



Sukalde-jolaserako proposamena

Hona hemen lagintxo batzuk, obrako plano bakoitzetik, ea nola itxuratzen dituzun zeure irudimenean, eta, animatzen bazara, nola egosiko zenituzkeen euskaraz.

Link hauetan, baduzu sukalde horretarako tresneria pixka bat hobeki kokatzeko eta ulertzeko pasarteok antzezlanaren harian:

- Jatorrizko testua: <http://shakespeare.mit.edu/midsummer/full.html>
- Azalpenak, argumentuaren laburpena, ingeles modernozko bertsio erraztua: <http://nfs.sparknotes.com/msnd/> eta <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1wMfOwIAZ8>
- Testu irakurria: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SRZ2SmmyMC4>
- Antzezpen bat: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2SQvgZRBvq8>
- Eszena bat, film batetik: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2c6djC43IWE>

Denon artean dastatu eta maiseatuko ditugu gero, irailaren 30ean, horiek eta gehiago.

On deigula.

Lagintxoak (euskarazkoa, Bingen Ametzagaren prosazko itzulpenaren eskuizkributik)

THESEUS

Thanks, good Egeo: what's the news with thee?

EGEUS

Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander: and my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child;
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice verses of feigning love
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she; will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

TESEU.- Anitz esker, Aigeu on ori; zer duk berri?

AIGEU.- Ba-natorkizu, gogo-illun, nire alaba Ermi'ren aurka salaketa egitera. Aurrera zaitetz, Demetiri. Gizon onek, naguasi jauna, ba-du arekin ezkontzeko nire baimena. Aurrera zaitetz, Lisander; onek, ordea, nire duke ona, nire neskatoaren biotza sorgin-lilluraz jo du. Bai, Lisander, ik, ik egin dizkiok neurtitzak, baita maite-adiguriak elkarri eman ere; illargitan aren leio ondoan gezurrezko maitasun aapaldiak kantatu dituk mintzo iruzurgillez. Ire illezko eskumuturrekoen, ereztunen, txirimirien, zirtzillerien, lore sortaen eta kotxoen bidez -gazte ikasi-gabeekiko mezulari oso indartsuak- seta gogor biurturik ire irudia tinkatu duk, gerizka, aren oldean maltzurkeriz ostu duk ene alabaren biotza, zar zidakan mentasuna seta gogor biurturik. Beraz, ene duke ona, baldin emen zure aurrean, nire alabak Demetiri'kin ezkontzea onartzen ez ba'du, Atenai'ko berarizko lege zarra eskatzen dut. Nire dut eta ari buruz agindu dezaket; auta beza, beraz, zaldun onen eskua ala eriotza, onelako gertarietarako gure legeak argi agintzen dutenez.

DEMETRIUS [Awaking]

O Helena, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

DEMETIR.- (Esnatuz) O, Elene, andregoiko, neskaxeder betegiña, jainkozko ori!
Zerekin, nire maitea berdinduko ditut zure begiak? Leiarkia aren aldean ugerra da.
Nola zirikatzen dute musua gerezi eldu, gorrien antzeko zure ezpaiñak! Sortaldeko
aizeak bere arnasaz laztantzen dun Tauru tontorreko elur aratz, zuriak, bela-luma
bezain beltza dirudi eskua goititzen duzunean. Oi, utzadazu mun dagiodan
zuritasunezko erregiña orri, zeruzko sillu orri.

HELENA

Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision? Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,--O, is it all forgot? All school-days' friendship, childhood
innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grow together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem; So, with two seeming bodies, but
one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest. And will you rent our ancient
love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

