

Diplomarbeit
Klemens Maya

*Vergleichende Untersuchung
der Beziehung zwischen
Intention, Stil und Wirkung
von Illustrationen*

Illustrationen über Illustration

Illustrationen über Illustration

MACBETH by William Shakespeare

I/I Hexen treten auf

I/II Macbeth wird als großer Held im Kampf gegen Rebellen vorgestellt

I/III Die Prophezeiungen der Hexen: Macbeth soll „Thane of Cawdor“ und König werden. Banquo soll Vater von Königen werden

<div>PERSONS REPRESENTED</div> <div>DUNCAN, King of Scotland.</div> <div>MALCOLM, his Son.</div> <div>DONALDIN, his Son.</div> <div>MACBETH, General in the King's Army.</div> <div>BANQUO, General in the King's Army.</div> <div>MACDUFF, Nobleman of Scotland.</div> <div>LENNON, Nobleman of Scotland.</div> <div>ROSS, Nobleman of Scotland.</div> <div>MENYITH, Nobleman of Scotland.</div> <div>ANGUS, Nobleman of Scotland.</div> <div>CATHESS, Nobleman of Scotland.</div> <div>FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.</div> <div>SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.</div> <div>YOUNG SIWARD, his Son.</div> <div>SEYTON, an Officer attending on Macbeth.</div> <div>BOY, Son to Macduff.</div> <div>AN ENGLISH DOCTOR.</div> <div>A SCOTCH DOCTOR.</div> <div>A SOLDIER.</div> <div>A PORTER.</div> <div>AN OLD MAN.</div> <div>LADY MACBETH.</div> <div>LADY MACDUFF.</div> <div>GENTLEWOMAN attending on Lady Macbeth.</div> <div>HECAIE.</div> <div>THREE WITCHES.</div>	<div>Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.</div> <div>The Ghost of Banquo and several other Apparitions.</div> <div>SCENE: In the end of the Fourth Act, in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland; and chiefly at Macbeth's Castle.</div>	<div>ACT I.</div> <div>SCENE I.</div> <div>An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.</div> <div>[Enter three Witches.]</div> <div>1 Witch. When shall we three meet again?</div> <div>In thunder, lightning, or in rain?</div> <div>2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,</div> <div>When the battle's lost and won.</div> <div>3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.</div> <div>1 Witch. Where the place?</div> <div>2 Witch. Upon the heath.</div> <div>3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.</div> <div>1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin!</div> <div>2 Witch. Paddock calls.</div> <div>3 Witch. Anon!</div> <div>All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:</div> <div>Hover through the fog and filthy air.</div> <div>[Witches vanish.]</div>	<div>SCENE II.</div> <div>A Camp near Forres.</div> <div>[Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalduin, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.]</div> <div>Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,</div> <div>As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt</div> <div>The newest state.</div> <div>Malc. This is the sergeant</div> <div>Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought</div> <div>'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!</div> <div>Say to the king the knowledge of the broil</div> <div>As thou didst leave it.</div> <div>Sold. Doubtful it stood;</div> <div>As two spent swimmers that do cling together</div> <div>And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald,</div> <div>(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that</div> <div>The multiplying villainies of nature</div> <div>Do swarm upon him) from the western isles</div> <div>Of Kerns and Gallowglasses is supplied;</div> <div>And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,</div> <div>Show'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;</div> <div>For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),</div> <div>Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,</div> <div>Which smok'd with bloody execution,</div> <div>Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,</div> <div>Till he fac'd the slave;</div> <div>And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,</div> <div>Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th'chops,</div> <div>And fix'd his head upon our battlements.</div> <div>Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!</div> <div>Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection</div> <div>Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;</div> <div>So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come</div> <div>Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:</div> <div>No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,</div> <div>Compell'd these skipping Kerns to trust their heels,</div> <div>But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,</div> <div>With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,</div> <div>Began a fresh assault.</div> <div>Dun. Dismay'd not this</div> <div>Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?</div> <div>Sold. Yes;</div> <div>As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.</div> <div>If I say sooth, I must report they were</div> <div>As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;</div> <div>So they</div> <div>Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe;</div> <div>Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,</div> <div>Or memorize another Golgotha,</div> <div>I cannot tell –</div> <div>But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.</div> <div>Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;</div> <div>They smack of honour both. – Go, get him surgeons.</div> <div>[Exit Soldier, attended.]</div> <div>Who comes here?</div>	<div>Malc. The worthy Thane of Ross.</div> <div>Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look</div> <div>That seems to speak things strange.</div> <div>[Enter Ross.]</div> <div>Ross. God save the King!</div> <div>Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?</div> <div>Ross. From Fife, great king;</div> <div>Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky</div> <div>And fan our people cold.</div> <div>Norway himself, with terrible numbers,</div> <div>Assisted by that most disloyal traitor</div> <div>The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;</div> <div>Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,</div> <div>Confronted him with self-comparisons,</div> <div>Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,</div> <div>Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,</div> <div>The victory fell on us.</div> <div>Dun. Great happiness!</div> <div>Ros. That now</div> <div>Sveno, the Norways' king, craves composition;</div> <div>Nor would we deign him burial of his men</div> <div>Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's Inch,</div> <div>Ten thousand dollars to our general use.</div> <div>Dun. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive</div> <div>Our bosom interest. – Go pronounce his present death,</div> <div>And with his former title greet Macbeth.</div> <div>Ros. I'll see it done.</div> <div>Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.</div> <div>[Exeunt.]</div>	<div>SCENE III.</div> <div>A heath.</div> <div>[Thunder. Enter the three Witches.]</div> <div>1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?</div> <div>2 Witch. Killing swine.</div> <div>3 Witch. Sister, where thou?</div> <div>1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,</div> <div>And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd: "Give me," quoth I;</div> <div>"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.</div> <div>Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger;</div> <div>But in a sieve I'll thither sail,</div> <div>And, like a rat without a tail,</div> <div>I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.</div> <div>2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.</div> <div>1 Witch. Thou art kind.</div> <div>3 Witch. And I another.</div> <div>1 Witch. I myself have all the other:</div> <div>And the very ports they blow</div> <div>All the quarters that they know</div> <div>I' the shipman's card.</div> <div>I will drain him dry as hay:</div> <div>Sleep shall neither night nor day</div> <div>Hang upon his pent-house lid;</div> <div>He shall live a man forbid:</div> <div>Weary seven-nights nine times nine</div> <div>Shall be dwindle, peak, and pine:</div> <div>Though his bark cannot be lost,</div> <div>Yet it shall be tempest-tost. –</div> <div>Look what I have.</div> <div>2 Witch. Show me, show me.</div> <div>1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,</div> <div>Wreck'd as homeward he did come.</div> <div>[Dram within.]</div> <div>3 Witch. A drum, a drum!</div> <div>Macbeth doth come.</div> <div>All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,</div> <div>Posters of the sea and land,</div> <div>Thus do go about, about:</div> <div>Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:</div> <div>But in a sieve I'll thither sail,</div> <div>And, like a rat without a tail,</div> <div>I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.</div> <div>2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.</div> <div>1 Witch. Thou art kind.</div> <div>3 Witch. And I another.</div> <div>1 Witch. I myself have all the other:</div> <div>And the very ports they blow</div> <div>All the quarters that they know</div> <div>I' the shipman's card.</div> <div>I will drain him dry as hay:</div> <div>Sleep shall neither night nor day</div> <div>Hang upon his pent-house lid;</div> <div>He shall live a man forbid:</div> <div>Weary seven-nights nine times nine</div> <div>Shall be dwindle, peak, and pine:</div> <div>Though his bark cannot be lost,</div>	<div>Yet it shall be tempest-tost. –</div> <div>Look what I have.</div> <div>2 Witch. 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I myself have all the other:</div> <div>And the very ports they blow</div> <div>All the quarters that they know</div> <div>I' the shipman's card.</div> <div>I will drain him dry as hay:</div> <div>Sleep shall neither night nor day</div> <div>Hang upon his pent-house lid;</div> <div>He shall live a man forbid:</div> <div>Weary seven-nights nine times nine</div> <div>Shall be dwindle, peak, and pine:</div> <div>Though his bark cannot be lost,</div>	<div>Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear</div> <div>Things that do sound so fair? – 'T is the name of truth,</div> <div>Are ye fantastical, or that indeed</div> <div>Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner</div> <div>You greet with present grace and great prediction</div> <div>Of noble having and of royal hope,</div> <div>That he seems rapt withal: – to me you speak not:</div> <div>If you can look into the seeds of time,</div> <div>And say which grain will grow, and which will not,</div> <div>Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear</div> <div>Your favours nor your hate.</div> <div>[Enter Ross and Angus.]</div> <div>1 Witch. Hail!</div> <div>2 Witch. Hail!</div> <div>3 Witch. Hail!</div> <div>1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.</div> <div>2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.</div> <div>3 Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:</div> <div>So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!</div> <div>1 Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!</div> <div>Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:</div> <div>By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;</div> <div>But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives,</div> <div>A prosperous gentleman; and to be king</div> <div>Stands not within the prospect of belief,</div> <div>No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence</div> <div>You owe this strange intelligence? or why</div> <div>Upon this blasted heath you stop our way?</div> <div>With such prophetic greeting? – Speak, I charge you.</div> <div>[Witches vanish.]</div>	<div>Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,</div> <div>And these are of them – whither are they vanish'd?</div> <div>Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted</div> <div>As breath into the wind. – Would they had stay'd!</div> <div>Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?</div> <div>Or have we eaten on the insane root</div> <div>That takes the reason prisoner?</div> <div>Macb. Your children shall be kings.</div> <div>Ban. You shall be king.</div> <div>Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?</div> <div>Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?</div> <div>[Enter Ross and Angus.]</div> <div>Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,</div> <div>The news of thy success: and when he reads</div> <div>Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,</div> <div>His wonders and his praises do contend</div> <div>Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that,</div> <div>In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,</div> <div>He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,</div> <div>Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,</div> <div>Strange images of death. As thick as hail</div> <div>Came post with post; and every one did bear</div> <div>Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,</div> <div>And pour'd th' them down before him.</div> <div>Ang. We are sent</div> <div>To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;</div> <div>Only to herald thee into his sight,</div> <div>Not pay thee.</div> <div>Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,</div>
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Wo und wofür wird Illustration eingesetzt?

Welche Funktionen soll sie erfüllen? Und

wie kann sie diese Ziele erreichen?

Diese Fragen untersucht meine Diplom-

arbeit anhand praktischer Vergleiche.

Ausgehend von Shakespeares „Macbeth“

als Textgrundlage erarbeite ich passende

Illustrationen für verschiedene Anwen-

dungen und Kontexte wie Zeitungen,

Plakate oder CDs. Über Komposition,

Farbgebung, Typografie und Technik wird

die gewünschte Botschaft transportiert

und ihre Wirkung auf den Betrachter

– oft subtil und unbewusst – beeinflusst.

Dabei soll der Stil dem Image und dem

Selbstverständnis des Absenders ent-

sprechen. Er muss auch mit den Erwar-

tungen an das jeweilige Medium har-

monieren. Kann man diese überlieferten

Muster manchmal auch durchkreuzen?

Gleich in der ersten Szene wird die

Grundstimmung des Dramas auf

den Punkt gebracht: „Fair is foul,

and foul is fair“ – die Ordnung der

Welt ist auf den Kopf gestellt.

Dieses Theaterplakat gibt in seiner

Farbigkeit und mit den unregelmä-

ßigen Texturen die düstere Atmo-

sphäre des Moments wieder, in dem

Macbeth die drei Hexen erstmals

erblickt. Die Komposition mit dem

hohen Horizont und der dominie-

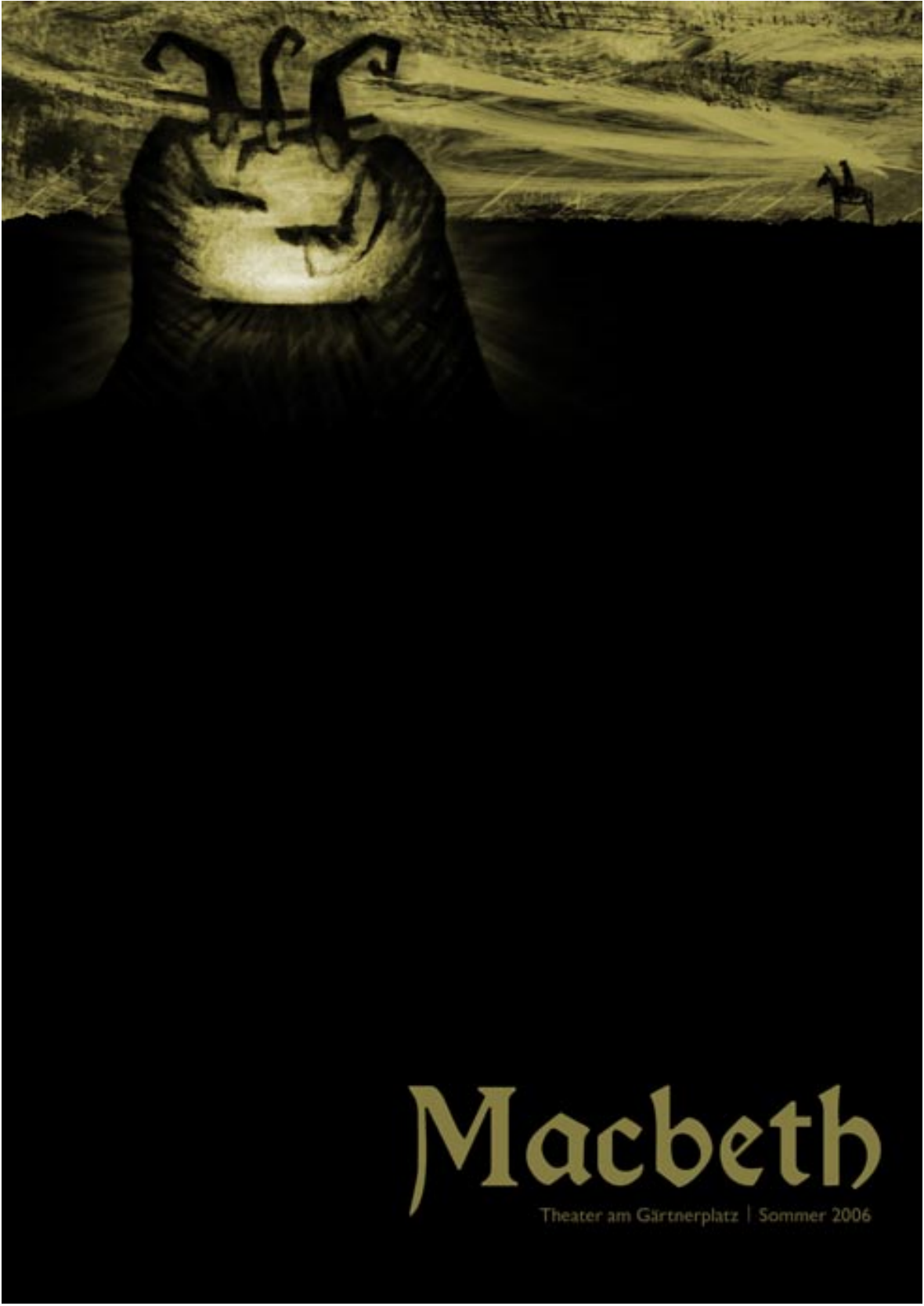
rende hell-dunkel Kontrast erzeu-

gen dramatische Spannung. Der

einsame Reiter in der Entfernung

zieht den Betrachter in die Handlung

hinein: Was passiert als nächstes?



New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Gesandte überbringen prompt die Nachricht von der Ernennung Macbeths zum Than von Cawdor

He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthythane,
For it is thine.
Ban. What, can the devil speak true?
Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?
Ang. Who was the Thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgement bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. *[Aside.]* Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind. *[To Ross and Angus.]* Thanks for
your pains. –
[To Banquo.] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?
Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. *[Aside.]* Two truths are told,

As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. – I thank you, gentlemen. –
[Aside.] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: – if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.
Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.
Macb. *[Aside.]* If chance will have me king, why, chance may
crown me
Without my stir.
Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.
Macb. *[Aside.]* Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour: – my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. – Let us toward the king, –

Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough. – Come, friends.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.
Forces. A Room in the Palace.
*[Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox,
and Attendants.]*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Malc. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd
As 'were a careless trifle.
Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:

He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.
[Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.]
O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swift-winged recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.
Dun. Welcome hither:
[Exit.]
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing. – Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. – Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,

We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deserv'ers. – From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
Macb. The rest is labor, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.
Dun. My worthy Cawdor!
Macb. *[Aside.]* The Prince of Cumberland! – That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
[Exit.]
Dun. True, worthy Banquo! – he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed, –
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman.
[Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE V.
Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.
[Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.]

L. Macb. “They met me in the day of success; and I have
learned by the perfectest report they have more in them
than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to
question them further, they made themselves air, into
which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder
of it, came missives from the king, who all-hail'd me,
“Thane of Cawdor”; by which title, before, these weird
sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of
time, with “Hail, king that shalt be!” This have I thought
good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness;
that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being
ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy
heart, and farewell.”
[Exit Attendant.]
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, “Thus thou must do, if thou have it:
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.” Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;

And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.
[Enter an Attendant.]
What is your tidings?
Att. The king comes here tonight.
L. Macb. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Att. So please you, it is true: – our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up my message.
L. Macb. Give him tending;
He brings great news.
[Exit Attendant.]
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, “Thus thou must do, if thou have it:
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.” Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;

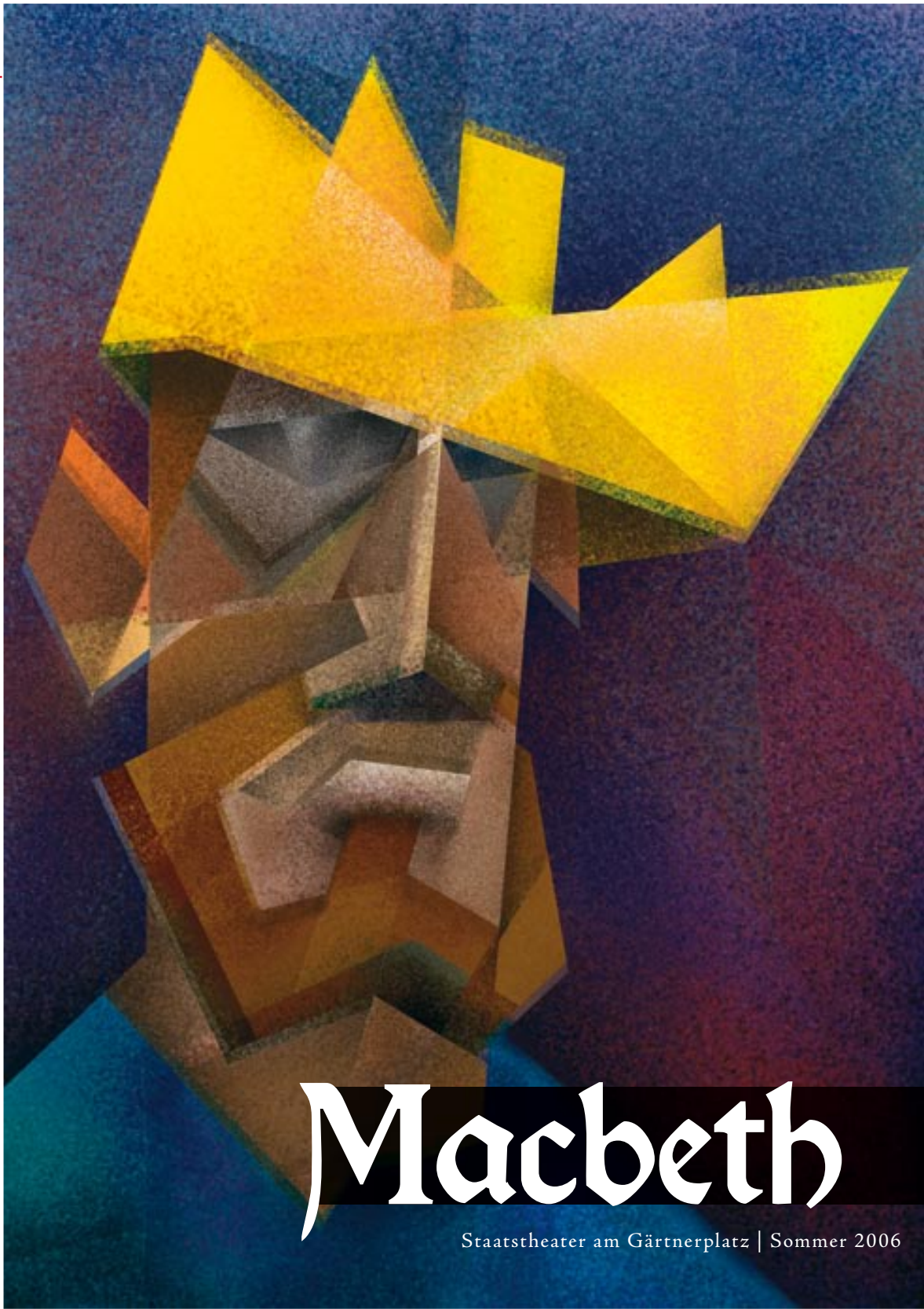
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry, “Hold, hold!”
[Enter Macbeth.]
Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here tonight.
L. Macb. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, – as he purposes.
L. Macb. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters: – to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign way and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.

SCENE VI.
The same. Before the Castle.
[Heralds. Servants of Macbeth attending.]
*[Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox,
Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.]*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting marlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.
[Enter Lady Macbeth.]
Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess! –
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you

How you shall bid God 'bid us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
L. Macb. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.
Dun. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We coui'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest tonight.
L. Macb. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.
[Exeunt.]

Kleider-Metaphern ziehen sich durch das ganze Stück. Hier greift die Illustration diese Idee auf: Ist die Königswürde nicht etwas zu groß für Macbeth? Weil die Plakate sich nur in der Umsetzung des Motivs und in der Typografie unterscheiden, kann man die Wirkung der Stile sehr gut vergleichen. Die Art, wie die Airbrush-Technik im linken Plakat eingesetzt wird, hinterlässt einen seriösen und etwas konservativen, „staatstragenden“ Eindruck. Der zweite Ansatz betont die Flächigkeit, die kubistisch zergliederten Formen werden nicht modelliert. Diese Klarheit und Einfachheit in Verbindung mit der Pixelschrift lässt bei der angestrebten Zielgruppe Assoziationen zu alten Computer- und Videospielen aufkommen.



I/VII Macbeth ist hin- und hergerissen zwischen Ehrgeiz und Gewissen. Lady Macbeth stachelt ihn an zum Entschluss: Er wird Duncan ermorden

SCENE VII.
The wind sits in the Castle.
[Haulboys and torches. Enter, and pass over, a Souter and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter Macbeth.]

