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TOM STOPPARD

EDITED BY
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I

PAUL DELANEY

Exit Tomáš Straüssler, enter Sir Tom Stoppard

Tomáš Straüssler (Tomik to his parents) arrived in India as a four-year-old Czech refugee in 1942; but in early 1946 the eight-year-old who left India as Tommy Straüssler would become Tom Stoppard.¹ By then he had a new father, British Army Major Kenneth Stoppard, whom his mother had married after her husband had died in Singapore following the Japanese invasion. He had a new language, English, which he had learned at Mount Hermon, a Darjeeling school run by American Methodists. He had a new nationality – neither American nor Indian nor Czech but British. He had a new identity in a land where he and his brother would be “starting over as English schoolboys.”² And he had a new name. Three weeks after arriving in England, the Straüssler brothers received, from their stepfather, the surname Stoppard.

After *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* opened to acclaim – and a welter of interpretations – both in London and on Broadway, its 29-year-old author would jokingly refer to himself as “a bounced Czech” and dismiss his biographical background as irrelevant to his play about Elizabethan courtiers. But to describe what it felt like to have his play examined for hidden meanings, the Czech émigré who had arrived from Singapore to attend an American school in India before relocating with a new name to Derbyshire significantly invoked the metaphor of going through customs. When a customs officer ransacks *Rosencrantz* and “comes up with all manner of exotic contraband like truth and illusion, the nature of identity, what I feel about life and death,” Stoppard confesses, “I have to admit the stuff is there but I can’t for the life of me remember packing it.” Noting that “one is . . . the beneficiary and victim of one’s subconscious: that is, of one’s personal history, experience and environment,” Stoppard pointed to his own identity as a concrete example of such a subconscious influence:

My mother married again and my name was changed to my stepfather’s when I was about eight years old. This I didn’t care one way or the other about; but

then it occurred to me that in practically everything I had written there was something about people getting each other's names wrong, usually in a completely gratuitous way, nothing to do with character or plot.³

Over thirty years later, the 61-year-old author of *The Invention of Love* could look back on his career and say that he “could write an awfully good book about *The Plays of Tom Stoppard!* To me, it’s so obvious. Many of my plays are about unidentical twins, about double acts. Twins, in *Hapgood*. There are the two Housmans here.”⁴ *The Invention of Love* shows us Housman as young and old, as poet and critic, as passionate lover and repressed celibate. *Hapgood* dramatizes the coolly professional buttoned-down title character and a woman who appears to be her raucous, impetuous twin in a play that uses quantum mechanics as a metaphor for the ineluctable duality of human personality. But Stoppard was also by this time the author of *Arcadia* in which romantic impetuosity and classical restraint are as interwoven in personal temperament as in poetry. Even *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* contains, in the contrast between its two title characters, a sense of the multiple possibilities of identity. “They both add up to me in many ways in the sense that they’re carrying out a dialogue which I carry out with myself,” Stoppard says. “One of them is fairly intellectual, fairly incisive; the other one is thicker, nicer in a curious way, more sympathetic. There’s a leader and the led. Retrospectively, with all benefit of other people’s comments and enthusiasms and so on, it just seems a classic case of self-revelation even though it isn’t about this fellow who wrote his first novel.”⁵ Given the benefit of Stoppard’s canon to date, we may see a classic case of self-revelation in his recurrent concern with unidentical twins, his pervasive sense that inside any self may be some other self waiting to be revealed.

Indeed, Stoppard talks about moving from Darjeeling to Derbyshire almost as the discovery of a new self. “I came here when I was eight,” Stoppard says, “and I don’t know why, I don’t particularly wish to understand why but I just seized England and it seized me. Within minutes it seems to me, I had no sense of being in an alien land and my feelings for, my empathy for English landscape, English architecture, English character, all that, has just somehow become stronger and stronger.”⁶ The Czechoslovakia he never knew, the Singapore he could only dimly recall, the American school in Darjeeling where he had been “old enough to know it was not my natural surroundings,”⁷ all receded. “As soon as we all landed up in England, I knew I had found a home,” Stoppard says, “I embraced the language and the landscape.”⁸

After settling in Derbyshire, Stoppard attended the Dolphin School in Nottinghamshire and then the Pocklington School in Yorkshire. Although he says he has often dreamed of India, his prep school years are associated with feeling “depressed, longing for the holidays, and a bit homesick, usually to do with the severity of one or two of the teachers.”⁹ In *Arcadia*, Stoppard would depict a sixteen-year-old whose love for learning leads her to grieve the loss of the library at Alexandria and to question the Newtonian model of the universe. But when he was that age, Stoppard couldn’t wait to abandon academe. “The chief influence of my education on me was negative,” Stoppard says. “I left school thoroughly bored by the idea of anything intellectual . . . I’d been totally bored and alienated by everyone from Shakespeare to Dickens besides.”¹⁰ Leaving school age seventeen after completing O-levels in Greek and Latin, Stoppard got a job as a reporter on the *Western Daily Press* in Bristol, where his family was then living. “When I left school,” Stoppard says, “I wanted to be a great journalist. My first ambition was to be lying on the floor of an African airport while machine-gun bullets zoomed over my typewriter.”¹¹ Stoppard’s fascination with journalism would eventually find its way into his 1978 play *Night and Day*, dealing with British newspapermen facing bullets while on assignment in Africa.

In the meantime, Stoppard was discovering theatre. As a prep school student, he had been taken to see Laurence Olivier’s film of *Hamlet* (1948) and was “very bored . . . It didn’t seem to be a very exciting film, until they got to the swordfight.”¹² But while working as a journalist, Stoppard started attending productions at the Bristol Old Vic. In 1958 the 24-year-old Peter O’Toole’s performance as Hamlet “had a tremendous effect on me,” Stoppard says. “It was everything it was supposed to be. It was exciting and mysterious and eloquent. I used to dash back from evening jobs, or rather get the reporter on the rival newspaper to cover for me, to catch the end of it.”¹³ Although he had been serving as a second-string theatre critic throughout his stint as a journalist, by 1960 Stoppard had decided he wanted to write for the theatre. Besides his own fascination with O’Toole’s Hamlet, the theatre was a center of intellectual ferment in Britain. Peter Hall directed the first British production of Samuel Beckett’s *Waiting for Godot* in 1955 and was about to found the Royal Shakespeare Company; John Osborne’s *Look Back in Anger* was staged at the Royal Court in 1956 followed by a London visit of Bertolt Brecht’s Berliner Ensemble; and Kenneth Tynan was churning the intellectual waters in his capacity as drama critic for the *Observer*. “After 1956 everybody of my age who wanted to write, wanted to write plays,” says Stoppard. In the summer of 1960 while on holiday in Capri to celebrate his twenty-third birthday, Stoppard was struck with the sense “that

I was never going to start writing unless I did something active about it.” When he returned, he handed in his notice, making sure he had two weekly columns to pay for room and board while he wrote his first play, *A Walk on the Water*. “I was working in a sort of panic because,” Stoppard says, “it seemed incredibly important that I hadn’t done any of the things by the age of 23 that I’d intended doing by the age of 21; so I was doing everything two years late, and really had to get down to it.”¹⁴

Although *A Walk on the Water* would eventually be televised, the play’s greatest significance for Stoppard was that it brought him to the attention of Kenneth Ewing, who has continued as Stoppard’s agent throughout his career. After sending Ewing his play, Stoppard received “one of those Hollywood-style telegrams that change struggling young artists’ lives,”¹⁵ though it would be three years before the play was produced. Meanwhile, he applied for a job on a new London magazine called *Scene* and to his amazement was offered the position of theatre critic. He moved to London and reviewed dozens of shows during the seven months of the magazine’s existence. When the chronically underfunded magazine could not pay its writers, Stoppard borrowed money from friends and went fly-fishing in Scotland. Back in London, he lived a hand-to-mouth existence, borrowing money from Ewing because his bank account was, perpetually, overdrawn. But even in those days, Ewing says, Stoppard “always travelled by taxi, never by bus. It was as if he knew that his time would come.”¹⁶ In the summer of 1963, Stoppard sold *A Walk on the Water* to ITV for £350 and went on a ten-week holiday in the Mediterranean with his girlfriend Isabel Dunjohn. But by fall a penniless Stoppard was considering hack work on the *TV Times*. *A Walk on the Water* was filmed in November to be Play of the Week in March; but in late November Stoppard received a call saying the play would be aired that night – with no advance publicity – to replace a play deemed inappropriate so soon after President Kennedy’s assassination. *A Walk on the Water* sank without a trace. Stoppard continued to pound out unproduced scripts for television plays and one-acts for BBC Radio.

