

Background notes on the scripts of the play by The Waltzing Matilda.

Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man" is an analogy of the different phases of life that a man goes through during a lifetime. He starts out with describing the common actions and conditions in which we all find ourselves as a baby who is dependent on a mother figure, then he moves on to describe what each stage thereafter looks and acts like in its own time thereby making his way to the end of a person's life. It all ends with the man in a "second" childhood by the time he is old and loses everything from his teeth, to sight, to taste and everything else.

<p>The Seven Ages of Man (from <i>As You Like It</i>, Act II, Scene VII)</p> <p>All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players; They have their exits and their entrances, And one man in his time plays many parts, His acts being seven ages.</p> <p>At first the infant, Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms. Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel And shining morning face, creeping like snail Unwillingly to school.</p> <p>And then the lover, Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad Made to his mistress' eyebrow.</p> <p>Then a soldier, Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel; Seeking the bubble reputation Even in the cannon's mouth.</p>	<p>DUCA - (<i>A Jacopo</i>) Come vedi, non siamo solo noi a non aver benigna la fortuna. Il gran teatro che è questo mondo offre più tristi rappresentazioni di quella che si svolge sulla scena sulla quale noi stiamo recitando.</p> <p>JACOPO – È vero, il mondo è tutto un palcoscenico sul quale tutti noi, uomini e donne siam solo attori, con le nostre uscite e con le nostre entrate; ove ciascuno, per il tempo che gli è stato assegnato, recita molte parti, e gli atti sono le sue sette età:</p> <p>prima, il neonato che vagisce e sbava in braccio alla nutrice; poi, il piagnucoloso scolaretto che con la sua cartella sotto il braccio e con la faccia lustra e mattiniera si trascina alla scuola di malavoglia, a passo di lumaca;</p> <p>poi viene il giovincello innamorato, sempre in sospiri come una fornace, che ha scritto una ballata malinconica in lode delle belle sopracciglia della sua bella;</p> <p>poi viene il soldato, la bocca piena di strane bestemmie, la barba da sembrare un leopardo, sostituito sul punto dell'onore, impulsivo, rissoso, attaccabrighe, sempre in cerca di quella bolla d'aria ch'è la gloria, disposto ad acciuffarla magari sulla bocca d'un cannone.</p>
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<p>And then, the justice, In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,</p> <p>With eyes severe and beard of formal cut, Full of wise saws and modern instances; And so he plays his part.</p> <p>The sixth age shifts Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon, With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,</p> <p>His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide For his shrunk shank,</p> <p>and his big manly voice, Turning again towards childish treble, pipes And whistles in his sound.</p> <p>Last scene of all, That ends his strange eventful history, Is second childishness, and mere oblivion: Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.</p>	<p>Poi viene, quinta età, magistrato, con la sua bella pancia rotondetta ben farcita di carne di cappone, l'occhio severo e la barba aggiustata come vuole la regola civile, sempre pieno di massime assennate e citazioni di luoghi comuni;</p> <p>la sesta età si porta lentamente verso l'allampanato Pantalone, pantofole alle piante, occhiali al naso, la borsa appesa al fianco;</p> <p>le sue braghe, le stesse che portava ancor da giovane, seppur perfettamente conservate, divenute ormai fin troppo larghe per i suoi stinchi troppo rinsecchiti; il vocione virile d'una volta ridotto ad un falsetto da bambino, uno suono fesso, tutto fischi e sibili.</p> <p>Infine l'ultimo atto, la vecchiaia, che conclude questa curiosa storia così piena di strani accadimenti, l'età chiama la seconda infanzia, l'età del puro oblio: senza più denti, senza più vista, gusto, senza tutto.</p>
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The Seven Ages of Woman is a parody of the original text by Shakespeare. It describes ironically the seven different phases of a woman at the present time. From being a baby to adolescence and the transformation of her own body, to the search of the ideal mate to the end of a life where, because of senile dementia, all memories are erased and she's again like a baby.

The Seven Ages of Woman

All the world's a soap,
And all the girls and women TV actresses;
They have their long-shots and their close-ups,
And one woman in her time learns many scripts,
The roles she plays being seven.

At first the baby,
And "But we were so hoping for a boy this time".
Then the little girl, pretty pink and cute,
Kissing mummy goodbye and skipping merrily off to school
And then she's thirteen,
And "Why have I got all these spots?" and "When are my tits Going to grow?"
Then she's a woman,
Her body transformed, her future a well-lit road,
Young men flock to her, their promises oh so sincere,
Till there's one who makes her feel special,

And she knows he's the one.
 Then she's a wife,
 And soon a mother, her days and nights
 Filled with caring for others, no time for herself,
 Till one day she looks in the mirror and asks:
 "Where did my life go?"
 The sixth age shifts
 Into the weary and much put-upon nurse,
 Checking his blood pressure, remembering which pills,
 For the young man she loved is now old and frail,
 Yet his voice is still strong enough to point out her faults,
 Never a thankyou escapes his lips for the life she has spent,
 For the life she has lost. Last scene of all,
 That ends this sad unfulfilled her-story,
 Is second babyhood, and memories all erased,
 No past, no present, a life swept away.

In the third act of the play of the same name, Hamlet enters, speaking thoughtfully to himself about the question of whether to commit suicide to end the pain of experience: "To be, or not to be: that is the question". At the end of the monologue, Hamlet sees Ophelia approaching.

Having received her orders from Polonius, her father, she tells him that she wishes to return the letters of love he has given her. Angrily, Hamlet denies having given her anything; he laments the dishonesty of beauty, and claims both to have loved Ophelia once and never to have loved her at all. Bitterly commenting on the wretchedness of humankind, he urges Ophelia to enter a nunnery rather than become a "breeder of sinners". He criticizes women for making men behave like monsters and for contributing to the world's dishonesty by painting their faces to appear more beautiful than they are. Working himself into a rage, Hamlet denounces Ophelia, women, and humankind in general, saying that he wishes to end all marriages.

Hamlet Act III Scene I

Get thee to a nunn'ry. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?

I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me:

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

What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven?

AMLETO –

Va' in un convento. Perché ti vuoi fare procreatrice di peccatori?

Anch'io son virtuoso abbastanza, e tuttavia mi potrei incolpar di tali cose, da pensar che sarebbe stato meglio mia madre non m'avesse partorito.

Sono molto superbo, vendicativo, pieno d'ambizione, con più peccati pronti ad un mio cenno che pensieri nei quali riversarli, o fantasia con cui dar loro forma, o tempo sufficiente a consumarli.

Che ci fa al mondo un essere così?

Sempre a strisciare qui, tra cielo e terra?

