

# HAMLET

Dante reserved a special place in his *Inferno* for those who had passed on incapable of making a decision about their faith; their spirits were exiled to wander the nether world between heaven and hell aimless and bannerless for all eternity. You are wandering in your own Purgatory now - the quintessential embodiment of indecision and self-doubt, and your own name has become synonymous throughout the ages with hesitation and endless questioning. If you ever made a single proactive decision in your life, it was typically done with the hand-wringing of a man contemplating the cross-roads of opportunity where neither path ever presented the right choice, and was invariably followed by deep feelings of remorse, regret, and a healthy dose of self-criticism. You are the redoubtable Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, for whom the simple process of **being** became the source of untold debate.

Admittedly, even the Palace of Elsinore in the 1600's, though steeped in its grandeur, marble staircases and elegant masked balls, was not a place of easy choices. Your father, the much respected King Hamlet the First was dead, and your mother the beautiful Queen Gertrude had within a month of the funeral remarried your ambitious Uncle Claudius, when your father's body was barely cold in the grave. Nothing had ever stuck in your craw more than this betrayal of his memory. It seemed that all at once the last vestige of stability in your world of skepticism was crumbling, which only seemed to magnify your self-doubts on other areas. There was that wishywashiness about your schooling in Germany, that schizophrenic love/hate/torment relationship with the nubile Ophelia, daughter of the Lord Chamberlain Polonius, that Oedipal fixation with your mother, and God forbid, that little problem with alcohol. If anything you had metamorphosed into the world's greatest walking contradiction.

All conflicts converged in a dark cloud that hung over the grounds of the royal palace of Denmark, still fresh from an uncertain victory over the invading forces of Norway, led by the crazed Fortinbras, unwilling to admit defeat. As best put by one of Elsinore's palace guards, something was unquestionably rotten in the State of Denmark. But what exactly was it?

1. Hamlet raves befuddled in his grief,  
His father's sudden death was met with disbelief,  
More than ever he battles with doubt,  
Of his mother's recent wedding he's distraught,  
For his father's body was barely in the ground,  
When new nuptials did resound,  
Uncle Claudius to the throne ascended,  
And something evil is portended,  
With a walk on Elsinore Castle grounds,  
A strange apparition soon astounds,  
Though Norway still grumbles bellicose,  
What concerns you now is this ghost,  
For though the King had died of some earache,  
His image is seen at a local lake,  
Warnings thunder and the earth quakes,  
Which makes night watchmen begin to shake,  
To your authority they defer,  
With you they claim he must confer,  
Southwest on the Madonna should do the trick,  
Melancholy aside and into the thick,  
A conservative turn on Dalidio,  
Takes you to a place where people go,  
Past its yellowed walls a path you rove,  
Saunter soon down a eucalyptus grove,  
At its end a trail of pink,  
Will find you standing on the brink,  
For your ghost's locale precise,  
A look in your bag should suffice.

2. Hamlet knew something was awry,  
'Twas that conniving uncle that caused dad to die,  
Ambition raised its ugly head,  
Now Uncle's King and newly wed,  
What really stabs you in your gut,  
Is that your mother was such a slut,  
Oh, vengeance above the rooftops you shout,  
But you question the means and this repeat route,  
**S** To retain your nerve you must distract,  
Fair Ophelia always attracts,  
The daughter of the Lord Chamberlain,  
Her nubile ways may keep you sane,  
But you've fallen off the wagon,  
Just one more sip from that flagon,  
Helps you race to your pink palace vast,  
Its kitschy decor leaves many aghast.
3. The royal couple shows concern,  
Why is Hamlet taciturn?  
What is the cause of his depression?  
Mere adolescent female obsession?  
Was the reason for his discord,  
His dropping out of Betty Ford?  
Upon him and Ophelia they slyly spy,  
For his behavior to clarify,  
Yet he persists in treating her like a wench,  
And in his spiraling madness becomes entrenched,  
Is it just belligerence  
From alcohol that makes him dense?  
Polonius her father is not so pleased,  
He sees his daughter dangerously teased,  
He loads his own son with a world of advice,  
For his travels to a Parisian paradise,

If brevity is truly the heart of the matter,  
Then why go on with all this patter?

