

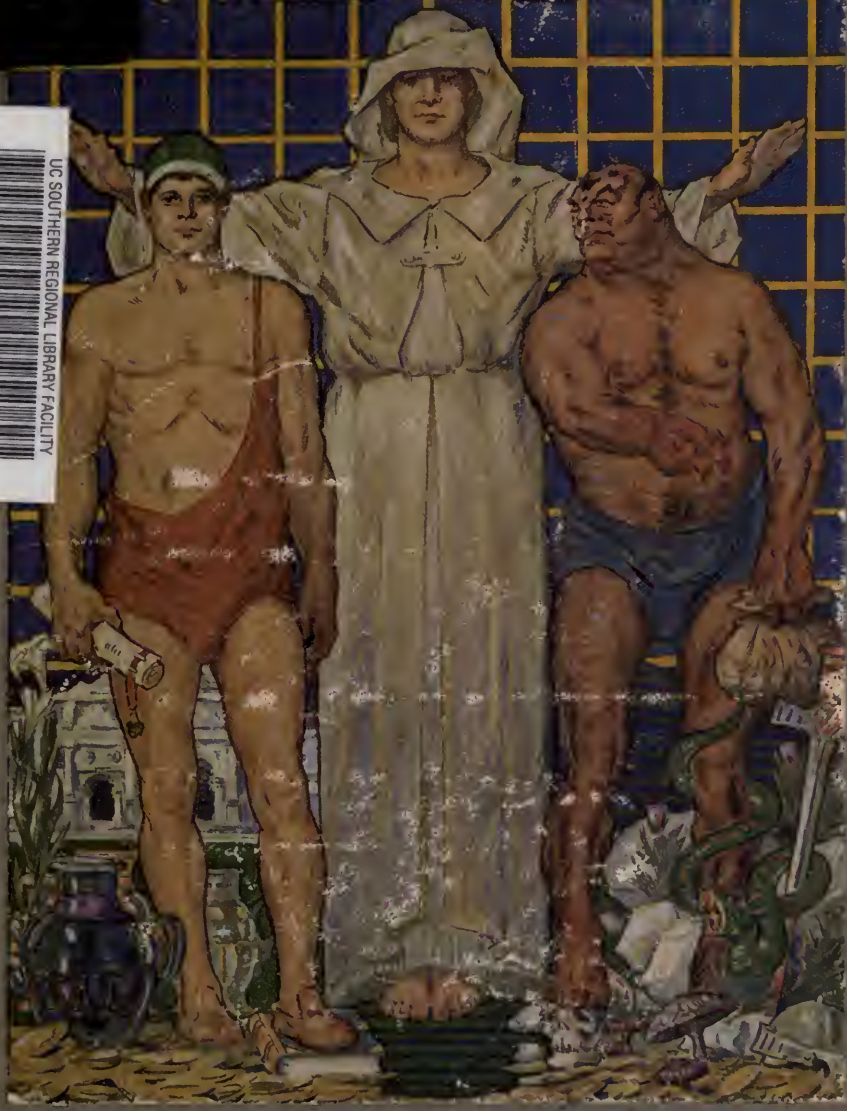
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GOLD

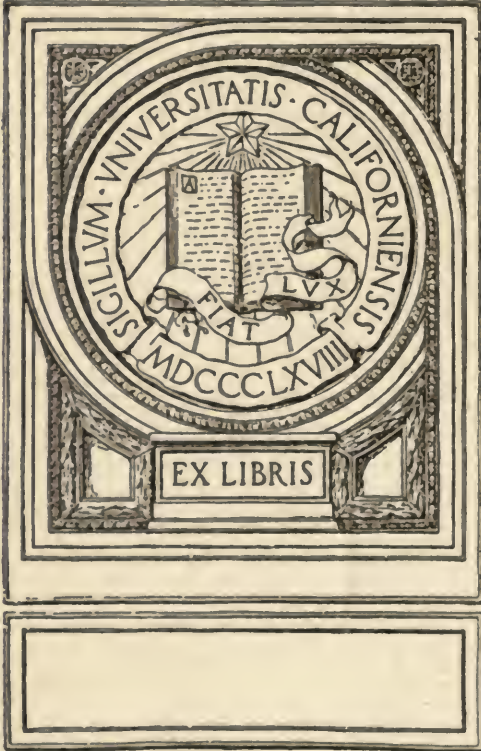
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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
AT LOS ANGELES



s/c hao



*. . . Warring impulses  
Shall strive for mastery within  
Man's soul,  
And fierce shall be the struggle; but  
when Man  
Shall rise up in his might and cast  
from him  
All lust for gold in that it represents  
But fruitless vanities, content to use  
Its power for nobler ends, then Man  
shall know  
Himself. . .*

— DESTINY

*Weaving Spiders*



*Come Not Here*

*GOLD ~ A Forest  
Play ~ The Book by  
Frederick S. Myrtle ~ The  
Music by H. J. Stewart*



*Being the Thirty-ninth Annual  
High Jinks of the Bohemian  
Club of San Francisco, and the  
Fourteenth Grove Play, pre-  
sented by members of the Club at  
the Bohemian Grove, Sonoma  
County, on the evening of August  
twelfth, Nineteen Hundred &  
Sixteen*

*San Francisco, Bohemian Club, MCMXVI*

*Weaving Spiders*



*Come Not Here*

*Copyright, 1916, by the Bohemian Club*

*Printed by Taylor & Taylor, San Francisco*

APPROVED FOR THE  
YEAR 1916

3526  
M77g

## FOREWORD

**G***OLD* is an imaginative play based upon a symbolical theme which is presented, in part by historical figures, in part by supernatural presences.

In the treatment of this theme gold is symbolized as a substance planted in the earth and nurtured by Nature to fulfill a settled purpose, that of aiding Man in the development of civilization and the upbuilding of empire; and the author has connected his story with California by drawing upon an interesting chapter of the early history of that State. In doing this no attempt has been made to follow strictly the lines of historical accuracy, nevertheless the action is woven around actual events and in the character of the Comandante is to be recognized a well-known historical figure, Don Juan Bautista de Anza.

The Spanish soldier and the Franciscan friar are generally revered as men of noble purpose who blazed the trail for those adventurous spirits of a later period to whom we owe the California of today; and surely none is more worthy of honor than Anza, the intrepid commander who led the first successful expedition overland from Sonora into Alta California, reaching the Golden Gate and establishing the presidio and mission of San Francisco. To quote Mr. Zoeth S. Eldredge, whose work, *The Beginnings of San Francisco*, inspired the historical setting of the play:

Few are the citizens of San Francisco who have ever heard the name of Juan Bautista de Anza, its founder. Yet he was a gallant soldier, and he executed with courage, energy and fidelity the task entrusted to him by his king, of bringing across deserts and over high sierras the settlers for a city whose destiny neither king nor captain could imagine.

u e. Dup 1131

## *Foreword*

Gold was discovered in California some three-quarters of a century after the arrival of the Spanish settler; nevertheless its presence there was known to the native Indians and proclaimed by Spanish historians ages before. Montalvo, writing in the sixteenth century, described California as an island inhabited by a race of Amazons and abounding in gold and precious stones.

The entire action of the play, then, is set in a Californian forest, on the coast, at no great distance from the Golden Gate.

In the prologue, gold is planted, as a seed in the ground, by the fairy inhabitants of the region for the purpose of destroying, through its baneful lure, the race of mortals whose approaching invasion of their kingdom has been revealed to them; and in the play which follows this lure is exerted, centuries later, upon the Spaniard, to the threatened destruction of his expedition in the cause of God and King. Threading through the entire story there is an unceasing struggle between two warring spirits, Good Impulse and Evil Impulse. These spirits strive to invest gold, each with its characteristic influence, and the first conflict, which takes place in the pre-human period, is won by evil; but when the contest is renewed among the mortals the ultimate victory goes to the beneficent spirit, so that Man is left free to carry out the really noble purpose of his existence, gold being given him to employ toward the betterment of things spiritual as well as material.

The fundamental ideals of Bohemianism as represented by the Bohemian Club are revealed in the final adjustment by the introduction of spirits of Art, who through the agency of the dominant sym-



## *Foreword*

bolical figure, Destiny, are made the inheritors and disseminators of earth's treasures for the general good of humanity.

It has been a great pleasure to collaborate with so distinguished a musician as Dr. H. J. Stewart, of whose talent the Bohemian Club has availed itself on many previous occasions. Dr. Stewart has illustrated the author's theme most strikingly and with a skill entirely worthy of his high reputation as a composer.

The author desires also to express his gratitude to the many personal friends and fellow-members of the Bohemian Club who have assisted, in various ways, in the production of his play upon the stage in the Bohemian Grove. In the capacity of stage director Mr. William H. Smith, Jr., has given the play the benefit of his experience of years in Grove productions, which, taken with all his exceptional energy and resourcefulness, sets a value upon his services that cannot be over-estimated. In collaboration with him Mr. Edward J. Duffey, master of illumination, has brought into play a very complete technical knowledge enhanced by years of thoughtful study of the Grove hillside and its possibilities.

A special word of appreciation is due Mr. Maynard Dixon for his costume designs, which must inevitably add distinction to whatever effects of spectacular beauty may be attained in the presentation. These designs are the result not only of his artistic skill but, also, of historical research, so that they have a significance apart from their mere pictorial value.

Mr. Frank Van Sloun contributed the cover design for this book, delightful in conception and

## *Foreword*

beautiful in execution, in which three symbolical figures, Destiny and the two "Impulses," are represented.

The appropriate decorations in black and white throughout the book were designed by Mr. Dan Sweeney.

To each and all the members of the cast the author expresses sincere thanks for their loyal and unselfish co-operation which has made possible the presentation of the play in manner worthy of the best traditions of the Bohemian Club.

FREDERICK S. MYRTLE.

