

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 Andalusi 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* Alcuizcuz—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. Alcuizcuz 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, Alcuizcuz must negotiate a path between the impositions of empire and the demands of resistance.

In his struggle to speak the language of the colonizer, Alcuizcuz 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, Alcuizcuz

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 *jihad* 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

Characters:

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*
SERVANTS
MORISCOS
MORISCAS
CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS
MORISCO SOLDIERS

ACT I
SCENE 1

A room in CADÍ's house, in Granada

Enter a group of MORISCOS with CADÍ¹ and ALCUZCUZ, dressed in Morisco fashion, in cloaks and culottes, and MORISCAS in white doublets,² with musical instruments

CADÍ	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 1	(Sings) 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 1	(Sings) 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 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.

² 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.

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.

ALCUZCUZ	(Sings) Long live that fight when <i>sharif</i> ⁵ Muza showed his might, and at his sight little Spaniards get a fright.	25
ALL	<i>Long live His law!</i> <i>Loud knocks are heard from offstage</i>	
CADÍ	What's that?	
MORISCO 1	They are breaking down the doors.	
CADÍ	They must be trying to catch us at our gathering, since the king's decrees now forbid us to hold one. With so many Moriscos heading into this house, the authorities must have followed us.	30 35
	<i>The knocking continues</i>	
ALCUZCUZ	Well, they're calming down now.	
MALEC	(Offstage) Why do you take so long to open for one who knocks so loud?	
ALCUZCUZ	No good calling at this door if souls not been called.	40
MORISCO 1	What shall we do?	
CADÍ	Hide all the instruments, and then answer the door. Just say you came to see me.	45
MORISCO 2	That's a good plan.	
CADÍ	Let's all keep up the pretense. Alcuzcuz, run! What are you waiting for?	
ALCUZCUZ	When the door opens, I fear a hundred blows from the constable	50

⁵ *Sharif* (Arabic): here, noble leader. Muza ibn Nusayr was a governor and general for the Umayyad Caliphate in North Africa, and a central figure in the conquest of the Iberian Peninsula.

will rain on my belly here.
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. 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.	70 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, never stopping,	85

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

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
 for an ill fortune well borne

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.

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 Válories, 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
 more than to enslave you. 170

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.

	<p>Yet the Alpujarra¹¹ 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.</p>	
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.	
MORISCA 1	<p>And I, in the name of all the Moriscas of Granada, offer our jewels and fine clothes. 200</p>	
<i>Exit MALEC and various MORISCOS</i>		
ALCUZCUZ	And me, I only have	

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.

a little shop on Bibarrambla—¹⁴
for oil, vinegar, figs,
nuts, almonds, raisins,
onions, garlic, peppers, 205
ribbons, brooms,
thread, needles, pouches
of white paper or brown,
spices, tobacco, belts, rods,
feathers to make quills, 210
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 215
Marquess, Duke or Count
of all the Alcuzcuzes.

MORISCO 1 Hush, you fool.

ALCUZCUZ I'm no madman.

MORISCO 2 If not mad, then drunk. 220

ALCUZCUIZ 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.

Exit all

SCENE 2

A room in MALEC's house

Enter Doña CLARA and BEATRIZ, a servant

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.

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!
 And all the greater is my sorrow 260
 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

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

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. 280
 For my love for you is so great
 that I will not marry you,
 to spare you from a wife
 whose father is dishonored.

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,
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. 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, 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 insults are a poor man's lot.	315 320 325
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. 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 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. 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 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. Did you need me dishonored, my lord, in order to wed me?	330 335 340 345 350
ÁLVARO	I do so to avenge you.	
CLARA	I fear for you, and so release you.	
ÁLVARO	But is this not, Clara, how I show my love?	355

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

ÁLVARO You cannot avoid this...

CLARA I can take my own life.

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

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

ÁLVARO Is this loyalty?

CLARA It is honor.

ÁLVARO Is this courtesy?

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.

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

Enter BEATRIZ

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

Exit BEATRIZ

CLARA Go into that room.

ÁLVARO What misfortune!

ÁLVARO hides behind a curtain

CLARA What harsh fate! 375

Enter Don ALONSO de Zúñiga, magistrate, Don FERNANDO de Valor and Don Juan MALEC

MALEC Clara?

CLARA My lord?

MALEC	(<i>Aside to CLARA</i>) Alas, to find you in such sorrow! Go in there, Clara.	
CLARA	What is this?	380
MALEC	You may listen from there.	
	<i>CLARA retreats behind the curtain with ÁLVARO</i>	
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.	
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
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
ÁLVARO	(<i>Aside to CLARA</i>) Did you hear that?	405
CLARA	Yes.	
FERNANDO	In that case, there can be no better solution: listen to me.	

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

MALEC	(<i>Aside</i>) Alas for my honor, which needs remedy!	410
FERNANDO	Don Juan de Mendoza, a gentleman as handsome as he is illustrious, is unmarried. 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...	415 420
ÁLVARO	No!	
FERNANDO	...then this offense cannot, in this case, be avenged, for if Mendoza once offended 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. For he could hardly, in this impasse, kill himself. So, if he'll accept this offer, there's no need to take revenge. Both their honors will be cleansed, for there's no way one man can both offend and be offended.	425 430 435 440
ÁLVARO	(<i>Aside to CLARA</i>) I must speak up.	
CLARA	(<i>To ÁLVARO</i>) Stop! Don't ruin me, for God's sake.	
ALONSO	A fine resolution for both parties.	445
MALEC	There is one remaining obstacle, for I fear Clara may undo all our hopes...	

CLARA *(Aside)* 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.

CLARA (*Reveals herself*) I will do it. 455

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.

ALONSO Only your mind could come up 470
 with such a singular conceit.

FERNANDO This will certainly work.
 Write out the proposal,
 and I will deliver it to Mendoza.

ALONSO We will go to him together. 475

MALEC (Aside) This will buy us some time
for the rebellion to start.

FERNANDO All will come to a happy end
 through my good offices.