Then came “the idea.” On a ride back from an unsuccessful attempt to pitch one of Stoppard’s efforts, a sixty-minute television play called *I Can’t Give You Anything But Love, Baby*, Ewing and Stoppard were talking about a production of *Hamlet* at the Old Vic.¹⁷ “[Ewing] said there was a play to be written about Rosencrantz and Guildenstern after they got to England,” says Stoppard. “What happened to them once they got there? I was attracted to it immediately.”¹⁸ Ewing mused aloud that the two courtiers might have found King Lear on the throne, raving mad at Dover. In 1964 while in Berlin on a Ford Foundation grant, Stoppard wrote *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*

Exit Tomáš Straußler, enter Sir Tom Stoppard

Meet King Lear, a one-act play in which Hamlet and the Player change identities on the boat and “the Player is captured by Pirates and goes off to fulfill Hamlet’s role in the rest of Shakespeare’s play.”¹⁹ Years later Stoppard would write a screenplay about Shakespeare as a penniless writer trying to come up with a plot for “Romeo and Ethel, the Pirate’s Daughter.” Clearly, Stoppard can identify with a penniless young writer struggling with pirates.

Stoppard can also identify with a penniless young writer struggling with love. Before leaving for Germany on the Ford Foundation grant, he had become romantically involved with Jose Ingle. While Stoppard in Germany had Rosencrantz and Guildenstern at sea bound for England, he was debating where to disembark upon his own return to England. Should he return to London as Jose wished or to Bristol where he could live more cheaply and “write like a madman till April”²⁰ to fulfill a contract for a novel (eventually *Lord Malquist and Mr Moon*). Although the relationship with Jose seemed more fully formed in her mind than in his, Stoppard returned to London in October 1964, took a flat with two other Ford fellows, and instead of writing like a madman till April, married Jose on 26 March 1965.

In May the Royal Shakespeare Company took a year’s option on Stoppard’s play about Rosencrantz and Guildenstern which then existed in a two-act version. With high hopes Stoppard wrote a third act as requested. But a year later the RSC returned Stoppard’s script, leaving Rosencrantz and Guildenstern as much at sea as ever. Meanwhile the newly wed Stoppard was attempting to make ends meet by writing five fifteen-minute episodes each week for a BBC World Service serial – broadcast in Arabic – about the experiences of a Palestinian medical student in London. Although critics have repeated Kenneth Tynan’s assertion that none of the scripts survive, transcripts of “A Student’s Diary” are preserved on microfilm at the BBC Written Archives Centre. In the first, the announcer introduces Amin Osman crossing the English Channel “on his way to London with high hopes of being accepted as a medical student.” For a young man anticipating “a new country” with “new experiences,” the announcer intones, “the prospect is exciting”:

ANNOUNCER. So as the boat ploughs through the twenty-two stormy miles between Calais and Dover, one might well guess Amin’s emotions . . . which, as it happens, can be expressed in a single sentence . . .

AMIN. (*with measured deliberation*) I think I’m going to be sick.²¹

For Amin or for Rosencrantz as for Tomáš all boats seem bound for England. A month after Amin’s arrival in England was broadcast on 3 April 1966, Stoppard’s son Oliver was born. When the RSC and the Royal Court both

rejected *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, Ewing sent the play to the Oxford Playhouse which passed the script to undergraduates looking for something to perform on the Edinburgh Festival Fringe. Ewing reluctantly agreed to allow the amateur production to proceed. When Stoppard went to Edinburgh in August he found “a stage the size of a ping pong table”²² for a production panned by the *Scotsman* and the *Scottish Daily Express* (in a review headlined “What’s It All About Tom?”²³). Then Ronald Bryden’s review in the *Observer* hailed *Rosencrantz* as an “erudite comedy, punning, far-fetched, leaping from depth to dizziness” that was “the most brilliant debut by a young playwright since John Arden’s.”²⁴ After reading Bryden’s review, Kenneth Tynan, then literary manager for the National Theatre, cabled Stoppard to request a copy of the script. The National asked for a fortnight to decide and paid £50 for a six months’ option, while saying they might not be able to schedule the play until October 1967 (and Stoppard worried that *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* could be dead if a play of greater interest came along in the meanwhile).

Negotiating to publish the play and fielding inquiries from several countries regarding possible productions, Stoppard remained besieged by creditors and continued to write installments of his Arab serial for the BBC. Going home one day, he threw himself once again on the mercy of his agent, who agreed to loan Stoppard £40. The heretofore penniless playwright “turned right around and hailed a taxi,” Ewing says, “I went home on a bus.”²⁵ Cancellation of a production of *As You Like It* meant *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* could tread the boards of the Old Vic in April 1967, making Stoppard the youngest playwright to have a play performed by the National Theatre. Harold Hobson hailed the production as “the most important event in the British professional theatre of the last nine years,”²⁶ that is, since the London debut of Harold Pinter. On the South Bank of the Thames, Stoppard’s ship had come in. In October, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* disembarked once more, landing on Broadway as the first National Theatre production to transfer to New York. The play by a previously unknown 29-year-old would win the Tony award for best play of the year on Broadway.

After the triumph of *Rosencrantz*, it was a foregone conclusion that the National Theatre would produce Stoppard’s next play unless he completely lost his way. But after *Rosencrantz* lifted the pressure of achieving success, Stoppard began to feel the pressure of not being a one-hit wonder. Although he turned out superbly crafted entertainments like *The Real Inspector Hound* along with radio plays and short pieces, his next major play, *Jumpers*, would not be staged until five years after *Rosencrantz*. Stoppard’s

second son, Barnaby, was born in September 1969; but all was not well at home. Overshadowed by Stoppard's international acclaim, Jose had a nervous breakdown. "In her cups, she would tell Tom's friends how she had really written *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*," a friend would say years later. "And all the time, Tom was behaving with a kind of chivalric constancy. His friends were throwing up their hands because he was spending all his time looking after the children and doing the washing up. Then came the time when he decided it was over, at which point he behaved with a kind of frightening clarity, taking the two kids with him and setting up a new home with Miriam."²⁷

Stoppard left Jose in December 1969; began divorce and custody proceedings in early 1970; and, with his two sons, moved in with Dr. Miriam Moore-Robinson in August 1970. Stoppard's divorce was not granted until January 1972; he married Miriam on 11 February; and their first son, William, was born on 7 March 1972. The couple would have a second son, Edmund, born 16 September 1974, and would rear all four boys throughout two decades together as a family. Besides being a medical doctor, Miriam Stoppard became a television personality (whose fame with the British public exceeded her husband's), and the author of numerous books of advice on health care, beauty, and sexual issues. With two high-flying careers, the Stoppards purchased a large Victorian house in Iver Heath and then Iver Grove, a Georgian mansion set on seventeen acres in Iver. Stoppard seemed to thrive not only on the life of the country squire but also on the stability of his family life. He would write in the afternoons or late at night so he could be with his children when they got home from school.

In the meanwhile, *Jumpers*, which opened at the National Theatre during the same fortnight that Stoppard divorced Jose and married Miriam, introduced Stoppard to what would become a long-term theatrical partnership with the director Peter Wood. Wood was reluctant to direct *Jumpers*, saying he "was a little affronted by the play" because his Catholicism "at first made me question its facetiousness about belief."²⁸ In fact, in creating *Jumpers* – the play Kenneth Tynan described as "a farce whose main purpose is to affirm the existence of God"²⁹ – Stoppard says, "I wanted to write a theist play, to combat the arrogant view that anyone who believes in God is some kind of cripple, using God as a crutch."³⁰ But while Stoppard wanted to write "about a man who really believed that good and bad were absolute moral truths," he acknowledges that such "internal subject matter" in *Jumpers* had "so much mayonnaise on it that it was very hard to taste the roast beef at all."³¹ With bursts of flashing lights, a trapeze striptease, the projection of televised images onto a gargantuan screen, and a concluding

musical number that might bring down the house in Las Vegas, *Jumpers* offered lots of mayonnaise. But Wood and Stoppard found they quite enjoyed working together and would share numerous theatrical roast beef sandwiches over the years. Stoppard would turn to Wood to direct *Travesties* (in London and New York), *Night and Day* (in London and New York), *The Real Thing*, *Rough Crossing*, a 1985 West End revival of *Jumpers*, *Dalliance*, *Hapgood* (in London and Los Angeles), *The Dog It Was That Died*, and *Indian Ink*. The playwright would attend virtually all rehearsals. Stoppard wanted to let audiences have the satisfaction of figuring out some things for themselves; Wood wanted audiences to understand what was going on even if they had to be told. Between the playwright's reluctance to be overly obvious and the director's concern about being overly obscure, the two formed a complementary team.

