

Beauport
classical



ROBERT J. BRADSHAW

DEUS EX MACHINA

LIBRETTO

opera no. 6
DEUS EX MACHINA

a steampunk opera

*for mezzo-soprano, tenor, baritone,
brass quintet, organ, timpani, and laptop*

music and libretto by
Robert J. Bradshaw

story by
A. Reid Bradshaw
Sarah E. Bradshaw

*DEUS EX MACHINA is dedicated to my
wife and best friend, Lori A. Bradshaw.*

One lifetime, together.

CAPE ANN OPERA

featuring
Brendan Buckley
Gillian Hurst
Gary Wood
Megan Arns

with
Bala Brass

DEUS EX MACHINA

[de-us eks 'ma-k'i-na]

Latin: meaning *god from the machine*

Deus ex machina is a plot device whereby a problem that had previously seemed impossible to solve is suddenly and abruptly resolved by the unexpected intervention of a new event, character, ability, or object.

This device is often used to move a story forward, to surprise the audience, or to bring the tale to a happy ending.

THANK YOU

to: my mother and father for their unwavering support, my talented brother George, and to all of the wonderful musicians who helped make this project possible; Maureen Gedney; Benjamin Fraley; Paul, Nick, Jessica, and Bob at The Cabot; Stephanie and Mary for their patience; Tina Blanksteen, Elaine Walker, and Christine Seitz; C. B. Fisk and Steve for letting us borrow that fabulous apron (and the great factory tour); and a most special thank you to my wife, Lori A. Bradshaw, and our children A. Reid Bradshaw and Sarah E. Bradshaw, for their creativity, love, and support.

AND (OF COURSE)

All characters appearing in this work are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

SETTING

H. G. Wells and Jules Verne would feel right at home in the world of Steampunk (being two of its most important sources of inspiration). This opera is set in a world ruled by steam and natural gas, rooted in a Victorian (Industrial Revolution) aesthetic. This world evolved around mechanical devices, most prominently, clockworks. Airships, gas lamps, goggles, brass, gears and cogs are the look of this dusky city, everything with an old world patina. Who lives there? Adventurers and femme fatales. Inventors and scholars. The highest elite socialites, middle-class workers, and scrappy survivors.

ACT I: ABOARD A TRAIN

Although Inventor and She can't afford first class, even the lower class cars are opulent visions of the Victorian era (at least until you get very close to the engine!). Plush seats, beautiful wood, brass trim, rich earth tones, and exquisite detailing allow passengers to ride in style.

ACT II: ABOARD AN AIRSHIP

A fantastic dirigible beyond anything seen in our world. A complex combination of simple Victorian machinery and futuristic (some might say, unnecessarily so) construction make this airship a site to behold! Simpler than the train, passengers still ride in style -- although the colors are colder, reflecting the function and economy necessary when building a large vessel that floats in the air.

PRELUDE to ACT III: ON THE DOCKS

The seemingly always dark and gritty working side of the town. This is the type of place high society pretends doesn't exist, all the while clamoring for the latest craze or fad to arrive in the shops after each shipment. The Factory looms over the entire stage. A street lamp casts a paltry glow and an oil drum burns with a meager wood fire surrounded by street musicians.

ACT III: THE MACHINE

Inside the Factory, an impossible, lever and gear covered, evil-looking machine belches smoke into the heavens. It heaves and grinds, turning anything and everything into pocket watches for Pacemaker. Watches and clocks adorn every bit of available wall space.

INVENTOR

An utterly drained, aging man. He is often mistaken for being antisocial (with a dash of mad scientist) but in actuality, he's suffering from the devastating loss of his beloved wife. He has forgotten the beautiful, and magical, world around him -- only focused on his next creation and not aware of what he already has. Distraught and unable to cope alone, he has turned his clockwork genius to creating a companion in his wife's image. His worn leather apron and unkempt clothes are those of a craftsman consumed by his work. His rough fingers are discolored by the metal he handles and he is never without his precious book (where he keeps the secrets of how he constructed She). He wears a complex pair of glasses, of varying magnification, so that he can see the tiniest mechanisms of his imagination. As evidenced by his exquisite creations, his work is as much craft as art.

SHE

A lady of the highest social status -- at least that is how she was built, being an automaton in the youthful likeness of her inventor's deceased wife. Outwardly, She is the embodiment of Victorian refinement; however, her outward serenity conceals a giddy fascination for the world in which she has been awakened. She is clothed in the finest and most fashionable dresses. Never having worked a day in her brief life, she is blissfully unaware of how hard life is for the majority of society, that is, until she comes in contact with the greater world and begins to understand the concept of mortality.

PACEMAKER, THE MAGICIAN

The finest magician in the world! There is no trick that he cannot perform (literally). Outwardly, he is refined and the most understanding person you will ever meet. In his heart, he is vicious and hostile toward the imperfection that is humanity. He is dressed entirely in black. Clean and pressed, his shirt, pants, vest, and even his long overcoat are perfect in every way. He wears a top hat and carries an equally black cane. The only things that shine on him are his perfect shoes and his many watches. He carries pocket watches of varying shapes and sizes. All are beautifully crafted but not all of them tick. He is always prepared...

BRASS QUINTET

Continuing the concept of characters performed on instruments (developed in the Gabriel series and the opera *Pandora*), the brass quintet performs a role closely related to a Greek Chorus. The quintet acts onstage as train passengers (Act I), magic show pit orchestra (Act II) and a street band (Prelude to Act III). The quintet is not onstage for Act III. Beyond acting, the music the ensemble performs is itself a character, filled with foreshadowing, leitmotif, commentary and emotional drama. Dressed in less than finery, they are just trying to make a living by playing you a little tune. Could you spare a coin or two?

BACKING TRACK

In addition to providing the foundation accompaniment for the work, She's heartbeat, the machine sounds (steam engines etc...), and all music performed during the course of this opera are synchronized. The constant rumble and machinery sounds create the work's unique soundscape.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I: ABOARD A TRAIN

The Victorian Age as it never was: the world of Steampunk. The day after a convention of renowned inventors, onboard a train.

Inventor is an aging man who is absorbed by his clockworks, which he views as much as art as they are craft, but who also bears the grief of his wife's death. He has turned his genius to the creation of a perfect clockwork automaton in the image of his wife, She, who is with him on the train. He laments the blindness of the other inventors, for though he sees She as real, they only see her as a piece of brilliant machinery. He talks to himself about time and his desire to triumph over immortality in the form of She.

Distracted from his thoughts when She "awakens", She asks him if she did well pretending to sleep. He replies affirmatively but She wonders why she must feign sleep and, for that matter, follow all the other norms of their society. Inventor tells her that she must do so to fit in and be accepted but She is indignant and tells him that she

wishes to be free to live and enjoy this fascinating world in which she has awakened. Though she appears adult, She is really a child at heart. She and Inventor express their love for each other and She begins to wonder about mortality. Inventor, to take her mind off it, gives her a gift: a music box, exquisitely crafted, that he has made. She adores it and they dance, accidentally bumping into Pacemaker, the Magician, who introduces himself and performs a few tricks. He compliments them both and offers them tickets to his show aboard an airship before leaving. Inventor is scornful of Pacemaker's "trickery" but She is enchanted and Inventor cannot tell her no.

ACT II: ABOARD AN AIRSHIP

On the airship, Pacemaker amazes the crowd with impossible tricks and dares them to figure out his magic. Inventor laments She's innocence internally and determines that he must teach her to be aware of the hardships of life.

Pacemaker invites them onstage and performs an impossible feat: he removes She's beat and places it into one of his many pocket watches. As she dies, She tells Inventor that she will live on through him and that nothing is eternal. Pacemaker laughs and restores her to life, humbling and stunning Inventor. She wishes that she could be mortal, and human, so that she wouldn't have to live on after Inventor dies. Pacemaker says he will grant her wish for a fee. He tells them to come to his factory and vanishes.

PAUSE

A moment of reflection.

PRELUDE to ACT III:

ON THE DOCKS (Outside Pacemaker's Factory)

She and Inventor reflect on life and love. Inventor's confidence is shattered and She tries to reassure him. From above, Pacemaker watches out of a window and scorns their blindness, revealing his true colors. Humbled, Inventor gives up his dreams about defeating time and puts his hope of eternal life in faith. They decide to enter the Factory and Pacemaker revels in his triumph.

ACT III: THE MACHINE (Inside the Factory)

The Factory is a colossal Machine for making watches and timepieces such as the ones Pacemaker wears. They tell him to get on with it and Pacemaker makes a golden pocket watch without a tick. They question him and he says that he has already done his magic and that She has a heartbeat. She and Inventor are overjoyed until they realize that She has been given Inventor's heartbeat and he, her clockworks. Pacemaker has tricked them, and as the couple promises that they can still love each other no matter what, he requests payment. Inventor sarcastically offers him as much time as he wants, and Pacemaker accepts, taking the Inventor's new clockwork tick and placing it in his new watch. She cries as Inventor drops his book and falls. Pacemaker, smirking, trips on the dropped book and falls into the machine. With no other recourse, She prays for salvation and impossibly Inventor gasps to life. They rush out as the machine opens to reveal a new pocket watch. Pacemaker's voice is heard asking for a volunteer from the audience...

A. Reid Bradshaw

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LIBRETTO

ACT I

ABOARD A TRAIN

Darkness. A rumbling is heard.

OVERTURE

Curtain rises. Inventor and She (an automaton of Inventor's creation that appears to be sleeping) are returning home from an unsuccessful conference via train. Inventor had planned on revealing his creation to the sounds of admiration and awe but, because he thinks of her as "real", he was offended that everyone only saw her as a machine.

There is also a man, stylishly dressed entirely in black, facing away from the audience playing solitaire. The members of the brass quintet, dressed in working class Victorian clothes, are huddled together at the far end of the carriage (using flip-folders & lyres, as if they are a traveling street ensemble).

Inventor rises from his seat, careful not to disturb She.

INVENTOR

[Gently, at first] Sleep now. I will be careful not to disturb you. It has been a long day and you need to rest, yes, you need to rest. How dare they think of you as a machine. You are much more! You are perfect, as you always were and you always will be. [Intensely] You will never be taken away from me again! [Secretively] I love and fear the ticking. The sound of life. The sound of time, passing. Of life, passing. I am a master. I can fix anything that ticks but I can't stop time! I love and fear the ticking. Measured as it passes. Life passes. I can't control it, or reverse it, as I wish I could, to before that fateful day. [Pridefully] You are my triumph over time! In you, I shall live forever! And with this book, I'll make sure your ticking never stops! My beloved.

Stretching, She wakes.

SHE

Did I do well? Did it look like I was sleeping?

INVENTOR

Yes. You were marvelous.

SHE

Tell me again why must I feign sleep?

INVENTOR

You must appear the same, to be accepted.

SHE

[Skeptically] People sleep on the train?

INVENTOR

[Kindly] Yes. People often sleep on the train.

SHE

I see. I'll sleep again if you want me to but I have a question.

INVENTOR

Of course, my love.

SHE

[Indignantly] Why must I sit up straight? Why must I hold my head up high? Not at liberty to be myself. I want to cast off these fancy clothes and repose on the soft green grass. Why must I veil my hair? Why must I hide emotions? Not at liberty to be myself. I want to splash like the children do and skip in the rain. I have awakened to a beautiful world and I want to play in it. [Urgently] Can't you see that it is astounding?

INVENTOR

Yes, but you have all of time. There's no need to rush. Wishing time away is the curse of youth. Slow down. It will all come soon enough. Your heart will tick forever. It's more urgent for me. Every heartbeat that passes, marks the passing of time and time is not unlimited for me. I have awakened to a beautiful world. You should not rush in haste.

SHE

May I be myself around you?

INVENTOR

[Lovingly] Always.

SHE

[With sudden understanding] What will I do when you are gone?

Inventor lovingly takes She's head in his hand.

INVENTOR

You will keep me here.

SHE

I want to remember your heartbeat. May I listen to your heartbeat ticking?

INVENTOR

Come, lay your head on me.

SHE

It's the most beautiful sound in the world. It sounds like life, thundering all around me. Warm and caressing. It makes me feel alive! It makes me feel safe.

INVENTOR

[Lost in thought] I used to get lost in her heartbeat. May I listen to your clockworks beating?

SHE

Come, lay your head on me.

