

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9618

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S OTHELLO

ARRANGED AND DIRECTED BY MARTIN DONEGAN/PRODUCED BY SCOTTI D'ARCY



WILLIAM MARSHALL

"The best Othello of our time"—Harold Hobson, London Sunday Times

JAY ROBINSON/MARTIN DONEGAN/LUDI CLAIRE

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MUSIC LP

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FOLKWAYS FL 9618

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S
OTHELLO

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OTHELLO

THE MOOR OF VENICE



Produced by
Scotti D'Arcy

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THE RECORD AS AN EDUCATOR

The recording brings to the classroom songs, music, poetry, drama, discussions and sounds of all kinds from the world of nature and the world of man. Records arouse interest, set a mood, provide the content of a lesson. Recordings often allow for participation. They can be stopped for question and answer sessions and played again to clarify a point. They add a new dimension to learning by bringing selected experiences from the world of sound into the classroom, faithfully introducing situations and events otherwise not within the range of student experience. They are valuable for the student to supplement topics taught, to illustrate concepts, obtain vivid experiences which cannot be derived from the printed page.

Recordings have the advantage of being inexpensive and easily acquired. They are available when needed and readily previewed. They can be played again and again without losing their effect.

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Relationship between the record and the classroom: The English Teacher uses the spoken word record as a tool to bring out the poetic value of words. Word relationships. Poetic image. Plot construction. Relationship between primary and secondary plots. Relationship of characters to each other. Explanation of footnotes. In the study of Shakespeare: Elizabethan grammar structure re: verb tenses which are difference in many respects. Plays are written to be heard. Poems and novels must be dramatized. There is a difference between the book word, which is a word we see and write and a real word that is a word we hear and speak. The real words are the craft of the actor. Book words are and rightly so the craft of the English Teacher. Words are not written with emotion and it is the job of the actor to speak the playwright, novelist or poets' words for emotional content. Naturally observing the laws of verse, prose, poetic value, meter, etc. Only by hearing the spoken word will students have the full understanding of the emotional value, excitement, the variation in pace and tempo of good literature.

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Biographical note on

WILLIAM MARSHALL

as Othello

Born and reared in the steel city of Gary, Indiana, U.S.A., of Afro-American-Indian parentage. Worked in the steel mills and as a commercial artist before becoming an actor. He has been active in every facet of the entertainment media, except grand opera (which he says will come in time) and the circus (which he feels his life has been all the while).

His first stage appearance was in CARMEN JONES as a chorus singer. He then appeared in PETER PAN, playing Captain Hook as deputy for Boris Karloff, and in LOST IN THE STARS, the musical adaptation of Alan Paton's CRY THE BELOVED COUNTRY. The plan to revive THE GREEN PASTURES could not go ahead until 1951, when author-director Mark Connelly, on seeing William Marshall perform for the first time, decided that this was the actor to whom the role of God could be entrusted. He then played the title roles in OEDIPUS REX and OTHELLO, and the role of a kilted Scotsman from the Isle of Man in Sean O'Casey's TIME TO GO.

In films he has played the Haitian patriot King Dick in LYDIA BAILEY: Glycon, the Nubian King converted to Christianity, in DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS (both for 20th-Century Fox); the Mau Mau Leader in SOMETHING OF VALUE (MGM) and Ubal the Genie in SABU AND THE MAGIC RING (United Artist).

In London, his TV appearances include the BBC production of THE GREEN PASTURES; THE DANGER MAN: INTERPOL; THE BIG PRIDE. He also appeared in BBC's radio production of THE EMPEROR JONES, playing the title role. His sole appearance on the London stage was in TOYS IN THE ATTIC at the Piccadilly Theatre.

Now residing in Paris, he has sung a repertoire of American and French songs in a number of cabarets, including the Moulin Rouge, immortalized by Toulouse-Lautrec. For presentation at American Air Bases through France, he directed and appeared in Chekov's THE BEAR and THE MARRIAGE PROPOSAL. Recently he made time to direct O'Neil's LONG VOYAGE HOME at the American Artists and Students Centre in Paris.

Forthcoming film release: "PIEDRA DE TOQUE"
(Touchstone)

World premier to be early November in Madrid. Filmed on location in Spanish Guinea and in Madrid. Mr. Marshall portrays an African Missionary who is in violent conflict with his past life as a warring chieftain.

Highlight of the 1962 International Theatre Festival in Dublin, Ireland, was the Othello of American actor WILLIAM MARSHALL, celebrated star of stage, screen, and television, whose performance took Dublin by storm and won unadulterated praise from drama critics of the British and Irish Press.

American Television audiences saw Mr. Marshall as guest artist on such top shows this past season as "The Nurses" "Rawhide" and "Bonanza". He is currently engaged in filming for fall the NBC series at MGM - TV "Solo."