<p>We are arrant knaves, believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunn'ry. (....)</p> <p>Go thy ways to a nunn'ry. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry:</p> <p>be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunn'ry, farewell.</p> <p>Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them.</p> <p>To a nunn'ry, go, and quickly too. Farewell...</p> <p>I have heard of your paintings, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another.</p> <p>You jig and amble, and you lisp, you nickname God's creatures and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say we will have no more marriage. Those that are married already (all but one) shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunn'ry, go</p>	<p>Siamo grandi canaglie, tutti quanti: farai bene a non credere a nessuno. Va', va in convento... Tuo padre dov'è?</p> <p>Va', va in convento. Se ti mariti, voglio darti in dote questo pestilenziale ammonimento: puoi rimanere casta come ghiaccio, candida e pura come fior di neve, ma non potrai sfuggire alla calunnia. Perciò ti dico: vattene in convento.</p> <p>O, se proprio hai bisogno di sposarti, prenditi un gonzo, perché quelli dritti sanno fin troppo bene quali mostri sapete far di loro.⁷⁷ Va', chiuditi in convento. E presto. Addio.</p> <p>Ho sentito che usi imbellettarti... Dio t'ha dato una faccia, e tu ti mascheri. Quando cammini vai ballonzolando, sculetti, bamboleggi a destra e a manca, chiamando coi nomignoli più strani le creature di Dio... e fai passare la tua sfrontatezza per ignoranza... Va', ce n'ho abbastanza. È questo che m'ha fatto uscir di senno. Sai che ti dico? Che è passato il tempo dei matrimoni; quelli già sposati, tranne uno, proseguano a campare; ma gli altri resteranno come sono. Va', vattene in convento</p>
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A Telephone Call by Dorothy Parker

The main character is female, her age is not given. As the name of the short story suggests, it's about a telephone call. The protagonist is waiting for a call from a young man, and she is wishing that the telephone will ring. At some point she had called him at work and he told her that he was busy, but would call her at 5:00 pm. In their short conversation, he called her darling twice, and she is thinking that he must care for her. She prays, pleads and makes all kinds of deals with God, if only He would let the young man call her. She wants to know if God is punishing her because she did something bad. She desperately wants the telephone to ring. She moves through a range of emotions, and sometimes she wants the guy dead because he isn't calling her. What makes this story work is that it is very human and we can relate to it. Especially when young, we tend to be dramatic and we amplify things so that they are bigger than life.

The Telephone Call by Dorothy

Parker (1893-1967)

Please, God, let him telephone me now. Dear God, let him call me now: I won't ask anything else of You, truly I won't. It isn't very much to ask. It would be so little to You, God, such a little, little thing. Only let him telephone now. Please, God. Please, please, please.

If I didn't think about it, maybe the telephone might ring. Sometimes it does that. If I could think of something else. If I could think of something else.

Maybe if I counted five hundred by fives, it might ring by that time.

I'll count slowly. I won't cheat. And if it rings when I get to three hundred, I won't stop; I won't answer it until I get to five hundred. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty...

Oh, please ring. Please.

This is the last time I'll look at the clock. I will not look at it again. It's ten minutes past seven. He said he would telephone at five o'clock. "I'll call you at five darling." I think that's where he said "darling". I'm almost sure he said it there. I know he called me "darling" twice, and the other time was when he said goodbye. "Goodbye, darling". He was busy, and he can't say much in his office, but he called me "darling" twice.

He couldn't have minded my calling him up. I know you shouldn't keep telephoning them – I know they don't like that. When you do that, they know you are thinking about them and wanting them, and that makes them hate you. But I hadn't talked to him in three days – not in three days. And all I did was ask him how he was; it was just the way anybody might have called him up. He couldn't have minded that. He couldn't have thought I was bothering him. "No, of course you're not," he said. And he said he'd telephone me. He didn't have to say that. I didn't ask him to, truly I didn't. I'm sure I didn't. I don't think he would say he'd telephone me, and then just never do it. Please don't let him do that, God. Please don't.

"I'll call you at five, darling. Good-bye, darling." He was busy, and he was in a hurry, and there were people around him, but he called me

Ti prego, Dio, fa che chiami adesso. Caro Signore, fa che chiami adesso. Non Ti chiederò mai nient'altro, giuro. Non Ti chiedo poi molto. Per Te sarebbe proprio una cosetta da niente. Oh Dio, una cosettina, ina ina. Ma fa che chiami adesso. Ti prego, Dio. Per favore, per favore, per favore.

Forse se non ci sto a pensare, il telefono squillerà. A volte succede. Se solo potessi pensare a qualcos'altro. Se solo potessi pensare a qualcos'altro. Forse se contassi fino a cinquecento, cinque alla volta, alla fine potrebbe squillare.

Conterò lentamente. Niente imbrogli. E se dovesse squillare quando arrivo a trecento, non rispondo: non risponderò prima di essere arrivata a cinquecento. Cinque, dieci, quindici, venti, venticinque, trenta, trentacinque, quaranta, quarantacinque, cinquanta...

Oh ti prego, squilla. Per favore.

Questa è l'ultima volta che guardo l'orologio. Non lo guarderò più. Sono le sette e dieci. Ha detto che avrebbe chiamato alle cinque. "Ti chiamo alle cinque, tesoro."

Sì, mi sembra che a quel punto abbia detto "tesoro". Ne sono quasi sicura. So che mi ha chiamata "tesoro" due volte, e l'altra è stata quando mi ha salutata. "Ci vediamo, tesoro."

Credo di piacergli ancora, almeno un pochino. Se non fosse così, oggi non mi avrebbe chiamata "tesoro" per due volte.

Magari un pochettino, ino ino. Vedi, Dio, se fai sì che lui mi chiami, io non Ti chiederò mai nient'altro. Sarò dolcissima con lui, sarò allegra, sarò esattamente com'ero un tempo, e allora lui mi amerà di nuovo. E allora non Ti dovrò mai più domandare nulla. Ma non capisci, Dio? E allora, per favore, non potresti farlo chiamare? Per favore, per favore, eh?

Forse mi stai punendo perché sono stata cattiva, vero, Dio?

Sei arrabbiato con me perché l'ho fatto? Oh ma Dio, al mondo ci sono tante persone cattive... non puoi farla pagare solo a me. E poi non è stata una gran cattiveria; non è possibile. Non abbiamo fatto del male a nessuno, Dio. Una cosa è cattiva solo se fa del male a qualcuno. Non abbiamo fatto del male a una mosca, noi, e Tu lo sai. Lo sai che non è stata

“darling” twice. That’s mine, that’s mine. I have that, even if I never see him again. Oh, but that’s so little. That isn’t enough. Nothing’s enough, if I never see him again. Please let me see him again, God. Please, I want him so much. I’ll be good, God. I will try to be better, I will, if You will let me see him again. If You let him telephone me. Oh, let him telephone me now.

Ah, don’t let my prayer seem to little to You, God. You sit up there, so white and old, with all the angels about You and the stars slipping by. And I come to you with a prayer about a telephone call. Ah, don’t laugh, God. You see, You don’t know how it feels. You’re so safe, there on your throne, with the blue swirling under you. Nothing can touch You; no one can twist Your heart in his hands. This is suffering, God, this is bad, bad suffering. Won’t You help me? For Your Son’s sake, help me. You said You would do whatever was asked of You in His name. Oh, God, in the name of Thine only beloved Son, Jesus Christ, Our Lord, let him telephone me now.

I must stop this. I mustn’t be this way. Look, suppose a young man says he’ll call a girl up, and then something happens, and he doesn’t. That isn’t so terrible, is it? Why, it’s going on all over the world, right this minute. Oh, what do I care what’s going on all over the world? Why can’t that telephone ring? Why can’t it? Why can’t it? Couldn’t you ring? Ah please, couldn’t you? You damned ugly, shiny thing. It would hurt you to ring, wouldn’t it? Oh, that would hurt you. Damn you, I’ll pull your filthy roots out of the wall. I’ll smash your smug black face in little bits. Damn you to hell.

No, no, no. I must stop. I must think about something else. This is what I’ll do. I’ll put the clock in the other room. Then I can’t look at it. If I do have to look at it, then I’ll have to walk into the bedroom, and that will be something to do. Maybe before I look at it again, he will call me. I’ll be so sweet to him, if he calls me. If he says he can’t see me tonight, I’ll say, “Why that’s all right, dear. Why, of course it’s all right.” I’ll be the way I was when I first met him. Then maybe he’ll like me again. I was always sweet, at first. Oh, it’s so easy to be sweet to people before you love them.

I think he must still like me a little. He couldn’t have called me “darling” twice today, if he didn’t still like me a little. It isn’t all gone, if he still likes me a little; even if it’s only a little. I

una malvagità, vero, Dio? E allora, non potresti farlo chiamare, adesso?

Se non mi chiama, allora saprò che Dio ce l’ha con me.

Conterò fino a cinquecento, cinque alla volta, e se alla fine lui non avrà chiamato, saprò che Dio non mi aiuterà più, mai più. Quello sarà il segno.

Cinque, dieci, quindici, venti, venticinque, trenta, trentacinque, quaranta, quarantacinque...

È stato un errore. Lo sapevo io che non dovevamo farlo. Va bene, Dio, spediscimi all’inferno. Credi di spaventarmi con quel tuo inferno, vero? Sei convinto che il tuo inferno sia peggiore del mio.

Non dovrei, non dovrei proprio. E anche se è un po’ in ritardo, con quella telefonata? Mica è il caso di dare i numeri.

Forse non chiamerà affatto, forse sta venendo diretta. Direttamente qui senza telefonare. Sarà seccato se si accorge che ho pianto. A loro non piace. Lui non piange. Dio mio, se solo potessi farlo piangere.

Vorrei farlo piangere e strisciare a terra e sentire il suo cuore pesante e colmo di dolore e amarezza.

Vorrei fargli male da morire, che soffra!

Lui non mi augura niente del genere. Probabilmente non sa neppure come mi fa sentire. Vorrei che lo sapesse, senza doverglielo dire. A loro non piace sentirsi dire che ti hanno fatto piangere. A loro non piace sentirsi dire che sei infelice a causa loro.

Altrimenti ti credono possessiva ed esigente. E allora sì che ti detestano! Non sopportano di sentirsi dire quel che davvero provi. Bisogna star sempre lì a fare i giochetti. Oh, se solo non dovessimo farlo.

Credevo che questa storia fosse abbastanza solida da permettermi

di dire tutto quel che avevo in mente. Mah, probabilmente non accade mai. Immagino che nessuna storia sia mai abbastanza

solida da permettertelo. Oh, se solo lui telefonasse, non gli direi di certo che sono stata triste a causa sua.

Loro odiano le persone tristi. Sarei così dolce e carina, che lui non potrebbe far altro che amarmi. Se solo chiamasse. Se solo chiamasse.

Forse farà proprio così. Forse sta venendo qui senza chiamarmi. Forse è già per strada. Deve essergli successo

qualcosa. No, non gli può essere successo nulla.

Non posso immaginare una cosa del genere. Non riesco a immaginarlo travolto dagli eventi. Non riesco a vederlo steso a terra morto stecchito.

Vorrei che fosse morto. Che pensiero tremendo!

Che pensiero delizioso! Se fosse morto, sarebbe tutto mio.

Se fosse morto, non penserei più a questo momento e alle ultime settimane. Ricorderei solo i momenti belli. E sarebbe tutto meraviglioso. Vorrei che fosse morto, morto, morto.

wouldn't have to ask You anything more. I would be sweet to him, I would be gay, I would be just the way I used to be, and then he would love me again. And then I would never have to ask You for anything more. Don't you see, God? So won't You please let him telephone me? Won't You please, please, please?

Are You punishing me, God, because I've been bad? Are You angry with me because I did that? Oh, but, God, there are so many bad people – You could not be hard only to me. And it wasn't very bad; it couldn't have been bad. We didn't hurt anybody, God. Things are only bad when they hurt people. We didn't hurt one single soul; You know that. You know it wasn't very bad, don't You, God? So won't You let him telephone me now?

If he doesn't telephone me, I'll know God is angry with me. I'll count five hundred by fives, and if he hasn't called me by then, I will know God isn't going to help me, ever again. That will be the sign. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty, fifty-five... It was bad. I knew it was bad. All right, God, send me to hell. You think You're frightening me with your hell, don't You? You think Your hell is worse than mine.

I mustn't. I mustn't do this. Suppose he's a little late calling me up; that's nothing to get hysterical about. Maybe he isn't going to call; maybe he's coming straight up here without telephoning.

He'll be cross if he sees I have been crying. They don't like you to cry. He doesn't cry. I wish to God I could make him cry and tread the floor and feel his heart heavy and big and festering in him. I wish I could hurt him like hell.

He doesn't wish that about me. I don't think he even knows how he makes me feel. I wish he could know, without my telling him. They don't like you to tell them they've made you cry. They don't like you to tell them you're unhappy because of them. If you do, they think you're possessive and exacting. And then they hate you. They hate you whenever you say anything you really think.

You always have to keep playing little games. Oh, I thought we didn't have to; I thought this was so big I could say whatever I meant. I guess you can't, ever. I guess there isn't ever anything big enough for that. Oh, if he would just telephone, I wouldn't tell him I had been sad about him. They hate sad people. I would be so sweet and so gay, he couldn't help but like me. If

Che stupidaggine. È stupido desiderare la morte di una persona solo perché non ti ha chiamato all'ora esatta in cui aveva detto che l'avrebbe fatto. Forse l'orologio va avanti;

che ne so io? Forse è in ritardo di pochi minuti. Un intoppo qualsiasi. Forse è stato costretto a restare in ufficio. Forse è andato a casa, per chiamarmi da là, ed è arrivato qualcuno.

A lui non piace chiamarmi davanti agli altri. Forse è preoccupato, appena un pochettino, ino ino, perché mi deve far aspettare. Forse spera addirittura che lo chiami io. Potrei farlo. Potrei chiamarlo.

Non devo. Non devo e poi non devo. Oh Dio, Ti prego, fa che io non lo chiami. Ti prego, impediscimi di farlo. So bene, Dio, come lo sai Tu, che se fosse preoccupato per me,

chiamerebbe, per quanta gente ci fosse attorno a lui. Ti prego, fa che io lo capisca, Dio. Non Ti chiedo di rendermi le cose facili: Tu non lo puoi fare, anche se hai potuto creare il mondo. Ma fa' che io lo capisca, Dio. Non permettermi di continuare a sperare. Non permettermi di consolarmi con belle parole. Ti prego, non farmi sperare, caro Signore.

Ti prego.

Non lo chiamerò. Non lo chiamerò mai più, in vita mia.

Marcirà all'inferno, prima che io lo chiami. Non devi darmi

la forza, Dio: ce l'ho già. Se mi voleva, poteva avermi.

Sa dove trovarmi. Lo sa che sto aspettando. È così sicuro di me, così sicuro. Forse cominciano a odiarti non appena sanno di essere sicuri di te. Ah sì, deve essere una pacchia essere sicuri.

Sarebbe facile chiamarlo. Allora saprei. Forse non sarebbe un'idiozia. Forse non gli importerebbe.

Forse gli farebbe piacere. Forse ha provato a mettersi in contatto. A volte capita che si provi a chiamare, e ti dicono che il numero non risponde. Non lo sto dicendo solo per consolarmi: capita sul serio. Lo sai che capita, Dio. Oh Dio, tienimi lontana da quel telefono. Tienimi alla larga. Fa' sì che abbia almeno un briciolo d'orgoglio. Credo che ne avrò bisogno, Dio. Credo che sarà tutto quel che mi resta.

Oh, ma che mi importa dell'orgoglio, se non posso sopportare di non parlare con lui? Un orgoglio del genere è solo una cosetta da niente, da poco. Il vero orgoglio, quello autentico, sta nel non avere orgoglio.

Non lo sto dicendo solo perché lo voglio chiamare.

Certo che no. È vero, so che è così. Sarò superiore. Sarò al di sopra di quest'orgoglio da quattro soldi.

Ti prego, Dio, impediscimi di chiamarlo. Ti prego, Dio.

Ma che c'entra poi l'orgoglio con questo. È una tale

he would only telephone. If he would only telephone.

Maybe that's what he is doing. Maybe he is coming on here without calling me up. Maybe he's on his way now. Something might have happened to him. No, nothing could ever happen to him. I can't picture anything happening to him. I never picture him run over. I never see him lying still and long and dead. I wish he were dead. That's a terrible wish. That's a lovely wish. If he were dead, he would be mine. If he were dead, I would never think of now and the last few weeks. I would remember only the lovely times. It would all be beautiful. I wish he were dead. I wish he were dead, dead, dead.

This is silly. It's silly to go wishing people were dead just because they don't call you up the very minute they said they would. Maybe the clock's fast; I don't know whether it's right. Maybe he's hardly late at all. Anything could have made him a little late. Maybe he had to stay at his office. Maybe he went home, to call me up from there, and somebody came in. He doesn't like to telephone me in front of people. Maybe he's worried, just a little little bit, about keeping me waiting. He might even hope that I would call him up. I could do that. I could telephone him. I mustn't, I mustn't, I mustn't. Oh, God, please don't let me telephone him. Please keep me from doing that. I know, God, just as well as You do that if he were worried about me, he'd telephone no matter where he was or how many people there were around him. Please make me know that God. I don't ask You to make it easy for me – You can't do that, for all You could make a world. Only let me know it, God. Don't let me go on hoping. Don't let me say comforting things to myself. Please don't let me hope, dear God. Please don't. I won't telephone him. I'll never telephone him again as long as I live. He'll rot in hell, before I'll call him up. You don't have to give me strength, God; I have it myself. If he wanted me, he could get me. He knows where I am. He knows I'm waiting here. He's so sure of me, so sure. I wonder why they hate you as soon as they are sure of you. I should think it would be so sweet to be sure.

It would be so easy to telephone him. Then I'd know. Maybe it wouldn't be a foolish thing to do. Maybe he wouldn't mind. Maybe he'd like it. Maybe he has been trying to get me. Sometimes people try and try to get you on the telephone and they say the number doesn't answer. I'm not just

sciocchezza, perché tirare in ballo l'orgoglio, perché farla tanto lunga? Devo aver capito male. Forse mi ha chiesto di chiamarlo alle cinque. "Chiamami alle cinque, tesoro." Potrebbe averlo detto, ah sì. È possibile che abbia sentito male.

"Chiamami alle cinque, tesoro." Sì, ne sono quasi sicura.

Oh Dio, non permettermi di dire certe cose. Fammi capire, Ti scongiuro, fammi capire.

Penserò a qualcosa di diverso. Me ne starò seduta qui zitta e buona. Se solo ci riuscissi. Se potessi starmene zitta e buona. Forse potrei leggere. Ma no, tutti i libri parlano di persone che si amano, sinceramente e dolcemente. Ma perché diamine scriveranno cose del genere? Non lo sanno che non è vero? Non lo sanno che è una bugia, una dannatissima bugia? Ma perché diavolo ne devono parlare, quando sanno benissimo che fa star male? Maledetti, maledetti, maledetti.

No. Starò qui zitta e buona. Non è il caso di agitarsi. Insomma, immaginiamo che sia qualcuno che non conosco troppo bene. Se fosse una ragazza, non farei altro che chiamare e dire: "Be', per l'amor del cielo, che ti è successo?".

Lo farei, senza neppure pensarci. Perché non posso essere naturale e disinvolta, solo perché lo amo?

Potrei esserlo.

Giuro. Potrei. Lo chiamerò, e sarò disinvolta e simpatica.

Vedrai se non lo faccio, Dio. Oh, non permettermi di chiamarlo.

No, no, no.

Ma, Dio, davvero non farai in modo che mi chiami?

Ne sei sicuro, eh? Non potresti cambiare idea, per favore? No?

Non Ti chiedo neppure di farlo chiamare immediatamente:

ma Ti prego, Dio, fa che chiami tra un pochino.

Conterò fino a cinquecento cinque alla volta.

Conterò lentamente, senza imbrogliare. Se alla fine non mi avrà chiamato, lo farò io. Sì. Oh, Ti prego, buon Dio, buon, caro Signore, beato Padre nostro che sei nei cieli, fa' che chiami prima.

Per favore, Dio. Per favore.

Cinque, dieci, quindici, venti, venticinque, trenta, trentacinque...

saying that to help myself; that really happens. You know that really happens, God. Oh, God, keep me away from that telephone. Keep me away. Let me still have just a little bit of pride. I think I'm going to need it, God. I think it will be all I'll have. Oh, what does pride matter, when I can't stand it if I don't talk to him? Pride like that is such a silly, shabby little thing. The real pride, the big pride, is in having no pride. I'm not saying that just because I want to call him. I am not. That's true, I know that's true. I will be big. I will be beyond little prides.

Please, God, keep me from telephoning him.

Please, God. I don't see what pride has to do with it. This is such a little thing for me to be bringing in pride, for me to be making such a fuss about. I may have misunderstood him. Maybe he said for me to call him up, at five. "Call me at five, darling." He could have said that, perfectly well. It's so possible that I didn't hear him right. "Call me at five, darling." I'm almost sure that's what he said. God don't let me talk this way to myself. Make me know, please make me know.

