

Transcription of the video « Bacchus's grapes »

Constance, the storyteller, is strolling through the museum.

[Constance]

Autumn is a lovely time to walk in the forest. You can find chestnuts, mushrooms and hazelnuts. And in the fields, you can find grapes.

By the way, do you know where vines first came from? It was a long time ago.

There was a dear little God, a bubbly character called Bacchus. He was the son of Jupiter, the mighty god of thunder, born from his thigh.

Jupiter wasn't cut out for childminding, so he left his son with the forest fairies, then with old Silenus, a very wise man who could teach the boy well.

Constance points to a large marble statue of an old man with a baby in his arms. It's Silenus holding the infant Bacchus.

[Constance]

Bacchus lived in the forest with the animals. He was second to none in the art of plants. One day, he set off for the forest, when suddenly, he came across a plant he'd never seen before.

[Bacchus]

'How strange',

[Constance]

he thought, and he decided to dig it up.

[Bacchus]

'I'll plant it near my house, and see what becomes of it.'

[Constance]

So off he went, and he walked, and walked, and walked. But it was very hot, and he thought,

[Bacchus]

'My plant will dry up! I must find something to protect it.'

[Constance]

Just then, he saw a bird bone – a vulture bone. So he put the plant in the bone, and walked, and walked, and walked. But the plant began to grow, and grow, and grow, and Bacchus thought,

[Bacchus]

'It'll dry up! I must find something else to protect it.'

[Constance]

Just then, he saw a lion bone. So he put the vulture bone in the lion bone, and walked, and walked, and walked. But the plant kept growing.

[Bacchus]

'I don't believe it!'

[Constance]

He looked around him and saw a donkey bone. He put the lion bone in the donkey bone, kept walking, and reached home at last. When he got there, the first thing he did was to dig a hole, put the plant inside, still in the bones, and cover it over.

Every day he pampered it. He watered it, pruned it, talked to it.

And the plant bloomed and bloomed. It grew. The seasons passed. After spring, summer, after summer, autumn.

And one fine autumn day, Bacchus went to his plant and saw...glorious grapes, more bunches than he could ever eat! Bacchus was very greedy, he couldn't resist.

But there were so many that he called his friends, so many that he made juice.

He drank the juice, and as he'd made a lot, he left it to one side.

Time went by, and then one day, he remembered.

[Bacchus]

'Oh! I left some grape juice there.'

[Constance]

So he went to it, drank the juice, and...got very dizzy. He was as happy as a lark, and started singing like a bird.

[Bacchus]

'Ah!'

[Constance]

he sighed happily. So he had some more, and started roaring like a lion!

[Bacchus]

'How strange',

[Constance]

he thought. He had some more, lowered his head and became as foolish as a donkey! But...

I don't think Bacchus is the only one who's had that experience!

Look.

Constance now points to a large white marble vase. It's decorated with a procession of dancers and musicians. Among them, an old man is staggering along with the help of his companion.

Yes, old Silenus has had a bit too much wine.

So remember, wine makes us drunk because one day, Bacchus put a vine in a bird bone, which makes us sing, in a lion bone, which makes us roar, and in a donkey bone, which makes us foolish.