This recording of Othello climaxes an international tour by Mr. Marshall that ends in September at the Theatre-By-The-Sea, Venice, California.

LUDI CLAIRE - As Desdemona

Ludi Claire successfully combines two careers in one. As a noted actress she has appeared in more than a dozen Broadway productions, ranging from Restoration comedy to musicals to modern verse drama. And as a prize-winning author she has been active in providing scripts for television and motion pictures. Most recently seen in New York with Vivien Leigh in Jean Giraudoux' "Duel of Angels," her other Main Stem assignments include Julie Harris' revival of "The Country Wife," "The First Gentlemen" for director Tyrone Guthrie, the musical "Silk Stockings," Christopher Fry's "Venus Observed" with Rex Harrison, Anouilh's "Legend of Lovers" and "Medea" with Dame Judith Anderson. She guest starred in the Catholic University's production of Racine's "Phaedra." A popular leading lady on the summer circuit, she co-starred with Hans Conried in the comedy "Critic's Choice" this past summer. At the National Shakespeare Festival in San Diego Miss Claire won plaudits for her performances as Lady Ann in "Richard III," "Olivia in "Twelfth Night" and Nerissa in "The Merchant of Venice." She made her bow as a writer with the TV adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," for which she received the Sylvania and Christopher Awards. She followed this with "Bernadette" for the Desilu Playhouse, then wrote the original screenplay for "Cleopatra," the monumental 20th Century-Fox film spectacle starring Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. She is currently working on a screenplay commissioned by Helen Hayes, "The 28th of June" from a story by Charles MacArthur.



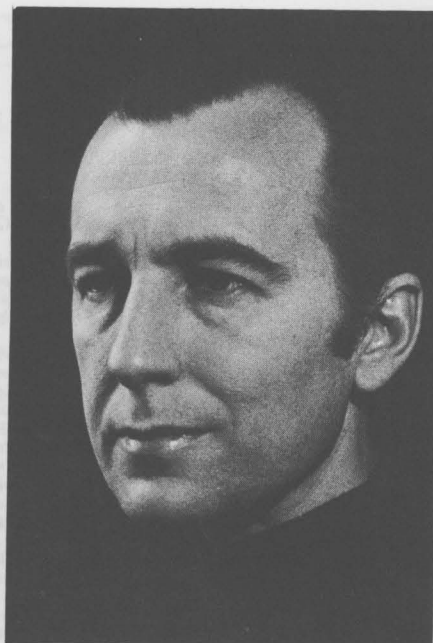


MARTIN DONEGAN

Othello
Arranged & Directed
by
Mr. Donegan

The young Irish actor-director, whose recent direction of "Hamlet" and "Richard III" has been praised as uniquely preceptive and original - here presents "Othello" in a new light. Through his arrangement of scenes and clever use of narration we are caught up and swept along with the action - directing our concentration and interest to the suffering helplessness of Othello under the deft handling of Iago. Mr. Donegan illuminates the 'mind collapse' of Othello and his subsequent 'blindness' as he misconstrues events according to his 'jealousy inflamed madness'. His tragic fall is presented with originality and honesty that enables us to - 'observe him - and his own courses' - with a rare clarity.

Portraying Michael Cassio—the versatile Mr. Donegan adds another portrait to his list of memorable performances which include the King in "Richard III", Scott Fitzgerald in "The Story of Two Afternoons", and Richmond in "Richard III".



JAY ROBINSON - As Iago

Mr. Robinson made his Broadway debut at the age of 18 when he shared the starring roles with Boris Karloff in the play, "The Shop At Sly Corner". The doors of Broadway opened easily for the young actor who then starred in a succession of plays that earned for him rave notices and accolades such as "America's finest young actor" - - - THE NEW YORKER; "His acting, sheer genius" - - - Hedda Hopper and "As an actor, he is without peer" - - TIME MAGAZINE. His stage appearances included: "Gayden" in which he co-starred with Fay Bainter, "As You Like It" with Katherine Hepburn and "Much Ado About Nothing" with Clare Luce. At 21 Jay Robinson became the youngest producer on Broadway when he starred in his own production of "Buy Me Blue Ribbons".

And then Hollywood beckoned. In his very first film "The Robe" and for his portrayal of the mad Roman Emperor Caligula, Robinson was the recipient of both the New York and London Film Critics Award for the best supporting actor of the year. "The Robe" was followed by "Demetrius And The Gladiators" with Susan Hayward and Victor Mature. Then he costarred with Bette Davis in "The Virgin Queen", with Anthony Quinn in "The Wild Party"; with Dane Clark in "The Tower and with David Niven in "My Man Godfrey".

Mr. Robinson just returned from Nassau where he costarred with Steve Cochran in the new film "Tell Me In The Sunlight". He has also been signed to star in another new film "Hallucination" which will also be produced in Nassau in the fall.

OTHELLO THE MOOR OF VENICE

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

● SIDE A-1

NARRATION

I am Michael Cassio, that served him as lieutenant.
I have seen the cannon
when it hath blown his ranks into the air

Othello - William Marshall
Iago - Jay Robinson
Desdemona - Ludi Claire
Cassio - Martin Donegan
Arranged for this performance and Directed
by Martin Donegan
Producer - Scotti D'Arcy

And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puffed his own brother. This then his story.
This is the noble Moor whom our full senate called
All in all sufficient
This is the nature who passion could not shake
Whose solid virtue, the shot of accident and
Dart of chance could neither graze nor pierce.
I will in honesty present to you
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so.
That you need not my speech. Do but go after
And mark how it continues.
It is Venice—Iago, ancient to the Moor, is in the
street with a fellow Venetian called Roderigo—

IAGO. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place;
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he,
'I have already chose my officer.'
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the tog'd consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election;
And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debtor and creditor; this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.
Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whe' I in any just term am attain'd
To love the Moor.
I follow him to serve my turn upon him;
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

IAGO. Call up her father;
Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't
As it may lose some colour.
Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.
Call, with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.
What, ho! Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!
Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

'Zounds! sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your
gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say.

IAGO. Farewell, for I must leave you:
It seems not meet nor wholesome to my place
To be produc'd, as, if I stay, I shall,
Against the Moor; for I do know the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,—

Which even now stand in act,—that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business; in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. *Exit*

ACT I · SCENE II

● SIDE A-2

Another Street.

Enter Othello, Iago,

IAGO. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yer'd him here under the ribs.

OTHELLO. 'Tis better as it is.

IAGO. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's; he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law—with all his might to enforce it on—
Will give him cable.

OTHELLO. Let him do his spite:
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints
I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd; for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?
IAGO. Those are the raised father and his friends:
You were best go in.

OTHELLO. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

IAGO. By Janus, I think no.

Enter Cassio

OTHELLO. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

CASSIO. The duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

OTHELLO. What is the matter, think you?

CASSIO. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
It is a business of some heat; the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels,
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

OTHELLO. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. *Exit*

CASSIO. Ancient, what makes he here?

IAGO. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

CASSIO. I do not understand.

IAGO.

He's married.

CASSIO.

To who?

Re-enter Othello

IAGO. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

OTHELLO. Have with you.

CASSIO. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

IAGO. It is Brabantio. General, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo,

OTHELLO.

Holla! stand there!

They draw on both sides

IAGO. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
OTHELLO. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

NARRATION

The good signior—calling my general a foul thief that had enchanted his fair daughter—would have him put in prison 'till fit time of law and course of direct session call him forth to answer the charges—but for the Duke, now in council anxiously awaiting to employ Othello against the general enemy Ottoman—all hastened to the council chamber—where the Dukes, senators and officers hear Brabantio's charge of witchcraft. They ask the Moor—what in his own part he can say to this—

OTHELLO. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,
I won his daughter.

I do beseech you;
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.

Exeunt Iago and Attendants

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

• SIDE A-3

OTHELLO. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever 'as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd

That heaven had made her such a man; she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants

DESDEMONA. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: but here 's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

OTHELLO. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness, and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

DESDEMONA. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart 's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord;
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

OTHELLO. Let her have your voices.

Vouch with me, heaven,
And heaven defend your good souls that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me.

NARRATION

The Duke decrees that—it shall be as they privately
determine (either for her stay or going) the affair
cries haste, and speed must answer it—Othello
must hence tonight—

OTHELLO. So please your Grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Honest Iago,

My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

Exeunt Othello and Desdemona

NARRATION

The 'love-sick' Roderigo informs Iago he will incontinently
drown himself.

IAGO. O! villainous; I have look'd upon the world for four
times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt
a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew
how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown
myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my
humanity with a baboon.

'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or
thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills
are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow let-
tuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one
gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it
sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the
power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If
the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to
poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our
natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclu-
sions; but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our

carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with a usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money:—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Thou art sure of me: go, make money. I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him; if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse; go: provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true,
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man; let me see now:
To get his place; and to plume up my will
In double knavery; how, how? Let's see:
After some time to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected; framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.
I have 't; it is engender'd: hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

Exit

OTHELLO ACT TWO

● SIDE B-1

SCENE ONE

A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. An open place near the Quay.

NARRATION

The desperate tempest hath so banged the Turks that their designment halts.
The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea stand ranks of people, and they cry, "a sail!"
My hopes do shape him for the governor.
The divine Desdemona.
She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnights speed.

