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The Tempest (English Edition)



Par William Shakespeare
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Prsentation de l'diteurThe Tempest is a play by William Shakespeare, believed to have been written in 161011, and thought by many critics to be the last play that Shakespeare wrote alone. It is set on a remote island, where Prospero, the exiled Duke of Milan, plots to restore his daughter Miranda to her rightful place, using illusion and skillful manipulation. He conjures up a storm, the eponymous tempest, to lure to the island his usurping brother Antonio and the complicit Alonso, King of Naples. There, his machinations bring about

the revelation of Antonio's low nature, the redemption of Alonso, and the marriage of Miranda to Alonso's son, Ferdinand. There is no obvious single source for the plot of *The Tempest*, but researchers have seen parallels in Erasmus's *Naufragium*, Peter Martyr's *De orbo novo*, and an eyewitness report by William Strachey of the real-life shipwreck of the *Sea Venture* on the islands of Bermuda. In addition, one of Gonzalo's speeches is derived from Montaigne's essay *Of the Canibales*; and much of Prospero's renunciative speech is taken word for word from a speech by Medea in Ovid's poem *Metamorphoses*. The masque in Act 4 may have been a later addition, possibly in honour of the wedding of Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia and Frederick V, Elector Palatine, in 1613. The play was first published in the First Folio of 1623. The story draws heavily on the tradition of the romance genre, and it was influenced by tragicomedy and the courtly masque and perhaps by the *commedia dell'arte*. It differs from Shakespeare's other plays in its observation of a stricter, more organised neoclassical style. Critics see *The Tempest* as explicitly concerned with its own nature as a play, frequently drawing links between Prospero's "art" and theatrical illusion; and early critics saw Prospero as a representation of Shakespeare, and his renunciation of magic, as signalling Shakespeare's farewell to the stage. The play portrays Prospero as a rational, not an occultist, magician by providing a contrast to him in Sycorax: her magic is frequently described as destructive and terrible, where Prospero's is said to be wondrous and beautiful. Beginning in about 1950, with the publication of *Psychology of Colonization* by Octave Mannoni, *The Tempest* was viewed more and more through the lens of postcolonial theory exemplified in adaptations like Aim Csaire's *Une Tempte* set in Haiti and there is even a scholarly journal on post-colonial criticism named after Caliban. Miranda is typically viewed as having completely internalised the patriarchal order of things, thinking of herself as subordinate to her father. *The Tempest* did not attract a significant amount of attention before the closing of the theatres in 1642, and only attained popularity after the Restoration, and then only in adapted versions. In the mid-19th century, theatre productions began to reinstate the original Shakespearean text, and in the 20th century, critics and scholars undertook a significant re-appraisal of the play's value, to the extent that it is now considered to be one of Shakespeare's greatest works. It has been adapted numerous times in a variety of styles and formats: in music, at least 46 operas by composers such as Fromental Halvy, Zdenk Fibich, Lee Hoiby, and Thomas Ads; orchestral works by Tchaikovsky, Arthur Sullivan and Arthur Honegger; and songs by such diverse artists as Ralph Vaughan Williams, Michael Nyman and Pete Seeger; in literature, Percy Bysshe Shelley's poem *With a Guitar, To Jane* and W. H. Auden's *The Sea and the Mirror*; novels by Aim Csaire and *The Diviners* by Margaret Laurence; in paintings by William Hogarth, Henry Fuseli, and John Everett Millais; and on screen, ranging through a hand-tinted version of Herbert Beerbohm Tree's 1905 stage performance, the science fiction film *Forbidden Planet* in 1956, to Peter Greenaway's 1991 *Prospero's Books* featuring John Gielgud as Prospero. Per Wikipedia.co.uk One of Shakespeare's most famous but also enigmatic plays, for many years the story of Prospero's exile from his native Milan, and life with his daughter Miranda on an unnamed island in the Mediterranean, was seen as an autobiographical dramatisation of Shakespeare's departure from the London stage. The Epilogue, spoken by Prospero, claims that "now my charms are all o'erthrown", appeared to reflect Shakespeare's own renunciation of his magical dramatic powers as he retired to Stratford. But *The Tempest* is far more than this, as recent commentators have pointed out. The dramatic action observes the classical unities of time, place and action, as Prospero uses his "rough magic" to lure his wicked usurping brother, Antonio, and King Alonso of Naples to his island retreat to torment them before engineering his return to Milan. However, the play is full of extraordinary anomalies and fantastic interludes, including Gonzalo's fantasy of a utopian commonwealth, Prospero's magical servant Ariel, and the "poisonous slave" Caliban. The creation of Caliban has particularly fascinated critics, who have noticed in his creation a colonial dimension to the play. In this respect Caliban can be seen as an American Indian or African slave, who articulates a particularly powerful strain of anti-colonial sentiment, telling Prospero that "this island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, / Which thou tak'st from me". This has led to an intense reassessment of the play from a post-colonial perspective, as critics and historians have debated the extent to which the play endorses or criticises early English colonial expansion. --

Jerry Brotton *Extrait* Chapter 1 list of parts
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan
MIRANDA, his daughter
ALONSO, King of Naples
SEBASTIAN, his brother
ANTONIO, Prospero's brother, the usurping Duke of Milan
FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples
GONZALO, an honest old councillor
ADRIAN and **FRANCISCO**, lords
TRINCULO, a jester
STEPHANO, a drunken butler
MASTER, of a ship
BOATSWAIN
MARINER
SCALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave
ARIEL, an airy spirit
IRIS, **CERES**, **JUNO**, spirits commanded by Prospero
playing roles of NYMPHS, **REAPER**
The Scene: an uninhabited

island
Act 1 Scene 1 running scene 1A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard. Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain
MASTER Boatswain!
BOATSWAIN Here, master. What cheer?
MASTER Good: speak to th'mariners. Fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground! Bestir, bestir!
ExitEnter Mariners
BOATSWAIN Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th'master's whistle.-
Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.
Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo and others
ALONSO Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.
BOATSWAIN I pray now, keep below.
ANTONIO Where is the master, boatswain?
BOATSWAIN Do you not hear him? You mar our labour. Keep your cabins! You do assist the storm.
GONZALO Nay, good, be patient.
BOATSWAIN When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! Silence! Trouble us not.
GONZALO Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.
BOATSWAIN None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more: use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.-
Cheerly, good hearts!-
Out of our way, I say.
Exeunt [Boatswain with Mariners, followed by Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio and Ferdinand]
GONZALO I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him: his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.
ExitEnter Boatswain
BOATSWAIN Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower! Bring her to try with main course. (A cry within) A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.
Enter Sebastian, Antonio and Gonzalo
Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?
SEBASTIAN A pox o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!
BOATSWAIN Work you then.
ANTONIO Hang, cur! Hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.
GONZALO I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.
BOATSWAIN Lay her ahold, ahold! Set her two courses off to sea again! Lay her off!
Enter Mariners, wet
MARINERS All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!
BOATSWAIN What, must our mouths be cold?
GONZALO The king and prince at prayers: let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.
SEBASTIAN I'm out of patience.
ANTONIO We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopped rascal: would thou mightst lie drowning, the washing of ten tides!
GONZALO He'll be hanged yet, Though every drop of water swear against it And gape at wid'st to glut him. [Exeunt Boatswain and Mariners]
A confused noise within
[VOICES OFF-STAGE] Mercy on us! - We split, we split! - Farewell, my wife and children! - Farewell, brother! - We split, we split, we split!
ANTONIO Let's all sink wi'th'king.
SEBASTIAN Let's take leave of him. Exeunt [Antonio and Sebastian]
GONZALO Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground: long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! But I would fain die a dry death.
ExitAct 1 Scene 2 running scene 2
Enter Prospero and Miranda
MIRANDA If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them. The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to th'welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel - Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her - Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perished. Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere It should the good ship so have swallowed, and The fraughting souls within her.
PROSPERO Be collected: No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart There's no harm done.
MIRANDA O, woe the day!
PROSPERO No harm: I have done nothing but in care of thee - Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter - who Art ignorant of what thou art: nought knowing Of whence I am, nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, And thy no greater father.
MIRANDA More to know Did never meddle with my thoughts.
PROSPERO 'Tis time I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand And pluck my magic garment from me. So: Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have his magic cloak comfort. The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched The very virtue of compassion in thee, I have with such provision in mine art So safely ordered that there is no soul - No, not so much perdition as an hair Betid to any creature in the vessel Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down, [Miranda sits] For thou must now know further.
MIRANDA You have often Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped And left me to a bootless inquisition, Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'
PROSPERO The hour's now come, The very minute bids thee ope thine ear: Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember A time before we came unto this cell? I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not Out three years old.
MIRANDA Certainly, sir, I can.
PROSPERO By what? By any other house or person? Of any thing the image, tell me, that Hath kept with thy remembrance.
MIRANDA

'Tis far off, And rather like a dream than an assurance That my remembrance warrants. Had I not Four or five women once that tended me? PROSPERO Thou hadst; and more, Miranda. But how is it That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else In the dark backward and abysm of time? If thou rememb'rest aught ere thou cam'st here, How thou cam'st here thou mayst. MIRANDA But that I do not. PROSPERO Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since, Thy father was the Duke of Milan and A prince of power. MIRANDA Sir, are not you my father? PROSPERO Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir And princess, no worse issued. MIRANDA O the heavens! What foul play had we, that we came from thence? Or blest wast we did? PROSPERO Both, both, my girl. By foul play - as thou say'st - were we heaved thence, But blessedly help hither. MIRANDA O, my heart bleeds To think o'th'teen that I have turned you to, Which is from my remembrance. Please you, further. PROSPERO My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio - I pray thee, mark me - that a brother should Be so perfidious - he whom next thyself Of all the world I loved, and to him put The manage of my state, as at that time Through all the signories it was the first, And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed In dignity, and for the liberal arts Without a parallel; those being all my study, The government I cast upon my brother And to my state grew stranger, being transported And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle - Dost thou attend me? MIRANDA Sir, most heedfully. PROSPERO Being once perfected how to grant suits, How to deny them, who t'advance and who To trash for over-topping, new created The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em, Or else new formed 'em; having both the key Of officer and office, set all hearts i'th'state To what tune pleased his ear, that now he was The ivy which had hid my princely trunk And sucked my verdure out on't. - Thou attend'st not. MIRANDA O good sir, I do. PROSPERO I pray thee, mark me: 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, and my trust, Like a good parent, did beget of him A falsehood in its contrary, as great As my trust was, which had indeed no limit, A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded, Not only with what my revenue yielded, But what my power might else exact: like one Who having into truth, by telling of it, Made such a sinner of his memory To credit his own lie, he did believe He was indeed the duke, out o'th'substitution And executing th'outward face of royalty With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing - Dost thou hear? MIRANDA Your tale, sir, would cure deafness. PROSPERO To have no screen between this part he played, And him he played it for, he needs will be Absolute Milan. Me - poor man - my library Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties He thinks me now incapable. Confederates - So dry he was for sway - wi'th' King of Naples To give him annual tribute, do him homage, Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend The dukedom yet unbowed - alas, poor Milan - To most ignoble stooping. MIRANDA O the heavens! PROSPERO Mark his condition and th'event, then tell me if this might be a brother. MIRANDA I should sin To think but nobly of my grandmother: Good wombs have borne bad sons. PROSPERO Now the condition. This King of Naples, being an enemy To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit, Which was, that he, in lieu o'th'premises Of homage, and I know not how much tribute, Should presently extirpate me and mine Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan, With all the honours, on my brother: whereon, A treacherous army levied, one midnight Fated to th'purpose, did Antonio open The gates of Milan, and i'th'dead of darkness The ministers for th'purpose hurried thence Me and thy crying self. MIRANDA Alack, for pity! I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then, Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint That wrings mine eyes to't. PROSPERO Hear a little further, And then I'll bring thee to the present business Which now's upon's: without the which, this story Were most impertinent. MIRANDA Wherefore did they not That hour destroy us? PROSPERO Well demanded, wench: My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not, So dear the love my people bore me: nor set A mark so bloody on the business: but With colours fairer, painted their foul ends. In few, they hurried us aboard a barque, Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigged, Nor tackle, sail, nor mast: the very rats Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us, To cry to th'sea that roared to us; to sigh To th'winds, whose pity sighing back again, Did us but loving wrong. MIRANDA Alack, what trouble Was I then to you! PROSPERO O, a cherubin Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile, Infusd with a fortitude from heaven, When I have decked the sea with drops full salt, Under my burden groaned, which raised in me An undergoing stomach, to bear up Against what should ensue. MIRANDA How came we ashore? PROSPERO By providence divine. Some food we had, and some fresh water, that A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, Out of his charity - who being then appointed Master of this design - did give us, with Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries, Which since have steaded much. So, of his gentleness, Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me From mine own library with volumes that I prize above my dukedom. MIRANDA Would I might But ever

see that man. PROSPERO Now I arise: Prospero stands
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. Here in
this island we arrived, and here Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can that
have more time For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful. MIRANDA Heavens thank you for't. And now, I
pray you, sir, For still 'tis beating in my mind: your reason
For raising this sea-storm? PROSPERO Know thus
far forth: By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune - Now my dear lady - hath mine enemies
Brought to this
shore: and by my prescience I find my zenith doth depend upon A most auspicious star, whose influence
If
now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions: Thou art inclined to
sleep. 'Tis a good dullness, And give it way: I know thou canst not choose. - Miranda
Come away, servant,
come. I am ready now. sleeps Approach, my Ariel, come. Enter Ariel ARIEL All hail, great master! Grave sir,
hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled
clouds: to thy strong bidding task Ariel and all his quality. PROSPERO Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point
the tempest that I bade thee? ARIEL To every article. I boarded the king's ship: now on the beak,
Now in the
waist, the deck, in every cabin, I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide
And burn in many places; on the
topmast, The yards and bowsprit would I flame distinctly, Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the
precursors
O'th' dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks
Of
sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble, Yea, his
dread trident shake. PROSPERO My brave spirit! Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not
infect his reason? ARIEL Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but
mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel, Then all afire with me: the king's son,
Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring - then like reeds, not hair - Was the first man that leaped; cried 'Hell is
empty
And all the devils are here.' PROSPERO Why, that's my spirit! But was not this nigh shore? ARIEL
Close by, my master. PROSPERO But are they, Ariel, safe? ARIEL Not a hair perished: On their sustaining
garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me, In troops I have dispersed them 'bout
the isle. The king's son have I landed by himself, Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of
the isle, and sitting, His arms in this sad knot. [Folds his arms]