INVENTOR

It's the most beautiful sound in the world. It sounds like time everlasting. Strong, enduring. It makes me feel alive! Marking the moments we have together.

TOGETHER

Let me listen to your heartbeat ticking / clockworks beating! Let me hear your life, counted out in time. Holding you close. Sounding as one.

Inventor and She embrace.

There is a sudden change in the music and he produces something (the music box) wrapped in a cloth.

INVENTOR

Will She like it?

SHE

What's the matter?

INVENTOR

Nothing. I have a gift for you.

SHE

[Excitedly] May I see it?

Inventor reveals a beautiful Victorian-style music box (with a few extra gears for good measure).

SHE

It's so beautiful. Did you make this for me?

INVENTOR

I did.

MUSIC BOX

Inventor opens the lid and music begins to play. This is totally unexpected and She is overwhelmed by its beauty.

SHE

[Overwhelmed] It is the most beautiful creation in the world.

Inventor lovingly closes the box and the music stops.

INVENTOR

No, my love. You are. May I have this dance?

THE MAGICIAN

Inventor reopens the box, places it on the seat, and they begin to waltz. They turn, with a flourish, and bump into the man, who is now standing. The box snaps shut and the music stops.

SHE

Oh!

INVENTOR

We are terribly sorry and beg your pardon.

With a bow, Pacemaker hands She a bouquet of beautiful flowers he produced out of thin air.

PACEMAKER

Not at all. It was my fault.

SHE

They are beautiful. So beautiful.

Pacemaker hands Inventor a black card with fine gold lettering. Inventor fumbles for a card but the magician waves him off.

PACEMAKER

I am known as Pacemaker and it is a pleasure to meet you.

INVENTOR

My name is...

PACEMAKER

I already know and admire your work. [Carefully addressing his remarks to the box and not to She] Such fine craftsmanship. [Turning to She] Do you like magic?

SHE

Oh yes! I love magic tricks!

PACEMAKER

But these are not tricks.

Inventor, who has dedicated his life to understanding how things work, is not impressed.

PACEMAKER

[Offering tickets] Come to my show. I will amaze you.

SHE

[Fascinated] May we go?

Incapable of denying her, Inventor agrees to go.

INVENTOR

Yes. We will go.

PACEMAKER

Don't be late. The airship leaves promptly at six minutes after seven. You won't want to miss this!

Pacemaker exits with a grand gesture and a deep bow.

SHE
Wasn't he marvelous?

INVENTOR
You know it isn't real? Magicians deal with trickery. What I do is craft and art.

She is obviously disappointed that magic isn't real. Seeing this, he decides to confide in her.

INVENTOR
This book is very special. It's not filled with legerdemain. It explains how I made you! You never need fear for I can fix anything.

She's happiness is restored.

SHE
You gave me life worth living.

INVENTOR
You gave me life worth living.

TOGETHER
Because of you, I'll live forever!
We will live forever!

Inventor and She exit as the music plays.

Curtain falls.

END ACT I

ACT II ABOARD AN AIRSHIP

ENTR'ACTE

The curtain rises as Inventor and She are finding their seats near Pacemaker's stage. The audience act as the other passengers on the airship while the brass quintet is the show's pit orchestra.

The lights dim and the show begins.

THE MAGIC SHOW

A spotlight follows Pacemaker as he amazes the crowd with magic tricks.

PACEMAKER
Prestidigitation! Is that what you think? Sleight of hand? Smoke and mirrors? Maybe. Maybe not. There! Did you see it? Watch closely now. Was it a trick? I am no charlatan! Maybe. Maybe not. I am the great Pacemaker. Time flows at my command! Do you doubt the great Pacemaker? I dare you to figure out how it's done. [Laughs] Tonight, I will dazzle your senses and blur the line between reality and fantasy. May I have a volunteer from the audience? Would you please join me onstage? [Looking directly at She.]

OUT OF TIME

Time freezes. Only She's clockworks can be heard.

INVENTOR
Look at her. Like a child. So easily impressed. The mountebank! This con artist has lured her in. Her innocence is so charming but how will I protect her when I'm gone? Why can't we remain blissfully unaware of the hardships of life? Because hiding from life isn't living at all. I will protect her but I will also help her to learn. She'll be prepared for when I'm gone. And she'll be loved.

TAKING THE STAGE

Time resumes and they hesitantly take the stage. She is entirely mesmerized by Pacemaker.

PACEMAKER

Please focus your attention. [To Inventor] Don't be afraid. It's smoke and mirrors, isn't it? [To the audience] Can you see? Nothing up my sleeves. The watch is empty. No tick. Right before your very eyes, I will make it beat.

Addressing She.

PACEMAKER

My lady, will you please step over here. Sir, would you please place your arm right here? [Has Inventor place his arm around She's waist (as if to steady her).] Are you ready? Did you know you have a most beautiful beat?

Suddenly frightened, Inventor tries to pull her away but he is not quick enough. In one swift motion, Pacemaker places the watch over her heart.

PACEMAKER

And now it's in here!

She collapses into Inventor's arms. His worst dreams are realized as the magician spreads his arms in a great bow -- holding the now ticking pocket watch.

Lights fade to black except for spotlights on Inventor and She. Pacemaker steps into the shadows.

FEAR AND DARKNESS

INVENTOR

Murderer! What have you done? [Frantically pressing his ear to She's chest.] Powerless. [Sobbing] How did he steal your beat?

SHE

Don't cry for me. You gave me life and through you I'll live forever. You know all things must end.

Gears break. Springs fail. Please, one last time, let me hear your heart tick. I hear your life. I'll live in you.

She dies in his arms. Inventor is wracked with grief as a bell tolls in the distance.

Pacemaker steps back into the light.

PACEMAKER

Why do you mourn?

INVENTOR

You have taken everything from me.

PACEMAKER

Everything from you? Why would I do that? You are my friend. It's all a trick.

INVENTOR

This is no trick!

PACEMAKER

Maybe. Maybe not. Am I not the great Pacemaker? He who holds time in his hands? Do you doubt the great Pacemaker? Watch, and be amazed, as I restore your precious creation's beat.

Pacemaker places the watch over her heart and She gasps, coming back to life, her beat restored.

Inventor and She embrace and the magician quietly slips into the darkness with a bow.

INVENTOR

I thought you lost.

SHE

I was lost.

INVENTOR

Right here in my arms.

SHE

I am right here.

INVENTOR

I can't lose you again. The world went black. I couldn't hear your clockworks beating.

SHE

If I can't live forever, I choose one life with you. I fear the beating in my breast. Always clacking. Always springing. I wish I had a beat ticking like yours.

There is a flash and an explosion. Pacemaker's voice booms from everywhere.

PACEMAKER

[Offstage, omniscient] Smoke and mirrors? Sleight of hand? Do you believe me now? I will grant your wish...for a small fee. Come to my Factory tomorrow and I will show you my greatest trick!

TOGETHER

[Overjoyed] You gave me life. Through you, I live! Now, we will live one lifetime, together.

Inventor and She exit.

END ACT II

BRIEF PAUSE

There is a pause at this time in the opera. This is not an intermission. The lights should remain down as images are projected on a screen lowered in front of the curtain or to the sides of the stage.

The images show a steampunk version of post Victorian England (London) in the style of the sets used in the production. There should be no sound as the images play across the screen.

PRELUDE to ACT III ON THE DOCKS

The curtain rises revealing the outside of the Factory. It looms over the entire stage. It is very dark. A street lamp's light glistens on the wet pavement as if it has recently rained – and is threatening to do so again. A group of street musicians (the brass quintet) huddle near an oil drum containing a small wood fire. She and Inventor enter while Pacemaker looks on from a second floor window...

SHE

What is time without love?

INVENTOR

So confident but now I know, I was deceiving myself.

SHE

I would rather live one lifetime with you than a hundred alone.

PACEMAKER

[Angrily] How trivial their lives are! Time's an illusion. He holds love in his hands but can't see its eternal power.

INVENTOR

I am nothing. A charlatan.

SHE

Don't give up your work. It's who you are.

INVENTOR

[Forcefully] I didn't make you. I know that now. That gift came from someone greater than me.

SHE

My life is in your hands! Take me apart if you must but do not give up your clockworks!

PACEMAKER

[Triumphantly] The pact is about to be made. I'll wait inside. Their time has come!

Pacemaker recedes from view.

TOGETHER

Will you join me? Will you live one life with me? Will you sacrifice the machine for the ghost? Yes! Take my hand. Take my life!

Inventor and She exit. The brass quintet exits to offstage.

END PRELUDE to ACT III

ACT III THE MACHINE

ENTR'ACTE

The scrim (outside of the building) rises, revealing the interior of the Factory. All is dark and quiet.

Inventor and She enter.

Suddenly, the enormous machine (covered in gears and levers with steam bellowing out of every orifice) roars to life. There is a large opening on one side (where things go in) and a small door on the front (where watches come out).

TOGETHER

AH! What is this tribulation!

Pacemaker enters with a flourish and immediately begins working with the machine.

PACEMAKER

[Laughing and throwing levers.]

The sound dies down as Pacemaker turns off the machine. For the first time, the couple notice Pacemaker's many watches. They look around in awe. Watches and clocks adorn every bit of available wall space.

PACEMAKER

You admire my timepieces.

INVENTOR

Did you make all of these?

PACEMAKER

That, my friend, is why I have this machine.

INVENTOR

Time has passed me by. I am utterly obsolete.

She abruptly joins the conversation.

SHE

You promised to grant my wish.

PACEMAKER

Indeed I did but first, I must make a watch.

INVENTOR

Do what you must but don't delay. I am beginning to doubt what you say.

PACEMAKER

[Ignoring Inventor] I need something of you.

Much to their surprise and anger, Pacemaker swiftly cuts off a lock of her hair and places it into the machine.

A door opens and reveals a beautifully crafted, gold, pocket watch. Bowing, Pacemaker hands the watch to Inventor.

PACEMAKER

My creation!

At first, Inventor admires it but then realizes that it is not ticking.

INVENTOR

[Gaining hope] It is beautiful, yes, but worthless. It doesn't work. There are no clockworks inside.

PACEMAKER

[Feigning surprise] It is true! My machine must be broken. Or is it? Let us complete our transaction and see.

SHE

Please, don't delay. Will you give me a heartbeat ticking?

PACEMAKER
I already have!

*Shocked, Inventor rushes to listen to She's heartbeat.
Pacemaker recedes.*

SHE
Can you hear my heartbeat ticking?

INVENTOR
It's the most beautiful sound in the world. It sounds like life, thundering all around me. Warm and caressing. It fills my world with love. It makes me feel so alive!

TOGETHER
We feel so alive!

INVENTOR
Wait! I can still hear your clockworks beating!

SHE
Oh, treachery! Oh, deceit! What is this that I hear but my clockworks beating in your breast! He didn't give me a heartbeat ticking! He gave me YOUR heartbeat ticking!

INVENTOR
We were foolish to ask for such a gift. We will live as we are, and love as we are, and our hearts will beat as one. Can you love me as I am?

SHE
Yes! I will love you!

INVENTOR
...and I will love you.

The couple moves to leave.

PACEMAKER
There is the matter of payment.

INVENTOR
You expect payment after what you have done?

PACEMAKER
I have done exactly as you asked.

SHE
Do not argue. I don't trust him. Please, pay and let's go.

INVENTOR
As you wish, my dear. [to Pacemaker] Name your price.

PACEMAKER
Let's not be hasty. Let me think about it.

INVENTOR
[Sarcastically] Take as much time as you need.

PACEMAKER
I think I will!

In one swift motion, Pacemaker places the watch on Inventor's heart, stealing his beat.

SHE
No!

As Inventor collapses he drops his book on the floor. She catches him, cradling his head to her chest while Pacemaker admires his new watch, placing it in a prized place on the wall.

SHE
Murderer! What have you done? You have taken all that is good in my life.

INVENTOR
Don't cry for me. You gave me life and through you I'll live forever. You know all things must end. Gears break. Springs fail. No life lasts forever. Let me live through yours!

Inventor dies in She's arms.

She gently lays Inventor down as a bell tolls and, not knowing what she is doing, rushes toward Pacemaker. As he turns with his characteristic flourish, he catches his foot

on the fallen book and begins to stumble, falling into the machine. There is a terrible grinding sound and then all is silent.

SILENCE

She slowly picks up the book and walks to the wall, removing Inventor's watch. She returns to Inventor and lifts his head into her lap, removing the music box from her purse and placing the box, watch, and book carefully in an arc before her.

SHE

[Surrounded by her most prized possessions, She intones...] *Domine Jesu, dimitte nobis debita nostra, salva nos ab igne inferni, perduc in caelum omnes animas, praesertim eas, quae misericordiae tuae maxime indigent.

**The Fatima Aspiration (O my Jesus): O my Jesus, forgive us our sins, save us from the fires of Hell: lead all souls to Heaven especially those who are most in need of your mercy.*

DEUS EX MACHINA

There is a blinding light and rising music. Suddenly, Inventor gasps to life. The couple embrace and race out of the Factory.

The stage is still. The small door of the machine flops open revealing a shiny new pocket watch. A voice is heard...

PACEMAKER

[Offstage] For my next trick, I'll need a volunteer from the audience. [Laughs]

Curtain falls.

END

"THE CABOT"

No ordinary building, The Cabot is a rare survivor. Only 250 similar movie palaces still exist out of an estimated 20,000 theaters built in the 1920s. But its future came into doubt when the Magic Company wound down and they placed the theater up for sale.

A Plan for the Future...

With an irreplaceable civic treasure at risk, a passionate group of Beverly citizens formed a nonprofit organization, Cabot Performing Arts Center, Inc., to operate as "The Cabot", a cultural center that will beat in the heart of 21st Century Beverly as the Ware Theatre did in the vaudeville era.

Recognizing a once-in-a-generation opportunity, the organizers' business plan is to open a renovated and revitalized Cabot and mobilize the community to join them. The new Cabot will present a rich variety of high-quality entertainment 350 days a year, in a friendly, historic and hospitable environment.

Estimated to host more than 100,000 visitors a year, this proposed film and concert performance center represents an opportunity to significantly enhance both the quality of life and the economic vitality of our community.



Recording dates (2015):

January: 9, 10, 11, 28

February: 24, 26, 28

March: 10, 14, 17, 23, 24

Principal recording:

Robert J. Bradshaw, recording engineer

THE CABOT

Cabot Performing Arts Center

Beverly, MA

REDFERN ARTS CENTER

Keene, NH

STUDIO 251

Gloucester, MA

Additional recording:

Benjamin Fraley, recording engineer

PERCUSSION STUDIO at Florida State University

Recorded by Benjamin Fraley (Fraley Productions)

Tallahassee, FL

Audio post-production / graphic design by STUDIO 251.

Soundscape / sound design, sequencing, and trumpet cues by Robert J. Bradshaw.

Additional cues by A. Reid Bradshaw and Sarah E. Bradshaw (sound design), and Benjamin Fraley (timpani).

Photography by Robert J. Bradshaw, A. Reid Bradshaw, and Roger Meissen (Arns).

Performed by:

Gillian Hurst, mezzo-soprano

Brendan Buckley, tenor

Gary Wood, baritone

Megan Arns, timpani

Bala Brass

EQUIPMENT

Microphones by Neumann, AKG, Audio Technica, and Rode.

Preamps by Presonus.

Recorded, mixed and mastered with Logic Pro.

Additional recording with Adobe Audition (Timpani).

Computers by Apple.

Cameras and lenses by Nikon.

James Ackley performed on a Yamaha YTR-9445CH trumpet, Monette C1-5 mouthpiece, and used Trumcor mutes.

Seelan Manickam performed on a Sonare C trumpet and Austin Custom Brass Flugelhorn.

Kristen Sienkiewicz performed on an Engelbert Schmid horn and used a Balu mute.

Robert Hoveland performed on a Greenhoe trombone and used Denis Wick straight and cup mutes and a Jo-Ral Bubble mute.

John Bottomley performed on a Kalison Akins/Leblanc CC Tuba and Dillon DCB-1185.

Megan Arns and Benjamin Fraley performed on Adams Dresden Classics Timpani.

Robert J. Bradshaw performed on a Bach LR180S37 Stradivarius trumpet, Warburton 4D 10" mouthpiece, and used a Shastock Solutone mute.

COSTUMING

John Bottomley's costume by Tina Blanksteen and Elaine Walker.

Megan Arns' costume by Christine Seitz, Associate Teaching Professor, Voice/Opera, University of Missouri.

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