Department of English
University of Waterloo

Professor J.S. North
September 1996

English 190: Shakespeare

Time: MWF 9:30 a.m.

Place: P 313

Texts: Penguin, King Lear, Othello, The Tempest, A Midsummer Night's Dream;
Bantam, King Richard III,
Pelican, Sonnets.

Purpose: To study the plot, characters, themes and literary devices of Shakespeare, and to comprehend why he is known as the greatest of poets. Also to strengthen our writing ability by writing about Shakespeare.

Assignments: Reading, at least 2 hours per lecture.

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<th>Writing: Essay 1</th>
<th>Oct 11</th>
<th>20 marks</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Midterm</td>
<td>Nov 1</td>
<td>25</td>
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<td>Essay 2</td>
<td>Nov 20</td>
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<td>Exam</td>
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<td>Total</td>
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Schedule:

Mon Sep 9  King Lear
Wed Sep 25 A Midsummer Night's Dream
Wed Oct 9  Othello
Wed Oct 23 The Tempest
Fri Nov 9  King Richard III
Fri Nov 23 to be announced

Sonnets will be assigned intermittently throughout the term.
Study Questions: Lecture 1: King Lear

1. Provide a breakdown of the major action for each scene, with no more than 2 lines per scene.

2. Provide a breakdown of the major action for each Act, with no more than 4 lines per act.

3. What in the opening conversation between Kent and Gloucester prepare us for what is to come?

4. Why would the play's opening lines seem so inconsequential?—that is, consisting of minor characters with secondary issues?

5. Point to examples of evil disguised and of good disguised.

6. Show how Shakespeare in Act 1 begins the theme of the difficulty in distinguishing between foolishness and wisdom.

7. Why should the fool speak in rhyme so much?

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_Ferdinand._

So they are.

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up:
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subject; are but light to me,
 Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid! All corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a prison.

somewhere i have never travelled,gladly beyond
any experience,your eyes have their silence:
in your most frail gesture are things which enclose me,
or which i cannot touch because they are too near

your slightest look easily will unclose me
though i have closed myself as fingers,
you open always petal by petal myself as Spring opens
(touching skillfully,mysteriously)her first rose

or if your wish be to close me,i and
my life will shut very beautifully,suddenly,
as when the heart of this flower imagines
the snow carefully everywhere descending;

nothing which we are to perceive in this world equals
the power of your intense fragility:whose texture
compels me with the colour of its countries,
rendering death and forever with each breathing

(i do not know what it is about you that closes
and opens:only something in me understands
the voice of your eyes is deeper than all roses)
 nobody,not even the rain,has such small hands