Long Live the Republic:

The Three Antonios

By Ramón Griffero

1989

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CAST

Antoine Gremey

Antoine Gramusset

Antonio de Rojas

Juliana

Manuela

Fernanda

The Boy

Saravia

Manuel de Orejuela

Adrianne

Serafina

The Slave

The Governor

The Judge

Constable

Rousseau

The play is based upon the historical facts known as the case of “The Three Antonios” during the colonial period in Chile, when two Frenchmen and one Chilean conspired to establish The Republic.

To further their cause they wrote “The Polpaíco Manifesto” (1785), a declaration similar to the “Declaration of the Rights of Man” (1789), published in France right after the French Revolution.

LONG LIVE THE REPUBLIC

(*Juliana and The Boy emerge from the earth. They look, they chase each other, they run between ditches and columns . . . They are stopped by the sound of an aria . . . Rousseau emerges.*)

THE BOY: You’re dying, Rousseau. What eternal roots your tongue sowed, what beautiful horizons your eyes wove, leave me your shadow so that I can bask in your aura.

ROUSSEAU: Bury me, Flavio, bury me. Don’t let my hands touch steel; don’t let my feet drag through the dust . . . seal my eyes with melted lead, cut out my tongue and burn it completely.

THE BOY: It’s too late now, Rousseau . . . It’s already too late . . .

ROUSSEAU: Sing then, Flavio, sing one of my operas. Sing that I’ve confused everything I thought, that power was like music, and liberty a poem . . . If I’ve been wrong, Flavio . . .? How many torments draw near! . . . How many libertarian passions shipwrecked on the reefs . . . Flavio, tyranny’s reefs are stronger . . .

THE BOY: The Frigates have already raised anchor, Rousseau . . . and your ideas are blazing in their masts. It’s already too late . . . Rousseau . . .

ROUSSEAU: Stop them, Flavio! Stop them! They’ll realize . . . they’ll come to realize that I was only a poet. Flavio, if democracy grows old like my body, and the people, it’s heart, no longer has the passion to beat . . . Man is the heart of the state, but he has to beat, to beat . . . Who will make him tremble? . . . Poetry, Flavio . . . I’ve written nothing more than a farce . . .

THE BOY: We’re arriving, Rousseau.

ROUSSEAU: Sing, Flavio . . . the Supreme Being calls me and reason no longer serves me . . . Sing! . . . Sing! May they pardon me . . .

(*Allegory of Rousseau’s death. A shooting star passes and a noise shakes the sky.*

*On a sailing ship off the coast of America Antoine Gremey and Adrianne tremble.*)

GREMEY: Rousseau has died . . . Adrianne . . .

ADRIANNE: I know, Antoine. Let’s kneel and pray the Lord takes him to his bosom . . .

GREMEY: Here, Adrianne, we’ll scatter his ideas across these coasts we’re approaching and from these lands those sitting comfortably in the thrones of injustice will be made to tremble.

ADRIANNE: The sea . . . Antoine . . . The sea is red.

GREMEY: It’s the heat, Adrianne, the heat of the New World . . .

ADRIANNE: Beloved husband, keep quiet in these Spanish lands.

GREMEY: They don’t belong to Spain; they belong to the men who inhabit them.

ADRIANNE: Antoine, when will we stroll beneath the grapevines again?

(*Allegory of being received in America . . . Music, Carmen Miranda dances or negro*

*songs.*)

GREMEY: Listen, Adrianne . . . listen, the torrents of these lands, the shouts of its people, listen, Adrianne . . . The New World receives us, its waterfalls bathe our foreheads, its rivers sate our thirst, its forests embrace us, the mountains unleash a thousand rocks like cannon fire . . . The New World receives us, Adrianne . . .

(*A storm is unleashed, the ship shakes, Manuela Fernández enters wildly clutching a*

*clock, a black woman, her Slave, follows her.*)

SLAVE: Ayy, mother mine we’re goin’ to drownnn! Baby Jesus protect us . . . Ayy, we’re goin’ drownnn, Saint Martin of Porres protect us . . . Ayy, Virgen of the condemned, protect this po’ negro . . .

MANUELA: Be quiet, woman . . . Ayy, my clock fell. Shut up, you stupid nigger, if you don’t, I’ll sell you.

SLAVE: Ayy, mamacita, don’t sell this poor negro to someone else . . .

MANUELA: You, Monsieur, don’t you want a screaming nigger . . .?

GREMEY: Madame, I’m a Humanist . . .

MANUELA: And for just that reason she’ll be useful to you. You French are always conducting strange experiments . . . Aren’t you?

ADRIANNE: The sea is blue, Antoine . . .

GREMEY: Come here, child, soon these lands will by yours and no man will have the authority to subject you . . .

SLAVE: Master, this negro won’t scream anymo’, I won’t scream anymo’ . . .

MANUELA: (*Stroking her clock)* It’s gone, the storm is gone. This is only thing that strikes the hour in Castile as it does here . . .

ADRIANNE: We’ve brought . . . (*She looks at her hands and cries*). . .

MANUELA: Ayyy, Monsieur, tell me about the court. Is the Countess of Paris still so loose with her skirts? And His Majesty, this little fat one you have, so refined, those ballets in Versailles must be marvelous!

ADRIANNE: Madame . . . Look at the dolphins.

(*The action stops to observe the dolphins passing. During all the following scenes the frigate remains onstage. Between sea trunks and ropes suspended in the space, this creates a series of parallel pictures. Antoine writes with his pen, Adrianne folds fabric, The Slave fans Manuela . . . The ship moves . . . Antonio de Rojas sends his books to the Viceroyalty of Chile.*)

ANTONIO: More than three hundred, Serafina, obtained during three years of arduous searching. Mathematics, Latin, Astronomy, Engineering, and man’s fantasies. They sent me this from St. Petersburg.

SERAFINA: I’ll wear their names like hair ribbons; I’m also a jewel, Antonio . . .

ANTONIO: This is the Armada that will fight ignorance in the Indies.

SERAFINA: Let me sail and fight with them . . .

ANTONIO: They leave tomorrow on the Aurorita and in six months they lay down their roots in Valparaíso . . . Wrap them well. Dampness will destroy them as much as tyranny.

SERAFINA: You’re leaving and I’ll be left sewing banners . . .

ANTONIO: Careful with those, they’re prohibited. This is Rousseau, an old man they call an Anti-Christ, a demon’s abortion.

SERAFINA: Antonio, look at my lips . . .

ANTONIO: I suffer to think of them falling into the hands of some ignorant cleric, not to mention those devoted hypocrites who know more than all the devils in hell . . . We have to protect these good friends . . .

SERAFINA: Don’t leave me in Spain . . . Take me to the Indies . . .

ANTONIO: Read, Serafina, read others since honey isn’t made for asses . . .

SERAFINA: My honey isn’t for asses either. Read my letters, Antonio . . .

ANTONIO: They’re not interested in this foolishness, for that they have their books that from the first page on give them a hundred, two hundred days of indulgence.

SERAFINA: Antonio, bind me and keep me on your most precious bookshelf.

ANTONIO: We’ll change the covers, so they won’t suspect. These boxes are worth more to me than if they were filled with silk or gold dust.

SERAFINA: Turn me into a book; stick me in your boxes . . .

ANTONIO: We won’t see each other again, Serafina, your Indian returns to his jungle . . .

(*Serafina desperately rolls about in the books.*)

SERAFINA: Antonio . . . I too am liberty!

JULIANA AND THE BOY

JULIANA: Keep reading, child, keep reading . . .

THE BOY: I’m not done; I’ve still got the Third Antonio’s story to go . . .

JULIANA: And the “Reina del Mar” that doesn’t appear. Child, don’t you see two black chimneys, don’t you see the smoke over the waves . . .? And that noise . . .

THE BOY: They’re planes, aunt . . .

JULIANA: They say they painted them red . . . take me to the beach with my bracelets; we’ll look for messages. (*Juliana puts her hands in a pool of water.*)

THE BOY: What are you talking about . . .?

JULIANA: They’re shouting outside, if voices had power few of us would have tongues. But let them shout, it’s nothing more than air, only puffs of air.

THE BOY: It’s the Frente Popular, aunt.

JULIANA: Bring me my hat, so he finds me like I was when he left, my rings, child, my rings.

THE BOY: Where are you going . . .?

JULIANA: To the shore, don’t you see, child, don’t you see their black chimneys on the horizon . . .? It’s the “Reina del Mar” . . . Here comes Antonio . . . Wave to him, wave to him so he sees us. Show him the open box, the one he promised me he’d fill with envelopes . . . What are they shouting for . . . ! Why are they shouting?

THE BOY: They’re for Ibañez, aunt . . .

JULIANA: As if opening your mouth and emitting sounds was enough . . . if that were only enough . . .

THE BOY: Should I continue reading, aunt?

FERNANDA’S VISIT

(*Fernanda can’t look up, she carries an empty cage in her right hand.*)

FERNANDA: Let’s go in, no air for us, Saint Ermengilda . . .

JULIANA: Sweets from the Augustine nuns.

FERNANDA: One, to fill you with love.

JULIANA: Let’s pray the rosary.

FERNANDA: I just finished praying it, aunt.

JULIANA: When will the frigate arrive? Manuela is bringing us a harpsichord.

FERNANDA: Harpsichord?

JULIANA: Music, Fernanda, music like they have at court . . .

FERNANDA: What beautiful hands Doña Manuela has. It makes me sad, aunt . . . when I come from the novena they look at me and laugh .

JULIANA: With envy, child, with envy . . .

FERNANDA: They say an Indian bewitched me, and that’s why I can’t raise my eyes . . .

JULIANA: Those who look at the ground can see what’s hidden, Fernanda . . .

FERNANDA: Yes, I see their footprints. I was watching, aunt, who was here wearing English boots?

JULIANA: He’s a fine-looking young man, full of gallantry, his name is Antonio Rojas, and he’ll be at the Tertulia . . . Fernanda.

FERNANDA: I’m scared, aunt, after what happened in Chillan, these foreigners scare me.

JULIANA: The Irishman . . .?

FERNANDA: Yes, they say that he climbed under Riquelme’s sheets in the dead of night and took away her honor . . .

(*Thunder and trembling.*)

JULIANA: The Republic has given birth to one of its men . . .

(*Fernanda and Juliana pray.*)

“Your fecund mother died in her eighth month and three days later they opened her,

on the side with a steel point, from the bloody wound they took your prodigious self . . .

Be his protector and guide Ramón Nonato Glorioso . . .”

ON THE FRIGATE

SLAVE: Today was bornn . . . today was boorn . . . the one who will liberate this poor Negress . . .

MANUELA: We’ve arrived . . . We’ve arrived, finally we have arrived . . . how beautiful, don’t you like it, Monsieur Gremey . . . The Viceroyalty of Chile . . .

GREMEY: It’s beautiful, señora . . . very beautiful . . .

ADRIANNE: There are grapevines, **[**Antonio**] Debe ser “Antoine” aca?** . . . there are grapevines . . .

MANUELA: Countess, from now on, Monsieur Gremey . . . I bought the coat of arms of a Countess in Spain.

GREMEY: Pardon me, Countess . . .

MANUELA: You’ll be enchanted by Santiago once you get to know it, it’s not like Paris, but we soon will be . . . Monsieur.

ADRIANNE: There’s hunger in Paris.

MANUELA: Hunger! How can they be hungry when they even eat snails . . .? What a relief, I haven’t been able to let go of it (*A wall clock.*), the way the frigate has been moving . . . I’ve also brought a harpsichord, Monsieur . . . They’re going to be green with envy . . .

(*Music, the din of arrival.*)

MANUELA: Julianaa . . . Fernandaa . . . Look, even the Judge is here. Yoo-hoo. Come in my calash, Baron Gremey.

GREMEY: The gifts the Lord has blessed me with won’t increase because I’m a Baron.

MANUELA: Voila le Chili!

(*Choreography that demonstrates the colony, music . . . Some plant, others beat wet*

*clothes against the ground . . .* *The characters on the frigate remain frozen on the*

*stairs while the following scene proceeds.*)

JULIANA AND THE BOY

THE BOY: The Frente Popular won, aunt . . .

JULIANA: I know, child . . . I know, but read, read . . . read about the City of Caesars . . .

THE BOY: And the Third Antonio . . .

JULIANA: Yes, the third . . .

THE BOY: And Antonio Gramusset on the banks of the Mapocho began to build a machine that would make his fortune, the destiny he’d been denied.

ANTONIO GRAMUSSET AND MANUEL

GRAMUSSET: I’ve worked lands, dug mines and nothing, Manuel, riches have gone up in smoke, but with this machine, my fingernails will turn to gold. I’ll go to Lima and live like I’ve deserved.

MANUEL: No, Antonio, come with me on the expedition, we’ll conquer the City of Caesars, and there we’ll dress ourselves anew in the smoothest silks, our palates will enjoy dishes never seen, look how we’re acclaimed, feel how the nymphs bathe our feet in rose perfume . . . It’s happiness, Antonio, we’ll take your machine and we’ll build it out of steel and gold like an obelisk in the midst of the Andes.

GRAMUSSET: Help me with this . . . you’ll have your city and I my riches.

(*Fernanda and Antonio de Rojas meet.*)

FERNANDA: The English boots . . .

ANTONIO: Are you looking for something? Can I help you? . . .

FERNANDA: My aunt says I’ll be able to see what’s hidden like this . . .

ANTONIO: Are you going to the plaza?

FERNANDA: It’s fish market day.

ANTONIO: I’ve got a hidden soul; perhaps you’d be able to see it?

FERNANDA: What are you suffering from, señor?

ANTONIO: From seeing you . . . remembering Spain, from Ignorance . . .

FERNANDA: It’s late; the sun no longer illuminates your boots . . .

(*Fernanda takes off and runs into Juliana who’s going to see Antonio Gramusset’s*

*invention.*)

JULIANA: Fernanda. Let’s go to the river to see Antonio’s machine.

GRAMUSSET: Look, Manuel, they’re coming to see it . . . Keep working you Indian idiots or we’ll never finish.

JULIANA: Explain your invention to us, Señor.

GRAMUSSET: Look. On this spot we’ll erect two towers taller than two hundred feet . . .

JULIANA: What! . . . Taller than the towers of the Iglesia de la Compañía, Monsieur Gramusset . . .

GRAMUSSET: That’s right, now that the Lord has sent us science to use and make this kingdom one of the most powerful in the universe . . . They’ll fuse wheels taller than what transports your calashes . . .

FERNANDA: Who will be able to move them, Monsieur . . .?

GRAMUSSET: Four reins made of double leather will connect them to five mules, that walking in a circle will make the wheels turn . . ., and thus by the art of hydraulic science we will remove the water inundating our mines and their treasures will be within our reach . . .

JULIANA: You’ll be rich, Antonio . . .

GRAMUSSET: Yes, and I hope that our glorious monarch will bestow upon me its exclusive use in all of his colonies . . .

FERNANDA: You’ll have to dig deep, Señor . . .

JULIANA: Don Antonio, come tomorrow, we’ll introduce to another Frenchman.

(*Gremey’s arrival and Julianna’s welcome.*)

MANUELA: Look, Santiago du Chili . . .

ADRIANNE: They aren’t wearing shoes; they’re bathing in the ditches.

MANUELA: Degenerate races, poor people . . .

ADRIANNE: There’s a gallows in the plaza.

MANUELA: To scare the indigenous, nothing more . . .

GREMEY: And this smell?

MANUELA: The filth, Monsieur . . . I’ll leave you with Juliana; she’s only a creole, a mixture, Monsieur, a mixture . . .

GREMEY: I’ll teach them French, Madame.

MANUELA: The poor thing doesn’t know what to do so they notice her.

JULIANA: Welcome, Señor, Señora, I’ve been waiting for you impatiently, here’s your home, your student (*she presents Fernanda*) . . .

MANUELA’S LESSONS

MANUELA: Julianaaa, I’ve got so much to tell you, let’s see, where did I leave that clock . . .

(*Choreography to the sound of a minuet.*)

First, forget about chickpeas and dried beans in your shoes . . . You walk like this . . . your hand here . . . the fan like that . . . you walk like this, your little foot here, your little mouth there, the fan here . . . the hand there . . . Greeting like this . . . greeting . . . like this . . . Ayyy, I’m exhausted.

THE MEETING OF THE TWO ANTONIOS

JULIANA: Antoine Gramusset . . . Antoine Gremey . . .

GREMEY: From Bordeaux, Monsieur.

GRAMUSSET: From Rheims . . .

GREMEY: Tell me what’s happening in the New World.

GRAMUSSET: Tell me what’s happening in the Old World.

MANUELA: And you, sir, have you found your citadel?

MANUEL: Soon, señora, soon.

MANUELA: Countess, it seems you’re not up to date . . . Uyy, these two have already become friends, one of them is bewitched and the other one makes me crazy with his yellow and green sea . . .

ADRIANNE: If you like I can teach you some weaving patterns and the letters . . .

FERNANDA: Thank you, Señora, but we don’t have wool or printing presses here . . . You have scales on your feet!

GRAMUSSET: Did you come to make your fortune, Gremey?

GREMEY: I’m here to teach.

GRAMUSSET: You’ll have your academy, I’ll finance you. I’m going to buy a palace in Rheims and you’ll have all the vines from Bordeaux.

