**Lucy Cavendish Enrichment Programme 2022-32 English Literature Group A**

**Session 2**

As planned, we are going to spend the first part of the class – about ten minutes or so – on sharing your homework. Please select a short paragraph or even a few sentences ready to put in chat when I ask you to. Ideally type them up ready to copy and paste. If you have written a poem in response to one of the poems, then have that ready to share in its entirety – if it is quite short. If it is longer than a sonnet, then maybe select a short section or the opening few verses for us to hear and read.

In the main body of the session, we are moving on to look at four extracts by a group of early modern dramatists. I have deliberately *not* chosen Shakespeare, as you are already studying his plays and it is good to be aware of how many dramatists were writing at about the same time. The stage was crowded – they competed for work in many cases and were often collaborating with others. The idea of the single, gifted genius writer came much later – maybe with the Romantics!

The extracts we are looking at in the session come from the following plays:

1. *Dr Faustus* by Christopher Marlowe – first performed in 1592
2. *The Alchemist* by Ben Jonson – first performed in 1610
3. *The Chaste Maid of Cheapside* by Thomas Middleton – first performed in 1613
4. *The Duchess of Malfi* by John Webster – first performed in 1614

Please read all four extracts and annotate them ready for the session. If you are very pushed for time, then read three. I have also given you links to the whole play each time, so you can read more if you have time.

I suggest you take notes on

1. How the scene might have worked for the early modern audience.
2. How domestic space is created on stage and how the dramatist makes use of it.
3. How the dramatist experiments with the genre of the play.
4. What debates are taking place on stage, for example, *Dr Faustus* tussles with religion and magic, *The Chaste Maid* with trade and gender, *Malfi* with the corruption of the court and *The Alchemist* with – you guessed it – alchemy but also trickery! How do the dramatists explore these ideas through their scene?

If you want to find out more about these plays, then listen to Professor Emma Smith’s University of Oxford podcasts – you can find them [here.](https://podcasts.ox.ac.uk/series/not-shakespeare-elizabethan-and-jacobean-popular-theatre) She gives a 50 minute lecture on each of our plays, as well as a lot of others. She is a brilliantly clear and engaging speaker – I cannot recommend her to you enough. You might prefer to listen to them after our session, when you feel more at home with the play and perhaps have read the whole of one of them.

**Extract 1 from *Dr Faustus*, 2.1.1-81, A text – Marlowe**

Dr Faustus, a scholar of Wittenberg, is frustrated by the limits of human knowledge. Bored with Logic, Medicine, Law, and Theology, he turns to magic and conjures Mephistophilis, a devil, to serve him. Mephistophilis tempts Faustus with all the power he will have once he has signed his soul away to the devil. In this scene he reflects on the decision he is about to make.

FAUSTUS discovered in his study.

 FAUSTUS. Now, Faustus, must

 Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd:

 What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?

 Away with such vain fancies, and despair;

 Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:

 Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:

 Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears,

 "Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"

 Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.

 To God? he loves thee not;

 The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite, 10

 Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:

 To him I'll build an altar and a church,

 And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

 *Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.*

 GOOD ANGEL. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

 FAUSTUS. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them?

 GOOD ANGEL. O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

 EVIL ANGEL. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,

 That make men foolish that do trust them most.

 GOOD ANGEL. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

 EVIL ANGEL. No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth. 20

 *[Exeunt ANGELS.]*

 FAUSTUS. Of wealth!

 Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.

 When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,

 What god can hurt thee, Faustus? thou art safe

 Cast no more doubts.—Come, Mephistophilis,

 And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—

 Is't not midnight?—come, Mephistophilis,

 Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

 *Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.*

 Now tell me what says Lucifer, thy lord?

 MEPHIST. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives, 30

 So he will buy my service with his soul.

 FAUSTUS. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

 MEPHIST. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,

 And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;

 For that security craves great Lucifer.

 If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

 FAUSTUS. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good will my soul

 do thy lord?

 MEPHIST. Enlarge his kingdom.

 FAUSTUS. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

 MEPHIST. Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris. 40

 FAUSTUS. Why, have you any pain that torture others!

 MEPHIST. As great as have the human souls of men.

 But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?

 And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,

 And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

 FAUSTUS. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

 MEPHIST. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,

 And bind thy soul, that at some certain day

 Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;

 And then be thou as great as Lucifer. 50

 FAUSTUS. *[Stabbing his arm]* Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,

 I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood

 Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,

 Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!

 View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,

 And let it be propitious for my wish.

 MEPHIST. But, Faustus, thou must

 Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

 FAUSTUS. Ay, so I will [Writes]. But, Mephistophilis,

 My blood congeals, and I can write no more. 60

 MEPHIST. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

 *[Exit.]*

 FAUSTUS. What might the staying of my blood portend?

 Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

 Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?

 FAUSTUS GIVES TO THEE HIS SOUL: ah, there it stay'd!

 Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul shine own?

 Then write again, FAUSTUS GIVES TO THEE HIS SOUL.

 *Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals.*

 MEPHIST. Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on.

 FAUSTUS. So, now the blood begins to clear again; 70

 Now will I make an end immediately.

 *[Writes.]*

 MEPHIST. O, what will not I do to obtain his soul?

 *[Aside.]*

 FAUSTUS. Consummatum est; this bill is ended,

 And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.

 But what is this inscription on mine arm?

 Homo, fuge: whither should I fly?

 If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.

 My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:—

 I see it plain; here in this place is writ,

 Homo, fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly. 80

 MEPHIST. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

 [Aside, and then exit.]

 *Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with DEVILS, who give crowns*

 *and rich apparel to FAUSTUS, dance, and then depart.*

Here is the [whole play Text A](https://www.gutenberg.org/files/779/779-h/779-h.htm).

**Extract 2 from *The Alchemist*, 1.1.99-1.2.2 - Jonson**

Two conmen, Face and Subtle, together with their sidekick Doll, use deception to ‘cozen’, or trick, gullible Londoners into believing they are experts of alchemy in possession of the philosopher's stone.

The play opens with an argument between Face and Subtle – they have fallen out over their business dealings. While Face’s master is out of town (fleeing the plague) they take it over and turn it into a place of trickery. In this extract Doll calls them to order and reminds them of the benefits of working together to make money. At the end of the extract their first victim, Dapper, arrives to be cozened.

 *DOL. Are you sound?*

 *Have you your senses, masters?*

 *FACE. I will have*

 *A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures,*

 *Shall prove a true philosopher's stone to printers.*

 *SUB. Away, you trencher-rascal!*

 *FACE. Out, you dog-leech!*

 *The vomit of all prisons—*

 *DOL. Will you be 10*

 *Your own destructions, gentlemen?*

 *FACE. Still spew'd out*

 *For lying too heavy on the basket.*

 *SUB. Cheater!*

 *FACE. Bawd!*

 *SUB. Cow-herd!*

 *FACE. Conjurer!*

 *SUB. Cut-purse!*

 *FACE. Witch!*

 *DOL. O me!*

 *We are ruin'd, lost! have you no more regard*

 *To your reputations? where's your judgment? 'slight,*

 *Have yet some care of me, of your republic—*

 *FACE. Away, this brach! I'll bring thee, rogue, within*

 *The statute of sorcery, tricesimo tertio 20*

 *Of Harry the Eighth: ay, and perhaps thy neck*

 *Within a noose, for laundring gold and barbing it.*

 *DOL [SNATCHES FACE'S SWORD]. You'll bring your head within*

 *a cockscomb, will you?*

 *And you, sir, with your menstrue—*

 *[DASHES SUBTLE'S VIAL OUT OF HIS HAND.]*

 *Gather it up.—*

 *'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,*

 *Leave off your barking, and grow one again,*

 *Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.*

 *I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal,*

 *For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt of you both. 30*

 *Have you together cozen'd all this while,*

 *And all the world, and shall it now be said,*

 *You've made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves?*

 *[TO FACE.]*

 *You will accuse him! you will "bring him in*

 *Within the statute!" Who shall take your word?*

 *A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,*

 *Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriars will trust*

 *So much as for a feather:*

 *[TO SUBTLE.]*

 *and you, too,*

 *Will give the cause, forsooth! you will insult, 40*

 *And claim a primacy in the divisions!*

 *You must be chief! as if you only had*

 *The powder to project with, and the work*

 *Were not begun out of equality?*

 *The venture tripartite? all things in common?*

 *Without priority? 'Sdeath! you perpetual curs,*

 *Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly,*

 *And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,*

 *And lose not the beginning of a term,*

 *Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too,*

 *And take my part, and quit you. 50*

 *FACE. 'Tis his fault;*

 *He ever murmurs, and objects his pains,*

 *And says, the weight of all lies upon him.*

 *SUB. Why, so it does.*

 *DOL. How does it? do not we*

 *Sustain our parts?*

 *SUB. Yes, but they are not equal.*

 *DOL. Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope*

 *Ours may, to-morrow match it.*

 *SUB. Ay, they MAY. 60*

 *DOL. May, murmuring mastiff! ay, and do. Death on me!*

 *Help me to throttle him.*

 *[SEIZES SUB. BY THE THROAT.]*

 *SUB. Dorothy! mistress Dorothy!*

 *'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?*

 *DOL. Because o' your fermentation and cibation?*

 *SUB. Not I, by heaven—*

 *DOL. Your Sol and Luna*

 *[TO FACE.]*

 *—help me.*

 *SUB. Would I were hang'd then? I'll conform myself.*

 *DOL. Will you, sir? do so then, and quickly: swear. 70*

 *SUB. What should I swear?*

 *DOL. To leave your faction, sir,*

 *And labour kindly in the common work.*

 *SUB. Let me not breathe if I meant aught beside.*

 *I only used those speeches as a spur*

 *To him.*

 *DOL. I hope we need no spurs, sir. Do we?*

 *FACE. 'Slid, prove to-day, who shall shark best.*

 *SUB. Agreed.*

 *DOL. Yes, and work close and friendly. 80*

 *SUB. 'Slight, the knot*

 *Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me.*

 *[THEY SHAKE HANDS.]*

 *DOL. Why, so, my good baboons! Shall we go make*

 *A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours,*

 *That scarce have smiled twice since the king came in,*

 *A feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals,*

 *Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,*

 *Or you t' have but a hole to thrust your heads in,*

 *For which you should pay ear-rent? No, agree.*

 *And may don Provost ride a feasting long, 90*

 *In his old velvet jerkin and stain'd scarfs,*

 *My noble sovereign, and worthy general,*

 *Ere we contribute a new crewel garter*

 *To his most worsted worship.*

 *SUB. Royal Dol!*

 *Spoken like Claridiana, and thyself.*

 *FACE. For which at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,*

 *And not be styled Dol Common, but Dol Proper,*

 *Dol Singular: the longest cut at night,*

 *Shall draw thee for his Doll Particular. 100*

 *[BELL RINGS WITHOUT.]*

 *SUB. Who's that? one rings. To the window, Dol:*

 *[EXIT DOL.]*

 *—pray heaven,*

 *The master do not trouble us this quarter.*

 *FACE. O, fear not him. While there dies one a week*

 *O' the plague, he's safe, from thinking toward London.*

 *Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now;*

 *I had a letter from him. If he do,*

 *He'll send such word, for airing of the house,*

 *As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:*

 *Though we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter. 110*

 *[RE-ENTER DOL.]*

 *SUB. Who is it, Dol?*

 *DOL. A fine young quodling.*

 *FACE. O,*

 *My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night,*

 *In Holborn, at the Dagger. He would have*

 *(I told you of him) a familiar,*

 *To rifle with at horses, and win cups.*

 *DOL. O, let him in.*

 *SUB. Stay. Who shall do't?*

 *FACE. Get you*

 *Your robes on: I will meet him as going out. 120*

 *DOL. And what shall I do?*

 *FACE. Not be seen; away!*

 *[EXIT DOL.]*

 *Seem you very reserv'd.*

 *SUB. Enough.*

 *[EXIT.]*

 *FACE [ALOUD AND RETIRING]. God be wi' you, sir,*

 *I pray you let him know that I was here:*

 *His name is Dapper. I would gladly have staid, but—*

 *Act 1. Scene II*

*DAP [WITHIN]. Captain, I am here.*

 *FACE. Who's that?—He's come, I think, doctor.*

 *[ENTER DAPPER.]*

 *Good faith, sir, I was going away. 130*

Whole play can be found [here.](https://www.gutenberg.org/files/4081/4081-h/4081-h.htm)

**Extract 3 from the opening of *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* - Middleton**

*A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* is Middleton’s masterpiece of Jacobean city comedy, rich in irony and wordplay. Middleton welds together the themes of corruption, money and sex into a complex whole, in which comedy is mingled with disgust. This is the opening in which Maudlin Yellowhammer berates her daughter, Moll, for being moody. Moll is in love with Touchwood Junior, but her avaricious parents have betrothed her to the rich knight Sir Walter Whorehound, just as they have set up their son Tim to marry a rich Welsh heiress. Sir Walter is conducting an open affair with Mrs Allwit, while her happily cuckolded husband congratulates himself on finding an adulterer to support his household.

I.[i. A street in front of Yellowhammer's shop.]

*Enter Maudlin and Moll, a shop being discovered.*

MAUDLIN
Have you played over all your old lessons o' the [virginals](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#VIRGINAL)?

MOLL
Yes.

MAUDLIN
Yes, you are a dull maid alate, methinks you had need have somewhat to quicken your [green sickness](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#GREENSIC); do you weep? A husband. Had not such a piece of flesh been ordained, what had us wives been good for? To [make](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#MAKE) salads, or else cried up and down for [samphire](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#SAMPHIRE). [To see the difference of these seasons](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#TOSEETHE)! When I was of your youth, I was lightsome, and [quick](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#QUICK), two years before I was married. You fit for a knight's bed--drowsy-browed, dull-eyed, drossy-spirited! I hold my life you have forgot your [dancing](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#DANCING): when was the dancer with you?

MOLL
The last week. 10

MAUDLIN
Last week? When I was of your [bord](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#BORD), he missed me not a night, I was kept at it; I took delight to learn, and he to teach me, pretty brown gentleman, he took pleasure in my company; but you are dull, nothing comes nimbly from you, you dance like a plumber's daughter, and deserve two thousand pounds in lead to your marriage, and not in goldsmith's ware.

*Enter Yellowhammer.*

YELLOWHAMMER
Now what's the din betwixt mother and daughter, ha?

MAUDLIN
Faith, small, telling your daughter Mary of her errors.

YELLOWHAMMER
Errors! Nay, the city cannot hold you, wife, but you must needs fetch words from [Westminster](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#WESTMINS); I ha' done, i'faith. Has no attorney's clerk been here alate and changed his half-crown-piece his mother sent him, or rather [cozened](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#COZENED) you with a 20

gilded twopence, to bring the word in fashion for her faults or cracks in duty and obedience, term 'em e'en so, sweet wife? As there is no woman made without a flaw, your purest [lawns](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#LAWNS) have frays, and [cambrics](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#CAMBRICS) [bracks](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#BRACKS).

MAUDLIN
But 'tis a husband solders up all cracks.

MOLL
What is he come, sir?

YELLOWHAMMER
Sir Walter's come.
He was met at [Holborn Bridge](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#HOLBORNB), and in his company
A proper fair young gentlewoman, which I guess
By her red hair, and other [rank](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#RANK) descriptions,
To be his landed niece brought out of Wales, 30
Which Tim our son (the Cambridge boy) must marry.
'Tis a match of Sir Walter's own making
To bind us to him, and our heirs for ever.

MAUDLIN
We are honoured then, if this baggage would be humble,
And kiss him with devotion when he enters.
I cannot get her for my life
[To instruct her hand thus, before and after](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#TOINSTRU),
Which a knight will look for, before and after.
I have told her [still](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#STILL), 'tis the waving of a woman
Does often move a man, and prevails strongly.
But sweet, ha' you sent to Cambridge, 40
Has Tim word on't?

Whole play can be found [here.](https://tech.org/~cleary/chast.html#BORD)

**Extract 4 from *The Duchess of Malfi* – Webster**

**3.2.51-159**

A young widow is forbidden by her two corrupt brothers, Ferdinand and the Cardinal, to remarry. In secret, she marries her steward, Antonio and bears him three sons. Ferdinand places his own spy, Bosola, in her household. In this scene Antonio, the Duchess and Cariola, her waiting woman and confidente, chatter and joke together in private. Cariola and Antonio creep out to tease the Duchess while she is still talking, combing her hair. In her mirror she suddenly sees her brother, Ferdinand, who has gained access to her chamber.

DUCHESS I prithee,

 When were we so merry?—My hair tangles.

 ANTONIO. Pray thee, Cariola, let 's steal forth the room,

 And let her talk to herself: I have divers times

 Serv'd her the like, when she hath chaf'd extremely.

 I love to see her angry. Softly, Cariola.

 *Exeunt [ANTONIO and CARIOLA.]*

 DUCHESS. Doth not the colour of my hair 'gin to change?

 When I wax gray, I shall have all the court

 Powder their hair with arras, to be like me.

 You have cause to love me; I ent'red you into my heart

 [Enter FERDINAND unseen]

 Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keys. 10

 We shall one day have my brothers take you napping.

 Methinks his presence, being now in court,

 Should make you keep your own bed; but you 'll say

 Love mix'd with fear is sweetest. I 'll assure you,

 You shall get no more children till my brothers

 Consent to be your gossips. Have you lost your tongue?

 'Tis welcome:

 For know, whether I am doom'd to live or die,

 I can do both like a prince.

 FERDINAND. Die, then, quickly! 20

 Giving her a poniard.

 Virtue, where art thou hid? What hideous thing

 Is it that doth eclipse thee?

 DUCHESS. Pray, sir, hear me.

 FERDINAND. Or is it true thou art but a bare name,

 And no essential thing?

 DUCHESS. Sir——

 FERDINAND. Do not speak.

 DUCHESS. No, sir:

 I will plant my soul in mine ears, to hear you.

 FERDINAND. O most imperfect light of human reason,

 That mak'st [us] so unhappy to foresee

 What we can least prevent! Pursue thy wishes, 30

 And glory in them: there 's in shame no comfort

 But to be past all bounds and sense of shame.

 DUCHESS. I pray, sir, hear me: I am married.

 FERDINAND. So!

 DUCHESS. Happily, not to your liking: but for that,

 Alas, your shears do come untimely now

 To clip the bird's wings that 's already flown!

 Will you see my husband?

 FERDINAND. Yes, if I could change

 Eyes with a basilisk.

 DUCHESS. Sure, you came hither

 By his confederacy.

 FERDINAND. The howling of a wolf

 Is music to thee, screech-owl: prithee, peace.— 40

 Whate'er thou art that hast enjoy'd my sister,

 For I am sure thou hear'st me, for thine own sake

 Let me not know thee. I came hither prepar'd

 To work thy discovery; yet am now persuaded

 It would beget such violent effects

 As would damn us both. I would not for ten millions

 I had beheld thee: therefore use all means

 I never may have knowledge of thy name;

 Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,

 On that condition.—And for thee, vile woman, 50

 If thou do wish thy lecher may grow old

 In thy embracements, I would have thee build

 Such a room for him as our anchorites

 To holier use inhabit. Let not the sun

 Shine on him till he 's dead; let dogs and monkeys

 Only converse with him, and such dumb things

 To whom nature denies use to sound his name;

 Do not keep a paraquito, lest she learn it;

 If thou do love him, cut out thine own tongue, 60

 Lest it bewray him.