Exit ALONSO, FERNANDO *and* MALEC

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

480

Enter ÁLVARO

ÁLVARO	Yes, I will. And may I never again look upon such a fickle soul 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, for a woman so low...	485 490
CLARA	Oh!	
ÁLVARO	...who with her vile intent, false faith, and loose manners offers one man her hand while she keeps another in her chambers. I would never want it said that I loved such a woman.	495
CLARA	Lower your voice, Álvaro. You are wrong, but in time the truth will satisfy you.	500
ÁLVARO	These are not matters for satisfaction.	
CLARA	They will be.	
ÁLVARO	Did I not just hear you say you will give your hand today in marriage to Mendoza?	505
CLARA	Yes. But I haven't told you yet the purpose of my suffering.	
ÁLVARO	What possible purpose? To kill me? Could anything justify this, when he has insulted your father and as good as killed me?	510
CLARA	In time, Álvaro, you may come to see how firm is my devotion, and that this change in me	515

	is all for your sake.	
ÁLVARO	Who ever saw such cunning deception! Tell me, did you not just give him your hand?	520
CLARA	Yes.	
ÁLVARO	Will you not be his wife?	
CLARA	No.	
ÁLVARO	But how...	525
CLARA	Do not ask me again.	
ÁLVARO	You'll give him your hand and not be his wife?	
CLARA	I'll give him my hand, and so bring him into my arms, only to tear him to pieces. Are you satisfied now?	530
ÁLVARO	No! If he dies in your cruel embrace, life will hardly be worth living. Your arms are too lovely to be executioners. Rather than let him into your arms, even to die there, I will end my troubles by killing him.	535
CLARA	Is this love?	
ÁLVARO	It is honor.	
CLARA	Is this gallantry?	540
ÁLVARO	It is jealousy.	
CLARA	Look, my father has finished the letter. If only I could stop you!	
ÁLVARO	It wouldn't take much to keep me here!	545

Exit CLARA and 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 if he dares to cross a Mendoza.	550
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 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, for men who can't carry a sword and yet presume to make bold." ¹⁷	555 560
MENDOZA	So all gentlemen should carry two weapons, for two such purposes. Since I've now been dealt all clubs, give me the sword you have brought so that I may be well armed, even in jail.	565
GARCÉS	I am glad I decided to come by your house in time to serve at your side, should you find yourself among enemies.	570
MENDOZA	And how have you been since Lepanto, Garcés? ¹⁸	
GARCÉS	Like a soldier whose great fortune it was to serve on such an occasion,	

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

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.

	and in such a mighty army, under the command of the royal son of that peerless divine eagle, ¹⁹ whose tireless flight shielded the entire world under his wings.	575
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 woman ²⁰ has just walked in.	585
GARCÉS	(<i>Aside</i>) Ah, too bad! Here I was, about to play my best card and now this figure appears!	
<i>Enter Doña ISABEL Tuzaní, veiled</i>		
ISABEL	My lord Don Juan de Mendoza, may a woman who has come to see you in your confinement know from your own lips how this prison treats you?	590
MENDOZA	Of course. Garcés, leave us.	595
GARCÉS	Beware, sir, what if this is...	
MENDOZA	No need to worry, I recognize her voice.	
GARCÉS	I'll go then.	
<i>Exit GARCÉS</i>		
MENDOZA	I doubt my eyes and ears in equal measure,	600

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.

	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.	605 610
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
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!

ISABEL	Inés, what's the matter?	640
INÉS	My lord Don Álvaro is here.	
ISABEL	Could he have recognized me, disguised as I am?	
MENDOZA	What bad luck!	645
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
<i>Both women hide</i>		
ISABEL	I am in great danger. Save me, heavens, save me!	
<i>Enter ÁLVARO</i>		
ÁLVARO	My lord Don Juan de Mendoza, I wish to speak with you in private.	
MENDOZA	Well, here I am.	655
ISABEL	<i>(Aside)</i> How pale he looks!	
ÁLVARO	Then I will close this door.	
MENDOZA	Close it. <i>(Aside)</i> A fine mess!	
ÁLVARO	Now that it's closed, listen carefully. Just now I learned that there is one is coming to see you...	660
MENDOZA	That's true.	
ÁLVARO	...in this prison...	
MENDOZA	They did not lie.	665

ÁLVARO	...who with this act offends my very heart and soul.	
ISABEL	(<i>Aside</i>) What remains to be said?	
MENDOZA	(<i>Aside</i>) Good God! How can I hold back any longer!	
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.	
ÁLVARO	Then I will make my challenge clear.	675
ISABEL	I can draw breath once more— I am not the one he is looking for.	
ÁLVARO	The Magistrate and Don Fernando de Valor, 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. Draw your sword before these men arrive to negotiate the friendship you are so desperate to prevent, whatever the reason may be.	690 695 700

ÁLVARO That is my purpose, (*draws sword*)
for I must kill you
sooner than you know. 705

MENDOZA No one will disturb us here.

They fight

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!

ÁLVARO What skill!

ISABEL What to do?
In the match between these two,
I cannot choose a winner. 715
I care for them both,
so no matter the outcome,
I both win and lose.

ÁLVARO falls, tripping over a chair; ISABEL enters, veiled, and holds back MENDOZA

ÁLVARO That chair made me fall.

ISABEL Don Juan, stop! 720
(*Aside*) What am I doing?
Love has forced my hand.

ISABEL hides again

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, 725
do not complain. She's not here with me,
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.

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

ISABEL Oh, that I could call for help!

A knock at the door

ÁLVARO There are people at the door.

MENDOZA What shall we do?

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

MENDOZA Agreed.

ISABEL reveals herself

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

ÁLVARO Don't open the door!

MENDOZA Don't open the door! 750

ISABEL opens the door and attempts to flee, as ALONSO enters with FERNANDO and INÉS

ISABEL Gentlemen,
 these two men before you
 are trying to kill each other.

ALONSO Stop there!
 These two fighting, and you here— 755
 you must be the cause.

ISABEL (*Aside*) Oh misfortune!
 I hoped to find a way out,

and instead have found perdition!

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
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MENDOZA	That is true, for this lady was here by chance to see me.
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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
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ISABEL	(<i>Aside</i>) That's one good thing.
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ISABEL and INÉS exit

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
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MENDOZA	Hold your tongue lord Don Fernando de Valor, 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	790 795
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²¹ Marvelous mythological bird that was reborn from its own ashes.

of the Mendozas with that of a Malec.
Indeed, it is not fitting to pair
Mendozas with Malecs.

FERNANDO I'll have you know,
Don Juan Malec is a man... 800

MENDOZA Like you.

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

ÁLVARO Whatever Don Fernando
says on this matter,
I will defend on the battlefield. 810

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

Enter SERVANT

SERVANT There are people at the door.

ALONSO Pretend all is well.
I must return to my duties. 820
You, my lord Mendoza, must remain here
as a prisoner.

MENDOZA I will obey you
in all things.

ALONSO The two of you must go. 825

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.

MENDOZA And if you wish
to seek satisfaction...

[illegible]

MENDOZA ...waiting for you with sword in hand... 830

ALONSO ...ready for battle.

ALONSO and MENDOZA exit; FERNANDO and ÁLVARO speak to themselves in asides

FERNANDO *(Aside)* How can my honor allow this!

ÁLVARO *(Aside)* How can my courage permit this!

FERNANDO Because I became a Christian,
must I now suffer such dishonor?²⁴ 835

ÁLVARO Because I adopted their faith,
does no one remember who I am?

