



SHAKESPEARE
WHISPERS
INTO YOUR EAR

FOLIO TECHNIQUE
WITH KEVIN LONG

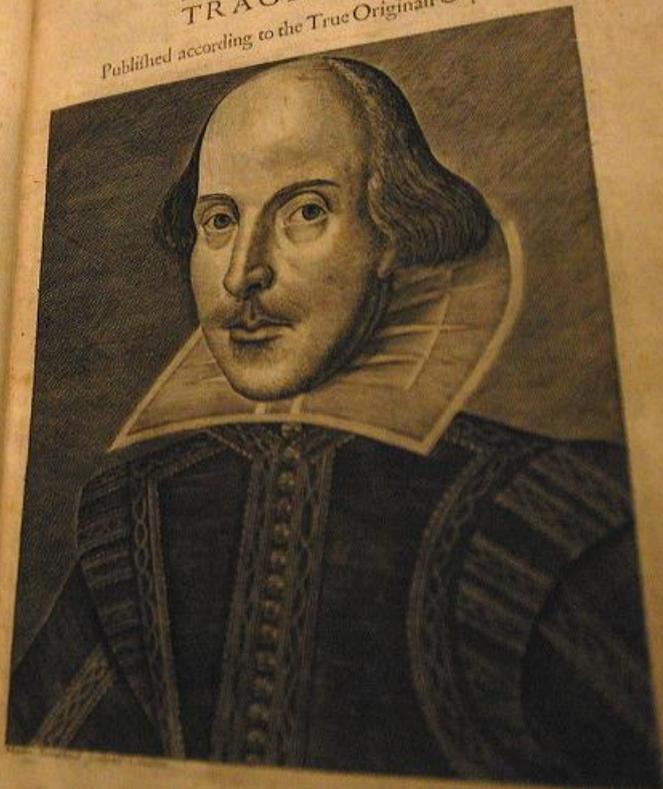
MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES, &
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.

To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
with Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpass
All, that vvas euer vvrit in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.



A Hyde Park, London orator in the early 1900's



The present government here—
the most degraded, the most
cowardly, the most debased,
the most blood thirsty set of
sneaking ruffians that ever
disgraced the title of so called
humanity.

This is how it was printed:



The present Government Har.
The most Abandoned. The
most Degraded! The most
Cowardly! The most
Debased! The most Ber-lud-
thirsty! Set. Of Sneakin'
Ruffians. That hever
disgraced the Title. Of so-
called Yumanity.

The Lord Chamberlain's Men



- In a 189 day period
 - 150 performances
 - 30 different plays
 - 58 performances
 - 14 new plays that season
- 1594-1597
 - Leading actor = 71 roles
 - 53 of which were new roles within this 3 year period

Buckley, Kate. "First Folio Technique Guidelines for Actors." 1997

“...EVERY ONE ACCORDING TO HIS CUE.”

Cue Script - Leontes

Break up the seals, and read.

(Cue) ...Praised!

Hast thou read truth?

...here set down.

**There is no truth at all i'th' oracle.
The sessions shall proceed. This is mere falsehood.**

...the King, the King!

What is the business?

...Queen's speed, is gone.

How, 'gone'?

...Is dead.

**Apollo's angry, and the heavens
themselves
Do strike at my injustice. How now there?**

...death is doing.

**Take her hence.
Her heart is but o'ercharged, she will recover.
I have too much believed mine own suspicion.**

Macbeth II.2.40-45

Macbeth

Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:
Glamis hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleepe no more: Macbeth shall sleepe no more.

Lady

Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy Thane,
You doe unbend your Noble strength, to thinke
So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water,
And wash this filthie Witnesse from your Hand.

A heaule Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, restraine in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, with a Sermonet with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?
Macb. A Friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed,
He hath bene in vsuall Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices,
This Diamond he greets your Wife withall,
By the name of most kin'd Hoffellie,
And thus vp in measurelesse content.

Mac. Being vnprepar'd,
Oar will become the seruant to defect,
Which else should free haue wrought.

Banq. All's well.
I dreame last Night of the three veyward Sisters:
To you they haue shew'd some truth.

Macb. I thinke not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an houre to serue,
We would spend it in some words vpon that Businesse,
If you would graunt the time.

Banq. At your kind'th leysure.
Macb. If you shall cleaue to my consent,
When'tis it shall make Honor for you.

Banq. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare,
I shall be counsaill'd.

Macb. Good: repose the while.
Banq. Thanks Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banq.*
Macb. Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,
She strike vpon the Bell. *Get thee to bed. Exit.*

Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not fatal Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to vse,
Mine Eyes are made the foolles o'th' other Sences,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Businesse, which informes
Thus mine Eyes. Now o'te the one halfe World
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse
The Curtain'd Sleeper: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecats Offerings: and wither'd Murderer,
Alarm'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his fleshly pace,
With Tarquins ranshing sides, towards his designe
Moues like a Ghost, Thou sowre and firme-set Earth,
Heere not my Steps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very Boones prate of my where-abour,
And take the present honor from the time,
Which now sits with ie. Whiles I threat, he liues:
Words to the heat of decdes too cold breath giues.

A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuites me.
Heare it not, *Dunew,* for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

L. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quenched them, hath giuen me fire.
Heareke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,
The fatal Bell-man, which giues the stern'th good-night,
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the farthest Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Poffets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what hoa?
Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearken: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not misse 'em. Had he not remembred
My Father as he slept, I had don't.

Macb. My Husband?
Lady. I haue done the deed:
Didst thou not heare a noyse?

Lady. I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake?

Macb. When?
Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?
Lady. I.

Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th' second Chamber?
Lady. 'Donaubane.

