

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9650/2

# CLAIRE LUCE

*A Concert Reading*

## WOMAN

### WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Glimpses of Portraits from Shakespeare's Gallery of Women*

RECORDED IN PERFORMANCE AT CONRADI THEATRE, FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY (UNIVERSITY ARTIST SERIES)



CLAIRE LUCE  
*A Concert Reading*  
WOMAN  
WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE  
*Glimpses of Portraits*  
*from Shakespeare's*  
*Gallery of Women*

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FOLKWAYS  
FL 9650/2

Miranda (The Tempest)  
Lady Macbeth (Macbeth)  
Juliet (Romeo & Juliet)  
The Nurse (Romeo & Juliet)  
Mistress Page (Merry Wives)  
Olivia (Twelfth Night)  
Viola (Twelfth Night)  
Emilia (Othello)  
Imogen (Cymbeline)  
Queen Margaret  
Lady Anne (Richard III)  
Beatrice (Much Ado About Nothing)  
The Passionate Pilgrim  
Sonnets  
Isabella (Measure for Measure)  
Cressida (Troilus & Cressida)  
Cleopatra (Antony & Cleopatra)  
Venus (Venus & Adonis)  
Hermione (A Winter's Tale)  
Adriana (Comedy of Errors)  
Luciana (Comedy of Errors)  
Portia (Merchant of Venice)  
Joan of Arc (Henry VI, part I)  
Titania (A Midsummer Night's Dream)  
Rosalind (As You Like It)  
Goneril (King Lear)  
Regan (King Lear)  
Cordelia (King Lear)  
Constance (King John)  
Katherine (Taming of the Shrew)  
Helena (All's Well That Ends Well)



PART I OF 2 PARTS

# SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN

A Concert Reading by Clair Luce

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MUSIC LP

O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world  
That has such people in't! (Act V, Scene i)

The sweet and innocent Miranda speaks her immortal words in Shakespeare's last play, *THE TEMPEST*. She is his last portrait in his magnificent gallery of women, women of infinite variety. Not the least of Shakespeare's greatness was his complete understanding of women, and the crowning emotion of women -- love. What a vast canvas he produced, extending from his portrait of an ardent young girl in the power of first love, to the fiercely ambitious woman in love with power and ambition. Such is the art of Shakespeare, that he uses the poetic imagery of having both Juliet and Lady Macbeth call upon the night to bring to each her heart's desire.

Come you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,  
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief. Come thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry, hold, hold! (I, v)

And Juliet calls upon gentle night:

Gallop space, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging; such a wagoner  
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtain love-performing night,  
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites,  
And by their own beauties; or if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night. Come civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.  
Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks



With thy black mantle, till strange love grow bold,  
Think true love acted simple modesty.  
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night;  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,  
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.  
Come gentle night, come loving black-browed night,  
Give me my Romeo, and when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garnish sun. (III, ii)

But Juliet's Nurse speaks as a woman embittered by life and love.

There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,  
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.  
Ah, where's my man? Give me some aqua-vitae.  
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
(III, ii)

But Mistress Page is a woman with a philosophy of humor about love. The letter scene from *THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR*.

What, have I scaped love-letters in the holiday-time  
of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let  
me see. (Reads)

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for thought love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to, then, there's sympathy; you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, - at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice, - that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, - 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,  
By day or night,  
Or any kind of light,  
With all his might  
For thee to fight,

JOHN FALSTAFF."

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked -- with the devil's name! -- out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings...

I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, - sure, more, - and these are of the second edition... I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man."

(II, i)

And, in the lighter vein too, Shakespeare gives us two delightful women touched by love in the comedy TWELFTH NIGHT, the vain Olivia in contrast to the tender Viola who, disguised as a boy, nearly blurts out her love to the Duke Orsino, who has employed her to carry love messages to Olivia. Orsino says,

... women are as roses, whose fair flow'r,  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

And Viola replies,

And so they are; alas, that they are so!  
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

.... Ay, but I know --

Too well what love women to men may owe.  
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter lov'd a man  
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?  
Viol. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek. She pin'd in thought;  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

(II, iv)

... Sir, shall I to your lady? (II, iv)

But on her way to Olivia, she sighs:

... a barful strife!