FERNANDO By God, it would be cowardly
 not to seek my vengeance!

ÁLVARO By heaven! It would be shameful 840
 not to take revenge!

FERNANDO May heaven give me the opportunity!

ÁLVARO May fate grant me the chance!

FERNANDO For if the heavens grant it...

ÁLVARO For if fate allows... 845

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

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

FERNANDO ...for the courage...

ÁLVARO ...and the strength

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.

of the gloriously powerful arms... 850

FERNANDO ...of the proud Válcores.

ÁLVARO ...of the brave Tuzanís.

FERNANDO (*To ÁLVARO*) Are you with me?

ÁLVARO (*To FERNANDO*) Yes.

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

ÁLVARO Who's stopping us?

FERNANDO and ÁLVARO *exit*

ACT II
SCENE 1

*Mountains of the Alpujarra, near Galera*²⁵

Fanfare of trumpets and drums, enter SOLDIERS, 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,
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.
Although it is a shame 870
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

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 the timeline of the war and its geography (see Note 12).

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 in whose breath you idle, waiting for Habsburg plumes nobly to crown you as you fly into action. ²⁷	880
	At Lepanto, you were protector of the faith, scourge of the Turk, a Christian Neptune ²⁸ subduing that realm of importunate waves, your noble standard a Catholic trident.	885
	Called to this venture, you well know and wisely lament that Africa occupies the Alpujarra and must now be made to submit to your valor.	890
	But though some wars might not be full worthy of you, surely this one will flatter your valiant spirit Just because they are rebel subjects, sir, does not mean they are not fortified.	895
	Just because they are bandits does not mean they are not brave and bold. I can attest to their qualities. Remember: an internal enemy is the most dangerous of all.	900
AUSTRIA	Has the rebellion come this far?	
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.	910

²⁶ Roman god of war.

²⁷ Another reference to the Habsburg royal crest.

²⁸ Roman god of the sea.

who today, ill provisioned as they are,
 attempt to reconquer Spain.
 The Alpujarra's height makes it difficult, 915
 its terrain, punishing,
 its position, impregnable,
 its fortifications, invincible.
 It is fourteen leagues across,
 but those fourteen 920
 might as well be fifty
 when you consider the crevasses.
 Between the lofty peaks,
 there are beautiful valleys,
 fertile fields, 925
 and pleasant gardens.
 It is populated throughout
 by villages and hamlets.
 In the setting sun,
 they nestle in the crags, 930
 born of the rocks themselves
 that fell from the summit,
 without ever reaching.
 the foothills below. Of them all,
 the strongest in arms are 935
 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. 940
 They have land to graze
 plenty of livestock,
 though most prefer fruits,
 both wild and dried, to meat.
 They eat what they grow, 945
 exacting tribute from the soil
 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,
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,
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,
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
to stop their advance.
And what's worse: if it looks
as though they may prevail,
then other Moriscos
will seize their chance,
for those in Extremadura,
Castile, and Valencia
await the smallest sign of victory
to join in the fight.
Though bold and determined,
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
was to elect a leader.
Though there was competition
between Don Fernando Válor
and another man, his noble equal,
Don Álvaro Tuzaní,
Don Juan Malec arranged
that Don Fernando would reign,
once he'd married the beautiful
Doña Isabel Tuzaní,
Don Álvaro's sister.
(*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,

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,
 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

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

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?

MENDOZA *directs 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

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.

and also of his little patience.

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

AUSTRIA I wish to meet him.

Enter Don LOPE de Figueroa

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

AUSTRIA How are you, my lord?

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

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

LOPE So good, my lord,
that if the Alpujarra were Hell,
and Muhammad himself its gatekeeper,
they would march in undaunted,
except those whose gouty feet
can't manage this rocky terrain,
for they come... 1175
1180

SOLDIER (*Offstage*) Stop!

GARCÉS (*Offstage*) Let me through!

Enter GARCÉS carrying ALCUZCUZ on his shoulders

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, 1185

and found this dog,³¹
a spy no doubt, lying in wait.
I tied him up with the sling of my musket, 1190
and brought him back here.
His bark might tell us what lies out there.

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 (Aside) Very bad!
Alcuzcuz, your neck,
it smells of rope.

AUSTRIA I know you, soldier, 1200
and am familiar with your deeds.

GARCÉS *(Aside)* 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.

AUSTRIA Who are you?

ALCUZCUZ	(<i>Aside</i>) Have to be careful here.	1210
	(<i>Aloud</i>) I am poor Morisco, Alcuzcuz, taken by force to the Alpujarra. I am Christian in conscience. I know Christian doctrinity:	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

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

	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. This might seem a lowly endeavor, but it is most important. Winning this campaign may bring little honor, but losing would bring disgrace. Such ventures deserve your utmost attention, not so much to win them, as not to lose.	1245 1250
	<i>Exit</i> AUSTRIA, MENDOZA, LOPE <i>and</i> SOLDIERS	
GARCÉS	You, what's your name?	

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

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.	

	<p>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 (<i>Aside</i>) Oh, if only I could tell the truth!</p>
FERNANDO	<p>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.</p>
MUSICIAN	<p><i>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.</i></p>
<p><i>Enter MALEC, who kneels before FERNANDO, now ABENHUMEYA, followed by ÁLVARO and CLARA dressed as Moors, flanking the curtain and remaining at the door</i></p>	
CLARA	<p><i>No need to say who is the master Of these happiest moments mine.</i></p>
ÁLVARO	<p><i>Our bond, but brief, gives clearest signs 1345 Of a love forever after.</i></p>
<p><i>Instruments play in the background throughout the scene</i></p>	
CLARA	<p>Oh, what a song for a moment like this!</p>
ÁLVARO	<p>That singing has unsettled me so. 1350</p>
CLARA	<p>That I should hear such things when my father is here to arrange my marriage...</p>

ÁLVARO	For just as Love prepares my bliss...	
CLARA	...my sacred hopes, listen...	
ÁLVARO	...listen, my fancies...	1355
MUSICIANS and LOVERS	<i>Our bond, but brief, gives clearest signs of a love forever after.</i>	
MALEC	Sir, since love finds its place amid the thunder of war, I must tell you to whom I intend to give Maleca.	1360
FERNANDO	Tell me, who is the fortunate man?	
MALEC	Your brother-in-law, Tuzaní.	
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
<i>ÁLVARO and CLARA step forward</i>		
CLARA	(To FERNANDO) I happily bow before you.	
ÁLVARO	And I am overjoyed that you might bless our union.	1370
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
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.	1380

Here is Cupid,³⁶ adorned with his arrows. 1385
Even this Cupid of diamonds
would kneel at your feet.
Here is a string of pearls,
the tears Aurora sheds³⁷
on seeing her beauty outshone. 1390
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. 1395
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, 1400
must be your own,
rather than these tokens from me.

