

The Memory Palace
Learn Anything And Everything
(Starting With Shakespeare and
Dickens)

by Lewis Smile

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INTRODUCTION

"As soon go kindle fire with snow, as seek to quench the fire of love with words."

- William Shakespeare



I am about to tell you a stupid story.

It begins with you in your warm and cosy bed, and ends with you taking your seat in your local theater (or cinema), moments before watching one of Shakespeare's plays.

Along this journey, you will see absurd images representing each play, dropped at specific locations. The images will be linked in some way to the names of each play, and your only task is to vividly picture each image, at the specific location. You are not trying to memorize anything, you are simply picturing each step in your head.

The actual journey we will be treading is loose enough for you to bend to meet an actual route in your real life. Please do this. Plop the route on top of an actual route from your house. You will be imagining the crazy things along the way, but make sure the route is real. Your journey will be mad, boldness will be our friend, and your job will be an easy one.

Wisely and slow? Ha! We will move at breakneck speed, on buses and donkeys and bicycles and tightropes, and at the end of our journey you will be able to fly back through in your mind and recite the names of every play. Just as if you had installed it in your head like a computer installing a program or document onto its hard drive. You will know the information so well, you will *feel* it. You will not just know the information intellectually, you will know it spatially. You will have plotted knowledge along a spatial memory, which is the closest you'll likely ever get to simply installing knowledge directly into your brain. Until you can walk into a pharmacy and buy a protein-microchip-neural-prosthesis, insert it inside your head and have it latch onto your brain and install knowledge... this is the best we've got.

There is no such thing as a bad memory - only an untrained one.

The Memory Palace technique is not just about the specific information you memorize, however.

The list of plays will function as a timeline of Shakespeare's work. If you don't know much about his work (like me, before I started this journey

myself) you will find the resultant list inside your own mind has become the perfect scaffolding onto which you can hang more information. Things come alive when you begin your educational journey into a subject with the Big Picture already installed in your head. It gives you an incredible perspective.

I'm excited that I get to be the one to share this with you!

There's no need for repetition. No need to make a song of the words. No need to write out the list a dozen times and stick it around your house, on your fridge, on the bathroom mirror, on the cereal box, on the dog, on your hand. None of this.

You don't need to write a single thing down, because this will work automatically. It will work for you because it can't fail to work. When presented information in this way, your brain can't help but learn it.

Your Mission for the next 30 minutes: Read the story. Get used to punctuating memory journeys with weird images. Go forth and make your own to learn anything and everything.

Learn Shakespeare's plays from this story, but also learn how to make your own. You can apply this same technique to any other subject, and learn any amount of information you want. This will work because it is about imagination, and no matter how bad you may claim your memory to be, you can't possibly argue there's anything wrong with your imagination. Every day, innocently in your own private thoughts, you are vivid, crude, cruel, loud, and explicit... oh, there's nothing wrong with your imagination...

Walk through this journey in your own way. Inspect details. Picture yourself there. Talk out loud to the characters along the way if you want to. Just make it real.

It will take you 20 minutes to read this story, then 10 minutes more to run through the list in your head forwards and backwards (and then to high-five the nearest person). So in 30 minutes from now you will have absorbed the names of all of Shakespeare's plays, and you won't be able to forget them

even if you try. From now on, you will be able to recite the list of plays to anyone who will listen. And my god, oh how they will listen.

"Isn't it interesting how this, one of his last Tragedies, is so vibrantly different from his earlier Tragedies? I wonder where it pivots..." - THIS can be YOU, *faking smart conversation, in 30 minutes from right now!*

You get to talk to your brain in its own bizarre language - a language of color and volume and location - and learn faster than you ever have before. *And never forget.*

The Memory Palace Technique

"Memory is the treasure house of the mind wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved."

- Thomas Fuller

Memories are not made equal.

Your brain is great at remembering some things, and utterly terrible at remembering others. Can you remember a 20-digit number a day after hearing it one time? No. No you can't. If you are nodding your head right now saying yes, Yes, YES, then your yeses are lies. Your brain is bad at remembering dry data because it wasn't built for remembering dry data. Think of the millions of years of evolution of the human brain. We need to be able to remember smells. We need to be able to remember our way round our forests and caves and towns and cities. We need to remember routes and journeys. We need to remember physical things, not data. Objects, not lists. Three-dimensional space, not text on paper.

The solution: Play to your strengths.

If the solution sounds surprisingly simple, that's because it is. Learn how your brain works, then learn everything you've ever wanted to know. That's the Memory Palace technique in a nutshell.

Do you know all of Charles Dickens' novels? Do you know all of Shakespeare's plays? Do you know the world's longest rivers? The most-populated countries? Can you name every President the United States has ever had? Can you list the entire British Monarchy all the way back in time to 757AD? Can you reel off the geological time periods? Can you name every 'Best Picture' Oscar Winning Movie since 1928? Can you reproduce the Periodic Table of Elements if asked to do so?

If not, why not?

Well, probably because you haven't fed the information into your brain in a way it can remember.

Instead of having memories "in there somewhere", with everything in your head swirling around like a shaken cocktail, you will have an organized library of information. Learning in this way means when you come to recall something, you go to exactly where that memory is stored inside your head. You can even look around at the related memories. A Memory Palace

makes memories accessible, clear, vivid, and most importantly, unforgettable.

What is a Memory Palace?

A Memory Palace is a spatial memory. It is nothing more complicated than this.

A Memory Palace doesn't have to be a palace, or even a building of any kind, but is simply a series of locations you know very well. It could be your walk to work. It could be your trip from bedroom to car. It could be the stops on your bus route. It could be a walk around your local museum. It can be anywhere you can travel in your mind.

If you can close your eyes right now (wait until you finish reading this sentence first) and walk around your house in your mind, you have all the skills necessary to do this. You already have all the tools you need to devour any information you wish to learn. Let no book, course, or website tell you it is any more complex than this. The Memory Palace technique is simple in both concept and execution.

What we will be doing here is encoding a spatial memory with information we wish to remember. In this example, we will be learning the list of Shakespeare's 37 plays in chronological order. Not only will you then be able to list all his plays out loud to anyone who will listen, both forwards and backwards no less, you will also be able to apply your new skill to any other information you want to learn. We will be creating crazy, colorful, vivid images to represent each title and we will be dropping them along our route. When we get to the end, you will run through the journey in your mind, noticing how everything is still in the place you left it, ready for recall to impress willing listeners.

Sprinkling information in a spatial memory in this way, in the way your brain eats up like mars bars at fat camp, the otherwise dry facts and lists get stuck in your head and remain easily findable.

