

FÉLIX LOPE DE VEGA Y CARPIO

THE WIDOW OF VALENCIA

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Version: June 2026

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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 allows 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. Dizzying deceptions and the performance of identity are both dramatic techniques and thematic concerns in these 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 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 four hundred 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

Félix Lope de Vega y Carpio (1562–1635) is the towering figure of the *comedia*. Born in Madrid to parents who had migrated to the capital from Spain’s northern regions, he saw in his youth the emergence of the *corral* theaters where he would go on to make his name. In his *New Art of Making Plays in Our Time*, Lope formalized the conventions of the *comedia*, outlining the elements of the vibrant new art of which he was the master. He composed hundreds of plays, in addition to poetry and prose, earning him the name *Fénix de los ingenios* (“Phoenix of Wits”), as the expression *es de Lope* (“it’s by Lope”) became a shorthand for praising quality.

In his own time, Lope’s fame arose out of his prodigious literary talent as well as his colorful biography, for the playwright’s erotic life often left him on the wrong side of the law. After being rejected by the actress Elena Osorio in the 1580’s, Lope penned a series of satirical poems attacking her family, and was exiled from Madrid for the offense. Though Lope would go on to take orders in 1614, love affairs that defied early modern Spanish religious and legal codes continued to dominate his life and he left an unknown number of illegitimate children.

Despite these scandals and his eventual position as secretary to the Duke of Sessa, Lope was a truly successful commercial playwright, who earned income as well as fame through his literary efforts. Today he is best remembered for the drama he came to define—the quick, witty *comedia*. After Calderón’s *Life Is a Dream*, Lope’s *Fuenteovejuna* is the best-known *comedia* in the English-speaking world, and others such as *Peribañez* and *The Dog in the Manger* exemplify the well-constructed Lopean plot. Miguel de Cervantes, his contemporary, may not have meant it as a compliment when he called Lope a “monster of nature” (*monstruo de la naturaleza*), as the two masters were not on friendly terms. Yet Lope’s prodigious output was fundamental to defining the theater of the age that spanned his life. The monster of nature left us many gifts.

Introduction

Robin Kello and Laura Muñoz

How might a young widow satisfy her sexual desire while preserving her independence? In *The Widow of Valencia* (c. 1595–1600), Lope de Vega presents the audience with the wealthy and beautiful Leonarda, who defies the wishes of her uncle by refusing to remarry. Leonarda's feelings change after a few glances shared with a young gallant in church. These reawaken the widow's passion, and lead to a masked affair in which disguise offers the rewards of pleasure without risk. Lope offers a balancing act of visibility and invisibility, as Leonarda's brilliant transgressions in the service of her desire play out against a carnivalesque backdrop. In this play, the line between lust and propriety, and liberty and constraint, is as thin as a veil.

THE PLOT

The play opens with Leonarda and her maid Julia discussing how she spends her life reading since her late husband Camilo's death. Julia wonders aloud about her mistress becoming a nun, yet although Leonarda admits that she finds the life of a widow to be a hard denial of her natural desires, she neither plans to become a nun nor to remarry. This refusal exasperates her uncle Lucencio, who arrives on the scene and attempts to impress upon her, once again, how much damage she will do to her reputation if she continues to hide away in her house refusing suitors. Leonarda will not budge, and the conversation ends with her strong denunciation of marriage.

Out on the street, Lisandro, Otón, and Valerio, three of Leonarda's most avid suitors, catch sight of each other, confessing that they are all courting the same woman. After comparing stories of "favors" Leonarda has granted them, the three suitors decide that each has an equal chance at winning her over and agree not to get in each other's way.

At church, Julia and Urbán, a young squire in Leonarda's service, are shocked to find their mistress smitten with a young man she shared a look with during mass. The group moves to the street as Camilo, the young gentleman who caught Leonarda's eye, and his servant Floro move onto the scene. As Floro watches his master tear up a letter from a former lover, Leonarda instructs Urbán to find out Camilo's name and address. Camilo proclaims that his love affair with Celia is over just as Urbán comes up to him. The squire easily discovers Camilo's name and residence. Leonarda now asks Urbán to dress for carnival and, thus masked, tell Camilo that a certain noblewoman wants to meet with him in secret. Urbán and Julia begin preparations to enact this scheme.

While Leonarda deals with her persistent suitors at home, Camilo speaks to the masked Urbán about the strange proposal the squire has made on behalf of his mistress. Although Camilo still has doubts, he agrees to wait for the masked Urbán at three in the morning in order to meet and enjoy the mysterious noblewoman.

The second act opens with an intrigued but nervous Camilo steeling himself for his first encounter with Leonarda. Though worried that it may be a trap, he is unable to resist the erotic possibility that awaits him. Surmounting his fear, he allows Urbán to lead him blindly through Valencia to Leonarda's house, the servant reassuring Camilo that he has no cause for worry, but a world of pleasure to gain. On their way they meet Otón, who lets them pass, but begins to suspect that Leonarda may not be as chaste as she claims. He decides that he will spy on the widow to determine what, or whom, she may be hiding.

Camilo arrives at the house and he and Leonarda take hands, while she insists that he not try to take off their masks. Though Camilo is uneasy, his hesitation finally gives way to desire. Urbán and Julia remain in the room, offering food and drink, while Leonarda and Camilo pledge

their love. Continuing to maintain control over the situation, the lady promises the gallant wealth and jewels, while adamantly refusing to let herself be seen.

Outside the house, the suspicious suitors stand at attention by the door so as to snoop on Leonarda, each unaware of the presence of the others until the arrival of a sheriff convinces them that the lady must be hiding a relationship, perhaps with her servant Urbán. Otón, Lisandro, and Valerio make a pact to “see to her dishonor / and the loss of her reputation,” and murder her servant (1775–1776). Meanwhile, Leonarda’s uncle Lucencio continues to look for a suitable partner for her to remarry, receiving an offer from the messenger Rosano for a match in Madrid.

Later, as Camilo is recounting his amorous encounters in the dark to his servant Floro, Leonarda and Julia arrive by chance in the same gardens. Camilo flatters the widow, whom he doesn’t recognize, while admitting to her that he is in love with a lady he may touch but never see. Leonarda tests Camilo’s devotion by asking if there is another woman for whom Camilo would leave his lover, but he remains steadfast, pledging his devotion to his unknown lady. Later that evening, the three rejected suitors set upon Urbán, but the servant is saved by Camilo’s intervention.

The third act opens with Camilo arguing with Celia, his jilted former lover. Leonarda witnesses the scene, and asks Camilo if the woman with whom he was arguing is the same lady he loves by night. He responds by flattering the widow and admitting that he has grown tired of his nightly arrangement. Leonarda, jealous of herself, complains to Julia, “As if insulting me were not enough, / he also wanted to woo me” (2315–2316).

The widow finally concedes to her uncle’s wishes, agreeing to the marriage in Madrid. She informs Lucencio and Julia of her change of plan, yet this decision is not sufficient to protect her name. When Urbán tells Leonarda that Camilo has seen him, thus putting her honor at risk,

she decides to send Urbán to serve her much older cousin so as to mislead Camilo. “Let this stain fall on my cousin,” she says, “as long as my reputation shines” (2581–2582). Out on the street, Leonarda’s three unwanted suitors have stumbled their way into a clumsy act of violence. While composing a song about the widow and her squire, Lisandro notices a man leaving the house. Doubly mistaken that the man is Urbán and that her servant is her lover, Lisandro stabs the messenger Rosano in rash and misdirected revenge.

The ruse involving Leonarda’s cousin is successful, and an irate Camilo writes an insulting letter to the cousin. While Camilo’s mysterious romance seems to be coming to an end, Floro confesses that he has agreed to a marriage with Celia. “What strange things blind love does!” Camilo notes: “It drives me crazy for an old woman / while Floro marries my old flame” (2906–2907). Leonarda summons Camilo to her home, saying that she will reveal her identity. Camilo agrees, but brings a lantern with him in case she refuses to honor her promise.

When Camilo shines the light on her face, he is delighted to recognize his lover as the widow he sees by day. Leonarda is upset, however, and Lucencio, hearing her raised voice, enters the room. Once discovered, Leonarda proposes marriage to Camilo. Lucencio calls for witnesses, and the servants and suitors, already in the house, bless the marriage. Urbán then follows by asking for Julia’s hand. The deception bends toward revelation, the erotic energies toward the union of marriage, as the widow is once again wife. With the power of desire and irrepressible wit, Leonarda has orchestrated the events of the comedy, but Camilo is given its final words: “And with that, I say / ends *The Widow of Valencia* (3111–3112).

“A WOMAN IN LOVE”: FEMALE AGENCY AND DESIRE

At the climax of the play, when it seems that the impending discovery of Leonarda’s identity will force her to obey her uncle and marry an unknown suitor in Madrid, she tells Julia, “A woman in love/ unmakes any law” (2787–2788). Leonarda’s willingness to transgress social norms in the service of her passion defines her and drives the plot of the drama. The schemes she sets in motion, born of wit and desire, at once enact and undermine the expected behavior for women in early modern Spain.

Seventeenth-century Spain allowed few official opportunities for female autonomy. Parents and male siblings supervised girls and women until marriage, at which point wives effectively became the property of their husbands. A widow, however, was often both sexually experienced and financially self-sufficient—both Leonarda and Lucencio refer to her annual pension. This allowed at least potential freedom from the control of male relatives, and consequently widows were often considered dangerous or even transgressive.¹ Contemporary Catholic treatises, such as Friar Luis de León’s 1583 *The Perfect Wife* tried to restrict widows, urging them to “take up a life of reflection and introspection” consisting of “solitude, prayer, penitence, and sobriety.”² When Lope imagines Leonarda reading that very manual in the play’s first scene, or referencing moralists in her conversation with Lucencio, he is acknowledging their influence. Leonarda is not so easily contained, however: she defines home and church as zones of erotic chance, first becoming enamored of Camilo during mass, and then making her house the site of secret amorous encounters.

¹ Frederick A. de Armas, “The Portrait of a Pious Widow: Francisco de Ribalta and Lope de Vega’s *La viuda valenciana*,” in *Shakespeare and the Spanish Comedia*, edited by Bárbara Mujica (Lewisburg: Bucknell UP, 2013), 131–147.

² Stephanie Fink de Backer, *Widowhood in Early Modern Spain: Protectors, Proprietors, and Patrons* (Leiden: Brill, 2010), 17.

By orchestrating the conditions to satisfy her sexual needs without forfeiting her reputation and freedom, Leonarda manages to avoid the categories that her society imagined for women. As Urbán tells Camilo before his first visit to Leonarda's house: "It depends,/ sometimes she is married,/ sometimes a maid,/ and other times a widow./ She is neither married nor a maid,/ nor a widow, nor dishonored and abandoned" (1143–1148). Leonarda's deft navigation of these roles shows the force of female desire and the failure of social norms to fully regulate women. As neither unmarried virgin, nor widow, nor spurned woman, Leonarda may act according to her will rather than the dictates of her society.

Her liberty to act, however, is limited by the need to meet cultural expectations. By giving the audience a window into the domestic life of his protagonist, Lope shows the contrast between public and private, the social self and the demands of desire. In his dedication, he writes to his recently widowed lover Marta de Nevares, whom he calls Marcia Leonarda: "My Leonarda was discreet (as are you, who share her name) in finding a remedy for her solitude without harm to her reputation. Just as the trick when swimming is knowing how to keep one's clothes dry, so it is with following desire while maintaining one's good name" (p. 29) Lope's fictional widow does not make her transgressions public, or extend such possibilities to other women; yet the clever paths she charts to elude the rules of her society reveal the weakness of social codes when faced with the creative, indomitable will. After all, as Leonarda says early in the play, "What won't a determined woman do/ for the sake of her pleasure?" (812–813).

Faced with the need to ensure both pleasure and reputation, Leonarda finally decides to marry when Lucencio finds Camilo in her room. Though she must request her uncle's blessing, Leonarda is the one who proposes, indirectly, to Camilo: "And if he is willing,/ I want to be his wife" (3062–3063). Rather than assenting to her uncle's plan for her to move to Madrid, she

remains in Valencia, though she will be a widow no longer. Camilo, who did not know her true identity until a moment before, agrees without hesitation. Just as Leonarda took charge of wooing Camilo, she manages their impending marriage.

Lope is working from the tradition of the *mujer esquiva* (elusive woman) play, in which a disdainful widow must submit to a man in marriage. Much as the strong-willed Katherine must eventually submit to Petruchio in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, such plays present the restriction of the woman to a domestic role. Yet though the resolution of *The Widow of Valencia* could be said to tame Leonarda, Gabriela Carrión astutely suggests that she "is defeated only insofar as the shroud of privacy surrounding her affair with Camilo has been torn asunder,"—the ending is nonetheless her triumph.³ The play neither entirely subverts nor entirely reinforces traditional gender roles; instead, it does both, and the resolution cannot erase what has been enacted and revealed on the path to it. *The Widow of Valencia* brings into relief the limitations of gender norms, the irrepressible nature of erotic desire, and the avenues for female agency in early modern Spain. By cleverly unmaking the laws, Leonarda reveals how flimsy and foolish they were in the first place.

"LET US AFFIRM OUR FRIENDSHIP": MALE BONDING AND DESIRE

Just as Leonarda's actions throughout the play highlight female agency in a supposedly strict society, they also lead the men in the play to explore relationships with each other in ways that challenge gender norms. In fact, over the course of the play the widow's three most eager suitors, Lisandro, Otón, and Valerio, develop closer ties to each other than they ever do to the object of their desire. When they first appear in Act I, their shared experiences of longing and rejection unite them not only as rivals but also as comrades in arms. While their pursuit of the same

³ Gabriela Carrión, *Staging Marriage in Early Modern Spain: Conjugal Doctrine in Lope, Cervantes, and Calderón* (Lewisburg: Bucknell UP, 2011), 115.

woman could easily have ended in the three men fighting for the chance to woo Leonarda, they quickly decide that their competition will be a friendly one as Otón pledges that though “Rivalry and good intentions / seldom dine together [...] / it shall be so/ for that best serves everyone (429-432). Throughout the play, the three do their best to approach the disinterested widow, recognizing each other’s attempts and failures. By Act II, Leonarda’s continued rejection leads the men to forge an even stronger bond as allies “against the fierce cruelty/ of that cold ungrateful heart” (1773–1774). Acting almost as a kind of “Lovers of Leonarda” support group, Valerio, Otón, and Lisandro enjoy each other’s company as they stake out the widow’s house, compare strategies for wooing, compose songs together, and even plot to remove Urbán from the picture, having assumed that he is Leonarda’s lover. At the close of the play, the three suitors must be content to accept the ties of male friendship as the consolation prize for their marital aspirations; as everyone else around them pairs up into couples, the three are left, happily it seems, with each other.

And yet the bonding which occurs between Leonarda’s suitors pales in comparison to that which develops between the two most important men in the widow’s life, her servant Urbán and her love interest Camilo. Throughout the play both men express a mutual, almost erotic, admiration for each other. When Urbán reports back to his mistress after discovering Camilo’s name and address he cannot help but describe the other young man in admiring detail:

URBÁN I swear I’ve never seen
 a finer looking man
 since the day I was born.
 What a face, what elegance!
 What a neatly kept beard!

Such generous hands!

They looked like pure snow.

What a figure, what a well-turned leg!

What charm, what cleverness! (739–747)

Of course, while Urbán's interest might be attributed to the money he has just received from the careless Camilo, the young servant's description freely recognizes and appreciates the physical appeal of his mistress's love interest. This odd relationship continues to develop at the request of Leonarda, who enlists Urbán as Camilo's escort through Valencia for their nightly meetings. For his part, Camilo willingly goes with the masked Urbán; even his doubts about whether the proposition comes from "a man/ and not a woman" (1154–1155) do not stop him from following the promise of erotic fulfillment. The homoerotic tension which builds between these two as they journey to Leonarda's house finds release in a flirtatious little moment that does not escape Julia, who notes wryly that "They're amused" with each other (1508). Although Leonarda's attentions quickly overtake Camilo's desires, he still remains entranced by the young man who guides him nightly to pleasurable encounters with the widow. He even repays Urbán's earlier flattery with his own admiring portrait of the servant:

CAMILO [...] I stared at him without blinking,
memorizing his visage.

I laid awake,
contemplating his features,
etched in stone in my memory [...] (2692–2696)

Camilo's obsession with the young servant's features may stem from his obsession with seeing Leonarda's face, with Urbán serving as a proxy for the lover's frustrated desires, and yet this

only serves to underscore the erotic tension between these two male characters. Just as with her suitors, Leonarda serves as the focal point between men who are brought together in order to please her and therefore exist within a “pattern of male friendship, mentorship, entitlement, rivalry, and hetero- and homosexuality...[where] no element of that pattern can be understood outside of its relation to women and the gender system as a whole.”⁴ While the play closes with both Camilo and Urbán finding their match of the opposite sex, their brief indulgence in male admiration highlights a continuum of male relationships that push the boundaries of gender norms.

THE MIRROR AND THE PORTRAIT: ART, REFLECTION, AND SENSORY EXPERIENCE

In Lope’s dedication to the widow Marta de Nevares, he advises her to take *The Widow of Valencia* as a mirror: reflected in the character of Leonarda, she can “adjust [her] mantle more clearly than in any Venetian glass” (p. 30). A mirror appears in the first act as well, when the ostensibly pious widow asks Julia for a religious portrait by Francisco de Ribalta, and the servant instead brings her lady a glass in which she can see her own youth and beauty. Though Leonarda initially reacts to Julia with impatience, apparently focused on spiritual meditation, De Armas suggests that this substitution of mirror for painting foreshadows Leonarda’s move “from Christian devotion to a more corporeal devotion,”⁵ and from spiritual reflection to the recognition of physical beauty. Yet even as the play privileges sexual desire over Catholic moral codes, it explores the power of art, particularly visual art, as both representation of and origin of human sentiment.

⁴ Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, *Between Men: English Literature and Male Homosocial Desire*, (New York: Columbia UP, 1992), 1.

⁵ De Armas, “Portrait of a Pious Widow,” 137.

