



WAITING FOR ME: EXPLORING AUTOETHNODRAMA

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Abstract: In this paper, I explore autoethnodrama through the writing of a performative play text. I move between the tandem voices of my current self (30-year-old graduate student and drama teacher) and my past self (14-year-old Year 9 student) as I grapple with new theoretical ideas and academic forms of writing, as well as my place within the educational and scholarly worlds. Along with intertextual references to *Waiting for Godot*, my voices move between the conversational, the scholarly, the absurd and the poetic, as I try to capture a dream-like quality, perhaps reminiscent of my subconscious at a point in time. I negotiate fragments of identity and try to reconcile new theoretical concepts with practice as I attempt bring my past into the present and uncover purpose, with apologies to Beckett.

Keywords: autoethnography; autoethnodrama; performative writing; drama; teacher identity

Introduction

Writers write what they know. But they don't know what they know until they write it.

—W. H. Auden

In a previous position as a drama teacher at a girls' high school in Australia, I used to teach Samuel Beckett's (1955/2006) seminal work *Waiting for Godot* to Year 11 students. I've always thought Year 11 to be a strange year, even when I was at school. These students find themselves betwixt and between the fun and games of junior secondary, and the seriousness of their senior year. They're finding their feet and considering the myriad paths ahead of them. It is a time of exploring the possibilities and developing new understandings as they shed parts of their childhood, cultivate maturity, and look towards what may be an uncertain future.

And yet, I recall never having a problem teaching the play.

We would explore the social and political post-World War II context and read through the text with both frustration and laughter. Workshopping scenes was a delight. We would venture into the costume room and pull out the tubs of men's shirts and pants. We'd share the coats and hats, and a few girls would be brave enough to don the tired leather work boots from the shoe collection (the smelliness created a sense of authenticity). Occasionally someone would bring in a bag of carrots, and maybe some broken branches and twigs for staging. They'd slip the tramps' garb over their uniforms and begin. We'd play with the play. The waiting and the absurdity was just fine.

At this point in my graduate studies, I find myself as betwixt and between as my Year 11s. Probably more so. The novelty of a new home in Canada and a new experience of graduate school has worn away somewhat, and I have found myself floundering with uncertainty as I stare down the barrel of a dissertation, and question my purpose and direction as a teacher and researcher. I'm grappling with my place within the educational and scholarly worlds, as well as what might be the next step in my career. In particular, I have struggled to connect with the idea of autoethnographic writing, which has been a key component of my coursework at the University of Victoria. Many of my fellow students seem to revel in autoethnographic exploration, and yet the thought of it to me seemed both daunting and utterly self-indulgent. So, in the spirit of facing my fears, I decided to dive right (write) in, inspired in no small part by the writings of *Saldaña* (2011).

Underneath a tree in some unknown place, Robyn and Robyn are waiting. Waiting for new paths to reveal themselves, waiting for wholeness, waiting for lightning

strikes of inspiration, waiting for clarity... *Waiting for Godot?* Throughout this piece I make note of several writers and theorists who have informed my work, interweaving their ideas with my own. However, I do feel that it is important to note that many other papers, readings, performances and classroom experiences have shaped my writing. They may not be written down in this work, but their words and ideas dwell deep within me.

§

Waiting for Me

A country road.

A dirt road that winds serpentine around the cattle properties and crop fields somewhere in regional Queensland, Australia.

Cotton flowers that have flown off the back of a truck after picking season have settled on the side of the road. They look like snow.

A tree.

A eucalyptus. Old and gnarly. We can smell its scent.

Evening. Stars twinkle.

Robyn the Younger is wearing her school uniform: white blouse, school tie, navy skirt and black school shoes with white socks. She is sitting on a low mound, and is trying to take off one of her shoes. She pulls at it with both hands, panting.

She gives up, exhausted, rests, tries again.

As before.

Enter Robyn the Elder. She wears jeans, a black top and boots. She carries a satchel.

YOUNGER: *(Giving up again).* Nothing to be done.

ELDER: I'm beginning to come round to that opinion. All my life I've tried to put it from me, saying: Robyn, be reasonable, you haven't yet tried everything. And I resumed the struggle. *(She broods, musing on the struggle. Turning to Robyn the Younger).* So there you are again.

YOUNGER: Am I?

ELDER: I'm glad to see you back. I thought you were gone forever.

YOUNGER: Me too.

ELDER: Together again at last! We'll have to celebrate this. But how? *(She reflects).* Get up till I embrace you.

