

# THE BELL AND THE PLOW

WRITTEN BY  
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MUSIC BY  
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## T H I R D D R A F T

TIME: 1680 to 1700

PLACE: Spain, Mexico, Lower California, Arizona

### ACT I

Scene 1: Grand Ballroom in the palace of the Duke of Arcos, Madrid, April 12, 1680,  
about 10:00 in the evening

Scene 2: Kino's quarters in the Jesuit College, Cadiz, one evening a week later

Scene 3: Reception room in Father Pardo's quarters in the Cathedral, Mexico City, early afternoon in  
the spring of 1682

Scene 4: A hill above the Bay of La Paz, Lower California, spring  
and summer, 1683

Scene 5: The Mission of San Bruno, Lower California, May 1685

### ACT II

Scene 1: The Mission of Dolores, northern Sonora, a late afternoon in January, 1695

Scene 2: Northern Sonora, summer of 1695

Scene 3: The Mission of San Xavier del Bac, southern Arizona, late afternoon April 28, 1770.

The characters and events in this play are based on actual historical records. Certain modifications have been made in the interest of dramatic unity.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Duchess of Aveiro, Arcos y Macqueda

The Duke, her husband

Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, a Jesuit priest

Father Juan Maria Salvatierra, his friend

Father Antonio Kerschpamer, a member of their company

Carlos de Siguenza y Gongora, professor of mathematics  
at the Royal University in Mexico City

Father Bernardo Pardo, the Jesuit provincial in Mexico City

The Conde de Paredes, Viceroy of Mexico

Reader of scroll at La Paz, California

Isidro de Atondo y Antillon, an admiral of the Spanish fleet

Father Mathias Goni, companion of Kino in California

Soldier at La Paz

Blas de Guzman, ship captain for the California expedition

Alferes Lascano, another ship captain

Francisca, the Indian girl brought from California by Kino

Pedro, a servant at the Mission of Dolores

Concha, serving woman at Dolores Mission

Conchita, serving woman at Dolores Mission

Father Francisco Xavier de Mora, Kino's superior from Arizpe

Father Horacio Polici, visitor representing the Provincial

Juan Matheo Manje, captain in the Spanish army, alcalde of the  
district at Dolores

Eusebio, brother of Francisca

Spanish leader at Tupo

Historian

Priests, acolytes, government officials, guests soldiers, Indians

ACT IPROLOGUE

(Orchestra and chorus join in a broad hymn symbolizing the eternal spirit of man in his seeking, pushing, exploring forever onward -- the majesty and power of man's unconquerable mind. Mingled also is the mood of the Southwest, the vast reaches of the desert, the sense of boundlessness in sky and land. The chorus is singing in full volume.)

Glory, glory, praise God on high  
 Glory from the land of the sun,  
 Praise forever from the broad sky,  
 Glorious the deep land singing,  
 Splendid the long dream mankind  
 Down the ringing plains of God's world!

Sing the plow furrowing the land,  
 Sing the pealing golden bell,  
 The hand of God joined with mankind --  
 Sing East and West, sing forever,  
 Glory, glory, praise God on high!

(As the chorus reaches a climax and completes the hymn, the orchestra modulates quickly into an old Spanish theme, a sarabande, which forms a sparkling dance tune. The curtain rises to show a garden or verandah outside a palatial home in Madrid on a spring evening in 1680. A dance is in progress, and the stage is filled with the sweeping figures of grandees and their ladies, gorgeously and colorfully filling the area with dancing, laughing, and pleasant talk.

Down left is a small area where the DUCHESS OF ARCOS sits watching, occasionally nodding and smiling to friends. Nearby stands her husband, the DUKE. Both are of middle age, handsomely dressed, the genteel hosts for a genteel throng. Other spectators, men and women, smile and nod in time to the music. As the dance ends and the music stops, there is a polite round of applause, then there is a chord of music to announce dinner (or the sounding of a Chinese gong followed by a sequence of light skipping music.) From up center enters a procession of foodbearers, lead by a large Black man in an exotic costume, carrying aloft on a huge tray a roast pig. He is followed by colorful pages who skip and nod as they carry various items of food and drink. The people applaud and follow the foodbearers off at right. The stage is cleared except for the DUKE and DUCHESS, who have been bowing and smiling as the people go out. The DUKE offers his arm to the DUCHESS, who momentarily restrains him. The music stops. The DUKE turns expectantly to her as she hands him a letter.)

DUKE  
 What's this?

(Reading the contents hurriedly, then with mock exasperation.)  
Another letter from Father Kino! Heaven help us, that Jesuit spends all his time writing letters! -- asking for money!

DUCHESS

(Smiling.)

My lord, he has never asked for one penny!

DUKE

Oh, he is too clever to ask directly. He writes a proper letter, carefully worded.

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(Mockingly.)

"It would be -- er -- , most happy of if the -- er -- Jesuit college in Cadiz might have another -- er -- shipment of medicine from Madrid. The epidemic seems to grow worse."

(Laughing.)

No -- he never asks for one penny!

DUCHESS

But not for himself, my lord Duke -- never a thought for himself. That's the kind of man he is.

DUKE

How do we know, my lady? We've never met the man!

DUCHESS

One can read it in his letter. Remember, you said the same thing about Father Theophilus, then after you met him you liked him.

DUKE

(Reflecting.)

You know, I cannot fathom these men, Maria -- these Jesuits -- that utter devotion to something so -- so nebulous. Father Theophilus, seeking money for a mission somewhere in China. Think of it -- China! A million miles away! Good heavens, why can't those fellows be content with a little church somewhere in the south of Spain, where the weather is good? -- or if they must travel, then perhaps, Mexico, or one of the colonies, But China! Bah! I don't understand them!

DUCHESS

If you would only read his letters, my Lord -- eight years he has been waiting there in Cadiz, waiting to go to the mission field. Can you imagine waiting eight whole years for something?

DUKE

I waited eight whole years for you, my dear.

DUCHESS

Be serious, my Lord! Father Kino has a dream.

DUKE

And he needs money to make his dreams come true. Ah, they all do. He wants you to be his treasure chest at the end of the rainbow.

DUCHESS

Well -- actually he wants you to be.

DUKE

Aha! Kino is more clever than I thought.

DUCHESS

It is not money that he needs now. It is influence.

DUKE

Influence for what?

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DUCHESS

(Coaxingly.)

My Lord, how much trouble would it be, after all? -- a word to His Majesty -- the King might mention it to the Cardinal, the Cardinal to the Archbishop --

DUKE

What's this? A noble of the realm meddling in church affairs? Why, even the King knows better than to do that! -- at least, he should! See here, my dear, these Black Robes are a rather independent lot -- they handle their own affairs! -- what is it he wants?

DUCHESS

(A shrug.)

A tiny favor, really. He wants to be sent to China.

DUKE

The fellow is mad! Anyway, if the Bishop wants Kino in China, he'll send him.

DUCHESS

Unfortunately, Kino has already been assigned to Mexico.

DUKE

Well, then. How can I -- ?

DUCHESS

He was assigned two years ago -- he left for Mexico -- the ship was wrecked on the first day out, and Father Kino barely escaped with his life. Now for two years he has been waiting in Cadiz for another ship.

DUKE

(Smiling.)

Maria, my dear, my task at court is diplomacy, trying to please various people in authority. Imagine how this would appear to the Cardinal -- the King, suddenly suggesting a certain obscure Jesuit be sent to China, after being assigned to Mexico two years ago --

DUCHESS

(Rising slowly, and again in deep earnest.)

My Lord, Father Kino is no ordinary man. He speaks in words of flame! His letters -- oh, I do not have words to tell you!

DUKE

What does he write about?

DUCHESS

About the glories of the universe! At one moment he is quiet and humble. Then again he is like a great hungry giant, waiting for a chance to explore the world.

DUKE

He had better leave the exploration to the Royal Navigators.

DUCHESS

He hardly ever speaks of himself, only of his work. But once he told me about an illness -- years ago when he was a student in Germany -- how in his sickness and misery he prayed to his patron saint, San Francisco Xavier. He made a vow that if his life could be spared, he would go to China and devote himself to the service of God in that dark land.

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DUKE

But why China?

DUCHESS

His patron saint, San Francisco Xavier, gave his life there -- on an island facing China.

DUKE

So that's it!

(Shaking his head.)

China!

DUCHESS

Remember, my Lord, Kino is different. He has a burning ambition to learn and discover, to open up the unknown.

DUKE

A very commendable ambition, my dear. I'm not opposed to it. A man should be allowed to do what he wants to do. But after all, this is a matter for the church. Why, His Majesty would think me

madder even than Kino -- the Duke of Arcos suggesting that a certain priest have his order changed and be send to China. "Do you know the man?" "No, Your Majesty, I've never ever seen him!" Ha!  
(Taking her hand.)

Maria, these are desperate times. This is 1680, and the French are yearning for a chance to push farther into the New World. Only last month a stern message from Louis Fourteenth --

DUCHESS

(Eagerly.)

But my Lord, what could be better for Spain than to have the Spanish church carry civilization into the remote corners of the world? You must show His Majesty that here is a man who will not only receive people in baptism, but also plant the flag of Spain over their heads!

DUKE

(Delighted.)

I shall tell His Majesty that when I die, my Duchess will be ready to take my place on his confidential council -- and no doubt will do a better job than I!

DUCHESS

You are making fun of me.

DUKE

(Consolingly.)

Alma mia! Forgive me. You are so obstinate -- and so beautiful. Ah, well!  
-- use your fortune as you wish, my Lady. Go on helping the church, by all means, if it pleases you to do so. You had great fun building the mission in Guatemala, the one in Mexico, the one in the Philippines --

(Earnestly.)

But forgive me if I refuse this one request. I simply cannot meddle in church affairs.

DUCHESS

(Smiling.)

My Lord, would you be embarrassed if I wrote to the Bishop?

(He looks at her a moment, then smiles broadly.)

DUKE

If it will make you happy.

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DUCHESS

My Lord, it will. And it will make Father Kino happy! I must tell him!

(She waives to someone off left).

DUKE

Tell him? You mean he is here? You have met this man?

DUCHESS

He is among our guests tonight.

DUKE

(Taking a deep breath and studying her with a smile.)

Yes -- His Majesty could use you at court, Maria! You knew all the time that I would allow you to write the Bishop, in return for refusing to see the King --

DUCHESS

I hoped you would, my Lord!

(Kino enters from the left, a man of thirty-five, rather slender and scholarly, but with an impression of wiry stamina in his graceful movements. He wears the black robe of a Jesuit, and he stops momentarily to bow.)

My Lord, Father Eusebio Kino.

(As KINO rises from his bow, the DUKE bows)

DUKE

Will you join us, please?

KINO

(Coming to them and bowing to the DUCHESS.)

Thank you, Your Grace.

DUKE

I have good news, Father. I am now free to address a letter to the Bishop.

KINO

(Taking a deep breath.)

I am deeply grateful to Your Graces, but I trust that his trivial matter will not cause any embarrassment.

DUKE

My lady assures me that this is no trivial matter, Father.

KINO

Her Grace has been wonderfully kind.

(To the DUCHESS)

I pray that the Duquesa will find deep satisfaction in knowing that hosts of unfortunate people the world over are hearing for the first time the great message of the Holy Church, all because of your generosity and devotion.

DUCHESS

Thank you, Father.



DUKE  
Father Kino, you have chosen to go to China. Do you feel that the need there is greater?

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KINO  
How can one measure the need, Your Grace? Perhaps there is more need even here in Madrid.

DUKE  
Then possibly you feel you are more suited for China?

KINO  
The man who finds the precise spot in the world where he is needed -- whether he be a priest or a blacksmith -- that man will find peace. I cannot say that I am more suited for China.

DUKE  
But you seem determined to go there.

KINO  
Your Grace, it is my manda. Years ago I took a solemn vow.  
(A slight shrug.)  
How can I accept an appointment now to Mexico, and be happy with it? If I am to remain faithful to my manda, I must go to China!

DUKE  
Father Kino, if someone were to find you a spot here in Madrid -- I mean, if the church saw fit to provide a challenging future for you here -- would you be able to find peace of mind here in Spain?

KINO  
Your Grace, in the Kingdom of God there are both saddle horses and work horses. Put a work horse to the saddle and one has a bumpy ride. Such a horse would do better hitched to a plow in the distant fields.

DUKE  
(With a smile.)  
Forgive me, Father, you do not look like a plow horse.

KINO  
(Earnestly.)  
Your Grace, I have learned to chart a course by the compass, and from that to make a map of an area. I know how to plant twenty-one crops, and when and how to harvest them. I can fit shoes onto a horse; I know weaving and spinning. I was also a carpenter.

DUKE  
But are these the tasks of the Church, Father?

KINO

What is the work of the Church, Your Grace? How can I teach a heathen to kneel and pray before the image of the ever-glorious Virgin, when that man is hungry? I must teach him first to plant grain and make bread, to shelter himself with a house, to spin cloth and weave himself a garment. If our task were to preach the Word alone, I could stay here in Madrid, or Paris or Stuttgart. But there is more than the Word itself, Your Grace. There is a way of life. Before we can ring the church bell, we must hitch the plow, and push through the rich soil far out into the sunset, out where the harvest is not power, or position, but the soul of mankind.

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DUKE

(Studying KINO closely.)

Father Kino, our guests will be returning any moment from their refreshments, and our talk will continue. Come with me to the library. Let us speak further, I should like to hear more.

KINO

Forgive me, Your Grace. I have stayed too long. I am taking you from your friends. I shall be happy to go now.

DUKE

Go? Nonsense!

(To the DUCHESS.)

My lady will excuse us? I must hear more of this. Tomorrow morning I will be in council with the King --

(The DUCHESS reacts with a pleased smile. KINO and the DUKE bow, and she curtseys, then the two men go out at left. She is gazing after them as the music begins once more and the guests return from the right. The dance begins once more with the couples entering the dance as they come in. The sequence is very brief, and as a couple come to the DUCHESS and bow, she smiles and nods, then still gazing toward the left thoughtfully, she goes out. The lights dim down with the dance moving gracefully along. The music rises in a crescendo for a moment, then concludes.)

## SCENE 2

(The lights rise again on an area down right showing the interior of a small study in an old Spanish building. Peering through telescope is Father SALVATIERRA, burly and strong, about thirty. At a table is Father KERSCHPAMER, a corpulent, genial fellow now is poring over notes and papers, holding in his hand a goose quill pen.)

KERSCHPAMER

Ach! Kino gazes in dot contraption for weeks -- now you are gazing in it too!  
-- yet right out der venndow iss der comet, plain as der nose on der face!  
Vy you don' troo de veendow look?

SALVATIERRA

(Turning away from the telescope thoughtfully.)

I am afraid, Kerschpamer -- afraid.

KERSCHPAMER

Vot kind of efil?

SALVATIERRA

Who knows? -- drought, hunger, storms, earthquakes, famine --

KERSCHPAMER

(Going to gaze through the telescope.)

You see all dot in der contraption? Hmmm!

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SALVATIERRA

However -- perhaps Kino is right. The comet must signify good, since it was made by God and planted there in the heavens.

KERSCHPAMER

Mabbe it go away soon. Yah, we trust in Gott und der miserable teeng go away.

SALVATIERRA

Well, I promised Kino to watch the comet while he went to Madrid. Sit down there and write what I tell you.

KERSCHPAMER

(Sitting wearily and taking up the quill.)

But dese vords -- dey make no sense!

SALVATIERRA

(At the telescope.)

Having traversed the constellations of Sagittarius, Antinous, and Delphinus, it now passing by Pegasus, where it was yesterday afternoon, at night being at six degrees --

KERSCHPAMER

(Writing vigorously.)

Sagit -- Delphinum -- Peg -- Peg vot iss all dot?

SALVATIERRA

-- and in the breast of the constellation of Pegasus with -- sixty degrees of length for its tail, and with -- three hundred twenty-eight degrees of right declination from the equator.

(KINO has entered from the right and stands smiling at KERSCHPAMER.)

KERSCHPAMER

-- right de -- cli -- na -- tion ....

(Tossing down the quill.)

Annh! Bah! Dot telescope contraption -- humph! You look in it too much!

Now ve forget der comet, eh? Too much time mit der mattematics!

(Seeing KINO.)

Ah, Eusebio! You are back!

SALVATIERRA

(Rising to embrace KINO.)

Eusebio! Welcome back to Cadiz!

KERSCHPAMER

He look like der fat raven! He has been dined and entertained by royalty!

SALVATIERRA

And how is the great, beautiful, sinful city of Madrid?

KINO

The same as Cadiz -- and Rome -- and Barcelona -- great, beautiful, and sinful. And how are you, Juan? Antonio?

SALVATIERRA

Lazy and bored to death! Will we ever leave here, Eusebio, or do we spend the rest of our lives teaching in this college?

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KINO

(Smiling happily.)

We will leave here, my gallant friend! As Don Quixote said, we will take pulpit in and go through the world preaching fine sermons! We will write books and dedicate them to princes!

KERSCHPAMER

I vill rite no books on der comet! Never!

SALVATIERRA

Leave that to Kino. He will write a hundred!

KINO

Ah, the journey was exceedingly worthwhile!

SALVATIERRA

What happened?

KINO

What happened? That most magnanimous of all women, La Duquesa de Aveiro, Arcos, y Macqueda, has implored her worthy husband, the Duke, to implore His Majesty the King, to implore His

Eminence the Cardinal, to implore the good Bishop, to send Father Eusebio Francisco Kino and Father Juan Maria Salvatierra to the mission field far away in the grand kingdom of China!

SALVATIERRA

Heaven be praised! No, you are joking!

KERSCHPAMER

He makes der beeg, fine, fat joke! Now ve forge der Duke, der Keeng, der Cardinal, de Beeshop, and ve go to vespers, yah? Soon is veel be sunset.

KINO

But it is true! His Grace will speak to His Majesty! You'll see! You'll see!

KERSCHPAMER

I vait until I see, it Yah! Der Keeng! Humph! I don' like eet, Eusebio!

(Shaking his head.)

No goot!

KINO

Why not, Kerschpamer?

KERSCHPAMER

Politics! Bah!

KINO

But a churchman must also be a politician!

KERSCHPAMER

No politics in der keengdom of Gott, Eusebio! You make der mistake, yah. I teenk so! You come to vespers now und pray!

SALVATIERRA

(Thoughtfully.)

Kerschpamer is probably right. We are too eager. Perhaps it was a mistake.

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KINO

(Intensely.)

No -- no? Somewhere off there in the East, beyond the continent of Europe, lies the Orient. There my patron saint gave his life trying to establish missions. For fifteen years I have been studying and preparing. Millions of people there waiting to listen -- I want to speak to them! I must go to China!

SALVATIERRA

(A shrug.)

But you have been assigned to Mexico -- both of us have.

KINO

(Clenching his hands as he gazes off.)

Then I shall go to China by way of Mexico! I shall travel west instead of east! I will leave the sunrise and begin looking toward the sunset! A man cannot spend his life in this world doing nothing! The land is waiting, the sea is waiting -- and my heart is on fire! I must go -- I must!

(The chorus is heard singing a chant.)

KERSCHPAMER

(Quietly.)

See, it iss de twilight hours. Come now, ve go to vespers.

(KINO stands gazing into the distance, and the other two stand watching him momentarily as the lights go down and the music broadens into the original theme of search and fulfillment.)

### SCENE 3

(As the music gradually fades down, the lights rise on the center to reveal the interior of the study of Pardo in the Cathedral in Mexico City, an impression of heavy beams and rafters, of plaster and crucifixes and stained windows, and with heavy chairs and a table down center. The year is 1682, and it is spring once more. In the background up center is a line of arches, a kind of cloister leading off toward up left. At the table down center is the black-robed Provincial, Father PARDO, an elderly man with a twinkling eye and a friendly smile. Pacing up and own the brick floor, impatient and flustered, is SIGUENZA, a Spanish scholar and gentleman, a man of about forty, touchy and talkative.)

SIGUENZA

Preposterous, Reverend Father, preposterous! Who is this upstart Kino that he should dare challenge me? After all, I am Siguenza, doctor of mathematics at the Royal University! All Mexico know my name!

PARDO

My dear senor, surely Father Kino meant no offense.

SIGUENZA

Bah! He is deliberately trying to make a fool of me! What does he know about astronomy? Why should he publish a book on the comet? As professor of mathematics at the Royal University it is my duty to interpret such phenomena for the people!

(Irrked.)

This noisy crow arrives from Spain, and what doe he do? -- he attacks my book! Blood of the saints, we saw the comet here too! He speaks of our dull wits and our bumbling methods, referring to native citizens of Mexico as though scholarship could be of no value unless it comes from Europe! Body of my father!

(Facing.)

Think that I befriended him! -- took him into my house, mind you! Lent him my books and maps! -- He returned my maps all dog-eared -- my precious maps! It is an outrage! And now this! -- attacking my book! The man has no gratitude! A barbarian!

PARDO

Perhaps he was not referring to you at all, senior. Perhaps he was writing objectively.

SIGUENZA

Objectively? Impossible? He knows I dedicated my book to the wife of the Viceroy, the Condesa de Paredes -- and what does he do? dedicate his book to her husband, the Viceroy himself! An insult, Reverend Father, a direct insult! He means to destroy my reputation with the worthy Condesa!

PARDO

But is it not proper that a newcomer should dedicated his first book always to the Viceroy?

SIGUENZA

Ah, but he knows what I have been addressing my works to the Duquesa! He is deliberately trying to discredit me in the eyes of that lady! How would Kino like to be called a dull wit in the presence of the Duchess of Arcos, back in Madrid! Ah, how would he like that!

(Pacing proudly.)

What if I should dedicate a book to the Duke of Arcos, and state in that book that Kino is dull-witted -- how would Kino like that? You see? Besides, it is not proper for this prancing donkey to come to Mexico and challenge a professor in the Royal University!

PARDO

It was my impression. Senior Professor, that Kino was most capable. I am told that he is one of the great scholars of Europe.

SIGUENZA

Scholar? Madre de Dios! What does he know of Latin, of history, of logic? I can pick his arguments to pieces! Scholar! All he does is flatter the Condesa in my book, but that is far different. Beside, Kino's calculations on the comet are completely wrong! I demand that he be made to apologize -- publicly!

PARDO

But if we find that no insult was intended, how can we demand that he apologize?

SIGUENZA

I have a duty to the spirit of learning, Reverend Father! I am honor bound to expose such charlatans and mountebanks! He used an antique telescope, and his calculations were incorrect!

PARDO

If you can prove that, then I would agree that he should apologize.

SIGUENZA

I shall publish another book, and I shall destroy this chattering parakeet! I shall make a fool of him! After all, I took care of De La Torre, and I can do the same with Kino!

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PARDO

I pray you to remember, senor, that your purpose is the advancement of learning, not the destruction of Kino.

SIGUENZA

Oh, of course! Certainly, Reverend Father, Certainly!

(Proudly.)

Siguenza is a scholar above everything! Indeed, I am thinking not of myself, but of knowledge and learning.

(There is a knock at the door. A page steps in from the left and bows. The VICEROY comes in, hurried and business-like followed by two attendants. PARDO rises and give a slight bow. SIGUENZA, meanwhile, bows very low.)

SIGUENZA

Your most gracious Excellency!

PARDO

The Viceroy does my humble study a great honor.

(PAREDES, a handsome grandee of about forty-five, comes to the center and goes back of the table.)

PAREDES

Am I interrupting an important conference?

SIGUENZA

I was just leaving, Your Excellency.

(Bowing again.)

I pray you, mi Conde, convey my deepest regards to the gracious Condesa!

(He bows to PARDO, who moves his hand in blessing, then he back out at left. The VICEROY removes his gloves hastily and sprawls into a chair.)

PAREDES

(Glancing after SIGUENZA.)

Confounded bore! What is bothering him now?

PARDO

Kino's book.

(A sigh.)

I presume that it really was ill-timed.



PAREDES  
Oh, rubbish!  
(Turning.)

Reverend Father, I would have asked you to call at the palace, but I happened to be passing this way -

PARDO  
I am honored, Your Excellency.

PAREDES  
I'll come to the point. It concerns the expedition to California.

PARDO  
Ah, yes.

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PAREDES  
I have word that Atondo is finally making progress. As you know, he is building his ships at the port of Nio, on the west coast, and I now have a letter that he will be ready to sail by spring.

PARDO  
Splendid! We have waited a long time.

PAREDES  
Now, Reverend Father, do you have the Jesuits to accompany Atondo?

PARDO  
Within a day or so, Your Excellency. Father Goni was chosen by Atondo himself, and he is already at Nio.

PAREDES  
And the other?

PARDO  
Your Excellency, I have been thinking --

PAREDES  
The expedition needs a mapmaker and astronomer.

PARDO  
Precisely, Your Excellency. I have been considering Father Kino.

PAREDES  
Ah, yes -- I was hoping you would select Kino.  
(Smiling to himself.)

That book on the comet -- very well written! Rascal compliments me on every page! Hmm -- well written!

PARDO

Unfortunately the Senor Siguenza does not think so.

PAREDES

Siguenza talks to much -- a typical scholar, preaching all the time! By all means send Kino, and I would like to have him join the expedition at once.

(The VICEROY rises, and PARDO gets up at once.)

PARDO

Immediately, Your Excellency, I shall be relieved to get him off my hands!

PAREDES

How is that?

PARDO

My precious Jesuits are so intense! They are like a hive of bees, and Kino has the loudest buzz of all! Unless I find him something to do, he will start a war here in Mexico City. During the few months since he arrived, he has made more friends and more enemies than any man I ever saw.

PAREDES

I would not give two pesos for a man who has no enemies.

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PARDO

(A shrug.)

There is much in what you say. In any event, I believe Kino has qualities of greatness. An sometimes it frightens me. It will be a problem to see that his fine talents are properly directed.

PAREDES

He has quite a reputation as a mapmaker. Let him spend some of that energy on the Indians of California. He will have his hands full as Royal Cosmographer for the expedition. I suggest that you get him started at once. Let me know as soon as he leaves.

PARDO

I shall send word to the Palace, your Excellency.

(The VICEROY bows and receives a parting blessing.)

PAREDES

(Hurrying out, followed by the two attendants.)

Good day, Reverend Father.

PARDO

Vaya con Dios, my son.

(As he stands gazing after the VICEROY there is a sound of a religious chant. Upstage, passing through the arches and out of sight up left goes a procession of priests bareheaded and in black cassocks. PARDO watches a moment as the choir passes. KINO appears after the procession has passed, and comes down center. The singing dies out.)

KINO

Father Baltazar was here?

PARDO

Early this morning, my son. Just now I have entertained Senor Siguenza. What have you done to Siguenza?

KINO

Siguenza? Why, he is my good friend, Reverend Father.

PARDO

Ah? Well, never mind that now. About your appointment --

KINO

(Eagerly.)

Yes! I was saying to Father Salvatierra just now as we left our prayers -- I said Father Baltazar should take me with him back to the Philippines. It is better that I should to than Kerschpamer, because he is a poor sailor. He was ill all the way over from Spain.

(Clasping his hands.)

So many of our group have been sent to the Orient. Surely I will be sent also. Three to the Mariana Islands: Boranga, Tilpe, Strobach. We were good friends, Strobach and I. And De Angelis and Cueulinus. Of course Mancker and Klein in the Philippines could use me. And Gerstl -- in the grand kingdom of China. Gerstl and I were close friends all though our student days. I said to myself that Gerstl and I could do great things together!

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PARDO

(Seriously.)

My son, do not be disappointed when I tell you that -- you cannot go to the Orient -- at least, not now.

KINO

(Crestfallen.)

You mean -- I must keep waiting? But Reverend Father, nearly ten years I waited in Spain -- and now -- !

PARDO

At least you will not have to sit here in Mexico City and drag through the routine of your classes day after day.

KINO

Have I seemed careless again, Reverend Father?

PARDO

The others tell me that very often you seem -- distracted.

(Smiling.)

Do not misunderstand, my son. I know how restless you are. You said yourself that you came from prayers just now dreaming of China. Were you dreaming of China during your prayers?

(KINO glances away and sinks to the arms of a chair.)

Remember, my son, I do understand. But some day there will be others who will not. You must pay attention to people -- give each man his due. Let your superiors know that you honor them. When you are dealing with men who know less than you do, do not be impatient with their stupidity. Be very careful of creating an impression of kindness. You can go a long way, my son, farther than any other man in Mexico.

(As KINO turns to him.)

Now -- two years ago an admiral of the Royal Navy, named Atondo, was authorized by the Viceroy to arrange an expedition to California. Admiral Atondo is now at the port of Nio on the west coast, finishing his ships and laying in supplies. He has selected Father Matias Goni as one of the priests to accompany the expedition. The Viceroy and I have chosen you as the other --

KINO

(Surprised.)

California!

PARDO

You and Father Goni will minister to the natives there. In addition, because of your study and experience, you are to be Royal Cosmographer for the expedition -- that is, you will act as astronomer, surveyor, and mapmaker.

KINO

(Mildly interested.)

You will want maps of the whole region?

PARDO

Yes. It is a large piece of work.

(Touching his fingertips together.)

Perhaps you will find in California something more interesting than you ever dreamed of finding in China.

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KINO

(Trying not be casual.)

I hear that there is good pearl fishing in those waters.

PARDO

Admiral Atondo has been instructed to look for pearl beds. But there is something more. I have never said this to anyone else, but I have a theory -- I am no astronomer, you understand, and I know very little about geography --

(Opening his palms with a shrug.)  
-- well, the fact is that I believe that California is not an island.

KINO  
(More interest.)  
You mean -- part of the continent?

PARDO  
(Leaning forward intently.)  
Directly west of Mexico, across a stretch of water, lies the coast of California. I was there only once, and therefore I have nothing to bear me out except my own instincts -- and you know how false they can be sometimes -- but I had a distinct feeling that over the mountains to the west there lay a great body of water.

KINO  
Quite right, Reverend Father -- the Pacific Ocean.

PARDO  
Precisely. And I also had the feeling that by following north along the mountain range, one might come to the main continent.

KINO  
You believe that California is a peninsula.

PARDO  
Why not? We have never proven it to be an island. We merely assume that it is. You may be the first man to discover that California is a peninsula.

KINO  
Is that the real purpose of the expeditions?

PARDO  
Not exactly. You will keep notes on all you do, and make maps of your explorations. Admiral Atondo is a thousand miles northwest of here on the coast at Nio, so I suggest that you start the day after tomorrow. We will furnish horses, and you will also draw on the Royal Treasury for whatever personal equipment you need. Make a list, and bring it to me tomorrow morning. There is no time to lose, because Admiral Atondo will be ready to sail within a month.

KINO  
Then the real purpose of my going is to make maps?

PARDO  
My son, the Viceroy wishes to know whether or not we can establish a Spanish colony in California. You will make maps, of course, learn the language, study the natives, and try to set up a mission. If we can establish a permanent mission, we will have done our part. The responsibility rests on you and Father Goni.

KINO

Forgive me, Reverend Father -- there are a number of competent men in Mexico City who can make maps -- and Father Goni can surely fulfill the spiritual requirements which you mentioned.

PARDO

What is it my son?

KINO

Father, why has China been denied to me?

PARDO

I can give you no reason exactly. When this expedition is finished -- when you are back --

(Reflecting.)

God moves in mysterious ways, Eusebio. Something keeps telling me that your many talents are needed here, at least for the moment. There is more to this northwest than you might think -- a whole kingdom of mountains and desert. The Spanish colonial empire is vitally important to His Majesty, and therefore it is important to us. Perhaps the church can change this savage population into civilized towns and villages. Your talents seem peculiarly fitted for such work.

(Noting KINO'S deep thought.)

What are you thinking, my son?

KINO

(A faint smile.)

The same thing, Reverend Father. When I was in Europe, I always thought of China as being toward the east. Now, out of that window, it is in the sunset, across the Pacific.

PARDO

Remember, my son, that sometimes a man can look too hard at the sunset.

KINO

How do you mean, Reverend Father?

PARDO

The sun can blind a man, so oftentimes he cannot see what lies between him and the sunset.

(The music rises and the lights go down quickly with the two men facing each other. The lights now rise on the side aisles under the balconies, showing a procession on either side moving toward the center stage. The music after the closing chords on KINO, has modulated into a stately military movement to usher the processional to the stage.)

SCENE 4

EPISODE A

(The marchers consist of the soldiers and civilians of the Atondo expedition, in various dress, with Atondo leading the group, while on the other side a standard bearer leads a group of the same. The banner on one side has the image of Our Lady of Remedios and the other the royal coat of arms. As the two columns meet on the stage before the curtains, the music stops. ATONDO raise his sword. An officer steps out, and as the music dies out except for a soft drum roll, he unfolds the scroll. The drum stops and the man speaks.)

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READER

Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! Long live Carlos Segundo, Monarch of the Spains, our King and Lord! Be it hereby known to all people that the Admiral of the Realm, His Excellency Don Isidro Atondo y Antillon, in the name of His Majesty, King Carlos, doth hereby take possession of the province of the Most Holy Trinity of the Californias, now and forever! Long live Carols Segundo, Monarch of the Spains, Our King and Lord!

