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CHAN 10186(2)

BBC

CHANDOS

MICHAEL BERKELEY

BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP

A JUNGLE TALE

ORIGINAL PREMIERE RECORDING

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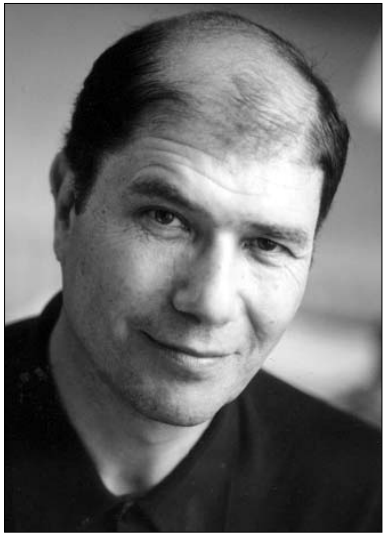

Axel Michel

Michael Berkeley

Michael Berkeley (b. 1948)

Baa Baa Black Sheep

A Jungle Tale

An Opera in Three Acts

Text by David Malouf

Punch, a boy of five or six / **Mowgli** as a child ..... Malcolm Lorimer *boy treble*

Mowgli as a young man ..... William Dazeley *baritone*

Judy, Punch's sister, aged ten / **Grey Wolf** ..... Ann Taylor-Morley *mezzo-soprano*

Father / **Father Wolf** / **Messua's Husband (Man)** ..... George Mosley *baritone*

Mother / **Mother Wolf** / **Messua**, Mowgli's mother ..... Eileen Hulse *high soprano*

Captain / **Akela**, a wolf ..... Henry Newman *bass-baritone*

Auntirosa / **Baldeo**, a hunter ..... Fiona Kimm *contralto*

Harry, a boy of thirteen or fourteen / **Shere Khan**, a tiger ..... Philip Sheffield *tenor*

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Bhini-in-the-Garden, **Baloo**, a bear ..... Mark Holland *bass-baritone*
Meeta, Indian servant, **Bagheera**, a panther ..... Clive Bayley *bass-baritone*
Salaam-Captain-Sahib-Snake-Man, **Ka**, a python ..... Paul McCann *tenor*
Priest ..... Brian Cookson *tenor*
Wolves and Villagers Vivienne Bailey, Stephen Briggs, Bruce Budd, Anne-Marie Ives, Keith Mills, David Owen-Lewis, Lesley Roberts, Victoria Sharp

Chorus of Opera North
Martin Pickard chorus master
English Northern Philharmonia
David Greed leader
Paul Daniel

COMPACT DISC ONE

		Time	Page
	Act I		
1	**Prelude**	2:54	26
2	**Scene 1. A Passage from India**	9:04	26
3	**Scene 2. In the House of Desolation**	12:37	27
4	**Scene 3. At the Council Rock**	6:06	31
5	**Scene 4. The Education of Mowgli**	6:22	33
	Act II		
6	**Scene 1. The Ways of Man**	4:21	34
7	**Scene 2. Akela Misses His Kill**	10:03	35
8	**Scene 3. A Death in the House**	10:57	38
		TT 62:37	

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COMPACT DISC TWO	Time	Page
1 **Scene 4. In the Village**	17:56	40
Act III		
2 **Scene 1. Black Sheep**	10:39	43
3 **Scene 2. Letting in the Jungle**	10:23	46
4 **Scene 3. The Spring Running**	11:17	49
5 **Scene 4. Return**	2:15	51
	TT 52:45	

Berkeley: Baa Baa Black Sheep

An Introduction

The Indian background of Rudyard Kipling is well known. What is less well known is that at the tender age of five he and his sister were brought to England and 'farmed out' to an evangelical fanatic in Southsea, whom Kipling knew as Aunty Rosa. His parents genuinely believed this to be in the children's best interests but Kipling's mother was devastated by the loss, as in turn were her children.

Unversed in the ways of Christianity and indeed fired by the rich Hindu mythology of his *ayahs*, the unfortunate Kipling could not understand why he was suddenly considered 'so wicked – so sinful'. His lack of comprehension only earned him another cruel beating from Aunty Rosa, enthusiastically joined by her thirteen-year-old bully of a son who regarded these sessions of abuse as a form of daily sport.

Kipling began to bump into pieces of furniture and knock things over, for which he was further beaten and tormented – in fact, the child's eyesight was ailing and in need of urgent attention. Small wonder that an imaginative mind began to dream up an alternative world – one where an outcast might win acceptance and triumph over his enemies. This, Kipling later acknowledged, was the seed from which *The Jungle Book* grew and in it he gave full vent to his feelings – for example, the killing of Shere Khan and the destruction of the village by the elephants.

In 1888, now calling himself Punch and his sister Judy, Kipling relived this early trauma in the short autobiographical story *Baa Baa Black Sheep*. It is a title that all too aptly covers the fortunes of both Kipling in his childhood and Mowgli in *The Jungle Book*.

The opera takes as its frame the childhood, the arrival from India, and the new life in what Kipling himself called 'The House of Desolation'. The scenes intercut between the monochrome world of reality in Southsea and the colourful world of fantasy in the jungle.

The central part of the opera deals with the episodes from *The Jungle Book* that are most relevant to Kipling's childhood experience and which cast psychological comment on them: the meeting at the Council Rock during which Mowgli is ceremoniously accepted into the pack (to the accompaniment of furious growls and snorts from the evil tiger Shere Khan), Mowgli's hunting of Shere Khan, Mowgli's encounter with his native mother, and finally his return to man which dovetails into the return of Mrs Kipling from India.

In his libretto David Malouf has, as he puts it, endowed young Punch with the power to effect his own form of wild justice. He has used Kipling's own imagination in *The Jungle Book* to empower the imagination of young Punch in *Baa Baa Black Sheep* to murder his tormentors not in fact but in fantasy. It was a matter of reuniting two aspects of Kipling's imagination that had always belonged together but had been hived off in separate works. Rather as in *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*, the seemingly austere walls of (in this case) a wretched childhood fall down to reveal an exotic and magical place. Here there is certainly cruelty as we see it, but for the animals it is part of a natural order and certainly not premeditated.

Each character doubles as a logical alter ego, hence the bully boy Harry becomes the aggressive tiger Shere Khan; Aunty Rosa's husband, an old sea dog and the only person to show kindness to Kipling, becomes Akela, the old wolf leader; Judy runs with Mowgli as Grey Wolf, and so on.

In the final scene the mother returns, desperate to see her children. But the outstretching of her arms instantly prompts the young boy to cower, assuming that once again he is to be hit. His distraught mother says that it's all alright, mama has come for him at last – only to hear the terrible reply: 'Too late, too late, too late'.

Kipling was a man of divided nature and we see in *Baa Baa Black Sheep* the beginnings of that division. His experiences in the House of Desolation clearly marked him for life, and the almost obsessive emphasis on revenge in his writing is perhaps best understood by what one is tempted to see as his self-diagnosis. Note, for example, the closing lines composed for *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, the children comforting each other with the thought that 'It's all different now and we are just as much Mother's as if she had never gone'. To these the author added:

> Not altogether, O Punch, for when young lips have drunk deep of the bitter waters of Fate, Suspicion, and Despair, all the love in the world will not wholly take away that knowledge, though it may turn darkened eyes for a while to the light, and teach Faith where no Faith was.

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Synopsis

Act I

An English family is on the eve of setting out from India for 'home', where the children, Punch, aged about five, and Judy, aged ten, are to be left with foster-parents and reared at last as little English children. Punch is bid farewell by his three Indian friends, Meeta, the household servant, Bhini-in-the-Garden, and Salaam-Captain-Sahib-Snake-Man.

The children are introduced to their new family: Auntirosa, her husband, a retired ship's captain, and their son, Harry. Auntirosa, deciding that Punch is a spoilt little 'baba', sets out to teach him the elements of good behaviour, and his own sinfulness, using Harry, a born tormentor, as her agent and spy. The Captain, on the other hand, has taken a fancy to Punch and makes a companion of him, telling the boy, secretly, that he is ill and will soon die.

Punch, in his unhappiness, calls up the memory of India. Casting himself in the role of a Lost Boy, Mowgli, he finds his parents again in the form of Mother and Father Wolf, sees the Captain as Akela, leader of the wolf-pack, Judy as Grey Wolf, and his Indian friends as Baloo, the bear, Bagheera, the panther, and Ka, the python. These latter educate him in the ways of the jungle and prepare him to fight his enemy, the tiger Shere Khan (Harry). Auntirosa and Harry recognise, but fail to comprehend, a new power in Punch, represented musically by his appearance in a second form as a baritone.

Act II

A shift of power occurs in the jungle when Akela misses his kill and is challenged by the younger wolves who want to deliver Mowgli up to Shere Khan. Akela prevails, but Mowgli, expelled from the jungle, goes in search of his own kind. Meanwhile, in the House of Desolation, the Captain dies. On the outskirts of the jungle Mowgli comes to a village and is recognised by one of the women, Messua, as the child a tiger took. She takes him in, but when Grey Wolf comes to visit him and they are seen dancing together by moonlight, Mowgli is once more cast out.

Act III

Punch is again in trouble, accused of having tried to kill a fellow-pupil who, egged on by Harry, has been taunting him as 'Black Sheep'. When Harry tells Punch he will go to Hell and threatens him with hellfire, Punch seizes the idea of fire and, in his guise as Mowgli, kills Shere Khan and dances on his skin. The other animals rejoice.

Hearing now that Messua and her husband are to be burned alive for having taken him in, Mowgli sets out to free them. To punish the village for its crimes against him, Mowgli, with the help of Bagheera, calls in the elephants, Hathi and his sons, to trample it flat and let the jungle in.

Mowgli, on the edge of adulthood, is stirred by the presence of a village girl, and in the excitement of spring, with all the animals pairing, recognises at last his alienation from the jungle world in which he has been at home. Reluctantly he accepts that he must leave it and return to the world of men. His

friends, Akela, Baloo, Bagheera, Ka and Grey Wolf, send him forth with their blessing.

Punch's parents return to claim their children. Judy responds immediately, but Punch at first cannot.

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Michael Berkeley was born in 1948, the eldest son of the composer Lennox Berkeley. He studied composition, singing and piano at the Royal Academy of Music but it was not until his late twenties, when he went to study with Richard Rodney Bennett, that Berkeley began to concentrate exclusively on composition. Up until 1982 he was writing in a broadly tonal idiom and the climax of this early period was the oratorio *Or Shall We Die?* to a text by Ian McEwan.

Subsequently Berkeley's music gradually underwent a considerable change and in pieces like *For the Savage Messiah* (1985) for piano quintet, *Songs of Awakening Love* (1986) which was composed for Heather Harper and first performed at the 1988 BBC Proms, and the Organ Concerto (1987), his language became more distinctive, with the emotional quality of the early pieces integrated into a tauter musical idiom. A harder-edged sound began to emerge in works like *Keening* (1987) for the saxophonist John Harle, *Fierce Tears I* (1984) and *II* (1990) for the oboist Nicholas Daniel, the *Quartet Study* which was performed by the Arditti Quartet at the 1989 Almeida Festival, and the two string pieces *Coronach* (1988) and *Gethsemani Fragment* (1990).

In 1991 a BBC commission resulted in a richly coloured work for ensemble, *Entertaining Master Punch*. The first of three related and acclaimed scores, it was followed by the Clarinet Concerto (1991) and Berkeley's first opera, *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, written in 1993 to a libretto by David Malouf, and performed here by the original cast.

Michael Berkeley's position as one of the most significant British composers of his generation was further consolidated by the Viola Concerto written in 1994 for Roger Benedict and the Philharmonia Orchestra. At the 1998 BBC Proms Mstislav Rostropovich conducted the National Youth Orchestra in the first performance of the exotic and powerful *The Garden of Earthly Delights*. A second opera, *Jane Eyre*, also to a libretto by David Malouf, was premiered at the Cheltenham International Festival of Music in 2000.

Berkeley served as Artistic Director of the Cheltenham Festival from 1995 to 2004. In 2001 he was appointed Composer-in-Association with the BBC National Orchestra of Wales for a period of six years. His first commission, *Tristessa* for cor anglais, viola and orchestra, was given its first performance in St David's Cathedral in 2003, and at the BBC Proms that year Richard Hickox conducted the Orchestra in a performance of *Secret Garden* (1997).

Since the foundation of Opera North in 1978, the **Chorus of Opera North** has appeared with the company at the Edinburgh Festival and all over the north of England.

The Chorus's foreign tours have included performances of Weber's *Oberon* at Teatro La Fenice in Venice, *Aida*, *Macbeth* and Tippett's *The Midsummer Marriage* at the Wiesbaden May Festivals, *Boris Godunov* in Dortmund, *Attila* and *Billy Budd* in Rotterdam, the world premiere of Benedict Mason's *Playing Away* in Munich, and most recently Britten's *Gloriana* and Janáček's *The Cunning Little Vixen* at the Gran Teatre Liceu in Barcelona. Concert performances have included the world premieres of Takemitsu's *My Way of Life* and Philip Wilby's *A New World Dancing*. The Chorus has taken part in many radio and television broadcasts and featured in Phyllida Lloyd's *Emmy* Award-winning film *Gloriana*.

The Chorus's discography for Chandos includes Walton's *Troilus and Cressida*, which was awarded the 1995 *Gramophone* Award for best Opera recording, and most recently Mozart's *Idomeneo*.

The **Orchestra of Opera North** (formerly the English Northern Philharmonia) is the only ensemble in the country to have a year-round dual role in the opera house and in the concert hall. Resident orchestra for the Leeds Conductors' Competition, it also plays an important part in the major concert series of the region and, through its relationship with the Leeds International Concert Season, performs regular concerts of major symphonic repertoire, gives a series of gala concerts and appears with local choral societies. Opera North has run its own concert series in Dewsbury for ten years, and from the 1993–94 season has also taken over responsibility for the Huddersfield Town Hall series.

The Orchestra has toured abroad, both with the Opera and in concert, participating at contemporary music festivals in Cannes, Vienna and Strasbourg. In this country it has regularly performed in London at venues including the South Bank, and at the BBC Proms and Hampton Court Festival. The Orchestra's discography includes, for Chandos, Walton's *Troilus and Cressida* conducted by Richard Hickox, which won the *Gramophone* Award for best Opera recording in 1995.

Regarded as an exciting and talented conductor, **Paul Daniel** CBE is in demand as guest conductor with orchestras and opera companies throughout the world.

He has worked extensively with English National Opera and in September 1997 became Music Director of the company; his many performances included the world premiere of Turnage's *The Silver Tassie*, besides Adams's *Nixon in China* and Britten's *Peter Grimes* (at the Aldeburgh Festival). He is also Chief Conductor of the Britten-Pears Orchestra in Aldeburgh.

He served as Music Director of Opera Factory from 1987 to 1990 and of Opera North from 1990 to 1997 where productions included the world premieres of Michael Berkeley's *Baa Baa Black Sheep* and Benedict Mason's *Playing Away.* During his tenure as Principal Conductor of the English Northern Philharmonia, the orchestra of Opera North, he conducted concerts throughout the UK and took the orchestra to many festivals. His recordings for Chandos include *Falstaff* and *Wozzeck*.

In February 1998 Paul Daniel received an *Olivier* Award for outstanding achievement in opera, and was awarded the CBE in the 2000 New Year's Honours List.

Berkeley: Baa Baa Black Sheep

Eine Einführung

Es ist allgemein bekannt, daß Rudyard Kipling in Indien zur Welt kam. Weniger verbreitet ist, daß er im zarten Alter von fünf Jahren zusammen mit seiner Schwester nach England gebracht und bei einer christlichen Fanatikerin in Southsea in Pflege gegeben wurde, die er "Aunty Rosa" (Tante Rosa) nannte. Kiplings Eltern glaubten aufrichtig, diese Übersiedlung sei im besten Interesse ihrer Kinder, doch es stellte sich heraus, daß die Mutter ebenso darunter litt wie die beiden Geschwister.

Unbewandert im christlichen Gedankengut, dafür aber umso erfüllter von der reichen hinduistischen Mythologie, die seine indischen Kindermädchen ihm vermittelt hatten, konnte Kipling nicht verstehen, weshalb er plötzlich als "böses" und "sündiges" Kind galt. Sein mangelndes Verständnis brachte ihm nur noch mehr grausame Schläge von Tante Rosa und ihrem herrschsüchtigen dreizehnjährigen Sohn ein, der diese täglichen Mißhandlungen bald als Vergnügen betrachtete.

Kipling begann, sich an Möbelstücken anzustoßen und aus Versehen Dinge umzuwerfen, wofür er wieder geschlagen und gequält wurde; dabei passierten ihm diese Mißgeschicke nur aufgrund seines schlechten Sehvermögens, das dringender Behandlung bedurft hätte. Kein Wunder, daß das phantasiebegabte Kind sich bald eine eigene Welt erträumte, in der ein Ausgestoßener akzeptiert werden und über seine Feinde sogar triumphieren konnte. Dies, so erklärte Kipling später, sei der Nährboden gewesen, auf dem *The Jungle Book* (Das Dschungelbuch) entstand, und in diesem Werk ließ er seinen Gefühlen freien Lauf – zum Beispiel in der Ermordung von Shir Khan und der Zerstörung des Dorfes durch die Elefanten.

Im Jahre 1888 nannte Kipling sich selbst Punch (Kasperl) und seine Schwester Judy (Gretel) und wiederholte in dieser Gestalt sein frühes Trauma in der autobiographischen Kurzgeschichte *Baa Baa Black Sheep*. Der Titel ist mehr als treffend, sowohl für die schlimme Kindheit des Autors als auch für Mogli im *Dschungelbuch*.

Den Rahmen für die Oper bilden Kiplings Kindheit, seine Ankunft aus Indien und das neue Leben in einem Zuhause, das er selbst als "Haus der Einsamkeit" bezeichnete. Die Szenen wechseln zwischen der eintönigen Realität in Southsea und der farbenfrohen Phantasiewelt des Dschungels.

Der Kern der Oper befaßt sich mit jenen Episoden des *Dschungelbuchs*, die am engsten mit Kiplings Kindheitserlebnissen in Zusammenhang stehen und sie psychologisch kommentieren: das Treffen am Ratsfelsen, bei dem Mogli feierlich in das Rudel aufgenommen wird (begleitet vom wütenden Fauchen und Knurren des bösen Tigers Shir Khan), Moglis Jagd auf Shir Khan, das Zusammentreffen mit seiner leiblichen Mutter und schließlich seine Rückkehr zu den Menschen, die in die Ankunft von Frau Kipling aus Indien übergeht.

Wie David Malouf es sagt, verlieh er in seinem Libretto dem jungen Punch die Kraft, seine ihm eigene Form wilder, unzivilisierter Gerechtigkeit durchzusetzen. Malouf verdichtete Kiplings Einfallsreichtum im *Dschungelbuch*, damit der junge Punch in *Baa Baa Black Sheep* seine Peiniger ermorden kann – zwar nicht tatsächlich, aber in seiner Phantasie. Dabei ging es darum, zwei Aspekte von Kiplings Vorstellungskraft wieder zu vereinigen, die immer zusammengehört hatten, aber in verschiedene Werke eingeflossen waren. Fast wie in *L'Enfant et les sortilèges* stürzen auch hier die scheinbar düsteren Mauern einer (in diesem Fall) unglücklichen Kindheit ein, um einen exotischen und magischen Ort preiszugeben. Natürlich kommt hier ein Verhalten zum Vorschein, das wir Grausamkeit nennen würden. Für die Tiere ist sie aber Teil der natürlichen Ordnung und wird keinesfalls vorsätzlich ausgeübt.

Jede Figur entspricht einem logischen Alter-Ego. So wird etwa aus dem herrschsüchtigen Harry der aggressive Tiger Shir Khan. Tante Rosas Gatte, ein alter Seebär, der als einziger freundlich zu Kipling war, wird zu Akela, dem alten Führer der Wölfe, Judy läuft mit Mogli als Graue Wölfin zusammen, und so weiter.

In der Schlußszene kehrt die Mutter zurück im verzweifelten Wunsch, ihre Kinder wiederzusehen. Doch als sie die Arme nach ihnen ausstreckt, duckt sich der Junge sofort aus Angst, wieder geschlagen zu werden. Seine bestürzte Mutter beruhigt ihn mit den Worten, Mama sei endlich zu ihm gekommen. Die Antwort des Kindes ist furchtbar: "Zu spät, zu spät, zu spät."

Kipling war eine gespaltene Persönlichkeit, und in *Baa Baa Black Sheep* werden die Ursprünge dieser Zerrissenheit sichtbar. Die Erfahrungen im Haus der Einsamkeit prägten ihn für sein ganzes Leben, und die fast obsessive Betonung von Vergeltung in seinen Werken wird vielleicht am ehesten verständlich, wenn man sie als eine Art Selbstdiagnose betrachtet – so etwa die Schlußzeilen von *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, wo sich die Kinder gegenseitig mit dem Gedanken trösten, daß "jetzt alles anders ist und wir so zu Mutter gehören, als wäre sie nie fort gewesen". Der Autor fügt allerdings hinzu:

> Nicht ganz, oh Punch, denn wenn junge Lippen reichlich vom bitteren Wasser des Schicksals, des Argwohns und der Verzweiflung gekostet haben, kann alle Liebe der Welt dies nicht völlig auslöschen, wenngleich sie getrübte Augen zeitweise wieder dem Licht zuwenden und Vertrauen lehren kann, wo kein Vertrauen war.

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Übersetzung: Byword, London

Die Handlung

Erster Akt

Eine englische Familie ist im Begriff, Indien zu verlassen und "nach Hause" zu fahren, wo die Kinder, der ungefähr fünfjährige Punch und seine zehn Jahre alte Schwester Judy, von Pflegeeltern zu "richtigen" englischen Kindern erzogen werden sollen. Punch wird von seinen drei indischen Freunden verabschiedet – dem Hausdiener Meeta, Bhini-in-the-Garden und Salaam-Captain-Sahib-Snake-Man.

Die Kinder werden ihrer neuen Familie vorgestellt: Auntirosa, ihrem Mann, einem pensionierten Kapitän, und deren Sohn Harry. Auntirosa hält Punch für einen verzogenen kleinen "Baba", dem sie erst von Grund auf gutes Benehmen beibringen und ihn von seiner Sündhaftigkeit überzeugen muß. Dabei setzt sie Harry, einen geborenen Quälgeist, als Helfer und Spion ein. Der Kapitän andererseits hat Punch ins Herz geschlossen und vertraut ihm an, daß er krank ist und bald sterben muß.

In seinem Unglück flüchtet sich Punch in seine Erinnerungen an Indien. Er gibt sich selbst die Rolle des verlorenen Jungen Mogli, und findet seine Eltern als Mutter und Vater Wolf wieder. Der Kapitän wird für ihn zu Akela, dem Anführer des Wolfsrudels, Judy zur Grauen Wölfin und seine indischen Freunde zu Balu, dem Bären, Baghira, dem schwarzen Panther, und Kaa, der Schlange. Diese drei lehren ihn, im Dschungel zu überleben und seinen Feind zu bekämpfen, den Tiger Shir Khan (Harry). Auntirosa und Harry nehmen die neugewonnene Kraft in Punch zwar wahr, die musikalisch durch sein Auftreten in einer zweiten Gestalt als Bariton repräsentiert wird, doch können sie diese Kraft nicht begreifen.

Zweiter Akt

Ein Machtumschwung findet im Dschungel statt, als Akela kein Glück bei der Jagd hat und daraufhin von den jüngeren Wölfen herausgefordert wird, die Mogli an Shir Khan ausliefern wollen. Akela kann sich zwar durchsetzen, doch nun ist Mogli aus dem Dschungel ausgeschlossen und macht sich auf die Suche nach Seinesgleichen. In der Zwischenzeit stirbt im Haus der Verlassenheit der Kapitän. Mogli gelangt zu einem Dorf am Rand des Dschungels, wo eine der Frauen, Messua, ihn als das Kind erkennt, das von

einem Tiger entführt wurde. Sie nimmt ihn auf, aber als die Graue Wölfin ihn besucht und die beiden im Mondlicht tanzen, wird Mogli wieder ausgestoßen.

Dritter Akt

Wieder ist Punch in Schwierigkeiten. Man wirft ihm vor, er habe einen Mitschüler töten wollen, der ihn, angestachelt von Harry, als "Schwarzes Schaf" gehänselt hatte. Als Harry zu Punch sagt, er werde in die Hölle kommen, und ihm mit dem Fegefeuer droht, greift dieser die Idee mit dem Feuer auf. In Gestalt von Mogli tötet er Shir Khan und tanzt auf seinem Fell herum. Die anderen Tiere sind begeistert.

Doch nun erfährt Mogli, daß Messua und ihr Mann bei lebendigem Leib verbrannt werden sollen, weil sie ihn aufgenommen hatten. Er macht sich auf, um sie zu befreien, und will das Dorf dafür bestrafen, daß es ihn so grausam behandelte. Mit Baghiras Hilfe ruft Mogli den Elefanten Hathi und dessen Söhne herbei, damit sie das Dorf niedertrampeln und der Dschungel es wieder überwuchern kann.

Mogli ist nun fast ein Mann. Beim Erwachen des Frühlings, als alle Tiere sich zu paaren beginnen, entdeckt er seine Liebe für ein Mädchen des Dorfes und erkennt schließlich seine Entfremdung von der Welt des Dschungels, die sein Zuhause war. Widerstrebend akzeptiert er, daß er sie verlassen und in die Welt der Menschen zurückkehren muß. Seine Freunde Akela, Balu, Baghira, Kaa und die Graue Wölfin geben ihm ihre besten Wünsche mit auf den Weg.

Punchs Eltern kehren zurück und holen ihre Kinder wieder zu sich. Judy kann sich sofort in die neue Situation einfinden, doch für Punch ist das zunächst nicht möglich.

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Übersetzung: Byword, London

Michael Berkeley wurde 1948 als ältester Sohn des Komponisten Lennox Berkeley geboren. Er studierte Komposition, Gesang und Klavier an der Royal Academy of Music in London; aber erst mit Ende zwanzig, als er begann, bei Richard Rodney Bennett Unterricht zu nehmen, konzentrierte er sich ausschließlich auf das Komponieren. Bis 1982 schrieb er weitgehend tonal; der Höhepunkt dieser frühen Schaffensperiode ist das Oratorium *Or Shall We Die?* nach einem Text von Ian McEwan.

Seither hat Berkeleys Musik erhebliche Veränderungen durchlaufen. In Stücken wie dem Klavierquintett *For the Savage Messiah* (1985), den für Heather Harper komponierten, 1988 bei den Londoner Proms der BBC uraufgeführten *Songs of Awakening Love* (1986) und dem Orgelkonzert (1987) ist seine musikalische Ausdrucksform unverwechselbarer geworden, weil er nun die Emotionalität seiner frühen Stücke in ein strafferes musikalisches Idiom einbindet. Ein markanterer Klang entwickelte sich in Werken wie *Keening* (1987) für den Saxophonisten John Harle, *Fierce Tears I* (1984) und *II* (1990) für den Oboisten Nicholas Daniel, der 1989 beim Almeida Festival vom Arditti Quartet aufgeführten *Quartet Study* und den beiden Streicherstücken *Coronach* (1988) und *Gethsemani Fragment* (1990).

Im Jahr 1991 führte ein Kompositionsauftrag der BBC zu einem äußerst farbenfrohen Ensemblewerk mit dem Titel *Entertaining Master Punch*. Dieser ersten von drei zusammenhängenden, mit viel Lob bedachten Partituren folgten das Klarinettenkonzert (1991) und Berkeleys erste Oper *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, die 1993 nach einem Libretto von David Malouf entstand und hier von der Originalbesetzung dargeboten wird.

Michael Berkeleys Stellung als einer der bedeutendsten britischen Komponisten seiner Generation wurde weiter gefestigt durch das 1994 für Roger Benedict und das Philharmonia Orchestra geschriebene Bratschenkonzert. Bei den BBC Proms 1998 gab das National Youth Orchestra unter der Leitung von Mstislaw Rostropowitsch die Uraufführung des exotischen und eindrucksvollen Werks *The Garden of Earthly Delights*. Eine zweite Oper mit dem Titel *Jane Eyre*, ebenfalls mit einem Libretto von David Malouf, wurde beim Cheltenham International Festival of Music 2000 uraufgeführt.

Berkeley war von 1995 bis 2004 als künstlerischer Leiter des Cheltenham Festival tätig. Im Jahr 2001 wurde er für sechs Jahre zum Hauskomponisten des BBC National Orchestra of Wales berufen. Seine erste Auftragsarbeit, *Tristessa* für Englisch Horn, Bratsche und Orchester, erhielt seine Uraufführung 2003 in der Kathedrale St. David's, und im selben Jahr dirigierte Richard Hickox bei den BBC Proms das Orchester anlässlich einer Aufführung von *Secret Garden* (1997).

Seit der Gründung der Opera North im Jahr 1978 ist der **Chor der Opera North** beim Edinburgh Festival und in ganz Nordengland mit dem Ensemble aufgetreten.

Auslandstourneen haben ihn mit Webers *Oberon* ans Teatro La Fenice in Venedig geführt, mit *Aida*, *Macbeth* und Tippetts *The Midsummer Marriage* zu den Maifestspielen in Wiesbaden, mit *Boris Godunow* nach Dortmund, mit *Attila* und *Billy Budd* nach Rotterdam, zur Weltpremiere von Benedict Masons *Playing Away* nach München und zuletzt ans Gran Teatre Liceu Barcelona

mit Brittens *Gloriana* und Janáčeks *Schlauem Füchslein*. Zu seinen Konzertauftritten zählen die Uraufführungen von Takemitsus *My Way of Life* und Philip Wilbys *A New World Dancing*. Er war an zahlreichen Rundfunk- und Fernsehsendungen beteiligt und hat in Phyllida Lloyds mit dem *Emmy Award* ausgezeichnetem Film *Gloriana* eine wichtige Rolle gespielt.

Für Chandos umfasst die Diskographie des Chors unter anderem Waltons *Troilus and Cressida*, die 1995 mit dem Preis der Musikzeitschrift *Gramophone* für die beste Opernaufnahme ausgezeichnet wurde, und seit kurzem auch Mozarts *Idomeneo*.

Das **Orchester der Opera North** (ehedem: English Northern Philharmonia) ist das einzige Ensemble in Großbritannien, das ganzjährig zwei verschiedene Funktionen erfüllt: im Opernhaus und im Konzertsaal. Das Hausorchester des Dirigentenwettbewerbs der Stadt Leeds spielt eine wichtige Rolle bei den bedeutenden Konzertreihen der Region und führt dank seiner Verbindung zur Leeds International Concert Season regelmäßig bedeutende sinfonische Werke auf; darüber hinaus gibt es eine Reihe von Galakonzerten und arbeitet mit örtlichen Chorvereinigungen zusammen. Die Opera North veranstaltet seit zehn Jahren eine eigene Konzertserie in Dewsbury und ist seit 1993/94 außerdem für die Konzerte in der Stadthalle von Huddersfield verantwortlich.

Das Orchester hat mit der Operntruppe und als Konzertensemble Auslandstourneen zu Festspielen für zeitgenössische Musik in Cannes, Wien und Straßburg unternommen. In Großbritannien ist es regelmäßig in London zu Gast und spielt an Veranstaltungsorten wie der South Bank, bei den Proms der BBC und beim Hampton Court Festival. Die Diskographie des Orchesters umfasst Waltons *Troilus and Cressida*, aufgezeichnet für Chandos unter der Leitung von Richard Hickox und 1995 als beste Opernaufnahme mit einem *Gramophone*-Preis ausgezeichnet.

Paul Daniel CBE, der als begeisternder und talentierter Dirigent angesehen ist, ist bei Orchestern und Opernensembles auf der ganzen Welt als Gastdirigent gefragt.

Er hat viel mit der English National Opera zusammengearbeitet, wurde im September 1997 zum Musikdirektor des Ensembles berufen und hat seither zahlreiche Aufführungen geleitet, zum Beispiel die Uraufführung von Turnages *The Silver Tassie*, außerdem Adams' *Nixon in China* und Brittens *Peter Grimes* (beim Aldeburgh Festival). Er ist Chefdirigent des in Aldeburgh ansässigen Britten-Pears Orchestra.

Außerdem war er als Musikdirektor 1987–1990 an der Opera Factory und 1990–1997 an der Opera North tätig, wo unter anderem die Uraufführungen von Michael Berkeleys *Baa Baa Black Sheep* und Benedict Masons *Playing Away* stattgefunden haben. Während seiner Amtszeit als Erster Dirigent der English Northern Philharmonia, des Orchesters der Opera North, hat er in ganz Großbritannien Konzerte geleitet und das Orchester zu vielen Festspielen begleitet. Für Chandos hat Paul Daniel unter anderem *Falstaff* und *Wozzeck* auf Tonträger aufgenommen.

Im Februar 1998 hat Paul Daniel den *Olivier*-Preis für außerordentliche Leistungen auf dem Gebiet der Oper erhalten, und zur Jahreswende 2000 wurde ihm der CBE verliehen, ein Orden der britischen Krone.

Berkeley: Baa Baa Black Sheep

Une introduction

Rudyard Kipling, c'est bien connu, passa ses premières années en Inde, mais ce que l'on sait moins, c'est qu'à cinq ans il fut mis en pension, avec sa sœur, dans une famille anglaise de Southsea, chez une puritaine fanatique qu'il appelait Aunty Rosa (Tante Rosa). M. et Mme Kipling étaient sincèrement persuadés d'agir pour le bien de leurs enfants, mais la mère souffrit vivement de l'éloignement de ses enfants, tout comme ceux-ci souffrirent d'être séparés de leurs parents.

Ignorant des principes du christianisme et animé par la riche mythologie hindoue des *ayahs* qui le gardaient dans sa petite enfance, le malheureux Rudyard ne comprenait pas pourquoi il était soudainement considéré "si mauvais, si coupable". Sa confusion ne lui valut qu'une autre volée de coups de la part de Tante Rosa, aidée de son fils de treize ans, un garçon brutal que ces séances quotidiennes de mauvais traitements amusaient visiblement.

Rudyard commença de se cogner aux meubles, de renverser des objets, et les coups redoublèrent; en fait, sa vue était mauvaise et nécessitait des soins urgents. Il n'est guère surprenant dès lors que l'enfant se soit réfugié dans un univers imaginaire, où un exilé parvient à se faire accepter et à triompher de ses ennemis. C'est cette expérience, comme Kipling le reconnut plus tard, qui lui donna l'idée de *The Jungle Book* (Le Livre de la jungle), dans lequel il exprima tout son ressentiment, notamment par le meurtre de Shere Khan et la destruction du village par les éléphants.

Kipling se remémora cette période traumatique de son enfance dans un bref récit autobiographique de 1888, *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, où il devient Punch et sa sœur Judy. Ce titre, qui est aussi celui d'une comptine bien connue des pays de langue anglaise, et qui fait songer à l'expression *black sheep* (brebis galeuse), évoque parfaitement les mésaventures de Rudyard durant son enfance, et celles de Mowgli dans *Le Livre de la jungle*.

L'opéra a pour cadre l'arrivée en Angleterre et la nouvelle existence de deux enfants dans ce que Kipling appela "La Maison de la Désolation". Les scènes concernent tantôt la morne réalité de la vie à Southsea, tantôt l'univers fantastique et coloré de la jungle.

La partie centrale de l'opéra utilise les épisodes du *Livre de la jungle* qui correspondent le mieux à l'expérience de Kipling dans son enfance, et qui en offrent un commentaire psychologique: la réunion du rocher où la bande de loups accueille solennellement Mowgli en son sein (tandis que gronde et rugit le redoutable tigre Shere Khan), la poursuite de Shere Khan par Mowgli, la découverte de la mère et enfin le retour auprès des hommes, qui correspond au retour de Mme Kipling.

Dans son livret, David Malouf a voulu donner au jeune Punch le pouvoir, comme il le dit, d'exercer sa propre justice farouche. Il a utilisé l'imagination qui est celle de Kipling dans *Le Livre de la jungle* pour la transmettre au jeune Punch de *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, qui parvient ainsi à assassiner ses bourreaux de manière fictive. Il s'agissait de réunir deux aspects de l'imagination de Kipling qui allaient toujours ensemble, mais qui s'étaient exprimés dans des œuvres différentes. Comme dans *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*, les murs apparemment infranchissables (dans ce cas) d'une enfance malheureuse s'écroulent et laissent apparaître un lieu exotique et enchanté. La cruauté n'est pas absente de cet univers magique, mais pour les animaux, elle fait partie de l'ordre naturel des choses et n'est certainement pas voulue.

À chaque personnage correspond son alter ego: le méchant Harry devient le tigre aggressif Shere Khan; le mari de Tante Rosa, un ancien Capitaine de navire et la seule personne qui fasse preuve de gentillesse à l'égard de Punch, devient Akela, le vieux chef des loups; Judy devient le Loup gris qui court avec Mowgli, et ainsi de suite.

Dans la dernière scène, la mère reparaît, ivre de joie à l'idée de revoir ses enfants. Elle leur tend les bras, mais le jeune garçon, croyant que l'on s'apprête une fois de plus à le frapper, a un mouvement de recul. Éperdue, elle tente de le rassurer et lui dit qu'elle va l'emmener loin d'ici; mais vient alors cette réponse terrible: "Trop tard, trop tard, trop tard".

Kipling avait un caractère ambivalent, et l'on devine dans *Baa Baa Black Sheep* les premiers signes de cette ambivalence. Son séjour dans la Maison de la Désolation le marqua visiblement pour la vie entière, et l'importance presque obsessive qu'il accorde à la revanche dans ses écrits s'explique peut-être par ce que l'on est tenté de considérer comme son propre diagnostic: dans les dernières lignes de *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, les enfants reprennent espoir et se disent que "Tout est différent maintenant et nous appartenons autant à Maman que si elle n'était jamais partie"; mais l'auteur ajoute:

> Pas véritablement, ô Punch, car lorsque de jeunes lèvres ont bu à grands traits la coupe amère du Destin, du Soupçon et du Désespoir, tout l'amour du monde ne suffit pas à effacer totalement cette

connaissance, même s'il peut forcer un instant un regard assombri à se tourner vers la lumière et enseigner la Foi là où elle était absente.

© 1995 Michael Berkeley
Traduction: Byword, Londres

L'argument
Acte I
Une famille anglaise s'apprête à quitter l'Inde pour retourner en Angleterre, où les enfants, Punch, âgé de cinq ans environ, et Judy, âgée de dix ans, doivent être confiés à des parents adoptifs et élevés enfin comme de vrais petits Anglais. Punch prend congé de ses trois amis indiens, Meeta, le domestique, Bhini-in-the-Garden et Salaam-Captain-Sahib-Snake-Man.

Les enfants font la connaissance de leur nouvelle famille, qui comprend Auntirosa, son mari, capitaine de navire en retraite, et leur fils Harry. Auntirosa, qui considère Punch comme un petit "baba" gâté, se propose de lui inculquer les bonnes manières et de lui faire prendre conscience de son caractère immoral avec l'aide d'Harry, un garçon cruel qui lui sert aussi d'espion. Le Capitaine, pour sa part, se lie d'amitié avec Punch, auquel il avoue secrètement qu'il est malade et qu'il va bientôt mourir.

Punch, malheureux, se réfugie dans ses souvenirs de l'Inde. Il s'imagine être un enfant perdu, Mowgli, qui retrouve ses parents sous la forme d'un couple de loups; il donne au Capitaine les traits d'Akela, le chef de la bande de loups, sa sœur Judy devient le Loup gris et ses amis indiens prennent l'apparence de l'ours Baloo, de la panthère Bagheera et du python Ka. Ces trois derniers lui apprennent à vivre dans la jungle et le préparent à affronter son ennemi, le tigre Shere Khan (c'est-à-dire Harry). Auntirosa et Harry s'aperçoivent sans comprendre qu'une force nouvelle émane de Punch, représentée musicalement par la voix de baryton du jeune garçon.

Acte II
Mais tout change dans la forêt. Akela n'a pas réussi à tuer sa proie et les jeunes loups veulent livrer Mowgli à Shere Khan. Akela les en dissuade, mais Mowgli doit quitter la jungle et retourner vivre parmi les hommes. Dans la Maison de la Désolation, le Capitaine meurt. À la lisière de la jungle, Mowgli découvre un village, et une femme, Messua, reconnaît en lui l'enfant qu'un tigre emporta autrefois. Elle l'accueille chez elle. Loup gris vient rendre visite à Mowgli et tous deux dansent au clair de lune. Horrifiés, les villageois rejettent Mowgli.

Acte III
Punch a de nouveau des ennuis. Il est accusé cette fois d'avoir essayé de tuer un camarade de classe, qui, poussé par Harry, le qualifiait de "brebis galeuse". Harry dit à Punch qu'il ira tout droit en enfer et le menace des flammes de l'enfer; Punch saisit alors l'idée du feu et, sous les traits de Mowgli, tue Shere Khan et exécute une danse triomphale. Les autres animaux fêtent l'événement.

Punch apprend que Messua et son mari doivent être brûlés vifs pour lui avoir ouvert leur porte et il décide de les délivrer. Pour punir les villageois de l'avoir rejeté, Mowgli, avec l'aide de Bagheera, fait appel aux éléphants, Hathi et ses fils, auxquels il demande de détruire le village afin que la nature puisse y reprendre ses droits.

Mowgli, bientôt adulte, est ému par la présence d'une jeune villageoise. À la vue du printemps et des animaux qui s'unissent en couples, il comprend enfin qu'il n'appartient pas à cette jungle dans laquelle il se sentait si bien jusque-là. Il accepte à contre-cœur de la quitter et de retourner parmi les hommes. Ses amis, Akela, Baloo, Bagheera, Ka et Loup gris, l'accompagnent de bon gré.

Les parents viennent reprendre leurs enfants. Judy les accueille avec enthousiasme, mais Punch, tout d'abord, reste distant.

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Traduction: Byword, Londres

Né en 1948, **Michael Berkeley** est le fils aîné du compositeur Lennox Berkeley. Il a étudié la composition, le chant et le piano à la Royal Academy of Music de Londres. Cependant, il ne s'est consacré exclusivement à la composition qu'à l'abord de la trentaine après être devenu l'élève de Richard Rodney Bennett. Jusqu'en 1982, il écrivit dans un langage musical plutôt tonal, et l'œuvre majeure de cette première période fut l'oratorio *Or Shall We Die?*, sur un texte d'Ian McEwan.

Ensuite sa musique prit peu à peu un caractère tout à fait différent. Dans des œuvres telles que le quintette avec piano *For the Savage Messiah* (1985), les *Songs of Awakening Love* (mélodies écrites en 1986 pour Heather Harper et créées lors des Proms de la BBC en 1988) et le Concerto pour orgue de 1987, son style devint plus original et les sentiments qu'il exprimait déjà dans ses premières pièces se mêlèrent à une structure musicale plus sévère. Une sonorité plus dure apparut dans des œuvres telles que *Keening* (1987) pour le saxophoniste John Harle, *Fierce Tears I* (1984) et *II* (1990) pour le hautboïste Nicholas Daniel, *Quartet Study*, créé par le Quatuor Arditti lors de l'Almeida Festival en 1989, et les deux pièces pour cordes *Coronach* (1988) et *Gethsemani Fragment* (1990).

Répondant à une commande de la BBC en 1991, Berkeley écrivit *Entertaining Master Punch*, une partition richement colorée. Première de trois partitions apparentées et accueillies avec enthousiasme par le public et

la critique, elle fut suivie du Concerto pour clarinette (1991), et du premier opéra de Berkeley, *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, composé en 1993 sur un livret de David Malouf, et interprété ici par la distribution de la création.

Michael Berkeley est aujourd'hui l'un des compositeurs britanniques les plus importants de sa génération, comme le montre le Concerto pour alto, écrit en 1994 pour Roger Benedict et le Philharmonia Orchestra. Mstislav Rostropovitch dirigea le National Youth Orchestra dans la création mondiale de *The Garden of Earthly Delights*, une partition exotique et puissante, lors des BBC Proms de 1998. Un deuxième opéra, *Jane Eyre*, également sur un livret de David Malouf, fut créé en 2000 au Festival international de musique de Cheltenham.

Michael Berkeley a été directeur du Cheltenham Festival de 1995 à 2004. En 2001, il a été nommé compositeur associé du BBC National Orchestra of Wales pour une période de six ans. Sa première commande, *Tristessa* pour cor anglais, alto et orchestre, a été créée à la cathédrale Saint-David en 2003, et Richard Hickox a dirigé le *Secret Garden* (1997) à la tête de cet orchestre dans le cadre des BBC Proms de la même année.

Depuis la fondation de l'Opera North en 1978, le **Chorus of Opera North** s'est produit avec cette compagnie au Festival d'Édimbourg et dans tout le Nord de l'Angleterre.

Ses tournées à l'étranger incluent *Oberon* de Weber au Teatro La Fenice de Venise, *Aida*, *Macbeth* et *The Midsummer Marriage* de Tippett au Festival de mai de Wiesbaden, *Boris Godounov* à Dortmund, *Attila* et *Billy Budd* à Rotterdam, la création mondiale de *Playing Away* de Benedict Mason à Munich et, très récemment, *Gloriana* de Britten et *La Petite Renarde rusée* de Janáček au Gran Teatre Liceu de Barcelone. En concert, le Chorus of Opera North a chanté dans les créations mondiales de *My Way of Life* de Takemitsu et de *A New World Dancing* de Philip Wilby. Il a participé à de nombreuses émissions de radio et de télévision, et figure dans le film de Phyllida Lloyd, *Gloriana*, qui a obtenu un *Emmy Award*.

La discographie du Chorus of Opera North inclut, pour Chandos, *Troilus and Cressida* de Walton – *Gramophone Award* en 1995 pour le meilleur enregistrement d'un opéra – et, très récemment, *Idomeneo* de Mozart.

L'**Orchestra of Opera North** (anciennement l'English Northern Philharmonia) est le seul ensemble du Royaume-Uni à assumer tout au long de l'année un double rôle à l'opéra et dans la salle de concert. Orchestre en résidence du Concours de direction de Leeds, il joue également un rôle important dans les grandes séries de concerts de la région grâce aux liens qui l'unissent au Leeds International Concert Season; il interprète régulièrement le grand répertoire symphonique en concert, participe à des concerts de gala et accompagne les chorales locales. L'Opera North organise depuis dix ans sa propre saison de concerts à Dewsbury; il est aussi responsable depuis 1993–1994 de la série de concerts organisés par la mairie de Huddersfield.

L'Orchestre s'est produit sur la scène internationale, aussi bien en concert qu'avec Opera North, dans le cadre des festivals de musique contemporaine de Cannes, Vienne et Strasbourg. En Grande-Bretagne, l'Orchestre joue régulièrement dans les plus grandes salles de Londres, comme celles du South Bank ainsi que dans le cadre des BBC Proms et du Festival de Hampton Court. L'Orchestre a enregistré entre autres, pour Chandos, *Troilus and Cressida* de Walton sous la baguette de Richard Hickox, un coffret qui remporta un *Gramophone Award* comme meilleur enregistrement d'opéra.

Salué comme étant un chef passionnant et talentueux, **Paul Daniel** CBE est très fréquemment invité à diriger des orchestres et des opéras dans le monde entier.

Il a beaucoup travaillé avec l'English National Opera de Londres, et a été nommé directeur musical de ce théâtre en septembre 1997, dirigeant de nombreuses représentations incluant la création mondiale de *The Silver Tassie* de Mark-Anthony Turnage, *Nixon in China* de John Adams et *Peter Grimes* de Benjamin Britten (au Festival d'Aldeburgh). Il est également chef principal du Britten-Pears Orchestra d'Aldeburgh.

Paul Daniel a été directeur musical de l'Opera Factory de 1987 à 1990, et directeur musical de l'Opera North de 1990 à 1997 où ont été donnés en première mondiale *Baa Baa Black Sheep* de Michael Berkeley et *Playing Away* de Benedict Mason. Pendant la période où il fut chef principal de l'English Northern Philharmonia (l'orchestre de l'Opera North), il a dirigé des concerts à travers toute la Grande-Bretagne et dans de nombreux festivals. Pour Chandos, il a enregistré *Falstaff* et *Wozzeck*.

En février 1998, Paul Daniel a reçu un *Olivier Award* pour sa contribution exceptionnelle dans le domaine de l'opéra, et a été créé Commandeur de l'ordre de l'empire britannique (CBE) en 2000.

COMPACT DISC ONE

Act I

1 **Prelude**

The stage is lighted at first only on the right, where we see an Indian view, perhaps a black-and-white impression of a Moghul dome and palm trees. Before it, hectic preparations for travel; Father and Mother dressed in fashionable travelling clothes, c. 1860, with their luggage – a trunk or two, a large wicker basket, several hat boxes; Judy, a young girl, also dressed for travelling; and an Indian servant, Meeta, a tall bearded figure colourfully dressed in turban and sash, Bhini-in-the-Garden, an Indian gardener, and Salaam-Captain-Sahib-Snake-Man, also turbaned but in a loin cloth and with his snake basket. Down-stage is a boy four or five years younger than Judy. This is Punch. He is looking about, in his own world. When he freezes, caught, it is by the sound of jungle music; Judy moves down-stage. She calls.

2 **Scene 1. A Passage from India**

Judy
Punch! Punch! Punch! Punch!
Oh, there you are. We're waiting.

Punch
But why, Judy, why are we going!
I don't understand.
Why do we have to go away?

Judy
Punch, Punch, you *know* why.
They've told us a dozen times.
Because we must.
Because all English children
must go to England.

Punch
Why?

Judy
To be English.
That's why.
England is home.

Punch
But I don't want to.
I want to stay here with our own people.
And go up the Gauts in a train,
visit Bhini-in-the-Garden
and Salaam-Captain-Sahib-Snake-Man,
and Meeta will tell me the story about the
Ranee (*speaking*) who lived at Delhi
and turned into a tiger.

(*Punch crouches, becomes a tiger stalking, moves about snarling, then leaps. The three Indians turn like clockwork figures and clap their hands, laughing.*)

Judy
Shh, Punch!
You mustn't do that any more,
not any more.
You've got to behave grown up, like me,
like me.
We're going to England.
Stand still now and be a little man.
Remember, remember – we're English.

Punch
Are we, Judy?

Judy
Of course we are.
Don't you know *anything*?

Meeta, Bhini and Salaam-Captain
Remember, Punch baba. Remember
Meeta, Bhini-in-the-Garden,
Salaam-Captain-Sahib-Snake-Man,
Chil the Kite that brings home the night
that Mang the Bat sets free. Remember
the jungle people and their jungle law.

Father
Silence! There's nothing unusual about it.
The children must go home, that's all, that's all,
learn to be what they are.
It's the done thing. It's the law.
Five years is not so long.

Meeta, Bhini and Salaam-Captain
The jungle people.

Mother and Judy
But it is. It is long, so long.

Mother
Punch will be ten. Judy will be a woman.
And we must leave them among strangers.

Father
The letters the woman writes are
excellent.
The terms moderate enough.

Mother
So long, my children, so long.

Father
Five years is not so long.

Mother
Oh, let these strangers love my children
and be good to them. But, oh, let *me*
preserve their love.

(*On the left of the stage the House of Desolation appears with a tableau, in the doorway, of Auntirosa, a severe older woman in black, Captain Harry and Young Harry, a boy of thirteen or fourteen. The family group begins to cross the stage towards them, but Punch pauses to look back at the Indian figures, and Judy to look at him.*)

Meeta, Bhini and Salaam-Captain
Wood and Water, Wind and Tree,
Jungle favour go with thee.

3 **Scene 2. In the House of Desolation**

(*The Indian figures slowly fade. Father and Mother greet Auntirosa and the Captain. Father calls Punch to join them.*)

Father
Punch. Punch. Where are your manners?
(*Punch turns to the group at the left and approaches.*)
This is Auntirosa.
Shake hands, Punch.
And this is Harry,
and Uncle Harry, the Captain.
Punch!

Punch
How do you do. I am Punch.
But what does it mean, Auntirosa?
(*whispers to his Father*)
Papa, I don't like this place.
Can't we go away, Papa?

Mother and Judy
Shhh, Punch.

(*Punch begins to cry.*)

Punch
I want our own people.
I want Meeta!
I want to go home.

(*Auntirosa prevents Mother from comforting him by putting her hand on Mother's arm.*)

Auntirosa
But this is your home now, my dear.
You're in England.
Isn't England home, my dear?
Harry!

(*Young Harry mocks him by whistling* Baa Baa Black Sheep, *breaking into song on the last line.*)

Harry
But none for the little boy who cries down the lane.

Captain
Here, Punch, look.
(*He shows Punch the model of a little ship he is carrying.*)
It's a little ship. She's the model of the *Brisk*.

Punch
The *Brisk*.

Captain
The little *Brisk* was sorely
exposed that day at Navarino.

Punch
Sorely exposed.

Captain and Punch
The little *Brisk* was sorely
exposed that day at Navarino.

Captain
One day, Punch, I'll tell you about Navarino.
But you musn't touch the ship,
Punch, because she's the *Brisk*.

(*While Punch is engaged with the Captain, Auntirosa, one finger to her lip, is showing Mother and Father off. They turn back but she urges them to go quietly. Judy goes a little way with them, kisses them both and stands waving. Punch turns and sees that she is alone.*)

Punch
But Mama and Papa, where are they?
(*Judy comes to him, kneels quickly and embraces him.*)
Where are they? Mama! Papa!

Auntirosa
Shh, you foolish boy. Now stop crying.
Little English boys do *not* cry.
The Queen does not like it. God does not
like it. And I don't like it either.
Now, stop crying.

Punch
But Judy, where are they?
Why have they left us? Why?
Have they left us, Judy?

Judy
We have come home, Punch, don't you see?
Don't you remember? England is home.
I'm still here, Punch.
We've still got one another.

Auntirosa
Home is where the heart is.
(*She begins to walk around the children. After a time Punch stands with his hands behind his back and his head lowered. Occasionally he looks up defiantly.*)
And this is *my* home.
We're not in Bombay now,
my little lord and master.
This is England and I am not your servant.
We don't sprawl on sofas here.
Sprawling is lazy. It wears the sofa out.
And we do not tell people what *we* think.
Not here.
Or ask questions. Or give orders.
Not here.
No, we obey.
Do you understand that, boy, do
you? Look at me! Don't you dare.
(*Punch looks as if he is about to speak, then crouches like a tiger.*)
Punch, Punch, do I have to tell you again?
There are no tigers here, Punch,
this is England. There is order and
godliness, and clean ears and truth,
Punch, truth.
And little boys who sprawl and
ask questions and show off,
and tell what is not true, get beaten.
(*Punch crouches again, begins to stalk again the tiger.*)
Punch! Punch!
How am I to make an Englishman
of you? Let him over, Harry.
I'm afraid you are turning into a
Black Sheep, Punch. The Queen
won't like that, God won't like it, and I
don't like it either!

(*Punch bends over a chair. Auntirosa beats him with a cane presented by Harry. Judy hides her eyes, the Captain turns away; Harry, with his hands in his pockets, stands grinning.*)

Punch
Ah! Ah!

Auntirosa
Say your prayers, ask God to make
you a good boy, and go to sleep.
Keep a good watch on this boy, Harry.
He wants watching.
Come, Judy. Come. Come!

(*Auntirosa and the Captain go out.*)

Judy
Oh, Punch, why can't you be good?
You've changed.
What's happened?
You used to be so good.

(*Harry, still watching, whistles* Baa Baa Black Sheep. *Again, when he comes to the last line, he sings it.*)

Punch
No, I'm not! I haven't.
I'm Punch.
I'm still a good little boy.
And I am *not* sorry!

Auntirosa (*off-stage*)
Judy! Judy!

(*Judy hesitates a moment. On Auntirosa's second call, she kisses Punch quickly and runs off.*

Harry is about to follow but sees the Captain enter and hides to eavesdrop.)

Captain
Ah, Punch, old chap, don't cry,
there's a good little man.
She doesn't mean it all.
She wants to make a man of you,
and a little man,
a little sailor, does not cry, Punch.

Punch
I'm not crying. I'm not.

(*To comfort Punch, the Captain begins to sing.*)

Captain
Remember. The little *Brisk* was sore
oppressed that day at Nava…
(*He sees that this has not worked and breaks off, leaning down.*)
I've got a secret for you, Punch,
can you keep a secret?
Between us two?

Punch
Oh yes, Captain.
Cross my heart and hope to die!

Captain
No, don't say it, no need for that.
It's between us, boy,
you and me –
we're the only ones who know it –
but soon, boy, soon, I shall lie out there.

Punch
Out there? In the sea, Captain?
Like the sailors from the little *Brisk*?

Captain
No, Punch, in the churchyard there,
where I can look *down* on the sea.

Punch
Soon, Captain? How soon?

Captain
In a little while, not so long.
No tears, Punch.
A little man, a little sailor, does not cry.
Not a word, now, Punch,
not to a soul.

Punch
Cross my heart and hope to –

Captain
Shh, Punch, shh! (*speaking*) Just us two.

(*They shake hands, very solemnly, and the Captain goes out. When Punch turns, Harry is there.*)

Harry
Secrets, is it, Black Sheep, Black Sheep?
Don't you worry, I'm watching you.

(*He goes. Punch, left alone, begins to undress. As the lights fade the jungle music begins. Punch is naked now except for a loincloth. He sinks to his knees and looks about as the music grows. Very slowly out of the shadows come Mother Wolf, Father Wolf, Akela, Baloo, Ka and Grey Wolf, all human figures wearing animal masks, plus other wolves and Shere Khan. This is the assembly at the Council Rock: Punch, as Mowgli, is in the midst of the animals.*)

4 **Scene 3. At the Council Rock**

Wolves
The wolves are free people.
Shere Khan!

Shere Khan
I am Shere Khan and the man-cub
I say is mine. The meat is mine.

Wolves
The wolves are free people.
They take orders from the head of the
pack, not from a striped cattle killer.

Father Wolf
The man-cub is ours to kill if we choose.

Mother Wolf
Or to take as one of our own,
poor naked frog, a wolf-cub like the rest.

Father Wolf
He shall not be killed. He will not be meat.

Mother Wolf
He is mine, to run with the pack.

Father Wolf
He will hunt with the pack.

Mother Wolf and Father Wolf
Mowgli, little frog
we will call him,
and in the end,
you hunter of naked little cubs,
he will hunt/kill you.

Shere Khan
Each dog barks in his own yard.
What does the pack say to this
fostering of man-cubs?
He is mine,
the meat is mine.

Mother Wolf
Mowgli, little frog…

Father Wolf
Mowgli, little frog…

Akela
You know the law.
Look well, you wolves.
Who speaks for this cub?

Mother Wolf
He came naked by night
but had no fear. He has taken
my milk. He is mine.

Father Wolf
He came naked by night
but had no fear.

Shere Khan
The cub is mine.
He is mine.
Shere Khan says,
he is mine, mine.

Akela
Who speaks for the man-cub?

Baloo
I speak for him; there is no harm
in a man-cub. I will teach him.
Let him run with the pack.

Akela
We need a third voice.
Is there a third voice for the cub?
Raksha has spoken.
Baloo has spoken.
Who speaks for the cub?

(*There is a sinuous movement in the dark, a soft wooing sound. Bagheera appears.*)

Bagheera
Akela! And you, the free people,
I have no right in your assembly,
but the law of the jungle says,
if there is doubt over a new cub
its life may be bought –
at a price. Is that the law?

Akela, Mother Wolf and Father Wolf
It is, it is the law.

Others
Bagheera the panther speaks well.
It is the law.

Bagheera
To kill a naked cub is shame.
I will pay the price – a bull, a fat one
newly killed, if you will accept
the man-cub, according to the law.

Wolves
A bull, a fat one newly killed.
What harm can a man-cub do?
He is small, he is naked.
He will die in the winter rains.
Where is the bull?
A fat one.
What harm can a man-cub do?

Akela
Look well, you wolves.

Shere Khan
He is mine,
this mouthful of bones.

Mother Wolf
No, you striped cattle killer.
He has taken my milk. He is mine.

Shere Khan
And when he grows into a man?
Look well, you wolves!

(*He goes off.*)

Bagheera
Roar well, old tiger!
The time will come when
this little naked thing
will wear your skin on his head
and dance on your yellow hide.

Wolves
Dance on your yellow hide.

Akela
Take him, Raksha,
feed him, let him run with the pack,
let Baloo teach him,
he is one of us.

Wolves
He is one of us.
Dance! Dance! Dance!

(*Akela and the other wolves move off. Mowgli is left with Mother Wolf, Father Wolf, Baloo, Bagheera and Ka.*)

5 **Scene 4. The Education of Mowgli**

Mother Wolf
I will feed him as my own.
He will play with her.
Mowgli, Mowgli, Mowgli.

Father Wolf
He will run with his own sister,
Mowgli, Mowgli, Mowgli,
little brother.

Ka
But he is naked.
He is small.
How can he live in the jungle?

Baloo
Has the jungle no law?
We will teach him the law.
He will grow up kin to all,
a little brother.

Mother Wolf, Father Wolf, Bagheera, Baloo and Ka
We will teach him the master word.
Learn the Wood and Water Law,
grow quick and strong of limb,
to hunt, to climb, to run, to swim,
be wolf, be snake, be panther, bear,
all creatures now are kin.

Ka
Now listen, brother, Ka will shape
the snake-word for you
mouth to thin mouth in the dust, listen:
Change your voice,
then change your skin,
the touch of earth
is sweet, now, give it breath –
Saa-oo.

Wolves
Saa-oo.

Grey Wolf
We are kin
and of one kind, people of the grass.

Ka
Now safely pass.

Mother Wolf, Father Wolf et al. (*Chorus*)
Be wolf, be snake, be panther, bear,
all creatures now are kin,
yet man-cub still you are.

Bagheera
Now listen well,
Bagheera speaks
of tooth and fang and fur,
now drinking night and darkness,
taste the moon's blood, change your voice,
then change your skin, the leap,
the hot purr.

Mowgli
We are kin and of one kind.
Sheath your claws!

Bagheera
Now safely pass.

Mother Wolf, Father Wolf et al. (*Chorus*)
Be wolf, be snake, be panther, bear,
all creatures now are kin.

Baloo
Now listen, brother, learn the tongue
of each beast as it grows,

each kind will know you as you pass
as kin, as brother, change your voice,
then change your skin,
the master word is this…

Mother Wolf, Father Wolf et al. (*Chorus*)
Learn the Wood and Water Law.
The master word is this…
We are brothers, we are kin.
One breath, one life, one voice, one blood
we share. Now pass.

(*Auntirosa and Harry enter. Mowgli / Punch confronts them, so that what he now speaks is addressed to them.*)

Mowgli
Now, let me pass!

(*On these words, behind Mowgli / Punch appears a second Mowgli whose voice [baritone] doubles with Punch's. Auntirosa and Harry stare at Punch, astonished to perceive this new power in him.*)

End of Act I

Act II

6 **Scene 1. The Ways of Man**
A jungle glade; Mowgli lies on the ground, dozing, Bagheera beside him.

Bagheera
Little brother, how often
must I tell you?
Shere Khan is your enemy.

Mowgli
Shere Khan? What of it?
I am Mowgli.
The sun is hot and I am sleepy.

Bagheera
Sleep! Sleep! This is no time for sleeping.
Open your eyes.
Shere Khan dare not kill you yet,
but he *can* turn the pack against you.
A man-cub has no place in the pack,
and in a little time Mowgli will be a man.

Mowgli
And what is a man
that he should not run with his brothers?
I have observed the jungle law.
There is no wolf from whose paw I have
not pulled a thorn.
Why should they cast me out?

Bagheera
Come, look at me.
(*Mowgli goes to him and for a moment they stare into one another's eyes. Bagheera is forced to turn away.*)
That is why.
Because they cannot look you in the eye.
Because you pulled thorns from their feet.
That is why.
Because you are a man.

Mowgli
I could weep. I did not know these things.

Bagheera
Here, little brother,
feel under my chin.
Feel it? Feel it?
It is the mark of the chain.
I too was born among men.
In the palaces of Udaipor.
That is why
I paid for you at the Rock,
little brother,
I too was born among men,
I, Bagheera, in a cage.

Mowgli
A cage.

Bagheera
With one stroke of my paw…

Mowgli
The lock snapped!

Bagheera
…I leapt free.

Mowgli
Leapt free!

Bagheera
And because I have learned the
ways of man I am more terrible than any
other in the jungle…

Mowgli
Ways of man… more terrible…
Why couldn't…

Bagheera
…even Shere Khan…

Mowgli
Shere Khan!

Bagheera
Is it not so, little brother?

Mowgli
It is so.

Bagheera
And even as I came back to the jungle,
so you, little brother, will go back to man.
Now, Mowgli, wake and defend yourself!

7 **Scene 2. Akela Misses His Kill**
(*Behind them the Council Rock lights up; Akela, Mother Wolf, Father Wolf, other wolves including Grey Wolf, Baloo, and Ka, and Shere Khan in assembly. Mowgli turns to face them.*)

Mowgli
Free people.
Does Shere Khan lead the pack?
Akela is our leader.

Wolves
Silence, man-cub,
Akela is not our leader.
He missed the kill.
Akela is old. He must die.
Silence, let the dead wolf speak.

Akela
Free people, and you,
jackals of Shere Khan,
for twelve seasons I have led you.

Wolves (*softly*)
He missed his kill.
He is not our leader.

Akela
It is true, I have missed my kill.

Wolves
He must die.

Akela
But I ask – it is my right to ask –
who comes to make an end of me?
It is my right, under the law of the jungle,
that you come to me one by one.

Wolves
One by one.

Shere Khan
He is doomed.
He missed the kill.
And the man-cub too is doomed.
He was my meat. Give him to me.
Look well, you wolves.
Soon now he will be a man.

Wolves
A man, a man. What has a man
to do with us?

Mowgli
Shere Khan, you cattle butcher,
what have you to do with our leadership?
The leadership is with the pack.

Wolves
Let him go to his own place.
Let him go to man.

Shere Khan
No, give him to me.
He is mine.
He is my meat.

Baloo, Ka, Bagheera, Mother Wolf, Father Wolf and Grey Wolf
He has eaten our food,
he has slept with us.
He has driven game for us,
he has broken no word
of the law of the jungle.

Bagheera
I paid with a bull for him.
Is Bagheera's honour nothing?

Shere Khan
What do you care for bones
that are ten years old?
He is mine.
Give him to me.

Baloo, Ka, Bagheera, Mother Wolf, Father Wolf and Grey Wolf
He is our brother
in all but blood.

Wolves
Let him go to his own place.
Let him go to man.

Akela
My life is worth nothing.
But for the honour of the pack,
let the man-cub go,
and when my time comes I will
bare no teeth against you.
I am Akela.
And I say, let the man-cub go.

Mowgli
I see that you are dogs.
I go from you to my own people
if they are my own people.
The jungle is shut to me.
I must forget your tongue.
I must forget our hunting together.

Wolves
Let him go to his own place.
Let him go to man.

Shere Khan
He is mine.

Mowgli
But because I have eaten your food
and slept with you
I will be more merciful.
I will not betray you to man,
as you have betrayed me.
There will be no war between us.

Wolves
There will be no war between us.

Mowgli
But you, Shere Khan, remember
when next I come to the Rock,
and I shall come,
I will wear your skin on my head,
Shere Khan.
I, Mowgli,
will dance on your yellow hide.

(*Mowgli has moved forward, down-stage, Bagheera with him, Grey Wolf a little behind. The others fade as Akela pronounces his farewell, but are heard in chorus over what follows.*)

Akela
Go now, little brother,
go to man.

Baloo, Ka, Mother Wolf, Father Wolf and Grey Wolf
Wood and Water, Wind and Tree,
jungle favour go with thee.
On the trail that thou must tread,
where the flower blossoms red,
in the dawn when thou must wake
to the toil thou canst not break,
heartsick for the jungle's sake.

Mowgli
But what is it, Bagheera?
Am I dying?

Bagheera
No, little brother.
Those are tears.
Let them fall.
Now I know you are a man.
Let them fall, Mowgli,
they are only tears.

(*They embrace.*)

Mowgli
I will go to man.
But Grey Wolf, sister,
do not forget me, promise.

(*Grey Wolf goes to him.*)

Grey Wolf
Never, oh never,
while I can follow a trail.
When thou art a man,
come, come to the foot of the hill
and we will dance and play together.
Will you come by night
to the crop-lands and play with me?

Mowgli
I will, I will. We will play and dance together.
And when I come again
to the jungle it will be to lay out

Shere Khan's hide
on the Rock. Do not forget me.
Tell them in the jungle, do not forget me…

Grey Wolf and Mowgli
Never, never.

(*The jungle scene fades. Mowgli is discovered as the child Punch in the House of Desolation. He wears a night-shirt. Harry is standing over him. On one side of the stage, the Captain and Auntirosa; on the other, Judy*)

8 **Scene 3. A Death in the House**

Harry
You're a liar, a young liar,
and you're to have your tea down here
in the basement, like a dog,
because you're not fit to speak to us,
liar, clumsy liar.
And you're not to speak to Judy,
or you'll corrupt her.
Mother says so,
how do you like that, Black Sheep?

Captain
Dammit, Rosa, can't you leave the boy?
He's a good little chap when I'm with him.
We have good times together,
don't we, Punch?

Punch
Yes, Captain, yes, we do.

Punch and Captain (*sing*)
And the little *Brisk* was sorely exposed
that day at Navarino.

Captain
It's our secret, just the two of us.
You won't give me away, Punch?

Punch
No, never, never, Captain.

Captain
There's a good little chap.

Auntirosa
Good little chap!
He puts on his best manners for you.
He's sly, clumsy but sly.
He fools you,
but he doesn't fool me.
If you want to know what he really is,
ask Harry. Harry knows.

Punch
No, he doesn't.
Nobody knows.
Only I know what I am –

Auntirosa
Harry knows and I know.

Judy
Don't fret, Punch, I'm here for you.

Punch
They say I'm not to speak to you,
that I'm wicked and a black sheep
and that I'll corrupt you.
But what does it mean, Judy,
a black sheep?
And Harry says I'm a liar, but it isn't true.
I *did* say my prayers.
I *did* say them, but
Harry says no and she believes him.

Judy
Ah, Punch, my little brother,
what has happened to you?
Punch, your eyes don't seem to see;
what's happened?

Captain (*staggers*)
Ah, put me to bed, Rosa.
I've walked my last.

Auntirosa
Ahhhh!

Punch
What is it, Judy?
Why does she cry out like that?

Judy
It's Uncle Harry. He's dying, Punch.

Punch
But I know that already.
He told me so.
It was a secret.
And he said I was to have the little *Brisk*.

Captain
Shh, Punch.
Not a word, boy?

Punch
We walked on the hill and he pointed and
said, soon, boy, soon…

Captain
Shh. Soon, soon, boy, soon
I shall lie out there…

Punch
…I shall lie out there…

Auntirosa
Ohhhh!

Captain
Out there, out there…

Auntirosa
Why should you tell him such a thing?

Captain
Hush, Rosa.
Leave the boy.
Our Vanship was the *Asia*,
the *Albion* and the *Genoa* –

Judy
He's dying.

Captain
And next came the lovely *Rose* – ah, Rosa!

Judy
He's dying.

Punch
I know and I'm sad.
But if she's unhappy then I'm glad, too.
But he *did* tell me. Soon, boy, soon.

Captain
And the little *Brisk* – the little *Brisk*.

Punch (*singing it out*)
The little *Brisk* was sorely exposed
that day at Navarino.

Auntirosa
Hush, you litt…

Punch
Soon, boy, soon.

Auntirosa
Hush, you little devil.
For God's sake! He's dead.

Judy
Dead!

Punch
Dead!

Harry
Black Sheep! Black Sheep!
Now see what you've done, Black Sheep!
You're for it now.
Black Sheep! Black Sheep!

Punch (*changing*)
Be quiet, you. You're the one who's for it.
I am *not* Black Sheep.
I am Mowgli, and I shall wear your
skin on my head,
I shall dance on your yellow hide.

(*Harry steps back, afraid of the change in Punch, who now throws off his night-shirt and becomes Mowgli. Out of the darkness behind, drumbeats, strange village music as the crowd of village people comes forward and Mowgli turns to face them*)

Villagers
What is it? What is it? What is it?

COMPACT DISC TWO

1 **Scene 4. In the Village**

Villagers (*spoken*)
What is it? What is this
that has come out of the jungle?
Is it a wolf? Is it a boy?
Is it a jungle demon?
(*sung*)
Call Messua whose son was taken
by a tiger. Call the priest.
Call Baldeo the hunter.
(*spoken*)
He growls like a wolf. A moment
back he was a wolf.
But now he has changed his skin
and look, Messua, look, it is a boy.
Can he speak like us?
What tongue does he speak?

(*Messua has come out, a village woman, poorly dressed. Now the Priest appears. Over the following, Messua moves slowly towards Mowgli.*)

Priest
What is this? What are you,
creature? Name yourself.
I am the priest of this village and
Demon, I order you!
Reveal yourself. (*spoken*) What are you?

Villagers (*softly*)
It came out of the jungle.
Is it a boy?
It is a boy!
It was a wolf, but now it is a boy.
Look, Messua, Messua, look.
He has changed his skin.
Look, look,
he goes to Messua.

(*The people, still muttering, fall back and watch as Mowgli goes towards Messua. She puts her hand out. His fingertips touch hers.*)

Messua
Are you Nathoo? Are you
my son that the tiger stole?
No – this is a wolf child,
I can smell the wolf in him!
But, oh, he is very like
my little one, Nathoo, my son.

(*They embrace.*)

Priest
What the jungle took
the jungle has restored.
Sister, take the boy to your house,
and forget not to honour the priest
who sees into the lives of men.

Villagers and Priest
It is a miracle!
Messua's son, Nathoo,
returned out of the tiger's mouth.
He is the holy one
reborn out of the tiger's mouth.
The gods are good, praise them.
Praise Kali the destroyer
and the lord of life, Lord Krishna.
He has changed his skin.
(*This commotion dies away as the Villagers go off. During this, Messua leads Mowgli to her hut. She gives him a bowl and he drinks. The last sound of the Villagers' singing dies away.*)
Praise them! Praise Kali the destroyer
and the lord of life, Lord Krishna.

(*Messua tries to stroke Mowgli but he shies away. She gives him a blanket but he throws it off. At last she goes off, looking back once or twice. Mowgli sleeps. Magic music. Moonlight. Grey Wolf appears, dancing around and touching a chair, the bowl Mowgli has drunk from.*)

Grey Wolf
Mowgli, little brother.
Ah, you smell of woodsmoke and cattle.
Wake, little brother, wake.

Mowgli (*waking*)
Grey Wolf! Oh, how glad I am!
The people here speak man-speak.
It worries my head.

Grey Wolf
Come brother,
come dance with me in the moonlight,
at the edge of the cornfield.
Will you forget you are a wolf?
Will man make you forget?

Mowgli
No, never. But I remember, too,
that I was cast out of the pack.

Grey Wolf
And if you are cast
out of *this* pack, brother?
Come dance, on four feet,
in the moonlight,
come dance, little brother.

Mowgli
Come dance.

(*Mowgli and Grey Wolf dance in the moonlight. Baldeo, a hunter, appears at the side of the stage with one or two other Villagers and the Priest.*)

Baldeo
Look at that. He is dancing with a wolf.

He has changed his skin.
He was a boy.
But now he has changed his skin,
he is a wolf.

Others
A wolf, he has changed his skin.

Priest
This is wizardry.
The thing is a jungle demon.

Baldeo and Priest
Call up the village.
Let them see how he dances with wolves.

Others
What have we here!
Wolves. Demons. Sorcery. Wild wolf.

Baldeo and Priest
Stand!

Priest
Steady!

(*Mowgli and Grey Wolf stop still. Baldeo raises his old musket, Grey Wolf leaps and pins him down.*)

Baldeo
Oh, noble lord,
I am an old man, a feeble old man.
I did not know you were more
than a herdsboy.
Let your servant spare me,
an old feeble man, oh!

(*Mowgli makes a sign and Grey Wolf lets him up.*)

Mowgli
Go, go quickly, Grey Wolf.

(*Grey Wolf slips away.*)

Baldeo
Lord, the hunter Baldeo
thanks you.

Villagers (*arriving*)
What is this? The boy turned wolf again?
Demon.
Bring stones to drive him out.
Bring sticks to beat him.
He dances with wolves
in the cornfields in the moonlight.
Bring stones. Shoot!

Priest
Get back, you jungle demon.
Drive him out.
Wolf's brat. Get the demon.
Shoot, Baldeo. Shoot.

(*Baldeo shoots, his musket misfires.*)

Baldeo
Sorcery.
He can turn bullets in the air, they dance.
Sorcery!

Villagers
Stone him.
Beat him with sticks.
Drive the jungle demon out.

Priest
Jungle demon.
Drive him out.

(*Messua has come in with the Villagers. She tries to go to Mowgli.*)

Messua
Oh, my son, Nathoo. See
he is gentle. He is just a boy.
Where is this wolf?
Where is it?

Villagers (*spoken*)
Come back, Messua.
Don't touch him.

(*There is a moment's suspense as she does touch him.*)

Villagers, Priest and Baldeo
Sorcery.
She is a sorceress. She suckled
the wolf's brat. She fed the jungle demon.
She called the demon up.
Kill him, drive him out,
the wolf's brat, jungle demon.
Stone them. Beat them with sticks.

Messua (*as they drag her off*)
Nathoo, my child. Oh, my son, Nathoo.

(*The crowd faces Mowgli, their aggression rises to a climax, stops dead. They fade and Mowgli is left alone.*)

Mowgli
The man pack has cast me out.
I did them no harm yet they were
afraid of me.
The jungle is shut. The gates of
the village are shut.
My mouth is wounded with stones,
but my heart is light because I go
back to the jungle.
In the jungle I shall hunt alone.

Grey Wolf (*in the background*)
Not alone, Mowgli.
Grey Wolf will hunt with you.

Mowgli
Grey Wolf, I will hunt with you.
I will hunt you, Shere Khan.
I will wear your skin on my head,
I will dance on your yellow hide.
I, Mowgli, am dancing.
My heart is light.
But, oh, I am two Mowglis, and
my heart is heavy
with what I do not know.

(*The adult Mowgli freezes. Punch steps out in front of him. Like a sleepwalker, he moves down-stage to where a desk stands. He sits at it. He takes his glasses from a pocket and puts them on. He sits staring into space, open-eyed but as if sleeping.*)

End of Act II

Act III
As at the end of Act II; Punch down-stage at the desk, Judy behind, engaged in a skipping-game

2 **Scene 1. Black Sheep**

Judy (*skipping*)
Apple Charlotte, apple tart,
Tell me the name, tell me the name,
Tell me the name of my sweetheart.
Is he dark or is he fair?
Tell me the name, tell me the name,
Tell me the name of my sweetheart.
Apple Ch…
(*pauses*)

Do you remember India, Punch?
Mama said we must never forget.
Have you forgotten, Punch?
Punch? Won't you look at me?

(*Punch looks up but continues to stare, blank-eyed.*)

Punch (*dreamily*)
I am too changed.
England has changed me.
I remember, I remember –
I used to give orders
and Mama kissed me.
Leave me alone!

Judy
Punch, it isn't true, you're lying.
You do remember. You must, you must.

Punch
I'm not Punch, remember?
I'm Black Sheep, that's what *she*
calls me. Are you on her side, Judy?

Judy
Punch, you know I'm not.

(*She leans down to embrace him. Echo of Mowgli and Grey Wolf's dance for a moment. She springs back as Auntirosa enters with Harry.*)

Auntirosa
So, we're too good, are we,
for the school we've been sent to.
We fight the other boys, do we?
We try to kill them.
Because they've found out
what a little show-off we are,
and that we tell lies to make
ourselves important.

Punch
No, it was him – Harry. He tells the
boys things, turns them against me.
They call me Black Sheep.

Harry
That's what you are.
Black Sheep, Black Sheep.

Auntirosa
But that's what you are.
Black Sheep.
Harry was only doing his duty.
He was only warning them
of what a little devil you are.

Harry
Black Sheep. Black Sheep.

Punch (*shouting*)
I shall kill him one day.

Auntirosa
Punch, Punch, what am I to do with you?
You're not a boy, you're not a little
English boy, you're a devil.
What am I to do?
Beating won't drive the devil out of you,
prayers can't save you.
Harry, fetch the placard.
(*Harry hands her a placard with LIAR printed on it.*)
Now, you will wear this in the house,
Punch, for the whole week.
And if you lie to me again
I will make you wear it in the street,
where the whole town will see it.

Punch
And if you do that I will burn the
house down.
It's you that made me bad.
If you do that to me
I'll kill you, if I can.
You're very bony, but I'll try.
I'll try to kill you.

(*He flies at her. Harry drags him off.*)

Auntirosa
You devil, little devil.
Devil! Devil!

(*Judy tries to go to Punch.*)

Harry
Black Sheep! Black Sheep!

Judy
Punch! Punch! Punch!

Auntirosa
Judy, don't you dare.

(*Exit Auntirosa and Judy. Punch sinks to his knees. Harry triumphs over him.*)

Harry
You kicked that boy while he was down,
Black Sheep,
Black Sheep.
That's not British.

Punch
He called me Black Sheep.

Harry
Yes, and so do I,
Black Sheep,
Black Sheep.
You tried to strangle him.

Punch
Yes, and I would have, too.
And one day I'll kill *you*.

Harry
I shouldn't be surprised if he was
dead by now, that boy.
And you'll be hanged, Black Sheep,
and go to Hell.
Do you know what Hell is, Black Sheep,
Black Sheep?

Punch
This is Hell.

Harry
Oh no, it's not, Black Sheep.
This is not Hell.
Hell is worse than any of this.

Punch
How can it be?

Harry
Hell is worse than anything
and there is no end to it.
Devils dance around you,
round and round, there is fire.

Punch
Fire? Fire?

Harry
And it snaps and cracks
and bites you to the bone.

Punch
If it's to be Hell then, I don't care –
(*changing*)
I'll kill you *now*.

(*He gets up and threatens Harry.*)

Harry
Punch, Punch –

(*Harry stands mesmerised by the change in Punch. Slowly he too changes: into Shere Khan.*)

Punch (*tearing his clothes off*)
I'm not Punch. I'm not Punch.
Nor Black Sheep.
I am Mowgli.
Do you know what this is in my hand,
Shere Khan, you mangy coward?
It is stronger than any tooth,
it is redder than any claw.
I stole it from the man's house,
and I have power over it because I am man,
and if I name it, Shere Khan,
you will die, Shere Khan.
Now I name it, Shere Khan,
and you will feel its tooth
in your side, Shere Khan –
fire, it is called
fire, fire, fire.

(*As Mowgli names it a redness lights his hand which he thrusts at Shere Khan, whose coat glows with its light. Shere Khan falls and Mowgli does a frenzied dance around him to fire music. As he dances, the other animals appear.*)

Akela, Ka, Bagheera and Grey Wolf
Shere Khan, the wolf boy
has killed the cattle killer.
Mowgli, Mowgli has killed the tiger,
he dances on his skin.
Feet in the jungle that leave no mark,
eyes that see in the dark, the dark,
this is the jungle law.

(*The animals perform a frenzied dance of liberation. Mowgli falls to his knees, panting. Then as the animals troop off carrying Shere Khan, he rises and crosses slowly to the right side of the stage where we see Messua's hut. She and her husband are bound to stakes there.*)

3 **Scene 2. Letting in the Jungle**

Messua
I knew that you would come.
Now I know you are my son.

(*Mowgli slashes her bonds with his knife.*)

Mowgli
But why have they done this to thee?

Messua
For the burning.
To be burned alive
for making a son of thee.

Mowgli
Does man burn man?
There is a price to be paid for this!

Messua
Because I gave thee milk
and cradled and sang to you.
Because you were my son that the
tiger stole and I loved you.

Because I was mother to the wolf child,
the jungle demon.

(*Mowgli moves to free the Man.*)

Man
Don't let him touch me. It is true then –
he is your demon, he has come to you!

Messua
Fool. He is our son.
And see, he is kind as a man is kind.
He breaks our bonds.

Man
No. Do not touch me.

(*Mowgli slashes the Man's bonds.*)

Mowgli
There, your hands are free.
Go now, both of you. Only there may be
some singing in the jungle as you go.

Man
The jungle? Is it better
to be taken by fang and claw
than by man? Is it better to be killed
by beasts than by fire?

Mowgli
He will be afraid when he hears
my people singing.
You will not. Go, let the music lead.
Not a fang, not a claw
will be bared against you.
There will be a watch on all sides, behind
and before. Let the music lead.
He does not believe, but Messua will.

(*Off-stage the music of the Watching begins: Akela, Ka, Baloo and Grey Wolf.*)

Messua
I do, my son.
Man, ghost, wolf of the jungle…
You are my son,
my son, and I believe.

Man
They shall pay me back for what
I have lost.
I shall have justice against them.

Mowgli
Justice I do not know.
Vengeance, yes.
Come back with the next rains and see
what is left here.
Now go.

(*As Messua and the Man move slowly centre-stage, the animals appear, Akela, Ka, Baloo, Grey Wolf, and slowly dance round the pair and lead them off.*)

Akela, Ka, Baloo and Grey Wolf
Feet in the jungle that leave no mark,
eyes that see in the dark, the dark.

(*Enter Bagheera*)

Mowgli
Ah, Bagheera, on the thought!
I have need of thee.
Come, sit with me a little,
here in the trap.

(*Mowgli lies down in the hut with Bagheera's head in his lap. The Watching music still; fading. Bagheera looks up.*)

Bagheera
Little brother, the men are coming.
By the lock that freed me
they will think they have caught big game.

(*Beginning of Men's chorus off. Far off at first. Over it:*)

Mowgli
Bagheera,
where does Hathi feed tonight?

Bagheera
The elephant feeds where he chooses,
in the meadows by the moonlight,
in the jungle close.

Mowgli
I shall give the master word.
I call the elephant and his sons
to let the jungle in.

(*Answering, far off, of Hathi; the elephant and his sons*)

Men
The witch and the wizard,
let us see if hot coals
will make them confess.
The witch and the wizard.
Burn them. Fire, bring fire.
Bring pitch. More pitch!

Bagheera (*sweetly crooning*)
I smell blood, brother.
Is it killing at last?
I would lick blood, brother.
Shall we sing their death song
together?
Shall we suck their bones?

Mowgli
What do I want with blood?
I have seen the blood of the
woman who gave me milk.
They would have killed her, my kin.
Let the grass cover up their rigid walls.
Hathi, Hathi,
(*spoken*)
let in the jungle. Let the jungle in!
(*Answering call of Hathi and his sons. Closer. The shadow of them looms up huge behind. The Men appear in a group with the shadow behind them.*)
Hathi!
Hathi!

Bagheera
See, where they come.

Mowgli (*leaping up*)
Hathi!
I call in the jungle to stamp out their lines.

(*The Men, suddenly cutting off their chorus, pause a moment.*)

Men
Look, look there.
The woman has turned into a panther.
The jungle devil is with her.

Mowgli
Jungle trees, break in!
House beams fall, break in!
Hathi!
Hathi!
Let the jungle in.
Cover all! Cover all!
Let the jungle in!

(*Huge sound of the elephants, over it the wails of the Men, climax dying away. Mowgli lies full stretch on the stage. Light comes up as after a storm. Mowgli stretches, sits up. Music of the Spring and the Spring Running. Mowgli stretches again, sits up on his knees.*)

4 **Scene 3. The Spring Running**
(*A Girl begins to come down-stage carrying a water-jug. Bagheera sits up, freezes, slinks away. The Girl comes towards Mowgli, who stands, puts his hand out towards her as if she were a dream. She walks on past him and off. Mowgli moves about in a kind of dance, maybe to an echo, under the Spring Running music, of his dance with Grey Wolf.*)

Mowgli
Ah, Grey Wolf, Grey Wolf,
I have called and called you to the
Council Rock and you do not come.
Have I lost the master word?
The whole world purrs and hums.
I have run in the clear spring night
under the moon but my heart stays
behind, my shadow hangs behind.
I try and try to catch it, to clasp it to me.
No one is there.
Am I sad?
Am I happy?
What is wrong with me?
What am I? What?

(*Akela, Ka, Baloo, have appeared during this and stand at the side of the stage watching.*)

Ka
Ah, little brother, does the trail end here?

Baloo
Cry, little brother.
Let the tears run down.

Akela
It is time. It is time, little brother.

Ka, Baloo and Akela
Cry, cry.
It is time. It is time.

Mowgli
Ka, Baloo, Akela –
what is wrong with me?
Am I dying?
I run under the moon and am not stilled.
I bathe in moonlit pools and
my skin is not cooled.
What is wrong with me?

Ka
It is spring, brother,
don't you hear it? The new growth.

Ka and Akela
The hunting is over, little brother.
It is time for the new hunting to begin.

Baloo
You must go, little brother,
before you are driven.
You must go to man.

Mowgli
I am Mowgli. Who will drive me out?

Akela
Mowgli will drive Mowgli.

Mowgli
Then it is Mowgli,
not the jungle, that casts me out?

Baloo
I taught thee the law. It is for me to speak.
Little frog, take thine own trail, make
thy lair with thine own blood,
and past, and people.
When there is need
of foot or tooth or eye,
or a word carried swiftly by night,
remember, Master of the Jungle,
the jungle is thine to call.

Mowgli
I would not go,
but am driven by both feet.

Baloo
Look up, little brother.
When the hive is empty we leave the hive.

Ka
Having cast the skin, we cannot
again creep into it.

Ka, Akela and Baloo
That is the law.

Mowgli
By Bagheera and the bull that bought me –

(*Bagheera appears.*)

Bagheera
I am late, it was a long hunt, little frog,
but the bull lies dead in the bushes.
One bull bought your life, now
another sets you free.
All debts are paid.

Mowgli
I would weep.

Bagheera
Good hunting on the new trail,
Master of the Jungle.
Remember, Bagheera loved thee.

Mowgli
I could weep.

(*Mowgli slowly begins to dress himself as a man. He winds a sarong about his waist, he puts on a turban, winding slowly. Grey Wolf hands these garments to him. Behind which:*)

Baloo
For the sake of him who showed
one mere frog the jungle road,
keep the law the man pack makes,
when the knife is drawn to slay,
keep the law and go thy way.

Baloo, Ka, Bagheera and Akela
Wood and Water, Wind and Tree,
jungle favour go with thee.

Grey Wolf and others
Open strength shall call to thee,
strength whose mate is courtesy,
East and West and North and South,
wash thy skin and close thy mouth,
pit and rift and blue pool-brim,
middle jungle, follow him.

(*Mowgli, now dressed, speaks to Grey Wolf.*)

Mowgli
And you, will you follow me now to the
man pack?

Grey Wolf
Did I not follow you before?
Who waked you lying among the crops?

Mowgli
But now? Again?

Grey Wolf
Have I not followed you tonight?

Mowgli
But again and again?

Grey Wolf and Mowgli
At the last,
Man goes to Man.
Master of the Jungle,
lair-brother to me,
we speak one tongue, we share one life,
thy trail is my trail.

(*They embrace and move off together. Bagheera sings over this.*)

Bagheera
In the cage my life began,
well I know the ways of man –
man-cub, beware the man-cub's breed.
Feed them silence when they seek
help of thine to hunt the weak.
Morning mist and twilight clear,
serve him, wardens of the deer.

Baloo, Ka, Bagheera and Akela
Wood and Water, Wind and Tree,
jungle favour go with thee.

5 **Scene 4. Return**
(*Slowly the lights fade behind. Punch and Judy appear down-stage. When the lights rise again Mother and Father are there. Judy immediately runs to them. Punch stands where he is. He takes his glasses off, looks, puts his glasses on again. Mother moves down-stage towards him, but when she touches him he cringes as if expecting a blow.*)

Mother
Punch! Punch! My poor boy.
Punch! Oh, my poor child.
It's Mother, Punch.
I've come here for you, Punch.

Punch
Too late, too late, too late.

(*She reaches out for him.*)

Mother
Too late! Too late! My child!
What have they done to you.
My child!
Ah!

(*He turns away, staring out towards the audience. Mother continues to kneel with her hands outstretched towards him.*)

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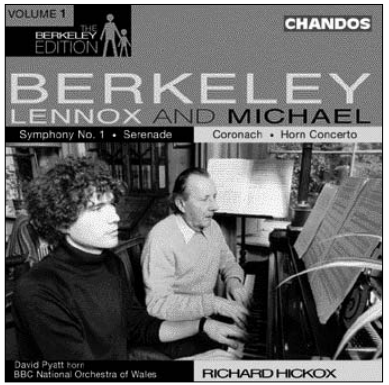

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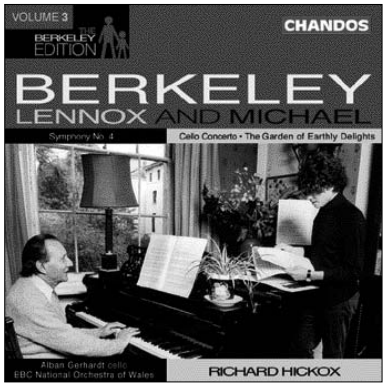

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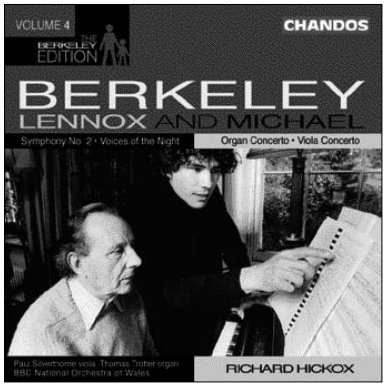

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BERKELEY: BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP

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CHAN 10186(2)

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Michael Berkeley (b. 1948)

BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP

A Jungle Tale

An Opera in Three Acts

Text by David Malouf

Soloists:

Malcolm Lorimer • William Dazeley • Ann Taylor-Morley • George Mosley
Eileen Hulse • Henry Newman • Fiona Kimm • Philip Sheffield
Mark Holland • Clive Bayley • Paul McCann • Brian Cookson

Chorus of Opera North
Martin Pickard chorus master
English Northern Philharmonia
David Greed leader
Paul Daniel

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