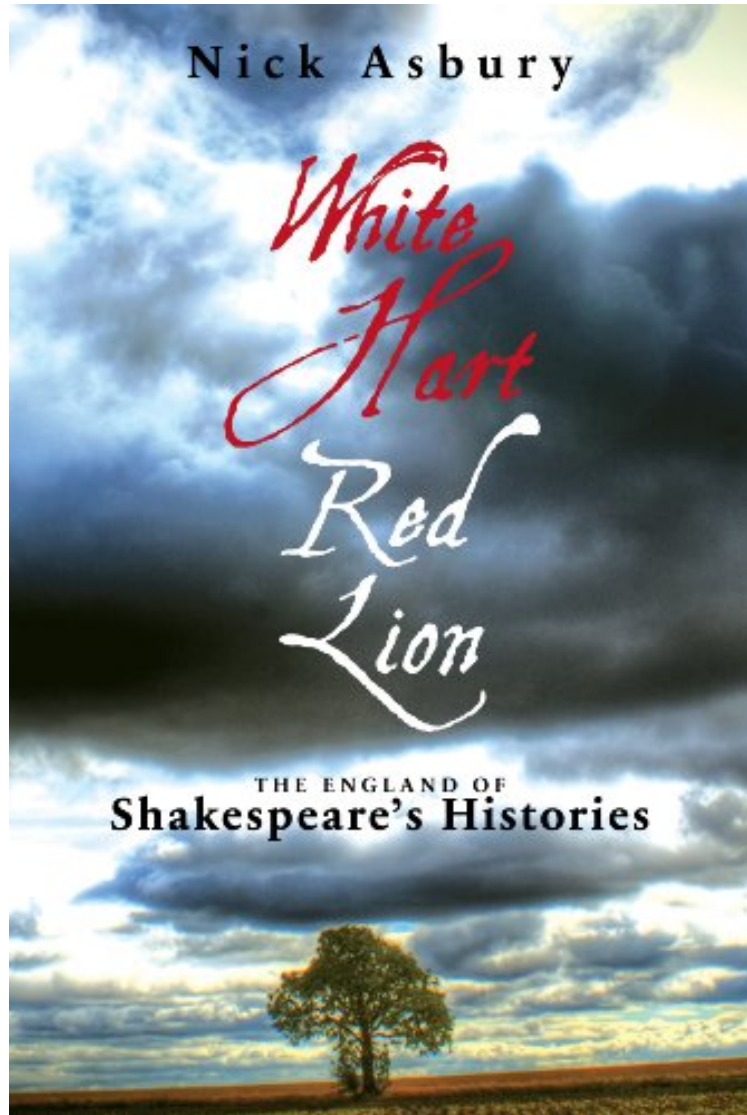


[Download] White Hart Red Lion: The England of Shakespeare's Histories

White Hart Red Lion: The England of Shakespeare's Histories

Nick Asbury

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Nick Asbury : White Hart Red Lion: The England of Shakespeare's Histories before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised White Hart Red Lion: The England of Shakespeare's Histories:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Delightful perspective on Shakespeare's histories By Anne F Weyandt I read this while watching The Hollow Crown on PBS' Great Performances this fall. Although not a companion, Asbury's book brought real-life insights to the narrative and Shakespeare's text. Viewing history through the lens of a theater artist led to evocative tales of people and place. A marvelous and well-written book; highly recommended!

To this day The White Hart and The Red Lion are two of the most popular names for a public house in England and both talismans that served as the insignia for Richard II and the banished Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, who usurped the throne in 1399. Nick Asbury acted in the Royal Shakespeare Company's famed Histories cycle which staged Shakespeare's vision of the deposition of Richard II through to the notorious Battle of Bosworth in 1485. With fellow RSC actors for company, Nick travels the country visiting the buildings, landscapes and former sites of war and intrigue that feature in the plays, and asks the question: what is it about the England of Shakespeare's Histories that continues to fascinate? From Alnwick to Eastcheap, Windsor Castle to a Leicester car park, this is his snapshot of England and its people, then and now. John Shakespeare, William's father, was an Ale Taster before he was a glover and luminary of Stratford-upon-Avon, so in his footsteps I and my travelling players will be exploring the hostelrys and byways of an England forged on the battlefields, triumphs and betrayals of The Histories: on the one hand, Red be it a pub or bloody Rose. On the other hand, White be it the alabaster tombs of broken Princes or the quill of a playwright from Stratford-upon-Avon. This bloody MG is so light its like driving a roaring tin. At the next turning, forewarned this time, I make the corner cheering victoriously and drive straight into a snow drift that could swallow a bus let alone the mid-life crisis that is this MG. It turns out I am in the one area where it is as bad as they say it is. I dig myself out and reverse back on to the mainroad, all the time thinking life would be much better on a horse. England, the tolerant bearer of religion that was the flower of the Northern Renaissance, was fast becoming a useless fist clothed in an old glove. It was fighting a war abroad, the cause of which it was not party to, and the execution of which was undermined by in-fighting at home. Plus a change. Geoffrey and I are swept like pool sticks into Rouen. The road keeps tumbling down and the one time we want traffic lights to stop us, to catch our breath and to establish where we are, is of course the one time we are carried along on a river of green. We swoop into the central town square over cobbles that surely can't be for everyday access, and on a hunch we turn right, only then realising that our hotel is in front of us and we have arrived. Its the most remarkable entrance to a town I have ever made. We haven't stopped once for navigation, traffic lights or junctions and yet here we are.

"[An] enjoyable and sincere grand tour... fortified with pork pies and pinot grigio, accompanied on occasion by fellow Royal Shakespeare Company actors, and alternating between a campervan named Bongo and an open-topped MG, Asbury combines theatrical reminiscence and historical narrative." - London Times