



Fair is Foul and Foul is Fair

Witches, Fairies, and Nature
in Shakespeare's plays.

A discussion for the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute 2022

Lead by Dr. Marcia McDonald and Denice Hicks

Featuring actors from the Nashville Shakespeare Festival's touring company

Fair is foul and foul is fair...

JULIET:

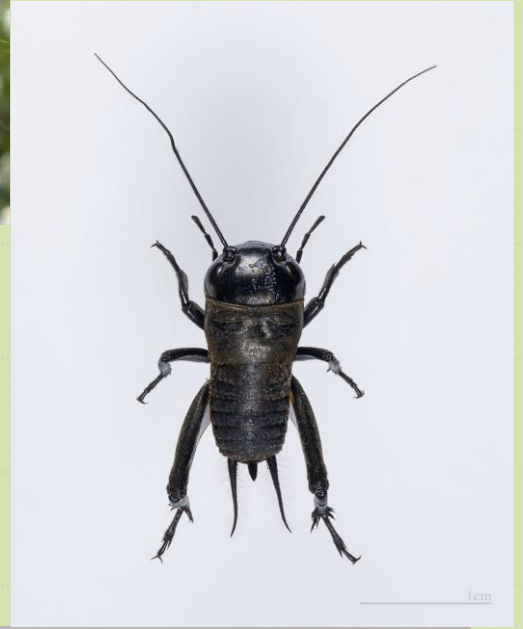
O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! Fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! Wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honorable villain!
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Romeo
& Juliet



MERCUTIO

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love



PROLOGUE

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of *star-cross'd* lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.





Rencontre Vénus Lune Mars Jupiter : 20151009 Canon EOS 760d + téléobjectif 18/135 f5.7 800 iso.
Frank TYRLIK



ROMEO: Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

JULIET: O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO: What shall I swear by?

JULIET: Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

ROMEO: If my heart's dear love—

JULIET: Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

**Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.**



**“Some Consequence yet hanging in the Stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels and expire the Term
Of a despised Life closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely Death.”**

**“Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents.”**



Macbeth

ACT I SCENE I. A desert place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches

First Witch When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch Where the place?

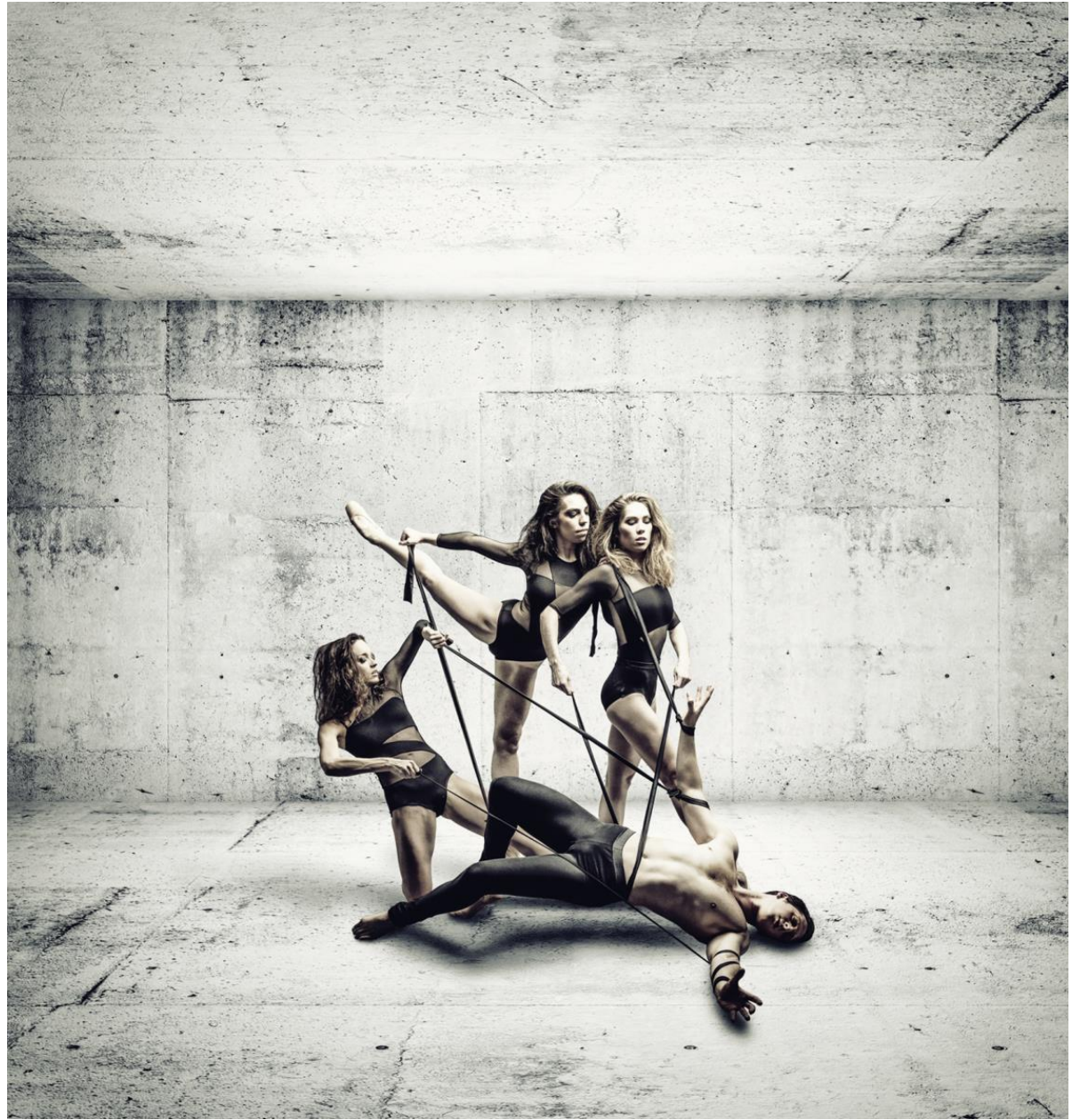
Second Witch Upon the heath.

Third Witch There to meet with Macbeth.











End of Act 1 scene 1:

ALL

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Exeunt

Act 1 scene 2. A camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant

KING DUNCAN

What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the **revolt**
The newest state.



MACBETH [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.

[*To BANQUO*]

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

BANQUO That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.




“This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.”



MACBETH

The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires.



**“Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it”**

LADY MACBETH:

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue:

*look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't.*

He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.



LADY MACDUFF

When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

“Double double toil and trouble”

A soldier describes Macbeth and Banquo in battle:

“I must report they were As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe”

Lady Macbeth greets King Duncan:

“All our service

In every point twice done and then done double

Were poor and single business to contend

Against those honors deep and broad wherewith

Your majesty loads our house”

Macbeth talking about King Duncan:

“He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself.”

Macbeth talking about Macduff after the apparition's warning:

“Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;”

MACBETH

“Now I begin

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend

That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood

Do come to Dunsinane:' and now a wood

Comes toward Dunsinane.” Act 5 scene 5

MACBETH

“And be these juggling fiends no more believed,

That palter with us in a **double sense**;

That keep the word of promise to our ear,

And break it to our hope.” Act 5 scene 8



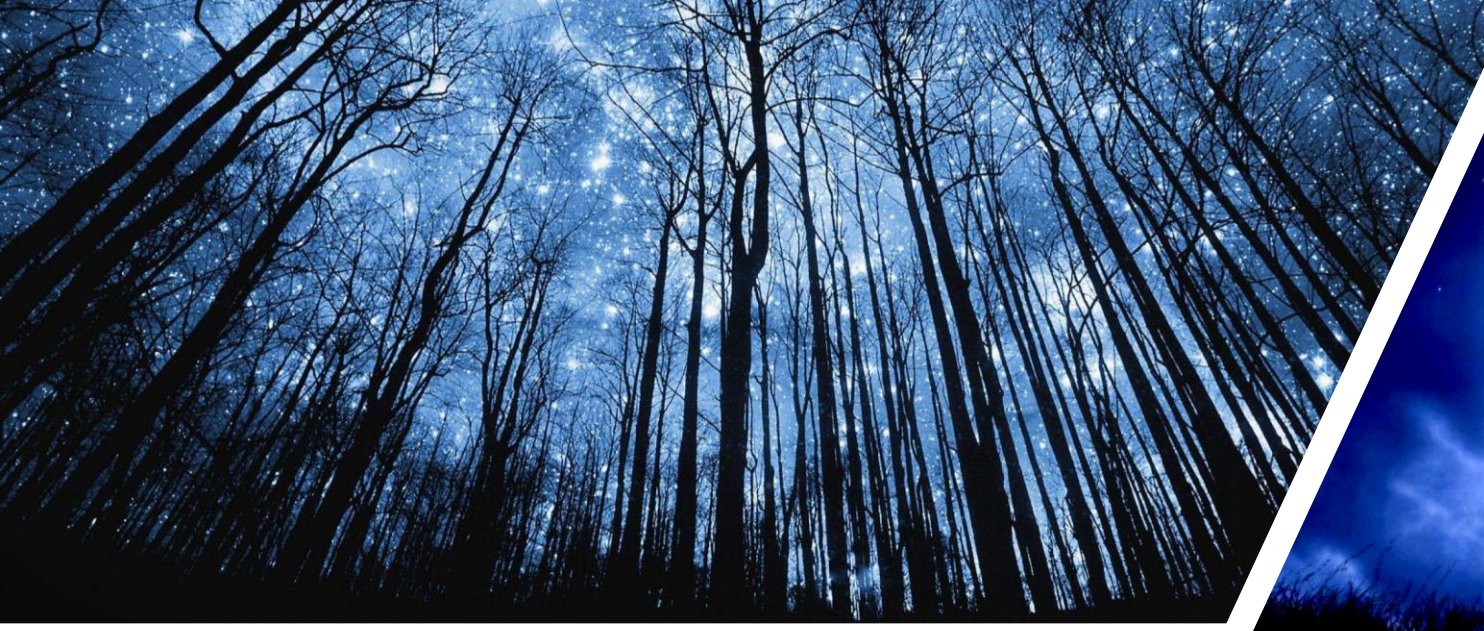
A Midsummer
Night's Dream

“The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Far in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.”





Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with
love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.





Shakespeare Education Experience

Machbeth



Romeo & Juliet



**A Midsummer
Night's Dream**

