Some Imagined Theaters: Selections from a Fictional-Theoretical Universe

Daniel Sack
Adams Theatre, Newark, NJ. Photo: Matt Lambros/After the Final Curtain
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Some Imagined Theaters

Selections for a Theoretical Stage

A story.

He was a man of inaction, of indecision. I think he came to the theater because it was a place where one had to act, where the burden of appearance and eventfulness had to be shouldered, however briefly. But also because it wasn’t really acting; it was all pretend.

He came to the theater but found himself disappointed there, not necessarily by what he saw—or not always—but disappointed by his own actions there. Everything he did onstage always felt too small compared with what could have been had he left the space as he’d found it, empty and full of potential. He knew there were far more interesting things behind the curtain if he had left it unraised.

He started writing down his imagined theaters. Places he wished he had visited. Impossible planets and unfinished hotels. A story here, a poem, a conversation just overheard in the next room. He invited things he’d read to share the stage with his own imaginings. Together they wondered over what was possible in the theater, what was impossible. It didn’t matter if the performances were ever staged. He knew that for every lie stated about this world, there is another world where that statement is true.
Imagined Theaters

Imagined Theater Variation I: an example

Red curtains. A proscenium frame embossed with golden scrollwork. Something moves behind the curtain. Perhaps it is a stagehand walking past or an actor getting into place. Perhaps a strong gust of wind blows from a door opened in back.

Out in the lobby, the crowds chatter over sparkling wine until a bell chime or flicker of light tells them it is time to make their way down the aisles and into plush velvet seats. All quiets as the lights dim to black.

The curtains part.

A figure crosses the stage. The figure faces front and begins to smile.

Blackout.

I am a writer and only occasionally a director, so most of my imagined theaters have to remain suspended in conception without actualization. These pages collect a series of short prose poems, microfictions, and fragmentary playlets that imagine unstaged theatrical situations, all of which in some way ask questions of what is feasible in the theater. Not to say that these are impossible propositions, for the means of representation available onstage are multifarious beyond my myopic insight, but they seek out the indeterminate space between what could and could not be. These are my own fabrications, even as they plunder other artists and genres for inspiration—you will note that the example above is titled “Imagined Theater Variation I” because the proscenium is itself a departure from the prototypical theater, wherever that might be. It comes from recent history in the West and ignores all manner of other performance spaces, but it is my own preconception: the theater I see when I close my eyes.

A universe of possible worlds and their theoretical consequences emerges, all circling around a constellation of related questions: In what way might the description of a performance amount to a theatrical event? As a theorist and critic of the stage, writing about events I have witnessed or only imagined having witnessed, am I not always operating in such an imagined theater?

But I also imagine a theater in which others might write and read their own thought experiments. Indeed, it is my hope that the form may invite others to participate—an ever-growing and expanding library of possible worlds. I have presented several collections of these imagined theaters and accompanying theoretical glosses—alone and with others. At each performed presentation, the reader(s) sits at a table or desk and reads his or her imagined theatrical events, interspersing these texts with reflections both premeditated and extemporaneous. He or she occasionally drinks from a glass of water. An audience sits in attendance. At the end of the allotted time, there is space for discussion. Usually, the participants go out for a drink afterward.

All of these arrangements are open to reconfiguration.
Imagined Theater Variation II:
the many hands

The performance was brilliant. Now the first members of the chorus take the stage for a bow. Soon the principals enter one by one, or meet at center to form couples, the romantic leads, and then the star, all gathering downstage for a company bow. Parting, the actors raise their hands to the wings and the booth at the back of the house and then out they come: the stagehands dressed in black. They trickle in singly or in small parties. Slightly sheepish, shielding eyes from the glare, they hold hands. Men and women in black still coming as the clapping turns rhythmically insistent. Soon there are hundreds filling the stage. And more keep arriving. As if having traveled from far away, from the edges of a theater that extends to towns or countries afield, it takes many hours for the last to make their way to the boards. The last hand that moved the theater bows as dawn brightens the city streets.
I write these intermittent glosses in a fragmentary form to mimic the shape of my imagined theaters, each no longer than a page, some no more than a few lines. The imagination flits and falters; it does not finish a form or stick to its intentions; it fragments attention. The poet Louise Glück writes that “all earthly experience is partial. Not simply because it is subjective, but because that which we do not know, of the universe, of mortality, is so much more vast than that which we do know. What is unfinished or has been destroyed participates in these mysteries. The problem is to make a whole that does not forfeit this power.” I have elsewhere referred to this overwhelming, exuberant power as the potentiality of performance. By leaving the thing incomplete, we leave open the potential to realize not just one future but an untold array of times to come, just as Michelangelo posed that by leaving a sculpture unfinished one might retain the infinite sculptures that could emerge from a block of stone.
Imagined Theater Variation III: the horizon

