

## LA TOSCA

### Play in five acts by Victorien Sardou

translated into English by Deborah Burton<sup>1</sup>

Performed for the first time, November 24, 1887, at the Theater of la Porte St. Martin and revived at the Sarah Bernhardt Theater on May 8, 1909.

*To Sarah Bernhardt, Victorien Sardou*

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

	1887	1909
Floria Tosca	Sarah Bernhardt	Sarah Bernhardt
Marie-Caroline, Queen of Naples	Bauché	Jane Méa
Luciana, Tosca's maid	Durand	Duc
Gennarino, Cavaradossi's manservant	Seylor	Seylor
Princesse Orlonia	Marie Augé	Boulangier
A Monsignor	Fortin	Thomas
Baron Scarpia, regent of police	P. Berton	Manudian
Mario Cavaradossi	Demény	Deneubourg
Cesare Angelotti	Rosny	Ch. Krauss
The Marquis Attavanti	Francès	Chameroy
Eusèbe, sacristan	Lacroix	Cauroy
Vicomte de Trévilhac	Violet	Guidé
Capréola	Joliet	Coutier
Trivulce	Deschamps	Luitz
Spoletta, Captain of the riflemen	Bouyer	Angelo
Schiarrone, policeman <sup>2</sup>	Piron	Weill
Ceccho, domestic	Gaspard	Catriens
Paisiello	Mallet	Bussièeres
Diego Naselli, Prince of Aragon	Delisle	
An usher	Dumont	Mauvray
Colometti	Jégu	Coquelet
A sergeant	Besson	Cintract
Fiscal Prosecutor	Cartereau	Béranger

The action takes place in Rome on 17 June 1800.

## FIRST ACT

[The Saint Andrew of the Jesuits church in Rome.<sup>3</sup> Architect Bernini: fully curved arches above large plain pillars of white marble with red veneer. The view is from the right transept. Further back, the choir is surrounded by a very ornate grille, and the flight of the apse near the right is obscured by the darkness. Downstage, on the right, a side door. Upstage, forming an angle with one of the large pillars, the chapel of the Angelottis. Grille on the scenery, grille on the side of the apse with the coat-of-arms of the Angelottis: three silver angels, two and one, on an azure background. All of the stage right side is occupied by a painter's scaffolding, leaning against an altar, and by a large frame surrounding a sketched picture representing the Resurrection of Lazarus. On the scaffolding, a painter's stepladder, footstool, brushes, palettes, materials, etc.. One reaches this scaffolding by a small stairway of unfinished wood. At the foot of the stair, a basket with a flask of wine, two silver goblets, bread, a cold chicken, a napkin and some figs. In the center of the scenery, in the back, a pillar with a painted Madonna in relief under a small golden canopy. At its foot, a bowl for flowers, and a tripod with tapers. In front of the scaffolding, two footstools.]

### First scene

GENNARINO, EUSÈBE, sacristan. Gennarino is asleep stretched out on the scaffolding. **Eusèbe**, coming from the back, approaches him and jangles a big bunch of keys in his ear.

EUSÈBE: - Eh! Gennarino!...

GENNARINO, startled awake: Uh, what can I do for you?

E: Were you asleep?

G, rubbing his eyes: Yes...I was sleeping a little.

E: Lazy! Although I am going to do the same. It is siesta time. It's time to close the doors...Where is your boss?

G, taking the palette and cleaning it: He went to the Jewish quarter to buy some cloth for his picture.

E: That's my Frenchman, running around the streets of Rome, in the month of June, in the heat of day, and making me wait for him!

G, standing: Lord Mario Cavaradossi is not French, Father Eusèbe, he is Roman, like you and me, from an old patrician family, if you please.

E: Well, I know what I am saying...He may be Roman through his father, whom I knew well in my youth, but he is even more French through his mother, a Parisian! Here is the

proof: if your master were a true Italian, would he work at an hour when any real Roman is busy sleeping?

G, preparing the palette: His Excellency claims that there is no better time for working than now, because with the doors closed, he is no longer disturbed by the English visitors<sup>4</sup> and their chattering guides, by the buzzing of the prayers, the chanting of the hymns and the sound of the organ, and that, in this solitude and silent coolness of the church, he feels freer, more inspired, more zestful!...

E, upstage, muttering while arranging the candles in front of the Madonna: Yes. To have visits from a certain woman.

G: What are you saying?

E: Nothing!...After all, he is a generous gentleman. He never leaves the place without slipping me three or four Pauli, as a token of his esteem. I only regret, Gennarino, that the Cavaliere Cavaradossi doesn't have more religious feeling.

G, agreeing: Oh, that!...

[He lays the palette down, after having prepared it with fresh colors, on the platform and cleans the paintbrushes]

E: Because, in short, I have never seen him present at mass nor joining his voice to ours during Vespers...and since he has been working on this chapel, he has not made confession once; not even on the the holy day of Easter.

G: I must admit that is true, father Eusèbe.

E: A Jacobin,<sup>5</sup> Gennarino, a pure Jacobin. Besides, he has someone to take after. Papa Cavaradossi before him passed for a philosopher. He lived in Paris a long time in the company of the abominable Voltaire, and other evil-doers of the same group...Take care, Gennarino, that contact with the godless does not drive you straight to Hell.

G, kneeling, yawning: Do you think, father Eusèbe, that they sleep in Hell?

E: If they sleep there?

G: Yes...

E: Do they sleep there? I confess, my boy, that your question takes me by surprise. I must investigate this point with father Caraffa,<sup>6</sup> the leading light of our church. Nevertheless I would incline rather toward insomnia, which is a torture well-made for the damned.

G, likewise: Oh, yes!

E: You should correct a little of what is reprehensible in your master's conduct; suggest to him the idea of offering, for the sacrifice of the mass, a few bottles of this Marsala that I see in your basket. [He takes the basket]

G, without turning around: It is not Marsala...it is Gragnano.

E, taking the bottle and examining it: You amaze me, my child...By the color, I would bet it was Marsala. [He uncorks and smells it]

G: You would lose, Father Eusèbe.

E, pouring the wine in a goblet: By Heaven, I shall get to the bottom of this! [He swallows it in one gulp]

G, leaping to the ground: Hey there!

E, smacking his lips: You are right, my son...it is Gragnano and one of the best.

G, pulling the bottle and the goblet away from him: And then my master will say I did it! [He rinses the goblet with the water from the pitcher]

E: Well!...He is too deeply in love to notice it. [He looks at the time on his watch] Besides, he really owes me this compensation for the naptime that he's making me lose.

G, putting the bottle and the goblet back in the basket: He probably stopped to see the preparations for the fête at the Palazzo Farnese.<sup>7</sup>

E: That fête would not entice him, because it is to celebrate a new victory of our army over the French troops.

G: What victory?

E: Good God! Is it possible that you haven't heard about the surrender of Genoa?<sup>8</sup>

G: Vaguely.

E: That is to say that the Cavaliere voluntarily leaves you in ignorance of our triumphs. You should know, child, that the French were beaten everywhere, and that General Massena,<sup>9</sup> surrounded in Genoa, had to capitulate and cede the city to the troops of His Imperial Majesty.

G: Ah-ha!

E, sitting on a stepladder and pulling from his pocket a newspaper and his bifocals: By the way, here is what the Gazette says!... Listen to this, my boy. [Gennarino sits on the platform with his legs

dangling. Eusèbe reads.] *We have received new details about the surrender of Genoa...General Massena has left the city with only eight thousand men, more or less disabled and in no condition to continue the campaign. General Soult,<sup>10</sup> a prisoner, is seriously wounded. Three quarters of the generals, colonels and French officers of every rank are captives as well, or either wounded or dead. This is a shocking disaster for the undisciplined troops who impudently call themselves the French army... And then this. [He reads] Her Majesty Queen of Naples Marie-Caroline,<sup>11</sup> august daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, sister of the ill-fated Marie-Antoinette, dignified and glorious spouse of His Majesty Ferdinand IV of Naples, our victorious protector, has come as fast as possible from Livorno where she was en route to Vienna, to host a large gala tonight, June 17, at the Palazzo Farnese, in honor of this victory...There will be a concert followed by a ball on Piazza Farnese, which will be illuminated, and music<sup>12</sup>...*

G, enraptured: And music?

E, continuing: *...and music at all the crossroads near the palace...It is regrettable only that, on this solemn and truly patriotic occasion, his Majesty Ferdinand is absent, obliged to remain in Naples in order to erase the last vestiges of the infamous Parthenopian Republic.<sup>13</sup> Adding to the latest news, Monsieur de Melas<sup>14</sup> has concentrated all his troops in Alexandria. Before long, we shall be able to celebrate a lasting and decisive victory... With Monsieur de Melas, Gennarino, there is no doubt about that!* [He puts the newspaper back in his pocket] There is of course that little General Bonaparte who is, they say, in Milan: but do you take this General Bonaparte seriously, Gennarino?

G: As for me, I don't know: but my boss, oh yes!

E: There is my Jacobin again! It made some sense for the old Bonaparte, the real one...But this one who is false...

G: False?

E: Perfectly. I know from a reliable source that General Bonaparte died in Egypt, drowned in the Red Sea like Pharaoh, and that this one is none other than his brother Joseph,<sup>15</sup> who they pretend was the one who died, in order to inspire the French soldiers, who are so disheartened that they refuse to fight.

G: So that's how you see it!

E: Yes, my boy, see what they are reduced to in Paris. And that is not all. Do you know what he dreamed up, that fake?

G: Joseph?

E: Joseph!...He started the rumor that he had crossed the Alps with all of his cannons!...The Alps!... No...You could die laughing...

G: Here is my boss.

## Scene II

THE SAME, MARIO CAVARADOSSI

**Mario**, entering from stage left carrying some cloth: I beg your pardon, Father Eusèbe, I am a little late.

[He hands his hat and his coat to Gennarino, then climbs the scaffolding and, during the following, drapes his cloth on a mannequin.]

E, refolding his newspaper: I took advantage of the time, Excellency, to bring Gennarino up to date on military operations.

M: Oh, that!

E: Everything is closed...May I leave, Excellency?

M: Yes, yes...and you too, Gennarino. I won't need you before the doors reopen.

G: Thank you, Excellency.

E: Your Excellency will be kind enough to pull the bolts closed. [Pushing Gennarino]. Come on, go on ahead, you lazy thing. [They exit stage left. Eusèbe closes the door.]

## Scene III

MARIO, ANGELOTTI

[Mario is left alone; after having arranged his cloth, he descends the scaffolding to see the effect from a distance. Then, whistling, he climbs back up the scaffolding and corrects the folds of the drapery: after which he removes his jacket, places his footstool and gets ready to work...As soon as he has climbed back up on the platform, Angelotti appears behind the grille of the chapel on stage left, which he opens silently and leaves without being seen by Mario who has his back to him: then, he goes down to the door and listens. At that moment, Mario, kneeling down to choose colors from his box, sees him.]

M, surprised, without changing position: What?...Is someone there?...

A, turning around: Softer, I beg you... Are we alone?

M: Yes. And so, who the devil are you, with such an evil look?

A: Evil, indeed, to some people, but to you, no, if I believe what this man and this boy were saying.

M, getting off the platform: None of which tells me who you are...

A, boldly: Well then, so be it!...Come what may! I am a prisoner escaped from the Castel Sant'Angelo!

M: You?

A, quickly: And my name is not perhaps unknown to you. In Naples, I was one of the most ardent defenders of the Parthenopian Republic, and, when it succumbed, I took refuge in Rome, where they made me consul of the Roman Republic, slaughtered like the other. You have been able to read my name on all the lists of banished: Cesare...

M, quickly: Angelotti?...

A: Yes!

M, running to the door and pulling the bolts closed: Why didn't you say so earlier?

A: God be praised...I was not mistaken about you...

M: You certainly were not! But how have you come to be hidden in this church?...

A: How and why I will tell you; but, for mercy's sake, a few drops of this wine...I have had nothing since yesterday, and I can't go on, from fatigue and want. [He sits on the stepladder.]

M, going quickly to the basket, and pouring a drink for him in a goblet: Oh, of course!...Here!...Drink!...Drink up!

A: Thank you. [He drinks a mouthful and shakes Mario's right hand with his left hand. Mario tries to disengage it, but he holds tight.] Don't take back your hand...When one has only had dealings for a long time with jailers, tyrants and other evil animals, you would not believe what a pleasure it is to finally shake hands with a man. [He empties the goblet.] This wine is reviving me.

M, returning to his basket: I have better things to offer you, luckily. He brings back the basket, which he empties while speaking.] And how were you able to escape?

A, ready to eat: I had nothing to do with it really...[He interrupts himself to look around him] But are you really sure?

M: The church is empty and completely closed...The sacristan himself cannot re-enter by that door unless I open the bolts. We have in front of us a good two hours of safety at least.

A, eating: I cannot take the credit, I tell you, for my escape, which is the work of my sister, the Marquise Attavanti...Do you know her?

