

PEDRO CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA

TO LOVE BEYOND DEATH

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The *Comedia* in Context

The “Golden Age” of Spain offers one of the most vibrant theatrical repertoires ever produced. At the same time that England saw the flourishing of Shakespeare on the Elizabethan stage, Spain produced prodigious talents such as Lope de Vega, Tirso de Molina, and Calderón de la Barca. Although those names may not resonate with the force of the Bard in the Anglophone world, the hundreds of entertaining, complex plays they wrote, and the stage tradition they helped develop, deserve to be better known.

The *Diversifying the Classics* project at UCLA brings these plays to the public by offering English versions of Hispanic classical theater. Our translations are designed to make this rich tradition accessible to students, teachers, and theater professionals. This brief introduction to the *comedia* in its context suggests what we might discover and create when we begin to look beyond Shakespeare.

COMEDIA AT A GLANCE

The Spanish *comedia* developed in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. As Madrid grew into a sophisticated imperial capital, the theater provided a space to perform the customs, concerns, desires, and anxieties of its citizens. Though the form was influenced by the Italian troupes that brought *commedia dell'arte* to Spain in the sixteenth century, the expansive corpus of the Spanish *comedia* includes not only comic plays, but also histories, tragedies, and tragicomedies. The varied dramatic template of the *comedia* is as diverse as the contemporary social sphere it reflects.

While the plays offer a range of dramatic scenarios and theatrical effects, they share structural and linguistic similarities. Roughly three thousand lines, they are usually divided into

three different *jornadas*, or acts. Plots move quickly across time and space, without much regard for the Aristotelian unities of action, time, and place. The plays are written in verse, and employ different forms for different characters and situations: a lover may deliver an ornate sonnet in honor of the beloved, while a servant offers a shaggy-dog story in rhymed couplets. The plays' language is designed for the ear rather than the eye, with the objective of pleasing an audience.

The *comedia* was performed in rectangular courtyard spaces known as *corrales*. Built between houses of two or three stories, the *corral* offered seating based on social position, including space for the nobles in the balconies, women in the *cazuela*, or stewpot, and *mosqueteros*, or groundlings, on patio benches. This cross-section of society enjoyed a truly popular art, which reflected onstage their varied social positions. A *comedia* performance would have included the play as well as songs, dances, and *entremeses*, or short comic interludes, before, after, and between the acts. As the first real commercial theater, the *corral* was the place where a diverse urban society found its dramatic entertainment.

WHAT'S AT STAKE ON THE *COMEDIA* STAGE?

Comedias offer a range of possibilities for the twenty-first century reader, actor, and audience. The plays often envision the social ambitions and conflicts of the rapidly-growing cities where they were performed, allowing a community to simultaneously witness and create a collective culture. In many *comedias*, the anonymity and wealth that the city affords allow the clever to transcend their social position, while wit, rather than force, frequently carries the day, creating an urban theater that itself performs urbanity. An important subset of *comedias* deal with topics from national history, exploring violence, state power, the role of the nobility, and religious and racial difference.

The *comedia* often examines social hierarchies that may be less rigid than they first appear. Whether the dominant mode of the play is comic, tragic, historical, or a mixture, its dramatic progression often depends on a balancing act of order and liberty, authority and transgression, stasis and transformation. The title of Lope de Vega's recently rediscovered *Women and Servants*, in which two sisters scheme to marry the servant-men they love rather than the noblemen who woo them, makes explicit its concerns with gender and class and provides a view of what is at stake in many of the plays. Individuals disadvantaged by class or gender often challenge the social hierarchy and patriarchy by way of their own cleverness. The *gracioso* (comic sidekick), the *barba* (older male blocking figure), and the lovers appear repeatedly in these plays, and yet are often much more than stock types. At their most remarkable, they reflect larger cultural possibilities. The *comedia* stages the conflicting demands of desire and reputation, dramatizing the tension between our identities as they are and as we wish them to be.

Among the many forms of passion and aspiration present in the *comedia*, female desire and agency are central. In contrast to its English counterpart, the Spanish stage permitted actresses to play female roles, thus giving playwrights the opportunity to develop a variety of characters for them. While actresses became famous, the powerful roles they played onstage often portrayed the force of female desire. In Lope's *The Widow of Valencia*, for example, the beautiful young widow Leonarda brings a masked lover into her home so as not to reveal her identity and risk her reputation or independence.

The presence of actresses, however, did not diminish the appeal of the cross-dressing plot. One of Tirso's most famous plays, *Don Gil of the Green Breeches*, features Doña Juana assuming a false identity and dressing as a man to foil the plans of her former lover, who is also

in disguise. Dizzying deceptions and the performance of identity are both dramatic techniques and thematic concerns in the plays. Gender, like class, becomes part of the structure the *comedia* examines and dismantles, offering a powerful reflection on how we come to be who we are.

REMAKING THE PLAYS IN OUR TIME

In Lope's witty manifesto, the *New Art of Making Plays in Our Time*, he advises playwrights to stick to what works onstage, including plots of honor and love, strong subplots, and—whenever possible—cross-dressing. For Lope, the delight of the audience drives the process of composition, and there is little sense in a craft that does not entertain the public. Lope's contemporaries followed this formula, developing dramas that simultaneously explore the dynamics of their society and produce spectacle. For this reason, early modern Hispanic drama remains an engaging, suspenseful, often comic—and new—art to audiences even 400 years later.

The *Diversifying the Classics* project at UCLA, engaged in translation, adaptation, and outreach to promote the *comedia* tradition, aims to bring the entertaining spirit of Lope and his contemporaries to our work. Rather than strictly adhering to the verse forms of the plays, we seek to render the power of their language in a modern idiom; rather than limiting the drama as a historical or cultural artifact, we hope to bring out what remains vibrant for our contemporary society. Given that these vital texts merit a place onstage, we have sought to facilitate production by carefully noting entrances, exits, and asides, and by adding locations for scenes whenever possible. Although we have translated every line, we assume directors will cut as appropriate for their own productions. We hope that actors, directors, and readers will translate our work further into new productions, bringing both the social inquiry and theatrical delight of the *comedia* to future generations of audiences.

A Note on the Playwright

Pedro Calderón de la Barca (1600-1681) is regarded as one of Spain's foremost dramatists. Born into a noble family with a longstanding history of service to the Spanish monarchy and the Catholic Church, he was educated at a Jesuit college in Madrid, and later at the University of Salamanca. Before joining the religious order of Saint Francis and being ordained a priest, he served in the Spanish army and was made a knight of the Order of Santiago by King Philip IV.

Calderón wrote from an early age until his death at age 81, penning over 100 plays. His body of work marks the second cycle of Spanish Golden Age theater, when the dramatic forms created earlier by Lope de Vega were polished and taken to new heights. Calderón enjoyed the patronage of the Spanish court, and so was able to develop and elaborate a more sophisticated stage machinery and design than his contemporaries. At the same time, his plays often dramatize Spain's political crises, perhaps fueled by his firsthand experiences at court. After his ordination, Calderón turned to writing *autos sacramentales* (a religious genre of theater unique to Spain).

Calderón's best-known plays today were written during the first half of his life. The earliest one documented, *Love, Honor, and Power* (*Amor, honor y poder*), was represented in 1623 in the Royal Palace, where many of his works would go on to be staged. Calderón's breakout success came a few years later with *The Phantom Lady* (*La dama duende*, written and staged in 1629), and by the early 1630s he was regarded by his peers as one of the greatest writers alive. Calderón's most famous play, *Life is a Dream* (*La vida es sueño*, first published in 1636), deals with such philosophical topics as the power of human will against destiny, and the deceptive nature of appearances. Although Calderón's so-called "wife-murder" plays are a small subset of his dramatic output, they persuaded foreign commentators that Spain was in the grip of a violent sense of honor—an image that has unfortunately proven persistent.

Introduction

Payton Phillips Quintanilla and Cheché Silveyra

To Love Beyond Death is a tragic historical drama by Pedro Calderón de la Barca, most likely written between 1630 and 1650 (Coenen 48, Devos 105). The play was first published in 1677 as *El Tuzaní de la Alpujarra* (*Tuzaní of the Alpujarra*) but its more widely accepted edition, published in 1691, calls it *Amar después de la muerte*, the title we have chosen for our translation. Both titles refer to the star-crossed romance of Clara Malec and Álvaro Tuzaní, as well as to Álvaro's plans to avenge the murder of his beloved. Still, the significance of this story extends far beyond an individual tale of love and revenge. The play is set in southern Spain during the Rebellion of the Alpujarra (1568-1571), when the Castilian Crown's project to eradicate all traces of Andalusí culture from the Kingdom of Granada sparked the armed resistance of the Moriscos—a blanket term applied to Iberian Muslims who were converted, often by force, to Christianity, as well as to their descendants. Dramatizing a moment when ethnic, religious, and cultural differences turned Spanish subjects against one another, *To Love Beyond Death* is as much about romantic love and devotion to family and community as it is about civil war and the violent emergence of a modern nation.

The play is also about a people and history that should not be forgotten. The rebellion in Granada fractured the already precarious relationship between a state that stood for “Old Christians”—those who claimed to have no Jewish or Muslim ancestry—and its converted “New Christian” subjects. The rupture would never be mended: decades later, Moriscos were expelled en masse from the Iberian Peninsula (1609-1614). Based largely on an account of the war by a soldier of the Crown, and composed by Calderón well after the expulsion of the Moriscos, *To Love* addresses issues that resonate today: trauma, historical memory, and social justice.

However, while this play challenges some stereotypes and received histories, it may be read as perpetuating others. Our goal here is to introduce both readers and theater practitioners to the play's historical and literary context, highlighting some of the unique opportunities and challenges presented by modern interpretations of this early modern tragedy.

THE MORISCOS AND THE REBELLION OF THE ALPUJARRA: HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

In 1492, Isabella of Castile and Ferdinand of Aragon (known as the Catholic Monarchs) conquered the Emirate of Granada, the last surviving polity of Al-Andalus (Islamic Iberia). This ended a centuries-long history of Muslim rule, which began in 711 with the Islamic conquest of the Iberian Peninsula. It was also the end of long campaigns by various Christian-ruled kingdoms to dominate the Peninsula, which resulted in an ever-shifting physical, cultural, and religious frontier. Of course, 1492 was also the year Christopher Columbus reached the Americas and the Catholic Monarchs expelled their kingdoms' Jewish subjects. 1492 thus ushered in the realities of the Hispanic world we know today, from its "New World" reach to its "Old World" diaspora.

Before relinquishing his kingdom, Muhammad XII—the last ruler of the Nasrid dynasty in Granada—negotiated the Treaty of Granada, which guaranteed important protections for his people, including the right to continue practicing Islam. While Granada's first archbishop envisioned a gradual process of conversion to Christianity, less-measured approaches prevailed. A violent conversion campaign soon destabilized the city, provoking a rebellion that stretched into the Alpujarra, a mountainous region southeast of Granada. The Catholic Monarchs exploited this unrest to revoke the terms of the treaty, and in 1501 they forced the people of Granada to choose between conversion and expulsion. Forced Christianization in other regions followed, and by 1526 the whole of what we now call Spain was at least nominally Catholic.

In the wake of these mass conversions, statesmen and churchmen tried to identify the external customs and behaviors that might reveal the true beliefs of the New Christians, reading cultural practices as signs of suspect religious loyalties and political allegiances. The Ottoman Empire's growing strength and influence in the Mediterranean exacerbated fears that the Moriscos might pose a domestic threat as a kind of fifth column. While Charles V approved a series of laws regulating the cultural practices of Moriscos throughout his kingdoms, he allowed Moriscos to delay their enforcement through financial contributions to the Crown.

Yet in the 1560's, under the new king, Philip II, the measures were revived. The resulting legislation, published in Granada on January 1, 1567, criminalized all manner of activities and traditions pertaining to the public and private lives of Moriscos, including a wide variety of Andalusí customs, from the oral or written use of Arabic (including Arabic names and the possession of Arabic texts), to practices of bathing, dress, and celebration. While the regulations were designed to eradicate remnants of Islam and, with it, a group identity that officials viewed as problematic or even dangerous, they also stripped the Moriscos—and most pointedly, Morisco nobles—of privileges afforded to their Old Christian counterparts, such as the rights to carry arms and own slaves. This reflected the fact that anxieties over difference between Old and New Christians often became anxieties over the *lack* of difference between the two groups, particularly at the upper levels of society.

After nearly two years of failed petitions to have the new decrees softened or revoked, the Morisco uprising began on Christmas Eve, 1568. What resulted was a civil war of unexpectedly devastating proportions. Though both sides committed excesses, the Crown's campaign was particularly brutal, characterized by pervasive rape and plunder. Some atrocities were carried out at the express command of military leaders, while others were committed when rank-and-file

soldiers dismissed their orders: there was money to be made in loot and slaves. When the rebellion failed in early 1571, most of Granada's surviving Moriscos were exiled to other parts of Castile for integration into Old Christian communities. Thousands more had already been sold into slavery. Morisco children were often separated from their parents by slavery, servitude, and deportation, and many parents fought long legal battles for their children's freedom and for family reunification.

In the four decades following the rebellion, debates continued to rage over just what to do with Spain's geographically and culturally diverse communities of New Christians. While the Moriscos had powerful Old Christian allies, they also astutely championed their own cause. Yet however Hispanicized the Moriscos became, they were still suspected of secretly practicing Islam—and indeed, many did attempt to recuperate or maintain their outlawed religion. In the end, Philip III was convinced by key advisors to undertake the mass expulsion of the Moriscos from Spain. The decision was criticized not just by Spaniards but also by the Vatican: the Crown of Castile, the Counter-Reformation power tasked with evangelizing the indigenous peoples of the Americas, was about to expel hundreds of thousands of indigenous Iberians—all of whom were baptized Catholics—to the Muslim-ruled lands of North Africa.

The expulsion took place between 1609 and 1614. Granada's Moriscos and their descendants, now spread throughout Castile, were among the last to be deported. But this does not mean that they completely disappeared from the Peninsula or, most poignantly, its imaginary. In addition to those who avoided deportation and others who managed to return, the Moriscos lived on in peninsular literature written about them, both before and after their expulsion. The sixteenth century genres of the *novela morisca* (Moorish novel or novella) and Morisco ballad, with their Muslim protagonists matching or exceeding the honor, nobility, and pageantry of

Christian knights, remained hugely popular, even as the trope of the romanticized Moor gave way to more critical visions of crypto-Muslims and Morisco rebels.

Authors as prominent as Miguel de Cervantes and Lope de Vega often employed Morisco characters in their visions of Spain to probe questions of national identity and belonging. But it was Ginés Pérez de Hita, a Murcian cobbler, who perhaps most profoundly engaged with the Morisco community in all of its dimensions, in life and on paper. Pérez de Hita lived and worked among New Christians and Old in a region of Spain deeply influenced by its Andalusí heritage, and his knowledge of and empathy for the Moriscos and their ancestors is evident in his writings. However, part of the power of his voice stems from the fact that he, like many young men of his day, joined the fight in the Alpujarra on the side of the Crown, personally witnessing—and participating in—the horrors of that civil war. His two masterpieces, the first and second parts of *The Civil Wars of Granada*, can be read as a response to the tragedy of the rebellion, as well as to his own part in it.

Part One of the *Civil Wars of Granada*, published in 1595, was a huge success in its time. Building on a long tradition of peninsular ballads to tell the story of the fall of Nasrid Granada, it is often considered both the apex of the *novela morisca* and the first modern European historical novel. Part Two, also known as *The War of the Moriscos of Granada*, was published posthumously in 1619, but never enjoyed the popularity of the first book. Lacking the novelistic ease and historical distance of Part One, this second installment is a raw portrayal of the civil war in the Alpujarra based on the author's own experiences, as well as on the first-hand accounts of other witnesses and combatants, including Moriscos.

Although many scholars read the second part of Pérez de Hita's *Civil Wars of Granada* as literature rather than history, its testimonial function is unquestionable. Pérez de Hita

masterfully tapped into the drama of a war that breached Spaniards' sense of decency and identity. One particularly poignant fusion of act and affect provided the inspiration for Pedro Calderón de la Barca's *To Love Beyond Death*: the star-crossed love of a young Morisco couple, Maleha—"Maleca" in Calderón—and Tuzaní. Pérez de Hita claims to have interviewed several Moriscos, including Tuzaní himself, to write this episode. If we take the author at his word, this story forms part of the post-rebellion, pre-expulsion oral history of the Moriscos. Intentionally or not, therefore, Calderón preserves this tradition on the Peninsula when the Moriscos could no longer do so themselves.

While Calderón takes certain artistic liberties with geography, chronology, and character profiles, often turning to compressions and composites, he is remarkably true to Pérez de Hita's text, which sought not only to recount the rebellion from various viewpoints, but also to explain its causes. In fact, the root of the rebellion is precisely where Calderón's play begins.

TO LOVE BEYOND DEATH: THE PLOTS

Act I begins in the city of Granada, where a group of Moriscos have gathered at a private home. Don Juan Malec, a noble Morisco elder and member of the local government, tells everyone of the anti-Morisco laws newly published by King Philip II. Malec explains that meetings like theirs are now illegal, and recounts how earlier that day, as he defended the rights of his people, he was offended by Don Juan de Mendoza, an Old Christian. Arguing that Mendoza has offended the honor of all Moriscos, Malec exhorts them to rebel.

Malec's daughter Clara wants to avenge the insult against her father, but the law forbids women from engaging in disputes of honor. Álvaro Tuzaní, who is in love with Clara, offers himself in matrimony: as her husband, he could exact the revenge she desires. Clara refuses: she

does not want to carry the stain of her family's honor into her marriage. Meanwhile, Don Fernando de Válor (another Morisco nobleman) and the local Magistrate suggest to Malec that his daughter should marry Mendoza: since bringing him into the family would make Mendoza simultaneously offender and offended, the union would cancel out the need to avenge the affront. Clara accepts the offer to marry Mendoza, as she secretly plans to murder him in revenge. Feeling rejected, Álvaro leaves the house and goes looking for Mendoza on his own account.

The noble Mendoza (now imprisoned in the Alhambra, Granada's palace-fortress, for offending Malec) and the soldier Garcés discuss the earlier events and the rising tensions between Old and New Christians. Isabel Tuzaní, Álvaro's sister and Mendoza's lover, pays a visit to the prisoner, but hides when her brother arrives. As Álvaro seeks to redress Malec's honor, he fights Mendoza, but they are interrupted by the arrival of Válor and the Magistrate. They propose to Mendoza the idea of marrying Clara to amend the affront to her family. Mendoza scoffs at the plan: from his perspective, even though the Malecs are of royal Andalusí lineage, he is still superior to them by virtue of his Old Christian ancestry. The act ends with Álvaro and Válor announcing plans for revenge against the Christians.

Act II is set in the Alpujarra, about three years later. The proud and arrogant Don Juan de Austria, Philip II's half-brother, has been charged with pacifying the Morisco rebellion. Mendoza warns him of the dangers of underestimating the enemy, and relates that Fernando de Válor has been declared "King of the Moriscos," changing his name to Abenhumeya. As the new king, Abenhumeya imposes Islam on his subjects, and the Morisco characters Arabize their names: Álvaro goes solely by Tuzaní; Isabel, now married to Abenhumeya, is called Lidora; and Clara becomes Maleca.

As the Christians discuss the best strategy for the attack, Garcés returns to camp with a Morisco captive named Alcuzcuz—a local merchant and the play’s *gracioso* (comic relief character)—who promises to reveal a secret entrance into the Morisco camp in exchange for his life. Though ordered to imprison him, Garcés secretly takes Alcuzcuz to the mountains, hoping to impress his commanders by scouting out the secret entrance himself. Instead, the *gracioso* tricks Garcés and runs away with his food and wine. Meanwhile, pursued by Morisco troops, Garcés hides in a cave where he finds a natural mineshaft under the town of Galera that can be packed with explosives to destroy the city’s defenses.

Garcés returns to camp with this intelligence, and Don Juan de Austria decides to attack Galera first. Meanwhile, Malec marries his daughter, Maleca, to Tuzaní in Abenhumeya’s palace, but the celebration is soon interrupted by the sound of Christian war drums. Abenhumeya assigns his most trusted people to defend the three main rebel strongholds: the king himself will defend the town of Berja; Tuzaní, Gabia; and Malec, Galera. The newly wedded Maleca must go with her father to Galera, but Tuzaní promises that he will ride every night to see her.

As promised, Tuzaní arrives in Galera that night to see Maleca. He is accompanied by Alcuzcuz, whom he leaves outside the walls to watch over the mare they rode to the city. But Alcuzcuz gets drunk and allows the mare to escape. The Christian advance forces Tuzaní to return to Gabia, and though he wants to bring Maleca with him, without the mare he cannot do so and still reach Gabia in time to defend it. As he weighs love versus honor, Maleca encourages him to go without her.

Act III begins the following day, when Tuzaní returns to Galera. He arrives as the Christians detonate the explosives in the mineshaft. With the defensive wall compromised, the Spanish army storms Galera, killing Malec and fatally wounding Maleca. As the Christians loot

the town, Tuzaní finds his wife. With her last breath, Maleca reveals that she was killed for her jewels by a Spanish soldier, and Tuzaní vows to exact revenge against the unknown murderer.

After destroying Galera, Don Juan de Austria is convinced by his advisors that the best way to proceed is with mercy. Mendoza is tasked with offering amnesty in the court of Abenhumeya: if the Moriscos surrender, they will be forgiven; if not, they will suffer the fate of those in Galera. Meanwhile, Tuzaní and Alcuycuz disguise themselves and infiltrate the Christian camp, looking for Maleca's murderer. They find a group of soldiers playing cards, betting with the loot taken from Galera. Tuzaní identifies the jewels that he had given Maleca at their wedding and offers to buy them, on the condition that the soldiers reveal who had taken them.

The exchange is interrupted when a fight begins offstage. Garcés, who is at the center of it, kills a soldier and then finds himself surrounded and outnumbered. Moved by his sense of fairness, Tuzaní intervenes to defend Garcés. For this he is incarcerated, along with Garcés and Alcuycuz. In jail, Garcés thanks Tuzaní for saving his life, and promises to return the favor. The two men strike up a conversation, but as they speak, Tuzaní realizes that Garcés is Maleca's murderer. After eliciting a confession, Tuzaní takes out a concealed knife and stabs Garcés in the chest.

Tuzaní escapes, but is soon chased down by Christian soldiers and Don Juan de Austria himself. Isabel appears atop a wall to announce that Abenhumeya, her husband and king, has been murdered by his own guards. She surrenders the Alpujarra to Don Juan de Austria, and begs him to pardon her brother, Tuzaní. Don Juan de Austria agrees, praising the undying love of the Morisco for his murdered wife.

BEYOND RELIGION: THE POWER OF LANGUAGE, CLASS, AND GENDER

To Love Beyond Death deals with complicated questions of religious and ethnic difference in sixteenth-century Spain, which were primarily exhibited through language and customs.

However, these can't be separated from questions of class and gender, which so profoundly influenced early modern lives and their corresponding liberties. Although Calderón may represent the plight of the Moriscos and the diversity of their communities sympathetically, he wrote from the point of view of the victors—Old Christian males—long after the Moriscos had been summarily expelled from Spain. Thus translating the play, as well as staging it today, inevitably brings up ethical questions around representation.

The dialectal speech of the *gracioso* Alcuzcuz—an example of the Morisco “jargon” written for the Spanish stage (Devos 101-105)—is a good example of the delicacy required in a modern production. Alcuzcuz is presented as a faithful, albeit flawed Muslim who continually evokes Islamic and Andalusí culture and customs, in what often seem to be designed as comical moments. He also mocks his Old Christian foes in an irregular Castilian that is meant to represent the imperfect acculturation of the Morisco population. This makes him a stand-in for the native Arabic speakers—as indigenous to the Iberian Peninsula as the Christian population colonizing Granada—on whom Spanish was imposed, and whose native tongue was suddenly made illegal. Not yet proficient in Castilian, the language of the conquerors, Alcuzcuz must negotiate a path between the impositions of empire and the demands of resistance.

In his struggle to speak the language of the colonizer, Alcuzcuz carries in his speech the marks of an unwanted and feared “other.” Given that he is a Muslim character—and in many ways, a caricature—in a play written by a Christian playwright in seventeenth century Spain, certain acts of ventriloquism should be expected. In the original text, for example, Alcuzcuz

refers to the holy book of Islam, al-Qur'an, as "alacrán" (Coenen v. 230), a phonetically similar word that in Spanish means "scorpion." The exchange—designed to be comical, but actually as poisonous as the arachnid in question—reinforces Alcuycuz's social marginality by emphasizing his ethnic and religious difference.

Yet Alcuycuz's speech is also a matter of social class, as is so much in this play. In the *comedia*, the *gracioso* is generally a character from the lower social classes who works as a servant for the nobility. These sidekicks often use their position to manipulate the actions of their masters, just as the playwrights often manipulate the *graciosos* to advance the plot. As an Arabic-speaking Muslim, Alcuycuz is in an even more precarious position than most *graciosos*. It is not surprising, then, that Calderón utilizes the follies of this character to set up both the siege of Galera and Clara's unfortunate presence in it. At the same time, Calderón also emphasizes the *lack* of difference between the majority of his Old and New Christian characters. Tuzaní, for instance, is of noble lineage and high social standing, as well as fully bicultural—which allows him to carry out his revenge. He infiltrates the royal forces while disguised as an Old Christian. If Tuzaní could so easily pass for an Old Christian, how different could he really be? Or was it this lack of difference that made him so dangerous?

The war against the Moriscos in the Alpujarra had, at its core, the need to legitimize the occupation of southern Spain by Christian forces, and to bring the indigenous community—and particularly its nobles—into submission. The brutality with which the uprising was quelled by the Crown profoundly influenced Calderón's *comedia*. In just one of the many examples of how Calderón reveals—and in so doing, condemns—the dehumanization of Moriscos and the violence of their oppressors, the Old Christian character Mendoza, showing signs of remorse for having offended Malec, is rebuked by the soldier Garcés: "Don't apologize. / You did well to

strike Malec. / A New Christian should not think / that being old will protect him / if he dares to cross a Mendoza” (vv. 547-551). In this atmosphere of profound anti-Morisco sentiment, Garcés foreshadows the ferocity of the Christian attack against the city of Galera when he vows to take the life of every inhabitant, “...without mercy for the young, / clemency for the old, or respect for the women” (vv. 1712-1713). In fact, the emotional arc of this story revolves around Clara’s murder in Galera, a stand-in for the many Moriscas who were raped, killed, and enslaved during the rebellion.

While female characters in *comedias* were often victims of physical and sexual violence, as was historically the case, Calderón and his contemporaries also endowed women with a nuanced, yet extraordinary agency. In *To Love*, Calderón gestures toward the agency of his characters’ real-life Morisca counterparts, who actively fought for their homes and their families, both by taking up arms and advocating for peace. The character of Isabel Tuzaní is a good example: in the first act, she is a Catholic Morisca engaged in a secret love affair with Mendoza, an Old Christian who has shunned her people. In the second act, she is a renegade (a convert from Christianity to Islam) married to Fernando de Válor, the newly proclaimed king of the Moriscos. Now called Lidora and Abenhumeya, this royal couple subversively mirrors Isabella and Ferdinand, the Old Christian monarchs who conquered Granada. Despite Isabel’s apparent docility and religious fluidity, at the end of the play she proclaims herself to be a faithful Catholic who was kept in the Alpujarra and made to adhere to Islam against her will. When she surrenders the crown of Abenhumeya to the Don Juan de Austria, in one fell swoop she saves her brother, Álvaro Tuzaní, and ends the civil war.

Behind this duality of Isabel/Lidora lies the tension between early modern Christian—and, indeed, Muslim—notions of gender, which idealized women’s chastity and domesticity, and

women's ability to take on political agency, a capacity traditionally assigned to men. On the one hand, Isabel brings onto the stage a series of historical facts about Moriscos that were convenient for her Old Christian playwright: there were those who had truly converted to Christianity; those who, regardless of their private religious convictions, were loyal to the Crown; and those who were forced to rebel, whether at the hands of Morisco combatants or in self-defense against Old Christian aggressors. On the other hand, Isabel—like her namesake the Catholic Queen—demonstrates that women can transgress traditional gender roles and wield political power.

This contradiction is also visible in the character of Clara Malec, though in a more subversive manner. In the beginning, when she discovers that Mendoza dishonored her father, and that a daughter cannot avenge him, Clara complains that women “can deprive father and husband / of their honor,” presumably through their sexual transgressions, “yet never grant it to them” (vv. 245-246). She goes on to proclaim, “Had I been born a man, / Granada and the whole world would see / whether that Mendoza would be / as arrogant and daring / to a young man as to an old one” (vv. 247-251). While technically correct—though any social or sexual deviance by women could ruin a family's name, the law precluded them from seeking redress—Clara decides to marry Mendoza so she can get close to him and kill him in revenge. This means knowingly sacrificing her own life and happiness—and any future hope of marrying her true love, Tuzaní—for her family's honor.

Although Clara's plan would not come to fruition, the idea that women can, indeed, affect honor is pursued through two different avenues at the very moment of her death. First, when she believes she is talking to her killer, Clara insults his honor by accusing him of having “neither pity nor resolve— / no pity, because you wounded me, / no resolve, because you won't end my life” (vv. 2114-2116). Then, when Clara realizes she is speaking to a Morisco (but does

not yet know it is her husband, Tuzaní), she exposes the true motives behind her murder and, by extension, much of the violence perpetrated by Old Christians in the Alpujarra: money. Neither religion nor politics—and in this case, not even sexual desire or the desire for power through sex—lead to the murder of Clara. She is killed, quite simply, to satisfy Garcés’s greed. With her final breaths, rather than confessing her sins, Clara testifies against her killer, ensuring that her death will be avenged.

To Love Beyond Death dramatizes a civil war driven as much by religious and ethnic differences as by political and economic motivations. The defeat of the uprising played a key role in the consolidation of Spain’s identity and its imperial expansion. While Philip II, self-proclaimed defender of the Church against heretics and infidels, promoted a national myth of “pure” Christian heritage, historians systematically occluded Spain’s Moorish past and promoted instead ancient Gothic and Roman roots. The Moriscos themselves came to be seen by many as a threat to State and Church authority—one that needed to be swiftly and completely eradicated. For these reasons, recuperating the voices and representing the stories of Moriscos was a powerful gesture in Calderón’s day, and continues to be so in our own.

OCCUPYING THE STAGE: *TO LOVE*’S RECENT PERFORMANCE HISTORY

While the specific historical context of *To Love* may be new to some of our readers, much of its rhetoric is unfortunately familiar. In recent years, Islamophobic rhetoric has openly and purposefully been employed in many Western nations, with devastating results for Muslims, their families, and their communities. *To Love* contests early modern Islamophobia by placing on stage the bodies and perspectives of the vanquished and the displaced, yet it can also be

employed to open up dialogues about interfaith and interethnic relations today. Indeed, this has already occurred through two productions in Spain.

Apparently unproduced through most of the twentieth century, *To Love* returned in 1993 with a production by Teatro Corsario of Valladolid. During a time of unprecedented immigration to Spain from North Africa, the company presented their production as a direct response to xenophobia in Spanish society, as well as to violent inter-ethnic and inter-religious conflicts beyond the Peninsula (Urdiales 4). However, Corsario also evoked Spain's longstanding colonial presence in North Africa by setting their production—through set, props, and costumes—in late nineteenth-century Morocco, when Spain quashed another uprising, and confirmed its military control over the cities of Ceuta and Melilla. The relevance of this dramaturgical decision is clear: Ceuta and Melilla remain sites of political conflict and large-scale immigration crises today.

In 2005, Madrid's Compañía Nacional de Teatro Clásico (CNTC) also pointed to xenophobia as a perennial issue that they hoped to address through their production of *To Love* (Vasco 7, Pallín 9-10). Theirs was an especially tense moment in Spain, as the performances took place the year following a devastating terrorist attack in Madrid: on March 11, 2004, nearly 200 people died and another 2,000 were injured when Islamic extremists detonated explosives on four commuter trains during the morning rush-hour. Al-Andalus—as an integral part of Spain's identity on the one hand, and as an inspiration for *jihād* on the other—featured all too prominently in the national conversation. The CNTC opted to magnify the presence of Muslim characters and Islamic practices onstage, even when absent from Calderón's text, thus presenting an implicit plea not to repeat a discriminatory and reactionary history in the face of a national tragedy.

Both Teatro Corsario and the CNTC's productions of *To Love* were widely received as appropriate and constructive responses to Spain's long history of ethno-religious strife. They also point to how racializing discourses can be used to obscure the political and economic motives behind domestic and international conflicts. We hope that our translation will afford English-language artists and audiences the opportunity to explore and reflect upon these themes as well.

OUR TRANSLATION

Our translation is based on Erik Coenen's 2008 critical edition of the play. There is considerable confusion and debate around the date of the play's composition, as well as the authenticity, content, and even the titles of its earliest editions (Coenen 47-62). While we don't know when Calderón wrote *Amar*, Coenen dates it sometime before 1650. He also cites evidence that *To Love* may have been performed in or around 1660, but explains that this production would not have been its premiere. Calderón himself condemned the 1677 *El Tuzaní de la Alpujarra*, which was published twice that year without his permission or collaboration, and with important defects. In publishing a posthumous 1691 edition titled *Amar después de la muerte*, Juan Vera Tassis greatly improved upon that earlier text, but it is not known whether he worked from a version of the play that has since been lost, or if the revisions were his own. Still, the Vera Tassis version lacks key passages present in the 1677 editions and, in some cases, offers inferior emendations. Therefore, while Coenen bases his edition in the 1691 publication by Vera Tassis, he incorporates aspects of the 1677 editions as well.

It should also be noted that there are two extant English translations of *Amar*, both titled *Love After Death*. The first is Denis Florence McCarthy's, published in London in 1853. The second is Roy Campbell's, edited and prepared by Eric Bentley after the translator's death, and

published in 1959. While both translations are admirable, they are also both constricted by the translators' decision to adhere strictly to rhyme and meter. We believe that *To Love*, which is both timely and timeless, deserves this new translation.

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Pronunciation Key

Each vowel in Spanish has just one sound. They are pronounced as follows:

a - AH
e - EH
i - EE
o - OH
u - OO

The underlined syllable in each word is the accented one.

DON ÁLVARO TUZANÍ: DOHN AHL-VAH-ROH TOO-ZAH-NEE
DON JUAN MALEC: DOHN HOO-AHN MAH-LEHC
DON FERNANDO DE VÁLOR: DOHN FEHR-NAHN-DOH DEH VAH-LOHR
ALCUZCUZ: AHL-COOZ-COOZ
CADÍ: CAH-DEE
DON JUAN DE MENDOZA: DOHN HOO-AHN DEH MEHNDOHZAH
LORD DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA: DOHN HOO-AHN DEH OWS-TREE-AH
DON LOPE DE FIGUEROA : DOHN LOH-PEH DEH FEE-GUEH-ROH-AH
DON ALONSO DE ZÚÑIGA: DOHN AH-LOHN-SOH DEH SOO-NHI-GAH
GARCÉS: GAHR-CEHS
DOÑA ISABEL TUZANÍ: DOHN-NEEAH EE-SAH-BEHL TOO-ZAH-NEE
DOÑA CLARA MALEC: DOHN-NEEAH CLAH-RAH MAH-LEHC
BEATRIZ: BEH-A-TREES
INÉS: EE-NEHS

GRANADA: GRAH-NAH-DAH
GALERA: GAH-LEH-RAH

Persons who speak in the play

DON ÁLVARO TUZANÍ
DON JUAN MALEC, *old man*
DON FERNANDO DE VÁLOR, *also ABENHUMEYA*
ALCUZCUZ, *Morisco*
CADÍ, *old Morisco*
DON JUAN DE MENDOZA
LORD DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA
DON LOPE DE FIGUEROA
DON ALONSO DE ZÚÑIGA, *magistrate*
GARCÉS, *soldier*
DOÑA ISABEL TUZANÍ, *also LIDORA*
DOÑA CLARA MALEC, *also MALECA*
BEATRIZ, *servant, also ZARA*
INÉS, *servant*
A SERVANT
MORISCOS
MORISCAS
CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS
MORISCO SOLDIERS

ACT I

SCENE 1

A room in CADÍ's house, in Granada

Enter as many MORISCOS as possible with CADÍ and ALCUZCUZ, dressed in Morisco fashion, with cloaks and culottes, and the MORISCAS in white doublets,¹ with musical instruments

CADÍ ²	Are the doors locked?	
ALCUZCUZ	All doors closed now.	
CADÍ	Let no one enter without giving the sign, and let the festivities begin. We will celebrate Friday, the day of our people, away from prying Christian eyes. Though we live among them in wretched captivity, we keep our ceremonies, safe from their abuse and censure.	5
EVERYONE	Yes!	10
ALCUZCUZ	All to pieces I'll go if join the dance.	
MORISCO	<i>(Sings)</i> Though woefully bound in captivity, by Allah's divine mystery this empire of African ancestry ³ decries its miserable destiny.	15
ALL	<i>Long live His law!</i>	
MORISCO	<i>(Sings)</i> Long live the glorious memory of that celebrated victory when Spain once found true liberty in its own captivity.	20
ALL	<i>Long live His law!</i> ⁴	

¹ Traditional dress, music, festive gatherings, and even the use of Arabic were all aspects of Morisco culture that came under increasing persecution over the course of the sixteenth century. Laws against Morisco cultural practices were passed in 1526, but their implementation was often delayed or softened. In the play, new and even more repressive laws are being announced, which will lead to the Morisco uprising in the Alpujarra. See Introduction.

² Cadí, though used here as a proper noun, refers to a key figure of social and religious authority in Muslim communities, akin to a judge.

³ Calderón here associates the Moriscos with Africa and makes them into Spain's others, emphasizing their foreignness.

⁴ "Law" in this context is often used for faith or religion.

a hundred blows from the constable
will rain on my belly here. 50
What a shame, if on belly of Alcuzcuz
a stick lands
instead of couscous.

ALCUZCUZ opens the door, and DON JUAN MALEC enters

MALEC Have no fear. 55

CADÍ My lord Don Juan,
whose famous Malec blood
made you a councilor of Granada⁶
despite your African lineage—
you, in my house, like this? 60

MALEC I come with good reason:
suffice it to say
that my misfortunes
dragged me here today.

CADÍ *(Aside)* He must be here to reprimand us. 65

ALCUZCUZ Could be worse!
Reprimanded better than remanded.

CADÍ What is your command?

MALEC Recover, my friends,
from the fright I have given you. 70

Today at the City Council,
the president, from his chambers,
posted a letter that came
from King Philip himself,
for the city to carry out
what he orders there. 75

The secretary read it aloud:
all its instructions,
every last thing it ordered,
herald your harm. 80

How right they are to call
fortune time's partner:
both move ever forward,
on wing and on wheel,

⁶ In the original, "Veinticuatro" ("Twenty-Four"). These were municipal positions equivalent to mayors or aldermen, awarded based on social position.

never stopping, 85
 for good or for evil.
 There were new laws,
 as well as some passed before,
 now more insistent.
 They stipulated that none 90
 of the African nation—
 cold ash of that invincible flame
 in which Spain itself once burned—
 should ever celebrate or feast,
 wear silks, or meet at the baths. 95
 Nor should Arabic be spoken
 in any house, but only Castilian.
 Since I was the eldest,
 I was charged with speaking first.
 I said, though the law was just, 100
 and it was a pious move
 to leave African customs behind,⁷
 that there was no reason
 to do it in such a rage,
 and therefore, that in this case 105
 we should proceed with restraint,
 for violence prevails
 where custom is lacking.
 Don Juan de Mendoza,
 scion of that noble house 110
 of the great Marquess of Mondéjar,
 next spoke, saying
 “Don Juan Malec speaks too passionately—
 nature calls him to look after his own, and so
 he would pardon and postpone 115
 any punishment for the Moriscos,
 a people vile, humble, and low.”
 “My lord Don Juan de Mendoza,” I said,
 “when Spain lay captive
 within her own bounds, 120
 oppressed by the Moors,⁸
 Christians lived among them—
 those we now call Mozarabs.⁹
 They feel no shame
 or insult from this past, 125

⁷ Moriscos fought back against these discriminatory laws by arguing that the customs they forbade reflected longstanding regional traditions, not religion.

⁸ *Moro* is an umbrella term commonly used to refer to Muslims, but it also carries connotations of North African (Maghrebi) descent.

⁹ Iberian Christians who lived under Moorish rule in Al-Andalus.

for an ill fortune well borne
 can ennoble and exalt
 more than one we master.
 And as far as being a humble,
 battered and enslaved people: 130
 those who were once Moorish lords
 are no less than the Christian ones,
 from the day they received
 the holy Catholic faith
 with the water of baptism, 135
 especially those, like myself,
 who are descended from kings.”
 “Ah, yes,” he said,
 “but from Moorish kings.”
 “No less royal for that,” 140
 I said, “for Válores, Zegríes,
 Venegas, Granadas,
 are all Christian now.”
 One harsh word led to another.
 Since we’d left our swords outside,¹⁰ 145
 all we could do was hold our ground.
 Cursèd be the day!
 We may have had no swords,
 but, alas, we had our tongues,
 far more dangerous weapons, 150
 for wounds heal better than insults.
 I may have said something
 that forced him in his pride—
 I tremble to speak of it—
 to take the cane from my hands 155
 and—unwonted misery—
 to use it...but enough—
 some things are harder
 to speak of than to endure.
 This affront in your defense, 160
 this offense I suffered for your sake,
 touches all of us alike,
 for I’ve no son who might
 seek revenge for these white hairs,
 but only a daughter, a consolation 165
 that brings more worry than relief.
 So, my brave Moriscos,
 noble relics of Africa!
 The Christians want nothing

¹⁰ Though the sword was a sign of nobility, the law forbade carrying weapons inside the City Council and the room where the councilors met.

	more than to enslave you.	170
	Yet the Alpujarra ¹¹ is ours— that mountain range that proudly rises up to meet the sun. Teeming with villages, it swells with rocks and forests.	175
	Every town seems to sail on waves of silver. Indeed, even their names invoke the sea: aside from Berja, there's Galera the galley, and Gabia the topsail. ¹²	180
	That's where we should secure our weapons and supplies. Choose a leader of ancient, noble lineage, descendant of the Umayyads— ¹³	185
	there's no shortage of them in Castile. From slaves, become masters, while I, through my best efforts, will persuade everyone that it is base and ignoble	190
	to share in my insult, but not in my revenge.	
CADÍ	As for me, in this your endeavor...	
MORISCO 2	As for me, in this action you plan...	
CADÍ	...I will stake my life and riches.	195
MORISCO 2	...I will offer my life and soul.	
MORISCO 1	We all speak with one voice.	
A MORISCA	And I, in the name of all the Moriscas of Granada, offer our jewels and fine clothes.	200

Exit DON JUAN MALEC and various MORISCOS

¹¹ A mountainous region southeast of Granada, which forms part of the Sierra Nevada.

¹² These towns are central to the action in Acts II-III. In reality, only one—Berja—is located in the Alpujarra, and Gabia was not involved in the revolt. Calderón creates a consolidated geography that supports the nautical imagery woven throughout the play, with two of the towns' names invoking ships.

¹³ The Umayyad Caliphate ruled in the Iberian Peninsula from 929 CE to 1031 CE, an era characterized by an expansion of trade and culture.

ALCUZCUZ	<p>And me, I only have a little shop on Bibarrambla—¹⁴ for oil, vinegar, figs, nuts, almonds, raisins, onions, garlic, peppers, ribbons, brooms, thread, needles, pouches of white paper or brown, spices, tobacco, belts, rods, feathers to make quills, seals for your letters— I vow to cart it all on my back, all its trifles, and if my hopes come true, I'll find myself Marquess, Duke or Count of all the Alcuzcuzes.</p>	<p>205</p> <p>210</p> <p>215</p>
MORISCO 1	Hush, you fool.	
ALCUZCUZ	I'm no madman.	
MORISCO 2	If not mad, then drunk.	220
ALCUZCUZ	<p>Not drunk, for lord Muhammad instructs in his holy book not to drink al-cohol,¹⁵ and in my life, I have never laid eyes upon it. If I enjoy it ever, so as not to break custom, I pour it through my beard.</p>	225

Exit all

¹⁴ Plaza Bibarrambla is one of the main squares in Granada. Here, Alcuzcuz embodies the stereotype of the humble Morisco shopkeeper, one of the occupations associated with what was by the time of the play's action a persecuted group.

¹⁵ Much of Alcuzcuz's humor derives from using words of Arabic origin (which we gesture toward here with the spelling of alcohol) and/or mispronouncing Castilian words with a supposed Arabic accent. In our translation, we have marked his speech as that of a proficient though non-native speaker, without attempting to reproduce the complicated jargon of the original Spanish. We chose to omit one phrase from this speech because of its unseemly and untranslatable reference to the Qur'an. See Introduction.

SCENE 2

A room in MALEC's house

Enter DOÑA CLARA and BEATRIZ, a servant

DOÑA CLARA	Let me weep, Beatriz, at such troubles as these.	230
	Let my eyes express my sorrow and grief. Since I cannot kill the one who tarnished my name let me at least suffer	235
	the dishonor I inherit. If I cannot kill, then at least let me die. How stingy nature proves with all of us women!	240
	At most, she gives us wit, and beauty to make honor trip, instead of securing it. What is worse than knowing we can deprive father and husband	245
	of their honor, yet never grant it to them? Had I been born a man, Granada and the whole world would see whether that Mendoza would be as arrogant and daring	250
	to a young man as to an old one. I'm half-tempted to tell him he won't be spared, though I'm a woman, for one who fought an old man will surely fight a woman too.	255
	But these are empty words, born of mad hopes. Oh, if only I could take revenge into my own hands!	260
	And all the greater is my sorrow to see myself in such straits, for in one day I have lost both a father and a husband! Don Álvaro Tuzaní will no longer want me for his wife now.	265

Enter DON ÁLVARO and exit BEATRIZ

DON ÁLVARO It seems a bad omen,

	my beautiful Clara, given how much I love you, to hear my name on your lips as you weep so.	270
	For if your words echo what you feel in your heart, then surely they voice your sorrows. Am I that sorrow, then, which you cast out with your tears?	275
DOÑA CLARA	Indeed, I cannot deny my soul is full of sorrows, and you not the least of them. Now that Heaven's come between us, one might say you're chief among them. For my love for you is so great that I will not marry you, to spare you from a wife whose father is dishonored.	280
DON ÁLVARO	Clara, do you not recall how I've cherished your love, how respectfully I've adored you? I beg your forgiveness for having come to you here before avenging you as I must. If I've put it off, it's only for your sake. The laws of dueling aren't meant for women's ears, yet allow me at least to console your great grief. For in fact you need neither weep nor lament like this. Where there are no swords, an injurious act can neither aggrieve, offend, nor affront, especially before the law. Yet that is not what brings me here. I can offer an explanation for coming into this house before giving your father satisfaction by running Mendoza through. Everyone knows that revenge requires the offended man to kill the one who offended him,	285 290 295 300 305 310

or for his son or younger brother
 to do so in his stead.
 And so that honor will find
 its desired revenge,
 I have come to ask for your hand. 315
 For once I am Malec's son,
 I shall give him satisfaction.
 That is all I've come for, Clara,
 and if I had never yet
 dared ask for your hand, 320
 for I was born far too poor,
 now, given what your father has suffered,
 his offense can be your dowry,
 which it would be wise to grant me,
 for the whole world knows 325
 insults are a poor man's lot.

DOÑA CLARA

I do not wish to remind you,
 Don Álvaro, when I weep,
 of the true love that I bear you,
 nor of my faithful devotion. 330
 Nor would I say
 I die twice offended today,
 nor that I yield to your affection,
 nor that, upon loving reflection,
 you are the life of my soul 335
 and the soul of my life.
 No. I only wish to say,
 amid such confusion and strife,
 though I'd once have been your slave,
 I cannot now be your wife. 340
 For if you did not dare ask then
 for my hand as you do today,
 I would not have anyone say,
 that this is what it took.
 I did not think I deserved you 345
 when I was rich and honorable.
 Yet as you were my great joy,
 I kept my doubts to myself.
 Today favor turns to reproach,
 as the world is my witness. 350
 Did you need me dishonored,
 my lord, in order to wed me?

DON ÁLVARO

I do so to avenge you.

DOÑA CLARA I fear for you, and so release you.

DON ÁLVARO But is this not, Clara, how I show my love? 355

DOÑA CLARA Is this not, Álvaro, how I show my esteem?

DON ÁLVARO You cannot avoid this...

DOÑA CLARA I can take my own life.

DON ÁLVARO ...I will tell Don Juan
of my love. 360

DOÑA CLARA I'll say it's all a mistake.

DON ÁLVARO Is this loyalty?

DOÑA CLARA It is honor.

DON ÁLVARO Is this courtesy?

DOÑA CLARA It is fidelity, 365
for I swear to the heavens above
not to be any man's wife
until my honor is fully cleansed.
That is all I'm trying to do.

DON ÁLVARO But what does it matter if...? 370

Enter BEATRIZ

BEATRIZ My lord is in the hallway,
with several men in tow.

Exit BEATRIZ

DOÑA CLARA Go into that room.

DON ÁLVARO What misfortune!

DON ÁLVARO *hides behind a curtain*

DOÑA CLARA What harsh fate! 375

Enter DON ALONSO DE ZÚÑIGA, magistrate, DON FERNANDO DE VÁLOR and DON JUAN MALEC

MALEC	Clara?	
DOÑA CLARA	My lord?	
MALEC	<i>(Aside to DOÑA CLARA)</i> Alas, to find you in such sorrow! Go in there, Clara.	
DOÑA CLARA	What is this?	380
MALEC	You may listen from there.	
DOÑA CLARA <i>retreats behind the curtain with</i> DON ÁLVARO		
DON ALONSO	Don Juan de Mendoza is now held in the Alhambra, ¹⁶ and so you too must keep to your house until this is resolved.	385
MALEC	I accept the imprisonment and promise to abide by it.	
D. FERNANDO	It won't be for long. The law has no place in duels of honor, and the magistrate has charged me with making peace between you, which I shall do to seek resolution.	390
DON ALONSO	My lord Don Fernando, two points should suffice to clear this up once and for all: there can be no offense in the king's palace or in the courthouse. We are all kings there. There can be no affront.	395 400
DON ÁLVARO	<i>(Aside to DOÑA CLARA)</i> Did you hear that?	405
DOÑA CLARA	Yes.	

¹⁶ Granada's palace-fortress, built by the Nasrids.

D. FERNANDO	In that case, there can be no better solution: listen to me.	
MALEC	<i>(Aside)</i> Alas for my honor, which needs remedy!	410
D. FERNANDO	Don Juan de Mendoza, a gentleman as handsome as he is illustrious, is unmarried.	415
	The noble Don Juan de Malec, scion of the kings of Granada has a daughter renowned for her wit and her beauty.	
	No one can take on his cause, and give him satisfaction, except for his son-in-law. So if Mendoza marries Doña Clara...	420
DON ÁLVARO	No!	
D. FERNANDO	...then this offense cannot, in this case, be avenged, for if Mendoza once offended	425
	Don Juan Malec's good honor, as his son he'll now be the one offended, And so Mendoza is safe, as is Don Juan.	430
	For he could hardly, in this impasse, kill himself. So, if he'll accept this offer, there's no need to take revenge.	435
	Both their honors will be cleansed, for there's no way one man can both offend and be offended.	440
DON ÁLVARO	<i>(Aside to DOÑA CLARA)</i> I must speak up.	
DOÑA CLARA	<i>(To DON ÁLVARO)</i> Stop! Don't ruin me, for God's sake.	

DON ALONSO	A fine resolution for both parties.	445
MALEC	There is one remaining obstacle, for I fear Clara may undo all our hopes...	
DOÑA CLARA	<i>(Aside)</i> Heaven brings vengeance within my reach.	450
MALEC	...I do not know if my daughter will take as her husband a man she has come to hate, and with such good reason.	
DOÑA CLARA	<i>(Reveals herself)</i> I will do it. If your reputation depends on this, it matters less that I live without happiness than that you live without honor. Were I your son, wrath would call me to avenge you or die in the attempt. As your daughter, I must satisfy your honor in whatever way I can. I will become his wife to defend your honor and uphold your name. Since I cannot avenge you by killing, I will do so by dying.	455 460 465
DON ALONSO	Only your mind could come up with such a singular conceit.	470
D. FERNANDO	This will certainly work. Write out the proposal, and I will deliver it to Mendoza.	
DON ALONSO	We will go to him together.	475
MALEC	<i>(Aside)</i> This will buy us some time for the rebellion to start.	
D. FERNANDO	All will come to a happy end through my good offices.	

Exit DON ALONSO, DON FERNANDO DE VÁLOR *and* DON JUAN MALEC

DOÑA CLARA They have withdrawn
to the other chamber to write.
You can come out, Álvaro. 480

Enter DON ÁLVARO

DON ÁLVARO Yes, I will.
And may I never again look upon
such a fickle soul 485
in such a noble breast.
If I did not make a scene
when you wounded me to the quick,
it wasn't out of respect, nor fear,
but because I had no reason to, 490
for a woman so low...

DOÑA CLARA Oh!

DON ÁLVARO ...who with her vile intent,
false faith, and loose manners
offers one man her hand 495
while she keeps another in her chambers.
I would never want it said
that I loved such a woman.

DOÑA CLARA Lower your voice, Álvaro.
You are wrong, but in time
the truth will satisfy you. 500

DON ÁLVARO These are not matters for satisfaction.

DOÑA CLARA They will be.

DON ÁLVARO Did I not just hear you say
you will give your hand today
in marriage to Mendoza? 505

DOÑA CLARA Yes.
But I haven't told you yet
the purpose of my suffering.

DON ÁLVARO What possible purpose?
To kill me? 510
Could anything justify this,
when he has insulted your father

and as good as killed me?

DOÑA CLARA In time, Álvaro, you may come to see 515
how firm is my devotion,
and that this change in me
is all for your sake.

DON ÁLVARO Who ever saw such cunning deception!
Tell me, did you not 520
just give him your hand?

DOÑA CLARA Yes.

DON ÁLVARO Will you not be his wife?

DOÑA CLARA No.

DON ÁLVARO But how... 525

DOÑA CLARA Do not ask me again.

DON ÁLVARO You'll give him your hand
and not be his wife?

DOÑA CLARA I'll give him my hand,
and so bring him into my arms, 530
only to tear him to pieces.
Are you satisfied now?

DON ÁLVARO No! If he dies in your cruel embrace,
life will hardly be worth living.
Your arms are too lovely to be executioners. 535
Rather than let him into your arms, even to die there,
I will end my troubles by killing him.

DOÑA CLARA Is this love?

DON ÁLVARO It is honor.

DOÑA CLARA Is this gallantry? 540

DON ÁLVARO It is jealousy.

DOÑA CLARA Look, my father has finished the letter.
If only I could stop you!

DON ÁLVARO It wouldn't take much
to keep me here! 545

Exit DOÑA CLARA and DON ÁLVARO

SCENE 3
In the Alhambra

Enter DON JUAN DE MENDOZA and GARCÉS, a soldier

MENDOZA There is never an excuse for rage.

GARCÉS Don't apologize.
You did well to strike Malec.
A New Christian should not think
that being old will protect him 550
if he dares to cross a Mendoza.

MENDOZA There are so many men whose positions make them
overbearing, arrogant, and brazen.

GARCÉS That's why the clever constable don Íñigo
used to wear one sword in his belt 555
and carry another as a staff.
When asked why,
he'd say, "The one in my belt
is for worthy men who also wear swords.
The other I use as a club, 560
for men who can't carry a sword
and yet presume to make bold."¹⁷

MENDOZA So all gentlemen should
carry two weapons, for two such purposes.
Since I've now been dealt all clubs, 565
give me the sword you have brought
so that I may be well armed,
even in jail.

GARCÉS I am glad I decided to come by your house
in time to serve at your side, 570
should you find yourself among enemies.

MENDOZA And how have you been since Lepanto, Garcés?¹⁸

¹⁷ Men who carry swords are understood to be noble and thus warrant more respect than men of a lower class.

GARCÉS Like a soldier whose great fortune
it was to serve on such an occasion,
and in such a mighty army, 575
under the command of the royal son
of that peerless divine eagle,¹⁹
whose tireless flight shielded
the entire world under his wings.

MENDOZA And how is Don Juan de Austria? 580

GARCÉS Pleased with the endeavor.

MENDOZA Was it glorious?

GARCÉS I will tell you:
when the fleet...

MENDOZA Wait, a veiled woman²⁰ 585
has just walked in.

GARCÉS (*Aside*) Ah, too bad! Here I was,
about to play my best card
and now this figure appears!

Enter DOÑA ISABEL TUZANÍ, veiled

DOÑA ISABEL My lord Don Juan de Mendoza, 590
may a woman who has come
to see you in your confinement
know from your own lips
how this prison treats you?

MENDOZA Of course. Garcés, leave us. 595

GARCÉS Beware, sir, what if this is...

MENDOZA No need to worry,
I recognize her voice.

¹⁸ At the battle of Lepanto in 1571, Spain and its allies in the Holy League defeated the Ottoman navy. Don Juan de Austria (1547-78) was the Spanish admiral in charge. Historically, the battle occurred after the Morisco uprising in the Alpujarras, and not before it.

¹⁹ Juan de Austria was the illegitimate son of Charles V (1500-1558), Holy Roman Emperor and king of Spain, and Philip II's half-brother. The eagle invokes the Habsburg royal crest.

²⁰ Veils were worn by both Morisco and Old Christian women, to afford them privacy in public.

GARCÉS	I'll go then.	
<i>Exit GARCÉS</i>		
MENDOZA	I doubt my eyes and ears in equal measure, for I know not which lie, and which tell the truth: if I am to believe my eyes, you seem not what you are; if I believe my ears, you are not what you seem to be. Lift this dark cloud of silk: once the light has pierced it, I may well claim it has dawned twice this day.	600 610
DOÑA ISABEL	You need no longer doubt, Don Juan, who it is that seeks you out, and so I reveal myself. My jealous heart would not have you guessing to whom you owe your gallantries. It is I.	 615
MENDOZA	Isabel, my lady! You, here? In this dress, and outside your house? Is it possible you have come to me looking so unlike yourself? How could I even hope for such a thing? Who wouldn't doubt such fortune?	 620 625
DOÑA ISABEL	As soon as I heard what had happened and that you were being held here, my love could brook no delay in seeking you out. I hurried to you before my brother, Don Álvaro Tuzaní, could return to the house. I have come to see you with just one servant whom I left at the door. See what I do for you!	 630 635
MENDOZA	Your favor on this day eases all my misfortunes,	

for they...

Enter INÉS, with a cloak, as if frightened

INÉS Ah! My lady!

DOÑA ISABEL Inés, what's the matter? 640

INÉS My lord Don Álvaro
is here.

DOÑA ISABEL Could he have recognized me,
disguised as I am?

MENDOZA What bad luck! 645

DOÑA ISABEL If he followed me, I am dead.

MENDOZA What can you fear, when you are with me?
Go in that room and close the door.
Even if he's looking for you,
he'll have to kill me to find you. 650

Both women hide

DOÑA ISABEL I am in great danger.
Save me, heavens, save me!

Enter DON ÁLVARO

DON ÁLVARO My lord Don Juan de Mendoza,
I wish to speak with you in private.

MENDOZA Well, here I am. 655

DOÑA ISABEL How pale he looks!

DON ÁLVARO Then I will close this door.

MENDOZA Close it. *(Aside)* A fine mess!

DON ÁLVARO Now that it's closed,
listen carefully. 660
Just now I learned
that there is one is coming to see you...

MENDOZA	That's true.	
DON ÁLVARO	...in this prison...	
MENDOZA	They did not lie.	665
DON ÁLVARO	...who with this act offends my very heart and soul.	
DOÑA ISABEL	<i>(Aside)</i> What remains to be said?	
MENDOZA	<i>(Aside)</i> Good God! How can I hold back any longer!	
DON ÁLVARO	And so, I wanted to find you before those who seek an indecent friendship, and so defend my honor.	670
MENDOZA	This escapes even my wit.	
DON ÁLVARO	Then I will make my challenge clear.	675
DOÑA ISABEL	I can draw breath once more— I am not the one he is looking for.	
DON ÁLVARO	The Magistrate and Don Fernando de Válor, Don Juan Malec's kinsman, intend to forge this friendship with you, and I alone must prevent it. Though I could give many reasons, I choose to offer none. Whatever my reasons, I am here to see whether one who was so bold against an old man, will also be bold with me. In short, I've come to fight you to the death.	680 685
MENDOZA	You would have done me a favor had you come to the point more quickly. Confused at every turn, I thought it was for another, more important reason you had come. All you say is of no concern to me. And yet a man should never refuse to fight anyone who wishes to fight him.	690 695

	Draw your sword before these men arrive to negotiate the friendship you are so desperate to prevent, whatever the reason may be.	700
DON ÁLVARO	That is my purpose, (<i>draws sword</i>) for I must kill you sooner than you know.	705
MENDOZA	No one will disturb us here.	
	<i>They fight</i>	
DOÑA ISABEL	One thing after another, as more misfortunes befall me. To watch my lover and my brother fight, with no power to stop them!	710
MENDOZA	What courage!	
DON ÁLVARO	What skill!	
DOÑA ISABEL	What to do? In the match between these two, I cannot choose a winner. I care for them both, so no matter the outcome, I both win and lose.	715
DON ÁLVARO <i>falls, tripping over a chair; enter DOÑA ISABEL veiled. She holds back DON JUAN DE MENDOZA</i>		
DON ÁLVARO	That chair made me fall.	
DOÑA ISABEL	Don Juan, stop! (<i>Aside</i>) What am I doing? Love has forced my hand.	720
DOÑA ISABEL <i>hides again</i>		
DON ÁLVARO	It was wrong of you not to tell me there was someone here with us.	
MENDOZA	If she was there to save your life, do not complain. She's not here with me,	725

and now it seems I fight against two,
with her here to protect you.
But she was wrong to do so:
I know the laws of chivalry, too. 730
I saw your fall was an accident
and would have allowed you to rise.

DON ÁLVARO I am thankful to the lady
on two counts:
that she saved my life, 735
and that she did so
before you could spare me
so that, free from obligation,
I might valiantly return to the fight.

MENDOZA Who is stopping you, Don Álvaro? 740

They fight

DOÑA ISABEL Oh, that I could call for help!

A knock at the door

DON ÁLVARO There are people at the door.

MENDOZA What shall we do?

DON ÁLVARO One of us will kill the other.
Whoever is left standing can open the door. 745

MENDOZA Agreed.

DOÑA ISABEL *reveals herself*

DOÑA ISABEL I will open it before that happens,
and let them in.

DON ÁLVARO Don't open the door!

MENDOZA Don't open the door! 750

DOÑA ISABEL *opens the door and attempts to flee. The magistrate DON ALONSO stops her as he enters with DON FERNANDO and INÉS*

DOÑA ISABEL Gentlemen,
these two men before you

	are trying to kill each other.	
DON ALONSO	Stop there! These two fighting, and you here— you must be the cause.	755
DOÑA ISABEL	<i>(Aside)</i> Oh misfortune! I hoped to find a way out, and instead have found perdition!	
DON ÁLVARO	So as not to compromise a lady to whom I owe my life, I will confess why I have come. I did not come for love, but rather to satisfy the honor of my relative, Don Juan Malec.	760 765
MENDOZA	That is true, for this lady was here by chance to see me.	
DON ALONSO	Since the alliances we have arranged will put an end to all this, let it end without bloodshed. He is the greater victor who vanquishes without blood. Ladies, go with God.	770 775
DOÑA ISABEL	<i>(Aside)</i> That's one good thing.	
DOÑA ISABEL <i>and</i> INÉS <i>exit</i>		
D. FERNANDO	My lord Don Juan de Mendoza, your relatives and ours agree that this case ought to remain within doors, as they say in Castile, and that a new bond can make it right. By giving your hand to Doña Clara, the very Phoenix ²¹ of Granada, you would be...	780 785
MENDOZA	Hold your tongue lord Don Fernando Válcor,	

²¹ Marvelous mythological bird that was reborn from its own ashes.

	for this will not do. If Doña Clara is the Phoenix, let her dwell in Arabia, for in the mountains of Castile we have no need for a Phoenix. Men like me do not establish ties to repair another man's honor. Nor would it be decent to mix the blood of the Mendozas with that of a Malec. Indeed, it is not fitting to pair Mendozas with Malecs.	790 795
D. FERNANDO	I'll have you know, Don Juan Malec is a man...	800
MENDOZA	Like you.	
D. FERNANDO	Yes, for he descends from the kings of Granada. All of his ancestors were royal, as were my own.	805
MENDOZA	Well, mine, though not royal, were greater than Moorish kings, who could never conquer us. ²²	
DON ÁLVARO	Whatever Don Fernando says on this matter, I will defend on the battlefield.	810
DON ALONSO	I know how to be a gentleman: I was a Zúñiga of Castile before I ever became an officer. And so, setting aside this staff, ²³ whenever and however you want, I will stand by Don Juan de Mendoza...	815
<i>Enter SERVANT</i>		
SERVANT	There are people at the door.	
DON ALONSO	Pretend all is well.	

²² Because the rule of the Umayyads never encompassed the entire Iberian Peninsula, Mendoza claims descent from those Christians who remained unconquered and, therefore, "untainted."

²³ Officers of the law carried a staff as a sign of their position. Here, Don Alonso pledges himself as a second to Mendoza in a future duel.

	I must return to my duties. You, my lord Mendoza, must remain here as a prisoner.	820
MENDOZA	I will obey you in all things.	
DON ALONSO	The two of you must go.	825
MENDOZA	And if you wish to seek satisfaction...	
DON ALONSO	Wherever you like, you'll find Don Juan de Mendoza and myself...	
MENDOZA	...waiting for you with sword in hand...	830
DON ALONSO	...ready for battle.	
DON ALONSO <i>and</i> DON JUAN DE MENDOZA <i>exit</i>		
DON FERNANDO <i>and</i> DON ÁLVARO <i>speak in asides</i>		
D. FERNANDO	<i>(Aside)</i> How can my honor allow this!	
DON ÁLVARO	<i>(Aside)</i> How can my courage permit this!	
D. FERNANDO	Because I became a Christian, must I now suffer such dishonor? ²⁴	835
DON ÁLVARO	Because I adopted their faith, does no one remember who I am?	
D. FERNANDO	By God, it would be cowardly not to seek my vengeance!	
DON ÁLVARO	By heaven! It would be shameful not to take revenge!	840
D. FERNANDO	May heaven give me the opportunity!	
DON ÁLVARO	May fate grant me the chance!	
D. FERNANDO	For if the heavens grant it...	

²⁴ Although the forced conversion of Spain's Muslims occurred decades before the action of the play, the noble Morisco characters resent the fact that they are still discriminated against.

DON ÁLVARO For if fate allows... 845

D. FERNANDO ...I will make sure that everyone sees...

DON ÁLVARO ...Spain weep a thousand times over...

D. FERNANDO ...for the courage...

DON ÁLVARO ...and the strength
of the gloriously powerful arms... 850

D. FERNANDO ...of the proud Válóres.

DON ÁLVARO ...of the brave Tuzanís.

D. FERNANDO (*To DON ÁLVARO*) Are you with me?

DON ÁLVARO Yes.

D. FERNANDO Then let our tongues be quiet
and our hands do the talking. 855

DON ÁLVARO Who's stopping us?

DON FERNANDO *and* DON ÁLVARO *exit*

ACT II

SCENE 1

*Mountains of the Alpujarra, near Galera*²⁵

Fanfare of trumpets and drums, enter a group of SOLDIERS accompanying DON JUAN DE MENDOZA and DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA

AUSTRIA Rebel mountain, savage and austere,
your magnitude, majesty, and marvelous height
overwhelm the earth, 860
thin the air, and swell the heavens.
Infamous cradle of thieves,
your breast heavy with scandal,

²⁵ Though the Granadan city of Galera is not actually in the Alpujarra, it was the site of one of the longest and bloodiest sieges of the entire civil war, and, according to Pérez de Hita, the murder of the historical Maleha (Clara/Maleca in Calderón). Again, Calderón compresses both the timeline of the war and its geography (see footnote 12).

you miscarry lightning bolts
to birth thunder in Africa. 865

Today, today is the day
your treachery meets its fate,
for today brings my vengeance
and your punishment. 870

Although it is a shame
the heavens should grant us
such unworthy honors:
this is not to vanquish, but rather to kill..

There is no glory in cutting down
a mere pack of thieves 875
or subduing a gang of bandits.
And so, my legacy demands that this feat
be remembered as punishment, not victory.

MENDOZA

O august eagle, who rises
to the sphere of illustrious Mars,²⁶ 880
in whose breath you idle,
waiting for Habsburg plumes
nobly to crown you
as you fly into action.²⁷

At Lepanto, you were protector of the faith,
scourge of the Turk, a Christian Neptune²⁸ 885
subduing that realm of importunate waves,
your noble standard a Catholic trident.

Called to this venture,
you well know and wisely lament 890
that Africa occupies the Alpujarra
and must now be made
to submit to your valor.

But though some wars might not
be full worthy of you, surely 895
this one will flatter your valiant spirit
Just because they are rebel subjects, sir,
does not mean they are not fortified.

Just because they are bandits
does not mean they are not brave and bold. 900
I can attest to their qualities.
Remember: an internal enemy
is the most dangerous of all.

AUSTRIA

Has the rebellion come this far?

²⁶ Roman god of war.

²⁷ Another reference to the Habsburg royal crest.

²⁸ Roman god of the sea.

MENDOZA	Shall I inform you while you review the troops?	905
AUSTRIA	Yes.	
MENDOZA	Then listen closely, heroic eagle of the House of Austria: this is the Alpujarra, the rustic rampart, the savage citadel of the Moriscos, Africans of the mountains, who today, ill provisioned as they are, attempt to reconquer Spain. The Alpujarra's height makes it difficult, its terrain, punishing, its position, impregnable, its fortifications, invincible. It is fourteen leagues across, but those fourteen might as well be fifty when you consider the crevasses. Between the lofty peaks, there are beautiful valleys, fertile fields, and pleasant gardens. It is populated throughout by villages and hamlets. In the setting sun, they nestle in the crags, born of the rocks themselves that fell from the summit, without ever reaching. the foothills below. Of them all, the strongest in arms are Berja, Gabia, and Galera, which now rule over the rest. The Alpujarra can well sustain the thirty thousand Moriscos now living here, not counting the women and children. They have land to graze plenty of livestock, though most prefer fruits, both wild and dried, to meat. They eat what they grow, exacting tribute from the soil	910 915 920 925 930 935 940 945

and from the very rocks.
 They are so skilled in agriculture,
 their plowing makes the ground fertile,
 and the barren rock fecund. 950
 You'll forgive me, my lord,
 for not saying whether I bear
 any blame for this rebellion.
 I would much rather claim
 that I was its first cause 955
 than say the harsh new laws are to blame
 that so oppressed the Moriscos.
 I am determined to state,
 if someone must be at fault,
 the fault lies with me! 960
 In short, my lord, they were pushed
 to the point of revolt, due either to my slight,
 or because the day after my quarrel,
 the Chief Justice approached Válor
 as he entered the Council 965
 and confiscated from him a dagger
 that he carried on his person,
 or perhaps because they saw themselves
 further oppressed by new edicts
 arriving from the court each day. 970
 And so, unbeknownst to anyone,
 they provisioned the Alpujarra
 with supplies, and weapons,
 and all their earthly goods.
 For three years on end 975
 this treason was kept quiet. An amazing feat!
 Of over thirty thousand men
 called to the task,
 there was not a single one
 revealed the secret, in all that time. 980
 Oh, the ignorance, the error
 of those who say that a secret
 known by three must soon be known!
 For it is safe among thirty thousand
 when it's for the sake of all! 985
 From this rocky dominion
 came the first bolts of lightning,
 forged by treachery and pride.
 Thefts, murders,
 churches robbed, 990
 scandal, sacrilege,
 and treachery!

Granada became a miserable theater
 of misfortune and tragedy,
 bathed in blood, wailing to the heavens. 995
 Justice came swiftly
 to set things right,
 but was soon overwhelmed,
 when the people fought back.
 The staff of justice was traded for a sword, 1000
 and respect for force,
 so that what began as resistance
 has ended in civil war.
 They killed the magistrate.
 The city, seeing the danger, 1005
 at once took up arms
 and called up the militia.
 But it was not enough.
 Fortune, so fond of novelty,
 was on their side at the start, 1010
 and so all looked grim for us.
 But how fickle is its favor:
 as soon as the novelty is over,
 fortune moves on.
 Our distress grew, 1015
 as did their arrogance,
 with greater risk to all.
 They await reinforcements from Africa
 and clearly, should they come,
 we'd have to divert our forces 1020
 to stop their advance.
 And what's worse: if it looks
 as though they may prevail,
 then other Moriscos
 will seize their chance, 1025
 for those in Extremadura,
 Castile, and Valencia
 await the smallest sign of victory
 to join in the fight.
 Though bold and determined, 1030
 the Moriscos are also skilled in politics.
 Hear how they govern themselves
 (for this we have learned
 from some captured spies):
 The first thing they did 1035
 was to elect a leader.
 Though there was competition
 between Don Fernando Válor

and another man, his noble equal,
 Don Álvaro Tuzaní, 1040
 Don Juan Malec arranged
 that Don Fernando would reign,
 once he'd married the beautiful
 Doña Isabel Tuzaní,
 Don Álvaro's sister. 1045
 (*Aside*) Oh, how it pains me to recall
 that Tuzaní they so revere!
 To think they did not make him king,
 but made his sister queen instead!
 (*Aloud*) As soon as Válor was crowned, 1050
 the first thing he ordered—
 whether to contradict
 our new decrees entirely,
 or to please his people
 with laws of his own— 1055
 was that no one use their Christian name,
 nor observe any Christian ceremony.
 Leading by example,
 he took the name
 of Abenhumeya, 1060
 after the kings of Córdoba,²⁹
 from whom he descends.
 He ordered them to speak
 only in Arabic,
 dress only in Moorish clothes, 1065
 and observe only
 the sect of Muhammad.
 Then he began to ready his army.
 That city you see there is Galera,
 whose ramparts and trenches 1070
 Nature crafted so perfectly
 that it can never be won
 without much bloodshed.
 It was given to Malec,
 father to Clara, 1075
 who is now called Maleca.
 Tuzaní he gave Gabia,
 while he kept Berja,
 the heart that gives life
 to this stone giant. 1080
 This is what we can discern
 from here, my lord.
 And that is the Alpujarra,

²⁹ Also known as Muhammad ibn Umayyah, Válor takes his name from the Umayyad Caliphate.

whose untamed majesty
 seems poised any moment 1085
 to plunge from its heights,
 and fall at your feet.
 But though it now trembles
 at even the slightest feint,
 don't underestimate 1090
 the risk in this endeavor,
 for one should never discount
 even the most wretched of enemies.
 It may not be clear
 how much is at stake. 1095
 Though there is little to gain,
 there is a great deal to lose.
 I speak not out of doubt,
 but rather out of prudence.
 I urge you to take note 1100
 of the impregnable position,
 the torturous mountains,
 the impervious walls,
 the steep peaks above,
 the craftiness of the people, 1105
 the readiness of their arms,
 and the strength of their defenses,
 though they arm themselves
 with nothing but stones.
 Each one of these mountains 1110
 looms as a dark cloud,
 an ominous volcano,
 pregnant with rocks,
 ready to erupt and rain down upon us.

AUSTRIA Such warnings, from a Mendoza, 1115
 are worth twice as much.

Drums sound

What drum call is that?

Directing DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA's attention to people in the distance

MENDOZA They are reviewing the troops, sir.

AUSTRIA And which troop is this?

MENDOZA They're from Granada, 1120

from the lands watered by the River Genil.

AUSTRIA Who is their commander?
MENDOZA The Marquess of Mondéjar,
 Count of Tendilla,
 governor in perpetuity 1125
 of the Alhambra and all its lands.

AUSTRIA The Moor in Africa
 trembles at his name.

Drums sound

And these?

MENDOZA They're from Murcia. 1130

AUSTRIA And who leads them?

MENDOZA The great Marquess of Vélez.

AUSTRIA Whose fame and deeds
 make his name renowned.

Drums sound

MENDOZA These men are from Baeza, 1135
 under their commander
 a soldier to whom
 fame should build statues
 as everlasting as his legacy:
 Sancho de Ávila, sir. 1140

AUSTRIA However much he is exalted,
 any praise will fall short
 if it fails to mention
 that he is a disciple
 of the great duke of Alba, 1145
 who teaches men to vanquish
 and never be vanquished.

Drums sound

MENDOZA Here come the troops from Flanders, all battle-hardened,³⁰
trading the River Maas for the Genil,
like for like, to join this fight. 1150

AUSTRIA Who is their leader?

MENDOZA A man of marvelous
valor and nobility:
Don Lope de Figueroa.

AUSTRIA I have heard much 1155
of his great courage
and also of his little patience.

MENDOZA Yes, his gout prevents him
from joining the battle,
and makes him rage with impatience 1160
at being kept from the fight.

AUSTRIA I wish to meet him.

Enter DON LOPE DE FIGUEROA

DON LOPE The Lord knows, your Highness,
we are of like desire.
My legs have suffered greatly 1165
to deliver me at your feet.

AUSTRIA How are you, my lord?

DON LOPE My lord, as one who has come
from Flanders to Andalusia to serve you.
I am at your service, 1170
for if you won't go to Flanders,
then Flanders should come to you.

AUSTRIA May the heavens grant me such a blessing.
Have you brought good people?

DON LOPE So good, my lord, 1175
that if the Alpujarra were Hell,
and Muhammad himself its gatekeeper,
they would march in undaunted,
except those whose gouty feet

³⁰ Flanders—the “Low Countries” or Netherlands—was also occupied by the Spanish and engaged in rebellion against its rule at the time of the play’s action.

	can't manage this rocky terrain, for they come...	1180
A SOLDIER	<i>(Offstage)</i> Stop!	
GARCÉS	<i>(Offstage)</i> Let me through!	
<i>Enter GARCÉS carrying ALCUZCUZ on his shoulders</i>		
AUSTRIA	What is this?	
GARCÉS	I was standing watch in the foothills, when I heard a rustling in the branches. I went to see what it was, and found this dog, ³¹ a spy no doubt, lying in wait. I tied him up with the sling of my musket, and brought him back here. His bark might tell us what lies out there.	1185 1190
DON LOPE	A fine soldier, by God! Is this typical around here?	
GARCÉS	Of course! What does my lord think— that Flanders has all the good ones?	1195
ALCUZCUZ	<i>(Aside)</i> Very bad! Alcuzcuz, your neck, it smells of rope.	
AUSTRIA	I know you, soldier, and am familiar with your deeds.	1200
GARCÉS	<i>(Aside)</i> Talk is cheap for a prince who pays only with praise.	
AUSTRIA	You, come here.	
ALCUZCUZ	Who, me?	1205
AUSTRIA	Yes.	
ALCUZCUZ	Too kind to be so close. I'm good here.	

³¹ 'Dog' was often used in this period as an insult for persons of another religion, and particularly by Christians in reference to Muslims.

AUSTRIA	Who are you?	
ALCUZCUZ	<i>(Aside)</i> Have to be careful here. <i>(Aloud)</i> I am poor Morisco, Alcuзcuз, taken by force to the Alpujarra. I am Christian in conscience. I know Christian doctrinity:	1210 1215
	the Creed, the Hail Mary, the give us our bread, and fourteen commandments of the Church. So I say I am Christian, and other people say “Well, we have to kill you.”	 1220
	I run, ran away, into these hands to catch me. If you keep my life, I’ll tell you what they think, and take you where to advance, with no resistance there.	 1225
AUSTRIA	<i>(Aside)</i> Although I assume he must be lying, he could well be telling the truth.	
MENDOZA	There is no doubt that many profess Christianity. I know of one lady taken there by force. ³²	1230
AUSTRIA	We should neither believe everything we hear, nor doubt it all. Garcés, keep the Morisco as your prisoner.	 1235
GARCÉS	I’ll take charge of him.	
AUSTRIA	We shall soon see if what he says is true. But for now, Don Lope, let us inspect the barracks and determine where to begin the attack.	 1240
MENDOZA	Your Highness would do well to be careful.	

³² He refers here to Isabel, his lover before the rebellion separates them.

This might seem a lowly endeavor, but it is most important. Winning this campaign may bring little honor, but losing would bring disgrace.	1245
Such ventures deserve your utmost attention, not so much to win them, as not to lose.	1250

Exit DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA, DON JUAN DE MENDOZA, DON LOPE *and* SOLDIERS

GARCÉS	You, what's your name?	
ALCUZCUZ	Rice. If 'Couscous' among the Moriscos, I'll be Rice among the Christians. So Moorish dish becomes Christian dish.	1255
GARCÉS	Alcuzcuz, you are my slave now: tell the truth.	1260
ALCUZCUZ	Good for you?	
GARCÉS	You told His Highness Don Juan de Austria . . .	
ALCUZCUZ	That's him?	1265
GARCÉS	...that you would show him a pass into the mountains.	
ALCUZCUZ	Yes, my master.	
GARCÉS	Though he may have come to subdue you with the Marquess de los Vélez, the Marquess de Mondéjar, Sancho de Ávila, and Don Lope de Figueroa, I want to be the one to breach those mountains. Take me there. I want to see them and do some reconnaissance.	1270 1275
ALCUZCUZ	<i>(Aside)</i> I'll trick this Christian,	

	march him up and down the Alpujarra. (<i>Aloud</i>) Come with me.	1280
GARCÉS	Stop! Wait. I left some food back in the guardhouse when I went on duty. I'll go get it now, and put it in my saddlebag so I can eat along the way, and not waste any time.	1285
ALCUZCUZ	So be it.	
GARCÉS	Come on, then.	
ALCUZCUZ	(<i>Aside</i>) Holy Muhammad, as you are my prophet, guide me, and I will get to Mecca, ³³ even if I just wander in.	1290

Exit ALCUZCUZ *and* GARCÉS

SCENE 2

A garden in Berja

Enter a crowd of MORISCOS, *and* MUSICIANS, *followed by* DON FERNANDO VÁLOR *and* DOÑA ISABEL TUZANÍ

D. FERNANDO	My beautiful wife, sit and rest at the pleasant foot of this crownèd peak. See, the spring has convened a court of flowers. They elect the rose as their queen, among all the colors of this most beautiful republic. Now sing, so that music might vanquish your melancholy.	1295 1300
DOÑA ISABEL	Oh, brave Abenhumeya, ³⁴	1305

³³ Holiest city of Islam, birthplace of the Prophet Muhammad and of the faith, in what is today Saudi Arabia. All able Muslims are obliged to go on the Hajj, or pilgrimage to Mecca.

³⁴ Some of the characters have now taken on new names: Beatriz becomes Zara; Isabel becomes Lidora; Clara becomes Maleca; and Válor becomes Abenhumeya.

may your noble spirit
 be crowned by not only
 the sturdy oak of the Alpujarra,
 but also the sacred laurel
 —so disdainful of Apollo—³⁵ 1310
 when the Spaniards lament
 their cruel captivity.
 My melancholy is not
 out of scorn for the blessings
 of this love, this great fortune, 1315
 but rather my foreboding
 about a fickle fate.
 No sooner does Fortune favor us
 than she undoes it all
 with harm instead. 1320
 My grief is born of no cause
 but that ruthless Fortune.
 And if she is so fickle,
 how can I not fear misfortune
 while I enjoy my happiness? 1325
 (*Aside*) Oh, if only I could tell the truth!

D. FERNANDO If your very happiness
 makes you this sad,
 then I fear, my Lidora,
 I cannot console you. 1330
 You reign over me
 and my love for you
 grows stronger each day,
 and so your melancholy
 is bound to grow as well. 1335
 So, sing, sing of her beauty!
 Music and melancholy
 always get along.

MUSICIAN *No need to say who is the master*
 Of these happy moments mine. 1340
 Our bond, but brief, gives clearest signs
 Of a love forever after.

*Enter DON JUAN MALEC, who kneels before DON FERNANDO VÁLOR, now
 ABENHUMEYA, and enter DON ÁLVARO and DOÑA CLARA dressed as Moors, flanking
 the curtain and remaining at the door*

³⁵ In Greek mythology, Apollo falls in love with the nymph Daphne, who transforms into a laurel tree to escape him. The laurel wreath is invoked here as a symbol of martial victory. Isabel also obliquely refers to her own condition, as the uprising forces her to marry Don Fernando/Abenhumeya when she loves Mendoza.

DOÑA CLARA *No need to say who is the master
Of these happiest moments mine.*

DON ÁLVARO *Our bond, but brief, gives clearest signs
Of a love forever after.* 1345

Instruments play in the background throughout the scene

DOÑA CLARA Oh, what a song
for a moment like this!

DON ÁLVARO That singing
has unsettled me so. 1350

DOÑA CLARA That I should hear such things
when my father is here to arrange my marriage...

DON ÁLVARO For just as Love prepares my bliss...

DOÑA CLARA ...my sacred hopes, listen...

DON ÁLVARO ...listen, my fancies... 1355

MUSICIANS
and LOVERS *Our bond, but brief, gives clearest signs
of a love forever after.*

MALEC Sir, since love finds its place
amid the thunder of war,
I must tell you to whom
I intend to give Maleca. 1360

D. FERNANDO Tell me, who is the fortunate man?

MALEC Your brother-in-law, Tuzaní.

D. FERNANDO A wise choice!
They are guided by one star:
he cannot live without her,
and she would die without him.
Where are they? 1365

DON ÁLVARO *and* DOÑA CLARA *step forward*

DOÑA CLARA (To FERNANDO) I happily bow before you.

DON ÁLVARO	And I am overjoyed that you might bless our union.	1370
D. FERNANDO	Come into my arms. Our holy Koran, the law we all now keep, requires only the exchange of tokens. Let Tuzaní therefore give the divine Maleca her wedding gifts.	1375
DON ÁLVARO	Whatever I may give, Maleca, will fall short of what you deserve. You, whose light outshines any torch! And now I hesitate: for to give you diamonds is like giving the sun what it already possesses. Here is Cupid, ³⁶ adorned with his arrows. Even this Cupid of diamonds would kneel at your feet. Here is a string of pearls, the tears Aurora sheds ³⁷ on seeing her beauty outshone. This is a handsome eagle, the color of my hope. Only an eagle could reach such heights, as to gaze upon this sun. This pin holds a beautiful ruby. I no longer need it: I am at the height of my fortune. ³⁸ And these mementos... but wait, don't wear them now. The memories of such a glorious moment, must be your own, rather than these tokens from me.	1380 1385 1390 1395 1400
DOÑA CLARA	I accept these gifts, Tuzaní, and, grateful for your love, promise to wear them in your name all my life.	1405
DOÑA ISABEL	I congratulate you both	

³⁶ Roman God of love, who shoots his arrows at those who fall in love.

³⁷ Aurora is the dawn, whose heavenly beauty, Álvaro claims, cannot match that of Clara.

³⁸ Álvaro claims the wheel of fortune, which he would metaphorically hold back with his pin, has stopped for him at the very top.

on this eternal union.
(Aside) Which will be to my detriment.