I'll think about something else. I'll just sit quietly. If I could sit still. Maybe I could read. Oh, all the books are about people who love each other, truly and sweetly. What do they want to write about that for? Don't they know it isn't true? Don't they know it's a lie, it's a God damned lie? What do they have to tell about that for when they know how it hurts? Damn them, damn them, damn them.

I won't. I'll be quiet. This is nothing to get excited about. Look. Suppose he were someone I didn't know very well. Suppose he were another girl. Then I'd just telephone and say, "Well, for goodness' sake, what happened to you?" That's what I'd do, and I'd never think about it. Why can't I be casual and natural, just because I love him? I can be. Honestly, I can be. I'll call him up, and be so easy and pleasant. You see if I won't, God. Oh, don't let me call him. Don't, don't, don't.

God, aren't You really going to let him call me? Are you sure, God? Couldn't You please relent? Couldn't You? I don't even ask You to let him telephone this minute, God: only let him do it in a little while. I'll count five hundreds by five. I'll do it so slowly and so fairly. If he hasn't telephoned then, I'll call him. I will. Oh, please, dear God, dear kind God, my blessed Father in Heaven, let him call me before then. Please, God,

<p>please. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five...</p>	
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<p>To call or not to call (a parody of To be or not to be)</p> <p>To call, or not to call, that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of unrequited love Or to take up the receiver against a sea of doubts, And by calling, end them? To phone: to call; No more; and by a phone call to say we end The heart-ache and the thousand natural desires That flesh is heir to, 'tis something Devoutly to be wish'd. To call, to phone; To phone: perchance to speak. Ay, there's the rub; For in that phone call what words may come whilst we listen to that long awaited answer Must give us pause: there's the respect That makes calamity of so long a wait; For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, The boyfriend's wrong, the proud man's derision, The pangs of despised love, the call's delay, The insolence of husbands and the spite That patient merit of the unworthy lover takes, When I myself might my quietus make with a simple phone call? Who would make-up wear, To sigh and sweat under a weary lover, But the dread of nothing after that That tantalising country from whose bourn No lover returns satiated, puzzles the will And makes us rather bear those doubts 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 such as dialling a number With this regard their currents turn awry, And lose the name of action.</p>	<p>Hamlet To be or not to be (original text by Shakespeare)</p> <p>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.-</p>
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A oneliner is a brief, funny or witty remark. They are often used by comedians.

Here is an example of oneliner:

No Onion, No Cry

A lot of people cry when they cut onions. The trick is not to form an emotional bond.

The joke refers to the famous song by Bob Marley – No Woman, No Cry – and to the fact that cutting onions may cause tears from our eyes.

Oneliners: A GUIDE TO MALE-FEMALE COMMUNICATION

Girl comes on and sits on sofa waiting for the phone to ring

Girl: Why doesn't it ring? Dammit, he's late again.

Boy (*comes on stage with a bunch of flowers*): Hello, sweetheart.

Girl: Don't sweetheart me! It's no use, I won't forgive you this time. You're half an hour late and I don't want your stupid plastic flowers. Men give presents only when they want to cover up they've been fooling around with someone else. So own up: where were you?

Boy: You've been watching too many soap operas, my dear. And anyway, if you don't want them I'll give them to...

Girl: Who? See, I was right. There **is** someone else. Who is she?

Boy: Look, you should calm down and not jump to conclusions. It's the same thing over and over again: a guy says one thing or does something and the girl thinks it means something else.

Girl: Precisely. Look, I'll prove it to you. When a man says "I'm hungry" he really means...

Boy: I'm hungry.

Girl: When he says "I'm tired" he means...

Boy: I'm tired.

Girl: When he says "Can I take you out to dinner?" he's really saying...

Boy: I want to have sex with you.

Girl: When he says "May I have this dance?" he means...

Boy: I want to have sex with you.

Girl: When he says "That's a nice dress you're wearing" his real message is...

Boy: Take off that stupid dress and let's have sex.

Girl: When he says "I love you" he's really saying...

Boy: I want to have sex right now.

Girl: And when he says "Let's live for today; we don't know what tomorrow will bring." He means...

Boy: OK, I'm married, but I still want to have sex with you.

OK, you've made your point but I don't know what you women are complaining about. It's so easy to understand what we men are really saying. We're transparent. Now when women speak, it's another matter. For instance, when a woman says "Yes" she really means...

Girl: No.

Boy: When she says "No" she means...

Girl: Yes.

Boy: When she says "Maybe" she's really saying...

Girl: No.

Boy: When she says "We need" her real message is...

Girl: I want.

Boy: If she says "I'm sorry", she's telling you...

Girl: You are going to be sorry.

Boy: When she says "Let's just forget about it" she means...

Girl: I won't let you forget this for the rest of your life

Boy: When she says “We need to talk” she’s really saying...

Girl: You are in big trouble.

Boy: If she says “I’m not upset” she means...

Girl: Of course I’m upset, you cretin!

Boy: And she might say, “Do you really think I’ve lost weight? You’re not just saying that?” Which, of course, means...

Girl: Is sex all you ever think about?

Boy: And when he says “I’m fed up with you. Goodbye, sweetheart”. (*He walks out*)

Girl: He means... Hey, where are you going? Come back. He can’t mean it. Or can he? (*She walks off after him*) Come back!

Gail and Tom

Gail: Jesus Christ, Tom! You’re so bloody boring!

Tom: But sweetheart...

G: Don’t sweetheart me, you useless great windbag! Can’t you talk about anything except boring bloody football? You’re an embarrassment to be with!

T: Oh, so I’m the embarrassment, am I? You can get pissed, stuff your face silly and fill the house with fag smoke but it’s me who’s embarrassing! Marvellous, that is!

G: Mother Bloody Teresa would hit the bottle if she had to live with you!

T: She might be more fun to live with. At least she’s not fat!

G: You bastard! D’you know why I eat? Eh? It’s cos I’m bored! Bored and frustrated!

T: You could work a double shift in a warehouse and still be bored and frustrated!

G: Pig!

P: Cow!

BRIEF PAUSE, THEN THEY ADDRESS THE AUDIENCE.

G: How I envy, Lorraine,

T: How I envy, Jonathan,

G: with those lovely kids of hers.

T: him being a family man.

G: D’you know why I never wanted kids?

T: D’you know why she never wanted kids?

G: I was afraid they might take after him.

T: She thought it’d ruin her figure.

G: One boring fart in the house is bad enough.

T: I ask you, is that figure worth saving?

G: But imagine, kids who were just the same!

T: Fifty pregnancies couldn’t make it worse!

THEY STAND UP AND FACE EACH OTHER.

G: I’ll tell what you can do. You can [MOUTHES THE WORDS “.....K OFF”] Vaffa... soh lah te doh...

T: And I’ll tell what you can do: Get the to a nunnery!

THEY STOMP OFF IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

At Macbeth's home, the castle of Inverness, Lady Macbeth reads a letter from her husband concerning his meeting with the Witches. She is immediately aware of the significance of their prophetic words and, on being informed that King Duncan will be paying a royal visit to Inverness, makes up her mind to carry out the murder of the king in order to accelerate the prophecy.

Immediately after she finishes the letter, Lady Macbeth's mind goes to work. Lady Macbeth is one of the most powerful female characters in literature. The fact that we meet her alone on stage means that we share her innermost thoughts, which are filled with the imagery of death and destruction. And when she speaks of her "fell purpose," her intentions are described in the most grotesque and frightening terms.

First she bids the spirits to literally deprive her of her femininity, to thicken her blood, and to stop her ability to weep. Next, she prays that those same evil spirits should suckle her, converting what should be her nourishing mother's milk to "gall" (bitterness). Lastly, she calls upon the night itself to hide her actions in a "blanket" of darkness.

Macbeth, Act I, Scene V

(Reading) "They met me in the day of success, and I have learned by the perfectest report they have more in them than mortal knowledge.

When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished.

Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor', by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time with 'Hail, king that shalt be!'

This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way.

[...]

Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue

LADY MACBETH - *(Legge)*

"Mi si son fatte incontro il giorno stesso della mia vittoria, ed ho appreso, da fonte assai credibile, ch'hanno in sé facoltà di conoscenza al dilà dell'umano.

Ma allor che più mi sentivo bruciare dalla voglia d'interrogarle ancora, si mutarono in aria, dissolvendosi.

Ero ancora stordito, sbigottito dallo stupore per un tal prodigio, quando giuncon dal re dei messaggeri che mi salutano Thane di Cawdor: con quello stesso titolo, poc'anzi, m'ero pure sentito salutare "da quelle tre fatidiche sorelle, "che, alludendo al futuro, aveano aggiunto: "Salute al re che tu diventerai!"

Di tutto ciò ho creduto di informarti, mia diletta compagna di grandezza, affinché tu non sia per restar priva della parte di gioia che ti spetta, restando ignara dell'augusta sorte che t'è stata promessa.

Serba, per ora, questo nel tuo cuore, e stammi bene. Addio.

Glamis sei ora, e Cawdor: sarai presto tutto quello che t'è stato promesso.
Ma non mi fido della tua natura:
troppo latte d'umana tenerezza
ci scorre, perché tu sappia seguire
la via più breve.

<p>All that impedes thee from the golden round. [...]</p> <p>Come, you spirits That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top full Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood, [...]</p> <p>Come to my woman's breasts, And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers...</p> <p>Macbeth, Act I, Scene VII I have given suck, and know How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me: I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums, And dash'd the brains out...</p> <p>Macbeth, Act I, Scene V Come, thick night, And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell, That my keen knife see not the wound it makes, Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark, To cry "Hold, Hold!"</p>	<p>Ma affrettati a tornare, ch'io possa riversarti nelle orecchie i demoni che ho dentro, e con l'intrepidezza della lingua cacciar via a frustate ogni intralcio tra te e quel cerchio d'oro.</p> <p>O spiriti che v'associate ai pensieri di morte, venite, snaturate in me il mio sesso, e colmatemi fino a traboccare, dalla più disumana crudeltà. Fatemi denso il sangue;</p> <p>Accostatevi ai miei seni di donna, datemi fiele al posto del mio latte, voi che siete ministri d'assassinio,</p> <p>Ho allattato, e conosco la dolcezza d'amare il bimbo che ti succhia il seno; e tuttavia, mentr'egli avesse fiso sul mio viso il faccino sorridente, avrei strappato a forza il mio capezzolo dalle sue nude tenere gengive, e gli avrei fatto schizzare il cervello,</p> <p>Vieni, o notte profonda, e fatti un manto del più tetro vapore dell'inferno, così che l'affilato mio coltello non veda la ferita che produce, e non si sporga il cielo dalla coltre della notturna tenebra a gridare al mio braccio: "Ferma! Ferma!"</p>
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The Taming of the Shrew by Shakespeare

Petruchio is interested in marrying Katherine for her money, but is not willing to take her as she is. He sees it as necessary to make her "yield" to him if he is to marry her.

Abrasive as always, Katherine attacks Petruchio from the moment he sets foot in her room. Petruchio's quick wit, though, proves equal to hers, and Katherine, used to stabbing the slower-witted men by whom she is surrounded, finds his aptitude for fighting back highly frustrating. They engage in a lengthy verbal duel with elaborate puns, i.e. play of words, each one constructing a new metaphor from the other's comments—Kate's puns generally insult or threaten, but Petruchio twists them into sexual innuendo. Eventually, she becomes so enraged that she hits him, but he continues the game just the same, saying that he will marry her whether or not she is willing: "will you, nill you, I will marry you".

The Taming of the Shrew, Act II,

Scene I

PETRUCHIO

I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.
[...]

But here she comes...

Enter Katherina.

Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

KATHERINA

Well have you heard, but something hard of
hearing:
They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

PET.

You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall,
my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation –

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Sì, vi prego,
mandatela voi qui. Resto ad attenderla.
E, come lei arriva,
la voglio corteggiare a modo mio;
se poco poco sbraita,
le dico con il massimo sussiego
che canta dolce come un usignolo;
se fa la faccia arcigna,
le dico che ha la faccia d'una rosa
lavata dalla guazza mattutina;

Ma eccola...

Buongiorno, Kate... È questo il vostro nome,
come ho sentito...

CATERINA - E avete ben sentito,
anche se siete un po' duro d'orecchio,
mi pare, perché chi parla di me
mi chiama Caterina.

PETRUCCIO - Non mentite:
perché qui tutti vi chiamano Kate,
e talvolta "Katina",
e talvolta "Katina la stizzosa".
Ma per me siete Kate, la *mia* Kate,
la Kate più graziosa e più leggiadra
di tutta intera la cristianità,
la Kate di Kate-Hall,
la mia Kate di tutte le dolcezze,
perché Kate è per me ogni dolcezza,
perciò accettate ch'io vi chiami Kate,
la mia consolazione.

Io son qui spinto,
avendo udito celebrar dovunque
la tua mitezza, la tua mansuetudine,
le molte tue virtù e le tue grazie
(anche se molto inadeguatamente
per quelle che possiedi in realtà),
io sono qui per parlarti d'amore
e chiederti di diventar mia moglie.

<p>KATH Mov'd! in good time! Let him that mov'd you hither Remove you hence. I knew you at the first You were a moveable. PET. Why, what's a moveable? KATH. A join'd-stool.. PET. Thou hast hit it; come sit on me. KATH. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.</p> <p>PET. Women are made to bear, and so are you. [...] PET. Come, come, you wasp, i' faith you are too angry. KATH. If I be waspish, best beware my sting. PET. My remedy is then to pluck it out. KATH. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies. PET. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail. KATH. In his tongue.</p> <p>PET. Whose tongue? KATH. Yours, if you talk of tales, and so farewell. PET. What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again, Good Kate; I am a gentleman. KATH. That I'll try. (<i>Striking him</i>) [...] PET. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour. KATH. It is my fashion when I see a crab. PET. A crab? Why here's no crab, and therefore look not sour. KATH.</p>	<p>CATERINA - Spinto... Vi siete spinto proprio a tempo! Chi v'ha spinto a venire fino qui si dia la pena di mandarvi indietro. M'è bastato vedervi per scoprire il bel mobile che siete. PETRUCCIO - Un mobile! Che mobile? CATERINA - Un trespolo. PETRUCCIO - Brava, l'hai detta giusta! Vieni a sederti allora su di me. CATERINA - Gli asini son fatti per portare, e voi ne siete uno.</p> <p>PETRUCCIO - Son le donne, invece, che son fatte per "portare", e tu sei una.</p> <p>PETRUCCIO - Evvia, evvia, vespetta, non essere cattiva.</p> <p>CATERINA - S'io son vespa, meglio che stiate attento al pungiglione! PETRUCCIO - Quello io ve lo strappo, e bell'e fatto. CATERINA - Sì, se si sa dov'è, ma uno sciocco è incapace di trovarlo. PETRUCCIO - Chi non sa dove tiene il pungiglione una vespa? Lo tiene nella coda. CATERINA - No, nella lingua.</p> <p>PETRUCCIO - La lingua di chi? CATERINA - La vostra, se vi dilungate ancora a dir sciocchezze. E con ciò vi saluto. (<i>Fa per andarsene</i>) PETRUCCIO - Che! Mi lasci così? Con la mia lingua dentro la tua coda?⁽⁵²⁾ No, buona Kate, ti prego, torna indietro. Io sono un gentiluomo. CATERINA - Ah, sì? Proviamolo! (<i>Gli dà uno schiaffo</i>)</p> <p>PETRUCCIO - Katina, via, non esser così acida! CATERINA - È il mio modo di fare naturale quando ho davanti a me una mela marcia. PETRUCCIO - Mele marce qui non ve n'è nessuna, e dunque cerca di non esser acida. CATERINA - C'è, c'è. PETRUCCIO - Ebbene, fammela vedere.</p>
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<p>There is, there is. PET. Then show it me. KATH. Had I a glass, I would. PET. What you mean my face? KATH. Well aim'd of such a young one PET. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you. [...] KATH. I chafe you if I tarry. Let me go. PET. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle. 'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen, And now I find report a very liar; For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous, But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.</p> <p>[...] And therefore setting all this chat aside, Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on; And will you, nill you, I will marry you. Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn, For by this light whereby I see thy beauty, Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well, Thou must be married to no man but me; For I am he am born to tame you, Kate, And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate Conformable as other household Kates. Here comes your father; never make denial; I must and will have Katherine to my wife.</p>	<p>CATERINA - Per farlo, avrei bisogno d'uno specchio. PETRUCCIO - Ah capisco, vuoi dire la mia faccia. CATERINA - Bravo! Siete davvero perspicace per esser così giovane! PETRUCCIO - San Giorgio! Sono anche troppo giovane per te. CATERINA - Eppure avete la faccia avvizzita. PETRUCCIO - È a cagione della mie gravi cure. CATERINA - Delle quali davvero io non mi curo.</p> <p>PETRUCCIO - (<i>Trattenendola</i>) Ma no, stammi a sentire, Kate, ascolta... Insomma, via, non sfuggirmi così... (<i>L'afferra</i>) CATERINA - No, lasciatemi andare. Se resto qui, vi faccio andare in bestia. PETRUCCIO - Nient'affatto. Ti trovo anzi gentile come non mi sarei mai aspettato. M'avevan detto ch'eri muso lungo, selvatica, stizzosa, antisociale. M'accorgo invece ch'era tutto falso: perché tu sei graziosa, cuorcontento, oltremodo cortese, un poco timida magari nel parlare, eppure dolce come i fiori sbocciati a primavera.</p> <p>Perciò, a parte tutte queste chiacchiere, ti dico chiaro e tondo che tuo padre ha consentito a che tu sii mia moglie; sulla dote ci siamo messi d'accordo, e, tu lo voglia o no, ti sposerò. Io so d'essere, Kate, l'uomo giusto che ci vuole per te; e tu, ti giuro sopra questa luce grazie alla quale io posso contemplare la tua bellezza, non dovrai sposare altri che me;; perch'io son nato, Kate, per addomesticarti, e trasformarti dalla gatta selvatica che sei in una Caterina mansuefatta come ogni altra domestica gattina.⁽⁵⁶⁾ Ecco tuo padre. Non dire di no.</p>
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Come & Go was written by **Samuel Beckett** in 1965; it's a very short play consisting of 30 lines of dialogue, detailed directions and a diagram to illustrate the precise positions of the three performers.

The whole play's structure is circular. It is divided into three equal segments of seven lines during which a character exits and comes back in after completing their circuit, taking a different seat to the one they sat on originally. In this sense the characters also move around their seats in a ring shape.

Some speculate as to what the characters are discussing. From each response it is not unreasonable to assume that each, perhaps, is terminally ill but unaware of the fact.

The play might be seen as a coming of age situation. Vi desires to return to the "old days", presumably when there were no awful secrets to tell but, at the same time, to which all three characters know there is no return.

The joining of the hands shows the bond of the three women (forever linked in their untold secrets, but it is never again what it was. Something is the same, and everything is different.

Come and Go by Samuel Beckett

CHARACTERS: FLO, VI, RU. *Sitting centre side by side stage right to left FLO, VI and RU. Very erect, facing front, hands clasped in laps. Silence.*

VI: When did we three last meet?

RU: Let us not speak. [*Silence. Exit VI right. Silence.*]

FLO: Ru.

RU: Yes.

FLO: What do you think of Vi?

RU: I see little change.

[*FLO moves to centre seat, whispers in RU's ear. Appalled.*]

Oh!

[*They look at each other. FLO puts her finger to her lips.*]

Does she not realize?

FLO: God grant not.

[*Enter VI. FLO and RU turn back front, resume pose. VI sits right. Silence.*]

Just sit together as we used to, in the playground at Miss Wade's.

RU: On the log.

[*Silence. Exit FLO left. Silence.*] Vi.

VI: Yes.

RU: How do you find FLO?

VI: She seems much the same.

[*RU moves to centre seat, whispers in VI's ear. Appalled.*]

Oh!

[*They look at each other. RU puts her finger to her lips.*]

Has she not been told?

RU: God forbid. [*Enter FLO. RU and VI turn back front, resume pose. FLO sits left.*]

Holding hands... that way.

FLO: Dreaming of... love.

