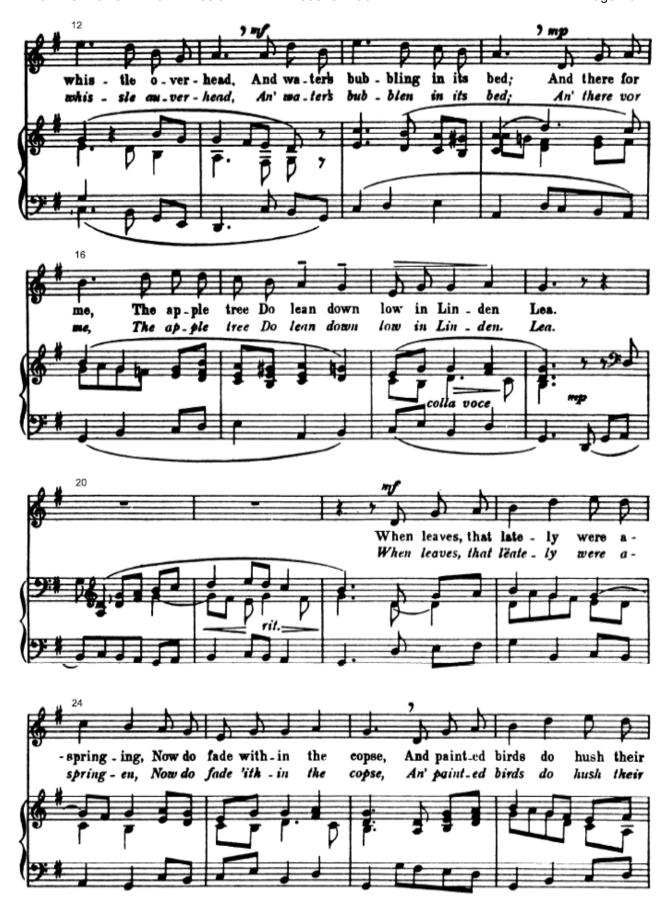
APPENDIX A









APPENDIX B

TRACK 10

Madamina, il catalogo è questo delle belle, che amò il padron mio; un catalogo egli è, che ho fatt'io. Osservate, leggete con me. In Italia seicento e guaranta, in Almagna duecento e trentuna, cento in Francia, in Turchia novantuna, ma in Ispagna son già mille a tre! V'han fra queste contadine, cameriere, cittadine, v'han contesse, baronesse, marchesine, principesse, e'vhan donne d'ogni grado, d'ogni forma, d'ogni età In Italia seicento e quaranta, in Almagna duecento e trentuna, cento in Francia, in Turchia novantuna, ma in Ispagna son già mille e tre!

My dear lady, this is a list of the beauties my master has loved, a list which I have compiled. Observe, read along with me. In Italy, six hundred and forty; in Germany, two hundred and thirty-one; a hundred in France; in Turkey ninety-one. In Spain already one thousand and three. Among these are peasant girls, maidservants, city girls, countesses, baronesses, marchionesses, princesses, women of every rank, every shape, every age. In Italy, six hundred and forty; in Germany, two hundred and thirty-one; a hundred in France; in Turkey ninety-one. In Spain already one thousand and three.

TRACK 11

Aprite un po' quegli occhi, uomini incauti e sciocchi, guardate queste femmine, guardate cosa son! Queste chiamate dee dagli ingannati sensi, a cui tributa incensi la debole ragion, ecc. Son streghe che incantano per farci penar, sirene che cantano per farci affogar, civette che allettano per trarci le piume, comete che brillano per toglierci il lume. Son rose spinose, son Volpi vezzose; son orse benigne, colombe maligne, maestre d'inganni, amiche d'affanni, che fingono, mentono, amore non senton, non senton pietà. No, no, no, no, no! Il resto nol dico, già ognuno lo sa.

Open your eyes for a moment, rash and foolish men, look at these women. look at what they are. You call them goddesses, with your befuddled senses, and pay them tribute with your weakened minds. They are witches who work spells to make you miserable, sirens who sing to make you drown, owls that lure you to pluck out your feathers, comets that flash to take away your light. They are thorny roses, cunning vixens, hugging bears, spiteful doves, masters of deceit, friends of trouble, who pretend, lie, feel no love, feel no pity, no, no, no, no, no! The rest I won't say, because everyone knows it already.

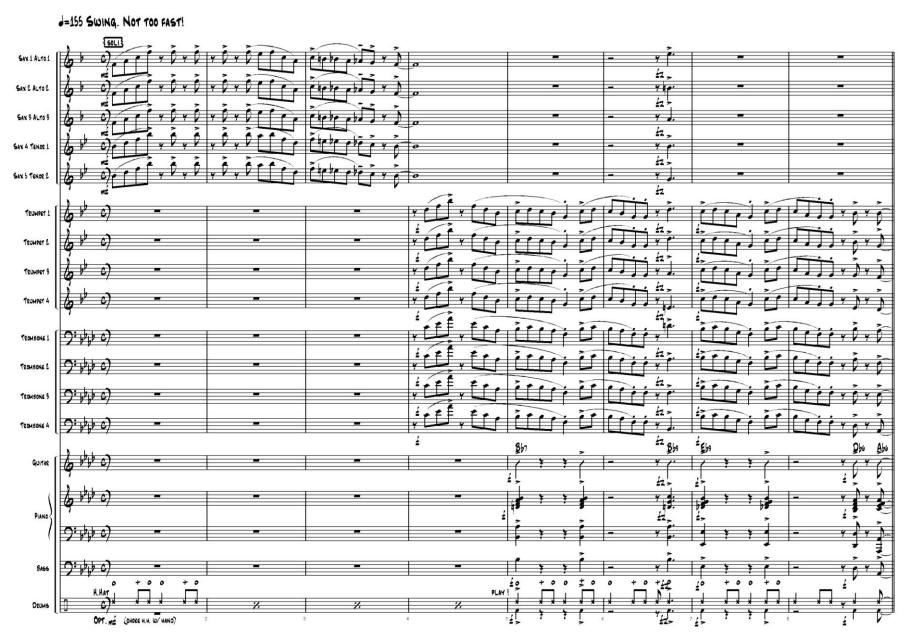
APPENDIX C



APPENDIX D



APPENDIX E





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