

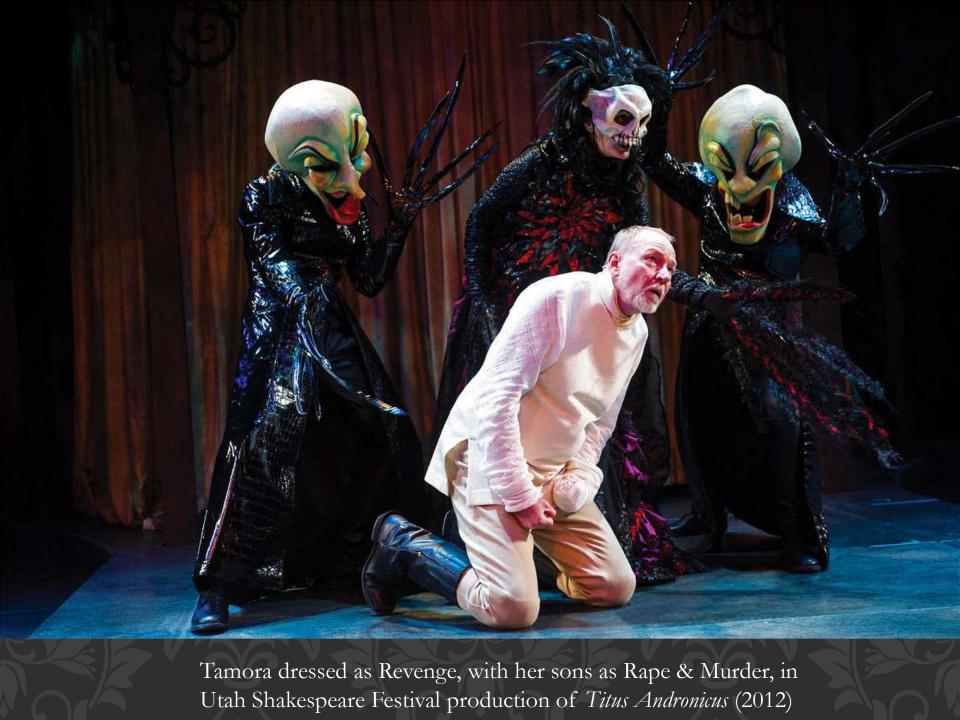
The Spanish Tragedie:

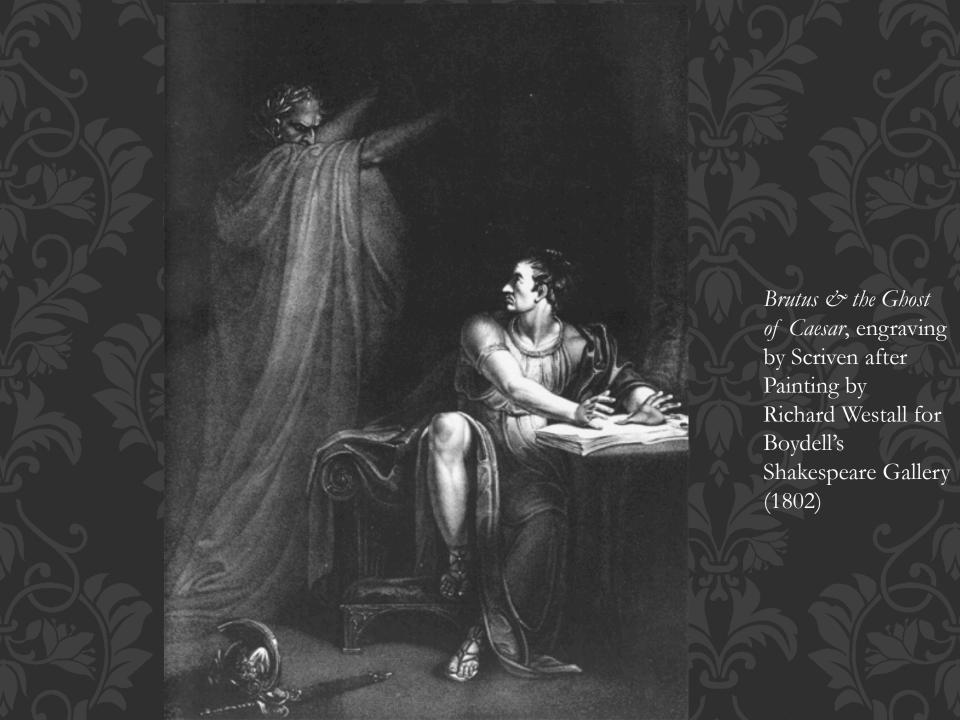
Containing the lamentable end of Don Horatio, and



