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Stanislavsky's Failed *Bildungsroman*

Disabled for the last nine years of his life, Konstantin Stanislavsky struggled to verbalize his artistic experience and record it in writing. This experience mostly concerned acting, itself extremely hard to conceptualize and explain, and, to his mind, the core of human existence. Stanislavsky looked for the proper literary vehicle to contain this abundance. Initially, he hoped he had found adequate means in the form of the educational novel – the *Bildungsroman*. However, in the course of his writing, he gradually abandoned this form, as well as any literary aspirations he may have had. What we can find in *An Actor's Work* are only remnants of the original concept. Nevertheless, they are still present. Looking closer at these ruins can bring interesting insights into the aura and mood of Stanislavsky's theorizing about art.

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THE TWO SEVERE heart attacks that Konstantin Stanislavsky barely survived in the autumn of 1929 left him permanently disabled. With his health largely destroyed, he remained deprived of his core creative activity – acting – for the last nine years of his life. Instead, he wrote. Previously, he had written much, trying to verbalize his experience, intuitions, and insights. Now, in his own words, he had become a 'writing maniac'.¹ He wrote compulsively – in bed, while travelling or waiting for someone, before and after breakfast, and in the evenings, past midnight.² He wanted to convey everything in words, which he could no longer express otherwise. Earlier, with much help from his devoted friends, he had managed to describe the events of his life, his 'life in art'. Now, he apparently embarked on a much broader journey, that of describing 'life in art' in general but not *his* human life.

Before embarking on his writing quest, Stanislavsky had already looked for the proper textual vehicle to contain his wide-ranging subject matter, and he thought to have found it in the *pädagogichesky roman*, whose form he had tried to adopt in 1923.³ The 'coming-of-age' novel, known in Germany as the *Bildungsroman* (or sometimes the *Entwicklungsroman* or *Erziehungsroman*), was an established literary

genre, which had originated in the mid-eighteenth century with Christoph Wieland's *The History of Agathon* and had reached its apogee with Goethe's masterpiece, the two-part *Wilhelm Meister*. The genre had become so popular that it soon earned its parody in E. T. A. Hoffmann's *The Life and Opinions of the Tomcat Murr*, and it flourished throughout the next two centuries, occasionally yielding such masterpieces as Charles Dickens's *David Copperfield*, Henry James's *What Maisie Knew*, and Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*. The international sales of Karl Ove Knausgaard's *My Struggle* suggest that the genre remains alive even today.

Which of those early books may have inspired Stanislavsky? Could it be *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, the novel largely set among actors that had the working title *Wilhelm Meister's Theatrical Calling*? Or was it just common knowledge that such a genre existed, its essential features established? There is one fundamental difference between all the novels mentioned above and Stanislavsky's study in literary prose: its main character is no youngster. Quite the contrary, he is a middle-aged man who is the leading actor in the theatre, suffers from occupational burnout, and finally decides to forsake his profession. Only at

the end of the surviving fragment does the charismatic theatre director return (he had been away on business) and start saving our hero from his artistic doom. The story ends at this crucial point; the further 'pedagogical' process of rebirth remains yet to be written.

Stanislavsky depicts burnout vividly and convincingly: sudden paroxysms of recurrent stagefright, long ago overcome, a constant lack of concentration while acting, and haunting feelings of helplessness and creative impotence. It is obvious that he puts memories of his own crises into this narrative. In parallel, he develops the thread of the theatre's new production, its rehearsals conducted according to the guest director's established routines. His practices meet various responses among the diversified acting team, revealing their different artistic attitudes, sensibilities, and abilities. They raise heated discussions, provoke aggression, or elicit conformity. There are wit and mischief in these pictures, an in-depth knowledge of everyday theatre life, and an acute sense of grotesque humour. Sometimes, the story astonishingly resembles another unfinished caricature, written several years later, which was aimed against Stanislavsky and the Moscow Art Theatre: namely, Mikhail Bulgakov's *Theatrical Novel*.

