

SHELTERING WITH SHAKESPEARE (TFANA Edition)
With Dakin Matthews

TEXTS to accompany selected video segments:

3. The Mystery of Acting

HAMLET.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

FIRST PLAYER.

I warrant your honour.

HAMLET.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but made the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,--and heard others praise, and that highly,--not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

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HAMLET.

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!

4. O for a Muse of Fire & Inventing Shakespeare

One text from *Henry V*

Chorus. O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention:
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels,
Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraisèd spirits that hath dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cock-pit hold
The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crookèd figure may
Attest in little place a million,
And let us, ciphers to this great account,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high uprearèd and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance.
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them,
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hourglass—for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history,
Who Prologue-like your humble patience pray
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

5. Special Providence

One text from *Hamlet*

HORATIO.

If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

HAMLET.

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 knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

7. Sonnet 104

104

1 To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
2 For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,
3 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
4 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,

5 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
6 In process of the seasons have I seen,
7 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
8 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.

9 Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
10 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
11 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
12 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd;

13 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:
14 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

9. Beatrice and Benedick

Two texts from *Much Ado About Nothing*

BENEDICK [*coming forward*]

This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.--I did never think to marry:--I must not seem proud:--happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair,--'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous,--'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me,--by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.--Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

BEATRICE [*coming forward*]

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

12. One Touch of Nature

One text from *Troilus and Cressida*

ULYSSES

For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th'hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,--
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object.

13. Art

One text from *The Winter's Tale*

PERDITA. The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

POLIXENES. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

PERDITA. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

POLIXENES. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature,--change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

PERDITA. So it is.

POLIXENES. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

PERDITA. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.

15. Sonnet 130

130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;

I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight,
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound.
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.

And yet by heaven I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

19. The Rain it Raineth Every Day

One text from *Twelfth Night*

FESTE. (*Sings*) 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.
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came, alas, to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With tosspots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.
A great while ago the world begun,
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.

20. Claudius

One text from *Hamlet*

KING.

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
Th'imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,--
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,--
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:--for all, our thanks.

21. Sonnet 63

Sonnet 63

- 1 Against my love shall be, as I am now,
- 2 With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'er-worn;
- 3 When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
- 4 With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn

- 5 Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
- 6 And all those beauties whereof now he's king
- 7 Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
- 8 Stealing away the treasure of his spring;

- 9 For such a time do I now fortify
- 10 Against confounding age's cruel knife,
- 11 That he shall never cut from memory
- 12 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:

- 13 His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
- 14 And they shall live, and he in them still green.

23. Onomatopoeia

One text from *Henry V*

CHORUS. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umbered face.
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.

24. Sound Texturing

One text from *Richard III*

BRAKENBURY. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

CLARENCE. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Stopp'd in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Who almost burst to belch it in the sea.

26. The World, the Flesh, and the Devil

One text from Macbeth

MAL. There's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness. Your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids could not fill up
The cistern of my lust. Better Macbeth
Than such a one to reign.

MACD. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours. You may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

MAL. With this, there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

MACD. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust. Yet do not fear,
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own. All these are bearable,
With other graces weigh'd.

MAL.
But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, lowliness,
Bounty, devotion, mercy, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I pow'r, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uprouar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

27. Lear's Love Test

Two texts from *King Lear*

EARL OF KENT.

I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

EARL OF GLOSTER.

It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

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KING LEAR.

Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there. Know we have divided
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.- Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughter's several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,-
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,-
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.

30. Order and Degree

One text from *Troilus and Cressida*

ULYSSES

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: but when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny,
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaken,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenity and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong--
Between whose endless jar justice resides--
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself