

Handout for Tempest in the Lunchroom

THE TEMPEST 1.1

Boatswain!

Here, master. What cheer?

Good, speak to th' mariners. Fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir!

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!

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the Master? Play the men.

I pray now, keep below.

Where is the Master, boatswain?

Do you not hear him? You mar our labor. Keep your cabins. You do assist the storm.

Nay, good, be patient.

When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? Tocabin! Silence! Trouble us not.

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

None that I more love than myself. You are a councillor; 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!

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.

Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower! Bring her to try wi' th' main course. A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office. Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

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Work you, then.

Hang, cur, hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Lay her ahold, ahold! Set her two courses. Off to sea again! Lay her off!

All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!

What, must our mouths be cold?

The King and Prince at prayers. Let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

I am out of patience.

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopped rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning the washing of ten tides!

He'll be hanged yet, though every drop of water swear against it and gape at wid'st to glut him.

"Mercy on us!"—"We split, we split!"—"Farewell, my wife and children!"—"Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split, we split!"

Let's all sink wi' th' King.

Let's take leave of him.

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.

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The following guide is provided by Joseph R. Scotese through the Folger Shakespeare Lesson Plan Series.

Today students will be introduced to *The Tempest*. They will act out the opening shipwreck scene, or watch and direct others doing it. By doing this activity, students will use the text to understand the plot, see that what seemed daunting is not quite so difficult, and have fun and embarrass themselves in the name of Shakespeare. This activity will take one class period.

What to Do:

1. Preparation (reading the night before)

Students will have read the opening shipwreck scene before coming in to class today.

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Expect (didn't they teach you never to have any "prejudgments" about students?) students to grumble that they didn't "get it."

2. Getting started

Before you can say "lack Robinson" rush the students out to some public place that has lots of movable objects like desks and chairs. Lunchrooms and study halls are ideal. Break the students up into groups of seven to ten.

3. Students on their feet and rehearsing the scene

Give the students scripts of the scene from which you've removed any stage directions, line numbers or glosses. Have the students divide the parts for the opening scene. Make sure they include all the sailors, crashing waves, etc. Then they are *first* to pantomime the entire scene, so they must plan and act out *every* important action that occurs in the scene. Give the groups a good ten minutes to do this.

4. The finished product

Have all the groups present their pantomimes. After each scene ask students (the ones not performing) to quietly write down what the performing group did well and what they might have missed. When all of the scenes have been performed, have the students read their comments.

5. Directing the spoken scene

Randomly choose one of the groups and have the students perform the scene complete with words. Give them five minutes or so to prepare and tell them to make sure they include the students suggestions for all of the scenes. If time permits, allow the other students to make comments that direct the group's performance.

What you'll need:

a lunchroom;

kids who aren't afraid of getting a wee bit embarrassed;

a copy of the shipwreck scene that has had all of the stage directions, line numbers, and glosses taken out

How did it go?:

You can check how the students did based on their pantomimes, their comments, their final production, and the inclusion of any comments such as "that wasn't as hard as it seemed last night ..."

More specifically, after you are finished, ask the students to contrast their understanding of the scene before and after the exercise. (You may wish to have them write down their understanding of the scene before you begin, then have them write it again after they finish.)

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Activities

Carol Jago'S Four Boxes

I've adapted her technique listed in the book, so that Elementary and Middle school students working on Shakespeare can use it as well.

1. Begin with a large sheet of white paper and have the class fold it into fours.
2. Based on in-class reading or discussion of a theme or plot within the play (revenge, Prospero frees Ariel, Proteus lies to the Duke, friendship, etc.), have the students, in the **FIRST BOX**, draw a picture of a powerful image they had during the reading or discussion. You may assign the entire class one theme or plot or you could have the students choose the image that spoke strongest to them. This image may or may not **directly relate** to the example within the play- the student may chose to represent something from their life or the play, whichever is stronger. *Not everyone's an artist- and artistic talent is not required- just a sincere effort to get at what's in their mind's eye. Encourage them to draw a metaphor of those thoughts, feelings, or themes.*
3. In the **SECOND BOX**, put that picture into words. *Ariel is a cloud that wears cinderblock boots. She flies around and stuff, but she's still stuck in the mud and can't blow away like the other clouds.* 4. In the **THIRD BOX**, have the students pretend that they are the teacher. Have them write down what or how they would teach the theme or plot discussed.
5. In the **FOURTH BOX**, have them write a poem, create a word collage, write a quote from the play, a piece of a song, or in any other way that suited them to respond to the scene or theme drawn.

