

Marta Ptaszynska

THE LOVERS OF THE VALLDEMOSA MONASTERY

Opera in two acts

Libretto: Marta Ptaszynska based on the play “Kochankowie z Klasztoru Valldemosa” (“The Lovers of the Valldemosa Monastery”) by Janusz Krasny-Krasinski.

The play contains excerpts from Frederic Chopin’s letters to Julian Fontana as well as passages from George Sand’s book *Un hiver à Majorque*.

LIBRETTO

ACT I

Scene 1: Arrival at the S’on Vent Villa

- Millena: *Esta noche, noche buena,
Por que noche buena,
Todo lo que me dan tomo,
Si no me dan con un leno.
Al subir la calle arriba,
Me cortaron un vestido, señor, si ustedes gustan, gustan.*
- Maurice: Oh it’s so beautiful here, mother. So beautiful. So many flowers!
- Solange: Flowers, flowers everywhere! It’s like a fairy tale.
- Chopin: Like a fairy tale! So picturesque! The entire bay is visible from here.
What a beautiful view!
- Sand: Cypresses and fig trees! Olive and date trees!
And flowers! Flowers everywhere!
Like a fairy-tale. Picturesque and wonderful.
- Chopin: George, it’s like paradise– magnificent!
- Maurice, Solange,
Chopin, Sand: Cypresses and fig trees! Olive and date trees!
Such a beautiful place!
- Chopin: The sky is like turquoise, the sea like lapis, the mountains like emerald. The air is heavenly.

Millena: *Quan vages a la Ribera, no passes per Castello,
No passes per Castello quant vages a la Ribera , eu, eu.*

Senor Gomez: Welcome all! Welcome children! The rooms are ready.
(to the children) You can play in the garden, but don't pick the flowers!
Each room is lovely and has a view of the sea.

Chopin: Wait a minute, where are the windows?

Gomez: Windows? Ah yes, windows!
Windows and doors aren't a permanent part of the villa.
If one wishes, one can have them installed at one's own expense,
Senor.

Gomez bows and leaves.

Chopin: Really! That's incredible. Simply incredible.
It's a shame we didn't bring some windows from Paris!

Sand: That's how it is here, Frederic!
A most unusual island!

Ameile enters.

Sand: How do you like it here in the villa, Amelie?

Amelie: It's horrible here, Ma'am.
I found a dead snake by the gate!

Sand: A snake???

Ameile: Yes, a long and fat one!
It was a splendid idea to come to this island!

Sand: Solange! Maurice! Amelie saw a snake in the garden!

Chopin: Oh George, come now, let them play!
Knowing Amelie, she probably just saw a worm.

Sand: Yes, I suppose so.

Chopin: It was a wonderful idea to escape here to Majorca.
You have no idea how happy this journey has made me!!!

Sand: Yes I agree! I always wanted to take Maurice to a warm climate. And
you need warmth as well– and lots of it!

Millena: *Somos los quintos de hogano, de mil novecientos trece, ay!*

Chopin: I really like it here.
Do you know what I miss though?

Sand: The inlaid chest for shoes, the goblets with the words “For Chopin from the King of France”, the golden teacups,
The faces of beautiful women standing by the piano,
Those muffled whispered words, “He’s wonderful, god-like, noble, beautiful”.

Chopin: No, no, no!
You know what I miss the most?
The piano!

Sand: You must have a piano!

Millena: *Esta noche es noche, noche buena,
Ay, que va alta la luna,
Yo ten go que adorar!*

Chopin: People are so happy here!
The sound of guitars and carefree laughter is everywhere!

Millena: *Ay, que alta va la luna.*

Scene 2: Rain

It’s raining heavily. Sand, Solange, and Maurice are soaked when they return indoors. They take off their wet clothes.

Chopin: We are so close to the sublime here!
These mountains and these stunning solitary spaces!
It’s hard to imagine something equally captivating!

Sand: Wonderful? We should have stayed the night at the monastery.
We would have avoided the rain...

Solange: But there were no monks there!

Maurice: Because they had been expelled!
Right, mother?

Sand: Yes, that’s right.

Chopin: You plotted against the Carthusians,
You encouraged your friend Marliani to become involved,
You took their monastery-
What for?
So that we could be alone!
Precisely!
Let’s put on a play about this.
I’ll show you how the monks were banished from the Valldemosa Monastery.