In the Spanish Golden Age, the notion that love entered through the eyes was commonplace, and on that basis, Leonarda's intent to woo Camilo as an "invisible mistress" seems destined for failure. Before the first meeting, Camilo outlines the standard vision of love: "Pleasure comes through the eyes,/ the very act of seeing/ knowing, and conversing with a lady/ is what makes love desirable, . . ./ A blind man, on the contrary,/ such as I will be with this lady,/ takes his pleasure like a beast" (1121–1127). Just as Valerio attempts to awaken Leonarda's passions by showing her Titian's *Adonis*, Camilo reinforces the notion that art and romantic love both arise from sight. Leonarda, however, rejects this supposition as firmly as she rejects Valerio's bumbling advances.

Her attempt to put touch over sight in affairs of the heart mirrors her creative carving of a space for womanhood outside of maid, wife, or widow. Leonarda is, if nothing else, a woman whose actions are dictated by her own desire over prescribed social norms. Yet Camilo is as ardent to see her as Lucencio is to have her remarry, and persistently requests light: "So that I might see you,/ do as great painters do,/ who having painted the night,/ put in enough light to see it by" (1333–1336). When Leonarda briefly takes off his mask, the gallant is impressed but ultimately unsatisfied by the rich furniture and fine tapestries of the house as long as he is not permitted to see the lady behind it, and her plan to remain unmarried collapses as soon as he brings out his lantern and illuminates her face.

Though Lope warns in his dedication to Marta de Nevaes that he may, "like a bad painter, betray the original" with an "imperfect portrait" (p. 31), *The Widow of Valencia* is extraordinarily attentive to the powers of art and artifice, the vision of love and the theatrical ruse. Leonarda is split between a public performance in which she appears to be a mourning widow and a private play in which she stage-manages and stars in a three-dimensional portrait of

desire. Of course, this structure is not sturdy enough to last, and even the buffoonish trio of suitors imagine that Leonarda, “with all those pictures and books/ has one in particular that she adores” (1594–1595). Though their suspicion that Urbán is her lover is incorrect, they are unerring about the force of her desire. In *The Widow of Valencia*, art may represent and inspire the call of heart and body, but it is no substitute for the physical force of desire. A vision of love that marries sight to touch ultimately prevails. Both mirror and portrait are put away, the lovers see each other, and Lope’s play concludes with a triple wedding.

“VALENCIA, ALL A RIOT”: MASKS, CARNIVAL, AND THE URBAN CITYSCAPE

The city of Valencia, capital of the kingdom of the same name on the eastern shores of the Iberian Peninsula, was well known to Lope de Vega. The writing, staging, and publication of *The Widow of Valencia* resulted from the poet's second visit to the city as part of the royal retinue that accompanied Philip III to Valencia in 1599. For three months, the city celebrated the double royal weddings of King Philip III to Margaret of Austria, as well as the *infanta* Isabel Clara Eugenia’s marriage to Albert of Austria. The weddings drew all manner of poets and artists to the city, including Lope de Vega, who returned to the site of his previous exile as an official chronicler of events, writing poems and *comedias* amid the bustle and chaos of the celebrations. With local and international aristocracy in Valencia, multiple tournaments, poetic competitions, and street performances were held in honor of the monarch and the royal entourage. Lope participated in the celebrations, becoming Don Carnival for the festivities and reciting poetry written for the occasion: “He was dressed all in red like an Italian clown, with a long black cloak and a velvet cap...as the actors passed the royal palace, Lope addressed Philip and the Infanta Isabel, first in Italian, celebrating the double royal marriage and then reciting the beautiful ballad

in Castilian, which lasted half an hour.”⁶ Lope gives a nod to these poetic competitions and performances in the characters of Leonarda’s intrepid trio of suitors, Otón, Lisandro, and Valerio. While these bumbling-yet-ever-hopeful men may seem incongruous to the love plot, given how ineffectual they are as antagonists to Leonarda and Camilo’s love, they serve as a reminder of the more formal celebrations occurring in the background of the play. Nearly every time they appear on stage, each suitor delivers a sonnet based around themes of love, rejection, and longing. In addition to reminding the audience how delusional the three suitors are about their hopes for Leonarda’s love, these sonnets also recreate the poetic competitions which were often held during royal and religious celebrations. These competitions would establish a set of guidelines for the poets (rhyme, meter, thematic content) and a public performance of the poems would decide the winner, who often received an honorary title along with a monetary prize.⁷ The ongoing theme for Otón, Lisandro, and Valerio is unattainable love, and their poetic form is the sonnet. In these highly poetic moments, the suitors not only vie for the affections of the elusive widow but also for the approval of the spectators, hoping that the claps and jeers of the audience will crown a winner. In a similar vein, the three also exchange ridiculous stories of “favors” granted them by the widow, becoming the buffoons of a carnival parade, there to be laughed at by a knowing audience.

The recreation of celebratory performances goes one step further in III, as the three suitors once again try to capture the spirit of the festivities. Fed up as they are with Leonarda’s refusals, and certain that she and Urbán are lovers behind closed doors, the three decide to pass the time waiting for Urbán by composing a song about the two:

⁶ Robert Goodwin, *Spain: The Centre of the World, 1519–1682* (Bloomsbury, 2015), 262.

⁷ Lope de Vega himself participated in many of these poetic competitions, both as a poet and as a judge. A similar dynamic between multiple suitors appears in Lope’s *A Wild Night in Toledo*. See Cella and Collado, “Introduction.” <http://diversifyingtheclassics.humanities.ucla.edu/translations/a-wild-night-in-toledo/>

VALERIO We'd better sing their praises instead
and improvise a song for the lovers.

LISANDRO, Do you have any rhymes for me?

OTÓN Let's work the refrain.

VALERIO Oh, aren't you a song-book!

LISANDRO Let's hear it.

OTÓN How about this:
the widow and her squire.

VALERIO Oh, that's good! (2427–2435)

Each suitor composes a stanza replete with references to literary and mythological figures, “the widow and her squire” serving as the jaunty refrain to an odd little ditty which once again showcases the suitor’s poetic skills and reminds the audience of their collective romantic failures. The scene quickly shifts with the appearance of someone they believe to be Urbán, as the carnivalesque performance turns to violence on the dark street. Valerio, Lisandro, and Orton’s scenes thus encompass Carnival in all its modes, from the high to the low, and remind the audience of the dangers lurking beneath the chaos and confusion of the festivities.

This atmosphere of uncontrolled celebration completely permeates *The Widow of Valencia*. The play is set during the Carnival festivities, with excesses of all kinds preceding the self-denial and introspection of Lent. Leonarda’s transgression and subversion of gender roles is made possible, in more ways than one, by the uninhibited revelry of a holiday season which temporarily suspends the strictures of society—as Leonarda herself observes “Valencia is all a riot at Carnival/ with masks and costumes” (778–779). Taking advantage of the Carnival

traditions of disguises and public street parties, the widow enlists her servants in a game of masks in order to bring Camilo to her house:

LEONARDA [I]f anything goes,
 then put on a costume and a mask,
 go find this gentleman
 and let on, Urbán,
 that a certain lady favors him,
 that she loves him dearly,
 and that he could have her
 if he waits for you tonight
 on the near side of the Palace Bridge. (781–789)

The plan she proposes could only be implemented during Carnival, when masked revelers are a common sight in the city and the search to satisfy carnal desires is at its peak. Aside from the physical masks that Leonarda and her servants don to obscure their faces, the astute widow also takes advantage of all the different guises available to a woman of her class and social standing to shield her true identity from Camilo. Before their first encounter, Camilo attempts to discover information about the mysterious woman propositioning him. Urbán’s playful answer—she is neither this, nor that—makes it clear that the young widow is taking full advantage of the chaos and confusion of Carnival, taking up all manner of disguises to fulfill her desires and protect her reputation. For Camilo, this mysterious woman is hidden behind many masks: during their encounters, she is the hunting falcon; in the light of day she is the goddess Diana; and on the streets of Valencia she is the “little widow” who seems to have a strange interest in him (2256). This game of masks transforms him as well, as the typically male pursuer becomes the prey.

Valencia's cityscape becomes an essential part of this pursuit, as the two lovers encounter each other first in church, then in the famous orchards and fields of Valencia's Prado, and once again on the busy streets of the city's mercantile district. Setting the play in Valencia allows Lope to explore a very different kind of cityscape with its own customs and reputation. Valencia opens up the narrative possibilities of the play in a way that would not have been possible in Madrid, where so many of his plays are set. Quite apart from incorporating the carnivalesque atmosphere of Valencia during the 1599 wedding celebrations, Lope's play also turns its lens on the contemporary realities of the mercantile port city, and its reputation as the seat of debauchery in the Iberian Peninsula.

At the turn of the seventeenth century Valencia was defined by its mercantile spirit and its connection to the Mediterranean. The city's industries, including the growing printing industry and silk trade, were at their peak during this time, and the city functioned as a hub for commerce from all over the Mediterranean and Europe. The mercantile fervor of the city is so vibrant, in fact, that it breaks through Leonarda's careful seclusion in Act I. Unable to resist the temptation of a salesman at the door, Leonarda allows two of her suitors, disguised as peddlers, to gain entry into her home and woo her as they pitch their 'wares.' The scene reminds the audience that Valencia is a city of commerce, as the wares which the disguised suitors peddle are the very same for which the city was famous for at the turn of the seventeenth century: printing, both of books and images, silk production for tapestries, and perfumes. Valerio and Otón turn the act of courtship into a business transaction, hawking their love for Leonarda along with poetry books and reproductions of paintings—and they are not the only ones to sell their love.

Even before their first encounter, Leonarda and Camilo's relationship is also focused on material goods. Because Camilo accidentally overpays Urbán for participating in a "religious

procession” (a ruse to learn Camilo’s name), Leonarda and her servants believe that the man of her dreams is far wealthier than he really is, and this encourages Leonarda in her decision to pursue him. For their first meeting, Leonarda surrounds her would-be lover with the best brocades and decorations her household has to offer:

CAMILO Stunning tapestries and brocades!
 Stunning paintings and art!
 Yet they hardly shine
 when your eyes are covered. (1379–1382)

The fine quality of her household serves to make Camilo aware of her caliber, even as she hides her face in the shadows. Perhaps even more tellingly, the encounter ends abruptly with a less than romantic economic transaction, as Leonarda promises Camilo “jewels/ worth two thousand ducats” (1451–1452), seemingly in payment for the moment of erotic satisfaction he has afforded her and a promise of more to come. This exchange becomes a negotiation, with Camilo wavering between accepting the promised bounty and insisting on more physical enjoyment of Leonarda:

CAMILO Fine jewels?
 LEONARDA You there! Bring me those chains
 and that charm, the Cupid one.
 Bring them here...
 CAMILO No. Don’t do that,
 it will only upset me further.
 For I desire your eyes more
 than any jewels you could offer me.
 If you gave me those sapphires,

or the rubies and pearls,
of your mouth,

I could give you so much more. (1453–1463)

Leonarda, accustomed to handling her own substantial finances since her husband's death, is a far better negotiator than Camilo and maintains complete control of the situation. She gets what she wants from him while also whetting his appetite for more; although Camilo would rather have seen the woman who has seduced him, the gifts he receives satisfy him for the time being.

Of course, Camilo is no stranger to courtship as a material transaction, as is clear from the confrontation he has with ex-lover Celia in Act III. In an argument which officially ends their relationship, their courtship is framed in terms of a business deal gone sour; when Celia reminds Camilo of the promises he made to her as a lover, he counters by telling her, "You cost me a pretty penny,/ not to speak of the clothes" (2199–2200). As far as Camilo is concerned he has paid his dues to Celia, and thus ends the courtship on his terms.

The emphasis on courtship as the exchange of material goods for romantic favors is no accident. Just as Lope evokes royal festivities and the mercantile spirit of Valencia to play up the contemporary vision of this city as one of sumptuous excesses—both carnal and material—he relies on the city's reputation for prostitution and easy women to present an erotically charged vision of love. Valencia was home to one of the oldest and most prolific brothels in Spain, giving the city's men a reputation for being easygoing and the women for being easy. Contemporary chronicler Henrique Cock noted during his 1585 visit to the city, "[The] women are the most lusty and lascivious of all Spain."⁸ Leonarda's pursuit to satisfy her physical desires and Camilo's willingness to accommodate reflect this reputation.

⁸ Henrique Cock, *Relación del viaje hecho por Felipe II, en 1585, á Zaragoza, Barcelona y Valencia* (Madrid: Esteriotipia y Galv. de Aribau y Ca., 1876), 247.

“A HOUSE SO RARE”: REIMAGINING DOMESTIC SPACE

Lope’s play begins and ends in Leonarda’s Valencian home, the primary interior space in the drama. It is the site of her nightly meetings with Camilo and the object of her suitors’ suspicion. Despite Lucencio’s warning that even if she were to “let not an atom,/ nay not the sun itself,/ enter a house so rare,” she still could not avoid the gossiping tongues of her neighbors, Leonarda envisions the domestic space as one she controls (214–216). At home, she may allow what and whom she pleases as long as she takes the proper care. While Golden Age treatises defined the home as the widow’s retreat from public life and the site for private mourning, Leonarda brings the sun of erotic love inside of the house, thus converting her seclusion into a secret liberty, and her intended prison into a fortress for the satisfaction of her desire.

Before Camilo arrives, Leonarda and her servants design the house as a stage set for an act of love: Leonarda asks Julia, “Are the hangings and velvets/ all in their proper places?” and, “Is that tapestry/ right for that sitting room?” (1235–1236, 1240–1241). While the intent is to keep Camilo mostly in the dark, allowing only partial glimpses of the ornate decoration of the house he visits, these details illustrate the reversal of Leonarda’s prescribed social role. Rather than facilitating quiet devotion to her deceased husband, the house enables her to love another Camilo. Rather than becoming the target of a suitor, Leonarda uses her house to help her trap the gallant she desires. As Camilo says, “in this house of veils,/ the partridge is hooded/ while the falcon can see” (1408–1410). In her domestic space, Leonarda, with the assistance of her servants, manages the veils.

The street scenes reinforce that the house is, temporarily, impenetrable. After the fiasco where the suitors, passing as merchants, had the door opened to them, they are forced to keep watch from the street. They finally get as close as possible without entering, each forming a

column at the gate, unaware that the others are there. Unable to be with Leonarda herself, the suitors make her house into a metaphor for the body of the lady, as her door becomes the opening for the "treasure" inside. Lisandro, arriving last, claims a location closest to the entrance to the home: "If they are your support,/ let us all buttress you up./ Leaving is out of the question:/ make room, I'll get in the middle" (1680–1683). Immobilized by their own suspicion and only metaphorically given access to Leonarda, the suitors meld comically with the architecture of her domestic stronghold, but they are ultimately left outside. Leonarda manages to let Camilo in while excluding her ridiculous trio of suitors from the home.

This set-up is only briefly tenable, as Leonarda cannot prop up her façades indefinitely. Lope's contemporary, the philosopher Baltasar Gracián wrote, "There are people who are all façade, like unfinished houses . . . their front might be like a palace, but there is only a shack behind."⁹ In *The Widow of Valencia*, Lope draws out the relationship between the exterior of a building and of a personality, as Leonarda's ability to keep up the appearances that mask her actions and desires and to keep people out of her house collapse simultaneously. Not only Camilo's lantern but also Lucencio's presence in the house topples Leonarda's structure of private liaisons. When witnesses are finally called for her engagement, Leonarda tells Urban, "You might as well/ have brought the whole city!" and he responds, "They were almost at the door" (3076–3078). The fortress was always surrounded, and the forces of patriarchy would eventually be impossible to ward off. While merging the personal façade of the pious widow and physical façade of the home allows her to satisfy her desire, domestic space becomes again the site of marital union as the play concludes. Yet Leonarda, with seductive wit, has already illustrated for the audience how a house of mourning may quickly become an arena for love.

⁹ Baltasar Gracián, *Oráculo manual y arte de prudencia*, edited by Emilio Blanco (Madrid: Cátedra, 1995), 129. The original Spanish text reads: "Ai sugetos de solo fachata, como casas por acabar . . . tienen la entrada de palacio, y de choza la habitación."

PRODUCTION HISTORY

The play has enjoyed several productions in Spain since the 1960s, with a production in the Teatro María Guerrero in Madrid in 1960 and two different television adaptations with *Televisión Española* in 1975 and 1983. In 2008, the Teatro Rialto in Valencia reopened their theater space with a production of the play, probably the first staging in Valencia since it was first written in 1599. Most recently, an adaptation of the play was produced by the Spanish television program Estudio 1 for *Televisión Española*, airing first in 2010 and again in 2012.¹⁰ With a runtime of 73 minutes, this version offers a fast-paced adaptation of the source material which heightens the eroticism of the original for a modern audience.

¹⁰ Directed by Carlos Sedes. “La viuda valenciana.” *Estudio 1*. 2010 [La viuda valenciana](#)

This translation was first performed as a staged reading in collaboration with the Department of Theater in the School of Theater, Film, and Television at UCLA in the fall of 2017. We are immensely grateful to director Michael Hackett and his cast of first-year MFA acting and directing students (listed below), for the thoughtful questions and observations which helped refine this translation.

Robert Arriaga
Michael Bauer
Rogelio Douglas
Shelby Gray
Isaac Ramsay
Kathryn Schott
Mark Anthony Vallejo
Yinghong Xu
Jean Carlo Yunen Aróstegui

Pronunciation Guide

Each vowel in Spanish has just one sound:

a – AH e – EH i – EE o – OH u – OO

The underlined syllable in each word is the accented one.

LUCENCIO: LOO-SEHN-SEE-OH

LEONARDA: LEH-OH-NAHR-DAH

JULIA: HOO-LEE-AH

URBÁN: OOR-BAHN

CAMILO: CAH-MEE-LOH

FLORO: FLOH-ROH

CELIA: SEH-LEE-AH

OTÓN: OH-TOHN

VALERIO: VAH-LEH-REE-OH

LEANDRO: LEH-AHN-DROH

ROSANO: ROH-SAHN-NOH

VALENCIA: VAH-LEHN-SEE-AH

FRIAR LUIS: LOO-EES

SAN JUAN: SAHN HOO-AHN

REAL: REH-AHL

REALES: REH-AHL-EHS

DOBLON: DOH-BLOHN

SHEPHERD OF FÍLIDA: FEE-LEE-DAH

GÁLVEZ MONTALVO: GAHL-VEHS MOHN-TAHL-VOH

GALATEA: GAH-LAH-TEH-AH

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES: MEE-GEHL DEH SEHR-VAHN-TEHS

ESPINEL: EHS-PEE-NEHL

JULIO: HOO-LEE-OH

GUZMÁN: GOOS-MAHN

CARRANZA: CAH-RAHN-SAH

ERCINO: EHR-SEE-NOH

ZAIDÍA: SAH-EE-DEE-AH

CLARA: CLAH-RAH

Dedicated to the Lady Marcia Leonarda¹¹

When I found out that your grace had become a widow at such a young age that, although your husband might well deserve to be mourned, your youth might excuse you from doing so—for, as the proverb has it, the wise will seek what they lack rather than what they have lost—I decided to dedicate this play, whose title is *The Widow of Valencia*, to you. I do not do so maliciously, for it would be a grave fault to offer your grace such an unworthy example. My Leonarda was discreet (as are you, who share her name) in finding a remedy for her solitude without harm to her reputation. Just as the trick when swimming is knowing how to keep one's clothes dry, so it is with following desire while maintaining one's good name. It is best not to surrender your honor, but since your youth, beauty, spirit, and cleverness may fall prey to some idle flatterer, it may not be a bad thing to have read this fable. For in fencing, one does not consider it a wound when another is pierced, nor do we deem the unskilled strummer a musician. Many will be against such a pretty sermon—and pardon me the use of this overused term, *pretty*,¹² but Fernando de Herrera, pride of the Castilian language and its first Columbus, never scorned or failed to praise this word, as is clear in his *Comentos*.¹³ But since you do not care about him or his prologues or me or even this comedy, let us return to my advice. For those who are green should follow that of their ripe elders, or they'll never give good advice themselves. Noblemen are too high for secret pleasures, while equals are unseemly so soon, even for marriage. Confer with your intimates, unless you would eschew intimacy. This is where *The Widow of Valencia* comes in, a mirror in which you may adjust your mantle more clearly than in

¹¹ Marcia Leonarda was one of Lope's literary names for his lover Marta de Nevares, who was recently widowed when the play, written 1599–1600, was first published in 1620. This dedication emphasizes the similarities between the two widows in their common need to fulfill their desires without damaging their reputations.

¹² *Linda* in the original Spanish.

¹³ Fernando de Herrera (1534–1597): 16th-century Spanish poet known for his commentaries on the first and most famous of the Spanish Petrarchan poets, Garcilaso de la Vega (1501–1536).

any Venetian glass, and then you will think of me, as I dedicate it to you. My play is not entirely made up; it may not have occurred in so many words, but I have just added some touches to the basic story to make it more convincing, like women putting on make-up.

I am writing you and wondering whether you can see yourself, with those green eyes, full, dark brows and lashes, thick, abundant curled locks, a mouth that stirs anyone who watches it laugh, white hands, a shapely figure, and liberty of conscience where restraint is concerned. For Lady Death, like in a friar of the Order of Mercy, rescued you from Constantinople and the *bagnio*¹⁴ of a man who was hairy from head to toe. I've heard it said that your late husband's mother was from Osuna or that when she conceived, she could think only of money in a chest.¹⁵ And so her imaginings came true—let us not doubt the philosophers, who favor impressions on the spirit over common heritage—those were your husband's graces, to which one might add the basest intellect of any jealous fool who was always in the way and yet never indulged you as he should. People sometimes say, when they pity the unfortunate, “So-and-so is haunted by an ill shadow.” Well, no wife has ever had a worse shadow than him, not since there's been a sun in the sky, and it dismayed many to see you, beautiful as the sun, with such a shadow. Oh, welcome Death! What medicine could not fix, Death achieved in five days, with a belated purge, two premature bloodlettings, and a doctor more inclined to your freedom than to your husband's life. Your husband surely took his revenge on us all by leaving just the slightest doubt of whether he would die or live on. So strong was the desire to see him go, not because he would then be

¹⁴ Death is compared to a Mercedarian friar. The order redeemed captives from Muslim territories, including North Africa and the Ottoman empire, of which Constantinople was the capital. A *bagnio* is a prison for captives.

¹⁵ Lope's double joke here refers to the hairiness and miserliness of Nevares's deceased husband. The Andalusian town of Osuna was ostensibly named for its bears (“osos”). Aristotle (“the philosophers”) believed in the theory of maternal impressions: a mother's thoughts or experiences during pregnancy, especially at conception, would determine the nature of her child. Hence a mother who thought about money stowed away would give birth to a miser.

lacking—he was always lacking—but because having once imagined him gone, it would have driven us to despair to see him again.

Your grace should know well how far I am from opposing your wishes, and you must believe I wish only for your benefit, which is untainted by self-interest. For who could not love such poise, such beauty, and such a celestial temperament? When you write verse, Laura Terracina, Ana Bins the German, Sappho the Greek, Valeria the Roman, and Argentaria the Spaniard all bow to you.¹⁶ When you play music, your divine voice and incomparable skill astonish Vicente Espinel.¹⁷ When you put pen to paper, you make the Spanish language the rival of any tongue; the purity of courtly language is infused with bravery, mere cleverness becomes gravity, and serious tones become sweet. When you dance, all eyes follow your every move; your skill takes the breath away, and everyone worships the ground your chopines¹⁸ tread upon. How could I then be so bold as to put a beauty mark on such a miracle and, like a bad painter, betray the original with my imperfect portrait? Consider my desires, which speak louder than words, and which you can confirm in the looking-glass. Forgive my pen, for in my soul lies the most vivid portrait of your mind and heart. God be with your grace.

Your chaplain,¹⁹ and affectionate servant,
Lope de Vega Carpio

¹⁶ Renowned female poets: Laura Terracina, 16th-century poet from Naples; Ana Bins, 16th-century poet from Antwerp; Sappho, Greek poet of antiquity; Valeria Proba, possibly a 4th-century Christian poet referred to by the Dutch Renaissance humanist Erasmus; and Argentaria, wife of the Classical Roman poet Lucan, who reportedly assisted with his *Pharsalia*.

¹⁷ Spanish musician and poet of Lope's era, renowned for supposedly being the one to add a fifth string to the guitar.

¹⁸ Elaborate platform shoes with cork soles, chopines or chapins were luxury footwear for women in the period.

¹⁹ Lope had taken religious orders in 1614, making him a *capellán*, or chaplain.

Characters:

LUCENCIO, *old man*
LEONARDA, *young widow*
JULIA, *her servant*
URBÁN, *young squire*
CAMILO, *suitor*
FLORO, *his servant*
CELIA, *lady*
OTÓN, *suitor*
VALERIO, *suitor*
LISANDRO, *suitor*
ROSANO, *courtier*
A SCRIBE
A SHERIFF
SERVANTS

ACT I

Scene 1

A room in LEONARDA's house

Enter the widow LEONARDA, with a book, and her servant JULIA

LEONARDA Celia! Julia! Can you not hear me?

JULIA My lady...

LEONARDA You fool—what are you up to?

JULIA I am at your service.

LEONARDA Save me from that Friar Luis.²⁰ 5

JULIA When I see the state you're in,
I can tell you've never come close
to becoming a nun.
When you spoke of that Friar Luis
as I came in, 10
I wondered where you'd put him.

LEONARDA You fool, these matters are not
for your silly head.

JULIA How poorly have I covered
the faults that nature gave me! 15
Ugly as I am,
and with no wit to boot!

LEONARDA All women need is good sense
and an honest demeanor, Julia,
for those who think they're sharp, 20
routinely miss the mark
and risk falling, too.
As for me, ever since I lost my Camilo,
whom God now holds in his bosom,
and whom He now supplants in my soul, 25
I have decided not to remarry.
I read for entertainment,
not to be a learned woman
or to get my degree in wit.

²⁰ Fray Luis de León (1523-1591) was a Spanish poet and theologian.

	For one whose good reputation encloses her in such silence as this can find no harm in books. Any wise book offers pleasant conversation: when it becomes tiresome, it conveniently falls quiet. It's a friend who secretly advises and reproaches. And when I read one and consider proper piety I discipline my wild imaginings.	30 40
JULIA	And what were you reading?	
LEONARDA	Books of devotion.	
JULIA	Who would not delight in a lady so lovely and so pious? See how the whole city speaks of your seclusion, your good sense and intelligence, your fame, honor, and honesty. They say you've ushered in a Golden Age, that you've made Valencia into a new Rome, ²¹ and the past into the present. You embody all the goodness on earth! You're an angel from heaven in your beauty and behavior. The young men are in such a state they dare not even look upon you. since you so elevate their thoughts.	45 50 55
LEONARDA	Let God be served in all things, dear Julia. Reputation is the spark and the tinder catches so readily— I'd rather die than burn. ²² I don't want to be renowned, nor, like Artemisia, ²³ to feed on the cold ashes that death leaves underfoot;	60 65

²¹ Reference to the virtue of Roman matrons (widows, among them), now embodied by Leonarda.

²² Leonarda is referencing 1 Corinthians 7:9: "If they cannot exercise self-control, they should marry. For it is better to marry than to burn with passion." Instead of marrying, however, Leonarda would rather die.

²³ According to myth, saddened by the death of her husband, Artemisia had a potion prepared of his ashes and minced bones.

	nor, like that Roman matron, to die because I renounce my desire to look upon a monster in the street;²⁴ 70 nor to paint a silhouette of the dearly departed, and love it as though it were a man.²⁵ I just want to be a woman who deserves the name of widow, 75 for I need no one at all.
JULIA	So you will not wed again?
LEONARDA	Jesus! Julia, don't say that word. Men disgust me: don't ever mention them to me. 80 Bring me the picture I bought from that painter.
JULIA	For your devotions? See, you are tempted already.
LEONARDA	Hush, you fool. 85 I just want to see it.
JULIA	Then why did you pay so much for it?
LEONARDA	For its marvelous strokes. The seller assured me 90 it was painted at court, by a famous Catalan.²⁶
JULIA	I'm off, then.
JULIA	<i>exits</i>

²⁴ The wife of the Roman consul, Fulvius Torquatus, who was so honorable that she never showed her face in public. When the Romans brought an Egyptian monster back to their city, Torquatus's wife longed to see the beast. Yet she refused to look at it from her window, and died from her frustrated desire.

²⁵ In his *Natural History* (79 A.D.), the Roman author Pliny held that paintings were first made by tracing the outline of a man's shadow. He also includes the story of a young woman who traced the shadow of her lover's face on a wall before his departure, and suggests the classical associations between shadows, death, and the human soul.

²⁶ Francisco de Ribalta (1565-1628), a Catalan Baroque painter who worked in Madrid and later in Valencia. He is among the first Spanish followers of Caravaggio.

LEONARDA

There's nothing to discuss,
except how best to serve God. 95
That is a good purpose in life,
once you realize how short it is.
It seems outrageous, in this day and age,
for one so pursued to keep faith with a dead man,
to hold love so true, 100
that I should live that truth
and a life of chastity.
But glory lies in what is hard to do,
and victory in resisting one's desires.
Leave me now, my thoughts. 105
That's quite enough.
I shall not wed again.

Enter JULIA

JULIA I couldn't find it.

LEONARDA *(Aside)* Resist, oh my chaste convictions.

JULIA Here it is. 110

LEONARDA *(Aside)* May the vanities I renounce
be swiftly forgotten.

Julia hands her a mirror

(*Aloud*) What is this, you fool?
A mirror, instead of the painting?
Take it away. 115

JULIA Just look at yourself.
 Use it or lose it, they say.
 You'll weep for it some day
 if you let it go to waste.

LEONARDA Just put it over there. 120

Enter LUCENCIO, LEONARDA's *uncle*

LUCENCIO Don't put it away!
 Thank God I got here in time
 to find you looking at yourself,
 you, who see no one.
 What miracle is it, niece,

125

	to find you like this?	
LEONARDA	(<i>Aside to JULIA</i>) I will get you for this...	
JULIA	(<i>Aside to LEONARDA</i>) Did I see him come in?	
LEONARDA	(<i>Aside to JULIA</i>) Get out.	
LUCENCIO	Surely you'll defer to the grey hairs of an old man.	130
LEONARDA	You will think I'm flighty, gazing here at a mirror, one of those women who runs here and there to gaze upon herself after she is already dressed— an even greater sin in the state I'm in.	135
LUCENCIO	The fuss you make over nothing at all! Is it wrong for a woman, in putting herself together, to check whether mantle or pins are where they should be? Who better to tell her if it looks good or not than this bit of glass?	140 145
LEONARDA	How you excuse my faults!	
LUCENCIO	I might, if you were one of those who hang a mirror by their window and when it seems they address their poor gallant below, it's all just for show: they're really just looking at themselves in the glass— how they speak, how they move. The poor fool below thinks it's all about him, yet it's all for the mirror and the image therein. You're not one of those full of present devotion, who brings a mirror to mass	150 155 160

for a quick glimpse in the glass,
every time that she stands. 165

Nor do you drink
with your lips in a bow
so that the color will stay
where you placed it just so.

I can't tell you how wrong
it seems to an old man,
yet it's practiced by all,
the dainty and the ugly both.

Look at yourself,
and God keep you. 175
And since I am here to see you,
consider what you have seen there,
and let me speak to you alone.

LEONARDA Uncle, if this is about marriage,
do not speak of it or even mention it. 180

LUCENCIO How can you be at once
so clever and so stubborn?
Do I not deserve your attention?
Who has ever heard of an old man,
and an honorable one at that,

185

who is not heeded by all?

LEONARDA (*Aside*) This is where I lose my resolve.
 (*Aloud*) When I know how much you love me,
 how can I let you go on in vain?

LUCENCIO Will you carry on
like all those other women?
Why so obstinate?

Do you think that with this
you'll secure your good repute?
You'll destroy it instead.

Since you're so very set, do tell
how you plan to keep yourself
in this fine state you're in,
if you are not to wed?

It's true you have three thousand a year, 200
but I don't just mean

having enough to live well—
if you were lacking there,
thank God I have more than enough—
but to see you embark on a plan

205

that could never end well!
Where will you hide from envy
and the common tongues,
even if you never see the light of day?
Though you open your door to sunrise, 210
and close it by morning mass,
though you never let the lynxes
spy through an open window,
though you let not an atom,
nay, not the sun itself, 215
enter a house so rare,
both heaven and yawning hell,
discreet on its own, yet renowned for you,
though dragons and Argos himself
guard your precious spoils— 220
what difference will it make?
With a long tongue and eyes to match,
envy is sly, just you watch.
They will say you carry on
with a common slave 225
whom you keep in your house,
just like Princess Angelica,²⁷
at once proud and low.
And once your reputation's on the line
those who pursue you will waste no time 230
imagining you with Jupiter as a swan
or even a shower of gold.²⁸
Wouldn't it be better, all told,
for you to wed and avoid it all?

LEONARDA	You can accuse me of nothing, and unless you've something to add, I've already heard you out. Tell me, Lucencio, should I risk sinfulness for your sake?	235 240
	Would you want that for me, when all the authorities agree in condemning remarriage? Isn't prudent and chaste widowhood universally praised?	245

²⁷ *Argos*: a hundred-eyed giant from Greek mythology. *Princess Angelica*: in Ariosto's *Orlando furioso*, the elusive princess Angelica rejects famous knights to marry a common soldier.

²⁸ In Greek myth, the god Zeus seduces Leda, wife of the king of Sparta, in the form of a swan. Zeus also takes the form of a shower of gold to seduce Danaë, daughter of the king of Argos, who was locked up in a bronze chamber.

Even jealous slander
cannot last for long.
The truth soon comes out,
and a good name rises,
like a phoenix²⁹ from the flames, 250
to welcome a new day.
Who, I ask you, would want
one of those candy-coated dandies,
in a rakish hat,
short feathers, new sashes, 255
shirt open just so,
and Italian linen—
nice and clean on the outside,
old and grimy on the inside.
Boots so tight they won't come off, 260
not for months at a time,
baggy stockings down below,
and a mustache out to here,
with toupees and pomade,
fake necklaces to impress with, 265
soft scented gloves—
a great one for sonnets and love letters.
With those immaculate hands
he'll snatch at three thousand a year,
ready to take his ease 270
between sheets of the finest silk.
Before a week's out,
he'll be off to find other women,
or return to old loves,
and so forsake mine. 275
He will come home late,
I will be jealous.
He'll throw my money around,
and then we will argue
about what he has and has not done. 280
I'll hide it and he'll give it away,
taking on debts in my name.
The police will come knocking,
there will be yelling and screaming.
Day and night, he'll stir up the house. 285
"Give me that dowry letter!"
"Release those funds—they're mine!"
"Sign this deed!" "I won't!"
"Is that so? You won't?"
I'll make you, you scoundrel, 290

²⁹ Mythological bird that was reborn from its own ashes.

if you keep this up!”
And the more I give in,
the more he’ll grant me
such fine and noble titles
as Countess Kicked-and-Slappedinthe face. 295
I have said quite enough.

LUCENCIO Ipse dixit!³⁰ She has spoken.

LEONARDA The end may have been Latin,
but the rest was in our common tongue.
This is what I resolved the day he died, 300
and were I manly enough,
I would eat hot coals
to consume my cold soul.³¹

LUCENCIO	Niece, that's it, then. From this day forth I'll scatter to the winds all those marriages I'd sought or were proposed to me, including three I'd brought today for you to think upon.	305 310
	I'll only ask, then, that we refrain from feeding all that gossip so vain about your tender age or mine. Watch yourself, since you remain all too free and so very young.	315
	It's a stretch to say you'll live secure with so many years ahead of you. When in that mirror there you spy both your beauty and your youth, never forget that they lie,	320
	their advice is far from the truth. May God keep you at long last in your penance and your fast.	

LEONARDA *(Aside)* What an importunate old fool!

LUCENCIO (*Aside*) What an arrogant woman! 325

Exit all

³⁰ Latin expression that refers to a dogmatic and unproven statement.

³¹ Portia Catonis, second wife of Marcus Junius Brutus (one of Caesar's assassins), committed suicide by swallowing hot coals. Here, Leonarda threatens to emulate Portia's suicide.

Scene 2

On the street

Enter LISANDRO, suitor

LISANDRO	The river breaks the hardest rock at last tumbling it down in a current full strong. Both haughty pine and wrinkled olive long to yield humbly before the peasant's axe. The lofty palm to the African throng grants the orient fruit that they would win. The ox to the yoke, the snake to the song of the enchanter must at last give in. The sculptor soon makes a figure appear from hardest marble or frozen stone, thus giving shape to what before had none. Yet the harder that I try to come near that woman, delicate and appealing, the fiercer and harsher is her dealing.	330 335
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Enter VALERIO, suitor, unaware of LISANDRO

VALERIO	Down the mountain swift water comes tumbling, splashing from rock to rock with curious mirth, its crystal laugh turned now to dark mumbling as it sinks by and by into the earth. My pain grows all the more at any boon, consuming whatever had once been good, while hope entertains hope, as well hope should, foolishly glad to see that it might bloom. Love sees me die and is full satisfied. Time and works prove unequal to the task: like waves that break and rise again, they mask the ill until at last all good has died. It's over just as soon as it is born: hope fades not long after the breaking morn.	340 345 350
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Enter OTÓN, suitor, unaware of LISANDRO and VALERIO

OTÓN	With tears and pleas the pilgrim secures the right to pass among barbarians rude— a guide through mountains, fire to keep him warm, in deserts of Libya water most pure. Savages offer him safe passage then: Arabia yields him bread, and Persia wine,	355
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	peace among Arabs in Africa he finds. Tears and joy often vie with each other: in his Moorish captor the captive at times finds pity among harsh chains and bars. Yet this asp, born of the hardest stones, will never once heed the echo, no, of these my exhausted tears and moans.	360 365
VALERIO	Lisandro!	
LISANDRO	Valerio!	
VALERIO	Otón!	
OTÓN	Gentlemen!	370
VALERIO	Love has conspired to bring us all here.	
LISANDRO	It takes one to know one. Put your hats back on! You can speak of love with your heads covered— it's not like being in mass.	375
OTÓN	I must warn you, this is the only fashion in which to hear this out. For love's whims are such that when you begin to deal with its vexations you need a clear head, sharp eyes, your wits about you. Not because love seeks the truth— it's always ready to avoid it— but rather because you need eyes wide open to take in such an agreeable lie.	380 385 390
LISANDRO	I give you Otón, clearly falling apart with thoughts of that lovely widow.	
OTÓN	And you? Who could deny she burns you up and wears you thin? Why, otherwise, would you rend	395

	the gauzy veils of heaven in which astrologers shroud it to see what the stars portend?	
VALERIO	This is jealousy, let it be noted. It is for me to intervene and put an end to this unpleasantness, cutting it short.	400
LISANDRO	You're the one who will be cut short if you seek remedy in that flame that lies therein. For oh, in Otón and me, the soul in love is a fluttering moth that will surely die within.	405 410
VALERIO	I, for Leonarda?	
LISANDRO	You, indeed. Do you think something so obvious could possibly be kept secret?	
OTÓN	In short, all three of us love the very same lady.	415
VALERIO	Given who she is, I see no harm in confessing, for it's true I have indeed given some thought to this marriage.	420
LISANDRO	What a woman!	
OTÓN	She has no equal.	
LISANDRO	My suit is Valerio's.	
OTÓN	And I seek the same.	
VALERIO	If you attempt what I attempt, either I offend you in taking it from you, or I must be offended if you take it from me. What shall we do?	425
OTÓN	Rivalry and good intentions seldom dine together	430

Yet it shall be so
for that best serves everyone—
unless someone here
has been shown greater favor?

VALERIO I will not say that it was me,
 although I'm not afraid to tell
 what favor she has shown me,
 as long as you give me your word
 you will also tell your part.

435

LISANDRO I agree.

OTÓN So do I.

VALERIO Listen,
 and you can deduce how my love is rewarded
 from the favor shown.

OTÓN Tell us, Valerio. What favor was that? 445

VALERIO Here goes.

LISANDRO Go on.

VALERIO	Listen:
	I saw this fine widow
	with her tigress soul
	looking like an angel
	in her coach one afternoon.

As the sun was setting,
her new sun was rising
although the curtain insisted
on making an eclipse.

I bowed and she,
though she wouldn't look at me,
leaned out the side
with her swan-like breasts. 460

Thinking I could seize this favor
I spent the night under her window,
playing my guitar,
until dawn surprised me there.

I was moved to poetry,
though I would come to regret it.
I started singing more gently
than Pyramus sang to Thisbe:

	“Give water to this my flame” was the first thing I said... and also the last. Be careful what you wish for. Whether the water was clean or murky— only Dioscorides³² would know. Let’s just say I spent all night laughing and cleaning myself up.	470 475
LISANDRO	Here is mine, better than Valerio’s since it was actually a favor, while his was a fiasco.	
OTÓN	Go ahead then, tell us your story.	480
LISANDRO	I will begin, in the name of love: On this happy street where unhappy lovers roam on their long wake for a dead man’s spoils, on a dark night, a couple of thieves, were spiriting away some fine wine in its skin. As those low-lives passed by the widow’s marble doors —softer than the widow herself— they used them as a hiding place. The authorities, tipsy with excitement, couldn’t see where they had gone. Since I was watching from afar, hidden in a corner, I quickly moved closer, swift as the wind. Once I reached that beloved door I glimpsed a dark shape with its cape and its sword, addressing someone inside. I moved in, pulled my hat down over my face, and said: “You, gentleman!”, throwing my cape over my shoulder. Since he did not answer I quickly pull out my dagger and stab him to the hilt. Blood spurts all over me	485 490 495 500 505

³² *Pyramus and Thisbe*: legendary lovers, separated by a wall, whose story ends in tragedy. *Dioscorides*: Greek doctor and naturalist from the 1st century.

	so I race home and hold my sleeve up to the light, but it smells to high heaven. So I take the lantern and return to the scene only to find spilled wine and the wine-skin sprawled out on the ground. ³³	510 515
OTÓN	If those are your favors, then I renounce all faith in love.	
VALERIO	Come on, Otón. Tell us of yours.	
OTÓN	Ah Cicero, where are you when I require your eloquence? As the roosters here first crowed with their coarse calls at dawn, soon to be answered by their country brethren, I paced up and down our widow's street monitoring her window and measuring my steps like clockwork. The sky was darker than a Portuguese in a cloak, so I mistook her window by a good two floors— a shoemaker lived in the one I chose. I carefully peered up to the house where, I thought, all my cares lay. I saw a white figure on the balcony, and believing it to be the widow, wooed her with these words: "Oh my Angel: your every garment. is sacred to me, a slave to your love." Gentlemen, no sooner had I spoken when the good shoemaker, who was sitting outside in his shirt, grabbed a brick and said: "Are you flirting with my wife? You rascal! Come back by day, if you dare!" If I hadn't ducked, he would have splattered my brains across the brick like porridge.	520 525 530 535 540 545 550

³³ Lisandro's confuses the wine-skin hidden by the thieves for a rival for Leonarda's affections.

VALERIO	Truly, equal favors for all! But in the end, to speak seriously and setting all jokes aside, don't you see that our fantasies can lead to no good?	555
OTÓN	If I may give you some advice...	
LISANDRO	Yes?	
OTÓN	We must deal with this quarrel by not dealing with each other.	
VALERIO	Should we stop speaking to one another?	560
OTÓN	I will not speak to either of you, wherever I might see you.	
LISANDRO	I'm off, then.	
OTÓN	Oh Leonarda, lovely and silent!	
LISANDRO	Oh, most beautiful widow!	565
VALERIO	Oh, most fierce and lovely creature!	

Exit all

Scene 3

On the street, near a church

Enter LEONARDA and JULIA

JULIA	The heavens have punished your foolishness.	
LEONARDA	If only they had killed me! More's the pity. And though I feel this way, believe me when I say that clever old man ³⁴ must have cast a spell to melt my icy resolve.	570 575

³⁴ Leonarda is speaking about her uncle, Lucencio.

	It makes no sense otherwise, that I would be here now, seeking my own disgrace.	
JULIA	God forbid I should think that of him! He is as unaware of what has happened to you as that cruel basilisk you looked upon. ³⁵ Curse those eyes, which blinded you at first sight!	580
LEONARDA	Let them look, Julia. No one such punish such eyes for looking at me.	585
JULIA	For goodness sake! You've certainly got the itch now. Curse him!	590
LEONARDA	Don't say such things. May God keep him! What is it to you?	
JULIA	Ah, my lady! Where have your judgment and good sense gotten to now? What has happened to that dignity which you defended to the heavens, a mirror of chastity for your old uncle's sake? What of your coy refusal to even look at yourself in the glass?	595 600
LEONARDA	You're quite the preacher.	
JULIA	Hush now, don't worry. Will this be a passing fever, or a permanent condition?	605
LEONARDA	My understanding is no match for my will.	
JULIA	You're forgetting memory. ³⁶	

³⁵ Mythical snake-like creature that could kill just by looking at its victims, i.e. the man Leonarda has fallen for on her walk.

³⁶ A learned joke: Saint Augustine identified three faculties in the human soul: memory, understanding, and will. Since Leonarda has named two, Julia provides the third.

	Purge him out, and good riddance.	
LEONARDA	See what you do to me, Love!	610
JULIA	Who in Valencia do you love so? What happened to that cold, cloistered, saintly woman?	
LEONARDA	Don't ever speak to me again, you fool. Say no more! None of this will matter if I'm fated to fall.	615
JULIA	And what shall I do with your books and your chapel. What would Friar Luis say? And those lofty ideals?	620
LEONARDA	Oh women, how weak you are when tested! My icy resolve was unmatched, fair youth, before I set eyes on you! Yet I am not scared of death. I will not marry no matter what the world thinks.	625
JULIA	I have a solution for you, my lady.	
LEONARDA	Have I not told you to keep quiet? Had I not raised you, I would slap you silly. You see me burning, you beast, and you mock my pain! I will find satisfaction without losing my honor and good name, and so put out this cruel flame.	630 635
JULIA	Anything's possible.	
<i>Enter URBÁN, young squire</i>		
URBÁN	Oh, thank God I found you! How much longer were you going to pray? Were you planning to stay for midnight mass? I would not want to serve you during the holidays.	640

LEONARDA	Must we leave so quickly on such a sunny day?	645
URBÁN	You don't usually say that, you hate the heat.	
LEONARDA	Now I want some sun.	
URBÁN	So go get it, then.	
JULIA	<i>(Aside to URBÁN)</i> Leave her, she is not herself.	650
URBÁN	<i>(Aside to JULIA)</i> Why? Oh God!	
LEONARDA	Go see if the coach is ready.	
URBÁN	Yes, my lady, I'll ask.	
LEONARDA	Come back, you fool. Where are you going?	
URBÁN	I was going to find the chariot of the sun, so we can get you some.	655
<i>Enter CAMILO, a gentleman, and FLORO, his servant</i>		
CAMILO	A fine message, indeed! Tell her not to write me again.	
FLORO	Don't tear it up, for old time's sake.	660
CAMILO	It's done now.	
FLORO	It meant nothing to you?	
CAMILO	It was a mere whim.	
LEONARDA	<i>(Aside to URBÁN)</i> Urbán, do you see that young man?	
URBÁN	Yes, I do.	665
LEONARDA	Come closer. <i>(She whispers in his ear)</i>	
URBÁN	His name and address? Got it.	

FLORO Your disdain
 is not news to me.
 You've always been harsh 670
 to this woman.

LEONARDA Let's go, Julia.

JULIA Come on, then.

LEONARDA (*Aside*) I'm dying!
 Will I ever see you again?

Exit LEONARDA and JULIA

URBÁN (*Aside*) By my faith,
 to charge me with finding out
 this gentleman's name and address!

CAMILO I want neither love nor cares. 680
 Let Celia stay in her house
 and favor whomever she wants.
 Let her keep company, if she pleases,
 with any who come and go.
 Let her find a green young man
 to drive mad with jealousy, 685
 for I'm beyond all that
 and only feel pity for him.

URBÁN (*Aside*) I didn't even bring
 my inkwell and my quills.
 (*Aloud*) Excuse me, gentleman! I'd like... 690

CAMILO Speak up, what do you want?

URBÁN To see if you'll be joining
 the procession for the Jubilee.³⁷

CAMILO I'd like to, good man. 695
 What contribution do you expect?

URBÁN It's just one *real*.³⁸

CAMILO Here you are.

³⁷ For Catholics, jubilee years are characterized by the remission of sins and universal pardon. The year 1600 was a jubilee.

³⁸ Pronounced *reh*-al.

	Two <i>reales</i> for the two of us.	
URBÁN	May God thank you for it. Your name and address?	700
CAMILO	Camilo, and I live near San Juan parish.	
URBÁN	Are you a nobleman?	
CAMILO	Noble enough.	
URBÁN	I need to write that down here. And your good name, sir?	705
FLORO	Me? Floro.	
URBÁN	That'll do. I'll get back to the church.	
CAMILO	May God be with you.	
<i>Exit URBÁN</i>		
CAMILO	Now we are both in the procession.	
FLORO	Will you pray?	710
CAMILO	I will start today. Wait! Oh God, I gave the man a <i>doblón</i> ³⁹ instead of two <i>reales</i> !	
FLORO	Now you notice? There's no redeeming it now.	715
CAMILO	Get in there. There must be something we can do.	
FLORO	That's why he said you were a nobleman.	
CAMILO	Damn it! This procession doesn't come cheap!	720
<i>Exit all</i>		

³⁹ A *doblón* was worth twenty *reales*.

Scene 4

LEONARDA's *house*

Enter LEONARDA, JULIA *and* URBÁN

LEONARDA Well done, Urbán!

URBÁN What can I say?
I am one in a million.

LEONARDA How clever to get
 their names and addresses on paper!
 So his name is Camilo?
 In that, too, he is like the deceased?⁴⁰

725

URBÁN There's no doubt he's noble,
 though we've never heard of him.
 After all, didn't he give me a *doblón*
 when a *real* would have done?

JULIA He must be generous.
 It was a noble gesture, indeed.

LEONARDA Tell me, Julia, 735
 what could one lack
 whom nature grants such gifts?

URBÁN

About those gifts...
I swear I've never seen
a finer looking man 740
since the day I was born.
What a face, what elegance!
What a neatly kept beard!
Such generous hands!
They looked like pure snow. 745
What a figure, what a well-turned leg!
What charm, what cleverness!
What an elegant way with a *doblón*!
And how I swooned
when I saw it gleaming! 750

LEONARDA I can no longer bear

⁴⁰ Camilo was the name of Leonarda's late husband. It is also a reference to Saint Camillus, the patron saint of the sick.

this unbearable flame—
it is killing me.
My dear friends,
this may seem 755
like a great weakness on my part,
but my heart trusts
in your love and loyalty.
You have served this house
since my parents' time. 760
I know how much you love me.
Since I don't intend to marry
nor to become engaged,
today you must find my remedy,
today I entrust you with my life. 765
My reputation is in your hands.

URBÁN

Is it your fear or your love
that makes you doubt us now?
By God, they'd never get a word out of me
not if they put me on the rack,⁴¹
not if they tried
to buy me off with gold!
Trust Julia and me,
and tell us what to do.

770

LEONARDA You, Urbán, must be my remedy. 775
Listen carefully.

URBÁN I'm listening.

LEONARDA You see how Valencia is all a riot at Carnival,
with masks and costumes.

URBÁN That's right. 780

LEONARDA Well, if anything goes,
 then put on a costume and a mask,
 go find this gentleman
 and let on, Urbán,
 that a certain lady favors him, 785
 that she loves him dearly,
 and that he could have her
 if he waits for you tonight
 on the near side of the Palace Bridge.
 If he agrees, 790

⁴¹ Early modern form of torture.

	you will fetch him there tonight.	
URBÁN	Shall he see me and where you live?	
LEONARDA	No. You will wear a mask, you'll place a hood over his head ⁴² and thus bring him to the house. We'll keep him in the dark, and when it's time for him to go, he must wear the hood again. Whom could he know that way? ⁴³	795 800
URBÁN	A well thought out plan, indeed! He'll yield like a tame falcon. ⁴⁴ What am I waiting for? I'm off.	
LEONARDA	Don't be long.	805
URBÁN	I won't.	
URBÁN	<i>exits</i>	
JULIA	Whose idea was this?	
LEONARDA	It was Love, who has the wise at its feet.	
JULIA	I think someone is at the door.	810
LEONARDA	Go and see who it is.	
JULIA	<i>exits</i>	
LEONARDA	(<i>Aside</i>) What won't a determined woman do for the sake of her pleasure? What torment could change her resolution? What flame, what noose, what sharp sword? What more daring giant attempts to reach the heavens? What more daring Hercules attempts the descent to hell? That powerful boy ⁴⁵	 815

⁴² In production, if blindfolding the actor seems preferable, this line can be changed.

⁴³ Pun on carnal knowledge.

⁴⁴ In falconry, hoods are crucial for the training process, and to keep the bird in a calm state.

has melted my frozen heart with his love,
and vanquished my devotion to my first husband. 820
I've been like a dammed up river
that only now runs wild.
I have been, in short, a woman.

Enter JULIA

JULIA There is someone here
selling books and etchings. 825

LEONARDA What does he want,
if he's in costume?

JULIA He doesn't have a mask.

LEONARDA We must keep up appearances.
I am still pious. Let him in 830
and let's see what he wants,
or if there is something we can buy.

Enter OTÓN, in foreign or French clothes with four books in a basket

OTÓN May God guard you
and give you a fine husband.

LEONARDA He's been very merciful 835
in not wishing one on me.

OTÓN Why, when you are so beautiful?

LEONARDA Show me what books you are selling.

OTÓN I have one here that you can have
for a reasonable price. 840
It's a story that touches on me
but it might be too much for you.

LEONARDA (*Aside to JULIA*) How irresistible!
I told you so, Julia.
(*Aloud, pointing at a page*) Who is this? 845

OTÓN That is the romance of *The Shepherd of Filida*.⁴⁶

⁴⁵ *Giant*: mythological creatures who defied the Olympian gods and tried to reach the heavens. *Hercules*: mythological hero who descends into hell. *Powerful boy*: Cupid, god of love.

⁴⁶ The love-themed pastoral novel was popular among female readers of the time.