CLARA I accept these gifts, Tuzaní,
 and, grateful for your love,
 promise to wear them
 in your name all my life. 1405

ISABEL I congratulate you both
on this eternal union.
(Aside) Which will be to my detriment.

MALEC And now join hands 1410
 to gladden the soul.

ÁLVARO I kneel at your feet.

CLARA May we join together
 in this eternal bond.

BOTH Oh, happy fate! 1415

As they join hands, the drums of war resound

ALL What is that?

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.

MALEC It is the rumble of Spanish drums
as they come thundering
through the crags.
Those are not Moorish drums we hear. 1420

ÁLVARO The camp is thrown into confusion.

FERNANDO Stop the wedding until we see
what has caused this uproar!

ÁLVARO Do you not know, sir?
What could it be, 1425
except my happiness?
The sun has barely shone
on my good fortune
when Spanish arms come
to eclipse its pure light. 1430

War drums sound again as ALCUZCUZ enters, carrying saddlebags on his shoulder

ALCUZCUZ Thanks to Muhammad and Allah
I arrive at your feet!

ÁLVARO Where have you been, Alcuzcuz?

ALCUZCUZ They're all here already!

FERNANDO What has happened to you? 1435

ALCUZCUZ 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
and then makes me
carry his food. 1450

	<p>The two of us walk in a hidden way. No sooner I see him alone, I run up into the rocks 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. 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 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 to fight against you.</p>	<p>1455</p> <p>1460</p> <p>1465</p> <p>1470</p>
FERNANDO	<p>Say no more, lest you force my gallant pride into anger.</p>	
ISABEL	<p>From this great summit, where the stumbling sun trembles at the fading of its light and the dimming of its glow, we can barely make out, the armed squadrons that march upon us amid the confusion on the hillside.</p>	<p>1475</p> <p>1480</p>
CLARA	<p>Granada has brought so many men to battle.</p>	
FERNANDO	<p>Entire worlds would prove too few if they have come to conquer me, even were the son of Mars himself, the fifth planet, rather than Charles the Fifth,⁴⁰ to claim this beautiful labyrinth! For even if they plant their flags across these horizons these peaks will be their pyres, these rocks will be their tombs.</p>	<p>1485</p> <p>1490</p>

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

⁴⁰ Philip II, son of Charles V. With an empire that stretched across Europe and the Mediterranean to North Africa, Asia, and the Americas, his reign was characterized by conquest and war.

The time now draws near.
Let them not find us unprepared,
but awaiting all their might.
Everyone to their posts! 1495
Malec, you go to Galera,
Tuzaní, you to Gabia.
I will stay here in Berja,
and to whomever Allah grants
good fortune, may Allah protect him, 1500
for it is in His cause we fight.
(To ÁLVARO) Go to Gabia.
We'll celebrate the glory of love later,
once victory is ours.

Exit all except ÁLVARO and CLARA

CLARA *No need to say who is the master
Of these happy moments mine.*⁴¹ 1505

ÁLVARO *Our bond, but brief, gives clearest signs
of a love forever after.*

CLARA *Happy moments barely attained
already dead before they're born...* 1510

ÁLVARO *Before their time new roses shorn;
their flowers out of season claimed...*

CLARA *...Ever vulnerable, maimed
by the threat of a gentle breeze...*

ÁLVARO *...You must not say that you are pleased...* 1515

CLARA *...Victorious, at once to cede,
lament the strength that you yet need...*

ÁLVARO *...No need to say who is the master...*

CLARA Oh, joys of one who is lost,
miscarriage of all my cares, 1520
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. 1525

⁴¹ Clara and Álvaro trade lines of song, here italicized. Their truncated nuptials become a ceremony of loss.

	Let me be, go and seek the master <i>Of these happy moments mine.</i>	
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. These sorrows, without doubt, show <i>Our bond is but brief.</i>	1530 1535
CLARA	Oh sorrow, how you pretended to be joys...	
ÁLVARO	Joys found, then lost twice over.	1540
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
ÁLVARO	<i>...a bond, but brief...</i>	
CLARA	<i>...a love, forever after...</i>	
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
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,	1560

	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?	1565
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
CLARA	Am I not to see you until we see an end to this war?	
ÁLVARO	I will come every night. It is just two leagues from Galera to Gabia. How could my desire not fly to you?	1580
CLARA	Love can traverse great distances. I will be waiting for you at the postern gate in the city wall. ⁴²	1585
ÁLVARO	And I, certain of this love, will come to the wall every night. Come into my arms.	
<i>Drums of war sound</i>		
CLARA	The drums sound again.	
ÁLVARO	Such misfortune!	1590
CLARA	Such sorrow!	
ÁLVARO	Such suffering!	
CLARA	Such agony! This is love?	

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.

ÁLVARO It is death. 1595

CLARA And what else is love but death?

Exit ÁLVARO and CLARA, then 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,
yes. I know it already,
as Zara say. She's a snake 1620
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

AUSTRIA, LOPE, MENDOZA *and* SOLDIERS *enter marching*

MENDOZA	<p>We can see better from here now that the sun on its descent sheds its light on the slopes below. That village on the right, perched on a sturdy rock, 1640 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, 1645 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. 1650</p>
AUSTRIA	<p>We must lay siege to one of them.</p>
LOPE	<p>We have to decide which of them</p>

⁴³ Alcuizcuz'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.

	best suits our plans. Enough standing around, Call all hands.	1655
AUSTRIA	Bring me that Morisco captive, and we'll see if he speaks the truth. Where is Garcés, the one charged with keeping him prisoner?	1660
MENDOZA	I haven't seen him since.	
GARCÉS	<i>(Offstage)</i> Oh no!	
AUSTRIA	Go see what that is.	
	<i>Enter GARCÉS, wounded and falling</i>	
GARCÉS	It is I, here at your feet on the verge of death.	1665
MENDOZA	It's Garcés.	
AUSTRIA	What has happened?	
GARCÉS	Forgive my error in exchange for a warning.	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. 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.	1675 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. Some Moorish troops responded, whether to his voice or to the resounding echo I know not.	1685

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 1695
in the rocks upon which the city rests.
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 take GARCÉS away

I take it as a good omen 1715
to learn this about Galera,
Don Lope de Figueroa.
Ever since I heard the Alpujarra had
a town by that name
I have longed to lay siege to it, 1720
to see if I am as lucky
with galleys on land
as with those at sea.⁴⁴

LOPE

Well, what's keeping you?
Let's man the posts. 1725
This is the best time.
We'll get closer at night,
undetected.

⁴⁴ Again, referring to his victory at Lepanto.

Let the troops march on Galera.

SOLDIER 1 Tell the others. 1730

SOLDIER 2 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 1735
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.

Exit all

SCENE 4
Walls of Galera

Enter ÁLVARO and ALCUZCUZ

ÁLVARO Alcuzcuz, I place my life and honor 1740
in your hands today,
for I will lose both in an instant
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.

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

CLARA enters through a doorway

CLARA Is it you?

ÁLVARO Who else could
 be so faithful?

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

Exit CLARA and 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. (<i>Drinks</i>)	
This poison be not cold.	
Be nice warm poison.	
Yes, burn inside.	
Need more poison. (<i>Drinks</i>)	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. (<i>Drinks</i>)	
Mercy to finish, poison not kill another.	
Where be me mouth?	
I can't find it.	1820

Drums of war sound

MORISCO (*Offstage*) Sentries of Galera,
to arms!

ALCUZCUZ	What's that?	
	If lightning	
	there must be thunder.	1825

Enter ÁLVARO and CLARA, frightened

CLARA Sir, the sentries
are setting the watchfires.

ÁLVARO	The Christian camp must have descended upon Galera in the silence of the night,	1830
	harbored by the shadows.	

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

CLARA	Go, sir. The whole fortress is up in arms.	
ÁLVARO	And what glory would it bring to leave my lady here under siege...	1835
CLARA	Such sorrow!	
ÁLVARO	...and turn my back on her?	
CLARA	Your honor lies in defending Gabia, which may also be under attack. Consider that.	1840
ÁLVARO	Who ever saw such confusion as I now suffer? My honor and my love both call to me at once.	1845
CLARA	Heed your honor.	
ÁLVARO	I must answer to both.	
CLARA	How?	
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
CLARA	I go with my husband, there's no risk in that. I am yours.	1860
ÁLVARO	Alcuzcuz, are you there?	
ALCUZCUZ	Who calls there?	

ÁLVARO	It's me, bring the mare quickly!	
ALCUZCUZ	The mare?	1865
ÁLVARO	What are you waiting for?	
ALCUZCUZ	I'm waiting for the mare— she said she would be right back.	
ÁLVARO	Well, where is she?	
ALCUZCUZ	She ran off. But she's a mare of her word— back any moment.	1870
ÁLVARO	By heavens! Traitor!	
ALCUZCUZ	Don't touch me, hold off! I be poisoned and kill with my breath.	1875
ÁLVARO	I will kill you.	
CLARA	Wait!	
	<i>CLARA goes to stop ÁLVARO and wounds her hand</i>	
ÁLVARO	What happened?	
CLARA	I tried to stop you and cut my hand on the blade.	1880
ÁLVARO	This blood demands a life in payment.	
CLARA	By my life, I beg you not to kill him.	
ÁLVARO	What would I not do for you? Is there a lot of blood?	1885
CLARA	No.	
ÁLVARO	Press this cloth to it.	
CLARA	Since I can no longer follow you, go quickly.	1890

They cannot take the town in one day.
I will go with you tomorrow.
The way will still be clear.

ÁLVARO With this hope, I agree to leave.

CLARA May Allah keep you. 1895

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.

CLARA Go then. 1900

ÁLVARO I go so sadly!

CLARA And I, most afflicted, stay!

ÁLVARO ...knowing that my unlucky stars...

CLARA ...knowing that my harsh fate...

ÁLVARO ...always come between me and my love... 1905

CLARA ...always prevents my wishes...

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

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

Exit CLARA and 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.

Exit ALCUZCUZ

ACT III
SCENE 1
Outskirts of Galera

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

ÁLVARO	<p>Cold and pallid night, 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. 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. 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 is easily amazed!</p>	<p>1915</p> <p>1920</p> <p>1925</p> <p>1930</p>
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He trips over ALCUZCUZ

	<p>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, 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. Oh, what shadows I fight!</p>	<p>1935</p> <p>1940</p>
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ALCUZCUZ wakes

ALCUZCUZ	Who's stepping on me?	
ÁLVARO	What is this I see? What is this I hear? Who is there? Who is it?	
ALCUZCUZ	Alcuzcuz,	1945

	<p>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? Lovers, they dilly-dally.</p>	1950
ÁLVARO	Alcuzcuz, what are you doing here?	
ALCUZCUZ	<p>Why ask Alcuzcuz what he is doing, if I waited for you since you entered through the door in the wall to see Maleca?</p>	1955
ÁLVARO	<p>Who ever heard of such a thing? You've been here since last night?</p>	
ALCUZCUZ	<p>What do you mean last night? I slept for one minute 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 and the poison didn't kill me (Allah give me another day!), so let us go.</p>	1960
ÁLVARO	What nonsense! You were drunk last night.	
ALCUZCUZ	<p>If there are poisons that make you drunk, 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.</p>	1970
ÁLVARO	<p>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.</p>	1975
ALCUZCUZ	<p>Not my fault, but Zara's! She assure me</p>	1980

1985

Voices sound offstage

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

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

ÁLVARO and ALCUZCUZ move out of sight, as GARCÉS enters with armed SOLDIERS

GARCÉS	This is the mouth of the mine that leads to the wall: advance, advance in silence, for no one has seen us. It is already lit, and in a few moments the mountain will explode into clouds of gunpowder in the sky. 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.	1990 1995 2000
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Exit GARCÉS *and* SOLDIERS

ÁLVARO Did you hear something?

ALCUZCUZ Nothing hear. 2005

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
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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
	<i>Loud noises heard offstage</i>	
VOICES	(<i>Offstage</i>) Help me, oh heavens!	
ALCUZCUZ	Help me, Muhammad, and may Allah keep you!	
ÁLVARO	The celestial spheres seem to careen off their eternal axes. ⁴⁶ The jeweled heavens fall apart.	2020
LOPE	(<i>Offstage</i>) The mine has blown! Everyone into the breach!	
	<i>Drums of war sound</i>	
ÁLVARO	What Etna, what Mongibello, what Vesuvius, what volcanoes ⁴⁷ have these mountains conceived in their wombs to birth this?	2025
ALCUZCUZ	What monks, whose Edna, what doofuses or potatoes? Everything is smoke and fire.	2030
ÁLVARO	Who has ever seen such horror? The town burns in a chaotic labyrinth of arms. What abominations ripped from the mountain's womb —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 to help my lady,	2035 2040

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, Alcuycuz misunderstands Alvaro's elevated metaphors and offers his malapropisms.

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
safely out in my arms. 2045

Exit 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 MENDOZA, LOPE, GARCÉS and CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

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

GARCÉS I will set it on fire.

Exit GARCÉS

SOLDIER 1 And I will get what loot I can.

