

Act IV, scene 4

at the coast

Captain, Fortinbras, Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern

Enter Fortinbras with his army over the stage

F. Go, Captain, from me greet the Danish king.

Tell him that by his license **Fortinbras**

Fortinbras: "Fortune's arms:" embracing destiny; see finale

Craves the conveyance of a **promis'd march**

Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.

march over..kindgdom: above, more advanced pursuits,
the promised "Kingdom not of this world."

If that his Majesty would aught with us,

We shall express our duty in his eye,

And let him know so.

let him know in his eye: Fortinbras has no fear of his evil Third Eye

C. I will do 't, my lord.

F. **Go softly on.** All but the Captain exit

Fortinbras treads softly, is a gentle, Christian soldier.

The remainder of this profound scene was omitted in F1, thus destroying its credibility, authenticity.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others

H. Good sir, whose **powers** are these?

powers: spiritual powers

C. **They are of Norway**, sir.

Norway vs. Poland: more genuinely Christian, Northern, Upright Way
counters anachronistic, atavistic, more Eastern, Asiatic ways:

H. How purpose'd, sir, I pray you?

Ever since deceased King Hamlet eliminated the backward,
more evil Norwegian King Fortinbras,

C. **Against some part of Poland.**

his brother, the good Uncle, provided Christian rulership:

H. Who commands them, sir?

The opposite fate befell Denmark: evil brother slayed Christian.

C. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

frontier: threshold

H. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,

Or for some **frontier**?

C. Truly to speak, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground

ground: Earth trial; a little patch of: Aego of a human being?

That hath in it no profit but the Name.

Name: Spirit Self; also in Lord's prayer: Hallowed be Thy Name

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;

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Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

H. Why, then, the Polack never will defend it.

C. Yes, **it is already garrison'd.**

already garrison'd: resisting the True Future

H. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats

Two thousand: ? year 2000, MAJOR turning point evolution

Will not debate the question of this straw.

This is th' **impostume of much wealth and peace,**

impostume: abscess

That inward breaks and shows no cause without

Why the man dies. – I humbly thank you, sir.

no discernible cause why dies: Initiation is dying to old self.

C. God be wi' you, sir. Exit

God be with you: the expression of a devout man

R. Will 't please you go, my lord?

H. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before. Exeunt all but Hamlet

(H.) How all occasions do inform against me
And spur my dull revenge. What is a man
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure He that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and **godlike reason**

To fust in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event

– **A thought which quarter'd hath but one part wisdom**

And ever three parts coward – I do not know

Why yet I live to say “This thing's to do,”

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means

To do 't. Examples gross as Earth exhort me:

Witness this army of such mass and charge,

Led by a delicate and tender prince,

Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd

Makes mouths at the invisible event,

Exposing what is mortal and unsure

To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,

Even for an eggshell. Rightly to be great

Is not to stir without great argument,

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw

When honor's at the stake. How stand I, then,

That have a father killed, a mother stained,

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! *exit*

Looking before and after: conscious of all time,
including past (consequences) and future potentials
capability and godlike reason: willing plus knowing the Truth

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The head pole is sensory: all nerves inhibitory, gutless
I do not know..to do...: something's missing, incomplete

Sith: since

eggshell: contains germ of future life

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20,000: ? reference to Isle of Bardsey:

where “20,000 Holy confessors and martyrs” are buried

beds like graves: ancient initiation involved temple sleep

bloody thoughts: Modern dead abstractions
need enlivening with truly living, Divine realities.