(As he finishes and folds the scroll once more, the men shout "Viva, Carlos Segundo!" three times. Meanwhile the curtain opens to show a palm grove with a sky background. Near the center is a crude ramada. KINO and GONI stand with hands clasped in prayer. Both are wearing black cassocks, black mantles and black hats. The men kneel and KINO blesses the throng.)

SCENE 4

EPISODE B

KINO

O Thou, who holdest in Thy hands the great dome of the sky, who made the earth the sea, Thou whose Almighty will shapes and directs the affairs of men, we give Thee most humble thanks and gratitude for a safe journey to California. Mindful of Thy holy blessings, we Thy servants now take possession so the Province of the Most Holy Trinity of the Californias, in the name of the Most Reverend Father Garabito, Bishop of Guadalajara and Bishop of California, whom all recognize as their legitimate pastor, and us as his lieutenants.

(Crossing the assemblage.)

In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.

(The men rise.)

ATONDO

(To the group in authoritative tones.)

In the name of King Carlos the Second, here on this spot shall be established the Mission of La Paz.  
(Nodding toward one man.)

You will see that a guard is posted around the area.

(To another.)

You will take five men and unload more supplies and provisions.

(To a third as the others go out.)

You will be in charge of building a temporary shelter.

(The men go to work at once. ATONDO turns to the two priests.)

Father Kino and Father Goni, this ramada will have to serve until we can build a church. As soon as we are established, I will led an expedition to explore the countryside. Father Kino, I shall expect you to accompany me on all expeditions, to make maps and to chart our course.

(Unrolling a map and calling KINO to help him examine it.)

According to my calculations, we land about here --

KINO

(Glancing carefully over the maps.)

Perhaps closed to this spot, Senor Admiral.

(Pointing off left and right.)

Note the curve of the bay, and the shapes of those mountains toward the West.

I think I will have to draw a new map, however.

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(As he speaks, a number of Indians, armed with bows and arrows, and clad in loin cloths, peer cautiously out of the undergrowth at right and upstage. GONI is busy with the ramada and does not see them. They step out of the bushes and move in wary curiosity around the area, advancing silently toward the three men.)

See here, for example. The course of this river must certainly be changed. It seems to flow toward the west, but in fact the mouth of the river is --

(He breaks off as he and ATONDO, turning to glance toward the right, see the Indians. ATONDO starts to draw his sword, but KINO restrains him.)

ATONDO

Let me attend to this, Father.

(Calling.)

Lieutenant! Come quickly!

(This cry seems to startle the Indians, and they back quickly up center, still peering in awe.)

KINO

Wait, please! Let us not offer them any violence!

ATONDO

Nonsense! They will murder us! I'll have my men fire a volley! --

KINO

Admiral! Please! Let me try to converse with them.



ATONDO

We cannot take such a chance!

KINO

Your men are close by. They will protect us. Let me try.

(KINO starts toward the Indians, holding out his hands. Immediately the Indians cry "Auric! Auric!" and gesture for the Spanish to leave. KINO stops, and from the pockets of his robe he draws out bits of colored ribbon, small knives, beads, ornaments, and kerchiefs, then also he takes out a handful of corn and offers all these to the Indians. They step back cautiously still muttering "Auric!" KINO lays the articles on the ground and steps back. The leader comes forward again and picks them up. KINO takes out more corn and puts some in his mouth and chews it, nodding to the Indians as he does so. The leader watches him, then he signals the others and they back away cautiously into the undergrowth. ATONDO hurries upstage and glances around, then turns to KINO with a shrug. The Lieutenant appears with several soldiers.)

ATONDO

This is not good. They will make trouble.

(Spying the Lieutenant.)

You were instructed to post a guard!

GONI

The men have been seasick, Admiral.

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ATONDO

(Disgustedly.)

Seasick!

KINO

Admiral Atondo, please give Father Goni and me a chance to make friends with them!

ATONDO

With these savages?

KINO

Take your men and move back -- fifty yards -- go ahead with your work.

ATONDO

(A shrug.)

Very well, we will try it one time, but it will do no good. Do not trust those heathen devils, Father!

(He goes out with the soldiers as the music rises softly, leaving KINO and GONI working in silence touching up the ramada. They note the Indians as they again creep out of the bushes to watch them. The Indians move close, this time in curiosity, with weapons dangling carelessly. The leader comes forward, and the priests turn. The leader hands

KINO a pile of what appears to be string. KINO unfolds it and finds a crude fish net about six feet square. He smiles, bows to the Indians, and then holds out more corn. The Indian puts some corn in this mouth and chews it, then hands some to the others. The Indians come closer, and one gives KINO a feather like those they are wearing, while a second Indian puts a feather in GONI'S hair. They continue to exchange gifts with the Indians, others crowd around. KINO indicates the crucifix, but the natives are busy chewing the corn and pay no attention, merely gazing blankly at the cross and walking around it to examine it casually. GONI shows them a small statue, and the Indians examine it with great curiosity, rubbing it with their finger tips. KINO crosses himself and urges the Indians to do likewise. They make clumsy efforts to imitate him, and he smiles and gives them more corn. The Indians seem pleased. Meanwhile ATONDO enters and stands surveying the situation. The Indians seeing him, back away cautiously, but KINO reassures them with nods and smiles, and at length ATONDO is exchanging corn for gifts. The music stops.)

KINO

They are friendly, mi senior! Give us a few days -- a week -- and we will be saying Mass, baptizing, teaching the catechism.

ATONDO

Very well, Father, but I shall not trust them myself. These savages will never to do anything but cause trouble.

KINO

Let us remember, mi Admiral, that they are children of God.

ATONDO

Children of the devil, more likely. Wait until you have seen more of them. Anyway whatever they are, the arm of Spain must be strong and firm. Our one purpose is to establish colonies in California and nothing must interfere with that.

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KINO

Do you intend to make California a place for Spaniards only?

ATONDO

Padre mio, you do not understand. These people can never be civilized.

KINO

(Gazing thoughtfully at the Indians.)

I wonder! Surely each one has an immortal soul. Since we are thinking of the future of Spain, Admiral, perhaps one day we can make these people citizens of the Spain.

ATONDO

Surely your are joking!

(KINO turns his level gaze on ATONDO, and the man shrugs.)

Very well. Do your work, Father.

(To the men entering.)

Let us build a shelter before sundown. Get those Indians to one side and build a large ramada up there.

(GONI is teaching the Indians to cross themselves, and now they are kneeling before the ramada. KINO is making signs to the leader that he wants water. This Indian finally understands and says "Aini!" He goes out and comes back with a hollow drinking vessel of water, handing it to KINO, who is about to drink.)

ATONDO

Father -- no! Do not drink that!

KINO

Why not?

ATONDO

It is probably poison! No doubt their arrows are tipped with poison! I tell you, they cannot be trusted!

(The Indian seems to understand. He takes the vessel and drinks from it then hands it to KINO. KINO drinks, then hands it to GONI, who also drinks.)

KINO

Very good water.

(The Indian nods and repeats "Aini, aini," at the same time pointing to a spot up center on the ground.)

If we dig here we will find water.

ATONDO

I doubt it, but we will try tomorrow.

(GONI is showing the Indians the image and a small crucifix, trying to explain with gestures what they are. ATONDO is directing his men in their work of setting up poles and collecting palm braches. He looks impatiently at the Indians

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and say "Auric! Auric!" and immediately the Indians drift off into the undergrowth. KINO has taken a small tool and comes down left. He opens his pouch and takes out paper, a quill, and an inkhorn, and sits down to write. At the same time the music rises softly, almost lyrically, to form a background as the voice of the HISTORIAN is heard on the public address system and lights dim down on the stage area, leaving KINO alone.)

SCENE 4

Episode 4

HISTORIAN

April fifth, sixteen eighty-three -- to her gracious Excellency, the duchess of Aveiro, Arcos y Macqueda -- Madrid -- My esteemed Lady: I write to you not from China, as I would have hoped, but from California, where we have come to establish a Spanish colony. Father Baltazar requested that I be sent to China, but at present it is the will of the Holy Church that I work here. The Indians of California are kindly people. When I look into their eyes, and sense the great need, I am deeply stirred by the vastness of our task. To those in charge of this expedition, however, these people are merely heathen savages interrupting the course of empire. We must be careful of this, because here in the western sunset, where the golden desert reaches far off under the blue sky, there is a great new realm to be added not only to Spain but also to the kingdom of God. Pray for us as we try to touch these people with the Word of God.

(As the lights fade on KINO, the singing of a chant is heard. As the curtain rises and the lights come up, three months have passed. The ramada is now trim and neat; GONI is kneeling at the altar praying. The Mass is over, and the people stand back of GONI singing the final hymn. GONI is in his black cassock, his vestments having been laid on the altar. KINO enters from down left with his leather case, hat, and walking stick, He watches momentarily, then GONI finishes his prayer and rises. The people gradually move away left and right. GONI spies KINO and comes down center with a smile.)

SCENE 4

Episode D

GONI

Ah, Eusebio, welcome back! How was the expedition over the mountains?

KINO

An excellent trip! Thirty miles today!

GONI

Eusebio, before the others come -- about that man Zavala, the cabin boy from the ship -- did you find him?

KINO

(Frowning.)

Zavala? No.

GONI

It has been two weeks now. You think the Indians have killed him?

KINO

(Firmly.)

If anything happened to him, it is his own fault! He was warned not to go among the Indians. He likes his wine too much -- the Indians do not understand such things.

GONI

No doubt he wandered off and became lost.

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KINO

If only I could make the Admiral believe that! He is very angry. I fear that he will do something rash.

(Looking at the Indians.)

You had a good congregation today!

GONI

The best in the three months since we've been here! We're making progress, Eusebio!

KINO

Back in Mexico City they will never believe what we have been able to do in three short months. I wish that Juan Salvatierra could be here to see it!

(He is interrupted by the sudden appearance of ATONDO and several of his men. They begin searching among the Indians, peering at each man, then ATONDO settles on one.)

ATONDO

There -- that one! Arrest him! Tie him to that tree!

KINO

(As the soldiers drag the Indian off at right.)

Admiral Atondo, what has happened?

(Agitated, and bewildered, the muttering Indians follow the soldiers off at right.)

Why are you doing this?

ATONDO

(Grimly to his men off right.)

Double the guard! They'll be back soon!

(Turning to Kino.)

No wonder we could not find Zavala! The Indians told me that he was kidnapped and killed by this very tribe here at La Paz!

KINO

Who told you that?

ATONDO

Indians from up the coast. I heard it just now -- they were waiting when we got back.

KINO

No! Don't you see, Admiral? Those Indians are enemies of our tribe here at La Paz. They have made trouble before because they are jealous. We must not believe them -- our tribe here is friendly!

ATONDO

Friendly? Excuse me, Father, let us not be foolish about these savages! They are killers!

KINO

Can we prove that they killed Zavala?

ATONDO

Zavala has been missing for two weeks. Surely you do not think he is still alive!

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KINO

But Admiral Atondo, that man you arrested is their chief! This will cause trouble.

ATONDO

(Impatient.)

Padre mio, they must be taught that we are in authority here! Three months now, and every time we try to explore the country we have trouble -- horses missing, men disappearing, supplies stolen -- I tell you these savages will ruin us! I intend to make an example here and now!

KINO

But you are destroying everything we have accomplished!

ATONDO

Father, let's not deceive ourselves --!

KINO

Precisely, Admiral! Let us act carefully. Let us give them a chance! We must be patient! This will undo all our work! We gave planted crops, we have begun the mission building --

(He is interrupted by the reappearance of the Indians from the left, heaving armed and grim. ATONDO backs up and waves for his men, several of whom hurry in from the right with their guns. Kino raises his hand and motions ATONDO back, then he approaches the Indians. The leader speaks to him in a strange tongue, then KINO turns to ATONDO.)

KINO

They demand their chief. They say he has done nothing wrong.

ATONDO

(Firmly.)

Tell them to return Zavala alive and we will return their chief!

(KINO speaks to the Indian. The man replies sharply.)

KINO

(To ATONDO.)

They know nothing of Zavala! They have not seen him!

ATONDO

Lying dogs! I'll show them.

KINO

Wait! Let us discuss this matter! Perhaps they can help us find Zavala. Let us sit down with them.

ATONDO

(Scornfully.)

With these savages?

(He surveys the situation momentarily, then slowly he folds his arms.)

(Darkly.)

Very well, Father. Have them sit down here -- in a circle.

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(KINO motions to the Indians to sit, not seeing ATONDO, who is motioning to his men to get ready. The Indians form in a semicircle and sit down grimly. KINO goes to the ramada and brings presents to the Indians, then goes back for more. At this moment ATONDO gives the signal to his men off right, and suddenly a volley of shots ring out. Several of the Indians crumple and fall over. The rest scramble to their feet and rush off left, as the Spaniards dash in from the right wielding knives and swords in pursuit. As the yelling and shouting continue, KINO is frantic.)

KINO

Stop! Stop! Admiral Atondo -- stop it! This is murder!

ATONDO

(Breaking away from KINO to wave his men on.)

After them! Kill them all!

KINO

(Horrified.)

Stop it! Stop it!

(ATONDO has gone up left to peer off into the distance. The yelling and confusion die down. KINO and GONI are leaning over the bodies looking for a sign of life as ATONDO turns back to them. KINO rises, trying to control his rage.)

KINO

(Bitterly.)

They were our friends! They trust us -- we trusted them!

ATONDO

Let us say you trusted them!

KINO

(Vehemently.)

Three months of hard work -- destroyed in a moment!

ATONDO

We accomplished nothing in three months!

KINO

Five of them have asked for baptism into the church! We have been teaching them to read and write in Spanish! They were to receive baptism!

ATONDO

(Stubbornly.)

They killed Zavala!

KINO

How do you know? Where is your proof?

(ATONDO momentarily embarrassed.)

(Passionately, as he surveys the bodies.)

These poor trusting souls! They came here today to listen to the word of God!  
Now they have been murdered, without the last sacrament!

(as GONI tries to restrain him.)

What beast we are -- marching in, taking their land -- !

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ATONDO

This is now Spanish territory!

KINO

Is that your excuse for murder?

ATONDO

(Controlling himself.)

Very well, Father. I cannot talk to you. I suggest that we get on with our work. We had orders to explore California.



KINO

We had orders also to bring the holy gospel of the Holy Church to California!

GONI

Never mind, Father. Let us do what Admiral Atondo says.

ATONDO

(Reflecting nervously.)

We had nothing but trouble with the Indians since we got here. I think we had better abandon this mission.

KINO

(Startled.)

Abandon it?

ATONDO

Perhaps further north we can do better. Perhaps the Indians will be more reasonable.

KINO

Not if they find out what happened here!

ATONDO

(Impatiently.)

Does it mean nothing to you that they killed several of our men?

KINO

(Quickly.)

Another tribe killed those men! Besides, our men have deliberately caused trouble! The Indians are primitive, simple minded, trusting! Our task is to be patient! -- not overbearing! The expedition is ruined!

GONI

Wait, Father!

ATONDO

(Angrily.)

Very well! Shall I get someone to take your place? After all, you are not Spanish! What we are doing is for the glory of Spain -- you're Italian!

KINO

(Quietly.)

This whole new world, Admiral Atondo, was discovered by an Italian -- for the Glory of Spain.

(As ATONDO draws himself up, KINO turns away, gazes at the ramada.)

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ATONDO

(Firmly.)

We will sail to Mexico for more supplies; then we will try farther up the coast.

(Going to the left and calling his men.)

Ho! Lieutenant! Assemble here!

(KINO stands with bowed head and GONI places his hand on KINO'S shoulder. A soldier enters from the left.)

Load the ships! Take everything. We will sail with the next tide!

(The men come hurrying in. As they begin picking up baggage and supplies. ATONDO looks at KINO, then turns to the men.)

Soldado, that Indian out there tied to the tree -- release him!

SOLDIER

He is dead, mi Admiral.

(As KINO and ATONDO exchange glances, an Indian boy and girl of about ten and twelve years respectively hurry in from the right and rush to KINO sobbing. They fall to their knees and clutch his robe.)

ATONDO

Who are these?

GONI

The children of the dead chief. They have received baptism. What shall we do with them?

ATONDO

(Angrily as he stalks out.)

Do what you like with them!

KINO

(Firmly.)

Then I shall take them with us!

GONI

(In awe.)

No, Father!

KINO

What else? They are orphans of the church!

(GONI shakes his head and turns to the ramada. KINO lifts the children to their feet and turns down left as they follow. He sits on the stool and the children kneel with their faces buried against his knees. KINO gazes into space momentarily.)

KINO

You cannot understand the language I speak, my children, but some day you will. You will learn from me. You will learn the story of the blessed San Francisco Xavier, and some day you will go with me to the far-away realm of China to work. Remember always that where there is greed and ignorance, you will find that life is a sad thing. But remember also that in the love of God there is beauty and

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strength to carry you far beyond the misery that men make for themselves. Your people have not died in vain today. I promise you, they have not died in vain! Some day, my poor children, your lives will become living proof that they did not die in vain!

(The music rises in a heavy mood as the lights go down. The orchestra is joined by the chorus, and the music continues for a few moments, then the voices cease and the orchestra goes on momentarily, merging suddenly into a primitive Indian dance rhythm.)

## SCENE 5

### Episode A

(The lights rise on the center stage to show on the left the partially completed front of a mission, while center and right are tropical landscape with a sky background. Up center is a high place where an Indian dancer is poised and waiting. Down right a group of Indians with drums and rattles are squatting in a semicircle. They take up the rhythm, and as the principal dancer leaps down from the high place, other dancers swarm in from both sides as the dance rises in a steady fast rhythm. The dance is a celebration of harvest but it has spirit and movement, gradually building to a climax and ending with a grand rush to the center. The dance ends here, and the Spanish, including ATONDO, KINO and GONI, and others, step forward and applaud politely. The dancers rise and hurry offstage, as other Indians come in bearing foodstuffs of various kinds, vegetables, handicrafts, and various gifts which they pile at the mission entrance at left. In a moment the choir is heard in a chant, and the Indians and Spanish go into the mission at left for Mass. KINO watches them go, and finally as GONI smiles and goes in, KINO turns and comes down to the stool at left. He takes out his writing materials, and as the music merges into the same pastoral, he writes and the voice of the HISTORIAN is heard.)

## SCENE 5

### Episode B

HISTORIAN

May eighteenth, sixteen eighty-five -- my dear Duchess: It is almost a year now since I wrote to you, and three years since we came back to California to attempt a settlement here at San Bruno. Now we

are undergoing a terrible drought. It is difficult to find drinking water. Our crops, for which we labored so hard, are ruined. Worst of all, our men are sick with scurvy, and only today, when the friendly Indians brought us food and held a great festival dance, only fifteen of our sixty-two men could stir themselves to watch it.

(As the voice continues and Kino writes, the Indian girl and boy enter to KINO and sit on the ground beside him to watch him write. He pauses to smile and then goes on writing.)

My poor, gentle Indians! They are desperate for fear we will abandon San Bruno. Today Admiral Atondo is calling a council to discuss the situation. Once again, my dear Duchess, I can send the dark shadow of failure.

(KINO rises to his feet and gaze into the distance.)

You inquired of my lifelong dream -- of going to China. Sometimes I think that these four years in California have been a testing ground for the day when I will go westward across the Pacific. Then again I feel a strange call to minister to these Indians here in New Spain. I watch the sun in the palm tree, I listen to

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my children signing the hymns of the church, and I see how very great is the need here. Perhaps through them God is speaking to me. But the way is not clear. In my dreams I see the mist rising over the great distant empire of China.

(The lights come upon on the center stage, back of KINO, revealing ATONDO and others gathered in front of the mission. Several lean wearily against the wall of the structure. One drags slowly across from the right and drops on a bench exhausted. Others make marks on the ground with sticks, as is waiting. ATONDO enters from the right and crosses. KINO rises and goes up to join the group, followed by the children.)

## SCENE 5

### Episode C

ATONDO

Caballeros, you know our situation. -- no water -- very little food left. It seems hopeless. Now, speak -- what do you say? How can we maintain the mission here at San Bruno?

GUZMAN

(A grizzled ship captain.)

Maintain it? I say let's abandon California.

KINO

The Viceroy does not wish the California mission abandoned, Captain Guzman!

GUZMAN

Why not? What's it good for? If the Viceroy could see it, he would not be quite so eager to keep it!

KINO

The only way to maintain the mission is to grow crops and make San Bruno support itself. And that takes time! Except for the water supply, we are making progress. For three years we have prospered. That is a good start.

LASCANO

(A lean, cynical version of GUZMAN.)

A good start toward being wiped out, I'd say! I vote to get out of here!

ATONDO

Shall we try another spot farther up the coast?

GUZMAN

My men are sick! First get back to the mainland! After that we can talk about a new expedition!

LASCANO

We need more supplies, more men, more horses and mules.

ATONDO

That is impossible! The Viceroy will not consider any further expense!

LASCANO

Then give it up!

KINO

After three years? But this drought is only temporary!

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ATONDO

Nevertheless, it is clear that we cannot exist here any longer. But our work is not finished - we had orders from the Viceroy to locate pearl beds. So far we have made no real expeditions for pearls -- we have nothing to report to the Viceroy.

KINO

We can report that more than a dozen natives have been received in the church, that we have grown crops, built houses, started a mission --

GUZMAN

Pearls! Father, pearls! Spain does not want Christians -- she wants pearls! That's what keeps the world turning!

LASCANO

(Impatient.)

Pearls! Crops! Missions! Hahn! Our men are dying, and you speak of pearls.

GUZMAN

Tell the Viceroy the whole cost of California is good for pearl fishing. That's enough!

ATONDO

Forty-one of our men are disabled. We have horses and mules to transport. How can we get them back to the mainland?

GUZMAN

Put the sick men on my ship. Let Lascano take the livestock and the rest of the men.

LASCANO

Idiots! How can I take a load like that?

ATONDO

Is everyone agreed, then, that we abandon San Bruno?

KINO

No!

(He faces the group defiantly.)

Once we abandon San Bruno, we'll never return.

GUZMAN

Who wants to return?

KINO

But we have no right to leave the Indians like this! Give a starving man a morsel of food, and then snatch it away? -- it's wrong!

LASCANO

(Bitterly.)

How do you expect us to exist here, Father?

KINO

Perhaps one vessel could explore farther north for a new location. Let the other vessel take the sick men back to the mainland of Mexico. But we must not even think of abandoning San Bruno! We had good crops last year, and the year before. We can live in California -- we have proven that! I suggest we dig again for water, closer to the beach -- something -- anything -- but we must not abandon San Bruno!

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LASCANO

Why are you so desperate to hang onto this miserable place, Father?

KINO

For two very good reasons. First of all, we cannot keep running away. We have a responsibility to the Viceroy, to the Spanish government! -- we have responsibility to the Holy Church and to these Indians!

GUZMAN

(With sarcasm.)

Indians! Blessed Mary!

KINO

We represent civilization, the Spanish empire, the Kingdom of God! If we continue to wander up and down the coast of California, giving up mission after mission, how can we symbolize anything but weakness and defeat?

LASCANO

(Hotly.)

Here is a priest who will allow forty men to die, in order to receive a few filthy Indians into the Holy Church! May the saints protect us!

GUZMAN

Father Kino wishes to make a fine record in California -- perhaps he is hoping to become a bishop.

KINO

May heaven forgive you, Captain!

LASCANO

I have heard that Father Kino wished to go to China. If he performs great miracles here in California, then perhaps --

GONI

I pray you, Captains, let us not quarrel! These are vicious things to say!

ATONDO

Father Kino, you said there were two reasons why we should stay here. The first was our responsibility to the government and the church. What is the second reason?

KINO

(Showing an object wrapped in cloth.)

This.

LASCANO

What is it?

KINO

(Unwrapping the object.)

The blue abalone shell.

GUZMAN  
Abalone shell? What is he talking about?

ATONDO  
(Impatiently.)  
On our last expedition over the mountains a bank of natives showed us some shells.

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LASCANO  
Seashells!  
(As he examines the shell, he shrugs.)  
I've never seen one like it. But what does this have to do with us?

KINO  
These shells, my dear captain, are found only one place in the world, far north of here on the west coast of California. The natives must have picked up these shells on the shore of the Pacific. How do you think the natives got there?

LASCANO  
How should I know? By water, I suppose.

KINO  
They have no ships, only a few light boats hallowed from trees. No, senor -- they reached the Pacific by land!

LASCANO  
Impossible! California is an island!

KINO  
These shells prove otherwise, captain. And that is my second reason for staying here -- to find a trail overland to Mexico, so that the colonies here can be supplied quickly and easily. California is not an island -- it is a peninsula!

GUZMAN  
Father Eusebio, I, Guzman, have sailed these waters for nearly twenty years. I have dropped anchor on the west coast of California. I have dropped anchor here on the east coast. I know what I am saying -- California is an island!

KINO  
Senor Captain, you are wrong!

LASCANO  
(Aroused.)  
Father, do your presume to tell us, who have sailed these waters?



KINO

(Sharply.)

Have you ever sailed around California?

(the two men glance at each other and shrug hopelessly.)

LASCANO

(Turning to ATONDO.)

This is no time to argue geography with a landsman. Which will it be, mi admiral? Do you take our word, or the word of a priest?

ATONDO

(Grimly.)

We will sail back to the mainland of Mexico.

KINO

Admiral Atondo, please!

ATONDO

If we can persuade the Viceroy to furnish more money, perhaps we can come back and look for pearl beds. As for a settlement in California, it is obviously impossible.

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Furthermore, I believe that California is an island. We will load the ships at once. Captain Lascano, you will take the livestock in your vessel.

LASCANO

(With a shrug.)

Admiral, please! -- I am not sailing a man-of-war! There is not enough room!

ATONDO

Then perhaps we shall have to leave the mules. Now let us get busy!

(The Indian girl busts into sobs, and the boy seized KINO'S sleeve and cries "No! No!"

KINO quiets them both, the a crowd of Indians hurries in and kneels around KINO, all crying "No! "Kino looks at ATONDO.)

GONI

For days they have been begging to go with us.

GUZMAN

Ridiculous!

KINO

They held their harvest dance today -- they brought us all the food they could find -- they even starved themselves to give it to us!

ATONDO  
I'm sorry, Father.

KINO  
(Bitterly.)  
What do you suggest that we do about them?

GUZMAN  
(Firmly.)  
Leave them here and forget the whole business?

KINO  
We must take them with us!

GUZMAN  
A ship load of Indians? The man is insane!

KINO  
Then I must remain here myself!

ATONDO  
(Irked.)  
I have given orders to abandon this place! You will do as I say! If you have any personal belongings, get them to Captain Guzman's ship at once!

KINO  
(Inflamed.)  
Personal belongings? -- when the whole future of California is at stake? As far as I am concerned, you may throw my personal belongings into the ocean! If we abandon San Bruno and go back to Mexico, these Indians must go with us!

GUZMAN  
Not on my ship!

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KINO  
They are children of the Holy Church! I will not take horses and mules to Mexico, and abandon human beings in this wilderness with no church, no priest and no hope of salvation!

LASCANO  
(Coldly.)  
Then stay here with them!

KINO  
(Grimly.)  
That I will, Captain! And may God have mercy on your soul!  
(He stalks to one side.)

LASCANO

(Shocked by KINO'S righteous indignation.)

How many do you have, Father?

GONI

Eleven have received baptism. Two more were due this month.

LASCANO

Eleven? Impossible! -- if we expect to take our own men!

GONI

Could you take -- two?

LASCANO

Two?

GONI

These two children have learned our language. They are orphans -- Francisca and Eusebio --

(To KINO)

What do you say, Father?

(KINO stands apart with his head bowed and says nothing.)

LASCANO

These two -- I can crowd them on board somehow.

GUZMAN

Then let's get busy, before someone changes our minds! Come, Lascano -- we will load your horses and mules!

(The two captains hurry out and other stragglers follow, leaving the two priests with ATONDO. The Indians, gazing sadly at KINO, turn and go out. KINO gazes at them, then turns quickly and bows his head. The boy and girl come close to him.)

ATONDO

You have seen fit once again to challenge my authority! In my official report I shall recommend that you be charged with insubordination!

GONI

(As ATONDO stalks out.)

Admiral, I beg of you -- !

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(Turning to KINO.)

You must speak to him, Eusebio! When his anger leaves him, we will speak to him together! A bad report and you might never get to China!

KINO

Never mind. Since the dawn of history, men have been making reports. No none ever reads them.

(Smiling weakly.)

But I pray you to forgive me, Mathias.

GONI

For what, Eusebio?

KINO

For setting an example of defeat -- for putting myself in a position of being slurred by stupid men.

GONI

The circumstance was unavoidable. You were right, but there was nothing you could do.

KINO

I have learned many lessons in California, Mathias. I see now that I have spent too much time pondering over the future, and too little time in performing the tasks of today. I have not done my work well.

GONI

But you have, Eusebio! Do not say that!

KINO

Father Pardo warned me once. Now I can see that he was right. I am too impatient.

GONI

When you return to Mexico City, you must ask to be sent to China.

KINO

It will do no good. They will look upon California as a failure. I shall be sent to some remote place in Sonora, perhaps among the Pimas. If I am, I shall not repeat the mistakes I made here.

GONI

How do you mean, Eusebio?

KINO

I shall build so well that no man can make a bad report.

(Putting an arm around each of the children.)

These children shall go with me, as a symbol of what I failed to do in California. If we must abandon the Mission of San Bruno, if we must leave California and let the work of three years go for nothing, then somehow, sometime, somewhere, I must show this boy and this girl a new kind of civilization. I will show them a Christian society where men work, and worship God, and live free under God's heaven!

GONI

(Shaking his head.)

I'm not sure that I understand you, padre mio.

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KINO

(Gazing into space.)

The bell and the plow, Mathias! -- the plow to furrow the land and bring civilization -- the mission bell to ring out the word of God! Our blessed Lord is not a god for white man alone -- for Spaniards, or Italians, or Frenchman, or Greeks! I will take the Gospel to these Indians as long as I can draw a breath, or plant one foot before the other to drag myself across the land! Today we have failed, but tomorrow we will triumph! You hear me, Mathias? -- somehow we will triumph because in God there can be no failures! The failure has been in me -- and I shall not fail again!

(The music rises in a great crescendo, and the lights go down.)

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## ACT II

(The orchestra and choral prelude is again majestic and sweeping, but with more restless tumult. At rise, the setting is the courtyard and cloister of the Mission of Dolores, in North Sonora. Arches upstage give a glimpse of the church beyond, and down center is a low fountain, with flowers and plants, and in the rear are crude benches. The palms and cactus give the impression of soft tropical balminess. As the music emerges into a lyrical quality and gradually fades out, the Indian girl FRANCISCA, now twenty-four and of very striking beauty, enters from the right and comes toward the fountain carrying a small earthen vase. She is singing softly to herself, and she sits on the edge of the fountains and arranges flower in the vase.)

Peering at her, then cautiously approaching from the right, is fat PEDRO, a Spanish cook. He intends to steal up unseen, but she spies him, and as he approaches she moves deftly to one side, so that PEDRO plunges forward and embraces a cactus. He gives a great howl of pain, and for several minutes he dances about shaking his hand and arms and yowling. Two large Spanish serving women, CONCHA and CONCHITA, appear from up right and come to fetch water.)

CONCHA

Now, now! What's this!

CONCHITA

Pedro mio! What happened?

PEDRO

Ow! She did it! She did it!

CONCHITA

Did what, my pigeon?

(He holds up his bleeding hands and nods toward Francisca.)

CONCHITA  
Santa Maria! You witch!

FRANCISCA  
Serves him right, the fat egg-plant! -- always sneaking up behind me!

CONCHITA  
(Consoling.)  
Muchacho mio -- let me see your wounds. Here, rest your sweet head on my lap and I will sing to you.

PEDRO  
(Finding this even more repulsive.)  
Ah -- ee!

CONCHITA  
(Proudly.)  
Very well, away with you! -- waste your love on some Indian hussy! You do not deserve a Spanish lady.

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CONCHA  
Spanish lady! Ha! You stuffed partridge! Who was making eyes yesterday at the Indian chief?  
Spanish lady, my foot!

CONCHITA  
(Tossing her head, then reaching for Pedro.)  
Carissima!

(He scrambles out of her reach, and she gives up.)

CONCHA  
Why don't you chase him? You chase everything else around here!

CONCHITA  
Shut up, or I'll close your mouth for you!  
(She eyes Francisca scornfully.)  
Hmm! -- look at that one, putting on the airs of a queen! She thinks she is a grand lady, all because the handsome young Captain Manje happened to look in her direction.

(Francisca reacts with a sharp look.)  
Stupid girl! -- a young captain looks at everyone! What do you think his reason is for noticing an Indian?

(Francisca blushes and scowls, then turns away.)

CONCHA

She's a favorite of Father Kino. He thinks more of these foolish Indians than he does of us! While we work and cook and slave, he worries about his beloved Pimas and how to keep them from working!

CONCHITA

This one is not a Pima. He brought her from California. Or course, it is not difficult to guess why!

FRANCISCA

Hush, you evil old woman!

CONCHITA

Ha! The shoe fits, does it?

FRANCISCA

Father Kino is a good man, a great man! He is kind to everyone!

CONCHA

Great man -- pfft! Wearing his muddy boots at Mass, just because he has been visiting some sick Indian, or watching over the birth of a calf out in the corral! Body of my father! Attend Mass in Guadalajara -- never a wrong move -- not a hair out of place -- everything perfect! It's that Father Mazan -- ah, he is the one! -- when he's in charge, everything is proper. But Father Kino -- heigh ho! -- the service of the Mass means little to him!

(Bitterly.)

Of course, out here in this ignorant village anything is good enough for us! He is more interested in his blessed Indians! Just wait! Father Mora is coming!

CONCHITA

They say in his district the priests have to keep jumping ever minute.

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CONCHA

They say he is not too pleased -- he should have come to Dolores sooner!

FRANCISCA

You like to get people into trouble! You'd love for Father Mora to get a bad impression, wouldn't you? Well, I shall tell Father Mora the truth!

CONCHA

Don't you dare approach Reverend Father! He'll have no patience with the likes of you!

FRANCISCA

He is a man of God, is he not? He will want to know the truth.

CONCHA

He'll hear the truth all right! The mine owners complain that Father Kino keeps the Indians from work. The ranchers say that he is hurting their cattle business. Everyone knows that Mexico City has

never been satisfied with Father Kino's work here in Sonora. He failed completely in California. You watch! -- they'll take care of your Father Kino!

FRANCISCA  
You lie!

CONCHITA  
If they ask me, I will report that he spends about one day a week here at Dolores, and the rest of the time traipsing around the desert making maps!

FRANCISCA  
You gossip! You filthy old gossip!

(FRANCISCA give her a vicious slap, and immediately the two are rolling and tumbling in a furious fight. CONCHA laughs and claps her hands, egging them on gleefully. PEDRO stands open-mouthed. FRANCISCA finally gets on top of CONCHITA, who squalls in pain as the Indian girl keeps slapping her. Immediately CONCHA tugs at FRANCISCA to pull her away, and FRANCISCA lashes out at CONCHA, causing her to tumble backwards in a heap. PEDRO spies someone coming and dashes off at right. At this moment three men enter, two priests and a soldier. The first priest, Father MORA, is about thirty-five, somewhat pompous and slick, very impatient with trifles. The second, Father POLICI, is rather older and more urbane. The soldier hurries to the women and pulls FRANCISCA away. CONCHA and CONCHITA, crossing themselves embarrassedly, hurry out.)

MORA  
May the saints have mercy -- what's this?

(FRANCISCA draws herself up with dignity, and shakes her arm loose from the soldier, who is eyeing her with a smile.)

Well! I've heard some outlandish things about the Mission of Dolores -- but this!

(Turning to POLICI.)

Need I say more? See for yourself, Reverend Father!

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POLICI  
(Calmly to FRANCISCA.)  
I am Father Polici and this is Father Mora. We are looking for Father Kino.

FRANCISCA  
We expect him at any moment, Reverend Father.

MORA  
There, you see! I told him specifically that we would arrive by mid-afternoon! I wrote him a month ago that you were coming from Mexico City!  
(To FRANCISCA.)



Fighting! What is the meaning of this hideous exhibition?

POLICI

Who are you, my child?

FRANCISCA

I am Francisca.

POLICI

You speak very well. Have you attended the mission school?

FRANCISCA

Father Kino has taught me.

POLICI

Is your home here?

FRANCISCA

My home is with Father Kino -- my brother and I.

POLICI

Then you are Pimas?

FRANCISCA

No, Reverend Father. My brother and I come from the land of California.

MORA

Ah! You're the one Father Kino brought back ten years ago! Hm! Well!

(Studying her.)

And what do you do here?

FRANCISCA

I weave cloth, make baskets, take care of the garden, clean the church every day, tend the flowers, go to school --

MORA

Your brother -- where is he?

FRANCISCA

Eusebio? He is with Father Kino.

POLICI

(Smiling.)

Tell me, child, do the women here often use the mission garden for -- wrestling?

FRANCISCA

(Embarrassed.)

I beg your forgiveness, Reverend Father! They were saying ugly things. They tell lies. I lost my temper.

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(She bows her head.)

POLICI

Never mind, child. We will forgive you if you will find us some cool water to drink.

(FRANCISCA hurries out. POLICI examines the place, studying the fountain and the flowers, while MORA takes off his gauntlets and goes on talking.)

MORA

(To the soldier.)

Get these horses put away -- find yourself a place to sleep for the night in this -- this madhouse. We'll never get back to Arizpe by Friday evening.

(Watching POLICI as the soldier goes out.)

Father, am I trying to find fault? Heaven knows, I've been patient enough. I've strained my patience to be fair! But there are certain formalities, surely! Shall we relax completely, just because we happen to be out on the rim of Christendom?

POLICI

(Examining the flowers.)

I should hate to see us relax completely anywhere.

MORA

Precisely. You can see what I have to contend with. We should have been met properly. Of course, it's only a small thing, but he should have been here at the appointed time. You are the visitor from Mexico City, representing the Provincial himself!

POLICI

No doubt he had good reason for his delay. Surely his absence is not deliberate.

MORA

Oh, I'm certain it is not deliberate. That's my point -- laxness! -- no effort to be precise!

(First brushing off the edge of the fountain carefully, he sits down and begins to mop his brow.)

The various obligations are met -- simply met -- that's all. He means to be adequate, nothing more.

POLICI

But he accomplishes so many things, my son!

MORA

(With a shrug.)

Certain things. I would prefer that he try to do less, and show more thoroughness with what he does do. These trips through Indian country --

(FRANCISCA re-enters with a container and two cups.)

POLICI

How old are you, my child?

FRANCISCA

Twenty-four, Reverend Father.

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POLICI

And your brother?

FRANCISCA

He is two years younger.

POLICI

Does he always travel with Father Kino?

FRANCISCA

No, Reverend Father. This was his reward for passing his examination for Latin, and for translating the catechism into Pima.

POLICI

(Pleased.)

Indeed! Very commendable!

MORA

Young women, you might see to it that the Reverend Father has a comfortable place to spend the night. Go now, and get our quarters ready.

FRANCISCA

They are ready, Father.

(Pointing off right.)

Pedro is waiting to show, when you are ready.

(She bows and goes out. POLICI gazes after her.)

POLICI

And this girl ten years ago was a savage Indian! Incredible!

(Glancing about the place once more.)

Well, I've heard good reports from the Mission of Dolores. I remember the one from two years ago -- Father Gonzales was the visitor -- he was pleased with the structure of the church and the house that

had been begun, the Christian teaching, the devotion at prayers, the book of baptisms, the singing school, the rich land and the fine crops -- that was the year before you came to Arizpe, was it not?

MORA

I quiet agree, Reverend Father. The place shows good organization. It shows hard work, great zeal.

POLICI

During these ten years Father Kino has established more than a dozen new missions up and down these valleys of Sonora. He is certainly a worker!

MORA

Unfortunately he has a habit of growing restless. He is not a man for -- what shall I say? -- the "long pull." Give him a difficult task, and he fights like a tiger. But give him a quiet piece of work to be accomplished steadily over a long period -- such as ministering to a single mission, or building up a pueblo around a mission -- and he grows almost slovenly. I dislike that word, but its fits. yes, he grows slovenly. He seems destined to be traveling and exploring, and the affairs at the home mission deteriorate.

POLICI

Kino has been instructed to explore and make maps as much as he can, but still his mission work must come first. What would you recommend we do?

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MORA

How can I say? Take this Mission here at Dolores, his headquarters -- the report of two years ago was excellent -- one would expect Dolores today to be a vast enterprise. What do we have? -- a clean place, adequately organized, doing an average work -- but none of the great progress it could have made. I am worried about his methods.

POLICI

How do you mean?

MORA

I'm not a jealous man, heaven knows! Kino is older than I, and he has been in this field much longer. Naturally I bow to his wishes every way. But he forgets that I must answer to my superiors. I must act as a buffer for him! Just when I think things are going well -- his reports good, his work promising -- he will suddenly write a long letter to the Provincial in Mexico City, or to you as visitor, even to the Viceroy himself! and he has no hesitation in addressing a letter to the Duchess of Arcos, in Madrid, asking for money!

(Firmly.)

I insist that such letters should come through me!

POLICI

I understand that the Duchess is his patron -- an old friend.

MORA

Granted! -- but imagine his writing directly to the Viceroy! We are in authority, and when Kino goes outside the church, he insults our authority! We have certain channels!

POLICI

(Concealing a smile.)

It could be embarrassing, I see.

MORA

I worry about his growing authority among the Indians. He is almost the voice of the Pimas! He seems to think not of Spain or of the church, but of the Pimas, as though he were part of them, not of us! You remember he went to Mexico City without authority, and got permission to excuse the Indians from working in the mines if they became baptized in the church.

POLICI

Has the policy caused trouble?"

MORA

Well, I confess not as much trouble as I expected. But that is no way to win converts to the church! The Holy Church is not merely an escape from the mines!

(At this moment MANJE enters quickly. He is about thirty, tall, rugged, and handsome, attired in a military uniform. He takes off his gauntlets as he comes to them.)

MANJE

Ah, good Fathers! -- welcome to Dolores

MORA

Captain Manje! Well, someone is here at last! Where is Father Kino?

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MANJE

He asked me to ride ahead and greet you. He regrets his delay, and he asks me to say that he will arrive in a few minutes.

MORA

I see you have been riding hard.

MANJE

Nearly a hundred miles today, Father. We were delayed because we decided to extend our trip. I thought we would never reach Dolores today, but a hundred miles to Father Kino is no more than a snap of the fingers. He can outride and outlast any man I've ever seen in the saddle. I trust you have been making yourselves at home?

MORA

We were greeted with a wrestling match between three women!

(MANJE'S face darkens momentarily.)

POLICI

You are the new alcalde for this district, are you not?

MANJE

This is correct, padre mio.

MORA

Juan Matheo Manje, Reverend Father, a nephew of the Viceroy himself.

MANJE

Ah, here is Father Kino now!

POLICI

Who is that with him?

MANJE

Father Salvatierra.

(MORA and POLICI peering off left, turn and go out to meet KINO.)

MORA

(As they go.)

You remember I asked Mexico City to make a survey of the Pima territory -- Kino has been pestering me for more missions and more priest -- I believe in making surveys. They sent Salvatierra.

(They go out. MANJE glances around quickly, and FRANCISCA hurries in from the right. They rush into a warm embrace.)

MANJE

(Looking steadily at her.)

Francisca, what's this fighting between the women? Were you involved?

FRANCISCA

(Turning away.)

They said wicked things.

MANJE

(Taking her hand.)

My dear, must you fight with everyone who says wicked things?

FRANCISCA

They gossiped about Father Kino.

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MANJE

Darling, promise me you will not quarrel with them.

FRANCISCA

(Turning to him.)

They said --

MANJE

(Noting her tone.)

They said what?

FRANCISCA

They laughed because -- because you are a Spanish nobleman -- and I --

MANJE

(Embracing her tenderly.)

Alma mia! Do not listen to such prattles!

(The mission bell rings, and as FRANCISCA and MANJE move apart quickly, people hurry in from all sides to greet KINO as he enters from the left with SALVATIERRA, MORA and POLICI. The smiling Indians hurry to KINO and bow for his blessing. The bell stops. EUSEBIO greets FRANCISCA.)

KINO

(Still conversing with POLICI and MORA.)

... And so, if that horse had not lost a shoe, we would certainly have been here on time. But you are more than welcome! We are honored that you could come to Dolores!

(To an Indian with a rake and hoe.)

Ah, Francis, I hope we shall have fresh vegetables for dinner!

(To another, with a shepherd's staff.)

The sheep, Manuel, and the cattle -- how are those yearlings? I promised I would send forty head to the mission at Guebavi!

(To another.)

Is the grain planted, Carlos?

(To another.)

Ah, Isidro, did the baby come? A boy? Ah!

(To others, blessing them and smiling.)

Esteban! Maria! Amelita!

MANJE

(To POLICI down left.)

The man has magic in him, Reverend Father. The Indians love him!

POLICI

His work has proven that, Captain.

(Turning to EUSEBIO.)

You are -- Eusebio?

EUSEBIO

Yes, Father.

POLICI

I am told you speak Latin, my son.

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EUSEBIO

Thanks to Father Kino. he has taught me all I know.

POLICI

And what do you plan to do, now that he has taught you?

EUSEBIO

(Glancing at KINO, who hears and comes down stage.)

I -- Reverend Father, I want to go to school and become a Black Robe like Father Kino.

MORA

Preposterous!

POLICI

And what would you do after that?

EUSEBIO

I would like to work in California, among my people. I want to help carry on the work which Father Kino started ten years ago.

POLICI

And your sister?

EUSEBIO

She would go back and help me. She would teach our people to make things and grow things.

(Eagerly.)

Is it possible, Reverend Father?

POLICI

In the eyes of God all things are possible, my son. To become a Jesuit you will need to work long and hard, and perhaps you may never reach your goal. Would you be satisfied to work in the Church, even if you were never admitted to the Order of the Jesuits?

EUSEBIO

I have made a manda, Reverend Father, to become a Jesuit. I will work hard!

(POLICI smiles and pats his shoulder.)



KINO

We have some time before sunset. Shall we sit here? Eusebio, will you bring the benches closer? Francisca, some water?

(Both get busy at once, and all are seated and served cups of water as KINO goes on.)  
You will be surprised when I tell you the strange and wonderful things we have seen. In the mountains to the north we were met by a group of Indian messengers who carried small crosses in their hands.

POLICI

Indians carrying crosses? But you had visited them before, had you not?

KINO

We had never been close to that country before. They knelt, and begged us to visit their villages.

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SALVATIERRA

Reverend Father, the crosses these gentle Indians carried spoke volumes! -- small pieces of wood tied with bark! It warmed our hearts!

KINO

And so we rode across the mountains northward, down the Santa Cruz River -- we named the river from those crosses -- and we came to an Indian village in a grove of cottonwood trees. There were forty houses close together, and the Indians call the place Tumacacori.

SALVATIERRA

They had already built three large ramadas for us -- brush arbors about ten feet square -- one in which to say Mass, another in which to sleep, and a third for our kitchen! They were waiting for use when we rode in with the messengers.

POLICI

Amazing! But how did they find out about you?

SALVATIERRA

Ah, Reverend Father, the name of Kino is famous through the whole Pima region.

KINO

(Gesturing and pacing about.)

Reverend Father, we found ourselves in a broad green valley, with high mountain ranges on all four sides. In the middle of the plain was a large village of Indians welcoming us to preach the Gospel of the Holy Church! I felt a deep stirring such as I have never known before! Surely our call is northward, to that glorious valley! Some day it will cradle a great civilization!

MORA

(Clearing his throat.)

Do you mean to say, Father Kino, that you went beyond the rim of our missions? -- beyond the land of the Pimas? That sort of thing only causes more trouble.

SALVATIERRA

Trouble? Why?

MORA

There is important work to be done here, work that is not being done.

KINO

I do not understand, Father.

MORA

Take the mission at Remedios, for example. That is one of the places you established. The natives have been surly. I asked why, and they said the priests often have the natives hanged.

KINO

The priests? On, no! It is the government authorities! The alcalde will tell you!

MANJE

It is true, Father. Some of our officials are stupid and unjust.

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MORA

They also say that so much time is required for the church that the Indians have no time left for their own affairs, for making a living.

KINO

But the week is divided into a standard program -- two days with their village industries, agriculture, sheep, cattle -- then two days working for the church, one day in the fields, and one day in school -- then they have two days for their own activities -- and finally the seventh day - El Domingo.

MANJE

That system shows good results, Father. I have heard no complaints.

MORA

Well, I have, my young captain! People complaining that the missions in several places are pasturing so many cattle that the wells are drying up.

MANJE

The Spanish ranchers! They are jealous!

KINO

We must promote the cattle industry, Father! If we find an overland route from Mexico to California, we can rebuild our missions there.

POLICI

Overland? -- in California?

KINO

I said we discovered strange and wonderful things at Tumacacori. The strangest was this --

(He takes from his pouch an abalone shell.)

MORA

A seashell! In the desert?

SALVATIERRA

A blue abalone shell. The natives at Tumacacori had many of them.

MORA

Well, what of it?

SALVATIERRA

The blue abalone shell is found only in the Pacific Ocean off California!

KINO

Once again the blue shells! Now I am more convinced than ever --

MORA

(Interrupting.)

I cannot see what the shell proves. Father Kino, will you never give up this talk of California? You tried it once, I am told -- twice -- and the project failed

KINO

(Stung momentarily.)

(POLICI is examining the shell as MORA interrupts and goes on.)

MORA

They say at Remedios that the priests kill people with holy oils and

they say the Indians are deceived with false promise and words.

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SALVATIERRA

Surely you do not believe that!

MORA

That is not the point. If the missions were properly administered, such rumors would never start.

KINO

(Firmly.)

We kill no one! We heal their poor bodies! Occasionally one will die, but not from our help! You must remember that the natives are primitive, easily bewildered. The false promises are made not by us but by unscrupulous government officials! The new alcalde is helping correct those things.

MORA

It is the responsibility of the church to correct them.

KINO

(With unmistakable emphasis.)

It is the responsibility of Mexico City to correct the cause, Reverenced Father! Every time a white man is treacherous, cruel, unprincipled, the Indians are shocked and confused. They are like children, simple and elementary. I pick up things: I hear of an Indian being robbed, a beating here, a murder there, a man losing a field or a cow -- when these are all added together we have a revolt on our hands! The government must force the white settlers and the civil authorities to be patient! Ranchers, mine foremen, magistrates -- they are the ones to watch! It is a matter for the Viceroy himself!

MORA

You miss my point, Father Kino. You have been suggesting that we extend the mission chain farther into the Pima country, but there is danger in overextending ourselves. We must develop and consolidate the missions we have here, learn to manage them successfully. Unless we administer our affairs properly, we will lose what we have gained. We must keep control of the Indians!

KINO

Father Mora, the best means of controlling the Pima territory is to bring it under the arm of the church -- all of it! -- then make certain that unscrupulous men do not destroy the work we are doing! Surely when people come begging for us, we should go to them!

MORA

That depends upon a number of things.

(Turning.)

Father Salvatierra, what will you report from your survey?

SALVATIERRA

I must respectfully suggest, Father, that the mission chain be increased.

MORA

(Irked.)

But did you travel the whole country? Think of the vast distances involved!

SALVATIERRA

I believe that the missions should be added. The church can re-make that whole Indian country to the north.

MORA

How can you possibly be certain of that?

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SALVATIERRA

Father Kino has not told you the whole story. While were at Tumacacori, we were visited by another delegation of chiefs, from a town farther north in the same valley -- a larger town called Bac. We

could not stay, but Father Kino has promised to come again. These are different people, the Sobaipuris. They begged us to come and live with them!

KINO

Father Polici -- forgive me -- I had hoped to go to China. I have dreamed of it for twenty years. It was God's will that I come to Mexico, but it is still my dream to do something worthy of the name of my patron saint, San Francisco Xavier, to atone for the loss I feel at not carrying out my manda, for not following him to China.

(A shrug.)

Some people say that we failed in California. I am not sure. But as a symbol of what I have tried to accomplish, I must carry the name of San Francisco Xavier to the outer rim of Christendom! And what better place than this glorious valley to the north? -- there beyond Tumacacori, there where the Creator seems to have smiled in his bounty -- the Mission of San Francisco del Bac! I must do it -- I must! -- to prove that California was not a failure!

MORA

(Rising abruptly.)

I'm sorry, but I cannot follow your reasoning. I am completely opposed to any further extension of these remote missions miles away in that northern desert!

KINO

(Passionately.)

Father -- hear me!

SALVATIERRA

Why do you oppose it, Father Mora?

MORA

(Firmly.)

For one thing, the Apaches! If we push another long line of missions northward, we are inviting the Apaches to sweep across from the east and destroy them! We would lose money and property, the lives of our priests, and our own prestige all along the frontier!

SALVATIERRA

The Pima and Sobaipuri would serve as a buffer between us and the Apache.

MORA

There is no buffer against those murderous Apache!

KINO

Must the Apache be our enemy?

MORA

I've seen their work! They are nomads, murdering killers!

KINO

They are a proud people, hard and bitter and proud. But I believe that some day the word of God will soften their hearts.

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MORA

Father Kino, it is one thing to indulge in these visionary dreams of empire, but it something else to maintain scores of missions and make each one successful. While you ride the desert and dream your dreams, I am the one who must plead with Mexico City for more priests and money. I am the one who must make the reports, defend your failures, and explain your mistakes.

KINO

Reverend Father, I understand the problem, indeed I do! I have built missions with my own hands! For ten years I have labored --!

MORA

I mean nothing personal, Father.

(To POLICI.)

We have time for a brief siesta before Vespers, Father. Will you join me?

POLICI

(Turning his attention once more to the abalone shell.)

Please go ahead. I will rest here for a while.

(Pedro appears at right, waiting to conduct MORA to his quarters. MANJE turns to FRANCISCA, then steps forward.)

MANJE

Father Mora, before you go --

MORA

Yes?

MANJE

Francisca?

(He holds out his hand to her. Somewhat nervously she takes his hand and steps forward with him.)

MORA

What's this? What's this?

MANJE

I have spoken to Father Kino and Father Salvatierra, and I have talked to Eusebio --

MORA

Eusebio? The Indian boy?

MANJE  
Francisca has consented to become my wife.

MORA  
(Dumbfounded.)  
Your wife?

MANJE  
And now we would like your blessing too, Reverend Father.

MORA  
You must be mad!  
(To KINO and SALVATIERRA.)  
What does this mean?

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SALVATIERRA  
It means they are in love, Reverend Father.

MORA  
(To MANJE.)  
Humph! Does the Viceroy know of this? -- his nephew? -- a Spanish nobleman?

MANJE  
He known, Reverend Father.

MORA  
But does he approve? After all, she is a -- a native. Even though she is in the Church, she is --

MANJE  
(Interrupting.)  
The Viceroy advised me to do as I thought best. But he did request that I wait six months, and he asked me to speak to you. I have waited six months, and now I am more convinced than ever.

MORA  
Captain Mora, your are the sole heir of a famous old Castilian family. You carry a great name. In Spain -- no doubt in Mexico City -- you could find many ladies who might be -- shall I say -- more appropriate? -- more suitable?

MANJE  
Please, Reverend Father -- not in Mexico City, not in Spain or the whole world.

MORA  
(After a glance at the others.)  
Then come with me, both of you-- and also, Eusebio. We will talk.

(He goes out, followed by EUSEBIO, with MANJE holding FRANCISCA'S hand as they go also.

SALVATIERRA

(With a sigh and a smile.)

Father Eusebio, surely you will rest before Vespers. You have been riding five days!

KINO

(Who has been gazing after the others.)

Rest, my good friend? -- when my soul is crying out? I think now, since I stood at Tumacacori, since I looked at the earnest face of the Indians who came to us from Bac -- since I saw the blue shells once more -- I shall never rest again!

POLICI

Father Kino, and you Father Salvatierra, listen carefully to me. Do you understand, both of you, Father Mora's point of view? Regardless of any other consideration, do you understand his viewpoint is valid, that he is trying to use sound judgment?

KINO

Yes, Reverend Father. I do not doubt that he is sincere.

POLICI

And do you honestly believe, in spite of this, that we should -- push on farther north?

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KINO

I would stake my life on it.

SALVATIERRA

And I!

POLICI

(Reflecting.)

It means careful persuading in Mexico City. First of all, the viceroy must act at once to adjust there difficulties between the Spanish settlers and the Indians. Then more money will be needed -- more priests -- more soldiers to protect the long line of missions.

(A sigh and a smile.)

You make it very difficult, my son!

KINO

Then allow me to go to Mexico City and explain it myself.

POLICI

Let me investigate, quietly, for a while. We will see. And now, I shall rest.



SALVATIERRA

(Following him toward the right, grasping KINO'S shoulder as he passes.)

I will direct you, Father.

POLICI

(Turning.)

This tribe to the north -- what did you call them - Sobaipuris?

KINO

That is how we translate it, Reverend Father. Their largest settlement is Bac, in the shadow of what we called the Tucson Mountains.

POLICI

(As if to himself.)

I should like to see it!

(POLICI and SALVATIERRA go out. KINO gazes after them, then he goes down left, sits and takes his paper and quill once again. The music rises softly, and the voice of the HISTORIAN is heard.)

## SCENE 2

(As he speaks, the lights rise on the center to show a scene near a mission. In the dull red glow a Spaniard can be seen beating an Indian with a whip. Nearby several other Indians whisper, then suddenly they pounce on the Spaniard and beat him.)

HISTORIAN

At that time, my dear Duchess, Father Polici was the official visitor from Mexico City, which enough influences to persuade the Viceroy to help us. All that winter we waited for the government to act, but nothing was done. When summer came, the relations between the Spanish settlers and the Indians had reached a breaking point.

Mining, cattle-raising, and agricultural were being promoted by Spanish settlers who used Indian labor and treated the Pimas as slaves. Instead of building a permanent society, the colonists were trying to get rich, and their treatment of the Indians was unjust and cruel.

(As he speaks, the lights rise on the center to show a scene near a mission. In the dull red glow a Spaniard can be seen beating an Indian with a whip. Nearby several other Indians whisper, then suddenly they pounce on the Spaniard and beat him.)

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Fights and beatings occurred, then suddenly the Pimas organized an outlaw band and rose in rebellion. They attacked ranches and villages, and many tragedies occurred.

down. At this point more whites enter behind them with clubs and knives, and drive the Indians offstage. A moment later flames can be seen rolling across the sky backdrop. Indians rush

across the stage from various directions, pausing to wave at others, shade their eyes and peer into the distance, and fit arrows into their bows. Some creep stealthily about and others run rapidly. The music is an ominous drum beat which gradually grows in volume and tempo as the heavy chords rise.)

Then to our horror the Indians turned on the missions. Worst of all was Tubutama, where we had built a mission and placed Father Saeta in charge. He was a godly man, one who understood the great purpose we had in the New World. Father Saeta was murdered by a vicious band of angry Indians who turned indiscriminately against all whites to avenge their wrongs. The death of Father Saeta was a sad blow to all of us.

(A priest enters from the left. He is suddenly confronted by a band of Indians. Sensing danger, he turns and goes out quickly. The Indians run after him. A scream of agony is heard, then the priest stumbles back on stage, with arrows in his chest, and collapses on his back. The Indians hurry in, waving their bows and dancing around the body.)

Before the Spanish troops could restore order, there were several battles, and many of my friends on both sides were killed.

(The Indians dancing around the body are suddenly attacked by soldiers, and after a brawling fight with knives and swords, the Spanish drive off the Indians, with casualties on both sides. The stage is again deserted.)

I hid the treasure of the Dolores mission in a cave, then returned to the mission, expecting to be killed myself; but Dolores and two nearby missions were miraculously spared. This one thing made me believe that I might be able to stop the slaughter.

(KINO rises and goes up center in the deep red glow of light, and looks in both directions.)

I called the principal chief of the Pimas to meet me. He came readily. I demanded that he find the persons responsible for the uprising and bring them to me. I promised on my sacred honor that these Indians would have a fair trial, and that no harm would come to them until we had heard all their grievances and the authorities had fairly judged their case.

(KINO waves his hand, and an Indian chief with two attendants enters solemnly and bows. KINO blesses him, then points into the distance; the chief raises his hand in reply and goes out.)

I called the Spanish authorities to council, and begged them to seek a peaceful settlement to the difficulty. I warned them that we must stop the slave labor and stop mistreating these primitive

(KINO waves in the opposite direction and the Spanish enter, three officials and several soldiers. KINO points to the right, and the Spanish take their places. The Indians re-enter from the

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people. They assure me that the Indians would have a fair hearing.

left and form in a group up center. KINO blesses the Indians, then they sit down facing the Spanish, who remain standing. The soldiers back into the wings at right out of sight, leaving the officials facing the Indians.)

KINO

The chief has kept his word. He has brought here to the village of Tupo the leaders of the uprising. They have put aside their weapons, because they have been promised a fair hearing. The government is prepared to listen to their complaints.

(Earnestly.)

As we speak, let us be kind! Let us trust one another. Let us pray that God will assist us in finding a peaceful settlement of this terrible situation.

SPANISH LEADER.

(Obviously impatient and grim.)

These men are leaders of the rebellion?

KINO

Yes, mi alcalde -- and I pray you to hear them. Be tolerant!

SPANISH LEADER.

You say they are not armed?

KINO

No. They have trusted us.

(There is a sharp heavy chord of music. The SPANISH LEADER makes a quick gesture to the soldier off right, and a volley of shots ring out. Several Indians collapse. The soldiers rush in with words and knives, and before the Indians can escape they are all killed. KINO has been shouting "Stop! No! Stop it, Alcalde!" but he is drowned out in the shouting and fighting. The stage is suddenly quiet. The Spanish stalk off at right, leaving the bodies of the Indians. As KINO covers his face, the music swells into a dissonant climax, then gradually subsides. KINO gazes upward, and his lips move in prayer, then wearily he returns to his stool to write as the HISTORIAN is heard.)

HISTORIAN

I was embarrassed, ashamed, sick at heart. For weeks I rode from village to village pleading with the Indians to forgive the terrible massacre at Tupo, and to make peace, but I know that no matter what happened, they could not forget, and neither could I. By the end of summer the uprising had been checked, and again there was peace. But I kept wondering what was to be the future of the Pimas. I wondered what was to become of all the Indian tribes north of us, scattered across the continent of North America -- whether down the years it would be their destiny to be swept into oblivion by the march of progress -- whether progress could ever rightfully be measured in terms of land conquered and nations crushed. I realized that the Pimas were primitive and sometimes difficult, but I realized

also that now we had to find a new beginning somewhere. Never again would I look into the eyes of the Indians without feeling a sense of shame for what had happened at Tupo.

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(Again KINO rises, this time to stand and gaze off in the distance.)

Then gradually I began to see that our future lay in the north country, there in the valley of Bac, there among the gentle Sobaipuris, where peace and understanding had been established from the beginning. If I could begin anew, there in that rainbow valley of the north. Yes, that was the answer! - first Tumacacori -- and then my own dream, the Mission of San Francisco Xavier del Bac! It would be a monument to all the work of the Church in the New World. Bac had to be built.

(KINO collects his materials, picks up his saddle bags, puts on his hat and as the HISTORIAN finishes he is going off to the left.)

When I realized this, I could wait no longer for word from Mexico City. As soon as I was able, I started north once more, in my heart a glad new anticipation, and in my mind the glowing image of a brilliant white cross gleaming across the desert from the tower of San Xavier del Bac, under the vast morning blue of the Tucson mountains.

(The lights go down and the music rises momentarily in a single great chord, then as the music diminishes quickly, the lights rise on the center stage to show a part of the front entrance, mission yard, and wall of San Xavier del Bac, occupying the left and part of the upstage center. Indian workmen are busy all about the place, completing the mission building as MANJE directs them. They carry away scraps from left and right, and bring in flowers, brooms, mops, and buckets. Two men carry boards, another a sack on his back, two with a mortar box, one with a shovel and pick, women with vases, cloths, and brushes. As one Indian man flirts with a fat woman, she shies away with a frown then tosses her head disdainfully. All were moving hurriedly.)

MANJE

Cosme -- Clemente -- sweep the stones carefully along the front, then in the mission yard on both sides -- not a pebble, not a stick, not a leaf!

(As the men nod and another comes by.)

Gonzales, when the scaffold is cleared away from the rear, rake up the rubbish and dump it in the arroyo back of the trees -- clean, mi caballero! The Viceroy will be here!

(The men nod and two women pass.)

Maria, Celestina -- get all your women together and clean the inside once more. Dust the altar, sweep the floor, arrange the flowers. Have the ramadas been cleaned again?

(As the women nod and hurry into the church, MANJE peers up toward the tower.)

Jose, is the bell in place yet?

(There is a single clang in answer. MANJE laughs.)

Very well! That's enough! Now fasten the rope as I told you, pass it through the hole in the floor, let it hang down inside.

(KINO hurries in from down left.)

KINO  
A bell! Are they coming? Can you see them?

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MANJE  
Not yet, Father. We were just trying the bell rope.  
(A proud smile.)  
Well, padre mio, your Mission of San Francisco Xavier del Bac is completed!

KINO  
(Surveying the church.)  
St. Francis Xavier of Bac -- dedicated this day to the glory of God!

(Clasping his hands.)  
Thank you for coming to help, mi capitan. Surely this is the happiest hour of my life!

(Anxiously.)  
And also the most fearful! Ah, what will they say? I did not tell them until it was nearly completed -- only a month ago. Now the Provincial is coming, and the Viceroy himself, all the way from Mexico City! What shall I say to them. What will they say to me?

MANJE  
They will be pleased, Father. They will! Now they will send you to China! You must ask the Provincial when he comes. You deserve to be rewarded.

KINO  
(Musing.)  
Since I first dreamed of the golden kingdom of China, thirty years have gone by! I remember the very day -- I was a student in Germany --  
(Breaking off with a frown and turning to call up to the tower.)  
Jose, any sign of the Viceroy and Father Pardo?

MANJE  
Be patient, Father! He is watching toward the south. They will be here by late afternoon. It is not far from Tumacacori.

KINO  
The wedding gown -- does it fit? How does it look?

MANJE  
Francisca is so excited that she cannot speak! The women have worked so hard -- the dress is fit for a queen! My adorable Francisca! -- this is the happiest day of her life -- and mine! And tomorrow will be the happiest of all time!

KINO  
Bless you both. Juan, there is something you must explain to Francisca. The wedding ceremony -- Father Pardo is the Provincial from Mexico City -- it is more appropriate that he celebrate the nuptial Mass tomorrow, I will mention it the moment he arrives.

MANJE

Father! Francisca will have no one but you!

(Genially.)

The Provincial may be allowed to -- participate -- but your are in charge!

KINO

But this is very irregular! I'll speak to Francisca. She does not understand. The visit of the Provincial -- think of it! We are having feast days, and we must conduct a very elaborate program all this week--

MANJE

How many times have I seen you celebrate Mass under a clump of cottonwoods!

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How many times have you been criticized for lack of formality? No, without you there will be no wedding! We'll go into the desert and have the Sobaipuris marry us!

KINO

But truly, I am afraid of what the Provincial may think. After all I've done --

(The bell begins to ring.)

MANJE

They're coming Father!

KINO

So soon? But I --

(Nervously.)

Juan, have you inspected the ramadas? Are they fit for the Viceroy? He will want to rest -- it is so warm today, and Father Pardo must be getting along in years --

MANJE

The ramadas are ready, Father, one each for the Viceroy and the Provincial and three for their attendants.

KINO

The church -- Clemente! Gonzales! Is the church ready? Listen to that bell! Jose is in rare form.

MANJE

(Smiling and patting his shoulder.)

Everything is ready, Father.

KINO

The flowers? The candles?

(To the Indians, who are filling the stage.)

Remember, when the Viceroy arrives, you are to bow -- and the Provincial, kneel for his blessing.

MANJE

(Peering off right.)

They are getting off their horses.

(As MANJE goes out at right and the people all turn to face that direction, KINO momentarily bows his head in prayer, then he looks up as SALVATIERRA enters quickly, smiling broadly. The bell stops.)

SALVATIERRA

(In a loud whisper.)

They like the mission at Tumacacori!

KINO

What about this one?

SALVATIERRA

Not a word spoken!

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(He stands aside to admit PARDO and PAREDES. The people cheer and wave flowers and ribbons. The soldiers and attendants follow the principal figures, and PARDO smiles and nods to the people, occasionally waving his hand in blessing. PAREDES comes directly to KINO and kneels. KINO, astonished, glances at PARDO, then blesses PAREDES, who then rises.)

PAREDES

Well, Father Kino, the desert agrees with you!

KINO

(A slight bow.)

Thank you, Your Excellency. Welcome to Bac! We are honored!

PAREDES

I am the one who is honored, Father. I have come a thousand miles to see you -- you are a famous man.

KINO

Your Excellency is making a joke.

PAREDES

Ah, you have not heard -- your maps have been officially adopted by the Spanish government. All other maps of the New World are now obsolete. Everyone in Mexico and Spain knows the name of Kino, even King Carlos.

(KINO is speechless. As PARDO comes up smiling, KINO kneels.)

PARDO

Greeting, Eusebio mio. Blessing upon you.

KINO

(Rising.)

Thank you for coming, Father Pardo.

(Turning to the Indians.)

Now let us finish our work quickly, then change our clothes. Clemente, show our guest to the ramadas back of the church. Make them comfortable -- bring cold water -- unsaddle their horses -- unload the pack mules --

(Most of the crowd goes out, followed by the soldiers and attendants. An Indian woman hurries up with a baby wrapped in a blanket. KINO intercepts her.)

The Provincial will try to heal your child after the service, Consuela.

(The woman nods and hurries out. PARDO looks at the church.)

PARDO

So this is it! -- San Xavier del Bac!

MANJE

Every inch of it built by the Indians themselves, Father.

PARDO

Under the direction of Father Kino --

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PAREDES

And my alcalde, who is supposed to be at his post two hundred miles south of her!

(MANJE shrugs and smiles in embarrassment.)

KINO

(Trying to avert a scene.)

The ramadas -- they are cool -- I shall be happy to escort you, Reverend Father.

PARDO

Let us remain here a while. There are things to say.

KINO

(Glancing about, spying some benches up center.)

Eusebio -- Juan -- the benches, please?

(They hurriedly bring the benches downstage.)

Father Pardo, with your permission, the Benediction will be held within the hour, just at sundown -- the nuptial Mass tomorrow morning -- the feast days the remainder of the week --



PARDO  
As you wish.

KINO  
(Touching his temple nervously.)  
The weather has been -- uh -- quite cool -- until today.

(As PARDO glances at PAREDES and they sit.)  
Now it is hot. It is -- quite warm.

(There is an awkward pause. PARDO gazes at KINO, who turns away.)

PARDO  
Father Eusebio -- why did you do it?

(A pause to see if KINO will turn.)  
As we rode up the valley and caught sight of the white cross up there, I will admit my heart beat faster. It is a noble thing you have done. But how shall we keep this mission alive? -- hundreds of miles in this northern country --

(Earnestly.)  
-- and not a word to me until a month ago! My son, why did you do it?

KINO  
(Still facing away.)  
I was not permitted to come and talk to you, Reverend Father. This was the only thing I could do.

PARDO  
I do not understand.

KINO  
After the massacre at Tupo --

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PARDO  
What does that have to do with it?

KINO  
After what we have done to the Pimas, the awful failure --

PAREDES  
But we have been at peace with the Pimas for years now!

KINO  
Yes, the uneasy peace of a smoldering volcano! Your Excellency, perhaps I have misunderstood our purposes.

PAREDES

It is simple. Father -- to establish a strong colonial society.

KINO

For -- white men?

PARDO

(After a glance at PAREDES.)

How is this, my son?

KINO

The bell and the plough -- Christianity and civilization hand in hand! Before a plowshare breaks the soil, before one yearling is put out to graze, the mission bell must ring out, calling men to worship.

PARDO

Of course.

KINO

But we cannot preach Christianity to Spaniards alone, to white men alone. Thousands of Indians flock to the church and find deep reward in it. Yet outside the church they are hardly more than slaves!

PAREDES

(Shifting, but with a smile.)

But you will admit, Father, that they are hardly more than savages!

KINO

I pray you remember, Excellency, that our own ancestors in the fourth century were hardly more than savages when they swept down on Rome and wipe it out.

(With feeling.)

Where is the Spain we knew twenty years ago? -- brave, alert, like a strong man marching across the years? -- the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella? We have grown sick! This is the Spain of an old man, weak, fumbling, suspicious old man, lashing out at everything around him -- beating slaves into submission! -- killing when he is displeased! -- blind and deaf to the voice of freedom that roars across this New World!

PARDO

What are you suggesting, Father?

KINO

That we treat the Indians as our equals.

PAREDES

As citizens of Spain?

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KINO

As human beings created in the image of God! -- black, red, yellow, brown or white -- surely each man has an immortal soul.

PAREDES

What precisely do you wish to have done?

KINO

Something which only His Excellency can do: set up laws to protect and honor the Indians -- furnish money for more missions throughout the Indian country -- allow us to begin here at Bac and build a Christian civilization where all men can have equal opportunity in religion, in labor, in education -- where all men can dwell together in peace.

PAREDES

Father Kino, I have lived in Mexico for twenty years. I wonder whether such a thing is possible!

KINO

Not only possible, Excellency, but necessary.

PAREDES

Why Father?

KINO

Is it not true that in the northern Pacific, Russia is exploring the coast of this continent for colonization? Is it not also true that England already has colonies up and down the Atlantic coast -- that from Canada the French are pushing down the Mississippi valley, down the very heart of the continent? How can we meet those threats, Your Excellency?

PAREDES

(A shrug of resignation.)

Ah, His Majesty has asked me the same question!

KINO

(Indicating the church.)

Then here is your answer!

PAREDES

Father, this is a church, not a garrison. You are a priest, not a soldier.

KINO

The Word of God is more powerful than any army, Your Excellency. Here around us are thousands of Pima, Sobaipuris, Yumas, dozens of tribes, people who can live and work and prosper in the desert country, because it is their home. With your help they can build a Christian civilization that will save this New World for Spain!

PAREDES  
How, Father?

KINO  
(Intensely.)  
They can produce horses, cattle, grain, leather -- a dozen commodities for

Spanish markets. They can dig the mines and furnish ore for Spain. They can serve as a buffer  
between us and the other European powers in North America!

(A pause as he gazes steadily at PAREDES.)  
But only as free men -- not as slaves!

(PAREDES glances at PARDO momentarily, rises thoughtfully, studies the mission, then  
paces reflecting.)

PAREDES  
Father Kino, they say you are obstruction ranchers, the mine owners, and the Spanish settlers. They  
say your treating ignorant Indians with so much respect that they are becoming too lazy to work. They  
say this policy of -- as you call it -- the bell and the plow, will lead to economic ruin. And, they say it  
was this which caused the Pima uprising. One of the reasons I rode a thousand miles and visited all  
these missions was to see for myself.

KINO  
Yes?

PARDO  
His Excellency is very pleased, my son. Now he knows the truth.  
(Rising.)

But remember, you and I are churchman. In a sense we are idealists, dreaming of a perfect society,  
believing in the ultimate power of good over evil. His Majesty, however, is not such an idealist! The  
Viceroy must be able to convince Madrid of the immediate reward of every policy he recommends.

MANJE  
Then let me speak, Reverend Father! Here -- this is Eusebio. Father Kino found him in California, an  
orphan, hardly more than a savage. I pray you, speak to him -- ask questions.

PAREDES  
Do you -- speak -- Spanish?

EUSEBIO  
Yes, Your Excellency -- also Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Portuguese, and German.

SALVATIERRA  
And he knows geometry, music, astronomy, and rhetoric. All this in twelve years.

(PAREDES looks askance at PARDO.)

PARDO

Where did you learn these things, my son?

EUSEBIO

In the mission school, Reverend Father -- from Father Kino, Father Salvatierra, and the other priests.

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PAREDES

But what good is all that learning here in the desert?

EUSEBIO

Father Kino has arrange for me to attend the seminary in Mexico City, Your Excellency. I wish to become a Black Robe.

PAREDES

The Order of the Jesuits?

EUSEBIO

Some day I shall go back to California and work among my own people. I will build Spanish colonies in California.

SALVATIERRA

Eusebio is one of many, Your Excellency. These Sobaipuris who built this mission -- already they are learning to speak Spanish, planting crops, raising cattle -- and fighting the Apache.

(MANJE re-enters with FRANCISCA, who is wearing a handsome Spanish wedding gown. PAREDES is visibly attracted.)

MANJE

Your Excellency - Father Pardo -- here is the sister of Eusebio -- my bride.

(PARADES bows, then steps to FRANCISCA and takes her hand.)

PAREDES

She is beautiful!

MANJE

Francisca, my dear, His Excellency, the Conde de Paredes, Viceroy of Mexico. His Grace, Father Bernardo Pardo, Provincial of Mexico.

FRANCISCA

(After a curtsy.)

Permit me to thank Your Excellency, and you, Father Pardo, for your great kindness. We are honored that you have come to Bac.

PAREDES

Your gown, my dear -- it is beautiful. Did your bridegroom fetch it from Spain?

FRANCISCA

No, Excellency. The women here at Bac made it for me.

PAREDES

The Indian women! Incredible!

PARDO

My dear child, it is difficult to believe that a few years ago you were an orphan in California. And your brother --

(They are interrupted by an excited shouting off right. Several Indians rush in frantically, crying "Apache! Apache!" the Indian workmen hurry in with bows and arrows. The soldiers re-enter

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quickly. In the scurry of excitement the central group moves down left, with the soldiers and Indians in a screen up center and down, facing the right. KINO is still down center, peering off right, and near him is SALVATIERRA. MANJE after hurrying FRANCISCA down left, comes back toward the center and turns to the soldiers.)

MANJE

Be ready to fire a volley! That will give us time to get inside the church!

KINO

Wait! Apache come from the east, and they ride like the whirlwind. These men come from the west -- and they are getting off their horses.

MANJE

We must take cover! Hurry inside the church!

KINO

No -- these men come in peace. See, they walked this way with their hands out. They -- why, they are carrying crosses! Look, Father Juan!

(As SALVATIERRA peers and nods quickly.)

Yuma! They are Yumas, all the way from the Colorado River to the west! Eusebio, come and speak to them!

(As KINO raises his hand in greeting and EUSEBIO steps forward, the newcomers enter from the right, half a dozen, tall, handsome men in distinctive costume, each holding out a cross of wooden sticks tied together. KINO'S greeting is returned by the leader.)

Tell them they are welcome!

(EUSEBIO converses with the leader, he turns.)

EUSEBIO

He says they are people of the Yuma. They have come to see the Padre on Horseback. They want him to bring his friends and come to their land, to speak of his God, and to bless their people. They wish him to bring cattle and grain, and teach them.

KINO

Tell them we will come, Eusebio! Tell them we will come soon!

(EUSEBIO translates. The Indians nod eagerly, then the leader steps forward and offers several seashells as presents. KINO spies them and rushes forward at the same time with SALVATIERRA.)

KINO

The blue shells! Look Juan, the blue shells again!

(Excitedly.)

Where did you get them? Eusebio, ask them where they got the blue shells!

(EUSEBIO converses with the leader, then turns.)

EUSEBIO

Many days journey, on the shore of the Great Sea.

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PAREDES

(Crossing.)

I have been hearing rumors of this for ten years. What do the shells mean?

KINO

The abalone shells, Excellency, are found only one place in the world, the west coast of California! It means -- Eusebio, ask them if they crossed water on their way here!

(EUSEBIO translates; the man replies with gestures.)

EUSEBIO

They rode across the desert all the way from the Great Sea, except when they crossed the wide river.

KINO

It means, Excellency, that we can travel overland to California! It means that California is not island, but a peninsula! It means that a colony in California could be supplied from Mexico by land! Eusebio, tell these men to remain here -- out there, have them pitch their camp there beside the mesa!

(He waves another greeting to the Yuma, who go out following EUSEBIO. The other Indians and soldiers leave the stage. PAREDES and PARDO are examining the shells.)

PAREDES

Father Kino, because of your explorations a great many maps have been changed; but this is one change that I shall be happy to report directly to His Majesty.

KINO

Thank you, Your Excellency.

PAREDES

Father you have convinced me. The answer to our problem in the New World probably lies here, in the kind of work you have done. When Father Salvatierra reported to me, I was skeptical. Now I am happy that I rode this thousand miles.

(Turning away.)

The whole face of the New World is changing. Madrid must be made to realize that.

(To KINO.)

Ah, padre mio, I wish that we might follow your plan.

KINO

But, Your Excellency, I pray you let us try it, by all means! Let us go on!

PAREDES

Whom would you recommend to take up the work! -- Father Salvatierra?

KINO

(Crestfallen.)

You mean that I --

PARDO

(Smiling.)

My son, you deserve a reprimand -- but His Excellency is thinking of something

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else. We discussed it on the way here. You see, fifteen years ago you were sent to California -- that seemed a failure -- and then you were sent to the land of the Pimas. Now, after ten years more, your dream is still unrealized. I have come to see part of your dream come true -- this mission to your blessed St. Francis -- and to tell you that now you are free to go to China.

KINO

(In awe.)

China!

PARDO

You have done your work well -- a great chain of missions up and down the valleys of Sonora, and now beyond the very rim of Christendom. You have mapped new lands, established agriculture and cattle-raising, built Spanish settlements over a thousand miles of desolate country -- but more important, you spoke the word of God to countless thousand of lonely souls in the New World. The government owes you a great debt, but the Church owes you much more. First you must take a long rest, and then, if you still wish to go to China --



KINO

(Musing, as if to himself.)

There was a time when I saw China in the bloom of every desert flower, in the shape of cactus in the evening sky -- in the lowing of cattle, the wind in the cottonwoods, the cool silence of the desert night. Now suddenly I realize that it is these things which have given me hope, not my dreams of China!

PARDO

It is good that you have found peace in your work, Father, but do not force yourself to stay here. You are free to go to China, with our blessing.

KINO

Good Father, what does it matter? Whether I work in China, the land of the Pimas, or in the purple valleys of the Tucson mountains -- the answer is not in the time, the place, or the people. The answer is inside a man's own soul.

PARDO

If you choose to remain here, we will do everything in our power to follow your plan. But remember: if you're nursing a broken dream, you will always be unhappy. Think carefully, my son.

KINO

I remember what you told me once, Father -- when a man looks too long into the sunset, his eyes may be blinded to what is close by. You saw the truth much better than I. There are many roads into the sunset, and sometimes a man must choose a different path to find where true happiness lies. Here in the valley of Bac I have found peace, for the first time in my life. If Your Grace will allow me, I will remain here, because I know now that it is the will of God.

PARDO

You shall remain here, my son!

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KINO

If your Grace will hear me a moment more --

(A pause as he takes a deep breath.)

I should like to see Father Salvatierra re-open the missions in California.

(PARDO turns to PAREDES.)

PAREDES

The moment I return to Mexico City, I promise you!

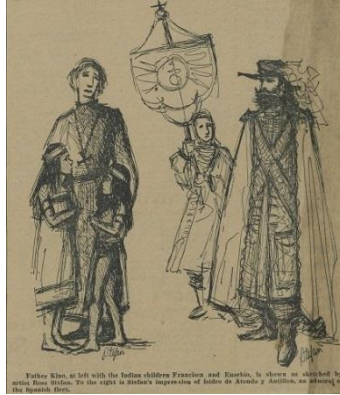
(With a smile, he places his hand on KINO'S shoulder. The music rises, and the choir begins a broad hymn of praise. A strong light rises inside the church. KINO turns, and as the people move toward the church and start into the doorway, the light falls across their faces. The procession is moving into the church as the orchestra and choir reach a triumphant climax and the curtain closes.) (End)

## Notes To "The Bell and The Plow" -- Epic Drama about Father Kino

Script by Kermit Hunter and Music & Choral Score by Jack Frederick Fitzpatrick

Notes by Mark O'Hare Tucson, Arizona (6 pages) -- July 2, 2016

1. This typed script is copied from the original mimeograph script (third draft). See Item 2 - AHS Library records. Numbers in brackets [ ] reference original numbered pages in the script.
2. Script and score copies are archived in the Arizona Historical Society (AHS) Library (Tucson) in the extensive ephemera files concerning The Tucson Festival Society - Record MS 0921: Box 63-64; Album 15. Record finding aid online at [http://www.arizonahistoricalsociety.org/wp-content/uploads/library\\_Tucson-Festival-Society.pdf](http://www.arizonahistoricalsociety.org/wp-content/uploads/library_Tucson-Festival-Society.pdf)
3. Additional AHS Library contents: review comments to the script made by Dr. Edward Spicer, Rev. Celestine Chinn O.F.M. Two other Spanish colonial historians trained by Herbert Bolton: Dr. Peter Dunne, S.J. and Dr. Russell Ewing reviewed; copies of Fitzpatrick's submitted score and the performance score that was transcribed for additional instruments; notes of the critique meeting by members of the Tucson Festival Society after the performances; publicity & correspondence.
4. U.S. Copyright Office. The Arizona Corral Theater, Inc. is the copyright owner of record. The copyright entry web link is at [https://archive.org/stream/catalogofcopyrig3834libr/catalogofcopyrig3834libr\\_djvu.txt](https://archive.org/stream/catalogofcopyrig3834libr/catalogofcopyrig3834libr_djvu.txt) "ARIZONA CORRAL THEATRE, INC. The Bell and The Plow, a musical play in two acts by Kermit Hunter. [Text only] Appl. Author: Arizona Corral Theatre, Inc., Employer for hire of Kermit Hunter. © Arizona Corral Theatre, Inc.; 12Apr54; DU36677. " Arizona Corral Theater, Inc. no longer exists. Highly likely that play is in the public domain. No record can be found of Arizona Corral's copyright being renewed.
5. The University of East Carolina Library's 46 online images in its "The Bell and the Plow" scrapbook includes the performance program, newspapers articles, Tucson Festival publicity and records. Link at <https://digital.lib.ecu.edu/36522#details>. It is part of Outdoor Theater Collection.
6. Background: The play about famed Jesuit missionary, scientist & explorer Father Eusebio Francisco Kino (1645-1711) premiered in the 2,500-seat University of Arizona auditorium in Tucson, Arizona on April 28, 1954 - the 254th anniversary date of the Blue Shell Conference called by Kino in 1700 at Mission San Xavier del Bac. The play by Kermit Hunter was commissioned as part of the 2 month long Tohono Festival sponsored by the Tucson Festival Society. The epic drama genre featured plays about a region's history and were intended to be performed annually. Over 200 people participated in the play as actors, musicians, singers and stage support. Based on 2 newspaper accounts the role of Lascano was played by future Arizona governor Sam Goddard (1965-1967). The intent of the Tucson Festival Society was to stage the Father Kino play annually but due to financial considerations it was only performed in 1954. The Tucson Festival Society continued its annual programs and performances celebrating worldwide and Southwestern art and culture until 1996. In 1982 the Society sponsored the beginnings of the Tucson International Mariachi Conference that led to the popularity of the mariachi music tradition throughout the United States. Attached to these notes is a costume sketch & the 1954 Tucson Tohono Festival brochure. Also attached are 2 newspaper articles: "Kermit Hunter, Author of 'Unto These Hills' Completes 'Bell and Plow' for Arizona Production" -- The Times-News Henderson, North Carolina October 7, 1953 Page 2; " 'Bell and the Plow' Is Epic Play Deserving Yearly Presentation" -- Tucson Citizen April 29, 1954 Page 2. Information about Kino is at the Kino Heritage Society's website at [www.padrekinosociety.com](http://www.padrekinosociety.com).



Farley Klein, at left with the Indian children Francisco and Esaucho, is shown as sketched by artist Ross Stefan. To the right is artist's impression of Indian on Avenida J. Artist's own sketch of the Spanish fleet.

Kino Play Costume Sketch by Artist Ross Stefan

**TUCSON**

**TOHONO FESTIVAL**

**1954**

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**TURQUOISE AND SILVER BALL**—May 2. The community glazes to music by musicians and dancers show bands, and dancers through a story featured illustrated by Richard, Gordon and Richard.

For further information about the Festival, write: The Tucson Festival Society, Inc. 2715 East Broadway, Tucson, Arizona. For information about the community, write: The Tucson Southern Climate Club, Dept. 175 501 East Congress Street, P.O. Box 1111 Tucson, Arizona.

**...AND THEN EVERYBODY GOES TO LOS ANGELES FOR THE FESTIVE CIRCO DE MAYO CELEBRATION IN OLD MEXICO!**

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when haunting memories of the past are reawakened and blended with today's brilliant achievements... an array of spectacular events presented in an atmosphere of revelry under the luminous Arizona sun... and under the romantic desert moon!

**"THE BELL AND THE PLOW"**

**WORLD PREMIERE OF KERMIT HUNTER'S EPIC DRAMA "THE BELL AND THE PLOW"** at the University of Arizona auditorium April 28, 29 and 30, where... from the hallowed pages of history unfolds Farley's heroic Francisco Kino... courageous Jesuit missionary-explorer... with his mission bell and festival plow... heralding the spiritual and cultural awakening of a primitive people... and bringing civilization to the southwestern desert region... culminating in 1692 with the founding of Tucson's historic shrine... and the exquisite and enlightening mission of SAN XAVIER del BAC...

**KERMIT HUNTER**, famous historian and author of classic civic and community plays, has captured the dramatic, inspiring human personality of Farley Kino. With the assistance of noted authorities from the University of Arizona and Santa Catalina, and the consent of Francisco and Juan de Salazar, he has faithfully recreated two decades of struggle, courage, heroism. Mr. Hunter was commissioned to write "The Bell and the Plow" by the Arizona Civic Theatre, which graciously donated this epic drama to the Tucson Festival Society.

The dramatic events... personal... dramatic... stirring action and the final triumph... vision of a shining spiritual ideal... are related in a magnificent emotional... dramatic... for performance in the... of southwestern culture.

The huge cast and lavish staging are directed by Peter B. Maroney, head of the Department of Dramatic Arts, University of Arizona. Mr. Maroney is nationally known for his outstanding achievement with the University Players, the Arizona Civic Theatre and numerous other productions.

The musical score for orchestra and chorus by Dr. Jack Frederick Karpavich, noted composer, adds emotional depth and feeling... Dr. Frances Frensch-Winkel, eminent author and authority on musical conducting, has filled the stage with color... noted authorities on sociology and anthropology have contributed extensive research... all to assure the emergence of a brilliant new era in the galaxy of exciting Tohono Festival events.

**Nighttime program of the mission of San Xavier del Bac... the colorful and inspiring... of 1692 by Farley Kino. BAC: Father Kino's Church, O.R. 400, at the foot of the ceremonial hill of San Xavier with Peter Maroney and Kermit Hunter.**

Kermit Hunter, distinguished poet and playwright, author of "The Bell and the Plow," sketches the festive atmosphere in which the lovely old mission is steeped.

Tucson Tohono Festival Brochure - 1954  
 "The Bell and The Plow" Scrapbook Images  
 East Carolina University Library  
<https://digital.lib.ecu.edu/36522#details>

Newspaper Article

The Times-News Henderson, North Carolina October 7, 1953 Page 2

Kermit Hunter, Author of 'Unto These Hills' Completes 'Bell and Plow' for Arizona Production"  
New Work Is Ninth To Come Out of UNC, Fourth for Hunter

By John Parris

Cherokee, October 7. ---- Kermit Hunter, one of the nation's most successful young playwrights, disclosed today the completion of a new play, "The Bell and The Plow," which will be produced next spring at Tucson, Arizona.

This will be the seventh big production to come out of the University of North Carolina. It will be the fourth for Hunter who is author of "Unto These Hills," the nationally acclaimed Cherokee Indian drama presented here annually from late June through early September.

The music for the Arizona production, which has been built, around the life of Father Eusebio Kino, a Jesuit missionary who died in 1711, is being written by Jack Frederick Kilpatrick, the Cherokee Indian composer who did the musical score for "Unto These Hills."

Hunter is revealing his new play and the plans for it, said "The Bell and The Plow" will go into rehearsal at Tucson within the next few weeks and tentatively is scheduled to open in April in the 188-seat [2,500-seat] University of Arizona auditorium.

The project has been undertaken, he said, by the drama department of the University of Arizona and the Corral Theater of Tucson under the director of Peter Marroney. It will be sponsored by the Tucson Festival Association.

Hunter said plans are being made to later erect an outdoor amphitheater near the mission of San Francisco Xavier del Bac outside of Tucson which was built by Father Kino.

Like Hunter's other plays -- "Unto These Hills," "Horn In the West," and "Forever This Land" -- there runs through "the Bell and the Plow" a spiritual theme of the land as a gift of God, the eternal "westwardness" of man, and the idea that religion and progress must go hand in hand.

The title for the new play was taken from the works of Henry David Thoreau. The bell represents the church and plow civilization.

Basically the story is the life and work of Father Kino, an Italian who first went to Spain after schooling in Germany with a vision of going to China, following in the footsteps of his patron saint, St. Francis Xavier.

But instead of going to China, Father Kino was sent to Mexico City and lower California where he tried to establish missions. The missions failed after five years and he came to northern Sonora and

built the mission of Dolores. With that as headquarters he established more than 40 missions up and down the desert valleys of Sonora over a period of 25 years.

He explored Southern Arizona and on west to the Colorado River. He made maps of all that region, including lower California. These maps were standard for a hundred years.

He discovered lower California was not an island but a peninsula. He introduced cattle into Southern California and Arizona.

When Hunter talks of his new play and of Father Kino his eyes light up with the fire of a man living a crusade and his words tumble out with a rush.

"Father Kino was a human dynamo," he said. "He rode thousands of mile on horseback, carrying the gospel to the Pima Sobaipuri Indians. He was known as "The Padre on Horseback."

"So the play traces his career. It relates to Tucson by showing as its climax the building of the mission of San Francisco Xavier del Bac."

He said the play will contain Spanish dances, Indian dances, music of the Roman Catholic mass, pastorals, and a wealth of orchestral coloring combined with a huge chorale ensemble of the University of Arizona.

Hunter goes on to suggest that the mysterious hand of God kept Father Kino at this work in Sonora for the purpose of building a great new civilization in the desert country and making possible the further development of Arizona and California.

The author also stresses the brotherhood of man in the idea that a primitive wilderness can be developed into a great civilization by courage, tolerance, determination and Christian understanding.

The script has been check by church officials in Tucson and also by anthropologists of the University of Arizona for authentication and detail.

Hunter said it was his hope and the hope of the sponsoring organizations that the basic fundamentals of the American ideal will be clearly portrayed in the life of Father Kino - "a man who was Arizona's great first cattle baron, planter, builder, craftsman, mapmaker, pioneer and explorer, in the era when the thirteen colonies were little more than scattered settlements upon and down the Atlantic coast."

Headline: Kermit Hunter, Author of 'Unto These Hills' Completes 'Bell and Plow' for Arizona Production

Subhead: New Work in Ninth To Come Out of UNC, Fourth for Hunter

By John Parris

The Times-News Henderson, North Carolina October 7, 1953 Page 2

Web Link

<https://news.google.com/newspapers?id=Qn1hAAAIBAJ&sjid=1yMEAAAIBAJ&pg=4916%2C4535105>

Newspaper Article

Tucson Citizen April 29, 1954 Page 2

## 'Bell and the Plow' Is Epic Play Deserving Yearly Presentation

By Guy Thackeray

"The Bell and The Plow," Kermit Hunter's epic drama of the life of Father Eusebio Kino, had its world premiere performance last night at the university auditorium. This performance was the culmination of many years of effort by the Tucson Festival Society to produce a play which would reflect the development and cultures of the southwest. The original script was a gift to the Festival society from the Arizona Corral Theater, which had commissioned the work, and musical score by Jack Frederick Kilpatrick.

"The Bell and The Plow" is lofty in concept and often highly poetic in form. In the whole, it stands as a monumental contribution of one of this country's outstanding folk dramatists to the rapidly growing number of regional plays our country.

The story of the interaction of the church, state, colonists and Indians is told with historical truth. Father Kino emerges as a figure of tremendous size and great importance. We all can learn much and profit greatly by contemplation of his life and work as portrayed by the North Carolina playwright. The Tucson Festival has, I think, found the goal of its search for a regional play epic proportions.

"The Bell and the Plow" at present, is too long, too static, too wordy. Episodic plays quite often lack cohesion because the audience cannot bridge the gaps between events. These gaps are, therefore, spanned by the use of a musical interlude or the voice of a narrator. When the latter device was used last night, the play moved faster, and it should be said that that the mime of Martin Gerrish, as Father Kino, was often as eloquent as the spoke word. Additional music, or additional narrative by the historian, might add to the general movement of the play.

The opening scene laid in the palace of the duke of Arcos, introduces use to the main character and to his patroness. Last night there was not much gaiety at the palace ball, partly because the dances were too concerned about the technicality of dancing and not sufficiently interested in having a good time. The sarabane was long and slow, and got off on the wrong foot. Paula Mayer, however, was a stately moving, well spoken duchess.

The second scene, in my opinion, largely could be cut. And I was concerned and distracted by the unactivated pacing of Siguenza William Reese in the opening of the third scene with Pardo, the provincial in Mexico City, who was brought to life by George Morency.

The three opening scenes were perhaps, the least successful of the evening.

The first moment of real of real excitement was the appearance of Kino, Admiral Atondo and his company at La Paz. This incident had the ring of authority to it. The conflict of church and state was excellently portrayed, and the scene of the meeting with the Indians was one of the high dramatic moments of the evening. In this scene the finely spoken characterization of Atondo by Guy Green was weakened by the fact that the admiral was a highly peripatetic one! Perhaps he was getting his land legs!

The founding and abandonment of the mission at San Bruno closed the first act of the play.

The founding of the missions in Sonora and Arizona unfolded in the second half of the play, which culminated in erection of the first church at Bac, and Father Kino's personal decision to turn his back upon his lifelong dream of going to China in favor of work among the Sobaipuris and the Yumas. It is a very moving story of a great man, sorely tested and finally triumphant.

"The Bell and the Plow" is a monument to that man. His portrayal upon the stage requires an actor of warmth, but one of fire; it requires a combination of humility and indomitable courage. The part is of such length that it requires variety of pace and change of voice pattern; it also requires a growing wisdom as age increases. Last Martin Gerrish brought to the role of Father Kino these gifts.

If "The Bell and the Plow" becomes a yearly presentation in Tucson (and I hope it does) Martin Gerrish has set a high standard of performance which his successors in the part may well emulate. I should like to see all parts in the drama considered by the players as a contribution to the community. I should like to see such competition for parts in the Kino play that it would become as outstanding in its performance as it is in concept.

Space forbids credit to all to whom credit is due. The sets and decor were generally outstanding, the lighting most effective, the part of the chorus and orchestra well filled, the costumes colorful. I suggest that everyone see "The Bell and the Plow;" go early and study the program -- especially that part of it which names the hundreds of people who have contributed to the play's presentation but who never put their feet upon the stage.

"Bell and the Plow" Is Epic Play Deserving Yearly Presentation"

By Guy Thackeray

Tucson Citizen

April 29, 1954

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