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On Tuesday, an appeal will begin in the extradition hearing of Karl Armstrong in Toronto. The appeal, which is the first of two remaining for the former Madisonian, will contest a decision by Ontario Judge Harry Waisberg that Armstrong was not charged with political crimes and is thus subject to extradition.

The following is the edited text of Clay Ruby's final summation to the Court at the initial extradition hearing which lasted for a week in June. Ruby is Armstrong's Canadian lawyer.

I would stress that the very question in dispute between the two parties, the State and the movement, is whether or not Army Math should have kept on doing work for the army or whether it was justified.

That is not a question for this hearing. We do know that there was an on-going campaign; there was high political consciousness of it, and we know the belief in the community on the part of the movement as to what was going on. The movement considered it justified to stop any peaceful spin-offs of Army Math, as well, in the course of stopping military work. Whether they were justified or not; whether the cause was right; whether that was necessary is not a question, with respect, for our Honour.

Let me deal lastly with the evidence that indicates this. All of these are political offences—and in the course of my argument I will deal with these questions on the footing that the bombing of the Primate Lab was mistaken for the bombing of the Selective Service office; that was what was intended.

MY CONTENTION is that all these bombings must be viewed together to decide whether they are political. You cannot separate them and say—well, do as you would with circumstantial evidence. View it as a whole—each of them clarifying and giving meaning to the other.

Now my submission with regards to the facts is—first of all, that the facts were carefully hidden from this court. They were carefully selected to show an offense, and as much as possible not to disclose the political nature of that offense. The intention, if one looks at the State's affidavits, can only be to mislead and to hide the political aspects of this matter.

That is especially true of the witness Nelson—I shouldn't call him the witness Nelson—the piece of paper Nelson, because we have hearsay from Officer Lulling as to Nelson's statements; that they deliberately, in my submission on this point, and I put it to you as strongly as I can, is that you must not allow Karleton Armstrong to be prejudiced by the fact that Lulling deliberately did not include that, by the fact that he knew it but did not include that in the affidavit.

We have no access to Nelson, no way of reaching him, and my submission to you is that you should safeguard the defendant from being prejudiced by the deliberate exclusion of material which is relevant to this hearing. It may be that the United States is so used to selecting out facts that it finds congenial in foreign policy, such as Vietnam, and ignoring those which are embarrassing that it feels compelled to do so in all external situations.

I can't get at Nelson, because whoever drafted the affidavit of Nelson omitted those relevant facts. I have no way, no other way of proving what Nelson said. I can't compel him. I don't know where he is. Whoever drafted this affidavit left that out in the hopes that I wouldn't be able to use it. Now I find out from Lulling what he said—

What are you referring to?

I am referring to two things: first, the statement of Nelson that Karl Armstrong was seen by Nelson writing a communiqué, and the language of the communiqué was identified by Lulling. He said that is similar to, or that is the same as the language which Nelson told him he saw Karleton Armstrong writing. That is in the *viva-voce* evidence of Lulling, and the piece that I read to him was a quote from the F.B.I. affidavit.

Isn't that in support of your case? That's right.

The applicant didn't see fit to lead that as part of their case.

Precisely.

So I don't need to look at that from the point of considering their case.

From their case, but from my case I desperately want you to look at that.

You want me to look at that fact that Karleton Armstrong was seen writing a communiqué?

Yes, that is also evidence of guilt. They chose not to lead it. They select out which

part of the evidence of guilt they would use leaving out the evidence that is political because they knew that Armstrong would not be extradited if it was political. That is complicity, in my submission. That's the kind of thing they do in Vietnam.

Let's not get rhetorical. We are trying to deal with this matter on its merits, and rhetoric isn't going to help any.

The second factor from Nelson via Lulling which they did not include in their evidence of guilt, although it is evidence of guilt, and they selected it out, was that Karleton Armstrong described himself as the leader of the revolution.

Now the group that issued the communiques that are printed is described as the "vanguard of the revolution," and Officer Lulling wasn't quite sure of the exact wording as I recall; I may be in error there, but the phrasing he used was "leader of the revolution." Vanguard, of course, means leader, and I want you to look at that.

You should look to all of the evidence. The most significant thing about this evidence is that it is all one-sided. There is not the slightest hint of a suggestion that the act is anything but political. As far as the

office in that building; that is the office of the Army Math Research Center, and that is clearly the target. There is a sign out front. Mr. Young (Chancellor H. Edwin Young), admitted on the stand that the result of their work, whether classified or not, is to kill people; and the nature of T-16 and Red Gym is similar.

He was not called to give evidence because I suspect he might have to answer questions under oath.

You have the membership of Karleton Armstrong in an organization that demanded an end to the ROTC and AMRC. That organization was described at length, and I think I am summarizing it accurately when I describe it as anti-imperialist.

Membership was in the Tenants Union, wasn't it?

That's correct—Tenants Union; and the demands of the Tenants Union, three or four of them were listed, and two out of that three or four had to do with Army Math and ROTC. One of these demands was to free the

revolutionary violence aid them in their struggles."

That's what Karleton Armstrong was seen writing according to Nelson, and that is connected up by the FBI in the affidavit. That discloses, if anything on earth ever did, political intent, political motive and the political character of the act.

The letter immediately preceding the communiqué and the affidavit ties Karleton Armstrong to the co-indictees by name, and connects them, of course, to the communiqué which is contained in the same document.

The other communiques—and there are two of them, one approximately six months after the other—they explain in greater detail the reasons for the bombing, the motive and what the politics are, and the word that can sum it up is "anti-imperialist," the same word that sums up the nature of the Madison Tenants Union (MTU). The politics are clearly expressed.

What emerges from these documents is that the Madison bombing is part of a national struggle, and, in fact, an international struggle, and that is made clear by the bombers themselves in the communiqué. I am referring to the second communiqué:

"When one decides to fight on the side of the world majority, it is nice to know that there are comrades in the heart of the Monster who did struggle enough to aid the guerrillas. We know that when push comes to shove those same comrades will be alongside us in the streets—and we can't help but think that Amerika doesn't have a chance."

"...Only the epitome of alienated logic commits one to believe that violence and humanism are mutually exclusive..."

You have the fact of a poster: "Life above the trees being distributed by, being posted on property and on trees around Madison the same morning of the bombing—later on—in any event, within 24 hours, as I recall the evidence.

That poster, in my submission, came out so soon after, it could have come from no one but the bombers. It is a reasonable inference to draw, and I ask your Honor to draw it.

that a government that itself is criminal should not be allowed to prosecute under the aegis of the criminal law for crimes committed in resistance to the greater crime committed by the government.

Karleton Armstrong is a political refugee in Canada. Wisconsin is going to deny that the bombings were political in motive. My submission is, as soon as this hearing is over, if they are successful, they will turn around and repudiate that position in trial which will involve the anti-war movement throughout the United States, by way of example.

The position they take will be rescinded in the United States, once my friend has no control over it anymore. And in the United States they will be proud to proclaim Karleton Armstrong as a revolutionary, because they want the trial of a revolutionary.

In the Soviet Union, political opposition is called insane, lunatic, mentally disturbed. They (political prisoners) are locked up in prisons, mental institutions and mental hospitals. No country, and no regime wants to admit the legitimacy of their opposition. The same language has historically been used: "They oppose us; they must be lunatics, they must be crazy, they are criminals, they are terrorists."

This Court stands as a bridge over which they must pass by with reason, and logic, and evidence, and my submission is, on a political issue they cannot pass.

The evidence is all one way: it is all one-sided. There is not the hint, in evidence, that anybody can say this is not political, to say these facts don't lead one to conclude that it is political.

Our Government could enact legislation to return political criminals, and they deliberately did not. That is the law, and regardless of your personal feelings you must, and I know you will, enforce the law.

I should comment briefly in the situation should you decide in favor of Karleton Armstrong:

Mr. Armstrong is under arrest by the Department of Immigration and is being held for deportation hearing. Those proceedings have been adjourned sine die pending the outcome of this matter. There is no bail on that matter at present. If you decide that Karleton Armstrong is accused of crimes of a political nature, he unfortunately cannot walk out of this courtroom. He will have to deal with the Department of Immigration and the Canadian Government, but I find that infinitely preferable to dealing with the American Government in this way.

Those are my submissions.

Clay Ruby on the Case Against Armstrong: 'It's What They're Doing in Vietnam'



evidence is concerned, there is no evidence that he (Armstrong) is disturbed; no evidence that he is psychotic; no evidence that he is with the Mafia; no evidence of anything other than of political evidence, and a good deal, in my submission, of political evidence.

You say there is no evidence of any other motive than political?

No evidence that he is a pyromaniac; no evidence that he is Mafia; no evidence that the crime was committed by the Mafia or a pyromaniac, or that the crime was committed by a lunatic; the only evidence that there is is that the crime was political in character.

First we have the expert opinion of three witnesses—Prof. Noam Chomsky, Prof. Staughton Lynd and Tom Hayden. There is no need for me to recapitulate on that. Your Honour has heard that evidence and you will judge it by the usual standards. I will only mention that these three persons are expert in this field and are capable of making that evaluation. There is no rebuttal of that. That evidence stands alone. No attempt was made to rebut it. Nobody was around to testify otherwise.

Secondly, you have the fact of an on-going campaign against the targets—T-16, Red Gym and the Army Math Research Center—buildings involved in this case. There were demonstrations, public consciousness of the targets through publicity given in the newspapers and elsewhere. You have the fact that he is not accused of crimes that are clearly of a private nature. There is no allegation of assault, private assaults, anything like that. They all fit together from little pieces. They are all militarily connected—two with the ROTC and one with the Army itself.

There is, I submit, a tremendous distinction between blowing up a private home and blowing up an installation that is intimately connected with the United States Army. This I submit cannot be coincidence. You have the nature of the Army Math building itself; all the offices and labs of the Army Math were there; they operate in a substantial portion of the building. I submit it doesn't matter if they only held one

Milwaukee Three. We have no evidence who they were. It is also worth noting that that demand was in the communiqué as well.

You have the warning given approximately three minutes before the blast. As I said before, it was an approximate time, because the officer who received the call said approximately 3:39 a.m. It might have been, God knows, two or three minutes either way.

You have the wording of the warning, 'Okay, pigs.' Is that language a coincidence?

You have the risk involved in making such a phone call.

There is also, I submit, a risk involved in giving out communiques, such as was done. These are all facts which show a political intent.

You have the time of the bombing which indicates that it was political. When you plan a bombing and execute it at 3:40 a.m., it seems to me that it is more than coincidence that you intended a political act and not the loss of life, not mere destruction.

You have the time of year, when school is at an ebb.

You have the fact that two co-indictees, Fine and Burt, are named by the United States and the State of Wisconsin as being co-participants with Armstrong, according to the documents before the Court; that they are politically involved and motivated and known to be by persons around the area. Is that coincidental?

Then you have the F.B.I. affidavit which contains really the escape plans of some of the floors.

The escape plans and the communiqué. My submission is that this is the most cogent single piece of evidence of purpose; the last paragraph of that communiqué in the FBI affidavit was the one I read to Lulling. It is in the last page of the document.

The destruction of AMRC was not an isolated act by 'lunatics.' It was a conscious action taken in solidarity with the Vietcong, the Tupamaros, the Cuban people, and all other heroic fighters against U.S. Imperialism. May our small share of

revolutionary violence aid them in their struggles."

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does make a difference!' is written."/>

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The Groves of Academe: 'Textbook Drama in Madison'

Noted stage actress and director Margaret Webster died last month, leaving behind her a rich legacy of theatrical accomplishments, and also a recently published book, *Don't Put Your Daughter On The Stage*, a live pastiche of the memories of her career. She was artist-in-residence at the University of Wisconsin two years ago and the final chapter of her book, entitled "The Groves of Academe," recalls her visit here and includes an indictment against the University Speech-Communication Arts Department. An edited portion of that chapter is herewith reprinted courtesy of Alfred Knopf Publishing Co. in New York.

MADISON, WISCONSIN

It was not until the fall of 1969 that I really met a great university head on. If I seem to be ungracious to my hosts in my account of this collision, I hope they will forgive me, especially since the theatre section of the Speech Department has changed its ways a bit since I was there. But I learned a lot which enlightened me as to the profound, possibly unbridgeable, abyss between the academic and the professional attitude of mind. This has nothing to do with the personal kindness and magnanimity with which I was treated. The chairman of the department for that year, a research professor on whom the domestic chores for the year had been off-loaded, subsequently asked a former colleague of mine from another university, "Is she always as difficult as that?"

He got a negative reply. Nevertheless, in his experience I was difficult; this was largely out of ignorance. I had had, for instance, no idea that the chairman of a department does not necessarily know anything about its component parts other than those within his own sphere. Since I had gone to great trouble to define and summarize what I was going to try to do, for the benefit of those students who wanted to join my classes, I was knocked completely off balance when this same chairman, greeting me at my apartment on the day I arrived, sunnily inquired, "Well, now, Miss Webster, and what are your classes going to be about?"

The wires had got crossed from the beginning. Despite a valued fistful of honorary doctorates, and, as I have said, more campus-visiting than any other "pro" I know, I have never been through the exceeding-small-grinding mills of American college educational processes. Nobody at Madison could have guessed that I was so profoundly ignorant, and nobody seemed to be as anxious as I was to establish preliminary conversation. Geography and disrupted airline schedules, summer vacations and the lying-around of important communications on the wrong people's desks contributed to the general misunderstanding.

TWO BASIC AND major foundation-stones were out of alignment. I was supposed, had agreed, to conduct two seminars of not more than fifteen people each: one composed of senior undergraduates or graduate students, about "Styles of Production"; the other of a similar or smaller number, was to be confined to graduate students and/or faculty members and was to be about Shakespeare. I took pains to define, within a paragraph, my objectives, and I was assured that the enrollment could and would be controlled in certain ways so that — especially in the case of the first seminar — I could get a cross-section of aspiring directors, authors, actors, designers who would participate in work and not just be talked at.

To secure this, I took the very excellent advice of Lillian Hellman, who had had experience in the field, and did two things: one was to define my objectives,



Photo courtesy of the Capital Times

and the other was to issue a questionnaire to the proposed enrolling student so that the seminars could be, as I had been assured, hand-picked. More by good luck than good management, my questionnaires turned out to be extraordinarily well devised to expedite the selective process and give me the information I needed about the interests, previous knowledge and ultimate objectives of my "audience." But alas, nobody ever saw my definitions, only the sketchiest attempts at enrollment control were ever made, the questionnaires were neither seen nor filled in by the class until its first session was actually in progress and my two high-level seminars had turned into "Dramatic Interp. IV" and "Shakespeare V" (or something like that) and consisted of thirty-four and twenty-six members respectively. These were drawn from every college level, between junior-year students who really were beginning at the very beginning and Ph.D. candidates in their late thirties who had already taught in other colleges and had considerable experience in other American or European universities or even in professional companies.

This meant that I had to throw away my whole planned framework and start over again. I was determined that, despite their size, the classes should be kept on a level of participation and not just be talked at by me — even had I been able to talk as long and as often as would have been necessary. I was also determined to break through the academic "grading" procedure; paperwork exams and grades dependent on paperwork were almost entirely irrelevant to what I was trying to do or get the students to do. The department was very cooperative in allowing me leeway to evolve my own eclectic standards of judgment. But so long as grades and paperwork are the pillars of the academic system, it is very hard to teach "theatre" within it.

I found I had to check all my assumptions. I had thought that I might be made very much aware

of the much-vaunted "generation gap," but I never was — possibly because I was of the grandmother generation, which "the young" seem to find more generally acceptable, or forgivable. I thought I should appear irretrievably "square," and/or that I should not understand what they were trying to do when it lay in directions strange to me. None of this happened. One of my firmest fellow workers was a wild young man with all the visual appurtenances of rebellion who came to me after my first talk (which was on the importance of language) and said he hadn't agreed with a single word of it. I said that was fine with me and would be stimulating for everybody else, which I think it was.

I HAD ASSUMED, also, that there might be complicated disruptions, since the University of Wisconsin at Madison was a notoriously militant campus. There were, indeed, quite a few "incidents" while I was there. They varied. Some I found solemnly impressive; others pointlessly arrogant. One such demonstration, in the English Department, involved the disruption of classes, invasions of private files, "sit-ins" in professorial offices. It was designed to secure tenure for a certain member of the faculty, popular with some of the students, partly on account of the "pot and pop" parties he gave for them.

I wondered if the students concerned understood the weird rules of "tenure" as laid down by the American Association of University Professors. They would do well to take a short refresher course. Twenty-five years hence, oh, file-destroying, sit-in students, your children may come to this university. They may be compelled to sit at the feet of an aging mossback, irremovable, unless they remove him with dynamite. Who endowed him with sacrosanct "tenure"? You did.

