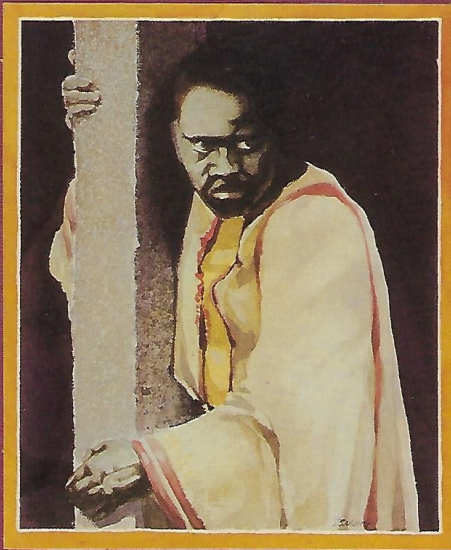


THE GUILD
Shakespeare



THE GUILD

Shakespeare

OTHELLO

MACBETH

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

JOHN F. ANDREWS

Forewords by

James Earl Jones and Zoe Caldwell

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FOREWORD

to

OTHELLO

by James Earl Jones



Othello is usually thought of as a play about jealousy. But it's not that simple. Unlike Leontes in *The Winter's Tale*, Othello never reaches the point where you could describe him as obsessed with jealousy. Confused, yes; jealous, no. He has one conception of Desdemona: his portrait of the wonderful, lovely lady he married. Then Iago holds up to him the picture of another creature: a deceiving wanton. There's no way that Othello can put these two images together in a single woman. So he goes mad. His confusion drives him insane.

JAMES EARL JONES and the New York Shakespeare Festival were launched simultaneously and in alliance thirty-five years ago. For Joseph Papp and the Festival, Jones essayed his first of seven "Othellos" in 1964, one year after he made his film debut in Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove* and secured an Emmy nomination for his debut guest-starring role in the "Who Do You Kill?" episode of the *East Side, West Side* TV series with George C. Scott.

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THE GUILD SHAKESPEARE

This doesn't mean that Othello is a simpleton, a buffoon. He's sometimes played that way, but it's a terrible mistake to do so. What we must always remember is that *Othello* is the tragedy of a great man. He's of royal descent, and he is a noble exemplar of the culture that built the magnificent Alhambra in Granada.

The Moors were a proud, highly educated people, with a tradition of learning and intellectual achievement that placed them ahead of many European societies. They were anything but savages or barbarians, and their strength is conveyed through the commanding presence of the General we meet in the opening acts of the play.

Much of the grandeur we observe in Othello is a reflection of the marvels he has witnessed and the extraordinary adventures he has endured. His travels have carried him to every corner of the known world. A comparable hero today would have tales to tell about his expeditions to the Moon, to Mars and Venus. With his trusted ensign Iago, Othello has visited the most exotic settings imaginable. He has gained rich insights and benefited from special revelations; he has an understanding of cosmic forces. In the process he has acquired unbounded confidence in his own abilities. And he has learned to put complete trust in the brother-in-arms who has shared so many of his experiences.

Jones was nominated for a best actor Oscar for *The Great White Hope*, for which he'd won a Tony on stage. August Wilson's *Fences* brought a second Tony, to join his Grammy, Obie, Drama Desk, Outer Critics Circle, and Theatre World awards. He will be long remembered for his film part as the voice of Darth Vader in the *Star Wars* trilogy, and for his roles in *Field of Dreams* and *The Hunt for Red October*.

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FOREWORD BY JAMES EARL JONES

But now he's attempting to break into the most exclusive circle of the super-subtle Venetians. He rightly feels that he deserves the best, and without a moment's hesitation he simply draws on his personal charisma to woo and win the love of the most desirable woman in this most sophisticated of European capitals. It's a bold move, but he carries it off with the same aplomb he's always brought to his martial exploits.

Along the way, unfortunately, without realizing it, he has grievously offended the man on whom he has come to depend for assistance and counsel.

