
Electronic Theses and Dissertations, 2004-2019

2008

Primogeniture Made Me Do It: Finding The Motivation Behind Oliver's Tragic Actions In As You Like It

Joseph Kemper
University of Central Florida

 Part of the [Theatre and Performance Studies Commons](#)
Find similar works at: <https://stars.library.ucf.edu/etd>
University of Central Florida Libraries <http://library.ucf.edu>

This Masters Thesis (Open Access) is brought to you for free and open access by STARS. It has been accepted for inclusion in Electronic Theses and Dissertations, 2004-2019 by an authorized administrator of STARS. For more information, please contact STARS@ucf.edu.

STARS Citation

Kemper, Joseph, "Primogeniture Made Me Do It: Finding The Motivation Behind Oliver's Tragic Actions In As You Like It" (2008). *Electronic Theses and Dissertations, 2004-2019*. 3813.
<https://stars.library.ucf.edu/etd/3813>

PRIMOGENITURE MADE ME DO IT: FINDING THE MOTIVATION
BEHIND OLIVER'S TRAGIC ACTIONS IN *AS YOU LIKE IT*

by

JOSEPH R. KEMPER
B.A. Flagler College, 2004

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Master of Fine Arts
in the Department of Theater
in the College of Arts and Humanities
at the University of Central Florida
Orlando, Florida

Fall 2008

ABSTRACT

As an actor, it is absolutely imperative to resist the urge to pass judgment on the characters we portray. True, that as people, we sometimes judge ourselves, and deem our conduct as right or wrong, but usually after finding the justification in the action first. We understand why we do the things we do. Therefore, it is as important to find our character's point-of-view as well.

When I was cast as Oliver de Boys in the Orlando Shakespeare Theater's mainstage production of William Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, I knew the biggest challenge before me was to avoid playing him as "the villain." I had to discover the reasoning and the humanity behind his heinous actions. Most importantly, I had to try to understand why he would attempt to murder his brother Orlando. Growing up with three sisters whom I considered my best friends, I had no personal frame of reference for this extreme action. This thesis will examine the research and creation of Oliver de Boys.

A thorough historical analysis will present the life of William Shakespeare, with specific focus on the relationship with his own siblings. Also included will be the production history of the *As You Like It* and the times in which it was written. Particular emphasis will be placed on the Elizabethan's preoccupation with primogeniture, the system of inheritance or succession by the firstborn, traditionally the eldest son ("Primogeniture" 1). Finally, this section will contain a look at two literary figures that greatly influenced the evolution of Oliver: Saladyne, the eldest brother in Sir Thomas Lodge's *Rosalynde*, of which *As You Like It* is largely based on and Cain, the archetype of fratricide.

The next chapter will explore Oliver's journey in *As You Like It*, from villain to lover to brother; ultimately, his "conversion" from evil to good. It will also document the director's concept for the production and his vision for the portrayal of Oliver. A comprehensive character analysis or character autobiography will examine the psychological motivations behind Oliver's actions, such as sibling rivalry, jealousy, resentment and greed.

This thesis will culminate in a comprehensive rehearsal journal, which will document and address challenges, discoveries, failures and victories during the production process.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER ONE: INTRODUCTION.....	1
CHAPTER TWO: A HISTORICAL ANALYSIS.....	4
Biography of William Shakespeare	4
Evolution of <i>As You Like It</i> and Notable Productions	13
Synopsis of <i>As You Like It</i>	18
Elizabethans and the Custom of Primogeniture.....	28
Literary Influences for the Character of Oliver de Boys	35
Oliver and Cain	35
Oliver and Saladyne	40
CHAPTER THREE: A STRUCTURAL ANALYSIS	44
Director's Concept.....	44
Evolution of Oliver in <i>As You Like It</i>	45
Oliver the Villain	46
Oliver the Brother	56
Oliver the Lover.....	58
CHAPTER FOUR: A CHARACTER ANALYSIS.....	61
CHAPTER FIVE: REHEARSAL JOURNAL.....	87
CHAPTER SIX: CONCLUSION.....	112
LIST OF REFERENCES	114

CHAPTER ONE: INTRODUCTION

“Yonder comes my master, your brother...”
Act I Sc. I

After Laurence Olivier opened as the lead in Shaw’s *Arms and the Man*, he felt he had failed. He expressed his concerns to Tony Guthrie, who told him, “It’s because you don’t like (the character). Go home and learn to like him” (Playbill 8).

As actors, we may not always agree with our character’s actions, but the inclination to pass judgment on them is detrimental to the process of developing a character, and, ultimately, the performance. Unless you are playing Mother Courage or Wang the Water Seller, a Brechtian approach of commenting on the choices our character makes or moral attitude he retains will make the effect wholly unsuccessful. In short, as Laurence Olivier discovered, you will fail.

This desire to understand and justify who your character is and what he does can often be a difficult task. This is particularly challenging if the character you are confronted with commits a deed as heinous as calculated murder. Playing the role of Oliver de Boys in the Orlando Shakespeare Theater’s production of *As You Like It* forced me to answer the question: “How do you learn to like the bad guy?” I knew that in order to create a successful depiction of Oliver I had to understand why he was attracted to such evil.

Although Oliver does not hold ranks with the classic Shakespearean villains of all time- Richard III, Iago and *Measure for Measure*’s Angelo come to mind, his choices and intentions do call into question his moral philosophy. And though Oliver is unsuccessful

in his attempt to undo Orlando, and does not commit the sickening acts of Shakespeare's major villains, he still intends to do real harm to Orlando, and that cannot be ignored.

Stanislavski introduced the magic "if" to a generation of naturalistic actors. In their textbook *Acting is Believing*, Larry D. Clark, Charles McGaw, and Kenneth L.

Stilson define the magic "if" as such:

(The) key to unlocking the imagination, (the magic "if") describes the process by which actors place themselves in the given circumstances of the scene. The actor asks, "What would I do *if* I were this character in this circumstance? (16).

What if? Perhaps inspiration for this method came from *As You Like It* itself, with

Touchstone's Act V devotion to "if:"

...and you may
avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven
justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the
parties were met themselves, one of them thought but
of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and
they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the
only peacemaker; much virtue in If. (Act V Sc. IV)

Whatever the origin, it is a basic concept, and yet a valuable one. Besides the initial asking of the question during the primary stage of developing Oliver's character, I decided to extend the "what if" beyond the parameters of the script. What *if* Oliver had succeeded in having Orlando killed? Where would that have put him? Would he have stopped at Orlando, or would the newly-educated, and therefore potentially dangerous, middle brother Jaques be next?

Though Oliver is ultimately redeemed through love and awakened through forgiveness, I cannot take for granted what this man is capable of at the beginning of the play, and therefore must find what could drive an assumingly mentally-balanced individual to such violence and treachery.

This thesis will document that process, and may serve as a guide for any actor faced with the challenge of portraying a character they do not understand, do not agree with, or do not like.

CHAPTER TWO: A HISTORICAL ANALYSIS

“*God ye, good evenin’, William...*”
Act V. Sc. I

Biography of William Shakespeare

For the purposes of my research, the focus of this biography was primarily Shakespeare’s early life, particularly his relationship with his three brothers and his relationship with Anne Hathaway. Because Oliver’s transition is fueled by the love of a brother and a woman, I thought these aspects of Shakespeare’s life would be the most helpful and enlightening, as they would give me an indication as to whether there was any turmoil among the Shakespeare siblings that planted the seed for Oliver’s behavior. Most of his professional life in London, such as his association with the Chamberlain’s Men, the Blackfriars Theatre and the Globe Theatre, though important in the study of Shakespeare, is largely irrelevant in terms of my process, and therefore will not be discussed.

Not much is known about the man we call “The Bard,” though his words are arguably the most widely read in all of literature, meriting praise from even his contemporary rivals, such as Ben Jonson, who, in his 1641 work *Discoveries*, described William Shakespeare’s plays and poems as “not of an age, but for all time.”

Though the exact date of his birth is unknown, the Baptismal Register of the Holy Trinity Church in Stratford show he was christened on April 26, 1564, allowing most scholars to agree on at least the year of his birth. Some literary theorists deduce from his baptism date that he could’ve been born on St. George’s Day, which took place three

days before his christening, customary according to the Book of Common Prayer. That would put his actual birthday at April 23rd, though this is just speculation.

He was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, approximately one hundred and ten miles northwest of London, England. His father was John Shakespeare, an originator of the town council in Stratford and an eminent citizen. Though records show John may have briefly been in the grain business, it is widely accepted he worked in leather. His mother, Mary Arden, for which *As You Like It's* fantastical forest is surely named, added to the family prominence when she became the sole inheritor of her father's estate. The two were married in 1557.

Shakespeare had seven siblings, only four of which survived into adulthood. A sister, Joan, is the only one to outlive William himself, dying at age 77 in 1569. But because the theme of fraternity exists so heavily in *As You Like It*, and so clearly motivates Oliver, I wanted to examine Shakespeare's brothers and their lives, with and without big brother William. Though nothing concrete was found in direct relation to the development of Oliver, Jaques and Orlando de Boys, it is interesting to note that like Oliver, William was the eldest to Gilbert, born in 1566, Richard, born in 1574, and Edmund, born in 1580. A few other minor comparisons between the de Boys' and the Shakespeare's were found, and outlined below.

Middle brother Gilbert was born only two years after William. It is widely believed the two were fiercely close, a bond probably strengthened when, as a child, Gilbert contracted the plague and nearly died. Like Oliver's middle brother Jaques, Gilbert was educated, probably attending the King's New Grammar School, which existed to "educate the sons of Stratford." (Absolute 1). However, when his

leatherworking business began to decline, John Shakespeare was “forc’d to withdraw (them) from hence...” due to “the want of (their) assistance at home,” according to Shakespeare’s first biographer Nicholas Rowe in 1709. It is assumed William received formal education for seven years and Gilbert for five.

Gilbert worked with his father, and then on his own as a haberdasher, defined by the American Heritage Dictionary as a “retail dealer in men’s furnishings, as shirts, ties, gloves, socks and hats” (“Haberdasher” 1). He continued this trade in London, after following William there, further solidifying the theory that the brothers were close.

William and Gilbert were thriving in London in their respective careers, which bade well for John back in Stratford, and in 1596, the family was given the prestigious right to bear arms, making them official members of the Royal Gentry and allowing them the opportunity to display on their household door the coat-of-arms containing the motto “not without right.” This honor would also allow them to place the title “gentleman” after their name. To say this probably boosted Gilbert’s London business would be a huge understatement, and though he never married, by all accounts, it seems his thriving business kept him fulfilled for many years. He enjoyed a successful London career until around 1609, when he returned to Stratford, remaining there until his death on February 3, 1612.

Third brother Richard became a case of simple misfortune. Born ten years after William in 1574, he was only four years old at the beginning of John’s career’s declination, too young to have begun an education. Because he was probably illiterate, little was written about the life of Richard. If he had married, a court record would have

at least existed, but, like Gilbert, Richard died a bachelor. Richard probably lived in Stratford his entire life, working with his father. Richard died in 1613.

The youngest brother, Edmund, was born to John and Mary in 1580 at the pinnacle of the financial hardships facing the Shakespeare family. The awful timing of Edmund's arrival probably did not deter the Shakespeare's from worshipping the family baby, though Edmund, like Richard, was unable to receive the education given to William and Gilbert. However, in 1596, the bestowment of the royal coat-of-arms to the Shakespeare family enabled Edmund at age sixteen to leave Stratford and join his brothers William and Gilbert in London. William would have been thirty-six years old.

Edmund began his new cosmopolitan lifestyle as an actor, appearing in small parts in a few of his brother's plays. He had only moderate success as an actor, and in 1607, died at the age of twenty-seven, probably the victim of the 1608 Bubonic Plague epidemic in London. Evidence of the closeness between William and his baby brother is clear even in death. William arranged and funded the funeral, which took place in the morning as opposed to the traditional afternoon, so as to not conflict with the typical afternoon performances of the plays.

The Shakespeare brothers differed from the de Boys in that there were four instead of only three. However, it is interesting to note that in terms of education, Gilbert and William, like Oliver and Jaques, were educated, while Richard and Edmund, like Orlando, were not. . The lives of both Oliver and Orlando, who are awakened in the Forest of Arden, resemble the lives of Edmund and Richard. Like, Edmund who reversed his own destiny by forging a career in London, Oliver rose above his fate as a vengeful "tyrant" and "bloody brother." (I.I) While Richard suffers the fate Orlando probably

would have had he not taken fortune into his own hands and inverted his fate as an “untrained youth” (I.I).

It is interesting to note that of the four brothers, only William had children, and his only son, Hamnet, died at the age of eleven, creating an end to the Shakespeare name. I found it necessary in my research to find out as much as I could about the other Shakespeare sons, and wanted to include the parallels I found, however minor.

Much of Shakespeare’s early life on Henley Street in Stratford, including his education and the declination of the family business, is mentioned above, bringing us to an eighteen-year-old William, donning his best doublet, breeches, hose, neck ruff and cod to marry the twenty-six year old Anne Hathaway on November 28, 1582. Daughter Susanna was born seven months later. Anne lived in Shottery, a small town just a mile away from Stratford. Though there is no testimony of the scandal the younger William impregnating the older Anne out of wedlock must have caused, evidence exists that a shotgun wedding certainly ensued.

William and Anne encountered a few problems on their way to wed, the first being the English age of consent to marry. Since it was twenty-one, and William was only eighteen, John Shakespeare would have to give his consent, before they were permitted to marry. It is assumed he did, and William and Anne moved on to the next bit of bureaucracy that stood in their way.

At the time, there was a custom in the church called the Crying of the Banns. This was an official proclamation of intent to marry done in the church on three consecutive Sundays, allowing adequate opportunity for objections. However, William and Anne’s wedding could not be delayed three weeks, so the only way to outsmart the Crying of the

Banns would be to have the marriage bond issued directly from the Bishop. Luckily, this strategy worked for the young couple and the Bishop of Worcester lawfully approved of the union, delivering a marriage bond to the Episcopal Register of Worcester. However, the names and dates on the bond conflict. First of all, two bonds were issued, one on November 27, 1582 for a “Wm. Shaxpere et Annam Whately” and one on November 28 to a “William Shagspeare and Anne Hathwey.” Though this has given some rise to numerous suspicions, it is widely assumed the name and date difference was probably a clerical error. (Alchin 1).

After the wedding, Anne moved in with William at the family home on Henley Street, where she probably remained until Shakespeare purchased The New Place in 1597.

Shakespeare’s so-called “Lost Years begin after his marriage to Hathaway. Little is known, written or recorded about Shakespeare’s life, save for a land dispute with a neighbor and the christening of daughter Susanna in 1582 and twins Judith and Hamnet three years later.

It is definite he was in London working as an actor by 1592, as he is called an “upstart crow” by Richard Greene in his “Groatsworth of Wit:”

Yes trust them not: for there is an upstart crow, beautified by our feathers, that with his Tygre hart wrapped in a Players hyde, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the rest of you: and beeing an absolute Iohnannes fac totum, is in his owne conceit the onely Shakes-scene in a countrey (Chambers 38-39).

Further evidence suggests he was in London before 1592; namely, the Lord Strange’s Men’s production of Henry VI Pt. I in March of 1592. This places him leaving Stratford as late as 1590-91, and as early as 1585, after or during the christening of his

twins. Because “children can be baptized but not begotten without a father,” an early Stratford departure is possible (Chambers 20).

Why he left Stratford (and Anne and his children), exactly, is unclear. It is also unclear whether his family joined him there. According to Sir Edmund Chambers, “there is no record of (Anne) in London, (but) none in Stratford” either (20). However, son Hamnet’s burial is recorded at Stratford on August 11, 1596, so it is safe to assume that, if Anne ever left at all, she was back in Stratford with her family by then. As for Shakespeare’s reasoning, there is a story that he shot a deer on the property of a nearby lord, and in turn, the need to flee to avoid going to jail, but some scholars believe this story was simply inspired by Falstaff’s plight in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The incident was first documented in 1709 by biographer Nicholas Rowe, though “it has been held that the whole story is nothing but a myth in which has grown up about the passage in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* itself” (Chambers 18).

Another son of Stratford-upon-Avon had moved to London to pursue a career as a printer; perhaps someone he knew achieve success in the big city inspired Shakespeare to try for it himself. Richard Field was only two years older than William, and yet by 1585 had been in London for six years. He grew up on the next street over from Henley Street, and his father was in the leather business, possibly a contemporary or even a rival of John Shakespeare. Whether the two were friends in Stratford is almost definite; Field served as chief publisher of *Venus and Adonis* in 1593, so he and Shakespeare were certainly reacquainted by then.

Regardless of how he got to London, it is evident he was there in order to begin writing *Henry VI* Parts I, II and III by the early 1590s, and was working as an actor by at

least 1593, when he appeared in Edward Peele's *Edward I*. It was common for playwrights of the time to have a patron, men of prominence who supported young writers in their poetic works, much like contemporary writers receive assistance from private sponsors and foundations (Alchin 1). This man was for Shakespeare the Third Earl of Southampton, Henry Wriothesley, whom he even dedicated his *Venus and Adonis* to in 1593.

Though the poem was very well received, Shakespeare turned his attention to playwriting, as it was a more lucrative (though not as well-respected) profession (1). It is safe to assume that through his business deals and theatre ownership and writing, Shakespeare became a very rich man in London. However, none of his income would have come from publishers. Though at the time it was common for playwrights to publish their works, Shakespeare's written text was not made available to the public to read until the publication of the First Folio in 1623. It was, of course, published posthumously. Actors John Hemmings and Henry Condell collected the works and dedicated the collection as a "memorial to the late actor and playwright" (Absolute 1). Shakespeare himself did give authorization for his poems to be published, and in 1599 five of them appeared in the poetry anthology *The Passionate Pilgrime* (1). One of these poems was "A Lover's Complaint":

O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glowed,
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestowed,
O, all that borrowed motion, seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betrayed,
And new pervert a reconciled maid.

Speaking of lovers complaining, one must wonder how Anne Hathaway dealt with being married to a playwright living one hundred miles away. As titillating as the outcast husband leaving his wife for a raucous career in the London theatre scene might have been, it is widely agreed upon that Shakespeare did not abandon his wife and children. Quite the opposite is true actually. The family was well taken care of. Shakespeare purchased “the second largest house in Stratford” in 1597 (Alchin 1). Called the New Place, it cost sixty pounds, was made of brick, and contained two cottages and two barns on the property. He was also a primary stockholder in the Stratford corn and malt business, as documented in 1599, and, in 1602, bought a lavish one hundred and seven acre estate in the Stratford countryside for 320 pounds.

As far as life in London, there are a variety of documents that record Shakespeare’s transits from lodging to lodging, including the 1613 purchase of his own property: “a one hundred and forty pound gatehouse near the Blackfriar’s Theatre” (Alchin 1).

He finally retired in Stratford in 1610. No one event seemed to prompt him to do so; most likely, he simply chose a quiet retirement in his hometown with his wife and children.

In *Acting is Believing*, the authors state that the “each of (the actor’s) portrayals must be a singular creation” from three sources: the given circumstances of the play, the imagination of the actor, and the personal history of the actor (Clark 89). I would assume the same philosophy holds true with writers, and found it important to research Shakespeare’s personal history to see how it influenced the creation of the character of Oliver in *As You Like It*.

Evolution of *As You Like It* and Notable Productions

Though *As You Like It* was first printed in the 1623 First Folio, it is first heard of in 1600 in *The Stationer's Register*; in all probability it was written not long before (Wells 8). In the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century a writer had to be a member of The Stationers' Company register in order to have a book published. Once a writer or publisher acquired membership, he was then required to pay a fee, allowing them minor copyright protection of their work (Wells 173). This procedure proved ineffective, however, as it was common for copies to be made from the "foul papers," (promptbooks for the actor's copied from the playwright's original text). Stagehands would often sit offstage, and follow the action of the play, whispering lines to the actors if need be. If these books were stolen, it was common for them to be plagiarized, and other versions of the play would be produced elsewhere (Alchin 1). Because of the inefficiency of the Stationer's Register, not all writers registered their works, but the list is still a good source as to what was being produced. Though many had been published in *quarto* prior to 1623, the First Folio was the only reliable source for Shakespeare's plays (First 1). *As You Like It* is mentioned in the registry, therefore the date of authorship is probably around 1599.

As You Like It is wholly based on Thomas Lodge's 1590 love story *Rosalynde*, *Euphues Golden Legacy*, which was loosely based on the 14th century poem *The Tale of Gamelyn*. From which, Lodge received the inspiration for most of Oliver's story, including the death of the lord father and bestowment of wealth and estate upon three brothers, the wrestling plot, in which the eldest plans to have the youngest killed, and the

fleeing of the younger to the Forest to escape his brother's wrath (Baldwin 3). The love story at the heart of *Rosalynde* and *As You Like It* was Lodge's own creation.

Though *The Tale of Gamelyn* was included in an 1884 publishing of *The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer*, there is "no sign that Chaucer's own hand was involved with the text" (Knight 1). It is clear in the first stanza of the poem that this is where Lodge drew his inspiration for the Bourdeaux (de Boys) family:

Lithes and listneth and harkeneth aright,
And ye shul here of a doughty knyght;
Sire John of Boundes was his name,
He coude of norture and of mochel game.
Thre sones the knyght had and with his body he wan,
The eldest was a moche schrewe and sone bygan.
His brether loved wel her fader and of hym were agast,
The eldest deserved his faders curs and had it atte last... (Knight 1).

But the fate of Gamelyn (Orlando and Rosader)'s eldest brother differs greatly than that of Oliver and Saladyne: he is attacked by a band of outlaws led by Gamelyn and hanged, and Gamelyn is acquitted of the crime and restored to his rightly place as his father's inheritor. The love story between the eldest brother and Alynda (Aliena), is purely Thomas Lodge's fabric.

Thomas Lodge, born in 1557 and died in 1625, would have been a contemporary of Shakespeare's, as both were probably members of prominent London literary circles. It is unknown what Lodge's thoughts on Shakespeare's adaptation of his work were, but in his *Wit's Misery*, he makes a conspicuous allusion to one the Bard's most famous works:

...the vizard of the ghost which cried so miserably at the Theatre,
like an oyster-wife, "Hamlet, revenge!"

Though Lodge wrote *Rosalynde* in prose, it was not without structure. It utilized the writing style euphuism, quite popular in 1580 England. The euphuistic style was

honed and perfected, though not developed, but still widely attributed to English writer John Lyly, who determined three basic guidelines for euphuistic writing:

1. phrases of equal length that appear in succession
2. the balance of key verbal elements in successive sentences
3. the correspondence of sounds and syllables (Euphuism 1).

In his *Euphues, Anatomy of Wit*, Lyly provides an example of the concept:

It is virtue, yea virtue, gentlemen, that maketh gentlemen; that maketh the poor rich, the base-born noble, the subject a sovereign, the deformed beautiful, the sick whole, the weak strong, the most miserable most happy. There are two principal and peculiar gifts in the nature of man, knowledge and reason; the one commandeth, and the other obeyeth: these things neither the whirling wheel of fortune can change, neither the deceitful cavillings of worldlings separate, neither sickness abate, neither age abolish. (1)

Interestingly, Shakespeare was also influenced by Lyly's principles; Polonius in *Hamlet*, Moth in *Love's Labour's Lost* and Beatrice and Benedick in *Much Ado About Nothing* all speak in euphuistic style (1).

As You Like It, like *Rosalynde*, are both representations of pastoralism, a literary style originated by the Ancient Romans and used by poets such as Virgil. It idealizes "the country life of humble folk, especially shepherds and shepherdesses" (Wells 136), often juxtaposing the "tainted, radically corrupt world of the court or city, of lust for gain and place, of craft and deceit" with the free-spirited, innocent, and fulfilling life of the countryman (Nevo 65). Often, this lifestyle is lauded by characters either living it, such as Duke Senior and Amiens when we first meet them in the forest:

DUKE SENIOR

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

AMIENS

Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style. (II.I)

or wistfully sentimental towards it, as Charles is in Act I:

They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and
a many merry men with him; and there they live like
the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young
gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time
carelessly, as they did in the golden world. (I.I)

Even at the cusp of exile, Celia sees the benefits of a pastoral lifestyle, telling Rosalind:

... Now we go in content,
To liberty and not to banishment. (I.III)

As does Oliver, converted by the love of Celia: "and here live and die a shepherd." (V.II).

Shakespeare also used the pastoral device in *The Winter's Tale*, and to some effect, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but not as wholly as in *As You Like It*.

In terms of performance, though it was certainly popular with Elizabethan audiences, there is little record of productions of the play before 1669. However, the very title alone suggests it was a crowd pleaser. In fact, George Bernard Shaw surmises that the title clues us in to Shakespeare's own feelings toward the play, written perhaps just to

please the masses; hence, “as *you* like it,” but maybe not the way Shakespeare would have wanted it. He considered it a “snub” to the audience (Strout 199). Indeed, Nathaniel Strout brands *As You Like It* as a play of “thematic oppositions,” noting fortune vs. nature, court vs. country, eldest vs. youngest, nature vs. nurture and male vs. female, among others; perhaps author vs. audience is another juxtaposition to add to the list (199). Countering this, however, is the introductory remark “if you like it, so...” in Lodge’s text, giving rise to the argument that Shakespeare did not have as much disdain for the play as Shaw theorized (Mabillard 1).

In 1723, highlights from the play appeared in Charles Johnson’s *Love in a Forest* at Drury Lane. In Margaret Maurer’s essay “Facing the Music in Arden,” she describes Johnson “plundering” speeches from other plays- *Richard II*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Love’s Labour’s Lost* and *Twelfth Night*, which would, it seems, be akin to the modern musical revue, in which songs from musicals are taken out of context and performed in a show as a compilation (Maurer 480). The original text of *Love in a Forest* can still be found in such anthologies as *As You Like It from 1600 to the Present*, edited by Edward Tamarken, and can only be described as a complete butchery of the Shakespeare original. It is unclear what the reasoning was behind Johnson’s need to rewrite the play, but the effect of the play takes on a melodramatic air to it in Johnson’s reworking; perhaps to cater to the tastes of the times, like Jonathan Larson’s *Rent* to Puccini’s *La Boheme*. Regardless, it is terrible, described by Stanley Wells as simply “odd” (Wells 9).

In it, it is not Oliver who is found under the oak, but Robert de Bois (Shakespeare’s middle son and the little-seen Jaques de Boys). *Robert* is rescued by Orlando from the lioness and relays the story of the bloody napkin to Rosalind and Celia.

He then reports the news of his older brother Oliver, not heard from since the play's opening: "He died convicted of most foul designs... and fell a martyr to his own misdoings" (Johnson 121). To which Celia replies moralistically, "we hide our deeds from Heaven and as children do their eyes from daylight, and because we see not" (122). There is no love story between Robert and Celia. The melancholy Jaques serves as a match for Celia instead. Unfortunately, this bastardized version is the first recorded performance of the play.

Finally, in 1740, Charles Macklin revived it on Drury Lane, reverting back to the original, complete text (Wells 9).

1936, 1950, and 1961 saw three long-running productions starring Edith Evans, Katherine Hepburn and Vanessa Redgrave, respectively. The 1950 Broadway production achieved the most longevity of the three with 145 performances (*As You Like It* 1).

Kenneth Branagh directed a much-anticipated televised version for HBO, set in 19th century Japan. It starred Bryce Dallas Howard and Kevin Kline, and was released in 2007. The part of Oliver, played by Adrian Lester, was significantly cut in Branagh's version, particularly his opening scene with Orlando. Interestingly, Lester "dazzlingly" played Rosalind in an all-male production by the "radical and innovative" theatre group Cheek by Jowl in 1991 (Jamieson 645).

Synopsis of *As You Like It*

The play begins at the home of Oliver de Boys, eldest brother to Orlando and Jaques. Their father, Sir Rowland, has died prior to the beginning of the play and has left instructions in his will divvying up his estate. While the vast majority has been placed in

the hands of Oliver, Sir Rowland gives clear-cut direction to use his wealth to care for Orlando and Jaques accordingly. Jaques, the middle brother, is “kept at school” while Orlando is made to be little more than a servant.

After some time living in this “servitude,” Orlando decides he “will no longer endure it” and rebels against his “bloody brother,” going as far as to grab his neck in anger. Fearing Orlando’s new-found courage, Oliver decides to “physic (his) rankness” and employs the assistance of Duke Frederick’s chief wrestler, Charles. Charles is set to wrestle Orlando in the Duke’s court later that afternoon, so Oliver warns Charles of Orlando’s treachery:

I'll tell thee, Charles:
it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full
of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's
good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against
me his natural brother: therefore use thy
discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck
as his finger. (I.I).

He cautions Charles that if he does not kill Orlando, Orlando will surely kill him. Charles promises to “give (Orlando) his payment” and leaves to ready for the fight.

Now alone, Oliver reveals to the audience the reason for his contempt. Though he claims he “hates nothing more than he,” he admits he “know(s) not why.” There appears to be doubt in Oliver’s intentions, which Oliver seems to quell soon enough, informing the audience that “this wrestler shall clear all.”

Meanwhile, at the palace, it is revealed that Duke Frederick, in an interesting reversal of the primogeniture endured by Orlando, has recently usurped his brother Duke Senior and exiled him to the Forest of Arden. Duke Senior’s daughter, Rosalind is allowed to remain in the court only because of her relationship with her cousin, Duke

Frederick's daughter Celia. Celia will do anything for Rosalind, and assures her that though her father is banished, Rosalind will always be taken care of, through Celia:

You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. (I.II)

Her cousin's devotion brightens Rosalind's spirits, and the two have a lighthearted conversation about love. It is in this scene that one of *As You Like It's* themes, Fortune versus Nature, as well as Rosalind and Celia's friend, the clown Touchstone, are introduced:

ROSALIND

Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE

CELIA

No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

ROSALIND

Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

CELIA

Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's... (I.II)

At the wrestling match, Rosalind meets Orlando, and the attraction is instant. She understands the odds as well as he does, and pleads with Orlando to let Celia and her

implore to the Duke to cancel the match. Orlando valiantly declines the offer, and

Rosalind wishes him well:

ORLANDO

I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that was willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

ROSALIND

The little strength that I have, I would it were with you....
...Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

To the court's astonishment, Orlando not only defeats Charles, he pulverizes him, so much that "he cannot speak." Duke Frederick is most impressed with the "gallant youth" until he discovers Orlando's identity of the son of Rowland de Boys. Suddenly, his tone changes, and he informs Orlando that he wished "thou had been son to some man else."

Celia and Rosalind then "go thank (Orlando) and encourage him," with Rosalind giving him a necklace. Orlando is tongue-tied and laments to the audience, "Can I not say thank you?" but no matter, it is clear Orlando and Rosalind have fallen in love, which Rosalind reveals to Celia: "Let me love him for that and do you love him because I do" (I. IV).

Frederick enters hastily, and for no other reason than "that people praise her for her virtues and pity her for her father's misfortune" banishes Rosalind in the fashion of her father. Ever loyal, Celia defies her father and agrees to flee with her beloved cousin.

Celia has the idea “to seek (her) uncle in the Forest of Arden” and the two decide to go incognito: Rosalind as “Jove’s own (male) page” Ganymede, and Celia as his sister, Aliena. Because “he go along o’er the wide world with (Celia),” the two decide to bring along the clownish fool Touchstone as a “comfort to (their) travel.”

Orlando returns to his house to find his old friend and tutor, Adam, who warns the “unhappy youth” of Oliver’s plans to “burn the lodging where you use to lie and you within it,” calling the house a “butchery.” Adam urges Orlando “to go on” and leave the court, and he promises he “will follow thee to the last gasp with truth and loyalty.”

Frederick is furious when he learns of his daughter’s disappearance, and when Oliver reports to him that Orlando, too is missing, the Duke deduces they must be together and orders Oliver to find his brother “whereso’er he is.” Thus, Rosalind, Celia, Touchstone, Orlando, Adam and Oliver have all entered the Forest of Arden.

It is in the Forest that the “gentle duke” Senior is living a quiet, contemplative life in the manner of Robin Hood. He is joined by various lords from the court, also living in “voluntary exile;” among them, the musical Amiens and the melancholy Jacques, who laments, among other things, the shooting of a deer. Orlando finds them during supper and commands them to “eat no more.” He takes Jacques captive and demands food. Senior is unshaken by this rash display and welcomes him: “sit down and feed and welcome to our table.” Orlando apologizes, admitting he assumed “all things were savage” in the forest. Orlando tells the Duke of Adam, and Senior immediately tells him to, “go find him out, and we will nothing waster till your return.”

When Orlando leaves, Senior informs Jacques that they are not the only ones who have been dealt misfortune, to which Jacques famously answers:

JAQUES

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. (II. VII)

As if on cue, two of Jacques' "stages of man enter:" the lover carrying the pantaloon, as Orlando helps Adam into the clearing. Senior generously feeds the two weary travelers and beseeches Orlando, "good Sir Rowland's son," to "be truly welcome here.

In another part of the forest, Rosalind and Celia have purchased a small cottage from a shepherd. It is here that Orlando meets Rosalind as Ganymede. It is clear Orlando is lovesick, and Ganymede and Aliena, claiming to be experts on the subject, offer to school him on the matter. The lessons, however, are craftily disguised as curative

measures; Orlando thinks Rosalind is still a member of the court and therefore unattainable, therefore enlists Rosalind to “cure” him:

ROSALIND

Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO

Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND

Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me... (III.II)

In another part of the forest, Touchstone has taken up with one of the locals, the wench Audrey, simple in nature and yet bountiful in affection:

AUDREY

I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

TOUCHSTONE

Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! (III.III)

Another set of lovers is now introduced in the shepherds Silvius and Phebe. Silvius can only be described as pitiful and lovesick, and his devotion to Phebe only drives her away. When Rosalind, as Ganymede, overhears Phebe chastising the “wretched youth,” she chastises her, deploring her treatment of Silvius, as he is the best she could ever get (III.V). Just as Silvius’s affection has the opposite effect on Phebe, Ganymede’s hostility only makes Phebe pine away for him (her). When Ganymede rejects him, Phebe decides to “write him a very taunting letter,” and enlists Silvius to deliver it (III.V). Having been thrown a bone, Silvius is all too happy to oblige: “Phebe, with all my heart!” (III.V).

At another love lesson, Orlando and Ganymede's bantering deepens, and they ask Aliena to marry them. To her chagrin, she agrees:

ROSALIND

Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?
Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us.
Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

ORLANDO

Pray thee, marry us.

CELIA

I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND

You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando--'

CELIA

Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORLANDO

I will.

ROSALIND

Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

ORLANDO

I take thee, Rosalind, for wife. (IV.I)

Orlando leaves, but promises to return to his "Rosalind" in two hours. When he breaks his promise, Rosalind is alarmed, but Celia assures him he has simply fallen asleep. Silvius appears with the letter from Phebe and presents it to Ganymede. Seeing Silvius's desire for Phebe, Rosalind instructs him to go to her and instruct her that "if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her" (IV.III)

Ganymede and Aliena are then joined by a man looking for a "sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive trees" (IV.III). Aliena is immediately taken by the stranger, and he

deduces by the physical description he was given of the owners of the house that he has found them. He tells them Orlando has sent them, presents Ganymede with a bloody napkin and relays a fantastical story to explain why Orlando missed his date with “the shepherd youth he doth in sport call his Rosalind” (IV.III)

The man had fallen asleep under a tree, and Orlando stumbled upon him, recognizing the man as his brother Oliver and noticing a snake that had coiled itself around the man’s neck. But Orlando startled the snake, and it slithered away under a bush, awakening a lioness asleep there. The lioness, famished from nursing her young, prepared to attack the sleeping man, but Orlando wrestled it, and “quickly the lioness fell before him” (IV.III). In the excitement of the story, the man revealed himself to be the brother whom Orlando rescued, and Aliena, having heard story’s of Oliver’s intentions to kill Orlando, making her recoil from the stranger.

Oliver immediately assures her he has changed:

OLIVER

'Twas I; but 'tis not I I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am. (IV.III)

Having recaptured Aliena’s audience, he goes on to explain that he and Orlando were reunited, and the “gentle Duke” “commit(ed) (him) unto (his) brother’s love,” but he was wounded in the battle with the lion, and sent Oliver to present it to Ganymede as proof (IV.III). Hearing this (and seeing the blood), she faints raising suspicions in Oliver’s mind. Though she claims she faked the faint, Oliver does not buy it, and the audience sees his doubt in her identity.

Audrey and Touchstone’s relationship is still going strong, even when Audrey tries to make him jealous by her bumpkin suitor William. But William cannot match wits

with Touchstone, and the clown wins out in impressing his lady.

Orlando is in disbelief over Oliver's sudden decent into the throes of love:

ORLANDO

Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you
should like her? that but seeing you should love
her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should
grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her? (V.II)

Oliver promises him his love for Aliena is true, relinquishing all rights to Sir Rowland's estate to Orlando, content to "live and die a shepherd" with his true love, and asking Orlando's consent to marry (V.II). Orlando of course gives it, and is joined by Ganymede. Inspired by Oliver and Aliena's sudden love, Orlando tells Ganymede the charade must end: "I can live no longer by thinking" (V.II). Seeing he is earnest, Ganymede tells him Rosalind will marry him the next day, also promising Phebe that if Ganymede marries a woman, it will be her the next day as well, but if not, Phebe must marry Silvius. The four agree.

The next day, at the wedding, Rosalind and Celia reveal their true selves and the god of marriage, Hymen, marry the four couples: Rosalind and Orlando, Celia and Oliver, Phebe and Silvius and Touchstone and Audrey. Jaques de Boys, the "second son of Old Sir Rowland" arrives and delivers news that Duke Frederick has retired to the country, content to live the contemplative life of a hermit. Seeing the value in that, the melancholy Jaques goes to live with Frederick, bequeathing:

To DUKE SENIOR

You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

To ORLANDO

You to a love that your true faith doth merit:

To OLIVER

You to your land and love and great allies:
To SILVIUS

You to a long and well-deserved bed:
To TOUCHSTONE

And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. (V.IV)

Duke Senior celebrates the happy unions by commissioning a wedding dance, which all partake in joyous reverie.

Elizabethans and the Custom of Primogeniture

Primogeniture is described by *Encyclopedia Britannica* as “preference in inheritance that is given by law, custom, or usage to the eldest son... The motivation for such a practice has usually been to keep the estate of the deceased, or some part of it, whole and intact” (Primogeniture 1).

In Shakespeare’s England, “male primogeniture is the rule,” as stated simply and with finality by Maggie Secara, in her comprehensive reference guide, “A Compendium of Common Knowledge: Elizabethan Commonplaces for Writers, Actors and Re-Enactors” (1). But in truth, while primogeniture was the social custom for Elizabethan families, it was a yielding one, and its flexibility ultimately gave its practitioners a choice.

Take for example the addition of the issue of sex. Dictated that the eldest receive dominance over the estate, primogeniture rarely allowed that a daughter receive inheritance rights. But again, there were exceptions; Shakespeare’s own mother Mary was the sole inheritor to her father’s will, giving Shakespeare firsthand exposure to the flexibility of primogeniture.

This flexibility is where Shakespeare differs from Lodge as well. In *Rosalynde*, Sir John Bourdreaux chooses to ignore primogeniture, leaving his estate not entirely to the eldest Saladyne, but to all three brothers. And in this refusal to follow the primogeniture practice do we find Saladyne's motive, simple and clear. In twenty-first century relations, I will akin it to three brothers: one sixteen, one fourteen, one twelve. It is a rite of passage when an adolescent gets his license, his parents usually reward him with a car. Not all families of course, but for the majority of those fortunate enough and able to usually do. If the eldest turns 16 and receives a used, beat-up '98 Cavalier and the youngest, not old enough to drive even, receives a 2008 Scion, the oldest is going to be upset, and perhaps rightfully so. This example is in microcosm of course but relates the idea of how not only the disregard for primogeniture, but the reversal of it, could have damaging effects on a son accustomed to expect it. Grant it, a civilized person does not resolve to kill their younger brother with the Scion, but the example is there.

When Sir John bestows upon Rosader more land and love than he gives to Saladyne, Saladyne is enraged and the inciting incident for *Rosalynde* is born. But just as Sir John ignores the primogeniture Saladyne thought would be in his favor, Saladyne, when Sir John dies, ignores his father's will, and the inciting incident is established:

What man thy Father is dead, and hee can neither helpe thy fortunes, nor measure thy actions: therefore, burie his words with his carkasse, and bee wise for thy selfe. (1)

Sir Rowland follows the custom as it was established, leaving Oliver in charge of his wealth, will and estate. This does not prove that Oliver was better loved, but that Sir Rowland trusted Oliver to care for his brothers accordingly. Again, primogeniture was not meant to disrespect the younger siblings; the "youth" were deemed by society as too

immature to handle such matters (Montrose 93). Louis Montrose quotes a 1563 article by The Statute of Artificers:

Until a man grow unto the age of twenty-four years he... is wild,
without judgment and not of sufficient experience to govern himself (93).

Youth, as established by the Elizabethans were typically anyone falling between “the sexual maturity at about fifteen and marriage at about twenty-six” (93).

To be clear, I am not using primogeniture as a way of explaining away Oliver’s actions, as my title might suggest. My title is a play on the adage “the devil made me do it,” and is meant to reflect the search for reasoning behind one man’s villainy; a search many have found futile, hence the blaming of the devil. But I feel it necessary to study primogeniture as it motivates the conflict between Orlando and Oliver. And while it is a psychological issue plaguing Orlando and Oliver’s relationship, primogeniture is indirectly related. But it is related, nonetheless, providing Oliver with an *opportunity* to carry out his intentions with his brother.

Primogeniture seemed to have arisen around the 13th century, and continued until the late 17th century (Cooley 1). Its main purpose was to keep large estates undivided, as would happen if numerous heirs were allowed to take control of a piece of property (1). Though utilized throughout Europe, it was particularly popular in England, perhaps because of the English obsession with a class system. Social order dictated Elizabethan life and continued to do so until the Gilded Age ended in the early twentieth century. Much as royal vs. commoner, master vs. servant and educated vs. illiterate were part of the daily society in England in 1599, such was the dictation within the familial structure. In short, primogeniture allowed for a class system within the family, pitting eldest vs. youngest, far surpassing the understood and necessary parent vs. child. Ironically, as

stated in an earlier section, *As You Like It* is a play about oppositions, and it cannot be a coincidence that its very conflict arises out a procedure that automatically pits brother against brother.

It is very possible that *As You Like It*, at least Orlando and Oliver and Frederick and Senior's subplots, is a commentary on primogeniture. It was a problem between siblings in Elizabethan England. Lawrence Stone reports:

...the prime factor affecting all families which owned property was ... primogeniture. (It) went far to determine the behaviour and character of both parents and children, and to govern the relationship between siblings (Montrose 84).

It was the not the practice itself that hurt fraternal relationships, but the abuse of it (84). Indeed, Sir Rowland is innocent in bequeathing his estate to Oliver, whom in turn misuses the power and perverts the trust. According to Orlando, Sir Rowland "charg'd my brother on his Blessing to breed me well" and yet contends that Oliver's "horses are bred better" (I.I)

Joan Thirsk reports a mass denouncement of the practice by younger Elizabethans and those sympathetic to their plight, citing a "literature of protest by and for younger sons" (Montrose 85). Among those is Thomas Wilson, a 16th century writer, (and younger son) who argues:

(An English landowner) cannot give a foot of land to his younger children in inheritance, unless it be by lease for 21 years or for 3 lives, (or unless his land be socage tenure whereof there is little, or gavelkind, such as is only in one province, in Kent) or else be purchased by himself and not descended . . . but such a fever hectic hath custom brought in and inured amongst fathers, and such fond desire they have to leave a great shew of the stock of their house, though the branches be withered, that they will not do it, but my elder brother forsooth must be my master. He must have all. (Cooley 1).

Interestingly, Wilson's analysis was published in 1600, around the time of *As You Like*

It's debut, encapsulating the idea of theatre for social change.

Even Jacques gets behind the cause in Act II, “(railing) against all the first born of Egypt” (II.V).

But Orlando makes the most stunning case in his simple imploration to Oliver:

I know
you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle
condition of blood, you should so know me. The
courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that
you are the first-born; but the same tradition
takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers
betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as
you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is
nearer to his reverence. (I.I)

Perhaps the hostility between the brothers Frederick and Senior provides another argument against primogeniture, but not in the same vein as the de Boys boys. As the younger, Frederick does not allow himself the misfortune custom has dealt him, and therefore claims his own fate, violently usurping his kind brother and banishing him from the court. This might be a warning as to what the inheritance practice could drive the younger brothers to do in revolution. Similar action is taken by the younger Antonio against the elder Prospero in *The Tempest*.

As You Like It is not the only Shakespeare play to debate the subject of primogeniture. Perhaps the one with the most dire consequence is *Titus Andronicus*, in Titus must between two sons to inherit his title, the eldest, as tradition suggests, or the youngest, as merit advises? In the end, primogenitary reasoning wins out, and the well-being of the kingdom suffer for it.

The main argument against primogeniture is that it often left the younger sons to fend for themselves with little or no training or skill:

The contrast was too sharp between the life of an elder son, whose fortune was made for him by his father, and who has nothing to do but maintain and perhaps augment it, and that of the younger sons who faced a life of hard and continuous effort, starting from almost nothing (Montrose 86).

This reality is what forces Orlando into “servitude” by his brother. Because he is “not taught to make anything,” his only future is that of a beggar, which Oliver understands and uses against him when he asks for the thousand crowns his father allotted him:

ORLANDO

... give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLIVER

And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that is spent? (I.I)

As stated above, the delineation between a “youth” and a “man” seemed to occur around the age of twenty-four, much older than today’s standards, which seems odd. But as discovered when researching Shakespeare’s biography, the English age of consent to marry was twenty-one, four years older than the age of consent today. Keith Thomas in his “Age and Authority” describes the Elizabethan’s need to “prolong the period of legal and social infancy” by employing a “sustained drive to subordinate persons in their teens and early twenties and delay their equal participation in the adult world” (Montrose 94). This need to keep the birds in their nests, while seemingly sentimental in an “I don’t want my baby to grow up” way, was more likely, according to Thomas, an attempt to quell an ever-growing population by the delaying marriage; without the ability to support oneself, one would surely not be able to support a family (Montrose 94).

Perhaps, for the sake of my process, Oliver was a proponent of this theory. That the burgeoning population was in danger of burdening England’s limited resources to

support itself with, and by allowing only one of his brothers to elevate himself to a position to marry, he was quietly doing his part. Keeping Orlando at home and “prolonging his youth” was a contribution toward the economy of England. Interestingly, Shakespeare would have experienced this “prolonged youth” in his own life. His brothers Richard and Edmund, victims of timing and therefore unable to receive the education William did, never married. Richard, even, remained at home his entire life.

In Act IV, Oliver discards the idea of economic aid and “commit(s) (himself) unto (his) brother’s love” (V.II). Possible.

The controversy surrounding the primogenitary principle would have been understood by the Elizabethan audience; surely many would have had experienced this “social degradation” firsthand, providing automatic identification with Orlando (Montrose 88). As a social commentary, *As You Like It* clearly demonstrates through to the youngest born of England that the ability to rise above one’s Nature, therefore forging their own Fortune, was possible. In the end, Oliver rejects the principle:

... it shall be to your good; for my father’s house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland’s, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd (IV.II).

In a stunning reversal, Oliver asks for Orlando’s consent in marrying Aliena, solidifying their newfound bond as equals and destroying societal convention. Orlando achieves this through forgiveness, mercy, and love, a message that would’ve been all-too-clear for Shakespeare’s audience.

Literary Influences for the Character of Oliver de Boys

Oliver and Cain

According to the Book of Genesis, in the King James Bible, the story of Cain and Abel goes like this:

And Adam knew Eve his wife; and she conceived, and bare Cain, and said, I have gotten a man from the Lord. And she again bare his brother Abel. And Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground. And in process of time it came to pass, that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering: But unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell. And the Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door. And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him. And Cain talked with Abel his brother: Cain said to his brother Abel, "Let's go out to the field." And while they were in the field, Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him. And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper? And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand; When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth. And Cain said unto the Lord, My punishment is greater than I can bear. Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth; and it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me. And the Lord said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him. And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden. And Cain knew his wife; and she conceived, and bare Enoch: and he builded a city,

and called the name of the city, after the name of his son,
Enoch.

Genesis 4:1-17

This short passage outlines for the Christian world the first murder ever committed. By showcasing jealousy, rivalry, and pride, it also introduces the concept of the motivation behind sin, rather than the previous incitement by temptation. It is these provocations that incite Oliver to his intentions as well.

The inspiration for Oliver in Cain is obvious; both are brothers fueled by rivalry and jealousy toward a brother deemed (in Cain's case, by the Lord, in Saladyne's, by his father, in Oliver's, by his own insecurity) in some way superior to them. Both are also elder brothers who plot against a younger brother. Some Biblical scholars contend that Cain and Abel were actually twins, while others, citing Midrashic tradition as a source, claim Cain and Abel actually had twins of their own, whom they were supposed to marry. Abel's was more beautiful, therefore Cain killed Abel in order to claim his betrothed for himself (Cain 1). Whatever the source, jealousy and rivalry appear to be the primary motives of Cain.

In terms of age, the Bible only says that Eve had Cain first; this could have been minutes or years apart. Like Genesis Chapter One's "day," it is vague. Regardless, it is clear Cain was elder to Abel.

Interestingly, the respective storytellers denounce both Oliver and Cain's motives as unnecessary right away. When the Lord sees Cain is visibly upset over His rejection of the offering, He asks him, "Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door." In it is both an assurance and a warning: it's okay, get over it, for if you don't,

something bad could happen. The Lord does not want Cain's offering, but explains it is not a reflection on Cain's love for Him, nor an indication of Cain's worth.

Similarly, Oliver's motives are un-called for. Primogeniture has awarded him the power over his father's estate and his brothers' well being; why does he need to keep Orlando down? Why does he need to kill him? Louis Montrose brands the villains of *As You Like It* as "insecure and ineffectual" (Montrose 96). Clearly, ineffectuality is where Oliver and Cain differ, but insecurity is not.

Cain's pride is wounded when the Lord chooses Abel's offering of lamb over his. It is not a competition, and yet Cain views it as one. By choosing Abel over him, diminishes his self-worth. "Self" is the key here, and now Cain must prove to himself he still maintains power over Abel, making him superior.

This preservation of power is what precisely drives Oliver into action as well. Until then, by keeping Orlando "unkept," "untrained," marring "that which God hath made," Oliver retains control over allowing Orlando's right to become a gentleman. By barring Orlando's emergence into adulthood, Oliver achieves two things: the satisfaction of having power over his brother, and the prevention of potential equality between the two. Or beyond that, the possibility of Orlando surpassing Oliver in worth and merit, as Abel does with Cain.

In his only soliloquy with the audience, Oliver reveals that this feasibility scares him:

Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned, full of noble device;
of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and; indeed, so much in the heart of the
world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am
altogether misprized. (I.I)

Like Abel, Orlando is deemed more worthy by general consensus, and this

infuriates Oliver; thus, in this monologue, the intention to kill is solidified: “I hope I shall see an end of him” (I.I). He then sets off to “kindle the boy thither” (I.I) as does Cain: “Let’s go out to the field” (Genesis 4:9).

When the Lord asks Cain where Abel is, Cain famously replies, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” (4:11) In Cain’s denial, he denounces the idea of being his “brother’s keeper,” but it is this idea that Oliver seems to need to hold onto. He is content keeping Orlando in servitude; it is when Orlando rebels, claiming he “will no longer endure” Oliver’s subordination of him, Oliver fearing revolution and its subsequent loss of control, decides the only way to stop him is to kill him. In this, Cain’s decision seems more impulsive and emotion-based, whereas Oliver’s seems like a defense.

Back to the idea of the brother’s keeper, is interesting to note that when Sir Rowland died, primogeniture dictated Oliver’s inheritance of the wealth and estate, but also transitioned him unto the father figure in the family, catapulting him from peer to master, perhaps unwittingly. Fortune gave Oliver this responsibility; clearly Oliver was not ready for it. Louis Montrose in his superb essay “Social Process and Comic Form” cites this as another problem with primogeniture: “Primogeniture... simultaneously... conflates the generations in the person of the elder brother and blocks the generational passage of the younger brother” (91).

In Act II, Adam says this of Oliver:

Your brother, no, no brother, yet the son-
Yet not the son, I will not call him son-
(II.II)

Though in context, Adam uses this as a denouncement of Oliver’s character, it also illustrates my point. Oliver’s identity within the familial structure is now blurred. He

is a brother and a son, and yet no longer a brother and a son, he is now forced to be a father. If he is not ready to assume this duty, his reluctance could turn into resentment, which of course would bleed into his brother. Therefore resentment becomes an important motive behind Oliver, as it is twice-fostered: once, towards Orlando's qualities, and again, at having become Orlando's "keeper." This reluctance can be seen in Oliver's decision to give it back to Orlando when he asks for Orlando's consent to marry Celia. He reverses his duty and restores them to a place of equality.

When the deed is done, Cain is punished by the Lord by banishment, but does not appear to be remorseful for his actions, worrying only that "everyone that findeth me will slayeth me" (4:15). However, in the Koran's version, Cain regrets and repents: "He said: Woe unto me! Am I not able to be as this raven and so hide my brother's naked corpse? And he became repentant" (5:31). Cain's repentance comes later.

It is interesting that both Cain and Oliver are subsequently banished by their "lords" after the murder and potential murder of their brothers. The Lord banishes Cain as punishment, and Frederick banishes Oliver until he can find Orlando. During this banishment is where both are repented: the Lord forgives Cain, and blesses him with wives and children and a city, and Orlando forgives Oliver and blesses him a wife and friends.

I truly believe all emotion is derived from vulnerability, that it is the most valuable tool to employ in a character. Cain is hurt by the Lord's rejection. This is evident by the Lord's description of Cain's reaction: "Why is your countenance fallen?" This implies, literally, a long face.

To me, this hurt is understandable. Even as a child, I never understood the Cain

and Abel story. We are taught, even as children, that a quarter in the offering plate is as important as a dollar, especially if a quarter is all one has. Cain was a farmer and Abel was a shepherd. They each offered what they had. For the Lord to reject one over the other is unfair.

Oliver's anger, too, stems from his hurt, and that is where the audience sees his humanity. At my original audition, Jim Helsinger, Artistic Director at the Orlando Shakespeare Theater, told me that the above passage is where the audience gets to see Oliver's heart. Interesting that it is the only time the audience is directly spoken to by Oliver as well.

Bernard Spivak says the "soliloquized profession of hate, no matter what the reason, marks the Elizabethan stage villain" in *The Allegory of Evil* (Spivak 447). I hope to have achieved a level of duality with this monologue: doubt and conviction, anger and hurt, confidence and vulnerability, and villain and human.

Oliver and Saladyne

A summary of *Rosalynde* is not necessary since Shakespeare followed the story quite faithfully, but a few interesting changes were made, particularly between Saladyne and Oliver's subplot. Again, for the sake of my research, I have only included those differences directly affecting Oliver and his primary relationships.

Sir John Bourdeaux (Sir Rowland de Boys) is alive at the beginning of the play, and, in a fashion similar to King Lear, quite lengthily bequeaths his estate to his sons verbally:

First therefore vnto thee SALADYNE the eldest, and therefore the chief pillar of my house, wherein should be ingrauen as well the excellence of

thy fathers qualities, as the essentiall forme of his proportion, to thee I giue foureteene ploughlands, with all my Mannor houses and richest plate. Next vnto FERNANDYNE I bequeath twelue ploughlands. But vnto ROSADER the yongest I giue my Horse, My Armour and my Launce, with sixteene ploughlands: for if the inward thoughts be discouered by outward shadowes, ROSADER will exceed you all in bountie and honour. Thus (my Sonnes) haue I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth. . . (Lodge 1)

Shunning the social custom of primogeniture, Sir John leaves the eldest, Saladyne, only fourteen ploughlands, as opposed to Rosader's sixteen. Furthermore, Sir John blatantly claims Rosader as his favorite, the Cordelia to his Lear. This automatically gives Saladyne a motive: jealousy because of the land and resentment because of the love. This would be especially painful as the socially accepted practice of primogeniture dictated that the first-born receive the bulk, if not all, of the estate. Therefore, Sir John's blatant rejection of this practice would have been seen as a direct slap in the face to Saladyne. Oliver, on the other hand, is given what is "rightfully" his, and is instructed to raise Orlando with it accordingly (Montrose 89). He chooses not to "honor his father's will"; therefore his motive is unclear, which Oliver himself admits: "for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he" (I.I).

"Shakespeare darkens (Lodge's) heroes and lightens his villains" which deepens the characters (Best 1). While Orlando does grab Oliver's throat in Scene I, it is only after being highly provoked, and is seen as a gesture of desperation: "you shall hear me" becomes a plea rather than a command, creating sympathy for Orlando (I.I). Lodge's Rosader resorts to violence more freely, attacking Oliver with a rake. Lodge also has Orlando killing some of Oliver's henchmen, which Shakespeare eliminates (Best 1). Indeed, in the Orlando Shakespeare Theater production, the director had to numerously

caution the actor playing Orlando not to get too violent with me too quickly. He did not want the audience to view Orlando as a volatile youth who uses his brawn to get what he wants; in turn, making him a less sympathetic hero.

Frederick's villainy, too, is eased. Shakespeare has him banish only Rosalind, with Celia choosing to go, whereas Lodge has him casting out his own daughter (Best 1). Also, the end of the play has Frederick, as related by the de Boys middle brother, giving up his cause and retiring to the country to live as a hermit, relinquishing all land and power back to their rightful owners.

Having old Adam present for the brothers' first interchange not only gives Orlando a sympathetic companion, it shows that Oliver's contempt does not stop at Orlando. True, Adam has served Sir Rowland's family "from seventeen years to almost fourscore" (II.III) but now is chided by Oliver as an "old dogge" (I.I). In his essay "Social Process and Comic Form," Louis Montrose also stresses the importance of Adam's presence as it tightens the theme of "elder vs. younger," now in reverse with Oliver and Adam as opposed to Oliver and Orlando. Thus, it is Oliver and Frederick's oppression of the elders (Duke Senior, in a reversal of primogeniture, is elder to Frederick) that cause the elders to "ally themselves with Orlando's youth" (Montrose 96). And Duke Senior "assumes the role of Orlando's patron" (96):

Give me your hand
And let me all your fortunes understand. (II.VII)

Ironically, Senior shows this paternal affection towards Oliver later "giving (him) fresh array, entertainment, committing (him) unto (his) brother's love" (IV.III).

Finally, Shakespeare gave far less attention to the romance between Oliver and Aliena than Lodge did with Saladyne and Alynda. In traditional pastoral literature, the

convention of the dual plotline was common, and while Shakespeare utilized plenty of subplots, the relationship between Orlando and Rosalind remain at the core of the story. In *Rosalynde*, Alynda and Saladyne's story is just as front burner. An incident even occurs where Alynda and Ganymede are attacked by outlaws, and Orlando and Oliver, reunited as brothers, fend them off, saving the women's lives. This gives "a more plausible reason for the subsequent love of Alynda and Saladyne than the simple pastoral love at first sight reason given in Shakespeare" (Best 1):

All while that Saladyne spake, Ganymede lookt earnestly upon him, and said; Trulie Rosader, this Gentleman favours you much in the feature of your face. No mervaile (quoth hee) gentle Swaine, for tis my eldest brother Saladyne. Your Brother? quoth Aliena (& with that she blusht) he is the more welcome... (Lodge 3).