But Stoppard also took on challenges from the sheer insatiable desire to do the impossible. "You see, ultimately, before being carried out feet first, I would like to have done a bit of absolutely everything," Stoppard says. "Really, without any evidence of any talent in those other directions, I find it very hard to turn down offers to write an underwater ballet for dolphins or a play for a motorcyclist on the wall of death."³² Thus when conductor André Previn asked if Stoppard might want to write a play that included a symphony orchestra, it was an offer the playwright couldn't refuse. *Every Good Boy Deserves Favour* began as a play about a Florida grapefruit millionaire who owned an orchestra. But about the time Stoppard realized the symphony could be in the mind of his protagonist, he was meeting with political prisoners who had been confined in Soviet psychiatric hospitals for their political beliefs. By the time *Every Good Boy* was performed, the play had been transposed to a Soviet psychiatric hospital where a prisoner of political conscience is confined alongside a patient whose psychiatric symptoms consist of believing he has a symphony orchestra. *Every Good Boy* was a fantasia compared to the realistic format of *Professional Foul* televised later in 1977. But in both, Stoppard was dealing more directly with overtly political issues as he would in *Night and Day* (1978), *Dogg's Hamlet*, *Cahoot's Macbeth* (1979) and *Squaring the Circle* (1984). Besides the new emphasis in his plays, Stoppard was also speaking out against Soviet abuse of Jewish dissidents, Czech violations of human rights, and limitations on journalists' freedom of expression in Britain. However, he pointed to thematic continuities between his so-called "political plays" and his earlier work, insisting that despite their differences in form, both *Professional Foul* and *Jumpers* address themselves to the same moral questions: "Both are about the way human beings are supposed to behave towards each other."³³

Besides thematic connections, Stoppard's involvement in an array of projects shows other continuities, one of which is simply how much he enjoys working with a coterie of people on the task of mounting a production. "Rehearsing a play is more or less the best time in my life," Stoppard says, adding that by the end of the process "you're sort of a family of a kind." Besides Stoppard's partnership with Wood as director and Carl Toms as designer, such actors as Michael Hordern, Diana Rigg, John Wood, and Roger Rees show up again and again in Stoppard plays. "By the time you open a play you are very close to the people you're working with," says Stoppard, "even the ones you've never met before."³⁴

In the course of one such job, Stoppard's adaptation of a Nestroy play as *On the Razzle* (1981), another actor would join Stoppard's theatrical team. Years later in his screenplay for *Shakespeare in Love*, Stoppard would show the already married Shakespeare falling in love with a young woman named Viola who would become the muse of his plays after an inauspicious first meeting in which she is dressed in male attire attempting to pass herself off in the theatre as a boy. After joining the coterie of Stoppardian actors, Felicity Kendal would eventually become the playwright's companion, the leading lady of his casts, and the one whose evocation of such characters as Flora Crewe, Hapgood and Hannah Jarvis would lead some to describe her as his muse. But his first association with Kendal was in *On the Razzle* where the already married Stoppard encountered a pert actress with an alluringly husky voice who, a year after appearing in the BBC *Twelfth Night* as Viola, was in male attire attempting once again to pass herself off in the theatre as a boy, in a "dogsbody" role as the stock clerk Christopher.

A year later Kendal would star in Stoppard's *The Real Thing*, dedicated to his wife, about an adulterous relationship between a playwright and an actress whom he met "in this poncy business" of theatre. Kendal – who married the Jewish, Texas-born theatrical director Michael Rudman in 1983 – had become Stoppard's leading lady on stage although it would be some while before life would imitate art. Stoppard revised *Jumpers* for a spectacular 1985 West End revival with Kendal as a striking Dotty. Although he wrote *Hapgood* with Kendal in mind, cast members were amazed when Stoppard delayed the production for six months so she could play the title role after giving birth. Kendal was divorced in late February 1991 and Stoppard in February 1992. But by November 1990 the two were linked romantically in a relationship that would continue for eight years. Recorded in early February 1991, Stoppard's radio play *In the Native State* – dedicated "For Felicity Kendal" who starred as Flora Crewe – seemed in some ways to be not only for and by but also about Kendal.