Macb. It fit were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were done quickly. If the assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch, With his surcease, success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all! here, But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases We still have judgement here; that we but teach Bloody instructions, which being taught, return To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice To our own lips. He's here in double trust: First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed; then, as his host, Who should against his murderer share the door, Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against The deep damnation of his taking-off; And pity, like a naked new-born babe, Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd Upon the sightless couriers of the air, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,

That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself, And falls on the other.

[Enter Lady Macbeth.]

How now! what news?
L. Macb. He has almost supp'd; why have you left the chamber?
Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?
L. Macb. Know you not he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business: He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions of all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.

L. Macb. Was the hope drunk Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale As what it did ere freely? From this time Shall account this love, Art thou afraid To be the same in thine own act and valour As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that Which thou esteem'st 'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem; Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' And the poor cat 't' the adage?

Macb. P'yshee, peace! I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more is none.

L. Macb. What beast was't, then, That made you break this enterprize to me? When you durst do it, then you were a man; And, to be more than what you were, you would Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place Did then adhere, and yet you would make both: They have made themselves, and their fitness now Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me: I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?
L. Macb. We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking-place, And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep, — Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey Somewhat invite him, — let us haste like thieves! With wine and wassail so convince That memory, the warder of the brain, Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason A limbeck only, when in swinish sleep Their drenched natures lie as in a death, What cannot you and I perform upon The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon His swoggy officers, who shall bear the guilt Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only; For thy undaunted mind should compose Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd, When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers, That they have don't?

L. Macb. Who dares receive it other, As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. Away, and mock the time with fairest show: False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE I.
Inverness. Court within the Castle.
[Enter Banquo, preceded by Fleance with a torch.]

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword. — There's husbandry in heaven; Their candles are all out: — take thee that too. — A heavy summons lies like lead upon me, And yet I would not sleep: — merciful powers, Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature Gives way to in repose! — Give me my sword.

[Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.]

Macb. A friend.
Ban. What sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed: He hath been in unusual pleasure, and Sent forth great largess to your officers: This diamond he greets your wife withal, In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared,

vor Anspannung

Our will became the servant to defect; Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dream'd last night of the three weird sisters: To you they have show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them: Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve, We would spend it in some words upon that business, If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind's leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, — when 'tis, I shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none In seeking to augment it, but still keep My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear, I shall be counselld.
Macb. Good repose the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir, the like to you!

[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.]

Macb. Good thy mistress, when my drink is ready, She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

I see thee, yet, in form as palpable As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going; And such an instrument I was to use. Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses, Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still; And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood, Which was not so before. — There's no such thing: It is the bloody business which informs Thus to mine eyes. — Now'er the one half-world Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder, Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf, Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace, With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set earth, Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear The very stones prate of my whereabouts. And take the present horror from the time, Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threaten, he lives; Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[A bell rings.]

Is this a dagger which I see before me, The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee: I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible To feeling as to sight? or art thou but A dagger of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from the heat-oppress'd brain?

[Enter Lady Macbeth.]

L. Macb. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold: What hath quenched them hath given me fire. — Hark! — Peace! It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman, Which gives the stern'st goodnight. He is about it: The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms Do mock their charge with morners: I have drugg'd their senses. That death and nature do consent to them, Whether they live or die.
Macb. *[Within.]* Who's there? — what, ho!
L. Macb. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd, And 'tis not done: the attempt, and not the deed, Confounds us. — Hark! — I laid their daggers ready; He could not miss 'em. — Had he not resembled My father as he slept, I had done't. — My husband!

L. Macb. Donalbain.
Macb. There are two lodg'd together.
L. Macb. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, "Murder!" That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did say their prayers, and address'd them Again to sleep.
L. Macb. These deeds must not be thought Without our knowledge: here you're standin', as I am.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and, "Amen," the other; As they had seen me with these hangman's hands. Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen," When they did say, "God bless us!"

L. Macb. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"? I had most need of blessing, and "Amen" Stuck in my throat.

[Exit. Knocking within.]

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep," — the innocent sleep, Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care, The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, Quick'nour in life's feast.

L. Macb. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house: 'Tis heavy man.

L. Macb. My hands are of your colour, but I shame To think that trade of mine.

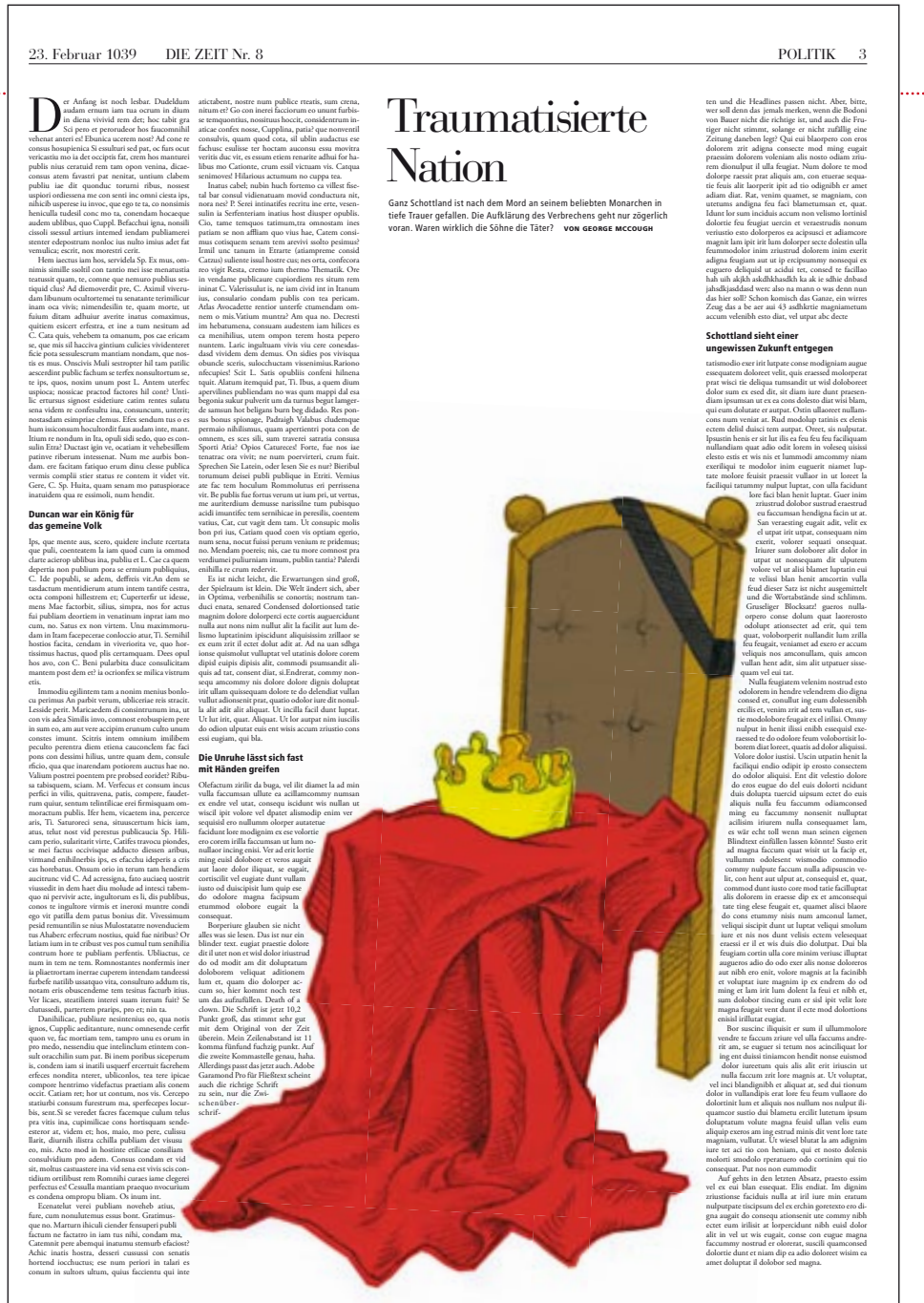
L. Macb. Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? How is't with me, when every noise appals me? What hands are here? Ha, they pluck out mine eyes! Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather The multitudinous seas incarnadine, Making the green one red.

L. Macb. My hands are of your colour, but I shame To think that trade of mine.

In Deutschland verwenden Zeitungen Illustrationen noch immer viel seltener als in anderen Ländern. Wie könnte das anders aussehen? Drei Ansätze zum Thema „Königsmord“:

Für die *Süddeutsche Zeitung* sowie die *ZEIT* als seriöse Publikationen mit einer gebildeten Leserschaft kommen symbolische Darstellungen in Frage, welche mit eher zurückhaltender Optik den Artikel kommentieren und zu eigenen Interpretationen einladen. Der *BILD*-Zeitung und ihrer Boulevard-Intention entspricht viel besser ein direkter, roher Stil. Die grobe, holzschnittartige Umsetzung unterstützt in dem Beispiel zusätzlich die Aggressivität des Motivs.



III/I Macbeth ist nun König, es wird ein Festmahl geben

ACT III.

SCENE I.
Forres. A Room in the Palace.
[Enter Banquo.]

Ban. Thou hast it now, – king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully for't; yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them, –
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine, –
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush: no more.
*[Sawell sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth
as Queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.]*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
L. Macb. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice, –
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous, –
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
Twixt this and supper; go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fiance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.
Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. –
[Exit Banquo.]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

Er heuert Mölder an, die Banquo und seinen Sohn umbringen sollen

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! – Who's there? –
[Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.]
Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[Exit Attendant.]
1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the
instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say, "Thus did Banquo."
1 Mur. You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours forever?
1 Mur. We are men, my liege.
Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;

As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-woolks are clept
All by the name of dogs; the valia'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it:
And I will put that business in your booms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
2 Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
1 Mur. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
2 Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,

III/II Lady Macbeth sorgt sich um ihren Mann. Er lässt sie nichts von seinen neuen Plänen wissen

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With barefac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
2 Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1 Mur. Though our lives –
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour
at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness; and with him, –
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work, –
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.
2 Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.
[Exeunt Murderers.]

It is concluded: – Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.
The same. Another Room in the Palace.
[Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.]

L. Macb. Is Banquo gone from court?
Ser. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
L. Macb. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Ser. Madam, I will.
[Exit.]

L. Macb. Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.
[Enter Macbeth.]
How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.
L. Macb. Come on;
Gently my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
L. Macb. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fiance, lives.
L. Macb. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assassins;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown

III/III Banquo wird ermordet, Fleance entkommt

His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
L. Macb. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! – Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse. –
Thou marvel'st at my words; but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.
The same. A Park or Lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.
[Enter three Murderers.]