How many times have you said "I KNOW this, I just can't remember it!" in utter frustration when trying to recall something from memory? All too

often, I'll bet. The trouble with the way you are probably currently learning is that those memories aren't stored in an actual physical location in your mind. To recall the names of the bones of the entire human skeleton, for example, you are just fishing around inside your brain trying to pull out words, hoping one thing triggers another, or unearths something. Instead of this haphazard crap-shoot approach to learning and recall, you are about to see how in future you can create a new Memory Palace route for anything you want to learn, then simply travel there in your mind to recall the information.

On with the fun and games!

Why Are We Starting With Shakespeare?

"It's never useless to learn something seemingly useless."

It may seem an odd choice. Why, of all the things to learn, would we learn Shakespeare's plays?

Of course knowing the full list is impressive to most unsuspecting people, but learning Shakespeare's plays serves more as a great example of just what's possible with the Memory Palace technique. The names of only a few of the plays are easy to convert into a memorable image, like *The Taming of the Shrew* or even *Romeo and Juliet*, but most of them have tricky words and are harder to imagine, such as *Much Ado About Nothing* or *Troilus and Cressida*, or *Titus Andronicus*. I will show you how everything can be broken down into memorable fragments and images, and placed along your memory route with ease.

Knowing Shakespeare's plays is just the beginning. Not only will we cover Charles Dickens' novels briefly afterwards, but you will be ready to move on to bigger, more ambitious projects. Maybe you want to know all the countries of the world, or maybe you want to pass a class Biology test, or maybe you want to apply this technique to learning a new language. You are about to learn how your brain best learns. What you learn next is up to you.

THE SHAKESPEARE STORY

"HaHaHa! LOL! HaHaHa!"

Ok, that's weird. Your alarm clock doesn't usually sound like laughter. Slowly, cautiously, you open your eyes. Your bedroom. Everything looks normal. Desk, cupboard, window, clothes all over the floor, two guys standing in the corner. All seems normal. Wait, what? Two guys?! You should probably be worried, but their laughter is kind of reassuring, don't you think? The two men, who just not-so-rudely awoke you, are dressed in the finest suits and are wearing the nicest bowler hats you have EVER seen. How posh. The bowler hats each have a big letter *V on*.

Ah, of course! Today is the day we learn all of Shakespeare's plays, in chronological order, no less. These dressed up *gentlemen with the V on* are obviously to remind us of our first play, **The Two Gentlemen of Verona**.

You clamber out of bed and start to head for the door because, even though these guys seem nice and you'd love to stay and chat, you really must get moving. Today is the day you see the Royal Shakespeare Company performing in the theater! At last! You've been waiting for this day for so long, remember? You wouldn't miss it for the world. Better three hours too soon than a minute too late.

You quickly get dressed into your Shakespeare costume (because who doesn't have a Shakespeare costume?), complete with a big neck ruffle and quill and WS emblazoned across your chest like a superhero. You look extremely snazzy, well done you.

As you open your bedroom door to strut straight out of your bedroom, you see the hallway has been filled with several hoops. Hoops for jumping through like in the circus. It's fair to say this bizarre scene does not usually greet you every morning, but you don't seem fazed one bit. You have no

time to waste, remember! You crouch down and leap through the first hoop only to notice you are not alone...

Leaping through the hoops ahead of you is some kind of mouse. Mouse? Shrew? *Shrew!* Obviously this is a *tame shrew*, pulling these kinds of tricks, and is put here to help us remember that our second play is **The Taming of the Shrew**. Bored of this shrew now and its fancy tricks, you hit it out of the way and quickly leap through the remaining hoops on your way to the bathroom.

Surprise surprise. Your path through the bathroom door is blocked. By a GIANT *hen*. She's got to be at least *6 feet tall*, and she's completely blocking the doorway. There is an egg box on the floor, and the hen is trying to lay eggs straight into it with precise aim. POP POP! 2 eggs shoot out and land perfectly. POP POP POP! 3 eggs, straight into their egg box slots. POP! 1 more egg, perfectly placed. 2, 3, 1. This 6 foot Hen will be very useful in helping us remember what comes next, and it's three different plays... **Henry 6th Part 2**, **Henry 6th Part 3**, then **Henry 6th Part 1**. This must be why the eggs were laid in that order. 2, 3, 1. Why oh why didn't Shakespeare just write them in the correct order! DAMN YOU SHAKESPEARE! Oh wait. Maybe he did. Don't worry about the order of these 3 too much.

"I literally can't imagine this day getting any weirder!" you announce naively, to no one but yourself.

This day WILL get weirder, I promise you.

Take that for example. That thing. At the top of the stairs, going down. That's a *tightrope* isn't it? With the bathroom blocked by the giant Henry Hen, you can do nothing but climb aboard the tightrope to get downstairs. You are in a hurry after all. You teeter and wobble as you make your way down, but you are not the only one aboard the tightrope. You are joined by *Ron Weasley!* He's teetering and wobbling from the other end of the tightrope. You and Ron. He's struggling to balance, rocking the whole thing, and he's got his standard acting "worried" look on his face. You know that thing he does, with his eyebrow? Typical Ron. So it's you and *Ron on a*

tightrope. This has got to be our next play, **Titus Andronicus**! Get it? You and Ron, on a tightrope. Get it? Get it? Get it? You probably get it.

What an odd morning this is turning out to be.

You slide down the second half of the tightrope, and smash straight into... *Richard Nixon*! He goes flying backwards with the force of the hefty shove you just gave him, you ol' brute, you don't know your own strength. Looking closer, you notice this is no ordinary Richard Nixon. He appears to have *3 heads*! This must be **Richard the 3rd**, the next play on our list.

Slumped against the wall, our three-headed Richard Nixon croaks one of Shakespeare's most famous lines... "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!". With Richard the 3rd thoroughly defeated, you make a few tentative steps to the front door. You've got to get out of this mad house!

Just before walking out the door you peer into the living room, just to make sure nothing strange is going on.

There appears to be some kind of rehearsal for a play going on, in your very own living room! *A rehearsal gone wild*. There are 4 people in there, 2 sets of twins, practicing their lines, but laughing hysterically at each other. They *keep getting their lines wrong, falling into each other*, and knocking things over. The room is getting wrecked! Perhaps they're drunk? This is another play to check off our list. It's got to be the **Comedy of Errors**!

Onwards to the front door. You really don't have time for drunken parties or rehearsals or whatever is going on in your front room. You open the door, and slip out, closing it behind you.

Big mistake.

