

# Correspondances

-after Charles Baudelaire

**Voice      Liz Nolan**

**Sound      Bernard Clarke**

**SFX The sounds of the Jungle, the sea, forests, and jungle again**

**Voice**

La Nature...

*Nature...*

Nature...

*Nature...*

La Nature...

*Nature...*

**SFX A tree falls, a wave sweeps the shore. The Jungle**

La Nature est...

*Nature is...*

...Est un temple...un temple? Un temple.

*...is a temple...a temple? A temple*

Les piliers...où de vivants piliers...

*The pillars...where the living pillars...*

**SFX Inside the living pillars**

Voyelles...a e i u o...voyelles...a e i o u

*Vowels...aeiou...vowels...aeiou*

**SFX A hawks shrieks, and a forest of symbols**

L'homme. Vous.

*Man. You.*

Passé à travers des forêts de symboles.

*Passing within these forests of symbols*

Qui l'observent. Qui écoute.

*That watch him. That observe him*

Écoute. Regards familiers. Regards familiers. Regards familiers. Regards familiers.

Listen. A familiar gaze. A familiar gaze. A familiar gaze. A familiar gaze

***SFX Sika deer cries and following them an internet modem dialling up for a connection***

VOICE - computerised

01100001 a

01101111 o

-voyelles...correspondances binaires...

*-vowels...corresponding binaries...*

***SFX Computer Access Granted sound***

Cliquez ici

*Click here*

**SFX Computer Select sound**

Les données

*The data*

**SFX Computer Data sound**

La base de données

*The database*

**SFX Computer Data sound**

Supprimer

*Take away (Select)*

**SFX Computer Delete Glitch Malfunction sound**

C'est ça. Copie.

*That's it. Copy*

**SFX Computer Command sound**

Pâte

*Paste*

**SFX Computer Command sound, winding down**

Et encore...

*And again*

**SFX Mobile Phone ringtone**

Oui? Je serai là...

*Yes (Hello)? I'll be there*

**SFX Computer closing down sounds**

**SFX Paris. Cars passing. Trains arriving. Trains departing. Sirens. A climate change demonstration, festive drums and whistles. Children playing.**

***The shake of a spray paint can. The graffiti artist sprays children.***

***An oboe giving an orchestra its tuning.***

Il est des parfums frais. Les enfants

*There are fresh perfumes. The children*

**SFX Oboe musical phrases (Messiaen). The click and breath of player and instrument.**

Comme... comme les hautbois, verts comme les prairies

*Like...like oboes, green like meadows*

**SFX Children's voices, playing. Humming.**

Il est des parfums frais comme des chairs d'enfants...

*There are perfumes as fresh as children's flesh...*

**SFX The playing children's voices slowly start to burn.**

Le monde en feu. Le monde en feu!

*The world on fire! The world on fire!*

**SFX *Bursts of a fireball***

Le monde en feu...

*The world on fire...*

**SFX *Bursts of a fireball begin to cascade wildly***

***Archive Footage – the voice of climate activist Greta Thunberg addressing the EU Parliament and then the United Nations. Both speeches deliberately fragmented “You only speak because you’re scared of being unpopular...even that burden...to tell it like it is...you leave it to us children...You have stolen my dreams...it’s all wrong...how dare you...***

**SFX *The Bursting fireball cascades grow wilder and wilder and crash***

Ces son...les enfants...vaste comme la nuit...feu...vaste comme la nuit...  
qui chantent...qui chantent...qui chantent...

*These sounds...the children...as vast as the night...fire... as vast as the  
night...who sing...who sing...who sing...*

## NOTES

### Original poem by Charles Baudelaire, *Les fleurs du mal*

#### Correspondances

La Nature est un temple où de vivants piliers  
Laissent parfois sortir de confuses paroles;  
L'homme y passe à travers des forêts de symboles  
Qui l'observent avec des regards familiers.

Comme de longs échos qui de loin se confondent  
Dans une ténébreuse et profonde unité,  
Vaste comme la nuit et comme la clarté,  
Les parfums, les couleurs et les sons se répondent.

Il est des parfums frais comme des chairs d'enfants,  
Doux comme les hautbois, verts comme les prairies,  
— Et d'autres, corrompus, riches et triomphants,

Ayant l'expansion des choses infinies,  
Comme l'ambre, le musc, le benjoin et l'encens,  
Qui chantent les transports de l'esprit et des sens.

#### Correspondences

Nature is a temple where living pillars  
Let sometimes emerge confused words;  
Man crosses it through forests of symbols  
Which watch him with intimate eyes.

Like those deep echoes that meet from afar  
In a dark and profound harmony,  
As vast as night and clarity,  
So perfumes, colors, tones answer each other.

There are perfumes fresh as children's flesh,  
Soft as oboes, green as meadows,  
And others, corrupted, rich, triumphant,

Possessing the diffusion of infinite things,  
Like amber, musk, incense and aromatic resin,  
Chanting the ecstasies of spirit and senses.

— Geoffrey Wagner, *Selected Poems of Charles Baudelaire* (NY: Grove Press, 1974)

## **Credits**

Voice -Liz Nolan

Sound -Bernard Clarke

Music based on a fragment of Olivier Messiaen's *Première Communion de la Vierge (Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant-Jésus)*

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