

# In Memory

## Remembering Paul Gray, John O’Neal, Jerry Rojo, Andrzej Wirth, and Phillip Zarrilli

*No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. [...] [A]ny man’s death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind, and therefore, never send not to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.*

—John Donne, “Meditation 17” ([1624] 1959:109)

*Thou know’st ’tis common, all that lives must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.*

—William Shakespeare, Hamlet ([1604] 2016:1770)

John Donne thought of what is lost by each, Shakespeare of the common end to all. Both are hopeful, Donne by participating in humanity, Shakespeare by joining eternity. Eternity erases all difference, while each single life has its own narrative, outcome, and effects. Some lives are long and happy, some nasty, brutish, and short. Most are in between, supping both on morsels of joy, gain, and triumph; and swallowing, in time, humiliation, grief, pain, and death. Especially now, June 2020, in the midst of the coronavirus pandemic, death is always with us.

In that somber disposition, I memorialize five men who have passed during the last two years. None were victims of Covid-19. What I write are not obituaries but brief accounts of how each of these individuals participated in my life and why, in my opinion, each matters. I write about Paul Gray, John O’Neal, Jerry Rojo, Andrzej Wirth, and Phillip Zarrilli in the order of when we met or worked most intensely together.

### Paul Gray, 1930–2018

Iowa City, 1957, the University of Iowa graduate school. I was earning an MA in English but spending a lot of time in the theatre department. There I met Paul Gray, a fiery, opinionated theatre director and filmmaker; a man steeped especially in the ideas and practice of those he dubbed collectively “The Russians,” especially Meyerhold, Eisenstein, and Vakhtangov. Gray, reinforced by his one-woman chorus and wife, the actor Gretchen Gray, paced around their small kitchen lecturing me, rapid-fire. Already balding, and four years my senior, Gray was as much my teacher as he was a fellow student. That winter, Gray sometimes made the journey to the quarry a few miles outside Iowa City where I was the night watchman. There, on cold starry Midwest nights, in a small shack warmed by a space heater, Gray continued my education. He found in me a willing pupil, as he unfurled not only the Russians but their American acolytes, Richard Boleslavsky, Michael Chekhov, and the radical visionaries of the Group Theatre. He spoke of Gordon Craig and Antonin Artaud. He taught me that the theatre director, not the playwright, was the author of what happened onstage.

Therefore, when in 1962 I became editor of the *Tulane Drama Review*, I invited Gray to be a Contributing Editor. He served from 1962 (7:1) to 1969 (13:3), helping transform *TDR* from drama to theatre and performance. In 1963, Gray published in *TDR* his manifesto for non-realistic performance, “The Theatre of the Marvelous”: “The challenge of our theatre will be to find dramatic metaphors which command both theme and theatrical vision. [...] The director of the theatre of the marvelous assumes the role of master poet [...]. The mise-en-scene [...] is the art of making up the soul of the play. It is not merely an illustrated scenario” (1963:139–40).



Figure 1. Paul Gray on location shooting “Starfish,” a short film that won the bronze award at WorldFest Houston in 1994. (Photo courtesy of Gretchen Gray)

In 1964, Gray helped plan two *TDR* issues about the impact of the Russians on American theatre (9:1 and 9:2). For the second issue, Gray wrote a comprehensive chronology, “Stanislavski and America: A Critical Chronology” (1964).

From 1959 to 1964, Gray taught theatre and then film at the State University of New York, Plattsburgh. He headed Bennington College’s theatre department from 1964 to 1970. During that time, Gray shifted his focus to film. From 1972 to 1980 he ran the Gray Film Atelier and from 1982 to 1994 he conducted the Paul Gray Film Directing Seminars. From 1984 to his death, Gray was a film consultant in Hollywood.

Gray mentored many young filmmakers in treatment, research, screenwriting, directing, cinematography, and editing. With them, as with me, Gray was uncompromising and passionate.

We had only occasional contact after Gray left *TDR*. But what he taught me stuck. To follow my passions, to be rigorous with both research and thinking, to never stop exploring the creative process—all that goes on in training, workshops, and rehearsals. And, most importantly, to never give up on an idea because it is not popular.

### John O’Neal, 1940–2019

New Orleans, February, 1964, my office at the Tulane University Theatre Department. I open a letter from John O’Neal, Doris Derby, and Gilbert Moses addressed to Bill Schechner, my younger brother, and Moses’s roommate at Oberlin College. In the letter, these three young African Americans asked to meet with Bill about their project, the Free Southern Theater (FST). Gil was working with the *Mississippi Free Press* as my brother had the year before, but Bill did not do theatre. In my answer to the letter writers, I told them I was the Schechner they were looking for; I would be happy to meet about the FST. From about the same time, but I can’t establish precisely when I received it, I have a trifold sheet of paper, “A General Prospectus for the Establishment of a Free Southern Theater.” On the back, after asking “Do you plan a career in the theater?” was a request for the “Name, address, and phone number of person(s) to be contacted in the event of your arrest.” The return address for the letter and the prospectus is “Drama Department, Tougaloo College, Tougaloo, Mississippi.” O’Neal, Derby, and Moses had come to the deep south to work for the Movement. O’Neal and Derby were field directors for SNCC (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee), Moses was a writer for the *Free Press*, and all three were into theatre. They wanted to transform the Tougaloo College Drama Workshop into a theatre for black artists and audiences. Despite this objective, they recognized that the aim of the Movement at that time was integration. “So two generic ideas were in conflict from the beginning: The development of a black style of theater [...] and an ‘integrated’ theater” (Dent, Schechner, and Moses 1969:9–10). In that spirit, they wanted to talk with me, a 28-year-old civil rights activist and an assistant professor of theatre at Tulane University—a historically white institution that admitted its first black students in 1963.

In April 1964 John, Gil, and actor Denise Nicholas staked out in my relatively posh St. Charles Street New Orleans apartment for the weekend. We talked about how to put a theatre company together, what plays should be done, budgets, touring. We talked about how the FST would meet the need for black people in the South to have a theatre of their own. In June I drove to Jackson, Mississippi, for a second meeting. I stayed in John and Gil's apartment, part of a project, a row of orange-yellow two-story brick buildings, dirt yard with no lawn, units in disrepair. I experienced the gap between my circumstances and theirs; a gap still painfully extant in 2020 America. We didn't linger on disparities, we honed in on the FST. For three days we rarely left the ground-floor apartment. When we got tired we slept or sat on the front stoop. Gil played the guitar and sang the blues.

John, a slow talker, developed his thoughts like the Mississippi river flows, with turns, pauses, and excursions, illuminated by philosophical and religious references. He weaved his way through the discussion. His logic was always elegant. At the end of our marathon meeting, sensing a "historic moment," we signed a document signaling the official birth of the FST. Our document concluded: "While it is true that the theater which we propose would by no means be a solution to the tremendous problems faced by the people who suffer the oppressive system in the South, we feel that the theater will add a necessary dimension to the current civil rights movement through its unique value as means of education" (in Dent, Schechner, and Moses 1969:6).

The FST as imagined then was a mix of the Movement, regional theatre, and the interactions among three different personalities. At one point or another, from 1964 to 1969, I served FST as a producing director, stage director, chair of the board of directors, member of the board, and informal advisor. I supported the transformation of the FST from integrated to all-black. It was during those five years that I got to know John O'Neal. Tall, agile in his movements, and informal in his manner of speaking, John embodied, was immersed in, and committed to black freedom and culture.

He was a splendid performer, and more. I directed him in the title role of the FST's 1964/65 production of Ossie Davis's *Purlie Victorious*. But it was after the FST that John's



*Figure 2. John O'Neal performs in Junebug/Jack, a Junebug Productions/Roadside Theater collaboration about the history of race and class in the American South that toured nationally for eight years in the 1990s. (Photo courtesy of Dudley Cocke)*

deepest abilities as a performer, philosopher, and leader came to the fore. In 1980 the FST presented its last piece and Junebug Productions premiered its first, *Don't Start Me Talkin' or I'll Tell Everything I Know: Sayings from the Life and Writings of Junebug Jabbo Jones*. Junebug was John's signature character, a Mississippi griot. In a 2012 *Conversation*, John explains: "I approach almost everything through the lens of story and storytelling. [...] I say 'storyteller' instead of 'liar' because there's a heap of difference between a storyteller and a liar. A liar, that's somebody who will cover things over, mainly for his own private benefit. But your storyteller, now, that's somebody who'll uncover things, so everybody can get some good out of it" (in Foster Bear 2013).

From his experience with the FST's postperformance discussions, John developed Junebug's signature "story circles." People sit in a circle and tell stories. "Make as few rules as possible and no laws. Well, maybe there is one law, the law of listening. In storytelling, listening is always more important than talking. If you're thinking about your story while someone else is telling theirs, you won't hear what they say. If you trust the circle, when it comes your turn to tell, a story will be there. [...] If you don't have a story, [...] you can pass. [...] Another rule about listening is that you don't have to like the story that someone else tells but you do have to respect their right to tell it" (O'Neal n.d.). John brought Junebug Jabbo Jones and story circles to more than 500 communities in the USA.

In the 2012 *Conversation*, John summarizes his method and life: "My job is to produce art which supports and encourages people who are trying to make change, to examine and confront with a ruthless honesty what's going on in our society." John O'Neal conducted the exam and framed the confrontation in a pleasant, soft-spoken, sometimes off-hand way, "working through metaphor rather than argument." But make no mistake about it: John drilled deep, he saw into the heart of things, he knew exactly what was going on. He embodied Black Lives Matter decades before that movement had its name. He hated racism and oppression—physical, economic, and intellectual. He always asked, "What can we do? How can we make it better?" (in Foster Bear 2013).

## Jerry Rojo, 1935–2018

New Orleans, fall 1966, Tulane University Theatre Department. Jerry Rojo, a Tulane MFA, theatre designer, and assistant professor at the University of Connecticut, returned to Tulane as a visiting scholar specifically to work with me. In April 1967, I was directing Eugène Ionesco's *Victims of Duty* in the Players Theatre, the black box of the Le Petit Théâtre du Vieux Carré, a venerable New Orleans institution. After nearly a full academic year with Jerry in my Tulane classes, I invited him to work on the environment for *Victims*, my first environmental theatre production of a play, not a Happening. "I want something reaching from the floor to the ceiling, something dynamic." Jerry nodded, then carefully walked around the large room; I never saw him in a rush. He looked from many perspectives at the space full of platforms of various heights covered by carpets from a remainders store. The only set pieces were a small round kitchen table and three chairs. "How about a spiral of chairs here at the table, an inverted tornado spinning up to the ceiling?" "Perfect," I replied. Pause. Jerry asked, "Where will the audience be?" "Everywhere! They'll be all over the place. No separation between the actors and the spectators."

Our work on *Victims* kicked off a decades-long collaboration that intensified when I moved to New York in September 1967 founding The Performance Group a few months later. The way Jerry and I worked together was that I suggested a concept and he responded with concrete designs: The platforms and towers of *Dionysus in 69* (after Euripides, 1968, designed in collaboration with Michael Kirby); the big table of *Makbeth* (after Shakespeare, 1969); the wave and pueblos of *Commune* (group devised, 1970); the bifurcated frontstage/backstage of *The Tooth of Crime* (Sam Shepard, 1972), the wagonless *Mother Courage and Her Children* (Bertolt Brecht, 1974, designed in collaboration with Jim Clayburgh); the wall-less rooms of *The Balcony* (Jean

Genet, 1979). Again and again, Jerry reconceived the empty cube that is the Performing Garage. Much of this work is detailed in *Theatres, Spaces, Environments* (1975), coauthored by Rojo, Brooks McNamara, and me.