*San Francisco, August, 1916.*

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L. MAYNARD DIXON:

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*The colored cover by* FRANK VAN SLOUN



*The decorations in black and white by*  
DAN SWEENEY

# CAST OF CHARACTERS

## THE PROLOGUE

WOODLAND KING . . . . .	Charles K. Field
A TREE-SPIRIT . . . . .	Harold K. Baxter
A BROOK-SPIRIT . . . . .	Francis Bruguiere
A CAVE-SPIRIT . . . . .	Herbert Heron
A SATYR . . . . .	William Leib
DESTINY . . . . .	Raymond Benjamin
GOOD IMPULSE . . . . .	Fred. L. Berry
EVIL IMPULSE . . . . .	B. P. Miller
TREE-SPIRITS: E. D. Hackett, E. E. Chase, R. I. Bentley, Jr., Clarkson Crane, Dana McEwen, Philip Finnell, Carl Mooser, Harold Black.	
BROOK-SPIRITS: George Hammersmith, John E. Bohm, Har- vey R. Olds, Leslie Cupples, R. H. Manley, E. E. Jones, Donald R. Baker, Fred. B. Davis, O. G. Lawton.	
CAVE-SPIRITS: Harris Allen, James Bowen, O. A. Hind, C. Therkelsen, J. F. Sheehy, Paul C. Adams, Mark White, A. J. Hayes.	
SATYRS: William Leib, J. D. Fletcher, George Leib, J. D. Hartigan, A. V. Thompson, George H. Stoddard, F. A. Corbusier.	

## THE PLAY

THE COMANDANTE . . . . .	Douglas Brookman
THE FRIAR SUPERIOR . . . . .	Richard M. Hotaling
THE LIEUTENANT . . . . .	Austin W. Sperry
THE SERGEANT . . . . .	E. Courtney Ford
FIRST SOLDIER . . . . .	J. Wilson Shiels
SECOND SOLDIER . . . . .	Dion Holm
THIRD SOLDIER . . . . .	H. B. Johnson
FOURTH SOLDIER . . . . .	I. O. Upham
FIFTH SOLDIER . . . . .	William Olney
A YOUNG SOLDIER . . . . .	C. F. Bulotti
A FRIAR . . . . .	Henry A. Melvin
A CORPORAL . . . . .	A. Y. Wood
AN INDIAN . . . . .	F. A. Corbusier
DESTINY . . . . .	Raymond Benjamin
AN ANGEL . . . . .	Harold K. Baxter

## Cast of Characters

FRANCISCAN FRIARS: C. A. Case, W. A. Mitchell, Easton Kent, W. E. Hague, E. Leslie Taylor, L. A. Larsen, H. L. Perry, Henry A. Melvin.

SOLDIERS: H. C. Allen, A. A. Arbogast, R. M. Battison, E. Blanchard, E. G. Burland, P. S. Carlton, E. D. Crandall, W. W. Davis, T. G. Elliott, C. E. Engvick, C. J. Evans, G. Farley, R. E. Fisher, H. E. Fossey, Oscar Frank, W. E. Hague, J. D. Hartigan, R. B. Heath, A. G. Heunisch, W. F. Hooke, H. Johnson, E. E. Jones, C. E. Lloyd, Jr., A. F. Lawton, E. C. Little, R. I. Lynas, E. H. McCandlish, John McEwing, P. J. Mohr, W. P. Nielson, C. D. Pinkham, G. Purlenky, G. D. Reynolds, H. Robertson, E. W. Rowland, Benj. Romaine, J. D. Ruggles, B. M. Stitch, C. F. Volker, Mark White, M. O. Williams, A. Y. Wood.

CAMP-TENDERS AND MULETEERS: E. H. Baxter, G. S. Pomeroy, J. G. Melvin, Robt. Melvin, E. M. Pomeroy, O. F. Westerfeld, Horace H. Miller, R. D. Holabird.

INDIANS: F. A. Corbusier, A. V. Thompson, Frederick Thompson.

ANGELIC CHOIR: C. A. Case, Easton Kent, E. L. Taylor, H. L. Perry.

### SPIRITS OF ART:

MUSIC . . . . .	W. F. Garby
LITERATURE . . . . .	J. D. Fletcher
PAINTING . . . . .	George Leib
SCULPTURE . . . . .	Paul S. Foster



STAGE DIRECTOR . . . . .	William H. Smith, Jr.
DIRECTORS OF LIGHTING . . . . .	Edward J. Duffey
	Vincent Duffey
COSTUME DESIGNS . . . . .	L. Maynard Dixon
PROPERTIES . . . . .	{ Harry Stuart Fonda
	{ Harry P. Carlton
DIRECTOR OF DANCES . . . . .	F. A. Corbusier
CONDUCTOR . . . . .	H. J. Stewart
CHORUS MASTER . . . . .	Uda Waldrop
CONCERT MASTER . . . . .	J. E. Josephs

*GOLD*  
*A Forest Play*



SATYR

WOODLAND KING

TREE-SPIRIT





*A FOREST in Central California, near the coast; a wooded hillside is revealed, at its base a grove of giant redwoods. Period, the prehistoric age. It is night, and pale moonlight casts a weird glow upon the scene. A prelude by the orchestra is followed by the appearance of groups of woodland folk, spirits of the trees, brooks and caves, who disport themselves in a ballet characteristic of their free and joyous life in the woods. In this they are joined by a band of satyrs, and the dance is at its wildest when the Woodland King appears suddenly on the hillside. At first the spirits see him not, and he stands there a silent spectator of their revelry; presently, however, he is revealed to them and they gather around him and dance, hailing him with shouts of delight*



#### WOODLAND FOLK

**O**H-HÉ! Oh-hé! Master, master! Oh-hé!

*[Their merriment, however, fails to meet with response from their ruler, whose mien is of great solemnity. His attitude, at first, provokes jest.]*

#### A TREE-SPIRIT

How now, dear lord? Thou frownest on our joy!  
What mood is this? Wouldst have us chant a dirge?  
*[Woodland folk laugh merrily.]*

## G O L D

WOODLAND KING [*gravely but kindly*]  
Nay, dance your wildest. Let your joy ring out  
Till every tree-top quivers in acclaim  
Of unrestrained revelry. Laugh on  
Till Echo laughs yet louder and the air  
Froths with the bubbles of your mirth. The night  
Smiles on your sport.

TREE-SPIRIT

Why, then, so serious, lord?  
Come, join our play. Do thou its leader be  
And we'll make merry till the dawn.

[*Woodland folk noisily acclaim the proposal.*]

KING

Good folk,  
My mood but ill accords with merriment.

TREE-SPIRIT [*incredulous*]

O, master, say not so.

KING

Play on, play on,  
And heed me not.

TREE-SPIRIT

But, master—

KING

Dance, I say,  
While dance you may. For know, my merry folk,  
Your time is short to lord it over Earth;  
Your race is well-nigh run.

[*As their ears catch these prophetic words, the woodland folk bring their joyous capers to a sudden stop. They look at one another in evident awe.*]

# G O L D

## A BROOK-SPIRIT

Our race nigh run?  
What means this? Surely 'tis a sorry jest,  
If jest it is, our lord would point at us.  
But, mark his serious mien! It cannot be—

[Turning to address the Woodland King]

Oh, sir, you do affright us! We beseech  
You of your grace explain.

## KING

Alas, good folk,  
Did I but jest, my heart were light indeed!

## WOODLAND FOLK

Did he but jest? What dreadful words are these?

[To the King]

Oh, sir, we do entreat you, tell us all!

[The King seats himself on a rock, while his  
folk gather nearer to hear the story.]

## KING

Your race, I say, is run. Ere long these woods  
Shall look their last upon such peaceful sport  
As yours, mere imps of mischief that ye be  
And harmless in your playing. Soon this grove  
Shall know another presence, soon shall bear  
Allegiance to less innocent a folk  
Than you, who dwell in air, in trees, in leaves,  
In caves, in brooks—your dwellings, as your lives,  
Of Nature's fashioning.

[After a brief pause]

I tell of Man,  
A race of mortals, of gigantic form  
And wondrous beauty, that will move and speak  
As we, yet, while so far resembling us,  
Will be as things apart from aught that you

## G O L D

Or I have ever pictured of our kind.  
Has whisper of this reached your ears?

[*Meeting no response save murmurs of curiosity, proceeds*]

Well, know

That such a race will be. Had ye the means  
To hold communion with the higher powers  
That rule your destinies, your minds might grasp  
The portent of this message that I bear.  
'Tis of the coming of this being, Man,  
To spread and scatter over our domain  
And hold and dominate it, so these woods,  
These very trees and rocks and streams, shall bear  
Him vassalage. And ye, poor wretched imps,  
Shall hold no more your undisturbèd sway  
O'er all that here surrounds you. Nay, good folk,  
For aught I know your very doom is sealed.

[*There is consternation among the woodland folk as these words fall upon their ears. They exchange frightened glances, murmuring.*]

A SATYR [*boldly*]

Your message is of such foreboding, sir,  
As 'twere not meet to turn aside from. Yet,  
Methinks, you should inform us whence it comes,  
What powers omnipotent have so decreed  
Our fate. We satyrs are but demi-gods,  
Yet, surely, having power these woods to guard  
Against all mortal evil?

[*Satyrs murmur approval. Woodland King, rising to his feet, waves them aside.*]

KING

Peace, ye fools  
That know not what ye say. What madness bids  
You fling such boastful utterance at Fate?  
Think ye that satyrs made these noble woods,

## G O L D

These stately trees, the Sun that warms, the Moon  
That bathes them in a gentle glow? Nay, nay,  
Such work is not of woodland folk. The Powers  
That rule our universe are higher, far,  
Than sylvan demi-gods. It is not given  
To penetrate th' inscrutable, nor stay  
The hand that shapes the course of Destiny.

*[All are now listening with rapt attention. After  
a pause the King proceeds.]*

Such Powers have I communed with, they with me,  
In virtue of mine office as your King,  
This glimpse into the future my reward  
For that I craved some guerdon for my faith.  
And now behold me, harbinger of ill  
To all I hold most dear.

*[King reseats himself.]*

BROOK-SPIRIT

We fain would know  
What fashioned thing will be this Man, dear lord,  
That soon must oust us from our paradise.  
Will he have wings?

*[The King seems about to answer when a Cave-  
Spirit breaks in.]*

A CAVE-SPIRIT

Belike he will! How else  
To reach the tree-tops?

KING *[approvingly]*

Verily, well said.

BROOK-SPIRIT

And limbs like ours?

KING

Why, yes, he needs must walk  
And run and dance, or else not live at all.



CAVE-SPIRIT

BROOK-SPIRIT

# G O L D

## TREE-SPIRIT

Then, why may he not join with us and be  
A fairy, like ourselves?

## KING

No, no, my folk,  
That were impossible. The Fates decree  
The coming of a master race, to rule,  
Not play with us.

## CAVE-SPIRIT

And so our day is done!  
What sin, what folly, must we thus atone?

## KING

Nay, question me no more. My heart is dull  
With dread foreboding. [*Moves away.*]  
Would the Powers but deign  
Protection, all might yet be well with us.

*[King, clasping his hands in entreaty, declaims  
his appeal to the Powers.]*

Hear me, ye Powers of Mystery, whose will  
Is Fate, whose aid is ever at our call,  
Whose countenance bends trees to us and makes  
The brooks to ring their laughter in our ears,  
Gods of our universe, unseen, unheard,  
Yet ever present, rulers of our lives,  
I plead my kingdom's cause! These woodland folk,  
Whose mischief is but play, have wrought no wrong;  
Shall they be driven hence? Shall this new race  
Of mortals overrun our world? If Man  
Must be, then grant, O mighty Powers, that he  
Become of us, to love and cherish all  
We prize so dearly, finding perfect joy  
In comradeship with all in Nature's realm;  
But let him not a tyrant be; let him  
Not cast us from our kingdom!

*[With increasing fervor]*

## G O L D

Hear our cry,  
Ye Powers! Give heed! Forfend such sacrilege!  
Desert us not who worship you! Give sign  
That we may know your presence at our side  
Now, as of yore! A sign, dear lords, a sign!—

*[A blinding flash rends the heavens. A loud report is heard, and at a point on the hillside the earth splits open, revealing a cave, the sides of which glow with a golden splendor. The woodland folk scatter in alarm, but presently are recalled by their King who, while evidently deeply moved, betrays no fear.]*

KING *[with deep emotion]*

Behold, our cry is heard!

*[Addresses the woodland folk reprovingly.]*

But, why this fear?

'Tis boundless joy should fill your hearts! Rejoice,  
I say, rejoice! Behold your sign! What else  
Can mean such tumult from beyond, where dwell  
The Powers our prayer invoked? Let all rejoice!  
Go, bring the message so conveyed! Fear not,  
My folk; no harm can come to you!

*[Thus reassured, the woodland folk rush toward the cave. As they approach, Destiny, a majestic figure, appears at the entrance. Woodland folk fall back.]*

DESTINY

Behold me, messenger of Fate! The Powers  
Ye called upon have answered! I am here,  
By their command, to give you counsel. Speak!  
What would ye know?

KING

Spirit, if such thou art,  
We pray thee comfort us. Our hearts are sore  
For that a warning from beyond our world



## G O L D

Hath told us of the coming of a race  
Of mortals. Spirit, shall this be? Shall Man  
Usurp our kingdom?

DESTINY

Man must be. The Fates

Have so decreed.

KING

Will he, then, live with us?  
And will he less or greater be? Canst tell?

DESTINY

Nay, Man himself must shape his course on Earth,  
His fate his own to choose. Within his grasp  
Shall lie the measure of his progress. See!

*[Points to the walls and floor of the cave.]*

KING

What mystery is there? What message this?

DESTINY

Here Earth lays bare a secret long withheld.  
This substance, known as gold, shall have the power  
To guide Man's course to glory or to grief,  
As Good or Evil Impulse shall control  
His use of it.

*[Enter the Spirits of Good and Evil Impulse.  
They take their stand behind Destiny, Good  
Impulse at left, Evil Impulse at right hand.  
Evil Impulse gloats and leers, while the de-  
meanor of Good Impulse is tranquil and dig-  
nified.]*

KING

Hath gold some subtle charm?

DESTINY

Such charm as impulse may exert, no more.

# G O L D

KING

These impulses are ever present, then?

DESTINY

Both are at hand! Let each speak for himself!

EVIL IMPULSE

I go with every piece of gold. My will  
Directs who finds to make good use of it.  
Let me your prompter be, good folk, and peace  
Shall dwell within your realm for aye.

GOOD IMPULSE

I, too,

Reveal my presence in the gold, but not  
For evil purpose, but to stay the hand  
That, ill directed, would abuse its power.

EVIL IMPULSE

Heard ye the all-wise counsel? Know ye, then,  
That here, at hand, lies answer to your prayer.  
See for yourselves!

*[Rushes into the cave and brings out handfuls  
of golden pieces which he casts upon the  
ground before the woodland folk.]*

Take what the gods provide!

Its lure shall be your weapon to defend  
Your woodland kingdom!

GOOD IMPULSE

Heed him not, good folk!

Beware his influence! Best live your lives  
And leave Man's mystery to Man alone!

EVIL IMPULSE

Wherefore, then, did ye pray? What use a sign  
From those ye called upon, if so ye fail  
To profit by it? Never more the powers  
Ye serve shall hearken to your cry if Fear  
Shall conquer Faith!

# G O L D

## DESTINY

These warring impulses  
Shall strive for mastery within Man's soul,  
And fierce shall be the struggle; but when Man  
Shall rise up in his might and cast from him  
All lust for gold in that it represents  
But fruitless vanities, content to use  
Its power for nobler ends, then Man shall know  
Himself.

And now, enough! The spoken word  
Hath given you insight into what shall be.  
A summons calls us hence! Away, away!

*[Destiny and the Impulses withdraw into the  
cave. The woodland folk stand awe-inspired.  
Their King is the first to recover himself and,  
stepping to where the gold lies scattered on  
the ground, picks up a fragment.]*

## KING *[musingly]*

Here may we find the answer to our prayer,  
The weapon sought to wield against the foe  
That comes to rob us of our paradise.

## TREE-SPIRIT *[protesting]*

Master, beware! Harbor not vengeful thoughts  
At such a time as this! It bodes not well  
To hurl defiance at the Fates!

## SATYR

Hear me,  
Dear lord. Before us lies the golden lure  
That's destined to make havoc of Man's soul;  
Let's take this message as 'twas sent and make  
Good use of it.

## TREE-SPIRIT

No, I beseech you, no!  
'Tis Evil prompts you now! The very lure

## G O L D

You set for others may ensnare us all  
And work our ruin!

SATYR

Why, what talk is this?  
No Evil Spirit enters here.

TREE-SPIRIT

Unseen,  
This Evil One, yet lurks he by your side,  
His leering countenance aflame with rage  
To force you to his will, the demon Fear  
His vile accomplice. He would have you tear  
Your very souls asunder in a cause  
Unjust as foolish, lost before begun!

SATYR

Let not such fearful counsel move you, lord;  
The Powers have spoken; 'tis for us to heed!

*[The King signifies his approval of this suggestion.]*

KING

My trusty folk, what Earth hath yielded, Earth  
Shall nurture to a greater yielding still.  
The seed is here for sowing. Sow it, then,  
Where bounteous harvest may be well assured.  
All Nature shall acclaim this day!

*[The King motions to where the golden treasure lies. The woodland folk start to gather it, when the Tree-Spirit again protests.]*

TREE-SPIRIT

Alas,  
Poor, simple woodland folk, what would ye do?

KING *[angrily]*

They do my will! Do you, a subject, dare  
To question it? Begone!

*[Tree-Spirit moves off stage. King addresses his waiting subjects.]*

# G O L D

Why loiter ye,  
My folk? Go, do my bidding!

[*Woodland folk gather handfuls of the gold  
and scatter in all directions. The King occu-  
pies the stage alone.*] So, 'tis well;

And now the seed thus sown shall multiply  
And every impulse so engendered grow  
A thousandfold, to spread and spread again.  
Stouter the spirit, stouter yet the will  
For good or evil, as the Fates may choose;  
So may these impulses, whate'er they be,  
Lay such fierce hold upon the tyrant, Man,  
As to disrupt his very being, turn  
His substance into shadow. Then, indeed,  
May power be ours to guard our heritage  
From tyrants all!

*The stage darkens. A flash of lightning re-  
veals the Woodland King standing  
alone with arms uplifted; then a  
moment later a roll of thunder  
is heard, followed by two light-  
ning flashes which show the  
hillside entirely deserted.*



## INTERMEZZO

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PASSING  
FROM NIGHT INTO DAWN AND ON TO THE  
FULL GLORY OF DAY.



EVIL IMPULSE

DESTINY

GOOD IMPULSE



*THE SCENE is the same as in the prologue. Centuries have elapsed; period, the latter part of the eighteenth century. There is a brief pause at the conclusion of the intermezzo, then the motif changes and the play opens with the entrance of a group of native Indians. They are out hunting; one has killed a deer and the carcass is borne in triumph. The Indians, in merry mood, are celebrating the success of the chase when, suddenly, the blare of trumpets is heard in the distance. The Indians scatter in alarm. Presently the trumpets sound again, and at the summit of the hillside is revealed the Comandante. He is accompanied by the Friar Superior and followed by the soldiers of his expedition. Mingling with these is a group of friars of the Franciscan order, one carrying a large wooden cross; camp-tenders with pack-mules bring up the rear. They wend their way slowly down the hillside to the spirited strains of a march. On arrival at the bottom of the hill the soldiers join in a song of cheer*



SOLDIERS

FOR Spain and Glory, God and King,  
 Through desert drear and forest wild  
 We onward march and onward bring  
 Hispania's greeting to her child—  
 Hail, Alta California!