In the Native State deals with India, where Stoppard and Kendal spent their childhoods, and focuses on the free-spirited Flora Crewe who scandalizes prim Brits and Indian Anglophiles with her delight in native Indian art and interest in the *rasa* of erotic love. Although the play as performed contains only brief excerpts of Flora Crewe's poetry, Stoppard says completion of *In the Native State* was delayed because he became so caught up in writing the young woman's sensual poetry. The next major project Stoppard turned to, shortly after becoming romantically involved with Felicity Kendal, was a screenplay called *Shakespeare in Love*. With the sets already built and filming set to begin in October 1992, the production was cancelled when Julia Roberts withdrew from the cast, delaying the film by six years.

In the meanwhile Stoppard had completed *Arcadia*, the stage play that may well be his masterpiece. Opening at the National Theatre in April 1993 with a well-balanced ensemble, *Arcadia* would win both the *Evening Standard* and Olivier awards for best play of the year. It would run for two years, eventually transferring to the West End two months after a major RSC revival of *Travesties* starring Antony Sher also transferred to the West End. With *Arcadia* still running, Stoppard opened *Indian Ink* (1995), a stage adaptation of *In the Native State* that again starred Felicity Kendal as Flora Crewe. As Irina Arkadina in Stoppard's translation of Chekhov's *The Seagull* (May 1997), Kendal would make her eighth appearance in a Stoppard production.

On 12 December 1997, Stoppard went to Buckingham Palace to be knighted, the first playwright thus honored since Sir Terence Rattigan in 1971. Since Stoppard had been Tomáš and Tom but never Thomas, the newly dubbed knight of the realm would, as the leading article in *The Times* put it, "Arise, Sir Tom."³⁵ As he arose, the sixty-year-old knight's thoughts were of coming to Britain as an eight year old. "I was instantly proud," said Stoppard. "I have felt English almost from the day I arrived, but the knighthood puts some kind of seal on that emotion." His one regret was that his mother had died a year earlier: "She would have liked it very much."³⁶

Sir Tom did not mention the more recent death of his stepfather who, as an Anglophile, might have been expected to take pride in a Stoppardian knighthood. During the last years of his mother's life, however, the playwright had been discovering more of his background than his mother had ever revealed. From a Czech relative, Stoppard learned that rather than having one Jewish grandparent as he had supposed, he had four Jewish grandparents, all of whom had died at the hands of Nazis, that both his

father and mother had been Jewish, and that he had three aunts whom he had never heard of who died in concentration camps. Titling a 1999 article “On Turning Out To Be Jewish,” the 62-year-old Stoppard discloses some wonderment at his altered sense of self. He talks about his state of mind “now that I’m Jewish,” and a sentence that begins “before I was Jewish”³⁷ expresses not religious conversion but a certain amazement at who, after six decades, he turns out to be. His recovery of his Straüssler Jewish past became all the more poignant when he was asked to return what he had supposed for half a century to be his for life. A few days after his mother died, Stoppard says his stepfather “wrote to me to say that he had been concerned for some time about my ‘tribalization,’ by which he meant mainly my association, 10 years earlier, with the cause of Russian Jews, and he asked me to stop using ‘Stoppard’ as my name.”³⁸

From Tomáš Straüssler, Czech émigré, to Sir Tom Stoppard, one of the greatest playwrights in the English language, covers a territory almost too vast to span in one lifetime. But *Shakespeare in Love* would remind us of the inexplicable distance between juvenilia and genius. Indeed, the journey from “Romeo and Ethel, the Pirate’s Daughter” to *Romeo and Juliet* is scarcely less plausible than the journey from “Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Meet King Lear” to *Arcadia*. In Stoppard’s screenplay for *Shakespeare in Love*, which won seven Academy Awards, the experience of Shakespeare as lover and Shakespeare as playwright intersect as the off-stage world and the onstage world reflect and inform each other in a swirling kaleidoscope. In Stoppard’s career the reflections and intersections of life and art also form a swirling kaleidoscope as he has doubled and redoubled his explorations of double acts. From Tomáš or Tomik to Tommy to Tom and then Sir Tom; from Straüssler to Stoppard and then, if his stepfather had had his way, back to Straüssler; from Czech to British while belatedly “turning out to be Jewish,” Tom Stoppard turns out to be his own unidentical twin in a way he could not have imagined. Or, to rephrase that, the playwright who throughout his career had written about unidentical twins, about double acts, turns out to be his own unidentical twin in a way he had *always* imagined.

