

1960

Actual preparation for Hotel Universe, December, 1959, production, and technical preparation for Antony and Cleopatra

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ACTUAL PREPARATION
FOR
HOTEL UNIVERSE
DECEMBER, 1959, PRODUCTION
AND
TECHNICAL PREPARATION
FOR
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Submitted by DOROTHE JARMAN as partial
fulfillment for Master of Fine Arts Degree,
BOSTON UNIVERSITY, Boston, Massachusetts,
June, 1960.

MFA
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COPY 1

REHEARSAL LOG
FOR
HOTEL UNIVERSE
BY
PHILIP BARRY

November 12, 1959

3:30 -- I had to miss the first rehearsal because of previous plans made before the casting announcement.

7:00 -- We read the play while all sitting around, and then discussed it for meaning and aired any questions we had at that early point. We read some parts again, and this time the director asked us to try to listen to the rhythm. During this reading it was also one of my personal goals to get a sense of the other actors and of the play. We discovered that the performance dates would be December 11, 14, 15.

November 13

3:30 -- We continued our reading. I listened, trying to get a sense of what had gone on before the play. We talked about the theme in terms of what Stephen knows and says and what Ann knows and can't say. A few items about Ann came out that I hadn't thought about -- she can't be as objective as she seems at first glance and she doesn't really know what the answer is, but she hopes to understand and, until then, is content to wait. Fred pointed out the changes in the rhythm of the development, how it works up, levels off, and sinks down and then repeats the pattern. He compared the play to the gradual unfolding of a rose. You can't see it grow, but you're conscious of its growth.

November 14

Morn -- I spent a couple of hours just reading and thinking about the script. In order to focus my attention, I underlined all of Ann's speeches that I felt were most indicative or that keyed in best on her character. Then I went through again, underlining what others had to say about her and what Barry said in stage directions. Very profitable morning. I had a strong interest in her as a person and I saw some of the complications of her character. She became human and real rather than just the sweet, likable, dependable person she'd appeared to me at first.

Aft -- My goal in the reading with the group was to see what came out of my morning's work. I wanted to see if I could get a sense of the accumulative result of past events. Although I was not thinking in terms of or striving for vocal variety, the director commented that he was glad I'd started playing around more with inflection -- that my first readings had been more flat. He gave us a rough sketch of the floor plan and said there'd be area lighting, that dream sequences would be down stage. He said he wanted us to set the direction we were going by that next rehearsal, and that from now on our playing and experimenting would be within that framework. I asked if it were possible that Ann had invited the friends down with the conscious intention of sending them back to their pasts. We decided no, ~~We~~ discussed the relationship between Pat and Ann.

November 15

I read the play trying to treat it as the "first time." From this point on, I tried to read at least sections of the play every night before going to sleep. I have always found this helpful for memorization, and I also often find new clues or insights -- if not that night, then sometime the next day.

November 16

7:30 -- Tonight we began blocking. We were given a floor plan, which seemed very cramped in the middle stage area. It was my goal to see if any character motivation or tendencies were evident in the blocking. Except for my initial run out of the room, I found myself pretty stationary and stable in the scenes that we did. I was very happy to discover that Fred when blocking is interested only in blocking. He did not try to push for interpretation.

November 17

3:30 -- We reviewed Monday's blocking and this time tried to get a sense of the flow. We were given some changes that had been made in the set and floorplan. Much better.

7:00 -- We continued blocking from the point where we had stopped in the last rehearsal. I am not at all happy with the movement of my first big scene with Pat, but it will probably come.

November 18

7:00 -- We finished blocking and set certain sections.

All the scenes are comfortable except for the one I mentioned yesterday. I seem to be moving when I shouldn't be and vice versa. Pat is also uncomfortable in it. He and I had a discussion to try to chronicle and account for the years between the time we met and now. We decided we met in 1920 when I was eighteen and he twenty-two. (We took the ten years ago from the tune played over in our remembrance scene on the Westbury Road.) He thought he'd served in the army and that that'd explain why he wasn't through with college. At the end of four years his father wanted him to go to England so we postponed ideas of marriage. It was then he met Mary and came back changed. In 1927 I moved here with father. I was then twenty-five. It's now 1930 and I'm twenty-eight. Father had begun to crack shortly after Pat first left for England five or six years ago. I decided my mother died either at my birth or when I was still a baby. I have no recollections of her, unless my saying the beach is my mother indicates an impression of warmth and freedom and relaxation that she might have left with me.

November 19

3:30 -- Individual work with Pat and Ann scenes. The young remembrance one is coming along nicely. The director stopped us in the midst of the other one (just when we started to sense what was happening) to tell us we'd turn to it Saturday, that it wasn't clicking at all now. Frustration.

7:00 -- From the top. I started to get a sense of the

happenings and to appreciate what the other actors were doing. After rehearsal I went home and read the trouble scene a few times. I'm not completely sure of the off stage beat. Just how much did Father and I decide? I studied the different approaches I make to Pat in the scene. I left that section and turned to the remembrance one -- tried limping and falling to land the way Fred wants me to.

November 20

3:30 -- Pat was gone so we couldn't do anything with our scenes. We worked on the group ones instead.

November 21

2:00 -- Fred played the music for us that would be used in the show. He, Clyde (playing Pat), and I then talked about the big Pat/Ann scene. He said he thought we were putting up blocks where there was no need for it. We discussed attitudes of the characters; Fred wanted to see if I understood Ann at that point. He seemed satisfied that I did. Pat has come at her request. When she last saw him he was bitter; now she sees it's worse than ever. For three years she's been imagining this meeting and now for three days he's been avoiding her. The time has not been pleasant. Everyone has sat around making bitter cracks about anything and everything. She now has only a little over an hour to face him and try to make him look at her and talk to her. She comes from her father, sees the opportunity and jumps in before she can change her mind and before he can run away.

He avoids her and she has to use various means to track things down. O.K. discussion wise, now do it, he said. Results were better. Fred seemed pleased with the mother/son section, but something is still wrong with the first part. Clyde and I are still both uncomfortable in the blocking in that section. We then left that part and ran some group scenes.

November 23

7:30 -- We met with Virgil about costumes. The fact that I'm upset about Ann and in making her click was evident in my over defensive attitude toward Virgil when he commented, "Let's settle Ann first since she's the easiest and least complicated character." How not to win friends among actresses. He wants me in a summer pastel -- it will have to be something with a full skirt because of my scenes on the floor. I can't think of a thing I have that will do. My hair is to be down and loose, I'm to wear heels, and I'm to forget about jewelry.

We then began rehearsal -- group scenes until about 9:15 when Fred excused the others and had Clyde and me stay to work on our scenes. We asked if we could improvise the blocking in order to get a feeler on and to explore some of the impulses we'd been stifling. He said all right. Clyde and I were very happy with the rehearsal. We moved more than necessary but it helped solidify the sense of pursued and pursuer. I'm afraid the director became a little

impatient, however, about our "wanderings."

November 24

3:30 -- We met for pre-vacation notes. All lines are to be down when we return. A good discussion of relationships ran through the meeting. All of us had had our own ideas about where we'd met the others, etc. -- but now we pooled resources. It hadn't really registered until then that I'd known Tom and Hope for more than ten years, that I'd been staying with them when I met Pat. I'm least close to Alice, more so to Lily. We talked about time and its significance -- 11:00 leaving, the end, the beginning, etc. has its parallel in the 11:00 suicide -- also an end and a beginning for these people. Pat wants the constant reminder that time is running (through the use of Felix). I try to deny its importance but finally admit, "We haven't time."

Vacation Individual Work

I read and re-read for memorization purposes. I had a variety of people cue me so I'd adjust to different readings. I decided a few things that had been hazy before. Ann knew of her father's attempted suicide before his admission. I've also been heading the wrong way in the first part. Her laughter and galey are on top of apprehension that she is covering after returning to her guests. She knows that time is running out and is trying to cheer them (and they think they're cheering her). I also did some more thinking about her various off stage beats -- from where and what is

she coming, and to do what in each case.

November 30

7:30 -- Exciting things happen when books are put away for the first time. We all started to discover new things and reactions that were possible now that we were no longer following along in the book. My big scene with Pat was pretty electric. I was using some of my Thanksgiving experiences for recall purposes and was exhausted but elated at the end. The scene was also re-blocked to Fred's and Clyde's and my satisfaction.

December 1

1:00 -- In Pantomime Class Clyde and I got an unexpected chance to apply our Pat and Ann study to a different situation. We were given the sentence, "Today's the day." This was to be the closing and climax of a small scene that would otherwise be without words. The situation was to be the eve of our wedding. After discussing various possibilities, we decided to make it more valuable by making the characters be Pat and Ann rather than just any couple. We set the scene on the terrace of my home. There again was music from the house next to us; it was a beautiful night in the summer, almost midnight. I was sitting at the table writing thank you notes for some of the presents we had received; Pat was rather aimlessly wandering about, distracting my attention in teasing sorts of ways. I showed him the note I'd written in thanks for a particularly funny and extremely useless

gift, and we shared a laugh over that. I continued my work and he wandered away and at the same time checked his watch. He then walked back to me and stood beside the table, again checked the time, and then softly said, "Today's the day." I stopped writing and we looked at each other long and searchingly, and happily. And that was the scene. We both found it good experience to apply our studies to this.

3:30 -- There was a costume meeting at the theatre.

Virgil didn't approve of either of the two dresses I brought.

7:00 -- We began with the fight scene and then moved around to other trouble spots. We used props and music. It was a pretty sick rehearsal for everyone. Fred told us to re-check lines and that we'd re-do the same part tomorrow before going on.

December 2

7:00 -- The second half of the play was re-run. While that was going on Clyde and I practiced the Westbury Road scene in private until we had it running quite smoothly. When we did it for Fred he said it was the best it'd been. Cast comments were, "Wow!" Fred re-blocked the Alice, Ann, Norman scene. It is much more comfortable and seems to work for everyone. Fred said the rehearsal was the difference between night and day from yesterday's.

December 3

7:00 -- Prop, sound, and lights people were all there to watch the rehearsal and we were low, low, low! Nothing

seemed to get accomplished. Clyde and I are still trying to find what's missing in our big scene. I guess my Monday recall was too sharp or painful so I'm avoiding it. Anyway, we're both forcing, whatever the reason. The first group scene also is giving a great deal of trouble. Fred wants us all to concentrate more on inter-relations to see if that will help.

December 4

3:30 -- I went to the theatre to see Virgil. He approved of a dress I'd borrowed from my roommate. I wasn't very happy because I didn't feel at all attractive in it, but he liked it and since I had no idea what else to suggest, I decided I'd just have to get used to it. It had a jacket he wanted me to tak off for the Westbury Road scene.

6:45 -- A much better rehearsal. Fred commented on the reaction to Pat's speech about the grape and the grain. He said to keep it -- that it was filled with meaning and made a nice moment. This came out of my realization from the script study that Pat had begun drinking only after I left with Father, so this steady flight to the liquor cabinet was new to me.

December 5

2:00 -- Spotty but not bad. Energy was off or forced in spots. We used the music. It helps in the Westbury Road scene but isn't quite right as a division point in the Mother/son scene. The chords in the recognition section of

the scene don't time out quite right yet either. Tomorrow we are to get to work on the set!

December 6

2:15 -- The set is much deeper than we've been playing it and it will take some getting used to. I'm finding myself continually upstaged. I walked around to get a feel of the place and to see if all of our blocking was workable. The steps upstairs are great. I wish I had a chance to use them. The platforms seem a little awkward when I come from the garden and then cross up to Pat. I discovered a lovely frame for one scene, however. When I cross to the garden while talking of my father, I'll go up the steps, hands on the wall on each side, turn in same position and then lean on the front wall. Nice. The play didn't go too badly although the first scene was again low.

December 7

7:30 -- The run-through tonight was a dreadful experience. The crew continued to work all over the set with ladders, paint cans, and various other traps that we kept running into. It's also disconcerting to have a discussion on the means of giving a stucco finish going on while you're trying to get some emotional values into a scene. Concentration was pretty impossible. Fred asked us to brush up on cues, that everyone knew his lines but that there were still unnecessary waits and stops in the flow.

December 8

3:30 -- We ran the latter portion of the show. Or rather we worked it. Stop, correct, start again. The set was more completely ours now, which helped.

8:00 -- Run through. The opening was still slow, so after notes we worked on that again. We started it; Fred stopped it and said this time to think of the simple things of speed and projection and maybe the rest would take care of itself. Much better! I wore heels to start getting used to moving in them. They don't help make movement free and easy on the set. I'm comfortable and relaxed in much of the play, but I can feel places where I do not physically fit in, and I think I'm again falling into some unattractive habits that should be broken. Fred says no, that if he hasn't said anything then all is as it should be. I'm not convinced.

December 9

8:00 -- Run through again. Fred's adviser Mr. Hirsch was there, and Mr. Thommen, my adviser, was there at my request. We wore costumes, but no make-up. It was a good rehearsal, and most of my scenes felt fine, although I'm still feeling a bit floundery in the big Pat/Ann one. The Westbury Road one I look forward to each night. Love it! We're getting used to running straight through without any breaks, and it helps with the builds and continuity.

December 10

3:30 -- Fred re-blocked the Pat/Ann scene around the

piano which had been moved. I was in a dreadful mood and was most unhappy with the whole proceedings. I'm a great believer in setting the blocking and not changing it in the last week before performance. I was cooperating physically but was resisting emotionally. Fred also wanted me to switch to the right chair at the table. I resisted emphatically. I said it would throw me even more upstage for my lines. At least in my other chair I could play the range of the room. In the other spot I'd be unable to see the sofa without straining. It would change my crosses, and after all we were opening the next night. Fred agreed. We then re-worked the beginning. Fred said we should all think character rather than mood. Better.

7:00 -- Run through, or rather dress rehearsal. Nothing is seriously wrong, but I'm not very happy. I don't like working in that stupid dress! I'm supposed to leave the jacket off all the time now. It doesn't help.

December 11

2:00 -- Luncheon with Mr. Thommen. This afternoon was one of the most stimulating and satisfying times of my work in theatre. He asked me to meet him at the Sheraton Plaza, which I of course did, although I wondered why he'd chosen to meet there. I soon knew. We went into the Merry Go Round Room and relaxed over a few drinks. We looked at the menu and he instructed me to order all my favorite foods. I did. Chopped chicken liver, lobster newburg, and tossed salad formed

the main part. He also ordered a French wine. While waiting for the order to be filled, we joked and laughed about all kinds of things. Then he stopped and said that he was giving me my off stage beat. Here we were in a relaxed atmosphere enjoying life and each other's company, but we were both thinking of something else -- the play and my performance in it. In the same way I am enjoying the company of my friends but I am thinking of Pat and his unhappiness and of their discontent. Mr. Thommen then told me to look around. "See the grill work, the architecture, the paintings with the wonderful blue water and the free open space. This is what you've been living in for three years." Just then, some of the food arrived. "And you've been cared for and waited on in this way. If you want something you're free to order it and you have the assurance that it will be brought to you." He then moved on to more specific things, assuring me first that everything he would say would fit in with Fred's line of direction, so I'd have no need to feel torn with instructions. He asked me if I noticed that as we'd been talking to each other we had not always looked at each other; it was when we wanted to make a special point that we did so, but that communication and contact had at no time been broken. This he said was what I could think about so that I'd play more front, and so that I wouldn't feel forced or artificial about it. Then too he pointed out, when I did turn upstage to talk to Pat my hair shielded my face. He wanted me to think

about sweeping it back in some way so it would be free from my face in a simple, classic line -- to look at some pictures of Alice in Wonderland if possible. From a technical point this would be better because the lights could pick up my facial bones better, and character wise it was in keeping because this would be a way Ann would fix her hair so that on her walks on the beach the wind would be free to play with it, but it would be out of her eyes and face so that she could forget about it. Now about costumes. Mine was all wrong. I agreed but said I had nothing else that was in keeping with the way that Virgil visualized me. We then talked about our visual picture of her and I admitted my discomfort and feeling of unattractiveness in the dress. Since Ann has lived in beauty all her life, she should not be aware of it or the lack of it. It is just something else that gives her that special assurance and peace in a world that she sees as beautiful. Mr. Thommen said that blues or whites would give the pure virginal tone needed, that the super market grey was dead and unsuitable. Also the heels should go. I should wear sandals -- down to earth, back to nature, oneness with environment, freedom of movement, lack of affectation, and all the rest. Even talking about it made me feel more relaxed and sure of the way I'd move, which should be always graceful and complete. He also mentioned that it was not yet evident enough that I lived in this house. I should make it more mine, use it, lean against something with the unconscious knowledge that

it would be there to support me, pause in doorways, make it my own. He also told me of a few mannerisms that were detracting from the relaxed impression I should, and must, create. My hands had been turning backward. He suggested that Ann at times would have them loose and folded behind her back.

He said my relationship to Pat was clear in my playing, but that my love for my friends was not always as evident -- that my love for them was so deep that my father who knew it took care of them first and then turned to me and my problems with the last of his strength. He also thought that since I didn't have any scenes with my father, my relationship to him was not as evident as it should be. I should remember at all times that I WAS his daughter in spirit as well. I have needed him and have relied on him, have turned to him for help when I could not cope with things myself. Conversely, Pat had been closer to his mother. He wanted to know at what point I felt I could stand on my own and when I could at the same time start to replace Pat's mother. I said I didn't know exactly, that it was sometime in the scene before he thinks I'm his mother. He suggested that it was when Pat gave me his mother's pendant. Great! I started shivering with excitement. Of course. Fred had told me to play more with the necklace, but I hadn't realized the reasons behind its importance.

Then we discussed the significance of names. The mixing up of Pat's of Mary and Ann -- Maryann, Ann Marie, and

similar combinations -- was explored. We also talked about the honesty and trust of the woman who says without guile simply, "I've been living with you in my mind."

By the time we finished the meal, I was so excited and anxious to get to the show that night for I was filled with ideas and confidence.

I rushed home and then went to the store. I bought a head band and a blue ribbon (although I had no idea if blue would go with whatever dress I was able to settle on. All I knew was that I was not going on stage in the grey!) Home again to fix my hair in a simple sweep back, no part, held in place by the blue band. Then to my roommate's closet to dig out a pair of Italian sandals she had. They fit. Good. What next? Fortunately she came home and I spilled out my excitement to her. She caught some of it and immediately ran to the closet saying that this description of the character opened up a whole new section of possibilities other than the ones pointed out by Virgil. She pulled out a white shirtwaist dress with an embroidered blue print and a soft blue leather belt. I didn't even have to try it on to know it was going to be right. It even had a squared middy kind of collar that made one think of the sea and beaches. I put it on and it was perfect. Still in a fever of excitement and anticipation, I hurriedly packed my things and then took a long shower, pretending that the water was the spray from the ocean. While under the shower I said some of my lines

about my life there and found a new satisfaction and some new vocal colorings coming out.. I'd definitely use this for an image.

I went to the theatre, bubbling. Everyone kept asking me what was so wonderful and they kept telling me how lovevly I looked. I felt it. Then I broke the news to Virgil that I was switching costumes, and I refused to let his distress bother me. I let it slide off. He called Fred. Virgil said he wanted me to wear the grey but that he would leave it up to me. I said that just as Fred let me try different line readings in rehearsal, so I wanted to try a new costume, that it was personally important for me to do so. Fred said yes. I knew he would. The way I felt, I didn't think anything could go wrong. It didn't. The performance was fun, fun, fun, and good, good, good. It didn't even bother to discover new bushes and things all over the set. I was much more relaxed on stage than I have ever been and seemed to move in an aura of confidence..

After the performance, those of us using this for our graduate projects had a critique with the faculty. All had been favorably impressed with the quality of the production, and they seemed pleased with our work. Mr. Thommen was amazed at my change of costume and hair style. He said he'd had no idea I'd be able to switch so quickly. He was happy both with my appearance and general impression and with the way I moved. Some suggestions that were then made that might

bring to it. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, like life itself, does not give definite answers. Shakespeare holds the balance even. Is it "paltry to be Caesar," since "Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave?" Or is it more paltry to be Antony and "give a kingdom for a mirth"? Who is the strumpet and so who is the strumpet's fool -- Is Cleopatra the strumpet and Antony the fool, or is Fortune the strumpet and Caesar the fool?

Does passion of these two remain a destructive element to the bitter end, doomed like all the feeling in the play 'to rot itself in motion'? Or, as the world slips from them, have they a glimmering of something they couldn't earlier have understood, of another power besides death?¹

Those who look for certainties in life "should turn to other authors than Shakespeare, and should have been born into some other world than this."²

In the original staging of the play the middle stage was the shipboard and the banquet room on the galley. In Act IV, sc. 4, Antony and Cleopatra appear on the balcony. Antony then calls to Eros on the middle stage who goes through the inner-stage curtains and reappears on the balcony. The captains and soldiers enter on the middle stage and Antony and Eros join them, leaving Cleo to watch from the balcony as they exit through the side door below. Act IV, sc. 13, also utalizes both middle stage and balcony. Music should be used and entrances should be preceded by fanfares. Different ones

1. Harbage, p. 23.

2. IBID., P. 21.

change them. There was a big to-do made over nothing and everyone was very uncomfortable for him. Many of his comments though addressed to all seemed pointedly aimed at me. I called him over and said he could just as well talk to me alone instead of making the others sit through it. He admitted he wanted me to change back to the grey dress. I refused. And Fred backed me up.

We then had a runthrough, though we stopped in a few spots to work some things that had come up in the discussion the night before.

While waiting to make my entrance for the Pat/Ann scene that still gave us some trouble, I suddenly had a horrible sensation and sinking feeling. I somehow knew that my billfold had been stolen. I must have been given Ann's second sight or intuition, because when I checked it was gone. The purse was there, but the billfold had been taken. It was the first day in weeks that I had had money in it, but I'd intended to go Christmas shopping after rehearsal, and I had \$20 carefully scraped together in it. The billfold and some of its contents also had a great deal of sentimental value to me. I tried to tell some of the kids about it, but I started to cry and had to struggle to talk. Just then I heard my cue and had to go on stage for my big scene. It played beautifully. All the elements we knew should be there but which had been missing all fell into place. I tried my lower register in the Mother/son section and was pleased

with the results. And no veils dripped over my face. After it was over, Clyde came up to say how pleased he too had been with the way things had run. All things considered, maybe it was \$20 well spent.

December 13

1:30 -- We ran through the play without stops. The level was completely down. Playing to the audience we had had on Friday spoiled us I guess. Even the Westbury Road scene for the first time in over a week failed to satisfy us. We then practiced curtain call. The trouble scene with Pat retained some of the fire from yesterday.

December 14

Performance -- We were anxious again to play before an audience, but we forgot to take into consideration that the audience would be far different from the one we had had at our preview. Things all got off to a bad start when the stage manager failed to call places. There was much running around and finally everyone stepped out to the set. The tension must have shaken Clyde a bit, because he was singing on a higher key than he was ever intended to. People kept expecting laughs where they had received them before, so they were holding when there was no need to. It was a very slow beginning. When I made my entrance again, I made a very conscious effort to pick cues up and to get the pace back where it belonged; I think I helped a bit.

Before going on in the garden scene, I recreated for

myself my actions and feelings of Saturday and the billfold incident, and the scene again worked. The Westbury Road scene was also back where it should have been. Despite a slow opening, the performance was a good one. The crew didn't take the lights down for the curtain call, however, so that also was a bit untidy.

December 15

Performance -- Things were quite rushed before the performance because pictures were being taken, but not enough notice had been give, so all the characters were not in make-up. There had also been a mistake in the starting time, and some thought we were not due to go on until 4:30. Fortunately I had not made that mistake.

The picture taking created a little problem for us later too. The two chairs down left that are Stephens had been moved for pictures, and no one thought to put them back in place after they had been taken. They were consequentially out of the spots that would be used in the flashback scenes, and they were also in the way for some of the action. In order to get them back where they belonged before Stephen entered I changed my blocking at the beginning of the scene when I enter from the garden and interrupt Pat and Lily's talk. As Lily left and Felix entered I used coming to a decision to talk to Pat as my motivation to cover this and seem unconcerned in the presence of others to straighten the room -- and move the chairs. This also eliminated the awkward plat-

form cross to Pat.

This show was our best. The first scene was still not what it should have been, but it was closer than it had ever been before, and the total impression was clear and satisfying. It was, I felt, also my best performance.

After the show we again had a critique with the faculty. Again they were most happy with the results. Mr. Thommen said the Mother/son scene was much stronger -- that the use of the deeper, richer, more mature tones worked. Mr. Hirsch made the general comment that though the show had been excellent on Friday, there had been an enormous improvement in totality. He did think that a group technique was lacking, and that we were too busy with individual things. The first scene was still off he felt, and he thought part of this reason might have been due to our over serious approach because of our respect for and love of the play. He said he had found greater richness in the scenes Clyde and I played together -- that we were more relaxed, and so all the emotions had welled out rather than being forced out. He said there'd been some very lovely and moving moments. He further added that individually I was sharper in what I was doing, that I had a wonderful relaxation and ease, good diction, quiet control, and a better command of the ranges that I was capable of. Mr. Kazanoff said he'd like to compliment all of us on our fine jobs, and he said that most of his ideas and observations had been covered by the others. He did,

however, have some group comments to make. He felt we had made an improvement in the depth of the play but in so doing had lost a little of the comic sense. The more depth there was the more dated the play seemed, and it was now a little in danger of being overly sentimental. If we were going to have more performances we could then work for a balance and timing so that the rhythm would not be upset.

Everything about working on the play was a wonderful experience and a thoroughly satisfying one.

When I was first cast and read the play, I must admit I did not feel a great deal of excitement about the part. At first glance Lily seemed to be a much more fun character to do. However, as we progressed I became more and more interested in the problems in creating Ann so that she was real and not unbelievably good and uninteresting as a result. The role was a good one for me to undertake for personal reasons as well. I am close enough to the character so that a lot of my attention could be centered on getting rid of some of the mannerisms and problems that had plagued me in the past. I believe that I was successful and that my creation of Ann was a living, valid one. I was personally satisfied with the role, the people I worked with, and my work on the part. At this stage of development I think a re-creation would turn out the same. I loved the play and was left with a desire and stimulation to immediately get to work on something else, for as Stephen said, "Wherever there's an end, from it the beginning springs."

This shot pictorially shows my relationship to my father, although it is not the way the scene was actually blocked. However, it is representative of the relationship that had existed for years before I was able to stand on my own and make my own decisions. I looked up to him and he lovingly guided me through his love.

The part of my father, Stephen Field, was played by Ralph Brown, a graduate directing major.



ANN: Father -- Pat's mine -- I can't lose Pat!

This picture shows a reversal of the relationship pictured on the last page. Pat is kneeling and looking for advice to Ann who at the moment appears to him to be his mother. In this scene, Ann -- on her own -- has used her love in an attempt to guide Pat to find himself, but at the moment he rejects what he sees and leaves her and returns to his thoughts of death. Pat is played by Clyde Norton.



PAT: Mother, she just won't have me. (Suddenly he stares at her) You're not -- oh, damn you, Ann --

The set, designed by Virgil Johnson, was primarily of pink stucco with white trim. It was set against a blue drape. Stage left led to the garden, the path lined with trees. The Pat/Mother scene and the Westbury Road one were both played in the down right area pictured here. Another main acting area for me was around the table, and Pat and I also played on the back platform by the piano.



LILLY: It's fantastic, this terrace. It just hangs here. Some day it'll just float off in space -- and anchor there, like an island in time...You get a sense of things being born all the time.

PAT: Lord knows it's on the edge of the world...For a view you've got to have a horizon. There's not a sign of one out there. The sea meets the sky without a line to mark the meeting. The dome begins under your feet. The arc's perfect.

Boston University
 School of Fine and Applied Arts
 Division of Theatre Arts

* Graduate Thesis Production

HOTEL UNIVERSE

by

Phillip Barry

December 14 and 15, 1959

Directed by

FRED HALL

CAST

Stephen Field
Ann Field
Pat Farley
Lily Malone
Tom Ames
Hope Ames
Norman Rose
Alice Kendall
Felix

Ralph Brown
 Dorothy Jarman
 Clyde Norton
 June Lewin
 Mark Hershdorfer
 Sarah Walter
 Richard Elliott Van Deusen
 Susan Surman
 Fazil Beg

Time: Evening in early July, last summer.

Place: The action of the play is continuous and takes place upon the terrace of a house in the south of France, near Toulon.

PRODUCTION STAFF

Stage Manager
Assistant Stage Manager
Settings by
Lighting by
Costumes by

Paul Wesel
 Gail Cooper
 Virgil Johnson
 Harold F. Pyke, Jr.
 Virgil Johnson

TECHNICAL STAFF

George Darveris, Chief. Michael Weiner, Marilyn Lapides,
 Harriet Kaufman, Stephen Goldhor, Jon Adams, Steve Lane,
 Lynn Rose, Audrey Silberfein, Manon Gendreau, Lynda Sturner,
 Helaine Davidson, Heather Inlander, Jill Joseloff, Meryl Pecker

Credits: Gordon Argo, Myles Nesson, Mary Rebecca Pyke

*As partial fulfillment for the Master of Fine Arts degree requirements.

ANALYSIS AND ACTING BOOK

FOR THE ROLE OF

C L E O P A T R A

IN

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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Just as there are unlimited levels of interpretation of this play, there are also an infinite number of elements that combine to make it what it is. The different combinations make it open to the various productions that will be mentioned here and all those, in actuality or in imagination, that will not be mentioned.

The first important element is the setting. Egypt itself is a land of contradictions that fascinates all beholders. Just a few of the contradictions are the following: a remarkable and fertile land on which no rain falls, a religion swinging from a degraded animal worship to lofty views on death, and an exaltation of the dead over the living.¹ With that idea prominent, no wonder Cleopatra can exult death as a desired and more complete life with Antony.

In this setting, the context of their lives, nothing was stable, fixed, or sure. All was in motion. This motion from one point of view could be process, the march of causes and effects. From another angle the motion could reveal itself as flux, restless waxing and waning of tides, of moons, and especially of human feeling. It is not then surprising that the lovers' passion was subject to vicissitudes, attraction and recoil, and that their relationship was unstable and ultimately destructive.²

1. W. Everett, "Six Dramatic Versions of Cleopatra," ATLANTIC, F., 1905, p.252.

2. Alfred Harbage and Maynard Mack, ed., ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, p. 19.

The historical background of the countries involved as well as the actual period of the play also are important. Egypt had been at a great height for centuries until it sank under the force of Persia and stayed under dominion for 200 years. In 332 B.C., Alexander stepped in and a remarkable change of dynasty was felt. Egypt was given to his most cautious and judicious general to rule and it again rose to a high point. The reason for its again sinking was continued inter-marriage in the royal family -- resulting in mental degeneration. The women in the family maintained the spirit and energy of the stock far longer than the men.¹

In the last century before Christ -- the time of the play -- it was a small world in which there were two large facts. Egypt had money and Rome didn't. Egypt had an advanced economic unit, industrial as well as agricultural. It was the oldest country facing the Nile and was the most cultured and aristocratic country facing the world. Alexandria -- where Cleo lived -- was the 19th century Paris of the time. Rome began crowding Egypt. The axis seemed to be shifting to the barbaric West.² Ptolemy XI, ineffectual head of Egypt, was stabbed at the height of a struggle between Caesar and Pompey. Although Rome didn't immediately move in, Egypt was at the feet of Rome and its dictator. Cleopatra fled in exile to

1. Everett, pp. 252-3.

2. Haywood, "Real Cleopatra, Caesar, and Antony," NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE, F. 3, 1952, p. 22.

Syria and there gathered forces to return and recover her share of the throne. She conquered Caesar through fascination, became his mistress and after his death returned to Egypt to maintain her state of queen against the world.¹

After Caesar's death, the Roman Empire was split three ways. Antony chose for his share the East. He summoned Cleopatra to Tarsus for the ill-disguised purpose of exacting tribute, and there began their love. Cleopatra planted the notion that her money and his power would enable them to rule the world. It was her ambition to assure a place for the venerable culture and Eastern heritage in the shifting world. She wanted to raise Egypt to a political level equal to its other levels and so secure herself and other monarchs from invasion. This would insure to her descendants stable power. When the showdown came her womanhood by which she had achieved her place became a hindrance. The men resented her presence in battle, despite the fact that her brains and money were in command. Morale failed and desertion became wide-spread. She realized she'd miscalculated and so fled from the battle, hoping the rest of the men would give up the idea of desertion. However, Antony followed her, and after him came ruin.²

The real Cleopatra was also of course an element that had a strong effect on the play, for it was with people that

1. Everett, p. 253.

2. Haywood, p. 52.

Shakespeare was here concerned. She was born in 68 B.C. when Antony was fifteen years old. At seventeen she was married to her younger brother Ptolemy XII, and after he drowned she married a still younger brother, Ptolemy XIII. She became mistress to Caesar and followed him to Rome where she bore him a son in 47 B.C. After Caesar's death she became mistress to Antony in 42 B.C. and married him in 37 B.C. Her forces and Antony's were destroyed by Octavian's at Actium in 31 B.C., and in 30 B.C. Cleopatra committed suicide.¹

She was the seventh of her name to rule over the kingdom of the Nile. She was first a queen, and second a beauty. By our standards she would have been considered overweight with her short, voluptuous figure. She had a salient nose, wide brow and dark impressive eyes suggestive of intelligence and character -- more than most men would desire. She was of Greek descent and was Macedonian in feature and habits. One of the most accomplished women of antiquity, she taught herself six languages. With her great determination and energy, she managed the complex structure of the Egyptian state. She was a devoted mother and a devotee of Egyptian religion which became an important aspect of the patriotic ambition that absorbed her life.²

Another period that influenced the play was of course the one in which Shakespeare lived and wrote. It too was a time

1. IBID., p. 22.

2. IBID., p.52.

of expansion and daring and ambition. Naval importance was felt here too. Possibly these things made him more understanding of the Roman-Egyptian situation.

His personal life too was an influential factor in the writing of the play. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564 and he died there in 1616. He was the eldest of four boys and two girls. His father John Shakespeare was a glover and trader and later a Bailiff.

Shakespeare went to a free school offering preparation in Latin sufficient for university entrance. In 1582, at the age of eighteen, he married Ann Hathaway who was then twenty-six. They had three children. For a period nothing is recorded about him although many speculations are made about possible travels. When he was twenty-three, Drake sailed against the Spanish fleet, when he was twenty-four the Spanish Armada came and went. When he was twenty-five the English admirals led an expedition into Portugal, and when he was twenty-seven an expeditionary force helped the French king subdue his subjects. It is thought that he might have had a part in some of these happenings. It certainly is true that his writings show extraordinary knowledge of soldiers, and his soldier and sea images are among his strongest.¹ Tradition also has it that he was a teacher for a time.

¹
I. G. B. Harrison, ed., SHAKESPEARE MAJOR PLAYS AND THE SONNETS, p. 4.

Whatever truth these ideas might have, in 1592, at the age of twenty-eight, he was an actor established in London. He decided to try playwriting and also wrote poetry, the latter especially during the period that the theatres were closed due to the plague in 1593-4. When they reopened he helped form the Lord Chamberlain's Men. In 1603, the name was changed to the King's Men. They acted in various theatres and toured the provinces. Their main connection was with the Globe Theatre. Here, Shakespeare was an actor, a joint owner, and a playwright averaging two plays a year. In 1611, he retired to his property in Stratford where he died in 1616. His plays were published by friends in 1623 in the first Folio.¹

Shakespeare learned his craft in the school of the theatre where he was constantly experimenting. His writings can be divided by style alone into four periods; for convenience they can be termed Early, Balanced, Overflowing, and Final.

In the Early Period, his plots were well worked out; characterization was usually superficial; psychology was seldom subtle; dialogue inclined to be stiff, artificial, and over-long; rhetorical devices abounded, and rhyme was common. He did not always have much to say but he said it at great length. At all times he was experimenting with uses of words. Some of his plays in this period were: THE TAMING OF THE SHREW, RICHARD III, MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, AND ROMEO AND JULIET.²

1. Harbage, pp. 8-11.

2. Harrison, pp. 67-8.

In the Balanced Period his verse became easier, the emotion deeper, rhythm more varied, characterization subtle, and knowledge of human character greater. HENRY IV, MERCHANT OF VENICE, HAMLET, OTHELLO, and TWELFTH NIGHT belong here.

His thoughts and feelings were coming too thick and powerfully for balanced expression in his Overflowing Period. Imagery was complex and language concentrated. It was in this period that ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA was written. There is less of his excessive concentration here but a new sense of poetry, a magnificence and a kind of haunting resonance occurring nowhere else. It is unrestrained in verse and plots. There is an important feeling of impatience in construction and an exuberance of incident -- too many for easy following. Here he returned to his earlier manner of construction and abandoned his elaborate analysis of character and psychological soliloquy. It was his intention to present a theme rather than the development of an individual.

His Final Period saw a mastery of balance between thought, phrase, and meaning. THE TEMPEST is an example.¹

Another possible influential element is Shakespeare's personal experience in life and love. The underlying philosophy is at odds with what we know of Shakespeare's philosophy of life. He was diligent, thrifty, Puritanical in many ways, moderate, and somewhat afraid of passion. However, this play is clearly a transition piece between the middle and end of his
1. IBID., pp. 69-73.

work -- between possession by devils and achievement of serenity. It marks the end of mental and emotional fever and indicates a calmer state of mind and a healthier body at a time in life when he was capable of his highest, grandest composition.¹

And what had been the reason for his mental and emotional turmoil, and how did it affect the play? His sonnets give insight into a love affair with a dark mistress and into his bitterness when she betrayed him with his friend.² Her influence is felt in the play, in the picture of Cleopatra, and in Shakespeare's attitude toward Cleopatra -- and thus toward his former mistress. He has recovered from his bitterness, and indeed the epitaph he gives Cleo is the one his mind and emotions are giving to the Dark Lady -- her finest and final portrait, "lass unparalleled."

Some samples of his remembrance of the Dark Lady influencing the physical portrait of Cleopatra can be traced. His Lady of the Sonnets seemed to have had a breathy quality and a habit of ambling and jiggling until her breath was lost. Cleopatra also has this quality of skipping and then being short of breath. The habit was evidently bewitching to the infatuated observer who enjoyed restoring her to calm and quiet. Examples of this in Cleopatra can be found in Enobarbus' speech about her hopping 40 paces and in Antony's

1. Ivor Brown, SHAKESPEARE, p.p. 186-197.

2. Harbage, p. 8.

speech after his fleeting victory when he chooses the words "leap thou" etc. His mental picture of his love can also be observed in the mental image he has of Cleo as an ivory skinned dark beauty whose blue veins can be traced under her delicate coloring, although in other places he describes her as dark, tanned, and tawny.¹

The Dark Lady is still her old self in Cleopatra. She is lecherous, wanton, and fickle; but, though beguiling, she's sublime in a way she hadn't been in the sonnets. Shakespeare's hatred and contempt apparently vanished, probably because his former love had either moved away or was then dead. So, in this play, he gave her forgiveness. He showed that she, through sheer integrity of wantonness and complete concentration upon passion, somehow became in tune with the infinite.

It seems clear that he was under the influence of a mood and/or of a definite person, and so he wrote in a temper and with a mastery he was never to recover. The best had gone out of him when he was, in a sense, being far from himself and yet at the same time closely concerned.² The infinitely beautiful result, with "the spaciousness of royalty, blows out sails of tragedy on a heroic scale in a great play so seldom seen."³

1. Ivor Brown, pp. 169-176.

2. IBID., pp. 185-198.

3. E. V. Wyatt, "Antony and Cleopatra," CATHOLIC WORLD, Jan., 1948, pp. 357-8.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA was written in 1607 or 1608. No quarto is known and it first appeared in folio form in 1623. It's likely it was written after MACBETH and KING LEAR for the style is easier and the imagery less concentrated. It is a sequel to JULIUS CAESAR, and Shakespeare owes the story to North's PLUTACH. It begins four years after the murder of Julius Caesar when Antony is at the height of his passion for Cleopatra. Shakespeare owes more than just the story to North, for at times he merely turned North's fine prose into poetry.¹ The play remains peculiarly his own throughout, however. The beginning of the play is fixed at 40 or 39 B.C., and the Battle of Actium (Act III, sc.8-10) took place in 31 B.C., and Antony and Cleopatra died the following year.²

The play in format is filled with constantly shifting scenes. The early and not easily staged acts give an abundance of classical history and manifold changes of scene difficult to follow. The action scrambles forward and reaches its peaks in the last two acts -- peaks not only of the play but also of Shakespeare's workmanship.³ With the thirty-two changes of scene, the play is not considered a "well-made" one from the Renaissance point of view, and these scenes range over the whole of the ancient world, violating the old idea of unity of place.⁴ This is entirely fitting, since for

1. Harrison, p. 863.

2. Kittredge, SIXTEEN PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE, p. 1314.

3. Ivor Brown, p. 170.

4. Marchette Chute, SHAKESPEARE OF LONDON, p. 272.

Antony and Cleopatra their stage is the world! The fate of thousands is dependent upon them and the eyes of nations are upon them.¹

The abrupt and numerous shifts of scene mentioned are appropriate for they reflect the emotional and psychological vacillation of the leading characters. They show the competing values by which the lovers are torn in their fluctuations in love and war. The arrangement of scenes is vital to the rhythm of the play,² although some think it is a sign of insufficient, hurried planning and a creaky, rambling structure. Even these people have to admit the powerful brilliance of the language and the fact that Shakespeare seemed to be at the top of his poetic powers.³ The tragedy is even considered as a symphony as well as a story. The music cannot be muffled.⁴

Here we find a consummate mastery of variation in the use of words, an instinctive knowledge of when to "thunder like a colossal waterfall and when to drop a pebble in the pool." In the highest emotional levels the interplay of "r" and "w" is recurrent, but he doesn't overplay his hand. An example is: "O wither'd is the garland of the war." He is also fond of "o's"⁴ and the prefix dis-, and he used his old device of ending on monosyllables.⁵

1. J. W. Krutch, "Drama," NATION, Dec. 13, 1947, p. 654.

2. Harbage, p. 20.

3. I. Shaw, "Old Ruffian," NEW REPUBLIC, Dec. 15, 1947, p. 34.

4. J.M. Brown, "O Eastern Star!" SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, Dec. 20, 1947, p. 22.

5. Ivor Brown, p. 271.

The use of parallels is also evident. Antony has an "infinite virtue;" Cleopatra, infinite variety." His spirit is "Unmatchable;" she is "lass unparalleled." He uses the oath, "Rome in Tiber melt;" she, "Melt Egypt into Nile." He faces death as a bridegroom; she, as a wife. He thinks of death as a continuing amour with her; she sees it in the same transcendent terms.¹ Another interesting point is carried through. In the early part of the play, Cleo is symbolized by water -- associated with women, instability, and fickleness. In the end, Antony is eventually destroyed by water.²

The sense of proportion is also in focus. For instance, he is careful not to give too great prominence to sympathy for Octavia. He at all times withstands the temptation to use his full power when to do so would cause a lack of proportion in the main outlines of the plot.³

The last two acts contain the most heart searching poetry he wrote -- a salute to love which tolerated no mitigation and to a lavishness and a luxury which counted the world well lost if love was satisfied.⁴ The death scenes are the most astounding in Shakespeare. They exceed all in a combination of exact, realistic detail, poetic imagery, romantic theatre, elevation in tone and glamor, and force of passion.⁵

1. Harbage, p. 16.

2. W.H. Auden and Howard Griffin, "Conversation on Cornelia Street," POETRY, Nov., 1953, p. 102.

3. W. Creizenack, THE ENGLISH DRAMA IN THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE, P. 260.

4. Ivor Brown, p. 185.

5. S. Young, "Egypt and Arden," NEW REPUBLIC, Nov. 24, 1937, p. 75.

Shakespeare's imagination in this writing was now his slave instead of his master. He watched the mystery of human nature with a graver eye.¹

MACBETH, KING LEAR, and ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA are sometimes referred to as Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso. This labeling does have merit as a guide to tone. MACBETH and KING LEAR are dark plays; ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA is bright. MACBETH and KING LEAR are savage and terrifying; there is no savagery in ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA: it is moving, exhilarating, and exalting. The humor in the first two plays is grim or pitiful, not so in ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, though it is acrid enough at times.²

The play, a transition one, is a magnificent study of human extravagance and of power squandered for passion's sake. It ends with a kind of serenity not seen in KING LEAR or in OTHELLO.³ Though it subordinates all incident and action to the supreme end,⁴ it remains an epic and must not be whittled down to the size of the average love story. It owes its vigor to the scope of its matter.⁵ There is imperial movement with grandeur of circumstance as the background. The real plot is the personal one, culminating in a double tragedy at its close.⁶

1. J. Douglas, "Antony and Cleopatra," HARPER'S, Sept., 1909, p. 583.

2. Harbage, p. 15.

3. Ivor Brown, p. 141.

4. L. Simpson, "Shakespeare's Cleopatra," FORTUNE, MR, 1928, p. 336

5. J. Gassner, "Antony and Cleopatra," FORUM, F. 1948, p. 88.

6. O.F. Emerson, "Antony and Cleopatra," POET LORE, F. *Mr.-Ap., 1890,, p. 125.

The two main elements in the play are the theme as expressed in the opening, "Behold and see the triple pillar of the world transformed into a strumpet's fool," and the epic story of the building of the Roman world -- a consolidation of power into the hands of one man. The elements of diversity and conflict are meaningful today because we have lived through epic battles and have watched the ebb and flow of power as armies and navies manoeuvred for position on war maps and moving picture screens. Shakespeare shows this type of struggle with the spoken word and the masterly use of brief scenes in sharp juxtaposition as his tools. Although we can see parallels with today's situations, a realistic or semi-realistic presentation would run the risk of obscuring the transcendent poetry and obstructing its natural movement.¹

The play handles wanton squandering and abuse and lust, yet it remains a drama soaring and sublime in beauty and turbulent in excitement.² It is fascinated with character, amused with wit, thrilled with passion, and touched by catastrophe. There is, none-the-less, a unity and proportion in the whole event and a single controlling purpose running through the entire work. Everyone is a tool in the hands of a mysterious Fate, working out the ruin of two mighty souls. Every incident, every speech, every personage bears

1. R. Gilder, "Playwright Takes Over," THEATRE ARTS, Ja., 1948, pp. 12-15.

2. J.M. Brown, "Queen's Story: Olivier Production," SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, Jan. 12, 1952, p. 24.

a definite part in working out the theme, "reduction of an all but heroic soul to the slavery of an all but superhuman sorceress, who is found herself to break down as the result of victory."¹ It shows pity of a love which destroys itself by its own energy and which is its own doom. It is a great mistake, however, to look on Antony as a hero demoralized by a harlot or on Cleopatra as a harlot ennobled by a hero. The tremendous conflict between the two is the conflict of the two most terrible passions in human nature: love and power. One of these powers thirsts for conquest and the other for surrender. It is thus a duel of opposites.²

The theme can also be seen in terms of the contrast between a man whose desire is lord of his reason and he whose will controls his desire; between Antony to whom the moment was paramount and Octavius for whom each moment held the germ of the future. A scene accenting his control is the one in which he refuses to be won by Cleopatra (this, incidentally, was cut in the McClintic/ Cornell production).³

Lust then is the tragedy's major concern. By this is meant more than the desire that has driven Antony to kiss away kingdoms for Cleopatra. It is also the lust for power, mentioned above, that finds Octavius, Lepidus, Pompey, and Antony incessantly at war. Politics are a part of the passion:

1. Everett, p. 254.

2. Douglas, p. 583.

3. Wyatt, "Antony and Cleo...", p. 358.

the echo of Antony and Cleopatra's heartbeats is the drumbeat of moving armies. They create a plural melody providing emotional counterpoint that is essential and continuous. The agonies and ecstasies of sexual infatuation are gloriously orchestrated. The torrential sweep of the script shows Antony and Cleopatra weakened by the fever of passion and helpless against its heat. It is a sickness that destroys them; but, remember, it is a mature passion, mercurial in its moods, raging in its recrimination, shameless in its self-destruction.¹

The play shows that this sexual surrender can lose its shabbiness by loyalty to its own excess. After all, gambling is considered by some as contemptible only if carried on within your means. Here we have an ideal of love over all and an acceptance of the tyranny of passion. Antony tosses away his universe for a woman, and it is the size of the sacrifice and the strength of the decision that Shakespeare admires.² The dominating passion of the lovers precludes the possibility of adjustment. Fear of consequences, such as death, pass away. Shakespeare condones this human frailty or he couldn't have written such a powerful and immortal fourth act.³

This most complex of Shakespeare's plays verges even in the high vein on the absurd. It is an intricate study of character in which Antony steals the show because of the

1. J.M. Brown, "Eastern Star," p.22.

2. Ivor Brown, p. 193.

3. Simpson, p. 341.

fascination in the disparity between the tissue of praise and the actuality of the man.

It concerns itself with the reaction of an individual to what existentialists call "frontier" or "limit situations." The setting is a frontier of the civilized world and the theme is concerned with psychic frontiers, with suffering, finiteness, conflict, guilt, sex, and death. Existentialists believe that the frontier-situation brings the individual up against an awareness of his dependent nature. It jolts him to a recognition of aloneness and vulnerability. In this play the protagonists react to their predicament in such a manner that, at the end, they achieve self-transcendence.¹

Certain scenes reek with the atmosphere of death, sleep, and drunkenness which goes along with the idea that the play might be called a struggle to realize a "personal death."

Antony and Cleopatra are not attracted to suffering. Like solitude it seems meaningless if not ridiculous, and so they wipe it out with one of the means mentioned above.

There is also a picture of world catastrophe -- a sense of world annihilation and darkness, but this is curiously insignificant in comparison with the disintegration of two human beings. They go to pieces because of qualities within selves. They love each other but they don't really like each other. The tragedy does not lie in the involvement of an excessive relationship. What is tragic is their inability to

¹
I. Auden, pp. 99-101.

accept the end of that relationship. The tragedy is the refusal of suffering. They have lost the power to grow spiritually.¹

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA cannot be transferred to another time or place. It can't be done in modern dress, for even the props and costumes are important and significant. They're symbols of the world, and in their weight and brilliance counter-act the hollowness of human motivation. There is an element of irony. The human being is limited; the world, unlimited. In the final effect of richness and power, Shakespeare does not exalt the human creature but does exalt the world (Key word to the play). The temptation has been the world -- the real world in its splendor. Up to the end the world has been radiant, precious, a place of delight. We see the glory of things as truly glorious. Even at her death the queen puts on robes and a crown. "Seen in a certain light, the world can be this way. And Shakespeare does not want us to forget it."²

There is of course some ambiguity in the tragedy -- the crucial one is evident in the words, "All that is won and lost." Shakespeare underscores the idea of loss by placing deaths in the tomb. All ambition has shrunk to this narrow stronghold, a waiting grave. The idea of winning depends not only on what you find in the play but also in what you

1. IBID., P. 101-2.

2. IBID., p.103.

bring to it. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, like life itself, does not give definite answers. Shakespeare holds the balance even. Is it "paltry to be Caesar," since "Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave?" Or is it more paltry to be Antony and "give a kingdom for a mirth"? Who is the strumpet and so who is the strumpet's fool -- Is Cleopatra the strumpet and Antony the fool, or is Fortune the strumpet and Caesar the fool?

Does passion of these two remain a destructive element to the bitter end, doomed like all the feeling in the play 'to rot itself in motion'? Or, as the world slips from them, have they a glimmering of something they couldn't earlier have understood, of another power besides death?¹

Those who look for certainties in life "should turn to other authors than Shakespeare, and should have been born into some other world than this."²

In the original staging of the play the middle stage was the shipboard and the banquet room on the galley. In Act IV, sc. 4, Antony and Cleopatra appear on the balcony. Antony then calls to Eros on the middle stage who goes through the inner-stage curtains and reappears on the balcony. The captains and soldiers enter on the middle stage and Antony and Eros join them, leaving Cleo to watch from the balcony as they exit through the side door below. Act IV, sc. 13, also utalizes both middle stage and balcony. Music should be used and entrances should be preceded by fanfares. Different ones

¹. Harbage, p. 23.