[*Silence. Exit RU right. Silence.*]
VI: Flo.
FLO: Yes.
VI: How do you think Ru is looking?
FLO : One sees little in this light.
 [*VI moves centre seat,whispers in FLO's ear. Appalled.*]
 Oh! [*They look at each other. VI puts her finger to her lips.*]
 Does she not know?
VI : Please God not. [*Enter RU. VI and FLO turn back front, resume pose. RU sits right. Silence.*]
 May we not speak of the old days? [*Silence.*]
 Of what came after? [*Silence.*] Shall we hold hands in the old way?
 [*After a moment they join hands as follows : VI's right hand with RU's right hand. VI's left hand with FLO's left hand, FLO's right hand with RU's left hand, VI's arms being above RU's left arm and FLO's right arm. The three pairs of clasped hands rest on the three laps. Silence.*]
FLO: I can feel the rings. [*Silence.*]
 CURTAIN

Othello, by Shakespeare

Desdemona, Othello's wife, lies asleep in bed, when her husband enters, dreadfully calm and sure in what he must do. Desdemona wakens and calls him to bed, but he tells her to pray at once, repenting anything she needs to repent, and he will wait while she prays because he does not want to kill her soul. Suddenly, Desdemona realizes that Othello intends to kill her. She is afraid, although she knows she is not guilty. Knowing that she cannot convince him of her fidelity. Othello assumes the posture of the tragic hero, grossly wrong in his determination, yet steeling himself to do what he must.

He is convinced that he is being merciful in performing a deed that must be done. Thus he will not shed Desdemona's blood (instead, he will suffocate her); nor will he scar her physical beauty.

<p>Othello, Act V, Scene II It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars, It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood, Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow, And smooth as monumental alabaster. Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men. [...]</p> <p>O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade Justice to break her sword! One more, one more. Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee And love thee after. One more, and that's the last. So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly; It strikes where it doth love. She wakes. [...]</p>	<p>OTELLO È la causa, la causa, anima mia; ch'io non la nomini a voi, caste stelle! È la causa. Ma non verserò sangue, nemmeno sfregerò quella sua pelle più bianca della neve e levigata come il bianco alabastro dei sepolcri. Ma morir deve, o ingannerà altri uomini.</p> <p>O alito balsamico, tu quasi persuadi la Giustizia a spezzar la sua spada... Un bacio ancora... e un altro... (<i>La bacia ancora e rimane a guardarla</i>) Sii così quando sei morta, e io t'uccido, e seguito ad amarti. Un altro, e questo è l'ultimo:</p>
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<p>Have you pray'd tonight, Desdemona? [...] If you bethink yourself of any crime Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace, Solicit for it straight. [...] I would not kill thy unprepared spirit, No, heaven forefend! I would not kill thy soul. [...]</p> <p>Think on thy sins. [...]</p> <p>When you shall these unlucky deeds relate, Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate, Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well; Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought, Perplexed in the extreme... [...]</p> <p>Set you down this; And say besides, that in Aleppo once, Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state, I took by th' throat the circumcised dog, And smote him—thus. <i>(Stabs himself)</i></p>	<p>mai sì fatale fu tanta dolcezza. <i>(La bacia ancora a lungo)</i> Io piango, ma son lacrime crudeli, e celestiale è questo mio dolore: colpisce proprio là dove più ama. Ella si sveglia..</p> <p>OTELLO - Desdemona, dicesti le preghiere questa sera?</p> <p>OTELLO - Se ti sovviene ancor d'alcuna colpa non conciliata al cielo ed alla grazia sollecitane subito il perdono. OTELLO - Non voglio uccidere l'anima tua impreparata. No, mi guardi il cielo! Non voglio ucciderla l'anima tua.</p> <p>Pensa ai peccati tuoi.</p> <p>Quando riferirete questi fatti tristi e grami, nei vostri resoconti, di me parlate così come sono: voglio dire, nessuna attenuante, ma nessun malizioso apprezzamento. Parlerete di me come d'un uomo che troppo amò, con non troppa saggezza; d'uno che, non incline a gelosia, istigato, si fece trasportare all'estrema delle dissennatezze;</p> <p>E raccontate pure che in Aleppo un giorno, mentre un turco inturbantato picchiava con violenza un Veneziano, fui io ad afferrare per la gola quel cane circonciso, ed a trafiggerlo. Ecco, così...</p>
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The bush ballad is a style folk music that describes the life, character and scenery of the Australian bush, that is the typical landscape of regions of the Australian continent which are scarcely populated.

***Waltzing Matilda* by A.B. Paterson**

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a Coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.
*Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.*

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.
*Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.*

Up rode the squatter mounted on his thorough-bred,
Down came the troopers One Two Three,
Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.
*Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda, You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me,
Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker-bag?
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.*

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong,
You'll never catch me alive said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.
*Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.*

I'm a Woman is a 1963 song and album by the singer Peggy Lee

I'm A Woman

I can wash out forty-four pairs of socks and have 'em hangin' out on the line
I can starch and iron two dozens shirts 'fore you can count from one to nine
I can scoop up a great big dipper full of lard from the drippins can Throw it in the skillet,
go out and do my shopping, be back before it melts in the pan
'Cause I'm a woman! W-O-M-A-N, I'll say it again

I can rub and scrub till this old house is shinin' like a dime
Feed the baby, grease the car, and powder my face at the same time
Get all dressed up, go out and swing till four a.m. and then
Lay down at five, jump up at six, and start all over again
'Cause I'm a woman! W-O-M-A-N, I'll say it again

If you come to me sickly you know I'm gonna make you well
If you come to me all hexed up you know I'm gonna break the spell
If you come to me hungry you know I'm gonna fill you full of grits
If it's lovin' you're likin, I'll kiss you and give you the shiverin' fits
'Cause I'm a woman! W-O-M-A-N, I'll say it again

I got a twenty dollar gold piece says there ain't nothing I can't do
I can make a dress out of a feed bag and I can make a man out of you
'Cause I'm a woman! A W-O-M-A-N, I'll say it again
'Cause I'm a woman! W-O-M-A-N, and that's all

The Ballad of Reading Gaol by Oscar Wilde

This poem was written by Wilde in the last years of his life, when he was a convict in the prison of Reading, near London. This extract focuses on the way social niceties and the ugly primitive instincts we possess have a tendency to suffocate love: bitterness and flattery alike are deleterious; "the coward does it with a kiss" is a reference to Judas Iscariot, and "the brave man" here is someone who has the courage to do the deed himself, rather than turn his beloved master over to the Romans to be crucified; lust and money are slower means of killing the heart (metaphorically) — the knife cut may be kinder.

Wilde's poem is describing the many subtle forms in which we, knowingly or not, feelingly or not, destroy what we love by subjecting what we love to the social conventions that create space for the exhibition of what is basest in us.

Each Man Kills The Thing He Loves

Each man kills the thing he loves, by each let this be heard.
Some do it with bitter look, some with a flattering word.
The coward does it with a kiss, the brave man with a sword.
Some kill their love when they are young, some when they are old.
Some strangle with the hands of lust, some with the hands of gold.
The kindest use a knife because, the dead so soon grow cold.
Some love too little, some too long, some sell and others buy.
Some do the deed with many tears, and some without a sigh.
For each man kills the thing he loves, Yet each man does not die.

from ***The Ballad Of Reading Gaol*** by **Oscar Wilde**