

HIMMELSSCHEIBE / SKY DISC / DISC DEL CEL

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Extract 1 – Oratorio I

An out of focus image of the Nebra Sky Disc is projected. Gradually it comes into focus, disappears again (as if a cloud passes over it), and is finally clearly visible. [The text is read from left to right].

Half asleep (*whispered, getting faster and fading away*):

Halb schlafend

Mig adormit

(*no longer whispering*):

under the earth

Unter der Erde

sepultat sota terra

What?

A disk.

Eine Scheibe

Un disc

Shaped, imagined, made
made

Forma, idea,
fet

Erdacht, geformt,
gefertig

Why?

Zeit

Time

Temps

El sol, la lluna

Die Sonne, der Mond

Sun and Moon

aligned

alignment of their cycles

Zyklen cicles

Angleichung Ihrer Zyklen

Who?

A smith, smiths

Schmiede

Forjadors

Menschen

un poble

Objektschaffende

Obradors d'objectes

Object makers

How?

En bronze i or

Aus Bronze und Gold.

gold.... bronze...

(A//) bronze

Bronze

bronze

Heated, erhitzt, escalfat, hammered, gehämmert, forjat,
engraved, gravat, eingraviert,
inlaid, eingelegt, encastat!

Half asleep,
under the earth...

Mig adormit,
unter der Erde...

Halb schlafend,
sepultat sota terra...

until it came
to light.

fins tornar
a la llum.

bis sie kam
ans Licht.

(A//) to light

a la llum

ans Licht

Was?

Què?

Per què?

Warum?

In the projected image, the Sky Disc draws further away and the night sky becomes visible behind it.

Wann?

Quan?

What?

Was?

Quan?

Wann?

“When?”?

Wann?!

The image of the sky disc changes to its “Phase 1” image.

Sky Disc – Extract 2

Scene 1

The Forge. Bronze objects to be recycled lie around singly and in piles. The Sky Disc is lying on the work bench. FIERKET is observing a tiny block of gold and making measurements. PYRPI is working on a bronze axe head with a whetstone. Two body-guards wait nearby, outside the immediate circle of action.

FIERKET:

(to himself)

No, not enough gold!

(to Pyrpi)

I don't have enough gold!

Not of the right kind.

PYRPI:

Can't we re-use brooches?

Hair hoops?

FIERKET:

The gold used for the moon,
for the moon and the stars
came from the Western Islands.

PYRPI:

Didn't you bring any back with you?

FIERKET *(rather grim)*:

That was my intention.

PYRPI:

You, an honoured craftsman,
guest in a foreign land...

(FIERKET makes no reply.)

PYPRI:

Weren't you there long enough?

FIERKET:

I feasted with priests,
stood by the chiefs
at the mid-winter solstice;
I went as far west
as the great copper mines;
and watched beside craftsmen
who fashioned a cape
out of gold.

Then I travelled on south,
to Land's End...

(Brief silence. PYPRI glances up from his work at FIERKET. Over the following, PYPRI gets up and moves over to the work bench, trying to get a better look at the Sky Disc.)

(pulling himself out of his reverie)

I taught, and tooled, and learned,
honoured guest in another land.
Fierket, grandson of the great Fierket.

PYPRI:

So it's strange you came back empty handed.

FIERKET *(irascible)*:

Not entirely empty handed.
Pyrpi, go home!
Go home now.

(FIERKET wraps up the Sky Disc, while PYPRI puts his tools aside and removes an apron. He shovels embers into a pot which he takes with him.)

PYPRI:

Goodnight.

Sky Disc – Extract 3

ORATORIO CHORUS:

Bronze!

Hungry metal!

I devour forests,
drink rivers.

Children

women

men

exist and struggle

survive

suffer

rejoice

because of me

Trees blackened
to charcoal
and burned again
hotter, hotter

Rock, hacked from the face of earth
dug from galleries
carried on backs
broken
smelted
till copper pulls free
– rivers of heat!
and copper flows

Rock
hacked, dug, carried,
broken, smelted, melted
till tin pulls free
– rivers of heat! –
and tin flows

Clear water, fresh water rivers
toss pips of gold;
sifted gifts

Copper
from the mountains
tin

from an island
are confounded
– heat again! –
in the crucible.

They twist
disperse
are molten
mate
become
bronze,
– rivers of sunlight!

subject to heat
as at the start
start
star!

A dying star,
at the point of implosion
spawns new matter
and iron, aluminium, gold
exist!
Super nova
– dying star –
in stellar explosion
spits into space
rock,
stardust,
meteorites,
heat
and once

a planet was Earth

(Solo voice or small group):
and life,
from the dust and atoms
of a star,
began...

Sky Disc – Extract 4 – ORATORIO VII

This is a love song
love-of-life-song

Circles!
Orbits of satellites
the pupil of your eye
lips' "o"
crowns, rings and haloes
the sun we think we see

Sphere!
The eye's globe
fish-eggs, pollen, ovules
our image
of the over-arching sky
moon

Hexagon!
Chambers of the honeycomb;
under pressure, no escape.
Rock crystals. Snow

Pentagon!
Growth from the centre
outwards, hawthorn flowers
apple blossom, apple core
delicate, one-celled ocean creatures
reptiles' feet, our hands

Sphere, pentagon, hexagon!

From dying stars,
spherical carbon molecules
– hollow cages –
with pentagon and hexagon faces
transport elements
else...where

Aeons ago here on earth
hydrogen carbon combined
gave rise to cells
sea creatures
flowers, honey
hands, lips, eyes

my hands your lips our eyes