

1963

Blood wedding, by Federico Garcia  
Lorca; graduate thesis production  
directed by Akemi Horie  
(production book)

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*Boston University*

BOSTON UNIVERSITY  
SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS  
Division of Theatre Arts

Graduate Thesis Production

BLOOD WEDDING

by

Federico Garcia Lorca

A.F.A.

Directed  
by  
Akemi Horie

March 1963

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GENERAL EDUCATION  
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Lorca addressed himself to  
simple persons, or to  
what there can be of  
simplicity in persons  
who are not simple.

Francisco Garcia Lorca

Boston University  
School of Fine and Applied Arts  
Division of Theatre Arts  
\*Graduate Thesis Production

BLOOD WEDDING

by

Garcia Lorca

Directed by  
AKEMI HORIE

March 18 and 19, 1963

CAST

<i>Mother</i>	Nancy Volkman
<i>Bridegroom</i>	Jacob Vartabedian
<i>Neighbor Woman</i>	Patricia McGregor
<i>Mother-In-Law</i>	Marita Simpson
<i>Leonardo's Wife</i>	Virginia Angelovich
<i>Leonardo</i>	Stephan Mark Weyte
<i>Girl</i>	Barbara Goodbar
<i>Bride</i>	Elena Brunn
<i>Servant</i>	Yvonne Urban
<i>Father</i>	Bennett Oberstein
<i>Woodcutters</i>	Bruce Kornbluth, Alan Gerstel
<i>Death</i>	Bernice Mendelsohn
<i>Moon</i>	John McLean
<i>Young Man</i>	Bruce Kornbluth
<i>Young Girls</i>	Ruth Saloman, Diane Fritz
<i>Crowd</i>	Barbara Goodbar, Bruce Kornbluth, Lowell Levinger
<i>Guitar Players</i>	Peter Golden, Jane Badgers, Diane Fritz, Ruth Saloman Bruce Kornbluth, Peter Golden, Lowell Levinger

There will be a ten-minute intermission between each act

PRODUCTION STAFF

<i>Production Manager</i>	Jack de Vries
<i>Stage Manager</i>	Barrie Tanner
<i>Assistant Stage Manager</i>	Alan Gerstel
<i>Set Designer</i>	Douglas Schmidt
<i>Costume Designer</i>	Keith Brown
<i>Lighting Designer</i>	Robert Bruyr
<i>Prop Chief</i>	Carol Cataldo
<i>Crew Chief</i>	Robert Kafes

TECHNICAL STAFF

Pascual Vaquer	Linda Bolles
Abbot Baker	Sharon Connell
John McLean	Brenda Robin
Eileen Gabler	Barbara Seidenberg
Nadine Willig	

Credit: Boston Children's Theatre, Hub Glass

\*As partial fulfillment for the Master of Fine Arts degree requirements

**INTRODUCTION**



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## INTRODUCTION

The theatre for me is the most direct and effective means of expressing an idea and communicating it to people. Some artists express themselves through line and color or through sounds and words. But I believe that there is nothing more vital, fresh, and, therefore, meaningful than expressing an idea through living vehicles of communication, that is, through the living human being. This is the reason I have committed myself to the theatre.

With an opportunity to direct a full length play, the most essential factor for me was to select a play through which I could express my feelings about people, life and the world, and to communicate this understanding to people in a most effective form.

Living in the twentieth century, I have been quite aware of one particular quality of it: the shattering power of over-organization, which controls all of human existence to the extrememof deformity. As the result of a tremendous discipline of mind in the course of a long history, we have brought about a highly specialized development in the forms of our existence. We have derived great benefits from this; mankind can be justifiably proud of his accomplishment.

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Furthermore, we cannot even begin to think of going back a few centuries and living as people did then. Yet when I perceive the things around us, I fear we have been trapped somewhere along the way. We seem to have lost the things which are most essential to human life, in the very process of seeking to improve life. For, as I see the world, the role of the protagonist has been transferred from man as an individual to a society, a social organ. It is now society which has control and molds mankind to its way, and we are obliged to follow in whichever direction this monster happens to be going. Our status has been relegated to that of mere components in an immense social organ, rather than of protagonist.

This perverted relation between man and society is the very thing I call deformity. For in this relation the essential values of man - his freedom, his fertility, his spontaneity, the genuine quality of his heart and soul - are forced into small, sterile, stereotyped boxes to make him function properly as a part of the social machine. This dehumanizes human nature. The tension between the nature of man and the inhuman outer force of modern society inevitably drives man's center out of the inner self, for to live there - in one's inner self - results, because of his sensitivity, in pain and frustration which may eventually lead to neurosis. Thus man's center is placed outside of himself. And this misplacement

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of focus is a dangerous step toward losing a center in self, therefore, in life. Man's spontaneous sensitivity, which becomes externalized when his center is placed outside himself, gradually becomes dulled by the inanimate, metallic hardness of the external world. For since the living delicacy of inner sensitivity and the inanimate hardness of the outer world cannot exist together, man's sensitivity is washed away and finally there exists a shell of a man unable to respond with genuine feeling to the world about him. Modern man ties his center merely to the forms of life, the materials, rather than to the substance. As man's life becomes increasingly determined by the outward forms of existence, he loses the freedom to carve out for himself a life of his own choosing.

So much for a brief analysis of modern man and the world. The modern theatre reflects naturally the characteristics of modern life. It is filled with neurotics, failures, dehumanized figures, people with tremendous problems crushed by external forces—trivial people. Williams, Albee, Pinter, Beckett, and Ionesco—they draw charmingly disturbed, hopelessly oriented people. My personal view of these plays and characters is rather unfavourable, although I appreciate their value and artistry.

I would like to see not what we are and what we will eventually become, but what we can be. Hope rather than fear.

When I first discovered Lorca's spirit, shining out of the provincial Spanish world, I was fascinated by his vital soul struggling for life and freedom. It was not too long before I decided to choose one of his plays.

It was an exciting privilege as an artist to be able to explore and wander in the world of Lorca - his heart, his mind and his art.

Since World War I there has been no more beautiful mind in the theatre than Lorca's. It was a mind at the same time passionate, complex, and natural and, as the theatre must be, contagious and friendly.

Stark Young

**ESSAY**  
**on**  
**PLAYWRIGHT AND PLAY**

LORCA AS A PERSON

For Federico the most important thing was life, with all its drama and confusion. Art was a consequence of his life.

He addressed himself to simple persons, or to what there can be of simplicity in persons who are not simple.

Laughter and tears are the two poles of his theatre, the fundamental attitude of an author who likes to live; that is to say, to suffer and enjoy life's course as an inevitable universal drama.

He was dedicated to his calling; not to his literary calling, but to his calling of living.

Francisco G. Lorca

Somewhere in a letter to George Guillen (a great contemporary Spanish poet), Lorca once wrote that his poetry was made out of love, force, and renunciation. This statement gives us a clear vision not only of his poetry, but also of his person. For Lorca, to live was to love, and to love was to fight, and in fighting with inevitable forces for love, one is led to renunciation - to death. This seems to have been a core of Lorca's being. One of his poems expresses this very essence of life: in this short, simple poem his whole person is vividly revealed.

Song of Desperate Love

The night does not wish to come  
so that you cannot come  
and I cannot go.

But I will go, though a scorpion sun should  
eat my temple.  
But you will come with your tongue burned  
by the salt rain.

The day does not wish to come  
so that you cannot come  
and I cannot go.

But I will go yielding to the toads  
my chewed carnation.  
But you will come through the muddy  
sewers of darkness.

Neither night nor day wishes to come  
so that I may die for you  
and you die for me.

Here, from his play Mariana Pineda, is a poem sung by the  
heroine at the end of the play:

I am freedom because love wanted it so,  
Pedro! the freedom for which you left me.  
I am freedom stricken by men  
Love, love, love and eternal solitude.

Lorca, who adores Mariana as the greatest emotional experience of his childhood, described her during an interview on the occasion of the play's first performance in Buenos Aires, December 29, 1933.

I came to the conclusion that Mariana Pineda was a woman, a marvel of a woman; and the reason for her existence, the chief motive of her life, was love and freedom.

Mariana lifted two weapons, love and freedom, in her hands - not to conquer but to die on the gallows. They were two fists beating constantly on her own heart. . .

Nailed to these two crosses of sorrow and happiness - the two immortal illusions

created by the gods to give man's life some hopeful meaning - Mariana Pineda appeared before me like some fabulous and most beautiful being, her mysterious eyes following with ineffable tenderness all the movements of the city. Materializing this ideal figure, I imagined the Alhambra to be a moon adorning my heroine's breast; her skirt the surrounding lowland embroidered in a thousand tones of green; the white petticoat the snow of the mountain etched against the blue sky; and the scalloped hem the golden flame of a copper-colored lamp.

I would not hesitate to say that Lorca, who adores Mariana as a most fabulous and most beautiful being, identified himself with her. These "two immortal illusions" must have been "two fists beating constantly" on his own heart.

One of the essential qualities of his being, though already mentioned, should perhaps receive greater emphasis: his keen awareness of the constant enemy, death. Life, for Lorca, was always next door to death. Life, or love, therefore, must be affirmed in the teeth of death. And this awareness deepens and intensifies the moments of living.

A statement by Madariaga about the Spanish people provides a background for understanding Lorca's particular view of life and death.

. . . Whether consciously or not, the Spaniard lives against a background of eternity. Hence it is that the two poles of his psychology should be the individual and the universe; the subject and the whole; and that life for him should consist in the absorbing of the universe by the individual, the assimilation of the whole by the subject. . .

Spain, p.25.



Life is not merely preparation for eternal life, but rather life itself has vital significant values. Man is not a being subordinate to the whole universe, but a being standing equal, and in opposition, to it. This strong sense of opposition and the perception of the values of man and his life must have been a driving force for Lorca to live, to affirm his life.

This assertion of the meaning of life against death leads us to another distinct characteristic of Lorca: his human pride. His vision of human pride is expressed especially in his mature dramatic works through the action of the heroes and heroines. Certain of his poems also reflect his view of human pride.

Ignacio goes up tiers  
with all his death on his shoulders.  
He sought for the dawn  
but the dawn was no mere.  
He seeks for his confident profile  
and the dream bewilders him.  
He sought for his beautiful body  
and encountered his opened blood.

. . .  
I don't want them to cover his face with handkerchiefs  
that he may get used to the death he carries.  
Go, Ignacio; feel not the hot bellowing.  
Sleep, fly, rest; even the sea dies!

from "Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Mejias"

I sensed that they had murdered me.  
They swept through cafes, graveyards, churches,  
they opened the wine casks and the closets,  
they ravaged three skeletons to yank the gold  
teeth out.

But they never found me.  
They never found me?  
No. They never found me.

from "Poet in New York"

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## LORCA AS A PLAYWRIGHT

### 1. Lorca's Inheritance from the Traditional Spanish Puppet Theatre

In Spain, as in other Mediterranean countries, puppet theatre has been a popular form of drama. It has been performed at fairs, festivals, and in its own well-established theatre. Lorca, as his brother says, had been interested in and closely involved in the puppet theatre from his childhood. His favorite toy was a miniature theatre, and he made figurines and invented plays for them. Later, when Lorca became recognized as a poet and more interested in the actual theatre, puppetry afforded him an inexpensive mode of production. Lorca's friendship with some of the leading puppeteers (such as Manuel de Falla who wrote operas for the puppet theatre) simply intensified his fascination with the wooden actors. It was in these puppet plays that Lorca for the first time discovered how drama transmutes the words into an element of physical action.

There were two types of puppet theatre during the period of Lorca. One was the violent Punch and Judy-like drama in which plot, theme, even logic are sacrificed to burlesque, and the other is the more complex, romantic musical, and somewhat narrative genre. They afforded Lorca free rein to implement his imagination. Most of Lorca's early plays,

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such as The Spell of Butterfly, have the characteristic of the puppet form; lyrical, narrative, and expository speeches link the episodic framework of the scenes. These plays are imaginative and simple and colorful. Yet these were not necessarily an ideal preparation for the stage and for human actors, who, by their very presence, could make their attitudes and deeds explicit, without need of detailed exposition. Although Lorca learned basic things about drama from the puppet theatre, he had a disadvantage in approaching drama from the puppeteer's point of view.

This disadvantage was gradually eliminated from his work when he began his dramatic experiments in surrealism. For in these works Lorca was forced to depend less upon words for his dramatic effect, according to the surrealist mode itself, and more upon the physical symbol of the character in action. (If Five Years Pass, The Public)

(It is interesting to note how that the over-theatrical colorful puppet theatre elements and non-theatrical surrealism brought about the very quality of theatrical mastery in his later works. Also, it is very interesting that the Japanese Kabuki theatre, which has much the same theatrical characteristics as Lorca's, was influenced a great deal by the puppet theatre in the early days of its development.)

2. Lorca's Inheritance from the Traditional Spanish Theatre

Among his contemporary writers, Lorca was distinctive in the sense that he worked more originally and in closer association with the rich traditional theatre.

Lorca lived in Spain during a period of turmoil and revolution in terms of creative art. It was a time when Spain was beginning to feel the creative and revolutionary energies that had been released in the rest of Europe after the First World War. Then Spain was still primarily an agrarian nation, and had not suffered from the embattled experiences of Europe, but nonetheless, the repudiation of decadent medievalism was being emphasized through what was happening in Europe. This atmosphere and these activities animated the young generation. The Spanish version of cubism and other avant garde schools of art sprang up, and those who became wholehearted disciples of these new trends were influenced to emigrate to Paris to find more nourishment.

But it was indicative of his good sense and of his intuitive understanding of what is basic to the Spanish theatre that Lorca did not join his friends in simulating the European postwar literary jitters. He refused to take these new trends as panaceas, although he was constantly assimilating a valuable store of insight from books, ideologies and practices; but rather he showed much more interest and spent

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much more energy in investigating the forms and essential qualities of the Spanish traditional theatre. His attitude toward the classic Spanish theatre was intensified through his trip to New York. The Love of Don Perlimplin and The Shoemaker's Wife, which were written after his trip, were both cast in traditional Spanish dramatic modes. (This period followed his puppet and surrealism periods.)

Traditionally, the Spanish drama is a direct outgrowth of the popular language and themes of traditional balladry. It found its characteristics from as early as the mid-fifteenth century, when a little Christmas piece, Representación de Nuestro Señor, tied up its dramatic consequences with a popular ballad sung at the end by a chorus of nuns. A little later, Juan del Encina developed the possibilities of combining songs and recitation in his pastoral and religious plays - a device which gradually became respectable through the efforts of other early playwrights, until it finally blossomed into Calderon's music drama. Gil Vicente's tumultuous farces and religious allegories are full of characters whose feet are aching to dance, whose voices at every turn are breaking into inspired songs. Lope de Rueda's peasant characters admirably expressed the popular idiom of the day. And finally, by the time Juan de la Cueva evolved the farce between-acts, a strong national sentiment had invaded the

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theatre: the legendary heroes of Spain walked across the stage and the whole rich treasury of ballad literature was opened to exploitation. Thus before the Golden Age all the materials and techniques of Spanish national drama were already implicit in its structure. It was only left for Lope de Vega to perfect the form of the ballad on the stage, and for Calderon de la Barca to give to the drama that spirit of speculation and faith which was the heart of the Spanish religious obsession throughout the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

Both Lope and Calderon spoke to a people whose lives were controlled by Catholicism and infused with a sense of pride. Lope's plays reflected his age's secular preoccupations: the spirit of intrigue, heroic action, and all the frivolities of the grand spectacle blended with popular slapstick. Calderon clothed the world in the Spanish black cape of honor, religious fatality, and the vivid promise of release from this weary earth into heaven. The people loved Calderon passionately and trembled before the austere lyricism of his plays. But in Lope they rejoiced, for his was mostly the anarchic spirit.

Through the investigation of the forms and the temperament in the traditional theatre, Lorca discovered a solid base for his poetic drama precisely in these two greatest

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classical writers. Like Lope, Lerca is essentially a lyric poet. His dramatic instinct grew out of a sense of communication he felt himself able to establish with the people. Also, he was possessed with the need to create spectacle, a visual and musical supplement to the art of the spoken word. It was in Lope that Lerca found a form for his drama. On the other hand, Lerca seems to have been influenced by Calderon in ideological terms, for his works have a close moral affinity with Calderon's drama. Like Calderon, he seems to reduce life to a symbolic formula; he holds that traditional Spanish respect for honor, and sees on life's flashing mosaic face the essential mask of death.

Thus, the characteristics found in Lerca's most mature works are the off-spring of the integrated essences in the works of two great classical writers.



## THE PLAY

Blood Wedding is a poetic expression of Lorca's maturing view of life. It is a strange combination of the universal and the provincial perspective. The play was written in 1933, and was based on a newspaper account of an incident almost identical with the plot.

Blood Wedding is about Spanish peasant lovers who had to live by strict social conventions, sacrificing their natural passion. Driven, however, to pursue their inevitable passion, they cause a severe conflict and thus lead themselves to ultimate disaster. The conflict in the play is between social conventions (social law) and the lovers' passion (natural law).

### 1. Theme and Meaning

In human life, social law and natural law conflict. But in order to fulfill our lives, we must affirm our passion, even in the teeth of death. For "better dead with the blood drained away than alive with it rotting".

The theme of the play is expressed through the action of two lovers, the action reflecting Lorca's poetic pattern of love, force and renunciation. Lorca's hero is Leonardo, who is driven to assert the meaning of life and to affirm love. Once having forced himself to follow the social law and sac-

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rifice his natural passion, he inevitably comes to realize that he has taken a wrong path, and he is now driven to pursue what seems to him the essential thing: to affirm his passion. He comes to his lover's house just before her wedding and speaks to her:

Ever since I got married I've been thinking night and day about whose fault it was, and every time I think about it, out comes a new fault to eat up the old one; but always there's a fault left.

To burn with desire and keep quiet about it is the greatest punishment we can bring on ourselves . . . It only served to bring the fire down on me! You think that time heals and walls hide things, but it isn't true! When things get that deep inside you there isn't anybody can change them!

Act II, Scene 1. (underlining mine)

Leonardo now has not only a perception of life, but also the strength and passion to pursue it. He is the only figure in the play who fights to live. He takes the Bride away from her wedding celebration fiesta and runs with her into the forest. There for the first time in the play he reveals his determination to affirm his passion.

The birds of early mornning  
are calling among the trees;  
The night is dying  
on the stone ridge;  
Let's go to a hidden corner  
where I may love you forever.

Leonardo struggles to reach a place of freedom to affirm his life, his love. But destiny is much too overpowering, and

at the end of the scene he is forced to encounter death. Leonardo's strong willpower to take action, his fight with obstacles, and his final triumph of human pride in death are well expressed in the poem which appeared earlier, but which I would like to repeat here, "Song of Desperate Love".

The night does not wish to come  
so that you cannot come  
and I cannot go.

But I will go, though a scorpion sun should  
eat my temple.  
But you will come with your tongue burned  
by the salt rain.

The day does not wish to come  
so that you cannot come  
and I cannot go.

But I will go yielding to the toads  
my chewed carnation.  
But you will come through the muddy  
sewers of darkness.

Neither night nor day wishes to come  
so that I may die for you  
and you die for me.

Interestingly enough, Leonardo is the only character in the play who is given a name by the author. Lerca's intention is clear.

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2. Ideas Bearing on the Theme

A. Opposition of Life and Death

The idea of the opposition of life and death permeates the whole play. It is most expressed in the character of the Mother. (In Lerca's plays, characters are sometimes symbolic, i.e., personifications of a certain idea or quality, rather than three-dimensional beings. This is especially true in Blood Wedding.)

. . . First your father; to me he smelled like a carnation and I had him for barely three years. Then your brother. Oh, is it right - how can it be - that a small thing like a knife or pistol can finish off a man - a bull of a man? . . .

Mother - Act I, Scene 1.

At the very beginning of the first scene, even before anything happens, the idea of the oppression of death is introduced through the Mother. She is constantly aware of the oppression of death, expecting bloodshed every minute. She speaks before the wedding celebration:

What blood would you expect him to have?  
His whole family's blood. It comes down  
from his great grandfather, who started  
in killing, and it goes on down through the  
whole evil breed of knife-wielding and  
false smiling men . . . On the forehead  
of all of them I see only the hand with  
which they killed what was mine . . .

That's why it's so terrible to see one's  
own blood spilled out on the ground. A  
fountain that spurts for a minute, but costs  
us years. When I got to my son, he lay

fallen in the middle of the street. I wet  
my hands with his blood and licked them  
with my tongue - because it was my blood . .

Mother - Act II, Scene 2.

The Mother's consciousness of death constantly opposed to life  
brings into the play the intense values of the living moments.  
Lorca intensely affirmed life because he saw it always stand-  
ing ever against its enemy death. Through the Mother he  
heightens the meaning and value of the living moments of the  
two lovers. His composition is clear.

After the killing of the two men, the play ends with a  
poetically heightened expression of this very idea:

And this is a knife,  
a tiny knife  
that barely fits the hand;  
fish without scales, without river,  
so that on their appointed day, between  
two and three,  
two men are left stiff,  
with their lips turning yellow.

And it barely fits the hand  
but it slides in clean  
through the astonished flesh  
and steps there, at the place  
where trembles enmeshed  
the dark root of a scream.

Act III, Scene 2.

B. Fatalistic View of Life

Because of their strong sense of destiny, the characters in Blood Wedding are able to accept with a certain resignation the kind of life they have to lead. This idea is expressed in the play on two different levels.

Servant: In this country it does not even cool off at dawn.

Bride: My mother came from a place with lots of trees from a fertile country.

Servant: And she was so alive!

Bride: But she wasted away here.

Servant: Fate.

Bride: As we're all wasting away here . . .

Act II, Scene 1.

Leonardo: . . . And the silver pins of your wedding turned my red blood black.

And in me our dream was choking.  
my flesh with its poisoned weeds.  
Oh, it isn't my fault -  
the fault is the earth's.

Act III, Scene 1.

Mother: . . . with a knife;  
with a little knife,  
on their appointed day, two men killed  
each other for love.

Act III, Scene 2.

(Underlining mine)

Interestingly enough, Lorca sets the action of the play around the lives of women whose place in the society is static and determined even before their birth. The only reason for their existence in the Spanish society is their role as wife and mother. Therefore the horizon of their lives is usually limited - as the Mother often says - to the walls of the

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house. Lerca emphasizes the idea of fate through the lives of these women.

The fatalistic view of life is expressed differently in the Forest Scene. Moon and Death, characterized by Lerca as supernatural forces, manipulate human lives. It is they who prepare and lead the two young men to death. I can feel Lerca's human pride passionately burning and fighting against these inevitable forces.

C. Problem of Honor and Pride

Lerca takes a definite attitude toward the problem of honor and pride in Spanish society. The sense of honor in man is a reflection of the judgment of his value made by other men. Spanish peasant society, as any other society, has a strong regulating moral code which developed out of the traditional culture and social conventions. Throughout its long history, these regulating principles of society became forceful enough, so that any individual who neglected them was cast off from the society as an abuser of the social honor. In such a society man's value is measured by his loyalty to this sense of social honor. Therefore every worthy man not only respects the social code, but also is guardian of it. Thus the sense of social honor controls each individual's existence in the community. It works as a motivation for their action. (Leonardo's status in the society is a good example of one who violates social honor.)

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Pride is self-esteem in man's ability to maintain the social code in this particular society. It is his pride which drives the individual to hold on to his social honor, in order not to be cast off from the society.

Apparently, in the world of Lerca, to maintain social honor and to affirm his life produce a conflict. Therefore individuals are forced to choose one of the two. Most of the characters in the play, except for Leonarde, have chosen the former, and their lives are motivated by their loyalty to the social code and by their pride in exercising it. Lerca clearly indicates his attitude toward them in the action of the play. It is seen most clearly in the action of Leonarde, who fights social principles in order to affirm his life in the true sense. In addition, the Mother's obsession with social honor and with family honor in the society becomes the direct motivation for the killing of the two men in the forest. The present relationship between Leonarde and the Bride, the static situation in Leonarde's family, and the arranged marriage between the Bridegroom and the Bride - each of these relationships expresses the misfortune that results from absolute adherence to the social law. Lerca has Leonarde, who has followed the social law and now realizes his mistake, speak about pride:

Bride: But I have my pride. And that's why I'm getting married. I'll lock myself in with my husband and then I'll have to love him above everyone else.

Leonarde: Pride won't help you a bit! . . . What good



was pride to me? And not seeing you, and  
letting you lie awake night after night?  
No good! It only served to bring fire down  
on me.

Act II, Scene 1.

For Lorca true human pride consists in affirming one's life.

**ESSAY  
on  
PRODUCTION**

FORM OF PRODUCTION

1. General Statement of the Production Plan

Blood Wedding as a play has a rather unique form. It contains elements of realism, symbolism, romanticism, and classicism, with a fusion of dialogue, poetry, songs, dance and music. It does not have a consistent style, but has a style of its own, particular to this particular play. We may call it the style of Blood Wedding by Garcia Lorca. Therefore, the director's first decision was to bring a style out of each scene with whatever it projects, without being restricted by ready-made conventions.

However, realism was the basic style chosen for the production. The play itself lacks this very base, being a poetic statement rather than a complete piece of a dramatic work. The play springs less from the treatment of the story in terms of characters' relationships and situations, than from the qualities and forces embodied by the characters. The director did not want to see the qualities flying in and out on the stage, and speaking poems. In order to communicate the theme of the play most vitally to the audience, she had to have real human beings living in solid situations.

With realism as the basic style, simplicity was an important element to the production. By heightening the symbols, colors, dance and songs with beautiful abstract lights and

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sets, the script has the potential of being a great spectacle. But again, the director was more interested in expressing the idea through the people in the situation, than through elaborate theatrical artifices. The very nature of Blood Wedding lies in its primitiveness. She did not want this nature to be decorated.

There were two characters in the play who could not possibly fit into the realm of realism: Moon and Death. So, through lights, costumes, make-up, and acting, the style was to be adjusted to the level of an impersonal, symbolic world. The director's intention was to present these two on totally different levels, so that the audience would know that they were not people, but the personification of supernatural forces standing in opposition to human beings.

## 2. The Vision of the Play

### Act I

- Scene 1: Obsession of death and a sign of foreshadowing tragedy.
- Scene 2: Oppressed and frustrated passion, with a sign of bursting out.
- Scene 3: Strong social conventions. The ritual of arranging a marriage. People's social face, the sense of social honor and pride.
- Throughout Act I the atmosphere is stark, devoid of desire. It is rigid, calm and controlled, with a sign of anarchic passions in people.

### Act II

- Scene 1: Impending anarchic passion and agitation of control. Sense of fate.
- Scene 2: Animated excitement of the wedding celebration gradually freeing the expression of the people's emotion and passion. Stripping away of control, of the social mask.

The atmosphere is hot, passionate, animated and free. The movements are fresh, vital, free, quick. The speed of movement and the volume of noise quickens and increases as the scenes go on.

#### Conception of Act II, Scene 2:

This scene consists of eight little scenes, and rather an expressionistic quality. For the scenes do not directly follow each other, nor do they develop in terms of action. Rather they are expositions or expressions of what is going on from different perspectives. (This is especially true in the transi-

tion from the guests' entrance to the discovery of the Bride's absence.) The scene works as a whole. Therefore, the directorial intention was to emphasize the crowd's movements and noise even when dialogue was being carried on on another area of the stage, rather than trying to focus attention in the direction of the dialogue. (Actually, in the production

### Act III

Scene 1: Conflict between passion and a sense of social honor, expressed through the Bride and Leonarde. Conflict between human pride and death as a supernatural power.

Scene 2: "We have terrible days ahead" - the barren fate of these women. Their lament on man's death embodies their passion for their men and children. Heightened opposition of life and death. The importance of social honor diminishes from the people toward the end. There is a sense of nobility, a movement to the impersonal.

Now the perspective shifts from inside to outside the play. It is more objective, detached; the whole atmosphere becomes impersonal.

### 3. Dominant Mood of the Production

The Spanish temperament, derived from the land and the people, sets the tone of the play. One might use the image of a castle in describing the land - there is a feeling of leftiness, barrenness, dryness, and space, with a hidden primitive vitality and fertility rooted deep in the soil. The Spanish people have much the same characteristics. They are a people with violent, primitive, deep passions. Since they live within a rather rigid traditional, social code, they express their inner passions through their music, dance, songs, and bullfights. In the production this basic Spanish temperament should be tempered with a dark, heavy, fatal quality.

### 4. Functions of Collaborators in Forming the Style

Set: to present the atmosphere of the land of Spain (hot, dry, stern), as well as to provide the sense of place. The four walls of the house are important to visually give the feeling of the confined lives of these women. The general quality of the set should be heavy, oppressive.

Light: to create place and time of day, and to heighten the mood according to the scenes - (heat of sun, cool air of the forest, exciting hot air of the wedding celebration, disastrous, grim, heavy air of the lament on death).

Sound: to emphasize emotional sentiment and to sustain the

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flow of action between the scenes. Guitar music was used to heighten the Spanish mood.

Costumes: to convey realism by the use of material contemporary with the time and place. Use of color symbolism.

Properties: to emphasize the kind of life the characters led in the period and in the place. To heighten the images of poetry: knife, flower, water...

Actors: to know their personal histories and relations to the other characters and to the situation they are in, and to present themselves as three-dimensional beings. They must find the way to intensify their need as characters.



### METHOD OF WORKING WITH THE ACTORS

Due to her limited experience and to the kind of play and cast she had, the director did not set a definite method of working with the actors prior to the rehearsal period. However, a brief work plan, shown below, was submitted to the actors.

- 1st Week: Set up the physical reality in the scenes:
1. Find out what is happening and what you are doing.
  2. Set up relationships between characters.
  3. Find out their need.
- 2nd Week: Set a rough blocking and the actors should begin communicating with each other with lines. Lines should be learned by the end of this week.
- 3rd Week: Develop acting values:
1. Develop character elements.
  2. Intensify the needs of the character.
  3. Feel the need and the rhythm of the play.
  4. Set the blocking.
- 4th Week: Polish acting values:
1. Actors work on the timing, and rhythm of the character as well as on their growth from the beginning of the play to the end.
  2. Director works on pace, rhythm, and contrast.
- 5th Week: Technical rehearsals.

Along with this chart, the director had prepared herself in two areas: (1) the background of the play, that is, all the personal life stories of each character, and their relationships, what happened among these people before the play starts, and what happens off stage during the play; and (2) the materials to

introduce the Spanish temperament: articles on Spanish people and land, paintings (Picasso and Goya), music (Flamenco guitar), and Spanish people to talk to the actors. (The director herself had a long conversation with Francisco Garcia Lorca, and Mrs. Gilman, a daughter of a contemporary Spanish poet, George Guillen.)

There were two important determinations on the director's side in choosing the method of working on this production. In her previous work, a firm, already-set conception of the play (interpretation of characters, blocking, rhythm, as well as ideas and meaning of the play) tended to impose form upon the actors, rather than moulding the actors' contributions of a free imagination with the director's conception. This proved to be a dangerous path to a dead, sterile production. Therefore, her first determination was to give the actors in the early period of rehearsal as much freedom as possible, and to keep her ideas and conceptions flexible. (Actually, however, this method did not work well, for most of the actors were rather confused with the freedom given, and did not know what to do with it.) The second determination, as minor as it may seem, was never to act for the actors. Since this is the easiest way to communicate the director's idea to the actors, this had been her favorite method. But, this also proved to be a dangerous method which may bring puppets on the stage instead of living people, especially with the inexperienced actors.

What was done during the actual rehearsal period was mostly

the adjustment to individual acting problems. In other words, the director manipulated her method, if she had any, according to the actors, the problems, and the situation.

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DIRECTOR'S DAILY LOG

## DIRECTOR'S DAILY LOG

JANUARY 8-15

Casting: Because of the conflict with the major production, student interest in the audition was very poor.

Bases for casting:

1. Instinct for the role and for the play. Because of the kind of play, the actor's instinctive grasp of the character and the play was highly regarded.
2. The actor's texture or quality.
3. Their devotion to the work. I would rather work with hard, diligent workers than with temperamental, talented people.

JANUARY 30 (WEDNESDAY)

First Reading: The meeting was delayed by thirty minutes, waiting for an actor. Quite a few cast members were absent without any notice.

1. Introduction to Spain. Read the articles about Spain, the Spanish people, their traditions and temperament.
2. Introduction of the characters in the play. Each character explained his or her personal history (who he is, where he is from, etc.), and his recent concern (his need) to the cast. The purpose of this was to create a sense of intimacy and community among the actors as characters, as they belong to a small community in the play. The actors were expected to do some homework during the vacation.
3. Discussion of the play. Very vague reaction from the cast.

4. Read-through (standing up). Gave actors the freedom to move around to see how much they understood the characters and the situation, and how well they could manipulate, by themselves, their understanding.

Result: most of them had neither freedom nor any sign of imagination. They stood there and read it. It was shocking to the director, who was waiting to see something happen. Two freshmen in the leading roles were extremely poor. No sense of communication, faked acting! Jacob - so-called acting. Acting without any reality.

Elena - purely emotional reading. Her body is tense and stiff.

Found four types of speech patterns.

JANUARY 31 (THURSDAY)

Act I, Scene 1: To set up the reality and the relationships.

1. Mother and Son:

Slow rehearsal. Jacob understands well intellectually but does not seem to be able to translate that into simple acting terms. Nancy plays too straight! Seems to see an image of a stern, strong woman; plays that instead of playing a moment by a moment, whatever happens in the script. Her body is stiff; lack of relaxation and flexibility.

Decided to have a special session with Elena and Jacob to work on basic acting.

2. Mother and Neighbor:

Clarified what is happening.

FEBRUARY 1 (FRIDAY)

Act I, Scene 2: To set up the reality and the relationships.

Result:

Barbara - fair.

Marita - seemed to have the best understanding of what was going on. Good quality.

Ginny - seemed to indicate. Feel that it might be hard to break her down and bring out her inside.

Steve - surprised me with his idiosyncrasies. Already too concerned with what he is going to wear, where he is going to be on each line, and with bits and business. A sign of insecurity? Have to shift his attention from outside to inside. Told him to be concerned with the inner core of the character only, for a while.

Tense, blue rehearsal. Felt the pressure of four impossible, rocky weeks ahead.

FEBRUARY 2 (SATURDAY)

Improvisations: for Jacob and Elena, to bring them down to a base of talking and listening.

First Imprevisation:

A boy and a girl live in the same building. They know each other only casually. It is two o'clock in the morning. The boy comes down to her apartment from a party upstairs to make out with her. He bet his pride on this deal with his friend. So he has to win. The girl's action is to get rid of him, as she has an exam early next morning.

Result: The first time they indicated whatever they did. The second time they suddenly started

to listen, think and talk. Jake, especially, dropped the artificial classic tone in his speech and brought in simple reality.

**Second Improvisation:**

The Bride is at the field, waiting to see Leonardo pass. There, unexpectedly, the Groom appears. The Bride has to get rid of the Groom before Leonardo comes. The Groom has to find out why the Bride is behaving in such a way.

Result: Both of them successfully played the action. There was a sense of something happening. Jake told me afterwards that for the first time he could see what the Bridegroom is going through in the play from both ends, when he was told what the Bride was doing in the field. By both ends, Jake meant both before and after he realizes what is happening in the Bride. Fruitful rehearsal!

FEBRUARY 4 (MONDAY)

Act I, Scene 1: Communication. Since Nancy does not have a sense of communication, the main purpose of this rehearsal was to get her to communicate.

Result: Let her take as much time as she needed to go through a process of listening, absorbing, adjusting and reacting. Whenever she missed any of this process, I stopped her and had her do it again. Her acting tends to evolve only in her head without sinking into her depth. Also, the image she sets up, whatever it is, is in her way. A colorless, dry reading!

Jake, as a result of the improvisations on Saturday, communicates well on the simple level. But now he lacks a vitality and projection. Depth and intensity.



Noticed that he has a funny movement mannerism. He sort of jiggles around. Utterly unspanish!

Act I, Scene 2: To set up the relationship between Servant and Bride. Break down the scene.

Elena has a deep understanding and right impulses, but no control over its vocal and physical expression. Yvonne emotionally over-acts!!

FEBRUARY 5 (TUESDAY)

Act I, Scene 3: To set up the reality and the relationship. (Father absent)

Act I, Scene 2: Improvisations to develop the insight and experience of the scene within the actors.

First Improvisation:

Focus on Ginny. The situation is the same as the scene. Ginny is to get Steve's attention to focus on her and on his family. This is the last chance. Steve is to get her to shut her mouth.

Result: Not too good. Ginny did not seem to know what to do. Instead of relaxing herself to open for the spontaneous moments, she thinks intellectually.

Second Improvisation:

The situation is the same. Start the scene with the lines in the script. Told Steve to break away from the script whenever he felt like it. The actions are the same.

Result: When Steve suddenly started to speak different lines, Ginny at first seemed puzzled. Gradually she began to adjust. She really had to take in what Steve said. Steve went so far as to slap her face. Ginny's reaction to that

was excellent.

After the rehearsal had a talk with Ginny. Now she knows, she said, the difference between an indication and a true reaction. She found it in her.

Had conference with set designer.

FEBRUARY 6 (WEDNESDAY)

Act II, Scene 2: To break down the scene between the Servant, Bride and Leonarde.

Decide to start blocking as the actors seem incapable of translating whatever is happening in the situation into stage movements. The freedom which I have been allowing them has been good-for-nothing. Sad!

FEBRUARY 7 (THURSDAY)

Forest Scene: To break down the scene, and to improvise the movement with lines.

Act III, Scene 2: To break down the scene and read.

FEBRUARY 8 (FRIDAY)

Music rehearsal: Singing mainly.

Found out that those actresses who are supposed to sing cannot sing. Ruth is tone-deaf. Hard to believe. The only possibility is Yvonne.

Decided to change singing part to chanting, although less effective and harder to justify. The children's scene in Act III, Scene 2 will die . . .

Reading Run-through:

Elena

Nancy...?!

Ginny

Jake

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FEBRUARY 9 (SATURDAY)

Acting Exercise: To work with Nancy and Ginny on projection of different kinds of emotions.

Nancy - go through hate, jealousy, hope, despair, relief, resignation, using the materials in the script, and sitting on a chair.

Ginny - go through joy, anxiety, fear, anger, jealousy, and remorse.

Result: it is hard for Nancy to project vulgar emotions such as greed or jealousy. Have to take away her noble dreamy quality. Another problem with her is communication. For this, decided to force her to wear her contact lenses. Nancy seems not to realize what she is doing and what she is not doing. An air of self-satisfaction keeps her from facing herself, that is, from facing herself to a starting point. This apparent confidence may simply be a facade covering her inner insecurity, but I took a chance and attempted to break it down. Anyway, she needed a distractive experience. She was appalled at my unfriendly, cool, professional attack, as the director happened to have been a personal friend who had been always nice and considerate to her. She left rehearsal confused, but let her be disturbed for awhile.

Ginny has a projection problem. Have to find a way of deepening and intensifying her need.

Called up Nancy's roommate late at night to check how Nancy was feeling.

FEBRUARY 11 (MONDAY)

Line rehearsal: without director.

## FEBRUARY 12 (TUESDAY)

Act I, Scene 1: Analyzed the scene from different possible angles. Read each time with different interpretation.

Jake has difficulty in playing a simple single action. Nancy looked like the whole world was against her. Although she lost a friendly attitude toward the rehearsal, she began to have a dark, gloomy quality.

Act I, Scene 2: Blocking.

Act III, Scene 2: Reading.

Conference with light designer.

## FEBRUARY 13 (WEDNESDAY)

Singing Rehearsal: People were absent.

Nancy's body is stiff and tense. Jake still jiggles. Tried to work on his movement physically, from outside, but it only made him more conscious about his body and therefore more awkward. It may be a matter of focus. If he knows and can concentrate on what precisely happens in the scene, he may be able to drop his mannerism.

Forest Scene: Start blocking. Found that Elena could not move and speak. Stopped blocking and did some improvisations. Took some sketches of interesting movements.

Act III, Scene 2: Blocking.

Decided to use music to help Elena's movement. If she learns the movements with music as a dance first, and then tries to coordinate with the lines slowly, it might help. Told Nancy to drop the strong side of Mother's character, as this was the only quality she could project at the moment. Ginny is coming slowly, but truthfully.

## FEBRUARY 14 (THURSDAY)

Act II, Scene 2: Experiments in blocking and some shaping.

Act III, Scene 2: Blocking.

Act I, Scene 1: Blocking. The blocking I gave at the last rehearsal did not seem to work for Jake. So he was asked to bring in his own blocking, which would be organic to him. Some of them were nice. Decided to go along with that for awhile.

## FEBRUARY 15 (FRIDAY)

Act II, Scene 2: Servant's song. Blocking.

Act II, Scene 1: Blocking. Servant, Bride and Leonardo.

Act III, Scene 2: Three little girls. Blocking.

## FEBRUARY 16 (SATURDAY)

Act II, Scene 2: Improvisations of the crowd scene. Got some ideas; the music has been arranged between three boys. Many people were absent. No sense in having rehearsal with so many absent!

Why are people absent from rehearsal without any notice?  
Production meeting.

## FEBRUARY 18 (MONDAY)

Forest Scene: The purpose of this rehearsal was to bring out a womanly quality in Elena, and to create some kind of feeling-tie between Elena and Steve.

## 1. Elena:

I had a talk with Elena on Sunday. Through the conversation I found that she has had some experience and has the potentiality of being more of a woman than she appears.

With Ravel's "Bolero" - told her to relax and just feel the music, then let her slowly move

the middle section of her body. Amazingly, Elena, with music, moves gracefully, sensually. Her rigid body carriage began to have softness.

2. Steve and Elena:

Improvisation: Steve is sitting on a bench in the park, reading a book. It is late afternoon. Elena is to invite him to her apartment, without using a word. Put out the light in the room and put on Ravel's "Bolero".

Result: Successful! I did not give action to Steve, but told him to respond, or not, to her in the way he felt. Took a long time before anything started to happen, as Steve did not take any interest in what Elena was trying to do. But as Elena beautifully, desperately, started to manipulate her body and feelings, Steve's attention was genuinely focused on her and his interest in her got stronger . . .

3. Choreographed the scene - with music, without lines. Very slow, relaxed rhythm. Avoided anything which might give tension to Elena's carriage. Told them to relax and feel something between them. Successful rehearsal!

4. Jake: his little scene in the forest.

Act I, Scene 1: Attempted new blocking as the first arrangement had not been working.

Act III, Scene 2: Run-through with all the women.

FEBRUARY 19 (TUESDAY)

Act I, Scene 3: Work on rhythm. Elena's timing is so irregular; it never comes out as a sustained, controlled rhythm. Bennett's absence does not help at all.

Act I, Scene 2: Work on rhythm. They responded well.

Act I, Scene 1: New blocking. Brought more movements to Son. Seemed to work better for Jake. Allowed Nancy to bring in the bitterness and the strength of this woman again. Her acting seemed a little richer.

FEBRUARY 20 (WEDNESDAY)

Jake.

Act III, Scene 2: Blocking.

Act II: Crowd scene. Attempted to set some of the blocking. But it did not seem to work since so many of the cast were absent.

FEBRUARY 21 (THURSDAY)

Act II, Scene 1: Set blocking. Elena, Steve, and Yvonne.

Act III, Scene 2: The scene between Mother and Bride is not working.

FEBRUARY 22 (FRIDAY)

Run-Through: This rehearsal was especially planned for the people who were on crew for the major production and who could not make the rehearsals otherwise. But not a single one of them appeared at the rehearsal. We wasted an hour waiting, then called off the rehearsal.

Act III, Scene 2: Check the blocking, and start working on the acting value. Problems with Elena and Nancy.

The attitude of some members toward the rehearsals is poor. This seems to affect the spirit of the production. Rather messy situation.

Started to have rehearsals with Bennett in the mornings alone.

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FEBRUARY 23 (SATURDAY)

Run-Through: Nothing was accomplished because three musicians were absent. Changed schedule from run-through to Act I, Scene 1 - Nancy and Jake.

Forest Scene: To the dance movement we choreographed last time, added little hand movement with the words. Still with the music, and at a slow tempo. Let them whisper the words instead of talk. Elena was still stiff, but softer than before. The music seems to help.

FEBRUARY 25 (MONDAY)

Act II, Scene 2: Meant to be setting the crowd scene. But again due to the absences among the cast, very little accomplishment.

Act I, Scene 2: Bridegroom and Mother. Jake's problem - cannot concentrate, cannot bring vitality, cannot listen, cannot move. None of the points brought up in previous rehearsals have been improved.

Realized that the director's kind and tolerant attitude has been partially the cause of the irresponsibility and ill-cooperation from some members of the cast toward the production. This is about the time to throw bombs to shake them up. Mr. X suggested, "Now, remember, these are high school kids, not a...". The director is in the process of becoming a director rather than a person!?!?

FEBRUARY 26 (TUESDAY)

Act I, Scene 1: Jake and Nancy. Started to use 'whip' to keep Jake's concentration full and alert. Every time he did wrong, I whipped a chair or desk. Drove him nuts. But for the first time, he was very responsive and intense all the way through the rehearsal, and every second



he was trying to do his best. He improved. He brought in the vitality of a young boy. Nancy...?

Forest Scene: Bonny came to rehearsal for the first time. Leonardo and Bride scene finally set in detail. After a few times with music, ran through with words and movement without music. It worked beautifully.

FEBRUARY 27 (WEDNESDAY)

Run-through for Mr. Kazanoff.

"There is a form.

Work on the crowd scene.

Sharpen the crucial moments.

There are acting problems....,"  
said he.

Act I, Scene 2: Worked on Leonardo's entrance for an hour. Still it is not working.

Act I, Scene 1: Worked on Nancy's variety.

FEBRUARY 28 (THURSDAY)

Act II, Scenes 1,2: Servant, Bride, Leonardo.

Act III, Scene 2: Women's and children's scene.

Act I, Scene 3: With Bennett, final blocking.

Forest Scene: Woodcutters, Bridegroom, Death. Moon is still missing. Woodcutters' scene is not working.

MARCH 1 (FRIDAY)

Steve and Elena: The scene just before the wedding is not working. Hard to block organically - too many poetic words! Decided to shorten some of the poetic expression. Seemed to help the timing between the Bride and Leonardo.

Yvonne: Tried to set the songs and blocking with the business. Ego of Yvonne and Ruth who plays for

her conflicts. Between the two of them the director's ego has gone somewhere. It takes a long, long time for Yvonne to coordinate the activities in the scene.

MARCH 2 (SATURDAY)

Woodcutters: Reblock the scene.

Crowd Scene: Finally set. Meanwhile, the members of the crowd have been changing. Gave each of them an action to play.

Run-through: Ugh, ugh! The show is not yet in a shape to get in Room 204 in a week. Still tremendous primary acting problems. Act I, Scene 2, which has been working quite well, somehow began to go downhill. Marita is too conscious about her acting. Steve got confused. Nancy...?

MARCH 4 (MONDAY)

Nancy, Jake and Pat:

The personal relationship between Nancy and Pat off-stage is brought in on stage. They do not work together. Jake is getting better; he is more consistent all the way through.

Ginny and Marita:

Ginny is a steady worker. The inner being of the character is there, but it lacks energy. Yvonne is sick - absent.

Conference with costume designer.

MARCH 5 (TUESDAY)

Act III, Scene 2: Nancy, Elena and Ginny. Work on the last moments of the play.

Crowd Scene: Tried to work on the scene with the musicians. Yvonne is absent; could not accomplish much.

## MARCH 6 (WEDNESDAY)

Act I, Scenes 1,2,3: Run-through. Again Yvonne is absent.

Act III, Scenes 1,2: Run-through. Forest Scene is not coordinating. John McLean's first appearance at a rehearsal.

None of the actors have yet found the key.

## MARCH 7 (THURSDAY)

The afternoon rehearsal was canceled. Instead, the director had a long conference with Nancy. During the conversation, I found that Nancy had an antagonistic feeling toward the director, which came about as the result of what happened in the early part of the rehearsal period. (She actually lost her faith in me as a person. She became disillusioned because of what I had done to her at the rehearsals.) At any rate, this personal problem between us had been the barrier to her breaking through to the role. We re-established our relationship after a long conversation.

Stop and run run-through: Keith (costume designer) came to the rehearsal.

## MARCH 8 (FRIDAY)

Act II, Scene 2: Work on the ending of the scene.

Act III, Scene 2: Children's Scene. Experiment with their props.

Run-through: I felt that the actors are not quite clear as to what they are doing. Decided to have individual conferences with them in order to go over the script again - next week in the mornings.

Yvonne is still absent.

## MARCH 9 (SATURDAY)

Work with Steve and Elena.

Act II: Rehearse the cues. Crowd members tend to move differently every time.

## MARCH 10 (SUNDAY)

Main characters were called to the theatre to have a blocking rehearsal prior to the run-through.

Run-through: with Mr. Kazanoff.

Nancy finally has found the key. I was, for the first time, emotionally involved with the play, watching the rehearsal. It seems as though the whole production finally clicked. Now, this is a real starting point.

## MARCH 11 (MONDAY)

After a week's absence Yvonne finally came back to the rehearsal.

Yvonne and Elena.

Experiment with some changes in the Lullaby scene, Act I, Scene 3, and the Woodcutters' Scene.

Blocking rehearsal of the crowd scene.

## MARCH 12 (TUESDAY)

Work on the climactic scenes: the ending of Acts II and III.

Run-through: with lights and sound. Mr. Hierch came to the rehearsal.

During breaks, tried to work with the light and sound cues.

## MARCH 13 (WEDNESDAY)

Work with Nancy and Elena; Steve, Elena and Yvonne.

Run-through: Most of the actors seem to be on their way. Especially Nancy.

MARCH 14 (THURSDAY)

Act II, Crowd Scene.

Dress Rehearsal.

MARCH 15 (FRIDAY)

Personal conferences with the actors. Stage manager had technical rehearsal at the theatre.

Critique Performance.

MARCH 16 (SATURDAY)

Act I, Scenes 1,2.

Stop and Run Run-through: Spent a great deal of time experimenting with a change of set in Act II, Scene 2.

Finally decided to remove the upper stage wall. This gives more scope.

MARCH 17 (SUNDAY)

Act III, Scene 1: Sharpen the timing of the entrances and exits of the characters. More experiments in lights.

Work on the coordination of three characters: Moon, Death, and Bridegroom. Changed some complicated movements of Leonardo and the Bride to simpler ones.

Act II, Scene 2: Gave a little more choreography to the crowd singing.

Run-through.

MARCH 18 (MONDAY)

Performance - 8:00 p.m.

MARCH 19 (TUESDAY)

Performance - 4:00 p.m.

**PERFORMANCE LOG**

**MARCH 18th and 19th.  
1963**

March 15th, '63..... Critique Performance.  
7:30 p.m. Rm. 210, B.U.T.

March 18th, '63..... Performance.  
8:00 p.m. Rm. 210, B.U.T.

March 19th, '63..... Performance.  
4:00 p.m. Rm. 210, B.U.T.

**PHOTOGRAPHS**





- Act I, S I -

Son: . . . .

Mother: Your father, he used to take me. That's the way with men of good stock; good blood. Your grandfather left a son on every corner. That's what I like. Men, men; wheat, wheat.

Neighbor: ... Your son is worth a lot.

Mother: Yes. - a lot. That's why I look after him. They told me the girl had a sweetheart some time ago.

Neighbor: She was about fifteen. He's been married two years now - to a cousin of hers, as a matter of fact. But nobody remembers about their engagement.

Mother: How do you remember it?

Neighbor: Oh, what question you ask!

Mother: We would like to know all about the things that hurt us. Who was the boy?

Neighbor: Leonard.



- Act I, Scene I -

Mother: Look at me.

Father: She resembles my wife in every way.

Mother: Yes? What a beautiful glance! Do you know  
what is to be married, child?

Bride: I do.

Mother: A man, some children and a wall two yards  
thick for everything else.



- Act I, 83 -



- Act II, 82 -

Leonardo: To burn with desire and keep quiet  
 about it is the greatest punishment  
 we can bring on ourselves. What good  
 was pride to me - and not seeing you.  
 ..... no good! It only served to  
 bring the fire down on me!  
 You think that time heals and walls hide  
 things, but it isn't true, it isn't true!  
 When things get that deep, there isn't  
 anybody can change them.

Bride: I can't listen to you! .....

Awake, O Brick, awaken,  
On your wedding morning waken!

Awake  
With the fresh bouquet  
of flowering laurel.

Awake,  
with the green bouquet  
of love in flower....



- Act II, Scene I -

Servant: Here they are!  
Bridegroom: There's never been a wedding with so many people!  
Bride: Never!  
Father: It was brilliant.  
Mother: Whole branches of families came.



-Act II, S2-

Father: Where is my daughter?

Son: She is inside.



- Act II, S II -

Mother: Go! After them!

No. Don't go. Those people kill  
quickly and well... but yes, run,  
and I'll follow!



- Act II, S 2 -





Beggar Woman: I saw them: they'll be here  
soon;  
two torrents still at last, among  
the green boulders,  
two men at the horse's feet.  
Two dead men in the night's splendor.  
Dead, yes, dead.



— Act III, Scene 2 —

Bride: You have <sup>would</sup> gone, too. I was a woman burning  
with desire, full of sores inside and out,  
and your son was a little bit of water from  
which I hoped for children, land, health;  
but the other one was a dark river,  
choked with brush . . . . .



- Act III, S2 -

Mother: And it barely fits the hand  
but it slides in clean  
through the astonished flesh  
and stops there, at the place  
where trembles enmeshed  
the dark root of a scream.



- Act III, Scene 2 -

**STUDENT COMMENTS**

Anthony Dingman:

Having already aired my views on both the Friday critique performance and also the final Tuesday performance, I find it difficult to say anything new at this point. Perhaps it is well enough to reiterate my primary criticism.

I think Akemi deserve a great deal of credit in choosing such a difficult play in the first place, and secondly for doing such a commendable job with it. The production was not perfect, but I felt that it was one of the most successful graduate productions this year in terms of carefully delineating its dramatic idea. Again, however, I must question this, simply because there are a number of factors which enter into such an opinion. In the first place, I was quite familiar with this theme in Blood Wedding through preceding class discussions, secondly, the theme is also found a large extent in my own graduate show, A View From The Bridge; and thirdly, it may simply be the lucidity of Lorca's writing that made the theme so apparent.

Lastly, although such of the credit for such and imaginative and effective setting may have to go to Doug Schmidt, since the director is ultimately responsible for the entire production, Miss Horie deserves full commendation for that also.

Ron Irving:

I would like to thank the director for giving me my first view of a Lorca work. I would also wish to commend her for her courage in tackling this play under the conditions and limitations of a graduate thesis production. The more I study this play the more I realize just how difficult it is to produce in the best of situation.

When one considers that the director was working with actors ranging from freshmen to graduate students, the high degree of unity she achieved is particularly remarkable. Her costuming was another amazing feat which enhanced the total production. And, for me, the use of live music was the most successful technical accomplishment adding a dimension which could not have been achieved in any other way—certainly not through recorded music.

I was greatly impressed by the work done over the week-end and felt that Tuesday's performance was far more successful on the whole than Friday night's. The performances of The Bride and Leonarde, had improved measurably; and the opening up of the wedding scene added more dynamic intensity and interest to an already successful scene.

The setting, which in itself was a remarkable technical achievement for 2IO, served to reinforce the restrictive atmosphere in which the characters live; but I fear it also proved a restrictive influence on the fertile mind of the

director. From her past work I knew how rich her imagination can be in providing visual symbols which, through deceptively simple use of line, form and colour, create a potent impact.

The set as constructed prohibited (under 210 lighting conditions) the most effective use of colour symbolism which could have heightened the force of the tragedy providing a richness and variety equal to the writing style.

A less naturalistic approach would have allowed her to intensify this tragedy in the terms with which she is particularly adept.

My chief criticism of the production centers around the pivotal character of Leonarde. My personal belief is that he should "come across" as a far more sympathetic person—a good man whose tragic destiny is shaped by the power of the passion which drives him.

I feel that as he was portrayed (less so on Tuesday) the character tended to weaken the theme of the play as set forth in the Statement of Intention.

The director and I have discussed the crucial second scene of the play and have reached friendly disagreement on it. Should the poetic symbolism be displayed so <sup>overly</sup> at this point? I would say no. Coupled with the latter part (after Leonarde's entrance) this scene added a heaviness that effected the whole performance.

I fully appreciate the directors particular difficulties.



with cast and crew and am sorry that such conditions existed.  
I can only hope that her disillusionment will be softened in  
time, because it would be unfortunate that the theatre lose such  
a creative person as a result of this one experience.

William Sheffler:

The views presented in this paper are based on the Monday evening performance of Blood Wedding as I was unable to attend the other performances. My reactions to the presentation as a whole are mixed and while much of what follows must be considered negative criticism, the script is exceptionally difficult and there were a number of stirring moments in the --highlighted by the Moon-Death scene.

Outstanding, for me, is the way in which Akemi was able to dramatize and theatricalize the script in terms of the situation and relationships she developed. I think the script is especially intimidating in the fact that large sections of the script are undramatic and untheatrical at least in the terms that our contemporary audience find acceptable. Frequently there are long sections of the script which give no indication of action line or where the action line is simply suspended. Akemi was successful in finding a dramatic impulse for almost all of these sections and she did so within the stylistic limits--basically "realistic"--that she had chosen for her production.

This very accomplishment, however, also presented some serious disadvantages. The very casting of the play into "realism" removed some of the devices of variety, theatrical if not dramatic, which add to the overall impact of the work and which are distinctly Ierican lyricism. Just as many of the chorus passages in Greek drama are not strictly dramatic, I don't think it is altogether

fruitful to tightly contain such scenes as the Lullaby, the woodmen, and the three little girls scenes in realism or even to insist they be dramatic in the most limited meaning of the word.

The two things which disturbed me most about the production, however, were its lack of contrast and its heaviness,. The production was relentlessly heavy. Instead of deFalla's Ritual Fire Dance, we get something akin to Brunhilde's immolation Scene from Die Walkure by Wagner. Instead of Spaniards of great temperament and passion, it was something rather relentlessly Teutonic. The effort was to create a tragic mode and use foreshadowing, the achievement ~~was~~ something so heavy that from the first you felt nothing really more horrible could happen to these people as they seemed already weighed down well past hope. From the first scene the Mother was already so tragic a figure that nothing could happen to move us beyond where we were. This oppressive heaviness added to the unvarying "realism" produced a tremendous lack of contrast—except for the Moon-Death scene— and made sustained interest most difficult.

The final criticism of the production I found in the use of the stage space— and this basically is to be found in the set. It seemed to limit both the play and the director. From what I have seen of Akemi's work and from what others have said, she seems to have an admirable ability to create mood and a great flexibility in the way she uses space. I've seen her create the effect<sup>d</sup> of confinement on an open and bare stage with much space—

and the mood was sustained for the length of the play. In the same show she did some very exciting things with stage movement in creating plastic relationships. In the setting which she used for Blood Wedding, the confinement was such that it seemed to oppress the production. Its limited space and its limited atmosphere seemed to hamper the director's work. It was so much flat black and white that it seemed to permeate the production with the same feeling. Somehow the black was not that exciting and dynamic black of Spain(it had so little vital contrast) but the mourning of an oppressed people with a broken spirit.

From the above comments it is apparent that I was disappointed in the production. It is also true that this disappointment is due, in no small part, to my expectations from Akemi. It is true that the script is an exceptionally difficult one and I'm not ashamed to say that I would not have the temerity to attempt it. Perhaps, then, I've no right to be disappointed except that I have a very great respect for Akemi's ability. In addition to the two qualities I've already admired, I've found both her work and her ideas extraordinarily clean and precise. The results have always had almost engrossing balance of the classic and the passionate. I felt these would all go to bring an interesting experience to the production. They should have. Now I only wonder what it was that hampered the situation and prevented the connection. I still feel it should have been there.

FACULTY COMMENTS

### FACULTY COMMENTS

The general attitude of the faculty toward the production was favorable. They agreed that I had done a considerably successful job with a rather difficult play and with the situation I had. Especially there was a great deal of commendation on the Moon-Death scene, and on the creativity of the designers. Also, there was appreciation for the accomplishment made by freshmen and sophomore students.

The main criticism was that the performance lacked contrast and variety in the scenes. They felt that the rhythm was too heavy and that it stayed on one level throughout the whole play. The director thoroughly agrees with this criticism. There was some minor criticism on things which could have been improved in other situations and with different actors. I will not include these comments here.

Mr. Watts alone expressed a negative feeling toward the production, although he too appreciated the work the director and other company members had done. It seems that the production did not reach the standard he wished to see represented in the play.

**FINAL HINDSIGHT CONCLUSIONS**

## FINAL HINDSIGHT CONCLUSIONS

Above all, I would like to express my gratitude to the actors, designers and crew members who showed their sincere interest and cooperation in working for the production of Blood Wedding. Good or bad as the result might have been, I am sure that for each of us the experience will remain a fruitful seed for our future growth.

To the one who directed the production the result remains a failure. For, mainly, she feels that she did not fulfill the responsibilities of a director, regardless of the difficulty of the problems she had. The performance lacked the essential directorial values, such as contrast from scene to scene, variety of rhythm and pace, and accentuation of the crucial moments of the play. Also, communication between the director and the technical staff was rather weak. This produced problems in coordinating the technical aspects with what was happening on stage. These problems would have been considerably less if the director had had more skill and experience in the management of this area.

Looking back, it seems that her role during this production was not that of director, but rather that of an acting coach - furthermore, a peer one. It appears now that the director was trapped in the situation, and lost a chance to



work with the play as a director.

A turning point in this regard came about during the third week of the rehearsal period, when the director had to face overwhelming acting problems in the company. Then, instead of stepping out of the situation and trying to find remedies for the problems, she placed herself right in the center of the difficulties and felt them with the actors. The problem got deeper; her involvement sank deeper in the mud! Gradually she lost perspective for the whole production, and her creative energy was sapped in coping with these problems. Thus, the director's function toward the final stage of the rehearsal period was neglected, and the production stagnated on the level of the third-week rehearsal period. I have learned a lesson out of this experience. I now realize how important it is for a director to maintain a detachment between herself and the production, so that she can always be objective. A director should always be aware of problems, but should never feel them.

Now, why were there so many acting problems? Some of the actors spoke up to me after the production. They said there was some confusion among the actors regarding the understanding of the play and of what the director wanted from them. I wish that they had spoken earlier in the rehearsal period. But this little incident indicates exactly the kind of problem

which existed between the director and the actors: that is, the problem of communication. This was attributed mostly to the director's language barrier, and partially to the lack of persistence and sensitivity on the actors' side in trying to understand what the director meant. As for the actors' confusion in understanding the script, it seems that they could not quite see the distinction between the actor's breakdown of the script and the ideas and meaning of the play. This confusion of two seemingly identical but sometimes completely different factors get in the way of developing the clear ground for their acting. Most of the actors were young and inexperienced. The director could have helped them if she had known the situation. In addition to this, the freedom given to the actors during the early rehearsal period, and the director's open, flexible conception of the play served only to create confusion and insecurity among the actors. These problems could have been foreseen if the director had had more experience and maturity. She failed to help the more experienced actors, since she had not the time to help them bring out their best, having been involved in the problems with the inexperienced students.

The public reaction to the production was interesting. Those who liked the show liked it very much, while those who

did not had a lot to say. It seems that one-third of the audience was on the latter side. The common criticism was - "too heavy", "too tragic" - which is valid to a certain degree. Yet, this criticism led me to the conclusion that these people might not have been able to really appreciate this kind of play. Some people wanted to see a beautifully symbolic musical spectacle. Others wanted to see, if not a spectacle, a tragedy with a light American sauce. Other directors may choose their own intentions and form for Bleed Wedding. But the general experience offered through this production was what this director wanted. She did not want it any other way.

Above all, the most important value gleaned by the director during the experience of working with this production was a great deal of new insight into herself, as a person.

**BUDGET**

Boston University School of Fine and Applied Arts  
Division of Theatre Arts

GRADUATE THESIS PRODUCTIONS

Authorization Procedures

Name of student: AKEMIA HORIE Performance Dates: Mar 18, 19

Play: Blood Wedding Author: lorca

PROCEDURE DATE ACCOMPLISHED

1. Authorization:  
Samuel Hirsch, Directing Chairman 3/4/63  
John Schuyler, Division Chairman 3/4/63

2. Design Scheme Approved:  
Raymond Souff, Chairman of Design 3/4-63

3. Production Expenses:	<u>PROPOSED BUDGET</u>	<u>ACTUAL BUDGET</u>
Scenery	\$ <u>10</u>	\$ <u>10</u>
Properties	\$ <u>8</u>	\$ <u>5.73</u>
Costumes	\$ <u>10</u>	\$ <u></u>
Lighting	\$ <u></u>	\$ <u>3.10</u>
Sound & Music	\$ <u></u>	\$ <u></u>
Transportation	\$ <u>2</u>	\$ <u>2.80</u>
Scripts	\$ <u></u>	\$ <u></u>
Miscellaneous	\$ <u>5</u>	\$ <u></u>
<b>TOTAL</b>	\$ <u>35</u>	\$ <u>29.23</u>

4. Budget Approved:  
John Schuyler, Division Chairman 3/4/63

5. Purchasing Accounts Settled:  
Joseph McFlynn, Theatre Manager 4/5/63

6. Theatre Practice Evaluation Forms Returned:  
J. V. Nicholson, Production Manager 4/5/63

7. Production Book Received:  
Ted Kazanoff, Faculty Advisor 1/15/64

8. Production Book Approved:  
Samuel Hirsch, Directing Chairman 1/9/63  
John Schuyler, Division Chairman 1/9/63

**GROUND PLAN**



STAGE

BLANKS

3rd PORTAL

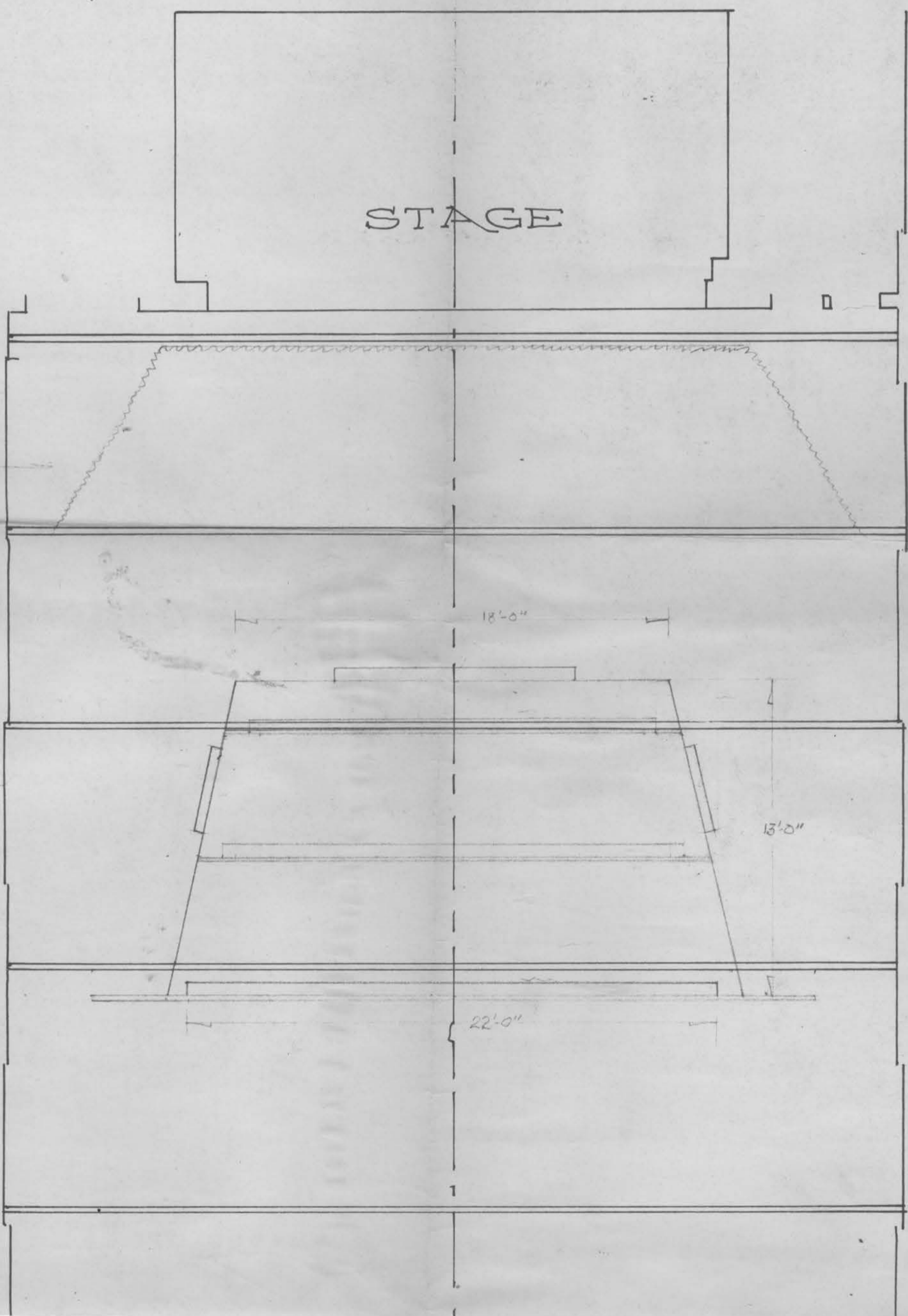
2nd PORTAL

1st PORTAL

18'-0"

13'-0"

22'-0"



GROUND PLAN

BLOOD WEDDING

by GARCIA LORCA

for A. Hortie

SCALE 1'-0" =  $\frac{1}{4}$ " INCH / D. SCHMITZ

1



**PRODUCTION PROMPT BOOK PLOTS**

## ACT I, SCENE I

table (against DL wall)  
table and 2 chairs (LC)  
knife with bone handle ( table DL)  
potatoes, paring knife, wooden bowl (table LC)  
coat (fireplace hook UL)  
cross of maroon flowers (back wall, R of C)

## SCENE 2

table ( against DL wall)  
table and 2 chairs (LC)  
washing stand (RC)  
chair (DR)  
pottery washing basin and jug ( washing stand RC)  
white cotton towel (back wall hook UL)  
2 dull metal glasses and pitcher ( table DL)  
sewing basket (table LC)  
wooden bowl with edible grapes (table LC)  
swaddled doll (chair DR)  
saddle bags (off R)

## SCENE 3

table (DL)  
table and three chairs (RC)  
lace tablecloth (table RC)  
tray with small cakes and tray with 3 wine glasses (off R)  
wine bottle (off R)  
2 gift wrapped boxes (off L)

## ACT II, SCENE 1

bench (RC)

chair (UL of C)

mirror and comb (off L)

## SCENE 2

table (L)

table and 2 chairs (DR)

trays of cakes, wine bottles, glasses, bowls of fruit (table L)

tray of cakes (table R)

white flower lay (off R)

## ACT III, SCENE 1

2 axes (off L)

## SCENE 2

maroon wool skein (off R)

2 corpses (off L)

ACT ONE  
SCENE 1

*A room painted yellow.*

BRIDEGROOM, *entering*. Mother.

MOTHER. What?

BRIDEGROOM. I'm going.

MOTHER. Where?

BRIDEGROOM. To the vineyard.

*He starts to go.*

MOTHER. Wait.

BRIDEGROOM. You want something?

MOTHER. Your breakfast, son.

BRIDEGROOM. Forget it. I'll eat grapes. Give me the knife.

MOTHER. What for?

BRIDEGROOM, *laughing*. To cut the grapes with.

MOTHER, *muttering as she looks for the knife*. Knives, knives. Cursed be all knives, and the scoundrel who invented them.

BRIDEGROOM. Let's talk about something else.

MOTHER. And guns and pistols and the smallest little knife—and even hoes and pitchforks.

BRIDEGROOM. All right.

MOTHER. Everything that can slice a man's body. A handsome man, full of young life, who goes out to the vineyards or to his own olive groves—his own because he's inherited them . . .

BRIDEGROOM, *lowering his head*. Be quiet.

MOTHER. . . . and then that man doesn't come back. Or if he does come back it's only for someone to cover him over with a palm leaf or a plate of rock salt so he won't

Warn Cue #I and House  
Warn Guitar

House to  $\frac{1}{2}$   
3ct. pause

Go guitar  
theme

House down  
20ct.

Cue #I  
6ct. fade

### CHARACTERS

THE MOTHER  
THE BRIDE  
THE MOTHER-IN-LAW  
LEONARDO'S WIFE  
THE SERVANT WOMAN  
THE NEIGHBOR WOMAN  
YOUNG GIRLS  
LEONARDO  
THE BRIDEGROOM  
THE BRIDE'S FATHER  
THE MOON  
DEATH (*as a Beggar Woman*)  
WOODCUTTERS  
YOUNG MEN

I.

2

33

4

5

6

1. X R door  
2. stand, X L cupboard  
3. face DL

- 1. Mother in chair DL
- 2. take coat off rack
- 3. X R door
- 4. stand, X L cupboard
- 5. stop
- 6. face DL

1. X to table, face Bridegroom
2. hand knife, sit DL
3. rise

1. Mother in chair DL
2. take coat off rack
3. X R door
4. stand, X J cupboard
5. stop
6. face DL

bloat. I don't know how you dare carry a knife on your body—or how I let this serpent

*She takes a knife from a kitchen chest.*

stay in the chest.

BRIDEGROOM. Have you had your say?

MOTHER. If I lived to be a hundred I'd talk of nothing else. First your father; to me he smelled like a carnation and I had him for barely three years. Then your brother. Oh, is it right—how can it be—that a small thing like a knife or a pistol can finish off a man—a bull of a man? No, I'll never be quiet. The months pass and the hopelessness of it stings in my eyes and even to the roots of my hair.

BRIDEGROOM, *forcefully*. Let's quit this talk!

MOTHER. No. No. Let's not quit this talk. Can anyone bring me your father back? Or your brother? Then there's the jail. What do they mean, jail? They eat there, smoke there, play music there! My dead men choking with weeds, silent, turning to dust. Two men like two beautiful flowers. The killers in jail, carefree, looking at the mountains.

BRIDEGROOM. Do you want me to go kill them?

MOTHER. No . . . If I talk about it it's because . . . Oh, how can I help talking about it, seeing you go out that door? It's . . . I don't like you to carry a knife. It's just that . . . that I wish you wouldn't go out to the fields.

BRIDEGROOM, *laughing*. Oh, come now!

MOTHER. I'd like it if you were a woman. Then you wouldn't be going out to the arroyo now and we'd both of us embroider flounces and little woolly dogs.

BRIDEGROOM, *he puts his arm around his mother and laughs*. Mother, what if I should take you with me to the vineyards?

MOTHER. What would an old lady do in the vineyards? Were you going to put me down under the young vines?

BRIDEGROOM, *lifting her in his arms*. Old lady, old lady—you little old, little old lady!

MOTHER. Your father, he used to take me. That's the

I

2

3

warn low theme

smart wof ybney

smart wof



way with men of good stock; good blood. Your grandfather left a son on every corner. That's what I like. Men, men; wheat, wheat.

BRIDEGROOM. And I, Mother?

MOTHER. You, what?

BRIDEGROOM. Do I need to tell you again?

MOTHER, *seriously*. Oh!

BRIDEGROOM. Do you think it's bad?

MOTHER. No.

BRIDEGROOM. Well, then?

MOTHER. I don't really know. Like this, suddenly, it always surprises me. I know the girl is good. Isn't she? Well behaved. Hard working. Kneads her bread, sews her skirts, but even so when I say her name I feel as though someone had hit me on the forehead with a rock.

BRIDEGROOM. Foolishness.

MOTHER. More than foolishness. I'll be left alone. Now only you are left me—I hate to see you go.

BRIDEGROOM. But you'll come with us.

MOTHER. No. I can't leave your father and brother here alone. I have to go to them every morning and if I go away it's possible one of the Félix family, one of the killers, might die—and they'd bury him next to ours. And that'll never happen! Oh, no! That'll never happen! Because I'd dig them out with my nails and, all by myself, crush them against the wall.

BRIDEGROOM, *sternly*. There you go again.

MOTHER. Forgive me.

*Pause.*

How long have you known her?

BRIDEGROOM. Three years. I've been able to buy the vineyard.

MOTHER. Three years. She used to have another sweetheart, didn't she?

BRIDEGROOM. I don't know. I don't think so. Girls have to look at what they'll marry.

I  
2

ready low theme

low theme

3

- 1. Mother sit DL
- 2. Bridegroom kneel front of Mother
- 3. Bridegroom sit L of C

- 1. Mother rise, X to opposite
- 2. Bridegroom rise
- 3. Mother face son DL
- 4. X C
- 5. start X to R
- 6. C
- 7. X R

1. Mother rise, X to cupboard

2. Bridegroom rise

3. Mother face son DL

4. X C

5. start x to R

6. C

7. X R

MOTHER. Yes. I looked at nobody. I looked at your father, and when they killed him I looked at the wall in front of me. One woman with one man, and that's all.

BRIDEGROOM. You know my girl's good.

MOTHER. I don't doubt it. All the same, I'm sorry not to have known what her mother was like.

BRIDEGROOM. What difference does it make now?

MOTHER, *looking at him*. Son.

BRIDEGROOM. What is it?

MOTHER. That's true! You're right! When do you want me to ask for her?

BRIDEGROOM, *happily*. Does Sunday seem all right to you?

MOTHER, *seriously*. I'll take her the bronze earrings, they're very old—and you buy her . . .

BRIDEGROOM. You know more about that . . .

MOTHER. . . . you buy her some open-work stockings—and for you, two suits—three! I have no one but you now!

BRIDEGROOM. I'm going. Tomorrow I'll go see her.

MOTHER. Yes, yes—and see if you can make me happy with six grandchildren—or as many as you want, since your father didn't live to give them to me.

BRIDEGROOM. The first-born for you!

MOTHER. Yes, but have some girls. I want to embroider and make lace, and be at peace.

BRIDEGROOM. I'm sure you'll love my wife.

MOTHER. I'll love her.

*She starts to kiss him but changes her mind.*

Go on. You're too big now for kisses. Give them to your wife.

*Pause. To herself.*

When she is your wife.

BRIDEGROOM. I'm going.

MOTHER. And that land around the little mill—work it over. You've not taken good care of it.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

BRIDEGROOM. You're right. I will.

MOTHER. God keep you.

*The Son goes out. The Mother remains seated—her back to the door. A Neighbor Woman with a kerchief on her head appears in the door.*

Come in.

NEIGHBOR. How are you?

MOTHER. Just as you see me.

NEIGHBOR. I came down to the store and stopped in to see you. We live so far away!

MOTHER. It's twenty years since I've been up to the top of the street.

NEIGHBOR. You're looking well.

MOTHER. You think so?

NEIGHBOR. Things happen. Two days ago they brought in my neighbor's son with both arms sliced off by the machine.

*She sits down.*

MOTHER. Rafael?

NEIGHBOR. Yes. And there you have him. Many times I've thought your son and mine are better off where they are—sleeping, resting—not running the risk of being left helpless.

MOTHER. Hush. That's all just something thought up—but no consolation.

NEIGHBOR, *sighing*. Ay!

MOTHER, *sighing*. Ay!

*Pause.*

NEIGHBOR, *sadly*. Where's your son?

MOTHER. He went out.

NEIGHBOR. He finally bought the vineyard!

MOTHER. He was lucky.

NEIGHBOR. Now he'll get married.

MOTHER, *as though reminded of something, she draws her chair near The Neighbor*. Listen.

volume up

stop at knock

I

2

3

4

ready low theme

low theme  
very soft

1. Neighbor enter R
2. Mother X to table, pour drink
3. Neighbor sit R of table
4. Mother sit DL

arn Cue #2

NEIGHBOR, *in a confidential manner*. Yes. What is it?

MOTHER. You know my son's sweetheart?

NEIGHBOR. A good girl!

MOTHER. Yes, but . . .

NEIGHBOR. But who knows her really well? There's nobody. She lives out there alone with her father—so far away—fifteen miles from the nearest house. But she's a good girl. Used to being alone.

MOTHER. And her mother?

NEIGHBOR. Her mother I *did* know. Beautiful. Her face glowed like a saint's—but I never liked her. She didn't love her husband.

MOTHER, *sternly*. Well, what a lot of things certain people know!

NEIGHBOR. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend—but it's true. Now, whether she was decent or not nobody said. That wasn't discussed. She was haughty.

MOTHER. There you go again!

NEIGHBOR. You asked me.

MOTHER. I wish no one knew anything about them—either the live one or the dead one—that they were like two thistles no one even names but cuts off at the right moment.

NEIGHBOR. You're right. Your son is worth a lot.

MOTHER. Yes—a lot. That's why I look after him. They told me the girl had a sweetheart some time ago.

NEIGHBOR. She was about fifteen. He's been married two years now—to a cousin of hers, as a matter of fact. But nobody remembers about their engagement.

MOTHER. How do you remember it?

NEIGHBOR. Oh, what questions you ask!

MOTHER. We like to know all about the things that hurt us. Who was the boy?

NEIGHBOR. Leonardo.

MOTHER. What Leonardo?

ready stop

stop

NEIGHBOR. Leonardo Félix.

MOTHER. Félix!

NEIGHBOR. Yes, but—how is Leonardo to blame for anything? He was eight years old when those things happened.

MOTHER. That's true. But I hear that name—Félix—and it's all the same.

*Muttering.*

Félix, a slimy mouthful.

*She spits.*

It makes me spit—spit so I won't kill!

NEIGHBOR. Control yourself. What good will it do?

MOTHER. No good. But you see how it is.

NEIGHBOR. Don't get in the way of your son's happiness. Don't say anything to him. You're old. So am I. It's time for you and me to keep quiet.

MOTHER. I'll say nothing to him.

NEIGHBOR, *kissing her*. Nothing.

MOTHER, *calmly*. Such things . . . !

NEIGHBOR. I'm going. My men will soon be coming in from the fields.

MOTHER. Have you ever known such a hot sun?

NEIGHBOR. The children carrying water out to the reapers are black with it. Goodbye, woman.

MOTHER. Goodbye.

*The Mother starts toward the door at the left. Halfway there she stops and slowly crosses herself.*

CURTAIN

ready low theme

ready Cue#2

low theme

Cue #2

blackout---  
interim guitar

warn theme  
warn Cue#3

I  
2  
3  
4



1. rise X DL
2. rise, go to Mother
3. X UR
4. exit

ready theme

ready Cue#3

theme  
3ct.  
Cue#3

ACT ONE  
SCENE 2

*A room painted rose with copperware and wreaths of common flowers. In the center of the room is a table with a tablecloth. It is morning.*

*Leonardo's Mother-in-law sits in one corner holding a child in her arms and rocking it. His Wife is in the other corner mending stockings.*

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Lullaby, my baby  
once there was a big horse  
who didn't like water.  
The water was black there  
under the branches.  
When it reached the bridge  
it stopped and it sang.  
Who can say, my baby,  
what the stream holds  
with its long tail  
in its green parlor?

WIFE, *softly*.

Carnation, sleep and dream,  
the horse won't drink from the stream.

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

My rose, asleep now lie,  
the horse is starting to cry.  
His poor hooves were bleeding,  
his long mane was frozen,  
and deep in his eyes  
stuck a silvery dagger.  
Down he went to the river,  
Oh, down he went down!

And his blood was running,  
Oh, more than the water.

WIFE.

Carnation, sleep and dream,  
the horse won't drink from the stream.

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

My rose, asleep now lie,  
the horse is starting to cry.

WIFE.

He never did touch  
the dank river shore  
though his muzzle was warm  
and with silvery flies.  
So, to the hard mountains  
he could only whinny  
just when the dead stream  
covered his throat.  
Ay-y-y, for the big horse  
who didn't like water!  
Ay-y-y, for the snow-wound  
big horse of the dawn!

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Don't come in! Stop him  
and close up the window  
with branches of dreams  
and a dream of branches.

WIFE.

My baby is sleeping.

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

My baby is quiet.

WIFE.

Look, horse, my baby  
has him a pillow.

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

His cradle is metal.

WIFE.

His quilt a fine fabric.

warn Cue#3a

warn horse

- 1. Leonardo X UC, put saddle bag down, take oil jacket-bag to wife  
Wife X UC, assist Leonardo
- 2. Leonardo X to wash basin DR  
Wife X DR

- I. Leonardo X UC, put saddle bag down, take off jacket-hand to Wife  
Wife X UC, assist Leonardo
2. Leonardo X to wash basin DR  
Wife X DRC

warn guitar stop

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Lullaby, my baby.

WIFE.  
Ay-y-y, for the big horse  
who didn't like water!

MOTHER-IN-LAW.  
Don't come near, don't come in!  
Go away to the mountains  
and through the grey valleys,  
that's where your mare is.

WIFE, *looking at the baby.*  
My baby is sleeping.

MOTHER-IN-LAW.  
My baby is resting.

WIFE, *softly.*  
Carnation, sleep and dream,  
The horse won't drink from the stream.

MOTHER-IN-LAW, *getting up, very softly.*  
My rose, asleep now lie  
for the horse is starting to cry.

*She carries the child out. Leonardo enters.*

LEONARDO. Where's the baby?

WIFE. He's sleeping.

LEONARDO. Yesterday he wasn't well. He cried during  
the night.

WIFE. Today he's like a dahlia. And you? Were you at  
the blacksmith's?

LEONARDO. I've just come from there. Would you believe  
it? For more than two months he's been putting new shoes  
on the horse and they're always coming off. As far as I can  
see he pulls them off on the stones.

WIFE. Couldn't it just be that you use him so much?

LEONARDO. No. I almost never use him.

WIFE. Yesterday the neighbors told me they'd seen you  
on the far side of the plains.

LEONARDO. Who said that?

ready Cue#3a

ready guitar  
ready horse

go horse  
cut guitar  
Cue #3a

Wife X toDL

I  
2

1. hand towel to leonardo DR
2. Leonardo X to table, sit UC chair; Wife X UC
3. Wife X L to cupboard
4. Wife sit L of table
5. Leonardo rise, X UL; Wife rise; Mother-in-law enter L
6. Mother-in-law X DR, sit
7. Leonardo pace L to RU
8. Leonardo turn to Wife, X to UC

1. Wife rise; Leonardo X to Wife L
2. Wife and Leonardo exit L; Girl enter R, X to DR
3. Wife X L to cupboard
4. Wife sit L of table
5. Leonardo rise, X UP; Wife rise; Mother-in-law enter L
6. Mother-in-law X DR, sit
7. Leonardo pace L to RU
8. Leonardo turn to Wife, X to UR



WIFE. Tomorrow. The wedding will be within a month. I hope they're going to invite us.

LEONARDO, *gravely*. I don't know.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. His mother, I think, wasn't very happy about the match.

LEONARDO. Well, she may be right. She's a girl to be careful with.

WIFE. I don't like to have you thinking bad things about a good girl.

MOTHER-IN-LAW, *meaningfully*. If he does, it's because he knows her. Didn't you know he courted her for three years?

LEONARDO. But I left her.

*To his Wife.*

Are you going to cry now? Quit that!

*He brusquely pulls her hands away from her face.*

Let's go see the baby.

*They go in with their arms around each other. A Girl appears. She is happy. She enters running.*

GIRL. Señora.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. What is it?

GIRL. The groom came to the store and he's bought the best of everything they had.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Was he alone?

GIRL. No. With his mother. Stern, tall.

*She imitates her.*

And such extravagance!

MOTHER-IN-LAW. They have money.

GIRL. And they bought some open-work stockings! Oh, such stockings! A woman's dream of stockings! Look: a swallow here,

*She points to her ankle.*

a ship here,

*She points to her calf.*

and here,

warn Cue#3b and #3c

warn baby

I

2

*She points to her thigh.*  
a rose!

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Child!

GIRL. A rose with the seeds and the stem! Oh! All in silk.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Two rich families are being brought together.

*Leonardo and his Wife appear.* L

GIRL. I came to tell you what they're buying.

LEONARDO, *loudly*. We don't care.

WIFE. Leave her alone.

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Leonardo, it's not that important.

GIRL. Please excuse me.

*She leaves, weeping.*

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Why do you always have to make trouble with people?

LEONARDO. I didn't ask for your opinion.

*He sits down.* U of Table

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Very well.

*Pause.*

WIFE, *to Leonardo*. What's the matter with you? What idea've you got boiling there inside your head? Don't leave me like this, not knowing anything.

LEONARDO. Stop that.

WIFE. No. I want you to look at me and tell me.

LEONARDO. Let me alone.

*He rises.* X to R

WIFE. Where are you going, love?

LEONARDO, *sharply*. Can't you shut up?

MOTHER-IN-LAW, *energetically, to her daughter*. Be quiet!

*Leonardo goes out.* R

The baby!

*She goes into the bedroom and comes out again with the baby in her arms. The Wife has remained standing, unmoving.*

warn theme

warn Cue#4

ready Cue#3b  
#3c

ready baby  
ready theme

baby

Cue #3b

theme

I

2

3

4

5

- 1. Girl X L to Leonardo
- 2. Girl exit R; Leonardo X R
- 3. Wife X, sit L of table
- 4. Wife at UC
- 5. Mother-in-law rise X L, exit, enter carrying child, X D R, sit

1. Wife X D R

2. Wife kneel L of Mother-in-law

1. Girl X L to Leonardo

2. Girl exit R; Leonardo X R

3. Wife X, sit L of table

4. Wife at UD

5. Mother-in-law rise X L, exit, enter carrying child, X D R, sit

Cue #3c

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

His poor hooves were bleeding,  
his long mane was frozen,  
and deep in his eyes  
stuck a silvery dagger.  
Down he went to the river,  
Oh, down he went down!  
And his blood was running,  
Oh, more than the water.

WIFE, *turning slowly, as though dreaming.*

Carnation, sleep and dream,  
the horse is drinking from the stream.

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

My rose, asleep now lie  
the horse is starting to cry.

WIFE.

Lullaby, my baby.

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Ay-y-y, for the big horse  
who didn't like water!

WIFE, *dramatically.*

Don't come near, don't come in!  
Go away to the mountains!  
Ay-y-y, for the snow-wound,  
big horse of the dawn!

MOTHER-IN-LAW, *weeping.*

My baby is sleeping . . .

WIFE, *weeping, as she slowly moves closer.*

My baby is resting . . .

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Carnation, sleep and dream,  
the horse won't drink from the stream.

WIFE, *weeping, and leaning on the table.*

My rose, asleep now lie,  
the horse is starting to cry.

CURTAIN

ready guitar  
ready guitar

guitar  
guitar

out guitar

1

2

ready Cue #4  
ready guitar

Cue #4  
guitar  
3ct. 1

cut guita

Warn Cue#5  
Warn guitar

Wife bow head

ready Cue#5  
ready guitar

ACT ONE  
SCENE 3

*Interior of the cave where The Bride lives. At the back is a cross of large rose colored flowers. The round doors have lace curtains with rose colored ties. Around the walls, which are of a white and hard material, are round fans, blue jars, and little mirrors.*

guitar  
3ct  
Cue #5  
cut guitar

knock at door

SERVANT. Come right in . . .

*She is very affable, full of humble hypocrisy. The Bridegroom and his Mother enter. The Mother is dressed in black satin and wears a lace mantilla; The Bridegroom in black corduroy with a great golden chain.*

Won't you sit down? They'll be right here.

*She leaves. The Mother and Son are left sitting motionless as statues. Long pause. 6ct*

MOTHER. Did you wear the watch?

BRIDEGROOM. Yes.

*He takes it out and looks at it.*

MOTHER. We have to be back on time. How far away these people live!

BRIDEGROOM. But this is good land.

MOTHER. Good; but much too lonesome. A four hour trip and not one house, not one tree.

BRIDEGROOM. This is the wasteland.

MOTHER. Your father would have covered it with trees.

BRIDEGROOM. Without water?

MOTHER. He would have found some. In the three years we were married he planted ten cherry trees,

*Remembering.*

those three walnut trees by the mill, a whole vineyard and

- I. Servant X to UC door, open ; Mother and Bridegroom step in
2. Servant indicate DR table and chairs; Mother X to DR table; Bridegroom follow Mother; Bridegroom and Mother sit simultaneously respectively in chair UC and R of table; Servant exit L

I. Father leads sitting, sit L of table

2. Servant indicates DR table and chairs; Mother X to DR table; Bridegroom follow Mother; Bridetroom and Mother sit simultaneously respectively in chair UC and R of table; Servant exit L



49  
a plant called Jupiter which had scarlet flowers—but it dried up.

*Pause.* 3ct

BRIDEGROOM, referring to *The Bride*. She must be dressing.

*The Bride's Father enters.* <sup>L</sup>He is very old, with shining white hair. His head is bowed. *The Mother and the Bridegroom rise. They shake hands in silence.*

FATHER. Was it a long trip?

MOTHER. Four hours.

*They sit down.*

FATHER. You must have come the longest way.

MOTHER. I'm too old to come along the cliffs by the river.

BRIDEGROOM. She gets dizzy.

*Pause.*

FATHER. A good hemp harvest.

BRIDEGROOM. A really good one.

FATHER. When I was young this land didn't even grow hemp. We've had to punish it, even weep over it, to make it give us anything useful.

MOTHER. But now it does. Don't complain. I'm not here to ask you for anything.

FATHER, *smiling*. You're richer than I. Your vineyards are worth a fortune. Each young vine a silver coin. But—do you know?—what bothers me is that our lands are separated. I like to have everything together. One thorn I have in my heart, and that's the little orchard there, stuck in between my fields—and they won't sell it to me for all the gold in the world.

BRIDEGROOM. That's the way it always is.

FATHER. If we could just take twenty teams of oxen and move your vineyards over here, and put them down on that hillside, how happy I'd be!

MOTHER. But why?

FATHER. What's mine is hers and what's yours is his. That's why. Just to see it all together. How beautiful it is to bring things together!

BRIDEGROOM. And it would be less work.

MOTHER. When I die, you could sell ours and buy here, right alongside.

FATHER. Sell, sell? Bah! Buy, my friend, buy everything. If I had had sons I would have bought all this mountain-side right up to the part with the stream. It's not good land, but strong arms can make it good, and since no people pass by, they don't steal your fruit and you can sleep in peace.

*Pause.*

MOTHER. You know what I'm here for.

FATHER. Yes.

MOTHER. And?

FATHER. It seems all right to me. They have talked it over.

MOTHER. My son has money and knows how to manage it.

FATHER. My daughter too.

MOTHER. My son is handsome. He's never known a woman. His good name cleaner than a sheet spread out in the sun.

FATHER. No need to tell you about my daughter. At three, when the morning star shines, she prepares the bread. She never talks: soft as wool, she embroiders all kinds of fancy work and she can cut a strong cord with her teeth.

MOTHER. God bless her house.

FATHER. May God bless it.

*The Servant appears with two trays. One with drinks and the other with sweets.*

MOTHER, to The Son. When would you like the wedding?

BRIDEGROOM. Next Thursday.

I

2

1. Servant X L to R
2. Servant enter R, place trays on DR table, stand UR

1. Bride enter L X to C, Bridegroom rise at Bride's entrance X to C

2. Bride X DR to Mother, kneel

FATHER. The day on which she'll be exactly twenty-two years old.

MOTHER. Twenty-two! My oldest son would be that age if he were alive. Warm and manly as he was, he'd be living now if men hadn't invented knives.

FATHER. One mustn't think about that.

MOTHER. Every minute. Always a hand on your breast.

FATHER. Thursday, then? Is that right?

BRIDEGROOM. That's right.

FATHER. You and I and the bridal couple will go in a carriage to the church which is very far from here; the wedding party on the carts and horses they'll bring with them.

MOTHER. Agreed.

*The Servant passes through.*

FATHER. Tell her she may come in now.

*To the Mother.*

I shall be much pleased if you like her.

*The Bride appears. Her hands fall in a modest pose and her head is bowed.*

MOTHER. Come here. Are you happy?

BRIDE. Yes, señora.

FATHER. You shouldn't be so solemn. After all, she's going to be your mother.

BRIDE. I'm happy. I've said "yes" because I wanted to.

MOTHER. Naturally.

*She takes her by the chin.*

Look at me.

FATHER. She resembles my wife in every way.

MOTHER. Yes? What a beautiful glance! Do you know what it is to be married, child?

BRIDE, *seriously*. I do.

MOTHER. A man, some children and a wall two yards thick for everything else.

BRIDEGROOM. Is anything else needed?

WARM ONE 48  
WARM LOW 128

I  
2

READY ONE 6  
READY LOW 128

MOTHER. No. Just that you all live—that's it! Live long!

BRIDE. I'll know how to keep my word.

MOTHER. Here are some gifts for you.

BRIDE. Thank you.

FATHER. Shall we have something?

MOTHER. Nothing for me.

*To the Son.*

But you?

BRIDEGROOM. Yes, thank you.

*He takes one sweet, The Bride another.*

FATHER, *to The Bridegroom.* Wine?

MOTHER. He doesn't touch it.

FATHER. All the better.

*Pause. All are standing.*

BRIDEGROOM, *to The Bride.* I'll come tomorrow.

BRIDE. What time?

BRIDEGROOM. Five.

BRIDE. I'll be waiting for you.

BRIDEGROOM. When I leave your side I feel a great emptiness, and something like a knot in my throat.

BRIDE. When you are my husband you won't have it any more.

BRIDEGROOM. That's what I tell myself.

MOTHER. Come. The sun doesn't wait.

*To the Father.*

Are we agreed on everything?

FATHER. Agreed.

MOTHER, *to The Servant.* Goodbye, woman.

SERVANT. God go with you!

*The Mother kisses The Bride and they begin to leave in silence.*

MOTHER, *at the door.* Goodbye, daughter.

*The Bride answers with her hand.*

warn Cue #6  
warn low theme

I

2

3

4

ready Cue#6  
ready low theme

1. All rise after "No"; Bridegroom X to behind Bride, assists her to rise then retreats 3 steps U
2. Father pass tray to Groom; Groom pass to Bride ; Father places tray on table
3. Mother X UC to door; Father follows her to UC L of door
4. Groom goes to door; Bride kneels before Mother U6 R of door

1. Servant X to DL table, Carry gifts over to chair L of DR table  
Bride X U of chair L of DR table
2. Servant X to LC; Bride X to DC
3. Servant X to Bride DC; hassle with Bride over gifts
4. Servant X to L of C pacing slowly U; Bride X slowly U



low theme  
Cue #6

FATHER. I'll go out with you.

*They leave.* UC door

SERVANT. I'm bursting to see the presents.

BRIDE, *sharply*. Stop that!

SERVANT. Oh, child, show them to me.

BRIDE. I don't want to.

SERVANT. At least the stockings. They say they're all open work. Please!

BRIDE. I said no.

SERVANT. Well, my Lord. All right then. It looks as if you didn't want to get married.

BRIDE, *biting her hand in anger*. Ay-y-y!

SERVANT. Child, child! What's the matter with you? Are you sorry to give up your queen's life? Don't think of bitter things. Have you any reason to? None. Let's look at the presents.

*She takes the box.*

BRIDE, *holding her by the wrists*. Let go.

SERVANT. Ay-y-y, girl!

BRIDE. Let go, I said.

SERVANT. You're stronger than a man.

BRIDE. Haven't I done a man's work? I wish I were.

SERVANT. Don't talk like that.

BRIDE. Quiet, I said. Let's talk about something else.

*The light is fading from the stage. Long pause.*

SERVANT. Did you hear a horse last night?

BRIDE. What time?

SERVANT. Three.

BRIDE. It might have been a stray horse—from the herd.

SERVANT. No. It carried a rider.

BRIDE. How do you know?

SERVANT. Because I saw him. He was standing by your window. It shocked me greatly.

low theme up

warn horse

I

2

3

4

warn interim  
guitar

BRIDE. Maybe it was my fiancé. Sometimes he comes by at that time.

SERVANT. No.

BRIDE. You saw him?

SERVANT. Yes.

BRIDE. Who was it?

cut theme  
ready horse  
ready blackout

SERVANT. It was Leonardo.

BRIDE, *strongly*. Liar! You liar! Why should he come here?

SERVANT. He came.

horse

BRIDE. Shut up! Shut your cursed mouth.

*The sound of a horse is heard.*

SERVANT, *at the window*. Look. Lean out. Was it Leonardo.

blackout

BRIDE. It was!

guitar  
7ct.

QUICK CURTAIN

house up

Intermission

Warn Cue #7

low  
I. 34 220

2.

low  
220 34 I.

warn  
horse

I. Servant enter L, X UL, take UL chair, place CC; Bride sitting  
 DR chair as lights rise, move  
 Servant circles Bride as she comes hair

1. Servant X closer to Bride C
2. Servant X quickly to RC; Bride X R to door

I. Servant enter L , X UL, take UL chair,, place EC; Bride sitting  
DR chair as lights rise,, moves to Servant placed chair LC, sits  
Servant circles Bride as she combs hair

house at 2  
ready Cue #7  
warn guitar

ACT TWO  
SCENE 1

ready guitar  
house down

guitar  
3ct  
Cue #7

*The entrance hall of The Bride's house. A large door in the back. It is night. The Bride enters wearing ruffled white petticoats full of laces and embroidered bands, and a sleeveless white bodice. The Servant is dressed the same way.*

I.

SERVANT. I'll finish combing your hair out here.

BRIDE. It's too warm to stay in there.

SERVANT. In this country it doesn't even cool off at dawn.

*The Bride sits on a low chair and looks into a little hand mirror. The Servant combs her hair.*

BRIDE. My mother came from a place with lots of trees— from a fertile country.

SERVANT. And she was so happy!

BRIDE. But she wasted away here.

SERVANT. Fate.

BRIDE. As we're all wasting away here. The very walls give off heat. Ay-y-y! Don't pull so hard.

SERVANT. I'm only trying to fix this wave better. I want it to fall over your forehead.

*The Bride looks at herself in the mirror.*

How beautiful you are! Ay-y-y!

*She kisses her passionately.*

BRIDE, *seriously*. Keep right on combing.

SERVANT, *combing*. Oh, lucky you—going to put your arms around a man; and kiss him; and feel his weight.

BRIDE. Hush.

SERVANT. And the best part will be when you'll wake up and you'll feel him at your side and when he caresses your shoulders with his breath, like a little nightingale's feather.

BRIDE, *sternly*. Will you be quiet.

SERVANT. But, child! What is a wedding? A wedding is just that and nothing more. Is it the sweets—or the bouquets of flowers? No. It's a shining bed and a man and a woman.

BRIDE. But you shouldn't talk about it.

SERVANT. Oh, *that's* something else again. But fun enough too.

BRIDE. Or bitter enough.

SERVANT. I'm going to put the orange blossoms on from here to here, so the wreath will shine out on top of your hair.

*She tries on the sprigs of orange blossom.*

BRIDE, *looking at herself in the mirror*. Give it to me.

*She takes the wreath, looks at it and lets her head fall in discouragement.*

SERVANT. Now what's the matter?

BRIDE. Leave me alone.

SERVANT. This is no time for you to start feeling sad.

*Encouragingly.*

Give me the wreath.

*The Bride takes the wreath and hurls it away.*

Child! You're just asking God to punish you, throwing the wreath on the floor like that. Raise your head! Don't you want to get married? Say it. You can still withdraw.

*The Bride rises.*

BRIDE. Storm clouds. A chill wind that cuts through my heart. Who hasn't felt it?

SERVANT. You love your sweetheart, don't you?

BRIDE. I love him.

SERVANT. Yes, yes. I'm sure you do.

BRIDE. But this is a very serious step.

ready guitar cut

cut guitar  
fade

warn 1st. melody

I.

2.