M: Only by sight.

A: It was all her doing. Yesterday, at the end of the day, a warden by the name of Trebelli, won over by her, brought me these clothes in my dungeon whose door he opened for me after releasing my chains. They are working now at the Castel Sant'Angelo to repair the damage of the French occupation. I was able to blend in with the workers when they left, and thus get out. But at that hour, the city gates are closed, from the evening *Angelus* until the morning *Angelus*. Take refuge with my sister? Impossible! The Marquis Attavanti, my brother-in-law, is a fanatic for the throne and the Church; he is the kind of man who would deliver me himself to the hangman, not because of wickedness - the imbecile is not wicked - but to flatter the court, out of fear, and from a feeling of duty! Where to find asylum for the night? My sister had foreseen this situation. The Angelottis, founders of this church, have their own chapel here and only they have the key to it: yesterday she deposited women's clothes there, a veil, a mantle, even a fan, in order to hide my face if necessary, and razors, scissors...everything I would need to make myself unrecognizable. The key was given to me by Trebelli, I was able to slip into the chapel before the church doors were closed, spend the night there, and, when day came, to cut my hair and beard. I was expecting Trebelli this morning. Because only he enters my cell, my escape will not be noticed until the regulation visit tomorrow. It was therefore agreed that Trebelli would do his duty as usual, and it was understood that, afterwards, with a driver, he would come to get me here during High Mass. I was to leave with him wearing my women's clothes, climbed into the carriage, and go to Frascati to join my sister who, having left this morning, is getting everything ready for me to leave the Roman States. Trebelli has not appeared, and I couldn't decide between my obligation to wait for him, since without him I don't know what is to become of me, and the fear of prolonging my stay here. Because if the escape has been discovered after all, if Trebelli has been arrested, if he talks...

M: If he had been arrested, you would have been too; because one way or another, he would have told everything!...And, if your flight were known, the cannon of the Castel Sant'Angelo would have announced it to the whole city, giving the signal to close the city gates...

A: That reassures me, indeed, not having heard it. But where is the man...

M: It is a delay that the smallest accident could have caused and it's nothing to get frightened about. Let's wait here patiently until later in the day. No asylum is safer for you than this deserted church...Besides, in this quarter you cannot leave in your disguise without attracting the attention of the gossips who sit on their stoops knitting, the children, the people playing bocce down there on the piazza. Whereas, when the church reopens, you can leave openly by the front door, and, amidst the comings and goings of all the faithful, no one will notice one more. If, at that hour, Trebelli has not yet shown up, leave the rest to me.

A: Ah, what a man you are!...The only thing troubling me is my sister who is waiting anxiously for me.

M: And whom we cannot contact, unfortunately. But that explains her presence yesterday in this church.

A: You saw her?

M: Enough to put a souvenir of her marvelous beauty in this painting.

A, looking: Indeed!

M: Oh, just a sketch.

A, looking at the tableau: Yes...that is the golden color of her hair, and those big gentle blue eyes of hers...Ah, my dear Giulia! What devotion...To think that she and death have been fighting over me for a year. But the affection of one woman is less powerful than the hatred of another.

M: Ah, is that what it is?...

A: And it is all my own fault...It was about twenty years ago, I was in London, and only concerned then about my own pleasure...One evening, at Vauxhall, I was accosted by one of these creatures who prowl the public parks at night, in search of a dinner. This one was stupendously beautiful. Our liaison lasted eight days; then I left, remembering the affair only as much as it was worth. Years passed: my father died, and the distribution of his wealth made me proprietor of considerable land holdings in the environs of Naples, and, therefore, an inhabitant of that city. I arrived there one day after a fairly long absence. Prince Pepoli, at whose house I was dining, said to me: "Come let me present you to the Ambassador from England, Sir Hamilton,<sup>16</sup> and his delightful wife who is turning everyone's head here." And in Lady Hamilton,<sup>17</sup> imagine my surprise!...I recognized my easy conquest from Vauxhall...

M: Oh, yes! Emma Lyon, nanny, then tavern waitress, model, woman of ill-repute, etc., and finally, wife of the Ambassador of the United Kingdom.

A: I concealed my surprise in vain. Lady Hamilton is not a woman to be tricked. She knew she was recognized. At dinner, I had the honor of being seated at her right. But another guest, Hatred, was sitting between us...And I was fool enough to dare...Hamilton then was not the real sovereign of Naples as she is today, as a result of the influence she has had on Marie-Caroline, her friend, and on Admiral Nelson, her lover, protector of the Kingdom!... But she already had enough sway to agitate the court to use the utmost severity against the Neapolitans, like me, suspected of having revolutionary ideas. Irritated by her hostile attitude toward us, which went as far as cruelty, I forgot myself and said publicly in what place I had known that adventuress.

Two days later, my house was searched, my papers siezed, ransacked...Nothing! But in my library, there were two volumes of Voltaire that a traitor's hand had slipped in, unbeknownst to me, and on whose order? Need I tell you? Now, the royal order was absolutely firm. For anyone who possesses a single work of Voltaire... three years in the galleys!...

M: And what did you do?

A: My three years.

M: Ah, good God!

A: After which, exiled, ruined, all of my goods confiscated by the crown, I left Naples, to which I returned only while in pursuit of Championnet.<sup>18</sup> Upon the Royal Army's return, I managed to reach Rome, while in Naples the patriots, my friends, were being quartered, blinded, mutilated, and burned alive by the Neapolitan mob that enjoyed their roasted flesh, and in the countryside, hunted down by the San-Fedists in the pay of a Fra Diavolo or of a Mammone,<sup>19</sup> that monster who slits the throats of his prisoners, and drinks their blood!...But, when the French station had to cede Rome to the Neapolitan troops, I was arrested, depite the surrender, thrown in a dungeon in the Castel Sant'Angelo and I have been forgotten there for a year, thanks to my sister. The Prince of Aragon,<sup>20</sup> the King's Governor of Rome, is not an evil man, and countenances this voluntary oversight, in hopes that with the arrival of a new Pope, I would receive a pardon; but the court of Naples recently dispatched here, as regent of police, a Sicilian who had a reputation down there for dispensing merciless justice...

M: The Baron Scarpia!

A: ...And he is not one to overlook me!

M: Ah, the wretch! Under an exterior of perfect courtesy and fervent devotion, with his smiles and signs of the cross, what a vile scoundrel, sanctimonious and rotten, an artist in villainy, refined in his evilness, delighting in cruelty, blood-thirsty in his orgies! What woman, daughter or sister, has not paid with her honor for coming near this impure satyr?

A: Do you think you need to tell me? My sister, terrified, had to run from him, and that was when she conceived my escape plan. But Scarpia was a step ahead of us and, in three days, I was to be expedited to Naples in order to give Lady Hamilton the joy of seeing her old lover

hang!...Pleasure that she will not have, no matter what; in this ring, thanks to my sister, I have something to save them the cost of my hanging [A dull knock on the door at stage left.]

M: Ssh!...

A: Someone knocked...

[Silence. They listen. Noise of voices outside.]

M, listening at the door: No, one of the bocce player's balls hit the door.

[He goes back to Angelotti.]

A: I regret involving you in my concerns...But, good God, I have been telling you about myself for an hour, and I don't even know your name.

M: Mario Cavaradossi.

A: The son?...

M: Of Nicolas Cavaradossi. A Roman like you.

A: I thought the family had died out.

M: Not yet, as you can see. but your mistake is understandable. My father lived most of his life in France. Introduced into the social circle of the Encyclopedists by Abbé Galiani, he had strong ties with Diderot, d'Alembert...It was thus that he married Mlle. de Castron, my mother, grand-niece of Helvetius. I went to school in Paris and, after the death of my parents, I lived there during the whole revolutionary period, in the atelier of David,<sup>21</sup> with whom I studied...

A: And you can live here?

M: Without having desired or even expected it... I had some concerns in abeyance in Rome. I came here just when the French troops were leaving by one door and the Neapolitan army was entering by the other. And I stayed here to put my affairs in order...

A: For a year?

M: It would be ungracious of me not to tell you the truth...I have stayed mainly because...

A, smiling: Of a woman?

M: Of course!

A: As always!

M: Do you know la Tosca?

A: Floria Tosca? The singer?

M: Yes.

A: Only by reputation...Is it she?

M: It is she!...The artist is incomparable: but the woman...Ah, the woman!...And this exquisite creature had been found in the fields, completely wild, herding sheep. The Benedictine monks of Verona, who had taken her in for charity, only taught her to read and pray a little: but she is one of those who soon realize how much they don't know. Her first music teacher was the convent organist. She did so well at her lessons that at sixteen, she was already a local celebrity. People would come to hear her on holidays. Cimarosa,<sup>22</sup> who was sent there by a friend, decided to challenge God for her, and to have her sing opera. But the Benedictines did not want to give her up to the devil. There was a great fight. Cimarosa conspired, the convent plotted. All of Rome took sides, for or against, to such a degree that the last Pope had to intervene. The young girl was presented before him, he listened to her, was charmed, and, tapping her on the cheek, said: "Go freely, my girl, you will cause all hearts, like mine, to shed sweet tears...and that is also a way of praying to God." Four years later, she debuted triumphantly in *Nina*,<sup>23</sup> and afterwards at La Scala, at San Carlo, at La Fenice, everywhere there was only she. With regard to our liaison, it was improvised here at the Argentina where she is singing now. One of those encounters when two people fall for each other at first sight,, when two beings recognize each other without ever having met. It is he! - It is she! - and that's it.

A: I have only known you for 15 minutes, myself; but I wouldn't blame her for loving you.

M: Ah, as for that!...She loves me well! I know of only one fault that she has. That is a mad jealousy that has somewhat hindered our happiness. There is also her devotion, which is excessive; but love and devotion agree with one another...

A: It is the same thing!...

M: Oh yes! Finally, because of her, I reluctantly agreed to prolong my stay here, which is not without peril. Because, as you well know, I am looked at askance here. I took no part in what you call your revolt; and, in that regard, they will not bother me; but, except for my name, which has been sullied a bit, my father having been part of a scandal in his time, the simple fact that I am a student of David (a member of the Convention), my way of living, which is nothing like a San-Fedist, my clothes and even the expression of my face, all draw me to the attention of the police. Here, as in Naples, you know, they frown upon those who do not wear powdered wigs, breeches, boots with buckles, and who dress and do their hair in the French manner. Titus-like hair is much too liberal, my beard is free-thinking, my boots are revolutionary. I would have already been mixed up with the hideous Scarpia if I had not thought up a strategy...

A: Which is?...

M: I asked the chapter of this church for the authorization to paint this wall for free.

A: They accepted?

M: Of course!... This pious devotion warded off the storm and perhaps will guarantee my security until Floria leaves for Venice where she is engaged next season. There, at least, we will be able to love each other without fear.

A: And with more freedom, certainly...

M: Oh, honestly, we are out in the open. When she is not at my house, at the Palazzo Cavaradossi, I am at her place. Even here, she comes to meet me in broad daylight, and you would hear her knocking on this door if she did not have a rehearsal for the concert tonight... Which is just as well, in these circumstances...

A: Why?

C: Her presence will thwart our plans.

A: Fine then, all you will have to tell her is who I am...

M: Oh, no!... I am not in favor of involving women in these types of adventures.

A: Even she who is devoted to you?

M: Even she - her cooperation is useless to us, right? Let's be rid of all that is useless. As small as the risk is to talk to her, it is even smaller not to talk at all, and then we will avoid, in one stroke, the questions, the worries, the fever, the nerves, etc.... above all her bad mood when she sees me protecting a villain such as you. Because for her, a royalist, you are no more than that!... And then, let us suppose the escape becomes impossible, that your stay in Rome must be prolonged: one maladroit word could ruin everything. Remember, above all, that she is devout, that the confessor is a dreadful confidant, and that the only woman who is truly discreet is one who knows nothing...and even then!...

[Someone knocks outside.]

Floria, outside: Mario!

M: It is her! [Loudly] Yes! Yes! [To Angelotti] Hide!...I will cut short her visit if need be...[Angelotti takes refuge in the chapel.]

F, still knocking: Open up!...

M, seizing his palette and his brushes: Wait...I am coming!...I am coming!

[He pulls the bolts and opens the door.]

Scene IV

MARIO, FLORIA

Floria, entering with a bunch of flowers, a large walking stick in her hand: Such a fuss just to let me in!...

M, a paintbrush in his teeth: You didn't give me time to get down.

F, looking around with a suspicious air: You close the bolts now?

M: Yes, Father Eusèbe likes it better that way.

F: The little boy is not here?...

M, laying down his brushes: No, I gave him leave...[Floria suddenly goes upstage] What are you looking for?

F: To whom were you speaking just now?

M: Me!...I was not speaking!...I was humming...You heard me humming...

F: Speaking!...You went like this, ssh...ssh...ssh...ssh...

