PEDRO CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA

# TO LOVE BEYOND DEATH

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**The *Comedia* in Context**

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

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

COMEDIA AT A GLANCE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## REMAKING THE PLAYS IN OUR TIME

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

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

**A Note on the Playwright**

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

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

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

## Introduction

Payton Phillips Quintanilla and Cheché Silveyra

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

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

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

*The Moriscos and the Rebellion of the Alpujarra: Historical Background*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*The Plots*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Beyond Religion: The Power of Language, Class, and Gender*

*To Love Beyond Death* deals with complicated questions of religious and ethnic difference in sixteenth-century Spain, which were primarily exhibited through language and customs. However, these can't be separated from questions of class and gender, which so profoundly influenced early modern lives and their corresponding liberties. Although Calderón may represent the plight of the Moriscos and the diversity of their communities sympathetically, he wrote from the point of view of the victors—Old Christian males—long after the Moriscos had been summarily expelled from Spain. Thus translating the play, as well as staging it today, inevitably brings up ethical questions around representation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Occupying the Stage: To Love's Recent Performance History*

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

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

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

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

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

*About This Translation*

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

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

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

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**Pronunciation Guide**

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

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

The underlined syllable in each word is the accented one.

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

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

**Characters:**

Don ÁLVARO Tuzaní
Don Juan MALEC, *old man*
Don FERNANDO de Válor, *also* ABENHUMEYA
ALCUZCUZ, *Morisco*
CADÍ, *old Morisco*
Don Juan de MENDOZA
Lord Don Juan de AUSTRIA
Don LOPE de Figueroa
Don ALONSO de Zúñiga, *magistrate*
GARCÉS, *soldier*
Doña ISABEL Tuzaní, *also* LIDORA
Doña CLARA Malec, *also* MALECA
BEATRIZ, *servant, also* ZARA
INÉS, *servant*
SERVANTS
MORISCOS
MORISCAS
CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS
MORISCO SOLDIERS

## ACT I

SCENE 1

*A room in* CADÍ's *house*, *in Granada*

*Enter a group of* MORISCOS *with* CADÍ[1] *and* ALCUZCUZ*, dressed in Morisco fashion, in cloaks and culottes, and* MORISCAS *in white doublets,*[2] *with musical instruments*

CADÍ — Are the doors locked?

ALCUZCUZ — All doors closed now.

CADÍ — Let no one enter without giving the sign,
and let the festivities begin.
We will celebrate Friday, the day of our people,
away from prying Christian eyes.
Though we live among them in wretched captivity,
we keep our ceremonies,
safe from their abuse and censure.

ALL — Yes!

ALCUZCUZ — All to pieces I'll go
if join the dance.

MORISCO 1 — (*Sings*) Though woefully bound in captivity,
by Allah's divine mystery
this empire of African ancestry[3]
decries its miserable destiny.

ALL — *Long live His law!*

MORISCO 1 — (*Sings*) Long live the glorious memory
of that celebrated victory
when Spain once found true liberty
in its own captivity.

ALL — *Long live His law!*[4]

[1] Cadí, though used here as a proper noun, refers to a key figure of social and religious authority in Muslim communities, akin to a judge.
[2] Traditional dress, music, festive gatherings, and even the use of Arabic were all aspects of Morisco culture that came under increasing persecution over the course of the sixteenth century. Laws against Morisco cultural practices were passed in 1526, but their implementation was often delayed or softened. In the play, new and even more repressive laws are being announced, which will lead to the Morisco uprising in the Alpujarra. See Introduction.
[3] Calderón here associates the Moriscos with Africa and makes them into Spain's others, emphasizing their foreignness.
[4] "Law" in this context is often used for faith or religion.

ALCUZCUZ (*Sings*) Long live that fight
when *sharif*[5] Muza showed his might,
and at his sight
little Spaniards get a fright.

ALL *Long live His law!*

*Loud knocks are heard from offstage*

CADÍ What's that?

MORISCO 1 They are breaking down the doors.

CADÍ They must be trying
to catch us at our gathering,
since the king's decrees
now forbid us to hold one.
With so many Moriscos
heading into this house,
the authorities must have followed us.

*The knocking continues*

ALCUZCUZ Well, they're calming down now.

MALEC (*Offstage*) Why do you take so long to open
for one who knocks so loud?

ALCUZCUZ No good calling at this door
if souls not been called.

MORISCO 1 What shall we do?

CADÍ Hide all the instruments,
and then answer the door.
Just say you came to see me.

MORISCO 2 That's a good plan.

CADÍ Let's all keep up the pretense.
Alcuzcuz, run! What are you waiting for?

ALCUZCUZ When the door opens, I fear
a hundred blows from the constable

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

will rain on my belly here.
What a shame, if on belly of Alcuzcuz
a stick lands
instead of couscous.

ALCUZCUZ *opens the door and Don Juan* MALEC *enters*

MALEC Have no fear.

CADÍ My lord Don Juan,
whose famous Malec blood
made you a councilor of Granada[6]
despite your African lineage—
you, in my house, like this?

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

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

ALCUZCUZ Could be worse!
Reprimanded better than remanded.

CADÍ What is your command?

MALEC Recover, my friends,
from the fright I have given you.
Today at the City Council,
the president, from his chambers,
posted a letter that came
from King Philip himself,
for the city to carry out
what he orders there.
The secretary read it aloud:
all its instructions,
every last thing it ordered,
herald your harm.
How right they are to call
fortune time's partner:
both move ever forward,
on wing and on wheel,
never stopping,

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

for good or for evil.
There were new laws,
as well as some passed before,
now more insistent.
They stipulated that none
of the African nation—
cold ash of that invincible flame
in which Spain itself once burned—
should ever celebrate or feast,
wear silks, or meet at the baths.
Nor should Arabic be spoken
in any house, but only Castilian.
Since I was the eldest,
I was charged with speaking first.
I said, though the law was just,
and it was a pious move
to leave African customs behind,[7]
that there was no reason
to do it in such a rage,
and therefore, that in this case
we should proceed with restraint,
for violence prevails
where custom is lacking.
Don Juan de Mendoza,
scion of that noble house
of the great Marquess of Mondéjar,
next spoke, saying
"Don Juan Malec speaks too passionately—
nature calls him to look after his own, and so
he would pardon and postpone
any punishment for the Moriscos,
a people vile, humble, and low."
"My lord Don Juan de Mendoza," I said,
"when Spain lay captive
within her own bounds,
oppressed by the Moors,[8]
Christians lived among them—
those we now call Mozarabs.[9]
They feel no shame
or insult from this past,
for an ill fortune well borne

[7] Moriscos fought back against these discriminatory laws by arguing that the customs they forbade reflected longstanding regional traditions, not religion.
[8] *Moro* is an umbrella term commonly used to refer to Muslims, but it also carries connotations of North African (Maghrebi) descent.
[9] Iberian Christians who lived under Moorish rule in Al-Andalus.

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

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

Yet the Alpujarra[11] is ours—
that mountain range that proudly
rises up to meet the sun.
Teeming with villages,
it swells with rocks and forests.
Every town seems to sail
on waves of silver.
Indeed, even their names invoke the sea:
aside from Berja, there's Galera the galley,
and Gabia the topsail.[12]
That's where we should secure
our weapons and supplies.
Choose a leader
of ancient, noble lineage,
descendant of the Umayyads—[13]
there's no shortage of them in Castile.
From slaves, become masters,
while I, through my best efforts,
will persuade everyone
that it is base and ignoble
to share in my insult,
but not in my revenge.

CADÍ As for me, in this your endeavor…

MORISCO 2 As for me, in this action you plan…

CADÍ …I will stake my life and riches.

MORISCO 2 …I will offer my life and soul.

MORISCO 1 We all speak with one voice.

MORISCA 1 And I, in the name
of all the Moriscas of Granada,
offer our jewels and fine clothes.

*Exit* MALEC *and various* MORISCOS

ALCUZCUZ And me, I only have

[11] A mountainous region southeast of Granada, which forms part of the Sierra Nevada.
[12] These towns are central to the action in Acts II-III. In reality, only one—Berja—is located in the Alpujarra, and Gabia was not involved in the revolt. Calderón creates a consolidated geography that supports the nautical imagery woven throughout the play, with two of the towns' names invoking ships.
[13] The Umayyad Caliphate ruled in the Iberian Peninsula from 929 CE to 1031 CE, an era characterized by an expansion of trade and culture.

a little shop on Bibarrambla—[14]
for oil, vinegar, figs,
nuts, almonds, raisins,
onions, garlic, peppers,
ribbons, brooms,
thread, needles, pouches
of white paper or brown,
spices, tobacco, belts, rods,
feathers to make quills,
seals for your letters—
I vow to cart it all on my back,
all its trifles,
and if my hopes come true,
I'll find myself
Marquess, Duke or Count
of all the Alcuzcuzes.

MORISCO 1 Hush, you fool.

ALCUZCUZ I'm no madman.

MORISCO 2 If not mad, then drunk.

ALCUZCUZ Not drunk,
for lord Muhammad instructs
in his holy book not to drink al-cohol,[15]
and in my life, I have never
laid eyes upon it.
If I enjoy it ever,
so as not to break custom,
I pour it through my beard.

*Exit all*

SCENE 2
*A room in* MALEC's *house*

*Enter Doña* CLARA *and* BEATRIZ, *a servant*

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

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

CLARA

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

*Enter Don* ÁLVARO *and exit* BEATRIZ

ÁLVARO

It seems a bad omen,
my beautiful Clara,
given how much I love you,
to hear my name on your lips
as you weep so.

For if your words echo
what you feel in your heart,
then surely they voice your sorrows.
Am I that sorrow, then,
which you cast out with your tears?

CLARA

Indeed, I cannot deny
my soul is full of sorrows,
and you not the least of them.
Now that Heaven's come between us,
one might say you're chief among them.
For my love for you is so great
that I will not marry you,
to spare you from a wife
whose father is dishonored.

ÁLVARO

Clara, do you not recall
how I've cherished your love,
how respectfully I've adored you?
I beg your forgiveness
for having come to you here
before avenging you as I must.
If I've put it off,
it's only for your sake.
The laws of dueling
aren't meant for women's ears,
yet allow me at least
to console your great grief.
For in fact you need neither
weep nor lament like this.
Where there are no swords,
an injurious act can neither
aggrieve, offend, nor affront,
especially before the law.
Yet that is not what brings me here.
I can offer an explanation
for coming into this house
before giving your father satisfaction
by running Mendoza through.
Everyone knows that revenge requires
the offended man to kill
the one who offended him,
or for his son or younger brother
to do so in his stead.
And so that honor will find
its desired revenge,

I have come to ask for your hand.
For once I am Malec's son,
I shall give him satisfaction.
That is all I've come for, Clara,
and if I had never yet
dared ask for your hand,
for I was born far too poor,
now, given what your father has suffered,
his offense can be your dowry,
which it would be wise to grant me,
for the whole world knows
insults are a poor man's lot.

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

ÁLVARO I do so to avenge you.

CLARA I fear for you, and so release you.

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

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

ÁLVARO You cannot avoid this…

CLARA I can take my own life.

ÁLVARO …I will tell Don Juan
of my love.

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

ÁLVARO Is this loyalty?

CLARA It is honor.

ÁLVARO Is this courtesy?

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

ÁLVARO But what does it matter if…?

*Enter* BEATRIZ

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

*Exit* BEATRIZ

CLARA Go into that room.

ÁLVARO What misfortune!

ÁLVARO *hides behind a curtain*

CLARA What harsh fate!

*Enter Don* ALONSO *de Zúñiga, magistrate, Don* FERNANDO *de Válor and Don Juan* MALEC

MALEC Clara?

CLARA My lord?

MALEC (*Aside to* CLARA) Alas, to find you in such sorrow!
Go in there, Clara.

CLARA What is this?

MALEC You may listen from there.

CLARA *retreats behind the curtain with* ÁLVARO

ALONSO Don Juan de Mendoza
is now held in the Alhambra,[16]
and so you too must keep to your house
until this is resolved.

MALEC I accept the imprisonment
and promise to abide by it.

FERNANDO It won't be for long.
The law has no place
in duels of honor,
and the magistrate has charged me
with making peace between you,
which I shall do
to seek resolution.

ALONSO My lord Don Fernando,
two points should suffice
to clear this up
once and for all:
there can be no offense
in the king's palace
or in the courthouse.
We are all kings there.
There can be
no affront.

ÁLVARO (*Aside to* CLARA) Did you hear that?

CLARA Yes.

FERNANDO In that case, there can be
no better solution:
listen to me.

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

MALEC (*Aside*) Alas for my honor,
which needs remedy!

FERNANDO Don Juan de Mendoza,
a gentleman as handsome
as he is illustrious,
is unmarried.
The noble Don Juan de Malec,
scion of the kings of Granada
has a daughter renowned
for her wit and her beauty.
No one can take on his cause,
and give him satisfaction,
except for his son-in-law.
So if Mendoza marries Doña Clara…

ÁLVARO No!

FERNANDO …then this offense cannot,
in this case,
be avenged,
for if Mendoza
once offended
Don Juan Malec's good honor,
as his son he'll now be
the one offended,
And so Mendoza is safe,
as is Don Juan.
For he could hardly,
in this impasse, kill himself.
So, if he'll accept this offer,
there's no need to take revenge.
Both their honors will be cleansed,
for there's no way one man
can both offend and be offended.

ÁLVARO (*Aside to* CLARA) I must speak up.

CLARA (*To* ÁLVARO) Stop!
Don't ruin me, for God's sake.

ALONSO A fine resolution for both parties.

MALEC There is one remaining obstacle,
for I fear Clara may undo
all our hopes…

CLARA (*Aside*) Heaven brings vengeance
within my reach.

MALEC …I do not know if my daughter
will take as her husband
a man she has come to hate,
and with such good reason.

CLARA (*Reveals herself*) I will do it.
If your reputation depends on this,
it matters less that I live without happiness
than that you live without honor.
Were I your son,
wrath would call me
to avenge you or die in the attempt.
As your daughter,
I must satisfy your honor
in whatever way I can.
I will become his wife
to defend your honor
and uphold your name.
Since I cannot avenge you by killing,
I will do so by dying.

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

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

ALONSO We will go to him together.

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

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

*Exit* ALONSO*,* FERNANDO *and* MALEC

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

*Enter* ÁLVARO

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

CLARA Oh!

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

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

ÁLVARO These are not matters for satisfaction.

CLARA They will be.

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

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

ÁLVARO What possible purpose?
To kill me?
Could anything justify this,
when he has insulted your father
and as good as killed me?

CLARA In time, Álvaro, you may come to see
how firm is my devotion,
and that this change in me

is all for your sake.

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

CLARA Yes.

ÁLVARO Will you not be his wife?

CLARA No.

ÁLVARO But how…

CLARA Do not ask me again.

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

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

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

CLARA Is this love?

ÁLVARO It is honor.

CLARA Is this gallantry?

ÁLVARO It is jealousy.

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

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

*Exit* CLARA *and* ÁLVARO

SCENE 3
*In the Alhambra*

*Enter Don Juan de* MENDOZA *and* GARCÉS, *a soldier*

MENDOZA There is never an excuse for rage.

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

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

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

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

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

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

GARCÉS Like a soldier whose great fortune
it was to serve on such an occasion,

[17] Men who carry swords are understood to be noble and thus warrant more respect than men of a lower class.
[18] At the battle of Lepanto in 1571, Spain and its allies in the Holy League defeated the Ottoman navy. Don Juan de Austria (1547-78) was the Spanish admiral in charge. Historically, the battle occurred after the Morisco uprising in the Alpujarras, and not before it.

and in such a mighty army,
under the command of the royal son
of that peerless divine eagle,[19]
whose tireless flight shielded
the entire world under his wings.

MENDOZA And how is Don Juan de Austria?

GARCÉS Pleased with the endeavor.

MENDOZA Was it glorious?

GARCÉS I will tell you:
when the fleet…

MENDOZA Wait, a veiled woman[20]
has just walked in.

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

*Enter Doña* ISABEL *Tuzaní*, *veiled*

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

MENDOZA Of course. Garcés, leave us.

GARCÉS Beware, sir, what if this is…

MENDOZA No need to worry,
I recognize her voice.

GARCÉS I'll go then.

*Exit* GARCÉS

MENDOZA I doubt my eyes and ears
in equal measure,

[19] Juan de Austria was the illegitimate son of Charles V (1500-1558), Holy Roman Emperor and king of Spain, and Philip II's half-brother. The eagle invokes the Habsburg royal crest.
[20] Veils were worn by both Morisco and Old Christian women, to afford them privacy in public.

for I know not which lie,
and which tell the truth:
if I am to believe my eyes,
you seem not what you are;
if I believe my ears,
you are not what you seem to be.
Lift this dark cloud of silk:
once the light has pierced it,
I may well claim
it has dawned twice this day.

ISABEL You need no longer doubt, Don Juan,
who it is that seeks you out,
and so I reveal myself.
My jealous heart
would not have you guessing
to whom you owe your gallantries.
It is I.

MENDOZA Isabel, my lady!
You, here? In this dress,
and outside your house?
Is it possible you have come to me
looking so unlike yourself?
How could I even hope for such a thing?
Who wouldn't doubt such fortune?

ISABEL As soon as I heard what had happened
and that you were being held here,
my love could brook no delay
in seeking you out.
I hurried to you before my brother,
Don Álvaro Tuzaní, could return to the house.
I have come to see you
with just one servant
whom I left at the door.
See what I do for you!

MENDOZA Your favor on this day
eases all my misfortunes,
for they…

*Enter* INÉS*, with a cloak, as if frightened*

INÉS Ah! My lady!

ISABEL Inés, what's the matter?

INÉS My lord Don Álvaro
is here.

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

MENDOZA What bad luck!

ISABEL If he followed me, I am dead.

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

*Both women hide*

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

*Enter* ÁLVARO

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

MENDOZA Well, here I am.

ISABEL (*Aside*) How pale he looks!

ÁLVARO Then I will close this door.

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

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

MENDOZA That's true.

ÁLVARO …in this prison…

MENDOZA They did not lie.

ÁLVARO …who with this act offends
my very heart and soul.

ISABEL (*Aside*) What remains to be said?

MENDOZA (*Aside*) Good God! How can I hold back any longer!

ÁLVARO And so, I wanted to find you
before those who seek
an indecent friendship,
and so defend my honor.

MENDOZA This escapes even my wit.

ÁLVARO Then I will make my challenge clear.

ISABEL I can draw breath once more—
I am not the one he is looking for.

ÁLVARO The Magistrate and Don Fernando de Válor,
Don Juan Malec's kinsman,
intend to forge this friendship with you,
and I alone must prevent it.
Though I could give many reasons,
I choose to offer none.
Whatever my reasons, I am here to see
whether one who was so bold
against an old man,
will also be bold with me.
In short, I've come to fight you to the death.

MENDOZA You would have done me a favor
had you come to the point more quickly.
Confused at every turn,
I thought it was for another,
more important reason you had come.
All you say is of no concern to me.
And yet a man should never
refuse to fight anyone
who wishes to fight him.
Draw your sword
before these men arrive
to negotiate the friendship
you are so desperate to prevent,
whatever the reason may be.

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

MENDOZA No one will disturb us here.

*They fight*

ISABEL One thing after another,
as more misfortunes befall me.
To watch my lover and my brother fight,
with no power to stop them!

MENDOZA What courage!

ÁLVARO What skill!

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

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

ÁLVARO That chair made me fall.

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

ISABEL *hides again*

ÁLVARO It was wrong of you not to tell me
there was someone here with us.

MENDOZA If she was there to save your life,
do not complain. She's not here with me,
and now it seems I fight against two,
with her here to protect you.
But she was wrong to do so:
I know the laws of chivalry, too.
I saw your fall was an accident
and would have allowed you to rise.

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

MENDOZA Who is stopping you, Don Álvaro?