ELENE.- Ara! Ura ere elkartean dugu! Orain ba-dakust irurok elkar artu dutela nire aurka jolas anker au antolatzeke. Ermi iraingiña, adiskide eskerbeltza, zuk asmatu duzu, zuk gertu iskirio zikin au ni oiñazetutzeke? Aztu al duzu gure barrukotasuna, gure aizpa-maitasarrea, biok elkarrin emandako ordu goxoak, banandu genuan garaia geiegi aurreratzen zula ta aldi oin-ariñari akar genionean? Oi, danori aztu duzu: aurtzaroko adiskidetasuna, gaztaroko bakuntasuna. Bost aldi, Ermi, bi iratxo bizkor iduri, gure orratzez eundu genuan biok lore bat bera, eredu berberaren aurrean lanean lumatxa berberean eserita, soiñu bat bera erispide batez kantatzen ari giñalarik, gure eskuak. gure biotzak, gure aotsak eta gure gogoak bat egiñak izan bai'liran! Orrela azi giñan elkarrekin, bi gerezi biki antzo, bananduak diruditenak, baiña erabateko loturak batuak; azubil berberaz eraturako bi igali begiko. Onela, bi gorputz agirikin, biotz bat baizik ez geneukan, orrelaxe mazmarro bikoitz batean bi erdiak jaun batenak dira ta galdor berberaz koroatuak. Eta gure onerizko zar au erdibitu ta gizon auekin bat egiña zera zure adiskide gaisoari irri egiteko? Ori ez da adiskide baten jokabidea, ez ta nekatx batena ere. Iraiña nik bakarrik artu ba'dut ere, gure kuntze guziak biraoka zaitzake argatik nik bezainbat.

FAIRY

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk eta sometimes labour in the quern
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Mattin,
You do their work eta they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

ROBIN

Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries eta falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

MAITAGARRIA.- Zure itxurak iruzur egiten dit osoki ala Errobin Mutil Ona deritzan iratxo biurri ta mamultza zaitut. Baserriko neskak izutu, esnea apar egin, malatsa naspildu, etxeko andrearen alegin guziak alperrik galduz, guriña mamitzea ta beste batzutan garagardoa artzitzea eragozten duna ez al zera? Gabez dabiltzanei ez al diezu bidea galdu eragiten eta aien gaitzari irri egiten? Iratxo on eta Puck maitea esaten dizutenei lana aurreratu ta zori ona ematen diezu. Ori ez al zaitut?

PUCK.- Zuzen mintzatu aiz. Orrako ibiltzezale alai ori naun. Oberon'en jostari naun eta par eragiten zionat babaz ongi azitako zaldi gizenen bat erakartzen diñanean beoka baten irrintzia irudikatuz. Batzutan amakide baten katilluan, sagar egosi baten iduri pean, uzkuratzen naun eta zurrut egiten diñanea, aren ezpaiñekin kask egin eta garagardoa aren papar igarrean barna isuri erazten diñat. Atso zugurrak, ipuin beltz bat jaulkitzen ari dunean bere iru oiñetako alkitzat artzen natxion; ordun nik aren ipurditik aldendu egiten naun eta bera aozpez erori, "Jostun!" garrasi egin eta eztulaldi batean asten dun. Ta ordun billerako guziak, saietsak estutuz, parreka ta usinka ari ditun, eta an ordu alaiagorik iñoiz eman ez ditanela zin egiten diten. Baiña, alde egin, iratxo, Oberon zetorrekan eta.

OBERON

Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

TITANIA

Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!

OBERON.- Isilik, une batez. Errobin, ken ezaiok buru ori. Titani, agindu soiñua jotzeko orrako bost oriei lozorro gogorra eragin dezaieten.

TITANI.- Soiñua! Ots, jozute soiñu lo-eragille bat.

SNUG

Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it
be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUINCE

You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOTTOM

Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will
do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar,
that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again,
let him roar again.'

QUINCE

An you should do it too terribly, you would fright
the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek;
and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL

That would hang us, every sitser's son.

BOTTOM

I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

LAZTABIN.- Ba al duzu idatzia leoiarena? Baldin ba'duzu emaidazu, arren; ikasgogorra naiz ta.

TXIRLORA.- Gertu gabe egin dezakezu, orroatzea besterik ez duzu.

TUTA.- Utzi nazazute Leoiarena egiten ere. Atsegin emateko moduan ariko naiz orroaka. Orro egingo dut eta dukeak esango du: "Ea berriz ere! Ea berriz ere!".

TXIRLORA.- Lazgarriki egingo zenuke: duke-andrea ta beste andreak deadar egiberaiño ikaratuko lirake ta ori naikoa izango litzake gu guziok urkatzeko.

GUZIAK.- Ez litzake amaren semerik urkatu gabe geldituko!

TUTA.- Andreak beretik irten erazteraiño izutu ba'genitu, egia diozute, adiekideok, gu urkatzea baiño gauza bidezkoagorik ez lukete arkituko; nik, ordea, nire aotsa emarazi ta usakume samur baten antzera egingo dut orro. Urretxindorra bat iduri orro dagikezuet.