## G O L D

Behold our country's flag unfurled!

Here spreads a Western Empire  
To glory Spain before the world!

Let trumpets blare and voices ring  
For Spain and Glory, God and King!

One nation frowns across the seas,  
Another threatens border-line;

But Spain confronts her enemies  
As guardian of a trust divine!

Hail, Alta California!

Behold, our country's flag unfurled!

Here spreads a Western Empire  
To glory Spain before the world!

Let trumpets blare and voices ring  
For Spain and Glory, God and King!

*[During the singing the Comandante and the  
Friar Superior stand apart from the others.]*

THE COMANDANTE *[looking about him]*

A noble spot, good father!

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

Truly so,

My son.

COMANDANTE

Dame Nature hath been generous  
To all this Western land, but surely more  
Than lavish here.

FRIAR SUPERIOR *[sententiously]*

Say, rather, God, my son;  
For Nature but obeys His law.

COMANDANTE *[with amused good-humor]*

Nay, nay,

Good priest, I am not wanting in respect  
Or reverence for Him who made our world;



## G O L D

I do but yield to Nature her small due  
For this fair sample of her industry.  
How sweet this Grove! Mark you these stately trees,  
Grim records of the ages that have past  
Since first their roots laid hold upon the ground  
To shoot slim saplings skyward. See, they stand  
Encircling us with grave, straight columns, like  
Some old cathedral.

### FRIAR SUPERIOR

Truly said. They seem  
To bend their limbs to us in blessing, while  
Their leaves waft fragrant incense all around.

COMANDANTE [*rousing himself as from a reverie*]  
This peaceful stillness moves to sentiment  
And thoughts that wander far.

[*Turning to his soldiers*]

Hear me, my men;

The journey hath been hard today; this place  
Invites, so let us lie within its shade  
Until tomorrow's sun. Go, gather wood  
For fires, and let who boast the hunter's craft  
Find game to fill the cooking-pot. Full pot,  
Full belly that, with slumber's help, gives strength  
Against the hardships of the trail. But, stay—

[*Addressing the Friar Superior*]

Your blessing, Father, on our resting-place.

[*All assume reverent attitudes as the Friar Superior, standing erect, turns in a half circle and with uplifted arm gives the blessing. Then the friars, unaccompanied, chant an "Ave Maria."*]

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum.  
Benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus  
Fructus ventris tui Jesus. Sancta Maria,  
Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc  
Et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.

## G O L D

[*At the close of the chant the Friar Superior, who has been standing directly in front of the cross, turns to the audience and intones.*]

FRIAR SUPERIOR  
Dominus vobiscum.

OMNES  
Et cum spiritu tuo.

FRIAR SUPERIOR  
Benedicamus Domino.

OMNES  
Deo Gratias.

[*Soldiers go off stage in various directions upon the several duties assigned them. Camp-tenders bustle about preparing for the night's bivouac. At a point on the hillside, the friars plant the cross and build an altar which they cover with a rich cloth. The Friar Superior joins the Comandante, who summons his Lieutenant and Sergeant to a conference down stage.*]

COMANDANTE  
We near the goal, my friends. Another day  
Should end our journey.

FRIAR SUPERIOR [*piously*]  
Praisèd be the Lord  
That He hath held us safe upon our way.

COMANDANTE [*reverently assenting*]  
All praise be His. Without His gracious aid  
Our lot were hard indeed. No puny task  
The noble Viceroy set us, by command  
Of His most Catholic Majesty, our King,  
Whom Saints preserve. Thrice have I made the ford  
Of swollen Colorado, thrice the vast,

## G O L D

Inhospitable desert crossed, each step  
Defying ravages of hunger, thirst,  
Cold, sickness, hostile Gentiles, all the ills  
And perils the explorer needs must face.  
But now, it seems, the end is near at hand,  
The goal all but in sight.

[*As he pauses the Lieutenant interrupts.*]

### THE LIEUTENANT

Your pardon, sir,  
But I am young in service and the thrill  
Of romance stirs my corselet and gives zest  
To sternest duty. Will you not relate  
Your perilous adventure?

### THE SERGEANT [*stepping forward*]

I, too, sir,  
If I may make so free, would crave to know  
The why and wherefore of our journeying.  
Plain soldier I, knowing enough to go  
Where told and when, and ask no questions; yet  
I, too, have braved the dangers of the trail  
These many hundred leagues, and now the end  
Is come, I'm told, and still I know no more  
Than when I left Tubac. 'Tis understood,  
Of course, that we're to hoist the flag of Spain  
And tell the world we're here and here to stay;  
But why such hurry? This new land of ours  
Won't run away; it's stood two hundred years  
Since first Cabrillo claimed it; that I know.  
Methinks it might as well just linger on  
Another century or so without  
Much danger to the cause of Spain. But, lo,  
Some word mysterious and out we turn;  
Build forts and missions up and down the coast;  
Cover the desert with our tracks; and now

## G O L D

We're heading for the river, arm, or gulf,  
Whate'er it is, that lies up yonder.

[*Pointing northward*]

Why,  
Good gentlemen, this wild excitement?

FRIAR SUPERIOR [*sternly*]

How,  
Bold soldier? Hold you, then, of no account  
The saving of a host of darkened souls?  
Your forts protect while missions spread the Word  
Among the heathen ignorant, who know  
No law but Instinct, serve no God but Fear.

COMANDANTE

Forgive him, father. 'Twas the soldier spoke  
In him, with all a soldier's heedlessness.

SERGEANT [*abashed, drops on one knee*]  
I crave your pardon, Father.

FRIAR SUPERIOR

Nay, my son,  
Kneel not to me. You did but speak the thoughts  
That stirred your soldier's heart. The fault was mine  
That I rebuked you, knowing what you were,  
A soldier, not a priest.

[*The Sergeant rises and moves away.*]

COMANDANTE

A brave one, too,  
And loyal. [*Calls him back*]  
Here, good Juan! You fain would know  
What purpose lies behind our journeying?  
Well, listen and be wise. The Briton scowls,  
The Muscovite encroaches; and our King  
Takes warning by such signs and moves to meet  
The issue. Stern necessity demands  
We occupy this long-neglected coast

## G O L D

And wave our country's banner to the world  
As sign that Spain stands ready to protect  
Her realm from insult or invading host.

LIEUTENANT [*enthusiastically*]

O, 'tis a noble work! And you, sir, you  
Have borne the heavy burden and will reap  
The glorious reward!

COMANDANTE [*smiling*]

Your zeal, Jose,  
Beclouds your memory. Right well you know  
That I but follow paths that others hewed.

LIEUTENANT

Yet none claims your achievement.

COMANDANTE

True, I found  
The Royal Highway, joining south to north,  
Province to province, in communion,  
Linking our Christian missions in a chain  
Of open travel. There a cherished dream  
I realized, and in my fervor praised  
The Lord of Armies.

FRIAR SUPERIOR

Praise His name!

OMNES

Amen.

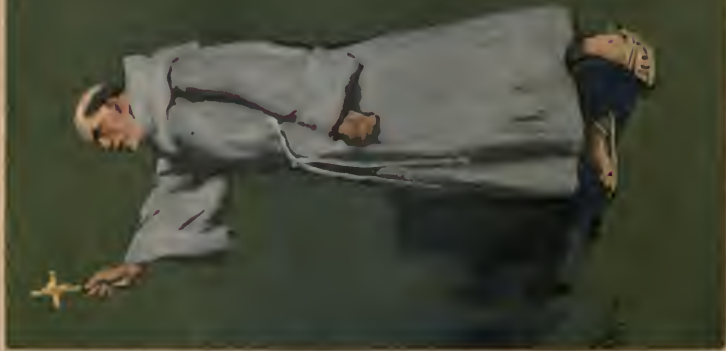
[*Some soldiers are seen returning, laden with  
wood and game.*]

LIEUTENANT

How holds our King the native tribes that swarm  
The length and breadth of these his provinces?

COMANDANTE

He bids us hold them brothers. In his creed  
One God created all men, as the sky,



THE FRIAR SUPERIOR



THE COMANDANTE



JOVIAL FRIAR

## G O L D

The Sun, the Moon, the stars, the universe;  
And all men are akin within these realms,  
All subjects of the King and serving God,  
The King's one master. So His Majesty  
Commends our Gentile brethren to our care,  
To visit them and give them peace.

FRIAR SUPERIOR

While I  
And others of my order bear the cross  
Where starving souls are to be won to Christ.  
Abundant harvest, surely, should reward  
Our apostolic zeal.

LIEUTENANT

And now, it seems,  
We near our journey's end.

COMANDANTE

Yes, surely so;  
My knowledge tells me that from yonder peak  
Lying to northward we should sight the gulf  
That splits the land at entrance to the port  
Of San Francisco. There our journey ends.  
Our fort shall overlook those waters, and  
In some sweet, peaceful valley near at hand  
Our mission bell shall summon worshippers.  
Jose, your work lies there.

LIEUTENANT [*joyfully*]

O, say you so?

COMANDANTE

'Tis you shall found both fort and mission. You  
Shall take command and live to glorify  
The name of San Francisco de Asis.  
Come, follow me while yet there's light. Perchance  
From yonder peak we may espy our goal.

[*Observing that the Sergeant appears ill at ease*]

## G O L D

Why, Juan, what trouble lines your countenance?

SERGEANT

Our men are growing restless, sir. They've heard  
And read in books about this Western land,  
How it's an island and inhabited  
By black-skinned women, and abounds in gold  
And precious stones. [After a pause]

I tell them 'tisn't so,  
But they, they won't believe me.

LIEUTENANT [*impulsively*]

Fools, they know  
This is no island. As for women, none  
Have seen the kind they seek. 'Tis all a tale  
Of purest fiction.

