

Bennington Dance Tour 1964
or
(One Night Stands in Posh Alumni Houses)

January 3, 1964

The tour began at 5 a.m. this morning with a sensational bang - the bus from New York to Bennington on which Linda Tolbert, Diane Sherer and I were riding nearly collided with the car in which Anna Coffey and David Krohn were driving from Chicago. What a delightful surprise! We all piled out on the dark, slushy street corner to exchange greetings while the bus driver honked and spouted at David who had made a badly timed swerve, and the taxi driver nagged at Diane to point out which was her luggage.

David and the taxi driver drove together into the College: strangely unlit, silent, lifeless, altogether muffled in deep snow. The five of us chattered out of the cars into Woolley House: bare and wooden. Each of us clattered and dragged his or her luggage to their own room: bare and cold. Everything was empty, locked, cold, so we all came back together in the hall and made a lot of noise. We were all glad to see each other and couldn't stop explaining our every new possession, our every recklessly spent [holiday] night, and everything that had happened since we last saw each other. The walls all echoed empty and cold and we all stared at each other and smiled wildly. Then we went to bed, some of us without [sheets].

In the morning, Linda and I went to Pete's, the drugstore at the bottom of the hill for breakfast. We sank our feet deep in the untouched sugar-like snow and the sun left blue shadows in our footprints. Much later in the day, Anna, David and Diane hauled themselves out of bed and the others began to arrive. Rima Gitlin and Susan Volwiler came in the afternoon and Sue Slovak and Moss Cohen, drove up together in the evening. Tina Croll came at 9:30.

Then we all sat in the living room of Woolley House and had an extremely raucous meeting to decide on rehearsal schedules, on cooking meals and on the itinerary. We were appalled at how many dates we had accepted - forty-five in seven weeks and calculated how to turn some down. We sat in soft chairs with a fire in the fireplace and argued and ate and laughed. We all had sheets tonight and tonight Woolley House was no longer hard and bare - it was padded with ten dancers.

January 4, 1964 - Bennington

Today was our first full day of rehearsing, yet rehearsals do not seem to be the high point of our day. This seems to come at mealtime. We all sit at a long, wooden table, reminiscent of an inn in the middle ages and eat like kings and roar with laughter and thump the table. We really are a hearty group, we really get along. We are healthy. We are democratic. It is also just the second day. We will see what happens, but dinner was immensely enjoyable with candlelight, Bach Cello Suites and a Russian meatloaf with [a] recipe that was supplied by Jack Moore.

After the final rehearsal and brief business meeting, we dragged out a record player and loud, [...] rock and roll records. At this sign, a few people departed to their rooms with earplugs and [...] books to read. But the rest of us stayed to dance in fire lit, cozy, dowdy Woolley living

room. Moss did the lindy with low, mean, hip action, David and I performed our regular, indescribable, flappy, floppy improvisation. Rima as usual danced non-stop, with or without a partner.

But rehearsals in general went remarkably well. Very little was forgotten and the dances seem to have more life now, in some cases a “new” life they never really had before. On the first run-through of the dance we can’t help grinning at each other with delighted, even smug amazement at finding ourselves doing the dance again, without having reviewed or tried to recall. I turn around mindlessly, miraculously on count seven, and there, alright, is David just like he is supposed to be. It works. Perhaps the dancers are so alive now because we are finding again what they are about through the movement and not any [...] in the mind of the choreographer. The choreographer is proud, a little stunned to see her piece come to life - did she really once think of that? Not bad. She’s sure she could never do it again.

Except that it’s all not that smooth We are sadly out of shape. We are sloppy and imprecise. We fake. We improvise. We have altered a lot of things. The choreographer is upset, annoyed the dancer feels silly and helpless. But we don’t get excited, we are [poised], we will simply rehearse each dance every day. Jack Moore always told us, “It is your job. It is just like washing dishes.” Nobody, least of all Jack believes this, but we are poised, easygoing, we will simply rehearse every day.

January 5, Bennington

We began this morning with scrambled eggs, coffee and sun shining in the windows of our dining room. Our schedule goes as follows:

9:30-10:30 Technique Class - this morning it was a slow methodic warm-up given by Moss.

10:30-12:00 We rehearse the opening dance which is a sort of warm-ups demonstration, in fact, we completed it today.

12:00-1:00 Rehearsals

1:00-2:00 Lunch

2:00-6:30 More rehearsals

6:30-7:30 Dinner

7:30-10:30 Rehearsals

This doesn’t mean that we all rehearse, all of the time - each person has about four, hour and a half rehearsals a day.

Today some of us are despondent. We tend to stop on our way back from rehearsals and stare at the snowy mountains by which we are enclosed and wonder - what are we doing, ten people secluded up here like maniacs? Somehow we are fatigued, and it is only the second day! Rima said, “Perhaps it’s because it is the second day.” We nod in agreement even though we can’t figure out what that means. Moss observed that he had a good hour-and-a-half nap. Unfortunately it was during Linda’s rehearsal of a dance he is in, and unfortunately it was on the stage where Linda was rehearsing. Linda let fly a few sharp words but they didn’t seem to distract Moss.

Still there are certain rewards. Sue Slovak and Susan Volwiler are charming in Diane’s dance, “Once Beyond a Time” which they are just learning. Diane is beside herself and cheers loudly in rehearsals. Moss is able to see the ending of his dance more clearly now and

finally knows what he thinks it needs. Rima and I are amazed at the way we remembered the intricate ending to my dance, "Fragments from a Frieze", simply by hearing the music. And we are all pleased with the opening dance, Opener, newly-completed which ends after a series of pseudo-Bolshoi leaps with David alone on the stage quietly doing first-position plies. We are impressed with our subtlety, our understatement. Joe Wittman came to watch the Opener to compose music for it and remarked that he liked it. This was an event, for as Linda and I observed, "Joe never likes anything."

Maybe all we need is sleep. As if by general agreement, we each went to our own rooms early tonight and closed the door. And now at midnight there is only the faint sound of a flute from Tina's room.

