PRIMAVERA, THE MASQUE OF SANTA BARBARA

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Primavera, the masque of Santa Barbara by Wallace Rice

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WALLACE RICE

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BY

WALLACE RICE

SANTA BARBARA LA PRIMAVERA ASSOCIATION MCMXX

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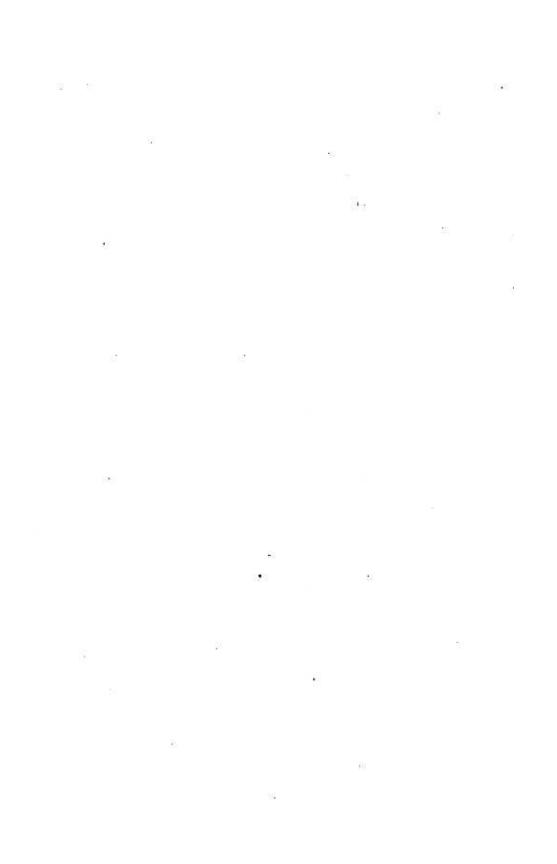
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Acknowledgment is gratefully due to my dear friends H. C. Chatfield-Taylor and Victor Mapes for valuable suggestions incorporated in the masque and to the people of Santa Barbara for their delightful assistance and surroundings and history out of which the little play had birth.

WALLACE RICE.

Santa Barbara, April, 1920.

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PRIMAVERA

THE MASQUE OF SANTA BARBARA

Upon a hillside fronting south, the stage. Before it a broad swale in which the auditors sit or stand. It has five entrances and exits: down left, toward the Pacific Ocean, for newcomers; left centre, the practicable door, a window beside it, in the Comandante's house masked during Act I; down right, along the Valley, to and from the Franciscan Mission; right centre, the path up the hillside to the Santa Yfiez Mountains; and up stage, through the shrubbery. The singers and players of the music are on the left and not in view of the auditors.

Act I—The Coming of the Cross

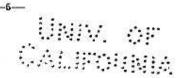
Persons of the Act:

El Barbareño, as Prologue Primavera, as Genius Loci Her Dancing Months The Duende, an Imp of Mischief Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, Discoverer His Soldiers and Sailors Sebastian Vizcaino, Namer His Soldiers and Sailors The Indian Chief His Youths and Maidens The Padre His Friars The Spanish Comandante The Soldiers of Spain

The lights go dark. El Barbareño, as Prologue, is disclosed on the stage as the light rises thereon.

PROLOGUE

Sweet ladies, genial gentlemen, this day Glittereth like a jewel brightly placed To mark the joining of old Winter's storm



To Summer's balm, upon the diadem Of youth and spring which crowns the splendid year. So come we hither to call back the Past Into a new presentment of the hours When smiling Nature at her kindliest ruled This newer Eden. By its radiant shores Cabrillo sails, and Vizcaino floats And names our channel Santa Barbara; Conquistadores both, with ne'er a thought For these fair southern slopes; a glance, No more, they give, and pass. The savage here Worships his painted idol ere is raised The Holy Cross by the good Padre brought: Note how this idol, scorned and overthrown, Becomes the imp of mischief known too well As The Duende in the older world. Spain, mighty mother of a hemisphere, Carries the reign of law to guard our Mission; And all the countryside reverberates With the new music of her Royal March. Such ancient things ye'll see, but chiefly see Amid our birds and flowers and butterflies Bright Primavera, spirit of this place For ever young, with blossomy dancing Months To make this mirthful holiday. Behold!

As El Barbareño concludes, Primavera and her Dancing Months are discovered, El Barbareño retiring behind them. Thereafter, when not actually participant in the scene, Primavera and her Months are always in the stage picture, softly flitting through the shrubbery, sympathetic with all the action and, when others are dancing down the stage, suggesting by their postures the lilt of the music. They are supposed to be invisible to the other players except, later, The Duende.

PRIMAVERA

Behold me, Spirit of this lovely zone, Bright Primavera, messenger of spring Unchanging under temperate skies and stars, With hesitant winds and slow, reluctant rains; And these attendants are my dancing Months, Where every fortunate month is vernal May

Save one alone, mine April fair and dear; And we shall dance while there is sung for you Las Mañanitas, that sweet strain of Dawn, Of Beauty, Youth, and Hope, embodied here.

Primavera and her Months dance to the singing of the Choristers.

THE CHORISTERS

Mañanitas, mañanitas,
Mañanitas de placer,
Asi estaban las mañanas,
Cuando te empece a querer;
Que si, que no, que cuando,
El general lo mando,
Soldados, armas al hombro,
Chatita ya amanecio.

Levantate de mañana,
Y anda mira quien paso,
Consuelate con la jaula
Porque el pajaro volo;
Que sì, etc.

Los pajaritos alegres,
Cuando llega el mes de Abril,
Salen con sus gorrioneitos
A los campos a dormir;
Que si, etc.

PRIMAVERA

I hear the footfalls on my foam-laced strand
Of newer fates, Conquistadores come!
[Enter, down left, Cabrillo and
his Soldiers and Sailors.

Cabrillo who, far leagues from old Castile, Shall lay his bones upon my gemmy isle. [Enter, down left, Vizcaino and his Soldiers and Sailors.

And Vizcaino, after rolling years, Comes on Saint Barbara's day. Alas, he names Mine azure channel, yet he heeds me not.

[The Months dance about and among the two Companies as they pass, seeking to divert their attention to Primavera.

THE MONTHS

(singly and together)
Turn, turn thine eyes and gaze!—
Was ever maid so fair?—
Or aught so worthy praise?—
Turn, turn thine eyes and gaze!—
What maid such charm displays
As our sweet lady there?—
Turn, turn thine eyes and gaze;
Was ever maid so fair?

[No heed is paid to the pleading of the Months, and Cabrillo, Vizcaine, and their Companies plod on and exeunt down right. [April directs Primavera's eyes to The Indian Chief and his Youths and Maidens entering right centre.

PRIMAVERA

Now come the uncouth natives here to sing And dance before their god, who is no god.

> [The Indian Chief and his Company set up their painted idol and sing and dance ceremonially about it.

> [Enter, down left, The Padre and his Friars as they conclude, one bearing a Cross made of boughs. [Primavera and her Months go forward to greet them.

Hail, reverend Father, with this word of cheer Thou bringest faith, allying men with truth.

[The Padre throws down the idol, the Indians murmuring and threatening. A Friar throws it off the stage, down right. The Crucifer sets the Cross in its place.