

March 23

Walked to cello lesson. After my lesson a Japanese couple showed up with a baby girl about 6 months old with her grandmother. The baby really resembled the grandmother. The mother, a tiny, young looking woman is a professional pianist, and the father is a professional cellist. Marie Paule served coffee. I stayed for a short social time and to be able to hold the baby girl who was very strong and straight. She loved it when I sang my family song for babies, "Dungie dungie dungie" accompanied with bouncing on the knees. She rewarded me with smiles and giggles. We also played and sang "Row, row, row your boat." I like to start it slowly and pick up speed with each repetition until the 4<sup>th</sup> time we are going very fast. Little babies love it.

When I returned to the apartment I did a lesson in my French Grammaire book while I waited for my turn with Nicolas, our French tutor.

After our French lesson, we went into Ernie's study and browsed "Musique Maestro" to see what were the possibilities for classical music tonight. We decided on a spectacle "Amantes Fous" (Crazed lovers) based on Shakespeare's Hamlet with music and songs. The production was at 9 p.m. so there was time to eat in.

I went with Ernie to Darty to return a few items. On the way back we stopped at Home Depot for post it notes and Avery stickers. By this time I was getting tired after walking from one end of our neighborhood to the other.

We walked up to the big Monoprix on Sebastopol for another pair of summer pajamas for Ernie. I was becoming impatient because school had let out and there were young girls in front of us each buying a lipstick or a lip gloss and rummaging through their purses for change. I was tired.

At Monoprix we shopped for food for tonight's dinner. Got a Tournedos of Canard (called Maigret du Canard, a "steak" from the duck breast), some octopus salad, another terrine de compagne, a baguette aux céréales.

We stopped and sat in the living room and had the pulpes salad and a couple of glasses of Petit Chablis and some baguette just to rest.

A little later, I prepared dinner of the canard (fried in a pan without additional fat), boiled potatoes with parsley, broccoli, and a salad of sliced heirloom tomato on a bed of mixed greens. I have been clipping fresh dill weed into the classic French dressing and it adds a nice flavor.

We had only 2 glasses of the Minervois since we already had started with the Petit Chablis. We cleaned up and got ready to go. We took the Rambuteau Metro because it was a direct line to the Goncourt station listed on the ad. We could have walked but I was too tired.

The theater was in an alley and in an area that is down at the heels. There were a lot of brasseries full of only men. Lots of women we saw were wearing the scarf and full clothing. It is an old theater and I was really sorry not to have my camera with me. I remember that my drama teacher, Mr. Paul used to say that "good theater can be done on a garbage scow!" It doesn't need a fancy location, just good acting and direction.



The show was excellent, a combination of singing and reciting excerpts from Shakespeare's Hamlet but focusing only on the love story between Hamlet and Ophelia. She was wonderful as the ingénue, so trusting and in love at first and then puzzled and then totally mad – out of touch with reality at the end.



They were both top notch operatic singers. There was a pianist who played through the entire performance and a cellist who played only the heart-rending, sweet love songs.

Neither Ernie nor I understood a word. It was all in French. But I know the story and much of the poetry in English and was able to follow it. There was a tiny audience – maybe 10 people. Fortunately, the house is also small but could probably have held 50 people. But the performers gave it their all, as if there were a full house.

An interesting point. We learned while reading the posted notices and newspaper articles in the foyer as we waited for the show to start, that Nicolas Sarkozy and his wife Carla Bruni had been there a few days earlier. It was a surprise visit; they brought lots of security with them. Apparently one of her early singing coaches is part of the show and she brought him to see the performance and to meet her professor. The article didn't mention if it was a man or a woman. Perhaps dragged him is a better word. And this in the midst of the crisis in Libya!