January 6, Bennington

Tonight Tina called an emergency business meeting to discuss finances. It appears that in the three days we have been here we have spent \$130 on food. Bill, if he knew, would flip. The tour two years ago spent \$150 on food for two weeks and word has it that they ate very well. It was a speech that we could tell Tina hated to make, a sort of "alright you guys, the jig is up", now [I am] off the ice cream, the cheesecake, the caviar type speech. It is true, we have been having a fairly sumptuous time. Our cupboard groans, our icebox over-floweth. It leaketh. Someone put the sherbet in the non-freezing section. No one will own up.

Diane bought three pounds of peanut butter, four pounds of cottage cheese and pickles. We are all mad at her. She is ostracized. We make elaborate promises to each other to use leftovers. Tina shakes her head sadly at us and holds up a two-foot long shopping receipt. "Who drank up all the grape juice that was supposed to be for tomorrow's breakfast," Susan Volwiler asks sternly. Anna and I giggle guiltily at each other across the room. Caught!

During the daily rehearsals, things are beginning to fall into place. We are able to act a little more as though we were doing dishes. Treat it as a necessary, absorbing, even pleasant routine. For the first time, I am able to enjoy my own rehearsal. It's very satisfying to do movement that you once made up, and to see other people doing it. Now, as we rehearse our dances, Moss and I agree, we have to be another person. We are no longer choreographer but taskmaster, nagging perfectionist and dancer. But even as I write this, my serene, disengaged, just-like-washing-dishes attitude slips away and I start with uncertainty, doubt, fear - I'm enjoying myself, great, but what if the dance isn't good, is bad, boring, dead, what if nobody likes it, including me? Help! All we can do is rehearse and try to fix things up a little (for some of us, a lot) and then it is in the hands ---? God, fate, chance, providence and the stage manager.

Yet the group is warm, the group is comforting, working together, having a daily class, and get[ting] support, cheer, a more moderate perspective

Today Joe Wittman brought in the music for the opener we just choreographed. "We" choreographed it, but it was given a healthy start by Jack Moore. The opening music for it is the unmistakable pealing of the Bennington bells. We hope this familiar, nostalgic clamour will bring the alumni across the country who come to the concert, to their knees.

Joe Wittman is the only adult influence we come at all in contact with in our dancing. But he avoids us enough to prevent his being established as father image. With Bill gone, it's all up to us. So far we are happy, recklessly so, at being on our own. We will see!

January 7, Bennington

Tonight we walked back from rehearsal in a very black, cloudless night. The stars were very high and everything seemed very still and peaceful. But as we walked along, every now and then, there was the threatening, frightening rumble of a small avalanche. For no reason at all, seemingly every now and then, the snow and ice slides down the slanting roof of a house and falls to the ground with a [...], ringing crash. More than once, as I walk back to Woolley alone, I have jumped at this sound. Linda observed to me that she just didn't want to be underneath one of those catastrophes.

Rehearsals progress steadily, things are slowly coming back. Anna and I observed that with our solos, when we get them all back into shape, technically will be a little different now. But we guessed that was alright, after all, we've probably changed ourselves since we first choreographed them. Most of the dances haven't been performed in a month, some of them for a half a year or a year and we cannot get over how changing, perishable a dance is. Ah fleeting, ephemeral, Terpsichore! Always your bright feet elude us! Never are you to be chained, even in memory. Anyway, we are having a rough time and the dances will be in varying degrees, different from when they were first performed.

Moss called a meeting to ask us if we wanted, in the eastern part of the tour, to use public transportation or cars. We didn't know. He said he would get more information for us about public transportation. None of us has ever toured before, has ever done anything like this. We are green, then, but we haven't a lot but we have a lot of stamina. "Flexible" is the word Diane keeps using, we are supposed to be flexible especially on six foot wide, slippery stages.

We agreed to turn down the dates at Marietta, Ohio, Dartmouth and somewhere else, I can't remember. We just plain have too many dates. Rima and Diane in their admirable feat of booking the tour, got a little power-hungry towards the end, a little drunken, berserk, amassed us too many engagements. But we will have to try to make it, in as the late president Kennedy would have instructed, "Meet all our commitments." I got a postcard from Mr. Maloff who asked, "I am dismayed at that [...], grinding schedule, that appalling itinerary. (Haven't you made a dreadful mistake? Wouldn't you rather sit at a desk by the window and, say, write sonnets?" I do love sonnets. I've written a few, I admit, and overlooked a few lakes. But, no, no. I wouldn't rather be doing that. I don't think any of us would trade this tour for anything!

January 8, 1964

Tonight Moss is the hero of the hour. My wand holds the pen very loosely, my head tends to flop down involuntarily on my chest at irregular intervals. We are all very happy tonight, we all reel down the halls of Woolley House with cockeyed, benevolent smiles on our faces because Moss, after the final rehearsal, mixed some warm, aromatic, voluptuous, hot toddies. I claim no responsibility for what I write tonight. Anyway, they were great, relaxing and filled us all with grinning, swaying bliss. Since most of us have been having trouble sleeping at night, Moss figured that with a clear, sly conscience, the quart of rye would be entered in the finances under medication. Tina, the manager of finances, smiled a sickened, careworn smile, which after she had emptied her cup bottoms up, was transformed into the same sublime, heedless smile that the rest of us wore. In case you're interested, the recipe that Moss revealed as we sank deeper

and deeper into the living room couches and gaped at him with transfixed admiration was: boiling water, whole cinnamon sticks, cloves, sugar, lemon juice, rye. This combination yielded a warm, perfumed and highly efficacious brew.

Perhaps tonight we needed it more than any other night. Today brought a few minor, but quite unexpected disasters. Diane, after five minutes of her "Cobwebs" rehearsal, proposed that the group of six girls skip the whole thing and go get ice cream in Bennington. No one objected. Linda, after rehearsing diligently alone for an hour, confessed to her group that she was too exhausted to rehearse. Then things snowballed. Moss cancelled his rehearsal with Diane. It was as though a small plague of fatigue and heavy heartedness had settled upon us. So tonight we needed to forget, to shed responsibility, to bask in pure pleasure principle. "Be always drunken!" in the words of Baudelaire. We could no longer be drunken with rehearsals, with plies, so we switched to rye. Just for the evening. We have most of us been having trouble sleeping. But no matter how much apprehension we have felt about our tour and no matter how much the avalanches outside in the night crash and accumulate in icy heaps, we will doubtless all sleep well tonight.

January 9, 1964, Bennington

This was the night of our gala baroque evening. We foresaw about a week ago that by today we were going to be feeling pretty low and would need some sort of revelry to pick us up. Oh, how we were right! We invited Joe and Martha Wittman to dinner and Tim Tarnay came also, fettered in wire and straps, stumbling and dragging his photography equipment. We were all dressed in heavy, brocaded, baroque gowns, except Moss who for some reason appeared clad as a Prussian general, exiled, rumpled and with melancholy demeanor. Since dinner was late (as it turned out, three hours late) we sat with Joe and Martha in front of a sputtering fire and had mulled wine and listened to the after dinner entertainment before dinner. This was Tina and David sedately costumed, playing baroque duets for flute and recorder with pale half-closed eyelids, faintly raised eyebrows, truly exquisite baroque facial expressions. The music wasn't bad either. Actually it was lovely, two simple plaintive flute-like voices counterpointing each other. We sat in front of the fire drinking and talking animatedly about Paul Taylor and about previous disastrous dance tours, about art and Martha's two-month old baby, about Bill Bales and choreography by chance. Then tripping drunkenly on our baroque trains, we went up to dinner. Dinner was a wonderful meal with spicy stew, cooked by Anna, salad and Rhine wine all laid out on a spanking, white sheet from Diane's bed. We didn't stop talking and clinking glasses the whole time. I looked up at the two rows of bright candlelit faces, my friends, my teachers and thought - "My God, this is a happy occasion, I'm supposed to be really happy and for once I am."

Afterwards we went back downstairs and while Linda sang folksongs we sat around looking wistful pretending not to notice Tim rushing about snapping our pictures. We had a really happy time. After we said goodnight to Martha and Joe, we lingered in the doorways of our rooms, joking and talking and scraping our feet, unable yet for some reason to go to bed. Maybe because we rehearse so rigorously every day, because we have to spend so much of our time in such an inhumanly intense way, we feel we really need, really deserve these warm cheerful parties. We are somehow underprivileged. Linda and I both remarked that we felt we

were somehow missing something, somehow gypped. We know we have to keep ourselves, provided for, entertained, or everything we do will become too grim and routine and lose its life.

January 10, 1964, Bennington

This morning Martha came to a rehearsal of our opener and was very, very helpful, was just what we had been needing. Not only did she suggest a few choreographic changes, but she also pointed out that our performances were casual (in the wrong way), undisciplined and undersold. We writhed as she spoke to us, realizing how right she was, how slack we had become. She will come to another rehearsal soon.

News about dates: Chicago wants to tape a whole hour TV program (!!): Pittsburgh also will do a television program; after we go to Troy, our first date, on January 18, we can come back here to Bennington and stay for three more days until New Haven on the 22nd. Then we're ripped out of comforting Bennington, we hope not untimely ripped.

We're going to start having complete run-throughs on Monday night and continue them through Friday. Saturday is Troy. For Friday night, David and Sue Slovak have mimeographed and sent out about eighty invitations to faculty and townspeople who might want to come to the performances.

Tonight Moss left for the weekend to perform his monthly ritual of defending the land by wrapping bandages as a member of the Air Force Reserves. He rose solemnly, majestically from the table, strode slowly to the door of the dining room and bid us farewell. We cheered. Then he crouched [silhouetted] in the doorway, flapped one arm and heaved his chest in an attitude from my dance, the attitude I have always called "nervous bird taking leave." Then he left. We don't like it when one of us leaves. Not that we don't like our privacy, not that we don't have our differences, but whenever one person is absent from the table everyone twists in their seat and asks where is he or she. And then we remark what a difference one person gone makes and stare disconcertedly at the bare chair during the meal.

January 11, 1964, Bennington

This morning we ignored for the second week the fact that it was Saturday and continued our usual systematic schedule. That is, we posted the schedule and were all aware of what it was supposed to be. But everyone was late to practically every rehearsal and a few people didn't show up at all.

The discipline is terrible, we all shake our heads and cluck our tongues over it and continue to be late. It is my job to wake people up in the morning since, to my regret, I always wake up with an automatic jerk at 1:30 in the morning anyway. This morning I cheerfully woke everyone up and then had to go around to their rooms again waking them up a second time, trying somehow to make clear to them the seriousness of their responsibility to arise. I got only grunts and snorts in reply. Finally, I turned on my stereophonic record player full blast with a Vivaldi oboe concerto playing and slushed up and down the halls in my loud bedroom slippers, humming obnoxiously. As gratitude, at the breakfast table, I got grim, resentful looks.

I missed Sue Volwiler ballet class this morning because David had to drive me to North Adams to see a doctor about the splits on my feet. The doctor told me I should stop dancing for a week. I smiled sweetly and told him that was impossible and left with a little jar of lotions.

I was really unhappy though. David tried to cheer me up by explaining the latest tax cut bill passed by Congress, as we drove back to Bennington. Rehearsals continue sadly, with nearly everyone ailing or mysteriously not there. Anna and Rima have bad colds, Anna and Sue Slovak are developing shin splints. It is as if none of us are really all there, as if we are all waiting for something. The first performance, I suppose. We'd better stop waiting and get in some good rehearsals or Emma Willard (our first date which Linda describes as a medieval dungeon passing for a refined girls school) will not be impressed. Impetus! We need impetus. We wait slouchily. We look morosely around for some. We have to somehow supply our own.

January 12, Bennington

We really began to crumble today. There were only four people in Sue Slovaks class this morning, I had to wake up everyone about three times, everyone was late for rehearsals, even the embarrassed choreographer, everyone was late for meals or didn't appear at all. So tonight after Moss returned from protecting our country we had a jaw-stiffening-type meeting. Linda in a soft, earnest voice, from a soft red chair, gave a very effective speech and we all ardently concurred and promised to reform. Then David arose with his clipboard which he seems never to put down all day long and recited to us in a very loud, intimidating voice the strategy for the week. Starting Monday night with lighting, we have a run through every night this week. Sometimes during the day we will run the thirty minute and the forty-five minute program once each. We are our own crew. We do the lights, sound, curtain and all other cues for ourselves, autonomously. I started to get a little shook up. I imagined myself hanging costume hastily, laboriously yanking up the curtain, flipping on the tape recorder and rushing onstage to perform my solo. It was funny only in a horrible way. But that of course is not the way it is. David has devised a very impressive, complex plan by which we do the cues only for dances we're not in. Except I have to turn the music on for the opener and then charge on stage. During David's delivery Anna and I tried to ease the tension a little by making bad jokes such as "what if we can't dance," and "pre-set, is that anything like pre-teen?" and then tittering uncontrollably. But David never stopped for a minute and someone just faintly sneered at us, so we gave up and listened. And now at midnight, the house is fairly quiet, I guess everyone is getting the sleep he or she needs for tomorrow's fresh onslaught. The tour - it is finally becoming real.

January 13, Bennington

Snow fell in a steady, slanting wall all day today. Everyone, almost, is ill. Anna was told by the doctor she must stay in bed twenty four hours. Moss woke up in the middle of last night with something like convulsions, shuddering and cold. But tonight we had our first run-through. It was alright, I guess. Well, at last we made it all the way through. David is doing an amazing job as stage manager. I stood on the stage before we had started and yelled "OK, let's begin." And for a moment, I was really appalled as though I were standing on the brink of a gaping chasm when I thought "My God there's only us, no outside person, we have to do this ourselves, make a whole little hour-long world by ourselves." Yet without thinking, we just sort of did it. Hardly anyone is performing really well though, technically or in terms of projection and concentration. We just haven't gotten off the ground yet. From what I saw of the dances out front, we simply all need more glow, more lift, more conviction. We just can't let ourselves be blobs.

Afterwards we came back to Woolley House and had a little mutual criticism. It was too casual though. Tomorrow we will bring pencil and paper.

When we came back tonight the snow was knee-deep and light as flour. Everything under the moon was downy, white, muffled. I couldn't resist rolling in it, collapsing in it. David made a snow angel with huge deep shadowy wings, lying on its back in the night.

January 14, Bennington

It is nearly 1 p.m. and Linda, Diane, Rima, Sue Slovak and I are staying up with Moss to decide on transportation. We are exhausted, but it has to be done because an itinerary stating arrivals and departures has to be in by tomorrow to be sent out to everyone the next day. We had a run-through tonight that went better than last night, I guess. We are really beginning to perform now. The opener which we call "Warm-Up" is being performed much better technically. The writing of the [log] is beginning to bog down, however

This afternoon Miss Stickney called us to her office for a meeting. She was very matter-of-fact and warm and told us that because of the complaints received the previous dance tour, we should not chew gum, not be sloppy and "beat" in appearance, not be [immodest] in dressing rooms and [surly] to school children. We giggled, we smirked. We promised. Everyone we have talked to concerning the tour has gasped with disbelief [at] our itinerary. We obviously don't know what we are in for. Forty-one dates plus lecture demonstrations, plus master classes. Oh my God, oh my God. Well, I refuse to get alarmed, all we can do is do our job.

After run-through tonight, we came back to Woolley and gave each other criticism. Quite good criticism from the few people who were really paying attention: Tina, Anna, Linda, Diane and I delivered in the best punchy [vivid] Bales fashion. And now everyone (including me) has conked out on Moss, Tina and Rima who are lying on their stomachs doing the transportation itinerary in the living room. The rest of us are going to sleep, tiredly, submissively, faithfully leaving our deliverance in their hands.

January 15, Bennington

Well, last night it hit 34 degrees below zero, and last night Tina, who was at the time wearing about six sweaters, turned down the thermostat! David rigidly remarked at breakfast that he had had to pry himself out of bed. Diane had to give long, patient foot warm-ups in class, not to get our feet functioning, but just so that we could feel them again. We have decided that the first week of dates will be private-transportation. That means Tina's and Moss's cars. We raise our eyebrows now and glance at one another insecurely. Tina's car stalled yesterday and had to be fixed, and Moss's has a heartbreaking way of just sort of running down. And there is all this snow, [sleet], and ice and real no-nonsense cold. Linda and I, sitting in Moss's car, stared out at each other from behind our mufflers with round, watery eyes and frozen feet and just sort of shuddered at each other.

Recently I found out I am supposed to be doing the lecture-demonstrations. This was a nice little surprise. I fell to doing research at once. But I figure now that the most important thing is that I have a lot of good jokes and a lot of wild, bizarre things to demonstrate and a good brisk entertaining delivery. So now we have to rehearse that too.

The run-through tonight went well. It goes a little better, a little neater every night. By the time we get to Emma Willard, we should be quite well-rehearsed. We are even trying to give ourselves a little rest tomorrow, ease up on the schedule. This immediately struck me as wrong. I don't think now is the time to be all casual and gentle and content with ourselves. But I got mostly bored, condescending looks and was promised all the rehearsal time alone that I wanted. All I could do was shrug, "Ok, you guys, this is a democracy." Diane's dance for six girls from last term, "Cobwebs," is beginning to pull together and Linda finally completed her group dance. Those two were the main problems. We feel pretty secure, I guess. Besides we are all still fast, well, friends. And we still eat very well and play the recorder, flute and guitar and sing and have orange juice or wine at our meetings. So we are sane, we are taking care of ourselves, it looks like we are going along fine. [...] we may each have a sense of foreboding, as though somewhere far above us there's a safe, tottering on a window sill. But, no, that's not so apparent to us now.

January 16, Bennington

Today a major crisis was finally passed when Rima and Moss completed the transportation itinerary. Moss stayed up until 7:30 this morning to do it. It is now ready to be mimeographed and sent out. We will be taking buses, buses, buses. Everyday, almost at horrible fantastic hours. Rima admits to being a little scared about our rigorous schedule. I have to somehow [surmount] my native, malicious antipathy to all buses.

Tonight was dress rehearsal. Bill Sherman and Tim Tarney agree that we are the most relaxed and best organized dance tour they have seen yet. The only trouble is we are relaxed and organized to a fault. "Relaxed" often is really "exhausted" and "organized" is often "over-rehearsed and disciplined unto dullness." After our dress rehearsal we sat with Martha Wittman who gave us beautiful, thoughtful, patient comments. She said that all the technical things were there, but that we needed now a fresh approach, a simple talk with the choreographer to recall what the dance is about, some spontaneity, a little more thought. We are working at it too hard, we are more tired than we know. She remarked that nothing is less interesting than to see a body onstage, functioning well, with energy and habitual precision, but without knowing what it is doing. Or why. We are numb from pointing our toes.