Mac. This is a sorry sight.
Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murder, that they did wake each other:
I flood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And address't them againe to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd God blesse vs, and Amen the other,
As they had secu'd me with these Hangmans hands:
Lifting their seare, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse vs.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.
Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these wayes; so it will make vs mad.

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Macbeth II.2.40-45

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And

JOHN HEMINGES & HENRY CONDELL

The Workes of William Shakespeare,
containing all his Comedies, Histories, and
Tragedies: Truly set forth, according to their first
ORIGINALL

The Names of the Principall Actors
in all these Playes.



William Shakespeare.
Richard Burbadge.

John Hemmings.

Augustine Phillips.

William Kempt.

Thomas Poope.

George Bryan.

Henry Condell.

William Shye.

Richard Cowly.

John Lovine.

Samuell Crosse.

Alexander Cooke.

Samuel Gilburne.

Robert Armin.

William Offier.

Nathan Field.

John Underwood.

Nicholas Tooley.

William Ecclestone.

Joseph Taylor.

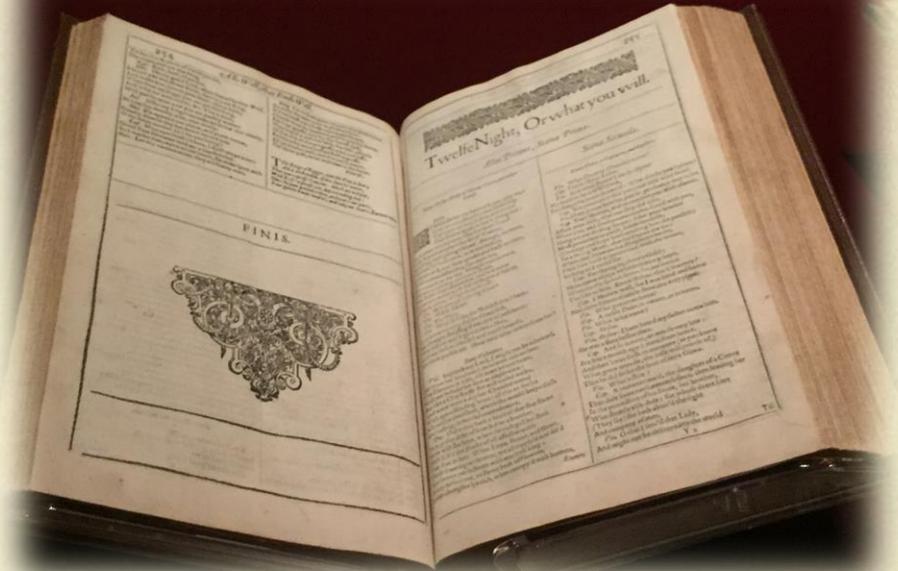
Robert Benfield.

Robert Gough.

Richard Robinson.

John Shancke.

John Rice.



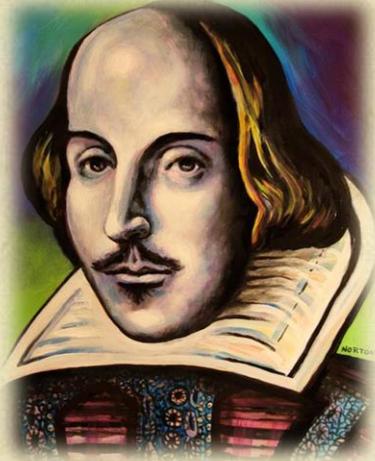
15
**MR WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S
COMEDIES, HISTORIES & TRAGEDIES
(FIRST FOLIO)**

1623

Without the First Folio we would lack nearly half Shakespeare's plays. Edited seven years after his death by John Heminges and Henry Condell, members of his company, it represents a rare honour as few contemporary dramatists had their collected works published. The book contains 36 plays (omitting *Pericles*), 18 of them previously unprinted.

Engraving and letterpress
Printed by Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, London
Museum no. Dyce 25.F.63

Why must I use these words
NOW?



THANK YOU BILL!

Better ALIVE than PERFECT

The Index Card Trick

THE INDEX CARD TRICK

1. Cover the speech except for the first line
2. Read the first line **ALOUD**
3. When you get to its end, move the index card down just enough to see the next line.
4. Read the next line **ALOUD**
5. Move the index card again
6. Keep doing this until you reach the end of the speech.
7. Don't cheat! – It's vital you only reveal one line at a time and that you don't move the index card until you have reached the very end of the line you are working on.
8. **LISTEN** as you read **ALOUD**
9. You will make tremendous discoveries!

What once seemed incomprehensible on the first reading, suddenly becomes clearer!
You will **GET IT!**

DEFINITIONS

Know exactly what you are saying at ALL times.

As You Like It

Phoebe: But sure he's proud, and yet his **pride** becomes him.

Pride, 1) splendid show, beauty displayed, ornament: began to clothe his wit in state and p. Lucr. 1809. *in themselves their p. lies buried*, Sonn. 25, 7. *new unfolding his imprisoned p.* 52, 12. *why is my verse so barren of new p.?* 76, 1. *he of tall building and of goodly p.* 80, 12. *the purple p. that on thy (the violet's) soft cheek dwells*, 99, 3. *having such a scope to show her p.* 103, 2. *three winters cold have from the forests shook three summers' p.* 104, 4. *her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat, proclaimed in her a careless hand of p.* Compl. 30 (= a hand careless of ornament). *livery falseness in a p. of truth*, 105. *the madams did almost sweat to bear the p. upon them*, H4 I, 1, 25. *let two more summers wither in their p.* Rom. I, 2, 10. *'tis much p. for fair without the fair within to hide*, I, 3, 89 (it is a great ornament of external beauty, to enclose internal excellence).

2) state of being at the highest pitch: while lust is in his p. Lucr. 705. *in the very heat and p. of their contention*, H4A I, 1, 60. *a falcon towering in her p. of place*, Mch. II, 4, 12. Hence = prime, glory: thou

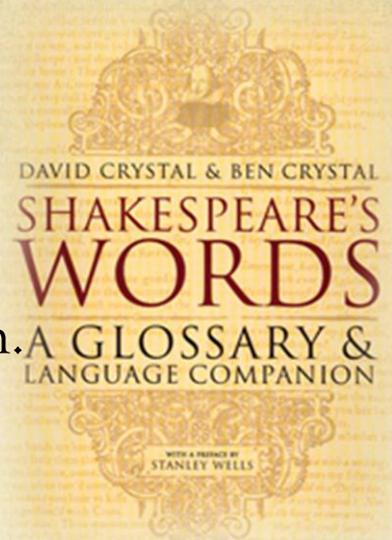
3) self-esteem, mostly in a bad sense, haughtiness, arrogance: Ven. 278. Err. IV, 3, 81. LLL II, 36. As I, 2, 264. II, 7, 70. III, 5, 114. All's I, 2, 37. R2 I, 3, 129. III, 2, 81. IV, 206. V, 5, 22. 88. H4A I, 1, 92. III, 1, 185. H4B IV, 5, 171. H5 V Chor. 20. H6B I, 1, 172. 180. 201. I, 3, 179. II, 2, 71. IV, 1, 60. H6C II, 2, 159. HS I, 1, 68. II, 2, 82. II, 4, 110. Troil. I, 3, 316. 371. 391. II, 3, 95. 162. 165. 181. 215. 228. III, 3, 45. 47. 136. IV, 5, 79. 82. Cor. II, 1, 22. 28. 42. II, 3, 227. III, 2, 126. IV, 6, 31. IV, 7, 37. V, 3, 170. Tit. IV, 3, 62. Tim. IV, 3, 240. Hml. I, 1, 83. Oth. I, 1, 12. II, 3, 98. Cymb. II, 4, 72. Per. I, 4, 30. to take p. = to be proud, to glory in sth.: *my gravity, wherein I take p.* Meas. II, 4, 10. *men of all sorts take a p. to gird at me*, H4B I, 2, 7. *took some p. to do myself this wrong*, Cor. V, 6, 37. = the thing of which men are proud: As III, 2, 81. H4A I, 1, 83.

4) cold selfishness, unkindness: in thy p. so fair a hope is slain, Ven. 762. *this p. of hers*, Gent. III, 1, 72. *stand I condemned for p. and scorn so much?* Ado III, 1, 108. 109. *maugre all thy p., nor wit nor reason can my passion hide*, Tw. III, 1, 163. *let p., which she calls plainness, marry her*, Tr. I, 1, 131. *fall and blast her p.* II, 4, 170. cf. also As III, 5, 114.

DEFINITIONS

As You Like It

Phoebe: But sure he's proud, and yet his **pride** becomes him.



pride (*n.*) 1 splendour, magnificence, pomp E3 I.ii.148 [Countess to King Edward, of her house] *inly beautified / With bounty's riches and fair hidden pride*; E3 I.ii.153, 159; KL II.iv.180; Sonn 80.12, 103.2
2 prime, best condition, fullness of growth 3H6 V.vii.4 [Edward to all] *What valiant foemen ... / Have we mowed down in tops of all their pride!*
3 highest point, culmination, climax 1H4 I.i.60 [Westmorland to King Henry, of the two sides] *in the very heat / And pride of their contention*
4 honour, glory, renown 1H6 IV.vi.57 [Talbot to John Talbot] *commendable proved, let's die in pride*; 1H6 IV.vii.16
5 haughty power, arrogant force 1H6 III.ii.40 [Talbot alone] *hardly we escaped the pride of France*; 1H6 IV.vi.15
6 [of horses] spirit, vigour, mettle 1H4 IV.iii.22 [Vernon to Hotspur] *Your uncle Worcester's horse came but today, / And now their pride and mettle is asleep*

DEFINITIONS

As You Like It

Phoebe: But sure he's proud, and yet his **pride** becomes him.

Partridge

Shakespeare's Bawdy

See.—

prick out. 'To furnish with a **prick** or penis', is the under-sense of *Sonnets*, 20, vv. 13–14. (Cf. the preceding entry.)

pricking. Copulation regarded as penetration as if by a prick or thorn.

See preceding entry; and cf. **prick**, n.

pride. In *Sonnet* 151, the lines 'Flesh stays no farther reason; But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride, He is contented thy poor drudge to be, To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side' clearly shows that, as 'flesh' here denotes 'penis', so 'pride' denotes 'insurgent penis'; compare the modern euphemism, *morning pride*; compare also *in pride* at *pride in*, below.

pride, in. (Of animals) in heat. See quotation at **prime**.

This phrase is obsolete: **in heat** and **in rut** survive. There seems, here, to be a cast-back to the centuries-obsolete sense 'prowess': *proud* and *prowess* are cognates.

Shakespeare Pro

By PlayShakespeare.com



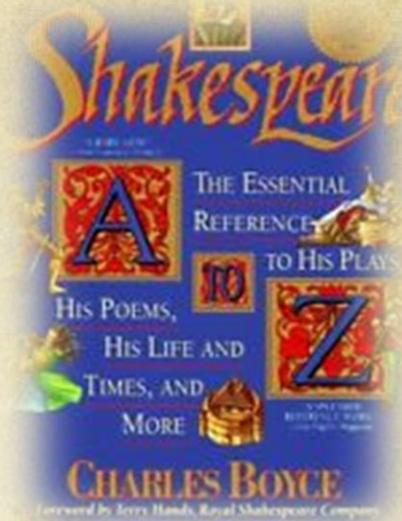
Shakespeare Pro® includes complete works of Shakespeare (41 plays, 154 sonnets and 6 poems, including doubtful works), integrated glossary from **SHAKESPEARE'S WORDS** and search the concordance to find the exact word or phrase you're looking for (with "relaxed" searching to find words close to your search term).

DEFINITIONS

Olivia Character in *Twelfth Night*, wealthy mistress of an estate in ILLYRIA, the lover of Cesario—who, although she does not know it, is VIOLA in disguise—and later the bride of SEBASTIAN (2). Olivia is the object of Duke ORSINO's unrequited romantic fantasies. Like Orsino, she impedes the drama's triumph of love; she, too, has a false view of herself that she must overcome. Olivia moves from one illusion to another, beginning with a wilful withdrawal into seclusion and denial of life and then falling headlong into a passion that is based on a mistake. Only the course of events, beginning with the appearance of Sebastian, can correct matters, for Olivia is never aware of her errors.

Mourning her late brother, Olivia adopts an exaggerated, irrational stance that is acutely described by VALENTINE (3): '. . . like a cloistress she will veiled walk, / And water once a day her chamber round / With eye-offending brine' (1.1.28–30). Ironically, her withdrawal gives her something in common with her steward, MALVOLIO, who scorns pleasure and love.

However, grief is counter to Olivia's true nature. In 1.5 the glee with which she responds to the jester FESTE's comical teasing reveals that she is unsuited to the ascetic pose she has adopted, and she has the common sense to see Malvolio for what he is, saying, 'O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite.' (1.5.89–90). She forgets her brother once she has been smitten with the charms of Cesario, and her pent-up instinct for love plunges her



Act 1, Scene 5

Maria chastises Olivia's jester, FESTE, for his absence from court. Olivia appears with her steward, MALVOLIO. She is angry with the truant Feste, but his witticisms cajole her into a friendly mood. Malvolio berates Feste, but Olivia accuses the steward of an egotistical dislike of anything contrary to his own grumpiness.

Maria announces that a messenger from Orsino has arrived; she and Malvolio are sent to keep him away. Sir Toby has encountered the messenger, but he is too drunk to report on him. Malvolio returns and says that the emissary has refused to depart, describing him as more a boy than a man. Olivia decides to greet this youth, who is the disguised Viola. Cesario speaks for Orsino in poetic terms that charm Olivia. She sends him back to the duke with another refusal, but after he leaves, Olivia confesses to herself that she has fallen in love with him. She sends Malvolio after Cesario with a ring, which she asserts the duke's messenger had forced on her.

Twelfth Night I.5.244-254

Olivia: What is your Parentage?

Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well;

I am a Gentleman. Ile be sworne thou art,

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,

Do giue thee fiue-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft. 5

Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now?

Euen so quickly may one catch the plague?

Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections

With an inuisible, and subtile stealth

To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. 10

SPELLING

The Tempest

Gonz: Mercy on vs.

We fplit, we fplit, Farewell my wife and child

Farewell brother: we fplit, we fplit, we fplit.



Do we pronounce the extra syllable or not?

Unvoiced syllable – 'd and 'st banish'd / know'st / thron'd / see'st

Voiced syllable – ed and est banished / knowest / throned / seest

Juliet: ...Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie

What I have spoke, but farewell Complement,

Doest thou Love?



ECPHONESIS O

Orsino: O when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence;

Juliet: O God, she comes! O honey Nurse, what news?

Nurse: My back a' t'other side: O my back, my
back!

FULL THOUGHT

• PERIOD ! EXCLAMATION POINT ? QUESTION MARK

Twelfth Night I.5.244-254

Olivia: What is your Parentage?

Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well;

I am a Gentleman. Ile be sworne thou art,

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,

Do giue thee fiue-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft. 5

Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now?

Euen so quickly may one catch the plague?

Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections

With an inuisible, and subtile stealth

To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. 10

EXERCISE: FULL THOUGHT MUSICAL CHAIRS

- ◆ PERIOD ! EXCLAMATION POINT ? QUESTION MARK



Twelfth Night I.5.244-254

Olivia: What is your Parentage?

Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well;

I am a Gentleman. Ile be sworne thou art,

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,

Do giue thee fiue-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft. 5

Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now?

Euen so quickly may one catch the plague?

Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections

With an inuisible, and subtile stealth

To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. 10

FULL STOPS

• PERIOD ! EXCLAMATION POINT ? QUESTION MARK

Twelfth Night I.5.244-254

Olivia: What is your Parentage? **B**

Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well;

I am a Gentleman. Ile be sworne thou art,

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,

Do giue thee fiue-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft. **B** 5

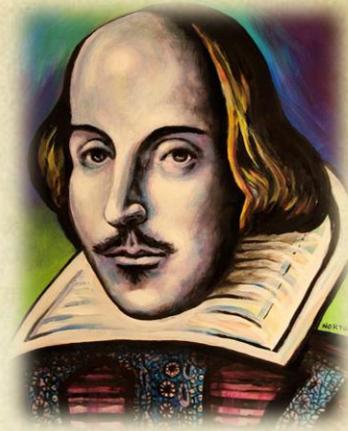
Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now? **B**

Euen so quickly may one catch the plague? **B**

Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections

With an inuisible, and subtile stealth

To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. **B**



THANK
YOU BILL!

MID STOPS

• PERIOD ! EXCLAMATION POINT ? QUESTION MARK

Twelfth Night I.5.244-254

Olivia: What is your Parentage? **B**

Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well;

I am a Gentleman. Ile be sworne thou art,

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,

Do giue thee fiue-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft. **B** 5

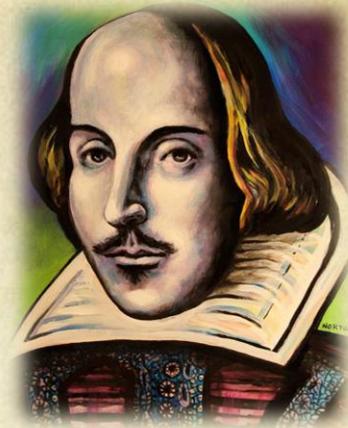
Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now? **B**

Euen so quickly may one catch the plague? **B**

Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections

With an inuisible, and subtile stealth

To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. **B**



THANK
YOU BILL!

COLONS &
SEMI-COLONS

Twelfth Night I.5.244-254

Olivia: What is your Parentage? **B**

About my fortunes, yet my state is well; **T**

I am a Gentleman. He be sworn thou art,

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon: **T** not too fast: **T** soft, soft. **B** 5

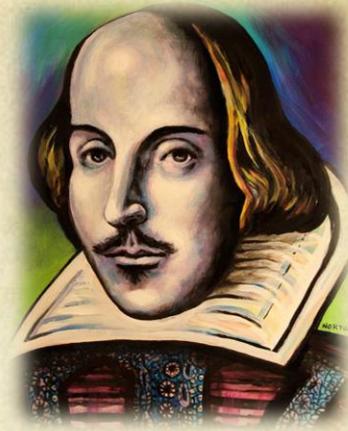
Unless the Master were the man. How now? **B**

Even so quickly may one catch the plague? **B**

Me thinks I feel this youth's perfections

With an invisible, and subtle stealth

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. **B**



**THANK
YOU BILL!**

COMMAS

Twelfth Night I.5.244-254

Olivia: What is your Parentage? **B**

About my fortunes, yet my state is well; **T**

I am a Gentleman. He be sworne thou art, **b**

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit, **b**

Do giue thee fiue-fold blazon: **T** not too fast: **T** soft, soft. **B** 5

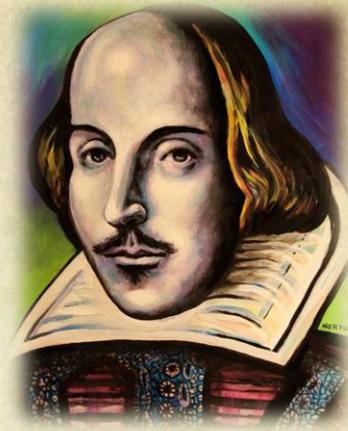
Unlesse the Master were the man. How now? **B**

Euen so quickly may one catch the plague? **B**

Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections

With an inuisible, and subtile stealth

To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. **B**



THANK
YOU BILL!

**MAGIC MAMET
MOMENT**

Twelfth Night I.5.244-254

Olivia: What is your Parentage? **B**

About my fortunes, yet my state is well; **T**

I am a Gentleman. He be sworne thou art, **b**

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit, **b**

Do giue thee fiue-fold blazon: **T** not too fast: **T** soft, soft. **B** 5

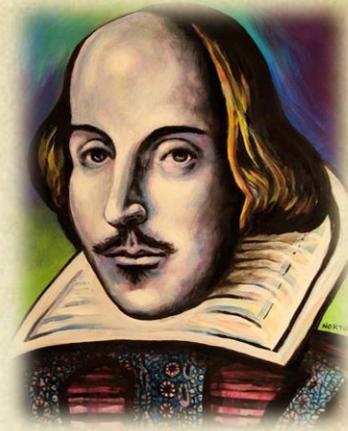
Unlesse the Master were the man. How now? **B**

Euen so quickly may one catch the plague? **B**

Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections **M**

With an inuisible, and subtile stealth **M**

To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. **B**



THANK
YOU BILL!

CAPITALIZATION

King Lear

Lear Our son of Cornwall

And you our no lesse loving Sonne of Albany

Twelfth Night I.5.244-254

Olivia:

What is your Parentage? **B**

About my fortunes, yet my state is well; **T**

I am a Gentleman. I'll be sworn thou art, **b**

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, **b**

Do give thee five-fold blazon: **T** not too fast: **T** soft, soft. **B** 5

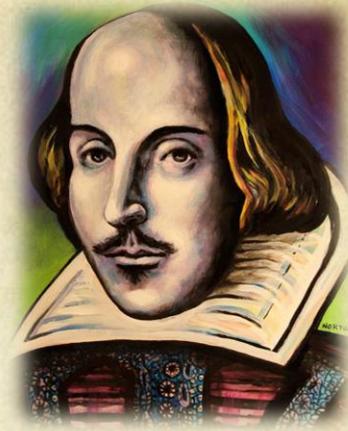
Unless the Master were the man. How now? **B**

Even so quickly may one catch the plague? **B**

Me thinks I feel this youth's perfections **M**

With an invisible, and subtle stealth **M**

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. **B**



THANK
YOU BILL!

IAMBIC PENTAMETER GUIDELINES

Shakespeare wrote his verse plays in iambic pentameter. This poetic form of language contains five feet and ten syllables per line. The pattern is:

ba-dum, ba-dum, ba-dum, ba-dum, ba-dum.

U / U / U / U / U /
I went to buy a loaf of bread today.

U / U / U / U / U /
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

Twelfth Night I.5.244-254



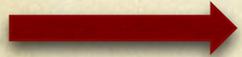
Olivia: What is your Parentage?



About my fortunes, yet my state is well;

I am a Gentleman. He be sworn thou art,

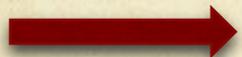
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,



Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft. 5

Unless the Master were the man. How now?

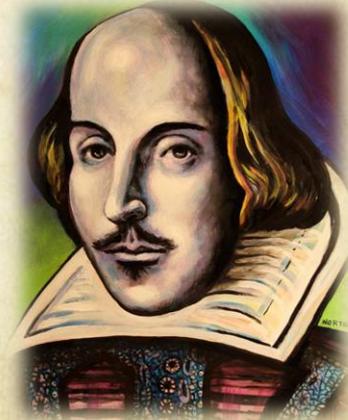
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?



Me thinks I feel this youth's perfections

With an invisible, and subtle stealth

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.



THANK
10
YOU BILL!

MONOSYLLABIC WORDS

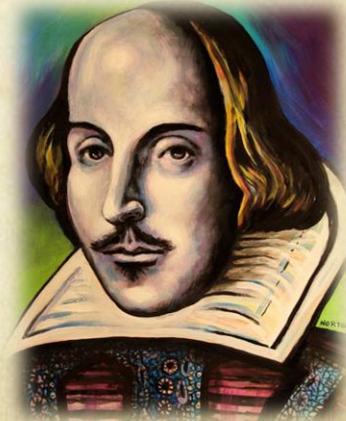
Olivia: Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

“BIG BUT” WORDS

Stress the “Small Words”

BUT, YET, OR, THEREFORE, IF, etc.

Always stress NOW, ALL, LONG



THANK
YOU BILL!

Twelfth Night I.5.244-254

Olivia:

What is your Parentage? **B**

About my fortunes, yet my state is well; **T**

I am a Gentleman. I'll be sworn thou art, **b**

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, **b**

Do give thee five-fold blazon: **T** not too fast: **T** soft, soft. **B** 5

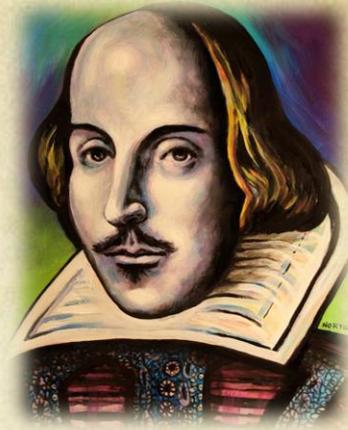
Unless the Master were the man. How now? **B**

Even so quickly may one catch the plague? **B**

Me thinks I feel this youth's perfections **M**

With an invisible, and subtle stealth **M**

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. **B**



THANK
YOU BILL!

LISTS = BUILD

I detest Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

I adore Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

Shakespeare LOVES lists. They are everywhere in his plays.

Twelfth Night I.5.244-254

Olivia:

What is your Parentage? **B**

About my fortunes, yet my state is well; **T**

I am a Gentleman. I'll be sworn thou art, **b**

Thy ¹tongue, thy ²face, thy ³limbes, ⁴actions, and ⁵spirit, **b**

Do give thee five-fold blazon: **T** not too fast: **T** soft, soft. **B** 5

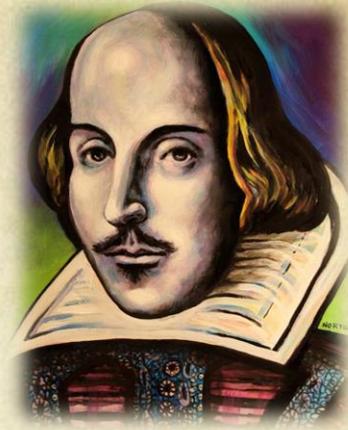
Unless the Master were the man. How now? **B**

Even so quickly may one catch the plague? **B**

Me thinks I feel this youth's perfections **M**

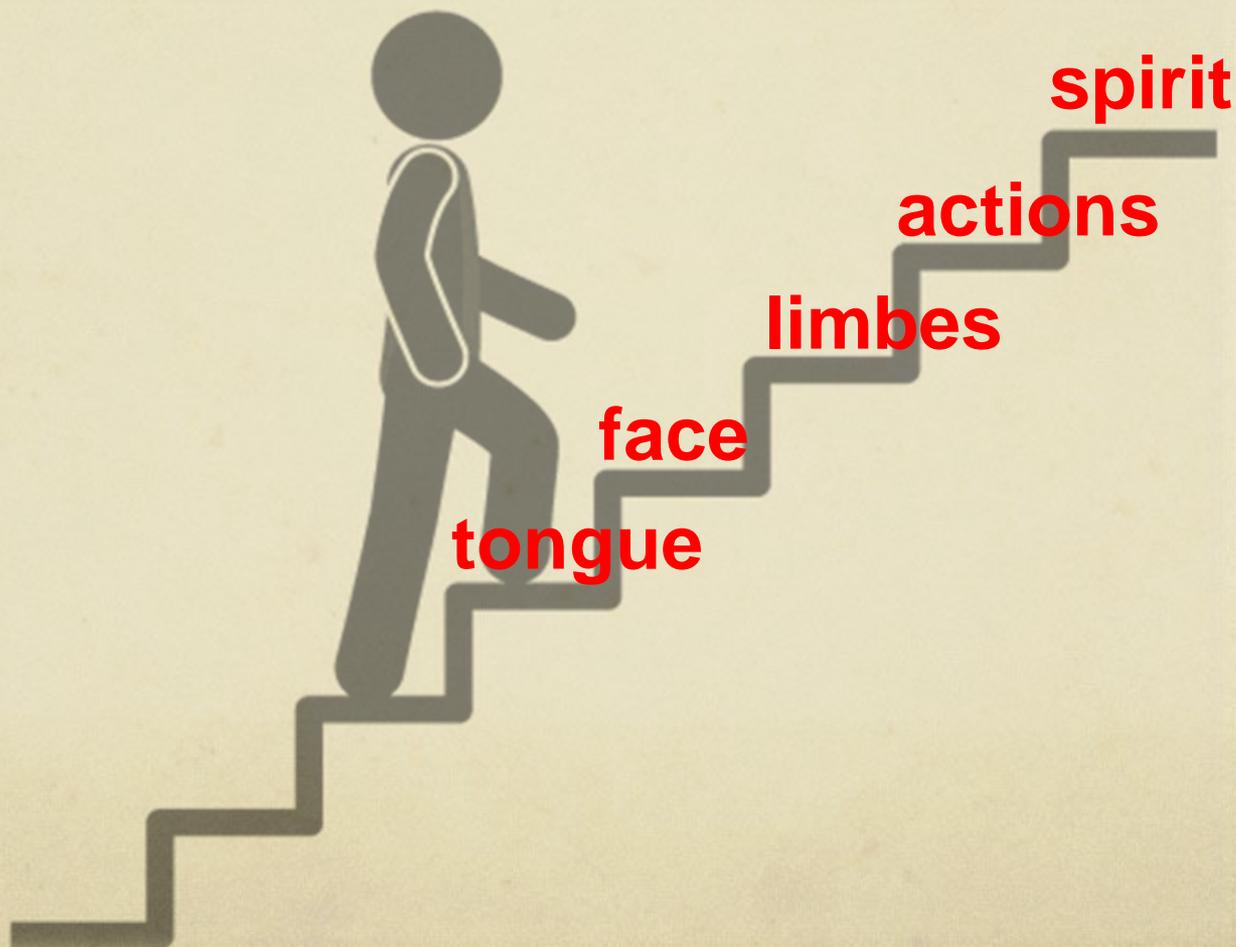
With an ¹invisible, and ²subtle stealth **M**

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. **B**



THANK
YOU BILL!

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit



ANTITHESIS

Viola: We men may say ¹ more, swear ² more, but indeed
Our shows are more than will: for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Twelfth Night, Act 2, scene 4

ANTITHESIS

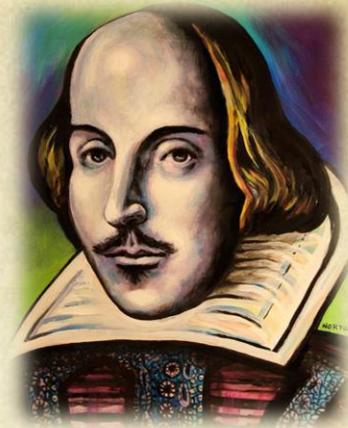


ANTITHESIS

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Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Twelfth Night, Act 2, scene 4

Twelfth Night I.5.244-254



THANK
YOU BILL!

Olivia:

What is your Parentage? **B**

About my fortunes, yet my state is well; **T**

I am a Gentleman. Ile be sworne thou art, **b**

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, **b**

Do giue thee fiue-fold blazon: **T** not too fast: **T** soft, soft. **B** 5

Unlesse the Master were the man. How now? **B**

Orsino

Euen so quickly may one catch the plague? **B**

Cesario

Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections **M**

With an ¹ inuisible, and ² subtle stealth **M**

To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. **B**

EXERCISE: ENDS OF LINES

Twelfth Night I.5.244-254

Olivia: What is your Parentage?

About my fortunes, yet my state is well;

I am a Gentleman. He be sworn thou art,

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft. 5

Unless the Master were the man. How now?

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

He thinks I feel this youth's perfections

With an invisible, and subtle stealth

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. 10

Twelfth Night I.5.244-254

Olivia: What is your **Parentage?**

About my fortunes, yet my state is **well;**

I am a Gentleman. He be sworne thou **art,**

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and **spirit,**

Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, **soft.** 5

Unless the Master were the man. How **now?**

Even so quickly may one catch the **plague?**

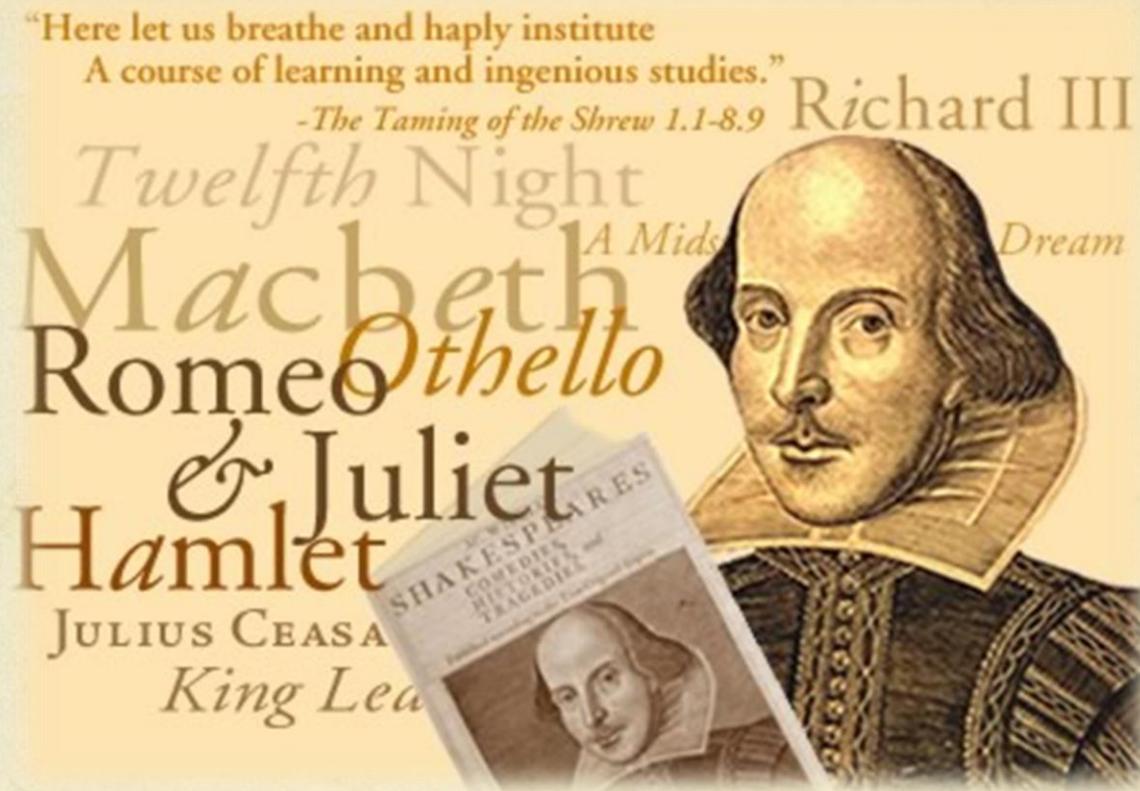
He thinks I feel this youth's **perfections**

