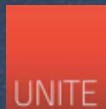


W. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*



Culture Teatrali e Performative 22/23
prof. Fabrizio Deriu

Perché *Amleto* è così importante?



[tre testimonianze, e ciascuno cerchi la propria, se vuole...]

Agostino Lombardo



Nessuna opera e nessun personaggio [...] hanno esercitato tanta suggestione sulla cultura moderna - non c'è scrittore o poeta, di qualsiasi lingua, che non abbia in qualche modo usato Amleto come simbolo, come metafora. Amleto invero non è più un personaggio drammatico ma è un mito, il maggior mito moderno forse – un mito inoltre polivalente, polimorfico, proteico. Amleto è sempre diverso.

Ludwik Flaszen



Amleto è un'opera che ha la portata del mito; fissato nella coscienza culturale europea possiede la capacità singolare di adescare la nostra verità sulla condizione umana. Si potrebbe dire: mostrami come vedi *Amleto* e ti dirò chi sei.

Maurizio Grande



Hamlet è la condensazione di pratiche teatrali e di significati drammatici che la tradizione ha conservato e istituzionalizzato come linguaggio scenico e come valore pieno della rappresentazione teatrale. *Hamlet* è un attraversamento obbligato per chi si occupa del *luogo teatrale*, luogo scenico e luogo del significato legato al soggetto come desiderio di sé messo in scena. *Hamlet* è, per molti versi il primo personaggio drammatico “moderno”, costruito sul doppio regime del personaggio-maschera, della *persona* teatrale, ...

Maurizio Grande



... e, insieme, debordante il confine della scena intesa come *localizzazione* di una angoscia tutta moderna del “sentire”: angoscia che castra l’azione e paralizza quello strato sottile della certezza negli orientamenti e nei riferimenti etici, politici, morali, culturali che dovrebbero costituire il “motore” del *fare* (drammatico e no).

Le questioni



- ❧ Il genere: *Revenge Tragedy*
- ❧ La composizione
- ❧ Le fonti
- ❧ Filologia e critica testuale
 - ❧ il testo letterario
 - ❧ il copione teatrale

La vicenda filologica



- ❧ 1709-14 = edizione cosciente di una responsabilità filologica da parte di Nicolas Rowe
- ❧ il Folio [F] del 1623
- ❧ l'in-quarto del 1604-05 → [Q2]
 - ❧ *The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London, Printed by I.R. for N.L. and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet, 1605*

La vicenda filologica



- ❧ 1823 = ritrovamento di una differente edizione [Q1]
- ❧ *The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. By William Shakespeare. As it hath beene diverse times acted by His Hignesse servants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where. At London, printed for N.L. and John Trundell. 1603*
- ❧ Q1 = 2.154 righi
- ❧ Q2 = 3.723 righi
- ❧ F = include 70 righi non presenti in Q2 ma manca di 230 righi

Edipo tiranno vs *Amleto*



Un confronto formale-strutturale

Articolazione di *Edipo Tiranno*



- Prologo
- Parodo
- Episodio I
- Stasimo I
- Episodio II (spezzato da un breve *commos*)
- Stasimo II
- Episodio III
- Stasimo III
- Episodio IV
- Stasimo IV
- Esodo



11 scene
20 sotto-scene
(o *presenze*)

Articolazione di *Amleto*



- Atto I
- Atto II
- Atto III
- Atto IV
- Atto V

Articolazione di *Amleto*



- Atto I [5]
- Atto II [2]
- Atto III [4]
- Atto IV [7]
- Atto V [2]

20 scene
77 sotto-scene
(o *presenze*)

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*

Atto I, scena 2

Flourish. [Enter Claudius, King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes and his sister Ophelia, [Voltemand, Cornelius,] Lords Attendant.

Claudius. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature 205
That we with wisest sorrow think on him
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
Th' imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy, 210
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone 215
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 220
Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him. 225
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who, impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears

Flourish = fanfara di trombe

"Though..." → proposizione secondaria

"... our sometimes sister..." → compl. oggetto

"... have we..." → soggetto

→ serie di ossimori e bilanciamenti [*defeated joy* = gioia sconfitta, abbattuta; *dirge* = lamento funebre]

"...taken to wife" → predicato verbale

Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress 230
 His further gait herein, in that the levies,
 The lists, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his subject; and we here dispatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltemand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway, 235
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the King, more than the scope
 Of these dilated articles allow. *[Gives a paper.]*
 Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.
Cornelius. *[with Voltemand]* In that, and all things, will we
 show our duty. 240
Claudius. We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell.
[Exeunt Voltemand and Cornelius.]
 And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
 You told us of some suit. What is't, Laertes?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane 245
 And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father. 250
 What wouldst thou have, Laertes?
Laertes. My dread lord,
 Your leave and favour to return to France;
 From whence though willingly I came to Denmark
 To show my duty in your coronation, 255
 Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
Claudius. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?
Polonius. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave 260
 By laboursome petition, and at last
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.
 I do beseech you give him leave to go.

Claudius. Take thy fair hour, Laertes. Time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will! 265

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son-

Hamlet. [*aside*] A little more than **kin**, and less than **kind**!

Claudius. How is it that the **clouds** still hang on you?

Hamlet. Not so, my lord. I am too much i' th' **sun**.

Gertrude. Good Hamlet, cast thy **nighted colour** off, 270

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust.

Thou know'st 'tis common. All that lives must die,

Passing through nature to eternity. 275

Hamlet. Ay, madam, it is common.

Gertrude. If it be,

Why **seems** it so particular with thee?

Hamlet. **Seems, madam, Nay, it is. I know not 'seems.'**

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, 280

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected havior of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief, 285

'That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,

For they are **actions that a man might play**;

But I have that within which passeth show-

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Claudius. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

290

To give these mourning **duties** to your father;

But you must know, your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound

In **filial obligation** for some term

To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere 295

In obstinate condolment is a course

Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief;

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,

A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,

An understanding simple and unschool'd; 300

For what we know must be, and is as common

→ *kin* = parente, congiunto; *kind* = genere, gentile

→ omofonia *sun/son*

→ opposizione e contrasto fra *to be/to seem*

→ tema del teatro e del recitare/fingere/simulare

|
|
| *captatio benevolentiae*: conforto e consolazione
|

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we in our peevish opposition
 Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature, 305
 To reason most absurd, whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From **the first corse** till he that died to-day,
 'This must be so.' We pray you throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe, and **think of us** 310
As of a father; for let the world take note
 You are the **most immediate to our throne**,
 And with no less nobility of **love**
 Than that which dearest father bears his son
 Do I impart toward you. For your intent 315
 In going back to school in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire;
 And **we beseech you, bend you to remain**
 Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son. 320
Gertrude. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet.
 I pray thee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.
Hamlet. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.
Claudius. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply.
 Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come. 325
 This gentle and **unforc'd** accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
 And the King's rouse the heaven shall bruit again, 330
 Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.
Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.
Hamlet. O that this too too **solid** flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd 335
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on't! ah, fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature 340

→ Abele: non un padre ma un **fratello**, tratto che
 assumerà progressivamente sempre più rilievo

→ ambivalenza: a) protezione / b) autorità

a) annuncio della successione; dichiarazione
 d'affetto, ecc.

b) divieto di ripartire per Wittenberg (Università di
 Martin Lutero e del *Faust* di C. Marlowe)

"non forzato" = "spontaneo" → astuzia e
 prepotenza del Re

→ MONOLOGO 1 di Amleto

FIL: *solid* (solida) / *sullied* (sporca, insozzata)

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead! Nay, not so much, not two.
 So excellent a king, that was to this
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven 345
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
 Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; and yet, within a month-
 Let me not think on't! **Frailty, thy name is woman!**- 350
 A little month, or ere those shoes were old
 With which she followed my poor father's body
 Like **Niobe**, all tears- why she, even she
 (O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
 Would have mourn'd longer) married with my uncle; 355
 My father's brother, but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month,
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married. O, most wicked speed, to post 360
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Horatio. Hail to your lordship! 365

Hamlet. I am glad to see you well.

Horatio!- or I do forget myself.

Horatio. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Hamlet. Sir, my good friend- I'll change that name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio? 370

Marcellus?

Marcellus. My good lord!

Hamlet. I am very glad to see you.- *[To Bernardo]* Good even,
 sir.-

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Horatio. A truant disposition, good my lord. 375

Hamlet. I would not hear your enemy say so,

Nor shall you do my ear that violence

To make it truster of your own report

Iperione = dio del sole

locuzione divenuta proverbiale

Niobe = personaggio mitologico, mutata in pietra in seguito alle lacrime versate per la morte dei figli

Against yourself. I know you are no truant.
 But what is your affair in Elsinore? 380
 We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Horatio. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Hamlet. I prithee do not **mock** me, fellow student.
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Horatio. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon. 385
Hamlet. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral **bak'd meats**
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
 Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
 My father- methinks **I see my father.** 390
Horatio. O, where, my lord?
Hamlet. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Horatio. I saw him once. He was a goodly king.
Hamlet. He was a man, take him for all in all.
 I shall not look upon his like again. 395
Horatio. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Hamlet. Saw? who?
Horatio. My lord, the King your father.
Hamlet. The King my father?
Horatio. Season your admiration for a while 400
 With an attent ear, till I may deliver
 Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
 This marvel to you.
Hamlet. For God's love let me hear!
Horatio. Two nights together had these gentlemen 405
 (Marcellus and Bernardo) on their watch
 In the dead vast and middle of the night
 Been thus encount'red. A figure like your father,
 Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
 Appears before them and with solemn march 410
 Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walk'd
 By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
 Within his truncheon's length; whilst they distill'd
 Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
 Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me 415
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
 And I with them the third night kept the watch;

to mock = prendere in giro, burlarsi di qno

ambiguità cibo arrostito/freddo cadavere
 (del padre)

→ inizio del *climax* che conduce alla rivelazione
 dell'apparizione dello spettro

→ rivelazione (segue racconto)

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father. 420
These hands are not more like.

Hamlet. But where was this?

Marcellus. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Hamlet. Did you not speak to it?

Horatio. My lord, I did; 425

But answer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away 430
And vanish'd from our sight.

Hamlet. 'Tis very strange.

Horatio. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it. 435

Hamlet. Indeed, indeed, sirs. But this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Marcellus. [*with Bernardo*] We do, my lord.

Hamlet. Arm'd, say you?

Marcellus. [*with Bernardo*] Arm'd, my lord. 440

Hamlet. From top to toe?

Marcellus. [*with Bernardo*] My lord, from head to foot.

Hamlet. Then saw you not his face?

Horatio. O, yes, my lord! He wore his beaver up.

Hamlet. What, look'd he frowningly. 445

Horatio. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Hamlet. Pale or red?

Horatio. Nay, very pale.

Hamlet. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Horatio. Most constantly. 450

Hamlet. I would I had been there.

Horatio. It would have much amaz'd you.

Hamlet. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Horatio. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Marcellus. [*with Bernardo*] Longer, longer. 455

Horatio. Not when I saw't.

<p>Hamlet. His beard was grizzled- no? Horatio. It was, as I have seen it in his life, A sable silver'd. Hamlet. I will watch to-night. 460 Perchance 'twill walk again. Horatio. I warr'nt it will. Hamlet. If it assume my noble father's person, I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, 465 If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight, Let it be tenable in your silence still; And whatsoever else shall hap to-night, Give it an understanding but no tongue. I will requite your loves. So, fare you well. 470 Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve, I'll visit you. All. Our duty to your honour. Hamlet. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell. <i>[Exeunt [all but Hamlet].]</i> 475 My father's spirit- in arms? All is not well. I doubt some foul play. Would the night were come! Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise, Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. <i>Exit.</i></p>	<p>cadenza</p> <p>→ tema del dubbio → tema del "foul play/deed" CADENZA</p>