It can take a single class period or be stretched out over two or three. It provides the option of allowing students to explore themes or scenes that they found powerful in the play and they examine this moment from various perspectives.

Scatterbrained Soliloquies

Can be used with 4th – 12th graders depending on the passage.

*The following is provided by **Russ Bartlett through the Folger Shakespeare Lesson Plan Series.***

Small groups of students will look at a famous soliloquy or monologue whose lines have been written on separate pieces of paper and then scrambled. As the students work to reassemble their scrambled passages, they will become more aware of sentence structure, meter, meaning, characterization, and vocabulary.

You will need one scrambled soliloquy or monologue packet for each small group; each packet must be printed on different colored paper.

This lesson will take one to two class periods.

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1. Divide the class into small groups of three to five students, and assign each group a color. Explain that they will be looking at a passage from the current play, trying to make sense of its meaning. First (my favorite part)...

2. Take all of your scrambled packets, mix them together for a rainbow effect, and throw them up into the air, in two or three dramatic tosses. Once the pieces of paper settle to the floor ...

Activities

3. Assure the students that you have not gone crazy. Remind each group of its assigned color, and ask each group to pick up all the pieces of that particular color. Each group should end up with the same number of pieces. Briefly set up the context of the speech and explain that now they must...

4. Put the speech in order, laying out the papers on their desktops or on the floor. (No peeking in their books is allowed!) How can they accomplish this task, they wonder, not knowing many of the words or expressions?

Easy, you tell them...

5. Create a word bank on the blackboard, noting unfamiliar words, phrases, and concepts. Ask a few probing questions that might help them figure out the meanings for themselves. If students get stuck on a particular word or phrase, have the students refer to dictionaries or Shakespearean glossaries. Armed with this new knowledge, they can...

6. Put the various pieces of paper in order and be prepared to explain/defend all of the choices made. Why did you put a certain line where you did? What clues led to your group's final order? When the groups are finished... .

7. Pick one group to read its assembled passage aloud, while other groups check it against their finished sequences. After one group has had its chance...

8. Check the order of the lines in each group's soliloquy, asking each group to explain its choices. List on the board the criteria used to determine line order. Compare and contrast the different versions. When the entire class has decided on the best, most accurate, plausible or even elegant version ...

9. Tack the pieces in order on a bulletin board, or punch holes in them and string them together for a hanging display. The possibilities are endless. Inform the students that they may now...

10. Consult their texts to check the order of the speech. Were the students able to reassemble the soliloquy in logical and meaningful ways? Did the explanations offered by group members reflect attentiveness to meaning, sound and rhyme, characterization, compatibility with prior events occurring in the play, etc.?

"Scatterbrained Soliloquy" packets: You will need to divide up the speech into at least ten sections, writing in large letters on white typing paper. Preserve the poetry in your transcribing (don't turn it into

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prose as you copy it) but feel free to create a break in mid-line or mid-sentence. When you have broken up the passage into at least ten sections, copy the sets in different colors or number them per group, as many different colors or | numbers as there are groups participating. The prep time for this lesson is a bit long, but if you collect the copies from your students at the end of the exercise, you can use the packets again next year.

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.

William Shakespeare

From *The Tempest*, Act 4 Scene 1

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 bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd 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-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: 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

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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.

William Shakespeare

From *The Tempest*, Act 5, Scene 1

Further Work

1. Analyze Caliban's "the isle is full of noises" speech (111.ii.130-138). What makes it such a compelling and beautiful passage? What is its relation to Caliban's other speeches, and to his character in general? What effect does this speech have on our perception of Caliban's character? Why does Shakespeare give these lines to Caliban rather than, say, Ariel or Miranda?

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.

