published.
November 23. Areopagitica published.
- 1645 March 4. Tetrachordon and Colasterion published.
Poems of Mr. John Milton, Both English and Latin...1645 registered for publication.
Makes plans to marry the daughter of a Dr. Davis, "a very Handsome and Witty Gentlewoman" (Darbishire 66). Mary Powell returns.
June 14. Battle of Naseby (end of Charles I's hopes to achieve a military settlement).
- 1646 The entire Powell family, having been ejected from Oxford as Royalist when the forces of King Charles were no longer in ascendancy there, moves in with Milton.
January 2. Poems...1645 published
July 29. Daughter Anne born.

Annexes

- 1647 January 1. Father-in-law Richard Powell dies.
- March. John Milton, Sr. dies, leaving a "moderate estate" (Darbishire 32-33) including the Bread St. house.
- April 21. Writes to his Italian friend Carlo Dati, lamenting that he is surrounded by uncongenial people (Yale 2: 762-73).
- The Milton family, after the Powell relatives have returned to Oxford, moves from the larger house in the Barbican to a smaller one in High Holborn, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, a quiet neighborhood.
- 1648 October 25. Daughter Mary born.
- 1649 January 30. Public execution of King Charles I: "Milton was probably there" (Parker 1:345).
- February 13. Tenure of Kings and Magistrates published.
- March. Invited to become Secretary for the Foreign Tongues (a post dealing with diplomatic correspondence, usually in Latin) by the Council of State. Milton was appointed Secretary March 15, at £288 per year, and ordered to answer Eikon Basilike, the book supposedly written by Charles I on the eve of his execution, which depicts the King's image (icon) as that of a martyr.
- May 11. Salmasius's Defensio Regia ("defense of kingship") appears.
- May 16. Observations on the Articles of Peace published
- October 6. Eikonoklastes ("breaker of icons") published
- November 19. Given lodgings for official work at Scotland Yard.
- 1650 Ordered by Council of State to answer Salmasius.
- 1651 February 24. Defensio pro populo Anglicano ("defense of the English people," to vindicate the actions of the English on the Continent) published.
- March 16. Son John born
- Milton family moves to "a pretty Garden-house in Petty-France in Westminster ... opening into St. James's Park" (Darbishire 71).
- 1652 February. Becomes totally blind towards the end of the month, most likely as the result of glaucoma
- May 2. Daughter Deborah born
- May 5. Wife Mary dies, probably from complications following childbirth.
- June 16 (?). Son John dies under somewhat mysterious circumstances (may have been neglected by a nurse; see Parker, Milton 1: 412)
- August. Pierre du Moulin's regii Sanguinis Clamor ("the outcry of the King's blood")

Annexes

published, in reply to Milton's *Defensio*. Milton is ordered to reply to it by the Council of State.

1653 February 20. Writes a letter recommending that Andrew Marvell, because of his abilities as translator and scholar, become his assistant.

September 3. Salmasius dies.

1654 May 30. *Defensio Secunda* published.

1655 Allowed to use the services of an amanuensis to take dictation for him in Secretaryship; translation duties limited. Milton resumes private scholarship, preparing a Latin dictionary and Greek lexicon; possibly he works on *De Doctrina Christiana* ("On Christian Doctrine"), his summary of his own theological beliefs; possibly works on *Paradise Lost*. Salary reduced from £288 to £150, but that becomes a pension for life.

August 8. *Defensio Pro Se* ("defence of himself") published.

1656 November 12. Marries Katherine Woodcock.

1657 October 19. Daughter Katherine born.

1658 February 3. Katherine Woodcock dies.

March 17. Daughter Katherine dies.

September 3. Oliver Cromwell dies.

1659 February 16 (?). *A Treatise of Civil Power* published.

March 3. *Ready and Easy Way To Establish a Free Commonwealth* published in its first edition.

Goes into hiding at a friend's house in Bartholomew Close to escape possible retaliation from Charles II's loyalists "where he liv'd till the Act of Oblivion [the act pardoning most of those who had abjured Charles I] came forth" (Darbishire 74).

June 16. Parliament looks into the possibility of having Milton arrested.

June 27. The hangman of London burns *Defensio pro populo Anglicano* and *Eikonoklastes* publicly.

August. *The Likeliest Means to Remove Hirelings out of the Church* published.

August (?). Takes a house in Holborn, near Red Lion Fields. Milton moves from there shortly to a house in Jewin Street, in September, in fear for his life (Darbishire 74-75).

October (?). Arrested and imprisoned.

December 15. Released by order of Parliament. On December 17, Andrew Marvell protests in Parliament that Milton's jail fees (£150) were excessive.

1660 May 30. Restoration of King Charles II.

Annexes

- Revised edition of the Ready and Easy Way.
- 1662 Begins tutoring Thomas Ellwood, a young Quaker who would mention the circumstances of the publication of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regain'd* in his own autobiography.
- June (?). Sonnet to Sir Henry Vane published. Vane executed June 14, after eloquently defending the sovereignty of parliament.
- 1663 February 24. Marries Elizabeth Minshull. Problems arise in the family before and after the marriage. His daughter Mary is said to have wished him dead rather than married, and several of his daughters are said to have conspired to sell some of his books "to the dunghill women" (Parker 1: 586).
- The family moves from Jewin Street to "a House in the artillery-walk [a military marching ground] leading to Bunhill Fields." "here he finisht his noble Poem, and publisht it in the year 1666" (Darbishire 75).
- 1665 Thomas Ellwood acts as agent, securing a house for Milton in Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, to avoid a visitation of the plague in London. ("Milton's Cottage," the only residence in which Milton lived that has been preserved, is now open to the public.)
- 1666 The poet's father's house in Bread Street is among those destroyed in the Great Fire of London, which also burns most of the printing houses.
- 1667 *Paradise Lost* published, in ten books. Milton's agreement with Samuel Simmons the printer is the earliest author's contract preserved (Lindenbaum).
- 1668 *Paradise Lost* reissued with a new title page, the arguments, and other preliminary matter.
- 1669 June. *Accidence Commenced Grammar* published.
- 1670 Milton's portrait painted in pastels, then engraved, by William Faithorne.
- November (?). *History of Britain* published, with the Faithorne engraving as frontispiece.
- 1671 *Paradise Regain'd* and *Samson Agonistes* published together. The date of composition of *Samson Agonistes* is still in dispute.
- 1672 May (?). *Art of Logic* published.
- 1673 May (?). *Of True Religion* published.
- November (?). *Poems, &c. upon Several Occasions ... 1675* published.
- 1674 May. *Epistolae Familiares* ("familiar letters" or "letters to friends") and *Prolusiones* ("prolusions," college exercises) published.
- July 6 (?). Second edition of *Paradise Lost* published, in twelve books, with commendatory poems by "S.B." and Andrew Marvell.
- November. Dies "in a fit of the gout, but with so little pain or emotion that the time of his

Annexes

expiring was not perceived by those in the room" (French 5: 96) at some time between November 8 and November 10.

November 12. Buried near his father in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate.



Annexes

William Blake and John Milton lived through two of the most tumultuous periods of European history, so perhaps it is not surprising that Blake would have been drawn to illustrate Milton's great epic. Blake completed two sets of water color illustrations to *Paradise Lost*, the second of which, completed in 1808, is represented here.



Book III



Book IV



Book IV



Book V



Book VI



Book VIII



Book IX



Book XII



Book XII



The key of this infernal Pit by due,
 And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
 These Adamantine Gates; against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'rmatcht by living might.
 But what ow I to his commands above
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
 Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound,
 To sit in hateful *Office* here confin'd,
 Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nlie-born,
 Here in perpetual agonie and pain,
 With terrors and with clamors compass't round
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:
Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
 But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss, among
 The *Gods who live at ease*, where I shall Reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
 Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
 And towards the Gate roul'g her bestial train,
 Forthwith the huge *Porcullis* high up drew,
 Which but her self not all the *Stygian* powers
 Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
 Th' intricate *wards*, and every Bolt and Bar
 Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease
 Unfast'ns: on a sudden op'n flie
 With impetuous recoile and jarring sound
 Th' infernal doers, and on thir hinges grate
 Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of *Erebus*. She op'nd, but to shut
 Excel'd her power; the Gates wide op'n stood,
 That with extended wings a Banner'd Host
 Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
 With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;
 So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.



Before thir eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark
 Illimitable Ocean without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, & highth,
 And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
 And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal Anarchie, amidst the noise
 Of endless Warrs, and by confusion stand.
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
 Strive here for Maistrie, and to Battel bring
 Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag
 Of each his faction, in thir several Clanns,
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands
 Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid soil,
 Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise
 Thir lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,

And by decision more imbroiles the fray
 By which he Reigns: next him high Arbitr
 Into this wilde Abyss,
 The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,
 Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
 But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more Worlds,
 Into this wild Abyss the warie fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
 Pondering his Voyage: for no narrow frith
 He had to cross. Nor was his eare less peal'd
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 Great things with small) then when *Bellona* storms,
 With all her battering Engines bent to raise
 Som Capital City; or less then if this frame
 Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements
 In mutinie had from her Axle torn
 The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak
 Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League
 As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides
 Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets
 A vast vacuitie: all unawares
 Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
 The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud
 Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
 As many miles aloft: that furie stay'd,
 Quencht in a Boggy *Syrts*, neither Sea,
 Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he fares,
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
 Half flying; behoves him now both Oare and Saile.



As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness
 With winged course ore Hill or moarie Dale,
 Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stelhth
 Had from his wakeful custody purloind
 The guarded Gold: So eagerly the fiend
 Ore bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
 And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
 At length a universal hubbub wilde
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd
 Borne through the hollow dark assaults his eare
 With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,
 Undaunted to meet there what ever power
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the neerest coast of darkness lyes
 Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne
 Of Chaos, and his dark Pavilion spread
 Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him Enthron'd
 Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
 The Consort of his Reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
 Of Demogorgon; Rumor next and Chance,
 And Tumult and Confusion all imbroild,
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
 T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
 And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no Spy,
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint
 Wandring this darksome Desart, as my way
 Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
 What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds
Confine with Heav'n; or if som other place
 From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound, direct my course;
 Directed no mean recompence it brings
 To your behoof, if I that Region lost,
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway
 (Which is my present journey) and once more
 Erect the Standard there of ancient Night;
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
 Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old
 With faultring speech and visage incompos'd
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late

Made head against Heav'ns King, though overthrow.
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous Host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep

and Heav'n Gates
 Poured out by millions her victorious Bands
 Pursuing. I upon my Frontieres here
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve,
 That little which is left so to defend
 Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles
 Weakning the Scepter of old Night: first Hell
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
 Now lately Heaven and Earth, another World
 Hung ore my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain
 To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell:
 If that way be your walk, you have not farr;
 So much the neerer danger; go and speed;
 Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.



*Lord Byron, Child Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto
the Third*



*"There are but two sentiments to which I am constant:
a strong love of liberty, and a detestation of cant." - Lord Byron*

- 1788 Born in London
- 1791 Father dies in France
- 1798 Becomes 6th Baron of Rochdale after William, Lord Byron dies
- 1805 Enters Trinity College, Cambridge
- 1807 Leaves Cambridge
- 1809 Takes his seat at The House of Lords
Leaves London with Hobhouse on his first "Pilgrimage"
- English Bards & Scotch Reviewers
- 1810 Swims the Hellespont with Lt. Ekenhead and writes "Written After Swimming From Sestos to Abydos"
- 1811 Returns from England. His mother dies. Hints from Horace.

1812 Affair with Caroline Lamb. Proposes marriage to Annabella Milbanke and is refused. Affair with

Lady Oxford.

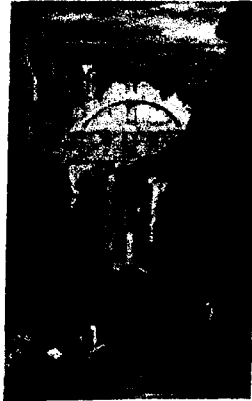
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Cantos I and II published



lanthe ("To lanthe"—poem prefixed to Cantos I & II of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, 1812)



The Albanian (Childe Harold's Pilgrimage Canto II, 1812)



The Bridge of Sighs, Venice (Childe Harold's Pilgrimage Canto IV, 1818)



"One fair spirit for my minister" (Childe Harold's Pilgrimage Canto IV, 1818)

1813 Affair with Lady Frances Webster. *The Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos* are published.

1814 Elizabeth Medora Leigh is Born (suspected daughter of Byron and his half-sister Augusta)

1815 Byron marries Annabella Milbanke. Augusta stays with them. Augusta Ada Byron born to

Lord

and Lady Byron.

Hebrew Melodies published.

1816 Lady Byron separates from Lord Byron.

Byron joins Percy Shelley, Mary Godwin, and Clare Clairmont in Geneva.

Parisina published.

Childe Harold, Canto II. "The Prisoner of Chillion."

1817 Allegra, daughter of Lord Byron and Clare Clairmont, is born. *Manfred*. *Childe Harold*, Canto IV.

1818 *Don Juan*, Canto I

1819 Byron meets Teresa Guiccioli in Venice. *Don Juan*, Cantos II and III.

1820 *The Prophecy of Dante*. *Don Juan*, Canto V

1821 Allegra is sent to a convent. *Cain*. *Sardanapalus*. *The Vision of Judgement*.

1822 Allegra dies. Percy Shelley dies. Byron settles at Genoa. *Don Juan*, Cantos VI-XI.

1823 Byron trains and subsidizes the Republican forces in Missolonghi, Greece, in the War for Independence.

1824 "Lines on Completing My Thirty-Sixth Year." Byron dies in Missolonghi.



I

1 Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
 2 Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?
 3 When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smil'd,
 4 And then we parted--not as now we part,
 5 But with a hope.--
 Awaking with a start,
 6 The waters heave around me; and on high
 7 The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
 8 Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
 9 When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad
 mine eye.

II

10 Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
 11 And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
 12 That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
 13 Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
 14 Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
 15 And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
 16 Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
 17 Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail
 18 Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath
 prevail.

III

19 In my youth's summer I did sing of One,
 20 The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;
 21 Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
 22 And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
 23 Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find
 24 The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
 25 Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
 26 O'er which all heavily the journeying years
 27 Plod the last sands of life--where not a flower
 appears.

IV

28 Since my young days of passion--joy, or pain--
 29 Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,

30 And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
 31 I would essay as I have sung to sing.
 32 Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling;
 33 So that it wean me from the weary dream
 34 Of selfish grief or gladness--so it fling
 35 Forgetfulness around me--it shall seem
 36 To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

V

37 He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
 38 In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
 39 So that no wonder waits him; nor below
 40 Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
 41 Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
 42 Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
 43 Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
 44 With airy images, and shapes which dwell
 45 Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's haunted
 cell.

VI

46 'Tis to create, and in creating live
 47 A being more intense, that we endow
 48 With form our fancy, gaining as we give
 49 The life we image, even as I do now.
 50 What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,
 51 Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,
 52 Invisible but gazing, as I glow
 53 Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
 54 And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings'
 dearth.

VII

55 Yet must I think less wildly: I *have* thought
 56 Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
 57 In its own eddy boiling and o'er-wrought,
 58 A whirling gulf of fantasy and flame:
 59 And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
 60 My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late!
 61 Yet am I chang'd; though still enough the same
 62 In strength to bear what time cannot abate,
 63 And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

VIII

64 Something too much of this--but now 'tis past,
 65 And the spell closes with its silent seal.
 66 Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last;
 67 He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
 68 Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er
 heal,
 69 Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him
 70 In soul and aspect as in age: years steal
 71 Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
 72 And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the
 brim.

IX

73 His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found
 74 The dregs were wormwood; but he fill'd again,
 75 And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
 76 And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in vain!
 77 Still round him clung invisibly a chain
 78 Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,
 79 And heavy though it clank'd not; worn with pain,
 80 Which pin'd although it spoke not, and grew
 keen,
 81 Entering with every step he took through many a
 scene.

X

82 Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
 83 Again in fancied safety with his kind,
 84 And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
 85 And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,
 86 That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;
 87 And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand
 88 Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find
 89 Fit speculation; such as in strange land
 90 He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's
 hand.

XI

91 But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
 92 To wear it? who can curiously behold
 93 The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
 94 Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
 95 Who can contemplate Fame through clouds
 unfold
 96 The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?
 97 Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd
 98 On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
 99 Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

XII

100 But soon he knew himself the most unfit
 101 Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held
 102 Little in common; untaught to submit
 103 His thoughts to others, though his soul was
 quell'd
 104 In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompell'd,
 105 He would not yield dominion of his mind
 106 To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;
 107 Proud though in desolation; which could find
 108 A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

XIII

109 Where rose the mountains, there to him were
 friends;
 110 Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
 111 Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
 112 He had the passion and the power to roam;

113 The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
 114 Were unto him companionship; they spake
 115 A mutual language, clearer than the tone
 116 Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
 117 For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the
 lake.

XIV

118 Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
 119 Till he had peopled them with beings bright
 120 As their own beams; and earth, and earthborn
 jars,
 121 And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
 122 Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
 123 He had been happy; but this clay will sink
 124 Its spark immortal, envying it the light
 125 To which it mounts, as if to break the link
 126 That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to
 its brink.

XV

127 But in Man's dwellings he became a thing
 128 Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
 129 Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipp'd wing,
 130 To whom the boundless air alone were home:
 131 Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
 132 As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
 133 His breast and beak against his wiry dome
 134 Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
 135 Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

XVI

136 Self-exil'd Harold wanders forth again,
 137 With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom;
 138 The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
 139 That all was over on this side the tomb,
 140 Had made Despair a smilingness assume,
 141 Which, though 'twere wild--as on the plunder'd
 wreck
 142 When mariners would madly meet their doom
 143 With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck--,
 144 Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to check.

XVII

145 Stop!--for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
 146 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
 147 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
 148 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
 149 None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so:
 150 As the ground was before, thus let it be;
 151 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
 152 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
 153 Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

XVIII

- 154 And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
 155 The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!
 156 How in an hour the power which gave annuls
 157 Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
 158 In "pride of place" here last the Eagle flew,
 159 Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
 160 Pierc'd by the shaft of banded nations through;
 161 Ambition's life and labours all were vain;
 162 He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain.

XIX

- 163 Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
 164 And foam in fetters--but is Earth more free?
 165 Did nations combat to make *One* submit;
 166 Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
 167 What! shall reviving Thralldom again be
 168 The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?
 169 Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
 170 Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze
 171 And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove* before ye praise!

XX

- 172 If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
 173 In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears
 174 For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
 175 The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years
 176 Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
 177 Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
 178 Of rous'd-up millions; all that most endears
 179 Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
 180 Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

XXI

- 182 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 183 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 184 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 185 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 186 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 187 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 188 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 189 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

XXII

- 190 Did ye not hear it?--No; 'twas but the wind,
 191 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 193 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 194 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet--

XXIII

- 199 Within a window'd niche of that high hall
 200 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
 201 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 202 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
 203 And when they smil'd because he deem'd it near,
 204 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 205 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
 206 And rous'd the vengeance blood alone could quell:
 207 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

XXIV

- 208 Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 209 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 210 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 211 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
 212 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 213 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 214 Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
 215 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 216 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

XXV

- 217 And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 218 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 219 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 220 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 221 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 222 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 223 Rous'd up the soldier ere the morning star;
 224 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 225 Or whispering, with white lips--"The foe! they come! they come!"

XXVI

- 226 And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
 227 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 228 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes.
 229 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 230 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
 231 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 232 With the fierce native daring which instils
 233 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 234 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's cars!

XXVII

235 And Ardennes waves above them her green
leaves,
236 Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
237 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
238 Over the unreturning brave--alas!
239 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
240 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
241 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
242 Of living valour, rolling on the foe
243 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold
and low.

XXVIII

244 Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
245 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
246 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
247 The morn the marshalling in arms, the day
248 Battle's magnificently stern array!
249 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when
rent
250 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
251 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
252 Rider and horse--friend, foe--in one red burial
blent!

XXXVI

316 There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
317 Whose spirit, antithetically mixt,
318 One moment of the mightiest, and again
319 On little objects with like firmness fixt;
320 Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
321 Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;
322 For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st
323 Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
324 And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the
scene!

XXXVII

325 Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!
326 She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
327 Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
328 That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
329 Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became
330 The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
331 A god unto thyself, nor less the same
332 To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
333 Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou didst
assert.

XXXVIII

334 Oh, more or less than man--in high or low,
335 Battling with nations, flying from the field;
336 Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now

337 More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;
338 An empire thou couldst crush, command,
rebuild,
339 But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
340 However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
341 Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of
war,
342 Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest
star.

XXXIX

343 Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide
344 With that untaught innate philosophy,
345 Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
346 Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
347 When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
348 To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast
smil'd
349 With a sedate and all-enduring eye;
350 When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite
child,
351 He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him pil'd.

XL

352 Sager than in thy fortunes, for in them
353 Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show
354 That just habitual scorn, which could contemn
355 Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel, not so
356 To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
357 And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
358 Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow;
359 'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose;
360 So hath it prov'd to thee, and all such lot who
choose.

XLI

361 If, like a tower upon a headland rock,
362 Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
363 Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the shock;
364 But men's thoughts were the steps which pav'd
thy throne,
365 *Their* admiration thy best weapon shone;
366 The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
367 (Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
368 Like stern Diogenes to mock at men:
369 For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.

XLII

370 But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
371 And *there* hath been thy bane: there is a fire
372 And motion of the soul which will not dwell
373 In its own narrow being, but aspire
374 Beyond the fitting medium of desire:
375 And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
376 Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire

- 377 Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
378 Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

XLIII

- 379 This makes the madmen who have made men
mad
380 By their contagion; Conquerors and Kings,
381 Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
382 Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things
383 Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
384 And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
385 Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
386 Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school
387 Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or
rule:

XLIV

- 388 Their breath is agitation, and their life
389 A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,
390 And yet so nurs'd and bigoted to strife,
391 That should their days, surviving perils past,
392 Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
393 With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
394 Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
395 With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,
396 Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

XLV

- 397 He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
398 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and
snow;
399 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
400 Must look down on the hate of those below.
401 Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
402 And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
403 *Round* him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
404 Contending tempests on his naked head,
405 And thus reward the toils which to those summits
led.

LXVIII

- 644 Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
645 The mirror where the stars and mountains view
646 The stillness of their aspect in each trace
647 Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue:
648 There is too much of man here, to look through
649 With a fit mind the might which I behold;
650 But soon in me shall loneliness renew
651 Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than of old,
652 Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in their
fold.

LXIX

- 653 To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind:
654 All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
655 Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
656 Deep in its fountain, lest it over boil
657 In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
658 Of our infection, till too late and long
659 We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
660 In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
661 Midst a contentious world, striving where none are
strong.

LXX

- 662 There, in a moment we may plunge our years
663 In fatal penitence, and in the blight
664 Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears,
665 And colour things to come with hues of Night;
666 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
667 To those that walk in darkness: on the sea
668 The boldest steer but where their ports invite;
669 But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
670 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er
shall be.

LXXI

- 671 Is it not better, then, to be alone,
672 And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
673 By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
674 Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
675 Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
676 A fair but froward infant her own care,
677 Kissing its cries away as these awake--
678 Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
679 Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict or
bear?

LXXII

- 680 I live not in myself, but I become
681 Portion of that around me; and to me
682 High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
683 Of human cities torture: I can see
684 Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
685 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
686 Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,
687 And with the sky--the peak--the heaving plain
688 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle--and not in vain.

LXXIII

- 689 And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life:
690 I look upon the peopled desert past,
691 As on a place of agony and strife,
692 Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
693 To act and suffer, but remount at last
694 With a fresh pinion, which I feel to spring,

695 Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the blast
 696 Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
 697 Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our
 being cling.

LXXIV

698 And when, at length, the mind shall be all free
 699 From what it hates in this degraded form,
 700 Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
 701 Existent happier in the fly and worm,
 702 When elements to elements conform,
 703 And dust is as it should be, shall I not
 704 Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
 705 The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each spot?
 706 Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal
 lot?

LXXV

707 Are not the mountains, waves and skies a part
 708 Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
 709 Is not the love of these deep in my heart
 710 With a pure passion? should I not contemn
 711 All objects, if compar'd with these? and stem
 712 A tide of suffering, rather than forego
 713 Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
 714 Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
 715 Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare
 not glow?

LXXVI

716 But this is not my theme; and I return
 717 To that which is immediate, and require
 718 Those who find contemplation in the urn
 719 To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,
 720 A native of the land where I respire
 721 The clear air for a while--a passing guest,
 722 Where he became a being--whose desire
 723 Was to be glorious; 'twas a foolish quest,
 724 The which to gain and keep, he sacrific'd all rest.

LXXVII

725 Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
 726 The apostle of affliction, he who threw
 727 Enchantment over passion, and from woe
 728 Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
 729 The breath which made him wretched; yet he
 knew
 730 How to make madness beautiful, and cast
 731 O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
 732 Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
 733 The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and
 fast.

LXXVIII

734 His love was passion's essence--as a tree
 735 On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame
 736 Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
 737 Thus, and enamour'd, were in him the same.
 738 But his was not the love of living dame,
 739 Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
 740 But of ideal beauty, which became
 741 In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
 742 Along his burning page, distemper'd though it
 seems.

LXXIX

743 *This* breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
 744 Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;
 745 This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss
 746 Which every morn his fever'd lip would greet
 747 From hers, who but with friendship his would
 meet;
 748 But to that gentle touch through brain and breast
 749 Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat;
 750 In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest
 751 Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek
 possess.

LXXX

752 His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
 753 Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind
 754 Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,
 755 For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
 756 'Gainst whom he rag'd with fury strange and
 blind.
 757 But he was frenzied--wherefore, who may
 know?
 758 Since cause might be which skill could never
 find;
 759 But he was frenzied by disease or woe,
 760 To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning
 show.

LXXXI

761 For then he was inspir'd, and from him came,
 762 As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
 763 Those oracles which set the world in flame,
 764 Nor ceas'd to burn till kingdoms were no more:
 765 Did he not this for France? which lay before
 766 Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years?
 767 Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
 768 Till by the voice of him and his compeers
 769 Rous'd up to too much wrath, which follows
 o'ergrown fears?

LXXXII

770 They made themselves a fearful monument!
 771 The wreck of old opinions--things which grew,

772 Breath'd from the birth of Time: the veil they
rent,
773 And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.
774 But good with ill they also overthrew,
775 Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
776 Upon the same foundation, and renew
777 Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour
refill'd
778 As heretofore, because ambition was self-will'd.

LXXXIII

779 But this will not endure, nor be endur'd!
780 Mankind have felt their strength and made it felt.
781 They might have us'd it better, but, allur'd
782 By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt
783 On one another; pity ceas'd to melt
784 With her once natural charities. But they,
785 Who in oppression's darkness cav'd had dwelt,
786 They were not eagles, nourish'd with the day;
787 What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their
prey?

LXXXIV

788 What deep wounds ever clos'd without a scar?
789 The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
790 That which disfigures it; and they who war
791 With their own hopes, and have been vanquish'd,
bear
792 Silence, but not submission: in his lair
793 Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the hour
794 Which shall atone for years; none need despair:
795 It came--it cometh--and will come--the power
796 To punish or forgive--in *one* we shall be slower.

Ben Jonson, Drink to me only with thine eyes

1 Drink to me only with thine eyes,
2 And I will pledge with mine;
3 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
4 And I'll not look for wine.
5 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
6 Doth ask a drink divine;
7 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
8 I would not change for thine.

9 I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
10 Not so much honouring thee
11 As giving it a hope, that there
12 It could not withered be.
13 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
14 And sent'st it back to me;
15 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
16 Not of itself, but thee.

Annexes

"He is going to pay the forfeit: it will be paid in five minutes more. Let him be at peace."

But the man continuing to exclaim, "Down, Evremonde!" the face of Evremonde is for a moment turned towards him. Evremonde then sees the Spy, and looks attentively at him, and goes his way.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that, now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs, as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting. On one of the fore-most chairs, stands The Vengeance, looking about for her friend.

"There!" she cries, in her shrill tones. "Who has seen her? Therese Defarge!"

"She never missed before," says a knitting-woman of the sisterhood.

"No; nor will she miss now," cries The Vengeance, petulantly. "There."

"Louder," the woman recommends.

Ay! Louder, Vengeance, much louder, and still she will scarcely hear thee. Louder yet, Vengeance, with a little oath or so added, and yet it will hardly bring her. Send other women up and down to seek her, lingering somewhere; and yet, although the messengers have done dread deeds, it is questionable whether of their own wills they will go far enough to find her!

"Bad Fortune!" cries The Vengeance, stamping her foot in the chair, "and here are the tumbrils! And Evremonde will be despatched in a wink, and she not here! See her knitting in my hand, and her empty chair ready for her. I cry with vexation and disappointment!"

As The Vengeance descends from her elevation to do it, the tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash!--A head is held up, and the knitting-women who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash! --And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their Work, count Two.

The supposed Evremonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or you to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together, and to rest in her bosom.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me--just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate--for I cannot write--and if I could, how should I tell her! It is better as it is."

"Yes, yes: better as it is."

"What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind strong face which gives me so much support, is this:--If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time: she may even live to be old."

"What then, my gentle sister?"

"Do you think," the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance, fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble: "that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?"

"It cannot be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there."

"Will you comfort me so much! I am so ignorant. Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?"

Annexes

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him--is gone; the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe--a woman--had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

"I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see Her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honoured and held sacred in the other's soul, than I was in the souls of both.

"I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well, that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him, fore-most of just judges and honoured men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place-- then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement --and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and a faltering voice.

[REDACTED]; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

Lord Wellington



Wellington, Arthur Wellesley, Duke of (1769 - 1852)

British general and statesman. He defeated the French in the Peninsular War and Napoleon at Waterloo. Known as the 'Iron Duke', he became Tory prime minister (1828-30). Under Peel he served as foreign secretary (1834-35)

Quotations about Wellington

He accepted peace as if he had been defeated.
Napoleon I (Napoleon Bonaparte) (1769 - 1821) French emperor. Attrib

The Duke of Wellington has exhausted nature and exhausted glory. His career was one unclouded longest day.

The Times, Obituary, 16 Sept 1852

Quotations by Wellington

It all depends upon that article there.

Indicating a passing infantryman when asked if he would be able to defeat Napoleon
The Age of Elegance (A. Bryant), ?1815

Yes, and they went down very well too.

Replying to the observation that the French cavalry had come up very well during the Battle of Waterloo
The Age of Elegance (A. Bryant), ?1815

In my situation as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, I have been much exposed to authors.

Collections and Recollections (G. W. E. Russell)

Not upon a man from the colonel to the private in a regiment - both inclusive. We may pick up a marshal or two perhaps; but not worth a damn.
Said during the Waterloo campaign, when asked whether he anticipated any desertions from Napoleon's army
Creevey Papers, Ch. X, ?1815

It has been a damned serious business - Blücher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing - the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life...By God! I don't think it would have done if I had not been there.

Referring to the Battle of Waterloo
Creevey Papers, Ch. X, ?1815

Annexes

I always say that, next to a battle lost, the greatest misery is a battle gained.
Diary (Frances, Lady Shelley), 1831

I see no reason to suppose that these machines will ever force themselves into general use.
Referring to steam locomotives *Geoffrey Madan's Notebooks* (J. Gere), 1827

I hate the whole race...There is no believing a word they say- your professional poets, I mean - there never existed a more worthless set than Byron and his friends for example.
Lady Salisbury's diary, 26 Oct 1833,

I used to say of him that his presence on the field made the difference of forty thousand men.
Referring to Napoleon *Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington* (Stanhope), 2 Nov 1831, 1831

The next greatest misfortune to losing a battle is to gain such a victory as this.
Recollections (S. Rogers)

The greatest tragedy in the world, Madam, except a defeat.
In reply to the remark, 'What a glorious thing must be a victory' *Recollections* (S. Rogers)

You must build your House of Parliament upon the river: so...that the populace cannot exact their demands by sitting down round you.
Words on Wellington (Sir William Fraser)

I don't know what effect these men will have on the enemy, but, by God, they frighten me.
Referring to his generals *Attrib.*, 1810

I have got an infamous army, very weak and ill-equipped, and a very inexperienced staff.
Written at the beginning of the Waterloo campaign *Letter to Lord Stewart*, 8 May 1815

It is not the business of generals to shoot one another.
Refusing an artillery officer permission to fire upon Napoleon himself during the Battle of Waterloo, 1815 *Attrib.*, 1815

Up, Guards, and at 'em.
Order given at the battle of Waterloo, 18 June 1815 *Attrib.*, 1815


Attrib.

Yes, about ten minutes.
Responding to a vicar's query as to whether there was anything he would like his forthcoming sermon to be about *Attrib.*

Very well, then I shall not take off my boots.

Responding to the news, as he was going to bed, that the ship in which he was travelling seemed about to sink Attrib.

Ours is composed of the scum of the earth.

Of the British army Remark, 4 Nov 1831, 1831

Publish and be damned!

On being offered the chance to avoid mention in the memoirs of Harriette Wilson by giving her money Attrib., c. 1820

I don't care a two penny damn what becomes of the ashes of Napoleon Bonaparte.
Attrib.

Don't quote Latin; say what you have to say, and then sit down.
Advice to a new Member of Parliament Attrib.

A battle of giants.

Referring to the Battle of Waterloo; said to Samuel Rogers Attrib.

Sparrowhawks, Ma'am.

Advice when asked by Queen Victoria how to remove sparrows from the Crystal Palace Attrib., 1851

Annex 6: Cyrano de Bergerac



Edmond Rostand

Born, Marseilles, France, 1869
Died, Southern France, 1918



WHEREVER a translation of the famous *Cyrano de Bergerac* exists, the lasting fame of the French poet-dramatist Edmond Rostand is assured. In fact, all three of his best known plays ... *Cyrano*, *L'Aiglon*, and *Le Chanticleer* ... stand alone in the roster of romantic plays. The gorgeous rhythm of the poetry, for example, in *Cyrano*; the sheer audacity of a most unusual hero; and, finally, the beauty of the sentiment place this play in a class by itself with the best of Sophocles, Shakespeare or Molière.

Rostand's father was a brilliant and wealthy journalist. Young Rostand was educated in Paris and, like so many men of his day and class, studied law and received his degree. His mind, however, had been set from boyhood for writing plays.

In 1890, when Rostand was only 22, he published a volume of poems, his first work of any note. In 1894 his first important play, *The Romancers*, was produced at the Comédie Française. If proof

were needed that his contemporaries considered him a successful playwright, the fact that the great Bernhardt played the following year in his *The Faraway Princess*, and again in 1897 in *The Woman of Samaria* would be sufficient.

The greatest rôle in any of Rostand's plays, *Cyrano*, was planned and written especially for the great French actor, Constant Coquelin. It was at the actor's request, in fact, that the final death scene was planned. All of Rostand's best works, it seems, are tragedies, yet they leave the audience with a feeling of happiness and inspiration that many a comedy fails of producing. As one critic has it: "Death in Rostand is more cheerful than life in Maeterlinck."

When, in 1901, following the success of *L'Aiglon*, Rostand was elected to the French Academy, he was the youngest member ever to be chosen for that honor. The hold that Rostand secured on a far-flung audience cannot be better illustrated than by an incident that occurred on the occasion of the first performance of *Chanticleer* in Paris. On the following day, "a daily newspaper in Butte, Montana, devoted, not the first column, but the entire first page to *Chanticleer*!"

Rostand was prevented from living in Paris by his delicate health which required a kinder climate. Incidentally, he could not take a walk on Paris streets without being followed by adoring crowds. He built himself a huge château at Cambo in the Pyrenees where he lived and wrote until his death in 1918. His wife, too, was a poet, who doubtless would have been famous had not her husband's star so far eclipsed her own.

The Real Cyrano de Bergerac

Cyrano de Bergerac, Savinien (1619-1655), French writer, born in Paris. He became a soldier, but soon abandoned this career because of a battle wound. He wrote several tragedies, and then turned his attention to satirical comedies in which he lampooned the customs and beliefs of his time. De Bergerac is credited with many duels, often fought over insults to his unusually large nose, and other escapades which created his reputation as a romantic hero. His most famous works are two prose fantasies about journeys to the moon and the sun, L'Histoire comique des états et empires de la lune (1656) and L'Histoire comique des états et empires du soleil (1662), which were combined and translated as *Voyages to the Moon and Sun* (1923) by the British writer Richard Aldington. A fictional verse drama concerning Cyrano and his prominent nose was written by Edmond Rostand in 1898, and has been adapted for the screen several times.

Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac French soldier, satirist and dramatist, who has been the basis of many romantic but unhistorical legends. Best known of them is Edmond Rostand's stage play *Cyrano de Bergerac* (1897) which describes adventures of the 17th century nobleman, known for his large nose and swordsmanship, and who loves desperately beautiful Roxane.

Real Cyrano de Bergerac had, in real life, very little in common with the hero of the Rostand play. He was born in Paris, and educated by a priest in the village of Bergerac. Later he was sent to the Collège de Beauvais. After acquiring fame as a dueller and Bohemian, he enlisted the army at the age of 20. He was severely wounded twice, once at a fight with Gascon Guard, and at the siege of Arras in 1640. In the following year he gave up his military career and started to study under the philosopher and mathematician Pierre Gassendi. Influenced by Gassendi's theories and libertine philosophy, he wrote stories of imaginary journeys to the Moon and Sun, and satirized views which saw humanity and the Earth as the center of creation.

In the 1650s Cyrano de Bergerac published two plays, *LA MORT D'AGRIPPINE* (1654), which was suspected of blasphemy, and *LE PÉDANT JOUÉ* (1654), from which Molière borrowed heavily for his play *The Cheats of Chapin*. Only parts of his major work, *L'AUTRE MONDE*, were published in posthumous versions. His friend Henri le Bret censored their heretical elements. It is assumed, that the third volume in Cyrano Bergerac's serie *HISTOIRE COMIQUE*, *The History of the Stars*, is lost or it is destroyed. The books belong in the genre 'fantastic voyages', of which the oldest examples are Sumerian Epic of Gilgamesh, from the third millenium BC, and Homer's *Odyssey*, from the first. In the 17th century were written also Johannes Kepler's *Somnium* (1643), Francis Bacon's *New Atlantis* (1627), and Tommaso Campanella's *City of the Sun*. The works influenced several later satirists, among them Jonathan Swift and Voltaire.

Cyrano de Bergerac died in Paris on July 28, 1655.

The Play

CYRANO DE BERGERAC was produced December 28, 1897, at the *Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin*, Paris, with Constant Coquelin in the title rôle. The American premiere took place on October 3, 1898, in the Garden Theater, New York City, with Richard Mansfield as *Cyrano*.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC, guardsman and poet, is cursed with an enormous, bulbous, blossoming beak of a nose. To compensate for his fixed belief that no woman can ever love him on account of this affliction, he has made himself renowned in Paris for his personal bravery and the charm of his verse.

Cyrano's beautiful and wealthy cousin, Roxane, is much sought after. When, after a spectacular duel with a man who has been annoying her, Cyrano receives an urgent message from Roxanne, he is encouraged to believe she may actually love him. He finds, however, that she imagines herself in love with the handsome Christian de Neuvillette, newly enlisted brother guardsman in the company of Captain de Castel-Jaloux, and wants Cyrano to bring them together.



Walter Hampden as Cyrano

Putting aside his own love, Cyrano offers his powers of expression to Christian to assist in winning Roxane. Cyrano's eloquence in the many letters signed by Christian's name and the feeling in his voice as he declares his love under Roxane's balcony one dark night, bring about the marriage of Christian and Roxane just a few minutes before the company is ordered away to the siege of Arras.

Although their company is outnumbered, starving, and facing almost certain death, Roxane daily receives a letter signed with Christian's name. Irresistibly drawn by these letters, Roxane dares to drive through the enemies' lines to reach her Christian's side. When

Christian sees the power that another's letters have had over Roxane he suddenly realizes that it is Cyrano and not himself that she really loves. He insists that Cyrano shall tell her the truth and leaves the scene. Before Cyrano has divulged the secret, however, Christian is carried in mortally wounded. When Cyrano whispers in his ear: "I have told her; it is you she loves," Christian dies happy.

After Christian's death Roxane goes to live in a convent and for some fifteen years it has been Cyrano's custom to call each Saturday afternoon on the stroke of three. In spite of innumerable enemies and abject poverty his gay invincible spirit shines forth at these meetings. Then one Saturday as he proceeds to his call, an enemy pushes a log from a window causing it to fall onto his head, breaking his skull. He hides his injury from Roxane, but begs to be allowed to read Christian's last letter which she carries always next to her heart. Only when in the gathering darkness he reads it through unflinching does Roxane realize that he was the writer and that through all the years it has been Cyrano that she loved.

Act 1, scene 4 in French and then in English



MONTFLEURY, aux marquis
Venez à mon secours,
Messieurs !

UN MARQUIS, nonchalamment
Mais jouez donc !

CYRANO
Gros homme, si tu joues
Je vais être obligé de te fesser les joues !

LE MARQUIS
Assez !

CYRANO
Que les marquis se taisent sur leurs bancs,
Ou bien je fais tâter ma canne à leurs rubans !

TOUS LES MARQUIS, debout
C'en est trop !... Montfleury...

CYRANO
Que Montfleury s'en aille,
Ou bien je l'essorille et le désentripaille !

UNE VOIX
Mais...

CYRANO
Qu'il sorte !

UNE AUTRE VOIX
Pourtant...

CYRANO
Ce n'est pas encor fait ?
Avec le geste de retrousser ses manches.
Bon ! je vais sur la scène en guise de buffet,
Découper cette mortadelle d'Italie !

MONTFLEURY, rassemblant toute sa dignité
En m'insultant, Monsieur, vous insultez Thalie !

CYRANO, très poli
Si cette Muse, à qui, Monsieur, vous n'êtes rien,
Avait l'honneur de vous connaître, croyez bien
Qu'en vous voyant si gros et bête comme une
urne,
Elle vous flanquerait quelque part son cothurne.

LE PARTERRE
Montfleury ! Montfleury ! -La pièce de Baro !-

CYRANO, à ceux qui crient autour de lui
Je vous en prie, ayez pitié de mon fourreau
Si vous continuez, il va rendre sa lame !
Le cercle s'élargit.

LA FOULE, reculant
Hé ! la !...

CYRANO, à Montfleury
Sortez de scène !

LA FOULE, se rapprochant et grondant
Oh ! oh !

CYRANO, se retournant vivement
Quelqu'un réclame ?
Nouveau recul.

UNE VOIX, chantant au fond
Monsieur de Cyrano
Vraiment nous tyrannise,
Malgré ce tyranneau
On jouera la Clorise.

TOUTE LA SALLE, chantant
La Clorise, la Clorise !...

CYRANO
Si j'entends une fois encor cette chanson,
Je vous assomme tous.

UN BOURGEOIS
Vous n'êtes pas Samson !

CYRANO
Voulez-vous me prêter, Monsieur, votre mâchoire
?

UNE DAME, dans les loges
C'est inouï !

UN SEIGNEUR
C'est scandaleux !

UN BOURGEOIS
C'est vexatoire !

UN PAGE
Ce qu'on s'amuse !

LE PARTERRE
Kss ! -Montfleury ! -Cyrano !

CYRANO
Silence !

LE PARTERRE, en délire
Hi han ! Bêê ! Ouah, ouah ! Cocorico !

CYRANO
Je vous...

UN PAGE
Miâou !

CYRANO
Je vous ordonne de vous taire !
Et j'adresse un défi collectif au parterre !
-J'inscris les noms ! -Approchez-vous, jeunes
héros !
Chacun son tour ! Je vais donner des numéros !-
Allons, quel est celui qui veut ouvrir la liste ?
Vous, Monsieur ? Non ! Vous ? Non ! Le premier
duelliste,
Je l'expédie avec les honneurs qu'on lui doit !
-Que tous ceux qui veulent mourir lèvent le doigt.
Silence
La pudeur vous défend de voir ma lame nue ?

Pas un nom ? -Pas un doigt ? -C'est bien. Je
continue.
Se retournant vers la scène où Montfleury attend
avec
angoisse.
Donc, je désire voir le théâtre guéri
De cette fluxion. Sinon...
La main à son épée.
Le bistouri !

MONTFLEURY
Je...

CYRANO, descend de sa chaise, s'assied au
milieu du rond qui
s'est formé, s'installe comme chez lui
Mes mains vont frapper trois claques, pleine lune
!
Vous vous éclipserez à la troisième.

LE PARTERRE, amusé
Ah ?...

CYRANO, frappant dans ses mains
Une !

MONTFLEURY
Je...

UNE VOIX, des loges
Restez !

LE PARTERRE
Restera... restera pas...

MONTFLEURY
Je crois,
Messieurs...

CYRANO :
Deux !

MONTFLEURY
Je suis sûr qu'il vaudrait mieux que...

CYRANO
Trois !

Montfleury disparaît comme dans une trappe.
Tempête de rires, et sifflets de huées.

LA SALLE
Hu !... hu !... Lâche !... Reviens !...

CYRANO, épanoui, se renverse sur sa chaise et croise ses jambes
Qu'il revienne, s'il ose !

UN BOURGEOIS
L'orateur de la troupe !
Bellerose s'avance et salue.

LES LOGES
Ah !... Voilà Bellerose !

BELLEROSE, avec élégance
Nobles seigneurs...

LE PARTERRE
Non ! Non ! Jodelet !

JODELET, s'avance, et, nasillard
Tas de veaux !

LE PARTERRE
Ah ! Ah ! Bravo ! très bien ! bravo !

JODELET
Pas de bravos !
Le gros tragédien dont vous aimez le ventre
S'est senti...

LE PARTERRE
C'est un lâche !

JODELET
Il dut sortir !

LE PARTERRE
Qu'il rentre !

LES UNS
Non !

LES AUTRES
Si !

UN JEUNE HOMME, à Cyrano
Mais à la fin, monsieur, quelle raison
Avez-vous de haïr Montfleury ?

CYRANO, gracieux, toujours assis
Jeune oison,
J'ai deux raisons, dont chaque est suffisante seule.
Primo : c'est un acteur déplorable, qui gueule,
Et qui soulève avec des han ! de porteur d'eau,

Le vers qu'il faut laisser s'envoler !-Secundo
Est mon secret...

LE VIEUX BOURGEOIS, derrière lui
Mais vous nous privez sans scrupule
De la Clorise ! Je m'entête...

CYRANO, tournant sa chaise vers le bourgeois,
respectueusement
Vieille mule,
Les vers du vieux Baro valant moins que zéro,
J'interromps sans remords !

LES PRÉCIEUSES, dans les loges
Ha ! -Ho ! -Notre Baro !
Ma chère ! -Peut-on dire ?... Ah ! Dieu !...

CYRANO, tournant sa chaise vers les loges,
galant
Belles personnes,
Rayonnez, fleurissez, soyez des échantonnés
De rêve, d'un sourire enchantez un trépas,
Inspirez-nous des vers... mais ne les jugez pas !

BELLEROSE
Et l'argent qu'il va falloir rendre !

CYRANO, tournant sa chaise vers la scène
Bellerose,
Vous avez dit la seule intelligente chose !
Au manteau de Thespis je ne fais pas de trous
Il se lève, et lançant un sac sur la scène.
Attrapez cette bourse au vol, et taisez-vous !

LA SALLE, éblouie
Ah !... Oh !...

JODELET, ramassant prestement la bourse et la
souplesant
A ce prix-là, monsieur, je t'autorise
A venir chaque jour empêcher la Clorise !...

LA SALLE
Hu !... Hu !...

JODELET
Dussions-nous même ensemble être hués !...

BELLEROSE
Il faut évacuer la salle !...

JODELET
Evacuez !...

On commence à sortir, pendant que Cyrano regarde d'un air satisfait. Mais la foule s'arrête bientôt en entendant la scène suivante, et la sortie cesse. Les femmes qui, dans les loges, étaient déjà debout, leur manteau remis, s'arrêtent pour écouter, et finissent par se rasseoir.

LE BRET, à Cyrano
C'est fou !...

UN FACHEUX, qui s'est approché de Cyrano
Le comédien Montfleury ! Quel scandale !
Mais il est protégé par le duc de Candale !
Avez-vous un patron ?

CYRANO
Non !

LE FACHEUX
Vous n'avez pas ?...

CYRANO
Non !

LE FACHEUX
Quoi, pas un grand seigneur pour couvrir de son nom ?...

CYRANO, agacé
Non, ai-je dit deux fois. Faut-il donc que je trisse ?
Non pas de protecteur...
La main à son épée.
mais une protectrice !

LE FACHEUX
Mais vous allez quitter la ville ?

CYRANO
C'est selon.

LE FACHEUX
Mais le duc de Candale a le bras long !

CYRANO
Moins long
Que n'est le mien...
Montrant son épée
quand je lui mets cette rallonge !

LE FACHEUX
Mais vous ne songez pas à prétendre...

CYRANO
J'y songe.

LE FACHEUX
Mais...

CYRANO
Tournez les talons, maintenant.

LE FACHEUX
Mais...

CYRANO
Tournez !
-Ou dites-moi pourquoi vous regardez mon nez.

LE FACHEUX, ahuri
Je...

CYRANO, marchant sur lui
Qu'a-t-il d'étonnant ?

LE FACHEUX, reculant
Votre Grâce se trompe...

CYRANO
Est-il mol et ballant, monsieur, comme une trompe?...

LE FACHEUX, même jeu
Je n'ai pas...

CYRANO
Ou crochu comme un bec de hibou ?

LE FACHEUX
Je...

CYRANO
Y distingue-t-on une verrue au bout ?

LE FACHEUX
Mais...

CYRANO
Ou si quelque mouche, à pas lents, s'y promène ?
Qu'a-t-il d'hétéroclite ?

LE FACHEUX
Oh !...

CYRANO
Est-ce un phénomène ?

LE FACHEUX
Mais d'y porter les yeux, j'avais su me garder !

CYRANO
Et pourquoi, s'il vous plaît, ne pas le regarder ?

LE FACHEUX
J'avais...

CYRANO
Il vous dégoûte alors ?

LE FACHEUX
Monsieur...

CYRANO
Malsaine
Vous semble sa couleur ?

LE FACHEUX
Monsieur !

CYRANO
Sa forme, obscène ?

LE FACHEUX
Mais du tout !...

CYRANO
Pourquoi donc prendre un air dénigrant ?
- Peut-être que monsieur le trouve un peu trop grand ?

LE FACHEUX, balbutiant
Je le trouve petit, tout petit, minuscule !

CYRANO
Hein ? comment ? m'accuser d'un pareil ridicule ?
Petit, mon nez ? Hola !

LE FACHEUX
Ciel !

CYRANO
Enorme, mon nez !
- Vil camus, sot camard, tête plate, apprenez
Que je m'enorgueilliss d'un pareil appendice,
Attendu qu'un grand nez est proprement l'indice
D'un homme affable, bon, courtois, spirituel,
Libéral, courageux, tel que je suis, et tel
Qu'il vous est interdit à jamais de vous croire,

Déplorable maraud ! car la face sans gloire
Que va chercher ma main en haut de votre col,
Est aussi dénuée...
Il le soufflette.

LE FACHEUX
Ai !

CYRANO
De fierté, d'envol,
De lyrisme, de pittoresque, d'étincelle,
De somptuosité, de Nez enfin, que celle...
Il le retourne par les épaules, joignant le geste à la
parole.
Que va chercher ma botte au bas de votre dos !

LE FACHEUX, se sauvant
Au secours ! A la garde !

CYRANO
Avis donc aux badauds
Qui trouveraient plaisant mon milieu de visage,
Et si le plaisantin est noble, mon usage
Est de lui mettre, avant de le laisser s'enfuir,
Par devant, et plus haut, du fer, et non du cuir !

DE GUICHE, qui est descendu de la scène, avec
les marquis
Mais à la fin il nous ennuie !

LE VICOMTE DE VALVERT, haussant les
épaules
Il fanfaronne !

DE GUICHE
Personne ne va donc lui répondre ?...

LE VICOMTE
Personne ?
Attendez ! Je vais lui lancer un de ces traits !...
Il s'avance vers Cyrano qui l'observe, et se
campant devant lui d'un air fat.

CYRANO, gravement
Très.

LE VICOMTE, riant
Ha !

CYRANO, imperturbable
C'est tout ?...

LE VICOMTE

Mais...

CYRANO

Ah ! non ! c'est un peu court, jeune homme !

En variant le ton, -par exemple, tenez

Agressif : "Moi, monsieur, si j'avais un tel nez, Il faudrait sur-le-champs que je me l'amputasse !"

Amical : "Mais il doit tremper dans votre tasse Pour boire, faites-vous fabriquer un hanap !"

Curieux : "De quoi sert cette oblongue capsule ? D'écritoire, monsieur, ou de boîtes à ciseaux ?"

Gracieux : "Aimez-vous à ce point les oiseaux Que paternellement vous vous préoccupâtes De tendre ce perchoir à leurs petites pattes ?"

Truculent : "Ca, monsieur, lorsque vous pétenez, La vapeur du tabac vous sort-elle du nez Sans qu'un voisin ne crie au feu de cheminée ?"

Prévenant : "Gardez-vous, votre tête entraînée Par ce poids, de tomber en avant sur le sol !"

Tendre : "Faites-lui faire un petit parasol De peur que sa couleur au soleil ne se fane !"

Pédant : "L'animal seul, monsieur, qu'Aristophane Appelle Hippocampelephantocamélos

Dut avoir sous le front tant de chair sur tant d'os !"

Cavalier : "Quoi, l'ami, ce croc est à la mode ? Pour pendre son chapeau, c'est vraiment très commode !"

Emphatique : "Aucun vent ne peut, nez magistral, T'enrhumer tout entier, excepté le mistral !"

Dramatique : "C'est la Mer Rouge quand il saigne !"

Admiratif : "Pour un parfumeur, quelle enseigne !"

Lyrique : "Est-ce une conque, êtes-vous un triton ?"

Naïf : "Ce monument, quand le visite-t-on ?"

Respectueux : "Souffrez, monsieur, qu'on vous salue,

C'est là ce qui s'appelle avoir pignon sur rue !"

Campagnard : "Hé, arde ! C'est-y un nez ? Nanain !"

C'est quequ'navet géant ou ben quequ'melon nain !"

Militaire : "Pointez contre cavalerie !"

Pratique : "Voulez-vous le mettre en loterie ? Assurément, monsieur, ce sera le gros lot !"

Enfin parodiant Pyrame en un sanglot "Le voilà donc ce nez qui des traits de son maître A détruit l'harmonie ! Il en rougit, le traître !"

-Voilà ce qu'à peu près, mon cher, vous m'auriez dit

Si vous aviez un peu de lettres et d'esprit
Mais d'esprit, ô le plus lamentable des êtres,
Vous n'en eûtes jamais un atome, et de lettres
Vous n'avez que les trois qui forment le mot : sot !

Eussiez-vous eu, d'ailleurs, l'invention qu'il faut
Pour pouvoir là, devant ces nobles galeries,
me servir toutes ces folles plaisanteries,
Que vous n'en eussiez pas articulé le quart
De la moitié du commencement d'une, car
Je me les sers moi-même, avec assez de verve,
Mais je ne permets pas qu'un autre me les serve.

DE GUICHE, voulant emmener le vicomte pétrifié

Valvert, laissez donc !

LE VICOMTE, suffoqué

Ces grands airs arrogants !

Un hobereau qui... qui... n'a même pas de gants !

Et qui sort sans rubans, sans bouffettes, sans ganses !

CYRANO

Moi, c'est moralement que j'ai mes élégances.
Je ne m'attife pas ainsi qu'un freluquet,
Mais je suis plus soigné si je suis moins coquet ;
Je ne sortirais pas avec, par négligence,
Un affront pas très bien lavé, la conscience
Jaune encore de sommeil dans le coin de son oeil,
Un honneur chiffonné, des scrupules en deuil.
Mais je marche sans rien sur moi qui ne reluise,
Empanaché d'indépendance et de franchise ;
Ce n'est pas une taille avantageuse, c'est
Mon âme que je cambre ainsi qu'en un corset,
Et tout couvert d'exploits qu'en rubans je
m'attache,
Retroussant mon esprit ainsi qu'une moustache,
Je fais, en traversant les groupes et les ronds,
Sonner les vérités comme des éperons.

LE VICOMTE

Mais, monsieur...

CYRANO

Je n'est pas de gants ?... La belle affaire !
Il m'en restait un seul d'une très vieille paire !
-Lequel m'était d'ailleurs encor fort importun
Je l'ai laissé dans la figure de quelqu'un.

LE VICOMTE

Maraud, faquin, butor de pied plat ridicule.

CYRANO, ôtant son chapeau et saluant comme si le vicomte venait de se présenter
Ah ?... Et moi, Cyrano-Savinien-Hercule De Bergerac.
Rires.

LE VICOMTE, exaspéré
Bouffon !

CYRANO, poussant un cri comme lorsqu'on est saisi d'une crampe
Ay !...

LE VICOMTE, qui remontait, se retournant
Qu'est-ce encor qu'il dit ?

CYRANO, avec des grimaces de douleur
Il faut la remuer car elle s'engourdit...
- Ce que c'est que de la laisser inoccupée !-
Ay !...

LE VICOMTE
Qu'avez-vous ?

CYRANO
J'ai des fourmis dans mon épée !

LE VICOMTE, tirant la sienne
Soit !

CYRANO
Je vais vous donner un petit coup charmant.

LE VICOMTE, méprisant
Poète !...

CYRANO
Oui, monsieur, poète ! et tellement,
Qu'en ferraillant je vais- hop ! - à l'improvisade,
Vous composez une ballade.

LE VICOMTE
Une ballade ?

CYRANO
Vous ne vous doutez pas de ce que c'est, je crois ?

LE VICOMTE
Mais...

CYRANO, récitant comme une leçon
La ballade, donc, se compose de trois
Couplets de huit vers...

LE VICOMTE, piétinant
Oh !

CYRANO, continuant
Et d'un envoi de quatre...

LE VICOMTE
Vous...

CYRANO
Je vais tout ensemble en faire une et me battre,
Et vous touchez, monsieur, au dernier vers.

LE VICOMTE
Non !

CYRANO
Non ?
Déclamant
"Ballade du duel qu'en l'hôtel bourguignon
Monsieur de Bergerac eut avec un bélièvre !"

LE VICOMTE
Qu'est-ce que ça, s'il vous plaît ?

CYRANO
C'est le titre.

LA SALLE, surexcitée au plus haut point
Place ! -Très amusant ! -Rangez-vous ! -Pas de
bruits !

Tableau. Cercle de curieux au parterre, les
marquis et les
officiers mêlés aux bourgeois et aux gens du
peuple ; les
pages grimés sur des épaules pour mieux voir.
Toutes les
femmes debout dans les loges. A droite, De
Guiche et ses
gentilshommes. A gauche, Le Bret, Ragueneau,
Cuigy, etc.

CYRANO, fermant une seconde les yeux
Attendez !... je choisis mes rimes... Là, j'y suis.
Il fait ce qu'il dit, à mesure.
Je jette avec grâce mon feutre,
Je fais lentement l'abandon
Du grand manteau qui me calfeutre,
Et je tire mon espadon ;

Élegant comme Céladon,
Agile comme Scaramouche,
Je vous préviens, cher Mirmydon,

Premiers engagements de fer.

Vous auriez bien dû rester neutre ;
Où vais-je vous larder, dindon ?...
Dans le flanc, sous votre maheutre ?...
Au coeur, sous votre bleu cordon ?...
-Les coquilles tintent, ding-don !
Ma pointe voltige : une mouche !
Décidément... c'est au bedon,
Qu'à la fin de l'envoi je touche.

Il me manque une rime en eutre...
Vous rompez, plus blanc qu'amidon ?
C'est pour me fournir le mot pleutre !
- Tac ! je pare la pointe dont
Vous espérez me faire dont :-
J'ouvre la ligne,- je la bouche...
Tiens bien ta broche, Laridon !
A la fin de l'envoi, je touche
Il annonce solennellement

ENVOI
Prince, demande à Dieu pardon !
Je quarte du pied, j'escarmouche,
je coupe, je feinte...
Se fendant.
Hé ! là donc
Le vicomte chancelle ; Cyrano salue.
A la fin de l'envoi, je touche.

Acclamations. Applaudissements dans les loges.
Des fleurs et
des mouchoirs tombent. Les officiers entourent et
félicitent
Cyrano. Ragueneau danse d'enthousiasme. Le
Bret est heureux
et navré. Les amis du vicomte le soutiennent et
l'emmènent.

LA FOULE, en un long cri
Ah !...

UN CHEVAU-LEGER
Superbe !

UNE FEMME
Joli !

RAGUENEAU
Pharamineux !

UN MARQUIS
Nouveau !...

LE BRET
Insensé !
Bousculade autour de Cyrano. On entend
...Compliments... Félicite... bravo...

VOIX DE FEMME
C'est un héros !...

UN MOUSQUETAIRE, s'avançant vivement vers
Cyrano, la main
tendue
Monsieur, voulez-vous me permettre ?...
C'est tout à fait très bien, et je crois m'y connaître
;
J'ai du reste exprimé ma joie en trépignant !...
Il s'éloigne.

CYRANO, à Cuigy
Comment s'appelle donc ce monsieur ?

CUIGY
D'Artagnan.

LE BRET, à Cyrano, lui prenant le bras
Cà, causons !...

CYRANO
Laisse un peu sortir cette cohue...
A Bellerose.
Je peux rester ?

BELLEROSE, respectueusement
Mais oui !...
On entend des cris au dehors.

JODELET, qui a regardé
C'est Montfleury qu'on hue !

BELLEROSE, solennellement
Sic transit !...
Changeant de ton, au portier et au moucheur de
chandelles.
Balayer. Fermer. N'éteignez pas.
Nous allons revenir après notre repas.
Répéter pour demain une nouvelle farce.
Jodelet et Bellerose sortent, après de grands saluts
à
Cyrano.
LE PORTIER, à Cyrano
Vous ne dînez donc pas ?

CYRANO
Moi ?... Non.
Le portier se retire.

LE BRET, à Cyrano
Parce que ?

CYRANO, fièrement
Parce...
Changeant de ton, en voyant que le portier est
loin.
Que je n'ai pas d'argent !...

LE BRET, faisant le geste de lancer un sac
Comment ! le sac d'écus ?...

CYRANO
Pension paternelle, en un jour, tu vécus !

LE BRET
Pour vivre tout un mois, alors ?...

CYRANO
Rien ne me reste.

LE BRET
Jeter ce sac, quelle sottise !

CYRANO
Mais quel geste !...

LA DISTRIBUTRICE, toussant derrière son petit
comptoir
Hum !...
Cyrano et le Bret se retournent. Elle s'avance
intimidée.
Monsieur... Vous savoir jeûner... le coeur me
fend...
Montrant le buffet.
J'ai là tout ce qu'il faut...
Avec élan.
Prenez !

CYRANO, se découvrant
Ma chère enfant,
Encor que mon orgueil de Gascon m'interdise
D'accepter de vos doigts la moindre friandise,
J'ai trop peur qu'un refus ne vous soit un chagrin,
Et j'accepterais donc...
Il va au buffet et choisit.
Oh ! peu de chose ! - Un grain de ce raisin...
Elle veut lui donner la grappe, il cueille un grain.
Un seul !... Ce verre d'eau...
Elle veut y verser du vin, il l'arrête.
Limpide !

-Et la moitié d'un macaron !
Il rend l'autre moitié.

LE BRET
Mais c'est stupide !

LA DISTRIBUTRICE
Oh ! quelque chose encor !

CYRANO
La main à baiser.
Il baise, comme la main d'une princesse, la main
qu'elle lui
tend.

LA DISTRIBUTRICE
Merci, monsieur.
Révérence.
Bonsoir.
Elle sort.



The same. Cyrano, then Bellerose, Jodelet.

MONTFLEURY (to the marquises):
Come to my help, my lords!

A MARQUIS (carelessly):
Go on! Go on!

CYRANO:
Fat man, take warning! If you go on, I
Shall feel myself constrained to cuff your face!

THE MARQUIS:
Have done!

CYRANO:
And if these lords hold not their tongue
Shall feel constrained to make them taste my
cane!

ALL THE MARQUISES (rising):
Enough! . . . Montfleury. . .

CYRANO:
If he goes not quick
I will cut off his ears and slit him up!

A VOICE:
But . . .

CYRANO:
Out he goes!

ANOTHER VOICE:
Yet . . .

CYRANO:
Is he not gone yet?
(He makes the gesture of turning up his cuffs):

Good! I shall mount the stage now, buffet-wise,
To carve this fine Italian sausage--thus!

MONTFLEURY (trying to be dignified):
You outrage Thalia in insulting me!

CYRANO (very politely):
If that Muse, Sir, who knows you not at all,
Could claim acquaintance with you--oh, believe
(Seeing how urn-like, fat, and slow you are)
That she would make you taste her buskin's sole!

THE PIT:
Montfleury! Montfleury! Come--Baro's play!

CYRANO (to those who are calling out):
I pray you have a care! If you go on
My scabbard soon will render up its blade!

(The circle round him widens.)

THE CROWD (drawing back):
Take care!

CYRANO (to Montfleury):
Leave the stage!

THE CROWD (coming near and grumbling):
Oh!--

CYRANO:
Did some one speak?

(They draw back again.)

A VOICE (singing at the back):
Monsieur de Cyrano
Displays his tyrannies:
A fig for tyrants! What, ho!
Come! Play us 'La Clorise!'

ALL THE PIT (singing):
'La Clorise!' 'La Clorise!' . . .

CYRANO:
Let me but hear once more that foolish rhyme,
I slaughter every man of you.

A BURGHER:
Oh! Samson?

CYRANO:
Yes Samson! Will you lend your jawbone, Sir?

A LADY (in the boxes):
Outrageous!

A LORD:
Scandalous!

A BURGHER:
'Tis most annoying!

A PAGE:
Fair good sport!

THE PIT:
Kss!--Montfleury. . . Cyrano!

CYRANO:
Silence!

THE PIT (wildly excited):
Ho-o-o-o-h! Quack! Cock-a-doodle-doo!

CYRANO:
I order--

A PAGE:
Miow!

CYRANO:
I order silence, all!
And challenge the whole pit collectively!--
I write your names!--Approach, young heroes,
here!
Each in his turn! I cry the numbers out!--
Now which of you will come to ope the lists?
You, Sir? No! You? No! The first duellist
Shall be dispatched by me with honors due!
Let all who long for death hold up their hands!
(A silence):
Modest? You fear to see my naked blade?
Not one name?--Not one hand?--Good, I
proceed!
(Turning toward the stage, where Montfleury
waits in an agony):
The theater's too full, congested,--I
Would clear it out. . . If not. . .
(Puts his hand on his sword):
The knife must act!

MONTFLEURY:
I. . .

CYRANO (leaves his chair, and settles himself in
the middle of the circle
which has formed):
I will clap my hands thrice, thus--full moon! At
the third clap, eclipse
yourself!

THE PIT (amused):
Ah!

CYRANO (clapping his hands):
One!

MONTFLEURY:
I. . .

A VOICE (in the boxes):
Stay!

THE PIT:
He stays. . . he goes. . . he stays. . .

MONTFLEURY:
I think. . . Gentlemen, . . .

CYRANO:
Two!

MONTFLEURY:
I think 'twere wisest. . .

CYRANO:
Three!

(Montfleury disappears as through a trap.
Tempest of laughs, whistling cries,
etc.)

THE WHOLE HOUSE:
Coward. . . come back!

CYRANO (delighted, sits back in his chair, arms
crossed):
Come back an if you dare!

A BURGHER:
Call for the orator!

(Bellerose comes forward and bows.)

THE BOXES:
Ah! here's Bellerose!

BELLEROSE (elegantly):
My noble lords. . .

THE PIT:
No! no! Jodelet!

JODELET (advancing, speaking through his
nose):
Calves!

THE PIT:
Ah! bravo! good! go on!

JODELET:

No bravos, Sirs!
The fat tragedian whom you all love
Felt . . .

THE PIT:

Coward!

JODELET:

. . . was obliged to go.

THE PIT:

Come back!

SOME:

No!

OTHERS:

Yes!

A YOUNG MAN (to Cyrano):

But pray, Sir, for what reason, say,
Hate you Montfleury?

CYRANO (graciously, still seated):

Youthful gander, know
I have two reasons--either will suffice.
Primo. An actor villainous! who mouths,
And heaves up like a bucket from a well
The verses that should, bird-like, fly! Secundo--
That is my secret. . .

THE OLD BURGHER (behind him):

Shameful! You deprive us
Of the 'Clorise!' I must insist. . .

CYRANO (turning his chair toward the burgher,
respectfully):

Old mule!
The verses of old Baro are not worth
A doit! I'm glad to interrupt. . .

THE PRECIEUSES (in the boxes):

Our Baro!--
My dear! How dares he venture! . . .

CYRANO (turning his chair toward the boxes
gallantly):

Fairest ones,
Radiate, bloom, hold to our lips the cup
Of dreams intoxicating, Hebe-like!
Or, when death strikes, charm death with your
sweet smiles;
Inspire our verse, but--criticise it not!

BELLEROSE:

We must give back the entrance fees!

CYRANO (turning his chair toward the stage):

Bellerose,
You make the first intelligent remark!
Would I rend Thespis' sacred mantle? Nay!
(He rises and throws a bag on the stage):
Catch then the purse I throw, and hold your
peace!

THE HOUSE (dazzled):

Ah! Oh!

JODELET (catching the purse dexterously and
weighing it):

At this price, you've authority
To come each night, and stop 'Clorise,' Sir!

THE PIT:

Ho! . . . Ho! Ho! . . .

JODELET:

E'en if you chase us in a pack! . . .

BELLEROSE:

Clear out the hall! . . .

JODELET:

Get you all gone at once!

(The people begin to go out, while Cyrano looks
on with satisfaction. But the
crowd soon stop on hearing the following scene,
and remain where they are.

The women, who, with their mantles on, are
already standing up in the boxes,
stop to listen, and finally reseat themselves.)

LE BRET (to Cyrano):

'Tis mad! . . .

A BORE (coming up to Cyrano):

The actor Montfleury! 'Tis shameful!
Why, he's protected by the Duke of Candal!
Have you a patron?

CYRANO:

No!

THE BORE:

No patron? . . .

CYRANO:

None!

THE BORE:

What! no great lord to shield you with his name?

CYRANO (irritated):

No, I have told you twice! Must I repeat?

No! no protector. . .

(His hand on his sword):

A protectress. . .here!

THE BORE:

But you must leave the town?

CYRANO:

Well, that depends!

THE BORE:

The Duke has a long arm!

CYRANO:

But not so long

As mine, when it is lengthened out. . .

(Shows his sword):

As thus!

THE BORE:

You think not to contend?

CYRANO:

'Tis my idea!

THE BORE:

But. . .

CYRANO:

Show your heels! now!

THE BORE:

But I. . .

CYRANO:

Or tell me why you stare so at my nose!

THE BORE (staggered):

I. . .

CYRANO (walking straight up to him):

Well, what is there strange?

THE BORE (drawing back):

Your Grace mistakes!

CYRANO:

How now? Is't soft and dangling, like a trunk? . .

THE BORE (same play):

I never. . .

CYRANO:

Is it crook'd, like an owl's beak?

THE BORE:

I. . .

CYRANO:

Do you see a wart upon the tip?

THE BORE:

Nay. . .

CYRANO:

Or a fly, that takes the air there? What

Is there to stare at?

THE BORE:

Oh. . .

CYRANO:

What do you see?

THE BORE:

But I was careful not to look--knew better.

CYRANO:

And why not look at it, an if you please?

THE BORE:

I was. . .

CYRANO:

Oh! it disgusts you!

THE BORE:

Sir!

CYRANO:

Its hue

Unwholesome seems to you?

THE BORE:

Sir!

CYRANO:

Or its shape?

THE BORE:

No, on the contrary! . . .

CYRANO:

Why then that air

Disparaging?--perchance you think it large?

THE BORE (stammering):

No, small, quite small--minute!

CYRANO:

Minute! What now?

Accuse me of a thing ridiculous!
Small--my nose?

THE BORE:
Heaven help me!

CYRANO:
'Tis enormous!
Old Flathead, empty-headed meddler, know
That I am proud possessing such appendice.
'Tis well known, a big nose is indicative
Of a soul affable, and kind, and courteous,
Liberal, brave, just like myself, and such
As you can never dare to dream yourself,
Rascal contemptible! For that witless face
That my hand soon will come to cuff--is all
As empty. . .

(He cuffs him.)

THE BORE:
Aie!

CYRANO:
--of pride, of aspiration,
Of feeling, poetry--of godlike spark
Of all that appertains to my big nose,
(He turns him by the shoulders, suiting the action
to the word):
As . . . what my boot will shortly come and kick!

THE BORE (running away):
Help! Call the Guard!

CYRANO:
Take notice, boobies all,
Who find my visage's center ornament
A thing to jest at--that it is my wont--
An if the jester's noble--ere we part
To let him taste my steel, and not my boot!

DE GUICHE (who, with the marquises, has come
down from the stage):
But he becomes a nuisance!

THE VISCOUNT DE VALVERT (shrugging his
shoulders):
Swaggerer!

DE GUICHE:
Will no one put him down? . . .

THE VISCOUNT:
No one? But wait!
I'll treat him to . . . one of my quips! . . . See here!

(He goes up to Cyrano, who is watching him, and
with a conceited air):

CYRANO (gravely):
Very!

THE VISCOUNT (laughing):
Ha!

CYRANO (imperturbably):
Is that all? . . .

THE VISCOUNT:
What do you mean?

CYRANO:
Ah no! young blade! That was a trifle short!

By varying the tone. . . like this, suppose. . .
Aggressive: 'Sir, if I had such a nose
I'd amputate it!' Friendly: 'When you sup
It must annoy you, dipping in your cup;
You need a drinking-bowl of special shape!'

Curious: 'How serves that oblong capsular?
For scissor-sheath? Or pot to hold your ink?'
Gracious: 'You love the little birds, I think?
I see you've managed with a fond research
To find their tiny claws a roomy perch!'
Truculent: 'When you smoke your pipe. . .
.suppose
That the tobacco-smoke spouts from your nose--
Do not the neighbors, as the fumes rise higher,
Cry terror-struck: "The chimney is afire"?'
Considerate: 'Take care, . . . your head bowed
low

By such a weight. . . lest head o'er heels you go!
Tender: 'Pray get a small umbrella made,
Lest its bright color in the sun should fade!'
Pedantic: 'That beast Aristophanes
Names Hippocamelephantoles
Must have possessed just such a solid lump
Of flesh and bone, beneath his forehead's bump!'
Cavalier: 'The last fashion, friend, that hook?
To hang your hat on? 'Tis a useful crook!'
Emphatic: 'No wind, O majestic nose,
Can give THEE cold!--save when the mistral
blows!'

Dramatic: 'When it bleeds, what a Red Sea!'
Admiring: 'Sign for a perfumery!'
Lyric: 'Is this a conch? . . . a Triton you?'
Simple: 'When is the monument on view?'
Rustic: 'That thing a nose? Marry-come-up!
'Tis a dwarf pumpkin, or a prize turnip!'
Military: 'Point against cavalry!'

Practical: 'Put it in a lottery!
Assuredly 'twould be the biggest prize!
Or . . . parodying Pyramus' sighs. . .
'Behold the nose that mars the harmony
Of its master's phiz! blushing its treachery!
--Such, my dear sir, is what you might have said,
Had you of wit or letters the least jot:
But, O most lamentable man!--of wit
You never had an atom, and of letters
You have three letters only!--they spell Ass!
And--had you had the necessary wit,
To serve me all the pleasantries I quote
Before this noble audience. . . e'en so,
You would not have been let to utter one--
Nay, not the half or quarter of such jest!
I take them from myself all in good part,
But not from any other man that breathes!

DE GUICHE (trying to draw away the dismayed viscount):

Come away, Viscount!

THE VISCOUNT (choking with rage):

Hear his arrogance!
A country lout who . . . who . . . has got no gloves!
Who goes out without sleeve-knots, ribbons,
lace!

CYRANO:

True; all my elegances are within.
I do not prank myself out, puppy-like;
My toilet is more thorough, if less gay;
I would not sally forth--a half-washed-out
Affront upon my cheek--a conscience
Yellow-eyed, bilious, from its sodden sleep,
A ruffled honor, . . . scruples grimed and dull!
I show no bravery of shining gems.
Truth, Independence, are my fluttering plumes.
'Tis not my form I lace to make me slim,
But brace my soul with efforts as with stays,
Covered with exploits, not with ribbon-knots,
My spirit bristling high like your mustaches,
I, traversing the crowds and chattering groups
Make Truth ring bravely out like clash of spurs!

THE VISCOUNT:

But, Sir. . .

CYRANO:

I wear no gloves? And what of that?
I had one, . . . remnant of an old worn pair,
And, knowing not what else to do with it,
I threw it in the face of . . . some young fool.

THE VISCOUNT:

Base scoundrel! Rascally flat-footed lout!

CYRANO (taking off his hat, and bowing as if the viscount had introduced himself):

Ah? . . . and I, Cyrano Savinien
Hercule de Bergerac

(Laughter.)

THE VISCOUNT (angrily):

Buffoon!

CYRANO (calling out as if he had been seized with the cramp):

Aie! Aie!

THE VISCOUNT (who was going away, turns back):

What on earth is the fellow saying now?

CYRANO (with grimaces of pain):

It must be moved--it's getting stiff, I vow,
--This comes of leaving it in idleness!
Aie! . . .

THE VISCOUNT:

What ails you?

CYRANO:

The cramp! cramp in my sword!

THE VISCOUNT (drawing his sword):

Good!

CYRANO:

You shall feel a charming little stroke!

THE VISCOUNT (contemptuously):

Poet! . . .

CYRANO:

Ay, poet, Sir! In proof of which,
While we fence, presto! all extempore
I will compose a ballade.

THE VISCOUNT:

A ballade?

CYRANO:

Belike you know not what a ballade is.

THE VISCOUNT:

But. . .

CYRANO (reciting, as if repeating a lesson):

Know then that the ballade should contain
Three eight-versed couplets. . .

THE VISCOUNT (stamping):
Oh!

CYRANO (still reciting):
And an envoi
Of four lines. . .

THE VISCOUNT:
You. . .

CYRANO:
I'll make one while we fight;
And touch you at the final line.

THE VISCOUNT:
No!

CYRANO:
No?
(declaiming):
The duel in Hotel of Burgundy--fought
By De Bergerac and a good-for-naught!

THE VISCOUNT:
What may that be, an if you please?

CYRANO:
The title.

THE HOUSE (in great excitement):
Give room!--Good sport!--Make place!--Fair
play!--No noise!

(Tableau. A circle of curious spectators in the pit;
the marquises and
officers mingled with the common people; the
pages climbing on each other's
shoulders to see better. All the women standing
up in the boxes. To the
right, De Guiche and his retinue. Left, Le Bret,
Ragueneau, Cyrano, etc.)

CYRANO (shutting his eyes for a second):
Wait while I choose my rhymes. . . I have them
now!

(He suits the action to each word):
I gayly doff my beaver low,
And, freeing hand and heel,
My heavy mantle off I throw,
And I draw my polished steel;
Graceful as Phoebus, round I wheel,
Alert as Scaramouch,
A word in your ear, Sir Spark, I steal--
[REDACTED]

(They engage):
Better for you had you lain low;
Where skewer my cock? In the heel!--

In the heart, your ribbon blue below?--
In the hip, and make you kneel?
Ho for the music of clashing steel!
--What now?--A hit? Not much!
'Twill be in the paunch the stroke I steal,
When, at the envoi, I touch.

Oh, for a rhyme, a rhyme in o?--
You wriggle, starch-white, my eel?
A rhyme! a rhyme! The white feather you
SHOW!

Tac! I parry the point of your steel;
--The point you hoped to make me feel;
I open the line, now clutch
Your spit, Sir Scullion--slow your zeal!
At the envoi's end, I touch.

(He declaims solemnly):
Envoi.
Prince, pray Heaven for your soul's weal!
I move a pace--lo, such! and such!
Cut over--feint!

(Thrusting):
What ho! You reel?
(The viscount staggers. Cyrano salutes):
At the envoi's end, I touch!

(Acclamations. Applause in the boxes. Flowers
and handkerchiefs are thrown
down. The officers surround Cyrano,
congratulating him. Ragueneau dances for
joy. Le Bret is happy, but anxious. The
viscount's friends hold him up and
bear him away.)

THE CROWD (with one long shout):
Ah!

A TROOPER:
'Tis superb!

A WOMAN:
A pretty stroke!

RAGUENEAU:
A marvel!

A MARQUIS:
A novelty!

LE BRET:
O madman!

THE CROWD (presses round Cyrano. Chorus
of):
Compliments!
Bravo! Let me congratulate! . . . Quite
unsurpassed! . . .

A WOMAN'S VOICE:
There is a hero for you! . . .

A MUSKETEER (advancing to Cyrano with
outstretched hand):
Sir, permit;
Naught could be finer--I'm a judge I think;
I stamped, i' faith!--to show my admiration!

(He goes away.)

CYRANO (to Cuigy):
Who is that gentleman?

CUIGY:
Why--D'Artagnan!

LE BRET (to Cyrano, taking his arm):
A word with you! . . .

CYRANO:
Wait; let the rabble go! . . .
(To Bellerose):
May I stay?

BELLEROSE (respectfully):
Without doubt!

(Cries are heard outside.)

JODELET (who has looked out):
They hoot Montfleury!

BELLEROSE (solemnly):
Sic transit! . . .
(To the porters):
Sweep--close all, but leave the lights.
We sup, but later on we must return,
For a rehearsal of to-morrow's farce.

(Jodelet and Bellerose go out, bowing low to
Cyrano.)

THE PORTER (to Cyrano):
You do not dine, Sir?

CYRANO:
No.

(The porter goes out.)

LE BRET:
Because?

CYRANO (proudly):
Because. . .

(Changing his tone as the porter goes away):
I have no money! . . .

LE BRET (with the action of throwing a bag):
How! The bag of crowns? . . .

CYRANO:
Paternal bounty, in a day, thou'rt sped!

LE BRET:
How live the next month? . . .

CYRANO:
I have nothing left.

LE BRET:
Folly!

CYRANO:
But what a graceful action! Think!

THE BUFFET-GIRL (coughing, behind her
counter):
Hum!
(Cyrano and Le Bret turn. She comes timidly
forward):
Sir, my heart mislikes to know you fast.
(Showing the buffet):
See, all you need. Serve yourself!

CYRANO (taking off his hat):
Gentle child,
Although my Gascon pride would else forbid
To take the least bestowal from your hands,
My fear of wounding you outweighs that pride,
And bids accept. . .
(He goes to the buffet):
A trifle! . . . These few grapes.
(She offers him the whole bunch. He takes a
few):
Nay, but this bunch! . . .
(She tries to give him wine, but he stops her):
A glass of water fair! . . .
And half a macaroon!

(He gives back the other half.)

LE BRET:
What foolery!

THE BUFFET-GIRL:
Take something else!

CYRANO:
I take your hand to kiss.

Annexes

(He kisses her hand as though she were a princess.)

THE BUFFET-GIRL:

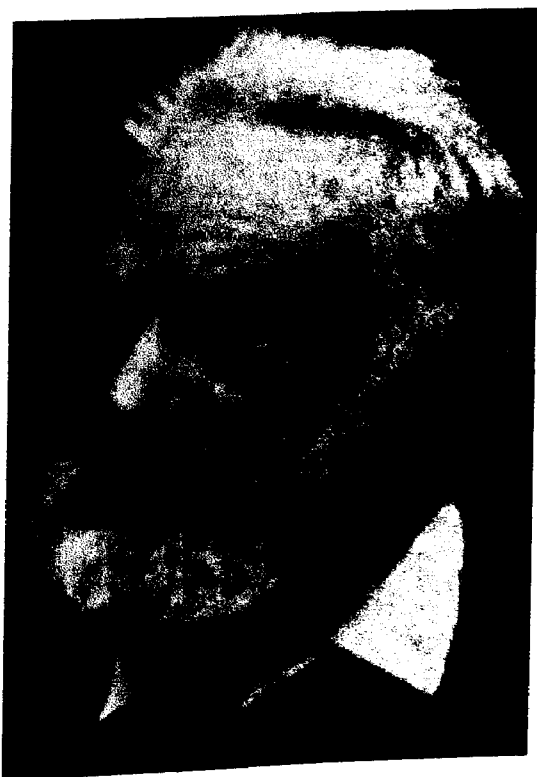
Thank you, kind Sir!

(She courtesies):

Good-night.

(She goes out.)

Annex 7 : Victor Hugo



English Biography



Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

*Un esprit qui marche de lueur en lueur
[...], et qui s'arrête éperdu - au bord de
l'infini*

**Victor in Poesy, Victor in Romance,
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,
French of the French, and Lord of human tears;
Child-lover; Bard whose fame-lit laurels glance
Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance,
Beyond our strait, their claim to be thy peers;
Weird Titan by thy winter weight of years
As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of France!
—Tennyson—**

Novelist, poet, and dramatist, the most important of French Romantic writers. In his preface to his historical play CROMWELL (1827) Hugo wrote that romanticism is the liberalism of literature. Hugo developed his own version of the historical novel, combining concrete, historical details with vivid, melodramatic, even feverish imagination. Among his best-known works are *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *Les Misérables*.

"How came it that this prudent, economical man was also generous? That this chaste adolescent, this model father, grew to be, in his last years, an ageing faun? That this legitimist changed, first into a Bonapartist, only, later still, to be hailed as the grandfather of the Republic? That this pacifist could sing, better than anybody, of the glories of the flags of Wagram? That this bourgeois in the eyes of other bourgeois came to assume the stature of a rebel? These are the questions that every biographer of Victor Hugo must answer." (from *Olympio: The Life of Victor Hugo* by André Maurois, 1954)

Victor Hugo was born in Besançon as the son of a army general, who taught young Victor to admire Napoleon as a hero. After the separation of his parents, he was raised and educated in Paris by his mother, where the family settled when Hugo was two. His mother's lover, General Victor Lahorie, her husband's former Commandin Officer, was executed for plotting against Napoleon in 1812.

From 1815 to 1818 Hugo attended the lycée Louis-le Grand in Paris. He began in early adolescence to write verse tragedies and poetry, and translated Virgil. In 1819 he founded with his brothers a review, the *Conservateur Littéraire*. Inspired by the example of the statesman and author François René Chateaubriand, Hugo published his first collection of poems, ODES ET POÉSIES DIVERSES. It gained him a royal pension from Louis XVIII. As a novelist Hugo made his debut with HAN

D'ISLANDE (1823). The style of Sir Walter Scott labelled several of his works, among them BUG-JARGAL (1826).

In 1822 Hugo married Adèle Foucher (d. 1868), who was the daughter of an officer at the ministry of war. His brother went insane on his wedding day - partly because losing his rivalry for Adele - and spent the rest of his life in an institution. In the 1820s Hugo come in touch with liberal writers, but his political stand wavered from side to side. In 1825 he cursed the memory of Napoleon but a few years later he started to speak of the glory that was bound up to the name of Napoleon. Hugo's foreword for his play CROMWELL (1827), a manifesto for a new drama, started a debate between French Classicism and Romanticism. However, Hugo was not a rebel, and not directly involved in the campaign against the bourgeois, but he influenced deeply the Romantic movement and the formulation of its values in France.

**To sise at six, to dine at ten,
To sup at six, to sleep at ten,
Makes a man live for ten times ten.**
(Inscription over the door of Hugo's study)

Hugo gained a wider fame with his play HERNANI (1830) and with his famous historical work NOTRE-DAME DE PARIS which became an instant success. Since its appearance in 1831 the story has become part of the popular culture. The novel, set in 15th century Paris, tells a moving story of a gypsy girl Esmeralda and the deformed bell ringer, Quasimodo, who loves her. Esmeralda arouses passion in Claude Frollo, an evil priest, who discovers that she favors Captain Phoebus. Frollo stabs the captain and Esmeralda is accused of the crime. Quasimodo attempts to shelter Esmeralda in the cathedral. Frollo finds her and when Frollo is rejected by Esmeralda, he leaves her to the executioners. In his despair Quasimodo catches the priest, throws him from the cathedral tower, and disappears. Later two skeletons are found in Esmeralda's tomb - that of a hunchback embracing that of a woman.

**Où sont-ils, les marins sombrés dans le nuits noires?
O flots, quo vous savez de lugubres histoires!
Flots profonds redoutés des mères à genoux!
Vous vous les racontez en montant les marées,
Et c'est ce qui vous fait ces voix désespérées
Que vous avez le soir quand vous venez vers nous!**
(from 'Oceano nox')

In the 1830s Hugo published several volumes of lyric poetry, which were inspired by Juliette Drouet, an actress with whom Hugo had a liaison until her death in 1882. Hugo's lyrical style was rich, intense and full of powerful sounds and rhythms, and although it followed the bourgeois popular taste of the period it also had bitter personal tones. Among his most ambitious works was an epic poem, 'Et nox facta est,' (And There Was Night), a study of Satan's fall. The poem was never completed. The latin title refers to the biblical lines "and there was light". But when Milton's Satan had in his revolt tragic, cosmic grandeur, Hugo brings forth the feeling terror - the devil is a bat flying from his eternal prison, crying his revenge: "He shall have the blue sky, the black sky is mine."

In his later life Hugo became involved in politics as a supporter of the republican form of government. After three unsuccessful attempts, Hugo was elected in 1841 to the Académie Française. This triumph was shadowed by the death of Hugo's daughter Léopoldine in 1843. In a poem, 'Tomorrow, At Daybreak', written on the fourth anniversary of her death, Hugo depicted his walk to the place where she was buried: "I shall not look on the gold of evening falling / Nor on the sails descending distant towards Harfleur, / And when I come, shall lay upon your grave / A bouquet of green holly and of flowering briar." It took a decade before Hugo published again books. He devoted himself to politics, advocating social justice. After the 1848 revolution, with the formation of the Second Republic, Hugo was elected to the Constitutional Assembly and to the Legislative Assembly.

When the coup d'état by Louis Napoleon (Napoleon III) took place in 1851, Hugo believed his life to be in danger. He fled to Brussels and then to Jersey and Guernsey in the English Channel. In a poem, 'Memory of the Night of the Fourth,' focusing on the overthrown of the Second Republic and the death of a young child, killed by bullets, Hugo wrote about the new emperor: "Ah mother, you don't understand politics. / Monsieur Napoleon, that's his real name, / Is poor and a prince; loves palaces; / Likes to have horses, valets, money / For his gaming, his table, his bedroom, / His hunts, and he maintains / Family, church and society, / He wants Saint-Clod, rose-carpeted in summer, So prefects and mayors can respect him. That's why it has to be this way: old grandmothers / With their poor gray fingers shaking with age / Must sew in winding-sheets children of seven." Hugo's partly voluntary exile lasted 20 years. During this time he wrote at Hauteville House some his best works, including *LES CHÂTIMENTS* (1853) and *Les Misérables* (1862), an epic story about social injustice.

Les Misérables is set in the Parisian underworld. The protagonist, Jean Valjean, is sentenced to prison for 19 years for stealing a loaf of bread. After his release, Valjean plans to rob monseigneur Myriel, a saintlike bishop, but cancels his plan. However, he forfeits his parole by committing a minor crime, and for this crime Valjean is haunted by the police inspector Javert. Valjean eventually reforms and becomes under the name of M. Madeleine a successful businessman, benefactor and mayor of a northern town. To save an innocent man, Valjean gives himself up and is imprisoned in Toulon. He escapes and adopts Cosette, an illegitimate child of a poor woman, Fantine. Cosette grows up and falls in love with Marius, who is wounded during a revolutionary fight. Valjean rescues Marius by means of a flight through the sewers of Paris. Cosette and Marius marries and Valjean reveals his past. - The story has been filmed several times and made into a musical by the composer Claude-Michel Schönberg and the librettist Alain Boublil, opening in 1980 in Paris. The English version was realised in 1985 and the Broadway version followed two years later.

The political upheaval in France and the proclamation of the Third Republic made Hugo return to France. Napoleon III fell from power and in 1870 Hugo witnessed the siege of Paris. During the period of the Paris Commune, Hugo lived in Brussels, from where he was expelled for sheltering defeated revolutionaries. After a short time refuge in Luxemburg, he returned to Paris and was elected senator. - Hugo died in Paris on May 22, 1885. He was given a national funeral, attended by two million people, and buried in the Panthéon.

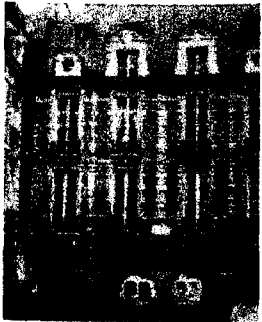
French Biography



Les excentricités du génie de Victor Hugo, jeune, avaient enivré la jeunesse, ennuyée des vieilles rengaines de la restauration. On ne trouvait plus Chateaubriand assez romantique.
George Sand, *Histoire de ma vie*.

La jeunesse:
Je serais Chateaubriand ou rien (1816)

Né à Besançon en 1802 en pleine épopée napoléonienne, Victor Marie Hugo admirait son père qui sera comte et général d'Empire (*mon père, ce héros au sourire si doux*). Ses études dans l'un des meilleurs lycées de Paris (Louis-le-Grand) lui permettent de se faire connaître encore jeune avec son premier recueil de poèmes: *Odes* (1822), pour lequel il obtiendra une pension de Louis XVIII. Il se marie avec Adèle Foucher dont il eut cinq enfants, et qui devra plus tard le partager avec sa maîtresse à vie, Juliette Drouet. Tenté par l'alliance du sabre et du goupillon, comme on définit plus tard cette monarchie, Victor Hugo est peut-être en bonne voie pour devenir Chateaubriand, mais n'est certainement pas encore lui-même.



6 Place des Vosges, Paris
Musée Victor Hugo
*L'honorer aujourd'hui d'un culte, [...]
c'est croire à la force éternelle et triomphante du génie*
Émile Zola, 1885

L'âge adulte: Du Cénacle à la gloire

Victor Hugo, chef de file d'un groupe de jeunes écrivains (le Cénacle), publie sa première pièce de théâtre en vers, *Cromwell* (1827) et affirme des opinions libérales. Y succèdent *les Orientales* (1829). Lors de la "bataille" d'*Hernani*, sa pièce de 1830, il est un porte parole du romantisme et se retrouve aux côtés de Gérard de Nerval et de Théophile Gauthier (si admiré de Baudelaire) contre les tenants d'une tradition classique.

Ce génie, possédé d'une ambition à la hauteur de sa valeur et entièrement dévoué à la cause de l'esprit, conquit les Lettres comme jadis d'autres l'Europe, à un rythme effréné. À son premier roman historique, *Notre-Dame de Paris* (1831) succèdent des pièces dramatiques, *Marion de Lorme* (1831), *Le roi s'amuse* (1832), *Marie Tudor* (1833) et son chef d'oeuvre romantique, *Ruy Blas* (1838); des recueils de poésie, *les Feuilles d'automne* (1831), *les Chants du Crépuscule* (1835), *les Voix intérieures* (1837) et *les Rayons et les ombres* (1840).

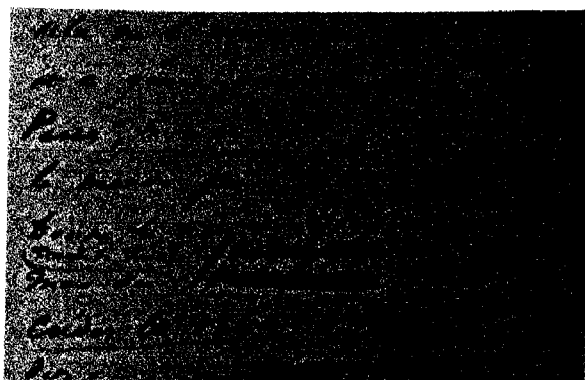


Un château en Espagne
Dessin de Victor Hugo

En retrait des affaires du monde, l'exil et la solitude, surtout aux îles de Jersey et de Guernesey, permettent à ce grand génie de donner sa mesure. Il publie *les Châtiments* (1853), *les Contemplations* [numérisées en deux parties: I pour les trois premiers livres: *Aurore*, *L'Âme en fleur* et *Les Luites et les rêves*, et II pour les trois derniers: *Pauca meae*, *En marche*, *Au bord de l'infini* suivis de *À celle qui est restée en France*] (1856), et avance ainsi insensiblement en âge tout en étant révolté [*Et s'il n'en reste qu'un, je serai celui-là - Châtiments*, VII, 14; *Et mon coeur est soumis, mais n'est pas résigné - Contemplations*, IV, 15].

Manuscrit des *Misérables* de Victor Hugo (1862)

source: Bibliothèque Nationale de France



L'âge d'être grand-père?

Quand la liberté rentrera, je rentrerai.

Guernesey, 1859

À 60 ans, alors que plusieurs n'aspirent qu'à une retraite tranquille, Victor Hugo commence à publier *La Légende des siècles* [première série tome I et tome II] (1859) et, en prose, des romans inoubliables: *les Misérables* (1862), *les Travailleurs de la mer* [tome premier, tome deuxième, tome troisième] (1866), *l'Homme qui rit* (1869).

Un de ces esprits rares et providentiels.

Baudelaire

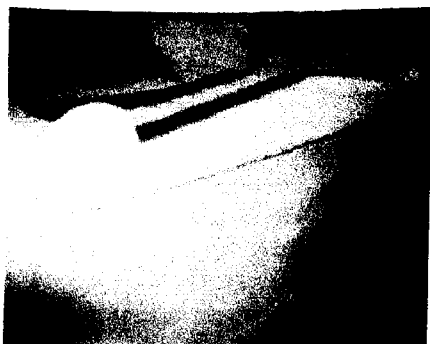
[...] *seul, tranquille et rêveur.*

Le Cid, par Victor Hugo

1877



Élu sénateur en 1876, il trouve encore l'énergie de continuer *la Légende des siècles* jusqu'en 1883 [deuxième série], et de publier des poèmes: *l'Année terrible* (1876) et *l'Art d'être grand-père* (1877). Victor Hugo n'a pas participé à la Commune de Paris (1871), mais écrit en faveur de Louise Michel, l'héroïne qui fut déportée en Nouvelle-Calédonie. Républicain, adulé du peuple, son 80ème anniversaire (1882), qui fut l'objet de réjouissances nationales, préfigura le caractère grandiose de ses funérailles (1885) ainsi que son transfert au Panthéon dont la devise "Aux grands hommes, la Patrie reconnaissante" s'applique si bien à lui et à celui qui partagera sa demeure pour l'éternité: Émile Zola.



Au Panthéon

Émile Zola partage le caveau de Victor Hugo au Panthéon

*L'histoire véridique, l'histoire vraie, l'histoire définitive, [...] tiendra moins compte des grands coups de sabre que des grands coups d'idée. (...) Pythagore sera un plus grand événement que Sésostris. (...) étant donnée, comme résultante, l'augmentation de l'esprit humain, Dante importe plus que Charlemagne, et Shakespeare importe plus que Charles-Quint. Victor Hugo, *William Shakespeare*, 1864.*



241. *L'Expiation*

Victor-Marie Hugo (1802--1885)

I

IL neigeait. On était vaincu par sa conquête.
 Pour la première fois l'aigle baissait la tête.
 Sombres jours! l'empereur revenait lentement,
 Laisant derrière lui brûler Moscou fumant.
 Il neigeait. L'âpre hiver fondait en avalanche.
 Après la plaine blanche une autre plaine blanche.
 On ne connaissait plus les chefs ni le drapeau.
 Hier la grande armée, et maintenant troupeau
 On ne distinguait plus les ailes ni le centre.
 Il neigeait. Les blessés s'abritaient dans le ventre
 Des chevaux morts; au seuil des bivouacs désolés
 On voyait des clairons à leur poste gelés,
 Restés debout, en selle et muets, blancs de givre,
 Collant leur bouche en pierre aux trompettes de
 cuivre.
 Boulets, mitraille, obus, mêlés aux flocons blancs,
 Pleuvaient les grenadiers, surpris d'être
 tremblants,
 Marchaient pensifs, la glace à leur moustache
 grise.
 Il neigeait, il neigeait toujours! La froide bise
 Sifflait; sur le verglas, dans des lieux inconnus,
 On n'avait pas de pain et l'on allait pieds nus.
 Ce n'étaient plus des cœurs vivants, des gens de
 guerre,
 C'était un rêve errant dans la brume, un mystère,
 Une procession d'ombres sur le ciel noir.
 La solitude, vaste, épouvantable à voir,
 Partout apparaissait, muette vengeresse.
 Le ciel faisait sans bruit avec la neige épaisse
 Pour cette immense armée un immense linceul;
 Et, chacun se sentant mourir, on était seul.
 —Sortira-t-on jamais de ce funeste empire?
 Deux ennemis! le czar, le nord. Le nord est pire.
 On jetait les canons pour brûler les affûts.

Qui se couchait, mourait. Groupe morne et
 confus,
 Ils fuyaient; le désert dévorait le cortège.
 On pouvait, à des plis qui soulevaient la neige,
 Voir que des régiments s'étaient endormis là.
 Ô chutes d'Annibal! lendemains d'Attila!
 Fuyards, blessés, mourants, caissons, brancards,
 civières,
 On s'écrasait aux ponts pour passer les rivières,
 On s'endormait dix mille, on se réveillait cent.
 Ney, que suivait naguère une armée, à présent
 S'évadait, disputant sa montre à trois cosaques.
 Toutes les nuits, qui-vive! alerte! assauts!
 attaques!
 Ces fantômes prenaient leur fusil, et sur eux
 Ils voyaient se ruer, effrayants, ténébreux,
 Avec des cris pareils aux voix des vautours
 chauves,
 D'horribles escadrons, tourbillons d'hommes
 fauves,
 Toute une armée ainsi dans la nuit se perdait.
 L'empereur était là, debout, qui regardait.
 Il était comme un arbre en proie à la cognée.
 Sur ce géant, grandeur jusqu'alors épargnée,
 Le malheur, bûcheron sinistre, était monté;
 Et lui, chêne vivant, par la hache insulté,
 Tressaillant sous le spectre aux lugubres
 revanches,
 Il regardait tomber autour de lui ses branches.
 Chefs, soldats, tous mouraient. Chacun avait son
 tour.
 Tandis qu'environnant sa tente avec amour,
 Voyant son ombre aller et venir sur la toile,
 Ceux qui restaient, croyant toujours à son étoile,
 Accusaient le destin de lèse-majesté,
 Lui se sentit soudain dans l'âme épouvanté.
 Stupéfait du désastre et ne sachant que croire,
 L'empereur se tourna vers Dieu; l'homme de
 gloire
 Trembla; Napoléon comprit qu'il expiait
 Quelque chose peut-être, et, livide, inquiet,

Devant ses légions sur la neige semées:
—Est-ce le châtimeut, dit-il, Dieu des armées?—
Alors il s'entendit appeler par son nom
Et quelqu'un qui parlait dans l'ombre lui dit: Non.

II

Comme une onde qui bout dans une urne trop
pleine,
Dans ton cirque de bois, de coteaux, de vallons,
La pâle mort mêlait les sombres bataillons.
D'un côté c'est l'Europe et de l'autre la France.
Choc sanglant! des héros Dieu trompait
l'espérance;
Tu désertais, victoire, et le sort était las.
Ô Waterloo! je pleure et je m'arrête, hélas!
Car ces derniers soldats de la dernière guerre
Furent grands; ils avaient vaincu toute la terre,
Chassé vingt rois, passé les Alpes et le Rhin,
Et leur âme chantait dans les clairons d'airain!

Le soir tombait; la lutte était ardente et noire.
Il avait l'offensive et presque la victoire;
Il tenait Wellington acculé sur un bois.
Sa lunette à la main il observait parfois
Le centre du combat, point obscur où tressaille
La mêlée, effroyable et vivante broussaille,
Et parfois l'horizon, sombre comme la mer.
Soudain, joyeux, il dit: Grouchy!—C'était
Blücher!
L'espoir changea de camp, le combat changea
d'âme,
La mêlée en hurlant grandit comme une flamme.
La batterie anglaise écrasa nos carrés.
La plaine où frissonnaient nos drapeaux déchirés
Ne fut plus, dans les cris des mourants qu'on
égorge,
Qu'un gouffre flamboyant, rouge comme une
forge;
Gouffre où les régiments, comme des pans de
murs,
Tombaient, où se couchaient comme des épis
mûrs
Les hauts tambours-majors aux panaches
énormes,
Où l'on entrevoyait des blessures difformes!
Carnage affreux! moment fatal! L'homme inquiet
Sentit que la bataille entre ses mains pliait.
Derrière un mamelon la garde était massée,
La garde, espoir suprême et suprême pensée!
—Allons! faites donner la garde, cria-t-il,—
Et lanciers, grenadiers aux guêtres de coutil,
Dragons que Rome eût pris pour des légionnaires,
Cuirassiers, canonniers qui traînaient des
tonnerres,

Portant le noir colback ou le casque poli,
Tous, ceux de Friedland et ceux de Rivoli,
Comprenant qu'ils allaient mourir dans cette fête,
Saluèrent leur dieu, debout dans la tempête.
Leur bouche, d'un seul cri, dit: vive l'empereur!
Puis, à pas lents, musique en tête, sans fureur,
Tranquille, souriant à la mitraille anglaise,
La garde impériale entra dans la fournaise.
Hélas! Napoléon, sur sa garde penché,
Regardait; et, sitôt qu'ils avaient débouché
Sous les sombres canons crachant des jets de
soufre,
Voyait, l'un après l'autre, en cet horrible gouffre,
Fondre ces régiments de granit et d'acier,
Comme fond une cire au souffle d'un brasier.
Ils allaient, l'arme au bras, front haut, graves,
stoïques,
Pas un ne recula. Dormez, morts héroïques!
Le reste de l'armée hésitait sur leurs corps
Et regardait mourir la garde.—C'est alors
Qu'élevant tout à coup sa voix désespérée,
La Déroute, géante à la face effarée,
Qui, pâle, épouvantant les plus fiers bataillons,
Changeant subitement les drapeaux en haillons,
A de certains moments, spectre fait de fumées,
Se lève grandissante au milieu des armées,
La Déroute apparut au soldat qui s'émeut,
Et, se tordant les bras, cria: Sauve qui peut!
Sauve qui peut! affront! horreur! toutes les
bouches
Criaient; à travers champs, fous, éperdus,
farouches,
Comme si quelque souffle avait passé sur eux,
Parmi les lourds caissons et les fourgons
poussés,
Roulant dans les fossés, se cachant dans les
seigles,
Jetant shakos, manteaux, fusils, jetant les aigles,
Sous les sabres prussiens, ces vétérans, ô deuil!
Tremblaient, hurlaient, pleuraient, couraient.—En
un clin d'œil,
Comme s'envole au vent une paille enflammée,
S'évanouit ce bruit qui fut la grande armée,
Et cette plaine, hélas, où l'on rêve aujourd'hui,
Vit fuir ceux devant qui l'univers avait fui!
Quarante ans sont passés, et ce coin de la terre,
Waterloo, ce plateau funèbre et solitaire,
Ce champ sinistre où Dieu mêla tant de néants,
Tremble encor d'avoir vu la fuite des géants!
Napoléon les vit s'écouler comme un fleuve;
Hommes, chevaux, tambours, drapeaux; et dans
l'épreuve
Sentant confusément revenir son remords,
Levant les mains au ciel, il dit:—Mes soldats
morts,
Moi vaincu! mon empire est brisé comme verre.
Est-ce le châtimeut cette fois, Dieu sévère?—

Alors parmi les cris, les rumeurs, le canon,
Il entendit la voix qui lui répondait: Non!

III

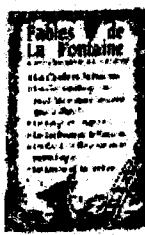
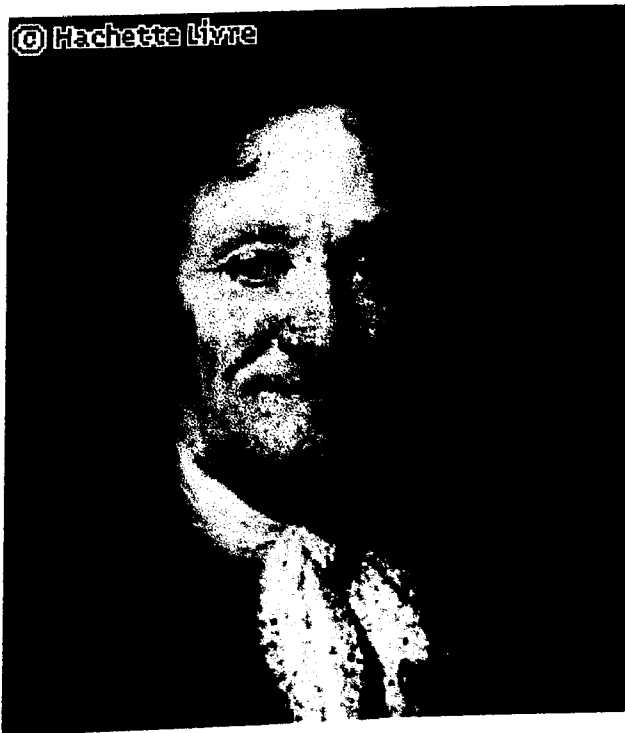
Il croula. Dieu changea la chaîne de l'Europe.

Il est, au fond des mers que la brume enveloppe,
Un roc hideux, débris des antiques volcans.
Le Destin prit des clous, un marteau, des carcans,
Saisit, pâle et vivant, ce voleur du tonnerre,
Et, joyeux, s'en alla sur le pic centenaire
Le clouer, excitant par son rire moqueur
Le vautour Angleterre à lui ronger le cœur.

Évanouissement d'une splendeur immense!
Du soleil qui se lève à la nuit qui commence,
Toujours l'isolement, l'abandon, la prison;
Un soldat rouge au seuil, la mer à l'horizon.
Des rochers nus, des bois affreux, l'ennui,
l'espace,
Des voiles s'enfuyant comme l'espoir qui passe,
Toujours le bruit des flots, toujours le bruit des
vents!
Adieu, tente de pourpre aux panaches mouvants,
Adieu, le cheval blanc que César éperonne!
Plus de tambours battant aux champs, plus de
couronne,
Plus de rois prosternés dans l'ombre avec terreur,
Plus de manteau traînant sur eux, plus
d'empereur!
Napoléon était retombé Bonaparte.
Comme un romain blessé par la flèche du parthe,
Saignant, morne, il songeait à Moscou qui brûla.
Un caporal anglais lui disait: helta-là!
Son fils aux mains des rois, sa femme au bras
d'un autre!
Plus vil que le pourceau qui dans l'égout se
vautre,
Son sénat, qui l'avait adoré, l'insultait.
Au bord des mers, à l'heure où la bise se tait,
Sur les escarpements croulant en noirs décombres,
Il marchait, seul, rêveur, captif des vagues
sombres.
Sur les monts, sur les flots, sur les cieux, triste et
fier,
L'œil encore ébloui des batailles d'hier,
Il laissait sa pensée errer à l'aventure.
Grandeur, gloire, ô néant! calme de la nature!
Les aigles qui passaient ne le connaissaient pas.
Les rois, ses guichetiers, avaient pris un compas
Et l'avaient enfermé dans un cercle inflexible.
Il expirait. La mort de plus en plus visible
Se levait dans sa nuit et croissait à ses yeux,
Comme le froid matin d'un jour mystérieux.
Son âme palpitait, déjà presque échappée.
Un jour enfin il mit sur son lit son épée,

Et se coucha près d'elle, et dit: c'est aujourd'hui!
On jeta le manteau de Marengo sur lui.
Ses batailles du Nil, du Danube, du Tibre,
Se penchaient sur son front; il dit: Me voici libre!
Je suis vainqueur! je vois mes aigles accourir!—
Et, comme il retournait sa tête pour mourir,
Il aperçut, un pied dans la maison déserte,
Hudson Lowe guettant par la porte entr'ouverte.
Alors, géant broyé sous le talon des rois,
Il cria: La mesure est comble cette fois!
Seigneur! c'est maintenant fini! Dieu que
j'implore,
Vous m'avez châtié!—La voix dit:—Pas encore!

Annex 8: La Fontaine



Biographie

Écrivain français (Château-Thierry, 1621 — Paris, 1695).

S'il fuyait toute contrainte sociale, La Fontaine ne faillit jamais à sa vocation littéraire: après la disgrâce de son premier protecteur, Nicolas Fouquet, le poète de Vaux-le-Vicomte cède la place à l'auteur des Contes libertins et au grand fabuliste, qui renouvelle entièrement, par son style enjoué, l'apologue ésope. Imitateur inimitable, prônant par-dessus tout le naturel, il est la figure de l'écrivain classique par excellence.

Celui qu'André Gide qualifiera de «miracle de culture» est un «grand rêveur» pour Tallemant des Réaux. Sa rêverie, qui engendre des distractions, est souvent sœur de la paresse, et parfois de l'ennui. En société, La Fontaine ne sait pas être spirituel sur commande, son esprit et sa conversation s'éteignent sous la contrainte. Cependant, son inertie se conjugue avec beaucoup de hardiesse dans la vie amoureuse et d'énergie dans le travail d'écrivain. Elle s'apparente à une dérobade devant les servitudes du réel. La séduction amoureuse et la création littéraire figurent, pour La Fontaine, parmi les déclinaisons du songe et de la liberté.

Les fausses vocations

Baptisé le 8 juillet 1621, à Château-Thierry, La Fontaine est issu de la moyenne bourgeoisie provinciale. Sa mère, veuve d'un riche négociant, a épousé Charles de La Fontaine, maître des Eaux et Forêts. L'enfant fréquente le collège de sa ville natale. À partir de 1637, il suit vraisemblablement des études de droit à Paris, sans application particulière, avec Antoine Furetière pour principal compagnon d'études et de loisirs. Bien des années plus tard, il sera reçu au barreau et usera, dans un acte de 1649, du titre d'avocat, mais plaidera très peu.

En avril 1641, La Fontaine décide d'entrer à l'Oratoire. Mais, très vite, la régularité et l'austérité de la vie religieuse le rebutent. Après son noviciat, qui aura duré dix-huit mois, il hésite à choisir une carrière, partageant une vie plus ou moins oisive entre Paris et Château-Thierry. En 1647, il épouse une toute jeune fille, richement dotée. Cinq ans plus tard, il acquiert une charge de maître des Eaux et Forêts, qu'il exercera sans enthousiasme. Parallèlement, celui qui s'était soustrait à la rigueur de l'Oratoire refuse les contraintes de la vie conjugale: les deux époux se sépareront à l'amiable.

Les premières muses

Étudiant, La Fontaine avait bien rimailé un peu, mais la nécessité de la littérature ne s'était pas encore imposée à lui. Sa vocation poétique aurait éclos à l'écoute d'une ode de Malherbe; son apprentissage littéraire passe par la poésie héroïque d'Ovide et par la découverte d'Horace. En 1645-1646, il assiste aux réunions de la «Table ronde», sorte d'académie où se retrouvent, autour du vieux Mainard, de jeunes poètes comme Furetière ou Pellisson. Ces premiers critiques de La Fontaine l'introduisent dans la république des lettres.

Sa première œuvre publiée (1654), une adaptation en vers de l'Eunuque de Térence, est un échec complet. La Fontaine en connaît d'autres: bien plus tard, il écrira pour la scène deux livrets d'opéra, Daphné (1674), commandé par Lully et refusé au profit d'un livret de Quinault, et Astrée (1691), qui ne sera représenté que six fois. Le dramaturge malheureux laissera au fabuliste le soin de faire dialoguer hommes et animaux.

Les protecteurs de La Fontaine

En 1658, La Fontaine offre au surintendant des Finances Nicolas Fouquet le manuscrit d'Adonis, idylle où la veine galante et les thèmes précieux se mêlent à la poésie héroïque. Un an plus tard, il est

pensionné par le mécène de Vaux-le-Vicomte. En retour, il lui doit une «pension poétique»: sonnets, ballades et autres madrigaux. Il commence le *Songe de Vaux*, flânerie poétique à travers les «merveilles» du château, qui restera à l'état de fragments. En 1661, le surintendant est arrêté et emprisonné. La Fontaine, qui ne se départira jamais de sa fidélité envers le ministre déchu, prend courageusement sa défense dans une *Élégie aux nymphes de Vaux* (1661) et une *Ode au roi* (1663). Aussi, alors que Le Brun, Le Vau et Le Nôtre, eux aussi anciens protégés de Fouquet, œuvreront pour la plus grande gloire du Roi-Soleil, toute la carrière de La Fontaine sera marquée par une constante désaffection royale. Le poète est exilé quelque temps à Limoges (six lettres envoyées à sa femme forment une savoureuse relation de ce *Voyage en Limousin*). Sans emploi et sans protecteur, c'est seulement en juillet 1664 qu'il parvient à entrer au service de la duchesse douairière d'Orléans, au palais du Luxembourg. Délivré des soucis matériels, il peut à nouveau exercer un talent aiguisé à Vaux, où il a expérimenté avec bonheur le mélange des styles et des genres.

L'art du conteur

En décembre 1664, La Fontaine fait paraître, en vers irréguliers (prélude à ceux des *Fables*), une adaptation de *Joconde de l'Arioste*, ainsi qu'une nouvelle imitée de Boccace, *le Cocu battu et content*, composée dans un mètre uniforme (décasyllabe) et écrite en «vieux langage» marotique. Le succès est indéniable. Et puisque les deux formules sont également appréciées du public, le conteur les mènera de compagnie. Continuant à prendre de grandes libertés avec ses modèles, La Fontaine mêle galantes badineries, grivoiseries joyeuses et naïveté du style archaïsant. S'ils peuvent apparaître aujourd'hui un peu trop répétitifs, ses *Contes* séduisent alors, même s'ils bravent la décence, ce dont il s'explique dans sa préface. Certes, l'épouse est toujours émancipée, le mari stupide ou complaisant, l'amant comblé, mais ces figures sont conventionnelles. Toutes les situations scabreuses des *Contes* sont inhérentes au genre, autorisées par la tradition. Et leur auteur déclare: «Ce n'est ni le vrai ni le vraisemblable qui font la beauté et la grâce de ces choses-ci; c'est seulement la manière de les conter.» Cette manière est fondée sur la suggestion et le non-dit, toute trivialité de langage en est exclue. La Fontaine, selon le mot de Perrault, parle «honnêtement des choses déshonnêtes». Toutefois, le conteur gravit bientôt un degré dans la licence, en généralisant la présence des moines paillards et des nonnes dévergondées. Il s'engage cette fois dans une satire du clergé et prend parti – à sa façon, non sans malice – dans la querelle suscitée par le *Tartuffe* de Molière, cible des dévots. Les *Nouveaux Contes* seront publiés en 1674, sans privilège ni permission.

Les divers recueils de *Contes* s'échelonnent sur dix ans (1664-1674), au cours desquels La Fontaine s'adonne également à d'autres genres. Un premier recueil de *Fables* (1668) est suivi des *Amours de Psyché* et de *Cupidon* (1669), à la fois roman pastoral et conte merveilleux, en prose mêlée de vers; mais aussi, plus paradoxalement, il publie divers écrits d'inspiration janséniste, comme ceux du *Recueil de poésies chrétiennes et diverses* (1671) et du *Poème de la captivité de saint Malc* (1673): l'œuvre de La Fontaine ne se laisse réduire à aucun schéma.