There is an episode in which Stanislavsky's narrator, haunted by his professional demons and exhausted after the stage performance, finds refuge in his dressing room, where he falls into a restless sleep. His obsessive thoughts mix with the sounds of the discussion behind the wall, where the conventional director argues with an actor about the principles of art, and everything together forms a grotesque and expressionist dream-like parade of images. For a moment, the two main threads of the novel converge. This might be the high point of Stanislavsky's literary writing. As said above, the widely orchestrated scenes from the everyday life of the theatre institution are also picturesque, convincing, and funny. It is a fortuitous, engaging caricature or perhaps an exposition of a clever comedy. Here, Stanislavsky's experience and feeling for this genre seem to be revealed.

From the same world of an old comedy (as well as from the stiff world of philosophical

dialogue) come the telling names of the characters. The absent director, founder of the depicted theatre, is called Tvortsov, from *tvorit'* ('to create'). The usurping guest director is called Remeslov, from Stanislavsky's hated *remeslo* (or 'stock-in-trade'). There are a bunch of actors: the brainy Rassudov, from *rassudit'* ('to judge', 'to consider') and *rassudok* ('intellect', 'reason'); the talented Chuvstvov (*chuvstvo*: 'feeling'), the popular Igralov (*igrat'*: 'to play'), and the inexperienced Yuntsov (*yunost*: 'youth'). The narrator has the self-evident surname of Fantasov. These personal labels form a convenient scaffolding for quickly setting up social situations in order to amuse, or to start a well-defined academic dispute. Indeed, Stanislavsky's pen swings between one and another.

These established, well-practised literary techniques suffice when they serve to describe the common sins and futilities of the theatre or to supply the vicarious presentation of Tvortsov's maxims by the faithful (if less than brilliant) actors. They start to fail, however, when it comes to deeper concerns, to the nebulous and unpredictable flow of creation. When opposing Remeslov, Tvortsov's actors conspicuously refer to nature: they compare a director to a midwife, assisting the organic processes, and Rassudov points to nature as the greatest artist, not to be surpassed by any human efforts. Aloud, they all praise the *organic* above the *mechanical*. However, the narrative frame within which they operate – the rigid set of their allegorical names and the narrative clichés with which Stanislavsky plays so skilfully – is itself completely mechanical! Thus, the story comes to an abrupt end when Tvortsov returns and, under his guidance, Fantasov is ready to dive into the pre-expressive, pre-verbal, and primordial flow of his own life. Apparently, the pre-existing narrative form became an obstacle when it came to continuity, itself becoming a stock-in-trade from which the writer was not able to depart when he stepped onto uncharted ground.

In the entirety of this surviving fragment of his *pedagogichesky roman*, there is one more unexpected and palpable trace, which is a biblical one in the tone of a parable. There is the figure of an absent fatherly founder, the

giver of rules, that his disciples echo but do not understand. He has temporarily abandoned his realm and left these disciples orphaned, exposed to the temptations of Remeslov, who knows the ways of the world and thrives in it, but who has long ago given up the possibility of artistic salvation. He is the 'Prince of this World', we might say ironically, remembering that this is one of Satan's nicknames. Finally, there is the main character – an Everyman or a Pilgrim in the spirit of Dante, 'nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita'; or otherwise perhaps an alter ego of the author – who comes to the brink of despair and is saved only by the second coming of Tvorsov. 'They know how to listen, but they do not know yet how to hear,'⁴ says Tvorsov sadly about his followers, adding that he never came to instruct anyone uninvited. He waits until his disciples are ripe to look for him themselves, approach him, and ask for what they need. Fantasov is now sufficiently ripe for guidance, and the surviving section of the novel ends with his redemptive, purifying weeping on his saviour's shoulder.

It is peculiar. At the beginning of Bulgakov's satire, the founding master (Stanislavsky) is also absent from the Moscow Art Theatre, and everyone awaits his return. When he finally appears, his presence only deepens the reigning chaos. Is it possible that Bulgakov knew Stanislavsky's unpublished sketch? And that his *Theatrical Novel* was a mischievous mockery of it?