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. (I, iv)  
But she is presented to the veiled Olivia, who says,

Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady -

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it.  
Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it! it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text.

But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.

(Unveils.) Look you, sir, such a one I was this present.  
Is't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive

If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give  
out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be in-

ventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my  
will: - as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two

grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin,  
and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are -- you are too proud;

But if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you. O, such love

Could be but recompens'd though you were crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli.

How does he loves me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him...

He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,

With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,

In your denial I would find no sense;

I would not understand it.

Oli.

Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate

And call upon my soul within the house;

Write loyal cantons of contemned love

And sing them loud even in the dead of night;

Halloa your name to the reverberate hills

And make the babbling gossip of the air

Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest

Between the elements of air and earth

But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.

I am a gentleman.

Oli.

Get you to your lord.

I cannot love him. Let him send no more,

Unless, perchance, you come to me again

To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.

I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;

My master, not myself, lacks recompense.

Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;

And let your fervour, like my master's, be  
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. (I, v)

How easy is it for the proper false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!  
For such as we are made of, such we be. (II, ii)

But Emilia, the unfortunate wife of Iago in OTHELLO,  
expresses her opinion, apropos of men and marriage,  
and credits man with woman's frailty.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults  
If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;  
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
Throwing restraint upon us. Or say they strike us,  
Or scant our former having in despite;  
Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,  
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know  
Their wives have sense like them; they see, and smell,  
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,  
As husbands have. What is it that they do  
When they change us for others? Is it sport?  
I think it is; and doth affection breed it?  
I think it doth. Is't frailty that thus errs?  
It is so too. And have not we affections,  
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?  
Then let them use us well; else let them know,  
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so. (IV, iii)

But then there is Imogen, in the play CYMBELINE,  
probably Shakespeare's most womanly portrait of a  
faithful and adoring wife. The scheming Cloten  
tries to woo her away from her husband Posthumus  
with music and song.

(Musicians' Song)

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;  
With every thing that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise:  
Arise, arise!

(Imogen)

Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains  
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give  
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks  
And scarce can spare them...

I pray you, spare me: faith,  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy  
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance...

I am much sorry, sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners,  
By being so verbal: and learn now for all  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,  
And am so near the lack of charity --  
To accuse myself -- I hate you; which I had rather  
You felt than make 't my boast. (II, iii)

But when she's accused of being false to her husband, she  
says to Pisanio, his servant:

False to his bed! What is it to be false?  
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,  
To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

Why, I must die;  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine  
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart...

..... Look!  
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:  
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:  
Thy master is not there, who was indeed  
The riches of it...

... Thus may poor fools  
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd  
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe. (III, iv)

Shakespeare gives us a contrasting portrait of a  
capable and strong minded woman in Queen Margaret, who  
incidentally is the only one of his women to appear in four  
of his plays, the histories KING HENRY VI, parts one,  
two and three, and KING RICHARD III. In this scene she  
turns angrily upon the King when she hears that he has  
ceded to the House of York, and that upon his death the  
crown will not go to their son, the young Prince of Wales.

Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee...

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,  
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,  
Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!  
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?  
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,  
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,  
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,  
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,  
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,  
And disinherited thine only son.

... art thou king, and wilt be forced?  
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!  
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;  
And given unto the house of York such head,  
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.  
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,  
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,  
And creep into it far before thy time?  
Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais;  
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;  
The duke is made protector of the realm;  
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds  
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.  
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes  
Before I would have granted to that act.  
But thou preferrest thy life before thine honour:  
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself  
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,  
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,  
Whereby my son is disinherited.

(HENRY VI - Part III; I, i)

And in the play RICHARD III, the unhappy Lady Anne mourns the death of the murdered King Henry VI, and turns upon Richard.

Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;  
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclams.  
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.  
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.  
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;  
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood  
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;  
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,  
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.  
O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death!  
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!  
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,  
Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,  
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
Which his hell-govern'd him hath butchered!...

Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:  
Didst thou not kill this king?...

Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too  
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!  
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!...

And thou unfit for any place but hell. (I, ii)

From the comedy MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING comes another spirited woman, Beatrice, a spinster, accused of being too shrewd of tongue to get herself a husband.

Too curst is more than curst. I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, God sends a curst cow short horns, but to a cow too curst he sends none for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woolen.

He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

No, but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me like an old cuckold with horns on his head, and say, get you to heaven Beatrice, get you to heaven, here's no place for you maids. So deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter. For the heavens he shows me, where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long. (II, i)

But Beatrice overhears that Benedict loves her, not knowing a joke is being played on her, and that he is held back because of her disdainful pride.

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?  
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?  
Contempt, farewell; and maiden pride, adieu.

No glory lives behind the back of such.  
And Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,  
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.  
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee  
To bind our loves up in a holy band.  
For others say thou dost deserve, and I  
Believe it better than reportingly. (III, i)

From THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM comes the poet's apparent disillusionment with womankind when he says,

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,  
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty,  
Brighter than glass and yet, as glass is, brittle,  
Softer than wax and yet as iron rusty:  
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her.  
None fairer, nor none falsier to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined.  
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!  
How many tales to please me hath she coined,  
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!  
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

(VII)

And yet the same poet writes this sonnet to his love.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

In MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Shakespeare gives us the pure saintliness of Isabella. She goes in her nun's garb to plead with Angelo, the Lord Deputy to save her brother who is to be punished by death for having gotten a young townswoman with child. When Angelo says, "Your brother is a forfeit of the law," she answers,

Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once,  
And he that might the vantage best have took  
Found out the remedy. How would you be,  
If he, which is the top of judgement, should  
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips  
Like man new-made.

Spare him, spare him.  
He's not prepared for death.

Go to your bosom,  
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know  
That's like my brother's fault. If it confess  
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue

Against my brother's life...  
Hark, how I'll bribe you. Good my lord turn back..

Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,  
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,  
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,  
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there  
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls,  
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate  
To nothing temporal. (II, ii)

That I do beg his life, if it be sin,  
Heaven let me bear it. You granting of my suit,  
If that be sin, I'll make it my morri-prayer,  
To have it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your answer. (II, iv)

Again in marked contrast, Cressida, the heroine of TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, brings her subtilty and sophistication inherent in woman since the Garden of Eden. In a scene with her uncle Pandarus, who says, "Well, have you any discretion? Have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man? You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie." Cressida answers, "Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these..."

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,  
He offers in another's enterprise:  
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see  
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;  
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:  
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:  
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:  
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:  
That she was never yet that ever knew  
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue:  
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:  
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.  
That though my heart's content firm love doth bear,  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. (I, ii)

And there's the woman about whom Shakespeare writes, "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, her infinite variety." He too must have been fascinated by the most fabulous woman in history. In his play ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA he has Enobarbus call her "a wonderful piece of work," and he gives her more to do and say than any of his women characters. In this scene Cleopatra is awaiting the return of Mark Antony, who has been called back to Rome.

Give me to drink mandragora...  
That I might sleep out this great gap of time.  
My Antony is away.

O Charmian.

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?  
Or does he walk? Or is he on his horse?  
O happy horse to bear the weight of Antony!  
Do bravely horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st,

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of men? He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, where's my serpent of old Nile --  
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison. (I, v)

...Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Caesar so?

...My salad days,  
When I was green in judgement, cold in blood,  
To say as I said then. But come, away;  
Get me ink and paper.  
He shall have every day a several greeting,  
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. (I, v)

Messenger? O from Italy!

I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st.  
Yet if thou say Antony lives, is well,  
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,  
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.

MESSENGER

Madam, he's well.

CLEOPATRA

Well said. Make thee a fortune from me.

MESSENGER

But yet

CLEOPATRA

I do not like but yet... fie upon but yet,  
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee friend,  
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together. He's friends with Caesar.

MESSENGER

Madam, he's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA

The most infectious pestilence upon thee!  
What say you? Hence,  
Horrible villain, or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me. I'll unhair thy head.  
Thou shalt be whipped with wire, and stewed in brine,  
Smarting in ling'ring pickled.  
Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.  
Melt Egypt into Nile, and kindly creatures  
Turn all to serpents. Call the slave again.  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him. Call.  
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.

Come hither sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news. Give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves when they be felt.

Is he married?  
I cannot hate the worser than I do,  
If thou again say yes.  
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?  
Get thee hence,  
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome  
Are all too dear for me. Lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em.  
In praising Antony, I have dispraised Caesar.

I am paid for't now.  
Lead me from hence;  
I faint, o Iras, Charmian! 'Tis no matter.  
Go to the fellow, bid him  
Report the feature of Octavia; her years,  
Her inclination, let him not leave out  
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly.  
Let him for ever go -- let him not, Charmian.  
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,  
The other way's a Mars.  
Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me Charmian,  
But do not speak to me. (II, v)

But after the death of Antony, Shakespeare endows  
Cleopatra with the grandeur of love.

I dreamt there was an emperor Antony.  
O such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man!  
His face was as the heavens, and therein stuck  
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted  
The little O, the earth.  
His legs bestrid the ocean, his reared arm  
Crested the world. His voice was propertied  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't; an autumn it was  
That grew the more by reaping. His delights  
Were dolphin-like, they showed his back above  
The element they lived in. In his livery  
Walked crowns and crownets; realms and islands were  
As plates dropped from his pocket.  
Think you there was, or might be, such a man  
As this I dreamt of?  
But if there be, or ever were one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming.

In his narrative poem VENUS AND ADONIS, the god-  
dess of love pursues Adonis and he is killed by the  
wild boar. When she looses her love, she reaps her  
vengeance on all mankind.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!  
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?  
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast  
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?  
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;  
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy,  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;  
It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end;  
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,  
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud;  
Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing-while;  
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd  
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:  
The strongest body shall it make most weak,  
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing and too full of riot,  
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;  
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;  
It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,  
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;  
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;  
It shall be merciful and too severe,  
And most deceiving when it seems most just;  
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,  
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war and dire events,  
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;  
Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire:  
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,  
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.

And love's worst woe, jealousy, claimed the heart-  
broken Hermione in A WINTER'S TALE as victim.  
With superb dignity, she pleads her own cause in a  
scene with the court and her accuser, the jealous  
husband King Leontes.

There's some ill planet reigns.  
I must be patient, till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are, 'the want of which vain dew  
Perchance shall dry our pities; but I have  
That honourable grief lodged here, which burns  
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,  
With thoughts so qualified, as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
The King's will be performed. (II, i)

Since what I am to say must be but that  
Which contradicts my accusation, and  
The testimony on my part no other  
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me  
To say, not guilty. Mine integrity  
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
Be so received. But thus, if powers divine  
Behold our human actions, as they do,  
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,  
Who least will seem to do so, my past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy; which is more  
Than history can pattern, though devised,  
And played, to take spectators. For behold me,  
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter,  
The mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing  
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore  
Who please to come and hear.  
The bug which you would fright me with, I seek.



PART II OF 2 PARTS (cont. from page 6)

To me can life be no commodity;  
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,  
I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,  
But know not how it went. . . Myself on every post  
Proclaimed a strumpet. With immodest hatred  
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs  
To women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried  
Here, to this place, i' the open air, before  
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,  
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.  
But yet hear this -- mistake me not; no life,  
I prize it not a straw -- but for mine honour,  
Which I would free, if I shall be condemned  
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else,  
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,  
'Tis rigour, and not law. Your honours all,  
I do refer me to the oracle.  
Apollo be my judge. (III, ii)

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS brings us a portrait of the jealous wife and sisterly love, as the unmarried Luciana tries to console her sister Adriana who suspects her husband.

Adriana:

Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,  
That in such haste I went to seek his master!  
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luciana:

Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,  
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.  
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:  
A man is master of his liberty:  
Time is their master; and when they see time,  
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

A: Why should their liberty than ours be more?

L: Because their business still lies out o'door.

A: Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

L: O, know he is the bridle of your will.

A: There's none but asses will be bridled so.

L: Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.  
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye  
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:  
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:  
Men more divine, the masters of all these,  
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,  
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Or more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
Are masters to their females, and their lords:  
Then let your will attend on their accords.

A: This servitude makes you keep unwed.

L: Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

A: But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

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L: Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

A: How if your husband start some other where?

L: Till he come home again, I would forbear.

A: Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;  
They can be meek that have no other cause.  
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,  
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;  
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,  
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:  
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,  
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;  
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,  
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

But later Luciana admonishes her brother-in-law Antipholus for neglecting her sister.

And may it be that you have quite forgot  
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,  
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?  
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:  
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;  
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:  
Let not my sister read it in your eye;  
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;  
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;  
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;  
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;  
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;  
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?  
What simple thief brags of his own attainment?  
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,  
And let her read it in thy looks at board:  
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;  
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.  
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,  
Being compact of credit, that you love us;  
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;  
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.  
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;  
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife  
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,  
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.  
(III, ii)

The young Portia, in THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, rebels too against the restrictions that love is subject to. This scene with her maid Nerissa precedes the casket scene where many suitors will come to claim the prize.

Be my troth. Nerissa, my little body is weary of this great world. . . If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. . . I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a hus-

band. O me, the word choose, I may neither choose who I would, nor refuse who I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description level at my affection. (the Neapolitan prince.)

Ay that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

(the County Palatine.)

He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, an you will not have me, choose; he hears merry tales and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two.

(the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?)

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but he -- why he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

(the young baron of England?)

You know I say nothing to him, for he understands me not, nor I him. He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Nerissa

How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Portia

Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk. When he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Therefore for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for if the devil be within, and that temp-

tation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of woovers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure. (a Venetian, a scholar)

Yes, yes, it was Bassanio, as I think so was he called.

I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. (I, ii)

Shakespeare's portrait of Joan of Arc shows us the young woman not so concerned with romantic love as love of God and country. In the play HENRY VI, part I, she meets the Dauphin, afterwards King Charles, who says to one of the court: "Go, call her in. But first, to try her skill, / Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place . . ." Joan enters.

Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me? Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind; I know thee well, though never seen before. Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me: In private will I talk with thee apart. Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile. . .

Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter, My wit untrain'd in any kind of art. Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased To shine on my contemptible estate: Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs, And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks, God's mother deigned to appear to me, And in a vision full of majesty Will'd me to leave my base vocation, And free my country from calamity: Her aid she promised and assured success: In complete glory she reveal'd herself; And, whereas I was black and swart before, With those clear rays which she infused on me That beauty am I bless'd with which you see. Ask me what question thou canst possible, And I will answer unpremeditated: My courage try by combat, if thou darest, And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex. Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate, If thou receive me for thy warlike mate. . . .

I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword, Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side; The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard, Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth. . .

And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man. . .

Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak. . .

Assign'd am I to be the English scourge. This night the siege assuredly I'll raise: Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days, Since I have entered into these wars. Glory is like a circle in the water, Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death the English circle ends;  
Dispersed are the glories it included.  
Now am I like that proud insulting ship  
Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once. (I, ii)

Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.  
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,  
Let Henry fret and all the world repine. (V, ii)

In the enchanting fantasy, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S  
DREAM, Shakespeare shows the sometimes absurdity  
of a woman in love. Enter Titania. Queen of the  
Fairies, with her train.

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;  
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence --  
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,  
Some war with rere mice for their leathren wings,  
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back  
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders  
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep.  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies sing.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,  
Come not near our Fairy Queen.  
(II, ii)

Titania sleeps. Enter Oberon, King of the Fairies.  
To play a trick on Titania, he squeezes the juice  
of a flower on her eyelids, saying, "What thou  
seest when thou dost wake, / Do it for thy true-love  
take." And "it" will be Bottom the weaver, in the  
transformation of an ass. Enter Bottom, singing

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer nay.

Titania awakes.

"What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?"

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.  
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note;  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;  
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,  
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Out of this wood do not desire to go.  
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a spirit of no common rate,  
The summer still doth tend upon my state;  
And I do love thee. Therefore go with me.  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.  
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and mustardseed!

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.  
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;  
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;  
The honey-bags steal from the humblebees,  
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glowworm's eyes,  
To have my love to bed and to arise;  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies  
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.  
Come wait upon him; led him to my bower.  
The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye;  
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,  
Lamenting some enforced chastity. (III, i)

But the witty and forthright Rosalind in AS YOU  
LIKE IT refuses to be fooled by Love's disguise, and  
she refuses to have her woman's wit silenced, saying,

"Do you not know that I am a woman? And when I think  
I must speak... Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and  
it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at  
the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at  
the chimney." (IV, i)

In a scene with Orlando when he professes love to her,  
she says

There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He  
taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of  
rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and  
sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which  
you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not. But I  
pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a  
younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungar-  
ter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your  
shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a  
careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are  
rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving your-  
self, than seeming the lover of any other. (III, ii)

The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in  
all this time there was not any man died in his own person,  
videlicet, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd  
out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die  
before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander,  
he would have liv'd many a fair year though Hero had  
turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night;  
for (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the  
Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drown'd;  
and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero  
of Sestos.' But these are all lies. Men have died from  
time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.  
(IV, i)

In KING LEAR, Shakespeare gives us three women,  
three portraits of daughterly love. First, the fawning  
flattery of Goneril.

Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter,  
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty,  
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,  
No less than life, with grace, healthy, beauty, honour,  
As much as child e'er loved, or father found;  
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable --  
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Then the deceitful Regan.

I am made of that self metal as my sister,  
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,  
I find she names my very deed of love.  
Only she comes too short, and I profess  
Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,  
And find I am alone felicitate  
In your dear Highness' love.

Then the King asks the gentle Cordelia, "Although the last, not least, in our dear love, What can you say, to win / A third more opulent than your sisters?"  
"Nothing, my lord, nothing."

Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty  
According to my bond, no more nor less...

Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, loved me. I  
Return those duties back as are right fit,  
Obey you, love you, and most honour you. (I, i)

The King then calls her his "sometime daughter," and disclaims parental care. But later, when the two malicious daughters turn the old man into a raging storm to die, it is Cordelia who finds him.

O my dear father! Restoration hang  
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made...

Was this a face

To be opposed against the warring winds,  
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder,  
In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
Of quick, cross lightning, to watch -- poor perdu -  
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,  
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,  
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack,  
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once  
Had not concluded all.  
O you kind gods,  
Cure this great breach in his abused nature. (IV, vii)

From the play KING JOHN, the tragic Constance, Shakespeare's portrait of a mother grieving for her child. King Philip says, "Look who comes here! a grave unto a soul... Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!"

No, I defy all counsel, all redress,  
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,  
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!  
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones...  
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust  
And be a carrion monster like thyself:  
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest...

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!  
Then with a passion would I shake the world;  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a modern invocation...

I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;  
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:  
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!  
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:  
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!  
Preach some philosophy to make me mad...  
For, being not mad but sensible of grief,  
My reasonable part produces reason  
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:  
If I were mad, I should forget my son,  
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:  
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel  
The different plague of each calamity...

'O that these hands could so redeem my son,  
As they have given these hairs their liberty!'

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;  
Then have I reason to be fond of grief...  
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!  
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world! (III, iv)

Katharina, the shrew (from THE TAMING OF THE SHREW), must have been the type of woman Shakespeare knew very well. Here are two scenes, before and after marriage.

What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,  
I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha? (I, i)

Nay, father, now I see, sweet sister Bianca,  
She's your treasure, she must have a husband;  
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day  
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.  
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep  
Till I can find occasion of revenge...

What? Kate?  
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Whence are you? Petruchio? Petruchio. Ho ho ho.

Move to woo me?  
If you strike me, you are no gentleman  
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

What is your crest? a coxcomb? /

No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

My father hath consented that I shall be your wife?  
Here comes my father.

Call you me daughter? now, I promise you  
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one half lunatic;  
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,  
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Sunday will be the wedding day? Ha!  
I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first. (II, i)

But they were married on Sunday, and Katharina was tamed, indeed so well that Petruchio bids her tell all other shrews what duty they do owe their lords and husbands. Katharina obeys, thus.

Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow;  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;  
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,  
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,  
And in no sense is meet or amiable.  
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance commits his body  
To painful labour both by sea and land,  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands  
But love, fair looks and true obedience;  
Too little payment for so great a debt...

Miss Claire Luce started her career as a dancer and is now finishing an autobiographical story of that phase of her theatre life. She was a ballerina at the age of 13 and soon after was starring in many Broadway productions among them the famed 'Ziegfeld Follies' and opposite Fred Astaire in 'The Gay Divorce' in both New York City and London. While she was still in her 'teens she replaced the great French revue star Mistinguett at the Casino de Paris, in Paris. Her last dancing production was the Charles B. Cochran revue 'Follow the Sun' in London in which she danced everything from ballet to tap-dancing... then began a serious acting career in 'Of Mice and Men' (author, Pulitzer prize-winner John Steinbeck) in New York and London. She then rose to important heights as a Shakespearean actress, the first American to play for an entire season at the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon, England where her interpretations of Cleopatra (Antony and Cleopatra) Beatrice (Much Ado About Nothing) and Viola (Twelfth Night) were acclaimed by the London critics as "memorable performances". She will also be remembered for her Katherina, the Shrew in the New York City Center production of 'The Taming of the Shrew'. She has recently completed an extensive tour of the Universities in a one-woman show of the classics of more than a dozen of the great roles of the theatre, among them, Camille-Lady Macbeth-Salome-Maeterlinck's Mary Magdalene-Mary, Queen of Scots (Schiller) and Shaw's Saint Joan.

She has performed in scores of summer theatre productions such as Bell, Book and Candle-The Millionaire and Don Juan in Hell (G. B. Shaw) Anna Christie-The Doll's House- A Streetcar Named Desire-The Heiress- and others too numerous to mention. In fact, she was presented with a "Show Business" award as the actress playing the most diverse roles in the theatre. She is well-known too, to television audiences for her portrayals in 'The Queen Bee'-'Becky Sharp'-'Peer Gynt'-'Reflected Glory'-By Candlelight and numerous others. Her first Hollywood film was 'Up the River' in which she co-starred with Spencer Tracy and Humphrey Bogart- and has made several films in England. In the world of art she has been recognized too by the critics for her oil paintings of theatre and the ballet, having had three successful one-man shows at the Arthur Newton Gallery in 57th Street.

At the moment she is preparing a television series culled from her "Diary of An Actress".

I am ashamed that women are so simple  
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;  
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
Should well agree with our external parts?  
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!  
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
My heart as great, my reason haply more,  
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;  
But now I see our lances are but straws,  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,  
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.  
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,  
And place your hands below your husband's foot:  
In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready, may it do him ease. (V, ii)

I think Kate behaved very wisely. But we'll let one of Shakespeare's women, Helena, have the last word.  
(ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL)

But with the word the time will bring on summer,  
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;  
Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us:  
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine's the crown;  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. (IV, iv)

[LUC]	WHO'S WHO IN THE THEATRE	[LUC]
	<p><b>LUC, Claire</b>, actress; b. Syracuse, New York, U.S.A.; d. of Frederick Luce and his wife Maud (Hinds); s. Vermont and Rochester; m. Clifford Warren-Smith (dec.); studied dancing at the Denishawn School in New York, with Michel Fokine and Florence Colebrook Powers; made her first appearance in public in the ballet of a Russian opera, "Snow Maiden," managed by Sol Hurok; first appeared on the regular stage at the Longacre Theatre, 15 Aug., 1923, in "Little Jessie James"; appeared at the Times Square Theatre, New York, Sept., 1924, as Clair in "Dear Sir"; at the Music Box, Dec., 1924, appeared in "The Music Box Revue"; for a time a dancer with Texas Guinan's troupe; during 1925 appeared at the Casino de Paris, Paris, in revue; at Palm Beach, 1926, appeared in Ziegfeld's "Palm Beach Nights"; at the Globe, New York, June, 1926, appeared in "No Foolin'" (Ziegfeld's revue); at the New Amsterdam, Aug., 1927, in "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1927"; made her first appearance in London, at Golders Green, 26 Nov., 1928, as Bonny in "Burlesque," appearing in the same part at the Queen's, Dec., 1928; after her return to America, appeared at Atlantic City, Aug., 1929, as Nora Mason, in "Scarlet Pages," and appeared in the same part at the Morocco, New York, Sept., 1929; Booth, Dec., 1931, played Judy Gelett in "Society Girl"; Ethel Barrymore, Nov., 1932, Mimi in "Gay Divorce"; and played the same part at the Palace, London, Nov., 1933; at Daly's, May, 1934, played Nina Popinot in "Vintage Wine"; Mar., 1935, Suzzette in "Love and Let Love"; Gaiety, May, 1935, Marcousa in "Gay Deceivers"; Adelphi, Feb., 1936, appeared in "Follow the Sun"; Daly's, June, 1937, Nadja von Eckner in "No Sleep for the Wicked"; Music Box, New York, Nov., 1937, Curley's Wife in "Of Mice and Men," which she also played at the Gate, London, Apr., 1939, and subsequently at the Apollo, May, 1939; at the Open Air Theatre, Southwark Park, July, 1941, and at Regent's Park, Aug., 1941, played Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," and</p>	<p>subsequently Princess Katherine in "King Henry V"; she then toured for E.M.S.A., for eight months, playing Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," Anna Christie, Nora in "A Doll's House," and Sadie Thompson in "Rain"; subsequently toured as Evra in "Blithe Spirit," for the U.S.O.; at the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre, Apr.-Sept., 1945, appeared with great success as Viola in "Twelfth Night," Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," Mistress Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and Cleopatra in "Antony and Cleopatra," scoring a memorable success in the last-mentioned part; at the Westminster Theatre, Jan., 1946, played Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, in "Golden Eagle"; "Q," May, 1946, and subsequently on tour played Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair," and played this part at the Comedy, Oct., 1946; returned to America, and next appeared at the Booth, New York, as Tanis Talbot in "Portrait in Black"; Lyceum, Apr., 1950, Rose Raymond in "With a Silk Thread"; at Somerset, Mass., July, 1950, played Effie in "The Devil Also Dreams"; New York City Center, Apr., 1951, played Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew"; Music Box, May, 1952, appeared as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing"; toured from 1956-9 in a one-woman show called "Fashions in Love"; Theatre '58, Dallas, Jan., 1958, Lucy Greer in "And So, Farewell"; Maidman, New York, Apr., 1960, in a one-woman show called "These Are My Loves"; has made numerous summer stock appearances in "Boston '49," "An Evening of G. B. Shaw," Donna Ana in "Don Juan in Hell," Epifania in "The Millionaire," "Bell, Book and Candle," "Time of the Cuckoo," "A Streetcar Named Desire," "The Heiress," Mrs. Venable in "Suddenly, Last Summer," "Shanghai Gesture," "Tonight at 8.30," "The Fourposter," her own adaptation of "The Lady of the Camellias," "Desdemona in 'Othello,' etc.; first appeared in films, 1930, in "Up the River," and has since appeared in several pictures; has also made numerous television appearances. Recreation: Painting (has had three one-woman exhibitions)</p>