². IBID., P. 21.

should be used for the chief characters to help keep clear the quickly moving scenes.¹

I mentioned a few staging notes because the reputation of the play suffers because of the change in the convention of the stage. The many scene breaks should give the illusion of the rush of events rather than breaking the flow. "Only when...acted with speed on a bare stage in the Elizabethan convention are its magnificent planning and superb poetry fully revealed."² The problem in the staging, then, is how to achieve complexity without congestion and commodiousness without sprawl.³

Another problem -- particularly for the actress playing Cleopatra -- is that the play today gives a sense of frost upon the Nile because of the lack of passionate actualities. It is difficult to find a Cleopatra who, without any bedroom scenes, can show her passionate temperament merely by venting a naughty yet imperial temper on the women and on the slaves.⁴ As Granville-Barker says in his PREFACES TO SHAKESPEARE,

Here is a tragedy of sex without one single scene of sexual appeal...the play opens with Cleopatra's parting from Antony and in their two short encounters we see her swaying him by wit, malice, and with moods of her mind. Not till the story takes its tragic plunge and sex is drowned in deeper passion are they ever intimately together; till he is brought to her dying there has been occasion for but one embrace.⁶

1. Cecile DeBanke, SHAKESPEAREAN STAGE PRODUCTION: THEN AND NOW, pp. 35-58, 267.

2. Harrison, p. 865.

3. "Old Play in Manhattan," TIMES, Dec. 8, 1947, p. 76.

4. Ivor Brown, p. 213.

5. IBID.

The play then deals with two principal personages. The complex events of history are reduced to a single clash of personality.¹ There is an imperial movement united with this as an underplot. As Antony moves downward, imperialism moves up.² And what of these two character? Of the "demi-Atlas" Antony and of the "infinite variety" of Cleopatra?

Their fundamental difference was that Antony would keep nothing; Cleopatra would take all. Antony was a nobleman, a spendthrift of life and passion, unsparing in pursuit of beauty -- indulging every faculty in the enterprise of living amply. They were undeviating sensualists dowered with nobility. Again and again the words peerless, unparalleled, unique are used to describe them.³ Antony is shown in decadence, besotted with passion, and he degenerates into a fool.⁴

In considering Antony and Cleopatra we must remember they were isolated in a region where moral by-laws had ceased to operate.⁵ They tried to form a society of two. It was a Golden Age while it lasted, but it was doomed to fail. They had in them a tragic flaw, at least in a partial state. The flaw was not passion but a general attitude common to all of us: worldliness. This includes a love of success, popularity, pleasure, art, ourselves. The converse side is fear of failure,

1. Harrison, p. 865.
2. Emerson, p. 7.
3. Ivor Brown, p. 92, 194.
4. Harrison, p. 865.
5. Douglas, p. 587.

of boredom, of losing grip, of being on the wrong side, of being ridiculous, of dying.

They didn't realize that an erotic love has an affinity to death and that it takes courage to pursue the inevitable emotion to the logical violence. This is unpleasant for others, because an untidy mess is left to straighten. The individual in these cases has confused the human being with a thing. Shakespeare has merged three ways of looking at such a love crime -- as a realist, a romanticist, and an ironist.¹

Antony, then, gives his life for love. In his death scene he has no recriminations for Cleopatra, only the quiet hope that she'll remember what's noblest in him and that she'll acknowledge him as her man of men. But remember, aside from the romanticism of the occasion, his death in reality was precipitated by her duplicity of false report. Also among his motives was the self-interested desire to evade Caesar's triumph. Ironically, he even bungled his suicide. If this is a hero's death, it's a rather humiliating one.

Cleopatra also seems to give her life for love. Some of her last words could describe the union of life with death or the union of lover with lover. "As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle -- O Antony!" This, however, is the one who has studied "easy ways to die," who ends life only after convinced Caesar will lead her in triumph, and who has taken the precaution of catching away half of her valuables.²

1. Auden, pp. 96-102.

2. Harbage, p. 23.

Antony and Cleopatra then seemed to be united in sensual amour; but there was no trust, no sympathy. She brought on her own ruin by the temptation she presented to him.¹

Much has been and can be said about this woman of "infinite variety." North states, "She went to Antonius at the age when a woman's beauty is at the prime, and she also of best judgment."² She seems a different thing to all who behold her or read about her. To Plutarch she was a Temptress -- an instrument of a great man's downfall rather than a tragic figure herself. He saw her as all siren, whose every effect was calculated to ensnare the senses of the conquering Roman. To Shakespeare she is all siren too, but more. He saw her as paradoxical. Everything about her was impossible and mysteriously contradictory. She made defect perfection.³ She was an Egyptian -- though of Greek descent -- and a gypsy, and as such she was an enchantress. This idea is brought out again and again; magic was her trade, but she was not only a tricker but a charmer as well. As such she enchanted Pompey, Julius Caesar, and Mark Antony; but to Octavius Caesar she remained only a gorgeous piece of Oriental art to adorn his parade.⁴ The Romans brought charges of sensuality against her and looked on her as an ordinary strumpet. She was more though, as indicated by the cynical Enobarbus. He said her passions contained "the finest parts of true love."⁵

1. Emerson, p. 126.

2. Harbage, p.17.

3. IBID., p. 18.

4. Kittredge, pp. 1315-16.

5. Ivona Brown, pp. 169-9

In Cleopatra, Shakespeare expressed in one woman the qualities of all his women, and so she becomes the greatest of his heroines and the culmination of feminine characterization in all literature. She is the only woman he treats individually apart from the male character with whom she is linked. She becomes Universal Woman or Woman Incarnate. And she cannot continue to exist without an object of affection.¹

It is, then, the greatest woman's part of all -- a teasing and tremendous role of one royal in looks, common in lusts, speaking in exquisite poetry, behaving like a treacherous wanton -- now commanding, now kittenish. She is contradictory as ever at the end, first behaving with Caesar like somebody trying to cheat customs, then dying to immortal music and at last vanishing to Elysium as if the very genius of selfless passion.²

The whole story and the success of the play turn on her, the woman who fascinated two emperors. She is shown as a magnificent courtesan, a creature of gaiety, instinct and passion with few, if any, higher feelings than the enjoyment of the moment. She is unique among women and can thus defy the normal rules of propriety and morality.³ It must be remembered that she lived in a world where the unbridled will of the powerful brooked no obstacle.

Her love cannot be doubted, but it didn't impair her wit.

1. Simpson, pp. 332-3.

2. Ivor Brown, pp. 215-16.

3. Harrison, p. 866

It may have made her preternaturally quick to detect the shortcomings of a loved one, however. In her were bound together love; desire for supremacy, admiration, tribute, and power; and a strong maternal instinct. Occassion made her what she was, and it was with intense emotionalism that she could decide, "All well lost for love."¹

She was the Wanton Absolute. Because of the absolute quality she was unconditional and unhesitating in the pursuit of her heart's desire. Because of the courage in her quality and her bigness in pettiness, she is almost pardoned of her sins before death in Shakespeare's fancy.²

In the creation of Cleopatra, Shakespeare ignored the idea of dominant "humour" he'd been experimenting with and made her almost as complicated and unpredictable as Hamlet. This enchanting woman is consistent only in her inconsistency. She cannot be held to respectable laws on paper for she walks off the pages into reality.³

As we see her drawn in her infinite variety we find it easy to sympathize with Antony's passion. With her amazing charm and personality and physical beauty she can control and fascinate Antony except at the end. She is quick-tempered but her anger is soon allayed. She seeks self-satisfaction.⁴

1. Simpson, p. 334.

2. Ivor Brown, p. 191.

3. Chute, p.221.

4. Harrison, p. 866.

There are many other qualities in her make-up that make her an unqueenly queen. She lies, wheedles, sulks, screams, and makes love with equal abandon. Shakespeare has encouraged us to disengage ourselves from the protagonists, to feel superior to them, and to laugh at them. But against the laughter he poises sympathy and even admiration. He has made these seasoned campaigners in love and war tawdry, but her has magnified and idealized them so that their mutual passion becomes glorious as well as cheap.¹

Cleopatra is capricious, wayward, and flaming with passion. She is a mature tigress who is the slave of her emotion. She courts disaster because of her failure to master the lessons in clemency, wisdom, and large-heartedness.² She is thus a captive to her prisoner at the same time that she is a victor over her conqueror.³

By nature she could adapt herself to all — even the enemy. When she flattered the servant of her Caesar's son, Octavius, she was merely submitting to human nature. In a dull present she hoped to recall past conquests and delights. She often busied herself with thoughts of the past before rousing herself to present action. Though many of these actions seemed unreasoned, there was a sound philosophy at the bottom of most of them.⁴

1. Harbage, p. 15.

2. J. M. Brown, "Queen's Story....", p. 24.

3. Everett, p. 255.

4. Simpson, p. 337.

A passionate mind throbbing in passionate flesh might be a good description of her. She was a sensuous beauty with a conquering spirit who knew the tricks of her trade. She was the mistress of wile whose subtlety of brain made her seem a thousand women in one. Her love was a more selfish passion than Antony's, probably because her affair with him was the last effort of an insatiable courtesan whose vanity spurred her amorous energy to dominate the "demi-Atlas of the earth." Her unlovely vices seem purified by a fiery yearning, for when elemental passion seizes the soul it lifts it above petty measurements of morality and holds us in awe.¹

The turning point in her tragedy comes when Dolabella tells her that Octavius Caesar will lead her in triumph. She had been conscious all her life that as a queen loved by kings she was despised by Romans as an Oriental siren. So at the last she resolves to be a Roman and so prove herself to be more than a mistress. She will be a wife. The Oriental and Roman mingle at the end in the pride of Roman resolution and the glow of Eastern pride in her triumphant craft as she talks to the asp at her breast.²

When she makes her decision she keeps others in ignorance at first. She whispers aside to have the asps sent for, for she suspects the outcome and prepares ahead,³ At the end she

1. Douglas, pp. 587-88.

2. Kittredge, p. 1316.

3. Greizenack, p. 265.

feels that the union must never be broken. The gypsy wanton is almost forgotten and she becomes to all eyes more than just a heroine of harlotry. She is a figure of splendor as she defies the world of Caesar to follow Antony. She is womanly still, for she must dress the part; yet a moment later she spurns femininity and says there must be nothing of woman in her.¹

Her death is magnificent. She must live in brightness or she'll wither, so brings the dark herself.² Her epitaph is given by Charmian.

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparalleled. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal!

In the last sections a detailed and varied picture of Cleopatra has been given. Although it is difficult if not impossible to reduce such a creature to words, a summary of dominant traits might be helpful.

She is provocatively beautiful, eternally female, feline in graceful langorous movements, volumptious, delicate but strong, majestic in confident bearing, carefully groomed and adorned, and subtly perfumed. She is a dancer who loves music.

The play covers the period when she is in her middle and late thirties. She has had several children. Her coloring is described as delicate, and the seemingly contradictory references to her darkness might be explained by the wearing of a dark wig. Her eyes are an outstanding feature; she is intelligent, and has an inquiring mind. Her curiosity even

1. Ivor Brown, p. 195.

2. Harrison, p. 866.

led her to experiment with poisons and snakes on men in prison so she could discover the quickest way to die with the least pain.

Her possessive nature makes her jealous. She's moody, perverse, capricious, fluid in the ease of her changes, self-pitying, mercurial (but persistent when to her advantage to be so), unpredictable, lascivious, desirous of admiration, and in love with power. She plays to her advantage the full range of life's emotions. A reveler in royalty, she also delights in disguising and observing common people in the crowds at night. She loves to act and often pretends something that is not. As Enobarbus says, "I do think there is mettle in death which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying."

She is gay, vain, curious, self-centered, cunning (though Enobarbus says she's "beyond mere cunning"), cruel, in love with self, and desirous of gratification in all things. She is witty, dominant, stubborn, proud, playful, passionate, amorous, wanton, and selfish. Nobility and a need to be triumphant are important to her. She is used to wealth. A believer in enjoyment of the moment, her behavior is often instinctive. A woman with a woman's fear, she is undisciplined and unrestricted.

There is a need in her to control the factors of life that touch on her in order to insure self-satisfaction. She wants to unify the actual world with her personal one.

Her activities are many. She of course revels with Antony. They drink, feast, and often sleep the days away and party all night; they play games, fish (and she plays jokes on him by hanging salt fish on his hook) ,and disguise themselves. She plays billiards, loves music, has great energy in spite of languorous moments (actually then the energy is just capped or leashed), hops and skips, and often seems short of breath. She spends long hours on self adornment and beautification. She is lord of language and well knows the power of words as well as actions.

Usable images abound. Some of the prominent ones are imperial, even cosmic in scope in the descriptions of the orb of the world and the vast dominions below and the rolling sheres above. The text is also permeated by native and farm-yard smells and details. The acrid richness of dungy earth and the aroma of meadows is mixed with the perfumes of the East. The soaring play of Eastern opulence and self indulgence and crash of empires has humble English quality in the range of reference and metaphors. There is more fresh air here than in previous tragedies, and it not only excites but also exhilarates.¹

General images: vastness, orbs, sheres, planets, sun, moon, earth little O, kingdoms and empires as juggler's plates, colossal love inflicting as well as enduring colossal damage.

1. Ivor Brown, pp. 188-9.

Parallel images for Antony and Cleopatra: He, "triple pillar of the world" -- she, "day o' the world".....He, "plated Mars" -- she, Venus.....he, descendant from Hercules -- she, from Isis.....he to her is sun and moon -- she to him is Eastern star.

Images for Cleopatra: serpent of Old Nile, water, mercury, nightengale, warrior, great fairy, day, gypsy, tigress(panther, cat), enchantress, witch, magician, charmer, epicurian, card player, actress and performer, armorer(many references are made to chaining, fettering, binding, and harnessing), and Isis the moon goddess. I find this last image the most interesting one since the moon is a reflection of other's warmth rather than a body with eternal fire and life of its own. It is also constantly changing in cycle and as clouds cross it.

With all of her various combinations, I think we can freely say with Enobarbus:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

There have been an infinite variety of Cleopatras pictured in literature, in art, and on the stage. (I am not by the use of this series excluding the stage from either of the first forms mentioned) Even using the same basic script there have been varieties in interpretation of this Shakespearean role as created for aspiring actresses interested in a changeling challenge.

The first record we have of anyone attempting the part is of course that of the boy whom Shakespeare had in mind as he wrote. This boy, Edmans, was a regular member of the King's Men. He had also played Regan in KING LEAR, Lady Macbeth in MACBETH, Bianca in OTHELLO, and Mrs. Ford in MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. The first view of him as Cleopatra was seen in the winter of 1606¹.

Not a great deal of information has survived about the boy players of the day, which would indicate that they were not the darlings of their day. They were, however, considered fine actors. Shakespeare, in fact, so trusted Edmans that he dared have Cleopatra speak of "squeaking boy actors." By the time that reference was made he rightly assumed that the audience would be so convinced of the reality that they would be aware only of Cleopatra and not of the boy playing the part.² Although Edmans was an actor of tragic intensity,³

1. Watkins, ON PRODUCING SHAKESPEARE, p. 324.

2. Chute, p. 221.

3. Watkins, p. 164.

he may have failed in this demanding role for little was said of the play in performance. It was certainly not as popular as his other tragedies and it is also true that Shakespeare wrote no more great challenges in women's parts after creating Cleopatra.¹

Whether or not Edmans succeeded in his portrayal of the queen of the Nile is not as important as the lesson that can be learned by future actresses. They should keep in mind that it was for a boy that the part was written. Therefore, today the actress should let only as much of her own femininity emerge as her artistic integrity allows. Uncontrolled emotion should be guarded against with unceasing vigilance, and the actress should think of herself as an exquisitely turned instrument sounding with simplicity and fidelity the loveliest poetry in the English language.² Remember, the Elizabethans did not find it necessary to see all of Antony and Cleopatra's passion. The poet instead provided the scenery and atmosphere of passion.³ This is just as true today.

Moving onward a few centuries, in 1890, Lily Langtry -- described as more lovely than talented -- played Cleopatra. Julia Marlowe followed with a little more success in 1909. In 1924, Jane Cowl -- hailed as the most beautiful woman on the American stage -- gave what was noted as a kittenish interpreta-

1. Ivor Brown, p. 216.

2. DeBanke, p. 115.

3. Ivor Brown, p. 212.

tion of the Bard's creation.¹ She was apparently delightful in scenes of scolding and jealousy and frank realism. She was convincingly angry, arch, and insinuating and had a liquidness of aspect and fluidity of gesture. However, in the death scene she was inadequate and bewildered. Little use was made of the high heroic moments. Her scenes, in spite of their faults, however, were the most coherent and human of the play.²

The next decade found Tallulah Bankhead -- rated here high for courage and middling for artistry -- in the 1937 production.³ It was outstanding for its pomp, its costly sets and costumes (\$100,000), and for the unforgivable change in the first scene. Apparently Miss Bankhead felt she wanted a later entrance, so the play opened dully in Rome instead of fixing immediately on Cleopatra and Antony.⁴ Because of amputation and distortion in the script, the revival was an ignominious failure.⁵ It proved to be Miss B's shortest run -- five performances. After long preparation and a road tour, she swept into New York "in gilded brassiere and diaphanous pantalettes and played a flouncing Cleopatsy."⁶ The production itself was misty and gloomy, and once the red curtains were drawn you got very little beyond. Money, ambition, and fatuity were lavished on an event many critics didn't even bother to

1. "Infinite Varieties of Cleopatra," NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE, Dec. 2, 1951, pp. 28-29.

2. Lewisohn, "Serpent of Old Nile," NATION, Mr.12, 1924, pp289.

3. "Infinite Varieties..."p. 29.

4. E.V. Wyatt, "Friends, Romans; Strunk Production," CATHOLIC WORLD, Jan. 1938, pp. 465-6/

5. Gassner, p. 88.

6. "Antony and Cleopatra," TIME, N.22, 1937, p. 43.

criticize in detail.¹ The part is one that must be played profoundly if at all, and Miss Bankhead approached it with obvious inadequacy. She employed broken rhythms and the husky tones of a blues singer.²

Although critics and audiences easily dismissed Miss Bankhead's production and portrayal, they found -- 10 years later -- a production and performance exciting to note although not perfect. This was the McClintic production starring Katharine Cornell. It was honest in intent, generous in execution, and admirable in its selection of talents, though not always in the realm of delight.³ It did seem to triumph over most difficulties and was certainly visually beautiful.⁴ The simple sets kept the play moving with an impression of splendor and it was still possible to follow the story line, but the total effect was not always moving.⁵ It should have been rougher, fiercer, uglier.⁶ It lacked enough fire; the pace was slow; the impression ponderous.⁷ It was, however, predominantly intelligent and true to Shakespeare. It had a grand and eloquent beauty that was staged with a minimum of detail, and they clearly emphasized that Cleo's scenes come between the events of the world's history. The costumes were

1. Young, p. 75.

2. Krutch, "Getting the Best of Shakespeare," NATION, N.20, 1937, pp. 567-8.

3. Phelan, "Antony and Cleopatra," COMMONWEAL, D.12, 1947, p. 226.

4. JM. Brown, "Eastern Star..." p. 24.

5. Krutch, "Drama", p. 654.

6. Shaw, p. 34.

7. Gilder, p. 15.

beautiful and nothing gaudy was used. Antony and forces were shown in red, Octavius and party in blue, and Pompey in green. Cleopatra was clothed in graceful simple dresses and wore characteristic head pieces. Twice she appeared with her own hair showing. In the death scene she was robed in a vast rose red mantle with an Egyptian crown.¹

On Miss Cornell's performance much was said, and this covered the infinite things to be expected of those criticising one playing this role. She was thought to be too tame, not dangerous enough in the early scenes -- best when shown with her women when she too was all woman, gay and light, and in her death scene when she moved with measured cadence of word and gesture to the inevitable end.²

She seemed somewhat hampered by the jerkiness of machinery shifts. She was certainly more impressive as a queen than as a woman for the skips between archness and royalty were not smooth.³ According to another reviewer she was competent and lively but hardly right. He thought she seemed conscientiously rather than constitutionally wily and sluttish.⁴ Her most difficult moments are in the early scenes of ribaldry and lust. She spoke beautifully and moved with almost too perfect grace, giving a sense of hidden composure to even the most violent moments. She seemed too much the queen to be the raging female barbarian. But this admittedly is difficult since the queen

1. Wyatt; "Antony and..." p. 357.

2. Gilder, p. 15.

3. Phelan, p. 226.

4. "Old Play....." p. 76.

is shown and the barbarian is described rather than proved dramatically in the writing. In the last scene she achieved the perfect blend of tragic beauty and passion.¹

Cornell herself was thought to be too genteel to play the role completely. She could give it charm and pathos, but not fire and tragedy.² Cleopatra seemed to acquire some of Cornell's invincible dignity and so was made more royal and less the wayward gypsy.³ Most people seemed to agree that it was too much to expect anyone to realize the entire script -- to be wanton, witty, lustful, regal, mischievous, and sublime -- but Miss Cornell seemed to succeed to an amazing degree. And to those who thought there was too much regality, remember that to be passionate, one does not have to be common.⁴ Even though she may have seemed to some too majestic for a trollop, she was vocally and visually exciting.⁵

The next notable Cleopatra, Vivien Leigh in 1952, failed to equal Cornell's handling of poetry and tragic splendor but succeeded quite well in the ever-changing moods and demands of Shakespeare's heroine.⁶ She had the added challenge of alternating each night between the caprices of the adolescent Egyptian queen to the moody eloquence of the mature Cleopatra

1. Shaw, p. 34.

2. Gassner, p. 89

3. Wyatt, "Antony" p. 357.

4. J.M. Brown, "O Eastern . . ." p. 24.

5. "Cornell's Cleopatra," NEWSWEEK, Dec. 8, 1947, p. 76.

6. J.M. Brown, "Queens Story . . ." p. 26.

as she turned from Shaw's CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA to Shakespeare's ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.¹ She had to, therefore, establish a line of connection between the two Cleopatras, and she responded to the challenge confidently. Although she lost some of the exaltation of the lament that closes her career as queen, she created a single believable and commanding person.²

To further establish links between the two plays, she died -- instead of in the monument -- in front of the sphinx where she had first appeared in the Shaw play, and she wore the same coronation robes she had worn the previous evening as the young queen. In the Shakespearean version her make-up differed of course from that of the young girl. She applied the rouge lower down to make her face leaner and more interesting and applied lipstick less lavishly as was more fitting for a woman of the world. The costumes had lovely draped effects and were so cut to minimize the length of her neck. Also on the technical approach, she took lessons to bring down her high-pitched voice for the deeper tones required.

The play was given a rich Renaissance treatment, but some critics, aside from the excitement of the productions in conception, found Miss Leigh and her husband Sir Lawrence Olivier fair or poor. They thought Miss Leigh was a somewhat cool enchantress who was not tortured enough. She seemed to pick at the part with daintiness and was bright but seldom burning.³

1. J. L. Newman, "Cleopatra and Friends," COLLIERS, D. 22, 1951. pp. 21, 53.

2. Kerr, "Cleopatra and Friends," COMMONWEAL, Ja.11, 1952, p.349.

3. Newman, p. 53.

Most recently, 1959, the play was done by the New York Shakespeare Festival Company under the direction of Joseph Papp. Here the audience attention was focused on words and dramatic situations by playing down technical effects. There was only a suggestion of the kind of costume desired, and the characters stepped forward on the lighted stage as their cues arrived. This all helped to give a clarity and neat economy to what is often buried under extravagant ornamentation.

Cleopatra was played by Colleen Dewhurst, regarded -- at least by one critic -- as one of the best young performers to emerge in recent years. Her approach to the role failed because she and Antony refused to accept the logical challenges given them. She was left as a queen with a political dilemma, not as a femme fatale. This happened because her Antony was impervious to her charms and more concerned with his own ego.¹

If you -- as I -- have never seen a staged version of ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, to again quote Enobarbus and to borrow his words about Cleopatra, "O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel."

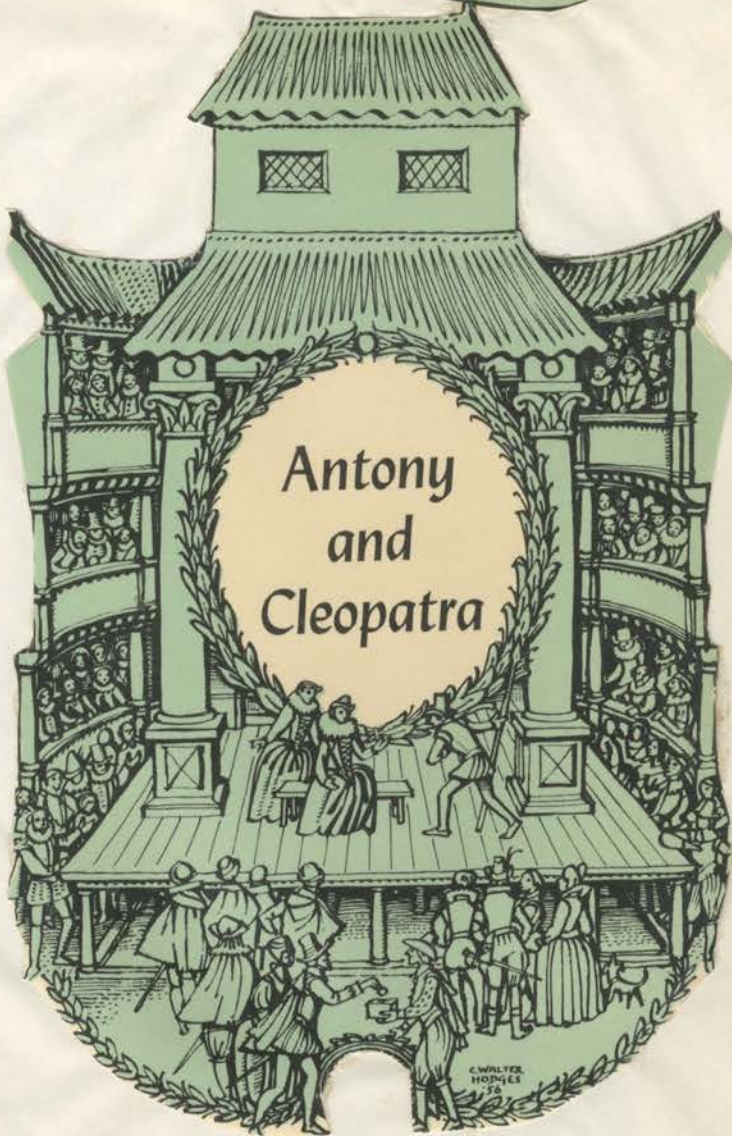
¹ I. H. Hewes, "At the Hechscher Theatre," SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, Jan. 31, 1959, pp. 24-5.

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SHAKESPEARE



Antony
and
Cleopatra

WALTER
HODGES
'58

MAIN Action: to control factors of life that touch
on her in order to insure self-satisfaction
and fulfillment of desires.

THE TRAGEDY OF
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA



Enter Demetrius and Philo.

I, i

Philo. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glowed like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gypsy's lust.

5

*Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the Train,
with Eunuchs janning her.*

Look where they come:

10

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transformed
Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.

To exploit hold
in order to get
Antony to admit
love and forget
what's been
bothering him

I, i, 1 dotage (applicable not only to the aged; Antony 'dotes' on Cleopatra)
4 plated armored 5 office service 6 front face (with pun on military
sense) 8 reneges rejects temper moderation 10 gypsy (1) native o Egypt
(gypsies were thought to originate thence) (2) slut 12 The triple . . . world
one of the three 'pillars' of the world (the others being Octavius Caesar
and Lepidus) 13 fool dupe

give love words full value

Cleopatra. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

15 Antony. There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Cleopatra. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Antony. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Antony. Grates me! The sum.

Cleopatra. Nay, hear them, Antony. ^{draw out} ^{head tone} ^{higher} ^{register} ^{mocking} ^{tone}

20 Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows

If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent

His pow'rful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that.

Perform't, or else we damn thee.'

Antony. ^{slight break} How, my love?

25 Cleopatra. Perchance? Nay, and most like: ^{ignore his question}

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal

Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony.

Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's I would say? both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's Queen,

30 Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine

Is Caesar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers! ^{command - full voice}

Antony. Let Rome in Tiber melt and the wide arch

Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space,

35 Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike

Feeds beast as man. The nobleness of life

16 bourn limit 18 Grates... sum it annoys me; be brief 20 Fulvia Antony's wife 21 scarce-bearded hardly grown up (Octavius was 23) 23 Take in seize enfranchise set free 26 dismissal recall 28 process summons 31 Is Caesar's homager pays respect to Caesar's authority else or else 34 ranged well-ordered (?) wide-ranging (?)

to pretend to want one thing in order to get him to do the other (to goad and tease)

As if... fishing - give him lots of line before reeling in - MAKE sure he's securely hooked.

playing roles - of queen, CAESAR, AND mistress.

slow deliberate play for full goading in Fulvia

Since the play is an Autumn one, Cleo's costumes should carry out that color motif - rich blue-greens, golds, fall reds. Texture should be soft but not flimsy - material must have body to it. The cut should be classic, simple, feminine, and free flowing - assuring ease of movement within a

graceful frame work.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

I, i

Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleopatra. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool I am not. Antony
Will be himself.

40
play innocent

Antony. But stirred by Cleopatra.
Now for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh.
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

45

Cleopatra. Hear the ambassadors.

Antony. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes - to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself in thee, fair and admired.

50

No messenger but thine, and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it. - Speak not to us.

55

Exeunt [Antony and Cleopatra] with the Train.

Demetrius. Is Caesar with Antonius prized so slight?

Philo. Sir, sometimes when he is not Antony
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Demetrius. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who

60

37 thus (perhaps indicating an embrace; perhaps a general reference to their way of life) 39 weet know 42 the fool... not i.e. foolish enough to believe you 45 confound destroy, waste 46 stretch pass 50 passion mood 56 prized valued 58 property distinction 60 approves confirms

I, i

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! *Exeunt.*



I, ii *Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Soothsayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.*

Charmian. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the sooth-
sayer that you praised so to th' Queen? O that I knew
this husband which, you say, must charge his horns
5 with garlands!

Alexas. Soothsayer!

Soothsayer. Your will?

Charmian. Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know things?

Soothsayer. In nature's infinite book of secrecy

A little I can read.

10 *Alexas.* Show him your hand.

Enobarbus. Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Charmian. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Soothsayer. I make not, but foresee.

15 *Charmian.* Pray then, foresee me one.

Soothsayer. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Charmian. He means in flesh.

I, ii, S.D. *Enter Enobarbus . . . Alexas* (thus in folio, but Lamprius, Rannius, and Lucillius do not speak in the scene and do not appear elsewhere in the play. Possibly Lamprius is the name of the Soothsayer.) 2 *absolute* perfect 4-5 *must . . . garlands* i.e. must be not only a cuckold and grow horns (as cuckolds—husbands of unfaithful wives—were humorously said to do) but a champion cuckold, wearing a winner's garland 17 *He . . . flesh* he means that you will put on weight

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

I, ii

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Charmian. Wrinkles forbid!

Alexas. Vex not his prescience, be attentive. 20

Charmian. Hush!

Soothsayer. You shall be more loving than beloved.

Charmian. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alexas. Nay, hear him.

Charmian. Good now, some excellent fortune. Let me be 25
married to three kings in a forenoon and widow them
all. Let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry
may do homage. Find me to marry me with Octavius
Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.

Soothsayer. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve. 30

Charmian. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Soothsayer. You have seen and proved a fairer former
fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Charmian. Then belike my children shall have no names.

Prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have? 35

Soothsayer. If every of your wishes had a womb,

And fertile every wish, a million.

Charmian. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alexas. You think none but your sheets are privy to your
wishes. 40

Charmian. Nay, come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alexas. We'll know all our fortunes.

Enobarbus. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall
be — drunk to bed.

23 *heat . . . drinking* i.e. rather than with unreciprocated love (the liver being regarded as love's residence) 27-28 *to . . . homage* i.e. to whom even King Herod (who massacred the infants of Judea) would do homage 29 *companion me with* give me as my servant 32 *proved* experienced 34 *have no names* be illegitimate 35 *wenches* girls 38 *I . . . witch* i.e. I can see that you have no prophetic powers 39 *privy to* in on the secret of

AND IT IS IN
A BASKET OF
FIGS THAT DEATH
COMES

45 *Iras*. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Charmian. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Charmian. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee tell her but
50 a workyday fortune.

Soothsayer. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? Give me particulars.

Soothsayer. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

55 *Charmian*. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Charmian. Our worser thoughts Heavens mend! Alexas—
come, his fortune, his fortune. O, let him marry a
60 woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee, and
let her die too, and give him a worse, and let worse
follow worse till the worst of all follow him laughing
to his grave, fiftyfold a cuckold. Good Isis, hear me this
prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight:
65 good Isis, I beseech thee.

Iras. Amen, dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people.
For, as it is a heartbreaking to see a handsome man loose-
wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave
uncuckolded. Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and
70 fortune him accordingly.

Charmian. Amen.

Alexas. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make me a

48 *oily palm* (symptom of sensuality) 48-49 *fruitful prognostication* prophetic sign of fertility 50 *workyday* ordinary 60 *go* bear children (?) give—or receive—sexual satisfaction (?) *Isis* Egyptian goddess of earth, fertility, and the moon 67-68 *loose-wived* married to a loose woman 69 *keep decorum* i.e. act as befits a goddess

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

I, ii

cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't.

Enter Cleopatra.

quicker - more straito

Enobarbus. Hush, here comes Antony.

Charmian. Not he, the Queen. 75

Cleopatra. Saw you my lord?

Enobarbus. No, lady.

Cleopatra. Was he not here?

Charmian. No, madam.

Cleopatra. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

Enobarbus. Madam?

Cleopatra. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alexas. Here at your service. My lord approaches.

to find Antony in order to discover why he left here

switch to Royal we Enter Antony with a Messenger [and Attendants].

Cleopatra. We will not look upon him. Go with us

Exeunt [all but Antony, Messenger, and Attendants].

to pretend in difference in order not to display her concern

Messenger. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Antony. Against my brother Lucius? 85

Messenger. Ay.

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Caesar,
Whose better issue in the war from Italy
Upon the first encounter drave them.

Antony. Well, what worst? 90

Messenger. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

74 s.d. (this, the folio's, placing of Cleopatra's entrance suggests either that the sound of her approach is heard before she can be seen, thus causing Enobarbus's error, or that his remark is ironical, alluding to her power over Antony's will) 87 time's state conditions of the moment 89 issue success 90 drave drove

Antony. When it concerns the fool or coward. On.
 Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus:
 Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
 I hear him as he flattered.

95 *Messenger.* Labienus
 (This is stiff news) hath with his Parthian force
 Extended Asia: from Euphrates,
 His conquering banner shook, from Syria
 To Lydia and to Ionia,
 Whilst —

Antony. Antony, thou wouldst say.

100 *Messenger.* O, my lord.

Antony. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue,
 Name Cleopatra as she is called in Rome:
 Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
 With such full license as both truth and malice
 105 Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
 When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us
 Is as our earring. Fare thee well awhile.

Messenger. At your noble pleasure. *Exit Messenger.*

Antony. From Sicyon, how the news? Speak there!

110 1. *Attendant.* The man from Sicyon — is there such an one?

2. *Attendant.* He stays upon your will.

Antony. Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break
 Or lose myself in dotage.

95 as as if *Labienus* Quintus Labienus, who had been sent by Brutus and Cassius to seek aid against Antony and Octavius Caesar from Orodes, King of Parthia, and was now commanding a Parthian army 97 *Extended* seized
 101 *home* plainly *mince . . . tongue* don't soften what everybody is saying
 104 *license* freedom 106 *quick* live, fertile 107 *earring* being ploughed
 (to uproot the weeds) 110, 111 1. *Attendant*, 2. *Attendant* (folio reads
 '1. Messenger, 2. Messenger') 111 *stays upon* awaits

Enter another Messenger, with a letter.

What are you?

Messenger. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Antony. Where died she?

Messenger. In Sicyon. 115

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*]

Antony. Forbear me. [*Exit Messenger.*]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts doth often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again. The present pleasure, 120

By revolution low'ring, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off:

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, 125

My idleness doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now, Enobarbus!

Enobarbus. What's your pleasure, sir?

Antony. I must with haste from hence.

Enobarbus. Why, then we kill all our women. We see how 130

mortal an unkindness is to them. If they suffer our

departure, death's the word.

Antony. I must be gone.

Enobarbus. Under a compelling occasion let women die.

113 s.d. (apparently anticipated in folio by 'Enter another Messenger' after l. 108) 117 *Importeth* concerns 118 *Forbear* leave 121 *By revolution low'ring* i.e. moving downward on the revolving wheel of our opinions 124 enchanting (Cleopatra is felt by the Romans in the play to have witch-like powers of seduction) 126 *idleness* trifling

135 It were pity to cast them away for nothing, though
 between them and a great cause they should be esteemed
 nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this,
dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far
poorer moment. I do think there is mettle in death,
 140 which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such
a celerity in dying.

Antony. She is cunning past man's thought.

Enobarbus. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing
but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her
 145 winds and waters sighs and tears: they are greater storms
and tempests than almanacs can report. This cannot be
cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as
well as Jove.

Antony. Would I had never seen her!

150 *Enobarbus.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful
piece of work, which not to have been blest withal
would have discredited your travel.

Antony. Fulvia is dead.

Enobarbus. Sir?

155 *Antony.* Fulvia is dead.

Enobarbus. Fulvia?

Antony. Dead.

Enobarbus. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice.
 When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man
 160 from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth;
 comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out,
 there are members to make new. If there were no more
 women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the
 case to be lamented. This grief is crowned with consolation,

139 *moment* cause *mettle* vigor 147 *makes* manufactures 148 *Jove* i.e. Jupiter Pluvius, Roman god of rain 160 *the tailors* i.e. that the gods are the tailors 163-64, 169 (in *cut, case, business, and broached*, Enobarbus puns bawdily)

your old smock brings forth a new petticoat, and indeed 165
the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Antony. The business she hath broachèd in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

Enobarbus. And the business you have broached here cannot
be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which 170
wholly depends on your abode.

Antony. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the Queen
And get her leave to part. For not alone 175

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius

Hath given the dare to Caesar and commands 180
The empire of the sea. Our slippery people,
Whose love is never linked to the deserver

Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power, 185

Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
The sides o' th' world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life

And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, 190

167 *broachèd* opened up 171 *abode* staying 173 *break* tell 174 *expedience*
haste 176 *touches* motives 178 *contriving* i.e. acting in my interest 179 *at*
home to return home *Sextus Pompeius* son of Pompey the Great, who had
been outlawed, but, owing to the division between Antony and Octavius
Caesar, was able to seize Sicily and command the Roman sea-routes
183 *throw* transfer 186 *blood and life* vital energy 187 *quality* character and
position *going on* evolving 188 *danger* endanger 189 *courser's hair* (horse
hairs in water were thought to come to life as small serpents)

Antony. Now, my dearest queen —

Cleopatra. Pray you stand farther from me.

Antony. What's the matter?

Cleopatra. I know by that same eye there's some good news.

What, says the married woman you may go? 20

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here.

I have no power upon you: hers you are.

Antony. The gods best know —

Cleopatra. O, never was there queen

So mightily betrayed: yet at the first 25

I saw the treasons planted.

Antony. Cleopatra —

Cleopatra. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,

(Though you in swearing shake the throned gods) parenthetical

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows 30

Which break themselves in swearing.

Antony. Most sweet queen —

Cleopatra. Nay, pray you seek no color for your going,

But bid farewell and go: (when you sued staying, 30 ft. vibrant

Then was the time for words: no going then,

Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

Bliss in our brows' bent / none our parts so poor

But was a race of heaven. They are so still, 35

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,

Art turned the greatest liar.

Antony. How now, lady?

Cleopatra. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know 40

There were a heart in Egypt.

to hurt him

to play wronged womanhood in order to remind him of their love bond and to put him on defensive

As if... caressing each word... loath to have it leave your lips.

20 the married woman i.e. Fulvia 32 color pretext 33 sued begged for 36

bent curve 37 race of heaven of heavenly origin (?) of heavenly flavor (?)

41 Egypt Cleopatra

Antony. Hear me, Queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
 Our services awhile, but my full heart
 Remains in use with you. Our Italy
 45 Shines o'er with civil swords; Sextus Pompeius
 Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;
 Equality of two domestic powers
 Breed scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to strength,
 Are newly grown to love; the condemned Pompey,
 50 Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace
 Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change. My more particular,
 55 And that which most with you should safe my going,
 Is Fulvia's death.

to evaluate what
 this does to her
 position in order
 to adjust tactics
 if necessary

Cleopatra. Though age from folly could not give me
 freedom,

It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die?

Antony. She's dead, my queen.

60 Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
 The garboils she awaked. At the last, best,
 See when and where she died.

to again put him
 in the wrong

Cleopatra. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,

65 In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Antony. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know

44 in . . . you for you to keep and use 45 civil swords i.e. civil war 48 scrupulous faction contest over trifles 52 state government 53-54 grown . . . change i.e. ill through peace, would cure itself by letting blood 54 particular personal concern 55 safe make safe 61 garboils commotions best news of all 63-64 sacred vials . . . water (a reference to the practice of consecrating bottles of tears to the dead)

The purposes I bear: which are, or cease,
As you shall give th' advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war
As thou affects. 70

Cleopatra. Cut my lace, Charmian, come; ^{pause and change mind}
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well -
So Antony loves.

breathly, panting

Antony. My precious queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honorable trial.

Cleopatra. So Fulvia told me. ^{long vowels} 75
I prithee turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honor.

consonant
emph.
(deception, reassurance,
gentleness, delivery)

Antony. You'll heat my blood: no more. 80

Cleopatra. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Antony. Now by my sword -

Cleopatra. And target. Still he mends. ^{surface delight to show displeasuee}
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe. 85

Antony. I'll leave you, lady. ^{pause - let him almost get away - pause till he turns + comes +}

Cleopatra. Courteous lord, one word. ^{turns + comes +}
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:

to pull the cords of memory in order to salvage what's possible from his leaving

As if... sugar coating previous impression

... holding a horse with a loose rein - give him his head.

68 fire i.e. the sun 69 quickens vivifies Nilus' slime fertile mud left by the Nile's annual overflow 71 affects chooseth lace i.e. of her bodice 73 So provided (?) with sudden changes like my own change now (?) forbear desist 74 stands will sustain 75 told taught (through my observing how faithful you were to her) 81 meetly well suited to the occasion 82 target shield 84-85 How... chafe i.e. how becomingly he plays his role of angry Hercules (from whom Antony was supposed to be descended)

I, iii

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it:
That you know well. Something it is I would *→ pause*
90 O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Antony. But that your royalty
holds idleness your subject, I should take you
for idleness itself.

Cleopatra. 'Tis sweating labor
To bear such idleness so near the heart
95 As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honor calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you. Upon your sword
100 Sit laurel victory, and smooth success
Be strewed before your feet!

softer
liquid-
flowing

Antony. Let us go. Come:
Our separation so abides and flies
That thou residing here goes yet with me,
And I hence fleeting here remain with thee.

105 Away!

Exeunt.



I, iv Enter Octavius [Caesar], reading a letter, Lepidus, and their Train.

Caesar. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know
It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate

90 my . . . Antony my forgetfulness is like Antony, who is now leaving, i.e. forgetting me 91 I . . . forgotten (r) I have forgotten what I was going to say (2) I am all forgotten by Antony 91-92 But . . . subject if you were not the queen of trifling 96 my becomings the emotions that become me (in my situation of abandoned lover) 97 Eye look

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

I, iv

Our great competitor. From Alexandria
 This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike 5
 Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
 More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
 Vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall find there
 A man who is the abstract of all faults
 That all men follow.

Lepidus. I must not think there are 10
 Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
 His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
 More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary
 Rather than purchased, what he cannot change
 Than what he chooses. 15

Caesar. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is not
 Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
 To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
 And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
 To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet 20
 With knaves that smell of sweat. Say this becomes
 him
 (As his composure must be rare indeed
 Whom these things cannot blemish), yet must Antony
 No way excuse his foils when we do bear
 So great weight in his lightness. If he filled 25
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness,

I, iv, 3 competitor partner 6 *Ptolemy Cleopatra's dead husband* 7 audience
 i.e. to Caesar's messengers (cf. I, i) 9 is the abstract of sums up 11 enow
 enough 12-13 His . . . blackness i.e. like stars that show the brighter by
 night's blackness, Antony's faults stand out the more in the present dark
 political situation 14 purchased acquired 19 keep . . . of take turns 20
 stand the buffet trade blows 22 his composure that man's make-up 24 foils
 disgraces 24-25 when . . . lightness when his levity puts so heavy a burden
 upon us 26 vacancy leisure

Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
 Call on him for't. But to confound such time
 That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud
 30 As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid
 As we rate boys who, being mature in knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure
 And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lepidus. Here's more news.

Messenger. Thy biddings have been done, and every hour,
 35 Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report
 How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea,
 And it appears he is beloved of those
 That only have feared Caesar: to the ports
 The discontents repair, and men's reports
 Give him much wronged.

40 *Caesar.* I should have known no less.
 It hath been taught us from the primal state
 That he which is was wished until he were;
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
 Comes deared by being lacked. This common body,
 45 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
 To rot itself with motion.

Messenger. Caesar, I bring thee word
 Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,

27-28 *Full . . . him* i.e. let his own physical symptoms be the reckoning 28 *confound* destroy, waste 29-30 *speaks . . . ours* calls urgently for decisions affecting the political futures of all of us 31 *rate* berate *mature in knowledge* old enough to know better 33 *to judgment* against good sense 39 *discontents* discontented 40 *Give* declare 41 *from . . . state* since government began 44 *Comes deared* becomes beloved *common body* common people 45 *flag* iris 46 *lackeying* following obsequiously

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

I, iv

Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
 With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads
 They make in Italy; the borders maritime
 Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt.
 No vessel can peep forth but 'tis as soon
 Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
 Than could his war resisted.

50

Caesar.

Antony,

55

Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
 Was beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against
 (Though daintily brought up) with patience more
 Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
 The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge.
 Yea, like the stag when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed. On the Alps
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on. And all this
 (It wounds thine honor that I speak it now)
 Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
 So much as lanked not.

60

65

70

Lepidus.

'Tis pity of him.

Caesar. Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
 Did show ourselves i' th' field; and to that end
 Assemble we immediate council. Pompey
 Thrives in our idleness.

75

52 *Lack blood* grow pale *flush* vigorous 54-55 *strikes* . . . *resisted* is more effective than his forces would be if opposed 56 *wassails* carousings 62 *stale urine* *gilded* yellow-colored 71 *lanked* thinned

I, iv

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Lepidus. To-morrow, Caesar,
I shall be furnished to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Caesar. Till which encounter,

80 It is my business too. Farewell.

Lepidus. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Caesar. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond.

Exeunt.



I, v

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleopatra. Charmian!

Charmian. Madam?

Cleopatra. Ha, ha, ^{yawn-stretch (languorous)}
Give me to drink mandragora.

Charmian. Why, madam?

5 *Cleopatra.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

Charmian. You think of him too much.

Cleopatra. O, 'tis treason!

Charmian. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleopatra. Thou, eunuch Mardian!

Mardian. What's your Highness' pleasure?

Cleopatra. Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure
10 In aught an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee

78 be able muster 79 front cope with 84 bond duty I, v, 3 Ha, ha (per-
haps indicating a yawn) 4 mandragora mandrake (a narcotic)

this next scene
is contrast to
high tension of
previous ones
for Cleo

to seek oblivion
in order to quiet
desires

As it... "serpent of
old Nile"

to deny such a
sacrilege

to distract
thoughts of sex
by turning to
unsexed one

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

I, v

That, being unseminared, thy freer thoughts,
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mardian. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleopatra. Indeed?

Mardian. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing 15

But what indeed is honest to be done:

Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleopatra. O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?' 25

(For so he calls me) Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison. Think on me,

That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Caesar, 30

When thou wast here above the ground, I was

A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die

With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alexas. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleopatra. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony! 35

11 unseminared unsexed 22 wot'st knowest 23 demi-Atlas i.e. Antony and Caesar, like Atlas, support the world between them (Lepidus being of no importance) 24 burgonet helmet 28 Phoebus' the sun's 29 Broad-

fronted with broad forehead Caesar Julius Caesar 33 aspect gaze 34 s.d.

Enter Alexas (folio adds 'from Caesar')

to reveal in better state in order to make him seem closer

sexual image

to draw herself out of dreams

Also could refer to Antony - she is moon & he is sun

pride

to discover news of Antony in order to get verbal reaffirmation of love

lose self - another time - place

Yet, coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alexas. Last thing he did, dear Queen,
40 He kissed — the last of many doubled kisses —
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleopatra. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alexas. 'Good friend,' quoth he,
'Say the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
45 To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the East
(Say thou) shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neighed so high that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

50 *Cleopatra.* What was he, sad or merry?

Alexas. Like to the time o' th' year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleopatra. O well-divided disposition! ^{See him draw out} Note him,

Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him, ^{quicker}
55 He was not sad for he would shine on those ^{slower}
That make their looks by his; he was not merry, ^{quicker}
Which seemed to tell them his remembrance lay ^{slower}
In Egypt with his joy; but between both,
60 O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. ^{pause} Met'st thou my posts?

36-37 that . . . thee (*Cleopatra* playfully compares *Antony* to the 'great medicine' of the alchemists which turned baser metals to gold: even *Alexas* shows some effect) 38 brave splendid 41 orient i.e. bright as the east 43 firm constant 48 arm-gaunt toughened for war (?) battle-hungry (?) 50 dumb'd silenced 54 the man i.e. the real *Antony* 61 posts messengers

Alexas. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.

Why do you send so thick?

Cleopatra. Who's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony

Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.

Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,

Ever love Caesar so?

contented
delighted
laugh under
All 65

As if...

happiness coming
from every pore
and surrounding
all

Charmian. O that brave Caesar!

Cleopatra. Be choked with such another emphasis!

Say 'the brave Antony.'

Charmian. The valiant Caesar!

Cleopatra. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth

If thou with Caesar paragon again

My man of men.

Charmian. By your most gracious pardon,

I sing but after you.

to deny any love
other than
Antony's

70

As if... cloud over
moon

Cleopatra. My salad days.

When I was green in judgment, cold in blood,

To say as I said then! But come, away,

Get me ink and paper.

He shall have every day a several greeting,

Or I'll unpeople Egypt.

Exeunt.

to remember with
smiling affection those
past days

75

to return to
immediate concern



Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

II, i

Pompey. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Menecrates. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

71 paragon compare 73 salad days green youth 78 unpeople i.e. by sending messengers to Antony

Pompey. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

5 *Menecrates.* We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise pow'rs
Deny us for our good: so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pompey. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
10 My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to th' full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. Caesar gets money where
He loses hearts. Lepidus flatters both,
15 Of both is flattered; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Menas. Caesar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pompey. Where have you this? 'Tis false.

Menas. From Silvius, sir.

Pompey. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
20 Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming. Epicurean cooks
25 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honor
Even till a Lethe'd dulness —

II, 1, 4-5 *Whiles . . . for* i.e. the thing we pray for loses its worth even while we pray 10 *crescent* increasing 11 *it* i.e. my fortunes (imaged as a crescent moon) 21 *Salt* lustful *waned* faded 25 *cloyless* which never cloy 26 *prorogue* suspend 27 *Lethe'd dulness* i.e. an oblivion as deep as that which comes from drinking of the river Lethe in the underworld

Enter Varrius.

How now, Varrius?

Varrius. This is most certain that I shall deliver:

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for farther travel.

30

Pompey. I could have given less matter

A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donned his helm
For such a petty war. His soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

35

Menas. I cannot hope

Caesar and Antony shall well greet together;
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Caesar;
His brother warred upon him; although I think
Not moved by Antony.

40

Pompey. I know not, Menas,

How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between them-
selves,

45

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.

31 *A space . . . travel* time enough for even a longer journey 33 *surfeiter*
one who indulges to excess 36 *opinion* i.e. of ourselves 38 *hope* expect
39 *greet* get on 41 *brother* (cf. I, ii, 84-90) 45 *pregnant* likely *square*
quarrel

II, i

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

50 Be't as our gods will have't! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas.

Exeunt.



II, ii

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lepidus. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Enobarbus. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Caesar move him,
5 Let Antony look over Caesar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonio's beard,
I would not shave't to-day!

Lepidus. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Enobarbus. Every time
10 Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lepidus. But small to greater matters must give way.

Enobarbus. Not if the small come first.

Lepidus. Your speech is passion;
But pray you stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Enobarbus. And yonder, Caesar.

50-51 *stands . . . upon* it is a matter of life and death II, ii, 4 *like himself*
as befits his greatness 8 *I . . . shave't* i.e. I would dare Caesar to pluck it
9 *stomaching* resentment

Enter Caesar, Maecenas, and Agrippa.

Antony. If we compose well here, to Parthia. 15
Hark, Ventidius.

Caesar. I do not know,
Maecenas; ask Agrippa.

Lepidus. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard. When we debate 20
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to th' matter.

Antony. 'Tis spoken well. 25
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus. *Flourish.*

Caesar. Welcome to Rome.

Antony. Thank you.

Caesar. Sit.

Antony. Sit, sir.

Caesar. Nay then.
[*They sit.*]

Antony. I learn you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

Caesar. I must be laughed at 30
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' th' world; more laughed at that I should

15 *compose* reach agreement 23 *The rather for* all the more because 25 *Nor*
... *matter* and let not ill temper make matters worse 27 *thus* (*Antony* makes
some courteous gesture) 31 *or* ... *or* either ... *or*

Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concerned me.

35 *Antony.* My being in Egypt, Caesar,
What was't to you?

Caesar. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there
Did practice on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

40 *Antony.* How intend you? practiced?

Caesar. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you; you were the word of war.

45 *Antony.* You do mistake your business: my brother never
Did urge me in his act. I did inquire it

And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,

50 And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Caesar. You praise yourself

55 By laying defects of judgment to me, but
You patched up your excuses.

Antony. Not so, not so:

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,

34 *derogately* disparagingly 39 *practice on* plot against 40 *question* concern
44 *you were* . . . *war* the war was carried on in your name 46 *urge me* use
my name 47 *reports* reporters 50 *stomach* desire 51 *Having* . . . *cause*
i.e. I having as much cause as you to resent it 52-54 *If* . . . *this* i.e. if you
are determined to patch a quarrel out of pieces, when you actually have
whole cloth to fashion it from (cf. ll. 81-98), this is not the right piece

Very necessity of this thought, that I,
 Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
 Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars 60
 Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
 I would you had her spirit in such another;
 The third o' th' world is yours, which with a snaffle
 You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Enobarbus. Would we had all such wives, that the men 65
 might go to wars with the women.

Antony. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Caesar,
 Made out of her impatience — which not wanted
 Shrewdness of policy too — I grieving grant
 Did you too much disquiet: for that you must 70
 But say I could not help it.

Caesar. I wrote to you
 When rioting in Alexandria; you
 Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
 Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Antony. Sir,
 He fell upon me, ere admitted, then: 75
 Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
 Of what I was i' th' morning; but next day
 I told him of myself, which was as much
 As to have asked him pardon. Let this fellow
 Be nothing of our strife: if we contend, 80
 Out of our question wipe him.

Caesar. You have broken
 The article of your oath, which you shall never
 Have tongue to charge me with.

Lepidus. Soft, Caesar.

60 *with* . . . attend regard with pleasure 63 *snaffle* bridle bit 64 *pace* manage
 67 *garboils* commotions 74 *missive* messenger 76-77 *did* . . . morning was
 not myself 78 *myself* my condition 81 *question* argument

Antony.

No,

Lepidus; let him speak.

85 The honor is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lacked it. But on, Caesar,
The article of my oath —

Caesar. To lend me arms and aid when I required them,
The which you both denied.

Antony.

Neglected rather:

90 And then when poisonèd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you. But mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,

95 To have me out of Egypt, made wars here,
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honor
To stoop in such a case.

Lepidus.

'Tis noble spoken.

Maecenas. If it might please you, to enforce no further

100 The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lepidus.

Worthily spoken, Maecenas.

Enobarbus. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
instant, you may, when you hear no more words of

105 Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle
in when you have nothing else to do.

Antony. Thou art a soldier only, speak no more.

Enobarbus. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

85 *honor* i.e. keeping an oath 90-91 *bound* . . . *knowledge* i.e. prevented my realizing what I was doing 92-94 *mine* . . . *it* i.e. my actions will be prompted by my honesty (which makes me willing to apologize) but also by my power (which does not intend to grovel) . 102 *atone* reconcile

- Antony.* You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.
- Enobarbus.* Go to, then; your considerate stone. 110
- Caesar.* I do not much dislike the matter, but
 The manner of his speech; for't cannot be
 We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
 So diff'ring in their acts. Yet if I knew
 What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge 115
 O' th' world I would pursue it.
- Agrippa.* Give me leave, Caesar.
- Caesar.* Speak, Agrippa.
- Agrippa.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
 Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
 Is now a widower.
- Caesar.* Say not so, Agrippa: 120
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.
- Antony.* I am not married, Caesar: let me hear
 Agrippa further speak.
- Agrippa.* To hold you in perpetual amity, 125
 To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
 With an unslipping knot, take Antony
 Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
 No worse a husband than the best of men;
 Whose virtue and whose general graces speak 130
 That which none else can utter. By this marriage
 All little jealousies, which now seem great,
 And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
 Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
 Where now half-tales be truths: her love to both 135

109 *presence* company 110 *your considerate stone* i.e. I'll be dumb as a stone, but still thinking (considering) 122 *of rashness* because of your rashness (in ignoring Antony's bond to Cleopatra) 132 *jealousies* misunderstandings 134-35 *would be . . . be* would be taken for . . . are taken for

Would each to other, and all loves to both,
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
 For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
 By duty ruminated.

Antony. Will Caesar speak?

140 *Caesar.* Not till he hears how Antony is touched
 With what is spoke already.

Antony. What power is in *Agrippa*,
 If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
 To make this good?

Caesar. The power of Caesar, and
 His power unto Octavia.

Antony. May I never
 145 To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
 Dream of impediment: let me have thy hand:
 Further this act of grace, and from this hour
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves
 And sway our great designs.

Caesar. There is my hand.
 150 A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
 Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
 To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
 Fly off our loves again.

Lepidus. Happily, amen.

Antony. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey,
 155 For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
 Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
 Lest my remembrance suffer ill report:
 At heel of that, defy him.

Lepidus. Time calls upon's.

145 *so fairly shows* looks so hopeful 147 *grace* reconciliation 152-53 *never*
 ... *loves* never may we be estranged 155 *strange* unusual 157 *remembrance*
 readiness to acknowledge favors

Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Antony. Where lies he? 160

Caesar. About the Mount Mesena.

Antony. What is his strength by land?

Caesar. Great and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Antony. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it, 165

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talked of.

Caesar. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Antony. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lepidus. Noble Antony, 170
Not sickness should detain me.

*Flourish. [Exeunt.] Mane[n]t Enobarbus,
Agrippa, Maecenas.*

Maecenas. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Enobarbus. Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Maecenas. My
honorable friend, Agrippa.

Agrippa. Good Enobarbus. 175

Maecenas. We have cause to be glad that matters are so
well digested. You stayed well by't in Egypt.

Enobarbus. Ay, sir, we did sleep day out of countenance
and made the night light with drinking.

159 *presently* at once 161 *Mesena* i.e. Misenum, an Italian port 164 *fame*
report 171 s.d. *Exeunt* (folio reads 'Exit omnes') 173 *Half* i.e. sharing
it with Agrippa 177 *digested* digested, arranged *stayed . . . by't* kept at it,
'lived it up' 178-79 *we . . . drinking* i.e. we ruffled the dignity of day
(personified) by sleeping through it, and made night light (i.e. bright,
lightheaded, and wanton) with drinking parties

180 *Maecenas*. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast,
and but twelve persons there. Is this true?

Enobarbus. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much
more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved
noting.

185 *Maecenas*. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square
to her.

Enobarbus. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed
up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

190 *Agrippa*. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter de-
vised well for her.

Enobarbus. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that

195 The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,

It beggared all description: she did lie,
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,

200 O'erpicturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem

205 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agrippa.

O, rare for Antony.

182 *by* compared to 185 *square* fair 187-88 *pursed up* pocketed (but with a suggestion of pursed lips for kissing) 189 *appeared* came before the public 189-90 *devised* invented 200 *cloth-of-gold of tissue* cloth interwoven with gold threads 201 *O'er-picturing* outdoing the picture of 202 *fancy* i.e. the painter's imagination 205 *glow* make glow (as if heated)

Enobarbus. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle 210
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony, 215
Enthroned i' th' market place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agrippa. Rare Egyptian!
Enobarbus. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her, 220
Invited her to supper. She replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'no' woman heard speak,
Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast, 225
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agrippa. Royal wench!
She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed;
He ploughed her, and she cropped.
Enobarbus. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street; 230
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,

207 *Nereides* sea nymphs 208 *tended* . . . eyes waited on her every glance
 209 *made* . . . *adornings* made their postures of submission decorative (as in
 a tableau) 212 *yarely frame* nimbly perform 217 *but for vacancy* except
 that it would have left a vacuum 226 *ordinary meal* 229 *cropped bore fruit*
 (i.e. Julius Caesar's son, Caesarion)

That she did make defect perfection.
And, breathless, pow'r breathe forth.

Maecenas. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

235 *Enobarbus.* Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things

240 Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Maecenas. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A blessèd lottery to him.

Agrippa. Let us go.

245 *Good Enobarbus,* make yourself my guest
 Whilst you abide here.

Enobarbus. Humbly, sir, I thank you. *Exeunt.*



Enter Antony, Caesar, Octavia between them.

Antony. The world and my great office will sometimes
 Divide me from your bosom.

Octavia. All which time
 Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
 To them for you.

Antony. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
 5 Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
 I have not kept my square, but that to come
 Shall all be done by th' rule. Good night, dear lady

232 *defect* i.e. the resulting breathlessness 240 *Become . . . her* are so becoming to her 241 *riggish* lewd 244 *lottery* gift of fortune II, iii, 6 *square* carpenter's square (i.e. I have not followed the straight and narrow)

Octavia. Good night, sir.

Caesar. Good night.

Exit [with Octavia].

Enter Soothsayer.

Antony. Now, sirrah: you do wish yourself in Egypt? 10

Soothsayer. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
thither.

Antony. If you can, your reason?

Soothsayer. I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to Egypt again.

Antony. Say to me, 15

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's or mine?

Soothsayer. Caesar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side.

Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, 20

Where Caesar's is not. But near him thy angel

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpow' red. Therefore

Make space enough between you.

Antony. Speak this no more.

Soothsayer. To none but thee, no more but when to thee. 25

If thou dost play with him at any game,

Thou art sure to lose; and of that natural luck

He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy lustre thickens

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit

Is all afraid to govern thee near him;

But he away, 'tis noble.

Antony. Get thee gone.

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him. 30

He shall to Parthia. — Be it art or hap, *Exit [Soothsayer].*

14 motion mind 19 demon guardian angel 22 a fear i.e. timorous 27
thickens dims 32 art or hap skill or chance

He hath spoken true. The very dice obey him,
 And in our sports my better cunning faints
 35 Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
 His cocks do win the battle still of mine
 When it is all to naught, and his quails ever
 Beat mine, inhooped, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I th' East my pleasure lie.

Enter Ventidius.

40

O, come, Ventidius,
 You must to Parthia. Your commission 's ready:
 Follow me, and receive't. *Exeunt.*



II, iv

Enter Lepidus, Maecenas, and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
 Your generals after.

Agrippa. Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lepidus. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
 Which will become you both, farewell.

5 *Maecenas.*

As I conceive the journey, be at Mount
 Before you, Lepidus.

Lepidus.

Your way is shorter;
 My purposes do draw me much about:
 You'll win two days upon me.

34 cunning skill 35 chance luck speeds wins 36 still always 37 if
 naught i.e. the odds are everything to nothing in my favor 38 inhooped
 i.e. fighting confined within a hoop II, iv, 6 Mount (cf. II, ii, 16) about
 roundabout

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

II, iv

Both.

Sir, good success.

Lepidus. Farewell.

Exeunt. 10



Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

II, v

Cleopatra. Give me some music: music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

liquid
sounds

Omnes.

The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleopatra. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

Charmian. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cleopatra. As well a woman with an eunuch played

5

As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mardian. As well as I can, madam.

Cleopatra. And when good will is showed, though't come
too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.

Give me mine angle, we'll to th' river: there,

10

My music playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finned fishes. My bended hook shall pierce

Their slithy jaws; and as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, 'Ah, ha! y' are caught!'

Charmian. 'Twas merry when

15

You wagered on your angling, when your diver

Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he

With fervency drew up.

Cleopatra. That time - O times! -

laugh &
enjoy it -

I laughed him out of patience; and that night

II, v, 10 angle fishing tackle 17 salt dried

in this scene we
get glimpse of her
passionate nature -
more so and in
different way than
in scenes with
Antony -

to seek various
distractions from
boredom
music
exercise
verbal banter
remembrance

Her actions in this next section alternate between discovering news of Antony and forestalling news that might be undesirable she tries to control news through promises and threats.

As if... thermometer plunged in hot then cold water
silver - mercury - quick

to discover news

to forestall and control

to threaten in order to control

to discover news to forestall

II, v

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

20 I laughed him into patience; and next morn
Ere the ninth hour I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!
Ran thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

25 Messenger. Madam, madam -

Cleopatra. Antonio's dead: if thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold and here
My bluest veins to kiss, a hand that kings
30 Have lipped, and trembled kissing.

Messenger. First, madam, he is well.

Cleopatra. Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
35 Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Messenger. Good madam, hear me.

Cleopatra. Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face if Antony
Be free and healthful; so tart a favor
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
40 Thou shouldst come like a Fury crowned with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Messenger.

Will't please you hear me?

22 tires headdresses 23 Philippan (so called because he had beaten Brutus and Cassius with it at Philippi) 33 well i.e. in heaven bring... that say that you mean that 37 goodness i.e. truth 38 tart a favor sour a face 41 Not... man not in human shape

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

II, v

Cleopatra. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:

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

45

to discuss
through control

Messenger. Madam, he's well.

Cleopatra. Well said.

Messenger. And friends with Caesar.

Cleopatra. Th' art an honest man.

Messenger. Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleopatra. Make thee a fortune from me.

Messenger. But yet, madam —

Cleopatra. I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay

The good precedence: fit upon 'but yet,'
'But yet' is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar,
In state of health, thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.

50

harsher.
drop
resonance

to forestall

55

Messenger. Free, madam, no: I made no such report,
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleopatra. For what good turn?

Messenger. For the best turn i' th' bed.

Cleopatra. I am pale, Charmian.

Messenger. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

60

to discover

Cleopatra. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

Strikes him down.

Messenger. Good madam, patience.

Cleopatra. What say you?

Strikes him.

Hence,

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

50-51 allay . . . precedence spoil the good that preceded it 63 spurn kick

to vent passion
through anger

Like balls before me: I'll unhair thy head,

65 Thou shalt be whipped with wire and stewed in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle. *She hauls him up and down.*

Messenger. Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

to seek denial

Cleopatra. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,

pleading
aspiculate 70

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage,

And I will boot thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

Messenger. He's married, madam.

to kill messenger
in order to wipe
out message

Cleopatra. Rogue, thou hast lived too long. *Draw a knife.*

Messenger. Nay, then I'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. *Exit.*

75 *Charmian.* Good madam, keep yourself within yourself,
The man is innocent.

to damn everything
as she has been
damned.

Cleopatra. Some innocents' scape not the thunderbolt. *regally slow*

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures *Curse -*

Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:

80 Though I am mad, I will not bite him. Call!

to get the
messenger to
return

Charmian. He is afraid to come.

Cleopatra. I will not hurt him.

[Exit Charmian.]

to condemn self

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself; since I myself

Have given myself the cause.

Enter [Charmian and] the Messenger again.

to force self
to absorb news

Come hither, sir.

85 Though it be honest, it is never good

As if... Numbed
... drugged
... half asleep

64 s.d. hauls drags 66 pickle pickling solution 71 boot benefit 72 modesty
humble condition 84 cause i.e. by loving Antony

And so needs
Repetition for it
to sink in - can't
believe - doern't
want to

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

II, v

To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Messenger. I have done my duty.

Cleopatra. Is he married? *pause with answer*

I cannot hate thee worser than I do 90
If thou again say 'Yes.'

Messenger. He's married, madam.

Cleopatra. The gods confound thee! Dost thou hold there
still?

Messenger. Should I lie, madam?

Cleopatra. O, I would thou didst,

So half my Egypt were submerged and made 5's
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go get thee hence; 95
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Messenger. I crave your Highness' pardon.

Cleopatra. He is married?

Messenger. Take no offense that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do 100
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

Cleopatra. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what th' art sure of! Get thee hence,
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me. Lie they upon thy hand, 105
And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.]

Charmian. Good your Highness, patience.

Cleopatra. In praising Antony I have dispraised Caesar.

92 confound destroy 94 So even though 96 Hadst . . . face were you as
handsome as Narcissus (in Greek legend, the youth who fell in love with his
image reflected in a stream) 99 Take . . . you don't be angry that I'd rather
not anger you (i.e. by answering) 101 unequal unjust 103 That . . . of i.e.
who are not really hateful, like the news you bring 105 upon thy hand i.e.
unsold 106 undone bankrupt

to refuse
acceptance

to force
self acceptance

to blame self

contrast here
between here
previous "play"
faints and the
real thing

II, v

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Charmian. Many times, madam.

Cleopatra. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,

110 I faint. O Iras, Charmian! 'Tis no matter.

to find out more
about OCTAVIA

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia: her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The color of her hair. Bring me word quickly.

W. H. W.

force
control
of self.

[Exit Alexas.]

to deny her feelings

115 Let him for ever go! — let him not! } Charmian,

to admit feelings

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way's a Mars. [to Mardian] Bid you Alexas

to give last instructions

Bring me word how tall she is. — Pity me, Charmian,

to suspend feelings
momentarily

But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber. Exeunt.



II, vi

Flourish. Enter Pompey at one door, with Drum and Trumpet: at another, Caesar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Maecenas, Agrippa, Menas, with Soldiers marching.

Pompey. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Caesar. Most meet
That first we come to words, and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
5 Which if thou hast considerèd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

116 Gorgon Medusa (the sight of whose ugly face turned men to stone)
II, vi, 2 meet suitable 7 tall bold

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

II, vi

Pompey. To you all three,
 The senators alone of this great world,
 Chief factors for the gods: I do not know 10
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,
 Having a son and friends, since Julius Caesar,
 Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
 There saw you laboring for him. What was't
 That moved pale Cassius to conspire? And what 15
 Made all-honored, honest, Roman Brutus,
 With the armed rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
 To drench the Capitol, but that they would
 Have one man but a man? And that is it
 Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden 20
 The angered ocean foams; with which I meant
 To scourge th' ingratitude that despiteful Rome
 Cast on my noble father.

Caesar. Take your time.

Antony. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails.
 We'll speak with thee at sea. At land thou know'st 25
 How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pompey. At land indeed
 Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:
 But since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
 Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lepidus. Be pleased to tell us
 (For this is from the present) how you take 30
 The offers we have sent you.

Caesar. There's the point.

10 *factors* agents 13 *ghosted* haunted 24 *fear* frighten 25 *speak* contest
 26 *o'ercount* outnumber 27 *o'ercount* cheat *house* (Plutarch says that
 Antony had bought this house but not paid for it) 28 *cuckoo* (which never
 builds its own nest but lays its eggs in the nests of other birds) 29 *as thou*
mayst as long as you can 30 *from the present* off the topic

Antony. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

Caesar. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pompey. You have made me offer
35 Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
To part with unhacked edges and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pompey. Know then
40 I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer; but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience. Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Caesar and your brother were at blows,
45 Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Antony. I have heard it, Pompey,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pompey. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Antony. The beds i' th' East are soft; and thanks to
80 you,
That called me timelier than my purpose hither;
For I have gained by't.

Caesar. Since I saw you last
There's a change upon you.

33 embraced if accepted 34 a larger fortune i.e. war with the triumvirs 38
edges swords 39 targes shields Omnes all (Antony, Caesar, Lepidus)
47 studied for prepared with

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

II, vi

Pompey. Well, I know not
 What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face,
 But in my bosom shall she never come 55
 To make my heart her vassal.

Lepidus. Well met here.
Pompey. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed.
 I crave our composition may be written,
 And sealed between us.

Caesar. That's the next to do.
Pompey. We'll feast each other ere we part, and let's 60
 Draw lots who shall begin.

Antony. That will I, Pompey.
Pompey. No, Antony, take the lot:
 But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
 Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Caesar
 Grew fat with feasting there.

Antony. You have heard much. 65
Pompey. I have fair meanings, sir.

Antony. And fair words to them.
Pompey. Then so much have I heard,
 And I have heard Apollodorus carried —

Enobarbus. No more of that: he did so.
Pompey. What, I pray you?
Enobarbus. A certain queen to Caesar in a mattress. 70
Pompey. I know thee now; how far'st thou, soldier?
Enobarbus. Well;
 And well am like to do, for I perceive
 Four feasts are toward.

Pompey. Let me shake thy hand,
 I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight
 When I have envied thy behavior.

54 counts tallies (as on a scoring stick) 58 composition agreement 73
 toward coming up

- 75 *Enobarbus.* Sir,
 I never loved you much; but I ha' praised ye
 When you have well deserved ten times as much
 As I have said you did.
- Pompey.* Enjoy thy plainness,
 It nothing ill becomes thee.
- 80 *Enobarbus.* Aboard my galley I invite you all:
 Will you lead, lords?
- All.* Show 's the way, sir.
- Pompey.* Come.
- Exeunt. Mane[n]t Enobarbus and Menas.*
- Menas. [aside]* Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have
 made this treaty. — You and I have known, sir.
- Enobarbus.* At sea, I think.
- 85 *Menas.* We have, sir.
- Enobarbus.* You have done well by water.
- Menas.* And you by land.
- Enobarbus.* I will praise any man that will praise me;
 though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.
- 90 *Menas.* Nor what I have done by water.
- Enobarbus.* Yes, something you can deny for your own
 safety: you have been a great thief by sea.
- Menas.* And you by land.
- Enobarbus.* There I deny my land service. But give me
 95 your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they
 might take two thieves kissing.
- Menas.* All men's faces are true, whatsome'er their hands
 are.
- Enobarbus.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.
- 100 *Menas.* No slander, they steal hearts.
- Enobarbus.* We came hither to fight with you.

79 nothing not at all 83 known met 95 had were in 99 true honest

- Menas.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking.
 Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.
- Enobarbus.* If he do, sure he cannot weep't back again.
- Menas.* Y' have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony 105
 here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?
- Enobarbus.* Caesar's sister is called Octavia.
- Menas.* True, sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.
- Enobarbus.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.
- Menas.* Pray ye, sir? 110
- Enobarbus.* 'Tis true.
- Menas.* Then is Caesar and he for ever knit together.
- Enobarbus.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would
 not prophesy so.
- Menas.* I think the policy of that purpose made more in the 115
 marriage than the love of the parties.
- Enobarbus.* I think so too. But you shall find the band that
 seems to tie their friendship together will be the very
 strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and
 still conversation. 120
- Menas.* Who would not have his wife so?
- Enobarbus.* Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark
 Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall
 the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Caesar, and, as I
 said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall 125
 prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony
 will use his affection where it is. He married but his
 occasion here.
- Menas.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard?
 I have a health for you. 130

105 *Y' have said* i.e. you are quite right 110 *Pray ye* i.e. how's that again
 115 *made more* played more part 120 *conversation* way of life 127 *where it*
is i.e. in Egypt 128 *occasion* convenience

Enobarbus. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Menas. Come, let's away.

Exeunt.



II, vii *Music plays. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.*

1. [*Servant*]. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' th' world will blow them down.
2. [*Servant*]. Lepidus is high-colored.
- 5 1. [*Servant*]. They have made him drink alms-drink.
2. [*Servant*]. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more,' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' drink.
1. [*Servant*]. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.
- 10 2. [*Servant*]. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship. I had as live have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.
1. [*Servant*]. To be called into a huge sphere and not to be
- 15 seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

II, vii, 1 *plants* feet (with pun on the usual sense: cf. 'ill-rooted') 5 *alms-drink* drink drunk on behalf of one too far gone to continue his part in a round of toasts (Lepidus has been tricked into drinking more than the rest) 7 *No more* i.e. no more quarrelling 12 *live* lief 13 *partisan* spear 14-16 *To . . . cheeks* (Lepidus, a little man in a part too big for him, is compared first to a heavenly body that fails to perform its function in its *sphere*, and then to a face without eyes; *disaster*, carrying the image back on itself, likens the face without eyes to a heaven without stars)

A sennet sounded. Enter Caesar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Maecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Antony. Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' th'
Nile

By certain scales i' th' pyramid. They know
By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells, 20
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lepidus. Y' have strange serpents there.

Antony. Ay, Lepidus. 25

Lepidus. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud
by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Antony. They are so.

Pompey. Sit—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lepidus. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out. 30

Enobarbus. Not till you have slept. I fear me you'll be in
till then.

Lepidus. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyra-
mises are very goodly things: without contradiction I
have heard that. 35

Menas. Pompey, a word.

Pompey. Say in mine ear. What is't?

Menas. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

16 S.D. *sennet* distinctive set of trumpet notes announcing persons of importance 18 *scales* graduations 19–20 *dearth* Or *foison* famine or plenty 30 *ne'er out* never give up 31 *in drunk* 33–34 *pyramises* (Lepidus's drunken rendering of 'pyramides,' i.e. pyramids)

Pompey. Forbear me till anon.
[Menas] whispers in's ear.

This wine for Lepidus!

40 *Lepidus.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Antony. It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

45 *Lepidus.* What color is it of?

Antony. Of it own color too.

Lepidus. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Antony. 'Tis so, and the tears of it are wet.

Caesar. Will this description satisfy him?

50 *Antony.* With the health that Pompey gives him; else he is a very epicure.

[Menas whispers again.]

Pompey. Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? Away!

Do as I bid you. — Where's this cup I called for?

Menas. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
 Rise from thy stool.

Pompey. I think th'art mad.

[Rises and walks aside.]

55 The matter?

Menas. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pompey. Thou hast served me with much faith. What's else to say? —

Be jolly, lords.

Antony. These quicksands, Lepidus,
 Keep off them, for you sink.

Menas. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

42-43, 46 *it own its own* 44 *transmigrates* i.e. its soul takes over the body of some other creature (*Antony* is teasing the drunken *Lepidus*) 48 *tears* i.e. its 'crocodile tears' 56 *held . . . off* i.e. been devoted

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

II, vii

Pompey. What say'st thou? 60

Menas. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pompey. How should that be?

Menas. But entertain it,
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pompey. Hast thou drunk well?

Menas. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup. 65

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:

Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pompey. Show me which way.

Menas. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the cable; 70
And when we are put off, fall to their throats.
All there is thine.

Pompey. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't. In me 'tis villainy,
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor; 75
Mine honor, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betrayed thine act. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Menas. [*aside*] For this,
I'll never follow thy palled fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offered,
Shall never find it more.

Pompey. This health to Lepidus!

Antony. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

62 *But entertain it* only accept the idea 67 *pales* encloses 69 *competitors*
partners 76 *Mine honor*, i.e. my honor comes before my profit 81 *palled*
decayed 84 *I'll . . . him* (cf. l. 5: Antony is now taking an 'alms-drink')

Enobarbus. Here's to thee, Menas.

85 *Menas.* *Enobarbus,* welcome.

Pompey. Fill till the cup be hid.

Enobarbus. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Points to the Servant who carries off Lepidus.*]

Menas. Why?

Enobarbus. 'A bears the third part of the world, man;

90 seest not?

Menas. The third part then is drunk. Would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Enobarbus. Drink thou: increase the reels.

Menas. Come.

95 *Pompey.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Antony. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!

Here's to Caesar!

Caesar. I could well forbear't.

It's monstrous labor when I wash my brain

And it grows fouler.

Antony. Be a child o' th' time.

100 *Caesar.* Possess it, I'll make answer;

But I had rather fast from all four days

Than drink so much in one.

Enobarbus. Ha, my brave emperor!

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals

And celebrate our drink?

Pompey. Let's ha't, good soldier.

105 *Antony.* Come, let's all take hands

Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Enobarbus. All take hands:

Make battery to our ears with the loud music;

92 go on wheels whirl smoothly 93 reels whirls 96 Strike the vessels
broach the casks 97 forbear't i.e. pass up this toast 100 Possess it down it
107 Lethe (cf. II, i, 27n.)

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

II, vii

The while I'll place you; then the boy shall sing.
The holding every man shall bear as loud 110
As his strong sides can volley.

Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drowned,
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned. 115
Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round!

Caesar. What would you more? Pompey, good night.

Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part; 120
You see we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Anticked us all. What needs more words? Good night.
Good Antony, your hand.

Pompey. I'll try you on the shore. 125

Antony. And shall, sir. -- Give's your hand.

Pompey. O Antony,
You have my father's house. But what, we are friends!
Come down into the boat.

Enobarbus. Take heed you fall not.

[Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

110 holding refrain 113 pink half-closed 114 fats vats 119 off to come
away 123 disguise dancing and drinking 124 Anticked made fools of
125 try you take you on in a drinking bout

Menas. No, to my cabin.
 130 These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!
 Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
 To these great fellows. Sound and be hanged, sound out!
Sound a flourish, with drums.
Enobarbus. Hoo! says 'a. There's my cap.
Menas. Hoa! Noble captain, come. *Exeunt.*



III, i *Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of
 Pacorus borne before him [by Romans].*

Ventidius. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck, and now
 Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
 Make me revenger. Bear the King's son's body
 Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
 Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

5 *Roman [Silius].* Noble Ventidius,
 Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
 The fugitive Parthians follow. Spur through Media,
 Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
 The routed fly: so thy grand captain, Antony,
 10 Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
 Put garlands on thy head.

Ventidius. O Silius, Silius,
 I have done enough. A lower place, note well,
 May make too great an act. For learn this, Silius,
 Better to leave undone, than by our deed

III, i, 1 *darting* i.e. famous for its bowmen 5 *Marcus Crassus* (member of the first triumvirate with Pompey the Great and Julius Caesar, who was killed by the Parthians and who is now avenged by the death of Pacorus, son to Orodes the Parthian king) 12 *A lower place* an underling

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

III, i

Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away. 15
 Caesar and Antony have ever won
 More in their officer than person. Sossius,
 One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
 For quick accumulation of renown,
 Which he achieved by th' minute, lost his favor. 20
 Who does i' th' wars more than his captain can
 Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition
 (The soldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loss
 Than gain which darkens him.
 I could do more to do Antonius good, 25
 But 'twould offend him. And in his offense
 Should my performance perish.

Roman [Silius]. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
 Without the which a soldier and his sword
 Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?
Ventidius. I'll humbly signify what in his name, 30
 That magical word of war, we have effected;
 How with his banners and his well-paid ranks
 The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
 We have jaded out o' th' field.

Roman [Silius]. Where is he now?
Ventidius. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what
 haste 35
 The weight we must convey with's will permit,
 We shall appear before him. — On, there, pass along.
Exeunt.



26 in his offense in offending him 27 that i.e. discretion 34 jaded driven
 weary

III, ii

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

III, ii

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agrippa. What, are the brothers parted?

Enobarbus. They have dispatched with Pompey; he is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps

To part from Rome; Caesar is sad, and Lepidus

5 Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled

With the green-sickness.

Agrippa. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Enobarbus. A very fine one. O, how he loves Caesar!

Agrippa. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Enobarbus. Caesar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

10 *Agrippa.* What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Enobarbus. Spake you of Caesar? How! the nonpareil!

Agrippa. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Enobarbus. Would you praise Caesar, say 'Caesar': go no
further.

Agrippa. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

15 *Enobarbus.* But he loves Caesar best, yet he loves Antony:

Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number — hoo! —

His love to Antony. But as for Caesar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agrippa. Both he loves.

Enobarbus. They are his shards, and he their beetle. [*Trumpet
20 within.*] So —

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agrippa. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell!

III, ii, 1 parted departed 3 *sealing* concluding agreements 6 *green-sickness*
(traditionally the disease of lovesick girls: Lepidus is likened to one in his
relations to Caesar and Antony) 12 *Arabian bird* i.e. unique (like the
mythical phoenix, of which only one was supposed to exist at a time)
20 *shards* wings

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

III, ii

Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Antony. No further, sir.

Caesar. You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife 25

As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest
band

Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue which is set

Between us as the cement of our love

To keep it builded, be the ram to batter 30

The fortress of it: for better might we

Have loved without this mean, if on both parts

This be not cherished.

Antony. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Caesar. I have said.

Antony. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious, the least cause 35

For what you seem to fear. So the gods keep you

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!

We will here part.

Caesar. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.

The elements be kind to thee, and make 40

Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

Octavia. My noble brother!

Antony. The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,

And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

Octavia. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and —

26-27 as my farthest . . . approval such as I will give my uttermost bond that
you will prove to be 28 piece paragon 32 mean intermediary 35 curious
punctiliously exacting

- 45 *Caesar.* What,
 Octavia?
Octavia. I'll tell you in your ear.
Antony. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
 Her heart inform her tongue – the swan's down-feather
 That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
 50 And neither way inclines.
Enobarbus. Will Caesar weep?
Agrippa. He has a cloud in's face.
Enobarbus. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
 So is he, being a man.
Agrippa. Why, Enobarbus,
 When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,
 55 He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
 When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Enobarbus. That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum.
 What willingly he did confound he wailed,
 Believe't, till I wept too.
Caesar. No, sweet Octavia,
 60 You shall hear from me still: the time shall not
 Outgo my thinking on you.
Antony. Come, sir, come,
 I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
 Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
 And give you to the gods.
Caesar. Adieu, be happy!
 65 *Lepidus.* Let all the number of the stars give light
 To thy fair way!

48–50 *the swan's . . . inclines* i.e. her feelings for husband and brother are evenly balanced 51–59 (Enobarbus and Agrippa talk aside) 52 *horse* (horses without white markings on the face were thought to be ill-tempered) 57 *rheum* running at the eyes 58 *confound* destroy 60–61 *the time . . . you* i.e. my thoughts of you will not be left behind (as in a race) by time

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

III, ii

Caesar. Farewell, farewell! Kisses Octavia.
 Antony. Farewell!
 Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

comic contrast
 to last scene
 of high passion -
 child like quality



Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

III, iii

Cleopatra. Where is the fellow?

Alexas. Half afeard to come.

Cleopatra. Go to, go to.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Come hither, sir.

Alexas. Good Majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you

But when you are well pleased.

Cleopatra. That Herod's head

I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone

Through whom I might command it? Come thou near.

Messenger. Most gracious Majesty!

Cleopatra. Didst thou behold Octavia?

Messenger. Ay, dread Queen.

Cleopatra. Where.

Messenger. Madam, in Rome.

I looked her in the face, and saw her led

Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleopatra. Is she as tall as me?

Messenger. She is not, madam.

Cleopatra. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued or
 low?

to hear findings
 on Octavia in
 order to reassure
 self & quell
 jealousy

Questions
 Abrupt + quick

III, iii, 3 Herod i.e. even Herod (traditionally represented as a tyrant)

- Messenger.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.
- Cleopatra.* That's not so good. He cannot like her long ^{to self} ^{company}.
- Charmian.* Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.
- Cleopatra.* I think so, Charmian. Dull of tongue, and dwarfish.
- 20 *What majesty is in her gait? Remember,* ^{to messenger} ^{again}
If e'er thou lookedst on majesty.
- Messenger.* She creeps:
 Her motion and her station are as one.
 She shows a body rather than a life,
 A statue than a breather.
- Cleopatra.* Is this certain?
- Messenger.* Or I have no observance.
- 25 *Charmian.* Three in Egypt
 Cannot make better note.
- Cleopatra.* He's very knowing, ^{to Charmian}
 I do perceive't. There's nothing in her yet.
 The fellow has good judgment.
- Charmian.* Excellent. ^{to mess.}
- Cleopatra.* Guess at her years, I prithee.
- Messenger.* Madam,
 She was a widow —
- 30 *Cleopatra.* Widow? Charmian, hark. ^{to charmian}
- Messenger.* And I do think she's thirty.
- Cleopatra.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round? ^{to mess.}
- Messenger.* Round even to faultiness.
- Cleopatra.* For the most part, too, they are foolish that are ^{to charmian}
 so.
- 35 *Her hair, what color?* ^{to mess.}
- Messenger.* Brown, madam; and her forehead
 As low as she would wish it.

17 good i.e. as I am 22 Her . . . one even in motion she is still 32 long or round (thought to be signs, respectively, of prudence and folly)

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

III, iii

Cleopatra. There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill;

I will employ thee back again: I find thee

Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;

Our letters are prepared.

[Exit Messenger.]

40

Charmian. A proper man.

Cleopatra. Indeed he is so: I repent me much

That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,

This creature's no such thing.

to reassure
self

Charmian. Nothing, madam.

Cleopatra. The man hath seen some majesty, and should

know.

45

Charmian. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,

And serving you so long!

Cleopatra. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good

Charmian;

But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write. All may be well enough.

50

Charmian. I warrant you, madam.

Exeunt.



Enter Antony and Octavia.

III, iv

Antony. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,

That were excusable, that and thousands more

Of semblable import — but he hath waged

New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it

To public ear;

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not

5

41 proper attractive 43 harried mistreated 44 no such thing nothing much
III, iv, 3 semblable like 4 read it (to show the public what benefactions
they might expect from him)

But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly
 He vented them, most narrow measure lent me;
 When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
 Or did it from his teeth.

10 *Octavia.* O, my good lord,
 Believe not all, or if you must believe,
 Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
 If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
 Praying for both parts.

15 The good gods will mock me presently
 When I shall pray 'O, bless my lord and husband!
 Undo that prayer by crying out as loud
 'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
 Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
 'Twixt these extremes at all.

20 *Antony.* Gentle Octavia,
 Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
 Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honor,
 I lose myself: better I were not yours
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
 25 Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady,
 I'll raise the preparation of a war
 Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest haste;
 So your desires are yours.

Octavia. Thanks to my lord.
 The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
 30 Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
 Should solder up the rift.

Antony. When it appears to you where this begins,

8 narrow measure little credit 10 from his teeth grudgingly 12 Stomach
 resent 15 presently at once 24 branchless pruned (of my honors) 27 stain
 eclipse

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

III, iv

Turn your displeasure that way, for our faults
 Can never be so equal that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
 Choose your own company, and command what cost
 Your heart has mind to. *Exeunt.*

35

Enter Enobarbus and Eros.

III, v

Enobarbus. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Enobarbus. What, man?

Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Enobarbus. This is old. What is the success? 5

Eros. Caesar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst
 Pompey, presently denied him rivalry, would not let
 him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting
 here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to
 Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him; so the poor 10
 third is up till death enlarge his confine.

Enobarbus. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
 And throw between them all the food thou hast,
 They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden — thus, and spurns 15

The rush that lies before him; cries 'Fool Lepidus!'
 And threatens the throat of that his officer
 That murd' red Pompey.

Enobarbus. Our great navy's rigged.

Eros. For Italy and Caesar. More, Domitius:

My lord desires you presently. My news 20
 I might have told hereafter.

III, v, 5 *success* sequel 6 *wars* (a new outbreak, in which Pompey was
 defeated) 7 *rivalry* partnership 10 *appeal* accusation 11 *up* jailed 12
chaps jaws 17 *that his officer* that officer of his

III, v

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Enobarbus. 'Twill be naught;
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir.

Exeunt.



III, vi

Enter Agrippa, Maecenas, and Caesar.

Caesar. Contemning Rome, he has done all this and more
In Alexandria. Here's the manner of't:

I' th' market place on a tribunal silvered,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold

5 Were publicly enthroned; at the feet sat
Caesarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust

Since then hath made between them. Unto her

10 He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Maecenas. This in the public eye?

Caesar. I' th' common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaimed the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia

15 He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assigned
Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia. She

In th' habiliments of the goddess Isis

That day appeared, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Maecenas. Let Rome be thus
Informed.

III, vi, 1 *Contemning scorning* 6 *my father's* (Octavius, though actually a nephew, had been adopted by Julius Caesar) 9 *stablishment* rule 17 *Isis* (cf. I, ii, 60n.)

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

III, vi

Agrippa. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him. 20

Caesar. The people know it, and have now received
His accusations.

Agrippa. Who does he accuse?

Caesar. Caesar, and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoiled, we had not rated him 25
His part o' th' isle. Then does he say he lent me
Some shipping unreturned. Lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agrippa. Sir, this should be answered. 30

Caesar. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.

I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel,
That he his high authority abused
And did deserve his change. For what I have conquered,
I grant him part; but then in his Armenia, 35
And other of his conquered kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Maecenas. He'll never yield to that.

Caesar. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her Train.

Octavia. Hail, Caesar, and my lord, hail, most dear Caesar!

Caesar. That ever I should call thee castaway! 40

Octavia. You have not called me so, nor have you cause.

Caesar. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not

Like Caesar's sister. The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach 45

20 queasy nauseated 25 spoiled despoiled rated allotted 26 isle i.e. Sicily

Long ere she did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops. But you are

50 come

A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love; which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved. We should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

55 *Octavia.* Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrained, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grievèd ear withal; whereon I begged
His pardon for return.

60 *Caesar.* Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract 'tween his lust and him.

Octavia. Do not say so, my lord.

Caesar. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octavia. My lord, in Athens.

65 *Caesar.* No, my most wrongèd sister, Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The kings o' th' earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
70 Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;

53 *left unloved* thought to be unfelt 61 *abstract* short-cut

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

III, vi

King Mauchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
 Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
 Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
 The kings of Mede and Lycaonia; with a
 More larger list of sceptres. 75

Octavia. Ay me most wretched,
 That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
 That do afflict each other!

Caesar. Welcome hither.
 Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
 Till we perceived both how you were wrong led 80
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities;
 But let determined things to destiny
 Hold unbewailed their way. Welcome to Rome, 85
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
 Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
 To do you justice, makes his ministers
 Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort,
 And ever welcome to us.

Agrippa. Welcome, lady. 90
Maecenas. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you.
 Only th' adulterous Antony, most large
 In his abominations, turns you off
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull 95
 That noises it against us.

Octavia. Is it so, sir?

72 *Mauchus* (so spelled in folio; Plutarch reads 'Malchus,' and North's translation 'Manchus') 81 *negligent danger* danger through negligence
 86 *abused* betrayed (by Antony) 87 *mark* reach 88 *makes his* make their
 93 *large* uninhibited 95 *regiment* rule *trull* harlot 96 *noises it* clamors

III, vi

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Caesar. Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister! *Exeunt.*



III, vii

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

to justify presence
in wars in order
to maintain
position near
Antony.

Cleopatra. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Enobarbus. But why, why, why?

Cleopatra. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

Enobarbus. Well, is it, is it?

Cleopatra. Is't not denounced against us? Why should not

5 (we) switch to royal we
Be there in person?

Enobarbus. [aside] Well, I could reply:

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cleopatra. What is't you say?

10 *Enobarbus.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

15 *Cleopatra.* Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' th' war,
And as the president of my kingdom will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.

98 Be . . . patience be always calm III, vii, 3 forspoke opposed 5 denounced
declared 8 merely entirely 10 puzzle paralyze 16 charge responsibility

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Enobarbus. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the Emperor.

Antony. Is it not strange, Canidius, 20
That from Tarentum and Brundisium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea
And take in Toryne?— You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleopatra. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

Antony. A good rebuke, 25
Which might have well becomed the best of men
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleopatra. By sea; what else?

Canidius. Why will my lord do so?

Antony. For that he dares us to't.

Enobarbus. So hath my lord dared him to single fight. 30

Canidius. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Caesar fought with Pompey. But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Enobarbus. Your ships are not well manned;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people 35
Ingrossed by swift impress. In Caesar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought;
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Antony. By sea, by sea. 40

23 *take in seize* 29 *For that* because 35 *muleters* mule-drivers, i.e. peasants
36 *Ingrossed* collected wholesale *impress* draft 38 *yare* nimble 39 *you*
to you

to the
acceptance
of the decisions

Enobarbus. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
 The absolute soldiership you have by land,
 Distract your army, which doth most consist
 Of war-marked footmen, leave unexecuted:
 45 Your own renownèd knowledge, quite forgo
 The way which promises assurance, and
 Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
 From firm security.

Antony. I'll fight at sea.

Cleopatra. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.
 50 *Antony.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
 And with the rest full-manned, from th' head of Actium
 Beat the approaching Caesar. But if we fail,
 We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Messenger. The news is true, my lord, he is descried;
 55 Caesar has taken Toryne.

Antony. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible;
 Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
 Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land
 And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship.
 Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

60 How now, worthy soldier?
Soldier. O noble Emperor, do not fight by sea,
 Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
 This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
 And the Phoenicians go a-ducking: we

43 *Distract divide* 57 *power army* 60 *Thetis name of a sea goddess*

Have used to conquer standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot.

65

Antony. Well, well, away!

Exit Antony [with] Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Soldier. By Hercules, I think I am iⁿ th^e right.

Canidius. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows

Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,

And we are women's men.

Soldier. You keep by land

70

The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Canidius. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,

Publicola, and Caelius are for sea;

But we keep whole by land. This speed of Caesar's

Carries beyond belief.

Soldier. While he was yet in Rome,

75

His power went out in such distractions as

Beguiled all spies.

Canidius. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Soldier. They say, one Taurus.

Canidius. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. The Emperor calls Canidius.

Canidius. With news the time's with labor and throws forth 80

Each minute some.

Exeunt.



68-69 *his . . . on't* his plan of action does not spring from a right estimate of the nature of his strength 75 *Carries* i.e. like an arrow 76 *distractions* detachments 77 *Beguiled* deceived 80 *throws* i.e. as an animal 'throws,' gives birth to, its young

III, viii *Enter Caesar, with his Army, marching.*

Caesar. Taurus!

Taurus. My lord?

Caesar. Strike not by land; keep whole, provoke not battle
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed

5 The prescript of this scroll. Our fortune lies
Upon this jump. *Exit [with Taurus and the Army].*

III, ix *Enter Antony and Enobarbus.*

Antony. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' th' hill
In eye of Caesar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *Exit [with Enobarbus].*

III, x *Canidius marcheth with his land army one way over the
stage, and Taurus, the lieutenant of Caesar, the other
way. After their going in is heard the noise of a sea-
fight. Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.*

Enobarbus. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
longer.

Th' Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,

With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:

To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scarus. Gods and goddesses,

All the whole synod of them!

5 *Enobarbus.* What's thy passion?

Scarus. The greater cantle of the world is lost

III, viii, 6 *jump* chance III, ix, 2 *battle* battle-line III, x, 1 *Naught* i.e.
all's come to naught 2 *admiral* flagship 5 *synod* assembly 6 *cantle*
piece

With very ignorance; we have kissed away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Enobarbus. How appears the fight?

Scarus. On our side like the tokened pestilence

Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt —

Whom leprosy o'ertake! — i' th' midst o' th' fight,

When vantage like a pair of twins appeared,

Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,

The breese upon her, like a cow in June,

Hoists sails, and flies.

Enobarbus. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not

Endure a further view.

Scarus. She once being loofed,

The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,

Claps on his sea-wing, and (like a doting mallard)

Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.

I never saw an action of such shame;

Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before

Did violate so itself.

Enobarbus. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Canidius. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,

And sinks most lamentably. Had our general

Been what he knew himself, it had gone well.

O, he has given example for our flight

Most grossly by his own.

9 like . . . pestilence like the plague when its certain symptoms have been seen: 10 ribaudred foul, obscene (many editors read 'ribald-rid,' but the meaning is the same) 13 elder i.e. superior 14 breese stinging fly (with pun on 'breeze') 18 loofed luffed, turned to the wind to fly (?) disengaged (?) 20 doting mallard lovesick wild duck 27 what . . . himself his true self (as a great soldier)

Enobarbus. Ay, are you thereabouts?

30 Why then, good night indeed.

Canidius. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scarus. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend

What further comes.

Canidius. To Caesar will I render

My legions and my horse; six kings already

Show me the way of yielding.

35 *Enobarbus.* I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason

Sits in the wind against me.

[*Exeunt.*]



Enter Antony with Attendants.

Antony. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't,

It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither.

I am so lated in the world that I

Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship

5 Laden with gold: take that, divide it. Fly,

And make your peace with Caesar.

Omnes.

Fly? Not we.

Antony. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards

To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone.

I have myself resolved upon a course

10 Which has no need of you. Be gone.

My treasure 's in the harbor. Take it! O,

I followed that I blush to look upon.

My very hairs do mutiny: for the white

Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them

29 *are you thereabouts* i.e. is that where your thoughts are 36 *chance* fortunes 37 *Sits . . . me* dissuades III, xi, 3 *so . . . world* i.e. like a traveller after nightfall 12 *that* what

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

III, xi

For fear and doting. Friends, be gone, you shall 15
 Have letters from me to some friends that will
 Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not sad
 Nor make replies of loathness; take the hint
 Which my despair proclaims. Let that be left
 Which leaves itself. To the seaside straightway! 20
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
 Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now,
 Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command,
 Therefore I pray you. I'll see you by and by. *Sits down.*

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian, [Iras,] and Eros.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him. 25
Iras. Do, most dear Queen.
Charmian. Do? Why, what else?
Cleopatra. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Antony. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir? 30
Antony. O fie, fie, fie!
Charmian. Madam!
Iras. Madam, O good Empress!
Eros. Sir, sir!
Antony. Yes, my lord, yes. He at Philippi kept 35
 His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
 That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
 Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
 In the brave squares of war: yet now — No matter. 40
Cleopatra. Ah, stand by.

to salvage
 position left in
 by fleeing and
 causing Antony to
 follow

17 *Sweep* i.e. with Caesar 19 *that* i.e. himself 23-24 *I . . . pray you* i.e. I
 have lost the right to order you, so I entreat you 35-36 *kept . . . dancer* i.e.
 never drew his sword 39 *Dealt on lieutenantry* relied on subordinates
 40 *squares* squadrons

Eros. The Queen, my lord, the Queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;

He is unqualified with very shame.

45 *Cleopatra.* Well then, sustain me. O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise. The Queen approaches.

Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but

Your comfort makes the rescue.

Antony. I have offended reputation,

A most unnoble swerving.

50 *Eros.* Sir, the Queen.

Antony. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes

By looking back what I have left behind

'Stroyed in dishonor.

Cleopatra. O my lord, my lord,

55 Forgive my fearful sails: I little thought

You would have followed.

Antony. Egypt, thou knew'st too well

My heart was to thy rudder tied by th' strings.

And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit

Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that

60 Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods

Command me.

Cleopatra. O, my pardon!

Antony. Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge

And palter in the shifts of lowness, who

With half the bulk o' th' world played as I pleased,

65 Making and marring fortunes. You did know

44 *unqualified* unmanned 47 *but* unless 53 *By looking back* i.e. by averting my eyes from yours and looking back at 60 *beck* beckoning 62 *treaties* proposals 63 *palter* . . . *lowness* i.e. use the tricks to which a man brought low is reduced

How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obeys it on all cause.

Cleopatra. Pardon, pardon!

Antony. Fall not a tear, I say: one of them rates
 All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss; 70
 Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster.
 Is 'a come back? Love, I am full of lead.
 Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune knows
 We scorn her most when most she offers blows. Exeunt.



Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, [Thidias,] with others. III, xii

Caesar. Let him appear that's come from Antony.
 Know you him?

Dolabella. Caesar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
 An argument that he is plucked, when hither
 He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
 Which had superfluous kings for messengers 5
 Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Caesar. Approach and speak.

Ambassador. Such as I am, I come from Antony.

I was of late as petty to his ends
 As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
 To his grand sea.

Caesar. Be't so. Declare thine office. 10

69 *Fall* let fall *rates* equals 71 *schoolmaster* i.e. his children's tutor 72 *lead*
 i.e. grief III, xii, 10 *sea* i.e. the ultimate source of dew

Ambassador. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
 Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
 He lessons his requests, and to thee sues
 To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
 15 A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

Caesar. For Antony,
 20 I have no ears to his request. The Queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgracèd friend
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Ambassador. Fortune pursue thee!
 25 *Caesar.* Bring him through the bands.
[Exit Ambassador.]

[To Thidias] To try thy eloquence now 'tis time.
 Dispatch.

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
 And in our name, what she requires; add more,
 From thine invention, offers. Women are not
 30 In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure
 The ne'er-touched Vestal. Try thy cunning, Thidias;
 Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
 Will answer as a law.

Thidias. Caesar, I go.

Caesar. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,

12 *Requires* requests 13 *lessons* disciplines 14 *breathe* i.e. go on living
 18 *circle* crown 19 *hazarded* . . . *grace* dependent on your mercy 21 *audi-*
ence a hearing 30 provided 25 *bands* of troops 32 *Make* . . . *edict* name
 your own price (as reward) 34 *becomes his flaw* takes his fall

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

III, xii

And what thou think'st his very action speaks 35
 In every power that moves.