So long as he remains in the field as a soldier, Othello's role in Venetian affairs is clearly and securely defined. But once he alters that role by eloping with the daughter of a prominent Senator, the Moor subjects himself to a new set of challenges. For all his majesty as a warrior, Othello is regarded as an outsider by at least some members of the society he seeks to join through marriage to Desdemona. He is thus in no position to ignore the observations and advice of a guide he accepts as an insider.

Iago knows his Venice very acutely. He's a man of keen intelligence and proven ability, but he doesn't have the status or the family connections of a Cassio. As a result, he gets passed over for the promotion that would give him the recognition he believes himself to merit.

That turns him into a bitter cynic. He's not a petty man, and his is not a petty tragedy. But as he broods upon the way he's been mistreated, he plots the kind of retaliation that only a mind made petty by disillusionment would undertake.

The key to Iago's success as an avenger is the degree to which he manages to combine the personalities of two different

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people. To those he manipulates upon the stage, he must come across at all times as a truly good man. Meanwhile to the audience he must be evil personified.

An actor portraying Iago must be careful not to overplay the calculation that goes into his character. Iago is always thinking, always plotting. But he doesn't have everything planned out from the beginning. At first he has only a vague notion of how he'll achieve his purposes. He gets more inventive as he discovers, often to his own surprise, how trusting and believing everyone else is.

What the actor playing Iago must bear in mind is that the ensign's actions are motivated by real pain. He's not being a villain just for the fun of it. He's a man who has been deeply wounded—so much so that he's become a borderline schizophrenic—and he's striking back in a rage that allows him to seem quite calm even as he stokes the white-hot flames that seethe within his breast.

Iago's wife Aemilia is sometimes blamed for her role in the tragedy. But even she is for a long time taken in by her husband. And once she finds herself in a compromising situation, she initially acts in accordance with the teaching that a wife has no right to disobey her husband. Like Iago, she is trapped in a social role, and it is only at the end of the play that she rebels and speaks out against the mate she'd vowed to cherish as her lord and master.

Desdemona doesn't always hold her own in a production of *Othello*. She can be played as a weak innocent. It's very important, however, for her purity to be communicated as a kind of strength, because in many ways Desdemona (whose name means "dis-demon," or the negation of the demonic) is the real center of the

drama. What she represents are what modern audiences tend to think of as archaic moral values, but she and the virtue she stands for are what the men in the play are fighting over. Desdemona and her spiritual qualities are what *Othello* is all about. If her presence is not as intensely felt as that of Othello and Iago, then, a performance of Shakespeare's tragedy is severely diminished.

The most successful renderings of *Othello* in my experience have been directed by women. They've had powerfully realized Desdemonas. And I think they've also drawn out more of the emotional range and depth—including the agony—of the play's male characters.

I've been asked if I'd like to direct the play. Probably not. But I hope to keep doing the role of Othello until I'm satisfied that I've gotten it right.

FOREWORD

to

MACBETH

by Zoe Caldwell



I came back from six weeks in India, centered and sane. Two weeks later I was involved in a benighted production of *Macbeth* and all health vanished. What is it about that play? I had been warned by a very distinguished member of the theatre profession that *Macbeth* was not only unlucky but a source of strange evil. "How silly!" I thought—and jumped right in.

This was not my production; I had not cast it, nor had any influence on the design; and in three weeks it was to open on Broadway. The company, playing eight performances a week and having already played eight weeks on the road with two different

ZOE CALDWELL has played most of the female roles in the Shakespearean canon—with Cleopatra a personal favorite. Among her directorial credits is an acclaimed production of *Macbeth* on Broadway in 1988. A three-time Tony Award winner, Zoe Caldwell has been honored for her performances in Tennessee Williams' *Slapstick Tragedy*, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, and *Medea*.

directors, was in no mood for a fresh face. So I thought I'd simply read the text and find out where the play was being "helped." We actors and directors seem to feel it our duty to help William Shakespeare more than any other playwright. I know of no playwright who needs our help less!

