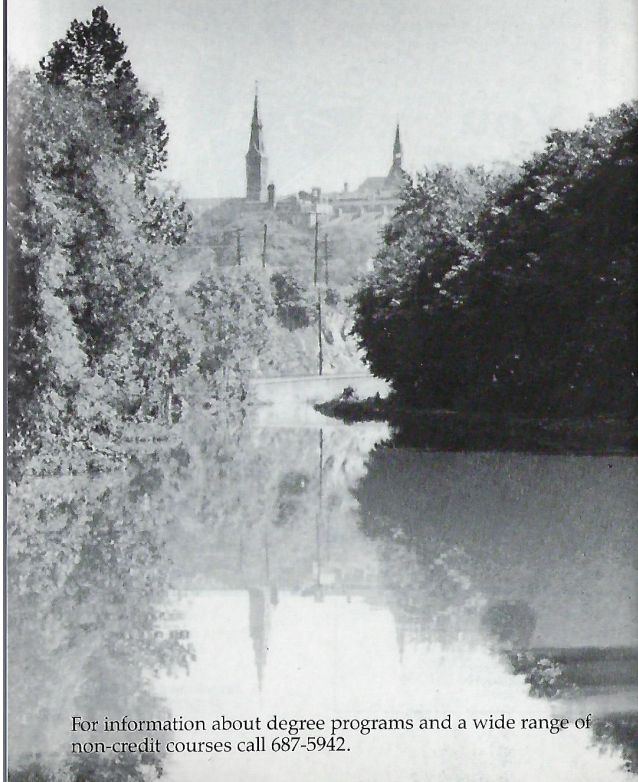


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THE SHAKESPEARE THEATRE AT THE FOLGER

THE TEMPEST

1989-1990 Season



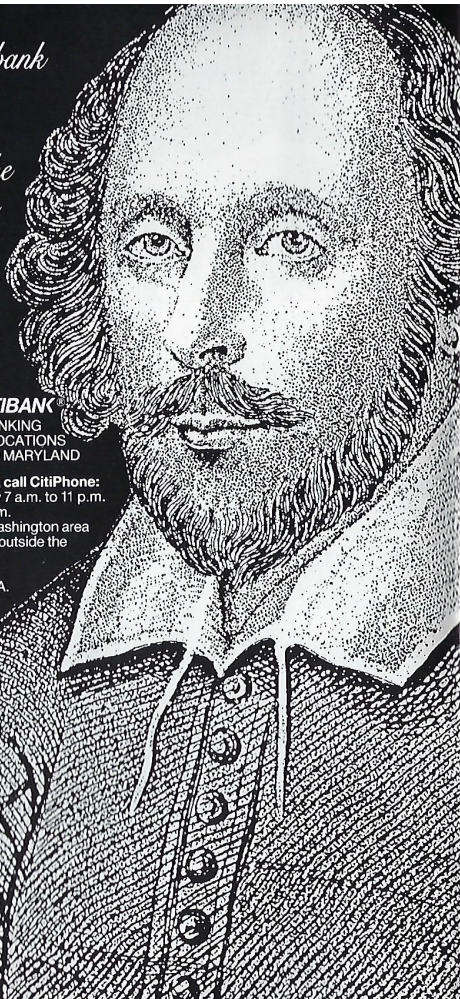
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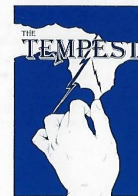
THE SHAKESPEARE THEATRE AT THE FOLGER

In Association With
The University of South Carolina
1989-1990 Season

Artistic Director
Michael Kahn

Managing Director
Mary Ann de Barbieri

Presents



by William Shakespeare
December 5-January 28

Director
Richard E. T. White

Set Design
Kent Dorsey

Costume Design
Barbara Bush

Lighting Design
Peter Maradudin

Projection Design
John Boesche

Composer/Sound Design
Todd Barton

Masque and Spirit
Movement Consultant
Roberta Stiehm

Movement Consultant
Roberta Gasbarre

Vocal Consultant
Ralph Zito

Stage Manager
Linda Harris

Casting
**Stuart Howard
and Amy Schecter**

Production Manager
John W. Kingsbury

This production is made possible in part by a generous grant from
The Eleanor Naylor Dana Charitable Trust.
We also thank The Morris and Gwendolyn Cafritz Foundation
for their continuing production support.

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THE CAST

THE ISLAND

Prospero, *rightful Duke of Milan* Ted van Griethuysen
Miranda, *his daughter* Jacqueline Kim
Caliban Raphael Nash
Ariel Louis A. Lotorto
Voices of the Spirits Franchelle Stewart Dorn,
Sharon Freed, Linda Pollitt
Spirits and Shapes of the Island Sharon Freed, Dawn Horne,
Tony Lucchi, Linda Pollitt,
Debra Port, Margo West,
Cornell Charles Womack, Hunter Boyle

THE COURT

Alonso, *King of Naples* Richard M. Davidson
Sebastian, *his brother* Peter Webster
Ferdinand, *son to Alonso* Chiron Alston
Gonzalo, *chief counselor to Alonso* Emery Battis
Adrian } *Lords of Naples* } Ted McAdams
Francisco } } Morgan Duncan
Antonio, *brother to Prospero* Edward Gero
Stephano, *a butler* Robert Sicular
Trinculo, *an entertainer* Floyd King

THE SHIP

Master Larry McMullen
Boatswain Cornell Charles Womack
Mariners Sharon Freed, Hunter Boyle,
Tony Lucchi, and the company.

There will be one fifteen-minute intermission.

Understudies: Hunter Boyle (Ship Master); Richard M. Davidson (Prospero); Mark Douglas (Ariel); Morgan Duncan (Sebastian); Sharon Freed (Miranda); Steve Harley (Adrian, Boatswain, Francisco); Tony Lucchi (Trinculo); Ted McAdams (Ferdinand, Stephano); Letha Remington (Shape Swing); Cornell Charles Womack (Caliban).

Program Notes

The *Tempest* was not the last of Shakespeare's dramatic works, but it has always seemed as if it should have been. For centuries it has occupied an honored place in the repertory. It has inspired more than its share of artistic progeny. It has attracted the attention of those in search of the "real" playwright. And it has maintained a special hold on our imagination because of an atmosphere that makes it appear to be the dramatist's valediction to the "Art" that he had brought to its apogee.

When Prospero abruptly halts the wedding masque near the climax of the action and announces that "Our Revels now are ended," he proceeds to a speech that manifestly relates to more than the withdrawal of a special effect:

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.

All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here . . .

—Gonzalo
The Tempest Act V

These remarks are entirely in character for a behind-the-scenes manipulator who is preparing to "abjure" the "rough Magic" by which he has subjected to his "Mercy" all his enemies. They summon to our minds the "Sleep" a dotting father has imposed on his daughter at the beginning of the action; and they recall the lethargy that Prospero's attendant spirit has later visited on the prospective victims of a pair of would-be assassins. More than anything else, however, they anticipate the newly restored Duke's pledge to

retire me to my Milan, where
Every third Thought shall be my Grave.

Shortly after he wrote *The Tempest* in 1611, Shakespeare appears to have shifted his primary residence from London to the "New Place" he had purchased more than a decade earlier in his native Stratford. Two years later, when he was back in the metropolis for an early performance of *Henry VIII*, the final play to bear his name as sole

Prospero's soliloquy (in Act V) . . . is closest to Leonardo's enthusiasm for the power of the human mind which has wrested from nature her elemental forces. . . . The world is seen in movement and transformation: Four elements are released: earth, water, fire and air. They do not obey the gods any more, but have been dominated by man who for the first time overthrows the natural order. Every age interprets the soliloquy through its own experience. To us it is an atomic soliloquy, and there is in it awe rather than enthusiasm. We hear in this soliloquy an apocalyptic tone. It is not however the poetic Apocalypse of the Romantics but the Apocalypse of nuclear explosions and the atomic mushroom.

—Jan Kott
Shakespeare Our Contemporary

author, he was probably on hand to see "the great Globe" burn to the ground, leaving "not a Rack behind." A year hence a new Globe stood where the original structure had been; but by 1616 its foremost playwright was in permanent repose, in the same sanctuary in which he had been christened a little more than half a century before.

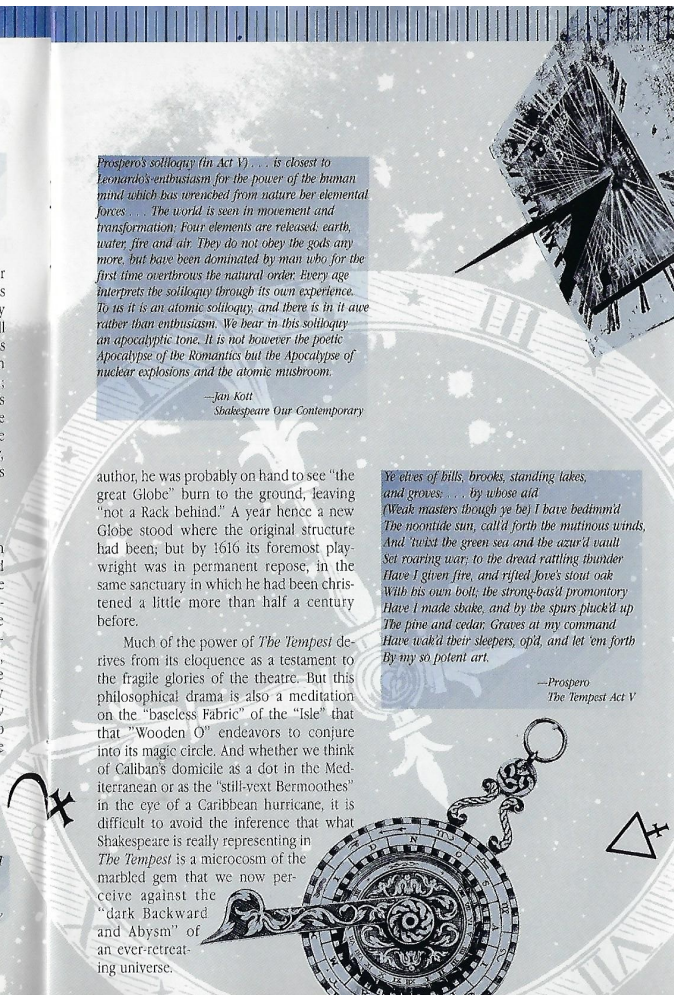
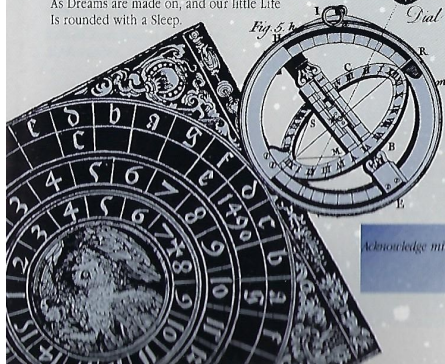
Much of the power of *The Tempest* derives from its eloquence as a testament to the fragile glories of the theatre. But this philosophical drama is also a meditation on the "baseless Fabric" of the "Isle" that that "Wooden O" endeavors to conjure into its magic circle. And whether we think of Caliban's domicile as a dot in the Mediterranean or as the "still-vest Bermoothes" in the eye of a Caribbean hurricane, it is difficult to avoid the inference that what Shakespeare is really representing in *The Tempest* is a microcosm of the marbled gem that we now perceive against the "dark Backward and Abyssm" of an ever-retreating universe.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
and groves . . . 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 azure 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-bass'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar. Graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art.

—Prospero
The Tempest Act V

this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

—Prospero
The Tempest Act V





According to Prospero's deformed and "salvage" slave, "the Isle is full of Noises." But on one point Caliban is wrong: not all of the island's "Sounds" are "sweet Aires that give Deight and hurt not." The banished ruler who presides over *The Tempest* appears at times to be a vengeful Lear—"more sinn'd against than sinning" to be sure, but at first unable to register the degree to which his own neglect has awakened the "evil Nature" he has experienced at the hands of others.

In the play's early scenes, Prospero acts so imperious with even a benign youth like Ferdinand that we cannot help wondering about the bitterness that underlies his supposedly beneficent ministrations. The intemperance he displays in his initial conversation with Ariel makes him come across as an iron-fisted tyrant. And despite what the master of the island says about the bestial Caliban and his inability to take "any Print of Goodness," the exchanges we witness suggest that Prospero may be admitting more than he wishes when he finally says "this Thing of Darkness I acknowledge mine."



We have killed off nature—that world entirely independent of us which was here before we arrived and which encircled and supported our human society. There's still something out there, though in the place of the old nature rears up a new "nature" of our own devising. It is like the old nature in that it makes its points through which we think of as natural processes (wind, rain, heat), but it offers none of the consolations—the retreat from the human world, the sense of permanence, and even of eternity. Instead each cubic yard of air, each square foot of soil, is stamped indelibly with our crude imprint, our X. . .

—Bill McKibbin
The End of Nature

There can be no doubt that the once and future Duke of Milan was intended to cut a magnificent figure on the Shakespearean stage. But though his influence on the lives of others turns out in the end to be providential, he arrives at the play's "most majestic Vision" only through a psychological and spiritual journey that turns on his forsaking "Vengeance" for the "rarer Action" of a forgiving "Virtue." What Prospero bequeaths to others is "clearer Reason" and a spirit of "Grace" that one of his beneficiaries describes as a "second Life." Before he can do so, however, Prospero must first "take part" with his own "nobler Reason" against the "Fury" that continually threatens to undermine his "Project." Until the moment when he is finally

MIRANDA *O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in!*

PROSPERO *'Tis new to thee.*
The Tempest Act V

able to break his "Staff" and drown his "Book," the issue remains in doubt.

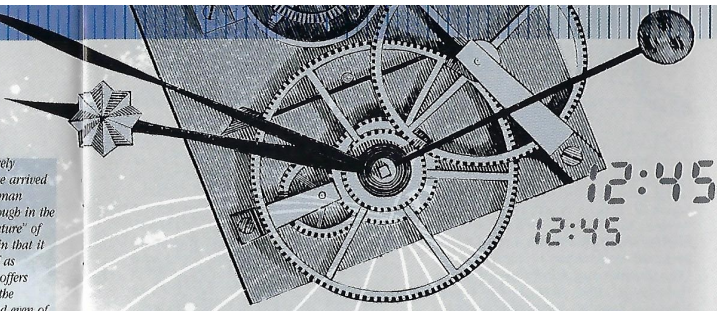
Uniquely among the late Romances, *The Tempest* has long been a favorite with both audiences and readers. Its ardent young lovers have always held their charm, and so have the effervescent Ariel and the play's besotted clowns. Its treatment of the temptations afforded by access to transcendent power gives the drama a political and spiritual resonance in accord with its exploration of the depths of poetic and dramatic art. And in a way that links it with the most profound of the world's masterpieces, it reminds us that an acceptance of the limits imposed by the human condition is the beginning of wisdom.

John F. Andrews

JOHN ANDREWS is editing *The Guild Shakespeare*, a 20-volume Doubleday collection now being offered through The Literary Guild.

It is enough for me to contemplate the mystery of conscious life perpetuating itself through all eternity, which we dimly perceive, and to try humbly to comprehend even an infinitesimal part of the intelligence manifested in nature.

—Albert Einstein



12:45
12:45

EVERYTHING CHANGES

*Everything changes. You can make
A fresh start with your final breath
But what has happened has happened. And the water
You once poured into the wine cannot be
Drained off again.*

*What has happened has happened. The water
You once poured into the wine cannot be
Drained off again, but
Everything changes. You can make
A fresh start with your final breath.*

—Bertolt Brecht