Thidias. Caesar, I shall. *Exeunt.*



Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras. III, xiii

Cleopatra. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Enobarbus. Think, and die.

Cleopatra. Is Antony or we in fault for this?

Enobarbus. Antony only, that would make his will
 Lord of his reason. What though you fled
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges 5
 Frighted each other? Why should he follow?

The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nicked his captainship, at such a point,
 When half to half the world opposed, he being
 The merèd question. 'Twas a shame no less 10
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleopatra. Prithee peace.

Enter the Ambassador, with Antony.

Antony. Is that his answer?

Ambassador. Ay, my lord.

Antony. The Queen shall then have courtesy, so she 15
 Will yield us up.

Ambassador. He says so.

Antony. Let her know't.

35-36 *And... moves* and what you think his every move reveals III, xiii, 3
 will desire 5 *ranges* battle lines 8 *nicked* got the better of 10 *merèd*
 question sole cause (?) decisive factor (?) 11 *course* chase

to evaluate
 situation in order
 to plan course
 of action

To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleopatra. That head, my lord?

20 Antony. To him again! Tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular. His coin, ships, legions
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
25 As i' th' command of Caesar. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Ambassador.*]

Enobarbus. [*aside*] Yes, like enough: high-battled Caesar will
30 Unstate his happiness and be staged to th' show
Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
35 Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will
Answer his emptiness! Caesar, thou has subdued
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Servant.

A messenger from Caesar.

Cleopatra. What, no more ceremony? See, my women,

to remind self
of changing times

THIS
ANTONY
HAD, BUT
SHE HOLDS
IT IN

22 *Something particular* i.e. some personal heroism 26 *comparisons* i.e. all things which give him the advantage when he compares his position with mine 27 *declined* i.e. in years and fortune 29 *high-battled* lifted high in strength and mood by successful armies 30 *Unstate* abdicate 30-31 *be . . . sworder* be exposed as a public spectacle in a gladiatorial duel 32 *A parcel* i.e. part and parcel 33 *quality* nature 34 *To . . . alike* so that both decline together 35 *Knowing all measures* being a good judge (of men and things)

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose (IRONICAL)
That kneeled unto the buds. Admit him, sir.

40

Exit Servant.

Enobarbus. [*aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer
And earns a place i' th' story.

45

Enter Thidias.

Cleopatra. Caesar's will?

Thidias. Hear it apart.

Cleopatra. None but friends: say boldly. +

Thidias. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Enobarbus. He needs as many, sir, as Caesar has,
Or needs not us. If Caesar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend; for us, you know,
Whose he is we are, and that is Caesar's.

50

Thidias. So.

Thus then, thou most renowned, Caesar entreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Caesar.

Cleopatra. Go on: right royal.

55

Thidias. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleopatra. O!

Thidias. The scars upon your honor therefore he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

41 square quarrel 48 haply most likely 52 Whose... are i.e. whomever
Antony belongs to, we belong to (?) 54-55 Not... Caesar i.e. not to
think about your situation beyond realizing that you have to do with (a
generous conqueror like) Caesar

to cover up
thoughts of swinging
sides in order
to appear innocent
& loyal -

to charm
messenger in
order to deny
blame & get
best possible
benefits

60 Cleopatra. He is a god, and knows
 What is most right. Mine honor was not yielded,
But conquered merely.

Enobarbus. [*aside*] To be sure of that,
 I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky
 That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
 Thy dearest quit thee. *Exit Enobarbus.*

65 Thidias. Shall I say to Caesar
 What you require of him? For he partly begs
 To be desired to give. It much would please him
 That of his fortunes you should make a staff
 To lean upon. But it would warm his spirits
 70 To hear from me you had left Antony,
 And put yourself under his shroud,
 The universal landlord.

Cleopatra. What's your name?

Thidias. My name is Thidias.

Cleopatra. Most kind messenger,
 Say to great Caesar this: in deputation
 75 I kiss his conqu'ring hand; tell him I am prompt
 To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
 Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I hear
 The doom of Egypt.

Thidias. 'Tis your noblest course:
 Wisdom and fortune combating together;
 80 If that the former dare but what it can,
 No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
 My duty on your hand.

Cleopatra. Your Caesar's father oft,
 When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,

66 *require request* 71 *shroud shelter* 74 *in deputation* i.e. through you as
 deputy 77 *all-obeying* that all obey 80 *If . . . can* if discretion confines
 itself to the possible 82 *My duty* i.e. a kiss

in unpleasant
 present she
 is thinking
 back on former
 days of gaiety
 and supremacy

play
 loyal even
 though
 subject
 Royal

play
 better woman
 to gain
 sympathy

Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rained kisses.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Antony. Favors? by Jove that thunders! 85
What art thou, fellow?

Thidias. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obeyed.

Enobarbus. [*aside*] You will be whipped.

Antony. Approach there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and
devils!

Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried 'Ho!' 90
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet.

Enter a Servant.

Take hence this Jack and whip him.

Enobarbus. [*aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

Antony. Moon and stars! 95
Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here — what's her name
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till like a boy you see him cringe his face 100
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thidias. Mark Antony —

Antony. Tug him away. Being whipped,
Bring him again. This Jack of Caesar's shall

91 muss scramble 93 Jack conceited upstart 98-99 what's . . . Cleopatra
(Antony implies that this common trafficker in kisses cannot be the imperial
Cleopatra)

to mend failure
aggressively
enough to turn
tide in her
favor

Bear us an errand to him. *Exeunt [Servants] with Thidias.*

105 You were half blasted ere I knew you. Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleopatra. Good my lord —

110 Antony. You have been a boggler ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow hard
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seel our eyes,
In our own filth drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

115 Cleopatra. O, is't come to this?

Antony. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Caesar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Gneius Pompey's, besides what hotter hours,
Unregist' red in vulgar fame, you have
120 Luxuriously picked out. For I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleopatra. Wherefore is this?

Antony. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with
125 My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Upon the hill of Basan to outroar
The hornèd herd! for I have savage cause,

108 abused betrayed 109 feeders menials 110 boggler shifty one 112 seel
sew up 117 trencher plate fragment leftover 119 vulgar fame common
gossip 120 Luxuriously lustfully 124 quit repay 126-28 O . . . herd
(Antony thinks of himself as chief among the herd of bulls of Bashan whose
roaring is described in Psalms 22:12-13—i.e. as chief cuckold among all
the lovers cuckolded by Cleopatra)

And to proclaim it civilly were like
 A haltered neck which does the hangman thank 130
 For being yare about him.

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Is he whipped?

Servant. Soundly, my lord.

Antony. Cried he? and begged 'a pardon?

Servant. He did ask favor.

Antony. If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry 135

To follow Caesar in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipped for following him. Henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Caesar,
 Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say 140

He makes me angry with him. For he seems
 Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,

Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,

When my good stars that were my former guides 145
 Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires

Into th' abysm of hell. If he mislike
 My speech and what is done, tell him he has

Hipparchus, my enfranchèd bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, 150

As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou.
 Hence with thy stripes, be gone! *Exit Thidias.*

Cleopatra. Have you done yet? *undercut*

129 *like* to act like 131 *yare* nimble 140 *entertainment* reception (here)
 146 *orbs* the spheres in which they turn 149 *Hipparchus* (who had earlier
 revolted to Caesar) *enfranchèd* freed

Antony. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony.

155 *Cleopatra.* I must stay his time.

Antony. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his points?

Cleopatra. Not know me yet? > +

Antony. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleopatra. Ah, dear, if I be so,

160 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone

Drop in my neck: as it determines, so

Dissolve my life! The next Caesarian smite,

Till by degrees the memory of my womb,

165 Together with my brave Egyptians all,

By the discarding of this pelleted storm,

Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile

Have buried them for prey!

Antony. I am satisfied.

Caesar sits down in Alexandria, where

I will oppose his fate. Our force by land

170 Hath nobly held; our severed navy too

Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.

Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more

To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;

175 I and my sword will earn our chronicle.

There's hope in't yet.

153 *our . . . moon* i.e. Cleopatra, our terrestrial Isis or moon-goddess 155 *stay his time* wait out his fury 157 *one . . . points* his valet 161 *determines* melts 163 *the memory . . . womb* i.e. my offspring 165 *discarding* melting (as if it were hard candy) 171 *fleet* are afloat 172 *heart* courage 174 *in blood* (1) bloody (2) with blood up, spirited 175 *our chronicle* our place in history

to turn his
 thoughts in order
 to cover up
 to slatter

As if . . .
 fanning old
 flames - enjoy
 last warmth
 before fire
 completely out

Cleopatra. That's my brave lord!

Antony. I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breathed,
And fight maliciously; for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives 180
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleopatra.

It is my birthday.

I had thought t' have held it poor. But since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Antony. We will yet do well.

Cleopatra. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Antony. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force 190
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen,
There's sap in't yet! The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe. Exeunt [all but Enobarbus].

Enobarbus. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious 195
Is to be frightened out of fear, and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valor preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with: I will seek 200
Some way to leave him. [Exit.]



180 nice able to be 'choosy' 183 gaudy joyous 192 sap i.e. life, hope 197
estridge species of the hawk 201 s.d. Exit (folio reads 'Exeunt')

IV, i

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

IV, i *Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Maecenas, with his Army,
Caesar reading a letter.*

Caesar. He calls me boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt. My messenger
He hath whipped with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Caesar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
5 I have many other ways to die, meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

Maecenas. Caesar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.

10 *Caesar.* Let our best heads
Know that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
15 And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earned the waste. Poor Antony! *Exeunt.*



IV, ii *Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras,
Alexas, with others.*

to discover and
understand his
intentions

Antony. He will not fight with me, Domitius?
Enobarbus. No.

Antony. Why should he not?

Enobarbus. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

IV, i, 9 boot advantage 12 files troops 14 fetch him in capture him

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

IV, ii

Antony. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live, 5
Or bathe my dying honor in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Enobarbus. I'll strike, and cry "Take all!"

Antony. Well said, come on;
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand, 10
Thou hast been rightly honest, so hast thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou: you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleopatra. What means this?

Enobarbus. 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Antony. And thou art honest too. 15
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapped up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

Ommes. The gods forbid!

Antony. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night: 20
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too
And suffered my command.

Cleopatra. What does he mean?

Enobarbus. To make his followers weep.

Antony. Tend me to-night;

IV, ii, 5 or either 8 *Take all* winner take all 13-15 (here and in ll. 23-24
Enobarbus and Cleopatra talk aside) 16 *so many men* i.e. so many men as
you are

IV, ii

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

25 May be it is the period of your duty.
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
30 I turn you not away, but like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death.
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

Enobarbus. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,
35 And I, an ass, am onion-eyed; for shame!
Transform us not to women.

Antony. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense,
40 For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honor. Let's to supper, come,
45 And drown consideration. *Exeunt.*



IV, iii

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1. *Soldier.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
2. *Soldier.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

25 *period* end 26 *Haply* most likely 33 *yield* repay 38 *Grace grow* may
virtues spring up (with a pun on 'grace' as one name for the herb rue)

1. *Soldier*. Nothing. What news?
 2. *Soldier*. Belike 'tis but a rumor. Good night to you. 5
 1. *Soldier*. Well, sir, good night.

They meet other Soldiers.

2. *Soldier*. Soldiers, have careful watch.
 3. *Soldier*. And you. Good night, good night.

They place themselves in every corner of the stage.

4. *Soldier*. Here we; and if to-morrow
 Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
 Our landmen will stand up.
 3. *Soldier*. 'Tis a brave army, 10
 And full of purpose.

Music of the hautboys is under the stage.

2. *Soldier*. Peace! What noise?
 1. *Soldier*. List, list!
 2. *Soldier*. Hark!
 1. *Soldier*. Music i' th' air.
 3. *Soldier*. Under the earth.
 4. *Soldier*. It signs well, does it not?
 3. *Soldier*. No.
 1. *Soldier*. Peace, I say!
 What should this mean?
 2. *Soldier*. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved, 15
 Now leaves him.
 1. *Soldier*. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
 Do hear what we do.
 2. *Soldier*. How now, masters?
Omnes. (*speak together*) How now?
 How now? Do you hear this?

IV, iii, 8 *Here we* i.e. here is our post 13 *signs* signifies 15 *Hercules* (cf. I, iii, 84-85n.)

IV, iii

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

1. *Soldier.* Ay. Is't not strange?

3. *Soldier.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

20 1. *Soldier.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter.

Let's see how it will give off.

Omnes. Content. 'Tis strange.

Exeunt.



IV, iv

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with others.

to seduce him
to fight in
order to insure
best possibility
of success

Antony. Eros! mine armor, Eros!

Cleopatra. Sleep a little.

Antony. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armor, Eros.

Enter Eros [with armor].

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on.

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we braye her. Come.

5 *Cleopatra.* Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Antony. Ah, let be, let be! Thou art

The armorer of my heart. False, false; this, this.

Cleopatra. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.

Antony. Well, well,

We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defenses.

10 *Eros.* Briefly, sir.

Cleopatra. Is not this buckled well?

Antony. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.

20 as . . . quarter as our watch extends IV, iv, 3 thine iron i.e. this armor
of mine 7 False wrong 10 Briefly in a moment 13 daff't take it off

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

IV, iv

Thou fumblest, Eros, and my queen 's a squire
 More tight at this than thou. Dispatch. O love, 15
 That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
 The royal occupation: thou shouldst see
 A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,
 Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.
 To business that we love we rise betime 20
 And go to't with delight.

Soldier. A thousand, sir,
 Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,
 And at the port expect you.

Shout. Trumpets flourish. Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Captain. The morn is fair. Good morrow, General.

All. Good morrow, General.

Antony. 'Tis well blown, lads. 25

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
 That means to be of note, begins betimes.
 So, so. Come, give me that: this way. Well said.
 Fare thee well, dame; whate'er becomes of me,
 This is a soldier's kiss. Rebukable 30
 And worthy shameful check it were to stand
 On more mechanic compliment. I'll leave thee
 Now like a man of steel. You that will fight,
 Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. Adieu.

Exeunt [Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers].

15 tight deft 18 workman craftsman, expert 19 charge duty 20 betime
 early 22 riveted trim armor 23 port gate 25 blown opened (i.e. the
 morning) 28 said done (spoken to Cleopatra, who is arming him) 31
 check reproof 31-32 stand . . . compliment use more elaborate ceremony

presumption
of defeat

IV, iv

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Charmian. Please you retire to your chamber?

35. Cleopatra. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly, That he and Caesar might
Determine this great war in single fight!

Then Antony -- but now Well, on.

others are
Exeunt.
pause
Command to all of
meant them

IV, v Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros, [a Soldier meeting them].

Soldier. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Antony. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevailed

To make me fight at land!

Soldier. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted and the soldier

5 That has this morning left thee would have still Followed thy heels.

Antony. Who's gone this morning?

Soldier. Who?

One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,

He shall not hear thee, or from Caesar's camp

Say 'I am none of thine.'

Antony. What sayest thou?

Soldier. Sir,

He is with Caesar.

10 Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

Antony. Is he gone?

Soldier. Most certain.

Antony. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;

Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

IV, v

(I will subscribe) gentle adieus and greetings;
 Say that I wish he never find more cause 15
 To change a master. O, my fortunes have
 Corrupted honest men! Dispatch. Enobarbus!
Exit [with Eros and Soldier].



Flourish. Enter Agrippa, Caesar, with Enobarbus, and Dolabella. IV, vi

Caesar. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
 Our will is Antony be took alive:
 Make it so known.

Agrippa. Caesar, I shall. *[Exit.]*

Caesar. The time of universal peace is near. 5
 Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nooked world
 Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Antony
 Is come into the field.

Caesar. Go charge Agrippa
 Plant those that have revolted in the vant,
 That Antony may seem to spend his fury 10
 Upon himself. *Exeunt [all but Enobarbus].*

Enobarbus. Alexas did revolt and went to Jewry on
 Affairs of Antony; there did dissuade
 Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar
 And leave his master Antony. For this pains 15

IV, v, 14 *subscribe* sign IV, vi, 6 *three-nooked* three-cornered (Africa, Asia, Europe) 9 *vant* front lines 11 *himself* i.e. his own former soldiers 13 *dissuade* i.e. from Antony

Caesar hath hanged him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honorable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesar's.

20 *Soldier.* Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus. The messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Enobarbus. I give it you.

25 *Soldier.* Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true. Best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. *Exit.*

30 *Enobarbus.* I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart.
35 If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee? No, I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die: the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. *Exit.*



17 *entertainment* employment 26 *safed* gave safe conduct to 34 *blows*
makes swell 35 *thought* grief

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

IV, vii

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa [and Soldiers]. IV, vii

Agrippa. Retire. We have engaged ourselves too far.
Caesar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. *Exit [with Soldiers].*

Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scarus. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home 5
With clouts about their heads.

Antony. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scarus. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H. *[Sound retreat] far off.*

Antony. They do retire.

Scarus. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes. I have yet
Room for six scotches more. 10

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scarus. Let us score their backs
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Antony. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and tenfold 15
For thy good valor. Come thee on.

Scarus. I'll halt after. *Exeunt.*



IV, vii, 1 engaged entangled (with the enemy) 2 our oppression the pressure on us 6 clouts bandages 8 H (pun on 'ache,' which was pronounced 'aitch') 9 bench-holes privy holes 10 scotches gashes 12 score mark 16 halt limp

IV, viii

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

IV, viii *Alarum. Enter Antony again in a march; Scarus, with others.*

Antony. We have beat him to his camp. Run one before
 And let the Queen know of our gests. To-morrow,
 Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
 That has to-day escaped. I thank you all,
 5 For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
 Not as you served the cause, but as't had been
 Each man's like mine: you have shown all Hectors.
 Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
 Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
 10 Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
 The honored gashes whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

to feast self
on sight of
him alive -

[To Scarus] Give me thy hand;
 To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
 Make her thanks bless thee. — O thou day o' th' world,
 Chain mine armed neck; leap thou, attire and all,
 15 Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleopatra. Lord of lords!
 O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
 The world's great snare uncaught?

Antony. My nightingale,
 We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though
 gray
 Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha'
 20 we

IV, viii, 2 *gests* deeds 7 *shown* proved 8 *clip* hug 12 *fairy* enchantress
 15 *proof of harness* i.e. impenetrable armor 16 *Ride* . . . *pants* i.e. as if his
 heart were a panting steed 17 *virtue* valor 18 *snare* i.e. death in war

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
 Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man:
 Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand. —
 Kiss it, my warrior. — He hath fought to-day
 As if a god in hate of mankind had
 Destroyed in such a shape.

25

Cleopatra. I'll give thee, friend,
 An armor all of gold; it was a king's.

Antony. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
 Like holy Phoebus' car. Give me thy hand.
 Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
 Bear our hacked targets like the men that owe them.

30

Had our great palace the capacity
 To camp this host, we all would sup together
 And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
 Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear,
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach.

35

Exeunt.

to REWARD him
 as one who
 helped save
 her position



Enter a Sentry and his Company. Enobarbus follows.

IV, ix

Sentry. If we be not relieved within this hour,
 We must return to th' court of guard. The night
 Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
 By th' second hour i' th' morn.

1. *Watchman.* This last day was
 A shrewd one to's.

22 *Get . . . of hold our own with* 28 *carbuncled jewelled* 29 *holy Phoebus'*
car the sun-god's chariot 31 *targets shields owe own* IV, ix, 5 *shrewd*
 wicked

5 *Enobarbus.* O, bear me witness, night —

2. *Watchman.* What man is this?

1. *Watchman.* Stand close, and list him.

Enobarbus. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!

Sentry. Enobarbus?

10 2. *Watchman.* Peace:

Hark further.

Enobarbus. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,

15 May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
20 Forgive me in thine own particular,
But let the world rank me in register
A master leaver and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony!

[Dies.]

1. *Watchman.* Let's speak
To him.

Sentry. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Caesar.

25 2. *Watchman.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

Sentry. Swoonds rather, for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

8-9 *When . . . memory* when traitors go down in history shamed 12 *mis-*
tress i.e. the moon 13 *disponge* squeeze (as from a sponge) 17 *Which*
(refers to heart) *dried* (sorrow was thought to dry up the blood) 20 *in . . .*
particular i.e. yourself 21 *in register* in its records 22 *master leaver* (1) run-
away servant (2) outstanding traitor 26 *Swoonds* faints 27 *for sleep* con-
ducive to sleep

1. *Watchman.* Go we to him.
 2. *Watchman.* Awake, sir, awake, speak to us.
 1. *Watchman.* Hear you, sir?
Sentry. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drums afar off.

Hark! The drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him 30
 To th' court of guard: he is of note. Our hour
 Is fully out.

2. *Watchman.* Come on then,
 He may recover yet. *Exeunt [with the body].*



Enter Antony and Scarus, with their Army. IV, x

Antony. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
 We please them not by land.
Scarus. For both, my lord.
Antony. I would they'd fight i' th' fire or i' th' air;
 We'd fight there too. But this it is, our foot
 Upon the hills adjoining to the city 5
 Shall stay with us — Order for sea is given;
 They have put forth the haven —
 Where their appointment we may best discover
 And look on their endeavor. *Exeunt.*

Enter Caesar and his Army. IV, xi

Caesar. But being charged, we will be still by land,
 Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force

29 *raught* reached 30 *Demurely* softly IV, x, 4 *foot* infantry 8 *appoint-*
ment arrangement IV, xi, 1 *But being* unless we are

IV, xi

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage.

Exeunt.

IV, xii

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Antony. Yet they are not joined. Where yond pine does
stand

I shall discover all. I'll bring thee word
Straight how 'tis like to go.

Exit.

Scarus. Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests. The augurers
5 Say they know not, they cannot tell, look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Enter Antony.

Antony.

All is lost!

10 This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turned whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
15 Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone. [*Exit Scarus.*]
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more.
Fortune and Antony part here, even here
20 Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spanieled me at heels, to whom I gave

IV, xii, 8 *fretted* shifting 13 *Triple-turned* i.e. from Pompey, from Julius
Caesar, and now from himself 16 *charm* enchantress

Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is barked,
 That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am.
 O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
 Whose eye becked forth my wars, and called them home,
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
 Like a right gypsy hath at fast and loose
 Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.
 What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleopatra. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Antony. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving

And blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians;

Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot

Of all thy sex. Most monster-like be shown.

For poor'st diminutives, for dolts, and let

Patient Octavia plough thy visage up

With her prepared nails.

Exit Cleopatra.

'Tis well th' art gone,

If it be well to live; but better 'twere

Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death

Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!

The shirt of Nessus is upon me; teach me,

22 *discandy* melt 23 *barked* stripped 25 *grave* deadly 27 *my crownet* . . .
 end the crown and purpose of my life 28 *right* true *fast and loose* (a game)
 30 *Avaunt* be gone 33 *triumph* triumphal procession (in Rome) 37
diminutives little people, i.e. the populace 43 *Nessus* (Fatally wounded by
 Hercules with a poisoned arrow, the centaur Nessus persuaded Hercules'
 wife to give his blood-stained shirt to her husband, telling her it would
 assure his love for her. The shirt so poisoned Hercules that in his agony
 he threw his page Lichas, who had brought it, to the skies and set about
 destroying himself.)

to escape his
 wrath

sees she can't
 control with words
 at the moment -
 she runs rather
 than fail in
 the attempt -

IV, xii

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.
45 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' moon
And with those hands that grasped the heaviest club
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die.
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't. Eros, ho! *Exit.*



IV, xiii

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

to out manoeuvre
Antony in order
to get him back.

Cleopatra. Help me, my women: O, he's more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so embossed.

Charmian. To th' monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
5 The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

Cleopatra. To th' monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself:
Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony'
And word it, p'ithee, piteously. Hence, Mardian,
10 And bring me how he takes my death. To th' monument!

Exeunt.



44 *Alcides* Hercules IV, xiii, 2 *Telamon* Ajax Telamon, who went mad when Achilles' shield was not given to him but to his rival, Ulysses *boar of Thessaly* (sent by Artemis to ravage Thessaly in punishment for omitted sacrifices) 3 *embossed* infuriated *monument* tomb (which like other Egyptian rulers Cleopatra had prepared in advance) 5 *rive* rend

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

IV, xiv

Enter Antony and Eros.

IV, xiv

Antony. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.*Antony.* Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;

A vapor sometime like a bear or lion,

A towered citadel, a pendant rock,

A forkèd mountain, or blue promontory

5

With trees upon't that nod unto the world

And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these
signs;

They are black Vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.*Antony.* That which is now a horse, even with a thought

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct

10

As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.*Antony.* My good knave Eros, now thy captain is

Even such a body: here I am Antony,

Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.

I made these wars for Egypt, and the Queen,

15

Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,

Which, whilst it was mine, had annexed unto't

A million moe, now lost — she, Eros, has

Packed cards with Caesar, and false-played my glory

Unto an enemy's triumph.

20

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us

Ourselves to end ourselves.

IV, xiv, 8 *black Vesper's pageants* i.e. shows heralding the coming of night
(as pageants used to herald the coming of a king or queen) 10 *rack* cloud
dislimns unshapes 15 *Egypt* i.e. Cleopatra 18 *moe* more 19 *Packed* i.e.
stacked the deck *false-played* falsely played away 20 *triumph* (1) victory
(2) trump

Enter Mardian.

O, thy vile lady!

She has robbed me of my sword.

Mardian. No, Antony.

My mistress loved thee and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

25 *Antony.* Hence, saucy eunuch, peace!
She hath betrayed me and shall die the death.

Mardian. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged. What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand. The last she spake

30 Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she rend' red life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Antony. Dead, then?

Mardian. Dead.

35 *Antony.* Unarm, Eros. The long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [*to Mardian*] That thou depart'st
hence safe

Does pay thy labor richly: go. *Exit Mardian.*

Off, pluck off:

The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!

40 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.

No more a soldier. Bruisèd pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. — From me awhile.

Exit Eros.

23 *sword* manhood and soldiership 38 *sevenfold* having seven thicknesses
39 *battery* the battering (of grief) 40 *continent* i.e. that which contains thee

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

IV, xiv'

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now 45
 All length is torture: since the torch is out,
 Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labor
 Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.
 Eros! — I come, my queen. — Eros! — Stay for me. 50
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
 Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours. — Come, Eros, Eros!

