

Call Back Side for ARLEQUIN and CAPITAN

Arlequín: Roaming the countryside that surrounds this city, the best part of it without a doubt, I believe without thinking we've come right to the hotel. What a creature of habit is man! And what a hard habit it is to feed yourself every day!

Capitán: The sweet music of your verses distracted me from my thoughts!
The amiable privilege of poets!

Arlequín: That doesn't stop them lacking in everything! With fear I arrive at the hotel. Will they consent to give us credit today? Thank god for your bravery!

Capitán: My bravery? My soldier's bravery, like your poet's muse, is worth nothing in this city of merchants and traders ... A sad state is ours!

Arlequín: Well said. Nor the sublime poetry, which sings only of noble and elevated things; no longer serves to put genius at the feet of the powerful to praise or satirise them; tributes and tirades hold no value for them: they are neither grateful for the one nor afraid of the other. Homer himself would have died of hunger in these times.

Capitán: And about us, what do you say what about us? Because we were defeated in the last war, less by a powerful enemy, than by those worthless traffickers that govern us and sent us to defend their interests without strength and without zeal, because nobody fights with conviction for what he doesn't hold dear; they, who didn't give one of their own as a soldier or let go of one cent except for good interest and better profits, and as soon as they feared for their money threatened to make peace with the enemy, now they blame us and mistreat us and demean us, and would like to

save themselves the miserable pittance they're thinking of paying us, and would very happily discharge us if they didn't fear that one day all those oppressed by their evildoings and tyranny would rise up against them. Woe betide them if on that day we remember what side reason and justice are on!

Arlequín: If it were thus ... on that day you would have me at your side.

Capitán: Poets can be counted on for nothing, for your spirit is like opal, which with every light changes hue. Today you're passionate about what is born and tomorrow about what dies; but you're more inclined to be enamoured with all that's ruinous for the sake of melancholy. And since you generally don't get up early, you've more often seen the sun die than the day break, and you know more about dusks than dawns.

Arlequín: You can't be talking about me, for I've seen the dawn many times when I've had nowhere to sleep. And how do you want me to sing to the day, as happy as a skylark, if it dawned so sadly for me? Are you ready to try our luck?

Capitán: What choice do we have? Let's sit and put ourselves at the disposal of our good hotel manager.

Arlequín: Hey there!? Who's serving! (*Knocking at the hotel.*)