

That handkerchief

An Egyptian to my mother gave;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her,

As long as she kept it,

It would make her amiable and subdue my father

Entirely to her love, but if she lost it

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Would loathe her and his spirits would hunt

After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;

And told me, when my fate gave me a wife,

To give it her. I did so.



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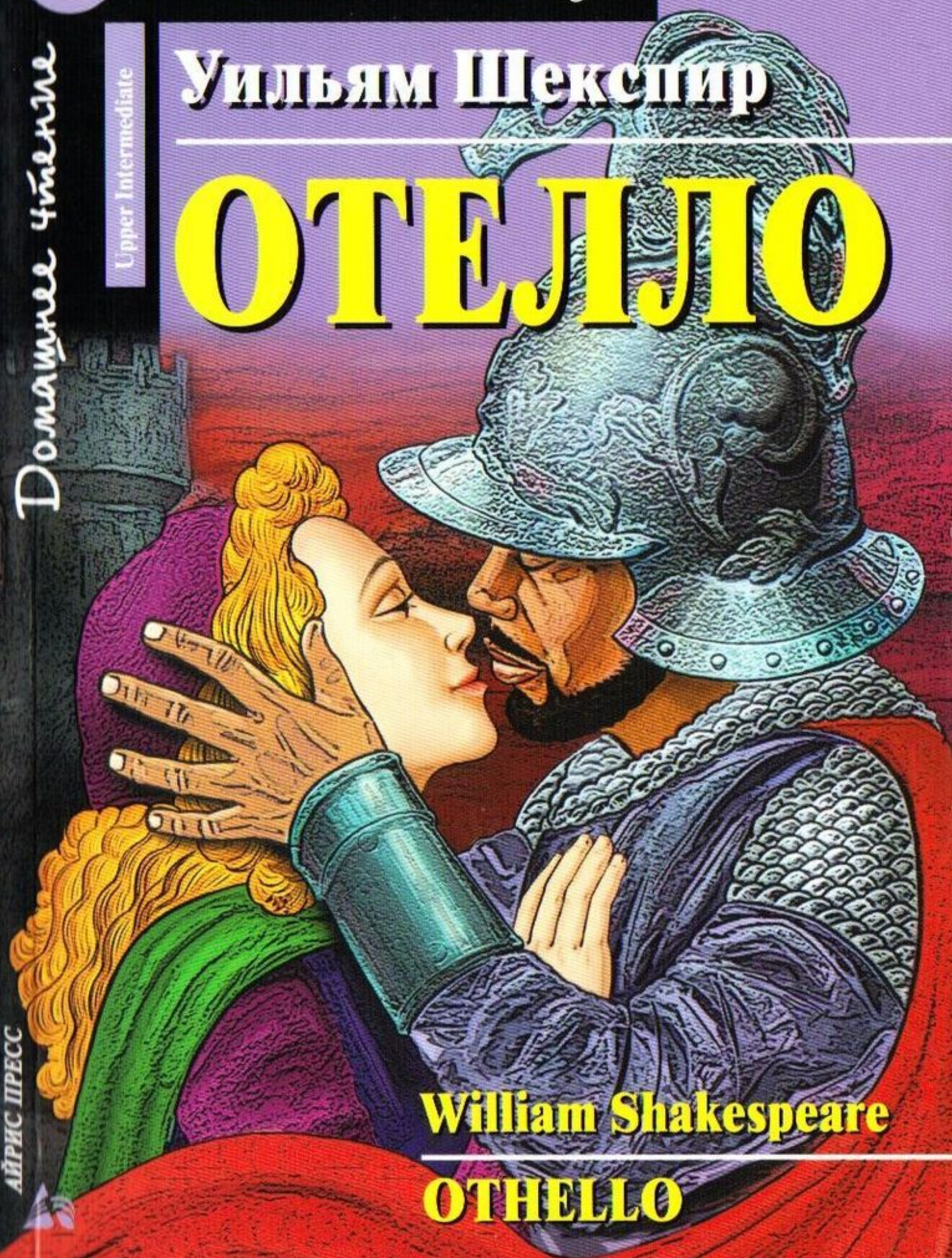
АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб

Upper Intermediate

Дополнительное чтение

Уильям Шекспир

ОТЕЛЛО



William Shakespeare

OTHELLO

АЙРИС ПРЕСС



АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб

Домашнее чтение

Уильям Шекспир **ОТЕЛЛО**

*Адаптация текста, предисловие,
комментарий, упражнения,
словарь Г. И. Бардиной*



Москва

АЙРИС ПРЕСС

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Ш41

Серия «Английский клуб» включает книги и учебные пособия, рассчитанные на пять этапов изучения английского языка: Elementary (для начинающих), Pre-Intermediate (для продолжающих первого уровня), Intermediate (для продолжающих второго уровня), Upper Intermediate (для продолжающих третьего уровня) и Advanced (для совершенствующихся).

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Трагедия «Отелло» была написана Уильямом Шекспиром в 1604 году. В основе ее сюжета лежит история, рассказывающая о судьбе мавра Отелло — талантливого полководца. Из ревности он убивает свою жену Дездемону, поверив в ее измену.

Текст книги адаптирован в учебных целях, снабжен лексико-грамматическим комментарием, переводом трудных слов, а также упражнениями, направленными на проверку понимания, отработку лексики и развитие навыков общения.

Книга рассчитана на учащихся 10–11 классов школ, гимназий, лицеев, а также на широкий круг лиц, изучающих английский язык самостоятельно.

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Предисловие

Прошло более 400 лет со дня смерти Шекспира. Он умер 23 апреля 1616 года в день своего рождения. Существует целая наука, именуемая шекспироведением, которая изучает творчество Шекспира. О Шекспире написаны сотни книг. Среди исследователей Шекспира были такие великие писатели, как Пушкин, Тургенев, Достоевский, Гейне, Гёте, Гюго, Шоу. Белинский назвал Шекспира царем драматических поэтов, «увенчанным человечеством».

Шекспир жил в эпоху Возрождения, в период создания национальных государств, развития ремесел и искусства, науки и торговли.

Биографические сведения о Шекспире довольно скудны и порой недостоверны. Однако доподлинно известно, что Вильям Шекспир родился 23 апреля 1564 года в окруженном лесами городке Стратфорде на реке Эйвоне. Предки Шекспира были йоме-нами — вольными землепашцами. Среди них определенно были и храбрые воины. Об этом говорит фамилия «Шекспир», что в переводе означает «потрясающий копьем».

Шекспир написал 37 пьес. Но подлинная вершина его творчества это пять трагедий: «Ромео и Джульетта», «Гамлет», «Отелло», «Король Лир» и «Макбет».

Источником трагедии «Отелло» Шекспиру послужила новелла Джиральди Чинтио «Венецианский Мавр» из его сборника *Hecatommithi* или «Сто Рассказов» (1566). Однако сомнительно, чтобы Шекспир настолько свободно владел итальянским языком, что смог читать на нем достаточно сложный и обширный текст. Скорее всего прямым источником явилась не сама новелла Чинтио, а несохранившаяся восходившая к ней английская пьеса.

«Отелло» — это трагедия ревности, которую сам Шекспир называл «чудовищем». Возможно, «Отелло» — самая страшная из трагедий Шекспира. Здесь убийцей становится благородный, чистый человек. И все же главное в произведении — это вера в человека. Дездемона «чиста, как небо», и Отелло в этом убеждается. В то же время в «Отелло» ставится своего рода вопрос о равенстве героев независимо от их национальностей или цвета кожи.

Characters

OTHELLO A black army general in the service of the Duke of Venice

DESDEMONA Othello's wife, daughter of Brabantio

IAGO Othello's ensign

EMILIA Iago's wife, companion to Desdemona

CASSIO Othello's lieutenant

BIANCA in love with Cassio

BRABANTIO A Venetian senator, Desdemona's father

RODERIGO A Venetian gentleman, in love with Desdemona

GRATIANO Brabantio's brother

LODOVICO Brabantio's relative

MONTANO Governor of Cyprus



ACT ONE

Scene One

Venice. A street

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO

RODERIGO

Never tell me; I take it very unkindly
That you, Iago, who has had my purse
As if the strings were yours, should bow of this.

IAGO

By God's blood, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

RODERIGO

You told me you hated him.

IAGO

Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal attendance to make me his lieutenant,
Took off their caps 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, making fancy excuses
And boasting with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Rejects my mediators; for, 'Certainly,' says he,
'I have already chosen my officer.'
And what was he?
In truth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damned with a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, was elected:
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be pacified and calmed
By debtor and creditor: this accountant,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I — God bless the mark! — his Moorship's ancient.

RODERIGO

By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

IAGO

Why, there's no remedy; it's the curse of service,
Promotion goes by qualification and favouritism,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just respect am bound
To love the **Moor**.

RODERIGO

I would not follow him then.

IAGO

O, sir, don't worry;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed. You'll see
Many a duteous and knee-bending knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Consumes his time, much like his master's ass,
For nothing else but food and drink, and when old, he's dismissed:
Others there are who, dressed up to show visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, showing only service to their lords,
Do prosper and when they have lined their coats
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some spirit;
And such a one do I consider myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
I heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my private end:
For when my outward action demonstrates
The secret act and design of my heart
Completely, it's not long after
I will wear my heart upon my sleeve: I am not what I am.

RODERIGO

What a full fortune does the **thicklips** own
If he can succeed!

IAGO

Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
Ami, though he in a fertile climate lives,
Plague him with flies: though his joy is joy,
Throw such irritating mischances on it,
That it may lose some colour.

RODERIGO

Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

IAGO

Do so, with such fearful accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
In spied in populous cities.

RODERIGO

What, ho, Brabantio! Signor Brabantio, ho!

IAGO

Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO appears above, at a window

BRABANTIO

What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

RODERIGO

Signor, is all your family within?

IAGO

Are your doors locked?

BRABANTIO

Why, why do you ask this?

IAGO

Sir, you're robbed; 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 tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snoring citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandfather of you:
Arise, I say.

BRABANTIO

What, have you lost your wits?

RODERIGO

Most reverend signor, do you know my voice?

BRABANTIO

Not I, what are you?

RODERIGO

My name is Roderigo.

BRABANTIO

The worser welcome:

I have ordered you not to hang about my doors:
In honest plainness you have heard me say
My daughter is not for you; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and drinks,
You come to disturb my quiet.

RODERIGO

Sir, sir, sir, —

BRABANTIO

But you must surely know
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make you regret this.

RODERIGO

Patience, good sir.

BRABANTIO

What are you telling me of robbing? This is Venice;
My house is not a country mansion.

RODERIGO

Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

IAGO

Sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil asks you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have racehorses for cousins and jennets for relatives.

BRABANTIO

What profane wretch are you?

IAGO

I am one, sir, that comes to tell you **your daughter and the Moor**
are now making the beast with two backs.

BRABANTIO

You are a villain.

IAGO

You are — a senator.

BRABANTIO

You will answer for this; I know you, Roderigo.

RODERIGO

Sir, I will answer anything. But, I beg you,
If it's your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this late time of night, has been transported,
With no worse nor better guard than a gondolier,
To the embracements of a lascivious Moor —
If you know this and you permit it,
We then have done you bold and insolent wrongs;
But if you know not, my good manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I would play with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, has made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
To a wandering, unstable stranger
Of here and everywhere. Satisfy yourself directly:
If she is in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For deluding you so.

BRABANTIO

Light up, light up, ho!
Give me a candle! Call up all my people!
This accident is not unlike my dream:
Belief of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say! Light!

Exit

IAGO

Farewell; for I must leave you:
It does not seem suitable,
To be present — as, if I stay, I shall —
Against the Moor: for, I know that the State,
However it may irritate him with some reprimand,
Cannot with safety dismiss him, for he has received orders
To lead the Cyprus wars,

Having no other of his ability,
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 only a sign. So that you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there I will be with him. So, farewell.

Exit

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches

BRABANTIO

It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time
Is nothing but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where did you see her? O unhappy girl!
With the Moor, did you say? Who would be a father!
How did you know it was she? O she deceives me
Past thought! What did she say to you? Get more candles:
Raise all my people. Are they married, do you think?

RODERIGO

Truly, I think they are.

BRABANTIO

O heaven! How did she get out? O treason of the blood!
Fathers, from now on do not trust your daughters' minds
By how you see them act. Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and **maidhood**
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

RODERIGO

Yes, sir, I have indeed.

BRABANTIO

Call up my brother. O, if only you had had her!
Some one way, some another. Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

RODERIGO

I think I can discover him, if you please,
Get good guard and go along with me.

BRABANTIO

Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.
On, good Roderigo: I'll reward you for your pains.

Exit all

Scene Two

Another street

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches

Iago warns Othello that Brabantio will try to break up his marriage but Othello is sure that his good service to Venice and noble origins will prevent it. Cassio comes from the Duke to tell Othello that war is imminent and that he must go to the senate. Othello leaves.

CASSIO

What's he doing here?

IAGO

He's married.

CASSIO

To whom?

Re-enter OTHELLO

IAGO

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

OTHELLO

I'm ready.

CASSIO

Here comes another troop to seek for you.

IAGO

It is Brabantio. General,
He comes with bad intentions.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches and weapons

OTHELLO

Holla! stand there!

RODERIGO

Signor, it is the Moor.

BRABANTIO

Down with him, thief!

They produce their swords on both sides

IAGO

You, Roderigo! Come, sir, I'm for you!

OTHELLO

Put away your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.
Good signor, you shall command more with years
Than with your weapons.

BRABANTIO

O you foul thief, where have you hidden my daughter?
Damned as you are, you have enchanted her;
For I'll appeal to common sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,
So opposed to marriage that she rejected
The wealthy of our nation,
Would ever have run from her guardage
To the black bosom of such a thing as you,
to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if it's not gross in sense
That you have practised on her foul charms,
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That waken desire: I'll have it disputed; it's probable to think.
I therefore apprehend and arrest you
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and illegal.
Lay hold upon him: if he resists,
Subdue him at his peril.

OTHELLO

Hold your hands,
Both those of you on my side, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where do you want me to go
To answer this your charge?

BRABANTIO

To prison.

OTHELLO

What if I obey?

How may the duke be satisfied,
Whose messengers are here by my side,
On some urgent business of the state
To bring me to him?

FIRST OFFICER

It's true, most worthy signor;
The duke's in council and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

BRABANTIO

How! The duke in council!
In this time of the night! Bring him away:
Mine's not a trivial cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as if it were their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

Exit all

Scene Three

A council-chamber

The DUKE and Senators sitting at a table; Officers attending

The Duke and the Venetian Senators are considering news of the Turkish threats of war on Cyprus which is a Venetian colony. A sailor arrives and informs them that the Turkish fleet is sailing towards the island of Rhodes, but then a messenger from Montano, the Governor of Cyprus, brings more news, confirming their fears: the Turkish fleet, whose size is uncertain, is indeed heading for Cyprus. While they are discussing war tactics they are interrupted by the arrival of Brabantio and Othello.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO and Officers

DUKE OF VENICE

Valiant Othello, we must immediately employ you
Against the general enemy **Ottoman**.

To BRABANTIO

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signor;
We lacked your counsel and your help tonight.

BRABANTIO

So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my position nor anything of business
Has raised me from my bed, nor do general concerns
Interest me, for my particular grief
Is of such a great and overbearing nature
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.

DUKE OF VENICE

Why, what's the matter?

BRABANTIO

My daughter! O, my daughter!

DUKE OF VENICE

Dead?

SENATORS

Dead?

BRABANTIO

Yes, to me;
She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought from charletans;
For nature so preposterously to mistake
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Without witchcraft could not have done this.

DUKE OF VENICE

Whoever it is that in this foul proceeding
Has so deprived your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read and interpret
After your own sense, yea, even if my own son
Were to stand accused.

BRABANTIO

Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,

Your special mandate for the state-affairs
Has brought here.

DUKE OF VENICE AND SENATORS

We are very sorry for it.

DUKE OF VENICE

[To OTHELLO]

What, in your own part, can you say to this?

BRABANTIO

Nothing, but this is so.

OTHELLO

Most potent, grave, and reverend signors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have taken away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
This is the extent of my offending; no more.
Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' strength,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And I little of this great world can I speak,
Except what refers to feats of tumult and battle,
And therefore little can I say to grace my cause.
Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will an honest tale tell
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am accused,
I won his daughter.

BRABANTIO

A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her emotion
Blushed at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
Or years, of country, reputation, every thing,
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!
I therefore assert again
That with some mixtures powerful over the blood,

Or with some potion conjured to this effect,
He influenced her.

DUKE OF VENICE

To assert this, is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these faint indications and weak possibilities.

FIRST SENATOR

But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Overcome and poison this young maid's affections?

OTHELLO

I do beg 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,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

DUKE OF VENICE

Fetch Desdemona.

OTHELLO

Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place.

Exit 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 succeeded in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

DUKE OF VENICE

Say it, Othello.

OTHELLO

Her father loved me; often invited me;
Still questioned me about the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I talked about it, even from my boyish days,
Every time he asked me to tell it;

I spoke of most disastrous events,
 Of moving accidents on sea and on land,
 Of close escapes in the imminent deadly breach,
 Of being taken by the insolent enemy
 And sold to slavery, of my **redemption**
 And behaviour in my wearisome history:
 Of vast caves and empty deserts,
 Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven
 It was my chance to speak, — such was the process;
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
 The **Anthropophagi** and men whose heads
 Grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
 Was Desdemona seriously inclined:
 But still the house-affairs would call her away:
 But she'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour my stories: which I observing,
 Took once a favourable hour, and found good means
 To obtain from her a prayer
 That I would all my pilgrimage recount.
 I did consent, and often she came to tears,
 When I spoke of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
 She promised, in faith, it was very strange,
 It was pitiful, it was so pitiful:
 She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
 That heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me,
 And begged me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story.
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spoke:
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
 And I loved her that she pitied them.
 This only is the **witchcraft** I have used:
 Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants

DUKE OF VENICE

I think this tale would win my daughter too.
 Good Brabantio,
 Accept this messy matter at the best.

BRABANTIO

I pray you, hear her speak:
 If she confesses that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Falls on the man! Come here, gentle mistress:
 Do you perceive in all this noble company
 Where most you owe obedience?

DESDEMONA

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

BRABANTIO

God be with you! I have done.
 Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:
 I had rather adopt a child than beget it.
 Come here, Moor:

[He joins the hands of Othello and Desdemona]

I here give you what with all my heart
 I would keep from you. Because of you, jewel,
 I am glad at soul I have no other child:
 For your **elopement** would teach me tyranny,
 To **hang clogs** on them. I have done, my lord.

DUKE OF VENICE

Let me speak like yourself, and make a sentence,
 Which, may help these lovers into your favour.
 When remedies are past, the griefs are ended.
 To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
 Is the next way to call new mischief on.
 The robbed that smiles steals something from the thief;
 He robs himself that spends a useless grief.

BRABANTIO

I humbly beg you, proceed to the affairs of state.

THE DUKE OF VENICE orders Othello to take charge of the defence of Cyprus. Othello agrees but requests that Desdemona is looked after. Neither Brabantio nor Othello want her to return to her father's house. Desdemona asks to go with Othello and he assures the Duke that her presence will not distract him from his military duties.

DUKE OF VENICE

Be it as you shall privately decide,
Either for her stay or going: the affair requires haste,
And I speed must answer it.

FIRST SENATOR

You must away to-night.

OTHELLO

With all my heart.

DUKE OF VENICE

At nine in the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With other things of quality and respect
That you may need.

OTHELLO

So please your grace, my ancient;
He is an honest and trustworthy man:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else your good grace thinks necessary
To be sent after me.

DUKE OF VENICE

Let it be so.
Good night to every one.

To BRABANTIO

And, noble signor,
If virtue was without delighted beauty,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

FIRST SENATOR

Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

BRABANTIO

Look to her, Moor, if you have eyes to see:
She has deceived her father, and may you.

Exit DUKE OF VENICE, Senators, Officers, etc

OTHELLO

My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to you:
I pray you, let your 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 instructions,
To spend with you: we must obey the time.

Exit OTHELLO and DESDEMONA

RODERIGO

Iago, —

IAGO

What do you say, noble heart?

RODERIGO

What will I do, do you think?

IAGO

Why, go to bed, and sleep.

RODERIGO

I will immediately drown myself.

IAGO

If you do, I shall never love you after. Why, you silly gentleman!

RODERIGO

It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

IAGO

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

RODERIGO

What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

IAGO

Virtue! It's in ourselves that we are like this or like that. Our bodies are our gardens, our wills are gardeners: so that if we plant nettles, or sow lettuce, plant 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 conclusions: but we have reason to cool raging emotions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, and so I consider what you call love to be a cutting or a shoot.

RODERIGO

It cannot be.

IAGO

It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown yourself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed to be your friend and I could never help you better than now. Put money in your purse; follow the wars. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor, not he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and you will see a corresponding separation — put money in your purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills: fill your purse with money: — the food that to him now is as **luscious** as **locusts**, will be to him shortly as bitter as bitter apples. 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 your purse. If you need to damn yourself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money you can: if sanctimony and a frail vow between an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian is not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, you shall enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning yourself! It is clean out of the way: seek rather to be hanged in compassing your joy than to be drowned and go without her.

RODERIGO

Will you stand by my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

IAGO

You can be sure of me: — go, make money: — I have told you often, and I re-tell you again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause

is heartfelt; yours has no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our **revenge** against him: if you can **cuckold** him, you do yourself a pleasure, me a sport. Turn around! Go, provide your money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

RODERIGO

Where shall we meet in the morning?

IAGO

At my lodging.

RODERIGO

I'll be with you in good time.

IAGO

Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

RODERIGO

What do you say?

IAGO

No more of drowning, do you hear?

RODERIGO

I am changed: I'll go sell all my land.

Exit

IAGO

So do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I would profane my own gained knowledge
If I spent time with such a fool
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor:
And it is thought abroad, that between my sheets
He has done my business: I know not if it's true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will act as if for sure.
Casio's a handsome man: let me see now:
To get his place and to have a bit of fun
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 has a smooth disposition
To be suspected, made to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest even when they only seem to be so.

And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.
I have it. It is created. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

Exit

Helpful Words & Notes

Moor *n* — мавр; представитель коренного населения Мавритании, исторической области на северо-западе Африки

I follow him to serve my turn upon him — Я за ним слежу, потому что у меня есть на то причина

I will wear my heart upon my sleeve — Я раскрою свои намерения

the thicklips *n* — толстогубый (так Родерико оскорбительно называет Отелло)

an old black ram is tupping your white ewe — старый черный баран совокупляется с твоей белой овечкой

your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs — твоя дочь и мавр сейчас занимаются любовью

maidhood *n* — девственность

Were it my cue to fight — Если бы я должен был с этим бороться

Ottoman *adj* — оттоманский, турецкий

redemption *n* — спасение, избавление

Anthropophagi *n pl* — людоеды

witchcraft *n* — колдовство

elopement *n* — тайное бегство

to hang clogs — надеть путы (на лошадь)

luscious *adj* — сладкий

locust *n* — саранча

revenge *n* — месть

cuckold *v* — наставить рога

knavery *n* — обман

Activities

1 Answer pre-reading questions.

Othello is a Moor. In Shakespeare's time it was very unusual for a young lady of rank to want to marry a husband of a different race. How do you think Othello manages to win Desdemona's heart?