CHAPTER THREE: A STRUCTURAL ANALYSIS

*“And though I had no idea where we were,
I pointed to the patch of trees.
We should, I told him, walk that way.”
Michael Chabon “My Brother’s Keeper”*

Director’s Concept

From the beginning of the rehearsal process, the director identified two levels of existing in his *As You Like It*: the harsh, violent reality of the Court, and the sanctity of the “If” of imagination. Like Stanislavski’s principle, the minute Orlando, Oliver, Adam, Rosalind, Touchstone, and Celia escape Duke Frederick’s wrath to Arden, the action of the play becomes the “what if” of Rosalind’s mind.

This was physically shown onstage with a trunk. During the prologue, conceived and added to this production by the director, Duke Senior is banished by Oliver and Frederick when he prevents the stoning of three women for dancing. Touchstone is bound, presumably imprisoned for laughing, forbidden in the Court. Rosalind releases him and he delivers the prologue, taken from the moral he delivers to his “Seven Replies” story in Act V: “Your If, is the only peace-maker: much virtue in if.”

Rosalind then records this in her journal and hides it in the trunk, automatically establishing the trunk as salvation from the court and the gateway to her imagination.

Later, according to the director, in a retreat from the treachery of the Court, the six principles will literally “drop down into Rosalind’s imagination, a fantastical world where all those elements that were restricted in the repressive real world of the Court, are released visually, emotionally, and intellectually” (McLeary 1). With Celia’s Act I proclamation, “to liberty and not to banishment,” each of the six characters are seen

making the decision to escape oppression, and in some cases, death, by succumbing to the “If” of Rosalind’s imagination and physically climbing into the trunk, closing the lid behind them.

Oliver is the last to do this, after his Act II banishment by Frederick. The minute the trunk door closes, the Court is whisked away, and the Forest of Arden literally falls into place.

The director further describes Arden metaphorically as:

Arden is where imagination comes to physical life. What happens to real world restrictions, extremism, fundamentalism, dress, speech, and thought in the If of Arden where there are no religious or gender-specific limitations or judgments or consequences? I don’t imagine the Arden elements are “westernized,” but they are enfreedoming, revealing, driven by choice, personality, and weather (McLeary 2).

Physically, Arden is the oasis to the Court’s desert. This analogy is especially apropos due to this production’s setting of the Middle East. The colors are vibrant, warm and rich. Representing the idea of imagination becoming reality, the trees are not naturalistic; rather, they are symbolized by sheer pieces of fabric and gold chains “growing” from the sand to the sky.

Just as Rosalind chooses to make Orlando and Ganymede’s fictitious relationship an actuality, this concept poses the question: it is possible for the life and freedom of our imagination to be made our reality? (McLeary 1).

Evolution of Oliver in *As You Like It*

To love. A simple and yet complicated goal, “to love” is arguably the most sought-after driving objective that ever existed. It is ultimately what we all want and what

we all strive for. In a play like *As You Like It*, “to love” has to be the overriding objective for every character throughout the story. It fuels our actions and feeds our words, and it becomes all-consuming, as every character, beginning with Rosalind’s first sighting of Orlando at the wrestling match and ending with Hymen’s blessing of the four unions, eventually succumbs to love.

When developing Oliver’s arc, it is important to recognize that Oliver is on a metaphorical journey to find love, stopping at three destinations along the way: Oliver the Villain, Oliver the Brother, Oliver the Lover. It is my job as the actor to find how to transition from one to the next honestly and effectively, especially since this evolution happens mostly offstage. He is introduced and banished as the villain, returns with the bloody napkin as the brother and returns at the end as the lover, culminating in Oliver’s “conversion,” as Oliver calls it. The audience has to believe it has happened without seeing it happen.

Oliver the Villain

Because it would be understood by the custom of primogeniture and the instructions in Sir Rowland’s will that Oliver care for his brother, it is his refusal to do so that make his motivations seem suspect. In “Shakespeare’s Dramatic Art,” Hermann Ulrici blamed the “unreasonable persecution of Orlando” on a “completely indefinite and indefinable cause of hate” (Ulrici 312). Rosalie Cole, in “Perspectives of Pastoral” calls Oliver’s intention for Orlando “an act of supreme unkindness,” surmising that Oliver is “simply evil” (Cole 61). I had to reject this point of view! If I had not, my portrayal would have been devoid of empathy from the audience. But when even leading Shakespeare scholars seem to dismiss him as evil, how could I expect to find his

reasoning?

I finally realized that if Oliver were “simply evil,” then he would not convert at the end of the play. Oliver transitions, Richard III and Iago do not. Notice how their fates differ. As director Dan McCleary told me during the rehearsal process, “if we don’t see the love Oliver has for Orlando now (in Act I), no one will believe it when it happens in Act IV.”

The need to find a motive in Oliver’s intentions is crucial to my process and playing of the role. George Kittredge agrees, saying, “finding a motive... is vital in every tragic action” (Spivak 4). In Bernard Spivak’s *The Allegory of Evil*, there is even mention of “the Romantic Iago, a tragic figure whose suffering merits a place in our compassion alongside the agony of his victims” (Spivak 4). As mentioned in my Introduction, Oliver is no Iago, so it baffles me as to why so many theorists are ready to label him as a monster.

Even before Oliver’s entrance, we hear of his wickedness:

...for my part,
he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more
properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you
that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that
differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses
are bred better; for, besides that they are fair
with their feeding, they are taught their manage,
and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his
brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the
which his animals on his dunghills are as much
bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so
plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave
me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets
me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a
brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my
gentility with my education. (I.I)

Because of this, it is important to not reject what Orlando has said about me. I have to do

this by immediately showing the audience that Oliver is the villain, through physicality, even before I speak. But how do I do this believably without scowling and twirling my mustache methodically, which would, essentially, be passing judgment on my character?

I chose to approach the physicality of Oliver's villainy as the *result* of his deeds: what years of resisting love has done to his posture, his voice, his breath. Therefore, I decided to address the villainy as an impediment, such as acting as if I am drunk or suffering from a cold. It hinders who we completely are while showing the audience what we currently are.

In an acting class at the University of Central Florida, Professor J.J. Ruscella stressed to me the importance of specifics in impediment acting. If we play it generally, the affect will be unclear. A cold played broadly will have the feeling of just that: a cold being played. Professor Ruscella taught us to choose three distinct physical indications of a cold, and fully commit to that. So I pick chest congestion, the heaviness of the muscles and the sore throat, and forget about sneezing and headaches; it is impossible to juggle all five of those symptoms, and in doing so, the result will become unfocused, muddy and generalized. Zoning in on three specific effects of a cold will allow the audience to see them clearly, and decipher on their own that the character has a cold.

One of the direct results of entering Rosalind's imagination into the Forest of Arden, as dictated by Dan McLeary, is that instantly "the characters breathe differently." I decided to hone in on shallowness of breath as my first impediment for two reasons. First, as an actor we are taught that the breath is the impetus for anything to happen. We are encouraged to "speak on our first breath," to "breathe our scene partners in" and to "breathe to speak." It allows access to our emotion; hindering our breath halts the

communication of emotion. Second, I chose breath to focus on because it allows me somewhere tangible to “go” when converted.

I instantly discovered that this tactic would fail. It is technically not possible. Because a line generally makes up one thought, fueled by one breath, and Shakespeare’s lines are so long, taking shorter breaths was not conducive to delivering Shakespeare’s speeches.

I finally decided on shoulder tension, minimal gesticulation and pitching my voice lower as the results of my impediment.

I was especially drawn to shoulder tension, as I was plagued with it when I first started at UCF. Be Boyd, Assistant Professor of Acting, even told me she would be hard-pressed to cast me as anything other than an uptight businessman due to the tension I carry in my shoulders. I knew then I had to resolve the issue, and after a semester, finally did, through breath work, awareness, and constantly “checking-in” with the problem. Giving Oliver this tendency personalized his experience for me. When he is reunited with Orlando, and sets about his conversion, the tension in his shoulder melts away, helping to indicate he is a new man: “I do not shame to tell you what I was, being the thing I am” (IV.VI). I, too, lost this habit during my three-year journey, and became a new actor because of it.

Minimal gesticulation represents Oliver’s repressed emotions. He had no way to express them, and yet they are still there. By keeping my arms down, at my sides when I speak, it gives the feeling they are holding the torso, which contains the heart, as well as the lungs, diaphragm, and groin, all necessary for maximum breath efficiency. By keeping my hands in place, in balance, it is as if he was not allowing the emotion out.

Pitching my voice lower gave Oliver strength, and utilized my chest resonators, crucial in acting Shakespeare. But it also gave my voice an edge, which I liked, and it made me sound official, so that I spoke to Orlando, I sounded like an officer rather than a brother. And when Oliver returns to the action of the play in Act IV a changed man, his voice is softer, more expressive, less sure, indicative of the result of converting.

I had to be careful in playing these impediments. Would they be seen as signs of an inexperienced actor? I had to be very clear with the release of these obstacles that it is a result of the character transitioning and allowing him to finally love.

George Kittredge calls finding the reasoning or impetus behind a tragic action is “vital” (Spivak 4). Now that I had an idea as how to physicalize Oliver’s state of mind, the next step became finding the motivation behind it.

As stated in Chapter One, I have a very close relationship with my sisters, but I understand this is not always the case with everyone. The number of reasons to hate one’s siblings is vast and so I visited a family forum on the Internet called “I Hate My Sister.” The visitors to the site are indicative to its title; they do, for the most part, hate their sisters (and brothers). Here is a sample of some of the posts I read, all taken from www.hipforums.com:

“I really dislike (my sister), not coz shes a psycho just because shes an ungrateful little cow and would never go out of her way for anyone, not just her family.” (sic)

“She is a psychotic bitch.”

“I feel nothing but animosity towards my brother. Ill spare you the details of our family relationship because i doubt anyone cares. I can understand hating a parent, but older siblings are supposed to be there for you. Theyre supposed to relate to you and offer help during the shitty periods in life. My brother has never done anything but alienate me from my family, make me terrified of social situations, and instill an unquenchable rage in

me that I am scared will one day manifest in violence.” (sic)

“I hate my brother. To this very day. He treated me like shit my whole childhood, and now he wants me to forgive him. Yea right. . .”

“When shes around I cant sleep, I cant really function, because her presence itself disturbs me.” (sic)

“I have a sister that is poison! No one trusts her anymore... For me, keeping that distance between us is all that keeps me from wanting to beat her with an ax handle.”

After reading many posts, and even talking to a few of these people, I deduced that hatred towards a sibling basically stemmed from three causes: jealousy, greed and fear.

Fear seemed to be the cause that places the least amount of responsibility on the sibling doing the hating. Because I received only one side of the story, it is impossible to know whether the reason to fear their sibling was justified or whether it was exaggerated, but for the most part, it explained cases where the hating sibling claimed their sister or brother was simply crazy, dangerous or violent, for no apparent reason other than mental instability. In cases where fear was the impetus, the hating sibling claimed to be completely innocent and was unsure of the cause behind their brother or sister’s violent nature. I ruled this out as motivation for Oliver immediately.

Greed and selfishness usually stemmed from an inheritance right, and was clear from the beginning the hatred stemmed from issues of money. Because Oliver had already received all of Sir Rowland’s estate, this did not seem to be a plausible reason to hate Orlando.

Jealousy and resentment intrigued me the most. Sometimes the jealousy was petty: “My brother was always my parents’ favorite!” And sometimes it was justified: “My sister slept with my husband.” But it boiled down to one sibling resenting the other

for some reason or another.

The given circumstances of the play show us Oliver's resentment in his first speech to the audience:

....he's gentle, never
schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of
all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much
in the heart of the world, and especially of my own
people, who best know him, that I am altogether
misprised... (I.I)

Despite Oliver's best efforts to keep Orlando simple and subordinate, Orlando's nature has allowed him positive attributes, some of which Oliver does not even possess, despite his wealth, education and rank. I wanted to go deeper than that in discovering the resentment Oliver feels for Orlando. It can't be as simple as "people like Orlando better."

During a dropping-in session with Dan McLeary and Tyler Hollinger, the actor playing Orlando, I received another idea for Oliver's resentment. Dropping-in is an actor relationship exercise developed by Tina Packer at Shakespeare and Company. It involves a mediator feeding the actor lines of text and asking them to use word association stemming from the actor's own personal history to conjure point-of-view behind the text. On the word "see," Dan asked me if I ever wondered why Orlando and I don't look like one another.

It was blatantly true. He had thick, straight, blonde hair; I had thin, curly, dark brown hair. He was short; I was tall. He was more muscular; I wasn't. He had facial acne; My skin was clear. Suddenly, I thought of my own half-sisters, with their blonde hair and blue eyes and a thought occurred to me. What if Sir Rowland was not Orlando's father?

I went home and created a character biography with this new thought in mind,

using the given circumstances: Tyler and I look nothing alike, personal history: my little sisters and I look nothing alike, and, too have different fathers, and imagination: detailed in Chapter Four in my character analysis. This gave a whole new reason as to why Oliver would keep Sir Rowland's estate from Orlando: he didn't believe it rightfully belonged to him. It also justified another shameful act that occurred before the action of the play begins: Oliver turning his back on Sir Rowland and joining with Sir Frederick. Perhaps Sir Rowland knew of his wife's deceit, and chose to forgive her, and keep the secret from the family and raise Orlando as his own. This would infuriate Oliver, especially in a society (the Middle East) where infidelity is punishable by death by stoning. He would then see his father as weak, losing all respect for him, making it easy to later denounce his name.

It also enriched the text for me, as I found places to support my thought:

....The
courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that
you are the first-born; but the same tradition
takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers
betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as
you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is
nearer to his reverence. (I.I)

and gave cause to my violent reaction on: "What boy!" Physically affronting him with a shove was something I do not usually resort to. It gave a deeper cause behind the motivation other than the obvious, which is that Orlando is supposed to be subservient to me and he has crossed the line.

I knew that crafting this back-story would be beneficial only to me; the audience would never see Tyler and I and think, "oh, they have different fathers, and that's why Oliver won't give him the money." But it would help me to humanize Oliver with some

sort of rationalization, and that, I hope, would be clear to the audience.

This story also touched me because it made my reunion with Orlando in Act IV all the more special. I used my own personal history to develop this, citing my own close relationship with my younger half-sisters. I love them as much as I do my twin sister; the “half” does not exist. They are my sisters, through and through, although we do not fully share the same blood. When Orlando rescues me from the lioness, he sheds his own blood in the process, which I tend to with the bloody napkin. He gives it to me to take to Ganymede, and the bloody napkin becomes the proof of what he did, but also the symbol of our newfound brotherhood. The blood on the napkin replaces the blood we do not share. As Louis Montrose states, “real brothers are made blood brothers” (102).

The transition from “unnatural” brothers to “blood brothers” happens mostly offstage, though, as Dan McLeary warned me early in the rehearsal process, “if we don’t see the love Oliver has for Orlando in Act I, we won’t believe it when it happens in Act IV.

We see the remaining fragments of love in Oliver’s own doubt: “for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he” (I.I). I chose another point to show the audience love in my interpretation of the line: “Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me,” the “growing” being fondness and sympathy rather than rebellion and challenge (I.I). This doubt is what ultimately sets the foundation toward redemption. The acknowledgement of sentiment toward Orlando is also evidence of the good still residing in his heart. Shakespeare has planted the seed for repentance. It is an example of the age-old struggle that exists within us all, the good angel on one shoulder and the evil devil on the other. Goethe describes this dualism in Faust:

One impulse art thou conscious of, at best;
O, never seek to know the other!
Two souls, alas! reside within my breast,
And each withdraws from, and repels, its brother.
One with tenacious organs holds, in love
And clinging lust, the world in its embraces;
The other strongly sweeps this dust above,
Into the high ancestral spaces. (Spivak 74-75).

In my research, I read an interesting book by Richard Levin called *Shakespeare's Secret Schemers*. In chapters indicatively titled "Nothing Is But What Is Not" and "What's to Come is Still Unsure," Levin stresses that no character can be completely billed as pure, and that almost all characters "secretly scheme" to get what they want.

While Oliver in no-way tries to conceal his plans from his audience: "This wrestler shall clear all," this idea of the secret schemer intrigues and appeals to me. I want the audience to be so convinced of Oliver's warning to Charles about the dangerous youth Orlando, that they too think Orlando might be the secret schemer, forcing the audience for a minute to question whose allegations they believe, Orlando's or mine. The only way to achieve this is if I fully commit to my words to Charles.

And because "the timeless effort of all drama everywhere, as of all art and thought that contemplate man, is to elucidate human life, not to obscure it; and no stage was ever more overt than Shakespeare's" (Spivak 26), the minute I am alone with the audience my intentions are made clear: "Now will I stir this gamester" (I.I). Interestingly, Bernard Spivak calls the "soliloquized profession of hate," the mark of "Elizabethan stage villain" (447). So in my final soliloquy at the end of Act I Scene I can I assure the audience that I am a villain; prior to that, I want it to be in question.

Oliver the Brother

Though the play ends with Celia in Oliver's arms, I think that Oliver's primary relationship is that with his brother Orlando. Therefore, it is important to note that Oliver does not simply transition from Act I to Act V as villain to lover, but that there is a shade of gray in between. Thus I have delineated a third stop on his road to convert: Oliver the Brother.

This new transition happens entirely offstage, but is discussed at length by Oliver in Act IV. Changed forever by an act of mercy from Orlando, Oliver delivers the bloody napkin to "that shepherd youth he doth in sport call his Rosalind" as an excuse for Orlando's absence, but also as evidence as the extent to which Orlando is capable of loving. Orlando's discourse with Rosalind has been thus far lessons in love, or "what 'tis to woo" (III.II). Orlando implores Ganymede to accept his capacity to love: "Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love," yet Rosalind has been dubious (III.II). The bloody napkin now serves as proof of Orlando's truancy and Oliver's conversion, as well as a token of love between Orlando and Oliver and Orlando and Rosalind.

With this established, I used the bloody napkin as the basis for developing Oliver the Brother. I knew this was more than a prop, and treated it instead as a representation of my love for Orlando. I am a very visual person, so having this in my hand while relating the story of my rescue to Celia and Rosalind served as a constant reminder of the magnitude of Orlando's sacrifice for me was. I spent the entire first act trying to take his life, and, fundamentally have to come to Arden to try to kill him again. That makes three attempts on Orlando's life, and here he is, in Act IV, giving his life to me. The cloth in my hand, the feel of the fibers and the dried blood, and seeing its stains recalled the

hugeness of Orlando's act.

To physicalize this new station in Oliver's life, I was able to release the three "symptoms of villainy." Technically, Oliver's Arden costume was lighter and more flowing than his court dress, so automatically freedom of movement was encouraged.

I allowed for a wider range of inflection in my voice, particularly concentrating on my upper register. I did this for two reasons. The first was to allow for vulnerability. No one is more vulnerable than a child, and while I did not want to appear child-like in any way, I did want to encapsulate the feeling of innocence a child possesses, and how a child is always willing to give and show love. My own everyday speaking voice is actually a degree higher as well, so it aided in the naturalness of Oliver's new embodiment and the release of the constraints he placed upon himself for the court. This is elaborated further in Chapter Four, when I discuss the reasoning for his Act I physicalization from Oliver's point-of-view.

The second reason for a slight vocal change is to equalize the relationship between Orlando and Oliver. Orlando is my younger brother, but in Act V, when I give him Sir Rowland's estate and ask for his consent to marry Aliena, we essentially become equals. I wanted to lessen the physical differentiations between us (hair color, build, and complexion) and at least make us closer to equals with our voices. Hymen's line, "earthly things made even" when she blesses our unions inspired the desire to be tantamount with Orlando, especially because I have used our differences as fuel against him for so many years (V.IV).