*They fight*

ISABEL Oh, that I could call for help!

*A knock at the door*

ÁLVARO There are people at the door.

MENDOZA What shall we do?

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

MENDOZA Agreed.

ISABEL *reveals herself*

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

ÁLVARO Don't open the door!

MENDOZA Don't open the door!

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

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

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

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

and instead have found perdition!

ÁLVARO
So as not to compromise
a lady to whom I owe my life,
I will confess why I have come.
I did not come for love,
but rather to satisfy the honor
of my relative, Don Juan Malec.

MENDOZA
That is true, for this lady
was here by chance
to see me.

ALONSO
Since the alliances
we have arranged
will put an end to all this,
let it end without bloodshed.
He is the greater victor
who vanquishes without blood.
Ladies, go with God.

ISABEL
(*Aside*) That's one good thing.

ISABEL *and* INÉS *exit*

FERNANDO
My lord Don Juan de Mendoza,
your relatives and ours agree
that this case ought to
remain within doors,
as they say in Castile,
and that a new bond can make it right.
By giving your hand
to Doña Clara, the very Phoenix[21]
of Granada, you would be…

MENDOZA
Hold your tongue,
lord Don Fernando de Válor,
for this will not do.
If Doña Clara is the Phoenix,
let her dwell in Arabia,
for in the mountains of Castile
we have no need for a Phoenix.
Men like me do not establish ties
to repair another man's honor.
Nor would it be decent to mix the blood

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

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

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

MENDOZA Like you.

FERNANDO Yes, for he descends
from the kings of Granada.
All of his ancestors were royal,
as were my own.

MENDOZA Well, mine, though not royal,
were greater than Moorish kings,
who could never conquer us.[22]

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

ALONSO I know how to be a gentleman:
I was a Zúñiga of Castile
before I ever became an officer.
And so, setting aside this staff,[23]
whenever and however you want,
I will stand by Don Juan de Mendoza…

*Enter* SERVANT

SERVANT There are people at the door.

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

MENDOZA I will obey you
in all things.

ALONSO The two of you must go.

[22] Because the rule of the Umayyads never encompassed the entire Iberian Peninsula, Mendoza claims descent from those Christians who remained unconquered and, therefore, "untainted."
[23] Officers of the law carried a staff as a sign of their position. Here, Don Alonso pledges himself as a second to Mendoza in a future duel.

MENDOZA And if you wish
to seek satisfaction…

ALONSO Wherever you like,
you'll find Don Juan de Mendoza and myself...

MENDOZA …waiting for you with sword in hand… 830

ALONSO …ready for battle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FERNANDO May heaven give me the opportunity!

ÁLVARO May fate grant me the chance!

FERNANDO For if the heavens grant it…

ÁLVARO For if fate allows… 845

FERNANDO …I will make sure that everyone sees…

ÁLVARO …Spain weep a thousand times over…

FERNANDO …for the courage…

ÁLVARO …and the strength

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

of the gloriously powerful arms…

FERNANDO …of the proud Válores.

ÁLVARO …of the brave Tuzanís.

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

ÁLVARO (*To* FERNANDO) Yes.

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

ÁLVARO Who's stopping us?

FERNANDO *and* ÁLVARO *exit*

## ACT II

### SCENE 1

*Mountains of the Alpujarra, near Galera*[25]

*Fanfare of trumpets and drums, enter* SOLDIERS, MENDOZA *and Don Juan de* AUSTRIA

AUSTRIA Rebel mountain, savage and austere,
your magnitude, majesty, and marvelous height
overwhelm the earth,
thin the air, and swell the heavens.
Infamous cradle of thieves,
your breast heavy with scandal,
you miscarry lightning bolts
to birth thunder in Africa.
Today, today is the day
your treachery meets its fate,
for today brings my vengeance
and your punishment.
Although it is a shame
the heavens should grant us
such unworthy honors:
this is not to vanquish, but rather to kill..
There is no glory in cutting down

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

a mere pack of thieves
or subduing a gang of bandits.
And so, my legacy demands that this feat
be remembered as punishment, not victory.

MENDOZA O august eagle, who rises
to the sphere of illustrious Mars,[26]
in whose breath you idle,
waiting for Habsburg plumes
nobly to crown you
as you fly into action.[27]
At Lepanto, you were protector of the faith,
scourge of the Turk, a Christian Neptune[28]
subduing that realm of importunate waves,
your noble standard a Catholic trident.
Called to this venture,
you well know and wisely lament
that Africa occupies the Alpujarra
and must now be made
to submit to your valor.
But though some wars might not
be full worthy of you, surely
this one will flatter your valiant spirit
Just because they are rebel subjects, sir,
does not mean they are not fortified.
Just because they are bandits
does not mean they are not brave and bold.
I can attest to their qualities.
Remember: an internal enemy
is the most dangerous of all.

AUSTRIA Has the rebellion come this far?

MENDOZA Shall I inform you while you review the troops?

AUSTRIA Yes.

MENDOZA Then listen closely,
heroic eagle of the House of Austria:
this is the Alpujarra,
the rustic rampart,
the savage citadel
of the Moriscos,

[26] Roman god of war.
[27] Another reference to the Habsburg royal crest.
[28] Roman god of the sea.

Africans of the mountains,
who today, ill provisioned as they are,
attempt to reconquer Spain.
The Alpujarra's height makes it difficult,
its terrain, punishing,
its position, impregnable,
its fortifications, invincible.
It is fourteen leagues across,
but those fourteen
might as well be fifty
when you consider the crevasses.
Between the lofty peaks,
there are beautiful valleys,
fertile fields,
and pleasant gardens.
It is populated throughout
by villages and hamlets.
In the setting sun,
they nestle in the crags,
born of the rocks themselves
that fell from the summit,
without ever reaching.
the foothills below. Of them all,
the strongest in arms are
Berja, Gabia, and Galera,
which now rule over the rest.
The Alpujarra can well sustain
the thirty thousand Moriscos now living here,
not counting the women and children.
They have land to graze
plenty of livestock,
though most prefer fruits,
both wild and dried, to meat.
They eat what they grow,
exacting tribute from the soil
and from the very rocks.
They are so skilled in agriculture,
their plowing makes the ground fertile,
and the barren rock fecund.
. You'll forgive me, my lord,
for not saying whether I bear
any blame for this rebellion.
I would much rather claim
that I was its first cause
than say the harsh new laws are to blame
that so oppressed the Moriscos.

I am determined to state,
if someone must be at fault,
the fault lies with me!
In short, my lord, they were pushed
to the point of revolt, due either to my slight,
or because the day after my quarrel,
the Chief Justice approached Válor
as he entered the Council
and confiscated from him a dagger
that he carried on his person,
or perhaps because they saw themselves
further oppressed by new edicts
arriving from the court each day.
And so, unbeknownst to anyone,
they provisioned the Alpujarra
with supplies, and weapons,
and all their earthly goods.
For three years on end
this treason was kept quiet. An amazing feat!
Of over thirty thousand men
called to the task,
there was not a single one
revealed the secret, in all that time.
Oh, the ignorance, the error
of those who say that a secret
known by three must soon be known!
For it is safe among thirty thousand
when it's for the sake of all!
From this rocky dominion
came the first bolts of lightning,
forged by treachery and pride.
Thefts, murders,
churches robbed,
scandal, sacrilege,
and treachery!
Granada became a miserable theater
of misfortune and tragedy,
bathed in blood, wailing to the heavens.
Justice came swiftly
to set things right,
but was soon overwhelmed,
when the people fought back.
The staff of justice was traded for a sword,
and respect for force,
so that what began as resistance
has ended in civil war.

They killed the magistrate.
The city, seeing the danger,
at once took up arms
and called up the militia.
But it was not enough.
Fortune, so fond of novelty,
was on their side at the start,
and so all looked grim for us.
But how fickle is its favor:
as soon as the novelty is over,
fortune moves on.
Our distress grew,
as did their arrogance,
with greater risk to all.
They await reinforcements from Africa
and clearly, should they come,
we'd have to divert our forces
to stop their advance.
And what's worse: if it looks
as though they may prevail,
then other Moriscos
will seize their chance,
for those in Extremadura,
Castile, and Valencia
await the smallest sign of victory
to join in the fight.
Though bold and determined,
the Moriscos are also skilled in politics.
Hear how they govern themselves
(for this we have learned
from some captured spies):
The first thing they did
was to elect a leader.
Though there was competition
between Don Fernando Válor
and another man, his noble equal,
Don Álvaro Tuzaní,
Don Juan Malec arranged
that Don Fernando would reign,
once he'd married the beautiful
Doña Isabel Tuzaní,
Don Álvaro's sister.
(*Aside*) Oh, how it pains me to recall
that Tuzaní they so revere!
To think they did not make him king,
but made his sister queen instead!

(*Aloud*) As soon as Válor was crowned,
the first thing he ordered—
whether to contradict
our new decrees entirely,
or to please his people
with laws of his own—
was that no one use their Christian name,
nor observe any Christian ceremony.
Leading by example,
he took the name
of Abenhumeya,
after the kings of Córdoba,[29]
from whom he descends.
He ordered them to speak
only in Arabic,
dress only in Moorish clothes,
and observe only
the sect of Muhammad.
Then he began to ready his army.
That city you see there is Galera,
whose ramparts and trenches
Nature crafted so perfectly
that it can never be won
without much bloodshed.
It was given to Malec,
father to Clara,
who is now called Maleca.
Tuzaní he gave Gabia,
while he kept Berja,
the heart that gives life
to this stone giant.
This is what we can discern
from here, my lord.
And that is the Alpujarra,
whose untamed majesty
seems poised any moment
to plunge from its heights,
and fall at your feet.
But though it now trembles
at even the slightest feint,
don't underestimate
the risk in this endeavor,
for one should never discount
even the most wretched of enemies.
It may not be clear

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

how much is at stake.
Though there is little to gain,
there is a great deal to lose.
I speak not out of doubt,
but rather out of prudence.
I urge you to take note
of the impregnable position,
the torturous mountains,
the impervious walls,
the steep peaks above,
the craftiness of the people,
the readiness of their arms,
and the strength of their defenses,
though they arm themselves
with nothing but stones.
Each one of these mountains
looms as a dark cloud,
an ominous volcano,
pregnant with rocks,
ready to erupt and rain down upon us.

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

*Drums sound*

What drum call is that?

MENDOZA *directs* AUSTRIA's *attention to people in the distance*

MENDOZA They are reviewing the troops, sir.

AUSTRIA And which troop is this?

MENDOZA They're from Granada,
from the lands watered by the River Genil.

AUSTRIA Who is their commander?

MENDOZA The Marquess of Mondéjar,
Count of Tendilla,
governor in perpetuity
of the Alhambra and all its lands.

AUSTRIA The Moor in Africa
trembles at his name.

*Drums sound*

And these?

MENDOZA They're from Murcia.

AUSTRIA And who leads them?

MENDOZA The great Marquess of Vélez.

AUSTRIA Whose fame and deeds
make his name renowned.

*Drums sound*

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

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

*Drums sound*

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

AUSTRIA Who is their leader?

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

AUSTRIA I have heard much

[30] Flanders—the "Low Countries" or Netherlands—was also occupied by the Spanish and engaged in rebellion against its rule at the time of the play's action.

of his great courage
and also of his little patience.

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

AUSTRIA I wish to meet him.

*Enter Don* LOPE *de Figueroa*

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

AUSTRIA How are you, my lord?

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

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

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

SOLDIER (*Offstage*) Stop!

GARCÉS (*Offstage*) Let me through!

*Enter* GARCÉS *carrying* ALCUZCUZ *on his shoulders*

AUSTRIA What is this?

GARCÉS I was standing watch in the foothills,
when I heard a rustling in the branches.

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

LOPE A fine soldier, by God!
Is this typical around here?

GARCÉS Of course! What does my lord think—
that Flanders has all the good ones?

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

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

GARCÉS (*Aside*) Talk is cheap for a prince
who pays only with praise.

AUSTRIA You, come here.

ALCUZCUZ Who, me?

AUSTRIA Yes.

ALCUZCUZ Too kind to be so close.
I'm good here.

AUSTRIA Who are you?

ALCUZCUZ (*Aside*) Have to be careful here.
(*Aloud*) I am poor Morisco, Alcuzcuz,
taken by force
to the Alpujarra.
I am Christian in conscience.
I know Christian doctrinity:
the Creed, the Hail Mary,
the give us our bread, and
fourteen commandments of the Church.
So I say I am Christian, and other people say

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

"Well, we have to kill you."
I run, ran away, into these hands to catch me.
If you keep my life,
I'll tell you what they think,
and take you where to advance,
with no resistance there.

AUSTRIA (*Aside*) Although I assume
he must be lying,
he could well be telling the truth.

MENDOZA There is no doubt that many
profess Christianity.
I know of one lady
taken there by force.[32]

AUSTRIA We should neither believe
everything we hear,
nor doubt it all.
Garcés, keep the Morisco as your prisoner.

GARCÉS I'll take charge of him.

AUSTRIA We shall soon see
if what he says is true.
But for now, Don Lope,
let us inspect the barracks
and determine where
to begin the attack.

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

*Exit* AUSTRIA, MENDOZA, LOPE *and* SOLDIERS

GARCÉS You, what's your name?

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

ALCUZCUZ Rice.
If 'Couscous' among the Moriscos,
I'll be Rice among the Christians.
So Moorish dish
becomes Christian dish.

GARCÉS Alcuzcuz, you are my slave now:
tell the truth.

ALCUZCUZ Good for you?

GARCÉS You told His Highness
Don Juan de Austria…

ALCUZCUZ That's him?

GARCÉS …that you would show him
a pass into the mountains.

ALCUZCUZ Yes, my master.

GARCÉS Though he may have come to subdue you
with the Marquess de los Vélez,
the Marquess de Mondéjar,
Sancho de Ávila,
and Don Lope de Figueroa,
I want to be the one
to breach those mountains.
Take me there. I want to see them
and do some reconnaissance.

ALCUZCUZ (*Aside*) I'll trick this Christian,
march him up and down the Alpujarra.
(*Aloud*) Come with me.

GARCÉS Stop, wait! I left some food
back in the guardhouse
when I went on duty.
I'll go get it now,
and put it in my saddlebag
so I can eat along the way,
and not waste any time.

ALCUZCUZ So be it.

GARCÉS Come on, then.

ALCUZCUZ (*Aside*) Holy Muhammad,
as you are my prophet,
guide me, and I will get to Mecca,[33]
even if I just wander in.

*Exit* ALCUZCUZ *and* GARCÉS

SCENE 2
*A garden in Berja*

*Enter a crowd of* MORISCOS*, and* MUSICIANS*, followed by* FERNANDO *and* ISABEL

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

ISABEL Oh, brave Abenhumeya,[34]
may your noble spirit
be crowned by not only
the sturdy oak of the Alpujarra,
but also the sacred laurel
—so disdainful of Apollo—[35]
when the Spaniards lament
their cruel captivity.
My melancholy is not
out of scorn for the blessings
of this love, this great fortune,
but rather my foreboding

[33] Holiest city of Islam, birthplace of the Prophet Muhammad and of the faith, in what is today Saudi Arabia. All able Muslims are obliged to go on the Hajj, or pilgrimage to Mecca.
[34] Some of the characters have now taken on new names: Beatriz becomes Zara; Isabel becomes Lidora; Clara becomes Maleca; and Válor becomes Abenhumeya.
[35] In Greek mythology, Apollo falls in love with the nymph Daphne, who transforms into a laurel tree to escape him. The laurel wreath is invoked here as a symbol of martial victory. Isabel also obliquely refers to her own condition, as the uprising forces her to marry Don Fernando/Abenhumeya when she loves Mendoza.

about a fickle fate.
No sooner does Fortune favor us
than she undoes it all
with harm instead.
My grief is born of no cause
but that ruthless Fortune.
And if she is so fickle,
how can I not fear misfortune
while I enjoy my happiness?
(*Aside*) Oh, if only I could tell the truth!

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

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

*Enter* MALEC*, who kneels before* FERNANDO*, now* ABENHUMEYA, *followed by* ÁLVARO *and* CLARA *dressed as Moors, flanking the curtain and remaining at the door*

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

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

*Instruments play in the background throughout the scene*

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

ÁLVARO That singing
has unsettled me so.

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

ÁLVARO For just as Love prepares my bliss…

CLARA …my sacred hopes, listen…

ÁLVARO …listen, my fancies…

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

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

FERNANDO Tell me, who is the fortunate man?

MALEC Your brother-in-law, Tuzaní.

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

ÁLVARO *and* CLARA *step forward*

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

ÁLVARO And I am overjoyed
that you might bless our union.

FERNANDO Come into my arms.
Our holy Koran,
the law we all now keep,
requires only the exchange of tokens.
Let Tuzaní therefore give the divine Maleca
her wedding gifts.

ÁLVARO Whatever I may give, Maleca,
will fall short of what you deserve.
You, whose light outshines any torch!
And now I hesitate:
for to give you diamonds

is like giving the sun
what it already possesses.
Here is Cupid,[36] adorned with his arrows.
Even this Cupid of diamonds
would kneel at your feet.
Here is a string of pearls,
the tears Aurora sheds[37]
on seeing her beauty outshone.
This is a handsome eagle,
the color of my hope.
Only an eagle could reach such heights,
as to gaze upon this sun.
This pin holds a beautiful ruby.
I no longer need it:
I am at the height of my fortune.[38]
And these mementos...
but wait, don't wear them now.
The memories of such a glorious moment,
must be your own,
rather than these tokens from me.

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

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

MALEC And now join hands
to gladden the soul.

ÁLVARO I kneel at your feet.

CLARA May we join together
in this eternal bond.

BOTH Oh, happy fate!

*As they join hands, the drums of war resound*

[36] Roman God of love, who shoots his arrows at those who fall in love.
[37] Aurora is the dawn, whose heavenly beauty, Álvaro claims, cannot match that of Clara.
[38] Álvaro claims the wheel of fortune, which he would metaphorically hold back with his pin, has stopped for him at the very top.

ALL What is that?

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

ÁLVARO The camp is thrown into confusion.

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

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

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

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

ÁLVARO Where have you been, Alcuzcuz?

ALCUZCUZ They're all here already!

FERNANDO What has happened to you?

ALCUZCUZ I was on watch today and, watch!
I got here very watchfully.
One grabbed me from behind,
and took me to two others,
to His Tallness Don Juan, who gets here now.
I fake Christian,
tell him I believe in God,
so he doesn't kill me.
I was captive of a Christian soldier,
who could really use a bath.
No sooner do I tell him
I know which way
to enter Alpujarra,
that he wants see it.
He gives comrades the slip

and then makes me
carry his food.
The two of us walk in a hidden way.
No sooner I see him alone,
I run up into the rocks
where he cannot follow,
and leave him with no captive
and no food either.
Though he tried to come after me,
a troop of Moors ran him off.
And now I come with warning
that very close behind I have left
Don Juan de Austracious in the field,
who they say comes with
the great Marquess of Menudo
and the Marquess of Lucifer
Don Lope Figuraromatic
who tames the hair-tics
and Sancho the Weak with him.[39]
They all come to the Alpujarra
to fight against you.

FERNANDO Say no more, lest you force
my gallant pride into anger.

ISABEL From this great summit,
where the stumbling sun trembles
at the fading of its light
and the dimming of its glow,
we can barely make out,
the armed squadrons that march upon us
amid the confusion on the hillside.

CLARA Granada has brought
so many men to battle.

FERNANDO Entire worlds would prove too few
if they have come to conquer me,
even were the son of Mars himself,
the fifth planet, rather than Charles the Fifth,[40]
to claim this beautiful labyrinth!
For even if they plant their flags
across these horizons

[39] Alcuzcuz mangles the names of all the Spanish nobles who have come to put down the uprising.
[40] Philip II, son of Charles V. With an empire that stretched across Europe and the Mediterranean to North Africa, Asia, and the Americas, his reign was characterized by conquest and war.

