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THE

Tempest



University Theatre

Feb. 9, 10, 11, 1961

Fifty-Sixth Season

MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS
DEPARTMENT OF DRAMA

and

MONTANA MASQUERS

present

THE TEMPEST

by

William Shakespeare

FEBRUARY 9, 10, 11, 1961

Douglas Bankson, Director

Richard H. James, Jr., Designer and Technical Director

Costumes designed by Sarah James

Cast (in order of appearance)

Master of the ship.....	Wayne Finney
Boatswain.....	Ron Johnson
Alonso, King of Naples.....	Jack Mueller
Antonio, brother of Prospero and usurping Duke of Milan.....	Ray Stewart
Gonzalo, an honest old counselor.....	Boone Sparrow
Sebastian, brother of the King of Naples.....	Marc Vadheim
Mariners.....	George Baldwin, Bill Lensing
Prospero, the right Duke of Milan.....	Jerry Hopkins
Miranda, his daughter.....	Felicia Hardison
Ariel, an airy spirit.....	Sara Grey
Caliban, a savage and deformed slave.....	Ron Engle
Ferdinand, son to the King of Naples.....	George Baldwin
Trinculo, a jester.....	Bill Lensing
Stephano, a drunken butler.....	Jim Baker
Iris, a spirit goddess.....	Elaine Blethen
Ceres, a spirit goddess.....	Diane Kenyon
Juno, a spirit goddess.....	Katy Van Aelstyn
Strange Shapes.....	Katy Van Aelstyn, Diane Kenyon
Dogs.....	Ione Hutchings, Margo Maxson

SCENES

The action is continuous. Scene one takes place on a ship at sea in a tempest. The remainder of the play takes place on an enchanted island.

There will be one 15-minute intermission.

PRODUCTION STAFF

Assistant to Mr. Bankson.....	Claudette Johnson
Assistant to Mr. James.....	Dick Willis
Stage Manager.....	Claudette Johnson
Lighting.....	Tam Scriven, John Weigman
Sound.....	Wayne Finney
Properties.....	Katy Van Aelstyn, Ron Johnson
Costume Crew.....	Sarah James, supervisor; Ione Hutchings, Margo Maxson, Katy Van Aelstyn, Ray Stewart, Sydney Malouf, Hazel Wilson, Kay Edwards, Tony Ayto
Make-up.....	Claudette Johnson
Scenery Construction.....	Bill Anderson, Jim Baker, Jerry Colness, Kay Edwards, Ione Hutchings, Diane Kenyon, Vic Luciak, Tim McCarthy, Jim McAllister, Sydney Malouf, Charles Nelson, Norm Netzner, Ruth Read, Tam Scriven, Katy Van Aelstyn, Marlin Whitt, Hazel Wilson
Box Office and House Manager.....	Ray Maidment
Publicity.....	Nancy Donner
Posters.....	Douglas Grimm
Theater Secretary.....	Martha Comer
Program Cover.....	Douglas Grimm
Photography.....	Cyrile Van Duser

Music for songs adapted and arranged by Charles Grey.
Played by Karen Andrie, lute; Robert Speer, Recorder.

Intermission music played by Miss Andrie and Mr. Speer.

Incidental music and sound taped under the supervision of Ray Maidment.

Dances choreographed by Claudette Johnson.

COMING ATTRACTIONS:

MSU MASQUERS—Original One-Act Plays, Feb. 23, 24, 25.

THE YELLOW JACKET, April 6, 7, 8, (After a State-wide tour).

MISSOULA COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL—Gilbert and Sullivan "The Gondoliers," Feb. 28, March 1, 2.

MISSOULA COMMUNITY THEATRE—Charley's Aunt, Feb. 15-18.

NOTES FOR THE TEMPEST

Trustworthy information about the early history of *The Tempest* is, and probably always will be, scanty in the extreme. That the play was performed at the court of James I on November 1, 1611, and again during the winter of 1612-13, we can be sure, and this data suggests that the play was probably written some time during 1611. If so, it is perhaps the last complete play from Shakespeare's pen and marks nearly the end of a lucrative career in the English theater that began, so far as anyone can tell, about 1590. Well-to-do and apparently unconcerned about his achievement as a dramatist, Shakespeare retired soon after the early production of the play to the pleasant life of a country gentleman in Stratford and left the task of collecting his plays into a single edition to his friends and colleagues among the King's Men, John Heminge and Henry Condell. To them we are indebted for the only early text of *The Tempest*, which first appeared in print in the great First Folio of Shakespeare's plays, published in 1623 seven years after his death at fifty-two.

The play has always been much admired by lovers of Shakespeare, who delight in the delicate amalgamation into a brilliantly cohesive whole of such diverse materials as the realism of the storm, with which the play begins; the romantic exile of a deposed Italian Duke and his now marriageable daughter, marooned for many years on a desert island tucked away somewhere in the Mediterranean; the *buffo* comedy of two of the silliest fools in the entire Shakespeare canon; and the supernatural radiance, personated in Ariel, that floods through the play from beginning to end. And by those with ears attuned to the verbal nuance of Shakespeare's dramatic poetry, this lovely outpouring from the hyper-charged imagination of England's greatest poet is justly esteemed as a highwater mark of English lyricism.

But hovering within the mind of all the play's admirers is the insistent, perhaps the impertinent, question: what does *The Tempest* finally mean? Perhaps the question should be rephrased to something like the following: what is Shakespeare suggesting about human nature, and the world that makes its existence possible, in this curiously fantastic arabesque, in which nothing happens that cannot be foreseen by even the dullest mind in the audience, and which seems, superficially at least, to imply what all fairy tales imply—that the good characters live happily ever after and deserve to.

Here opinion differs and probably ought to, since *The Tempest* means only as much or as little, as any of us brings to it at varying intervals in our lives. Certainly Shakespeare is preaching no sermon, though it is probable, as one recent critic suggests, that the play persuades us back into the belief that the kingdom of heaven exists only within the individual human heart. Another critic suggests that the play hinges upon the concept that erring humanity should be offered a second chance to make something better of itself than it usually does; and still another critic insists that the play has for its major theme the difficult Christian ethic of forgiveness. Perhaps . . . Why not? . . .

It is immediately noticeable that in *The Tempest* the characters range from the subhuman and monstrous in Caliban through the various social and moral strata of the usual human types to the supernatural in Ariel—thus encompassing a major segment of the scale of being, as Shakespeare and his contemporaries understood it. It is noticeable, too, that when humankind degenerates, as in the ludicrous power drive of Trinculo and Stephano, it becomes worse than Caliban could ever be. And it is further noticeable in Ariel's plea to Prospero to act generously toward his enemies, once they are in his power, that the possibility to rise above ordinary human behavior toward something akin to divine mercy is always latent within the human consciousness. One can argue, then, that in *The Tempest* Shakespeare's interest is predominantly engaged with those qualities in human nature too frequently lumped together—and immediately ignored—under the consoling rubric that good inevitably develops out of evil.

But as usual Shakespeare doesn't make judgment quite so easy as all this. Miranda in her joyous innocence, so far untainted by any disillusioning human experience, can exclaim to Prospero, "How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world, That has such people in't!" Prospero, sated with personal knowledge of human depravity, can only reply, more to himself than to Miranda, "'Tis new to thee." These two extremes of comment upon the human condition have already been prepared for in dramatic motifs that make up the warp and woof of the play's inner and outer actions. Prospero's island (a central symbol in itself) seems cheerless and barren to characters bent only on satisfying their own selfishness; to characters not immersed in cultivating their own egos, the island seems benign and beautiful. The depraved characters are unable to sleep, or when they appear to, they doze fitfully; characters who are essentially benevolent sleep quietly and wake refreshed. Lust, in its various forms, typifies the actions and aspirations of those who speed after evil; conversely, love motivates those who trudge toward good. Yet all the characters, with the possible exception of Miranda, are caught up in bondage of one sort or another, and all of them are liberated from it by the end of the play, none so completely as Prospero when he freely and knowingly breaks his magic wand and refuses to play any longer, as a human being limited like all human beings, the role of providence.

The Tempest amounts, then, whatever it means detail by detail, to a profound expression of Shakespeare's ultimate faith in man's innate ability to choose the better rather than the not so good (or even the frankly evil)—provided man understands clearly the issues and the impulses that beset him. As such, the play sums up the whole of Shakespeare's thought and gives at the same time, if often only in capsule form, a final display of his unique power to make the marvelous as substantial as our own bodies and to invest the vagaries of human conduct with a vitality more convincing than our own wayward, but compulsive thoughts.

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