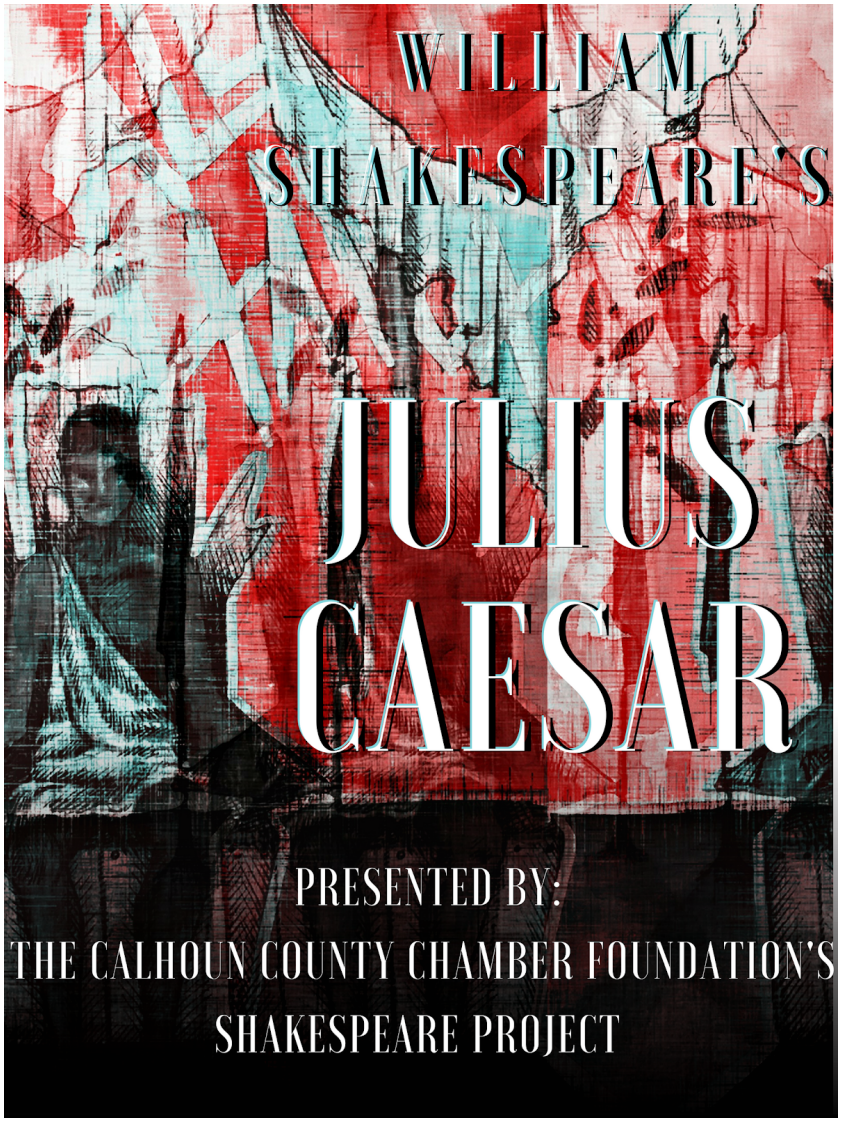

Study Guide

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SCHOOL OF ARTS & HUMANITIES

Jacksonville State University's
Dr. Carmine DiBiase
Cerilla Roe

Shakespeare's England and His Theater

What do we need to know about the world in which Shakespeare wrote and about the material realities of the theaters in which he performed? A few items are indispensable.

First of all, Shakespeare wrote during the Renaissance, which is today more often called the Early Modern Period. In England, this period stretched from about 1485 until about 1642. The first date marks the death of Richard III, the last of the English tyrants; he was defeated in battle by the forces of Henry Tudor, who rose to the throne that year as King Henry VII, the grandfather of Elizabeth I. The second date marks the outbreak of the English Civil War, which would result, eventually (in 1648) in the temporary abolishment of the monarchy (by that time Charles I was king) and the closing of the public theaters. Between these two dates, however, England would see the greatest revival of public and popular theater that the Western world had known in centuries, since the days indeed of ancient Greece. And Shakespeare, who was born in 1564 and died in 1616, lived precisely during the period when his remarkable genius could best flourish. It was during his time as a young playwright, in fact, that the first buildings were erected in London expressly for the putting on of plays, plays that were loved and supported, first by Elizabeth Tudor, who reigned from 1558 to 1603, and then by James Stuart, who succeeded her and reigned for the next twenty-two years, until his death in 1625. This was a period of unprecedented creative activity, not only for Shakespeare but also for his brilliant theatrical peers—such as Ben Jonson, Christopher Marlowe, Thomas Kyd, John Fletcher, and others—who would make a living writing and performing in plays.

Some of these playwrights, Shakespeare included, also purchased stock in theaters: theater, for these writers, was their whole world. They not only wrote the plays, or co-wrote them (Shakespeare, we know, collaborated with John Fletcher, Christopher Marlowe, and others), but they built their own stages, made their own props and costumes, even took their plays on the road in the summertime, when the London theaters closed in an effort to avoid the spread of airborne diseases among crowds. Those London theaters were wooden, open-air structures, with seating on the ground before the stage and more expensive elevated seating along the sides.

BELOW Johannes de Witt's sketch of the Swan theatre (c.1596) is important evidence of Elizabethan staging

The stage was about six feet high, which allowed room below for noise machines and musicians, and for the use of a trap door. A thatched canopy over the central part of the stage created an inner space, which could simulate the interior of a house or palace or tent. This is where Caesar might have spoken with his wife Calpurnia, for example, when she recounts her fears to him and warns him not to go to the Capitol on that fatal morning; or where Lucius would have played his lute for Brutus, who tries to sleep in his tent before the next day's battle. Nearby would have been the trap door, through which the ghost of Caesar might have risen to fill Brutus with dread before that battle.

Shakespeare's acting company—called first The Queen's Men, and then, after the accession of James, The King's Men—performed for the monarch on occasion, especially at Christmas; but for the

most part Shakespeare wrote for the popular audiences who thronged to the theaters on the other side of the River Thames, which marked the limit of the jurisdiction of the city of London. Although the theater was supported by both monarchs, the city leaders of London, who were staunch Puritans, considered the theaters dangerous, threats to morality and to political power and stability. And it was true that among Shakespeare's generally unlearned audiences, there were drunks, pimps, prostitutes, pickpockets—all manner of mischief makers. It was true, as well, that the plays often took up the matter of political power and explored its limits, its threat to the people's freedom, and the sensitive matter of what to do when power is abused. To bring the classical world and its values back to life, however, was every Renaissance writer's obligation: this is precisely what Shakespeare did when he turned the story of Julius Caesar into an English play. In so doing, he gave himself an opportunity to walk the razor thin edge between his duty as a writer and the impulse to chastise those who held, and who might abuse, power. Perhaps the most important classical value, after all, was the central importance of the individual. No genuine writer, therefore, could avoid the matter of tyranny, or monarchy, or the matter of sole rule in general—the greatest threat to individual freedom. This is the threat that Cassius speaks of when, very early on, he tries to persuade Brutus that Caesar has the heart of a tyrant: "I was born free as Caesar; so were you" (I.ii.97). In 1599, when *Julius Caesar* was probably first performed, Shakespeare's audience would naturally have thought of their own monarch, Elizabeth I, and of the tyrant that her grandfather, Henry VII, had defeated. And in 1649, when Charles I was executed for his tyrannical behavior, ordinary English people would think, again, of the fate of Julius Caesar.

Tyranny or Ambition: a Renaissance Problem

We think we know what Shakespeare means when he writes the word “ambition,” which is one of the most important in English Renaissance literature and certainly in *Julius Caesar*. In order to understand the play fully, we have to reexamine this word and all of its variants. Today, it is a good thing to be “ambitious,” but not once does this word occur in *Julius Caesar* without an obviously negative meaning. The word is of crucial importance in Brutus’s funeral oration: “As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him” (III.ii.26-29). And the masses, the plebeians, all seem to agree that to be “ambitious” is to be a threat, indeed a threat that is serious enough to justify assassination. Antony, too, at least in public, considers ambition a flaw. In his funeral oration, he argues that there was more to Caesar than ambition:

> He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
> Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
> Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
> When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
> Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
> Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
> And Brutus is an honourable man.
> You all did see that on the Lupercal
> I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
> Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
> Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
> And, sure, he is an honourable man. (III.ii.93-105)

Everywhere in Europe, the Renaissance saw a revival—or rebirth, which is what the French word renaissance means—of the values of classical Greece and Rome. At the center of those ancient civilizations was the individual: the uniquely athletic, for example, as determined by the competitions of the first Olympic Games. It was the same for the uniquely imaginative, poet who took part in theatrical competitions. The winner would be crowned with a wreath of laurel leaves—a plant that was sacred to Apollo, the god of poetry—and become, therefore, the poet laureate. This tradition was revived in Renaissance Europe, but history never merely repeats itself. Ambition, which is indispensable to anyone who wants to become the best at anything, is, and perhaps always has been, a complicated matter.

Most scholars agree that a good date for the beginning of the English Renaissance is 1485. This is the year which saw the overthrow and death of Richard III, the last of the English tyrants, a brutal, authoritarian ruler. He was succeeded by a series of rulers who, yes, were monarchs, but who shared political power with a parliament. The death of Richard that year, in battle against Henry Tudor, who would become King Henry VII, marked the beginnings of English democracy, and it was that democracy that led eventually to England’s Renaissance achievements. The first English people who

saw Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* would have heard stories about Richard III from their parents and grandparents, who had lived during his time. They would have understood that Richard had been ambitious in precisely the way in which the plebeians in Shakespeare's play understood the word.

When Cassius criticizes Caesar, therefore, Shakespeare is giving us a measure of the freedom of expression that he and his audience enjoyed, for such criticism was, indirectly, also a criticism of any English person, the queen included, who would rule England alone. Cassius at one point recounts how one windy day Caesar dared him to swim across the Tiber, the river that runs through Rome. They leapt in and began their swim, "But ere we could arrive the point propos'd, / Caesar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'" (I.ii.110-12). Caesar's other ailments—his deafness and his epilepsy—are additional reminders of the dangers of ambition. Richard III, we should remember, had severe scoliosis, which has been confirmed recently, after his bones were discovered during an excavation under a parking lot in Leicester.

(The recently discovered bones of King Richard III, under a parking lot in Leicester.)

Ambition, then, to the Renaissance audience, was a complicated matter, an admirable quality, on the one hand, but on the other a potentially fatal flaw, fatal to the ambitious and to the innocent victims of the ambitious. The ancients knew this too, of course; Julius Caesar had been part of Rome's first triumvirate—rule by a committee of three—before he waged war on Pompey and defeated him, and became dictator. After his assassination, he would be replaced by a second triumvirate, consisting of

Mark Antony, Octavius Caesar and Marcus Aemelius Lepidus. Again, Shakespeare's first audiences would have been quite aware of this play's immediate relevance to the London which was their home.

The Characters

Julius Caesar: Roman politician and general. Before the time of the play, a member of Rome's first triumvirate (rule by three). The name "Caesar" was his personal name, but variants of this name—Tsar and Kaiser—came to mean ruler, or emperor. Is assassinated by his fellow political leaders, who claim that he is growing tyrannical and will strip the people of their freedoms.

Calpurnia: Caesar's wife. Her most important moment takes place in their home when she recounts one of her dreams, which she interprets as an omen of her husband's imminent assassination.

Marcus Brutus: Friend to Caesar and becomes, reluctantly, the chief conspirator against him. Is torn between his personal loyalty to Caesar and his loyalty to Rome. Commits suicide upon losing losing in battle against Mark Antony and Octavius.

Portia: Wife to Brutus. Tormented by her husband's refusal to share his troubles with her. Expresses her grief by wounding herself in the thigh and then committing suicide.

TRIUMVIRS:
Members of Rome's Second Triumvirate after the defeat of Julius Caesar

Octavius Caesar (or Octavian): Great nephew of Julius Caesar, would become Augustus Caesar, founder of the Roman Empire and its first emperor.

Marcus Antonius (or Mark Antony): Roman politician and general, painted by historians, and by Shakespeare, as the most clever and imaginative, even the most playful, of his fellow triumvirs. Delivers a stirring funeral oration in verse, after Brutus's prose oration, and with it moves the Roman citizens to revolt against Caesar's assassins. Years later, Mark Antony would fall in love with Cleopatra, a story dramatized by Shakespeare in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Marcus Aemelius Lepidus: A Roman patrician, or member of the aristocracy, characterized, by historians and by Shakespeare, as the weakest member of the second triumvirate.

SENATORS

Cicero (Marcus Tullius Cicero): A statesman, lawyer, and among the greatest orators of the classical period. In Shakespeare's play, Casca recounts how he witnessed Caesar refusing the crown before the plebeians and then falling into an epileptic fit. Cassius asks Casca if, at that moment, Cicero said anything, and Casca replies, "it was Greek to me" (I.ii.287-88). Towards the end of the play the conspirators learn that a hundred senators, among them Cicero, have been executed by order of the three triumvirs.

Publius: Among the conspirators, pushes away Artemidorus, who tries to get Caesar to read a note that will reveal all and save him from assassination. After Caesar's death, the triumvirs, including Mark Antony, who is Publius's uncle, order his execution. Not to be confused with Metellus Cimber's banished brother, Publius Cimber, who does not appear in the play.

Popilius Lena: Not one of the conspirators, but just before the assassination he crosses paths with Cassius and says, ominously, "I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive" (III.i.13), then walks away. Cassius then fears that the plot has been discovered.

THE CONSPIRATORS

Caius Cassius: The most cold blooded and calculating of the conspirators. Writes anonymous notes for Brutus in order to persuade him to plot Caesar's death.

Casca: His role is to be the first to stab Caesar.

Decius Brutus: Reinterprets, or deliberately misinterprets, Calpurnia's ominous dream, so that Caesar feels safe in leaving his home to go to the Capitol, where he is assassinated.

Metellus Cimber: His brother Publius Cimber was banished by Caesar. Metellus Cimber, on the morning of the assassination, incites Caesar by asking him to allow Publius Cimber to return to Rome. When Caesar affirms his authority, and says the banishment shall not be reversed, the conspirators find the spur they need in order to draw their weapons and kill him.

Cinna: Share a name with Cinna the poet, who is mistaken for him by a mob of citizens and killed.

Trebonius and **Ligarius:** Conspirators with minor roles.

MINOR CHARACTERS

Flavius and **Marullus:** Roman tribunes were elected officials. Marullus has an especially important role in the opening scene, where he reminds the gathered citizens that it is shameful for them to celebrate the overthrow of one Roman (Pompey the Great) by another Roman (Julius Caesar). These two tribunes contribute to the public's initial suspicion of Caesar.

Artemidorus: a scholar, or philosopher, a Sophist of Cnidos, tries, unsuccessfully, to give Caesar a note that would reveal the plot and save him from assassination.

Soothsayer, or "truth teller": His role is to perform an animal sacrifice in order to know whether it is safe for Caesar to go to the Capitol on the Ides of March. The beast he sacrifices is discovered to have have no heart, a bad omen for Caesar, who nevertheless ignores the warning.

Cinna: A poet, killed by a rioting mob who confuse him with Cinna the conspirator.

Friends of Brutus and Cassius: **Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, Young Cato, and Volumnius**

Servants to Brutus: **Varro, Clito, Claudius, Strato (assists in Brutus's suicide), Dardanius, and Lucius (a young musician who tries to sing Brutus to sleep the night before battle).**

Pindarus: A former slave, or "bondman," freed after he assists Cassius in his suicide and leaves Rome.

Plebeians: Citizens of Rome, unnamed but one is identified in the first scene as a shoe maker, or cobbler (which also meant bungler).

Unnamed senators, guards, and attendants

The Plot: History Compressed

The five-act structure has always been an artificial affair. It did not exist among the ancient Greek dramatists; it was introduced later into Western theater by the ancient Roman writer, Horace, and was adopted, much later, by the dramatists of the Renaissance Italian academies and also by those of Renaissance France. Eventually, the Elizabethans, Shakespeare included, inherited this structure as well. All of Shakespeare's plays are divided into five acts, with Act One introducing the main characters and the source of the play's dramatic tension. This tension then—such as that which arises from the conspiracy to assassinate Julius Caesar—reaches a climactic moment somewhere in the middle, or even past the middle, and finally, in Act V, it is resolved and a new equilibrium is established. This, however, is about as closely as Shakespeare can be expected to follow this inherited form; he never allowed himself to be controlled by academic tradition. What we find, instead, is that each of his plays finds its own, unique form, which emerges organically from the materials he chose to work with. Always, what matters to him most of all is characterization: the shape of his plays is always a result of the nature and the motives of his principal characters. And to understand the plot of *Julius Caesar*—that is, the choice and arrangement of the play's actions—it is illuminating to look at the materials he worked with: in this case, actual history, as he learned it from Plutarch.

Shakespeare's habit, when he was writing history plays, was to compress history to clarify the human motives that made important events happen. Often he would place two events side by side and thereby expose some natural irony that might illuminate the characters involved. He did this in his English history plays, and he did this in *Julius Caesar*. According to historical records, Pompey the Great, who formed Rome's first triumvirate (rule by committee of three men), was defeated in the civil war which broke out in 49 BC; he was killed about a year later, in 48 BC, and Julius Caesar became Rome's supreme leader. Caesar would hold his power for about four years, till 44 BC. That year, a group of conspirators, fearing that Caesar had tyrannical designs on Rome, plotted and carried out the spectacular assassination which would become the central event of the play. Shakespeare's opens his play in 44 BC, with the Lupercalia in progress: this festival, and fertility ritual, normally took place on February 15, but in the play it seems that it is only a couple of days before March 15, the day of the assassination. Shakespeare does this in order to develop the character of Calpurnia and her husband, Caesar, who is concerned about her inability to conceive a child. But this festival also brings out the playful, and life affirming, character of Mark Antony, who serves as one of the Luperci, or priests, of the Lupercalia.

Then, after the assassination, which happens almost exactly in the middle of the play, it seems that only a few days pass before war is waged on the conspirators. In actuality, that part of the story took a couple of years to unfold. It was in 43 BC that Rome's second triumvirate would be formed, consisting of Mark Antony, Lepidus and Octavius Caesar. Octavius declared the conspirators murderers, and the armies of the two chief conspirators, Cassius and Brutus, were defeated in 42 BC. That year, Cassius committed suicide prematurely, thinking, mistakenly, that his soldiers had been overwhelmed. Twenty days later, on October 23, when Brutus's army was indeed defeated, he too committed suicide, but in exemplary Roman fashion. In order to heighten this contrast and bring out

the nobility of Brutus, Shakespeare separates these two suicides, not by twenty days, but by a few hours. And the entire plays covers only a few days: the assassination of Julius Caesar is followed immediately by consequences resulting from Mark Antony's sense of justice and revenge.

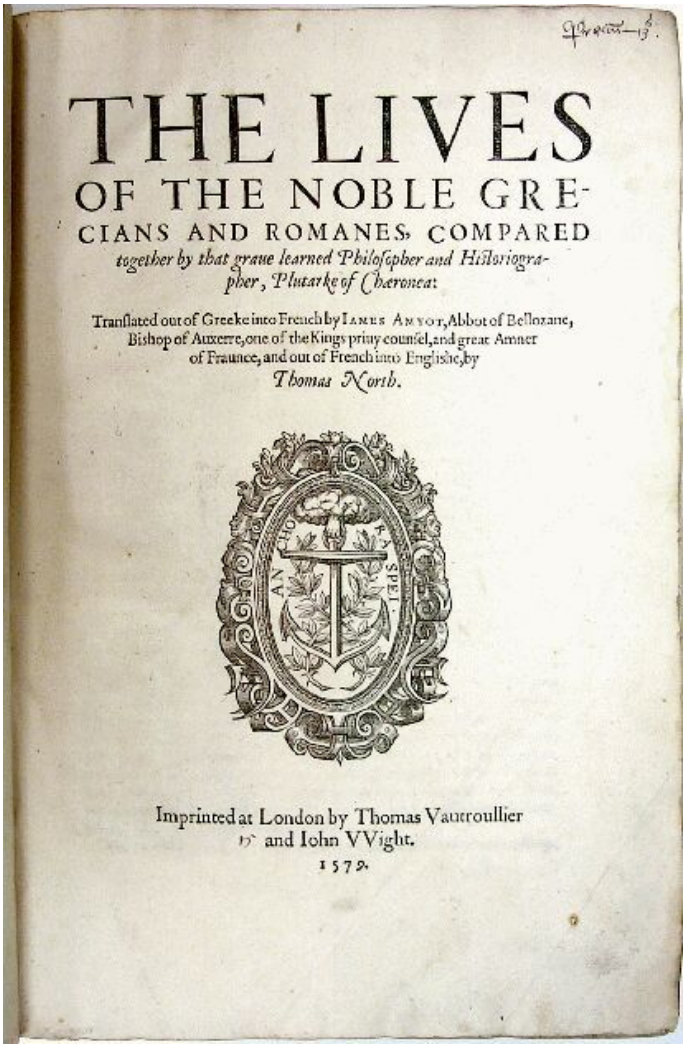
The result is that *Julius Caesar* is, along with *Macbeth*, among Shakespeare's most tightly compressed plays: this, in great part, is what gives the play its sense of urgency and inevitability. And if we ignore the five-act structure, we can see the play as consisting of two halves of roughly equal length, separated—or joined—at the midpoint (Act II, Scene ii) by the assassination. Together, these two halves form a study of fear, which Shakespeare divides, although not cleanly or completely, into two kinds: first, the fear of the gullible masses, which is manufactured and exploited by their power hungry and opportunistic politicians; then, after the assassination, there is the fear of the individual politicians, the conspirators, whose conscience, which takes the form of Caesar's ghost, is tormented by what they have done.

Notice that before the assassination all the action, whether it takes place in public spaces or in private, is informed largely by public concerns. The plays opens on the streets of Rome and much of it unfolds there, or in the Capitol, a public space, until, and including, the assassination of Julius Caesar and his funeral, and to a great extent involves the masses: the "plebeians" or "citizens." Until this point, what should be important private moments—Portia's complaint that Brutus leaves their marital bed and does not share his life with her, Calpurnia's ominous dream and her warning to Caesar, Artemidorus and his attempt to save Caesar's life through a private note that lays out the blunt truth—are all thwarted. Brutus continues to ignore Portia, who as a result will eventually commit suicide; Calpurnia's dream is subjected to an alternative, more flattering, a deliberately fraudulent interpretation by Decius Brutus, a sinister house guest; and Caesar never finds the time to read Artemidorus's note. Notice, also, that after the assassination the Cassius and Brutus, even in battle, find themselves arguing with each other in private, or alone with their servants their private quarters, trying but failing to sleep, tormented as they are by what they have done. Cassius, who has always been coldly logical, now becomes superstitious and complains, on his birthday, that he has inherited his mother's character. And Brutus rediscovers an unidentified book in his nightgown pocket, with a page turned down where he had left off reading the last time he had held it open. The title of the book is not important: what matters is that it symbolizes the awakening of his conscience: it is at that very moment that he sees the ghost of Caesar, an omen that fills Brutus with dread at the prospect of the next morning's battle.

This, then, is the two-fold structure of Julius Caesar. The play is a kind of theatrical see-saw: one side consists of the rapidly building fear among the masses, manufactured by a sinister few who want unearned power; when this fear reaches its high point, the play teeters, in a sense, and the focus is the genuine fear of the two conspirators, who turn inward and discover themselves. Brutus, more so than Cassius, searches himself bravely and fully: it is for this reason that Mark Antony, in the end, will call him "the noblest Roman of them all" (V.v.68).

Plutarch:
Shakespeare's Main Source and How He Used It

Julius Caesar was assassinated on March 15th, 44 BC. It was about 100 years later that one of the most detailed and reliable accounts of his death would be written, by the Greek biographer and philosopher, Plutarch of Chaeronea (*ca*. 45 CE to 120 CE), and included in his massive collection of biographies: *Plutarch's Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*. This was the title it was given in 1579, when this Greek work appeared in English in the great translation done by Sir Thomas North. It would become one of Shakespeare's two favorite books (the other was Ovid's *Metamorphoses*). Plutarch wrote in prose, and North translated him in prose, but his translation would become a monument of English prose. Shakespeare would borrow much and freely from it, not because he wanted to have someone else do the writing for him but because North's English could not be improved upon; it needed only to be to be turned into blank verse.



THE LIVES
OF THE NOBLE GRE-
CIANS AND ROMANES, COMPARED
together by that graue learned Philosopher and Historiogra-
pher, Plutarke of Chaeronea:

Translated out of Greeke into French by IAMES AMYOT, Abbot of Bellozane,
Bishop of Auxerre, one of the Kings priuy counsel, and great Amner
of Fraunce, and out of French into English, by
Thomas North.

Imprinted at London by Thomas Vautroullier
and Iohn VVight.
1579.

(The title page from the first edition, 1579, of Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch.)

Also, Shakespeare borrowed from it because what Plutarch had written amounted to an accurate portrait of human psychology, and it was characterization, after all, that most preoccupied Shakespeare.

Take, for example, the strange case of Brutus's wife, Portia. She is alienated from her husband because he silent at home and does not sleep at night, as he ruminates over his dilemma: whether to be loyal to his friend Caesar or to his country, Rome. Portia's response is to give herself a hideous wound. It is her way, not only of showing her husband that she has courage, but of making an elusive, invisible grief concrete and thereby taking control of it.

A lesser writer than Shakespeare would have been unable to resist borrowing the following vivid detail from Plutarch (I have modernized the punctuation slightly):

> This young lady, being excellently well seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise—because she would not ask her husband what he ailed before she had made some proof by herself—she took a little razor such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and, causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber, gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore-blood, and incontinently after, a vehement fever took her, by reason of the pain of her wound. (vol. 9, p. 257).

Shakespeare omits nearly all of this. What attracts him is only what will serve his dramatic art. In his play, the wound comes as a shocking surprise; we learn of it—and of the reason for it—for the first time when she reveals it to Brutus:

> Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em,
> I have made strong proof of my constancy,
> Giving myself a voluntary wound,
> Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience
> And not my husband's secrets? (II.i.298-302)

And Brutus, as astonished and horrified as we are, responds: "O ye gods, / Render me worthy of this noble wife!" (II.i.302-03).

> And all of this Shakespeare did find in Plutarch. There, Portia says to Brutus, "how may I show my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelity?" She then reveals her wound, and "Brutus was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so

> good pass, that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Portia. So he then did comfort her the best he could" (vol. 9, p. 257-58).

Plutarch concludes his life of Brutus with a reference to other writers who claim that Portia, "determining to kill herself (her parents and friends carefully looking to her to keep her from it), took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself" (vol. 9, p. 313). Shakespeare would use this too, towards the end of his play, because, again, as far as human psychology is concerned, it is highly accurate. Cassius, upon learning that from Brutus that Portia is dead, asks about the cause, and Brutus replies:

> Impatient of my absence,
> And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
> Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
> That tidings came:—with this she fell distract,
> And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire. (IV.iii.151-55).

The central, most spectacular event of this play—the assassination of Julius Caesar—is especially illustrative of how Shakespeare used his Plutarch. Notice not only how vivid, but how naturally theatrical, the following passage is:

> The part of Brutus's company and confederates stood round about Caesar's char, and part of them also came towards him, as though they made suit with Metellus Cimber, to call home his brother again from banishment. And thus prosecuting still their suit, they followed Caesar till he was set in his chair. Who, denying their petitions, and being offended with them one after another—because the more they were denied the more they pressed upon him, and were the earnester with him—Metellus at length, taking his gown with both his hands, pulled it over his neck, which was the sign given the confederates to set upon him. Then Casca, behind him, strake him in the neck with his sword, howbeit the wound was not great nor mortal, because it seemed the fear of such a devilish attempt did amaze him and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Caesar, turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword and held it hard, and they both cried out. Caesar, in Latin: "O vile traitor, Casca, what dost thou do?" And Casca, in Greek, to his brother: "Brother, help me!" (vol.7, p. 207).

Many of the details from Plutarch's account reappear in Shakespeare's play, and so does the heightened dramatic tension and rapidly building tragic momentum. Interesting here is the phrase, "as though they made suit": Shakespeare doesn't use this phrase, but, here again, the psychological accuracy of it appealed to him: the conspirators make a request that they know Caesar will deny. In short, they set him up. And they have to, because that denial is what they need in order to tell themselves that Caesar is a tyrant: it is what allows them to muster up the final courage to draw their

swords and carry out the murder. And so it is that this false suit, for the repeal of the banishment of Metellus Cimber's brother, finds a place in Shakespeare's play.

The Death of Julius Caesar, by the British comics artist and illustrator, Cecil Langley Doughty (1913-1985)

The passage continues, however, in a way that Shakespeare would reject:

> At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw, they had no power to fly, neither to help him, not so much as once to make an outcry. They on the other side, that had conspired his death, compassed him on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Caesar turned him nowhere but he was stricken at by some and still had naked swords in his face and was hacked and mangled among them as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this murder (vol. 7, p. 207).

In the play, by contrast, Shakespeare has the conspirators agree with Brutus on the following way to assassinate Caesar:

> And, gentle friends,
> Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
> Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
> Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
> (II.i.171-174)

Indeed, according to Plutarch, when Brutus struck, he gave Caesar "one wound about his privities" (208). Instead, Shakespeare, who omits this detail, has Caesar respond, in Latin, "Et tu, Brute?" – that is, "You too, Brutus?" This remark, which is not in Plutarch, is an affirmation of Caesar's affection for Brutus which will torment him for the rest of his days. And Antony—Shakespeare's Antony—knows that Brutus is torn between his affection for Caesar and his duty to Rome, and uses this knowledge during his funeral oration, when he points out the wound on Caesar's corpse:

> Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
> And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
> Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
> As rushing out of doors, to beresolv'd
> If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;
> For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel;
> Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him.
> This was the most unkindest cut of all … (III.ii.181-88).

Plutarch's vivid imagery, his sense of drama, his sharp sense of human psychology, even of group psychology—all this, Shakespeare appreciated and allowed it to shape what he wanted to put on the Elizabethan stage. But he happily departed from his source—even directly contradicted it—when it would have spoiled the poetic fabric of the play he wanted to write. And perhaps most notable here is that the two funeral orations—Brutus's a shining example of the most stirring English prose, Mark Antony's a virtuoso performance in soaring English verse—are not in Plutarch: they are pure Shakespeare, or as pure and original as imaginative literature gets.

The Pen or the Sword:
Action and the Modern Problem of Conscience

The great difference between medieval literature and modern is that medieval characters, such as Beowulf, are defined by what they do, whereas modern characters are defined by what they think. Medieval characters are defined by their actions, often by their use of a weapon—a lance, a sword, a dagger. Such weapons change shape, as the medieval period gives way to the modern, and become pens or tongues. What make Shakespeare so different from his contemporaries is that he takes a medieval character—an action bound soldier, for example, such as Macbeth or Coriolanus—and drops him into a modern world, where he is forced to learn how to use and defend himself from these modern weapons, the only weapons of any use on the modern, inner battlefield: the human heart, or soul, or conscience. Brutus is precisely such a character, who must struggle to master these modern weapons before he can wield the older ones—the actual swords—with skill. And this arduous struggle to take possession of his conscience, a struggle that is marked by a conspicuous number of written documents, is what places Brutus at the center of the tragedy of *Julius Caesar*.

"Conscience," says Hamlet, "does make cowards of us all" (III.i.91). What he means by this is that to meditate on an action we plan to carry out—to think about our motives, about how we will be seen afterwards, about the consequences that will follow—is to risk becoming incapable of action altogether. Conscience, which means self-knowledge, is one of the great modern problems that Shakespeare explored in play after play. It is the core problem in *Hamlet*. In *Julius Caesar* the word makes one conspicuous appearance, just fourteen lines into the very first scene. "You, sir, what trade are you?" asks Marullus, an important Roman politician, of a commoner he meets in the street. "Truly, sir," says the commoner, "in respect of a fine workman, / I am but, as you would say, a cobbler." This irritates Marullus because clearly this commoner is being playful, punning on the word "cobbler," which means not only shoemaker but bungler, an inept person. "But what trade art thou? Answer me directly," says Marullus, and the answer he gets is another pun, this time on "soles" and its homonym "souls": "A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles" (I.i.9-15). This cobbler, along with a carpenter who is with him, leaves the stage after this scene and never appears again. Is it possible, we might wonder, that this cobbler is Shakespeare himself, saying to us, the audience, that to write plays—to recreate life in words—is, in a sense, to mend souls by giving them a reflection of themselves, that is, self-knowledge, or conscience? There is no concrete evidence that Shakespeare had this in mind, but the possibility does prompt us to examine *Julius Caesar* for how language, particularly in the form of written documents, contributes to self-knowledge.

Speaking to Mark Antony, Caesar reveals his reason for suspecting Cassius: "He reads much," he says, and reading, it seems, is a habit that comes along with an ability to read people too: "he looks / Quite through the deeds of men," says Caesar, but—and this is an important qualification—"he loves no plays, / As thou dost, Antony" (I.ii.200-03). Caesar understands, then, that Cassius can read people, but that Cassius doesn't like plays suggests that he doesn't want to know his own soul,

doesn't want it to be mended, as the cobbler, or Shakespeare, might say. Like all of Shakespeare's villains, however, Cassius rejects the reality of his own soul, his own conscience, and turns his sharp insight into people outwards, with malicious intent. His principal victim is not Caesar but Brutus, whom he corrupts by abusing this insight, and the abuse comes in written form. Cassius first instructs Brutus on the matter of conscience, telling him that we cannot know ourselves on our own, that we can only know ourselves by seeing our reflection in others, who serve as mirrors:

> Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear;
> And, since you know you cannot see yourself
> So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
> Will modestly discover to yourself
> That of yourself which you yet know not of. (I.ii.66-70)

Then, in a chilling soliloquy, Cassius reveals his plan to corrupt Brutus through writing:

> I will this night,
> In several hands, in at his windows throw,
> As if they came from several citizens,
> Writings all tending to the great opinion
> That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
> Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
> And after this let Caesar seat him sure;
> For we will shake him, or worse days endure. (I.ii.320-27)

What makes Brutus the central tragic figure in this play is that he is a critical reader. He struggles to interpret these notes; he is not easily swayed. And when he is finally defeated—that is, when he decides that Caesar must die—he forms a conspiracy held together by what he thinks is the observable truth, such as deeds or the look on men's faces, and by the rightness of his conscience, or soul. When Cassius says the conspirators should take an oath, Brutus, because he is suspicious of language—suspicious of written or spoken documents—rejects the idea immediately:

> No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
> The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
> If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
> And every man hence to his idle bed;
> So let high-sighted tyranny rage on,
> Till each man drop by lottery. (II.i.114-19)

It is significant that the actual battles, the military battles, form only a small part of Shakespeare's play; the more important battles are the inner ones, and they take place in domestic settings: in the private rooms, often the sleeping quarters, of the principal characters. There, the pen and the tongue—writing and speech—are of great importance. Portia's suffers because Brutus is silent, which shuts her out of his life. This suffering leads her to self-abuse: she cuts herself in the thigh in order to

prove to Brutus that she is capable of using a man's weapon and deserving therefore of his trust; she is the first person in this play, in fact, to use such a weapon (II.i.299-302).

(This painting, dated 1664 and done by Elisabetta Sirani, depicts Portia wounding her thigh.)

Brutus, however, continues to neglect her. In the end, we learn that she has committed suicide by swallowing hot coals, by destroying her tongue, her ability to speak, rendered useless by a husband who has shut her out of his life through silence (IV.iii.151-55). Her suicide is richly symbolic of Brutus's failure.

The tragedy of this is that Brutus is aware enough to know that he has failed. He can cope with Portia's death, he says, because he has thought about it beforehand: "With meditating that she must die once, / I have the patience to endure it now" (IV.iii.160-61). But the awakening of his conscience is dramatized vividly the night before the battle, when Brutus, in the company of his servant Lucius, rediscovers a book he had been reading some time before: "Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so; / I put it in the pocket of my gown" (IV.iii.251-52). Then, after Lucius falls asleep, Brutus, now quite alone with his thoughts, begins to read—"Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down / Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. (IV.iii.272-73)—and just then the ghost of Caesar appears. The ghost of course—brought on by the book, a symbol of the journey inward—is Brutus's conscience. We

never learn what book it was. Perhaps it was a play—perhaps it was Shakespeare's Julius Caesar? What we do know, however, is that Brutus's suicide is a dignified Roman one. Cassius's suicide, which happens shortly before, is by contrast an absurd mistake; unlike Brutus, he never examines himself until it is far too late. If he had watched, or read, a few good plays, he might have come to know himself, and others, better.

And as for Caesar, he is at ease with Mark Antony, who likes to watch plays, but he remains too much the man of action, too much the soldier. He fails, for example, to read the document written, and handed to him, by Artemidorus, which would save his life. Note its blunt, straightforward prose:

> Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca, have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou has wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!. Thy lover,
> Artemidorus (II.iv.1-10)

Caesar, for this reason, is a far less complicated character than Brutus, or even Cassius, and becomes instead the subject of books rather than a reader of them. Brutus and Cassius, moments after the assassination, dip their hands in Caesar's blood ritualistically and become quite aware that their deed will pass into written form—dramatic form—and serve as a means of enlightenment for generations of future readers, future audiences:

> *Cassius:* Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
> Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
> In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
> *Brutus:* How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
> That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
> No worthier than the dust.
> *Cassius:* So oft as that shall be,
> So often shall the know of us be call'd
> The men that gave their country liberty. (III.i.111-18)

That dramatic form, *Julius Caesar* the play, will itself contain battles of words. Brutus and Mark Antony, in their dueling funeral orations, fight with each other with words, literally over Caesar's dead body. Brutus's weapon is prose, for his appeal is to logic and reason. Mark Antony, who appeals to logic and reason—and emotion—is verse, and his verse, which contains Caesar's will, is capable of bringing the dead back to life, in the form of conscience, not only Brutus's but that of the masses. The reading of the will is the climactic moment of Mark Antony's oration:

> Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
> To every Roman citizen he gives,
> To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

> […]
> Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
> His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
> On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
> And to your heirs forever; common pleasures,
> To walk abroad and recreate yourselves. (III.ii.244-46, 252-56)

There are other signs in this play, signs other than words, which are either read or misread—namely the omens, such as the owl, the lion whelping in the street, the beasts with no heart, the fires, Calpurnia's dream, even Mark Antony's own "reading" of the corpse of Caesar, poor Cassius's misreading of details, seen from too great a distance by someone other than himself. These all bear careful examination, but one thing is clear: in Shakespeare, the real battle is an internal one, and the real battlefield is the human heart, or soul, or conscience; and the only effective weapon there is not the sword but the tongue and the pen, which are more difficult to master because they are more flexible, more liable to error, more capable of deceit.

Doublespeak and Gaslighting: Politics in Shakespeare

That Caesar had “the falling-sickness” (I.ii.255), or epilepsy, is a fact that Shakespeare got from his main source, Plutarch. But in no classical source would Shakespeare have learned that Caesar was deaf, and, more particularly, deaf in his left ear. “Come on my right hand,” says Caesar, “for this ear is deaf” (I.ii.212). He is talking to Mark Antony here, asking him for his honest opinion of Cassius, whom Caesar fears and distrusts. Why did Shakespeare invent this physical defect for Caesar? The answer may lie in Shakespeare’s fascination with the essential doubleness of human experience and how that doubleness is exploited by conniving men.

Why the deafness, however, in the left ear? The word for left, in some of the Romance languages, is the same as the word for evil. In Italian, for example, “left” is “sinistra,” which also means sinister, or evil. In *The Inferno*, the part of Dante’s *Divine Comedy* which depicts Hell, Dante and his guide, Vergil, make a sharp left turn just before they reach the block of ice in which Lucifer is enclosed. And it is no wonder that, in the West, there is a long tradition of attempting to “correct” left-handedness in children. What Shakespeare seems to have done with Caesar, in making him deaf in the left ear, is to have made him incapable of noticing the evil that surrounds him. Mark Antony may tell him the truth about Cassius, but that truth will go into the right ear, the one that can only understand good. And the same kind of failure happens when his wife, Calpurnia, recounts her dream, which foretells his assassination and warns him not to go to the Capitol that day. He hears her too, of course, only with his right ear, and it is with that same ear that he hears an opposite, flattering, and deliberately misleading interpretation, from Decius Brutus, Cassius’s co-conspirator. It is that interpretation which persuades Caesar to go to the Capitol, where he is assassinated.

This practice of saying precisely the opposite of the truth, and making one’s victims believe it, is the special skill of evil politicians who seek unearned, undeserved power. In *1984*, his chilling novel about a futuristic totalitarian state, George Orwell called this practice doublespeak. The Nazis employed it as their slogan at the entrance to the Auschwitz concentration camp: “Arbeit Macht Frei”—that is, “work makes you free.” Closely related to this practice today is what we call “gaslighting,” which is a reference to the 1944 movie, *Gaslight*, in which a man slowly, and deliberately, drives his wife insane by making her feel guilty of the very crimes that he is himself committing. In *Julius Caesar*, the man who is most skilled at doublespeak and gaslighting is Cassius.

“Tell me, good Brutus,” says Cassius, can you see your face?” And Brutus replies, “No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself, / But by reflection, by some other things” (I.ii.51-53). In this way, by making Brutus believe that he cannot understand himself unless he listens to what others say about him, Cassius gradually weakens Brutus and makes him feel obligated to save Rome from a tyrannical Caesar. Brutus is a man with a conscience; he is insightful: “Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius, / That you would have me seek into myself / For that which is not in me?” (I.ii.63-65). But Brutus is outdone by the expert gaslighting and doublespeak of Cassius: “Well,” says Cassius, “honour is the subject of my story” (I.ii.92), when what he really means is that his subject is “dishonour.” He will forge anonymous notes, changing his handwriting in each one, and throw them into the windows of Brutus’s house, leading him to believe that all of Rome wants him to kill Caesar.

This torments Brutus, makes him unable to sleep until finally, in a weakened state, he agrees to plot and carry out the assassination. It is to his credit that he rejects Cassius's request that the conspirators take an oath: "No, not an oath," he says; all they need is "honesty" (II.i.114, 127). Brutus is suspicious of the potential duplicity of language from the very beginning; but notice his own doublespeak, after the assassination, his desperate attempt to believe in what he has done:

> Stoop, Romans, stoop,
> And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
> Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
> Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
> And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
> Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!" (III.i.105-110)

This is doublespeak indeed, for there will be war, not peace, and Brutus and Cassius, tormented by their consciences, will not be free but enslaved by conscience, their awareness of having done something not honorable at all but in fact dreadfully dishonorable. Ironically, Pindarus, a slave in the service of Cassius, will run free after he helps his master carry out his mistaken suicide.

Irony—which is not to be confused with doublespeak—is when what is said or done is precisely the opposite of what is expected. And irony is what best exposes the malice of doublespeak and gaslighting. Mark Antony seizes the opportunity to do just that in his funeral oration. Repeatedly, he says of Brutus and the rest of the conspirators that they are all "honourable" (III.ii.88, 89, 93,100, 105, 130, 133, 157, 216, and 218). Through this clever verbal duplicity, Mark Antony makes the masses believe the very opposite and turn on the conspirators. For the audience, Mark Antony's "honourable" is deeply ironic, but Shakespeare's masses, like the masses in real life, are generally incapable of irony. Notice the momentary, almost comic scene, during the rioting that erupts after Mark Antony's funeral oration, when Cinna the Poet is mistaken for Cinna the conspirator. "I am not Cinna the conspirator!" he cries out. But the crowd of rioters kill him anyway. "Tear him for his bad verses!" says one plebeian; another says, "It is no matter, his name's Cinna; / pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going" (III.iii.34-39).

(*Cinna the Poet*, 1959, by Jacob Landau, now in New York's Museum of Modern Art)

The masses have no tolerance for the elasticity of language; they are hostile, therefore, to poetry, which harnesses the natural ironies of life. The irony in *Julius Caesar* is not, therefore, for the masses; it is for the enlightened audience, and of course also for a few enlightened characters. Caesar is right to beware of Cassius, who "reads much," yes, but who "loves no plays, / As thou dost, Antony" (I.ii.202-203). That Caesar is capable of saying this reveals a greater humanity than that of Cassius. And that Brutus rediscovers a book in the pocket of his nightgown, just before the ghost of Caesar appears to him, reveals that he too sees through the doublespeak and the gaslighting that have ruined his life and reduced his civilization to civil war.

Words to Learn from the Performance Script

(All of the following occur in the condensed performance script. Next to each word, however, in parentheses, is a note to every occurrence of the word in the standard text; occurrences which do not need to be glossed have not been listed.)

Bay (IV.iii.28): to bark at
Braved (IV.iii.95): challenged, taunted
Compact (III.i.215): *(accent on the second syllable)* plot, conspiracy
Fat (I.ii.191, 195): healthy, also slow-witted and dull
Favour (I.ii.91): outward appearance, or face
Fond (III.i.39): foolish
Excepted (II.i.281): objected to
Given (I.ii.196): disposed
Humours (II.i.262): exhalations
Jealous (I.ii.71, 161): doubtful, suspicious
List (V.v.15): listen
Lover (II.iii.10; III.ii.13, 49; V.i.95): friend
Meet (I.ii.167, 315; II.i.155; III.ii.147; IV.i.13; IV.iii.7, 124): appropriate
Merely, mere (I.ii.39, 235): utterly, utter
Metal, mettle (I.i.65; I.ii.301, 314; II.i.134: IV.ii.24): spirit, resolve
Motion (III.i.70): emotion
Physical (II.i.261): healthful, salutary
Pitiful (III.i.169): merciful
Rank (III.i.152): sickened, diseased from excess
Respect (IV.ii.69, as verb; I.ii.59 and V.v.45, as noun): heed (verb), repute, standing (noun)
Rheumy (II.i.266): unhealthy, inducing rheumatic ailments
Schedule (III.i.3): document, handwritten scroll
Shrewd (II.i.158): malevolent
Shrewdly (III.i.146): grievously, intensely
Thought ("take thought," II.i.187): lose hope
Mechanical (I.i.3): belonging to the working, or artisanal, class.

Cultural References

Bear the palm: Palm leaves were symbols of victory, like trophies. To bear the palm is to win the prize. Cassius is revolted at the thought that Caesar, a defective man (he was epileptic, deaf in one ear, and not a good swimmer), should "bear the palm alone" (I.ii.131).

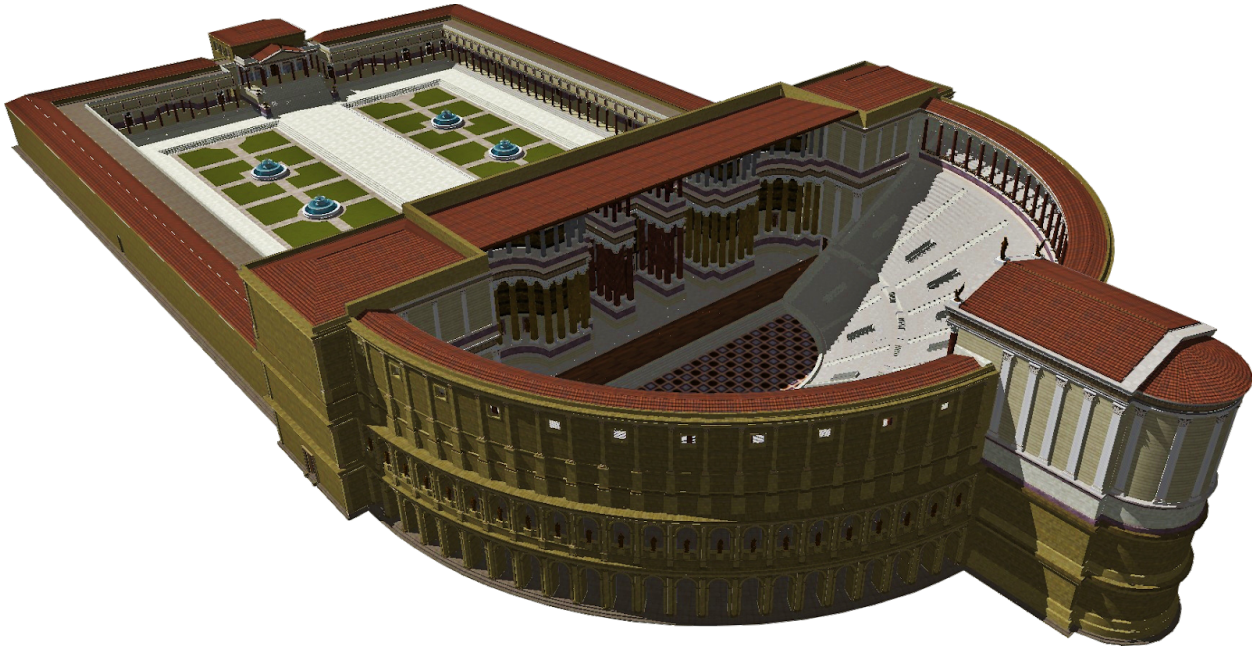
Ides of March: It is the soothsayer, or truth teller, that warns Caesar, "Beware the ides of March" (I.ii.24). Ides, a word whose Latin root means to divide, is the name for the middle of the month. The middle of March, or March 15th, was, according to the oldest of Roman calendars, the day that marked the first full moon of the new year. The ides of every month were, during Caesar's time, celebrated with a sacrifice of sheep to the god Jupiter, and with general revelry, which included drinking and other licentious behavior. The Ides of March, however, was also a date when grievances were settled and changes in political representatives were made. March, moreover, is the month named after Mars, the god of war. Shakespeare would have been fully aware of the symbolic power of these facts. According to Plutarch, the ancient Greek source for Shakespeare's play, Caesar was assassinated on this day. It was Shakespeare's play, however, that would forever make the Ides of March infamous and even dreaded.

The Lupercalia and "the order of the course": The Lupercal, or Lupercalia, was an ancient Roman fertility festival, celebrated every February 15. Directed by Roman priests called Luperci, it was intimately connected with the wolf, *lupus* in Latin, and evoked the story of Romulus and Remus, who according to legend were suckled by a protective wolf and became the founders of Rome. The festival required two of the young Luperci to sacrifice goats and also a dog. The priests were then brought to an altar, their foreheads were anointed with the bloody knife, and the blood was then wiped off with a piece of wool moistened with milk. The two priests would then cut strips from the hides of the sacrificed animals and then, flailing these strips, run in two directions around one of the seven Roman hills, the Palatine Hill, laughing (it was required) as they did so. With these strips of hide they would strike the women they passed: it was believed that the women who were struck would become fertile. (This festival would eventually be Christianized and become Saint Valentine's Day.) In Shakespeare's play, Antony serves as one of the priests. When Cassius asks Brutus, "Will you go see the order of the course?" (I.ii.25), he is asking if Brutus will go and watch Antony run his course round the Palatine Hill. And Caesar asks Antony to "touch Calpurnia" so that she may "shake off" her "sterile curse" (I.ii.7-9). But here the festival works as a metaphor for the whole play. The real sacrificial goat, however, will be Caesar himself. It is notable that Brutus, while planning the assassination, tells the other conspirators that they must not butcher Caesar but "carve him as a dish fit for the gods" (II.i.173).

This painting, by Andrea Camassei (1602-1649), resides in the Prado Museum of Madrid.

Pompey: Along with Julius Caesar and Marcus Licinius Crassus, Pompey, or Pompey the Great, as he came to be known, formed the triumvirate—rule by three men—for seven years (59 BC - 53 BC). In 53 BC Crassus was defeated and killed in battle with the Parthians, Rome's enemies, and the triumvirate fell apart. Eventually, in 49 BC, the Roman civil war broke out, caused mainly by the jealousy and animosity that festered between Pompey and Julius Caesar. Pompey was killed in 48 BC, and Julius Caesar's victory over him resulted in the first time that one Roman's victory over another Roman was publicly celebrated. This was a shameful, unseemly event to Romans such as Marullus, who, at the beginning of the play, and just four years after Pompey's death, reproaches the cobbler and other commoners. "Knew you not Pompey? " he says. "And do you now put on your best attire? / And do you now cull out a holiday? / And do you now strew flowers in his"—Caesar's—way, / That comes in Triumph over Pompey's blood? / Be gone!" (I.i.41, 52-56). According to Plutarch, Caesar was assassinated in the Curia of Pompey, the Roman senate's meeting hall, built during the time of Pompey (55 BC) and named after him. Shakespeare appreciated the grim irony of this fact; he moved the assassination to the Capitol, but he specified that Caesar was killed at the base of Pompey's statue.

(These are the ruins of the Curia of Pompey, where, according to Plutarch, Caesar was assassinated.)