Shakespeare has given us a short, sharp, riveting play about a splendid man's total destruction, a fate brought about by his becoming addicted to evil. Could anything be more timely? And to get us ready for such excitement, the playwright brings us all to attention by a crack of thunder, a bolt of lightning, and a brief exchange between three witches telling us that Macbeth is their target. Why Macbeth? Because he is the brightest and the best. The one with the most to lose.

"Brave," "valiant," "noble," "worthy" Macbeth. The King loves him, the soldiers admire and respect him, he has close good friends and an adoring wife. His castle even has a pleasant seat. And he has a crucial element for evil: a human flaw. In his case, vaulting ambition. Banquo would have been of no use to the witches.

I became aware that the Scotland, or Scot lands, in this play is not an established country but a series of fiefdoms gathered together by Duncan the King and desperately keeping attackers at bay. The bloodline is in fact created by Duncan in front of us early in the play, making the prophecy of "King hereafter" impossible for Macbeth without murder. Macbeth is a renowned killer when we first meet him, and he is given great honors and promotions for it. So the witches couldn't have better material to work on.

Having read the witches' prophecies, Lady Macbeth knows

what they will do to her husband. And yet, knowing how strangely ill-equipped he is to ruthlessly pursue his ambition, she does the most extraordinary thing. She calls on the spirits of the dark to take away what is most precious to her—her womanliness, her femininity—so that she may be strong enough to give her husband what he desires.

Godless images, images of chaos, of blood, of dark, permeate the play. But what truly stunned me while working on it was the daring way Shakespeare presents us *not* with an evil man but with a man who, while we are watching, removes himself from all human contact. "Laugh to scorn the power of man" sends chills up my spine; for if that advice is followed, a man will surely become alone and ultimately powerless.

And that is what Macbeth becomes. The final sweep of the play has at its center a lonely, slightly mad, desolate figure. With any luck, we weep. The fact that he speaks some of the most profoundly beautiful speeches in the English language while letting us see his blasted soul doesn't hurt. It is, I think, disconcerting for an audience that has come to see the wicked Macbeths at play to be confronted with such lucid understanding of human frailties. Sometimes the audience rejects the tragedy. But it is our job to follow step by step what Shakespeare has written and let the play do the work.

So why did all health vanish? Because I couldn't clear the path sufficiently for Mr. Shakespeare. Why is it the "bad luck play"? You find out for yourself.

Editor's Introduction to

OTHELLO

and

MACBETH



It is difficult to imagine two works of greater dramatic intensity than *Othello* and *Macbeth*. They portray the most violent of passions. They make extraordinary demands upon the audience's emotions. They raise fundamental questions about what it means to be human. And they suggest that the beginning of wisdom—and the antidote to those excesses that promote self-destruction—is a judgment tempered by humility, compassion, and a sense of cosmic awe.

The play that opens this volume is normally defined as a domestic tragedy. In its exposure of the fragility of those ties that bind a man and woman in matrimony, it can be as heart-rending as *Romeo and Juliet*. In its exploration of the agonies of doubt, it can be as gripping, and every bit as terrifying, as a political tragedy like *Macbeth*. In its interrogation of the inadequacies of earthly justice, meanwhile, it can be as disturbing, and in its own

terms as theologically and philosophically unsettling, as the Job-like *King Lear*.

Because *Othello* anatomizes the follies occasioned by jealousy, there is something to be gained from setting it beside a comedy like *The Merry Wives of Windsor* or a tragicomic romance such as *The Winter's Tale*. In many respects, however, it seems closer to *Hamlet*. Like the Prince of Denmark, its protagonist begins as a man of "Free and Open Nature" (I.iii.406). He endeavors to act nobly. He places a premium on the maintenance of his "Good Name" (III.iii.152). And even more than the melancholy Dane, he proves susceptible to those who know how to play upon the pride with which he upholds his treasured honor. As a consequence, the action of this tormented drama has many affinities with history's most celebrated revenge tragedy.

