Shakespeare from the Waist Down
A Midsummer Night’s Dream (3)
Twelfth Night (12)
Much Ado About Nothing (9)
Two Gentlemen (13)
Measure for Measure (6)
Othello (32)
Julius Caesar (29)

The Winter’s Tale (14)
Cymbeline (27)
Antony and Cleopatra (25)
Coriolanus (26)
Henry VIII (21)
Hamlet (28)
Troilus and Cressida (36)
Macbeth (31)
Timon of Athens (34)

All’s Well That Ends Well (2)
Taming of the Shrew (10)
Merry Wives of Windsor (8)
A Midsummer Night’s Dream (1)
Romeo and Juliet (33)
Comedy of Errors (4)
Merchant of Venice (7)
The Tempest (11)

Love’s Labours’ Lost (5)
1 Henry IV (15)
2 Henry IV (17)
Henry V (20)
1 Henry VI (16)
King John (22)
Richard II (23)

2 Henry VI (18)
3 Henry VI (19)
Richard III (24)
King Lear (30)
Titus Andronicus (35)
Shakespeare in Pieces
767 Pieces of Shakespeare in PCA Space

Green=History  Red=Comedy  Brown=Tragedy,  Blue=Late Plays
Upper right quadrant: mostly comedies.

This item: *Merry Wives of Windsor* 2.1.
be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain
him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him
in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like? Letter
for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs!
To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the
twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for,
I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand
of these letters, writ with blank space for different names--sure, more
--, and these are of the second edition: he will print them
, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into
the press, when he would put us two. I had rather
be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I
will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man. Why,
this is the very same; the very hand, the very words
. What doth he think of us? Nay, I know not
: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty.
I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for
, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I
know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury
. 'Boarding, ' call you it? I'll be sure to
keep him above deck. So will I if he come under my
hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him
; let's appoint
Lower left quadrant: mostly histories.

This item: Richard II 1.3

First Herald. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

Second Herald. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign and to him disloyal;
Courageously and with a free desire
Attending but the signal to begin.

Lord Marshal. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.
[A charge sounded]
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

King Richard II. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us: and let the trumpets sound
While we return these dukes what we decree.
[A long flourish]
Draw near,
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' sword;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so roused up with boisterous untuned drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood,
Therefore, we banish you our territories:
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.
A traitor to his God, his king and him; And dares him to set forward to the fight. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, On pain to be found false and recreant, Both to defend himself and to approve Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, To God, his sovereign and to him disloyal; Courageously and with a free desire Attending but the signal to begin. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears, And both return back to their chairs again: Withdraw with us: and let the trumpets sound While we return these dukes what we decree. Draw near, And list what with our council we have done. For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd With that dear blood which it hath fostered; And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours ' sword; And for we think the eagle-winged pride Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts, With rival-hating envy, set on you To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep; Which so roused up with boisterous untuned drums, With resounding trumpets' dreadful bray, And grating shock of wrathful iron arms, Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace And make us wade even in our kindred's blood, Therefore, we banish you our territories: You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life, Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields Shall not regret our fair dominions
767 Pieces of Shakespeare in PCA Space (Language Action Type Counts, Unscaled)

Green=History  Red=Comedy  Brown=Tragedy, Blue=Late Plays
when you woo’d my lady, Know of your love? He did
, from first to last: why dost thou ask? But for
a satisfaction of my thought; No further harm. Why of thy
thought, Iago? I did not think he had been acquainted with
her. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Indeed! Indeed! ay, indeed: discern’st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest? Honest, my lord! Honest!
ay, honest. My lord, for aught I know. What
dost thou think? Think, my lord! Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me. As if there were some
monster in his thought. Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean
something: I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that
, When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like? And
when I told thee he was of my counsel. In my whole course
of wooing, thou criedst: Indeed! And didst contract and
pursue thy brow together, As if thou then hadst shut up in
thy brain. Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me, Show
me thy thought. My lord, you know I love you.
I think thou dost; And, for I know thou’rt full of
love and honesty. And weigh’st thy words before thou givest them breath
, Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more: For such
things in a false disloyal knave are tricks of custom, but in
a man that’s just They are close delations, working from the heart.
Entailment
Eadweard Muybridge, Horse Jumping
David Garrick as Richard III (Folger FPb 18)
David Garrick as Richard III
(Folger FPb 18)
Fin
Four Decades of Renaissance Drama (minus Shakespeare): Joint experiment with Martin Mueller at Northwestern.
Genre Dynamics: If genre is legible on the sentence level, can we track its diffusion geographically across digitized texts? How do sub-genres of the novel move through the Atlantic, for instance?
Reading, Weighting Texts
Text as Table:

An array of words that can be classed or re-classed according to various vectors or sets.

Claims made with Docuscope are claims about the extension of sets. Once these sets have been defined, claims about the statistical relationship within or across such sets are either valid or invalid.
Text as Experience:

A formal device for producing experiences that are familiar enough to be classed into generic types.

Genre claims have phenomenological truth rather than statistical validity: they assert the reality of a literary effect on an order higher than that of a single text.
So why is it that the phenomenological experience and statistical validity overlap? Why do Principal Components pull out ensembles of bits of language that – in their coordination – seem to track felt differences among texts?
Principal Components and Multivariate Statistics:
Coordinated Presences and Absences of Types of Language