Sand, Solange,
Maurice: Yes, please show us!

Chopin imitates a monk

Chopin as Monk: What are you doing here? There's no one here. They were all banished!

Chopin as Sand: We wanted to see the monastery...

Chopin as Monk: There's nothing to see here. Only bare walls.

Chopin as Sand: Could we rent a chamber, Brother?

Chopin as Monk: I'm just the caretaker here!
Would the Senora like to rent a chamber as an apartment?

Chopin as Sand: No, no, no, we already have an apartment. We just need a secluded place.
In this silence you'll find the most beautiful melodies for your preludes, Frederic!

Solange, Sand: Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!

Maurice enters carrying a drawing, but upon seeing Chopin quickly hides it in his sketchbook.

Chopin (*with interest*): What have you drawn, Maurice?

Maurice (*angrily*): The Valldemosa Monastery, but I won't show it to Mr Chopin!

Chopin (*with interest*): Why is that?

Maurice: Because you never like anything!

Maurice leaves. Solange turns to Chopin, while picking up and playing with some stones.

Solange: He doesn't like you because you said that I'm the talented and beautiful one!

Solange runs away.

Chopin: You're a darling, Solange!

Sand: Frederic! It's clearing outside!
Tomorrow it will be hot. Hot in November!

Chopin: Just like love, the weather is fickle.
In the morning it's unbearable and then in the evening it becomes sheer happiness.

Sand: O, Frederic, I am prepared to love those who love me.
But someone like you can only love that which is beautiful and pure.
When the favourable wind will unite us,

We will rise to the land of stars.
Like birds we will fly to the heavens.
When our loved ones call below, we will return to the earth.
I yearn that your heart would contain two different loves:
One that would be the body while the other the soul of life.

Chopin: You are wonderfully honest.
I love you George, though it irritates me.

Scene 3: Marketplace

Ameile: Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am!

Sand enters. Opposite her enter women with baskets.

Amelie: The women are returning from the market!
Would you like to buy something Ma'am?

Sand: Stop them! See what they have there.

Pedller: Would the Senora like to buy some cheese?
The stockfish from the sea is fresh.
The baby lamb with garlic is very lean!
Sorbets and flowers in various colors.

Sand: How much is the fish?

Pedller: Twenty pesetos!

Sand: How much are the flowers?

Pedller: Forty pesetos!

Sand: Forty? I could buy a whole basketful for that amount in Paris!

Pedller: Life is easier in Paris, so the flowers are cheaper, Senora.

Amelie: Well, Ma'am, I never thought coming here was a good idea.

Sand pays and Amelia takes the goods.

The peddlers run out hastily.

An old woman who has been observing from a distance walks towards the peddlers.

Old Woman: Did you see those women dressed in circus clothes!
If I had a monkey that's how I would dress it!

That woman there smokes cigars and she's here with a man who isn't
her husband! They've been here two weeks now and haven't been to
church once.
I curse you heathens!

The peddlers spit and leave. The Old Woman waves a stick at Sand, as if casting a spell.

Scene 4: Chopin's Illness

The S'on Vent villa is dark. It's raining heavily. Chopin is lying on the sofa. Sand and Amelie are visibly distressed.

Chopin: I'm cold!

Sand: You're feverish, you're burning!
You shouldn't have gotten drenched in the rain. You shouldn't have gotten drenched!

Chopin: It's nothing. It's just a change in the weather.
I was chilled in the monastery...

Sand: Oh my darling, I love you.
But you shouldn't have gotten drenched...

Amelie: They're here! They've arrived!

Sand: Yes, it's them.

Three physicians walk in. Upon seeing them, Chopin gets up and yells:

Chopin: It's those Austrians!

Physician 1: We're not Austrians, we're Spaniards, Senor!

Sand: These gentlemen are physicians, the most famed men in Majorca.

Physician 1: Will we be allowed to examine the patient?

Chopin nods his head in consent.

Physician 1: His temperature must be taken.
In fact the temperature won't matter.

Physician 2: Because the cause of all illnesses are the intestines!
The treatment should reduce inflammation.

Physician 3: And the throat? Let's examine the throat...

They inspect the throat.

Sand (*worried*): Is there anything serious there?

Physician 1: No, no, no, just a rather severe case of laryngitis.