To the degree that the malefactor who undermines Othello is impelled by something more specific than what Samuel Taylor Coleridge called "motiveless malignity," what drives him is a determination to prove the General "an Ass" (II.i.324) for selecting the more refined but less experienced Michael Cassio as his Lieutenant. Iago's contempt is directed primarily at the superior who has passed over the more senior candidate for the job. But it also extends to the rival who has won the position the Ancient (ensign) coveted. And not only does Iago resent what he regards as an undeserved promotion for Cassio; he also harbors suspicions that Othello and his new Lieutenant have both "leap'd into" the Ancient's "Seat" and enjoyed the favors of his wife Aemilia. In response to these supposed injuries, Iago vows to be "even'd" with the two of them (II.i.312-14).

The "Poison" (III.iii.315) the Ancient uses to advance his

purpose is administered in successive doses. First he takes advantage of Cassio's weakness for alcohol to cast him out of favor with his commanding officer. Then he persuades the cashiered Lieutenant to solicit the Moor's own "General" (II.iii.325) in the expectation that Othello's bride will plead with her new husband for Cassio's reinstatement. Through these and other schemes Iago places himself in a position to turn Desdemona's "Virtue into Pitch, / And out of her own Goodness make the Net / That shall enmesh them all" (II.iii.372-74).

The Ancient now proceeds to a series of "Proofs" (III.iii.314) that will lend plausibility to his insinuation that the Moor should "look to" his wife. Reminding Othello that he remains an alien in the "super-subtle" (I.iii.361) Venetian society the General has sought to enter surreptitiously, Iago gradually unravels the self-confidence of the "all-in-all Sufficient" Moor (IV.i.269) until he is able to twist a man "of Royal Siege" (I.ii.22) into a recidivist barbarian who thinks himself the laughingstock of a vaunting "Roman" (IV.i.120). It is humiliating enough for the mighty warrior to believe that his own Lieutenant has cuckolded him; what makes his plight even more unbearable is Iago's assertion that Cassio now scorns the "Foolish Woman" he has seduced as if she were no more to be prized than a common whore (IV.i.179-81).

Once Othello becomes persuaded that Desdemona is indeed guilty of infidelity, his instinctive reaction is to exclaim "But yet the Pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the Pity of it!" Recognizing the danger that his prey might be moved to mercy rather than malice, Iago alertly steps in to divert the Moor's sympathy with a remark that is guaranteed to rekindle wrath: "If you are so Fond over her Iniq-

uity, give her Patent to offend: for if it touch not you, it comes near no body" (IV.i.201-5). Here as elsewhere, the Ancient's method is to make Othello focus not on Desdemona but on his own sense of injured merit. By stressing that the Moor's own "Honor" is part and parcel of Desdemona's, Iago eventually spurs the General to a "Rash and most Unfort'nate" act that proves his undoing (V.ii.276).

It is a sign of Othello's worthiness as a tragic hero that to the end he retains the nobility that initially made him vulnerable to Iago's cunning. For all his machinations, the Ancient is never able to reduce the Moor entirely to a blunt instrument of his tormentor's vengeance. Before Othello can bring himself to execute Desdemona he must first delude himself into believing that he is a minister of divine justice. And even in that role his innate generosity constrains him to offer his wife a moment to prepare her soul for Heaven. When Desdemona refuses to confess to a crime that would have been inconceivable to her, her husband becomes furious again. But one of the things that makes what he does pathetic rather than malicious is the fact that he continues to express devotion for his bride even as he forces himself to snuff out her life. In that as well as in a more cynical sense that accords with Iago's strategy, Othello becomes "an Honorable Murd'rer" (V.ii.288). No matter how we judge the Moor's final speech and "bloody Period," then, we have to concur with Cassio's assessment that the hero was "Great of Heart" (V.ii.351-55).

