
DAME EVELYN GLENNIE, Musician, United Kingdom

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

When it comes to the works of William Shakespeare, I find myself seeing his tales through sounds. It's a subject close to my heart as I am a musician who just happens to be profoundly deaf.

When I read *The Tempest* the words positively shout sound to me. Shakespeare entices us into the play, using sound to colour his characters.

The play is a vibrant mix of noises and sounds of land and sea and wind and surf.

To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh. To the winds whose pity, sighing back again. Did us but loving wrong.

Lines like these take me back to my homeland in Aberdeenshire, where a walk on the cliffs would force me to face the wind so that I could feel the sound on my cheeks.

I have found a way to substitute my hearing loss: I immerse myself into the senses within my skin, bones and muscles.

I'm tempted to replicate sound colours from the play through my percussion instruments as I hear the words spoken by the characters.

In the plotting between Antonio and Sebastian I feel the breath of whispers in the night.

Here lies your brother, No better than the earth he lies upon.

There is drama in the tales of storms and drowning.

I saw him beat the surges under him. And ride upon their backs; he trod the water. Whose enmity he flung aside

Anxiety builds and pounds upon my chest cavity until Ariel sings a warning.

Shake off slumber and beware. Awake, awake!

Perhaps the use of sound colours is what we most enjoy as the play unfolds. I wonder if Shakespeare knew what I have discovered that the whole body can hear.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments. Will hum about mine ears

END OF RECORDING