

# LE RÊVE DE GRÉGOIRE (Gregor's Dream)

An opera in two acts

LIBRETTO

COMPAGNIE LYRIQUE  
DE CRÉATION  
CHANTS  
LIBRES

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Original libretto and selection of quotations by Pierre Michaud  
(quotations by Blake, Dante, Erasmus, Kafka, Kipling,  
La Rochefoucauld, Thibodeau)

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# LE RÊVE DE GRÉGOIRE

## SYNOPSIS

Imagine for a moment, the solitude felt by the last member of a nearly extinct species...

Gregor is the last member of the human race. Even though he has been surrounded by “people” all his life, those “people” have been formatted to such an extent that they no longer resemble human beings. To their eyes, he is nothing but a revolting insect.

\* \* \*

Gregor’s Dream begins with an arrest. Gregor is accused of a crime he knows nothing about. The only thing he knows with certainty is that he will be executed in the morning. Exhausted, he falls asleep in his cell and has troubled dreams. With Felliniesque logic, his dreams become veritably cartoon-like. He will meet a guide. With the guide’s help, Gregor will slowly discover the workings of a well planned “collective formatting”.

Gregor will also be a privileged spectator behind the scenes. He will attend a session of parliament in the world of dreams. On one side, “The Gods of the Market Place”, the new party in power, is adding words to a blacklist, one after another, in order to simplify the execution of their devious plan. On the other side are the “Gods of the Copybook Headings”, the opposition party, who can do nothing but helplessly observe the scene being played out in front of them.

The Gods of the Copy Book Headings will beg Gregor to survive his execution. He will learn that he has become, without his knowledge, their representative in the real world. If he dies, the Gods of the Copy Book Headings will also die.

Gregor will wake suddenly from his nightmares many times, to find himself alone in his cell. With reality edging out fantasy, he won’t be able understand anything about his fate. He will come to know Matilda – a volunteer who serves him his last meal through a small door. Without being able to see each other, Gregor and Matilda will communicate through this door throughout the opera. Representing a maternal figure, Matilda will ask the questions that will help Gregor understand what he has been accused of, and give him the courage to confront his fate.

Morning comes and we witness the scene with the firing squad...

What will happen to Gregor?

# LIST OF CHARACTERS

## **Main characters:**

Gregor - Young man, General - Tenor  
Folly - Old wise man - Baritone  
Matilda - Young girl, Innocence - Soprano  
Authority - Teacher, Supervisor, Prime Minister,  
Station Master- Mezzo-soprano  
Prometheus - Speaker of the House, Student 4 - Tenor

## **Secondary characters (the three poisons):**

Cupidity - Student 1 - Soprano (sung by Matilda)  
Ignorance - Student 2 - The Minister of Virtuous Virtue - Tenor  
Anger - Student 3 - Soprano

# SCENES

## ACT I

### *Prologue*

Canto I	Gregor's Arrest
Canto II	First Descent into the Dreamworld
Canto III	Gregor Meets Folly
Canto IV	Collective Formatting I
Canto V	First Awakening
Canto VI	Second descent into the Dreamworld
Canto VII	A Train to Nowhere
Canto VIII	Collective Formatting II

## ACT II

### *Interlude I*

Canto IX	Second Awakening
Canto X	Third Descent into the Dreamworld
Canto XI	The Gods of the Market Place
Canto XII	The Gods of the Copybook Headings
Interlude I	
Canto XIII	Third awakening
Canto XIV	The Ritual
Canto XV	Gunfire

### *Epilogue*

# ACT I

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## PROLOGUE

Gregor

Gregor's Dream

Canto I

Prologue

Imagine

For a moment

The solitude...

Imagine

For a moment

The solitude felt

By the last member...

Of a nearly extinct species...

Gregor is the last member of the human race.

He has nevertheless been surrounded by people.

But those people have been formatted to such an extent that they no longer resemble human beings.