The Writing Explosion

Once delayed, the writing project began to swell and outgrow the framework cobbled together to contain it. In his spring 1925 letter to Lubov Gurevich, his long-time friend and the literary editor of *My Life in Art*, Stanislavsky started multiplying the future volumes he imagined. He positioned the fragment he had written before as the beginning of the second volume, now to be preceded by a prequel, in the form of the 'notes of a student' – a genuine *Bildungsroman* dealing with youth, not rejuvenation. In the same letter, for the first time, Stanislavsky described this newly envisioned first volume as an

account of an actor's 'work on oneself', with the second concerning the 'work on a role' – a distinction that he was to maintain until the very end of his life.⁵

Five years later, and in the first year of Stanislavsky's disability, the number of the dreamed-of volumes expanded abruptly. In a letter to Gurevich dating from the end of December 1930, Stanislavsky enumerates his envisaged future tomes.⁶ First, *My Life in Art*. Second, *An Actor's Work on Himself* (around 1,200 pages; he is unsure whether it can be a single volume). Third, *An Actor's Work on a Role*. A fourth, about the 'inner creative state'; a fifth, concerning 'the three directions in art'; a sixth, about the art of directing; a seventh, devoted to opera. And after some consideration, and several paragraphs later, comes the eighth, about revolutionary art. In the appendix, added the next day, he finally confirmed dividing *An Actor's Work on Himself* into two volumes, bringing the total number up to nine. This seems to be the last finite number Stanislavsky ever mentioned, and at the beginning of the same letter he helplessly and frankly confessed: 'I cannot arrange my colossal material, and I am drowning in it.'

He did not drown, however, because the dam broke, and the whole design of his work exploded into an uncontainable flow of words: written episodes, innumerable variants, detached monologues, loose thoughts, and loose phrases. 'It is painful to be unable to express what I inwardly feel clearly and precisely,' Stanislavsky observed, 'I – the pregnant woman who cannot give birth. In my search for a verbal form, I rush and thrash around in all directions.'⁷ All the time, Stanislavsky accumulated his material under the banner of a 'novel' and, even more precisely, that of the 'diary of a student'.

Nevertheless, he became gradually less concerned about the literary form of his discourse and more about its adequacy. 'I am not a writer, and I do not want to be one,'⁸ he wrote to Gurevich in the autumn of 1931, writing again the following spring: 'Excuse the talentless writer who took up the wrong business and failed'; and, 'You are confused by my notes and unfortunate variants . . . Do not pay any attention to them and forbid me

from showing my notebooks to you.⁹ Eventually, as is well known, Gurevich withdrew from the cooperation and only shortly before he died was Stanislavsky able to collect the initial parts of the material into a finite shape – the first volume of the enormous saga published under the title *The Actor's Work on Himself in the Creative Process of Experiencing*. He did not live long enough to see it printed. The rest of his writing remained fluid, and editors painfully reconstructed its presumed form throughout the dozens of years to follow.

Back to the Novel: Characters

Stanislavsky had acknowledged his literary failure and had solemnly renounced any literary ambitions. However, once undertaken, he had never forsaken his literary form. If we now turn to a metaphor, which combines nature and mechanisms in the spirit of *An Actor's Work*, we may say that he attempted to set up this literary form as a kind of turbine for the flow of his experience and non-verbal convictions. After his heart attack, this flow, deprived of its natural outlet, swelled and shattered the construction, carrying its fragments downstream, where we can find them all along the riverbed of Stanislavsky's writing, sometimes even on the banks. They are of no use any more. They do not help. In fact, they may sometimes be an obstacle to understanding Stanislavsky's message, becoming an awkward residue, an unnecessary tribute to the goal long abandoned and forgotten. From time to time, *horribile dictu*, they even sound pretentious, like superfluous ornaments.

It is tempting, then, to go upstream and try and collect these wreckages, reconstructing the building they were designed to form: the literary structure. Although such an operation may look impertinent, overtly acting against the author's will and requests, it may help us find surplus meanings, tones, and overtones. First, let us look at the element, the cast of characters, where the most significant devastation occurred. The dramatis personae most obviously came from the *pedagogichesky roman*, all but their master, Tvortsov, now transformed into drama students. Their profiles, as indicated by their telling names, have

changed too. The young Yuntsov, losing his distinctiveness in the new environment where everybody is young, has changed into the impulsive Vyuntsov, in this shape coming from *vyeyat* ('to blow'), an 'agile, noisy young man' of 'short stature'. The earlier Fantasov, as if reconfirming his role of narrator, becomes Nazvanov, from *nazvat* ('to give a name'). Most surprisingly, Rassudov now became Rahmanov, invoking one of the Islamic names of God, the merciful and compassionate.