They embrace. It's a warm hug as they breathe each other in.

They break apart and look deeply at one and other.

They look at each other's hands, touch each other's hair.

They search for the similarities and differences.

ELDER: You're much prettier than you think you are, you know?

YOUNGER: You're not as fat as I thought you'd be.

- ELDER:** Why the shoe?
- YOUNGER:** It's a start, isn't it?
- ELDER:** You feel stuck. You're trapped here with nothing to be done.
- YOUNGER:** You have no idea.
- ELDER:** Well, actually I do.
- YOUNGER:** Oh, yeah... You do.
- ELDER:** You were part of the chorus in the musical, but you got the lead of Buttons in *Cinderella*. How's that going?
- YOUNGER:** We're still in rehearsals. It's fun. Mrs Crowther is a great director. Those boys as the ugly step-sisters are hilarious. I hope we can do a panto every year.
- ELDER:** You have a nice drama teacher, but you actually hate going to class. No one else seems to be very interested and they just play silly-buggers all the time.
- YOUNGER:** I hate improvisation. We never do anything with scripts.
- ELDER:** You went to that enrichment camp at the university. You were part of the theatre stream.
- YOUNGER:** I know. It was great. Everyone wanted to be there.
- ELDER:** You can even say you have film experience. You do!
- YOUNGER:** Oh God. Ten seconds screen time as an extra does not a film star make.
- ELDER:** You also did a little bit of film production stuff in university. The lackey work.
- YOUNGER:** Really? Cool.
- ELDER:** Not really. It was kind of boring. Lots of waiting around. You realised that you like theatre a lot more.
- YOUNGER:** Oh. So no starring roles in films? I don't get to spruik my latest movie on Letterman?
- ELDER:** Sorry to disappoint you.
- YOUNGER:** It's ok. Whatever.
- ELDER:** You're at high school for another three years. What do you think it'll be like?
- YOUNGER:** I dunno. Boring. The musical's the only thing I look forward to. Then it's the Eisteddfod in August. Then Christmas. Then the year's over. I really like debating. I hope we get to do more exciting plays, read some classic novels in English. I want to do some Shakespeare.
- ELDER:** You'll do some of those things.
- YOUNGER:** Why only some?
- ELDER:** Well, they'll stop debating when you're in Year 11 because your school is too far away to compete. The other teams don't want to travel two hours here to meet. At least that's what they tell you.
- YOUNGER:** Seriously? But they're already doing it? Why stop now?

ELDER: I don't know. (*Beat*). And you'll do some of those other things in your own time. Just not at school.

YOUNGER: Really? Fan-bloody-tastic. This sucks.

ELDER: Oh, boo-hoo. School's not *just* for you, as much as you would like to think it is. You have kids from everywhere in your class. A lot of them just aren't as privileged as you. Your teachers have to work to try to accommodate everyone.

YOUNGER: I'm not privileged! They're forgetting about me! I'm bored! I want homework that's hard. I want to do something that matters. I want them to look at me in ten years' time and be thankful that they knew me. I like school, I just hate this one.

ELDER: (*With disgust*). Really. May one inquire where Her Highness spent the night?

YOUNGER: In a ditch. This place is a hole.

ELDER: (*Admiringly*). A ditch! Where?

YOUNGER: (*Without gesture*). Over there.

ELDER: And they didn't beat you?

YOUNGER: Beat me? Certainly they beat me.

ELDER: With words.

YOUNGER: All the time.

ELDER: The same lot as usual?

YOUNGER: The same? I don't know.

ELDER: Yes, you do.

YOUNGER: The things they say to me. They tell me to shut up. They swear all the time. They've mooded at me. Yeah, really, they have. Made fun of the things I say and the things I do. But the worst is when they just don't talk to you. I'm used to eating lunch alone.

ELDER: (*Gloomily*). It's too much for one girl. (*Pause. Cheerfully*). On the other hand what's the good of losing heart now, that's what I say. We should have thought of it a million years ago, in the nineties.

YOUNGER: The nineties were the best. We'd dress up like the Spice Girls for free dress day, go swimming in the creek, jump in the pool, play dress ups, bake things and play games. Everyone seemed to like me. Seemed to like us. Everything was just less complicated.

ELDER: Well, it was primary school. Childhood. You played around the jacaranda trees. You weren't afraid of not pleasing everyone yet. You didn't lose heart over the small things. You seemed more at ease being a square peg in a round hole. You were content with being directionless and the myriad of pathways stretching before you.