MALEC	And now join hands to gladden the soul.	1410
DON ÁLVARO	I kneel at your feet.	
DOÑA CLARA	May we join together in this eternal bond.	
BOTH	Oh, happy fate!	1415
<i>As they join hands, the drums of war resound</i>		
ALL	What is that?	
MALEC	It is the rumble of Spanish drums as they come thundering through the crags. Those are not Moorish drums we hear.	1420
DON ÁLVARO	The camp is thrown into confusion.	
D. FERNANDO	Stop the wedding until we see what has caused this uproar!	
DON ÁLVARO	Do you not know, sir? What could it be, except my happiness? The sun has barely shone on my good fortune when Spanish arms come to eclipse its pure light.	1425 1430
<i>War drums sound again. Enter ALCUZCUZ, carrying saddlebags on his shoulder</i>		
ALCUZCUZ	Thanks to Muhammad and Allah I arrive at your feet!	
DON ÁLVARO	Where have you been, Alcuycuz?	
ALCUZCUZ	They're all here already!	
D. FERNANDO	What has happened to you?	1435

ALCUZCUZ	<p>I was on watch today and, watch! I got here very watchfully. One grabbed me from behind, and took me to two others, to His Tallness Don Juan, who gets here now. 1440 I fake Christian, tell him I believe in God, so he doesn't kill me. I was captive of a Christian soldier, who could really use a bath. 1445 No sooner do I tell him I know which way to enter Alpujarra, that he wants see it. He gives comrades the slip 1450 and then makes me carry his food. The two of us walk in a hidden way. No sooner I see him alone, I run up into the rocks 1455 where he cannot follow, and leave him with no captive and no food either. Though he tried to come after me, a troop of Moors ran him off. 1460 And now I come with warning that very close behind I have left Don Juan de Austracious in the field, who they say comes with the great Marquess of Menudo 1465 and the Marquess of Lucifer Don Lope Figuraromatic who tames the hair-tics and Sancho the Weak with him.³⁹ They all come to the Alpujarra 1470 to fight against you.</p>
D. FERNANDO	<p>Say no more, lest you force my gallant pride into anger.</p>
DOÑA ISABEL	<p>From this great summit, where the stumbling sun trembles 1475 at the fading of its light and the dimming of its glow, we can barely make out,</p>

³⁹ Alcuuzcuz mangles the names of all the Spanish nobles who have come to put down the uprising.

DOÑA CLARA	<i>...Ever vulnerable, maimed by the threat of a gentle breeze...</i>	
DON ÁLVARO	<i>...You must not say that you are pleased...</i>	1515
DOÑA CLARA	<i>... Victorious, at once to cede, lament the strength that you yet need ...</i>	
DON ÁLVARO	<i>...No need to say who is the master...</i>	
DOÑA CLARA	Oh, joys of one who is lost, miscarriage of all my cares, you who tried to take a breath before you were even born. If by chance there has been in error and you've taken me for another, do not linger here.	1520
	Let me be, go and seek the master <i>Of these happy moments mine.</i>	1525
DON ÁLVARO	By some marvel I touched upon joy, only to see it die at once. That it should have lived so long, when it was but a marvel! Once happiness drove me mad, now melancholy takes its turn. Oh happiness, it is clear to me now that you belong to another.	1530
	These sorrows, without doubt, show <i>Our bond is but brief.</i>	1535
DOÑA CLARA	Oh sorrow, how you pretended to be joys...	
DON ÁLVARO	Joys found, then lost twice over.	1540
DOÑA CLARA	You will be twice as fortunate after you leave me today.	
BOTH	Joy, you make clear in your rush to go, when you had just come to my relief...	1545
DON ÁLVARO	<i>...a bond, but brief...</i>	

DOÑA CLARA	<i>...a love, forever after...</i>	
DON ÁLVARO	I was talking to myself, Maleca, because I do not know how to address you amid such troubles. My love, ready to claim its prize, now languishes and falls quiet, since the tongue may not claim what the soul cannot have.	1550 1555
DOÑA CLARA	Anyone can speak, or refuse to do so, but one cannot refuse to hear another's words. I am so lost in my own suffering, that I cannot even hear what you have to say. Is it any wonder, amid so much sorrow, that you cannot speak, and I cannot listen?	1560 1565
DON ÁLVARO	The king sends me to Gabia, and you to Galera. Love battles with honor and surrenders to its tyranny. Stay there, sweet wife, and may the merciful heavens let the siege that awaits us, the forces that beset us, come for me in Gabia, and leave you safe in Galera.	1570 1575
DOÑA CLARA	Am I not to see you until we see an end to this war?	
DON ÁLVARO	I will come every night. It is just two leagues from Galera to Gabia. How could my desire not fly to you?	1580
DOÑA CLARA	Love can traverse great distances. I will be waiting for you at the postern gate in the city wall. ⁴²	1585

⁴² A postern gate is a secondary door or gate in a fortification, often in a concealed location, that allows occupants to come and go inconspicuously. Don Álvaro and Doña Clara plan to use this entrance for their secret rendezvous.

DON ÁLVARO And I, certain of this love,
will come to the wall every night.
Come into my arms.

Drums of war sound

DOÑA CLARA The drums sound again.

DON ÁLVARO Such misfortune! 1590

DOÑA CLARA Such sorrow!

DON ÁLVARO Such suffering!

DOÑA CLARA Such agony!
This is love?

DON ÁLVARO It is death. 1595

DOÑA CLARA And what else is love but death?

Exit DON ÁLVARO and DOÑA CLARA

Enter BEATRIZ and ALCUZCUZ

BEATRIZ Alcuzcuz, come here.
It's just the two of us now.

ALCUZCUZ Little Zara, is it me you're wanting
or my bag of food? 1600

BEATRIZ Must you always be joking
even amid such sadness?
Listen to me.

ALCUZCUZ Such courtesy—
is it for me or for bag of food? 1605

BEATRIZ It's for you,
but since it's getting in the way of love,
I should at least see what's in it.

ALCUZCUZ So, for it, not for me.

BEATRIZ removes things from the bag as she describes each item

BEATRIZ This is bacon— 1610
 which you should not have.
 This is wine.
 Oh my, everything you have here is poison.
 I don't want to see it
 or touch it, AlcuZcuZ. 1615
 Know that it could kill you
 if you even try it.

Exit BEATRIZ

ALCUZCUZ All full of poison, 1620
 yes. I know it already,
 as Zara say. She's a snake
 and knows all about poisons.
 It's true too, and it's clear,
 that Zara saw the poison,
 but did not try it, though she
 likes food so much. 1625
 That little Christian no doubt wanted to kill me.
 Is there such trickery?
 Muhammad saves me because
 I promise to him go to Mecca
 and see the holy bones.⁴³ 1630

Drums of war sound

 I hear the sound closer now
 and spy the mountain full of troops.
 I want to follow Tuzaní.
 Somebody out there
 want some of this poison? 1635

Exit ALCUZCUZ

SCENE 3
Outskirts of Galera

DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA, DON LOPE DE FIGUEROA, DON JUAN DE MENDOZA *and*
SOLDIERS *enter marching*

MENDOZA We can see better from here

⁴³ AlcuZcuZ's pledge reflects a widespread but erroneous belief among early modern Christians that Muslims made the pilgrimage to Mecca to venerate the Prophet Muhammad's bones.

	<p>now that the sun on its descent sheds its light on the slopes below. That village on the right, perched on a sturdy rock, has been falling for centuries. That is lofty Gabia. The one to the left, whose towers rival the cliffs, is Berja. And this one is Galera, named after the sailing ship. Amid waves of flowing flowers on the rocky terrain, it captures the wind like a galley, and seems to move with it.</p>	<p>1640</p> <p>1645</p> <p>1650</p>
AUSTRIA	<p>We must lay siege to one of them.</p>	
DON LOPE	<p>We have to decide which of them best suits our plans. Enough standing around, Call all hands.</p>	1655
AUSTRIA	<p>Bring me that Morisco captive, and we'll see if he speaks the truth. Where is Garcés, the one charged with keeping him prisoner?</p>	1660
MENDOZA	<p>I haven't seen him since.</p>	
GARCÉS	<p><i>(Offstage)</i> Oh no!</p>	
AUSTRIA	<p>Go see what that is.</p>	
<p><i>Enter GARCÉS, wounded and falling</i></p>		
GARCÉS	<p>It is I, here at your feet on the verge of death.</p>	1665
MENDOZA	<p>It's Garcés.</p>	
AUSTRIA	<p>What has happened?</p>	
GARCÉS	<p>Forgive my error in exchange for a warning.</p>	1670

AUSTRIA

Speak.

GARCÉS

Sir, that Morisco, the prisoner
you handed over to me,
told you he'd come here
to offer you the Alpujarra. 1675

I told him to show me the path,
in my desire to find the way in
and be the first to gain entry,
driven by a thirst for honor,
not personal gain. 1680

Alone I followed him through labyrinths
where even the sun gets lost at times,
though it traverses them every day.

When we reached a spot between two hills,
he scrambled up a cliff and began to shout. 1685

Some Moorish troops responded,
whether to his voice
or to the resounding echo I know not.
They descended on me, their prey,
like the dogs that they are. 1690

I could not defend myself,
and so, covered in my own blood,
I fled and sought shelter from their blades.
Beneath the walls of Galera,

I saw a gaping mouth, a yawning gap
in the rocks upon which the city rests. 1695

Groaning under the weight of the town above it,
it is a half-open maw of unending laments.
I hid there. Either because they did not see me
or because the rocks had already buried me, 1700
they left me for dead.

I began to survey the place,
and found that Galera
has been mined by time itself,
the best engineer in such mountainous terrain. 1705

If you can position yourself there,
we can take it with firepower.
Then it will be possible to conquer it
without having to wait out a long siege.

Today, in exchange for one life, 1710
I offer you however many are in Galera.
I deliver to you the city, without mercy for the young,
clemency for the old, or respect for the women.

AUSTRIA	Remove this soldier.	
SOLDIERS <i>take</i> GARCÉS <i>away</i>		
	I take it as a good omen to learn this about Galera, Don Lope de Figueroa. Ever since I heard the Alpujarra had a town by that name	1715
	I have longed to lay siege to it, to see if I am as lucky with galleys on land as with those at sea. ⁴⁴	1720
DON LOPE	Well, what’s keeping you? Let’s man the posts. This is the best time. We’ll get closer at night, undetected. Let the troops march on Galera.	1725
SOLDIER	Tell the others.	1730
OTHER SOLDIER	Right away.	
ALL SOLDIERS	To Galera!	
AUSTRIA	May the heavens grant me the same fortune on land as on water, so that comparing that naval battle to this rustic siege, it may be said I had two matching victories, by land and by sea, so alike that even I could not distinguish between the two.	1735

Exit all

SCENE 4
Walls of Galera

Enter DON ÁLVARO *and* ALCUZCUZ

DON ÁLVARO	Alcuzcuz, I place my life and honor in your hands today, for I will lose both in an instant	1740
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⁴⁴ Again, referring to his victory at Lepanto.

if it gets out
 I have left my post in Gabia
 to come to Galera. 1745
 You stay with this mare,
 while I go into the garden.
 I won't be long. When I return,
 we must return to Gabia
 before they realize we're gone. 1750

ALCUZCUZ
 I always must serve you.
 And though I come with such hurry
 that I could not even drop off this saddlebag,
 I will not move, here you find me at my post.

DON ÁLVARO
 I swear by the heavens,
 I'll kill you if you leave. 1755

DOÑA CLARA *enters through a doorway*

DOÑA CLARA
 Is it you?

DON ÁLVARO
 Who else could
 be so faithful?

DOÑA CLARA
 Come, come. 1760
 They might recognize you
 if I keep you at the wall.

Exit DOÑA CLARA and DON ÁLVARO

ALCUZCUZ
 By Allah, I fall asleep!
 Sir Sleep sits heavy on me.
 No job so bad 1765
 as to be go-between,
 because others all work for themselves,
 and go-between works for others.
 Woah, horse! I'll keep to my story
 and beat sleep that way. 1770
 Sometimes the shoemaker makes himself shoes,
 sometimes the tailor gets a new dress,
 the cook gets to taste the stew,
 the baker eats his best cake too.
 Only go-betweens get no satisfaction. 1775
 He neither gets in the clothes,
 nor tastes from the pot.
 Woah! The mare, oh me!

She's off running!
 Woah, mare, stay and do 1780
 what I'm asking you!
 For you, I'll do anything
 that you ask.
 I can't reach!
 Ah, Alcuzcuz! Now you've done it! 1785
 When he returns
 my master is sure to kill me,
 Now he cannot get to Gabia on time.
 He will say:
 "Give the mare." "I don't have her." 1790
 "What happened?" "She ran off on me."
 "Where to?" "Those hills over there."
 "I will kill you." And bam!
 He puts dagger through my chest.
 Well if we must die, Alcuzcuz, 1795
 and there be deaths to choose from,
 let's be poisoned.
 The sweetest death,
 since I can't stand this life now.⁴⁵

He takes a wine sack from the saddlebag and drinks

Better to die this way 1800
 than for man to die
 bathed in his own blood.
 How do I feel? I feel good.
 The poison not so strong,
 and if I mean to die, 1805
 need more poison. (*Drinks*)
 This poison be not cold.
 Be nice warm poison.
 Yes, burn inside.
 Need more poison. (*Drinks*) 1810
 So slowly I die.
 Now it kicks me.
 It takes effect now.
 My eyes clouding over
 and my head foggy. 1815
 Tongue all fat,
 and mouth taste like metal. (*Drinks*)
 Mercy to finish, poison not kill another.
 Where be me mouth?
 I can't find it. 1820

⁴⁵ Alcuzcuz's grammar gets worse the more he drinks, and continues that way throughout this scene.

Drums of war sound

MORISCO	(<i>Offstage</i>) Sentries of Galera, to arms!	
ALCUZCUZ	What's that? If lightning there must be thunder.	1825
<i>Enter DON ÁLVARO and DOÑA CLARA, frightened</i>		
DOÑA CLARA	Sir, the sentries are setting the watchfires.	
DON ÁLVARO	The Christian camp must have descended upon Galera in the silence of the night, harbored by the shadows.	1830
DOÑA CLARA	Go, sir. The whole fortress is up in arms.	
DON ÁLVARO	And what glory would it bring to leave my lady here under siege...	1835
DOÑA CLARA	Such sorrow!	
DON ÁLVARO	...and turn my back on her?	
DOÑA CLARA	Your honor lies in defending Gabia, which may also be under attack. Consider that.	1840
DON ÁLVARO	Who ever saw such confusion as I now suffer? My honor and my love both call to me at once.	1845
DOÑA CLARA	Heed your honor.	
DON ÁLVARO	I must answer to both.	
DOÑA CLARA	How?	

DON ÁLVARO	I am determined to bring you with me. For I am undone whether I leave you or not. Let my honor and my love suffer one fortune and one fate. Come with me: a mare who outruns the wind will carry us both.	1850 1855
DOÑA CLARA	I go with my husband, there's no risk in that. I am yours.	1860
DON ÁLVARO	Alcuzcuz, are you there?	
ALCUZCUZ	Who calls there?	
DON ÁLVARO	It's me, bring the mare quickly!	
ALCUZCUZ	The mare?	1865
DON ÁLVARO	What are you waiting for?	
ALCUZCUZ	I'm waiting for the mare— she said she would be right back.	
DON ÁLVARO	Well, where is she?	
ALCUZCUZ	She ran off. But she's a mare of her word— back any moment.	1870
DON ÁLVARO	By heavens! Traitor!	
ALCUZCUZ	Don't touch me, hold off! I be poisoned and kill with my breath.	1875
DON ÁLVARO	I will kill you.	
DOÑA CLARA	Wait!	

She goes to stop DON ÁLVARO and wounds her hand

DON ÁLVARO	What happened?	
DOÑA CLARA	I tried to stop you and cut my hand on the blade.	1880
DON ÁLVARO	This blood demands a life in payment.	
DOÑA CLARA	By my life, I beg you not to kill him.	
DON ÁLVARO	What would I not do for you? Is there a lot of blood?	1885
DOÑA CLARA	No.	
DON ÁLVARO	Press this cloth to it.	
DOÑA CLARA	Since I can no longer follow you, go quickly. They cannot take the town in one day. I will go with you tomorrow. The way will still be clear.	1890
DON ÁLVARO	With this hope, I agree to leave.	
DOÑA CLARA	May Allah keep you.	1895
DON ÁLVARO	For what purpose, if I loathe this life?	
ALCUZCUZ	Here's a way to lose your life... there is a drop of my sweet poison left.	
DOÑA CLARA	Go then.	1900
DON ÁLVARO	I go so sadly!	
DOÑA CLARA	And I, most afflicted, stay!	
DON ÁLVARO	...knowing that my unlucky stars...	
DOÑA CLARA	...knowing that my harsh fate...	
DON ÁLVARO	...always come between me and my love...	1905
DOÑA CLARA	...always prevents my wishes...	

DON ÁLVARO ...always sees to my misfortune...

DOÑA CLARA ...and now the Christian army
is in our way.

Exit DOÑA CLARA and DON ÁLVARO

ALCUZCUZ Is this dream or death? 1910
Everyone say it is the same,
and be true, I don't know
if I'm dying or falling asleep.

ACT III
SCENE 1
Outskirts of Galera

Enter DON ÁLVARO, alone, at night. ALCUZCUZ is sleeping on the stage.