I thought the university authorities handled these demonstrations very well, on the whole. The state legislature was in session in Madison; it was the focus of much student antipathy.

and the university was shot at from both sides. So far as I was concerned, I went on teaching, which was what I was there for, and the great majority of my students went on studying, which was what they were there for. This point of view appears to be gaining ground

I had been warned about the dope problems — had been sternly advised that today's kids were "very bright — much brighter than we were." I did not find them all that doped or all that bright — minorities of each; no gaps that could not be bridged with a modicum of effort and, above all, trust. By the end of the semester I had got to know some eighty kids — remember their names and something about them outside the classroom. The over-all impression with which I am left is that they were alive, questing, eager to gobble up all you had to offer them, indescribably hard-working. They were also stuffed by "the system" with huge hunks of useless academic knowledge and amazingly naive, touchingly ignorant — in areas where you least expected it.

EVERY NONACADEMIC going to work in a college field should start by checking his assumptions; or not making any. So should the college.

Once I had evolved a way of dealing with my unwieldy groups we did fine. I read a lot more and they wrote a lot less than either they or I had expected. Those whose interests lay in writing, all graduates and mostly Ph.D. candidates, did some admirable work — of the sort that could be put on paper. The design students, only a handful, showed a high degree of imagination and technical awareness — they, too, could demonstrate it in concrete terms. The would-be directors were more elusive. They were hamstrung for the same reason that I was — there may have been acting talent, but, at least on the undergraduate level, there had been absolutely no acting training or genuine instruction in the use of an actor's tools. In the department of theatre there was virtually nothing to contribute to the making of an actor. So there were

no tools for a director.

My questionnaires had revealed some interesting things. For instance, I had asked in what field the student wanted ultimately to work — professional, educational, community, children's theatre, or "other"? and in what primary capacity — writer, designer, director, actor, executive or technical, teacher? It turned out that of the undergraduate students (a proportion of about five girls to one boy) almost all wanted to be professional actors; on the graduate level, among the M.A. and Ph.D. candidates, almost none. The great majority wanted to work as teachers in the educational field, some as directors of community theatres, with, of course, a certain amount of crisscrossing. Wisdom, I thought, had been rapidly acquired.

The undergraduates were able to take a large number of elective courses and had neither asked for nor received much in the way of guidance as to what they might sensibly "elect." Many subjects which would have been useful, even essential, to them were outside the department, such as dancing or fencing (Phys. Ed.). Singing, naturally, was the prerogative of the Music Department. It hadn't occurred to anybody that an actor benefits from the study of costume, as revealed through art appreciation, or language, as revealed through foreign ones. Since the students were not allowed to take more than a given number of credits within their own department, these outside credits would have been useful; but few took advantage of them for any coherent purpose. On the other hand, all sorts of students who had no serious interest in theatre whatever meandered through theatre courses in order to pick up a few easy credits to supplement their own majors. There was plenty of the study of dramatic literature as literature, but not of how to get it on a stage. There was plenty of "Improv." and "interp." "Improv." descends (quite a long way) from "the Method" and involves very useful exercises in

(continued on page 8)

TODAY,
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We're still getting
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and

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Artist-in-Residence Mixes 'Meditation' and Dance

By SANDRA OZOLS
of the Fine Arts Staff

"In the last two centuries or so, the artist has been constantly portrayed as a martyr, as someone who must suffer to be able to create," explains Claudia Melrose, artist-in-residence in the University of Wisconsin Dance Department. "One doesn't have to create from a neurotic base; much art is merely an expression of stress release."

Claudia, who appears vivacious both mentally and physically, seems to be a counterpart to the neurotic artist. She is a tall, strong-looking woman, with long,

black, thick, wavy hair framing her face and penetrating eyes.

Currently teaching dance and Transcendental Meditation (TM) in Madison, she has been here at the University of Wisconsin since August. She came to Madison directly from Spain and a course of study with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

THE 29-YEAR-OLD dancer graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1966 as a dance major and went to New York to look for work as a dancer. By 1969, she had become one of the leading dancers in the world famous Alwin Nikolai Dance

Company and she toured extensively with the company for two years. She then decided to leave the company, began practicing TM, and studied with the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

"Performing solos and duets with the Nickolai Company," she now reflects. "I was really experiencing how the energies from the art and the audiences blend. On stage I was able to participate in the energies coming from the audience."

"Now I get as much joy from guiding the students as I did performing. I like to see everyone's energy flow."

Claudia spends most of her time teaching classes and helping students on an individual basis with choreography.

own work and her students' work will be presented in the dance concert Dec. 4 and 5 at 8:00 p.m. in the Music Hall. Since August she also has presented two courses in TM, which she teaches in cooperation with the international TM program which is centered locally at Union South.

CLAUDIA POINTS out that contrary to popular misinformation, TM is not a religion, but a technique which allows the body to reach greater levels of rest physiologically and mentally.

"Through scientific research it has been shown that while a person is meditating, the rate of metabolism drops, breath rate drops, skin resistance increases, cardiac output decreases, and brain wave patterns change, showing a restful inner alertness."

Scientific research also shows that meditation results in faster reaction time and increased



perceptual ability, she says" Almost inevitably, a person who starts to meditate will stop using drugs," she added.

Because TM allows the body to achieve such a state of deep rest, which is greater than that achieved during sleep, in everyday life the body has more energy and is able to create more profound activity. "If the body has less tensions, normal activities become more fulfilling; there is more spontaneous appreciation of beauty, and greater clarity of mind."

Claudia explained how TM affects human interactions. "A person who meditates is able to give more to others because he has more energy himself."

SHE COMPARED the consequences of meditation to the concepts of life-energy as described by such contemporary philosophers as Eric Fromm in the Art of Loving. "Now there's a technique to fulfill what many people have been writing about," she explained, and added that TM

provides contact with deeper levels of awareness, which cannot be reached through normal states of consciousness. "It's like taking a jet plane instead of walking."

Following Alwin Nikolai's philosophy of dance, Claudia believes that the basic elements of dance are space, time, shape and motion, and that these elements must be perceived by the dancer so that they can be integrated by individual impulses and energy. Claudia stresses that the dancer must be able to perceive these elements in order to dance. She emphasizes, "I create only the environment, the students must enjoy their own perception."

"Students usually imitate styles, just like monkeys. But when a student is able to explore the basic elements of space, time and motion, he is able to experience the fullness of individual motion. The student has to perceive time, space and basic living, breathing entities."

"I work with the elements, and let the environment flow in spontaneously so that form takes place. People say that my work is very social, but I never work with a social idea as a starting point. And I never try to pull them in." Pensively she added, "they just fit in."

Claudia attributes her success and accomplishment to "a matter of time and circumstance." She states her philosophy: "If I find a good thing, I know that I should stay with it. When I was in college I would rather change classes than waste time with someone not so good."

in Independence, Iowa. Claudia stresses that although she did not decide to major in dance until after her freshman year in college, even as a child she had always danced at home.

At an early age she took some

(continued on page 9)

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Book Review: 'Don't Put Daughter on Stage'

'Delightfully Absorbing, Worth Reading'

DON'T PUT
YOUR DAUGHTER
ON THE STAGE
By Margaret Webster

By ROBERT ALDRIDGE

As a book of memoirs, Margaret Webster's *Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage* is fascinating reading. For 36 years the English-born Webster has been a major figure in American and British theatre as both actress and director—most notably as the latter for her productions of Shakespeare and the modern "classics" (especially those by Ibsen and Chekhov).

She was the daughter of Dame May Whitty and Ben Webster; and from the time of her debut at age five, she never left the profession of her gifted parents. She is remembered for her direction of, and collaboration with, many of the western world's great names in the theatre—including Maurice Evans, Noel Coward, Eva Le Gallienne, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Sir Lewis Casson, the Lunts, opera stars Richard Tucker and Leonard Warren, Judith Anderson, and many others.

She is also particularly remembered as a co-founder of the American Repertory Theatre—there, following World War II, she, Eva Le Gallienne, and others revived many of the classics for their American audiences.

IN LATER YEARS she toured college and university campuses with her productions of ***

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Shakespeare, and she taught and directed briefly on several campuses, including the University of Wisconsin, where in 1969 she directed *The Three Sisters* by Chekhov.

Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage, which zigzags between Europe, the United States, and South Africa, begins in 1937 with the New York production of *Richard II*, with Maurice Evans, and continues through the year 1971, thereby spanning all of the major phases of Webster's career.

At its best, the book colorfully recounts the many relationships and theatrical experiences of the author's professional life.

There are fond recollections of old Dame May Whitty (whom most Americans remember for her motion picture roles, such as *Night Must Fall*, *Hitchcock's The Lady Vanishes*, and of course *Lassie Come Home*); there are anecdotes about G.B. Shaw (chiefly about friendly quarrels over royalties—"For any takings you are likely to get my royalty is 5 per cent, which is the least I can do with, as authors have to live on their work as well as players. If you cannot afford this you must either go out of theatre business and peel potatoes or confine your repertory to the plays of dead playwrights..."); there are also bitter reminiscences about the

McCarthy hearings on un-American activities ("Senator McCarthy told me they had decided I was an OK American after all and thank you very much...McCarthy held out his hand. To my eternal regret, I took it."); then there are interesting accounts of the work with Miss Le Gallienne American Repertory Theatre; and there are sometimes scathing, sometimes generous comments on American college and university theatre. ("...any industrious mole can become a Doctor of Philosophy. There was a time when the degree stood for genuine, valuable and original research. In the field of science perhaps it still does.")

It is difficult to point to a single section as the most outstanding in the book; but perhaps the chapters on the "black-list" McCarthy hearings and on the Shakespearean touring company, Marweb Productions, are the most interesting—the former is a clear, first-hand view of the senseless hysteria of witch-hunting; and the latter is so warm in its appreciation of the comradeship and dedication of ensemble theatre as to strike at least a faint chord of envy in almost anyone who has ever loved the theatre. The marweb company rambled throughout most of America, visiting colleges,

universities, highschools, small towns, and large cities alike (they were not allowed to perform in Natchitoches—pronounced Nack-a-dish—Louisiana, because of two black actors in the cast).

PERHAPS THE LEAST successful chapter, in some ways, is that dealing with "The Groves of Academe." This is the section which contains, among other things, a twenty page account of Miss Webster's brief residence in the Theatre Department of the University of Wisconsin. Her criticism of academic theatre are often fair and helpful (sometimes even laudatory—as in the case of a certain professor of Asian theatre); but at their worst they become merely the age-old, bitter resentment of the professional for the academic—the two worlds are so entirely different as to render harsh attacks by one upon the other rather useless (the same situation has long existed between many professional authors and teachers of literature—but the authors will go on writing, and the teachers will go on teaching in their separate environments.).

Generally, however, *Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage* is a delightfully absorbing book, very definitely worth reading. It is a readable account of an extremely valuable life in the theatre.

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GTE SYLVANIA

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Interview: Ousmane Sembene

Interview by Jon Bloom,
Patrick McGilligan
and Gerald Peary

Edited by Gerald Peary

Introduction by Associate
Professor Edris Makward

Most of my colleagues in the Department of African Languages and Literature and in the African Studies Program at the University of Wisconsin at Madison would certainly agree with me that Ousmane Sembene's presentation of his latest film *Emitai* on campus on Friday, Nov. 17, was one of the highlights of a very crowded 'African' week at Madison.

In addition to the Sembene visit, we received the same week several eminent African scholars. There was also the stimulating presence of the well-known Nigerian (Yoruba) wood carver, Lamidi Fakeye, for a whole week of fascinating Master demonstrations, lectures and exhibit on campus and at a few Madison public schools as well.

The week ended with an equally well-attended Wisconsin Educators' Conference designed to disseminate curricular and other information regarding Africa and Black America among Wisconsin high school and junior college teachers, and a week-end colloquium of Africanists from all over the state under the chairmanship of Prof. David Wiley, chairman of the African Studies Program.

It must also be noted that two of the above activities were co-sponsored with the co-operation of the Department of Afro-American Studies—namely Fakeye's visit and the Educators' Conference.

Ousmane Sembene is in many ways an exceptional figure in contemporary sub-Saharan Africa. Firstly, as one of Africa's leading novelists, he distinguishes himself from the other African writers by his limited formal scholastic training—three years at a vocational school after completing grade school. Secondly, after publishing five novels and a collection of short stories, he has turned almost completely to movie-making—which he considers a more appropriate medium for reaching the masses

of a continent that is 70 to 80 per cent illiterate.

Ousmane Sembene was born in 1923 at Ziguinchor—the capital city of Casamance, the southern region of Senegal where the action of *Emitai* takes place. On leaving the Ecole of Ceramique of Marrassoum in Casamance, he held a variety of manual jobs in Dakar—now capital city of the Republic of Senegal, but then the capital of the former Federation of French West Africa—before being enlisted in the French Army. He took part in the Allied invasion of Italy, and after being discharged at the end of World War II, he worked for several years as a docker on the quayside of Marseilles, France.

His first novel: *Le docker noir* (Paris 1956)—an indignant diatribe against exploitation and racial prejudice—tells of his life in Marseilles as a docker and a Trade-Union organizer. His second novel, *O pays, mon beau peuple* (1957) relates the tragic story of a young Senegalese who returns home with his French wife after eight years in Europe. Unlike most of his predecessors—the fictional as well as the real ones—he does not stay in the African city but returns to his native village to cultivate the land and organize his fellow peasants into an efficient cooperative that would challenge their age-old exploitation by the European firms.

His third—and probably his best—novel—*Les bouts de bois de Dieu*—(Paris 1960), English translation *God's Bits of Wood* (N.Y. 1962) describes vividly and with art the historic Dakar-Niger Railway strike October 1947-March 1948. His collection of short stories, "Voltaique" came out in 1962, followed by "I. Harmattan" (1964) which deals with the events surrounding the De Gaulle referendum of September 1958 in an African "Loi-Cadre" territory which voted "oui." Two short novels *Véhi Ciosane* and *Le Mandat* were published in 1966. The former describes the fatal breakdown of a village community when disparate attempts are made to cover up the corruption



Cardinal photos by James Korger

and immorality of the traditional leadership. The latter is a very committed denunciation of social abuses in contemporary post-independence Africa.

Ousmane Sembene adapted *Le Mandat* into his first prize-winning full feature film: *Mandabi*. Since 1963 and after a short training course in the Soviet Union, Ousmane Sembene has devoted most of his time to film making, and has become the undisputed leader of a lively and very creative group of African film-makers that have been making impact felt in international film festivals in the last five or six years. His films include: *Borom-Sarret*, *Black Girl*, *Mandabi*, *Tauw* and *Emitai*.

The themes of these films follow very closely the problems dealt with in his novels, i.e. the unveiling of the plight of the lower classes in contemporary Africa, and denunciation of racism and other prejudices and of exploitation of the poor and the weak.

Edris Makward

black Africans being seen at home?

In West Africa, distribution remains in the hands of two French companies that have been there since colonial times. Because of the active push of our native filmmakers, such as our group in Senegal, they are forced to distribute our films, though they do so very slowly. Of the twenty films we made in Senegal, five have been distributed. It is a continuous fight, for we don't think we can resolve the problems of cinema independent of the other problems of African society.

Neo-colonialism is passed on culturally, through the cinema. And that's why African cinema is being controlled from Paris, London, Lisbon, Rome, and even America. And that's why we see almost exclusively the worst French, American and Italian films. Cinema from the beginning has worked to destroy the native African culture and the myths of our heroes. A lot of films have been made about Africa, but these are stories of European and American invaders with Africa serving as a decor. Instead of being taught our ancestry, the only thing we know is Tarzan.

And when we do look on our past, there are many among us who are not flattered, who perceive Africa

My movies have more followers than the political parties and the Catholic and Moslem religions combined. Every night I can fill up a movie theater. The people will come whether they share my ideas or not. I tell you, in Africa, especially in Senegal, even a blind person will go to the cinema and pay for an extra seat for a young person to sit and explain the film to him. He will feel what's going on.

Personally, I prefer to read because I learned from reading. But I think that cinema is culturally much more important, and for us in Africa it is an absolute necessity. There is one thing you can't take away from the African masses and that is having seen something.

But are the films by native

with a certain alienation learned from the cinema. Movies have infused a European style walking, a European style doing. Even African gangsters are inspired by the cinema.

African society is in a state of degeneracy, reflected also in imitative art. But fortunately unknown even to many Africans themselves, African art has continued, even as the black bourgeoisie has aped European and American models. In African cities is produced what we call "airport art," whittled wood that has been blackened; true art remains in the villages and rural communities, preserved in ceremony and religion. It is from believing in this communal art that we can be saved from internal destruction.

What are the particular circumstances in making films in Senegal?

We produce films in a country where there is only one political party, that of Senghor. If you are not within the party you are against it. Thus, we have lots of problems and they will continue while Senghor is in control. For instance, his government has just vetoed distribution of the film of a young director, the story of a Black American who discovers Senegal. The film began with "cinema verite" style, but soon became oriented and plotted out to focus on our problems, as it should be. When the government saw the change, it vetoed the film.

We are approximately twenty filmmakers in Senegal. Last year we made four long films. They were of unequal value, but we produced them through our own means.

Financing is our most complex problem. We go all over the world giving talks, carrying our machines and tape recorders, projecting our films, trying to find distribution. When we secure a little bit of money and have paid our debts, we can begin a new film. The sources of the money vary. You can find a very small group of people who have money which they might lend you in exchange for participating in the filming. Perhaps you can locate a friend who has credit at the bank. But nominally our films are limited. Most of us make only one film every two years.

The editing of *Emitai* was financed with laboratory credit. But the laboratories that know we are in France, where we have to go for our montage and technical work. That's very expensive. We're not against France, but we'd prefer to stay at home. *Emitai* was shot on money received on a commission from an American church for making a film called *Tauw*. We do not refuse any money, even from a church.

Our films are shot in 35mm for the city theaters, then presented in 16mm in the rural areas where there is no 35mm. It is difficult to find 16mm projectors in the cities, a problem created intentionally by those in charge of distribution. We began by making our films in 16mm, much more economical. But the distributors would refuse to project the films in the cities because of the 16mm, so we had to adapt ourselves to their game.

On paper, we could have our own distribution company. But we think that isn't the solution. Why create a parallel market, spend a lot of money, then be beaten down? What exists already should be nationalized.

How do you personally combat the existing distribution problems in Senegal?

The only film I've made that has been shown all through Africa is *Mandabi*, because every other country claims that what happens in the movie occurs only in Senegal. And I say it isn't true. *Emitai* has been vetoed everywhere in Africa except in Senegal, where it was allowed only after a year of protests.

We tried to show *Emitai* in Guadeloupe, but the ambassador from France interceded. The film passed one night of viewing in Upper Volta but never again. When I was invited by the government and students of the Ivory Coast to show it, *Emitai* was

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first screened the night before by a censor board of eight natives and two Frenchmen. The eight were in agreement but the two Frenchmen went to the French ambassador who went to see the head of the government. I was told that it wasn't an "opportune time" to show this film. They were all very polite, so I didn't say anything. I took my film and left.

Has *Emitai* been seen in France?

Everytime I want to show this film, the date falls on "the death day" of De Gaulle. That is to say, De Gaulle dies everyday for my film.

Who were the actors in *Mandabi*?

They weren't professionals. The old man who plays the main role, we found working near the airport. He had never acted before. I had a team of colleagues and together we looked around the city and country for actors. We didn't pay a lot, but we did pay, so it was painful to choose. There was always the influence of my parents, my friends, and even the mistresses of my friends, and we had to struggle against all of that. You laugh, but I assure you it was very difficult.

Once the police telephoned me and soon this fellow arrived who was their representative. I was a little disturbed. But he had just come to tell us that he had a friend who wanted us to put his mistress in the film. I was forced to accept or else it would have cost me. It is concession like this one which makes work difficult.

Didn't you appear yourself in *Mandabi*, then reappear as the ridiculed black soldier in *Emitai*?

Yes. Sometimes I get a whim, a knocking inside me to act at a certain stage of the filming. Just to please myself, I go into a part.

How did you rehearse *Mandabi*?

We rehearsed for one month in a room very much like this lecture hall. *Mandabi* was the first film completely in the Senegalese language and I wanted the actors to speak the language accurately. There was no text, so the actors had to know what they were going to say, and say it at the right moment. Cinema is very arbitrary, yet there is a limited time and during it the actors must state what needs to be stated. People often reproach Senegalese filmmakers for slowness, so we must be aware that cinema is not only the image but it is a question of punctuation.

Could you talk about the role of music in *Mandabi*?

Contrary to what many people around the world think, that

Africa only spends its time dancing, our music sometimes has served a significantly more important political purpose. During the colonialist period, all of the information that was diffused among the people was passed on by music at the large central gathering places, such as the water fountains or wells in the city. The musical refrain was dispersed like a serpent that bites its tail.

I composed the music for *Mandabi* and tried to make it of maximum importance. After the film was presented in Dakar, people sang the theme song for a while. But the song was "vetoed" from the radio, which belongs to the government and is sacred. (Since the coup d'état, the radio station is guarded even more than the government.) So things changed. All you needed was a new sound and it chased away the old one.

Another factor: we who make films in Senegal are looking for music that is particularly suitable for our type of film. I think it is here where African cinema still suffers certain difficulties. We are undergoing Afro-American music and Cuban music. I'm not saying that's bad, but I would prefer that we would be able to create an African music.

Are you satisfied with your conclusion to *Mandabi*?

I don't think I really have to like the ending. It's only up to me to give the situation. The ending is linked to the evolution of the Senegalese society, thus it is as ambiguous. As the postman says, either we will have to bring about certain changes or we will remain corrupt. I don't know. Do you like the ending?

What we wonder is this: Do you believe it is the duty of the political artist to go beyond presenting a picture of corruption to offer a vision of the future, of what could be?

The role of the artist is not to say what is good, but to be able to denounce. He must feel the heartbeat of society and be able to create the image society gives to him. He can orient society, he can say it is exaggerating, going overboard, but the power to decide escapes every artist.

I live in a capitalist society and I can't go any further than the people. Those for change are only a handful, a minority, and we don't have that Don Quixote attitude that we can transform society. One work cannot instigate change, I don't think that in history there has been a single revolutionary work that has

brought the people to create a revolution. It's not after having read Marx or Lenin that you go out and make a revolution. It's not after reading Marcuse in America. All the works are just a point of reference in history. And that's all. Before the end of an act of creation, society usually has already surpassed it.

All that an artist can do is bring the people to the point of having an idea of the thing, and idea in their heads that they share, and that helps. People have killed and died for an idea.

If I understand your criticism, then I'm happy. I had no belief that after people saw *Mandabi*, they would go out and make a revolution. But people like the film and talked about it, though my government didn't. They wanted to censor the movie at the point where it said that, "Honesty is a crime in Senegal."

People discussed *Mandabi* in the post office or in the market and decided they were not going to pay out their money like the person in my movie. They reported those trying to victimize them which led to many arrests. But when they denounced the crooks, they would say it was not the person but the government which was corrupt. And they would say they were going to change the country.

I know my own limits. But through nothing more than just supplying these people with ideas, I am participating in their awareness.

Do you find that people in America find similar associations with *Mandabi*?

Initially the film was not destined for other people than Africans, but we can see that certain films, whether made in Africa or in America, can give us something and teach us, and that a contact is possible from people to people. There is an old film that I like a lot, *The Grapes of Wrath*, which dates from a moment of crisis in America. But the present-day peasants in Africa are at that level. So, you see, there are works that create communication.

Why did you make with *Emitai*, "God of Thunder," a political film addressed particularly to the peasantry?

In African countries, the peasants are even more exploited than the workers. They see that the workers are favored and earn their pittance each month. Therefore, the element of discontent is much more advanced among the peasants than with the workers. This fact doesn't give the peasantry the conscience of revolutionaries, but it can lead to movements of revolt which bear positive results.

There are many peasants who live fragmented in a closed economy, producing enough to eat without commercial relationship to the government. But there are other peasants involved in commercial activities who are beginning to understand economic exchange.

Lat year there were rumors of discontent among the peasants. To tear apart this discontent, Senghor distributed three billion francs to the peasants. You see, you can have hope in the peasant, but you can't base revolutionary movement around them. But we're not discouraged. The peasantry is a force on which we can depend.

What is the historical background of *Emitai*?

I came myself from this rural region and these true events of the Diolla people inspired me to present an image of French conduct in my home territory during my early manhood.

During the last World War, those of my age, 18, were forced to join the French army. Without knowing why, we were hired for the liberation of Europe. Then when we returned home, the colonialists began to kill us, whether we were in Senegal, the Ivory Coast, Algeria, or Madagascar. Those of us who had returned from the French war involvement in Viet Nam in 1946 came back to struggle against the French. We were not the same as the black soldiers at home from French-speaking Africa who participated in colonialism instead of demonstrating against it. Now, ten years after independence, it is these same ex-soldiers who are bringing about the coup d'état.



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Academe

(continued from page 3)
self-expression and group therapy; it is an invaluable part of training. Repeat, part. A younger member of an acting faculty has written to me:

"I have thought a great deal about the value of all this improvisation and have come to the conclusion that it is more suited to a movement class, and must, in any case, only be indulged in by the actor after he has learnt the disciplines of technique. I am constantly suspicious that it is really an escape from the drudgery of basic training, especially vocal and physical. I begin to plan my courses at the beginning, with the script . . . knowing that that work is being backed with vocal training and body movement."

THIS MAKES, I think, excellent sense. "Interp.," which might be defined as interpretative reading,

or theoretical interpretation, is also valuable; but it does not constitute the whole equipment of an actor or a director. Voice training you plainly cannot do without; and at Wisconsin there was none at all.

After a couple of introductory talks to my Shakespeare lot, who were all graduate students, I asked each one to pick a speech of his own choosing, not necessarily one that he or she considered would be a suitable part for them to "play" themselves, prepare it and read it aloud. Out of twenty-six about half a dozen read reasonably well; it later transpired that three of them had had training outside the United States and the rest in community or even professional companies. A few others read — what shall I say? — acceptably? It depends on what you accept.

The rest were a total loss, even from the limited standard of translating Shakespeare into intelligible language and leaving

out of account entirely the music-psychic-sound values on which the author relied. They might have been reading Beginners' Japanese. Yet, as I later discovered, most of them were highly intelligent, aware, susceptible, eager to be dedicated. The majority planned to be teachers; and Heaven knows that requires dedication. But of this particular means of communication they knew almost nothing; yet it has been tremendous, ever since the first cave man said "Ugh" and his female said "Gook." Speech remains primary. I have read that, even in this present day, more than two-thirds of the world's population can neither read nor write, though human beings have been possessed of language since time immemorial.

In Madison, as on many other campuses I have visited, the Theatre Department is only a subservient section of the overall Department of Speech. "Rhetoric," or learning to make a good speech, does not necessarily involve speaking lines seductively. Poets often read their own poems very badly. Courses in "rhetoric" do not train an actor to do well by Aeschylus, Congreve, Tennessee Williams or Harold Pinter—not as an interpreter, that is; the acting courses, on the other hand, might help speech-making politicians to get elected; a dangerous potential. I saw no signs of its being used.

IN MY "STYLES of Production" class, about halfway through the semester, I tackled the subject of stage movement. Good actors ought to be good athletes; the acrobatics employed by the most avant of the avant-garde are valuable. Greek actors walked up and down steps

practically on stilts; Elizabethans were expert swordsmen; clowns and all the circus-ancestors of today's players were practiced gymnasts. Even my mother, in her youth, was automatically expected to do a back-fall off a table or down a flight of stairs without damaging herself; you couldn't be a heroine of melodrama without getting knocked about a bit. Today both chorus and principals in musicals are required to have learned a high standard of singing and dancing skills — far higher than ever before. If they were able to come by these things on the Madison campus, it was more by good luck and their own determination than by any curricular activity. There were a couple of way-out groups organized by the students themselves, who leaped and pranced and fell about like mad, to the glory of the theatre gods. But they did it for themselves and the results were unpredictable.

There was a brilliant and devoted professor who taught, with fanatic, obstinate expertise, the arts of the Japanese and Chinese theatre. He imported teachers from the East. His teaching (since, of course, it also involved the most abstruse and quintessential art of standing still) extended to such contemporary playwrights as Marguerite Duras. The university funded his program; but not under the Theatre Department, with which he was perennially at odds; it was shifted to the Department of Asian Studies. He preferred that his students not mix at all with the contaminating mishmash of campus "theatre." He would not have risen high in the diplomatic service. But he was a unique asset.

Halfway through the semester I embarked on what turned out to be by far the most successful project of my Wisconsin sojourn, a production of Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* on the Main Stage. Even this began with some disenchantment. I remembered the theatre well; it had been designed and built by Lee Simonson, the Theatre Guild's chief scene designer, and opened in 1935 by the Lunts in *The Taming of the Shrew*. It had one of the first electronic switchboards in America, with the operators sitting in a "goldfish bowl" at the back of the auditorium. It had a capacious stage and an orchestra pit on a lift, which could serve as a forestage. For many years it had housed the best professional touring companies, including mine.

I DISCOVERED THAT it was now greatly despised. Thrust stages are the fashion. They are not, in fact, easy to speak from, but they look easier than Lee Simonson's very deep auditorium with its high, steeply raked balcony. He had assumed that actors would know how to project. Since theatre-in-the-round came into general use, this is no longer felt to be essential. At some point the original switchboard had been moved backstage to a position where its operators had no room and the stage manager was unable to see either them or the stage. Most disconcertingly of all, the Theatre Department had no privileges with regard to the theatre; we had to rehearse in what had been designed as a concert hall, on a stage which resembled the "Main Stage" in no way whatever, and rent had to be paid for all occupancy of the real building. Perhaps the only thing which *The Three Sisters* rehearsals had in common with a professional production was this miserable handicap.

But the contrasts between the professional and the university approach were plentiful. One of them concerned auditions. It was an extension, in the worst possible direction, of what had happened in Boston. This time I was supposed to audition the entire campus. The Main Stage productions were open to everybody. During the course of two afternoons and evenings I was to hear anybody and everybody who thought it would be fun to be in a play, pick a cast, and go into rehearsal with it two days later. I got difficult again.

I could not, of course, negate the basic practice, sanctified by time, but I argued it. A great big free-for-all is perfectly in order; and no doubt there were—dozens of people on the Madison campus with histrionic talent which they would like to unleash when they can spare the time from their engineering studies. But when you have only five or six full-scale theatre presentations a year they should, I think, be reserved for highly selected members of those who are studying, teaching or intending to practice theatre—the culmination of their training, the showcase for their attainments. Moreover, the public should not be asked to pay good money to watch other people's fun-and-games. You would not expect to sell tickets for a performance of Beethoven's Ninth executed by enthusiasts who had once played

(continued on page 11)

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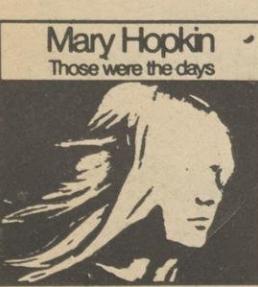
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Dancer

(continued from page 4)

ballet lessons, but soon she became discouraged with classical dance which was "too rigid." She attended Shorewood High School, near Milwaukee, where she became president of a "really excellent modern dance club" but she still never thought of dance as a career.

Claudia entered the University of Wisconsin as a nursing major, but she eventually leaned towards the Dance Dept. As a freshman she danced to a poem in a talent show at the Press House. "It was a spiritual poem, 'Creation' by James Welton." Johnson and the guy read it like music," she continued. "After my performance someone came up to me and said 'you ought to get into the Dance Dept,'" advice which she soon after followed.

As a dance major, Claudia says she was once again in the midst of a "very good peer group" which eventually formed the Wisconsin Dance Theatre. Her decision to accept dance as a career required a lot of hard work. "I hadn't the training that the other people had and I had a lot of catching up to do," she says.

ONE SUMMER at the UW Claudia studied and danced with guest artist Don Redlich from New York who "opened up new worlds for me" and later urged her to go to New York. "That summer, creativity became a pure joy for me. My energy became concentrated and channeled like water rushing from the tightened nozzle of a hose."

Claudia went to New York in January, 1966, with only \$40 in her pocket. She began studying with Alwin Nikolais at the Henry Street Playhouse, to which she was attracted because "the Playhouse was one of the rare schools in the world where people learned to dance and create also. For Nikolais the technique is only a means to the end, and he stresses that the creative should always be present."

Besides attending

choreography, improvisation and technique classes for three hours a day, Claudia also picked up an assortment of jobs, which included teaching neighborhood kids and modeling.

"I managed to fall in with a group of dancers who were just tops and because of this I was able to tolerate New York," she remembers. "The tension in the city was still very high but my creative life was so fulfilling that it didn't matter."

of dancers who were just tops and because of this I was able to tolerate New York," she remembers. "The tension in the city was still very high but my creative life was so fulfilling that it didn't matter."

DURING HER third year in New York, Claudia was asked to join the Nikolais Company, and as a member of the Company she played two Broadway runs, and traveled all over the United States, Europe, North Africa, and Asia. "Finally I got to travel, which I had never been able to do in college. However, I knew that dance would finally lead me to travel, because I felt that if I stayed with one thing it would lead me to many things."

After having spent two years with the Nikolais Company, she decided to leave as the tour culminated in Yugoslavia, because, "I no longer had the energy to put into the creative aspects of performing, and I couldn't thrive on just the idea of being on stage. While with the company I had been constantly putting out, putting out, putting out, and had no time to fill up the empty well."

She did not want to go back to New York, and instead she decided to travel in Europe for a while. After having travelled for about three weeks, she met a Madame Kaivani in Switzerland who taught her meditation.

"Given my circumstances this turned out to be exactly what I needed. At the time, I had to get centered again, and this was the technique which I found most useful."