Hamlet wonders if murder is only blind speculation,  
His father's warning some insane hallucination,  
But a theatrical group has come to act,  
Their foolproof test will be more exact,  
Near the meeting of Higuera and Chorro,  
By their mission you'll soon borrow,  
By presenting a play of familiar ring,  
Is the way to catch the conscience of the king.

4. The King's displeased with the analogy,  
Brought on by Thespian imagery,  
From this darkness he'll adjourn,  
To fetch Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,  
He plots to send Hamlet away,  
To England he'll embark from a Western Bay,  
**S** If he yearns to see tomorrow,  
He must export poor Hamlet's sorrow,  
With a warrant R & G are encumbered,  
Hamlet's days should soon be numbered,  
To dispatch Denmark's popular son,  
The boat leaves from 231,  
In the highway's shadow you must convene,  
Where Hamlet's to sail on a sea of green.
5. While out on the seas for England bound,  
Pirates run the ship aground,  
Hamlet quickly hitches a ride,  
Back in Denmark he hits his stride,  
The warrant earmarked for his English fate,  
He smartly does adulterate,  
By charging the English to behead,  
The bearer of the note instead,

Guildenstern and Rosencrantz,  
Must now face Hamlet's circumstance,  
At home Hamlet rebukes the traitorous queen,  
While Polonius listens clandestine,

Behind a shimmering curtain's backdrop,  
He now conceals himself to eavesdrop,  
One wonders how he can hear the score,  
In the background of a tiger's roar,  
But Hamlet hears his untimely sneeze,  
Upon his spy he does quickly seize,  
Too drunk to measure the situation,  
Violence is spurred from his last libation,  
Skewered through and through with a sword,  
Polonius whispers his dying word,  
This first death is just a starter,  
For this scene's complex two-parter.

6. Scorned Ophelia is quite perturbed,  
Hamlet's words her mind disturbed,  
But Hamlet's diatribe in all its breadth,  
Is coupled now with news of her father's death,  
Talking to herself she starts to sally,  
To the locale of an old road rally,  
Truly crazed and completely nuts,  
At a bridge a right path she cuts,  
O Near a Salinas branch of its tributary,  
Is the place where she does tarry,  
By the weight of her heavy dress,  
She means to drown her own distress,  
"Hey, nonnie, nonnie" she starts to sing,  
To save her now you must pull the string.  
To this point you'd like to swagger,  
But drunk heroes tend to stagger.
  
7. Ophelia's drowning was no accident,  
All she had loved had now been spent,  
Her only out was suicide,

With only booze Hamlet was satisfied,  
Apparently rehab was just a reverie,  
When he yelled, "Get thee to a winery!"  
Upon his love she lost all hope,  
So she left Hamlet to grope,  
With her scrambled best advice,  
That sends him to his paradise,  
'Tis a place where his tongue will wag,  
A helpful map is in the bag,  
To Jeanne there you should slur the quote,  
Which bagged again is your antidote.  
From your soliloquy much will be learned,  
An intact bottle must be returned.

8. A Tequila shot and one Coke back,  
Is sure to get Hamlet off track,  
If he must right the wrongs of society,  
What better time to find sobriety?  
**S** To now see it through to his next mission,  
Abstention might be the right decision.  
" O Bosom black as death" Claudius' conscience is heard  
to lament,  
Up the CI Hamlet's further sent.
9. Was it madness, accident or suicide,  
That caused Ophelia to perish at riverside?  
Upon these thoughts a gravedigger brooded,

A Christian burial seems excluded,  
Her plot should be dug in a different lieu,  
Where exotic plants say adieu,  
To say a few words on her behalf,  
For her lunar epitaph,  
Your destiny is reached by the 46 West,  
North of there you'll fly with zest,

Right off the One is a place you'll know,  
Past a castle name you'll anxiously go,  
More than a mile later peel your eyes,  
Or you'll be singing lullabies.

10. Laertes returns to find his family dead,  
Now it's Hamlet's blood he'd like to shed.,  
A justifiable homicide is overruled,  
King Claudius prefers a prearranged duel,  
If Hamlet's ego takes the bait  
A fixed fencing match is the king's mandate,  
Where Laertes will be secretly equipped,  
With the makings of a poisoned tip,  
Once hit, Hamlet will lose his force,  
While through his veins the poisons course,  
No one will expect their evil intent,  
To Gertrude it will look like an accident,  
If Laertes be wounded first,  
Hamlet will see fit to quench his thirst,  
From the poisoned wine of a chalice,  
A fallback plan for the King's malice.  
South to Cambria Rd. and up to Main,  
Down to Tamsen for your refrain.

11. In all the confusion of the duel,  
One thing is left to soon retool,  
What in all your pain forgot,  
Was to follow through with your original plot,  
For one person still you did not kill,  
At New Elsinore **repeat the drill**,  
For what's the point of waxing eloquent,  
If of regicide you are incompetent.

**HOTLINE: Main (805) 995 - 2105**  
**Aux (310) 779 - 3057**  
**Aux (415) 518 - 3587**

## **LITTLE CLUES**

IN BAG: scanned photo with arrow pointing to tree

1. In ear of mask

Nothing could more terrorize,  
Than your father's account of his demise,  
Into his ear deadly poison was poured,  
While in his orchard he slept and snored,



That your Uncle Claudius was the killer,  
Makes your blood run all the chiller,  
Back and forth you start to pace,  
But first warm yourself at the fireplace.

2. In fireplace at Madonna Inn

Upon San Luis shores you set the stage,  
A sunset's rays can surely gauge,  
The King's two-faced reaction,  
To this theatrical attraction,  
Is it entertainment new?  
Or merely deja-vu?

3. Under wheel at amphitheater

Enraged by the play's implication,  
Claudius sends Hamlet on vacation,  
To England he'll soon be set afloat,

Upon a ship that's moored remote,  
To know precisely where it's docked,  
Extra! Extra! should be remarked,

In the personals of the SLO Trib-Telegraph,  
Is Hamlet's would-be epitaph.

Ad:

I protest this cruel exile,  
Just another plot of the king's guile,  
I should not be deported,  
By regal henchmen so escorted,  
On Atascadero Road I'm moored,  
Upon the deck my thoughts are stored,  
Of a barc that's sure to smack,  
Of the animal in your sack.

(dragon poster)

4. In boat, in arms of Hamlet doll at 231 Atascadero

Hamlet returns to confront Gertrude,  
For being a mother incestuous and lewd,  
He'll take her to **tasc** and slowly grill her,  
For marrying her husband's killer,  
Down the 41 East show your machismo,  
Take the right just after Pismo,  
Now it's time for Gertrude to goad,  
In the paddock where he'll unload,  
The sharp daggers of his reprise,  
In earshot of various species.

5. In Polonius doll behind waterfall at Paddock zoo

- a. "Why, Hamlet do you make such a fuss,

Your mother's been with all of us!  
You are just as much to blame,  
Upon my daughter you've heaped shame,  
How can you saintly martyr claim,  
When you reflect so well your name,  
You'll see your image inside this place,  
IUpomn this house you bring disgrace."

b. On rail for potbellied pig

Ophelia's soon taken aback,  
By Hamlet's chauvinistic attack,  
He reacts like a misogynist,  
With his insults he ends their tryst,  
It's hard enough to get out of her rut,  
Without the Prince to call her slut,

A breeder of sinners she'll not be,  
Up Traffic Way she starts to flee,  
All of Hamlet's words unkind,  
Start to unhinge her very mind,  
The seeds of her insanity,  
Begin to sprout past the armory,

A sport's gem is seen on the right,  
A horse's fodder should be in sight,  
Down the Italian name for a street,  
Past a state farm she beats her retreat,

A bridge does beckon somewhat near,  
Upon a dried brook her mind is clear.

6. In dress: You've unclothed me now,  
you filthy pervert!  
Back to my perch  
you should revert.

On bridge:

Crossword puzzle: CASTORO WINERY

Hi !

Remember me? We're the Shakespeare Rally Troupe that came in about one month ago to ask if you guys would be interested in helping us with an interactive clue for one of our rally teams, Hamlet. We are planning an elaborate treasure/clue hunt with a group of people through the area on the Saturday of Labor Day weekend, September the 5th, where different teams of three to four people will be required to go to various locations, some of them wineries, and quote Shakespeare or make general fools of themselves in exchange for a clue that takes them to their next location.

The general idea is for them to enjoy their visit with a little embarrassment and Shakesperian flavor before they get to their final destination. Only one team of three to four people will be involved and it should take no more than 10 minutes of your time. Naturally, over the years we've always encouraged merchants to have as much fun as they want with the victim team.

Castoro is a perfect place to send our Hamlet team. The idea would be to have the team retrieve their clue from the prebought bottle that has been left with you. They must first have to recite the referenced quote. The clue is on the inside of the label. I've spoken to Jeanne a number of times about this to the point where she may think I'm being overly careful. It's just that all of the ten clues for this and the other nine teams going to other wineries and sites have to work like clockwork; if a clue isn't there, all the effort is wasted. In contrast, the merchant usually

has to do very little, so it is not a big consumption of time or interference with your business. This particular site promises to be one of the best we've been able to use over the last ten years, and we've immensely enjoyed your wine as well.

It should be great fun and we certainly appreciate your help. If you have any questions, please call me at the below listed number. Other wise, I will check in with you and bring my grapes and the little animal during the week before Saturday the fifth, (probably the day before, if that's o.k.)

THANKS!

Marc Chomel

(310) 546-7144

#### **IN BAG:**

To drink, or not to drink,  
That is the question,  
Whether 'tis safer on the liver  
To chug down the gins and vodkas  
Of outrageous hangovers,  
Or to swear off a sea of alcohol,  
And by tee totaling end it,  
A scotch, A martini  
One more! and by a round  
To say we end the headache,  
And the thousand AA meetings we won't adhere to,  
'Tis a Chardonnay devoutly to be wished,  
To drink, to slur  
To slur, perchance to burp!  
Aye, where's my mug?

7. On label of bottle of Chardonnay at Castoro Cellars

Claudius at the **CHURCH** now does pray  
That for him Heaven should open its gateway,  
And his brother's killing be forgiven,  
By uncontrollable ambition was he driven.  
He must've been under some evil spell,  
He'll cleanse it now at **SAN MIGUEL**.  
But Hamlet will not let him **REPENT**,  
Confessions are always heaven bent.

#### 8. At confessional of Mission San Miguel

It's a wonder that when you're straight,  
Life's choices are easier to calculate,  
Hamlet stands over his uncle with sword drawn,  
But church'd revenge is no paragon,  
By penance in death Claudius might succeed,  
To heavenly entry surely accede,  
A better place to catch him soon,  
Is a garden which basks in the glow of the moon,

A gravedigger sings where water flows,  
In a pool poor Yorrich's skull now shows,  
He was a man of infinite jest,  
But mortality is what he knew the best,  
He advises you of a second spot,  
That will soon reveal Claudius' wicked plot.

#### 9. a. in skull in fountain

Leave not this garden in too much haste,  
Lest the last act go to waste,  
In a bench where two tails suspend,  
Is how Uncle Claudius should meet his end.  
And once with this actors' scene in hand,

At a patriotic place their performance command.

b. Video under bench of two tails  
To All-American video

10. Video to 3488 Studio