Allowing Oliver the freedom to gesticulate demonstrated his next transition to Oliver the Lover. I was inspired by Susannah Millonzi, the actress playing Celia, in her

Act III description of Celia's first sighting of Orlando:

CELIA

It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

ROSALIND

It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

CELIA

Give me audience, good madam.

ROSALIND

Proceed.

CELIA

There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight. (III.II)

Susannah used her body to describe the lover, tree, acorn and knight, so that her story became almost an interpretive dance. I knew I wanted to mirror that,.

So my telling of the gilded snake and lioness story became a full-body ordeal, visually taking my audience (Celia and Rosalind) through the story by embodying the primary characters and objects in it. This illuminated both Oliver's newfound freedom of expression and his compatibility with Celia.

Oliver the Lover

Oliver's confession of his prior wrongdoing ultimately gives him the capacity to wholly love Celia. Oliver never attempts to conceal his past, or make excuses for it, further proving he has changed. Rosalie Cole in "Facing the Music in Arden" says, "the sense of what he is enhanced by what he was" (495). He has confessed and is now ready to grow. This coincides with his meeting with Celia.

In some of the critical essays on *As You Like It*, Oliver and Celia's whirlwind romance and non-existent courtship leading to their next-day marriage is criticized as being unbelievable. In "The Education of Orlando," Marjorie Garber describes readers of the play as being "nonplussed" by the probability of their love at first sight and calling it "potentially unsettling" (68). I disagree with this. I see Oliver's readiness to love as the result of years of living without it. It also serves as juxtaposition to the longer "courtship" of Orlando and "Rosalind" where neither of them has yet to reveal their feelings to one another, at least as far as Orlando knows. Even Rosalind is reluctant to reveal her true self, even when Orlando is being so conspicuous, a game for which Celia chides her for: "You have simply misused our sex in your love prate" (III.IV).

Furthermore, this "rapidity" in which Oliver and Celia love serves as a catalyst for Orlando's need to abandon Ganymede's game of pretend, resulting in perhaps the most important decision as yet in the play, when Orlando finally demands of Ganymede, "I can live no longer by thinking!" (V.II) Reality is needed, and Rosalind gives it to him: "If you do love Rosalind, as your gesture cries out, when your brother marries Aliena, you shall marry her" (V.II).

Essentially, when Oliver fell in love with Aliena, he became Orlando's rescuer in a position reversal. Orlando saved Oliver from the lioness, bringing about Oliver's "awakening," literally and figuratively. "From miserable slumber I awak'd," Oliver's revelation of identity and culminating line in his lioness story, suggest both a physical awakening and spiritual enlightening. He metaphorically "awoke" a changed man.

Similarly, the love at first sight between Oliver and Aliena brings about Orlando's enlightenment as well, putting an end to his fictitious romance with Ganymede. Thus,

unknowingly, Oliver actually reciprocates the courtesy.

As stated above, Marjorie Garber reports in her essay a slew of readers “amazed” at Oliver and Aliena’s betrothal (68). Orlando shares in Garber’s reader’s disbelief:

ORLANDO

Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you
should like her? that but seeing you should love
her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should
grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her? (V.II)

Oliver then beseeches Orlando:

OLIVER

Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the
poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden
wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me,
I love Aliena... (V.II)

In his instructions to Orlando, he implores him not to question the validity of his bond with Celia and to trust in it. This thesis is about finding Oliver’s motivations, but Oliver himself tells his brother and the audience that there is one action where reason is not needed: to love.

CHAPTER FOUR: A CHARACTER ANALYSIS

“Forgiveness is the economy of the heart... Forgiveness saves the expense of anger, the cost of hatred, the waste of spirits.”
Hannah Moore

In *Acting is Believing*, the authors stress the importance of the character autobiography to the actor:

Your character’s autobiography will put you on closer terms with the character you are playing, and you should prepare one as a regular part of your analysis procedure. (Clark 159).

They go on to say a character autobiography should “only contain details that logically extend from those provided by the dramatist” (159). While I certainly agree with the former statement, I disagree with the latter. In an earlier chapter, Clark, McGaw and Wilson describe the three tools necessary for developing a character as: the given circumstances, personal history and imagination. I think this principle should apply to the character autobiography as well. To be fair, the given circumstances must take precedence over the other two; I cannot decide that Oliver is Sir Rowland’s youngest son and justify it with imagination, for example. The key, as found in the quote above, is the word “logically.” Supply the facts the given circumstances provide, and then deduce the rest from your own history and imagination using the unchangeable facts of the play. That is what I attempted to do with this character autobiography.

I am utilizing the analysis compiled by Paul Kurit in his *Playing: An Introduction to Acting*, as found on pages 160-163. Because I believe a thorough character analysis should be a springboard for any character development, I am answering these questions based on Oliver at the beginning of the play, before his conversion, unless otherwise noted.

Who am I?

I am Oliver de Boys, the eldest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. I am the sole heir to my father's lands, wealth and estate, as well as guardian over my brothers, Jacques and Orlando. Though a mortal enemy of my father's, Duke Frederick has noted my allegiance to him, and my disloyalty to my father, and has given me a position of prominence in his regime, which I adhere to proudly.

Who am I named after? Do I like my name?

I am named after my mother's eldest brother, Oliver, who cared for her and her siblings when their parents died. I never knew my uncle Oliver, though the name brings up feelings of contempt in me, due to my own attitude toward my mother. I loathe my name so much that I forbid all those inferior to me from uttering it, which is obeyed in the action of the play. Orlando and Adam refer to me only as "brother," while Duke Frederick refers to me as "sir." Duke Frederick hates my name as much as I do and it is fine with both of us that it is never used. This is why it is such a jolt to both of us when Orlando introduces himself as "the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys" (I.III). Before then, my name had taken on an "out of sight, out of mind" credo towards it: Duke Frederick is able to excuse my lineage because of my merits, but does not want to be reminded of it.

What is my sex? What do I think of sex?

Nature made me a man and Fortune smiled on me because of it. Because of my sex am I able to claim the position of importance within the familial structure as well as the government regime.

I have always thought of women as inferior to men, but have had little exposure to women. I had no sisters, and the only woman in my life for so long was my mother, whom I crafted an opinion about when I was just a child. My father did not share this opinion, which made me respect him even less.

Duke Frederick's regime calls for limited women's rights, as evident in the stoning of the dancer's in the Prologue. The Duke and I share much of the same philosophy.

How old am I? What do I think of my age?

I am 25, two years older than my brother Jacques and five years older than my brother Orlando. I appreciate my age; it has given me the rank needed to assume my father's title and wealth. But I am still viewed as a youth by society's standards and wish I could change that. Duke Frederick sees my age as a hindrance to my ability, and I often am reprimanded for lack of experience. I have to work extra hard to prove my worth to the Duke, showing him that despite my age, I am capable of being a strong, uncompromising leader.

I am constantly at a battle with youth. It beckons me sometime, when I see Jacques at home from school, laughing with a neighborhood girl, or I see Orlando and Adam giddily playing cards in the field at night. Adam is almost sixty years older than I and playing a game. Sometimes it seems as if Adam is content as a youth. More than content, even. He seems happy. I have not played a game since my father died when I was fourteen. It was not by choice. There was business to tend to, land debates to settle, debts to repay, and brothers to care for. Games are insignificant to me. But sometimes, when I see laughter, or dancing, or playing, although illegal in the new Duke's court, I do

not report it. Though sometimes I do immediately, and call for the highest level of punishment. My reasoning behind both is simple envy.

How does my posture express my age, heath, and inner feeling?

Because of my age, I have to work extra hard to prove my worthiness to the rest of the court. My posture is rigid, straight and unyielding, highlighting my approach to leadership. My battle with youth rages on me mentally and physically, attacking my shoulders when I want to laugh, attacking my legs when I want to run, attacking my jaw when I want to smile. But I can force it away, and show the court my austerity, necessary in any leader. I can force my shoulders in stiff position, and hold them there for hours, until I even forget I am tensing them. It is not until I am at home, alone, do I feel the full consequences of forcing muscle and bone into a position they naturally do not fall into. But a little pain is worth the benefits of showing Duke Frederick what a consummate man of rank I am. Relaxing is weakness, and I am not weak.

How is my complexion? What do I think of it?

Unlike my brother Jacques, I have always had good, clear skin. Thank goodness, for Jacques' blemishes did not go away until recently. How would officials at the court have taken me seriously as a pock-faced youth importuning their attention? No, a strong face is needed like a strong back, not for labor or vanity, but for respect.

I see myself in a piece of glass and I respect myself. My face and my body is what I have made it to be. I have a beard. Jacques and Orlando do not have beards. Jacques' is a patchy tuft dripping from his chin and Orlando's is non-existent, as smooth as an apple, incapable of even the fuzz of a peach. Between Jacques' face and Orlando's beard, I am so relieved to have received the traits I did from my family. We are so different, the three

of us, and it is this physicality which helps me implement a divide between the three of us. I do not see my own youth in theirs, and this allows for a lack of sentimentality when enforcing restrictions on their lifestyles.

What is my height? What do I think of it?

I am tall, about 6'0, 6'1 with the right pair of boots on. My height puts me at the same level as the Duke, which I appreciate, and a good two inches above Orlando, which is good, because physically, he could overtake me if he wanted to. My men would never allow it, of course, so actually, my position allows me the benefit of being ten times stronger than he, as I have ten men ready to kill for me if I say the word.

But I believe that height is akin to power and control. I don't think there is another trait that discounts your ability to lead so readily as being vertically challenged.

What is my weight? What do I think of it?

I am at a constant battle with my weight, which is a direct consequence of my biggest vice: living well. At this point in my life, I am the biggest I have ever been, a whopping 212 pounds, sickening to me. I cannot help it. There are times when I eat three, four times a day- feasts of lamb and braised beef cooked to perfection by the Duke's kitchen, or my own. My own kitchen staff is instructed to prepare three full meals a day, whether anyone is around to eat them or not. And since most meals consist of only one guest, me, I eat my fill, and everyone else's too.

I see Orlando working sometimes, and wonder if I should invite him to sup with me, but breaking bread with someone signifies equality, and I cannot allow that. I have to keep Orlando in a place of constant subservience, or else he may feel empowered to attempt a revolt, which would publicly shame me in front of the entire town. Duke Senior

allowed his brother enough power to be in a position to usurp him, and look where he is now, in a forest, homeless, living like a vagabond. That cannot happen to me.

So I eat my meals, alone. This consistent weight gain over the past two years has not gone unnoticed by men. I find when I stiffen my shoulders, and draw them upwards, my torso is elongated, therefore giving the illusion I am trimmer than I am.

What is the pitch, volume, tempo, resonance, or quality of my voice? What do I think of it?

In striving to prove my wisdom beyond my years, I pitch my voice lower than it naturally is, another way I force my body into a show of power. This is also effective in widening the barrier between my brothers and me. My volume is loud. Again, I believe a man makes his own Fortune. Nature assists, but man is mainly responsible in creating it. By speaking with chest resonance, I not only capture attention, but hold it, daring anyone to break away or lose interest. The resonance of my voice signifies what I am capable of. Therefore, whatever Nature slighted me, I make up for in traits I can control, like my voice.

I do think that Nature has to be on your side a little bit though. I hear Jacques voice sometimes, weak, high-pitched, effeminate, almost to the point of squeaky. Were he in my position, no amount of training in the world could garner him attention with that pathetic voice.

Orlando on the other hand speaks as if Aristotle were writing his speeches, though he, essentially, has nothing to say. Thankfully, because his speech contains no substance, no eloquence, people usually dismiss it automatically. But had he proper training, I believe his instrument could carry him far, which would have been detrimental to me.

This is why I felt it would amount to no harm to send Jacques to school and necessary to force Orlando home. Jacques can study the great orators of the world, but with what my mother and father gave him, he will never even come close to emulating them. Nature will only allow Jacques to go so far. But if I retained both of my brothers at home, it would heighten the risk of the two of them conspiring against me. By keeping the most promising one oppressed and the least hopeful schooled, I essentially make them equal to each other, and keep them inferior to me. Nature helped me with Jacques and Fortune with Orlando.

Is my articulation careless or precise? Is my articulation standard or colloquial? Do I have a dialect?

A man does not rise to my position of power with sloppy speech. Like my physicality and vocal tonality, I have manufactured my speech so that precise articulation is no longer labored, but complete muscle memory. Careless speech is reserved for youths, peasants and laborers. I am none of those things.

In terms of conversation, most of my speech is to someone below me in rank, or above me, so I have no need for colloquialisms. Sometime equal to my status cannot

What is my hair color and style? Do I like it?

The beard is more important to the Court regulations than hair. Men and women largely keep hair covered, so it should be inconspicuous and clean.

My hair is thinning a bit, all the more reason why I am fine with it being covered. Orlando's hair is thicker, and he wears it long, permissible for a youth. But if one wishes to aspire to certain heights among the court, one starts early and takes appearance seriously. This is why I am fit for the court and he is not.

Do I have any deformities? What do I think of them?

No physical deformities, other than slight thinning of the hair, which I detest and see as a sign of weakness.

Do I have any mannerisms? What do I think of them?

It is custom at the court that when speaking to someone of higher status to stand and stare straight ahead, hands at your side. This is how I mainly address the Duke, and how I am addressed. It has now become habit, and I am glad for it. It strengthens me, I think, and makes people pay attention to my words, rather than my gestures.

I do have a tendency to clasp my hands together when speaking to someone inferior. Also, when listening, I sometimes cross one arm in front of me, and the other, bent at the elbow, is free to gesture. I feel secure this way.

How energetic or vital am I? Do I like it?

I have not utilized my vitality in some time, though I feel am in shape enough to save my life if need be. But I have not done much physical work in my life, nor have I been in many fights, as I have always had paid servants to do both for me. Even as children, Orlando, Jacques and I never fought and actually got along quite well; even competition was kept easy-going and friendly. When our father died and we began to have altercations, a shove or a look from me was all it took for one of the others to back down. I don't think this was because I intimidated them, but because they knew a shove was as far as I would go before my men got involved.

Are my gestures complete or incomplete, vigorous or weak, compulsive or controlled?

My gestures are very controlled, and limited. Again, I want people to note my words when speaking, not my hands.

When I do gesture, it is not very grand, and utilizes only enough effort to get my point across. I wouldn't call my gestures weak, but not vigorous either. I guess I don't signalize to those inferior because I don't need to, and don't indicate to those superior because it is inappropriate. When speaking with someone on an equal level, or if I am feigning congeniality, as I do with Charles in I.I, I might allow myself certain gestures, if only to appear comfortable and informal.

I think it boils down to freedom of expression. By suppressing my gestures, I am also able to keep my emotions in check. I am able to give information only, with my words, without accenting them with gesticulation.

Do I like my walk?

I try to. But I am constantly aware of it, as I am with most of my physicality. A walk conveys not only how you appear to yourself, but also how you want to appear to others. My walk must be strong, controlled, and purposeful, even though I don't always feel that way.

My walk is regal, and I like it that way. It signifies that I am a man of grace and dignity, and fit to be a member of the royal court.

How do I sit?

I don't sit much, only for meals, and to read, and correspond, and those things are mainly done in private. And then I still try to maintain some level as rigidity, for muscle memory, so that when I am dining with the Duke or at the Grace's Counsel, I still appear formal and contained.

How do I stand?

I keep my back straight, my core tightened and my shoulders down when I stand so I command power and respect while not seeming too conspicuous.

Do I have any objects with me? How do I handle them?

The only object I hold during the play is the bloody napkin. It is extremely important to me as it not only proves Orlando's story to Rosalind, but it symbolizes the sacrifice Orlando gave to save my life. "How, and why, and where, this handkerchief was stain'd" reveals "some of my shame," as it signifies not only "who I was" but also "what I am." It is the cause and effect of my conversion. Literally, natural brothers are made blood brothers (Montrose 102). I hold it with sentimentality, as it is tangible proof of my conversion, and I present it to Rosalind with reverence.

Is my basic rhythm jerky or smooth, volatile or even-tempered, impulsive or deliberate, ponderous or light, broken or continuous?

Rudolf Laban describes effort as "a system for understanding the more subtle characteristics about the way a movement is done with respect to inner intention" (Laban 1). Of the eight Laban effort shapes, I would describe my Act I movement as press, with elements of wring and punch. My basic movement, press, is strong, sustained and direct, until provoked, as with Orlando in Act I: "Wilt thou lay hands on me villain?" (I.I) It is then my shape becomes punch: strong, direct, quick. It is as if every emotion and impulse I have ever suppressed lashes out and makes itself known. I then have to quell the emotional outburst once again, and return to press.

Press morphs into wring when I am alone, with the audience. I have a tendency to pull everything inwards, and internalize my feelings. When I have moments like this, my

movement becomes strong, indirect and sustained. An example of this is after Orlando chokes me and forces me to agree to allow him his thousand crowns: “Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me?” (I.I) Enraged by my fleeting moment of vulnerability, this quickly becomes punch: “I will physic your rankness and yet give you no thousand crowns neither!” (I.I), before calming myself and once again settling into press, with Dennis: “Was not Charles the Duke’s wrestler here to speak with me?... Send him in. Twill be a good way, and today the wrestling is.”

Another example of wring is after my outburst of punch with the Duke: “O that your highness knew my heart in this!” With one look, the Duke extinguishes punch and it melts into wring: “I never lov’d my brother in my life” (II.II). When the Duke banishes me, I have a moment of panic, resulting in the light, indirect and quick shapes of flick, until I see the trunk, and my resolve generates press once again.

My conversion brings about shapes I have never experienced before. My love for Celia and Orlando inspires a newfound freedom of expression, which I at first have trouble controlling. I am mostly now in a state of glide, light, direct, and sustained, as I have one objective now: to love. But when this objective becomes too great, as in Act IV when I am relaying the story of my rescue, my energy becomes too rapid for my gestures to keep up, and my effort is dab: light, direct, and quick, and sometimes when I am unsure how to express the love I have inside, it becomes indirect, making for flick.

When I have settled into “being the thing I am,” I settle into a mostly constant state of glide and dab.

Gabrielle Roth determined that people basically move in five ways and developed the Five Sacred Rhythms: flowing, staccato, chaos, lyrical and stillness. The online wellness magazine “Living Well” describes each rhythm:

Flowing is stretching, undulating, and moving in circling waves. Then the music changes into staccato. Staccato is sharp and explosive, moving in lines and angles, with short percussive movements. Then comes chaos. Chaos takes everything to extremes, letting our controlling mind go and letting the body loose. Afterwards, almost as a relief, comes lyrical. Lyrical is light, joyful, and airy, it is a moving of serene joy and celebration. Last comes stillness. Stillness is the slow winding down, the grounding. Every move is done in slow motion with pauses and restarts (1).

Described as “the essence of our body,” these rhythms “make up the whole of our experience and are reflected in each of our actions and emotions” (1). My rhythm in Act I is stillness and staccato, as my gesticulation, when it happens, is forced, planned and sharp. But, when provoked, my movement can be spontaneous, distinct and piercing, resulting in chaos.

Act IV and V bring new rhythms to my life. Chaos still remains, at times, but is brought upon by joy rather than aggression: “Say with me ‘I love Aliena!’ (V.II). For the most part, stillness gives way lyrical, as my whole state of being becomes “light joyful and airy,” as does the tone of the whole play.

What do I like to wear? How do I wear my clothes? How do I handle them?

It does not matter what I like to wear, as my uniform is dictated by the Court’s regulations. My dress consists of a calf-length black tunic, trimmed in gold and red, and thigh-high leather boots. The length of the tunic is indicative of the status of the wearer among the court. Ironically, though I was recently promoted in rank, and my tunic was lengthened, I prefer the freedom of movement the knee-length tunic of the lower officials

provides. It's almost as if the promotion to the longer tunic finalizes my transition from youth to adult. My clothes are impeccably neat, clean and wrinkle-free, confirming the seriousness and respect I have for my work.