Cassio

O! behold,

The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

DESDEMONA. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

CASSIO. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught

But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

DESDEMONA. O! but I fear—How lost you company?

CASSIO. The great contention of the sea and skies

Parted our fellowship.

CASSIO.

Good ancient, you are welcome:—

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,

That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding

That gives me this bold show of courtesy. *Kissing her*

IAGO. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,

You'd have enough.

DESDEMONA. Alas! she has no speech.

IAGO. In faith, too much;

I find it still when I have list to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

DESDEMONA. You have little cause to say so.

IAGO. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,

Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

DESDEMONA. O! fie upon thee, slanderer.

IAGO. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:

You rise to play and go to bed to work.

DESDEMONA. You shall not write my praise.

IAGO.

No, let me not.

DESDEMONA.

How say you, Cassio? Is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

CASSIO. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

IAGO. (*Aside*) He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper; with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so, indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantship, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!

Enter Othello

OTHELLO. O my fair warrior!

DESDEMONA.

My dear Othello!

OTHELLO. It gives me wonder great as my content

To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!

If after every tempest come such calms,

May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas

Olympus-high, and duck again as low

As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear

My soul hath her content so absolute

That not another comfort like to this

Succeeds in unknown fate.

DESDEMONA.

The heavens forbid

But that our loves and comforts should increase

Even as our days do grow!

OTHELLO.

Amen to that, sweet powers!

I cannot speak enough of this content;

It stops me here; it is too much of joy:

And this, and this, the greatest discords be *Kissing her*

That e'er our hearts shall make! Come, let us to the castle.

News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?

Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;

I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote

In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,

Go to the bay and disembark my coffers.

Bring thou the master to the citadel;

He is a good one, and his worthiness

Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,

Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exeunt all except Iago and Roderigo

IAGO.

O you are well tuned now!

But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,

As Honest As I am. Roderigo come hither list me

be you ruled by me: I have brought you

from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio.

Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessities ashore. Farewell.

IAGO. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust,—though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin,— But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards; And nothing ceaseth shall content my soul Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife; Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash For his quick hunting, stand the putting-on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb, For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too, Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me For making him egregiously an ass And practising upon his peace and quiet Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd: Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. Exit

● SIDE B-2

SCENE TWO

A Street.

CASSIO. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides, these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello!

OTHELLO. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night: Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to outport discretion.

CASSIO. Iago hath direction what to do: But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to 't.

OTHELLO. Iago is most honest. Michael, good-night; to-morrow with your earliest Let me have speech with you. (*To Desdemona*) Come, my dear love, The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; That profit 's yet to come 'twixt me and you. Good-night.

*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants
Enter Iago*

CASSIO. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

IAGO. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general casts us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

CASSIO. She 's a most exquisite lady.

IAGO. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

CASSIO. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

IAGO. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

CASSIO. An inviting eye: and yet methinks right modest.

IAGO. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

CASSIO. She is indeed perfection.

IAGO. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

CASSIO. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

IAGO. O! they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

CASSIO. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

IAGO. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

CASSIO. Where are they?

IAGO. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

CASSIO. I'll do 't; but it dislikes me. Exit

IAGO. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence

As my young mistress' dog.

If consequence do but approve my dream,

My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

CASSIO. Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

MONTANO. Come, come; you're drunk.

CASSIO. Drunk! They fight

IAGO.

Nay, good lieutenant! God's will, gentlemen!

Help, ho! Lieutenant! sir! Montano! sir!

Help, masters! Here 's a goodly watch indeed!

Who 's that that rings the bell? Diablo, ho!

The town will rise: God's will! lieutenant, hold!

You will be sham'd for ever.

OTHELLO. What is the matter here?

OTHELLO. Hold, for your lives!

IAGO. Hold, ho, lieutenant! Sir! Montano! gentlemen!

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold! the general speaks to you; hold for shame!

OTHELLO. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame put by this barbarous brawl;

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle

From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

IAGO. I do not know; friends all but now, even now,

In quarter and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed; and then, but now,—

As if some planet had unwitting men.—

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds,

And would in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

OTHELLO. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

CASSIO. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

OTHELLO. Now, by heaven,

My blood begins my safer guides to rule,

And passion, having my best judgment collied,

Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foul rout began, who set it on;

And he that is approv'd in this offence,

Though he had twinn'd with me—both at a birth—

Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,

Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,

To manage private and domestic quarrel,

In night, and on the court and guard of safety!

'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began 't?

IAGO.

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;

Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth

Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.

Montano and myself being in speech,

There comes a fellow crying out for help,

And Cassio following with determin'd sword

To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman

Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;

Myself the crying fellow did pursue,

Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,

The town might fall in fright; he, swift of foot,

Outran my purpose, and I return'd the rather

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,

And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night