To their eyes, he is nothing but a revolting insect.

Who they must crush at all costs.

Gregor's Dream

Begins.

With an arrest.

# CANTO I

## Gregor's Arrest

Gregor

NO!

I... I... gave you  
proof

Eeh

Humph

No!

All the necessary proof

Eeh

Aah

Mh...eeeh

NO, NO, NO!

A cramped room,  
Cold and damp,  
The machine room

I swear

I swear

On my father's life

I am innocent

In-no-cent

Hidden from the world,  
A prisoner,  
Exhausted

I am innocent

In-

no-

cent

Fluorescent,  
Blue light.

Out of breath

Out of breath

Out of...

breath.

## CANTO II

### First Descent into the Dreamworld

Prometheus            «Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita  
Mi ritrovai per una  
per una selva oscura

Chorus                Mi ritrovai per una  
per una selva oscura  
Ché la dirita via era smarrita  
Nel mezzo del cammin  
Ahi quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura  
Esta selva sevaggia e aspra e forte  
Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita  
Mi ritrovai per una  
per una selva oscura  
Ahi quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura  
Esta selva sevaggia e aspra e forte  
che nel pensier rinnova la paura!»

\* \* \*

#### Translation:

*Hell*

*In the middle of the journey of our life,  
I came to myself, in a dark wood,  
Where the direct way was lost.  
It is a hard thing to speak of,  
How wild, harsh and impenetrable that wood was,  
So that thinking of it recreates the fear.  
(Dante, *The Divine Comedy*)*

## CANTO III

### Gregor Meets Folly

- Folly                      That is a nice one, no?
- Gregor                     Where am I?
- Folly                      Yes... it is nice...
- Gregor                     Who are you?
- Folly                      « How slightly so ever I am esteemed in the common vogue of the world, (for I well know how disingenuously Folly is decried, even by those who are themselves the greatest fools,) yet it is from my influence alone that the whole universe receives her ferment of mirth and jollity of which this may be urged as a convincing argument, in that as soon as I appeared to speak before this numerous assembly all their countenances were gilded over with a lively sparkling pleasantness »  
(Erasmus, *The Praise of Folly*)
- Ha! Ha! Ha! Haaaaa!
- Do you love Art?
- Gregor                     Umm... yes?
- Folly                      Well that is good, very good, very, very good, since you find yourself in front of one of the greatest masterpieces of all time
- Your masterpiece.  
                                  Our masterpiece.
- Gregor                     I don't understand.  
                                  What am I doing here?  
                                  Am I dreaming?  
                                  Am I dead?
- Folly                      Come Gregor, follow me, we are leaving for school.
- Gregor                     What school?

Folly To school! To school! That is where you must go! To find the key. You must... understand.

Gregor Understand what?!

Folly Careful! Calm down, Calm down! Sit here and watch carefully!

## CANTO IV

### Collective Formatting I

Student 3 GREGOR'S DREAM!

Student 2 SONG IV!

Student 3 COLLECTIVE FORMATING I!!

The Teacher A school yard adjacent to a classroom. The singers, with the exception of the teacher, are dressed as young boys. They are playing in the school yard. They jostle, push and insult Folly, who is the personification of Gregor. Gregor, at a distance, watches the scene.

The Teacher Ah, there you are!

Chorus Ha!

The Teacher Come-come now, hurry up and blow your nose!

Chorus Hey!

The Teacher Hep, tep, tep.

Chorus Tep Hep!

The Teacher Hurry up and join your friends!

Chorus Gregor, Gregor  
Looks like a cracker!

Student 1 You big dummy!

Student 2 Bird brain!

Folly Do not be worried, they do not possess, nor can they ever formulate, personal thoughts...

Chorus Gregor, Gregor...

Student 4	Where is he? Where is he? Where did he go?!?
Student 1	There he is!!!
Chorus	You had it coming, Gregor! NAW! Come here you dummy! UUGH!!! You had it coming, Gregor! NAW! Come here so I can catch you! UUGH!!! Come here you dummy! NAW, NAW, NAW! You had it coming, Gregor! NAW! NAW! NAAAAAW!
The Teacher	That's enough play! It's the end of recess! Come, come my little ones!
Folly	No need to worry, the teacher is absolutely harmless...
The Teacher	Silence! Open your history books to page thirteen.
Folly	She only teaches what is in the program.
The Teacher	Silence! You! You are reading the lesson today.
Student 1	Chapter thirteen, section 1 Poet-ry Why is it, that when we listen to heroic couplets
Chorus	Why?
Student 1	Do we feel so exalted? Why does our soul expand?
Chorus	Why?
Student 1	When reading those melodic verses? Because it allows humans to express their most virtuous values.

The Teacher	Good! Young man, Can you name a virtuous ideal?
Student 1	...
The Teacher	How about you?
Student 2	...
The Teacher	Good. Very good. Very, very good. You may continue.
Student 1	For example, lets take the poem “The Land of my Hopes and Dreams”
Chorus	Yes.
Folly	No.
Student 1	« The Land of my Hopes and Dreams », from the great poet, Elmor Whistlebury the Third.
Chorus	Yes.
Folly	No.
The Teacher	Let us sing! Oh, land of lakes and rivers
Student 1	Aah...
The Teacher, Student 1	Oh, land of meadows and hills,
Student 3, Student 2	Aah...
Chorus	Of verdant slopes Of wild roses Land of my ancestors Land, land of my ancestors Cradle of the future Cradle, cradle of the future
Folly	No one cares!

Chorus	Oh, my land of rivers and lakes
Folly	No one feels exalted!
Chorus	GREGOR, YOU ARE REVOLTING!!!
Folly	Revolting: to revolt, to outrage
The Teacher	It is obvious that virtuous poetry
Folly	But...
Chorus	SHH!
The Teacher	Being by nature
Folly	I...
Chorus	SHH!
The Teacher	Virtuous and elevated poetry
Folly	Hep!
Chorus	SHH!
The Teacher	Can have no other effect on us
Folly	But...
Chorus	SHH!
The Teacher	Than a feeling of exaltation!
Folly	I...
Chorus	SHH!
The Teacher	Therefore... POETRY EXALTS YOU!
Folly	SHH!
Chorus	SHH!
The Teacher	SHH! I SAID!
	no...
	This most... virtuous of virtuous poets... The embodiment of the most virtuous of virtuous virtues. Was nothing less than visionary

Chorus                    Yes!

Folly                     No!

The Teacher            Repeat!

Student 2                He was the most vertius poet with visions  
of virtuousnessness?!?

The Teacher            Good.  
                              Very, very good.

Folly                     « When our worth diminishes, our taste  
diminishes as well... »  
(La Rochefoucauld, *Maxims*)

The Teacher            GREGOR!!!!

## **CANTO V**

### **First Awakening**

Matilda                 Yes?

Gregor                  I don't understand why I'm here. I haven't  
done anything.

Matilda                 Are you sure?

Gregor                  I live an absolutely ordinary life.  
I go to work...

Matilda                 Yes?

Gregor                  Nothing strange.  
There is nothing strange about my work...

Matilda                 Yes?

Gregor                  It's very, very, very ordinary!

Matilda                 Yes.  
                              Ordinary, ordinary  
                              Very, very, ordinary.

                              Hmm

                              Yes?

Gregor                    Can you tell me what I'm doing here!?!  
 They arrested me, put me in handcuffs  
 I heard they will shoot me tomorrow!  
 ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME!?!  
 I AM INNOCENT!!!

Matilda                 I am listening to you but...  
 Why are you out of breath?  
 Are you having...?

Gregor                    Yes, yes!  
 Horrible nightmares  
 Yes!

Matilda                 You are perhaps less innocent than you think...?

Gregor                    They will kill me tomorrow!  
 They... will... kill....    me.....

Matilda                 Sleep Gregor, sleep... If they kill you, they will  
 kill me as well.

## SONG VI

### Second Descent into the Dreamworld

Prometheus            «Let us enter into the land of the blind»  
 (Dante, *The Divine Comedy*)

## CANTO VII

### A Train to Nowhere

Soprano                 ATTENTION, ATTENTION!  
 A much too high speed high speed train  
 travelling to  
 Broadwoodwidge  
 With destinations to  
 Shitlington Crags, Tomtit's Bottom and  
 Weston-under-Lizard  
 Is arriving at the station on platform number 1

Station Master      Your tickets! Your tickets!!!  
Hello? Sir? You're holding the line up!  
Oh! Are you lost, do you need a guide?  
This is the wrong line!  
Line 13, over there!  
Come on, come on!!!

Station Master      Sir. Sir. Are you looking for a guide?  
Alright, let me check...  
Jesus? No.  
Krishna? Not him.  
Mohammed? No.  
Buddha...

Gregor                Buddha would be good.

Station Master      Buddha is taken!  
But we have a replacement; he should  
do the trick...  
Get your tickets over there; your guide  
is waiting for you.

Folly                 Hello again, Gregor.

Gregor                You again!?

Station Master      Your tickets gentlemen!  
Quickly now!  
The train is leaving in a few seconds.  
Go, Go!

Folly                 Are you having nice dreams, Gregor?

Chorus                (*incomprehensible sounds*)

Gregor                This is unbearable. I don't understand anything.  
You were at my school. I relived my childhood,  
the children, all so mean, all so awful...

Chorus                (*incomprehensible sounds*)

Gregor                I don't understand what's going on!

Folly	<p>You don't understand what is going on?!</p> <p>Yet it is so clear,</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">clear, clear, clear, clear.</p> <p style="padding-left: 80px;">Clear, clear, clear, clear, clear!</p> <p>There is not much time left.</p> <p>Make an effort my friend.</p> <p>The consequences could be...</p> <p>Could be...</p> <p>Disastrous!</p>
Chorus	Disastrous!
Folly	Disastrous!
Chorus	Disastrous!
Folly	Disastrous!!
Chorus	Disastrous!
Gregor	<p>Enough! Enough!! ENOUGH!!!</p> <p>Where are we going?!?</p>
Soprano	Next stop Shitlington Crags
Folly	This train is going nowhere.

## **CANTO VIII**

### **Collective Formatting**

The Supervisor	<p>FASTER!</p> <p>Hydro is selling!</p> <p>Increasing investor happiness</p> <p>The markets are up, the markets are up 3.33%!</p> <p>The market pressure is rising</p> <p>The market pressure is falling</p> <p>3333 dead in Sudan</p> <p>Too bad</p> <p>« Better luck next time »</p>
Folly	<p>One stack to the next,</p> <p>One stack to the next</p>
Chorus	SANDWICHES!

Folly	Papers flying, One stack to the next
Chorus	COFFEE!
Folly	Numbered papers flying. Multiplying into columns supporting...
Chorus	CIGARETTES!
Folly	One stack to the next
Chorus	SANDWICHES!
Folly	Other petrified columns of numbers and columns supporting in turn...
Chorus	COFFEE!
Folly	Countless towers...
Chorus	CIGARETTES!
Folly	Numbers and papers and columns moved by
Chorus	SANDWICHES
Folly	Countless towers...
Chorus	COFFEE!
Folly	Numbers and columns moved by...
Chorus	CIGARETTES!
Folly	People who
The Supervisor	A buy on Hydro?  The investors are raging Get out of here you bastard « Get out of my way Jose » « No time to lose »  The markets down 1 point to 1968 Up 1 point to 1969 Give and take Erotic Power games Power trips