 DUCHESS. Why might not I marry?

 I have not gone about in this to create

 Any new world or custom.

 FERDINAND. Thou art undone;

 And thou hast ta'en that massy sheet of lead

 That hid thy husband's bones, and folded it

 About my heart.

 DUCHESS. Mine bleeds for 't.

 FERDINAND. Thine! thy heart!

 What should I name 't unless a hollow bullet

 Fill'd with unquenchable wild-fire?

 DUCHESS. You are in this

 Too strict; and were you not my princely brother,

 I would say, too wilful: my reputation 70

 Is safe.

 FERDINAND. Dost thou know what reputation is?

 I 'll tell thee,—to small purpose, since the instruction

 Comes now too late.

 Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death,

 Would travel o'er the world; and it was concluded

 That they should part, and take three several ways.

 Death told them, they should find him in great battles,

 Or cities plagu'd with plagues: Love gives them counsel

 To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds, 80

 Where dowries were not talk'd of, and sometimes

 'Mongst quiet kindred that had nothing left

 By their dead parents: 'Stay,' quoth Reputation,

 'Do not forsake me; for it is my nature,

 If once I part from any man I meet,

 I am never found again.' And so for you:

 You have shook hands with Reputation,

 And made him invisible. So, fare you well:

 I will never see you more.

 DUCHESS. Why should only I, 90

 Of all the other princes of the world,

 Be cas'd up, like a holy relic? I have youth

 And a little beauty.

 FERDINAND. So you have some virgins

 That are witches. I will never see thee more.

 Exit.

 *Re-enter ANTONIO with a pistol, [and CARIOLA]*

 DUCHESS. You saw this apparition?

 ANTONIO. Yes: we are

 Betray'd. How came he hither? I should turn

 This to thee, for that.

 CARIOLA. Pray, sir, do; and when

 That you have cleft my heart, you shall read there

 Mine innocence.

 DUCHESS. That gallery gave him entrance.

 ANTONIO. I would this terrible thing would come again,

 That, standing on my guard, I might relate. 100

 My warrantable love.—

 (She shows the poniard.)

 Ha! what means this?

 DUCHESS. He left this with me.

 ANTONIO. And it seems did wish

 You would use it on yourself.

 DUCHESS. His action seem'd

 To intend so much.

 ANTONIO. This hath a handle to 't,

 As well as a point: turn it towards him, and

 So fasten the keen edge in his rank gall.

 *[Knocking within.]*

 How now! who knocks? More earthquakes?

 DUCHESS. I stand

 As if a mine beneath my feet were ready

 To be blown up.

 CARIOLA. 'Tis Bosola.

 DUCHESS. Away!

 O misery! methinks unjust actions

 Should wear these masks and curtains, and not we. 110

 You must instantly part hence: I have fashion'd it already.

 *Exit ANTONIO.*

The whole play can be found [here.](https://www.gutenberg.org/files/2232/2232-h/2232-h.htm)

**Homework task**

For homework this week I want you to choose *one* aspect of *one* of the scenes we have discussed in the class.

You can choose any aspect that you think is productive – it might be the power struggle in the scene, or you might prefer to consider how the scene is structured or how its central debate is played out during the scene. Up to you. If you are unsure what to choose then try looking back at your notes from the class and see if there is something there that might be worth pursuing in more detail. Write about xxx words. The title is xxxx

I look forward to seeing you on **Thursday 1st December at 5pm**. Any questions, then contact Hayley at Lucy, who should be able to help or she will pass on the query to me.

All good wishes,

Cathy