GREMEY: I see three heads on pikes.

GRAMUSSET: It’s a country of Indians, Gremey, and let’s not forget that the barbarians destroyed Rome.

GREMEY: They’re whipping them!

GRAMUSSET: They’ll have burned the bread . . . I’ll have the best carriages and silks in France . . .

GREMEY: A France without carriages or silks is coming--we’ll be free . . .

GRAMUSSET: Only riches will make us free, Antoine . . .

WOMEN EMBROIDERING

(*The embroidering women, hypnotized, advance towards the horizon in ecstasy.*)

JULIANA: Look at Antonio, the way he moves his arms, the French are handsome.

MANUELA: I’ll tell you later . . .

ADRIANNE: Antoine’s the only one I know.

FERNANDA: What color are his shoes?

MANUELA: They tickle your ears . . .

JULIANA: Are they friendly and sincere . . .?

FERNANDA: Do their boots shine?

MANUELA: They squeeze, Juliana, they squeeze.

ADRIANNE: Antoine’s the only one I know.

MANUELA: The neck fascinates them . . .

FERNANDA: Do they wear buckles or laces?

JULIANA: They feel your anger and your happiness.

MANUELA: Tongues that run on and on.

FERNANDA: Do they wear worn heels?

MANUELA: They die for breasts.

ADRIANNE: The only one I know is Antoine.

FERNANDA: And their soles, what are their soles like . . .?

MANUELA: They take you by the wrists, they cover your mouth, they lift you up and let you go, they whip you, they whip you, and they bite you . . .

(*They repeat monosyllables from their speeches.*)

THE OBSESSIONS OF THE MEN

MANUEL: Come to my city and each of you shall have his dream.

GREMEY: What city are you talking about?

GRAMUSSET: The gold is slipping away from us.

MANUEL: You’ll find it in the middle of the Andes.

GREMEY: A Republic in the middle of these mountains. Manuel. Your walls are made of marble.

GRAMUSSET: I’ll glove my hands in deerskin . . .

GREMEY: No more subjects, only free men . . . Manuel. Your temples are made of worked stone . . .

GRAMUSSET: Six black horses for each one of the calashes.

GREMEY: The community will elect its representatives.

MANUEL: The lands are so healthy that sickness is unknown.

GRAMUSSET: Silver jars and aromatic water to bathe my body.

GREMEY: No more subjects, only citizens . . .

MANUEL: Whiter than Athens, greener than Babylon.

GRAMUSSET: Featherbeds and leather couches.

GREMEY: No one will be opulent enough to buy another, nor miserable enough to have to sell oneself.

(*A chorus of men and women repeats one of their sentences, the chorus fades as the*

*music begins . . . Individually they dance “el cuando” or some other colonial dance.*

*Fernanda’s warning interrupts the dance.*)

FERNANDA: There’s a dust cloud coming this way . . . I’m scared . . . Did you step in a puddle, señor?

ANTONIO: Your hairdo is pretty.

MANUELA: This one’s a good catch, Magistrate of Lampa, Cavalry Captain, and all those noble titles . . . Don Antonio, what a surprise, how strange that we never saw each other at court . . .

JULIANA: Señores, Antonio Rojas, Antoine Gremey and Antoine Gramusset . . .

THE BOY: Aunt, the three Antonios have come together.

JULIANA: I know, child, I know . . . The “Reina del Mar” stopped . . . and they’ve lit the lights. Are they dancing, child? . . . And these wails, why are they wailing?

THE BOY: The President committed suicide.

JULIANA: That is why they stopped him, that’s why . . . Give me my bracelets; I have to pick up Antonio’s button. Your button, Señor . . .

GRAMUSSET: My gratitude, Señora . . .

JULIANA: Give me your livery and I’ll fix it for you.

ANTONIO: Welcome to our lands and I hope you come not conquer but to extol the knowledge and learning that has been denied us for so long.

GREMEY: Latin and verses fertilize our spirits; I am no more than a humble laborer.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE TRAITOR SARAVIA

SARAVIA: Monsieur Saravia at your service . . . I admire French culture, Monsieur Gremey; I even have a French ancestor. Marivaux, . . . Racine, philosophy, the porcelain . . . so many things, no? . . .

MANUELA: I brought a miniature from Sevres with me . . .

GREMEY: What a pleasure, señor, we could get together for readings . . .

SARAVIA: In any case, the tedium of the colonies coarsens one. They say that the classics are all the rage, I’ve got Plato here, logic isn’t simple.

ANTONIO: You won’t be alone in Chile, Gremey . . .

GREMEY: What a pleasure to meet you, I sense that you have faith in thought . . .

SARAVIA: Of course, Gremey, faith in both God and Man, in a short time this kingdom will be talked about, have no doubt . . .

GREMEY: I don’t doubt it, Señores.

SARAVIA: It will be the richest in all the Indies, isn’t that so, Don Antonio?

FERNANDA: What beautiful feet you have, Countess . . .

MANUELA: Seriously? Well, one has to take care of oneself since they’re the only thing you can show . . .

(*They leave.*)

GREMEY: Did you hear, Adrianne? Did you hear how reason echoes in these lands? . . .

ADRIANNE: Crickets, Antoine, crickets . . . they stick to the walls . . .

GREMEY: They’re the candles and the lime . . . Adrianne.

ADRIANNE: Take your apron; it’s what you came for . . .

GREMEY’S CLASSES

(*Two boys roll in the mud, others climb the wardrobes . . . Music.*)

GREMEY: La nuit . . . la nuit: l’aube . . . l’aube . . . la n, et la u, nu . . . la n, et la u, nu . . . You don’t know how to write, you don’t have ink, you don’t have shoes . . .

ADRIANNE: They’ll learn, Antoine, they will learn . . .

JULIANA: Have patience, señor; life isn’t easy in our kingdom . . .

GREMEY: I’ll get used to it, señora, I’ll get used to it . . .

JULIANA: Bien sür.

GREMEY: Very good pronunciation, señora.

(*They laugh happily.* *Saravia passes with his fighting cocks.*)

SARAVIA: Come to the fight, Gremey, come, one of these will beat the governor’s . . .

GREMEY: Thank you, but I should persevere.

SARAVIA: Don’t fatigue yourself, come see my roosters. Then I’ll talk to the rector of Carolingian Academy so that you can give your philosophy courses . . .

GREMEY: I’m grateful, señor . . .

SARAVIA: We’re here to serve, Gremey, come, come . . .

(*Fernanda runs, they throw mud at her, she falls.*)

JULIANA’S TALE

JULIANA: Fernanda, in order to know and to count, bread and flour for the Augustinian nuns, flour and bread for the nuns of Saint John, tea and orchids for the beggars, rice and flour for our Lord . . . Fernanda, in a kingdom far, far away lived an enchanted girl, she was reviled, and her hunchback caressed an evil fairy’s breast . . . To hide her injury she hid between the brambles. One fine day she met a shepherd who smiled at her.

SHEPHERD: Come with me to look for something bright,

Come with me and be my guiding light . . .

JULIANA: Since everyone maltreated her because of her hump she didn’t believe the shepherd was talking to her. And she closed her eyes thinking that the verses he recited were meant for her.

SHEPHERD: Come with me, we’ll play on the beaches,

Come with me to pick peaches.

JULIANA: When she heard him she bolted, but she got caught in the thorns. The shepherd looked at her and taking her by the arm showed her his flocks . . .

FERNANDA: She, scared, threw herself into the river and the shepherd followed her . . . The river’s torrent carried them both along. And if you go to the river now you will hear their words of love since the Lord has united them . . .

I’ll go . . . I’ll go . . .

(*Fernanda leaves at a run, while Manuela passes in parallel with her slave.*)

MANUELA: How boring, nothing happens here . . . At least the Indians could invade us.

GRAMUSSET AND GREMEY CONSPIRE

GRAMUSSET: It’s going slowly, it’s going very slowly. The iron doesn’t arrive, the Governor doesn’t respond. I’ll be old, Antoine, I’ll be old before my hands turn to gold.

GREMEY: There’s discontent, the creoles complain.

GRAMUSSET: They’ve raised taxes.

GREMEY: England has declared war on Spain.

GRAMUSSET: What if we made your Republic, Antoine? . . . Let’s build your Republic.

GREMEY: You’re delirious.

GRAMUSSET: I’m serious; let’s destroy the monarchy.

GREMEY: It sounds like a dream, we can’t Antoine, and the two of us can’t do it alone.

GRAMUSSET: What are we here for, Gremey? Why did we cross the seas? We didn’t leave our France just to come here and sink in the mud.

GREMEY: But the two of us can’t do it alone. They have canons, soldiers.

(*Saravia passes by on his way back from the fight.*)

SARAVIA: What a battle, Gremey . . . What a battle! These are my heroes, Gremey; I’ll give them the best grain.

GREMEY: They’re birds, señor.

SARAVIA: The Governor won’t sleep tonight. I’m sorry, Gremey, the rector wouldn’t accept you as a member of the Academy. He’s afraid of the sciences. But we’ll keep trying, isn’t that right, my swaggering beauties?

GREMEY: It’s the only Academy. I had hopes.

SARAVIA: Come celebrate, Gremey . . . . come.

GREMEY: Reason will illuminate their minds . . .

GRAMUSSET: The creoles will follow us--have no doubts.

GREMEY: I’d forgotten that this is why I came--I’d forgotten it.

GRAMUSSET: We’ll declare Independence and then we’ll establish the dictatorship.

GREMEY: No, Gramusset. Only the order of free men.

GRAMUSSET: As I said, a dictatorship, while we organize the new order.

GREMEY: That’s not the way it’s written, Gramusset.

GRAMUSSET: As you wish, I know nothing of philosophy--you make the proclamation.

GREMEY: And if they denounce us, Antoine? What if they denounce us?

GRAMUSSET: They won’t be able to. It’s like my machine, Gremey. We’re going to build a great pyramid, each of us will look for a supporter and he will connect with another, without informing on the one before, and then that one with another and another and another until we’ll be thousands, Gremey, thousands. But we won’t know them and they won’t know us, but we’ll all act as one.

GREMEY: For the Republic . . .

GREMEY ANNOUNCES

GREMEY: (*Announcing*) Adrianne, I’ve been chosen, the Lord and men desire the establishment of equality and reason in this land . . .

ADRIANNE: I have to go to France . . .

GREMEY: I will build a Republic, a model for the universe, nations will follow us, and we will be the guiding star . . .

ADRIANNE: I have to go with them to Versailles.

GREMEY: Man, Adrianne . . . will reconstruct paradise. Happiness, Adrianne. Happiness will be for all.

ADRIANNE: The women are surrounding the palace, Antoine; I have to go weave the garlands. Look, Antoine . . . Look, the sky is blue . . .

MANUELA AND THE NEGRESS

MANUELA: Well, it’s blue . . . Isn’t it terrible, Don Antonio? The amount I paid for this Negress and now they authorize free trade with the Congo! Just imagine! . . . Prices will fall! . . . Shut up, you screeching nigger . . . She’s well fed, not calloused, look . . . Turn around, you . . . she sings too . . . I’m taking her to the plaza to see if I can recoup something . . . going for 300, the little black bitch . . . for 300, healthy with all her teeth (*Manuela cries*), she knows how to clean and iron, for 300.

SLAVE: Mistress, don’t sell this po’ Negress. . .

THE CONSPIRACY

Gramusset and Manuel

GRAMUSSET: Prepare your expedition, Manuel, saddle the horses; we’re going to build a Republic.

MANUEL: I don’t understand you.

GRAMUSSET: The Republic will meet the City of Caesars. . .