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

*Exit all except* ÁLVARO *and* CLARA

CLARA *No need to say who is the master*
*of these happy moments mine.*[41]

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

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

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

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

ÁLVARO *…You must not say that you are pleased…*

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

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

CLARA Oh, joys of one who is lost,
miscarriage of all my cares,
you who tried to take a breath
before you were even born.
If by chance there has been an error

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

and you've taken me for another,
do not linger here.
Let me be, go and seek the master
*of these happy moments mine*.

ÁLVARO By some marvel I touched upon joy,
only to see it die at once.
That it should have lived so long,
when it was but a marvel!
Once happiness drove me mad,
now melancholy takes its turn.
Oh happiness, it is clear to me now
that you belong to another.
These sorrows, without doubt, show
*our bond is but brief.*

CLARA Oh sorrow, how you pretended
to be joys…

ÁLVARO Joys found,
then lost twice over.

CLARA You will be twice as fortunate
after you leave me today.

BOTH Joy, you make clear
in your rush to go,
when you had just come to my relief…

ÁLVARO *…a bond, but brief…*

CLARA *…a love, forever after…*

ÁLVARO I was talking to myself,
Maleca, because I do not know
how to address you
amid such troubles.
My love, ready to claim its prize,
now languishes
and falls quiet,
since the tongue may not claim
what the soul cannot have.

CLARA Anyone can speak,
or refuse to do so,
but one cannot refuse

to hear another's words.
I am so lost in my own suffering,
that I cannot even hear what you have to say.
Is it any wonder, amid so much sorrow,
that you cannot speak,
and I cannot listen?

ÁLVARO The king sends me to Gabia,
and you to Galera.
Love battles with honor
and surrenders to its tyranny.
Stay there, sweet wife,
and may the merciful heavens
let the siege that awaits us,
the forces that beset us,
come for me in Gabia,
and leave you safe in Galera.

CLARA Am I not to see you
until we see an end
to this war?

ÁLVARO I will come every night.
It is just two leagues from Galera to Gabia.
How could my desire not fly to you?

CLARA Love can traverse great distances.
I will be waiting for you
at the postern gate in the city wall.[42]

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

*Drums of war sound*

CLARA The drums sound again.

ÁLVARO Such misfortune!

CLARA Such sorrow!

ÁLVARO Such suffering!

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

CLARA Such agony!
This is love?

ÁLVARO It is death.

CLARA And what else is love but death?

*Exit* ÁLVARO *and* CLARA, *then enter* BEATRIZ *and* ALCUZCUZ

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

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

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

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

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

ALCUZCUZ So, for it, not for me.

BEATRIZ *removes things from the bag as she describes each item*

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

*Exit* BEATRIZ

ALCUZCUZ All full of poison,
yes. I know it already,
as Zara say. She's a snake
and knows all about poisons.
It's true too, and it's clear,

that Zara saw the poison,
but did not try it, though she
likes food so much.
That little Christian no doubt wanted to kill me.
Is there such trickery?
Muhammad saves me because
I promise to him go to Mecca
and see the holy bones.[43]

*Drums of war sound*

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

*Exit* ALCUZCUZ

SCENE 3
*Outskirts of Galera*

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

MENDOZA We can see better from here
now that the sun on its descent
sheds its light on the slopes below.
That village on the right,
perched on a sturdy rock,
has been falling for centuries.
That is lofty Gabia.
The one to the left,
whose towers rival the cliffs,
is Berja. And this one is Galera,
named after the sailing ship.
Amid waves of flowing flowers
on the rocky terrain,
it captures the wind like a galley,
and seems to move with it.

AUSTRIA We must lay siege
to one of them.

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

LOPE
We have to decide
which of them
best suits our plans.
Enough standing around,
call all hands.

AUSTRIA
Bring me that Morisco captive,
and we'll see if he speaks the truth.
Where is Garcés, the one charged
with keeping him prisoner?

MENDOZA
I haven't seen him since.

GARCÉS
(*Offstage*) Oh no!

AUSTRIA
Go see what that is.

*Enter* GARCÉS*, wounded and falling*

GARCÉS
It is I, here at your feet
on the verge of death.

MENDOZA
It's Garcés.

AUSTRIA
What has happened?

GARCÉS
Forgive my error
in exchange for a warning.

AUSTRIA
Speak.

GARCÉS
Sir, that Morisco, the prisoner
you handed over to me,
told you he'd come here
to offer you the Alpujarra.
I told him to show me the path,
in my desire to find the way in
and be the first to gain entry,
driven by a thirst for honor,
not personal gain.
Alone I followed him through labyrinths
where even the sun gets lost at times,
though it traverses them every day.
When we reached a spot between two hills,
he scrambled up a cliff and began to shout.
Some Moorish troops responded,

whether to his voice
or to the resounding echo I know not.
They descended on me, their prey,
like the dogs that they are.
I could not defend myself,
and so, covered in my own blood,
I fled and sought shelter from their blades.
Beneath the walls of Galera,
I saw a gaping mouth, a yawning gap
in the rocks upon which the city rests.
Groaning under the weight of the town above it,
it is a half-open maw of unending laments.
I hid there. Either because they did not see me
or because the rocks had already buried me,
they left me for dead.
I began to survey the place,
and found that Galera
has been mined by time itself,
the best engineer in such mountainous terrain.
If you can position yourself there,
we can take it with firepower.
Then it will be possible to conquer it
without having to wait out a long siege.
Today, in exchange for one life,
I offer you however many are in Galera.
I deliver to you the city, without mercy for the young,
clemency for the old, or respect for the women.

AUSTRIA Remove this soldier.

SOLDIERS *take* GARCÉS *away*

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

LOPE Well, what's keeping you?
Let's man the posts.
This is the best time.

[44] Again, referring to his victory at Lepanto.

We'll get closer at night,
undetected.
Let the troops march on Galera.

SOLDIER 1 Tell the others.

SOLDIER 2 Right away.

ALL SOLDIERS To Galera!

AUSTRIA May the heavens grant me
the same fortune on land as on water,
so that comparing that naval battle
to this rustic siege, it may be said
I had two matching victories,
by land and by sea, so alike that even I
could not distinguish between the two.

*Exit all*

SCENE 4
*Walls of Galera*

*Enter* ÁLVARO *and* ALCUZCUZ

ÁLVARO Alcuzcuz, I place my life and honor
in your hands today,
for I will lose both in an instant
if it gets out
I have left my post in Gabia
to come to Galera.
You stay with this mare,
while I go into the garden.
I won't be long. When I return,
we must return to Gabia
before they realize we're gone.

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

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

CLARA *enters through a doorway*

CLARA Is it you?

ÁLVARO Who else could
be so faithful?

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

*Exit* CLARA *and* ÁLVARO

ALCUZCUZ By Allah, I fall asleep!
Sir Sleep sits heavy on me.
No job so bad
as to be go-between,
because others all work for themselves,
and go-between works for others.
Woah, horse! I'll keep to my story
and beat sleep that way.
Sometimes the shoemaker makes himself shoes,
sometimes the tailor gets a new dress,
the cook gets to taste the stew,
the baker eats his best cake too.
Only go-betweens get no satisfaction.
He neither gets in the clothes,
nor tastes from the pot.
Woah! The mare, oh me!
She's off running!
Woah, mare, stay and do
what I'm asking you!
For you, I'll do anything
that you ask.
I can't reach!
Ah, Alcuzcuz! Now you've done it!
When he returns
my master is sure to kill me.
Now he cannot get to Gabia on time.
He will say:
"Give the mare." "I don't have her."
"What happened?" "She ran off on me."
"Where to?" "Those hills over there."
"I will kill you." And bam!
He puts dagger through my chest.
Well if we must die, Alcuzcuz,

and there be deaths to choose from,
let's be poisoned.
The sweetest death,
since I can't stand this life now.[45]

*He takes a wine sack from the saddlebag and drinks*

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

*Drums of war sound*

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

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

*Enter* ÁLVARO *and* CLARA*, frightened*

CLARA Sir, the sentries
are setting the watchfires.

ÁLVARO The Christian camp must have
descended upon Galera

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

in the silence of the night,
harbored by the shadows.

CLARA Go, sir.
The whole fortress is up in arms.

ÁLVARO And what glory would it bring
to leave my lady here
under siege…

CLARA Such sorrow!

ÁLVARO …and turn my back on her?

CLARA Your honor lies
in defending Gabia,
which may also be under attack.
Consider that.

ÁLVARO Who ever saw such confusion
as I now suffer?
My honor and my love
both call to me at once.

CLARA Heed your honor.

ÁLVARO I must answer to both.

CLARA How?

ÁLVARO I am determined
to bring you with me.
For I am undone whether
I leave you or not.
Let my honor and my love
suffer one fortune and one fate.
Come with me:
a mare who outruns the wind
will carry us both.

CLARA I go with my husband,
there's no risk in that.
I am yours.

ÁLVARO Alcuzcuz, are you there?

ALCUZCUZ Who calls there?

ÁLVARO It's me, bring the mare quickly!

ALCUZCUZ The mare?

ÁLVARO What are you waiting for?

ALCUZCUZ I'm waiting for the mare—
she said she would be right back.

ÁLVARO Well, where is she?

ALCUZCUZ She ran off.
But she's a mare of her word—
back any moment.

ÁLVARO By heavens! Traitor!

ALCUZCUZ Don't touch me, hold off!
I be poisoned
and kill with my breath.

ÁLVARO I will kill you.

CLARA Wait!

CLARA *goes to stop* ÁLVARO *and wounds her hand*

ÁLVARO What happened?

CLARA I tried to stop you
and cut my hand on the blade.

ÁLVARO This blood demands a life in payment.

CLARA By my life,
I beg you not to kill him.

ÁLVARO What would I not do for you?
Is there a lot of blood?

CLARA No.

ÁLVARO Press this cloth to it.

CLARA Since I can no longer
follow you, go quickly.
They cannot take the town in one day.
I will go with you tomorrow.
The way will still be clear.