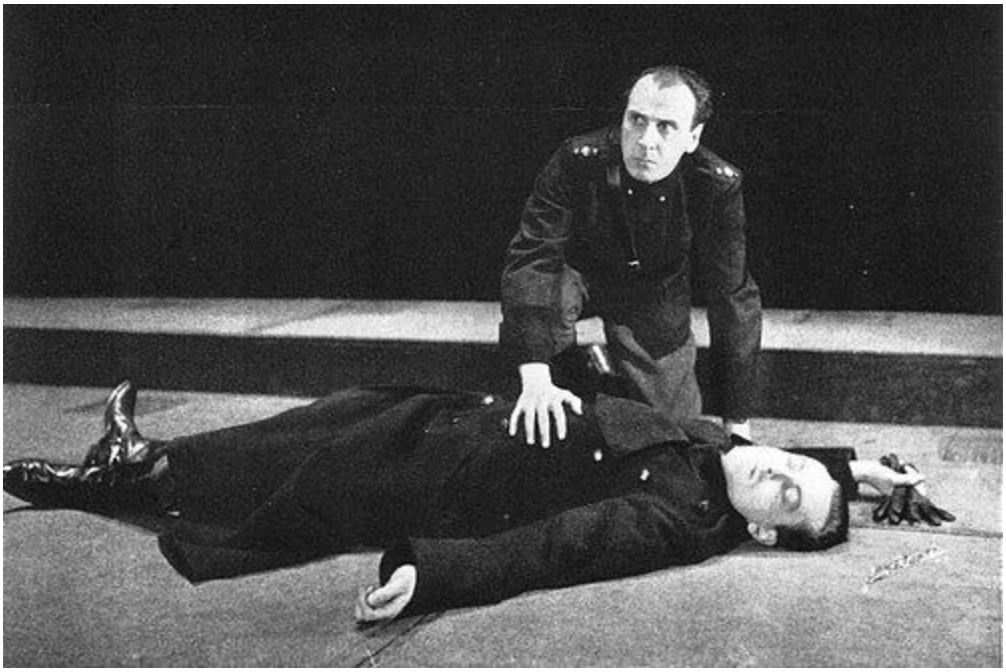


(This reconstruction, by Lasha Tskhondia, shows the Theatre of Pompey and, attached behind it, the Curia of Pompey, where, according to Plutarch, Julius Caesar was assassinated.)

The Serpent's Egg: An ancient, cautionary Greek parable. A farmer, upon finding a serpent's egg, tucked it under his garment against his breast to keep it warm, not knowing its kind, or species. When the serpent hatched, it stung the farmer. Brutus sees Caesar as a serpent, or tyrant, who is about to hatch.

Brief Performance History

The earliest known performance of this play took place at the Globe Theatre in September of 1599. After the death of Queen Elizabeth I in 1603, we know that the play was performed again, at the court of James I, in 1613. It has remained one of the most often performed of Shakespeare's plays ever since then. In the seventeenth century, the most famous Brutus was Charles Hart, the grandson of Shakespeare's sister, Joan. Hart, who died in 1683, would be succeeded in this role byh the great actor Thomas Betterton (1635?-1710). It was in 1774 that the first American performance of *Julius Caesar* took place, in Charleston, South Carolina.



Antony (George Coulouris) kneeling over the body of Brutus, played by Orson Welles, at the Mercury Theatre in New York, where the play ran in 1937–38.

In 2012, at London's Donmar Warehouse, Phyllida Lloyd directed an all-female *Julius Caesar*, set in a women's prison. Photograph by Helen Maybanks.

Director’s Note

On the Ides of March, 44 BC, Julius Caesar was assassinated, the catalyst that removed democracy from the face of the earth for 2,000 years until some folks off the east coast of North America threw tea in the harbor. The freedoms and institutions we have grown up with, that we have inherited from the struggle of many generations of ancestors, can be swept away in an instant. How fragile is democracy? Government? Freedom? Peace?

Caesar reaches us in three ways: as an historical account, as Shakespeare's reaction to early 17th century British politics, and as a testament to the delicacy of our own political reality. Tonight, you will see a Julius Caesar unlike any other. Set in a post-apocalyptic Rome, we hope that you will find tonight’s characters not unlike many of our own modern political figures. These people are soldiers, spouses, parents and charismatic leaders all trying to recover a country from the latest governmental fall. In an effort to appeal to a younger crowd, and to bring our modern sensibilities to the piece, we have updated everything about the play to reflect our modern society and the equal footing that we have been striving for as a nation in recent years. This choice has allowed us to make casting and artistic choices that stray far from the norm while illuminating a deeper aspect of Shakespeare’s text.

Caesar resonates like no other in the age of ‘fake news,’ by forcing us all to look deeper and judge slower. It reminds us of the necessity to question our own truths and motives, and those of our governmental leaders. What side of history will we all stand on and who will be the one to tell that history? Is Caesar truly a tyrant ready to hatch, or does Brutus fall victim to the envious voice of power and persuasion. Is human history doomed to repeat itself? Are the fates against us or do we have the power to learn from the past and truly enact change for the future. Julius Caesar unearths the very soul of human society: pride and power blanketed under the disguise idealism.

On behalf of the entire production and artistic team, let me be the first to welcome you to the Anniston Performing Arts Center as we begin this new endeavor to bring the bard back to Anniston. I cannot express how much it means to us that you have chosen to be here tonight, and we hope you will make it a family tradition for years to come!

2018 Julius Caesar Director, Carrie Colton

2018 Shakespeare Project *Julius Caesar* Cast List

BRUTUS ……..…… ANATASHA BLAKELY
CASSIUS…….…… KARL HAWKINS
CASCA…… AARON HAGOS
CINNA…….…… LIZZIE POWERS
LIGARIOUS…….…… AARON WILLIAMS
PORTCUS/MASTER ELECTRICIAN…….…….. JACOB SORLING
LUCIUS…….……..…… REBECCA HEARN
ANTONY…….……..…… EUNICE AKINOLA
OCTAVIA…….…… STEPHANIE ESCORZA
CINNA THE POET……..…….. KENNEDY JONES
CALPURNIA/COSTUME DESIGNER……..……..…. EMILY TAYLOR
LEPIDUS……..… STUART HENDERSON
CAESAR……..…… MICHAEL BOYNTON

DIRECTOR/CHOREOGRAPHER ……..……..… CARRIE COLTON
TECHNICAL DIRECTOR/SET DESIGNER……..…… NICK HOENSHELL
LIGHTING/SOUND DESIGNER……..…… BRANDON VICK
STAGE MANAGER……..……..… CHEYENNE OLIVER
STITCHER/COSTUME APPRENTICE…….……ANSLEY GAYTON
CARPENTER APPRENTICE…….……. LAWRENCE MASON
YES CARPENTER APPRENTICE…….…. CATHERINE COPELAND
YES ASSISTANT STAGE MANAGER…….…… AKIRA DARK
COSTUME APPRENTICE…….……. AVERY GALLAHAR

PRODUCED BY: THE CALHOUN COUNTY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE FOUNDATION, INC.

Appendix I: Script

JULIUS CAESAR

By William Shakespeare

Adapted for The Shakespeare Project 2018 by: Carrie Colton

OPENING FIGHT*: Epic fight as everyone introduces themselves.*

BRUTUS
Brutus

CASSIUS
Cassius

BRUTUS/CASSIUS
Conspirators against Caesar.

CASCA
Casca

CINNA
Cinna

LIGARIOUS
Ligarious

CASCA/CINNA/LIGARIOUS
Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

PORTIA
Portia, husband to Brutus

LUCIUS
Lucius, servant to Brutus

ANTONY
Antony

OCTAVIUS
Octavius

ANTONY
Loyal friend

OCTAVIUS
And Daughter

ANTONY/OCTAVIUS
To Caesar

CINNA POET
Cinna, a poet and soothsayer to Caesar

CALPURNIA
Calpurnia, wife to Caesar

LEPIDUS
Lepidus, supporter and friend to Caesar

CAESAR
Julius Caesar, Ruler of Rome.

ACT I. SCENE I. Rome. A street.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and certain Commoners through rallying commotion.

CINNA POET
Hence! Home, you idle creatures get you home:
Is this a holiday? What! Know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Commoner (PORTIA)
Why, sir, a carpenter.

CINNA POET
Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
You, sir, what trade are you?

OCTAVIUS (in disguise)
A trade sir, that I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed sir a mender to bad soles.

CINNA POET
What trade thou knave?

OCTAVIUS
Nay, be not out with me. I can mend you.

CINNA POET
What meanest thou by that? Mend me?

OCTAVIUS
Why, cobble you.

CINNA POET
Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

OCTAVIUS
I am, indeed, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them.

CINNA POET
But wherefore art not in thy shop today?

OCTAVIUS
But, indeed, we make holiday, to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Exeunt all the Commoners

CINNA POET
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch.
This keeps me all in severe fearfulness.

Music

Beware the ides of March.

Exeunt

ACT I. SCENE II. A public place.
Flourish. Enter CAESAR; ANTONY, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, LIGARIOUS, CINNA and CASCA; later CINNA THE POET.

CAESAR
Antony!

ANTONY
Caesar, my lord!

CINNA POET
Caesar!

CAESAR
Ha! Who calls?

CASCA
Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

CAESAR
Who is it in the press that calls on me?

CINNA POET
Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR
What man is that?

BRUTUS
A poet bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR
Set her before me; let me see her face.

CASSIUS
Woman, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

CAESAR
What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

CINNA THE POET
Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR
She is a dreamer; let us leave her.

Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS

CASSIUS
Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS
Not I.

CASSIUS
I pray you, do.

BRUTUS
I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; I'll leave you.

CASSIUS
Brutus, I do observe you now of late,
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was once wont to have:

BRUTUS
Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am.
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved--
Among which number, Cassius, be you one.

CASSIUS
Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS
No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

CASSIUS
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had her eyes.

BRUTUS
Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

CASSIUS
O stay, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:

Flourish, and shout

BRUTUS
What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Caesar for their king.

CASSIUS
Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS
I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?

CASSIUS
I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
And yet, this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

Shout. Flourish

BRUTUS
Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

CASSIUS
Why now, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.

BRUTUS
That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter. What you have said
I will consider;
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
It it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death i'th'other
And I will look on both indifferently.
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

CASSIUS
I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Shout. Flourish

BRUTUS
The games are done and Caesar is returning.

CASSIUS
As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CAESAR and his Train

BRUTUS
I will do so.

CAESAR
Antony!

ANTONY
Caesar?

CAESAR

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

ANTONY
Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

CAESAR
Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
Come on my right hand
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

Exeunt CAESAR and all his Train, but CASCA

CASCA
You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

BRUTUS
Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Caesar looks so sad.

CASCA
Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

BRUTUS

What was the second noise for?

CASCA
Why, for that too.

CASSIUS
They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

CASCA
Why, for that too.

BRUTUS
Was the crown offered him thrice?

CASCA
Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

CASSIUS
Who offered him the crown?

CASCA
Why, Antony.

BRUTUS
Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA
It was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Antony offer him a crown; and, as I told you, he put it by once: then she offered it to him again; then he put it by again: and then she offered it the third time; he put it the third time by.

CASSIUS
Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

CASCA
Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

CASSIUS

Good: I will expect you.

CASCA
Do so. Farewell, both.

Exit

BRUTUS
For this time I will leave you:
Tonight, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS
I will do so: till then, think of the world.

Exit BRUTUS

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed:
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

Exit

ACT I. SCENE III. The same. A street.
Thunder and lightning. Enter from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CASSIUS

CASSIUS
Who's there?

CASCA
A Roman.

CASSIUS
Casca, by your voice.

CASCA
Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

CASSIUS
A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA
Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS
Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

CASCA
But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS
You are dull, Casca, and look pale and gaze
To see the strange impatience of the heavens.
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts of quality and kind,
Why old men, fools and children calculate
To monstrous quality: why you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA
'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?.

CASSIUS
Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow

Mean to establish Caesar as a king.
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
What trash is Rome, what rubbish when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA
You speak to Casca, hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS
There's a bargain made. I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence; Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

CASCA
Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS
'Tis Cinna; I do know her by her gait;
And with her comes Ligarious. They are friends.

Enter CINNA and LIGARIOUS

Where haste you so?

LIGARIOUS
To find out you. Who's that?

CASSIUS
It is Casca, a friend.

CINNA
I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party--

CASSIUS
Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

CINNA
I will bestow these papers as you bade me.

Exit CINNA and Ligarious

CASSIUS
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at her house: three parts of her
Is ours already, and the woman entire
Upon the next encounter yields her ours.

CASCA
O, she sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
Her countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CASSIUS
Her and her worth and our great need of her
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake her and be sure of her.

Exeunt

ACT II SCENE I. Rome. BRUTUS home.
Enter BRUTUS

BRUTUS
What, Lucius, ho!

Enter LUCIUS

LUCIUS
Call'd you, my lady?

BRUTUS
Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS
I will, my lady.

Exit

BRUTUS
It must be by his death. For my part
I know no personal cause to spurn at him;
And to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections sway’d
More than his reason.
But he would be crown'd: How that might change
His nature, there's the question. Crown him that
Then I grant, we put a sting in him. Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.
Then lest he may, prevent.
Think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS

LUCIUS
The taper burneth in your closet my lady.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Gives him the letter

BRUTUS
Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, girl, the ides of March?

LUCIUS
I know not, my lady.

BRUTUS
Look in the calendar and bring me word.

LUCIUS
I will.

Exit

BRUTUS

Opens the letter and reads

'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!'
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise:
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS

LUCIUS
Lady, March is wasted fourteen days.

Knocking within

BRUTUS
'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

Exit LUCIUS

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS

LUCIUS
Lady, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS
Is he alone?

LUCIUS
No, lady, there are more with him.

BRUTUS
Do you know them?

LUCIUS
No, lady; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

BRUTUS
Let 'em enter.

Exit LUCIUS

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free?

Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, CINNA, and LIGARIOUS

CASSIUS
I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

BRUTUS
I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

CASSIUS
Yes, every man of them, and no man here
But honours you; and everyone doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Ligarious.

BRUTUS
They are all welcome.
Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS
And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS
No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,--

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every one hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of all men, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? What other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and suffering souls.

LIGARIOUS
Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar?

CASSIUS
Ligarious, well urged: I think it is not meet,
That Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar.
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

BRUTUS
Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar:
Let us be sacrificers but not butchers, Cassius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
This shall make our purpose necessary and not envious.
And for dear Antony, think not of her;
For she can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS
Yet I fear her;

For in the ingrafted love she bears to Caesar--

BRUTUS
Alas, good Cassius, do not think of her:
If she love Caesar, all that she can do
Is to herself, take thought and die for Caesar:

CINNA
There is no fear in her; let her not die;
For she will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

Clock strikes

BRUTUS
Peace! Count the clock.

CASSIUS
The clock hath stricken three.

CASCA
'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS
But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

LIGARIOUS
Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him. Let me work; And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS
Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

BRUTUS
By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

CINNA
Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

CASSIUS
The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

BRUTUS
Hide in smiles and affability. Good morrow.

Exeunt all but BRUTUS

Enter PORTIA

PORTIA
Brutus, my love!

BRUTUS
Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

PORTIA
Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my love,
‘Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS
I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA
Brutus is wise, and, were she not in health,
She would embrace the means to come by it.

BRUTUS
Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

PORTIA
Is Brutus sick? And is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will she steal out of her wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto her sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had to resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRUTUS
Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORTIA
I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' escort, not her husband.

BRUTUS
You are my true and honourable husband,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart

PORTIA
If this were true, then should I know this secret.
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:

BRUTUS
O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble man! Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart. Leave me with haste.

Exit PORTIA

The time is now to play
A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

ACT II. SCENE II. CAESAR's house.
Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR, in his night-gown

CAESAR
Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! They murder Caesar!' Who's within?

Enter LEPIDUS

LEPIDUS
My lord?

CAESAR
O! Lepidus.
Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

LEPIDUS
I will, my lord.

Exit

Enter CALPURNIA

CALPURNIA
What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of this house to-day.

CAESAR
Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

CALPURNIA
Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! These things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CAESAR
What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

CALPURNIA

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

CAESAR
Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard.
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter LEPIDUS

What say the priests?

LEPIDUS
They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

CAESAR
The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Caesar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:

CALPURNIA
Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Antony to the senate-house:
And she shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CAESAR
Then Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter LIGARIOUS

Here's Ligarious, he shall tell them so.

LIGARIOUS
Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

CAESAR
And you are come in very happy time,
Tell them that I will not come to-day:

CALPURNIA
Say he is sick.

CAESAR
Shall Caesar send a lie?
Go tell them Caesar will not come.

LIGARIOUS
Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

CAESAR
The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

LIGARIOUS
This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

CAESAR
And this way have you well expounded it.

LIGARIOUS
I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come, Their minds may change.
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper
'Lo, Caesar is afraid'?

CAESAR
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter LEPIDUS, BRUTUS, CASCA, CASSIUS, and CINNA

And look where Brutus is come to fetch me.

CAESAR
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Cassius, Cinna,
What is the time?

BRUTUS
Caesar, 'tis struck eight.

CAESAR
I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

ANTONY

So to most noble Caesar.

CAESAR
Bid them prepare within:
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day.

CINNA
Caesar, I will:

Aside

And so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

CAESAR
Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRUTUS
[Aside]
Here every friend is not the same, O Caesar,
The heart of Brutus grieves to think!

Exeunt

ACT II. SCENE III. A street near the Capitol.
Enter CINNA THE POET, reading a paper

CINNA THE POET
'Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;
Come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna,
Ligarious loves thee not:
There is but one mind in all these men, and it is
bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal,
look about you: security gives way to conspiracy.
Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

Exit

ACT III. SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*
Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS.

CAESAR
The ides of March are come.

CINNA POET
Ay, Caesar; but not gone.
Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

CAESAR
What touches us ourself shall be last served.

CINNA POET
Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

CAESAR
What, is the woman mad?

LEPIDUS
Sirrah, give place.

CASSIUS
What, urge you your petitions in the street?

CAESAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following

CINNA POET
I see your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CASSIUS
What enterprise?

CINNA POET
Fare you well.

Advances to CAESAR

BRUTUS
What said the poet Cinna?

CASSIUS
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

BRUTUS
Cassius, be constant:
The poet Cinna speaks not of these purposes;

CASSIUS
Ligarious knows his time; for, look you, Brutus.
He draws Antony out of the way.

Exeunt ANTONY

CINNA
Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CAESAR
Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Caesar and his senate must redress?

CASCA
Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Casca throws before thy seat
A humble heart,--
Kneeling

CAESAR

I must prevent thee, Casca.
These crouchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
I could be well moved, if I were as you:
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he.

CINNA
O Caesar,--

CAESAR
Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

LIGARIUS
Great Caesar,--

CAESAR
Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA
Speak, hands for me!

CASCA first, then the other Conspirators and BRUTUS stab CAESAR

CAESAR
Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar.

Dies

CINNA
Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS
Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

BRUTUS
Fly not; stand stiff: ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA
Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

BRUTUS
Where's Lepidus?

CINNA
Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

BRUTUS
Lepidus, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Lepidus.

CASSIUS
And leave us, Lepidus;

BRUTUS
Do so: and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

CASSIUS
Where is Antony?

LIGARIOUS
Fled to her house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.

BRUTUS
Stoop, Romans, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'

CASSIUS
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace her heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter LEPIDUS

BRUTUS
Soft! Who comes here? Lepidus.

LEPIDUS
Thus, Brutus, did Antony bid me kneel:
Thus she bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour her;
Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to her, and be resolved
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
My Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus.
So says the lady Antony.

BRUTUS
The lady is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought her worse.
Tell her, so please her come unto this place,
She shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

LEPIDUS
I'll fetch her presently.

Exit

BRUTUS
I know that we shall have her well to friend.

CASSIUS
I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears her much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

BRUTUS
But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY

Welcome, Noble Antony.

ANTONY
O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, noblemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar.

BRUTUS
O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome--
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of soldiers temper, do receive you in

With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS
Your voice shall be as strong as anyone’s
In the disposing of new dignities.

BRUTUS
Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him, Have thus proceeded.

ANTONY
I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each one render me their bloody hand:
First, Master Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not last in love, yours, good Ligarious.
Noblemen all,--alas, what shall I say?
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making her peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble in the presence of thy corpse?

CASSIUS
Antony,--

ANTONY
Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

CASSIUS
I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?

ANTONY
I took your hands, but was, indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the child of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

ANTONY
That's all I seek: And moreover, may I
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral?

BRUTUS
You shall, noble Antony.

CASSIUS
Brutus, a word with you.

Aside to BRUTUS

You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:

BRUTUS
By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:
What Antony shall speak, she speaks by permission.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS
I know not what may fall; I like it not.

BRUTUS
Master Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission.

ANTONY
Be it so.
I do desire no more.

BRUTUS
Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt all but ANTONY

ANTONY
O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,--
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

To LEPIDUS

You know Octavius Caesar, do you not?

LEPIDUS
I do, Master Antony.

ANTONY
Caesar did write for her to come to Rome.

LEPIDUS
She did receive his letters, and is coming;
O Caesar!

ANTONY
Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is Octavius coming?

LEPIDUS
She lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

ANTONY
Post back with speed, and tell her what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell her so. Yet, stay awhile;
Lend me your hand.

Exeunt with CAESAR's body

ACT III. SCENE II. The Forum.
Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens

BRUTUS
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause, and be silent. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: --Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR's body

Here comes his body, mourned by Master Antony: who, though she had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,--that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

EXIT

ANTONY
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault.
I come to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable woman.
Caesar hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable woman.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented Caesar a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, she is an honourable woman.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?

Yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable.

But, if you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Cinna made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,

Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved her!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw her stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us!

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt human,
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

Exeunt Citizens rallying somehow

Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter LEPIDUS

How now, fellow!

LEPIDUS
Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY
Where is she?

LEPIDUS
She is at Caesar's house.

ANTONY
And thither will I straight to visit her:
She comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

LEPIDUS
I heard her say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANTONY
Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

Caesar stands and begins to walk the stage.

ACT III. SCENE III. A street. ACT IV SCENE I.

Enter CINNA the poet

CINNA THE POET
I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,

Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens

OCTAVIUS *(in disguise)*
What is your name? Whither are you going? Where do you dwell? Answer me directly, briefly, wisely, and truly, you were best.

CINNA THE POET
What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a poet.

OCTAVIUS
Proceed; directly.

CINNA THE POET
Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

OCTAVIUS
As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA THE POET
As a friend.

OCTAVIUS
That matter is answered directly.
For your dwelling,--briefly.

CINNA THE POET
Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

OCTAVIUS
Your name, girl, truly.

CINNA THE POET
Truly, my name is Cinna.

OCTAVIUS
Cinna? I'll tear you to pieces!

CINNA THE POET
I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

OCTAVIUS
You're a conspirator!

CINNA THE POET
I am not Cinna the conspirator.

OCTAVIUS
It is no matter, your name's Cinna; I will pluck your name out of your heart!

FIGHT. CINNA dies pretty brutally.

OCTAVIUS
Come, brands ho! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! Burn all!

Second Citizen reveals herself to be Octavius. Enter ANTONY

ANTONY
And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:--Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

OCTAVIUS
Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts,
I fear, Millions of mischiefs.

Exeunt

ACT IV. SCENE II. Camp near Sardis. Before BRUTUS's tent.
Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCIUS.

BRUTUS
What now, Lucius! Is Cassius near?

LUCIUS
He is at hand.

BRUTUS
A word, Lucius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.

LUCIUS
With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

BRUTUS
Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

BRUTUS
Hark! He is arrived. Away Lucius.

Enter CASSIUS and his powers

CASSIUS
Most noble Brutus, you have done me wrong.
Know you how much the people have been moved
By that which Antony did utter.

BRUTUS
Remember March, the ides of March remember:

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

CASSIUS
Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

BRUTUS
Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS
I am.

BRUTUS
I say you are not.

CASSIUS
Urge me no more, I shall forget myself.
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no farther.

BRUTUS
Away, slight man!

CASSIUS
Is’t possible?

BRUTUS
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

CASSIUS
O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?

BRUTUS

All this! Ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so!

CASSIUS
You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
Brutus; I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

BRUTUS
Peace! You durst not so have tempted him.

CASSIUS
Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS
You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind.

CASSIUS
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS
I do not, till you practice them on me.

CASSIUS
You love me not.

BRUTUS
I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS
A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS
A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS
Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his Brutus;
There is my weapon,
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRUTUS
Sheathe your weapon:
When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd.

CASSIUS
I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS
O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs. No one bears sorrow better.

CASSIUS
Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Knocking

BRUTUS
And my heart too. Come in!

Re-enter LIGARIOUS, with CINNA and CASCA

Ligarious! Welcome, good Cinna, Casca.

LIGARIOUS
I have here received letters,

That young Octavius and Master Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

CINNA
Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

BRUTUS
With what addition?

CINNA
That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death a hundred senators.

LIGARIOUS
Brutus, what have you?

CINNA
Had you your letters from your husband?

We see Portia take his life behind the fabric as Cinna explains the scene

BRUTUS
No, Cinna.

CINNA
Nor nothing in your letters writ of him?

BRUTUS
Nothing, Cinna.

CINNA
That, methinks, is strange.

BRUTUS
Why ask you? Hear you aught of him in yours?

CINNA
No, my lord.

BRUTUS
Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

CINNA
Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain he is dead.

BRUTUS
Ha? Portia?

CINNA
Impatient of your absence
And grief that young Octavius with Master Antony
Had made themselves too strong, he fell distract
And swallowed fire.

BRUTUS
Portia, art thou gone? No more I pray you.
What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS
I do not think it good.

BRUTUS
Your reason?

CASSIUS
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS
Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi have grudged us contribution:

From which advantage shall we cut him off.

CASSIUS
Hear me, good brother.

BRUTUS
Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe.
There is a tide in the affairs of men.
The enemy increaseth every day;

CASSIUS
Then, with your will, go on;

BRUTUS
The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity.
There is no more to say?

CASSIUS
No more. Good night:

CINNA
Good night, Master Brutus.

LIGARIOUS
Good night, Master Brutus.

BRUTUS
Good night, and good repose.

CASSIUS
O my dear Brutus!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!

BRUTUS
Good night, good Brother.

Exeunt all but BRUTUS. Re-enter LUCIUS.

Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS
Here.

BRUTUS
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

LUCIUS
Ay, my lady, an't please you.
It is my duty. I have slept, my lady, already.

BRUTUS
It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long.

Music, LUCIUS sings.

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,

Enter the Ghost of CAESAR

How ill this taper burns! Ha! Who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

CAESAR
Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS
Why comest thou?

CAESAR

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS
Well; then I shall see thee again?

CAESAR
Ay, at the battle of Philippi.

Exit Caesar

Lucius!

LUCIUS
My lady?

BRUTUS
Didst thou dream, Lucius?

LUCIUS
My lady, no.

BRUTUS
Didst thou see anything?

LUCIUS
Nothing, my lady.

BRUTUS
Anything?

LUCIUS
No, my lady, I saw nothing.

BRUTUS
Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

LUCIUS

It shall be done, my lady.

Exeunt

ACT V. SCENE I. The plains of Philippi.
Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army

OCTAVIUS
Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Enter LEPIDUS

LEPIDUS
Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show.

ANTONY
Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCTAVIUS
I will do so, shall we give sign of battle?

ANTONY
No, Octavius, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

OCTAVIUS
Stir not until the signal.

BRUTUS
Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS
Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS
Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANTONY
Villains you did not so, when your vile weapons
Hacked one another in the sides of Caesar
Crying 'Long live! Hail, Caesar!'
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

CASSIUS
Flatterers!

OCTAVIUS
Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look; I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRUTUS
O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young lady, thou couldst not die more honourable.

CASSIUS
A peevish schoolgirl, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

ANTONY
Hold Cassius still!

OCTAVIUS
Come, Antony, away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army

CASSIUS
This is my birthday, as this very day
Was Cassius born. This shadow seems to be
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give up the ghost.
I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.
Now, most noble Brutus,
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together?

BRUTUS
This same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
If we do meet again, why we shall smile.
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Farewell, Cassius!

CASSIUS
Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus!

BRUTUS
O, that a man might know the end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end and then the end is known.

Exeunt
Epic Fight with Epic Music

ACT V. SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*
Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and LIGARIOUS

CASSIUS
O look Ligarious, look! The villains fly!

LIGARIOUS
O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: her soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter CASCA

CASCA
Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Master Antony is in your tents, my lord
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

CASSIUS
This hill is far enough. Look, look, Ligarious;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

LIGARIOUS
They are, my lord.

CASSIUS
Ligarious, if thou lovest me,
Go thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

LIGARIOUS
I will be here again, even with a thought.

Exit

CASSIUS
Go, Casca, get higher on that hill;
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

CASCA ascends the hill

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Casca, what news?

CASCA
[Above]
O my lord!

CASSIUS
What news?

CASCA
[Above]
Ligarious is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him. He's taken.

CASSIUS
Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see mine own friends taken before my face!

CASCA descends

Come hither, Casca, and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer! Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.

CASCA stabs him

Caesar, thou art revenged,

Dies

CASCA
O Cassius!
Far from this country Casca shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

Exit

Re-enter LIGARIOUS with CINNA

CINNA
It is but change, Ligarious; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

LIGARIOUS
These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

CINNA
Where did you leave him?

LIGARIOUS
With Casca on this hill.

CINNA
Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

LIGARIOUS
He lies not like the living.

CINNA
Is not that he?

LIGARIOUS
No, this was he, Cinna, O my heart!
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

CINNA
O hateful error. O error, soon conceived,

LIGARIOUS
What, Casca! Where art thou, Casca?

CINNA
Seek him, Ligarious, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into her ears;

LIGARIOUS
Hie you, Cinna,
And I will seek for Casca the while.

Exit CINNA

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends?
Didst thou not hear their shouts of victory?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything!
By your leave, gods:--this is a Roman's part
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Ligarious' heart.

Kills himself
Alarum. Re-enter CINNA, with BRUTUS, and LUCIUS

BRUTUS
Where, where, Cinna, doth his body lie?

CINNA
Lo, yonder, and Ligarious mourning it.

BRUTUS
Ligarious face is upward.

LUCIUS
He is slain.

BRUTUS
O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

LUCIUS
Brave Ligarious!

BRUTUS
Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Lucius, come; let us to the field.
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt
Caesar's ghost reappears to clear the stage. Short Fight

ACT V. SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

BRUTUS
Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Brutus gets in trouble during the fight

CINNA
I am Brutus, Master Brutus, I;

Soldiers take capture Cinna

First Soldier (PORTIA)
Yield, or thou diest.

CINNA
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

Second Soldier (CINNA POET)
We must not. A noble prisoner!

First Soldier
Here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY

Brutus is taken, Antony.

ANTONY
Where is she?

CINNA
Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend her from so great a shame!

ANTONY
This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this one safe;
Give her all kindness: I had rather have
Such be my friends than enemies.

Exeunt

ACT V. SCENE V. Another part of the field.

BRUTUS
Sit thee down, Lucius

LUCIUS
Now is your noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at your eyes.

BRUTUS
Come hither, good Lucius; list a word.

LUCIUS
What says my lady?

BRUTUS
Why, this, Lucius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Several times by night
I know my hour is come.

LUCIUS
Not so, my lady.

BRUTUS
Nay, I am sure it is.
Thou seest the world, Lucius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

LUCIUS
That's not an office for a friend, my lady.

BRUTUS
Farewell to you, Lucius.
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no one save you was true to me.
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
I prithee, Lucius, stay thou by thy master:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Lucius?

LUCIUS
Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my Brutus.

BRUTUS
Farewell, good Lucius.
Runs on his sword

Caesar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

Dies. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, CINNA,

OCTAVIUS
What maid is that?

CINNA
My master's servant. Lucius, where is thy master?

LUCIUS
Free from the bondage you are in, Cinna:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame herself,
And no one else hath honour by her death.

OCTAVIUS
All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.

CINNA
How died my Brutus?

LUCIUS
I held the sword, and she did run on it.

ANTONY
This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only she
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
Her life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in her that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a Roman!'

OCTAVIUS
According to her virtue let us use her,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent her bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.

So call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt