lived in Indonesia and of how during Ramada-
dan, fireworks displays occurred throughout-
out the month. We are happy. The sen-
tation of the night and the pungent smell of
burning cork, sulphur, and black powder is
soothing.

July 5: Jayne and I worked on the recon-
ciliation between Lear and his exiled
daughter, Cordelia. I am hurting. The
burden of Lear has weighed upon me for
months. Now the time has arrived to realize
it, and I am breaking. I could barely speak
the lines. Even looking away from her
the emotional intensity of the moment was hard
to suppress.

At dinner, Doc took Jayne and me aside
and discussed the plan for tomorrow even-
ing. We are to have people sit about the
barn, turn off all lights (inside and out), and
then call upon different characters from
King Lear to speak any two lines, then any
one line, and finally any word from the
play. It must be done slowly, carefully,
contemplatively to experience the emotion of
the characters.

Something is troubling me. I feel that I
haven’t been giving my best, for which
there is no excuse. Yet even when I have
laboried with full dedication, I don’t feel
that I’ve been effective. I sense that those
I’ve helped would have been better served
by others. I feel the world closing upon me.

July 6: Improv with Jayne went well. Ev-
eryone concentrated on lines and words.
Still wonder if there was something more
that we were supposed to accomplish.

July 7: Worked with Kirsten this after-
noon. Spent an hour on just the opening
speeches. Very difficult and demanding.
There was one clear development: the lines
that do not come across clearly are those
that were difficult to learn and hence just
memorized.

She also told me I was taking too much
of the blame and responsibility upon
myself. She suggested that I should ap-
proach the role with a greater sense of fun,
as if I were telling the story to a child and
acting out the different parts. She’s right.
It’s been work; now it’s time to play.

July 8: Morning has been difficult. Hard
work and no apparent progress.
Doc worked with Jayne on Fool. She’s
now dry, weary, cynical, and very funny.
The result is a person to whom I can re-

cord with both delight and distress. Lear
is weary and distracted; Fool is penetrating.
The relationship between Lear and Fool is
crystallizing.

Claire has organized the costume fabrica-
tion process to a remarkably high level.
We’re taking on the work one play at a
time; that in itself should maintain order.
Patterns are pre-made; fabric is already
here. I only hope this works as well in cloth
as it does on paper.

This evening is the most beautiful I’ve
seen here. The wind from the east has been
cool, and the clear light upon the distant
clouds, blue sky and lake, and green fields
and woods west of the lake instill nostalgia.
I am at ease.

July 9: Dreadful performance of first two
acts last night. Contrary to what Stan and I
discussed two days ago, I am responsible
for the disastrous consequences of those
scenes in which I participate. My concen-
tration was constantly drifting out of focus.
Only John White as Edgar knew what he
was doing. I cannot say what my problem
was. Unlike the day before, I was free of
anxiety, my attitude was more relaxed. Yet
I found myself jarred by my errors, being
drawn constantly away from the present.

Worked this morning on first storm
scene. Tried to employ the variation in
pitch that had worked well yesterday. Phy-

cically, too static. Worked with Kirsten
and Shawn on the porch at Hazel’s; made it
very physical and distracted. Definitely an
interesting exercise, in every sense of the
word; I was literally dragging myself across
the porch. Lear’s voice and body should
rise and fall, like the roaring wind, or a leaf
tossed about. Now if we can only connect
this with the storm within him.

July 11: Terribly weary. Evening per-
formance last night went adequately — cer-
tainly better than the previous night. Storm
scenes proved especially difficult; I wasn’t
used to employing the upper stage for all
the physical movement in which I was en-
gaged. Experiments feel right, but I’m still
not sure. So far, every time something has
felt right, later proved to be intractable.
Then again, maybe I’m falling into the hab-
it of settling, or trying to settle, into one
mode of play rather than trying as many as
possible.

I am astonished at how much I have for-
gotten since I was last here. I’m having to
learn everything over again.

Jayne was horribly upset about the play
tonight (even before it started.) She is at
a phase similar to mine, only possibly more
demanding because she has to develop both
Fool and Cordelia. She thinks that she isn’t
going anywhere; this is in spite of tremen-
dous work, a steady maturing of Cordelia,
the cleaner realization of Fool. I think I
understand.

Friday. Jayne was still distraught. Kir-
sten still the maternal force among us —
the “tower of strength” we turn to. When
I applied for this year, I had hoped to con-
tinue the role I had established over the last
two summers — that of the trusted coun-
selor, a sort of “Good King Lear.” As yet,
that is not the case. Kirsten is still a better
father than any of the guys might be.

Doc left the performance Friday night to
us. The results were encouraging, more
controlled than Thursday. While there is a
general attitude that Lear’s character has
improved, I feel that I have never really
been in touch with this character’s emo-
tions.

Dull anxiety all week about this role. Not
sociable. Distracted.

Saturday’s performance showed steady
improvement. Doc, for a change, was en-
couraging about the results tonight. It’s al-
ways good to get positive feedback from
“the coach.” More than ever I’m con-
vinced that this is a synthesis of football
and Shakespeare.

I feel that I have played hard, if not al-
ways well. I play harder here than I have
ever worked.

July 12: People are in a high state of
stress. Tempers are short: everyone wants
to use the barn for their scene. I think we’re
beginning to worry.

Disastrous evening performance. I’m
losing control of this role. I have never had
control of it. I feel extremely distanced
from just about everyone. Kirsten’s
chastisement after the play angers me still,
but not because it was falsely leveled but rather
that she should think that it needed to be
said at all. I know what is tragic in this
play; I understand that as well as anyone
here. I know I have not achieved honesty in
my character and I am moving the words
rather than letting them move me.

July 14: Yesterday was spent on Twelfth
Night. It went well, although we hadn’t
touched it for a week. Some people were
working hard.

This morning we went out individually
to think and work. Read some essays on
the last scene of the play; one reinforced some
of my thoughts on Lear’s development, and
noted that his last two lines are not another
exclamation in belief that Cordelia is alive
again, but a final realization that she is in
fact dead. They are not a statement of hope
but a final, resigned lamentation.

Since noon I have felt better.

July 17: At this moment everyone is on
the roof of the barn. I cannot join them; my
heart is not in it. Before I came out here a
former Winedale participant told me about
the year he played Iago and how lonely it
was when one had the dominant role in a
play. I yearn for self-control to see me
through this time. I yearn for discipline.

Work on Twelfth Night costumes is pick-
ing up a furious pace. Claire’s deadlines
look reasonable, if you are proficient at the
art of sewing and have a working machine
available at all times. There are five ma-
cines for nineteen of us, and they are
temperamental little bastards. Fortunately,
this is the play with the most difficult
costumes, so it’s downhill from here.

Most of today was spent cutting Richard
to shreds. It ran long the other night, so it
became apparant that it would need trim-
ming, or else people would have to sit
through nearly four hours of political dra-

go. Gone are some of the real good things.
Doc, who has worked closely with Zig and
John on the cutting of the early acts, gave

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