



TO MADELYNNE GREENE

*who will always be loved and
will never be forgotten, this
issue is dedicated.*

LETTER FROM BIG SUR - TO MADELYNNE

Sometimes, when the sea
Is covered with a fleece
As thick and white as sheep's wool,
Looking as if I might walk across it
From here to Asia
Without ever falling through,
I think of you, a dancer
With the faith of a firewalker,
Suspended seemingly in air,
Or balanced upon the invisible
Tightrope of a tribal dance
That you brought home
From somewhere beyond the seventh sea;
A place of peace so alien to our world
That you gave it a name of your own
In love and honor of its people,
Who make believe in their dances
They are flying to heaven,
But, taking their lesson from Icarus,
Avoid in those ceremonial flights
All ways to reach the sun, waiting together
For the round, abundant moon,
Against whose face their rustling shoulders loom
Rising and falling, like the wings of birds.



Eric Barker

Madelynne Greene

. Walter Grothe

With Madelynne's passing, the folk dance world will never be the same. That is the thought that stayed with me after the first shock of the bad news had given way to a great sadness. It just seems impossible that she is gone; it must be a bad dream; it can't be true and yet it is. Somehow the thought that Madelynne ever would die seemed impossible. She was the type of person that was ever present, ever with us, and she still is and always will be.

I have known Madelynne since 1942. Anything I have accomplished in folk dancing, or succeeded in, I owe to her initial inspiration. So, this will not be a factual report and an enumerating of Madelynne's accomplishments, but a personal story of some of the things Madelynne has done, in which I participated, and some reflections of what type of person Madelynne was.

It was in the early days of folk dancing in California and the Federation has just been organized, when I met Madelynne. For me, she was a Goddess. I admired her and I have never lost that admiration. I was president of the Berkeley Folk Dancers at that time, and Madelynne just started her Festival Workshop. (Later, International Dance Theater). She asked me to become a charter member and I was highly flattered. The Workshop was being organized for the purpose of learning new dances, exhibiting them at monthly Federation festivals and then teaching them right there to the participants. Our first two dances thusly exhibited, and introduced, were *Road To The Isles* and *Meitschi Putz Di*. As the movement grew, and Madelynne's fame spread, the Festival Workshop was asked to almost every festival for the presentation of a new dance. One of the great successes was the *Neapolitan Tarantella*, exhibited at the festival on the grounds of the new San Francisco State College before the buildings went up. The Workshop met weekly and worked hard under Madelynne's guidance. Her ability to teach and her patience was unbelievable. She inspired us all with such enthusiasm, we would have done anything for her. Then, as the movement grew, Madelynne became more and more in demand - as a leader of an exhibition group, as a teacher, as a person. She was able to make the impossible, possible. To illustrate: When I was president of the Federation, in 1946, we were asked to participate in the National Folk Festival, in St. Louis. We were to perform for four days in the Opera House, together with groups from all over the country. In view of the great distance and the many people involved, this seemed to be hopeless. I mentioned it to Madelynne, and within a short time she had 12 people committed, and the rehearsals and program set up and we went to St. Louis. We were a great success.

And then the summer camps came into existence; first Stockton and then many others. Of course, Madelynne was a must! She has served on the faculty of more camps, East and West, than any other teacher, and the only ones she missed were when she was in Europe studying and gathering new material. Then came the highlight in her life. She started her own camp. It was called "Madelynne Greene's Mendocino Folk Lore Camp." She patterned it by taking the best features of all the camps she had attended, and the result was a terrific success right from the start.

But what is it? Whatever Madelynne touched became so very successful! It was not only her ability, her outstanding qualification as a teacher, her dancing and teaching techniques, but most of all, her personality and her character. She was a warm and kind person, always there to help people in trouble. Nothing was too much. Her studio was always available, if there was a need. When we were looking for a place to hold the opening parties for the annual Kolo Festival, Madelynne offered her studio; when there was a need for a benefit for a person or a good cause, her studio was always offered.

Madelynne was a terribly busy person, and yet she was always there when you needed her, and always smiling, friendly and understanding. I have yet to find a person that did not like her. To the contrary, there are few people that have been so much loved and admired as Madelynne. All of her friends, all of her pupils and all the people who knew her, will miss her terribly. The folk dance world will never be the same without her.

Recollections of a Friend

A TRIBUTE TO MADELYNNE

Dorothy Kvalnes

Our first meeting was fifteen years ago when I, alone and in desperate grief trying to find a new life so I could go on living, went to her class. She became my friend at that moment, after taking my hand, dancing with me, and seeing that I had partners. We have many fine teachers in the Federation, but Madelynne has always been tops with me! Being with Madelynne has become a way of life!

These are the qualities which have endeared her to me: warm friendliness and a delightful sense of humor; skill at seeing where you made mistakes, and helping you out of them; her special care of the human ego; her skill as an artist, teacher, organizer; her talent for dancing, comedy, pantomime and for putting on a good show; her special skill of attracting good people around her who begged to help; her driving philosophy of "The Show Must Go On!" This last was her downfall, as she always thought of herself last! She drove herself to serve others even if it meant going without meals (for lack of time) and going without sleep. Her breed of special artists, musicians, actors, can only relax late at night "after the show". Her concern for people's feelings made us love her. There is no way of adding up what she did for folk dancing, not only in California, but in other parts of the U.S.A. and Canada.

No matter how she felt, she gave you a cheery smile and encouragement, and listened to your troubles or had the needed humorous comment. She was a devoted daughter who cared for her mother all her life. Married to poet, Eric Barker, she remained devoted to him, although their work made it necessary for them to live apart. She had great pride in Eric's work. The last time we spoke together she told me of Eric's new published work "Under Orion" which is dedicated to her. She was so pleased and proud. On this occasion she had taken time out of her busy life to visit me in the hospital.

For many years we had had long talks about the kind of Folklore Camp she wished to establish. We discussed how my knowledge of music and pedagogy might be used to help dance teachers. This resulted, finally, in the Mendocino Folklore Camp, which has steadily increased in enrollment since 1962. It was always a joy each year at the opening of camp to watch all hands falling in line to help get the camp underway. Usually there were more willing workers than jobs available. Each year the experience of camp offered more enrichment in the things learned, the friendships formed, and the general good fun.

Madelynne would not want us to grieve or to dwell on the unhappiness of realizing "our indestructible Madelynne" is no longer in the flesh. She is in the Spirit, in our spirits, minds, and memories. She would want us to go on as before, remembering her in joyous life, remembering all the things she taught us, passing them on to our new dancers. She would want "the show to go on!"



Bud Grotzinger Photo

MADLYNNE GREENE'S REPERTOIRE

Through her travel, research and generosity, we are greatly indebted to Madelynne for the following dances:

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| 1. <i>Castillana</i> | Spain |
| 2. <i>Copeo De La Montagna</i> | Mallorca |
| 3. <i>Corridho Mar E Vento</i> | Portugal |
| 4. <i>Dance De Panniere (Basque)</i> | France |
| 5. <i>Dance of the Aborigines</i> | China |
| 6. <i>Fandango Arin-Arin</i> | France |
| 7. <i>Fandango Magdalena</i> | Spain |
| 8. <i>Halemaumau</i> | Hawaii |
| 9. <i>Ingurutxo</i> | Novarra |
| 10. <i>Jota Aragonesa</i> | Spain |
| 11. <i>Jota de Badajoz</i> | Spain |
| 12. <i>Jota Tipeca</i> | Spain |
| 13. <i>Kozachok Trio</i> | Ukraine |
| 14. <i>Malaguenas</i> | Canary Islands |
| 15. <i>Malhao de S. Pedro de Mabais</i> | Portugal |
| 16. <i>Mateixa D'es Figuerl</i> | Mallorca |
| 17. <i>Mon Pere Avit Un Petit Bois</i> | France |
| 18. <i>Nao Vas Ao Mas Tonho</i> | Portugal |
| 19. <i>Neapolitan Tarantella</i> | Italy |
| 20. <i>Parado de Valdemosa</i> | Mallorca |
| 21. <i>Polish Mazur</i> | Poland |
| 22. <i>Rosinha de Afife</i> | Portugal |
| 23. <i>Rosinha de Carreco</i> | Portugal |
| 24. <i>Ruzga de Santa Marta</i> | Portugal |
| 25. <i>Rokyo Dontaku</i> | Japan |
| 26. <i>Vira Cruzada</i> | Portugal |
| 27. <i>Vira de Samonde</i> | Portugal |
| 28. <i>Vira do Sitio</i> | Portugal |

. Dorothy Tamburini

Madelynne Greene

Folk Dancing's Guiding Light

. Winnie Faria

Folk Dancing really got an impetus when in 1942 Madelynne Greene discovered folk dancing at Changs International Folk Dancers, in San Francisco, and decided it was more fun than ballet. Soon she became Changs' advanced teacher and the guiding light of the folk dance movement, both of which she continued to be all during her life. Those of us who knew her cannot think of folk dancing apart from a thought of her. Even those who did not know her are aware of her influence.

Madelynne danced from the time she was four years old. Her mother, who had always wanted to dance herself, and was not allowed to, disregarded the horrified grandmother ("If she learns to dance, she'll go on the stage!") and took her only child to dancing school, where Madelynne soon showed her great talent in both dancing and caricature, and began to star in many productions. At the same time, she studied piano, violin, singing and elocution. She was always studying something as a child, just as in her adult life she was always studying foreign languages and the cultures and dances of other peoples.

I first met Madelynne in the spring of 1951, at a folk dance institute at Mills College, and was very impressed by the magic with which she handled a class (being a teacher myself). I had never heard of her before that day but determined to get to know her. A couple of months later an automobile accident kept me bedridden for two months, and she was kind enough to write to me and send me a large photograph of herself. From then on, little by little, we grew to know each other better, until she had taken a place in my heart that can never be matched by any other friend. We shared interest in French, Spanish, travel, dance, and people of other countries, so we never ran out of fascinating things to talk about.

Those who had the pleasure of studying under Madelynne admired her for her unending enthusiasm; her extensive knowledge of other cultures and peoples, and of dance styling, together with her knack of getting it across to her students; her amazing ability to break down a step or pattern, until it seemed so easy; her great vitality and glow; her ever cheerful smile and manner; her great interest in and love for people; her thirst for knowledge; her artistry, including beautiful choreography; her infinite beauty of character; and the incredible grace and

sensitivity of her every movement and expression. They know of her indefatigable determination; how even a broken foot or sun-lamp blisters that prevented bending her knee, or a head split open from being thrown out of an automobile, could not keep her more than briefly from carrying on her classes and other obligations. Her sense of humor, as shown by the time she took the doctor some red thread to sew up her red head, carried her bravely through many difficult experiences. She always lived in such a way as not to impose upon other people.

We will miss Madelynne terribly, but how wonderful for her that she remained in good health and did not have to miss a day of dancing!

Hundreds of Madelynne's friends paid tribute to her at the memorial service, and others are making every effort to carry on the work she started. But a person like Madelynne Greene can never be replaced, either in the dance world or in our hearts, and truly her passing is the end of an era.

