Satellite Pieces for Leonardo: the Italian Faust:

Satellite I. The Garden of the Sufi, for solo piano
Satellite II. The Dreadful Air, for piano trio
Leonardo: The Italian Faust

Satellite piece I, for Leonardo: the Italian Faust by Judith Crispin: Garden of the Sufi for solo piano with tam-tam (musical score).
Leonardo: Theylinn Prust

(Leonardo plays Tam-Tam with a soft mallet)

p

con rubato

sotto

p"
Leonardo: The Titan Faust
Leonardo: The Italian Faust
Satellite piece II, for *Leonardo: the Italian Faust* by Judith Crispin: *The Dreadful Air* for piano, violin and cello (musical score).
Leonardo: The Italian Faust
Leonardo: The Italian Faust
Leonardo: The Italian Faust
Leonardo: The Italian Faust
Leonardo: The Italian Flautist

IE: IT KNOWS NOT WHERE...

[Music notation image]
Leonardo: The Italian Faust

[Music notation]
Leonardo: The Italian Faust
Leonardo: The Italian Flautist
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**Appendix VI:**

Translation of Sketch-fragment for 'Leonardo da Vinci', by Ferruccio Busoni.¹

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<td>Erste Scene Unsichtbarer Chor</td>
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<td>Es war die Zeit. Epochen sind zerrennen in einem Schicksal tausendfach verwebt; die Erde hat, es haben Welten, Sonnen die zugemessen Dauer ausgelebt; was Er ersann, stets wieder ward's ersonnen und wie sein hauch darüber auch geschwebt Es war bestimmt, dass die zerstreuten Toene erklingen sollten nie zur vollen Schoene. Was hier geschah steht außer dem Erfassen ob endlich zwar, doch unermesslich gross, ein Einender Lieben, un mit zerstaltend Hasen ununterbrochen ineinander floss.</td>
<td>It was the time. Epochs had been blurred in their Fates a thousandfold interwoven; the Earth has, it has worlds, suns the measured out continuance to act/live out what He conceived, always again waiting to conceive and how his breath also hung over them it was surely, that the dispersed Tones sounded ought never to their completely Beauty</td>
<td>It was the Time. Epochs were blurred in their Fates a thousandfold interwoven; the Earth, its worlds and suns were measured out, continuously unfolding as He had conceived and was always waiting to again conceive, And how His breath also hung over them to be certain that the scattered tones would never be sounded in their complete beauty.</td>
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<tr>
<td>What here happened goes outer the (to) record whether ultimately in fact, but immeasureably large-scale an unrestricted love, and with destructive love, continuous interlocking flow, futilely above the</td>
<td>What happened here has been independently recorded whether ultimately in fact, but immeasureable, an unrestricted love and destructive hate. A continuous, interlocking flow.</td>
<td></td>
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¹ Busoni Nachlaß C I, Textbuch 2
Futilely above the conflicted masses
the light of complete realization outpours,
only a savage abyss, unclarified
and causing the desire towards self-destruction!
It never led them to full clarification, they were propelled towards their own destruction.

The time is ?.
An approaching tremor.

Soon the Universe will be shaken to its deepest core
the Lights are illuminated, the Angelic Hosts are suspended
Double-edged the sword shines from out of his mouth.
The overcomers have to each other be devoted
Those who have overcome step in an association
The word will become deed and, after given instructions, will
be the self-fulfillment of the divine promise.
Leonardo: The Italian Faust

[verso: Federzeichnung einer kleinen stämmigen älteren Frau mit Blumenstrauß]

[folio 2]

(Leonardo im Refektorium, vor der leeren Wand – worauf später das „Abendmahl“ ausgeführt wurde – Abenddämmerung)

Leon. (gedankenvoll, die Wand anstarrend)

Vergebliches Ringen!
Glaub ich den Faden endlich sicher zu fassen, da entgleitet er.
Den Fingern wieder; die Mühe beginnt von Neuem!
Zu gewaltig ist mir die Aufgabe.
Zwar will es mir fast zu Zeiten scheinen
Der Kopf war eben recht; – jedoch an Ihm
an ihm dem „Gössten“ muss

(on the back of the page is a pen drawing by Busoni of a woman carrying a bunch of flowers)

page two

(Leonardo in the Refectory before an empty wall - where later the "Lord's Supper" accomplished at twilight)

Leon. (thoughtfully, the wall staring.)

Vain Struggle!
I believe the threads at last certainly to understand, there slip it from my fingers again; the troubles begin anew!
Too tremendous it is for me, this task.
In fact to will it myself almost to times appear to feign I the twelve quite well perception - see their gestures - hear their conversation - the more so as the one fatal escape myself not - today in go by saw I the head of a red-haired Jew on his shack-window lying (untruth) -
The head was now just; - yet he is he is the "outpouring" must I despair - let-his/him now also to

(on the back of the page is a pen drawing by Busoni of a woman carrying a bunch of flowers)

page two

(Leonardo in the Refectory before an empty wall - where he will work on the "Lord's Supper" until twilight)

Leon. (thoughtfully, the wall is staring)

Futile struggle!
Just as I believe the threads are at last coming together, they slip again from my fingers and my troubles begin anew!
Too tremendous for me is this task.
It seems as though I gaze into another time in my efforts to depict the twelve. Quite clearly I can see their gestures - hear their conversation - increasingly so as my fate becomes as inescapable as theirs -

Today in passing
I saw the head of a red-haired Jew against his shack-window lying (untruth).
But now that head is just; yet he is he is the "outpouring" and I must despair
Let him also now fall silent...
Leonardo: The Italian Faust

ich zweifeln —
lass dich ihn jetzt auch ruhn —
die Zeit mag reifen
u.[nd] mein Geist mit ihr —
denn wo, wo wandelt der
der ihm
glücke (?)?
Du findest keinen
ähnlichen, Leonardo,
und fängst Du,
vermögest nicht zu treffen —

and vielleicht
dennoch — wie war
doch der Hergang (?; stark
verbessert)
Der kostbarsten der
Handlungen?
[ein bis zur Unleserlichkeit
durchgestrichenes Wort]
wie spielte sich das
Denkwürdigste ab — wie
musste es sein?
und sie noch einmal
verstehst —

So sassen sie versammelt —
der Meister sprach —
[folgendes über der Zeile
als Regieanweisung
Einführung]
(er versinkt in tieferes
Nachdenken)

[tiefere Dämmerung die,
Wand beginnt zu leuchten
u.[nd] das Bild Leonardo's
zeichnet sich darauf immer
deutlicher ab]

Die Stimme spricht:
Wahrlich ich sage Euch.

become silent —
the Time might ripen
and my soul with it —
for where, where walks
the the his similar?
balance/similar?
You find no similarity,
Leonardo,
and decide You,
ability/fortune not to
counter —
and perhaps nevertheless?
—
how was but the course of
events
[? strong corrections]
The precious the plot?
[an illegible word]

how played one's the
memorableness — how must
it be?
and the once again
pass-by

as sitting they assembled —
the master spoke
[the next over the line
as direct syntax
error adaptation]
(be became engrossed
in profound contemplation)

[verso]

(deep the twilight/dawn,
wall begins to shine
and the figure of Leonardo
drawing himself upon
always (in)-distinctly)

The voice says:
Truly I say to you.
That from you will me

the Time may ripen
and my soul with it —
for where, where walks
his similar?

You find no similarity,
Leonardo,
and you decide not to
counter your
fortune
and perhaps nevertheless?
—
what was but the course of
events,
[? strong corrections]
how-precious-the plot?
[an illegible word]

how ones memories played—
how
must it be?
and the once again
pass-by

As they sat in assembly —
the Master spoke
[the next over the line
is an adaptation of a syntax
error]
(h becomes engrossed
in profound contemplation)

[verso]

(deep twilight, the wall
begins to shine
and the figure of Leonardo
is seen drawing indistinctly
upon it)

The voice says:
Truly I say to you.
That one of you will betray
Einer von Euch wird mich verrathen.

12 Stimmen,
(durcheinander)
Herr bin ich es?

Die Stimme:
Der Sich
[ohne „sich“ ergibt der Satz Sinn; MT]
die Hand [eingeüft] des
Verächters ist, mit mir
[eingeüft] auf dem Tische
Schüssel senkt, er ist der
miß-verrath.
Weh ihm,
Es waere ihm besser, er
waere nie geboren

Eine unsichere Stimme. Bin
Ich es Meister?

Die erste [Stimme].
Du hast’s gesagt. – nehmet
hin
und eset, das ist mein Leib.
Und trinket
alle, dies ist mein Blut, das
vergessen wird
zur Sühne Ba aller Schuld.
Ich
werde von
nun an nicht mehr mich
erfreuen an dem Gewächse
des Weinstocks,
bis zu jenem Tage,
da ich [?] es neu trinken
werde im Reiche des
Vaters.
Lasst ihm nun danken.

(Das Bild zerfließt,
Leonardo erhebt sich
erheiternd)

betray.

12 voices,
(jumbled):
Sir, is it I?

The voice:
The-That
[without "sich" the phrase
makes sense: MT]
the hand [inserted] of the
Traitor is with me
[inserted] at the table
Bowl-dipped, it is the me
betrayed.
Sore him,
it would him better, he
would never born.

An uncertain voice:
Is it I Master?

The first [voice]:
You have told. -
taken this
and eaten, that is my heart.
And drunk
all, this is my blood,
that shed will
to atone you all
guilt. I
will from now on not more
me
gladden by the growth of the
grapevines,
am to those days,
there I [?] It new drink
will in the rich the Fathers.
Let us now thank:

(The image melts, Leonardo
exhales with exhalation)

I think the tomorrow’s day
me.

12 voices,
(jumbled):
Sir, is it I?

The voice:
The-That
[without "sich" the phrase
makes sense]
the hand of the Traitor is
with me
at the table
The bowl-dips, I am
betrayed.
A sorry man,
it would be better if he were
never born.

An uncertain voice:
Is it I Master?

The first [voice]:
You have spoken -
taken this
and eaten, that is my heart.
And drunk
all, this is my blood,
that will be shed
in atonement for you all
guilt. I
will, from now on, never
again be gladden by the
growth of the grapevines,
those are past days,
here I [make] a new drink
in the richness of the Father.
Let us now thank:

(let the image melts away,
Leonardo exhales in
exhilation)

Perhaps tomorrow will
Leonardo: The Italian Faust

Ich denke der morgige Tag bringt gute Arbeit. - Das Wichtigste hält ich im Augenblick fest nur wenige Striche - vorerst der Rote - (er zündet Licht an, schickt sich zum Zeichnen an - der Vorhang fällt)

[folio 3; mit Bleistift]
1907 u. später
[umrandet:] Leben und Tod des Leonardo da Vinci

Letzter Act.
Sterbescene Leonar dos in einem Zimmer des Schlosses zu Amboyse [?] seine Schüler u. Freunde bei ihm. -

[vorangegangener Absatz ist durchgestrichen]
Verwandlung.
Landschaft bei Amboyse. Frühe Morgenabend.
In der Entfernung auf einem Hügel die Silhouette der Kirche des St. Florentin. Fortwährendes Glockenläuten
Ein Zug von maskirten Männern, die einen Sarg u. sechzig Fackeln tragen, sieht man den Hügel hinauf u. in die Kirche treten.

brings good work. -
The primary stop
I at present steady -
only less/few strokes -
at the moment the red head.
(he lights the light, sends itself to the redraw by - the
curtain falls)

[page three, with pencil]
1907 and later
[border:] Life and Death of Leonardo da Vinci

Final Act.
Death scene, Leonardo in a room of the Castle to Amboyse; his pupils and Friends with him. -

[?] Related.
Landscape by Amboyse. Early morning dawn.
in the distance on the hill the silhouette of the church of st Florentine. Continually the bells ring.

A procession of masked men the coffin and sixty torches carry, see you the /hill up

bring better results.
This primary obstacle -
my steady efforts result only in fewer strokes -
but now to the red head.
(he ignites the light and begins to redrew - the
curtain falls)

[page three, with pencil]
1907 and later
[border:] Life and Death of Leonardo da Vinci

Final Act.
Death Scene, Leonardo in a room in the Castle of Amboyse; his pupils and friends are with him. -

[?] Related.
Landscape by Amboyse. Early morning at dawn.
on the hill in the distance is the silhouette of the church of
st Florentine. The bells ring continually.

A procession of masked men carry a coffin
and sixty torches
Leonardo: The Italian Faust

Darauf Stille.
Immer die Glocken.

Zwei Bürger
(auf dem Wege)

1. Das läutet nun schon seit Mitternacht.
2. Saht ihr den Zug? Wen mag man da begraben?

1. Keinen der uns'ren, würde sonst den Tag nicht nicht scheuen.

(Gesang in der Kirche)
"Requiem aeternam Dona eis Domine"

[folio 4]

Zwei und're Bürger
(hinzutretend)

3. Er wird bei Nacht begraben weil er im Rufe eines Zauberers stand.


4. Nein ein Baumeister, den hatte sich der König bestellt [?] zu seinen Befestigungswerken.

(Chor)
"Et lux perpetua luceat eis"

and in the church to step. Thereon silent. Throughout the bells chime.

Two Townsmen
(on the way)

1. The chiming now yet since midnight.
2. Saw you the procession? Who might be there buried?

1. None that ourselves, would otherwise the day not not avoid
2. Must nevertheless a great man been to be.

(singing in the church)
"Requiem aeternam Dona eis Domine"

[page four]

Two other townsmen
(appear)

3. He was by night buried since he was famed a magician's status.

1. What do you say? Was it not the stranger old man from Italy? I heard he was an artist.

4. No a master-builder, he had to be the king's bespoken [?] to fortification work.

Two Townsmen
(on the way)

1. The bells have been chiming now since midnight.
2. Did you see the procession? Who might it be that is buried there?

1. No one that we would not avoid another day.

2. He must nevertheless have been a great man.

(singing in the church)
"Requiem aeternam Dona eis Domine"

[page four]

Two other townsmen
(appear)

3. He was buried by night because he was a famous magician.

1. What are you saying? Wasn't he the strange old man from Italy? I heard he was an artist.

4. No, a master-builder, He designed the King's fortifications.
2. Ja, was war er den[n] eigentlich?


1. Lasst uns für ihn beten.

(sie knieen)

Immer hellere Dämmerung,

Die Sonne geht auf. – Der Vorhang fällt.

[folio 5, zu _ mit Tinte, der Rest Bleistift – zumeist durchgestrichen]

R. Er strebt nach dem Schönen und suchte Gott.

L. Er hat ihn verleugnet

R. Er forschte nach Wahrheit.

L. Er belog andere und sich.

R. Seine Kunst (?) drängte nach Liebe.

L. Er mordete und vernichtete.

R. Er litt an der Grösse seiner Suche.

L. Er stank vor Eigenliebe

L. Sein Hochmuth frass an ihm selber.

(Chorus)

"Et lux perpetua lucet eis"

2. Yes, what was he for actually

3. Who knows?

An alien.

1. Let us pray for him.

(they kneel)

Always bright/clear dawn,

the sun goes up,

the curtain falls.

[page 5, to - with ink, the remainder in pencil - [mostly cancelled]

R. He strived for the beautiful and sought God.

L. He had him denial.

R. He searched for truth.

L. He lied another and to be.

R. His art (?) suggests for love.

L. He murdered and destroyed.

R. He suffered by/on/in the greatness of the thing/matter.

L. He stank from self-love

(Chorus)

"Et lux perpetua lucet eis"

2. Yes, who was he really?

3. Who knows?

An alien.

1. Let us pray for him.

(they kneel)

All is illuminated by the dawn

the sun rises.

the curtain falls.

[page 5, with ink, the remainder in pencil - [mostly cancelled out]

R. He strived for the beautiful and he sought God.

L. He was full of denial.

R. He searched for truth.

L. He lied to others and himself.

R. His art (?) is full of love.

L. He murdered and destroyed.

R. He suffered for the greatness of thing.

L. He stank of self-love
L. His arrogance gorged in his self.
R. A man of ideas
L. A farm labourer of instinct
R. A fearless fighter
L. The boundlessness of his art
R. We covered/sheltered him
L. The pitifully succumbing
R. His rank after newly-aim
L. And needs our
R. And served our
L. With ungentlemanly

L. He gorged on his own arrogance.
R. A man of ideas
L. An farm labourer of instincts.
R. A fearless fighter
L. The boundlessness of his art
R. We protected him
L. The pitifully succumbing

[The replacement word is illegible]
Appendix VII: Libretto for ‘Leonardo: the Italian Faust’

by Kenneth Crispin (with additional stage instructions by Judith Crispin.)

Prologue

Faust is crouching or sitting alone in front of the curtain stage right. He is naked, or semi-naked and gazes offstage vaguely as though looking over the ocean. In his LEFT hand he holds a blossoming almond branch. The overture begins & after a short pause Mephistopheles appears next to Faust, as though by magic. He is dressed in the vestment of a priest decorated with an emblem of the sun. In a moment Faust notices him and turns away in disgust. There is a pause before Mephistopheles speaks.

[The prologue is spoken]

Mephistopheles: (mockingly) So, even the legendary Dr Faust rails against time?

Faust: Of course! (angrily, he takes a moment to compose himself)

Time is the great destroyer. It shrivels our hopes and dreams, corrupts our bodies and cuts short our lives. We are like grass, we flourish only to wither and die. Yet unlike the grass we know our fate. We know there is no escape.

Mephistopheles: But some surely find immortality in their deeds?

Faust: Ah yes, the last hope of the Godless. And even the devout long to make their mark whilst still of mortal flesh. Ask any philosopher, any thinker, any artist. Do we not long to leave some sign of our passing? Something to say that we were here? That what we did mattered? Yet time denies even this meagre consolation.

Mephistopheles: Surely not. Are not beauty and truth beyond time? How can time deny such creativity?

Faust: Our days are crowded with constant demands: demands of family, friends, work and duty; always demands. And so the urgent displaces the important; the mundane excludes that which might have been extraordinary. Greatness is left knocking at the door; a guest who can’t be admitted because all is not ready. And all is never ready. There is no time. We long to build monuments to our lives but our epitaphs lie only in unfulfilled intentions.
Mephistopheles: Then will you sell your soul for fulfilment?

Invisible Choir: Es war die Zeit. Epochen sind zerronnen in einem Schicksal tausendfach verwoben; die Erde hat, es haben Welten, Sonnen die zugemess’ne Dauer ausgelebt; was Er ersann, stets wieder ward’s ersannen und wie sein hauch darüber auch geschwelt. Es war bestimmt, dass die zerstreuten Toene erklingen sollten nie zur vollen Schoene. Was hier geschah steht außer dem Erfassen ob endlich zwar, doch unermesslich gross, Einendes Lieben, mit zerstörtem Hassen ununterbrochen ineinander floss, vergeblich über widerstreit’ge Massen ein Höchster der Erkenntniss Licht ergoss, Es führte niemals sie zur vollen Klärung sie trieben hin zur eigenen Zerstörung.Ein zugehen’es... Beben, Erzittert bald des Weltalls tiefsten Grund. die Lichter Glüh’n, die Engelsscharen schweben zweischneidig strahlt... das Schwert aus Seinem Mund Die Überwinder müssen sich ergeben Die Überwun’nen treten in den Bund Das Wort wird That und nach gegeb’ner Weisung erfüllt sich die göttliche Verheissung.

Faust: (recals in disgust) No! I must be mad to even answer! What are you, Mephistopheles? Are you a demon? or a construct of my own mind? Do you really offer me fulfilment? Or do you merely articulate the seductive bitterness of my own heart?

Mephistopheles: Does it matter? You speak of greatness, but concede that any lasting achievement lies beyond poor humanity.

Faust: I concede nothing of the sort! Others have transcended such limitations. Take the great figures of history like Leonardo da Vinci. They have been indomitable. They have screamed defiance in the face of pitless time and left a legacy born of their own genius. Because of them poor frail humanity has been moved by beauty. And they have retained integrity of heart and spirit. They have not sold their souls.

Mephistopheles: Have they not? Let one serve as an example. You speak of the great Leonardo. Judge for yourself whether he sold his soul.