Enter MALEC and a group of MORISCOS, who begin fighting the CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

MALEC (*While fighting*) I alone
will defend the city 2060
like a new wall.

MENDOZA Sir, this is Malec,
the commander.

LOPE Surrender, now.

MALEC I do not know the meaning of the word! 2065

CLARA (Offstage) Malec, my lord, master, father!

MALEC It's Maleca! Oh, if only I could
divide myself in two!

CLARA (Offstage) A Christian is killing me!

They continue to fight, and the MORISCOS are pushed back

MALEC Then let them kill me. 2070
I won't stop them
so that your life and mine
may end at once.

LOPE Die, dog, and take Muhammad 2075
this message from me.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS *exit, pushing the MORISCOS back again; after fighting, the*
CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS *re-enter*

SOLDIER 1 We've never taken so many
jewels and diamonds.

SOLDIER 2 I got rich this time.

GARCÉS No life will escape my blade today, 2080
neither the beautiful nor the frail.
I only need to find that vile Morisco,
to complete my revenge.

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

MENDOZA Retreat.
Spread the word.

SOLDIERS Fall back!

Exit all, then enter ÁLVARO

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.

CLARA cries out offstage

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 CLARA, hair loose, face bloody, and half-dressed

CLARA Oh, Spanish soldier, you who have
neither pity nor resolve—
no pity, because you wounded me, 2115
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.

ÁLVARO Oh, unhappy goddess, 2120
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. 2125

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: 2130

	the commander in Gabia is Tuzaní, my husband. Find him there, and give him this last embrace from me.	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
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
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
	<i>CLARA dies</i>	
ÁLVARO	Oh, what a fool is he who claims love makes two lives into one! If only that were true, you would not die now, or I would not live. Either I would die too, or you would live on, sharing one fate.	2155 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 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, what should a lover do?	2165 2170

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 FERNANDO, ISABEL and MORISCOS

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

ISABEL So late
that its squares and streets
are burnt to ashes
by pyramids of flame 2200
that rival the stars.

ÁLVARO Do not wonder, do not be surprised
that you came too late,
for I was late too.

ÁLVARO gently lays CLARA's body down

FERNANDO What a sad omen! 2205

ISABEL What a miserable sight!

FERNANDO What is this?

ÁLVARO

This is the greatest sorrow,
the worst grief,
the cruelest misfortune, 2210
the gravest misadventure!
To see the woman you love die
such a sad and lamentable death,
is the very measure of suffering,
the height of misfortune 2215
and the worst of all evils.
Maleca (I can't bear it!),
my wife (what torture!),
is (it pains me so!)
pale (what a cruel death!) 2220
and bloody (what grief!)
as you see before you.
A treacherous hand
pierced her breast amidst the chaos.
Is it not strange 2225
that fire should put out her fire,
and that steel should cleave such a diamond?
You are all witnesses, all of you,
to the most outrageous sacrilege,
the most ferocious deed, 2230
the saddest horror,
the harshest trial of love and misfortune.
And so, from this instant
you shall witness, all of you,
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,
so that the fire that sees it, 2255
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 ÁLVARO

FERNANDO Stop! Wait!

ISABEL You could sooner stop a bolt of lightning.

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.

FERNANDO exits and the MORISCOS take CLARA's body offstage

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 ISABEL

SCENE 3
Galera

Enter AUSTRIA, LOPE, MENDOZA, *and* SOLDIERS

AUSTRIA	<p>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</p>
LOPE	<p>If you wish, my lord, for us to deal with Berja as we did with Galera, you have the arms for it. Yet the king's orders were never to destroy his own vassals, 2310 but to teach them a lesson, and temper punishment with pardon.</p>
MENDOZA	<p>I agree with Don Lope. Let them think you both merciful and cruel. Let them witness your pardon 2315 as they have witnessed your punishment. Let their pardon prove you merciful, my lord. Temper your harshness: valor is most evident in forgiveness, 2320 for there is no valor in killing.</p>
AUSTRIA	<p>It's true that my brother sent me to pacify this rebellion.</p>

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

	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...	2325 2330
MENDOZA	Yes, sir.	
AUSTRIA	You will go to Berja, where Válor is, and tell him I am headed there. Make it known that I both pardon and punish, good and evil in equal measure. Tell Válor 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.	2335 2340 2345
MENDOZA	I will follow your command.	
	<i>Exit MENDOZA</i>	
LOPE	No spoils were ever as rich as these. There is no soldier who has not made his fortune.	2350
AUSTRIA	Was there really so much treasure hidden in Galera?	
LOPE	You can tell by your soldiers' glee.	2355
AUSTRIA	I wish to present the prizes of war to my sister and queen. I will collect from the soldiers everything worth sending to her.	2360

LOPE	I made some purchases with the same purpose in mind. Let me offer you this necklace, which I bought from a man who won it. It is the best jewel of them all, my lord.	2365
AUSTRIA	It is very fine, and I may justly receive it, as I may justly grant whatever favor you ask in return. I shall teach you how to receive as you teach me how to give.	2370
LOPE	I ask only one thing in exchange, that you make use of it and of me.	
<i>Enter ÁLVARO and ALCUZCUZ dressed as Spanish Christian soldiers</i>		
ÁLVARO	Alcuzcuz, I want only you as my companion and friend on my endeavor today.	2375
ALCUZCUZ	It's good you trust me, but I do not understand what your aim to accomplish here... but, shush. This is His Tallness.	2380
ÁLVARO	That is Don Juan de Austria?	
ALCUZCUZ	Yes, I swear.	
ÁLVARO	His fame and reputation merit great respect.	
AUSTRIA	How even these pearls are!	2385
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!	

LOPE	Who wouldn't wonder at the sight of you, my lord?	2395
<i>Exit AUSTRIA, LOPE, and SOLDIERS</i>		
ÁLVARO	I am struck speechless.	
ALCUZCUZ	Now, my lord, that you are alone, tell me why we come here from the Alpujarra?	
ÁLVARO	You will know soon enough.	2400
ALCUZCUZ	Don't need more reason than the fact me being here to regret following you.	
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
ÁLVARO	How could he recognize you in that disguise? 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.	2410 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
ÁLVARO	By speaking only to me. No one will pay attention	

to a servant.

ALCUZCUZ	But what if someone asks questions of me?	2430
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ÁLVARO Do not answer.

ALCUZCUZ Who could not answer?

ÁLVARO He who knows
 what is good for him.

ALCUZCUZ	Only Muhammad can silence such babbler as myself.	2435
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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	2440
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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
my vengeance is impossible,

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
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ÁLVARO	Yes.	
ALCUZCUZ	Then head back soon, for how is it possible to find him never seeing him and not knowing his name?	2470
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
ÁLVARO	The only thing you have to do...	
ALCUZCUZ	I know. I talk signs with hands when someone comes.	
ÁLVARO	Yes.	2480
ALCUZCUZ	Allah hold my tongue...	
<i>Enter a group of SOLDIERS</i>		
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!	
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
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...	
ÁLVARO	(<i>Aside</i>) What is this I see?	
SOLDIER 1	...set with diamonds.	2520
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
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
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
ÁLVARO	<i>(Aside)</i> Alas!	
SOLDIER 1	Come, you'll hear it from his own lips.	
ÁLVARO	<i>(Aside)</i> I won't, for as soon as I discover who he is, I will stab him to death. <i>(Aloud)</i> Let's go.	2555
SOLDIERS	<i>(Offstage)</i> Halt.	
OTHER SOLDIERS	<i>(Offstage)</i> He's getting away.	
	<i>A quarrel is heard offstage</i>	
A SOLDIER	<i>(Offstage)</i> 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, ÁLVARO goes to stop them, ALCUZCUZ stays back

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 2570
 and now to watch others fight!

A SOLDIER I am dead.

Enter LOPE

LOPE What is this?

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

All SOLDIERS who were fighting flee

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

Exit GARCÉS

LOPE Stop there.

ÁLVARO Yes.

LOPE Disarm them both. Take his sword.

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

LOPE I only know that I have found you 2585
 in the garrison with your sword unsheathed

and a man dead beside you.

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

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? 2600
 Let me get my numbers straight.
 One, two, three, yes, three: prison, quiet, and quarrel.

Exit ALCUZCUZ and enter AUSTRIA

AUSTRIA What happened here, Don Lope?

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

AUSTRIA If these things go unpunished,
 we shall have a thousand tragedies a day.
 Yet let us have justice with moderation.

Enter MENDOZA

MENDOZA Your Highness, I bow at your feet.

AUSTRIA What news, Mendoza? 2610
 What does Abenhumeya say?

MENDOZA I sounded a muted trumpet of peace
 at Berja, and a wordless white flag
 was raised in response.
 With that security I entered the city 2615
 and reached the pavilion,
 the domain of Abenhumeya.
 Beside him sat the beautiful

Doña Isabel Tuzaní,
who is now Lidora and his queen. 2620
(*Aside*) Oh love, how foolishly you awaken
pleasures long asleep!
(*Aloud*) According to their custom,
they sat me on a pillow,
with all the privileges of an ambassador, 2625
while he claimed the authority of a king.
I conveyed your message, and
at the mere mention of your general pardon,
all rose to revel in the streets and squares.
But Abenhumeya, born of courage and pride, 2630
burning with fury,
seeing how much commotion
the pardon had caused among his people,
gave me this answer:
“I am king of the Alpujarra, 2635
and although its small size
is no match for my worth,
soon all of Spain will be at my feet.
If you do not wish to see
Don Juan de Austria dead, 2640
tell him to turn back,
and if any treacherous Morisco
rejoices in such pardon,
take him with you, to fight on the king’s side
so that I may have 2645
one more man to vanquish.”
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,
if there is any way to make it ours. 2665

Exit all

SCENE 4
Prison in the Spanish barracks

Enter ALCUZCUZ and 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?

ÁLVARO To die, and not to kill.

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

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.

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

ÁLVARO Since everything is already lost,
 I'll make them pay a high price.

ALCUZCUZ	So, what now?	
ÁLVARO	I'll kill that guard with the dagger I keep hidden under my coat.	2695
ALCUZCUZ	With what hands?	
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.	
ÁLVARO	Come on, either break or untie this knot.	
ALCUZCUZ	I will.	2705
ÁLVARO	I'll keep an eye out for them.	
ALCUZCUZ	(<i>Unties</i> ÁLVARO) Done! Now you break mine.	
ÁLVARO	I can't. People are coming.	2710
ALCUZCUZ	I'll stay like this, then, tied up and shut up.	
<i>Enter a SOLDIER, who takes his post, and GARCÉS, shackled</i>		
SOLDIER	Those who you see there are your comrades— the one who bravely wielded his sword to defend you, and his mute servant.	2715
GARCÉS	Though I must regret being taken by the legions that pursued me, I am not sorry to know that I can therefore free the one who saved me, for I will now confess and clear his name.	2720

	You'll tell my lord, 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. My past services well deserve it.	2725 2730
SOLDIER	As soon as my watch is over I will tell him to come see you.	
ÁLVARO	(<i>Aside to ALCUZCUZ</i>) Can you see, discreetly, who just entered the prison with the guard?	2735
ALCUZCUZ	Yes, I'll see. (<i>Notices GARCÉS</i>) Oh no!	
ÁLVARO	What's wrong?	
ALCUZCUZ	What? Huh? Him here now...	2740
ÁLVARO	Continue.	
ALCUZCUZ	...what horror!	
ÁLVARO	Speak!	
ALCUZCUZ	...I'm dead with fright!	2745
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>ALCUZCUZ 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	2755

	to see you like this. If I could find any consolation in being jailed, it would be in freeing you.	2760
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.	2765
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.	2770
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.	2775 2780
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, 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.	2785 2790
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.	2795
GARCÉS	I believe that you will grant me one more courtesy since you have already shown such noble generosity.	2800
ALCUZCUZ	(<i>Aside</i>) Law be for the ugliest to die?	
GARCÉS	Tell me to whom I owe my life.	
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?	2805
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?	2810
ÁLVARO	I don't know.	
GARCÉS	In what regiment did he serve in this war?	
ÁLVARO	I don't know.	2815
GARCÉS	What does he look like?	
ÁLVARO	I don't know.	
GARCÉS	Well, good luck finding him if you don't know his name, his looks, or his regiment.	2820
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.	2825 2830 2835
ÁLVARO	So, you were the one who led the way into Galera?	
GARCÉS	I wish I had not been.	
ÁLVARO	Why, if it was such a feat?	2840
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.	2845
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.	2850
ÁLVARO	Was she that beautiful?	
GARCÉS	Yes.	2855
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	2860

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, 2865
 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, 2870
 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, 2875
 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, 2880
 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. 2885
 But it appears that my story tires you,
 and that you are not enjoying it.

