

## The M Quarto discovery

Summary of part of a presentation by Ben, Hilary, and David Crystal to the IATEFL annual conference, April 2010.

Another long-lost manuscript has been discovered, showing further evidence of Shakespeare's language preferences as displayed in the H Quarto. This Time the play is *Macbeth* and the obsession is with letter M.

D: Enter three witches.  
H: When shall we three meet again?  
In thunder, lightning or in rain?  
B: When the hurly-burly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.  
D: That will be ere the setting sun.  
H: Where the place?  
B: Upon the heath.  
D: There to meet with Macbeth.  
H: I come, Grey-Malkin.  
B: Padock calls!  
D: Anon!  
H, B, D: Fair is foul and foul is fair.  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

The earlier version:

Enter magical menage-a-trois  
Magus 1: More meetings, magic-mates,  
Maybe mid meteorological monsoons?  
Magus 2: Moment melee-muddle's managed,  
Military match mediated.  
Magus 3 [US accent]: Momentarily.  
Magus 1: Mise-en-scene?  
Magus 2: Moorland.  
Magus 3: Meet Macbeth.  
Magus 1: Metamorphosing, Mousy-Malkin.  
Magus 2: Magician-mate murmers.  
Magus 3: Minute!  
All: Marvels manifest malodorousness, malodorousness manifests marvels;  
Meander midst mist, mucky medium.

D: These extracts are taken from Act 2 scene 1.  
B: Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee -  
I have thee not and yet I see thee still!  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? ...  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,



And such an instrument I was to use... There's no such thing.  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes...

*Bell rings*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

D: How it really was...

Machete meeting me?  
Midpoint marking my mitt? Manipulate...  
Merde! Missed! Mirage maintaining mien.  
Maybe mortiferous manifestation masterable?  
More merde! Misapprehension, mistake,  
Molten medulla manifesting mental mirage.  
Mm? Marshall'st me? Motivating my movements?  
Mamma mia. Mistaken madness. Mighty misconception!  
Macabre monarch-murder makes me muse.  
Mistrust melodramatic mirage.  
My mind, make me militant, martial.  
Mucho manslaughter, mortal massacre.

*Bell rings*

Move, Macbeth. Melody manoeuvres me.  
Mishear, Monarch. Mayday, Mayday!  
Maybe marvellous merriment, maybe miserable moan.  
Make my month, monk!