The earliest recorded performance of the tragedy occurred in November of 1604, when Shakespeare's company presented *Othello* at Court to their new patron, King James I. In all likelihood the play had been written some three years before its pro-

duction at Whitehall (in late 1601, perhaps, or early 1602), and by 1604 it was probably well established in the Globe repertory.

Its first appearance in print was in a 1622 Quarto whose derivation remains uncertain. A few modern editors prefer the Quarto to the somewhat fuller and smoother text in the 1623 Folio collection, and the majority of those who adopt the Folio as their control text draw freely from the Quarto for phrases that strike them as superior in particular passages. The *Guild* edition adheres as closely as possible to the later printing. The exceptions to this practice are isolated instances in which omissions or manifest corruptions in the Folio call for supplemental or corrective readings from the Quarto.

Shakespeare's principal source for *Othello* was a novella from the *Hecatommithi* ("One Hundred Tales") of Giraldi Cinthio. Cinthio's collection was first published in Venice in 1565, and the playwright probably read it in the original Italian. It is conceivable that he also consulted a 1584 French version by Gabriel Chappuy, but if so he appears to have derived little from it that was not present in Cinthio's rendering of the story. Our best evidence is that the majestic tragedy we know as *Othello* derived from a crude narrative about an overreaching Moor who brought his troubles upon himself by marrying a woman of different race, religion, and mode of life, and who was eventually duped into beating his innocent spouse to death with a sandbag.

In Cinthio's story "il Moro" is a pagan rather than a Christian. And the character who corresponds to Iago is motivated by jealousy over Desdemona (and the hatred engendered by her rejection of his attentions), rather than by anger over any slight by the Lady's husband. Shakespeare ennobled Othello in a num-

ber of ways. He gave Iago a much more active role as stage manager of the General's downfall. And he made several alterations in the character of the Moor's Lady to transfigure her into the "Divine Desdemona" (II.i.73) of *Othello's* concluding scenes.

In similar fashion, when Shakespeare turned to *Macbeth* some five years later (probably in 1606), he wove into a coherent tragedy of ambition several strands of scattered narrative from the 1587 edition of Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*. For the title character, the playwright combined elements of two episodes in Holinshed: Donwald's murder of King Duff (a crime largely instigated by Donwald's wife), and Macbeth and Banquo's rebellion against a Duncan who is venial and weak rather than saintly and meek as in Shakespeare. In Holinshed the Duncan who is overthrown by Macbeth and his allies has exceeded his authority as an elected monarch by proclaiming his son Malcolm as his heir. And in Holinshed Duncan's conqueror reigns successfully and responsibly for a decade before he degenerates into the tyrant that Shakespeare's Macbeth becomes as soon as he seizes the throne.

At the same time that Shakespeare sullied the reputations of Macbeth and his Lady, he transformed Banquo from a rebel into a nobleman who explicitly rejects the course his companion chooses. The playwright's reasons for the alteration were probably twofold: (a) he knew that the monarch he now served claimed descent from the legendary Banquo, and (b) he knew that that same monarch would expect to see the progenitor of the Stuart dynasty represented as a loyal subject of his duly anointed Lord. There is a good possibility that Shakespeare's drama was first presented before King James in the latter half of 1606.

Actors customarily refer to *Macbeth* as "The Scottish Play," and so potent are the superstitions traditionally attached to it that even today many theatre professionals refuse to incur the risk of mentioning it by name. Like Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* and Shakespeare's own *Richard III*, it is a script that requires its performers to utter blasphemies and engage in traffic with the agents of blackest Night. Like *Richard II* and *Julius Caesar*, it focuses on regicide. Like *Hamlet* and *King Lear*, it forces the audience to ponder cosmic questions, matters of "deepest Consequence." But for all its correspondences with these and other exemplars of Renaissance stagecraft, *Macbeth* is in one respect unique: it alone is widely believed to carry a curse.