Sometimes the names simply blurred: Tvortsov became Tortsov, Chuvstvov turned into the less obvious Shustov, and a whole bunch of new people appeared. The talkative Govorkov (*govorit*: 'to speak'), with his previous experience in 'some small theatre', adopted certain traces of the now abandoned, hateful Remeslov.¹⁰ He is shallow and inclined towards the conventional. Further down the line comes Maloletkova ('Miss Underage'), described as 'almost a girl, extraordinarily charming', sensitive, and talented. In her turn, Dymkova (*dym*: 'smoke') is 'thin, tall, pale, with a bad, unhealthy complexion'. Much later, we shall learn that she has lately suffered a grievous personal loss. The gallery extends further with Velyaminova, Oumnovych, Pushtchyn, Veselovsky. But are there really any characters here? They are, rather, mere avatars of traces of character. None of them gets a chance for a full life, or is granted a multifaceted personality, or any chance for development. Nothing remained from the generic scenes of theatre life in the *pedagogichesky roman*.

Nazvanov's colleagues are not even introduced properly. There is a fragment, evidently devised for the beginning of the book, where the narrator, 'with trepidation and a sinking heart', goes to see the results of the entrance exams, finds his name on the list, and meets the group of his fellow novices. All the descriptions of them cited above come from this fragment.¹¹ Stanislavsky crossed it out, however, starting his new draft *in medias res*, which helped the argument but hopelessly compromised our sense of the characters. The fellow students now appear ad hoc, with no benefit of their now omitted characteristics, and the effect is chaotic. The roughly carved, one-dimensional manikins occasionally give

an unexpected sign of life, however, galvanized by residual energy from earlier sketches or by the urgent need of the author. Sometimes they even get a new trait, like Dymkova, who, in the last chapter of the book, suddenly turns out to be a mourning mother. Nothing of this has further consequences. After their momentary use, the puppets are laid aside, put back in their box, and then randomly extracted. What is so strange is that it is by means of these lifeless, mechanically stiff marionettes that Stanislavsky sought to weave his dream of *perezhivaniye*: in other words, the sincere, emotional experience of the part.¹²

There is only one character who gained some life in comparison with his predecessor from the *pedagogichesky roman*, and that is Tortsov. No longer an absent, godlike figure, he is now flesh and blood, an active, experienced artist and teacher who shares his memories and reflections, and who demonstrates and even experiments. In the book, it is he who speaks the most and who really 'gives names' to things and their aspects, processes, observations, and techniques. Nazvanov only writes it down in his student's notebook and, besides, it is he who insistently tries to create. The activities of Tortsov/Creator and Nazvanov/Name-Giver have to a large extent been inverted. There is a much more complex dialectic relation between the two than one may initially assume.

It does not look so strange if we consider that they both serve as mouthpieces for the author. Between them, and inside each, occur the main processes of development, self-development, training, and reflection of *Bildung*. Tortsov reflects on his past, while Nazvanov looks to the future. They stand at opposite ends of a 'life in art', but together, they form a single artistic self, which remembers and anticipates, receives and shares, and is raw, knowledgeable, creative, and descriptive. In their entanglement, they unconsciously follow the antithetical pattern drawn at the end of the eighteenth century by Friedrich Schiller in his essay on *Naive and Sentimental Poetry*. The naive poet creates by nature and like nature; thus, 'Every true genius must be naive, or it is not genius.'¹³ However, as a true product of nature, an artist of this kind is not aware

of their genius or their specific art. And thus, they leave room for sentimental poets, who are not geniuses but long for it; they actively try to understand geniuses, they study, and so they may end up wiser than geniuses. 'The poet, I said, either *is* nature, or he will *seek* her,' states Schiller.¹⁴ And Stanislavsky continues: 'We . . . have to remake ourselves completely, body and soul, from head to foot and adapt to the demands of our art, or rather, to the demands of nature. For art is in harmony with her.'¹⁵ Further: 'The most beautiful thing of all is nature itself.'¹⁶ In his writings, Schillerian genius and sentiment intertwine like the personalities of Tortsov and Nazvanov, and it is impossible to say who represents which element.

Back to the Novel: Space and Time

With the abandonment of the literary form, it was the characters that suffered the greatest damage. It is hard to say the same about the plot, which remains mere pretext, a seed that never had a chance to develop. On the other end, what remains relatively intact or, rather, what can easily be reconstructed, is the novel's specific spatio-temporal setting.

The action takes place almost exclusively within the walls of Tortsov's theatre – though we marginally find ourselves in Nazvanov's rented room, where at the beginning, he comically rehearses his part of Othello; after that, he mostly sleeps and dreams there. And yet, there is a space between the one and the other: the way through the city:

Our way was blocked in the Arbat by a large crowd. I love to watch things that happen in the street and pushed my way to the front. There I was confronted by an appalling sight. Near me lay an old beggar in a pool of blood, with a fractured jaw and both hands and half of one foot severed. The dead man's face was terrible, the lower jaw was shattered, and his rotten old teeth had been knocked out and were lodged in his bloody whiskers. The hands were lying there separate from the body. It looked as though he had stretched them right out before him, begging for mercy. One finger was raised as though to threaten someone. The toe of his boot, bones and flesh still in it, had also rolled to one side. The trolley car which was standing near its victim seemed huge and terrible. It was baring its teeth and hissing like an animal . . . A man was

bending over the corpse, looking intently at its face and stuffing a dirty handkerchief into its nose. Nearby children were playing with water and blood. They liked it when the rivulets of melted snow mingled with the red blood and formed a new rose-coloured stream. One woman was weeping, the rest stood staring in curiosity, horror, or distaste. They were waiting for the authorities, the doctor and the ambulance, and so on.¹⁷

And soon after:

Some time ago I came across a Serb crouching over a monkey that was dying on the pavement. The poor man, with eyes full of tears, was trying to stick a dirty piece of sugarplum into the animal's mouth. This scene evidently moved me more than the death of the beggar. It stuck deeper in my memory.¹⁸

The city space between the two shelters, home and theatre, appears as a realm of trauma. Both scenes 'stick deep' in the reader's memory. The ruthless, detailed description of gore in the first extract, and then only the short but penetrating glimpse into the bottom of the existential misery of all-living-creatures in the second, leave lasting marks. One cannot help thinking about the grim Moscow of the 1930s, a place of terror and desolation; about Stanislavsky's decimated family. The trolley car almost seems to be the same one that decapitates Berlioz in the introductory scene of Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita*. Public space is a space of danger and mourning; this is the subconscious message of Stanislavsky's narrative.

Surrounded by this space are shelters. Nazvanov's room is a genuine one, giving rest, release, relaxation, but nothing productive ever comes from it. The second is much more than a shelter; it is a sanctuary; it is the theatre. Carefully walled against outside peril, it is devoted to creativity. It is the place where the real world touches the virtual and the essential, where, by refining culture, one tries to reach the mastery of nature. However, its safety is never perfect; there is always a hint of possible danger, breakdown, and disaster. There is a constant need for vigilance and readiness: most of the études rehearsed and exercised by the students testify to this.

The most practised of them, the étude called 'Burning Money', is, at the same time, the most bizarre. In some distorted nightmare

out of Ibsenian drama, a quiet family evening, through a series of unfortunate coincidences, gradually sinks into gory massacre, leaving the good-hearted *pater familias* as the sole survivor: an orphan, a fraud, and a killer, all in one. This script is so grotesque that it may be comprehended only as an obstacle course for actors, demanding psychological justification for the most improbable turns, as well as a careful gradation of the means used. Nevertheless, if we were to summarize the thing in a single phrase, it is the drama of failed crisis management: an unprevented, though thinkable accident, that, through one careless reaction, causes events to spiral out of control and lead to disaster.

Even more symbolic is another constantly rehearsed scene, 'The Madman at the Door', being a variant of 'Maria [Maloletkova]'s Apartment'. In the first phase, the students help their colleague furnish her fictional newly acquired apartment, thus setting up the performance space. After everything is finished, and they make themselves well at home in this cosy virtual abode, there comes a new signal: the madman at the door! Now they must organize the defence of their apartment, barricade doors, and try and restore safety. He is the unpredictable, bloodthirsty psycho-killer, an over-literal symbol of everything monstrous that lurks outside.

Finally, after the inhabitants of the staged apartment have overcome all danger, the curtain goes up, the fictional wall vanishes, and the actors suddenly feel exposed to the real unpredictability and threat, which is the audience's gaze, the possibility of their being accepted or rejected by the spectators. Here comes the real, ultimate challenge for their wellbeing. From now on, their virtual defences may serve their real future protection.