ÁLVARO Not in the least.
 I was just distracted
 by my own sorrows. Go on. 2890

GARCÉS	Full of anger and rage, I at last reached Malec's house, for this palace or stronghold was my goal all along. By that time Don Lope de Figueroa, honor and glory of Spain, had forced the castle to surrender, set siege to it with fire, and killed Malec. Searching for profit on top of praise —though reward and honor seldom go hand in hand— I combed through the halls,	2895 2900
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	boldly entering all the chambers, until I reached a small room with the most beautiful African I ever laid eyes upon. Ah, how I wish I could paint her! But this is no time for portraits.	2905 2910
	Confused and distraught at the sight of me, she sought shelter behind the bed curtains, as if they were the walls of a rampart... But you've lost the color from your face, and are those tears in your eyes?	2915
ÁLVARO	You bring to my mind sorrows very much like these.	
GARCÉS	Please, don't lose faith that you'll find another chance: it often comes when least expected.	2920
ÁLVARO	You're right. Continue.	
GARCÉS	I went in after her, and she was so decked out in jewels, adorned in such finery, that she seemed more like a lover awaiting her wedding night than a woman preparing for her funeral. Seeing such beauty, I resolved to grant her life if she would give her soul as ransom. ⁴⁹ I had scarcely dared grasp one of her white hands when she said, "Christian, let these jewels satisfy your insatiable greed for my death would feed your rapacity at the expense of your honor. A woman's blood does more to stain a blade than to make it shine. Leave my marriage bed untouched, leave intact the faith in my heart, which holds impenetrable mysteries." I sought her arms...	2925 2930 2935 2940

⁴⁹ Garcés's demand for the woman's soul here evokes sexual consummation, the ransom of captives, and, in a play so concerned with Christianity and Islam, religious conversion.

ÁLVARO	Wait, listen, hold, halt, don't touch her. What am I saying? I'm getting carried away. Carry on, it's nothing to me. (<i>Aside</i>) I wish that were true, but his wanting her pains me more than his killing her.	2945 2950
GARCÉS	She cried out for both her life and her honor. People were coming, and, with one conquest already lost, I did not want to lose them both, or let other soldiers claim their share of the spoils. How easily passion flies from one extreme to another! I traded love for vengeance. Carried away by I know not what fury, what sudden rage (it pains me even now to recount it), I stole her diamond brooch and a strand of pearls, then stabbed her through the breast, a snowy heaven stained crimson.	2955 2960 2965
ÁLVARO	Was it like this?	2970
	<i>He takes out a dagger and stabs GARCÉS</i>	
GARCÉS	Ah!	
ALCUZCUZ	It's done now.	
ÁLVARO	Die, traitor.	
GARCÉS	Ah! Why?	
ÁLVARO	Because that dead beauty, 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	2975 2980

to avenge her great beauty.

GARCÉS Ah! Traitor! You take me unarmed.

ÁLVARO Vengeance knows no rules.
Don Álvaro Tuzaní, her husband,
is the one who kills you now. 2985

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? 2990
Guards!

GARCÉS dies

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

Enter MENDOZA and two SOLDIERS

What is this? 2995

ÁLVARO disarms SOLDIER 1

ÁLVARO Put down your sword.
Don Juan de Mendoza.
If my presence confounds you,
I am Tuzaní,
the lightning bolt of the Alpujarra. 3000
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, 3005
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, 3010
that would have been fitting.
But if you have come by chance,
as a nobleman you must honor

	my noble misfortunes. Let me go.	3015
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, when you are found among his troops. Now I must be the one to take your life.	3020
ÁLVARO	No matter. If you bar the door, I will slash my way through.	3025
	<i>He fights his way offstage</i>	
SOLDIER 1	I am dead.	
	<i>SOLDIER 1 flees and falls offstage</i>	
SOLDIER 2	He is a fiend loosed from hell.	
ÁLVARO	Today you will see that I am Tuzaní, whom fame will recall as the avenger of his lady.	3030
	<i>All SOLDIERS flee</i>	
MENDOZA	I will kill you first.	
ALCUZCUZ	I ask: the one with the ugly face, be it law he dies?	
	<i>Enter AUSTRIA, LOPE and more SOLDIERS</i>	
LOPE	What is this? What is this uproar?	3035
AUSTRIA	Mendoza, what is this?	
MENDOZA	It is a strange case, my lord. This Morisco came alone from the Alpujarra to kill a man, who, he says,	3040

killed his lady in the sack of Galera.
He has stabbed him to death.

LOPE Did your lady die there?

ÁLVARO Yes, and now I have avenged her. 3045

LOPE Well done.
(To AUSTRIA) My lord, grant him his freedom.
This crime is more worthy
of praise than punishment.
You would kill the man 3050
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. 3055

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! 3060

Everyone exits following ÁLVARO running offstage

SCENE 5

Exterior view of the walls of Berja

Up high on a wall, enter ISABEL and MORISCO SOLDIERS

ISABEL Call the Christian troops
with this white flag.

Enter ÁLVARO and ALCUZCUZ below

ÁLVARO I have broken through
pikes and halberds
to reach the foot of the mountain. 3065

SOLDIER (Offstage) Shoot him
before he makes it to the woods.

SOLDIERS *enter following him*

ÁLVARO	Is that all of you? Come, surround me.	
SOLDIER	Cut off the valley.	
ISABEL	Wait! Tuzaní, my lord!	3070
ÁLVARO	Lidora, all those people, up in arms, are after me.	
ISABEL	Never fear.	
AUSTRIA	(<i>Offstage</i>) Trunk by trunk and branch by branch, cut down the woods until you find him.	3075

Enter AUSTRIA

ISABEL	Noble Don Juan de Austria, son of that majestic eagle who rivals the very sun, ⁵⁰ if you will listen to me, a woman will deliver this whole rebellious mountain at your feet.	3080
	I am Doña Isabel Tuzaní. I am here against my will, tyrannically oppressed, with a Morisco voice and a Catholic soul.	3085
	I am the wife of Abenhumeya, whose unlucky death saw his own crown, stained with his blood, turned into a weapon against him.	3090
	The Moriscos, seeing that you granted a general pardon, tried to surrender. Such is the people's inconstancy, that tomorrow they will undo what they propose today.	3095
	When courageous Abenhumeya rebuked their cowardice the guards broke into his palace.	3100

⁵⁰ Charles V, whose crest was a double-headed eagle.

	<p>When they reached his chamber doors, their captain said: “Surrender to the King of Spain!” while the people cried out: “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, 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— 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 in Granada, his former kingdom. If I have earned a favor from you, then let the noble Tuzaní enjoy the pardon extended to all today. I, here at your feet, would rather be your servant than a queen.</p>	<p>3105</p> <p>3110</p> <p>3115</p> <p>3120</p> <p>3125</p>
AUSTRIA	<p>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.</p>	<p>3130</p>
ÁLVARO	<p>I kneel before you.</p>	<p>3135</p>
ALCUZCUZ	<p>And me, I am pardoned?</p>	
AUSTRIA	<p>Yes.</p>	
ÁLVARO	<p>Here ends <i>To Love Beyond Death</i> and the siege of the Alpujarra.</p>	

END OF THE PLAY