She began to meditate. Shortly

after, Claudia went to Austria to take a one month course taught by the Maharishi. She then followed the Maharishi to Mallorca, Spain, where he was conducting an extensive seminar for students who wanted to become teachers of meditation. Claudia spent ten months at the courses in Mallorca and during this time devised a course relating the principles of dance and TM, which will be taught at the new Maharishi International University being founded in Austria.

HOW LONG WILL SHE STAY IN MADISON? Perhaps another semester and then "let life's energy carry me on into the future," Claudia says.

DANCE CONCERT
The University Dance Repertory Theater will be giving a dance concert tonight and Tuesday at Music Hall. Performances will be at 8 p.m. both nights. Claudia Melrose is guest artist and choreographer.

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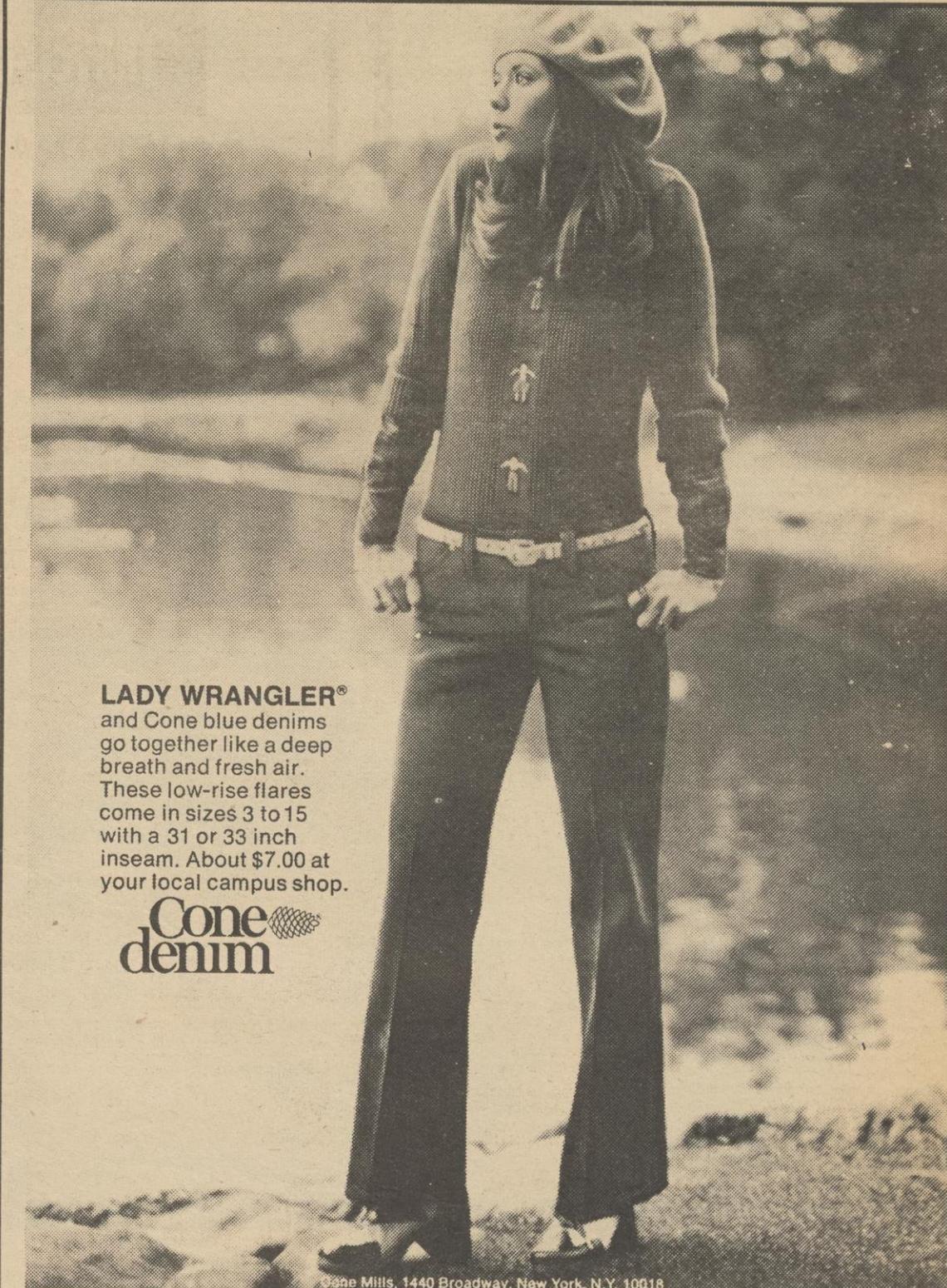
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Academe

(continued from page 8)

the fiddle in school or sung in a home-town glee club. Nor was I, a quite expensive luxury for the university, imported to teach beginners' acting at Chekhov's expense to those who never intended to be actors.

Other members of the faculty generously agreed to take two preliminary auditions and to guide my choices from their own previous experience. I was forced to cast Vershinin and Anfisa outside the department, because I could not find within it actors who would be as good. I laid myself open to the accusations that I had overburdened the rest of the faculty; that I had favored graduate (i.e., experienced) students over undergraduates; that I had dislocated the usual rehearsal schedule because I had insisted on a gap of a few days between final casting and first rehearsal so that the chosen candidates could have a chance to read and study. It was all true. I did all these things. My single and sole objective was to do Chekhov's play, *The Three Sisters*, as well as it could possibly get done. I am a pro.

NONE OF THIS surprised me very much. But a further disillusionment was in store. The technical departments were fine, taught by young men and women of great talent to students, more than one of whom seemed to me to have considerable potential, and who also seemed willing to work a twenty-hour day. They were supplemented by volunteers from the department who did manage to "fulfill a requirement" or get a credit of sorts by reupholstering a chair, whereas they would have got none by playing Masha. The technical director, in charge of all the mechanical labors of execution and the final physical production, was terrifyingly efficient. The day after my arrival in Madison he asked me if I had a prop list, though we were not going to begin rehearsing for the next six weeks. Awe-stricken, I made one.

At the dress rehearsal a considerable proportion of the most indispensable props still were not there. To fulfill teaching requirements and what is so nauseatingly known as a "class situation," the rehearsal-prop people had been replaced by another team to whom I had never had the chance to explain what I meant or wanted. The same thing happened about the sound tapes, delicate and immensely complex. The lighting of *The Three Sisters* must be one of the most intricate and subtle ever demanded by a dramatist. A student was assigned to work the switchboard who had never in her life seen a switchboard before. She was limitless in good will; the learning experience, I have no doubt, was invaluable. I went nearly out of my mind. The dress rehearsal was thought splendid; I barely survived it. I was rescued by three or four dedicated stalwarts doing what they weren't supposed to. An ardent young heroine worked the antiquated tape machine; she was ensconced in a broom closet where she could neither see nor hear anything. Liaison with the Music Department was loving, voluntary and extremely intermittent.

One final case of frustration and wasted effort: I had hoped to set up an understudy cast, even a second cast in some instances. Since I was perfectly aware that I was in Wisconsin to teach and not just "be a pro," I thought it would be good to try and teach as many people as possible. I accordingly picked a "second cast," including two or three of the actors playing a maid, an orderly or an "itinerant musician," and prepared to take the necessary trouble to make the rehearsals fruitful for them. It came to absolutely nothing. No one who wasn't playing a good-sized part could afford the time from credit-making courses to come and try to learn from what, rightly or wrongly, was supposed to be a

rare opportunity. The near-walk-on people were never there unless they absolutely had to be, and quite often not then. In this case they had other extra-curricular fish to fry; shows directed by each other in which crude but stimulating directorial ideas were being poured away onto the sand because nobody knew how to execute them; the blind were leading the blind with great excitement into a variety of ditches.

But with all that said, and all that undone, *The Three Sisters* was a beautiful show; I would back it to challenge comparison with other productions I have seen done by well-known companies. We had a wonderful time; Chekhov, again, having much to do with it. We enjoyed ourselves, we opened doors to each other and to the audience, most of whom had never seen Chekhov before; we did not, of this I am quite sure, do any dishonor to Anton Pavlovich. I felt very amply rewarded, and so did the other people concerned in the production. We all felt deprived when it was over.

I AM NOT sure that the faculty can have enjoyed my presence so much. They were unfailingly courteous and helpful; they even invited me to an hour's radio discussion with the chairman, the head of the department and the dean, who was entirely charming, and, as chairman of the Athletic Board, far more interested in Saturday's Big Game than in anything the Drama Section might be up to—as is only right. I warned them that I should raise a lot of awkward questions, and I did. These were picked up by many of the students, who asked me to address a meeting about it, and I did. In fact I was generally subversive. I should add that this did perhaps help to "start something."