So tomorrow we have called a day of rest and quiet discussion between choreographer and dancer. Maybe we will dive into a few snowbanks. Take some easy afternoon walks and recover our sadly missing, sadly lost joie de vivre.

One alarming item. Sue Volwiler was told by the doctor that she has a strained knee and bursitis. She is still dancing, though. Anna was almost too weak to make it through her solo and became noticeably unsteady towards the end, some of her falls looking as though they were no longer a matter of choice. We have to learn to take care of ourselves. We have to learn how to be well rehearsed without being dead. We have too...we have..we. But now I think we have to forget all "have to's" and give ourselves some peace.

January 17, Bennington

Tonight we had an open dress rehearsal to which about sixty faculty, staff and townspeople came. Beforehand, the Wittmans brought us all a wonderful dinner which they

served us in our own dining room, made splendid tonight with candelabra and table cloth. The dress rehearsal was on the whole far better than the run-through last night - fresher, brighter, newer. There was one notable, painful, little exception. At the end of Rima's dance, Rima holds a high extension. Sue Volwiler undulates her arms gently, while balancing on her toes and David lies on his side and sort of runs along in the dust. The curtain here should slowly descend [cued] by Anna. Anna kept saying to Tim, the curtain puller, "curtain!" and he kept saying to her "now? now?" and they both just kept staring at each other and yelling in whispers with bulgy eyes "curtain?" "now? now?" It was because David, show business trooper that he is, kept running in the dust and Tim couldn't believe that the dance was really over. Meanwhile, Rima was violently nodding and mouthing "yes! yes!" to Anna and nearly toppled over in her extension. Finally when the beginning music for my solo, which is next on the program came on the tape machine, Tim pulled the curtain. Lucky that he did, because I was warming up for my solo in the wings and when I heard the beginning chords of my music, habit propelled me onto the stage and the curtain came down just in time to shroud impending chaos, two dances onstage at once.

Diane was unhappy with the way "Cobwebs" went and afterwards paced among her dancers, threatening them with the unthinkable - a rehearsal tomorrow which is the date of our first performance. Joe Wittman came backstage and was very enthusiastic (about the dances) except for the opener, and Linda's group dance and mine which he said didn't have climaxes. Mine really does, but I'm keeping it a secret. No, I know where it is but I just can't seem to do anything about it. I feel curiously powerless and helpless about my group dance. Linda too, about hers. It infuriates me that a lot of people think it is "nice" and "pleasant." I don't know what to do.

We are restless, excited about tomorrow. We don't want to leave downy, familiar, white Bennington, but it will also somehow be a great relief to be started on the tour. The tour!

January 18, Emma Willard School, Troy, N.Y.

Hooray. Yea. Hip hip. Tonight was our first performance. We performed for about one hundred-eighty young, Emma Willard girls, competing against social dance. God knows who won. The audience was very receptive, probably the most receptive we have ever had. They were young and unjaded and they liked it.

We left Bennington at 2:00, a half hour late, and arrived here at about 3:30. Halfway there Tina's car stalled and Moss simply pulled up behind her, butted her rudely in the rear bumper and we were off again.

We arrived, unpacked costumes and began to space the dances, while David rushed around everywhere installing the sound equipment and Anna, sound technician, watched him blinking helplessly "Oh is that how you do it."

The stage was small. Everything was different. There was an electric curtain that crept open and closed with a slow agonizing "buzzzzz" while you stood taking your curtain call, smiling a smile that had long ago stopped being real.

According to the humble writer of this log. The most disastrous, paralyzing nightmare incident of the evening happened during my solo. I flinch with embarrassed rage and bitter, bitter amusement to think of it. I have two places in my searching lyric quest where I slide along

the floor on my back, waving my arms with yearning. Both times I was impaled on huge vicious splinters, like a squirming fish on a hook and simply lay in one place shoving futilely with my feet. Once I was caught on my dress in the small of my back and the second time by my hair, freeing myself only by leaving a huge clump of it on the stage. My dance had become a farcical crucifixion and I began losing my balance, rushing things, giving movements a hysterical, hunted interpretation they had never had before. Afterwards I was very shook. I knew my life was over. I dropped small, quiet, shamed tears on the [Wollensak] tape recorder as I did sound for the next dance.

There were other incidents, none of course to compete with my mine for sheer, shattering tragedy. As we were gaily [mapping] up before before performance, we found ourselves suddenly downed in darkness, because a fuse or something had gone. We continued gaily, blindly slapping on makeup shouting ungrateful rebukes - "Emma Willard! For shame! We thought we were your quests and look how you treat us." Moss, during Linda's duet, got a huge splinter in his foot and forgot about a cross-over. He simply stood waiting on the wrong side of the stage for his entrance while Linda writhed and minced and stalled, every time she turned her back to the audience luridly mouthing "cross!" to him until she heard his thundering gallop as he comprehended and dashed around to the other side of the stage. Sue Volwiler kept applying towels to her knee and limping or being carried everywhere by David. We all winced as we sat around on soft chairs watching her limp to and fro packing costumes.

If I can for a moment forget my wounded pride and crushed self-image, I will try to give an objective critique of our performance. Bill sent us a telegram:

Dance lightly
Dance brightly
Sleep tightly
For you have to dance
Nightly

Did we dance lightly? Brightly? I involuntarily make a face. Not altogether, but we did quite well, considering our inexperience. We were resilient, adaptable, light-humored. We [recovered], we did our job. And maybe with more and more performances we will learn how to do it even better.

January 19, Colby Junior College, New London, N.H.

We piled into our cars this morning for a beautiful, wintry five hour drive from Emma Willard to Colby Junior College. The mountains were immense, impassive, with deep grey shadows in their white sloping sides. In Moss's car we were very quiet, day-dreaming; in Tina's car they were less so, involved with Tina who had briefly set herself on fire with her cigarette.