COMANDANTE

'Tis the gold that sinks  
Most deep into their thoughts, I fear, Jose.

[*To the Sergeant*]

Good Juan, I charge you, laugh these men to scorn;  
Tell them of glory; promise rich rewards;  
Say or do anything to turn their hearts  
Aside from mischief. Go!

[*The Sergeant obeys. The Comandante turns to  
the Father Superior.*]

I feared but this!

[*Paces up and down in great agitation. Then  
turning to his Lieutenant.*]

Jose, time presses. We must on. So, come;  
Take men to bear us torches. Daylight wanes,  
So we must do our scouting now, at once.

[*Turning to leave, addresses the Father Su-  
perior.*]

Good Father, pray our safe return.



## G O L D

*[The Comandante and his Lieutenant start up the hillside. The Lieutenant calls two soldiers to his side, and they follow. The Friar Superior is left standing in the centre of the stage, in an attitude of deep reflection. He goes directly to the cross and, with uplifted hands, appeals to Heaven.]*

### FRIAR SUPERIOR

What awful danger threatens? Can it be  
That now, upon the very eve of victory,  
This curse, this dreaded curse, the lust for gold,  
Shall raise a hideous spectre in our midst  
To rend our souls apart and stupefy  
Our senses, so that we become as beasts  
And sink our manhood in a bestial strife?  
Eternal Spirit, hold thy children safe!  
Let not disaster through this curse of gold  
Descend upon them and their sacred cause!  
O, hear our prayer! Thy Holy Church appeals  
To Thee for succor in its hour of need!

*[As the Friar Superior concludes, a voice is heard.]*

### VOICE

Take heart! The hour of strife approaches, yet  
Be comforted! 'Tis written Man shall kneel  
Before this golden image, shall debase  
His soul in madness for its splendor; but  
At darkest hour, when all seems chaos, when  
Dire ruin threatens, do thou cry aloud  
And answer shall be given thee. Take heart!

*[The Friar Superior stands transfixed in amazement for a moment. Then, raising his hands on high, his countenance beaming with ecstasy, he moves off stage.]*

*[More soldiers return from their hunting. The afternoon wears on. Bivouac fires are built]*

## G O L D

*by the camp-tenders and the evening meal is started in a large cooking-pot. The friars occupy quarters apart from the soldiers. Three friars start a game of quoits with horseshoes, while others look on. It is the hour of general recreation. The soldiers, for the most part, assume lounging attitudes and amuse themselves in various ways, some at dice, some at cards. Six soldiers detach themselves from the others and coming down stage engage in earnest conversation.]*

FIRST SOLDIER

Well, what's in store for us? What rich rewards  
Await us yonder?

SECOND SOLDIER

Just such rich rewards  
As we deserve, who toil and slave for naught  
But common soldiers' portion.

FIRST SOLDIER [*in a bantering tone*]

How, my friend,  
Have fame and glory lost their charm for you?

SECOND SOLDIER

What use is glory when one's youth is spent  
And limbs drag wearily? 'Twas not for that  
I donned my soldier's corselet and set out  
Across the desert; no, I dreamed of better things.

THIRD SOLDIER [*laughing*]

A dream of conquest, women, wealth and power;  
Eh, soldier, eh?

SECOND SOLDIER [*hotly*]

And if I did?

FIRST SOLDIER

Come, come,  
We're wasting time in banter. None of us

## G O L D

But sees through toil and danger some reward  
To make his toil and danger worth the while.  
So now, what say you? Shall we strike a blow  
For freedom?

THIRD SOLDIER

Meaning—?

FIRST SOLDIER [*motioning to the others to  
draw near*]

Meaning this, my friends;  
The books proclaim this land a treasure-vault,  
Charged to the mouth with gold and precious stones;  
The wealth of ages.

FOURTH SOLDIER

Women, too, 'tis said;  
Black as the night but beauteous as the stars.

FIRST SOLDIER

Well, women, if you like. No land's so poor  
But holds attractions for the amorous. But gold  
Is what concerns us most.

FIFTH SOLDIER

Where is this gold?  
Mine eyes have not beheld a trace of it.

FIRST SOLDIER

There's something tells me we shall find it soon;  
I seem to scent it, like a hound whose nose  
Assists his eyes to good advantage. Men,  
Once find this treasure, then away with fame  
And all such foolishness.

SIXTH SOLDIER

Our leader, though?

FIRST SOLDIER

Naught but ambition stirs his martial soul;  
He's for his country's glory, first and last;  
Expect no aid from him.

## G O L D

SIXTH SOLDIER

But does he know?

FIRST SOLDIER

I'll swear he does. I feel it in my bones  
That he and others know that what we seek  
Is near at hand. But he hath held his peace;  
Afraid, no doubt, for his beloved venture.

THIRD SOLDIER

He'd surely not deny a soldier's right  
To spoils of soldier's enterprise? D'ye think  
He'd not consent?

FIRST SOLDIER [*dropping his voice to a  
cautious whisper*]

Consent? What matters it?  
Once find the gold, and we can say "Go, hang,  
"You and your glory!"

[*After a pause*]

Should he combat us  
It shall go hard with him.

SECOND SOLDIER

You'd mutiny?

FIRST SOLDIER

Aye, if you call it so. Before I'd stand  
To turn my back on such a chance as this,  
I'd kill! Yes, kill!

[*Soldiers look at one another in awe. First Sol-  
dier notices Sergeant approaching.*]

No more of this just now.  
Await events; they'll happen fast enough  
For all of us, or I'm a fool. Lie low,  
Lie low—

[*Laughter and shouts from the soldiers on the  
hillside. A Young Soldier steps forward and  
sings.*]

# G O L D

## SOLDIER'S SONG

Know ye the maiden of sunny Castile?  
Hair black as night,  
Eyes starry bright,  
Rosy-red lips that when parted reveal  
Teeth pearly white,  
Smiles that invite ;  
Rich jewels shining,  
Soft arms entwining,  
Matchless form swaying in dance's mad fling ;  
Gay colors flashing,  
Castanets clashing,  
Maid of Castile, to your glory I sing !  
Hear us, fair maid, as your grace we entreat !  
Sons of Castile,  
Proudly we kneel,  
Noble and peasant, alike, at your feet ;  
Hold you divine,  
Toast you in wine,  
Pledge you devotion  
Deep as the ocean,  
Fight for your favor with knighthood's true zeal ;  
Sigh for you madly,  
Die for you gladly,  
Queen of the world is our maid of Castile !

*[As the song concludes, two soldiers rush in, dragging an Indian between them. They are much excited. The Indian is trembling with fear. The soldiers around the camp are too engrossed in the song to notice them, but the Sergeant observes them, and, under cover of the applause which greets the conclusion of the song, comes forward.]*

## SERGEANT

What have we here?



MUTINEER



THE SERGEANT



SOLDIER

# G O L D

THE TWO SOLDIERS [*breathlessly*]

Good news, great, glorious news!

SERGEANT

What call ye news? Yon wretched, trembling waif—  
Where found ye him? He hath an abject look,  
As one in fear. Is he your glorious news?

ONE SOLDIER

When you have heard our tidings, Sergeant Juan,  
You'll pipe another tune. You'll bless the hour  
We fell upon this savage in the woods.  
We're rich! I tell you, rich!

SERGEANT [*in a puzzled tone*]

How, rich?

SOLDIER [*excitedly*]

Yes, rich!

You, I, and all of us!

SERGEANT [*testily*]

Quit raving, fool,

And speak.

[*Attention of conspirators is attracted. They draw near.*]

SOLDIER

I'm raving, am I? Well, methinks  
You'll rave yourself directly. All around  
These woods are riches for the gathering,  
Riches untold! 'Tis gold, bright, shining gold!  
The mountains teem with it, the river-beds;  
The very spot we're standing on may hide  
Enough to stock a galleon!

[*The Sergeant appears startled and makes a motion as though to check the torrent of words that flow from the excited Soldier. Recovering himself, he bursts into a hearty laugh and slaps the Soldier on the back.*]

## G O L D

SERGEANT

Come, let us have the story.

SOLDIER

This poor waif,  
You call him, proves your benefactor, for  
Through him the glorious tidings came to us.  
We fell upon him skulking in the woods  
And took him captive. He was far too scared  
To even try to flee from us, much less  
Show fight. No weapons bore he, but a belt  
Girdled his loins and this we took from him.  
Concealed therein we found—look for yourselves!

*[As he speaks the Soldier exhibits a handful of  
gold nuggets. The others crowd in closer.]*

OMNES

Gold, surely gold!

SOLDIER

Ay, comrades, gold it is.  
And where that comes from stores on stores abound!

SERGEANT

How know you this?

SOLDIER [*pointing to the Indian*]

By talk I had with him.

SERGEANT

You speak his tongue?

SOLDIER

No, sergeant, nor he mine;  
But signs are sometimes eloquent enough.  
Try him yourself.

*[Thus adjured, the Sergeant exhibits the nuggets to the Indian, and by signs inquires if such are to be found nearby. The Indian nods*



## G O L D

*intelligently and spreads out his arms in response, taking in all points of the compass.]*

SERGEANT [*aside*]

This cursed savage knows  
Enough to set the camp ablaze. The men  
Already murmur. Once the lust for gold  
Gets in their bones, good-bye to everything;  
We might as well give up.

[*Aloud*]

A wondrous tale,  
Upon my soul. More wondrous still, if true.

[*Calling to the soldiers on the hillside*]

Comrades, the hour is late, and belly cries  
For food. Let's eat, let's eat. Ha, ha!

[*Pointing to a stout Friar recumbent under a tree.*]

There's one  
Who answers to the call right readily.

[*Moves away from the group in the direction of camp. A chorus of laughter greets the Friar as he sits up and rubs his eyes.*]

FRIAR

Such pleasant dreams; 'twas shame to waken me.  
Or was it Nature's summons? Like enough;  
I'm hungry, and I smell good, luscious food.