The curtain opens endlessly; it does not stop at the proscenium’s jamb, but instead runs on. What you assumed a line splitting open the frame of a thought is but the tangent of a larger encompassing circle describing the outer curve of your attention. The sound of the tracks recede into what you called offstage, farther and further afield, a train dividing the great dark plains into what is still the theater and yet already becoming not the theater. In what other houses do those other people sit, patient for the slow progress of the veil to reveal their night has truly begun? Tragedy is all a matter of scale, said Aristotle: You must be able to hold the event in memory or take its full shape in with a single glance. Indefinitely, on the most distant horizon, the curtain is coming around at the other side of sight, inverting itself like a crimson velvet *ouroboros*. You think you see it opening still: this life here and now, appearing.

*Can we imagine a theater that captures all the raw vitality of the actual live event? Every time we read the poem or story will be a different night. An understudy takes the stage, someone forgets a line, something breaks, or the joke falls flat.*

Imagined Theater Variation IV: the understudies

Tonight the understudies take all the roles. Out of character, your sister does not possess quite the right timing and father is too old, or too interested in sex. Unphased and miscast like always, your lover misses cues, and now you aren’t quite sure of your part either. At last
the doorbell rings in the next room but
no one moves to get it. Everyone looks past
at the bats clustering with eyes shut
in corners just beyond the chandelier,
dry mouths clacking desperately over
lines to come. Say I love you or it’s me, weird
blooms in the mouth; roses with too many petals
that loosen with the tongue’s description,
words exchanged in coin worth more than metal.

A rose is like a rose is like a rose.
Yet even the dog’s bark turns hollow announcing
the visitor, as if he too knows it’s only a show.

Why is it that we so crave the accident in the theater? The forgotten line, the wrong note, the mistake drawing our attention into focus? As I write elsewhere, “Paul Virilio has suggested that the creation of every new technology anticipates the event of its accompanying accident: the invention of the automobile simultaneously invents the car crash, electricity invents the blackout, and so on. Thus, we might imagine that the technology of drama with its future-taming characters and plots presumes the advent of the accidental.” If this is so, then the farce is the genre of drama that most overtly flirts with the accidental, the near miss: all those doors that keep closing just in time.

Imagine a theater composed entirely of accidents. Or is the accident precisely that which cannot be imagined?

Imagined Theater Variation V:
farce

It begins with a cough or a stutter. The man has to repeat his line to be heard, but the witty banter continues apace. Some discomfort in the marital bliss. Soon a longer pause, perhaps the actor playing his estranged wife has forgotten a line? They are quite marvelous in their recovery, truly splendid, as she makes some clever quip about having misplaced her wits en route. The audience titters, with scattered applause. When the butler enters, he trips on the carpet and tumbles into a vase, sending it to the floor in pieces. Recovering to much laughter, he announces the arrival of a distinguished visitor before gathering the fragments in hand. The machine of the farce keeps starting up again. Mistaken identities, wrong doors.
They do brilliantly when the chair splinters under the substantial weight of the distinguished visitor and when the tablecloth catches on another’s wayward cane. Only then does the wall tip precariously forward, bringing down the whole window frame to reveal the plywood flats for what they are. A great crash as the set collapses. The audience loves it. When the lighting fixtures begin to spark, the flames to gather force, everyone begins to cheer, hollering “bravo” as the smoke billows forth.

