

**APOCRYPHA—*Careful who you follow***  
**Duncan Graham**



**1. *Marriage troubles***

Recently a friend of mine told me about a liaison she was having with a man. Let's call him T. After seeing T for three months, during which time she developed an abiding passion, he told her he had something to confess: he was not who he said he was. His name was not T it was Q. Q was married with two children, and had no intention of leaving his wife. But he'd like to continue the affair anyway.

As a playwright, the theatre feels forever like this. I'm involved with an art form whose real commitment lies elsewhere but that wants to continue an affair with me when it suits. My friend told Q to fuck off. But what am I meant to do with the theatre? And what is the marriage it keeps going back to?

Australian theatre has a crisis of identity. It's not married to a person. Rather, it is wedded to certain ideas, and the power structures that perpetuate them. These ideas sometimes speak through people in a way that unmask what our theatre is really like, and the crisis of identity it's having.

For me, the process of unmasking has been slowly happening over the past four years. It started in 2012 with an acrimonious debate between playwrights and directors. The clash looked like two colonised mind-sets fighting for power over the colony that enslaves them. I thought of the brothers Lee and Austin in Sam Shepherd's, *True West*. They try to write a film script about the 'authentic experience' of living in the American West and sell it to a producer, their salvation, aptly named Saul—'*he who is prayed for*'. In the end, nothing new comes out of them. Their ideas are either unsaleable or clichéd. Resentment rises until Austin—self-professed screenwriter—tries to strangle Lee—petty thief and wanna-be artist—with the power cord of a toaster.

In 2013, playwright Andrew Bovell challenged the director-led culture of adaptation in our theatre:

*Culturally, it's much more relevant to commission a new work by an Australian writer on the same subject if the subject is what matters. But does the subject ... the content really matter any more?*<sup>1</sup>

The crisis of identity we are having is fought out over the crevasse of content. It reached a new level of intensity in 2014–15, in the divisive pressure applied to theatre practitioners in cuts to government funds for the Australia Council for the Arts, and the establishment of a new ministerial fund, Catalyst (formerly, National Program for Excellence in the Arts, NPEA).

But I have long felt this rift in the conversations we're having about new work. The language we use, the reasons for pursuing it; the need to find a way of talking about it that goes beyond success and failure. This difficulty is reflected in my experience as a playwright working inside companies and certainly pitching to them.<sup>2</sup> Once a play has been staged by a company, the parting discussion is rarely about how you'd like to extend the conversation.

Another example. In the wake of the Brexit vote, Rufus Norris, the Artistic Director of the National Theatre in London reflected:

*Art always responds to the time...and this has been a huge wake-up call for all of us to realise that half the country feels that they have no voice. If we are going to be a national organisation we must speak to and for the nation. Our principal response initially is to listen: to listen to that voice and art will follow from that... What are British values? What are your values? What do you think about where you live and what is the Britain you want to live in?*

This sounds like a noble, responsible, humanist idea from an organisation that will never see the majority of people through its doors to hear their voices authentically reflected back on stage. It is also what Boris Johnson and Nigel Farage want to do: respond to what is going on with 'real people'. Norris's questions, or let's say conundrum, can be asked about us too. What should Australian theatre look like? What are our national values? Who are they values for? What even is a work of art in the theatre? And how are we going to get to the nub of the political and personal exigencies of our times, that seem to be revealing themselves as a terrible open wound?

## **2. A definition**

Apocrypha is an ecclesiastical Latin word meaning 'hidden script', a text that is not part of the accepted canon or orthodoxy, often rendered inauthentic. The typical apocryphal story is that of the disciple, doubting Thomas. He would not believe Christ had risen until he'd put his finger inside the wounded flesh. Here we see the power of doubt and its relationship to orthodox thought. The story of the disciple Thomas is not completely accepted, but not altogether banished either. To be able to define what is in and what is out of the canon—the accepted rule—is the greatest exercise of power in any culture. We have seen this played out around the acknowledgement of a Stolen Generation. Prime Minister Howard would not acknowledge it as part of the orthodox reading of history. Post-apology, there are still some like Andrew Bolt who are determined to render that part of our history doubtful, hence apocryphal. In the case of Thomas, doubt itself is rendered doubtful; in other words, a threat to established authority. Doesn't it follow that doubt itself is immanent and essential to orthodoxy? It can't be completely suppressed or hidden. In fact, it's always seen hiding. Some might say this the way ideology works.

Wherever you go, in whatever aspect of culture, we see this process repeated. If we discard the idea of a capital-'C'-culture, and get down to what culture actually means—if there is such a thing—it's simply a series of shared understandings that are

cultivated through the language, customs and beliefs of a nation, community, household etc. We have extracted from this humble idea, the idea of capital-‘C’-Culture—the pursuit of higher, more refined activities like the arts, and a more cultivated register of intellectual engagement. In service of this, you might appoint a Minister (Mitch Fifield, or Bernhard Rust—the Nazi Minister for Science, Education and National Culture), an artistic director or programmer, or even put together a committee of ‘cultural people’ who might allocate funds to the continuation of this culture. What ideas govern these selections?

In his Philip Parsons Memorial Lecture, on his way out as artistic director of Belvoir, Ralph Myers decried the rise of the businessman and bureaucrat as cultural leaders. Culture should be left to those that actually make the art, express the ideas—‘the dreamers’.<sup>3</sup> This position is one for which I have conditional sympathy.

Myers was saying culture shouldn’t be rendered a commodity, or veneer, an add-on to the core activity of economics, politics and industry. To let that power slip from the fingers of the artist or intellectual would be the equivalent of Plato allowing the Poet to rule the Republic, a fundamental corruption. However, it is also to assume that the artist is immune to the same corrupting forces as the businessman or woman, the advertising executive, or any audience member for that matter. Or that the artist’s work doesn’t reflect or worse, inhere and uphold these same forces.

Myers was gnawing at a nexus of problems which have a hold on theatre in Australia: the historical or colonial legacy of the nation and its cultural practices; the political or neo-liberal ideas of a free market that seem to pervade all parts of our life and thinking; but also the role of the artist in society and their own relationship to the work they create.

Could Myers’ statements be part of another orthodoxy? Have we, the dreamers, been responsible for promoting the very causes of our corruption? If we examine these problems more closely, we might reveal an Apocrypha immanent to our own position as theatre makers: the hidden ideas that are leading us by the nose.

### **3. *Unknown Knowns***

We’re artists. We’re free, aren’t we, to say what we want? We’re not constrained by external ideas. We tell stories. We delve into human nature, sometimes with rare genius. We like to believe we are free of any ideological imperatives. Our position on social and personal matters, and the work we make, comes from a deeply humanist and compassionate position, one that is quite obviously assumed when you spend so much time understanding what makes the human being tick. Even if an actor is playing Hitler, you might hear them say: I don’t judge my character. My job is to get inside what makes them human. And this is certainly good practical advice for an actor coming to terms with focusing the action of a dramatic work. But there are limits to this psychological approach when it comes to thinking about theatre as a whole, the type of work we might stage and how we might stage it. This was no more evident than in Brendan Cowell’s, *The Sublime* at MTC in 2014. The work was an attempt to penetrate the psychology of two talented young men—a footballer and a rugby player—involved in the rape of a woman on an end-of-season trip. Inside this

labyrinth of social and psychological analysis, rape was rendered a wayward but, 'given the circumstances', excusable past-time.

Brecht certainly understood these limits. The unnamed *Actor*, that naked substrate, steps forward at the beginning of *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*, and tells us what to expect in the plot, what to look out for. Brecht wants you to know the political and moral limitations of being lost in the psychology of character, especially when this character is engaged in genocide. Identifying with the 'psychology of character' can obscure the horror of reality.

The philosopher Slavoj Žižek discusses how ideology works by citing the amateur theorising employed by the one-time US Secretary of State, Donald Rumsfeld to justify the war on Iraq.

*There are known knowns. These are things we know that we know. There are known unknowns. That is to say, there are things that we know we don't know. But there are also unknown unknowns. There are things we don't know we don't know.*<sup>4</sup>

That is: we know what we know (Saddam Hussein is the president of Iraq and he's violent toward his own people); we know what we don't know (how many weapons Saddam has); but there are also things we don't know that we know (what if Saddam possesses some other terrible weapons we don't know about). Rumsfeld thought this last category revealed the most dangerous aspect of Saddam's regime.

But there is one more category, the 'unknown knowns'—the things we don't know that we know, the knowledge that doesn't know itself. Perhaps though it was the omitted category of unknown knowns that is the most dangerous, those disavowed beliefs we won't allow ourselves to see—the open secrets. These things are the modes of thought that structure our view of reality. That is, ideology is that which lies hidden, but is revealed in our spontaneous relationship to the world.

The Iraq War, in which Australia willingly participated, unleashed a veritable theatre of the obscene—Guantanamo, Abu Ghraib, para-military activity, mass surveillance, corrupt oil and military contracts, a new legacy of global violence. All carried out in the name of freedom and security. So what is the real part, the freedom or the torture? The truth is external to us in the way we make the world.

What Brecht might be interested in, if he were writing now, is a theatre that changes the very frame through which we perceive the world and its times, and hence better engage with it. Theatre as a substantive event, from a political perspective. Howard Barker, though a sharp critic of Brecht, especially his pedagogic tendencies, is also interested in theatre as an event. He calls it a Theatre of Catastrophe. It has as its first principle the idea that 'art is not digestible. Rather, it is an irritant in consciousness, like the grain of sand in the oyster's gut.'<sup>5</sup>

He sets this type of theatre up in opposition to that of the 'Humanist Theatre' in which:

*We all really agree.  
When we laugh together.*

*Art must be understood...  
The production must be clear.*

*We celebrate our unity.  
The critic is already on our side.*

*The message is important.  
The audience is educated  
and goes home  
happy  
or  
fortified.<sup>6</sup>*

In a 'Catastrophic Theatre', however:

*We only sometimes agree.  
Laughter conceals fear.  
Art is a problem of understanding.  
There is no message.  
The actor is different in kind.*

*The audience cannot grasp  
everything; nor did the author.  
We quarrel to love.  
The critic must suffer like  
everyone else.  
The play is important.  
The audience is divided  
and goes home  
disturbed  
or  
amazed.<sup>7</sup>*

In this theatre, the author does not attempt to bend the audience to their point of view. The walls of the theatre are set up to protect the audience from the sea of moral debate raging outside, the final political solution. Inside the black box the imagination is wild and tragic: 'criminality [is] unfettered...the unspeakable is spoken.' The audience is invited into a position beyond the ideology of redemption, or theatre as an edifying force, or the other humanist doctrines posited for staging a work. We are forced to confront ourselves, as individuals, cut loose from the promise of a unified 'we', witnesses to 'the terrible ambitions of the human spirit'.<sup>8</sup>

#### **4. *Homo homini lupus (Man is a wolf to Man)*<sup>9</sup>**

What about redemption, hope, salvation, enlightenment, progress, and all the other higher ideals of our humanity? Don't we in the theatre have to offer these things? After all we are listening to the way things really are. Each of these ideas could

warrant a long paper, but one might argue that they often operate as a temporary antidote to our base nature:

*In the first place, I put for a general inclination of all mankind, a perpetual and restless desire of power after power, that ceaseth only in death.*<sup>10</sup>

From Hobbes's standpoint, without the stabilising social contract of law and government there would be, 'no arts; no letters; no society; and which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death; and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.'<sup>11</sup> Our arts are animal instincts put through the filter of human language, our sense of time and perception of our mortality. Even our morality can be viewed as a contract to keep some in power and others subdued. Politics is an attempt to temporarily remediate the worst of human behaviour, or inflame it, as the case may be. In politics as in the theatre there might be an assumption that single strategies or ideals will be total solutions—like universal democracy, capitalism, liberalism, progress, human rights, love and compassion etc. If only we could adhere to these the world would right itself. But these are only temporary remedies to lasting human malevolence written into our laws and contracts, things like exploitation murder, torture, madness, genocide, brutal war and oppression. Much of this might be out of sight for us, but let's not deny that even buying a T-shirt or an iPhone involves death and slavery. Our belief in freedom, our array of choice, our 'lifestyles' are at someone else's expense. We are straw dogs in the face of our own natures and the universe, as the Taoists say. There is room for accepting in our theatre that we can't answer everything: not all acts and occurrences can be explained away; we will suffer needlessly; modernity and our technological progress will unleash violence in new forms; the universe has no interest in the plight of human life; we are not coherent and cohesive authors in control of our lives.

By dislodging our imagined higher ideals we open up the scope of possible conversation in the theatre, and the opportunity to confound. This is not a pessimistic view. It releases the throttling grip of humanist optimism. It enables us to re-examine the types of narratives we are presenting and what the underlying impulses are for presenting them. When in *Blasted*, Sarah Kane smashed the civil war through the walls of the hotel room where a journalist was raping a young and vulnerable woman, the British reviewing public wanted that type of narrative shamed off the stage. The play had cut to the quick.

Most major movements of theatrical expression have come from laying aside the blossom of our ideals. In the case of the Greeks, some of them just weren't there in the first place. In London there is a trend to re-examine these texts. This is partly the case in Australia too. There is a desire to see ourselves without the constraining humanist sub-text of free will, at the mercy of the gods, hubristic and ambitious, driven mad by revenge, capable of great love and great violence. This is true even of Beckett's drama. He sweeps aside any notion that human life amounts to much more than vain attempts to scratch away in blind ditches, listening to the gadfly of our thoughts, before falling into an interminable silence. There is no bargain-basement salvation here. Beckett's work wasn't always to the taste of his first audiences. Now many of his plays are an established part of the canon.

## 5. Canonical thinking

In 2012 an acrimonious argument erupted in the theatre between playwrights and directors concerning the relative merits of adapting the classics against writing new plays.<sup>12</sup> Many thought their approach to adaptation was radical and new; in fact, it was deeply embedded in a colonial reflex. Attention turned away from grasping the nettle of new work and a more complex response to the world around us. Not to deride the quality of the theatre making, but it felt like method had been mistaken for a measure of value.

There are other threads in the debate that still seem to guide our thinking. At the end of that year, Andrew Upton, then artistic director of Sydney Theatre Company, said two illuminating things in his Philip Parsons Lecture:

*If it speaks to now, it is good; if it muffles, confounds and/or distorts now, it is not. What is remarkable about Hamlet, The Cherry Orchard—and there are many such great plays—is that they can be re-tuned to now and make sense, make tunes, make us hear and feel now.*<sup>13</sup>

And on seeing Neil Armfield's, *Hamlet*, he remarked that the production suddenly meant:

*The meaning of being an Australian at the theatre was allowed to be more than just an investigation into what made us unique and interesting, but telescoped out into what made us particular in the scheme of all things human, in the big culture that throbs and grinds all around us before we are born and long after we are dead.*<sup>14</sup>

Let's put these statements into context, artistically and politically. Firstly it's a grating assumption that only works that 'speak to now' are 'good'. And if they confound they are *not* good. As I've highlighted above, many new works begin their life confounding and distorting the present. This statement is a signal example of how a certain type of thinking narrows the conversation we have with our audience and the risks we might take in programming.

No doubt playwrights want their original work privileged. I do. I also adapt classics to make a living. But there's more to it than that. Doesn't it depend on how you adapt and for what reasons? There is a rising resentment between writers and directors. Andrew Bovell again gives good expression:

*WRITE your own plays and stop effing around with everybody else's. It's lazy. It's easy. It's conservative. And it ignores the vibrancy of the contemporary voices...Nothing will stifle the creativity of Australian playwrights more than the belief that our best is not good enough, while the rewriting of European plays comes to pass as an Australian theatre.*<sup>15</sup>

Is adaptation a conservative, stifling process? I often ask myself. I don't think it has to be. The work of The Rabble in Melbourne, for example, can't be viewed as conservative. It is brutal, beautiful and confounding. Their works are derived from canonical stories, yet what the company manages to do so well is allow the apocryphal to cry out against the established reading of those narratives—namely, the

place of women in the long history of a patriarchal hold over the canon. This work is rarely seen on our main stages and struggles even to secure decent funding.

Both Ralph Myers and Andrew Upton argue it is each generation's duty to keep the classics alive. To see ourselves in the 'big culture' that lives on after us. This assumes that contained within these texts is the template for an *aeterna veritas*, an eternal truth about human life, something constant in the midst of flux, as a sure measure of things. Audiences need to see themselves 'reflected' in the classics, or 'manna from heaven'.<sup>16</sup>

Simon Stone goes further to say there are actually no new stories: 'every play ever written is a rewrite of something'<sup>17</sup>. There's no point denying our debt to the past. The author is dead. 'Steal' what you need from the *Museum Theatrum*—'Shakespeare did'—and configure it anew in the modern gallery. This *is* Australian work. This philosophy has triumphed. It's now part of Griffin Theatre Company's main season. But it's a vain triumph, denying both the complexity of adaptation and new work.

There is another strata of thinking to uncover here in light of the current funding crisis facing the theatre. During the establishment of the National Program For Excellence in the Arts (NPEA), Senator Brandis, a strident advocate for neo-liberal values, was asked what he believed to be 'excellence' in the arts. He exemplified The Australian Ballet's revival of the, *The Rite of Spring*, describing it as 'sublime'.

The history of *The Rite of Spring*, by Igor Stravinsky, however, is hardly one of assured and widely recognised value. In fact, the opposite. In 1913, *The Rite's* revolutionary use of tonality, metre and dissonance was nothing short of a pure affront to the 'great audiences' of France. They rioted in the theatre, threw whatever they could get their hands on, at the dancers and musicians; the reviewers described the music, and the dance it inspired from Nijinsky as 'puerile', 'barbaric', 'ugly', 'earthbound'; they hissed and booed; even Puccini believed it to be the work of a 'madman'.

*The Rite of Spring* is now canonical. It sent present Australian audiences into raptures not revolt. In its time, *The Rite* was an artwork that in Upton's words, confounded and distorted the present. It was not instantly canonical. Now *The Rite*, whether Stravinsky intended it or not, is part of the 'rules' it once so boldly defied.

The status quo operates by 'telescoping' our times out into the theatrical canon, as if it were of universal value, for all time. In doing so the truth and difficulties of making new work are shunted aside, buried, or worse, not even broached. This preserves the established norms of our creative practices and funding. At one point all canonical works were original. But we forget this regularly and profoundly. Is it any wonder then that the major companies had such trouble speaking out at the time Brandis announced the N.P.E.A.?

## **6. Crisis of content**

In his book, *The Man Without Content*, Giorgio Agamben makes a provocative claim:

*The artist...has now definitively lost his content and is condemned forever to dwell...beside his reality. The artist is the man without content, who has no other identity than a perpetual emerging out of the nothingness of expression.*<sup>18</sup>

It's something I took pause to consider when I first read it. Without doing an exhaustive analysis of how he arrives at this claim, it's worth tracing a few steps in his thinking. Agamben identifies a critical shift in the way art is viewed in the sixteenth century. Before then, art was 'the space in which once man's action and the world both found their reality in the image of the divine, and in which man's dwelling on earth used to take its diametrical measurement'.<sup>19</sup> What replaced it was a world where:

*The work of art was reduced (or, if you wish, purified) to mere aesthetic enjoyment achieved through good taste...Museums and galleries stock and accumulate works of art so that they may be available at any moment for the spectator's aesthetic enjoyment, more or less as happens with raw materials or with merchandise accumulated in a warehouse.*<sup>20</sup>

What becomes of the artist when art has become a free and liberal instrument?

*The artist can wield in proportion to his subjective skill in relation to any material of whatever kind, independent of the subject-matter and mode of conception...No content, no form, is any longer...[the] substantial essence of the artist; every material may be indifferent to him.*<sup>21</sup>

Once the 'creative subjectivity' of any artist places itself above their material and their production, the shared space of the work of art dissolves. What happens in the artist's apparent liberty to free float, is that self-consciousness becomes the only mirror to the work.

Don't we see this—in both playwrights and directors—in the way we speak about new plays? In the way the anointed *wunderkind* is set free to roam above the classics without addressing their substantive content? This sort of *auteur* rootlessness has no more content than the psychology of conventional drama. As Simon Stone said in a quintessential expression of the neo-liberal ethos:

*In Australia you've kind of got to coax an audience into the larger ideas... While ideally I wouldn't even have to explain what Three Sisters is about in a production of Three Sisters, for example, that's not the reality...So it would be a wasted opportunity to put on [the] original version and have 75 per cent-full audiences as opposed to 100 per cent-full audiences. My version is still making people sit through massive ideas but also letting them see themselves in those ideas.*<sup>22</sup>

We put ourselves above the work, not internal to it. We then struggle to find the central axiom of our expression. We are trapped in a crisis by which the creative ego dissolves content in an effort to transcend and actualize itself. This is an assertion of power when placed in the context of limited resources for making new work. Our characters, our choice of plays, new or adapted, are in danger of becoming another

commodity, a marketing exercise, a narcissistic gallery.

How we might overcome this is a question of *poesis*, of poetry, the act of making something that was not there before, and of saying what we mean by 'original'. It's definitely the subject for another essay.

### ***7. Do not act well your part***

We are heading into difficult times. The landscape of our economy, our world politics and so the scope of our theatre, is changing. 'The top floor of the theatrical house', to use a phrase of Kate Mulvany in her recent Parsons Lecture, has secured the bulk of existing funding. All over the lower floors, there are theatre makers taking great risks with their work, engaging in delicate and often radical conversations with their audiences. Their longevity and that of independent makers of which I would count myself, is in serious jeopardy. In the face of this threat and the palpable resentments and injustices, statements of gross propriety and entitlement, Mulvany offers a solution. 'Act well your part'. In other words, keep the house in order, keep those that live upstairs and downstairs in their places, don't argue too much and above all love each other. This message was received with warm applause, as if the imperative to fight for change, to overthrow imprisoning ideas had been lifted off the shoulders of people with little gumption for the battle anyway.

The house that Mulvany talks of, is it one we want to keep living in? The funding cuts have brought into focus some strong divisions between the inhabitants of its rooms, highlighted the immunity of privilege and the perilous role of the artist in society. Should we *really* be 'acting well our parts'? Is that really what the women and Aboriginal artists of our country need to hear? We are being faithful to parts that aren't what they say they are. To return to my opening example, this deceit lies at the heart of the theatre marriage, the family home. Get out, I say. Act up.

I am not and have never been so interested in my work being well-behaved. I propose that at this time, more than ever, we need to open up the lines of conflict, speak what is normally unspeakable. We need to understand the invisible hold 'unknown knows' have over our lives, that continue to limit what is possible in the theatre. Call out how our parts are formed and performed. It's time for the earthbound, the ugly, the barbaric, the madmen and women to raise their voices. To make work that is confounding and difficult. New work. Let's lose for a moment our so-called universal humanity and discover who we really are.

©

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- <sup>1</sup> Bovell quoted in, 'Directors are hooked on classics', Rosemary Neill, *Australian*, May, 2015.
- <sup>2</sup> Under Geordie Brookman, STCSA have offered money to artists to put together 'consolidated pitches'. This allows research and development of an idea, enabling both parties to find clear direction on future work.
- <sup>3</sup> Belvoir website, 2014.
- <sup>4</sup> Defense.gov News Transcript: DoD News Briefing—Secretary Rumsfeld and Gen. Myers, United States Department of Defense (defense.gov), 2002.
- <sup>5</sup> Howard Barker, *Arguments for a Theatre*, Manchester University Press, 1989.
- <sup>6</sup> Barker.
- <sup>7</sup> Barker.
- <sup>8</sup> Barker.
- <sup>9</sup> Hobbes, *Leviathan. Revised Edition*, eds. A.P. Martinich and Brian Battiste. Peterborough, ON: Broadview Press, 2010.
- <sup>10</sup> Hobbe.
- <sup>11</sup> Hobbes.
- <sup>12</sup> See Julian Meyrick's *The Retreat of our National Drama*, Platform Paper 39 (2014).
- <sup>13</sup> STC website, 2012.
- <sup>14</sup> STC website..
- <sup>15</sup> Andrew Bovell, quoted in, 'Directors are hooked on classics', Rosemary Neill, <http://www.theaustralian.com.au/arts/review/hooked-on-classics/story-fn9n8gph-1226648616479>, May 2013.
- <sup>16</sup> Ralph Myers <http://www.theaustralian.com.au/arts/theatre-debate-is-a-generational-battle-for-the-ages/story-e6frg8n6-1226653248888>, May 2013.
- <sup>17</sup> Stone quoted in, 'Directors are hooked on classics', Rosemary Neill, <http://www.theaustralian.com.au/arts/review/hooked-on-classics/story-fn9n8gph-1226648616479>, May 2013.
- <sup>18</sup> Agamben, Stanford University Press, 1999.
- <sup>19</sup> Agamben.
- <sup>20</sup> Agamben.
- <sup>21</sup> Agamben.
- <sup>22</sup> <https://darrynking.com/2012/07/01/strange-interlude-simon-stone-emily-barclay-toby-schmitz-interview/> July, 2012.