**R & G**

**Free visitation (2.2. 219-255)**

HAMLET: My excellent good friends! How dost thou,
Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

ROSENCRANTZ: As the indifferent children of the earth.

GUILDENSTERN: Happy, in that we are not over-happy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button. Fortune

HAMLET: Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ: Neither, my lord.

HAMLET: Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of
her favours?

GUILDENSTERN: 'Faith, her privates we.

HAMLET: In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she
is a strumpet. What's the news?

ROSENCRANTZ: None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

HAMLET: Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true.

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Let me question more in particular: what have you, As per the note, on pp. 145-6;
my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, can see in terms of
that she sends you to prison hither? Hamlet’s & R & G’s manipulation or meaning

GUILDENSTERN: Prison, my lord! Note the redirections in the conversation

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.

ROSENCRANTZ: We think not so, my lord.

HAMLET: Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing
either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me Keep in mind R & G’s mision to spy
it is a prison. on Hamlet and find out what bothering him

ROSENCRANTZ: Why then, your **ambition** makes it one; 'tis too
narrow for your mind.

HAMLET: O God, I could be bounded in a nut shell and count
myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I creative mind; outer state isn’t the problem
have bad dreams. inner state might be …

GUILDENSTERN: Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very
substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

HAMLET: A dream itself is but a shadow.

ROSENCRANTZ: Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a
quality that it is but a shadow's shadow. reasoning oneself out of the real

HAMLET: Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and then unambitious beggars are real (with bodies)
outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we and kings (real power, Claudius etc.) are not real
to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN: We'll wait upon you.

HAMLET: No such matter: I will not sort [classify] you with the rest
of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest
man, I am most dreadfully attended. -------------------🡪 could refer to untrustworthy servants (now including R & G?

-----------------------------------------------But, in the -- *I will / would not, but I am*?)
beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

ROSENCRANTZ: **To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.**

HAMLET: Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I
thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are
too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it
your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,
deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

GUILDENSTERN: What should we say, my lord?

HAMLET: Why, any thing, but to the purpose. 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.

ROSENCRANTZ: To what end, my lord?

HAMLET: **That you must teach me.** But let me conjure you, by
the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of
our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved
love, and by what more dear a better proposer could
charge you withal, be even and direct with me,
whether you were sent for, or no?

ROSENCRANTZ: [Aside to GUILDENSTERN] What say you?

HAMLET: [Aside] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you
love me, hold not off.

GUILDENSTERN: My lord, we were sent for.

**My wit’s diseased (3.2. 277-354) -- after the play within the play --**

GUILDENSTERN: Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

HAMLET: Sir, a whole history.

GUILDENSTERN: The king, sir,—

HAMLET: Ay, sir, what of him?

GUILDENSTERN: Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

HAMLET: With drink, sir?

GUILDENSTERN: No, my lord, rather with choler. ~ bile / anger, one of four bodily ‘humours’

HAMLET: Your wisdom should show itself more richer to
signify this to his doctor; for, **for me to put him**
**to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far** blood-letting – purging of sins – forced confession
**more choler.**

GUILDENSTERN: Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame and
start not so wildly from my affair.

HAMLET: I am tame, sir: pronounce.

GUILDENSTERN: The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of
spirit, hath sent me to you.

HAMLET: You are welcome.

GUILDENSTERN: Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right
breed. If it shall please you to make me a
wholesome answer, I will do your mother's
commandment: if not, your pardon [permission to leave] and my return
shall be the end of my business.

HAMLET: Sir, I cannot.

GUILDENSTERN: What, my lord?

HAMLET: Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but,
sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command;
or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no
more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

ROSENCRANTZ: Then thus she says; your behavior hath struck her
into amazement and admiration. [not present meaning – more wonder, awe]

HAMLET: O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But
is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's
admiration? Impart.

ROSENCRANTZ: She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you
go to bed.

HAMLET: We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have
you any further trade with us?

ROSENCRANTZ: My lord, you once did love me.

HAMLET: So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

ROSENCRANTZ: Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? **You cf. teach me, conjure you
do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if be even and direct with me
you deny your griefs to your friend.**

HAMLET: Sir, I lack advancement. = ‘I am ambitious’

ROSENCRANTZ: How can that be, when you have the voice of the king
himself for your succession in Denmark?

HAMLET: Ay, but sir, 'While the grass grows,'—the proverb
is something musty.

(Re-enter Players with recorders)

O, the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw with
you:—**why do you go about to recover the wind of me,** works with wind instrument below; yet more directly  **as if you would drive me into a toil?** to get *windward* – (as a hunter) to drive him away and into a trap

 (cf. with Reynaldo, Polonius’ *leeward* approach / trap using a winch or windlass)

GUILDENSTERN: O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too
unmannerly.

HAMLET: I do not well understand that. Will you play upon
this pipe?

GUILDENSTERN: My lord, I cannot.

HAMLET: I pray you.

GUILDENSTERN: Believe me, I cannot.

HAMLET: I do beseech you.

GUILDENSTERN: I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAMLET: 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with
your lingers and thumb, give it breath with your
mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music.
Look you, these are the stops.

GUILDENSTERN: But these cannot I command to any utterance of
harmony; I have not the skill.

HAMLET: Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of
me! 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.

(Enter POLONIUS)

God bless you, sir!

POLONIUS: My lord, the queen would speak with you, and
presently.

HAMLET: Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

POLONIUS: By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

HAMLET: Methinks it is like a weasel.

POLONIUS: It is backed like a weasel.

**Adders fang’d (3.4. 201-220)**

HAMLET: There's letters seal'd: 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 we covered this last week
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.
This man shall set me packing:
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night. **Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret and most grave, Polonius’ death 🡨 🡪 Ophelia’s
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.**
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.

**Mighty opposites (5.2. 29-66)**

HAMLET: Being thus be-netted round with villanies,—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play—I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair and labour'd much **to Horatio, his true friend**
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

HORATIO: Ay, good my lord.

HAMLET: An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should stiff her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As'es of great charge,
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

HORATIO: How was this seal'd?

HAMLET: Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscribed it, gave't the impression, placed it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

HORATIO: So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

HAMLET: Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

HORATIO: Why, what a king is this!

HAMLET: Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king and whored my mother, 🡪 focus now on Claudius
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience [...]?