M: What a joke!...Who would be here at this hour?...

F: Who knows? Some pious old churchwoman who is in love with you.

M: Oh!...Already!...A scene in this heat...Can't you wait until it gets cooler this evening...[He takes her hands and kisses them tenderly.] What a flower harvest!

F: For the Madonna...I have a lot to be forgiven for.

M, continuing: For example?

F: For example what you are doing there.

M: What is the harm?...

F: Oh, yes, right in front of her...[lowering her voice] Let me at least greet her first...

M, likewise, imitating her: Oh, it is too fitting...

[Floria climbs up towards the pillar on which the Madonna rests, puts her flowers into the urn and kneels, her back turned towards the stairs. Mario takes advantage of this to give a signal to Angelotti who is seen for an instant behind the grille.]

F, coming down again and giving him back her hands, more at ease, in a full voice: There, that's done!

M, kissing her fingers: So, may I now? Does madame permit it?...

F, very sincere: Yes...Ah, I am really annoyed, you know.

M: Why?

F: Because we will not see each other until tomorrow.

M: Why not?

F: That gala!...

M: At the Palazzo Farnese?...

F: Yes...There is a concert, and, as you can guess, I have the biggest part.

M: Fine, but afterwards?...

F: There is a ball.

M: And you must go dancing?

F: No!... dining...The Duke of Ascoli<sup>24</sup> gave me the message that the queen would be pleased to see me and has reserved a place for me.

M: What a favor!

F: Oh, yes...She is very good to me. But we will not eat until daybreak and we won't see be able to see each other before noon.

M, lightly: Indeed!...

F: You take that rather easily...

M: Ah, truly...

F: Really. It's funny...You take it all so philosophically!

M: Let's just say I am resigned to it...

F: Oh, men!...Ah, it was a mistake to love you so much...and above all to let you know it.

M, picking up his palette again: Oh!

F, looking at the tableau, with a cry of surprise: Who is that woman there?

M, looking behind him: That woman?

F: There, there, on the wall?

M: Ah, the blond?

F: No!...the red-head!

**M:** It's Mary Magdalene. How do you like her?

F, climbing up two steps: Too pretty.

M: Too pretty?

F: I don't like it when you make women so attractive.

M: If you are jealous as well of the women I paint!

F: I know what goes on between you and them!

M, laughing: Ah, good!...And what goes on?...

F: No sooner have you made two big eyes on that creature than you say to yourself, "Ah, her beautiful eyes!" And a little mouth! "Oh, the pretty mouth!...one could eat it!" In the end, it is she whom you admire, she whom you love, and not me anymore!...

M, laughing while working: Oh, fine!

F: And moreover, from what do you fabricate those creations of yours? Your memories...or your desires!...Eyes that you have often seen...Lips that have said to you, "I love you!" Or to whom you would like to say it!...To whom does that hair belong...and those blue eyes?...Oh, I am sure I know them...I have seen them somewhere!

[She climbs the scaffolding while speaking]

M, likewise: It is probable.

F, quickly: Ah, then it is a real woman...She exists?

M: Guess.

F: I will. L'Attavanti!...

M: Yes...You are looking at her.

F: Then you know her?...You are seeing her after all?...Where you do see her?...At her house?...Here?...At your place?...Don't lie.

M: But...

F: But speak up, answer me!

M: Let me speak!...I saw her here, only once, yesterday, by accident.

F: Oh, by accident!...by accident, that's a good one! [She sits down on a ladder.]

M: By accident. She came in while I was painting; She kneeled down there, like you. She prayed, like you. And, with her big cornflower-blue eyes raised to heaven... and her beautiful blond hair!...

F: Her beautiful hair, that's a good one, too!...

M, continuing calmly: Still bathed in golden light from the setting sun, she was so perfectly the Magdalene of my dreams that in a few brushstrokes I captured her there, without her suspecting it and without my saying a word to her.

F: And why this woman, I ask you, and not me?...Couldn't I be a Magdalene as golden as she?

M, gaily: Ah, well, frankly, you do not have the air of a saint, especially not right now.

F: And she does then?...Ah, she looks good, the marquise, with her halo!...A joker who deceives her husband and walks all over town with her lover!...

M: Excuse me!...He is not a lover, but a cicisbeo, accepted as such by everyone, and by the husband himself...Therefore, he is not being deceived.

F: That's fine, I myself have neither a husband nor a cicisbeo!...I have a lover whom I love exclusively and who is everything to me. It's more honest...

M, tenderly: I adore you, too!

F: That shameless woman who comes here to pose on purpose!

M: Come on, come on, you are being foolish. Let's forget about the marquise.

F: She would be better off trying to convert her villain of a brother.

M: Oh, a villain!

F: Oh, naturally you defend him...an enemy of God, the king and the Pope!...A demagogue, an athiest!

M, throwing a glance toward Angelotti, over Floria's shoulder: Oh, my!

F, sitting on the last step: Yes, oh yes. Oh, you can joke...But it really saddens me. You have such bad opinions with such a good heart. A man who reads Voltaire!...and this other one whose book you gave me, a horror!...

M: The *Nouvelle Héloïse* ?

F: Father Caraffa, my confessor, whom I told about it, said to me, "My child, burn this infamous book right away, or it will burn you!"

M: And did you burn it?...

F: No!

M: Ah, so much the better. It means a lot to me. A present from Rousseau to my father.

F: And I read it!...and this book did not burn me at all, really, not at all.

M, half lying down near her on the scaffolding: My goodness!

F: Those people are all chatter...They talk all the time and never make love to each other.

M: So, Father Caraffa also interferes with your reading?

F: Naturally, when I confess my sins to him .

M: And mine.

F: They are the same ones...And, by the way, if you knew what he said to me about you!...

M: Oh, I could guess... I am a sans-culotte<sup>25</sup> and I drink blood!

F: Ah, more than anything else, godless...and I am pretty unhappy about it. I haven't been forgetting to pray to God with all my soul for the salvation of yours.

M, he presses her against him: Poor little dear heart.

F: Especially since the Father has formally declared to me that our liaison is abominable.

M: Oh!

F: Abominable!...I can still hear it: "My child, if you want heaven to pardon you for it, let it at least lead to the conversion of your friend. Reclaim for us this sheep gone astray and God will close his eyes to your transgression. Sacred love will purify profane love. And first get him to sacrifice that revolutionary insignia that he shows off shamelessly in the streets with his air of defiance!..."

M: What insignia?...

F: Your moustache.

M: Oh!

F, sadly: Ah, I promised him to make you shave it!

