

A

SUMMER

OF DIRECTING

DANGEROUSLY

An outspoken director tackles an unsung classic—
and some touchy Yank-in-Britain politics—at London’s re-created Globe

BY GERALD FREEDMAN

IT WAS IN 1997 THAT MARK RYLANCE, THE CHARISMATIC YOUNG ARTISTIC DIRECTOR AND leading actor of Shakespeare’s Globe Theatre in London, asked me if I would like to direct there. It was a breathtaking invitation, and I seized upon it. I would be the first American director to stage a play in this fabled space during a regular season.

It took two years to work the arrangements out, but my enthusiasm for the undertaking never waned. The Globe is an authentic re-creation of the original Globe built in 1599. It was painstakingly reconstructed from surviving descriptions as a 20-sided wooden polygon with an open-air center over the yard and perimeter seating galleries for 1,400 people under a thatched roof. Now in its fifth season, the Globe presents a repertory of three Shakespearean plays and an additional play from the period each summer. When I directed at the Globe in the summer of 2000, we shared the stage (and the actors) with *The Tempest*, *Hamlet* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

Mark Rylance is iconoclastic and original in both his areas of expertise—and an intelligent and imaginative man of the theatre. He reminded me of Joseph Papp, as he runs the Globe the way the New York Shakespeare Festival was run originally—almost as a theatre artists’ collective; everyone is equal, but some are more equal than others. There is a great spirit of collaboration, which gives the actor a strong sense of ownership. It often muddies the creative waters as well.

Because of my deep and long-term interest in Shakespeare, I followed the progress of the Globe avidly from its money-raising days in the ‘70s, through the hole in the earth and the first erection of the bays, to its high-profile opening season. I was spiritually moved by the miracle of the wooden ‘O’ and saw as many productions as I could. I met Mark that first year, and over dinner we exchanged views about the discoveries being made by actually working in the space. Mark listened sympathetically and attentively to my observations, and eventually he proposed that I come to work there.

When the details were settled, Mark called me in Los Angeles and said he was sending me a play. As I hung up, my exhilaration was tempered by the realization that it wasn't Shakespeare—if it had been, he wouldn't have had to send it, as I could have just opened a book. The play, it turned out, was *The Antipodes*, by Richard Brome, a play and author known mostly to graduate students and scholars. It had not had a professional production for 350 years. Brome was a manservant to Ben Jonson and probably his literary protégé. *The Antipodes*, written in 1638, was performed at the Salisbury Court in London a few years before the Commonwealth closed down all the playhouses.

On my first reading, I was lukewarm and definitely hesitant to dissipate my dream opportunity to direct at the Globe on a non-Shakespeare. But as I worked on the play, I came to love it. *The Antipodes* is filled with many satiric scenes that illuminate the everyday life of people living in the Caroline period. It is a topsy-turvy world, a world subverted. What's happening? Grand lords dress humbly, servants sumptuously. Actors portray servants, who portray actors, who assume roles and genders other than their own. Doctors use psychology, instead of medicine, to cure problems. The plot concerns an eccentric Lord Letoy who employs an equally eccentric, self-styled doctor of the mind, Dr. Hughball, to solve marital problems through the use of theatre techniques—a kind of 17th-century psychodrama. He cures the young Peregrine of a delusional madness and, in the process, heals the rift between the elderly Joyless and his young wife Diana, who is revealed as Letoy's long-hidden daughter.

These excerpts from the journal I kept during the summer I spent at the Globe provide a from-the-trenches account of an intense, rewarding, sometimes unsettling directorial experience that tested my mettle and that of my extraordinary collaborators.

MON., JUNE 12: REHEARSALS

Had an appointment with Jenny Tiramani, my designer. She threw me a real curve. She questioned the anachronism idea, which she had come up with! Since the play is called "Antipodes," which means "down-under," Jenny got a whiff of an idea—an Australian connection—that had potential humor and satire. It was her invention of the Aussie outback hat with bobbing corks that got me started. She took up my Marx Bros. idea and rented *Animal Crackers* and *The Cocoanuts*. [As I was working on the script, wondering how I was going to find a "way in," the zaniness of the behavior and the name of one of the characters, "Dr. Hughball," reminded me of "Dr. Quackenbush," a Groucho classic.] Now Jenny suggested that maybe we should do it in '30s style. I was horrified. It's the last thing I want to do, and the '30s wasn't the reason behind the showing of *Duck Soup*. It was the anarchy of the humor. It was the development of a comic idea. It was their method, not their means, that interested me.

It was Jenny's suggestion that Mark, Claire [the Master of the Music], she and I have an early meeting to straighten out and coordinate our collaboration. Yes, indeed. The anachronism idea is touchy. You must be consistently inventive and continually "top" yourself. That is difficult to sustain. Would it work? Who knows. It certainly isn't "safe." What appealed to me about *The Antipodes* was what we think of as a modern sensibility: premarital sex; treating the mind, not just the body; Barbara and Diana's



"I thrive on the collaborative process": Gerald Freedman was the first American director to stage a production at Shakespeare's Globe Theatre.

strong feminine independence; the topsy-turvy of the sex and gender behavior. To put it in a modern period mitigates the surprising contemporary quality.

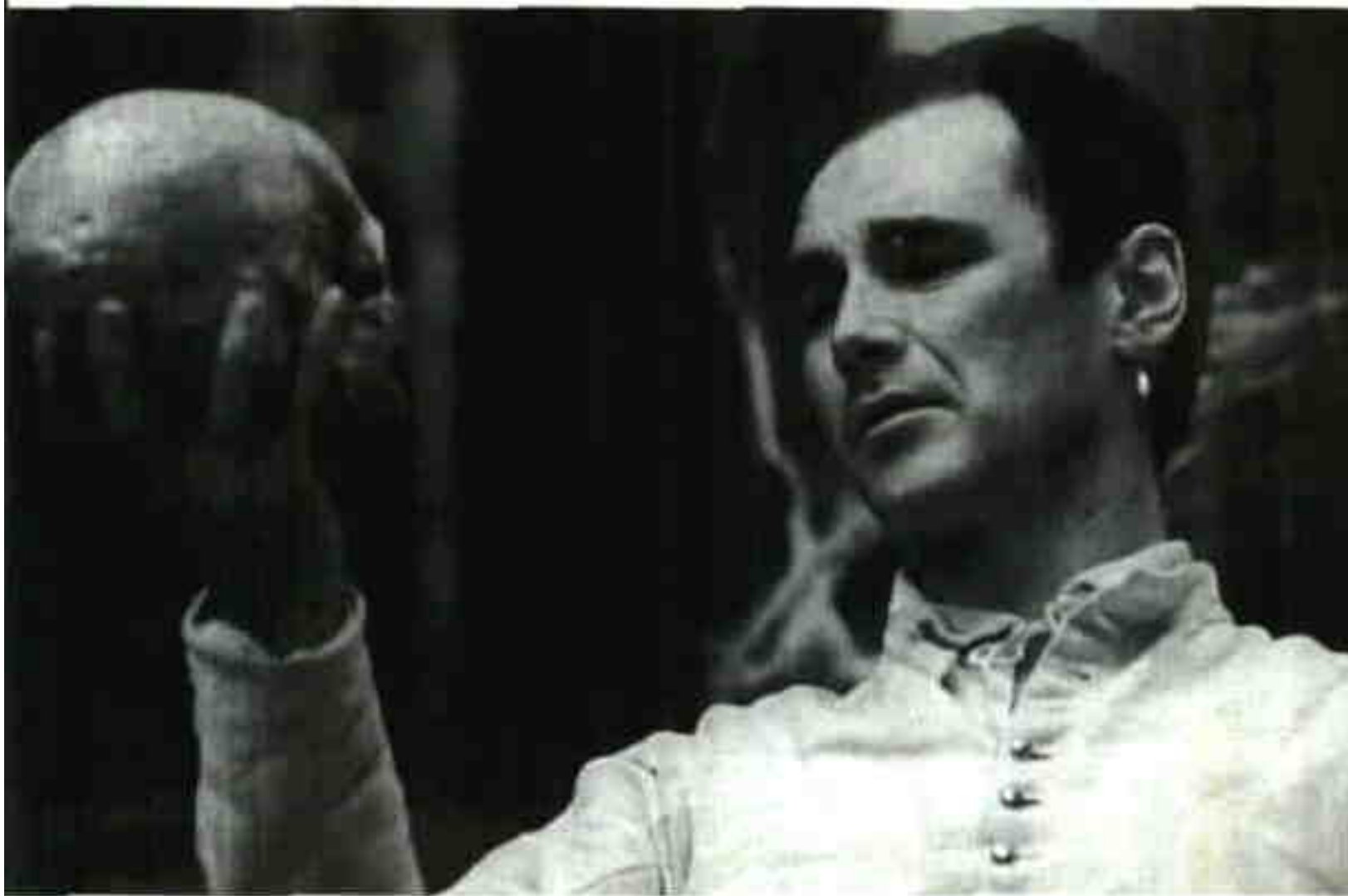
Perhaps, though, the anachronisms would nudge the similarities. My idea would be to keep the anachronisms in the "near" past, not the 1990s. The discussion might help clarify the point of view. Right now, Jenny's ambivalence has given me a nervous stomach. I'm a week away from rehearsal without a clear idea of the clothes.

WED., JUNE 14

I think tonight we had an important production meeting: time will tell. The meeting was preceded by a matinee of *Hamlet* on Founder's Day—a tribute to the late Sam Wanamaker and an award to Cecily Berry. [Wanamaker was the moving force behind the Globe project. Berry is a great speech teacher who revolutionized the approach to spoken Shakespeare.] All very moving and emotionally invigorating.

At 7:30 p.m., Mark, Claire, Jenny, Giles Block [Master of Verse for *The Antipodes*] and I retired to the restaurant to have dinner and sort out a common viewpoint for *The Antipodes*. Let me sum up what we arrived at and then try to detail how we got there. It is a domestic play with a gentle, fluid feeling requiring a light touch. In the center is an area of chaos, which (after Mark had brought up the metaphor of Mozart) reminded me of *Così fan tutti*. It would be done in 1630s clothes but with a summer feel that might require lighter textures and less constricting styles. In rehearsal, we would propose that the actors improvise from their own wardrobe with items of clothing that suggested their character and the satire, and perhaps that would lead to some creative input into the clothes. Claire was stuck with a budget figure for four musicians; the music could be augmented with actors' playing improvised or contemporary instruments. She was upset that a Mozartian sound wouldn't fill the space, and four musicians wouldn't give her a flexible enough sound to give the score a contemporary edge.

Mark summed up and synthesized the discussion. The anachronism overlay (which had come from Jenny's initial misreading of my intention) worried Mark, stymied Jenny, stimulated Claire and caught me flat-footed. I thought that when I left in March we were all agreed on the approach. Wanting to give everyone creative room, I had not detailed it through.



Infinite jest: Mark Rylance as Hamlet.

For me, the meeting was an exercise in staying flexible and creative.

THURS., JUNE 15

Claire had a breakthrough. Totally unexpected and quite brilliant. At the end of the day, she took me into the office. She recapped the problem: lack of instruments to make a Carolinian band ["Caroline" being the period of the play, 1638, as distinct from Elizabethan and Jacobean], lack of sound to fill the space, lack of sophisticated musicians in the acting company. Her insight came in identifying with Peregrine and his love of travel. She thought of world music, and then played a disc of sound that was somewhat nonspecific but beautiful in color, and percussive—exotic and erotic. I was gleeful and exhilarated. Her ability to think creatively and not be stymied by the "problem" was impressive.

Earlier in the day, we had a production meeting with the T.D., Richard, a most amiable and talented man, and the stage manager and designer. I had lists, knew the play. Do they think I was well prepared? Was it typical, atypical? I wanted their approval and respect.

TUES., JUNE 20

The first day of rehearsal. I got up at 4:30 a.m. and again at 5:30. I managed to stay in bed till 6:45, worrying about the alarm. Would it ring? Is it set properly? I thought I'd take a direct route to the rehearsal hall and walked a half hour out of my way. I'm still not sure what wrong direction I took.

We began. I made some opening remarks. We read. Some read with feeling and sense, others not. Mark is sitting, still reading from the original. From time to time he interjects with a suggestion for a return of a line. When I cut originally, I tried to put set-up and joke together, sometimes cutting a color line. These seem to be the lines he wishes to return. I worry that with little nibbles there will be an indiscernible erosion of what I can do—what I can add as an American director. Most of the actors are able, but not nimble in their wit.

There is still no set, no costumes, no music. Jenny and Claire fuss over fine points of period juxtaposition. Are they right? I don't really know at this point. There's a misunderstanding about the use of a choreographer. I thought I made it clear that I would need to collaborate with one, even though I am capable of shaping a number. I'm trying to be flexible and creative—thank you, Dr. Wei-

demann. [Dr. Weidemann was my New York analyst many years ago. He was very wise.]

Got through the first day okay.

WED., JUNE 21

Longest day of the year. It wasn't, actually. Today was the first day I felt in charge. I hope it continues. I began to work as I always do: stopping actors when they were rushing, stopping them to clarify points. I have the feeling it's a little fresh to them, working this way. There were imperceptible pauses after a direction, no hostility or resistance, more like surprise.

Production is *sooo* far behind by American standards. I'm meeting designer John Ezell in two days with models for *Richard II* [I had been hired in April to do a production of *Richard II* at the Shakespeare Theatre, in Washington, D.C.] and I still don't have sketches of a set or costumes for *Antipodes!*

Claire is still throwing roadblocks at production meetings, and I'm offering no resistance. Flexible and creative.

SUN., JUNE 25

My 73rd birthday!! Jeremy Skidmore [my American assistant] finally arrived. At rehearsal, the actors individually wished me happy birthday as they arrived. I had no idea they knew.

One potential problem: Geoffrey Beevers's initial response to Dr. Hughball was *serious! Cold. Exerting power!* Hughball is my comic linchpin! He starts the madness going. We talked, but I don't think I won him over. The actors began to think of exits and entrances and behavior. After lunch, they surprised me with a birthday cake.

Later at the Oxo Brasserie, I had dinner with John Ezell, Jeremy, [critic] Matt Wolf and [my friend] Helena Gomm. As dessert, Ralph Fiennes, Meg Ryan, Rita Wilson and Tom Hanks (!) showed up. [I directed Tom in two benefits at the Great Lakes Theatre Festival.] I went up to Tom, who immediately recognized me. He wants to come to the Globe. We exchanged telephone numbers. What a surprise! Beautiful night. I'm healthy, I feel young, I'm in London directing at the Globe!

WED., JUNE 28

Production meeting. We are still discussing the damn placement of musicians and the three actors for a five-minute, non-active scene. Claire always has something negative to offer, just as you think we've reached a solution. But her strong sense of the difficult aesthetic—what worlds are we putting together? worlds that collide or harmonize?—often leads to creative thinking, re-thinking and solutions. I am pushing the meetings forward as gently and firmly as I can, so that there are some answers.

THURS., JUNE 29

Met with John and Jeremy to work on *Richard II*. Talked refinements and adjustments. It seemed only progressive, in contrast to the Globe production meetings. With *Richard*, my vision is honored first, followed by suggestions, discussion and adjustments. I'm used to a central, controlling vision.

At night, John and I saw *Speer* at the National. Very impressive. Strong performances by Alex Jennings and particularly Roger Allam as Hitler. Beautifully directed by Trevor Nunn. The script was not focused, but the issues were critical. "Can you

live with a lie that seemingly exonerates you from a hideous crime against mankind? What does it do to you? How does it feel to come to the end of your life and sum it up as a distortion and corruption?" Massive, epic narrative. Very somber and thought-provoking. *I could only watch it with ironic detachment. How will I ever witness the Holocaust museum?*

FRI., JUNE 30

Stood in the yard for two acts of *Hamlet*. Mark has strong vocal prowess but little range, and he does not use his voice in the most effective manner. But his emotional commitment and his quicksilver changes are often electric and full of quirky solutions to Hamlet's behavior. Tim Woodward [Letoy in *Antipodes*] is strangely flat as Claudius. He doesn't let you in. James Hayes [Joyless in our show] is very relaxed and at home on the Globe stage.

SUN., JULY 2

Jeremy arranged a lunch with David Bell, the director, and me. He was outrageously complimentary about the effect my production of the original *Robber Bridegroom* had on his work. He thought it had been innovative, inventive, with one-of-a-kind originality and fun. He compared it to Brook's *Midsummer* in impact. So!

TUES., JULY 4

We are in the small hall today. You can do scene work in the small hall. I felt the discussions went well. Two things happened in the afternoon that suggested *Duck Soup* was not in vain. The *improvs of the "old men"*—Rylance, Gartland and Hawkins—took on some dimension with leapfrog, spitballs and somersaults. Then Jan Knightley as the pregnant maidservant decided to give birth. Gradually the other players began to cooperate. When Byplay went under her skirt to "deliver," I was about to stop it,

but I let it go on. Mark Lockyer emerged from under with his hair wig as the "baby," producing a really bizarre and funny image of a little hairy baby—and then Jan began to nurse it! Quite wild, anarchic fun—all in the right spirit. I finished early to give Stuart Pearce, the voice coach, an hour with them. *I feel I'm being very accommodating with conflicts, fatigue, Hamlet and wardrobe consultations—which are quite long.*

WED., JULY 5

I tackled the skirmish at the end of Act 1. I felt it mapped out pretty well. There is the potential for real fun. The work I did on Monday paid off as I was able to put the pieces together with some efficiency and minimum idle time. Actually, I have a feeling of unease—will Mark like it? Will he think it's fun? I still don't feel I'm trusted, and I don't know why. There is still a lack of artistic communication. Mark talks to Jenny about the Masque but does not include me. Claire still has not played or hummed a piece of music for me. Jenny is designing a dragon but has not seen the rehearsal. I wait for them to make the first move, which would be standard in the U.S.: consult the director (okay, the Master of the Play)—but how can I stage what I don't know, haven't heard, or don't understand? I feel my rapport with the actors is good, but from the management there is no feedback.

Tim Woodward is beginning to get his lines. We are on our feet, and I'm actually beginning to stage or shape a few things.

FRI., JULY 7

I got up early and went to the exhibition space to closely observe a procession in a painting that held clues to the wedding in Antipodes. I mapped it out, staged it at rehearsal, and it seemed to work.

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"THE ANTIPODES" CAST AND PRINCIPAL CREDITS

Blaze, a herald painter	TIM PREECE
Hughball, a doctor of physic	GEOFFREY BEEVERS
Barbara, wife of Blaze	JOANNA MCCALLUM
Joyless, an old country gentleman	JAMES HAYES
Peregrine, son of Joyless	HARRY GOSTELOW
Diana, wife of Joyless	PENNY LAYDEN
Martha, wife of Peregrine	KAREN TOMLIN
Letoy, a fantastic lord	TIM WOODWARD
Quailpipe	ROGER GARTLAND
Byplay, a conceited servant of Letoy	MARK LOCKYER
Truelock, a close friend of Letoy	CHRIS TRANCHELL
Followers of Letoy	TIM BLOCK
	DRAGAN MICANOVIC
	JAN KNIGHTLEY
	MARK RYLANCE
	DAVID PHELAN
	LEADER HAWKINS

Gerald Freedman, Master of Play (director)

An award-winning director and educator, Freedman was a leading director of Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival, co-artistic director of John Houseman's Acting Company and artistic director of both the American Shakespeare Theatre and Great Lakes Theater Festival. He made theatre history with his Off-Broadway premiere of *Hair* as well as *West Side Story*, which he codirected with Jerome Robbins. He is dean of the School of Drama at the North Carolina School of the Arts.

Mark Rylance, Follower of Letoy (and the Globe's Artistic Director)

Trained at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and Chrysalis Theatre School. Associate Actor of the Royal Shakespeare Company. Recent acting work for the Globe includes *Cleopatra* and *Hamlet*, and he stars in the recently released film *Intimacy*.

Jenny Tiramani, Master of Clothing and Properties (costume and properties designer)

Associate designer at Shakespeare's Globe. She has been associated with the Theatre Royal, Stratford East, Kenneth Branagh's Renaissance Theatre Company and the Green Candle Dance Company at Sadlers Wells.

Claire van Kampen, Master of Music

A pianist, trained at the Royal College of Music, she has premiered many works by leading composers and was the first female musical director at the Royal Shakespeare Company and the National Theatre. She co-founded the theatre company Phoebus Cart with her husband, Mark Rylance.

Mark Rylance came in with a strange idea concerning the streetwalker he is playing. He and Jenny thought it might be interesting to make her an "old woman" coming on to a young man. Where did this come from? Mark is always looking, examining, questioning, but—wouldn't it be better to explore it in rehearsal before committing to a costume decision? It didn't look like it would work, but I'm willing to explore the idea. I feel strange not being included in the choice. Yes, there are production meetings and ideas exchanged, but those ideas are often acted upon without a consensus. I thrive on the collaborative process, but this way seems inconsistent and accounts for the lack of a coherent vision that I have seen and been critical of in the Globe productions.

WED., JULY 12

Met Mary Irwin and her husband, Ben Furey, for dinner. [Mary is on the voice faculty of NCSA.] Mary had been in a Q&A session with Mark Rylance, during which he discussed his choices of the directors for the season. She quoted her notes regarding my selection: "—exceptional in that he hadn't seen your work, but you came with a wonderful reputation in the U.S. He was impressed that you'd been here every year and were so astute in your comments (positive and negative) about the plays—he found them very apt. He's impressed that you're working to draw things out of the actors, not imposing on them. Also that you're not intimidated by the space and are finding interesting ways to use it—e.g., seating around the pillars."