NOTES

- 1 Tom Stoppard, “On Turning Out to be Jewish,” *Talk* (September 1999), p. 243.
- 2 Tom Stoppard, “Going Back,” *Independent Magazine*, 23 March 1991, p. 29.
- 3 Tom Stoppard, “Something to Declare,” *Sunday Times*, 25 February 1968, p. 47.
- 4 Alastair Macaulay, “The Man Who Was Two Men,” *Financial Times*, 31 October 1998, p. 7.

- 5 Giles Gordon, "Tom Stoppard," *Transatlantic Review*, 29 (summer 1968), reprinted in Paul Delaney, ed., *Tom Stoppard in Conversation* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1994), p. 19.
- 6 Paul Allen, *Third Ear*, BBC Radio Three, 16 April 1991, reprinted in Delaney, ed., *Stoppard in Conversation*, p. 246.
- 7 Michael Pye, "A Very English Kind of Celebrity," *Daily Telegraph*, 31 March 1995, p. 25.
- 8 Diana Maychick, "Stoppard Ascending," *New York Post*, 26 November 1989, reprinted in Delaney, ed., *Stoppard in Conversation*, p. 233.
- 9 Mel Gussow, *Conversations with Tom Stoppard* (London: Nick Hern, 1995), p. 132.
- 10 Roger Hudson, Catherine Itzin and Simon Trussler, "Ambushes for the Audience," *Theatre Quarterly* 4 (May 1974), reprinted in Delaney, ed., *Stoppard in Conversation*, p. 53.
- 11 Jon Bradshaw, "Tom Stoppard, Nonstop," *New York*, 10 January 1977, reprinted in Delaney, ed., *Stoppard in Conversation*, p. 91.
- 12 Jasper Rees, "'So, Mr. Stoppard, What Is Your New Play About?'" *Independent*, 2 December 1995, p. 3.
- 13 *Ibid.*
- 14 Hudson, "Ambushes," p. 54.
- 15 *Ibid.*, p. 55.
- 16 Kenneth Tynan, *Show People: Profiles in Entertainment* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1979), p. 66.
- 17 John Patrick Fleming, "Defining Stoppard," Ph.D. dissertation, University of Texas at Austin, 1996, p. 58; Hudson, "Ambushes," pp. 56–57; Bradshaw, "Tom Stoppard, Nonstop," p. 94.
- 18 Bradshaw, "Tom Stoppard, Nonstop," p. 94.
- 19 Stoppard quoted by Fleming, "Defining Stoppard," p. 72.
- 20 Stoppard quoted by Fleming, *ibid.*, p. 70.
- 21 Tom Stoppard, *A Student's Diary: Episode 1*, BBC World Service, 3 April 1966, p. 1. Transcript: BBC Written Archives Centre.
- 22 Gordon, "Tom Stoppard," p. 17.
- 23 Colin Donald, "On the Dazzle," *Scotsman*, 5 November 1996, p. 18.
- 24 Ronald Bryden, "Wyndy Excitements," *Observer*, 28 August 1966, p. 15.
- 25 Stephen Schiff, "Full Stoppard," *Vanity Fair*, 52.5 (May 1989), reprinted in Delaney, ed., *Stoppard in Conversation*, p. 219.
- 26 Harold Hobson, "A Fearful Summons," *Sunday Times*, 16 April 1967, p. 49.
- 27 Schiff, "Full Stoppard," p. 220.
- 28 Peter Lewis, "Doubles Match That's Lasted 20 Years," *Sunday Telegraph*, 12 February 1995, p. 6.
- 29 Tynan, *Show People*, p. 93.
- 30 Oleg Kerensky, *The New British Drama* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1977), p. 170.
- 31 Melvyn Bragg, *The South Bank Show*, London Weekend Television, 26 November 1978, reprinted in Delaney, ed., *Stoppard in Conversation*, p. 121.
- 32 Bradshaw, "Tom Stoppard, Nonstop," p. 98.
- 33 Hugh Hebert, "A Playwright in Undiscovered Country," *Guardian*, 7 July 1979, reprinted in Delaney, ed., *Stoppard in Conversation*, p. 127.

Exit Tomáš Straüssler, enter Sir Tom Stoppard

34 Bragg, *The South Bank Show*, pp. 118, 119.

35 "Arise, Sir Tom," *The Times*, 13 December 1997, p. 23.

36 Robin Young, "Wood and Stoppard Honoured at Palace," *The Times*, 13 December 1997.

37 Stoppard, "On Turning Out To Be Jewish," p. 241.

38 *Ibid.*, p. 243.