LEONARDA	Of course.	
OTÓN	Gálvez Montalvo was its great author. He died at sea as a Knight of San Juan, while I drown in a deeper and much rougher sea.	850
LEONARDA	Are you a bookseller or a suitor?	
OTÓN	I couldn't say. Here's another romance, of cruel <i>Galatea</i> . If you want a fine book, then look no further. It's by Miguel de Cervantes, who lost a hand fighting at sea, while I lose... ⁴⁷	855 860
LEONARDA	(<i>Aside to JULIA</i>) Hush, Julia, calm down. (<i>Aloud</i>) What have you got to lose?	
OTÓN	My soul and my life, for another Galatea, one more cruel than Medea, ⁴⁸ and less obliging.	865
LEONARDA	Who is this?	
OTÓN	Espinel, a brave poet. ⁴⁹	
LEONARDA	What is it about?	
OTÓN	It's just sonnets, but it has some nice lines and some serious poetry, too. He loved until death, though he did not die of it, unlike me.	870
LEONARDA	So are you a suitor or a bookseller?	875
OTÓN	I couldn't say. Here you have a songbook,	

⁴⁷ Cervantes was wounded at the naval battle of Lepanto, in 1571.

⁴⁸ Medea killed her children to punish her husband, Jason, for abandoning her.

⁴⁹ Vicente Gómez Martínez Espinel (1550-1624) was a Spanish priest, writer, and musician.

	full of nonsense.	
LEONARDA	Don't deal imprints.	
OTÓN	It's better imprinted in me...	880
LEONARDA	What?	
OTÓN	Eternal servitude, and love, and suffering.	
LEONARDA	Is this wooing or selling?	
OTÓN	I couldn't say.	885
<i>Enter VALERIO, dressed as merchant, with prints</i>		
JULIA	Now the printseller is in the house.	
VALERIO	Prints, prints, get your fine prints!	
LEONARDA	(<i>Aside</i>) Either I am missing something, or this peddling is a set-up, for both these suitors, who came up with this ploy, took off their Carnival masks as they came into the house. Julia, is this appropriate, in my seclusion?	890 895
JULIA	(<i>Aside to LEONARDA</i>) I think there's something fishy.	
LEONARDA	(<i>Aside</i>) I can see that. So many men in my house!	
VALERIO	(<i>Aside</i>) Otón got here first?	900
OTÓN	(<i>Aside</i>) Valerio is here too?	
LEONARDA	What is it that you're selling, exactly?	
VALERIO	Can't you see? I offer you my heart.	
LEONARDA	Let me see, what is this print?	905

VALERIO	The beautiful <i>Adonis</i> , painted by Titian with divine strokes. Oh to be loved as he was! I die in despair, while he died in his lover's arms. This one, on my word, so fine and delicate, is the work of Raphael, and superbly engraved. And this one is Flemish, and that one Italian. ⁵⁰	910 915
LEONARDA	These are hardly suitable for me. Do you have any religious images?	
VALERIO	Yes, here. Look at this, an exquisite print on marriage.	920
LEONARDA	Which I hope never to see.	
VALERIO	You are not impressed, yet, why not? Thousands await your "I do," and perhaps there might even be a gentleman nearby who is in love with you. I am Valerio, although I am in disguise now.	925 930
OTÓN	Since we are naming names, you have Otón at your service. I am rich and of noble birth, and madly in love with you.	
LEONARDA	Is there no one here who can buy you off? You there!	935

Enter two SERVANTS

SERVANT 1 My lady...

LEONARDA Show the bookseller

⁵⁰ References to famous Renaissance painters, including Titian (1488-1576) and Raphael (1583-1520).

	and the printseller out...	940
OTÓN	My lady, is it wrong to ask for what you owe us?	
LEONARDA	Servants, what are you waiting for?	
VALERIO	Hold on; there is no need to get upset!	
LEONARDA	You take liberties and then want to charge me? Fine books indeed! Come now, throw them out!	945
VALERIO	That won't be necessary, we will find our way out.	950
OTÓN	We won't stand for this.	
SERVANT 2	The nerve of those foreigners!	
SERVANT 1	There is another one at the door with creams and perfumes.	
SERVANT 2	Well then! Down you go.	955
VALERIO	You're back to your cruel ways!	
LEONARDA	Close the door, that will keep this insolence out.	
VALERIO	<i>(Aside)</i> Julia, are we still friends?	
JULIA	<i>(Aside)</i> Hush, my lady will hear us.	
<i>Exit all</i>		

Scene 5

On the street

Enter CAMILO and URBÁN, disguised with a mask

CAMILO	By God, masked man this is quite a risk I am taking,
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	when I don't even know who you are.	
URBÁN	Camilo, this will be our little secret.	965
CAMILO	Shouldn't that lady trust me with her reputation, when she offers me her soul? Could I not serve her, talk to her, see her, hear her and know her name?	970
URBÁN	Let's not talk about it, if you try to find out too much all will be lost.	
CAMILO	I swear by my faith as a gentleman, you'll make me lose my mind. As God is my witness had I enemies out there, I would suspect a trap, but no man is more beloved nor has more friends in this town. I am glad you said at least I could come armed and carry my pistol, to this secluded love nest.	975 980
URBÁN	Bring one, bring a hundred. If you don't let curiosity get in the way of your skill, your valor, your good taste, and your will, you'll enjoy the finest this city has to offer.	985 990
CAMILO	What does it matter how beautiful she is, if I must enjoy her in the dark? I assume she is ugly.	
URBÁN	When you speak to her and touch her, a light will shine upon you. If she does not please or bores you, you need not come back.	995
CAMILO	My only complaint	

[illegible]

URBÁN	And what a night you'll have with that angel!	
CAMILO	Enchanted, to say the least.	
URBÁN	She will be expecting you. Goodbye.	1040
CAMILO	I am eager for your return.	
URBÁN	It will not be long.	
CAMILO	I shall find out what this is, if it costs me my life.	1045

ACT II

Scene 1

On the bridge

Enter CAMILO

CAMILO	Be brave, my thoughts, in your reckless endeavor! We've come to that pass where your boldness would have me conquer though I'm conquered.	1050
	Torn between fear and desire, I set off in fits and starts, and no longer know if I'm coming or going.	1055
	Could it be that someone, envious of my nobility, has double-crossed me? Will this come to clubs or swords?	1060
	Shall I bravely bend my neck, like a little lamb who can't tell it's already been sold, and is headed straight for the slaughter? I never meant to offend anyone.	

I must be mistaken. 1065
 He who has not offended
 need not watch his back.
 And the one who told me of this affair
 said I was welcome to come armed...
 But that was to make me afraid, 1070
 for fear is always on guard.
 Even if I go as I am,
 what danger could I avoid
 when he will cover my eyes?
 Blind, I will be easy to catch. 1075
 Who ever heard of such a thing,
 that a beautiful woman,
 wanting a man so badly,
 should not let him see her?
 How cautious she is with her reputation! 1080
 What if I think I am embracing
 a beautiful angel,
 while in fact I'm taking
 a demon in my arms,
 one who flies around at night, 1085
 too ugly to show its face?
 What if she is an old woman,
 without eyelashes or eyebrows,
 and a mouth full of fake teeth,
 whose spells render me 1090
 as meek as a sheep?
 Or what if she is a wretch
 all pocked with the French pox,⁵¹
 who would give me years of suffering
 for the sake of one hour's pleasure? 1095
 But there are people coming.

Enter URBÁN, wearing a mask and carrying a hood in hand

URBÁN Here is a man standing by himself. Who goes there?

CAMILO Are you by chance that friend of mine?

URBÁN At your service.

CAMILO (*Aside*) How could any sane man be doing this? 1100

URBÁN Can anyone see us?

⁵¹ Syphilis.

CAMILO	The moon and the stars.	
URBÁN	Let them not shine upon us. Oh, what a lovely angel awaits you! You are a lucky man.	1105
CAMILO	No doubt, but whether she be ugly or beautiful, loathsome or lovely, what difference does it make if I am to enjoy her in the dark?	1110
URBÁN	What difference? What do you mean? Is it not better to feel a plump and perfect body than to caress a skeleton, the very image of death? Beauty is like a fine scent, a natural quality that you know, see, and smell for the soft breath it exhales.	1115
CAMILO	Am I a doctor or a healer? Why should I care about scents? Pleasure comes through the eyes the very act of seeing, knowing, and conversing with a lady is what makes love desirable. A blind man, on the contrary, such as I will be with this lady, takes his pleasure like a beast.	1120 1125
URBÁN	I don't agree, for the blind man can only imagine a face, but if you're awake and look carefully, you'll see the real thing. Certain eyes shine like fire at such a moment. Won't four of them together see heaven and earth?	1130 1135
CAMILO	While others may just as well be dead. Is she young?	
URBÁN	You won't see her.	1140

CAMILO	Is she married, or a dubious maid? Or perhaps a widow instead?	
URBÁN	It depends, sometimes she is married, sometimes a maiden, and other times a widow. She is neither married nor a maiden, nor a widow, nor dishonored and abandoned.	1145
CAMILO	Has she been wrapped in tissue paper? Some lady you have, if I follow you! <i>(Aside)</i> There must be a trick. What if it's a man and not a woman? Am I so pretty, then? Oh, how I'd like to pull off his mask, though it might cost me the lady who has cost me so little!	1150 1160
	But I am all ablaze now with desire. <i>(Aloud)</i> My friend, let's go see this obscure lady. I've never seen the like of her.	1165
URBÁN	Put on your hood.	
CAMILO	Everyone will think I am crazy.	
URBÁN	Not at all.	
CAMILO	Sack cloth? Could you not at least have made it silk?	1170
URBÁN	<i>puts the hood on CAMILO</i> Is it long walk?	
URBÁN	Very long, yes.	
CAMILO	Now you'll take me to the river and throw me in to put out my fire.	1175

URBÁN You must trust me.
 There is no need to be angry, my lord.

Exit URBÁN and CAMILO

SCENE 2

On the street, on the way to LEONARDA's house

Enter OTÓN and CAMILO holds onto URBÁN's belt

OTÓN	Oh starry night, you who guide my steps and my life on my way to the grave, turn black and dark so I might ask a favor of you. For though I've come out to these fields, whose calm should temper my blind ardor, it blazes all the more in the face of her disdain today.	1180 1185
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URBÁN (*Aside to CAMILO*) There is a man over there.
Stay close.

OTÓN Halt! Who is that? Who goes there? 1190

CAMILO *(Aside)* Here I am fully armed,
and playing blind man's bluff.

OTÓN No answer?

CAMILO *(Aside)* This is good.
What if he shoots now? 1195

URBÁN I am in disguise.

OTÓN A fine fool!

URBÁN We had a little to drink,
and we were walking it off.
(*To CAMILO*) Come this way, sir.

1200

CAMILO Oh, may the saints help me!

Exit URBÁN and CAMILO

OTÓN

How wine changes men!
And love, too,
for this ungrateful widow.
Can it be that she is 1205
so chaste and honest,
an Artemisia of fidelity,
and gives so many gentlemen
that same “no” as an answer?
It cannot be—there’s something amiss.
I suspect the saintliness
of her life is feigned,
for saintliness usually
looks pale and wan.
But for a coddled widow 1215
who easily eats up
three or four thousand in rent,
to spend the cold nights
alone like a girl!
What does it matter 1220
if she is locked up in her room,
and they all think she is praying,
when her steward gets her what she needs?
Now, I won’t sleep,
not in a hundred nights, 1225
I’ll spend them all
on her street and at her door,
and if someone wakes her,
by God, he must die!
Neither snow nor rain— 1230
though it rarely snows here—
or lack of sleep shall stop me.
I will be a stone at her doorstep,
and freeze anyone who faces me,
just like Medusa.⁵²

Exit OTÓN

Scene 3

In LEONARDA's house

⁵² Mythological monster who turned anyone who looked at her into stone.

Enter LEONARDA in elegant clothing, with JULIA

LEONARDA	Are the hangings and velvets all in their proper places?	1235
JULIA	They are perfect, my lady. Turn around and look at them.	
LEONARDA	Is that tapestry right for that sitting room?	1240
JULIA	It is fit for a viceroy, and even for the king.	
LEONARDA	And what a suitable story! It tells the loves of Jacob. ⁵³	1245
JULIA	Unlike your own swift glory, so quick to come. Jacob waited fourteen years for what you will have in an hour's time.	
LEONARDA	Pray to God that my good fortune not leave me now! What is taking Urbán so long? What should we do?	1250
JULIA	You can play a little.	
LEONARDA	He must not have liked the idea! I'm so unhappy!	1255
JULIA	Don't make a scene. That would make no sense for such a strapping young man.	
LEONARDA	Maybe there is something womanish about his beauty! And what Roland, ⁵⁴ what knight, would agree to have his head covered to come here in the dark?	1260
JULIA	He is a noble gentleman, a manly, handsome youth,	1265

⁵³ Biblical character who labored fourteen years to marry his beloved Rachel.

⁵⁴ Medieval knight, hero of the French *Song of Roland* and of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*.

	not like those namby-pambies. Next to him, Achilles himself would seem a low coward! Didn't Leander ⁵⁵ swim the gulf a thousand times for the sake of love?	1270
LEONARDA	Don't you know that's just a story? And that was after they had seen each other, and spoken! And up in that tower, away from the wind, a single light was always lit, while here he won't have one, even inside the bedroom. Say instead he is like that Roman, who leapt into the pit, ⁵⁶ or the one who charged a bridge, ⁵⁷ or the one who burnt his hand, ⁵⁸ those I might believe.	1275 1280
JULIA	I deserve a reward.	
LEONARDA	I don't think so.	
JULIA	I'm waiting!	1285
LEONARDA	You may have the long cloak, Julia, the one I was wearing yesterday.	
JULIA	The purple and gold one?	
LEONARDA	Hurry, give me my mask, and take yours.	1290
<i>Enter URBÁN, and CAMILO</i>		
URBÁN	We are here Camilo.	1290
CAMILO	Since I came up the stairs, I must be in the bedroom.	

⁵⁵ *Achilles*: great warrior of Greek mythology. *Leander*: famous lover of Greek myth, who swam across the Hellespont every night to be with his beloved.

⁵⁶ Marcus Curtius, a young roman soldier who, in order to save Rome, leaped into the chasm that had opened in the Roman forum after an earthquake.

⁵⁷ Horatius Cocles, a Roman who charged against the Etruscan army at the Sublicius bridge, ultimately destroying it to impede their passage.

⁵⁸ Gaius Mucius Scaevola, who set fire to his own right hand for being unable to assassinate the Etruscan king, Porsena.

[illegible]

Let me see you, and not only
in my mind's eye!
Who has ever heard of so much fire
with no light!
If you don't trust me,
let this go no further—
for if this limbo leads not to bliss
then let it not lead to torment.
So that I might see you,
do as great painters do,
who, having painted the night,
put in enough light to see it by.
I'm a gentleman,
and if I can talk to you face to face
I am sure that my honorable ways
will delight you twice over.
This much you must grant me.
Give me your hand!

LEONARDA My hand? Here.

CAMILO At last!

JULIA (*Aside to URBÁN*) I'll say, this man's no fool. 1345

URBÁN He's got a way with words.

JULIA (*Aside*) Such pretty talk.

LEONARDA Well, on Camilo's life...

CAMILO That's my name, my lady.

LEONARDA ...to give you my hand so soon 1350
was no small mercy.

CAMILO I swear it is a supreme good.
 I swear I am going mad.

LEONARDA Tell me, do you like it?
Don't squeeze it. Goodness! 1355

CAMILO The hand might well be Esau's,⁵⁹
and, the voice, I know not whose.

⁵⁹ Biblical figure, son of Isaac. His brother Jacob tricked him out of his father's blessing by covering his hands in goat's fur.

LEONARDA	Bring just enough light.	
JULIA <i>exits</i>		
URBÁN	We'll shine some light on this now.	
CAMILO	This is like requesting light while I sit next to the sun. Alas, Apollo is eclipsed. ⁶⁰	1360
JULIA <i>enters</i>		
JULIA	Here's the lamp.	
CAMILO	What is going on? You are all wearing masks?	
LEONARDA	Keep your hands to yourself, sir. This is how it must be. If you try to see me, they'll tear you to pieces.	1365
CAMILO	They cannot touch me in the sanctuary of your arms. I fear them not, by God! I'm here, after all. I rein in my desires because you order me to do so. Your body is so beautiful! And what fine garments! No wonder I have not been worthy of your trust. Stunning tapestries and brocades! Stunning paintings and art! Yet they hardly shine when your eyes are covered. Will no one here vouch for me Will you love me, yet not take me at my word?	1370 1375 1380 1385
LEONARDA	I entrust my soul to you. with your grace's pardon. Once your loyalty has been attested,	

⁶⁰ Greek god of the sun.

1390

1395

1415

JULIA *exits to bring refreshments*

1420

1425

	If you wore that hood to the shops, no one would give you credit, no matter how much breast you showed. I am the shopkeeper here, and you, that woman in a veil. Why should I grant you life when I'm not allowed to see you?	1430 1435
LEONARDA	Camilo, don't be so put out that I should veil myself this way, for there are things about me, sir, of which you are unaware. I saw you, and fell for you so that I couldn't resist finding this satisfaction. This is the remedy I sought so that you could be here with me without being able to tell anyone who I am or where you've been. If you think this means that I do not trust you, let there be no doubt about my intentions. I shall give you jewels worth two thousand ducats.	1440 1445 1450
CAMILO	Fine jewels?	
LEONARDA	You there! Bring me those chains and that charm, the Cupid one. Bring them here...	1455
CAMILO	No. Don't do that. It will only upset me further. For I desire your eyes more than any jewels you could offer. If you gave me those sapphires, or the rubies and pearls⁶¹ of your mouth, I could give you so much more, if only I could see them. Know that I, too, have gold in my house. Thank God, I'm not a poor man.	1460 1465
LEONARDA	I wish you more than	

⁶¹ Camilo is referring to Leonarda's eyes, lips, and teeth.

what the Orient sends to Spain.
But take this ring as a token of my love. 1470
Your hand will set it off.

CAMILO And yours is perfect for this one.
Please allow that white hand
to wear it in my name.

JULIA enters with refreshments

JULIA Here are the refreshments. 1475

CAMILO There's no point.
By my faith,
I will not eat a thing.

LEONARDA You can't refuse,
just one bite. 1480
I am an honest woman.

CAMILO Do you mean because of the poison?

LEONARDA Yes.
I swear on my life, you must try it!

CAMILO If you swear, 1485
then let a thousand deaths befall us.
I will consume the poison
like Alexander took his doctor's,⁶²
since where trust abounds,
no harm can be done. 1490

URBÁN (*Aside*) He certainly knows his history!

JULIA (*Aside*) He is very well read.

URBÁN (*Aside*) Don't think he's such a gem,
he is just pretentious.
(*Aloud*) I will fetch the drinks. 1495

URBÁN exits

CAMILO (*Aside*) She's witty, that's for sure.
(*Aloud*) Let's make a deal.

⁶² Alexander the Great, having been told that his doctor was seeking to poison him, showed his trust by consuming the medicine his doctor had prepared.

LEONARDA	(<i>Aside</i>) He is smart as he is wily.	
CAMILO	If this is how you carry on, you and your servants, how can you call to them without using their names? Let me give you fake ones, so I can make sense of things.	1500
URBÁN	<i>enters with drinks</i>	
URBÁN	Drink.	1505
CAMILO	I shall drink later.	
URBÁN	Have something to drink.	
JULIA	(<i>Aside</i>) They're amused.	
URBÁN	(<i>Aside</i>) These sugar-coated youths, all syrupy sweet, drive me mad. Not even a nymph is so very particular. (<i>Aloud</i>) Drink.	1510
CAMILO	Give here, I will drink.	
URBÁN	(<i>Aside</i>) What a tiny, cautious sip! (<i>Aloud</i>) Tell me, will that do you any harm?	1515
CAMILO	How can I hesitate with all this fine silver? I have had enough, my lady.	
URBÁN	(<i>Aside</i>) So coy now, and later he'll drink a whole wine-skin. (<i>Aloud</i>) Here's to my lady, and here's to you, Camilo. And finally, Julia, here's to us both, for he who drinks well, loves well.	1520
JULIA	(<i>Aside to URBÁN</i>) Listen or get out of here. He wants to give us names so he can call for us.	1525
URBÁN	(<i>Aside</i>) I am listening. Here's to me.	

LEONARDA	What will you call me?	
CAMILO	You, I will call Diana, ⁶³ for obvious reasons.	1530
LEONARDA	And what are those?	
CAMILO	Isn't she the moon? Does her light not shine?	
LEONARDA	Yes.	
CAMILO	Does she not darken and fade?	1535
URBÁN	(<i>Aside</i>) Oh, that is good!	
JULIA	Take note.	
URBÁN	(<i>Aside</i>) I am. Here's to me.	
CAMILO	I shall call you Iris, Diana's messenger, and you, Mercury. ⁶⁴	1540
LEONARDA	Could anyone find us better names?	
URBÁN	(<i>Aside</i>) Me Mercury? Oh well. Wouldn't Bacchus ⁶⁵ be better?	1545
JULIA	That's enough out of you!	
URBÁN	(<i>Aside</i>) I am listening. And here's to me.	
LEONARDA	It's late. You should be going. All this talk, and the night has flown, hasn't it?	1550
CAMILO	So you won't take off your mask?	
LEONARDA	This won't be our last night together, Camilo. This is enough for now. You must leave the way you came in.	

⁶³ In Roman mythology, Diana was the goddess of the hunt, the moon, and nature.

⁶⁴ *Iris* and *Mercury*: female and male messengers of the gods, respectively.

⁶⁵ Roman god of wine, theater, and fertility.

(To URBÁN) Escort him to where you found him. 1555

URBÁN All right, let's get that hood on.

CAMILO May I not embrace you before I go?

LEONARDA Why, yes.

CAMILO A fleeting pleasure.

URBÁN *tries to put the hood over CAMILO's head*

(To URBÁN) Careful! 1560

URBÁN Your neck is really long.

LEONARDA You fool, you're going to hurt him!

URBÁN They'll never get a decent chord out of you
God bless a good bass,
that lasts and lasts! 1565
Grab on tight to my waist.

CAMILO Farewell, lady Diana.

LEONARDA Oh, how I long for tomorrow!
Off with this mask!

JULIA Yes, me too. 1570
It's time to retire for the night.

Exit LEONARDA and JULIA

CAMILO What a state I'm in! Oh, blind love!

URBÁN Am I any better off?
This is the sick leading the blind.

Exit CAMILO and URBÁN

Scene 4

On the street, next to LEONARDA's door

VALERIO *enters, dressed in evening attire*

VALERIO Oh, suspicion! 1575
 You, who have driven the sanest mad,
 and drawn up in the finest minds
 more unlikely scenes than are ever painted
 on a new-fangled stage
 or drafted by an inspired bard. 1580
 Where are you taking me and my mad imagination,
 as I roam the streets while everyone sleeps?
 Even Ursa Major and its starry wagon
 have retired for the night,
 the six Pleiades have started their descent,⁶⁶ 1585
 as has their seventh sister, who rarely shows her face.
 And I, suspicion, hounded by you,
 burn not as stars do,
 but with the fire of the eternal abyss,
 through whose gaping mouth 1590
 it blazes incessantly.
 I hate to say it, but I can't shake the thought
 that this Leonarda,
 with all those pictures and books,
 has one in particular that she adores. 1595
 Night, if some man be in there,
 let dawn break to drive him out.
 Yet how will I spot him,
 when this house is like Thebes,
 with its hundred looming gates?⁶⁷ 1600
 People are coming!
 I'll take this side of the portico
 and see where they are headed.

OTÓN *enters, dressed in evening attire, and VALERIO hides to one side*

OTÓN A private matter—friends and family—
 kept me from arriving sooner. 1605
 Forgive me, street,
 and you, too, oh fortunate window,
 if I am late to greet you.
 What sighs of love
 fly into you, window! 1615
 More than April has flowers,
 more than morning pearls of dew!
 If only I knew if any sighs fly out!

⁶⁶ *Pleiades*: conglomeration of stars, visible to the naked eye.

⁶⁷ *Thebes*: in the *Iliad*, Homer describes Thebes as the city of the hundred gates.

How many suitors, like Iphis before them,
hang from these gates, 1620
by a single one of her hairs,
begging the heavens to turn to stone
that hard-hearted woman!⁶⁸
And you, door...But what's this?
Oh, can this be? 1625
What shade is this, or what new column?
My heart did not mislead me,
when it told me to come here tonight.
Could this be that fortunate man,
who enjoys the widow now? 1630
What am I to say or do to him?
Oh heavens! I'll balance out the façade
and flank the door on the other side.

Enter LISANDRO, dressed in evening attire, and OTÓN hides on the opposite side

LISANDRO Widow, may God ever keep you thus!
While you stand fetchingly at that window, 1635
from now until the dawn,
I'd like a word with you.
That "I do" that you deny
to your suitors one and all,
what would it take to hear you call? 1640
Young yet pure, happy and sad—
I hate to see you a maiden once more.
You are so cutting and sharp,
even fools now think
you must have a secret lover. 1645
You lock yourself in your house,
in order to deny it,
yet what difference does it make,
when you come and go to the village
as easy as you please? 1650
These empty fields,
these orchards and gardens,
may not open for matins,⁶⁹
but they are open for love.
No one believes, good widow, 1655
that your heart has gone unclaimed.
You look so sad,
when you're not half bad-looking.

⁶⁸ In Greek myth, the shepherd Iphis killed himself for love of Anaxarete, who spurned him. When she was still unmoved, Aphrodite, goddess of love, turned her to stone.

⁶⁹ Prayers ending at dawn.

I cannot believe that a woman,
when she is young and rich, 1660
or, indeed, any woman
who, like you, is free,
would not give herself over
entirely to pleasure.
Although you may say 1665
you run from a second marriage
like Angelica from the knights,
I vow, I'll join a convent
if you aren't actually in love!
Oh! I've spoken to soon, 1670
without realizing I'd be heard
by these living shadows!
Alas, dear wall, of course you have ears.
Oh, such a weighty house!
Giants prop up your doors, 1675
your columns are girded.
You have guards here for the night.
And where there are so many guards,
there must be a treasure to be had.
If they are your support, 1680
let us all buttress you up.
Leaving is out of the question:
make room, I'll get in the middle.

LISANDRO stands between VALERIO and OTÓN, and a SHERIFF enters with a lantern, and servants, and a scribe

SHERIFF Quite a take in that card game!

SCRIBE And a nice pot, to boot! 1685

SHERIFF That house has many secrets.
They always hand out food,
and there are women going in and out.
I'll charge them with something to flush them out.
There are people by that door. Who goes there? 1690
Stop in the name of the King!

OTÓN We're not moving!
Get that lantern out of our faces.

SHERIFF Come closer, hoods off,
so I can take a good look at you. 1695

VALERIO	Look here, we are gentlemen.	
SHERIFF	I believe you, but I need to see you with my own eyes. People like to play tricks on us. So come over here...	1700
LISANDRO	Please, can we do this somewhere else?	
SHERIFF	No, we will do it right here. By God, show yourselves! My lord Otón, Lisandro, and you, Valerio! Could you not just have told me your names?	1705
OTÓN	I would rather not have.	
LISANDRO	Nor I. But I am glad to have the truth out.	
VALERIO	As am I. I now confirm my worst suspicions.	1710
SHERIFF	So, I can rest assured, I haven't inconvenienced you?	
LISANDRO	Not in the least. We're much obliged.	
SHERIFF	It is my pleasure. Gentlemen, shall I escort you anywhere?	1715
OTÓN	We'll stay here.	
SHERIFF	All right, then. Goodbye. Let's go.	
<i>The SHERIFF exits</i>		
LISANDRO	We're always running into each other!	
VALERIO	Otón is quite the architect.	1720
OTÓN	What about Valerio?	
LISANDRO	With such a huge gate, the three of us did all we could. But I had the upper hand.	

VALERIO	Of course: you were in the middle.	1725
OTÓN	If the sheriff hadn't shown up, we would have sliced each other up.	
LISANDRO	I feel better knowing that we all acted a bit foolishly.	1730
OTÓN	That is not the right word for this lunacy. But aside from that, you were the biggest fool of all, to get between two men.	
LISANDRO	I'd get among a hundred, though they were all Rodamonts. ⁷⁰	1735
OTÓN	Look out for the lion!	
LISANDRO	I'm not kidding. I can crush trees and mountains just as Roland did. ⁷¹ But the height of idiocy was that stunt you pulled when you went in there to sell books, and Valerio to sell prints.	1740
OTÓN	So what? Didn't our disguises get us in the door?	1745
VALERIO	Hold on. I wasn't the only one who made a fool of myself. Lisandro dressed up as a peddler with a thousand rosaries, and couldn't get them to open the door.	1750
OTÓN	Is that right? Well, let me congratulate him then.	
LISANDRO	Well, if all is revealed now then our game is up.	1755

⁷⁰ Fearsome Saracen fighter in *Orlando Innamorato* and *Orlando Furioso*.

⁷¹ In *Orlando Furioso*, Roland goes on a mad rampage when he discovers that his beloved Angelica has married Medoro.

	Let us change our tune and figure out who's the lucky one. That will give us something to talk about.	
OTÓN	If that's the case, then I shall say why I, Otón, came here tonight.	1760
VALERIO	Was it to find out for whom this door would open?	
OTÓN	That's exactly why I came.	1765
LISANDRO	I am quite certain, since that's why I came, too.	
VALERIO	As for me, what could it be, but to answer that same question, and cast myself in this jealous abyss?	1770
OTÓN	Now that we've each spoken let us affirm our friendship against the fierce cruelty of that cold ungrateful heart. We must see to her dishonor and the loss of her reputation.	1775
LISANDRO	Well said Otón! How shall we take revenge? Do you know what has occurred to me and yet I dare not say?	1780
VALERIO	What?	
LISANDRO	I think this widow has a lover hidden in her house. Why else would she refuse to look outside, if she didn't already have what she needs on the inside? A woman alone, free, and rich who has denied so many, must have some manservant whom she keeps by her side at night. Among her servants, Urbán, who is a quick-witted scoundrel,	1785 1790

	is the one I suspect of serving her best: he never leaves her side, he goes around well-dressed, always a little too cheeky, and whispering to her.	1795
OTÓN	By God! Now I see her wicked game so clearly! I'll slash his face or I'm no gentleman. Who could doubt that it is all exactly as you say!	1800
VALERIO	I agree completely, for I have seen him do some things which made me suspect as much. I swear on my honor I'll leave my mark on him.	1805
LISANDRO	Leave something, if you please, for the one who revealed the secret. For I too shall give him a slash between your two.	1810
OTÓN	Dawn has come. By God, how sweet it is to take her down! Let's go, and we can speak of this later.	1815
VALERIO	I swear I will kill him.	
LISANDRO	I will cut off his nose!	
OTÓN	What a slashing I'll give him!	

Exit all

Scene 5

On the street

Enter LUCENCIO, with a letter, and ROSANO, a foreigner

LUCENCIO	This letter explains everything. Ercino sends me a son-in-law ⁷²	1820
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⁷² Lucencio, Leonarda's uncle, thinks of her as a daughter.

	and a husband for Leonarda, praising his nobility.	
ROSANO	No one can match his ancient blood. No young man is better favored: not Adonis, or Pyramus, or Narcissus, ⁷³ No one is wiser or more clever. He writes like the finest Galician poet, plays and dances like master Julio, paints portraits like a Guzmán, and fences like the famous Carranza. ⁷⁴ At court, he's secretary to a most important prince, ⁷⁵ and he is famed there for his dashing ways.	1825 1830 1835
LUCENCIO	Just as the letter says. When did you leave Madrid?	
ROSANO	It can't have been more than four days.	
LUCENCIO	Any news from the Court?	1840
ROSANO	Nothing much. But let's not get distracted. Be honest with me, if you can trust me, and show me this widow, so that I might describe her. They insisted that I see her, for her beauty is famous in Madrid.	 1845
LUCENCIO	That will be up to her. She is more private than she is famous. Although you may be sorry to hear it, you should know that she is as tough and stubborn as any wild creature, despite her wit and beauty. It's been a month since I visited her to encourage her to wed,	 1850 1855

⁷³ Examples of extraordinary male beauty from Greek mythology.

⁷⁴ *Galician poet*: Galician poet known as Macías the Lover, whose love affairs met a tragic end. *Guzmán*: probable reference to Pedro de Guzmán (1557-1616), court painter for king Philip III. *Carranza*: Jerónimo Sánchez de Carranza, Spanish soldier and writer, considered the founder of Spanish fencing.

⁷⁵ Lope himself served as secretary to the powerful Duke of Sessa from 1607.

1860

1865

1870

1870

1875

1880

1885

1890

1895

	But neither sweet words, nor fury, nor anger would persuade her to show herself. And so, I am left enchanted and obsessed.	1900
FLORO	Of course you are! What a story! Why not take your own light?	
CAMILO	To dare such a thing, Floro, could cost me my life. Psyche saw Cupid, while taking pleasure in the dark: she lost that glorious love and caused her own sorrow. ⁷⁶	1905
FLORO	What will you do, under the spell of such blind love?	1910
CAMILO	I'll Imitate Cupid, who loves without seeing. ⁷⁷	
FLORO	Can't you take some chalk with you, to mark the door?	
CAMILO	Her man has such tricks that I lose my bearings. I could be outside the gate and he'll tell me I'm inside.	1915
FLORO	Here comes a lady's coach.	
<i>Enter LEONARDA and JULIA, with capes</i>		
CAMILO	And from it descends, a beautiful widow.	1920
FLORO	The maid's not bad either.	
LEONARDA	What a wonderful orchard.	
JULIA	It's lovely in all seasons.	

⁷⁶ In Apuleius' *The Golden Ass*, Psyche forever forsakes the god Cupid's love when she lights a lamp to see him.

⁷⁷ Cupid is often depicted as blindfolded, symbolizing that love is blind.

LEONARDA	(<i>Aside to JULIA</i>) Julia, that's Camilo!	1925
JULIA	I saw him, too, my lady!	
CAMILO	I am at your service, ladies.	
LEONARDA	(<i>Aside to JULIA</i>) Should I speak to him?	
JULIA	Do it. The fields are deserted.	1930
LEONARDA	(<i>To CAMILO</i>) You're too kind.	
CAMILO	You deserve nothing less. You are like Apollo's own light. I invoke light, you see, for that is what I most desire of all the things I see, though I do not see my love so clearly. In any case, light is the only thing the heavens have given earth that might match your beauty.	1935 1940
LEONARDA	You're very fond of light for a man who is not blind.	
CAMILO	It comes from a certain lack, but I mustn't tell you about that.	
LEONARDA	I understand: you mean love.	1945
CAMILO	And would you believe that my lady herself is like a radiant sun?	
LEONARDA	Surely you exaggerate.	
CAMILO	No, for she is Diana, so powerful and divine, that I see her not, but feel her everywhere.	1950
LEONARDA	Diana? Like the moon?	
CAMILO	The very same.	
LEONARDA	That's a shame.	1955

	For a thousand look upon her yet none can touch her.	
CAMILO	Yet I touch her without seeing her.	
LEONARDA	No doubt you must be mad.	
CAMILO	Truly, for I have touched her in the dark, and I have fallen in love.	1960
LEONARDA	And this moon, does she see you?	
CAMILO	She claims she does, and swears she sees me every day. Yet I never see her, by God!	1965
LEONARDA	If she looks for you there can be no doubt: she must be in love.	
CAMILO	I think she likes me.	
LEONARDA	That is plain to see. Would you leave her for any other woman?	1970
CAMILO	I am insulted that your lips could so doubt my devotion. I would not leave her for an angel of beauty or a worthy Roman maiden.	1975
LEONARDA	If you saw her, disillusion might change your mind.	
CAMILO	I need not worry about that for I have felt her with these hands: her brow is high, and her nose, the foundation of a beautiful face, is flawless.	1980
	Her eyes are... pronounced, a sign of their loveliness. Her neck, her breast, everything else is pure perfection.	1985
	Her wit and intelligence	1990

	need no explanation: to witness both is enough to make you lose your mind. A very Iris is her handmaiden and Mercury her ambassador! The world melts away when she sends them down for me.	1995
LEONARDA	You are quite the odd suitor. I've never heard the like.	
CAMILO	Nor have I ever seen anyone endure the darkness they inflict upon me. And though my happiness is somewhat clouded by this cruelty, I love those shadows of mine more than others value the light.	2000 2005
LEONARDA	And what is your name?	
CAMILO	Camilo.	
LEONARDA	It's good to know the name of such an Amadís in love.⁷⁸ May you enjoy your Diana for many years.	2010
CAMILO	Do not doubt it, if her tricks do not kill me first.	
LEONARDA	God be with you, dark suitor.	
CAMILO	May he give you a wealthy husband.	2015
FLORO	(<i>Aside to JULIA</i>) Tell me: may I speak to you tonight in the courtyard?	
JULIA	I live all the way over by Zaidía.⁷⁹ you wouldn't want a lady so far away.	
<i>Exit LEONARDA and JULIA</i>		
FLORO	You carried on like old folks:	2020

⁷⁸ The hugely popular chivalric romance *Amadís de Gaula* (1508) famously involves secret assignments.

⁷⁹ Known today as Saïdia, this Valencian district is located north of Ciutat Vella (the Old City, today's city center).

“Nice weather we’re having! What a fine day!”
Why did you not court her?
She is a beautiful widow—
a thousand men die for her love.

CAMILO	You read my mind! But my love is steadfast. I would not fall in love with her, or even one more beautiful, although she might fall for me. She is not worth two cents, nor anyone else you might name, for that would be to compare a queen with a slave. I tell you, mine is an angel, there can be no doubt.	2025 2030 2035
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FLORO You thought the widow was that bad?

CAMILO So-so. She would do.

FLORO Well, she seemed fine to me.

CAMILO Oh, Floro, if you could see my lady,
 you would sing her praises, instead! 2040

FLORO I would take the widow.

Enter URBÁN, with his sword out, backing away from OTÓN, LISANDRO and VALERIO

URBÁN Three men against one!

OTÓN Let the dog die!

URBÁN Will you not tell me how I have offended you?

VALERIO Die! 2045

CAMILO Stop, gentlemen, hold off! That's enough!
 Surely my presence here should make you observe
 the rules of courtesy.
 I am Camilo, a friend to all.

FLORO Get behind us. 2050

URBÁN If they came at me one by one...

OTÓN	He found a good second in you, Camilo, though he's a vile and shameless lackey.	
CAMILO	No more of this, on my life. If you're lucky, he won't have recognized you.	2055
VALERIO	As you wish.	
LISANDRO	We are at your service.	
CAMILO	I am much obliged.	
OTÓN	Let's go.	
<i>Exit OTÓN, LISANDRO, and VALERIO</i>		
CAMILO	Tell me, you devil, what did you do to those gentlemen?	2060
URBÁN	Good Camilo, I throw myself at your feet. I swear that neither in deed, word nor thought did I ever offend them.	2065
CAMILO	Gentlemen would never gang up on a lone man with no provocation. That's impossible.	
URBÁN	That's true. They may have been confused, and took me for another man.	2070
CAMILO	That must be it.	
FLORO	They picked a nice deserted spot to let you have it.	
CAMILO	Let's see him to his house, Floro.	
URBÁN	The city gate is far enough.	2075
FLORO	You really owe my master, now.	
URBÁN	<i>(Aside)</i> If I owe him, I have paid him well.	

ACT III

Scene 1

On the street

Enter CAMILO and CELIA, lady, wearing a cape

CAMILO Shut up and leave me alone.

CELIA What do you mean shut up?

CAMILO I'll come later. 2080

CELIA There is no later.

CAMILO Have you lost your mind, Celia?
Don't you realize that you're in the street?

CELIA In the street or wherever I may be,
it is only fitting 2085
that all should know of your betrayal.

CAMILO Calm down and be patient.
Let's talk here, quietly
so no one will hear us.
And let go of me. 2090

CELIA What tokens of love
have I received from you?
Bad nights, bad days,
words, rages and jealousies.
What worries me most 2095
is that you're no longer hurting me.
How could I love you, wicked as you are!
Look at me now, you traitor!

CAMILO Let's go over there.
Celia, go home and wait, 2100
there is much we need to discuss.
You shouldn't be out here in the street.
Besides, people are looking at me,
and I have business to attend to.

CELIA You, at my house? 2105

	You haven't been there in two months! And yet somehow you think I am so crazy I would believe the words of a heart so false! No, my friend, once that heart gets away, I will be left to chase the wind.	2110
CAMILO	By God, be careful with your hands! You've torn my cloak.	
CELIA	I was after your heart, where such cruelty lies.	2115
CAMILO	It was soft for you once, and like wax to your will, but some men would rather not to share the goods, you know. Look out, they can see us!	2120
CELIA	He's afraid of being seen! Hush now, don't make a fuss. Just let a new lady fall for him, if she hasn't already, the new apple of his eye— the first time they fight over petty jealousies, then she'll see what he's about.	2125
CAMILO	You want to drive me crazy.	
CELIA	No doubt he will tell her too: "This woman is chasing me but I cannot stand the sight of her, on your life and mine, there is no reason for you to worry, I will kiss your foot in front of her."	2130 2135
CAMILO	Would you stop this and leave me alone? Were we not over?	
<i>Enter LEONARDA and JULIA from the opposite side of the stage as CAMILO and CELIA</i>		
JULIA	(<i>Aside to LEONARDA</i>) It's very late for you to be out on your own.	
LEONARDA	As late as it is,	2140

Urbán still has not come.

JULIA He has taken a long time.
But why did you not bring
Clara's squire along?⁸⁰

LEONARDA So I wouldn't have to see
 that long sad face of his.

2145

LEONARDA *sees CAMILO and CELIA*

Oh, Julia, but my fate is even sadder!

JULIA My lady! What is the matter?

LEONARDA Oh, Julia!

JULIA You look like death warmed over! 2150

LEONARDA How could I not, when I'm at death's door?

JULIA Be careful, it's not yet very dark.
 Hush or cover up your face.
 We could have avoided all this
 if you had come by coach. 2155

JULIA *also sees* CAMILO *and* CELIA

Oh, you poor woman, now I see
which way the wind blows!

LEONARDA This is what I deserve
 for my mad desire.
 I wish I didn't know you

2160

just as you don't know me.
Then I could enjoy you without seeing you,
just as you don't see me.
This is what you get when you trust in oaths,
in words, and vows!

They are but scraps of paper
in the wind.
To think he claimed to love
no other woman in the world!

JULIA And it is true, 2170

⁸⁰Leonarda refers here to a servant who never appears in the play.

	for he said that by night, and he loves her by day. Look, my lady, you won't keep the one you love if you won't let him look at you... Love is born of sight, and touch alone won't do.	2175
LEONARDA	What about hearing?	
JULIA	That may do for the lover who is all talk. Some men will follow a voice hidden inside a cloak, and when they find an ugly woman, they say "To the devil with her."	2180
CAMILO	Tell me, what is it I owe you? I will do right by you.	2185
CELIA	First, the great faith I put in you, which is a novel thing with us. Second, my loyalty in not seeking pleasure elsewhere, and always matching my desires to yours. A thousand icy nights, spent waiting for you by my window, while an old woman scolded me— and—oh, my poor arms, my poor hair!— and, in sum, never to have denied you anything you wanted.	2190 2195
CAMILO	I've made up for all that and more by keeping you in fine style. You cost me a pretty penny, not to speak of the clothes.	2200
CELIA	That's a nice speech, coming from a gentleman! I want nothing of yours. Let Floro come and I'll give him back in gold anything I've had from you. Fine clothes those were! A sad little skirt with two miserable sashes, a wretched little petticoat.	2205 2210

	What strings of pearls you've decked me with! What chains you've hung about my neck! What rich tapestries, of the best in Flanders! What a house you have built me, with its garden, its gate, its balcony! Even those who are but the dirt beneath my feet have more than I do. Given how you ignore me, I should have spent time with another, I might have had fewer complaints, if not anything to gain. Was I so very poor, so wretched, so despised, when I let you in the house?	2215 2220 2225
LEONARDA	Do you see how riled up she is? If only I could hear what they are saying!	
JULIA	Would it not haven been better to go home than to hope that no one will recognize you as they pass you on the street? Besides, it's getting dark.	2230
LEONARDA	That and my mantle means no one will see me.	
JULIA	I do believe you're jealous. I never would have imagined that a lady who enjoys such affairs in the dark would light up with jealousy.	2235
CELIA	What, me?	
CAMILO	Yes, you, Celia. Now you know where I stand. Leave me.	2240
CELIA	Consider yourself left. Jesus, such treachery! Jesus!	
CAMILO	You can cross yourself a hundred times—	2245
CELIA	You leave me with these protestations? Goodbye. No more accusations.	

CELIA *exits*

CAMILO The facts are clear...
Where has she gone?

LEONARDA *(Aside)* What do I say? 2250

CAMILO Are these veiled ladies speaking to me?

LEONARDA We're not quite as shameless
as that fool over there.
Is she that Diana
you mentioned in the orchard? 2255

CAMILO *(Aside)* This little widow is dying
to play loose with me.
(Aloud) Uncover yourselves
so you won't resemble her, either.

LEONARDA I'm glad to see that you hate
what you loved so recently. 2260

CAMILO Those goddesses are just
fantasies now.
They are like nights without days,
and lies made of truth. 2265

They are dubious pleasures,
and bland delicacies,
a confusing masquerade,
and waking dreams. 2270

They make one sneak
through gardens at night,
pretending to see
what remains unseen,
counting and taking
money in the dark. 2275

If you will love me,
we'll just let Diana sleep,
for she is a night with no dawn,
and much too fond of herself.
She wants to be loved on faith alone,
as if she were heaven itself. 2280
Yet she is nothing but a sound,
heard but not seen.

LEONARDA	You must've seen her and lost your illusions.	2285
CAMILO	It's because I haven't seen her that I want no more of this arrangement. If I could see her as I see you, and if she were as beautiful, no doubt I would love her.	2290
LEONARDA	Truly?	
CAMILO	By God, yes! Because you're a pearl, and soon enough I'll tire of being a slave to a lady who will not let me see her. Why should I waste my youth taxed with the burden of safeguarding her modesty just because she feels like it? If she is afraid of being exposed and defamed by the common people as other women are, if she values her reputation so dearly, let her post a giant by her door.	2295 2300 2305
LEONARDA	That's very well said. But you must be off now, sir— people are coming.	
CAMILO	So scornful so quickly? You dismiss me because you think I'm fickle.	2310
LEONARDA	Did you not hear me? Go.	
CAMILO	I'm leaving, you intractable little widow.	
CAMILO exits		
LEONARDA	Ah, traitor! As if insulting me were not enough, he also wanted to woo me?	2315
JULIA	Now you know. The sermon was not bad	

	if you know how to take it.	
LEONARDA	He couldn't have said it better if he'd known the truth. He left me speechless! I did not know what to say!	2320
JULIA	It was a lofty sermon.	
LEONARDA	A shock like that overcomes all the senses. Tonight and no more! You'll see how I dismiss him for his good sense.	2325
JULIA	And what will you say to him about this?	2330
LEONARDA	Why would I bring it up? What fine nonsense!	
<i>Enter URBÁN</i>		
URBÁN	There is not a place in the city I have not looked. I have been home twice hoping to find you there.	2335
LEONARDA	You were nowhere to be found on the one day I went out on foot. Tonight you must summon that suitor from the bridge.	2340
URBÁN	I will, right away.	
LEONARDA	Julia, you will see to the side door.	
URBÁN	Your uncle awaits you at home.	
LEONARDA	Wonderful! That's the icing on the cake!	2345
URBÁN	A stranger from Madrid is with him.	
LEONARDA	What brings him here?	

URBÁN I don't know. 2350

LEONARDA Lord, let me just make it
through tonight.

Exit all

Scene 2

On the street, next to LEONARDA's house

Enter LISANDRO and OTÓN, by night

LISANDRO Now that the night will finally
allow us to act, Otón,
why are you so sad? 2355

OTÓN My sorrow speaks for itself?
That's explanation enough.
What pain compares to mine,
when my fury has brought me
to this pass? 2360

LISANDRO What do you mean?

OTÓN She favors my rival.

LISANDRO My patience is wearing thin
with this talk of jealousy and insults.
We agreed on a truce. 2365
A wise man must persevere calmly.

OTÓN That's not what bothers me.
But why should Urbán deny
such dashing young men as ourselves
a reward well deserved? 2370

I am a brave man,
and even if a hundred
Camilos were to come to his defense,
he would be bloodied
once the knives were out. 2375
And Camilo, who is he
to be running the show?
It's good to show a man respect,

	but I swear I regretted it afterwards.	
LISANDRO	Don't let it weigh on you. No matter how dark the night, this door will never see a man pass through without getting his face slashed open. Here comes someone who looks like Valerio.	2380 2385
OTÓN	It's about time for him to get his sword.	
<i>Enter VALERIO</i>		
VALERIO	Just let him try to enter this street!	
OTÓN	A fitting response. No Gradasso, no Roland, ⁸¹ would guard the entrance as you two do.	2390
LISANDRO	Sit.	
OTÓN	Where?	
LISANDRO	Just on the ground, sit on your cape with your shield to the side.	2395
VALERIO	There is not much light from the moon tonight.	
OTÓN	It's veiled like the widow, surrounded by clouds. The storm is about to break.	2400
LISANDRO	If only we had a bearded witch in this city!	
VALERIO	What for?	2405
LISANDRO	So that she could make the widow pine for thirty men. ⁸²	

⁸¹ Two knights in Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato* and Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*.

⁸² Lisandro is invoking a figure like Celestina, the famous matchmaker and sorceress in the eponymous text, who specialized in love-spells.

OTÓN	As long as she forgets that one traitor whose face awaits its just reward.	2410
VALERIO	Let's write a little song about it.	
OTÓN	By God, what splendid villainy! Rest assured, we will shame her.	
LISANDRO	Shouldn't we be ashamed, noblemen that we are?	2415
OTÓN	I always say, "If you can't say anything nice..." Such pointed satire would be a low blow, and unworthy of us.	2420
VALERIO	You're right, brother, and yet it's so good to criticize that all rules go out the window. It's like a good fire in winter or a cool room in summer. We'd better sing their praises instead or improvise a song for the lovers.	2425
LISANDRO	Do you have any rhymes for me?	
OTÓN	Let's work the refrain.	2430
VALERIO	Oh, aren't you a song-book!	
LISANDRO	Let's hear it.	
OTÓN	How about this: "the widow and her squire."	
VALERIO	Oh, that's good!	2435
LISANDRO	I will start: Gentlemen, in these loves and our fierce rivalry, Angelica and her suitors inhabit our fair city.	2440

	Roland are you, you the brave Sacripante; I, Ferragut, the Moor. But Angelica and Medore... ⁸³ ah, the widow and her squire!	2445
VALERIO	Most honorable squire Spain ever could yield, you have taken as yours a most burnished shield, adorned with your arms. I'd like to enhance it, so it comes to no harm with the finest medallion, in gold as bright as fire, ah, the widow and her squire!	2450 2455
OTÓN	There sits shining Gemini in the heights of heaven. Two figures form this sign: a man and a woman, their flesh intertwined. The stars I can't decipher, but, by God, in my mind, every night they conspire just like in that sign: ah, the widow and her squire!	2460 2465
VALERIO	Look! They've opened the door, and Urbán is coming out, with his hood up.	
OTÓN	Who?	
VALERIO	Urbán.	
OTÓN	Are you sure?	2470
VALERIO	Yes.	
LISANDRO	I can't believe it!	
VALERIO	Go and give it to him.	
ROSANO <i>appears</i> and LISANDRO <i>stabs</i> him		

⁸³ Sacripante and Ferragut are additional Saracen knights in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. The princess Angelica spurns Orlando and the other knights who pursue her to marry Medoro.

LISANDRO Enough of this!

ROSANO Oh! I've been stabbed!

2475

OTÓN Around that corner!

LISANDRO Well done.

Exit LISANDRO, VALERIO, *and* OTÓN

ROSANO Open this door. Oh, this is the end of me!
 It's a big house, and they can't hear my call.
 Was this what you brought me to, you false old man? 2480
 They must have been other suitors.
 Be strong, courage is no match for betrayal.
 A fine blow they've given me.
 This is how they send me back to Madrid!

Exit ROSANO

Scene 3

In LEONARDA's house

Enter LEONARDA, JULIA *and* LUCENCIO

LEONARDA Have a servant light the way for my uncle. 2485

JULIA Rodulfo is bringing one now.

LUCENCIO Is that necessary?

LEONARDA Of course, my lord.
 And I'll have another servant
 escort you as well, with a sword. 2490

LUCENCIO Who would want to hurt me?

LEONARDA I know you're loved by all.

LUCENCIO I'm pleased about that fellow,
 and he leaves well served.

LEONARDA I admit, uncle, 2495

	I'm happy to make this marriage. Having been unkind to so many of our own, I hope I'll find forgiveness, in loving a man from elsewhere.	
LUCENCIO	He's been fortunate. He'll be richly rewarded when he gets to Madrid.	2500
LEONARDA	Tell them to begin the preparations.	
JULIA	They have waited so long.	
LUCENCIO	God keep you.	2505
LEONARDA	May He go with you.	
LUCENCIO	<i>exits</i>	
JULIA	I was getting worried. There was someone at the side door. Who it was, I do not know.	
	<i>Enter URBÁN</i>	
LEONARDA	Urbán, my friend, why are you alone with your mask in your hand?	2510
URBÁN	Everything has gone wrong.	
LEONARDA	What, my brother? Tell me what happened?	2515
URBÁN	I got to the bridge at ten. Camilo graciously awaited me, listening to the water's murmur. I approached him at once, and he turned from the rail.	2520
	Once I covered his eyes, I was the lad, and he the blind man. We walked through the city contemplating and praising, me, your beauty and fame, he, his love and desires. I asked him if there was	2525

	another in Valencia who pleased him by day more than your dark chambers.	2530
	And he is telling me a story about a jealous woman who chased and hounded him in streets, plazas, and churches, when a sheriff arrives and wants to know who we are.	2535
	Camilo takes off Love's blindfold at once. He approaches, and says who he is, leaving the sheriff satisfied; but he never asked that I be allowed to keep on my mask.	2540
	So they take off my mask. Camilo and the rest see me, and though they let me go free, I might as well be their prisoner.	2545
	Camilo, upon seeing my face, smiles and says: "Friend, let's forget these games and continue on, unmasked." Then, like the hounded deer running through the hills, swift as the wind,	2550
	I leave Camilo behind, and, by empty streets, return exposed and ashamed, to tell you of this sad turn.	2555
LEONARDA	No! Behind one misfortune a greater one follows! What will I do?	
JULIA	This is not the time to forget who you are. Now is when courage counts.	2560
LEONARDA	There is no courage amid such grief, for Heaven's wrath cuts through steel and diamonds. Any weakness will be noted in someone like me.	2565
	But I think I can muster a clever way out. Urbán, for a few days you'll serve my cousin,	2570

	and make your way through Valencia, never coming near me. That way, when Camilo follows you, he will believe it's for her sake that he comes and goes.	2575
JULIA	This is no small thing, what honor requires of you.	
URBÁN	So let's see: you will dishonor your cousin? Is that not a mad idea?	
LEONARDA	Urbán, for the sake of my honor, all must be forgiven. Let this stain fall on my cousin, as long as my reputation shines.	2580
URBÁN	Don't you see this is an outrage?	
LEONARDA	That's reputation for you. You push another man forward when you're threatened with a knife and let him take the blow that was meant for you. Just as your hand flies up to defend your face, which is the nobler part, surely there is nothing inhuman in this. Go rest, and tomorrow you'll go with her to mass at the Church of the Miracle.	2585 2590 2595
URBÁN	You'll make your own miracle with this Grecian plot. ⁸⁴ But tell me, who will go tomorrow to fetch your beau?	
LEONARDA	Julia, in disguise, Urbán. She will dress as a man.	2600
JULIA	And if I run into trouble?	
LEONARDA	Your blind man will defend you.	
JULIA	He's the one I'm afraid of.	