That remains for the future – and what is the status of the future in the world of *An Actor's Work on Himself*? The exercises take their course – they progress and develop – but overall, in and around Tortsov's theatre, there reigns a peculiar timelessness with a hint of eternity. The book is a student's diary, but it is a blind diary with dots instead of dates. In Tortsov's theatre, there is artificial light, sometimes orchestrated to reflect the inner states of

the actors – flashes of their awareness and the circles of their attention. There is a perpetual routine of rehearsals, and the present remains constant, being mostly a canvas for images excavated from emotional memory, Tortsov's anecdotes of the past, collectively created narratives of the subjunctive, and the adepts' anticipations of their future. Such timelessness, closure, and focus on the essential correspond with the popular images of the place in-between the worlds: *bardo*, or limbo, or also (to invoke Bulgakov for the last time) Woland's eternal home for the Master. There he could 'listen and enjoy' what he deserved and was not given in life – peace: 'In the evenings you will be visited by those . . . who interest you and who will never trouble you. They will play for you.'¹⁹

However, there is a caesura on the horizon. At the end of the first and the only finished volume of *An Actor's Work*, the school year closes, and there appears the childish, ever-green, and ever-thrilling perspective of vacations. 'So, till we meet again! Get some rest,' says Tortsov.²⁰ 'We shall look back on the unhappiness of this present time with tenderness, with a smile,' adds Sonia at the conclusion of the piece by another writer close to Stanislavsky, 'and we shall rest. . . . We shall rest!'²¹

Notes and References

1. Konstantin Stanislavsky, *Sobraniye sochineny v devyati tomakh* (Moscow: Iskustvo, 1980–99), vol. 9, p. 480.

2. A. A. Shelagurov, in *O Stanislavskom. Sbornik vospominany*, ed. Lubov Gurevich and Nikolai Volkov (Moscow: Isskustvo, 1948), p. 514.

3. Stanislavsky, *Sobraniye sochineny*, vol. 4, p. 174–262.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 260.

5. *Ibid.*, vol. 9, p. 192.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 437–44.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 480.

8. *Ibid.*, p. 465.

9. *Ibid.*, p. 480.

10. For this and the following quotations, see Konstantin Stanislavsky, *Sobraniye sochineny v vosmi tomakh* (Moscow: Iskustvo, 1954–61), vol. 3, p. 183–5.

11. *Ibid.*

12. There is no exact English translation of *perezhivaniye*, the core of which comes from: *zhit'* ('to live'). Elizabeth Hapgood rendered it as 'living the part', and Jean Benedetti as 'experiencing'. Maria Shevtsova, in her *Rediscovering Stanislavsky* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2019), emphasizes the emotional accent of Stanislavsky's idea of how the actor can ideally work with sincerity on the stage. Taking account of his holistic view of the actor's work, she uses the term 'emotional experiencing' without, however, suggesting any idea of 'living a part'. This is so because, as she stresses throughout her book, for Stanislavsky, the actor *acts* the part. The issue is *how* the actor acts it. Hence, also, she argues Stanislavsky's distinction between the theatres of *remeslo*, *predstavleniye*, and *perezhivaniye* (p. 102 and p. 121–4). I am grateful to Maria Shevtsova for her conversations with me on this and other points, and for her editorial care in bringing this article to publication.

13. Friedrich von Schiller, *Naïve and Sentimental Poetry' and 'On the Sublime': Two Essays*, trans. Julius A. Elias (New York: Frederick Ungar, 1966), p. 96.

14. *Ibid.*, p. 110.

15. Konstantin Stanislavsky, *An Actor's Work: A Student's Diary*, trans. Jean Benedetti (London: Routledge, 2017), p. 139.

16. *Ibid.*, p. 120.

17. *Ibid.*, p. 212–13.

18. *Ibid.*, p. 215.

19. Mikhail Bulgakov, *The Master and Margarita*, trans. Richard Pevear and Larissa Volokhonsky (London: Penguin, 2016), p. 479.

20. Stanislavsky, *An Actor's Work*, p. 361.

21. Anton Chekhov, *Uncle Vanya*, trans. Michael Frayn (London: Methuen, 1987), p. 59.