Folly	One stack to the next, One stack to the next
Chorus	BRANDY!
Folly	Papers flying, One stack to the next
Chorus	MANDROZEPAM!
Folly	Numbered papers flying, multiplying into columns supporting
Chorus	CYBERXANDIN!
Folly	One stack to the next
Chorus	BRANDY!
Folly	Other petrified columns of numbers and columns supporting in turn
Chorus	MANDROZEPAM!
Folly	Countless towers
Chorus	CYBERXANDIN!
Folly	Of numbers and papers and columns moved by
Chorus	BRANDY!
Folly	Countless towers
Chorus	MANDROZEPAM!
Folly	Of numbers and columns moved by
Chorus	CYBERXANDIN!
Folly	People, By people who.
Gregor	Paper moved by people who Paper moved by people who, from one stack to the next, Move countless numbers and columns And towers and buildings

Move countless tanks and populations,  
NO!  
Who kill and rape  
AAAh  
These monsters moved by people moving paper,  
From one stack to the next,  
Paper photocopied by people  
Like you?

Folly

## ACTE 2

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### CANTO IX Second Awakening

Gregor                   «My alienation, I ache  
And my pain is complete  
  
My joints are stiff, it is the waiting and the cold,  
Nose rising to the sky, frost on my forehead »  
(Thibodeau, *Le cycle de Prague*)  
  
Why must I die if I followed all the rules?

Matilda                Maybe you followed them even when you were  
full of doubt?

Gregor                 Oh, you're here!  
So doubt is the root of all evil?

Matilda                For some people yes...  
For some people yes ...  
  
For all of us...  
yes

## INTERLUDE I

Gregor

Imagine  
For a moment  
The solitude...

Imagine  
For a moment  
The solitude  
Of a member of a species  
That is nearly extinct...

Flash!  
Numbness... sweet numbness...  
Flash!  
Our retinas immune to the pretence,  
to the artifice...  
Flash! Flash!  
An illicit drug, indoctrination...

Imagine  
For a moment  
The solitude...  
Where do we come from?  
Shh!  
Who are we?  
Shh!  
Where are we going?  
Shhhhhh! I SAID!  
Imagine...

## CANTO X

### Third Descent into the Dreamworld

Chorus                    «Nel mezzo del cammin...  
Nel mezzo del cammin  
Ma tu perché ritorni a tanta noia?  
Perché?  
... di nostra vita.  
Perché?  
ma tu perché?  
Perché non sali il dilandtoso monte  
mi ritrovai per una  
Ch'è principio e cagion di tutta gioia?  
Ch'è principio  
Ch'è principio  
Ahi quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura  
Esta selva sevaggia e aspra e forte  
che nel pensier rinnova la paura!»

\* \* \*

#### Translation:

*Hell*

*But you, why do you turn back towards such pain?*

*Why do you not climb the delightful mountain,*

*That is the origin and cause of all joy?*

*(Dante, The Divine Comedy)*

## CANTO XI

### The Gods of the Market Place

- Speaker of the House Parliament is now in session.  
The House recognizes  
Madame Prime Minister.
- The Prime Minister Mr. Speaker, ladies and gentlemen of the House  
I come before you with a mission  
To render words intelligible.
- Speaker of the House Thank you Madame Prime Minister.  
The House recognizes the member of  
the opposition.
- Folly Thank you Mr. Speaker.  
The party of the Gods of Copybook Headings  
is outraged to find more than 333 333 words  
on the blacklist, and demands, at the very least,  
to preserve the following words in the official  
dictionary of virtuous language: Arithmetic.
- The Prime Minister No. All words ending in 'ic' are henceforth  
removed. Logic is an exercise that is too stressful  
to impose on citizens. Besides, the word logic  
has also been removed because it too ends in 'ic',  
perhaps you hadn't noticed... ?
- Speaker of the House I call the vote.  
4 yeas  
1 nay  
Motion adopted...  
  
Thank you Madame Prime Minister.  
The House recognizes the member of  
the opposition.
- Folly We would like to reinstate the word: Beauty
- The Prime Minister Beauty is on the list?

The Minister of Virtuous Virtue Yes. It has been replaced by the beauty industry. We find it unfair to require that our citizens be the judges of what is beautiful.

The Prime Minister Ah yes... Good, we will be the judges for them. Henceforth, we will mass-produce beauty according to our criteria.

Thank you Minister of Virtuous Virtue.  
Good. Very good, very, very, good.

Speaker of the House I call the vote.  
4 yeas  
1 nay  
Motion adopted...

Folly Mister Speaker, that is completely unacceptable.

Speaker of the House The House recognizes the member of the opposition.

Folly We ask that you preserve the word: Culture.

The Prime Minister Ah yes... culture... as with beauty, we will henceforth mass-produce culture according to our criteria. That word has been replaced by the Cultural Industry.

No one can be against virtue.

Speaker of the House I call the vote.  
4 yeas  
1 nay  
Motion adopted...

The House recognizes the member of the opposition.

Folly Education

The Prime Minister Ah yes...  
Educa...  
Education...  
As is the case for culture and beauty, we...

## CANTO XII

### The Gods of Copybook Headings

All	GREGOR'S DREAM! CANTO TWELVE! THE GODS OF COPYBOOK HEADINGS!
Folly	«Nothing is more foolish than to talk of frivolous things seriously; but nothing is wittier than to make frivolities serve serious ends.»  Ha ha ha haaaa!  Erasmus  Ah! Gregor! Dawn is soon approaching. The end is near. What have you finally learned?
Gregor	I had such a thirst for knowledge, a thirst for beauty. But what I considered beautiful Was nothing but ugliness in the eyes of others. This world in which I live treats beauty as a product,  Transforms it
Folly	Beauty?
Gregor	Into entertainment.
All	Into entertainment!
Gregor	Chloroform
Folly	Chloroform?!?
Gregor, Folly	Numbness.
All	Numbness!
Gregor	Beige is the only remnant of what was once richly chromatic Like a pale reminder of splendour Which pleases no one, and everyone, at the same time.

Folly                    «Those who restrain desire, do so because  
                             theirs is weak enough to be restrained.»  
                             Blake

Gregor                   STOP!!!

Folly                    I am only feeding your soul, Gregor.  
                             Poor boy, you were so famished.  
                             You see?  
                             Your passion burns still.  
                             You see?  
                             The Gods of Copybook Headings still live  
                             inside you.  
                             Your metamorphosis has begun.

Gregor                   Can't you stop burning those books! You are  
                             the cause of my misery! You are manipulating  
                             my thoughts!

Folly                    No more than the others, Gregor.  
                             What path will you be taking?

Gregor                   I choose alienation...  
                             I will sing for my nation when there is beauty  
                             I will pray when my religion is love.  
                             I will obey when the path  
                             Leading to knowledge  
                             Is the truth  
                             A nation being where we can live  
                             I will build this nation on an island.  
                             And I will live alone.

Folly                    You will not be alone.

## INTERLUDE II

Gregor                    Imagine  
                              For a moment...

                              A cell  
                              A body  
                              A star  
                              A galaxy  
                              Infinity!

                              Where do we come from?

                              Conscience  
                              Prescience  
                              Methodology

                              Who are we?

                              Secret  
                              Sacred

                              Where are we going?

                              Creation...

                              In our time, money is power, but...  
                              «power is knowledge itself»

                              Imagine...

## CANTO XIII Third Awakening

Gregor                    Hey!

Matilda                  Yes?

Gregor                    I can't take it anymore. I can't take it anymore.  
                              I can't take anymore of these dreams...  
                              has dawn arrived?

Matilda                  Yes.

Gregor                    Don't you want to come in? The end is so near..

Matilda                  I don't have the necessary authorization.

Gregor                    I'm tied up. There's no risk...

Matilda I don't have permission.

Gregor I beg you...