Gremey and Antonio de Rojas

GREMEY: I don’t know what you think; I only wanted to confide in you . . .

ANTONIO: It’s wonderful, Antoine, wonderful! You can count on me and my friends. More than one regimental captain is tired of obeying drunken, uncultured generals.

Juliana and Gramusset

(*Juliana strolling with wildflowers.*)

JULIANA: You seem distressed . . . and your building has stopped . . .

GRAMUSSET: No, Madame, I’m happy. These machines will sprout like wheat; hundreds of frigates will pile up in the ports to ship them off to every capital in the Indies.

JULIANA: If you’ve got another livery lacking buttons . . . I could . . .

GRAMUSSET: Don’t worry yourself, Señora, soon I’ll have so many uniforms that when their buttons fall I’ll give them to orphanages.

JULIANA: You’re strange; you wash with your own hands.

GRAMUSSET: That’s the way to strengthen the skin and to converse with you . . .

Antonio de Rojas and Gremey

ANTONIO: Don Antonio, you’ve made me breathe again.

Juliana—Gramusset

GRAMUSSET: Don’t you want to be president of a nation? All these Spaniards would have to do you reverence and sit in the last row.

JULIANA: I govern my house, that’s enough for me, Don Antonio.

GRAMUSSET: No, you’re intelligent, come; let me tell you a secret . . .

JULIANA: Child, where are you? I need you to read to me. They’re going to declare Independence . . . And the “Reina de Mar”, you can’t see it anymore.

ADRIANNE: They’re writing the White, the Blue and the Red . . . I have to go to France-- I have to go . . .

FERNANDA: Lines of wagons, naked feet, and this dust . . . I can’t see: I can’t see . . .

The Three Antonios and Manuel

ANTONIO: A false message will give the alarm . . .

GRAMUSSET: It will say the English are bombing the port.

MANUEL: They’ll gather in the Governor’s house to deliberate.

GRAMUSSET: That’s where we’ll take them. Others will disguise themselves as monks and incite rebellion.

GREMEY: They’ll say that outside the Republic there is no salvation . . .

GRAMUSSET: Others will take possession of the treasury.

MANUEL: We’ll loose their horses and take their calashes . . .

GREMEY: The revolution will take place without anyone losing a single strand of their property, nor a single drop of blood from their body.

ANTONIO: Come to my hacienda in Polpaíco, there the muses will guide your pen . . .

THE DECLARATION OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN OF POLPAICO

(*Fires illuminate the horizon, with torches, music, and the declaration an epic procession*

*takes place offstage.*)

MANUELA: What a smell, what can they be burning.

SARAVIA: It’s guano; the wind brings the smell from the farms.

MANUELA: I’m going to asphyxiate . . . it isn’t your roosters . . .?

ADRIANNE’S WARNING

ADRIANNE: We’re nude and full of wounds; sea monsters devour us, Judas’ thirty pieces of silver laugh at your pen.

GREMEY: The Supreme Being guides my hand, Adrianne. He desires his sons’ liberty. We’ll be both apostles and martyrs.

ADRIANNE: Stop your pen, Antoine . . . Stop it . . .

JULIANA AND THE BOY

JULIANA: What’s happening to you, child? What’s happening to you?

THE BOY: My hand, aunt . . . my hands . . .

THE WOMEN MEET

ADRIANNE: Let’s prepare the garlands . . . we’ll make them like the ones for the grape festival.

FERNANDA: How are they woven?

ADRIANNE: I’ll teach you.

JULIANA: Teach me too.

MANUELA: Ayy, they’re preparing for the festival of Saint James the Apostle.

THE WOMEN’S SONG

For Santiago del Nuevo Extremo, I will embroider a flower to plant my love throughout

its streets.

For gentlemen and poor men this flower I will weave, to leave dawn’s sigh in their eyes.

What do you embroider, señoritas? If only you could know.

Jasmines and pearls for yesterday’s dreams.

Tears and smiles for the festival of life.

What do you embroider, señoritas? If only you could know.

Garlands for an afternoon that will light all brows and your own.

For this afternoon that you weave I will also work.

For Santiago and its people you will also govern.

Garlands on one door will touch those on another and as they touch each household, love

will be received.

On that day happiness will shelter us all together and man will obtain it without my

painful laments.

The Republic will bring us this garland’s gifts.

What are you embroidering, señoritas? If only you could know.

Gramusset—Manuel—Gremey

GRAMUSSET: You’re sure they’re lost?

GREMEY: They got lost somewhere on the road from Santiago to Polpaíco.

MANUEL: The wind took them.

GREMEY: We have to find them or we’ll be discovered.

GRAMUSSET: Were they signed?

GREMEY: No, but if they’re found . . .

GRAMUSSET: What are you worried about? No one’s going to find them.

MANUEL: Let’s go back now . . .

ONE THE EVE OF—FAREWELLS

ANTONIO: I want to give you a present.

FERNANDA: My gentleman.

ANTONIO: Remember me when you touch it.

FERNANDA: I’ll always remember you, señor. Your footprints are in the corner of the hall.

Gramusset—Juliana

GRAMUSSET: Señora, I came to thank you.

JULIANA: A little bit of anise.

GRAMUSSET: Señora, I’m a foreigner and you’ve been so cordial that I feel like I’m back in the aroma of Rheims . . .

JULIANA: You exaggerate, some anise?

GRAMUSSET: You’ll have rubies and emeralds to adorn your neck.

Gremey—Adrianne

GREMEY: They’re filling the trunks.

ADRIANNE: They’re ripping up the stones in the streets of Paris.

GREMEY: My eyes can’t rest, they’ll come looking for me . . .

ADRIANNE: My beloved husband, talk to me.

GREMEY: Dear Adrianne, I don’t want to leave you.

ADRIANNE: Keep everything . . . call the calashes. They’re meeting in Versailles. The King hasn’t spoken. It’s time to leave . . . it’s time to leave.

GREMEY: I didn’t sign it, they can’t find me, and I didn’t sign it.

SARAVIA: Come, Antoine, let’s go to the bullring . . .

GREMEY: I should finish some lessons . . .

SARAVIA: I’ve found some pamphlets that will interest you.

GREMEY: You found them . . . Along the road?

SARAVIA: Proscribed writings, we could go to my cellar and I’ll show them to you . . .

GREMEY: What are they about, Señor?

SARAVIA: A book of luxuries you can’t even imagine . . .

GREMEY: I think I understand you.

SARAVIA: Men of reason always understand each other . . .

GREMEY: Would you like to see men of reason govern these lands?

SARAVIA: Not only these lands, but the entire Universe.

GREMEY: I’m happy to hear you say so. Let me share a proposal with you . . .

SARAVIA: Tell me, Antoine--tell me . . .

FERNANDA’S FEAR

(*Carrying a giant rock—she throws it into the well in order to see her reflection.*)

FERNANDA: Mother of God, who always squashes lizards and demons with your feet . . . I’m afraid of them, how many reptiles will surge out of the depths when you move without being careful?

THE BOY: Fernanda, tell Juliana to wait . . .

FERNANDA: Who’s speaking? I can’t see your footprints . . .

THE BOY: Two pages have disappeared; tell her two pages have disappeared . . .

SARAVIA: Magnificent! Antoine, it’s a perfect insurrection! Let’s proceed immediately, why wait any longer? Let’s proceed! . . .

JULIANA: Child, child . . . my bracelets. . . I can’t see well, it looks like they’re makings signals to us . . .

SARAVIA: We’ll all participate, Gremey, my relatives, my friends, even my roosters!

GREMEY: Calm down, Señor. And keep quiet.

(*Adrianne sings her farewell.*)

ADRIANNE: We’re going, Antoine, we’re going. We’re taking the garlands, we’re taking the looks, we’re going, Antoine, we’re going . . . To the festivals in Paris.

THE DAWN OF THE CONSPIRACY

GREMEY: They sleep, but tomorrow they will awaken free.

ANTONIO: There will be Academies, Libraries, and Institutes . . . Manuel, I will be the Colonel of the Princess Regiment and offer the City of Caesars to the Republic.

GRAMUSSET: Think of how many machines will be needed, so many . . .

GREMEY: We’ll have to clean ditches, organize the market, open the registers, and count the citizens . . .

MANUEL: Soon, friends, soon . . .

SARAVIA’S DELIRIUM

SARAVIA: Yes, yes, prepare the insurrection. The governor prisoner, no more flag processions, no more Royal Audiences. No more cockfights, or court parties, only equality, equality. . .

MANUELA: Saravia . . . Saravia . . . have you heard the latest? The English fleet is sailing into port; they’re going to invade usss . . .

SARAVIA: Rumors, Countess . . . rumors . . .

MANUELA: The English are such gentlemen, but doesn’t it make you nervous? . . .

SARAVIA: It’s beginning, it’s the plan, the Frenchmen’s plan; it’s their plan . . .

MANUELA: Ayyy, they aren’t French. Saxons, Saravia . . . Saxons.

SARAVIA: I’m afraid of the noose. My lands, the whips . . .

MANUELA: Now, now, you . . . “Good Morning”, and they’ll treat you well . . .

SARAVIA: It’s the insurrection, Countess, Gremey and Gramusset’s plan . . .

MANUELA: Nooo, not here in the kingdom, noo, didn’t I say they brought something? . . .

SARAVIA: They’ve confided in me and I don’t know . . .

MANUELA: But who ordered them to do the things they think? Go to the Royal Audience immediately and tell them everything. I don’t want to see you hanging in the plaza . . . go . . . go . . .

SARAVIA: But, Countess . . . but . . .

MANUELA: But what? . . . Or do you want slaves to rule us? . . . Look at how my hands are shaking . . .

SARAVIA: Thank you, Señora. You’ve saved me from the abyss.

MANUELA: Creoles in the Palace . . . Nooo . . .

SARAVIA’S BETRAYAL

GOVERNOR: Are you sure, Saravia? My ears have never heard such a black and infernal ruse. Just listening to you makes me grind my teeth, Saravia.

SARAVIA: Excellency, nothing more than my fealty and obedience to our Sovereign brings me to your feet . . .

GOVERNOR: You have saved yourself from Hell, Saravia, and from terrible agonies. Leave and fear no more.

(*Winds and earth whip the blackness.*)

JULIANA: Fernanda, close the shutters, put out the candles . . .

FERNANDA: It’s going to quake . . . It’s going to quake . . .

JULIANA: I don’t know, I don’t know, but I don’t want the light of this night entering my house.

GREMEY’S CAPTURE

GREMEY: Adrianne, it’s been so long since I’ve been in your arms . . .

ADRIANNE: Antoine, Antoine, your hair is wet.

CONSTABLE: Antoine Gremey, leave your wife and come with us.

GREMEY: Who are you? . . .

CONSTABLE: You’re to be judged, but neither heaven nor earth will pardon you.

GREMEY: I didn’t write it, Señores. My hand was guided by reason and the wishes of our Lord. Don’t you understand that God is free and desires the same for his children?

CONSTABLE: Silence, blasphemer!

ADRIANNE: You’ll always take my hand, Antoine, always, come on, let’s stroll beneath the grapevines . . .

GRAMUSSET’S CAPTURE

GRAMUSSET: Set me free, I’ve done nothing! Let me go, I tell you . . .

CONSTABLE: You deny what is sure as fire.

GRAMUSSET: Nothing your tongue spits is true. Let me go, I tell you.

CONSTABLE: You deny it, Antoine? If that’s so nothing will save you.

GRAMUSSET: You’re stopping my construction, the future of the kingdom.

JULIANA’S DESPERATION

JULIANA: Fly Manuel, Fly Antonio de Rojas, Fly Antoine, so that this dawn is covered with veils and the “Reina del Mar” is seen no more.

THE TRIAL

GOVERNOR: You have plotted to destroy one of the most precious jewels of the Royal Crown. You should be grateful for the ground that protects you.

GREMEY: My writings betray me. Oh, my perfidious pen. Adrianne, forgive me.

JUDGE: Silence, Antoine, silence. The forces of evil possess you.

GREMEY: And you found them. The wind took them from me on the road to Polpaíco, and you found them.

GOVERNOR: Don’t deny the hell you meant to establish.

GRAMUSSET: You’re making me lose time. I don’t understand a thing you say.

GREMEY: Reading them didn’t convert you. You read them and didn’t feel as if the horizons opened and the trees of your land grew larger, or the clouds laughed. You didn’t feel it.

GOVERNOR: Silence, Gremey, you’re mad.

JUDGE: Confess, Antoine Gramusset and we’ll put an end to this.

GRAMUSSET: I nothing to say to you . . . Let me go . . .

GREMEY: It was my thought alone, Señores, no one else. Let him go free, it’s my ink, my hand, and my pen.

GRAMUSSET: You’ve heard him. Let me go free, you’re stopping my construction.

GOVERNOR: Burn his construction.

GRAMUSSET: My invention, Señores, you can’t, you can’t . . .

JUDGE: You’ll see the flames from here, Gramusset.

GOVERNOR: Cover his lands with wagons of salt . . .

GRAMUSSET: I beg you, don’t kill God’s earth.

GREMEY: Take all my worldly goods, deport me to France, but let me go die in Bordeaux . . .

JUDGE: You’ll die in the public square, in the light of day and the opprobrium of this kingdom.

GRAMUSSET: I know nothing, I’ve done nothing, I’m innocent I tell you . . .

GREMEY: Permit me a pen . . .

JULIANA: How will we clothe ourselves in Paris, child? . . .

GOVERNOR: Put them on the first frigate to Lima, they’ll take charge of them there . . .

JUDGE: What? What about their punishment? . . .

GOVERNOR: Do you want to make them martyrs and sow the word “Republic” throughout the Colonies? No, Señores, this never happened and you will swear your silence.

JUDGE: And the others . . .

GOVERNOR: Don’t think you can try Rojas and the creoles won’t mutiny. They’ll keep quiet for their own good.

(*Gremey and Gramusset, boarding the frigate.*)

GRAMUSSET: We embark, who knows for what island. Good-bye riches, good-bye Juliana.

GREMEY: Adrianne, in these lands looking at us will one day tremble those who rock in the thrones of injustice.

GRAMUSSET: We’re no more than two prisoners on a miserable frigate. In Lima, Gremey, in Lima we’ll escape . . .

GREMEY: Flight, Gramusset . . .?

GRAMUSSET: In Lima I’ll have my riches and you your Liberty.

FERNANDA: Antonio’s footsteps are disappearing-- they’re disappearing.

MANUEL: Antonio, they’ve taken the Frenchmen prisoner.

ANTONIO: I know. I’m going to Polpaíco to work my lands.

MANUEL: I’m going to my city. I’ll descend with their golden armies and set them free, Antonio, I’ll set them free.

JULIANA AND THE BOY

THE BOY: They’re boarding the frigate, aunt.

JULIANA: I know, child, I know. We’ll go to Bordeaux to receive them.

FERNANDA: The ground’s covered with seaweed, the sand turns to foam . . . Good-bye, Antoine . . .

THE BOY: Page 289 is sad.

JULIANA: There isn’t sadness, at most pains that disappear.

MANUELA AND THE NEGRESS

SLAVE: Don’t hit this po’ Negress, don’t hit me.

MANUELA: Idiot, stupid, it’s your fault those poor little ones drowned. It’s your fault.

ON THE FRIGATE

GREMEY: Let’s get rid of our clothes, they’re the only things that sink, Gramusset . . .

JULIANA: Let’s get rid of our clothes, child, and go to the festivals in Paris.

GRAMUSSET: You’re right, Gremey, you’re right. Leave them to the ocean’s depths.

THE BOY: What did the Three Antonios look like, aunt? I can’t find their portraits . . .

JULIANA: Let’s go to France, that’s where they should be. The “Reina del Mar” will take us.

GREMEY: Let’s go to Paris, Gramusset. Where the Republic is being born.

(*Adrianne enters dressed in white.*)

ADRIANNE: Come, Antoine, come. We have to go to the Bastille and free the prisoners and look for powder for our rifles.

THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE

(*Musical choreography. Everyone clambers up the grand stairs and picks up palm*

*branches. The Antonios edit decrees they throw into the air. The women descend*

*carrying the symbols of the revolution: the triangle, the lead. The noise of the guillotine*

*begins. The Three Antonios climb up on its base. The women knit.*)

JULIANA: The public insults them. They try to speak to them.

ADRIANNE: They don’t see, they don’t see, liberty has blinded them . . .

JULIANA: They’ll let them tear up the paving stones.

FERNANDA: They’ll put laurel wreathes at their feet.

JULIANA: We’ve got a minute for the Republic not to succumb—now we have three seconds . . .

(*The Three Antonios are guillotined.*)

ADRIANNE: The grapevines are drying, Antoine . . .

EPILOGUE

JULIANA: Take me to the rocks, child, the “Reina del Mar” is sinking. Antonio, Antonio, you’ll find your riches . . .

THE BOY: They’re shooting the patriots, aunt . . .

JULIANA: Look, look how the smoke of their chimneys is snuffed out, the people in their boats shout, the sea embraces them, child, the sea will protect them.

THE BOY: Should I continue reading, aunt? . . .

JULIANA: There are no more stories, child, at least not for me. Others will continue writing but you, stay here, you stay here so you can read them.

THE BOY: And that September morning, and that September morning . . .

THE END