The Theatre Department has undergone changes and is, I believe, undergoing more. I have sounded, unavoidably, very critical of what I found; I should probably never be as critical again because I should never be as surprised. I know, of course, that there is a very great difference between a huge state university like the Madison campus and a small college with comparatively high fees, a small enrollment and a more sharply directed focus. There is one such, Beloit, only a few miles south of Madison where "theatre" is taught—and practiced—astonishingly well. Madison, being the capital of an agricultural state, would not be likely to lean heavily toward the performing arts. In fact, its university has no liaison at all with the Milwaukee Repertory Theatre only a few miles away; and I found that very few of my

students had taken the trouble to visit either the Guthrie Theatre, not so far off in Minneapolis, nor the available theatres in Chicago. In those respects the university is more fortunate than many of its counterparts across the country. In many other ways it is typical of them. One of the questions I asked of my colleagues was this: "The professional theatre today offers very limited opportunities to young people. Community theatres, too, are relatively thin on the ground. What are you, in the educational theatre, trying to do either to train actors or to introduce theatre to rural communities? or aren't you trying to do these things at all?" The future of the American theatre must largely depend on the answer.

I left Madison better educated than I was when I arrived. For instance, in my efforts to bring my sights into alignment with those of the degree-seekers, I "read round" *The Three Sisters* far more thoroughly than I would have dreamed of doing for a professional company; and though I am not sure that I really directed it any better, I gained in the process. My classes caused me many intensive hours of library study by which I benefited, without doubt. Nevertheless, I was confused among the twisting groves of Academe, Fears and scruples which I had long harbored were sharpened into hostility. In the end (after I had left the Madison campus), they hardened into something like fury.

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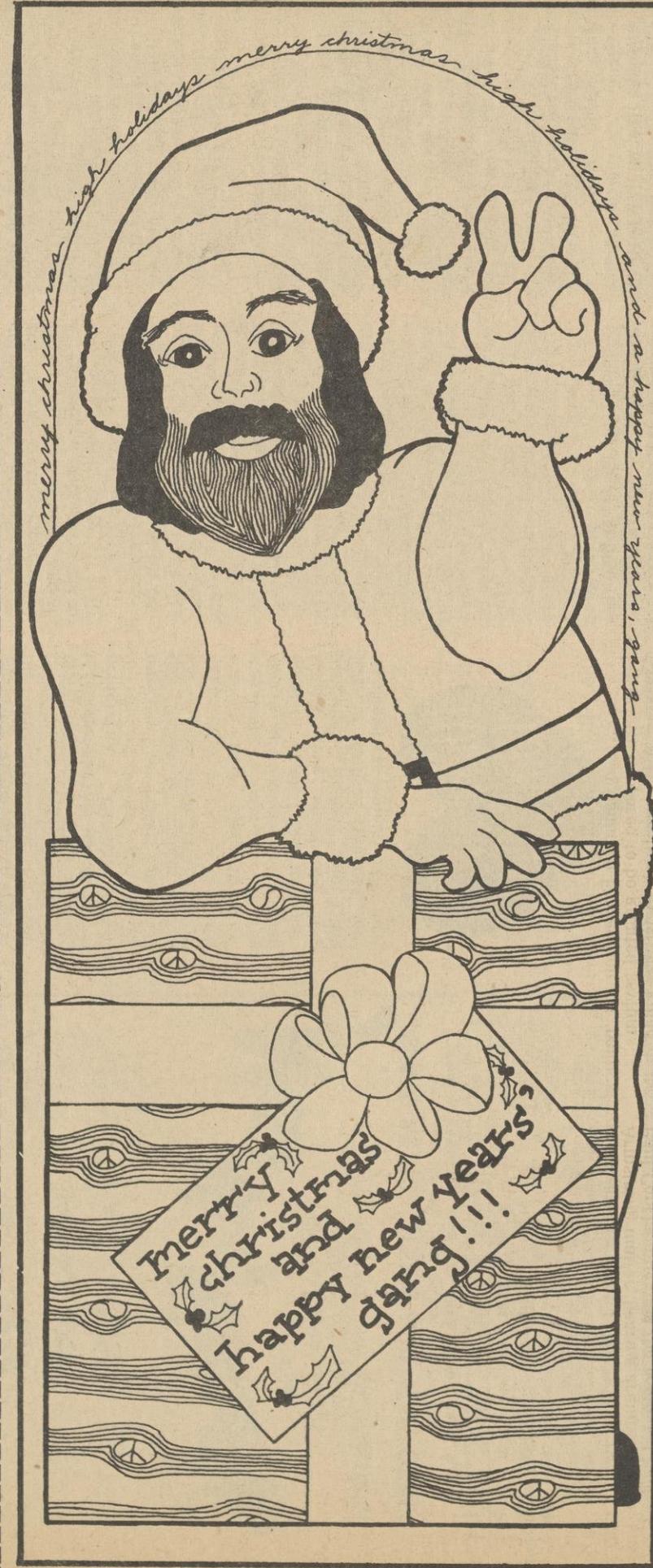
Vol. LXXXIII, No. 71

Monday, December 4, 1972

Merry Christmas...and the usual.
This will be our last Monday Magazine this semester
but we still have one week of newspapers on the way.
For those of you who just can't wait for December 25,
though, a little treat is in store.
Fold today's Monday cover in four parts and — presto
— a nice, homemade (sort of) Christmas card to send
your friends.
If you have friends.
If you celebrate Christmas.
Nevertheless, have a Merry.



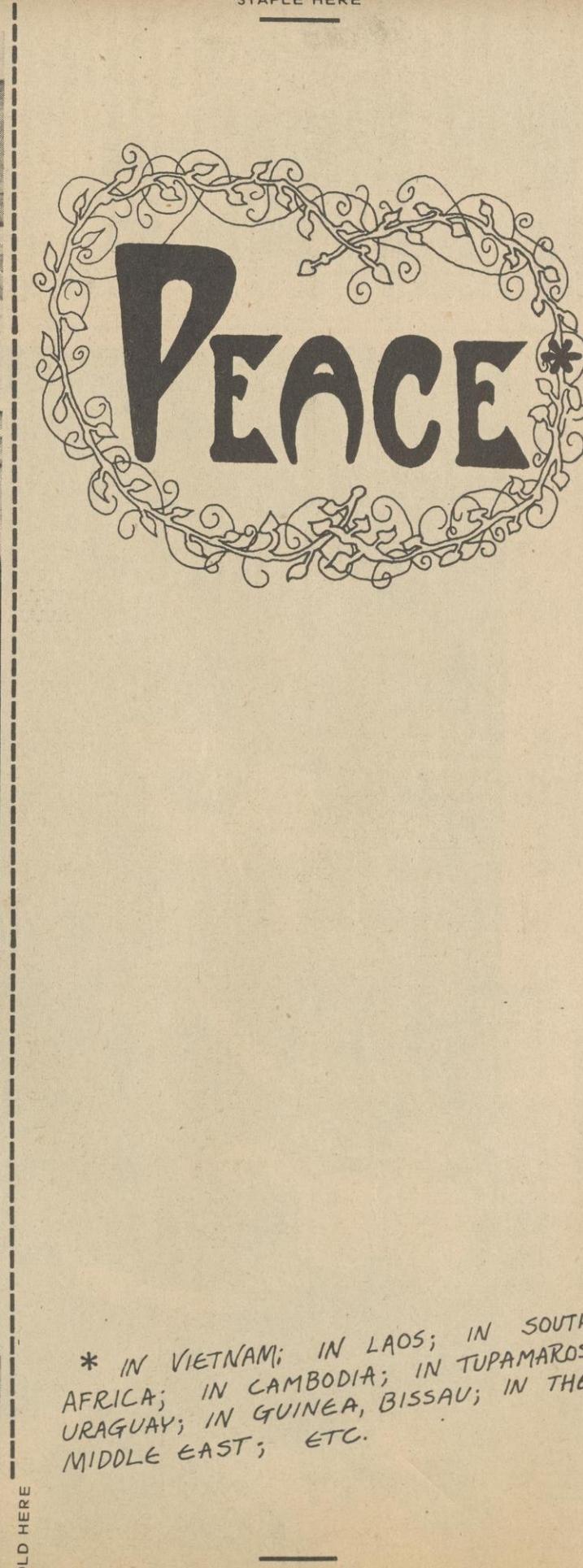
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