In Act IV, my clothes become lighter and softer. The color changes from black to cornflower blue. The shape of the tunic is less rigid, with long full sleeves and a lower waist. Most importantly, I get my length back, and the tunic is fuller and moves with me, rather than against me.

I am unsure how I get my new clothes, as Orlando, Celia, Rosalind, Touchstone, and Adam are too, as I later find out. When we go through the trunk, Rosalind's imagination allows us to be who we want to be, which takes form in our dress. However, my conversion does not fully manifest itself until Orlando rescues me from the lioness, "committing me unto my brother's love" (IV.VI).

Do I carry accessories or hand props?

I don't usually carry any hand props, until the bloody napkin in Act IV. But the bloody napkin is not an accustomed prop, and is not habitual.

What do I do when I wake up each morning?

I say a quick prayer of thanks. I am not a particularly religious man, but it is protocol, and I consider myself lucky to have gained so much in such a short time.

What is my relationship to my environment? Do I like it?

The court is comfortable to me, and routine. It is everything I think I want and everything I've sacrificed has been because of it. There are times when it makes me feel constricted, but when I start to yearn for more, I look at Orlando and realize what I could be without the court's support.

When I enter Arden in Act II, it is almost as if I don't know what I had been missing. It is not only Celia and Orlando that enlighten me to the marvels of country life, but the country itself, prompting me to be content to "live and die a shepherd" (V.II).

What is my educational background? How much discipline was I subjected to? How intelligent am I?

I attended the Royal School in the city, where I studied mathematics, Greek and Latin as well as the literature of Saib-e-Tabrizi and Nezami and other Farsi poets. I was a contemporary of Le Beau and was taught by Jacques. My intelligence is vast, but never utilized, as my duties with the Duke are basically little more than a personal assistant. Still, my education gives me clout, and self-worth, and is much more than the majority of the city and certainly all of the country.

What was my childhood like? What are my strongest memories?

My childhood was quintessential until I turned thirteen and discovered the truth about my mother. My brothers and I were close, and played games and sports with each other often. Orlando was faster than Jacques and me, and stronger. This always upset me, and confused me, because he was so young. And yet he could pin us to the ground in five seconds. He was never malicious about it, of course. He would just giggle and help us up and then brush the dust off our backs. I remember when we would race, my mother would always cheer for Orlando, her "little elf," she called him. And he would win and my father and mother would scoop him up and throw him in the air. And that night, after we would race, Orlando would always give me his piece of fig pie or date pudding.

My family laughed a lot, until I was ten and something started to change. My mother and father began fighting a lot. He hit her once, in front of all of us at the

breakfast table. My brothers and I just ran away to the woods where we hid until sundown. We were afraid to go home because we thought my father had killed her, and if we went back, we'd have to help him bury the body.

I also remember Adam. He liked Jacques and me but he loved Orlando, and perhaps I was always a little jealous of that. I remember him giving piggyback rides to Orlando all over the yard, until he was panting and Orlando was squealing. And then it was my turn, but he had exhausted himself with Orlando and his shoulders and his knees hurt, and he couldn't give me a ride. I remember smiling, and saying it was fine, but it hurt. Not that I missed a piggyback ride, but that he gave Orlando all of his energy and didn't leave enough for me. He essentially chose to expend his exertion on my brother, and not me. I remember that.

Father never favored Orlando. He didn't favor me either, though. We were all his boys, "the de Boys boys" as he called the four of us. I remember that. The de Boys boys. *How much money do I have? How much do I want?*

I have enough money left to me by my father to care for both of my brothers, including school, boarding and care. My income from the Duke is also substantial though when I decide to live with Aliena in Arden, I bestow only "my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's" to Orlando, not because I keep the rest for myself to support Aliena, but because the Duke seized everything I given to me by him upon banishment (V.II). So literally, I give Orlando everything I have in the world, even though I have a wife to support, his consent is that important to me.

So the importance of money and possession clearly becomes less significant to me as my life enriches in other ways. But I don't think my need for power was ever about

money. The money was just a by-product of it. It was about self-worth and control. And when it is when I lose control and gain self-importance through love that I am able to forget about power, and, essentially, money.

What is my nationality? What do I think of it?

The director describes the setting for *As You Like It* in his *Thoughts* as the “recent Middle East, in particular Saudi Arabia; a place where the Traditional weaves with the Modern” (McLeary 1). Because I was raised in a more liberal government, and now live in a more archaic regime, there are times when I am curious about more socially tolerant nationalities. I was lucky enough to be raised before the usurpation of Duke Senior, when education was not as limited as it is now in the Court. Therefore, I was able to study Greek and Latin and world history and subjects forbidden by Frederick now. As I remember studying those cultures where freedom of thought and expression are encouraged, I can’t help thinking how beneficial that could be, not only for knowledge but for self-preservation. We still have books written by the Ancient Greeks dating back thousands of years. All of our books are being burned by the hundreds. If anything, we need these documents to leave a trace of who we were and what we believed.

What is my occupation? Do I like it? What other jobs have I had? When and why did I choose this one?

I am the Chief Advisor to Duke Frederick and my job is my life. Everything I have sacrificed has been for my position. I did not choose it; rather, it was offered to me when I finished my schooling when I was 20. My father was posthumously stripped of his title for subversives when it was discovered he had supported Duke Senior even through the overtaking of power. I allied myself with Frederick over my own father,

and was rewarded for it. Over the years, my loyalty to Frederick has not gone unnoticed and I have achieved status as one of his Chief Lords.

What are my political attitudes?

I wholly support the new fundamentalist regime, where there is a return to archaic and violent sexism, loss of equal rights, and a muting of dissenting voice, particularly that of women. Duke Senior had become “less slavish” to archaic religiosity, which, in the birthplace of Islam, governed everyday life. His liberal views and policies had begun to “loosen society’s strict and punitive and sexist and judgmental moral codes.” Duke Frederick and his followers represent, in their take-over, “a return to extreme fundamentalist court that reads the Koran with strict interpretation,” an act that always lends itself to conservative living (1).

Am I religious?

I pray to Allah twice a day, as dictated by law, so I am technically religious, but am spiritually empty. I consider myself to be the main controller of my Fortune, and everything I have gained has been because of a choice I have made.

However, a conservative government usually complies with strict religious values, and uses “God’s Word” as a way to justify their own beliefs and moral ethics. So to say that religion does not play an active role in my everyday life would be false, though like my posture, is more of an adherence as to how I have to live rather than how I want to live.

Who would I choose to be if I could be anyone else?

I would be Majnoon, the hero of Nezami’s romantic poem *Laili and Majnoon*, written in the twelfth century.

When someone calls Laili's name,
My chest will burn with fire's flame.

I do not love Laili, but I was always envious of Majnoon's intensity of emotion towards another human being. I have never felt that way for anyone, nor had those feelings felt towards me. To hear someone's name and have it ignite an overwhelming sense of love deep inside you, how exciting must that be! I envy his abandon. I envy that he can forsake responsibility and duty and have just one objective: to love.

And yet, it must also be a distraction. I have no time for an all-consuming emotion, no matter how exhilarating.

Did I have any childhood heroes? What did I like about them?

My father, until I was thirteen, was an important role model for me. He taught me discipline and the importance of hard, diligent work, and the importance of a good, comprehensive education.

Later, my teachers became my heroes, and their stories of their travels fascinated and inspired me, and I, too wanted to go to Egypt and India and the magical worlds they told us about in school.

Now, I look up to Frederick, and how he took control of his Fortune and made his own destiny happen, by usurping his brother.

Do I like members of the opposite sex? What do I like about them?

Women are insignificant to me, unless they are directly related to my ascension to power. I am a product of the Middle Eastern (and Elizabethan) society, in which women were limited in terms of what they could achieve or how much they could own. Therefore I don't see women as instrumental in helping my gain in power. This explains why my first glance of Celia in Act IV truly embodies "love at first sight," and answers a question

Margaret Maurer poses as a problem with Oliver: “has either Rosalind or Celia seen him before?” (Maurer 491). Possibly they have, but possibly they have not. Just as women signify irrelevance to me, men of rank in the New Court signify tyranny to Rosalind and Celia, especially after the banishment of Duke Senior. It is quite possible that all of Frederick’s men (coincidentally all dressed in long black robes with gold trim) were indecipherable from one to the next.

Of course, I know about Rosalind: “Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke’s daughter be banished with her father.” I ask Charles the Wrestler in Act I. But like all women, I simply see through them, as they are nonessential. It is not until my conversion affects me not only mentally but physically as well, that I am able to “see” Celia, literally, for the first time, making love at first sight possible.

Do I like my family? What do I like? What do I dislike about them?

There was a time I did. I am so far removed from that period of my life that I have trouble remembering the good things about family. When I think of my mother now, I think about infidelity and betrayal. I see my father’s face and envision weakness. My brothers are a burden. I think in my subconscious I still have a need for them, but so much of my current state has been conditioned by me, that I think my memory is tainted as well. Like my body, I have trained my brain to have ill thoughts towards my family. It is the only way I can live with myself for turning my back on them.

How has my mother influenced me? How has my father influenced me?

My mother died when I was young, around fourteen or so. Her name was Mary and she was very pretty. She had dark hair, like me, and my father and very dark green eyes.

I adored her, I think. I remember when she would return home from a party with my father and come into my room to kiss me goodnight, her breath sometimes smelled of beer, sweet and pungent. I loved that smell. I had no idea what it was, but I always likened it to my mother's happiness; when she smelled like that, she was always happy, she laughed more, and my father and she held hands more.

She called me butterfly. When I would get upset that I couldn't run as fast as Jacques or climb as high as Orlando, she would tell me the story about the moth who hated his brown, dingy wings, how he wished and wished he could have speedy wings like the dragonfly or colored wings like the parakeet. And he spent many days unhappy about his wings. Until one day, he woke up from a dream, and found his wings had turned a bright blue and they were big and fantastic and he could fly higher than ever. She said one day, I'll do great things, like the butterfly, as long as I don't ever give up and don't ever stop dreaming.

I started hating her when I was thirteen. One of Duke Senior's men kept coming by the house and Mother would talk to him in whispers in the garden. I would spy on them, and pretend I was a secret agent and he was an evil magician planning to take over the world. I could only hear a little of what he said. He said, "Orlando" a lot.

It was a few months after the man started coming by that my mother and father had the big fight in the dining room. She cried and he broke plates and Orlando and Jacques slept through it and I don't understand how. I hid in the hall and heard every word, from beginning to end. I heard that the man was an old friend, and I heard many other things about him, things I didn't understand. And I heard her tell my father that the man was Orlando's father. And I didn't hear anything after that, except for yelling and

crying and things breaking. But then I heard my mother apologizing and my father telling her it's all right.

Now I knew the truth. I understood now why Orlando has blonde hair and we all are dark. I understand why he is five inches shorter than me and built more athletically. It didn't matter now that Orlando could run faster than me or tell funnier stories. He would be gone, and it would just be me, Jacques and my father, my true family.

I waited for days for my parents to tell us about the man and Orlando. I waited for my mother to be sent away and for the man to come get Orlando and for my father to be sad. But it never happened. Everything stayed just the same, except for the man. One day, my father went to talk to Duke Senior, and when he came back, he was smiling, and my mother was smiling, and later that day I saw the man being escorted out of town by Senior's guards. I never heard about the man again.

"The man" was never spoken of between my mother and father. This infuriated me. Orlando was not my father's son and no one was going to say anything! My father just forgave my mother, and kept being a father to Orlando, as if nothing happened. I hated my mother for this, and I hated my father for not hating her and I hated Orlando for not being my brother and for thinking he was a part of the family.

My mother died of pneumonia that winter, and my father wept for days. I cried only once, the night of the funeral. I cried until my eyes hurt so bad I thought I was crying blood.

I never saw my brother or my father the same way after that. My father now represented weakness and my brother now represented a lie. And whenever Orlando

made me angry, I wanted so bad to tell him the truth: that neither of his parents exist anymore. But I didn't. I'm not sure why.

I never forgave my father for lying to us.

What was my favorite fairy tale?

Of course, my favorite story is *Laili and Majnoon*, a twelfth century romantic poem by Nezimi, and a precursor to *Romeo and Juliet*. I always wanted to be Majnoon.

Who are my friends? Who are my enemies?

I don't have many friends. In Duke Frederick's new Court, there is no point in having any. Laughter is banned, as is most leisure activity, other than wrestling, which the Duke strictly mandates. One finds companionship in one's work and one's wife, and that is all. Since I am not married, the closest thing to a friend I have is other members of the Court, though many are now betraying Frederick and me and flocking to Senior in the Forest of Arden, so even those men I would consider acquaintances are proving weak and traitors.

I "thank (Charles) for (his) loyalty" in Act I, but he is not a friend. He and Dennis have pledged their lives to me, but our relationship is not an amiable one.

My enemies are Duke Frederick's enemies, such as loyalists to the old Duke's regime.

What hobbies or interests do I have?

I garden a lot, which I enjoy. I could have Orlando tend to it, but my garden is the only relationship with the earth I have left. I no longer run in its fields or swim in its rivers or climb its trees. So digging and weeding every day allows me to salvage that affinity. Also, because it is necessary to grow your own food, it is a leisure activity

disguised as a chore, that I simply choose to do myself. Sometimes, I do not wash the dirt off my hands and out from underneath my fingernails for hours, just because I like the feel of it there.

I also appreciate the wrestling matches in the Court, and favor Charles, of course, but also Jean and Simon as well. I used to place bets on the wrestlers with the men of the Court, until gambling was banned, and one could support only the contender endorsed by the Duke.

Do I have children? Why or why not?

No, never had the opportunity. As dictated by the Court, pre-marital sex is strictly forbidden by the Court. Until Celia, I was unknown to woman completely.

What will be carved on my tombstone?

“When someone called Aliena’s name, Oliver’s chest burned with fire’s flame. He loved with all that he was.”

Where have I been prior to each of my stage entrances? How does this affect my actions verbally and physically? What would I like to see or do when I enter?

In I.I, I am on my way to see the Duke. He has summoned me with some official business to take care of, so I am already on edge. When I see Orlando being idle with Adam, this sets me off and I antagonize him: “Now sir what make you here?... What mar you then, sir?” (I.I) I am nervous about my meeting with the Duke, asking myself over and over again if I’m in trouble, if I did something wrong, if I failed him. Opposing Orlando is something I can control, and I utilize it when I need to the most.

When I enter in Act II, I have just interrogated Hisperia as to the whereabouts of Rosalind and Celia. Although I have new information for the Duke, I am not totally at ease, as I know the news will infuriate him more:

Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of my brother
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
Orlando is surely in their company. (II.II)

I hope that I do not become the scapegoat for the Duke's rage when he finds out Celia is gone, and Orlando is probably with her, though I know the probability of that is high. This adds to my tension as I enter the scene, and my posture and walk is even more rigid than usual. My voice is on the verge of breaking and for the first time in my life, I publicly emote in front of the Duke.

In Act IV, I have been searching the Forest for Ganymede for a half an hour, as per Orlando's request. He has given me a detailed description, down to the flecks of gold in her eyes. So I know I cannot miss her. I have encountered a brutish woman with curly black hair who also seems to be looking for Ganymede, but since her search seems to be derivative of aggression rather than love, I choose not to embark on the hunt with her. It is so important for me to do this favor to Orlando, to deliver the bloody napkin to "that youth he doth in sport call his Rosalind" (IV.VI).

I have not seen anyone for a good twenty minutes when I find Ganymede and Aliena and am beginning to lose hope. When I see them, I am so relieved to see anyone who might assist me in locating the shepherd boy and the "sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive trees" (IV.VI).

What choices do I face?

The biggest and hardest choice I have had to make is whether to honor my father's wishes by providing for Orlando, or keep him kept, making him little more than a servant so that I may control his Fortune. Nature has blessed him with many talents: wit, charm, a keen eye and a sharp mind, and these have not gone unnoticed. If I am to prevent Orlando from achieving the same goal as Frederick in overthrowing his elder brother, I must ensure that he is as lame, simple, and illiterate as possible.

It wasn't difficult to decide to devote myself to Frederick and his new government; if I didn't my fate would be similar to Duke Senior, Jacques and other men of prominence who refused to pledge allegiance to Duke Frederick. But supporting Frederick meant forsaking my father, whom I respected when he was alive until I discovered the truth about my mother. He stayed with her, rather than have her punished as an adulteress should be, and since then, my admiration toward my father began to wane. By the time he died, he had become such a burden that any love or respect I once had had turned to impatience and intolerance. I was eager to assume the responsibilities of the de Boys heritage, and my father's death was agonizingly slow.

When I ask myself of Orlando, "is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me?" I believe in that moment I face the choice of how to handle him. I see that my efforts to quell his confidence have not dampened his spirit, and he wishes to take his place as an heir to our father's estate. When I ask if he has grown upon me, I do not only mean that he has challenged and rebelled against me. I am also deeply affected by his outburst:

I know
you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle
condition of blood, you should so know me. The
courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that

you are the first-born; but the same tradition
takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers
betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as
you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is
nearer to his reverence. (I.I)

Admitting I had a moment of vulnerability towards Orlando also calls into question my decision to subordinate him. Being susceptible to tenderness toward Orlando frightens me, and I rally against it by deciding to “physic (his) rankness” (I.I).

What choices do I make?

I ultimately decide to have Orlando killed by Charles, by warning Charles of Orlando’s treachery. Basically I tell him, if you don’t kill him, he will kill you. When this fails and Orlando “foils the sinewy Charles,” I decide to take matters into my own hands, and have Orlando’s house burned down with him in it.

I decide to escape into the trunk to flee Frederick’s wrath. I choose to beg Orlando for forgiveness and I choose to become a better person.

I agree to let myself the freedom to love.

CHAPTER FIVE: REHEARSAL JOURNAL

*“You know, I always envy people with siblings,
even if they don’t like them all that much.”
Audrey Niffenegger, “The Time Traveler’s Wife”*

This journal was written between a period of four months. It was recorded as stream-of-consciousness as the events occurred. Because I want to translate my thoughts as earnestly as possible, I have not, for the most part, censored the ideas for formality. Only in those cases where it benefited clarity have changes been made.

10-10-07

I got the part!! I can’t believe it. I never thought it would happen. I remember auditioning for Oliver in May and feeling like a complete failure, with Jim even telling me, “Joe, Oliver’s a man, not a boy.” I thought, “Oh my God, this will never happen.”

AND IT DID!!

I saw the list with Corey Loftus, a fellow intern, which was so great because he got Silvius and after two months of playing the Officer with four lines, and Corey not even getting cast in Comedy of Errors, I am so thrilled we got these great roles! He gave me the biggest hug, which was interrupted by another intern, who congratulated me, but I was bummed because I know he really wanted Oliver. He’s my buddy and I want him to be happy and feel for him. I’ve been there.

BUT, I just can’t believe it. In May, after reading all the plays being produced this year, I thought, ‘man, Oliver is the part I wanna play most.’ I loved that with Oliver, you get to play a little bit of everything, from bad guy to romantic lead.

I worked hard on that monologue too. I worked with Be, and with my grad class. I remember vacuuming the floor and just reciting the monologue over and over again, so

that it was muscle memory. I felt really prepared for that audition too. I just went into it feeling so good.

Brad DePlanche, who is playing Touchstone, gave me the best advice during my callback. After my initial audition, director Dan McLeary asked me to come back and show three sides of Oliver: as bad guy, in love, and redeemed. I was wearing a vest, shirt and tie. Brad suggested I do the first monologue all buttoned up, and then for the second, when I am explaining Orlando saving my life, to take off the vest, and then for when he is redeemed, to take off the tie. I loved how it felt when I was ripping off my clothes; it just felt so impulsive and so in the moment and gave such urgency to my audition. Erika Wilhite, an MFA classmate of mine, said it was the best work she'd seen me do. Thanks Brad!