Mephistopheles gestures towards the right, the same direction as Faust’s gaze, and the stage is plunged into darkness.
Florence at night in the house of the rich merchant Cipriano Buonaccorsi. The room is small and cluttered with exotic furnishings; rugs from Persia, Antiques from Asia, ceremonial masks and musical instruments from Africa and India. Books, scales and other paraphernalia are heaped on the mantelpiece about a lit fire. In the centre of the room stands an impressive marble statue of Venus. She is partially coated in dirt and has sustained some minor damage. Giovanni, the artist, is in a state of excitement. He inspects the statue closely, lovingly removing dirt and so on. Cipriano warms himself by the fire with a glass of wine and watches Giovanni with a paternal air. Madame Buonaccorsi rushes about vainly trying to order the cluttered room. She stops occasionally to fill the glasses of her guests. Away from the others, Antonio, cousin to Leonardo, leans arrogantly against the wall with a battered bible in hand. His demeanour is sullen. He does not look at the Venus and refuses wine when it is offered.

GIOVANNI: (to Cipriano) It is wonderful! How could such beauty be captured in stone?

CIPRIANO: It is the Goddess Venus and she is very old. My servant Grillo, walking home in the dark, saw a ghostly white hand beckoning him to hell! With a pounding heart he fled this horror and brought me to see my field’s grisly crop.

MME BUONACCORSI: The priest came along to protect us from demons. Grillo dug for ages but found nothing more. Then, with a cry, he vanished from the world of mortals. We found him fallen into an ancient grave where our Venus must have lain for a thousand years.

Leonardo enters the room through an interior door. Cipriano and Giovanni are preoccupied with the statue. Antonio stares at them with increasing hostility. Only Madame Buonaccorsi notices Leonardo’s entrance. She bustles over to pour him a glass of water.

ANTONIO: (steps towards Cipriano with barely controlled anger) And do you boast of this, proud Cipriano? Of bringing a pagan idol into our midst? Do you not know of the vision of St John? Satan cast into the pit for a thousand years? Now you bring this false god out of the very ground!

CIPRIANO: (who has just noticed Leonardo) Enough! Leonardo, what do you think of my statue?

LEONARDO: She is so exquisitely made she seems almost alive, as if an alchemist had turned a goddess to marble. If the spell were broken I’d swear she would breathe. What an artist! What a gift left for those unborn!
GIOVANNI: (hesitantly) Could you teach me art, Master Leonardo?

ANTONIO: What you can learn from him is the way to Hell!

There is a stunned silence. Madame Buonaccorsi looks aghast. Cipriano catches her eye and she scurries from the room. Leonardo looks steadily at Giovanni who has turned to face Antonio.

ANTONIO: (to Giovanni) He is my kinsman and I would respect him, but he is a heretic polluted by pride. He tries to unlock the mysteries of nature yet the wisdom he seeks is madness before God, and the learning he gains will lead only to Satan.

LEONARDO: (fondly but a little irritated) Spare me your silly sermons, Cousin.

ANTONIO: I speak only the truth! The white she-demon will bring nothing but evil.

Leonardo is visibly irritated. He waves his hand in a magical gesture and the other occupants of the room become motionless. Then he speaks.

LEONARDO: (spoken to Antonio) A vain boaster - your path leading ever downwards

Leonardo gestures again. The others resume their activities as if no interruption had occurred. Leonardo turns to address Giovanni.

Poor Antonio, he fears both beauty and truth. He’s as bad as that skinny parish priest, scarcely enough flesh to contain his soul but a heart overflowing with bitter abuse. He says that saving this beauty is a service to the devil. You must put aside such silly fears, Giovanni. If you would be an artist you must forsake all cares, your soul must be tranquil as if a mirror; reflecting objects, movements and colours but remaining itself unmoved and clear.

There is a clamour of men’s voices outside. The inhabitants of the room (except for Leonardo) rush in various directions. Cipriano pulls the tribal masks down from the walls and removes certain books from the shelves, which he hides underneath a lounge chair. Giovanni rushes to the window to look at the scene outside, then immediately runs back to the statue, which he attempts to conceal using one of Cipriano’s tapestries. Madame Buonaccorsi hurries in through an interior door and begins to help Cipriano to hide various items. After a moment of indecision, Antonio, assists the others in their efforts. Leonardo has remained motionless since the men’s voices were first heard. He stands, facing the closed front door with a stony expression. From outside the cacophony of voices is accompanied by the splintering of the front door and men armed with cudgels storm into the room followed by a priest.

PRIEST: There it is! Smash the idol to the false God!

The mob rushes forward with a cheer. They stop and fall silent at the sight of Leonardo.
LEONARDO: So now you add violence to slander, Father?

PRIEST: I knew you would oppose me, Leonardo! Stand back, you servant of the evil one, or we shall send you early to your master!

The men, with renewed confidence rush at the statue, giving Leonardo a wide berth. Mme Buonaccorsi screams as the mob begin to smash the Venus to pieces, the priest urging them on. Giovanni takes her arm and steers her towards the door. The priest steps aside to let them pass. Cipriano sits down, with some trepidation, on the lounge under which his books and masks are concealed. He pours himself a glass of wine and drinks it with trembling hands.

When Venus has been demolished the men, one by one, must walk past Leonardo to exit the room. They look at him with guilty expressions. The priest, who has been surveying Cipriano with some suspicion, is the last to leave.

Leonardo and Antonio gaze at one another for a long moment, over the ruin of the Venus. Finally Leonardo extends his hand as though to offer comfort. Antonio turns and storms from the room. Alone, Leonardo stoops to retrieve a large fragment of Venus' face which has miraculously escaped damage. He holds it up as if to show an invisible observer.

The lights go out, suddenly.

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Morning in Leonardo's expansive studio. Large window shutters have been thrown open to let in the sun. The church of St Florentine can be seen through a rear window. A funeral procession is taking place: grim pall-bearers carry a coffin up the hillside towards the church, followed by mourners. The chapel choir sings a hymn accompanied by the solemn tolling of bells. Leonardo's studio houses an incomplete flying machine, consisting mainly of wooden scaffolding. Charts, drawings and tools are scattered at its base. The remainder of the room is crowded with blueprints (some rolled up, others spread on the floor or pinned to walls), anatomical drawings, miscellaneous machinery and easels with paintings (mostly incomplete). The face fragment of Venus now crowns a child-sized manikin made from timber and metal rods. It is propped up on Leonardo's workbench beside an array of bizarre items — of a scientific or alchemical nature. There are jars of animal organs preserved in a brownish liquid, unidentifiable bones and skulls, fetishes of human hair and racks of test tubes containing various fluids. Several identical sketches for the shroud of Turin are pinned to a wall next to a large sketch of the flying machine. Astra, Leonardo's assistant and pupil, is tinkering with the flying machine, checking its dimensions against a notebook full of equations. Shortly, Leonardo enters the room carrying a basket of fruit. Astra wipes his hands and the two men sit on the floor and begin to eat.

INVISIBLE CHOIR: Vista interiora terrae; rectificando invenies, occultum, lapidem.

Those who trust the Lord for help will find their strength renewed, they will rise on wings of eagles, they will run and not grow weary. Amen.

LEONARDO: (fondly) If an eagle can soar on wings through the air and great ships cross the sea under sail, why cannot man ride the wind over the skies?
ASTRO: Master, the dream came to me again. I stood alone amidst a jeering crowd, jumping and flapping my arms like a fool. But their laughs turned to cheers as I flew – up in the freedom of the vast pure sky. Oh, I know it is only a dream, yet I will fly.

LEONARDO: Ah, gentle Astro, you will have to be patient. The key lies in mathematics not in miracles.

Giovanni enters the room. His clothes are splattered with paint and he balances an armload of art supplies - brushes, rolled canvas etc. With difficulty he puts down his load and joins Astro and Leonardo.

LEONARDO: Giovanni! I would show you a sketch for a new work. What do you think of “The Last Supper”?

Leonardo unveils the painting. Giovanni looks at it for a moment.

GIOVANNI: It is a fearful and magnificent thing to see the disciples of Christ at table. I can almost hear their voices. There is such a depth of feeling but there is something terrible – it is the betrayal! He has told them! See, Peter has risen, knife in hand, who betrays the son of God?

LEONARDO: It will be a mural for a church. I hope the pious see as much as you.

GIOVANNI: I see the portrait of Christ has been left until last, but Judas is finished save only for his head. How will you paint the face of the traitor?

LEONARDO: (To himself) Futile struggle. No sooner do I bring the threads together than they slip again through my fingers. Too tremendous for me is this task.

Let me show you, I have already begun.

Turning to a second easel Leonardo unveils a complete pencil sketch of the same work. Giovanni studies the sketch with concentration.

GIOVANNI: Yes, a man called to dwell with the great but plagued by some fatal weakness. What a contrast is the serenity of John. He is at peace, at one with his lord.
LEONARDO: John had to be gentle, like the forgiven Mary Magdelene, but my own face was the model for Judas.

(To himself) Sometimes I feel as though I'm gazing across another time. I see their gestures so very clearly, I can hear their conversation. Not often, to begin with, but now my fate seems as inescapable as theirs.

A servant knocks, then enters.

SERVANT: Master, the Duchess asks if you will fix her bath. I am commanded not to return without you.

LEONARDO: So, now I am a plumber! Divinity must wait.

Leonardo recovers the easels and collects some tools from the workbench, before striding from the room. The servant follows him.

GIOVANNI: My poor Master, derided as Godless by even his kin. With little understanding they jealously damn him whilst his piety is naked to all who would see. In the face of St John is devotion and rapture, a disciple wholly transported by love. How could he know such serenity of spirit? How could he display it to others on mere humble canvas? No artist on earth could capture such a vision unless touched himself by the very hand of God.

Astra looks sympathetic but turns back to tinker with the flying machine. After a few seconds Giovanni leaves the room through an interior door. Astra waits for the sound of the door closing then walks to the easel and unveils the sketch. Without warning the room is plunged into darkness.
In the garden of Leonardo’s villa. The grounds are abundant with sculpted fruit trees, flowers in full bloom, herbs and small shrubs. A sundial stands in the centre of the garden where a bird feeder has attracted many colourful birds. Wandering Peacocks lend an air of magic to the garden which is bathed in the shimmering, golden light of late afternoon. Astro is sitting on a low wall eating pistachio nuts and tossing the shells on the ground. Cassandra enters the garden wearing a simple dress. Her hair is unadorned and she walks barefooted towards Astro who smiles and waves in greeting.

CASSANDRA: Asto, have you heard about Brother Angelo? (sits beside him)

ASTRO: Aye, Cassandra, he has been sent to stamp out witchcraft. These inquisitors chill my blood. You must avoid them!

CASSANDRA: Oh? Do you think I am a witch?

ASTRO: No, My master does not believe in witches. My master knows all but believes nothing. Yet, in truth, he is a righteous man.

CASSANDRA: How is the flying machine progressing?

ASTRO: (ecstatically) Ah, Cassandra, how I long to fly. To throw off the fetters of the earth and rise like a bird to the heavens! One with wind, one with the cloud, and though you may smile, I know my spirit too will fly with me.

CASSANDRA: That will take magic not mere mechanics.

(speaks) Were I as swift as the tempest, even then I must touch the ground with my feet.

From some distance away Giovanni can be heard calling Astro’s name. Astro stands and moves towards the sound of his voice but almost immediately Giovanni hurries into the garden from the opposite direction.

GIOVANNI: Astro, the master needs you.

Astro nods and, waving farewell to Cassandra, he exits in the same direction. Short of breath, Giovanni sits heavily down on the garden wall beside Cassandra and mops his brow with his sleeve.
CASSANDRA: Well Giovanni, how are your studies?

GIOVANNI: Sometimes I am so weary I can hardly pray.

CASSANDRA: So you still pray to your God?

GIOVANNI: Why do you say 'my God.' He is the God of all.

CASSANDRA: (taking both of his hands and looking at him steadily) I have seen the temples of Dionysius...and others. Why should I believe yours is the only God?

The light becomes strange, dipping towards greenish amber. The sky seems to be illuminated from beneath, as though the ground itself glowed. At a height of about 6 feet it is almost pitch black. The birds fall silent.

(PROJECTED) "Unattained, unrecognised, unfulfilled" against the high, black sky; little by little as the light changes, so that the projection appears to be a product of that change.

GIOVANNI: Cassandra, the devil has been tempting you!

CASSANDRA: (laughs then stands pulling Giovanni by the hands to stand) Has he never tempted you, Giovanni? Are you truly so righteous? Do you daily here with me, a blasphemous temptress only for the sake of my immortal soul? Are you immune from lusts of the flesh? (Giovanni smiles, despite himself, but Cassandra does not. She looks seriously into his face) And if in your heart you are really so Godly why are you not training for holy orders instead of studying with the Godless Leonardo da Vinci?

Giovanni recoils as if slapped. Appalled, he turns and leaves the garden.

Cassandra looks after him for a moment before leaving in the opposite direction. As she walks the strangely coloured sun follows her course. It arcs across the sky in mere moments and sets. Simultaneously the flowers wilt and the fruit rots and falls from the trees. Before the light is completely gone the curtain falls.
Early evening, in front of the Palazzo Vecchio. In the centre of a cobble-stoned square a huge pile of books, paintings, and tapestries are being burned. Townspeople mill around the square, some watching the proceedings, others trying to retrieve their possessions—those are driven away by children armed with crosiers. More children drag art and books out of people’s houses to the fire. They beat the distraught owners with their crosiers, and sometimes with their own art or books. Ten or Twelve adult priests stand in a semi-circle at the back of the fire, watching the children. They wear black cassocks simply decorated with an emblem of the moon. They are hooded and their hands, just visible in the drape of their garments, hold curved silver blades, like sickles. Giovanni, who is dressed as a priest, watches the scene with horror. He is unhooded, his hands are grey with ash and have been burnt. He turns his curved knife over and over in his injured hands, as though contemplating action. Several of his fellow Priests have been watching him carefully.

TOWNSMAN: (Throwing an armful of books into the flames) Burn them! Burn them! Burn all the vanities, the art, the books. Burn them all in the purifying fire!

GIOVANNI: How could all of my dreams have come to this? I left to find purity in holy orders. So I have told myself throughout this past year. But is that the truth? Or do I lie to myself? Did I just flee from the feelings Cassandra awoke? Ah, piety seems as elusive as ever, and my heart is torn as ever before. The church marches to the clamour of vandals, like so many swine trampling pearls underfoot, where is purity? Where is goodness? Where is God?

As a young boy flings an orchestral score into the fire he is approached by a priest who whispers something in his ear. The boy disappears into the crowd and, moments later, reappears to snatch Giovanni’s knife from his burnt fingers. Before Giovanni can react the child races away—only to be grabbed by Leonardo, who has witnessed the scene unnoticed. Holding the boy firmly by the ear he retrieves the knife and, with a grimace, throws it into the fire. The child wriggles free and runs off. Leonardo walks purposefully towards Giovanni who still stares at his empty hands in horror.

LEONARDO reaches Giovanni and takes his arm with some urgency.

LEONARDO: Giovanni! Come, we must talk!

GIOVANNI: Master Leonardo! Is it really you?

Leonardo drags Giovanni away from the crowd.

LEONARDO: I was lucky to find you amidst this rabble.

They are stopped by a group of children.
CHILD: You two there! Hand over your vanities! All of your vanities! Now! Now!

Leonardo, wrenches the crosier from the nearest boy and breaks it in half, throwing the pieces at the other children.

LEONARDO: My vanity lies in the dreadful sin of pride, pride that I control the urge to skewer urchins. Begone! Lest it snaps and you are first!

The children flee. Leonardo steers Giovanni away from square.

GIOVANNI: Oh Master, I fear the holocaust of the vanities is a holocaust of common sense and decency.

LEONARDO: I know. But tell me, why did you leave me?

GIOVANNI: Once I would have told you I sought holiness, now I think I fled from the feelings of my heart. I do not know whether Cassandra is truly a witch but I cannot escape those beguiling eyes that mock me, entrance me even in sleep.

LEONARDO: You are not the first to be enchanted by a woman. Come back with me, return to study your art.

Giovanni nods thoughtfully then follows Leonardo who has begun to walk away. Noticing Giovanni's slower pace Leonardo turns to wait for him.

GIOVANNI: Master, I love you like my own father, but I tremble at some of the things you do. The priests say men should seek love not knowledge.

LEONARDO: The pious speak of truth but fear to find it, as though God had left it hidden in hell, but love is never hindered by knowledge; understanding lets us truly love.

The bonfire and the crowds fade magically away. The two men have been transported to Leonardo’s Garden. The light is strange and the garden seems ethereal, warped in its proportions, as though part of a dreamscape. Neither of the men notice this change in location.

GIOVANNI: (spoken during the change, unnoticed by Leonardo) Dissolve me, Let me be ash in the whirlwied, water streaming from the fountain mouth....
LEONARDO: (interrupting) Do not be afraid to seek beauty in art for the artist is like an apprentice to God, striving to multiply His eternal creations. Each work of his hands a portrait of praise.

They stand motionless for a long moment before silently turning in opposite directions and exiting the stage. The lights go out.
Late evening in the Ducal palace. Heavy iron candelabra are set in the ceiling of a large room where they sway precariously, lending the room an air of seasickness. Monkeys and dogs tumble about the floor, with dwarfs who juggle knives and forks for the entertainment of a very bored Duchess. The room contains tables piled high with fruit and jugs of wine. Tapestries cover the walls, depicting scenes from the legend of King Arthur. Many show images of the Holy Grail. An open chest spills gold coins onto the floor next to a large desk holding an array of hand weapons—knives, daggers, garrottes and some maps. The floor is strewn with animal faeces and rotting fruit. The Duchess is dressed as Pierrot Lunaire in a pale clown suit with white pom-poms for buttons. Her face is also painted white and she lounges without grace in a huge wooden chair.

DUCHESS: Tell me the latest gossip about this man, da Vinci

One of the juggling dwarves scuttles over to the base of the Duchess’s chair.

1ST DWARF: They say, my Lady, he is a man of genius. His paintings seem like visions from heaven. He makes machines do things never imagined and he knows what no man has ever known before.

The Duchess looks annoyed.

DUCHESS: My Husband could tell me all that, Stupid. You’re my maids. Tell me all the gossip!

A second dwarf makes his way over to the Duchess.

2ND DWARF: His personal life is almost a closed book. He is unmarried, and rarely seen with women. He has been painting the portrait of a lady but she is married to another.

The Duchess sniggers and shakes her head.

DUCHESS: Poor Leonardo! But I hear dark whispers. There must be more than a little adultery!

1ST DWARF: There are rumours about him, it’s true. He draws pictures of dead men and women who are naked for all of the readers to see, and their insides are exposed as if without their skin.
DUCHESS: What a fascinating man he truly must be! But how could he know what lies under the skin?

2ND DWARF: They say, the hangman sells him the bodies and he cuts them open to show sinew and bones. Then he draws them as if they posed like models who had taken off their skin with their clothes!

The Duchess gasps in gleeful horror. The door is flung open and Mephistopheles, dressed as the Duke enters - accompanied by Leonardo. They carry large rolled plans under their arms. The animals scatter as the Duke strides across the room to plant a wet kiss on his wife's brow. The Duchess giggles and, nodding farewell to Leonardo, exits the stage followed by her dwarves. The Duke unrolls a plan on the desk and beams at Leonardo expectantly.

DUKE: Ah Leonardo, what wonderful inventions. I never dreamed of such machines of war! What else has been growing in that fertile mind?

Leonardo spreads a new plan on top of the old.

LEONARDO: I have planned a city to meet the needs of all - a centre for culture and learning to draw all the great scholars and artists. With frescoes and fountains to inspire the noblest passions of the human heart. Parks for the children, inns for the travellers and the homeless and emporiums to feed and clothe all who are poor.

The Duke laughs good-naturedly and shakes his head.

DUKE: What a dreamer you are. Who cares about the poor? But wait, what is that plan?

The Duke points to a final plan still under Leonardo's arm and it is reluctantly handed over. The Duke unrolls it on top of Leonardo's plan for a new city.

DUKE: Now then, what do we have here?

LEONARDO: It is but the plan of a new bordello. A coy nobleman commissioned the design. With separate entrances to each bedroom so paying guests need never see each other.

DUKE: Oho! You have saved the best till last! Why didn't you show me that before instead of prattling on about the poor?
He scoops up the plans for the war machine and bordello, knocking the sketch for the new city onto the floor, then grabs a handful of coins from the chest and shoves them at Leonardo. The Duke marches towards the door leaving the artist to retrieve his plan, now soiled with excrement and rotted fruit from the floor. The Duke waits impatiently while Leonardo gathers his coins and, holding his ruined plan to his chest, exits through a side door. After a pause the Duke clears his throat and leaves, closing the heavy door behind him. The Maid enters with a long candle-snuffer and extinguishes the candles one by one.
(PROJECTED) THE WEATHER HAS TURNED; SADNESS OF THE SOUL.