[*Sings*]

SONG OF THE FRIAR

What fragrant odors meet my nose  
To rouse me from my sweet repose?  
They're not of Araby, nor yet  
Of Flora's kingdom, I dare bet.  
For well I know what penetrates  
The atmosphere and me elates,  
So that I feel a welcome glow

## G O L D

Pervade my being, top to toe;  
No perfume e'er my senses wooed  
So well as that of luscious food!

And to eat, Ha, ha! of good meat, Ha, ha!  
Is a friar's best occupation;  
For, the belly to fill is to cure every ill  
That threatens the soul's damnation!

Let lover pipe his mournful lay;  
Let drunkard in his cellar bray;  
Let monk go empty, if he will;  
They're naught to me, I eat my fill!  
No stern ascetic I, to fast  
Till all desire for food is past;  
I bless the day when cooks were born  
And pity stomach so forlorn  
As cannot bear its weight of meat;  
Give me to eat! Give me to eat!

For, to eat, Ha, ha! of good meat, Ha, ha!  
Is a pious man's recreation;  
Let him fast who will, the belly to fill  
Best fits the soul for salvation!

*[The refrain is taken up by soldiers who have been cooking and are armed with various utensils which they use to beat time to the music. At the conclusion of the song they gather around the Jovial Friar, laughing and applauding, and lead him to the cooking-pot. The other friars follow in more sedate fashion. Meanwhile, there is increased agitation on the part of the group of malcontents. Others are attracted to them. Sergeant Juan, seeing that matters are becoming serious, breaks into the gathering.]*

SERGEANT

Now, what's ado?  
What ails you, comrades? Is this mutiny,

## G O L D

Or what? 'Tis but a moment since ye sang  
And danced and laughed like happy children; now  
Ye look like devils. What's it all about?

FIRST SOLDIER [*boldly*]

You mentioned mutiny; well, call it so.

You mean—  
SERGEANT

FIRST SOLDIER

I mean just this—you've lied to us.

SERGEANT [*angrily starting forward*]

How, damn you, lied, you say?

FIRST SOLDIER [*heatedly*]

Ay, lied, I said;

And here's the proof! [*pointing to the Indian*]

[*By this time all on the hillside, soldiers and  
friars, attracted by the hubbub, have gathered  
round the disputants.*]

This heathen hath betrayed  
What you, old cunning fox, would hide from us  
And so would rob us of our recompense  
For all the hardships we have undergone  
And dangers braved for you. This very day  
We talked with you, recounting what we'd heard  
About the treasures of this Western land,  
Of gold and precious stones; and you, you sneered—  
To put us off the scent, of course—and swore  
'Twas all an old wives' tale. And now you're caught,  
Caught in your miserable lie!

[*Loud murmurs from the throng. The Sergeant  
makes a step forward, but is held back.*]

There's gold,  
Ay, gold galore, all round about, each foot  
Of earth a treasure spot!

[*To his companions who are now crowding in  
excitedly*]

## G O L D

What say ye, men,  
To this fair promise? Shall we stay content  
With soldiers' fare the balance of our lives,  
When at our very feet there's rich, red gold  
Just waiting to be gathered? Speak, men, speak,  
Speak out your will! Choose now your fate, to toil  
For empty glory, or to lie at ease  
In lap of luxury, the world your slave,  
Your gold a talisman, your every whim  
A law, a law to be obeyed!

Oh, think,  
Think what it means, to cast from you the yoke  
Of slavery for ever and to live  
As princes of the earth! Come, now's the time  
For action—which of you will follow me?

SOLDIERS [*in loud acclaim*]

All, all of us! Lead on, we follow!

*[First Soldier and his followers turn to go off stage. But as the throng moves the Friar Superior, who has entered during the dispute, steps forward and raises his right hand in warning.]*

FRIAR SUPERIOR

Hold!

Take warning ere ye move one step! The Church,  
The Holy Church commands you, hold!

*[His earnestness causes a halt, and for a moment the soldiers stand irresolute. But the Chief Agitator, unafraid, boldly faces the Friar Superior.]*

FIRST SOLDIER

How now,

What means this interference, worthy friar?  
What law of God or man do we transgress  
That you invoke the Church?

# G O L D

FRIAR SUPERIOR [*earnestly*]

I bid you pause,  
If only for a moment. Pause, reflect  
Ere one false step ye take. An evil spell  
Hath fallen on you! 'Tis a spell accursed!  
Beware the golden tempter! From his wiles  
Our good St. Francis spent his life to shield  
His followers. And ye, my soldiers brave,  
Would turn your backs upon your patron Saint  
At evil's prompting? No, it shall not be!  
Your faith, your loyalty, your manhood, cry  
A shame upon you!

FIRST SOLDIER [*sharply*]

Come, my comrades, come;  
We've talked enough, now let us act.

FRIAR SUPERIOR [*in last entreaty*]

But, wait!  
Your leader is not here! Ye would not leave  
Without his knowledge? He will soon return;  
Abide his coming, like good men and true.

FIRST SOLDIER [*sternly*]

Who choose to stay, may do so. I do not.  
Comrades, we're wasting precious time.

[*The Friar Superior raises his hand to Heaven  
in mute appeal. As the soldiers turn once more  
to go off stage, the Sergeant, drawing his  
sword, places himself between them and the  
path.*]

SERGEANT

Not yet!

Across my prostrate body ye shall go,  
Not otherwise!

[*But the blood of the soldiers is up and they  
speedily rush upon the Sergeant and disarm  
him. In surging mass they pour off the stage,  
bearing the Sergeant along with them.*]



CAMP-TENDER



INDIAN



MULETEER

# G O L D

## SOLDIERS

On, on to find the gold!

*[The Friar Superior, alone left behind, casts himself on his knees before the cross. There is complete stillness for some moments. Suddenly, the Comandante and his escort are observed returning. The Comandante, in the uncertain light not observing that the camp is deserted, speaks from the upper stage.]*

COMANDANTE *[ecstatically]*

Eureka! Give me joy, my friends! The goal  
Is all but won! Just now I looked upon  
The gulf that marks the entrance to our port  
Of San Francisco. North of here it lies,  
A bare day's journey. In the background looms  
The noble peak our patron Saint hath blessed  
As guardian of those waters. There beyond  
Lies Point Los Reyes Vizcaino named  
So aptly from the Day of Holy Kings  
On which he first beheld it. So I found  
Each landmark as 'twas pictured to my mind.  
And now the flag of Spain—

*[The Comandante halts abruptly, for the first time conscious that something is amiss. He looks about him.]*

But what's amiss?

Where are the men? Our soldiers, friars, all  
Are gone! The camp's deserted!

*[Sees the Friar Superior, who has risen from his knees and is moving toward him.]*

Father, say,

What means this? Why, your countenance is grave  
And pale as death! What's happened? Speak, I say!

FRIAR SUPERIOR *[his head bowed in grief and throwing out his hands in gesture of despair]*

The worst, my son.

# G O L D

COMANDANTE

'Tis as we feared, then?

FRIAR SUPERIOR

Aye;

The cursèd spell we feared, the spell of gold,  
Hath come upon them like an avalanche  
And swept them from our side. And now they're  
gone,

Maddened with greed, to tear from Mother Earth  
Her golden secret. Fools, they think that Wealth  
Means more than Life to them.

COMANDANTE

Yes, fools indeed;

But let such folly once possess their souls  
And fools have power to work more ill than knaves.  
So, now the blow hath fallen. On the eve  
Of glorious achievement, with the goal  
At hand, this blight is sent to frost our hopes  
And wither all ambition.

*[The Comandante walks to one side, his attitude one of utter dejection. The Friar Superior goes to him and lays a hand upon his shoulder.]*

FRIAR SUPERIOR

Come, my son;

'Tis not a soldier's part to own Despair  
His conqueror.

COMANDANTE

No, father, no; and yet  
This strange depression—call it what you will—  
Controls my very being. Bear with me.

*[Takes his seat upon a rock at side of stage.]*

Almighty Providence, is this the end?  
Is such a fate reserved for me and mine  
As others met who nobler aims pursued



## G O L D

Than I e'en dreamed of? Is there no reward  
For glorious endeavor? Are we all  
To perish by the same relentless hand,  
A Destiny that looks not into aims  
Nor objects, purposes in life, nor men,  
But strikes, it would appear, at random and  
Destroys at will? Each Book of History  
Abounds with instances where Justice strayed  
And Man and Enterprise were doomed to death  
Without a hearing. Nay, this very coast  
Bears witness to Dame Fortune's grim caprice.  
Balboa! When thou stood'st on Darien's peak  
To gaze upon the boundless Western sea,  
Had'st thou foreknowledge of thy hapless fate,  
Thy headless corse thy life's memorial?  
Cortez! Thou conqueror! What bootied thee  
To subjugate an empire but to fall  
A victim to imperial neglect?  
Cabrillo! Thou did'st sail the Western coast  
And claim it for thy sovereign, but to leave  
Thy bones to bleach upon a desert isle!  
Then, Coronado! Thou in princely state  
Did'st make thy journeyings; but thou did'st lend  
Too ready ear to fables, and thine end  
Was that of some poor, wretched derelict!  
And so they came and went, these men of iron  
Who did and dared. And now my turn is come,  
It seems. 'Twas e'en predicted in my youth  
That I should fall before this curse of lust,  
Of avarice, of evil impulse, all  
The harvest from the seed that men call gold;  
Is this resistless fate, or shall I fight  
For freedom for my manhood, for my soul,  
Against the dark oppressor?

*[Voices are heard without and the soldiers rush  
on the stage, followed by the friars. The sol-  
diers are wildly excited. Each carries handfuls*

# G O L D

*of golden nuggets, while the pockets of their jerkins are bulging with treasure.]*

## FIRST SOLDIER

Here I stop;  
No more for me of hardships. Good red gold  
I'll carry back with me along the trail,  
Across the seas and right to dear old Spain.  
The motherland is good enough for me.

## SECOND SOLDIER

My wealth to tender purpose I'll devote.  
The fairest women shall be mine; I'll choose  
From all the beauties at the Court. What's life  
When Love is absent?

## THIRD SOLDIER

Give me gold for power;  
Why fool your life away in idleness  
When you can bend a nation to your will?

## FOURTH SOLDIER

The hazard of the die's my weakness; now  
I'll humor it; with riches back of me  
The tide of luck may ebb and flow at will.  
My life shall be one dazzling game of chance!

## FIFTH SOLDIER

I seem to hear the trickling of the gold  
Through fondling fingers. To mine ears it sounds  
As music. It shall be my joy to hold  
Communion with my riches all alone.

## FIRST SOLDIER

A miser, eh? Why, blast you, gold is meant  
For spending, not for hoarding. Give your share  
To one who'll find a better use for it!

*[As he speaks he advances upon the other, who starting back, lays his hand upon his sword.]*

# G O L D

FIFTH SOLDIER

Take care! This robbery's a game that two  
Can play at!

FIRST SOLDIER

Comrades, help me to relieve  
This miser of his hoard!

SECOND SOLDIER [*running up*]

Help you, indeed!

Why, where do I come in?

THIRD SOLDIER

Here, I'm in this!

FOURTH SOLDIER

And I!

SIXTH SOLDIER

And I!

SEVENTH SOLDIER

And I!

EIGHTH SOLDIER

And I!

NINTH SOLDIER

And I!

[*There ensues a scene of confusion. Weapons are drawn and a skirmish is imminent. The friars, who have gathered round the Father Superior at the cross, turn at the hubbub and start to intervene, but are anticipated by the Comandante, who now steps forward and confronts the unruly throng.*]

COMANDANTE

Hold! Hold, I say! What means this rioting?  
Has madness come upon you all?

## G O L D

[*The soldiers halt abruptly at the sound of their leader's voice. Swords are lowered, and all turn facing the Comandante. First Soldier takes a step forward.*]

FIRST SOLDIER

Oh, no;  
Not madness; rather the reverse. It means  
We've all been blind, but now, at last, we see.

COMANDANTE [*angrily*]

See what, you scoundrel? Dare you thus affront  
Your leader?

FIRST SOLDIER [*boldly*]

Leader! Pah! Your leadership  
Is over. We are masters now.

COMANDANTE

You dare  
To speak such words to me?

FIRST SOLDIER

I dare, and do.  
What's more, I speak for all around me.

SERGEANT [*breaking away from the group  
and placing himself beside his leader*]

No!  
Not all, by God! Here's one who'll never side  
With mutiny!

A CORPORAL [*following and, in turn, fol-  
lowed by the other Corporal and  
a group of soldiers*]

And here are others!

[*The two bands face one another menacingly.  
The Comandante greets his followers with a  
gesture of appreciation and, stepping forward,  
addresses the mutineers.*]

# G O L D

COMANDANTE

Men,

One word of solemn warning. Well I know  
What evil hath befallen you. The craze  
For wealth hath rent your very souls and turned  
Brave, honest soldiers into fiends. Is this  
Your loyalty to Spain? Where is your pledge  
To God and King? Would you desert the cause  
So nearly won?

FIRST SOLDIER [*insolently*]

What cause? We know no cause  
But that of freedom.

COMANDANTE [*disregarding First Soldier  
and addressing the others*]

Soldiers, think what means  
Desertion at this point! I now appeal  
To you as men, as brothers, all of you!  
Ambition, glory, riches, power, are naught  
When measured side by side with fellowship.  
The loving loyalty man bears for man  
Outweighs all things material! This without,  
Man's mission upon earth were vain indeed!  
No cause, however noble in itself,  
Can win but men walk hand-in-hand  
Along the path that leads to victory.  
Comrades, my cause is yours! Come, follow me  
Where glory waits. That won, go dig for gold  
Till very weight of wealth oppresses you!

[*But the Comandante's appeal is useless. The  
mutineers stand defiant.*]

FIRST SOLDIER [*impatiently*]

Men, choose your leader now! Or follow him  
Or me! Quick, speak your will!

MUTINEERS [*clamorously*]

We follow you!



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# G O L D

COMANDANTE [*drawing his sword and calling upon his followers*]

Come, then, have at them! They outnumber us,  
But right is on our side. For God and King!

HIS FOLLOWERS [*rallying round him with drawn weapons*]

For God and King!

MUTINEERS [*answering*]

For Gold and Liberty!

[*The opposing forces rush together. The friars are gathered at the cross around the Father Superior, who is silently invoking aid from on High. But, just as weapons clash, the Friar Superior, snatching up a cross from the altar and holding it aloft, plunges into the midst of the fray.*]

FRIAR SUPERIOR

Hold! Hold! Almighty Ruler, hear me now!  
Out of the depths I cry to thee for aid!  
All, all is dark before our eyes! The hand  
Of death is on us! Save us, save, O God!

[*The mutineers halt, irresolute. Their leader rails at them.*]

FIRST SOLDIER

What, cowards, men? Do ye, then, stand afraid  
At sound of prayer and preaching?

MUTINEERS [*rallying*]

No! Lead on!

[*First Soldier rushes at Friar Superior. At that instant, a voice rings out from the heavens and is heard above the din.*]

VOICE

Peace, mortals! Cease your senseless strife! Give heed!

## G O L D

[*Mutineers fall back. Angelic music is heard and a White-robed Figure is revealed in the sky. Voices are heard in a chant.*]

### CHANT

Peace, mortals, peace! Your way lies before you;  
Fulfill your destiny, to bring enlightenment  
to Earth.

Earth's treasures shall be yours, not for strife  
Among you but to aid you in the task decreed by  
Fate.

Peace, mortals, peace!

[*Angelic Vision vanishes. Destiny is disclosed on the hillside above the mortal throng.*]

### DESTINY

Mortals, ye now behold the evil wrought  
By lust for gold. Long ages past this strife  
Among you was foreseen. This very Grove  
Beheld a conflict. Good and Evil fought  
For mastery, and Evil gained the day.  
The seed of Evil Impulse then was sown  
That Man should reap the harvest. So was war  
Declared upon the human race. But now  
A mightier Power than aught of Evil guides  
Man's mission upon Earth. 'Tis given Man  
To choose 'twixt Good and Evil, and the choice  
Is unrestrained. No longer Evil rules  
By right of conquest. Therefore, if ye seek  
Full measure of contentment, joy and peace,  
Renounce your gold, in token that ye heed  
This message of the Infinite!

[*The soldiers stand for a moment in silent awe, then impulsively cast their gold upon the ground. First Soldier advances to the Friar Superior and casts himself at his feet.*]



# G O L D

## FIRST SOLDIER

Father, forgive us. We were craz'd indeed;  
But now the clouds are lifted, and we see.

FRIAR SUPERIOR [*his hands uplifted, his  
countenance radiant with joy*]

O mighty Spirit, thou whom Heav'n hath sent  
To minister to mortals here on Earth,  
Accept our blessing for thy words of cheer!  
On bended knees we render thanks to Him  
Whose messenger thou art. Our way lies clear  
Before us; now let all give praise to God!

## OMNES

His name be praised! Glory to His name!

## DESTINY

Once rid of Evil Impulse, gold may bear  
A blessing, not a curse. For, 'tis decreed  
Through Nature's gifts shall this fair Western land  
Contribute to a world's enlightenment.  
Her gold shall be Man's talisman, to charm  
His universe to higher, nobler state  
Than Man hath visioned. Nature's offspring, Art,  
Shall be his guiding-star, to point the way  
To him. Through painter's brush, through sculptor's  
tool,  
Through writer's scroll, through Music's tuneful  
charm,

[*As these words are spoken, classic figures enter, representing, variously, Music, Letters, Painting, Sculpture. Each carries an urn with a design of the particular branch of Art represented.*]

Shall all the noblest thoughts of Man retain  
The impress of their worth. 'Tis Art alone  
Shall glorify your world; and Art shall live  
Though Man shall die! [*Points to the Spirits of Art.*]

## G O L D

Mortals, give gold to these,  
So may its noble purpose be fulfilled.  
The seed restored to Earth shall fructify;  
Man shall return to gather of its fruit;  
And then shall be recalled the prophecy  
Of long ago! The dawn of wondrous days  
Is nigh; soon shall the veil be torn from eyes  
Dimmed with the mist of ages!

[*The soldiers eagerly gather up the gold and  
pour it into the urns borne by the Spirits of  
Art.*]

COMANDANTE

Alas, that I,  
A soldier and a man, should fail of heart  
At Evil's prompting, that a fantasy,  
Of superstition born, should dominate  
My very soul so that I all but fell  
Before its shadow!

[*Addressing Destiny*]

Speak, what punishment  
Is mine to suffer for my lack of faith?

DESTINY

Soldier, your way lies yonder. Seek it, then.  
You serve both God and King, so falter not,  
But render service unto both. That done,  
Your fault, if fault there was, hath been atoned.  
On to your goal!

COMANDANTE [*waving his sword*]

On to the goal! On, on!

SOLDIERS [*singing*]

On to the goal! The dawn is nigh;  
The Star of Hope shines in the sky!

FRIARS [*singing*]

Hail, joyous sign from Heav'n above,  
A message of Eternal love!

# G O L D

OMNES [*singing*]

Hail! Hail! Hail! Our voices rise in greeting!  
Hail to the star that guides us on our way!  
Shadows of night before the dawn are fleeting;  
Soon shall the Sun reveal the splendor of the  
day!

On to the goal our eager feet are pressing,  
Hearts beating high, our watchword "God and  
King!"

Angels of Peace our glorious mission blessing,  
Out to the world let our song of triumph ring!

Hail, Alta California, our Empire in the West!  
Fair land of Destiny, on thee our hopes we rest!  
Nations shall honor thee, men thy fame shall sing;  
Hail to California, hail! God and King!

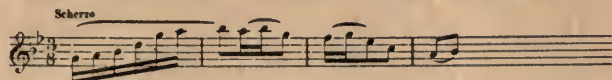
*As the refrain is sung dawn illumines the sky. At the conclusion of the song of triumph the mortals move in procession up the trail. As they go the heavens brighten intensely, and the entire forest glows with a superb illumination. The woodland folk return to their domain. As the mortals disappear in the distance the illumination dies down, the spirits vanish from the hillside, the music ceases and all is still.*



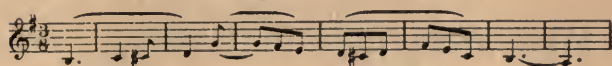




THE Prologue commences with an orchestral prelude, "Elf-land." This is in Scherzo form. After a short introduction the principal theme appears:—



The "Trio" has a quartet for horns:—



The Suite de Ballet, which follows at once on the Prelude, consists of five numbers:—

### 1. TREE-SPIRITS



### 2. BROOK-SPIRITS



### 3. CAVE-SPIRITS



### 4. SATYRS



The groups of dancers appear in the above order, each group remaining on the stage after its dance is concluded.

# G O L D

All then unite in an ensemble movement:—



The music accompanying the invocation of the Woodland King is based upon two themes:

(1) the motive of Prayer:—



(2) the motive of Love for Humanity:—



At the close of the Prologue there is an orchestral Intermezzo, descriptive of Dawn, and leading by degrees to the full light of day. The first faint glow of dawn is accompanied by the twittering of birds, and presently the main theme appears, played very softly by the trumpet:—



The music grows in intensity as the sunlight develops, and reaches its climax with the full blaze of daylight.

A suggestion of Indian music accompanies the appearance of the Natives:—



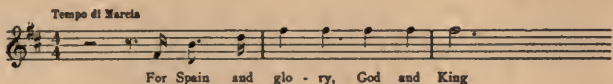
This is interrupted by the march of the Spaniards,

# GOLD

whose trumpets are first heard in the distance. The principal theme of the march is as follows:—

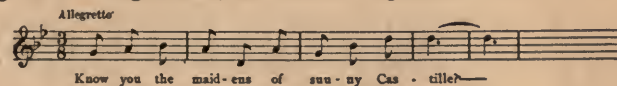


As the exploring party wends its way down the hillside, the music increases in volume, and when all reach the lower stage, the soldiers sing a chorus:—

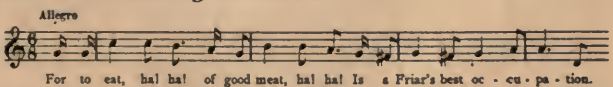


The Friars gather round the Cross, and sing an "Ave Maria." This is entirely without accompaniment, and is followed by some short Versicles and responses, in Gregorian Plain Chant.

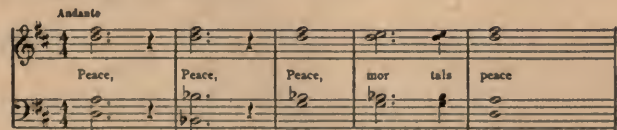
The song of the Spanish soldier, with chorus, in praise of the maids of Castile, is intended to suggest the Seguidilla, an ancient Spanish dance:—



The buffo song of the Hungry Friar, with chorus, has the following refrain:—



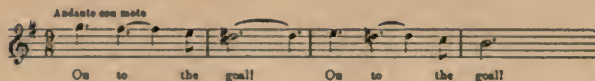
Toward the close of the Play a quartet of Angels is heard in the distance, accompanied very softly by strings and harp:—



# G O L D

The Finale is for chorus and full orchestra. It is in two movements:

(1) "On to the Goal":—



(2) "Hail! Hail! Hail!"



At the conclusion of the chorus the theme is continued by the orchestra during the illumination of the forest.

H J Stewart-

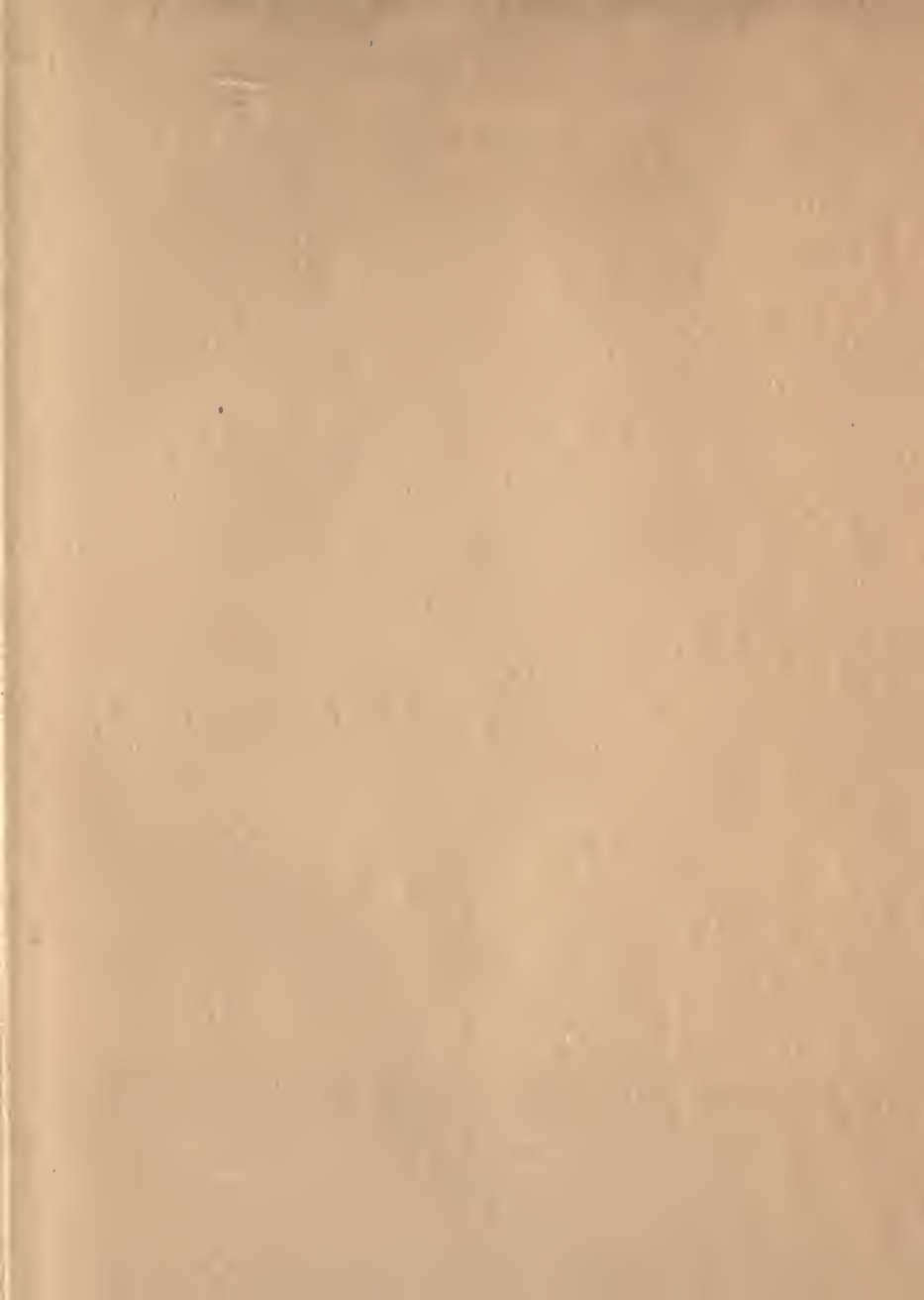




## NOTE ON PRECEDING GROVE-PLAYS

THE Grove-play was evolved in 1902 from the Midsummer Jinks, an open-air dramatic and musical entertainment, conducted annually since 1878. Owing to the disaster of April 18, 1906, no Grove-play was produced that year, but, in its place, an expanded form of the traditional ceremony of the "Cremation of Care," for which Charles K. Field wrote the dialogue and lyrics and Humphrey J. Stewart composed the music. Following is the list of preceding Grove-plays, with their authors and composers:

- 1902, August 16th: THE MAN IN THE FOREST  
Charles K. Field, *Author*; Joseph D. Redding, *Composer*.
- 1903, August 3rd: MONTEZUMA  
Louis Robertson, *Author*; Humphrey J. Stewart, *Composer*.
- 1904, August 20th: THE HAMADRYADS  
Will Irwin, *Author*; W. J. McCoy, *Composer*.
- 1905, August 12th: THE QUEST OF THE GORGON  
Newton J. Tharp, *Author*; Theodor Vogt, *Composer*.
- 1907, July 27th: THE TRIUMPH OF BOHEMIA  
George Sterling, *Author*; Edward F. Schneider, *Composer*.
- 1908, August 8th: THE SONS OF BALDUR  
Herman Scheffauer, *Author*; Arthur Weiss, *Composer*.
- 1909, August 7th: ST. PATRICK AT TARA  
H. Morse Stephens, *Author*; Wallace A. Sabin, *Composer*.
- 1910, August 6th: THE CAVE MAN  
Charles K. Field, *Author*; W. J. McCoy, *Composer*.
- 1911, August 12th: THE GREEN KNIGHT  
Porter Garnett, *Author*; Edward G. Stricklen, *Composer*.
- 1912, August 10th: THE ATONEMENT OF PAN  
Joseph D. Redding, *Author*; Henry Hadley, *Composer*.
- 1913, August 9th: THE FALL OF UG  
Rufus Steele, *Author*; Herman Perlet, *Composer*.
- 1914, August 8th: NEC-NATAMA  
J. Wilson Shiels, *Author*; Uda Waldrop, *Composer*.
- 1915, August 7th: APOLLO  
Frank Pixley, *Author*; Edward F. Schneider, *Composer*.



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