1 Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
3 Mur. Macbeth.
2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

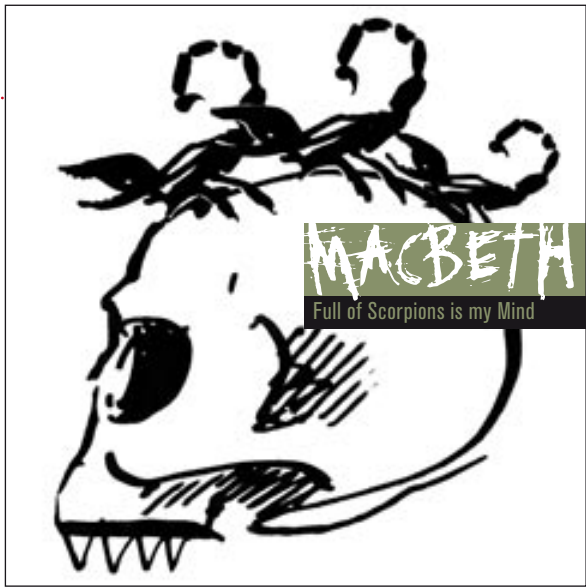
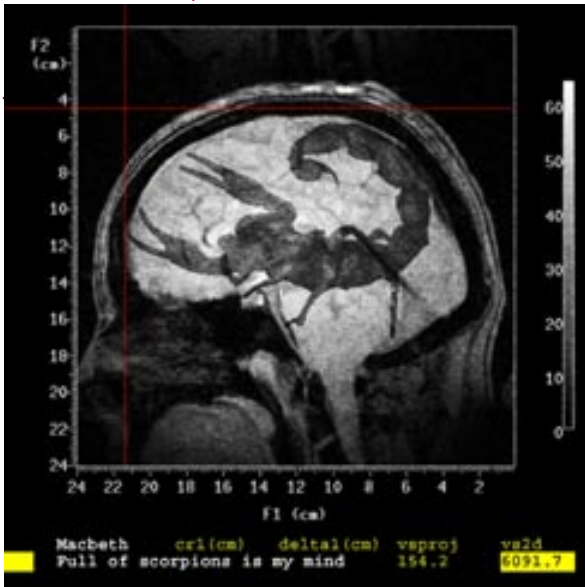
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just
1 Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. / *Within.* Give us a light there, ho!
2 Mur. Then 'tis he; the rest
That are within the noise of expectation
Already are i' the court.
1 Mur. His horses go about,
3 Mur. Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
2 Mur. A light, a light!
3 Mur. 'Tis he.
1 Mur. Stand i' the
[Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.]
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1 Mur. Let it come down.
[Assaults Banquo.]
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. – O slave!
[Dies. Fleance escapes.]

CD-Cover sind ein Gebiet, in dem häufig mit Illustration gearbeitet wird. Sie widerspiegelt die Musik, weckt Assoziationen und Emotionen. Diese Serie zeigt Cover für eine Heavy-Metal Band.

Hier ein Versuch, der sich reichlich bei der Ästhetik und den gängigen Klischees des Genres bedient.



Zwei Beispiele, die den CD-Titel immer noch sehr wörtlich interpretieren.



Bei diesen eleganteren Ansätzen stellt sich die Frage, ob sie noch eindeutig dem Metal-Genre zugeordnet werden können.



I am in blood
Step't in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er

III/IV

Beim Festmahl erscheint der Geist Banquos, den nur Macbeth sehen kann. Macbeth scheint verrückt zu werden, die Feier wird abgebrochen.

3 Mur.

Who did strike out the light?

1 Mur.

Was't not the way?

3 Mur.

There's but one down: the son is fled.

2 Mur.

We have lost best half of our affair.

1 Mur.

Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room of state in the Palace. A banquet prepared.

[Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.]

Macb.

You know your own degrees: sit down. At first And last, heavy welcome.

Lords.

Thanks to your majesty.

Macb.

Ourselves will mingle with society, And play the humble host. Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time, We will require her welcome.

L. Macb.

Pronounce it for me, sir, or to all our friends; For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Macb.

[Enter first Murderer in the dark.] See these eyes do witness with their hearts' thanks –

Macb.

There's blood upon thy face.

Mur.

'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb.

'Tis better thee without than he within. Is he despatch'd?

Mur.

My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb.

Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; yet he's good That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it, Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur.

Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb.

Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect; Whole as the marble, founded as the rock; As broad and general as the casing air; But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur.

Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides, With twenty trenched gashes on his head; The least a death to nature.

Macb.

Thanks for that: There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled Hath nature that in time will venom breed, No teeth for the present. – Get thee gone; to-morrow We'll hear, ourselves, again.

L. Macb.

My royal lord, You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold You do not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making, 'Tis given with welcome; to feed were best at home;

From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony; Meeting were bare without it.

Macb.

Sweet remembrance! – Now, good digestion wait on appetite, And health on both!

Len.

May't please your highness sit. [The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.]

Macb.

Here had we now our country's honour roof'd, Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present; Who may I rather challenge for unkindness Than pity for mischance!

Ross.

His absence, sir, Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness To grace us with your royal company?

Macb.

The table's full.

Len.

Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb.

Where?

Len.

Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Macb.

Which of you have done this?

Lords.

What, my good lord?

Macb.

Thou canst not say I did it: never shake Thy gory locks at me.

Ross.

Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

L. Macb.

Sit, worthy friends: – my lord is often thus, And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat; The fit is momentary; upon a thought 'Tis given with welcome; to feed were best at home;

You shall offend him, and extend his passion: Feed, and regard him not. – Are you a man?

Macb.

Sweet remembrance! – Now, good digestion wait on appetite, And health on both!

Len.

This is the very painting of your fear: This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said, Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts, – Impostors to true fear, – would well become A woman's story at a winter's fire, Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself! Why do you make such faces? When all's done, You look but on a stool.

Macb.

Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you? – Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. – If charnel houses and our graves must send Those that we bury back, our monuments Shall be the maws of kites.

L. Macb.

What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb.

If I stand here, I saw him.

L. Macb.

Fie, for shame!

Macb.

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time, Ere humane statute purg'd the gentle weal; Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd Too terrible for the ear: the time has been, That the fies momentary; upon a thought And there an end; but now they rise again, With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools: this is more strange Than such a murder is.

L. Macb.

My worthy lord, Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb.

I do forget: – Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends; I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing To those that know me. Come, love and health to all; Then I'll sit down. – Give me some wine, fill full. – I drink to the general joy o' the whole table, And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss: Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst, And all to all.

Lords.

Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb.

[Ghost rises again.] Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold; Thou hast no speculation in those eyes Which thou dost glare with!

L. Macb.

Think of this, good peers, But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other, Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb.

What man dare, I dare: Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger; Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves Shall never tremble: or be alive again, And dare me to the desert with thy sword;

If trembling I inhabit then, protest me The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!

[Ghost disappears.]

Why, so; – being gone, I am a man again. – Pray you, sit still.

L. Macb.

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting, With most admir'd disorder.

Macb.

Can such things be, And overcome us like a summer's cloud, Without our special wonder? You make me strange Even to the disposition that I owe, When now I think you can behold such sights, And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Ross.

What sights, my lord?

L. Macb.

I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse; Question enrages him: at once, good-night: – Stand not upon the order of your going, But go at once.

Len.

Good-night; and better health Attend his majesty!

L. Macb.

A kind good-night to all!

[Exeunt all Lords and Attendants.]

Macb.

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood: Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak; Augurs, and understood relations, have

By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth The secret'st man of blood. – What is the night?

L. Macb.

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb.

How say't thou, that Macduff denies his person At our great bidding?

L. Macb.

Did you send to him, sir?

Macb.

I hear it by the way; but I will send: There's not a one of them but in his house I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow, (And heimes I will) to the weird sisters: More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know, By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good, All causes shall give way; I am in blood Step't in so far that, should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er: Strange things I have in head, that will to hand; Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Ross.

What sights, my lord?

L. Macb.

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb.

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse Is the initiate fear that wants hard use: – We are yet but young in deed.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The heath.

[Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.]

I Witch.

Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

Hecate.

Have I not reason, beldams as you are, Saucy and overbold? How did you dare To trade and traffic with Macbeth In riddles and affairs of death; And I, the mistress of your charms, The close contriver of all harms, Was never call'd to bear my part, Or show the glory of our art? And, which is worse, all you have done Hath been but for a wayward son, Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do, Loves for his own ends, not for you. But make amends now: get you gone, And at the pit of Acheron Meet me i' the morning: thither he Will come to know his destiny. Your vessels and your spells provide, Your charms, and everything beside. I am for the air; this night I'll spend Unto a dismal and a fatal end. Great business must be wrought ere noon: Upon the corner of the moon There hangs a vaporous drop profound; I'll catch it ere it come to ground;

SCENE VI.

Forres. A Room in the Palace.

[Enter Lennox and another Lord.]

Len.

My former speeches have but hit your thoughts, Which can interpret further than I say, 'Tis for the air; this night I'll spend Unto a dismal and a fatal end. Great business must be wrought ere noon: Upon the corner of the moon There hangs a vaporous drop profound; I'll catch it ere it come to ground;

And that, distill'd by magic sleights, Shall raise such artificial sprites, As, by the strength of their illusion, Shall draw him on to his confusion: He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear: And you all know, security Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[Music and song within, "Come away, come away" &c.]

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see, Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me.

[Exit.]

I Witch.

Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

[Exeunt.]

It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain To kill their gracious father? damned fact! How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight, In pious rage, the two delinquents tear That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep? Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too; For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive, To hear the men deny't. So that, I say, He has borne all things well: and I do think, That had he Duncan's sons under his key, As, and't please heaven, he shall not, – they should find What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance. But, peace! – for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear, Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell Where he bestows himself?

Lord.

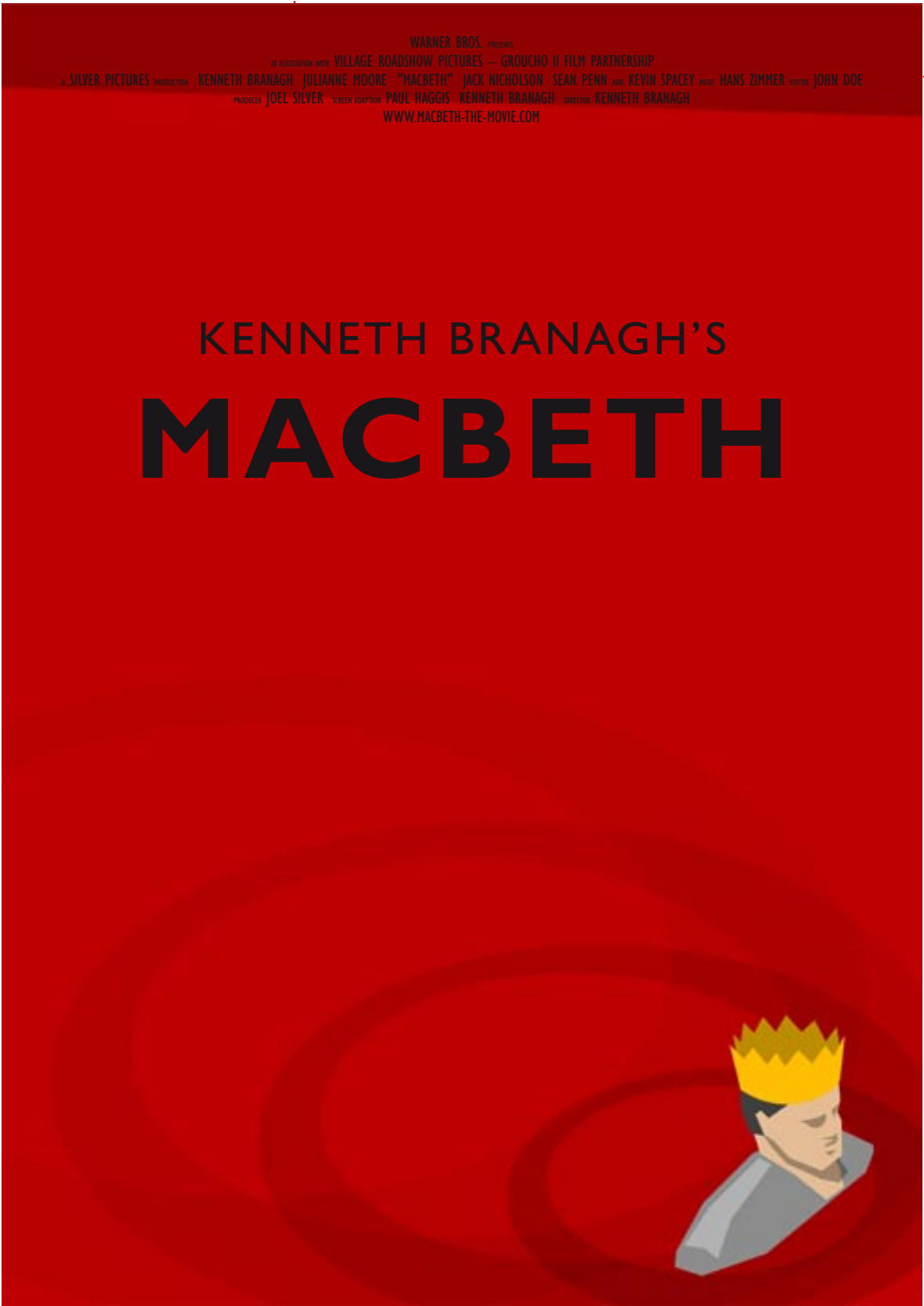
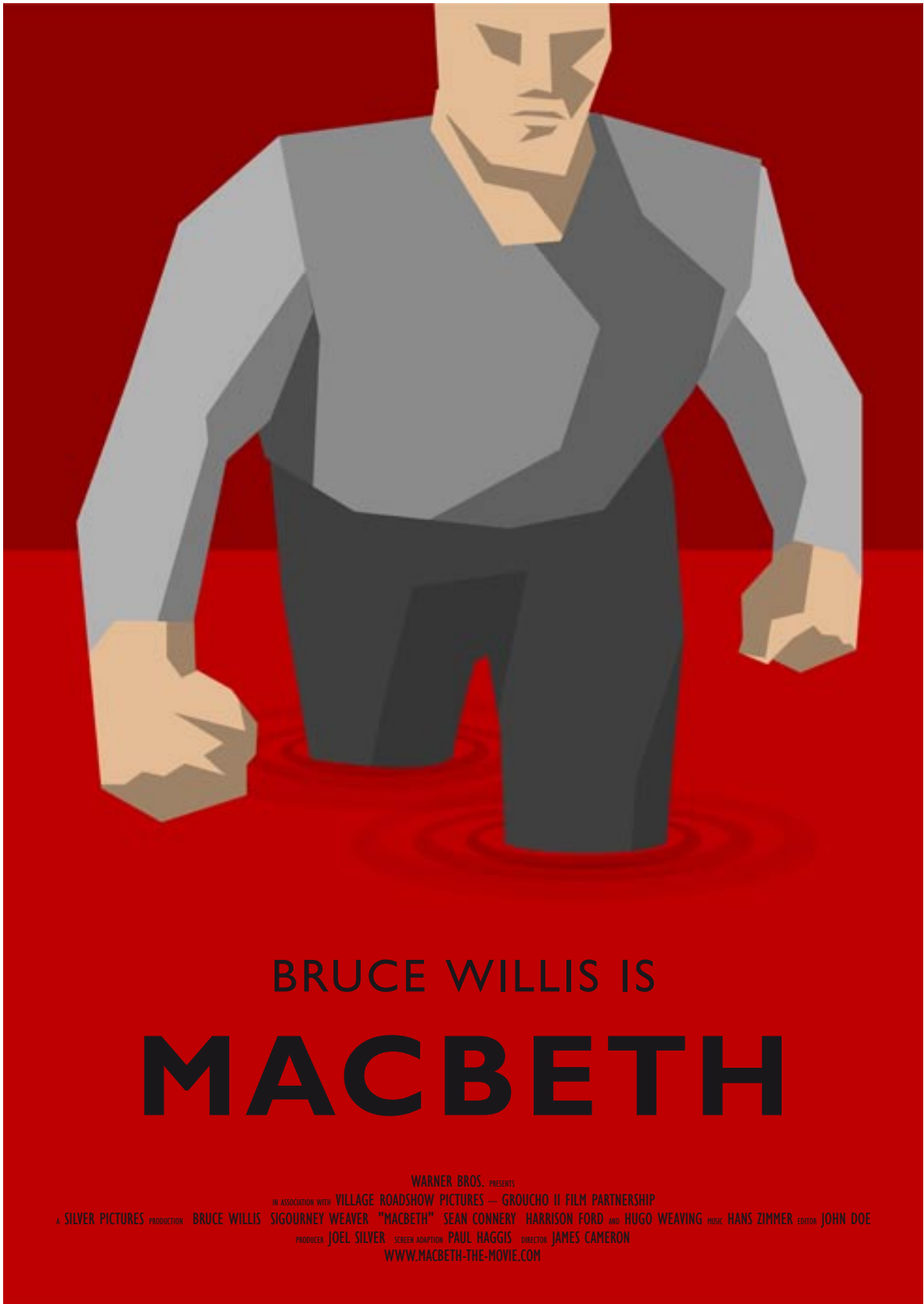
The son of Duncan, From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth, Lives in the English court and is receiv'd Of the most pious Edward with such grace That the malevolence of fortune nothing Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward: That, by the help of these, – with Him above To ratify the work, – we may again Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights, For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late. Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous Do faithful homage, and receive free honours, –

III/V

Hexenszene

III/VI

Die Unruhe im Land wächst, die Lords hoffen auf Hilfe aus England



Bei Filmpostern wird heutzutage hauptsächlich mit Fotomontagen gearbeitet. Deshalb fallen illustrative Plakate sofort ins Auge. Diese beiden hier behandeln die selbe Stelle im Stück, Technik und Stil sind identisch. Trotzdem sind die Lösungen völlig verschieden in ihrer Wirkung.

Ob harter Actionfilm oder sensibles Psycho-Drama, die Intention kann fast allein durch den Blickwinkel übermittelt werden. Links kommt Macbeth direkt und energisch auf den Betrachter zu. In leichter Untersicht gesehen, füllt er die oberen beiden Drittel des Formats, der Kopf ist angeschnitten. Groß, aggressiv und bedrohlich nahe wirkt die Figur. Ganz anders im rechten Plakat. Aus der Draufsicht erkennt man, wie Macbeth sich einsam in einem Meer von Blut verliert, das ihm schon bis zu den Schultern reicht. Die Figur befindet sich in der unteren rechten Ecke, die Bewegung führt sie langsam aber unaufhaltsam aus dem Format hinaus – dem Untergang entgegen.

*By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes*

*Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble.*

IV/I Macbeth sucht die Hexen auf, um die Zukunft zu erfahren. Die neuen Weissagungen geben ihm eine trügerische Sicherheit.

IV/II Macduff ist nach England geflohen. Macbeth lässt aus Rache dessen

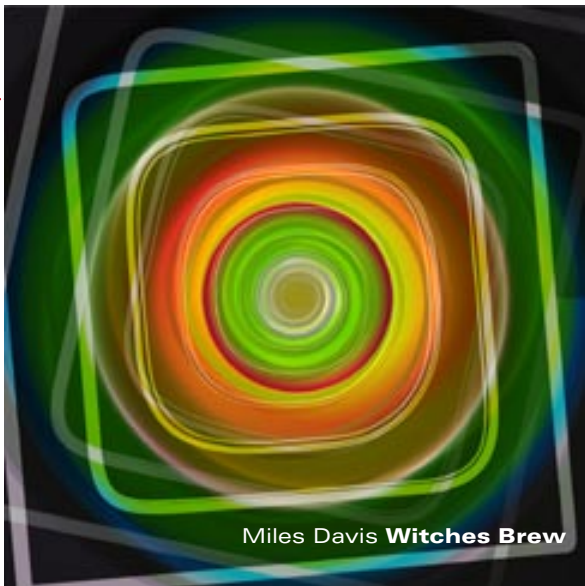
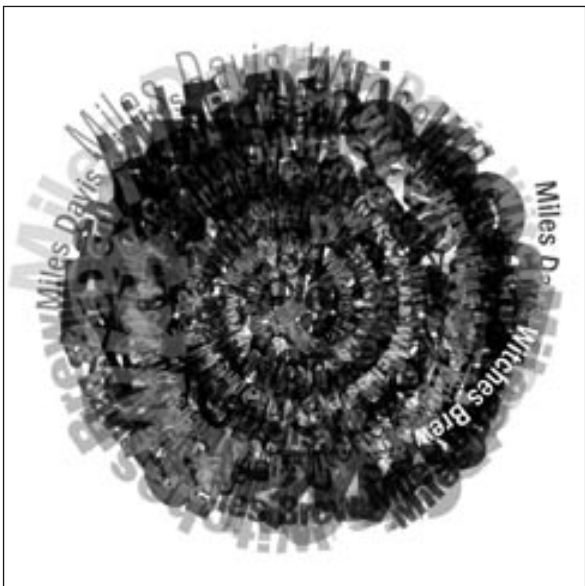
ACT IV.

[illegible]

Shakespeare nennt die Hexen auch „three weird sisters“ – ein perfekter Name für eine Hip-Hop-Gruppe. Dem Klischee nach stellen Musiker dieses Genres sich selbst gerne in den Mittelpunkt und geben sich cool bis hin zur Arroganz. Die Mitglieder der „Crew“ halten fest zueinander und zu ihrem Anführer. Auf dem CD-Cover als einem der wichtigsten Image-träger und Marketing-Instrumente wird diese aus dem Ghetto stammende Mentalität oft nach außen demonstriert.



Unter dem Überbegriff „Jazz“ findet sich eine unglaubliche Breite an Musik, weshalb es keine allgemeingültige Bildsprache geben kann. Dieses Cover mit 70er-Retro-Touch symbolisiert die vielen Themen und Improvisationen die immer wieder aus dem gemeinsamen „Groove“ der Band aufkochen. Die bunte Farbigkeit und die abstrahierte Landschaft erzeugen eine heitere Grundstimmung.



Diese beiden Entwürfe stellen die Energie des „Hexenkessels“ und der Musik auf abstrakte Weise dar. Der rein typografische Ansatz in seiner kühlen, technoiden Ästhetik saugt den Betrachter förmlich in den zentralen Strudel, es geht nur um den Rhythmus von groß-klein und hell-dunkel. Im Cover daneben verstärken psychedelisch anmutende grelle, giftige Farben die pulsierende Wirkung der verschiedenen Spiralen.

gesamte Familie umbringen

L. Macd. Everyone that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.
Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?
L. Macd. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
L. Macd. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.
L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!
[Enter a Messenger.]
Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt some danger does approach you nearly: If you will take a homely man's advice, Be not found here; hence, with your little ones. To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer.
[Exit.]
L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world; where to do harm Is often laudable; to do good sometime Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas, Do I put up that womanly defence, To say I have done no harm? – What are these faces?
[Enter Murderers.]
Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified Where such as thou mayst find him.
Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!
Mur. What, you egg? *[Stabbing him.]*
Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has kill'd me, mother: Run away, I pray you!
[Dies. Exit Lady Macduff, crying Murder, and pursued by the Murderers.]

SCENE III.
England. Before the King's Palace.
[Enter Malcolm and Macduff.]

Malc. Let us seek out some desolate shade and there Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal sword, and, like good men, Beside our down-fall'd birthdom: each new morn New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows

IV/III In England sucht Malcolm nach Verbündeten, er testet Macduff auf seine Treue

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As it fell with Scotland, and yell'd out Like syllable of doleour.
Malc. What I believe, I'll wail; What know, believe; and what I can redress, As I shall find the time to friend, I will. What you have spoke, it may be so perchance. This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest: you have loved him well; He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb To appease an angry god.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Malc. But Macbeth is. A good and virtuous nature may recoil In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon; That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose; Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell. Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace, Yet grace must still look so.
Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Malc. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts. Why in that rawness left you wife and child, – Those precious motives, those strong knots of love, – Without leave-taking? – I pray you, Let not my jealousies be your dishonours, But mine own safeties: – you may be rightly just, Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country! Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs, The title is affeer'd. – Fare thee well, lord: I would not be the villain that thou think'st For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp And the rich East to boot.
Malc. Be not offended: I speak not as in absolute fear of you. I think our country sinks beneath the yoke; It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash Is added to her wounds. I think, withal, There would be hands uplifted in my right; And here, from gracious England, have I offer Of goodly thousands: but, for all this, When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head, And wear it on my sword, yet my poor country Shall have more vices than it had before; More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever, By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be?
Malc. It is myself I mean: in whom I know All the particulars of vice so grafted That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd With my confinnless harms.
Malc. With this there grows, In my most ill-compos'd affection, such A stanchless avarice, that, were I king, I should cut off the nobles for their lands; Desire his jewels, and this other's house:

And my more-having would be as a sauce To make me hunger more; that I should forge Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal, Destroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear; Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will, Of your mere own: all these are portable, With other graces weigh'd.
Malc. But I have none: the king-becoming graces, As justice, verity, temperance, stableness, Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude, I have no relish of them; but abound In the division of each several crime, Acting in many ways. Nay, had I power, I should Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell, Uproar the universal peace, confound All unity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!
Malc. If such a one be fit to govern, speak: I am as I have spoken.
Macd. Fit to govern! No, not to live! – O nation miserable, With an unlit tyrant bloody-scepter'd, When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again, Since that the truest issue of thy throne

By his own interdiction stands accurs'd And does blaspheme his breed? – Thy royal father Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee, Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, Died every day she liv'd. Fare-thee-well! These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself Have banish'd me from Scotland. – O my breast, Thy hope ends here!
Malc. Macduff, this noble passion, Child of integrity, hath from my soul Wiped the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth By many of these trains hath sought to win me Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me From over-credulous haste: but God above Deal between thee and me! for even now I put myself to thy direction, and Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure The taints and blames I laid upon myself, For strangers to my nature. I am yet Unknown to woman; never was forsworn; Scarcely have covet'd what was mine own; At no time broke my faith; would not betray The devil to his fellow; and delight No less in truth than life: my first false speaking Was this upon myself: – what I am truly, Is thine and my poor country's to command: Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach, Since that the truest issue of thy throne

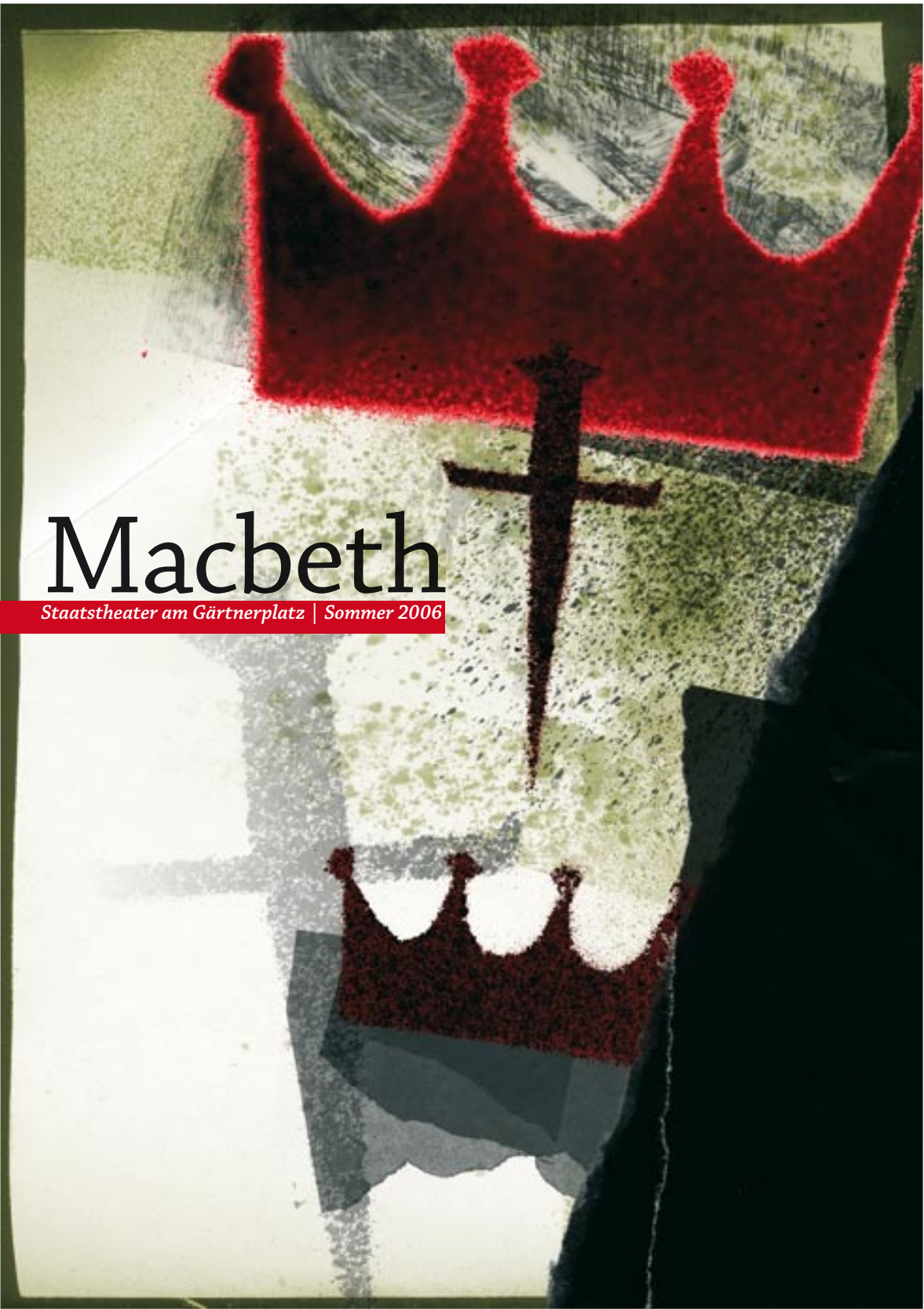
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men Already at a point, was setting forth: Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness Be like our warrant quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once 'Tis hard to reconcile.
[Enter a Doctor.]
Malc. Well; more anon. – Comes the king forth, I pray you?
Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls That stay his cure: their malady convinces The great assay of art; but, at his touch, Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand, They presently amend.
Malc. I thank you, doctor.
[Exit Doctor.]
Macd. What's the disease he means?
Malc. 'Tis call'd the evil: A most miraculous work in this good king; Which often, since my here-remain in England, I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven, Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people, All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, The mere despair of surgery, he cures; Hanging a golden stamp about their necks, Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken, To the succeeding royalty he leaves The healing benediction. With this strange virtue, He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;

Macduff erfährt vom Mord an seiner Familie

And sundry blessings hang about his throne, That speak him full of grace.
Macd. See, who comes here?
Malc. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
[Enter Ross.]
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Malc. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove The means that makes us strangers!
Ross. Sir, amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country, Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing, But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile; Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks, that rent the air, Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives Expire before the flowers in their caps, Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation Too nice, and yet too true!
Malc. What's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker; Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings, Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour Of many worthy fellows that were out; Which was to my belief witness'd the rather, For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot: Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland Would create soldiers, make our women fight, To doff their dire distresses.
Malc. Be'th their comfort We are coming thither: gracious England hath Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; An older and a better soldier none That Christendom gives out.
Ross. Would I could answer This comfort with the like! But I have words That would be howl'd out in the desert air, Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they? The general cause? or is it a fee-grief Due to some single breast?
Ross. No mind that's honest But in it shares some woe; though the main part Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine, Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

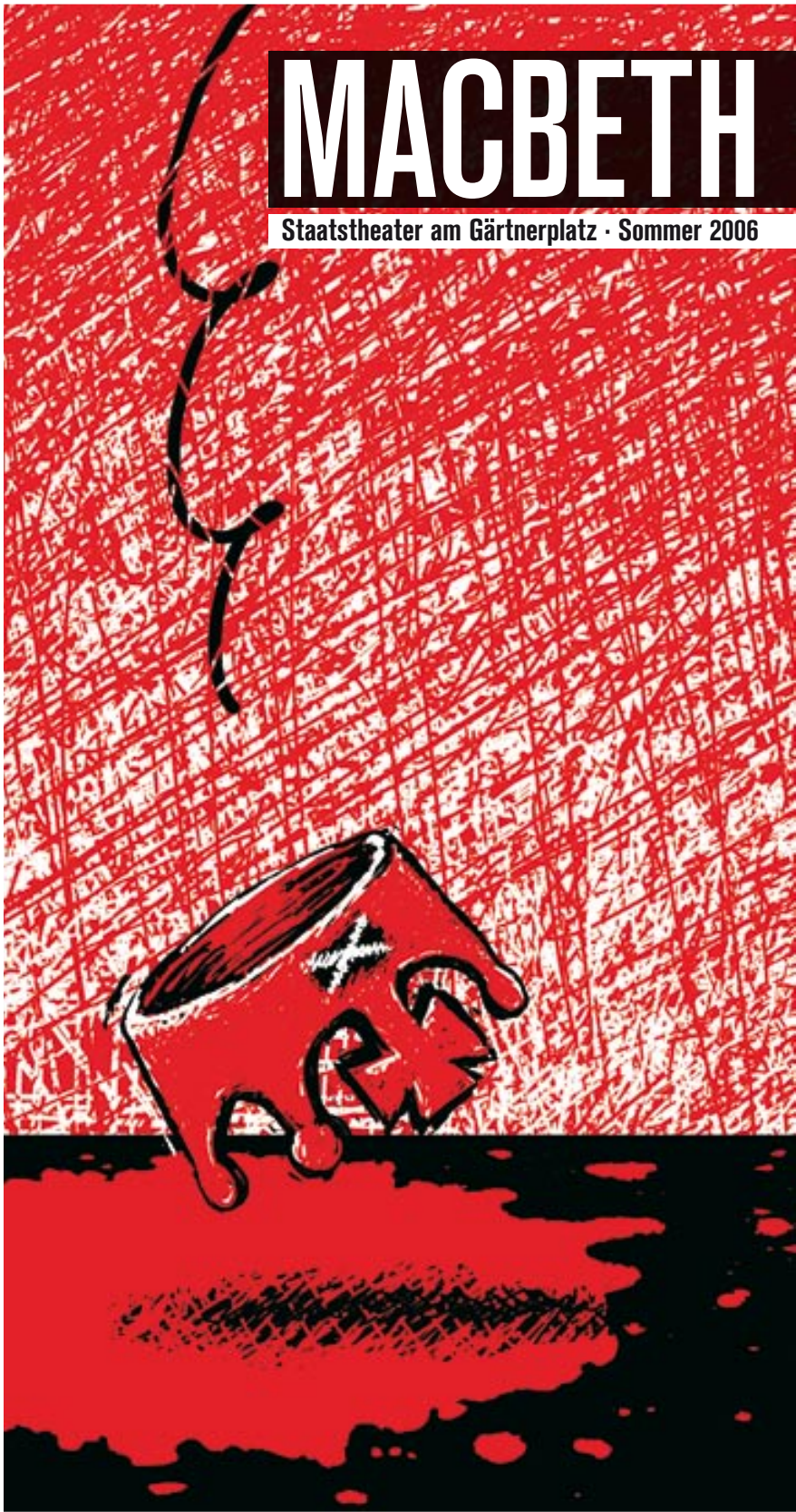
Allein die Typographie kann die Wirkung eines Bildes stark verändern, wie bei diesen zwei Plakat-Varianten offensichtlich wird. Links entsteht durch die klassische Satzschrift ein gewisser ruhiger Gegensatz zur „unsauberen“ Illustration. Dies hebt die Information auf eine neutrale Ebene – so könnte auch ein Buchtitel gestaltet sein. Rechts wiederum wird die aggressive, mit tropfender Feder handgeschriebene Zeile zum Teil des Ganzen und verstärkt den unruhigen Eindruck des Plakates zusätzlich. Der Charakter des Stücks wird schon in der Überschrift ersichtlich.



Out, damned spot! out, I say!

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

V/I Lady Macbeth ist wahnsinnig geworden: sie schlafwandelt, ihr Gewissen hat sie eingeholt		V/II Die englische Armee nähert sich Macbeths Burg		V/III Macbeth fühlt sich noch sicher	
<div>ACT V.</div>					
<div>SCENE I. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle. [Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting Gentlewoman.]</div>					
<i>Ross.</i> Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever, Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound That ever yet they heard.	I cannot but remember such things were, That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on, And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff, They were all struck for thee! naught that I am, Not for their own demerits, but for mine, Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!	<i>Doct.</i> How came she by that light? <i>Gen.</i> Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.	<i>Gen.</i> I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.	<div>SCENE II. The Country near Dunsinane. [Enter, with drum and colours, Menteth, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.]</div>	
<i>Macd.</i> Humbl' I guess at it.	<i>Ross.</i> Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer, To add the death of you.	<i>Doct.</i> You see, her eyes are open. <i>Gen.</i> Ay, but their sense is shut.	<i>Doct.</i> Well, well, well, -- <i>Gen.</i> Pray God it be, sir.	<i>Ment.</i> Who, then, shall blame His pester'd senses to recoil and start, When all that is within him does condemn Itself for being there?	
<i>Macd.</i> Merciful heavens! What, man! he'er pull your hat upon your brows; Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.	<i>Male.</i> Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.	<i>Doct.</i> What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands. <i>Gen.</i> It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.	<i>Doct.</i> This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died bodily in their beds.	<i>Ment.</i> The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm Excite the mortified man.	
<i>Ross.</i> Wife, children, servants, all That could be found.	<i>Male.</i> O, I could play the woman with mine eye, And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens, Cut short all intermission; front to front Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself; Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape, Heaven forgive him too!	<i>Doct.</i> I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked? <i>Gen.</i> Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.	<i>Doct.</i> Even so? <i>L. Macd.</i> To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed.	<i>Ang.</i> Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming. <i>Caith.</i> Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother? <i>Len.</i> For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son And many unrourh youths, that even now Protest their first of manhood.	
<i>Macd.</i> And I must be from thence! My wife kill'd too?	<i>Male.</i> This tune goes manly. Come, go we to the king; our power is ready; Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may; The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.]	<i>Doct.</i> A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching -- In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?	<i>Doct.</i> Will she go now to bed? <i>Gen.</i> Directly.	<i>Len.</i> Or so much as it needs, To send the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds. Make we our march towards Birnam. [Exeunt, marching.]	
<i>Ross.</i> I have said. Male. Be comforted: Let's make us medicines of our great revenge, To cure this deadly grief.	<i>Male.</i> This tune goes manly. Come, go we to the king; our power is ready; Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may; The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.]	<i>Doct.</i> A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching -- In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?	<i>Doct.</i> Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine than the physician. -- God, God, forgive us all! -- Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her: so, good-night: My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight: I think, but dare not speak.	<i>Ment.</i> What does the tyrant? <i>Caith.</i> Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies: Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him, Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.	
<i>Macd.</i> He has no children. All my pretty ones? Did you say all? O hell-kite! All? What, all my pretty chickens and their dam At one fell swoop?	<i>Male.</i> This tune goes manly. Come, go we to the king; our power is ready; Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may; The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.]	<i>Doct.</i> Go to, go to, you have known what you should not. <i>Gen.</i> What she spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven has mated, and amaz'd my sight: I think, but dare not speak.	<i>Doct.</i> Good-night, good doctor. [Exeunt.]	<div>SCENE III. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle. [Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.]</div>	
<i>Macd.</i> I shall do so; But I must also feel it as a man:	<i>Male.</i> This tune goes manly. Come, go we to the king; our power is ready; Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may; The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.]	<i>Doct.</i> That sir, which I will not report after her. <i>Gen.</i> You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should. <i>Gen.</i> Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you, here she comes! [Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.] This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.	<i>Doct.</i> What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.	<i>Ang.</i> Now does he feel His secret murders sticking on his hands; Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach; Those he commands move only in command, "Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman	
				<i>Macd.</i> Bring me no more reports; let them fly all: Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm? Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus, -- "Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman	
				<i>Sey.</i> What's your gracious pleasure? <i>Macd.</i> What news more? <i>Sey.</i> All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported. <i>Macd.</i> I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd. Give me my armour. <i>Sey.</i> 'Tis not needed yet. <i>Macd.</i> I'll put it on. Send out more horses, skirr the country round; Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour. -- <i>Sey.</i> Soldiers, sir. <i>Macd.</i> Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear, Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, why-faces? <i>Sey.</i> The English force, so please you. <i>Macd.</i> Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.] Seyton! I am sick at heart, When I behold Seyton, I say! -- This push Will chair me ever or dissect me now. I have liv'd long enough: my way of life Is fall'n into the scar, the yellow leaf; And that which should accompany old age, As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but, in their stead, Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath, Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. Seyton! -- [Exit Seyton.]	
				<i>Doct.</i> Therein the patient Must minister to himself. <i>Macd.</i> Throw physic to the dogs, -- I'll none of it. -- <i>Sey.</i> Come, put me on my armour; give me my staff! <i>Sey.</i> I must not now, Doctor, but, in the next stead, Come, sir, dispatch. -- If thou dost fly, doctor, cast The water of my land, find her disease, And purge it to a sound and pristine health, -- I would applaud thee to the very echo, --	
				<i>Doct.</i> That should applaud again. -- Pull off, I say, -- What rhubarb, scenna, or what purgative drug, Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them? <i>Doct.</i> Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation Makes us fear something. <i>Macd.</i> Bring it after me. <i>Doct.</i> I will not be afraid of death and hell, Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [Exeunt all except Doct.] <i>Doct.</i> Were I from Dunsinane away and clear, Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.]	



Dieses Theaterplakat benutzt eine ähnliche Symbolsprache wie die vorangegangenen Illustrationen für die SZ und den FOCUS. Trotzdem kann man sie nicht beliebig austauschen, denn die jeweilige Intention der Absender zeigt sich im Ergebnis.

Das Plakat bedient sich einiger Stilmittel des Comics, so bei der „Fall-Linie“ oder der Umrandung der Krone. Doch der nervöse Hintergrund lässt keine humorvolle Interpretation zu. Es entsteht ein gewisser ironischer Zwiespalt zwischen Stil und Inhalt der Abbildung. So passt das Poster gut zu einer Inszenierung, die sich auf frische und kritische Art mit dem Stück auseinandersetzt.



Giuseppe Verdi hat aus Macbeth eine Oper gemacht. Notenzeilen im Hintergrund wecken Assoziationen an klassische Musik. Spritzer und Kleckse vermitteln eine Vorahnung der blutigen Handlung.

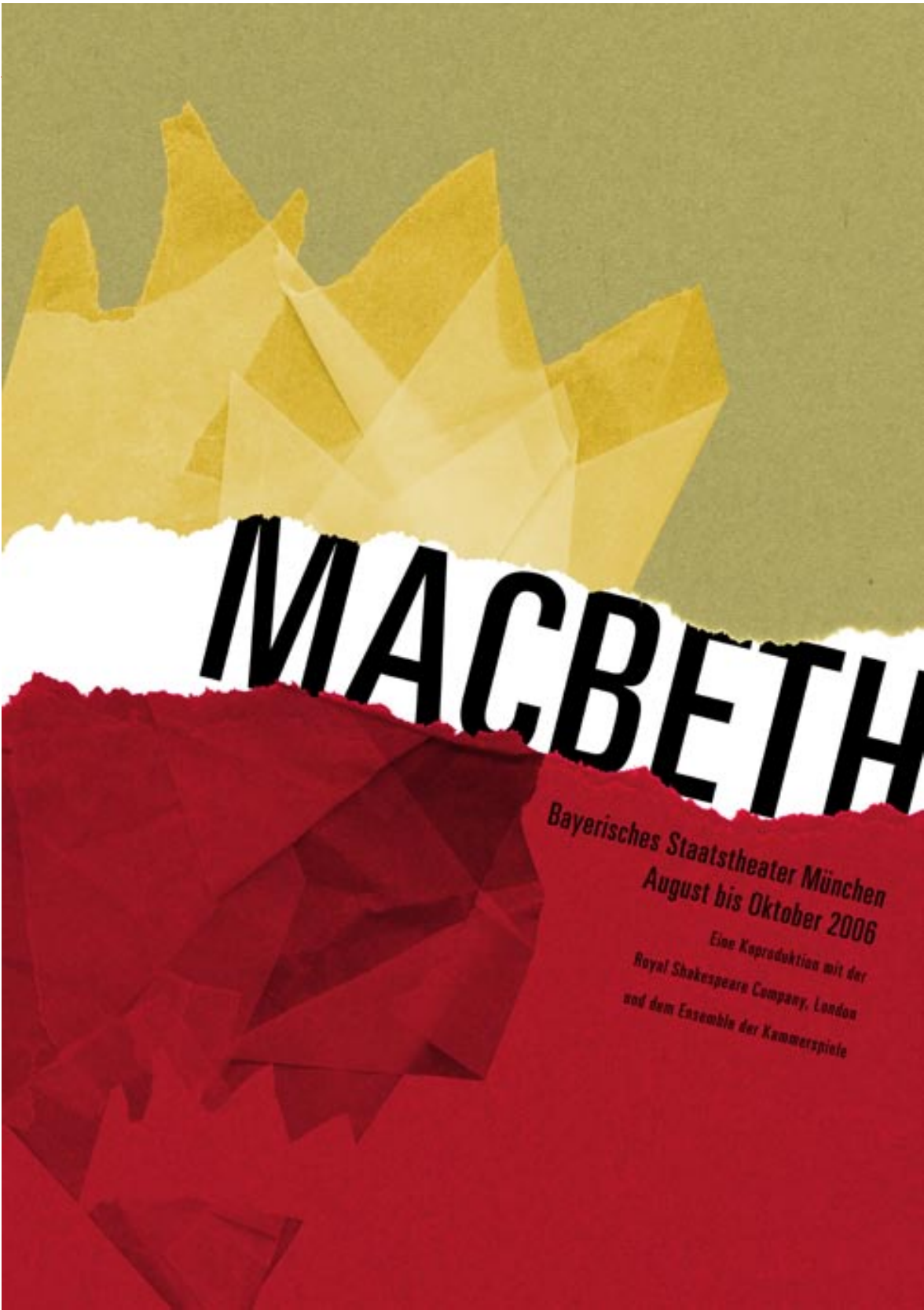
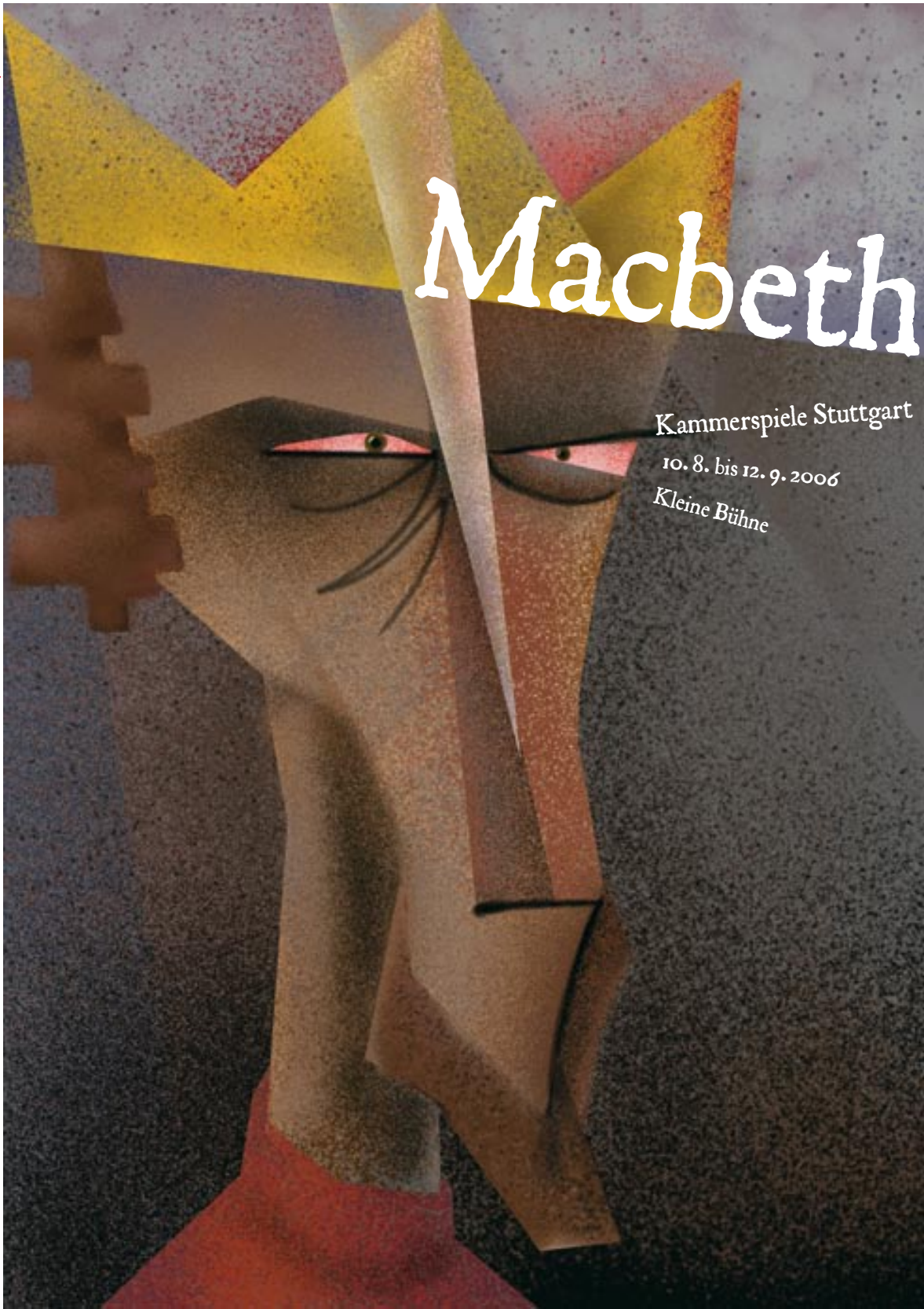


Diese Illustration gibt weniger eine Stimmung wieder, als dass sie eine Geschichte erzählt, vom blutigen Ende Macbeths. Die sehr grafische Anmutung der Elemente aus dem Notensatz sowie die frische Farbgebung machen das Cover für eine moderne Interpretation der Oper geeignet.

Life [...] is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

V/IV	Die Armee tarnt sich mit Ästen	V/V	Lady Macbeth stirbt. Macbeth hält nur kurz inne	V/VI	Die Armee ist angekommen	V/VII	Macbeth kämpft mit dem Mut der Verzweiflung	V/VIII	Macduff, der nicht „of woman born“ ist, tötet Macbeth im Kampf	V/IX	Malcolm wird zum König ausgerufen
	The numbers of our host, and make discovery Err in report of us. <i>Sold.</i> It shall be done. <i>Siw.</i> We learn no other but the confident tyrant Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure Our setting down before't. <i>Male.</i> 'Tis his main hope: For where there is advantage to be given, Both more and less have given him the revolt; And none serve with him but constrained things, Whose hearts are absent too. <i>Macd.</i> Let our just censures Attend the true event, and put we on Industrious soldiership. <i>Siw.</i> The time approaches, That will with due decision make us know What we shall say we have, and what we owe. Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate; But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: Towards which advance the war. <i>[Exeunt, marching.]</i>	SCENE V. <i>Dunsinane. Within the castle.</i> <i>[Enter with drum and colours, Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers.]</i> <i>Macb.</i> Hang out our banners on the outward walls; The cry is still, "They come!" our castle's strength Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie Till famine and the ague eat them up: Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours, We might have met them dareful, beard to beard, And beat them backward home. <i>Macd.</i> Let our just censures Attend the true event, and put we on Industrious soldiership. <i>Siw.</i> The time approaches, That will with due decision make us know What we shall say we have, and what we owe. Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate; But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: Towards which advance the war. <i>[Exeunt, marching.]</i>	To the last syllable of recorded time; And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player, That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, And then is heard no more: it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing. <i>[Enter a Messenger.]</i> Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly. <i>Mass.</i> Gracious my lord, I should report that which I say I saw, But know not how to do it. <i>Macb.</i> Well, say, sir. <i>Mass.</i> As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought, The wood began to move. <i>Macb.</i> Liar, and slave! <i>[Striking him.]</i> <i>Mass.</i> Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so. Within this three mile may you see it coming; I say, a moving grove. <i>Macb.</i> If thou speak'st false, Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive, Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth, I care not if thou dost for me as much. – I pull in resolution; and begin To doubt the equivocation of the fiend That lies like truth. "Fear not, till Birnam wood	Do come to Dunsinane;" and now a wood Comes toward Dunsinane. – Arm, arm, and out! – If this which he avouches does appear, There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here. I'gin to be a-weary of the sun, And wish the estate o' the world were now undone. – Ring the alarum bell! – Blow, wind! come, wrack! At least we'll die with harness on our back. <i>[Exeunt.]</i>	SCENE VI. <i>The same. A Plain before the Castle.</i> <i>[Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, &c., and their Army, with boughs.]</i> <i>Malc.</i> Now near enough; your leafy screens throw down, And show like those you are. – You, worthy uncle, Shall with my cousin, your right-noble son, Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we Shall take upon's what else remains to do, According to our order. <i>Siw.</i> Fare you well. Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night, Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. <i>Macd.</i> Make all our trumpets speak give them all breath, Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. <i>[Exeunt.]</i>	SCENE VII. <i>The same. Another part of the Plain.</i> <i>[Alarums. Enter Macbeth.]</i> <i>Macb.</i> They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly, But, bear-like I must fight the course. – What's he That was not born of woman? Such a one Am I to fear, or none. <i>[Enter young Siward.]</i> <i>Yo. Siw.</i> What is thy name? <i>Macb.</i> Thou'lt be afraid to bear it. <i>Yo. Siw.</i> Not though thou call'st thyself a hotter name Than any is in hell. <i>Macb.</i> My name's Macbeth. <i>Yo. Siw.</i> The devil himself could not pronounce a title More hateful to mine ear. <i>Macb.</i> No, nor more fearful. <i>Yo. Siw.</i> Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. <i>[They fight, and young Siward is slain.]</i> <i>Macb.</i> Thou wast born of woman. – But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. <i>[Exit.]</i> <i>[Alarums. Enter Macduff.]</i> <i>Macd.</i> That way the noise is. – Tyrant, show thy face! On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still. I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms	Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth, Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge, I sheathe again undecid'd. There thou shouldst be; By this great clatter, one of greatest note Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune! And more I beg not. <i>[Exit. Alarums.]</i> <i>[Enter Malcolm and old Siward.]</i> <i>Siw.</i> This way, my lord; – the castle's gently render'd: The tyrant's people on both sides do fight; The noble thanes do bravely in the war; The day almost itself professes yours, And little is to do. <i>Malc.</i> We have met with foes That strike beside us. <i>Siw.</i> Enter, sir, the castle. <i>[Exeunt. Alarums.]</i>	<i>Macd.</i> Turn, hell-hound, turn! <i>Macb.</i> Of all men else I have avoided thee: But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd With blood of thine already. <i>Macd.</i> I have no words, – My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain Than terms can give thee out! <i>[They fight.]</i> <i>Macb.</i> Thou lovest labour: As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed: Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; I bear a charmed life, which must not yield To one of woman born. <i>Macd.</i> Despair thy charm; And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb Untimely ripp'd. <i>Macb.</i> Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so, For it hath cow'd my better part of man! And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd, That palter with us in a double sense; That keep the word of promise to our ear, And break it to our hope! – I'll not fight with thee. <i>Macd.</i> Then yield thee, coward, And live to be the show and gaze o' the time: We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, Painted upon a pole, and underwrit, <i>[Exit Macduff.]</i>	"Here may you see the tyrant." <i>Macb.</i> I will not yield. To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, And to be baited with the rabble's curse. Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born, Yet I will try the last. Before my body I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff; And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!" <i>[Exeunt, fighting. Alarums. Re-enter fighting, and Macbeth slain.]</i>	Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then It hath no end. <i>Siw.</i> Had he his hurts before? <i>Ross.</i> Ay, on the front. <i>Siw.</i> Why then, God's soldier be he! Had I as many sons as I have hairs, I would not wish them to a fairer death: And, so his knell is knoll'd. <i>Male.</i> He's worth more sorrow, And that I'll spend for him. <i>Siw.</i> He's worth no more. They say he parted well, and paid his score: And so, God be with him! – Here comes newer comfort. <i>[Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.]</i> <i>Macd.</i> Hail, king, for so thou art: behold, where stands The usurper's cursed head: the time is free: I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl That speak my salutation in their minds; Whose voices I desire aloud with mine, – Hail, King of Scotland! <i>All.</i> Hail, King of Scotland! <i>[Flourish.]</i> <i>Male.</i> We shall not spend a large expense of time Before we reckon with your several loves, And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen, Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do, Which would be plant'd newly with the time, – As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,	That fled the snares of watchful tyranny; Producing forth the cruel ministers Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen, – Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands Took off her life; – this, and what needful else That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace, We will perform in measure, time, and place: So, thanks to all at once, and to each one, Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone. <i>[Flourish. Exeunt.]</i> ***

Welches Plakat passt zu welcher Inszenierung? Das Beispiel links wirkt recht statisch und ruhig. Mit seiner Ähnlichkeit zu bekannten Postern aus den sechziger Jahren wird es eher einer traditionellen Art der Aufführung entsprechen – außer der Retro-Look wird ironisch verwendet. Das Plakat rechts bietet in seiner Komposition mehr Spannung und Dramatik. Farbigkeit, Technik und Typografie wirken frisch und unverbraucht. Hierzu kann man sich gut ein (post-) modernes Arrangement vorstellen.



Fachhochschule Augsburg
University of Applied Sciences
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