M: You didn't breathe a word about it.

F, likewise: Never!

M: Why?

F: It would be horrible...it looks so good on you!

M: Ah, I see!...

F: I have loved you just as you are from the first moment. I cannot accept the idea of loving you otherwise, with a shaved face, like Father Caraffa's!...Only, that is the punishment...I don't dare to make confession anymore and to admit to him that the moustache is still here, because I like it...Because then he would forbid me to love you!...I would answer him...God knows what I would answer him...A real scandal!...But I am really in for it now...I am in a constant state of mortal sin, and if I should die suddenly...

M: Straight to Hell!

F: Still, if it were with you!...

M: Ah, who knows!...

F, reassured: Yes, I think things can still be worked out...

M: But of course!...

F: Thanks to the Madonna, I am on good terms with the Madonna.

M: So then, let's keep going!

[Someone knocks on the door]

F: Ssh!...

M: What?

F: Someone knocked.

Luciana, outside: Madame, madame!

F, coming down: It is my maid...Is that you, Luciana?

L: Yes, madame.

F, to Mario: Open the door.

[Mario opens the door]

### Scene V

THE SAME, LUCIANA

F: What is this? What?

L: A letter from the maestro, which was brought to the house.

[She searches for the letter]

F: Paisiello?<sup>26</sup> My God, it is so irritating, never a moment of peace. [Mario, during this, gives Angelotti a sign to be patient.] Come on then, give it to me. Hurry up!

L: Here it is!

F: What does he want now, the old fool? [Reading] *Divine Tosca. His Excellency the Duke of Ascoli has communicated to me some news that will fill you with joy. The 14th of this month, His Majesty received a letter from General Melas that said that he had fought a battle against the French Army commanded by General Bonaparte in the plain of Marengo, near Alexandria...*

M, quickly: Ah, give it to me, please... [He takes the letter and reads in a manner that can be heard by Angelotti] *The combat that began at dawn continued with fierceness until three in the afternoon and ended with a complete rout of the French army...This is a brilliant victory for our soldiers...* [He passes the letter back to Floria] Here, finish it. [He goes to sit down, saddened, stage right.]

F, beginning to read again: *"As a result, His Majesty is ordering prayers of thanks in all of the churches. And I thought that it would be part of our duty to join in this patriotic joy...My excessive enthusiasm having spurred me on, I am improvising a cantata in honor of this victory..."*

M: Charlatan! He wants to get back into good graces and have his Parthenopean Marseillaise<sup>27</sup> forgotten!

F, continuing: *"Must I add, diva, that this improvisation, tonight at the Palazzo Farnese, can only attain some merit if you lend it the support of your prestigious talent? ...The choirs and the orchestra have been called. We await only you. One good rehearsal before dinnertime will be enough for us. Come right away, I beg you, and you will fill with joy the most ardent, the most devoted, the most...et cetera!"* "The old ape...To the devil with him and his cantata!"

M, quickly: Ah, you cannot refuse!

F: Eh, no...Because of the queen!...But how awful to have to leave you to go rehearse his cantata!...What will you do without me?

[She gets ready to leave]

M: I will work until night falls.

F: And then?

M: I will go eat and sleep at the villa.

F: That's fine, then!...And tomorrow morning?

M: Tomorrow morning, you will see me at noon.

F: Why so late?

M: To let you sleep.

F: I don't need to sleep as much as that! I want you to wake me up.

M: Agreed. So, until tomorrow.

F, ready to go, she stops: Wait!...

M: What?

F, indicating the tableau: Oh, I beg you! Make the eyes black...It is the same to you, right? She will be Mary Magdalene just as well with black eyes...

M: My God, do you persist in this?

F: Yes, very much. With black eyes, you will no longer think about L'Attavanti.

M: Then, I promise...

F, embracing him: Really, I adore you!

M: Oh, in front of the Madonna!

F: Oh, she is so good...She wouldn't hold it against me...Until tomorrow, my beloved treasure!

M: Until tomorrow, love.

[Floria leaves with Luciana]

## Scene VI

MARIO, ANGELOTTI

[Angelotti leaves the chapel as soon as the door is closed again and the bolts are pulled.]

M: Ah, my friend, such news!...This battle?

A: Alas! Yes...this finishes us!...

M: Ah well, let us think about you...They will open the church early because of the prayers that were ordered...The whole city must be in a flutter...Maybe we can take advantage of it in order to leave the city before the gates close?...

A: Without waiting for Trebelli,...so be it!

M: Then...[Cannon shot from a distance]

A, shocked: Ah!

M: The signal!...They know of your escape!...

A: Wait!...Maybe it is a salvo for this victory. [They listen]

M: No!...You see...No more...Just one shot. It is definitely your escape that they are signaling!...You cannot stay here any longer...Come what may, we are leaving...Quick into this disguise...As soon as you are ready, leave by the other gate, in the shadows, go around the church by this side...As for me, I will go by the other side to the main door where I will wait for you, and we shall leave boldly, that is the best thing to do!...Go, go...here comes the sacristan, and hurry, danger is at our heels!

[Angelotti re-enters the chapel, where he closes the grille and disappears. Mario leaps on his platform.]

## Scene VII

MARIO, EUSÈBE, then GENNARINO

E, appearing from stage right in the back, his keys in his hand, and going to open the bolts on stage left:  
Did your Excellency hear?

M: What?

E: The cannon shot!

M: indifferently: Ah, yes, wasn't it to celebrate this victory?

E: No, no! It is some Jacobin who is supposed to have escaped from Castel Sant'Angelo...

M, likewise: Maybe...

[Women and children enter the church by the door at stage left, take holy water, sign themselves, go back towards the Madonna, bow and head towards the middle of the church upstage.]

Gennarino, entering quickly by stage left, out of breath: To be sure, Excellency!...Angelotti has escaped!

E: Ah, the ruffian!

G: They are shouting the news of his escape in the streets and describe him with a promise of a thousand piasters for whoever delivers him; and, for whoever gives him asylum, the gallows.

E: It is too little!...

G: A warden, his accomplice, has been denounced by a driver whom he had bribed; that is how everything was discovered!

M: And the warden was arrested?

G: Yes, Excellency.

M, climbing down: Did he talk?

G: Oh, surely: They "questioned" him.

E: It is too little!...

M, quickly: Is my carriage is here? [He indicates stage left.]

G: Yes, Excellency, with Fabio.

M, taking his hat: Tell Fabio to go around and to wait for me on the piazza, in front of the big door...After which you will go and put everything in order. Let's go, quickly, hurry up!