Morning outside Leonardo’s Villa. Astra is on the roof strapped into the flying machine. The machine itself appears to be still mostly scaffolding and dangerous looking nests of wire. Astra is fumbling with the straps and holds a measuring device up to the sun, squinting and muttering softly to himself. Cassandra enters looking at Astra in horrified disbelief. She starts to run but thinks better of it and walks calmly towards Astra who has not yet seen her.

CASSANDRA: Astra, what are you doing up there?

ASTRO: Cassandra, I’m so glad you are here! You’ve come in time to see me fly.

CASSANDRA: You can’t fly. You will kill yourself. Please don’t move, the roof is very high. I’ll just get someone to get a ladder.

Giovanni, hearing Cassandra’s panic, enters. He does not look up and does not see Astro on the roof.

CASSANDRA: Giovanni! Thank God! Astra is on the roof. He thinks he can fly.

GIOVANNI: Astra, come down. You’ll hurt yourself. That flying machine hasn’t been tested.

ASTRO: This will be its test flight then.

GIOVANNI: Don’t be silly! You were not meant to fly. This is madness. Why do you do this?

ASTRO: I have no fear. I will but embrace the air for I know in my heart what the master believes. The birds cry for joy as they wheel and soar. Cranes fly, eagles fly, why cannot man fly? The master made this machine to fly.
(spoken) And fly I will, as fast as a bullet from the barrel.

GIOVANNI: Why does the master make these things? Can he change even God's chosen order?

While Giovanni speaks, Astro inches towards the edge of the roof. The weight of the flying machine causes him to lose balance and he teeters precariously over the courtyard beneath.

CASSANDRA: Astro! No! Oh God no!

Astro bends his knees and launches from the roof. His look of rapture turns to terror as the flying machine plummets to the ground and crashes in a twisted pile of metal. Giovanni rushes over to pull Astro free of the debris. He lifts the injured Man's head into his lap.

GIOVANNI: Quick! Get help! I'll tend to him. (Cassandra runs offstage) Oh Astro! What a terrible fall! Can you hear me? Are you alright?

Astro raises his hand to clasp Giovanni's


GIOVANNI: Just lie still. Cassandra has gone to get help.

ASTRO: Send for the Master. He will make me better. Don't you trust him, Giovanni?

GIOVANNI: Don't I trust the Master?
Morning in the studio of Leonardo. The flying machine is gone and so are the paintings. Broken machinery and crumpled sketches are strewn everywhere. The workbench leans to one side and its contents have spilled onto the floor. Broken jars spill unrecognisable lumps of flesh and foul liquid over filthy notebooks. Amidst the debris crouches Astro. His legs are so twisted that he cannot walk upright but is forced to scuttle, legs out sideways like a crab. Leonardo is attempting to feed him some stew but the liquid dribbles from his open mouth and down his front. Giovanni enters. His clothes are filthy and torn. He is clearly exhausted and the dirt on his face reveals the passage of tears. He approaches Leonardo in desperation.

GIOVANNI: My every attempt to see her has failed. You must help me! Please try to save her!

LEONARDO: We have been discussing this for weeks, I have told you there is nothing I can do.

GIOVANNI: You have powerful friends! Macchiavelli has influence, or your cousin Antonio. He is one of them now!

LEONARDO: Think of your calling, you have seen more than other men. A touch of light, a flash of joy in a child's eyes, you capture these fleeting moments and touch other's souls. This has been your gift, your calling, your life.

GIOVANNI: How can I create beauty if it means turning from love? How can I be calm if she suffers torture and death?

LEONARDO: No more! You speak like a madman and I have problems enough of my own.

GIOVANNI: Oh? What could trouble the great Leonardo da Vinci?
LEONARDO: Mona Lisa is dead and poor Astro is crippled. The best of my paintings are cracked or destroyed. (Leonardo lifts up the marble fragment of the face of Venus and gazes at it) My life seems as broken as that statue of Venus.

SERVANT: (calling from another part of the house) Master Leonardo, Mme Buonaccorsi is here to see ...

MME BUONACCORSI: (bursting into the room) Leonardo, I am sorry to burst in like this, but I am so distressed I cannot stop shaking.

LEONARDO: Why? Whatever has happened to upset you so?

MME BUONACCORSI: The Inquisition! They have had an auto de fe, right here in our own town square and have burned men, women and even children.

LEONARDO: (pulling her towards a chair) Come, sit down! I will get you some wine.

He leaves the room quickly through an interior door. Giovanni crouches next to the distraught woman.

MME BUONACCORSI: (to Giovanni) How in God’s name can they do it? I cannot rid my mind of the horror. If I close my eyes I see the flames. I fear I will go to my own grave hearing screams and smelling burnt flesh. (spoken) in my dreams, the ashes of the dead are flying, swiftly, swiftly as the falling leaves...

GIOVANNI: Forgive me, but I must ask you – did you hear anything of the woman, Cassandra?

There is a dead silence. Leonardo returns with wine but stops, wide eyed, in the doorway. Madame Buonaccorsi looks at Giovanni with a terrible sadness. For the first time tears begin to roll down her cheeks.

MME BUONACCORSI: Oh Giovanni! Leonardo told me of your love for her and I would pluck out my tongue to spare your grief yet I must tell you the truth, though it dashes all your hope. She has been burned to death, at the stake, with the others.

No one moves or speaks. Seen through the window, a sudden windstorm tears through the garden, stripping the plants of leaves and coating everything in dust. As the storm reaches its height the stage is plunged into darkness.
Late afternoon in the sunroom of Leonardo’s villa. The floor is cobblestoned. The roof and external walls are glass. Large doors, also glass, open into the garden. Spread throughout the room are statues on pedestals and large hung paintings. The subject of the art is angels — warring angels, faces distorted in holy wrath. Some are without limbs or heads. Alcoves in the interior wall contain miniature paintings on stands or small sculptures. A large doorway is partially curtained in dark material through which a staircase can be glimpsed winding up into the darkness. Over half the stage sprawls an expanse of garden into which the glass doors lead. Bare and stunted trees are blown sideways by a malevolent wind. The sky is grey, threatening a storm. A weather-vain, built to resemble a medieval cosmos, spins chaotically on its axis. Astra sits outside on the rocking backwards and forwards in the wind. From the far end of the garden Leonardo is pushing a wheel chair towards him, walking with difficulty against the ever-strengthening gusts. As approaches he hears Astra singing and crying softly to himself. Grimly, Leonardo starts to hurry.

ASTRO: Birds cry, birds cry, cranes fly, eagles fly.

LEONARDO: Astro, what’s the matter?

ASTRO: Poor Giovanni, he has taken wing.

LEONARDO: What are you saying? Where is he? What is the matter with him? For the love of God, answer me!

ASTRO: He has flown, Come, I will show you.

Leonardo drags himself inside, towards the stairwell. Leonardo follows, white-faced. Reaching the doorway, Leonardo grasps the curtain and pulls it back, sharply. Against the dark stairwell Giovanni can be seen swinging by his neck. Beneath his pale body is the stool he has jumped from. On it sits the marble egg of Venus. Leonardo exclaims in horror. He fumbles for his knife then cuts the rope, sinking to the ground under the weight of his dead student. The wind increases its violence and heavy rain streaks diagonally through the open glass doors. Leonardo redoubles his rocking, back and forth.

LEONARDO: Giovanni! Oh God! No!

ASTRO: Birds cry, cranes fly, eagles fly.
LEONARDO: ENOUGH!

On the horizon lightning forks across the sky, thunder rumbles.

ASTRO: But master, now he flies. Cassandra said it took magic. She went to the sky in flame and ashes, now he has gone to fly with her.

Smiling, he drags himself past Leonardo and up the stairs, out of sight.

Birds cry, birds cry, cranes fly, eagles fly.

The wind howls in fury, the light dims to sickly amber. Leonardo lifts Giovanni into his arms and staggers into the garden, weeping in anguish and grief. The wind increases, making his progress impossible. It changes direction to block his every path. Stumbling, he falls to the ground with Giovanni. All about him the crimson sky roils, the clouds whipped into frenzy by the ever accelerating winds. With a loud cry Leonardo rends his clothes, and throws his head from side to side, as if to banish a terrible nightmare. Slowly he crouches to the floor, weeping and howling like a wild beast. At his cry chaos is unleashed. The rain turns to hail and lightning illuminates the sky. The shapes of demons, or angels, can be seen tearing through the sunroom and garden, knocking the statues from their pedestals, pushing over paintings, tearing up plants. Serpents pour from the alcoves and the cracks between stones, from behind easels and out of the statues mouths. The ground is swiftly blanketed with them. Leonardo huddles on the ground over Giovanni, his fists clenched in his hair. Quiet now, he lifts his gaze and looks in disbelief at the scene that is unfolding.

In a steady, authoritative voice he shouts “SILENCE”. The wind drops to nothing, the sky darkens and the soaking rain is all that is heard. The demons or angels and the serpents are revealed as illusion only. Leonardo, releases Giovanni’s hair and raises his hand in benediction over his student’s still form.

LEONARDO: Oh, my poor tortured student and friend, struck down by the agony of your spirit. The soul of an artist must be as a mirror, and you were like sunlight on a crystal stream. Yet such torment lay hidden in the waters beneath. I, who tried to rise above the emotions of men who live out their lives in useless grief, thought that knowledge would lead me to love. I plunged into learning, searching for truth, yet for all that I learned I did not care enough. All that is beautiful dies in man, and I spent my years seeking beauty in art. Now this life, I once thought noble, seems wasted and sad, and in the face of death I stand empty of all but lonely despair, over the body of my friend.

The rain continues to drench the scene for a while then Leonardo rises sorrowfully to exit stage left. The curtain begins to fall. During its descent the nightwatchman enters from the rear, stage left. He looks around swinging his lantern in an arc.

The marble egg in her hands rises from the ground where Giovanni’s body, now vanished, had lain. The nightwatchman offers her his hand. “What are you doing here, little one?” he asks. The girl takes his extended hand then smiles, allowing the nightwatchman to lead her off stage left. Before the curtain completes its descent the figures of Faust and Mephistopheles enter together stage right and the light becomes as if daytime, in front of the curtain. Faust is wearing academic dress and Mephistopheles is garbed like a barrister. They have bare legs and feet. When the curtain has finished its descent they wander to centre stage, like old friends, comfortable in one another’s presence.
Mephistopheles: Well Faust? Did not Leonardo cast aside loyalty and decency? Did he not selfishly pursue his own achievements? Did he not sacrifice others on the altar of his own ambition? Did he not sell his soul?

Faust: In truth, he did not. His heart was moved by the suffering of those he loved. If he failed them it was not for want of compassion or courage. He was driven by his thirst for knowledge, for beauty, for innovation.

Mephistopheles: You make excuses for him, but the truth is plain. He sold his soul to achieve his own ends.

Faust: No! He could not take every good path. There were forks in the road. He chose the paths he hoped would lead to beauty and knowledge. If he had to forsake others was his choice not justified by the nobility of his calling?

Mephistopheles: What calling? His soul would have chosen the path of decency and honour. Yet he forsook it. His soul would not have wanted others to suffer. Yet he made no move to save them. And why? Because he was preoccupied with the selfish pursuit of his own ends. If they involved art and beauty then he has only the consolation of knowing that when he sold his soul he got a good price.

Faust: You judge him too harshly. His genius illuminated the world! And at such cost! Think of the life he could have had! His commitment consumed all, family, fortune, love, his very flesh. He was a skeleton with a blazing torch in place of a skull. And he brought light to generations then unborn. If he failed others it was only because he devoted himself to the greater good. Surely such failings may be forgiven?

Mephistopheles: Well, Faust, I will argue no more. (he waves his hand and a swiftly flowing river of mercury appears behind them.. The lights dim to reveal the iridescence of the river. He turns back to Faust) My offer remains open and you may yet seal the bargain. Souls are not sold with the
emphatic strike of an auctioneer's hammer. Sometimes the seller is gradually seduced. And self-delusion is a persuasive negotiator. Intellectuals and artists pride themselves on the integrity of their calling. This, they tell themselves, is the prescription for a worthy life. But is it really so noble? Is it any more than a pretentious quest for self-fulfilment? Self-satisfaction? Self-realisation? Does the pursuit of art or truth justify all failings? Or is it a subtle temptation to selfishness beneath a banner of nobility? I will not say when souls are sold or saved. You, Faust, must decide!

once more he waves his hand and the stage is plunged into darkness. The mercury river continues until the final chord is played by the orchestra. Then the lights come up and Faust and Mephistopheles are gone.

END
Leonardo: The Italian Faust

An Opera in Three Acts for Orchestra, Choir and Solo Voices.

Music by Judith Crispin,
Libretto by Kenneth Crispin.
LEONARDO: THE ITALIAN FAUST

PROLOGUE
A dreamscape

ACT ONE:

SCENE ONE
In the home of Cipriano Buonaccorsi

SCENE TWO
In Leonardo’s studio

SCENE THREE
In Leonardo’s garden

ACT TWO:

SCENE FOUR
The holocaust of the vanities

SCENE FIVE
In the Ducal palace

SCENE SIX
Astro falls

ACT THREE:

SCENE SEVEN
In Leonardo’s studio

SCENE EIGHT
In Leonardo’s garden

EPILOGUE
A dreamscape

IN MEMORIAM FERRUCCIO BUSONI
(1866-1924)
CAST

LEONARDO DA VINCI ................................................................. BASSO PROFUNDO
GIOVANNI (a student of Leonardo) .............................................. LYRIC TENOR
CASSANDRA (a herbalist and midwife) ......................................... MEZZO SOPRANO
ASTRO (a student of Leonardo) .................................................. COUNTER TENOR
ANTONIO (cousin to Leonardo) .................................................. BASS BARITONE
CIPRIANO BUONACCORSI (a merchant) ....................................... BARITONE
MME BUONACCORSI (wife to Cipriano) ...................................... MEZZO SOPRANO
THE DUCHESS (a noblewoman) ................................................ LIGHT SOPRANO
A PRIEST .................................................................................... TENOR
A CHILD ...................................................................................... BOY SOPRANO

MEPHISTOPHELES / THE DUKE .................................................. ACTOR
FAUST .......................................................................................... ACTOR

CHORUS OF TOWNSPEOPLE
S.A.T.B. CHOIR
CHAMBER CHORUS OF FEMALE VOICES

ORCHESTRA

3 FLUTES (1, 2 & 3 double alto flute)
2 OBOES
2 CLARINETs
1 BASS CLARINET
1 BASSOON

4-5 FRENCH HORNS

2 TENOR TROMBONES
1-2 BASS TROMBONE
1 TUBA

PERCUSSION – 4 PLAYERS:

8" Triangle  Antique Cymbals  2 Tabla  Xylophone  2 Iron rods  Metal chain & bucket
Japanese Bells  Sizzle Cymbal  Tenor Drum  Marimba  3 Crystal glasses
(or wind chimes)  China Cymbal  2 Bass Drums  Anvil  Wooden plank
10" Tambourine  Susp. Cymbal  Timbales  Vibraslap  Slapstick
Small Gong  Field Drum  Tubular Bells  Flexatone  Glass panel
Finger Cymbals  4 Hand Drums  Vibraphone  Guiro  Temple Blocks

PIANO FORTE / CELESTA
ELECTRIC GUITAR / SITAR
HARP

STRINGS (10-8-6-5-3)
PROLOGUE
Faust is sitting or crouching alone in front of the curtain, stage right. He is naked, or semi-naked, and gazes offstage as though over a great distance.

In his left hand he holds a Lotus flower. After a while he is joined by Mephistopheles, who is dressed as a Priest. Faust acknowledges him with a smile.

Mephistopheles

Faust: Well, well, you're not such a bad chap, after all.

Mephistopheles: No, I am not. I am a good chap.

Faust: That's good.

Mephistopheles: Yes.

Faust: So, you're not the Devil?

Mephistopheles: I am not the Devil.

Faust: That's good.

Mephistopheles: Yes.

Faust: So, you're not the Devil?

Mephistopheles: I am not the Devil.

Faust: That's good.

Mephistopheles: Yes.

Faust: So, you're not the Devil?

Mephistopheles: I am not the Devil.

Faust: That's good.

Mephistopheles: Yes.
I. Time and the Great Destroyer

So, even the legendary Doktor Faust rails against time?

Time is the great destroyer. It shrivels our hopes and dreams, corrupts our bodies and cuts short our lives. We are like grass, we flourish only to wither and die. Yet unlike the grass we know our fate. We know there is no escape.
But some surely find
immortality in their deeds?

"Ah, yes, the last hope of the Godless.
And even the devolved long to make their
mark whilst still of mortal flesh..."

(spoken in rhythm)
Surely not. Are not beauty and truth beyond time? How can time deny such creativity?

Our days are crowded with constant demands: demands of family, friends, work and duty, always demands.
And so the ar-gent dis-pla-ces the tin-pet-tant.
There is no time. We long to build monuments to our lives but our epitaphs are only in unfulfilled

...
M: Then will you sell your soul for fulfillment?

P: (approximate pitch)

S: oh endlich zwar, doch unermesslich gross, Ein - en - des Lie - ben, nelt zer-stalt-Hen


T: oh endlich zwar, doch unermesslich gross Ein - en - des Lie - ben, nelt zer-stalt-Hen

B: oh endlich zwar, doch unermesslich gross Ein - en - des Lie - ben, nelt zer-stalt-Hen

(Vocal parts and instrumental music notation continue as shown in the image.)
Do you really suffer me still? Or do you merely calculate the bitterness of my own heart?
Does it matter? You speak of greatness, but concede
that any lasting achievement lies beyond poor humanity.

Does it matter? You speak of greatness, but concede
that any lasting achievement lies beyond poor humanity.

I concede nothing of the sort. Ob-jects have been seen, ded such Il-nla-

(speaks in rhythm)

En zu - ge - han - tes

(speaks in rhythm)

En zu - ge - han - tes

(speaks in rhythm)

En zu - ge - han - tes

(approximate pitch)

En zu - ge - han - tes

(j=6.63)
The page contains sheet music with multiple staves and text. The text appears to be a translation of German phrases, possibly related to poetry or a song. The phrases include:

- "aus S ein em Mund Di e 0 ber-v.in•de r muss en sich e r ge ben,"
- "aus D hin D h n D ha Dha Ohin"
- "Le - ga - cy born of their own gen-lus."
- "Bed - because of them poor frail be - in • di - ty has been moved by beauty. And they have re - tained in • go • ty of heart and spi - rit."

The text is written in a mixture of German and English, with some phrases in German and others in English, indicating a blend of languages or a cultural reference.
Have they not? Let one serve as an example... you spoke of the great Leonardo... Judge for yourself whether he sold his soul...
Mephistopheles gestures towards the right - the same direction as Faust's gaze. On the final Bell toll the stage is plunged into darkness.
ACT ONE
Scene I
Florence at night in the house of the rich merchant Cipriano Buonaccorsi. The room is small and cluttered with exotic furnishings: rugs from Persia, Antiques from Asia, ceremonial masks and musical instruments from Africa and India. Books, scales and other paraphernalia are heaped on the mantelpiece over a hot fire. In the center of the room stands an impressive marble statue of the goddess Venus. She is partially coated in dirt and has sustained some minor damage. Giovanni, an artist, is in a state of excitement. He inspect the statue closely, lovingly removing the dirt and so on. Cipriano warms himself by the fire with a glass of wine and watches Giovanni with a paternal air. Madame Buonaccorsi rushes about, tidying the cluttered room and stopping occasionally to fill the glasses of her guests. Away from the others Antonio, cousin to Leonardo da Vinci, leans arrogantly against the wall with a battered Bible in his hands. His demeanor is sullen. He does not look at the Venus and refuses wine when it is offered.
wonderful, how could such beauty be captured in stone?
My servant, Dell. To walk home in the dark, saw a ghostly white hand.

Venus, and she is very old.
With a cry, he vanished from the world of mor-

He left came a long to protect us from de-

But it was dug for ages but found noth-

Then with a cry, he vanished from the world of mor-

And came a-long to protect us from de-

Griff lo dug for ages but found noth-

Then with a cry, he vanished from the world of mor-

And came a-long to protect us from de-

But it was dug for ages but found noth-

Then with a cry, he vanished from the world of mor-

And came a-long to protect us from de-

But it was dug for ages but found noth-

Then with a cry, he vanished from the world of mor-

And came a-long to protect us from de-
We found him fallen into an ancient grave where our Venus must have lain for a thousand years.
Leonardo enters the room through an interior door. Cipriano and Giovanni are pre-occupied with the statue. 

Antonio stares at them both with increasing hostility. Only Madame Buonaccorsi notices Leonardo’s entrance. 

She rises to pour him a glass of water.
William of St. John? Satan cast in to the pit for a thousand years? Have you bring this false God out of the very ground?
seems at least alive, as if an al chem - ist had turned a god - dess to mar - ket.
Could you teach me art, Mon-ter Lo-or-er - no?

What you can learn from him is the way to Hell.

Presto
There is a stunned silence. Mme Buonaccorsi looks aghast. Olindo catches her eye and she scurries from the room to avoid the conflict. Leonardo looks steadily at Giovanni.

He is my kinsman and I would respect him, but he is a man distorted by pride. He tries to unmock the
yet the wisdom he seeks is madness before God, and the learning he gains will lead only to Satan.
Leonardo gestures again. The others resume their activities as if no interruption had occurred. Leonardo turns to address Giovanelli.
He's as bad as that skinny par-lie priest, scarcely enough flesh to contain his soul.
Your soul must be tranquil as if a mirror reflecting objects, movements, and colours but remembering...
There is a clamour of men's voices outside. The inhabitants of the room (except for Leonardo) rush in various directions. Cipriano pulls the tribal masks down from the walls and removes certain books from the shelves, which he hides underneath a lounge chair. Giovanni rushes to the window to look at the scene outside, then immediately runs back to the statue, which he attempts to conceal using one of Cipriano's tapestries. Mme Buonaccorsi hurries in through an interior door and begins to help Cipriano hide various items. After a moment of indecision, Antonio assists the others in their efforts. Leonardo has remained motionless since the men's voices were first heard. He stands, facing the closed front door, with a stony expression. From outside the cacophony of voices is accompanied by the splintering of the front door.

Men armed with cudgels storm into the room, followed by a Priest.
slower

presto (J=88)

The mob rushes forward with a cheer.
They stop and fell silent at the sight of Leonardo.

presto (J=88)

There it is! Smash the idol to the Wise God!

presto (J=88)
I knew you would oppose me, Leontes! Stand back, you servant of
The men, with renewed confidence, rush at the statue, giving Leonardo a wide berth. Nine thickasonic screams as the mob begins to smash the Venus to pieces, the priest urging them on. Gianvanti takes her arm and steers her toward the door. Cipriano sits down, with some trepidation, on the lounge under which his books and masks are concealed. He pours himself a glass of wine and drinks it with trembling hands.
When Venus has been demolished the men, one by one, must walk past Leonardo to exit the room. They look at him with guilty expressions. The Priest, who has been surveying Cipriano with some suspicions, is the last to leave.
Leonardo and Antonio gaze at one another for a long moment, over the ruin of the Venus. Finally Leonardo extends his hand as though to offer comfort. Antonio turns and storms from the room. Alone, Leonardo stoops to retrieve a large fragment of Venus's face, which has miraculously escaped damage. He holds it up, as if to show an invisible observer.

The lights go out—suddenly.
Those who trust the wind will rise in
wings of glass. Those who trust the wind will rise on
wings of glass.
General enters the room.

His clothes are splattered with paint and he balances an avoirdupois of art supplies: brushes, rolled canvas etc.

With difficulty he puts down his hat and moves Astor and Lucretia.
Giovannei

Turning to a second read, Leonardo contains
a complete pencil sketch of the score used.

Giovannei studies the sketch with concentration.
spoken: Sometimes I feel as though I’m getting into another time.
I see their gestures so very clearly. I can hear their conversations.
Not often, in begins with, but each time I sense an incompatibility to theirs.

[ A servant knocks; they enter ]
Leonardo

Leonardo of course hits you with his provider. He asks you if you will fix her back up. He is convinced she is too nice to return without you.
In the face of St. John's exalted and supranatural, a dis-ease wholly trans-perced by love. How could he have such receptivity of spirit?
After a few seconds, Gioumou leaves the room through an interior door. Autumn waits for the sound of the door closing then walks to the small and modest sketch. Without warning, the room is plunged into darkness.

As he makes his way back to his office in the flying machine
After a few seconds, Gioumou leaves the room through an interior door. Autumn waits for the sound of the door closing then walks to the small and modest sketch. Without warning, the room is plunged into darkness.
Scene III
In the Garden of Leonardo's Villa. The grounds are abundant with sculpted fruit trees, flowers in full bloom, herbs and small shrubs. A sundial stands in the centre of the garden where a bird feeder has attracted many colourful birds. Wandering peacocks lend an air of magic to the garden which is bathed in shimmering afternoon light. Astor sits on a low wall eating pistachio nuts and tossing the shells on the ground. Cassandra enters the garden wearing a simple dress. Her hair is unadorned and she walks barefooted towards Astor who smiles and waves in greeting.
Aye C'mon don't be hush been met to stamp out witchcraft. Those in gal saw them

Commander she beside Astre
One wind wind slow with the clouds and through you magnify I know my spirit too will not without...
(From some distance away: Giovanni can be heard calling Atro’s name. Atro stands andRecipe towards the sound of his voice, but almost immediately Giovanni hurries into the garden from the opposite direction.)
Gio. sits down heavily on the garden wall beside Cassandra, and roves his brow with his hand.

**Well, Gio-va-ni, how are your stu-di- es?**

---

Asio nods and waving farewell to Cassandra he exits in the same direction. Short of breath, Giovanini sits down heavily on the garden wall beside Cassandra and roves his brow with his hand.

---

**Small Gong**

Lower into a tub of water.
Sometimes Pus so wet - ey I can hard - ly pray.
I have seen the temples of Dionysus and others.

(Taking both his hands and looking at him steadily.)
(The light becomes strange, slipping towards greenish amber.

"Cassandra, the devil...

The sky seems to become illuminated from beneath as if the ground itself glowed. At a height of about 6 feet, it is almost pitch black. The sky looks black."

(PROJECTED) "uneven, unrecognized, unfulfilled" against the high black sky. Little by little, the light changes so that the projection appears to be a product of that change.)

Cassandra laughs loudly and derisively, pulling Giovanni up beside her by the hands.

(Shouting: spoken with a hoarse voice.)
Only for the sake of my immortal soul! Are you immune from the lusts of the flesh? And if your heart you're real

Giovanni smiles despite himself but Cassandra does not. She looks serenely into his face.
Cassandra looks after him for a moment before leaving in the opposite direction. As she walks the strangely coloured sun follows her course. It sets in the sky in mere moments and sets.

Simultaneously, the flowers wilt and the fruit rots and falls from the trees. Before the light is completely gone the curtain falls.
ACT TWO
Scene IV
Nox Profunda (the dark night of the soul). Early evening, in front of the Palazzo Vecchio. In the centre of a cobbled square a huge pile of books, paintings and tapestries are being burned. The choir (half of the choir, singing) stand around the square, some watching the proceedings, others trying to retrieve their possessions - those are driven away by children armed with crosiers. Some children drag art and books out of people's houses into the fire. They beat the dark night of the soul. In front of the Palazzo Vecchio. In the centre of the square, some watch the proceedings, others trying to retrieve their possessions - those are driven away by children armed with crosiers. Several of his fellow Priests have been watching him carefully. The other half of the choir remain offstage.
The art, the books. Burn them all, in the purifying fire.
Inside the piano, pluck random groups of individual string notes, divided by rests.

How could all my dreams have come to this?
So, I have told myself throughout this past year. But is it the truth? Do I lie to myself? Did I just see the fumes of unconsciousness? Are they really...
As a young boy flings an orchestral score into the fire he is approached by a priest who whispers something in his ear.

Before Giovannì can react, the child races away, only to be grabbed by Leonardo who has witnessed the scene unnoticed. Holding the boy firmly by the ear he retrieves the knife and, with a grimace, throws it into the fire. The child wriggles free and runs off. Leonardo walks purposefully towards Giovannì who still stares at his empty hands in horror.

Where is goodness? Where is God?
Leonardo reaches Giovanni and takes his arm with some urgency.

Leonardo

Giovanni

Come, we must lend.
Leonardo drags Giovanni away from the crowd. They are stopped by a group of children.

Master Leonardo, is it really you?

I was lucky to find you amidst this rabble.
Leonardo wrenches the crosier from the nearest boy and breaks it in half, throwing the pieces at the other children.
The children flee. Leonardo steers Giovanni away from the square.

I feel that I control the
sigh to shudder until

...Last it snags

and you are lost.
Oh, Master, I fear the hu-ho-cant of the va-vi-fare is a hu-ho-cant of care-mansense and de-care-nil.

presto (1=c.100)

Oh, Master, I fear the hu-ho-cant of the va-vi-fare is a hu-ho-cant of care-mansense and de-care-nil.

presto (1=c.100)

Oh, Master, I fear the hu-ho-cant of the va-vi-fare is a hu-ho-cant of care-mansense and de-care-nil.

presto (1=c.100)

Oh, Master, I fear the hu-ho-cant of the va-vi-fare is a hu-ho-cant of care-mansense and de-care-nil.

presto (1=c.100)

Oh, Master, I fear the hu-ho-cant of the va-vi-fare is a hu-ho-cant of care-mansense and de-care-nil.

presto (1=c.100)
I do not know whether Cassandra is a witch but I cannot escape these
You are not the first to be enchanted by a

(spoken like a spell, with high & low inflection, slight between words)

You are not the first to be enchanted by a

be-ging eyes that mock me, entice me, even in sleep.
Giovanni nods thoughtfully then follows Leonardo, who has begun to walk away. Noticing Giovanni's slower pace, Leonardo turns to wait for him.

Come back with me. Re-turn to stu-dy your art.
Master, I love you like my own father, but I tremble at some of the things you do. The priests say men should seek love not knowledge.
but fear to find it as though God had left it hid-d'en in hell

but love is ne- ver fen

La-ha - bi - el
La-ha - bi - el
La-ha - bi - el
La-ha - bi - el
The bonfire and crowds fade magically away. The two men have been transported to Leonardo's Garden. The light is strange and the garden seems eternal, warped in its proportions, as though part of a dreamscape. Neither of the men notice this change in location.