YOUNGER: Ah, stop blathering and help me off with this bloody thing.

Robyn the Elder helps Robyn the Younger take off the school shoe she has been struggling with. Robyn the Younger stretches her now shoeless foot and gleefully wiggles her toes. Her attention is soon drawn to her other shoe. She pulls at it as before, huffing and puffing, trying to get it off.

YOUNGER: *(Feebly).* Help me!

ELDER: It hurts?

YOUNGER: *(Angrily).* Hurts! She wants to know if it hurts!

ELDER: *(Angrily).* No one ever suffers but you. I don't count. I'd like to hear what you'd say if you had what I have.

YOUNGER: It hurts?

ELDER: *(Angrily).* Hurts! She wants to know if it hurts!

Robyn the Elder marches over to Robyn the Younger and forcefully takes off the other shoe. Robyn the Younger appears guilty at the removal of her second shoe and sits cross legged as Robyn the Elder places the shoes together at the edge of the stage. Robyn the Elder slinks over towards the tree and sits, leaning upon the trunk.

ELDER: This didn't used to hurt. It's because of you I'm here now.

YOUNGER: You left me.

ELDER: Hardly. I left that place, yes, but I carried you with me all the whole time.

YOUNGER: Carried me deep in your heart, but you tried to forget about me.

ELDER: I didn't, really. Maybe just tried to shadow the toughest parts. Not forget. The last ten years of my life have been as they were because of you.

YOUNGER: Yes...

ELDER: That utterly unbridled joy you feel sometimes in rehearsals? You feel it again. Louder and longer. In Year 11, the year they stop including your school in the regional debating tournament? That's the year you win a bursary to Theatre Residency Week. You're a reasonably talented albeit awkward and chubby kid, and you know no one, but that's ok because you're used to feeling alone at school. Yet it's the greatest week of your life to date. You work with actors and students from across the state to create some beautiful theatre. You pick up brochures for the degrees you'll end up doing at QUT. You add new friends to MSN messenger and grab as many email addresses as you can. You cry bitter tears in the backseat of the car the five hours it takes to get home. You still remember that *Life in a Northern Town* was playing on the radio as you drove away from Brisbane. You go again the next year and your mind is made up.

YOUNGER: That I could bring this kind of joy to other kids' lives.

ELDER: As a drama teacher.

YOUNGER: Not as an actor? Or director? Working in TV or something? Something cooler?

ELDER: I think I'm cool.

YOUNGER: We've never been cool.

- ELDER:** Perhaps not.
- YOUNGER:** So, you taught kids like me?
- ELDER:** Yes, and many very different from you. I taught at the school you dreamed you could attend.
- YOUNGER:** I bet they didn't have opportunities stop because they were located in the middle of nowhere. What else?
- ELDER:** Went on a big adventure to the other side of the world after I got married.
- YOUNGER:** Married? Seriously? I thought I'd be a cat lady.
- ELDER:** So did I. Instead I danced in the snow, drove past grizzly bears on mountain passes and read books in the quiet of the prairies as I waited for the next adventure. He's a good man.
- YOUNGER:** Well?
- ELDER:** What was I saying, we could go on from there.
- YOUNGER:** What were you saying when?
- ELDER:** At the very beginning.
- YOUNGER:** The very beginning of what?
- ELDER:** This evening . . . I was saying . . . I was saying . . .
- YOUNGER:** I'm not a historian.
- ELDER:** Wait . . . we embraced . . . we were happy . . . happy . . . what do we do now that we're happy . . . go on waiting . . . waiting . . . let me think . . . it's coming . . . go on waiting . . . now that we're happy . . . let me see . . . ah! The tree!
- YOUNGER:** The tree?
- ELDER:** Do you not remember?
- YOUNGER:** I'm tired.
- ELDER:** Look at it.
- YOUNGER:** It's a tree. So what?
- ELDER:** You've sat underneath many of them. Your garden is full of old growth eucalyptus growing along the creek bank. You'd sit underneath them and dream. Make sense of your own existence.
- YOUNGER:** Yeah, but once a possum climbed down from one and bit me. Maybe you don't need to overthink these things.
- ELDER:** Like that's ever stopped me before.
- Robyn the Elder opens her satchel and takes out a note book and pen. She sits at the base of the tree. Robyn the Younger looks on curiously.*
- ELDER:** They said to me "you can't learn how to tell someone else's story until you first learn how to tell your own," that I needed to "step up to the plate and create my own ethnotheatrical piece¹"
- YOUNGER:** Is that to do with trees? Like this one? Ethno... eco? Sounds very greenie.
- ELDER:** No. It's not. Though I feel green.
- YOUNGER:** You don't look sick.