It would be fruitless to try dispelling the aura that surrounds this bloody piece of work. Every thespian can recount mishaps attributable to encounters with Shakespeare's most metaphysical tragedy; every director can detail the disasters that have plagued productions of the play. At the same time, however, and more to the point, everyone knows that the demonic lore associated with *Macbeth* is an ineradicable aspect of the mystique this magnificent drama has always held for players and playgoers alike.

From Richard Burbage's original rendering of the title part, either at King James's Court or at Shakespeare's Globe, to recent revivals in theatres around our own globe, the role of Macbeth has inspired a regal procession of memorable performances. But if the play's four centuries have brought us eminent actors to essay the protagonist, they have bequeathed an equally imposing succession of Ladies to urge the warlike Thane toward the "Golden Round" (I.v.30) for which both characters lust.

Nor is it difficult to understand why the personae of Macbeth

and his wife have proven so enduring. In the hero's aspiration for the crown, Shakespeare depicts a "vaulting Ambition" (I.vii.27) so primal as to rival the insurrection of Lucifer. In Macbeth's assassination of his beneficent King, the poet dramatizes an act of treachery so egregious that it can only be exceeded by Judas' betrayal of *his* Lord. In the reign of terror that ensues in the aftermath of the slaying, the playwright portrays the desperation of a tyrant so obsessed with safeguarding his throne that he becomes another Herod (Matthew 2:16-18), slaughtering innocent children and their parents in a frantic but futile effort to arrest the future and trammel up "the Life to come" (I.vii.7). Meanwhile, in the nocturnal vigils of Macbeth's Lady, the dramatist displays the torments of an accomplice so incarnadined with guilt that, like Pontius Pilate, she must ultimately forswear any hope of ever cleansing her hands again.

Yes, this is a world of heightened dimensions, and its poetry is at times so opulent that, like the verbal music of *Othello*, it can be described as operatic. The result is an atmosphere so overcharged with passion and violence, so redolent of damnation, that it would not be inappropriate to refer to it as Shakespeare's *Inferno*.

But if we conclude that the author's object in this tragedy is to engulf us in the maelstrom of the protagonist and his wife stir up for themselves and for the kingdom they usurp, we should bear in mind that much of the play's effect derives from our initial view of "Noble Macbeth" (I.ii.69) as a splendid warrior whose valor in the service of his monarch has just earned him a new honorific. When we see the hero with Banquo on the blasted heath, rapt in speculation about the Witches' prophecy that he will be "King

hereafter" (I.iii.48), we should avoid presuming too quickly that "Brave Macbeth" (I.ii.16) is foreordained to prove a villain. It is true that he is being singled out for the "supernatural Soliciting" of the "weyward Sisters" (I.iii.30, 128). And it is clear that in his opening scenes with his Lady (I.v and I.vii) the Thane is all too receptive to her interpretation of what it means to be a "Man" in such a situation. But up to the moment when he irrevocably determines to don a "False Face" to "hide what the False Heart doth know" (I.vii.82), Macbeth remains capable of saying "We will proceed no further in this Bus'ness" (I.vii.31).

That he eventually does not act on those words is what the play is all about. And nowhere else in all the world's dramatic literature can we find so profound an analysis of what it means to choose evil and consign oneself to perdition.

By giving us an opportunity to observe Macbeth before he succumbs to the promptings of his unruly pride, Shakespeare introduces us to a man not altogether different from ourselves, a human being with whose frailties we can identify. We meet the hero when he can properly be designated as Banquo's "Noble Partner" (I.iii.52), and at this juncture the only distinction between the two warriors is that Banquo does not permit his curiosity about the Witches' prophecies to blind him to the commonplace that "oftentimes, to win us to our Harm, / The Instruments of Darkness tell us Truths" (I.iii.121-22).

By showing us the exchanges with Macbeth's Lady that follow, Shakespeare depicts the psychology of seduction. As the Thane's "Desire" supplants his "Judgment" (I.vii.8, 41) he finds that a proposition he initially dismissed as unthinkable begins to

assume an air of inevitability. Once his wife persuades him to "screw [his] Courage to the Sticking-place" (I.vii.60), Macbeth's "Heat-oppressed Brain" (II.i.38) produces a somnambulistic state in which first an imagined dagger and then a tolling bell summon him to a deed from which his very being would otherwise recoil.

From this point on we are made privy to a study in the deterioration of humanity. In Shakespeare's time "conscience" was indistinguishable from what we now call "consciousness," and what Macbeth experiences in the wake of his crime is a process by which both are corrupted beyond reclamation.

Almost immediately Macbeth's homicidal narcosis yields to evasion: "I am afraid," he says, "to think what I have done." Evasion leads to a willed suppression of self-knowledge: "To know my Deed, / 'Twere best not know my Self" (II.ii.48, 69-70). From there the playwright charts a steady decline to that hardening of the heart wherein the most brutal murders become virtually automatic. Eventually the man whose nature was thought "too full o' th' Milk of Humane Kindness" (I.v.19) acknowledges that he has "almost forgot the Taste of Fears" (V.v.9) or any other human feeling. And by the end of the play (V.v.24-28) he is reduced to the nihilistic observation that

Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,
That struts and frets his Hour upon the Stage
And then is heard no more; it is a Tale
Told by an Idiot, full of Sound and Fury
Signifying nothing.

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Moments after this speech we hear Macbeth "wish th' Estate of the World were now undone," and it dawns on us that, having wagered his soul to gain the whole world (Matthew 16:26), the protagonist finally and ironically ends up with neither.

The disintegration of Macbeth's Lady follows a different course. Whereas her husband is passive in his initial encounter with evil suggestion, she is aggressive. At the beginning Macbeth pays at least some heed to his doubts; without hesitation his wife invokes demonic aid to transform herself into an unreflective, unfeeling "Knife" to be employed in the "Night's great Bus'ness" (I.v.54, 70). Following the murder of Duncan, true to her resolve, she endeavors to prevent Macbeth from considering the deed too deeply: "What's done is done" (III.ii.12), she says matter-of-factly. But after the Banquet Scene (IV.iii), where she makes an admirable attempt to preserve decorum in the presence of her husband's agitation over the ghost of Banquo, she largely disappears from view. Macbeth ceases to confide in her, and when at last we look in on her again in the Sleepwalking Scene (V.i), we realize that the madness she has sought to prevent in her husband has taken possession of her instead. The conscience she has tried to thwart now drives her to despair with its insistence that "What's done cannot be undone" (V.i.76).

Happily, there is more to this dramatic action than the two central figures. While the playwright focuses most of our attention on the Macbeths' ruses to escape retribution for their misdeeds, he makes us increasingly aware of another realm beyond the claustrophobic cauldron their castle has become. We see "Sinful Macduff" roused by the fate of his family to "Dispute it like a Man" and become a minister of "the Pow'rs above"

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(IV.iii.219, 223, 237). We witness Malcolm's emergence as the true scion of a father who had embodied all the "King-becoming Graces" (IV.iii.91). We receive a much-needed reminder that "Angels are Bright still, though the Brightest fell" (IV.iii.22). And finally, with the removal of the usurper whose name has now become identical with "Tyrant," we observe that it is still possible for a sick society to purge itself of "the Evil" (IV.iii.146) and assert, at least for an interval, that "the Time is Free" (V.vii.84). It is a mark of the modernity of *Macbeth* that any optimism we may feel about the "Measure, Time, and Place" to be ushered in at Scone (V.vii.102-4) is secured at the price of one of the most wrenching experiences the theatre can afford.

The only authoritative printing of the play is the one to be found in the First Folio. Some editors and producers supplement the Folio text in III.v and IV.i by appending the songs from Thomas Middleton's *The Witch* (circa 1609) or from William Davenant's 1674 operatic adaption of *Macbeth*. Because it is impossible to be sure that these later versions of the songs were identical with the verses omitted from the Folio text, the *Guild* edition simply reproduces what the Folio supplies in those scenes.

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OTHELLO