⁸⁴ Ancient Greeks had a reputation as tricksters, in part because of the Trojan horse, a treacherous gift that led to the fall of the besieged city.

LEONARDA What? 2605

JULIA He's all fired up,
and he'll know tinder when he sees it.

Exit all

Scene 4

The next morning, in front of LISANDRO's house

Enter OTÓN and VALERIO

VALERIO They say he's getting up now.

OTÓN He sleeps like a log,
 and the time it takes him to dress, 2610
 Valerio, is something to behold.

VALERIO He must have gone to bed early;
he didn't make many rounds last night.

Enter LISANDRO

LISANDRO On the contrary, I was up all night
with the squire and the surgeon.

2615

OTÓN You're still buttoning up?

VALERIO The surgeon kept you up?
Great joke! But I'll believe it.

OTÓN Enough. Was there anyone, you think,
who might have recognized us? 2620

LISANDRO The street was deserted.

VALERIO You gave it to him good!

OTÓN It was unbelievable!
Did you get him in the head or the face?

LISANDRO I think I got it all, 2625
because the slashes I give

	run all the way to the neck.	
OTÓN	Good God!	
VALERIO	Amen.	
OTÓN	That's what they say about Roland. Look out! Here comes Urbán.	2630
VALERIO	Who?	
OTÓN	Urbán.	
LISANDRO	What? Who did you say?	
OTÓN	Indeed! It's Urbán, and he's the picture of health.	2635
LISANDRO	Take a good look at him.	
OTÓN	What is there to see? You must have had a soft touch last night.	
VALERIO	"The slashes I give run all the way to the neck."	2640
OTÓN	Head and face both— he's split from head to toe!	
URBÁN	<i>enters</i>	
LISANDRO	I'm ready to give it to him now.	
OTÓN	Stop.	2645
VALERIO	Urbán, where are you going?	
URBÁN	I'm in a hurry and full of worry. My lady is off to mass.	
OTÓN	Who? Leonarda?	
URBÁN	I've been at her cousin's house for a long time now, and I come and go with her.	2650

VALERIO	(<i>Aside to LISANDRO</i>) Not likely to get him, then!	
LISANDRO	(<i>Aside to VALERIO</i>) There must be some wounded foreigner or servant around.	2655
OTÓN	Then, please, be on your way.	
LISANDRO	But wait.	
URBÁN	Anything else? I'm in a hurry.	
OTÓN	Tell us something about your lady.	2660
URBÁN	She is a Portia ⁸⁵ by reputation.	
LISANDRO	Come here.	
URBÁN	The bells are ringing for mass.	
URBÁN	<i>exits</i>	
VALERIO	He's gone, the scoundrel.	
OTÓN	If he's not there, then Leonarda must be alone.	2665
LISANDRO	Oh, such empty gossip! If he were her gallant, she would not spare him for an hour.	
VALERIO	That's how love is.	2670
LISANDRO	So whom did we honor with our affection last night? And not with the flat of the knife, but with the blade!	
VALERIO	The Roman Fabricious ⁸⁶ could not have done it better. It's no use asking who he was, for he is no longer.	2675

⁸⁵ Roman model of female virtue. Portia, Brutus's wife, injured herself to test her own courage.

⁸⁶ Gaius Fabricius Luscinus Monocularis was an ancient Roman magistrate from the third century BCE, praised as an example of integrity and virtue.

He draws his sword

LISANDRO	I need to know.	
OTÓN	Blood will out.	2680
LISANDRO	There's blood all over. Is that not enough?	
VALERIO	I believe it, Lisandro.	
OTÓN	Where shall we go now?	
VALERIO	To the cathedral.	
LISANDRO	No we should go to San Juan, instead.	2685

Exit all

Scene 5

On the street

Enter CAMILO and FLORO

FLORO	Why are you crossing yourself so much?	
CAMILO	What do you expect, now that the truth has undone the spell?	
FLORO	Could you make that man out last night?	2690
CAMILO	I saw him, Floro, as clear as I see you now. And I stared at him without blinking, memorizing his visage. I laid awake, contemplating his features, etched in stone in my memory till sleep got hold of me at dawn. I could paint his portrait on this table, as they say Apelles did. ⁸⁷	2695
FLORO	And you say you saw him with his mistress today?	2700

⁸⁷ Famous Greek painter from the fourth century BCE. On one occasion Apelles drew a portrait on a wall, making the subject recognizable to everyone after just a few strokes.

CAMILO	That's the end of my illusions, Floro. I saw his face last night, today I saw him with this good matron, and now I'm miserable.	
FLORO	Tell me the whole thing so that I may get the picture.	2705
CAMILO	Then listen. I was leaving the Church of the Miracle, mulling over last night— for that was truly something— when, going down the steps, all at once I see the squire, his pace calm and slow, his face modest, his stance upright. He led by the hand a fair maid —as they say in old books— sixty if she was a day. I wouldn't want more points in a game of cards than this goddess had wrinkles on her face, for if she was ancient as a goddess, she was uglier than the devil, her color somewhere between pale and dun. A low and hairy brow, a few white hairs, eyebrows smudged with soot to make up for the hair she lacked. Eyes that shone in the dark like those of a dead nag, a nose like a lump of chalk, and a beard to boot. Her head was on crooked, Floro, she had no neck to speak of, waddling like a goose, bow-legged and sluggish. I felt like pushing her and throwing her to the ground, but I came to my senses and retreated in my shame.	2710 2715 2720 2725 2730 2735 2740
FLORO	These were the dangers you faced, sir? For this you risked eternal shame?	

If only you had followed my advice
to tear a peephole in your hood,
or made good use of your sword! 2745
No one would have killed or offended you.
You fell for a rough bed
covered with damask and fine linen,
velvets and brocade!
But what are you going to do now? 2750

CAMILO I'll get ink and paper at the nearest tavern
and I'll tell her what's what
and what I think of her.
I'll give her a good tongue lashing.
Tongues can be harsh, you know, 2755
all the more when she realizes
she has been found out
and has lost the tender lad she tricked.

FLORO Didn't you tell me that you touched her,
that she was young and spirited and fit, 2760
that she spoke with elegance and wit?

CAMILO Don't shame me, or blame me: I couldn't see.
Urbán is with her now, at mass.
Give him this message I'm writing now,
so he can give it to her. 2765

FLORO A fine lady you've enjoyed!

CAMILO This is no time for jokes, Floro.

FLORO Oh, what a beautiful girl!

CAMILO Like a gem.

Exit all

Scene 6

In LEONARDA's house

Enter LEONARDA and JULIA

JULIA So you've made up your mind 2770
to love a foreigner at last?

LEONARDA	Jealousy, Julia, has brought me to this pass. That traitor for whom I die, and my honor, which I cherish.	
JULIA	And will you leave Valencia?	2775
LEONARDA	I'd better leave Camilo before anyone gets wind of my secret ways. Absence will work best, Julia. He is so deeply imprinted in the soul he took from me, I would go mad, I confess, were I to stay without him.	2780
JULIA	It was a fine way to take your pleasure and leave your honor unstained.	2785
LEONARDA	A woman in love unmakes any law.	
JULIA	Yet if the secretary lives up to what those letters promise, he'll easily rival Camilo.	2790
LEONARDA	I'm sure he'll be his equal but the bird in hand was good.	
JULIA	What an uproar there'll be throughout the city, when they see you've married in another kingdom!	2795
LEONARDA	It won't matter. I'll be gone.	
<i>Enter URBÁN</i>		
URBÁN	(To LEONARDA) Me, doing your bidding? Priceless.	2800
LEONARDA	Why the rush, Urbán?	
URBÁN	Now that gentleman has seen me walk your cousin to mass.	

[illegible]

⁸⁸ *Circe*: in Homer's *Odyssey*, the sorceress Circe detains the hero and turns his men to beasts. *Lancelot*: in Arthurian legend, Lancelot was one of the Knights of the Round Table.

⁸⁹ A pointed hat was placed on the head of convicted heretics or witches, to mark their infamy.

	His every word burns me because I take it to heart.	2840
URBÁN	No woman can stand being called ugly. Are you ashamed?	
LEONARDA	Not for a moment.	
JULIA	Can there be any worse insult?	2845
URBÁN	What insult? He thinks your old cousin is the one who tricked him!	
LEONARDA	Fortunately love inspires me to come to my own defense. Camilo is a fool. He felt how tender I was and now he calls me a tough old bird.	2850
URBÁN	We should right this wrong at once, but talking won't do the trick. What do you propose?	2855
LEONARDA	You'll go to his inn tonight, for I have a better trick to show him what's what.	
URBÁN	You'll be the one tricked instead.	2860
<i>Exit all</i>		

Scene 7

In CAMILO's house

Enter CAMILO and FLORO

CAMILO	Really, Floro?	
FLORO	I knew you would not like it, my lord, and God knows how painful it is to let my mouth speak such shameful words. Ever since this morning	2865

	when you gave me the message to hand to the squire, I have been trying to tell you though I could not find the words. 2870 I know I was wrong, sir, but someone so reasonable and who has read so much should know that the effects of love must always be excused. 2875
CAMILO	I know, Floro, I do not blame you for that.
FLORO	When I saw you had rejected Celia, my lord, and that she was so helpless, I went to visit her to comfort her. 2880 Love descended upon me then, and I promised to marry her, as long as you agreed and gave permission. She, with no hope of seeing you again, and flattered by the talk of marriage, 2885 gave me her word and her oath. I pray you tell her that you agree to repay my services with such a favor. My parents raised you, you know, and I have been your servant since the start. 2890
CAMILO	Floro, I would never resent your marrying Celia because she was mine, or because I'm jealous, or I wished things would have ended otherwise. No, it was only my love for you 2895 made me want to find you a better match. If this is your wish I will not contradict you. If this is God's will, man should not interfere. Fetch Celia at her house, and I will talk to her.
FLORO	She's closer than that, sir. 2900
CAMILO	What?
FLORO	She's here. In my room.
CAMILO	Go fetch her.

FLORO *goes to fetch her*

CAMILO	What strange things blind love does! It drives me crazy for an old woman, while Floro marries my old flame. But that's just fine, you see: at least she won't chase after me.	2905
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FLORO *enters again, and CELIA*

FLORO	Here is Celia, and your slave (<i>pointing to himself</i>).	2910
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CELIA	Heaven knows sir, sir, that I am mortified to come to you. But I hope for your blessing for such a fitting end.	2915
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CAMILO	Celia, heaven has smiled on you by giving you such a gift as Floro, who is not my servant, but my friend. I will be like a father to you, and on the day you marry, Celia, beyond dresses and jewels, I'll give you a thousand ducats. Take her back to your room, Floro.	2920
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CELIA	May God give you a long life.	
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FLORO	Let me kiss your feet, sir.	2925
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CAMILO	Get up.	
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CELIA	There's no prince like him.	
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FLORO	No one can compare.	
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Exit FLORO and CELIA

CAMILO	Happy Floro, who saw clearly what he wanted, not like the great fool who took his pleasure in the dark.	2930
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Enter FLORO

FLORO	It's not even dark yet,	
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and that masked man of yours is at the door.
He gave me this message for you to read.

CAMILO Will these masks never leave me alone? 2935
Is that old woman still after me?

FLORO Read it. Let's see what she says.

CAMILO (*Reads*) "It's madness to believe so readily
and leads to your own harm. 2940
This is no trick, be not alarmed,
for no deceit can last so steadily.
Come, Camilo, witness my faith so true.
You'll find the truth this very night.
At least, before you propose to fight,
take the full measure of what you do. 2945
I'm not who you think I am, and so,
though I must protect my reputation,
I propose to you a revelation:
in truth, your choice was not so bad, no.
Your beloved was no magic Circe, 2950
but rather like you, if a bit more gutsy."
Have you ever heard anything like it?
Either I've lost my mind or she's a witch.
She's at it again?
She wants to bewitch me anew? 2955
In for a penny, in for a pound.
Get me a horse.

FLORO I'm going.

CAMILO Hurry. 2960
She wants to protect her reputation?
Tonight I will carry a light even if they kill me.
Put a candle in a lantern for me.

FLORO Unlit?

CAMILO Lit, you idiot, but covered. 2965
With luck they won't see me carrying it.
That hag still wants to pretend she's a beauty!

Exit all

Scene 8

At LEONARDA's house

Enter LUCENCIO, LEONARDA, and JULIA

LUCENCIO	I hadn't learned of this until today, niece, and now I'm beside myself.	
LEONARDA	How badly have they injured him?	2970
LUCENCIO	What do you mean, injured? Had he not been in Valencia he would not have survived. We have the best doctors here, so he should survive. A fine reward, he got, that night when he left us with the letters we wrote!	2975
LEONARDA	He must have done something to deserve it.	
LUCENCIO	He swears he spoke to no one, nor does he know why they attacked him.	2980
LEONARDA	And he does not know who they were?	
LUCENCIO	I would give half my wealth to know.	
LEONARDA	Are you taking care of him?	
LUCENCIO	I shall take him home and make sure no one finds out, as your honor demands. Is there ink and paper here? I must let his noble master know.	2985
LEONARDA	You there! Light some candles in my room.	2900
LUCENCIO	Right away.	
<i>Exit JULIA and LUCENCIO</i>		
LEONARDA	I cannot get rid of this old man tonight!	

I am to see Camilo,
yet my uncle hangs around like a shadow. 2995
They should not run into each other, though.
I'll find a way to hide him.

Enter JULIA

JULIA The old man is writing away.

LEONARDA Urbán must be back by now.

Enter URBÁN and CAMILO

URBÁN You cannot say 3000
I didn't bring you your blind man.

LEONARDA Just seeing him offends me.

CAMILO Can I take this off now?

LEONARDA Take these lights away.

CAMILO Still with this dark lady business? 3005
I will not put up with it.
Here, I am taking this off.
Why should I remain blind
if everything shall be revealed?

LEONARDA Then I will hide from you, 3010
as I am who I am.
But you shall not leave here tonight
without knowing the truth.
You have greatly offended me
for thinking such things. 3015

You were mad not to notice
that the lady you enjoyed
was not so very tough and awful.
A man is not so blind 3020
as to let his hands deceive him,
and then to vainly suppose
he has happened on the truth.

But you are inexperienced, it seems,
and quite sure of yourself. 3025
And so you have proved yourself unwise
in word and in deed.
Yet I want to forgive you,

if only because I love you.

CAMILO	If I was wrong, I hope to excuse myself but if there is no light, how can we see the truth? She who put on that show will try many others.	3030
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LEONARDA	Light is out of the question.	3035
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CAMILO	That's that, then?	
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LEONARDA	Though I may lose you, you will not enjoy me in the light.	
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CAMILO	Well, neither is it just, my lady, to deceive a gentleman. I have unfortunate news for you: I have a light, and I will see you.	3040
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He uncovers the light

Jesus! Are you not the widow
that I have seen so many times?

LEONARDA	Oh no!	3045
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CAMILO	At last my luck has changed.	
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LEONARDA	Is this how a gentleman behaves?	
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CAMILO	Move your hand away from your face.	
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LEONARDA	How could you be so cruel?	
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Enter LUCENCIO

LUCENCIO	Leonarda, I came as soon as I heard your voice. What's this? A man here, a man with a naked sword!	3050
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CAMILO	It has always been covered. It is only naked because of you.	
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LUCENCIO	Get a light, call the others.	3055
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JULIA gets a torch

LEONARDA	Sir, this is done now. Discretion is the better part of valor. This gentleman is Camilo, whom you know so well. He cares for me, and I for him. And if he is willing, I want to be his wife.	3060
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LUCENCIO	If you both agree, I'll be glad to make it so. Go easy, fearsome warrior, I knew you when you were this high.	3065
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CAMILO	You are my father and my master; Please do as requested of you.
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LUCENCIO	Go, Urbán, and call some witnesses.	3070
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URBÁN	I will go as fast as I can.
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Exit CAMILO and URBÁN

LUCENCIO	What is this? While I am home, my dear niece, you bring enemies into the house? Why did you have me write a letter if this is what you were up to?	3075
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Enter URBÁN, OTÓN, LISANDRO, VALERIO and FLORO

LEONARDA	You might as well have brought the whole city!
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URBÁN	They were almost at the door.
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LUCENCIO	A good choice! These are honorable gentleman. Now you can witness the betrothal of Camilo and Leonarda, who swear to marry each other.	3080
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VALERIO	As well they should,	3085
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	noble as he is, and beautiful as she is. May God in heaven give you many good years, and shower you with treasure.	
FLORO	You and I are both married, my lord, on the very same day.	3090
LISANDRO	Such an honorable marriage makes me forget my own love. Instead of leaving for distant lands, you can stay here, to relish what you have, and so enjoy one another for many years to come.	3095
URBÁN	Won't you give Julia to me?	
LEONARDA	From now on she will be your wife.	3100
OTÓN	I've ended up a witness although I was a suitor. I confess he is my better— you have chosen well. And so enjoy one another for many years to come.	3105
LISANDRO	When is the wedding?	
LUCENCIO	Tomorrow.	
VALERIO	So soon?	
LUCENCIO	It is best that way.	3110
CAMILO	And with that, I say, ends <i>The Widow of Valencia</i> .	