

TWELFTH NIGHT

CAST (in order of appearance):

Orsino, Duke of Illyria...

John Boyd

Curio...

Mariah Angele

Officer...

Cynthia Hornbeck

Viola, later Cesario...

Ann Vieira

Sebastian, her brother...

Lawson Wulsin

Captain of the wrecked ship...

Toni-Kay Dawkins

Antonio, another sea captain...

Jeremy Davis

Olivia, a countess...

Lucy Skeen

Maria, Olivia's waiting-gentlewoman...

Leah Bell

Sir Toby Belch, Olivia's kinsman...

Cristian Panaite

Sir Andrew Aguecheek,

Sir Toby's companion...

Jacob Wolf

Malvollio, Olivia's steward...

John Boyd

Fabian, a member of Olivia's household...

Molly Fite

Clown (Feste), jester to Olivia...

James Bentley

Servant to Olivia...

Cynthia Hornbeck

Priest...

Toni-Kay Dawkins

Written by William Shakespeare

Director...Jean Randich

Set and Video Designer...Sue Rees

Costume Designer...Martha Bernabe

Lighting Designer...Katrina Maurer

*What is love? 'Tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter:
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

So sings Feste the Jester in Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, when the carousing Sir Toby and Sir Andrew Aguecheek implore him to sing a love song, a love song. As Shakespeare well knew, the need to love is as keen as the craving to eat and drink, and may overtake one as completely as madness, whether or not our imagined love is ever returned.

Twelfth Night is January 6, the twelfth night of Christmas, the Epiphany, the Feast of Fools when the Lord of Misrule reigns, and nothing is, but is not. On this eve, chaos subverts order. Such a struggle rages in the play in the tug of war between the puritanical Malvolio and the drunken, roistering clowns.

Alisa Solomon posits the following connection between the Puritanical mindset and the antitheatrical tradition:

That theater should be the art potentially most offensive to social order makes obvious sense: onstage the human body is absolutely present in all its sweating, spitting specificity. Antitheatrical railers recoiled especially from this unavoidable, bodily fact—from the theatrical suggestion that the factness of the body doesn't imply everything about the identity of the self.

Shakespeare plays deliriously with the factness of bodies and selves. There are twins, Viola and Sebastian, shipwrecked, severed from each other, believing their other half drowned. There is Viola, disguised as the boy, Cesario, in love with the lovesick Orsino, and sent by him to woo his cruel lady, Olivia, only to find herself hotly desired by this mistaken maid. And of course the puritan, Malvolio, who undergoes grotesque bodily transformations through the seduction of the words of Mariah's letter that drills him

TWELFTH

by william
shakespeare
directed by
jean randich
May 29-31,
2003
Lester Martin
Theatre

bennington drama
spring '03 season

BENNINGTON DRAMA FACULTY AND STAFF

Andrew Cancellieri, Michael
Giannitti, Kirk Jackson,
Dina Janis, Frank LaFrazia,
Roberta Levitow, Daniel
Michaelson, Jean Randich,
Sue Rees, Barnabas Rose,
Gladden Schrock, Terry
Teitelbaum, and Janis Young

Sound Design...Mike Rugnetta
Percussion...Yousuf Kerai
Stage Manager...Colleen Jennings
Assistant Director...Adam Sussman
Props... Lauren Starkey

CREW

Assistant Stage Managers... Anthony
Bravo-Baulch, Dana Leibowitz
Sound Board Op...Jake Bandman
Light Board Op...Mary Higgins
Run Crew...Carlee McManus,
Suzanna Martin, and Megan MacGregor
Program and poster design...Ramon
Tejada
Master Carpenters... Morgan
Bender-DeMoll and Will Heyser
Set Crew... Sara Harvey, Lita Hartelius,
Goose Jackson, Amber Scherman,
Oriana Shaplin, Katie Stoop, Marcia
Bate, Larry Dague, Mike Rugnetta, Dana
Liebowitz, Alex Dorman, Allison Glistler,
Nicole Erny, Becca Rhodes, Danielle
Maurice, Nathaniel Sylva, and Kate
Kevorkian.
Light Hang ...Kryssy Wright, Katrina
Maurer, Jennette Lipplello, Colleen
Jennings, Danny Herter, Tor Puckett,
Mariah Louise Klapatch, Mike Rugnetta,
Sarah Jackson, Luke Fredland, Kayonne
Hall, Christina Lowery, James Zatalokin,
and Cosmo Whyte.
Box Office... Lisa Dietrich

Special Thanks to the Drama Faculty,
Andrew Cancellieri, Frank LaFrazia, Sue
Rees, Janis Young, Dana Reitz, Kirk
Jackson, Terry Teitelbaum, WTH, Lesley
Day, The Costume Shop Ladies, Daniel
Michaelson, Shunzhu Wang, Joshua
Chambers Letson, and The Randich
Family.

Shakespeare supplied Twelfth Night, with a subtitle, What You Will. But what is "will?" The Oxford Dictionary has this to say:

- Will v. 1.** expressing a future statement, command, etc. (you will regret this)
2. expressing intention (I will return soon)
3. wish or desire (come when you will)
4. be able to (it will hold a large amount)
5. have a habit or tendency (accidents will happen)

Will is, of course, also the playwright's name. And so we know from the title that this is an intrigue of identity, intention, desire, ability, and tendencies, i.e., accidents will happen, hearts and heads will be broken, what's lost will be found, and all these occurrences will unravel themselves in the great sea of TIME we are tossed in.

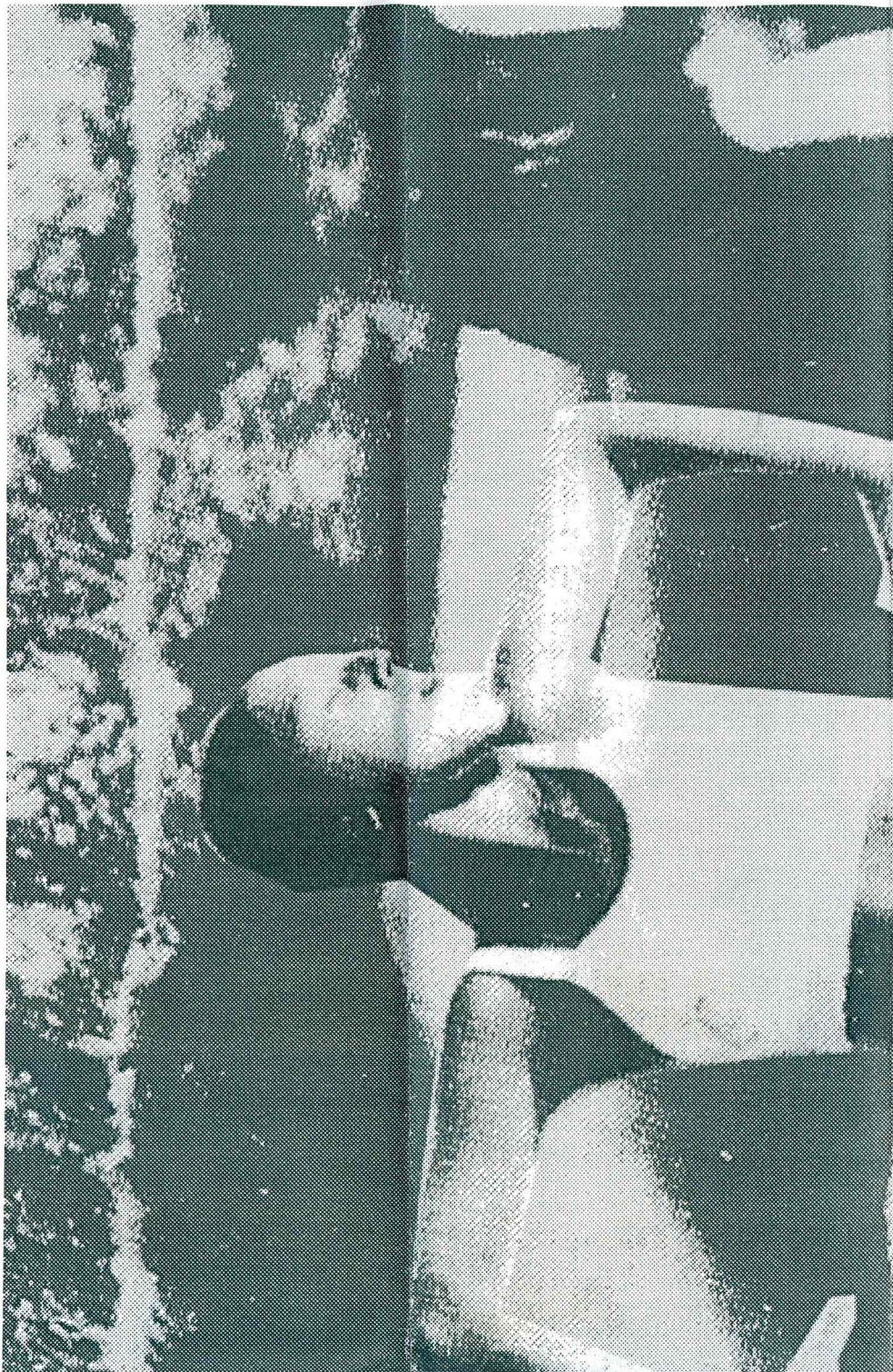
"What are you? What would you?" the tantalized Olivia demands of the mysterious Cesario. Do any of us really know who we are, what we are, what we would?

Alain de Botton writes: *Perhaps it is true that we do not really exist until there is someone there to see us existing, we cannot properly speak until there is someone who can understand what we are saying, in essence, we are not wholly alive until we are loved.*

The play ends with Feste's song: the rain it raineth every day. John Lahr states that frivolity, comedy, is the species' refusal to suffer. And so, despite the fact that a great while ago the world began, that youth's a stuff will not endure, and that even these sweaty bodies on the stage and in the audience, that bring us such joy, and pleasure, and love, will slip from us like waves on the coast of Illyria, we'll strive to please you every day.

—Jean Randich

RUNNING TIME IS APPROXIMATELY TWO HOURS AND TWENTY MINUTES, WITH ONE 10 MINUTE INTERMISSION. PLEASE TURN OFF ANY ALARMS OR CELL PHONES. PHOTOGRAPHY IS PROHIBITED.

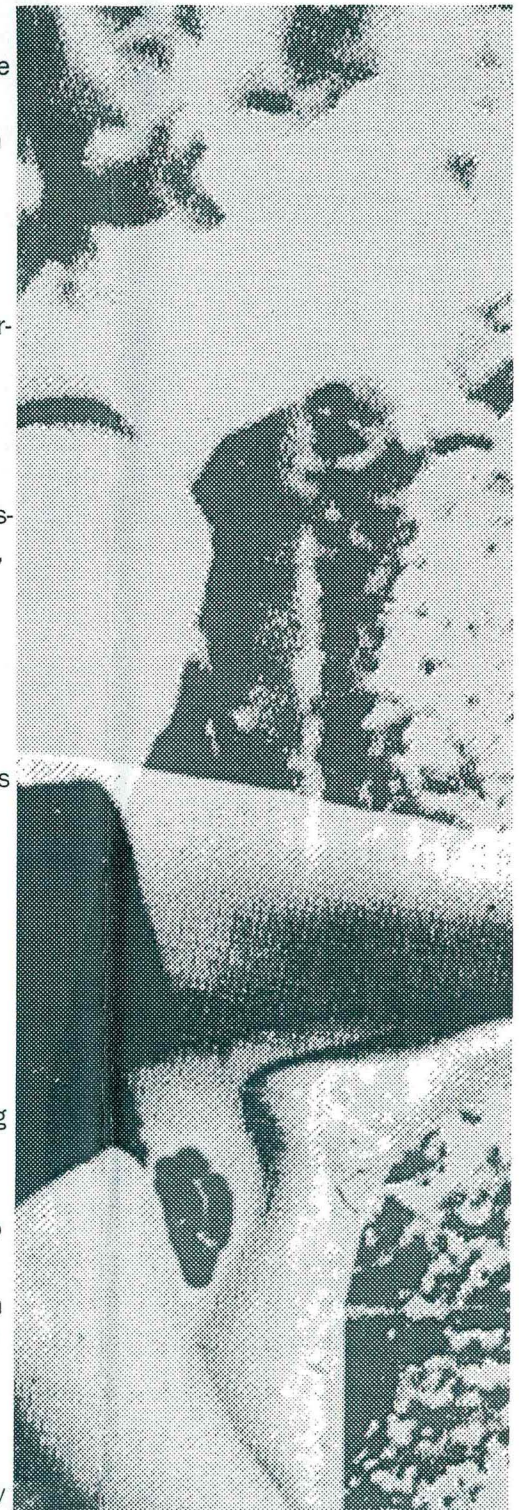



ROMANTIC FATALISM

1. The longing for a destiny is nowhere stronger than in our romantic life. All too often forced to share our bed with those who cannot fathom our soul, can we not be forgiven if we believe ourselves fated to stumble one day upon the man or woman of our dreams? Can we not be excused a certain superstitious faith in a creature who will prove the solution to our relentless yearnings? And though our prayers may never be answered, though there may be no end to the dismal cycle of mutual incomprehension, if the heavens should come to take pity on us, then can we really be expected to attribute the encounter with this prince or princess to mere coincidence? Or can we not for once escape rational censure and read it as nothing other than an inevitable part of our romantic destiny?

MARXISM

1. When we look at someone (an angel) from a position of unrequited love and imagine the pleasures that being in heaven with them might bring us, we are prone to overlook one important danger: how soon their attractions might pale if they began to love us back. We fall in love because we long to escape from ourselves with someone as beautiful, intelligent, and witty as we are ugly, stupid, and dull. But what if such a perfect being should one day turn around and decide they love us back? We can only





be as wonderful as we had hoped when they have had the bad taste to approve of someone like us? If, in order to love, we must believe that the beloved surpasses us in some way, does not a cruel paradox emerge when they return that love? We are led to ask, "If s/he really is so wonderful, how is it possible that s/he could love someone like me?"

FALSE NOTES

1. Long before we've had the chance to become familiar with our loved one, we may be filled with the curious sense that we know them already. It seems as though we've met them somewhere before, in a previous life perhaps, or in our dreams. In Plato's Symposium, Aristophanes explains this feeling of familiarity with the claim that the loved one was our long-lost "other half" whose body we had originally been stuck to. In the beginning, all human beings were hermaphrodites with double backs and flanks, four hands and four legs and two faces turned in opposite directions on the same head. These hermaphrodites were so powerful and their pride so overweening that Zeus was forced to cut them in two, into a male and a female half-and from that day, each man and each woman has yearned to rejoin the half from which he or she has been severed.

(Alain de Botton, *On Love*.
Grove Press, NY, 1993.)

