

# FOOLMACHINE

## La macchina degli idioti

Il sipario è aperto, mentre il pubblico entra. Sul palcoscenico, illuminato soltanto dal riverbero della luce di sala, bare di legno, semplici parallelepipedi. In piedi, silenziosi, tutti gli attori. Tranne l'Imbonitore, che resterà nascosto. Campeggia da qualche parte una scritta: LUDUS EST NECESSARIUS AD CONVERSATIONEM HUMANAЕ VITAE, di Tommaso d'Aquino (riecheggiata, senza la perentorietà astratta del linguaggio teologico, nel "companions that do converse and waste the time together" del 'Mercante di Venezia').

Buio.

Si accendono candelabri. Uno dopo l'altro. Viene proiettata un'ombra lunga di Riccardo III, seduto in proscenio, a latere. Gioca con l'ombra, vi dialoga, parlotta, mima discorsi. Le bare vengono trasportate verso il buio (rimanendo tutte in scena, però, a formare la scenografia – gabbie, forse alcuni componenti della giostra). Versione strumentale, tipo marcia funebre, di 'The carny' di Nick Cave, dal vivo. Resta una sola bara, con Lady Anne che invita a non trasportarla. Due dei quattro trasportatori rimangono in scena. Sono Amleto e Calibano.

Nota generale:

le parentesi <> indicano modifiche, interpolazioni o novità rispetto al testo di Shakespeare; le (...) omissioni; le [ ] indicazione della fonte e didascalie; in italiano, tranne diversa indicazione, sono riportati testi originali.

### Prologo – Scena della seduzione

[King Richard III, act I, scene 2]

LADY ANNE Set down, set down your honourable load, if honour may be shrouded in a hearse, whilst I awhile obsequiously lament the untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster. Poor key-cold figure of a holy king! Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster! Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood! Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost, to hear the lamentations of Poor Anne, wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son, stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds! Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life, I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.  
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!  
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!  
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!  
More direful hap betide that hated wretch, that makes us wretched by the death of thee, than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads, or any creeping venom'd thing that lives! If ever he have child, abortive be it, prodigious, and untimely brought to light, whose ugly and unnatural aspect may fright the hopeful mother at the view; and that be heir to his unhappiness! If ever he have wife, let her be made a miserable by the death of him as I am made by my poor lord and thee!

(...) [i due portatori rimasti, Amleto e Calibano, tentano goffamente di risollevar la bara]

[Enter GLOUCESTER]

GLOUCESTER Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

LADY ANNE What black magician conjures up this fiend, to stop devoted charitable deeds?

GLOUCESTER Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul, I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Gentleman My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

GLOUCESTER Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command: advance thy halbert higher than my breast, Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot, and spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

LADY ANNE What, do you tremble? are you all afraid? Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal, And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil. Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell! Thou hadst but power over his mortal body, his soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

GLOUCESTER Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

LADY ANNE Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not; for thou hast made the happy earth thy hell, fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims. If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds, behold this pattern of thy butcheries. O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh! Blush, Blush, thou lump of foul deformity; For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood From cold and empty veins, where no

blood dwells; thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, provokes this deluge most unnatural. O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death! O earth, which this blood drink'st revenge his death! Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead, or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick, as thou dost swallow up this good king's blood which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

GLOUCESTER Lady, you know no rules of charity, Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

LADY ANNE Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man: No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

GLOUCESTER But I know none, and therefore am no beast. *[guarda verso il pubblico, sorride]*

LADY ANNE O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

GLOUCESTER More wonderful, when angels are so angry. Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman, of these supposed-evils, to give me leave, by circumstance, but to acquit myself.

LADY ANNE Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man, for these known evils, but to give me leave, by circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

GLOUCESTER Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have some patient leisure to excuse myself.

LADY ANNE Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make no excuse current, but to hang thyself.

GLOUCESTER By such despair, I should accuse myself.

LADY ANNE And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused; for doing worthy vengeance on thyself, which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

GLOUCESTER Say that I slew them not?

LADY ANNE Why, then they are not dead: but dead they are, and devilish slave, by thee.

GLOUCESTER I did not kill your husband.

LADY ANNE Why, then he is alive.

GLOUCESTER Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

LADY ANNE In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood; the which thou once didst bend against her breast, but that thy brothers beat aside the point.

GLOUCESTER I was provoked by her slanderous tongue, which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

LADY ANNE Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind. Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries: Didst thou not kill this king?

GLOUCESTER I grant ye.

LADY ANNE Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed! O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

GLOUCESTER The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

LADY ANNE He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

GLOUCESTER Let him thank me, that help to send him thither; For he was fitter for that place than earth.

LADY ANNE And thou unfit for any place but hell.

GLOUCESTER Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

LADY ANNE Some dungeon.

GLOUCESTER Your bed-chamber.

LADY ANNE I'll rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

GLOUCESTER So will it, madam till I lie with you.

LADY ANNE I hope so.

GLOUCESTER I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne, to leave this keen encounter of our wits, and fall somewhat into a slower method, is not the causer of the timeless deaths of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward, as blameful as the executioner?

LADY ANNE Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect.

GLOUCESTER Your beauty was the cause of that effect; your beauty: which did haunt me in my sleep To undertake the death of all the world, so I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

LADY ANNE If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide, These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

GLOUCESTER These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck; you should not blemish it, if I stood by: as all the world is cheered by the sun, so I by that; it is my day, my life.

LADY ANNE Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

GLOUCESTER Curse not thyself, fair creature thou art both.

LADY ANNE I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

GLOUCESTER It is a quarrel most unnatural, to be revenged on him that loveth you.

LADY ANNE It is a quarrel just and reasonable, to be revenged on him that slew my husband.

GLOUCESTER He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband, did it to help thee to a better husband.

LADY ANNE His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

GLOUCESTER He lives that loves thee better than he could.

LADY ANNE Name him.

GLOUCESTER Plantagenet.

LADY ANNE Why, that was he.

GLOUCESTER The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

LADY ANNE Where is he?

GLOUCESTER Here.

[*She spitteth at him*]

Why dost thou spit at me?

LADY ANNE Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

GLOUCESTER Never came poison from so sweet a place.

LADY ANNE Never hung poison on a fouler toad. Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.

GLOUCESTER Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

LADY ANNE Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

GLOUCESTER I would they were, that I might die at once; for now they kill me with a living death. Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears, shamed their aspect with store of childish drops: these eyes that never shed remorseful tear, no, when my father York and Edward wept, to hear the piteous moan that Rutland made when black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him; nor when thy warlike father, like a child, told the sad story of my father's death, and twenty times made pause to sob and weep, that all the standers-by had wet their

cheeks like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time my manly eyes did scorn an humble tear; and what these sorrows could not thence exhale, thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping. I never sued to friend nor enemy; my tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word; but now thy beauty is proposed my fee, my proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

*[She looks scornfully at him]*

Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made for kissing, lady, not for such contempt. If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive, lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword; which if thou please to hide in this true bosom. And let the soul forth that adoreth thee, I lay it naked to the deadly stroke, and humbly beg the death upon my knee.

*[He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword]*

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry, but 'twas thy beauty that provoked me. Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward, But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

*[Here she lets fall the sword]*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

LADY ANNE Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death, I will not be the executioner.

GLOUCESTER Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

LADY ANNE I have already.

GLOUCESTER Tush, that was in thy rage: speak it again, and, even with the word, that hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love, shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love; to both their deaths thou shalt be accessory.

LADY ANNE I would I knew thy heart.

GLOUCESTER 'Tis figured in my tongue.

LADY ANNE I fear me both are false.

GLOUCESTER Then never man was true.

LADY ANNE Well, well, put up your sword.

GLOUCESTER Say, then, my peace is made.

LADY ANNE That shall you know hereafter.

GLOUCESTER But shall I live in hope?

LADY ANNE All men, I hope, live so.

GLOUCESTER Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

LADY ANNE To take is not to give.

GLOUCESTER Look, how this ring encompasseth finger. Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart; Wear both of them, for both of them are thine. And if thy poor devoted suppliant may but beg one favour at thy gracious hand, thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

LADY ANNE What is it?

GLOUCESTER That it would please thee leave these sad designs to him that hath more cause to be a mourner, and presently repair to Crosby Place; where, after I have solemnly interr'd at Chertsey monastery this noble king, and wet his grave with my repentant tears, I will with all expedient duty see you: for divers unknown reasons. I beseech you, Grant me this boon.

LADY ANNE With all my heart; and much it joys me too, to see you are become so penitent. Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

GLOUCESTER Bid me farewell.

LADY ANNE 'Tis more than you deserve; but since you teach me how to flatter you, imagine I have said farewell already.

[Exit LADY ANNE]

GLOUCESTER Sirs, take up the corse.

GENTLEMEN Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

GLOUCESTER No, to White-Friars; there attend my coining.

[Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd? Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father, to take her in her heart's extremest hate, With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes, the bleeding witness of her hatred by; having God, her conscience, and these bars against me, and I nothing to back my suit at all, but the plain devil and dissembling looks, and yet to win her, all the world to nothing! Ha! Hath she forgot already that brave prince, Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since, stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury? A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman, framed in the prodigality of nature, young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal, the spacious world cannot again afford and will she yet debase her eyes on me, that cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince, and made her widow to a woful bed? On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety? On me, that halt and am unshapen thus? My dukedom to a beggarly denier, I do mistake my person all this while: upon my life, she finds, although I cannot, myself to be a marvellous proper man.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass, and entertain some score or two of tailors, to study fashions to adorn my body: since I am crept in favour with myself, will maintain it with some little cost. But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave; and then return lamenting to my love. Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass, that I may see my shadow as I pass.

Terminato il suo pezzo, Riccardo III rimane in silenzio, lo sguardo fisso in un punto determinato del palcoscenico. Attende. Inquieto. Arriva dal buio la voce dell'Imbonitore:

[King Richard III, act I, scene 1]

IMBONITORE Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
(...)  
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deformed, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable  
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;  
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun  
And descant on mine own deformity:  
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
I am determined to prove a villain  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Pausa. Poi urlerà:

<Hai dimenticato l'inizio, idiota!>

[Love's Labour's Lost, act IV, scene 3]

All hid, all hid; an old infant play. [gli attori cominciano a muoversi verso le gabbie]  
 Like a demigod here sit I in the sky.  
 And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'ereye.

[King Richard III, act I, scene 3]

Since every Jack became a gentleman  
 There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

[King Richard III, id.]

No sleep close up that deadly eye of <you>,  
 Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream  
 Affrights <you> with a hell of ugly devils!  
 <You> elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting <hogs>!  
 <You> that <were> seal'd in <your> nativity  
 The <slaves> of nature and the <sons> of hell!  
 <You> slander of <your mothers'> heavy womb!  
 <You> loathed <issues of your fathers'> loins!  
 <You rags> of honour! <You> detested--

[singolari messi al plurale]

E continua:

<Fate schifo! Fate schifo! Dentro alle gabbie! Amleto, Calibano, rinchiudete quelle bestie>.

Buio. Confusione degli 'attori' che entrano nelle gabbie. Rapidamente cala il silenzio. Schermaglie tra Riccardo III e Lady Anne, che si fanno parodia reciproca da una gabbia all'altra, rimasticando passi del loro dialogo. Risatine soffocate.

### **Buio – L'incubo**

Uno degli ingabbiati, incalzato da una domanda, racconta un sogno, creando qualche secondo di silenzio e di ascolto generali; alla fine un terzo personaggio uscirà con un urlo:

[King Richard III, act I, scene 4]

A What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.

B Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown! What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears! What ugly sights of death within mine eyes! Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks; ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon; wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl, inestimable stones, unvalued jewels, all scatter'd in the bottom of the sea: some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, as 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems, which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep, and mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

[Anthony and Cleopatra, act II, scene 13]

C Let's mock the midnight bell.

Pochi secondi di sospensione, poi una, due scurregge di commento. Risate dalle gabbie.

### **Luce bianca – L'incubo**

Luci accese, di scatto, rumorosamente. Bianchissime, senza ombre. Non più il chiaroscuro barocco, caravaggesco, fortemente contrastato della prima scena. Luce a scarica. Neon dentro alle gabbie-bare. E' un baraccone.

Parlando con Calibano (uno dei due assistenti) – come se continuasse una conversazione – l'Imbonitore sbraita:

[King Richard III, id.]

IMBONITORE So when <the audience> opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out. (...) I'll not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checkes him; he cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shamefaced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.

[Othello, act I, scene 3]

Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus(...) the power (...) lies in our wills. (...) Put money in thy purse (...) I say, put money in thy purse (...)

[Anthony and Cleopatra, act IV, scene 15]

Make not your thoughts your prisons:

[Othello, act I, scene 3]

...put but money in thy purse (...) fill thy purse with money (...) Thou art sure of me: go, make money:--I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again go, provide thy money. <Remember: I do make my fools my purse>...

E continua:

<Quindi ho deciso che stanotte questi bastardi non dormiranno. Al lavoro, bestie!>

Amleto, l'altro assistente, tenta timide rivendicazioni sindacali a nome degli 'attori':

[King Richard III, act IV, scene 2]

AMLETO My Lord!

IMBONITORE Ay, what's o'clock?

AMLETO I am thus bold to put your grace in mind of what you promised me:  
<more respect for the...> [non riesce a dire 'players']

IMBONITORE Well, but what's o'clock?

AMLETO Upon the stroke of <twelve>.

IMBONITORE Well, let it strike.

AMLETO Why let it strike?

IMBONITORE Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke betwixt thy begging and my meditation. I am not in the giving vein <to-night>.

Poi aggiunge:

<Words words words... you must hold thy tongue!>

Da una gabbia voce di donna:

[King Richard III, act IV, scene 4]

DONNA Why should calamity be full of words?  
Windy attorneys to their client woes,  
Airy succeders of intestate joys,  
Poor breathing orators of miseries!  
Let them have scope: though what they do impart  
Help not all, yet do they ease the heart.

IMBONITORE [sovrapponendosi al finale precedente]  
<Zitta, puttana! Parla quando è il tuo momento! Parla quando te lo ordino io! Il cuore... il tuo cuore è un orologio, che batte il tempo quanto e come voglio io!>

Da un'altra gabbia:

[Heiner Müller, Hamletmaschine]

OFELIA Io sono Ofelia. Quella che il fiume non ha trattenuto. La donna con la corda al collo. La donna con le vene tagliate. La donna con l'overdose. SULLE LABBRA NEVE. La donna con la testa nel forno a gas. Ieri ho smesso di uccidermi. Sono sola con i miei seni, con le mie cosce e con il mio grembo. Faccio a pezzi gli strumenti della mia prigionia la sedia il tavolo il letto. Distruggo il campo di battaglia che era la mia dimora.

Strappo le porte perché possa entrare il vento e il grido del mondo. Mando in frantumi la finestra. Con le mani insanguinate strappo le fotografie degli uomini che ho amato e che mi hanno usato a letto a tavola sulla sedia per terra. Do fuoco alla mia prigioniera. Getto nel fuoco i miei vestiti. Mi strappo dal petto l'orologio che era il mio cuore.

IMBONITORE <Questo è recitare! Questo è frutto sacrosanto del mio lavoro: disciplina e docilità>

[Heiner Müller, id.]

AMLETO Io non sono Amleto. Non recito più alcuna parte. Le mie parole non dicono più niente. I miei pensieri succhiano il sangue alle immagini. (...) Voglio abitare nelle mie vene, ai margini delle ossa, nel labirinto del cranio. Mi ritiro nelle mie interiora. Prendo posto nella mia merda. Da qualche parte ci sono corpi che vengono fatti a pezzi perché io possa abitare nella mia merda. Da qualche parte ci sono corpi che vengono aperti perché io possa starmene solo con il mio sangue. I miei pensieri sono ferite nel cervello. Il mio cervello è una cicatrice. Voglio essere una macchina. Braccia per afferrare, gambe per camminare, nessun dolore, nessun pensiero.

IMBONITORE [spazientito guarda Amleto, fa un cenno a Calibano, che lo imbavaglia. Finita la gag, si rivolge a tutti gli altri, prima con le parole di Gottfried Benn, poi con quelle di Philip Dick]  
<Wer redet ist nicht tot, chi parla non è morto... Lo sapete com'è l'inferno? Ripetitivo e immutabile, ripetitivo e immutabile! Al lavoro, lavativi!! Fuori gli amanti!!!>

Sfilata di 'amanti' sulla giostra.

Progressiva accelerazione: su su, via via, più veloce, più veloce, in un cerchio vertiginoso.

### *Scene degli amanti – 1*

#### *Romeo e Giulietta*

Romeo cammina, conversando con l'Imbonitore immobile – che reciterà solo per dare la battuta, didascalico, come leggesse. Romeo è già sotto al balcone di Giulietta (composto da due delle casse-bare sovrapposte).

[Romeo and Juliet, act I, scene 1]

IMBONITORE Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

ROMEO O, teach me how I should forget to think.

IMBONITORE By giving liberty unto thine eyes; examine other beauties.

ROMEO 'Tis the way to call hers, exquisite, in question more... (...) He that is stricken blind cannot forget the precious treasure of his eyesight lost... (...) Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

[Romeo and Juliet, act II, scene 2]

ROMEO He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

Romeo si mette a cantare, da solo, le prime due quartine del sonetto 147:

[Sonnets, CXLVII]

My love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nurseth the disease,  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
My reason, the physician to my love,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
Desire is death, which physic did except.

[Romeo and Juliet, act II, scene 2]

[JULIET appears above at a window]



But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.  
(...)

JULIET O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name; or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, and I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO [Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy; thou art thyself, though not a Montague. What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, nor arm, nor face, nor any other part belonging to a man. O, be some other name! What's in a name? that which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet; so Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd, retain that dear perfection which he owes without that title. Romeo, doff thy name, and for that name which is no part of thee take all myself.

ROMEO I take thee at thy word: call me but love, and I'll be new baptized; henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night so stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am: my name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, because it is an enemy to thee; had I it written, I would tear the word.  
(...)

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. Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROMEO O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

[Romeo and Juliet, act II, scene 3]

JULIET 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone: and yet no further than a wanton's bird; who lets it hop a little from her hand, like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, and with a silk thread plucks it back again, so loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO I would I were thy bird.

JULIET Sweet, so would I: yet I should kill thee with much cherishing. Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say good night till it be morrow.

[Giulietta scompare dal 'balcone', con un sorriso]

[Romeo and Juliet, act II, scene 2]

ROMEO O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard. Being in night, all this is but a dream, too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

La scena si trasforma. Le casse sovrapposte diventano bare orizzontali.

Per prima parla Giulietta. Che poi si adagia. La scena della cripta – risveglio, disperazione, suicidi – sarà tutta mimata.

[Romeo and Juliet, act II, scene 2]

JULIET Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night; For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night whiter than new snow on a raven's back. 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.

Da dentro la cassa–bara saranno estratti teschi e ossa, durante l’ultimo monologo di Giulietta.

Dopo la loro ‘morte’, verranno tirati fuori dalla ‘cripta’, seduti (afflosciati) su due sedie e imbalsamati, con cartapesta e gesso, poi ricoperta di pittura color oro. Diventano le loro stesse statue, che restano tali fino alla fine dello spettacolo.

### *Pene d’amor perdute*

Parodia. L’alocco e la sgualdrina. Con un inserimento di battuta finale dal Re Lear.

[Love’s Labour’s Lost, act I, scene 2]

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

JAQUENETTA Man?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I will visit thee at the lodge.

JAQUENETTA That's hereby.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I know where it is situate.

JAQUENETTA Lord, how wise you are!

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I will tell thee wonders.

JAQUENETTA With that face?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I love thee.

JAQUENETTA So I heard you say.

[King Lear, act IV, scene 2]

<DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO> ...howe'er thou art a fiend, a woman's shape doth shield thee.

<JAQUENETTA> Marry, your manhood – mew...

Lei continuerà a miagolare, sfottendolo, e trascinandolo via per la barba.

### *Sonetto 129*

Detto – non declamato, piuttosto una meccanica dell’apnea, mai prender fiato (senza il distico finale) – molto sensuale e rabbioso. E’ una donna che recita:

[Sonnets, CXXIX]

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action; and till action, lust  
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,  
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,  
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had  
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait  
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;  
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;  
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;  
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.

### *Otello*

Ridotto a una concitata, grottesca scena di ossessione gelosia attaccamento feticistico infantile ad un fazzoletto...

[Othello, act III, scene 4]

OTHELLO I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me; lend me thy handkerchief.

DESDEMONA Here, my lord.

OTHELLO That which I gave you.

DESDEMONA I have it not about me.

OTHELLO Not?

DESDEMONA No, indeed, my lord.

OTHELLO That is a fault. That handkerchief did an Egyptian to my mother give; she was a charmer, and could almost read the thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it, 'twould make her amiable and subdue my father entirely to her love, but if she lost it or made gift of it, my father's eye should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt after new fancies: she, dying, gave it me; and bid me, when my fate would have me wive, to give it her. I did so: and take heed on't; make it a darling like your precious eye; to lose't or give't away were such perdition as nothing else could match.

DESDEMONA (...) Then would to God that I had never seen't!

OTHELLO Ha! wherefore?

DESDEMONA Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

OTHELLO Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?

DESDEMONA Heaven bless us!

OTHELLO Say you?

DESDEMONA It is not lost; but what an if it were?

OTHELLO How!

DESDEMONA I say, it is not lost.

OTHELLO Fetch't, let me see't.

DESDEMONA Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now. (...)

OTHELLO Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.

DESDEMONA Come, come... (...)

OTHELLO The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA I pray... (...)

OTHELLO The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA [*lo fissa attonita*]

OTHELLO The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA In sooth, you are to blame. [*Otello le mette le mani al collo*]

[Othello, act V, scene 2]

DESDEMONA (...) I hope you will not kill me. (...)

OTHELLO Peace, and be still!

DESDEMONA I will so. What's the matter?

OTHELLO That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee... (...) Out, strumpet! (...)

DESDEMONA O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not! [*comincia a piangere*]

OTHELLO           Down, strumpet!

DESDEMONA       Kill me to-morrow: let me live to-night!

OTHELLO           <The handkerchief!>

DESDEMONA       But half an hour!

OTHELLO           <The handkerchief!>

DESDEMONA       But while I say one prayer!

OTHELLO           <The handkerchief!>                               [He stifles her]

[Othello, act III, scene 2]

OTHELLO           'Twas my first gift...                               [*stranito, bambinesco*]

Gli altri attori, disposti come un coro, cominciano a gettargli addosso fazzoletti, per lo più con rabbia, qualcuno buffonesco, soffiandosi il naso o asciugandosi le lacrime.

### ***Rassegna dei Re – 1***

#### *Riccardo II – prima parte*

Riccardo II vestito da Re, con la corona in testa, mano nella mano con la Regina ('Rapace', canzone degli Afterhours per eventuale edizione italiana?). Fa la sua entrata, fiero, sicuro di sé. Inciampa. Cade. Anche la corona cade. Si riassetta, restando per terra, in ginocchio. La regina in piedi, assorta, continua a tenerlo per mano.

Riccardo II inizia il suo monologo – vanitas, fragilità, incostanza, identità smarrita. Accanto la moglie, col suo 'pesante nulla'. Parlerà dopo di lui, giocando con una rosa.

[King Richard II, act III, scene 2]

RICHARD II       ...Of comfort no man speak: let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs; make dust our paper and with rainy eyes write sorrow on the bosom of the earth...

(...) Nothing can we call our own but death and that small model of the barren earth which serves as paste and cover to our bones. For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings; how some have been deposed; some slain in war, some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed; some poison'd by their wives: some sleeping kill'd; all murder'd: for within the hollow crown that rounds the mortal temples of a king keeps Death his court and there the antic sits, scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp, allowing him a breath, a little scene, to monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks, infusing him with self and vain conceit, as if this flesh which walls about our life, were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus comes at the last and with a little pin bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!

(...) I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief, need friends: subjected thus, how can you say to me, I am a king?

[King Richard II, act II, scene 2]

QUEEN   I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad as, though on thinking on no thought I think, makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

(...)

Conceit is still derived from some forefather grief; mine is not so, for nothing had begot my something grief; or something hath the nothing that I grieve...

[King Richard II, act III, scene 3]

RICHARD II       What must the king do now? must he submit? The king shall do it: must he be deposed? The king shall be contented: must he lose the name of king? o' God's name, let it go: I'll give my jewels for a set of beads, my gorgeous palace for a hermitage, my gay apparel for an almsman's gown, my figured goblets for a dish of wood, my sceptre for a palmer's walking staff, my subjects for a pair of carved saints and my large kingdom for a little grave, a little little grave, an obscure grave; (...) Or shall we play the wantons with our woes, and make some pretty match with shedding tears? As thus, to drop them still upon one place, till

they have fretted us a pair of graves within the earth; and, therein laid,--there lies <a married couple; husband and wife> digg'd their graves with weeping eyes. Would not this ill do well?

[King Richard II, act II, scene 2]

QUEEN I will despair, and be at enmity with cozening hope: he is a flatterer, a parasite, a keeper back of death, who gently would dissolve the bands of life, which false hope lingers in extremity.

[King Richard II, act III, scene 4]

**Improvviso cambio di registro. Dialogo farsesco: Riccardo risponde ai capricci malinconico–depressivi della consorte con le parole della dama di compagnia, in falsetto:**

QUEEN What sport shall we devise here in this garden, to drive away the heavy thought of care?

RICHARD II <LADY> Madam, we'll play at bowls.

QUEEN 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs, and that my fortune rubs against the bias.

RICHARD II <LADY> Madam, we'll dance.

QUEEN My legs can keep no measure in delight, when my poor heart no measure keeps in grief: Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

RICHARD II <LADY> Madam, we'll tell tales.

QUEEN Of sorrow or of joy?

RICHARD II <LADY> Of either, madam.

QUEEN Of neither, girl: for of joy, being altogether wanting, it doth remember me the more of sorrow; or if of grief, being altogether had, it adds more sorrow to my want of joy: for what I have I need not to repeat; and what I want it boots not to complain.

RICHARD II <LADY> Madam, I'll sing.

QUEEN 'Tis well that thou hast cause but thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.

RICHARD II <LADY> I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

QUEEN And I could sing, would weeping do me good, and never borrow any tear of thee.

[King Richard II, act IV, scene 1]

RICHARD II Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see  
(...)

Give me the glass, and therein will I read. [*la regina estrae uno specchio  
da una tasca*]

[*Dashes the glass against the ground*]

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face. [*risata isterica*]

<QUEEN> The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd the shadow or your face.

KING RICHARD II Say that again. The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let's see: 'tis very true, my grief lies all within; and these external manners of laments are merely shadows to the unseen grief that swells with silence in the tortured soul...

[King Richard II, act V, scene 1]

QUEEN ...but see, or rather do not see, my fair rose wither... (...)

KING RICHARD II Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so, to make my end too sudden: learn, good soul, to think our former state a happy dream; from which awaked, the truth of what we are shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet, to grim Necessity, and he and I will keep a league till death.

Se ne vanno, Riccardo sempre in ginocchio, la regina assorta nella sua rosa, alla cui corolla strappa i petali con le labbra, delicata.

### *Il Bastardo*

Sull'ipocrisia del potere. E sull'Interesse come motivo universale. Con rimaneggiamento dell'ordine del testo, per rendere l'invettiva ancora più efficace nella sua ambiguità.

Entra rapido, energico, atletico, vivace come un attore di cabaret, gestualmente enfatico come un imbonitore (sic), un politico, arrangatori di folle.

[King John, act II, scene 1]

BASTARD        Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,  
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
 O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;  
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,  
 In undetermined differences of kings.  
 (...)
 And <they> stand securely on their battlements,  
 As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
 At your industrious scenes and acts of death.  
 (...)
 Mad world! mad kings! (...)
 ...rounded in the ear  
 With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil, that broker, that still breaks the pate of  
 faith, that daily break-vow, he that wins of all, of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,  
 maids, who, having no external thing to lose but the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of  
 that, that smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity, Commodity, the bias of the world, the  
 world, who of itself is peised well, made to run even upon even ground, till this advantage,  
 this vile-drawing bias, this sway of motion, this Commodity, makes it take head from all  
 indifferency, from all direction, purpose, course, intent: and this same bias, this  
 Commodity, this bawd, this broker, this all-changing word..  
 (...)
 <And what about me?>

[Hamlet, act III, scene 1]

I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to  
 put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in.

[King John, act II, scene 1]

<So> why rail I on this Commodity?  
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:  
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,  
 When his fair angels would salute my palm;  
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
 Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.  
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail  
 And say there is no sin but to be rich;  
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be  
 To say there is no vice but beggary.  
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
 Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.

### *Scene degli amanti – 2*

#### *Antonio e Cleopatra*

Bisticcio per la partenza di Antonio. Tutta la scena, con dei tagli.

[Anthony and Cleopatra, act I, scene 3]

[Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, (...) and ALEXAS]

CLEOPATRA Where is he?

CHARMIAN I did not see him since.

CLEOPATRA See where he is, who's with him, what he does: I did not send you: if you find him sad, say I am dancing; if in mirth, report that I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

[Exit ALEXAS]

CHARMIAN Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly, you do not hold the method to enforce the like from him.

CLEOPATRA What should I do, I do not?

CHARMIAN In each thing give him way, cross him nothing.

CLEOPATRA Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him.

CHARMIAN Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear: in time we hate that which we often fear. But here comes Antony.

[Enter MARK ANTONY]

CLEOPATRA I am sick and sullen.

MARK ANTONY I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,--

CLEOPATRA Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall: it cannot be thus long, the sides of nature Will not sustain it.

MARK ANTONY Now, my dearest queen,--

CLEOPATRA Pray you, stand further from me.

MARK ANTONY What's the matter?

CLEOPATRA I know, by that same eye, there's some good news. What says the married woman? You may go: would she had never given you leave to come! Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here: I have no power upon you; hers you are.  
(...)

MARK ANTONY Cleopatra,--

CLEOPATRA Why should I think you can be mine and true, though you in swearing shake the throned gods, who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness, to be entangled with those mouth-made vows, which break themselves in swearing!

MARK ANTONY Most sweet queen,--

CLEOPATRA Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going, but bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying, then was the time for words: no going then; eternity was in our lips and eyes, bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor, but was a race of heaven (...)

MARK ANTONY (...) my more particular, and that which most with you should save my going, is Fulvia's death.

CLEOPATRA Though age from folly could not give me freedom, it does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

MARK ANTONY She's dead, my queen: look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read the garboils she awaked; at the last, best: see when and where she died.

CLEOPATRA O most false love! where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill with sorrowful water? now I see, I see, in Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

MARK ANTONY Quarrel no more (...) My precious queen, forbear; and give true evidence to <my> love, which stands an honourable trial.

CLEOPATRA     So Fulvia told me. I prithee, turn aside and weep for her, then bid adieu to me, and say the tears belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene of excellent dissembling; and let it look life perfect honour.

MARK ANTONY   You'll heat my blood: no more.

CLEOPATRA     You can do better yet; but this is meetly. (...)

MARK ANTONY   I'll leave you, lady.

CLEOPATRA     Courteous lord, one word.  
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:  
Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it;  
That you know well: something it is I would,  
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,  
And I am all forgotten.

MARK ANTONY   But that your royalty holds idleness your subject, I should take you for idleness itself.

CLEOPATRA     'Tis sweating labour to bear such idleness so near the heart as Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me; since my becoming kills me, when they do not eye well to you: your honour calls you hence; therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly. And all the gods go with you! upon your sword sit laurel victory! and smooth success be strew'd before your feet!

## ***Rassegna dei Re – 2***

### *Macbeth*

La musica che commenta il finale del litigio amoroso tra Antonio e Cleopatra si trasforma in un sabba, con gli attori che si mascherano da streghe e un oggetto di scena che si trasforma nel calderone che bolle.

<Presenza degli animali, dell'animalità in tutta la tragedia: materializzarla??>

[Macbeth, act IV, scene 1]

[Thunder. Enter the three Witches]

FIRST WITCH   Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

SECOND WITCH   Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

THIRD WITCH   Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

FIRST WITCH   Round about the cauldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.  
Toad, that under cold stone  
Days and nights has thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

ALL            Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH   Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL            Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

THIRD WITCH   Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,  
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,



Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew  
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,  
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab:  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

[Macbeth, act I, scene 1]

[Thunder and lightning]

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.

(...)

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

[uscendo, ripetono il ritornello]

Macbeth, insanguinato allucinatissimo magrissimo, è trasportato ‘in scena’. Tutto è già accaduto. Immobile, non agisce. E’ legato, schiena a schiena, a Lady Macbeth. Sono entrambi pesantemente truccati. Lui è passivo, fisicamente; lei si sfinisce, in una lotta-girotondo che segue il ritmo delle battute, e morirà, cadendo in avanti. Macbeth la schiaccia. Pronuncerà le ultime battute supino.

Tutto accade ed è accaduto soltanto nelle loro teste. La decapitazione di Macbeth sarà un sacco nero che lo soffoca. Anche loro – come gli ‘imbalsamati’ Romeo e Giulietta, come i ‘fantastici quattro’ del Sogno – restano ‘attivi’ nella loro parte fino all’ultimo. Questi cadaveri grotteschi che ingombrano la scena...

L’imbonitore accoglie l’entrata con la prima battuta di Duncan, il re. Poi inizia il dialogo ossessivo.

[Macbeth, act I, scene 2]

IMBONITORE What bloody man is that?

[Macbeth, act I, scene 3]

MACBETH So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

[Macbeth, act I, scene 4]

Stars, hide your fires;  
Let not light see my black and deep desires

[Macbeth, act I, scene 5]

LADY MACBETH (...) 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: what thou wouldst highly, that wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false, and yet wouldst wrongly win...

(...)

Come, you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, and fill me from the crown to the toe top-full of direst cruelty!

[Macbeth, act I, scene 7]

MACBETH If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly: if the assassination could trammel up the consequence, and catch with his surcease success; that but this blow might be the be-all and the end-all here, but here, upon this bank and shoal of time, we'd jump the life to come.  
(...)

LADY MACBETH Was the hope drunk wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since? and wakes it now, to look so green and pale at what it did so freely? From this time such I account thy love. Art thou afeard to be the same in thine own act and valour as thou art in desire?

(...)

I have given suck, and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me: I would, while it was smiling in my face, have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums, and dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you have done to this.

MACBETH If we should fail?

Alla domanda di Macbeth, lady Macbeth emette un urlo acutissimo, che si fa via via più rauco, profondo, infernale, e poi diventa un uccello notturno. Macbeth chiude gli occhi. Per alcuni secondi si resterà nel silenzio assoluto.

[Macbeth, act II, scene 2]

MACBETH I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?  
(...)

MACBETH Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep (...) The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, balm of hurt minds...  
(...)

LADY MACBETH (...) the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil. [urlato]

[Macbeth, act III, scene 2]

LADY MACBETH Nought's had, all's spent, where our desire is got without content: 'tis safer to be that which we destroy than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy. (...) Why do you keep alone, of sorriest fancies your companions making, using those thoughts which should indeed have died with them they think on? Things without all remedy should be without regard: what's done is done.

MACBETH (...) Duncan is in his grave; after life's fitful fever he sleeps well... [pausa]  
(...)O, full of scorpions is my mind (...)! [gridato, ripetuto]

[Macbeth, act III, scene 4]

LADY MACBETH Are you a man? [anche lei grida, per farlo smettere]  
(...)  
This is the very painting of your fear...  
(...)

MACBETH Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time, ere human statute purged the gentle weal; ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd too terrible for the ear: the times have been, that, when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end; but now <but now... but now...> [ripete, ossesso]  
(...)  
What is the night? (A che punto è la notte?)

LADY MACBETH You lack the season of all natures, sleep. (...) Come, we'll to sleep.

Lady Macbeth si appropria del dialogo tra Lady Macduff e figlio (voce in falsetto; oppure reale presenza di un bambino).

[Macbeth, act IV, scene 2]

LADY MACBETH

(LADY MACDUFF) Sirrah, your father's dead; And what will you do now? How will you live?

(SON) As birds do, mother.

(LADY MACDUFF) What, with worms and flies?

(SON) With what I get, I mean; and so do they. [pausa]

(...)

Was my father a traitor, mother?

(LADY MACDUFF) Ay, that he was.

(SON) What is a traitor?

(LADY MACDUFF) Why, one that swears and lies.

(SON) And be all traitors that do so?

(LADY MACDUFF) Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

(SON) And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

(LADY MACDUFF) Every one.

(SON) Who must hang them?

(LADY MACDUFF) Why, the honest men.

(SON) Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

[Macbeth, act IV, scene 3]

MACBETH Alas, poor country! Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing, but who knows nothing, is once seen to smile; where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems a modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives expire before the flowers in their caps, dying or ere they sicken.

L'ultimo monologo di Mabeth viene detto come se fosse un cronista, dolente, ma distaccato. Poi attacca Lady Macbeth, rientrata dall'alienazione dialogica col bambino, nell'ultima prova, prima di sparire.

[Macbeth, act V, scene 1]

LADY MACBETH Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?--Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

(...)

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

(...)

To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed, to bed!

[si accascia, Macbeth riverso su di lei]

[Macbeth, act V, scene 5]

IMBONITORE The queen, my lord, is dead.

Scoppia un applauso commosso e liberatorio da parte degli altri attori. I due restano a terra.

Il primo monologo è quello più famoso, sfrondata dell'impronunciabile frase iniziale. E' la prima volta che parla dopo esser stato bendato da Calibano. Ansimerà, ansioso come un cane di dimostrare qualcosa. La fretta di esprimere 'tutto', l'occasione così rara di svuotare il sacco, di sgravarsi, e la conseguente confusione mentale rendono il monologo una serie di lampi frammentati. Sarà di nuovo zittito, fino allo sfogo ambiguo in occasione dello scena dello stupro di Ofelia.

AMLETO           To die: to sleep (...)  
'tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd.  
To die, to sleep;  
to sleep: perchance to dream (...)  
this mortal coil (...)  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's  
contumely, the pangs of despised love, the law's delay, the insolence of office and the  
spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes, when he himself might (...)

Like a whore, unpack my heart with words      [una specie di 'a parte a se stesso':  
commenta sarcastico la propria  
verbosità, poi riattacca macchinico]

...who would fardels bear, to grunt and sweat under a weary life, but that the dread of something (...) puzzles the will and makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly to (...) conscience does make cowards of us all (...) the pale cast of thought  
(...) The fair Ophelia! [*guarda verso Ofelia, ammirato, ebete, poi 'si riprende', aggressivo*]

(...) if thou wilt marry, marry a fool..  
...get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?  
I am myself indifferent honest..  
...as chaste as ice, as pure as snow..  
...we are arrant knaves all, believe none of us...

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Seems, madam! nay it is; I know not 'seems'...

[*indignato, come rispondesse  
a un'affermazione di Ofelia*]

[Hamlet, act III, scene 1]

<suck the honey of my music, suck the honey of my music...>

[*in delirio*]

L'Imbonitore, stizzito, lo fa bendare di nuovo. Calibano tappa la bocca ad Amleto che è un disco incantato.

[The Merchant of Venice, act III, scene 5]

IMBONITORE The fool hath planted in his memory an army of good words...

[*sarcastico*]

### Scene degli amanti – 3

*Sogno di una notte di mezza estate*

E' l'ultima delle scene degli 'amanti'.

Riassunta in una pantomima (dumb-show, spettacolo muto) ossessiva, infinita, sfinita. Che farà da filo conduttore 'coreografico' e ritmico fino quasi al termine dello spettacolo. Gli amanti che si inseguono, si perdono, si detestano, si ritrovano sono quattro ragazzi distinti nettamente per i colori dei vestiti (che sono anche i loro nomi): Rosa, Bianca, Verde, Marrone. Ad essi si aggiunge il 'motore' meccanico degli inseguimenti, delle attrazioni e delle repulsioni, Puck (che potrebbe essere lo stesso Calibano), dotato di spray rumoroso alla Viola del Pensiero e di anlogo spray, con diversa emissione sonora, con funzione anestetica. Elemento di disturbo, un cane (cane alla catena, sin dall'inizio?), che assume la parte del Bottom trasformato in Asino. Puckaliban si prenderà il compito di spostare i corpi addormentati, e di fare e disfare le coppie, nell'insensata geometria delle passioni – inseguimenti, moine, scambi, litigi, risvegli estasiati e inorriditi.

L'imbonitore farà da breve prologo:

IMBONITORE <And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, our world-wide appreciated dumb-show of love...>

[A Midsummer Night's Dream, act I, scene 1]

IMBONITORE For aught that I could ever read, could ever hear by tale or history, the course of true love never did run smooth...

(...)

If there were a sympathy in choice, war, death, or sickness did lay siege to it, making it momentary as a sound, swift as a shadow, short as any dream; brief as the lightning in the collied night, that, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth, and ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!' The jaws of darkness do devour it up: so quick bright things come to confusion.

<But now, let's see our lovers>:

Gli amanti, che fino a questo punto sono rimasti di spalle, si voltano e si presentano: dicono il loro nome-colore, chi amano, se sono riamati o no, e che cosa ostacola il compimento della loro passione (del genere: babbo non vuole; non cioè i soldi per sposarla; a lui gli piace quell'altra...). Conclusa questa rapida gag, si voltano di nuovo. L'Imbonitore, di nuovo verso il pubblico, presenta i filtri incantati, nelle mani di Puckalibano:

[A Midsummer Night's Dream, act II, scene 1]

IMBONITORE <There is> a little western flower, before milk-white, now purple with love's wound, And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

(...) The juice of it - <in his right hand> - [Puckalibano alza lo spray nella mano destra] on sleeping eye-lids laid will make or man or woman madly dote upon the next live creature that it sees.

(...)

The next thing then she <or he> waking looks upon, be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, on meddling monkey, or on busy ape, she <or he> shall pursue it with the soul of love: and (...) I <can> take this charm from off <their> sight, (...) with another herb - <in his left hand>...

[Puckalibano alza lo spray nella mano sinistra]

Puckalibano, che qui emette suoni ‘sensati’ per la prima volta, farà il riassunto di quanto detto, sotto forma di filastrocca, rivolgendosi anche lui al pubblico, con voce da idiota, ridendo alla fine. Alza un paio di volte le due bombolette, facendo emettere i differenti suoni, accompagnandoli con le parole ‘love’ e ‘sleep’:

[A Midsummer Night’s Dream, act II, scene 2]

PUCKALIBANO What thou seest when thou dost wake,  
Do it for thy true-love take,  
Love and languish for his sake:  
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,  
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
In thy eye that shall appear  
When thou wakest, it is thy dear:  
Wake when some vile thing is near.

IMBONITORE <Let’s go!>

Inizia la coreografia muta. In parallelo si avvia lo stupro di Ofelia.

### Stupro di Ofelia

Amleto è complice passivo, disgustato. Calibano aiuta materialmente, divertito, ebete. Commenta con fonemi gutturali durante il coito.

La violenza inizia come sfondo della scena del “Sogno”, che continuerà nella sua assurda meccanica, senza parole. L’Imbonitore fissa Ofelia. Le si avvicina. Comincia ad accarezzarla

[Coriolanus, act II, scene 1]

IMBONITORE My gracious silence...

[Hamlet, act III, scene 2]

Lady, shall I lie in your lap? (...)  
It would cost you <just> a groaning to take off my edge.

OPHELIA No, my lord.

IMBONITORE No? *[la afferra per i capelli, la trascina e sbatte violentemente contro una delle gabbie, seguito da Calibano, e Amleto che protesta bendato, ma senza agire. La gira, per sodomizzarla]*

IMBONITORE <What do you think now?>

[Hamlet, act II, scene 2]

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so...

[Hamlet, act III, scene 2]

OPHELIA I think nothing, my lord.

IMBONITORE That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

OPHELIA What is, my lord? *[sempre più spaventata]*

IMBONITORE Nothing.

OPHELIA You are merry, my lord. *[urlando, piangendo]*

IMBONITORE Who, I?

OPHELIA Ay, my lord. *[gemendo]*

IMBONITORE O God – *[in orgasmo]* – God your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry?

Dopo la violenza, Ofelia resta a terra. L'Imbonitore si alza, dandosi un contegno, spavaldo. Durante lo stupro Amleto si rivolge all'Imbonitore con scatto isterico, effeminato: "Papà! Ma che stai facendo? Che schifo!...", dopo che Calibano, alle sue insistenze, gli ha levato per un attimo la fasciatura:

AMLETO <Daddy, what are you doing? Fie on you...>

*[poi si rivolge al pubblico, con enfasi e disgusto, mentre la scena di violenza continua. Per l'ultima battuta - "l'uomo non mi piace, e nemmeno la donna..." - che corrisponde alla conclusione dello stupro, si volta di nuovo verso il padre-Imbonitore, che lo fissa con un ghigno di compiacimento e disprezzo]*

[King Lear, act IV, scene 6]

Let copulation thrive... (...) Down from the waist they are Centaurs, though women all above: but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie! pah, pah!

[Hamlet, act II, scene 2]

<And men?> What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

*[Si ritappa la bocca da solo]*

[King Lear, act IV, scene 6]

IMBONITORE Let me wipe <my hand>: it smells of mortality

*[annusando con ostentato e sarcastico disgusto la mano che ha toccato il corpo di Ofelia, e rivolgendosi ad Amleto]*

[Hamlet, act III, scene 2]

The players cannot keep counsel...

(...) Be not you ashamed to show <in front of...>

*[di nuovo verso Ofelia]*

OPHELIA <This is back, my lord, this is back... But at least 't has been> brief, my lord...

IMBONITORE <schiaffeggiandola o sferrandole un calcio> As woman's love.

[Hamlet, act IV, scene 5]

OPHELIA "Before you tumbled me,  
You promised me to wed..."

*[cantato]*

[Hamlet, act V, scene 1]

IMBONITORE Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?

Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?

*[compiaciuto sarcasmo]*

<Speak out, now, go, speak out!>

Ofelia è obbligata a recitare il passo di Amleto sull'astinenza richiesta alla madre. Si avvia verso la "giostra", gli altri le fanno spazio. Dirà la parte nel silenzio e nell'immobilità più assoluti. Gelida. Come didascalia rabbiosa, ma 'professionale', una donna (la stessa che ha parlato nella scena 'Luce bianca – L'incubo', moglie dell'Imbonitore, che sta imbandendo la tavola) commenterà con le parole di Emilia dall'Otello la ferocia bestiale dell'uomo. Poi attacca, senza soluzione di continuità, una scena della sezione dei 'Re'.

[Hamlet, act III, scene 4]

OPHELIA That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat, of habits devil, is angel yet in this, That to the use of actions fair and good he likewise gives a frock or livery, that aptly is put on. Refrain to-night, and that shall lend a kind of easiness to the next abstinence: the next more easy; for use almost can change the stamp of nature, and either [...] the devil, or throw him out with wondrous potency. Once more, good night...

[Hamlet, act III, scene 4]

I must be cruel, only to be kind...

[Othello, act III, scene 4]

DONNA            They are all but stomachs, and we all but food; to eat us hungrily, and when they are full, they belch us.

[Anthony and Cleopatra, act II, scene 7]

IMBONITORE    Let's to supper, come, and drown consideration.

L'imbonitore si siede ad un tavolo, dove comincia a mangiare, continuando a dirigere le 'prove'. Con lui, ma in piedi, Amleto e Calibano. Il primo continua a sbattere il cibo sulla benda che gli copre la bocca, rabbioso, demente. Il secondo divora famelico e beve.

### ***Rassegna dei Re – 3***

#### ***Riccardo II – seconda parte***

Verso la fine della scena precedente, Riccardo II riconquista lentamente, in ginocchio, la parte centrale del palcoscenico, la giostra. Mentre Imbonitore e compari mangiano, tre o quattro degli attori rinchiudono il re deposto in una cassa, la sua bara-prigione. Monologo.

Due dei carcerieri, durante l'ultima parte, tamburellano a ritmo della musica sul legno della cassa.

[King Richard II, act V, scene 1]

KING RICHARD II        I have been studying how I may compare this prison where I live unto the world: and for because the world is populous and here is not a creature but myself, I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out. My brain I'll prove the female to my soul, my soul the father; and these two beget a generation of still-breeding thoughts, and these same thoughts people this little world, in humours like the people of this world, for no thought is contented. The better sort, as thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd with scruples and do set the word itself against the word: as thus, 'Come, little ones,' and then again, 'It is as hard to come as for a camel to thread the postern of a small needle's eye.' Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails may tear a passage through the flinty ribs of this hard world, my ragged prison walls, and, for they cannot, die in their own pride. Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves that they are not the first of fortune's slaves, nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame, that many have and others must sit there; and in this thought they find a kind of ease, bearing their own misfortunes on the back of such as have before endured the like. Thus play I in one person many people, and none contented: sometimes am I king; then treasons make me wish myself a beggar, and so I am: then crushing penury persuades me I was better when a king; then am I king'd again: and by and by think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke, and straight am nothing: but whate'er I be, nor I nor any man that but man is with nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased with being nothing. Music do I hear?

[Music]

Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is, when time is broke and no proportion kept! So is it in the music of men's lives. And here have I the daintiness of ear to cheque time broke in a disorder'd string; but for the concord of my state and time had not an ear to hear my true time broke. I wasted time, and now doth time waste me; for now hath time made me his numbering clock: my thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch, whereto my finger, like a dial's point, is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears. Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart, which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans show minutes, times, and hours: but my time runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy, while I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock. This music mads me; let it sound no more; for though it have help madmen to their wits, in me it seems it will make wise men mad. Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me! For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

I carcerieri, sorridendo, ficcano lame di spada dentro la cassa, mentre la musica continua. Poi la trascinano via.



### *Il SognatoRe*

Prima della scena del condannato, nella rapida girandola dei Re, lo stesso giovane che aveva raccontato il sogno dirà:

[The Tempest, act II, scene 1]

GIOVANE I wish mine eyes would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts...

[Hamlet, act II, scene 2]

I could be bounded in a nut shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

[attende compiaciuto un commento]

IMBONITORE [lo guarda attonito, poi furioso] Tutto qui? [lo frusta] Così avrai materia per i tuoi sogni!

### *Scena del condannato*

[Measure for Measure, act III, scene 1]

[A room in the prison. Enter the Duke disguised as a friar, Claudio, and Provost]

DUKE VINCENTIO So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

CLAUDIO The miserable have no other medicine  
But only hope:  
I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

DUKE VINCENTIO Be absolute for death; either death or life shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life: if I do lose thee, I do lose a thing that none but fools would keep: a breath thou art, servile to all the skyey influences, that dost this habitation, where thou keep'st, Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool; for him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble; for all the accommodations that thou bear'st are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant; for thou dost fear the soft and tender fork of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep, and that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself; for thou exist'st on many a thousand grains that issue out of dust. Happy thou art not; for what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get, and what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain; for thy complexion shifts to strange effects, after the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor; for, like an ass whose back with ingots bows, thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey, and death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none; for thine own bowels, which do call thee sire, the mere effusion of thy proper loins, do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum, for ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age, but, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep, dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich, thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty, to make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this that bears the name of life? Yet in this life lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear, that makes these odds all even.

CLAUDIO I humbly thank you.  
To sue to live, I find I seek to die; and, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

ISABELLA [Within] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

PROVOST Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

DUKE VINCENTIO Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

CLAUDIO Most holy sir, I thank you.

[Enter ISABELLA]

ISABELLA My business is a word or two with Claudio.

PROVOST And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

DUKE VINCENTIO Provost, a word with you.

PROVOST As many as you please.

DUKE VINCENTIO        Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed.

[*Exeunt DUKE VINCENTIO and Provost*]

CLAUDIO            Now, sister, what's the comfort?

ISABELLA        Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good indeed. Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven, intends you for his swift ambassador, where you shall be an everlasting leiger: therefore your best appointment make with speed; to-morrow you set on.

CLAUDIO            Is there no remedy?

ISABELLA        None, but such remedy as, to save a head, to cleave a heart in twain.

CLAUDIO            But is there any?

ISABELLA        Yes, brother, you may live: there is a devilish mercy in the judge, if you'll implore it, that will free your life, but fetter you till death.

CLAUDIO            Perpetual durance?

ISABELLA        Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint, though all the world's vastidity you had, To a determined scope.

CLAUDIO            But in what nature?

ISABELLA        In such a one as, you consenting to't, would bark your honour from that trunk you bear, and leave you naked.

CLAUDIO            Let me know the point.

ISABELLA        O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake, lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain, And six or seven winters more respect than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die? The sense of death is most in apprehension; and the poor beetle, that we tread upon, in corporal sufferance finds a pang as great as when a giant dies.

CLAUDIO        Why give you me this shame? Think you I can a resolution fetch from flowery tenderness? If I must die, I will encounter darkness as a bride, and hug it in mine arms.

ISABELLA        There spake my brother; there my father's grave did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die: thou art too noble to conserve a life in base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy, whose settled visage and deliberate word nips youth i' the head and follies doth emmew as falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil his filth within being cast, he would appear a pond as deep as hell.

CLAUDIO            The prenzie Angelo!

ISABELLA        O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell, the damned'st body to invest and cover in prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio? If I would yield him my virginity, thou mightst be freed.

CLAUDIO            O heavens! it cannot be.

ISABELLA        Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence, so to offend him still. This night's the time that I should do what I abhor to name, or else thou diest to-morrow.

CLAUDIO            Thou shalt not do't.

ISABELLA        O, were it but my life, I'd throw it down for your deliverance as frankly as a pin.

CLAUDIO            Thanks, dear Isabel.

ISABELLA        Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.

CLAUDIO        Yes. Has he affections in him, that thus can make him bite the law by the nose, when he would force it? Sure, it is no sin, or of the deadly seven, it is the least.

ISABELLA        Which is the least?



(...)

I have heard you say that we shall see and know our friends in heaven: if that be true, I shall see my boy again; for since the birth of Cain, the first male child, to him that did but yesterday suspire, there was not such a gracious creature born. But now will <canker-death> eat my bud and chase the native beauty from his cheek and he will look as hollow as a ghost, as dim and meagre as an ague's fit...

And so <he's dead>; and, rising so again, when I shall meet him in the court of heaven I shall not know him: therefore never, never must I behold my pretty <son> more.

(...)

IMBONITORE     You are as fond of grief as of your child.

MOTHER             Grief fills the room up of my absent child, lies in his bed, walks up and down with me, puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words, remembers me of all his gracious parts, stuffs out his vacant garments with his form...

Entra in scena Re Lear, demente.

MOTHER             <Here comes Lear's shadow, old idiot, bloody dog! You've killed my son!>

[Richard III, act IV, scene 4]

From forth the kennel of thy <mother's> womb hath crept a hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death: that dog, that had his teeth before his eyes, to worry lambs and lap their gentle blood, that foul defacer of God's handiwork, that excellent grand tyrant of the earth, that reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls, thy <mother's> womb let loose, to chase us to our graves. O upright, just, and true-disposing God, how do I thank thee, that this carnal cur preys on the issue of his mother's body, <devouring himself with his own madness...>

Viene trascinata fuori, mentre urla le ultime battute.

### ***Rassegna dei Re – 4***

#### ***Re Lear***

Lear entra trascinando per mano uno scimmione di peluche. Perduto, rimbambito. Emette suoni da infante, rivolgendosi con tenerezza o aggressività allo scimmione. Lotta con l'aria. I capelli sono inghirlandati di erbe e fiori di campo. Piove. La 'cosa stessa', l'uomo ridotto alla sua essenza di vanitas è l'impiccato, seminudo. Il vecchio si straccia le vesti. Cerca qualcosa che ha perduto, forse. La trova per terra. E' la parrucca bionda che posa con dolcezza bambina (Mozart al piano?) sulla testa dell'impiccato. Discorso delle farfalle d'oro, alla figlia morta. La disperazione. Lear si accascia lentamente, come uno straccio, come un sacco svuotato, disossato. Commento didascalico dell'Imbonitore sull'oscurità dei tempi.

Dopo molti secondi di smarrimento, mimica forsennata e demente, Lear, ripensando alle maledizioni della 'madre', ma fissando l'Imbonitore, esce con una domanda:

[King Lear, act I, scene 4]

KING LEAR         Dost thou call me fool, boy?

FOOL (IMBONITORE)     All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with. (...) I am a fool, thou art nothing.

Rivolgendosi all'impiccato (e poi al peluche):

[King Lear, act III, scene 4]

KING LEAR         ...let me talk with this philosopher. (...)

Thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come unbutton here.

[Tearing off his clothes]

Dopo essersi spogliato, canticchia (parafrasando Edgar e guardando con tenerezza la scimmia) e poi torna a delirare:

KING LEAR <Little monkey's a-cold... Little monkey's a-cold...>

[King Lear, act IV, scene 1]

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods. They kill us for their sport.

[King Lear, act IV, scene 6]

When we are born, we cry that we are come to this great stage of fools: this a good block; it were a delicate stratagem, to shoe a troop of horse with felt...

[King Lear, act II, scene 4]

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

[*si inginocchia sotto all'impiccato,  
dopo avergli messo la parrucca*]

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg that you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

[King Lear, act V, scene 3]

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage: when thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down, and ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live, and pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh at gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too, who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out; and take upon's the mystery of things, as if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out, in a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones, that ebb and flow by the moon.

(...)

[*inizia improvvisamente ad urlare*] She's gone for ever! I know when one is dead, and when one lives; she's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass; if that her breath will mist or stain the stone, why, then she lives.

(...)

I might have saved her; now she's gone for ever! Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha! What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

(...)

And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life! Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, and thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more, never, never, never, never, never!

Lear è portato fuori di peso, mentre continua a ripetere 'never'.

L'Imbonitore, nella parte del coro, commenta con le parole conclusive di Edgar.

[King Lear, act V, scene 3]

IMBONITORE The weight of this sad time we must obey;  
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

Quando si accorge dell'arrivo di Shylock, l'Imbonitore perde la flemma artatamente partecipe e lo aggredisce.

### Scena del diverso

[Macbeth, act V, scene 3]

IMBONITORE Take thy fence hence.

[The Merchant of Venice, act III, scene 1]

SHYLOCK I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Anche Shylock vien portato via di peso.

## Parte di Calibano

E' l'altro assistente dell'imbonitore, assieme ad Amleto, che non ama. Sta quasi sempre zitto, a differenza del compare-fratello, che deve essere imbavagliato. Grugnisce, è animalesco, violento, servile. E' anche Puck, nella coreografia del 'Sogno'.

Un personaggio, all'inizio della scena, fa da Coro 'fuorviante' (durante la sua parte, le luci si abbassano, unica volta dall'inizio, e vengono riaccese bruscamente appena terminato il brano, con altrettanto repentina e febbrile ripresa dell'azione).

Tutta la scena sarà accompagnata da percussioni metalliche e in legno.

[Henry V, act IV, scene 1]

CHORUS        Now entertain conjecture of a time when creeping murmur and the poring dark fills the wide vessel of the universe. From camp to camp through the foul womb of night The hum of either army stilly sounds, that the fixed sentinels almost receive the secret whispers of each other's watch: fire answers fire, and through their paly flames each battle sees the other's umber'd face; steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents the armourers, accomplishing the knights, with busy hammers closing rivets up, give dreadful note of preparation: the country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll, and the third hour of drowsy morning name.

[The Tempest, act II, scene 2]

IMBONITORE    [*presenta Calibano sulla 'giostra'*]

What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lazy out ten to see a dead Indian.

[*gli si avvicina, lo fa bere alla bottiglia*]

[The Tempest, act II, scene 2]

Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Calibano ringrazierà l'Imbonitore, inginocchiandosi, ruffiano. E comincerà ad ingollare alcool. L'Imbonitore lo incalzerà:

[The Tempest, act II, scene 2]

IMBONITORE    How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Gli altri 'attori' cominciano a cantare tutti in coro, festosi, mano nella mano, accompagnati dalla musica:

[Anthony and Cleopatra, act II, scene 7]

THE SONG

Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!  
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:  
Cup us, till the world go round,  
Cup us, till the world go round!

Calibano ha un momento di estasi lirica, intenso, appena acquistata la parola, alimentata dall'alcool:

[The Tempest, act III, scene 2]

...the isle is full of noises, sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices that, if I then had waked after long sleep, will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming, the clouds methought would open and show riches ready to drop upon me that, when I waked, I cried to dream again.

(...)This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Un ‘a parte’ dell’Imbonitore:

[Measure for Measure, act IV, scene 1]

IMBONITORE ...music oft hath such a charm to make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

[The Merchant of Venice, act V, scene 1]

I am never merry when I hear sweet music. [*lo urla, rabbioso con se stesso*]  
(...)  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Gli altri restano catturati dal ‘risveglio’ della bestia e sopresi dall’improvviso smarrimento autoanalitico dell’imbonitore. Calibano uscirà con questo scatto di rabbioso orgoglio:

[The Tempest, act I, scene 2]

CALIBANO You taught me language; and my profit on't is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you for learning me your language!

Suscita l’ilarità generale e la reazione dura dell’Imbonitore, che si desta dallo stupore e dalle vertigine momentanei:

IMBONITORE <Shut up, howling monster! Shut up, you thing of darkness!! Drunken idiot!!!>

L’Imbonitore frusta Calibano. La reprimenda, crescendo di violenza, smorza le risate. Inizialmente Calibano subisce, poi scatena la rivolta cantando sotto le botte, sguaiato, ubriaco:

[The Tempest, act II, scene 2]

CALIBANO Farewell master; farewell, farewell!  
(...)  
No more dams I'll make for fish  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring;  
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish  
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban  
Has a new master: get a new man. [*ripetuto*]  
  
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!  
*[questa frase sarà scandita come slogan di rivolta, non più cantata]*

L’Imbonitore viene assalito da tutti gli altri e affogato a suon di musica (dentro una delle bare che fa o farà da abbeveratoio per il cavallo di Ofelia, oppure in un bidone di acqua piovana), mentre Calibano continua a strepitare quanto sopra.

Tentativo patetico e vano di fermare il linciaggio, che si interrompe per qualche secondo:

[King Richard II, act II, scene 1]

IMBONITORE O, but they say the tongues of dying men enforce attention like deep harmony: where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain, for they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain. He that no more must say is listen'd more than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose; more are men's ends mark'd than their lives before: the setting sun, and music at the close, as the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last, writ in remembrance more than things long past: (...) my death's sad tale may yet undeaf <your ears>...

La reazione sarà ancora più violenta e scurrile.  
Dopo l’omicidio collettivo, Calibano fa il suo primo ed ultimo discorso politico:

[2 Henry VI, act IV, scene 2]

CALIBANO     ..and when I am king, as king I will be... (...)there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers(...)  
The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.     [assenso generale]  
[ridono tutti]

[2 Henry VI, act IV, scene 7]

And henceforward all things shall be in common.

[King Lear, act IV, scene 1]

So distribution should undo excess, and each man have enough.

[ovazione]

E da buon Re della ‘società dello spettacolo’, neoeletto per acclamazione, dà il via, con le parole di Prospero decontestualizzate dalla loro raffinatezza magico–rinasCIMETALE, alla recita degli artigiani, che suscita l’ilarità partecipe degli altri attori.

CALIBANO     <Now let's make our show, friends!>

[The Tempest, act IV, scene 1]

CALIBANO     <These are> spirits, which by mine Art I have from their confines call'd to enact my present fancies...

Amleto e Ofelia, che non hanno partecipato alla rivolta, restano in disparte. Ofelia silenziosa, immobile. Amleto sempre bendato, scuote la testa, dissente.

Quando si fa silenzio, un silenzio glaciale, inizia l’epilogo, con la prima canzone e il primo testo recitati da Ofelia.

### ***Scena dei teatranti***

La messa in scena degli artigiani, alla fine del “Sogno di una notte di mezza estate”.

Sono omessi i commenti degli ‘spettatori’.

[A Midsummer Night's Dream, act V, scene 1]

[Flourish of trumpets. Enter QUINCE for the Prologue]

PROLOGUE     If we offend, it is with our good will.  
That you should think, we come not to offend,  
But with good will. To show our simple skill,  
That is the true beginning of our end.  
Consider then we come but in despite.  
We do not come as minding to contest you,  
Our true intent is. All for your delight  
We are not here. That you should here repent you,  
The actors are at hand and by their show  
You shall know all that you are like to know.  
(...)

[Enter with a trumpeter before them Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion]

PROLOGUE     Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;  
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.  
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;  
This beauteous lady Thisbe is certain.  
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present  
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;  
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content  
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.  
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,  
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,  
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn



To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.  
 This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,  
 The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,  
 Did scare away, or rather did affright;  
 And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,  
 Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.  
 Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,  
 And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:  
 Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,  
 He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;  
 And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,  
 His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,  
 Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain  
 At large discourse, while here they do remain. [*Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine*]  
 (...)

WALL In this same interlude it doth befall  
 That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;  
 And such a wall, as I would have you think,  
 That had in it a crannied hole or chink,  
 Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,  
 Did whisper often very secretly.  
 This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth show  
 That I am that same wall; the truth is so:  
 And this the cranny is, right and sinister,  
 Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

(...)  
 (...)

[*Enter Pyramus*]

PYRAMUS O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!  
 O night, which ever art when day is not!  
 O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,  
 I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!  
 And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,  
 That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!  
 Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,  
 Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!  
 Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!  
 But what see I? No Thisby do I see.  
 O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!  
 Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!  
 (...)

[*Wall holds up his fingers*]

[*Enter Thisbe*]

THISBE O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,  
 For parting my fair Pyramus and me!  
 My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,  
 Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

PYRAMUS I see a voice: now will I to the chink, yo spy an I can hear my Thisby's face. Thisby!

THISBE My love thou art, my love I think.

PYRAMUS Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace; and, like Limander, am I trusty still.

THISBE And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

PYRAMUS Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

THISBE As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

PYRAMUS O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

THISBE I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

PYRAMUS Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

THISBE 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe*]

WALL Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;  
 And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

[*Exit*]

(...)

[Enter Lion and Moonshine]

LION You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear  
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,  
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,  
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.  
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am  
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam;  
For, if I should as lion come in strife  
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.  
(...)

MOONSHINE This lanthorn doth the horned moon present; myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.  
(...)

MOONSHINE All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in  
the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.  
(...)

[Enter Thisbe]

THISBE This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

LION [Roaring] Oh-- [Thisbe runs off]  
(...)

[The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit]

(...)

[Enter Pyramus]

PYRAMUS Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;  
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;  
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,  
I trust to take of truest Thisbe sight.  
But stay, O spite!  
But mark, poor knight,  
What dreadful dole is here!  
Eyes, do you see?  
How can it be?  
O dainty duck! O dear!  
Thy mantle good,  
What, stain'd with blood!  
Approach, ye Furies fell!  
O Fates, come, come,  
Cut thread and thrum; quail, crush, conclude, and quell!  
(...)

PYRAMUS O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?  
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:  
Which is--no, no--which was the fairest dame  
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd  
with cheer.  
Come, tears, confound;  
Out, sword, and wound  
The pap of Pyramus;  
Ay, that left pap,  
Where heart doth hop:

[Stabs himself]

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.  
Now am I dead,  
Now am I fled;  
My soul is in the sky:  
Tongue, lose thy light;  
Moon take thy flight:  
Now die, die, die, die, die.

[Exit Moonshine]

[Dies]

(...)

[Re-enter Thisbe]

(...)

THISBE Asleep, my love?  
What, dead, my dove?  
O Pyramus, arise!  
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb  
 Must cover thy sweet eyes.  
 These My lips,  
 This cherry nose,  
 These yellow cowslip cheeks,  
 Are gone, are gone:  
 Lovers, make moan:  
 His eyes were green as leeks.  
 O Sisters Three,  
 Come, come to me,  
 With hands as pale as milk;  
 Lay them in gore,  
 Since you have shore  
 With shears his thread of silk.  
 Tongue, not a word:  
 Come, trusty sword;  
 Come, blade, my breast imbrue: [Stabs herself]

And, farewell, friends;  
 Thus Thisby ends:  
 Adieu, adieu, adieu. [Dies]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:  
 Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.  
 I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn  
 As much as we this night have overwatch'd.  
 This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled  
 The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.  
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,  
 In nightly revels and new jollity.  
 [...e tutti ridono]

### ***Epilogo – Scena del congedo***

Ofelia sulla giostra, da sola, mentre continua la geometria folle e sfinita degli amanti del ‘Sogno’ che si inseguono.  
 Sopra un cavallo. Lo abbraccia, come Nietzsche.  
 Ofelia recita a scatti, come risvegliandosi macchinalmente, o entrando in trance (per le canzoni).

OPHELIA

[The Tempest, act I, scene 2]  
 Full fathom five thy father lies;  
 Of his bones are coral made;  
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
 Nothing of him that doth fade  
 But doth suffer a sea-change  
 Into something rich and strange.  
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.  
 [Hamlet, act V, scene 2]

There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come;  
 if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the  
 readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave  
 betimes? <Let be>.

Risveglio–resurrezione dell’Imbonitore. E’ Amleto che, capovolgendo le apparenze dell’intero spettacolo, nella tradizione della beffa shakespeariana, si mostra come vero capocomico.

Il Fool del titolo non riguarda soltanto gli attori, ma anche gli spettatori, gabbati dal gioco, dalle apparenze.

Amleto si dirige verso il proscenio e ‘parla’ con il pubblico dicendo il sonetto 123 (senza il distico finale), dichiarando la fonte (“E’ un sonetto di Shakespeare...”), poi si volge al ‘cadavere’ dell’Imbonitore:

[Sonnets, CXXIII]

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:  
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might  
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
 They are but dressings of a former sight.  
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,

And rather make them born to our desire  
Than think that we before have heard them told.  
Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
Not wondering at the present nor the past,  
For thy records and what we see doth lie,  
Made more or less by thy continual haste.

AMLETO <E tu, vecchia talpa, vieni fuori, se non vuoi beccarti un raffreddore!>

L'Imbonitore, riverso dentro il bidone dove è stato 'affogato', si solleva, scuotendo la chioma bagnata e togliendosela (una parrucca, un altro travestimento, un altro 'inganno'). Amleto fa cenno agli altri di allontanarsi, invitando i due superstiti – Ofelia e l'Imbonitore – a terminare l'opera.

[The Tempest, act IV, scene 1]

IMBONITORE Our revels now are ended. These our actors (...) were all spirits and are melted into air, into thin air: and, like the baseless fabric of this vision, the cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself, Ye all which it inherit, shall dissolve and, like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep. <Ladies and Gentlemen>, I am vex'd; bear with my weakness; my brain is troubled: be not disturb'd with my infirmity: if you be pleased, retire into <your cells> and there repose: a turn or two I'll walk, to still my beating mind.

L'Imbonitore si mette a passeggiare avanti e indietro (mentre vien meno la demente rincorsa degli amanti del 'Sogno') e scandirà con i suoi passi i momenti di Ofelia non commentati dalla musica e la fine stessa dello spettacolo.

[Hamlet, act IV, scene 5]

OPHELIA He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone;  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.

I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground.

Good night, ladies;  
good night, sweet ladies;  
good night, good night.

[per la musica, vedi Lou Reed???

[3 King Henry VI, act V, scene 6]

[Ofelia continua c.s., di sfondo]

IMBONITORE The midwife wonder'd and the women cried 'o, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!' And so I was; which plainly signified that I should snarl and bite and play the dog. Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so, let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it. I have no brother, I am like no brother; And this word 'love,' which graybeards call divine, be resident in men like one another and not in me: I am myself alone.

[Hamlet, act V, scene 1]

OPHELIA That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once (...). Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel? Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away (...) Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. (...)

[James Joyce, Ulysses]

<Weave, weaver of the wind - tell us another story, sir...> [cantato]

IMBONITORE <History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake...> [sempre camminando]

[King John, act V, scene 7]

It is too late: the life of all <her> blood is touch'd corruptibly, and <her> pure brain, which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house, doth by the idle comments that it makes foretell the ending of mortality.

(...) 'Tis strange that death should sing.

L'Imbonitore è 'fuori campo'. L'attenzione visiva deve concentrarsi su Ofelia, che mentre l'Imbonitore parla e commenta, continua a cantare.

[Hamlet, act IV, scene 5]

OPHELIA        They bore him barefaced on the bier;  
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;  
And in his grave rain'd many a tear:--  
Fare you well, my dove!

[Hamlet, act V, scene 1]

Poor <Hamlet!> I knew him (...): a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rims at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.

[Henry V, act IV, scene 1]

IMBONITORE    Yet sit and see; minding true things by what their mock'ries be...

[Measure for Measure, act V, scene 1]

<I'm a man that apprehend> no further than this world...

[Measure for Measure, act IV, scene 2]

<I apprehend> death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Invita il pubblico a continuare l'ascolto e la visione, e non riesce a fermarsi. Il suo camminare, il suo compulsare inquieto, "amletico", la pedana del palcoscenico, in ombra, al buio, invisibile, è rumore di pensiero, che traduce somaticamente, ritmicamente "and my ending is despair" dell'epilogo della 'Tempesta'.

[Hamlet, act IV, scene 5]

OPHELIA        There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;  
pray, love, remember:  
and there is pansies,  
that's for thoughts.

[Hamlet, act IV, scene 7]

When these <tears> are gone,  
the woman will be out.

[Othello, act I, scene 3]

IMBONITORE    I never found a man that knew how to love himself  
(...) I would change my humanity with a baboon...        [a parte, allucinato]

[A Midsummer Night's Dream, act III, scene 2]

And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye, steal me awhile from mine own company.

[Henry V, act II, scene 3]

OPHELIA      [*imita l'accento di una popolana incolta*]  
A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even  
  
just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him  
fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew  
there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green  
fields. 'How now, sir John!' quoth I 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out  
'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not  
think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.  
So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them,  
and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as  
any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

[Othello, act I, scene 1]

IMBONITORE      I am not what I am.

[Othello, act V, scene 2]

Demand me nothing: what you know, you know: from this time forth I never will speak word.

[Hamlet, act IV, scene 5]

OPHELIA      And will he not come again?  
And will he not come again?  
No, no, he is dead:  
Go to thy death-bed:  
He never will come again.  
  
His beard was as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll:  
He is gone, he is gone,  
And we cast away moan:  
God ha' mercy on his soul!      [*ripetuto, ossessivo*]  
  
He never will come again...      [*stranito, senza melodia né musica*]

## SCHEMA

Prologo – La seduzione

Buio – L'incubo

Luce bianca – L'incubo

Scene degli amanti – 1

Romeo e Giulietta  
Pene d'amor perdute  
Sonetto 129  
Otello

Rassegna dei Re – 1

Riccardo II – prima parte  
Il Bastardo

Scene degli amanti – 2

Antonio e Cleopatra

Rassegna dei Re – 2

Macbeth

Pausa amletica

Scene degli amanti – 3

Sogno di una notte di mezza estate

Stupro di Ofelia

Rassegna dei Re – 3

Riccardo II – seconda parte  
Il SognatoRe

Scena del condannato

Rassegna dei Re – 4

Re Lear

Scena del diverso

Parte di Calibano

Scena dei teatranti

Epilogo – Il congedo