2 Answer the questions after you have read Act I.

- 1) Why is Iago angry with Othello?
- 2) Why does Roderigo want help?
- 3) Why do they go to Brabantio's home?
- 4) What warning does Brabantio give Othello before he leaves Venice?
- 5) How does Iago plan to revenge himself on Othello?

3 Write questions for these answers.

- 1) ...?
He's Desdemona's father.
- 2) ...?
Because Othello has secretly married his daughter.
- 3) ...?
He is a senator.
- 4) ...?
The Turkish fleet.
- 5) ...?
To take charge of the defense of Cyprus.

4 Who said it and in connection with what?

- 1) I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
- 2) If you know and you permit it, we then have done you bold and insolent wrongs. But if you know not, my good manners tell me we have your wrong rebuke.
- 3) Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it without a prompter.
- 4) I think this tale would win my daughter too.
- 5) My noble father, I perceive here a divided duty.
- 6) If virtue no delighted beauty lack, your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

5 Sum up the events of Act 1.



ACT TWO

Scene One

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

Montano, the Governor of Cyprus is discussing the terrible storm with two gentlemen. A man comes to tell him that the Turkish fleet has been destroyed. He also reports that Cassio's ship has arrived safely but that Othello is still at sea. Cassio then appears and tells Montano that he is worried about Othello's ship. A cry within 'A sail, a sail, a sail!'

Enter a Gentleman

CASSIO
What noise?

GENTLEMAN

The town is empty; on the edge of the sea
Stand people, and they cry 'A sail!'

CASSIO

My hopes shape him to be the governor.

Guns heard

SECOND GENTLEMAN

The cannon shot of courtesy:
Our friends at least.

CASSIO

I pray you, sir, go out,
And give us truth who it is that has arrived.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

I shall.

Exit

MONTANO

But, good lieutenant, is your general married?

CASSIO

Most fortunately: he has acquired a maid
That surpasses description and wild fame;
One that excels the verbal images of praising pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the creator.

Re-enter second Gentleman

How now! Who has landed?

SECOND GENTLEMAN

It is one Iago, ancient to the general.

CASSIO

He's had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The guttered rocks and congregated sands,
Having sense of beauty, omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

MONTANO

Who is she?

CASSIO

She that I spoke of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the charge of the bold Iago,
Whose landing here anticipates our thoughts
By seven nights. Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with your powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renewed fire to our extinct spirits
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants

O, behold,
The riches of the ship have come on shore!
You men of Cyprus, go down on your knees.
Hail to you, lady! And the grace of heaven,
Before, behind you, and on every hand,
Encircle you round!

DESDEMONA

I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

CASSIO

He has not yet arrived: nor do I know anything
But that he's well and will be shortly here.

DESDEMONA

O, but I fear — How did you lose his
company?

CASSIO

The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted us — But, hark! A sail.

Within 'A sail, a sail!' Guns heard

SECOND GENTLEMAN

They give their greeting to the citadel;
This too is a friend.

CASSIO

See for the news.

Exit gentleman

Gpod ancient, you are welcome.

To EMILIA

Welcome, mistress.

Let it not disturb your patience, good Iago,
If I extend my manners; it's 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 often gives to me,
You'll have enough.

DESDEMONA

Alas, she talks too little.

IAGO

In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I wish to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

EMILIA

You have little cause to say so.

IAGO

Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlors, 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 you, slanderer!

IAGO

Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play and go to bed to work.

EMILIA

You shall not write my praise.

IAGO

No, let me not.

DESDEMONA

What would you write of me, if you should praise me?

IAGO

O gentle lady, do not put me to it;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

DESDEMONA

Come on try. There's one gone to the harbour?

IAGO

Ay, madam.

DESDEMONA

I am not merry; but I disguise
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how would you praise me?

IAGO

I am about it.
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other uses it.

DESDEMONA

Well praised! How if she is black and witty?

IAGO

If she is black, and also has a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

DESDEMONA

Worse and worse.

EMILIA

How if fair and foolish?

IAGO

She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly helped her to an heir.

DESDEMONA

These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh in the alehouse.
What miserable praise have you for her that's foul and foolish?

IAGO

There's none so foul and foolish as well,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

DESDEMONA

O heavy ignorance! you praise the worst best. Do not learn of him,
Emilia, though he be your husband. How say you, Cassio? Is he
not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

CASSIO

He speaks clearly, madam. You may appreciate him more in the
soldier than in the scholar.

IAGO

[Aside]

He takes her by the hand: 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 trap you in your own courtship. Very good; well kissed!
An excellent courtesy!

Trumpet within

The Moor! I know his trumpet.

CASSIO

'Tis truly so.

DESDEMONA

Let's meet him and receive him.

CASSIO

Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants

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 wakened death!
And let the labouring ship climb hills of seas
Olympus-high and duck again as low
As hell is from heaven! If it were now to die,
It would be most happy; for, I fear,

My soul has her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

DESDEMONA

The heavens ensure
That our loves and comforts will increase,
Even as our days 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 ever our hearts shall make!

IAGO

[Aside]

O, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

OTHELLO

Come, let us go to the castle.
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drowned.
How is my old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I speak too much. I pray you, good Iago,
Go to the bay and get my baggage:
Bring the captain to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness deserves much respect. Come,
Desdemona.

Exit OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants

IAGO

Come, Roderigo. If you are courageous, listen to me. The lieutenant tonight watches on the court of guard. First, I must tell you this: Desdemona is directly in love with him.

RODERIGO

With him! why, it's not possible.

IAGO

Lay your finger thus, and let your soul be instructed. Consider with what violence she first loved the Moor, just for bragging and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him only for his chattering? Let not your discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, without these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, it will begin to dislike and **abhor** the Moor. Very nature will instruct her in it and force her to some second choice. Now, sir, considering this, who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? A knave very voluble; of civil and humane seeming, the better for obtaining his hidden, lecherous affection. Why, none; why, none: a slippery and subtle knave, a finder of occasion, that has an eye that can stamp and fake advantages, though true advantage never presents itself; a devilish knave. Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and has all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman has found him already.

RODERIGO

I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blessed qualities.

IAGO

Blessed fig's-end! The wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Did you not see her tickle the palm of his hand? Did you not notice that?

RODERIGO

Yes, I did; but that was but courtesy.

IAGO

Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of **lust** and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! But, sir, be ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch

tonight; for the command, I'll lay it upon you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you: find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or criticising his discipline; or from what other course you please.

RODERIGO

Well.

IAGO

Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and possibly may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; causing the displanting of Cassio. So you shall] have a shorter journey to your desires by the means shall then have to obtain them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without which there would be no expectation of our prosperity.

RODERIGO

I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

IAGO

I assure you. Meet me later at the citadel: I must fetch his necessities ashore. Farewell.

RODERIGO

Adieu.

Exit

IAGO

That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, it's apt and of great credit:
The Moor, however much I cannot bear him,
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 perhaps
I am responsible for as great a sin,
But partly led to feed my revenge,
For I suspect the lusty Moor
Has leaped into my bed; **the thought of which**
Does, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my guts;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am evened 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 will be done,
If this poor trash of Venice will follow my incitement,
I'll have our Michael Cassio at my mercy,
Abuse him to the Moor as lecherous —
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 plotting against his peace and quiet
Even to madness. It's here, but yet confused:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

Exit

Scene Two

A street

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following

The Herald publicly announces celebrations to mark the destruction of the Turkish fleet. They also honour Othello's wedding.

Scene Three

A hall in the castle

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants
OTHELLO orders Cassio to inspect the guard at night.

OTHELLO

To DESDEMONA

Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to follow;
That profits yet to come between me and you.
Good night.

Exit OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants

Enter IAGO

CASSIO

Welcome, Iago; we must begin the guard.

IAGO
Not this hour, lieutenant; it's not yet ten o'clock. Our general left us so early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame: he has not yet passed a night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

CASSIO
She's a most exquisite lady.

IAGO
And, I'm certain, full of fun.

CASSIO
Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

IAGO
What an eye she has! I think it's like a provocation.

CASSIO
An inviting eye; and yet I think it's right modest.

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

CASSIO
She is indeed perfection.

IAGO
Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a jug of wine; and here outside there are a couple of Cyprus gallants that would be pleased to drink to the health of black Othello.

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

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

CASSIO
I have drunk one cup to-night, and that was well diluted too, and see what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not risk to drink any more.

IAGO
What, man! It's 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 it; but I don't want to.

Exit

IAGO
If I can make him drink just one cup,
With that which he has drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress's dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love has turned almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona has to-night drunk a lot; and he's on guard:
Three lads of Cyprus, this warlike isle,
That are quick to defend their honours,
Have I to-night confused with so much drink,
And the are on guard too. Now, among this group of drunkards,
I'll put our Cassio into action
That may offend the isle. — But here they come:
It the sequences will just approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO with MONTANO and Gentlemen; Servants following with wine

CASSIO
Before God, they have given me a drink already.

MONTANO
Good faith, a little one; not more than a pint,
as I am a soldier.

IAGO
Some wine, ho!

Sings

And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.
Some wine, boys!

CASSIO

Before God, an excellent song.

IAGO

I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in drinking: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander — Drink, ho! — are nothing to your English.

CASSIO

Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

IAGO

Why, he drinks with facility your Dane dead drunk; he does not sweat to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, before the next tankard can be filled.

CASSIO

To the health of our general!

MONTANO

I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

IAGO

O sweet England!

He sings a song about King Stephen.

CASSIO

Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

IAGO

Will you hear it again?

CASSIO

No. Let's have no more of this; let's go to our affairs. — Forgive us our sins! — Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen. I am drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left: I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

ALL

Excellent well.

CASSIO

Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk.

Exit

MONTANO

To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

IAGO

You see this fellow that has gone before;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar
And give direction: and see his vice;
It is to his virtue a fair **equinox**,
The one as long as the other: it's a pity.
I fear that the trust Othello puts in him,
One time during his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

MONTANO

But is he often like this?

IAGO

It's always the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the **horologe** two times round,
If drink does not rock his cradle.

MONTANO

It would be better if
The general were told about it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And does not see his evils: is not this true?

Enter Roderigo

IAGO

[Aside to him]

How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant go.

Exit RODERIGO

MONTANO

And it's great pity that the noble Moor
Should risk the position as his own second
To one with such an infirmity:
I would be an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

IAGO

Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil — But, listen! what noise?

Cry within 'Help! help!'

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO

CASSIO

You rogue! you rascal!

MONTANO

What's the matter, lieutenant?

CASSIO

A knave teaching me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.

RODERIGO

Beat me!

CASSIO

Do you speak, rogue?

Striking RODERIGO

MONTANO

Nay, good lieutenant;

Holding him

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

CASSIO

Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you over the head.

MONTANO

Come, come, you're drunk.

CASSIO

Drunk!

They fight

IAGO

[Aside to RODERIGO]

Away, I say; go out, and cry a mutiny.

Exit Roderigo

Nay, good lieutenant, — alas, gentlemen; — Help, ho! — Lieutenant, sir, — Montano, — sir; Help, masters! — Here's a good watch indeed!

Bell rings

Who's that which rings the bell? — Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold!
You will be shamed for ever.

Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants

OTHELLO

What is the matter here?

MONTANO

I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.

Faints

OTHELLO

Stop, for your lives!

IAGO

Stop, ho! Lieutenant, — sir — Montano, — gentlemen, —
Have you forgotten all sense of place and duty?
Stop! The general speaks to you; stop, stop, for shame!

OTHELLO

Why, how now, ho! Why all this?
Have we turned into Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven has forbidden the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, stop this barbarous fight.
He that moves next will die upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell: it frightens the isle.
What is the matter, masters?
Honest Iago, you look dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? On thy love, I order you to speak.

IAGO

I do not know: friends all but now, even now,
In friendship; and then, but now —
As if some planet had made them lose their sense —
Swords out, and aiming one at others breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot say who
Began this disagreement;
And I wish in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to be a part of it!

OTHELLO

How is it, Michael, that you forgot yourself?

CASSIO

I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

OTHELLO

Worthy Montano, you were always civil;
The serious and quiet nature of your youth
The world has noted, and your name is great
In the mouths of the wisest men. What's the matter,
That you destroy your reputation in this way
And waste your rich opinion for the name
Of a **night-brawler**? give me answer to it.

MONTANO

Worthy Othello, I am badly hurt:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you, —
While I prefer not to speak, something which now offends me, —
Of all that I do know: and I know nothing
By me that was said or done wrong this night;
Unless self-defence is sometimes a vice,
Anil in defend ourselves is a sin
When violence assails us.

OTHELLO

Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having darkened my best judgment,
Tries to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Will fall by my rebuke. Let me know
How this foul fight began, who started it;
Ane he that is approved in this offence,
Even if he were my twin, will lose me. What! in a town of war,
With the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To make private and domestic quarrel,

In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
It's monstrous. Iago, who began it?

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
Will not wrong him. So it is, general.
Montano and myself were speaking,
There comes a fellow crying out for help:
And Cassio following him with his sword,
Ready to use it upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps close to Cassio, and begs him to stop:
I followed the crying fellow,
In case by his clamour — as happened —
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Ran faster than me; and I returned
For I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio swearing; which till to-night
I never might say before. When I came back —
For this was brief — I found them close together,
Fighting; even as they still were
When you yourself parted them.
More of this matter I cannot report:
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange insult,
Which patience could not support.

OTHELLO

I know, Iago, your honesty and love makes light
this matter, Cassio, I love you
But never more be officer of mine.

Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended

Look, my gentle love has been aroused!
I'll make you an example.

DESDEMONA

What's the matter?

OTHELLO

All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.

[To MONTANO, who is led off]

Sir, for your hurts, I myself will be your surgeon:
Iago, look with care about the town,
And quieten those who this vile brawl distracted.
Come, Desdemona: it's the soldiers' life
To have their sleep woken by troubles.

Exit all but IAGO and CASSIO

IAGO

What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CASSIO

Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO

Marry, heaven forbid!

CASSIO

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I
have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.
My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

IAGO

As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily
wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation
is an idle and most false imposition: often got without merit, and
lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless
you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! There are ways to
recover the general again: he has now dismissed you in anger, a
punishment based more on principle than out of malice, just as
one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion:
appeal to him again, and he's yours.

*Cassio is ashamed of himself for getting drunk and curses what drink does to
men. He remembers very little about what happened. Iago tries to console him
saying that things are not so sad.*

IAGO

I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the gen-
eral: I may say so in this respect, that he has devoted and given
up himself to the contemplation and observation of her qualities

and graces: confess yourself freely to her; ask her to help put you
in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a
disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than
she is requested: this broken joint between you and her husband
implore her to mend it; and, I bet my fortunes, this crack of your
love shall grow stronger than it was before.

CASSIO

You advise me well. In the morning I will beg the virtuous Desde-
mona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they
stop me here.

IAGO

You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the
watch.

Exit

IAGO

And what's he then that says I play the villain?
When this advice I give is free and honest,
Reasonable to thinking and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For it's most easy
The sympathetic Desdemona to win over
In any honest cause: she's as generous
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor — if it were to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so attached to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she will.
Her appetite shall play the god.
With his love-weakened faculties.
How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? **Divinity** of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for while this honest fool
Begs Desdemona to repair his fortunes
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this **pestilence** into his ear,
That she appeals to him for her body's desires;

And by how much she tries to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall **enmesh** them all.

Re-enter RODERIGO

How now, Roderigo!

RODERIGO

I have followed here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but
one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-
night exceedingly well beaten; and I think the issue will be, I shall
have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at
all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

IAGO

How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
You know we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Doesn't it go well? Cassio has beaten you.
And you, by that small hurt, have had Cassio dismissed:
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content yourself awhile. By the mass, it's morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire; go to your bed:
Away, I say; you will know more later:
Nay, go.

Exit RODERIGO

Two things are to be done:
My wife must speak for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on it;
Myself die while must draw the Moor apart,
And bring him at the very moment when he may find Cassio
Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way
Dull not device by coldness and delay.

Exit

Helpful Words & Notes

O, you are well tuned now! But I'll set down the pegs that make this music. — Как ты сладко поешь! Но я испорчу твою песню.

abhor *v* — ненавидеть, не выносить

lechery *n* — распутство

lust *n* — похоть

the thought of which does, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my guts — и от этой мысли меня выворачивает наизнанку

I fear Cassio with my night-cap too — Боюсь, что Кассио залезет и в мою кровать

equinox *n* — зд. равенство

horologe *n* — часы

night-brawler *n* — скандалист, дебошир

divinity *n* — божественность

pestilence *n* — зд. яд

So will I turn her virtue into pitch — Я превращу ее добродетель в грех

enmesh *v* — ловить в сети

solicit *v* — приставать (с непристойными намерениями)

Activities

1 Answer pre-reading questions.

- 1) How do you think Iago will try to make Othello jealous of Cassio?
- 2) What will he do to cause the actual breaking of relations between Othello and Cassio?

2 Answer the questions after you have read Act II.

- 1) Why is Cassio worried about Othello's ship?
- 2) Why does Iago tell Roderigo that Desdemona is in love with Cassio?
- 3) How do Iago and Cassio describe Desdemona? Are their descriptions different? Why?
- 4) What happens to Cassio during the celebrations of the Turkish fleet defeat?
- 5) How does Othello punish him?
- 6) What is Cassio's and Iago's attitude towards reputation? Whose attitude closer to you?

- 7) What advice does Cassio give to him?
 - 8) What's Cassio's plan to revenge himself?
- 3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right variant.
- 1) Cassio says that their general is not married.
 - 2) Othello's ship arrived together with Cassio's.
 - 3) Iago is happy when Desdemona and Othello meet and start talking.
 - 4) Iago tells Roderigo that Desdemona is in love with Cassio.
 - 5) Roderigo believes Cassio.
 - 6) Iago suspects that the Moor leaped into his bed but he's absolutely calm.
 - 7) Cassio says that Desdemona is perfection.
- 4 Comment on the following Iago's statements about Desdemona. Say whether you agree or disagree with them.
- 1) If she is fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other uses it.
If she is black, and also has a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.
 - 2) Our general's wife is now the general.
- 5 Sum up all you have learned about Othello, Cassio, Iago and Desdemona.



ACT THREE

Scene One

In front of the castle

Enter CASSIO and some Musicians

Cassio orders the musicians to play for Othello and Desdemona. A clown jokes with them. Cassio sends him to Emilia to ask her to come out and talk to him. Then Iago arrives and promises Cassio that he will keep Othello out of the way so that Cassio and Emilia can talk freely. Cassio is grateful to Iago for his help.

Enter EMILIA

EMILIA

Good morrow, good Lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.

The general and his wife are talking of it;
And she speaks loyally for you: the Moor replies,
That he whom you hurt is well known in Cyprus,
And for important relations and wisdom
He had to dismiss you; but he declares that he loves you
And needs nothing else but his likings
To take the safest occasion
To bring you into favour again.

CASSIO

Yet, I implore you, If you think it may be done,
Give me the opportunity to have a brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

EMILIA

Pray you, come in;
I will place you where you shall have time
To speak your feelings freely.

CASSIO

I am much obliged to you.

Exit

Scene Two

Outside the castle

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen

OTHELLO gives some instructions to Iago and then goes off to the fortifications.

Scene Three

The garden of the castle

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA

DESDEMONA

Be assured, good Cassio, I will use
All my abilities on your behalf.

EMILIA

Good madam, do: I assure you it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.

DESDEMONA

O, that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

CASSIO

Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.

DESDEMONA

I know it; I thank you. You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be well assured
He will stand distant only for as long as is necessary
For political reasons.

CASSIO

Ay, but, lady, that policy may last so long,
That, I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

DESDEMONA

Do not fear that; before Emilia here
I promise you your place: assure you,
If I do **vow** a friendship, I'll perform it
To the end: my lord shall never rest;
I'll keep him awake and talk him out of patience;
His bed will seem a school, his table a confessional;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;
For your **solicitor** shall rather die
Than lose your cause.

EMILIA

Madam, here comes my lord.

CASSIO

Madam, I'll take my leave.

DESDEMONA

Why, stay, and hear me speak.

CASSIO

Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease.

DESDEMONA

Well, do as you prefer.

Exit CASSIO

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO

IAGO

Ha! I do not like that.

OTHELLO

What do you say?

IAGO

Nothing, my lord: or if — I know not what.

OTHELLO

Was not that Cassio leaving my wife?

IAGO

Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

OTHELLO

I do believe it was he.

DESDEMONA

How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

OTHELLO

Who is it you mean?

DESDEMONA

Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
Agree to his present **reconciliation**;
For if he is not one that truly loves you,
That makes mistakes in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pray you, call him back.

OTHELLO

Did he leave now?

DESDEMONA

Yes, indeed; so humbled

That he has left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

OTHELLO

Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

DESDEMONA

But will it be shortly?

OTHELLO

The sooner, sweet, for you.

DESDEMONA

Will it be to-night at supper?

OTHELLO

No, not to-night.

DESDEMONA

To-morrow dinner, then?

OTHELLO

I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

DESDEMONA

Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:
I pray you, name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his misdeed, in our common way of thinking —
Except, they say, the wars must make examples
Of their best men — is not almost a fault
To merit a private rebuke. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I should deny,
Or hesitate on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came courting with you, and so many a time,
When I have spoken of you dispraisingly,
Has taken your part; to have so much to do
To bring him back! Trust me, I could do much, —

OTHELLO

Please, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny you nothing.

DESDEMONA

Why, this is not a personal favour; it's as if I should entreat you
Wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or encourage you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Where I intend to touch your love indeed,
It will be well balanced and difficult to weigh
And fearful to be granted.

OTHELLO

I will deny you nothing:
Whereon do beg you, grant me this,
To leave me just a little to myself

DESDEMONA

Shall I deny you? No: farewell, my lord.

OTHELLO

Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to you immediately.

DESDEMONA

Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;
Whatever you are, I am obedient.

Exit DESDEMONA and EMILIA

OTHELLO

Excellent wretch! Perdition take my soul,
But I do love you! And when I love you not,
Chaos is come again.

IAGO

My noble lord —

OTHELLO

What do you say, Iago?

IAGO

Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

OTHELLO

He did, from first to last: why do you ask?

IAGO

Just to satisfy a thought;
No further harm.

OTHELLO

What thought, Iago?

IAGO

I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

OTHELLO

O, yes; and went between us very often.

IAGO

Indeed!

OTHELLO

Indeed! Ay, indeed: do you discern anything in that?
Is he not honest?

IAGO

Honest, my lord!

OTHELLO

Honest! Ay, honest.

IAGO

My lord, for all I know.

OTHELLO

What do you think?

IAGO

Think, my lord!

OTHELLO

Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown. You meant something:
I head you say even now, you do not like that,
When Cassio left my wife: what did you not like?
And when I told you he was of my advisor
In my whole course of wooing, you cried 'Indeed!'
And did contract and purse your brow together,
As if you had then shut up in your brain
Some horrible idea: if you love me,
Show me your thought.

IAGO

My lord, you know I love you.

OTHELLO

I think you do;
And, for I know you're full of love and honesty,
And weigh your words before you give them breath,
Therefore these pauses of yours frighten me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just
They are secret accusations, working from the heart
That passion cannot rule.

IAGO

For Michael Cassio,
I dare presume, I think, that he is honest.

OTHELLO

I think so too.

IAGO

Men should be what they seem;
Or those that are not, if only they might not seem at all!

OTHELLO

Certain, men should be what they seem.

IAGO

Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

OTHELLO

Nay, yet there's more in this:
I pray you speak to me as to your thinkings,
As you do think over, and give your worst
The worst of words.

IAGO

Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to what all slaves are free to.
Speak my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false;

OTHELLO

You conspire against your friend, Iago,
If you think him wronged and make his ear
A stranger to your thoughts.

IAGO

I beg you —
Though I am perhaps vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and often my devotion
Shapes faults that are not — that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceives,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his random and uncertain observations.
It would not be for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

OTHELLO

What do you mean?

IAGO

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
He that steals from me my good name
Robs me of what does not enrich him
And makes me poor indeed.

OTHELLO

By heaven, I'll know your thoughts.

IAGO

You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst it's in my custody.

OTHELLO

Ha!

IAGO

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which mocks
The meat it feeds on; that cuckold lives in happiness
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes does he suffer
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

OTHELLO

O misery!

IAGO

Poor and content is rich and rich enough,
But riches endless is as poor as winter
To him that always fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

OTHELLO

Why, why is this?
Do you think I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow the changes of the moon
With new suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved. No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this, —
Away at once with love or jealousy!

IAGO

I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Watch not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of kindness, be abused.
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they let heaven see the tricks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave it undone, but to keep it unknown.

OTHELLO

Do you say so?

Iago reminds Othello that Desdemona has already deceived her father. He continues to speak of his love and loyalty in Othello but, at the same time, makes hints about Desdemona lack of fidelity. He also implies how unnatural it was that she should choose a black man rather than one of her own colour and society. Othello becomes more and more uneasy. He orders Iago to ask Emilia to watch Desdemona. Iago advises him to pay attention to how she behaves regarding the reinstatement of Cassio.

Exit IAGO

OTHELLO

Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
He is of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
I'll whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To pray at fortune. Haply, for I am black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declined
Into the vale of years, — yet that's not much —
She's gone. I am abused; and my relief
Must be to hate her. O **curse** of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the **vapour** of a **dungeon**,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, it's the plague of great ones;
Prerogative are they less than the base;
It's destiny unavoidable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!
I'll not believe it.

DESDEMONA

How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
But you invited, do attend your presence.

OTHELLO

I am to blame.

DESDEMONA

Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

OTHELLO

I have a pain upon my forehead here.

DESDEMONA

'Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

OTHELLO

Your napkin is too little:

He puts the handkerchief from him; and it drops

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

DESDEMONA

I am very sorry that you are not well.

Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA

EMILIA

I am glad I have found this napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband has a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal if, but she so loves the gift,
For he conjured her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work taken out,
And given to Iago: what he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO

IAGO

How now! What do you do here alone?

EMILIA

Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

IAGO

A thing for me? It is a common thing —

EMILIA

Ha!

IAGO

To have a foolish wife.

EMILIA

O, is that all? What will you give me now
For the same handkerchief?

IAGO

What handkerchief?

EMILIA

What handkerchief?

Why, the one the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you asked me to steal.

IAGO

Have you stolen it from her?

EMILIA

No, 'faith; she let it drop by negligence.
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took it up.
Look, here it is.

IAGO

A good girl; give it me.

EMILIA

What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest
To have me steal it?

IAGO

[Snatching it]

Why, what's that to you?

EMILIA

If it is not for some important purpose,
Give it me again: poor lady, she'll go mad
When she finds it missing.

IAGO

Say you know nothing about it. I have use for it.
Go, leave me.

Exit EMILIA

I will in Cassio's room lose this napkin,
And let him find it. **Trifles as light as air**
And to the jealous confirmations strong: this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous fantasies are, in their natures, poisons.
Look, where he comes!

Re-enter OTHELLO

No poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Will ever give you that sweet sleep
Which was yours yesterday.

OTHELLO
Ha! ha! False to me?

IAGO
Why, how now, general! No more of that.

OTHELLO
Avaunt! be gone! You have put me on the rack:
I swear 'tis better to be much abused
Than just to know a little.

IAGO
How now, my lord!

OTHELLO
What did I sense of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harmed not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robbed, not missing what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all.

IAGO
I am sorry to hear this.

OTHELLO
I'd have been happy, if the whole army
Had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!
Farewell the royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
Farewell! Othello's occupation is gone!

IAGO
Is it possible, my lord?

OTHELLO
Villain, be sure to prove my love a whore,
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof:

Or by the worth of man's eternal soul,
It would be better if you had been born a dog
Than answer my woken wrath!

IAGO
Has it come to this?

OTHELLO
Make me see it; or, at the least, prove it,
So there is no loop
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon your life!

IAGO
My noble lord, —

OTHELLO
If you speak badly of her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horrors head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
For nothing can you to damnation add Greater than that.

IAGO
O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? Have you a soul or sense?
God be with you. O wretched fool.
That lives to make your honesty vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this lesson; and from now
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

OTHELLO
Nay, stay: you should be honest.

IAGO
I should be wise, for honesty's a fool
And loses what it works for.

OTHELLO
By the world,
I think my wife is honest and think she is not;
I think that you are just and think you are not.
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh

As Diana's face, is now dirty and black
As my own face. I wish to be satisfied.

IAGO

I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I repent that I put it to you.
You wish to be satisfied?

OTHELLO

Wish! nay, I will.

IAGO

And may: but, how? How satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor,
Watch her being topped?

OTHELLO

Death and damnation! O!

IAGO

It would be a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that position: damn them men,
If ever mortal eyes do see them go to bed together!
What it then? How then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this.
But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

OTHELLO

Give me a valid reason why she's disloyal.

IAGO

I do not like to;
But, since I am so deep in this cause,
Pushed by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I slept with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a painful tooth,
I could not sleep.
In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be careful, let us hide our loves;
And then, sir, he grabbed my hand,

Cried 'O sweet creature!' and then kissed me hard,
As if he plucked up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sighed, and kissed; and then
Cried 'Cursed fate that gave you to the Moor!'

OTHELLO

O monstrous! Monstrous!

IAGO

Nay, this was but his dream.

OTHELLO

But this showed a definite proof:
Though it is but a dream.

IAGO

And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

OTHELLO

I'll tear her all to pieces.

IAGO

Nay, but be wise: we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me just this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

OTHELLO

I gave her such a one; it was my first gift.

IAGO

I know not that; but such a handkerchief —
I am sure it was your wife's — did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

OTHELLO

If it is that one —

IAGO

If it is that one, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

OTHELLO

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

Now I see it is true. Look here, Iago;
All my fond love I blow to heaven.
It's gone.
Within these three days let me hear you say
That Cassio is not alive.

IAGO
My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request:
But let her live.

OTHELLO
Damn her, wicked woman! O, damn her!
Come away with me; I must find some quick means of death
For the fair devil. Now you are my lieutenant.

IAGO
I am your own for ever.

Exit both

Scene Four *Before the castle*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown

DESDEMONA tells the clown to go and look for Cassio and tell him she wants to see him.

Enter Clown

DESDEMONA
Where did I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

EMILIA
I know not, madam.

DESDEMONA
Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of **crusadoes**: but my noble Moor
Is line of mind and is not so base
As jealous creatures are, otherwise it would be enough
To make him think bad.

EMILIA
Is he not jealous?

DESDEMONA
Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Took away all such humours from him.

EMILIA
Look, he comes.

DESDEMONA
I will not leave him now till Cassio
Is called to him.

Enter OTHELLO

How is it with you, my lord?

OTHELLO
Well, my good lady.

Aside

O, hard it is to hide my true feelings! —
How are you, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA
Well, my good lord.

OTHELLO
Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

DESDEMONA
It has not yet felt age nor known no sorrow.

OTHELLO
This suggests fertility and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours needs
To be removed from liberty, with fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise religious;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. It's a good hand,
A frank one.

DESDEMONA
You may, indeed, say so;
For it was that hand that gave away my heart.
But I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

OTHELLO
What promise, my dear?

DESDEMONA

I have sent for Cassio to come speak with you.

OTHELLO

I have a cold;
Lend me your handkerchief.

DESDEMONA

Here, my lord.

OTHELLO

That which I gave you.

DESDEMONA

I have it not.

OTHELLO

Not?

DESDEMONA

No, indeed, my lord.

OTHELLO

That is a fault.
That handkerchief
An Egyptian to my mother gave;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her,
As long as she kept it,
It would make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Would loathe her and his spirits would hunt
After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;
And told me, when my fate gave me a wife,
To give it her. I did so: and hear this;
To lose it or give it away would bring such perdition
As nothing else could match.

DESDEMONA

Is it possible?

OTHELLO

It's true: there's magic in the web of it:
A **sibyl**, in her prophetic fury sewed the work;
The worms that made the silk were sacred;

And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Used to conserve maidens' hearts.

DESDEMONA

Indeed! Is it true?

OTHELLO

Most veritable; therefore take good care of it.

DESDEMONA

Then I wish I had never seen it!

OTHELLO

Ha! why?

DESDEMONA

Why do you speak with fear and urgently?

OTHELLO

Is it lost? Is it gone? Speak, is it out of the way?

DESDEMONA

Heaven bless us!

OTHELLO

What do you say?

DESDEMONA

It is not lost; but what if it were?

OTHELLO

How!

DESDEMONA

I say, it is not lost.

OTHELLO

Fetch it, let me see it.

DESDEMONA

Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to distract me from my purpose:
Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

OTHELLO

Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind is full of apprehension.

DESDEMONA

Come, come;
You'll never meet a more competent man.

OTHELLO

The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA

I pray, talk to me of Cassio.

OTHELLO

The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA

A man that all his time
Has founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shared dangers with you, —

OTHELLO

The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA

In truth, you are to blame.

OTHELLO

Away!

Exit

EMILIA

Is not this man jealous?

DESDEMONA

I never saw him like this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

EMILIA

It is not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
To eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They vomit us. Look, Cassio and my husband!

Enter CASSIO and IAGO

IAGO

There is no other way; she must do it:
And, look, there's your chance! Go, and talk to her.

DESDEMONA

How now, good Cassio! What's the news with you?

Cassio again begs Desdemona to plead with Othello for him.

Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!

I am not in good favour now.

My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he altered in appearance as he is in humour.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood in the centre of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must be patient:
What I can do I will; and I will do more
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

IAGO

Is my lord angry?

EMILIA

He went away just now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

IAGO

Can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him:
There a problem indeed, if he is angry.

DESDEMONA

I pray you, do so.

Exit IAGO

*Desdemona tries to assure herself that it is probably just a matter of state affairs.
Emilia hopes Othello is not becoming jealous. Desdemona goes to look for him.*

Exit DESDEMONA and EMILIA

Enters BIANCA

BIANCA

Save you, friend Cassio!

CASSIO

What are you doing away from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
In faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

BIANCA

And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, stay a week away? Seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? And lovers' absent hours.

More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary calculating!

CASSIO

Pardon me, Bianca:
All this time I have with heavy thoughts been pressed:
But I shall, in a more continuous time,
Strike off this absence. Sweet Bianca,

Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief

Copy this work.

BIANCA

Cassio, where did this come from?
This is some token from a newer friend:
Now I feel a cause for your absence:
Has it come to this? Well, well.

CASSIO

Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From where you got them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in truth, Bianca.

BIANCA

Why, whose is it?

CASSIO

I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well: before it is demanded —
As probably it will — I'll have it copied:
Take it, and do it; and leave me for this time.

BIANCA

Leave you! Why?

CASSIO

I am waiting for the general;
And it is not my wish,
To have him see me with a woman.

BIANCA

Why, I pray you?

CASSIO

Not that I love you not.

BIANCA

I pray you, take me on the way a little,
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

CASSIO

It is just a little way that I can bring you;
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

BIANCA

Very well; I must accept the circumstances.

Exit both

Helpful Words & Notes

vow *v* — клясться

solicitor *n* — адвокат, защитник

reconciliation *n* — примирение

fidelity *n* — супружеская верность

curse *n* — проклятие

vapour *n* — зд. ничто

dungeon *n* — темница

Trifles as light as air and to the jealous confirmations strong. — Пустяк для ревнивца сильное подтверждение.

poppy *n* — мак; использовался в качестве средства от бессонницы

mandragora *n* — мандрагора, растение из рода многолетних трав, из семейства пасленовых; использовалась в качестве средства от бессонницы

wrath *n* — гнев

crusado *n* — португальская золотая или серебряная монета

sibyl *n* — пророчица, предсказательница

score *n* — двадцать

Activities

1 Answer pre-reading questions.

- 1) Will it be easy for Iago to convince Othello that Desdemona is unfaithful to him?
- 2) How might Cassio prove Desdemona's infidelity to Othello?

- 2 Answer the questions after you have read Act III.
- 1) What sort of relationship exists between Desdemona and Emilia?
 - 2) What help does Cassio ask of Desdemona? Why does he do it?
 - 3) How does Iago first introduce a doubt in Othello's mind?
 - 4) What does Iago say is the country disposition of Venice?
 - 5) What happens when Desdemona drops her handkerchief?
 - 6) What does Iago do with the handkerchief?
 - 7) What reasons does Iago give Othello of Desdemona's disloyalty?
 - 8) What was the origin of the handkerchief?
- 3 Who said it and in connection with what?
- 1) Be merry, Cassio; for your solicitor shall rather die than lose your cause.
 - 2) I know you're full of love and honesty, and weigh your words before you give them breath.
 - 3) Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio.
 - 4) Why did I marry? This honest creature sees and knows much more than he unfolds.
 - 5) She let it drop by negligence. And, to the advantage, I, being here, took it up.
 - 6) Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth, from where you got them.
- 4 Sum up the main events of Act III.
- 5 What new information have you learned about Othello, Desdemona, Iago and Cassio from this chapter? Which of these characters is more appealing to you? Why?



ACT FOUR

Scene One

Cyprus. Before the castle

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO

IAGO

Will you think so?

OTHELLO

Think so, Iago!

IAGO

What,
To kiss in private?

OTHELLO

An unauthorized kiss.

IAGO

Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

OTHELLO

Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They must mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

IAGO

So they do nothing, it's an unimportant deed:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief, —

OTHELLO

What then?

IAGO

Why, then, it's hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, give it to any man.

OTHELLO

She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?

IAGO

Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very often that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief, —

OTHELLO

By heaven, I would forgotten it.
You said, he had my handkerchief.

IAGO

Ay, what of that?

OTHELLO

That's not so good now. I Have he said any thing?

IAGO

He has, my lord.

OTHELLO

What has he said?

IAGO

Faith, that he did — I know not what he did.

OTHELLO

What? What?

IAGO

Lie —

OTHELLO

With her?

IAGO

With her, on her; what you like.

OTHELLO

Lie with her! Lie on her! We say lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! That's revolting. — Handkerchief — confessions — handkerchief! — To confess, and be hanged for his labour; — first, to be I hanged, and then to confess. — I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips. — Is it possible? — I Confess — handkerchief! — O devil! —

Falls in a trance

IAGO

Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames,
All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! My lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO

How now, Cassio!

CASSIO

What's the matter?

IAGO

My lord has fallen into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

CASSIO

Rub him about the temples.

IAGO
No.
The lethargy must have its quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth and then
Breaks into savage madness. Look he stirs:
Withdraw a little while,
He will recover immediately: when he has gone,
I would like to speak with you.

Exit CASSIO

How is it, general? Have you not hurt your head?

OTHELLO
Do you mock me?

IAGO
I mock you! No, by heaven.

OTHELLO
A horned man's a monster and a beast.

IAGO
There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

OTHELLO
Did he confess it?

IAGO
Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that's but married
May have a duel with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they consider their own: your case is better.

OTHELLO
O, you are wise; it's certain.

IAGO
Stand apart awhile;
Confine yourself but listen patiently.
While you were here overwhelmed with your grief —
A passion most unsuited such a man —
Cassio came: I sent him away,
And made a good excuse for your ecstasy,

Bade him to return later and speak with me;
Which he promised. Hide yourself,
And note the jokes and notable scorns,
That are in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale again,
Where, how, how often, how long ago, and when
He has, and is again to copulate with your wife:
I say, just note his gestures. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you are all in all in passion,
And nothing of a man.

OTHELLO
Listen, Iago?
I will be most cunning in my patience;
But — do you hear? — most bloody.

IAGO
That's not amiss;
But keep control in all. Will you withdraw?

OTHELLO retires

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio; I He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes:

Re-enter CASSIO

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his jealousy will interpret
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behavior,
Quite in the wrong. How are you now, lieutenant?

CASSIO
Worse since you give me the tide
Whose lacking even kills me.

IAGO
Treat Desdemona well, and you will be sure to have it.

Speaking lower

Now, if this suit lay in Bianco's power,
How quickly would you speed!

CASSIO
Alas, poor thing!

OTHELLO
Look, how he laughs already!

IAGO
I never knew woman love man so.

CASSIO
Alas, poor rogue! I think, in faith, she loves me.

OTHELLO
Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

IAGO
Do you hear, Cassio?

OTHELLO
Now he importunes him
To tell it again: go on; well said, well said.

IAGO
She gives it out that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

CASSIO
Ha, ha, ha!

OTHELLO
Do you triumph, Roman? Do you triumph?

CASSIO
I marry her! What? A whore! Please, give some credit to my good sense. Ha, ha, ha!

OTHELLO
So, so, so, so: they laugh that win.

IAGO
'Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

CASSIO
Please, say true.

IAGO
I swear.

OTHELLO
Iago **beckons** me; now he begins die story.

CASSIO
She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and there comes the pretty thing, and falls about my neck —

OTHELLO
Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were: his gesture shows it.

CASSIO
So hanging, and weeping upon me; and pulling me: ha, ha, ha!

IAGO
Before me! Look, where she comes.

CASSIO
[Enter BIANCA]
What do you mean by this haunting of me?

BIANCA
Let the devil and his mother haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must copy the work? — A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must copy the work? There; I give it to your plaything: I'll make no copy of it.

CASSIO
How now, my sweet Bianca! How now! How now!

OTHELLO
By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

BIANCA
If you want to come to supper to-night, you may; but if you do not, come when you are next called for.

Exit

IAGO
After her, after her.

Exit CASSIO

OTHELLO
[Advancing]
How shall I murder him, Iago?

IAGO
Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

OTHELLO

O Iago!

IAGO

And did you see the handkerchief?

OTHELLO

Was that mine?

IAGO

Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! She gave it him, and he has given it to his whore.

OTHELLO

I would have him nine years dying. A fine woman! A fair woman! A sweet woman!

IAGO

Nay, you must forget that.

OTHELLO

Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned tonight; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world has not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side and command him.

IAGO

Nay, that's not your way.

OTHELLO

Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle: an admirable musician: O! She will sing the savageness out of a bear.

IAGO

She's the worse for all this.

OTHELLO

O, a thousand thousand times: and then, of so gentle a condition!

IAGO

Ay, too gentle.

OTHELLO

Nay, that's certain: but yet the pity of it, Iago!

O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

IAGO

O, it's foul in her.

OTHELLO

With my officer!

IAGO

That's fouler.

OTHELLO

Get me some poison, Iago; this night: I'll not discuss with her, in case her body and beauty make me change my mind: this night, Iago.

IAGO

Do it not with poison, **strangle** her in her bed, even the bed she has **contaminated**.

OTHELLO

Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

IAGO

And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

OTHELLO

Excellent good.

A trumpet within

What trumpet is that?

IAGO

Something from Venice, sure. It's Lodovico
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants

LODOVICO brings OTHELLO a letter from Venice. He then asks about Cassio.

DESDEMONA

Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind gap: but you will make all well.

LODOVICO

Is there division between my lord and Cassio?

DESDEMONA

A most unhappy one: I would do much
To make peace, for the love I have for Cassio.

OTHELLO

Fire and brimstone!

DESDEMONA

My lord?

OTHELLO

Are you wise?

DESDEMONA

What, is he angry?

LODOVICO

Maybe the letter moved him;
For, as I think, they command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

DESDEMONA

Trust me, I am glad of it.

OTHELLO

Indeed!

DESDEMONA

My lord?

OTHELLO

I am glad to see you mad.

DESDEMONA

Why, sweet Othello, —

OTHELLO

[Striking her]

Devil!

DESDEMONA

I have not deserved this.

LODOVICO

My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it: it's too much:
Make peace; she weeps.

OTHELLO

O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile. Out of my sight!

DESDEMONA

I will not stay to offend you.

Going

LODOVICO

Truly, an obedient lady:
I beg your lordship, call her back.

OTHELLO

Mistress!

DESDEMONA

My lord?

OTHELLO

What would you do with her, sir?

LODOVICO

Who, I, my lord?

OTHELLO

Ay; you wished that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient. Proceed in your tears.
Concerning this, sir, — O well-painted passion! —
I am commanded home. Get you away;
I'll send for you later. Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice. Out of my sight!

Exit DESDEMONA

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, tonight,
We must sup together:
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.

Exit

Lodovico and Iago talk about the Moor's strange behaviour. Lodovico is shocked by what he saw. Iago says that Othello has changed.

Exit both

Scene Two

A room in the castle

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA

Othello questions Emilia about Desdemona's infidelity. Emilia declares that she is innocent. He sends her to fetch his wife, treating her like a brothel-keeper.

Enter DESMEDONA

DESDEMONA

My lord, what is your will?

OTHELLO

Pray, dear, come here.

DESDEMONA

What is your pleasure?

OTHELLO

Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.

DESDEMONA

What horrible fancy's this?
Upon my knees, what does your speech mean?
I understand a fury in your words.
But not the words.

OTHELLO

Why, what are you?

DESDEMONA

Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

OTHELLO

Come, swear it, damn yourself
Unless, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize you: therefore be double damn'd:
Swear you are honest.

DESDEMONA

Heaven does truly know it.

OTHELLO

Heaven truly knows that you are false as hell.

DESDEMONA

To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

OTHELLO

O Desdemona! Away! Away! Away!

DESDEMONA

Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me. If you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

OTHELLO

If it had pleased heaven
To test me with **affliction**; had they rained
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head.
Filled me with poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my highest hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of **scorn**
To point his slow unmoving finger at!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have stored up my love,
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded there!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To reproduce in!

DESDEMONA

I hope my noble lord **esteems** me honest.

OTHELLO

O, ay; like summer flies in die slaughterhouse.
O you weed, so lovely fair and smelling so sweet
That me sense aches for you, I wish you had never been born!

DESDEMONA

Alas, what unknown sin have I committed?

OTHELLO

Are you not a prostitute?

DESDEMONA

No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserve this body for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Is not to be a prostitute, I am none.

OTHELLO

What, not a whore?

DESDEMONA

No, as I shall be saved.

OTHELLO

Is it possible?

DESDEMONA

O, heaven forgive us!

OTHELLO

I cry you mercy, then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.

Raising his voice

You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA

You, you, ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains:
I pray you, turn the key and keep our secret.

Exit

*Desdemona is distressed and shocked at the way Othello is treating her. Emilia says she thinks it is all the trick of a villain who is looking for **promotion**. Iago joins them and Emilia reminds him that he has suspected her of infidelity with Othello, suggesting that perhaps it was the same person who put this idea in his head. Desdemona says that she will always love her husband, whatever happens. She and Emilia leave and*

Rodrigo comes to talk to Iago. He is impatient to have Desdemona. Iago promises him that she will soon be his if he agrees to show his courage and valour that night.

RODERIGO

Well, what is it I must do?

IAGO

Sir, there is a special commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

RODERIGO

Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

IAGO

O, no; he goes to Mauritania and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless he is obliged to remain here by some accident: such as the removing of Cassio.

RODERIGO

How do you mean, removing of him?

IAGO

Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

RODERIGO

And that you would have me do?

IAGO

Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a prostitute, and **will I go to him**: he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you follow him there, which will probably be between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to help you, and he will fall between us. Come, do not be amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you will be convinced to do it. It is now supertime, and the night grows: go to it.

RODERIGO

I will hear further reason for this.

IAGO

And you will be satisfied.

Exit both

Scene Three

Another room in the castle

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA and Attendants

Othello says goodnight to Lodovico and orders Desdemona to dismiss her maid and wait for him in bed.

Exit OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants

EMILIA

I wish you had never seen him!

DESDEMONA

So do I; my love values him so much,
That even his stubbornness, his **rebukes**, his frowns —
Please, undress me, — have grace and favour in them.

EMILIA

I have laid those sheets you ordered me on the bed.

DESDEMONA

If I die before you, please cover me
In one of those same sheets.

EMILIA

Come, come you talk.

DESDEMONA

My mother had a maid called Barbary:
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad
And did leave her: she had a song of 'willow';
An old thing it was, but it expressed her fate,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have nothing to do,
But go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbary. Please go.

[Singing]

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow:
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve, —
Nay, that's not next. — Listen! Who is it that knocks?

EMILIA

It's the wind.

DESDEMONA

[Singing]

I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court women, you'll couch with more men!
Please go now; good night. My eyes itch;
Does that mean weeping?

EMILIA

Not always.

DESDEMONA

I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!
Do you in conscience think, — tell me, Emilia, —
That there are women who abuse their husbands
In such **gross** ways?

EMILIA

There are some, no question.

DESDEMONA

Would you do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA

Why, would not you?

DESDEMONA No, by this heavenly light!

EMILIA

Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do it in the dark.

DESDEMONA

Would you do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA

The world's a huge thing: it is a great price.
For a small vice.

DESDEMONA

In truth, I think you would not.

EMILIA

In truth, I think I would; and undo it when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a cheap ring, nor for a piece of cloth, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor a small present; but for the whole world, — why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I would risk **purgatory** for it.

DESDEMONA

Damn me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

EMILIA

Why a wrong is just a wrong in the world: and having the world for your labour, is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

DESDEMONA

I do not think there is any such woman.

EMILIA

Yes, a dozen.
But I do think **it is their husbands' faults**
If wives do fall: say that they slacken their duties,
And pour our treasures into other women's laps,
Or else break out in unreasonable jealousies,
Throwing **restraint** upon us; or say they strike us,
Why, we have the courage, though we have some grace,
To get 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 does affection breed it?
I think it does: and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do are instructed by their ills.

DESDEMONA

Good night, good night: heaven help me
Not to copy bad from bad, but to repair the bad!

Exit both

Helpful Words & Notes

beckon *v* — подзывать жестом

strangle *v* — душить

contaminate *v* — *зд.* осквернять супружеское ложе

undertaker *n* — могильщик

Fire and brimstone! — *зд.* Проклятье! (выражение из Библии, букв. адские муки)

affliction *n* — *зд.* серьезное испытание

scorn *n* — презрение

esteem *v* — считать

promotion *n* — продвижение по службе

will I go to him — он хочет, чтобы я к нему пришел

rebuke *n* — упрек

gross *adj* — *зд.* аморальный, неприличный

purgatory *n* — мучение, пытка

it is their husbands' faults if their wives do fall: they slacken their duties — в падении жен виноваты их мужья, они плохо исполняют свои супружеские обязанности

restraint *n* — сдерживание

Activities

1 Answer pre-reading questions.

- 1) How will Desdemona react to Othello's suspicions?
- 2) How will Othello decide to punish Desdemona?

2 Answer the questions after you have read Act IV.

- 1) What happens during Othello's epileptic fit?
- 2) Why does Iago decide to speak with Cassio about Bianca?
- 3) Who is Bianca?

- 4) Does Cassio want to marry Bianka?
- 5) When Iago and Cassio talk about Bianka, who does Othello think they are talking about?
- 6) How does Iago suggest Othello should revenge himself?
- 7) What does Desdemona tell her cousin Lodovico about Cassio and Othello?
- 8) How does Lodovico explain Othello's anger?
- 9) What does Lodovico advise Othello to do when he sees Desdemona crying?
- 10) What orders does Othello get?
- 12) Is Lodovico shocked by Othello's strange behaviour?
- 13) Does Desdemona understand Othello when he says 'She is false as hell'?
- 14) Does Emilia think that Othello's strange behaviour is a trick of villain, looking for a promotion?
- 15) Why does Iago suggest Roderigo should kill Cassio?
- 16) Does Desdemona think she will die?
- 17) What song does she sing to Emilia?

3 Say whether the statement is true or false. If it is false, give the right variant.

- 1) Iago truly wants to help Othello.
- 2) Othello thinks that Iago is very wise.
- 3) Othello agrees to do what Iago suggests he should do.
- 4) Desdemona loves Cassio and haunts him everywhere.
- 5) Bianka agrees to make a copy of Desdemona's handkerchief.
- 6) Othello wants to poison Desdemona.
- 7) Othello doesn't believe that Desdemona's tears are sincere.
- 8) Emilia says that Desdemona is unfaithful to Othello.

4 Who said it and in connection with what?

- 1) My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught; and many worthy dames, all guiltless, meet reproach.
- 2) Treat Desdemona well, and you will be sure to have it.
- 3) I marry her? A whore! Please, give some credit to my good sense.
- 4) And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

- 5) If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
- 6) I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.
- 7) If I die before you, please, cover me in one of those same sheets.

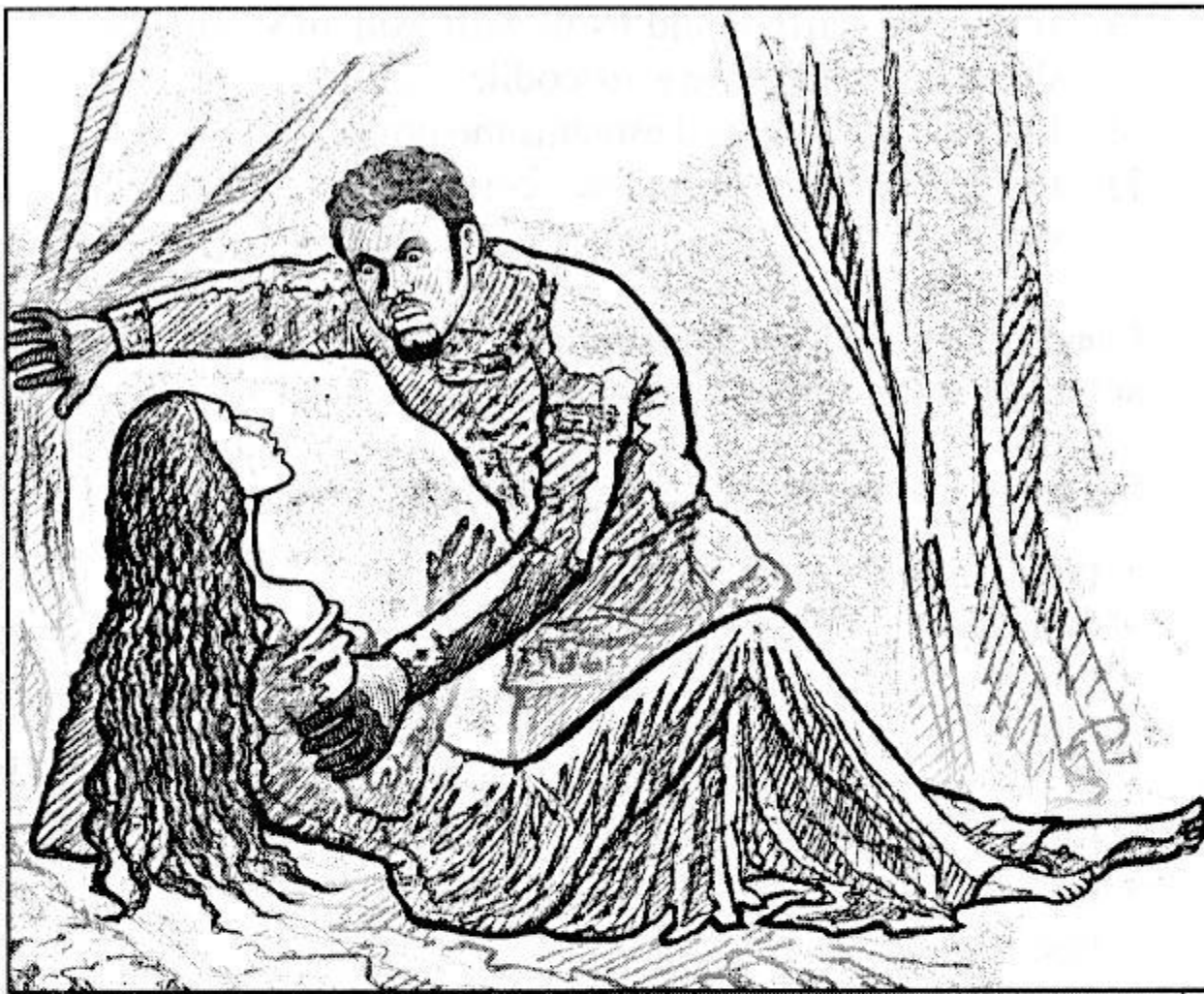
5 Compare Iago's and Cassio's attitude towards their general. To back your answer quote some lines from the text.

6 Say as much as you can about the characters that appear in Act IV:

- Desdemona
- Othello
- Cassio
- Iago
- Roderigo
- Bianka
- Emilia
- Lodovico

7 Agree or disagree.

- 1) Jealousy drives people mad and sometimes forces them to commit serious crimes.
- 2) An ambitious person stops at nothing to achieve the goals.



ACT FIVE

Scene One

Cyprus. A street

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO

Iago prepares Roderigo for the murder of Cassio, hoping that both of them will die. Roderigo is not very convinced and asks Iago to stay nearby in case he does not succeed. Iago hides. Cassio appears and Roderigo tries to strike him with his sword but he is only wounded and succeeds in turning to wound Roderigo. Iago jumps out, wounds Cassio in the leg and runs away. Othello comes, sees that Cassio is dying and, satisfied, leaves. Lodovico hears the two wounded men crying and goes to investigate. Iago goes to help but secretly stabs Roderigo. Bianca arrives to see what has happened. Iago insults her and accuses her of being involved. He pretends to be surprised on hearing that it was Roderigo who attacked Cassio (who is still alive). Emilia comes on the scene and Iago sends her to inform Othello.

Scene Two

A bedchamber in the castle

DESDEMONA in bed asleep

Enter OTHELLO

OTHELLO

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul, —
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars! —
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:

Kissing her

Ah fragrant breath, that almost persuades
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.
Be like this when you are dead, and I will kill you,
And love you after. One more, and this the last:
So sweet was never so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it loves. She wakes.

DESDEMONA

Who's there? Othello?

OTHELLO

Ay. Desdemona.

DESDEMONA

Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTHELLO

Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA

Ay, my lord.

OTHELLO

If you think yourself guilty of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Ask pardon for it now.

DESDEMONA

Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?

OTHELLO

Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill your unprepared spirit;
No; heaven forbid! I would not kill your soul.

DESDEMONA

You talk of killing?

OTHELLO

Ay, I do.

DESDEMONA

Then heaven
Have mercy on me!

OTHELLO

Amen, with all my heart!

DESDEMONA

If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

OTHELLO

Hum!

DESDEMONA

And yet I fear you; for you are fatal
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

OTHELLO

Think on your sins.

DESDEMONA

They are loves I bear for you.

OTHELLO

Ay, and for that you die.

DESDEMONA

That death's unnatural that kills for loving.
Alas, why do you bite your lower lip so?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point at me.

OTHELLO

Peace, and be still!

DESDEMONA

I will so. What's the matter?

OTHELLO

That handkerchief which I so loved and gave you
You gave to Cassio.

DESDEMONA

No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.

OTHELLO

Sweet soul, be careful of **perjury**; you are on your deathbed.

DESDEMONA

Ay, but not yet to die.

OTHELLO

Yes, presently:
Therefore confess freely of your sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong suspicion
That groans within me. You are to die.

DESDEMONA

Then Lord have mercy on me!

OTHELLO

I say, amen.

DESDEMONA

And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio
But with such general **warranty** of heaven
As I might love: never gave him gifts.

OTHELLO

By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjured woman! You stone my heart,
And make me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

DESDEMONA

He found it then;
I never gave it him: send for him;
Let him confess a truth.

OTHELLO

He has confessed.

DESDEMONA

What, my lord?

OTHELLO

That he has used you.

DESDEMONA

How? Unlawfully?

OTHELLO

Ay.

DESDEMONA

He will not say so.

OTHELLO

No, his mouth is stopped;
Honest Iago arranged it.

DESDEMONA

O! My fear interprets: what, is he dead?
Alas! He is betrayed and I undone.

OTHELLO

Out, strumpet! Do you weep for him to my face?

DESDEMONA

O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

OTHELLO

Down, strumpet!

DESDEMONA

Kill me to-morrow: let me live to-night!

OTHELLO

Nay, —

DESDEMONA

But half an hour!

OTHELLO

Being done, there is no pause.

DESDEMONA

But while I say one prayer!

OTHELLO

It is too late.

He stifles her

EMILIA

[Within]

My lord, my lord! What, ho! My lord, my lord!

OTHELLO

What noise is this? Not dead? Not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have you linger in pain: So, so.

EMILIA

[Within]

What, ho! My lord, my lord!

OTHELLO

Who's there?

EMILIA

[Within]

O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!

OTHELLO

Yes: it's Emilia. By and by. She's dead.
She no doubt comes to speak of Cassio's death. —
The noise was here. Ha! No more moving?
Still as the grave. Should she come in?
I think she stirs again: — no. What's best to do?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! My wife! What wife? I have no wife.
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
I think it should be now a huge **eclipse**
Of sun and moon.

EMILIA

[Within]

I beg you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

OTHELLO

I had forgotten you: O, come in, Emilia;
Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw.
Where are you?

Unlocks the door Enter EMILIA

What's the matter with you now?

EMILIA

O, my good lord, foul murders have been done!

OTHELLO

What, now?

EMILIA

But now, my lord.

OTHELLO

It is the very error of the moon;
She comes nearer earth than she should,
And makes men mad.

EMILIA

Cassio, my lord, has killed a young Venetian
Called Roderigo.

OTHELLO

Roderigo killed!
And Cassio killed!

EMILIA

No, Cassio is not killed.

OTHELLO

Not Cassio killed! Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

DESDEMONA

O, falsely, falsely murdered!

EMILIA

Alas, what cry is that?

OTHELLO

That! What?

EMILIA

Out, and alas! That was my lady's voice.
Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

DESDEMONA

A guiltless death I die.

EMILIA

O, who has done this deed?

DESDEMONA

Nobody; I myself. Farewell
Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell!

Dies

OTHELLO

Why, how should she be murdered?

EMILIA

Alas, who knows?

OTHELLO

You heard her say herself, it was not I.

EMILIA

She said so: I must report the truth.

OTHELLO

She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:
It was I that killed her.

EMILIA

O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

OTHELLO

She turned to folly, and she was a whore.

EMILIA

You lie. You are a devil.

OTHELLO

Cassio topped her; ask your husband.
Your husband knew it all.

EMILIA

My husband!

OTHELLO

Your husband.

EMILIA

That she was false to wedlock?

OTHELLO

Ay, with Cassio.

EMILIA

O mistress, **villainy** has made mock of love,
My husband says that she was false!

OTHELLO

He, woman;
I say your husband: do you understand the word?
My friend, your husband, honest Iago.

EMILIA

If he say so, may his pernicious soul rot! He lies to the heart:

OTHELLO

Ha!

EMILIA

Do your worst:
This deed of yours is no more worthy of heaven
Than you were worthy of her.

OTHELLO

You'd best keep quiet.

EMILIA

You have not half the power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt.
I care not for your sword; I'll make it known,
If I lose twenty lives. — Help! Help, ho! Help!
The Moor has killed my mistress! Murder! Murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and others

MONTANO

What is the matter? How now, general!

EMILIA

O, have you come, Iago? You have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

GRATIANO

What is the matter?

EMILIA

[to IAGO]

Disprove this villain, if you are a man:
He says you told him that his wife was false:
I know you did not, you aren't such a villain:
Speak, for my heart is full.

IAGO

I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

EMILIA

But did you ever tell him she was false?

IAGO

I did.

EMILIA

You told a lie, an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.
She false with Cassio! — did you say with Cassio?

IAGO

With Cassio, mistress. Go to, hold your tongue.

EMILIA

I will not hold my tongue; I am bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murdered in her bed, —

ALL

O heaven forbid!

EMILIA

And your reports have caused the murder.

OTHELLO

Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

GRATIANO

'Tis a strange truth.

MONTANO

O monstrous act!

EMILIA

Villainy, villainy, villainy! I'll kill myself for grief: —
O villainy, villainy!

IAGO

What, are you mad? I order you, go home.

EMILIA

Good gentlemen, let me speak:
It's proper I obey him, but not now.
Perhaps, Iago, I will never go home.

OTHELLO

O! O! O!

He falls on the bed

EMILIA

Nay, lay yourself down and roar;
For you have killed the sweetest innocent
That ever did lift up eye.

OTHELLO

[Standing up]

It's pitiful; but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confessed it:
And she gratified his amorous works
With that recognition and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

EMILIA

O heaven! O heavenly powers!

IAGO

Come, hold your peace.

EMILIA

It will come out: I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the north:
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

IAGO

Be wise, and go home.

EMILIA

I will not.

IAGO offers to stab EMILIA

GRATIANO

Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

EMILIA

You stupid Moor! That handkerchief you speak of
I found by chance and gave my husband;
For often, and with such earnestness
He begged me to steal it.

IAGO

Villainous whore!

EMILIA

She gave it Cassio! No, alas! I found it,
And I gave it to my husband.

IAGO

Filth, you lie!

EMILIA

By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous fool! What should such a fool
Do with so good a woman?

OTHELLO

Are there no stones in heaven
But those that serve for thunder? — Precious villain!

He runs at IAGO. IAGO, from behind, stabs EMILIA, and exits

GRATIANO

The woman falls; sure, he has killed his wife.

EMILIA

Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side.

GRATIANO

He's gone, but his wife's killed.

MONTANO

Take this weapon,
Which I have taken from the Moor:

Come, guard the door; don't let him pass,
But kill him rather. I'll go after that same villain.

Exit MONTANO and GRATIANO

EMILIA

What did your song foretell, lady? Listen, can you
hear me? **I will play the swan.**
And die in music.

Singing

Willow, willow, willow, —
Moor, she was chaste; she loved you, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bless, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die, I die.

Dies

OTHELLO

I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain,
O, here it is.

(He goes to the bed)

Now, how do you look now? O ill-starred wench!
Pale as your smock! When we meet on **Judgement Day**,
This look of yours will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
O cursed slave! Whip me, you devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! Roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! Dead!
Oh! Oh! Oh!

*Enter LODOVICO. MONTANO, CASSIO carried in a chair, and Officers with
IAGO, prisoner*

LODOVICO

Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

OTHELLO

That's he that was Othello: here I am.

LODOVICO

Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.

OTHELLO

I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.
Though you are a devil, I cannot kill you.

Wounds IAGO

LODOVICO

Wrench his sword from him.

IAGO

I bleed, sir; but not killed.

OTHELLO

I am not sorry either: I'd have you live;
For, in my sense, it is happiness to die.

LODOVICO

O Othello, once so good,
Fallen in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to you?

OTHELLO

Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For I did nothing in hate, but all in honour.

*Lodovico takes control and begins to investigate. Othello asks Cassio to forgive
him. Lodovico then produces two letters found in Roderigo's pocket. One explains
Iago's plot to kill Cassio and the other, addressed to Iago, threatens to reveal
all. Iago refuses to speak. Cassio tells how he found the handkerchief. Lodovico
arrests Othello and declares Cassio governor.*

OTHELLO

Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it.
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing **mitigate**,
Nor write down nothing in **malice**: you must speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being made
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand
Threw a pearl away; of one whose subdued eyes
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Write down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,

Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian and insulted the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus.

Stabs himself

LODOVICO

O bloody period!

OTHELLO

I kissed you before I killed you: no way but this;
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

Falls on the bed, and dies

Helpful Words & Notes

stab *v* — наносить удар ножом

perjury *n* — клятвопреступление

warranty *n* — разрешение

eclipse *n* — затмение (солнечное или лунное)

That she was false to wedlock? — Что она была неверна своему мужу?

villainy *n* — злодейство

I will play the swan — Согласно легенде перед смертью лебедь поет прощальную песню.

Judgement Day — Страшный суд или Судный День; в религиях и верованиях последний суд, совершаемый над людьми, с целью выявления праведников и грешников и отпущения наград первым и наказания последним

mitigate *v* — смягчать

malice *n* — злоба

Activities

1 Answer pre-reading questions.

- 1) How do you think Othello will find out that Iago has tricked him?
- 2) What will his reaction be?

2 Answer the questions after you have read Act V.

- 1) How do Iago's plans for Cassio's death go wrong?

- 2) Is Othello sorry for Desdemona before he kills her?
- 3) Is Desdemona angry with Othello?
- 4) Who is the first to discover that Desdemona is dead?
- 5) What sound alerts Emilia to the presence of Desdemona on the bed?
- 6) Who else does Othello kill?

3 Answer the following *why*-questions.

- 1) Why does Roderigo to stay nearby when he goes to kill Cassio?
- 2) Why does Othello ask Desdemona if she has prayed?
- 3) Why does Othello say that Cassio's mouth is stopped?
- 4) Why does Othello say it should be a huge eclipse of sun and moon?
- 5) Why does Desdemona say that she has killed herself?
- 6) Why does Emilia say that villainy made mock of love?
- 7) Why does Emilia say she will never go home?
- 8) Why did Emilia take Desdemona's handkerchief?
- 9) Why does Iago kill his wife?
- 10) Why does Emilia say she will play the swan?
- 11) Why does Othello say it is happiness for him to die?
- 12) Why does Othello ask Cassio to forgive him?
- 13) Why does Othello kill himself?

4 Discuss in class.

- 1) *Othello* is Shakespeare's most exciting tragedy. Now that you have read the play do you think it is good film material? Why? Have you seen any film version of the tragedy?
- 2) Nowadays mixed marriages are quite common. But for an Elizabethan audience Desdemona's decision to marry a Moor was a kind of shock. What do you think Shakespeare thinks of this? Is he sympathetic towards his character or does he also think that Desdemona made a mistake?
- 3) Shakespeare describes Desdemona as the 'maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet that her own emotions cause her to blush' and yet he finds the courage to marry Othello in secret. So what sort of person is she really? What sort of relationship does she have with Othello? Was their love strong or was it easy for Iago to destroy it?

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