ÁLVARO With this hope, I agree to leave.

CLARA May Allah keep you.

ÁLVARO For what purpose,
if I loathe this life?

ALCUZCUZ Here's a way to lose your life…
there is a drop of my sweet poison left.

CLARA Go then.

ÁLVARO I go so sadly!

CLARA And I, most afflicted, stay!

ÁLVARO …knowing that my unlucky stars…

CLARA …knowing that my harsh fate…

ÁLVARO …always come between me and my love…

CLARA …always prevents my wishes…

ÁLVARO …always sees to my misfortune…

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

*Exit* CLARA *and* ÁLVARO

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

*Exit* ALCUZCUZ

## ACT III

SCENE 1

*Outskirts of Galera*

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

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

*He trips over* ALCUZCUZ

Yet this seems a bad omen on this night.
No sooner do I approach the wall
than upon this wretched corpse I fall.
All that I've seen today,
all that I've found, is dismay, horror, and fright.
Oh, you wretch, you poor creature,
who has made the mountain your tomb!
But no—you are the fortunate one,
whose death improved your lot.
Oh, what shadows I fight!

ALCUZCUZ *wakes*

ALCUZCUZ
Who's stepping on me?

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

ALCUZCUZ
Alcuzcuz,

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

ÁLVARO Alcuzcuz, what are you doing here?

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

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

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

ÁLVARO What nonsense! You were drunk last night.

ALCUZCUZ If there are poisons that make you drunk,
I was, and do believe it now,
for my mouth tastes of iron,
tongues and lips
be dry as flint,
like tinder the palate,
everything taste of vinegar.

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

ALCUZCUZ Not my fault, but Zara's!
She assure me

it was poison,
and I drank it to kill me.

*Voices sound offstage*

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

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

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

GARCÉS This is the mouth of the mine
that leads to the wall:
advance, advance in silence,
for no one has seen us.
It is already lit,
and in a few moments
the mountain will explode
into clouds of gunpowder in the sky.
As soon as it goes,
let no one delay.
Occupy the space it will clear for us,
and hold your positions
until the reinforcements that lie hidden
in that thick forest arrive.

*Exit* GARCÉS *and* SOLDIERS

ÁLVARO Did you hear something?

ALCUZCUZ Nothing hear.

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

ALCUZCUZ Can't you see?

ÁLVARO Now I may approach the wall.

*Shots heard from offstage*

What is happening?

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

*Loud noises heard offstage*

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

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

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

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

*Drums of war sound*

ÁLVARO What Etna, what Mongibello,
what Vesuvius, what volcanoes[47]
have these mountains conceived
in their wombs to birth this?

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

ÁLVARO Who has ever seen such horror?
The town burns
in a chaotic labyrinth of arms.
What abominations ripped from the mountain's womb
—pitch snake, asp of gunpowder!
Now torn open, your entrails bared for all to see.
This is Spain's damnation.
I am neither noble nor a true lover
if I do not throw myself into the fire
to help my lady,

[46] Celestial spheres: The Ptolemaic system imagined concentric spheres surrounding the earth, around which the planets completed their orbits.
[47] Reference to the volcanoes Mount Etna in Sicily, whose mountainous top is called Mongibello, and to Mount Vesuvius, on the Gulf of Naples. True to form, Alcuzcuz misunderstands Álvaro's elevated metaphors and offers his malapropisms.

scaling the wall and breaking through
its battlements of stone.
Let Galera and the whole world burn,
as long as I can get the beautiful Maleca
safely out in my arms.

*Exit* ÁLVARO

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

*Exit* ALCUZCUZ

SCENE 2
*Ruins of Galera*

*Enter* MENDOZA, LOPE, GARCÉS *and* CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

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

GARCÉS I will set it on fire.

*Exit* GARCÉS

SOLDIER 1 And I will get what loot I can.

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

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

MENDOZA Sir, this is Malec,
the commander.

LOPE Surrender, now.

MALEC I do not know the meaning of the word!

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

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

CLARA (*Offstage*) A Christian is killing me!

*They continue to fight, and the* MORISCOS *are pushed back*

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

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

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

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

SOLDIER 2 I got rich this time.

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

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

MENDOZA Retreat.
Spread the word.

SOLDIERS Fall back!

*Exit all, then enter* ÁLVARO

ÁLVARO Through mountains of flames
and torrents of blood,
stumbling over dead bodies,

my love has delivered me
to Maleca's house,
now miserably destroyed.
Steel and fire have twice
reduced it to ashes.
Oh, my wife! I will die
if I arrive too late.
Where could Maleca be?
There's no one to be seen.

CLARA *cries out offstage*

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

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

CLARA Oh, Spanish soldier, you who have
neither pity nor resolve—
no pity, because you wounded me,
no resolve, because you won't end my life—
sink your steel into my breast again.
For it is too much to bear,
if you'll be neither resolute nor merciful.

ÁLVARO Oh, unhappy goddess,
you are human suffering incarnate.
He who takes you in his arms,
does not seek to kill you.
He would sooner tear
his own life in half.

CLARA Your words well show
you are a noble Moor,
and if a wretched woman
can ask just one favor of you,
I request this courtesy:

the commander in Gabia
is Tuzaní, my husband.
Find him there,
and give him this last
embrace from me.
Tell him that his wife
lies dead in Galera,
bathed in her own blood,
killed at the hands of a Spaniard
who cared more for her jewels and diamonds
than for his own honor.

ÁLVARO There is no need to deliver
this embrace to your husband.
He is here himself to receive it,
the very end of his happiness.
Misfortune never tarries.

CLARA Only this voice—oh my love!—
could give me breath again,
and make my death a happy one.
Oh, let me embrace you!
Let me die in your arms.

CLARA *dies*

ÁLVARO Oh, what a fool is he
who claims love makes
two lives into one!
If only that were true,
you would not die now,
or I would not live.
Either I would die too,
or you would live on,
sharing one fate.
Oh heavens, who witness my sorrows,
oh mountains, who look upon my misfortunes,
oh winds, who hear my sufferings,
oh flames, who see my burdens,
how could you allow
the best light to be put out,
the finest flower to die,
the sweetest breath to be lost?
Oh, men who know of love,
tell me, in this sorry pass,
what should a lover do?

Seeking his lady
to consummate their long-sought love,
he finds her bathed in blood,
a lily gilded with deathly varnish,
gold refined by the hottest fire.
What should a wretch do
when he finds a tomb
instead of a bridal bed?
When, seeking a goddess,
he finds only a corpse?
But no, don't answer me,
I do not need your counsel.
Pain will be my guide
over any advice.
Oh, impregnable Alpujarra,
theater of the crudest victory,
of the most cowardly deed,
of the basest glory!
If only your peaks and valleys
had never seen this most unlucky beauty!
But what is the use of complaints,
when they are all lost in the wind?

*Enter* FERNANDO*,* ISABEL *and* MORISCOS

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

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

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

ÁLVARO *gently lays* CLARA's *body down*

FERNANDO What a sad omen!

ISABEL What a miserable sight!

FERNANDO What is this?

ÁLVARO

This is the greatest sorrow,
the worst grief,
the cruelest misfortune,
the gravest misadventure!
To see the woman you love die
such a sad and lamentable death,
is the very measure of suffering,
the height of misfortune
and the worst of all evils.
Maleca (I can't bear it!),
my wife (what torture!),
is (it pains me so!)
pale (what a cruel death!)
and bloody (what grief!)
as you see before you.
A treacherous hand
pierced her breast amidst the chaos.
Is it not strange
that fire should put out her fire,
and that steel should cleave such a diamond?
You are all witnesses, all of you,
to the most outrageous sacrilege,
the most ferocious deed,
the saddest horror,
the harshest trial of love and misfortune.
And so, from this instant
you shall witness, all of you,
the greatest and most noble vengeance
ever chronicled in eternal bronze
and lasting marble.
I swear to this dead beauty,
this flower cut short, this plucked rose,
as marvelous in death
as she was at birth,
to her I swear,
I solemnly and lovingly swear,
to avenge her death.
Galera, so aptly named, is capsizing now,
sinking in the sea of blood that floods it
and flames that assault it,
foundering from the top of this hill
to the bottom of the vale.
I can barely hear the Spanish drums now.
I will follow them in their retreat
to find her murderer among them.

I will avenge, if not her death,
at least my wrath,
so that the fire that sees it,
the world that knows it,
the wind that hears it,
the fortune that wills it,
the heavens that allow it,
men, beasts, fish, birds,
sun, moon, stars and flowers,
water, earth, fire, air
will learn, know, announce,
see, warn, and finally understand
that in an Arab breast,
in an Arab heart,
there is love beyond death.
Not even death herself
can boast that she came between
two such devoted lovers!

*Exit* ÁLVARO

FERNANDO Stop! Wait!

ISABEL You could sooner stop a bolt of lightning.

FERNANDO Take away that tragic beauty.
Moriscos of the Alpujarra,
do not cower at the sight
of this barbarous new Troy,
this rustic homage,
falling in horror to the earth,
and flying in ashes through the air.
This requires vengeance.
Your king, Abenhumeya,
does not take up his sword in vain.

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

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

*Exit* ISABEL

SCENE 3
*Galera*

*Enter* AUSTRIA*,* LOPE*,* MENDOZA*, and* SOLDIERS

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

LOPE
If you wish, my lord, for us to deal
with Berja as we did with Galera,
you have the arms for it.
Yet the king's orders
were never to destroy his own vassals,
but to teach them a lesson,
and temper punishment with pardon.

MENDOZA
I agree with Don Lope.
Let them think you both merciful and cruel.
Let them witness your pardon
as they have witnessed your punishment.
Let their pardon prove you merciful, my lord.
Temper your harshness:
valor is most evident
in forgiveness,
for there is no valor in killing.

AUSTRIA
It's true that my brother sent me

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

to pacify this rebellion.
But my wrath does not know
how to plead without arms.
Yet since he trusts me
both to punish and to pardon,
the world shall witness
how I pardon warriors
and punish those who beg for mercy.
Mendoza…

MENDOZA Yes, sir.

AUSTRIA You will go to Berja, where Válor is,
and tell him I am headed there.
Make it known that I both pardon and punish,
good and evil in equal measure.
Tell Válor that if he surrenders
and accepts our terms,
I will pardon all the rebels,
as long as they return to live among us
and attend to their trades and lands.
As for past offenses,
my uncompromising justice
seeks no more satisfaction today.
But tell him they must surrender.
If not, I will blow the ashes of Galera
to send Berja up in flames.

MENDOZA I will follow your command.

*Exit* MENDOZA

LOPE No spoils were ever
as rich as these.
There is no soldier
who has not made his fortune.

AUSTRIA Was there really so much
treasure hidden in Galera?

LOPE You can tell
by your soldiers' glee.

AUSTRIA I wish to present the prizes of war
to my sister and queen.
I will collect from the soldiers

everything worth sending to her.

LOPE
I made some purchases
with the same purpose in mind.
Let me offer you this necklace,
which I bought from a man who won it.
It is the best jewel of them all, my lord.

AUSTRIA
It is very fine,
and I may justly receive it,
as I may justly grant
whatever favor you ask in return.
I shall teach you how to receive
as you teach me how to give.

LOPE
I ask only one thing in exchange,
that you make use of it and of me.

*Enter* ÁLVARO *and* ALCUZCUZ *dressed as Spanish Christian soldiers*

ÁLVARO
Alcuzcuz, I want only you
as my companion and friend
on my endeavor today.

ALCUZCUZ
It's good you trust me,
but I do not understand
what you aim to accomplish here...
but, shush. This is His Tallness.

ÁLVARO
That is Don Juan de Austria?

ALCUZCUZ
Yes, I swear.

ÁLVARO
His fame and reputation
merit great respect.

AUSTRIA
How even these pearls are!

ÁLVARO
Even if I wished to,
I could not look away.
I recognize that necklace (oh my soul!)
that he holds in his hand (alas!)
for I gave it to Maleca.

AUSTRIA
Let us go, Don Lope.
That soldier there

watches me so intently!

LOPE
Who wouldn't wonder
at the sight of you, my lord?

*Exit* AUSTRIA*,* LOPE*, and* SOLDIERS

ÁLVARO
I am struck speechless.

ALCUZCUZ
Now, my lord, that you are alone,
tell me why we come here
from the Alpujarra?

ÁLVARO
You will know soon enough.

ALCUZCUZ
Don't need more reason
than the fact me being here
to regret following you.

ÁLVARO
Why?

ALCUZCUZ
Listen and I will say.
Me, sir, have been captive
of a Christian soldier
who if he sees me in the field
will kill me.

ÁLVARO
How could he recognize you
in that disguise?
With our new clothes
we can make our way
through their camp
without arousing suspicions.
There is nothing in our appearance
to show that we are Moriscos.

ALCUZCUZ
You, who speak the language well,
you, who are not captive,
you, who look Spanish,
can safely pass.
Me, who don't know how to pronounce,
me, who have been prisoner,
me, who have never worn these clothes,
how can I avoid the punishment?

ÁLVARO
By speaking only to me.

No one will pay attention
to a servant.

ALCUZCUZ But what if someone
asks questions of me?

ÁLVARO Do not answer.

ALCUZCUZ Who could not answer?

ÁLVARO He who knows
what is good for him.

ALCUZCUZ Only Muhammad can silence
such babbler as myself.

ÁLVARO No doubt you call these
love's foolish excesses, for I,
the pagan worshipper of a dead sun,
look for one soldier
in a throng of thirty thousand
and go after him
confused and perplexed,
with no clue as to who he is.
But what difference does
one more impossibility make?
What is one more marvel
where there are so many?
I know full well
my vengeance is impossible,
but how can I be satisfied
if I don't attempt the impossible?
Though the first clue seemed certain,
there's no way I can believe it,
for Don Juan de Austria is honorable,
and a noble man would never stain his hand
with a woman's blood.
There could be no valor,
no nobility in one who would fail
to adore such a beauty.
No, it wasn't him.
Love, your hints and signs all lie.
It was someone else—
some cruel, vile traitor.

ALCUZCUZ For that we came?

ÁLVARO Yes.

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

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

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

ÁLVARO The only thing you have to do…

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

ÁLVARO Yes.

ALCUZCUZ Allah hold my tongue…

*Enter a group of* SOLDIERS

SOLDIER 1 That's the best way
to split the loot,
for he who gambles for two
always gets a bigger share.

SOLDIER 2 Why should we not split the winnings
evenly, when the loss
would have been the same?

SOLDIER 1 Sure, that sounds fair.

SOLDIER 2 Look. I don't like to fight
with my comrades over money.
If we can find one other man
to agree that your plan is fair,
I'll hold my tongue.

SOLDIER 1 Anyone would agree.
You, soldier!

ALCUZCUZ (*Aside*) To me he calls,
and I answer not. Be quiet!

SOLDIER 1 You don't reply?

ALCUZCUZ Ha, ha, ha.

SOLDIER 2 He's a mute.

ALCUZCUZ (*Aside*) If only they knew!

ÁLVARO (*Aside*) He'll ruin my plans
if I don't stop him.
I have to distract them.
(*Aloud*) Gentlemen,
please forgive my servant
if he does not heed your commands:
he is mute.

ALCUZCUZ (*Aside*) Not a mute,
but in moments like this
it's like charades
for he has nothing to say.

SOLDIER 1 I would prefer to ask my question
of you, than of him.

ÁLVARO And I'd be glad to answer.

SOLDIER 1 Besides the money, I've won a prize
for the two of us—this Cupid…

ÁLVARO (*Aside*) What is this I see?

SOLDIER 1 …set with diamonds.

ÁLVARO (*Aside*) Ah, Maleca!
Your wedding jewels
are now the spoils of your funeral!
Yet how can I avenge your death, how,
when the evidence points two opposite ways:
to a foot soldier and a prince?

SOLDIER 1 When I divided the proceeds,
I gave my companion here

the Cupid as his share,
He says he wants no trinkets.
Tell me, is it not fair for me to choose
what I get, having won it myself?

ÁLVARO I can make peace between you,
since I can pay however much
you played for it, but on one condition:
I must know who first came by it,
to be sure I'm making an honest purchase.

SOLDIER 2 Everything we are gambling
today is good to keep,
for we took all of it
from those dogs
in the sack of Galera.

ÁLVARO (*Aside*) Heavens, that I
should have to hear this and let it pass!

ALCUZCUZ (*Aside*) That I, who cannot kill,
cannot even speak!

SOLDIER 1 I'll bring you to the one who got it.
He told me it was among the jewels
he stole from a Moorish beauty
whom he killed there.

ÁLVARO (*Aside*) Alas!

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

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

SOLDIERS (*Offstage*) Halt.

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

*A quarrel is heard offstage*

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

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

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

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

*Enter* GARCÉS *and* SOLDIERS *fighting*, ÁLVARO *goes to stop them*, ALCUZCUZ *stays back*

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

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

A SOLDIER I am dead.

*Enter* LOPE

LOPE What is this?

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

*All* SOLDIERS *who were fighting flee*

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

*Exit* GARCÉS

LOPE Stop there.

ÁLVARO Yes.

LOPE Disarm them both. Take his sword.

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

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

and a man dead beside you.

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

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

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

*Exit* ALCUZCUZ *and enter* AUSTRIA

AUSTRIA
What happened here, Don Lope?

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

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

*Enter* MENDOZA

MENDOZA
Your Highness, I bow at your feet.

AUSTRIA
What news, Mendoza?
What does Abenhumeya say?

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

Doña Isabel Tuzaní,
who is now Lidora and his queen.
(*Aside*) Oh love, how foolishly you awaken
pleasures long asleep!
(*Aloud*) According to their custom,
they sat me on a pillow,
with all the privileges of an ambassador,
while he claimed the authority of a king.
I conveyed your message, and
at the mere mention of your general pardon,
all rose to revel in the streets and squares.
But Abenhumeya, born of courage and pride,
burning with fury,
seeing how much commotion
the pardon had caused among his people,
gave me this answer:
"I am king of the Alpujarra,
and although its small size
is no match for my worth,
soon all of Spain will be at my feet.
If you do not wish to see
Don Juan de Austria dead,
tell him to turn back,
and if any treacherous Morisco
rejoices in such pardon,
take him with you, to fight on the king's side
so that I may have
one more man to vanquish."
With this, he sent me away.
The Alpujarra is all up in arms,
divided into warring factions,
some shouting "Spain,"
others "Africa,"
so that their greatest trouble,
their greatest conflict today,
divided as they are,
is within their own walls.

AUSTRIA A tyrant never rules for long:
those who are the first
to support him in his rise
are also the first to abandon him,
sometimes bathed in his blood.
Since the Alpujarra is in such a state,
let the troops march on Berja
before they kill one another like vipers,

and so defeat themselves.
Let us not leave this feat to them,
if there is any way to make it ours.

*Exit all*

SCENE 4
*Prison in the Spanish barracks*

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

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

ÁLVARO To die, and not to kill.

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

ÁLVARO Since I was not guilty,
I did not offer any resistance.
Had this brave heart wished to defend itself,
a thousand men would have run from me.

ALCUZCUZ I would have run with them,
and not be here now.

ÁLVARO Did I not see
the brute who boasted
that he took a woman's jewels
as he put her to death?

ALCUZCUZ That's not worst.
Now we're forced to confess.
What to do when confessor comes,
thinking us Christians?

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

ALCUZCUZ So, what now?

ÁLVARO I'll kill that guard
with the dagger
I keep hidden under my coat.

ALCUZCUZ With what hands?

ÁLVARO Couldn't you chew
your way through this knot
with your teeth?

ALCUZCUZ Back there? And with my teeth?
This end is not so clean.

ÁLVARO Come on,
either break or untie this knot.

ALCUZCUZ I will.

ÁLVARO I'll keep an eye out for them.

ALCUZCUZ (*Unties* ÁLVARO) Done!
Now you break mine.

ÁLVARO I can't.
People are coming.

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

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

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

GARCÉS Though I must regret
being taken by the legions that pursued me,
I am not sorry to know
that I can therefore free
the one who saved me,
for I will now confess
and clear his name.

You'll tell my lord,
Don Juan de Mendoza,
that I am imprisoned here
and ask him to grant me
the mercy of his visit
so I can beg him for my life.
My past services well deserve it.

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

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

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

ÁLVARO What's wrong?

ALCUZCUZ What? Huh?
Him here now…

ÁLVARO Continue.

ALCUZCUZ …what horror!

ÁLVARO Speak!

ALCUZCUZ …I'm dead with fright!

ÁLVARO Go on.

ALCUZCUZ …the man whose prisoner I was,
him I stole poison from.
No doubt he knows I'm here.
Just to be safe,
I hide my face—like this—
so he not see me.

ALCUZCUZ *lies down as if asleep*

GARCÉS I don't know you
and have never served you,
yet your sword gave me life.
Believe me that it pains me

to see you like this.
If I could find any consolation
in being jailed,
it would be in freeing you.

ÁLVARO May God keep you.

ALCUZCUZ (*Aside*) He is prisoner now,
and is the one who started the fight.
Yes, it's him. I not see him before
in the rush to fight.

GARCÉS So, my good sir,
do not be troubled
about being held here.
I am in your debt
and will give my life
before you pay for a fault
that is not yours
but, indeed, mine.

ÁLVARO I would expect nothing less
from your valor,
though my being here
has not been what I
have minded most, by God.
Because of you I lost the chance to do
what I came here to do.

SOLDIER You shouldn't both fear death,
for I have always heard
—and you must know this, too—
that if two men cause
the death of another,
and there is just one wound,
and it was not premeditated
or treasonous either,
then only one will die—
the one with the uglier face.

ALCUZCUZ (*Aside*) May he who says so drop dead.

SOLDIER So out of you three,
that mute over there will be the one to die.

ALCUZCUZ (*Aside*) Of course!

Because no uglier mug than mine
in the entire world.

GARCÉS
I believe that you
will grant me one more courtesy
since you have already shown
such noble generosity.

ALCUZCUZ
(*Aside*) Law be for the ugliest to die?

GARCÉS
Tell me to whom I owe my life.

ÁLVARO
I am no more than a soldier
who has come to join the fight…

ALCUZCUZ
(*Aside*) Law be for the ugliest to die?

ÁLVARO
…for the sake of finding a certain man.
This is the reason
that brought me here.

ALCUZCUZ
(*Aside*) Law be for the ugliest to die?

GARCÉS
Perhaps I could help you find him.
What is his name?

ÁLVARO
I don't know.

GARCÉS
In what regiment
did he serve in this war?

ÁLVARO
I don't know.

GARCÉS
What does he look like?

ÁLVARO
I don't know.

GARCÉS
Well, good luck finding him
if you don't know his name,
his looks, or his regiment.

ÁLVARO
Yet, even without knowing his looks,
his name, or his regiment,
I nearly had him.

GARCÉS
Yours is not an easy riddle.

But don't worry,
for once Don Juan de Austria
knows of this case
he will grant me my life,
since he owes me so much.
He would never have entered Galera
without my help.
And together we will reclaim
your lost opportunity.
Now that I am in your debt,
I must remain by your side, by God,
for better or for worse.

ÁLVARO So, you were the one
who led the way into Galera?

GARCÉS I wish I had not been.

ÁLVARO Why, if it was such a feat?

GARCÉS Because ever since
I set foot there,
I know not what fate,
what omen, what ill star
pursues me.
Since that ill-fated day
everything has gone wrong for me.

ÁLVARO And why is that?

GARCÉS I don't know. Unless it's because
I killed a Morisca there,
and offended the heavens,
for she was the very portrait
of their celestial beauty.

ÁLVARO Was she that beautiful?

GARCÉS Yes.

ÁLVARO (*Aside*) Oh, my dearly lost bride!
(*Aloud*) How did it happen?

GARCÉS I'll tell you.
While I was on duty one day,
among woods so thick

they rival the dark mantle of night,
I captured a Morisco.
I won't go on for too long
about how he tricked me
and led me between high peaks,
where his shouts
summoned the entire Alpujarra,
and how I fled from him
and hid in a cave.
Suffice it to say that this cave,
carved into the mountain,
was the womb where a monster
of fire was conceived.
It was I who brought news of the mine
to our lord Don Juan de Austria,
and I who stood guard that night,
to protect the explosives.
I kept the breach open
for the rest of the troops
and finally entered the town,
making my way through the flames
like a canny spirit of the fire.
Then I came upon a fortified building,
which must have served as the barracks,
for everyone rushed there.
But it appears that my story tires you,
and that you are not enjoying it.

ÁLVARO

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

GARCÉS

Full of anger and rage,
I at last reached Malec's house,
for this palace or stronghold
was my goal all along.
By that time Don Lope de Figueroa,
honor and glory of Spain,
had forced the castle to surrender,
set siege to it with fire,
and killed Malec.
Searching for profit
on top of praise
—though reward and honor
seldom go hand in hand—
I combed through the halls,

boldly entering all the chambers,
until I reached a small room
with the most beautiful African
I ever laid eyes upon.
Ah, how I wish I could paint her!
But this is no time for portraits.
Confused and distraught at the sight of me,
she sought shelter behind the bed curtains,
as if they were the walls of a rampart…
But you've lost the color from your face,
and are those tears in your eyes?

ÁLVARO You bring to my mind sorrows
very much like these.

GARCÉS Please, don't lose faith
that you'll find another chance:
it often comes when least expected.

ÁLVARO You're right.
Continue.

GARCÉS I went in after her,
and she was so decked out in jewels,
adorned in such finery,
that she seemed more like a lover
awaiting her wedding night
than a woman preparing for her funeral.
Seeing such beauty,
I resolved to grant her life
if she would give her soul as ransom.[49]
I had scarcely dared grasp
one of her white hands when she said,
"Christian, let these jewels satisfy
your insatiable greed
for my death would feed your rapacity
at the expense of your honor.
A woman's blood does more to stain a blade
than to make it shine.
Leave my marriage bed untouched,
leave intact the faith in my heart,
which holds impenetrable mysteries."
I sought her arms…

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

ÁLVARO Wait,
listen, hold, halt,
don't touch her.
What am I saying?
I'm getting carried away.
Carry on, it's nothing to me.
(*Aside*) I wish that were true,
but his wanting her pains me
more than his killing her.

GARCÉS She cried out for both
her life and her honor.
People were coming,
and, with one conquest already lost,
I did not want to lose them both,
or let other soldiers
claim their share of the spoils.
How easily passion
flies from one extreme to another!
I traded love for vengeance.
Carried away by I know not what fury,
what sudden rage
(it pains me even now to recount it),
I stole her diamond brooch
and a strand of pearls,
then stabbed her through the breast,
a snowy heaven stained crimson.

ÁLVARO Was it like this?

*He takes out a dagger and stabs* GARCÉS

GARCÉS Ah!

ALCUZCUZ It's done now.

ÁLVARO Die, traitor.

GARCÉS Ah! Why?

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

to avenge her great beauty.

GARCÉS Ah! Traitor! You take me unarmed.

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

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

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

GARCÉS *dies*

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

*Enter* MENDOZA *and two* SOLDIERS

What is this?

ÁLVARO *disarms* SOLDIER 1

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

my noble misfortunes.
Let me go.

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

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

*He fights his way offstage*

SOLDIER 1
I am dead.

SOLDIER 1 *flees and falls offstage*

SOLDIER 2
He is a fiend loosed from hell.

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

*All* SOLDIERS *flee*

MENDOZA
I will kill you first.

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

*Enter* AUSTRIA, LOPE *and more* SOLDIERS

LOPE
What is this?
What is this uproar?

AUSTRIA
Mendoza, what is this?

MENDOZA
It is a strange case, my lord.
This Morisco came alone
from the Alpujarra
to kill a man, who, he says,

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

LOPE Did your lady die there?

ÁLVARO Yes, and now I have avenged her.

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

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

AUSTRIA Surrender yourself.

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

AUSTRIA After him, everyone! After him!

*Everyone exits following* ÁLVARO *running offstage*

## SCENE 5

*Exterior view of the walls of Berja*

*Up high on a wall, enter* ISABEL *and* MORISCO SOLDIERS

ISABEL Call the Christian troops
with this white flag.

*Enter* ÁLVARO *and* ALCUZCUZ *below*

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

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

SOLDIERS *enter following him*

ÁLVARO Is that all of you? Come, surround me.

SOLDIER Cut off the valley.

ISABEL Wait!
Tuzaní, my lord!

ÁLVARO Lidora, all those people,
up in arms, are after me.

ISABEL Never fear.

AUSTRIA (*Offstage*) Trunk by trunk
and branch by branch,
cut down the woods until you find him.

*Enter* AUSTRIA

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

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

When they reached his chamber doors,
their captain said:
"Surrender to the King of Spain!"
while the people cried out:
"Long live the sacred House of Austria!"
He replied:
"I, a prisoner?"
And as he went to draw his sword,
a soldier struck him on the head,
which, adorned with the crown,
tasted both greatest glory and greatest misfortune.
He fell to the ground,
and with him fell the many hopes
the world held for his deeds—
for even the threat of them
made Spain waver.
I have come here, my lord,
to place at your feet
the crown of brave Abenhumeya
in Granada, his former kingdom.
If I have earned a favor from you,
then let the noble Tuzaní
enjoy the pardon
extended to all today.
I, here at your feet,
would rather be your servant
than a queen.

AUSTRIA You have asked very little.
Stand up, beautiful Isabel.
Let Tuzaní live,
and let the world's most loving deed
be written on monuments
of eternal bronze and lasting marble.

ÁLVARO I kneel before you.

ALCUZCUZ And me, I am pardoned?

AUSTRIA Yes.

ÁLVARO Here ends *To Love Beyond Death*
and the siege of the Alpujarra.