

Ens legis

by

E.C. Thews-Roberts

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E.C. Thews-Roberts #285512 / IDOC

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4490 West Reformatory Road

Pendleton, Indiana 46064-9001

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favorite. It is more importantly it is my contribution to the immortalization and celebration of the noble blood that fills all Cuban veins. "Ens legis" is a brutal work; unforgiving and unapologetic. Yet, it is still more roseate than reality was.

"Ens legis" was composed without any fixed premise, message, metaphysic or philosophic ideation fore found in my conscious. Perhaps that explains why it touches on so much while not a single one is dominant. Any message or apparent premise is the doing of a most nefarious unconscious.

My sole, deliberate objective regards "Ens legis" was to create a modern work capable of equal effect produced by classic and ancient masters and recognized masterpieces. If I fail it will not be for lack of audacity nor will.

Always a humble scribe,
E.C. Theus-Roberts

Lunes, el 20 de junio de 2022
desde Pendleton, Indiana

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Dramatis personae

Diego Velázquez [de Cuellar]

Fidel

Bartolomé de los Casos

Pánfilo de Narváez

Condesa María Eugenia

Heznán Coitez

Attendant

Hatuey

Lady 1

Lady 2 - Act II scenes 1-3

Lady 3 -

Maid of Lady 2

Maid of Condesa

Covered Officer

[Voice of] Guaboncex

Officer. Act III, sc. 1, Act IV, sc. 2

Watchman

Conquistadores. Act I, Act III, sc. 1, Act IV, sc. 2

Midwife

2nd Watchman

Captain Guacel / Captain

Shades: Pánfilo de Narváez

Condesa María Eugenia

Bartolomé de los Casos

Guards: Act IV, sc. 1; Act V, scenes 1 and 2

Ens legis

Contra nequam principia non est disputandum.

Act I, Scene 1

Center of camp in front of Comandantes tent Sea lapping the nearby shore. Baracoa, Cuba. Enter Diego Velázquez, Fernz Bartolome de las Casas Conquistadores range about a stake prepared. Cacique¹ Hatuey² is lashed to the stake.

Velázquez:

Ois vosotros!

Thou hath warred not against man,

Rather against the Lord most high.

For this, thou hath failed,

5- 'Tis His glory thou art overwrought-

Knows thine sin-filled ways

Repent! For thine immortal souls, repent!

Enter Tainos bound, under guard.

Seest thou not, pride brought low?

Seest thou not justice of God?

De las Casas:

Be not cross, good conqueror,
And I be Jesuit.³

Velázquez:

30- Forsooth! The very devil!
Thou art my cross, ¿ que no?⁴
So weighted a yoke round mine neck,
Yes, but prithee, wait a moment -
Witness this barbarian overmastered.

Addresses all those within hearing.

35- His compatriots, my fellow conquistadores,
Sallied forth from the cradle of the Faithful
Hazard life and limb to displace
Darkness from light by His word,
Life from sin by this sword,
40- By thy most precious treasure
Lord Almighty turns a smiling face
He lightens thine burdens
For thou hath brought peace,
Peace and civilization to the heathen.

Aside to Fernand de las Casas

60- Come, tell me of thy marionette!

De las Casas

He thinks thou jests, señor.

Velázquez:

I do, padre, I do indeed

Victory places me in a humor.

De las Casas:

Si, es algo muy obvio.

Velázquez:

65- That is well, friend, very well.

Let us test thy pet

And being over this quarrelsome,

So very proud barbarian.

I have a desire to forget

70- And his cries sweet prelude.

De las Casas:

Fidel, my son. Ven por acá

Thy gifts are in need.

Fidel:

Heme aquí, padre mio.

These barbarians doth my sense offend.
Now my patience hast but flowered,
It is my honor and shame -
Death by thy side, unable to free thee.

Reaches in habit to draw dagger.

Cacique Hatuey.

45- Hold fast, impetuous youth!
By what zemi^u art thou possessed?!
Seeth thee not, the father of thy tribe?
Darest thee steal from this my glory?
For shame! Thou shalt hold!

Fidel kneels in abject surrender.

100- Thou hath learned thy enemys tongue,
Taken of his tale and calumny,
Boone the yokings of his dress and mien
And, thou hast succeeded in all
Where have I, sadly, failed.
105- No. Thou shalt, not this day,
Embracest a flowery death.
La Rebelde dost not pass with me.
My ascension to the ancestors
Marketh the new dawn

De las Casas:

130- That is well, Fidel.

Yes, that is well and proper.

Velázquez:

Bah! Heathens praying for heathens.

What sayst he? He who

Wouldst slay me dead were

135- Eyes to pierce my steeled breast.

Will this one be reconciled?

Shall he pass, henceforth saved,

Into the welcoming arms of God?

Fidel:

My most beloved liege lord,

140- The smiling, offensive one wishes

Thou shalt be recommended unto high

For their barbarous faith speaketh

A heaven of shining and comforts

Beating never yet.

Hatuey:

145- Ask thee to this fatuous one:

Be these Spaniards in this paradise?

Ens legio, by E.C. Thoms-Roberts

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Beingeth rather Prometheus's don!¹⁰

De las Casca:

In nomine Patris et
filii et Spiritus Sancti

[makes sign of the cross]

165- Sumus omnes in manu Dei.

Fidel:

Ita, amen.

[Aside]

Loving mother zemi Atavey.

Giveeth thy child strength

Leadst Thy people must I

170- Venerate in my liege lord's remembrance

Sweet incense of his altar

Avengest these maults shalt die

Ad munes factum.

Stake is lighted. Exit Velázquez. Enter Velázquez, tent,
within lounges wife, Condessa Maria Eugenia, peering through
tent folds.

Velázquez:

How, mistress! 'Tis not proper

175- For a lady to espy such atrocities.

Thou hast a most peculiar gaze.

Velázquez:

Mind thee not, my dove.

How find you that these youth,

The pidge's pet heathen?

195- Didst thou know he speaketh our tongue?

[Aside]

Aha! Thou wretch most treacherous

Thou adulterous viper woman!

Marcia Eugenia:

Doth he speak the leached tongue?

Our young feiar must be magician

200- Or most accomplished sorcerer -

Oh, but, do come! I doubt

Ridge de las Casca hath done

A work half as good as thou wouldst.

Velázquez:

I do not debate thy wisdom, M'lady.

205- Granted, Fidel is a most apt pupil -

Marcia Eugenia:

Fidel is it?

[Aside]

De las Casas:

220- It is a failure mine
For, by my faith, I was found
Wanting; unable to save his soul.
May Lord have compassion

Velázquez:

Ah, I see. For had I marveled
225- So peaceful had been the night
Nothing save the Condesa's type
Lapping waves on the near beach.
[Aside]

Fear not faithless stumper
A snare will I tend thee
230- For thine eyes blaze unbecomingly
Thy sinful desire secret.

Enter Officer of the guard.

Officer:

Hernán Cortez, mi Comandante,
Pays an audience.

Velázquez:

A worthless foe there be none,
235- A man who once succumbed

255- Come, come, good Christian.
Señor Cortez can not be,
As thou deceives, thy bate now.

Velázquez:

Sinfully delight art thine counsels, padre.
Heed them shall I bearing this cross.
260- Thou wilt pardon this short dismissal,
Matters of state and whatnot.
Until supper, good fare, many thanks.
Ah, I but forget, do please carry the youth
Thither for sup with us shall be.
265- Many thanks, leave me now.

Exeunt Condessa Maria Eugenia, Friar de las Casas, Fidel,
two conquistadores and officer.

Ah, my dear duchess of Malin¹²
Coquette, thou art ferocious deceived,
'Mini Imperator', indeed! For imperium
Shall I exercise.

Enter Hernan Cortez.

270- What news, faithful counter,¹³ do tell?

Cortez:

290- As Madame Victory has thus
Favored so well my dauntless commander,
Lady, her sister, hath smiled likewise.
Pleased am I to testify before thy grace.
Fair winds follow thy device.

295- For governor-general is it said
Thou shalt in short cycle be-

Velázquez:

Dear Lord, mine God! Speaketh thou truth?
I, Master of Eden, forsooth! Dictator
Of fortunes yet to devolve. Ah,

300- Balsam to my weary pains.

Cortez:

Pains, mine lord? Of what doth thee speak?

Velázquez:

De nada, I speak to nothing, Heroin.
Thou hath performed admirably.

305- Debted shall I be wouldst thou
Acquiesce to pay me visitation;
Say, by the best cock's crew.
I shall have work for thee

Cortez:

By thy leave, my lord...

[Aside]

Thou sententious ass.

Exit Cortez.

Velázquez:

Now, may I attend to thee,

Thou impious hearted knave!

330- Am I not Caesar? Must not

All I lay claim be above reproach?

Thou darrest fancy I thy cuckold?

Beard thee up proper I shall.

Though, first, apple of thy eye

335- Against whom I pale.

Exit.

End of Act I

Act II, scene 1

Santiago de Cuba, Cuba. Governor-General's unfinished mansion.

Velázquez:

Buen día, my five countess ladies.

15- Thou doth make a brilliant parade.

Let thou and thine ladies upon a promenade?

Lady 1:

Oh, good general, thou doth do us kind.

Lady 2:

Indeed he dost and all the better still -

Lady 3:

Right thou art, for it is to service -

María Eugenia:

20- Si, towards thy church we steal.

Duty bids us hence give thanks

Lord God Almighty so blest our commonweal.

Velázquez:

To the church thou say?

Payeth heed, whom tendereth thy sermon?

Lady 1:

25- 'Tis the good father de las Casas

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Thou, my Trojan princess,¹⁷

[Aside]

40- Thou coquette.

María Eugenia:

Ladies mine, away!

Away to church and pray.

Exeunt Condessa, ladies, and maids.

Velázquez:

Pox! A pox on H! A pox I say!

A pox on Eve,¹⁸ thou unmothered

45- Matroness of thine daughters.

A pretty wretched cobweb's nest!

Re-Enter Attendant

Attendant:

Your militancy,

The general de Narváez

Demands thy presence.

Velázquez:

50- What now?! Didst thou say 'commands?'

Velázquez:

Ne thinks thou art in heart-filled earnest
For so deathly hued never hast thou come.
Thy impertinence of tongue shall I forgive.
70- Though, prithee, abouts where will chance I
Upon this knave maleducado?

Attendant:

Blessings be upon thy head!
Gracias, goodly governor-general. ¡Gracias!
Thou hast restored me by thy pardon;
75- Thou hath renewed to me my life -

Velázquez:

And robbed thee thy wits.
Demanded account didst I?
Shalt not I ask in repetition,
Be thou governor and I thy page?

Attendant:

80- M'lord, he awaits within thy gaze;
By yonder, just below.

Velázquez:

The duece! Alloweth the devil in my abo'?

Lady 3:

Doth mine eyes perceive,
But, Countess, thou art truly thus
For a sight. Oh! What such sight -
95- Heaven so unjust.

Enter Fidel, carrying censor.

Lady 1:

Thou, Adonis.²⁰

Lady 2:

Thou, Narcissus.²¹

Lady 3:

Thou, Paris.²²

María Eugenia:

Thou shalt be mine
100- 'Tis written in the stars
Even should I, the Eighth,²³
Far-flung the constellation Pleiades
Ik of Clytemnestra disobeying all edicts
For whom goddesses doth simper
105- Shall he take I as mine love.

115- The duce take him! Didst thou hear?
That knave! That rogue!
His high roqueery of low knaveryshire!
An Anglo he is; a filthy Inglés-

Attendant:

So a lord may prove Protestant.²⁵

Velázquez:

120- How now, vulture! Mine lash teacheth not penitence?
Come hither, I shall thrash thee Dominican.²⁶

Cortez:

Thy scourage he is, mine general.
Shall I help thee converteth this Franciscan.²⁷

Velázquez and Cortez beat Attendant.

Velázquez:

There! There I say thou tramp.

Cortez:

125- Here! And, here too thou impudent fellow.

Velázquez:

Another, thou impudent swine!

But thou dost evince some ill-temper.

Velázquez:

What? What sayeth thou, 'ill-humored', I?

140- Foresooth! By poisonous lammia²⁸ am I confounded.

My laureled triumph thus denied;

Uncanny heathens contrive with minds unsounded;

Flee they do for every hundredth bit-broken

A hundredfold demur untaken -

145- Such even those under my power

Bow and break not, only shame devours.

Wherefore I cast my nets,

Far afield and farther wide,

Deep in thine verdant mountains

150- To chance upon where the gadflies lie.

With these, my hands, erected I this villa,

Dedicate Santiago, learned and scholarly abode.²⁹

Saveth naught; now see the I, the villain,

Vacatur death though spite us thou anon.

Cortez:

155- What thou sayst, thou sayeth true.

Last and first sacred service doth free.

Velázquez:

'Tis capone, my zealot, to roast a rube.

Make haste thou slackardly wench!
Forewarn our liegess, the juracain gathens.

Exit March.

Cortez:

Pitiable company we two may seem
190- Being old, fumped, campaign-styled infantry.
Wouldst thou, noble ladies, permit our entry
For so appeals thy gay and light society.

Lady 3:

Wouldst thou maketh these color so unbecoming?
Pony, take thy ease. Tell us of thy goings

Velázquez and Cortez take up chairs Enter Attendant
with flourish.

Attendant:

195- Good Governor, your treulency-

Velázquez:

[Aside]

The Knave everstill...

Attendant:

To partake of thy saucy company.

Velázquez:

Faith, Father! Though much descended
Lofty court from which thou art,
210- What of my table be of thy pleasing
Seateth thee at my right, be of honest heart.
Now, of our dear Countess, perthee,
Some intelligence didst thou bring?

De las Casas:

Bringeth thee notice most saintly.
215- The good Countess doth profess most kindly;
A meece Hail Mary cleanseth thy blemish.
She sainted one day shall be ..
Tazied some, did she, to assist my novice.

Cortez:

Pauy, Father, thy novice thou say?
220- May this not be thy former heathen?
[Aside]
Dare I hope the foolish part,
Forfeit her life to young barbarian court?

Velázquez:

[Aside]

We are presented by philosophers.

Lady 3:

Oh, but, Padoe; do please take some wine.

Lady 2:

What noise comes hither?

240- Be it the hooves of stallion;

Doth horseman draw near?

Enter Condessa, Maid, and Maid of Lady 2.

Lady 1:

There be our empress!

Lady 3:

Face thee well, my countess?

Velazquez:

How now, my lovely duchess,

245- Scarlet of thy hue doth bear testimony

The fervor thy holy disservice.

Condessa makes to sit among ladies.

Pray, not there. Be pleased

Maid of Condessa:

M'lady, art thou ill?

Thou must needs aie.

Condessa begins to swoon

Yes, yes. Aie and sheezy.

De las Casas, Ladies and Maids:

Sheezy! Bizing quick - jérez!

265- Art thou afflicted, Lioness?

Quick, bring wine! To the outdoors!

Quick, for seemeth to faint cloth she.

Exeunt Ladies and Maids sheparding María Eugenia followed close by de las Casas. Cortez and Velázquez sit back to table.

Cortez:

Mine general, it is good women rule not.

So very much the foolish creature -

Velázquez:

270- Feaught they are by masterless emotions

[Aside]

280- May I have the pleasure
To bless thy health, house and honor?

Velázquez:

Thou mayest, my faithful courier.
Proceed in thy commission.

Cortez:

[Aside]

Thou would-be king! Such condescension,
285- Thee and thy peacock courier.

Courier Officer:

Governor-general, General de Narváez
Sendeth thine orders -

Velázquez:

Again! Commandeth me, thou devil!

Cortez:

[Aside]

Over thy villa doth rule the field,
290- Poor, petite tyrant brought low.

Velázquez:

Pray, do furnish thy end.

Attendant:

Thy will, good governance-general?

Velázquez:

[Aside]

305- Servant or serpent oft art equal

[To Attendant]

Quills, tint, paper, my knife.

Ah, but forgeteth thee not too

My seals and a bottle.

Exit Attendant.

Coitez:

Mine nobility, what shalt thou do?

310- Feareth I this implacable brute.

Re-Enter Attendant with quills, ink, paper, wax candle, seals, and bottle of Arjou wine. Exit Attendant.

Velázquez:

Coitez, thou may fear a sharp sword;

For my part, shall I play suite.

Scene 4

Poweth out thy flood!

Coast begins to foath.

Pristine mosaic shell of tender Coatsisquie.³⁷

330- Set thine toes upon each other's throat-

Thus so do I intend;

Convert converted of thy mortal enemy;

Quake thy cornerstone do I contend;

Pile high thy altar with blasphemers' cries:

335- Sweetest I, then assurity for race mine -

Do nothing more shall I but die.

Skies darken and thundee claps.

Upon my liege lord doth my pledge;

Upon my revered ancestors doth my pledge;

Upon the darkest corners of Coabey,

340- So sovereign a head as mother Atabey.

Shouldst these my humblest supplications please,

Grant thy servant, lowly cacique in comparison,

Thy craft and cunning and bloodlust besides.

Winds whip violently; surf churns, crashing loudly. Bowl
of tobacco³⁸ extinguishes then, vibrantly, flares back to
life.

[Draws sword]

Steel, armor, sword, cudgel - arquebus;

From land to land and now Tenochtitlan,⁴¹

Of all thine secrets shall I be emperor -

[Gives a pass in practice.]

5- Tut! Tut! Haveth I slain heathens so long
Lord and master forthwith thy treasure.

[Gives second pass. Knocks knuckle against sword

flat.]

Ah! One hundred cavaliers; one hundred blades.

Ha-ha! One hundred braves cometh thy way.

Enter Officer

Officer:

Mine general, didst thou summon?

De Narváez:

10- Indeed, I did. Hast thou any notice?

Doth yonder road bear signs?

Pray thee bringeth happy tidings.

Officer:

Mine general, the roads proveth bare.

Though a many posts have I set.

15- Upon the faintest shall thee knowst here,

Thou knoweth the Gallego proverb, señor oficial?

Officer:

I fear not, general; at thy pleasure.

De Naeviez:

When it is a choice between evils

Select the greater and be done with half measures.⁴⁷

40- Charming fishes, headsmen and toiles,

Trauculent descendants of most valient Goths.

Be it no import these savages descend from naught,

Though stood they did, gratefully obliged

My conqueror's lust, battlefields fraught -

45- Flushed in cries, deepest reds, purple visison-tinged

A summit built I to surmount its peaks

Puerto Rico, Hispaniola, Jamaica, Cuba;

All contenders fell thus trampled under feet,

And now, here we are!

50- In vispears, to journey where glory abounds -

Good is it to be favored by God!

Enter Watchman

Watchman:

My officer! My officer!

Upon the horizon dost one approach!

65- Art thou courageous?

Watchman:

Si, señor.

De Narváez:

Art thou faithful?

Watchman:

Si, señor!

De Narváez:

Bueno, seeth thee, yonder tapestry?

[Points indicating]

70- Behind this thou shalt be,

Not to sight, but within good auditory.

I wouldst have thee listen well

Payeth heed for conduct May I give

Thou shalt be glad to excede.

Watchman:

75- Thy riddle I readeth not, my general.

De Narváez:

Still, ambitious soldier,

Wilt thou do as I bade?

90- How this savage speaketh our tongue!
A fair conjuror yet, what doth thee foreshadow?

Fidel:

General, travell'd without rest upon urgent command
Thy kinsman, the good governor-general, bides thee this -
[Offers letter then rests hand on sword hilt.]
His Eminence, the Bishop de las Casas,

95- Wishes thine endeavours be blest.
I must await thy reply.

De Narváez:

[Reads]

"Pánfilo,

From one general to another, the Father of the Order,⁴⁴
our iniquitous Bishop de las Casas, General ad interim of
the Holy Order of Jesuits, hath decreed thee be excised. -100
The bearer of this be thy executioner. Striketh him
sure.

Thy most caring cousin and loyal friend,

Diego"

[Aside]

105 That dillard! This jackals master,
Hath sold me to perdition. Judas!
Knave! Simpleton! I will be revenged.
[To Fidel]

Ho-ho! The good father's teacheth thee well.⁵⁰

Fidel:

Qui bene distinguit, bene docet.
There! One notch toward Hell.

De Narváez:

120- Come, my demon. 'Tis but a scratch.
Thou dost but annoy, quit thou art.
Again!

Swords clash ferociously.

Fidel:

Ahh! Thou hast marked me.

De Narváez:

Indeed I have, young upstart;
125- Another two then, Hades shalt thou see.

Fighting redoubles.

Fidel:

Leeter! Thou art a butchering beast,
But my blood runneth noble passages
Of a race not averse to peace,

De Nazváez:

Ahh, ah! The devil doth rob me my glory
150- To die by ocean waves foretold destiny.
Watchman! Watchman!
This false Spaniard must slay me!

Dies.

Watchman:

Assassin! Murderer! Death hath stole!
Blooded priest hast slain our general.
155- Beat the drum! Sound the alarm!

Exit Watchman running.

Fidel:

What foul potion 'tis this maddened?
How cometh this one fatally possessed?
The letter, the letter! Cast but I
One peering glance, all shall unfold.
[Reads letter]
160- Ghastly device!
[Laughs letter]
Good Father-General indeed.
To my own death was I sent envoy

Conquistadores!

To horse, men! To arms!
To conquest and revenge!
Hoorah! Hoorah!

Exeunt all but Watchman

Watchman:

180- Mine general, my general forsaken.

Thy glory foretold thus quietly taken
Wherefore thou wast to have rest
Thither sweareth I, shalt thee be taken.

But, o, o, o! How horrific it 'twas

185- To witness thee, cold general, in vexed extremity
Of passions and striving to rise above
This apparition on black wings flown
Languid as Basque waters ebb then flow
Touched but once only to be carried

190- By masterly furrows, blow by blow,
Laid in this sepulchre to be buried

[Makes sign of the cross then, repeats twice more]
Tis unbecoming death that maketh no sense
So hope forgiving Almighty shalt thee recompense.
Though, to my duties; to my duty.

195- No tears, henceforth, let me fly.

These Easterly winds portend more shall die.

[Aside]

My hours draw short and pain shall subside.

Heareth I the flight and falling of stones?

O, this madness tortuous wreck am I!

215 - Red clouds my wits. I gaze...

Maud:

Condessa! My mistress, thou dost frighten me so

In such wonders, woes which thou speaketh.

I fear, my mistress, thy mind hath flown.

Be thee of good cheer! God blesseth the meek.

Maria Eugenia:

220- O, maiden, thou art a precious child.

Maud:

Our Father will take pity on thee.

Maria Eugenia:

Ah! But my passions were not mild.

Hark! For fancied I things demon-pitched.

Maud:

My mistress! Thou shalt fright me dead.

Midwife:

Ens legis, by E.C. Thrus-Roberts

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Away! Bear it not by my sight.
Away, I say! Go, take flight!

Exeunt Maid and child in arms. Enter below Velázquez,
Cortez, Attendant, Captain Guard, and guards.

Velázquez:
240- Guards!

Guards:
Governor-general!

Velázquez:
Whom amongst thee is captain?

Guard steps forward.

Captain Guard:
That would be I, thy pleasure?

Velázquez:
Place guards upon the grounds;
245- I wish for none, henceforth, to enter.

Captain Guard:
Any orders for the town?

Ens legs, by E.C. Trevis-Forests

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By a heathen in robes he dies?
Confounded! Such brigands ought to be detested,
No courtesy hath he.

Cortez:

[Aside]

260- No more than three,

He who chaperoned his death -

But, wait! I do believe

stealst on yonder darkened balcony

A most womanish shadow flits.

265- Faith! Doubt not mine ear perceive

From ambli' shade proceedeth stifled cries.

The Countess' chambers tracketh back thy way

Along which two obscure fugitives doth sly.

Velázquez:

What quantity of man slayeth thousands,

270- Nay - tens of thousands I say;

Come to Eden for rest and rest,⁵⁴

To death by heathen turned prelates' sin?

The duece take it and him also!

Some butcher, the great knave!

275- O, useless fool...

Cortez:

Velázquez:

Very well; for my intentions presently,
Doth pretend much greater violence
Than black boiling clouds tumble menacing.

End of Act III

Act IV, Scene 1

Santiago de Cuba. Governor-General's Mansion. Velázquez's chambers. Velázquez awakes from dream, sits up, perspiring, heart palpitating.

Velázquez:

O, o, o! Weary not my soul.
Is it now even slumber disturbs
Such a fog doth blanket my senses
Yis a frightful terror losing one's repose.
o- Didst I dream it all?
[Fluffs pillows, lays on side to return to sleep.]
Yes, yes. Of course, a mere -

Enter shade of de Naváez.

Shade opens mouth, blood gushes.

Fath! It is the very Serpent!

25- Some high malevolence of Moaning Star-
[Signs the cross. snouts.]

Away! Away with thee! Back I say,
Back to thy sulfurous pit!

Day's light is not for thee!

Away, abominable fiend.

30- Away!

Shade smiles.

