

Sometimes I wonder if I have not become a little like Lear myself. Is it not possible that I have placed a part of his clothing upon me? I wear an invisible theatrical crown, which I like, am very attached to and will not give up. Just as I was determined to eliminate Irving and let the Old Man's spotlight rest on me, the Young Man, now I have in turn become the Old Man and somebody somewhere must be thinking the same thoughts that I had in Hollywood all those years ago. Well, whoever you are and wherever you are, if you want it, you'll have to come and get it. But I warn you, it will take more than physical strength and cunning to get it. First you have to dust clean the blackboard of the chalk of memory. But begin, whoever you are; do begin. You must, if you believe, and you will not succeed if you do not believe. But just remember, as you come tiptoeing along the passageway to the chamber of gold, that you will find an old man standing at the entrance, legs apart, back straight and erect, eyes piercing, barring the way.

Sir Laurence Olivier, ON ACTING
Simon & Schuster, 1986

W. B. Yeats