

JUDITH MALINA

June 4, 1947

When I was waiting for Julian to return from his Sierra adventure last summer it was Lola, my old schoolmate from Piscator's, in whom I confided all the earliest plans for the Living Theatre, and with whom I shared the dreams of the most important work of my life for which I am now preparing.

June 16, 1947

In the mail I receive a diploma from the Dramatic Workshop for Acting instead of Directing. Now I'll have to go and protest, and they'll say I wrote Acting down on my scholarship application and I'll have to tell the whole story: how I entered the Dramatic Workshop fervent to be an actress and after a few days of watching Piscator's work I knew I wanted to do the more encompassing work that is called Directing.

Piscator regarded me coldly: he does not have a high regard for the staying power of women in the masculine professions. He expressed his suspicion that I would "get married and forget about the theatre," that for this reason I had better study acting. I pleaded with him, swallowing my humiliation at his low opinion of my qualifications because of my sex, and was able to study not only acting, but stage design, theatre management, lighting, and above all take invaluable directing classes with Piscator.

Now they've sent me an Acting diploma, and Piscator is not even in New York for me to protest to. I've tried through all my school years to prove my worth to him and I haven't yet. I will go and ask for the Directing diploma even if no one ever sees it, because I worked for it.

June 1, 1948

Yesterday: Julian's 23rd birthday! We were together most of the day. He says he feels old.

I am as one possessed today. Anxieties and hopes set off by thoughts on politics, on my reluctant place in the political structure, my immense dissatisfaction with all existing orders. The mail brings Resistance, the anarchist newspaper, which I have been receiving for years. I am surprised to find it full of pertinent material. Till now I had hardly paid attention to the magazine even though Paul Goodman writes for it. Because I distrust militant politics. Though Kropotkin writes splendidly on the future society, I don't know how to share his faith. I have tremendous respect for the anarchist ideal. Yet all the anarchists I know except Paul seem to live such disordered lives.

From Judith Malina,
The Diaries, 1947-51,

Karene Malpede, *Women and Theatre*, Limelight Editions, New York, 1985



Photo: Esko Murto