There's a woman on your doorstep, *giving birth*! She's all red faced, she's breathing in-out-in-out-in-out in that deep manic way women do when they're giving birth. A woman *in labor* on your very own doorstep. Oh. She's spotted you. Here comes trouble, surely...

"I love you! I love you! I love you!" she shouts. At you. Really loudly. What *will* the neighbors think. Well, they'll probably think she she loves you. Just as you are about to say something back, the baby she is giving birth to shoots out of her with a loud pop! It shoots across the street like some kind of missile and lands in a hedge. Argh! *The baby is lost!* This is **Love's Labour's Lost**, of course. Unfortunately, you've got no time to worry about super flying vanishing babies. I'm sure he's ok over there in that cosy hedge. We have other things to worry about. Like getting to that theater before the play starts.

You rush over to your bike that's locked up outside the house, and... THE DISHONEST WRETCH! *Richard Gere*, another Richard, this time with only *2 heads*, is trying to steal your bike! That's so typical Richard Gere. You kick him out of your front garden, watch as he tumbles back onto the road, hop on to your bike, and start pedaling. You ride over Richard Gere's 2 heads for good measure. Why not? Two headed Richard Gere is obviously **Richard the 2nd**, the next play on our list.

Maybe now that you are on your bike, pedaling away from this crazy morning, you'll get some peace and quiet. "Please!" you blurt out breathlessly, "No more weird stuff!"

At the end of your street you stop to let some people cross the road. Nothing strange about that. All normal. All normal. Please stay normal. A boy and a girl from opposite sides of the road start crossing in front of you. Normal. Normal, normal. As they get to the middle of the road, next to each other, they hug. Slightly not normal. These are clearly the star-crossed lovers, **Romeo and Juliet**. You smile, because what a romantic way to start your day, seeing these two happy souls.

Oh.

Oh gosh.

They both just dropped dead, at the same time, right there in the middle of the road!

Hmmm. Not such a good moment after all.

You look around and notice you were the only person who just saw that happen. You should probably call for help, or phone an ambulance or the police or something. Or maybe just wake up that *sleeping Knight* over here next to you. Wait, what? A Knight? What's a Knight doing on your street? Sleeping in the gutter, no less. You see him twitching in his sleep, like a dog *dreaming*. Twitch. Twitch. That's so weird. We have a *dreaming Knight*, which is so very convenient for our list of plays, because the next play on our list is **Midsummer Night's Dream**.

In the corner of your eye you spot movement. You really haven't had a moment to rest this morning! What is it this time?

A little boy, a really little boy, is dancing his way across the road toward you and the Knight, who's still sleeping in the gutter. The little boy is wearing a crown on his head, and he's actually dancing pretty well. He seems to be *getting older* right before your very eyes. It's a scientific miracle! He's getting taller, the crown is getting tighter on his head as he gets bigger, and he - wait a minute! That's *John Travolta*! He's dancing the Night Fever, is old John. And old he certainly is. He's getting older even faster now. His hair is gray. He's doing hunched-over dancing (still dancing though), and as he gets close enough to the Knight he collapses down on top of him. Dead. He went completely through the whole process of ageing right before your very eyes. **The Life and Death of King John**, the next play on our list. Excellent! Well, not for King John.

You pedal on, round the corner at the end of your road. Let's leave this mad street. Surely things will calm down the further away you pedal from that mad house.

Oh look, a boat.

The madness has clearly spilled beyond your street.

There's a boat being rowed by a *mermaid* right in the middle of the street, with no water in sight. A mermaid! In your neighborhood! She's even wearing two shells instead of a bra. Ooh la la. Clearly, our really sexy mermaid is lost. In *Venice*, you know, they have roads made out of tasty

tasty water, but this isn't Venice! You can't just row a boat down a concrete road!

Well you clearly can, because she's doing it, right before your very eyes.

This mermaid from Venice is undoubtedly **The Merchant of Venice**, our next play.

Just as you are beginning to seem rude, standing mouth agape, staring at her mermaidness and flowing blonde locks, there is a noise above, getting louder, and getting closer. You peer up into the sunlight and squint to see. You may not believe this, but *4 giant hens* are hurtling towards you from the heavens above, and they're gaining speed. Clearly taking inspiration from Angry Birds, the 4 hens are targeting our mermaid in her boat. No! Not our really really sexy mermaid!

You try to warn her, but she's not listening and you are too slow. They slam into the boat, probably killing our mermaid (boo) and destroying the vessel into thousands of splinters.

As you'll remember from our first giant hen, this must be a Henry, and as there are 4 of them here dive-bombing the boat, this must be **Henry the 4th**.

Wood blocks everywhere. Every. Where. That Henry the 4th smashed up our Merchant of Venice quite severely.

So shaken as we are, so wan with care, we continue on our way. Quick. Get pedalling that bicycle before anything else unwelcome arrives.

As if on cue... *something* happens.

You hear them before you see them, but only for a brief moment before they burst from the driveway next to you. A happy, jolly, joyful, *merry group of ladies*. They are all skipping about, being all merry, carrying a *saw* each. A dangerous saw! They are collecting up the wood from our exploded boat and chopping it down into splinters with their saws. The merry ladies, these productive saw-ers are getting rid of the now-smaller bits of wood by

hurling them up into the sky to get blown off in the wind. Aha! These must be **The Merry Wives of Windsor**, our next play.

They keep collecting the wood, sawing it up, and hurling it into the wind, until it seems they have angered whatever Angry Bird gods there may be. Again, from the sky above, the *same 4 hens* have come back for a *2nd* go! This is Henry the 4th Part 2, our next play, and it looks like our 4 hens are heading straight for our Merry Wives, scaring them back into their driveway. **Henry the 4th Part 2. THIS TIME IT'S PERSONAL.**

The 4 hens do indeed smash into the Merry Wives, scattering them in all directions, and you decide it's finally time to get moving. These birds have been really aggressive today. You should have worn a helmet, you fool!

You pedal your way down to the corner of the next road, observing all the relevant Cycling Proficiency rules to stay out of trouble of course. There's a definite whiff of weird in the air and you are not taking any chances.

Across the road, for example, there... on the corner... it's a mini wedding!

There are two sets of twins, all getting married. The two standing on the left are shouting "*I do! I do! I do!*" and bouncing around all excited and annoying. The two on the right remain silent. They're shaking their heads wildly like two exaggerating silent movie actors, afraid to say yes. The wedding has turned into a one-way shouting match. This could well break out into something a little more heated! *The "I do!" and the nothing*, must be our next play, **Much Ado About Nothing**.

Take cover!

Oh no. Not again. More birds from the sky, this time *5 of them*, are hurtling in your direction. 4 birds aim themselves at the 4 people getting married, and the extra one aims himself directly at... you! As they're flying at such a high speed, you leap out of the way with barely a split second to spare. Your bike, unable to leap without your help, is not so lucky. It is completely crushed underneath the *5th Hen*. This must be **Henry the 5th**. These blasted hens! The four people getting married are now nowhere to be seen underneath the four giant hens, there is literally nothing left of them, and

your bike under the fifth is mangled and broken. You are stuck now with somewhere to be and no way to get there. How can you have possibly anticipated that your shiny new bike would be taken out of commission by a giant hen from the sky? This is completely and utterly unforeseeable.

Now without a bicycle or a faster mode of transport than your two legs, you borrow 3-headed Nixon's line and despair "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!". Maybe you could hitch hike? Maybe you should just sprint as fast as you can? Pogo stick? Unicycle? Steal a car? You just need some form of transport, anything really, or you'll never make it in time.

Clip. Clop. Clip. Clop. Clippity Clop. Cloppity clip. Clip. Clop. Music to your ears. Over the hedge at the end of the road you see a man on a horse. He's dressed in Roman military uniform, elegantly riding his white steed, holding his sword aloft. What a beautiful sight. Clip Clop. This must be **Julius Caesar**, the next play on our list.

Politely, cautiously, you ask the Roman General if you can borrow his horse. You are running late after all.

"No! You can't borrow this one, but I do have another you could use...". He whistles loudly, to summon the beast, and from around the next corner comes hurtling a raggedy old *donkey*. He skids to a shambled halt next to you.

"This donkey, *this ass*, is yours, if you'd like it?" With that, your new donkey, your new ass, *starts licking your hand* and arms and face. Gross! Gross, but useful. This ass, licking you, is useful for remembering that our next play is **As You Like It**. You climb up into the stirrups, sit yourself down in the saddle, and grab the reins. Now we're talking! We'll get to the theater in no time on this faithful steed!

"Thanks Caesar!"

As you look over to Caesar, shock shock horror. From the nearest driveway a big fat pink pig comes galloping out into the street, snorting and angrily oinking, gaining speed, aimed straight at Caesar! Perfectly on target, *this big, hammy, pig* slams into Caesar's back and knocks him off his horse. Not

a good end for Caesar, assassinated by this brute! Still, this hammy lump is useful for us because our next play to remember is **Hamlet**. All of the ham. Easy!

And now there's a mad pig on the loose! You shout for help, but there's no one around to save you. Can your donkey outrun this pig? Hard to tell. The pig does look pretty determined.

"HELP!"

This isn't how you want your day to end.

Oh, worry not! Your saviors are here. From the very same driveway the pig emerged, an entire regiment of Knights are marching, swords held high. There are loads of them. A quick count... there are 12! Wow. Talk about overkill. 12 Knights to take out 1 wild pig? Easy.

Gulp. The pig goes into a frenzy. The fight is brutal, and aggressively fought. The pig takes out knight after knight after knight. The last remaining Knight, however, fights valiantly and slays the pig. There are bits of armor and bits of pig everywhere. The pig is conquered, and the hero of the hour is the **Twelfth Knight**, our next play, as he stands proudly over the defeated body.

KACHUNG-THWACK!

KACHUNG-THWACK!

Our **Twelfth Knight** hits the ground. He scrambles to cover.

KACHUNG-THWACK!

He hides behind the nearest car. From across the street, arrows are flying. Our remaining Knight suddenly leaps out of cover with his shield held high, ready to do battle with whoever is firing these arrows.

Out of the driveway opposite staggers... a troll!

Oh, what vomit-inducing stench! Oh, what a horrible sight! You are witnessing the lumbering movements of a gigantic *troll*! He has a *crossbow* in his hand, and he is marching-fire against our lone knight, who can do little but take cover under his shield and advance toward the troll, helplessly. This troll with a crossbow must represent our next play, **Troilus and Cressida**. *Troll with a crossbow...* this is too dangerous for us! Ride! Ride! And don't spare the donkey! The knight will be ok on his own, probably. Or he will at least put up a brave fight.

Zippering away from the scene of the battle, you head to the nearest bus stop. These mean streets are a bit too wild this morning. A bus is guaranteed to be safer, right? Surely.

You hop off the donkey, pat him on his withers, and tie his reins to the bus stop. He stands patiently and waits while the bus trundles down the road towards you.

EEEE TSSSSH!

The bus stops, and the doors slide open. As you go to step onboard your path is blocked by a big yellow measuring stick hung horizontally across the doorway. The sign above it reads "You Must Be This Tall To Ride", just like the signs outside roller coasters. Aha! Our next play! **Measure for Measure**. You are taller than the sign, but instead of ducking under it like a normal person you just smash straight through it and hop on board.

You rummage around in your pockets to get some money to give the driver, but instead of taking your money he hands you a long scroll of paper and a quill. You don't have to pay this time, you just have to sign this oath. Are you going to read the small print? Nah. You quickly sign your name. Free bus ride, and our next play! **Othello!**

Moving to the middle of the bus to sit down, the only seat available is next to a really creepy guy. He's wearing a long smelly trench coat, has horrible matted hair, and is leering at you in a horribly suggestive way. Oh, and he's wearing a crown for some reason. You slowly, reluctantly slide in to the seat next to this leering man, and realize this must be our esteemed next

play, **King Lear**. Just keep your eyes to the front and try not to breathe through your nose.

Looking for a distraction, you look around at the other passengers. Anything interesting going on?

You glance to your side, and lo! In the seat next to you on the other side of the aisle is super famous Hollywood actress, Anne Hathaway! You can't possibly miss this opportunity, you simply must talk to her. "Do you have the time, Anne Hathaway?" you hazard, as an excuse. Clearly this must be a set up to help us remember that **Timon of Athens** is our next play, asking the *time of Anne Hathaway*. But that's not important right now. I mean, it's Anne Hathaway! Isn't she pretty? Isn't her hair just lovely? Wasn't she good in that film? What was it called? *Batman Wears Prada*? The wheel is come full circle. Now YOU are the leerer. Anne looks at her watch and says something that you don't hear...

Because you've been distracted again.

Anne Hathaway is no longer the star of the show...

You are stunned.

You are speechless.

You are hearless (not a word).

Not only is beautiful Anne Hathaway sat here on the bus right next to you, but she's also sat next to William Shakespeare himself! And they're holding hands! Here is the man himself, sat next to his darling wife Anne Hathaway. This isn't even a trick to help us remember another play. Shakespeare was ACTUALLY married to a woman named Anne Hathaway. Wow. Good work Shakespeare.

You rudely lean across Anne Hathaway's fine figure and try and strike up a conversation with The Bard, telling him about how you are off to see one of his plays performed this very day, and that you've also been learning the names of all his others. He just sits quietly for a moment, eating his McDonalds breakfast, saying nothing. When he does respond, you kind of wish he hadn't. With his mouth still full of *McDonalds* burger, every

syllable brings forth a spit, flying through the air towards you. Gee thanks. Shakespeare's McBurger has now covered you in McSpit. Lovely. In a really gross way, this whole *McDonalds McSpit* episode has taught you a valuable lesson. After *Timon of Athens*, the next play on our list is obviously **Macbeth**.

You are getting off this bus at the next stop, so wipe that spit off your face and stand up you disgusting person.

Sadly, our task may not be as simple as walking to the front of the bus and hopping out the door. The bus has been hijacked! At the front of the bus, demanding all our money and our seats, is *Tony the Tiger*, and his pal *Leonardo DiCaprio*. They're waving swords in our direction. Tony yells that if you could sit back down that would be gggrrreeeaaattt, and Leo makes a threatening face. Your plans for the morning might just have to change to accommodate this new development, our next play **Antony and Cleopatra**. *Tony and Leo* are really threatening to upset your whole schedule.

But do not worry! *All is well!* Maybe. Hopefully this will all end well, because leaping up from his seat directly behind you is... *Orson Welles*, straight from Hollywood! He's wearing his tuxedo, of course, and he looks ready for action. Hopefully he'll go into a rage like that scene in *Citizen Kane* where he wrecks his office. Standing in the middle of the aisle now, you see him do something rather unusual. A talent you didn't know he had. Like the Hulk, he is transforming, but only his hands are affected! He has these two giant hands, *swelling up*, on the end of his normal arms. *Orson Welles hands swell* enough for him to use them as a weapon, and one punch - SPLAT - finishes off our Tony and Leo. Orson Welles hands swelling have pancaked them into the ground. This whole Orson Welles palaver is our next play, the delightfully named **All's Well That Ends Well**.

Stepping off the bus onto the reliable firm concrete, you are almost convinced the worst is behind you.

Hopefully things are beginning to calm down.

Marvelous - just in time for breakfast, you spy a fruit stall a bit further down the road. As you walk closer, wondering what juicy fruit to choose, the fruit stall owner hurls a *pear* at you. A Comice pear, if you are curious. A really big one. He throws another, which you try to catch but miss because you never were very good at catching. He keeps throwing these damn pears at you, and as you get closer you notice that our abusive fruit-stall-owner pear-thrower is *John Cleese*! Well this is a turn up for the books. Maybe John Cleese is filming a Monty Python scene right now, and you are a part of it? You wave at him good-naturedly just in case. Walking onwards towards the theater, you realize John Cleese must be here throwing pears at you to help you remember the next play on our list, **Pericles**. *Pear-Cleese*. Easy!

The theater is now in sight. Your seat is less than a minute away now, and you start speeding up toward the main entrance. This has got to be the most famous theater of all... Shakespeare's Globe! The theater is a real treat to visit, and here it is before your very eyes.

Listen! What sweet singing! Blocking the door to the theater is a large group of carol singers, singing their little hearts out. While they are good singers, and good at swaying from side to side it seems, you really don't have time to stop and listen. You quickly note that these carol singers are obviously to remind us of our next play, **Coriolanus**, which is absolutely nothing, nothing, nothing at all to do with an anus. In fact, there's nothing at all in this carol singer scene to even hint at the second half of the word Coriolanus. Anus. Anus. Anus. That's weird. Surely this would have been the easiest vivid, crude, loud, memorable image to create, right? Weird. Oh well. Definitely no anuses around here! These carol singers are still anus anus anus singing as you anus anus anus push through the crowd anus anus toward the door.

Oh dear. Moving on...

You reach out to open the door to get inside at last, when it suddenly flies open with considerable force and only narrowly misses your face! Close shave. If your face were twice as large, that door would probably have hit you on it! Barreling out of the now wildly open door is a *sprinter*, dressed in his white sprinter's Lycra. He bashes you out of the way as he sprints by,

and a horrible pink fleshy tail extending from his... rear... hits you across your normal-sized face and sends you to the ground. You just got beaten up by the *sprinter's tail*! The fact that this is our next play, **The Winter's Tale**, doesn't make the pain any less painful.

You scrape yourself off the floor and walk inside as if nothing at all embarrassing just happened to you. Blimey, you are so cool.

A healthy contrast to the beautiful carol singers outside the theater, we now have another band lined up inside the foyer. It is a band composed of nothing but the bashing of *cymbals and bells*, and man oh man do they sound awful. They are clearly going for nothing but volume, as if they are having some kind of duel with the carol singers outside. You cover your ears to stop the horrendous racket from seeping into your head. This horrendous cymbals and bells band is our next play, **Cymbeline**.

Looking around you, it is obvious that you are not the only person here who dislikes the terrible noise. The conductor himself has turned a redder-red-than-his-own-jacket with anger at how badly the band is doing. He is in a rotten *temper*, shouting and spitting with rage, maybe even saying a naughty swear word a few times. He is waving his conductor's baton around ferociously, in a simply rotten *temper*. He is like a violent storm of hate, which is both concerning and useful. You don't want to get caught up in this, but you do make a mental note that this must be our next play, **The Tempest**.

You slink past this wild angry scene and head for the main theater hall.

You sigh. A HUGE sigh. A bigger sigh than you've ever done or ever even seen on TV. Because our next play is the last of it! Although the last, not the least. We are at the end, so pay close attention...

Utterly exhausted by everything that's happened so far, so utterly spent is your energy, you are not sure you'll be able to even stay awake for this show, you slump down into your theater seat the EXACT MOMENT the curtains get pulled back to reveal...

Henry the 8th, proudly standing center stage. This is finally our last play, and also the play you have been trying to see all morning. Hurrah. Henry VIII. Behind him are his 6 wives, some with heads already lopped off and some just looking worried, and next to him is... a cannon. Aimed at the audience. *And he's lighting it.*

BOOM!

The cannon ball shoots into the seating section narrowly missing your head, and the spark from the cannon sets fire to Henry's robes. He dances around trying to put them out but only succeeds in setting more things alight. Before even 10 seconds have passed, the entire stage is on fire. RUN!

You race to the fire exit, run as fast as you can, and leave behind Shakespeare's Globe burning to the ground. Historically, The Globe burned to the ground during Shakespeare's own time, during one of the first performances of Henry VIII, so this must obviously, most clearly, most memorably, be our last play, Henry VIII, and the fate of Shakespeare's original Globe theater.

Oh sweet bliss. *We have made it.*

SHAKESPEARE RECAP

*"The true art of memory is the art of attention."
Samuel Johnson*

14. Just around the corner is the mermaid rowing the boat towards you, trying to get back to Venice. **Merchant of Venice!**
15. Mermaid Boat gets smashed to bits by the 4 birds from the sky. **Henry IV Part 1!**
16. To clean up the mess are the happy and jolly wives from the nearest driveway. **The Merry Wives of Windsor!**
17. The birds come back for more and attack the merry wives. **Henry IV Part 2!**
18. Next is the wedding ceremony of the four twins. **Much Ado About Nothing!**
19. A new batch of birds dive bomb and attack, with the 5th destroying your bike. **Henry V!**
20. You call out for someone to help you get to the play on time, and a Roman soldier on his white horse comes a'galloping. **Julius Caesar!**
21. Caesar brings with him a spare donkey for you to ride, an ass which keeps licking your arms and face. **As You Like It!**
22. Super Ninja Pig comes leaping out of the next driveway at Caesar. **Hamlet!**
23. To take down the pig a dozen knights come to fight, but only the last one survives. **Twelfth Night!**
24. From across the street, the Giant Troll firing a crossbow attacks our one remaining Knight. **Troilus and Cressida!**
25. Racing away from the danger, you arrive at the bus stop. The bus door is protected by a Must Be This Tall To Ride sign. **Measure for Measure!**
26. Bashing through the sign, you try to pay the driver. He doesn't want your money but does want you to sign an oath. Grab the quill. **Othello!**

27. Sitting down, next to the smelly leering old man, you regret getting the bus. **King Lear!**

28. Look to the seat next to you. Anne Hathaway and her beautiful, beautiful face! Ask her the time. Just get her attention! **Timon of Athens!**

29. Sat next to her is darling husband William Shakespeare, eating a McDonalds breakfast. **Macbeth!**

30. At the next stop, Tony the Tiger and Leonardo DiCaprio climb aboard and take everyone hostage. **Antony and Cleopatra!**

31. Not everyone is convinced, and Orson Welles leaps out of his seat and swells his hands up like balloons and bashes them flat. **All's Well That Ends Well!**

32. Off the bus now, the pears hit you in the head. John Cleese being funny, of course. **Pericles!**

33. Now outside the theater, push past all those carol singers who had nothing at all to do with the word aaaaaaaanus. **Coriolanus!**

34. While opening the doors, the white-Lycra-clad sprinter smacks your face with his tail. **The Winter's Tale!**

35. Now the cymbals and bells band are reminding you how glorious silence is. **Cymbeline!**

36. And the conductor is in a rageful temper. **The Tempest!**

37. Sitting down, to finally relax, the big fat Henry 8th sets fire to the entire building. **Henry VIII!**

Shakespeare's 37 Plays In Chronological Order

This list, by the way, is based on the Oxford Shakespeare chronology, but there are several scholarly attempts at constructing a definitive chronology, and not one definite answer exists - it's a lot of interpretation. It's the Oxford Shakespeare Chronology we've plumbed for here.

- 1. The Two Gentlemen of Verona**
- 2. The Taming of the Shrew**
- 3. Henry VI Part 2**
- 4. Henry VI Part 3**
- 5. Henry VI Part 1**
- 6. Titus Andronicus**
- 7. Richard III**
- 8. Comedy of Errors**
- 9. Love's Labour's Lost**
- 10. Richard II**
- 11. Romeo and Juliet**
- 12. Midsummer Night's Dream**
- 13. The Life and Death of King John**
- 14. Merchant of Venice**
- 15. Henry IV Part 1**
- 16. The Merry Wives of Windsor**
- 17. Henry IV Part 2**
- 18. Much Ado About Nothing**
- 19. Henry V**
- 20. Julius Caesar**
- 21. As You Like It**
- 22. Hamlet**
- 23. Twelfth Night**
- 24. Troilus and Cressida**
- 25. Measure for Measure**
- 26. Othello**
- 27. King Lear**
- 28. Timon of Athens**
- 29. Macbeth**

- 30.** Antony and Cleopatra
- 31.** All's Well That Ends Well
- 32.** Pericles
- 33.** Coriolanus
- 34.** The Winter's Tale
- 35.** Cymbeline
- 36.** The Tempest
- 37.** Henry VIII

WHAT THE DICKENS!

*"Memory is the best and purest link between this world and a better."
- Charles Dickens*

Now that you've got all of Shakespeare's plays in your head, the next step is the novels of Charles Dickens. The good news is there are only 20 of them. *Only...*

This time, we're doing things a bit differently.

I've given you some ideas below for the weird things you can imagine to represent each book, but you will have to come up with the route on your own. It's time to exercise those spatial brain muscles of yours. You need a route with 20 stops along the way, and you need to know the journey well enough that you don't even need to think about it during recall. Maybe you could walk from your library to nearest bookshop, or from your local park to the nearest shop, or work through your kitchen cupboards then out to your garden. *It's time to experiment!*

Once you have decided on a route, familiarize yourself with the list of books below. Simply read it out loud a few times. Then we move on to converting them to crazy images along your journey...

Novels by Charles Dickens in Chronological Order

- 1. Pickwick Papers**
- 2. Oliver Twist**
- 3. Nicholas Nickleby**
- 4. The Old Curiosity Shop**
- 5. Barnaby Rudge**
- 6. A Christmas Carol**
- 7. Martin Chuzzlewit**
- 8. The Chimes**
- 9. The Cricket on the Hearth**
- 10. The Battle of Life**
- 11. Dombey and Son**
- 12. The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain**
- 13. David Copperfield**
- 14. Bleak House**
- 15. Hard Times**
- 16. Little Dorrit**
- 17. A Tale of Two Cities**
- 18. Great Expectations**
- 19. Our Mutual Friend**
- 20. The Mystery of Edwin Drood**

Plotting The Book Titles Along Your Route

1. In the first place, we have a pile of newspapers burning like a candle. The candle wick is on fire, melting the papers like wax. This is the Pickwick Papers. Careful you don't burn yourself.

2. Next, we have a little boy, at risk of getting dizzy and falling over from spinning around on the spot, holding a bowl of olives. This is Oliver Twist, our hungry little friend.

3. We now have Nicholas Cage, looking as cool as ever, flipping a nickel up into the air and catching it. He's trying to get you to guess heads or tails. This is Nicholas Nickleby. Go ahead... take a guess... heads or tails...?

4. Next we have an old man trying to sell you some really weird stuff. Candle sticks, picture frames, and some other junk. This is The Old Curiosity Shop. You are not really interested in buying anything today, but you take a look at what he's selling anyway.

5. What a treat we have next. Barney the Dinosaur, our big purple friend, is eating a huge block of fudge. This is Barnaby Rudge, of course. Go ahead. Eat some of that tasty, tasty fudge.

6. A little group of Carol Singers have gathered at our next stop. They are standing next to a perfectly-decorated Christmas tree, and singing their little hearts out. A Christmas Carol!

7. Never before seen, we now have Martin Luther King sat on the floor doing a puzzle. Martin Chuzzlewit, obviously. Take a photo. You don't want to forget this odd scene.

8. At our next location we have a small church bell, pealing out chime after chime. It's loud, and it's The Chimes.

9. We've got a fireplace at our next spot, with a giant cricket blocking the fire and chirping loudly. This is The Cricket on the Hearth.

10. Our next spot is dangerous indeed! It's a full-blown battle! We have children on one side, fighting adults on the other. It's The Battle of Life!

11. Darn it! Your evening meal is ruined! Your Domino's pizza is covered in bees and is melting in the sun. That's your food ruined! This is the next book, Dombey and Son. Your Domino's is covered in bees and melting in the sun. You don't see that every day.

12. Someone call the Ghostbusters! Next up is a terrified man having a conversation with a ghost. The ghost is trying to give him money, but the man is too scared to move. This is, of course, The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain.

13. Here we have the magician and illusionist David Copperfield, throwing copper playing cards at you. Pretty easy to remember, this one. David Copperfield!

14. Alert the Discovery channel! We have a mouse with a beak! He's sat comfortably inside a little toy house. Bleak House, clearly. *The cute little thing.*

15. Tick, tock, tick, tock. We have what looks like a pile of stones, but upon closer inspection you see they are in fact clocks. They're all ticking, telling you the time. A pile of clocks made of stone. Hard Times? Probably...

16. Wowzers, it's Dorothy from The Wizard of Oz! She's teeny tiny, like a Barbie doll, and she's trying to get your attention. This is Little Dorrit, and there's no place like home.

17. A model city is up next, it's a perfect model of New York by the looks of things. There's a big bushy tail wrapping it up to stop it from breaking in two. Without a doubt, this is A Tale of Two Cities.

18. Careful with this one. It's a very sharp and very large X-shaped cheese grater. The X-shaped grater has got to be... Great Expectations.

19. Company at last! Your best friend is at our next stop, and they're introducing you to someone you don't know. They reach out to shake your

hand and introduce themselves. What an awkward moment. This must be Our Mutual Friend.

20. Oh gosh. At our last spot we have... a severed head! It's wearing a Druid hood, and it's chanting. It's a murdered head of a druid. He's shouting at you that you have won the Dickens game! Success! You've reached the end, and this last book is *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*.

Starting at the beginning, walk your way through your 20 locations now. From the burning newspapers to the winning head of a druid and back again. You should feel pretty proud of yourself at this point. You've not only learned 37 of Shakespeare's plays, but you've now added 20 more books by Dickens, for a total of 57 items, in chronological order, both forwards and backwards. This is revolutionary!

You are now a genius. *Congratulations.*

TEST YOURSELF. BE AMAZED.

*"An investment in knowledge pays the best interest."
- Benjamin Franklin*

Test Yourself on Shakespeare

- * What play did Shakespeare write after Titus Andronicus?
- * What play comes before Henry VIII?
- * What play comes after Romeo and Juliet?
- * What play comes next after Much Ado About Nothing?
- * What play destroys our beautiful Merchant of Venice?
- * What play comes before you getting hit in the face with a tail?
- * What play comes before Othello?
- * What play comes after Timon of Athens?
- * What is the 14th play on our journey?
- * After getting off the bus, what is our next play?
- * What is 11 plays after Richard II?
- * What comes after The Merry Wives of Windsor?
- * What play does our final Twelfth Knight have to battle?
- * What is 2 plays after Romeo and Juliet?
- * Which came first, Hamlet or Macbeth?

Shakespeare Answers

- * Richard III
- * The Tempest
- * Midsummer Night's Dream
- * Henry V
- * Henry IV Part 1
- * Coriolanus
- * Measure for Measure
- * Macbeth
- * Merchant of Venice
- * Pericles
- * Julius Caesar
- * Henry IV Part 2
- * Troilus and Cressida
- * The Life and Death of King John
- * Hamlet

Test Yourself on Dickens

- * What was Dickens' last (and unfinished) novel?
- * What was his first?
- * What comes after Nicholas Nickleby?
- * What comes before the mouse with the beak?
- * What comes 2 novels after Hard Times?
- * What comes before Our Mutual Friend?
- * What comes after Barnaby Rudge?
- * What is 3 novels after The Cricket on the Hearth?
- * What comes before The Chimes?
- * What was Dickens' 11th novel?

Dickens Answers

- * The Mystery of Edwin Drood
- * The Pickwick Papers
- * The Old Curiosity Shop
- * David Copperfield
- * A Tale of Two Cities
- * Great Expectations
- * A Christmas Carol
- * The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain
- * Martin Chuzzlewit
- * Dombey and Son

How Well Did You Do?

*Are you surprised by how well you just did?
Share your pride!*

*Don't forget to review this book on Amazon.
Reviews help other people discover what you've just learned!*

TAKING IT FURTHER

*"Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail."
- John Donne*

Your journey has just begun.

Sherlock Holmes says, in the short story Five Orange Pips, that one must keep their little brain attic stocked with only the absolutely necessary furniture, with the rest being available in the lumber room of their library. Sherlock Holmes was wrong. Here's the great secret: It is ALL absolutely necessary! The more you know, the more connections you can make. The more you know, the more you *can* know. Your foundations are greater. The more knowledge you have in your head onto which you can hang new information, the easier it will be to learn new things.

You now have perhaps your first spatially-organized entry in your mental library of facts. One little journey later, you've memorized William Shakespeare's 37 plays. Another little mind-waltz, and you've installed Charles Dickens' 20 novels. *Your job has just begun.* What's stopping you from creating more journeys? It's simply a matter of how many you want. 10 more, 50 more, 100 more? *Oh, THINK of the possibilities!*

For several years I have been dreaming about the wonderful future of neuroprosthetics. Get a microchip, insert it into your brain, and install new knowledge. It's the cartoon-ish idea of simply swallowing a book to learn new things.

