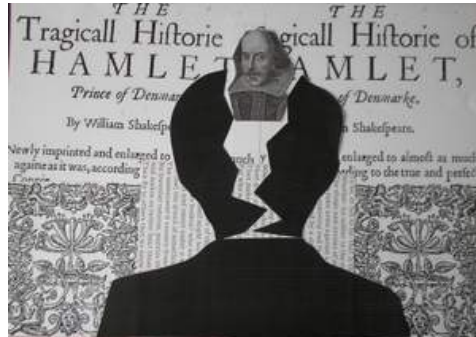


Kate Aksonova. ACTOR PLAYS HAMLET.



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Translation Katherina Aksonova, May 2014.

Revision August 2014.

Idea September 2013.

Performance is for one male actor.

Play dedicated to all actors who play and dream about perform role of Hamlet.

Quotations: William Shakespeare. Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

Character: ACTOR.

Scene 1.



The table is on stage. Book lays on table, "Shakespeare" written on the fly-leaf. Shakespeare's bust is near the book. Turned over chair is on the floor nearby the table.

ACTOR enters. Man in black turtle-neck sweater, black trousers, barefoot. Actor's age and appearance doesn't matter.

Actor bends forward and puts chair straight.



ACTOR: Ghost, why Ghost? It would be better to begin the story with Hamlet. He is wandering like Ghost in his loneliness. No. Director; he rejected me at the end of casting; told me that I must read again, until I experience everything myself. How?!

Actor takes back of chair and holds it tight till he manages with his anger and puts his hands away.

ACTOR: Till I understand everything myself. Until text become my breathing. I don't come to play Hamlet. I am Hamlet. His words I know better than thoughts in my brain. I could, I must play him now. Why they didn't notice?

Actor takes and looks at Shakespeare's bust.



ACTOR: Tell me, how could you wrote this? Where did you find these words? How did your Hamlet manage to live longer than you? And he lives till now. Personage became the dream for all man - actors who are in existence on earth.

Mute! I have a lot of questions to you, just as everyone who performs your plays. You were mastermind. I dream about become equal ... at least to your great character.

Actor hard embraces Shakespeare's bust, sits down on chair and starts pensively swings himself from side to side.



ACTOR (talks slowly, frankly to Shakespeare's bust): Ghost, you played him. Perhaps it is the reason why he came first. Herald of decease. Majesty of power. But you were wrong. Hamlet was stronger in his grief and misery. After he died on your pages, he lived since that time.

Actor stands up and puts bust on the table carefully, like made from crystal.



ACTOR: Enough consideration, I must return to my role. Prepare. I'll show them which person Hamlet is. I'll prove. I deserve it. I will read till visible image of Danish Prince appears from the lines.

Actor takes the book and at beginning mutters text, later cries out it on the loudest potentiality of his voice.



ACTOR: Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun. How could be the sun too much? When we first time see Hamlet he is quiet till King addresses to him. Hamlet is adult he could be the King himself. And he is speechless here, till uncle spoke to him. Was Prince shy? Do I need add timidity in my voice? But no, he is Prince. He can't be bashful.

I am too much i' the sun. He is impertinent! Never he will be silent. Comedy. They were laughing when Shakespeare was playing in this performance. It was parody to work of Erasmus from Rotterdam. Erasmus forgot. Hamlet is the one who stays. He is insolent.

I feel pain in his words. I am too much i' the sun. He didn't resign himself to father's death. Did he suspect King was murdered? Or deepness of his sorrow gave him courage to conversation about death. Death which was accepted calmly by his brother.

Hamlet feels deeper than he reveals outside. I understand him. Myself... I try to find, rush about and have difficulty in display my feelings... For me is not enough showing external. I never satisfied with my performance, I know that I can give more.

Critics and praise never open all truth. I am best critic for myself. I look at mirror like spectator. I admire myself, my performance and forget about hero. Because of that I haven't mirrors at home. They disturb. It is all exterior. Tinsel.

I know not 'seems.'

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Yes, yes. I have that within which passeth show. Truth, not acting is inside me. And I live like Hamlet, until curtain will separate me from spectators and bring back to usual world. There, where I have to live as myself. Being in front of the audience makes me feel alive.

Stage. Boards. I perform and live. I wait when all repeat again. Curtain opens, I am back at my world. All talks about theatre are for nothing. Hamlet hankers for suicide.

Reads anguished.

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.

Mother chose next husband. The one who wasn't suitable for preference. How can I perform that? Where I will find facet, colours, for role to shine. Should I show offended by mother? Edip's complex. Silly. No, I won't act like that. Wrong man has the throne. Maybe I could play jealousy. Has Hamlet tortures of

pride? No. What about mother's crime? Incest.

As it was written. Not my invention. Word after word. I see Hamlet alive and feel all his urges. My target is to persuade audience to believe me... Eventually, director will say this actor will play Hamlet. He is acceptable for that role. Role fits actor like glove to his hand.

Actor sits down on stage. His chin touches his chest. Eyes closes. He smiles.



ACTOR: Acting, success, recognition. (opens eyes and looks round audience if it was ten time bigger). All this eyes look only at you. People breathe and keep silent with you. To be an actor is great calling. And cross which press you against stage. How I perform Hamlet? I?! I have to force them to forget about previous one, who walked on that stage.

Actor hits stage by his palm. Then solicitous, tender strokes stage.

ACTOR: Oh, stage. You memorize everything and remember everyone. Quiet, speechless critic. I can't hear your applauds, through stamp of actor's feet who walked on you. You will help me. You always helped. They will forget about preceding actors. On stage I will be Hamlet.

Actor raises sleeve of his sweater, looks at watch.

ACTOR: I'm late, aren't I? I have to go. I will demonstrate them...

Actor stands up sharply and exits from stage in resolutely step with straight back.



Blackout.

Scene 2.

Actor is indignant.



ACTOR: Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

She is clever and I am an idiot. I run to wreak revenge, when I heard everything.

She forced me to do the swear, like Hamlet demanded from Horatio and Marcellus.

I am mad with her, like Hamlet after he saw a Ghost. She swore that agreed to the whole only to be with me. To be - yes. But here is profession. Yes, she is not Ophelia, who listens brother's precepts.

Actor covers up his head by his hands.



ACTOR: What did he say? Oh, yes. You are terrific madman. I believe you. Don't read me the first act.

And when he stopped laugh... He told me that I invented an interesting campaign for win that casting. Role is pretty much yours.

Actor clenches his mouth.

ACTOR (speaks through teeth): Role is yours. If you will perform the same kind of unbalanced person on stage, as you were when talked to me.

And she? She was smiling. I know. She stood in wings. I didn't approach to her, I couldn't.

Sufficiently. I have to learn the part. I'll prove. I was playing, not showing my real feelings.

It will be that mode. I permit her to believe. She'll make mistake. Like Ophelia thinks that Hamlet is uncontrolled from passion to her. I overcome everything with cold shower and calm breathing. Involuntarily she helped me. I feel gratitude to her.

Now she is insignificant for me. I see the way to my target. I must perform Hamlet. I ready to go to monastery to refuse all temptations.

All, all is wrong. I need insanity of tragedy, not foolishness. Anew text could help me.

Actor sits down on chair and bends over open book. Than he shrinks back and speaks hastily.



ACTOR: Hamlet's doing are in shade. We know that he turned insane from Ophelia's words. King and Queen not satisfied with his behaviour. Everything concealed from us. Hamlet's words are in another person cues. His friends, who witnessed Ghost appearance, are far away. Maddened by terrible secret, he became a Wraith himself. Spirit who interfered. Better I call that anxiety not madness.

Hamlet moved away from everyone. He didn't open heart to his beloved. He ordered his friends to be silent about Ghost. What for is reticence? What was on Prince mind when he become insane? Was he already mad when he speak with father's spirit?

(appeals to Shakespeare's bust)



Shakespeare, I have for you increasingly questions. You left in line of your play less answers than we demand. We even haven't exact wording of Hamlet's letter to Ophelia. It was read by Polonius. Demanding. Actor's triumph above himself and above role is in hypothesis. And I could take part in competition with others. What to do with Hamlet's entrance towards Polonius? Hamlet has book, talks like mad man. The others listen to him. Who do I play? Half-wit or genius? He desired revenge. "Murder of Gonzago" didn't perform yet. Learning words by heart don't help. All Shakespeare is in this - I have to find explanations to his riddles between lines.

Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Why he needs all that fish? Was it reference to symbol of Christ? In suicide only one thing scared Hamlet: violation of commandments.

At that first Hamlet's performance how lovely was to act. They hadn't weight of interpretation upon them. They weren't suffered from Stanislavsky's analyse of role.

Actor's work on self. Who told more precisely? Work is on self, not on the role or character. They are complete. You create something that run away from you. Hamlet speaks so strange with Polonius. At the same time, he remembers that Polonius has daughter. Polonius admitted Hamlet's words were exact. After that Hamlet saw his friends. Confusion. Recognition. Guildenstern, Rosencrantz. Is Prince normal? Is puzzlement in someone who he knew must have for mad person? I am not insane man. How do I know? Shakespeare wasn't mad person also. His Hamlet was prudently demented.

HAMLET

Denmark's a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ

Then is the world one.

HAMLET

A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

For Rosencrantz all world is prison, but Hamlet's utterances are only about Denmark... I think that Hamlet hopes to find rescue in the world, not different prison.

How do I perform it? Chatter with friends or continuation of conversation with Polonius.

I entail knowledge what to do in every word of part. Also I need to collect all life of character together, that it will look like behaviour of one person. Hamlet is absolutely unbearable in that scheme. Where entangled sanity and madness in his brain?

Is he mad when everybody think that he is? Or they can't abidet him after he changed his point of view. He became unfamiliar to them after King's death. Do we know who he was before that? Hamlet was in love with Ophelia. What was previously? He lived cheerful life with his friends. Father's death was his first shock in life, wasn't it?

Then Hamlet is infantile. I can't play teenager embittered at all humanity. Is Hamlet grown-up or only look like one?

I don't think that father's death was turning point in his fate. He came back from Wittenburg. He saw a different world and he wanted to return there.

Hamlet character changed and he is no more satisfied of the court life.

Knowledge which he learned made his life as Prince unbearable and cause him to death at the end.

Eo quod in multa sapientia multa sit indignatio et qui addit scientiam addat et laborem.

No. I have to stick to what we know definitely.

He is delighted. In love with Ophelia but he didn't hurry to marry her. Is he admiring Donna Angelicata? Why did he necessitate all this? He lived before his tête-à-tête with Ghost. What was before, that is so easy to make Hamlet defeated?

Quiet?

Actor points with his finger at Shakespeare's bust.



ACTOR: Silent, like always. You didn't know how hard will be to present your words stick in the centuries as up-to-date event.

for there is nothing
either good or bad, but thinking makes it so

Such words couldn't say mad person. He is philosopher.
I treat role hardship like accumulation of my deeds. Does Hamlet suffer? Yes. He was lonely in his conjectures and however he keeps exactness of his mind.
And further... (actor turns over leafs of book)



He is observant and truthful in his thoughts.

You were sent
for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks
which your modesties have not craft enough to colour:
I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

How do I perform one more dialogue with Polonius? Hamlet was frankly reasonable, when in another person's eyes he was mad. Everyone around see symptoms of his strangeness. Are they sure? Or they want to be convinced. It is trouble-free to agree that Hamlet is batty besotted. It is delinquent to think that he wasn't gratify by replacement of kings.
Amazing he sees himself from another person's point of view. He understands in which state he is and how that explain everybody around him.

I have of late--but
wherefore I know not--lost all my mirth, forgone all
custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily
with my disposition that this goodly frame, the
earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most
excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave

o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. 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



Depression and disappointment he has in clear form. Hamlet has syndrome of chronic tiredness they will tell now. I also feel the same. I don't know where to go, what I have to do and if my work at the end has result. Even from women he hadn't delight. He forgot about love to Ophelia. Could he remembers about her if all his thoughts are about revenge? She is the same as mine... Incoherent affirmation is not enough for her. I shouted at director. Certainly I acted like mad person. It is not sufficient for her. She never listened to me. Talk to me about what is important at least once. No. I would deal with roles only at rehearsal - she told me, when looked in my eyes. I am an actor, I live like that. All my life is preparation for role. Hamlet, any role.

I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Now Hamlet is cautious and cynical. He has notions about theatre and actors. Maybe I could play that Hamlet performs - for spectators who wants to see him like that - his madness. In that case he is greatest among actors. Because of this it is so difficult to play this role.

No, I need to stop. I mustn't be a Hamlet. I ought to perform him. It is highly problematic for me. Role fills me inside and less of me is left in me. I am Shakespeare's slave and subject of his lines.

Actor affectedly and loudly laughs.

ACTOR: Hamlet speaks with actors who were invited to entertain him. He knows their faces, characters. He is attentive to them like to his friends. He confused Polonius. But Polonius in his turn solely looks for reason to mention his daughter.

Polonius witnessed, Hamlet repeated text, which he heard just once, without mistakes. How could he assume madness from love?! Maybe he dreamed that King and Queen will believe in power of Prince's passion for his daughter. Hamlet cried when he listened to actor. His tears are about what he heard.

Did he impress by actor? No, he couldn't. He was upset because he heard what echoed in his heart with recognizable pain. Truth gave him this cry. Clear emotion is another argument against him. Everybody see mad man in him. Hamlet remembers that he is Prince. He habitually orders to accommodate actors. Nobody saw his torment. And mine they also didn't see. He opened himself to everybody, he became victim of self-pity and received malicious attacks. No, nobody could realize why you have tears on your cheeks. Acting, performing. Let them see only what I permit them to see.

Actor sits down on stage, closes his face with his palms and compresses himself in embryo's position. Breaths hard and noisy, like if he keeps back strong sobbing.



ACTOR (cries out): we'll hear a play to-morrow.

Actor stands up sluggishly as animal which stretches its bones.



ACTOR: Death of Gonzago. He knew what to pick. Hamlet saw the play. He is ready to write few lines by himself. Ah, he admires trade of actor. Actor's performance became inspiration and he invents his plan of revenge. Although he understood how pitiful is his hesitancy.

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
 Is it not monstrous that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit
 That from her working all his visage wann'd,
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
 For Hecuba!
 What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
 That he should weep for her? What would he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Ha!
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play 's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Yes, Hamlet is the greatest actor who involved in his tragedy. He is best as spectator. However, the same quality as you, who sits here in darkness and holds breath to hear my words. Louder, quieter, you will hear all, I will tell all... Now, I need get some fresh air. I'm tired of word's dust.



Actor exits from stage.

Blackout.

Scene 3.

Actor enters. He walks in confident step, full of power. Speaks loudly.

ACTOR: Third act. Again about Hamlet's ache we know from another person speech. His friends identified him as mad because he didn't answer them honestly. Why? Friendship is confession. Hamlet knew that they will retell to the King his every word. No, he was not unhinged, he was prudent. Verification of feelings or degree of his madness - build on encounter with Ophelia.

Actor takes Shakespeare's bust and speaks to it.



ACTOR: Here I never understand Ophelia. She went for that date, which was prepared.

Could anyone follow actions of women? I always don't know what to wait from them. I am conscious that all story is about Hamlet.

Is it important who he choose to love? Are we changing when we prefer that sweetheart to all female? Or we choose her because we need that one, like destiny.

Ophelia doesn't answer to Hamlet's feelings. Not in that way what we wait for. It is forever interpret like tragedy. Why? If she reciprocated to his love she could stop him. She could help him, to soothe pain and he never will determine on revenge.

In Shakespeare's story unrequited love is for good. Our hero goes to the denouement.

Shakespeare wrote so many women characters, maybe he appreciated women.

And for Hamlet he chose the one who didn't stop character from achievement of

his aim.

It was confirmation. Hamlet had variant with good ending. Because of that Prince so hard tried to explain everything to Ophelia. If she comprehend he will have new life. But she became to him an Erinye. The one who demands revenge: an eye for an eye. Father's blood dictates vengeance. And when Ophelia accomplished her mission she hadn't reason to live.

For her it is also providence. If she didn't agree to Prince courting anew her father and brother will be alive at the end. She died, like all. No one have a chance to survive.

Fine, back to our third act and beginning of journey to decease.

Why Ophelia didn't protect Hamlet from everyone? If she loves him. She believes more to others than to beloved. She wants to help him, doesn't she? Or for her it is pleasure that devotion to her made Prince a mad person.

Did Ophelia love him or not? I consistently worry about that. She is obedient to brother, father. Retold all private talks, gave away intimate letters. Submissive daughter is silent in her subjection. She wasn't cautious, without remorse told everything like amusing case. Is she boasting? No. Too plain.

Yes, further is worse. Ophelia, darling, waits for him. We have their first encounter on stage. I must read "to be or not to be" instead of love twaddle.

Actor puts back on table Shakespeare's bust.



ACTOR: I always misinterpret feelings in this circumstances. I too late remember that he saw Ophelia. Contrary I too early allow dreams about her in words.

No, challenging. He speaks this soliloquy like he is alone on stage. But Ophelia is there. I don't understand where is border.

Oh, God. I heard this soliloquy countless times. Everyone try to show themselves in it. Mournful, joyous, flashy. Nobody remembered about Ophelia.

Ah, that words to perform out loud, grief. I will begin.

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
 To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause: there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 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 his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.--Soft you now!
 The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd.

Not. Everything is wrong. I don't believe myself. Imprecise manner. I have to perform differently. Hamlet told everything for himself, and I'll try to act if he knows, not insane, that Ophelia is here and hears him. Like confession. Words are not for myself. With hope that she will perceive me. Everything is dissimilar. I'll choose another style. And director will agree with me when I perform. Hamlet verbalizes everything to Ophelia.

Actor takes chair, puts book on sit.



ACTOR: Ophelia sits, reads. Next Hamlet enters and starts recitation. Perhaps he kneels, utters. Opens everything that tortured him. He will not be alone in that soliloquy. He will fell silent at the finish. He didn't find reply for all his words in her. Hamlet solely asked her for orisons for him. He lost his last hope to be accepted as who he was. Disillusion. One more time, I tell everything to Ophelia.

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
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 Be all my sins remember'd.

Actor breaths hard, leans on chair by hands.

ACTOR: Yes, everything is transformed now. And she didn't empathize! Afraid. There wasn't words about love and she believed that he was mad. He opened everything to her and she...

Ophelia overheard all this! And... she just made wordy conversation. How Hamlet could speak to her after that? He knew: she heard every word. Nobody wants to listen that lyric. Because of that is so gruelling to read it. Hamlet was alone with Ophelia.

He could be on his own on stage. Hamlet was lonely with everyone and always. He didn't forgive friends, who ready only to have fun with him. He loved Ophelia, but didn't find compassion from her. Maybe he thought that she need Prince, not him as human. Why did he ask Ophelia to pray about his sins? After "to be or not to be" she reminded him about love. He said to her that he love her no longer and never loved. He proposed to Ophelia to go to the nunnery.

Is he cruel or is he offended? He told her everything and she believed only in expressions of adoration. Yes, she disapproves him. He defended himself.

Hamlet wanted to give impression of being arrogant, indifferent, hid himself among words.

Ophelia inflict pain to him. As a matter of fact, she betrayed him like everyone. She didn't understand him. He was angry. Hamlet couldn't bear Ophelia's response and in her whole world. He accused her of his love.

Now he stood against everyone and even love betrayed him. Hamlet crushed. Ophelia admitted his madness. She deserved this all. She had to hear, listen when he told. Now it is only your fault.



Actor throws chair on stage, book felts. Actor picks up the book, puts it back on table.

ACTOR: He lost sense of life. Abandoned and rejected. Only revenge for father's death force blood on his veins.

Hamlet exit is very important here. He is leaving in manner that will be obvious - everything ended for him. He is not dispirited. Disappointed in life. Alone. Devastated? Not!

We have break up of love when he told everything to Ophelia. She wasn't the one about whom he dreamed. She didn't hear him, she didn't support him. Just moved away and watched, like all others. What made him so angry? He told her spiteful words. Maybe he suggested that like his mother Ophelia betrayed him. But such a brain...

Hamlet experienced disenchanted with woman who he loved. He had to be killed by grief. No way! He is alive and further performs accurately. Yes, he has a lot of wounds on his heart, but he has another aim and follows it.

Hamlet walked away disheartened in life. Then we see what happened behind his back.

We don't know what occurred to Hamlet. He begins preparation for play after love break up. Is love not important for him?

He is well organized. He has lot of ideas about directing the play. Now words which he puts inside "Mousetrap" are momentous for him.

We see a man for whom is pivotal his work, not his feelings.

Text here is not smoothly. We see Hamlet not as actor but like theatre director. And when he will watch the play he'll give comments as on rehearsal.

In this words we see Shakespeare's experience. This advices are not customary for Prince. All this marks are routinely for person whose daily work is in theatre with actors.

We know it's one and only performance in Hamlet's life. Or in that soliloquies Shakespeare gave clue to us. Hamlet played mad, we already admitted it and now we see how he works with actors. We could have a conclusion that outside Elsinor's walls Hamlet was somehow connected with theatre.

When company of actors became strolling entertainers travellers he came back home.

Hamlet had actor's or even director's past and as result of it he has inclination to theatre effects. His gambling with everyone it is just performance. He is more skilful than everyone in castle, so he sure that he will win.

Prince doesn't care for reality. He believes in his plan and he can't accept circumstances seriously. He perceived everyone like an actors. And he knows how to interact on stage.

His advice to actors! Shakespeare left to us complete precepts.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbshews and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

...Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others.

It is straightforward. We can see behind that words big practical experience and knowledge of actor's pitfalls. The rest of reference books full of recommendations are just repeating of this. Ah, if I could perform that way always. Everything would be different. Play - not live. Or live not perform. No, I have to be an actor. You could convince everybody in truth of your words only by acting.



Hamlet is precise and wise in conversation with Horatio. He is looking for an assistant. Someone, who will warn him against mistake. Hamlet wants prove of guilt from uncle. He didn't believe even to Ghost. He trusts only to himself. Yes, yes. Certainly, it all was a game, strategy to check everybody.

They are coming to the play; I must be idle.

Prince of Denmark is cruel, distant and accurate. No, he is not a victim. He is executioner and waits for sentence to carry it out. He forgot about all his sorrows, concentrated only on that what will happen: the play performance.

Now he presents role of mad man. Hamlet is suffering. But shows actor's quality, control all his doings. Everyone saw what he allowed them to see. Harmless and amusing is preparation for actors entrance. Hamlet is near Ophelia's feet. It doesn't look like he had send her to the nunnery before. And, it is not seemed that he had wounds on his heart. Misunderstanding, argumentation, no more. They even flirt with each other. Ophelia doesn't think that he is mad. She accepts his courting again.

No, they don't understand Hamlet when he with pain talks about his father. They want to be entertain.

Mousetrap. I constantly try to find out why inside play Hamlet situated another play. Too complicated. Everybody know what happened and Prince could find another way to scared his uncle.

No. Mousetrap is not for inhabitants of Elsinor. It is for spectators of play Hamlet.

When Shakespeare put little play in big one he made dream inside night dream. You think that you was asleep but you start to see dream and you believe that everything before was real and only now you start drowse.

Mousetrap is for us, spectators. We start to believe in all what happened with Hamlet including meeting with Ghost as real. And only now we have performance. Due to that so thoroughly preparation to play of few lines. Hamlet was busy with actors. Everybody in Elsinore talked about future play. Everything became absolutely factual. And we obtain like usual thing words "to be or not to be".

Shakespeare made it like TV series. Why people believe that personages of serial more real than actors who played them? Yes. Shakespeare already knew that and he could receive a hand-cart of TV-awards yearly.

He showed to us usual, daily things like backstage preparation to play. In serials we see characters made everyday routines. They are speaking, eating, taking a shower, driving a car. He/she is like us. She/he is real because we see actors only waiving on the red carpet and actors became fake. Characters are more alive, than two-dimensional people who animated them on the screen.

Shakespeare left to us that secret to convince spectators that Hamlet had real life. And after Mousetrap we care about him more.

Every month in every country people come to theatre to see true story of Prince of Denmark. They empathize with him like with no one else in world drama.

Pantomime of King's murder performed. But it is not enough, play begins after it. Here I don't follow how could react King and Queen. They had to grasp without words. Conversely, performance is continuing. Hamlet seemed more interested in conversation with Ophelia than in his observation of the poisoner. What did he wait for? Confession. How I could play that? An animal which

watches at his prey. Boyfriend who forgives everything to his sweetheart. I don't know.

Nevertheless all time he reproaches Ophelia. He must be calm or involved in performance. In that scene for me is more significant what is important for Hamlet - Ophelia or actors. He is near her, for everyone it is a good sign.

Hamlet is close to Ophelia for prolong pain. But I don't realize whose pain - his or her. Or maybe he still tries to force to Ophelia with his words. He waits, when she believes him.

How it is important for all of us. We need person near, who is sympathetic. Who will see the ache the one who you love. And pain will be slighter for us.

Hamlet comments performance of actors in "Mousetrap". He talks with everyone, impudent to all. For him is not enough contemplate behaviour of all. They already recognized what is all about but play continues.

Actor pours poison in ear of actor-King and Claudius exits furious. Why King waited for so long? I don't appreciate. Why he didn't exit during pantomime? It was the same story. No, I can't understand Shakespeare's conceptions.

Than Hamlet convinced in made effect. He satisfied that King and Queen were disappointed from his action. His friends think that he holds away from them. Again nobody hears Hamlet. What he told to Guildenstern! Could he was far honest with his friend?

You would play upon me; you would seem to know
my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my
mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to
the top of my compass: and there is much music,
excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot
you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am
easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what
instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you
cannot play upon me.

Cues with Polonius, so much of lord chamberlain. Hamlet again performs an idiot - description of cloud and Polonius plays up to him. He was frank before that. How he was able to control his feelings? I can't do that. Me, myself I lose my temper, can't stop where I have to. Damn it all! I'll take example from Hamlet. I am open and honest with friends. I am rude with enemies. Entire truth, they all see mad man in me. Sadly. Hamlet currently is more important for me.

Hamlet sees betrayal, faithlessness of his mother. No matter, he loves her. He causes pain, not keeps silent, but Prince doesn't hurry to make harm to her.

Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,

To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

Perhaps, Hamlet talked with Ophelia during performance driven by the same feeling. Hate is in his words, to hide from everyone mutilated heart.

Hamlet is believer. He didn't raise his sword to kill his father's murderer in time of his pray. He decided that murderer could expiate his sins that way. Hamlet had presence of mind. He will wait for another opportunity. Not for a moment he forgot about his verdict to King.

Hamlet wanted that his uncle die without forgiveness, like his father did.

Claudius will suffer like a Ghost, never find rest. Hamlet didn't idealize his father. Always he is painstaking in his thoughts.

Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven;
And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No!

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes.

Conversation with Queen. It is sole dialogue with mother in whole play.

I am lost in guess-work. Hamlet didn't determine to kill uncle and immediately killed Polonius. Why? For betrayal? To have possibility to talk with mother? He can't entangle human and rat! Is traitor equal for him to rat?

Hamlet is sang-froid. He confident that he murdered King. He hasn't feeling of regret when he discovered that it was Polonius. He wants confessions from the Queen.

Maybe, turning-point is here. He put his sword in sheathe in precious scene. And now sword is stain with blood. That's all. Now he is on contrasting way and former Hamlet gone. He is a killer and he doesn't conceal that wants King's death.

What did he want when indicate to Queen her new husband drawbacks?

Remorse? Agreement that she made a fault. Is Hamlet drove on by son's jealous? It is not important. Again he sees the Ghost and when he tells about that he confirms to everyone that he is mad.

Hamlet told truth. He is desperately frank. He wants to save his mother. Yes,

who constantly lies to everyone can't recognize face of verity.
 Hamlet is demented because he is honest, fairness. Centuries ago was unhappy
 the one who sees the truth. Like now. Truth is Ghost. You receive stamp of
 madness from everyone when tell veracity.
 Yes, I am Hamlet. Everybody is laughing or wondering at my words when I tell
 the truth. Everybody like me when I say what they want to hear. Shakespeare
 described better.

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
 And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
 That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word; which madness
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that mattering unction to your soul,
 That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
 Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
 Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
 And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
 For in the fatness of these pursy times
 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
 Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Hamlet was wilful when he killed Polonius. Later he asks his mother to tell
 Claudius what to expect from victim's son.

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
 Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft.

Hamlet wants that opponent knows about revenge. He will not catch him
 suddenly. Unselfish Prince tells enemy his plan beforehand. King will be afraid
 or will be ready. Why? Because even in murder Hamlet doesn't stand deception
 and betrayal. Everything is for not to be like uncle.
 Hamlet doesn't believe to his friends and knows all plans of rival. Such skirmish
 is pleasure for him. He wants to be wisest, he desires to win. He is good
 gambler. Not mad.

and my two schoolfellows,
 Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
 They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
 And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
 For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
 Hoist with his own petard: and 't shall go hard
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,
 And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,

When in one line two crafts directly meet.

I think Hamlet lives full life. All this makes him happy. He feels himself cleverest, agile. He notices no sorrow, only agitation. He is mad for everyone when he tells everything directly.

He is normal at first three acts. He isn't dull mind, like all used to. How arduous is to play him. He is ready to overact all for justice and for vengeance, not for crown. Still he is lonely. Mother didn't understand him. However, all, they not see the truth. Problem is that everyone judge for themselves. They didn't see in Hamlet honesty, desire of equity. They haven't that inside of them. Repentance, they deduce from own actions.

Hamlet is theirs conscience, didn't hear him and repudiate him. He is challenger, misfortune. Why they need to see reflection of themselves? At the end I perform justice avenger not mad person.



Actor gives Shakespeare's bust a flick fillip on the nose and hums to himself joyful song exits from stage.

Blackout.

Scene 4.

Enters Actor, nervously swings his hands.

ACTOR: I will receive this role. Yes, I will get it. Director listened to all my ideas. He asked when my Hamlet is mad. I don't know. It was my answer. He said to come back when I would find solution.

Why I hurried up? I didn't prepare new interpretation till end. I made myself a fool. Certainly, I wish I acknowledge all the answers, like Shakespeare knew them.

Did Hamlet know his estimate when he holed up Polonius's body? He told his friends that King exploited them. He just lived obey the moment and supposed that his force will win. I surmise Hamlet is mine and again I have to read this lines.

Actor looks avid to the pages of open book.

ACTOR: Hamlet doesn't afraid of King. Of course, he talks about perish of all alive.

I can't understand why Hamlet hid Polonius's body and after awhile tells where to find it. Did he do it to make King angry? Or frightened? It is unnecessary made all conceal by himself. Again, we didn't see that.

Was he mad when he bury a body? Not, Hamlet boasted to King about murder. Why? To show him, that they are equal like killers. He warn that he will not stop. Perhaps Prince is fearless and clever. No. Here everything is involved.



Actor drops book on stage.

ACTOR: Also I don't catch mystery genre. Motives that direct to denouement are desire to tell everything, to became uncovered, craving for glory. And killer lives like he lived. Does he wait that everyone forget? It is a stress. And Hamlet - he killed, hid body and immediately boasted. He behaved like bad hunter who lost his prey on his way home.

Further he agrees with King's arguments. Uncle saves him from punishment. King rather guarded himself from Hamlet. Prince concurs for that deal, astute! And he consents to leave to England. For all it's best way out. But their grounds are fright and scare because of what they done. And King has opportunity to kill nephew by stranger's hand. Why so complicated? He could condemned Prince for Polonius's death. Hamlet will take this guilt. Did King not want injure openly Queen's heart? Her son die not on her eyes. Unusual mercy.



Actor raises book.

ACTOR: Shakespeare satisfied. For centuries actors were looking for answers for his questions in quietness. Find, made mistakes. Failure or success located in our acting.

Meeting with Fortinbras's army reminds to Hamlet about pettiness of occasion why people go to their death. He compares himself to the whole force.

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see

The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Again we have only repercussion of events. Ophelia is in grave because of her father's death. Laertes is ready to begin revolt and become a King himself. Another persons fears close Hamlet from us. How little Hamlet's presence is on stage. Many incidents hid from us. What happened to Prince at this time? How did he react for disturbance that began in Denmark? To tell the truth, he is the one to blame for it. Yes, Shakespeare was genius. Everybody see madness of Hamlet. But for us it is not enough. Ophelia in reality became insane because of her father's death. And for loose all doubts we see, that Hamlet was normal. Angry, possessed of revenge. As Laertes seeks murderer for retaliation. Clever. Thousand times clever, but he is not so passionate like Laertes. Prudent and confident is in his rightness. Hamlet's plan is complicated. He came back, when they didn't wait, notify beforehand. He sent to Denmark letters. He fights only with King. Forgot about Laertes and Ophelia who, like himself, wait for vengeance. Of course, Hamlet is egoist, selfish in his revenge. Self-esteem, fearless. Hero who thinks about punishment to others and doesn't believe that someone could prepare force against him. Laertes and King prepared poison on sword, then thought about goblet. We know everything about them. Hamlet is more interesting for me here. Again he put out of sight from us beneath curtain of another people passions. Ophelia's death happened behind stage when Laertes and King decided how to kill Hamlet. Her sacrifice was senseless, she didn't know her ruin in madness. We could turn all at another way. Ophelia was wrong charging Hamlet in madness. And like redemption of her sins she became mad. But why? She never understood anyone till deep of their feelings. Emotions which she didn't experienced. She died in ignorance. Ophelia gave to artist many inspirations. Beloved of Hamlet. Not more. What we know about her? Did Hamlet want to see in her extra than lady of his heart? Yes. But when he had killed her father, he didn't remember about woman, which he doomed to suffer, to torment. Here Hamlet is inhuman. He sees only himself. Could he forgot about her? To be earnest he didn't love Ophelia.

Actor pensively looks at emptiness. Meditates. Then he shakes up drowsiness, puts book on level of his eyes.



ACTOR: Fifth act is end of play and my torment. I deciphered word by word famous text like conundrum draft. Last boundary. My new Hamlet will dazzle all by his open soul.

Beginning of act is in the churchyard. Ophelia is self-murderer. Even grave-diggers recognize that. Nobility gave her right to be buried near church. For her law is different. She didn't call feeling of regret even after death. It's her destiny.

Hamlet and the bones of a person's head. I just hate it! Banality - Hamlet at all posters is with scull. Two-head-hero, at last he found interlocutor of his level. I know that already. I rend the air with words about Joryk many times. But not now. Curtain will raise I tell than.

On cemenry Hamlet thoughts are clear. He makes hypothesis who was buried there.

Hamlet presence on Ophelia's burial. He surprised by her death. But Hamlet was more troubled of Laertes's words than death of one to whom he told words of love.

At last, we know Hamlet's feelings for Ophelia. He avowed over her grave. I don't see madness, just pain and grief.

I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
 Could not, with all their quantity of love,
 Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?
 ...'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
 Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
 Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
 I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
 To outface me with leaping in her grave?
 Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
 And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
 Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
 Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
 I'll rant as well as thou.

Anew Hamlet is cruel and keeps cool his head at grief. He knows price for his feeling and doesn't believe that someone else could feel even shadow of his experience.

What do we see after that words of confession? Hamlet discusses his recollection on ship. Not for long he has mood of sorrow, all the time he thinks about revenge. Another aim in life closed everything before him. Love, pain, loss.

Hamlet told Horatio how he invented order to kill those who convoyed him to England. I can't call him monstrous. King wanted to kill nephew. Instead, Hamlet killed guards. He thought that he made right.

Hamlet all the time blames himself in indecisiveness. He with all his strength tries to return to target which he chose.

At the same time he instantly made decision which important to him. He killed Polonius, Guildenstern, Rosencrantz. He hadn't even a moment of doubt. But when it is concerning Ghost he delays. Why?

Hamlet didn't believe in eye for eye theory. He was very educated person for that time and it's imposed behaviour. He understands that he has to do that. But

for Hamlet uncle's life is more important.

Yes. If King will live Hamlet could come back where he belonged: university and new thinking. That's the reason why he wrote letters and notify beforehand that he came back. He wants and hopes that Claudius will find an exit, he will be wiser than nephew.

For Hamlet another King is solving of his problems. He dreams about deliverance from responsibility. Since Claudius is King Hamlet could be free. Prince scared everyone with his talking, but too openly he reported about his plans. Hamlet doesn't want to be killed. He hope that all this pass away. And when he sees that nobody stops him he comprehends that only way out it is to make happened what he promised to do.

Hamlet is extremely good at acting. He didn't take into consideration that everybody believed him. King is afraid of him. Claudius didn't notice that Hamlet postponed his revenge when agreed to duel with Laertes. If Laertes will be dead, rebellion will stop and Hamlet will be free.

Prince recognizes that could be another version and he tries to prepare himself for that. He saw inevitability of own death. Hamlet is ready for that but still hopes for another end.

He knows that revenge for father's death will destroy everything. And he doomed to live on old laws. For him it's also death of his hopes.

Doubts, hesitations, protracted story because Hamlet is not comfortable in role which chose for him Ghost. Honour forced him to chose the death.

Rates are higher in his game. And further he walks on rope above abyss, ruin waits in front of him, as above him. He argued with himself that he showed his pain everyone. He revealed himself.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours.
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hamlet calmly gave his consent for duel with Laertes. Easy, without alarm or doubt. He wasn't astonished that King put pawning on him.

It seems to me that Hamlet couldn't be amazed about anything. He can't be such confident. And he is not gullible. He is courteous with Osric. But Osric didn't see sneer in Prince's words. And now Hamlet talks about his premonition. He agrees to take his destiny. Not, Hamlet is not mad.

we defy augury: 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?

Yes, Hamlet is self-sufficient. He sure that he wins. He trained since Laertes's departure. But Prince wants to convince another persons in his madness not in his power. And that reconciliation with Laertes prior to fight...

I want to became deeper than Hamlet. It could be done. If I will be myself during performance, not prince of Denmark.

Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;
 But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
 This presence knows,
 And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
 With sore distraction. What I have done,
 That might your nature, honour and exception
 Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
 Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
 If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
 And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
 Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
 Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so,
 Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
 His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
 Sir, in this audience,
 Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
 Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
 That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
 And hurt my brother.

Laertes was courteous but didn't take an apology. He waits for revenge and remains. No matter which outcome will be of fight King will kill Hamlet. Laertes knows that. And deaths of Polonius and Ophelia will receive theirs revenge. King salutes with goblet for Hamlet's health. And Hamlet knows - King waits for his death. Why then he fights? I was fencing day and night for that scene. But at the end I will treat without that episode of fight. It's stupid because of dishonour. Both have to acknowledge this duel is last for them. Hamlet will be killed, Laertes also, to keep this secret. Most important line in all that scene says the Queen before she drinks poisoned wine. She said that Hamlet fat and he has short breath. Hamlet is fat! Everybody plays him like young underweight hero. And all text turns over, but too late. He is hero, not fat avenger! Ophelia can't love him, if she is beautiful. She accepted his signs of attention, but never gave her love in answer. Yes, Hamlet is Prince and because of that she was agree to everything. By the way, everybody is not good-looking in play. King is horrible, Hamlet is fat. Handsome and stately is only Ghost. Is it because Shakespeare wrote role for himself?

Actor swings Shakespeare's bust like a rapire.



ACTOR: You wrote insidious text and ready for deception. We believe to all your words. And you prepared trap, Shakespeare. Our Hamlet is pure, attractive,

mad. Your Hamlet is fat, angry for all the world.

Hertruda said about poison. Just once she made something what could assemble motherly action. How could she betrayed son and give the throne to another man? Husbands could change, but children have to be priority. And one thing that she done - drank poison instead of him.

Hertruda betrayed Hamlet for one thing which sun couldn't give her - the throne. Only with Claudius she is still a Queen. Mother of King is different. She just used to it. And she was agree to incest only to keep being Queen.

Problem here not in that Hamlet is too young. Queen wasn't overly old to loose kingdom.

Queen's cowardly love can't protect her own son. It was late for excuses and for right decisions.

Tragedy. Should be a lot of blood at the end .

Queen was murdered. Laertes and Hamlet injured by the same poisoned sword. And Hamlet kill Claudius by sword and goblet with poison. The end is agony. All killed, all guilty. And only payment is blood for blood.

Hamlet don't need forgiveness of Laertes no more. Hamlet dies longer than everybody else. His eyes already see the death.

I want to tell just one thing. Not, Hamlet is not mad! All his words are conscious and it is worst from all his fate disasters. And when he dies he wants truth.

Horatio, friend from Wittenburg, Hamlet said his last will to him. Why Horatio? He was near Hamlet always. Hamlet's friend he is too obvious. I never keep attention to him.

Hamlet saw Ghost, Horatio was present. He shocked, but sane. He was an eyewitness.

Prince trusted to Horatio when checked uncle's guilt. He is important for Hamlet. Like twin, supplement, not only friend. I never interacted with this character like with significant one.

When Hamlet was absent, Horatio left in Elsinore. And Prince trusted him, believed that friend not involved in intrigues. To him Hamlet revealed Rosencrantz and Guildenstern murder and afraid for his life before the duel.

Prince stopped university friend from commit suicide. Why? Horatio knows truth like Hamlet. And he is bystander. He is strong; he could endure pain after that tragedy.

Yes, Hamlet could addressed his last words only to him. He asks his friend to tell his death mystery to everybody. Horatio now is his voice and Hamlet dies with that.

Thou livest; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

... O, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:

I cannot live to hear the news from England;

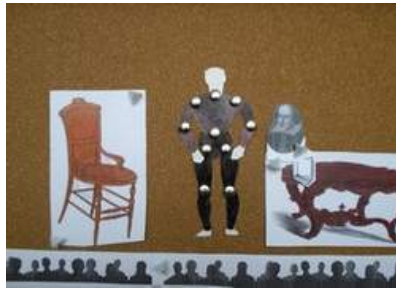
But I do prophesy the election lights

On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;

So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,

Which have solicited. The rest is silence.

Actor closes the book puts on table, Shakespeare's bust above.



ACTOR: Silence. Spectators will animate again barely after it . They always are quiet in the end. Like on my mind, Fortinbras didn't deserve all this death . But who I am? Just an actor. And you are the greatest Playwright, sovereign of destinies. We will see Hamlet's story when curtain open. Now - soundless. Hamlet you are not mad. Your spirit outlived so many centuries. And I beg you – give me help of your brain to play this role. Hamlet passed. No, he only left. He will not die till there will be someone who remember his story.

Actor bows.

CURTAIN.

More about play:

Conception of play.

Idea for play "Actor plays Hamlet" came to my mind on 1st of September 2013.

For a long time I was thinking about writing bilingual play.

Which language to choose was the main problem. I'm bilingual: Ukrainian and Russian languages.

I wanted really foreign language. There are lot of them. I chose to start from beginning. In my case English was the answer.

When I picked English everything became perfectly clear. If English it's always Shakespeare for me.

I decided to write play with William Shakespeare. His words and my words.



Shakespeare first and always for me it's Hamlet.

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Actors who inspired.

Hamlet is desire for every man actor in world. Dreaming about this role ends in two versions: first - actor played it, second - actor stop breath.

From where such thoughts? I watched on YouTube monologue "To be or not to be" (Быть или не быть) read by famous actor Mikhail Kozakov (Михаил Козаков). He made it when knew that will die. And I understand that Hamlet hasn't age or appearance. It's unstoppable urge. Actors age or his figure conditions is not important in this story. Hamlet is culture axiom not the date of birth.

At first play was written on Russian, so I have different actors as inspiration. One of them is Vladimir Vysotsky. "My Hamlet" is not my favourite poem. I prefer "The Hunting for a wolves" (Охота на волков). This poem help in life when I am in blind alley. As tribute to Vysotsky is black turtle-neck sweater, actor preferred such clothes.

One more thing, my actor is barefoot. It wasn't inspired by anyone. I just didn't know which shoes to chose. One shoe was also strange.

When I begin translation to English I saw Jude Law performance from 2009, only trailers and David Tennant television film BBC directed by Gregory Doran, 2009. Both actors were barefoot in scene of madness. So I left that idea like usual for English speaking audience.

Few women tried to play Hamlet. I tried to write Hamlet.

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Backstage writing a play.

Most difficult was to read a play of Hamlet Prince of Denmark like at first time. Forgot about everything that I read, heard, saw. Fresh view. Try to discover it for performance.

Really, when I wrote, I play it. I start to read it aloud and made gestures. This is play for performing, not for solitude reading.

It was hard to write it. I was tired, like I am playing it on the stage, not typing.

It's astonishing that still, today, in that play is strong power.

Why I chose one men play? Because it is a confession. Actor confession. No one else need here. Only audience.

At first I didn't want to have so many citations from Shakespeare. But Hamlet have to spoke for himself.



Hope performing Hamlet will be exactly amazing for actor as for me was writing about him.

One actor on stage, it is like in life. You are alone on stage and everything depends on you. I propose not a life, but few hours with Hamlet.

I try to read text literally, without everything that was explained during all this centuries. But even in play I can't refuse for few comments.

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Play as finished product

I'm playwright and I write plays for theatre. It only letters which formed words.

Every time when I edit text or reread it - I see it, I want to play it. Not in reality. This words wait for another person who will read it and perform it.

When I finished revising in English and read full text in August 2014, I saw in which theatre I want first reading of this play. It's unprofessional. I want that this play to be performed by as many actors as it possible. It was dream about first reading.

Waiting and understanding is what belongs to writers.

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Translation to English.

I did my best. I edit play. Also, I translate excerpts from "Actor play Hamlet". At the beginning I want to make bilingual play. Than I understand that this quotations will be suitable inside English text.

It was interesting. The same thoughts in different language.

I knew that translation of Hamlet would be difficult. And I wanted to have my time.

In my New Years Wishes for 2015 I wrote that I wanted to speak with Lyndsey Turner and Benedict Cumberbatch about Hamlet.

Why that two persons among thousands which connected with this play in whole world?

Answer is simple - they scared me with announcement of show. How? At first of July I read about huge performance that will begin on 5th of August. Story about my panic could be sad and stupid. I understood that I can't finish revision before beginning of show. And even if will be non-legal version of performance, I won't see it because "This video is not available in your country". It will look like I made it with purpose and I didn't plan comparison.

Did you already guess my blunder? No. I'll tell you. When I saw a date I didn't look at year. And I worked like crazy until end of July, when I checked again and noticed that have one year in front of me.

If you stop laugh, I will continue. Yes, I am such sort of woman who will notice hair of another woman on suit of loved man and don't notice fire hydrant on empty car parking. I don't drive a car, but I believe in myself, I could not give attention even to elephant.

I met my deadline and play was printed at 18 of August. It was my craziest translation. Perhaps stress did his best and since that I wrote plays at first place on English.

*

Few words about "Hamlet"

6.08.2015

"Hamlet" in Barbican. I didn't visit, but I saw pictures. Reviews is personal and everyone had own perception. Huge, lot of everything. I believe that there are a lot of wit and interesting acting. My first association - I wanted set like that for [Tomorrow, after the End of Days](#) devastation, war, hopelessness. It don't suppose to be in bright colours, Hamlet will die. For me it was painful to see it. I am looking in my stories for better than my life. Here I returned to reality, my reality, it's painful. Not every mirror is pleasant.

I understand why audience liked such pauperization - it's contrasting with their daily life, they have new emotions. When I daily walks near abandoned houses, it's not such an impression. Of course, for me would be interested to see it, how actors played, what changed director, which jazz they created from Bard's words.

How I dare to write about not seen show? "Picture costs a thousand words". I didn't wait for happy end, it's Hamlet, for God's sake. But less pain for me I expected.

It's shockingly that one play could have so many interpretation and to be close for different audience. It's unique text which opens you.

I wanted to made in play about playwright and director soliloquy about how Hamlet changed life of director. In most it was my feelings, I still don't know if my story needs such heartbreak. Even if it won't be in final text, which is difficult for me in creating, I put quotes here:

"Hamlet" play which changed my life. "Hamlet" play which gave me key to English language. "Hamlet" play which gave me new level of understanding my work.

"Hamlet" play which made operation on you without painkillers. "Hamlet" play which wanted to play every actor for any price. "Hamlet" play which has fee for everyone and fee is equal - tragedy. Tragedy in your life which came from nowhere and destroy to pieces all your previous life.

"Hamlet" play which took away hope for love and happiness. "Hamlet" story which would be satisfied when you feel the same level of pain, as felt Danish Prince when dying. "Hamlet" play which remind that all your pain and sorrows costs nothing, will came Fortinbras and receive everything.

"Hamlet" play which leave scars on your heart, pain in your head and christening in profession.

"Hamlet" is like illness which will kill you or make you stronger. "Hamlet" as life in five acts."

"Hamlet" will always be on stage, because we need Danish Prince to recognize yourselves.

*

Puzzle.

16.10.2015

With all my heart I waited for action from dishonest people, for nothing. In internet isn't pirate video of Hamlet, or there is tiny possibility that I didn't find it. In our country is no Hamlet. What for?

I tried to find all that I can about Barbican's show. Reviews, gifs, except writer's quotations. Sickly curiosity to theme of performing Hamlet could be measured just with one example. Few times I watched trailer of show by Japanese's theatre. I don't know language, but I know Hamlet.

Puzzle which I tried to put together was most difficult for me. It was trickster position or 50% to 50%. At one hand wasn't access to me for this show, all problems are together here. At second hand and here it's really second-hand information which I used. Fans of actor Benedict Cumberbatch. Assiduous women and girls which find every molecule of information. Now it's difficult to reach all blogs, browser writes an error.

Next year will be 400 years from Bard's death and lot of shows will be lost to audience because not every actor has such fan base who will make it accessible for all interested in it people.

Second-hand information, I remember. If filter all words about curl which mention every human being (I am not against curls or madly for curls, but for God's sake), it possible to find information about show itself. And huge thanks for all gifs with subtitles. It was very helpful, not every time video worked with image, sometimes it was audio. Collecting this puzzle became a time consuming hobby, which helped to learn many not always polite words in live English language.

This long introduction exist to explain that I don't see show in full but I know what's going on stage. Extracts of show here more suitable. I know that's not enough, but if people will be law-abiding citizens it's all that I will know. So it's final spot. What for wait more? I could wrote what I saw and be quiet later.

Because of specific of fan's love I can notice only Benedict Cumberbatch as actor. All company of actors lost in shadows of curtains and it's difficult to comment them. Parts of play not always were in chronological order, the same my thoughts.

"Words, words..." count like hilarious scene, because of mocking and grimacing of Hamlet. I wasn't laughing, maybe it's not the type of humour. I saw flaunt of sad clown who can't accept what happened in his life and can't find a way out.

Mr. Cumberbatch's Hamlet is dynamic, choleric. Hamlet wasn't ready to all that but in his naivety believes that could create a plan of revenge and confident that all his schemes will come true, absolutely forgetting that people are alive and have own ideas and on them you can't play like on music instrument.

Outfit was also a big discussion. Like writer I don't like playing with clothes on stage. I always think if it is really necessary to change clothes and write another scene about nothing to give actors time for change. I know it brings to confusion and pleasure for audience to notice all defects in actor's costume. Yes, I try to avoid that.

Hamlet's insecurity is clearly shown. In all scenes which I saw I didn't see his domination, I mean he was waiting what another people say, how they react. His plan has many steps but few correct decisions. He plays madness not real but his uncertainty closes everything. He believes in lot, but few of his ideas connected with real life.

I can't say nothing about scene of Hamlet's death, saw only photos. My computer, like me, don't like sad ending, every time when it came to that scene he stopped to play video. In his

(computer's) universe Hamlet stayed alive.

About difference in perception of reality from person who don't know what is war and people who experienced that I can't add my independent opinion. Disturbs memories of evenings and nights when it was recommended to switch off lights in houses in Lviv when we waited for air raids. It's different view on life when no light on streets and in flats. And I can't blame Ghost for his post-traumatic post-war desire for revenge. Feeling of justice intensify after such life. Like told boy in one of Hamlet's connected interviews: "We know what is to suffer and lost people".

I know that this show will stay in scrap-book of Shakespeare's shows. What I didn't see, it's deep thinking or asking questions. Not about Mr. Cumberbatch, but about Hamlet. Why after 400 years in all word millions of people see, play, read story about Danish prince who didn't win and all main characters are dead? Pity that they forget about greatness of words which were said on stage, only silence left.

*

My fault.

13.04.2016

Time to time I check cinema new titles. I still prefer watch movies at internet, but have to know what happens around me.

I noticed in one of Kiev's cinemas theatres that on 24 of April will be "Hamlet" with Benedict Cumberbatch in main role. I already saw that and moan that it was impossible to saw that in our country.

Now it's possible, I'm happy. Than I made a research.

British Council show it before, I didn't noticed. It's my biggest mistake in whole journalistic career, I didn't double checked facts. Emotions won fight with brain. I still won't believe that will travel to another town to see it.

Web-site at which I saw it, with Russian subtitles, already didn't exist on internet.

Everyone who wish could visit cinemas. I still believe that subtitles are great sign for Shakespeare.

I imagined Hamlet more tranquil, but every actor has right for own interpretation.



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Poster.

For "Actor plays Hamlet" I decided to make a collage. Even theatre poster.

I watch all I could on internet. I hate Hamlet and scull. I confess it in text of my play.

Never say never. My deep emotions have strange results. I created a scene in play in which in comical way is presented famous Jorik's soliloquy without changing a Schakespeare's words. I didn't like Jorik's soliloquy, but when it could bring laugh I have doubts. Maybe everything not so tragic. It fit for mystery play. [Puppeteer's curse.](#)

I spend several days thinking about my Hamlet poster. At the end I had terrible headache. It was so strong that I think head fall apart and at that moment I found everything. Headache stopped - I have a conception of my picture 13th of December 2013.



I remembered about Afina, daughter of Zeus, she was born from her father's head.

In my variation from head of man's silhouette came Shakespeare himself. Everyone open him personally.



On both sides there are pages from reprinting of text. Also, few words from "to be or not to be".

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Turning point.

Everyone have own way in life. I can say only for myself: I need to write near 20 plays in period of 4 years to find what I'm looking for.

Plays was in Ukrainian and Russian. I took part in competitions, won long-list and diploms. It wasn't a turning point. I just chose my way in creativity.

A read a lot about theatre. I want to make it my speciality as journalist, before I start writing my own theatrical plays.

All my life I live in words. I'm also an avid reader.

Everything begins when you think - it's not enough. I want more. I want to make my plays on stage. I want to be a theatre director.

Dreams not always came in suitable moment. Educational semester started, and after it in Ukraine happened what will be black pages in our history. Ragnarok. It was not the right moment. Also I can't think only about what will be tomorrow. Is my country will have tomorrow? Theatre saved me. I start to create my reality.

At first only in my dreams. Page after page, word after word. I read even more about theatre. I know it is not right time to start something new and big. Not the time to find people who can help you. When foreign army in your country no time for muses.

Deep in my thoughts I'm really optimistic person. I believe that after all that scary days life will go on.

The more I read the more I believed that I will find my way out from this awful actuality.

In one article, not remember where, sorry to author, I read - writer is the puppet master, sees all and controls all.

If I haven't real actors, I could find which one suits me.



In school I was performing like an actor in puppetry theatre. Actors from paper are also actors.

At this time, I had a turning point I start to dream big - make my own theatre.

I try few techniques and variations after I had an understanding - I can do this.

In theatre you can be somebody else. In theatre you have to work hard. It was my escape and I'm happy that I found it.

Why I choose theatre instead of politics life in my country? I had tried it in 2004. I dreamed, I hoped, like everyone else. Journalistic words didn't change anything. I just try to find new way to make world better.

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From page to stage.

With "Actor plays Hamlet" I try different techniques to make my words alive on stage.

In photos you could see story of my attempts.

Hamlet made of plasticine or modelling clay.



Hamlet made of paper like jumping doll.



Hamlet as wooden mannequin dressed in costume.



Everything that I found about stage management was very helpful to make my dreams come true.

For every picture I made rehearsal.





I find it very interesting to make plays like performance.

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Storyboard for theatre.

Storyboard happened spontaneous. At first I just want to make simple blocking. Marks and arrows.

Making paper doll was fascinating and in the end I finished making storyboard for the play.

Hope you like it. Visual storyline for all performance.



Storyboard is situate like illustrations inside text ["Actor plays Hamlet"html](#)

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To be continued...

Never stop or to be continued.

As soon as I finished making photos at March 2014 for "Actor plays Hamlet" I want to start work for another play.

It was difficult to stop and forget about finished work.

I had an idea for another interpretation for my own words.

This time it became play with two actors. Empty stage, without table and chair, also went away Shakespeare's bust and book.



Play performance as playing with a ball when changing who speaks next.

Now it is a story about actor, who sees himself when he is playing Hamlet.



Second actor is in the scenic costume for Hamlet, not finished properly.

He tries to say it differently and listen comments from first actor.



It was fascinating even for me. So I make few photos in that variation.

Creativity never stops, maybe I find new ways for this words.



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Never-ending story.

In May 2014 I translated first draft of play Actor plays Hamlet into English. I thought that I need full text, not excerpts.

After it began long work at self-editing. English is not my native language and I wish I know it better, but I used to work hard.

Everything was usual. I finished revise another play and hope that all be the same with Hamlet.

No, after tenth month from time when I wrote play in Russian I have a new thoughts for it.

All play I wrote in few days on September 2013 and in the end of July and beginning of August 2014 I have some words to add. It was absolutely unusual.

I already noticed that play ruled when to finish, not me. After so many revisions I have new ideas. I was surprised by my own text.

I made a day-off between revisions. Worked on Ukrainian text and I started to think about Horatio. I can't resist and put few sentences in the end of play.

Then I start to edit it from the beginning. It was unbelievable. I edited errors and wrote some lines about character. It was unstoppable.

I have ideas about Hamlet's life as actor, about Queen, Ophelia, Claudius.

In play I wrote that actor is slave of Shakespeare's words. I am also became his slave.

I didn't know how it happened but when worked with English text I saw much more of Hamlet. It was like magic.

I edited one scene and had thoughts about another one. I added all time. And I understand as more I edit, the more I add. So I chose to stop editing. Yes, I know that I left in text errors and mistakes. Also I know I try to stop make from play a novel. Even when I write this I have ideas about another characters of play.

My intention was to write only about Hamlet, not about every character in Prince of Denmark.

Hamlet never ends and it's awesome. But I also have ideas about another Shakespeare's plays and box of ideas for different writing.

Hamlet is delusive. You think you know him inside and outside but not. He all the time surprises you.

I could only wish patience to directors who work with that play and actors who play Hamlet. You will never think that you have done all what you could.

Play is like nut you could polish it outside but taste is inside. Every time when you dive in that text you think you could see the bottom. But after that you understand that you haven't enough air to dive deeper.

For now I made a pause in my work on that play. When I'll finish another project I think I will come back to Hamlet again. And I don't know which Prince of Denmark I'll see than.

9.02.2016 I uploaded play [Multilingual collapse](#), in text I used "To be or not to be" in Danish language. "I thought it will be fun to heard Hamlet's soliloquy on Prince's native language read by Englishman."

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Story with the end.

I revised this story about play. Now is March 2015. I chose: play is finished. It has to be that way.

I still have thoughts about Hamlet. But this play has curtain. Live without that story. Put the point after end.

I have an idea for normal play in madhouse, about Hamlet.

I will use Innokentiy Smoktunovsky's experience of solving this problem. Actor played Hamlet twice. First time in 1964, classic film. Next time 1966 as character Yuriy Detochkin in "Beware of the car" (Берегись автомобиля). Till today it's argument which Hamlet is better.

For everybody who read me I am with Hamlet like Scrat, a sable-toothed squirrel who is obsessed with collecting acorns, from "Ice Age". It's absolutely mistaken impression. I see myself during past months as purple Minion from "Despicable Me 2". They are totally different characters, which haven't nothing in common.

Long writing like my story with that play. Thank you for patience.

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Best wishes, Katheryna.

Катерина Аксёнова. АКТЁР ИГРАЕТ ГАМЛЕТА

(Пьеса посвящается актёрам играющим и мечтающим сыграть роль Гамлета).

Моноспектакль.

Цитаты на английском William SHAKESPEARE Hamlet.
Цитаты на русском в переводе М.Лозинского.

Действующие лица:
АКТЁР.

Сцена 1.

На сцене стоит стол, на столе лежит книга, на форзаце написано «Шекспир». Рядом с книгой бюст Шекспира.

Перевернутый стул рядом со столом на полу.

На сцену выходит Актёр, мужчина в чёрном свитере под горло, чёрных брюках и босиком. Возраст и внешность не имеют значения.

Актёр наклоняется к стулу и поднимает его.

АКТЁР: Призрак, ну почему же Призрак? Можно было и с Гамлета начать текст. Он сам как призрак в своём одиночестве скитается. Нет. Опять нужно читать. Пока ты не поймёшь всё сам, мне так сказал режиссёр, отказав после пробы. Сколько можно!?

Актёр хватается за спинку стула, крепко держит его, а затем, справившись со злостью, отпускает.

АКТЁР: Пока я не пойму всё сам. Пока текст не станет для меня дыханием. Я не играть Гамлета пришёл, я Гамлет сам. Его слова я знаю лучше чем мысли в моей голове. Я смогу, я уже могу его играть. Почему они не видят этого во мне?

Актёр берёт бюст Шекспира и вглядывается в него.

АКТЁР: Скажи, как мог ты это написать? Где ты слова нашёл такие? Как Гамлет твой смог пережить тебя? И жить так как есть, мечтою став для всех мужчин-актёров, живущих на земле. Молчишь! К тебе вопросов много у меня, как и у любого, кто тебя играл. Ты гений, как вровень встать мне... хотя б с твоим героем.

Актёр садится на стул, крепко сжимая бюст Шекспира, и начинает задумчиво раскачиваться из стороны в сторону.

АКТЁР (говорит медленно, в доверительном тоне бюсту Шекспира):
Призрак, ты сам его играл. Наверное, поэтому его и вызвал первым. Предвестник кончины, сильнее Гамлета. Но ты ошибся. Гамлет был сильнее в своей печали и мраке в котором жил. Всё это время жил, хоть и умер на твоих подмостках.

Актёр медленно встаёт и бережно, как хрустальный, ставит бюст на стол.

АКТЁР: Хватит думать, надо к роли возвращаться. Готовиться. Я покажу каким был Гамлет, я докажу, что я достоин... Опять читать, пока из букв не выйдет стройный образ Датского Принца.

Актёр берёт книгу и, вначале бубнит текст, затем его выкрикивает во всю мощь своего голоса.

АКТЁР: Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun. (О нет, мне даже слишком много солнца.)

Как может солнца много быть? В сцене, где его мы видим в первый раз, Гамлет молчит, пока к нему не обратился Король, дядя. Он мог и сам стать королём, возраст позволял. А тут молчит, пока к нему не обратились. Это может быть стеснительностью. Добавить робости мне в голос? Но нет, он принц. Чего ему бояться?

I am too much i' the sun. (О нет, мне даже слишком много солнца.) Да... здесь он дерзит! Молчать не будет никогда.

Комедия, они смеялись когда в этом спектакле сам Шекспир играл. Пародия на Роттердамского Эразма. Сейчас Эразм забыт - остался только Гамлет. Он не дерзит, страдает. В его словах я ощущаю только боль. I am too much i' the sun. (О нет, мне даже слишком много солнца.) Он не смирился со смертью отца. Видит ли он уже, что умер король от руки убийцы? Или только глубина горя даёт ему смелость так много говорить о смерти, которую спокойно дядя принял?

Гамлет чувствует глубже, чем может внешне показать. Как я его понимаю. Сам мечусь, ищу, но показать то, что чувствую... Всегда мне внешнего проявления не достаточно. Своей игрой я не доволен, я знаю, что могу больше показать.

И критика и похвалы всей правды не откроют. Я критик сам себе, и в зеркало смотрю как зритель. Поэтому убрал из дома зеркала. Они мешают. Любуешься собой, игрой, не помнишь о герое. Всё это внешнее. Мишура.

I know not 'seems.'

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

(Я не хочу

Того, что кажется. Ни плащ мой темный,
Ни эти мрачные одежды, мать,
Ни бурный стон стесненного дыханья,
Нет, ни очей поток многообильный,

Ни горем удрученные черты
 И все обличья, виды, знаки скорби
 Не выразят меня; в них только то,
 Что кажется и может быть игрою;
 То, что во мне, правдивей, чем игра;
 А это все - наряд и мишура.)

Да, да. I have that within which passeth show. (То, что во мне, правдивей, чем игра.)

Правда, не игра во мне всегда. И я живу как Гамлет, пока занавес не отделил меня от зрителей и не вернул в обычный мир. Туда, где я не чувствую себя собой. Подмостки. Сцена. Я играю и живу. Ну, а потом я только жду, когда повторится всё снова и занавес откроет путь в мой тайный мир.

Но разговоры все впустую о театре. Гамлет мечтает о самоубийстве. (читает с надрывом):

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt
 Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
 How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
 Possess it merely.

(О, если б этот плотный сгусток мяса
 Растаял, сгинул, изошел росой!
 Иль если бы предвечный не уставил
 Запрет самоубийству! Боже! Боже!
 Каким докучным, тусклым и ненужным
 Мне кажется все, что ни есть на свете!
 О, мерзость! Это буйный сад, плодящий
 Одно лишь семя; дикое и злое
 В нем властвует.)

Мать выбрала другого. Того, кто не достоин выбора. Как мне это сыграть? Найти где грани, краски, чтоб засиял весь образ. Обиду на мать изобразить, Эдипов комплекс выбрать. Глупо. Нет, играть так мне не стоит. А может быть сыграть зависть, что не достойный занял трон и Гамлета гордыня мучит? Нет, тогда к чему обида тут на мать.

Как всё написано, слово за словом. И как живого Гамлета я вижу и чувствую его порывы все. Но сделать так, чтобы поверил зритель... Или хотя бы режиссёр сказал: актёр играет Гамлета и он достоин этой роли или эта роль ему подходит как перчатка на руку.

Актёр спускается на пол и замолкает. Подбородок касается груди, глаза закрыты. Он улыбается.

АКТЁР: Игра, успех, признание. (Открывает глаза, обводит взглядом зал, как если бы он был в десять раз больше). И эти все глаза смотрят

только на тебя, с тобою люди дышат и молчат. Великое призвание быть актёром. И крест, который тебя придавливает к сцене. Как Гамлета сыграть мне? Мне?! Как мне заставить их забыть о других, которые ходили по этим же подмосткам?

Актёр ударяет рукой по сцене, затем бережно, нежно гладит сцену.

АКТЁР: О сцена, ты помнишь всё и помнишь всех. Молчишь, безмолвный критик и твои аплодисменты не слышны сквозь топот ног, что по тебе идут. Ты мне поможешь, как помогала мне всегда. Они забудут о других актёрах. На сцене будет только Гамлет и это буду я.

Актёр приподнимает рукав свитера и смотрит на часы.

АКТЁР: Пора, успею. Я докажу им...

Актёр резко встаёт и с прямой спиной решительным шагом идёт со сцены.
Затемнение.

Сцена 2.

Входит Актёр, он очень зол.

АКТЁР: Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
(Скажи скорей, чтоб я на крыльях быстрых,
Как помысел, как страстные мечтанья,
Помчался к мести.)

Как умна. Я идиот услышав всё, помчался. Мстить, за кого?
И клятву же с меня спросила, как Гамлет с Горацио и Марцелла.
Я обезумел от неё, как Гамлет Призрака увидев. Сказала, что пошла на всё, чтоб быть со мной. Быть - да. Но тут работать. Да, не Офелия она, что слушала заветы брата.

Актёр закрывает голову руками.

АКТЁР: Что он сказал? Ах, да. Безумец из тебя отменный. Ты даже первый акт мне можешь не читать.
Ну, а потом, немного посмеявшись, сказал, что я придумал чудный ход, чтобы пройти все эти пробы. Роль почти твоя.

Актёр сжимает губы.

АКТЁР (сквозь зубы): Роль твоя. Если и на сцене будешь ты таким безумным, как был со мною в разговоре.
А она? Лишь улыбалась, чувствовал, стоит в кулисе. Не подошёл, не смог.
Всё, роль учить. И доказать, что и тогда играл, а не показывал свои я

чувства.

Пусть будет так. Пусть верит, как Офелия, что Гамлет обезумел от страсти к ней. Холодный душ, спокойное дыхание. И я всё поборошь смогу. Она невольно помогла мне, так что ж — благодарю.

Теперь всё не имеет смысла, я вижу к цели путь. Сыграть же Гамлета я должен, готов уйти и в монастырь, чтоб отказаться от других соблазнов. Всё, всё не то. Безумство трагедии мне нужно, не глупость. Мне вновь поможет только текст.

Актёр садится на стул и склоняется над раскрытой книгой. Потом отшатывается и начинает торопливо говорить.

АКТЁР: Как много Гамлета в тени. Со слов Офелии узнали о его безумстве. Король и Королева не довольны его поведением. Но всё для нас здесь скрыто. Слова Гамлета в чужих тут репликах. Друзья тоже как бы вдали. Те, кто были в свидетелях прихода Призрака. Обезумев, узнав страшную тайну, он сам Призраком становится. Только призраком о котором забыть не могут остальные. И беспокойством лучше мне это назвать.

Но Гамлет же вдали от всех. Возлюбленной он не открылся. Приказал молчать о Призраке друзьям. К чему вся эта скрытность. Что было в голове, когда он обезумел. И был ли он уже безумен при разговоре с Призраком. (Обращается к бюсту Шекспира): Шекспир, вопросов к тебе больше, чем ответов оставленных тобой в строках пьесы. Даже письма к Офелии нет в полной мере. Чтение Полония. Как тяжело. В этом и есть победа актёра над собой, над ролью. И я смогу здесь с остальными соревноваться.

А выход Гамлета к Полонию? Он с книгой, говорит как безумец, а остальные слушают. Как мне играть? Как идиота или как расчёт? В нём жажда мести, но ещё не сыграно «Убийство Гонзаго».

Нет, только знание всех слов наизусть тут не поможет. В этом весь Шекспир: искать ответы к его загадкам между строк.

Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

(Да, сударь, быть честным при том, каков этот мир, - это значит быть человеком, выуженным из десятка тысяч.)

Зачем ему вся эта рыба. Ссылка на символику Христа? Ведь Гамлета пугает в самоубийстве лишь нарушение заповедей.

Как хорошо играть было тогда, в тех первых постановках. На них не давил груз трактовок и я бы не мучился анализом роли по Станиславскому.

Работа актёра над собой. Кто мог сказать точнее. Над собой, а не над ролью или персонажем. Они закончены, лишь ты сам в движении, создании того, что ускользает от тебя.

Гамлет так странно говорит с Полонием, при этом помнит о его дочери. И даже сам Полоний признаёт, как точны его слова.

Потом друзей он видит. Узнаёт. Гильденстерн, Розенкранц. Значит он нормален? А должен ли безумец путаться в тех, кто знал его. Я сам же не безумец, откуда знать мне. Шекспир был тоже не безумец, поэтому и Гамлет у него расчётливо безумен.

HAMLET

Denmark's a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ

Then is the world one.

HAMLET

A goodly one; in which there are many confines,
wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

(Гамлет

Дания - тюрьма.

Розенкранц

Тогда весь мир - тюрьма.

Гамлет

И превосходная: со множеством затворов, темниц и подземелий,
причем

Дания - одна из худших.)

Тюрьма весь мир для Розенкранца, но Гамлет говорил о Дании... О ней он только говорил. Хотя согласен что и в мире нет для него спасения.

Лишь другие темницы.

Как это трактовать мне? Как разговор с друзьями или продолжение его с Полонием разговора.

Мне надо знать что делать в каждом слове пьесы. Но и всю линию героя собрать, чтобы была похожей на поведение одного человека. А Гамлет в этом плане просто невыносим. Где правда с безумием смешались у него?

И, если все его считают сумасшедшим, действительно ли он такой? Или просто его принять не могут за то, что поменял суждения. Хотя мы знаем, что после смерти короля он изменился. Только каким он был до того не знаем? Влюблён в Офелию? Что дальше? Жил весёлой жизнью, как его друзья. И первым в жизни потрясением стала смерть отца? Тогда Гамлет инфантилен. Но не играть же мне подростка, озлобленного на весь мир. Гамлет взрослый или только кажется таковым?

Офелией он восторгается, влюблён. Но и жениться он не торопится.

Восхищение Прекрасной Дамой? Зачем ему всё это, он же прожил жизнь как-то и до встречи с Призраком. Что же там было, что Гамлета сломать легко так.

Молчишь?

Актёр указывает пальцем на бюст Шекспира.

АКТЁР: Как всегда молчишь. Ты сам не знал, как остальным всем будет трудно понять слова твои увязшие в веках.

for there is nothing

either good or bad, but thinking makes it so

(ибо нет ничего ни хорошего, ни плохого; это размышление делает все таковым)

Не мог безумец этих слов сказать. Он же философ. Конечно, так и я страдаю над ролью, но страдания я принял сам как набор поступков.

Страдал ли Гамлет? Да. Но при этом здравости ума он не терял. Лишь

одинок был он в своих догадках.

А дальше... (Актёр перелистывает страницы книги) Он наблюдателен и прав в своих суждениях.

You were sent

for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks
which your modesties have not craft enough to colour:
I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

(За вами посылали; в ваших взорах есть нечто вроде признания, и ваша совесть недостаточно искусна, чтобы это скрасить. Я знаю, добрые король и королева за вами посылали.)

Тогда как же играть мне диалог с Полонием? Когда в глазах других безумец он — то просто откровенно рассуждает. А все вокруг лишь видят в этом тень странности его, в которой убеждаются или сами себя убеждают.

Ведь проще согласиться, что Гамлет обезумел от любви, чем не доволен сменой власти.

Гамлет интересен тем, что понимает - в каком он состоянии и как воспринимают это все вокруг. Он анализирует себя, видит себя со стороны.

I have of late--but

wherefore I know not--lost all my mirth, forgone all
custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily
with my disposition that this goodly frame, the
earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most
excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave
o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted
with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to
me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.
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

(Последнее время - а почему, я и сам не знаю - я утратил всю свою веселость, забросил все привычные занятия; и, действительно, на душе у меня

так тяжело, что эта прекрасная храмина, земля, кажется мне пустынным мысом;

этот несравненный полог, воздух, видите ли, эта великолепно раскинутая

твердь, эта величественная кровля, выложенная золотым огнем, - все это

кажется мне не чем иным, как мутным и чумным скоплением паров.

Что за

мастерское создание - человек! Как благороден разумом! Как беспределен в

своих способностях, обличьях и движениях! Как точен и чудесен в действии!

Как он похож на ангела глубоким постижением! Как он похож на некоего бога!

Краса вселенной! Венец всего живущего! А что для меня эта квинтэссенция праха? Из людей меня не радует ни один; нет, также и ни одна)

Вот здесь разочарование и депрессия в чистом виде. Сказали бы сейчас, что у него синдром хронической усталости. Я тоже чувствую такое, когда не знаю, куда податься, что мне делать и принесут ли мои труды в конечном счёте результаты.

Его не радует даже женщина, о любви к Офелии он забыл. А как не забыть, если все его мысли о другом. Прямо как моя... Бессвязных признаний ей мало. Сделал я поступок, на режиссёра накричал. Конечно выглядел безумцем. Ей всё мало. Послушала б меня, хоть раз поговорила. Нет о ролях буду думать только в театре — сказала мне в глаза. Я актёр, я так живу. Вся жизнь моя лишь подготовка к роли. К любой, пусть даже Гамлета.

I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

(Я безумен только при норд-норд-весте; когда ветер с юга, я отличаю сокола от цапли.)

Тут он расчётлив и циничен. О театре размышляет, об актёрах. Быть может мне сыграть, что Гамлет своё безумие играет лишь для тех, кто его таким увидеть хочет. Тогда он лучший из актёров и потому так тяжело даётся мне вся эта роль.

Нет, мне надо остановиться. Я не должен быть Гамлетом. Я должен лишь его сыграть. Но с каждым днём мне всё сложнее это. Он заполняет изнутри меня и лишь немного во мне осталось моего. Я раб Шекспира и строк его.

Актёр наигранно и громко смеётся.

АКТЁР: Как Гамлет говорит с актёрами, приглашёнными его развлечь. Знает все их лица, роли. Он так внимателен к ним, как был к друзьям своим. Сбивает с толку только он Полония. Хотя тот сам ищет повод, чтоб вспомнить и о дочери своей.

Полоний видит, как Гамлет хорошо читает текст услышанный однажды. Как может верить он в безумие любви?! Быть может хочет, чтоб страсть принца к его дочери была настолько сильной, чтобы в её силу поверили даже король и королева.

Когда Гамлет слушает актёра, он плачет. Плачет от услышанного. Поверил он актёру? Нет, он не мог поверить. Он плачет услышав то, что отозвалось в его сердце знакомой болью. Правда дала ему слёзы и эти чистые слёзы вновь аргумент против него. Все видят в нём безумца, только и всего. А он распоряжается, чтобы актёров приняли хорошо. Гамлет помнит, что он принц. Он отдаёт приказы. Никто не видит боль его. Как и мою не видят. Открывшись перед всеми он стал жертвой жалости к себе и получил злость нападок. Нет, никто не должен видеть то, от чего слёзы у тебя льются по щекам. Играть, только играть. Пусть видят только то, что можно.

Актёр садится на сцену, закрывает лицо руками и сжавшись в позу эмбриона тяжело и шумно дышит, как будто сдерживает сильные рыдания.

АКТЁР (выкрикивает) : we'll hear a play to-morrow.(завтра мы дадим представление.)

Актёр встаёт с медленной пластикой животного, разминающего кости.

АКТЁР: Смерть Гонзаго. Он знал, что выбрать. Гамлет видел пьесу и готов сам написать к ней пару строчек. Ах, как он преклоняется перед чужой работой. Пред мастерством актёра. Игра актёра стала предпосылкой и он придумал план своей мести, хоть понимал - как жалок в своей нерешительности.

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
 Is it not monstrous that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit
 That from her working all his visage wann'd,
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
 For Hecuba!
 What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
 That he should weep for her? What would he do,
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion
 That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
 Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
 The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,
 A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
 Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
 Upon whose property and most dear life
 A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
 Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
 Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
 As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
 Ha!
 'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
 But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter, or ere this
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
 O, vengeance!
 Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,

Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play 's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

(Вот я один
О, что за дрянь я, что за жалкий раб!
Не стыдно ли, что этот вот актер
В воображенье, в вымышленной страсти
Так поднял дух свой до своей мечты,
Что от его работы стал весь бледен;
Увлажен взор, отчаянье в лице,
Надломлен голос, и весь облик вторит
Его мечте. И все из-за чего?
Из-за Гекубы! Что ему Гекуба,
Что он Гекубе, чтоб о ней рыдать?
Что совершил бы он, будь у него
Такой же повод и подсказ для страсти,
Как у меня? Залив слезами сцену,
Он общий слух рассек бы грозной речью,
В безумье вверх бы грешных, чистых - в ужас,
Незнающих - в смятенье и сразил бы
Бессилием и уши и глаза.
А я,
Тупой и вялодушный дурень, мямлю,
Как ротозей, своей же правде чуждый,
И ничего сказать не в силах; даже
За короля, чья жизнь и достоянье
Так гнусно сгублены. Или я трус?
Кто скажет мне: "подлец"? Пробьет башку?
Клок вырвав бороды, швырнет в лицо?
Потянет за нос? Ложь забьет мне в глотку
До самых легких? Кто желает первый?
Ха!

Ей-богу, я бы снес; ведь у меня
И печень голубиная - нет желчи,
Чтоб огорчаться злом; не то давно
Скормил бы я всем коршунам небес
Труп негодяя; хищник и подлец!
Блудливый, вероломный, злой подлец!
О, мщенье!
Ну и осел же я! Как это славно,
Что я, сын умерщвленного отца,
Влекомый к мести небом и геенной,
Как шлюха, отвожу словами душу
И упражняюсь в ругани, как баба,
Как судомойка!
Фу, гадость! К делу, мозг! Гм, я слышал,
Что иногда преступники в театре
Бывали под воздействием игры
Так глубоко потрясены, что тут же
Свои провозглашали злодеянья;
Убийство, хоть и немо, говорит
Чудесным языком. Велю актерам
Представить нечто, в чем бы дядя видел
Смерть отца; вопьюсь в его глаза;
Проникну до живого; чуть он дрогнет,
Свой путь я знаю. Дух, представший мне,
Быть может, был и дьявол; дьявол властен
Облечься в милый образ; и возможно,
Что, так как я расслаблен и печален, -
А над такой душой он очень мощен, -
Меня он в гибель вводит. Мне нужна
Верней опора. Зрелище - петля,
Чтоб заарканить совесть короля.)

Да, Гамлет великий актёр играющий свою трагедию, ещё он лучший зритель. А впрочем, такой же как и вы, сидящие здесь в темноте и затаив дыхание стремящиеся мои слова услышать. Громче, тише, я всё скажу, вы всё услышите... Сейчас, лишь воздуха глотну устав от пыли слов.

Актёр уходит со сцены.
Затемнение.

Сцена 3.

Актёр входит уверенной походкой, наполненный силой. Говорит громко.

АКТЁР: Третий акт. И вновь со слов чужих мы узнаём страдание Гамлета. Друзья его безумным признают лишь потому, что он открыто не отвечает. А зачем? Дружба это исповедь, но Гамлет знает, что его слова передадут Королю. Нет, не безумен, осторожен. И эта подстроенная встреча с Офелией. Проверка его чувств, степени безумства.

Актёр берёт бюст Шекспира и говорит ему.

АКТЁР: Никогда понять не мог я тут Офелию. Она идёт на эту встречу, приготовленную. Почему она Гамлета не защищает от других, если любит. Другим верит больше, чем любимому. Хочет ему помочь или ей приятно, что любовь к ней до безумства принца довела?

Офелия его любит или нет? Меня всегда это волновало. Она послушна брату, отцу. Пересказывает разговоры, письма отдаёт. Послушна лишь как дочь, безмолвна в подчинении. Или ей всё равно и без угрызений совести она рассказывает всё как забавный случай. Хвастовство? Нет. Слишком просто.

Да, дальше только хуже. Офелия, возлюбленная, ждёт его. Их первая встреча в пьесе на сцене. Вместо любовного свидания надо мне читать Быть или не быть.

Актёр ставит бюст Шекспира на стол.

АКТЁР: Я тут всегда ошибаюсь в чувствах. Или слишком поздно вспоминаю, что возлюбленную он увидит или мечты о ней слишком рано я впускаю в речь.

Нет, трудно. Этот монолог он говорит как бы один. Но тут Офелия и я не понимаю где грань.

О Боже, сколько раз я слышал этот монолог. Печальный, радостный, крикливый, в нём каждый показывал себя. Но об Офелии никто не помнил.

Ах, эти разговоры вслух, печаль. Начну.

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
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 his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn

No traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.--Soft you now!
 The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd.

(Быть или не быть - таков вопрос;
 Что благородней духом - покоряться
 Пращам и стрелам яростной судьбы
 Иль, ополчась на море смут, сразить их
 Противоборством? Умереть, уснуть -
 И только; и сказать, что сном кончаешь
 Тоску и тысячу природных мук,
 Наследье плоти, - как такой развязки
 Не жаждать? Умереть, уснуть. - Уснуть!
 И видеть сны, быть может? Вот в чем трудность;
 Какие сны приснятся в смертном сне,
 Когда мы сбросим этот бранный шум, -
 Вот что сбивает нас; вот где причина
 Того, что бедствия так долговечны;
 Кто снес бы плети и глумленье века,
 Гнет сильного, насмешку гордеца,
 Боль презренной любви, судей медливость,
 Заносчивость властей и оскорбленья,
 Чинимые безропотной заслуге,
 Когда б он сам мог дать себе расчет
 Простым кинжалом? Кто бы плелся с ношей,
 Чтоб охать и потеть под нудной жизнью,
 Когда бы страх чего-то после смерти -
 Безвестный край, откуда нет возврата
 Земным скитальцам, - волю не смущал,
 Внушая нам терпеть невзгоды наши
 И не спешить к другим, от нас сокрытым?
 Так трусами нас делает раздумье,
 И так решимости природный цвет
 Хиреет под налетом мысли бледным,
 И начинанья, взнесшиеся мощно,
 Сворачивая в сторону свой ход,
 Теряют имя действия. Но тише!
 Офелия? - В твоих молитвах, нимфа,
 Все, чем я грешен, помяни.)

Нет. Всё не так. Не так. Я сам себе не верю. Сыграть я должен по
 другому. Гамлет говорит всё для себя, а попробую сыграть как будто
 знает, не безумен, что Офелия здесь и слушает его. Как исповедь. Слова
 не для себя. А чтоб услышанным мне быть.
 Тут всё иначе. Я выберу тут путь другой. И режиссёр увидит,

согласится.
Пусть Гамлет скажет всё это Офелии.

Актёр берёт стул, на стул кладёт книгу.

АКТЁР: Офелия сидит, читает. Так. Входит Гамлет и начинает говорить ей. Возможно падает на колени, выговаривается, открывает что мучает его.

Пусть у меня не будет одинок он в этом монологе. А в конце он замолкает. Лишь потому, что не нашёл он в ней ответа на все слова его. Единственное, что может - лишь попросить о нём молиться. Пусть тут он потеряет последнюю надежду открыть свою душу и быть принятым таким как есть.

Ещё раз, всё говорю Офелии.

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
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И только; и сказать, что сном кончаешь
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Не жаждать? Умереть, уснуть. - Уснуть!
И видеть сны, быть может? Вот в чем трудность;
Какие сны приснятся в смертном сне,
Когда мы сбросим этот бранный шум, -
Вот что сбивает нас; вот где причина
Того, что бедствия так долговечны;
Кто снес бы плети и глумление века,
Гнет сильного, насмешку гордеца,
Боль презренной любви, судей медливость,
Заносчивость властей и оскорбленья,
Чинимые безропотной заслуге,
Когда б он сам мог дать себе расчет
Простым кинжалом? Кто бы плелся с ношей,
Чтоб охоть и потеть под нудной жизнью,
Когда бы страх чего-то после смерти -
Безвестный край, откуда нет возврата
Земным скитальцам, - волю не смущал,
Внушая нам терпеть невзгоды наши
И не спешить к другим, от нас сокрытым?
Так трусами нас делает раздумье,
И так решимости природный цвет
Хиреет под налетом мысли бледным,
И начинанья, взнесшиеся мощно,
Сворачивая в сторону свой ход,
Теряют имя действия. Но тише!
Офелия? - В твоих молитвах, нимфа,
Все, чем я грешен, помяни.)

Актёр тяжело дышит, опирается руками на стул.

АКТЁР: Да, теперь совсем другое дело. А она не поняла! Напугана. Здесь нет слов любви, и верит, что он безумен. Он ей открыл всё, а она...

Офелия же слышала всё это! А говорит... ведёт лишь светский разговор. Как Гамлету говорить с ней после этого! Он знает, что слышала каждое слово. Вот почему так тяжело читать слова все эти. Их никто слушать не хочет. Гамлет одинок с Офелией, как если бы и вправду был один. Одинок всегда со всеми. С матерью, которую простить не может. С друзьями, которые готовы лишь веселиться вместе. С Офелией которую любил, но не нашёл в ней понимания. Возможно, он подумал, что ей нужен Принц, а не он сам каким есть на самом деле. Иначе почему попросил Офелию молиться о его грехах.

А дальше она напоминает о любви. Он говорит ей что разлюбил и никогда не любил, советует уйти Офелии в монастырь.

Он так жесток или так обижен? Он ей всё рассказал, а она лишь помнит о словах любви которым верила. Да, она его попрекает. Он обороняется.

Гамлет хочет показаться надменным, безразличным, спрятаться за резкими словами.

Офелия ему причинила боль. По сути, предала как все, не поняв. Он зол, Гамлет ненавидит Офелию, а в ней весь мир. Он обвиняет её в том, что любил.

Сейчас он против всех и любовь его тут предала. Гамлет попросту раздавлен. Офелия безумным видит его. Так ей и надо, слышать, слушать надо было когда ей говорил. Теперь сама во всём ты виновата.

Актёр бросает стул на сцену, книга падает. Актёр подбирает книгу, кладёт на стол.

АКТЁР: Покинут и отвергнут, утерян смысл жизни. И только месть за отца может кровь заставить течь по венам.

Тут главное уйти. Уйти так, чтоб было понятно, что кончено всё для него. Но не подавлен. Разочарован жизнью, одинок. Нет не раздавлен! Сказав Офелии обо всём. Скорее тут разрыв любви. Она не стала для него той, о которой мечтал. Его не слушала, не поддержала. И не увидела в нём самого его. Лишь, как другие, отстранённо наблюдала. Что его так разозлило, что ей так много злобы выдал? Быть может посчитал, что вслед за матерью его предала. Но что за ум...

Гамлет пережил разочарование в той, которую любил. Убит быть должен горем. Но нет! Он жив и дальше действует чётко. Да, ран на сердце много, но есть другая цель и к ней идёт. А его советы актёру! Кристальной чистоты завет оставил нам Шекспир.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbshows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

...Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful

laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the
censure of the which one must in your allowance
o'erweigh a whole theatre of others.

(Произносите монолог, прошу вас, как я вам его прочел, легким
языком; а

если вы станете его горланить, как это у вас делают многие актеры, то
мне

было бы одинаково приятно, если бы мои строки читал бирюч. И не
слишком

пилите воздух руками, вот этак; но будьте во всем ровны, ибо в самом
потоке,

в буре и, я бы сказал, в смерче страсти вы должны усвоить и соблюдать
меру,

которая придавала бы ей мягкость. О, мне возмущает душу, когда я
слышу, как

здоровенный, лохматый детина рвет страсть в клочки, прямо-таки в
лохмотья, и

раздирает уши партеру, который по большей части ни к чему не
способен, кроме

невразумительных пантомим и шума; я бы отхлестал такого молодца,
который

старается перещеголять Термаганта; они готовы Ирода переиродить;
прошу вас,

избегайте этого.

...Не будьте также и слишком вялы, но пусть ваше собственное
разумение

будет вашим наставником, сообразуйте действие с речью, речь с
действием,

причем особенно наблюдайте, чтобы не переступать простоты природы;
ибо все,

что так преувеличено, противно назначению лицедейства, чья цель как
прежде,

так и теперь была и есть - держать как бы зеркало перед природой,
являть

добродетели ее же черты, спеси - ее же облик, а всякому веку и
сословию -

его подобие и отпечаток. Если это переступить или же этого не
достигнуть, то

хотя невежду это и рассмешит, однако же ценитель будет огорчен; а его
суждение, как вы и сами согласитесь, должно перевешивать целый
театр прочих.)

Ведь это просто. Остальные все слова, лишь повторение этих. Ах если б
как актёр я мог играть всегда так. Всё было б по иному. Играть - не
жить. Или жить не играть. Нет, надо быть актёром, лишь только так ты
можешь убедить в правде слов своих.

А разговор с Горацио? Как точен Гамлет, как расчётлив. Себе
помощника он ищет, чтоб не ошибиться. Он хочет доказательства вины
от дяди. Значит, значит в глубине души он даже Призраку не верит! А
верит лишь себе.

Да, да. Конечно, всё это была игра, приготовление. Проверить всех,

поверить самому.

They are coming to the play; I must be idle

(Они идут; мне надо быть безумным).

Как холодно он точен, как жесток. Нет он не жертва. Палач, что приговора ждёт, для исполнения.

Забыв о всех своих страданиях, направлен лишь на то, что ждёт сейчас. Пьеса которую актёры разыграют.

Теперь в безумстве он играет как не всякий может отдавать себе отчёт нормальным себя признав. Гамлет, он актёр и он страдает. Но видят все лишь то, что он сам позволит увидеть другим.

Приготовление к выходу актёров. Как всё невинно и забавно. Гамлет у ног Офелии. Как будто и не посылал её он в монастырь. И, кажется, что не видны его на сердце раны.

Размолвка, спор, не более. Они даже флиртуют. Офелия его безумным не считает. Вновь приняла его ухаживания.

Нет, для остальных Гамлет не понятен, хоть и с болью говорит он об отце. Скорее своим горем докучает решившим поразвлечься.

Разыграна пантомима убийства короля. Но и этого мало, дальше идёт пьеса. Вот тут я не понимаю. Не вижу, как на это должны среагировать король с королевой. Без слов должны были понять, но действие продолжается и дальше. Гамлет выглядит более занятым разговором с Офелией, чем наблюдением за отравителем.

Чего он ждёт - признания. Как мне его сыграть? Как зверя, следящего за добычей. Возлюбленного, что простил всё любимой. Я не знаю.

Впрочем, он всё время упрекает Офелию. Тут должен быть спокоен с ней или вовлечён в представление. Главное, мне разобраться в этой сцене: кто всё ж для Гамлета важнее - Офелия или актёры. Он рядом с ней, для всех это хороший знак. А Гамлет ближе к Офелии лишь, чтоб продлить страданье. Только не пойму, своё или её. Или быть может, он всё ещё пытается своими словами пробиться к Офелии. Ждёт, что его поймёт.

Как это для нас всех важно. Чтоб рядом человек был, который разделяет то, что ты чувствуешь. Хотя бы видит боль того, кого ты любишь. И боль сама была бы легче для нас тогда.

Гамлет всё время комментирует игру актёров в «Мышеловке», со всеми разговаривает, всем дерзит. И тут ему не достаточно того, как все себя ведут. Пьеса продолжается, хотя и так должны были понять что к чему. Но вот актёр вливает в ухо яд актёру и король уходит разозлённый. Я не понимаю, зачем король так долго ждал? Почему не ушёл в пантомиме.

Там было всё то же. Нет, тут замысел Шекспира мне не дано понять. Дальше Гамлет убедился в произведённом эффекте и доволен, что король и королева огорчены его поступком. Он отдаляется от друзей, они считают так. Но вновь Гамлета никто не слушает.

А то, какие слова он говорит Гильденстерну...

You would play upon me; you would seem to know
my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my
mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to
the top of my compass: and there is much music,
excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot
you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am

easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.

(На мне вы готовы

играть; вам кажется, что мои лады вы знаете; вы хотели бы исторгнуть сердце

моей тайны; вы хотели бы испытать от самой низкой моей ноты до самой вершины

моего звука; а вот в этом маленьком снаряде - много музыки, отличный голос;

однако вы не можете сделать так, чтобы он заговорил. Черт возьми, или,

по-вашему, на мне легче играть, чем на дудке? Назовите меня каким угодно

инструментом, - вы хоть и можете меня терзать, но играть на мне не можете.)

Куда ещё честнее можно с другом быть и откровенней?

Реплики с Полонием. Описывая облако Гамлет вновь играет идиота и Полоний подыгрывает ему. Пред этим был откровенен. Как он владеет своими чувствами. Я бы так не смог. Сам я срываюсь, не останавливаюсь, где следует. Но ничего. Я с Гамлета возьму пример. С друзьями я открыт и честен, с врагами груб. Но только правда в том, что те и те безумца видят лишь во мне. Как это грустно. Вот только Гамлет сейчас меня важней.

Как Гамлет любит мать, хоть видит в ней предательство, измену. Он причиняет боль, молчать не может, но не спешит нанести ей вред.

Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;

How in my words soever she be shent,

To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

(Теперь как раз тот колдовской час ночи,

Когда гроба зияют и заразой

Ад дышит в мир; сейчас я жаркой крови

Испить бы мог и совершить такое,

Что день бы дрогнул. Тише! Мать звала.

О сердце, не утрать природы; пусть

Душа Нерона в эту грудь не внидет;

Я буду с ней жесток, но я не изверг;

Пусть речь грозит кинжалом, не рука;

Язык и дух да будут лицемерны;

Хоть на словах я причиню ей боль,

Дать скрепу им, о сердце, не дозволяй!)

Наверное ведомый этими же чувствами Гамлет говорил с Офелией во время пьесы. Ненависть в словах, чтобы закрыть от всех сердце, истерзанное болью.

Да, больно Гамлету. Но также честен он. Не поднял меч на отца убийцу в час молитвы. Решил, что тот свои грехи так может искупить. Он хладнокровен, будет ждать лучший повод. При этом ни на мгновение не забывает о том, что предстоит сделать.

Гамлет хочет, чтобы дядя умер непрощённым как и его отец. Страдал бы вровень с Призраком, не находил покоя. Он не идеализирует отца, и снова Гамлет точен в своих суждениях.

Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven;
And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No!

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes.

(Теперь свершить бы все, - он на молитве;
И я свершу; и он взойдет на небо;
И я отмщен. Здесь требуется взвесить:
Отец мой гибнет от руки злодея,
И этого злодея сам я шлю
На небо.

Ведь это же награда, а не месть!
Отец сражен был в грубом пресыщенье,
Когда его грехи цвели, как май;
Каков расчет с ним, знает только небо.
Но по тому, как можем мы судить,
С ним тяжело: и буду ль я отмщен,
Сразив убийцу в чистый миг молитвы,
Когда он в путь снаряжен и готов?
Нет.

Назад, мой меч, узнай страшной обхват;
Когда он будет пьян, или во гневе,

Иль в кровосмесных наслажденьях ложа;
 В кощунстве, за игрой, за чем-нибудь,
 В чем нет добра. - Тогда его сшиби,
 Так, чтобы пятками брыкнул он в небо
 И чтоб душа была черна, как ад,
 Куда она отправится.)

Разговор с королевой. Единственный разговор с матерью в тексте. Дальше я теряюсь в догадках. Гамлет не решился убить дядю и тут же убивает Полония. Зачем? За предательство? Чтобы поговорить с матерью. Не мог он человека с крысой перепутать! Или предатель равен крысе?

Гамлет хладнокровен. Он уверен, что убил короля. Узнав, что это Полоний не сожалеет. Лишь от королевы он признания тут хочет. Наверное, здесь перелом. В предыдущей сцене шпагу спрятал в ножны. А здесь уже обагрил кровью. Всё. Теперь он на другом пути и прежний Гамлет стал новым. Он убийца, и не скрывает что хочет смерти короля. Указывая королеве на недостатки нового мужа, чего он ждёт?

Раскаяния. Согласия, что не должна была так поступать. Сыновья ревность движет Гамлетом? Тут это уже не важно. Он видит Призрака и говоря об этом подтверждает, что безумен для всех.

И снова Гамлет говорит лишь правду. Как иступлённо честен он со всеми. Как мать хочет спасти. Да узнать в лицо правду не может тот, кто постоянно лжёт другим.

Безумен Гамлет потому, что честен, справедлив. Века назад несчастен был, как и сейчас тот, кто правду видит. И правда тоже Призрак, и вслед за ней безумия клеймо получишь от других.

Да, я тоже Гамлет. Когда я правду говорю, то все смеются иль удивляются моим словам. Лишь только я скажу то, что хотят услышать... Я мил вам всем, я прав. Лучше тут сказал Шекспир.

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
 And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
 That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word; which madness
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that mattering unction to your soul,
 That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
 Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
 Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
 And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
 For in the fatness of these pursy times
 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
 Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.
 (Мой пульс, как ваш, размеренно звучит
 Такой же здоровой музыкой; не бред
 То, что сказал я; испытайте тут же,
 И я вам все дословно повторю, -
 А бред отпрянул бы. Мать, умоляю,

Не умащайте душу льстивой мазью,
 Что это бред мой, а не ваш позор;
 Она больное место лишь затянет,
 Меж тем как порча все внутри разъест
 Незримо. Исповедайтесь пред небом,
 Покайтесь в прошлом, стерегитесь впредь
 И плевелы не удобряйте туком.
 Простите мне такую добродетель;
 Ведь добродетель в этот жирный век
 Должна просить прощенья у порока,
 Молить согбенна, чтоб ему помочь.)

Гамлет понимает что убил Полония. Позже он просит мать открыть врагу, что ждёт его от сына жертвы.

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
 Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft.

(Пусть вас король к себе в постель заманит;
 Щипнет за щечку; мышкой назовет;
 А вы за грязный поцелуй, за ласку
 Проклятых пальцев, глядящих вам шею,
 Ему распутайте все это дело, -
 Что вовсе не безумен я, а просто
 Хитер безумно.)

Опять же честность. Гамлет хочет, чтобы враг готов был к мести. Чтоб не застал его внезапно. Принц благороднее, он предупреждает, чтобы враг был готов или боялся. Зачем? Затем что и в убийстве не потерпит обмана и измены. Лишь бы не стать таким же как и дядя. Гамлет и друзьям своим не верит и знает планы все врага. Такая схватка нравится ему. Он хочет всех перехитрить, выиграть хочет. Не безумен, здесь он игрок хороший.

and my two schoolfellows,
 Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
 They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
 And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
 For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
 Hoist with his own petard: and 't shall go hard
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,
 And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
 When in one line two crafts directly meet.
 (два моих собрата,
 Которым я, как двум гадюкам, верю,
 Везут приказ; они должны расчистить
 Дорогу к западне. Ну что ж, пускай;
 В том и забава, чтобы землекопа

Взорвать его же миной; плохо будет,
Коль я не вруюсь глубже их аршином,
Чтоб их пустить к луне; есть прелесть в том,
Когда две хитрости столкнутся лбом!)

Мне кажется тут Гамлет живёт в полной мере. Его всё это радует. Он чувствует себя умней, проворней. В нём нет печали только лишь азарт. Когда Гамлет честно говорит обо всем, для всех безумен. Первых три акта он нормален. Как тяжело это играть, не помрачённого рассудком. Как все привыкли. Он готов переиграть всех, но не за корону, за справедливость и за мщение. И всё так же одинок. Мать его не понимает... Впрочем, все, кто должны были увидеть только правду. Проблема в том, что других все судят по себе. Не видят они в Гамлете честности, желанья справедливости. В них этого нет. Раскаянья, оценки своих поступков. Гамлет напоминает всем, как поступили. Для них он враг, беда. Зачем им видеть отражения себя такими, какие есть. Гамлет их совесть, не слушают его и отвергают. И всё же справедливого мстителя играть намного легче, чем безумца.

Актёр щёлкает по носу Шекспира и, мурлыкая весёлый мотив, уходит со сцены.

Сцена 4.

Актёр входит, нервно размахивая руками.

АКТЁР: Я получу эту роль. Да, получу. Режиссёр выслушал все мои догадки. А потом сказал: Когда же Гамлет твой безумен? Я не знаю, ответить смог. А он сказал: Придёшь тогда, когда ответ узнаешь. Нет, почему я так поторопился. Тракторку новую я до конца не отработал и сглупил. Конечно, знать все ответы, как знал Шекспир. А знал ли Гамлет свой расчёт, когда Полония он тело прятал. Другьям открыл, что их король использует. Нет, просто жил, моменту повинуюсь и верил, что его сила победит. Я тоже верю, и вновь читать я должен эти строки.

Актёр раскрывает книгу и жадно всматривается в страницы.

АКТЁР: Когда приходит Гамлет к королю, его он не боится. Да, говорит о бренности живого. Только не пойму, зачем тело прятал, чтобы открыть всем, где оно. Позлить лишь короля. Напугать кого-то. Тут лишнее всё это делать самому. Опять мы этого не видим. Безумен ли тогда, когда он тело прятал? Нет, Гамлет хвастает перед королём убийством. Зачем? Чтоб показать, что равен как убийца, не остановится. Или бесстрашен и умён. Нет. Тут всё сложно.

Актёр роняет книгу на пол.

АКТЁР: Я и детективы тут не понимал. Желание всё рассказать, быть

открытым, жажда славы такие все мотивы, что ведут к развязке. А убийца продолжает жить как ни в чём не бывало. Ждёт что забудут? Ведь это стресс. А Гамлет - он убил, спрятал тело и тут же хвастается. Ведёт себя тут как плохой охотник, что дичь потерял на пути домой. Дальше он соглашается на доводы короля, который его спасает от наказания. Хотя, себя скорее от Гамлета он ограждает. Принц соглашается на сделку, он разумен! И в Англию готов уехать. Для всех это нормальный выход. Но в страхе своём и ужасе от совершённого не видят этого.

И король в своём желании убрать Гамлета видит лишь возможность убить его чужой рукой. Зачем так сложно, если можно было его приговорить за смерть Полония. Ведь Гамлет принял бы эту вину. Или король открыто не хочет ранить сердце королевы? Пусть сын умрёт не на её глазах.

Актёр поднимает книжку.

АКТЁР: Шекспир доволен. Века актёры в тишине ответы ищут на его вопросы. Находят, ошибаются и только в этом заложен наш провал или успех.

Встреча с войском Фортинбраса напоминает Гамлету о ничтожности поводов, по которым люди идут на смерть. И тут себя он сравнивает с целым войском.

Rightly to be great
 Is not to stir without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,
 And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
 (Истинно велик,
 Кто не встревожен малою причиной,
 Но вступит в ярый спор из-за былинки,
 Когда задета честь. Так как же я,
 Я, чей отец убит, чья мать в позоре,
 Чей разум и чья кровь возмущены,
 Стою и сплю, взирая со стыдом,
 Как смерть вот-вот поглотит двадцать тысяч,
 Что ради прихоти и вздорной славы
 Идут в могилу, как в постель, сражаться
 За место, где не развернуться всем.
 Где даже негде схоронить убитых?
 О мысль моя, отныне ты должна
 Кровавой быть, иль прах тебе цена!)

А дальше вновь лишь отзвуки событий. Офелия в горе от смерти отца. Лаэрт готов поднять восстание и сам стать королём. Чужие опасенья нам заслоняют Гамлета.

Всё же как мало Гамлета на сцене. Как много скрыто его от нас. Что с ним в это время происходило? Как реагировал на смуту поднявшуюся в Дании, будем честны, всё ж по его вине?

Да, Шекспир всё же гений. Все видят безумие Гамлета. Но этого нам мало и, чтоб ушли сомнения, Офелия и в самом деле с ума сходит от смерти отца. И тут мы видим, что Гамлет был нормален. Зол, одержимый мстью, как Лаэрт, который убийцу ищет для отмщенья. Разумен. Тысячу раз разумен, но не так горяч как Лаэрт. Расчётлив и уверен в своей правоте.

Как сложен Гамлета план. Вернулся, предупредив, когда не ждали. Зачем опять в открытую играет. И сколько правды в письмах тех, что в Данию отправил. Воюет только с королём, забыл он о Лаэрте или Офелии которые, так как и он сам, ждут отмщенья.

Конечно Гамлет эгоист. Но эгоист в своей мести. Самолюбив, бесстрашен. Герой задумавший наказание другим, но не веря что кто-то и против него может готовить силу.

Лаэрт с королём готовят яд со шпагой, потом о кубке думают. Мы знаем всё о них. Но Гамлет интересней мне тут всех. Вновь спрятан он от нас за занавесом из чужих страстей.

Смерть Офелии как раз тогда за сценой происходит, когда продумывают как Гамлета убить. Бессмысленна её тут жертва в безумии не узнающая своей гибели. Хотя, тут всё иначе можно повернуть.

Офелия несправедливо обвинив в безумии Гамлета сама безумной стала, как искупление своих грехов. Но зачем? Она ведь никого не понимала до глубины тех сил, что чуждымы были ей. Так в неведение и погибла.

Сколько же дала она художникам тем вдохновенья. Возлюбленная Гамлета. Не больше. Что знаем мы о ней? Хотел ли Гамлет видеть больше в ней, чем даму сердца. Да. Но умертвив её отца ни вздохом не вспомнил он о той, которую обрёл на муки, на страданье. Гамлет тут жесток. Себя он только видит. Нет, всерьёз он Офелию не любит. Или забыл об этом.

Актёр задумчиво смотрит в пустоту. Размышляет. Затем, как бы встряхивая с себя дремоту, поднимает книгу на уровень глаз.

АКТЁР: Вот наш пятый акт и с ним конец всей пьесе и моим мученьям. Как рукопись таинственную я расшифровывал слово за словом известный текст. Рубеж последний и мой новый Гамлет ослепит других своей открытою душой.

Начало действия на кладбище. Офелия самоубийца. Даже гробокопатели признали это. Но для неё другой закон. Знатность даёт ей право быть похороненной. И после смерти в людях она не вызывает сожаленья. Таков её удел.

Гамлет и череп. Я просто ненавижу это! Банальнее всего Гамлет в обнимку с черепом на всех афишах. Двухголовый герой, который наконец себе нашёл собеседника по духу. Нет это знаю я и так. О сколько раз словами про Йорика я воздух сотрясал. Сейчас не буду. Как

занавес поднимут — так скажу.

И даже на кладбище Гамлет здраво размышляет - догадки строя, кто мог там быть захоронен.

Присутствие на похоронах Офелии. Скорее удивлён её он смертью.

Волнуют больше слова Лаэрта, чем кончина той, которой говорил слова любви.

Наконец мы узнаём о чувствах Гамлета к Офелии. Он говорит их над могилой. Не вижу я безумства, только боль и скорбь.

I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

...'Swoonds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

(Ее любил я; сорок тысяч братьев
Всем множеством своей любви со мною
Не уравнились бы. - Что для нее
Ты сделаешь?)

...Нет, покажи мне, что готов ты сделать:
Рыдать? Терзаться? Биться? Голодать?
Напиться уксусу? Съесть крокодила?
Я тоже. Ты пришел сюда, чтоб хныкать?
Чтоб мне назло в могилу соскочить?
Заройся с нею заживо, - я тоже.
Ты пел про горы; пусть на нас навалят
Миллионы десятин, чтоб эта глыба
Спалила темя в знойной зоне, Оссу
Сравнив с прыщом! Нет, если хочешь хвастать,
Я хвастаю не хуже.)

Вновь Гамлет тут жесток и хладнокровен даже в горе. Он знает цену своим чувствам и не верит, что и другой хотя б на тень их может быть способен.

После этих слов признанья, что видим мы? Гамлет уже обсуждает свои воспоминания на корабле. Даёт он волю чувствам ненадолго, но думает всё время он о мести. Другая цель жизни закрыла всё перед ним.

Любовь, боль, утрата.

Гамлет рассказал Горацио как сочинил приказ об убийстве тех, кто в Англию его сопровождал. Назвать жестоким я не могу его. Хотел убить его король, Гамлет убил своих же стражников. Считает, что поступил он правильно.

В его игре все ставки выше, выше. И дальше по канату над пропастью идёт, хоть знает что впереди ждёт погибель, так же как и внизу. И сам себя ругает он за то, что показал всем боль свою. Открылся, ослеплённый горем.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours.
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

(Но я весьма жалею, друг Горацио,
Что я с Лаэртом позабыл себя;
В моей судьбе я вижу отраженье
Его судьбы; я буду с ним мириться;
Но, право же, своим кичливым горем
Меня взбесил он.)

Как Гамлет тут спокоен, когда согласие даёт на поединок с Лаэртом. Легко, без тени страха иль сомнения. Его не удивляет, что король на него заклад поставил.

Мне кажется, Гамлета ничто не может удивить. Не может быть уверен так в своём он деле. И не наивен. А как учтив он с Озриком, хоть тот не видит издёвки в словах принца.

И всё же говорит о своих предчувствиях. Хотя готов принять любую он судьбу. Нет, Гамлет не безумен.

we defy augury: 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?

(нас не страшат предвестия, и в гибели воробья есть особый
промысел. Если теперь, так, значит, не потом; если не потом, так,
значит,
теперь; если не теперь, то все равно когда-нибудь; готовность - это все.
Раз

то, с чем мы расстаемся, принадлежит не нам, так не все ли равно -
расстаться рано? Пусть будет.)

При этом уверен, что победит, потому, что тренировался с отъезда
Лаэрта. Да, Гамлет самонадеян. Только других он хочет убедить не в
силе, а в своём безумии. И это примирение с Лаэртом перед схваткой...
Быть глубже Гамлета, когда его играешь можно, лишь только надо быть
собой при этом, не принцем Датским.

Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,

That might your nature, honour and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

(Простите, сударь; я вас оскорбил;
Но вы простите мне как дворянин.
Собравшимся известно, да и вы,
Наверно, слышали, как я наказан
Мучительным недугом. Мой поступок,
Задевший вашу честь, природу, чувство, -
Я это заявляю, - был безумьем.
Кто оскорбил Лаэрта? Гамлет? Нет;
Ведь если Гамлет разлучен с собою
И оскорбляет друга, сам не свой,
То действует не Гамлет; Гамлет чист,
Но кто же действует? Его безумье.
Раз так, он сам из тех, кто оскорблен;
Сам бедный Гамлет во вражде с безумьем.
Здесь, перед всеми,
Отрекшись от умышленного зла,
Пусть буду я прощен великодушно
За то, что я стрелу пустил над кровлей
И ранил брата.)

Лаэрт учтив, но извинения не принял. Он тоже мести ждёт и знает, что каков бы исход у поединке не был, Гамлета король убьёт. А значит смерть Полония и Офелии получают месть свою. Король готов поднять кубок за здоровье Гамлета. При этом знает Гамлет, что смерти ждёт его. Тогда почему дерётся? Я ради этой сцены фехтовал день и ночь. Только всё равно бы обошёлся без этой драки. Она глупа своим бесчестьем. Должны же оба понимать, что этот поединок последний. Гамлета убьют, Лаэрта тоже, за тайну, что сохранить не сможет. Во всей сцене поединка мне кажется всего важнее фраза королевы перед тем как отпила отравленного вина. Она говорит, что Гамлет толстый и у него одышка. Гамлет толстый! А его играют как молодого лёгкого героя. И всё тогда переворачивается, только поздно. Он у нас герой! Не тучный мститель, которого понятно, что незачем любить Офелии, если она красива. Принимала знаки все внимания, но никогда в ответ своих чувств ему не отдавала. Да, Гамлет принц и потому была согласна на всё. Хотя там не красивы все. Король ужасен, Гамлет толст. Красив и статен

только Призрак — не потому ль, Шекспир, его писал с себя.

Актёр размахивает бюстом Шекспира, как рапирой.

АКТЁР: Как ты коварен и готов к обману. Мы верим всем словам твоим, а ты готовишь западню, Шекспир. Наш Гамлет чист, красив, безумен. Твой Гамлет толстый, злобный на весь мир. И лишь Королева полна к нему трусливою любовью, которая не может и сына защитить.

Трагедия, в конце должно быть много крови. Королева отравилась. Лаэрт и Гамлет поражены одним и тем же ядом. И короля Гамлет умертвил и рапирой и чашей с ядом.

Конец печален. Убиты все, виновны все. И только кровь за кровь расплата.

Прощение Лаэрта Гамлету уже не нужно. И Гамлет умирает дольше всех других.

Его слова, как и глаза уже смерть видят. Но только я хочу сказать. Нет, Гамлет не безумен! Все его слова разумны и это худшее из бедствий, что выпало ему на долю.

И умирая правды хочет. Он друга просит поведать тайну гибели своей. Горацио теперь его голос и Гамлет умирает с тем.

Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

... О, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:

I cannot live to hear the news from England;

But I do prophesy the election lights

On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;

So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,

Which have solicited. The rest is silence.

(Дыши в суровом мире, чтоб мою

Поведать повесть.

...Я умираю;

Могучий яд затмил мой дух; из Англии

Вестей мне не узнать. Но предрекаю:

Избрание падет на Фортинбраса;

Мой голос умирающий - ему;

Так ты ему скажи и всех событий

Открой причину. Дальше — тишина.)

Актёр закрывает книгу, ставит поверх неё бюст Шекспира.

АКТЁР: Тишина. И только после проснутся зрители. Они всегда в конце немеют. Как на мой ум всех этих смертей не мог достоин быть Фонтербрас. Но кто такой я - лишь актёр. А ты великий Драматург, властитель судеб. И завтра занавес поднятый вновь нам откроет Гамлета историю. Ну а пока. Тишина.

Гамлет, ты не безумен, не пережил бы дух твой столько веков. И я прошу тебя, пусть разум твой поможет мне сыграть роль эту.

Гамлет уходит. Да, лишь уходит. Он не умрёт, пока есть тот, кто помнит его историю.

Актёр кланяется.

З а н а в е с.

Сентябрь 2013.

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