

William Shakespeare

450 Years ago was born the poet of love



di Anna Irene Cesarano

Romeo and Juliet William
Shakespeare's masterpiece

On twenty-three April one thousand five hundred sixty-four (23 April 1564) was born William Shakespeare, and for twist of fate seems to have died in the same day of fifty years later, the twenty-three April one thousand six hundred sixteen (23 April 1616). The whole world seems make him honor, with numerous events and initiatives to remember the most famous English writers. His London celebrates him in great style, renaming the metro stops with names of his works and his immortal characters from Hamlet to Otello; in addition to a marathon, always in London, organized on twenty.-three and twenty-four April of about three kilometers from the St Thomas' Hospital Garden al Potter's Fields Park, in which will be projected thirty-seven short movies like the sonnets written by Shakespeare.

Also the city that gave him the birthplaces girds it by party, setting up a celebratory parade which starts from the birthplace of playwright restored to immerse travelers in the magical atmosphere passed. In Denmark in the Kronborg's castle to Helsingør big party to commemorate the Danish prince Hamlet, so much so that this castle is known as Hamlet's castle. Dances, banquets, renaissance music, shows with sounds of lutes and viols and for whole summer with Hamlet live theatrical representation of Hamlet, Ofelia, Polonium, the ghost etc. For the first time the spectators will take part really and directly to the drama. Italy with Rome and Verona that make him homage with a festival until 30 April with Shakespeare re-loaded and Shakespeare walk, with walks, readings etc. In Milan the small theatre presents Shakespeare 2016 with the project of the **Charioteer** theatre with a series of shows dedicated to the bard. William Shakespeare was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, but we know little about him, in fact, there are not many documents about his existence. His life is wrapped of the mystery, the critics and the scholars around the world dare various hypotheses, shrewd or ignorant simpleton? Partner in a successful literary association or great writer of the Elizabethan literature? In addition, his face remains an enigma infact the paintings that portray him were made later his death and only trusted that is the bust built by his son-in on his tomb, seems to have nothing in common with the image of refined and romantic poet that we all know. We know that his father John was a glover and his mother Mary Arden was of a good country family, he attended the Stratford grammar school, which he probably learnt Latin and Greek. Only eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, which was greater than he of six years, three children was born from their union: Susan, Hamnet and Judith. Sometime after Shakespeare went to London and about this period in the capital we don't know nothing. We have a real reference to him only

in one thousand five hundred ninety two (1592), when he was attacked in a pamphlet from Greene, which defined him as “an upstart crow beautified with our feathers”. This episode shows that however, Shakespeare was became most important, and his reputation like dramatist grew when he joined at one the most influential and important companies of actors, The Lord Chamberlain’s men. His economic status improved and he bought a new house in Stratford, when he died on 23 April one thousand six hundred sixteen (23 April 16. On his identity of writer circulate many theories like that he was too little learned to have written his plays or others like that tell his plays were composed under the pen-name Shakespeare, by Francis Bacon and Marlowe who was mutilated in a fight and so he continued to write in incognito. Then I wonder, “Who care to know who wrote these works, if for example, the love between Romeo and Juliet did dream millions of people”? Yet “The famous verses of Hamlet, to be or not to be: that is the question, are not survived perhaps who wrote them, becoming immortals?

I like to quote the passage from a work of Shakespeare, where it appears that the conception of society that had, as a stage that I studied for my first exam of sociology:

All the world’s a stage, and all the men and women merely players: they have their exits and their entrance; and one man in his time plays many parts, his acts being seven ages. 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. Then the lover, sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress eyebrow... Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history, is second childishness and mere oblivion, sans teeth, sans yes, sans taste, sans everything.
(William Shakespeare - As you like it, act 2, scene 7, All the world’s a stage)
