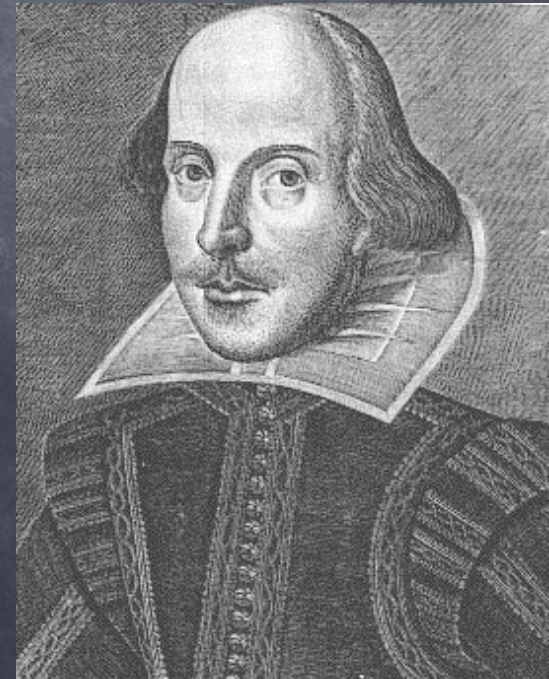


Themes and Patterns in Shakespeare

Institute for Learning in Retirement
Miami University
Fall, 2005
Instructor: Cleve Callison



Shakespeare's life



Shakespeare's life

- Son of John Shakespeare of Stratford, b. 1564
- Actor & stockholder in Lord Chamberlain's Men (later King's Men)
- Retired to Stratford as a gentleman c. 1610
- Died 1616
- First Folio published in 1623



Shakespeare's age

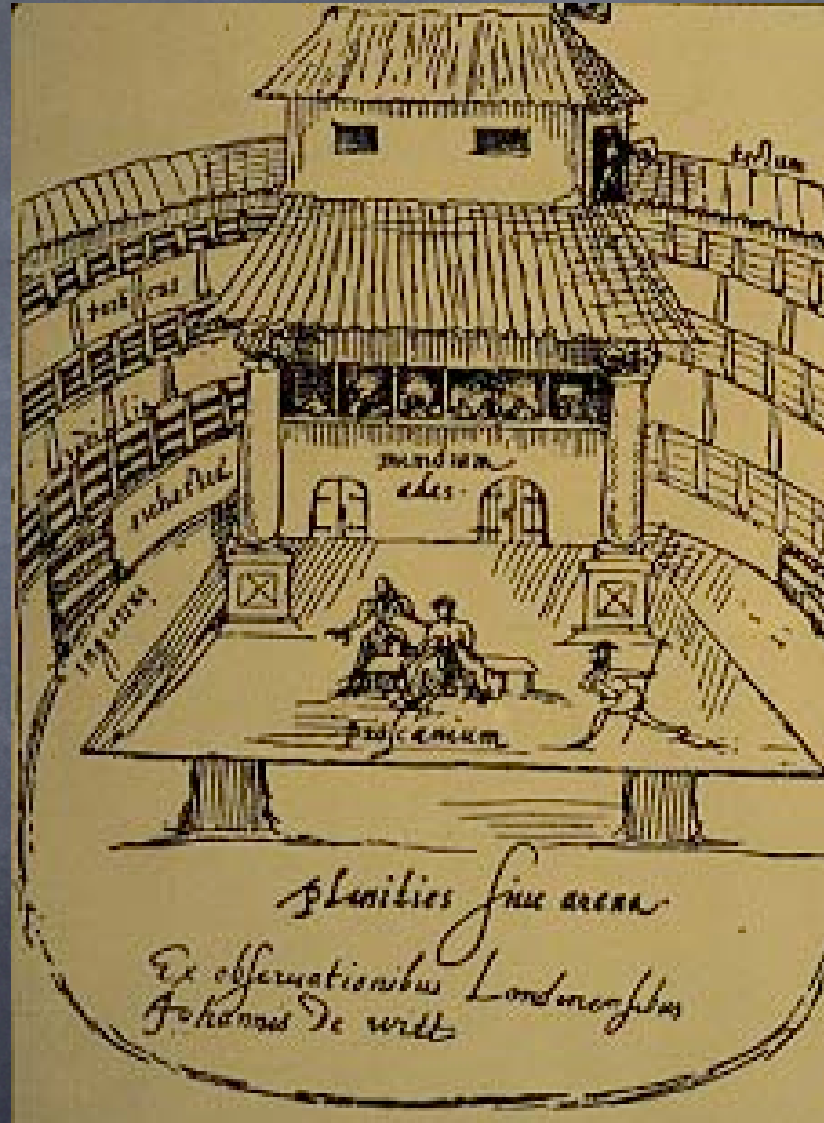


Shakespeare's age

- Elizabeth Tudor (1533 - 1603)
- Daughter of Henry VIII
- Succeeded "Bloody" Mary in 1558
- Defeat of Spanish Armada in 1588
- Dynastic worries



Shakespeare's stage



Shakespeare's stage

- Globe Theatre & others south of Thames
- Bare stage with balcony, trap door
- Women's roles played by boy actors
- Hugely popular in Elizabethan era
- All classes of society represented



Conventions of Elizabethan drama

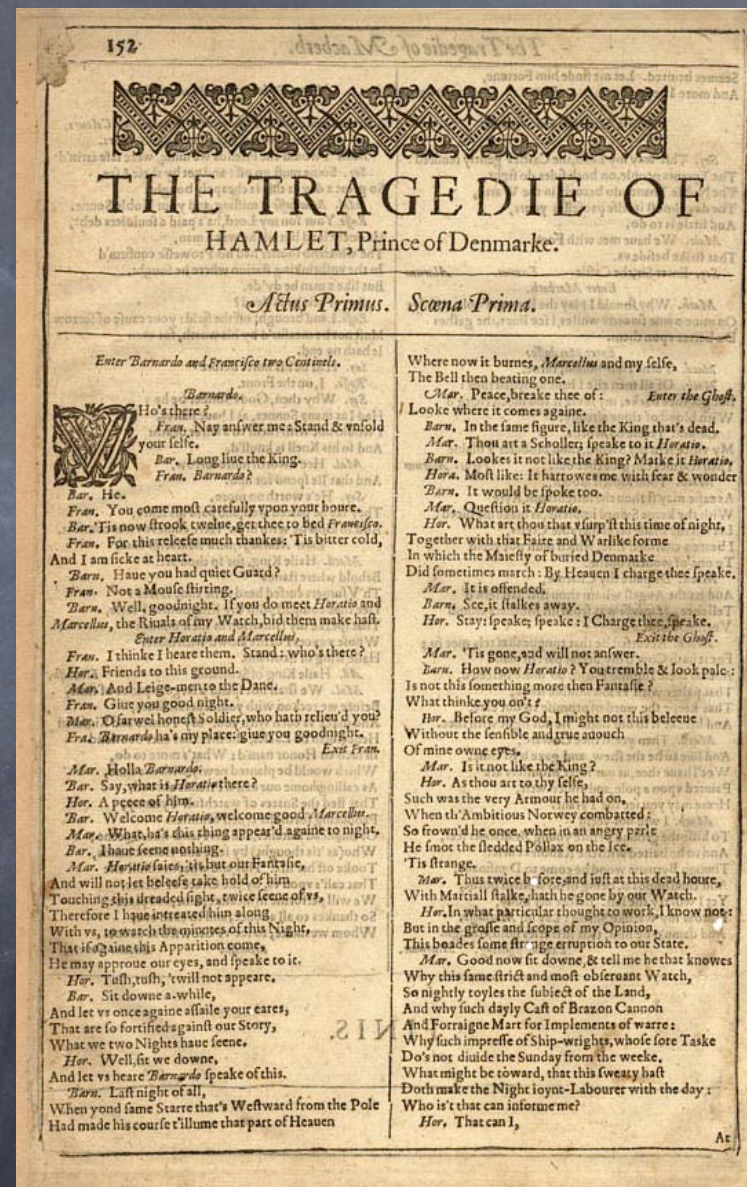


Conventions of Elizabethan drama

- **Inherited traditions**
 - "moralities", comedy, tragedy
 - rhetorical tradition
- **Stock characters**
 - braggart soldier, intriguing slave, young lovers
- **Place defined by action and language**
- **Asides**
- **Disguises**



Shakespeare's language



Shakespeare's language

- Inherited rhetorical, Latinate tradition
- Language suited to character and action
- Blank verse (see Prospero's farewell)
- Many apparent neologisms
- Enormously influential



The “Elizabethan World View”

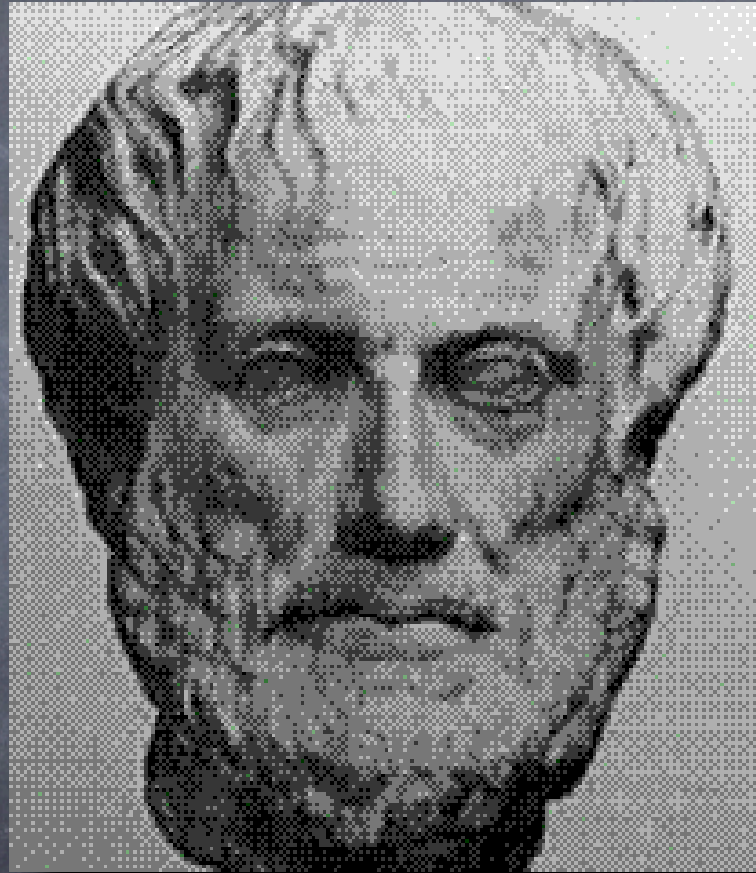


The "Elizabethan World View"

- **Order and hierarchy (see Ulysses on order)**
 - dynastic concerns of 16th century
- **Earth as center / bottom**
 - "Music of the Spheres"
 - Unmoved Mover / Primum Mobile
- **Microcosm / microcosm**
 - correspondences
- **Principle of the triad, plenitude**



Aristotle and the Poetics



Aristotle and the Poetics

- **Examination of the nature of tragedy**
 - “goat-song” -- basis in ritual
 - cleansing
- **Pity & terror**
 - neither superhuman nor contemptible
- **Hamartia**
 - “tragic flaw”?
 - mistake?
- **Unities**
 - Time, place, action



Comic and tragic motion

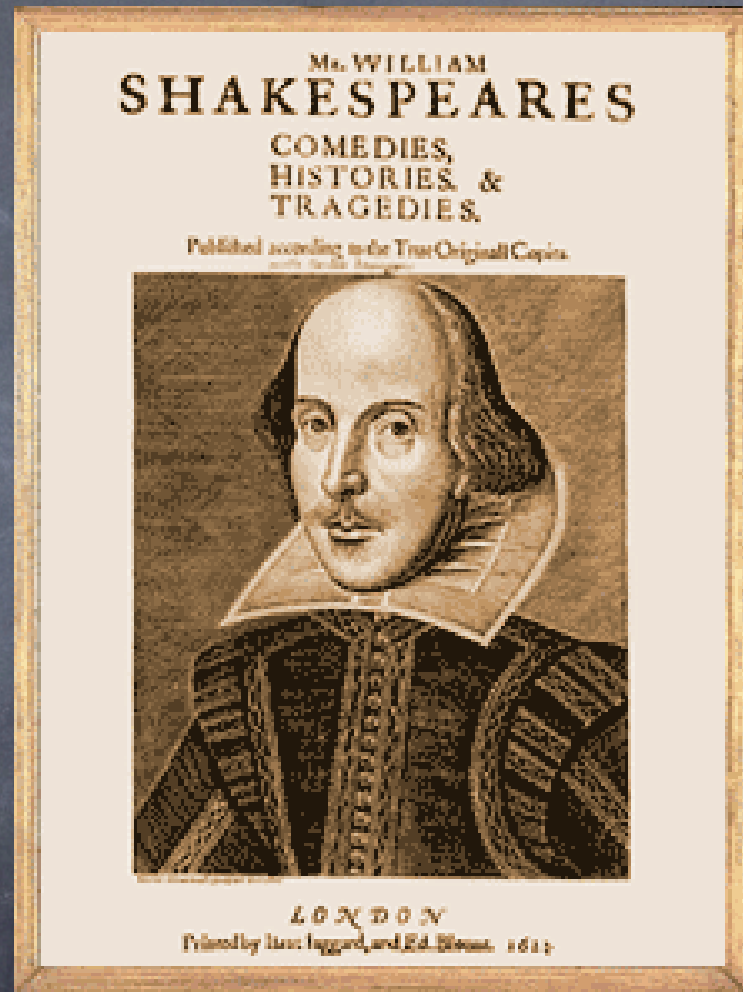


Comic and tragic motion

- No equivalent of the Poetics for comedy
- Weal to woe / woe to weal
- Crisis / peripeteia / climax
- 5-act Shakespearean structure
 - look for peripeteia in Act 3
- 3-part motion in many plays



Shakespeare's texts

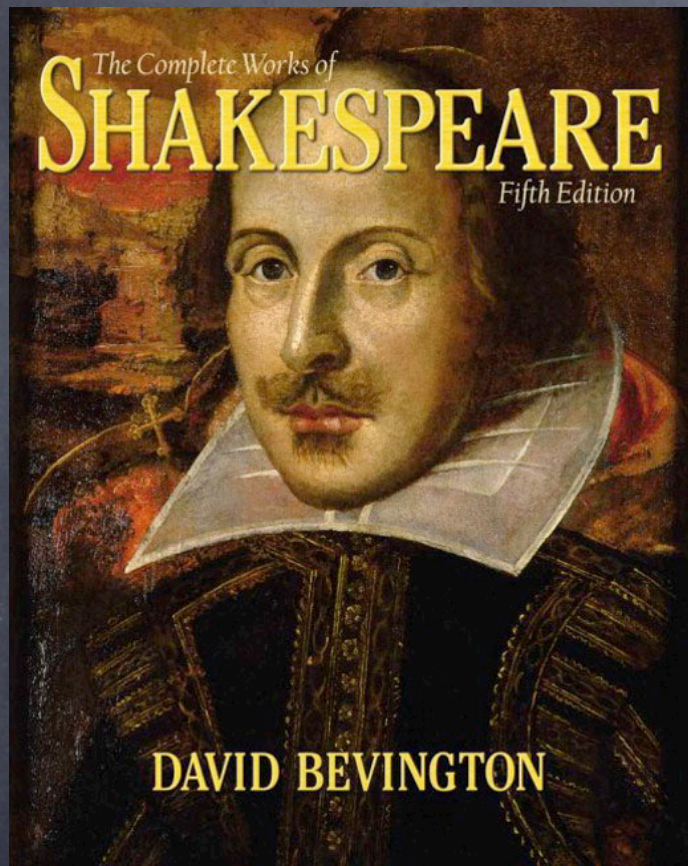


Shakespeare's texts

- **Quartos**
 - "Bad Quartos"
 - multiple quartos
- **Protecting the property of the theater**
- **First Folio of 1623**
 - effort at accurate texts
 - apparent errors and difficult readings
 - not all are genuine works
- **Difficult to establish "definitive" texts**



Reading vs. seeing



Reading vs. seeing

- Texts are actors' documents
- Leisurely reading of difficult passages
- Communication via spectacle
- Definitive text vs. necessities of performance
- Artistic re-creation in the theater



Twelfth Night

The Shasta Performing Arts Center, College of the Siskiyous, and Washington Mutual Bank present

William Shakespeare's Comedy

Twelfth Night

Adapted and Directed
by J. J. Lewis-Nichols



starring

Chris Neal-Tripp Sara Zufelt Charles Peckham Angie Markes
Susannah Rea-Downing Jojo Alexander Ethan Heintz Daniëlle Jester Elizabeth Bradley
Cyril Durovčić Trevor Brooke
Becca Nezl Ami Martin Eli Marconi Christina Bohm Emilie Smith Elena Stylos

at SPAC's Dunlap Theater 315 Yreka St. 842-5442

Friday, July 25th 7:30 pm Tickets \$8 at our outlets:
Saturday, July 26th 7:30 pm Yreka Chamber of Commerce 842-4649
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Washington Mutual Bank 842-8900
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• No Children Under 5 Years • No Cameras or Recording Devices



Twelfth Night

- One of most popular comedies
- Look at imagery of food, reality, love
- Twists of gender
- What makes Viola such a popular heroine?
- Who are the most / least sympathetic?



Twelfth Night

Feste:

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

(II.3)

Orsino:

When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made,
Of our dear souls.

(V.1)



Twelfth Night

Feste:

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

...

A great while ago the world began,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

(V.1)



Twelfth Night

Feste:

Nothing that is so, is so.

(IV.1)

Feste:

That that is, is.

(IV.2)



King Lear



King Lear

- Smell
- Monstrosity, wild animals
- Horror of sexuality
- Petitionary prayers
- Nothing
- Nature
- Babies, infancy vs. age, infirmity
- Clothing



Lear: Kent's language

Kent:

Good my liege --

(I.1)

Kent:

Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honored as my king...

(II.1)

Kent:

Be Kent unmannerly

When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?

(II.2)



Lear: "nothing"

Lear [to Cordelia]:

Nothing will come from nothing.

(I.1)

Lear [to Fool]:

Nothing can be made of nothing...

Fool [to Lear]:

**...thou art an O without a figure. I am
better than thou art now; I am a Fool,
thou art nothing.**

(I.4)



Lear: Lear's identity

Regan:

...he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

(I.1)

Lear:

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool:

Lear's shadow.

Regan:

(I.4)

Oh, sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of his confine. You should be ruled, and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself.

(II.4)



Lear: the Fool, alpha to omega

Lear [to Kent]:

Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee. There's earnest of thy service. [gives Kent money]

Fool:

Let me hire him too. Here's my coxcomb.

(I.4)

Lear:

So, so. We'll go to supper in the morning.

Fool:

And I'll go to bed at noon.

(III.6)



Lear: petitionary prayers (I)

Kent:

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said.

(I.1)

Edmund:

Now, gods, stand up for bastards.

(II.1)

Lear:

O heavens!
...Send down, and take my part.

(II.4)



Lear: petitionary prayers (II)

Lear:

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need.
(II.4)

Edmund:

O heavens, that this treason were not, or not I the
detector.
(III.5)

Kent [to Gloucester]:

The gods reward your kindness.
(III.6)



Lear: petitionary prayers (III)

Gloucester:

O my follies! Then Edgar was abused.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

(III.7)

Third servant:

I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now heaven help him.

(III.7)

Albany:

This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge.

(IV.2)



Lear: petitionary prayers (IV)

Gloucester:

If Edgar live, O bless him!

(IV.6)

Edgar:

...thou happy father,

Think that the clearest gods, who make them honors
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Gloucester:

I do remember now; henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
"Enough, enough," and die.

(IV.6)



Lear: petitionary prayers (V)

Albany:

The gods defend her! Bear him hence a while.

Enter Lear, with Cordelia in his arms.

(IV.6)



Lear

Lear:

I am a man

More sinned against than sinning.

(III.2)

Lear:

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? Take physic, pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

(III.V)



Lear: heavenly justice

Gloucester:

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport.

(IV.1)

Edgar:

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.

(V.3)



Lear

Gloucester:

The trick of that voice I do well remember. Is't the king?

Lear:

Ay, every inch a king.

(IV.6)

Gloucester:

O, let me kiss that hand.

Lear:

Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

(IV.6)



Lear

Lear:

Thou must be patient, we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air
We wawl and cry.

(IV.6)

Gentleman:

Thou hast one daughter
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

(IV.6)



Lear

Lear:

...let them anatomize Regan. See what breeds about
her heart. Is there any cause in nature for these
hard hearts?

(III.6)

Lear:

I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.

Cordelia:

No cause, no cause.

(IV.7)



Lear

Lear:

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense.

(V.3)



Hamlet



'Our Hamlet' by Adam MacNaughton, ed. John Roberts

1

There was this King, sitting in his garden all alone
When his brother, in his ear, he poured a little bit of henbane,
Stole his brother's crown and his money and his widow
But the dead king walked and got his son and said, "Hey, listen, Kiddo.
I've been killed and it's your duty to take revenge on Claudius.
Kill him quick and clean and tell the nation what a fraud he is."
The kid said, "Right! I'll do it! But I'll have to do it crafty.
So that no one will suspect me, I'll kid on that I'm a dafty."



'Our Hamlet' by Adam MacNaughton, ed. Mike Agranoff

So with all except Horatio, and he counts him as a friend,
Hamlet (that's the kid) he kids on he's round the bend.
And because he isn't ready for obligatory killing
He tries to make the king think that he's tuppence off the shilling.
Takes a rise out of Polonius, treats poor Ophelia vile.
Tells Rosencranz and Guildenstern Denmark's a bloody jail.
Then a group of travelling actors, like 7-84
Arrive to do a special one night gig in Elsinore.



'Our Hamlet' by Adam MacNaughton, ed. Mike Agranoff

[chorus]

Hamlet, Hamlet, loves his mommy.

Hamlet, Hamlet, acting barmy.

Hamlet, Hamlet, hesitating,

Wonders if the ghost's a cheat, and that is why he's waiting.



'Our Hamlet' by Adam MacNaughton, ed. Mike Agranoff

2

So Hamlet wrote a scene for the players to enact

So Horatio and he could watch to see if Claudius cracked.

Well, the play was called "The Mousetrap" (not the one that's running now)

And sure enough, the king walked out before the play was through.

Now Hamlet's got the proof his uncle gave his dad the dose.

The only problem being now that Claudius knows he knows,

So while Hamlet tells his mother her new husband's not a fit one

Uncle Claude puts out a contract with English king as hit man.



'Our Hamlet' by Adam MacNaughton, ed. Mike Agranoff

And when Hamlet killed Polonius, the concealed corpus delecti
T'was the king's excuse to send him for an English hempen necktie
With Rosencranz and Guildenstern to make quite sure that he got there.
But Hamlet jumped the boat and put the finger straight on that pair.
When Laertes heard his dad had been stabbed in the arras
He came running back to Elsinore, tout d'suite, hot-foot from Paris.
And Ophelia, with her dad killed by the man she was to marry,
After saying it with flowers, she committed hari-kari.



'Our Hamlet' by Adam MacNaughton, ed. Mike Agranoff

[chorus]

Hamlet,. Hamlet, no messin'.

Hamlet, Hamlet, learned his lesson.

Hamlet, Hamlet, Yorick's crust

Convinced him that men, good or bad, at last must come to dust.



'Our Hamlet' by Adam MacNaughton, ed. Mike Agranoff

3

Then Laertes lost his place and was demanding retribution.
The king said "Keep your head and I'll provide you a solution."
So he arranged a sword fight with for interested parties
With a blunted sword for Hamlet and a sharp one for Laertes.
To make double-sure, the old belt-and-braces line,
He fixed a poisoned sword-tip and a poisoned cup of wine.
Well, the poisoned sword got Hamlet, but Laertes went and muffed it,
'Cause he got stabbed himself, and he confessed before he snuffed it.



'Our Hamlet' by Adam MacNaughton, ed. Mike Agranoff

Then Hamlet's mummy drank the wine, and as her face was turning blue,
Hamlet said, "I believe the king's a baddie through and through!"

"Incestuous murderous damned Dane!" he said to be precise
And made up for hesitating once by killing Claudius twice.

Because he stabbed him with a knife and poured the wine between his
lips

He said, "The rest is silence." -- that was Hamlet at his chips.

They fired a volley over him, that shook the topmost rafter,
And Fortinbras, knee-deep in Danes, lived happy ever after.



'Our Hamlet' by Adam MacNaughton, ed. Mike Agranoff

[chorus]

Hamlet,. Hamlet, ain't it gory.

Hamlet, Hamlet, end of story

Hamlet, Hamlet, I'm on my way.

If you thought that was boring, you should read the bloody play!



Hamlet: questions

- Is Hamlet mad?
- Why does Hamlet delay?
- Is the ghost good or evil?
- Does Hamlet (or did he) ever love Ophelia?
- What is Hamlet's hamartia?
- Does he redeem himself?
- Does the play validate his final remarks?



Hamlet: themes

- ⑥ Disease/sickness
- ⑥ 'Rankness' /rot/disorder
- ⑥ Play/show/deception
- ⑥ Incest
- ⑥ Dreams
- ⑥ Death/murder/suicide
- ⑥ The supernatural



Hamlet: lines

Assume a virtue if you have it not.

(III.4)

I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room.

(III.4)

Your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead
body.

(III.4)



Hamlet: disorder

Bernardo:

Who's there?

Francisco:

**Nay, answer me. . . 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.** (I.2)

Horatio:

This bodes some strange eruption in our state. (I.2)

Marcellus:

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. (I.5)



Hamlet: rankness, disease

Laertes:

The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent. (I.3)

Hamlet:

Lay not that mattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. (III.4)



Hamlet: sardonic humor (I)

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. (I.1)

Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny?
...Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our ground...
...Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
...Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! (I.1)



Hamlet: sardonic humor (II)

Polonius:

Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Hamlet:

Into my grave.

(II.1)

Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty. . .

(III.4)

A king of shreds and patches.

(III.4)



Hamlet: humors

Humor	Contraries	Elements	Fluids	Character



Hamlet: humors

Humor	Contraries	Elements	Fluids	Character
choleric	hot + dry	fire	yellow bile	angry, violent



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choleric	hot + dry	fire	yellow bile	angry, violent
sanguine	hot + wet	air	blood	amorous, happy
phlegmatic	cold + wet	water	phlegm	dull, passive
melancholic	cold + dry	earth	black bile	fretful, 'neurotic'



Hamlet: melancholy (I)

I have of late--but wherefore I know not--lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so. (I.2)



Hamlet: melancholy (II)

I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. (I.2)



Hamlet: gentleness (I)

Sir, my good friend. . .

I am very glad to see you. (I.2)

My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern?

Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both? (II.1)

He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again. (I.2)



Hamlet: gentleness (II)

In the beaten way of friendship, what make you at
Elsinore? (II.1)

Polonius:

My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Hamlet:

God's bodykins, man, much better: use every man after
his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them
after your own honour and dignity: the less they
deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. (II.1)



Hamlet: gentleness (III)

Claudius:

He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes. (IV.3)

Rosencrantz:

My lord, you once did love me.

Hamlet:

And do so still, by these pickers and stealers. (II.1)



Hamlet's madness

I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on. (I.4)

I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is
southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw. (II.2)

I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. (III.4)



Hamlet: soliloquies

- I: "O, that this too too solid flesh would melt"
- II: "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I"
- III: "To be, or not to be"
- IV: "How all occasions do inform against me"



Hamlet: soliloquy I

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt, [sallied]
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. (I.2)



Hamlet: the Ghost (I)

Hamlet:

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. (I.4)

Hamlet:

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you. (I.4)



Hamlet: the Ghost (II)

The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. (II.1)

Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command? (III.4)



Hamlet: soliloquy II

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?

(II.1)



Hamlet: deception

Claudius:

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word. (III.1)

Hamlet:

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has
given you one face, and you make yourselves another. (III.1)

Hamlet:

Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-
fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her,
let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come;
make her laugh at that. (V.1)



Hamlet: soliloquy III

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? ...

To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life. (I.2)



Hamlet's role

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right! (I.4)

Heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister. (III.4)



Hamlet: soliloquy IV

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! . . .

Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do;'
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me. . .

O, from this time forth
My thoughts be bloody, or nothing worth! (IV.2)



'Shakespeare says'

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man. (I.3)

Polonius:

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out. (II.1)



Hamlet: 'ultimate questions' (I)

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. (I.4)

Horatio:

'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so. (I.4)

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking
makes it so. . .O God, I could be bounded in a nut
shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were
it not that I have bad dreams. (I.4)



Hamlet



Ophelia, by John Everett Millais (1852)



Is Hamlet right?

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. (V.2)

Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special
providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis
not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if
it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all:
since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't
to leave betimes? (V.2)



Is Hamlet right?

Horatio:

So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Hamlet:

Why, man, they did make love to this employment;

They are not near my conscience. (V.2)

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour and exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness. (V.2)



Hamlet: last words

Horatio:

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night sweet prince:
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest! (V.2)



Psalm 46: King James version

1 God is our refuge and strength, * a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, * and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, * though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, * the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: * God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: * he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

7 The LORD of hosts is with us; * the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

8 Come, behold the works of the LORD, * what desolations he hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; * he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still, and know that I am God: * I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

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Psalm 46: King James version

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The Tempest



John William Waterhouse: Miranda-The Tempest (1916)



The Tempest as theatre

- Scenery and “engines”
- Tempest in Act I
- Tableaux: banquet, hunt, chess game
- Masque tradition -- impact on theatre
- Characters of Ferdinand and Miranda
- Nature of Caliban and contemporary ideals



The Tempest: themes & contrasts

- Strange/wondrous [Miranda]
- Sleep/dream
- Sea/tempest
- Music vs. noise
- Earth vs. air
- Slavery vs. freedom
- Art and society vs. nature



The Tempest: language

Prospero:

What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time? (I.2)



The Tempest: wonder

Ferdinand:

O you wonder!

If you be maid or no?

Miranda:

No wonder, sir;

But certainly a maid.

(I.2)

Miranda:

O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in't!

Prospero:

'Tis new to thee.

(V.1)



The Tempest: wonder

Caliban:

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again. (III.2)



The Tempest: sea-change

Ariel:

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell

[Burden "Ding-dong"]

Hark! now I hear them,--Ding-dong, bell. (I.2)



The Tempest: sea-change

Prospero:

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull!

. . . The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.

. . . I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. (V.1)



The Tempest: nature & society

Caliban:

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
Cursed be I that did so!

(II.1)

Prospero:

... thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Caliban:

O ho, O ho! would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

(II.1)



The Tempest: regeneration

Prospero:

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature. (I.2)

Prospero:

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance. (V.1)



The Tempest: Prospero's farewells

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. (IV.1)



The Tempest: Prospero's farewells

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew. . . graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. (V.1)