Jerry was prodigiously productive at UConn and in the professional theatre. At UConn from 1978 to 1985, he both chaired the Department of Dramatic Arts and was the artistic and producing director of the Nutmeg Theatre (now the Connecticut Repertory Theatre), where he oversaw 62 productions and designed and supervised the construction of the Mobius Theatre. He taught acting, using that as the basis for his book, *An Acting Method Using the Psychophysical Experience of Workshop Games-Exercises* (2000). Beyond UConn, at Philadelphia's Wilma Theater, Rojo designed 12 productions. Overall, Jerry designed or codesigned 83 professional productions. Often, he was called on to design or consult in renovating theatres. In 1973, he won a Drama Desk Award for his design of Samuel Beckett's *Endgame* and in 2003 a Barrymore Award for his design of Charles L. Mee's *Big Love*.

All these accomplishments are not enough to contain the man. Jerry, broad-shouldered and strong, loved going in and getting the job done. Warm-hearted, willing to accept a challenge, if Jerry said he'd do something, consider it done. Even after we stopped working together, I saw him often. Jerry Rojo was a rare human being: a good friend, a significant artist, and a first-rate teacher.

### Andrzej Wirth, 1927–2019

I don't remember exactly when I met Andrzej Wirth, probably during the 1970s. That's because Andrzej was always on the move, appearing briefly and then going on to somewhere else. Polish by birth—as a teenager he fought the Nazis in the 1944 Warsaw uprising—Andrzej became truly international and intercultural. When he finally decided to settle down, he chose Berlin, Europe's most cosmopolitan city. Whenever he was in New York, Andrzej and I would meet to talk about theatre, politics, Poland, younger artists, and whatever my friend was up to. It was exciting to talk with Andrzej because he was a polymath. Fluent in several languages, an intellectual and an artist, poet, scholar, theatre director, workshop leader, administrator, teacher, and lecturer at many top universities, he always brought news to the table.

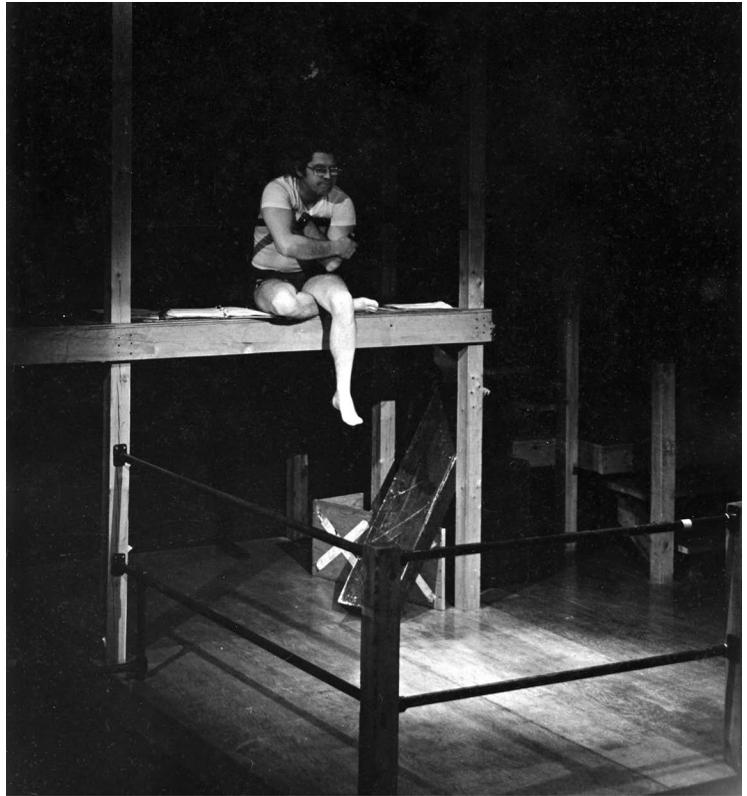


Figure 3. Jerry Rojo in rehearsal for *Storyville Portraits*, a version of Jean Genet's *The Balcony*, designed and directed by Rojo in 1977. Mobius Theatre at University of Connecticut, the theatre Jerry designed and built. (Photo courtesy of Joanne Pattavina)

Among his many accomplishments, Wirth worked at the Berliner Ensemble, later directing Brecht's unfinished *Fatzer* material (at Stanford in 1976), was active promoting new writing in Germany as a member of Gruppe 47, resisted tyranny in and out of Poland, championed Robert Wilson, and mentored young scholars and performance artists. Like Jan Kott, whom Andrzej resembled intellectually and physically, Wirth linked a Poland isolated and stressed behind the Iron Curtain to the Western world. He taught, wrote, and talked about Witkiewicz, Kantor, Mrozek, Grotowski, and others.



Figure 4. Andrzej Wirth in his apartment in Berlin, 2017. (Photo by Mike Wolff)

For world theatre, Andrzej's most important project started in 1982 when he founded the Angewandte Theaterwissenschaft, the Institute of Applied Theater Studies of Justus Liebig University, Giessen, Germany. The Institute was the first university-level department in Germany to combine at a very high level practice and theory. Among those who studied there with Wirth are the people who formed the groups Rimini Protokoll, Gob Squad, She She Pop, and Monster Truck as well as individuals such as René Pollesch, Hans-Werner Kroesinger, Jochen Roller, Helena Waldmann, Moritz Rinke, and many more. Leading Institute teachers during Wirth's administration include Hans-Thies Lehmann, Heiner Müller, Robert Wilson, Michael Kirby, Augusto Boal, Eugenio Barba,

Herbert Blau, John Jessurun...and me, in the summers of 1985 and 1992. I returned to the ATW in 1997, after Andrzej had moved on. The Institute had, and continues to have, an enormous impact on German, European, and global performance.

Andrzej was more than a noted scholar, teacher, author, and artist. He was vibrant, ebullient, and impeccably garbed. Even in advanced old age he was:

a characteristic, unforgettable figure, clad in white hat, and white linen suit push[ing] his little stroller through the streets of Berlin's Charlottenburg (sometimes too fast). But his white playful aura and his laughter will reverberate in all spaces devoted to experimental theatre and performance. [...He] incessantly emphasized the ephemeral nature of theatre art and reenacted this ephemerality in his own life. He was everywhere as an inquisitive observer of the surrounding reality, reflecting and interacting with it: performativity was a stamp of his presence. (Illakowicz 2019)

A model émigré intellectual, Andrzej was from and of Poland but never an exile. Cosmopolitan, urbane, and ironic, he enjoyed the life he made for himself. At coffee, in a classroom, lecture hall, or performance studio, Andrzej regarded the world with a deeply sophisticated wisdom harvested from his diverse life experiences. He knew everybody, and on many he made a strong positive mark.

## Phillip Zarrilli, 1947–2020

New Delhi, January 1976, a meeting of Fulbright scholars. Phillip Zarrilli attended as a young theatre director, I as a senior research fellow who also had just finished leading The Performance Group's tour in India of Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children*. We were at the meeting together but didn't significantly interact until the fall of '76 when we were in Kerala at the Kalamandalam studying kathakali and kutiyattam. That fall, Phillip, members of the Kalamandalam faculty, Wayne Ashley (later my teaching assistant at NYU), and I saw a demonstration of kalaripayattu arranged by Professor K.K.N. Kurup of the University of Calicut. Although integral to kathakali, no faculty at the Kalamandalam had ever seen the martial art. Phil's first encounter with kalaripayattu disappointed him because the practitioners were out of shape and badly trained. But a month later, he experienced a master and an advanced student who, Phil wrote, "embodied an extraordinary intuitive sense of control, [...] a sense of actualized power that was palpable" (1998:17). A lifelong fire was lit.

Phillip's Fulbright year eventuated not only in his first book, *The Kathakali Complex* (1984), but also his deep investigation of the "bodymind" of the performer. In 1979, Phil published in *TDR* the first detailed description in English of kalaripayattu, which included an axiom of both his daily life and artistic practice: "Development of the proper mental attitude is just as important as physical mastery" (1979:115). In 1981, Phillip invited me to the University of Wisconsin–Madison to stage *Richard's Lear*, a blending of *King Lear* (played by Debbie Holmes) and *Richard III*. Phil was assistant director, played Kent, and trained the actors in kalaripayattu and tai chi chuan not only for the fight scenes but as a way to be ready to perform. Our collaboration on *Richard's Lear* paralleled Phil's work with me, Victor Turner, and others in planning three conferences on ritual and performance that took place in Tucson, Arizona, and in New York (see Schechner and Appel 1990). These conferences did not start or stop with scholarly papers; performances were integral to the process; artists and scholars from different cultures mingled and exchanged experiences and knowledges. During the academic year 1986/87, on my invitation, Phillip was a visiting professor and acting chair of the Department of Performance Studies, NYU.

After those intense years, Phillip's path and mine diverged. We kept in touch via email. He moved to the UK permanently in 2000 as a Professor of Performance Practice at the University of Exeter; in 2013, he became emeritus. Throughout, Phil was prodigiously productive. He wrote books and articles; edited and coedited books; directed, devised, and performed in dozens of productions; lectured, led workshops, and taught globally. He fused practice and theory,



Figure 5. Phillip Zarrilli and Jo Shapland performing *Told By the Wind*, 2010 premiere, Chapter Arts Centre, Cardiff, Wales. A Llanarth Group production cocreated by Jo Shapland, Phillip Zarrilli, and Kaite O'Reilly. (Photo courtesy of Kaite O'Reilly)

history and contemporaneity in both his artistic and academic work exploring acting, actor training, and intercultural performance. In 2000, he founded the Llanarth Group, collaborating with his life partner, playwright and dramaturg Kaite O'Reilly. They worked intimately for the rest of his life.

In books published over the past 20 years Phillip Zarrilli, as author, coauthor, editor, or coeditor (he was collaborative to the core), explored and expressed an approach to acting on a par with Stanislavsky's, Meyerhold's, and Grotowski's. This aspect of his work culminated in his 2020 *(Toward) a Phenomenology of Acting*. In 14 productions over roughly the same period as the books, working with O'Reilly, Phil moved in a positive feedback loop of theory and/as practice. He never stopped working. In his final months, Phillip and Kaite were developing *From A to Z... Somewhere towards the end*. For this unfinished piece, inverting their usual roles, Phil was the playwright and Kaite directed.

Phillip, as he put it, was "spiritual, not religious." A man of humility, grace, and deep quiet power, he practiced the conjoined bodymind, what in Hindu belief is the individual atman seeking the absolute brahman. On 16 March 2020, he sent me an email in which he wrote: "Well, after an incredible (rather medically anomalous) lengthy period of inactivity, the tumours decided to wake up and party in late January 2020. Their drunken revelry means that they've found new homes. So, the reality is I've the very aggressive cancer back in party-mode, and that my 'time' will be 'up' before too long." I replied, in part: "Your news about your health was a shock but not a surprise. I knew you were at risk, in remission. But the shock remains because for all these years—even when our direct contact was rare or thin—you have been there, in my life, a clear strong positive—a truly good person." On Saturday 25 April, Phillip and I skyped. He was laying back in his hospice bed, tired, but bright; animated, calm. We spoke of our times together, of his and Kaite's work, of dying. After about a half-hour, he said he needed to rest. On Tuesday, 28 May, 13:52 UK time, Phillip's atman passed to the brahman.

The legacy of each of these persons is different. Each left a long trail, affecting many thousands. Their communities were distinct, ranging from the cosmopolitan artistic-intellectual capitals of Europe, the Americas, and Asia to rural towns in the South and Appalachia; from India, Ireland, Wales, and England to Singapore; from universities to regional theatres. Remembering Paul Gray, John O'Neal, Jerry Rojo, Andrzej Wirth, and Phillip Zarrilli now, as Covid-19 takes so many, and as other notable members of the performance community pass on—Mary Overlie (1946–2020), Nancy Stark Smith (1952–2020), Sally Banes (1950–2020)—teaches that, yes, the bell is tolling and tolling and tolling. (*TDR* will pay tribute to these innovators in another issue.) At 85 years, my cohort is passing. But, still, with Gerard Manley Hopkins who wrote in 1885, say I:

Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee;  
 Not untwist—slack they may be—these last strands of man  
 In me ór, most weary, cry *I can no more*. I can;  
 Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be. ([1885] 1918:63)

—Richard Schechner

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