With an invisible, and subtle **stealth**

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it **be.** 10

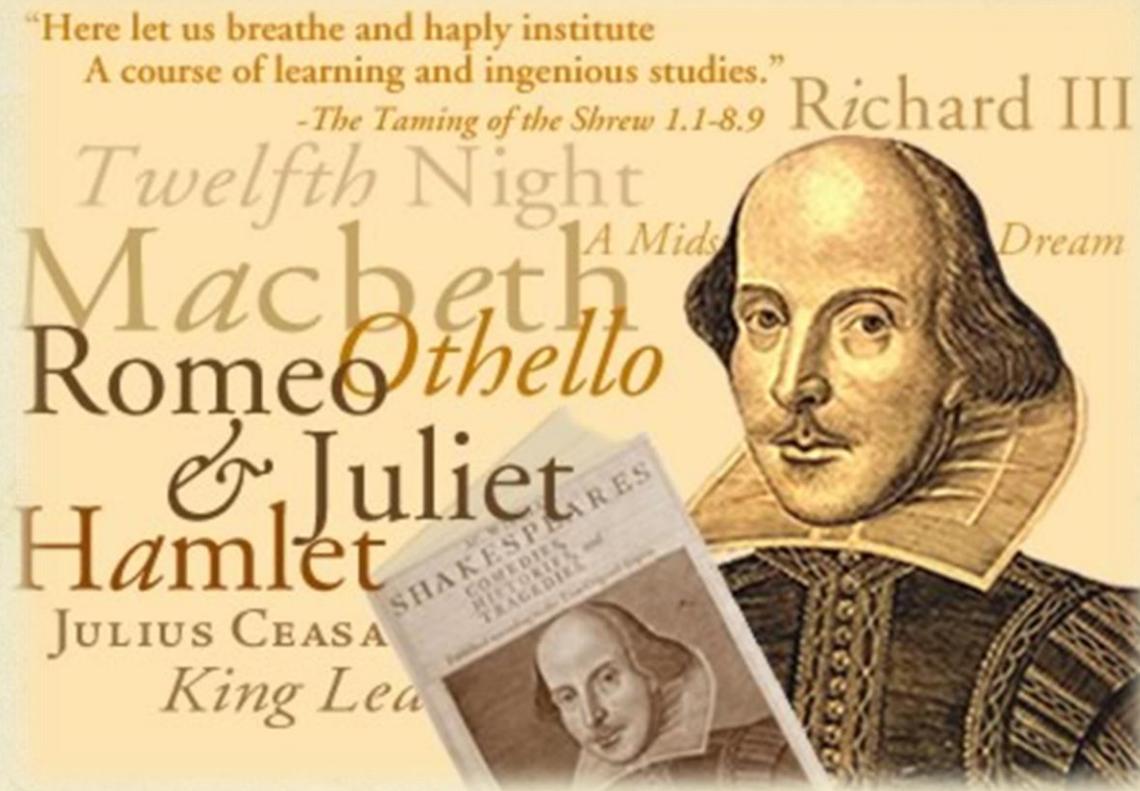
“Time”





I have a kind soul, that would give thanks!

-King John

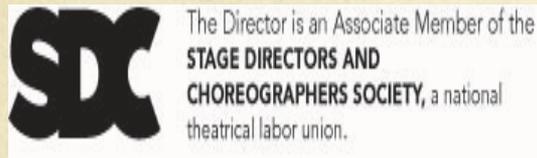


I have a kind soul, that would give thanks!

-King John



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847.925.6944
klong@harpercollege.edu



KEVIN LONG, Nominated for The 2015 Tony Award® for Excellence in Theatre Education, is the Director of Theatre and Associate Professor of Theatre at Harper College, the recipient of the Illinois Theatre Association's 2012 Award for Excellence in College Theatre Teaching, an associate member of the Stage Directors and Choreographers Society, and the President of the Illinois Communication and Theatre Association. Kevin has worked professionally in various equity and summer stock theatres in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Indiana and Illinois. Kevin has been teaching acting and theatre classes for over twenty-five years and has directed over sixty productions including his highly acclaimed production of *Parade* (Winner Best Revival of a Musical, Resident Non-Equity by BroadwayWorld Chicago, Nomination Best Direction of a Musical). Kevin has earned elite status as the only director who has completed Alfred Uhry's Atlanta Trilogy (direction of three shows *Parade* 2013, *Driving Miss Daisy* 2013 and *The Last Night of Ballyhoo* 2014) capped off with a visit in June, 2014 from Alfred Uhry and presenting/directing *An Evening with Alfred Uhry*. Additionally, Kevin frequently presents his workshop "Shakespeare Whispers in Your Ear," which explores the language and theatre of Shakespeare through the use of the First Folio. Most notably, he has taught Folio Technique at Chicago Shakespeare Theater's teacher workshops for *Othello*, *The Tempest*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Henry V* and *The Comedy of Errors* as well as Chicago Shakespeare's "Bard Core" Teacher Professional Development Program and their "Battle of the Bard" Competition.
[kevinlongdirector.com](http://www.kevinlongdirector.com)