Instruire et plaire

Auréolé, en 1666, par le succès des *Contes*, il choisit d'illustrer un genre didactique bien moral, dont les enfants apparaissent, par tradition, comme le public naturel. Les *Fables* font théoriquement partie de la collection d'ouvrages destinés à l'éducation du Dauphin (ad usum Delphini). En témoignent la dédicace – toute symbolique – du recueil de 1668 au fils aîné de Louis XIV, alors âgé de sept ans, et de fait, ainsi que le retour à l'esprit canonique du genre avec celle de 1693 au duc de Bourgogne. Et de fait, jusqu'à La Fontaine, lorsqu'elle ne vient pas enrichir le patrimoine érudit ou servir d'appui à l'éloquence de l'avocat, la fable relève des exercices de rhétorique, où les collégiens apprennent à rivaliser avec Ésope et avec l'un de ses imitateurs, le fabuliste latin Phèdre. La fable de La Fontaine, au contraire, ne sent plus son collègue et accède en même temps au rang de genre poétique. Elle s'adresse à l'«honnête homme», amateur à la fois de littérature morale et de conversations spirituelles. Avant leur publication, La Fontaine fait souvent circuler ses fables dans des cercles mondains. À partir de 1673, quelque temps après la mort de la duchesse d'Orléans, il s'établit chez Mme de La Sablière, qui reçoit

des hommes de lettres et des esprits libres comme le voyageur Bernier, disciple de Gassendi. Les recueils de 1678-1679 ne seront pas dédiés à un enfant, mais à Mme de Montespan. Le fabuliste continue à puiser ses sujets dans toute la «matière» ésopeque, s'inspirant surtout d'Ésope et de Phèdre, mais également du brahmane hindou Bidpay, personnage semi-légitime qui aurait vécu au III^e siècle et auquel on attribue un recueil en sanskrit, dont une version française est publiée en 1644. Sa fable gagne en envergure, achève de se constituer en nouveau genre, fragment d'une «ample comédie à cent actes divers / Et dont la scène est l'univers».

Le style

Les pièces des divers recueils présentent généralement les deux composantes de l'apologue ésopeque: un récit et une moralité. Certaines d'entre elles gardent aussi, dans leur structure, quelques traces de l'emblème humaniste. Mais l'ensemble se caractérise par le dépassement de tous les cadres rigides. De subtiles modulations président à l'extrême diversité des Fables. La Fontaine varie à l'infini la place et l'expression de la moralité: ici implicite, là commune à deux récits, ailleurs dévolue à un personnage. Il manie le vers libre avec une invention sans cesse renouvelée, déploie un art consommé de la narration, multiplie les dialogues entre les protagonistes, parseme ses récits de touches descriptives, pratiquant à merveille l'«amplification» à partir d'un ou de plusieurs canevas entrelacés. Les animaux sont affublés de noms et surnoms, de grades et de titres de noblesse. Les silhouettes sont croquées d'un trait de plume (le héron «au long bec, emmanché d'un long cou»); le caractère d'un personnage est rendu par une image, une expression (le chat tartuffe, «un saint homme de chat»). Et combien de notations poétiques recréent les êtres et les éléments (les pigeons appartiennent à cette nation «au col changeant, au cœur tendre et fidèle», les roseaux naissent «sur les humides bords des royaumes du vent»). Ce qui fait l'unité des Fables, c'est la gaieté qui parcourt toute l'œuvre, ce mélange d'ironie et de naturel où l'on entend, reconnaissable entre toutes, la voix flexible de La Fontaine, gaieté grâce à laquelle aucune œuvre n'illustre mieux le précepte classique: «instruire et plaire».

La morale

Quelle pensée morale, philosophique ou politique se dégage des Fables? Il ne faut pas y chercher une vision d'ensemble, correspondant à un dessein de l'auteur. Mais on peut, à travers sa méditation multiforme, et souvent impromptue, retrouver chez La Fontaine des attitudes permanentes. Il ne remet pas en cause le régime de la monarchie et préconise, en politique extérieure, la recherche de la paix. Il s'élève contre les superstitions, prend position dans le débat sur l'âme des bêtes en réfutant la thèse cartésienne des animaux-machines et se fait l'écho d'un épicurisme mesuré. L'ami des bêtes, le légendaire «bonhomme», désigne ses ennemis jurés: les pédants de collège et les courtisans. Il livre souvent le spectacle d'un univers cruel, où les agneaux sont mangés par les loups. Lucide, il se contente de prodiguer des conseils de bon sens, une morale pratique faite surtout de prévoyance face aux dangers des voyages ou de l'ambition. Mais il faut aussi prêter l'oreille à ses confidences et l'écouter vanter les bienfaits de l'amitié (les Deux Amis) ou de la solitude (le Songe d'un habitant du Mogol). Là réside sans doute la leçon ultime de l'œuvre.

Élu à l'Académie en 1683, La Fontaine attendra plus de cinq mois pour y être reçu, Louis XIV ayant fait dépendre son approbation de l'élection préalable de son historiographe Boileau. Lorsque la querelle des Anciens et des Modernes éclate (1687), son Épître à Huet le montre partisan modéré des Anciens. À la mort de Mme de La Sablière (1693), La Fontaine sera accueilli par un couple d'amis, les d'Hervart. Il revient à la religion: quand, le 13 avril 1695, mourra celui qui aura été toute sa vie «Volage en vers comme en amours», on trouvera sur lui un cilice.

Son nom demeure surtout attaché aux Fables. Dès le XVII^e siècle, elles sont étudiées dans les collèges. Elles auront, à la suite de Chauveau, une longue lignée d'illustrateurs où l'on compte Oudry, Grandville, Doré, Foujita et Chagall.

Le Lièvre et la Tortue

Rien ne sert de courir ; il faut partir à point.
Le Lièvre et la Tortue en sont un témoignage.
Gageons, dit celle-ci, que vous n'atteindrez point
Sitôt que moi ce but. - Sitôt ? Etes-vous sage ?
Repartit l'animal léger.
Ma commère, il vous faut purger
Avec quatre grains d'ellébore.
- Sage ou non, je parie encore.
Ainsi fut fait : et de tous deux
On mit près du but les enjeux :
Savoir quoi, ce n'est pas l'affaire,
Ni de quel juge l'on convint.
Notre Lièvre n'avait que quatre pas à faire ;
J'entends de ceux qu'il fait lorsque prêt d'être atteint
Il s'éloigne des chiens, les renvoie aux Calendes,
Et leur fait arpenter les landes.
Ayant, dis-je, du temps de reste pour brouter,
Pour dormir, et pour écouter
D'où vient le vent, il laisse la Tortue
Aller son train de Sénateur.
Elle part, elle s'évertue ;
Elle se hâte avec lenteur.
Lui cependant méprise une telle victoire,
Tient la gageure à peu de gloire,
Croit qu'il y va de son honneur
De partir tard. Il broute, il se repose,
Il s'amuse à toute autre chose
Qu'à la gageure. A la fin quand il vit
Que l'autre touchait presque au bout de la carrière,
Il partit comme un trait ; mais les élans qu'il fit
Furent vains : la Tortue arriva la première.
Eh bien ! lui cria-t-elle, avais-je pas raison ?
De quoi vous sert votre vitesse ?
Moi, l'emporter ! et que serait-ce
Si vous portiez une maison ?

Le Lion et le Rat

Il faut, autant qu'on peut, obliger tout le monde :
On a souvent besoin d'un plus petit que soi.
De cette vérité deux Fables feront foi,
Tant la chose en preuves abonde.
Entre les pattes d'un Lion
Un Rat sortit de terre assez à l'étourdie.
Le Roi des animaux, en cette occasion,
Montra ce qu'il était, et lui donna la vie.
Ce bienfait ne fut pas perdu.
Quelqu'un aurait-il jamais cru
Qu'un Lion d'un Rat eût affaire ?
Cependant il advint qu'au sortir des forêts
Ce Lion fut pris dans des rets,
Dont ses rugissements ne le purent défaire.
Sire Rat accourut, et fit tant par ses dents
Qu'une maille rongée emporta tout l'ouvrage.
Patience et longueur de temps
Font plus que force ni que rage.

Le Singe et le Dauphin

C'était chez les Grecs un usage
Que sur la mer tous voyageurs
Menaient avec eux en voyage
Singes et Chiens de Bateleurs.
Un Navire en cet équipage
Non loin d'Athènes fit naufrage,
Sans les Dauphins tout eût péri.
Cet animal est fort ami
De notre espèce : en son histoire
Pline le dit, il le faut croire.
Il sauva donc tout ce qu'il put.
Même un Singe en cette occurrence,
Profitant de la ressemblance,
Lui pensa devoir son salut.
Un Dauphin le prit pour un homme,
Et sur son dos le fit asseoir
Si gravement qu'on eût cru voir
Ce chanteur que tant on renomme.
Le Dauphin l'allait mettre à bord,
Quand, par hasard, il lui demande :
"Êtes-vous d'Athènes la grande ?
- Oui, dit l'autre ; on m'y connaît fort :
S'il vous y survient quelque affaire,
Employez-moi ; car mes parents
Y tiennent tous les premiers rangs :
Un mien cousin est Juge-Maire. "
Le Dauphin dit : "Bien grand merci :
Et le Pirée a part aussi
A l'honneur de votre présence ?
Vous le voyez souvent ? je pense.
- Tous les jours : il est mon ami,
C'est une vieille connaissance."
Notre Magot prit, pour ce coup,
Le nom d'un port pour un nom d'homme.
De telles gens il est beaucoup
Qui prendraient Vaugirard pour Rome,
Et qui, caquetants au plus dru,
Parlent de tout, et n'ont rien vu.
Le Dauphin rit, tourne la tête,
Et, le Magot considéré,
Il s'aperçoit qu'il n'a tiré
Du fond des eaux rien qu'une bête.
Il l'y replonge, et va trouver
Quelque homme afin de le sauver

Annex 9: Caricatures

André Alerme



(Le Cadeau de César, p. 8)

Barbe Rouge



Barbe Rouge est une série de bande dessinée par Charlier et Hubinon, qui relate les aventures du pirate Barbe-Rouge au temps des flibustiers.

Cette grande bande dessinée d'aventure invite son lecteur à embarquer à bord du *Faucon noir*, le vaisseau du pirate Barbe-Rouge qui, sous le surnom de Démon des Caraïbes, sème la terreur sur les sept mers au temps de la flibuste. Au cours d'un combat sanglant, Barbe-Rouge épargne un jeune garçon qu'il adopte et baptise *Éric*. Il compte bien en faire un pirate, mais le garçon est plus que réticent. Pour ne pas perdre l'affection de ce fils adoptif, le Démon des Caraïbes se met de temps en temps au service du roi de France pour combattre ses ennemis espagnols et anglais. Toujours accompagné de *Baba*, le géant noir, et de *Triple Patte*, l'unijambiste, les deux héros passent d'un océan à un autre afin de se battre pour la bonne cause, mais aussi pour découvrir des trésors ou secourir de belles captives.

Victor Hubinon possède un trait efficace qui donne une vigueur cinématographique aux scénarios de ce maître du genre qu'est *Jean-Michel Charlier*. Publiée par *Pilote* dès son premier numéro en 1959, cette série paraît ensuite directement sous forme d'albums et passe dans le magazine *Super As* en 1979 et 1980. À la mort de Hubinon en 1979, et jusqu'en 1982, le dessin est repris par *Jijé* et *Laurent Gillain* qui signe *Lorg*. Lorsque *Jijé* disparaît à son tour, il est remplacé par deux dessinateurs qui, cas unique dans l'histoire de la bd franco-belge, travaillent chacun sur leur album : *Christian Gaty*, dont la manière reste fidèle à celle de *Jijé*, et *Patrice Pellerin*, plus proche de *Giraud*. Les albums sont édités par *Novedi* depuis 1979.

Les Beatles



(Astérix chez les Bretons, p. 19)

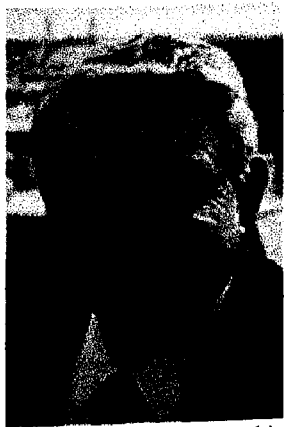
Bernard Blier



(L'odyssée d'Astérix, p. 16)

(Buenos Aires 1916 - Saint-Cloud 1989), acteur français. Il débute au théâtre avant d'entamer au cinéma une carrière riche en rôles de composition : *Entrée des artistes* (M. Allégret, 1938), *Le jour se lève* (M. Carné, 1939). (L'odyssée d'Astérix, p. 16)

Gérard Calvi



(Astérix en Hispanie, p. 44)

Compositeur, notamment de la musique des dessins animés "Astérix le Gaulois", "Astérix et Cléopâtre" et "Les 12 travaux d'Astérix". Gérard Calvi est né en 1922. Il est issu d'une grande famille de musiciens, son père étant le violoniste Robert Krettly, fondateur du quatuor Krettly qui a créé de nombreuses œuvres de Debussy, Honegger, Fauré, Varèse...

A treize ans, il entre au Conservatoire de Paris qui abritait alors la musique et l'art dramatique et compose sa première musique de scène pour une représentation d'*Amphitryon* de Molière. Il obtient en 1945 le premier Grand Prix de Rome de Composition de l'Institut de France.

Il rencontre, à cette époque, ceux qui allaient devenir les célèbres Branquignols. Gérard Calvi composera, par la suite, la musique de tous les spectacles de Robert Dhéry (*Dugudu, Les Belles Bacchantes, Jupon vole, La plume de ma tante*).

Ils obtiennent en 1960, à Broadway, le prix du meilleur spectacle musical pour "*La plume de ma tante*".

Gérard Calvi a écrit un grand nombre d'œuvres symphoniques, de musiques de chambre, de pièces pour soliste, mais aussi des musiques de scènes, de films, de ballets et d'émissions pour la télévision.

Il compose de nombreuses chansons dont certaines deviendront des succès internationaux comme *Le Prisonnier de la Tour*, écrit pour Edith Piaf ou encore *One of these songs* interprété par Franck Sinatra, Liza Minelli et Trini Lopez.

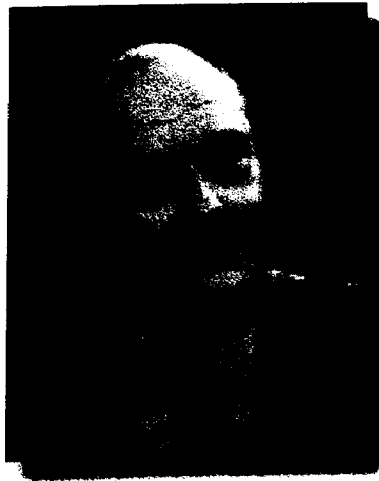
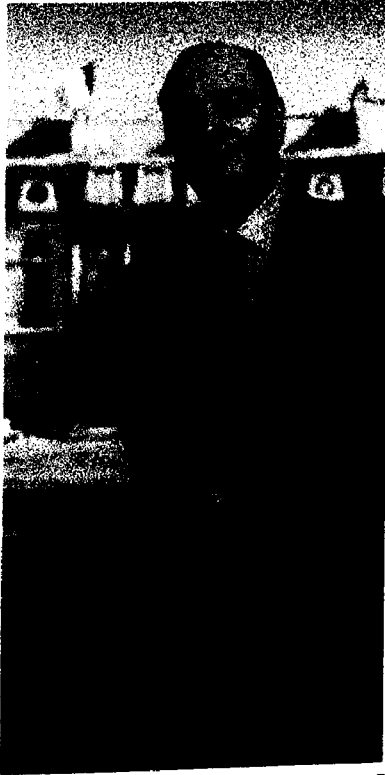
Après *Le Tableau*, opéra bouffe écrit avec Eugène Ionesco, Gérard Calvi décide de mettre en musique *La Cantatrice Chauve* en 1995, un ouvrage dit de théâtre musical et d'une durée de deux heures.

Gérard Calvi est membre de la SACEM depuis 1941, élu au conseil d'administration depuis 1973 et il en a assuré la présidence, en alternance, par mandat de deux ans, de 1978 à 1996.

Il est aujourd'hui Président d'honneur de la SACEM.

Gérard Calvi est également membre de la SACD, Président d'honneur du Comité National de la Musique à l'UNESCO, Officier de la Légion d'Honneur et Officier des Arts et des Lettres.

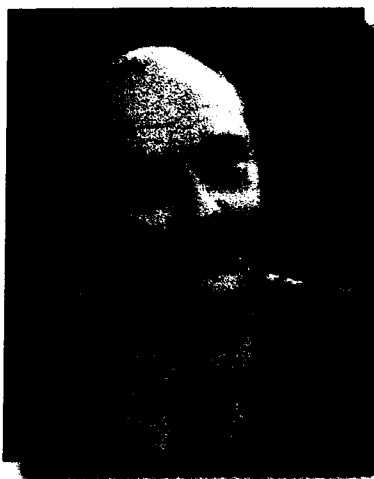
Jacques Chirac



(Obélix et Co., p. 12)

(Paris, 1932), homme politique français, Premier ministre (1974-1976), président du RPR (1976-1994), maire de Paris (1977-1995), il est de nouveau Premier ministre de 1986 à 1988, appelé à diriger, sous la présidence de F. Mitterrand, le premier gouvernement de cohabitation de la Vème république. Elu président de la République en 1995, il cohabite depuis 1997 avec un gouvernement de gauche.

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Sean Connery



(L'odyssée d'Astérix, p. 7)

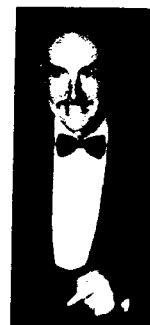
Né à Edimburgh, en écosse, le 25 août 1930, Sean Connery, après de brèves études, s'exerce à trente-six métiers : chauffeur-livreur, maçon, vernisseur de cercueil et même garde du corps. Il monte sur les planches au début des années cinquante. Travaillant avec passion les rôles les plus divers il fait de furtifs débuts au cinéma en 1956. Il remporte en 1961 le concours organisé par le "London Express" pour découvrir l'acteur le plus apte à incarner James Bond, le héros de Ian Fleming. C'est le début de sa prestigieuse carrière de vedette internationale. Son rôle d'agent secret (qu'il tiendra dans sept films de la série) lui confère le titre de "vedette la plus célèbre du monde". Ses cachets sont en proportion : on dit qu'il a touché plus de 15 millions de dollars pour la série. (Rappelons que le colossal cachet de Marlon Brando pour LE PARRAIN se montait à 10 millions de dollars). Sean Connery a eu le privilège d'être dirigé par quelques grands cinéastes comme Hitchcock, Huston, Boorman, Lumet...



Le tournant des années 80 est une période particulièrement productive dans la carrière de Sean Connery. Il passe ainsi du récit de hold-up (LA GRANDE ATTAQUE DU TRAIN D'OR) au film-catastrophe (METEOR) et à l'aventure matinée de satire politique (CUBA). OUTLAND, que l'on a qualifié à juste titre de remake spatial et futuriste du TRAIN SIFFLERA TROIS FOIS, le montre enquêtant sur une lointaine planète. On le voit également en Roi Agamemnon dans le délirant BANDITS, BANDITS, en journaliste dans MEURTRES EN DIRECT et en alpiniste dans CINQ JOURS CE PRINTEMPS-Là. Après LES DIAMANTS SONT éTERNELS, en 1971, il avait juré ses grands dieux qu'on ne le reverrait plus dans le rôle de James Bond. Or, le revoilà en Agent 007 dans JAMAIS

PLUS JAMAIS (titre ironique imaginé par son épouse) à la grande satisfaction des spectateurs déçus par son remplaçant Roger Moore. à partir du milieu des années 80, il tourne moins, mais ses rôles,

choisis avec discernement, renforcent encore son immense notoriété. Sous la bure du moine Guillaume de Baskerville ou l'uniforme de lieutenant-colonel, il mène de subtiles enquêtes dans LE NOM DE LA ROSE et PRESIDIO. De personnages en apparence secondaires, il sait admirablement tirer parti et en fait les ressorts indispensables de l'histoire, qu'il s'agisse de Juan Ramirez Sanchez le mentor de Christophe Lambert dans les deux HIGHLANDER, de Jim Malone, le partenaire d'Eliot Ness / Kevin Costner dans LES INCORRUPTIBLES ou du père d'Indiana Jones dans le troisième opus de la célèbre saga de Steven Spielberg. Dans LA POURSUITE D'OCTOBRE ROUGE, le rôle le plus convoité était non pas Jack Ryan, l'expert de la C.I.A., mais Marko Ramius, le commandant du sous marin soviétique. Après que Harrison Ford n'ait pu l'obtenir et que Klaus Maria Brandauer se fût désisté, Connery s'empressa d'occuper le siège vacant, faisant de ce personnage sage, rusé et rompu à toutes les stratégies de la guerre froide, une fascinante création. La même année, avec LA MAISON RUSSIE, il devenait le «kremlinologue numéro un» du cinéma. Après une apparition-gag (non créditée) en Roi Richard dans ROBIN DES BOIS, PRINCE DES VOLEURS, il se lance dans l'aventure de MEDICINE MAN. Le tournage en pleine jungle mexicaine, avec une partenaire (Lorraine Bracco) qu'il n'apprécie pas, lui laisse un mauvais souvenir. Dès l'année suivante, toutefois, il fait son grand retour en policier féru de culture japonaise dans SOLEIL LEVANT, où il forme avec son impétueux disciple Wesley Snipes un tandem mémorable. Outre le prix de la British Academy pour LE NOM DE LA ROSE ainsi qu'un Oscar du Meilleur Second Rôle Masculin et un Golden Globe pour LES INCORRUPTIBLES, il a reçu un Lifetime Achievement Tribute Award et un American Cinematheque Award pour l'ensemble de sa carrière.



Annie Cordy



(Asterix chez les Belges, p. 21)

Chanteuse de variété belge, devenue ensuite comédienne dans des téléfilms.

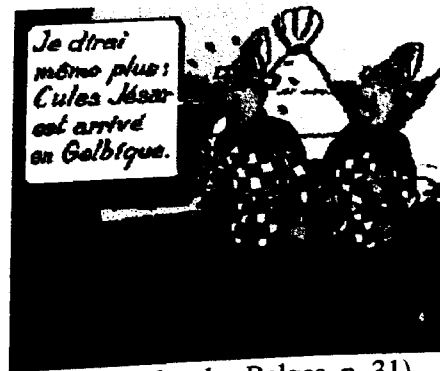
Kirk Douglas



(La galère d'Obélix, p. 7)

Kirk Douglas (*Amsterdam, Etat de New York, 1916*), acteur américain. Il a joué des héros vulnérables, obstinés et tragiques (*le Gouffre aux chimères*, B. Wilder, 1951 ; *la Vie passionnée de Vincent Van Gogh*, V. Minelli, 1956 ; *le Reptile*, J. Mankiewicz, 1970).

Dupond et Dupont



(Asterix chez les Belges, p. 31)

Ce duo de détectives balourds fait partie des personnages des aventures de *Tintin* et *Milou*, bande dessinée créée par Hergé (1907-1983). Ils utilisent un langage à base de répétitions et de contrepèteries.

Frankenstein



(Astérix chez Rhazade, p. 19)

Georges Fronval



(Astérix gladiateur, p. 5)

Jean Gabin



(L'odyssée d'Astérix, p. 35)

Jean Gabin - de son véritable nom Jean Alexis Gabin Moncorgé - est né le 17 mai 1904 à Paris, 23, boulevard Rochechouart entouré de ses six frères et soeurs. Il est le fils de Joseph Gabin et d'Hélène Petit, chanteurs de café-concert. C'est sa soeur Madeleine qui l'élève à Mériel, dans l'Oise.

Annexes

A l'âge de quatorze ans, Jean qui voulait être conducteur de locomotive, se brouille avec son père qui rêvait de voir son fils suivre sa trace. Il exerce différents métiers : cimentier, magasinier ou vendeur de journaux. Réconcilié avec son père, celui-ci le fait entrer comme figurant aux "Folies Bergères".

Après son service militaire dans la Marine, il devient "doublure" aux "Bouffes-Parisiens" et, prenant goût au spectacle, parcourt la France, de 1925 à 1927, avec un tour de chant. Mistinguett le remarque et le fait engager au "Moulin-Rouge". Il crée deux opérettes aux "Bouffes-Parisiens". En 1928, il est l'interprète de deux courts sketches sonorisés avec le comique Dandy : OHE! LES VALISES et LES LIONS. Et, alors que le "parlant" se lance dans l'opérette et la comédie de boulevard, il débute, en 1930, officiellement au cinéma, avec CHACUN SA CHANCE (René Pujol, 1930), aux côtés de Gaby Basset qui deviendra sa femme.

De 1931 à 1933, Jean Gabin joue les amoureux naïfs et "pousse la chansonnette". Marqué par sa vie d'ouvrier, il en a gardé la rudesse et le langage. Il n'appréciera jamais la parade ni le monde. Derrière l'acteur se profile un personnage. C'est grâce à des hommes comme Julien Duvivier (LA BANDERA, 1935), Jean Renoir (LES BAS-FONDS, 1936), Marcel Carné (QUAI DES BRUMES, 1938) et Jacques Prévert pour les dialogues, que Jean Gabin trouvera sa consécration.



Ainsi naît ce personnage que le critique André Bazin appelait "le héros tragique du cinéma contemporain". Prolétaire, déclassé ou déserteur, il cristallisait à l'écran tous les espoirs et toutes les luttes de cette époque. C'est aussi la première grande époque de Gabin, à laquelle, brutalement, la guerre va mettre fin. Mobilisé dans la marine, à Cherbourg, le 2 septembre 1939, Jean Gabin, après avoir obtenu une permission exceptionnelle pour terminer REMORQUES (Jean Grémillon, 1939), quitte la France pour les Etats-Unis où il tourne deux films, MOONTIDE (Mayo, 1942) et THE

IMPOSTOR (Julien Duvivier, 1943) à la gloire des Forces françaises libres. Engagé dans les Forces Navales Françaises Libres en 1943, il fait partie de la Division Leclerc en 1944 et se retrouve démobilisé en 1945, avec la Médaille Militaire et la Croix de Guerre.

Pour son retour sur les écrans français, Jacques Prévert et Marcel Carné lui écrivent un rôle dans LES PORTES DE LA NUIT, aux côtés de Marlène Dietrich (ils tourneront ensemble MARTIN ROUMAGNAC de Georges Lacombe) ; mais le projet n'aboutira pas et c'est Yves Montand et Nathalie Nattier qui en seront les vedettes.

En 1949, Jean Gabin crée, avec succès, une pièce d'Henry Bernstein "La Soif". Le mythe de l'"homme traqué", s'estompe en même temps que le comédien s'affirme et compose, avec la même vigueur de caractère, des types très différents : ouvrier dans LA NUIT EST MON ROYAUME (Georges Lacombe, 1951) ; paysan dans LE PLAISIR (Max Ophüls, 1951); industriel dans LA VERITE SUR BEBE DONGE (Henri Decoin, 1951); le Maréchal Lannes dans NAPOLEON (Sacha Guitry, 1954) ou médecin dans LE CAS DU DOCTEUR LAURENT (Jean-Paul Le Chanois, 1956). Mais c'est grâce à sa création du gangster désabusé de TOUCHEZ PAS AU GRISBI (Jacques Becker, 1953) que Jean Gabin entamera une seconde carrière, retrouvant Jean Renoir (FRENCH CANCAN, 1954) et Marcel Carné (L'AIR DE PARIS, 1954).

Jean Graton



(La serpe d'or, p. 10)

Jean Graton est né à Nantes le 10 Août 1923. Le père de Jean Graton était commissaire au Club Motocycliste Nantais et organisait des courses régionales. Il emmena aussi son fils très tôt aux 24 heures du Mans. Très vite forcé de se débrouiller seul (à 11 ans, il perd sa mère, à 16 ans son père est fait prisonnier par les Allemands), il entre au chantier naval. Dans des conditions éprouvantes, Jean Graton passe un CAP d'ajusteur.

"Le fait de travailler en usine, sous les ordres d'un con, dans une espèce de kibboutz, d'être obligé de faire tout ce qu'on déteste, de se faire engueuler, tout cela m'a donné un objectif : dans la vie, je ferai ce dont j'ai envie, quitte à prendre des risques"

Graton quitte le chantier et Nantes en 1947, et débarque à Bruxelles, avec, en poche, un crayon bien taillé et, en tête, de vastes ambitions. Ambitions qui n'allaient d'abord se satisfaire que dans la réalisation de dessins publicitaires, à la petite semaine, durant deux ans. Puis, Jean Graton est engagé au journal "Les Sports" jusqu'en 1952.

Puis, il se présente un Vendredi 13 au journal Spirou et Jean-Michel Charlier lui propose de faire de la bande dessinée. Jean Graton le dit lui-même : il est tombé à bonne école, celle où l'on apprend que rien ne se réalise sans un travail acharné. Entre 1952 et 1954, il débute dans le 9e Art avec quelques Belles Histoires de "l'Oncle Paul" dans le magazine Spirou, qui ont trait, pour la plupart, aux aventures de corsaires. Il effectue par la suite sa carrière dans Tintin où il publie sa première histoire courte en 1953 sur un sujet sportif (La Première Ronde). Il réalise également toute une série de récits complets se déroulant dans le milieu sportif et dont quelques-uns seront même repris dans l'ouvrage album intitulé "Ca c'est du sport !" paru au Lombard en 1957. Parallèlement, il lui arrive de collaborer, de temps en temps, au magazine Line. Il crée son propre héros le 7 février 1957 et lui trouve un nom digne des héros de son époque : Vaillant ! Et comme par hasard, ce jour là, il regarde par la fenêtre et voit ses voisins s'affairant sur des motos... Le plus jeune fils de ses voisins s'appelait Michel... Et hop ! Michel Vaillant ! En 1957 donc, Michel Vaillant fait son apparition pour de courts récits de huit planches dans le journal Tintin bientôt suivis début 1959 du première album complet : "Le Grand Défi".

En 1966, il dessine les aventures des "Labourdet" qui paraissent dans "Chez Nous Junior". Mais le plus important cette année là, c'est la projection à la télévision d'une série de treize épisodes des aventures de Michel Vaillant. Tournée lors de vraies courses, la série fut un véritable succès. C'est le champion de formule 3 Henry Grandsire qui tint le rôle de ce super héros. Une écurie de course fut même créée sur une idée d'Alain Dex, un pilote belge. Présente en Formule 2 avec Claude Bourgoignie et Bernard de Dryver et en Formule 3 avec Pierre Dieudonné et Hervé Regout elle remporte à l'époque de nombreux succès

En 1976, Jean Graton crée une nouvelle héroïne : Julie Wood, championne de moto de son état. Après quelques courses en solo (parues en albums chez Dargaud, puis aux éditions Fleurus), Julie Wood rejoint Michel Vaillant et Steve Warson dans l'épisode Paris-Dakar.

En 1982, il fonde sa propre société, "Graton Editeur".

En 1995, il lance avec son fils Philippe les "Dossiers Michel Vaillant".

Très bon dessinateur réaliste, Jean Graton doit son succès au dynamisme de ses histoires et à une documentation poussée à l'extrême. Tout cela ajouté à un graphisme exceptionnel surtout dans le dessin des voitures font de lui un des maîtres incontestés de la BD sportive.

Charles Laughton



(La serpe d'or, p. 20)

(Scarborough, 1899 - Hollywood, 1962), acteur britannique naturalisé américain. Grand acteur de théâtre, monstre sacré de l'écran (*la Vie privée de Henry VIII*, A. Korda, 1933), il réalisa un unique film, ténébreux et onirique, *la Nuit du chasseur* (1955).

Laurel et Hardy



(Obélix et Co., p.27)

Laurel et Hardy, acteurs de cinéma américains. Ils formèrent de 1926 à 1951, dans une centaine de films, le tandem comique le plus célèbre de l'histoire du cinéma. Arthur Stanley Jefferson, dit Stan Laurel (*Ulverston, Lancashire, 1890 - Santa Monica 1965*) tient le rôle du maigre maladroit qui déclenche les catastrophes. Oliver Hardy (*Atlanta, 1892 - Hollywood, 1957*), tient le rôle du gros irascible, mais plein de bonne volonté, qui ne fait qu'accentuer les dégâts.

Guy Lux



(Le domaine des Dieux, p. 30)

Présentateur télé très célèbre pour le Schmilblick (avec Simone Garnier) et Interville (avec Simone Garnier et Léon Zitrone - "Léon, je ne vous entends pas !").

Aldo Maccione



(La rose et le glaive, p. 34)

Cet acteur italien joue souvent des rôles de séducteur dans des films comiques.

Jean Marais



(Astérix légionnaire, p. 43)

(Jean Alfred Villain-Marais) est né le 11 décembre 1913 (à 13 heures) à Cherbourg. Quand ses parents se séparent, il vient avec sa mère et son frère Henri habiter Le Vésinet, dans la banlieue parisienne. Il est renvoyé successivement de plusieurs lycées, pour "turbulence et distraction". Dès son enfance, il sait ce qu'il veut faire dans la vie : dessiner et jouer la comédie. Pour vivre, il fait divers petits métiers : retoucheur de photographie, cady de Golf. Il se présente chez Marcel l'Herbier, pour essayer d'obtenir un rôle au cinéma. Marcel l'Herbier l'aide en lui achetant un de ses tableaux à l'exposition des Indépendants, et lui fait faire un essai (avec ève Francis) pour ÉTIENNE, de Jean Tarride, d'après Jacques Deval. L'essai est un échec, mais Jean Marais y fait cependant de la figuration. Il se présente au Conservatoire, mais est refusé au concours d'entrée. Il décide donc de suivre les cours de Charles Dullin, en faisant de la figuration dans son théâtre pour les payer. Marcel l'Herbier lui procure également des petits rôles dans ses films L'ÉPERVIER, LE SCANDALE, etc.). Sa grande chance c'est, en 1937, de faire la connaissance de Jean Cocteau. Il gagne (mal) sa vie chez Dullin, où il fait surtout des hallebardiers (jusqu'à quatre dans la même soirée). Une amie lui fait faire un essai pour "Édipe-les hallebardiers" (de Cocteau, au théâtre. Essai concluant, même si c'est finalement Michel Vitold qui joue le rôle principal. Jean Marais sera le chœur, et Malcolm dans "Macbeth", monté simultanément. Puis Cocteau lui propose de créer "Les chevaliers de la table ronde" à la place de Jean-Pierre Aumont, retenu par un film. C'est le succès. Il créera ensuite "les Parents Terribles", toujours de Jean Cocteau. Une première tentative de "cinématographier" cette pièce échoue en 1939, puis c'est la mobilisation : les vrais débuts de Jean Marais au cinéma, dans un grand rôle, seront pour 1941 (LE PAVILLON BRULE, de Jean de Baroncelli, avec Michèle Alfa et Elina Labourdette) après l'échec de plusieurs projets importants, dont certains avec Marcel Camé, avec qui Jean Marais ne tournera finalement jamais). La grande consécration au cinéma, Jean' Marais la devra encore à Jean Cocteau, pour qui en 1943, Delannoy filmera le scénario de L'ÉTERNEL RETOUR (avec Madeleine Sologne). Dès lors, Jean Marais ne cesse plus de tourner.

Après 1950, Jean Marais va donner au public l'image d'un jeune premier sportif, sachant manier l'épée et monter à cheval. Il est volontiers cascadeur, et a la réputation de ne jamais se faire doubler pour les scènes dangereuses. Il sera successivement l'interprète des personnages les plus célèbres de la littérature populaire: Edmond Dantès dans LE COMTE DE MONTE CRISTO, le Bossu d'après Paul Féval, le Capitaine Fracasse, Stanislas, Fantomas et même le Saint. Mais les plus grands cinéastes continuent à faire appel à lui: G.W. Pabst pour LA MAISON DU SILENCE, Sacha Guitry à plusieurs reprises, Jean Renoir pour ÉLENA ET LES HOMMES (où il sera le Général Boulanger), Visconti pour LES NUITS BLANCHES (Visconti qui le dirigea sur scène dans "Deux sur une

balançoire", avec Annie Girardot) et Jean Cocteau pour son dernier film, LE TESTAMENT D'ORPHEE.

Après PEAU D'ANE, en 1970, il prend une semi-retraite. Il peint, écrit ses mémoires (Mes quatre Vérités, Histoires de ma vie), enregistre des chansons. Puis il revient au théâtre, montant, pour l'anniversaire de Cocteau, "Cocteau-Marais"; il est Don Diegue dans "Le Cid" de Corneille mis en scène par Francis Huster; il donne la réplique à Edwige Feuillère dans "La maison du lac" et, en 1988, met en scène et interprète "Bacchus" de Cocteau. Le cinéma le sollicite à nouveau : il est le dieu des Enfers dans PARKING et un vieux clochard solitaire dans LIEN DE PARENTE.

Marsupilami



(Le combat des chefs, p. 38)

Présentation du Marsupilami

Le Marsupilami est un animal jaune à taches noires (bien qu'il en existe une version entièrement noire, assez rare) assez étrange. Son allure générale est celle d'un marsupial (d'où son nom qui a été inspiré des mots « marsupial », « Pilou-Pilou » et « ami »).

Mais sa particularité la plus surprenante est sa queue. Il a en effet une longue queue, très robuste et musclée et très agile. Elle lui sert bien sûr à attraper des objets, mais elle a aussi d'autres usages : s'il enroule une partie de sa queue en forme de pelote, alors elle devient une massue très efficace. S'il enroule sa queue de façon hélicoïdale, alors elle devient un grand ressort dont il se sert pour faire de grands bonds. Elle peut même lui servir de canne à pêche pour piranhas.

En effet, le Marsupilami vit à l'état naturel dans la jungle, dans la jungle de Palombie (nom inspiré des mots colombe et palombe). Sa nourriture de base est constituée de fruits de la jungle et de piranhas.

Il vit dans un nid, suspendu dans les arbres, ayant la forme d'une noix ouverte en deux, qu'un dispositif ingénieux permet de refermer rapidement en cas de danger.

Avec *Spirou* et *Fantasio*, il vit des aventures hors de sa jungle natale, où on apprend un certain nombre de ses caractéristiques. Il est, entre autre, ventriloque, amphibie, fourmilier ...

Eddy Merckx



(Astérix chez les Belges, p. 39)

(Meensel-Kierzegem, Brabant flamand, 1945), coureur cycliste belge. Cinq fois vainqueur du Tour de France (1969 à 1972 et 1974) et du Tour d'Italie (1968, 1970, 1972 à 1974), il fut trois fois champion du monde (1967, 1971 et 1974) et recordman du monde de l'heure (de 1972 à 1984).

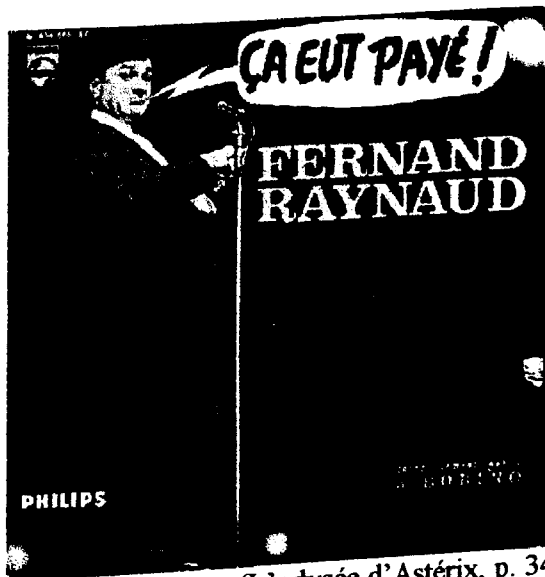
Raimu



(Le tour de Gaule, p. 31 ; Astérix en Corse, p. 9)

Raimu, Jules Muraire (Toulon, 1883 - Neuilly-sur-Seine, 1946), acteur français. Rendu célèbre par sa création de César dans la pièce de M. Pagnol, *Marius* (1929), il a marqué de sa personnalité, mélange de naturel et de grandiloquence, de faconde et d'émotion, de nombreux rôles (*L'Etrange Monsieur Victor* de J. Grémillon, 1938 ; *la Femme du boulanger*, de M. Pagnol, 1938). 1937 Raimu est un acteur comblé: on se le dispute. Sacha Guitry qui l'admire lui offre un rôle sur mesure dans LES PERLES DE LA COURONNE, cependant que Pierre Colombier réunit à ses côtés Fernandel et Jules Berry dans LES ROIS DU SPORT que dialogue Jeanson. 1937 c'est aussi UN CARNET DE BAL, de Duvivier. Mais, bien que se disputant et se réconciliant avec Marcel Pagnol chaque fois qu'il le rencontre, Raimu ne peut se passer de lui. En 1938, Pagnol lui offre avec LA FEMME DU BOULANGER le plus grand de ses rôles. Ajoutons que ce film, un classique, fut l'un des préférés d'Orson Welles. En 1939, le méconnu Jeff Musso dirige Raimu et Jacqueline Delubac dans DERNIÈRE JEUNESSE sorte de "remake" de L'ANGE BLEU et c'est en 1940 les retrouvailles avec Pagnol dans LA FILLE DU PUISATIER. La Seconde Guerre mondiale fait rage. De nombreux réalisateurs français sont à l'étranger. En 1942, un jeune scénariste, Henri-Georges Clouzot adapte, pour Decoin, un roman de Georges Simenon: "Les inconnus dans la maison". En 1943, Raimu entre au Français: c'est Georges Simenon: "Les inconnus dans la maison". En 1943, Raimu entre au Français: c'est Georges Simenon: "Les inconnus dans la maison". Le 22 mars 1944 Raimu joue "Le l'aboutissement de sa carrière. Le contrat est signé le 13 septembre. Le 22 mars 1944 Raimu joue "Le bourgeois gentilhomme" et le 24 octobre 1944 "Le malade imaginaire". Il interprète encore "L'anglais tel qu'on le parle" puis retourne au cinéma. Il retrouve Fernandel devant la caméra de René Le Hénaff à l'occasion de LES GUEUX AU PARADIS et enfin, sous la direction de Billon il va être L'HOMME AU CHAPEAU ROND, son dernier rôle. Peu après le tournage, Raimu doit subir une opération chirurgicale. Il meurt le 20 septembre 1946. Paris lui fait des funérailles en l'église Saint-Philippe-du-Roule devant des milliers de personnes. Pagnol déclarera alors: " On ne peut faire un discours sur la tombe d'un père, d'un frère ou d'un fils, et tu étais les trois à la fois. " Raimu repose désormais dans le cimetière de Toulon, sa ville natale.

Fernand Raynaud



(L'odyssée d'Astérix, p. 34)

Jean Richard



(Les lauriers de César, p. 40)

Jean Richard est né à Bessines, le 18 avril 1923. Lycéen, attiré par le dessin, il travaille en tant que caricaturiste dans les journaux de la région et exercera ce don, par la suite, dans ses premières apparitions scéniques. Pourtant, c'est à l'agriculture qu'on le destinait, mais la guerre mit un terme à ces espérances familiales. Jean Richard devance l'appel et sert dans la cavalerie. Libéré, il rencontre Max Revol qui le prend en tournée. " C'est vraiment lui qui m'a appris le métier, dit-il. Jusque là, je n'avais fais ce métier qu'en rigolo". La guerre finie, Jean Richard monte à Paris et devient organisateur de tournées en Allemagne, destinées à faire connaître la culture française : ballets, chansons, théâtre... Il fait même jouer Charles Dullin, avec grand succès, dans " L'avare". Lui-même jouera " Jean de la Lune ", incité par Marcel Achard qui avait vu son spectacle burlesque : "Quelques pas dans le cirage ", avec Roger Pierre et Jean-Marc Thibault, dont il deviendra l'impresario et l'ami. Au cabaret " L'amiral ", ils présentent ensemble une dizaine de revues (" Conférence sur l'anatomie humaine ", " Antonio et Antonia "...), qui remportent un grand succès.

Jean Richard monte ensuite " Popocatepelt ", au théâtre Fontaine, toujours avec ses compères, puis " Trois faibles femmes ", avec les Peter Sisters et " Le sire de Vergy "; il débute à la radio en 1950, dans une émission de variétés, "Dimanche au village ", dans laquelle il intervenait sous le nom de " Cousin Richard ", un paysan peu dégourdi que l'on retrouvera dans la série cinématographique des " Champignol "(NOUS AUTRES A CHAMPIGNOL, LE GENDARME DE CHAMPIGNOL, LE CAID DE CHAMPIGNOL), qui le rendra très populaire.

Son premier grand succès au cinéma (BELLE MENTALITE) date de 1952. Jean Renoir lui donne l'un de ses meilleurs rôles dans ELENA ET LES HOMMES. Au théâtre, il fait ses débuts en vedette dans " Demeure chaste et pure ", une adaptation de " Sept ans de réflexion".

Outre le cinéma, le théâtre et la télévision, Jean Richard a une autre passion, les animaux, qui lui vient probablement de son père éleveur de chevaux. Sa ménagerie devient si importante qu'il crée un zoo à Ermenonville, à la fin des années cinquante, où il s'installera. Passionné par le cirque, il fait une tournée avec le cirque Médrano, et achètera le cirque Pinder en 1971.

En 1967, Claude Barma lui propose de jouer Maigret pour la télévision. Il tourne le premier épisode " Cécile est Morte " en 1967. Vingt ans plus tard, le personnage est toujours présent : Maigret et Jean Richard ne font qu'un. " J'aime le personnage de Maigret, dit-il, parce qu'il m'a permis de me débarrasser de Champignol. Mais il est vrai que depuis que j'ai entamé cette série, on m'a proposé assez peu de choses. La série des Maigret m'a complètement écarté du monde du cinéma. " Précisons que, depuis, l'accident dont il a été victime en 1973 a accentué cette tendance.

Jean Richard a publié ses mémoires chez Robert Laffont : "Ma vie sans filet " en 1984.

Jean-Paul Rouland



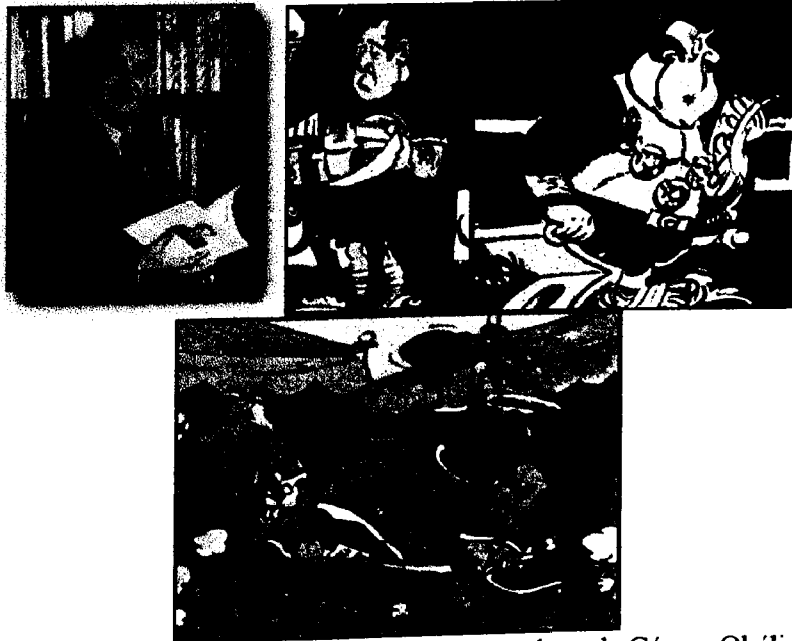
(La galère d'Obélix, p. 37)

Achille Talon



(Astérix chez les Bretons, p. 14)

Pierre Tchernia



(Astérix légionnaire, p. 37 ; Astérix en Corse, p. 7 ; Le cadeau de César ; Obélix et Co., p. 5)

Pierre Tchernia : Après ses études à l'Ecole de photo et de cinéma puis à l'I.D.H.E.C., Pierre Tchernia, en 1949, appelé par Pierre Sabbagh, rejoint l'équipe de création du journal télévisé. Il le quitte pour devenir, en 1955, réalisateur et animateur d'émissions.

C'est l'époque des grands directs : la mine de charbon, le porte-avion, le gouffre de la Pierre Saint-Martin... Dans le même temps, il crée des émissions de variétés : "La clé des champs, Monsieur Muguet s'évade" et "La boîte à sel" (1955-1960).

Collaborateur de "Cinq Colonnes à la Une", il reprend, à la mort de Gilles Margaritis en 1965, "La Piste aux Etoiles".

C'est à partir des années 60 qu'il arrive à joindre télévision et cinéma. De 1961 à 1979, il réalise "L'Ami Public N° 1", montages de films de Walt Disney, puis, en 1963, "Le Festival René Clair".

Au Festival de Montreux, en 1966, il remporte la Rose d'Or et le Prix de la Presse avec "L'arroseur arrosé", suite de sketches parodiques du cinéma, à l'occasion du 70ème anniversaire. C'est aussi en 1966 que commence la série d'émissions consacrées au cinéma qui revêtira, jusqu'en 1988, des formes différentes, de Monsieur Cinéma à Mardi Cinéma.

A côté de ses activités d'animateur, Pierre Tchernia poursuit une carrière d'auteur et de réalisateur : il met en scène pour Antenne 2 cinq œuvres de Marcel Aymé, "Le Passe-Muraille", "La Grâce", "L'Huissier", "Héloïse", "Lucienne et le boucher", cependant qu'au cinéma, il collabore à plusieurs films et dessins animés en qualité de scénariste " Carambolages " de Marcel Bluwal ainsi que les Astérix et les Lucky Luke de René Goscinny.

En 1993 avec "Notre Télévision", il consacre six chroniques à quarante ans de petit écran et, en 1994, se retrouve dans la jeune équipe des "Enfants de la Télé".

Albert Uderzo



(Astérix et le chaudron, p. 30 ; Obélix et Co., p. 6 ; Astérix aux Jeux Olympiques, p. 29)

Lino Ventura



(La zizanie, p. 13)

Lino Ventura, Angelo Borrini, dit Lino, (*Parme*, 1919 - *Saint-Cloud*, 1987), acteur français d'origine italienne. Son physique de catcheur et son naturel ont fait de lui l'interprète idéal du film noir ou policier : *Classe tous risques* (C. Sautet, 1960) ; *le Deuxième Souffle* (J.-P. Melville, 1966) ; *Cadavres exquis* (F. Rosi, 1976).

Annex 10 : The Characters

The Belgians



Amoniake - Cauliflowa



Boetanix - Botanix



Gueslambix -
Beefix



Madamebovarix -
Potbellix



Maelankolix -
Malancholix



Moulefix - Gastronomix



Nicotine - Bonanza



Vandécosmétix - Ø



Vandeléfix - Alcoholix



Vanendfailevesix -
Brawnix

The Brits



Bidax- Ø



Cassivellaunos -
Cassivellaunos



Faupayélatax –
Selectivemploymentax



Ipipourax - Hipiphurax



Jolitorax - Anticlimax



Mac Anothérapix -
McAnix



O'torinolaringologix –
O'veroptimistix



Petula - Boadicea



Relax - Dipsomaniax



Surtax - Surtax



Zebigbos -
Mykingdomforanos

The Cowicans



Caféolix - Vermicellix



Carférix - Carferrix



Chipolata - Chipolata



Figatélix –
Olabellamargaritix



Ocatarinetabellatchitchix -
Boneywasawarriorwayayix



Parlombra - Mortadella



Ramolix - Tortellinix



Salamix - Salamix

The Egyptians



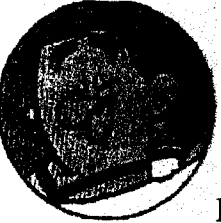
Amonbofis - Artifis



Courdetenis - Ptenisnet



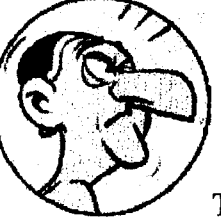
Ginfis - Mintjulep



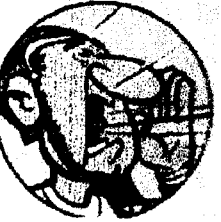
Misenplis - Exlibris



Numérobis - Edifis



Tournevis - Kruhkhut



Tumehéris -
Sethisbackup

And of course :



Cléopâtre - Cleopatra

The Gauls

In the village



Abraracourcix -
Vitalstatistics -
Macroeconomix



Agecanonix -
Geriatrics -
Arthritix



Mme Agecanonix - Myopia



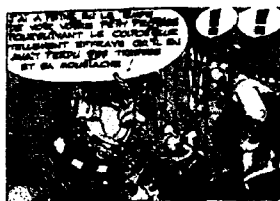
Analgésix - Analgesix



Assurancetourix -
Cacophonix -
Malacoustix



Astérix - Asterix



Bellodalix -
Fotogenix



Bonemine -
Impedimenta -
Belladonna



Cetautomatix -
Fulliautomatix



Déboitemenduménix -
Bucolix



Elèvedelix - Polytechnix



Obélix - Obelix



Falbala - Pancea



Ordralfabétix - Epidemix - Unhygienix



Idéfix - Idefix



Panoramix - Getafix - Magigimmix



Ielosubmarine - Bacteria



Pneumatix - Postaldistrix

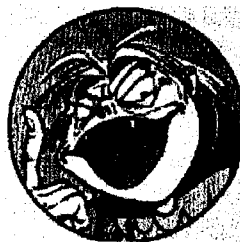


Keskonrix - Picanmix

Other Gauls



Acidecloridrix -
Vitriolix



Acidenitrix - Codfix



Alembix -
Winenandspirix



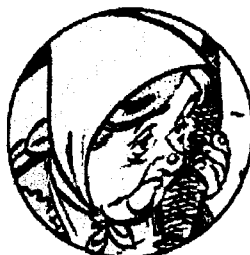
Amérix - Metallurgix



Amnésix -
Psychoanalytic



Angine - Angina



Aniline - Angelica



Antibiotix - Antibiotix



Amplusbégalix -
Cassius Ceramix



Avoranfix -
Navrishtrix



Bainpublix -
Forinpolitix



Barométrix - Suffix



Beaufix - Jellibabix



Berlix - Berlix



Boufiltre -
Bocarbonatofsoda



Cathédralegotix -
Prawnsaspix



César Labeldecadix -
Drinklikafix



Cicatrix - Botanix



Comix - Histonix



Coriza - Influenza



Diagnostix -
Diagnostix



Distributiondeprix -
Confidenstrix



Eponine -
Hydrophobia



Fanzine - Melodrama



Galantine - Tapioca



Goudurix - Justforkix



Homéopatix -
Homeopathix



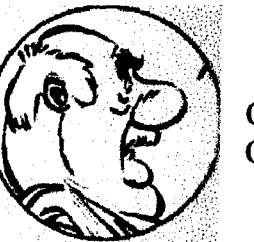
Lentix - Clovogarlix



Moralélastix -
Whosemoralsarelastix



Odalix - Uptotix



Orthopédix -
Orthopedix



Périeférix - Catastrofix



Plaintconrix -
Instantmix



Porc-épix- Ø



Préfix - Prefix



Prolix - Prolix



Pronostix - Therapeutix



Quatrédesix -
Unpatriotix



Rosaépine - Aspidistra



Ségrégationix -
Majestix



Selfservix - Selfservix



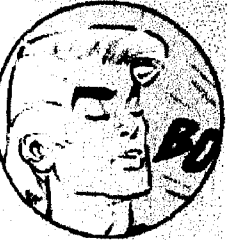
Septantsix -
Valueaddetax



Taxesurléprix -
Aromatix



Théorix -
Schizophrenix



Tragicomix -
Tragicomix



Uniprix - Woolix



Vercingétorix -
Vercingetorix



Zérozérosix -
Dubbelosix

The Goths



Casseurdebric - Eccentric



Chiméric - Hemispheric



Cloridric - Rhetoric



Coudetric - Choleric



Electric - Electric



Histéric - Prehistoric



Liric - Lyric



Pasdftric - Atmospheric



Passemoilcric - Euphoric



Périeférix - Eesoteric



Satiric - Satiric



Téléféric - Metric



Théoric - Tartaric

The Greeks



Croquemithène- Ø



Garemonparnas -
Saintpancias



Gatessos - Kumakros



Karédas -
Onthepremises



Plazadetos -
Neveratalos



Plexiglas -
Phallintocliseus



Spartakis -
Spartakis

The Romans

Normal Romans



Alapaga - Fibula



Anglaigus - Squaronthepotenus



Bégonia - Begonia



Briseradius - Insalubrius



Caius Obtus - Caius Fatuous



Caius Saugrenus - Caius Preposterus



Caius Infarctus - Malodorus Caseus



Claudius Quiquifus - Osseus Humerus



Comélia - Anaesthesia



Eléonoradius - Laurensolivius



Faimoiducusus - Radius



Garedefréjus - Goldendelicus



Gracchus Quiquifus
- Metatarus Humerus



Guilus- Ø



Habeascorpus -
Habeascorpus



Juleraimus -
Allecguinus



Lucius Coquelus -
Lucius
Circumbendibus



Malentendus -
Meretricus



Percaline - Memoranda



Plexus - Villanus



Radius - Unscrupulus



Tibia - Tibia



Tifus - Typhus



Titus Résidus - Titus
Nisiprius



Tullius Détrit -
Tortuous Convolvulus



Veracrus - Giantortus



Victoiralapirus -
Aberdeenangus



Yapadéronus -
Gluttonus

Dignitaries

Admiral



Gracchus
Cetinconsensus -
Crustacius

Centurions



Balondebaudrus -
Titus Crapulus



Belinconnus - Dubius
Status



Biscornus - Scorfulus



Caius Aérobus - Felix
Platypus



Caius Bonus -
Crismus Bonus



Caius Faipalgugus -
Voluptuous
Arteriosclerosis



Claudius
Nonpossumus -
Spurius Brontosaurus



Fercorus - Raucus
Hallelujachorus



Gaspachoandalus -
Hippopotamus



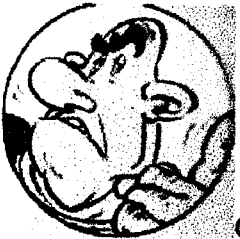
Gracchus Nenjetepus
- Lotuseatus



Hotelterminus –
Nefarius Purpus



Langélus – Nebula
Nimus



Ourseplus - Somniferus



Tohubohus - Tonsillitus



Tullius
Cumulonimbus –
Umbrageous
Cumulonimbus



Tullius Mordicus –
Gaius Veriambitus

Decurion



Tadevirus - Infectius

General



Nenpeuplus -
Contankerus

Governors



Caius Roideprus –
Encyclopaedicus
Britannicus



Diplodocus – Curius
Odus



Gracchus Garovirus –
Varius Flavus

Legatee



Wolfgangamadeus -
Wolfgangamadeus

National Inspector



Lucius Fleurdelotus -
Overanxious

Prefects



Caligula
Alavancongetepus -
Odious Asparagus



Encoreutilfaluquejeles
us - Poisonus Fungus



Gracchus Pleindastus
- Surplus Dairiproductus



Julius Ependecactus -
Crismus Cactus



Praefactus Classis -
Praefactus Classis



Yanapus - Adipus

Praetor



Suelburnus - Perfidus

Quaestor



Claudius Malosinus -
Vexatius Sinusitus

Senators



Stradivarius -
Stradivarius



Tullius Franfrelus -
Noxius Vapus

Tax Collector



Caius Eucaliptus -
Caius Eucalyptus

Vice Amiral



Prospectus - Nautilus

Officers



Caius
Soutienmordicus -
Surreptitius



Chorus - Operachorus



Claudius Blocus -
Bulbus Crocus



Doicrochus -
Larcenus



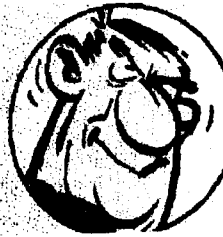
Luslius Pompilius -
Julius Pompus



Marcus Sacapus -
Marcus Ginantonicus



Namaspamus -
Obsequius



Pacotéalargus -
Superfluus



Parterredicrochus -
Umbelliferus



Perclus - Felonius
Caucus



Petilarus - Fishfingus



Quintilius -
Goldenslumbus



Tulus Stratocumulus
- Tullius
Stratocumulus

The Legionaries



Arrédebus - Consensus



Bouilleurdecrus –
Claudius Egganlettus



Caius Joligibus –
Caius Pusillanimus



Caius Marchéopus –
Caius Flebitus



Caligula Minus –
Caligula Minus



Cedupeuojus –
Garrulus Vinus



Chaussetrus - Pugnatius



Claudius Cornedurus
– Gluteus Maximus



Décubitus - Incautius



Deprus - Bilius



Faitexcus - Cadaverus



Gracchus Sextilius –
Gracchus Sextilius



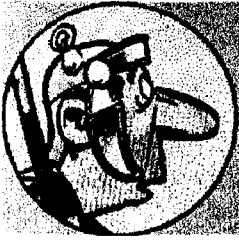
Julius Humérus -
Julius Monotonus



Marcus Cubitus -
Marcus Ubiquitus



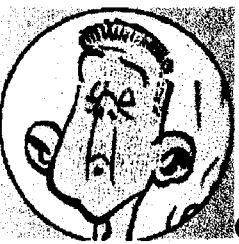
Marcus Perrus -
Marcus Carniverus



Milexcus -
Spongefingus



Montladessus -
Homunculus



Olibrius - Oleaginus



Pamplenus -
Arteriosclerosis



Pardessus -
Gastroenteritus



Plutoqueprévus -
Infirmofpurpus



Processus - Erroneus



Rictus- Ø



Roméomontaigus -
Tremensdelirious



Saintlouisblus -
Saintlouisblus



Saudepus - Sourpus



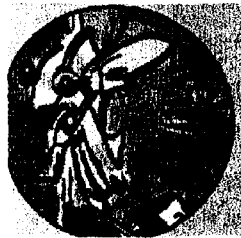
Savancosinus -
Magnumpus



Scienceinfus -
Courtingdisastrus



Taxensus - Odoriferus



Trottemenus -
Pseudonymous



Tillius Octopus -
Tullius Octopus



Ziguepus -
Sendervictorius

Annex 11:
French Songs

Index

Ah le petit vin blanc
Boire un petit coup
Ca c'est Paris (Mistinguett)
Douce France (Charles Trenet)
Douce nuit
Fais dodo
Il était un petit navire
Ils ont des chapeaux ronds
Je chante (Charles Trenet)
Joyeux Anniversaire
La Brabançonne – Hymne nationale belge
La Mer (Charles Trenet)
Le plat pays (Jacques Brel)
Le rêve passe
Les africains
Les allobroges
Les bonbons (Jacques Brel)
Ma Normandie
Menilmontant (Charles Trenet)
Nini peau de chien
Nuit de Chine
Petit papa Noël
Quand Madelon
Revoir Paris (Charles Trenet)
Rossignol de mes amours
Un kilomètre à pied

Ah ! Le petit vin blanc

1. Voici le printemps, la douceur du temps nous fait des avances,
Partez, mes enfants, vous avez vingt ans, partez en vacances
Vous verrez, agiles, sur l'onde tranquille, les barques dociles
Bras des amants, de fraîches guinguettes, des filles bien faites,
Les frites sont prêtes et y'a (il y a) du vin blanc..

Refrain : Ah: le petit vin blanc qu'on boit sous les tonnelles
Quand les filles sont belles du côté de Nogent
Et puis, de temps en temps, un air de vieille romance
Semble donner la cadence pour fauter, pour fauter
Dans les bois dans les prés, du côté, du côté de Nogent

2. Suivons le conseil, Monsieur le Soleil connaît son affaire
Cueillons en chemin, ce minois mutin, cette robe claire
Venez, belle fille, soyez bien gentille, là, sous la charmille
L'amour nous attend, les tables sont prêtes, l'aubergiste honnête,
Y a des chansonnettes et y a du vin blanc

Refrain

3. A ces jeux charmants, la taille souvent prend de l'avantage,
Ce n'est pas méchant, ça finit tout l'temps par un mariage ;
Le gros de l'affaire, c'est lorsque la mère demande, sévère
A la jeune enfant : "Ma fille, raconte, comment, triste honte,
As-tu fait ton compte , Réponds, je t'attends."

Refrain

Boire un petit coup (F. Boyer)

Boire un petit coup c'est agréable,
Boire un petit coup, c'est doux.
Mais il ne faut pas rouler dessous la table,
Boire un petit coup c'est agréable,
Boire un petit coup, c'est doux.
Un petit coup, lalalala,
Un petit coup, lalalala,
Un petit coup, c'est doux.

Allons dans les bois, ma mignonnette,
Allons dans les bois du Roi.
Nous y cueillerons la fraîche violette.
Allons dans les bois, ma mignonnette,
Allons dans les bois du Roi.
_ lons dans les bois, lalalala,
_ lons dans les bois, lalalala ,
Oui dans les bois du Roi.

J'aime le jambon et la saucisse,
Et le bon vin de chez nous.
Mais j'aime encor' mieux le lait de ma nourrice.
J'aime le jambon et la saucisse
Et le bon vin de chez nous.
J'aime le vin' lalalala,
J'aime le vin' lalalala,
Le bon vin de chez nous.

Non Lucien, tu n'auras pas ma rose,
Non Lucien, tu n'auras rien.
Monsieur le curé a défendu la chose.
Non Lucien, tu n'auras pas ma rose.
Non Lucien, tu n'auras rien.
Non non Lucien, lalalala,
Non non Lucien, lalalala
Non non tu n'auras rien

Douce France

1. Il revient à ma mémoire
Des souvenirs familiers,
Je revois ma blouse noire
Lorsque j'étais écolier.
Sur le chemin de l'école,
Je chantais à pleine voix,
Des romances sans paroles
Vieilles chansons d'autrefois.

Refrain : Douce France,
Cher pays de mon enfance
Bercée de tendre insouciance
Je t'ai gardé dans mon cœur
Mon village
Au clocher aux maisons sages
Où les enfants de mon âge
Ont partagé mon bonheur
Oui je t'aime,
Et je te donne ce poème
Oui je t'aime
Dans la joie ou la douleur
Douce France,
Cher pays de mon enfance
Bercée de tendre insouciance
Je t'ai gardé dans mon cœur.

2. J'ai connu des paysages et des soleils merveilleux
Au cours de lointains voyages, tout là-bas sous d'autres cieux.
Mais combien je leur préfère, mon ciel bleu, mon horizon
Ma grande route et ma rivière,
Ma patrie et ma maison.

Refrain

Douce nuit

1. Douce nuit, sainte nuit,
Tout s'endort au dehors,
Le saint couple seul veille
Sur l'enfant qui sommeille.
|: Au ciel l'astre reluit :|

Refrain 1 : Douce nuit, sainte nuit !
Dans les cieux l'astre luit.
Le mystère annoncé s'accomplit.
Cet enfant sur la paille endormi,
|: C'est l'amour infini ! :|

2. Douce nuit, sainte nuit,
Quel bonheur dans les coeurs,
Quand les bergers entendent
Les saints anges qui chantent:
|: Il est né, le sauveur :|

Refrain 1

3. Douce nuit, sainte nuit,
Jetez-vous à genoux.
Bergers, c'est le Méssie,
Jésus, né de Marie,
|: Dieu, fait homme pour nous :|

Refrain 2 : Paix à tous ! Gloire au ciel !
Gloire au sein maternel,
Qui, pour nous en ce jour de Noël,
Enfanta le Sauveur éternel
|: Qu'attendait Israël ! :|

4. Douce nuit, sainte nuit,
Fils de Dieu, tu souris.
Voilà enfin cette heure attendue
Qui annonce notre salut,
|: Ta naissance, Jésus Christ :|

Refrain 2

Fais dodo

Fais do-do,
Co las, mon p'tit frère,
Fais do-do,
T'auras du lo-lo.
Maman est en haut,
Qui fait du gâteau.
Papa est en bas,
Qui fait du sabot.
Fais do-do,
Colas, mon p'tit frère,
Fais do-do,
T'auras du lo-lo.

Fais do-do,
Co las, mon p'tit frère,
Fais do-do,
Ton frère est dans l'eau.
Maman a pleuré,
Huit long jours entiers.
Papa est ce soir,
Tout vêtu de noir.
Fais do-do,
Colas, mon p'tit frère,
Fais do-do,
Ton frère est dans l'eau.

Il était un petit navire

1. Il était un petit, il était un petit navire
Qui n'avait ja - ja - jamais navigué
Qui n'avais ja - ja - jamais navigué
Ohé ! ohé

Refrain : Ohé, ohé, matelots, matelots naviguent sur les flots
Ohé, ohé, matelots, matelots naviguent sur les flots

2. Il partit pour un long voyage,
Sur la mer Mé - Mé Méditerranée.
Ohé ! ohé !

Refrain

3. Au bout de cinq ou six semaines,
Les vivres vin - vin - vinrent à manquer.
Ohé ! ohé !

Refrain

4. On tira z'à la courte paille,
Pour savoir qui - qui - qui serait mangé.
Ohé ! ohé !

Refrain

5. Le sort tomba sur le plus jeune,
C'est donc lui qui - qui - qui serait mangé.
Ohé ! ohé !

Refrain

6. Mais aussitôt un grand miracle
Pour l'enfant fut - fut - fut réalisé.
Ohé ! ohé !

Refrain

7. Des p'tits (petits) poissons, dans le navire,
Sautèrent par - par - par et par milliers.
Ohé ! ohé !

Refrain

8. On les prit, on les mit à frire,
Le jeune mou - mou - mousse fut sauvé.
Ohé ! ohé !

Refrain

Ils ont des chapeaux ronds

1. Dans tous les coins de Bretagne,
Dans les fêtes et les pardons,
Tous les gars de la campagne
Fredonnent cette chanson :

Refrain : Ils ont des chapeaux
ronds,

Vive la Bretagne!
Ils ont des chapeaux
ronds,
Vive les Bretons!

2. C'est la coutume en Bretagne,
A la fête du Grand Pardon,
Les filles montent au mât d'
cocagne
Décrocher les saucissons...

Refrain

3. Quand il passe un "aéroplane",
Tous les hommes lèvent les
yeux,
Quand il passe une jolie femme,
Tous les hommes lèvent la
queue...

Refrain

4. L'autre jour boulevard Saint-
Pierre,
J'ai rencontré deux amoureux,
Ils faisaient sur un tas d' pierre,
Ce que les autres ils font chez
eux...

Refrain

5. Sur l' clocher l' coq du village
A toujours la queue au vent,
J'en connais qui dans la ville

Voudraient bien en faire autant...

Refrain

6. Avec les gars, Antoinette
A fait les cent dix-neuf coups,
Ça ne paye pas ses dettes,
Mais ça bouche toujours son trou...

Refrain

7. La Marie est bonne ménagère,
Quand elle va faire son marché,
L'aubergine n'est jamais chère,
Pour en faire un godemiché...

Refrain

8. Trois bandits dans une chaumière,
N'avaient rien pour se chauffer,
Ils chièrent sur la table
Et se chauffèrent à la fumée...

Refrain

9. Mon grand-père et ma grand-mère
Tous les soirs couchent tout nus,
C'est pour ça que ma grand-mère
A mordu grand-père au cul...

Refrain

10. Le curé de Saint-Sauveur
Quand il est mort il s'est pendu,
Les oiseaux n'ont pas eu peur
De faire leur nid dans l' trou d' son
cul.

Refrain

11. Il paraît qu'en Angleterre

Est un procédé nouveau :
Ils démontent les belles-mères
Pour en faire des chars d'assaut...

C'est pour voir dans nos culottes
Si l'chinois n'est pas rel'vé...

Refrain

Refrain

12. Il paraît qu'en Angleterre
Ceux qui font caca par terre
On leur coupe le derrière
Pour en faire des pommes de
terre...

18. A l'enterrement de ma grand-mère
J'étais derrière, j'étais devant,
J'étais devant, j'étais derrière,
J'étais tout seul à l'enterrement...

Refrain

Refrain

13. Il paraît qu'en Italie
Ceux qui font pipi au lit,
On leur coupe le zizi
Pour en faire des spaghetti...

19. En passant par le cimetière
J'ai entendu un mort péter,
Ce qui prouve que sous terre
Ils n'ont pas le cul bouché...

Refrain

Refrain

14. En revenant de l'Amérique
Sur le bateau du Canada,
Je faisais de la barre fixe
Sur la bête de mon papa...

Refrain

15. En Afrique les dromadaires
Ont la peau qu'est si tendue,
Que pour fermer les paupières
Ils doivent ouvrir le trou d' leur
cul...

Refrain

16. Napoléon dans un caprice
Fit, d'sa femme, l'impératrice,
Mais les troufions, plus
exigeants,
Firent d'un con un adjudant...

Refrain

17. A Paris les vieilles bigotes
Marchent toujours les yeux
baissés,

Je chante (Charles Trenet)

Je chante
 Je chante soir et matin
 Je chante
 Sur mon chemin
 Je chante
 Je vais de ferme en château
 Je chante pour du pain
 Je chante pour de l'eau
 Je couche
 La nuit sur l'herbe des bois
 Les mouches
 Ne me piquent pas
 Je suis heureux
 J'ai tout et j'ai rien
 Et je chante sur mon chemin

Les elfes
 Divinités de la nuit
 Les elfes
 Couchent dans mon lit
 La lune
 Se faufile à pas de loup
 Dans le bois pour danser
 Pour danser avec nous
 Je sonne
 Chez la comtesse aujourd'hui
 Personne
 Elle est partie
 Elle n'a laissé
 Qu'un plat d'riz pour moi
 Me dit un laquais chinois

Je chante
 Mais la faim qui me poursuit
 Tourmente
 Mon appétit
 Je tombe
 Soudain au creux d'un sentier
 Je défaille en tombant
 Et je meurs à moitié
 Hé gendarme !
 Qui passez sur le chemin
 Gendarme

Je tends les mains
 Pitié j'ai faim
 Je voudrais manger
 Je suis tout léger léger

Au poste
 D'autres moustaches m'ont dit
 Au poste
 Ha mon ami
 C'est vous le
 Le chanteur, le vagabond
 On va vous enfermer
 Oui votre compte est bon
 Non, ficelle
 Tu m'as sauvé de la vie
 Ficelle
 Soit donc bénie
 Car grâce à toi
 J'ai rendu l'esprit
 Je m'suis pendu cette nuit

Et depuis

Je chante
 Je chante soir et matin
 Je chante
 Sur les chemins
 Je hante
 Les fermes et les châteaux
 Un fantôme qui chante
 On trouv' ça rigolo
 Et je couche
 La nuit sur l'herbe des bois
 Les mouches
 Ne me piquent pas
 Je suis heureux
 Ça va j'ai plus faim
 Et je chante sur mon chemin

Joyeux anniversaire

Joyeux anniversaire,
Nos voeux les plus sincères
Joyeux anniversaire (nom)
Joyeux anniversaire.

La Brabançonne - Hymne nationale belge

Ô Belgique! Ô Mère chérie!
 A toi nos coeurs, à toi nos bras
 A toi notre sang, ô Patrie
 Nous le jurons, tous, tu vivras
 Tu vivras, toujours grande et belle
 Et ton invinsible unité
 Aura pour devise immortelle
 Le Roi, la Loi la Liberté (Ter)

Après des siècles, des siècles d'esclavage,
 Le belge sortant du tombeau
 A reconquis par son courage
 Son nom ses droits et son drapeau.
 Et ta main souveraine et fière,
 Peuple désormais indompté,
 Grava sur ta vieille banière :
 "Le Roi, la Loi, la Liberté" (Ter)

Marche de ton pas énergique,
 Marche de progrès en progrès!
 Dieu qui protège la Belgique
 Souris à tes maux succès.
 Travaillons! Notre labeur donne
 A nos champs la fécondité
 Et la splendeur des arts couronne
 Le Roi, la Loi, la Liberté (Ter)

Ô Belgique! Ô Mère chérie!
 A toi nos coeurs, à toi nos bras.
 A toi notre sang, ô Patrie
 Nous le jurons tous, tu vivras.
 Tu vivras toujours fière et belle,
 Plus grande en ta forte unité
 Gardant, pour devise éternelle
 Le Roi, la Loi, la Liberté (Ter)

La Mer (Charles Juenet)

La mer,
qu'on voit dansé,
le long
des golfes clairs
A des reflets d'argent,
La mer
Des reflets changeants sous le pluie.

La mer,
Au ciel d'été,
Confond
Ses blancs moutons,
Avec les anges si purs,
la mer
Bergère d'azur infinie

Voyez,
Près des étangs
Ces grands roseaux mouillés,
Voyez,
Ces oiseaux blancs
Et ces maisons rouillées.

La mer
Les a bercés,
Le long
Des golfes clairs
Et d'une chanson d'amour,
La mer
A bercé mon cœur
Pour la vie !

(bis)

Le plat pays

Avec la mer du Nord pour dernier terrain vague
Et les vagues de dunes pour arrêter le vagues
Et de vagues rochers que les marées dépassent
Et qui ont à jamais le coeur à marée basse
Avec infiniment de brumes à venir
Avec le vent de l'Est écoutez-le tenir
Le plat pays qui est le mien

Avec des cathédrales pour uniques montagnes
Et de noirs clochers comme mâts de cocagne
Où des diables en pierre décrochent les nuages
Avec le fil des jours pour unique voyage
Et des chemins de pluie pour unique bonsoir
Avec le vent d'Ouest écoutez-les vouloir
Le plat pays qui est le mien

Avec un ciel si bas qu'un canal s'est perdu
Avec un ciel si bas qu'il fait l'humilité
Avec un ciel si gris qu'un canal s'est perdu
Avec un ciel si gris qu'il faut lui pardonner
Avec le vent du Nord qui vient s'écarteler
Avec le vent du Nord écoutez-le craquer
Le plat pays qui est le mien

Avec de l'Italie qui descendrait l'Escaut
Avec Frida la blonde quand elle devient Margot
Quand les fils de novembre nous reviennent en mai
Quand la plaine est fumante et tremble sous juillet
Quand le vent est au rire quand le vent est au blé
Quand le vent est au Sud écoutez-le chanter
Le plat pays qui est le mien.

Le rêve passé

1. Les soldats sont là-bas endormis sur la plaine
Où le souffle du soir chante pour les bercer
La terre aux blés rasés, parfume son haleine
La sentinelle au loin va d'un pas cadence,
Soudain voici qu'au ciel des cavaliers sans nombre
Illuminent d'éclairs l'imprécise clarté,
Et le Petit Chapeau semble guider ces ombres vers l'immortalité !

Refrain : Les voyez-vous, les hussard, les dragons, la garde ?
Glorieux fous, d'Austerlitz que l'Aigle regarde
Ceux de Kléber, de Monceau chantant Victoire,
Géants de fer, s'en vont chevaucher la Gloire,
Mais le petit soldat voit s'assombrir le rêve
Il lui semble là-bas qu'un orage se lève,
L'hydre au casque pointu sournoisement s'avance,
L'enfant s'éveille ému, mais tout dort en silence,
Et dans son cœur, le songe est revenu.
Les canons - les clairons -
Ecoutez - Regarder !
Les voyez-vous, les hussards, les dragons, la garde ?
Il saluent tous l'Empereur qui les regarde !

2. Et dans un pays clair où la moisson se dore,
L'âme du petit bleu revoit un vieux clocher,
Voici la maisonnette où celle qu'il adore,
Attendant le retour tient son regard penché
Mais tout à coup, douleur ! Il la voit plus lointaine.
Un voile de terreur a couvert ses yeux bleus
Encore les casques noirs ! l'incendie et la haine.
Les voilà !... Ce sont eux !...

Refrain : Les voyez-vous, leurs hussards, leurs dragons, leur garde,
Sombres hiboux entraînant la vierge hagarde !
Le vieux Strasbourg frémit sous ses cheveux de neige !
Mourez tambours, voici le sanglant cortège.
Bientôt le jour vermeil, a l'horizon se lève,
On sonne le réveil et c'est encore le Rêve.
Les géants de l'An Deux !
Sont remplacés par d'autres.

Et ces soldats joyeux... France... se sont les nôtres
Blondes aimées, il faut sécher vos yeux !
Ecouter - Regarder -
Vos amis, les voici.
Les voyez-vous, les hussards, les dragons, la Armée ?
Ils mourront tous, pour la nouvelle épopée !
Fiers enfant... De la race...
Sonnez aux champs !... LE REVE PASSE

Les africains (Felix Boyer)

1. Nous étions, au fond de l'Afrique,
Gardiens jaloux de nos couleurs,
Quand, sous un soleil magnifique,
Retentissait ce cri vainqueur :
En avant ! En avant ! En avant !

Refrain: C'est nous les Africains
Qui arrivons de loin,
Venant de nos pays
Pour sauver la Patrie,
Nous avons tout quitté,
Parents, gourbis, foyers,
Et nous gardons au cœur
Une invincible ardeur,
Car nous voulons porter haut et fier
Le beau drapeau de notre France entière !
Et si quelqu'un voulait nous séparer,
|: Nous saurions tous mourir jusqu'au dernier :|
Pour le Pays,
Pour la Patrie,
Mourir au loin,
C'est nous les Africains.

2. Pour le salut de notre Empire,
Nous combattons tous les vautours.
La faim, la mort nous font sourire,
Quand nous luttons pour nos amours.
En avant ! En avant ! En avant !

3. De tous les horizons de France,
Groupés sur le sol africain,
Nous venons pour la délivrance,
Qui, par nous, se fera demain.
En avant ! En avant ! En avant !

4. Et, lorsque finira la guerre,
Nous reviendrons à nos gourbis,
Le cœur joyeux et l'âme fière
D'avoir libéré le Pays,
En criant, en chantant : En avant !

Les allobroges

1. Je te salue, ô terre hospitalière,
Où le malheur trouva protection.
D'un peuple libre arborant la bannière
Je viens fêter la constitution,
Proscrite hélas ! un moment de la France,
J'ai pu passer chez vous des jours bien doux
Mais au foyer a relui l'espérance
Et maintenant, et maintenant je suis fière de vous.

Refrain : Allobroges vaillants
 Dans vos vertes campagnes
 Accordez-moi toujours asile et sûreté
 Car j'aime à respirer,
 L'air pur de vos montagnes
 Je suis la Liberté.. la Liberté !

2. Au cri d'appel des peuples en alarmes
J'ai répondu par un cri de réveil,
Sourds à ma voix ces esclaves sans armes
Restèrent tous dans un profond sommeil
Relève-toi, ma Pologne héroïque
Car pour t'aider je m'avance à grand pas
Secoue enfin ton sommeil léthargique
Et je le veux, et je le veux, tu ne périras pas.

Refrain

3. Un mot d'amour à la belle Italie
Alsaciens, vers vous, je reviendrai,
Un mot d'amour au peuple qui supplie,
Forte avec tous et je triompherai.
En attendant le jour de délivrance
Priant les Dieux d'écarter leur courroux
Pour faire luire un rayon d'espérance
Bon savoisiens, bons savoisiens je resterai chez vous.

Refrain

4. Déjà j'ai fait, oh ! beau pays de France
Sur les sillons briller mon arc-en-ciel
J'ai déjà fait pour ton indépendance
Le premier pas... pays béni du ciel.
Ecoute bien mes leçons salutaires,
Et confiant en ta grande cité,
Réveille donc les grands mots de tes pères
Fraternité, Fraternité, Amour, Egalité.

Refrain

5. Chez les humains, toujours, je fais ma ronde
Mon but unique est de tous les unir,
J'espère bien faire le tour du monde
Et triompher dans un prompt avenir
Je veux raser ces murailles altières
Qui des tyrans abritent le courroux
Je veux bientôt voir tomber les frontières
La terre doit, la terre doit être libre pour tous.

Refrain

Les bonbons (Jacques Brel - 1964 version)

Je vous ai apporté des bonbons
Parce que les fleurs ça est périssable
Puis les bonbons c'est tellement bon
Bien que les fleurs soient plus présentables
Surtout quand elles sont en boutons
Mais je vous ai apporté des bonbons

J'espère qu'on pourra se promener
Que Madame votre mère ne dira rien
On ira voir passer les trains
A huit heures moi je vous ramènerai
Quel beau dimanche allez pour la saison
Je vous ai apporté des bonbons

Si vous saviez ce que je suis fier
De vous voir pendue à mon bras
Les gens me regardent de travers
Y en a même qui rient derrière moi
Le monde est plein de polissons
Je vous ai apporté des bonbons

Oh ! oui ! Germaine est moins bien que vous
Oh ! oui ! Germaine elle est moins belle
C'est vrai que Germaine a des cheveux roux
C'est vrai que Germaine elle est cruelle
Ça vous avez mille fois raison
Je vous ai apporté des bonbons

Et nous voilà sur la grand'place (grande place)
Sur le kiosque on joue Mozart
Mais dites-moi que ça est par hasard
Qu'il y a là votre ami Léon
Si vous voulez que je cède la place
J'avais apporté des bonbons

Mais bonjour Mademoiselle Germaine

Je vous ai apporté des bonbons
Parce que les fleurs ça est périssable
Puis les bonbons c'est tellement bon
Bien que les fleurs soient plus présentables
Surtout quand elles sont en boutons
Allez je vous ai apporté des bonbons

Ma Normandie

Quand tout renaît à l'espérance
Et que l'hiver fuit loin de nous,
Sous le beau ciel de notre France,
Quand le soleil revient plus doux,
Quand la nature est reverdie,
Quand l'hirondelle est de retour,
J'aime à revoir ma Normandie
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.
J'ai vu le ciel de l'Italie
Et Venise et ses gondoliers,
J'ai vu les monts de l'Helvétie,
Et ses chalets et ses glaciers:
En saluant chaque patrie,
Je me disais: aucun séjour
N'est plus beau que ma Normandie
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.
Il est un âge dans la vie
Où chaque rêve doit finir;
Un âge où l'âme recueillie
A besoin de se souvenir,
Lorsque ma muse refroidie,
Aura fini ses chants d'amour,
: J'irai revoir ma Normandie
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour. :|

Ménilmontant (Charles Trenet)

Ménilmontant, mais oui madame
C'est là que j'ai laissé mon coeur
C'est là que j viens retrouver mon âme
Toute ma flamme, tout mon bonheur

Quand je revoie ma p'tite église
Où les mariages allaient gaiement
Quand je revoie ma vieille maison grise
Où même la brise parle d'antan

Elle me raconte comme autrefois
De jolis contes, bonjour passé je vous revoie
Un rendez-vous, une musique, des yeux rêveurs, tout un roman
Tout un roman d'amour poétique et pathétique, Ménilmontant

Quand midi sonne, la vie s'éveille à nouveau
Tout résonne de mille échos
La midinette fait sa dînette au bistro
La piplette lis ses journaux
Voici la grille verte
Voici la porte ouverte
Qui grince un peu pour dire bonjour
Bonjour, alors te v'là d'retour

Ménilmontant, mais oui madame
C'est là, c'est là que j'ai laissé mon coeur
C'est là que j viens retrouver mon âme
Toute ma flamme, tout mon bonheur

Quand je revoie ma petite gare
Où seul le train partait joyeux
J'entends encore dans le tintamarre
Des mots bizarres, des mots d'adieux

J'suis pas poète, mais j'suis ému
Et dans ma tête, y'a des souvenirs jamais perdu
Un soir d'hiver, une musique, des yeux très doux, les tiens maman
Tout un roman d'amour poétique et pathétique, Ménilmontant

Nini peau d'chien

1. Quand elle était petite, le soir elle allait
A Saint' Marguerite où qu'a s'dessalait
Maint'nant qu'elle est grande ell' marche le soir
Avec ceux d'la bande du Richard Lenoir !

Refrain : A la Bastille on aime bien Nini Peau d'chien
Elle est si bonne et si gentille !
On aime bien (qui ça) Nini Peau d'chien (où ça)
A la Bastille !

2. Elle a la peau douce aux taches de son,
A l'odeur de rousse qui donne un frisson.
Et de sa prunelle aux tons vert de gris,
L'amour étincelle dans ses yeux d'souris !

Refrain

3. Quand le soleil brille dans ses cheveux roux,
L'génie d'la Bastille lui fait les yeux doux.
Et quand ell'se promène au bout d' l'Arsenal
Tout l'quartier s'amène au coin du canal.

Refrain

Nuit de Chine

1. Quand le soleil descend à l'horizon à Saigon...
Les élégantes s'apprêtent est s'en vont de leurs maisons
A petits pas, à petits cris
Au milieu des jardins fleuris,
Où volent les oiseaux jolis - du paradis,
Tendrement enlacés se grisant de baisers,
Les amants deux par deux cherchent les coins ombrés

Refrain : Nuits de Chine
Nuits câlines,
Nuits d'amour !
Nuits d'ivresse
De tendresse
Où l'on croit rêver,
Jusqu'au levé du jour
Nuits de Chine
Nuits câlines,
Nuits d'amour !

2. Sur la rivière entendez-vous ces chants doux et charmants ?...
Bateaux de fleurs où les couples en dansant font des serments !
Pays de rêve où l'étranger cherchant l'oubli de son passé
Dans un sourire a retrouvé la joie d'aimer,
Eperdu, le danseur croit au songe menteur,
Pour un soir de bonheur, on y laisse son cœur !

Refrain

3. Mousmé jolie dont mon cœur est épris je veux l'oubli...
Puisque de toi mon amour infini reste incompris...
L'opium endort les malheureux et le emporte jusqu'aux cieux
Dans un nuage merveilleux, de fumées bleues...
Dans la nuit qui s'enfuit, loin des chants, loin du bruit...
Sur la natte endormi, le beau rêve a repris !...

Refrain

Petit papa Noël

1. C'est la belle nuit de Noël,
La neige étend son manteau blanc,
Et les yeux levés vers le ciel,
A genoux les petits enfants,
Avant de fermer les paupières,
Font une dernière prière !..

Refrain : Petit papa Noël !
Quand tu descendras du ciel,
Avec des jouets par milliers,
N'oublie pas, mon petit soulier,
Mais avant de partir,
Il faudra bien te couvrir,
Dehors, tu vas avoir si froid,
C'est un peu à cause de moi.
Il me tarde tant,
Que le jour se lève,
Pour voir si tu m'as apporté
Tous les beaux joujoux
Que je vois en rêve
Et que je t'ai commandés !

Petit Papa Noël !
Quand tu descendras du ciel,
Avec des jouets par milliers
N'oublie pas mon petit soulier!

2. Le marchand de sable est passé
Les enfants vont faire dodo,
Et tu vas pouvoir commencer,
Avec ta hotte sur le dos,
Au son des cloches des églises,
Ta distribution de surprises !

Refrain : Petit papa Noël !
Quand tu descendras du ciel,
Avec des jouets par milliers,
N'oublie pas mon petit soulier
Si tu dois t'arrêter
Sur les toits du monde entier,
Tout ça avant demain matin,
Mets-toi vite, vite en chemin,

Et quand tu seras,
Sur ton beau nuage,
Viens d'abord,
Sur notre maison,
Je n'ai pas été tous les jours
Bien sage
Mais j'en demande pardon

Petit papa Noël !
Quand tu descendras du ciel,
Avec des jouets par milliers
N'oublie pas mon petit soulier
Petit papa Noël !

Quand Madelon

1. Pour le repos, le plaisir du militaire,
Il est là-bas, à deux pas de la forêt,
Une maison aux murs tout ouverts de lierre,
" Aux Tourlouroux ", c'est le nom du cabaret
La servante est jeune et gentille, légère comme un papillon
Comme son vin, son oeil pétille,
Nous l'appelons " LA MADELON"
Nous en rêvons la nuit, nous y pensons le jour,
Ce n'est que Madelon, mais pour nous c'est l'amour.

Refrain : Quand Madelon vient nous servir à boire,
 Sous la tonnelle on frôle son jupon,
 Et chacun lui raconte une histoire,
 Une histoire à sa façon
 La Madelon pour nous n'est pas sévère
 Quand on lui prend la taille ou le menton
 Elle rit, .. c'est tout l'mal qu'ell' sait faire :
 Madelon ! Madelon ! Madelon !

2. Nous avons tous au pays une payse,
Qui nous attend et que l'on épousera
Mais elle est loin, bien trop loin pour qu'on lui dise
Ce qu'on fera quand la classe rentrera.
En comptant les jours, on soupire,
Et quand le temps nous semble long, tout ce qu'on ne peut pas lui dire
On va le dir' à Madelon :
On l'embrasse dans les coins, ell' dit "veux-tu finir"
On s'figure... que c'est l'autre et ça nous fait plaisir !

Refrain

3. Un caporal, en képi de fantaisie,
S'en fut trouver Madelon, un beau matin
Et, fou d'amour lui dit qu'elle était jolie,
Et qu'il venait pour lui demander sa main
La Madelon, pas bête, en somme, lui répondit en souriant :
Et pourquoi, prendrais-je un seul homme, quand j'aime tout un régiment !
Tes amis vont venir, tu n'auras pas ma main
J'en ai bien trop besoin pour leur servir du vin !.

Refrain

Revoir Paris (Charles Trenet)

Revoir Paris
Un p'tit séjour d'un mois
Revoir Paris
Et me r'trouver chez moi
Seul sous la pluie
Parmi la foule
Des grands boulevards
Quelle joie inouïe
D'aller ainsi au hasard

Prendre un taxi
Qui va le long de la Seine
Et me r'voici
Au fond du Bois de Vincennes
Roulant joyeux
Vers ma maison de banlieue
Où ma mère m'attend
Les larmes aux yeux
Le coeur content

Mon Dieu que tout le monde est gentil
Mon Dieu quels sourires à la vie
Mon Dieu merci
Mon Dieu merci d'être ici

N'est pas un rêve
C'est l'île d'amour que j'vois
Le jour se lève
Et sèche les fleurs des bois
Dans la p'tite gare
Un sémaphore appelle ces gens
Tous ces braves gens
De la Varenne et d'Nogent

Bonjour la vie
Bonjour mon vieux soleil
Bonjour mamie
Bonjour l'automne vermeil
J'suis un enfant
Rien qu'un enfant tu sais
J'suis un p'tit Français
Rien qu'un enfant tout simplement
Paris

Rossignol de mes amours

1. Il était une fois,
Une fille de Roi
Au coeur pleins de tristesse,
Enfermée, nuit et jour,
Au sommet d'une tour
Elle pleurait toujours...
Un jour, prenant son vol,
Un gentil rossignol
Vint dire à la princesse.

Je t'apporte l'espoir !
Et c'est pour le revoir,
Qu'elle chantait le soir...

Refrain : Rossignol, Rossignol de mes amour,
Des que minuit sonnera,
Quand la lune brillera,
Viens chanter sous ma fenêtre !
Rossignol, Rossignol de mes amours,
Quand ton chant s'élèvera
Mon chagrin s'envolera,
Et l'amour viendra peut-être
Ce soir sous ma fenêtre !
Reviens, gentil rossignol !.

2. Le rossignol revint,
Se posa sur la main
De la belle princesse,
Elle le caressa.
Puis elle l'embrassa
Et il se transforma
En un prince charmant
Qui devint le galant
De sa jolie maîtresse

Et c'est pourquoi, depuis,
Les filles du pays
Chantent toutes les nuits :

Refrain

Un kilomètre à pied

Un kilomètre à pieds ça use ça use
Un kilomètre à pieds ça use les souliers

Deux kilomètre a pieds ça use ça use
Deux kilomètre à pieds ça use les souliers

Trois etc....
Quatre etc...

Annex 12:
English Songs

Index

Auld Lang Syne
Boney Was a Warrior
If You Were the Only Girl in the World
It's a Long Way to Tipperary
John Brown's Body
Home Sweet Home
Ladies of Brisbane
Maybe it's Because I'm a Londoner
Silent Night
Spanish Ladies
The Noble Duke of York
There'll Always Be an England
The Twelve Days of Christmas
This Old Man
We're going to hang out the Washing on the Siegfried Line
What Shall We Do with the Drunken Sailor
When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again
White Christmas

Auld Lang Syne

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And auld lang syne?

Chorus: For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

2. And surely, ye'll be your pint stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus

3. We twa hae mn about the braes
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus

4. We two hae paidled i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus

5. And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude-willy waught,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus

AULD LANG SYNE

Poem by BURNS

In moderate time

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And ne-ver brought to min'? Should

auld acquaintance be for-got, And days o' lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For

auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld... lang... syne.

2
 We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, etc.

3
 We twa hae paidl't in the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, etc.

4
 And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, etc.

5
 And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine!
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, etc.

Boney Was A Warrior

22. BONEY WAS A WARRIOR

English sea shanty. 'Boney' is Napoleon Bonaparte.

Firmly *mf*

VOICE

1. Bo - ney was a war - ri - or,) Way - ay -
 2. Bo - ney beat the Roo - shi - ans,)

PIANO *mf*

D.S.

- yah!

Bo - ney was a war - ri - or,) John France - wah!
 Bo - ney beat the Roo - shi - ans,)

D.S.

- 3 Boney beat the Prooshians.
- 4 Boney went to Mossycow,
- 5 Boney he came back again.
- 6 Boney went to El-be-ah,
- 7 Boney went to Waterloo.
- 8 Boney he was sent away.
- 9 Boney broke his heart and died.
- 10 Boney was a warrior.

If You Were the Only Girl in the World

If you were the only girl in the world,
And I were the only boy,
Nothing else would matter in the world today.
We could go on loving in the same old way.
A garden of Eden, just made for two
With nothing to mar our joy.
I would say such wonderful things to you.
There would be such wonderful things to do.
If you were the only girl in the world
And I were the only boy.

It's a Long Way to Tipperary

Chorus: It's a long way to Tipperary,
 It's a long way to go.
 It's a long way to Tipperary
 To the sweetest girl I know.
 Goodbye Piccadilly,
 Farewell Leicester Square,
 It's a long long way to Tipperary,
 But my heart lies there.

1. Up to mighty London came
 An Irish lad one day,
 All the streets were paved with gold,
 So everyone was gay!
 Singing songs of Picadilly,
 Strand, and Leicester Square,
 'Til Paddy got excited and
 He shouted to them there:
 It's a long way

Chorus

2. Paddy wrote a letter
 To his Irish Molly O',
 Saying, "Should you not receive it,
 Write and let me know!
 If I make mistakes in "spelling",
 Molly dear", said he,
 "Remember it's the pen, that's bad,
 Don't lay the blame on me".
 It's a long way

Chorus

3. Molly wrote a neat reply
 To Irish Paddy O',
 Saying, "Mike Maloney wants
 To marry me, and so
 Leave the Strand and Piccadilly,
 Or you'll be to blame,
 For love har fairly drove me silly,
 Hoping you're the same!"
 It's a long way

John Brown's Body

1. |: John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, :|
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.

Chorus: |: Glory, glory, hallelujah, :|
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His soul goes marching on.

2. |: He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord, :|
He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord,
His soul goes marching on.

Chorus

3. |: John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back, :|
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul goes marching on.

Chorus

4. |: John Brown died that the slaves might be free, :|
John Brown died that the slaves might be free,
His soul goes marching on.

Chorus

5. |: The stars above in Heaven now are looking kindly down, :|
The stars above in Heaven now are looking kindly down,
His soul goes marching on.

Chorus

76. JOHN BROWN'S BODY

March song of the American Civil War

With dignity *mp*

VOICE

1. John Brown's bo - dy lies a -
 2. The stars in heav - en now are
 3. He's gone to be a sold - ier in the

PIANO *mp*

-mould-ri^{ng} in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a-mould-ri^{ng} in the grave,
 look - ing kind-ly down, The stars in heav - en now are look - ing kind-ly down, The
 ar - my of the Lord, He's gone to be a sold - ier in the ar - my of the Lord, He's

John Brown's bo - dy lies a-mould-ri^{ng} in the grave, His soul is march - ing on!
 stars in heav - en now are look - ing kind-ly down, On the grave of old John Brown.
 gone to be a sold - ier in the ar - my of the Lord, His soul is march - ing on.

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is march - ing on! *D.C.*

D.C.

Home Sweet Home

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, There's no place like home!

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! Home!
Sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home!

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain.
Oh! Give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!

The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home! Home!
Sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

Home, sweet Home.

Words by J. HOWARD PAYNE.
Andante larghetto.

SIR H. R. BISHOP.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, 2/4 time, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a quarter note F#4. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, starting with G3, followed by eighth notes A3-B3, C4-B3, A3-G3, and a quarter note F#3. Dynamics include piano (p) and forte (f).

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, 2/4 time, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a quarter note F#4. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, starting with G3, followed by eighth notes A3-B3, C4-B3, A3-G3, and a quarter note F#3. Dynamics include piano (p) and forte (f).

'Mid

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, 2/4 time, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a quarter note F#4. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, starting with G3, followed by eighth notes A3-B3, C4-B3, A3-G3, and a quarter note F#3. Dynamics include piano (p) and forte (f).

plea - sures and pa - la - ces though we may roam,..... Be it

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, 2/4 time, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a quarter note F#4. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, starting with G3, followed by eighth notes A3-B3, C4-B3, A3-G3, and a quarter note F#3. Dynamics include piano (p) and forte (f).

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home!..... A

The piano accompaniment for the fourth vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, 2/4 time, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a quarter note F#4. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, starting with G3, followed by eighth notes A3-B3, C4-B3, A3-G3, and a quarter note F#3. Dynamics include piano (p) and forte (f).

charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there,..... Which,

birds sing - ing gai - ly that came at my call,..... Give me
tr..... *tr*.....

them with the peace of mind dear - er than all.

Home! home!..... sweet, sweet home! There's

no place like home!..... There's no place like home!....
mf *p* *colla voce.* *pp* *f* *ten.*
tr ad lib.

p espress.
 seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where. Home!

home!... sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home,..... There's

largo. *tr* *tempo lo.*
 no place like..... home!...

colla voce. *ff ten.* *ff*

Allegretto animato.
 An ex - ile from home splendour daz - zles in vain..... Oh!

give me my low - ly thatch'd cot-tage gain!..... The

tr.....

Ladies of Brisbane

1. Farewell and adieu
To you, sweet Brisbane ladies,
Farewell and adieu
To you girls of Toowong,
For we've sold all our cattle,
And have to be moving,
But we hope we shall
See you again before long.

Chorus: We'll rant and we'll roar
Like true Queensland
drovers,
We'll rant and we'll roar
As onward we push,
Until we get back
To the Augathella Station,
For it's flaming dry going
Though the old
Queensland bush

2. The first camp we make,
We shall call it the Quart-pot,
Caboolture, then Kilcoy
And Colinton's Hut;
We'll pull up at the Stone House,
Bob Williamson's paddock,
And early next morning
We cross the Blackbutt.

Chorus

3. Then on to Taromeo
And Yarraman Creek, lads,
It's there we shall make
Our next camp for the day,
Where the water and grass
Are both plenty and sweet, lads,
And maybe we'll butcher
A fat little stray.

Chorus

4. Then on to Nanango,
That hardbitten township,
Where the out-of-work station
Hands sit in the dust,
And the shearers get shorn
By old Tim the contractor -
Oh I wouldn't go near there
But I flaming well must!

Chorus

5. The girls of Toomancey,
They look so entrancing,
Those young bawling heifers
Are out for their fun!
With the waltz and the polka
And all kinds of dancing,
To the racketty old banjo
Of Bob Anderson.

Chorus

6. Then fill up your glasses
And drink to the lasses;
We'll drink this town dry,
Then farewell to them all;
And when we've got back
To the Augathella Station
We'll hope you come by
There and pay us a call.

Chorus

*Maybe it's Because I'm a Londoner (Hubert
Gregg)*

Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner,
That I love London so.
Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner
That I think of her wherever I go.
I get a funny feeling inside of me
Just walking up and down.
Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner
That I love London Town.

Silent Night

1. Silent night! Holy night!
All's asleep, one sole light,
Just the faithful and holy pair,
Lovely boy-child with curly hair,
|: Sleep in heavenly peace! :|
2. Silent night! Holy night!
God's Son laughs, o how bright.
Love from your holy lips shines clear,
As the dawn of salvation draws near,
|: Jesus, Lord, with your birth! :|
3. Silent night! Holy night!
Brought the world peace tonight,
From the heavens' golden height
Shows the grace of His holy might
|: Jesus, as man on this earth! :|
4. Silent night! holy night!
Where today all the might
Of His fatherly love us graced
And then Jesus, as brother embraced.
|: All the peoples on earth! :|
5. Silent night! Holy night!
Long we hoped that He might,
As our Lord, free us of wrath,
Since times of our fathers He hath
|: Promised to spare all mankind! :|
6. Silent night! Holy night!
Sheperds first see the sight.
Told by angelic Alleluja,
Sounding everywhere, both near and far:
|: "Christ the Savior is here!" :

Spanish Ladies

1. Farewell and adieu unto you Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain;
For it's we've received orders for to sail for old England,
But we hope very soon we shall see you again.

Chorus: We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of old England,
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

2. Then we hove our ship to the wind at sou'-west, my boys,
We hove our ship to our soundings for to see;
So we rounded and sounded, and got forty-five fathoms,
We squared our main yard, up channel steered we.

Chorus

3. Now the first land we made it is called the Deadman,
Then Ram Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight;
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlee and Dungeness,
Until we came abreast of the South Foreland Light.

Chorus

4. Then the signal was made for the grand fleet for to anchor,
All in the downs that night for to meet;
Then it's stand by your stoppers, see clear your shank-painters,
Haul all your clew garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.

Chorus

5. Now let every man toss off a full bumper,
And let every man toss off a full bowl;
And we'll drink and be merry and drown melancholy,
Singing, here's a good health to all true-hearted souls.

Chorus

SPANISH LADIES.

Moderato.

1. Fare - well and a -
 2. We hove our ship
 3. The first land we

f *p* *basso marcato*

-dieu to you, Span - ish la - dies, Fare - well and a -
 to with the wind from sou' - west, boys, We hove our ship
 sight - ed was call - ed the Dod - man, Next Rame Head off

-dieu to you, la - dies of Spain; For we've re - ceived
 to, deep sound - ings to take; 'Twas for - ty - five
 Ply - mouth, off Ports - mouth the Wight; We sail - ed by

cresc. *p* *mp*

Annexes

or - ders for to sail for old Eng - land, But we hope in a
fa - thoms, with a white sand - y bot - tom, So we squared our main -
Beach - y, by Fair-light and Do - ver, And then we bore

cresc. *f*

short time to see you a gain. } We will rant and we'll
- yard and up the chan - nel did make. }
up for the South Fore - land light. }

più rall. *a tempo* *Chorus.*

più rall. cresc. *a tempo* *sfz* *f*

roar like true Brit - ish sail - ors, We'll rant and we'll roar all

mf *cresc.*

on the salt seas, Un - til we strike sound - ings in the

f

Annexes

chan-nel of old Eng - land: From U - shant to Scil - ly is

più rall. 1-4. 5.
thir - ty - five leagues. leagues.

più rall. *a tempo dim.* *cresc.* *ff rall.*
sfz *sfz*

4.
When the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
And all in the Downs that night for to lie;
Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper!
Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

5.
Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper,
And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass;
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,
And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass.

Chorus. We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England:
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

The Noble Duke of York


I. THE NOBLE DUKE OF YORK

English traditional song


VOICE **Boldly** *mf* 

Oh, the no-ble Duke of York, He had ten thou-sand


PIANO *mf* 

cresc. 

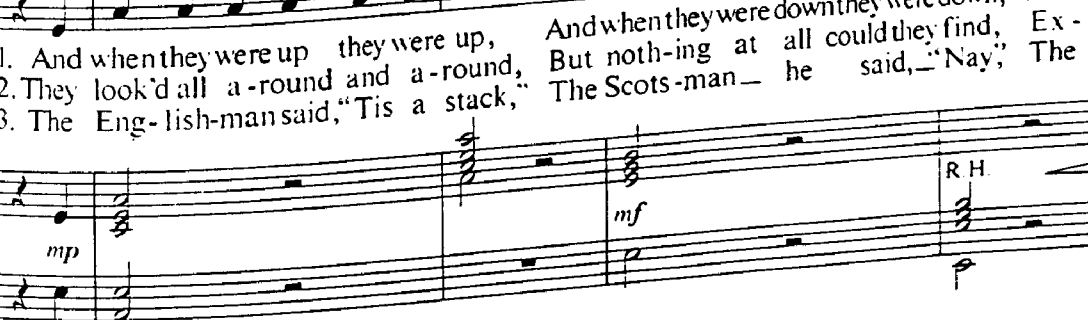
men, He marched them up to the top of the hill And he marched them down a-gain. **FINE**

dim. 


cresc. *dim.* **FINE**

mp 

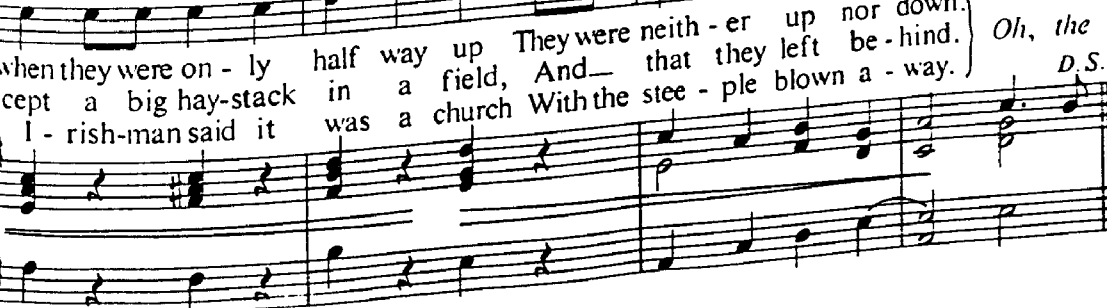
1. And when they were up they were up, And when they were down they were down, And
2. They look'd all a-round and a-round, But noth-ing at all could they find, Ex-
3. The Eng-lish-man said, "Tis a stack," The Scots-man— he said,—"Nay," The

mf 

mp *mf* R.H.

D.S. 

when they were on - ly half way up They were neith - er up nor down,
-cept a big hay-stack in a field, And— that they left be-hind. } Oh, the *D.S.*
I - rish-man said it was a church With the stee - ple blown a - way.

mf 

*There'll Always Be an England (Ross Parker
& Hugh Charles)*

There'll always be an England,
While there's a country lane.
Wherever there's a cottage small
Beside a field of grain
There'll always be an England
While there's a busy street.
Wherever there's a turning wheel
A million marching feet.
Red, white and blue
What does it mean to you?
Surely you're proud
Shout it loud
Britons awake!
The Empire too
We can depend on you.
Freedom remains
These are the chains
Nothing can break.
There'll always be an England
And England shall be free
If England means as much to you
As England means to me

The Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas
My true love sent to me:
A partridge in a pear tree

On the second day of Christmas
My true love sent to me:
Two turtle doves and
A partridge in a pear tree

On the third day of Christmas
My true love sent to me:
Three french hens
Two turtle doves and
A partridge in a pear tree

.....

On the twelfth day of Christmas
My true love sent to me:
Twelve lords a-leaping
Eleven ladies dancing
Ten pipers piping
Nine drummers drumming
Eight maids a-milking
Seven swans swimming
Six geese a-laying
Five golden rings
Four colly^r birds
Three French hens
Two turtle doves and
A partridge in a pear tree

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.

Moderato. *p* *rall. -*

On the twelfth day of Christ-mas my true Love sent to me

Lento *mf*

Twelve bells a - ring - ing, E - lev - en bulls a - beat - ing,

Ten ass - es ra - cing, Nine la - dies dan - cing,

Eight boys a-sing-ing, Seven swans a-swimming, Six geese a-lay - ing,

accel. poco a poco e cresc.

accel. poco a poco e cresc.

Annexes

Five gold - ie rings, Four col - ley birds, Three French hens,

a tempo
Two tur - tle - doves And the part of the mis - tle - toe bough. — *D.C.**

f a tempo *D.C.**

Twelfth verse
On the first day of Christ - mas my true Love sent to me

rall. -
One gold - ie ring, And the part of a June ap - ple tree. — *rall. -*

This Old Man

17. THIS OLD MAN
English traditional song

VOICE *Moderato* *mp*

This old man he played (one, He played nick-nack
two,

PIANO *mp*

mf *D.S.*

on my (drum. Nick-nack pad-dy-whack, give a dog a bone; This old man came roll-ing home. *D.S.*
shoe.

3-knee 4-door 5-hive 6-sticks 7-up in heaven 8-gate 9-line 10-hen

*We're going to hang out the Washing on the
Siegfried Line*

We're going to hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line.
Have you any dirty washing, mother dear?
We're gonna hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line
'cause the washing day is here.

Whether the weather may be wet or fine
We'll just rub along without a care.
We're going to hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line
If the Siegfried Line's still there.

Mother dear I'm writing you from somewhere in France,
Hoping to find you well,
Sergeant says I'm doing fine, a soldier and a pal
Here's a song that we don't sing, this'll make you laugh.

We're going to hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line.
Have you any dirty washing, mother dear?
We're gonna hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line
'cause the washing day is here.

Whether the weather may be wet or fine
We'll just rub along without a care.
We're going to hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line
If the Siegfried Line's still there.

What Shall We Do with the Drunken Sailor

1. What'll we do with a drunken sailor,
What'll we do with a drunken sailor,
What'll we do with a drunken sailor,
Earl-eye in the morning?

Chorus: Hoo-ray and up she rises
 Hoo-ray and up she rises
 Hoo-ray and up she rises
 Early in the morning

2. Put him in the long boat till he's sober,
3. Pull out the plug and wet him all over,
4. Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
5. Keep him there and make 'im bale 'er.
6. Take 'im and shake 'im, try an' wake 'im.
7. Trice him up in a runnin' bowline.
8. Give 'im a taste of the bosun's rope-end.
9. Give 'im a dose of salt and water.
10. Stick on 'is back a mustard plaster.
11. Shave his belly with a rusty razor.
12. Send him up the crow's nest till he falls down,
13. Tie him to the taffrail when she's yardarm under,
14. Soak 'im in oil till he sprouts flippers.
15. Put him in the guard room till he's sober.
16. Put him in bed with the captain's daughter*).
17. Take the Baby and call it Bo'sun.
18. Turn him over and drive him windward.
19. Put him in the scuffs until the horse bites on him.
20. Heave him by the leg and with a rung console him.
21. That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor

25. WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR?

English sea shanty

Not too fast *mf*

VOICE

1. What shall we do with the drunk-en sail - or,
2. Put him in the long-boat un-til he's so - ber,

PIANO *mf*

What shall we do with the drunk-en sail - or, What shall we do with the drunk-en sail - or
Put him in the long-boat un-til he's so - ber, Put him in the long-boat un-til he's so - ber

*Ear-ly in the morn-ing?) Hoo - ray and up she ris - es, Hoo - ray and
Ear-ly in the morn-ing.

mp

up she ris - es, Hoo - ray and up she ris - es *Ear-ly in the morn - ing. *D.C.*

mp

*pronounced 'Er-lye'

- 3 Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
- 4 Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again

1. When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer and the boys will shout
The ladies they will all turn out
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

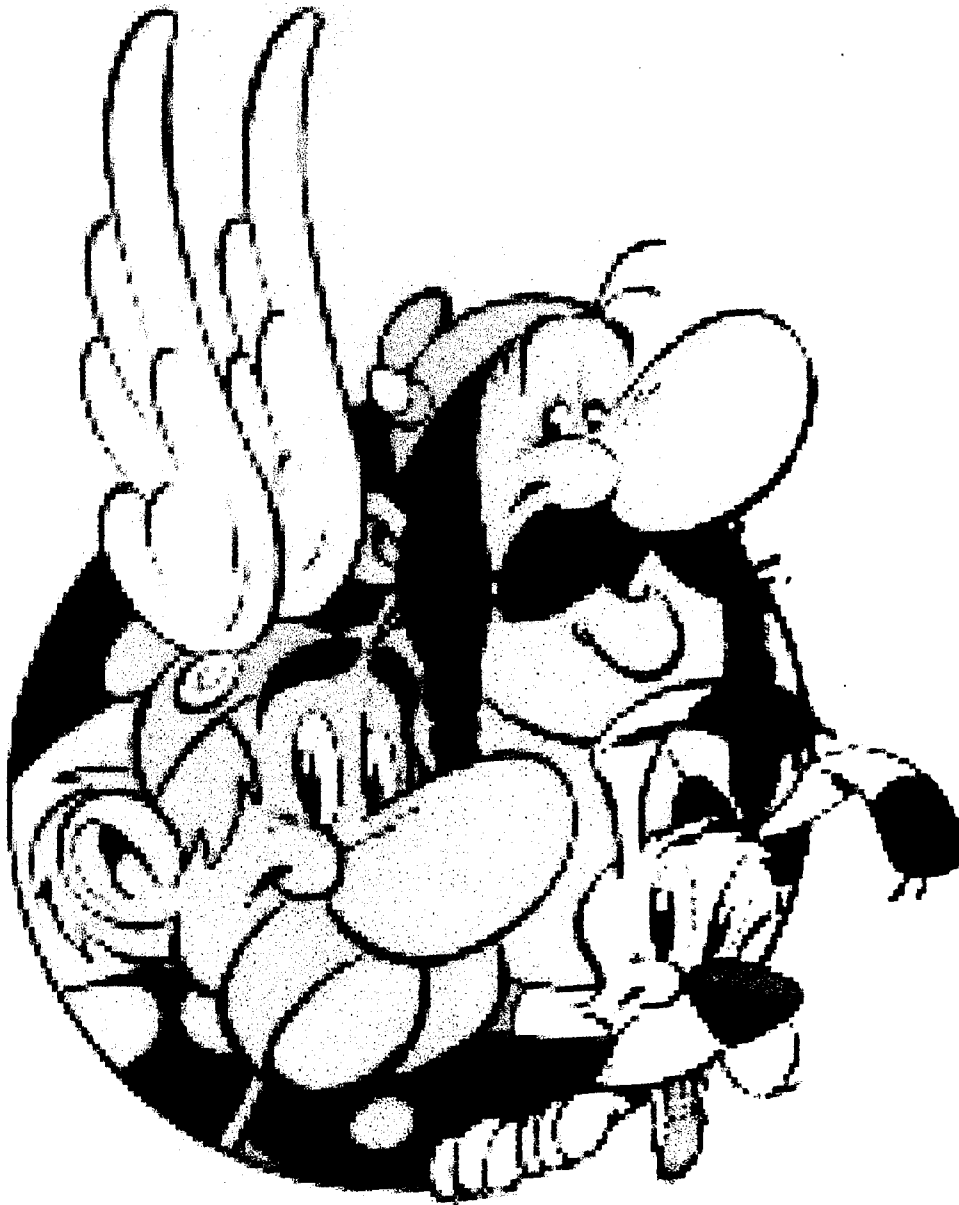
2. The old church bell will peal with joy
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

3. Get ready for the Jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home

White Christmas

I'm dreaming
Of a White Christmas
Just like the ones I used to know
Where the tree tops glisten
And children listen
To hear sleigh bells in the snow.
I'm dreaming
Of a White Christmas
With every Christmas card I write
May your days be merry and bright
And may all your Christmases be white.

Annexes



VOYAGE

LES CELTES, CHAMPIONS

LE PEUPLE GAULOIS
DE LA CIVILISATION
PROVENANCE D'UNE
POPULATION NON
S'INSTALLA PETIT
LES TERRITOIRES
RENCONTRÉS LA
PÈREGRINATION
BELGIQUE, ESPAGNE,
BRETAGNE, IRLANDE
AU CINQUIÈME
NOTRE ÈRE, LES
OCCUPANTS DE
DE L'EUROPE

CAMARAC
CAMBRAY

TOUR DE GAULE

DUROCORTUR
REIMS

AQUA
REIMS

AGDUNUM
LILLE

UR D



VOYAGES

ALBUM ...
OU SE SITUERA SON PROCH
ET TENTEZ DE DEVINER
SUIVEZ SES ITINÉRAIRES
À DÉCOUVRIR ...
RESTE ENCORE TANT DE LIEN
DE SON VILLAGE, MAIS IL LUI
PLUS OU MOINS ÉLOIGNÉES
DE NOMBREUSES CONTRÉES
DE SE RENDRE DANS
DEUX IL A AINSI EU L'OCCAS
DIFFÉRENTE UN ALBUM SUR
VISITE UN PAYS OU UNE RÉG
COURS À RÉMÉRGER (A) L'É

