

# The Stone Host

## A DRAMA

### *Dramatis personae*

Commander Don Gonzago de Mendoza  
Donna Anna  
Don Juan  
Dolores  
Sganarel, *servant to Don Juan*  
Don Pablo de Alvarez, *Donna Anna's father*  
Donna Mercedes, *Donna Anna's mother*  
Donna Sol  
Donna Concepcion  
Mariquita  
The Duenna of Donna Anna  
Grandeas, grandeas' ladies, guests, servants

### ACT I

A cemetery in Seville. Magnificent mausoleums, white headstones, marble under cypresses, many brilliant tropical flowers. More beauty than sorrow. Donna Anna and Dolores. Anna in a pale dress with flowers in her plaits, all in gold veils and chains. Dolores in deep mourning kneels beside a grave that is adorned with fresh wreaths of living flowers.

DOLORES (*rising and drying her eyes with a handkerchief*):

Come then, Anita.

ANNA (*sitting down on a tombstone under a cypress*):

No, not yet, Dolores.

It's pleasant here.

DOLORES (*sitting down beside Anna*):

D'you really find enjoyment

In this sepulchral beauty? You—the lucky!

ANNA: The lucky?

DOLORES: Won't you, without any pushing

Wed the Commander?

ANNA: Who d'you think would push?

DOLORES: Are you in love with your fiancé then?

ANNA: Does Don Gonzago, then, not merit loving?

DOLORES: I did not say so. But how strange the manner

You give an answer, Anna, to my questions.

ANNA: Because they are not ordinary questions.

DOLORES: And what is extraordinary in them?

Anna, we are most true and faithful friends

You can tell me the truth of everything.

ANNA: First give me an example then yourself.

For you have secrets. I have none at all.

DOLORES: I? Secrets?

ANNA (*smiling*): What's that? Have you really none?

No, do not drop your eyes! Come, I shall look

(*She looks into her eyes and smiles.*)

DOLORES (*with tears in her voice*):

Don't torture me, Anita!

ANNA: Even tears?

O Lord above! This is true passion indeed!

(*Dolores buries her face in her hands.*)

Forgive me, then!

(*She takes in her hand a silver locket which hangs on a black velvet ribbon round Dolores' neck.*)

But what do you have here

Inside this locket? Here perhaps are drawn

The portraits of your parents now at rest?

(*She opens the locket before Dolores can snatch it away.*)

Why, who is this, this handsomest of knights?

DOLORES: My fiancé!

ANNA: I didn't even know

You were betrothed! Why did I never see

You with him?

DOLORES: And you will not see us so.

ANNA: He's dead?

DOLORES: No, he's alive.

ANNA: Betrayed you then?

DOLORES: No, he has not betrayed me!

ANNA: Oh, enough

Of riddles! You don't want to—well, don't talk.

It's not my way to probe into your soul.

(*She wants to get up. Dolores takes her by the arm.*)

DOLORES: No, Anna, stay, sit down. Don't you then know

How hard it is to budge a mighty stone?

(*She places her hand on her heart.*)

And in me here lies such a heavy one

And long ago—it pressed out of my heart

All sorrows, all desires except for one,  
You thought that I was weeping for my dead  
Parents? O no, dearest Anita, no,  
It was that stone pressed tears from out my heart. . . .

ANNA: And have you been betrothed for long?

DOLORES: From birth  
It was our mothers that betrothed us then,  
When I still lived in my dear mother's hope.

ANNA: Oh, it's all so perplexing!

DOLORES: No, Anita.  
Maybe it is the will of heaven that I  
Might rightly call him mine, although, he still  
Does not belong to me.

ANNA: Who is he then?  
How strange it is that I don't know of him.

DOLORES: He is Don Juan.

ANNA: But which one? Surely not. . . .

DOLORES: That one! The very same! Which other one  
Of all the hundred thousands Juans there are  
Could simply be referred to as "Don Juan"  
Without a surname or an epithet?

ANNA: I understand now. . . . Yet, how can it be?  
He's been out of Seville for many years. . . .  
Wasn't he banished?

DOLORES: The last time that I saw  
Him, we were on a visit to Cadiz.  
Then he was living hidden in the caves. . .  
Living off contraband . . . he sometimes went  
Sailing with pirates. . . . Once a gypsy girl  
Ran away from her camp, and oversea  
She fled with him, and somewhere there was lost,  
But he returned and brought back to Cadiz  
Some Moorish lass that poisoned her own brother  
For Don Juan's sake. . . . Later the Moorish girl  
Became a nun. . . .

ANNA: It all seems like some tale!

DOLORES: But it's the very truth.

ANNA: And for what cause,  
Say, was he banished? I did hear some talk,  
But very muddled.

DOLORES: He, while still a page,

Challenged a prince of the true blood to fight  
For the Infanta's sake.

ANNA: And the Infanta,  
Did she love him?

DOLORES: Well, people say she did  
But I don't think so.

ANNA: Why?

DOLORES: Were she in love  
For his sake she'd have cast away Madrid  
And all the regal Court.

ANNA: Is that so easy?

DOLORES: True love does not require an easy path.  
And then a Rabbi's daughter from Toledo  
Gave up her faith for him.

ANNA: And?

DOLORES: Drowned herself.

ANNA: Oh what a terrible fiancé, this!  
And, really, he has not the best of taste.  
A gypsy girl, an infidel, a Jew. . . .

DOLORES: But you're forgetting the Infanta. . . .

ANNA: Well,  
With the Infanta all is not quite clear!

DOLORES: He, on his way to exile, led astray  
A pious Abbess, she the granddaughter  
Of the Inquisitor himself.

ANNA: Indeed?

DOLORES: Then afterwards the Abbess kept an inn. . .  
A tavern for the smugglers.

ANNA: Well, in truth  
He is not blameless, this Don Juan of yours! . . .  
And yet it seems that you are proud of it—  
You reckon up these rivals like proud trophies  
Your knight had won for you in tournaments.

DOLORES: I envy them, I envy them, Anita!  
Why am I not a gypsy, that I might  
Cast off my own free will to follow him?  
Why am I not a Jewess?—I would tread  
Religion underfoot to be his slave!  
A crown is but a little gift. Had I  
A family, I would not spare their shame. . . .

ANNA: Dolores, think! Fear God!

- DOLOROS: Ah, my Anita,  
It is the Abbess that I envy most  
She gave up the salvation of her soul,  
She spurned off Paradise (*Squeezes Anna's arm.*)  
Ah, Anna! Anna!  
You will never comprehend these envies.
- ANNA: I would not envy them if I were you.  
Those poor, unhappy cast-offs. . . Ah, forgive me,  
I had forgotten that he left you too!
- DOLOROS: He did not leave me and will never leave me.
- ANNA: More riddles. What's the matter, then Dolores?
- DOLOROS: I went to visit him there in the cave  
Where he was hiding . . .
- ANNA (*with burning interest*): Well? What happened? Tell me!
- DOLOROS: He was all cut about. He'd tried to steal  
The wife of the Alcaide. But the Alcaide  
Killed her and wounded Don Juan grievously.
- ANNA: But how could you manage to visit him?
- DOLOROS: I cannot understand it now myself . . .  
But it was something like a fevered dream . . .  
I saw him there, and, in the midnight brought  
Water to him, to wash and bathe his wounds,  
Tending until they healed. . .
- ANNA: What happened then?  
Was that the end?
- DOLOROS: That was the end. He rose  
And I left him and journeyed home again.
- ANNA: How could you act so?
- DOLOROS: I so acted, Anna.  
Like the pure Sacrament. You must not think  
That I would let him lead me so astray.  
No, never in the world!
- ANNA: And yet you love  
Him so sincerely
- DOLOROS: Anna, that's no frenzy!  
True love dwells in my heart, as does the blood  
Within the mystic chalice of the Grail.  
I am betrothed, and no one has the power  
So to besmirk me, not Don Juan himself  
And he knows that.
- ANNA: How?

DOLOROS: In my soul I feel it  
And he too has some sentiment for me,  
But yet that sentiment is not called love,  
It has no name. But when we said goodbye  
From my hand he plucked away a ring  
And said, "My most respected Señorita,  
If anyone should slander me to you,  
Say to them that I am your true betrothed,  
For with no other lady have I yet  
Exchanged a ring—I give you my true word."

ANNA: If he said this, then surely it must mean  
That it is you and you alone he loves?

DOLOROS (*sadly shaking her head*):  
You cannot fool the heart with empty words,  
Only my dreams thus bind me to my love.  
For such a betrothed couple as we are  
Pleasant to dwell as blessed souls in heaven,  
But here—what hell-born tortures come from this.  
But you can never understand this, Anna,  
For you all dreams, all hopes are realized.

ANNA: "All dreams, all hopes"—that's taking things too far!

DOLOROS: But why too far? Whatever do you lack,  
You have it all, high birth, and youth and love,  
Wealth also; and soon you'll have the respect  
That is befitting a Commander's wife.

ANNA (*gets up smiling*):  
But I don't see where "dreams and hopes" can be.

DOLOROS (*with a wan smile*):  
For you such things will not be needed now.  
(*They walk together among the headstones.*)

ANNA: Who is there has no need of dreams, Dolores.  
I have a . . . childish . . . dream . . . it came, maybe  
Out of those fairytales which grandmamma  
Would use to lull me when I was a child—  
I loved those stories so. . . .

DOLOROS: What is this dream?

ANNA: Ah, moods and phantoms! There appears to me  
A mountain sheer and inaccessible,  
And on this craggy mountain a stern castle  
Perched like an eyrie. . . . In that castle dwells

A young princess . . . and no one has the power  
To climb the precipice and come to her. . . .  
There valiant knights together with their steeds  
Perish in their attempt to scale the peak,  
And blood in crimson rivers flows about  
The mountain foot. . . .

DOLOROS: O, what a horrid dream!

ANNA: In dreams all is permissible. And then . . .

DOLOROS (*carried away*):

One happy knight climbed up the mountainside  
And won the hand and heart of the princess.  
But see, the dream already has come true,  
For, Anna, that princess must be yourself.  
The dead knights represent those gentlemen  
Who courted you of old without success  
And that most happy knight is Don Gonzago.

ANNA: No, my Commander is the mountain's self  
And there shall be no happy knight for me,  
No, nowhere in the world.

DOLOROS: That's just as well.  
For what have you to give to such a knight  
As a reward?

ANNA: A glass of lemonade  
To quench his thirst! (*Breaks off. In a different tone*)  
Dolores, look there, quickly!  
See how that light is flickering in the vault,  
Like someone covering and uncovering it. . . .  
What if there's someone there?

DOLOROS: It is the bats  
Flapping around the votive lamps.

ANNA: I'll see. . . .  
(*She looks through the iron doors into the vault, takes  
Dolores by the arm and shows her something. In a  
whisper*)  
Look, there's a thief! I'd better call the guard!  
(*Breaks into a run. At that moment the doors open. Dolores  
cries out and faints.*)

DON JUAN (*coming out of the vault to Anna*):  
Please, señorita, do not run away!  
And do not be afraid! I'm not a thief!