Physician 2: He will need to avoid any foods that would aggravate his condition.

Physician 3: In other words wine, beer, pepper, meat...

Sand: And what do you prescribe?

Physician 1: A drug to induce sweating.

Physician 2: A drug to induce vomiting.

Physician 3: And diuretics.

Physician 3 examines Chopin with a wooden plexor.

Physician 3
addressing Chopin: Senor may I examine your saliva?

Everyone looks into the spittoon.

Physicians 1, 2: There is blood in it, Senor!

Sand:
What do you think?
Is there hope?

Physician 3: He's in a severe condition.

Physician 2: Very severe!

Physician 1: Hopeless in fact!

Sand: So what's to be done?

Physician 1: We'll have to let some blood.

Physician 2: Right away.

Physicians 1, 2: Immediately!

Sand to Physician 3: And what do you recommend?

Physician 3 looks at her nervously, as if wanting to say something, but remains silent.

Sand:
No, no! That's enough!
I'll take care of him myself!

The physicians collect their equipment and leave.

Physician 1: Senora.

Physician 2: Senora.

It is dusk. The old woman appears.

The Old Woman
addresses
Phantom-Lucia: Is someone ill?

The phantom nods assent.

Old Woman: That heathen?

The phantom shakes her head.

Old Woman: The child?

The phantom shakes her head.

Old Woman: That bony accursed man?

The phantom nods assent.

The Old Woman
curses the house: There is no mercy for the heathen!
They will all be damned for eternity in the fires of hell.

Scene 5: Chopin's Room

Chopin sits at a table, alone in the room. From a distance the sound of Mozart's "La ci darem la mano" can be heard for a brief while. Silence ensues. Chopin hallucinates that the critic Rellstab, whom he despises, is present. Rellstab appears as a phantom.

Chopin mimics Rellstab.

Chopin: Herr Rellstab! Greetings!
What's that you say?

Chopin-Rellstab: Mr Chopin, I see vandalism in your music.

Phantoms
surrounding Chopin: Yes, vandalism!

Chopin-Rellstab: Your music is full of poor imitations.
If you imagine Field's delightful nocturnes in a distorted mirror,
What do you get?

Phantoms: Chopin's nocturnes! Chopin's nocturnes!

Chopin-Rellstab: Precisely! Precisely! Precisely!
And his mazurkas are so unnatural...

Phantoms: Unnatural, unnatural, unnatural...

Chopin-Rellstab: Mr Chopin chases after terrible dissonance and jarring modulations.
The way he distorts melodies is intolerable.

Phantoms: Yes, yes. Yes, yes. He distorts melodies.

Chopin-Rellstab: If you continue to produce such failures,
We will laugh at you! Laugh at you!

Phantoms: Laugh, laugh, laugh!

Sand enters and it falls silent.

Sand: What's going on here? Why have you gotten up?

Chopin: Who wrote that insolent letter to Rellstab?

Sand: What letter, Frederic?

Chopin: It was here just a moment ago!

Sand sighs: Oh Frederic,
You're like a child. I can't leave you alone.

Chopin
(in an agitated voice): But it was just here, just here, just here.
Obviously, I haven't written it yet.

*The sound of the rain dripping from the ceiling is audible.
Chopin gets a piece of paper and begins to write the letter.*

Writing a Letter to Fontana

Chopin: I have been ill for two weeks.
I've caught a cold despite the warm weather, roses,
cypresses and fig trees.
Three famous physicians have seen me.
One sniffed my spit, the other inspected my mouth,
Another prodded and listened as I was spitting.
One said I've died, the other that I'm dying,
Another that I'm about to die.

*An enormous crashing sound erupts as a piece of wet plaster falls from the ceiling.
Chopin begins to cough and gasp for breath.*

Senor Gomez walks in and inspects the hole in the ceiling.

Chopin: Will this ceiling ever be fixed?

Gomez: Here is a letter for you.

Chopin: A letter? For me? A letter
It's probably from Fontana!
It must be news from home.
I haven't heard from him in three months!

Gomez hands the letter to Chopin.

Chopin reads the letter
and exclaims: The piano! It's waiting in the port.
I finally have a piano!
Now I can play day and night.

Gomez: Senora, senora,
I demand that you immediately move out of my villa!
The apartment must be disinfected, the walls must be plastered,
The furniture and sheets burned, the tenants – the Senor and Senora–
charged with the corresponding costs.

Sand rages: Frederic, we're among savages!
This is a barbaric country!
It's an island fit only for monkeys.

A wedding procession approaches. A Spanish wedding folk song can be heard. Upon reaching the villa, everyone in the procession rushes away.

Solange: Why did they run away?

Gomez: Senor, I have kept your illness a secret...

Sand (*angrily*): So when do you want us to leave?

Gomez: Immediately! I'll send for a barouche tomorrow.

Chopin: George, where shall we go?

Sand: Tomorrow we leave for Valldemosa!

Scene 6: Departure from the S'on Vent Villa **Ballet scene**

*A curious crowd observes those departing the villa.
Chopin, Sand and the children leave the villa while Amelie loads the bags into the barouche.
As they are leaving Gomez burns things from the villa, while the crowd dances riotously.
A young woman lights a cigar left by Sand.*

The Old Woman emerges from the crowd.

Old Woman: Where did those French people go?

Gomez: To Valldemosa!

Old Woman: To the monastery?

Gomez: To the monastery!

Old Woman
(*making the
sign of the cross*): Those heathens? Jesus Christ!
And you allowed the monks to leave and be replaced with these
heathens?

Old Woman
(walking towards the crowd, waving a stick):

You allowed this!
God will punish you!
Beg for mercy before death will pale your faces.

The crowd disperses quickly. Gomez throws a pair of gloves into the dying fire.

ACT II

Scene 1: Valldemosa Monastery

Arrival at the monastery.

Chopin: I'm barely alive after that jerky barouche ride.
Let's see the monastery. The monks have been driven away, but the devil has remained...

A Monk comes out through a gate and bows to them.

Monk: Everything is ready. Please come in.

The Monk introduces the cook, Maria Antonia.

Monk: May I introduce Maria Antonia- a very devout woman and she cooks very well.

Monk
(to Maria Antonia): Please prepare a meal for the guests. And be generous with the fat and garlic.

Marie Antoine
(aside): Forgive me dear God for serving these heathens!

Sand: What kind of a catafalque is this?

*The Monk walks towards the mysterious coffer and uncovers its lid.
An old piano appears.*

Chopin
(moved to tears): My God! ... a piano!!!

*He sits down at the piano and tests the keyboard. An untuned sound emerges.
He drops his hands in despair.*

Chopin *(to himself):* Even this keyboard will come in handy.
(to the Monk): Is there someone who could tune this rattling thing?

Monk: No, Senor, there isn't. Everyone had to leave this place!
Only myself and Brother Adalbert are left.
May hell swallow Mendizabal!
He is the one who ordered all the Carthusian monks to leave!
These are such terrible times, Senora!
People listen to neither king nor God.
Senora, I must go. I wish you a peaceful night.

Chopin gets up from the piano abruptly.

Chopin: This is a rattling piece of junk!
It's only good for scaring birds or rats away!
Cover it with this cloth!
I don't want to know that there is something resembling an
instrument here.

He sits down at the piano.

(regretfully): What shall I do? I will be forced to put my preludes to the test on this
piece of junk!

Sand: Calm down!

Chopin: Leave me alone!
No, that's not it!
Now this sounds slightly better now...

Sand: This sounds good and the previous one wasn't bad either.

Chopin begins playing in a stupor.

Monk *(horrified)*: It's the devil himself!
Jesus Christ, I've betrayed the abbot and my brothers.
I've exposed them to an uncertain fate!

Forgive me God!
Qui tollis pecata mundi...
Miserere... Miserere...

A sudden clamor arises and the screeching of birds can be heard.

Chopin: What's that?

Sand: The eagles are hunting a sparrow.

Chopin: That's horrible.

Sand: We'll have to get used to that unfortunately.

Voices are heard.

Voices from a
Distance: This way- be careful!
Oh, it's steep here!
Watch out, or it'll fall!

A group of people appear hauling a piano.

Chopin: What's going on?
Amelia: Oh, if we could only get past the worst part!
Antonia: Is that a coffin?
Amelia: It's Mr Chopin's piano!
Antonia: Is Mr Chopin in need of two pianos?
Chopin: That's suicide!
That crate will fall and drag them with it!
We must immediately go and help them!
Monk: Senor, not to worry. They're now past the most dangerous part of the journey.

