

JOURNAL FOR ANTHROPOSOLOGY

NUMBER 28

AUTUMN, 1978



Michael Chekhov and Rachmaninoff
Paris, about 1930

Kindness of Mala Powers Miller

“I Speak of Imagination”

THE ACTING METHOD OF MICHAEL CHEKHOV

FLOYD McKNIGHT

The following article supplements another which appeared in the last issue of the Journal on Michael Chekhov and his work, written by his friend, the painter Margarita Woloschin. The manuscript of this present article by Floyd McKnight, poet, journalist and anthroposophist, arrived in the mail a few days after his very sudden death last January 16th. He had mailed it earlier that same day. In an accompanying letter, he wrote that he wanted still to supplement what he had done with further material which he had, as yet, been unable to obtain. Jeanne Bergen has kindly interwoven in Mr. McKnight's account those further elements which he had hoped himself to incorporate. — The Editor

When John Barrymore was stirring the hearts of New Yorkers with his superlative “Hamlet,” the Moscow Art Theatre of Konstantin Stanislavsky descended upon the city and became loved by American actors. Barrymore described the visitors as providing him “the most amazing experience I have ever had by a million miles in the theatre.”

Actors could visit the Russian group at special Friday matinees arranged for that purpose. One visitor at those Friday sessions was John's sister, Ethel Barrymore. “And I was at their feet,” she added. “You didn't need to know Russian to understand every word that was said. They were superb.” So she wrote in her *Memories*, published by Harper in 1955, the year of Michael Chekhov's death.

During that visit of Stanislavsky to America, Michael Chekhov was touring Europe, dazzling Paris with his art. Only a dozen years later did he bring his spirit-inspired method of acting, added to Stanislavsky's naturalism and psychological subtleties, to an American theatre nourished on the initiatives of John Drew, the Barrymores and David Belasco, and only beginning to turn its sights worldwide.

America had much to learn from Europe, particularly from the insights of the gifted Russians of those years of the 1920's. As an ardent theatregoer of the 1920's and the early 1930's who witnessed the remarkable foreign invasion of the New York theatre and twice saw and marvelled at John Barrymore's Hamlet, I wondered above all, when starting to write this article, how it had been that Michael Chekhov had passed me by almost unnoticed.

I had surely known that a nephew of Anton Chekhov, the Russian playwright, was working in Connecticut at some time during those brilliant years of the theatre, but scarcely that he was "great." Similarly, he seems to have escaped the attention of a great many others. Why? He was an "actor's actor," and his colleagues trooped to Ridgefield, Connecticut, where he had his school in 1939. They studied his "method," but kept it all largely as a treasure of inner experience for themselves, too sacred to convey to a profane world.

For myself, I had not yet learned, apparently, that to be an "actor's actor" was to remove oneself from the attention of those who were not actors . . . from the "main stream," as it were. And to have brought a spiritual dimension to the method of Stanislavsky certainly added an esoteric character to his work, about which he admittedly did not easily speak to "everyone."

In Chekhov's case the deeply "inner" experience which all felt in his presence, and which was to be spoken of but intimately and on a spiritual level by him, was the influence — the "source," as he termed it — of Rudolf Steiner, which he aimed, as he himself said, neither to reveal nor to conceal. A certain intimacy was a prerequisite for communication on this

level, and considerations of safety were important, too, in Russia after communism became entrenched.

Chekhov was able to speak in confidence to a few intimate students on the evening of October 5, 1939, when he distributed diplomas and teacher's certificates to six who had been working together on his acting method — a moment for which he had long waited. He spoke then of the "army of spies on the streets, in the theatre, during rehearsals and even at the door of my house" in St. Petersburg and of the list of "sins" he had committed against the materialistic point of view of the Russian government. The main point always was, as he told those students that evening, that "I am a religious person and believe in God and Christ and have studied spiritual knowledge for many years. Such kinds of persons in Russia are unbearable. They must be repressed."

Chekhov began his career in the theatre with Souvorine's Dramatic School, joined the Maly Theatre in St. Petersburg in 1910, and was invited in 1912 to join Stanislavsky's Moscow Art Theatre Company. In 1913 he was collaborating with Eugene Vakhtangov and Leopold Sulerzhitsky, and founded the First Studio of the Moscow Art Theatre. The struggle of the Studio, with sometimes all-night rehearsals after the productions of the Moscow Art Theatre were ended, is a story that remains alive only in accounts of the first two productions, Heijermans' *The Good Hope*, a Dutch playwright's drama of a ship that went down because of the greed of its owners, and Hauptmann's *The Festival of Peace*. *The Cricket on the Hearth*, by Charles Dickens, was dramatized for a third production, in which Michael Chekhov had the part of Caleb Plummer, the toymaker.

The first five years of Soviet rule interfered little with the theatre; authorities even welcomed the presentation of examples of the "old culture." With the October Revolution, however, Vsevolod Meyerhold and other associates parted company with Stanislavsky, Meyerhold to become the "People's Artist" in charge of the Theatre Section of the Commissariat of Education. But Chekhov stayed with Stanislavsky, who in

1916 produced *Twelfth Night* and in 1918 a successful *Hamlet*.

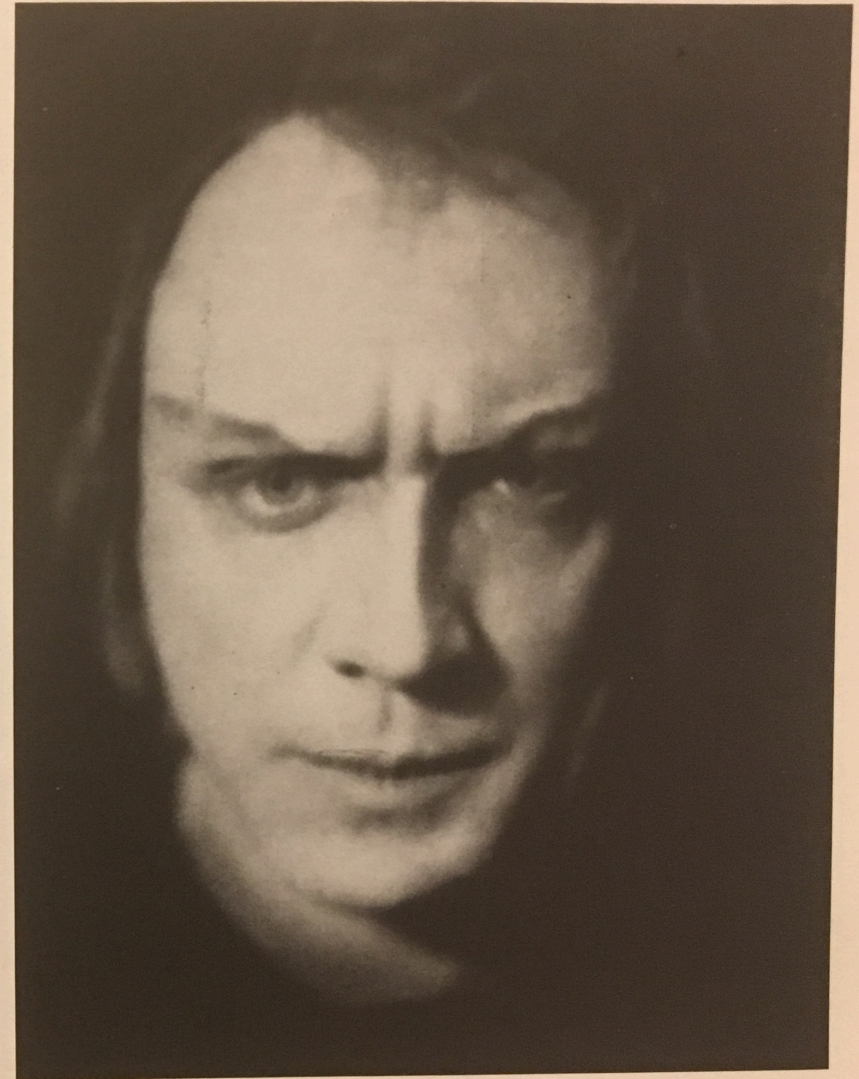
In 1921 Chekhov himself played the title role in Strindberg's *Eric XIV*, staged and produced by Vakhtangov. The First Studio had stressed the inner aspects of the theatre, but now under Vakhtangov, added new theatrical forms as a kind of first change from Stanislavsky's "psychological realism."

Meyerhold's advance over Stanislavsky did not impress Chekhov as entirely an "advance." His "constructivism" and "motor-symbolism" with steel and wood staging constructions, platforms at different levels, scaffolds, ramps, elevators, cranes, moving staircases and revolving wheels (rotating slowly when emotions were at low ebb on-stage and speeding up for the intenser moments) were no real improvement over Stanislavsky's naturalism. Nor were they eventually, in 1938, any protection against the closing of the Meyerhold Theatre by the Soviets, and even the arrest of Meyerhold and the brutal murder of his wife in their apartment. That was a decade after Chekhov's final departure from Russia.

For Chekhov, 1922 was an important year: Vakhtangov died. Chekhov toured Europe in the title role of Strindberg's *Eric XIV*, stunning audiences with the brilliance of his performance. At this time he was already interested in the work of Rudolf Steiner. It was later that he met Steiner personally in Stuttgart, and at a series of Steiner's lectures in Arnheim, talked with him. His studies in Steiner's work deepened thereafter.

Back in Russia, Chekhov was playing the lead and directing the production of *Hamlet*, with Vera Soloviova as Queen, in 1924. The First Studio was now the Second Moscow Art Theatre, under his direction. Chekhov's 1924 *Hamlet* is described by Andrei Belyi:

"Chekhov plays from the 'pause' — other actors play from the word.... Once Chekhov enters into the role he appears from the centre *silently*. In *Hamlet* he sits looking away. Before his first words are spoken the full character of Hamlet is given from the beginning to the end. Everything that will



Michael Chekhov as Hamlet
Riga, 1932

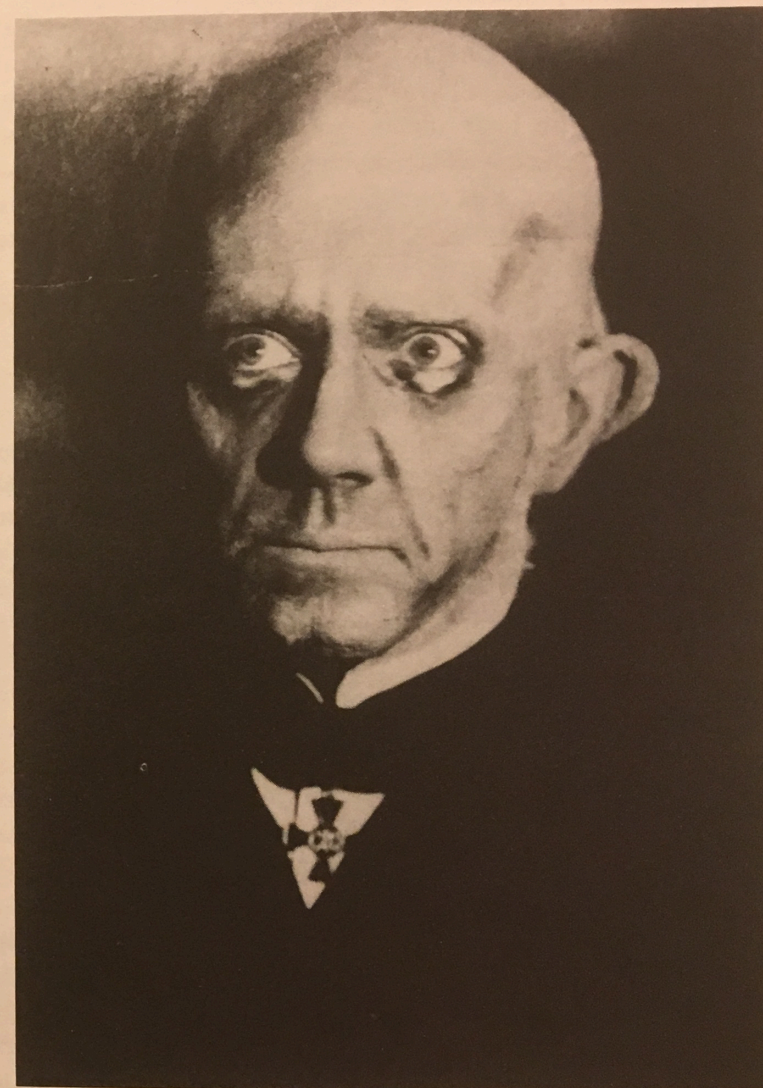
Kindness of Mala Powers Miller

develop later is contained in that first action — as in a grain of wheat. From the pause — to the word. But in this pause is the colossal strength of potential energy at a moment when all the body is like lightning. From the peak of this lightning comes an outburst of energy, and this is the word. The word is the last of all expressions. With others, the word is first. Then comes the gesture of the face or the movements of the hands or feet, which are often not fixed. With them the pause is like an exhaled breath which comes after the word — an act of passivity. This pause is like a yawn. With Chekhov the pause is an in-breathing which fills the blood with life and makes the muscles move. The gesture flies from the pause like an arrow zigzagging lightly through the air. From the gesture is born the word, as the fruit of all action.”

So Belyi described the opening of Chekhov's *Hamlet* in his *The Wind from the Caucasus*, 1929, and he concludes the passage about his friend: “I see the mountains of the Caucasus in the potential energy of the pause. . . . Yes, the mountains of the Caucasus, and Chekhov.”

The two men, both anthroposophists, were friends. It was Belyi's *Petersburg*, an adaptation of his novel of that name, that Chekhov presented with the Second Moscow Art Theatre at the close of 1925. Belyi, sometimes compared with James Joyce and Marcel Proust in the West, was a disciple of Vladimir Soloviev, philosopher and poet. Belyi expressed rare spiritual truths in his mystical and symbolist poems, and followed Steiner from 1913 until his death in 1934. His *Petersburg* depicted a spectral capital of water and granite, destined to disappear in darkness and non-existence, and was an odd mixture of the real and the symbolic, of fantasy and observation.

Chekhov fled from Russia in 1928 after being called an “Italian Fascist.” “I was painted in such colors . . . and accused of such things,” the words are his own, “that I could not appear on the stage because I was a ‘dead’ person.” So he described “the tactics of the Russian government.” The “last straw” had been a message from a supporter in the Kremlin



Chekhov as Senator Apollon Apollonovich
in *Petersburg* by Andrei Belyi, Moscow, 1925.

Kindness of Deirdre Hurst du Prey

that the order had been given to arrest him, and that if he did not escape in a few days, his life would be in danger.

He escaped. He met Max Reinhardt in Germany, acted in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Latvia, Lithuania and Italy — acted all the time so that he could not teach, though he had pupils who wished to study with him; and in that whirlwind of escape and flight was variously regarded, being Russian, as therefore a spy, or simply suspect as a foreigner. The trail led to America, first with a Russian players' group who played for several months in New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

"There," — as he told that group of students, graduates of his course in Ridgefield, Connecticut, years later in 1939, — "for the first time, I saw the face of my destiny — a smiling face which resembled the face of Biddy!" "Biddy" was Beatrice Whitney Straight, one of the six graduates of that 1939 class. The others were her mother, Dorothy Whitney Elmhist; Alan Harkness, an Australian; and three Canadians — Blair Cutting; Deirdre à Becket Hurst, who became Mrs. Edgar du Prey; and Peter Kingscote Tunnard. Alan Harkness, a talented young actor and an anthroposophist, met an early death in a car accident. His wife, Mechtild, after studying at the Goetheanum in Switzerland, now leads the Speech and Drama School in Willoughby, Australia.

Beatrice Straight was an actress who had been searching for an artist of the theatre, someone of highest calibre, to establish a theatre and teach acting at Dartington Hall, in Devonshire, England. Her mother, Dorothy Elmhist, and her stepfather, Leonard Elmhist, had founded Dartington as a cultural center to encourage a rebirth of rural enterprise in the area and at the same time to foster the arts. Talent from all over the world had responded, but as yet no sufficiently qualified person had been found to create the kind of theatre envisioned for Dartington. Biddy saw Chekhov at the Majestic Theatre in New York on opening night: the production was Gogol's *Revisor* (*The Inspector General*). Elated, she returned on following nights, each of which confirmed her conviction that the search was over. She cabled her parents: "Have found the artist for Dartington." They flew to New York, and per-

sued Chekhov to accept the assignment. A year later the Chekhov Studio opened with twenty students at Dartington. As war closed in on that project, the Studio was moved to Ridgefield, Connecticut, in the United States, where it continued for three and one-half years until war came and most of the young actors were in the military service.

Chekhov went to Hollywood when his Studio closed. In 1941 he and George Shdanoff presented *Twelfth Night* in the Little Theatre, New York, but it was not long before the war took its players. For the rest of his life, Chekhov's main work was in motion pictures. He acted in *Song of Russia*, *In Our Time*, *Spellbound*, *Cross My Heart*, *Abie's Irish Rose*, *Holiday for Sinners*, *Rhapsody*, *Specter of the Rose*, and *Invitation*.

What was it like to see Michael Chekhov "act"? Beatrice Straight describes her impression of those first performances in 1930 at the Majestic:

"How can I tell you what his magic was? In *Revisor* he danced his way through the play. Like a butterfly? Never still, except to settle, for only a moment, on a chair or the edge of a table, then off again. Or like an elf? His voice high and squeaky, his nose up-turned, his blue eyes expressing mercurial changes of mood. I was to learn that his magic was that he had mastered the art of acting! . . . When I went backstage to meet him, I found it impossible to believe that the small, quiet, modest man in his dressing room was the incredible creature that I had seen on the stage.

"Then to see the two completely different characters in "A Chekhov Evening": The Professor in "I Forget," trying to buy a piece of music for his daughter but unable to remember the name of it. The heavy white beard, the absent-minded movements, the hoarse voice, the spectacles on the end of his nose, the adorable questioning eyes, all outward manifestations of the total man inside. Next, the wonderful scene in "The Witch," with Chekhov as the old Sexton, with his young wife . . . the old man, his hair a scrawny braid tied with a black ribbon, lifts his wife's heavy, braided hair and kisses it tenderly from its tip to the nape of her neck; the meagerness of his old

body and voice in deep contrast to the deep love and devotion for his full-bodied young wife which consumes him."

Chekhov's magic is described by another of his students, Deirdre Hurst du Prey:

"As I had heard very little about ... Michael Chekhov — except that he was one of Russia's greatest actors — I did not know what to expect. What I saw could only be likened to watching a brilliant, many-faceted star in orbit. The artistic range of Chekhov's performance was so far beyond anything that I — or for that matter, the greater part of the audience — could ever have expected to see....

"He revealed so much of the psychology of the character that we, the audience, were left astonished, fascinated, and somehow vaguely disquieted. We had observed ... an artist who ... had shown us an extra dimension....

"As Khlestakov, Michael Chekhov showed us a character that was the archetype of all that is mindless, flippant and sly, one living by his wits, and yet able to move us to sympathy as we followed his frantic, feckless attempts to save his skin.... Chekhov moved with the lightness, grace and agility of a ballet dancer, flying over the stage, leaping on the table, pirouetting and spinning like a little child's top....

"(In the character) of Fraser in *The Deluge*, by Henning Berger, ... we saw Chekhov as a grotesque figure in a loose, baggy jacket, speaking in a shrill, accusing voice, flapping around the stage like some strange, ugly bird — a character both repellent and pathetic. The audience was fascinated by the complexity of Chekhov's characterization, and the originality and virtuosity of his acting.

"Some years later I was to see him acting, in English, another of his uncle's sketches — that of the old Sexton in 'The Witch.' In it he gave us a haunting picture of the anguish of a lonely, impotent old man, yearning for the love of his beautiful, lusty young wife, vividly portrayed by Beatrice Straight...."

In Europe, Ingrid Bergman studied with him and admired and loved him. Yul Brynner saw some productions by Chekhov in Paris in the late 1920's — Gogol's *The Inspector General*, Strindberg's *Eric XIV*, *Twelfth Night* and *Hamlet* — and went to Dartington Hall to become his student, only to find that he had moved to America. Brynner described Chekhov as the teacher he had always been seeking, and later wrote the preface to Chekhov's *To the Actor*, published by Harper in 1953, calling the book in that preface "so far the best book of its kind that it can't even begin to be compared to anything that has ever appeared in the field."

Other students gave their impressions of what it was like to work with and watch Michael Chekhov. Marilyn Monroe in her book, *My Story*, wrote: "As Michael's pupil, I learned more than acting.... Every time he spoke, the world seemed to become bigger and more exciting.... Acting became important ... an art that increased your life and mind. I had always loved acting and tried hard to learn it. But with Michael Chekhov acting became more than a profession to me. It became a sort of religion...."

Dorothy Whitney Elmhirst, in a 1938 article for *Theatre Arts Monthly*, said: "Watching the man work, one becomes aware of a new art of communication. Every word he utters is spoken with his whole person; every movement he makes is rhythmical; no part of his being is inactive. In fact, through him, activity seems to achieve a new dimension of intensity.

And so, day by day, the experience of the method grows. Exacting, yes, in fact so exacting that the end seems unattainable. But why should the training of an actor be less exacting than the training of a musician, an architect or a painter? How else, save through such an education, can an actor of the present day enter the world of sound, where everything is significant; the world of feeling, where the human heart lies revealed? How else can they bring to the great art of the theater the illumination that comes from an inner flame ... from the flame that fuses content and form into one?"

Mala Powers, who became a close friend of the Chekhovs, Michael and his wife, Xenia, and later became his executrix, wrote in her "Michael Chekhov, an Intimate Glimpse":

"One of the most outstanding characteristics of Chekhov as a teacher was that he viewed each artist as a unique creation with an unknown, bottomless depth and capability slumbering within, which was constantly on the verge of awakening. Through working with Chekhov, one also came to feel this slumbering power within oneself — always ready to awaken. That was only one of the elements which made studying with him so enormously exciting. . . .

"Chekhov felt that the greatest need of the actor is the need for developed 'human' qualities and attitudes. . . . 'An actor needs the ability to plunge into another being, to acquire its specific feelings, thoughts and will impulses,' Chekhov once wrote to a friend. 'Only *Compassion* and *Love* can give him access to another being's psychology . . . whether in real life or in his artistic work upon a character.'

"And what of Michael Chekhov as an actor? . . . My earliest recollection of seeing him perform was as the old professor of Ingrid Bergman in the motion picture 'Spellbound.' I found the title prophetic, because I was — literally — 'spellbound' by Michael Chekhov's performance. It was impossible to watch anyone else while he was on the screen. He possessed a rare magnetism, a quality of '*Be-ing*' which he projected so that it even survived the mechanization of film. And what presence he brought to the old professor, what keen perception. One immediately felt that here was a character who perceived and understood all that went on around him. Nothing could be hidden from him and yet everything was treated compassionately, but not sentimentally. (Nothing about Chekhov and nothing he ever did was sentimental.)

"In his classes I watched Michael Chekhov create characters, qualities and atmospheres which I would never have believed possible. He was quite a small man, very trim, and about five feet six inches tall. One evening during a class session, I saw

him demonstrate, while lecturing about 'The Actor's Imaginary Body,' becoming '*fat*' before our eyes. Then he grew taller —. What an inspired creation of an illusion! It was the most astonishing performance I have ever seen! — He literally grew before our eyes and seemed to stand at least six feet tall. In our midst he appeared to tower over us. I have since witnessed one or two good actors appear to increase their height somewhat, but nothing, *nothing* compared to what took place before my eyes that remarkable evening.

"On other occasions Chekhov demonstrated 'Psychological Gesture' for us. He repeated for us the gesture he had used for his role of "Erik the 14th" — and in a flash the atmosphere of the room became 'charged.' The 'Being' of Erik himself seemed to hover there, electrifying all of us. We forgot that Michael Chekhov, the actor, was present there at all. He created, without costume, without makeup, a tortured half-mad king who stood there, staring at us, crying out for us to understand him. It was an extraordinary example of acting — at its superb *best*!

"...Guide, teacher, loving friend — Chekhov was all of these for me and even more. The memory of Michael Chekhov stands before me as a model. Through him I received a glimpse of what 'Man' is in his essential nature; how he can struggle within himself, overcome, create and give birth to his 'Higher Self' both as an artist and as a Human Being."

On September 30, 1955, Chekhov died at his home in Beverly Hills, California, of a heart attack. He had been a sufferer from *angina pectoris*, which he quietly endured through working periods. A restless spirit in troubled times, he chose honesty in preference to subservience, sincere anthroposophist that he was.

"You know that I am an anthroposophist," he told students in August, 1939, "and have been for more than twenty years. . . . But I will never impose on our students anything of Anthroposophy, because Dr. Steiner teaches us never to try to impose on anyone any idea. First of all, freedom. . . .

"Neither can I say that I am working in the theatre just the same, for instance, as Reinhardt is — whom I admire very much. I will never go his way because I believe in another way, which is what Dr. Steiner has given me as a far, distant light."

Deirdre Hurst du Prey describes Chekhov's unique direction in the theatre in the introduction to her forthcoming book, *The Actor is the Theatre*:

"(Rudolf Steiner) served as a source of inspiration for Chekhov, indicating a new direction — one for which he had long been probing and searching — in which to develop his own artistic convictions. . . . Although Stanislavsky did not agree with Chekhov's disavowal of naturalism and its analytical approach, he recognized the validity of Chekhov's search . . . and wisely urged (him) to follow the path of his own intuition — which led him into the realms of the creative imagination; the inner life of the image; the four stages of the creative process leading to inspiration; the divided consciousness of the actor; the rhythmic harmony between speech and movement; the psychological gesture; the atmosphere; the pause; the composition of character; the rhythmical composition of the performance; the perception of the whole; the other subtle, intangible, yet powerful means of expression to which Chekhov's artist's nature was so profoundly drawn."

Chekhov taught, his students have said, in a manner unlike any other teacher they knew. Movements, gestures, words, speech acted as one on the stage and in his teaching. Had he chosen any other way, he might have become better known, but he would of necessity have lost something of the sense of wholeness that he had received from the person of Steiner, whose very writings were shaped to convey the warmth of a person along with the richness and truth of the spirit. Those recipient persons "got something" from Michael Chekhov, the person; and that "something" was so strong a medicine that they are only now, a quarter of a century later, mature and

rich enough in spirit to pass along their treasure to others. This is the working of the person-to-person way of the world and of the spirit.

Listen to Chekhov:

The fairy-tale stimulates the imagination, raises the consciousness of the artist above naturalism, interweaves tragedy with humor, develops a sense of artistic style, demands clear and exact form, does not admit of internal falsehood which so easily penetrates onto the stage.

Imagine a child of 7 to 10. Penetrate his psychology, and discover the first path to understanding the deep meaning of the fairy-tale.

You remember the ideas we have studied — the approach to colors and shapes. I have taken them from three sources: Goethe, Steffen and Steiner. Such beautiful things are given.

An example: Gold is, for a child's mind (and the artist's) . . . something connected with the sun. Picture the sunshine becoming heavier and heavier until it falls down to the ground. It is still gold — shimmering, dazzling to look upon. But it is a little bit heavy.

Then the bronze comes into it and it becomes a little sinful. We can follow the whole long transformation from one thing to another, and this inner gesture — it is again the psychological gesture — shows us the approach to colors for children's performances . . . and for grown-ups, too.

It is the same when an actor is on stage. Dr. Steiner tells us about certain laws of the stage. For instance, when the hero — or soloist — approaches the crowd, his power is diminished. He disappears as an individual. When he draws back from the crowd, his importance increases more and more. If you take a certain small step backward on the stage, you will get a certain psychological effect. If we know this, we can solve many problems. The real artist will always know this and use it.

And words! Your sentences are not yours alone, but part of a whole. Pay attention to know how it sounds. Develop the music inside you. Observe how the most beautiful rhythm is

always becoming meter — mere meter. Don't let this happen. Avoid this by seeing to it that the music is justified. Otherwise, it tends toward a mechanical meter.

Eurythmy gestures are the archetypal, the most beautiful ones, the fullest, the most right. They are cosmic. Other gestures (the psychological gesture) are not cosmic. In eurythmy there is no danger of gesture being merely descriptive. We must do the eurythmy gesture with our whole being — and never do it weakly. When we are merely descriptive, we are limited. When a bud opens, when the sun rises, when spring comes, their gesture, and our gesture as we experience them, is "Ah!" — the opening of ourselves — the cosmic-human expression.

Acting a role is such a cosmic gesture. You don't rehearse for the speech only, or for movement only ... but for wholeness. We are not in school only when we are in the school, or in the school at one moment and in the theatre at another

Stanislavsky said: "Never practice the Method when you are crossing the street." But I beg you to practice even when you are crossing the street.

Don't think that when you are acting in New York you don't influence the whole world; you do! When you are acting badly, you don't influence anyone. But if you do something really significant, you influence the whole world.

The threefold experience: Russia, the European theatre and Dr. Steiner influenced my whole life ... led to the Method ... Stanislavsky, the European theatre, Dr. Steiner, who influenced the whole of my being. In the light of Dr. Steiner's teaching, I created my Method.

I speak of imagination. ... We have to exercise, to develop it. ... When off-stage or out of a job ... the ability to imagine something exists at such moments, too. ... You review the faces of people you've met during the day ... visions of your past life. ... Out of the visions of the past there flash up here and there images totally unknown to you! They appear, disappear, they come back again, bringing with them new

strangers. They begin to "act." You become absorbed, drawn into strange moods, atmospheres, into the love, hatred, happiness and unhappiness of these imaginary guests. Your own reminiscences grow paler and paler; the new images are stronger than they. ...

"I am always surrounded by images," said Max Reinhardt. "The whole morning," wrote Dickens, "I sat in my study expecting *Oliver Twist* to appear." Goethe observed that inspiring images appear of their own accord, exclaiming, "Here we are!" Raphael saw an image pass before him in his room and this was the *Sistine Madonna*. Michelangelo exclaimed in despair that images pursued him and forced him to carve their likenesses out of rocks.

These images don't do your work as an artist. ... They will require your active collaboration. ... You must ask questions of them as you would ask questions of a friend. ...

Dry reasoning kills your imagination. The more you probe with your analytical mind, the more silent become your feelings, the weaker your will and the poorer your chances of inspiration.

Imagine a character you would like to perform. See it in your mind's eye by making the effort. By making such efforts every day, you come to the point when the images will appear before you with such power and strength that you will follow the image. In that moment you have developed your imagination.

From imagination you develop your whole creative being — imagination, feelings, will impulses. Your whole being will be flaming, exploding, flooding. You will be able to do everything with yourself — to manage yourself absolutely. That is our actor's profession. Your developed imagination gives you yourself into your own hands.