10-21-07

I emailed my thesis chair and told her about getting cast and that I was thinking about doing Oliver for my thesis role. She agreed it would be a good idea and encouraged me to do so. It's not that I wouldn't LOVE to play Guy in *Some Girls*; I love Neil LaBute so much. But with the demands of the intern schedule here at OST, it just isn't feasible right now. I just finished *Comedy of Errors*, am currently in *The Secret Garden* and will be starting *Tuna Christmas* soon. To mount my own full-fledged production just isn't in the cards right now. And also, I'm already having ideas as to how to approach Oliver. I played a similar role in undergrad, Antonio in *The Tempest*, and I thought it would be interesting to compare the two characters, why Oliver is redeemed, while Antonio is not. Also, it would be interesting to parallel that comparison with my own journey, comparing

how I approached playing the villain in undergrad as opposed to the end of my grad school career.

11-19-07

It's my day off, thank goodness. At the theatre, I am knee-deep in laundry for *Tuna Christmas*, where I am serving as quick-change extraordinaire. I swear, if I never have to touch another man's sweat-soaked undershirt again, I think I would die happy. I'm also bummed because the other interns get the entire Thanksgiving weekend off, something we all desperately need, but Chantry, Erika and I have to stay at the theater and tech Tuna. Although I would love to drive to Charleston, SC, where my clan is meeting for Thanksgiving, I take solace in the fact that I will be with Chantry, Erika, and fellow dressers Arabella and Erin. We have so much fun backstage and it gives me a whole new appreciation for my dressers. I know now I always have to be good to them. They handle my dirty undershirts!

Because it is non-stop at OST, it is hard to get motivated to make any headway on my lines in *As You Like It*. It isn't a requirement, but I want to make a good impression and not give the "INTERN!" red alert during the read-thru. Because I feel a bit inexperienced, it is like the plus-size model on *America's Next Top Model*. As Tyra says, her pictures have to be twice as good, her runway walk twice as fierce as the other girls, just to put her on the same playing field as the other girls. I feel like that with the professional actors. One thing I learned while watching Brandon Roberts and Brad DePlanche during *Comedy of Errors* is that these actors BRING IT to the first rehearsal. They have to. There is no time to putz around. But I was so shocked watching the first blocking rehearsal. The choices being made were so big and so committed, and scripts

were being dropped and no one seemed to even notice, they were THAT prepared. I wanted to be like that. They taught me to approach every rehearsal like a performance. You have the freedom to experiment and you have to be flexible enough to change, of course, but the commitment and confidence should be performance-style. I didn't want to disappoint.

SO... here I am, two weeks away from the first read-through, and I am trying to dedicate at least some of this day to studying my lines. I familiarize myself with the first scene pretty well, and when my roommate comes home, he quizzes me on it, and I do pretty well. But of course, the bulk of that scene is my audition monologue, which I could recite while drowning. But hey, one scene down, three to go.

12-10-07

It is the night before the read-through. I am nervous, but excited. I can't wait to meet everyone, especially the actors playing Celia, Rosalind and Orlando. I hope they are nice.

12-11-07

It's a big day today. We started with a meet-and-greet with the usual Orlando Shakespeare Theater first-day fare. The spread included Dorito's and coffee, but I wasn't really hungry as Erika, Jennie and I went to Eden's and got salads beforehand.

I tried to be social, and appear confident, but I was a wreck. I don't know why I always feel I have something to prove at these read-throughs. They are so preliminary, so basic, and yet I feel it is the opportunity to "show the cast what I got." Like we're all being sized-up. And let's face it, we are. After a read-thru, we always go out for drinks with our friends in the cast, or call them afterwards and talk about who did a great job

and wonder why this person was cast when they weren't very good, etc. But we always remedy our judgment by assuring ourselves and one another, "but it's early in the process. NO ONE was "there" yet. We all have so much to grow." And then I always get paranoid: "Are people thinking the same stuff about me?" Probably. But I have to remember: the read-thru is completely undirected, unguided.

I met Susannah Millonzi, who is playing Celia, right away. We were both getting coffee. She is stunning. I love her already. She asked who I was playing and I told her and she exclaimed, "it's you and me, babe!" I knew then she was Celia, and I was thrilled. I think we're going to get along well. I didn't talk to the guy playing Orlando, or the girl playing Rosalind, though they both seem nice. The man playing the Dukes seemed uber cool as well, as does Meaghan Fenner, the woman playing Phebe.

We first went around as per tradition for first rehearsals at OST and introduced ourselves and answered a question designated by the company manager, Jamie Mykins. This is one of the many "company bonding" exercises this theatre insists on utilizing at every opportunity. Sometimes it is fun, but I am so eager to get started at this point, I want to scream, "I don't CARE who the costume apprentices would be if they could change gender!! This a dream role for me! I just wanna start! Put down the Mrs. Fields everybody and let's get going!" But alas, I can't do that because I would be viewed as the biggest asshole on the planet. But I can't help it. I am too excited. I want to hear Eric Zivot deliver "All the world's a stage," I want to hear what the director has to say about the concept, I just want to hear this play which I've read so many times the past six months come to life out loud, rather than just voices in my head.

The question that went around, as I said before was “If you could switch genders with any famous person who would it be?” Everyone went around and gave cutesy, witty answers. Some were hilarious, others were bizarre. I said Dolly Parton of course. My reasoning was simply, “Because I love her.” The show’s composer and local celeb Michael Andrews said Zooey Deschanel for some reason. Everyone cooed and “mmm’ed” afterwards as if the Dali Lama had spoken, though I’m pretty sure 90% of the people in that room had never heard of Zooey Deschanel.

Finally, the theater staff not directly involved with the show began to filter out and the read-thru began. It was surprisingly intimate. Neither the artistic director nor the production manager were there- it was just the cast, stage manager, and the director, Dan McLeary and his girlfriend, who is the artistic director for a Shakespeare Theatre in ... (I wanna say Washington, but I’m not sure.) From the get-go, I knew working with Dan would be a treat. I know he played Silvius in Shakes and Co’s production recently (with Susannah as his Phebe!) so I knew he was passionate about this play. He just seems so warm and inviting, one of those people that when you talk, you can tell they are genuinely listening. And they don’t respond to your question right away. And at first, you think they’re dissing you, but you realize they are just taking it in so they can accurately answer you. He’s just so thoughtful. I like that.

The read through went well. I am very confident with the first scene, as it has been the focus of most of my preliminary work. It not only introduces the character of Oliver, but also the play itself, so I knew it had to be hot.

I really liked delivering the lines to the actor playing the wrestler; he seemed very intent on what I was saying, which always fuels you even more, when you are sure your

partner is clinging to every word you say. And during my audition monologue, I see out of the corner of my eye Dan's girlfriend, who has joined the circle, is nodding at what I am saying. This is reassuring and makes me feel good.

I wasn't as confident with the lioness story, but didn't dwell too much on it as I know I have plenty of time to get there. I did feel like I had a nice connection with Susannah and I think the scene will be fun to play with Polly and her.

12-12-07

First day of dropping-in- I love this exercise. I was first exposed to it during our Shakespeare class with Jim Helsinger in the Spring of 2006. April-Dawn Gladu, then-director of education at OST, came into our class and led dropping-in exercises with us. I was with Erika and we did Richard III. It was really great and helped me connect to the text in ways I hadn't thought of before.

We next did it earlier in the internship, in August I think. I was supposed to go with Ben, but we never got to us. I was disappointed, but at least I got to watch Anne lead it with Chantry and Jen Drew, and it was so exciting to watch. Chantry did some beautiful work and really connected with his text on an emotional level. When Chantry gets vulnerable, he is so amazing to watch.

We started dropping-in today with Act I Scene I. It is me, Tyler (Orlando), Brandon (Adam), Ben (Dennis), and Charles (Charles) in the circle. Dan had spent the first half an hour with just Tyler and Brandon, and when Ben, Charles and I come into the circle, Dan welcomes us and asks how are day has been. Again, he is genuinely interested in our answer, and not just eager to get back to work. Such a cool guy!

The first session went really well. Most of my interaction was with Charles and Tyler. I gotta say, it's harder doing dropping-in in a group, rather than just one-on-one. When it was only two of us, April-Dawn had us touching knees, or making some form of physical contact. This connected us on another level, and forced intimacy. I think this would have been especially beneficial with strangers, as there is usually that, "I don't really know you too well yet, so I'll be a little timid with you at first" stigma. Forced immediate intimacy helps alleviate that a bit.

That said, I didn't have any trouble feeling connecting to Tyler at all. Man, is he open! His eyes were so telling, so vulnerable. He is going to be such a fun scene partner, I can tell.

I got an idea for some possible back-story. In dropping-in, Dan brought up or different physical resemblances, Tyler's and mine. He's so right. What if I didn't believe we were natural brothers? What if I thought we had different dads, and that's why I resent him so. Maybe I think Duke Frederick is my dad, making it easy to denounce Sir Rowland's name and align myself with Frederick, because he is, I think, my true father. Interesting thought...

Dan gave us some great advice today. He told Tyler not to dismiss Orlando's intelligence and me not to discount Oliver's heart too early in the play. It is our appearance of our lacking of these that is what makes our journeys so great

12-13-07

We dropped-in the wrestling scene today. It was hard to do as I have no dialogue in it. Basically the whole cast was there, which is always fun. Most of them I haven't seen since the read-through. But back to dropping-in, it is an exercise in relating to the

text; when you have no text it can be kind of tedious, especially in a scene that relies so heavily on physicality (the actual wrestling) instead of the text. Luckily he let us go as soon as our characters departed the scene; we didn't have to stay for Rosalind/Orlando's meeting or Le Beau's report.

I've been wondering about the wrestling scene. It's clear I know Rosalind at the beginning of the play: "Can you tell if Rosalind the Duke's daughter be banished with her father?" But wouldn't I know Celia as well? When I see her in Act IV, it is clear it is love at first sight, but wouldn't I have seen her in the court, especially being so close to Duke Frederick. I'm playing with the idea of noticing Celia during the wrestling scene while she is cheering for Orlando. Maybe linger on her for a little bit, let her draw me away from the action a bit. Maybe she notices me too? Eyes meet for fleeting second... Maybe talk to Susannah about this possibility, or just see if it happens organically. Of course, no one in the audience would notice, but we would and it would enhance what we're developing for sure. It's something to think about.

I returned after dinner break and dropped-in my short scene with Carl (the Duke). Dan added this scene for Oliver and I am so glad. First, it gives me a chance to act with Carl who is such a cool guy. He's done a lot of shows here and I can see why. The man makes Shakespeare's words seem so effortless. It is as if he is just laughing through them, but in a good way. The second reason I am glad for this scene as it gives me more lines, duh. It was originally supposed to just be a lord, but Dan gave it to Oliver. Pretty cool.

12-14-07

Something I want to keep in mind when familiarizing myself with the text. In an email to Anne, Dan wrote that he was particularly impressed at my audition by my “purity with the text.” I want to keep that in mind and make sure I don’t lose that. As an actor somewhat inexperienced with acting Shakespeare (this is my third Shakespeare play, but my first professional one), I sometimes have the tendency to want to overdue it, and it begins to sound affected even to me. I have to remember that I don’t have to overcompensate for anything. I am just as good as the other actors in this show. In fact, it was my lack of affectation that got me this role. I have to maintain that.

12-15-07

We’ve begun blocking, but we’re still dropping-in. I think the original plan was to drop-in the whole play, which I think we still intend to do, and then get on our feet and have the lines fed to us, so we can act on impulse rather than be slaves to the script. I don’t think that’s going to happen now, which kind of sucks because I had never done that before and it sounds liberating. But, we have to have this play ready for stumble through for Jim and the technicians by Thursday. THURSDAY! It is Saturday. I have blocked one scene. I have not even seen Susannah since the read-thru, let alone block our big scene together. This terrifies me.

Phillip Nolen said something during *Tuna Christmas* that I agree with. He said, “At this theatre, they never give you chance to fail.” It is so true. There is ALWAYS someone, usually someone(s), watching a rehearsal, either just for the fun of it, or taking notes. I know most of them are designers, there to watch the blocking so they get a feel for the needs of the play and how they can best aid that with their designs, but still, you can’t help but feel like you’re being judged. I remember during *Tuna*, poor Phillip

played, what? 15 characters? And every single dress rehearsal, from tech on, there was at least an audience of 10 or more in the house. I know it was an entertaining show, and most of the people watching it were there because they had heard how great it is, which is so sweet. However, Chantry, Arabella, Erin, and I were under so much stress with that show, and we were just the DRESSERS. I can't imagine how the actors felt with seven-second costume changes we had rehearsed twice before and now we have an audience. Woo!

I discovered today that I need to re-evaluate my impediment approach. Dan said he wanted us to breathe differently in Arden, so I thought that if I made Oliver's breath shallower in the Court, and then open it up in Arden, it would be effective. It is a good idea in theory, but sometimes artistic choices don't comply with technical necessity. I found myself today not being able to complete thoughts in one breath, really chunking up my lines to the point where they didn't make sense to even me. I didn't get a note on it, but I was aware that it would not work. Shakespeare requires the maximum use of breath, for resonance and support, but also for understandability. I can't afford to lose any of those things.

I like my blocking a lot in opening scene. I feel like a hawk circling Charles, ready to dive. I wish Charles would look at me during the scene though. He just won't no matter what I do. I understand he is playing someone subservient to me, but I need eye contact at least once in a while from him. Bring this up?

12-16-07

I thought about what I wrote yesterday and why it's a pain. Every year, I teach at a summer musical theatre academy for teens and kids. The teen show has gained quite a

good reputation and the shows get better every year. We open on Saturday, so Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday shows are generally a complete and utter failure of a mess. It is beyond a mess. It seems incapable of salvation. And invariably, every Tuesday, every Wednesday, there they are, that same group of parents sitting there, criticizing, judging and commenting. And there they are, after the run-through, with their notes: "Don't you think you need more light stage left? Are they going to be miked? Logan doesn't know his lines." OH MY GOD SHUT UP! We usually deal with them pretty well by ignoring them completely, but then they go home and comment on the show to the kids, making them insecure. It's human nature. It is impossible for us to watch something and remain completely neutral, no matter how much we are warned beforehand, "Still in development! We still have five days! It's gonna get better!" We can't help it; we judge.

By the way, next summer we are implementing a new rule: no parents in the house during rehearsals. No exceptions. We'll see how that works out.

We ran the little scene with Frederick, Hisperia, Dennis and me about 5,000 times today. We were scheduled to "work it" with Angi while Dan did dropping-in with Corey and Meaghan I think. The scene is about 2 minutes long, so naturally we are given 30 to work it. It was kind of tedious. Especially since we marathon blocked it before, haven't been given much direction on it. I like what I'm doing, and feel vulnerable coming into the scene. It is an important scene because it is the first time we see Oliver in a subservient position. We see how scared he is, terrified. I also need it to be a moment we see his love for Orlando. When he exclaims, "I never loved my brother in my life!" I need the audience to know he opposite is true. I want them to see how much it KILLS me to say that, because I know it isn't true. And then when Frederick responds with, "more

villain thou”- ooh it gives me chills to think about it! Frederick is so dastardly! But this is the only time I want the audience to doubt what I am saying. Every other time, even when I am describing to Charles how volatile Orlando is, I need the audience to be entirely convinced. And I achieve that if I am entirely convinced. I have to commit to the truth of what I am saying. Any smidgen of irony will ruin that.

12-18-07

We had music rehearsal today. Michael Andrew composed the music. It is really beautiful and simple. It fits the concept of the show so well. One of the actors today complained, though, that there was no singing audition for this show, and now most of us have big solo's. It doesn't really bother me; my solo is easy to sing, it's pretty, and though singing always makes me nervous, I still love to do it. But I can see that some of the other actors are terrified to sing, so I feel for them. hilariously, two of the actors are completely tone-deaf, bless their hearts, and they are the most confident of all, just belting out whatever note they please. So funny. You gotta love them, though I don't think Michael Andrew does.

I am really trying to open up my chest resonators in my speech. Jim gave me this note about eight months ago. He said that when I speak on stage, he feels I am using my resonators fully vertically, meaning I am supporting my voice from where I'm supposed to: the abdomen and beyond, but that I am not getting expanding enough. Basically, I'm hitting all the resonators but not using them to their full ability. Expand, expand, expand!

12-20-07

I'm going to throw up. We've rehearsed this play for a freaking week, and here we are about to do a stumble through of the entire thing. I haven't done the damn bloody

napkin scene since Sunday. Ugh. And EVERYONE is here. I think they actually charged for this performance. Seriously, is that like the general public there sitting around the Mandell. There are the understudies, the costumer apprentices, all 9,000 of them, everyone. People I have never even seen before, sitting out there, pleasantly waiting to be entertained. Oh god, I'm ill.

And the Mandell, while a wonderful rehearsal space, is so UNFORGIVING, with it's tortuous fluorescents beaming down from above, illuminating every cringe from the audience. They sit two feet away, and it is impossible to ignore them. Yuck.

The run-thru is finished. I'm still alive. Felt really great about the first scene. Thought it was powerful and I felt like I had a great connection with Charles.

The bloody napkin scene was like middle school acting. All three of us failed miserably. Poor Susannah. Polly and I were glued to our scripts the whole time, fumbling words, so that the scene became an exchange of um's and er's between the two of us. Oh yeah, but Polly has an excuse, as she is playing ROSALIND, the Hamlet of all Shakespeare heroines. I am playing Oliver, seven scenes strong, two of which I have no lines in. I really thought I had this scene. I've been studying it pretty diligently, but you know when you get it on it's feet, and add an audience, and a stomach doing flip-flops inside you, and it might as well been the first time I'd ever read the text out loud. Out the window. Oh well. I tried. It's over.

Realize I need to develop my reasoning for telling the lioness story to Celia and Rosalind. I could easily go into the fact that Orlando saved me from the lion without having to explain who I was or what I tried to do to him. At first, I thought that Celia initiates this: "Wast you who so often contrived to kill him?" But then no, I tell her

before, “Kindness, ever nobler than revenge, and Nature, stronger than his just occasion, made him give battle to the lioness!” Basically, saying his just occasion is his right to walk away after everything I did to him, but he didn’t; his mercy saved my life. I opened the door to have to explain how Orlando and I got to this place.

Just thinking- parallel it to an AA meeting? The first step is admitting, out loud, you have a problem. By confessing my evil deeds am I finally able to move on from them?

12-21-07

Dan got a little frustrated with me today. I couldn’t get the timing down on the “you a man, you lack a man’s heart” line with my hand on Polly’s chest. What is wrong with me? Seriously, I think Dan might have asked that at one point. At one point, I said, kind of exasperated, “What do you want?!?” And Dan looked at me all sage-like and said, “It isn’t what I want, it’s what you want.” Oh brother. Polly and Susannah were great scene partners and they saw my frustration. Polly whispered to me at one point, “let your disappointment go. Just do it. You’re doing fine.” I’m so happy they were with me there.

Did some research at the library today; got out of rehearsal early. I probably will not have much more time before Christmas as I am called pretty much all day for the next three days. Went to the library and got some anthologies with critical essays on AYLI. Found a great one that compiles all of George Bernard Shaw’s reviews of various London productions throughout the years. Love GB Shaw. He is such the man. He must have been like the coolest guy in Victorian England. You know why? He is cool because he takes absolutely NO SHIT from anyone. And he could care less whether you like him or

not. So cool. I did a presentation on Shaw for Julia's class once. I was so inspired by it, and Sam loved it so much, she and I were going to write a two-person show on Shaw and his relationship with the original Eliza Doolittle, Mrs. Patrick Campbell. It would be a great show, but I could never have pulled that off. Can you imagine the audacity? 24 year old me playing 55 year old English genius. And we would WRITE it too?? Yeah, I could write dialogue for Shaw, sure.... But hey it was a neat idea. And how cool that it was our original project, and here I am able to include Shaw in my actual thesis paper. Full circle!

The reviews are so acerbic, they're the best. He spares no one's feelings, but does so so brilliantly I don't see how even the victims of his critique could argue with what he's saying. In his review of Augustin Daly's *Orlando*, he says it is a shame that years after this performance, "Mr. Daly will die in his bed, whilst innocent presidents of republics, who never harmed an immortal bard, are falling on all sides under the knives of well-intentioned reformers whose only crime is that they assassinate the wrong people!" (Shaw 1). Love it!

12-22-07

In three days I'll be in Hawaii and I'd be lying if I said I couldn't wait. Not just to get out of Orlando and away from this theatre for more than just a Monday, which I haven't had since August, but because the whole play has been dropped-in, and blocked and worked, and I know what Dan wants and what I want, and it will be such a gift to have a week to take the script to Hawaii and just live with it for seven days, find my character and come back that much more stronger and more complete. How often do you get that in a rehearsal process? Never.

12-23-07

I love choreography days with Susannah. The wedding dance is a blast and I enjoy doing it so much. I did pretty well today. I feel like I really carried “Lover and his Lass,” and both Dan and Michael complimented me on my work today. Pretty cool. Kinda funny though, coming from the non-musical theatre major, that I am most confident with the singing and dancing than with the acting.

I ran into Jim in the hallway today. He told me I did good work Thursday, but to relax the tension is my jaw when I spoke in Act I, because it became difficult to understand some of my words. This is great to know. I’ve been approaching the physicality of Oliver’s villainy as “impediment acting,” as JJ calls it. Like playing a drunk or a cold, you pick three symptoms of the impediment, and focus on the specifics of those, rather than the entire spectrum of the condition, which muddies it. One of my symptoms is increased shoulder tension, which I gradually release as Oliver becomes more free to express himself. But I have to be careful, as my body has to be released enough to allow for technique, and that includes a relaxed jaw. I guess I was focusing my energy of hating Orlando in my jaw, and I have to be aware of that. As Kate and Be say, always be checking in. What more can I let go of?

12-24-07

I love Christmas so much. I got a package from my mom today, which I of course opened excitedly under the tree as if I was seven. This is my first Christmas away from home my entire life, and it’s going to be a little hard to get used to. Even though I haven’t lived at home in six years, I’ve always managed to make it home for Christmas; always a priority. This year is going to be different. But I need the focus. I know I would never

touch my script if I were at home in West Virginia with my entire family. So it will actually be to my good. It will be just me, on the beach, with my script.

And my beard. I kind of started growing my beard later than everyone else, because I knew what a hairy beast I was and that I could grow a beard in a little under an hour I think. Brandon Roberts came in full-bearded the first day of rehearsal. By the first week, everyone had started, except for me. Denise the costumer lightheartedly got on me about it, and I assured her I would have a beard, full and bushy and itchy and gross, in a week. And I did. And now I have to go to Hawaii, pale because the only light I have known since I have been at OST has been the halogens in the green room, and Unabomber hairy because I am in a play. But of course, the hot surfers and surfettes in Waikiki will not know this. I will just be the creepy bearded ghost of a man slathering SPF 300 over his blindingly white body.

12-26-07

I couldn't study my script on the flight because I am too excited. This is seriously the most beautiful place I have ever been. I am in awe.

12-28-07

I worked quite a bit today and I am proud of myself. I re-did some of my scansion, as I did not like some of the choices I had previously impulsively made. Also, reworked some of my physical actions in the bloody napkin scene, as well as "choreographed" an interpretive dance-like telling of the story, to mirror Susannah's dropped acorn story. Our costumes have similar elements as well, so I wanted to continue this idea of our mirroring of one another, establishing our identity as soul mates.

1-2-07

It is 10 AM, and I should be at rehearsal. But I am not. I just got back from the UCF clinic. I have strep throat. I will be contagious for 24 hours and in pain for more. Strep throat is nothing new to me. I get it about once a year. Lucky me. It is so painful. Plus, if it was just the sore throat, it'd be one thing, but man it gets your whole body. Will write more later. Going to sleep now.

I can't talk. Called Angi the stage manager earlier and said I'd be out for a couple days. An ASM called to check on me, sweet. She's my buddy, so I cried to her how I felt I was letting everyone down, etc. She assured me I wasn't, that Brian my understudy was going on for me, that no one was mad. I watched All My Children and went back to sleep.

This sucks. Not only do I feel completely left out, but I just feel so incompetent. Here we are, a week before tech and I am not there.

1-3-07

I am missing rehearsal today and probably tomorrow, but will be back for tech on Saturday if all goes well. I really love tech. I don't know why. It's like we've all worked so hard for two weeks and it is like a little two day respite for the actors, but not completely because you're still working and rehearsing. I also find it's the best bond time for the cast. We're all in this together, stuck in the green room, hating life, but having a great time eating the four thousand Krispy Kremes someone brought to appease us. People are napping, people are reading, playing games, studying lines, going through blocking. Dress rehearsal is near, opening night is near. It's just such an exciting time I think. It's like the peak of the rollercoaster, before you plummet downhill, where

everything slows down for a few seconds and you're just kind of breathing with everyone else on the train. That's how tech is for me.

I thought a lot today about my relationship with Adam. Not something I've spent a lot of time on. Important- shows my mistreatment of those younger and older than I. Ages important in this play- Seven stages of man, OLD Adam, "unlearned youth," "fair youth," eldest brother, second son- also, competition of ages important. Elder vs. younger.

1-4-07

I made up my mind to kick ass at dress rehearsal on Sunday. I have to. I've missed three days, had a sad showing at the only run-through I've been apart of three Thursday's ago, what I've come to know as Black Thursday. Who knows? Maybe Brian's portrayal of Oliver is completely blowing everyone away, and everyone's thinking, "Damn, we shoulda got him for the part!" God, I hope not.

1-5-07

Yay! I'm back and I'm so glad. Everyone was so warm, and I can tell I've been missed. Brian of course said some shitty comment to me about how he should have been Oliver, but when no one laughed, I can see that was not the case. He and Susannah did laugh a little bit about how he gave her goosebumps the other day. Gross. I am insanely jealous, I'll admit it.

I also missed an amazing event, where they were testing the trampoline for the Arden entrance, and 90 pound Brandon Roberts leapt onto and was propelled like 80 feet into the air. Well, of course, the 12 year old in a 25 year old's body known as Tyler aka Orlando had to try it as well, and, wearing cowboy boots jumped onto the trampoline and

of course went right through it. THEN, he got off and said, to I guess no one in particular, “Dude your trampoline is broken.” PRICELESS. So Dan, in his full intense, ‘I am a boiling pot ready to bubble over, scalding all in my path’ quiet rage, just stormed onto the stage, grabbed the trampoline, threw it offstage, and it was never mentioned again. I am sorely disappointed I missed Trampo-gate 2008. Classic.

Love Susannah so much. Such a cool girl. I am so glad I get to play opposite her.

1-6-07

SUCCESS!!! Hard work prevailed over strep throat and insecurity! Jim and Dan both cracked up during my lioness story, and the subsequent blowing off of Rosalind. At pre-auditions in May, Jim told me that Oliver was the only one in the play who doesn’t have to be funny. Well, I don’t know about that. Michael Shurtleff says in Audition to find humor any opportunity you can, without sacrificing the integrity of the scene of course. I love that. Humor is a respite for the audience, it gives them a chance to breathe and check-in with themselves.

We exited the bloody napkin scene and Susannah said, “you’ve really worked that scene! It was funny and touching and so real!” I was unsure of its success, so kind of blew it off, but then at notes, I didn’t get any, except for “YOU had a very good night tonight, I think.” YAY!!! Chris Bellinger (Amiens) looked at me and winked. Afterwards, Susannah said, “told ya so.” Gosh it felt so good. Not to receive praise in front of the whole cast, but to realize that my work is paying off. That I can overcome feelings of unsurety with drive. That I DO deserve to be up there with the professional actors. I am worthy! I am just as good as they are!

1-7-07

Yikes. I took it overboard today. I tried to inject a little more humor into the scene, and it crashed, burned and withered at my feet. Fell so flat. At notes, Dan said, “someone was trying to get some more laughs today... What? Last night wasn’t enough for you?!?” I told him, “don’t worry, it’s out, it’s cut, never again.” JJ says our “suck-meter” has to be on at all times; we have to be able to gauge ourselves. I gauged myself tonight. Didn’t suck, actually did pretty well, consistent with last night, but did some SUCKY things.

WHY DOES BEN (JACQUES DE BOYS, NOT MELONCHOLY JACQUES) NEVER LOOK AT ME WHEN HE COMES ON IN THE LAST SCENE?!?!? Jesus Christ, he is mine and Tyler’s brother, long-lost, been away at school, coming back with good news for us, and he WILL NOT, refuses to look at either one of us. Tyler and I are looking at each other, smiling, nodding, acknowledging the heck out of each other to the point where we are being negligent to our ladies, and here Ben is... tunnel vision until curtain call. It is as if he is purposely avoiding us. Sometimes I get the feeling Ben rehearses so much on his own, and works so hard (no one is denying that the boy WORKS), but it becomes so ingrained in his muscle that NOTHING is organic and he becomes very inflexible onstage. So that when something happens, like both of his long-lost brothers are trying to get his attention, becomes immune to it- “not what I rehearsed in my living room, so I can’t acknowledge it.” Every night, I look at Susannah and mutter, “why won’t he look at me?” He’s about as emotionally available as a mushroom.

1-8-07

The guild watched tonight. They're always a great audience. Seemed to enjoy the play. Rosalind's epilogue is so beautiful. Brought tears to my eyes tonight. I can't believe this is really happening. We are opening in two days.

I found some really nice things with Susannah tonight. I love this time in the process. It's all coming together and yet you're still finding new stuff all the time.

Erika said my kiss with Susannah was hot. I love the juxtaposition of our kiss with Orlando and Rosalind's. They jump into each other's arms and kiss madly, and our kiss is softer, more intense, but more concentrated. I think it fits our character's personalities well.

I didn't quite get there tonight in the banishment scene. I didn't feel as frightened as I usually do, but felt more defiant with the Duke. I think it lost something when I lessened the vulnerability. Sure, though, the defiance gave the Duke all the more reason to throw me out, but I want to recapture that sense of panic, that "oh shit, I'm in trouble and I'm petrified."

1-9-07

"You have my consent." This line really got me tonight. Tyler's delivery was so sincere, so heartfelt, I just started crying softly. Couldn't help it. Then he took his good hand and wiped one of my tears away before pulling me into a hug. There was a general "Aw" from the preview audience at that. Loves it.

I can't help but laugh during the dance when we're supposed to be flicking our scarves because Susannah always gives me notes on it. And I'm supposed to be making eye contact with her across the stage and looking all flirty. How do I do that when I know

she's critiquing my dance moves (as choreographer of course it's her job, but still!) It always makes me giggle.

Not as much as watching Erika and Brad do the dance. How funny is that? They crack me up.

Speaking of Brad, and this goes back to what I wrote about Ben a couple of days ago, about him not looking at me. Even Brad, whose character I have zero interaction with in this play, even he looks at Tyler and I on "and they shook hands and swore brothers." The line doesn't have to do with Oliver and Orlando's relationship, but Touchstone acknowledges Orlando's forgiveness and our reconnection.

1-10-07

Another good preview. I think we've got a show!

HOWEVER- I have to share this. Now, I really like Tyler, who plays Orlando. I know he gets on some of the cast's nerves, but I just think he's a great guy and he, Jennie and I have a lot of fun when we go out. THAT SAID, today he actually said to me, "hey, did you know Eric you and I are brothers?" I stared at him blankly. (Eric plays Jacques, the melancholy Jacques, All the world's a stage, etc). He went on, "Yeah, I didn't know either, but like he 's the middle brother. Shouldn't he be the older brother, you the middle and me the youngest?" True, Eric is about 20 years older than both of us. Now mind you, I understand that when READING the play it could be confusing. Our middle brother is named the same as melancholy Jacques. But we've lived with this play for four weeks AND Jacques de Boys is played by another actor here who comes on at the end and exclaims, "I am the second son of old Sir Rowland!" How is that not clear?!?! Sweet Tyler... And we open tomorrow. Lord help us.

1-11-07

At the school show this morning, the mediator of our talkback with the students made kind of an inappropriate comment regarding Susannah's and my relationship. Ugh. I tell ya. It's gonna be a long four weeks of school talkbacks, if Comedy of Errors was anything to go by.

Tonight's opening! Kinda nervous, very excited, ready to do this. And they're off!

I think tonight went well. Chantry booted me during the introductions at the opening night party, as he always does. It's fun getting dressed up with the cast and going to opening night party. Food was all Middle Eastern, so good. Audience seemed to like it tonight. Polly's epilogue is just so nice. It is such a great way to end the show.

CHAPTER SIX: CONCLUSION

*“I’ve been trying to get down to the heart of the matter...
And I think it’s about forgiveness.”
Don Henley*

The quote that opens this chapter is from my favorite song. Though I had known of it for years, I never really *heard* it until this summer, when I began this paper.

It summarizes the question I asked with this thesis, and it identifies what I believe to be the answer.

The director of *As You Like It* warned me early on in the process not to discount Oliver’s heart. I was careful not to. His villainy was the matter, and I had to get to the heart, or the motivation, of it. Through the given circumstances of the play, my personal history and my imagination, I was able to establish Oliver’s heart from the beginning, focusing on hurt and betrayal rather than on jealousy and greed.

My research also factored into finding Oliver’s motivations, particularly Shakespeare’s own relationship with his own brothers and the societal custom of primogeniture, and how both set the foundation for Oliver’s actions. Saladyne from *Rosalynde* and Cain from the *Book of Genesis* served as literary influences and further expanded the foundation for Oliver’s character development.

By re-imagining Oliver’s past, I used the magic “if” to determine a possible cause for the betrayal of his father and resentment of his brother. Though Oliver says early in Act I that he does not know why he “hates nothing more than (Orlando),” I found it important to my process to attempt to establish reasoning. Once found, I was able to settle on three stations of development for Oliver to “stop at” on the road to redemption. In a way, three different incarnations of the same character had to then be fully-fledged:

villain, brother and lover. This was successful only when Oliver received forgiveness from his brother, and was able to forgive himself.

Forgiveness was the impetus for Oliver's conversion. However, had he not retained the love for his brother dictated by Nature, Oliver's fate could have differed greatly; the energy from being forgiven by your mortal "enemy" could have more resembled Javert's outcome in *Les Miserables*. Instead, due to the seed of redemption planted by Oliver's doubt in Act I, he was able to grow from it, ultimately achieving his objective.

Through forgiveness, Oliver was able to love.

LIST OF REFERENCES

- "Absolute Shakespeare Biography." Absolute Shakespeare. 2005. 27 Aug. 2008
<<http://absoluteshakespeare.com/index.htm>>.
- Al Binalli, H.A. Hajar. "Majnoon Lila." 2003. 15 Sept. 2008
<<http://www.ishim.net/ishimj/4/01.pdf>>.
- Alchin, L.K. "William Shakespeare Info." William Shakespeare (the Complete Works Online). 21 Nov. 2005. 27 Aug. 2008 <<http://www.william-shakespeare.info>>.
- Barnaby, Andrew. "The Political Consciousness of Shakespeare's As You Like It." SEL Studies in English Literature 1500-1900 36 (1996).
- Bear, Risa, comp. "Rosalynde." The Complete Works of Thomas Lodge. By Thomas Lodge. Hunterian Club, 1883.
- Best, Michael. "Thomas Lodge's Rosalynde." Shakespeare's Comedies and Romances. 13 July 2005. 26 Aug. 2008 <<http://web.uvic.ca/~mbest1/eng1366c2005/ay11.html>>.
- Bloom, Harold. As You Like It. Ed. Harold Bloom. Trans. Harold Bloom. New York: Chelsea House, 2003.
- Bloom, Harold, ed. Modern Critical Interpretations of As You Like It. New York, NY: Chelsea House, 1988.
- "The Book Of Genesis." The Talk Origins Archive. 2006. 2 Sept. 2008
<<http://www.talkorigins.org/faqs/genesis.html>>.
- "Cain and Abel." Wikipedia. 15 July 2008. 1 Sept. 2008
<<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/cain>>.
- Chabon, Michael. "My Brother's Keeper." Details Oct. 2008: 192.

- Chambers, Edmund. A Short Life of Shakespeare with the Sources. Ed. Charles Williams. Oxford: Clarendon P, 1933.
- Clark, Larry D., Charles McGaw, and Kenneth L. Stilson. Acting Is Believing. 9th ed. Belmont: Wadsworth, 2006.
- Cole, Rosalie. "Perspectives on Pastoral: Romance, Comic and Tragic." Shakespeare's Living Art. Princeton UP, 1974.
- Cooley, Ronald W. "Kent and Primogeniture in King Lear." Studies in English Literature 1500-1900. 22 Mar. 2008. 30 Aug. 2008
<http://goliath.ecnext.com/coms2/gi_0199-8043074/kent-and-primogeniture-in-king.html>.
- "Euphuism." Wikipedia. 17 Aug. 2008. 2 Sept. 2008
<<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/euphuism>>.
- Garber, Marjorie. "The Education of Orlando." Comedy from Shakespeare. Associated UP, 1986.
- "Haberdasher." Dictionary.com Unabridged. Random House, Inc. 28 Sept. 2008 <.>.
- Hosseini, Khaled. A Thousand Splendid Suns. New York, NY: Riverhead Books, 2007. 148.
- Jamieson, Michael. As You Like It- Performance and Reception. 1995.
- Johnson, Charles. "Love in a Forest." As You Like It from 1600 to the Present : Critical Essays. Ed. Edward Tomarken. New York: Garland Inc., 1997. 81-131.
- Knight, Stephen, and Thomas H. Ohlgren, eds. "The Tale of Gamelyn." Robin Hood and Other Outlaw Tales. Kalamazoo, MI: Medieval Institute Publications, 1997.

- Levin, Richard A. Shakespeare's Secret Schemers : The Study of an Early Modern Dramatic Device. New York: University of Delaware P, 2001.
- Lodge, Thomas. Rosalynde Or, Euphues' Golden Legacy. Ed. Edward C. Baldwin. Project Gutenberg, 2005.
- Mabillard, Amanda. "Sources: As You Like It." 2000. 1 Sept. 2008
<<http://www.shakespeare-online.com>>.
- Maurer, Margaret. Facing the Music in Arden. New York, 1996.
- McFarland, Thomas. "For Other Than For Dancing Measures: The Complications of As You Like It." Shakespeare's Pastoral Comedy (1972).
- McLeary, Dan. "Letters to the Actor" and "Thoughts." October 2007.
- Montrose, Louis A. "The Place of a Brother in As You Like It: Social Process and Comic Form." Shakespeare Quarterly 32 (1981).
- Nevo, Ruth. "Existence in Arden." Comic Transformation in Shakespeare. Methuen, 1980.
- Niffenegger, Audrey. The Time Traveler's Wife. New York: Harvest Books, 2004. 13.
- "Primogeniture and ultimogeniture." Encyclopedia Britannica. 2008. Encyclopedia Britannica Online. 27 Aug. 2008.
- Secara, Maggie. "A Compendium of Common Knowledge: Elizabethan Practices for the Writer, Actor or Re-enactor." Spring 2008. 1 Sept. 2008
<<http://www.elizabethan.org/compendium/home.html>>.
- Shakespeare, William. "As You Like It." As You Like It from 1600 to the Present : Critical Essays. By Edward Tomarken. New York: Garland Inc., 1997. 154-224.
- Shaw, George B. "As You Like It." Saturday Review 9 Oct. 1897.

Spivak, Bernard. Shakespeare and the Allegory of Evil. New York: Columbia UP, 1958.

Strout, Nataniel. "As You Like It, Rosalynde, and Mutuality." SEL Studies in English

Literature 1500-1900 41 (2001).

Tomarken, Edward, ed. As You Like It from 1600 to the Present : Critical Essays. New

York: Routledge, 1997.

Wells, Stanley, and James Shaw. A Dictionary of Shakespeare. New York: Oxford UP,

1998.