The Tempest 3.2.148-156

2. What is the nature of Prospero and Miranda's relationship? Discuss moments where Miranda seems to be entirely dependent on her father and moments where she seems independent. How does Miranda's character change over the course of the play?

3. Discuss Ferdinand's character. What is the nature of his love for Miranda? Is he a likable character? What is the nature of his relationship to other characters?

4. Who is forgiven at the end of the play and actually accepts the forgiveness? If you were to direct the last scene, how would you stage the forgiveness and who would accept it? Use the text to back-up your ideas.

5. Virtually every character in the play expresses some desire to be lord of the island. Discuss two or three of these characters. How does each envision the island's potential? How does each envision his own rule? Who comes closest to matching your own vision of the ideal rule?

6. Analyze the tempest scene in Act I, scene i. How does Shakespeare use the very limited resources of his bare stage to create a sense of realism? How does the APT Production grapple with the opening?

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Previous productions have had Prospero standing center holding a little wooden boat while the storm sounds and dialogue are heard from off stage. Other productions have had the court and crew enter in a tight boat-like formation while crossing the stage in a rhythmically swaying motion. When the boat splits the court and crew disperse chaotically. If you were to direct the opening tempest scene, how would you approach it?

7. "Have we devils here?" What does Caliban look like? Find all the references to Caliban's look and behavior...||a man or fish?" Armed with these descriptions design or describe your own costume.

Comparison of Shakespeare's Tempest and Forbidden Planet

<http://docs.lib.purdue.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1214&context=clweb>

...many films have tried -- with varying degrees of success -- to institute a dialogue with the bard's work that could go a little further than a simple cinematographic adaptation. One of the more improbable-looking members of this group is briefly discussed by Virginia Vaughan and Alden T. Vaughan in their introduction to the latest Arden edition of *The Tempest*. While examining the Freudian interpretations of Caliban's character, they write: "Caliban as 'id' became a palpable thread in twentieth-century psychoanalytic interpretations of *The Tempest*, a notion more dramatically presented in the 1956 science-fiction film, *Forbidden Planet*. Now a cult classic, this postwar film transports its Prospero figure to Altair-IV, a distant planet, where Professor Morbius (Walter Pidgeon) continues his scientific investigations, builds robots (Robby, the film's Ariel) and raises his daughter Altaira (the Miranda figure played by Anne Francis). When a spaceship from earth invades the planet, Altaira falls in love with its handsome captain (Leslie Nielsen), but their romance is threatened by an invisible force that nearly destroys the spaceship and kills several of its crew. The dramatic finale reveals that the mayhem is caused by the Professor's own inner psyche, projected on to an electromagnetic force (Caliban), which implements Morbius's repressed anger at the man who would take away his daughter and jealousy at her love for another man. Only with the destruction of Professor Morbius can the calibanic force be quelled" (Vaughan and Vaughan in *Shakespeare* 111-12).

This, in a nutshell, is the plot of *Forbidden Planet*, together with a hint or two about some of its themes. When the film came out, reviewers were uncharacteristically enthusiastic about its strange blend of Shakespeare and 1950s science fiction. "Shakespeare takes a journey into space," the headline above Alan Brien's review for London's *Evening Standard* proclaimed, and Brien went on to argue that Cyril Hume, the film's scriptwriter, had "produced the most rumbustiously enjoyable of all Hollywood planetary melodramas, apparently by dressing *The Tempest* in space suits" (qtd. in Rosenthal 150). Today, after almost fifty years of continuous advances in special effects technology, it is easy to watch *Forbidden Planet* with a feeling of nostalgia. This, however, is misleading. If we look more carefully, and if the technological state of the art of 1950s science fiction cinema is factored in, not only will it become apparent that the film truly represents a special effects tour de force, but we will also discover that the sense of wonder which is the cornerstone of all good science fiction, greatly enriched in its scope and meaning by an intelligent use of several of *The Tempest*'s main themes, is still by and large intact.

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Forbidden Planet has stood the test of time much better than would appear at first sight, and in any case much better than the great majority of contemporary science fiction productions. In fact, it is now regarded as one of the most influential films in the history of sci-fi cinema, and not simply within the United States.

The island is not simply unnamed, however. It is a *lso* unexplored, and this is where the experiences of Prospero's unwilling guests come in. As the storm that brought their ship to the island subsides, the Neapolitans find themselves split into three separate groups: Ferdinand, Alonso with the rest of the court party, and Stephano with -later- Trinculo and Caliban. For most of the play's duration, they all tour the mysterious territory in an attempt to find any survivors other than themselves, and in the process they discover the marvels it has to offer. They all keep hearing strange sounds and unearthly music, coming from invisible sources up in the air. Ferdinand immediately meets Prospero and Miranda, falls in love with the latter, receives a taste of the former Duke's powers before being enslaved and freed again, finds a wife and sees a wondrous masque with Prospero's spirits as actors. Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio and Gonzalo are put to sleep by Ariel (to protect Alonso and Gonzalo from the others' murderous intentions); upon waking they are treated to a vanishing banquet, followed by a terrifying troupe of harpies who engender in them a state of guilty stupor from which only Prospero can free them. Stephano and Trinculo meet Caliban, who immediately proceeds to show the stupefied seamen the natural marvels surrounding them; they hatch with him a plot to kill Prospero and become lords of the island, are chased and stung by Ariel and the rest of the spirits, and are finally discovered by Prospero himself inside his house, wearing his robes. All this moving about and stumbling on incredible things institutes a twin process of exploration and discovery which, resulting as it does in a continuous stream of marvels parading in front of the characters' -and our- eyes , constitutes one of the chief attractions of Prospero's domain. The island is, in short, the perfect place to experience and exercise our sense of wonder, precisely because it has no name and has never really been explored. A hypothetical definitive answer to the America vs. Africa debate will therefore tell us nothing fundamental, for the same reasons that make it pointless to pinpoint the precise location of Trantor, the techno-gothic city-planet of Asimov's Foundation trilogy, or to find the exact inspiration for the sand-planet Arrakis in Frank Herbert's Dune.....

...So now it is 1956, and even before the space probes and HST everybody knows that the universe is, in that immortal champion of all understatements, a pretty big place. Scriptwriter Hume and director Fred McLeod Wilcox want to make a film based on *The Tempest* that can preserve the play's sense of wonder, together with a few other themes the two happen to be keen on. What better way of doing so than placing Prospero's island in outer space and enlarging it a little bit? Instead of a lonely patch of earth in the middle of the Mediterranean we now have Altair IV, so called because it is the fourth nearest planet to its parent star, Altair, and instead of a wooden brig being tossed by the elements we have a saucer-shaped starship calmly traveling toward the planet at an appreciable multiple of the speed of light. Prospero is now Doctor Morbius, a philologist stranded on Altair IV with his daughter Altaira when the survey ship of which he was a member, the *Bellerophon* , is destroyed with all its crew by an invisible force of unknown nature. The Ferdinand character is now Commander Adams, captain of the "United Planets cruiser C-57-D, now more than a year out from Earth base on a special mission to the planetary system of the great main sequence star, Altair." The mission is, of

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course, to rescue the crew of the Bellerophon , from whom Earth has not received a single transmission in nineteen years. We have the island and the characters. We have also retrieved our previously lost sense of wonder, and naturally there will be lots of incredible things happening on the planet.

In my opinion, the reason Wilcox and Hume chose *The Tempest* as the basis for their film is that the play is a very fertile ground for a science-fictional treatment of Shakespearean themes. To suggest that the play is science fiction would probably be a little too much, but I do not think that describing it as a form of proto-sci-fi would be too far-fetched. Consider the title, first of all: in Shakespeare's time, the term "tempest" represented "the alchemical term for the boiling of the alembic to remove impurities and transform the base metal into purest gold; if we see Prospero's Simone Caroti, "Science Fiction, Forbidden Planet, and Shakespeare's goal as the transformation of fallen human nature -- Caliban, Antonio, Sebastian and Alonso- from a condition of sinfulness to a higher level of morality, the play's episodes mirror the alchemical process" (Vaughan and Vaughan in *Shakespeare* 64-65). When Prospero comments that "My charms crack not" (5.1.2) and later invites Alonso to "cure thy brains/(now useless) boiled within thy skull" (5.1.59-60), he is referring to the refining of his project of psychological and moral engineering, for which he had been preparing himself ever since he and his infant daughter were stranded on the island, twelve years before the events narrated in the play. Like every self-respecting mad doc scientist, Prospero has studied, planned and waited, and has not acted until the times were ripe and his powers were at their peak. We could therefore see *The Tempest* as a prototypical representation of a pseudo-scientific experiment, a process of cognition employing estranging factors with rationally conceived means for rationally conceived ends.

If *The Tempest* represents a proto-experiment, it necessarily follows that Prospero is a protoscientist. First of all, the Folio edition of the play capitalizes the term "Art" when it refers to Prospero's powers. "Art" implies study, intellectual labor and hours of practice, not the association one would have in mind when thinking of magic (which is usually something one has either been given or just has), and moreover, Prospero's powers also derive from his books and his staff, in other words from his tools. A further layer of believability is provided while the former duke is reminding Ariel of his suffering at Sycorax's hands: "It was a torment / To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax / Could not again undo. It was mine art, / When I arrived and heard thee, / That made gape the pine and let thee out" (1.2.289-93). Here Prospero is not simply saying that his powers are stronger than Sycorax's. He is also referring to a series of treatises written by such neo-Platonic scholars as Plotinus, Porphyry and Iamblichus (translated by Marsilio Ficino) on the difference between the black arts and the white arts. Those works were certainly familiar to Shakespeare, who wove them into the texture of the play because he knew that his audience would have recognized them as well. The result is a clear definition of the abilities and limitations (admittedly very few) inherent in Prospero's powers, not so much to define them with respect to those of Sycorax (who after all has been dead for more than twelve years at the moment the play opens), but rather to clarify his abilities and moral stature vis-à-vis the situation that is about to develop with the arrival of the Neapolitans: "Prospero is often described as a theurgist, a practiser of 'white magic,' a rigorous system of philosophy that allows the magician 'to energize in the gods or control other beneficent spiritual intelligences in the working of miraculous effects.' The antithesis of theurgy is 'goety' or 'black magic:' its evil practitioner produces magic results by disordering

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the sympathetic relationships of nature or by employing to wicked ends the powers of irrational spirits" (Vaughan and Vaughan in Shakespeare 62).

While the evil magician uses the powers of the irrational, the good theurgist studies a rationally constructed "rigorous system of philosophy" that enables him to work with nature, not against it. In *The Tempest*, irrationality (epitomized by Caliban, Sebastian and Antonio) is evil, rationality (Prospero, Ariel, Gonzalo, Ferdinand) is good. The same kind of conflict between morally upright rational attitudes and the evils of an irrational behavior features prominently in *Forbidden Planet*, but as the Vaughans recognize in their introduction to *The Tempest*, Hume and Wilcox gave it a new twist. Linking the Suvinian twin elements of estrangement and cognition to Freud's theories, they used this strange hybrid as the carrier wave for a psychoanalytical treatment of the clash between the two conflicting sides in the Janus face of human nature: the Apollonian, rational world-view of the conscious mind and the Dionysian, rabidly-instinctual-and-proud-of-it irrationality of the unconscious. A brief look at the film's plot will quickly clarify the issue: *Forbidden Planet* is, for all intents and purposes, a multi-layered compendium of cognitively validated marvels. First of all, it is already set in the future, which of course is extraordinary for the audience but not for the characters. This situation, together with the matter-of-fact attitude the crew of the starship displays towards such exotic elements as faster-than-light drive, teleportation and beam weapons, further excites our sense of wonder. The perception of a plausible, rational environment is strengthened by the characters' use of well-structured 20th -century terminology to indicate hierarchies within the command structure of the ship, engineering problems, physical principles and biological factors. The behavior of the starship's crew is exactly what one would expect from the crew of a vessel on a rescue mission, and their reactions to what happens on Altair IV is a more than educated extrapolation of what a normal group of people would do in a similar situation. When Commander Adams tells Morbius that the cruiser is there to rescue him, he is warned by the doctor to avoid landing on the planet. Morbius appreciates their concern for his safety but he is all right, thank you very much. This time, Prospero wants to remain in exile. Who will not be all right if they land on Altair IV, they are informed, are the Captain and his crew. As Adams and his two highest-ranking officers finally meet Morbius, they discover that the only living beings on the planet are himself and his daughter. Everybody else is dead. The force that destroyed them is -- in an interesting inversion of Ariel's power- invisible, incomprehensible, unstoppable, and soon begins to attack the starship, killing many of its crew. This force is something nobody is able to understand -- not the audience, of course, but not the characters either.

The hunt for the truth is on then, and in the way Adams and his men set about finding it *Forbidden Planet* reveals its fundamental nature. Footprints and energy signatures are examined, even the readings of the instruments connected with the cruiser's protective energy barrier at the time of the creature's attacks, while Adams engages in some old-fashioned pumping of witnesses for information. In the process, he manages to fall in love with Altaira, who naturally reciprocates. It is Adams's tactics that yield the best results. When he and his officers enter Morbius's inner sanctum, the doctor is finally forced to show them his discovery: a great number of planet-sized generators built by an unimaginably evolved alien race, the Krell. After a million years of continuous evolution, the Krell were annihilated in one single night, just as they were on the verge of an evolutionary breakthrough that would have

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allowed them to leave their baser instincts and physical bodies behind. By connecting their minds to the generators and tapping the well-nigh infinite energies these machines were able to muster, they would have become pure psychic energy, sheer quanta of unadulterated rationality free of the physical constraints of a messy, inefficient body as well as of the irrationality of the unconscious, the ultimate rationalist's dream. Predictably enough, their murderer is the same force that destroyed the Bellerophon and is now busy trying to slaughter Adams's crew. The final revelation comes as a result of yet another act of cognition: the ship's medical officer and Adams pool their mental efforts and discover that the Krell were annihilated by their own subconscious. As the monstrous generators were connected to the minds of every Krell individual, their "id" recognized the threat of annihilation they posed and protected itself, using the unimaginable energies produced by the machines to destroy everyone on the planet. Of course, when all the Krell died their subconscious died with them, but now there is Morbius. During their first meeting, the doctor had told Adams that he was the only one of the Bellerophon's crew who did not want to leave the planet, owing to his enthusiasm for the alien artifacts, an enthusiasm that the others did not share. The truth was a little different: the doctor had been the first to stumble on the discovery, and had been quick to connect his mind to the generators (which, of course, were still in perfect working order); what he had found was nothing less than the combined power of a dozen stars, all at his disposal. The Krell were an entire population, conceivably numbering several billions, and their minds, Adams and his men are told, were immeasurably more advanced and capable than ours. Yet they were destroyed in one single night. What would happen if one mere human being were to receive all that power in one single gulp, without intermediaries or sharers? As far as Morbius' conscious mind is concerned, nothing beyond a great enthusiasm for an unprecedented scientific discovery, and possibly a strong conviction of the need to advocate its careful study in the strongest possible terms. For the doctor's "id," however, it is a different story altogether. One does not share power, plain and simple. In the course of our all-too-often-barbaric history, we have come to learn this lesson quite well, almost always at a terrible price. Roman Emperors, Asian Khans, Medieval warlords, and twentieth-century dictators of all kinds and descriptions, have never failed to do the utmost to amass as great a quantity of personal power as possible, irrespective of whether a single human being could actually do something with this much at his disposal. This has nothing to do with rational considerations, of course, but it has everything to do with the Freudian irrational, the child-king that wants everything his way and is more than happy to annihilate any obstacle barring him from his goal. Fantasies of empowerment are extremely seductive, and once satisfied, practically impossible to let go of. Doctor Morbius faces this situation on Altair 4: when his companions decide to leave the planet to whatever fate awaits it, his subconscious is well aware that to agree to such a course of action would mean severing its connection to the machines that make it near-omnipotent, and the incalculable de-powering that would result would equal death, or something even worse. It is simply unacceptable. Of course, Morbius constructs a series of rational arguments against leaving, but they are only a smoke-screen to cover the real reason: one does not share power, or let go of it. When the crew of the Bellerophon is ready to leave, safely tucked in their anti-g hammocks on board the ship, the doctor's "id" sucks power from the generators and defends itself, destroying everyone and everything.

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It is nineteen years after the Bellerophon's destruction now, and Commander Adams and his men have come to Altair IV, charged with the mission of rescuing the doctor and his daughter and taking them back to earth. The forces of the irrational are threatened once again, and once again, they wake from dormancy. They want to survive, and like every threatened animal, they lash out. For all those readers of *The Tempest* who root for Caliban and wish he would not be so impotent in front of Prospero's arts, this is a dream scenario. Sycorax's deformed, helpless offspring is now connected to dozens of planet-sized generators. He is well-nigh omnipotent, and he is not happy. As soon as Morbius realizes what he has let himself do, he also knows how to stop himself: in an act of sacrifice that mirrors Prospero's giving up of his powers, the doctor steps directly in the path of the calibanic force he has unleashed. As his own unconscious kills him, he triumphs over it. Just before dying, he gives Adams the necessary instructions for the destruction of the generators. A force of this magnitude cannot be left in the hands of the unprepared, and mankind has a long way to go before it can hope to use it without the terrible consequences that sealed the fate of the Krell. As the United Planets starship heads back home, with Adams at the helm and Miranda at his side, everybody is treated to the final explosion that marks the end of Altair IV and their adventure. As the captain himself remarks, their encounter with the marvelous has given them a number of valuable lessons, and it is their responsibility to face the future with greater wisdom.

Both *Forbidden Planet* and *The Tempest* represent an intelligent reflection on the uses and misuses of power, and every character has a role to play in it, from minor figures like the ship's boatswain (rather amusingly mirrored by Earl Holliman's perennially thirsty cook) to major players like Alonso or Antonio (who are without direct counterparts in *Forbidden Planet*). However, its cornerstone is once again represented by the twin character of Prospero/Morbius. In the play, this theme is introduced right at the beginning. When Gonzalo approaches the ship's boatswain to give him advice, the man answers back: "You are / a councilor; 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!" (1.1.20-23). Evidently, not even the wise Gonzalo knows when it is time to let others do their job. The Neapolitans' arrogant assumption that they can give advice to experienced seamen during a storm is only the first in a long line of instances where the dangerous nature of power is examined. In fact, it is Prospero himself who recognizes that his exile on the island was caused by his excessive dedication to his arcane arts: "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" (1.2.74-77).

It is fundamental to understand that those same powers that make Prospero so terrible on his island cost him his dukedom in the first place. If he had not engaged himself in them, he would have remained powerful....

.....For someone who is supposed to be the very embodiment of rational enlightenment, he goes by a rather unsettling name: "Morbius" is a slight reconfiguration of the Latin *morbis* and the Italian *morbo*, both names meaning "disease," both of the body and of the mind, and the dangerous duality such a name implies is mirrored in the doctor's relationship towards the two aspects of his

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nature. Morbius has kept his Caliban inside, repressed and unrecognized for more than nineteen years. His apparently rational discourse conceals a seething, raging psyche over which he has no control. To further compound the problem, his Ariel is a robot, not a human being. It cannot help him. When he finds his life on Altair IV (his powerful life, with the energy output of a dozen suns at his command) threatened, and when he finds that his daughter has found another man, he unleashes a force which he, lacking as he does Prospero's greater psychological awareness, will only be able to stop by killing himself. That Morbius does so, that he is finally able to make the ultimate unselfish decision and destroy himself in order to let others live, testifies to the basically good nature of the character.

SCENE I. On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Master and a Boatswain

Master

Boatswain!

Boatswain

Here, master: what cheer?

Master

Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely,
or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

Exit

Enter Mariners

Boatswain

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!
yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the
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

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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.

Exit

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.

Exeunt

Re-enter 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.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO

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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
unstanched wench.

Boatswain

Lay her a-hold, a-hold! 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-chapp'd rascal--would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

GONZALO

He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at widest to glut him.

*A confused noise within: '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 with the king.

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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, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

Exeunt