I think I prefer calling these “theoretical” rather than “conceptual,” as the latter seems to imply an attachment to constative truth statements, to the theater’s enemy: logic. I mean that these are theoretical in at least three ways. First, the Oxford English Dictionary tells us that an obsolete meaning of theory was “a sight, a spectacle.” Here it shares a common root with the theater as a “place of looking.” So theory should be visible and spectacularly so. Second, these are theoretical performances in that the theoretical takes the stage. It acts a part that might not be entirely truthful, or throws the whole binary between true and false into playful disarray. It performs a qualified truth, laden with affect and a good deal of makeup, for effect. When per-
forming, the theoretical forgets its obligation to be serious and authentic, to have consequences beyond itself. It has some fun. Third, finally, these are theoretical performances in that they are provisional and hypothetical. They could be, but they could not be. By putting my imagined propositions and theories on the stage, I am acknowledging the inherent duplicity of these thoughts, or what J. L. Austin would call their "parasitic" nature, how they feed off both theory and theater. Not real theory, not real theater. This is like claiming that "all actors are liars and I am an actor."

Is philosophy onstage "real" thinking, or is it only the poor imitation, the accoutrements without the stinking body beneath? I own the fact that these are flimsy cardboard cutouts, that no one is actually getting hurt or weeping. If you look closely enough that dead man in the corner is still breathing.
Imagined Theater Variation VI: waiting room

The stage is done up like a hospital room, and there is a very old woman lying at the center of a network of machines. A terminal case, especially cast for the occasion; the spectators wait alongside the attendant nurse for the moment of passing. The machines whir and sputter obscurely. Eventually, a profound silence as the monitors flatline, a final exhalation. Then some great fanfare and angels descend.

And so, I might be lying when I say that no one gets hurt in the theater.

By now it is something of a cliché: in outlining several universals of performance, Herbert Blau suggested that live performance is rooted in the unavoidable fact that the performer is dying in front of the eyes of a spectator—that we are dying together, as it were.5 Bertolt Brecht imagines an actor who keeps alive those possibilities that have passed away with the passing of time: “When [an actor] appears onstage, besides what he actually is doing he will at all essential points discover, specify, imply what he is not doing; that is he will act in such a way that the alternative emerges as clearly as possible, that his acting allows the other possibilities to be inferred and only represents one of the possible variants. . . . Whatever he doesn’t do must be contained and conserved in what he does.”6 Brecht dreams of an actor who balances his or her active choice with a passivity that does not choose to act, an equanimity that one is always leaving behind, but signaling as something left. From this ideal, Brecht derives his separation between the actor presenting and the character doing the action in question.

Is it the theater itself that supports and displays this potentiality, or can we carry such a frame with us out onto the streets, the frame that contains the possibilities that we will never choose? This would be the most truthful portrait, one in which we would not have to mourn the loss of the alternative, the road not taken—the image in which we maintain all our possibilities while always choosing one.

Imagined Theater Variation VII: catharsis

On a stage painted an unearthly white someone is working at a massive pile of mud and manure, challenging its tacky obduracy into a life-scale imitation of their first love. Meanwhile to the right another person (their identical twin) dips a brush into a bucket of lily-white paint and covers the muck and mess—everything—with its blank clean sheen.

The introduction to the first issue of the conceptual art journal Art-Language begins in the following manner: “Suppose the following hypothesis is advanced: that this editorial, in itself an attempt to evince some outlines as to what ‘conceptual art’ is, is held out as a ‘conceptual art'
work.7 Parasite that I am, I propose to you: Suppose the hypothesis is advanced that this commentary, in itself an attempt to evince some outlines as to what “imagined theater” is, is held out as an “imagined theater” work. Everything I say takes place in a theater; even the words offstage are mechanisms to change a scene or lift an actor skyward. The outside is included as that which defines the inside.

I want to think that texts do things in the world even if they do not possess a material presence in the same way as something like a chair. And yet, a chair on a stage is not entirely a chair either. It, too, is playing a part, dressing up as a chair. Always doubled by its name, a chair can never be onstage alone. Maybe by relying strictly on the language itself, I can allow the lived experience to have its own time and space. Maybe the chair can get away from its part. It’s been said that as soon as someone crosses a stage they become an actor. This might not necessarily be the case in an imagined theater, where we can pretend impossible fancies and keep apart the thing from its signification.

Imagined Theater Variation VIII: signification

- a table with several glasses of water on it
- a piece of masking tape on each glass
- someone with a permanent marker writes “an oak tree” on the first
- “an orange tree” on the second
- “a love at first glance” on the third
- “a box of razor blades” on the fourth
- “a false name” on the fifth
- “a year” on the sixth
- “a small earthquake” on the seventh
- “a theater” on the eighth
- “a glass of water” on the ninth
- the person drinks from the last of these

You sit in this audience as you sit in any audience. It may be your responsibility to intervene, to stop whatever fantasy or fiction touches the real here. This happens in the theater, of course, where we are not just responsible for what actually seems to happen onstage but perhaps even more responsible for that which we imagine to happen offstage. We might think, for example, of the Italian director Romeo Castellucci’s Purgatorio (2008) in which a young boy is led offstage by his father and we in the audience are left staring at the hyperrealistic representation of an empty living room. From offstage we begin to hear the sounds of a scene of violent sexual abuse played out in the most excruciatingly deliberate “real time.” Nothing appears onstage in the
long minutes that pass, and so we are forced to imagine the action offstage, to project or direct our own vision of the most scandalous actions. Like some god formulating a universe in which such sin is possible, we collaborate in the creation.

You, too, imagine other theaters even as I tell you of my conceptions. Or, rather, isn’t every theatrical experience at least something of an imagined event? Aren’t each of you, out there, always imagining your own version of whatever may happen next or may have happened before?
Imagined Theaters

Imagined Theater Variation IX:
techniques for crying

We sit comfortable in our plush seats watching the spotlight pick out an old woman, onstage alone, crying inconsolably. A virtuosic performance, we nod in silent approval. There is a certain majesty to the scene, the skill with which she handles her handkerchief.

The light shifts to illuminate a middle-aged woman, alone onstage, crying inconsolably. Perhaps we recognize her as a great French actress, admire the artist at her peak willing to expose her most fragile self to a house so full.

The light shifts again. A girl, maybe ten or eleven, alone onstage, crying inconsolably. The weird precociousness of adolescence. Surely she is aware of us, or playing at a game of sorrow. The seeming lack of pretense astounds.

And once more. Now a child—an infant, really—unspeakably young. It cries or it does not. We wait as long as it takes for it to cry, and do not console it.

In my case, writing about performance as a critic or a theorist, I will often carry a small notebook with me to record impressions after the fact, or later in another room I will tap out words on a keyboard, trying to recall what happened in the theater. Sometimes my imagined theaters unfold alongside other plays as I read them. I imagine myself into different roles and imagine different interpretations of these texts. Reading a script, one must bear in mind the things that are not said outright—the fact that unspeaking characters linger onstage or that much more is happening beyond the indicated actions.

Perhaps these imagined versions act as the inversion of the scene. For example, Chekhov:

Imagined Theater Variation X:
the three sisters tell time

The curtain opens on a meticulously realized nineteenth-century living room: samovars and china, the edges all antechambers and entryways. A trio of stagehands dressed in black arrange cushions and flowers in half-light. Lights down as they leave. In the darkness, children’s whispers and panting, and then the churning progress of some great machine grinding away the notches of time. The sounds stop short, and we are back to half-light. The three stagehands return to reset the stage once more: slight adjustments of the furniture, a few new portraits hung, another turned to face the wall. A half-finished meal is carefully laid out on the table. A violin. Darkness again, this time the sound of lighthearted conversation.
at several removes, the radio of laughter, a sigh. Again the lights return with trio in tow; they clear the table and carry on a large photographic camera shrouded in black focusing cloth that they place center stage. It faces the audience. They leave. The lights remain on.

Or whatever domestic drama:

**Imagined Theater Variation XI:**
**nothing to see here (after an idea by Romeo Castellucci)**

It starts with a pounding at the door. The conversation around the dinner table halts as nervous glances are exchanged. Father opens the door gingerly. A swat team in full riot gear swarms the stage. They usher the family through the basement door and then begin to block off the area with bands of yellow tape: POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS. One of the men brings in a German shepherd dog to scour the premises. Others turn to face the audience and order us back through the lobby doors.

*Out, out! There's nothing to see here!*

The doors are barred behind us as we leave the theater.

Jacques Derrida asks us: "But what is a stage which presents nothing to the sight? It is the place where the spectator, presenting himself as spectacle, will no longer be either seer [voyant] or voyeur, will efface within himself the difference between the actor and the spectator, the represented and the representor, the object seen and the seeing object."8 Taken together, these unseen scenes stage a portrait of the writer. Like the philosophical dialogues of Plato or the closet dramas written by romantics of the nineteenth century and modernists of the twentieth, these are private theaters but ones that wear their awkward affections in the open where they might otherwise be obscured. They allow unarticulated longings or terrors to take the stage via the diegetic, not as a rejection of the mimetic tendencies of the theater but as an embrace of its inherently disruptive capacities. Martin Puchner writes that, unmoored from the weight of visible markings and costumes, closet drama "alone can actually change a man into a woman, place thousands of people on an impossible stage, and even turn objects and fragmented body parts into agents. . . . This resistance is part of a larger resistance to the limitations of the theater and the normativity that stems from them. It is this possibility of resistance, built into the very structure of the closet drama, that necessitates what one might call an epistemology of the closet drama."9 Utopic by nature, can a private theater escape from censorship of self and society to expose a figure outside of normative logics? Can it give form to unconscious hesitations, or to that which I have forgotten or disavowed?
Imagined Theater Variation XII: hide and seek

The lights rise on a perfect replica of your childhood.
It’s all overexposed and slanting askance
So that the grass is too green, and your parents are
So young the scene shivers.

Everyone is there:

Friends and neighbors, piano lessons, the boy who moved away, the barn still standing, the man looming too tall behind the counter, photographs that never got developed, her promises and baby teeth in small Ziploc bags, and whole states of Oklahoma with graveyards of neon light, and trees at every window, that morning and that door left ajar, that game of hide and seek you kept playing long after everyone else went home.

Hold.

[The director looks around a moment.]

Ah, nostalgia [a faint smile].

[Finally, he turns out once more
to address the house.]

And yet, something's missing.
Let's try this again tomorrow.

These are staged readings that stage the act of reading. As Stéphane Mallarmé announced to the reader of his closet drama, Igitur: “This story is addressed to the intelligence of the reader staging everything.” I cannot play all the parts and provide the set, the lights, the music. If I switch roles it is only so that there is space for you to join the dialogue. He or she may be both of us. We are all reading these lines together.

Imagined Theater Variation XIII:
a friendly gathering

A man sits at a desk reading to an audience of friends. He is pleased to be in their company and to share this moment with them. He keeps trying on different voices and ways of reading, as if testing how much his performance should add to the text. He wishes that he had something more interesting to share with them to acknowledge their presence. A lot of what he reads never really arrives anywhere, and there’s a kind of laziness to it all that he finds slightly embarrassing.

The audience is doing a splendid job though. Sometimes they drift in and out of attention, but they are really top-notch. It is vital to the success of this scene that they feel good about themselves and that they recognize just how much they are adding to the event even if they aren’t saying anything, even if they fall asleep and dream of other theaters.

In the next room a small fire starts up. This should not become apparent for several minutes, at which point a faint odor of smoke will insist itself upon all present.

Elaine Scarry asks us, “What is imagining? It is not-perception: it is instead the quasi-percipient, slightly percipient, almost percipient, not yet percipient, after-percipient of perceptual mimesis.”

I vividly remember playing out in O.’s garden as a child—maybe seven or eight—the whole green stretch between the sandbox and the tree house lit up in midday summer, and catching there a brown shape rushing across the far limits of my sight. The size of a large dog, but far too fast and absolutely silent. When I turned to look it was gone and no one else had seen it. I’ve had this feeling since: glimpses that mark my perception as mine alone.

How to give that sense of just missing the appearance? How to make a theater for the movements out of the corner of our eye?
Imagined Theater Variation XIV: attention

A single candle just in front of the far upstage wall slowly descends from the rafters in an otherwise pitch-dark theater. The descent is very slow, very nearly imperceptible. It unhinges our sense of depth and ground, as if it were something imagined or something still that has been there forever.

As it reaches the floor we just make out the clutch of rabbits scurrying across the stage before the flame sputters out.

“To generalize greatly, in Classical tragedy the messenger delivers his or her description of the offstage event with the least diversion or inflection possible. He or she has no name, ideally, and arguably no character apart from the content of the message; the messenger does not appear onstage prior to this moment, nor stay beyond its calling. The quintessential messenger is a person of no importance, announcing his or her own mediality as message.”12 This is the way with all messengers. The ideal messenger would disappear transparently into his or her message—like the perfect love letter, communicating affection without distortion.

