

ALFONSO FROM ARAGON, ALFONS EL VELL

Take a look at my Gandia, isn't it beautiful?

Time has passed since these lands were conquered by King James II in 1240. Much time and many things have happened and changed ...

Why people live in so high homes? Why pass by my house? Is that perhaps they have forgotten its rich past?

Alfonso of Aragon, Duke of Gandia, Valencia Viceroy, Earl of Ribagorza, Marquis of Denia and Villena, that's me.

Though everybody knows me as Alfonso el Viejo, guess why?. Years do not go in vain ... and let alone 600 ...

And you?

Is that perhaps you have forgotten the ways and decorum?

My father, Earl of Ribagorza, left me, among other possessions, the estate of Gandia. Soon I was captivated by this splendid villa and I knew I was going to establish in its walls one of the most prosperous medieval courts of the sixteenth century.

Look! There are still remains of the ancient wall that protected the city, by the river,

You will not believe it but I've seen ships sailing, they came right here, look! to the palace from the sea ...

How do you call it? ... climate change? Yes, that is ... Keep you from this, the land is not an inheritance from your parents, but a lending from your children!!

Together with my wife Violante, Baroness of Arenós, I established the court and beautified my city with remarkable works, enlarged my residence - this palace you see, began the remodeling works and expansion of the parish of Santa Maria, which I could not finish, by the way, I founded San Marcos hospital for the poor, the sick, beggars and pilgrims, and founded the monastery of San Jeronimo, in Cotalba, near here ...

They do not answer back! Ahhhh! Much has happened since then, as you see, perhaps what has marked the history of this place has been the Borgia family, who revolutionized the Renaissance, the church of Rome, and thus the world! But you must know that this was once my home ...

Noble knights, gentle ladies, beautiful maidens, poets and minstrels crowded into the rooms and halls of the palace, in the past. Of influential and powerful family, my royal lineage came for me and my nephew, King Martin the Humane, granted me the title of Duke for my lordship in the blessed year of our Lord, 1399!

But death, that lurks hidden behind the corner, pulled one of the valued dreams of my life. I was a pretender to the throne of the Kingdom of Aragon, second in the dynastic line, God wanted that my old age, do not let me get closed to it and died during the election of the new monarch, during the Compromise of Caspe in 1412.

MAIDEN

That is true! This was one of the most richest and most prestigious duchy of the Crown of Aragon ...

In this incomparable duchy, wealth comes from the cultivation of sugarcane, the canyamel and flourishing trade, but the Duke is very old. But many of the nobles and knights of his court have already invested in the new crop, transforming their land and taking profitable income.

Mmm ...well, Do not forget that labor is pretty cheap for them, in these lands remain many Muslims living under "the protection of the lords" and work in their fields or mills where they make this plant a precious, soft and sweet white delicacy.

Do not forget that labor leaves them pretty cheap in these lands remain many Muslims living under "the protection of the lords" and work in their fields or in the mills or mills, which make this plant a precious, soft and sweet white delicacy.

Sugar is in fashion at the best tables in Christian Europe, it is luxurious and expensive. But I can get you if you want to: warm climate, fertile land, abundant water, (eg. well in my time of course!) And ... ah! The irrigation trenches, canals, wells, ponds, dams ... ugh! Really complex ... but Muslims are experts in these techniques ... well, and in many more ...

Thoroughly thinking, they have provided us many aspects into our culture and daily life, for example ... sugar! It was they who brought it ... ah! And the way they cook it! Sugar and everything in general, they use really tempting spices and seasonings. Listen! Do you know how they distinguish the taste of food, pay attention:

- hamid: sour
- malih: salty
- dasim: greasy
- tafih: bland
- hulw: sweet ... This last one they say it is the closest taste to nature (taba), the taste of a delicacy next to the air

Well ... much more things ... gastronomy, music, art, science, astronomy, medicine, geography ... and poetry ...

AUSIÀS MARCH

Plaza Jaume I. Onstage

Oh! Pardon my ways. Love confuses me and blinds me and it does not let release my thoughts. But who cares? Death comes to us all and thus we lose the love, memories, name, power ... What good is composing verses and reciting love?

But I need to do that, maybe there is still love in the afterlife, perhaps I will leave the carnal love and offer it all to God for me to receive his soul and from there, I will love those who I couldn't love in life ... Ah! and help me, what shall I do?

My name is Ausiàs March, lord of Beniarjó, poet of the golden age of the Valencian letters,

My father was a knight and poet, general attorney of the real duke, Alfons el Vell. My childhood was spent here in these streets, and among the nobility and the court. I soon learned the trade of knight, the gestures, the ways, the use of weapons and pen.

Verse in Valencian:

Al món, l'home no té gran valor
Sense posseir béns, qualitats, llinatge noble,

Però això d'enmig val més que la resta
(i no val molt sense tenir allò altre).

Becoming a knight, I followed the military tradition in my family, and eager for fame and fortune, accompanied the King Alfonso the Magnanimous in his expeditions for the Mediterranean control, Sardinia, Corsica, Sicily, the coast of Tunisia full of pirates. ...

The king rewarded my efforts, confirmed and increased my privileges as Lord of Beniarjó, and Pardines and Vernissa, and named me falconer of the king's house!

Knight, noble, militar, hunter, sir, ... What other title do I need to complete my biography?

Love!

The courteous love! An attribute of the aristocracy, I consider myself a good lover of my time, but I must admit that the love noble tradition has degenerated. You know? Love shoots three arrows: gold, silver and lead ...

Verse in Valencian:

Aquestes fletxes són d'or i de plom
I d'un metall que s'anomena argent:
Cada metall causa un efecte
Segons la diferència que hi ha entre ells al món.
En un temps que existí abans que aquest
Amor va llantar totes les fletxes d'or
I, per oblit, se'n va quedar una
Amb la queal em va ferir, per això deixo la vida.

FROM JAUME SQUARE TO CITY HALL SQUARE

I could swear that my residence was located right here, this is not the main street of the village? I cannot locate, wait, come here I think this way takes to the square ... This is the most bustling street, cavalry charged of goods, young people seeking work, poor begging, messengers carrying letters to the Council, people from bad lives, professional of banned games, thieves

CITY HALL SQUARE

The market square. Public space by excellence, focuses business activities, political and religious community. The market, the Church of Santa Maria, the Council Hall, the home of Justice, the prison ...

I can tell you that in the arduous task of managing my property in Gandia and Beniarjó, I had numerous lawsuits and in January of 1458 I was imprisoned for several days ...

But come, look at the Door of Santa Maria, don't you like this sober Gothic-style ...?

DOOR OF COLLEGIATE SANTA MARIA

Just here ... It was Good Friday, and here I was at the door, an apparition, it was she, Teresa (The legend tells that Ausias March fell in love with a woman named Teresa on Good Friday, when he saw her leaving the church through the door of Santa Maria) so beautiful and delicate as a jasmine flower ...

Delicate, delicate as those from Gandia.

Haven't you heard of them?

They say that she went out of Mass, she a young lady from Gandia, not Teresa was not, that was later, where have they told me?? I do not know, well, wait here, ... she had in hand his missal and the rosary, covered with a veil ... pious she ...

But woe! When leaving the office she had bad luck, sank down ... Screams, cries, help ...

What happens? A young lady? A flower? At the Market square? Dead? Dead???? A flower!! A jasmine flower sank down!!!

Oh! How delicate the ladies from this city ... You are more delicate than the ladies from Gandia??? Is that strange to you? Haven't you been told about this???

And to you???

Please let me see the crime scene!!! A flower? Where did it fall down?

Acanthus flower, decoration in stone ...

Limestone, cut blocks, how many blocks??

In my time the church was not so great, if I remember right up here, but wait here is a trace.

QUARRY MARKS

In the other door is María Enríquez.

The Duchess Maria Enriquez, born in Medina de Rioseco, Valladolid, Spanish noble, the daughter of Don Enrique Enriquez, Admiral of Castile, first cousin of the Catholic King, the widow of Juan de Borja, fourth Duke of Gandia.

APOSTLE SQUARE: MAIDEN OF MARIA ENRIQUEZ

I know this young man, dressed in the old medieval style, which lineage does he belong to?

March? From March Beniarjó? Family of poets and gentlemen? Are you kidding?

A lot of time has passed, new artistic movements have come to this dukedom. My political family has contributed greatly to the arrival of artists from Italy, and vice versa. New Reinassance times ...

But, although the evolution of art is cause for joy, I can not cheer for it, bad news has come ...

ENRIQUEZ MARIA, BORJA WIDOW

The bad fortune wanted that my husband, the Duke Juan de Borja found death in tragic and mysterious circumstances in his last trip to Rome.

The news has arrived and I have become a young widowed duchess, a mother of an infant of three years old ... no, no ...

I assume with great integrity my role as mother and regent of the duchy, my father, Pope Alexander VI has placed in me all his hopes on its continued prosperity of his project and line of succession, the small Juan.

MARIA ENRIQUEZ, REGENT OF DUCHY

I count on your support, together we have established a policy of acquisition of estates that enlarge our domain, they will expand to the south the duchy and will significantly increase an income of envy: the wealth that flows from the business of sugar cane,

Do you know this delicacy?

MARIA ENRIQUEZ AND THE EXTENDING OF GANDIA COLLEGIATE

I enlarged the Church of Santa Maria, built by the Duke of Gandia, Alfons el Vell, in four more tranches and got from my father-in-law, Pope Alexander VI, its rising to the rank of Collegiate.

And just erected as Collegiate the church of Gandia, built a ducal mausoleum in crypt so as to bring from Rome, in order to be buried in the Collegiate Church, the remains of those who were my husband and family, the dukes of Borja: D. Pedro Luis and Juan.

On February 7, fifteenth century, the report was issued by a public notary in testimony and memory left in the ducal burial.

APOSTLES DOOR

In order to finish the enlargement, the magnificent Apostles Door, bringing to it the best stonecutters and sculptors of Valencia.

The Forment (Carving workshop in wood) father and two children, make a new altarpiece and decoratethe new cover with imagery.

I undertake the reform of the high altar, with a new altarpiece. It comes with new Reinassance tastes (Paolo de San Leocadio Renaissance Italian painter who had brought to Vic, the still Cardinal Rodrigo of Borja).

PIOUS SCHOOL SQUARE: MAIDEN OF MARIA ENRIQUEZ + ALEX

I conceived an ambitious project to my family, the Borgias, inherited from my uncle.

631,214 salary and 9 money! I payed that amount for the purchase of the lands of the former duchy of Gandia, after agreements and lengthy negotiations with King Ferdinand of Aragon (the Catholic).

I had the obligation as a father to ensure the future and welfare of my children, and Gandia was a very good economic investment, dreams of fame and power to my descendants came true ... large producer of sugar cane, Gandia assured a large annual income, also held the title of Duchy which would open the doors of the Valencian society to. ... Pedro Luis of Borgia, my firstborn.

Well, well ... just a good marriage ... a noble and high lineage ..., preferably related with the kings ... the Enriquez family!

Doña Maria Enriquez, a cousin of King Ferdinand. (The Catholic)

...

Everything was fine, the purchase, the grant of the title of duke to Pedro Luis ... but fate willed that my son suddenly died without consolidating his marriage, what misfortune! Quick ... think ..., John!

RODRIGO OF BORGIA, ALEXANDRE VI

My story and my children have turned around a series of accusations which have become us, the Borgian in characters with a turbulent personal life.

My son Cesar and his sister Lucretia have a life where ambition for power, lust loves and murder form part of their tragic biographies.

But all this, will not be only love for family and for lineage?

I caused the hostility of the Italian church with my power and intelligence, who exclaimed in horror: ... Oh Dio! La chiesa romana in mani dei catalani! (The Roman church in hands of the Catalan!!!)

The hatred of the feudal lords? The puritan reaction of some religious

Sectors? black legend? of my life? my lineage? ... Perhaps, the story of a powerful family, with its virtues and mundane defects.

How distant days, oblivious to any eventuality, scampered along the streets of my beloved birthplace Xátiva city where I was born on January 1, 1431. My peaceful childhood was cut by the tragic death of my father, and the designs of God took my mother, my brothers and me to shelter and look for security to my uncle Alfonso of Borgia.

They tell about me, Rodrigo Borgia, that I was as a kid intelligent and lively, and certainly, my uncle, he must have recognized my talent, as soon he required my presence in Italy. I studied law at Bologna. Some time later he returned to show his confidence in my ability and he heightened me to the rank of Cardinals. I followed his steps, I arrived to the papacy in 1492 with the name of Alexander VI.

But I loved the light and bustle of the street, wander through the city until morning hours, singing and dancing until you drop exhausted, enjoy the natural joy of life, and let myself be seduced by all the offers and temptations. I had several children, illegitimate, they say!

How I loved them all! Caesar, Lucrezia, Jofre, Juan, Pedro Luis ...

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MAIDEN

1- You again? There are not good times.

2- The bad fortune wanted that our young duchess got widow. Her husband, the Duke Juan of Borgia went to Rome and was killed in a tragic and bizarre circumstances, recently, on 16 June (but in 1497).

News arrived and made our young duchess in widow, a mother of an infant of three years old ... no, I do not think she can welcome you.

3- Kind gentlemen ... gentile ladies, you must renounce your audience, but you may want to pay your respects to our patron, before leaving and ask our Lord for a safe journey home. Follow me!!

The Duchess is now sad and lost but I'm sure that she will assume her role as mother and regent of the duchy with great integrity. His father-in-law, Pope Alexander VI has been placed in her all his hopes on his continuing project of prosperity and his line of succession, the small Juan.

Yes, an extraordinary woman, the Duchess Maria Enriquez, it was really difficult that in the sixteenth century a woman succeeded in pushing through his family and one of the most important duchies of the former Crown of Aragon.

Strong, brave, committed, daring, enterprising ...

She took up the unfinished work that the church has started the previous real Dukes, she endowed it economically and embellished it with new Renaissance aesthetic tastes.

She built a Ducal mausoleum with crypt for the bodies of her husbands, Pedro Luis and John so that they could be buried here in this Church, in Valencian lands.

She also got two privileges from Alexander VI, on the one hand, financial aid for the works, and on the other hand, a Pontifical bull by which it was erected as Collegiate, in *supremae dignitatis*.