They stand motionless for a long moment, before silently turning in opposite directions and exiting the stage. The lights go out.

spoken during the change, arrived by Leonardo

Dissolve me, let me be ash in the whirlwind, water streaming from the fountain mouth...

Do not be afraid to seek beauty in art, for the artist is like an apprentice to God, trying to multiply His eternal creations. Each work of his hands is a portrait of praise.

attacca
Scene V
(spoken): "His present life is almost a
closed book. It is enwrapped and
sprung into thick tomes. He is least
painting the portrait
of a lady for she is married to another.

And Dwarf

A second dwarf makes his way over to the Dwarfs
The Queen entrusts and elevates her hand.

Duchess

[Applause]

Pers. Let me see if I hear dark words, perchance there must be more than a little. re 186.
(spoken) "There are rumors about him, it’s true.
No dreamer of real men and women
who are valid for all of the salaries to see, and
their initials we repeat as if without their dies."
Second Drum

They say the longues with one in the hands and the other three open in three voices and limen. Then they close the voice if they have the melody and throw off their shoes with their fingers. *
None of the two-son heart
Path... for the child... has for the... yellow and the... less...
Duke (Mephisto) 97

(Fanfare in rhythm)

Poor are they... to feed and clothe all who are poor...

The Duke barks guard uncertainly and strikes his head.

Poor are they... to feed and clothe all who are poor...

Poor are they... to feed and clothe all who are poor...

Poor are they... to feed and clothe all who are poor...
The Duke points to a final plan still under Leonardo's care and it is affectionately labeled "area. The Duke exhibits it as top of innovator's plan for a new city.
Scene VI
Morning outside Leonardo's Villa. Astra is on the roof, stepped into the flying machine. The machine itself appears to be still mostly scaffolding and dangerous looking nests of wire. Astra is fumbling with the straps and holds a measuring device up to the sun, squinting and muttering softly to herself.

Cassandra enters, looking in Astra in horrified disbelief. She starts to run, but thinks better of it and walks calmly towards Astra, who has not yet seen her.
Giovanelli, hearing Cassandra's panic, enters.
He does not look up and does not see Astaro on the roof.
Don't be silly, you were not meant to fly!

This is madness. Why do you do this?
The birds cry for joy as they wheel and soar. Cranes fly, eagles fly, why cannot man fly?
Why does the Master make these things? Can he change even God's chosen order?

During Giovanni's sprechstimme passage, Adam inches toward the edge of the roof. The weight of the flying machine makes his balance uncertain and he precariously turns on the roof's edge.

As fasl as a bullet from the barrel...
Oh God, no!

Giovanni (shout, d) Astro bends his knees and launches himself from off the roof. (to Cassandra) Quick! Get help! I'll lend a hand.

As he looks up at the flying machine plummeting to the ground and crashing in a twisted pile of metal, Giovanni rushes forward to pull Astro free of the debris. He lifts the injured man's head into his lap.

(to Cassandra) Quick! Get help! I'll lend a hand.
Can you hear me? Are you alright?

Astor raises his head in shock (General's)
Send for the Master, he will make me better.

Don't you trust him, Giovanni?

Don't I trust the Master?
ACT THREE
Scene VII
Mingling with the studios of Leonardo. The painting machine is gone and so are the paintings. Broken machinery and crumpled sketches are strewn all around.

The workbench slants to one side and its contents have slipped onto the floor. Broken jars spill recognisable lumps of flesh and foul liquid over filthy notebooks.

Amid the debris crouches Asaro. His legs are so wispy he cannot walk upright but is forced to scuttle, legs out sideways like a crab. Occasionally trying to feed him some food but the liquid dribbles from his open mouth and down his front.

Giovanni enters. His clothes are filthy and torn. He is clearly exhausted and the dirt on his face reveals the passage of time. He approaches Leonardo in desperation.

**In a loud whisper:** (In a loud whisper)
We have been discussing this for weeks.
My every attempt to see her has failed. You must help me!
Please, try to save her.

My every attempt to see her has failed. You must help me!
Please, try to save her.
You have powerful friends! Machi-av depletion is imminent. Your cousin Antonio is one of them now!
of your calling, you have seen more than other men. A touch of light, a
flame of joy in a child's eye, you can turn these evening moments

No more! (spoken)

Oh? What could trouble the great Leonardo da Vinci? How can he be calm if she suffers so much? (spoken)

Can't we rescue her? (spoken)
Leonardo lifts up the marble fragment of the face of Venus and gapes at it.

Monica's life is dead and gone forever, adieu.

The face of my paintings are cracked or destroyed.

My life seems as broken as the statue of Venus.

Leonardo's life up the marble fragment of the face of Venus and gapes at it.

My life seems as broken as the statue of Venus.

Leonardo lifts up the marble fragment of the face of Venus and gapes at it.
I'm very sorry to hear it. I'm not used to being so upset. I can't stop shaking!

(between two parts of the house)

I'm sorry to hear it. I'm not used to being so upset. I can't stop shaking!
In God's name

I can not be my will but his

when I close my eyes
Ashes of the dead are flying swiftly, swiftly as the
wind.
Forgive me, but I must ask, have you heard anything of the weaver Cassandra?
No natural text can be extracted from this image.
No one moves or speaks. Swiss through the window, a wind rises - first through the garden, stirring the flags of lances and casting everything in dust. The ghostly voices continue - a chill grows.
Scene VIII
Late afternoon in the summer of Leonardo's villa. The floor is coarsely tiled. The roof and external walls are glass. Large doors, also glass, open into the garden. Spread throughout the room are scenes on parchment and large hanging paintings. The subject of the art is angelic, warring angels. Their forms distorted by holy wrath. Some sit without limbs or heads, others on the border wall resemble miniature paintings on wood or wood sculpture. A large doorway is partially concealed in dark mortar through which a section can be glimpsed, looking up into the darkness. Over half the stage is given to the expansive gallery in which the garden extends. A stone bench on the ground, on either side, and an alcove to the rear. Eventide in the garden, Leonardo pushes an empty wheelchair towards his own, walking with difficulty against the strengthening wind. As he approaches Leonardo walks into singing and crying softly to himself: slowly, he increases his pace.
Astro drags himself back, towards the stairwell. Leonardo follows, white-faced. Reaching the doorway, Astro grips the door and pulls it open. He grunts a word or two, then pulls it open. Leonardo can be seen kneeling by the wall.

With the door open, Leonardo stumbles forward, his batty figure moving erratically. The wind howls through the window, howling eerily through the open glass doors. A gusty gust of wind, back and forth.

Leonardo's muscles tense, his body arches back and forth, seeking to break the weight of his own boredom. The wind howls through the glass doors, creating a deafening roar.
On the far horizon, lightning forks across the sky, thunder rumbles softly.
In rhythm)
The wind drops nothing, the sky darkens and for a moment the storm rages in all its fury.

The demons or angels are revealed as illusion only. Leonardo releases Giovanni's hair and raises his hand. The wind drops nothing, the sky darkens and for a moment the storm rages in all its fury.

Oh, my poor soul, struck down by the agency of your...
The soul of an orient man be as a mirror and you were like sun-light on a crystall stone.

The unusable pacifist bell is rubbed with a brush slowly with hands.
I, who stand in the sun, hear the sword of one who 

live not their life in useless grief, though that 

knowledge would lead to love.
Yes, for all that I knew I did not care enough.
And in the face of death I stand empty of all but love, joy, and despair.
The rain continues to drench the scene for a while. Dampness clings remorselessly to each stage left. The curtain begins to fall. During the descent the stagehands enter from the rear stage left for looks toward retiring the listeners in the seats. The light remains fairly still, except for a slight swing of the wind, allowing the stagehands to steal off stage left. Before the curtain completes its descent the figures of Faust and Mephistopheles enter together stage right one bare leg, one bare leg. The light becomes as if the sun were about to be set in front of the curtain. They have bare legs and feet. When the curtain has finished its descent they wander to center stage, like old friends, comfortable in each other's presence.

ATTACCA
EPILOGUE
Did he not sacrifice

other on the altar of
his own ambition?

Did he not

sacrifice his own ambition?

In truth, he did not. His heart was moved by the

suffering of those he loved, if the falsehood it was not

for want of compassion or courage. He was driven by

his thirst for knowledge, for beauty, for innovation.

(Pause for 2 seconds)
You make excuses for him, but the truth is plain. He sold his soul to achieve his own ends.
He could not take every good path. There were forks in the road.
He chose the paths he hoped would lead to beauty and knowledge.
If he had to forsake others was this choice not justified by the nobility of the calling?
His soul would've chosen the path of decency & honour. Yet he for...sold! His soul would not have wanted others to suffer Yet he made no move to save them! (Should) find why? Because he was pre-occupied with the selfish pursuit of his own ends. If they involved art and beauty then he has only the consolation that when he sold his soul he got a good price.
You judge him too harshly! His genius illuminated the world. And at such cost! Think of the life he could have had. His commitment consumed all, family, fortune, love, his very flesh.
He was a skeleton with a blazing torch in place of a skull. And he brought light to generations then unborn. If he failed others, it was only because he devoted himself to the greater good.
Surely such failings may be forgiven?
Well, Faust, I will argue no more.

Weit hier ge-schaht steht au-ßer dem Er-fas-sen.
My offer remains open, as you may yet seal the bargain. Souls are not sold with the emphatic stroke of an auctioneer’s hammer.

Mephistopheles waves his hand & a swiftly flowing river of mercury appears behind them (projected). The lights dim to reveal the iridescence of the mercury. He turns back to Faust.
Sometimes the seller is gradually seduced.
And self-delusion is an insidious obstacle. Intellectuals and artists pride themselves on the integrity of their calling. This, they tell themselves, is the prescription for a worthy life. But is it really so noble? Is it any more than a pretentious quest for self-satisfaction?...
...Self-realization? Does the pursuit of art or truth... justify all failings? or is it a subtle temptation to selfishness beneath a banner of nobility?
I will not say when souls are sold or saved. You, Faust, must decide!

Once more he waves his hand
and the stage is plunged into darkness.
The mercury river continues until the vibraphone and antique cymbals stop.

Faust & Mephistopheles are gone.
Lights come up.