The stage at Colby was a dream, a wish-fulfillment. Big posh auditorium, "like the U.N. Assembly Room" according to Sue Slovak. A wide, broad, high spacious stage; blue curtains that rose so high you craned your neck back to see the top of them. In fact, it was a little too much wish fulfillment run away with itself. We swam in too big a space, the dances felt shrunken and somehow awed to be performed in such a wide expanse. It seemed even wider when we turned and looked out at the audience. There were very few people out there, mostly girls with shiny hair and bright clothes. Their applause was swallowed by all the space. It didn't even last

long enough for the first curtain call of my group dance. But when the curtain swished open on a silent, applauding crowd gaping house and we took a bow to no response, I could only laugh out loud, at us, at them, at everything and they applauded. They learned to applaud for as long as it took that wide, creeping curtain to open and close. The audience was not overwhelmed by us. That sort of hurt. Anna and I began to feel hostile towards them. Rima and Linda remarked that their dances had never gone so badly. I was unsteady on my solo, terrified that this time maybe the splinters would leap up and snag me, never let me go. I slid with extreme caution, inhibition, fear. In the end of Moss's duet, at the final lift in which Moss lowers Diane gently, reverently to the earth for their last embrace, he dropped her. They both faked unsteady passion, he picked her up and dropped her again and they finished in a new, rather intimate tangle that had never been choreographed. Moss couldn't understand it. He wasn't even tired.

Yet it wasn't a bad performance. It wasn't perfect spacing, but we had a lot of nerve I guess you could call it.

Afterwards we were taken to an inn and had a colossal feast at which more and more food and drink kept appearing. And now we are all put away in a wonderful old New England boarding house with spindly winding white staircase, antique furniture and fat, soft beds.

NOTE: I just now returned to my triple room in which Tina and Anna and I are staying to find that we had been short-sheeted by David and Moss. Anna didn't realize it until Tina pointed it out to her - she was too short to be short sheeted.

January 20, Bennington

Today we returned, we unpacked in order to pack again for the other 39 dates, we rested. We were in worse shape than we had suspected. Sue Volwiler saw the doctor and was told to rest her knee for a few days; David has been harboring a fever and chills for days and not telling anyone; the rest of us were simply, enormously, hysterically, exhausted.

We were invited to the Brockways for dinner and had a really pleasant time in their cheerful, tasteful, little house. Under their influence we became more sane and relaxed, less like wildly, exhausted monsters, more calm.

Bennington soothed. Now we once again could muster our forces, pack our tights and give our forwarding address to switchboard.

At four in the morning Anna, Tina and I have finished packing and are going to sleep. I first learned that we have one stretch where we have sixteen dates in a row, without a break, all in different places. Part of me is aroused to the challenge, part of me just wants to stay here in Bennington to wrap myself up in its soft, snowy slumberland.

January 21, New Haven, Conn.

This morning we left Bennington for the last time for the duration of tour. They managed to pile us all into two taxis. Moss had ordained that each person should have only one piece of luggage - this plus the sound equipment, two costume bags, a first aid kit, David's box of lighting cues and the second piece of luggage which nearly everyone smuggled in, in addition to her allotted amount. A strange assemblage indeed, our tour. Moss and David look extremely, alarmingly, handsome in dark suits and ties. Nearly all the girls have bright coats and frivolous exploding fur hats. We walk with bulgy calves and well turned-out feet in our chic fur-lined black

boats. We are rather pleased by our unusual, not to say, bizarre, appearance. Many of us flout the Holy Bible under our arms - the assigned reading over N.R.T. for Mr. Hyman's Myth, Ritual and Literature course. An arty, touring revivalist sect. Whenever we go into a restaurant we exude vitality and raucous charm, we eat a lot, make a minor scene at our table and leave Tina, the financier, to calculate the damage and pay the check. The strain has begun to creep into her eyes and smile.

We traveled for seven hours by bus from Bennington to New Haven. A man kicked Sue Volwiler's sore leg as he passed her in the aisle. She seems to be getting better, though. We were met by our first group of alumni with overwhelming warmth. Before we knew it we were separated into groups and driven off to different warm alumni hearths. Linda, Moss, David and I were taken to the Karl Granberrys. Rima and Diane and Sue and Susan stayed with Hudas Liff. Anna and Tina stayed with an alumni whose name they can't remember.

I am taken aback by how generous and friendly they are to us, but Mrs. Granberry assured Linda and me that she really enjoys having us. And tonight Linda and I return to our guest room in a low rugged modern house set in rock cliffs overlooking Long Island Sound.

January 22, Chestnut Hill, Mass

We all fervently hope that the conditions under which we performed today will never be repeated. Except that they are going to be repeated tomorrow, but probably then for the last time. The circumstances are: no curtain, no stage, no lights, only a hard tile floor with rows of folding chairs. We glide about, doing our dances which are some very personal, about love or terror or bitterness or discovery and there as one lies writhing and contracting with despair on the floor is a girl sitting two feet away on a folding chair jiggling her feet. It's hard to explain, but I began to feel that it was less like a performance than a sacrifice - where a circle of people expressionlessly, quietly watch you/one perform her death throes. It was not even good for comedy because comedy seems also to need some distance and some remnant of illusion. Moss, when he saw the set-up and saw the age of the girls was seriously [and] was seriously considering withdrawing his somewhat erotic love duet, Passional. After a discussion over lunch before the three o'clock performance we decided nonetheless that it would be our policy never to change a program unless we really had to because of illness, never by choice. For future tours, hesitate before you accept an engagement at which there is no stage and curtains. We weren't exactly sorry that we had, but it was somehow unfair to the dances. Sue Volwiler's knee is getting worse, she did not dance at all today, leaving her part in the opener empty, having her part in Once Beyond a Time filled by Diane. She is very unhappy, as I was returning tonight from the train platform to pick up more suitcases I saw her alone, leaning against the grimy wall of the train tunnel slowly limping and pushing herself along. It was a painful shock, I couldn't believe she had gotten that bad and Moss and I both rushed to help her with what we hoped was matter of fact calm and not alarm, for her sake.

After the performance Linda taught a master class with great brightness and real practical know-how. The twenty girls loved the class and listened with wonderful seriousness and concentration to what Linda told them.

Tonight we are in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andres except for Linda and Sue Slovick who are staying with a Mrs. Bender. A different home, a different host and hostess every night,

it's hard to get used to saying hello in the evening and goodbye the next day to warm parental people each day.