The surprising reality, once you learn the Memory Palace Technique, is that we don't need any new hardware.

In your head sits the world's most powerful computer.

~~You just need to learn how to use it.~~

You just learned how to use it.

RECOMMENDED READING

*"Wear the old coat and buy the new book."
- Austin Phelps*

Remember, Remember

By Ed Cooke

Why? This book contains more stories like our Shakespeare one above to teach you the US Presidents, the entire British monarchy timeline, UK Prime Ministers, and the map of Europe. This man is a big name on the competitive memory championship scene, and his book is brilliant. It's Ed Cooke's work that inspired me to write this. Highly recommended!

Moonwalking With Einstein

by Joshua Foer

Why? Josh Foer went from audience-member to memory champion in 12 months. The skills you need to compete with the best in the world can be learned by anyone (you've learned some of them in this very book already) and Josh set out to test that theory. He was trained by Ed Cooke (see book above), and shares his journey in Moonwalking With Einstein, a title taken from one of his own crazy mental images.

OTHER INFORMATION TO LEARN

*"How many worthwhile ideas have gone unthought and connections
unmade because of my memory's shortcomings?"*

- Joshua Foer

Geological Time Periods

Cambrian
Ordovician
Silurian
Devonian
Carboniferous
Permian
Triassic
Jurassic
Cretaceous
Paleocene
Eocene
Oligocene
Miocene
Pliocene
Pleistocene
Recent

Presidents of the United States of America

George Washington
John Adams
Thomas Jefferson
James Madison
James Monroe
John Quincy Adams
Andrew Jackson
Martin Van Buren
William Henry Harrison
John Taylor
Millard Fillmore
Franklin Pierce
James Buchanan
Abraham Lincoln
Andrew Johnson
Ulysses S. Grant
Rutherford B. Hayes
James Garfield
Chester Arthur
Grover Cleveland
Benjamin Harrison
Grover Cleveland
William McKinley
Theodore Roosevelt
William Howard Taft
Woodrow Wilson
Warren Harding
Calvin Coolidge
Herbert Hoover
Franklin D. Roosevelt
Harry Truman
Dwight Eisenhower
John F. Kennedy

Lyndon Johnson
Richard Nixon
Gerald Ford
Jimmy Carter
Ronald Reagan
George Bush
Bill Clinton
George W. Bush
Barack Obama

The Ten commandments

Thou shalt have no other gods before me

No false idols, ok?

Thou shalt not take the Lord's name in vain

Don't forget to keep the Sabbath holy

Honour thy father and thy mother

Thou shalt not kill

Thou shalt not commit adultery

Thou shalt not steal

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour

Thou shalt not covet your neighbor's house

Seven Deadly Sins And Their Opposing Virtues

Lust - Chastity

Gluttony - Temperance

Greed - Charity

Sloth - Diligence

Wrath - Patience

Envy - Kindness

Pride - Humility

10 Longest Rivers in the World

Nile

Amazon

Mississippi-Missouri-Red Rock

Yangtze

Ob

Yellow

Yenisei

Parana

Irtish

Zaire

10 Tallest Mountains in the World

Everest

K2

Kangchenjunga

Lhotse

Makalu

Cho Oyu

Dhaulagiri

Manaslu

Nanga Parbat

Annapurna

Seven Wonders of the Ancient World

Great Pyramid of Giza

Hanging Gardens of Babylon

Statue of Zeus at Olympia

Temple of Artemis at Ephesus

Mausoleum of Maussollos at Halicarnassus

Colossus of Rhodes

Lighthouse of Alexandria

10 Most Populated Countries

China
India
United States
Indonesia
Brazil
Pakistan
Nigeria
Russia
Bangladesh
Japan

10 Countries by Size

Russia
Canada
United States of America
China
Brazil
Australia
India
Argentina
Kazakhstan
Sudan

'Best Picture' Oscar Winning Movies since 1928

1927-28 - Wings
1928-29 - Broadway Melody
1929-30 - All Quiet on the Western Front
1930-31 - Cimarron
1931-32 - Grand Hotel
1932-33 - Cavalcade
1934 - It Happened One Night
1935 - Mutiny on the Bounty
1936 - The Great Ziegfeld
1937 - The Life of Emile Zola
1938 - You Can't Take It With You
1939 - Gone With the Wind
1940 - Rebecca
1941 - How Green Was My Valley
1942 - Mrs Miniver
1943 - Casablanca
1944 - Going My Way
1945 - The Lost Weekend
1946 - The Best Years of Our Lives
1947 - Gentlemen's Agreement
1948 - Hamlet
1949 - All the King's Men
1950 - All About Eve
1951 - An American In Paris
1952 - The Greatest Show on Earth
1953 - From Here to Eternity
1954 - On the Waterfront
1955 - Marty
1956 - Around the World in 80 Days
1957 - The Bridge on the River Kwai
1958 - Gigi
1959 - Ben-Hur
1960 - The Apartment

1961 - West Side Story
1962 - Lawrence of Arabia
1963 - Tom Jones
1964 - My Fair Lady
1965 - The Sound of Music
1966 - A Man for All Seasons
1967 - In the Heat of the Night
1968 - Oliver
1969 - Midnight Cowboy
1970 - Patton
1971 - The French Connection
1972 - The Godfather
1973 - The Sting
1974 - The Godfather Part II
1975 - One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest
1976 - Rocky
1977 - Annie Hall
1978 - The Deer Hunter
1979 - Kramer vs Kramer
1980 - Ordinary People
1981 - Chariots of Fire
1982 - Gandhi
1983 - Terms of Endearment
1984 - Amadeus
1985 - Out of Africa
1986 - Platoon
1987 - The Last Emperor
1988 - Rain Man
1989 - Driving Miss Daisy
1990 - Dances With Wolves
1991 - The Silence of the Lambs
1992 - Unforgiven
1993 - Schindler's List
1994 - Forrest Gump
1995 - Braveheart
1996 - The English Patient
1997 - Titanic

1998 - Shakespeare in Love
1999 - American Beauty
2000 - Gladiator
2001 - A Beautiful Mind
2002 - Chicago
2003 - The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King
2004 - Million Dollar Baby
2005 - Crash
2006 - The Departed
2007 - No Country for Old Men
2008 - Slumdog Millionaire
2009 - The Hurt Locker
2010 - The King's Speech
2011 - The Artist