(*Anna comes back and stoops down to Dolores.*)

DOLOROS (*recovers consciousness. Squeezes Anna's hand*):

It's he! Anna, it's he! Have I gone mad?

ANNA: You are—Don Juan?

DON JUAN (*bowing*): The self-same, at your service!

ANNA: How did you get here?

DON JUAN: On a horse,

And then on foot.

ANNA: O Lord above! He's joking!

You certainly know how to use your head!

DON JUAN: The first time I heard such a compliment

That I, not with my heart, however full,

Reason, but with my head—still, Señorita,

There are some thoughts in it, though only light ones.

ANNA: Well, what is there so heavy in your heart?

DON JUAN: That, Señorita, only she can know

Who takes my heart into her dainty hand.

ANNA: Your heart's been weighed a good few times, no doubt?

DON JUAN: You think so?

DOLOROS: Hide! If someone chanced to come,

You would be lost!

DON JUAN: But I am lost already.

I have received a glance from lovely eyes,

So, if not lost, then where is my destruction?

(*Anna laughs. Dolores draws her black veil over her face and turns her back.*)

ANNA (*waving him away*):

Be off! Get back into your house again!

DON JUAN: Only the fair hand of a woman can

So lightly send a man into his grave.

DOLOROS (*turning to Don Juan again*):

And are you really living in this tomb?

DON JUAN: How can I tell you? Here, I've had to stay

All day and night—I don't need any more—

But in this Court is stricter etiquette

Than the Castilian Court, but even there

I could not cope with all the ceremonies,

Let alone here!

ANNA: Where are you going, then?

DON JUAN: I still do not know that myself.



- DOLORES: Don Juan  
There is a crypt beneath the church, hide there!
- DON JUAN: It's hardly merrier down there than here.
- DOLORES: You're always chasing merriment!
- DON JUAN: Why not  
Chase after it?
- ANNA: If someone should invite  
You to a masquerade—would you attend?
- DON JUAN: I would attend with pleasure.
- ANNA: I invite you.  
This evening we are having a masked ball,  
At my papa's house—Pablo de Alvarez,  
This is the last ball now before my wedding.  
All will be masked, except the older people,  
And my betrothed and I.
- DON JUAN (*to Dolores*):  
Shall you be at the ball, too, Señorita?
- DOLORES: I am in mourning, as you see, Señor. (*She goes aside.*)
- DON JUAN (*to Anna*): In all my life I never have worn mourning,  
I gratefully accept the invitation. (*He bows.*)
- ANNA: What will your costume be?
- DON JUAN: I still don't know.
- ANNA: A pity. I'd have liked to recognize you.
- DON JUAN: Recognize me by voice.
- ANNA: But are you sure  
That I'll be able to recall your voice?
- DON JUAN: Then you can recognize me by the ring.  
(*He shows her the ring on his little finger.*)
- ANNA: You always wear that ring?
- DON JUAN: I always wear it
- ANNA: You're very faithful
- DON JUAN: Yes, I'm very faithful.
- DOLORES (*entering from a side path*):  
Anna, I can see Don Gonzago coming.  
(*Don Juan hides in the vault. Anna goes to meet the Commander.*)
- COMMANDER (*approaching with dignity. He is past his first youth; dignified and reserved, he wears the white coat of a Commander with great pride*):  
Are you alone here? Where are your duennas?

ANNA: They've gone into the church, because Dolores  
Doesn't like people watching when she visits  
Her family grave.

COMMANDER (*inclining his head with dignity to Dolores*):

Indeed, I understand.

(*to Anna*) And I have called already at your home  
I wanted to find out what kind of dress  
You will be wearing for the ball tonight.

ANNA: A white one. But why did you want to know?

COMMANDER: An airy nothing. Yes, a trifling thought.

ANNA: You'll recognize me in whatever dress  
I wear, for I shall not be masked.

COMMANDER: That's good.

It somehow never came into my mind  
That you might wear a mask.

ANNA: Why didn't you  
In this case ever mention it before?

COMMANDER: I had no wish so to restrict your freedom

ANNA: How strange it is to hear when a fiancé  
Fears to impose the slightest of restraints  
Upon the lady whom he soon will bind  
With very different fetters to himself.

COMMANDER: I do not bind her, God does, and the law,  
And I'll have no more liberty than she.

ANNA: Gentlemen so not often speak this way,  
And if they do speak—who will keep his word?

COMMANDER: Now I no longer wonder, Señorita,  
That until now you did not wish to marry—  
What use is wedlock, if one is not certain.

ANNA: Are all young couples certain?

COMMANDER: Donna Anna,  
If I knew that we two were not quite certain  
Or if I were uncertain, or if you  
I would at once give back to you my promise  
Before it is too late. For once a solemn  
Promise is given . . .

ANNA: Ah! how terrible! . . .

COMMANDER: It is not love that fears a solemn promise,  
You find that "terrible?"

ANNA: No, I was joking.

(*to Dolores*) What did I tell you—he's a very mountain!

COMMANDER: Again some joke? You're very gay, today!

ANNA: Indeed what cause have I not to be gay

When I can be certain of you, as of  
A stony mountain! Isn't this the truth?

COMMANDER (*offers Anna his arm in order to lead her. Anna accepts*):

Yes, Donna Anna, I have told you this  
So you make no mistakes.

(*They walk. Dolores follows a little behind them.*)

ANNA (*to Dolores in an unexpectedly loud tone*):

And, do you know,  
I thought him better looking in the portrait  
Than in real life.

(*Dolores looks at her in silence.*)

COMMANDER: Who?

ANNA: Dolores' betrothed.

COMMANDER: And who may that be?

ANNA: Up till now, a secret

But he will be this evening at our ball.

(*Exeunt all three. Enter Sganarel, Don Juan's servant. He looks around and approaches the vault.*)

SGANAREL: You can come out, sir!

DON JUAN (*coming out*): What! You here already?

SGANAREL: Greetings from Donna Sol. She does not wish

That you should visit her, in case of rumour,  
For her duenna's very stern. She'd rather  
Slip away by herself for a few minutes  
And come down here alone.

DON JUAN: Indeed? So quickly?

SGANAREL: Is this not to your satisfaction?

DON JUAN (*inattentively*): Get me

A fancy costume for a masquerade,  
But something dashing.

SGANAREL: How did you find out

That Donna Sol goes to the masquerade  
Given for the Commander's bride? It seems  
That you are planning that you'll meet her there  
And bring her here.

DON JUAN (*following up a different train of thought*): Who?

SGANAREL: Donna Sol, of course,

Who else d'you think? Wasn't it for her sake

We came here to Seville?

DON JUAN: I do not know.

We'll have to see.

SCANAREL: But if you miss each other,  
Whatever shall I do with her down here?

DON JUAN: Nothing at all! You'll go off to the tavern,  
And she back to her husband.

SCANAREL: Eh, my lord.  
I would have made a better show of knighthood,  
Were you the servant and were I the lord.  
(*Exit. Don Juan hides in the vault.*)

## ACT II

A patio in the mansion of Señor Pablo de Alvarez, arranged in Moorish style, planted with flowers, bushes and small trees, surrounded by buildings, with a gallery under arches which spreads out in the middle into a verandah and a loggia; the roof of the gallery is flat with a balustrade like an oriental roof and spreads out in the middle in the same way as the gallery beneath; to both floors of a gallery a flight of stairs lead up from the courtyard, they are wide and low at the bottom, narrow and steep above. The house and gallery are brightly lit, and in the courtyard there is no light. In the foreground of the courtyard there is an arbour, covered with grapevines. Don Pablo and Donna Mercedes, the parents of Donna Anna are talking with the Commander in the courtyard. In the upper gallery a few guests are walking, not many as yet, and among them is Anna.

COMMANDER: Will you permit me to invite the most  
Beautiful Donna Anna for a moment?

DONNA MERCEDES: Anita, Come down here! It's Don Gonzago!

ANNA (*leaning over the balustrade and looking down*):  
And cannot you come up and greet me here?  
Ah, a true mountain cannot climb a mountain!  
(*She quickly runs down, laughing.*)

DONNA MERCEDES: Anna, you are laughing much too loudly.

DON PABLO: And such jokes don't appeal to me at all  
You must remember this . . .

COMMANDER: No, do not scold  
My bride for this; the wedding is so near,  
And she must not be sorrowful for that.  
I'm used to Donna Anna's jokes.

DONNA MERCEDES: Come, Pablo

We must go up and welcome all our guests.

COMMANDER: Please stay a little. At home in Castile

Fiancés never were alone together.

But I shall not delay you. Donna Anna,

I pray you to accept this trifling token

Of my great reverence and love for you.

*(He takes a pearl tiara from under his coat and bows before Anna.)*

DONNA MERCEDES: Ah, what magnificent pearls!

DON PABLO:

But Commander,

Isn't this really a too-costly gift?

COMMANDER: For Donna Anna?

ANNA:

Ah, so that is why

You asked me earlier about my dress!

COMMANDER: I am afraid that maybe I chose wrongly,

I thought, however, if the dress is white,

Then it should be white pearls, too . . .

ANNA:

Don Gonzago

You wish to be entirely free from faults.

And that's not right at all—it is oppressive.

DONNA MERCEDES *(whispering to Anna in a low tone)*:

Anna, collect your thoughts! At least say "thank you!"

*(Anna silently makes a deep ceremonial curtsy to the Commander.)*

COMMANDER *(holding the tiara above her head)*:

Permit that I myself may place these pearls

On this proud, lovely head, now humbled in

Its first deep reverence before me here.

ANNA *(quickly standing up straight)*:

For otherwise you couldn't reach so high?

COMMANDER *(putting the tiara on her head)*:

As you see, I have reached it.

*(The courtyard fills with a crowd of guests, masked and unmasked, in various costumes. Some have come down from the upper gallery and others through the gate into the courtyard. Among those who enter through the gate is a masked lady in a black, wide, very full-skirted domino, with her face completely covered by a mask.)*

VOICES FROM AMONG THE GUESTS *(coming down from the gallery)*:

Where's our host?

Where is our hostess?

DON PABLO: Here we are, dear guests.

DONNA MERCEDES (*to the newcomers*):

How splendidly and brightly do such guests  
Adorn our home.

AN ELDERLY LADY GUEST (*from among the new guests, whispering to another elderly lady*):

She's probably counted up  
How numerous we are, and what we're costing.

THE SECOND LADY (*to the first, in the same manner*):

O yes, she's quick enough to count the cost  
But somewhat slower with her invitations. . . .

A YOUNG LADY GUEST (*to Anna, greeting her*):

Anita, dearest, what a stylish gown.

(*more quietly*) Only for white, dear, you're a wee bit pale.

ANNA: Oh, that is nothing, it's the latest mode.

(*more quietly*) I can lend you some powder if you wish  
Because, my dear, even your forehead's flushed!

THE YOUNG LADY: There's no need, thank you!

(*She turns and moves away, adjusting her mask and hair to hide her forehead.*)

A YOUNG WIFE (*whispering to another young wife, and indicating Anna's dress with her eyes*):

What a lovely dress!

THE SECOND YOUNG WIFE (*ironically*):

That's her only pleasure now, poor Anna! . . .

AN OLD GUEST (*to Don Pablo*):

Well now, Don Pablo, surely now at last  
The King will bid you take your place at Court,  
With such a son-in-law . . .

DON PABLO:

His Majesty

Values men not by sons-in-law, but service.

THE OLD GUEST: And recognition often comes too late.

DON PABLO: Well, late or not, you've had your share of it!

(*turning to another gentleman*)

You, Count? I am delighted! What an honour!

(*The host, hostess, Commander and guests go into the house through the lower entrance, the masked lady "Black Domino" stays behind unnoticed in the shadow of the bushes. Soon Anna with some young ladies appears on the verandah. The servants hand round lemonade and other cold drinks.*)

DON JUAN (*masked, in Moorish dress with a guitar comes through the gate into the courtyard, stops opposite the verandah and, after a short prelude, sings*):

In my land, my native country,  
Stands a lonely crystal mountain,  
On this mountain, on the summit,  
Shines a diamantine castle.

Anna, ah my sorrow!  
And there grows amid the castle  
Blossom in a bud enclosed  
On its tender petals resting  
Cold hard pearls instead of dew drops,

Anna, ah my sorrow!  
On that lovely crystal mountain  
None the steps and none the pathways,  
In that diamantine castle

None the portals, none the casements  
Anna, ah my sorrow!  
But comes one who needs no pathway,  
Needs no steps and needs no portal  
He'll fly down to greet the blossom  
From the sky, for love has pinions.

Anna, ah my fortune!

(*During the song "Black Domino" comes out a little from the bushes, listens and, at the end, hides herself.*)

COMMANDER (*coming out on to the upper verandah at the end of the song*):

What kind of singing is this, Donna Anna?

ANNA: What kind? I don't know! Probably it's Moorish.

COMMANDER: That wasn't what I meant.

ANNA: Well, then, what was it?

(*Not waiting for a reply, she takes from a servant a glass of lemonade and goes down to Don Juan.*)

Perhaps you would like some refreshment, maybe?

DON JUAN: Thank you, but no. I never drink sweet things.

(*Anna throws the glass into the bushes.*)

COMMANDER (*following Anna*):

Did you like the song, then, Donna Anna?

ANNA: Did you?

COMMANDER: I didn't like it, not a bit.

DON JUAN: Señor, I didn't please you? What a pity!  
 I thought it would have been the very thing  
 For a near-bridegroom to hear songs of love.

COMMANDER: In your song the refrain was out of place!

DON JUAN: It is a pity I could not omit it,  
 But Moorish style demands that it be there.

ANNA: You chose the song to suit the costume, then?

*(Enter through the gate a crowd of young gentlemen. They see Anna and surround her.)*

VOICES FROM THE CROWD: O Donna Anna, Donna Anna, grant us  
 Your favour! For this evening is the last  
 That you shall have a maid's unfettered will.

ANNA: What is it that you ask me, my good sirs?

1ST KNIGHT: We ask you that you will yourself decide  
 Who shall attend on you and in which dance?

ANNA: And I, myself, must ask? . . .

2ND KNIGHT: No, do not ask,  
 You have to order us, for we shall be  
 Your slaves for this one evening.

ANNA: Very well,  
 Though not for very long, for I don't know  
 What your good ladies have to say about it.  
 Maybe you're safe from them behind your masks?

3RD KNIGHT *(removing his mask)*:  
 All stars grow pale before the sun.

ANNA: Indeed,  
 This compliment does not require a mask  
 Being so dignified with hoary age.  
*(The knight puts on his mask again and steps away from the group.)*  
*(to the young men.)*

Well, then, stand in a row, I shall select.  
*(They all stand in a row, Don Juan among them.)*

COMMANDER *(to Anna)*:  
 Is this the custom in Seville?

ANNA: It is.

COMMANDER: And do I have to stay?

ANNA: No.

*(Exit Commander.)* Gentlemen,  
 Are you all ready? *(to Don Juan)* How is it that you,  
 Votary of the changing planet, stand  
 In line, does custom really let you dance?



DON JUAN: For her surpassing custom, I break custom.

ANNA: For that I'll dance with you the first of all.

*(Don Juan bows in the Oriental manner, placing his right hand on his heart, lips and forehead, and afterwards folds his arms across his chest and bows his head. In these movements the gold ring flashes on his little finger.)*

DON JUAN: One dance?

ANNA: One dance. You will not have another.

*(to the young men)*

Now I shall point to you, good gentlemen,  
And each one, please, take note which is your turn.

*(She quickly points to each of the young men in turn but one young man is left out.)*

YOUNG MAN: And I? And I? Which turn am I to have?

ONE OF THE GROUP: The last one, evidently. *(Laughter. The young man stands in confusion.)*

ANNA: My Señors

I gave the first place to the Musselman  
Since in God's kingdom, he will be the last.  
But you are a good Catholic, I'm sure,  
And are not frightened of the last place here.

YOUNG MAN: For the first time I'd like to be a Moor.

DON JUAN: Eh, but your compliment is out of order,  
Maybe it's fated you should save your soul!

ANNA *(clapping her hands)*:

My subjects! That's enough. It's time to dance!

*(She runs upstairs, followed by the young men. From upstairs one can hear music. The dances start, and spread on to the upper verandah and gallery. Donna Anna is in the first couple with Don Juan, then the other young men take their turn. The Commander stands on the corner of an alcove leaning on the buttress of a wall, and watches the dance. "Black Domino" watches from below, and without being observed comes out into an illuminated place in front of the verandah. Don Juan, having finished the dance, leans on the balustrade, notices "Black Domino" and she, at the same time laughingly hides in the shadows.)*

SUNFLOWER MASK *(entering from the side, confronts Don Juan and seizes him by the arm)*:

You are Don Juan! I know it!



A little sweetening for the bitter pill  
Of married duties? Then you must forgive me  
I never learned how sweetmeats are prepared!

DONNA SOL (*approaching the steps of the verandah*):

Nevertheless, you'll still pay me for this!

BLACK DOMINO (*coming out into the light, confronts Donna Sol. In an unnatural, disguised voice*):

Your husband will allow you take the payment?

(*Donna Sol at once runs out of the gate. "Black Domino" tries to hide in the shadows, but Don Juan blocks her path.*)

DON JUAN: Who are you, mournful mask?

BLACK DOMINO: I am your shadow!

(*She dodges away from Don Juan, hiding behind the bushes, goes into the arbour and hides there. Don Juan, losing sight of "Black Domino," goes to the other side looking for her. On the upper verandah, Donna Anna is dancing the seguidillas.*)

A KNIGHT (*when Anna has finished dancing*):

Donna Anna, you've indeed been dancing  
Upon the hearts of all.

ANNA: Indeed? It seemed

To me that I was dancing on the floor.

Or are your hearts in truth as hard as that?

2ND KNIGHT (*approaching Anna, invites her to dance*):

Now it's my turn!

ANNA (*clapping her hands*): Señor, excuse me please!

2ND KNIGHT: I shall wait. But whose turn comes after mine?

ANNA: Open to anyone!

(*She gets up and mingles with the guests, then comes down to the courtyard by the lower stairs. Donna Anna approaches the arbour. "Black Domino" runs out of it, quite silently, and hides in the bushes. Anna falls weakly on to a wide bench in the arbour.*)

DON JUAN (*approaching her*):

You're here? Excuse me, do you feel unwell?

ANNA (*sitting up straight*):

No, only tired.

DON JUAN: Will you go up again?

ANNA: Why? Ah? With other people I'm most tired.

Exhausted by unending wit this evening.

DON JUAN: I was not thinking about wit.

ANNA: What else?

DON JUAN: I wondered what it was could make you try  
To find yourself a prison on a mountain?

ANNA: A prison? What I dream of is a castle  
And castles always stand upon a peak  
That way they're greater and more hard to capture.

DON JUAN: I have a great respect for what is hard  
To capture, if it's built, not upon stone  
But something living.

ANNA: To stand on something living,  
Why, nothing can, for it will quickly buckle.  
But for the soul that lives in pride and lordship,  
Freedom and life are set on a high mountain.

DON JUAN: No, Donna Anna, there you have no freedom  
From the high mountain peak a man can see  
Free boundless space, yet he himself is chained  
Into a little area—one step  
Too far—he plunges into the abyss.

ANNA (*in thought*): Where in the world is there true freedom,  
then? . . .

Maybe it is in such a life as yours?  
Yet among men you slink like a wild beast  
Among the hunters in the chase; a mask  
Is all that can protect you.

DON JUAN: But the chase  
Is mutual between us. What's a mask—  
Only a hunter's craftiness. Straightway  
It is no more!  
(*He un.masks and sits down beside Anna.*)

Believe me, Donna Anna,  
Only he's free from all society's  
Fetters, who's cast out by society.  
And I have forced society to this.  
You have seen one who, going in pursuit  
After the true clear voice of his own heart  
Would never ask, "But what will people say?"  
Look, I am such a one. And this the world  
Has never been a dungeon cell to me.  
With a light felucca I skimmed over  
The sea's expanse, like a migrating bird.

I learned the beauty of a distant shore,  
And the lure of a country yet unknown.  
In freedom's light, all lands are beautiful,  
All waters have the power to mirror heaven,  
And every wood is like the groves of Eden.

ANNA (*quietly*): Yes . . . that indeed is life!

(*A pause. Upstairs once more there is music and dancing.*)

DON JUAN: How strange! more music . . .

ANNA: What's strange in that?

DON JUAN: Why, when some creature dies,  
Old and worn down by sorrow, all lament:  
But here they lay young freedom in its grave  
And all are dancing.

ANNA: But you too, Señor,  
Were dancing.

DON JUAN: Ah, but if you only knew  
What I was thinking then!

ANNA: Indeed?

DON JUAN: I thought  
"If only, keeping her still in my arms  
I might upon my horse bear her away,  
Right to Cadiz!"

ANNA (*getting up*): But do you not permit  
Yourself too many liberties, Señor?

DON JUAN: Ah, Donna Anna, you no longer need  
Those paltry miserable fences which  
Are meant to guarantee and to defend  
Womanly dignity. I'd not use force  
To make attempts upon your honour. Do  
Not fear, I don't eat women!

ANNA (*sitting down again*): Don Juan, know  
I do not fear you!

DON JUAN: Well, that's the first time  
I heard such a statement from a woman's lips.  
Do you, perhaps, bolster your courage so?

ANNA: I never yet, in all my life have been  
Let down by courage.

DON JUAN: Are you still sure of this?

ANNA: Why not?

DON JUAN: Then answer me in truth,  
If you've known freedom, even for an instant.

ANNA: In dreams!

DON JUAN: And day-dreams?

ANNA: Yes, in day-dreams, too.

DON JUAN: Then what prevents you from achieving these  
Proud day-dreams in your life. Step only once  
Beyond the threshold, and the whole wide world  
Is open to you! I am ready, too,  
To help you both in fortune and misfortune,  
Even if you should close your heart to me.  
For me it is the dearest thing to save  
Your proud, free spirit. O Donna Anna,  
So long have I been seeking you.

ANNA: You sought me?  
But you knew nothing of me until now!

DON JUAN: Only your name it was I did not know  
Only your countenance, and yet I sought  
In every woman's countenance to find  
Some small reflection of that bright refulgence  
Which spreads its radiance from your proud eyes.  
If we must part and go our separate ways  
There is no sense in all of God's creation.

ANNA: Wait for a moment! Don't bewitch my thoughts.  
With burning speeches. I do not lack courage  
To venture so out into the wide, wide world.

DON JUAN (*rising, extends his hand to her*):  
Come then!

ANNA: Not yet. Here, courage is not all.

DON JUAN: And what prevents you, now? Is it these pearls?  
Or that ring, maybe?

ANNA: Those least of all!

(*She takes off the pearl tiara and puts it on the bench. The  
ring she holds on her open palm.*)

Now put that ring of yours beside this one!

DON JUAN: What for?

ANNA: Don't be afraid I'll put it on!  
I want to throw them both away, into  
Guadalquivir as we cross on the bridge.

DON JUAN: Oh no, this ring I cannot give you. Ask  
For anything you like . . .

ANNA: I'm not prepared  
To ask you anything at all. I wanted

Only to find out if there truly lives  
In the whole wide world one person that is free,  
Or is it all only "the Moorish style."  
And you, yourself, for this belauded freedom  
Will not give up even a little circlet.

DON JUAN: I'll give you all my life!

ANNA: The ring!

DON JUAN: O Anna,

This ring is not a token of true love.

ANNA: What is it then? A fetter ring? Don Juan,

Does it not shame you to confess to it?

DON JUAN: I gave my word of honour I would wear it.

ANNA: Ah, word of honour. (*She stands up.*) Thank you, good Señor  
For bringing back that word into my mind.

DON JUAN (*falling on one knee*):

Ah, Donna Anna, I implore you!

ANNA (*with an angry movement*): Cease!

Enough of comedy! Get up at once!

(*Turning round she sees the Commander who is approaching the bower from the house.*)

Ah, Don Gonzago, will you please escort me  
Upstairs again.

COMMANDER: Please tell me, Donna Anna,

What is the name, I pray, of this Señor.

ANNA: This knight is the fiancé of Dolores,

And dares not to be known by other names.

DON JUAN: Indeed, I have a name—it is Don Juan,

A name renowned through all the land of Spain.

COMMANDER: You are that outlaw whom the King deprived

Of honour and all privilege. How dare you

Enter this honourable house?

DON JUAN: Kings give

Privilege, and can take it back again.

But like my rapier honour is to me,

For it is mine alone, and none can break it!

Or is it that you wish to try, maybe?

(*Draws his rapier and stands "on guard."*)

COMMANDER (*folding his arms*):

It is not fitting a Commander's honour

To duel with outlaws! (*to Anna*) Come, let us go in.

(*He takes Anna's arm and moves off, turning his back on*

*Don Juan, who follows behind the Commander, wanting to run him through with the rapier. "Black Domino" runs out from the shadows and seizes him with both hands.)*

BLACK DOMINO (in a normal voice which may be recognized as that of Dolores):

Attacking from the back's dishonourable!

(Anna turns round, Don Juan and Dolores run out of the gate.)

COMMANDER: Do not look round!

ANNA: There's no one left there, now!

COMMANDER (letting go of Anna's arm and changing his quiet tone for a fierce one):

How did he come to be here, Donna Anna?

ANNA: I tell you, as fiancé of Dolores!

COMMANDER: And what was all that kneeling on one knee?

ANNA: To whom?

COMMANDER: Why, he of course, in front of you!

ANNA: Should I have knelt? And if not, what's the problem?

COMMANDER: And you could really let him?

ANNA: Lord above!

Whoever asks permission to such things?

Or maybe the Castilian etiquette

Insists that one approaches ladies so:

"Permit me, ma'am, to kneel upon one knee!"

Here every lady'd laugh at such a thing!

COMMANDER: You're good at turning things aside with jokes!

ANNA: Have pity! If each time I sent away

A suitor I must pour out bitter tears.

Long since my eyes would have lost all their lustre!

Is this the way you'd wish for things to be?

Is it surprising to you that for him

I don't stretch out my hands, weep bitterly,

Ashamedly confess before you here

Unlawful love which, like a raging storm,  
Swept unresisted through this heart of mine.

I'd have been like Isolde in the tale,

A pity I am not attuned for this,

Just now, I feel inclined to the fandango,

Ah, I can hear—they're playing it, tra-la!

Let us go, Don Gonzago, I will fly



Like a white billow into the gay dance.  
And you will stand quite tranquil, like a stone  
Because the stone knows that the petulant wave  
Will end the dance forever—at its side.  
(*The Commander takes Anna's arm and leads her up to the dancing.*)

## ACT III

A cave on the seashore in the neighbourhood of Cadiz. Don Juan sits on a rock sharpening his rapier. Sganarel is standing near him.

SGANAREL: Why are you always sharpening your rapier.

DON JUAN: Such is my habit.

SGANAREL: Yet you fight no more

Duels.

DON JUAN: For I've no one I can fight.

SGANAREL: Aren't there sufficient people?

DON JUAN: All these people

Are not fit for my rapier.

SGANAREL: Maybe the rapier

For someone is not fit?

DON JUAN (*angrily*): You!

SGANAREL: Forgive me, sir!

It was a thoughtless joke. I can't recall

Whence all these foolishnesses came to me,

As if something were pushing me!

DON JUAN: Be off!

(*Exit Sganarel, smiling. Don Juan goes on sharpening the rapier.*)

Notched it again! Ah, only fit for breaking!

(*He throws away the rapier. Enter Sganarel quickly and quietly.*)

SGANAREL: Sir, let us run away!

DON JUAN: What is it now?

SGANAREL: We are found out. I saw, not far away

Some monk was wandering about.

DON JUAN: Well then?

SGANAREL: No doubt a spy from the Grand Inquisition,

Or an assassin with a poisoned dagger!

DON JUAN: I don't fear spies! I have grown used to them

And I've a rapier longer than a dagger!

Bring on the monk! The business will be shorter!  
 Tell him Don Juan, the universal sinner  
 Wants to make his confession.

SGANAREL:

Very well!

You're not a child, and I am not your nurse!

*(Exit. He quickly returns, leading into the cave a monk, who is shortish, thin and dressed in a "cloak of invisibility"—a black cloak, which covers all the face—only two slits being left for the eyes.)*

DON JUAN: My father, or perhaps I should say—brother,  
 To whom am I indebted for this holy  
 Visit?

*(The monk makes a sign with his hand that Sganarel should go.)*

Sganarel, you have leave to go.

*(Seeing that Sganarel is in no hurry to go he whispers to him.)*

See, this monk has a woman's hands!

SGANAREL:

Confound them!

*(Exit, with a wave of his hand. Don Juan places his rapier on the stone. From under the monk's hood there appears at once the face of Dolores.)*

DON JUAN: Dolores? You? Once more here in this cave . . .

DOLORES: I have come here to save you once again.

DON JUAN: To save me once again? Why, who has told  
 You that I might have been in need of saving?

DOLORES: I knew it for myself.

DON JUAN:

I'm still not weak,

As you perceive, but powerful, happy, free!

DOLORES: You wish that you might appear so to be!

DON JUAN *(laughing, for a moment, then quickly raising his head with a stubborn movement)*:

I see, my Señorita, that your garb

Has tuned you to a monkish way of speech.

But I shall not make my confession now.

My sins are not for a young lady's ears.

*(Dolores silently takes out two parchment scrolls and gives them to Don Juan.)*

No, forgive me, Dolores, I did not

Wish to insult you; that is not my way.

What's this that you have brought me?

DOLORS: Read it through!

DON JUAN (*glancing quickly through the parchments*):

A Royal Decree . . . also a Papal Bull

All of my misdeeds are forgiven me.

And all my sins. . . How is it? For what reason?

However did you come to get these papers?

DOLORS (*lowering her eyes*):

Do you not guess the reason?

DON JUAN:

O Dolores,

Indeed I understand. Once more you placed

A debt upon me. And you know, indeed, .

It is my way to settle debts in full.

DOLORS: I have not come here as a debt collector,

DON JUAN: So I believe you. Yet I am not bankrupt,

Once I gave to you a pledge—a ring,

I'm ready now to settle the whole debt

No more an outlaw; a grandee of Spain

Am I, and now it is not a disgrace

To marry me.

DOLORS (*with a sigh*): O God, O Holy Virgin!

I had expected it might happen so . . .

But now it's happened, and I have to bury

This my last dream . . .

(*Her voice breaks down in a fit of suppressed weeping*)

DON JUAN:

Have I offended you?

In what, Dolores?

DOLORS:

Don't you understand?

You think that when a Spanish grandee throws

A wedding ring to a hidalgo's daughter,

Like purse of guineas to the money lender

That her heart ought to blossom into flower,

And not pour forth its blood.

DON JUAN:

Ah, no! Dolores!

And you, too, have to understand that I

Have never been indebted, since my birth,

To maiden nor to woman.

DOLORS:

Is this true?

You, Don Juan, never, not in any way

Wronged womankind?

DON JUAN:

No! Never. In no way.

For every time I gave them everything

That they were able to take in: a dream,  
A brief few hours of happiness, excitement  
And there was no one that could take in more,  
While others found it far beyond their dreams.

DOLORÉS: But you would have been able to take more?  
(*a pause*) But this time you won't be required to pay  
And so take back again the "golden pledge."  
(*She wishes to take off the ring from her right hand.*)

DON JUAN: No, this belongs to you by holy law.

DOLORÉS: And I, myself, belong to me no more,  
This body which you see is no more mine,  
The very soul within it is the smoke  
Of incense offerings which burn before  
God for the sake of your soul . . .

DON JUAN: What's all this?  
I cannot understand your words at all.  
You, like a slaughtered sacrifice of blood,  
So are your eyes. . . . And this Decree . . . this Bull . . .  
However did you get them? I entreat you  
Tell me.

DOLORÉS: Why is it that you want to know?

DON JUAN: I still, perhaps, may cast away these gifts.

DOLORÉS: You'll not be able to cast them away,  
I know. And how they're got—it's all the same.  
It's not the first time that for you a woman  
Perishes! Were it but the last time!

DON JUAN: No,  
Tell me! If you won't say, I may conclude  
That you obtained it by some shameful means—  
An honourable method needs no veiling.

DOLORÉS: "Shameful" . . . "honourable! . . . How far now  
From me these words are. Well then I shall tell you!  
For this decree I have paid with my body.

DON JUAN: How?

DOLORÉS: I cannot put it any more plainly,  
You understand the customs of the court,  
There everything is paid for, if not money  
Then . . .

DON JUAN: O my God! How terrible, Dolores!

DOLORÉS: Terrible for you? I did not expect that.

DON JUAN: But for you?

DOLORS: I have nothing left to fear.  
Why should I be frightened for my body  
When I was not afraid to give my soul,  
Even, that I might pay for the Bull.

DON JUAN: But who pays with the soul?

DOLORS: All women do,

When they fall in love. And I am happy  
That with my soul I can buy out a soul,  
Not every woman has this happiness.  
The Holy Father will release your soul  
From torments of perdition on condition  
That I embrace atonement everlasting,  
For all your sins. Within a convent of  
The strictest rule, I shall become a nun.  
The vow of everlasting silence, fasts  
And scourgings I shall offer up to God.  
Juan, I shall have to renounce everything,  
Even my dreams and memories of you!  
Only about your soul may I remember,  
Neglecting my own soul. My soul shall even  
Go to eternal torment for your sake.  
Farewell.

*(Don Juan stands silent, dumbstruck. Dolores moves away  
but at once stops short.)*

No, still once more! For the last time  
I want to gaze once more into these eyes!  
For they will never shine for me again  
In that sepulchral darkness which will be  
Known as my life. . . . Take back your portrait, then,  
*(She takes off the medallion and puts it on the stone.)*  
I have to think only about your soul  
And nothing further.

DON JUAN: What if I should say  
That one brief moment's happiness with you  
Here upon earth is worth far more to me  
Than joy eternal without you in heaven?

DOLORS *(ecstatic, like a martyr undergoing torture)*:  
I do not ask you not to tempt me thus.  
This half-delusion. . . . If but to the end  
It might deceive this ever-watchful heart  
O Blessed Virgin! Grant that I may offer

This sacrifice on his behalf! O Juan  
 Speak to me, speak those words of truest love!  
 Be not afraid that I might still accept them.  
 Here is your ring.

*(She takes it off and tries to give it to Don Juan, but her  
 hand falls weakly and the ring rolls down.)*

DON JUAN *(picks up the ring and puts it once more on Dolores' hand)*:

No never shall I take it  
 Back again. You must wear it, or else give it  
 To the Madonna as an offering  
 If you so wish. To look on such a ring  
 Would be permitted to a nun. This ring  
 Will not rouse sinful memories.

DOLORS *(quietly)*: It's true.

DON JUAN: And this of yours I'll never give away,  
 No never!

DOLORS: For what purpose will you wear it?

DON JUAN: The soul has its requirements and its customs  
 Just as the body. I had hoped you would  
 See this without unnecessary words.

DOLORS: It's time for me to go now . . . I forgive you  
 For everything that you . . .

DON JUAN: Stop, do not darken  
 All my bright memories of this last moment.  
 Why this forgiveness? Now, indeed, I see  
 That I remain in debt to you for nothing  
 For truly you, through me, have reached the height  
 Of a most pure and a most lofty summit!  
 So is forgiveness due to me for this?  
 O no! Maybe you made a slip of the tongue!  
 In a heart ever watchful such a word  
 Could not be born. You have no need of such  
 Words, since you have become so high above  
 Honour and shame. Is this not true, Dolores?

DOLORS: It seems that no more words are necessary! *(She starts to go.)*

DON JUAN: Dolores, stay a moment. . . In Madrid  
 Did you call on Señora de Mendoza?

DOLORS *(stopping short)*:  
 You . . . you are asking me for news of her?

DON JUAN: I see that you're not ready for the convent.

DOLORES (*suppressing her feelings*):

I saw her, yes!

DON JUAN: And she is well and happy?

DOLORES: It seems that I am happier than she is.

DON JUAN: She has not forgotten me.

DOLORES: O no.

DON JUAN: How do you know?

DOLORES: I feel it in my heart.

DON JUAN: That's all I want to know.

DOLORES: I'm going now.

DON JUAN: You do not ask for what reason I  
Needed to know this?

DOLORES: No, I do not ask!

DON JUAN: Isn't that rather hard for you?

DOLORES: I never

Looked for an easy path! Farewell forever!

DON JUAN: Farewell forever. I shall not betray you.

(*Dolores at once covers her face with her hood and leaves the cave without looking back. Sganarel enters and stands looking reproachfully at Don Juan.*)

DON JUAN: Well, what a lovely soul it is I've tempered.

SGANAREL: Whose soul? Your own?

DON JUAN: That's a stinging question,  
Though unintentional!

SGANAREL: You think so, sir?

DON JUAN: Well, what do you think?

SGANAREL: That I've often seen you  
As anvil and as hammer, but have never  
Seen you as smith.

DON JUAN: But that you soon shall see.

SGANAREL: Pity! The chance is lost!

DON JUAN: What's that? Lost, where?

SGANAREL: Your destiny has gone to be a nun, sir!

DON JUAN: So you were eavesdropping?

SGANAREL: You didn't know?

He who has servants ought to realize

That always he's in the confessional.

DON JUAN: But to admit the fact so shamelessly! . . .

SGANAREL: One has to be the servant of Don Juan!

And sir, you are renowned for your plain speaking!

DON JUAN: Well, don't keep chattering. My shadow's gone,  
 My destiny is waiting in Madrid,  
 Saddle the horses. We shall go at once.  
 To win this destiny. . . . Quick! Off with you.  
*(Exit Sganarel. Don Juan takes the rapier in his hand and  
 runs his hand down the blade, testing the edge, and  
 smiling.)*

#### ACT IV

The mansion of the Commander in Madrid. Donna Anna's boudoir, a large room opulently furnished but in dark tones. High narrow windows with balconies reach almost to the floor. The shutters are closed. Donna Anna in a grey dress with black half-mourning sits at a small dressing table arranging her jewels in a box and trying them on, looking in the mirror.

COMMANDER (*entering*): What you dressing up for?

ANNA: I am choosing  
 Jewels for tomorrow. For I'd like to go  
 To the bull fight tomorrow.

COMMANDER: In half-mourning?

ANNA (*exasperated, pushing away the jewellery*):

Oh, all this mourning! When's it going to end?

COMMANDER (*quietly*):

This one will run for eight days more.

In honour of an uncle, that's not long.

ANNA: The strangest part of it is that in all  
 My life I never even met this uncle.

COMMANDER: That's not the point at all. You now belong  
 To the noble house of de Mendoza.  
 Therefore you must honour the memory  
 Of all your kin.

ANNA: God grant them all long lives!  
 For now we are in mourning for an uncle,  
 Last time it was an aunt, before her came—  
 If I've not got it wrongly—our third cousin,  
 Or was it a fourth cousin that had died?

COMMANDER: With whom, then, are you angry?

ANNA: I just wanted  
 To recollect how many days it was  
 That I've been out of mourning since the time  
 That I've been married to you.



COMMANDER: A whole month.

ANNA (*ironically*): Ah, a whole month? Indeed, that's quite a while?

COMMANDER: I cannot understand your irritation.

Surely you do not wish, for vain enjoyment  
To cast aside all honourable customs  
Hallowed by time?

ANNA (*getting up*): What do you mean to say?

Do I not keep these honourable customs?

When have I acted in a shameful manner?

COMMANDER: There must not even be a hint of shame,  
But for us even the least deviation  
Would be a step towards the abyss. Remember  
That a Commander's coat came down to me  
Not for the asking, not for pay or violence,  
But for honour's sake. We de Mendozas  
Were all from olden days knights without fear,  
All ladies without blemish. Is it fitting  
That you'd be prone to vulgar criticism  
Tomorrow, when . . .

ANNA (*irritated*): I shan't go anywhere.

COMMANDER: There is no need at all to stay shut in.

Tomorrow morning we must go to church.

ANNA: I did not mean to go to church tomorrow.

COMMANDER: Nevertheless, we really have to go.

Fra Inigo is going to preach the sermon.

ANNA: But he's the dulllest preacher in the world!

COMMANDER: I quite agree with you. But the Queen likes  
These sermons. So the whole Court goes along,  
To hear them too. If you should be missing  
From all the grandees' ladies, they would notice.  
(*Anna sighs without speaking. The Commander takes from  
his pocket a smoky-crystal rosary.*)

I've brought you a half-mourning rosary.

Soon I shall get you one of amethysts.

ANNA (*taking the rosary*): Thank you, but why all this?

COMMANDER: You must prevail

Over all the ladies by your splendour.  
And please, moreover, when we go to church,  
Do not permit Donna Concepcion  
To sit beside the Queen. By right, that seat  
Belongs to you. Be sure you don't forget

That everywhere the first place is for us  
 Since we can occupy it worthily  
 And no one has the right to take our place.  
 Not just the honour of the de Mendozas—  
 The banner of my Order guarantees this.  
 But when not just Donna Concepcion  
 But the Queen also wishes to forget this,  
 Then I without delay will leave the Court  
 And all my knighthood will go after me.  
 Then let His Most Catholic Majesty  
 Hold up the crown even in his own hands  
 So that it doesn't tremble! I'll be able  
 With courage to defend my knightly rights,  
 For it is only needful that they be  
 All everyone, hence we must need not only  
 Honour, but the least rules of etiquette  
 However petty. Even if they seem  
 Boring, senseless, purposeless to you. . . .

ANNA: O Holy Patience!

COMMANDER: Yes indeed one must  
 Pray with sincerity to Holy Patience,  
 When one wishes to remain on top  
 Of rights which ask of us some special duties.  
 Rights without duties are but anarchy.  
 (*Anna sighs again.*)  
 You sigh? Nevertheless you knew quite well  
 What obligations would await you here.  
 You chose your destiny quite consciously  
 And your repentance now has come too late.

ANNA (*proudly*): Even in my thoughts I don't repent it.

I recognize that you are right. Forget  
 My whims and fancies—they are all quite gone!

COMMANDER: These are the words of a true grandee's lady,  
 Once more I recognize my own true spouse.  
 Forgive me, for a moment I was  
 Unsure of you—and I felt so alone  
 And all the struggle seemed too hard for me  
 To gain that rung which has to place us still  
 Higher.

ANNA (*excited*): What rung? Above us, after all,  
 Is just the throne!

COMMANDER: Yes, just the throne. (*a pause*) Long since,

I would have told my plans to you, had I  
Seen you can live with the same thoughts as mine.

ANNA: And you did not perceive this?

COMMANDER: I regret it.  
But now I hope that every step of mine  
We two shall make together. The highest crag  
Only receives an honourable crown  
When the she eagle builds her eyrie there.

ANNA: The eagle?

COMMANDER: Yes, only an eagle can  
Upon a sharp and slippery mountain crag  
Build for herself a permanent abode,  
And live there without fearing aridness  
Nor arrows of the sun, nor threat of thunder,  
But the reward for this is lofty height . . .

ANNA (*interrupting*): In the pure mountain air, free from the scents  
And odours of the sychophantic lowland.  
Thus?

COMMANDER: Yes, give me your hand.  
(*Anna gives him her hand, and he presses it.*)  
And so, goodnight.

ANNA: You're going out?

COMMANDER: Yes, to the Chapter Council.  
If I'm late back, please don't wait up for me.  
(*Exit Commander. Anna sits down, musing to herself.*  
*Enter Mariquita, a chambermaid.*)

ANNA: You, Mariquita? Where is my duenna?

MARIQUITA: She suddenly was taken quite unwell,  
She had to go and rest. But if you need her  
I'll go and call her, all the same.

ANNA: No, leave her,  
Let her rest. You can plait my hair for me  
For the night, and then go.

MARIQUITA (*plaiting Anna's hair*): I have to tell  
The Señora something, but I thought I'd wait  
Till the Señor had left the house.

ANNA: Quite pointless!  
No secrets do I have from the Señor.

MARIQUITA: O no, of course not! Truly my Señora  
Is filled with holy virtue. And I said  
That to the servant when I took the flowers.

ANNA: What servant? What's that about flowers?

- MARIQUITA: Just now  
 Some servant brought some granadilla flowers  
 From somebody for the Señora.
- ANNA (*angrily*): Never!  
 Granadilla flowers, you say? For me?
- MARIQUITA: I don't know. . . . He said so. . . . It is the truth,  
 But rather impudent, for granadilla  
 Flowers are a sign of passion. I shan't say  
 More, for it's common knowledge.
- ANNA: Mariquita,  
 I have to know from whom this insult came!
- MARIQUITA: The servant gave no name, he only said  
 Giving the flowers: "These are for Donna Anna,  
 From her faithful Moor." (*Anna cries out suddenly.*)  
Señora knows  
 From whom they came?
- ANNA (*embarrassed*): These flowers are not required . . .
- MARIQUITA: I'll bring them just to show you.
- ANNA: Not required!  
*(Mariquita not listening runs out and returns in a moment  
 with a bouquet of red granadilla flowers.)*
- ANNA (*waving them aside and turning away*):  
 Throw them away!
- MARIQUITA: I'd have liked to have them  
 If the Señora doesn't want them. Really  
 They are the choicest blossoms.
- ANNA: Yes, yes . . . take them . . .
- MARIQUITA: Tomorrow I'll wear flowers all over!
- ANNA: Go!
- MARIQUITA: Shouldn't you have the windows open here,  
 It's very close
- ANNA (*in thought, not attending*): Open them.
- MARIQUITA: And the shutters?
- ANNA: No, they might see in from the street.
- MARIQUITA (*opening the shutters*): O no,  
 For the whole street is quite deserted now.  
 For this is not Seville! Ah, in Seville  
 All the streets now will ring and sound with songs  
 And the air whirls in the swift Madrillana  
 But here the air is stony. . . .
- ANNA (*nervously*): Ah, enough!

*(Mariquita, while speaking, has leaned out of the window. She looks to all sides and suddenly makes a movement with her hand as though throwing something.)*

ANNA *(noticing the movement)*:

What's that for, Mariquita?

MARIQUITA *(innocently)*: What? Why, nothing?

ANNA: You threw a flower to someone?

MARIQUITA: Not at all!

I chased away a moth. Does the Señora

Have need of something else, maybe?

ANNA: No..nothing.

MARIQUITA *(bobbing a curtsy)*:

I wish you pleasant, pleasant dreams.

ANNA: Goodnight.

*(Exit Mariquita, but as she goes she leaves behind the bouquet of granadilla flowers. Anna glances at the door and with a trembling hand she takes the bouquet and looks at it longingly.)*

ANNA *(quietly)*: From her faithful Moor . . .

*(Don Juan quietly and with agility climbs through the window, throws himself on his knees before Anna and covers her hands with kisses.)*

ANNA *(letting the bouquet fall in ecstasy)*: You!

DON JUAN: I'm your knight,

Your faithful Moor!

ANNA *(recollecting herself)*: Señor who gave you leave?

DON JUAN *(rising)*: What is this hypocrisy for, Anna?

For I have just seen how you were holding

My gift of flowers.

ANNA: That was an accident!

DON JUAN: I pray for blessings on such accidents.

*(Stretches out his hands to Anna, who makes a movement of defence.)*

ANNA: I beg you, go away, leave me alone!

DON JUAN: Are you afraid of me?

ANNA: It is not right

For me thus to receive you . . .

DON JUAN: What weak words!

Of old I did not hear such things from you!

O Anna, Anna, where now are your proud

Day-dreams of old?



*(He seizes her in an embrace, she leans her head on his shoulder and shakes with sobbing.)*

Ah, you are crying? These tears call for vengeance!

*(Far off a key is heard turning in a lock, then on the stairs are heard the heavy slow steps of the Commander.)*

ANNA: That is Gonzago's tread. Quick! Get away!

DON JUAN: Escape, No. Now I have the chance I need

Not to give way nor yield before his might.

COMMANDER *(enters and sees Don Juan)*:

You? Here?

DON JUAN: I? Here? Yes, Señor de Mendoza,

I have come here to offer you my thanks

For magnanimity once shown me. Now

I am your equal. Surely you know that?

*(The Commander silently draws his rapier, and Don Juan his. They start fighting. Donna Anna screams.)*

COMMANDER *(looking round at her)*:

I order you, be silent!

*(Don Juan stabs him in the neck—he falls and dies.)*

DON JUAN: It is ended! *(He wipes his rapier on the Commander's coat.)*

ANNA: What have you done now?

DON JUAN: What? I have defeated

An adversary in a duel of honour!

ANNA: But this will not be taken as a duel.

You will be punished as a murderer.

DON JUAN: It's all the same to me.

ANNA: But it is not

The same to me, that people should remark

Me as a double widow—for my husband

And for my lover!

DON JUAN: But I have not been

Your lover yet!

ANNA: Yes, we know this is true.

But who would credit it? I do not want

With name of traitress and a brand of shame

To have to stay here in this hornets' nest.

DON JUAN: Then let us flee together!

ANNA: Are you mad,

That means you'll drag a stone along with you.

Go away! Leave me! Otherwise at once

I'll scream and shout you wanted to dishonour  
 Me and to this end treacherously slew  
 The Señor de Mendoza.

DON JUAN: Donna Anna

You can say that?

ANNA: I certainly shall say it.

DON JUAN: And what if I should tell them that you were

My mistress and accomplice in the murder?

ANNA (*firmly*): That is not chivalrous.

DON JUAN: And you, Señora?

What about the way you mean to act?

ANNA: I shall only act in self-defence.

And if you leave this house at once, I shall

Tell everyone, and they will all believe

That thieves broke in—and that will settle it.

(*Don Juan remains standing in uncertainty.*)

Well? Surely you've no more to think about?

(*Don Juan without speaking, climbs out through the window. Anna watches from the window for a while until he has got away, then she takes the jewellery from the box, throws it out of the window and shouts loudly.*)

ANNA: Help! Murder! Help! For God's sake someone, come!

(*As people rush into her boudoir, she falls as if fainting.*)

## ACT V

A cemetery in Madrid. The monuments are mostly made from dark stone in a heavy style. At the side is a granite chapel of ancient construction. No plants, no flowers. A cold, dry winter day. Donna Anna in deep mourning walks solemnly carrying a silver wreath. Behind her walks an old duenna. They both come up to a grave with a monument to the Commander, a large statue with a Commander's baton, and with the left hand resting on a sword with an open scroll over the hilt. Anna silently kneels before the grave, places the wreath at the foot of the statue, takes out her rosary and begins to murmur prayers.

DUENNA (*waiting until she has said one decade*):

I venture to request that the Señora

Would give me leave to go, just for a moment.

Quite near, just over there, beside the gate

To ask my kinswoman to lend some gloves

To me. I left my own at home, alas,

And it is biting cold.



- ANNA: It is not proper  
That I should stay out here all by myself.
- DUENNA: My kind Señora! For the Lord's sake, please  
I'm old, and my rheumatics are so bad.  
Does the Señora see, my hands are swollen?  
Indeed I have not slept a wink from pain.
- ANNA (*looking at the duenna's hands*):  
Yes, they are badly swollen. All right, go!  
But don't delay!
- DUENNA: I'll hurry. My Señora  
Is a very angel of compassion.  
(*Exit. Hardly has she gone when Don Juan appears from behind the nearest monument. Anna jumps to her feet.*)
- DON JUAN: And so at last I see you!
- ANNA: So, Don Juan!  
You have bribed my duenna, I presume?
- DON JUAN: No, I just seized my chance! But if I had,  
You would be held responsible.
- ANNA: I would?
- DON JUAN: You would. For who is it that forces me  
To roam the cemetery by the hour  
Watching for you? And only due to this  
That I had the good luck to see how here  
Under the duenna's grim protection  
You read your insincere prayers on the grave  
Of the "unforgotten one."
- ANNA (*stops him with a movement of her hand*): Wait! firstly  
No one is forcing me to anything.  
Secondly, my prayers are true and are sincere  
Because I was, although unwittingly,  
The cause that brought about my husband's death  
Who loved me and respected me.
- DON JUAN: Señora,  
All hail to you! Such truly great achievements.
- ANNA: In what?
- DON JUAN: Why, in hypocrisy
- ANNA: I must not  
Listen to such speeches. (*She quickly moves away.*)
- DON JUAN (*catching her arm*): Donna Anna!  
I shall not let you go!
- ANNA: Then I shall scream.

DON JUAN (*letting go of her arm*):

I beg and pray you listen to me then.

ANNA: If you will drop that bully's tone of voice  
Then I shall let you. But speak quickly, please,  
For someone will come, and I don't want  
Them to see us together.

DON JUAN: I am wondering  
Whatever are these willing fetters for?  
I thought the stone had split apart already.  
The burden fallen and the person living.  
But no, it has grown harder still, that stone  
Your clothing. And your house, like a strong tower,  
During a siege. The doors with bolts and bars,  
The jealous shutters will not let go in  
Either a glance or sunbeam. All the servants  
Stern, armed, and incorruptible.

ANNA: That means  
That there have been attempts to bribe them.

DON JUAN: Anna,  
Does not despair have its own privileges  
For after all, when I came openly  
I only heard "Señora's not at home!"

ANNA: Think for yourself, is it the proper thing  
For a young widow, still in mourning, too,  
To entertain a knight of such repute  
As you, and all alone.

DON JUAN: O Anna, Anna.  
It seems that now I start to lose my reason.  
Is this you? Really you? The self-same beauty,  
But words, what words! Who was it taught you them?  
Who changed the very soul in you?

ANNA: Don Juan  
No one has changed the very soul in me.  
From birth it always has been proud, and so  
It has remained. I therefore shut myself  
Into an unconquerable fortress  
That none may dare to say "Aha, indeed  
The pretty widow's having fun—the bonds  
Are broken!" Surely you could not bear that?

DON JUAN: But Anna, don't I have my rapier?

ANNA: Indeed—will you depopulate Madrid?  
And with your rapier could you cut away  
All sidelong glances, sniggering and whispers,  
Raised eyebrows, whistles, shrugging shoulders which  
Would meet and follow me in every place?

DON JUAN: Anna, let's run away!

ANNA: Ha ha!

DON JUAN: It's funny?

ANNA: Had I not laughed, then certainly I'd yawn.

Surely you'd not prefer that?

DON JUAN: Ah Señora!

ANNA: Now its the third time that I've heard these words.

And it can get quite tedious.

DON JUAN: I see,

You are indeed stone, without soul or heart.

ANNA: Though not without good sense, you must admit.

DON JUAN: Oh, I admit you've that!

ANNA: Then tell me why

We ought to run away now? What's the point?  
When you seduced young girls and stole away  
Wives from their husbands, then it was not strange  
That it turned out you ran away with them.  
And he who's banished is a fugitive  
Of course. But why is one to send oneself  
To banishment? For what cause? Just to take  
A widow who's dependent upon no one.  
Think for yourself, is it not farcical?  
And what would I be to you, if I fled  
With you, into the world now. Certainly  
Only a toy for a short while.

DON JUAN: Oh, Anna

There is no one that I loved as I love you!

To me you seem to be a holy shrine.

ANNA: Why are you labouring then, senselessly

To pull the shrine down from the pedestal.

DON JUAN: Because I want to have it here alive

Not just of stone.

ANNA: The stone is necessary

If one wants to build on firm foundations

One's life and happiness.

- DON JUAN: But do you really  
Still put your faith in stony happiness?  
Is it not true that I saw for myself  
How you were choking underneath these stones.  
Have I not felt here on my shoulders,  
Hot burning tears. For these tears, after all,  
He (*pointing to the statue*) has paid with his life.  
ANNA: And guiltlessly.
- DON JUAN (*steps away from her surprised*):  
If this be so. . . .
- ANNA: In truth, he was not guilty  
Of this captivity. He bore an even  
Greater load all his life.
- DON JUAN: He willed it so.
- ANNA: And I took on that life of my own free will,  
But it was easy for him so to suffer,  
Because he loved me. It is happiness  
Indeed to place high on a shining summit  
The one you truly love.
- DON JUAN: As for these summits . . .  
You know quite well my thoughts upon that theme. . . .
- ANNA: What is a thought against the light of joy?  
Would I find dread the stern captivity  
Of this strict etiquette and ritual  
If I but knew that safe within my fortress  
My true love was awaiting me? That locks  
And jealous shutters are there but to hide  
My luxuries and state from prying eyes.
- DON JUAN: You Anna now as if with red-hot iron,  
With cruel words put my heart to the torment.  
You paint a picture of true happiness.  
To say once more: "No, this is not for you!"  
But how am I to win you? For your sake  
I am suffering this secret shame.  
I live like a poor soul in Purgatory  
Among strange people, even enemies,  
A life uncoloured, and, I'd say, unworthy,  
Because it makes no sense. What do you want?  
Must I place underneath your feet my freedom  
That I have tended with such lavish care?  
But will you then believe me? From despair,

Even this thought is beating at my mind  
Insistently.

ANNA: But only from despair?

DON JUAN: Do you really want to place compulsion  
Between the two of us? Aren't you afraid  
That it would suffocate our living love  
The child of freedom.

ANNA (*pointing to the statue of the Commander*):

He would say of old  
"It is not love that fears a solemn oath."

DON JUAN: At such a moment have you nothing else  
To say to me, except these memories  
Of him?!

ANNA: What am I then to say to you?

DON JUAN (*seizing her hand*):

No, this must end! For otherwise I swear  
I shall go at once and give myself  
Up to the law.

ANNA: Is this some kind of threat?

DON JUAN: No, not a threat; a groan of mortal anguish  
For I'm expiring under stone oppression!  
My heart is dying. O save me then,  
Or kill me outright!  
(*He presses both her hands, trembling all over and looking  
into her eyes.*)

ANNA: Give me time, I must

Think it over. . . .

(*She ponders. From the gate there approaches the pale  
Donna Concepcion, a stately grandee's wife, with a little  
girl and a duenna. Anna fails to see them, as she is  
standing with her back to the path. Don Juan is first  
to see the new arrivals and lets go of Anna's hands.*)

LITTLE GIRL: Good day, Donna Anna!

DONNA CONCEPCION: The Señora is praying, don't disturb her!

ANNA (*embarrassed*): Good day, Donna Concepcion, good day  
Rosina dear . . . I have such dreadful trouble  
With my duenna. She went off to fetch  
Her gloves, and is late back, and to go home  
All through the town alone. . . .

DONNA CONCEPCION: But Donna Anna,  
Here is a knight, he can escort you home.

(*to Don Juan*) I didn't even know, Señor de Marana,  
That you were kin to Señora de Mendoza!

You ought to comfort her, at least a little,  
Else otherwise she may fall ill from grief.

(*to the little girl who has run on ahead*)

Rosina, wait a moment! (*to Anna*) My respects!

(*Don Juan bows. Donna Concepcion gives him the merest nod and follows the little girl to the other side of the cemetery, beyond the chapel. The duenna follows, looking back several times curiously at Anna and Don Juan.*)

ANNA (*to Don Juan*): Now you had better go and kill this lady

Only, alas, it will not be the end

Of labour for your rapier. . . . Rejoice!

There's no more need to free your fair princess,

She'll tumble from the summit by herself.

(*She clasps her head in despair.*)

I know! This is what you were hoping for,

Lying in wait in here to ambush me,

That, struck by shame, I out of deep despair

Would fall into your arms, an easy prey.

But this will not occur.

DON JUAN: I swear to you

I did not want it, and I could not want it.

I do not seek unworthy victories.

How can we put this right? Tell me the way,

I will do anything you want, in order

Not to have to witness your despair.

(*A pause. Anna thinks.*)

ANNA: Come to me tomorrow night for supper,

I shall receive you. Even have some guests

It might be better if we meet in public,

I might perhaps. . . . Ah, my duenna's coming.

DUENNA: Señora, please forgive . . .

ANNA: You're not to blame

That you're too old for service.

DUENNA (*plaintively*): Oh! . . .

ANNA: Let's go.

(*She nods to Don Juan without speaking. He bows deeply, Exeunt Anna and Duenna.*)

SGANAREL (*coming out of the chapel*):

Well then, can I congratulate you, sir?  
You've had an invitation to take supper?  
And yet you don't seem very glad. . . . It's true  
To eat in that house. . . . They might lay for you  
That gentleman's own dishes . . . (*points to the statue*).

DON JUAN: Well, what of it?

SGANAREL: Yes, but supposing that Señor appeared  
Tomorrow at the table, facing you,  
Then. . .

DON JUAN: Do you think that I would be afraid,  
You know, I've met him several times already.

SGANAREL: That's nothing. A dead man is far more dread  
Than a live one, to Christians.

DON JUAN: Not to me.

SGANAREL: Nevertheless, you won't invite him to  
Tomorrow's supper.

DON JUAN: For they don't invite  
The host himself.

SGANAREL: At least they should inform him.

DON JUAN: Well go then, and inform him straightaway.  
I see that you have studied etiquette  
Since you have been servant to a grandee  
And not to a banished felon.

SGANAREL: How should I  
Inform him? In your name?

DON JUAN: Why, yes, of course.

SGANAREL: Why should I go? It's simpler if you do.

DON JUAN: You worried about etiquette, and now  
You want simplicity? Eh, Sganarel,  
Now you're getting rabbit-hearted here.  
Madrid, it seems, has not done you much good.

SGANAREL: And has Madrid not done you any harm?

DON JUAN: Well, well, go along straightaway and inform him!

SGANAREL (*moves off, then stops, looking back at Don Juan*):  
But what if I should bring you back an answer?

DON JUAN: Of course you must. That's just the thing I hope for.

SGANAREL (*going to the statue he bows deeply and recites with a jeer,  
but also with a tremble in his voice*):  
Immovable-in-strength and mighty sir

Deign to receive the greeting of Don Juan.  
 The Señor de Marana from Seville,  
 The Marquis de Tenorio, and grandee.  
 My master has received the noble honour  
 Of your wife Donna Anna's invitation,  
 And must appear tomorrow at the feast  
 In your own house. But if it doesn't please you  
 My master will refrain from such a visit.

DON JUAN: Well, the last part's superfluous.

SGANAREL: It isn't!  
 For why inform him otherwise? (*exclaiming*)  
 Look sir,  
 He gives an answer, and in writing, too!

DON JUAN: What answer? Where?

SGANAREL: "Come to me. I await thee!"  
 (*Don Juan approaches Sganarel, who points to the scroll in  
 the left hand of the statue.*)

DON JUAN (*after a pause*):  
 Well, maybe I have got a motto, too.  
 (*They depart from the cemetery.*)

## ACT VI

A banquet hall in the Commander's mansion. Not very big but beautifully decorated with carved cabinets, sideboards with valuable plate, suits of armour, etc. In the middle is a long table set for a ceremonial supper, around it stand oak chairs in a heavy style. On one wall opposite the end of the table there is a large portrait of the Commander, with black drapery over the frame; opposite the other end is a long narrow mirror that reaches the floor. The chair which stands in the place of honour has its back to the mirror and faces the portrait. A servant opens a door from the adjoining room; other servants are getting ready to serve at the table. Donna Anna leads in a group of guests, mostly elderly, dignified, proud, and in dark clothing. Anna herself is in a white dress, piped along all the seams with black crepe.

ANNA: Will you all be seated please, dear guests.  
 (*to the eldest guest, pointing to the place of honour*)  
 And this is your place.

ELDEST GUEST: No, my kind Señora,  
 Forgive me, I won't sit there. Let it stay  
 Empty. In that way it will seem to us



That our dear host has merely been delayed  
 And still may come in time to join the party.  
 This is the first time that we meet without him  
 And it is hard to accept the thought that all  
 His trace is covered by the slab of death.

ANNA (*having seated herself at the end of the table, under the portrait of the Commander, opposite the place of honour which has been left empty, she makes a sign to the servants to serve the guests who are all in their places*):

My gentlemen and ladies, be at ease.  
 Help yourselves, I beg you, and excuse me  
 If anything is not the way it should be  
 At a widow's party. It is hard  
 For a lone widow to maintain at home  
 That knightly manner, which the honour of  
 The house requires.

DONNA CONCEPCION (*quietly to her neighbour, a younger lady*):  
 As if the honour of

The house requires banquets amid full mourning!  
 When other matters are thought unrequired.

DONNA CLARA (*Donna Concepcion's neighbour*):  
 But so far Donna Anna has kept honour  
 In all particulars.

DONNA CONCEPCION: Dear Donna Clara,  
 I know the things I know!

DONNA CLARA (*with a sidelong glance at Anna*):  
 You don't say? Surely?

SERVANT (*on the threshold*): The Marquis de Tenorio!

ANNA: Ask him in!

(*Don Juan enters and steps on the threshold. Nodding a welcome to Don Juan, Anna turns to the guests*):

Permit me, honourable company  
 To introduce the Señor De Marana  
 And Marquis de Tenorio. (*to Don Juan*) Señor,  
 Please take your seat.

(*Don Juan looking round for a seat takes the place of honour. Seeing the portrait of the Commander opposite him, he shudders.*)

ANNA (*to a servant*): Give the Señor some wine!  
 (*The servant gives Don Juan a goblet that is bigger and better than the others.*)

A GUEST (*neighbour of Don Juan*):

I recognize this goblet. It is fitting  
We should recall him who once drank from it.  
(*He raises his goblet to Don Juan.*)  
Be then his knightly spirit in this house  
Eternally remembered!

DON JUAN (*touching the guest's goblet with his own*):  
Rest eternal!

AN OLD LADY (*the wife of a grandee, who is sitting on the right of  
Donna Anna, in a low voice, to her hostess*):  
I don't know much about the de Maranas  
Is he Don Juan?

ANNA: His Christian name in full  
Is Antonio-Juan-Luis-Urtao.

OLD LADY: Ah then its not the same.

DONNA CONCEPCION (*listening to this conversation smiles ironically,  
and says quietly to her neighbour*):  
Yes, that's the same!

AN OLD GRANDEE (*to his neighbour, a younger grandee*):  
Do you know by chance how de Marana  
Surpasses us that, without pause for thinking  
He took the place of honour?

YOUNGER GRANDEE (*gloomily*): No, indeed.

OLD GRANDEE: Probably its because his honour's new,  
And ours has long grown old.

YOUNGER GRANDEE: Most probably.

DONNA CONCEPCION (*to Don Juan loudly*):  
Please pay attention, Señor de Marana,  
I couldn't really ask you yesterday,  
I didn't like to interrupt your converse  
When you were comforting poor Donna Anna  
Beside her husband's grave—but none the less  
I'd like to know in what precise degree  
You are related to her? A first cousin?

DON JUAN: No, we have no kinship.

DONNA CONCEPCION: Oh, indeed?  
But what a good and tender heart is yours!  
It is commanded, true, in Holy Writ,  
"To comfort the afflicted. . . ."

ANNA (*raising her voice a little*):  
Permit me now to give an explanation

Why I arranged, in this unusual manner,  
This supper party (*to Don Juan*)

Ah, forgive me,

You wanted to say something.

DON JUAN: Oh no, please

Continue speaking to us, Donna Anna.

ANNA (*to the knights*): Beloved relatives, tell me, in truth

If ever I detracted from the honour

Due to your family name.

KNIGHTS: No, not at all!

ANNA (*to the ladies*): My dearest kinswomen, you will know best

How a young lady often needs advice

And strong protection in this hostile world.

And where's advice, protection to be found

For a young widow, who's not called by God

Into the blest vocation of a nun.

For the protection which was given me

By widow's weeds, alas, is far too thin

For people not to touch me with the thorns

Of condemnation, though I'm innocent

So tell me then from whom and where am I

To seek protection.

DONNA CONCEPCION: It is far the best

When there's no need to seek for it at all.

DON JUAN: Still better not to tolerate the thorns

Nor to allow them freedom to destroy.

ELDEST GUEST (*looking at Don Juan in a penetrating manner*):

Our kinswoman has complete freedom to

Do anything that does not stain the honour

Of the proud name of de Mendoza. But

Should anyone hinder our kinswoman

From holding high that honour, let him know

That in our family there are many knights,

And all their rapiers at the lady's service.

DON JUAN: She has no need of many rapiers,

So long as I still have this one to wield.

(*He draws his rapier half-way from the scabbard.*)

ELDEST GUEST (*to Anna*):

And do you find one rapier enough

For your defence?

DON JUAN: If rapier will not do,

Then I'll find other methods of defence.

ELDEST GUEST (*to Anna*):

And does he have the right to say this?

ANNA:

Yes.

ELDEST GUEST: It seems we are not needed in this house.

(*He rises and the other guests follow his example.*)

The Señor Marquis, as you see, has not  
Decided yet what form defence will take.

He'll decide far more easily alone

Than in public eyes. The chosen date

They will announce not later than tomorrow,

Or we, ourselves, will guess what it must be.

(*He bows to Anna, and, following him, all the guests depart  
from the hall. Donna Anna and Don Juan remain  
alone.*)

DON JUAN: Well, so the gates of stone at last have closed

(*He laughs bitterly.*)

How strange the ending of the fairytale

The knight has joined the princess in the prison.

ANNA: Is it so bad an ending that you gain

As well as the princess a strong proud fortress,

Why should we think of it as a prison, not

A nest, an eyrie for a pair of eagles.

I built this nest, myself, upon the crag

Toil, torment, terror—I have conquered all,

And I have grown accustomed to my height

Why should you not dwell also on the summit

For, after all, you have a winged spirit.

Are you afraid of abysses and crags?

DON JUAN: Only of those things am I afraid

Which break the freedom.

ANNA:

But you have no freedom,

For long ago Dolores took it from you.

DON JUAN: Oh no! Dolores did not break my freedom

Though for my sake she crucified her soul

And stabbed the heart?

ANNA:

And why did she do this?

In order to restore your social bonds

That formerly you used to find so hateful.

DON JUAN: Oh, certainly I'd not endure them long

If it were not for you. I'd soon have cut them

If I could find no other way to freedom.

ANNA: Who for a single moment willingly  
Accepts them, finds they bite into his soul  
Forever—I know this too well, believe me—  
No longer can one cast them from the soul.  
Yet, by the spirit's strength and resolution  
One may make from them a great chain of office  
Which binds even society like a slave  
And throws it at your feet. To have true freedom,  
I tell you, power's essential. . . .

DON JUAN: Even so,  
I, too, have had power over human hearts.

ANNA: So it might seem to you. And yet these hearts  
Only turned to ashes from your power.  
Turned into nothingness. The only one  
That remained safe and undestroyed is mine  
Because I am your equal.

DON JUAN: That is why  
I strove so hard to win you.

ANNA: And in vain  
Is it not better that we join our forces,  
To dominate the mountain with our strength,  
I have climbed up it with great difficulty.  
But you—you only have to take the ring  
From your little finger and give it me.

DON JUAN: And must I give Dolores' ring to you?

ANNA: Why not? At least I did not kill Dolores,  
It was you felled a corpse here in this house,  
That forever have to lie between us  
Like a threshold, impassable and dread,  
But I am ready to step over even  
This threshold, since I have been brave from birth.

DON JUAN: Many the things of which men have accused me,  
But so far all acknowledge I have courage,  
Both friend and foe.

ANNA: You have enough of it  
To cut yourself a way from out this house  
You will not fear the de Mendoza rapiers,  
Of that I'm sure.

DON JUAN: What will become of you?

ANNA: What's that to you? Have no concern for me!  
The worst disaster's better than assistance  
That's forced and insincere.

DON JUAN: Here, take my ring!  
(*Takes the ring from his little finger and gives it to Anna.*)

ANNA: Here is mine, too. And soon I'll give another  
To you that you can set the seal upon  
The acts of a Commander.

DON JUAN: What's that?

ANNA: Yes,  
I shall win you the rank of a Commander,  
Surely my chosen one will not stand lower  
In the eyes of the knighthood and the Court.  
All people know you were a faultless knight  
Even at the time when you were banished.  
And now you'll be a paragon of all  
The knightly virtues—it is easy for you.

DON JUAN: (*interrupting*): In your opinion one may easily  
Drown in hypocrisy, that plumbless ocean  
Which calls itself the code of knightly virtues.

ANNA: Enough of words and empty speeches, Juan!  
What does it mean "hypocrisy?" Admit  
That you've not always acted quite sincerely,  
Sometimes you happened to pretend a little  
So to attract some lady's lovely eyes.  
So why are you so conscientious, now?  
It is, perhaps, the aim's too high for you?

DON JUAN (*in thought*):  
So I would have to take the heritage  
Left by the lord and master of this fortress?  
How strange . . . the knightly champion of freedom  
Takes up the heavy stony battering ram  
To storm and conquer citadels and castles.

ANNA: You, knightly champion of freedom, were  
In banishment, a bandit.

DON JUAN: I'd no choice.

ANNA: Indeed? No choice? And where, then, was the freedom  
When you were compelled to strike and rob  
Lest otherwise people or hunger slay you?  
I don't see any freedom there!

DON JUAN: But power  
Was mine, admit it.

ANNA: No, I don't admit it!  
There was nothing but a "mutual hunt"

I remember well the name you called it.  
And it is no great rank to be a huntsman.  
So far you have not learned what power can mean,  
To have not only one right hand alone,  
But thousands armed and ready for the fray  
Who have power both to strengthen and destroy  
Universal thrones, and win them too.

DON JUAN: (*carried away*):

That is a proud dream.

ANNA: (*comes nearer to him, whispering*):

Yes, to win a throne.

You must take over as your heritage  
This dream as well as the Commander's baton  
(*She runs to the cabinet and takes out the Commander's  
coat. Don Juan shudders but cannot take his eyes away  
from the coat, enraptured by Anna's words.*)

Juan, look, for this white coat is the dress  
Of a Commander. It is not a vain  
Costume for ornament. It, like a banner,  
Unites about itself all valiant  
Warriors who've no fear with blood and tears  
To join the mighty stones of strength and power  
And build eternal glory.

DON JUAN:

Till now, Anna,

I have not known you. You're not like a woman,  
Your charms surpass by far the charms of women.

ANNA: (*approaches Don Juan with the coat*):

See how the coat will look on you.

DON JUAN: (*wanting to take it, but hesitating*):

No, Anna.

It seems to me that there is blood on it.

ANNA: This is a new coat that was never worn.

But if it were? If there was blood on it?  
Since when have you been so afraid of blood?

DON JUAN: Yes, you are right, why ever should I fear it?

Why ever should I not put on the coat?  
For I shall take all the inheritance,  
I am to be the master in this house.

ANNA: Ah, how you said that, in a different way.

As soon as possible I want to see you  
In that guise which must be yours forever.

*(She gives him the coat. Don Juan puts it on. Anna gives him the sword, the Commander's baton and the helmet with white plumes, taking them down from the wall.)*

Truly magnificent! Look in the mirror!

*(Don Juan goes to the mirror and suddenly cries out.)*

ANNA: What is it?

DON JUAN: Him! His face! *(He drops the sword and baton and covers his eyes with his hands.)*

ANNA: Indeed for shame!

What dream or figment is it? Look again!

Don't let imagination run away!

DON JUAN *(fearfully uncovers his face and looks. With a voice choking with unearthly fear):*

Where am I? I'm no more! It's he—the statue!

He staggers aside from the mirror to the wall, and leans against it, shuddering with his whole body. From the mirror steps out the Commander, just as in the monument, only without the sword and baton. He comes out of the frame, and with a heavy stony tread walks directly at Don Juan. Anna rushes between Don Juan and the Commander. The Commander with his left hand thrusts Anna to her knees, and places his right hand on Don Juan's heart. Don Juan grows stiff with the stillness of death. Donna Anna screams and falls face downward at the feet of the Commander.