January 23, 1964, Boston
Brimmer and May School

Well, today was another one of those no curtain-stage-light-day. It was also audience-of-saucer-eyed children-sit-on-the-floor-and-fidget day. But somehow it was better today. The 260 children from third grade to ninth grade were very responsive. But they were so small. I watched their faces from the wings during the part of Diane's dance when I am off stage. They were so small. They weren't entertained by us. They looked perplexed, utterly bewildered utterly fascinated. At moments they grinned broadly with pleasure showing fat little red cheeks, making their eyes into smiley little half-moon[s]. Somehow I performed better for them, there was no tension, there were no demands from them. Linda remarked that she had "got back" Diane's dance about children by doing it for these children. Moss was less thrilled to be doing his duet for third grade boys who sat there feet away from [.....], with neatly crossed little legs and staring eyes. In spite of our meeting yesterday, Linda decided not to do Paean. But we could see her point, her ceremonial ritual of the violence of the initiation into love would not have gone over really well with these children.

Another nightmare visited me. As I made my backwards rush onto the stage and suspended breathlessly on one foot waiting for my solo to begin, David masterfully flipped on the wrong music, flipped on busy, insane Cobwebs music and I suspended ecstatically for another second and then dashed offstage. I turned around to David who was across the stage and we smiled resignedly - it was about time that happened - wrong music. It hadn't happened yet, we had all been secretly waiting and as well me as another.

As I prepared to make my second try, a tiny boy brushed by me, walked out on to the stage, buttoning his pants and sat down to join the audience amidst [amidst] a small smattering of cheers from his classmates. The bathroom was where we had set up the wings. This somehow seemed right, gave me new conviction and I went on again this time to the right music.

Everyone afterwards told us they liked the performance.

Afterwards we all went to various places in Boston and then all met to see the movie Tom Jones. Now we are back at the homes of our alumni. We are becoming used to performing every day, it's getting to be less trauma, less production, simply our job.

January 24, Newton Center, Boston, Mass.

Tina, David, Diane and I were driven by the son of our alumni hosts, Bill Andres, to the beach this morning. We ran along in the cold grey mist by the cold, grey thundering waves and got ourselves thoroughly exhausted. David ran head up, arms out into the dim golden winter sun [...] on the smooth wet sand, ran and I ran [...] behind him until we couldn't run anymore.

This afternoon we arrived at big, luxurious brick Newton South High School. Diane taught a master class at which there were about 50 black-clad girls. Then we went to the theatre, the most ideal we have had so far, with an excellent floor and spaced. We were each supposed to go to dinner at the house of one of the high school girls - but there wasn't time and we just weren't interested. We find it is not a good idea to go out to dinner right before a performance unless it is something close and quick that involves no social obligations. So we had sandwiches in the theatre and at eight o'clock we were ready to go - all except Moss naturally, who always to our exasperation makes a suspenseful late appearance.

The audience was big and fairly enthusiastic, but they did this terrible thing, especially during Anna's and my solos. They Talked. They rustled. They muttered. And whispered. And coughed. In the most concentrated uplifted moment of my dance there broke out in the hall outside the auditorium a volley of loud crude cheers and shouts. I was thrown. I was furious. I wanted to stop in the middle of my dance and fling hideous curses at the audience. Anna wanted to stop and plead, "what's wrong? Why don't you like me?" The audience was not warned that intermission was over and they kept filing back in all during Linda's opener for the second half, Paean. Linda just calmly continued however.

I had another incident. As I slid [...], smugly along on my back during my solo, glad with my smooth perfect floor. I was suddenly, fatally aware again of that feeling. Stuck! On a nail this time which really grabbed me, which I fought and defeated, but only at the price of a terrific hole in my skirt. I am developing a tremendous persecution complex about that part of my dance; if that happens much more, I will really go off my rocker.

But we got bravos in the end, and a lot of people came back and said it was "wonderful." They were all wide-eyed and smiley and they looked as if they really meant it. Tonight we are all divided up separately in homes of the Newton High School girls. Except Susan Volwiler who will stay in Boston for a week to have her knee treated. Because of this, Rima's dance is not being performed for a week and Diane replaces Sue in Diane's own dance.

Tomorrow we are all supposed to converge at eight o'clock at this certain drug store to take the bus to Connecticut. I'm not placing any bets on us to actually make it. We will be sorry to leave Boston - a place we could stay for two and a half days instead of one, a beautiful, old, upright, civilized peace.

January 25, Hartford, Conn

Our tour is beginning to be a success. It is growing into that. Tonight's performance at the Ethel Walker School was the best received yet. All the blue-shirt, waisted girls (a captive audience of 170) and the visiting adults were very responsive and enthusiastic. "You were wonderful!" They kept saying. The stage was unbelievable. In about three different dances people could not find the exits which were cleverly, too cleverly camouflaged by drapes. Instead of exiting we stood around the edges assuming various self-conscious, improvised, unobtrusive poses, until it was time for the next entrance. Every time I had to exit I was so confused by the unfamiliar exits that I went completely blank. I ruined the ending of my own dance because I couldn't figure out what side of the stage I was on. The floor was slippery, it sloped, we slipped, slopped, skidded, reeled.

I got so many curtain calls for my solo and I slid on my back without disaster, that i just fell on my back with amazed relief when the curtain closed for the last time.

Moss and Linda in Linda's comic duet What Every Woman Knows were so elated with the laughs they received that they themselves broke up in the most unprofessional manner, broke up and kept exploding with giggles all during the dance.

They clapped so long for us that we suddenly found ourselves clapping back at them and their almost-spontaneous standing ovation. Afterwards Linda and Moss were disgusted. Clapping at the audience was strictly for the Russians. Now we are draped exhaustedly on the seats of the 1:35 a.m. train which leaves Hartford and arrives at Grand Central Station at 5:00. We then take a train which arrives in Great Neck Long Island at about seven in the morning. Tomorrow we have a performance at 2:00 and I am supposed to give a twenty minute lecture demonstration to all these people. So I'm told. The prospect is amusingly, fantastically, unreal to me. I think, sitting in the middle of the night on this filthy grey train, that we all feel the same unearthly hysterical abandon, an abandon that comes only with sleeplessness, homelessness, a successful performance and a champagne and orange peel punch served by alumni husbands.