- ELDER:** Huh. Not that kind of green. Green meaning new.
- YOUNGER:** Whatever. How is this new? You've just said you've been doing this for ten years now. You must be somewhat familiar with it.
- ELDER:** It's not like that. It's just so different.
- YOUNGER:** Harder? More theoretical?
- ELDER:** Yes.
- YOUNGER:** Isn't that what you've always wanted?
- ELDER:** Maybe. I don't know. I'm not sure I belong with these people.
- YOUNGER:** Who are they exactly? And do you agree with them?
- ELDER:** The academy. And yes. There is a reason why they are there. Though I find it difficult to...
- YOUNGER:** You really complain a lot. You've gotten through lots of difficult things. Why not this?
- ELDER:** I'm trying to. I'm just waiting for it to wash over me so I can get it. Normally I do. It's just taking longer this time. Nothing you can do about it.
- YOUNGER:** No use struggling.
- ELDER:** One is what one is.
- YOUNGER:** No use wriggling.
- ELDER:** The essential doesn't change.
- A pause. Robyn the Elder writes in the silence. Robyn the Younger traces patterns in the dust with her fingertips.*
- ELDER:** Leggo² claims that teachers, both beginning and experienced, should learn to know themselves as poets in order to foster living creatively in the pedagogic contexts of classrooms and the larger pedagogic contexts outside classrooms. I love that.
- YOUNGER:** Do you love what you do?
- ELDER:** *(Beat.)* I do. Though sometimes I struggle with my decisions, like the spot I currently find myself in. I don't like feeling as though I'm just marking time.
- Pause.*
- YOUNGER:** Waiting.
- ELDER:** Yeah. *(Beat)*. So many of my friends seem to be doing so much more, but since reading that passage I've been trying to immerse myself in words.
- YOUNGER:** Which words?
- ELDER:** Poetry. Prose. Music. Finding my creativity in other ways. Doing what I should be doing. What I told my students to do. Practicing what I have preached.
- YOUNGER:** What was that world? Peda-gogo-ic?
- ELDER:** Pedagogic.
- YOUNGER:** Pedagogic.
- ELDER:** Pedagogic. Always the teacher.
- YOUNGER:** Repetition. That's a poetic device, you know.

ELDER: (*Smiling*). Yes, I know. (*Reading from her note book*). Poets listen carefully to what is said and how it is said, to rhythms, refrains, and internal rhymes. They hear spaces between the words, pick up on words unsaid, and find meanings beneath the words³.

YOUNGER: Which words?

ELDER: All words, I suppose.

YOUNGER: I write poetry.

ELDER: I know you do.

YOUNGER: I don't think it's very good.

ELDER: I know. And it's probably not. (*Beat*). But maybe it doesn't need to be. Maybe assigning artistic value to something that's simply about making clearer sense of the world is, in effect, missing the point entirely.

YOUNGER: But the poetry we read at school is good. We've been told it is, and I can tell it is. It's in books for a reason. There's a reason why we know the names of Banjo Patterson, Oodgeroo Noonuccal, Les Murray and Dylan Thomas.

ELDER: Yes, that's true. But what about the others?

YOUNGER: All the dead voices.

ELDER: Dead white males. Who else has important things to say?

YOUNGER: Kids. Old people. Maybe people who live in poverty on the other side of the world. People from other cultures. Travelers. Dreamers and shamans. Others.

ELDER: They make a noise like wings.

YOUNGER: Like leaves.

ELDER: Like sand.

YOUNGER: Like leaves.

ELDER: Poetry, then, is linguistic music⁴.

YOUNGER: Words... Humanity's first music.

ELDER: We spoke before we picked up the drum.

YOUNGER: Or the guitar.

ELDER: Or touched a piano.

YOUNGER: A clarinet.

Silence.

ELDER: They all speak at once. Each poem falling to earth.

YOUNGER: Each one to itself.

Silence.

ELDER: Rather they whisper.

YOUNGER: They rustle.

ELDER: They murmur.

YOUNGER: They rustle.

Silence. Both Robyns look up to the leaves on the tree.

- ELDER:** What do they say?
- YOUNGER:** You have to listen closely. They talk about their lives.
- ELDER:** Their words weave a flowing understanding. They crystalize experience. *(Looking at her note book)*. “The ethnographic life is not separate from the self”⁵.
- YOUNGER:** You are thinking and moving through the world⁶. You don’t have to listen to the leaves. You have to listen to yourself.
- ELDER:** Listen to you?
- YOUNGER:** Yes, and you.
- ELDER:** Why me, though? *Why me?* Now I sound really self indulgent. Just what I am trying to avoid. I really don’t know why anyone would want to hear my life story. Do I start back at the beginning like David Copperfield?
- YOUNGER:** You were born in South Africa during Apartheid. You left for Australia. That’s interesting, isn’t it? That changed you?
- ELDER:** Mum and Dad were skilled migrants. I was four years old. I was white, privileged and had no say. I don’t really even identify as being South African anymore.
- YOUNGER:** Let me look at that. *(She takes the note book, flips through the pages and reads. She finds a passage)*. There! “Performance is a method that not only shows the complications in one’s story, one’s life, and one’s daily experiences, but it allows for critique, analysis, and expression of differing perspectives, lenses, and emotional paths⁷.” You’re doing that.
- ELDER:** Yes. I suppose so.
- YOUNGER:** We’re even on a stage.
- ELDER:** We are.
- YOUNGER:** In a theatre.
- ELDER:** Yes.
- YOUNGER:** Performing.
- ELDER:** I suppose so. Always performing.
- YOUNGER:** The acts.
- ELDER:** The rituals.
- YOUNGER:** The experiences.
- Silence. Robyn the Younger taps her feet to a beat in her head. She begins to sway to a song and dance awkwardly, as though she is trying to remember choreography from a production that has long since finished. After a while the movements fade out of her and she settles again next to Robyn the Elder under the tree. She taps her fingers upon the ground to the same beat as before.*
- Silence.*
- ELDER:** *(Singing)*. “What good is sitting alone in your room? Come hear the music play. Life is a cabaret, old chum. Come to the cabaret”⁸.
- YOUNGER:** *(Singing)*. Come to the cabaret...

The Robyns pause. They sit in silence.

YOUNGER: How long have we been together all the time now?

ELDER: I don't know. Fifty years maybe.

YOUNGER: Well, thirty. At least.

ELDER: Probably not really all together for all of that though. In fairness.

YOUNGER: Do you remember the day I threw myself into... You fished me out.

ELDER: That's all dead and buried.

YOUNGER: My clothes dried in the sun.

ELDER: There's no good harking back on that. Come on.

YOUNGER: I sometimes wonder if we wouldn't have been better off alone, each one for herself. *(She crosses the stage and sits down on the mound).* We weren't made for the same road.

ELDER: *(Without anger).* It's not certain.

YOUNGER: No, nothing is certain.

ELDER: Anything is one of a million paths.

YOUNGER: We have both gone down more than a few.

They meet each other centre stage.

ELDER: And stopped, taken stock, and found a new one.

YOUNGER: Trampled down the undergrowth to make one.

ELDER: It didn't always feel safe to walk through.

YOUNGER: You held my hand along the way.

ELDER: And you mine.

They do.

YOUNGER: Past and future intertwined.

ELDER: What about this path? This road that we travel together. I feel it is under a jungle.

YOUNGER: You can't see the wood for the trees.

ELDER: You wonder if it is the right road.

YOUNGER: You struggle to make sense of the map you've been given.

ELDER: The map I had to create for myself.

YOUNGER: But does this path have a heart⁹?

ELDER: Yes. It does. I'm sure it does.

YOUNGER: You hear the beating getting stronger.

ELDER: But the smell of eucalyptus is fading.

YOUNGER: It's no longer a familiar road.

ELDER: But it should be.

YOUNGER: You only think it should be. It's probably unfamiliar to everyone.

ELDER: *(Breaking away).* I don't know what to do! I want to do something that matters.

YOUNGER: Teaching matters.

ELDER: I know. It's just so difficult to do it here. Seems like there are so many roadblocks, and so few positions.

YOUNGER: Then perhaps the right path is different to the one you think you should be on.

ELDER: I'm sure I'd find something back in Australia.

YOUNGER: But you're not in Australia.

ELDER: No.

YOUNGER: Do you even want to be in Australia?

ELDER: Yes. Sometimes. I miss my people, my tribe.

YOUNGER: And here?

ELDER: Here... I worry that I'm just lingering. Passing the time as I try desperately to participate and remain relevant. Finding my place. Waiting. *(Beat)*. It's very pretty though.

YOUNGER: Right. *(Looking around)*. Charming spot. Inspiring prospects. Let's go.

ELDER: We can't.

YOUNGER: Why not? You wanted to leave?

ELDER: Because I'm here now. I made a promise. I'm finding a new path. The right path.

YOUNGER: And?

ELDER: We're waiting.

YOUNGER: *(Despairingly)*. Ah! *(Pause)*. You're sure it was here?

ELDER: What?

YOUNGER: That we were to wait.

ELDER: By the tree. *(They look at the tree)*. Do you see any others?

YOUNGER: There are lots of trees we could wait under. Looks to me more like a bush.

ELDER: What are you insinuating? That we've come to the wrong place?

YOUNGER: And what are you waiting for exactly?

ELDER: I don't know for sure if it's going to happen.

YOUNGER: And if nothing happens?

ELDER: We'll come back tomorrow.

YOUNGER: And then the day after tomorrow.

ELDER: Possibly.

YOUNGER: And so on.

Pause. The Robyns wait.

YOUNGER: And now?

ELDER: I could... We could... do our exercises.

YOUNGER: Our movements.

ELDER: Our elevations.

YOUNGER: Our relaxations.

ELDER: Our elongations.

YOUNGER: Our relaxations.

ELDER: To warm us up.

YOUNGER: To calm us down.

ELDER: Off we go.

Robyn the Elder and Robyn the Younger move downstage together. They stretch into yoga poses. Downward Dog into Cobra. Warrior into Child's Pose.

Pause.

Robyn the Younger remains in Child's Pose with Robyn the Elder slinks back to the tree. She opens her note book again and reads.

ELDER: "A scholarship that fosters connections, opens spaces for dialogue, heals¹⁰."

YOUNGER: *(Beat)*. That sounds nice.

ELDER: Utopic even.

YOUNGER: So do it.

ELDER: I need to write from the heart.

YOUNGER: Always.

ELDER: But isn't this work supposed to be hard?

YOUNGER: I think it is. Just not in the way you expected it. You *get* it, sure. But it's hard.

ELDER: Emotionally. I wasn't expecting this. I worry I have hurt people.

YOUNGER: I doubt that. You're clever. You're capable. You have empathy. I wanted hard work at school. Now you have to do it.

ELDER: I feel raw.

YOUNGER: Maybe that's what you need to feeling right now so that you can make the next step.

ELDER: Which is? If this work is supposed to be healing, why do I find it so difficult?

Robyn the Younger stretches out her legs and moves into the Cobra pose again, breathing deeply, looking towards the sky. Silence. She says nothing.

ELDER: *(Returning to her note book. She flicks through the pages, reading)*. "We speak, write, think, hear, read, sing, play, dance and breathe ourselves into being and becoming¹¹."

YOUNGER: Do you agree?

ELDER: *(Wholeheartedly)*. Without question.

YOUNGER: So do it. Dive in. Let's go!

ELDER: Right. There will be no more waiting if I am doing.

YOUNGER: No more waiting.

ELDER: Thinking.

YOUNGER: Considering.

ELDER: On and on and on and on.

ELDER: Well? Shall we go?

YOUNGER: Yes, let's go.

They do not move.

Pause.

Robyn the Elder opens her satchel and find a pen. She picks up her note book and after thinking quietly for a moment, she begins to write.

Meanwhile, Robyn the Younger arches back and nestles into the foot of the tree. She looks up towards the leaves and the stars above. She hums Come to the Cabaret.

Slowly, blackout.

The stars above remain twinkling.

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ENDNOTES

¹ *Saldaña*, 2008, p. 179.

² *Leggo*, 2005, p. 442.

³ *Glesne*, 2010, p. 33.

⁴ *Sartwell*, 1991, p. 253.

⁵ *Richardson & St Pierre*, 2008, p. 481.

⁶ *Carilli*, 1998, p. 234.

⁷ *Carver*, 2007, pp. 7-8.

⁸ *Kander & Ebb*, 1999, p. 11

⁹ *Castenada* (1968). An oft-quoted piece of family wisdom and lore, often cited by uncles at birthdays, weddings and auspicious events, as well as those times we gather around tables over wine and cheese, with laughter and tears, at least someone having crossed oceans to be there.

¹⁰ *Pelias*, 2004, p. 2.

¹¹ *Leggo*, 2005, p. 444.