

Beyond the Balcony: Audiowork Translation

The text below forms part of the audiowork and are short extracts from:

Pierre Prins et L'Epoch Impressionniste: Sa Vie Son Oeuvre, Par son Fils (Floury, Paris, 1949)
Read by Sophie Prins Gapinski.

Dès que l'on agitait devant moi certaines questions touchant le souvenir toujours très vif de ma mère.

As soon as certain questions pertaining to the still very vivid memory of my mother were discussed in front of me.

Souvenirs singuliers chez un garçonnet de douze ans.

Curious memories of a little boy.

Non point tant des traits que de l'âme dolente et tendre d'un être cheri

Not so much features as the doleful soul of a tender and beloved being

Puis, me faisant pivoter, il tendait déjà le bras vers un grand tableau que je n'avais pas encore remarqué.

Then, turning me around, he was already pointing towards a large painting I hadn't yet noticed.

"Regarde", me dit-il, "Qui reconnaît tu là-bas?"

"Look", he said to me, "Who do you recognise over there?"

C'était... 'Le balcon'

It was... "The balcony"

"Voilà ta chère maman, là, à droite, avant que tu ne sois son fils"

"That is your beloved mummy, there, on the right, before you were her son"

Cette jeune fille? Ma mère?...

This young girl? My mother?...

Je cherchais en vain quelque chose de déjà vu dans les traits de la plus menue des deux figures féminines.

I was looking, to no avail for something familiar in the features of the smallest of the two female characters.

Je ne retrouvais là, ni le visage, ni le reflet de l'âme que je chérissais toujours, pas même les tresses blondes à l'alsacienne, si souvent caressées aux heures de rémission, où la joie me blottissait entre des bras, dont l'étreinte, chaque jour, faiblissait.

I could not find, in the painting, either the face or the likeness of the soul I cherished, not even the blond Alsatian style braids, so often stroked at times of respite, when joy was nestling me in arms, whose embrace, each day, was growing weaker.

Des années plus tard je devais revoir "Le balcon" au Luxembourg, puis au Louvre

Years later, I was to see "The Balcony" again, first in the Luxembourg, then in the Louvre

"Que va devenir le portrait de maman?"

"What will become of mummy's portrait?"

Comme si...mon inconscient égoïsme... avait craint la disparition du tableau...avant celle de son peintre

As if... my unaware selfishness... had feared the disappearance of the painting, before that of its artist.

"Est-ce que je pourrais revenir la voir, pour... m'y habituer?"

"Could I possibly come back to see her to... to accustom myself to seeing her?"

<i>Des années plus tard je devais revoir 'Le balcon' au Luxembourg, puis au Louvre,</i>	Years later, I was to see "The Balcony" again, first in the Luxembourg, then in the Louvre,
<i>J'en possède la photographie dédicacée par Manet.</i>	I have the photograph of it signed by Manet.
<i>Elle m'a souvent accordé à la contempler des instants graves</i>	It often drew me to gaze at it, for solemn moments
<i>On m'avait dit que notre ami souffrait beaucoup, et j'en parlais souvent,</i>	I was told our friend was suffering greatly and I was often talking about him
<i>Le jour que sa mort me fut annoncée, je demandais: "Que va devenir le portrait de maman?"</i>	The day I was told of his death, I asked "What will become of mummy's portrait?"
<i>Ma curiosité et mon anxiété</i>	My curiosity and my anxiety.
<i>Je le trouvais tout changé au point d'en rester interdit,</i>	I found him greatly altered, so much so as to be bewildered
<i>Les enfants dissimulent mal leurs impressions devant les grandes personnes.</i>	Children find it hard to conceal their feelings in front of adults.
<i>... certainement, car son regard, généralement rieur, s'attrista.</i>	... certainly, for his gaze, usually cheerful became saddened
<i>Mais à demi allongé sur un divan, il m'avait attiré à lui et me demandait ses yeux bleus fixés sur les miens</i> <i>"Ton père m'a dit que tu gardais fidèlement le souvenir de ta maman, c'est très bien; il ne faut jamais oublier ceux qui vous ont aimé"</i>	But half lying on a divan, he had drawn me to him and, his blue-grey eyes fixed on mine, was asking "Your father told me that you were faithfully holding onto the memory of your mummy That is a very fine thing to do; One must never forget those who loved us"
<i>"Est-ce-que je pourrais revenir la voir, pour m'y habituer?"</i>	"Could I come back to see her to... to accustom myself to seeing her?"
<i>"Regarde" me dit-il, "Qui reconnaît-tu là-bas?</i>	"Look", he said to me, "Who do you recognise over there?
<i>C'était... 'Le balcon' "</i>	It was... "The balcony"
<i>Des années plus tard je devais revoir "Le balcon" au Luxembourg, puis au Louvre.</i>	Years later, I was to see "The Balcony" again, first in the Luxembourg then in the Louvre
<i>"Que va devenir le portrait de maman?"</i>	"What will become of mummy's portrait?"
<i>Comme si, mon inconscient égoïsme, avait craint la disparition du tableau, avant celle de son peintre"</i>	It was as if... my unaware selfishness... was fearing the disappearance of the painting, before that of the artist

Translation: Anne-Marie Dupre, Oxford