Imagined Theater Variation XV: the messenger

He has traveled furiously toward you day and night from distant villages you will never reach, from the smoldering remains of barbarian hordes, deserts where the sun stills over tireless cars on dirt roads with only a number to their name. The spotlight stretches a Giacometti silhouette across the interior of this great hall at the kingdom’s heart. The messenger arrives.

“I cannot tell you all I saw, how I carried my words like stones sucked dry. All the prepositions belong to you, to the space between an action and the one who receives an action.
I am merely the fold in the blank page
of the diary reminding you of
the drive across the interstate,
how the trees aligned briefly
along prearranged rows.
That's how a fox appears. It's the only way:
like the discovery of punctuation.”

What waits behind the curtain? What words are written on its blank page? All curtains are, in fact, the same curtain, sewn from the same fabric. The curtain appears only in order to hide the thing behind or outside. So, too, these glosses act as a single curtain intersecting these many stages.
Imagined Theater Variation XVI:
behind this curtain

Behind this curtain a new car and a lifetime supply of groceries
Behind this curtain heaps and heaps of coal
Behind this curtain a flag for every occasion
Behind this curtain the amusement park, the flock of sheep and murder of crow, all buried in the sand
Behind this curtain Las Vegas
Behind this curtain a man impersonating himself
Behind this curtain a room filled with crumpled up construction paper, on each sheet a child’s self-portrait in thick crayon
Behind this curtain blind children play freeze tag
Behind this curtain a steamroller climbs a hill
Behind this curtain buzzards tear across the sky
Behind this curtain Clytemnestra weaves her crimson tapestry
Behind this curtain a king listens to the poison his brother funnels in his ear
Behind this curtain the theater where Lincoln will be shot
Behind this curtain crowds huddle in fur coats soaked with gasoline
Behind this curtain piles of the last war’s dead
Behind this curtain the diva eases off her satin dress with studied majesty
Behind this curtain the intricacies of a piano splayed to the winds
Behind this curtain rows of stunt doubles lining up for their fight scenes
Behind this curtain a brick wall
Behind this curtain a brick wall with an open window
Behind this curtain a room thick with countless coats of paint and a man with a pickaxe
Behind this curtain a trompe l’oeil depiction of a stand of pines on canvas flats, the paint peeling away, the gold leaf showing through
Behind this curtain a chamber filled with fog or wood smoke or incense
Behind this curtain a bridge leading into the city of bridges
Behind this curtain a thousand nights
Behind this curtain a thousand doors
Behind this curtain a library stacked with books wrapped in covers hand stitched from the remains of curtains from other theaters, long forgotten, defunct

Behind this curtain, layers and layers of other curtains: velvet, burlap, vinyl, silk. Opaque or translucent, pellucid, incandescent, reflective. Some embroidered with symbols and signs in a distant tongue, telling stories of other theaters. Others with holes for light to shine through or windows that look out into other rooms, other theaters, outside. They keep parting the way an onion peels back. And back. And back.
Notes

The images that accompany this text are fragments from the archive of architectural photographer Matt Lambros. They ask us to reimagine what figures crossed these ways, or occupied these dilapidated seats? What great god was lifted to the sky or stared down from above? They also look forward to other events cobbled together from the remains of a world we once knew, theatrical conventions stitched anew into whatever fantastic monstrosity.

1. Readings of selected imagined theaters were presented with Kyle Gillette and Rachel Joseph in Arizona at the Association for Theatre in Higher Education meeting in July 2014, as a solo lecture performance in the Edinburgh Fringe Festival in August 2014, and as a performance/writing workshop in Chicago as part of the Biennial Performance Philosophy conference in April 2015. “Imagined Theatre Variation III: The Horizon” was published in the poetry journal Parcel in December 2014. I am currently editing Imagined Theatres: Writing for a Theoretical Stage, a collection of work by more than seventy-five theorists and artists of the stage, forthcoming from Routledge in 2017.


9. Martin Puchner, Stage Fright: Modernism, Anti-Theatricality, and Drama (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2002), 90. This last claim formed the basis for Nick Salvato’s more recent investigation of modernist closet drama as a queer space “at the threshold of writing and performance . . . half on and half off the page.” See Salvato, Uncloseting Drama: American Modernism and Queer Performance (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2010), 5.

10. Quoted in Puchner, Stage Fright, 66.