DON ÁLVARO Cold and pallid night, 1915
In your dignified silence
I place all my hopes—
my love hopes for happiness, my soul for its trophy.
No matter how many stars you boast,
celestial Maleca will give more light,
when I steal her into my sweet arms. 1920
On the wings of care, I've arrived
a quarter of a league from Galera.
Here, where nature effortlessly planted
labyrinths among the leaves,
my horse will find nocturnal refuge. 1925
With no-one here to see my mare
I can just tie her to this tree,
more secure today in the branches' care
than with a man to watch her yesterday.
Ah, but a heart in love 1930
is easily amazed!

He trips over ALCUZCUZ

Yet this seems a bad omen on this night.
No sooner do I approach the wall
than upon this wretched corpse I fall.
All that I've seen today, 1935

all that I've found, is dismay, horror, and fright.
Oh, you wretch, you poor creature,
who has made the mountain your tomb!
But no—you are the fortunate one,
whose death improved your lot. 1940
Oh, what shadows I fight!

ALCUZCUZ *wakes*

ALCUZCUZ Who's stepping on me?

DON ÁLVARO What is this I see? What is this I hear?
Who is there? Who is it?

ALCUZCUZ Alcuzcuz, 1945
who you ordered wait here
with the mare. Here I be,
without being seen by anyone.
If you'll return to Gabia today,
why arrive so late? 1950
Lovers, they dilly-dally.

DON ÁLVARO Alcuzcuz, what are you doing here?

ALCUZCUZ Why ask Alcuzcuz
what he is doing, if I waited for you
since you entered through the door 1955
in the wall to see Maleca?

DON ÁLVARO Who ever heard of such a thing?
You've been here since last night?

ALCUZCUZ What do you mean last night?
I slept for one minute 1960
with a bad poison
that I drank so it would kill me,
for fear the mare
had gotten clean away.
But now the mare is returned 1965
and the poison didn't kill me
(Allah give me another day!),
so let us go.

DON ÁLVARO What nonsense! You were drunk last night.

ALCUZCUZ If there are poisons that make you drunk, 1970

I was, and do believe it now,
for my mouth tastes of iron,
tongues and lips
be dry as flint,
like tinder the palate,
everything taste of vinegar. 1975

DON ÁLVARO Leave at once. I would not have you
interfere with my happiness again.
Last night, because of you,
I missed the greatest opportunity,
and would not lose it for you again. 1980

ALCUZCUZ Not my fault, but Zara's!
She assure me
it was poison,
and I drank it to kill me. 1985

Voices sound offstage

GARCÉS (*Offstage*) Come this way, follow me!

DON ÁLVARO I hear people over there.
Let us wait in these woods
until they pass.

Both move out of sight, enter armed SOLDIERS and GARCÉS

GARCÉS This is the mouth of the mine
that leads to the wall:
advance, advance in silence,
for no one has seen us. 1990

It is already lit,
and in a few moments
the mountain will explode
into clouds of gunpowder in the sky. 1995
As soon as it goes,
let no one delay.

Occupy the space it will clear for us,
and hold your positions
until the reinforcements that lie hidden
in that thick forest arrive. 2000

Exit GARCÉS and SOLDIERS

DON ÁLVARO Did you hear something?

ALCUZCUZ Nothing hear. 2005

DON ÁLVARO It must be the patrol
 making its rounds through the woods.
 That's why I was careful to hide.
 Have they gone?

ALCUZCUZ Can't you see? 2010

DON ÁLVARO Now I may approach the wall.

Shots heard from offstage

What is happening?

ALCUZCUZ No mouth
 speaks more clearly
 than the mouth of a cannon,
 although we don't speak its language. 2015

Loud noises heard offstage

MANY VOICES (*Offstage*) Help me, oh heavens!

ALCUZCUZ Help me, Muhammad,
 and may Allah keep you!

DON ÁLVARO The celestial spheres seem
 to careen off their eternal axes.⁴⁶
 The jeweled heavens fall apart. 2020

DON LOPE (*Offstage*) The mine has blown!
 Everyone into the breach!

Drums of war sound

DON ÁLVARO What Etna, what Mongibello,
 what Vesuvius, what volcanoes⁴⁷
 have these mountains conceived
 in their wombs to birth this? 2025

⁴⁶ Celestial spheres: The Ptolemaic system imagined concentric spheres surrounding the earth, around which the planets completed their orbits.

⁴⁷ Reference to the volcanoes Mount Etna in Sicily, whose mountainous top is called Mongibello, and to Mount Vesuvius, on the Gulf of Naples. True to form, Alcuycz misunderstands Alvaro's elevated metaphors and offers his malapropisms.

ALCUZCUZ What monks, whose Edna,
 what doofuses or potatoes? 2030
 Everything is smoke and fire.

DON ÁLVARO Who has ever seen such horror?
 The town burns
 in a chaotic labyrinth of arms.
 What abominations ripped from the mountain's womb 2035
 —pitch snake, asp of gunpowder!
 Now torn open, your entrails bared for all to see.
 This is Spain's damnation.
 I am neither noble nor a true lover
 if I do not throw myself into the fire 2040
 to help my lady,
 scaling the wall and breaking through
 its battlements of stone.
 Let Galera and the whole world burn,
 as long as I can get the beautiful Maleca 2045
 safely out in my arms.

Exit DON ÁLVARO

ALCUZCUZ Neither lover nor noble I be,
 if Zara is in that mess.
 But what does it matter
 if I neither noble nor lover be? 2050
 Lovers and nobles aplenty
 we have: as long as I escape
 myself, so Zara and Galera
 can all burn up in flames.

Exit ALCUZCUZ

SCENE 2
Ruins of Galera

Enter DON JUAN DE MENDOZA, DON LOPE DE FIGUEROA, GARCÉS *and* CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

DON LOPE Leave no one alive. 2055
 Burn it all to the ground.

GARCÉS I will set it on fire.

I only need to find that vile Morisco,
to complete my revenge.

DON LOPE All of Galera burns.
Get your troops out of there
before relief arrives, 2085
alerted by the flames.

MENDOZA Retreat.
Spread the word.

SOLDIERS Fall back!

Exit all. Enter DON ÁLVARO

DON ÁLVARO Through mountains of flames 2090
and torrents of blood,
stumbling over dead bodies,
my love has delivered me
to Maleca's house,
now miserably destroyed. 2095
Steel and fire have twice
reduced it to ashes.
Oh my wife! I will die
if I arrive too late.
Where could Maleca be? 2100
There's no one to be seen.

DOÑA CLARA *cries out offstage*

DON ÁLVARO This voice carried
mournfully on the wind,
the faint pleas,
the repeated laments, 2105
are like a lightning bolt through me.
Who has ever seen greater misery?
In the hazy light of this well-stoked fire
I make out the form of a woman
dousing the flames with her blood. 2110
It's Maleca! Oh heavens!
Either give her life or take my own!

He moves offstage and returns with DOÑA CLARA, hair loose, face bloody, and half-dressed

DOÑA CLARA Oh, Spanish soldier, you who have
neither pity nor resolve—

	no pity, because you wounded me, no resolve, because you won't end my life— sink your steel into my breast again. For it is too much to bear, if you'll be neither resolute nor merciful.	2115
DON ÁLVARO	Oh, unhappy goddess, you are human suffering incarnate. He who takes you in his arms, does not seek to kill you. He would sooner tear his own life in half.	2120 2125
DOÑA CLARA	Your words well show you are a noble Moor, and if a wretched woman can ask just one favor of you, I request this courtesy: the commander in Gabia is Tuzaní, my husband. Find him there, and give him this last embrace from me.	2130 2135
	Tell him that his wife lies dead in Galera, bathed in her own blood, killed at the hands of a Spaniard who cared more for her jewels and diamonds than for his own honor.	2140
DON ÁLVARO	There is no need to deliver this embrace to your husband. He is here himself to receive it, the very end of his happiness, Misfortune never tarries.	2145
DOÑA CLARA	Only this voice —oh my love!— could give me breath again, and make my death a happy one. Oh let me embrace you! Let me die in your arms.	2150
DOÑA CLARA <i>dies</i>		
DON ÁLVARO	Oh, what a fool is he who claims love makes	

two lives into one!
 If only that were true, 2155
 you would not die now,
 or I would not live.
 Either I would die too,
 or you would live on,
 sharing one fate. 2160
 Oh heavens, who witness my sorrows,
 oh mountains, who look upon my misfortunes,
 oh winds, who hear my sufferings,
 oh flames, who see my burdens,
 how could you allow 2165
 the best light to be put out,
 the finest flower to die,
 the sweetest breath to be lost?
 Oh, men who know of love,
 tell me, in this sorry pass, 2170
 what should a lover do?
 Seeking his lady
 to consummate their long-sought love,
 he finds her bathed in blood,
 a lily gilded with deathly varnish, 2175
 gold refined by the hottest fire.
 What should a wretch do
 when he finds a tomb
 instead of a bridal bed?
 When, seeking a goddess, 2180
 he finds only a corpse?
 But no, don't answer me,
 I do not need your counsel.
 Pain will be my guide
 over any advice. 2185
 Oh, impregnable Alpujarra,
 theater of the crudest victory,
 of the most cowardly deed,
 of the basest glory!
 If only your peaks and valleys 2190
 had never seen this most unlucky beauty!
 But what is the use of complaints,
 when they are all lost in the wind?

Enter DON FERNANDO, DOÑA ISABEL and MORISCOS

D. FERNANDO Though Galera called for aid
 with tongues of fire, 2195
 we are too late.

DOÑA ISABEL	So late that its squares and streets are burnt to ashes by pyramids of flame that rival the stars.	2200
DON ÁLVARO	Do not wonder, do not be surprised that you came too late, for I was late too.	
DON ÁLVARO	<i>gently lays DOÑA CLARA's body down</i>	
D. FERNANDO	What a sad omen!	2205
DOÑA ISABEL	What a miserable sight!	
D. FERNANDO	What is this?	
DON ÁLVARO	This is the greatest sorrow, the worst grief, the cruelest misfortune, the gravest misadventure!	2210
	To see the woman you love die such a sad and lamentable death, is the very measure of suffering, the height of misfortune and the worst of all evils.	2215
	Maleca (I can't bear it!), my wife (what torture!), is (it pains me so!) pale (what a cruel death!) and bloody (what grief!) as you see before you.	2220
	A treacherous hand pierced her breast amidst the chaos.	
	Is it not strange that fire should put out her fire, and that steel should cleave such a diamond?	2225
	You are all witnesses, all of you, to the most outrageous sacrilege, the most ferocious deed, the saddest horror, the harshest trial of love and misfortune.	
	And so, from this instant you shall witness, all of you,	2230

the greatest and most noble vengeance 2235
 ever chronicled in eternal bronze
 and lasting marble.
 I swear to this dead beauty,
 this flower cut short, this plucked rose,
 as marvelous in death 2240
 as she was at birth,
 to her I swear,
 I solemnly and lovingly swear,
 to avenge her death.
 Galera, so aptly named, is capsizing now, 2245
 sinking in the sea of blood that floods it
 and flames that assault it,
 foundering from the top of this hill
 to the bottom of the vale.
 I can barely hear the Spanish drums now. 2250
 I will follow them in their retreat
 to find her murderer among them.
 I will avenge, if not her death,
 at least my wrath, 2255
 so that the fire that sees it,
 the world that knows it,
 the wind that hears it,
 the fortune that wills it,
 the heavens that allow it,
 men, beasts, fish, birds, 2260
 sun, moon, stars and flowers,
 water, earth, fire, air
 will learn, know, announce,
 see, warn, and finally understand
 that in an Arab breast, 2265
 in an Arab heart,
 there is love beyond death.
 Not even death herself
 can boast that she came between
 two such devoted lovers! 2270

Exit DON ÁLVARO

DON FERNANDO Stop! Wait!

DOÑA ISABEL You could sooner stop a bolt of lightning.

DON FERNANDO Take away that tragic beauty.
 Moriscos of the Alpujarra,
 do not cower at the sight 2275

of this barbarous new Troy,
this rustic homage,
falling in horror to the earth,
and flying in ashes through the air.
This requires vengeance. 2280
Your king, Abenhumeya,
does not take up his sword in vain.

DON FERNANDO *exits and the MORISCOS take DOÑA CLARA's body offstage*

DOÑA ISABEL (Aside) Oh, that heaven would make these rocks,
these proud Atlases, falter and fall
with the fire that consumes them 2285
and the wind that battles them,
bringing an end to so much unhappiness.

Exit DOÑA ISABEL

SCENE 3

Galera

Enter DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA, DON LOPE, MENDOZA, and SOLDIERS

AUSTRIA Galera, now defeated,
will become an immortal ruin—
its very ash stokes the Phoenix's blaze. 2290
Among the rubble and chaos,
it is but a relic of the fiery realm,
where flame is the Minotaur,
ravenous and blind,
and smoke its labyrinth.⁴⁸ 2295
There is no reason to wait.
Let the troops march
to Berja at daybreak,
before the dawn weeps its pearly tears
into the foamy deep. 2300
My daring heart,
never before defeated,
shall know no rest
until Abenhumeya is at my feet,
dead or defeated. 2305

DON LOPE If you wish, my lord, for us to deal
with Berja as we did with Galera,

⁴⁸ In Greek mythology, the monstrous Minotaur, half human and half bull, was confined to a labyrinth in Crete.

	<p>you have the arms for it. Yet the king's orders were never to destroy his own vassals, but to teach them a lesson, and temper punishment with pardon.</p>	2310
MENDOZA	<p>I agree with Don Lope. Let them think you both merciful and cruel. Let them witness your pardon as they have witnessed your punishment. Let their pardon prove you merciful, my lord. Temper your harshness: valor is most evident in forgiveness, for there is no valor in killing.</p>	2315 2320
AUSTRIA	<p>It's true that my brother sent me to pacify this rebellion. But my wrath does not know how to plead without arms. Yet since he trusts me both to punish and to pardon, the world shall witness how I pardon warriors and punish those who beg for mercy. Mendoza...</p>	2325 2330
MENDOZA	<p>Yes, sir.</p>	
AUSTRIA	<p>You will go to Berja, where Valor is, and tell him I am headed there. Make it known that I both pardon and punish, good and evil in equal measure. Tell Valor that if he surrenders and accepts our terms, I will pardon all the rebels, as long as they return to live among us and attend to their trades and lands. As for past offenses, my uncompromising justice seeks no more satisfaction today. But tell him they must surrender. If not, I will blow the ashes of Galera to send Berja up in flames.</p>	2335 2340 2345
MENDOZA	<p>I will follow your command.</p>	

DON ÁLVARO	That is Don Juan de Austria?	
ALCUZCUZ	Yes, I swear.	
DON ÁLVARO	His fame and reputation merit great respect.	
AUSTRIA	How even these pearls are!	2385
DON ÁLVARO	Even if I wished to, I could not look away. I recognize that necklace (oh my soul!) that he holds in his hand (alas!) for I gave it to Maleca.	2390
AUSTRIA	Let us go, Don Lope. That soldier there watches me so intently!	
DON LOPE	Who wouldn't wonder at the sight of you, my lord?	2395
<i>Exit DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA, DON LOPE, and SOLDIERS</i>		
DON ÁLVARO	I am struck speechless.	
ALCUZCUZ	Now, my lord, that you are alone, tell me why we come here from the Alpujarra?	
DON ÁLVARO	You will know soon enough.	2400
ALCUZCUZ	Don't need more reason than the fact me being here to regret following you.	
DON ÁLVARO	Why?	
ALCUZCUZ	Listen and I will say. Me, sir, have been captive of a Christian soldier who if he sees me in the field will kill me.	2405
DON ÁLVARO	How could he recognize you in that disguise?	2410

	With our new clothes we can make our way through their camp without arousing suspicions. There is nothing in our appearance to show that we are Moriscos.	2415
ALCUZCUZ	You, who speak the language well, you, who are not captive, you, who look Spanish, can safely pass. Me, who don't know how to pronounce, me, who have been prisoner, me, who have never worn these clothes, how can I avoid the punishment?	2420 2425
DON ÁLVARO	By speaking only to me. No one will pay attention to a servant.	
ALCUZCUZ	But what if someone asks questions of me?	2430
DON ÁLVARO	Do not answer.	
ALCUZCUZ	Who could not answer?	
DON ÁLVARO	He who knows what is good for him.	
ALCUZCUZ	Only Muhammad can silence such babblers as myself.	2435
DON ÁLVARO	No doubt you call these love's foolish excesses, for I, the pagan worshipper of a dead sun, look for one soldier in a throng of thirty thousand and go after him confused and perplexed, with no clue as to who he is. But what difference does one more impossibility make? What is one more marvel where there are so many? I know full well	2440 2445

my vengeance is impossible, 2450
but how can I be satisfied
if I don't attempt the impossible?
Though the first clue seemed certain,
there's no way I can believe it,
for Don Juan de Austria is honorable, 2455
and a noble man would never stain his hand
with a woman's blood.
There could be no valor,
no nobility in one who would fail
to adore such a beauty. 2460
No, it wasn't him.
Love, your hints and signs all lie.
It was someone else—
some cruel, vile traitor.

ALCUZCUZ For that we came? 2465

DON ÁLVARO Yes.

ALCUZCUZ Then head back soon,
for how is it possible
to find him
never seeing him 2470
and not knowing his name?

DON ÁLVARO, I swear to do it,
even if it seems hopeless.

ALCUZCUZ This is like those letters
that say: "Looking for my son Juan,
who wears black and lives at court." 2475

DON ÁLVARO The only thing you have to do...

ALCUZCUZ I know. I talk signs with hands
when someone comes.

DON ÁLVARO Yes. 2480

ALCUZCUZ Allah hold my tongue...

Enter a group of SOLDIERS

SOLDIER 1 That's the best way
to split the loot,

	for he who gambles for two always gets a bigger share.	2485
SOLDIER 2	Why should we not split the winnings evenly, when the loss would have been the same?	
SOLDIER 1	Sure, that sounds fair.	
SOLDIER 2	Look. I don't like to fight with my comrades over money. If we can find one other man to agree that your plan is fair, I'll hold my tongue.	2490
SOLDIER 1	Anyone would agree. You, soldier!	2495
ALCUZCUZ	<i>(Aside)</i> To me he calls, and I answer not. Be quiet!	
SOLDIER 1	You don't reply?	
ALCUZCUZ	Ha, ha, ha.	2500
SOLDIER 2	He's a mute.	
ALCUZCUZ	<i>(Aside)</i> If only they knew!	
DON ÁLVARO	<i>(Aside)</i> He'll ruin my plans if I don't stop him. I have to distract them. <i>(Aloud)</i> Gentlemen, please forgive my servant if he does not heed your commands: he is mute.	2505
ALCUZCUZ	<i>(Aside)</i> Not a mute, but in moments like this it's like charades for he has nothing to say.	2510
SOLDIER 1	I would prefer to ask my question of you, than of him.	2515
DON ÁLVARO	And I'd be glad to answer.	

SOLDIER 1	Besides the money, I've won a prize for the two of us—this Cupid...	
DON ÁLVARO	<i>(Aside)</i> What is this I see?	
SOLDIER 1	...set with diamonds.	2520
DON ÁLVARO	<i>(Aside)</i> Ah, Maleca! Your wedding jewels are now the spoils of your funeral! Yet how can I avenge your death, how, when the evidence points two opposite ways: to a foot soldier and a prince?	2525
SOLDIER 1	When I divided the proceeds, I gave my companion here the Cupid as his share, He says he wants no trinkets. Tell me, is it not fair for me to choose what I get, having won it myself?	2530
DON ÁLVARO	I can make peace between you, since I can pay however much you played for it, but on one condition: I must know who first came by it, to be sure I'm making an honest purchase.	2535
SOLDIER 2	Everything we are gambling today is good to keep, for we took all of it from those dogs in the sack of Galera.	2540
DON ÁLVARO	<i>(Aside)</i> Heavens, that I should have to hear this and let it pass!	
ALCUZCUZ	<i>(Aside)</i> That I, who cannot kill, cannot even speak!	2545
SOLDIER 1	I'll bring you to the one who got it. He told me it was among the jewels he stole from a Moorish beauty whom he killed there.	2550
DON ÁLVARO	<i>(Aside)</i> Alas!	

SOLDIER 1 Come, you'll hear it
 from his own lips.

DON ÁLVARO *(Aside)* I won't, for as soon as I discover
 who he is, I will stab him to death. 2555
(Aloud) Let's go.

SOLDIERS *(Offstage)* Halt.

OTHER SOLDIERS *(Offstage)* He's getting away.

A quarrel is heard offstage

A SOLDIER *(Offstage)* I'll kill him,
 even if the whole world defends him. 2560

ANOTHER SOLDIER *(Offstage)* He's on the enemy's side.

ANOTHER ONE *(Offstage)* Well friend, die, die.

GARCÉS *(Offstage)* What does it matter if they're all against me
 When I can stand on my own?

Enter GARCÉS and SOLDIERS fighting, DON ÁLVARO moves to stop them, ALCUZCUZ stays back

DON ÁLVARO So many fighting against one man 2565
 is disgraceful and vile.
 Stop, soldiers, or by God
 I shall stop you!

ALCUZCUZ *(Aside)* What good is this? I came here to not speak
 and now to watch others fight! 2570

A SOLDIER I am dead.

Enter DON LOPE

DON LOPE What is this?

OTHER SOLDIER He's dead!
 Run before they take us!

All SOLDIERS who were fighting flee

GARCÉS (To DON ÁLVARO) I owe you my life,
soldier, and I will pay my debt. 2575

Exit GARCÉS

DON LOPE Stop there.

DON ÁLVARO Yes.

DON LOPE Disarm them both. Take his sword.

DON ÁLVARO (Aside) Oh heavens!
(Aloud) Understand, my good sir,
I drew it only to make peace.
It was not my fight. 2580

DON LOPE I only know that I have found you
in the garrison with your sword unsheathed
and a man dead beside you. 2585

DON ÁLVARO I have no defense.
(Aside) Who could imagine?
I come to kill one man,
only to put myself in danger
by trying to save another. 2590

DON LOPE And you, where is your sword?
Well. You speak only in signs?
Yet I have heard you talk before,
if I remember correctly. 2595
Keep these two men
jailed in the garrison
while I pursue the rest of them.

ALCUZCUZ (Aside) Two things I disliked:
quiet and quarrel. Now three things?
Let me get my numbers straight.
One, two, three, yes, three: prison, quiet, and quarrel. 2600

Exit ALCUZCUZ. Enter DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA

AUSTRIA What happened here, Don Lope?

DON LOPE My lord, there has been a quarrel,
and a man is dead. 2605

With this, he sent me away.
The Alpujarra is all up in arms,
divided into warring factions,
some shouting “Spain,” 2650
others “Africa,”
so that their greatest trouble,
their greatest conflict today,
divided as they are,
is within their own walls. 2655

AUSTRIA A tyrant never rules for long:
those who are the first
to support him in his rise
are also the first to abandon him,
sometimes bathed in his blood. 2660
Since the Alpujarra is in such a state,
let the troops march on Berja
before they kill one another like vipers,
and so defeat themselves.
Let us not leave this feat to them, 2665
if there is any way to make it ours.

Exit all

SCENE 4

Prison in the Spanish barracks

Enter ALCUZCUZ and DON ÁLVARO with their hands tied behind their backs

ALCUZCUZ Now that we’re both here,
alone and can talk,
I would like to know
from you, Sir Tuzaní— 2670
why leave Alpujarra
and come to this land?
To kill or to die?

DON ÁLVARO To die, and not to kill.

ALCUZCUZ He who has settled a quarrel
gets the worst of it. 2675

DON ÁLVARO Since I was not guilty,
I did not offer any resistance.
Had this brave heart wished to defend itself,

	a thousand men would have run from me.	2680
ALCUZCUZ	I would have run with them, and not be here now.	
DON ÁLVARO	Did I not see the brute who boasted that he took a woman's jewels as he put her to death?	2685
ALCUZCUZ	That's not worst. Now we're forced to confess. What to do when confessor comes, thinking us Christians?	2690
DON ÁLVARO	Since everything is already lost, I'll make them pay a high price.	
ALCUZCUZ	So, what now?	
DON ÁLVARO	I'll kill that guard with the dagger I keep hidden under my coat.	2695
ALCUZCUZ	With what hands?	
DON ÁLVARO	Couldn't you chew your way through this knot with your teeth?	2700
ALCUZCUZ	Back there? And with my teeth? This end is not so clean.	
DON ÁLVARO	Come on, either break or untie this knot.	
ALCUZCUZ	I will.	2705
DON ÁLVARO	I'll keep an eye out for them.	
ALCUZCUZ	Done! (<i>Unties</i> DON ÁLVARO) Now you break mine.	
DON ÁLVARO	I can't. People are coming.	2710

ALCUZCUZ I'll stay like this, then,
 tied up and shut up.

Enter a SOLDIER, who takes his post, and GARCÉS, shackled

SOLDIER Those who you see there
 are your comrades—
 the one who bravely wielded his sword 2715
 to defend you,
 and his mute servant.

GARCÉS Though I must regret
 being taken by the legions that pursued me,
 I am not sorry to know 2720
 that I can therefore free
 the one who saved me,
 for I will now confess
 and clear his name.
 You'll tell my lord, 2725
 Don Juan de Mendoza,
 that I am imprisoned here
 and ask him to grant me
 the mercy of his visit
 so I can beg him for my life. 2730
 My past services well deserve it.

SOLDIER As soon as my watch is over
 I will tell him to come see you.

DON ÁLVARO *(Aside to ALCUZCUZ)* Can you see,
 discreetly, who just entered 2735
 the prison with the guard?

ALCUZCUZ Yes, I'll see.
 (Notices GARCÉS) Oh no!

DON ÁLVARO What's wrong?

ALCUZCUZ What? Huh? 2740
 Him here now...

DON ÁLVARO Continue.

ALCUZCUZ ...what horror!

DON ÁLVARO Speak!

ALCUZCUZ	...I'm dead with fright!	2745
DON ÁLVARO	Go on.	
ALCUZCUZ	...the man whose prisoner I was, him I stole poison from. No doubt he knows I'm here. Just to be safe, I hide my face—like this— so he not see me.	2750
<i>He lies down as if asleep</i>		
GARCÉS	I don't know you and have never served you, yet your sword gave me life. Believe me that it pains me to see you like this. If I could find any consolation in being jailed, it would be in freeing you.	2755 2780
DON ÁLVARO	May God keep you.	
ALCUZCUZ	<i>(Aside)</i> He is prisoner now, and is the one who started the fight. Yes, it's him. I not see him before in the rush to fight.	2785
GARCÉS	So, my good sir, do not be troubled about being held here. I am in your debt and will give my life before you pay for a fault that is not yours but, indeed, mine.	2790
DON ÁLVARO	I would expect nothing less from your valor, though my being here has not been what I have minded most, by God. Because of you I lost the chance to do what I came here to do.	2795 2800

SOLDIER	You shouldn't both fear death, for I have always heard —and you must know this, too— that if two men cause the death of another,	2805
	and there is just one wound, and it was not premeditated or treasonous either, then only one will die— the one with the uglier face.	2810
ALCUZCUZ	<i>(Aside)</i> May he who says so drop dead.	
SOLDIER	So out of you three, that mute over there will be the one to die.	
ALCUZCUZ	<i>(Aside)</i> Of course! Because no uglier mug than mine in the entire world.	2815
GARCÉS	I believe that you will grant me one more courtesy since you have already shown such noble generosity.	2820
ALCUZCUZ	<i>(Aside)</i> Law be for the ugliest to die?	
GARCÉS	Tell me to whom I owe my life.	
DON ÁLVARO	I am no more than a soldier who has come to join the fight...	
ALCUZCUZ	<i>(Aside)</i> Law be for the ugliest to die?	2825
DON ÁLVARO	... for the sake of finding a certain man. This is the reason that brought me here.	
ALCUZCUZ	<i>(Aside)</i> Law be for the ugliest to die?	
GARCÉS	Perhaps I could help you find him. What is his name?	2830
DON ÁLVARO	I don't know.	

GARCÉS	In what regiment did he serve in this war?	
DON ÁLVARO	I don't know.	2835
GARCÉS	What does he look like?	
DON ÁLVARO	I don't know.	
GARCÉS	Well, good luck finding him if you don't know his name, his looks, or his regiment.	2840
DON ÁLVARO	Yet, even without knowing his looks, his name, or his regiment, I nearly had him.	
GARCÉS	Yours is not an easy riddle. But don't worry, for once Don Juan de Austria knows of this case he will grant me my life, since he owes me so much. He would never have entered Galera without my help. And together we will reclaim your lost opportunity. Now that I am in your debt, I must remain by your side, by God, for better or for worse.	2845 2850 2855
DON ÁLVARO	So, you were the one who led the way into Galera?	
GARCÉS	I wish I had not been.	
DON ÁLVARO	Why, if it was such a feat?	2860
GARCÉS	Because ever since I set foot there, I know not what fate, what omen, what ill star pursues me. Since that ill-fated day everything has gone wrong for me.	2865

DON ÁLVARO	And why is that?	
GARCÉS	I don't know. Unless it's because I killed a Morisca there, and offended the heavens, for she was the very portrait of their celestial beauty.	2870
DON ÁLVARO	Was she that beautiful?	
GARCÉS	Yes.	2875
DON ÁLVARO	<i>(Aside)</i> Oh, my dearly lost bride! <i>(Aloud)</i> How did it happen?	
GARCÉS	I'll tell you. While I was on duty one day, among woods so thick they rival the dark mantle of night, I captured a Morisco. I won't go on for too long about how he tricked me and led me between high peaks, where his shouts summoned the entire Alpujarra, and how I fled from him and hid in a cave. Suffice it to say that this cave, carved into the mountain, was the womb where a monster of fire was conceived. It was I who brought news of the mine to our lord Don Juan de Austria, and I who stood guard that night, to protect the explosives. I kept the breach open for the rest of the troops and finally entered the town, making my way through the flames like a canny spirit of the fire. Then I came upon a fortified building, which must have served as the barracks, for everyone rushed there. But it appears that my story tires you, and that you are not enjoying it.	2880 2885 2890 2895 2900 2905

DON ÁLVARO Was it like this? 2990

He takes out a dagger and stabs GARCÉS

GARCÉS Ah!

ALCUZCUZ It's done now.

DON ÁLVARO Die, traitor.

GARCÉS Ah! Why?

DON ÁLVARO Because that dead beauty, 2995

that plucked rose,
was the soul of my life,
and now gives life to my soul.
You are the one I was looking for.
You are the one I hoped to find
to avenge her great beauty.

3000

GARCÉS Ah! Traitor! You take me unarmed.

DON ÁLVARO Vengeance knows no rules.
Don Álvaro Tuzaní, her husband,
is the one who kills you now. 3005

ALCUZCUZ And me, you Christian dog,
am Alcuzcuz, who that other day
took your saddlebag.

GARCÉS Why did you save my life
if you were going to take it? 3010
Guards!

GARCÉS *dies*

MENDOZA (*Offstage*) What's this shouting?
Open the door. Garcés is calling.
He is the one I am looking for.

Enter DON JUAN DE MENDOZA and SOLDIERS

What is this? 3015

DON ÁLVARO *disarms a SOLDIER*

DON ÁLVARO Put down your sword.
Don Juan de Mendoza.
If my presence confounds you,
I am Tuzaní,
the lightning bolt of the Alpujarra. 3020
I have come to avenge the death
of an unrivaled beauty,
for a man who does not avenge his beloved
cannot call himself a lover.
I sought you out once in another prison, 3025
where we fought as equals,
face to face, man to man.
If you came here for me,
you should have come alone.
Being who you are, 3030
that would have been fitting.
But if you have come by chance,
as a nobleman you must honor
my noble misfortunes.
Let me go. 3035

MENDOZA In this strange turn of events,
I wish I could let you go, Tuzaní,
without losing my reputation.
But I cannot fail the king
and so cannot fail to kill you, 3040
when you are found among his troops.
Now I must be the one
to take your life.

DON ÁLVARO No matter.
If you bar the door, 3045
I will slash my way through.

He fights his way offstage

A SOLDIER I am dead.

The SOLDIER flees and falls offstage

ANOTHER He is a fiend loosed from hell.

DON ÁLVARO Today you will see
that I am Tuzaní, whom fame will recall
as the avenger of his lady. 3050

SOLDIERS *flee*

MENDOZA I will kill you first.

ALCUZCUZ I ask: the one with the ugly face,
be it law he dies?

Enter DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA, DON LOPE and SOLDIERS

DON LOPE What is this? 3055
What is this uproar?

AUSTRIA Mendoza, what is this?

MENDOZA It is a strange case, my lord.
This Morisco came alone
from the Alpujarra 3060
to kill a man, who, he says,
killed his lady in the sack of Galera.
He has stabbed him to death.

DON LOPE Did your lady die there?

DON ÁLVARO Yes. And now I have avenged her. 3065

DON LOPE Well done. My lord,
grant him his freedom.
This crime is more worthy
of praise than punishment.
You would kill the man 3070
who killed your lady, by God,
or you would not be Don Juan de Austria.

MENDOZA Sir, this is Tuzaní.
We would do well to capture him.

AUSTRIA Surrender yourself. 3075

DON ÁLVARO I'm afraid I cannot comply.
But out of respect for you,
my only defense will be
to turn my back on you.

AUSTRIA After him, everyone! After him! 3080

Everyone exits following DON ÁLVARO running offstage

at your feet.
 I am Doña Isabel Tuzaní. 3105
 I am here against my will,
 tyrannically oppressed,
 with a Morisco voice
 and a Catholic soul.
 I am the wife of Abenhumeya, 3110
 whose unlucky death saw his own crown,
 stained with his blood,
 turned into a weapon against him.
 The Moriscos, seeing that you granted
 a general pardon, tried to surrender. 3115
 Such is the people's inconstancy,
 that tomorrow they will undo
 what they propose today.
 When courageous Abenhumeya
 rebuked their cowardice 3120
 the guards broke into his palace.
 When they reached his chamber doors,
 their captain said:
 "Surrender to the King of Spain!"
 while the people cried out: 3125
 "Long live the sacred House of Austria!"
 He replied:
 "I, a prisoner?"
 And as he went to draw his sword,
 a soldier struck him on the head, 3130
 which, adorned with the crown,
 tasted both greatest glory and greatest misfortune.
 He fell to the ground,
 and with him fell the many hopes
 the world held for his deeds— 3135
 for even the threat of them
 made Spain waver.
 I have come here, my lord,
 to place at your feet
 the crown of brave Abenhumeya 3140
 in Granada,
 his former kingdom.
 If I have earned a favor from you,
 then let the noble Tuzaní
 enjoy the pardon 3145
 extended to all today.
 I, here at your feet,
 would rather be your servant
 than a queen.

AUSTRIA	You have asked very little. Stand up, beautiful Isabel. Let Tuzaní live, and let the world's most loving deed be written on monuments of eternal bronze and lasting marble.	3150 3155
DON ÁLVARO	I kneel before you.	
ALCUZCUZ	And me, I am pardoned?	
AUSTRIA	Yes.	
DON ÁLVARO	Here ends <i>To Love Beyond Death</i> and the siege of the Alpujarra.	3160

END OF THE PLAY