

TEMPEST                      Would she were flatter!

But I fear her not.  
Yet if my name were liable to fear  
I do not know the woman I'd avoid  
So soon as that Science Officer.  
She reads much. She is a great observer,  
And she looks quite through the deeds of men.  
Women, you see, are never at hearts ease  
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves.  
And therefore are they very dangerous.

SCIENCE OFFICER

I grant I am a woman, but withal  
A woman well respected. It's on file.

MUSIC NO. 3 – IT'S A MAN'S, MAN'S, MAN'S WORLD

TEMPEST

Fie, fie! Unknit that threatening and unkind brow.  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes  
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill seeming,

BOSUN

Thick!

TEMPEST

Bereft of beauty.  
Why are your bodies soft and weak and smooth  
Unapt to toil and trouble in this world?  
But that your soft conditions and your hearts  
Should well agree with your . . . external parts

SCIENCE OFFICER

Come, come, you froward and unable worm  
My mind has been as big as one of yours  
My heart as great, my I.Q. haply more.

TEMPEST

Take thy face hence woman, I am sick at heart.

SCIENCE OFFICER

Not heart's sickness, but sickness of the mind.

TEMPEST

Mind-sickness, and where did you read that?

SCIENCE OFFICER

'Tis physic sir, as taught by Sigmund Freud.

TEMPEST

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.