G: Yes, Excellency!

[He leaves by stage left. The candles are lighted in the back and one begins to see the faithful on all sides, men and women.]

E, going to light the candles in front of the Madonna: So, Your Excellency has already heard talk of this victory of Marengo?

M, anxiously, looking towards the grille: Yes!

E, same business, turning his back to him and laughing: Joseph is beaten... Ah, ah! Who has a handful now? Joseph!...

M, same business: Joseph?

E: Yes...Yes...the paper Bonaparte...Ah, ah! The one who crossed the Alps with his cannons!...What a joker! He makes me writhe with laughter!...

[Angelotti appears indistinctly, opening the other grille and disappearing into the shadow.]

M, to himself: Finally!

E: What did you say?

M: Nothing! [drawing him towards him to distract his attention] Here, Father Eusèbe, thank you and good evening!...

[He goes out quickly by the back, stage right.]

E: He is vexed all the same, the Jacobin!...Three Pauli! [Making a grimace]

That is too little!

[Church songs, in the back, very softly, and prayers.]

### Scene VIII

EUSÈBE, SCARPIA, SCHIARRONE, COLOMETTI, AGENTS then GENNARINO.

[They enter by stage left, over the hushed chanting that stops and starts throughout the scene. Schiarrone enters first, draws aside, dips his fingers in the font and presents the holy water to Scarpia who comes in after him. Scarpia stops and devoutly makes the sign of the cross while Schiarrone presents holy water to Colometti standing on the doorstep. Colometti and Schiarrone make the sign of the cross at the same time. Then Scarpia descends and, while the three other agents pass through the door, he gives orders mezza-voce.]

Scarpia: Guard all the doors. Search the church and do what you have to without attracting too much attention. [Four agents go upstage slowly and disappear on either side. To the sacristan who, coming downstage, recognizes him and bows to the ground:] Come here, my good man. Are you the sacristan?

E, trembling: Yes, Excellency.

S: A criminal, escaped from the Castel Sant'Angelo, spent the night in this church; he could still be here.

E, trembling: Ah! My God! Here!

S: Where is the chapel of the Angelottis?

E: On this side, Excellency. Here it is.

S, to Schiarrone: Look. [Schiarrone and an agent enter the chapel. Murmurs of prayers in the back. Schiarrone reappears.] So?...

Sch: No one, Excellency. The chapel is empty.

S: Too late. The man fled at the sound of the cannon. No trace of him?

Sch, showing in the hands of the other agent the indicated objects: Some toiletries. A mirror, scissors, razors...and hair on the ground.

S: That is all?

Sch: Yes, Excellency. [The other agent reappears with a fan.] No...pardon...A fan.

S: Give it to me. This was part of the toilettries. [He opens the fan] A marquise's crown. That's it then...the fan of l'Attavanti that he forgot in his haste, or that he thought unnecessary...Nothing else like this?...No women's clothes?

Sch: None, Excellency.

S: Therefore it is clear that he fled under that disguise. But where?...Who could have come to help him? [To Eusèbe] My good man, did you notice anything unusual around this chapel?

E: Nothing, Excellency...Neither before nor after the opening of the doors.

S: Ah, you closed the church?

E: As usual.

S: Locked up, right?

E: Except for this door because someone was inside.

S: And who was that then?

E: The painter who is working on this tableau.

S: And the painter's name?

E: Cavaradossi.

S: Of course! Now we are getting somewhere...Ah, the Cavaliere Cavaradossi! A liberal, like his father...[At this moment, Gennarino, who during his return has completely cleaned up the scaffolding, crosses with the basket to leave.] What is that child carrying?

G: Excellency, this is the basket in which I put my master's refreshments every day.

S: It is empty.

G: As Your Excellency can see.

S, lifting the napkin in the basket with the end of his walking stick: Does your master always appreciate your provisions so?

G: Never, Excellency...This is absolutely the first time. Father Eusèbe always drinks the wine.

E, protesting: If you please!...

S: Silence. [He gives a signal to Gennarino to withdraw.] [To Eusèbe] That suffices, I see it all clearly!...The Cavaliere was here when you got back?

E: Yes, Excellency, he just left!

S: You saw him alone?

E: As always when he is working, except for the visits of a certain lady.

S: La Tosca?

E: And, without doubt, she came today, because I am sure those flowers were not there when I left.

S: Yes, la Tosca is faithful to the Church and to the king. She is no traitor!...However, we will watch her. [The agents reappear. Organ prelude begins and will continue.] So, Colometti?

The Agent: Nothing, Excellency.

S: No suspects?

The A: Not one.

S: We just missed him!...That is enough for now!...Gentlemen, let us give thanks to the God of the Armies who has given us a victory!... And let us pray to the Holy Madonna...[He kneels in front of her.] to bless our efforts in our other war against godlessness!...

[He puts a knee on the ground. All do as he does. The organ music bursts forth with all the voices chanting the *Te Deum* ]

-CURTAIN-

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<sup>1</sup>. The translator would like to thank Regan Kramer for her assistance in the translation of this drama. After this translation was complete, another annotated English translation of the play came to her attention: W. Laird Kleine-Ahlbrandt, "*La Tosca*" (*The Drama behind the Opera*), *Studies in the History and Interpretation of Music*, Vol. 19 (Lewiston, NY: Edwin Mellen Press, 1990). An attempt was made here to provide only annotations not given by Kleine-Ahlbrandt, although some overlap was unavoidable.

<sup>2</sup>In the libretto this character's name was changed to Sciarrone, adjusting the Italian spelling to the French pronunciation.

<sup>3</sup>The Church of S. Andrea al Quirinale, as it is presently known, was founded by Jesuits and conceived and designed by Gian Lorenzo Bernini (1598-1680); he supervised its construction during the period 1658 to 1678, with the help of his student De Rossi (1637-1695), who designed the chapels, the church floor and the sacristy. Flanking the main altar are four Corinthian columns made of white and red marble. The church, oval-shaped and quite small, has six chapels, the only one of which has a grille contains a crucifix and forms the tomb of Carlo Emanuele IV, King of Sardinia and Piedmont, who became a Jesuit in 1815 after abdicating the throne. The chapels are dedicated to: St. Francis Xavier, the Pietà, St. Andrew, the Crucifixion, St. Stanislao Kostka, and St. Ignatius of Loyola.

<sup>4</sup>There were so many English tourists in Rome during this period that all foreign tourists were known as "Inglese."

<sup>5</sup>The members of the Jacobin Club became one of the most radical left-wing groups at the Convention; they supported, for example, the execution of King Louis XVI. Its most noted member was Maximilian Robespierre (1758-1794). [Kleine-Ahlbrandt, "*La Tosca*" (*The Drama behind the Opera*), 30.]

<sup>6</sup>Sardou could be referring here to the Cardinal D.C. Carafa, who helped Liborio Angelucci obtain a house arrest (instead of incarceration in the Castel Sant'Angelo) and to whom Angelucci dedicated his edition of the *Divine Comedy*. It is possible that this Carafa was one of the four cardinals held hostage in the Vatican during the Roman revolution, along with three princes and the governor of Rome. Another Carafa, from Belvedere, was made cardinal-deacon by the Pope in 1801.

<sup>7</sup>The Palazzo Farnese was built c. 1514 for Cardinal Alexander Farnese (later, Pope Paul III). Antonio da San Gallo was the principal architect, but Michelangelo and Giacomo della Porta made later additions. [Kleine-Ahlbrandt, "*La Tosca*," 60].

<sup>8</sup>In Genoa, surrounded French troops held out for six weeks against the Austrian forces, but finally surrendered on June 4, 1800, thirteen days before the action of the play.

<sup>9</sup>General André Massena (1756-1817). One of Napoleon's greatest generals, who had fought in the first Italian campaign, defeated the Russians in the second battle of Zürich and served as Marshal of France, Duke of Rivoli and Prince of Essling during the First Empire. [Kleine-Ahlbrandt, "*La Tosca*," 133.]

<sup>10</sup>General Nicholas-Jean de Dieu Soult (1769-1851). He rose to the rank of General during the French Revolution, and in 1804 became a marshal. He later was named governor of Prussia, the Duke of Dalmatia, War Minister, Minister of Foreign Affairs and President of the Council. [Kleine-Ahlbrandt, "*La Tosca*," 134.]

<sup>11</sup>Queen Marie-Caroline von Habsburg (1752-1814) was known for wielding the true power at the court of Naples, and for befriending Lady Emma Hamilton (see below).

<sup>12</sup>This description bears a striking resemblance to the festivities which occurred when Ferdinand IV re-entered Rome triumphally on November 29, 1798. (Diego Angeli, *Storia Romana di Trent'Anni 1770-1800*. Milan: Treves, 1931, 257: "[the King] descended at the Palazzo Farnese and, as their sovereign, received prelates, princes and feudal subjects. In the evening, the city was illuminated sumptuously and there was music and fireworks.")

<sup>13</sup>The Parthenopean Republic, which briefly replaced the Realm of Naples, was much larger than just the city of Naples itself. Its territory covered almost the entire lower half of the Italian peninsula.

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<sup>14</sup>Baron Michael Melas (1729-1806). He commanded the Austrian army in 1793 in Germany and in 1799 in Italy. After his defeat at Marengo, he became the military commander of Bohemia. [Kleine-Ahlbrandt, "*La Tosca*," 133]

<sup>15</sup>Joseph Bonaparte (1768-1844) He was the eldest sibling of Napoleon, and became ambassador to Rome in 1797. In 1805, he became King of Naples, but soon fled to Switzerland and then the United States where he lived from 1815 to 1841. [Kleine-Ahlbrandt, "*La Tosca*," 134-5.]

<sup>16</sup>Sir William Hamilton (1730-1803) served as envoy to the court of Naples for thirty years, and was known for his erudition and his marriage to the infamous Emma Hamilton. He is also the main character in the novel *The Volcano Lover* by Susan Sontag (New York: Farrar Straus Giroux, 1992).

<sup>17</sup>Lady Emma Hamilton (1765-1815) was known for her great beauty, her talent at artistic posing, and her many love affairs, the most prominent of which was with Admiral Horatio Nelson. She became quite close with Queen Marie-Caroline, escaping with the royal family when they had to flee Naples. After Nelson's death, she and her daughter by him lived in extreme poverty.

<sup>18</sup>General Jean Etienne, known as Championnet (1762-1800), was commander of the French army that seized Naples in 1799 and established the Parthenopean Republic. [Kleine-Ahlbrandt, "*La Tosca*," 39.]

<sup>19</sup>The San-Fedists were a counter-revolutionary group, organized by Cardinal Fabrizio Ruffo (1744-1827), who paved the way for the return of the Bourbon monarchy. Gaetano Mammone (? - 1802) and Michele Pezza (1771-1806, known as Fra Diavolo) were infamous and cruel brigands, in service to the monarchy. [Kleine-Ahlbrandt, "*La Tosca*," 39.]

<sup>20</sup>Diego Naselli, the Prince of Aragon, was Governor of Rome at this time, appointed by King Ferdinand IV in 1799 after the French surrender. His residence was indeed the Palazzo Farnese. [Giuseppe Antonio Sala, *Diario romano*. (Rome: La Società, 1886) 129-130.]

<sup>21</sup>Jacques-Louis David (1748-1825) was the leading exponent of the neo-classic school of painting and an early supporter of the French Revolution. He became a member of the Convention and later its president. Napoleon considered him his favorite painter. [Kleine-Ahlbrandt, "*La Tosca*," 137.]

<sup>22</sup>Domenico Cimarosa (1749-1801) was active in both Naples and Rome, where his greatest rival was Paisiello. He also lived in St. Petersburg and Vienna, where he succeeded Salieri as Court Kapellmeister. Although appointed court composer in Naples, he wrote a republican hymn during the French rule, which later led to his imprisonment. [See Appendix B.] [Harold Rosenthal and John Warrack, *The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Opera* 2nd ed., (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1992), s.v. "Cimarosa."]

<sup>23</sup> *Nina pazza per amore* was an opera written in 1789 by Giovanni Paisiello [see below.]

<sup>24</sup>Troiano Marulli, the Duke of Ascoli, was appointed royal superintendent of police by King Ferdinand IV. [Kleine-Ahlbrandt, "*La Tosca*," 47.]

<sup>25</sup>Revolutionaries who repudiated the aristocratic "culottes" [knee breeches]. [Kleine-Ahlbrandt, "*La Tosca*," 50.]

<sup>26</sup>Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1816) a student of Durante, was a rival to Cimarosa and Guglielmi. At the invitation of Catherine the Great, he traveled to St. Petersburg and established Italian opera at the Russian court. He sided with the French in 1799, and went to Paris. Although he returned to Naples, the Bourbon monarchy never forgave him. [Rosenthal and Warrack, *The Concise Oxford*, s.v. "Paisiello."]

<sup>27</sup>This is probably a reference to the republican hymn written by Cimarosa, not Paisiello.

