

## A moment of overt racism: *Othello*, 1.1.84-141

RODERIGO

84 What ho: Brabantio, Signor Brabantio, ho.

IAGO

85 Awake: What ho, Brabantio, thieves, thieves.

86 Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags,

87 Thieves, thieves.

BRABANTIO

88 What is the reason of this terrible summons?

89 What is the matter there?

RODERIGO

90 Signor, is all your family within?

IAGO

91 Are your doors locked?

BRABANTIO

92 Why? Wherefore ask you this?

IAGO

93 Zounds, sir, you're robbed. For shame, put on your  
gown.

94 Your heart is burst; you have lost half your soul.

95 Even now, now, very now, an old black ram

96 Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise,

97 Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

98 Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.

99 Arise, I say.

BRABANTIO

100 What, have you lost your wits?

RODERIGO

101 Most reverend signor, do you know my voice?

BRABANTIO

102 Not I. What are you?

RODERIGO

103 My name is Roderigo.

BRABANTIO

104 The worser welcome.

105 I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors.

106 In honest plainness thou hast heard me say

107 My daughter is not for thee. And now in madness,

108 Being full of supper and distempering drafts,

109 Upon malicious bravery dost thou come

110 To start my quiet.

RODERIGO

111 Sir, sir, sir--

BRABANTIO

112 But thou must needs be sure

113 My spirit and my place have in their power

114 To make this bitter to thee.

RODERIGO

115 Patience, good sir.

BRABANTIO

116 What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is Venice;

117 My house is not a grange.

RODERIGO

118 Most grave Brabantio,

119 In simple and pure soul, I come to you.

IAGO

120 Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not

121 serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come

122 to do you service and you think we are ruffians,

123 you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary

124 horse, you'll have your nephews neigh to you,

125 you'll have coursers for cousins and jennets for

126 Germans.

BRABANTIO

127 What profane wretch art thou?

IAGO

128 I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter

129 and the Moor are making the beast with two backs.

BRABANTIO

130 Thou art a villain.

IAGO

131 You are a senator.

BRABANTIO

132 This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Roderigo.

RODERIGO

133 Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,  
134 If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,  
135 As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,  
136 At this odd-even and dull watch o'th'night,  
137 Transported with no worse nor better guard  
138 But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,  
139 To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:  
140 If this be known to you, and your allowance,  
141 We then have done you bold, and saucy wrongs.

### A moment of overt racism: *Othello*, 1.3.48-78

DUKE

48 Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you  
49 Against the general enemy Ottoman.  
50 I did not see you. Welcome, gentle signor.  
51 We lacked your counsel and your help tonight.

BRABANTIO

52 So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me.  
53 Neither my place nor aught I heard of business  
54 Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care  
55 Take hold on me, for my particular grief  
56 Is of so floodgate and o'erbearing nature  
57 That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows  
58 And it is still itself.

DUKE

59 Why? What's the matter?

BRABANTIO

60 My daughter: Oh, my daughter!

1 SENATOR

61 Dead?

BRABANTIO

62 Ay, to me.  
63 She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted  
64 By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;  
65 For nature so preposterously to err--  
66 Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense--  
67 Sans witchcraft could not.

DUKE

68 Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding  
69 Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,  
70 And you of her, the bloody book of law  
71 You shall yourself read in the bitter letter  
72 After your own sense, yea, though our proper son  
73 Stood in your action.

BRABANTIO

74 Humbly I thank your grace.  
75 Here is the man--this Moor, whom now it seems  
76 Your special mandate for the state affairs  
77 Hath hither brought.

ALL

78 We are very sorry for't.

## A moment of complicit silence or white fragility: *Othello*, 5.2.276-306

OTHELLO

283 I look down toward his feet, but that's a fable;

284 If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

LODOVICO

285 Wrench his sword from him.

IAGO

286 I bleed, sir, but not killed.

OTHELLO

287 I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live,

288 For in my sense 'tis happiness to die.

LODOVICO

289 O thou Othello, that was once so good,

290 Fallen in the practice of a damnèd slave,

291 What shall be said to thee?

OTHELLO

292 Why, anything--

293 An honorable murderer, if you will,

294 For naught I did in hate, but all in honor.

LODOVICO

295 This wretch hath part confessed his villainy.

296 Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

OTHELLO

297 Ay.

CASSIO

298 Dear general, I never gave you cause.

OTHELLO

299 I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

300 Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil

301 Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

IAGO

302 Demand me nothing. What you know, you know.

303 From this time forth, I never will speak word.

LODOVICO

304 What, not to pray?

GRATIANO

305 Torments will ope your lips.

OTHELLO

306 Well, thou dost best.

## A moment of anti-Black violence: *Othello*, 4.1.32-72

OTHELLO

32 What hath he said?

IAGO

33 Faith, that he did--I know not what he did.

OTHELLO

34 What? What?

IAGO

35 Lie.

OTHELLO

36 With her?

IAGO

37 With her, on her--what you will.

OTHELLO

38 Lie with her? Lie on her? We say "lie on her" when they

39 belie her. Lie with her: Zounds, that's fulsome:

40 Handkerchief: Confessions: Handkerchief. To confess,

41 and be hanged for his labor. First to be hanged and

42 then to confess: I tremble at it. Nature would not invest

43 herself in such shadowing passion without some

44 instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus. Pish.

45 Noses, ears, and lips--Is't possible. Confess?

46 Handkerchief? O devil. [*Othello*] falls in a trance.

IAGO

47 Work on,

48 My medicine works. Thus credulous fools are caught,

49 And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,

50 All guiltless, meet reproach. What ho? My lord?

51 My lord, I say: Othello.

*Enter Cassio.*

52 How now, Cassio?

CASSIO

53 What's the matter?

IAGO

54 My lord is fallen into an epilepsy.

55 This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

CASSIO

56 Rub him about the temples.

IAGO

57 No, forbear.

58 The lethargy must have his quiet course;

59 If not, he foams at mouth and by and by

60 Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.

61 Do you withdraw yourself a little while.

62 He will recover straight. When he is gone,

63 I would on great occasion speak with you.

*[Exit Cassio.]*

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

OTHELLO

65 Dost thou mock me?

IAGO

66 I mock you not, by heaven:

67 Would you would bear your fortune like a man.

OTHELLO

68 A hornèd man's a monster and a beast.

IAGO

69 There's many a beast then in a populous city,

70 And many a civil monster.

OTHELLO

71 Did he confess it?

IAGO

72 Good sir, be a man.

## A moment of micro-aggression: *Othello*, 1.3.279-294

DUKE

280 At nine i'th'morning here we'll meet again.  
281 Othello, leave some officer behind  
282 And he shall our commission bring to you,  
283 And such things else of quality and respect  
284 As doth import you.

OTHELLO

285 So please your grace, my ancient--  
286 A man he is of honesty and trust--  
287 To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
288 With what else needful your good grace shall think  
289 To be sent after me.

DUKE

290 Let it be so.  
291 Goodnight to everyone--and, noble signor,  
292 If virtue no delighted beauty lack,  
293 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 SENATOR

294 Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

BRABANTIO

295 Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;  
296 She has deceived her father, and may thee.

### A moment of "othering": *Othello*, 1.2.58-103

OTHELLO

58 Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.  
59 Good signor, you shall more command with years  
60 Than with your weapons.

BRABANTIO

61 O thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my  
daughter?  
62 Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;  
63 For I'll refer me to all things of sense  
64 If she in chains of magic were not bound,  
65 Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,  
66 So opposite to marriage that she shunned  
67 The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,  
68 Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,  
69 Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
70 Of such a thing as thou--to fear, not to delight.  
71 Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense  
72 That thou hast practiced on her with foul charms,  
73 Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals  
74 That weaken motion. I'll have't disputed on--  
75 'Tis probable and palpable to thinking.  
76 I therefore apprehend and do attach thee  
77 For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
78 Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.  
79 Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,  
80 Subdue him at his peril.

OTHELLO

81 Hold your hands,  
82 Both you of my inclining and the rest.

83 Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
84 Without a prompter. Whither will you that I go  
85 To answer this your charge?

BRABANTIO

86 To prison, till fit time  
87 Of law and course of direct session  
88 Call thee to answer.

OTHELLO

89 What if I do obey?  
90 How may the duke be therewith satisfied,  
91 Whose messengers are here about my side  
92 Upon some present business of the state  
93 To bring me to him?

OFFICER

94 'Tis true, most worthy signor.  
95 The duke's in council, and your noble self  
96 I am sure is sent for.

BRABANTIO

97 How? The duke in council?  
98 In this time of the night? Bring him away;  
99 Mine's not an idle cause. The duke himself,  
100 Or any of my brothers of the state,  
101 Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;  
102 For if such actions may have passage free,  
103 Bondslaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

### A moment of "othering": *Othello*, 1.3.95-106

BRABANTIO

95 A maiden never bold,  
96 Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion  
97 Blushed at herself, and she--in spite of nature,  
98 Of years, of country, credit, everything--  
99 To fall in love with what she feared to look on?  
100 It is a judgment maimed and most imperfect

101 That will confess perfection so could err  
102 Against all rules of nature, and must be driven  
103 To find out practises of cunning hell  
104 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again  
105 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
106 Or with some dram conjured to this effect,  
107 He wrought upon her.

## A moment of “white solidarity”: *Othello*, 1.3.301-373

RODERIGO

301 Iago.

IAGO

302 What sayst thou, noble heart?

RODERIGO

303 What will I do, think'st thou?

IAGO

304 Why, go to bed and sleep.

RODERIGO

305 I will incontinently drown myself.

IAGO

306 If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou  
silly  
307 gentleman?

RODERIGO

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

IAGO

311 Oh, villainous: I have looked upon the world for four  
312 times seven years, and, since I could distinguish betwixt  
313 a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew  
314 how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown  
315 myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my  
316 humanity with a baboon.

RODERIGO

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

IAGO

319 Virtue? A fig, 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus.  
320 Our bodies are our gardens to the which our wills are  
321 gardeners, so that if we will plant nettles or sow  
322 lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with  
323 one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to  
324 have it sterile with idleness or manured with  
325 industry--why, the power and corrigible authority of

326 this lies in our wills. If the beam of our lives had not  
327 one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the  
328 blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to  
329 most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to  
330 cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted  
331 lusts--whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect  
332 or scion.

RODERIGO

333 It cannot be.

IAGO

334 It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the  
335 will. Come, be a man: drown thyself? Drown cats and  
336 blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I  
337 confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of  
338 perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee  
339 than now. Put money in thy purse. Follow thou the  
340 wars; defeat thy favor with an usurped beard. I say, put  
341 money in thy purse. It cannot be long that Desdemona  
342 should continue her love to the Moor--put money in  
343 thy purse--nor he his to her. It was a violent  
344 commencement in her, and thou shalt see an  
345 answerable sequestration--put but money in thy purse.  
346 These Moors are changeable in their wills--fill thy purse  
347 with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as  
348 locusts shall be to him shortly as acerb as coloquintida.  
349 She must change for youth; when she is sated with his  
350 body, she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore,  
351 put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn  
352 thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make  
353 all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow  
354 betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle  
355 Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe  
of  
356 hell, thou shalt enjoy her. Therefore make money. A  
pox  
357 of drowning thyself. It is clean out of the way. Seek  
thou  
358 rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be  
359 drowned and go without her.

RODERIGO

360 Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

IAGO

361 Thou art sure of me--go, make money--I have told thee  
362 often, and I retell thee again and again: I hate the  
Moor.  
363 My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us

364 be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst  
365 cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport.  
366 There are many events in the womb of time which will  
367 be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy money. We will  
368 have more of this tomorrow. Adieu.