



Timon of Athens



SHAKESPEARE
IN THE RUINS



Shakespeare with a twist since 1993

Timon of Athens

By William Shakespeare

A Shakespeare in the Ruins Study Guide
April 2018

Contents

Introduction

Notes on the Life of *Timon of Athens* by William Shakespeare

Dramatis Personæ

Timon of Athens Synopsis

Anticipation and Reaction Guides

Reading the Play Aloud

Additional Activities

Introduction

When you first heard that Shakespeare In The Ruins was doing *Timon of Athens* this year, what did you think? To be honest, my first thought was “Hmmmmmmm... I’ve never even read that one. I’ve seen the title listed with his other works, but I have no idea what it’s about.”

And then I read it. And then I read it again.

It’s an odd little play. Different from all of the other Shakespeare plays that we’re so familiar with. But like all of those better known works, this one is about being human and some of the experiences that we might encounter along our life journeys.

The play begins with the Poet and Painter philosophising about – what else? – life and art. Soon Timon and Flavius appear, speaking of Timon’s financial status. From there we meet an assortment of characters including a merchant, friends, and flatterers.

Timon’s journey, according to Artistic Director Michelle Boulet, begins with excessive naivete that is later replaced by misanthropy and cynicism. The play, according to most Shakespeare resources, is classified as a Tragedy, so we know it will not end well for our title character.

But, as always, there are lessons to be learned by the characters and by the audience. Students and teachers will enjoy discussing some of the play’s essential questions about friendship, money, and what it means to be human.

As we have come to expect from Shakespeare in the Ruins, this is no traditional presentation of *Timon of Athens*. The cast is entirely female; Timon is not a man played by a woman, but is Lady Timon, an Athenian woman of means. Similarly, the other characters are women as well.

Beyond the gender switch, there are some interesting updates to the script. Instead of a soldier, Alcibiades is a real estate mogul and opportunist, a "new form of devourer" according to Boulet. There are more changes, of course, but some of the fun in every SIR performance is in the element of surprise.

Within this study guide are some suggested activities to help students prepare for the show, and an essay which gives historical perspective about the play. A big portion of this guide includes excerpts from the Director’s script to read aloud in class. There are also links to a variety of related web pages.

Personally, I can hardly wait to see this play performed in the beautiful setting of the Trappist Monastery Provincial Heritage Park in St. Norbert.

Enjoy your visit!

Pamela Lockman, for Shakespeare In The Ruins

April 2018

Notes on The Life of Timon of Athens by William Shakespeare

by Kenneth Clark

Authorship

Much recent scholarship claims that the play was written by William Shakespeare in collaboration with Thomas Middleton between 1606 and 1608. The fun for the scholars has been in debating which scenes are definitely pure Shakespeare and which sound more like Middleton. For our purposes we will ascribe the play to Shakespeare, with the understanding that it has been considered to be the work of Shakespeare since 1623. Crediting the play in part to Middleton has been a relatively recent phenomenon which, if anything, makes the play an interesting artefact illustrating how often collaborative writing was used in Elizabethan drama. Scholars also think the play was never entirely finished, and that it was not performed during Shakespeare's lifetime. One good source for information is the introductory section to *Timon* in *The Norton Shakespeare*. "Folgerpedia" is another easily accessible source.

Sources of the Story

Scholars seem to agree that there may have been two sources for the story of Timon. It looks as if Shakespeare and company may have drawn on a passage from Plutarch's *Lives* where Mark Antony is compared to Timon of Athens, and then Plutarch fills us in on who Timon is. This may be the source for the extended conversations between Apemantus and Timon.

The other source may be the work of the Roman poet, Lucian, who wrote a satiric dialogue entitled *Timon the Misanthrope*. Lucian had been rediscovered during the Renaissance along with the work of many other Classical scholars. Here Shakespeare may be dipping into the mode of satire which is not typical of his work, but which in some ways prefigures Jonathan Swift's Gulliver at the end of *Gulliver's Travels*, a Neo-Classical work, representative of the 18th Century. In his eulogy written for the publication of the First Folio in 1623 Ben Jonson claimed that Shakespeare was "Soul of the Age" but then qualified it to say Shakespeare was "not of an

age, but for all time!" And it was in this famous *First Folio* published seven years after Shakespeare's death that "The Life of Tymon of Athens" [original spelling] was first published. Unlike many of the other plays, it was not published earlier in a Quarto Edition during Shakespeare's lifetime.

A Note on the Tragic Plot and Theme

In understanding tragedy as a literary form since Aristotle described it in *The Poetics*, we have come to expect a tragic hero as an individual of high social stature who will suffer a *reversal of fortune* brought on by some sort of error in judgement that has its roots in a weakness or even excessive strength of a quality of character. In Early Greek Tragedies such as those of Sophocles, excessive pride or *hubris* was the cause of the downfall of Oedipus and Creon. In Shakespeare's other tragedies, Romeo and Juliet act without thinking, Hamlet thinks without acting, Macbeth is driven by his own and also by his wife's ambition. And Timon is overly-generous and naive. He has helped out so many people in the past with financial problems that he is sure that when he runs into financial difficulty, his many friends will help him. As we soon see, they turn their backs on him and he becomes the original misanthrope. Now he hates people and would sooner die as a hermit, than have interaction with human beings.

One principle at work in Classical thinking is the Classical Mean: to seek a moderation in all things. Any excess is the cause of downfall in tragedy or the object of ridicule in comedy. Sadly for Timon, he never achieves any balance between the extremes. He moves from being overly trusting to being excessively embittered, and he cannot find the middle ground. He fails to appreciate the advice of his loyal Steward who warns him about his excessive spending. He also fails to heed the words of Apemantus, who urges him to return to Athens rather than starve in the wilderness. And so, if Timon's story is to leave us with a lesson it is this: Be kind, but not foolish; be trusting, but not naïve; let your generosity be tempered by some restraint; be cautious about whom you trust, but trust the advice of those who have been truly loyal. Don't let your experience make you bitter. Instead, be wise.

Relevance of Timon during Shakespeare's Time

It's possible the play was not performed at the time it was written because it was too relevant. Katherine Eisaman Maus in her introduction to *Timon* claims that it is "too incendiary to be safely performed", and too "brutally direct" (*Norton Shakespeare Third Edition* 2573). She goes on to explain that at this time:

the traditional aristocratic virtues of open-handed generosity and carelessness of expense were coming into acute conflict with the limited means upon which the great nobles could draw . . . The worst offender in this respect was King James, who -- like Timon -- showered his favourites with expensive gifts . . . creat[ing] staggering deficits. By 1608, royal indebtedness had reached crisis proportions . . . (*Norton Shakespeare* 2573).

Shakespeare's theatre company, once known as The Lord Chamberlain's Men, had been recognized by King James I as The King's Men. Some of his inclination to generosity had favoured them. A play like this might "bite the hand that feeds them". It might not make good business sense to ridicule an overly generous lord who is taken advantage of by every painter or poet that comes along. The King's extravagance was running the country into terrible debt, but he was generous with his theatre troupe in giving them royal recognition. It is possible that Maus has put her finger on why the play wasn't polished up and performed at the time.

Relevance of Timon to Today's Audience

Although we may imagine we have come a long way since Athens of 500 BC, and a long way since Shakespeare wrote the play, people are still idealists and still naive. Sometimes friends let us down and we feel betrayed and hurt. But we learn to take risks again and trust again and hope again. Misanthropy is no solution. Humans need other humans. Overly-generous people may be taken advantage of and be considered "suckers", but equally foolish is

the disillusioned idealist who becomes so cynical that he trusts no one, cares for no one, loves no one. And so, we too need to balance our budgets, not run up debts, and live within our means. Trust a few good friends. Never buy popularity.

And if Timon were a woman?

Could a woman be tempted by expensive jewellery and paintings like Timon? Could she be fooled into thinking people who took advantage of her generous nature were her real friends? Could she become embittered by disappointment? You will have to see the Shakespeare in the Ruins production to find out.

Dramatis Personæ

Timon: a wealthy socialite

Flavius: straight and narrow; Timon's personal assistant

Alicibiades: an opportunist.

Apemantus: a well-meaning sage.

Hangers-on

Poet

Painter

Jeweller

Merchant

Flatterers:

Lucullus

Sempronius

Lucius

Ventidius

Timon's servants:

Servilius

Lucilius

Others:

Thieves, Debt Collectors, Contractor

Timon of Athens Synopsis

Adapted from AbsoluteShakespeare

http://absoluteshakespeare.com/plays/timon_of_athens/timon_of_athens.htm

Timon of Athens tells the tale of a kind and generous aristocrat, too generous in fact; it seems that everyone around her is in need of money. Unsurprisingly, Timon is very well liked; painters, poets and jewellers all shower her with gifts. She lends money to people in trouble, even underwriting the servant Lucilius who wants to marry an old Athenian's son.

Our aristocratic benefactor holds a great feast, where everyone around her merrily eats and drinks. Timon is happy to be amongst friends and, not content to merely share a feast, showers jewels upon everyone. No one minds except the steward Flavius, who believes her master to be too generous and becoming steadily more in debt. The philosopher Apemantus privately shares this view. Now facing creditors, Flavius tells her master that she is bankrupt. Timon asks her friends to lend her money, but the only thing they offer are excuses. Though somewhat worried, Timon does not give up hope yet, remembering that her friends have always helped her before. But this time is different. Instead of offering help, now the servants of his many "friends" come to demand payment of their debts!

The opportunist, Alcibiades, is committed to taking over Athens. In the meantime, an infuriated Timon invites her "friends" to one last feast. Serving them only warm water, Timon denounces not only these "friends" but all of humanity. She decides to head for the woods to live like a hermit.

Learning of Timon's fate, Alcibiades goes to find her. Ironically, Timon has come across a great hoard of gold that had been buried in the woods. She now insults Alcibiades for the crime of being human. Alcibiades tries to give her money, but instead, Timon offers her some of her found money if she will use it to take over Athens.

Shortly afterward, Apemantus shows up and the two get along quite well, since they both harbour a hatred of humanity.

The news that Timon has found a great hoard of money makes its way back to Athens. Before long the thieves arrive. Timon rants, and hands over her money. The thieves have a sort of moral awakening but leave with the money none-the-less.

Flavius, Timon's old steward appears; Timon believes that she is one of the last really honest people, and so gives her money before sending her away. Timon walks off into the sunset.

Meanwhile back in Athens, Alcibiades has taken over Timon's estate and is preparing to level it to make way for development. Flavius brings the news that Timon has passed away alone and uncared for by anyone. Alcibiades reads aloud the hermit's own scrawled epitaph. Flavius shares what little she has with Timon's other servants and they all part ways.

Anticipation and Reaction Guides

These questions, for discussion before the play, can help students to consider some of the themes and motifs as they relate to their own experiences and observations.

Can humans change? What does it take?

Do friends ever let each other down?

Do friends ever betray or hurt each other?

Can money ever be “a curse”?

Which is better: to run away from your problems? Or to face them?

Are women any more or less likely than men to be tempted by expensive jewellery and paintings?

Is a woman any more or less likely than a man to be fooled into thinking people who took advantage of her generous nature were her real friends?

Are women any more or less likely than men to become embittered by disappointment?

These questions, for after the play, can help students discuss their reactions.

Why doesn't Lady Timon believe that she needs to be more careful with her money?

Is Lady Timon too trusting? Are there any clues that her so called friends are not really friends?

What would be a healthy way for Lady Timon to react after discovering the extent of her friends' betrayal?

What could have been done for Lady Timon that might have persuaded her to live, or to return to the city?

In Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Polonius warns “Neither a borrower nor a lender be.” Imagine that he and Lady Timon meet. Try to imagine their conversation. If this had

occurred, do you think things would have turned out differently for Lady Timon? For Athens?

Reading the Play Aloud

Nothing takes the place of actually reading the play, and the best way for students to do this is to get up on their feet! However, if you don't have time to read it all, here are some excerpts of varying lengths for students to read, act, and, perhaps, even memorize. Note: These excerpts are taken from the Director's script, which is an adaptation from an early folio edition.

A Poet and Painter make some small talk, discuss the nature of their arts, and about how to portray Lady Timon.

ACT I

SCENE I. Athens: Timon's estate-a hall

Enter Poet

Poet [Reciting to himself]
When we for recompense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.'

Enter Painter

Poet
Good day, friend.

Painter
I am glad you're well.

Poet
I have not seen you long: how goes the world?

Painter
It wears, friend, as it grows.

Poet
Ay, that's well known:

Painter
You are rapt, friend, in some work, some dedication
To the great lady.

Poet

A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poetry is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd. What have you there?

Painter

A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet

Upon the heels of my presentment, friend.
Let's see your piece.

Painter

'Tis a good piece.

Poet

So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Painter

Indifferent.

Poet

Admirable: how this grace
Speaks her own standing! What a mental power
This eye shoots forth! How big imagination moves in
this lip!

Painter

It is good.

Poet

I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Painter

How this lady is admired.

Poet

I have, in this rough work, shaped a woman,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Moves itself in a wide sea of text:
No levell'd malice infects one comma;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Painter

How shall I understand you?

Poet

I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
Tender down their services to Lady Timon?
Her large fortune, upon her good and gracious
Nature hanging, subdues to her love all sorts
Of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor herself: even she drops down
The knee before her.

Painter

I saw them speak together.

Poet

Nay, hear me on.
All those which were her fellows but of late,
Some better than their value, on the moment
Follow her strides, rain fawning whisperings
In her ear, and through her drink the free air.

Painter

Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet

When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all her dependants
Which labour'd after her to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let her slip down,
Not one accompanying her declining foot.

Painter

'Tis common: it would bode well to show Timon that
Mean eyes have seen the foot above the head.

Lady Timon enters with Flavius, an honest and loyal friend and servant who is her financial steward and really knows the state of Lady Timon's finances. Flavius unsuccessfully tries to convince her to consider that the amount of money owed her is becoming dangerous. Lady Timon can only think of helping her friends in need, even though she can hardly afford to do so.

Enter TIMON; Flavius talking with her

TIMON

Imprison'd is she, say you?

FLAVIUS

But, my good lord: five thousand is her debt,
Your means most short-

TIMON

Commend me to Ventidius!

I am not of that feather to shake off my friend
when she must need me. I do know her a
gentlewoman that well deserves help:
Which she shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free her.

FLAVIUS

Your lady's creditors...

TIMON

And being enfranchised,
Bid her come to me. 'Tis not enough
To help the feeble up, but to support them after.

Merchant

Timon, hear me speak.

TIMON

Freely, my friend.

Merchant

Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

TIMON

Attends she here. What of her? (motions her in)

Merchant

This floosey here, Ms. Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a person
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds no prospects.

TIMON

Well; what further?

Merchant

One only son have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
And I have bred him at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This girl of thine

Attempts his love: I prithee, noble friend
Join with me to forbid her his resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

TIMON

The girl is honest.

Merchant

Her honesty rewards her in itself.

TIMON

Does he love her?

Merchant

He is young and apt:

TIMON

[To Lucilius] Love you the boy?

LUCILIUS

Ay, my good lord, and he accepts of it.

Merchant

If in his marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess him all.

TIMON

How shall he be endow'd,
If he be mated with an equal partner?

Merchant

Three hundred thousand at the present; in future, all.

TIMON (to Lucilius)

To build your fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give her thy son:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make her weigh with him

Merchant

Most noble friend,
He is hers.

TIMON

My hand to thee; mine honour
On my promise.

LUCILIUS

Humbly I thank you lady.

Merchant

Long live your ladyship.

Exit

Lady Timon has invited people to her home for a banquet. Here, several of them talk about how her generosity is far greater than what she receives in return.

SCENE II. A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Enter Apemantus, Sempronius, and Lucullus

SEMPRONIUS

What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

Time to be honest.

SEMPRONIUS

That time serves still.

APEMANTUS

The more accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

LUCULLUS

Thou art going to Lady Timon's feast?

APEMANTUS

Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools.

LUCULLUS

Fare thee well, fare thee well.

APEMANTUS

Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

LUCULLUS

Why, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none. *Exit*

SEMPRONIUS

She's opposite to humanity.
Come, shall we in, and taste of Timon's bounty?
She outgoes the very heart of kindness.

LUCULLUS

She pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but her steward: no meed, but she repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to her,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

SEMPRONIUS

The noblest mind she carries
That ever govern'd man.

SEMPRONIUS

Long live her fortunes!

After much (false) flattery from the attendees, Lady Timon explains her thoughts about friendship and generosity.

TIMON

O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we can our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like sisters, commanding one another's fortunes! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, Methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

There is entertainment, and afterward, Lady Timon sends her friend Flavius to fetch the "casket" which holds money that she will distribute to the dancers and her friends.

TIMON

Flavius.

FLAVIUS

My lady?

TIMON

The little casket bring me hither.

FLAVIUS

Yes, lady. (*Aside*) More jewels yet!
There is no crossing her in this humour;
Else I should tell her well, in faith I should,
When all's spent, she'll be cross'd then, an she could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. *Exit*

TIMON

O my friends,
I have one word to say to you: look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it

Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket

SEMPRONIUS

I am so far already in your gifts,--

All

So are we all.

FLAVIUS

What will this come to?
She commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will she know her purse, or yield me this,
To show her what a beggar her heart is,
Being of no power to make her wishes good:
Her promises fly so beyond her state
That what she speaks is all in debt; she owes
For every word: she is so kind that she now
Pays interest for 't; her land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office
Before I were forced out!
I bleed inwardly for my lady. *Exit*

TIMON

Here, my friend, a token of our love.

LUCIUS

With more than common thanks I will receive it.

LUCULLUS

O, She's the very soul of bounty!

TIMON

And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a blue corvette
I do drive: it is yours, because you liked it. (*tosses Lucullus the keys*)

LUCULLUS

O, I beseech you, friend.

TIMON

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own; I'll tell
you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords

O, none so welcome.

TIMON

I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
All the lands thou hast lie in a wasted field.

ALCIBIADES

Ay, defiled my friend, for now.

SEMPRONIUS

We are so virtuously bound—

TIMON

And so am I to
you.

LUCULLUS

So infinitely endear'd--

TIMON

All to you.

ALCIBIADES

The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep you, Lady Timon-

TIMON

Ready for her friends.

Exeunt all kissing Timon as they go except APEMANTUS

Apemantus is a cynical philosopher, but also a wise seer. She doesn't expect good of anybody and knows that the others are taking great advantage of Lady Timon, but Lady Timon thinks that Apemantus is just being negative.

APEMANTUS

What a coil's here!
Serving of pecks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are paid for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

TIMON

Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

APEMANTUS

No, I'll nothing: for if I should be bribed too, there
would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou
wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I
fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:
what need these feasts, pomps and vain-glories?

TIMON

Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn
not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with
better music. *Exit*

APEMANTUS

So:
Thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then:
I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! *Exit*

Flavius knows the true extent of Lady Timon's loss of fortunes, and vows to try and help her.

ACT II

SCENE II. The same. A hall in Timon's house.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in her hand

FLAVIUS

No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That she will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease her flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from her, nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? she will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with her, when she returns.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Flavius comes across Lady Timon surrounded by several people who are asking for help. Flavius shoos them away and tells Timon about the sorry state of her economic affairs. Timon asks why Flavius hadn't told her earlier, to which she replies that she had tried, but that Timon would not listen. Timon is sure that now that she is the one in need of help, her friends will surely come through and return the many favours she has bestowed upon them.

TIMON

You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

FLAVIUS

You would not hear me,
At many leasures I proposed-

TIMON

Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took.
When my indisposition put you back:
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

FLAVIUS

O my lady,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight cheques, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My loved lady,

Though you hear now, too late--yet now's a time--
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

TIMON

Let all my land be sold.

FLAVIUS

'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:

TIMON

You tell me true?

FLAVIUS

If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors
And set me on the proof.

TIMON

Prithee, no more.

FLAVIUS

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:

TIMON

Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
For I will broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing.
And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.

FLAVIUS

Assurance bless your thoughts!

TIMON

I will dispatch you and Lucilius to Sempronius, Alcibiades, and
to Lord Lucullus: commend me to their loves, and, I am proud,

say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty thousand.

FLAVIUS

[Aside] Sempronius and Lucullus? hum!

TIMON

Also, to my bankers—bid 'em send o' the instant ten thousand to me.

FLAVIUS

I have been bold--
For that I knew it the most general way--
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

TIMON

Is't true? can it be?

FLAVIUS

They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry--you are honourable,--
But yet they could have wish'd--they know not--
And with distasteful looks and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

TIMON

Prithee, look cheerly.
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak.
No blame belongs to thee. Ventidius lately
Buried her father; by whose death she's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when she was poor,
Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd her of her bail. Greet her from me;
Bid her suppose some good necessity
Touches her friend, which craves to be remember'd
With that money; that had, give't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong her friends can sink.

Exit

In the first scene of Act III, Flavius approaches Lucullus for financial help. She tells Lucullus that none of the people who have borrowed from Lady Timon has repaid her. Lucullus replies that she warned Timon many times to be thrifty, but Timon chose to

ignore her. Lucullus gives Flavius a few dollars for herself and tells her not to tell Lady Timon that she was there. Flavius is disgusted and throws the money down.

ACT III

SCENE I. A room in Lucullus' house.

Enter LUCULLUS

LUCULLUS

[Aside] Lady Timon's gal? a gift, I warrant. Flavius, honest Flavius; you are very respectfully welcome. And how does your honourable, complete, free-hearted lady?

FLAVIUS

Her health is well ma'am.

LUCULLUS

I am right glad that her health is well. Now pretty Flavius, what hast thou brought me?

FLAVIUS

'Faith, nothing but to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty thousand, hath sent to your ladyship to furnish her, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

LUCULLUS

La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says she? Alas, is only she would not have kept so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with her, and told her on't, and come again to supper for the purpose to have her spend less, and yet she would embrace no counsel, take no warning. I ha' told her on't.

FLAVIUS

Your ladyship speaks your pleasure.

LUCULLUS

Draw nearer, honest Flavius. Thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good girl, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

FLAVIUS

Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee!
Throwing the money back

LUCULLUS

Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

Exit

FLAVIUS

O you gods, I feel my master's passion! *Exit*

As a last resort, after most of her supposed friends have turned their backs on Lady Timon, Flavius approaches Sempronius.

SCENE III. A room in Sempronius' house. An opera concert in her salon

Enter SEMPRONIUS and Flavius talking.

SEMPRONIUS

Must she needs trouble me in 't,--hum!--'bove all others?

She might have tried Lucullus or Alcibiades
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom she redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto her.

FLAVIUS

My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied her.

SEMPRONIUS

How! have they denied her?
Has Alcibiades and Lucullus denied her?
And does she send to me? Three? hum!
It shows but little love or judgment in her:
Must I be her last refuge! I'm angry at her,
Her occasion might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first one
That e'er received gift from her:
And does she think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite its last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst society I thought a fool. And so
return, and with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. *Exit*

FLAVIUS

Excellent! Your lady's a goodly villain. The devil knew
not what he did when he made man politic;
This was my lady's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: now her friends are dead.
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards

Many a bounteous year must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep her wealth must keep her house.
Exit

Several debt collectors show up at Lady Timon's house. She is in such a rage that they believe her to be a madwoman. When they leave, she tells Flavius to invite her friends and prepare for one last banquet. Flavius begs her to understand the severity of her situation, but Lady Timon insists on going ahead with her plan.

SCENE IV. The same. A hall in Timon's house

Enter the Debt Collectors severally.

Enter TIMON, in a rage

TIMON

What, are my doors opposed against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol? The place which
I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

DC#1

Lady, here is my bill.

DC#2

Here's mine.

DC#3

And mine, lady.

ALL

All our bills.

TIMON

Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.
Cut my heart in sums. Tell out my blood.

DC#1

Fifty thousand, my lord.

TIMON

Fifty thousand drops pays that.
What yours?--and yours?

Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!
Exit

DC#2

'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps
at their money: these debts may well be called
desperate ones, for a madwoman owes 'em. *Exeunt*

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS

TIMON

They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.
Creditors? devils!

FLAVIUS

My dear lady,—

TIMON

What if it should be so?

FLAVIUS

Lady,—

TIMON

I'll have it so. My steward!

FLAVIUS

Here, lady.

TIMON

So fitty? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius,
Lucullus, and Sempronius:
All, sirrah, all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.

FLAVIUS

O my lady,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

TIMON

Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
Exeunt

Lady Timon's "friends" arrive for the banquet, and they speak together about the debts they owe to Lady Timon.

SCENE V. The same. A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

FLAVIUS attending. Enter SEMPRONIUS, LUCULLUS, and LUCIUS

SEMPRONIUS

The good time of day to you.

LUCULLUS

I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lady did but try us this other day.

LUCIUS

Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with her as she made it seem in the trial of her several friends.

LUCULLUS

It should not be, by the persuasion of her new feasting.

SEMPRONIUS

I should think so: she hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but she hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

LUCIUS

In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but she would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when she sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

LUCULLUS

I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

SEMPRONIUS

Every woman here's so. What would she have borrowed of you?

LUCIUS

Fifty thousand.

SEMPRONIUS

Fifty thousand!

LUCULLUS

What of you?

SEMPRONIUS

She sent to me,--Here she comes.

Lady Timon appears and greets her “friends” warmly. They make excuses for not repaying their debt. At first, she seems to take it well and tells them not to worry. But Lady Timon has planned something – a way to show her “friends” what she really thinks of them!

Enter TIMON

TIMON

With all my heart, gentle friends; and how fare you?

SEMPRONIUS

Ever at the best, hearing well of your ladyship.

LUCIUS

The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your ladyship.

TIMON

[Aside] Nor more willingly leaves winter-

LUCULLUS

I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger.

TIMON

O, friend, let it not trouble you.

SEMPRONIUS

My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

TIMON

Think not on 't, friend.

LUCULLUS

If you had sent but two hours before,—

TIMON

Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Flavius ponders the sad situation her Lady is in, and marvels at the fickle nature of friends, glory, and wealth.

ACT IV

SCENE I. Same room in Timon's house.

FLAVIUS, left alone once the ladies leave

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lady, brought low by her own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, she does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dear lady, bless'd, to be most accursed,
Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lady!
She's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends, nor has she with her to
Supply her life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow and inquire her out:
I'll ever serve her mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be her steward still.
Exit

SCENE II. Without the walls of Athens.

Lady Timon is broken and sees only blackness in the world.

TIMON

Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity,
Do 't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,

And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Timon will to the woods; where she shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound--hear me, you good gods all--
And grant, as Timon grows, her hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low! Amen.
Exit

Lady Timon has gone off to the woods, taking all that is left of her possessions in a shopping cart. She has become quite cynical about the world and is hardly impressed when she finds some buried money.

SCENE III. Timon with shopping cart in the woods

Enter TIMON

O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say 'This man's a flatterer?' if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of friends!

Her semblable, yea, herself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

Digging

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
(finds big bag of money)
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? Why, this
Will knit and break religions, bless the accursed,
Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves
And give them title, knee and approbation.
Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the route of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.

Apemantus shows up and questions Lady Timon about her situation, thoughts, and future plans. They are both quite cynical at this point.

Enter APEMANTUS

APEMANTUS

I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

TIMON

Consumption catch thee!

APEMANTUS

Why this spade? this place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Do not assume my likeness.

TIMON

Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

APEMANTUS

Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,

Will put thy shirt on warm? O, thou shalt find—

TIMON

A fool of thee: depart.

APEMANTUS

I love thee better now than e'er I did.

TIMON

I hate thee worse.

APEMANTUS

Why?

TIMON

Why dost thou seek me out?

APEMANTUS

To vex thee.

TIMON

Always a villain's office or a fool's.

APEMANTUS

If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'ldst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives encertain pomp, is crown'd before:
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

TIMON

Not by her breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

APEMANTUS

Art thou proud yet?

TIMON

Ay, that I am not thee.

APEMANTUS

I, that I was no prodigal.

TIMON

I, that I am one now:

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it.

Eating a root

APEMANTUS

Here; I will mend thy feast.

Offering her some of her own food

TIMON

First mend my company, take away thyself.

APEMANTUS

So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

TIMON

'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd; if
not, I would it were.

APEMANTUS

What wouldst thou have to Athens?

TIMON

Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

APEMANTUS

Here is no use for gold.

TIMON

The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

APEMANTUS

Where liest o' nights, Timon?

TIMON

Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

TIMON

Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!

APEMANTUS

Where wouldst thou send it?

TIMON

To sauce thy dishes.

APEMANTUS

The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends.
Thou shouldst have loved thyself better now.

Later...Lady Timon considers her fate.

TIMON

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
(*To the money*)
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
That speak'st with every tongue, to every purpose!

Some thieves come upon Lady Timon and get an unexpected response from her.

Enter Thieves

First Thief

Where should she have this money? It is some poor
fragment, some slender sort of her remainder.

Second Thief

It is noised she hath a mass of treasure.

First Thief

How shall we get it?

Second Thief

She bears it not about her, 'tis hid.

First Thief

Is not this she?

Second Thief

'Tis her description.

First Thief

Save thee, Timon.

TIMON

Now, thieves?

Second Thief

We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

TIMON

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

First Thief

We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

TIMON

Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth. Do
villany, do, since you protest to do't, Like workmen.
I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
There's more gold. Cut throats:
All that you meet are thieves: to the city go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: steal no less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er! Amen.

First Thief

She's almost charmed me from my profession, by
persuading me to it.

Second Thief

I'll believe her as an enemy and give over my trade.

They take the money and exeunt Thieves

The poet and painter have heard that Lady Timon is wealthy once again. They go to find her in the woods and, when she is ready, Lady Timon steps out of hiding to greet them.

ACT V**SCENE I. The woods. Before Timon's shopping cart.****Poet**

Hail, worthy Timon!

Painter

Our late noble sister!

TIMON

Have I once lived to see two honest women?

Poet

Friend,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures--O abhorred spirits!--
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough:
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

TIMON

Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Painter

She and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

TIMON

Ay, you are honest woman.

Painter

We are hither come to offer you our service.

TIMON

Most honest friends! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water?

Both

What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

TIMON

Ye've heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; you're honest friends.

Painter

So it is said, my dear friend; but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

TIMON

Good honest friends! Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Painter

So, so, my lord.

TIMON

E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Poet

Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

TIMON

You'll take it ill.

Painter

Most thankfully, my lord.

TIMON Will you, indeed?

Will you, indeed?

Poet
Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Poet
Doubt it not, worthy lord.

TIMON
There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

TIMON
There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Painter
Do we, my lord?

Painter
Do we, my lord?

TIMON
Ay, and you hear her cog, see her dissemble,
Know her gross patchery, love her, feed her,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured
That she's a made-up villain.

TIMON
Ay, and you hear her cog, see her dissemble,
Know her gross patchery, love her, feed her,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured
That she's a made-up villain.

Painter
I know none such, my lord.

Painter
I know none such, my lord.

Poet
Nor I.

Poet
Nor I.

TIMON
Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, I'll give you gold enough.

TIMON
Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, I'll give you gold enough.

Painter
Name them, lady, let's know them.

Painter
Name them, lady, let's know them.

TIMON

You that way and you this, but two in company;
Each one apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
(to the Poet)

If where thou art two villains shall not be,
Come not near her.

(to the Painter) If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then her abandon.

Throws stones at Painter

Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves:
Throws stones at Poet

You have work'd for me; there's payment for you: hence!
You are an alchemist; make gold of that.
Out, rascal dogs!

TIMON

You that way and you this, but two in company;
Each one apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
(to the Poet)

If where thou art two villains shall not be,
Come not near her.

(to the Painter) If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then her abandon.

Throws stones at Painter

Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves:
Throws stones at Poet

You have work'd for me; there's payment for you: hence!
You are an alchemist; make gold of that.
Out, rascal dogs!

Throws more stones, and then retires to her shopping cart

Flavius enters and is shocked by Lady Timon's altered appearance. Flavius tries to convince Timon of her trustworthiness and good intentions.

FLAVIUS

O you gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous woman my lady?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
Has caught me in her eye: I will present
My honest grief unto her; my dearest lady!

TIMON

Away! what art thou?

FLAVIUS

Have you forgot me?

TIMON

Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men.

FLAVIUS

An honest poor servant of yours.

TIMON

Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me.

FLAVIUS

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For her undone lady than mine eyes for you.

TIMON

What, dost thou weep? Come nearer.

FLAVIUS

I beg of you to know me, good my lady,
To accept my grief and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.

TIMON

Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.

Let me behold thy face. I do proclaim
One honest man--mistake me not--but one;
No more, I pray,--and she's a steward.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first one's neck. But tell me true--
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
A usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

FLAVIUS

No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

TIMON

Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy.
And so farewell and thrive.

FLAVIUS

O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

TIMON

Fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

TIMON walks off into the sunset...

Additional Activities

Here is a well known Robert Frost poem that relates quite well to Timon:

Nothing Gold Can Stay

Nature's first green is gold,

Her hardest hue to hold.

Her early leaf's a flower;

But only so an hour.

Then leaf subsides to leaf.

So Eden sank to grief,

So dawn goes down to day.

Nothing gold can stay.

From *The Poetry of Robert Frost* edited by Edward Connery Lathem. Copyright © 1923, 1947, 1969 by Henry Holt and Company, copyright © 1942, 1951 by Robert Frost, copyright © 1970, 1975 by Lesley Frost Ballantine. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, LLC.

<https://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem/nothing-gold-can-stay>

The links below are directly related to *Timon of Athens*:

From the good people at Folger, *Intriguing Facts about Timon of Athens*. Director Robert Richmond cites some interesting facts about William Shakespeare's rarely produced tragic satire, TIMON OF ATHENS and its title character in particular ...
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NgZ9rL-8K4w>

More from Folger: "Early Printed Texts" and "Picturing Timon of Athens"
<https://www.folger.edu/timon-of-athens>

Folgerpedia *Timon of Athens*
https://folgerpedia.folger.edu/File:STC_22273_Fo.1_no.68_2g1v.jpg

Folger Cast members discuss themes of Timon
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9aeatXX-JhM&index=2&list=PL--nb51tZO3sDh4OdCzpj6hEZGW8Cnblx>

What people think of Timon of Athens, before and after the play
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JfUTILdjALo>

These next links are related more generally to Shakespeare:

Shakespeare mini-biography
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=geev441vbMI>

Ten Things You Didn't Know About William Shakespeare (A + E Networks)
<https://www.history.com/news/history-lists/10-things-you-didnt-know-about-william-shakespeare>

51 Random Facts About William Shakespeare
From FACTRETRIEVER, "Interesting Facts for the Curious Mind"
<https://www.factretriever.com/shakespeare-facts>

45 Everyday Phrases Coined by Shakespeare

<http://www.bbcamerica.com/anglophenia/2014/04/45-phrases-coined-shakespeare-450th-birthday/>

What Shakespeare's English Sounded Like - and how we know

From NativLang: Botched rhymes, buried puns and a staged accent that sounds more Victorian than Elizabethan. No more! Use linguistic sleuthing to dig up the surprisingly different sound of the bard's Early Modern English.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WeW1eV7Oc5A>

This one is neither directly about Timon nor Shakespeare but check it out if you have time for some music and lyrics!

From Business Pundit: 30 Best Songs About Business and Money

<http://www.businesspundit.com/30-best-songs-about-money/>

And finally, if you would like to share some very current speeches related to “Me, Too” and “Times Up”, consider these:

Oprah’s Golden Globes Acceptance Speech (2018)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fN5HV79_8B8

Frances McDormand’s Oscar Acceptance Speech (2018)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w_iaK3BLmPU

Write a Review

Here's a step-by-step guide for writing a theatre review of *Timon of Athens*. Writing a review is a great way to analyze what you've experienced and share that experience with others. The steps below are adapted from the online wiki, "How to Write a Play Review".

(wikihow, 2015)

1. Include the who, what, where and when.
2. Write about the casting. Why do you think the director cast it the way she did? How did the cast help your appreciation of the play?
3. Write about the plot. Was the plot easy to understand? Was the story interesting/boring/sad/funny/romantic/cheesy/unrealistic etc. and why?
4. Consider the theme of the show. What was it really about?
5. Think about the style and tone of the play. Was it traditionally Shakespearean? Was it serious or funny or both?
6. Comment on the costumes. Did they suit the characters? Was the design effective in projecting the characters? Did they contribute to the themes and ideas of the play?
7. Comment on the setting. Did the setting of the Ruins aide the actors in the telling of the story, why or why not? How effective was the *modern* setting?
8. Write about the direction. What was the director trying to accomplish with this production? Did she succeed?
9. Write about the acting. Which performers made an impact on the audience? What did those actors do that was effective or ineffective? Comment on the characterization. Were character choices clear and projected to the audience?
10. Discuss memorable moments and quotes. Why were those examples memorable?
11. Give your opinion. Comment on what you liked or did not like about the play; offer possible suggestions.