

THE CALL OF THE SKIES

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*A new Haute Voltige Air Musical for pilots, planes and musicians
Live Performance and Original music score by Lily Horn Is Born*

Welcome to the secret world of angels of metal and feathers...

Lend us your ears, listen to their story, it speaks of a three dimensional world where dreams are only a wingspan away.



Scene I: THE CAGED DREAM

I think he had always loved birds...

Ever since life had given him wheels of iron, the little boy had been staring up at the sky, as though it were an inaccessible Nirvana.

Day after day, he watched the birds as they capered across the skies, admiring their wonderful insouciance.

How he would have loved to fly with them, to feel his body sliding through the air, truly as free as a bird!

But this was not what life had in store for him.



Scene II: REVELATION

So imagine his joy when he received for his birthday a little coloured aeroplane, carefully wrapped in tissue paper.

With his fingertips he launched it, he allowed the plane to twirl in the sky of his own room.

One loop, a second loop, flying upside down or in a spiral... anything was possible.

When he closed his eyes the little boy thought he could hear the air vibrating on the steel wings, he could beat the spirit of gravity, time seemed to stand still.



Scene III: AIRBORNE

But very soon the little aeroplane, which had a personality all of his own, grew tired of being a mere toy in the hands of a child.

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Imitating the birds... it was a disgrace for such a fine machine!

Why remain a vulgar plaything, when real life was waiting for him outside?

If only he could escape through the window he would rival the big cargo planes, explore the world, go off looking for adventures!

In other words he would achieve greatness!

This idea became such an obsession that, one night, he stole out between the curtains, carrying with his own ambitions the desires and dreams of his young friend.



Scene IV: TRIPS

Freedom! Finally he was free to go wherever he pleased!
Faraway lands seemed to be calling to him.

He got a job with a large transport company.
Day after day he took travellers to Vienna, Dubai, Trinidad or Ireland.

But as he travelled the planet started to seem very small, because he was always flying the same routes, always going to the same airports.

And when he began to confuse Shanghai with Tokyo, Paris and Zanzibar, he knew that the dream was over and had crumbled to dust.

He had become no more than a chauffeur for faceless passengers, a manager of automated systems, a simple puppet of the air trade.

"I am bored with comfortable straight lines!" he said. He then applied for a job as a sky acrobat.



Scene V: SHOWBIZ

Attracted to the glittering world of show business the little aeroplane jumped out of silence into the spotlight.

All hands reached out to touch him, a thunder of applause roared in the sky.
His talents as an artist of the air made him the most famous acrobat the world had ever seen.

However, the taste of competition became too bitter when it started providing more dollars than dreams.

Always lower for more money, was it the way to go for someone who wanted to fly higher?

In his eyes gold was nothing but a tool for creation, not an end in itself.

One day he became tired of this false glory and all the autograph signing that went with it.

There was something missing in his life: happiness, a transcendence which was obviously not part of the star system.

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Scene VI: DELUSION

But how to experience a transcendence?

Should it be necessary to strive for a glorious goal under extreme danger? If so, then he would put his whole soul into a common cause.

As a patriot, he decided to risk his life in the service of his country.
"From now on I'll be a hero, a hardliner", thought the little aeroplane.

"I'll taste the thrill of adrenalin at its very source."
"I'll be the eagle who protects the eyrie."

Fighting against the enemy, evil and terrorists...

A cold-blooded killer, he used the surprise attack as his main weapon.
Insidiously, his poetry had all turned to the colours of a "napalm sunset".
And his watchwords to precision and effectiveness.

Admittedly, going off on a mission in powerful, well-armed machines was exciting.
But it was all just a great illusion...

By the time he realised there would never be anything more exciting for him than a manhunt, he had lost all sense of compassion.

Consequently the causes he was fighting for lost their soul.

A soldier of peace or an involuntary torturer?
An immoral terrorist or a venerated martyr?
He no longer knew what he was.
Too many of his friends had died heroes' deaths, but so young...

And he saw the world spinning around.
As he was falling, medals weighed his body down.

He would have died if the light curtains of dreams had not cushioned his fall ...and if love had not sought him out.



Scene VII: FUSION

"Hello," said the little boy...
"I was sure you'd come back one day...
Happiness is to be found close to the people you love..."

"Hello," said the little aeroplane...
"Of course I've come back because I love you and I missed you.
But it's also because I wanted to tell you a secret..."

"Never lose your sense of humour, your hope and your respect for others!"

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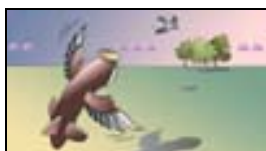
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Live even your hardest dreams, share your finest passions and, just when you least expect it, miracles will happen...”

“Please,” replied the little boy after thinking for a moment, “take me up towards the birds....”

And so the miracle happened...

The little boy left his iron chair and, with one lithe bound, he slid into the heart of the aeroplane.



Scene VIII: ANGELISM

In the fresh morning air, a solitary swallow was tracing crazy curves. No one had ever seen such transparency.

The little boy understood that his time had come. Exhilarated by this fantastic apparition, he threw himself towards his dream.

As he approached, the steel feathers mixed with the silk feathers, to the point where it became impossible to tell the bird from the aeroplane. The miracle had happened.

In the fresh morning air, two winged silhouettes combined their talents. In snaking arabesques, they wove the ballet of the future.



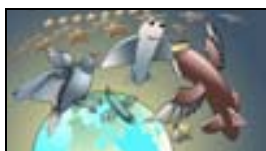
Scene IX: ANTIGRAVITY

Soon, the news spread and little aeroplanes began to arrive from all over the world: toys made of wood, plastic or iron.

Little aeroplanes, which someone had just thrown together any old how, all the pariahs, came over the oceans or crossed the continents.

On the wing, they fled through the windows of the towns, never again to play in the courtyards of the high and mighty; they were leaving useless pride behind them.

Each of their loops was like an additional soul, the cold mechanics gorging on life.



Scene X: FINALE

There, now you know the extraordinary fate of the metal and feather angels.

United by one dream, lighter than birds, they overcame the spirit of gravity. They became words for the poet, notes for the musician or a plough for the labourer.

And, because their desire was simple and pure, it thrilled the crowds.

So, ladies and gentlemen, may those of you who are here today carry forth the good news, spread the word that the dream is real and that you have seen it flying here. Thank you!