This was encouraging after what happened last Sunday. Mark was in the middle of the "Old Men" sketch, and he stopped the rehearsal because he didn't know what was going on or where the focus was. He was right—but *I know* where the focus needs to be and *will* be when I shape the scene. My way to work is to let the actors "mush" around, explore behavior from which I draw or often draw the ideas for the scene, *provided* they are appropriate. It gives the actor freedom to use his

imagination rather than imposing on him, and you sometimes get an original or fresh idea you hadn't thought of to add to the scene. It works best when the actors listen to each other and play into the objective of the scene. It often results in an unfocused mess from which I can still extract a moment or two. It also shows me where an actor wants to go and *if* they understand the scene.

At that moment, it apparently got to be too much for Mark.

I'm not sure why, and I'm sure it was preceded by some other—or cumulative—annoyance. But the effect was that he took the rehearsal away from me. It was very upsetting—but instead of reacting to my anger, which was immediately subsumed by anxiety, I listened and endeavored to ferret out the problem. I organized the next half hour with a firmer sense of staging to clearly demonstrate my ability to function in "that manner"—but I was severely shaken. This led to the last hour of rehearsal being devoted to an open discussion where I outlined for the actors what we had accomplished thus far, where we were now and what I expected to accomplish in the next week.

The Brazilian company of *Romeo and Juliet* takes the stage for much of the next two weeks. This means the *Hamlet* company can focus on *The Antipodes*. They have been very tired, having had alternate days of *two Hamlets*. I don't know how they did it *and* rehearsed *Antipodes* in between. Was there any creativity left?

Afterwards, I had a discussion with Mark and Claire. Jeremy was present. Mark seemed to be giving me acting notes indirectly. It was very strange and upsetting. With one comment, he seemed to suggest that now that I had staged a scene

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(which I hadn't), that I should work on the acting. Mark has been at relatively few rehearsals, because he has a small role and has mostly observed large group rehearsals, where some chaos, *by design*, rules. Jeremy later commented that it was probably the first time in my career that I was accused of doing "staging" before "acting" work.

Part of it stems from an underlying variance in interpretation and emphasis. I have sensed this since

December, although I have been very clear about my feelings about the play. Mark sees it, in its essence (or he keeps harping on it), as a plea or treatise or thematic material to a homeopathic view of the theatre as a healing method. That is an organic component of *The Antipodes*. I see it as the vehicle that carries a comic and classic satire of manners and a variation of the jealous-husband-and-young-wife comedy scenario.

I was very disturbed by our conversation all Sunday night. Monday I came into the office wanting to arrange a meeting with Mark and talk it out. Monday is Mark's day off and he tries to keep it sacrosanct—and with his schedule, I can understand why. His energies seem prodigious, and his ability to handle the different facets of his job, impressive.

Fortunately, I couldn't reach him Monday. I talked with Jeremy, which was a help. My upset seemed to dissipate. Tuesday and Wednesday I had very good rehearsals. We really got down to some actor work because they were ready for it.

SUN., JULY 16

[THIS IS WRITTEN THREE DAYS LATER] I had a stumble-through starting at 10 a.m. It went remarkably well. The show

looked like it had a shape. You could follow the story. The first act went very quickly. The second slowed up a bit, perhaps because of the new scene that is tentative. It could use some cutting and more pointed images in the dialogue. Frankly, I don't think the beats were needed, and my original structure had more definition, but Mark felt the need for this in December and he hasn't let up. The first act ran :56. The second 1:06.

Claire was especially complimentary. She hugged me and said the work was clear, strong and had grown a great deal in the week since last Sunday (which was my nadir in confidence). It was great to have feedback.

My apologies to Claire, in retrospect. Saturday morning we set up the instruments in the balcony area and all her concerns about space were obvious. The instruments are big, the space is small, and the costumes bulky. We were down to negotiating *inches* of music stands. Everyone was very collaborative and cooperative. It is only a short scene, five minutes at the most, but it must be executed with grace. Sunday afternoon, I made the three actors aware of the problem. Tim Woodward, Penny Leyden and James Hayes are all bright, experienced and talented. But they struggled and squirmed with the concept. Actors are much more compliant in the States, or so it seems. They're more used to accepting a problem and making it work creatively. (I hate making generalizations like that and can think of plenty of exceptions—and then again, maybe it's just *my* experience in the States.)

Mark Rylance has also been more personable. The other day I thanked the cast for a good day of rehearsal. As I was talking to a production assistant, some fingers massaged my neck. When I turned around, it was Mark. He said, "I'm glad you had a good day."

In general, the atmosphere in the rehearsal room seems more concentrated, warm hearted and positive. Mark has a disconcerting predilection to address the company, *as an actor*, making suggestions about playing that I think are more appropriately the direc-

tor's province. They often border on stylistic solutions. And of course they bear weight, because he *is* the artistic director, as well as the best actor in the company *and* intelligent.

Mark Lockyer, who plays Byplay, has been exceptionally creative. I've been lucky in his casting. He brings in a new creative improvisation daily *with* props and costumes. For the infamous "Projector" scene, a difficult scene to make clear because there is no longer the equivalent in our society, he brought a suggestion to Mark, who liked it and asked me to try it. It required some rewriting to introduce the bit. Rather than resisting, I was cooperative. Mark Lockyer assumed the character of Prince Charles. It apparently was a clever impersonation and earned laughs. I had no idea what it was about. It was Charles as a patronizing royal figure in a smug, self-satisfied role of the concerned, generous, county-style land-owner. Mark dressed himself in two outrageously huge sheepskins and a kilt and carried a basket of carrots, which he benevolently dispensed. It would make a clever sketch for those in the know—a very "in" joke, *but* it derailed the story, confused the narrative, and I really disliked it in a professional way. I also felt out of control, as I knew nothing of the background material.

Later, I found out, most of the cast also disliked it and didn't understand it. So it wasn't just my "American" head. I banished it after a few days of trying to work with it. It *seems* to be gone. We'll see.

SUN. A.M., JULY 23

What a day Saturday was! In the morning call, I accomplished some good acting work with the principals. In the afternoon, the whole company was called. We worked on the now infamous Projector scene. Lockyer came in with a fat suit on as an infantile judge; that led the actors to exaggerate their own characterizations. I was displeased as the focus went on the characterizations and not the subject. Everyone was working on bits. Out of

the corner of my eye, I caught Rylance looking at me and taking in my annoyance. I interrupted the scene, which seemed to give him license to interject his comments. He opens up discussion in which the vocal actors then put in their two cents. I feel the ship wallowing in opinion and misdirection. I'm very patient, and listen, but do not feel in control. The artistic director has taken the wheel. Does Mark lose confidence in me and feel he has to take over? Two nights earlier when I had discussed the point of the scene with the actors, Mark was not there, and now he voices the same points. My mantra is "Let's try it," but I wonder if it's heard as ineffective, non-direction. Of course, Mark opened this can of peas with his rewrite, which, at the moment, has been whittled down to half a page. But the work on it has influenced the tone of the piece, and I feel it has contributed to a loss of fun in the overall impact of *Antipodes*. But I saw this coming in December.

He also redirected the marriage. He offers suggestions, none of them bad, although often I see it as a matter of taste. "You like it this way, I like it the other way."

It feels very uncomfortable. Mark is aware of it. At one point, when there was an "actor opinion poll," he said, "Well, let's ask an objective eye. What did you think, Jerry?" And after rehearsal, he came up to me and apologized, saying, "You were so graceful in accepting my suggestions, but I could see your discomfort as you were watching the Projector scene."

Now, what does that mean? That he can take over, if he apologizes? Jerry, you're part of a collaborative process and no "power" or authority is taken away but ideas are accepted? I would prefer notes in private. I feel that I'm being robbed of my judgment.

SUN. P.M., JULY 23

In the afternoon, we got on the Globe stage for a rehearsal, from 3:34 p.m. to 7:15 p.m. I did big scenes and technical problems. Spent an hour on the skirmish at the end of Act I. Worked with the two-▶

man dragon and the puppet Cyclops. We worked the procession. The last hour we started with Peregrine's "waking" entrance and got to the skirmish. A tremendously informative rehearsal. I was thrilled and thought I had managed time superbly.

As the actors left, I could sense Mark wasn't happy. "How do you think it went?" I said. "Well, it was drill, drill, drill. People were in the wrong places, and there was no acting work. And we did the sailors boarding ship three times, and you never said anything." I was mystified and angry. You use your first rehearsal on stage *for* drill and spacing, *not* acting work. The sailor business *he* thought up, and although it's clever, there's nothing to comment on, and it will clean up in a few minutes. I'm looking at this minor moment three times and making all kinds of notes—"they're too close to each other, this or that gesture is distracting"—to clean up in the *rehearsal room*, not using precious stage time. I was *not* defensive, and I didn't express anger, but I was major-league disappointed that he couldn't see how well the rehearsal had gone. I've handled such massive crowds in musicals and operas—I *know* how to use stage time.

It made me anxious again overnight, but I have to hang on to my own experience and confidence.

MON., AUG. 14

Last night, I saw the second preview *with a full house!*, which seemed to go very well. There's much catching up to do. Perhaps in Turkey, with reflection. [After the press night, Aug. 18, I would take a 10-day R&R in Bodrum, Turkey.]

The daily ups and downs of rehearsals have been hard to document. Each morning I've been going to *Two Noble Kinsmen* to observe the tech. It's been very quiet and efficient. Apparently Tim Carroll, the director, has had to make space adjustments, of course.

Then rehearsals 1–3 p.m. Mostly cleaning up. The Projector scene has fallen into place. It is like an "ecclesiastic charitable board" and seems to work well. Whether the scene that Mark has been

insistent on adding creates the desired result of finally winding up Peregrine for the final cure is up for question. I think my first version delivered the result dramatically. This adds some intellectual filip that I don't think really play.

There was another flip-flop on the wedding music. Now it is a cappella, for which I was never consulted, because Claire was worried about coordination with the band, nonmusical actors, etc.

What puzzles me is this: their failure to explore or consult with me in the very area in which I have so much expertise! Staging a musical number! But Mark has strong feelings about how he wants to play the character Harmony, although it's gone from a goddess to a child carrying dolls to, at present, a *garden lady* replete with watering can and basket of greens. My reasoning is to let them muck about with it. I hope and I think I can save it from being incoherent—and I'm still hoping to avoid a direct and potentially destructive confrontation.

FRI. A.M., SEPT. 1

I'm leaving tomorrow morning. I'm doing laundry in a friend's flat. I probably will go to a matinee of *Antipodes* and give notes. Tonight [my friends] the Sidwells are going, and I'm meeting them there. I'm anxious, although I know the reviews were mostly favorable. Some questioned the reason the Globe would do it. The audiences are enjoying it. Business is good.

How will the actors greet me? Have they made "improvements"? I am very self-conscious. I don't know why. Even when I have liked my work and I want an audience to like it, I never am able to take it in. I want to disappear; the compliments enter my consciousness through a filter, but the criticisms sear—unfiltered, direct and abusive. I wander amongst my collaborators like a being apart. I just want to "get out" and on to the next thing.

I made myself experience the opening night "in the moment." I looked around at the galleries and the crowded yard. I heard the music. I saw the performances. (They were all very good—

no one did less than their best. Geoffrey Beevers was in best form; Mark Lockyer was relaxed and fun, not over the top. Penny Leyden was charming and intelligent—I like her very much. The seduction scene is perhaps my favorite, because it seems to be "happening." Harry is consistently charming and ingenuous.)

James Hayes has been my bellwether. He is intelligent, with wonderful skill and technique, eager for notes, as has been Joanna McCallum. She has truly been a warm friend from the beginning. The rest have all been warm, creative, friendly—so why am I anxious!

FRI. P.M., SEPT. 1

It's raining lightly, off and on. The house is small but not bad for a drizzly, cool afternoon to see a play they've never heard about.

The performance is good with only slight changes and differences. John Tillotson [the American actor] is at the performance. He enjoyed it very much. I went back to give notes. Everyone greeted me warmly and commented on my "Turkey" tan. I reminded them to stay with the text. Some of the behavior was on the verge of swamping the text and the point of the scene.

Mark still pushes the streetwalker action beyond where I'm comfortable with it—but I've been reluctant to edit it. How do you edit the artistic director? I said my goodbyes.

I then went for a drink with John Tillotson and walked with him along the Thames to a bench near the National. That wonderful cityscape, flanked by Waterloo Bridge and Southwark Bridge with the magnificent dome of St. Paul's as the focal point!

Because of the rain, there was a dramatic cloudscape as a background. As I was walking back to the Globe for the evening performance, the sun broke through. There was a double rainbow framing the Globe! What a sight! My spirits lifted. Somebody is saying, "The experience was a good one! I smile on you." It gave a wonderful sense of closure to this once-in-a-lifetime happening. **AT**