Printed by W. White, for I. White and T. Langley,









Banquo's ghost: empty chair in 1983 BBC TV version



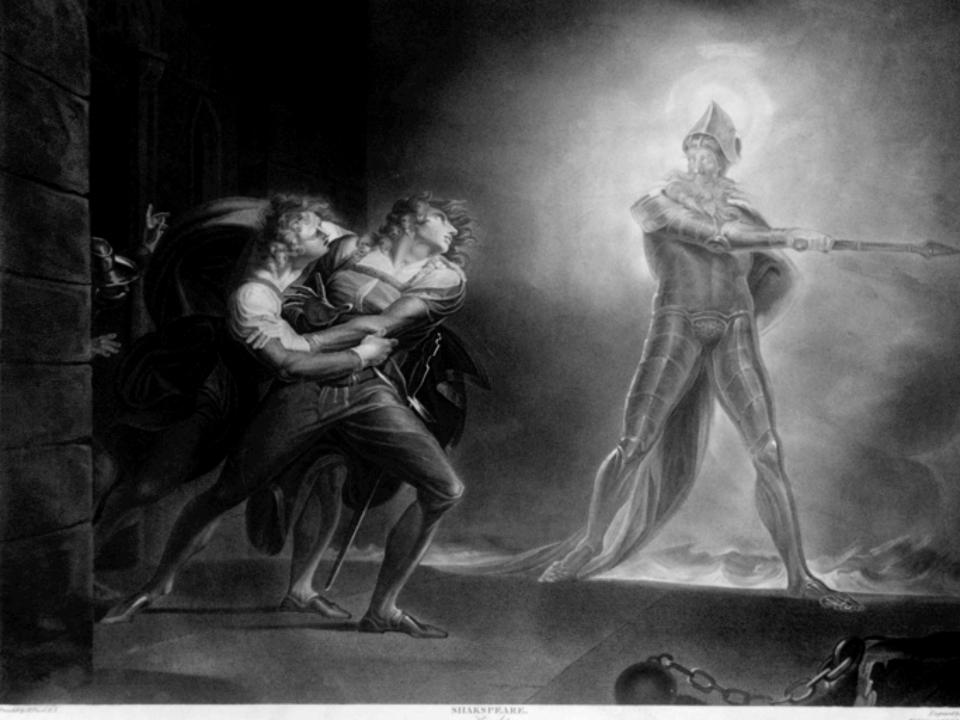
(Henry VIII), 1781



Richard III – Hogarth's Garrick, with the ghosts in the imagination (or the position of the viewer) v Blake's vision (note the Princes from The Tower at the bottom)



Come, poor babe: I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream So like a waking. To me comes a creature, Sometimes her head on one side, some another; I never saw a vessel of like sorrow, So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes, Like very sanctity, she did approach My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me, And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon Did this break-from her: 'Good Antigonus, Since fate, against thy better disposition, Hath made thy person for the thrower-out Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, Places remote enough are in Bohemia, There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe Is counted lost for ever, Perdita, I prithee, call't. For this ungentle business Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks She melted into air. Affrighted much, I did in time collect myself and thought This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys: Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, I will be squared by this. I do believe Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that Apollo would, this being indeed the issue Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid, Either for life or death, upon the earth Of its right father.

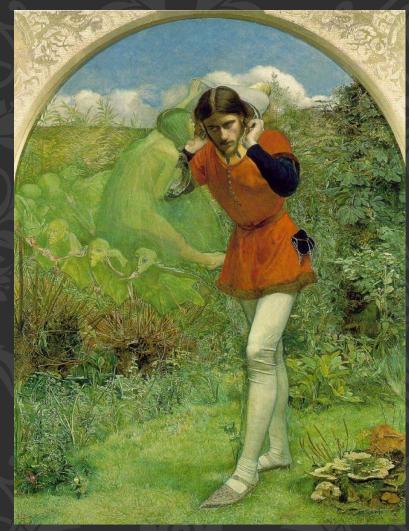




Edwin Booth as Hamlet – painting by William Salter Herrick (Folger Shakespeare Library)



Bottom & Puck (Pacific Northwest Ballet version, Seattle, 2008)



Ferdinand lured by Ariel John Everett Millais (1850)

THESEUS IN A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

More strange then true. I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend more Than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet Are of imagination all compact. One sees more devils then vast hell can hold: That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt. The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things Unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shapes, And gives to airy nothing a local habitation And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination, That if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy.