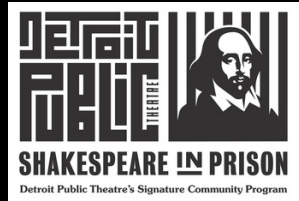


THE TEMPEST | FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Shakespeare's language can seem scary, but give it a try! *Go at your own pace, and have fun!*



1 Ferdinand (son of the king, Alonso) got caught in the shipwreck, and, in Act I, he stumbles into the place where Prospero and Miranda live. Because of Shakespeare Magic™, they fall in love at first sight, but Prospero puts an end to that by casting a spell on Ferdinand that stops him from moving.

By Act III, the spell has worn off, and Ferdinand and Miranda pick up where they left off. Prospero is hiding and watching them, and his attitude starts to change...



What is Prospero thinking as he watches this scene?

Last activity pack, we focused on the story Prospero tells Miranda (and himself!) about their past—how they were sent away from their home and stranded on an island. He's angry at the brother who betrayed him and eager to get his revenge when Alonso sails by.

This time, we'll follow Prospero's journey from bitterness and anger to forgiveness—from using sorcery to cause a shipwreck to giving up his magical powers.

ACT III, SCENE I

FERDINAND

I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda: I do think a king
(I would not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth! Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you did
My heart fly to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

MIRANDA

Do you love me?

FERDINAND

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honor you.

MIRANDA

I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

PROSPERO (aside)

Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em.

FERDINAND

Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA

At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling,
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,
And prompt me, plan and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

FERDINAND

My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA

My husband, then?

FERDINAND

Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

MIRANDA

And mine, with my heart in't. And now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

FERDINAND

A thousand thousand! *Exeunt Miranda and Ferdinand.*

PROSPERO

So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal, but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere suppertime must I perform
Much business appertaining. *Exit.*

I can't be as glad about this as they are—it's a surprise to them. But I also can't think of anything that would make me happier. I'll go back to my book of magic, because I've got a lot of work to do before dinner.

PROSPERO'S JOURNEY

2

Prospero has Ariel (his spirit servant) take the form of a **harpy** to scare some of the men from the ship...

ACT III, SCENE III

PROSPERO

Fury, Fury!—There, Tyrant, there, Hark, hark!
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

ARIEL

Hark, they roar.

PROSPERO

Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Performed, my Ariel: a grace it had, devouring.
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say. So, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions. They are now in my power;
And in these fits I leave them while I visit
Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drowned)
And his, and mine, loved darling. *Exit.*



You've played the role of harpy very well, my Ariel. You were fierce but graceful. You said everything I told you to say.—In the same lifelike way, and with the same attention to detail, my lower-ranking servants have done what they were supposed to do. My magic powers are all in full swing, and my enemies are confused and running around in circles. They're under my control, and I'm keeping them in their crazy fits while I go visit Ferdinand, whom they think has drowned, and the young woman he and I both love.

Prospero is feeling his power right now. He's been thinking about this revenge for 12 years, and now everything is falling into place.

But he doesn't forget about Ferdinand and Miranda, who are going to get married in the next scene...

Prospero asks his goblins to chase after some of the men he's getting revenge on.

What are Prospero's **goblins** like?

What do they look like?

Where do they live?

How do the goblins "grind their joints with dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews with aged cramps," and all that?

NERD ALERT!!

Punctuation Edition

This line has been punctuated at least three different ways:

And his, and mine lov'd darling. (First Folio)

And his and mine lov'd darling. (Globe Edition)

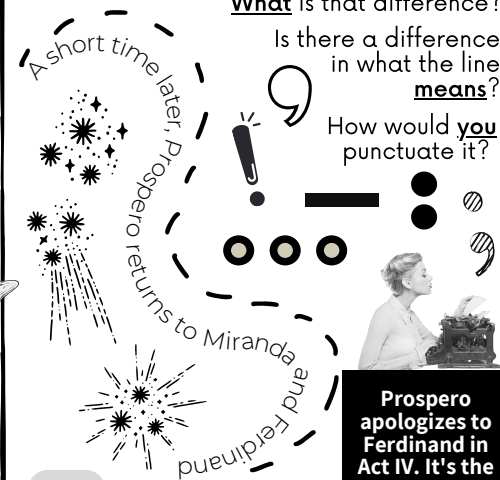
And his, and mine, lov'd darling. (Arden 3rd Ed.)

Is there a difference in the way you would say these three versions?

What is that difference?

Is there a difference in what the line **means**?

How would **you** punctuate it?



3

ACT IV, SCENE I

PROSPERO (to Ferdinand)

If I have too austere punished you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life.
Or that for which I live, who once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off.
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

If I've punished you too harshly, I'm ready to make it up to you now, since I've given you a third of my life—everything I live for—my daughter Miranda. I put her in your hands. All the trouble I put you through was to test your love for her, and you've passed the test remarkably well. As heaven is my witness, I give you this valuable gift. Oh Ferdinand, don't smile at me for bragging about Miranda, for you'll see soon enough that she outshines any praise of her.

--LATER IN THE SCENE--

PROSPERO

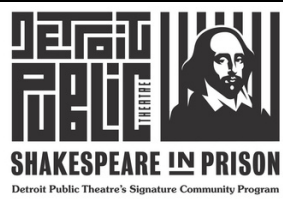
Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.
Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little,
Follow and do me service. *Exeunt.*

Hunt them down. Now all my enemies are at my mercy. Soon all my work will be done, and you'll be free. Just obey me a little bit longer.

Prospero apologizes to Ferdinand in Act IV. It's the first time he apologizes to anyone in this play.

Prospero's speech at the end is tough—it needs to be said just right in order to make sense. Can you find the way you want to say it? Use all of your tools: breath, the sound and tone of your voice, pauses between words and words that you run together.





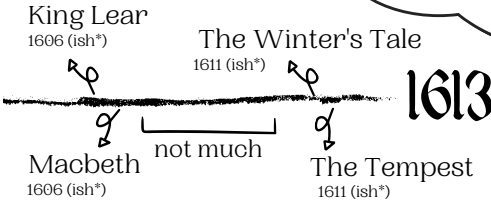
THE TEMPEST | FOOD FOR THOUGHT

So, Ferdinand and Miranda get married. There's a big party, and Prospero uses his magic to make it super-fun.

Then Prospero goes to get the revenge he's been waiting twelve long years for. His "enemies" are all at his mercy.

But things don't end up going as planned. Just as he's about to get his revenge, Ariel talks to him.

Look at how Prospero changes in the play's final scene...



Shakespeare only wrote two "important" plays in the final years of his career (take that, *Henry VIII*—you're unimportant!). After a burst of creativity around 1600 (*Hamlet*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *Julius Caesar*) and another around 1606 (*Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Antony & Cleopatra*), Shakespeare slowed his writing down and only made two more major plays before retiring: *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*.

Those two are different from plays like *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. Part of why people love the big-name plays from the middle of his career is that they can be interpreted in so many different ways. There's no single message, so you get to decide. But *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale* are different; each has a very clear message about **forgiveness, moving on from the past, and owning your mistakes**.

What would make a person finish their career by wanting to send a message? Do you prefer art that has a clear "takeaway," or do you like having room for interpretation?

4 ACT V, SCENE I

PROSPERO
Now does my project gather to a head. My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

ARIEL
On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord, You said our work should cease.

PROSPERO
I did say so.
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit, How fares the King and's followers?

ARIEL
Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge, Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir, In the line grove which weather-fends your cell. They cannot budge till your release. The King, His brother and yours abide all three distracted, And the remainder mourning over them, Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly Him that you termed, sir, the good old Lord Gonzalo. His tears run down his beard like winter's drops From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em That, if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

PROSPERO
Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL
Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO
And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and shall not myself (One of their kind, that relish all as sharply, Passion as they) be kindlier moved than thou art? Thou with their high wrongs I am struck to 'quick, Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury Do I take part. The rarer action is In virtue than in vengeance. They being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel. My charms I'll break; their senses I'll restore; And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL
I'll fetch them, sir. *Exit.*

PROSPERO (Traces a circle.)
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, by whose aid— Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimmed The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds, And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault Set roaring war; to the dread-rattling thunder Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up the pine And cedar; graves at my command Have waked their sleepers, open'd 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.

There's no translation here, so you'll have to use all of your Shakeskills to read it!



Something about how Ariel describes these "enemies" changes Prospero's perspective. What is it?

like icicles melting off a roof emotions



Prospero finishes Ariel's lines. Why would Shakespeare write it that way?

things that cause suffering the one thing I've been focusing on



Prospero calls on all of his minions and names what they do. The descriptions are fun. Do you have a favorite?

the sky split cliff reject



Prospero not only stops his revenge, but he gives up his magic. Why does he do that? Would you?

This speech builds to a climax. Let's say that moment is the period after "potent art." What might happen in that transition—in Prospero's mind and heart, and in an actor's performance?

5 After he forgives everyone and they all exit, Prospero stays alone on stage and speaks to the audience...

EPILOGUE

PROSPERO
Now my charms are all o'erthrown, And what strength I have's mine own, Which is most faint. Now, 'tis true I must be here confined by you, Or sent to Naples. Let me not, Since I have my dukedom got And pardoned the deceiver, dwell In this bare island by your spell; But release me from my bands With the help of your good hands. Gentle breath of yours my sails Must fill, or else my project fails, Which was to please. Now I want Spirits to enforce, art to enchant; And my ending is despair, Unless I be relieved by prayer, Which pierces so that it assaults Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon be, Let your indulgence set me free. *Exit.*

Now my spells are all broken, And the only power I have is my own, Which is very weak. Now you all Have got the power to keep me prisoner here, Or send me off to Naples. Please don't Keep me here on this desert island With your magic spells. Release me So I can return to my dukedom With your help. The gentle wind You blow with your applause Will fill my ship's sails. Without applause, My plan to please you has failed. Now I have no spirits to make my servants, No magic to cast spells, And I'll end up in despair Unless I'm relieved by your request, Which is so convincing that it could get to The spirit of Mercy itself, and absolve all sins. Just as you'd like to have your sins forgiven, Indulge me, forgive me, and set me free.

Everyone else has left the stage, but Prospero stays to ask the audience for forgiveness. ...and to be set free.

It's a reminder that Prospero is a "prisoner" on his island, even as he was making "prisoners" of Alonso and the others.

So, what does that make the audience? Read the speech again and imagine that Prospero is talking to you.

What power do you hold over him? Does his speech make you want to use it?

Wait a minute! Something sounds different about this speech, doesn't it?

Those lines seem suspiciously short...

Most of Shakespeare's verse (including the sonnets) is based on **iambic pentameter**. That is, it's got ten "beats," starting with an unstressed syllable, then a stressed syllable, and switching back and forth for the rest of the line. He did a lot of variations, but that's the basic form.

But this speech is in **iambic tetrameter**. It's only got eight beats per line. How does that change the sound of the lines? (Note: for you musicians out there, iambic tetrameter is the same as 4/4 time!)

Shakespeare almost never wrote in tetrameter. Why would he do it here?

BUT! Not all of these lines are in perfect iambic tetrameter. Where does Shakespeare break up the rhythm?

How do those lines "want" to be said?

Where are the lines perfectly regular?

Why would Shakespeare stop his crazy variations for those lines?