Thou art of Satan spawn! Away,

I command thee, in nomine

Patris et filii et-

Shade:

Thou commandest not, Cain's son.

35- Thine machinations wert most Florentine.

Velázquez:

Florentine? Bah! Nothing of the sort.

I wanted to warn thee; warn, I no?

Shade:

A share in death hast thou bought.
Of good cheer be, dearest primo,
60 - Thee I darest not reproach
knowst I the end thou doth approach.

Exit Shade. Velázquez collapses.

Velázquez:

Attendant! Captain! Guards!
Guards! Confound it all, guards!

Enter Attendant, Captain, Guards, María Eugenia and Taino
slavewoman. María Eugenia and Taino slavewoman remain at
door, the rest rush in.

Captain and Attendant:

General, what is it?!

Velázquez:

65 - Tell me, down which passage didst it flee?

Guards:

It?

Captain:

'It', my general?

Hene aquí. gobernador-general.

Velázquez:

Setteth thine men to search,
He could not hath traipsed far.

Empty the cuartel;

85- Scour every nook and cranny-

Found, I want him before dawn.

Yes, before dawn He canst hath gone far

Captain:

Y-yes, general!

Exeunt Captain and Guards.

Velázquez:

Follow the blood, that is well.

90- Yes, yes the blood. See!

There, there and there it fell.

Marcia Eugenia and Taino slave woman huddle at door.

Yes, yes. Follow the blood

Accost it they shall, carrieth here to me

Plungeth I that shade into deepest misery.

95- Ha, ha! Yes. Blood, blood, the blood!

Taino slavewoman:

[Aside to Mazia Eugenia]

Mistress, thy marido hast turned mad.

Mazia Eugenia:

105- Child, sense this man never had.

Velázquez:

What, ho! Why art thou awake?

Away with thee, away to sleep.

Yes, sweet Delilah⁵⁵, thee and thy slave

I shall man the watch; sleep

110- Si, sleep, sleep, sleep. For not shall I.

Exeunt Mazia Eugenia and Taino slavewoman. Velázquez continues pacing, swords in hands, mumbling. Absent-mindedly kicks still unconscious Attendant.

Scene 2

Caonao, Camagüey, Cuba. Enter Fidel bloody and bleeding pursued by the six remaining Spaniards of the Habana posse that set out after him following General de Nuevárez's death. Horses had been rode to death, all parties on foot. Fidel stumbles then stops.

Fidel:

All is lost but thou shalt know
I am called Fidel. Cacique Fidel,
Last King, of the Pudent^{SB} Race
Of this land, a people most noble.
130- We, the Taino, will not be enslaved!
My final breath none shall rule -
Die, barbarian swine!
[Slays conquistador]
Thou hast feasted upon a noble blade.
[To other conquistadores]
Come hither, taste of this Taino slave!
[Steps forward, challengingly. Stumbles and falls on
knees.]

Second Conquistador:

135- Faith, ¡Dios mío! Dost he nath mettle.
Didst thou hear, brothers? He is King!

Third Conquistador:

These caciques art most formidable.
The other at stake uttereth no scream.

Officer:

Carest not I for how heathens die.

Bahuti:

Methinks not, my princess.
Though, danceth upon the verge me fears.

Saba:

Wilt thou endeavor save his life?

Bahuti:

Dost thou command, Princess?

Saba:

155- Indeed do I, cacique I am.
For he is king to my queen
And legend of our race.
Atabey blesseth, for see she beams.
Carrieth him to my bohío!⁶⁰

Exit warriors carrying unconscious Fidel.

Bahuti:

160- This is he, no? Be'ist he the one?
Takes not told of Cacique Hatuey
At his glory, this brave -

Saba:

Bahuti:

185- That, one can not, but -

Saba:

Debateth me not! Seest how the savage fell?

Fidel promises great, he shant fail.

Warriors! Didst thee instruct the barbarians?

1st Warrior:

We did, Princess, and they begged -

2nd Warrior:

190- Yes, m'lady. O! how they begged.

Warriors:

O, Lord God have mercy,

Please! I surrender!

Family with I, child and wife.

2nd Warrior:

Ah, tell her of the one.

1st Warrior:

[Ages voice and manner]

195- Be thou a good Christian, spare my life.

Sounds of bats chittering. A large shadow passes

210- Ah! Guatauba, loyal messenger.

Thou black winged angel of Lady Euabancez.

I seeth now our people art saved.

Scene 3

Darkened streets of Santiago de Cuba. Maid with newborn
furtively hurrying along. Cortez, skulking in shadows, dogs
her steps.

Maid:

O, thou art an unfortunate babe

And I! what a faithless wretch!

215- My immortal soul crieth out for thee.

Lord, hast not Thou any pity?

This child, be he not Thy child?

Art Thou not our Father?

Lord, let thy wrath be mild.

220- For obey my mistress must I -

[Hears scraping sound]

Who goes there? Answer, for swears doth I -

Thou lookest most affronteey fellow.

Cortez:

Offensive, I? No, never!

The whim, caprice I merely follow.

Maid makes to leave.

No, no, no, my Andalusian temptress.

Maid:

240- What wouldst thou with me?

Cortez:

Saul, though thou art a pretty peer,
Firstly, desizeth the offal thy Adutress.

So hath I come for this -

[Reaches for swaddling]

Maid:

Thou speaketh madness.

245- Hast thou bottomed in thine cups?

To the deeps thou hath swilled

Awake too long after thee supped.

Shalt I inform his good grace -

¡Oís, vosotros! Esta mujer,
Be she an adúlteress and worse!
Much hast sinned this vilest creature,
260- Layeth with heathens and born their cur!
Here be thy proof!
[Points at Maid and child]
By her fault she is judged,
Therefore, her sentence be passed:
Succed fire be for soul purifying
265- And stony sepulchre a woman abandoned⁶²

Cortez:

[Aside]
Dear God, what hath I wrought?

De los Casos:

[Aside to Velázquez]
My govenor, again, supplicate I do
Let not thy anger pass judgment.
Be not harsh, time enough;
270- Kindness compels one to repent
My counsel is such -

Velázquez:

Thine counsils bode foul, Bishop.
Wast not on thy suggestion

En's begins by E.C. Thews-Roberts

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As if she never hath waded.

[Drinks deeply again]

'Tis sweet, sweet oblivion.

De las cosas.

Thou art strong in thy prejudice.

May God forgive thee thy sin.

Velázquez:

320- And thee thine

[Salutes with bottle and begins to sing]

Ladidah, didah, dila

Darest thee disprove our Fall?

Ladidah, didah, dila...

Cortez:

Governor -

Velázquez:

325- Cortez? Heenain; Heenain is that you?

A drink to thy health,

And I, shall I drink two!

[Drinks from bottle in one hand, decanter in other]

De las cosas.

Debauchery is a sin

Power hast besotted thy mind
Assuredly more than what thou imbibes.
Maddest Draco^{tho}, thou art so;

345. Behold! Yonder lieth thy bona fides
[Motions toward window.]
Wretched! Judge, jury turned executioner!
By Heaven—

Velázquez:

Wart, padze! Didst thee decey 'butcher?'
[Stands, drawing sword.]

Sir, thou art an ill-mannered Episcopalian.

350- Therefore, be well-pleased to learn
Here, a real Castellano, at thy service.
On guard!
[Flourishes blade]

De las Casas shrinks back. Cortez steps between, hands held out.

Cortez:

General! General! Consider thy course a moment.
This here bishop be not thy foe
355 Was not he too at the stake?

Velázquez:

Cortez:

Requet, the feat of impetuous acts;
370- Through conscience thou wilt consume
All that lies in thy path.

Velázquez:

Cortez! Cortez! Where didst thou go?
Cortez! Confounded, thee -

Cortez:

Here! Not awhereth hath I travelled.
375- Command, I await as children for candy.

Velázquez:

What? Children, child? Who sayeth child?
[Collapses into chair, head droops in stupor.]

Cortez:

Lord, let Thy merciful eye not detest
My bowed head within thy sight
Shouldst I now amend my way.
380- Rough used this myee and child,
Patterned after he, fourfold accursed.
Let me not be one more reviled.
Thou woe-begotten child, sad ravished maid

Exit Cortez. Velázquez wakes afrighted.

Velázquez:

What ho! Who dares tread near?

If thou of no signal giveth

My blade be keen, wrist more steel,

And sad intruder shalt I quid.

410- I say, announceth thy pleasure!

Enter shade of de Naveáez.

Ah, ah! Art thou cometh 'gain?

Hast thee not elsewhere to plague;

Wheresoever the better?

Enter shade of Maria Eugenia

What now?! Dost thou have mate, ghoul?

415- Wait a moment; wait, wait!

Yes, seeth I through orbs bewitched.

Is it to me she affloats?

O! Wee is me, knoweth thee wench!

Shade of Maria Eugenia stops next to Velázquez in chair.

Act IV, Scene 1

Cathedral, Santiago de Cuba, Cuba. De las Casas under guard in the vestry with Captain. Two guards keep watch outside. Voices heard without, de las Casas and Captain strain to listen. Enter Cortez.

Guard One:

¡Aho! Draweth nigh nearer.

Pray tell thy business, stranger.

Cortez:

Am I then not known to thee?

Thy lieutenant, so thus hailed foreigner—

Guard Two:

— The lieutenant! Señor Cortez, ¿de veras?

Cortez:

So ye. Whom be thy companion? O,

How deadly must be thy watch!

Guard One:

For here cometh I to confess fault
Thereafter, sword in hand shalt fly westwardly.

Edward One:

30- Of thy mind, my companero,
Knoweth not I any clue.
Though, for my desire to life
Shalt I be gone on the morning dew.

Edward Two:

Ay, matters do descend most precipitously
35- Causeth tremblings doth a clouded man's orders
Searcheth for a man we hath afore buried,
De Narváez, though by shore rest he,
Some seeming shade doth traverse the bordered
Rack and ruin to governance's mind disordered.
40- No, methinks not to stay.

Cortez:

Settled it is then. Give way my passage,
With haste shalt I return: Confess,
Then we three away!

Edward One:

Let the wind leave no vestige.

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Father, I am commanded,
55- Such is the military vocation—

De las Casas.

'Tis well, good Captain. 'Tis well.
Mine is the cloth and absolution
[Makes sign of cross over Captain]
Upon thee God's smile is cast.
Awaite yonder, thou art forgiven,
60- For God is great in His compassion.

Captain assents and exits through vestry's rear door.
De las Casas walks over to Cortez.

Come now, tell me of thine sins.

Curtain draws to indicate passage of time. Curtain opens.
Captain is on ground, slain. Fidel bloody sword in hand is
menacing de las Casas.

De las Casas:

Fidel, Fidel! What hast thou done?
This be a house of God
Most horrid sacrilege—

Fidel:

Contrary thine, shalt our wounds heal.

De las Casias:

O, my son! O, O, pray,
Speaketh not of idols here.

90 - Thou hast murdered, killed!
Slain His child in His house,
Pray thine acts be pardoned.

Fidel:

'Pray?' Pray do tell, pious bishop,
For what shouldst I supplicate?

95 - Thou art Vicar, mine general,
Is not His word in thee consummate?

De las Casias:

Lord Almighty, most loving and compassionate,
Take thee pity upon Thy child
For knoweth not what he intimates.

Fidel:

100 - Thou cur!

'Knoweth not,' knoweth not I of thee?
Knewst not who hadst signed my warrant?
Ambassador to my own perdition wert
Survival maketh blood flow in torrents!

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125- Deed avenging Guabuncex - I to her will

[Stabs de las Casas]

Wretch! Calleth thy God and repent!

De las Casas:

Ahh! Lord, giveth Thy servant asylum!

[Falls]

Fidel:

Now, facit ex curvo rectum,

ex nigro album.

[Throws letter on de las Casas]

De las Casas reads letter.

Fidel:

130- Per delictum.

[Stabs de las Casas through heart]

De las Casas:

Ex capite doli mortuus sum.

[Dies]

Fidel sits heavily in chair by desk, glances at letters and dispatches.

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Ex gladius sequitur

Ratione legis et anima legis;

Mendacium non punit lex.

Thou art not long for this realm

155- Good governor-general.

[Looks at hanging crucifix.]

Malum hominem est obviandum.

Exit Fidel

Scene 2

Governor's Mansion, Santiago de Cuba, Cuba. Velázquez's chambers.
In sleeping shirt, bottle in hand, sword in other hand Velázquez
bitterly paces length of room.

Velázquez:

Deserteth me dost wondrous sleep;

Like in all the rest misery beds.

Darest they parallel burdens seek?

160- Bringeth thee peace, civilization; culture!⁷³

Yet, herein alone I drink...

This life lead I be full lonesome,

Didst not Juvenal⁷⁴ say:

"Fact indignatio versum?"

Thou art inventicate a man;
My knight-Attendant shalt thou be.
Now off! Return hither with two Ports;⁷⁵
185- One, thou and other for me.

Exit Attendant bewildered, bearing sword in both hands.
Velázquez draws second sword, continues pacing.

Yes, yes I brought thee salvation.
These base barbarians of A kneweth naught,
But spite and scorned didst they my offering
Refuseth still to be counted of His flock.
190- O, what silk-minded fools thou art!
Of all thy host be most cursed one
He, to whom every arrow misseth its mark,
Novice of the forked tongue.
O, thou art glorious Mother Nature,
195- But in this creature thine laws were broken.
His existence threatens empires asunder...
A thought dost stricken 'twas he not misbegotten?

Enter Attendant with wine and sword sheathed and
belted at side. Velázquez takes bottle, salutes, drinks, and
continues pacing.

This savage I tell you be a sorcerer

That vile Duchess of Malfi.

220- A protégé, worthy Queen of Sparta -
Beautiful Helen of Troy would envy.
Hudst not Hernán produced the son
Even now wouldst I be Albinon⁷⁶
And she, successful Rosamund.

[stands; strides forward, lit by self-righteous conviction]

225- Fozscott! Duty didst I aright!
Art I not equal of Julius?
Shouldst I deign suffereth a blight?
Well, mortuus exitus
Nan est exitus!

Faint tumult of noise without. Cannon fire, muskets crack, men shouting. Increasing sounds of battle joined reach Velázquez.

230- Alhham, doubt I not my senses;
Dareth I deny the powder perfume?
Listen - hearest that? There!
Yes, soundeth of men and horse to slaughter
Warful art these notes I perceive
235- Be it strife, I to my stead.
Attendant!

Enter morose Attendant

Velázquez:

Yes, fool, what is it?

Be it what of that sound?

Attendant:

255- Governance, we are overrun with heathens
Savages swoop'd and taken our town.

Velázquez:

Mad jester! What didst thou say?

'Overrun?' Never, impossible!

Hath not I still some fifty braves?

Attendant:

Thou hast naught but few

260- Thy lieutenant hath spirited the lot
All those 'cepting who already fell.

The savage giveth no quarter

Careth neither of age nor innocence

Only maid and bastard fairerth better -

[Falls on knees]

265- Lord God, save me, I repent!

Save me from Thy outpoured anger.

Velázquez:

Control thyself, wast thou man or woman?

Velázquez:

285- ¡Diablo!

[Crumples letter, stamping feet]

The devil, the very Devil, himself!

He doest offend all natural laws

Savages civilized threat the commonweal.

My only sin be failed afore to act

290- There at stake, didst proffer reverence -

Confound that **demon**! Where be my hat?

Hat on table, plume above empty bottles. Velázquez searches
everywhere else.

Confounded hat! Guards!

Am I to war without my cap?

Guards!

Enter two frightened guards.

Guards:

295- By thy orders, general?

Velázquez:

What?! Art thou only two?

Wherefore be thine comrades?

Velázquez:

What, no! Thou art capital.

[stuffs primed pistol into belt.]

310- Now to horse soldiers!

We wing towards Habana and safe harbours.

Exeunt Velázquez and Guards. Attendant recovers, stands and surveys empty room.

Attendant:

Governor? Governor-general...?

[Looks around again]

Fled! Whither I know not.

Astute coward, the poxed contemner.

315- Though knight am I so feareth naught

[Takes resolute step toward door; sword, sheath and belt clatter to floor. Attendant considers them pensively.]

Better yet, methinks am not.

Exit Attendant, leaving weapons behind.

Scene 3

Matanzas, Cuba. After escaping two ambushes, Velázquez

[Reaches out toward weath'rs, back to Fidel]
 Be'ist thou some Argonese Nyx?⁷⁹
 Speak! For fearst I remembers thee -
 330- Ahh, ahh! Faith, with mercy!
 Indeed doth I know shée,
 By strange light cometh thine offerings
 Lightless Thanatos⁸⁰ and Blind Hypnos⁸¹
 Hast thee come to avengeth him,
 335- Who before all my quill precipitated?
 Though we be of one blood
 Thou canst denounce me -
 Kneweth only of the prelate
 Naught of how I seethed.
 340- My scheme was peerless
 So masterful a stroke 'twas mine;
 None leant, not even Cortez,
 Far too well-implemented my device.
 But thy courage faltered, cousin mine,
 345- Now the priest alone must I devise
 De 'twas it at her behest,
 Whom to stoney fate hadst I dictated?
 She, who foul adultery committed;
 Be her judge, jury, cuckold husband
 350- Then executioner, didst I preside the honor-
 Her amorous hezzy, doted she on heathen
 Now so sunneth color upon her bindings.

Velázquez:

Ah, thou art an avenging serpent?

Fidel:

Oath-bound, happy bondage to Guabancex
370- In supplication one may not repent.
Cautisquie, Guatauba divulge destruction;
Zemi-spawned, just vengeance's instrument.
Of warring caciques, preserve my blood
The future riseth in mestizo son^{B2}
375- Thy knavery hast achieved naught
Thine thoughts, filthy, vice-ridden,
Pretended thee, rule moon-kissed land;
Envoyed thither to go greet Death,
In valor found thy kinsman lacking.
380- Cacique Imperator, laurelled by mine contests
Here standeth I, sword in hand,
Brave thy steel, bare chest'd.

Velázquez:

Knoweth thee not Satan;
Though, thou dost bar my path
385- Boweth before my king or none!
[Draws sword]
This instance shalt be thy last.
[Aside]

By this thou bazeeth good evidence
Sharp be thy though dull thy wits.

Wounds Velázquez. They circle each other.

Velázquez:

Ah! Thou dost endeavor much,
Let us see if thou canst die!

They redouble their fighting.

Fidel:

405- Thou hast writ my warrant,
My death by thy hand
Deeded still than he thy kin
Who stretcheth out upon the sand
Thine evils act too gross for man
410- Stoned thy wife, his Eminence slain-
All this death writ thy hand.
For the latter of which
Wast the very best of men
Little difference from he,
415- Being I, who slayeth thy kin,
Thou act another Alexander VI⁸³
May your God have mercy Duke Valentino⁸⁴
For thou hast surely slain innocence.

Footnotes and Commentary of the Author

1. Taino for lord, chieftan, leader, headman/woman, king/queen, et cetera.

2. Hatuey, Taino cacique. Hatuey came to Cuba after the fall of Arawaka resistance in Quisqueya (Hispaniola). Upon arriving he assumed leadership of the final resistance to the Spanish conquest. Famed the "First Rebel" of Cuba, Hatuey was captured and burned alive at the stake. Rebellion(s) would continue from the defensible base in the Sierra Maestra mountains.

3. A quip and purposive irreverence on the distinctions between the orders and their natures. Franciscans harried Jesuits for their cautious contemplations and moderate mein. Franciscans being fanatic, beyond inflexible, demands religious edicts and proscriptions.

4. Though 'religious' men, conquistadores many times were vexed by temperance imposed by the presence of clergy. Conquistadores were much less concerned with salvation of souls as with amassing fame, fortune and favor.

5. Phrase attributed to early Aztec culture. The ideal represents an honorable death in battle reserved for warriors alone. A concept common among pre-Columbian Central and South American and Caribbean indigenous peoples. Many cultures held for a warrior to die in peace of old age a dishonorable end.

6. Taino for god, deity, higher power, ancestor god.

Century tragedy (1623).

13. Hernán Cortez came to Cuba as a treasury secretary for Diego Velázquez de Cuellar. He would gain fame and place in history upon disobeying Velázquez and leading a conquest party to Tenochtitlán (modern-day Mexico City, Mexico), Aztec empire capitol.

14. Pánfilo de Narváez was a well-seasoned conquistador, renowned for his bloodthirstiness and ruthlessness in battle. His massacres, perpetrated on the Taino of Cuba, deeply affected Bartolomé de las Casas, as well as Hernán Cortez. De Narváez headed the western prong of the two-pronged subjugation of Cuba.

15. Saint James in Spanish, Patron saint of the conquest.

16. First capitol of Cuba. Santiago de Cuba (and nearby Sierra Nuestras mountains) would prove pivotal to a great many future changes within Cuba, throughout Latin America, and two hemispheres of the West.

17. Helen of Troy, Queen of Sparta. Abandoned her matrimony to follow her paramour, Paris, Prince of Troy. Sparked the Trojan War as described in "The Iliad", by Homer.

18. Eve, Mother of humanity. Helped man to commit first sin, disobedience of God's edicts. Accordingly, woman was to be man's blessing and bête noir.

19. Historically, messengers bearing or delivering bad/unfavorable news were put to death or suffered some misfortune. Hence the saying: "don't kill the messenger."

capitol, remained the intellectual capitol of Cuba and one of the great, seething intellectual, dissension, and revolutionary centers of Latin America.

30. Greek mythological creatures part-bird, part-woman. Inauscible creatures who suffer from insatiable hunger.

31. Greek mythological creatures part-bird, part-woman whose normal abode is in Tartarus. They enthusiastically scourge souls in the Underworld.

32. Bartolome de las Casas was leader of what can be said to have been the first humanist movement in Latin America and the New World.

33. see note 9.

34. Taino zemi. God of Coccy, the Taino underworld.

35. see note 8.

36. see note 8.

37. see note 8.

38. Tobacco (Taino, Tobago), integral in spiritual rites and rituals of the Taino.

39. Taino names of the islands Puerto Rico, Hispaniola (Haiti/Dominican Republic), Jamaica, and Cuba. Jamaica and Cuba have no Spanish alternatives.

40. Traces part of de Narváez's career and conquest of the Antilles.

41. Aztec capitol.

42. Vicente Yúñez Pinzón, captain of the Niña. He and his brother contradicted Columbus' saying they had reached

swordsmanship was practiced.

51. Speech describes Taino heritage and genealogy. Cuba's oldest indigenous archaeological evidence dates back to 3400 BCE. Evidence of social sophistication correspond discoveries such as "gladiolitos", small ceremonial daggers.

52. Génesis 3:16.

53. Roman god (Hermes in Greek pantheon), messenger of the gods. Said to be fleet of foot, traveling on winged feet.

54. Habana, Cuba (also Havana). After its founding in 1514 proved to be a great natural harbor. Habana became Cuba's capital and principal port for the New World; an obligatory stop for Spanish treasure ships traversing the Atlantic.

55. Biblical character. Delilah delivered Samson into his enemies' hands (Los Jueces 16:4-31).

56. Site of the most infamous slaughter perpetrated by de Nuevárez and his conquistadores (circa, 1521).

57. Atmospheric phenomenon where the moon appears to be tinged red; also termed "luna caccitoro" in Italian.

58. Reference to 'Taino' which means 'noble' or 'pendent'.

59. Taino for healer, spiritual conduit, shaman; in the final instance - witch doctor.

60. Taino name for thatch-roofed dwelling.

61. Taino name for souls in Coabey. Maketaori permits these souls to return to earth in the form of bats to visit loved ones as long as they bring back nectar to please Maketaori. In Cuban culture bats are welcome and a

legal / societal recognition. De las Casas' experiences witnessing de Narváez's boundless brutality inspired his efforts. These new legal codes distinguished natives, prohibiting their being treated equal to negro slaves.

73. Solitudinem Faciunt Pacem Appellant. Latin phrase explaining reality under Roman yoke. To bring desolation yet, call it peace; such is often the result of imposed acculturation and civilization, e.g. European settlers' treatment of Native American tribes.

74. Juvenal, Roman satirist and poet (circa, 60-130 CE).

75. English Port wine.

76. see note 64.

77. Poetic reiteration of salsa ballad "Te Busco" by Lelia Cruz.

78. Province where Santiago de Cuba is located.

79. Nyx; Greek mythology; daughter of Chaos, personification of night, mother of all things mysterious and inexplicable.

80. Thanatos; Greek mythology; God of death, twin brother of Hypnos. Appears as a handsome youth carrying an extinguished, inverted torch.

81. Hypnos; Greek mythology; God of sleep, twin brother of Thanatos. Pictured as a youth standing with closed eyes or reclining in sleep, holding a stalk of poppy flowers.

82. Mestizo. Spanish meaning 'of mixed blood/heritage'. Latinos are the descendants of the mestizaje (racial mixture) that resulted from the conquest of the New World when

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Spanish and indigenous blood mixed.

83. Pope Alexander VI, Rodrigo Borgia (generally written 'Borgia'). Father of Caesar, Lucretia and other natural, i.e. illegitimate, children. Practiced political expediency by any means. Borgia is an Aragonese family in origin.

84. Duke Valentino, Caesar Borgia. Son of Pope Alexander VI, model for Niccolò Machiavelli's "The Prince". Almost "Lord of Italy", Caesar had no compunction regards assassination, extortion, coercion, and other forms of violence and force being employed to achieve his personal and familial objectives.

Eno legs. by E.C. Thoms-Roberts
good omen.

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62. Éxodo 20:14; Levítico 20:10

63. "Prometheus Bound," by Aeschylus (525 - 456 BCE).

64. Deuteronomio 22:22-24

65. Mateo 26:7-13

66. Greek law giver, 624 BCE. Draco was appointed to provide a written codification of Greek laws. Every crime, under Draco's pen, merited death. Thus the term 'Draconian'; i.e. excessively severe/harsh.

67. Papal Bull of 1493, dictated by Pope Alexander VI; Spain was to conquer, colonize and convert New World pagans to Catholicism.

68. Reference to Homer's "Iliad," scene in which Greeks leave Trojans a massive horse full of soldiers which precipitated the fall of Troy. A Greek bearing gifts is an indication of bad intentions/aquiesces.

69. Rosamund, Lombardy Queen. Instigated assassination of her husband, King Albinon, by her paramour. Afterwards she also poisoned her accomplice.

70. Tactacus: Greek mythology. The Underworld, realm of the shades ruled by Hades, brother of Zeus.

71. Juan 8:3-7.

72. Spanish New Laws of 1552. Reform led by Bartolomé de las Casas to free the Taino and other remaining indigenous peoples from the 'encomenda' system and establish their rights as persons meriting dignity and

the Indies and undermined his authority.

43. Cristóbal Colón (Christopher Columbus), first Viceroy of the New World.

44. La Navidad, Hispaniola. First mixed settlement, Taino and Spanish, in the Caribbean. Settlement was founded upon site where one of Colón's ships ran aground. The settlement was decimated by Taino warriors under cacique Guacanagarí.

45. Cacique of lower Quisqueya. Led sacking of first Antillean, mixed settlement on Colón's return to the Spanish Main at conclusion of first of three voyages.

46. Ciboney (also Siboney). Second most populous indigenous people in the Greater Antilles. They shared Cuba with Taino (in central and eastern regions) and Guanahatabey (in western parts).

47. Not a Galician (Gallego in Spanish) proverb, rather author's personal maxim.

48. Strange and/or fantastic sights have from antiquity to present always been interpreted as important omens. Bats are among the natural prey of owls. When prey turns predator it is generally seen to foretell doom and peril.

49. Order of the Jesuits was an elite body of the Holy Army. Their direct leader was titled Father-General. General ad interim is a temporary rank until it is confirmed or another is elected.

50. Jesuit convents usually held arms chambers where

20. Adonis, Greek god. Son of Aphrodite, his handsomeness among men equals that of Aphrodite amongst women.

21. Fabled Greek youth so beautiful that he fell in love with his own reflection and languished until death peering into a pool giving his own reflection.

22. Paris, Prince of Troy. Promised the most beautiful living mortal by Aphrodite, he laid claim to Helen, Queen of Sparta (see note 17), and whisked her away to Troy. This occasioned the Trojan War as told by Homer. Paris is also known for slaying Achilles.

23. Merope, eighth of the seven Greek sisters making up the constellation Pleiades Merope was ostracized due to her husband's (Sisyphus) actions.

24. Santiago 1:12 (Letter of Saint James 1:12)

25. Reference to the schism of the faith. This schism led to the several and lengthy religious wars that shook Europe from the Renaissance onward.

26. Inversion on Dominican propensities to proselytized and convert souls to the faith.

27. Inversion on Franciscan practice of self-flagellation for expiating sin and/or instilling discipline.

28. Mythological half-woman, half-serpent whose poisonous bite is said to change a man into the Lammias mate or kill whomever is bitten. Lammias are Greek in origin.

29. Santiago de Cuba after renouncing its title of

7. Taino zemi. Creator of the world and humankind. In his varying aspects he is also protector of man and all creatures of the earth.

8. Taino zemi. Dark aspect of Atabey. Guabancex is first, Goddess of Destruction, but also discord and all things malevolent. She is attended by two minor zemis: Coatiquie and Guatauba. The former manifests as a giant sea turtle and commands the waters of the storm. The latter appears as a jet black stock and speaks through huracán (hurricane) winds. Either or both are employed by Guabancex as messengers or instruments for her ends.

9. Taino zemi. Mother goddess of all zemis descending from her union with the sun in time immemorial. Atabey is incarnate in the shining full moon. Descending from Yucakú Maocacoti, first son of Atabey, Tainos are people of the moon and night.

10. Prometheus gifted fire to man, his creation, in defiance of Zeus' dictate. As punishment Prometheus was chained to a mountain where an eagle (vulture in some translations) would feast upon his heart (liver in some translations) for eternity. Fire is also the light of knowledge, that which gifted independence to man to spite the gods' strongest wills. An analogy is found in the Holy Bible (Genesis 3:1-7).

11. see note above

12. "The Duchess of Malfi," by John Webster. Early 17th

[Stabs Velázquez through stomach]

Mayst thy death quench

420- This blood scorched land.

Velázquez falls holding wound. Fidel leaves him to die.

Velázquez:

Thou art Satanas incarnate

Must I be thus so murdered,

Grand visions of future darkened

Apace my blood floweth faster;

425- O! Die I must, so soon?

So soon destined should I die

Whilst he remaineth, full in triumph?

Heathen convert, who bastard sired-

Nature, thy law is most stringent:

[Pulls pistol and aims]

430- An eye for an eye, life for life;

Quod non habet principium,

non habet finem.

Curtains close. Pistol fires.

Finis

Fris legis, by E.C. Trevis-Roberts

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'Twas not some vision propheticized
When thine gazed upon weeping wound
A frownsome thence wouldst thee
390- Companion wraith's seal certain doom?
[To Fidel]
Fie! And a pox upon thy head.
Come, my murderer, to Death be wed.

They join.

Fidel:

[Aside]
'Twas not he made but just before
Raving of betrayed kin, adultery,
395- Unfathomed desecrations, singular loze,
Now fights he most fiercely.
By what daemon be he possessed?

Velázquez:

Thou shalt find my spirits lacking
These fine thrusts hath never wavered.
400- Ah-hu!

Wounds Fidel

Fidel:

But, wait! Who is he but cometh?

Enter shade of de las Casias.

No, no! It can not be!

355- O, terrible duck, thou art nightmarish!

Relative, lady, father - my plea:

Hath mercy and treading not needer.

Lord, God Almighty, awaken me,

No devils, beseecheth thee draw not hither!

360- Dios mio, beggett I, no more this dream!

[Turns around to run, sees Fidel.]

Fidel:

Thou shalt go no farther.

Velázquez:

Hast thou also come dear nimen?

Or, be thee sprung of my fancy?

Fidel:

Of flesh, bide at Death's summons

365- Hath now come as lex talionis.

Offendst Atabey by thy usurpation

Justitia nemini neganda est.

stumbles alone on road toward Habana.

Velázquez:

My long gaze thus cast
Heavenward for my small life
Searching this gloomy expanse
320- Where stars breathe no answering light.⁷⁷
[Leans hand against palm tree]
All my squadron perished, my retinue fled,
Capitol beset, the Oriente⁷⁶ overrun;
Founder of cities no longer mine own.

Enter Fidel. Blood-stained, wearing royal regalia of multi-colored
feather-plumed head-dress, black feather cloak and armbands,
stone mantle, bracelets and anklet.

Fidel:

Rebellion, disgraced governor;
325- Prithee, whither art thou bound?

Enter shades of María Eugenia and de Narváez. Velázquez
turns in confused circles.

What? Where? Who goes there?

[Catches sight of shades]

How cometh thee in such bindings?

Guard One:

Of thy garrison, general, remained but three.

Velázquez:

Didst thou say 'remained?'

300- Thou meanest there **was** but three?

Guard Two:

Pues, señor, one third be detained.

Velázquez:

Thou speakest most rare, corporal.

Perit not, quick. Be plain.

Guard One:

Death first requested his society.

Velázquez:

305- Confounded! Three must then suffice.

Now, a pox on the heathens -
Faith! Where be that blasted hat!

Guard Two:

¿Buscáis esto, señor?

[Points at table]

Cortez. Cortez thou sayest hast flown;
And pray do tell, what of my Captain Eumed?
270- Hath he hastened to flight as well?

Attendant:

Of he, knoweth I much, governor.
Indeed, fearst I know too well.
Thy capitan hath slain in sainted cathedral,
Sword in hand, a smiling neck
275- Drunks, coloreth the marbled floor it did
All his precious proofs no laurel bedecked,
Dead on grounds devils darrest not tread.
A sorer sight didst I then behold,
Madame Death the Bishop also stole.

Velázquez:

280- ¿Qué? Didst thou say 'de las Casas?'

Attendant:

Indeed, sayst I, for he I saw
In extremis his eyes stazed wide,
Gaveth no words his mouth ajar.
Only witness, this letter his blood hath dyed.
[Tends Velázquez letter then faints.]

Velázquez's hands tremble seeing his own handwriting.

Thou be of good cheer, Fortune calls.

Fly thither the cathedral, make haste!

Return forthwith Captain, quarts and Cortez

240- Shall we turneth this foe 'bout faced!

Go! Quick, go!

Exit Attendant. Noise grows great and ever-nearer. Velázquez
dresses and arms. Enter Attendant pale and shell-shocked.

Velázquez halts

Velázquez:

What be it with thee? Speak.

How cometh thee alone?

Hearst me naught, knave?

[Roughly shakes Attendant]

245- Attendant, Attendant! Speak!

What maketh such erot?

Where be Hernán?

Where be my lieutenant?!

[Violently shakes Attendant]

Wherefore be my lieutenant, Hernán?!

Attendant:

250- Knowest not I where be he.

For thou hearest that tumultuous sound?

How else could he hath felled my kin?

200- Then a party in pursuit; completely -

Thirteen men, bloodless, dead along his route.

One, two, eight then, the slaughter.

Oh, but no, no, no! Must not I,

Didst thou hear the solicitous father?

205 - Taketh not eye for an eye.

But forgive and offer thy other.

Bah! A pax on that and on him!

Thou wast astute in thy surmise

That paxie ecclesiastic doth lie.

210- What ho! Giveth me that -

[Take bottle from Attendant]

Dost thee not have business to be about?

Slinketh thee whither and find my left-attendant.

Takest not little heed, make employment thy

snout.

Shooes dejected Attendant. Exit Attendant. Velázquez sits on
foot of bed near a post.

My kin, consigned I to death;

215- Compelled him, prodded his propensity to brawl.

Such an one ill-natured didst I good deed

Merely expeditious his impending fall.

What of Eve's greatest daughter?

165- Freely the masses whither away
Bread and circus all they need -
These gaveth I in abundance though,
Though none turneth well-pleas'd.
Some mistake, great and large hath I,
170- That d'spiteth peace and solaces offer'd
These heathens prefer, no! - seeketh to die.
The mind thus begg'd
Bounds of credulity furthest stretch'd
Presenteth thee with banquets quicquid;
175- Yet, thou feasted naught, abstemious wretch!
[Throws empty bottle]
Nean-minded brutes!
Attendant! Attendant!

Enter Attendant.

Ha-ha! Hast thou come, good fellow?

Attendant:

Well, of course, my lord

180- All the island hath heard thee bellow.

Velázquez:

'Tis well. Here! Take this sword -

[Throws, at hit first, sword to Attendant.]

Fidel:

What be'ist these? Am I not mad deceived?
Appareth first, petition his Christian Majesty?²

135- Like ven the second to the Holy See,
And, wait! a third address to me!

[Reads.]

O, o, o! Thou unfortunate grace!

[Falls on knees next to body, clutching letters to his chest.]

Thou wert right, what hath I done?!

If there be Hell, 'tis small foretaste

Freedom he sought, liberty of my race,

140- Equality in all; Friend in such haste!

Truly civilized therefore I layeth waste.

[Cradles de las Casas' head.]

Now a child carrieth my blood

In arms of maid of she gaveth breath-

Ah! bitterest of foes, impetuous blood.

145- Hadst the gods no milder curse?

Let men **only** destined for this?

O! In extremis, homo homini inus!

O! O! O! Mother Atabay,

Here layeth one of thy lost Taino.

150- For in his surely wast he noble.

[Stands gripping sword, looking fiercely at de las Casas.]

De las Casas:

105- Thou art not well, Fidel.

Speaketh in riddles a boedian knot

Thy word I hear but understandeth naught.

Fidel:

Then plainest voice shalt I give

Upon thy pen his life bought;

110- General the Butcher, did I leave latticed.

His good and hearty countrymen

In honor, duty bound gave chase.

Slew I sevenly along my way

Upon an eighth my prowess reigned;

115- My ardor leaked as if from sieve

Knelt I unconscious, awaiting to be slain.

Evabuncex's temper then up rose

Swept down upon my five pursuers

A most terrifying violent row.

120- Five consumed, three left dying,

Noble queen bore her sovereign sweet repose.

De las Casas groans.

Faith, father! Suffereth not on my account

For overcome didst I and so sterve still.

Some greater power delivereth me hence;

65- He who is without sin, father. ⁷¹
And thou art most sin-filled.
Peelite, monseigneur, general ad interim!

De las Casca:

My son, thou appearest most savage
By what art thou possessed?

Fidel:

70- 'Possessed' thou sayst,
Am I then possessed?
Well, be it so and on thy head,
'Civilization', thy acid breath
Proclaimeth like the gale
75- From muskets yawning death.
Connivance sure, one hand the Bible;
Other a pen, keenest of swords.
Thy cretinous ilk hast slain my people.
Thy faith and book of perfidious words.
80- Died by thousands, our noble race—
Nay, tens of thousands thy lust apace.
My liege lord swallowed whole;
He, thou hudud put to stake,
Consumed by fire and steel.
85- My people fall but not our will.
Atabey is kind, therefore

Cortez enters cathedral. De las Casas and Captain hear approaching steps.

Captain:

45- Hold, father. Doth thou heareth footsteps?

De las Casas:

Knowst the tread, my son?

Captain:

'Tis but little familiar, stay!

How now? Do I hear spurs?

'Tis some cavalier -

Enter Cortez

Cortez:

50- Hail thee well, Father - ah, Captain.

[Nods condescendingly]

Gracious bishop, beggeth thee pardon

This late hour, sore my need of confession

De las Casas:

Captain, wouldst thou be so kind?

Captain:

A man of no import, señor.

10- Though, in the smoky din soundeth the coach
At thy side our swords writ lore.

Cortez:

Aha! Thought I reckoned thy semblance.

Peace and conquest, may our Lord recompense.

¡Escuchad!, fearful am I

15- Our governance hath drunk from fathomless cup
Destruction and disaster beset his house

Cometh to ruin all by his lust.

Upon that there horizon slumbereth Tenochtitlán

Quit this Tartarus⁷⁰ feel I must

[Points eastward]

For dark auguries doth obscure

20- Pretend the end and certain doom
Of all those who remain to serve.

What sayeth thee, gentlemen?

To fame, fortune and legacy assured
By conquest of fabled lands unseen

25- Or fire, stone, sword thrust and gore;
Darest thou vagabundo forth with me?

Guards look between themselves.

Come, come! Pray, speak candidly

What hast thou there?

420- Art thou a Greek bearing gifts?⁶⁸

Muse to blame than Helen, thy preceptor?

Shade of Mucia Eugenia extends hand and drops a
blood-stained rock in Velázquez's lap.

What art thou about, silent Rosamund?⁶⁹

Eqads! What fallen star hath conjured thee?!

[Stands upright, overturning chair, sword in one
hand, rock in other.]

Shades dissipate.

O, o, o! What fiendish omens;

425- O, such mischief and wonder

What dost so hoerid a tidings portend?

Voice of Shades together:

Known art thine sins

De Navárez:

Hath I come twice now

Upon the thrice then, none.

[Gives Maid his cloak and bag of Spanish pistoles]

Go! Fly whither from here,

335- Alloweth me this small penance.

Didst naught I to save thy mother;

Be a spy to conciliate thy father.

Exeunt Maid and child.

A curse upon this rabid beast,
Whose conduct sought I to exceed;

340- Driven thirsty for fame and plunder
Not by God, but rather greed;

Joined I my fortune slaughtering those
Of a noble race, welcoming peace,

And claimeth 'heathen' doth we

345- Savage thine lands condemn thy people
O, yes! To be Spaniard is thus ennobled.

Cuz Bull⁶⁷ to conquer, colonize, convert

Dareth we flout the nature of law?

Virtue and vice, civilization doth invert

400- Natural law. The laws of nature

By her means perfection seeketh she -

Her end is balance, man's disease.

Wilt I command and soon set sail

Toward Tenochtitlán posterity shalt burn

405- Memories true this island Eden made Hell.

Enr. legis, by E.C. Theus-Roberts

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Si, fue, but let not that blind thee!
Thrs Dominican hast sinned maketh no mistake;
For 'twas she sinful savior encouraged!

De las Casas:

And by thee judged!

Velázquez:

360- No, dear proprietor of iniquity,
By God 'twas hee not punished.

De las Casas:

Thee and thy blasphemies art wrong!

Velázquez:

Shall I be disabused in My home?
Thy cathedral, now prison - be gone!
365- Guards! Guards!

Enter Captain and Guards.

Accompany his eminence, to his abode.
These setteth watch; leave him not alone.
Go! Go! Go. I say anon.

Exeunt Captain, de las Casas, and Guards.

Velázquez:

Ah, good Bartolome, even Christ -
330- Yes, our savior, favored also the vine.

De las cosas:

Not to drunkenness.

He also so forgave a temptress.⁶⁵

But thee -

Velázquez:

Me, I? Faith, pardon, be not heartless.
335- Thou knowest me, no Christian am I.

Cortez:

[Aside]

Strength to cowards doth drink give

Perfect absolution all guilty conscience.

Evils hath I certainly done:

Murders, pillage and, now, rapine -

Velázquez:

340- Luchidat, didat, dila

Nada es mejor than prize won

De las cosas:

De las Casas:

Wie we to celebrate, mine general?
Shall we toast such atrocity?!

Velázquez:

305- Carest not I for thy tone, palate.
Mus'nt one drink to efface memory?
Pleasures of the palate no longer exist
Indulged she in adultery, didst I but duty.

Enter Attendant carrying bottles, decanter, cigarillos.

Captain:

General, alloweth me beg thy pardon
310- But, to the watch must I attend.

Velázquez:

'Tis well, Captain, 'tis well.
May each to his office bend.
[Drinks heartily from bottle]

Exit Captain and Attendant.

Ah! 'Tis of Ambrosia.

Her face, it already fades,

315- Those thund'rous shrieks

Thy novice sallied forth
275- And slewst my countryman?
Didst thee not encourage her,
This Duchess of Malfi, in her "piety"?
Open thine eyes, good father.
The barbarous spawn art of Hell.
280- Seest thou this bastard welp?
Seest thee, fair serpent forsaken?
Seest, Father, and admit it so,
Regards the heathens thou art mistaken.

De los Casos:

Sins of the few, my general,
285- shouldst not thee attribute to all.

Velázquez:

Bah! ut pauci ad paucos,
Notus ad omnes perveniat.

De los Casos:

[Aside]

O, Hephaestus, thou wert wise -
"Ruthless the rule when
290- Power is newly won." 63

Velázquez:

Smucks maid and snatches baby.

Cortez:

And a fine telling that!

250- Wouldst thy insolence also parade his disgrace?

[Grabs her by ARM]

Come, come.

First, shall I take a turn

Then, shalt thee wheel to his abode

Breathing evidence to watch thy mistress burn.

Maid:

255- O, O, O! Thou art a monster!

Cortez:

No, madame. I am a conqueror.

Scene 4

Santiago de Cuba. Governor-General's mansion, in its forecourt Velázquez, Cortez, Maid with babe, de las Casas, conquistadores, and quacks. María Eugenia bound to a stake on a make-shift stage.

Velázquez:

Cortez steps from shadows.

Ahh! Leftenant Cortez!

Cortez:

Claro, señorita, it is I.

Wherefore dost thou hurry so?

225- And what, prithee, doth thee clutch so motheredly?

Come, come. Do let us know.

For a mightsome suspicion doth I entertain.

Maid:

Be it so, it forns naught for thee.

I pray, gentle sir, do not wie detain

230- Hath I desires to visit the sea.

Cortez:

The sea thou sayst?! Zounds!

[Aside]

Eh, and a twix so late an hour?

This familiar fancies me the fool.

Well, well! We shall see

235- Just in whose power right shalt be.

Maid:

Ends legs, by E.C. Theus-Roberts
[Warriors laugh]

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Saba:

Enough! Carry thee hence
Collect their arms into that boho
Bringeth everything they carry
Stacketh the bodies, limb on limb
200- Set to them a Taino flame
Condemn them to Spanish paradise,
Coarct torment Hatuey disdained.

Exeunt Warriors.

Bahuti:

An inspiration dost thou have?
For thee hast the sideways glance.

Saba:

205- Ho! Commune with our ancestral gods.
For two caciques be a martial stance.

Exit Bahuti

Vengeful Guabancex, loving mother Atabey,
Yucahú Maoracoti and all the juppas,⁶⁴
Souls of my forefathers in Canbey.

'Tis truth, for wost I thee.

Fidel hadst dagger hidden

165- Prepared to embrace greatness

Toward a flowery death was bidden

Though stayed his hand didst my father.

Commanded none should shake his glory.

Then ordered Fidel, he to succeed,

170- Finish the war for our land

That no Taino hearts may bleed.

Cacique made he, our martyred king.

Laid low these barbarians, their general.

And now, prepared for war the last

175- We shall not lose these lands.

Bahuti:

Thou art right I know

Just, pray, do tell me how

Wilst we stand 'gainst their fire

Before that which all dost bow?

Satan:

180- Prepare thine instruments and unctions,

Tend to my king, your lord;

Good conduct, didst thou not see?

Manner which Fidel wieldst the sword?

Doubt naught, my father choseth well.

144- This one hath slain our valient leader.
Under a blood moon-

Sounds of great commotion, dark foliage and shadows
come alive.

What?! What doth mine ears perceive?

Conquistadores:

Ambuscade! Fly! Let us flee!

Officer:

Flee? Run and hide? Fie!

~~145~~ Turneth no tail whilst he hath life.

We are five, beloved by God.

Fareeth naught! Convey them to the Light!
¡Siempre adelante!

Conquistadores:

¡Siempre adelante! Hurrah!

They rush to the fray and are slaughtered. Enter
Princess Saba, Bahuti,⁵⁹ and warriors.

Saba:

150 Pray tell, doctor, travelled to Babey hath he?

Fidel:

Ah! My strength fails.

Sweet Mother Mary,

Beseech thee, descend to my aid!

Dark mistress Guabancex -

115- No! They cometh, all is lost!

[Turns to face conquistadores]

Enter six conquistadores.

The die is well-cast.

First Conquistador:

How now! Thou darrest not flee?

Art thou bold, savage, to thus face me?

'Tis well, shall I bless thy courage

120- So glorious a death for thee!

They join.

Thou art a mighty foe, savage.

How art thou called?

Hast thee some dozen wounds,

Yet, thou refuseth to be bested -

125- Forsooth! And beneath a hunter's moon.⁵⁷

Taino slave woman groans.

What, ho! Who goes there, I say?
[Runs for swords]

Maria Eugenia:

I it is, my husband, only I.

[Steps into room]

Cometh to ask after so much activity

My lordship be'ist awake the hour?

Velázquez paces back and forth a sword in each hand.

Velázquez:

100- Hmm, tickings? What doth the bell toll?

Maria Eugenia.

Half-past two, the bewitching hour.

Velázquez continues pacing.

Velázquez:

Hmgh, blood. Blood with it be.

Well, blood so shalt it see.

Attendant:

What 'it', mine lord?

Velázquez:

'It', 'it', 'what "it"'? You fool!

70- That one-eyed stench that is my bane;

My kin from good old Castile -

Pánfilo, whom our heathen must slain!

Whither didst he fly?

Tell me, intriguer! Thou jester -

[Pulls down Attendant. They wrestle.]

75- Perhee, knave, where be he sequestered?

Attendant:

Thy lordship hath been usurped!

Perhaps too much the brandy whilst thou supped?

[Chuckles.]

Velázquez:

Callst I drunkard, thou twice-bitten pretent!

[Thrashes Attendant unconscious.]

Holdst thy tongue, my peace thee vex.

80- Captain!

Captain:

- Thou darrest to lies have resort?
Thy corruption be total beyond reconcilable.
- 40- Be it so. To thee I come
Not for parole nor thy blasphemy,
To warn thee have I travelled hence.
My master, Death, bides thee this.
Thrice will I bide thee;
- 45- Trees vices shalt thou see
This weeping willow of my heart;
These ghastly furrows of which mark
My journey to death from the living.
Upon the thrice shalt we be a Trinity
- 50- 'Tis then that thee we carry
The final Quaterternity.

Velázquez clutches his nightgown over heart.

Velázquez:

What art thou about, cousin?
I hath done thee no ill bend
B-b-bleedeth hath I CRIMSON-

Shade:

55- Thou art unreligious!
Haak, scoundrel! The dead lieth not
For no tongue hath we

Ah! Thou hast struck me as a musket ball!

Shade slowly raises arm, pointing finger.

By what malign spirit art thou here?

But wait! Thou hath no eyes,

10- Ha! Thou be'ist only a dream.

Shade smiles.

Yes, yes. 'Tis so, that is well.

I have worked too much

Too much work, my mind is apt!

Yes, yes. Much, much too much.

[Closes eyes then reopens becoming pensive.]

15- Indeed have I labored very much

But, perhaps, I am still at sleeping

For this apparition dost not fade.

Is it not I see thy chest aweeping?

Most fantastic dream is such.

[Leaves bed, taking two strides forward, stops.]

20- Art thee of my fancy;

Some dream or vision or warmth to touch?

Canst thou speak? Tell me thy tidings.

Speak, I command! Or be quick in thy going.

Peace, my general, thy wrath be cool.

Didst not the watch tender good intelligence?

Hath not a body flown in pursuit?

Full of arms, right vengeance all aflood?

280- Certainly, novice Fidel shall soon be soot.

Re-Enter Attendant with quills, ink, paper, wax, lighted candles,
and seals. Exit Attendant.

Velázquez:

Good. Now, Hernán, pray do tell:

Wilt thou join me at table?

Cortez:

Pardon, general. Just now I must be gone.

Exit Maid with child in arms.

Velázquez:

Though, greet the Condessa thou shalt?

Cortez:

285- As warmly as I do the sun.

¡Hasta luego, señor!

Exit Cortez.

Velázquez:

None mayst leave, whatsoever.

Captain Exeunt:

¡Dance!

Exeunt Captain and quicquid.

Velázquez:

Attendant!

[Aside]

250 - Pitiless jester.

Attendant:

Thy service, my Majesty?

Velázquez:

Hither bring my weapons of state,

Be like Mercury⁵⁵ or I shall thresh thee.

Exit Attendant.

Foul, wretched, inconsiderate Castellano!

255- Of all the host hath he defied
of all the Bohios razed he low,

225- It comes, it comes! Now-

Push, push I say, thou petticoated sow!

Maid:

The end, Mistress, I see its head!

María Eugenia:

See it I must! Bring it hither;

Must I know: My warrant of hqatuzo?

Midwife shows María Eugenia her son.

230- A curse! A curse upon my soul!

Lost I am, a woman forsaken!

Take it away, bear it I can not.

To the sea, prayeth I, it swallows him.

Maid snatches up child.

Maid:

Mistress! Thou art not well.

235- Most innocent is a babe born.

María Eugenia:

Ha! That chimera be betwixt.

Milk, rose, clover honey bears its tint.

Exit Watchman.

Scene 2

Governor's mansion, Santiago de Cuba. Upstairs; Condesa Maria Eugenia, Maid, Midwife, and attendants bustle about her chambers.

Maria Eugenia:

O, my absolute agony from so high a fall;
My passions went great; oh! The hours spent -
Maid, maid! Quick, come hither,

200- knowst thou whither my love was sent?
I fain know his whereabouts though suffer.
Memory is a terror, infliction be its glee.
Every minute of this pain in which I revel
Brings solace for am I Memory's pardlee.

205- O! To die, to perish wouldst be sweet.
'Tis a cross so weary to bear.
Incredulous Eve hath blessed us forlornly,
Shackled our sex with burdensome woe,⁵²
Parting of life must we conquer fear -
210- O, O, O! This agony may I forego!
Maid, maid! Quick; come, draw nigh.

Blood doth sprinkle with brighter flacks
Ruddier they tinge so parched a ground -
165- Cessante ratione legis cessat,
et ipsa lex!

Exit Fidel. Re-Enter Watchman, Officer, and several conquistadores.

Watchman:

¡Dios mio! ¡Dios mio! Ten misericordia,
I have failed! How I fail!
The general is dead!

Officer:

170- Ah! Mine general, how cometh thee?
How cometh thee?!
Lord God, be kind.

Conquistadores:

Flyeth whither the assassin?
Si, toward which cardinal didst he go?

Enter Second Watchman.

175- Officer, officer! Cometh thee quick
Easterly doth burn the roques tracks

Proudigious by sea in every new deed.

130- By terrestrial footings death our surrender,

Unforgiving, ruthless; a true warrior's taste.

Hear me, thou one-eyed savage,

And come to know thy better.

Cacique Fidel, leader of the learned Taino,

135- People of the great Arawaca Nation,

Descendants of fearless Saladeros,

Peoples of the jungles to the south;

We came North out the Orinoco's mouth!⁵²

De Narváez:

Gracias a Dios, thy fighting most impress.

140- Be thee cacique or viceroy supreme

Thou hath not a mere general to contest.

Soon wilt I turn Adelantado, thereafter, Viceroy

Over thee and thine barbarians shalt I prove King.

Take this, thou buey!

Fidel:

145- Ha! Thy eye hath deceived thee;

Thou missest thy mark.

Pay thee twice on none

And another for thy heart!

Fidel stabs de Narváez through.

Dost thou believe in God, brother?

Fidel:

Beates, senor!

De Narváez:

110- Blasphemer! Die savage!

Draws sword, Fidel also draws.

Ah, ha! Seeth I thy martial stance
Jesuit brother, humph!

Thou art devil in vestiture holy.

Fidel:

Art thou possessed? What so ails thee?

De Narváez:

115- Thy breath savage! Thy motherless race!

They join.

Fidel:

Mad dog! Shall I teacheth thee of hate!

De Narváez:

Watchman:

Si, señor; without doubts.

De Narváez:

More the better - but wait!

80- Hooves! They cometh upon a gallop.

Ho! Tarry not a moment's breath.

To thy station! To thy station, ¡rápido!

[Aside]

Strong and supple though I be

These ears fain hear mocking of carrion fowls...

85- Doh clouds gather, menacing ill-omened sight

Follows Fate when bats feast upon owls. ⁴⁰

Enter Fidel clad in frock, cuirass and armed with a long sword.

De Narváez:

Welcome and blessings, courier mine.

Fidel: May the Lord bless thee and thy enterprise.

De Narváez:

[Aside]

Ah, hah! 'Tis my banes heretic postéje

De Narváez and Officer:
One?!

Watchman:

55- Sí, señores!

And most precipitous doth he approach.

De Narváez:

Just the one? But how?

Upon what doth this signify?

Officer:

Knowest not, mine general; confoundeth me so.

De Narváez:

60- Be away! No - remain!

Thee,

[Points at Officer]

Thou wilt give the orders -

By nothing shall I be detained;

We set sail. Make haste!

Exit officer running

[To Watchman]

'Til this late hour, not a Gallego met.
Our preparations -

De Narváez:

Ah, yes. How soon the embarkation?

Officer:

None general, nothing remaineth but to embark.
20- Cannon, swords, horse and breast-plate;
servants, slaves, powder and sufficient hay.

De Narváez:

Good, thine notes warmth for my heart.
Ah! I become most reverie...
Didst thou know, levelled Puerto Rico with a glance,
25- Through Hispaniola slashed my sword
Wide, bloody swathes overreuling Mistress Chance.
Of the heathens, many thousands laid low -
Like that fated Vicente⁴² who challenged Colón⁴³
Where their ship beached came a sweeping foe
30- La Navidad⁴⁴ lost to the tyrant Guacanguari.⁴⁵
Knowst these 'caciques', Ciboney⁴⁶ and Taíno?
Most war-like were they I sent to purgatory.
Beaverly is that which one tempers by intelligence.
Repentent they who fled before my conquista;
35- Those who stayed the course, fewer pudence -

Guabancex [sensual, disembodied voice]:

 Thee hath I weigned,

 sus- Thy rage is most appetizing.

 Thou shalt excel brighter than flames -

 Imbue thee do I with spirits revenging.

Thunder rolls through a cloudless sky.

Fidel:

 Most beloved goddess untamed.

Curtain draws.

End of Act II

Act III, scene 1

Post Havana, Habana, Cuba. Camp teeming with armor-clad, armed and unarmed conquistadores. Lodgings of General Pánfilo de Narváez. Enter de Narváez.

De Narváez:

 Boquén, Quisqueya, Jamaica, Cuba; ^{39, 40}

Enter Fidel, kneeling before a Ceiba tree, offering sacrifices. Guatancimo, Cuba.

Fidel:

Sovereign mother zemi, immortal Atabei,³³
Thy people hath but suffered only more,
315- Fearful the wounds art thine,
Unworthy who bears these burdens sore;
My crown hangs below these shoulders mine—
How dreadfully now do they stoop
Brave stand I, though uncertainty doth ravish;
320- Be it so, destiny mine for stout damage.
Make taori!³⁴ Commend thee my soul.
Dread feared Guabancex!³⁵ Sweareth to obey;
Enemies in thine lands thy desolation shalt slay.
Beseecheth thee, send thine messengers;
325- Fulfil the flowery promise my liege lord.

Fans bowl of smoldering tobacco.

Send whither thy wind!

Winds begin to howl.

Spreading out wings of blackest Guatauba.³⁶

Courier Officer:

Thou shalt sendeth treasure,
Steel-clad faithful forthwith;
Neither nature nor thy need
295- Shall forestall to support my decree.

Velázquez:

Ah, Cortez! Hearest thou, 'commanded',
Commanded again; again 'commanded' have been I
The duce take him and thy other eye!
Begone, thou ill-omen.

Exit Courier Officer.

300- Thou fork-tongued serpent!

Re-Enter Attendant.

Attendant:

Didst thy lordship summon?

Velázquez:

As well thou art my serpent.
Bring thee hither, loyal lackey.

Ens legs, by E.C. Theus-Roberts

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As of yet thou knoweth not terror.

Cortez:

Pardons thy governance? Mayst thou-

Enter Attendant.

Attendant:

As it may pleaseth thy princship.

Here be presented, un gran varidoso.

Velázquez:

175- Howe again, thou insufferable rogue?

Cortez:

Mine lord, alloweth my scolding that intractable fellow.

Velázquez:

By the set of sun thou shalt-

But hold, cometh now this glorioso.

Enter Courier Officer. Exit Attendant.

Courier Officer:

Pazay, good governoz-general,

To seat thyself at my left.

Hearin, thou wouldst be honored, & no?

Cortez:

250 My former Commander, ever my lord.

Gratified would I be just so.

The Condessa sits between Velázquez and Cortez.

Maria Eugenia:

Thou art indescribable, gentlemen.

Father Bishop, health and blessings.

Thy sermon was most pleasing.

De las Casas:

255- Thou art this Eden's treasure.

Velázquez:

Trifle me not, loose plunder!

Cortez:

Loyal Fidel dispatches well

Of his office I presume?

[Aside]

Oh-ko! Mine orbs deceiveth me not.

260- Fair lady doth pale most dramatic.

Indiscreet woman! Insidious convert!

Lady 2:

But, dear general, what is to be done?
225- These heathens prove most unagreeable,
Unamended to good civilized ways.

Cortez:

Indeed they are;
To save them is not enough.

De las Casas:

They must be baptized human,³²
230- Else their souls be snuffed.

Velázquez:

What ho! Cortez, there. Told you not,
Cortez? Haak! Human sayeth our padoe.
And what is man,
But one who burdens in woe?

Ladies clap appreciatively.

Lady 1:

235- Bravo, Emperor! Bravo!
Pray, listen well ladies.

The just paxed Bishop de las Casas.

Velázquez:

Thou she wolf's welp!

Enter Bishop de las Casas.

De las Casas:

Thou I dare say hath too much swilled.

200- Ten Rosaries for thine troubles.

Fifteen Hail Marys and a votive shouldst help.

[Gives sign of benediction]

Attendant:

Why, Father, repudiate I all my lord hath said.

Velázquez:

Thou faithless cur!

Exit Attendant running.

Welcome, good Bishop.

205- Hast thou concluded thy Mass?

De las Casas:

Indeed I have, and had a mind

Ens legs, by E.C. Theus-Roberts

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Re-Enter Velázquez and Cortez.

Velázquez:

What ho! Hernán, we are besieged!
Art thou not the Haopies³⁰ there?

Cortez:

And well-accompanied they be
180- For doth mine eyes thine Furies³¹ see?

Ladies:

Buenas tardes, good governance and learned counselor.

Velázquez:

We see the pride, yet,
Wherefore be thy chief leanness?

Lady 2:

She to the confessional remained.

Velázquez:

185- And doth she tarry long?

Lady 2:

Fear naught, señor: my maid flies thither.
[Aside]

Thy counsels doth rebel 'gainst our Catholic side.

Re-Enter Attendant. Sets table.

Bah! Sovereigns, ministers of Lord most high,
160- How fathomless art thine minds.

To table my good man,

Let us off this melancholy ponder -

What, ho! Darest we dine now three?

Cortez:

Thy mutt learnest not.

Velázquez:

165- ¡Cachorro!

Cortez:

¡Chancho!

Exeunt, Velázquez and Cortez beating and chasing Attendant. Enter Ladies and Maids.

Lady 2:

Blessed be, such a repast!

Lady 1:

Cortez:

Scyeth what thy unmanly bellow?

Velázquez:

What ho! But I doth hunger so.

Cortez:

Good Governor, such is due instruction well given.

Velázquez:

130- That is well, Heenan Cortez!

Thou speaketh truth. And thou,

Kicks crouching Attendant.

Wretch!

Get thee hence for dine

Master Heenan and I shall.

135- Make haste and set fire,

Go on, knave, thither sail.

Exit Attendant

Cortez:

Pray thy indulgence, good governor-general.

De las Casas:

Santiago nos cuenta:

"Happy is the man who supports
Being put to proof with fortitude -

María Eugenia:

[Aside]

Gracias a Dios, man I am not,
110- Therefore, need naught of fortitude.

De las Casas:

"For upon being proven worthy
Crown of life shall be his prize." 24

María Eugenia:

[Aside]

Of something much less earthly
To which I cast my dies.

Scene 3

Governor-general's Mansion, Santiago de Cuba, Cuba. Enter Velázquez,
Coatiz, and Attendant.

Velázquez:

Ends legs, by E.C. Theus-Roberts

page 3

Thou shalt taste unto the fiftieth lash!
Thou uncouth traitor! A pox take thee!

Flourish sword and mantle of state. Exeunt.

Scene 2

Cathedral. Bishop de las Casas saying Mass. Maria Eugenia
and ladies seated in front pews waving fans.

Maria Eugenia:

85- Dear me, is it not frightful warm?

Lady 1:

No, Condesa. How doth thee, cousin?

Lady 2:

I say it is but fair.

Feelst thou such breezes,

Carried hence like slow ocean kisses?

Maria Eugenia:

90- Thou art most poetical, amiga mia.

Most.

Attendant:

Indeed, m'lord, and if I be permitted -
A most quibless rogue dost he seem
That doth insist and style himself King!

Velázquez:

Thy false tongue! Have a care -
55- Have a care say I. For thy
Untamed appendage doth my sense offend.
Have I a mind to sever it thus.

Attendant:

Shouldst thou desire, my governor-generous,
Scourged willing shall I be
60- My offending faculty, place in thy guardship.

Velázquez:

Come, come. Quake not my precious fool.
Thou genially jests, sayst thou in earnest?

Attendant:

Unhappy messenger to thee I am.
Raiseth in thee thy purplest rage
65- Thy imperial seething doth forbode my head.
Clouds thusly gathered fear I portend more
dread.¹⁹

Eno begins, by E.C. Theus-Roberts
But of course!

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Velázquez:

But of course, he of the masses
Pray, do tell, doth the bishop alone
Light thine courses in holy obsequance?

[Aside]

30- There! See how twittereth they;
Permease would pale I do declare!

Lady 2:

His faithful novice doth censor bear.

Lady 1:

Beareth he with such sure hand.

Velázquez:

Calm thyself, for I shall have need
35- Fair shouldst thou swain
Call upon good auxiliaries to court thee
To deal life again.

María Eugenia:

My good lord, thou and thine jests.

Velázquez:

Sounds of Taino prisoners toiling. Enter Velázquez singing.

Velázquez:

'Good governor-general, sweets to mine palate.

'Good governor-general, lovelier melody never!

'Good governor-general, music - but no!

What malice?

[Continues singing]

5- Thou thankless and pleased by naught
Didst I by mine two sooty hands
Bringeth peace, high what price bought?
Lost faithful souls in thine askew lands
But no!

10- Governor-general. Good governor-general.
And governor-general so -

Enter Attendant.

Attendant:

Your grace, La Condessa Flaubert de Sevilla.

Enter Condessa Maria Eugenia, three ladies, and maids.

Exit Attendant.

Maria Eugenia:

Good morrow, mine governor-general!

Thirdly and fourthly to that which
second of all must first be
310- Capital honor due our patron.

Cortez:

Thou meanest to say,
Inseparable Santiago?¹⁵

Velázquez:

Indeed, I do. For in this Eden
Santiago de Cuba¹⁶ Capitol shall be
315- Firstly among this secondly world
Third in future fourth life
Of all events yet to emerge.

Cortez:

Most foresighted, laureled chieftan.

Velázquez:

Yes, Cortez, 'tis well done.
320- Thou also hath done well then.
Be thee gone hence! Dine,
Revel, have a rest; for on the morrow;
So by means our holy devotion,
Establish the New World in salvation.
325- Santiago the fundament; Cuba its crowning jewel.

Cortez:

The graced general de Narváez¹⁴
Greets thee with health and blessings—

Velázquez:

A pox on A' Pánfilo,
Be he the one-eyed demon
275- Incarnate of night terrors.

Cortez:

Be that as it may, Comandante,
The general sends intelligence of
Most wondrous design. Toward
The main it is bandied abounds
280- Mountains of gold and silver,
Enough to crush a nation,
Precious stones of all the many hues
Bestrewn like commonest of pebbles.
General de Narváez intimates
285- Forthwith, he shall fly thence
Bringing the Almighty's salvation to the heathens.

Velázquez:

Indeed, he shall say, say he will.
Blessed as thou appears,
Fortune found in thy other endeavor?

Dies in most dignified air.

'Tis well. Hence that my hand

Sentenced him hence to join

Reversed Than in hrs agonies.¹¹

240- We will record his ending.

Padre! Thou wilt deign me the honor

Of supping tonight at my table?

For I shall be pleased to settle

Some certain future for young

245- Gifted Fidel. Most am I

Anxious that he should be well used.

[Aside]

A pyce perfumed for thee

My sweet aduress.

De las Casas:

Peace, thou may count upon me, Comandante.

250- At what toil wouldst thou have me?

Velázquez:

Say by the eleventh. In the mean,

Sadly, must I pay heed

One, severe, thankless ambition.

Oh! To expiate my sin!

De las Casas.

Shall I have greater need
Henceforth of confessional.

Enter de las Casas, Fidel, and two conquistadores.

De las Casas:

He is committed.

First Conquistador:

210- Comandante, if thy indulgence be mine,
He died most manfully, sayeth I.

Second Conquistador:

Pity was he heathen; for the Faith,
As well-known, values the convicted.
And, that barbarian was superior.

First Conquistador:

215- Forsooth! Travelled down to perdition
Most manfully. Indeed, most manly a foe.

Second Conquistador:

Neither plea nor cry
What dignity hadth he shown.
Yes, pity was he heathen.

Tueneeth thine eyes and, prathée,
Whut intelligence doth color thy pulloe?

María Eugenia:

My good victor, mihi Imperator,
Didst thou say I blush?

Velázquez:

180 Ay! I didst for thou didst.
Hadst I not better known
Nethinketh thou doth tend
Eyes and sentiment to another.

María Eugenia:

¡Dios mio, mi amor! My very heart
185 Doth thee cut to the quick.
Of whom shouldst I pay concern?
Art thou, in thine conquests, not
Apple of mine eye, rose for my bosom?

Velázquez:

As it should be
[Aside]
190 Yet, wonder's mine whether youth -

María Eugenia:

Fidel:

Estimado Comandante, the prisoner asketh,
Are there any Spanish in Lord Almighty's
Holy Kingdom of light and peace?

Velázquez:

150- But, of course! Por supuesto!

We Spaniards are amongst His most favored.
There would be no heaven without.

Fidel:

He answereth, 'certainly', my lord.

Atabey:

Fie! I would rather burn a thousandfold
155- Before spend eternity with his spawned ilk.
[Spirits] Glad I serve Atabey" forever!

Fidel:

My good commander, the warlord
'Tis so resolved. He sayeth:
'Be these Spanish in heaven
160- He would most preferreth free!

Velázquez:

Happy to oblige am I.

110- Thou shalt be cacique in my stead,
Succour to our race,
Refuge for our woes,
Healing sea for every wound.
Thou shalt be to our lineage

115- Yucahi Macracoti⁷ of new!
For when our people safety found,
Immortal Guabancex⁸ shall

Thy impression and upon
Guatauba's black wings shalt thy

120- Obsidian bite tooth and nail
Thy false lord of heretics
Who dareth insult this Moon-Kissed land!

Velázquez:

What ho! Doth mine eyes deceive?

I fancy, padre, that thy creature,

125- Doth do reverence this monstrous foe.

De las Casas:

Fidel, what ails thee, my son?

Fidel:

Pardons be, father,

I merely supplicate the Almighty

For this misbegotten soul.

De las Casas:

That is well, that is well.

To Velázquez.

75- Thou may count him of service.

Velázquez:

Say to this beast thusly:

Thou hast been overawed,

Thunderstruck with Gods vengeance.

For 'gainst this venerable head

80- Darest did thou rebel

So that now to Him!

To Him, I say, thou art

Duly delivered and must now perish.

Fidel:

My cacique, I am ashamed.

85 Pardon me by a flowery death^s

Reasoner was I taken, heesey adopted I

For revenge to take upon this head

He that doth style himself lord on high

To this late hour hadth I awaited

90- For the clearing of such stench

Ens legs, by E.C. Theus-Roberts

page 10

45- Bringeth hence thy creature.

Exit Frisco de las Casas.

In this eleventh year,

During the fifteenth century of our Lord,

Thou hast sacrificed for His gospel;

To His house are committed these souls,

50- Lost in obscurity, lacking but well.

Thou hath multiplied the glory of God.

This I swear! Our Father,

Who art in heaven, shall recompense

To each his due in abundance

55- Of the Almighty's benevolent largesses.

Re-Enter de las Casas with comely Taino convert whose
head is bent.

Ah! Padre, is this he?

De las Casas.

Claro, mi comandante.

Velázquez:

And will he say true

That which I command?

- 10- Seest thou not, our Lord's peace?
A peace we Spaniards are blessed to bring.
Dost thou lacketh eyes to see?
Hath thou in thy perfidious pride
Heard naught of our Father's thunder,
15- His most righteous vengeance?
Thou hath lost. Certes, lost!
And such is to the glory of God,
His most faithful servants,
And myself, humble instrument -

Aside to Fernu de las Casas.

- 20- Pader, marvel thus, how I shall break this heathen.

De las Casas:

- Tenga cuidado, Comandante,
For in his eyes do
I sense a convict's inflexibility
He may venture most naughty
25- To perdition and there dies...
Or, so I pray.

Velázquez:

Thine Franciscans and thy womanly concern

Ens legis, by E.C. Thews-Roberts

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Taino slave woman

First Conquistador

Second Conquistador

Third Conquistador

Act IV, Sc. 2

Saba

Bahut

First Warrior

Second Warrior

Warriors

[Voices of] Shades

Guard One

Guard Two

Ens legis by E.C. Innes-Roberts

page 4

J.C. - my good friend, contemporary, literary devil
in my ear. "Ens legis" is for you.

Pae fatio

Esteemed Lector,

"Eros legis" is a dramatic work written by an homme de lettres. As such, "Eros legis" is not the product of a playwright. This being said, all faults, failings, failings in vision are attributable to myself alone. Any dramaturgical faux pas or tragedian sins are, happily, also mine as I have never been subjected to proper tutelage nor otherwise have I ever been a pupil of dramaturgy. An homme de lettres, I love literature and in that love is my writ and sanction.

"Eros legis" is a revenge-tragedy patterned after William Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" (full name, 'The Most Lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus'). Its historical setting is early 16th century Cuba in the heyday of La Conquista and its immediate consequences. 'Revenge-tragedy' is too generic a term. Then again, 'historical-tragedy' is far too narrow-minded a classification. The decimation and destruction of my ancestors' culture, civilization, way of life is by definition a tragedy. There was nothing redeeming in it.

"Eros legis" is a homage paid to the Venerable Baed, on the eve of whose birthday it was commenced and whose earliest play is my