Matilda I don't have authorization.

Gregor I beg you...

Matilda I don't have...

Gregor I beg...

Matilda Hello, Gregor.

Gregor Please come closer.

Matilda Did you have nightmares again?

Gregor All my life, all my life I have been a puppet, the signs were so obvious. All my life I have been an obedient puppet. I didn't see the signs. The signs were so obvious. I didn't see the signs.

Matilda They made you unaware of your own nature

Gregor The signs were so obvious.

Matilda Obvious?

Gregor «In the middle of the journey of our life,

Prometheus I came to myself, in a dark wood, Where the direct way was lost.»  
(Dante, *The Divine Comedy*)

Gregor I was in a dark wood, but it is too late. They will kill what is left of humanity, one soul at a time...

Matilda You are all that remains of humanity..

Gregor Who are you?

## CANTO XIV

### The Ritual

Matilda                    They're coming...

Gregor                    No! It's too soon... I don't want to leave...  
not now...

Matilda                    Don't be scared. Don't be scared. Shhh.  
Not scared, not scared, not. Shhh. I'll put your  
handcuffs on.

Gregor                    No!

Matilda                    I'll put the hood on you as soon as they come.

Gregor                    No!!

Matilda                    Have faith.

Gregor                    No!!!

Matilda                    Have faith.

Gregor                    I don't want to leave, not now.

Prometheus              Then the fear, that had settled in the lake  
of my heart,

Prometheus,  
Tenor 2                    Through the night that I had spent

Prometheus              so miserably, became a little calmer.  
And as a man, who, with panting breath

Tenor 2                    Has escaped

Prometheus              From the deep sea to the shore, turns back  
towards the perilous waters

Prometheus              And stares,

All                          So my mind, still fugitive,

Prometheus              Turned back to see

All                          that pass again, that no living person

Prometheus              ever left!

All                          Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita mi ritrovai...

Gregor, Matilda      Ô muses!  
 All                      per una selva oscura ché la dirita...  
 Gregor, Matilda      Ô Great Spirit!  
 All                      You only have to take a different path, Gregor!  
 Gregor                  Ô muses, ô Great Spirit!  
 All                      If you want to escape!  
 Gregor                  Help me!  
 All                      From this savage place!  
 Gregor                  Ô Memory that captures,  
 All                      Because the beast who you're screaming for!  
 Gregor                  Who I saw.  
 All                      Lets no one!  
 Gregor                  This is where your nobility will come to light.  
 All                      Lets no man cross his path!  
 Gregor                  The time was at the beginning of the morning,  
 All                      He attacks!  
 Gregor                  and the sun was mounting up...  
 All                      And in the end!  
 Gregor                  With all those stars...  
 All                      He kills!  
 Prometheus            [Gregor] This creature, that distresses you,  
                                  allows no man to cross her path, but obstructs  
                                  him, to destroy him, and she has so vicious and  
                                  perverse a nature, that she never sates her greedy  
                                  appetite, and after food is hungrier than before.  
                                  You must go another road, if you wish to escape  
                                  this savage place, [Gregor!].  
                                  (Dante, *The Devine Comedy*)

## CANTO XV

### Gunfire

The General

Any last words?

Gregor

«As I pass through my incarnations in every age and race,

I make my proper prostrations to the Gods of the Market Place.

Peering through reverent fingers

I watch them flourish and fall,

And the Gods of the Copybook Headings,

I notice,

Outlast them all.»

(Kipling, *The Gods of Copy Book Headings*)

The General

That's all?

Gregor

«He who lives without folly is not so wise as he may think.» (La Rochefoucauld, *Maxims*)

The General

Fire!

## EPILOGUE

Gregor

«One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections.

The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment.

His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked.

“What’s happened to me?” he thought. It wasn’t a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls.»

(Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*)

**THE END**

COMPAGNIE LYRIQUE  
DE CRÉATION



**CHANTS  
LIBRES**

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