The group of people enter with the piano.

Sand: Look, Frederic, that's a Pleyel piano!
Now you'll be able to finish your preludes!
Chopin: I thought Mr Pleyel had confused Majorca with Madagascar!
Chopin sits at the piano and plays Bach's Ricercar from Das Musikalische Opfer.

Scene 2: In Chopin's Cell

It is raining. Chopin is engrossed in his work.

Solange: Has Mother returned?
Will you let me know when she arrives?

Chopin repeats the question several times while playing the piano.

Chopin (*robotically*): Has Mother returned?

Enter Sand and Maurice.

Sand: Have you not gone to sleep yet, Frederic?

Chopin: So I was right – you are indeed dead!

Sand: Frederic... what's gotten into you?!
Chopin (*lucidly*): I'm sorry, George, I see you're back...
It's all becoming slightly confusing.
I was playing but then it seemed that I was dead,
that I had drowned in a lake!
Cold droplets of water were falling on my chest,
continuously, in measured intervals...

Sand (*interrupting firmly*): That's the rain falling on the roof!

Chopin: Rain? What rain?
I haven't noticed it.

Maurice, who is visibly troubled, enters.

Chopin shows the letter he's written.

Chopin: I wrote a letter to Pleyel but forgot to thank him for the piano...

He adds a sentence, seals the envelope, and hands it to Sand.

Sand: Alright my little one!

Chopin: What's this? Snow?
We can go for a sled ride through the olive trees!

Sand: I had been convinced there is no winter in Majorca!

Chopin: George, I would like to leave this place!
I've had enough of these endless clouds,
Rain, snow, and the drone of the sea.
I can't stand the eagles tearing apart sparrows!!
No, no, no, no I can't stand it any longer!
Please George!
Let's leave this place, let's leave as soon as possible.

Sand: The ship is not running, as it's the storm season.
There's a cargo ship carrying livestock.
This island's main resource are its hogs.
And they dictate everything that occurs here.

Chopin: That's of no concern to me!
Hogs! I hope I'm not classified as one of them!

Sand: Don't you think you're becoming vulgar?

Chopin: I don't like all these excuses.
I've suspected for a long time now that
You've lost interest in your role as my nurse.

Sand: Calm down! Don't be ridiculous. Some idea!

Sand notices that Amelie is running in.

Amelia: My lady, my Lady!
I'm leaving!
I can't stand it anymore!
Life on these cliffs is suitable only for cannibals.
To make matters worse Antonia threw me out of the kitchen.
Solange has made the snakes her pets and says she
Will take them to bed with her.
And Maurice... and Maurice, my Lady,
Puts his hand under my blanket every night.
I won't take it any more!
It's horrible.

Sand: Horrible?
Sometimes I feel I've had enough as well!
I was supposed to work here on a book
And what am I doing?
Nothing, absolutely nothing!

Ameile: But at least you have the children and Frederic.

Sand: You mean that eccentric!
And his caprices, temperamental attitude, and distrust!
My noble emotions are being wasted on preparing tea and affixing
bandages. When he feels better, he walks around the arcade and
looks at the moon. All day and all night he taps and taps and taps
the same key and alters one prelude a hundred times!
All day and all night!
One can go mad!
I've brought him here from Paris.
Now he's like an insect buzzing and buzzing at his piano.
And when he finally finds his flower, he's lifeless!
I am then left with a corpse!

Amelie: I thought you are...
Well, I'll be going now...

A voice
in the distance: Nicholas! Nicholas!

Sand: Who's there?

Voice: Nicholas! Nicholas!

Chopin: Someone is calling my father!
Something has happened back home!
Back home, far away.
I haven't heard any news for three months.
Either Fontana hasn't sent a letter or
everyone is dead!

Voice: Nicholas! Nicholas!

Chopin: I know what could have happened!
That's my father calling for help!
This is terrible, terrible, terrible!
We must open the coffin at once!
Right away, before it's too late!
He has been buried alive!

Sand: Calm down!
You're imagining things.
Look what's happening there!

Brother Adalbert enters.

Brother Adalbert: Nicholas! Nicholas!

Antonia stands in the doorway.

Antonia: Nicholas has been dead for a long time.
He has been resting in peace with our Heavenly Father for three
years now.
Go to sleep, Brother, and don't summon the dead in vain.

Chopin: George, who is that?

Sand: That's Brother Adalbert,
He was summoning a dead monk...

Chopin: George, if I die, don't leave me here in this cemetery.

Sand: Don't say such things!
I can tell you've been working late at night.

Chopin (*shivering*): No, George, I feel I have a fever again.

Scene 3: Carnival Masquerade

*Chopin sits at the piano and is surrounded by people disguised as festive birds.
The birds accompany Chopin by squealing, squawking, fluttering their wings, and jumping.*

Sand: What's going on here?
What kind of a masquerade is this?

Masked crowd: *La musica! La musica! La musica!*

Chopin plays while the birds dance.

Antonia shrieking: Get away from here!
There's illness here and the air carries disease!

The crowd runs away squealing.

Chopin: What was that?
Phantoms are following me around
interrupting my work.
Just a while ago I was attacked by monsters with beaks...

Sand: Those weren't phantoms!
They were Antonia's guests celebrating the carnival.

Amelie: What frumps!
And they drank all our rum!

Chopin: Why do those birds keep running about?
I can hear their squealing...

Suddenly Chopin changes the subject and begins muttering to himself.

Chopin: Oh this fog, this fog-
I feel it in my chest.
Accursed climate!
Let's leave this place!
I really want to be in Paris.

The barouche arrives and is loaded.

Amelie
(*enthusiastically*): We're finally leaving!

Chopin hides his face in his hands. He is suffering from a hemorrhage.

Sand: No, no, no, no, we're not going.
Can't you see Frederic has a hemorrhage?!

Maurice and Solange
(*cheerfully*): We're staying! We're staying! What good news!

Chopin: I won't stay here another week or even another day!

Chopin to Sand: If you want, you can stay. I know Maurice loves it here.
And of course his health is paramount!
You can all stay,
just help me board the ship!

Sand: Do you have any idea of what the journey will be like?
It will lead through mountains and continue by sea.
It's very windy and the sea is stormy.
The ship will be tossed day and night!

Chopin: Let the ship be tossed! I've had enough of all this!
I'm leaving on my own!

Sand: What nonsense! Calm down!

Chopin to Amelie: Please have our things packed!
I'm not staying here another day!

Sand: Frederic, calm down! Or else you'll have another hemorrhage.

Chopin: Amelie, Amelie!
Someone will have to help me board the ship!

Sand: That's madness!

Chopin: Perhaps it is madness, but staying here on this island is greater
madness!

Sand: Alright! Alright!

We will sail today!
But I'm warning you that the ship will be carrying hogs.

Chopin: I must be on the ship today!
It doesn't matter in whose company!

Amelie loads the luggage onto the carriage.

Brother Adalbert: *Adios Senor! Adios Senora!*

Antonia runs in shouting.

Antonia: Those heretics left me a goat!
Gracias Senor! Gracias Senora!

Furtian to Adalbert: Brother Adalbert,
We'll have to repaint the walls in both cells,
mop the stairs and arcade,
burn the piano, kill the goat, and bury it on the hill, using lots of
lime.

Antonia: No, no! No, no, no!
Not the goat! Not the goat!
The goat is healthy! It's healthy!
They gave it to me, so now it's my goat
Don't kill it Brother Adalbert!
Don't kill it!

Brother Adalbert shrugs his shoulders and leaves.

Scene 4: Aboard the Ship

Chopin
in a weak voice: What's happening?
Why are they whipping the hogs?

Sand: So that they won't lie down and lose weight!

Chopin: Will they be whipping them during the entire journey?

Sand: Yes, during the entire journey!

Chopin: That's barbaric!
I can't bear to listen to them!

*Chopin has a coughing fit.
Sand goes on deck to see the captain.*

Sand: Captain, could you please let me bring the sick man on deck?

Captain: We have a storm warning and
forbid passengers to be on deck at this time.

Sand returns to the cabin.

Chopin: This air is made of ash!
I'm suffocating!
Just don't allow them to throw my corpse into the sea!

Amelie: You were right, Ma'am.
Frederic is like a child sometimes.
How can one risk one's life like that?

Sand: I don't think that life or death means anything to him.
He's a being belonging to a world of phantoms,
Existing in some other reality unknown to us.

Amelie: What are you talking about?

Sand: There are those who would understand, Amelie...

End.