*Enter Eros.**Eros.* What would my lord?

Antony. Since Cleopatra died 55
 I have lived in such dishonor that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quartered the world and o'er green Neptune's back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
 The courage of a woman — less noble mind 60
 Than she which by her death our Caesar tells
 'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That, when the exigent should come, which now
 Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
 Th' inevitable prosecution of 65
 Disgrace and horror, that on my command

46 *length* i.e. of life 47-49 *labor* . . . *strength* i.e. force is defeated by its own strength, labor by its own effort 49 *seal* bring all to a close (as in sealing a document or will) 51 *Where . . . flowers* i.e. in the Elysian fields 52 *port* behavior 53 *want troops* lack admirers (i.e. in comparison with us as faithful lovers—since Aeneas deserted Dido for Roman greatness whereas Antony is deserting Roman greatness for Cleopatra) 59 *to lack* for lacking 63 *exigent* need 65 *prosecution* pursuit

Thou then wouldst kill me. Do't, the time is come.
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.
 Put color in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!

70 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

Antony. *Eros,*

Wouldst thou be windowed in great Rome and see
 Thy master thus with pleached arms, bending down
 His corrigible neck, his face subdued

75 To penetrative shame, whilst the wheeled seat
 Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Antony. Come then: for with a wound I must be cured.
 Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
 Most useful for thy country.

80 *Eros.* O sir, pardon me.

Antony. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
 To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
 Or thy precedent services are all
 But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

85 *Eros.* Turn from me then that noble countenance
 Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Antony. Lo thee! [*Turns from him.*]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Antony. Then let it do at once
 The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,

72 *windowed* i.e. watching from a window 73 *pleached* folded 74 *corrigible*
 submissive 75 *penetrative* penetrating 77 *His . . . ensued* the baseness of
 him that followed 83 *precedent* former

My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90
 Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Antony. 'Tis said, man, and farewell.
Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Antony. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then! Thus I do escape the sorrow
 Of Antony's death. *Kills himself.*
Antony. Thrice-nobler than myself! 95
 Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
 I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
 Have by their brave instruction got upon me
 A nobleness in record. But I will be
 A bridegroom in my death, and run into't 100
 As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
 Thy master dies thy scholar. To do thus
[Falls on his sword.]
 I learned of thee. How? not dead? not dead?
 The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter [Decretas and] a [Company of the] Guard.

1. *Guardsmen.* What's the noise?
Antony. I have done my work ill, friends. O, make an end 105
 Of what I have begun.
 2. *Guardsmen.* The star is fall'n.
 1. *Guardsmen.* And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Antony. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
 1. *Guardsmen.* Not I.

98-99 got . . . record beaten me to a noble name in history 104 s.d. *Decretas*
 (the usual folio spelling of a name which also appears in the folio as *Dercetus*
 and is sometimes revised by editors to *Dercetas*) 107 period end

2. *Guardsmen*. Nor I.

110 3. *Guardsmen*. Nor any one. *Exeunt [the Guardsmen].*

Decretas. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Caesar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Diomedes. Where's Antony?

Decretas. There, Diomed, there.

Diomedes. Lives he?

115 Wilt thou not answer, man? *[Exit Decretas.]*

Antony. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and
give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Diomedes. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Antony. When did she send thee?

Diomedes. Now, my lord.

Antony. Where is she?

Diomedes. Locked in her monument. She had a prophesying

120 fear

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw

(Which never shall be found) you did suspect

She had disposed with Caesar, and that your rage

Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;

125 But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,

I dread, too late.

Antony. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I prithee.

Diomedes. What ho! the Emperor's guard! the guard, what
ho!

130 Come, your lord calls!

113 enter recommend 123 disposed made terms 124 purged expelled

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.

Antony. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1. *Guardian.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to
wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Antony. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate 135

To grace it with your sorrows. Bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:

I have led you off; carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all. 140

Exit [the Guard,] bearing Antony.



Enter Cleopatra and her Maids aloft, with Charmian and IV, xv

Iras.

Cleopatra. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Charmian. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleopatra. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,

But comforts we despise. Our size of sorrow,

Proportioned to our cause, must be as great

As that which makes it. 5

Enter Diomed [below].

How now? Is he dead?

Diomedes. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' th' other side your monument;

His guard have brought him thither.

to anticipate
news in order to
blunt the blow -

she is condemning
self in order to
alleviate her
sense of guilt -

Enter, [below,] Antony, and the Guard [bearing him].

to draw Antony
to her indeed
to forget it was
she who sent him
away

she wants to
experience to
the fullest her
last moments
with Antony

Cleopatra O sun,
10 Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in, darkling stand
The varying shore o' th' world! O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help:
Help, friends below, let's draw him hither.

Antony. Peace!

Not Caesar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony,
15 But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleopatra. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony, but woe 'tis so!

Antony. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
20 Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleopatra. I dare not, dear;
Dear my lord, pardon: I dare not,
Lest I be taken. Not th' imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall
25 Be brooch'd with me, if knife, drugs, serpents have
Edge, sting, or operation. I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honor
Demurring upon me. But come, come, Antony!
30 Help me, my women, we must draw thee up:
Assist, good friends.

Antony. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleopatra. Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my
lord!

IV, xv, 10 *darkling* darkened 19 *importune* beg to delay 21 *dare not* i.e. dare not descend to Antony's side 25 *brooch'd* adorned 28 *still conclusion* wordless censure 29 *Demurring* looking demurely

Our strength is all gone into heaviness:
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-winged Mercury should fetch thee up 35
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were ever fools. O, come, come, come.

They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome! Die when thou hast lived,
Quicken with kissing. Had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight! 40

Antony. I am dying, Egypt, dying.

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleopatra. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high
That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offense.

Antony. One word, sweet queen. 45

Of Caesar seek your honor, with your safety. O!

Cleopatra. They do not go together.

Antony. Gentle, hear me:

None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.

Cleopatra. My resolution and my hands I'll trust,
None about Caesar. 50

Antony. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I lived the greatest prince o' th' world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die, 55
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquished. Now my spirit is going,
I can no more.

33 heaviness (with pun on 'grief') 39 Quicken come back to life 44 huswife jilt

to deny to him
to herself that
she would ever
consider a bond
with Caesar

to deny thoughts
of mortality---

only in her. of
loss does she
begin to fully
Appreciate to
his better see
Qualities sudden
of life - desolation

to probe depths of
benefit state to see
it like without
him is worth anything

in sorrow
finds insight
into self and
love --- All
things are
leveled by
mightiest of
passions.

IV, xv

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Cleopatra. Noblest of men, woo't die?
60 Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women, [*Antony dies.*]
The crown o' th' earth doth melt. My lord!
O, withered is the garland of the war,
65 The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men. The odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Swoons.*]

Charmian. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She's dead too, our sovereign.

Charmian. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Charmian. O madam, madam, madam!

70 *Iras.* Royal Egypt!
Empress!

Charmian. Peace, peace, *Iras!*

Cleopatra. No more but e'en a woman, and commanded
75 By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught.
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
80 Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, *Charmian?*
My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look!

59 woo't wilt thou 64 garland... war flower of all soldiers 65 pole North
Star (?) 66 odds standard of measurement 75 chares chores 79-80
Patience... mad both patience and sorrow are now beside the point

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

IV, xv

Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take heart: 85
 We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do't after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away.
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
 Ah, women, women! Come; we have no friend 90
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

Exeunt, bearing off Antony's body.

to resolve to
 follow Antony
 in Roman
 death



*Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Maecenas, [Gallus, 7, i
 Proculeius,] with his Council of War.*

Caesar. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield:
 Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
 The pauses that he makes.

Dolabella. Caesar, I shall. *[Exit.]*

Enter Decretas, with the sword of Antony.

Caesar. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
 Appear thus to us?

Decretas. I am called Decretas. 5

Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
 Best to be served. Whilst he stood up and spoke,
 He was my master, and I wore my life
 To spend upon his haters. If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him 10
 I'll be to Caesar; if thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life.

Caesar. What is't thou say'st?

85 sirs i.e. Cleopatra's women 7, i, 2 frustrate helpless 2-3 he mocks ...
 makes i.e. to delay surrendering is ridiculous

Decretas. I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.

Caesar. The breaking of so great a thing should make

15 A greater crack. The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom, in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Decretas. He is dead, Caesar,

20 Not by a public minister of justice
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand
Which writ his honor in the acts it did
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword,
25 I robbed his wound of it: behold it stained
With his most noble blood.

Caesar. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agrippa. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

30 *Maecenas.* His taints and honors
Waged equal with him.

Agrippa. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Caesar is touched.

Maecenas. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

35 *Caesar.* O Antony,
I have followed thee to this. But we do launch
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce

16 *civil city* 19 *moiety half* 21 *self same* 30 *persisted* i.e. persisted in
31 *Waged equal with* were evenly balanced in 36 *launch lance*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

V, i

Have shown to thee such a declining day
 Or look on thine: we could not stall together
 In the whole world. But yet let me lament 40
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts
 That thou, my brother, my competitor
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,
 Friend and companion in the front of war,
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart 45
 Where mine his thoughts did kindle — that our stars,
 Unreconcilable, should divide
 Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends —

Enter an Egyptian.

But I will tell you at some meeter season.
 The business of this man looks out of him; 50
 We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?
Egyptian. A poor Egyptian yet. The Queen my mistress,
 Confined in all she has, her monument,
 Of thy intents desires instruction,
 That she preparèdly may frame herself 55
 To th' way she's forced to.

Caesar. Bid her have good heart:
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
 How honorable and how kindly we
 Determine for her. For Caesar cannot live
 To be ungentle.

Egyptian. So the gods preserve thee! *Exit.* 60

Caesar. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say
 We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
 The quality of her passion shall require,

39 stall dwell 41 sovereign potent 42 competitor partner 43 In . . . design
 in every lofty enterprise 46 his its 50 looks . . . him shows in his eyes
 63 passion grief

V, i

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
65 She do defeat us. For her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says
And how you find of her.

Proculeius. Caesar, I shall. *Exit.*

Caesar. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus.*] Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius?

70 *All.* Dolabella!

Caesar. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed. He shall in time be ready.

Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war,

75 How calm and gentle I proceeded still

In all my writings. Go with me, and see

What I can show in this.

Exeunt.



V, ii

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

to strengthen
resolve

Cleopatra. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Caesar:
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will. And it is great
5 To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Caesar's.

to pretend
obedience +
resignation in
order to deceive
Caesar + to get
all that's possible
materially for
Egypt + descendants

66 eternal eternally memorable 76 writings dispatches (to Antony)
V, ii, 2 A better life i.e. a truer estimate of values 3 knave servant 7 dung
i.e. the fruits of earth, which is everybody's nurse

Enter, [to the gates of the monument,] Proculeius.

Proculeius. Caesar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what fair demands 10
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleopatra. What's thy name?

Proculeius. My name is Proculeius.

Cleopatra. Antony
Did tell me of you, hade me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master 15
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquered Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I 20
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Proculeius. Be of good cheer:
Y' are fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing.
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him 25
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneeled to.

Cleopatra. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn 30
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' th' face.

14 to be deceived whether I am deceived or not 20 as that 23 Make . . .
reference entrust your case 27 pray . . . kindness ask your aid in naming
kindnesses he can do for you 30 got i.e. won from me

Proculeius. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

[Enter Roman Soldiers into the monument.]

35 You see how easily she may be surprised.

[They seize Cleopatra.]

Guard her till Caesar come.

Iras. Royal Queen!

Charmian. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, Queen.

Cleopatra. Quick, quick, good hands! [Draws a dagger.]

Proculeius. Hold, worthy lady, hold!
[Disarms her.]

40 Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betrayed.

Cleopatra. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Proculeius. Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty by
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see

45 His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleopatra. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come: come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Proculeius. O, temperance, lady!

Cleopatra. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir —
50 If idle talk will once be necessary —
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinioned at your master's court

41 Relieved rescued 42 languish pain 45 acted put into effect 50 If . . .
necessary even if I must for the present moment resort to words not acts

to defy capture—
physical and
mental—

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

V, ii

Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
 Of dull Octavia, Shall they hoist me up
 And show me to the shouting varlety
 Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
 Be gentle grave unto me! Rather on Nilus' mud
 Lay me stark-nak'd and let the waterflies
 Blow me into abhorring! Rather make
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet
 And hang me up in chains!

55

60

Proculeius. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall
 Find cause in Caesar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dolabella. *Proculeius,*
 What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows,
 And he hath sent me for thee. For the Queen,
 I'll take her to my guard.

65

Proculeius. So, *Dolabella,*
 It shall content me best: be gentle to her.
 [*To Cleopatra*] To Caesar I will speak what you shall
 please,
 If you'll employ me to him.

Cleopatra. Say, I would die.

70

Exit Proculeius [with Soldiers].

Dolabella. Most noble Empress, you have heard of me?

Cleopatra. I cannot tell.

Dolabella. Assuredly you know me.

Cleopatra. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
 Is't not your trick?

Dolabella. I understand not, madam.

75

56 varlety mob 60 Blow me make me swell

to share image
 of Antony in order
 to make it more
 real and so
 strengthen her
 resolution

She must
lose self in
memories & dreams
of Antony in order
to find self identity

must remind &
reassure self
OR past will have
been for naught
& future plans
will be empty

to deny denial

V, ii

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Cleopatra. I dreamt there was an Emperor Antony.
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man.

Dolabella. If it might please ye —

80 Cleopatra. His face was as the heav'ns, and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted
The little O, th' earth.

Dolabella. Most sovereign creature —

85 Cleopatra. His legs bestrid the ocean: his reared arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertyed
As all the tunèd spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: an autumn 'twas *
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like, they showed his back above
90 The element they lived in: in his livery
Walked crowns and crownets: realms and islands were
As plates dropped from his pocket.

Dolabella. Cleopatra —

Cleopatra. Think you there was or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dolabella. Gentle madam, no.

95 Cleopatra. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But if there be nor ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff

81 The . . . earth (the generally accepted rendering of a folio reading which may possibly mean something quite different: *The little o' th' earth*)
83-84 *was propertyed As* i.e. made music like 85 *quail cow orb earth*
88-90 *his . . . lived in* i.e. he rose above the pleasures that he lived in as the dolphin rises above the surface of the sea ' 91 *crowns and crownets* i.e. kings and princes 92 *plates* coins 97-100 *nature . . . quite* i.e. nature rarely can compete with man's imagination in creating outstanding forms of excellence, but if she created an Antony, he would be her masterpiece, outdoing the unreal images of imagination altogether

To vie strange forms with fancy, yet t' imagine
 An Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
 Condemning shadows quite.

Dolabella. Hear me, good madam. 100

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
 As answering to the weight. Would I might never
 O'ertake pursued success but I do feel,
 By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
 My very heart at root.

to discover Caesar's
 plans for her
 in order to
 make final
 decision -

Cleopatra. I thank you, sir. 105

Know you what Caesar means to do with me?

Dolabella. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleopatra. Nay, pray you, sir.

Dolabella. Though he be honorable -

Cleopatra. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

Dolabella. Madam, he will. I know't. 110

turning point -

*Flourish. Enter Proculeius, Caesar, Gallus, Maecenas,
 [Seleucus,] and others of his Train.*

All. Make way there! Caesar!

Caesar. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dolabella. It is the Emperor, madam. Cleopatra kneels.

Caesar. Arise! You shall not kneel:

I pray you rise, rise, Egypt.

Cleopatra. Sir, the gods 115

Will have it thus. My master and my lord
 I must obey.

Caesar. Take to you no hard thoughts.

The record of what injuries you did us,
 Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
 As things but done by chance.

to pretend
 obedience +
 subservience to
 Caesar in order
 to quell suspicions
 etc make
 financial
 success

102-3 *Would . . . do* i.e. may I never have success if I do not

120 Cleopatra. Sole sir o' th' world,
 I cannot project mine own cause so well
 To make it clear, but do confess I have
 Been laden with like frailties which before
 Have often shamed our sex.

Caesar. Cleopatra, know,
 125 We will extenuate rather than enforce.
 If you apply yourself to our intents,
 Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
 A benefit in this change; but if you seek
 To lay on me a cruelty by taking
 130 Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
 Of my good purposes, and put your children
 To that destruction which I'll guard them from
 If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleopatra. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours, and
 we,
 135 Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
 Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

[Offering a scroll.]

Caesar. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleopatra. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels
 I am possessed of. 'Tis exactly valued,
 140 Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

Seleucus. Here, madam.

Cleopatra. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
 Upon his peril, that I have reserved
 To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

145 Seleucus. Madam,
 I had rather seel my lips than to my peril
 Speak that which is not.

121 project set forth 125 enforce emphasize (them) 126 apply conform
 135 scutcheons victor's trappings 138 brief résumé 146 seel sew up

Cleopatra. What have I kept back?
Seleucus. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Caesar. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra, I approve
 Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleopatra. See, Caesar: O, behold, 150
 How pomp is followed! Mine will now be yours,
 And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
 The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
 Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust
 Than love that's hired! What, goest thou back? Thou
 shalt 155

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
 Though they had wings. Slave, soulless villain, dog!
 O rarely base!

Caesar. Good Queen, let us entreat you.

Cleopatra. O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this,
 That thou vouchsafing here to visit me, 160
 Doing the honor of thy lordliness
 To one so meek, that mine own servant should
 Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
 Addition of his envy. Say, good Caesar,
 That I some lady trifles have reserved, 165
 Immóment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern friends withal; and say
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For Livia and Octavia, to induce
 Their mediation — must I be unfolded 170
 With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
 Beneath the fall I have. [to Seleucus] Prithée go hence,
 Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits

to put others
 in wrong in
 order to remove
 blame from
 self.

151 Mine i.e. my followers 152 estates positions 163 Parcel piece out
 further 165 lady feminine 166 Immóment of no moment 167 modern
 common 171 With by 173 cinders burning coals

Through th' ashes of my chance. Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

175 *Caesar.*

Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit Seleucus.]

Cleopatra. Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

*Caesar.**Cleopatra,*

180

Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,
Put we i' th' roll of conquest: still be't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe

Caesar's no merchant, to make prize with you

Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheered,

185

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you as

Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed and sleep:

Our care and pity is so much upon you

That we remain your friend; and so adieu.

Cleopatra. My master, and my lord!

190 *Caesar.*

Not so. Adieu.

Flourish. Exeunt Caesar, and his Train.

Cleopatra. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should
not

Be noble to myself! But hark thee, Charmian.

[Whispers Charmian.]

Iras. Finish, good lady, the bright day is done,

And we are for the dark.

to make
final preparations
in order to
assure her
final triumph

174 chance fortune 176 misthought misjudged 178 merits . . . name mis-
deeds done in our name (as if Seleucus had falsified the inventory for his
own gain) 182 Bestow use 183 make prize haggle 185 Make . . . prisons
i.e. only in your own conception are you a prisoner 186 you of you 191
words deceives with words 192 noble i.e. by suicide

Cleopatra. Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided;

Go put it to the haste.

195

Charmian.

Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dolabella. Where is the Queen?

Charmian.

Behold, sir. *[Exit.]*

Cleopatra.

Dolabella!

Dolabella. Madam, as thereto sworn, by your command

(Which my love makes religion to obey)

I tell you this: Caesar through Syria

Intends his journey, and within three days

You with your children will he send before.

Make your best use of this. I have performed

Your pleasure, and my promise.

200

Cleopatra.

Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dolabella.

I your servant.

205

Adieu, good Queen; I must attend on Caesar.

Cleopatra.

Farewell, and thanks. *Exit [Dolabella].*

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown

In Rome as well as I: mechanic slaves

With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers shall

Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,

Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,

And forced to drink their vapor.

210

Iras.

The gods forbid!

Cleopatra.

Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors

Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune. The quick comedians

215

212 Rank of offensive because of 214 lictors officers 215 scald scabby

to discover if
suspicions had
been correct

Reaffirms
previous turning
point - no
turning back
now -

to paint picture
for others &
for self of
the emptiness &
futility of life
in present
situation -

past was
glorious - present
is empty - future
can be horror
& dishonor but
she intends to
control it through
death & so make
it what she
wishes.

Extemporally will stage us, and present
 Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
 220 Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
 I' th' posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleopatra. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see't! for I am sure my nails
 Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleopatra. Why, that's the way
 225 To fool their preparation, and to conquer
 Their most absurd intents.

Enter Charmian.

to set the
 stage in order
 to leave
 impression of
 self she wants
 immortalized.

Now, Charmian!
 Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch
 My best attires. I am again for Cydnus,
 To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah *Iras*, go.
 230 Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed,
 And when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
 To play till doomsday. — Bring our crown and all.

[Exit Iras.] A noise within.

Wherefore's this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guardsman. Here is a rural fellow
 That will not be denied your Highness' presence:
 235 He brings you figs.

Cleopatra. Let him come in. *Exit Guardsman.*

What poor an instrument
 May do a noble deed! He brings me liberty.

220 *squeaking* i.e. because women's parts were acted by young boys *boy*
 satirize 231 *chare* chore

My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

earlier
image 240

Enter Guardsman and Clown [with basket].

Guardsman. This is the man.

Cleopatra. Avoid, and leave him. *Exit Guardsman.*

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him; but I would not be the party 245
that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is
immortal: those that do die of it do seldom or never
recover.

to get the asp
get rid of the
man in order to
get on with
the "show."

Cleopatra. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one 250
of them no longer than yesterday; a very honest woman,
but something given to lie, as a woman should not do
but in the way of honesty—how she died of the biting
of it, what pain she felt. Truly, she makes a very good
report o' th' worm; but he that will believe all that they 255
say shall never be saved by half that they do; but this is
most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

to reassure
of painless quality
of poison

Cleopatra. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[Sets down his basket.]

Cleopatra. Farewell. 260

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm
will do his kind.

to get rid of
him

impatient to be
on with it.

238 placed fixed 241 s.d. *Clown* rustic 242 *Avoid* go 243 *worm* serpent
(asp) 247 *immortal* mortal, i.e. deadly (the rustic blunders in speech here
and below) 251 *honest* respectable 257 *fallible* (an error for 'infallible')
262 *his kind* i.e. what may be expected from his species

Cleopatra. Ay, ay; farew^lll.

265 Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people: for indeed there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleopatra. Take thou no care, it shall be heed^d.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

270 Cleopatra. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleopatra. Well, get thee gone, farew^lll.

Clown. Yes, forsooth. I wish you joy o' th' worm. *Exit.*

[Enter Iras with a robe, crown, etc.]

Cleopatra. Give me my robe, put on my crown, I have 280 Immortal longings in me. Now no more

The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.

Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear Antony call: I see him rouse himself

To praise my noble act. I hear him mock,

285 The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men

To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:

Now to that name my courage prove my title!

I am fire, and air; my other elements

I give to baser life. So, have you done?

273 dress (with pun on the culinary sense) 282 Yare nimbly 288 fire, and air (the lighter of the four elements, thought of as belonging to immortality) other elements i.e. water and earth, the heavier elements, bequeathed by Cleopatra to mortality

to again
reassure self
in order to
strengthen
resolve

to get rid
of him

to take fare-
well of life
in Roman fashion
in order to
prove self
worthy as a
Roman wife.

she knows
Romans despise
her, but in death
she'll give them
something to
admire & prove
herself more
than a mistress

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewèll, kind Charmian, Iras, long farewell.

290

[Kisses them, Iras falls and dies.]

Have I the asp in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

295

to prove
supremacy of
their love over
like the
desires of
others

Charmian. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say
The gods themselves do weep.

Cleopatra. This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,

300

[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie. Poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Caesar as
Unpoliced!

305

Charmian. O Eastern star!

Cleopatra. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

prone
of
CRAT
Resolution

Charmian. O, break! O, break!

Cleopatra. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle —

310

O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too:

[Applies another asp to her arm.]

What should I stay —

Dies.

Charmian. In this wild world? So, fare thee well.

to glory in the
last satisfaction
of her desires

292 asp asp 303 intricate intricate 305 dispatch make haste 307
Unpoliced outwitted

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
 315 A lass unparalleled. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown 's awry;
 I'll mend it, and then play —

Enter the Guard, rustling in.

1. *Guardsman.* Where 's the Queen?

Charmian. Speak softly, wake her not.

1. [*Guardsman*]. Caesar hath sent —

320 *Charmian.* Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies an asp.*]

O, come apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee.

1. [*Guardsman*]. Approach, ho! All 's not well: Caesar 's
 beguiled.

2. [*Guardsman*]. There's Dolabella sent from Caesar. Call
 him.

1. [*Guardsman*]. What work is here! Charmian, is this
 well done?

325 *Charmian.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess
 Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

Charmian dies.

Enter Dolabella.

Dolabella. How goes it here?

2. *Guardsman.* All dead.

Dolabella. Caesar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming

330 To see performed the dreaded act which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

317 s.d. *Enter . . . in* (folio adds 'and Dolabella') 322 *beguiled* tricked

329 *Touch their effects* meet fulfillment

Enter Caesar and all his Train, marching.

All. A way there, a way for Caesar!

Dolabella. O sir, you are too sure an augurer:

That you did fear is done.

Caesar. Bravest at the last,

She levelled at our purposes, and being royal,

Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?

335

I do not see them bleed.

Dolabella. Who was last with them?

1. *Guardsmen.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs.

This was his basket.

Caesar. Poisoned, then.

1. *Guardsmen.* O Caesar,

This Charmian lived but now, she stood and spake;

I found her trimming up the diadem

340

On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,

And on the sudden dropped.

Caesar. O noble weakness!

If they had swallowed poison, 'twould appear

By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,

As she would catch another Antony

345

In her strong toil of grace.

Dolabella. Here on her breast

There is a vent of blood, and something blown;¹

The like is on her arm.

1. *Guardsmen.* This is an aspic's trail, and these fig leaves

Have slime upon them, such as th' aspic leaves

350

Upon the caves of Nile.

Caesar. Most probable

That so she died: for her physician tells me

334 levelled at guessed 346 toil net 347 vent discharge blown swelled

She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
 355 And bear her women from the monument.
 She shall be buried by her Antony.
 No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
 A pair so famous. High events as these
 Strike those that make them; and their story is
 360 No less in pity than his glory which
 Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
 In solemn show attend this funeral,
 And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
 High order in this great solemnity. *Exeunt omnes.*

353 *conclusions* experiments 357 *clip* clasp 359 *Strike* touch