1. Bride takes wreath from Servant
2. Bride hurls wreath UC and X DR; Servant retrieves wreath, X to L of Bride DR
3. Servant dance around Bride
4. Bride X L
5. Servant place chair LG to UL
6. Servant X to UL door; Servant enter, X diagonally to DR

1. Bride X to LC chair, sit; Servant finish combing hair
2. Bride rise
3. Servant dance around Bride straightening Bride's dress
4. Bride X L
5. Servant replace chair LC to UL
6. Servant X to UC door; Leonardo enter, X diagonally to DR



Scene 1

ready Ist. melody

SERVANT. You've got to take it.

BRIDE. I've already given my word.

SERVANT. I'll put on the wreath.

Ist. melody

BRIDE, *she sits down.* Hurry. They should be arriving by now.

SERVANT. They've already been at least two hours on the way.

BRIDE. How far is it from here to the church?

SERVANT. Five leagues by the stream, but twice that by the road.

volume up

*The Bride rises and The Servant grows excited as she looks at her.*

SERVANT.

Awake, O Bride, awaken,  
On your wedding morning waken!  
The world's rivers may all  
Bear along your bridal Crown!

ready cut

BRIDE, *smiling.* Come now.

SERVANT, *enthusiastically kissing her and dancing around her.*

Awake,  
with the fresh bouquet  
of flowering laurel.  
Awake,  
by the trunk and branch  
of the laurels!

cut Ist. melody

*The banging of the front door latch is heard.*

BRIDE. Open the door! That must be the first guests.

*She leaves. The Servant opens the door.*

SERVANT, *in astonishment.* You!

ready crowd song  
ready guitar

LEONARDO. Yes, me. Good morning.

SERVANT. The first one!

LEONARDO. Wasn't I invited?

SERVANT. Yes.

LEONARDO. That's why I'm here!

1

2

3

4

5

6

ready crowd song  
ready guitar

SERVANT. Where's your wife?

LEONARDO. I came on my horse. She's coming by the road.

SERVANT. Didn't you meet anyone?

LEONARDO. I *passed* them on my horse.

SERVANT. You're going to kill that horse with so much racing.

LEONARDO. When he dies, he's dead!

*Pause.*

SERVANT. Sit down. Nobody's up yet.

LEONARDO. Where's the bride?

SERVANT. I'm just on my way to dress her.

LEONARDO. The bride! She ought to be happy!

SERVANT, *changing the subject*. How's the baby?

LEONARDO. What baby?

SERVANT. Your son.

LEONARDO, *remembering, as though in a dream*. Ah!

SERVANT. Are they bringing him?

LEONARDO. No.

*Pause. Voices sing distantly.*

guitar

crowd soft

crowd

crowd hum

VOICES.

Awake, O Bride, awaken,  
On your wedding morning waken!

LEONARDO.

Awake, O Bride, awaken,  
On your wedding morning waken!

SERVANT. It's the guests. They're still quite a way off.

LEONARDO. The bride's going to wear a big wreath, isn't she? But it ought not to be so large. One a little smaller would look better on her. Has the groom already brought her the orange blossom that must be worn on the breast?

BRIDE, *appearing, still in petticoats and wearing the wreath*. He brought it.

SERVANT, *sternly*. Don't come out like that.

I

2

3

- 1. During preceding dialogue Leonardo moves to DR chairs, on "Sit down" he rests foot on chair .1
- 2. Servant X UB door Leonardo X closer to Bride .2
- 3. Bride enter L. Leonardo X to R then back to Bride L of C .3
- 4. Servant X to Leonardo; Leonardo push her UC; Servant X to UC door Bride X DL during passage; Leonardo X to Bride DL .4

1. Bride L of C of server advanced engaged during proceeding dialogue moves to DL of C "sit down" he tests foot on chair
2. Leonardo X closer to Bride
3. Leonardo X to R then back to Bride L of C
4. Servant X to Leonardo; Leonardo push her UC; Servant X to UC door  
Bride X DL during hassle; Leonardo X to Bride DL

BRIDE. What does it matter?

*Seriously.*

Why do you ask if they brought the orange blossom? Do you have something in mind?

LEONARDO. Nothing. What would I have in mind?

*Drawing near her.*

You, you know me; you know I don't. Tell me so. What have I ever meant to you? Open your memory, refresh it. But two oxen and an ugly little hut are almost nothing. That's the thorn.

BRIDE. What have you come here to do?

LEONARDO. To see your wedding.

BRIDE. Just as I saw yours!

LEONARDO. Tied up by you, done with your two hands. Oh, they can kill me but they can't spit on me. But even money, which shines so much, spits sometimes.

BRIDE. Liar!

LEONARDO. I don't want to talk. I'm hot-blooded and I don't want to shout so all these hills will hear me.

BRIDE. My shouts would be louder.

SERVANT. You'll have to stop talking like this.

*To The Bride.*

You don't have to talk about what's past.

*The Servant looks around uneasily at the doors.*

BRIDE. She's right. I shouldn't even talk to you. But it offends me to the soul that you come here to watch me, and spy on my wedding, and ask about the orange blossom with something on your mind. Go and wait for your wife at the door.

LEONARDO. But, can't you and I even talk?

SERVANT, *with rage.* No! No, you can't talk.

LEONARDO. Ever since I got married I've been thinking night and day about whose fault it was, and every time I think about it, out comes a new fault to eat up the old one; but always there's a fault left!

warn Cue#7a

I

2

3

4

BRIDE. A man with a horse knows a lot of things and can do a lot to ride roughshod over a girl stuck out in the desert. But I have my pride. And that's why I'm getting married. I'll lock myself in with my husband and then I'll have to love him above everyone else.

LEONARDO. Pride won't help you a bit.

*He draws near to her.*

BRIDE. Don't come near me!

LEONARDO. To burn with desire and keep quiet about it is the greatest punishment we can bring on ourselves. What good was pride to me—and not seeing you, and letting you lie awake night after night? No good! It only served to bring the fire down on me! You think that time heals and walls hide things, but it isn't true, it isn't true! When things get that deep inside you there isn't anybody can change them.

BRIDE, *trembling*. I can't listen to you. I can't listen to your voice. It's as though I'd drunk a bottle of anise and fallen asleep wrapped in a quilt of roses. It pulls me along, and I know I'm drowning—but I go on down.

SERVANT, *seizing Leonardo by the lapels*. You've got to go right now!

LEONARDO. This is the last time I'll ever talk to her. Don't you be afraid of anything.

BRIDE. And I know I'm crazy and I know my breast rots with longing; but here I am—calmed by hearing him, by just seeing him move his arms.

LEONARDO. I'd never be at peace if I didn't tell you these things. I got married. Now you get married.

SERVANT. But she is getting married!

*Voices are heard singing, nearer.*

VOICES.

Awake, O Bride, awaken,  
On your wedding morning waken!

BRIDE.

Awake, O Bride, awaken,  
*She goes out, running toward her room.*

warn crowd Ist.  
melody

ready Cue#7a

loud hum

ready crowd

crowd Ist. melody  
Cue #7a

I

2

3

4

5

6

7

1. Bride DL of C, Leonardo and Bride face to face
2. Leonardo takes step closer to Bride; Bride X farther DL
3. Leonardo X to behind Bride; takes tight hold on Bride's arm
4. Bride breaks Leonardo's hold for an instant; he regains it
5. Servant X DL, grabs Leonardo to pull him away; Leonardo forcefully pushes her away and X UR of C
6. Leonardo take step to C
7. Bride exit L

1. Ist. girl and boy with guitar enter X UR of C; Servant X C\*\*
2. 2d. girl, second boy with guitar, and 3rd. girl enter UL of C;  
3rd. girl X DR
3. 3rd. boy with guitar and guest enter; 3rd. boy X UL of C; guest  
X UR; Ist. girl and Ist. boy with guitar X DR
- \*\* Servant greets guests and creates general enthusiasm by  
moving from one to another throughout dialogue



SERVANT. The people are here now.  
To Leonardo.

Don't you come near her again.

LEONARDO. Don't worry.

*He goes out to the left. Day begins to break.*

FIRST GIRL, *entering.*

Awake, O Bride, awaken,  
the morning you're to marry;  
sing round and dance round;  
balconies a wreath must carry.

VOICES.

Bride, awaken!

SERVANT, *creating enthusiasm.*

Awake,  
with the green bouquet  
of love in flower.  
Awake,  
by the trunk and the branch  
of the laurels!

SECOND GIRL, *entering.*

Awake,  
with her long hair,  
snowy sleeping gown,  
patent leather boots with silver—  
her forehead jasmynes crown.

SERVANT.

Oh, shepherdess,  
the moon begins to shine!

FIRST GIRL.

Oh, gallant,  
leave your hat beneath the vine!

FIRST YOUNG MAN, *entering, holding his hat on high.*

Bride, awaken,  
for over the fields  
the wedding draws nigh  
with trays heaped with dabbias  
and cakes piled high.

entrance  
entgachn

I

interim guitar

2

3

vbofem .j8I

VOICES.

Bride, awaken!

SECOND GIRL.

The bride  
has set her white wreath in place  
and the groom  
ties it on with a golden lace.

SERVANT.

By the orange tree,  
sleepless the bride will be.

THIRD GIRL, *entering*.

By the citron vine,  
gifts from the groom will shine.

*Three Guests come in.*

FIRST YOUTH.

*Boy = guitar*  
Dove, awaken!  
In the dawn  
shadowy bells are shaken.

GUEST.

The bride, the white bride  
today a maiden,  
tomorrow a wife.

FIRST GIRL.

Dark one, come down  
trailing the train of your silken gown.

GUEST.

Little dark one, come down,  
cold morning wears a dewy crown.

~~FIRST~~ GUEST.

Awaken, wife, awake,  
orange blossoms the breezes shake.

SERVANT.

A tree I would embroider her  
with garnet sashes wound,  
And on each sash a cupid,  
with "Long Live" all around.

VOICES.

Bride, awaken!

Ist. melody

I. Servant at C

I. Father enters R

2. Father X to R

3. Father stands J of DR cabin

- 751
1. Father enter L
  2. Father X to R
  3. Father stands L of DR chairs

FIRST YOUTH.

The morning you're to marry!

GUEST.

The morning you're to marry  
how elegant you'll seem;  
worthy, mountain flower,  
of a captain's dream.

FATHER, *entering*.

A captain's wife  
the groom will marry.  
He comes with his oxen the treasure to carry!

THIRD GIRL.

The groom  
is like a flower of gold.  
When he walks,  
blossoms at his feet unfold.

SERVANT.

Oh, my lucky girl!

SECOND YOUTH.

Bride, awaken.

SERVANT.

Oh, my elegant girl!

FIRST GIRL.

Through the windows  
hear the wedding shout.

SECOND GIRL.

Let the bride come out.

FIRST GIRL.

Come out, come out!

SERVANT.

Let the bells  
ring and ring out clear!

FIRST YOUTH.

For here she comes!  
For now she's near!

SERVANT.

Like a bull, the wedding  
is arising here!

Ist. melody

Guitar part

I

2

3

*The Bride appears. She wears a black dress in the style of 1900, with a bustle and large train covered with pleated gauzes and heavy laces. Upon her hair, brushed in a wave over her forehead, she wears an orange blossom wreath. Guitars sound. The Girls kiss The Bride.*

guitar burst

THIRD GIRL. What scent did you put on your hair?

BRIDE, *laughing*. None at all.

warn Cue #7b

SECOND GIRL, *looking at her dress*. This cloth is what you can't get.

FIRST YOUTH. Here's the groom!

BRIDEGROOM. Salud! All echo "Salud"

FIRST GIRL, *putting a flower behind his ear*.

The groom  
is like a flower of gold.

SECOND GIRL.

Quiet breezes  
from his eyes unfold.

*The Groom goes to The Bride.*

BRIDE. Why did you put on those shoes?

BRIDEGROOM. They're gayer than the black ones.

LEONARDO'S WIFE, *entering and kissing The Bride*. Salud!  
*They all speak excitedly.*

LEONARDO, *entering as one who performs a duty*.

The morning you're to marry  
We give you a wreath to wear.

LEONARDO'S WIFE.

So the fields may be made happy  
with the dew dropped from your hair!

MOTHER, *to The Father*. Are those people here, too?

FATHER. They're part of the family. Today is a day of forgiveness!

MOTHER. I'll put up with it, but I don't forgive.

BRIDEGROOM. With your wreath, it's a joy to look at you!

BRIDE. Let's go to the church quickly.

1. Bride enter L; 2d. and 3rd. girls X to Bride D L of C
2. Groom and Mother enter UC
3. 2d. and 3rd. girls X to Groom UC
4. Groom X to Bride D L of C
5. Leonardo and Wife enter L, X to Bride D L of C
6. Leonardo and Wife X UL

I. Groom, Bride, Mother and Father exit UC; others follow slowly, .  
Servant is last; Wife and Leonardo remain; Leonardo X DR chairs

2. Groom and Mother enter UC

3. SB. and Jvd. girls X to Groom UC

4. Groom X to Bride D L of G

5. Leonardo and Wife enter L, X to Bride D L of G

6. Leonardo and Wife X UJ



ACT TWO SCENE 1

BRIDEGROOM. Are you in a hurry?

BRIDE. Yes. I want to be your wife right now so that I can be with you alone, not hearing any voice but yours.

BRIDEGROOM. That's what I want!

BRIDE. And not seeing any eyes but yours. And for you to hug me so hard, that even though my dead mother should call me, I wouldn't be able to draw away from you.

BRIDEGROOM. My arms are strong. I'll hug you for forty years without stopping.

BRIDE, *taking his arm, dramatically*. Forever!

FATHER. **Quick now!** Round up the teams and carts! The sun's already out.

MOTHER. And go along carefully! Let's hope nothing goes wrong.

*The great door in the background opens.*

SERVANT, *weeping*.

As you set out from your house,  
oh, maiden white,  
remember you leave shining  
with a star's light.

FIRST GIRL.

Clean of body, clean of clothes  
from her home to church she goes

*They start leaving.*

SECOND GIRL.

Now you leave your home  
for the church!

SERVANT.

The wind sets flowers  
on the sands.

THIRD GIRL.

Ah, the white maid!

SERVANT.

Dark winds are the lace  
of her mantilla.

Ist. melody

warn Cue #8  
ready Cue #7b

cue #7b

volume down  
hold Cue #7b

~~They leave.~~ Guitars, castanets and tambourines are heard.  
Leonardo and his Wife are left alone.

warn Crowd song

WIFE. Let's go.

LEONARDO. Where?

WIFE. To the church. But not on your horse. You're coming with me.

LEONARDO. In the cart?

WIFE. Is there anything else?

LEONARDO. I'm not the kind of man to ride in a cart.

WIFE. Nor I the wife to go to a wedding without her husband. I can't stand any more of this!

LEONARDO. Neither can I!

WIFE. And why do you look at me that way? With a thorn in each eye.

ready crowd

LEONARDO. Let's go!

WIFE. I don't know what's happening. But I think, and I don't want to think. One thing I do know. I'm already cast off by you. But I have a son. And another coming. And so it goes. My mother's fate was the same. Well, I'm not moving from here.

crowd song

Voices outside.

VOICES.

As you set out from your home  
and to the church go  
remember you leave shining  
with a star's glow.

WIFE, weeping.

Remember you leave shining  
with a star's glow!

ready Cue #8

I left my house like that too. They could have stuffed the whole countryside in my mouth. I was that trusting.

warn Crowd song

LEONARDO, rising. Let's go!

WIFE. But you with me!

LEONARDO. Yes.

Pause.

I

2

3

4

1. Wife X to Leonardo DR
2. Leonardo rise, face Wife
3. Wife turn away from Leonardo, Face D
4. Leonardo takes Wife's arm, turns her to face him

1. Wife and Leonardo exit UC

2. Servant moves table to table arranging for party

3. Wife turns away from Leonardo, face D

4. Leonardo takes Wife's arm, turns her to face him

crowd song  
Cue #8

Start moving!  
*They leave.*

VOICES.

As you set out from your home  
and to the church go,  
remember you leave shining  
with a star's glow.

I

cut guitar

5ct.. silence

SLOW CURTAIN

ready guitar  
ready Cue#9

guitar

ACT TWO  
SCENE 2

ready "turning"

Cue #9

*The exterior of The Bride's Cave Home, in white gray  
and cold blue tones. Large cactus trees. Shadowy and  
silver tones. Panoramas of light tan tablelands, every-  
thing hard like a landscape in popular ceramics.*

Servant on

"turning" guitar

SERVANT, arranging glasses and trays on a table

2

A-turning,  
the wheel was a-turning  
and the water was flowing,  
for the wedding night comes.  
May the branches part  
and the moon be arrayed  
at her white balcony rail.

*In a loud voice.*

Set out the tablecloths!

*In a pathetic voice.*

A-singing,  
bride and groom were singing

and the water was flowing  
for their wedding night comes.  
Oh, rime-frost, flash!—  
and almonds bitter  
fill with honey!

*In a loud voice.*

Get the wine ready!

*In a poetic tone.*

Elegant girl,  
most elegant in the world,  
see the way the water is flowing,  
for your wedding night comes.  
Hold your skirts close in  
under the bridegroom's wing  
and never leave your house,  
for the Bridegroom is a dove  
with his breast a firebrand  
and the fields wait for the whisper  
of spurting blood.  
A-turning  
the wheel was a-turning  
and the water was flowing  
and your wedding night comes.  
Oh, water, sparkle!

MOTHER, *entering*. At last!

FATHER. Are we the first ones?

SERVANT. No. Leonardo and his wife arrived a while ago.  
They drove like demons. His wife got here dead with  
fright. They made the trip as though they'd come on  
horseback.

FATHER. That one's looking for trouble. He's not of good  
blood.

MOTHER. What blood would you expect him to have?  
His whole family's blood. It comes down from his great  
grandfather, who started in killing, and it goes on down  
through the whole evil breed of knife wielding and false  
smiling men.

warn Change  
to interim

ready interim

interim guitar

1. Mother enter UC with Father; Servant stand UE
2. Mother slowly X to DR table; Father follow
3. Mother and Father toast

- 81
1. Mother and Father DR, father L of Mother; talking heard in distance
  2. Mother sit chair R of table; Father sit L of table
  3. Mother and Father toast



FATHER. Let's leave it at that!

SERVANT. But how can she leave it at that?

MOTHER. It hurts me to the tips of my veins. On the forehead of all of them I see only the hand with which they killed what was mine. Can you really see me? Don't I seem mad to you? Well, it's the madness of not having shrieked out all my breast needs to. Always in my breast there's a shriek standing tiptoe that I have to beat down and hold in under my shawls. But the dead are carried off and one has to keep still. And then, people find fault.

*She removes her shawl.*

FATHER. Today's not the day for you to be remembering these things.

MOTHER. When the talk turns on it, I have to speak. And more so today. Because today I'm left alone in my house.

FATHER. But with the expectation of having someone with you.

MOTHER. That's my hope: grandchildren.

*They sit down.*

FATHER. I want them to have a lot of them. This land needs hands that aren't hired. There's a battle to be waged against weeds, the thistles, the big rocks that come from one doesn't know where. And those hands have to be the owner's, who chastises and dominates, who makes the seeds grow. Lots of sons are needed.

MOTHER. And some daughters! Men are like the wind! They're forced to handle weapons. Girls never go out into the street.

FATHER, *happily*. I think they'll have both.

MOTHER. My son will cover her well. He's of good seed. His father could have had many sons with me.

FATHER. What I'd like is to have all this happen in a day. So that right away they'd have two or three boys.

MOTHER. But it's not like that. It takes a long time. That's why it's so terrible to see one's own blood spilled out on

ready crowd laugh

the ground. A fountain that spurts for a minute, but costs us years. When I got to my son, he lay fallen in the middle of the street. I wet my hands with his blood and licked them with my tongue—because it was my blood. You don't know what that's like. In a glass and topaze shrine I'd put the earth moistened by his blood.

FATHER. Now you must hope. My daughter is wide-hipped and your son is strong.

crowd laugh

guitar volume up

MOTHER. That's why I'm hoping.

*They rise.*

FATHER. Get the wheat trays ready!

SERVANT. They're all ready.

down

LEONARDO'S WIFE, *entering*. May it be for the best!

MOTHER. Thank you.

LEONARDO. Is there going to be a celebration?

FATHER. A small one. People can't stay long.

up

SERVANT. Here they are!

*Guests begin entering in gay groups. The Bride and Groom come in arm-in-arm. Leonardo leaves.*

down

BRIDEGROOM. There's never been a wedding with so many people!

BRIDE, *sullen*. Never.

FATHER. It was brilliant.

MOTHER. Whole branches of families came.

BRIDEGROOM. People who never went out of the house.

MOTHER. Your father sowed well, and now you're reaping it.

BRIDEGROOM. There were cousins of mine whom I no longer knew.

MOTHER. All the people from the seacoast.

BRIDEGROOM, *happily*. They were frightened of the horses.

up

*They talk.*

down

MOTHER, *to The Bride*. What are you thinking about?

BRIDE. I'm not thinking about anything.

I

2

3

4

1. Father rise
2. Leonardo and Wife enter UC, X to DR
3. Bride and Groom X DC after entrance UC; crowd enter UC, gets food and drink LC table, disperses into groups UL, UR, and DL
4. Groom X to group UR; Mother X to Bride DC; Father X UR

1. Crowd and guitar heard off stage ; Servant exit L
2. Mother X to father RC; Leonardo and Wife enter R, X UL
3. Crowd exits in small groups and singularly UC and R  
Mother sits chair R of table; Neighbor(guest) enters R sits U of M  
Father exits UC
4. Groom X to Bride DC; members of crowd enter, go to food, talk and  
exit during Groom-Bride dialogue  
R
5. 1st. and 2d. girls enter X to Bride; girls and Bride exit R
6. Groom X UL and to table LC; Groom circles table during conversati  
with Wife; Wife sits R of table LC

MOTHER. Your blessings weigh heavily.

Guitars are heard.

BRIDE. Like lead.

MOTHER, *stern*. But they shouldn't weigh so. Happy as a dove you ought to be.

BRIDE. Are you staying here tonight?

MOTHER. No. My house is empty.

BRIDE. You ought to stay!

FATHER, *to The Mother*. Look at the dance they're forming. Dances of the far away seashore.

*Leonardo enters and sits down. His Wife stands rigidly behind him.*

MOTHER. They're my husband's cousins. Stiff as stones at dancing.

FATHER. It makes me happy to watch them. What a change for this house!

*He leaves.*

BRIDEGROOM, *to The Bride*. Did you like the orange blossom?

BRIDE, *looking at him fixedly*. Yes.

BRIDEGROOM. It's all of wax. It will last forever. I'd like you to have had them all over your dress.

BRIDE. No need of that.

*Leonardo goes off to the right.*

FIRST GIRL. Let's go and take out your pins.

BRIDE, *to The Groom*. I'll be right back.

LEONARDO'S WIFE. I hope you'll be happy with my cousin!

BRIDEGROOM. I'm sure I will.

LEONARDO'S WIFE. The two of you here; never going out; building a home. I wish I could live far away like this, too!

BRIDEGROOM. Why don't you buy land? The mountain-side is cheap and children grow up better.

LEONARDO'S WIFE. We don't have any money. And at the rate we're going...

I

2

3

4

5

6

ready dance guitar

dance guitar

up

down

BRIDEGROOM. Your husband is a good worker.

LEONARDO'S WIFE. Yes, but he likes to fly around too much; from one thing to another. He's not a patient man.

SERVANT. Aren't you having anything? I'm going to wrap up some wine cakes for your mother. She likes them so much.

BRIDEGROOM. Put up three dozen for her.

LEONARDO'S WIFE. No, no. A half-dozen's enough for her!

up  
down BRIDEGROOM. But today's a day!

LEONARDO'S WIFE, *to The Servant*. Where's Leonardo?

BRIDEGROOM. He must be with the guests.

up LEONARDO'S WIFE. I'm going to go see!

*She leaves.*

down SERVANT, *looking off at the dance*. That's beautiful there.

BRIDEGROOM. Aren't you dancing?

SERVANT. No one will ask me.

*Two Girls pass across the back of the stage; during this whole scene the background should be an animated crossing of figures.*

BRIDEGROOM, *happily*. They just don't know anything. Lively old girls like you dance better than the young ones.

SERVANT. Well! Are you tossing me a compliment, boy? What a family yours is! Men among men! As a little girl I saw your grandfather's wedding. What a figure! It seemed as if a mountain were getting married.

BRIDEGROOM. I'm not as tall.

SERVANT. But there's the same twinkle in your eye. Where's the girl?

BRIDEGROOM. Taking off her wreath.

SERVANT. Ah! Look. For midnight, since you won't be sleeping, I have prepared ham for you, and some large glasses of old wine. On the lower shelf of the cupboard. In case you need it.

BRIDEGROOM, *smiling*. I won't be eating at midnight.

1. Servant enter L  
 2. Wife rise

3. Wife exit UC; Mother and Neighbor exit UC; Groom X DL of C; Servant X to Groom after "Aren't you dancing"

4. Servant X UL followed by Groom

1. Ist. boy and 3rd. boy enter UC, X to Groom UL ; Servant exit L
2. Groom and boys exit UC, then Bride enters L X to C; Ist. and 2d. girls enter R X to Bride C
3. Bride followed by girls X to table R; Leonardo enter R X to UL



## ACT TWO Scene 2

73

SERVANT, *slyly*. If not you, maybe the bride.

*She leaves.*

FIRST YOUTH, *entering*. You've got to come have a drink with us!

BRIDEGROOM. I'm waiting for the bride.

SECOND YOUTH. You'll have her at dawn!

FIRST YOUTH. That's when it's best!

SECOND YOUTH. Just for a minute.

BRIDEGROOM. Let's go.

*They leave. Great excitement is heard. The Bride enters. From the opposite side Two Girls come running to meet her.*

FIRST GIRL. To whom did you give the first pin; me or this one?

BRIDE. I don't remember.

FIRST GIRL. To me, you gave it to me here.

SECOND GIRL. To me, in front of the altar.

BRIDE, *uneasily, with a great inner struggle*. I don't know anything about it.

FIRST GIRL. It's just that I wish you'd . . .

BRIDE, *interrupting*. Nor do I care. I have a lot to think about.

SECOND GIRL. Your pardon.

*Leonardo crosses at the rear of the stage.*

BRIDE, *she sees Leonardo*. And this is an upsetting time.

FIRST GIRL. We wouldn't know anything about that!

BRIDE. You'll know about it when your time comes. This step is a very hard one to take.

FIRST GIRL. Has she offended you?

BRIDE. No. You must pardon me.

SECOND GIRL. What for? But *both* the pins are good for getting married, aren't they?

BRIDE. Both of them.

up

down

I

2

3

FIRST GIRL. Maybe now one will get married before the other.

BRIDE. Are you so eager?

SECOND GIRL, *shyly*. Yes.

BRIDE. Why?

FIRST GIRL. Well . . .

*She embraces The Second Girl. Both go running off. The Groom comes in very slowly and embraces The Bride from behind.*

BRIDE, *in sudden fright*. Let go of me!

BRIDEGROOM. Are you frightened of me?

BRIDE. Ay-y-y! It's you?

BRIDEGROOM. Who else would it be?

*Pause.*

Your father or me.

BRIDE. That's true!

BRIDEGROOM. Of course, your father would have hugged you more gently.

BRIDE, *darkly*. Of course!

BRIDEGROOM, *embracing her strongly and a little bit brusquely*. Because he's old.

BRIDE, *curtly*. Let me go!

BRIDEGROOM. Why?

*He lets her go.*

BRIDE. Well . . . the people. They can see us .

*The Servant crosses at the back of the stage again without looking at The Bride and Bridegroom.*

BRIDEGROOM. What of it? It's consecrated now.

BRIDE. Yes, but let me be . . . Later.

BRIDEGROOM. What's the matter with you? You look frightened!

BRIDE. I'm all right. Don't go.

*Leonardo's Wife enters.*

LEONARDO'S WIFE. I don't mean to intrude . . .

- 1. Groom enter UC; Leonardo X UR and exit R
- 2. Groom X DR to Bride, embraces her from behind; Bride rise. X C
- 3. Bride and Groom X DL
- 4. Wife enter R

1. Wife X DL
2. Wife exit UC; Servant enter L, X DL
3. Servant exit R
4. Bride X to L doorway
5. Mother enter UC, X to table LC, sit R of table

BRIDEGROOM. What is it?

LEONARDO'S WIFE. Did my husband come through here?

BRIDEGROOM. No.

LEONARDO'S WIFE. Because I can't find him, and his horse isn't in the stable either.

up  
down BRIDEGROOM, *happily*. He must be out racing it.

*The Wife leaves, troubled. The Servant enters.*

SERVANT. Aren't you two proud and happy with so many good wishes?

BRIDEGROOM. I wish it were over with. The bride is a little tired.

warm classical guitar

SERVANT. That's no way to act, child.

BRIDE. It's as though I'd been struck on the head.

SERVANT. A bride from these mountains must be strong.  
*To The Groom.*

You're the only one who can cure her, because she's yours.

*She goes running off.*

BRIDEGROOM, *embracing The Bride*. Let's go dance a little.

*He kisses her.*

BRIDE, *worried*. No. I'd like to stretch out on my bed a little.

ready classical

BRIDEGROOM. I'll keep you company.

BRIDE. Never! With all these people here? What would they say? Let me be quiet for a moment.

BRIDEGROOM. Whatever you say! But don't be like that tonight!

BRIDE, *at the door*. I'll be better tonight.

BRIDEGROOM. That's what I want.

classical *The Mother appears.*

MOTHER. Son.

BRIDEGROOM. Where've you been?

MOTHER. Out there—in all that noise. Are you happy?

BRIDEGROOM. Yes.

MOTHER. Where's your wife?

BRIDEGROOM. Resting a little. It's a bad day for brides!

MOTHER. A bad day? The only good one. To me it was like coming into my own.

*The Servant enters and goes toward The Bride's room. Like the breaking of new ground; the planting of new trees.*

BRIDEGROOM. Are you going to leave?

MOTHER. Yes. I ought to be at home.

BRIDEGROOM. Alone.

MOTHER. Not alone. For my head is full of things: of men, and fights.

BRIDEGROOM. But now the fights are no longer fights.

*The Servant enters quickly; she disappears at the rear of the stage, running.*

MOTHER. While you live, you have to fight.

BRIDEGROOM. I'll always obey you!

MOTHER. Try to be loving with your wife, and if you see she's acting foolish or touchy, caress her in a way that will hurt her a little: a strong hug, a bite and then a soft kiss. Not so she'll be angry, but just so she'll feel you're the man, the boss, the one who gives orders. I learned that from your father. And since you don't have him, I have to be the one to tell you about these strong defenses.

BRIDEGROOM. I'll always do as you say.

FATHER, *entering*. Where's my daughter?

BRIDEGROOM. She's inside.

*The Father goes to look for her.*

FIRST GIRL. Get the bride and groom! We're going to dance a round!

FIRST YOUTH, *to The Bridegroom*. You're going to lead it.

FATHER, *entering*. She's not there.

BRIDEGROOM. No?

FATHER. She must have gone up to the railing.

warn dance  
guitar

ready dance

dance

I

2

3

4

5

1. Groom X R of Mother
2. Servant enter UC X exit L
3. Groom kneel at Mothers feet
4. Father enter R, X L, exit L; Mother rise X R
5. Ist. girl enter UC; exit UC  
 Father enter L

Groom X UC; exit UC

1. Groom exit R; Ist. girl enter UC, exit UC
2. Groom enter R, X RC then exit UC
3. Servant enter L, X to Father UL of C
4. Groom enter R, X RRC; Mother X R of C
5. Wife enter UC X C; Wife after speech X UL
6. Mother X C; Groom X UC then RR; Mother X URC
7. Groom X URC; exit UC



up

BRIDEGROOM. I'll go see!

*He leaves. A hubbub of excitement and guitars is heard.*

FIRST GIRL. They've started it already!

*She leaves.*

BRIDEGROOM, *entering*. She isn't there.

MOTHER, *uneasily*. Isn't she?

FATHER. But where could she have gone?

SERVANT, *entering*. But where's the girl, where is she?

MOTHER, *seriously*. That we don't know.

*The Bridegroom leaves. Three guests enter.*

FATHER, *dramatically*. But, isn't she in the dance?

SERVANT. She's not in the dance.

FATHER, *with a start*. There are a lot of people. Go look!

SERVANT. I've already looked.

FATHER, *tragically*. Then where is she?

BRIDEGROOM, *entering*. Nowhere. Not anywhere.

MOTHER, *to The Father*. What does this mean? Where is your daughter?

*Leonardo's Wife enters*

LEONARDO'S WIFE. They've run away! They've run away! She and Leonardo. On the horse. With their arms around each other, they rode off like a shooting star!

FATHER. That's not true! Not my daughter!

MOTHER. Yes, your daughter! Spawn of a wicked mother, and he, he too. But now she's my son's wife!

BRIDEGROOM, *entering*. Let's go after them! Who has a horse?

MOTHER. Who has a horse? Right away! Who has a horse? I'll give him all I have—my eyes, my tongue even. . . .

VOICE. Here's one.

MOTHER, *to The Son*. Go! After them!

*He leaves with two young men.*

No. Don't go. Those people kill quickly and well . . . but yes, run, and I'll follow!

ready passion  
ready cue #10

2

3

4

5

6

7

warn Cue #10

ready guitar cu

cut guitar

warn passion gita

ready passion  
ready Cue #IO

FATHER. It couldn't be my daughter. Perhaps she's thrown herself in the well.

MOTHER. Decent women throw themselves in water; not that one! But now she's my son's wife. Two groups. There are two groups here.

*They all enter.*

My family and yours. Everyone set out from here. Shake the dust from your heels! We'll go help my son.

*The people separate into two groups.*

For he has his family: his cousins from the sea, and all who came from inland. Out of here! On all roads. The hour of blood has come again. Two groups! You with yours and I with mine. After them! After them!

CURTAIN

Cue #IO  
passion guitar  
7cts.  
cut

house

warn Cue#II

I. Mother X C



house down  
ready Cue #II  
ready guitar

3ct. backout

ACT THREE  
SCENE 1

guitar  
6ct.  
Cue #II

*A forest. It is nighttime. Great moist tree trunks. A dark atmosphere. Two violins are heard. Three Woodcutters enter.*

warn Cue #IIa

FIRST WOODCUTTER. And have they found them?  
SECOND WOODCUTTER. No. But they're looking for them everywhere.

up

~~2D.~~ WOODCUTTER. They'll find them!

~~2D.~~ SECOND WOODCUTTER. Sh-h-h!  
~~1st.~~ WOODCUTTER. What?

down

SECOND WOODCUTTER. They seem to be coming closer on all the roads at once.

FIRST WOODCUTTER. When the moon comes out they'll see them.

SECOND WOODCUTTER. They ought to let them go.

FIRST WOODCUTTER. The world is wide. Everybody can live in it.

up

~~2D.~~ WOODCUTTER. But they'll kill them!

down

~~1st.~~ SECOND WOODCUTTER. You have to follow your passion. They did right to run away!

~~2D.~~ FIRST WOODCUTTER. They were deceiving themselves but at the last blood was stronger.

~~1st.~~ WOODCUTTER. Blood!

FIRST WOODCUTTER. You have to follow the path of your blood.

SECOND WOODCUTTER. But blood that sees the light of day is drunk up by the earth.

up

FIRST WOODCUTTER. What of it? Better dead with the blood drained away than alive with it rotting!

~~2D.~~ WOODCUTTER. Hush!

down

FIRST WOODCUTTER. What? Do you hear something?

<sup>2D</sup>THIRD WOODCUTTER. I hear the crickets, the frogs, the night's ambush.

FIRST WOODCUTTER. But not the horse.

<sup>2D</sup>THIRD WOODCUTTER. No.

FIRST WOODCUTTER. By now he must be loving her.

<sup>1ST</sup>SECOND WOODCUTTER. Her body for him; his body for her.

<sup>2D</sup>THIRD WOODCUTTER. They'll find them and they'll kill them.

FIRST WOODCUTTER. But by then they'll have mingled their bloods. They'll be like two empty jars, like two dry arroyos.

SECOND WOODCUTTER. There are many clouds and it would be easy for the moon not to come out. *but*

~~THIRD~~ WOODCUTTER. The bridegroom will find them with or without the moon. I saw him set out. Like a raging star. His face the color of ashes. He looked the fate of all his clan.

ready Cue #IIa

FIRST WOODCUTTER. His clan of dead men lying in the middle of the street.

up

SECOND WOODCUTTER. There you have it!

~~THIRD~~ WOODCUTTER. You think they'll be able to break through the circle?

Cue #IIa

SECOND WOODCUTTER. It's hard to There are knives and guns for ten leagues 'round.

<sup>1ST</sup>THIRD WOODCUTTER. He's riding a good horse.

SECOND WOODCUTTER. But he's carrying a woman.

FIRST WOODCUTTER. We're close by now.

SECOND WOODCUTTER. A tree with forty branches. We'll soon cut it down.

up

<sup>1ST</sup>THIRD WOODCUTTER. The moon's coming out now. Let's hurry.

down

*From the left shines a brightness.*

warn Cue #IIb

FIRST WOODCUTTER.

O rising moon!

Moon among the great leaves.

ready Cue #Iib  
Cue #Iib  
warn Cue #Iic

SECOND WOODCUTTER.  
Cover the blood with jasmines!

FIRST WOODCUTTER.  
O lonely moon!  
Moon among the great leaves.

SECOND WOODCUTTER.  
Silver on the bride's face.

THIRD WOODCUTTER.  
O evil moon!  
Leave for their love a branch in shadow.

FIRST WOODCUTTER.  
O sorrowing moon!  
Leave for their love a branch in shadow.

up

ready Cue #Iic

*They go out. The Moon appears through the shining brightness at the left. The Moon is a young woodcutter with a white face. The stage takes on an intense blue radiance.*

Cue #Iic down

MOON.  
Round swan in the river  
and a cathedral's eye,  
false dawn on the leaves,  
they'll not escape; these things am I!  
Who is hiding? And who sobs  
in the thornbrakes of the valley?  
The moon sets a knife  
abandoned in the air  
which being a leaden threat  
yearns to be blood's pain.  
Let me in! I come freezing  
down to walls and windows!  
Open roofs, open breasts  
where I may warm myself!  
I'm cold! My ashes  
of somnolent metals  
seek the fire's crest  
on mountains and streets.  
But the snow carries me  
upon its mottled back

warn Cue #Iid  
#Iie

ready Cue #Iib  
Cue #Iic  
ready Cue #Iic  
Cue #Iic  
up  
ready Cue #Iid  
ready Cue #Iie  
down  
Cue #Iid  
ready Cue #Iid  
horse

and pools soak me  
 in their water, hard and cold.  
 But this night there will be  
 red blood for my cheeks,  
 and for the reeds that cluster  
 at the wide feet of the wind.  
 Let there be neither shadow nor bower,  
 and then they can't get away!  
 O let me enter a breast  
 where I may get warm!  
 A heart for me!  
 Warm! That will spurt  
 over the mountains of my chest;  
 let me come in, oh let me!

*To the branches.*

I want no shadows. My rays  
 must get in everywhere,  
 even among the dark trunks I want  
 the whisper of gleaming lights,  
 so that this night there will be  
 sweet blood for my cheeks,  
 and for the reeds that cluster  
 at the wide feet of the wind.  
 Who is hiding? Out, I say!  
 No! They will not get away!  
 I will light up the horse  
 with a fever bright as diamonds.

*He disappears among the trunks, and the stage goes back to its dark lighting. An Old Woman comes out completely covered by thin green cloth. She is barefooted. Her face can barely be seen among the folds. This character does not appear in the cast.*

BEGGAR WOMAN.

That moon's going away, just when they's near.  
 They won't get past here. The river's whisper  
 and the whispering tree trunks will muffle  
 the torn flight of their shrieks.  
 It has to be here, and soon. I'm worn out.

up  
 ready Cue #II d  
 #II e

Cue #II c  
 down

Cue #II e

ready Cue #II f  
 #II g

Cue #II f

up Cue #II g

ready Cue #II h  
 ready horse

down

ready Cue #II h  
 Cue #III i

horse



I. Groom followed by 3rd. boy enter L X to R

ready Cue #III

The coffins are ready, and white sheets wait on the floor of the bedroom for heavy bodies with torn throats. Let not one bird awake, let the breeze, gathering their moans in her skirt, fly with them over black tree tops or bury them in soft mud.

up

*Impatiently.*

Cue#III

Oh, that moon! That moon!

*The Moon appears. The intense blue light returns.*

down

MOON. They're coming. One band through the ravine and the other along the river. I'm going to light up the boulders. What do you need?

BEGGAR WOMAN. Nothing.

MOON. The wind blows hard now, with a double edge.

ready Cue #IIj

BEGGAR WOMAN. Light up the waistcoat and open the buttons; the knives will know the path after that.

MOON.

But let them be a long time a-dying. So the blood will slide its delicate hissing between my fingers. Look how my ashen valleys already are waking in longing for this fountain of shuddering gushes!

horse up  
up

BEGGAR WOMAN. Let's not let them get past the arroyo. Silence!

Cue#IIj down

MOON. There they come!

*He goes. The stage is left dark.*

horse down

BEGGAR WOMAN. Quick! Lots of light! Do you hear me? They can't get away!

*The Bridegroom and The First Youth enter. The Beggar Woman sits down and covers herself with her cloak.*

BRIDEGROOM. This way.

FIRST YOUTH. You won't find them.

BRIDEGROOM, *angrily*. Yes, I'll find them.

FIRST YOUTH. I think they've taken another path.

BRIDEGROOM. No. Just a moment ago I felt the galloping.

I

FIRST YOUTH. It could have been another horse.

BRIDEGROOM, *intensely*. Listen to me. There's only one horse in the whole world, and this one's it. Can't you understand that? If you're going to follow me, follow me without talking.

FIRST YOUTH. It's only that I want to . . .

BRIDEGROOM. Be quiet. I'm sure of meeting them there. Do you see this arm? Well, it's not my arm. It's my brother's arm, and my father's, and that of all the dead ones in my family. And it has so much strength that it can pull this tree up by the roots, if it wants to. And let's move on, because here I feel the clenched teeth of all my people in me so that I can't breathe easily.

BEGGAR WOMAN, *whining*. Ay-y-y!

FIRST YOUTH. Did you hear that?

BRIDEGROOM. You go that way and then circle back.

FIRST YOUTH. This is a hunt.

BRIDEGROOM. A hunt. The greatest hunt there is.

*The Youth goes off. The Bridegroom goes rapidly to the left and stumbles over The Beggar Woman, Death.*

BEGGAR WOMAN. Ay-y-y!

BRIDEGROOM. What do you want?

BEGGAR WOMAN. I'm cold.

BRIDEGROOM. Which way are you going?

BEGGAR WOMAN, *always whining like a beggar*. Over there, far away . . .

BRIDEGROOM. Where are you from?

BEGGAR WOMAN. Over there . . . very far away.

BRIDEGROOM. Have you seen a man and a woman running away on a horse?

BEGGAR WOMAN, *awakening*. Wait a minute . . .

*She looks at him.*

Handsome young man.

*She rises.*

But you'd be much handsomer sleeping.

BRIDEGROOM. Tell me; answer me. Did you see them?

ready Cue #IIk

Cue #IIk

I

2

3

- 1. Beggarwoman crouching DL
- 2. Groom X DL to R of Beggarwoman
- 3. Beggarwoman rise

I. Woodcutters X L to R behind back wall

1. Beggarwoman crossing
2. Groom X DL to R of Beggarwoman
3. Beggarwoman rise

BEGGAR WOMAN. Wait a minute . . . What broad shoulders! How would you like to be laid out on them and not have to walk on the soles of your feet which are so small?

BRIDEGROOM, *shaking her*. I asked you if you saw them! Have they passed through here?

BEGGAR WOMAN, *energetically*. No. They haven't passed; but they're coming from the hill. Don't you hear them?

BRIDEGROOM. No.

BEGGAR WOMAN. Do you know the road?

BRIDEGROOM. I'll go, whatever it's like!

BEGGAR WOMAN. I'll go along with you. I know this country.

BRIDEGROOM, *impatiently*. Well, let's go! Which way?

BEGGAR WOMAN, *dramatically*. This way!

*They go rapidly out. Two violins, which represent the forest, are heard distantly. The Woodcutters return. They have their axes on their shoulders. They move slowly among the tree trunks.*

FIRST WOODCUTTER.

O rising death!  
Death among the great leaves.

SECOND WOODCUTTER.

Don't open the gush of blood!

FIRST WOODCUTTER.

O lonely death!  
Death among the dried leaves.

THIRD WOODCUTTER.

Don't lay flowers over the wedding!

SECOND WOODCUTTER.

O sad death!  
Leave for their love a green branch.

FIRST WOODCUTTER.

O evil death!  
Leave for their love a branch of green!

*They go out while they are talking. Leonardo and The Bride appear.*

up

down

up

horse up

I

horse down

LEONARDO.

Hush!

BRIDE.

From here I'll go on alone.  
You go now! I want you to turn back.

LEONARDO.

Hush, I said!

BRIDE.

With your teeth, with your hands, anyway  
you can,  
take from my clean throat  
the metal of this chain,  
and let me live forgotten  
back there in my house in the ground.  
And if you don't want to kill me  
as you would kill a tiny snake,  
set in my hands, a bride's hands,  
the barrel of your shotgun.  
Oh, what lamenting, what fire,  
sweeps upward through my head!  
What glass splinters are stuck in my tongue!

LEONARDO.

We've taken the step now; hush!  
because they're close behind us,  
and I must take you with me.

BRIDE.

Then it must be by force!

LEONARDO.

By force? Who was it first  
went down the stairway?

BRIDE.

I went down it.

LEONARDO.

And who was it put  
a new bridle on the horse?

BRIDE.

I myself did it. It's true.

I. Leonardo and Bride enter R



ACT THREE Scene 1

LEONARDO.

And whose were the hands  
strapped spurs to my boots?

BRIDE.

The same hands, these that are yours,  
but which when they see you would like  
to break the blue branches  
and sunder the purl of your veins.  
I love you! I love you! But leave me!  
For if I were able to kill you  
I'd wrap you 'round in a shroud  
with the edges bordered in violets.  
Oh, what lamenting, what fire,  
sweeps upward through my head!

LEONARDO.

horse up

What glass splinters are stuck in my tongue!  
Because I tried to forget you  
and put a wall of stone  
between your house and mine.  
It's true. You remember?  
And when I saw you in the distance  
I threw sand in my eyes.  
But I was riding a horse  
and the horse went straight to your door.  
And the silver pins of your wedding  
turned my red blood black.  
And in me our dream was choking  
my flesh with its poisoned weeds.  
Oh, it isn't my fault—  
the fault is the earth's—  
and this fragrance that you exhale  
from your breasts and your braids.

BRIDE.

horse down

Oh, how untrue! I want  
from you neither bed nor food,  
yet there's not a minute each day  
that I don't want to be with you,  
because you drag me, and I come,

then you tell me to go back  
and I follow you,  
like chaff blown on the breeze.  
I have left a good, honest man,  
and all his people,  
with the wedding feast half over  
and wearing my bridal wreath.  
But you are the one will be punished  
and that I don't want to happen.  
Leave me alone now! You run away!  
There is no one who will defend you.

LEONARDO.

The birds of early morning  
are calling among the trees.  
The night is dying  
on the stone's ridge.  
Let's go to a hidden corner  
where I may love you forever,  
for to me the people don't matter,  
nor the venom they throw on us.

*He embraces her strongly.*

BRIDE.

And I'll sleep at your feet,  
to watch over your dreams.  
Naked, looking over the fields,  
as though I were a bitch.  
Because that's what I am! Oh, I look at you  
and your beauty sears me.

LEONARDO.

Fire is stirred by fire.  
The same tiny flame  
will kill two wheat heads together.  
Let's go!

BRIDE.

Where are you taking me?

LEONARDO.

Where they cannot come,  
these men who surround us.  
Where I can look at you!

warn Cue #IIm

warn Cue#I2



ready Cue #IIm

BRIDE, *sarcastically.*

Carry me with you from fair to fair,  
a shame to clean women,  
so that people will see me  
with my wedding sheets  
on the breeze like banners.

LEONARDO.

I, too, would want to leave you  
if I thought as men should.  
But wherever you go, I go.  
You're the same. Take a step. Try.  
Nails of moonlight have fused  
my waist and your thighs.

Cue #IIm  
horse up

*This whole scene is violent, full of great sensuality.*

BRIDE.

Listen!

LEONARDO.

They're coming.

BRIDE.

Run!

It's fitting that I should die here,  
with water over my feet,  
with thorns upon my head.  
And fitting the leaves should mourn me,  
a woman lost and virgin.

LEONARDO.

Be quiet. Now they're appearing.

BRIDE.

Go now!

LEONARDO.

Quiet. Don't let them hear us.

*The Bride hesitates.*

BRIDE.

Both of us!

LEONARDO, *embracing her.*

Any way you want!

If they separate us, it will be  
because I am dead.

ready Cue #I2  
ready cut guitar

BRIDE.

And I dead too.

Cue #12

They go out in each other's arms.

cut horse  
cut guitar

The Moon appears very slowly. The stage takes on a strong blue light. The two violins are heard. Suddenly two long, ear-splitting shrieks are heard, and the music of the two violins is cut short. At the second shriek The Beggar Woman appears and stands with her back to the audience. She opens her cape and stands in the center of the stage like a great bird with immense wings. The Moon halts. The curtain comes down in absolute silence.

CURTAIN

warn Cue #13  
warn guitar

ACT THREE  
SCENE 2

The Final Scene

A white dwelling with arches and thick walls. To the right and left, are white stairs. At the back, a great arch and a wall of the same color. The floor also should be shining white. This simple dwelling should have the monumental feeling of a church. There should not be a single gray nor any shadow, not even what is necessary for perspective.

guitar

3ct.

Cue #13

Two Girls dressed in dark blue are winding a red skein.

FIRST GIRL.

Wool, red wool,  
what would you make?

2

- 1. Leonardo and Bride exit UC
- 2. Ist. girl and 2d. girl sit face to face DR
- 3. 3rd. girl X DR above sitting girls
- 4. 3rd. girl X UR
- 5. 3rd. girl bounce ball from UR to UL then to D and DR during speech

1. 3rd. girl enter R X to DR
2. 3rd. girl X C then UL
3. 3rd. girl X DR above sitting girls
4. 3rd. girl X UR
5. 3rd. girl bounce ball from UR to UL then to C and DR during speech

SECOND GIRL.

Oh, jasmine for dresses,  
fine wool like glass.  
At four o'clock born,  
at ten o'clock dead.  
A thread from this wool yarn,  
a chain 'round your feet  
a knot that will tighten  
the bitter white wreath.

LITTLE GIRL, *singing*.

Were you at the wedding?

FIRST GIRL.

No.

LITTLE GIRL.

Well, neither was I!  
What could have happened  
'midst the shoots of the vineyards?  
What could have happened  
'neath the branch of the olive?  
What really happened  
that no one came back?  
Were you at the wedding?

SECOND GIRL.

We told you once, no.

LITTLE GIRL, *leaving*.

Well, neither was I!

SECOND GIRL.

Wool, red wool,  
what would you sing?

FIRST GIRL.

Their wounds turning waxen  
balm-myrtle for pain.  
Asleep in the morning,  
and watching at night.

LITTLE GIRL, *in the doorway*.

And then, the thread stumbled  
on the flinty stones,

Yarn Cue #13a

I

2

3

4

5



but mountains, blue mountains,  
are letting it pass.  
Running, running, running,  
and finally to come  
to stick in a knife blade,  
to take back the bread.

*She goes out.*

SECOND GIRL.

Wool, red wool,  
what would you tell?

FIRST GIRL.

The lover is silent,  
crimson the groom,  
at the still shoreline  
I saw them laid out.

*She stops and looks at the skein.*

LITTLE GIRL, *appearing in the doorway.*

Running, running, running,  
the thread runs to here.  
All covered with clay  
I feel them draw near.  
Bodies stretched stiffly  
in ivory sheets!

*The Wife and Mother-in-law of Leonardo appear. They are anguished.*

FIRST GIRL. Are they coming yet?

MOTHER-IN-LAW, *harshly.* We don't know!

SECOND GIRL. What can you tell us about the wedding?

FIRST GIRL. Yes, tell me.

MOTHER-IN-LAW, *curtly.* Nothing.

LEONARDO'S WIFE. I want to go back and find out all about it.

MOTHER-IN-LAW, *sternly.*

You, back to your house.  
Brave and alone in your house.  
To grow old and to weep.  
But behind closed doors.

ready Cue#13a

~~Cue #13a~~

I

2

3

1. 3rd, girl exit L
2. 3rd. girl roll ball to sitting girls from L, then X DR and ex .S
3. Wife and Mother -in-law enter L X L of C, sitting girls rise X C

1. Wife and Mother-in-law exit R; beggarwoman enter DR
2. Girls cluster together UL
3. Beggarwoman X C
4. Ist. girl X closer to Beggarwoman C

Never again. Neither dead nor alive.  
We'll nail up our windows  
and let rains and nights  
fall on the bitter weeds.

LEONARDO'S WIFE. What could have happened?

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

It doesn't matter what.  
Put a veil over your face.  
Your children are yours,  
that's all. On the bed  
put a cross of ashes  
where his pillow was.

*They go out.*

BEGGAR WOMAN, *at the door.* A crust of bread, little girls.

LITTLE GIRL. Go away!

*The Girls huddle close together.*

BEGGAR WOMAN. Why?

LITTLE GIRL. Because you whine; go away!

FIRST GIRL. Child!

BEGGAR WOMAN.

I might have asked for your eyes! A cloud  
of birds is following me. Will you have one?

LITTLE GIRL. I want to get away from here!

SECOND GIRL, *to the Beggar Woman.* Don't mind her!

FIRST GIRL. Did you come by the road through the  
arroyo?

BEGGAR WOMAN. I came that way!

FIRST GIRL, *timidly.* Can I ask you something?

BEGGAR WOMAN.

I saw them: they'll be here soon; two torrents  
still at last, among the great boulders,  
two men at the horse's feet.

Two dead men in the night's splendor.

*With pleasure.*

Dead, yes, dead.

FIRST GIRL. Hush, old woman, hush!

warn Cue#13b

I

2

3

4

## BEGGAR WOMAN.

Crushed flowers for eyes, and their teeth  
two fistfuls of hard-frozen snow.  
Both of them fell, and the Bride returns  
with bloodstains on her skirt and hair.  
And they come covered with two sheets  
carried on the shoulders of two tall boys.  
That's how it was; nothing more. What was  
fitting.

Over the golden flower, dirty sand.

*She goes. The Girls bow their heads and start going out rhythmically.*

## FIRST GIRL.

Dirty sand.

## SECOND GIRL.

Over the golden flower.

## LITTLE GIRL.

Over the golden flower  
they're bringing the dead from the arroyo.  
Dark the one,  
dark the other.  
What shadowy nightingale flies and weeps  
over the golden flower!

*She goes. The stage is left empty. The Mother and a Neighbor Woman appear. The Neighbor is weeping.*

Cue #13b

## MOTHER. Hush.

NEIGHBOR. I can't.

MOTHER. Hush, I said.

*At the door.*

Is there nobody here?

*She puts her hands to her forehead.*

My son ought to answer me. But now my son is an armful  
of shrivelled flowers. My son is a fading voice beyond the  
mountains now.

*With rage, to The Neighbor.*

Will you shut up? I want no wailing in this house. Your

ready Cue#13b

- 1. Girls X C then exit R
- 2. Mother and Neighbor enter L; Neighbor UL, Mother X R
- 3. Neighbor X to Mother then JU and kneel
- 4. Bride enters L; Neighbor goes to intercept her
- 5. Bride X G; Mother rises and takes steps toward Bride

1. Mother X C
2. Neighbor and Mother kneel
3. Neighbor X to Mother then UL and kneel
4. Bride enters L; Neighbor goes to intercept her
5. Bride X C; Mother rise and takes steps toward Bride

tears are only tears from your eyes, but when I'm alone mine will come—from the soles of my feet, from my roots—burning more than blood.

I

NEIGHBOR. You come to my house; don't you stay here.

MOTHER. I want to be here. Here. In peace. They're all dead now: and at midnight I'll sleep, sleep without terror of guns or knives. Other mothers will go to their windows, lashed by rain, to watch for their sons' faces. But not I. And of my dreams I'll make a cold ivory dove that will carry camellias of white frost to the graveyard. But no; not graveyard, not graveyard: the couch of earth, the bed that shelters them and rocks them in the sky.

2

*A woman dressed in black enters, goes toward the right, and there kneels. To The Neighbor.*

Take your hands from your face. We have terrible days ahead. I want to see no one. The earth and I. My grief and I. And these four walls. Ay-y-y! Ay-y-y!

3

*She sits down, overcome.*

NEIGHBOR. Take pity on yourself!

MOTHER, *pushing back her hair*. I must be calm.

*She sits down.*

Because the neighbor women will come and I don't want them to see me so poor. So poor! A woman without even one son to hold to her lips.

4

*The Bride appears. She is without her wreath and wears a black shawl.*

NEIGHBOR, *with rage, seeing The Bride*. Where are you going?

BRIDE. I'm coming here.

MOTHER, *to The Neighbor*. Who is it?

NEIGHBOR. Don't you recognize her?

5

MOTHER. That's why I asked who it was. Because I don't want to recognize her, so I won't sink my teeth in her throat. You snake!

*She moves wrathfully on The Bride, then stops. To The Neighbor.*



Look at her! There she is, and she's crying, while I stand here calmly and don't tear her eyes out. I don't understand myself. Can it be I didn't love my son? But, where's his good name? Where is it now? Where is it?

*She beats The Bride who drops to the floor.*

NEIGHBOR. For God's sake!

*She tries to separate them.*

BRIDE, to *The Neighbor*. Let her; I came here so she'd kill me and they'd take me away with them.

*To The Mother.*

But not with her hands; with grappling hooks, with a sickle—and with force—until they break on my bones. Let her! I want her to know I'm clean, that I may be crazy, but that they can bury me without a single man ever having seen himself in the whiteness of my breasts.

MOTHER. Shut up, shut up; what do I care about that?

BRIDE. Because I ran away with the other one; I ran away!

*With anguish.*

You would have gone, too. I was a woman burning with desire, full of sores inside and out, and your son was a little bit of water from which I hoped for children, land, health; but the other one was a dark river, choked with brush, that brought near me the undertone of its rushes and its whispered song. And I went along with your son who was like a little boy of cold water—and the other sent against me hundreds of birds who got in my way and left white frost on my wounds, my wounds of a poor withered woman, of a girl caressed by fire. I didn't want to; remember that! I didn't want to. Your son was my destiny and I have not betrayed him, but the other one's arm dragged me along like the pull of the sea, like the head toss of a mule, and he would have dragged me always, always, always—even if I were an old woman and all your son's sons held me by the hair!

*A Neighbor enters.*

warn Cue #13c

1. Mother rips off Bride's shawl; Bride drops on knees .1
2. Mother turn away from Bride .2
3. Bride X UR kneels by door; Wife enters R X Q .3

- I. Mother circles Bride during speech .1
2. Another neighbor enters R kneels UR; Mother X DC .2
3. Bride X UR kneels by door; Wife enters R X C

MOTHER. She is not to blame; nor am I  
*Sarcastically.*

I

ready Cue #I3c

Who is, then? It's a delicate, lazy, sleepless woman who throws away an orange blossom wreath and goes looking for a piece of bed warmed by another woman!

BRIDE. Be still! Be still! Take your revenge on me; here I am! See how soft my throat is; it would be less work for you than cutting a dahlia in your garden. But never that! Clean, clean as a new-born little girl. And strong enough to prove it to you. Light the fire. Let's stick our hands in; you, for your son, I, for my body. You'll draw yours out first.

*Another Neighbor enters.*

Cue #I3c

MOTHER. But what does your good name matter to me? What does your death matter to me? What does anything about anything matter to me? Blesséd be the wheat stalks, because my sons are under them; blesséd be the rain, because it wets the face of the dead. Blesséd be God, who stretches us out together to rest.

2

*Another Neighbor enters.*

BRIDE. Let me weep with you.

MOTHER. Weep. But at the door.

*The Girl enters. The Bride stays at the door. The Mother is at the center of the stage.*

3

LEONARDO'S WIFE, *entering and going to the left.*

He was a beautiful horseman,  
now he's a heap of snow.  
He rode to fairs and mountains  
and women's arms.  
Now, the night's dark moss  
crowns his forehead.

MOTHER.

A sunflower to your mother,  
a mirror of the earth.  
Let them put on your breast  
the cross of bitter rosebay;

warn Cue #I4

ready Cue #I3c

and over you a sheet  
of shining silk;  
between your quiet hands  
let water form its lament.

WIFE.

Ay-y-y, four gallant boys  
come with tired shoulders!

BRIDE.

Ay-y-y, four gallant boys  
carry death on high!

MOTHER.

Neighbors.

LITTLE GIRL, *at the door.*

They're bringing them now.

MOTHER.

It's the same thing.  
Always the cross, the cross.

WOMEN.

Sweet nails,  
cross adored,  
sweet name  
of Christ our Lord.

BRIDE. May the cross protect both the quick and the  
dead.

MOTHER.

Neighbors: with a knife,  
with a little knife,  
on their appointed day, between two and three,  
these two men killed each other for love.  
With a knife,  
with a tiny knife  
that barely fits the hand,  
but that slides in clean  
through the astonished flesh  
and stops at the place  
where trembles, enmeshed,  
the dark root of a scream.

ready Cue #13

I. Bodies carried in L to DC; Mother kneels at bodies; Wife kneels  
R of C

ACT THREE SCENE 2

Cue #I4

BRIDE.

And this is a knife,  
a tiny knife  
that barely fits the hand;  
fish without scales, without river,  
so that on their appointed day, between two  
and three,  
with this knife,  
two men are left stiff,  
with their lips turning yellow.

MOTHER.

And it barely fits the hand  
but it slides in clean  
through the astonished flesh  
and stops there, at the place  
where trembles enmeshed  
the dark root of a scream.

*The Neighbors, kneeling on the floor, sob.*

CURTAIN

ready guitar

warn and ready  
Cue #I4a

~~guitar~~

Cue #I4a

blackout  
passion guitar

8ct.

house