January 26, Great Neck, Long Island

At six o'clock this morning, Diane, David, Tina and I dropped our luggage and broke into a cockeyed, drunken, staggering dance in Grand Central Station. At seven thirty this morning we were all jammed into beds in Rima's snug little house in Great Neck Long Island. At twelve o'clock this morning after a sumptuous breakfast at Rima's house, we were sleepily, listlessly spacing the dances for the 2:30 performance at the Great Neck Cultural Center. "Where is this great crazy neck everyone keeps talking about," I muttered stupidly to myself as I spaced through my solo. I was supposed to open the program with a lecture demonstration which would be followed by the forty-five minute concert. I decided to make the lecture demonstration very brief, leaving out a lot of material, rationalizing that Rima's dance had been added to the forty-five minute program and we certainly didn't want to run over. It was indeed terse, not much longer than five minutes and I saw, to my shock, that as I stood there and talked, people really were listening so I figured I had better be saying something worthwhile. My voice was forced, I wriggled too much. But Diana, Rima and Anna gave an interesting demonstration of Limon, Graham and Cunningham techniques.

The concert was received with abysmal blankness and meager plopping ovation. The sparse Sunday afternoon audience was all solemn, droopy children and their mothers. "Maybe they haven't learned how to clap yet," Anna suggested bitterly. Stage was hard and bristling wickedly with oversized splinters. Moss put down a runway of gummed paper tape for the slide on my back in my solo, but with a noise like a crackling fire, it all began to peel off during the opener. Linda gave a little kick and a whole strip of it went flying up into the air like confetti, like a sad, New Year's eve. Sue Volwiler has rejoined us with a slowly improving, strained knee and will dance only Rima's dance for a while. Rima fell off David in the opening lift of her dance with a loud, dull clump! She recovered gamely, rushed offstage and giggled nervously at me. Hometown Great Neck girl makes good and returns in triumph.

After the concert, Diane walked into the dressing room and said "some girl told me that Louis Horst died last week." It was a terrible moment. We hadn't even known. Silence. Some of us wept, some of us just sat. He wasn't ever supposed to die. We could only believe it for short moments at a time. What shall I say? The ones of us who knew him, loved him, depended on him, he was much more central to our lives and everything we were doing than we ever suspected. Diane and I walked out of the theatre, recalling to each other all the things we remembered about him. We wanted to do something. There was nothing to do, so we walked slowly back to Rima's house carrying our dance bags that banged heavily against our legs.

January 27, Long Island

These next two days will be soft days of rest. David, Sue Volwiler, Linda and Diane washed leotards, took costumes to be cleaned watched television, slept and ate. Tina, Anna and I went into New York and saw a Charlie Chaplin movie, "City Lights." Afterwards the three of us emerged from the theatre and walked down Madison Avenue in the familiar splay-footed totterty little walk of Chaplin's. We received dubious, raised eyebrow glances from the other people on the street and stopped a small quantity of traffic, as the three of us toddled bumpily, deadpan across the street.

Later in the evening Moss, who had gone home to New York for the evening called Rima's house. "Cohen reporting in for the evening." He confessed to feeling a little lonely, left out.

We are all carefully treasuring, hoarding these few days of rest before the long non-stop, one-night stand ordeal (?) conquest (??) grind (???) ahead.

January 28, Great Neck

Our last day of rest. We are very still. Moss returned from New York to stay at Rima's. Tina, Anna, David and I spent these days alone in the biggest most gorgeous mansion I have ever been in, Tina's aunt's. We took long, snowy walks under pink clouds. The four of us went sledding in the moonlight, down a long gentle hill. When we got to the bottom, we climbed a tree and sort of rocked with it in the night breezes. A dreamy day, a day of limbo before our rude re-awakening tomorrow to busses, schedules, stage makeup, splinters.

January 29, Drew University, Madison, New Jersey

Tonight was a most eventful, thrilling, nervous night. The performance came and went like a flurry. We were all too overcharged, too excited, tottering, losing our balance - the reason??? Bill came to see us.

We arrived at Drew at noon. We ate, we spaced, the usual bit. Moss taught a master class at 4:00. I rehearsed the lecture demonstration. At one point, as I tested the microphone, about six people came rushing into the auditorium waving their arms. It seems the mike was broadcasting all over the building. I gulped and tried guiltily to recall whether I had said anything compromising, had cursed or insulted anyone.

The audience was very big, about 400 and there were men (!) in it for a change. The lecture demonstration went very well. I just decided to be at ease, to be offhand. Bill said later that it was charming. Even though the mike was on only for the second half. I told them I

couldn't really define modern dance. I gave a brief history of it, I introduced a demonstration of three techniques - Limon, Cunningham, Graham and three methods of choreography.

The sound was also off for the "Opener" and my dance, "Fragments." I was a little mad. The audience was moderately, medium, enthusiastic. But, we all thought, Bill is out there. So was Stanley Burke, Bennington graduate and Laurie Freedman and Carla Maxwell, freshman dancers at Bennington.

At the climactic, erotic moment in Linda's dance, Paean, she confessed to starting, suddenly recalling she was dancing at a Methodist school and faintly toning the moment down, taming it.

Afterwards we all went out with Bill for something to eat and sat at a long table. We clowning. We figured finances, Bill gave us the inevitable performance criticism we so badly wanted since no one else during tour has been able to give it to us. We were all really beside ourselves, really relieved to see Bill. He reinforced us. He looked wonderful, his presence was reassuring, cheering. He told us we anticipated things in our performance, and that we needed to think of space. Then we left him and went back to our dorms for six hours of sleep before tomorrow's thrust to Amherst College.

January 30, 1964, Amherst

Today was one of the craziest days of our tour. It began on the train from New York to Amherst when Linda, her face a mock-mask of ferocity, brandishing huge claws, pounced on David, missed and almost gave an old lady who walked in the way a stroke.

Hardly so riotous was the incident in the station which preceded it. We lost Sue Volwiler. In the middle of Grand Central Station with people rushing everywhere, she stopped pretending not to cry, gave us a scant goodbye and left to stay temporarily at Rima's house. Much as she wanted to do Rima's dance, her knee had grown too painful and she had to stop dancing. We now have a number of alternatives. We could have her rejoin us in two weeks with no guarantee of complete recovery; we could continue with nine people; we could find a replacement from the Bennington dancers not on tour. It was better she left. When she limped, we all of us limped, because we identified with her, pitied her and because it crippled the progress of tour.

We arrived at Amherst to find that the stage floor was made of cloth, impossible to glide or turn on, unbelievable, comically filthy. The audience was capacity - four-hundred fifty people [and] standees, and, as a technician told me, they even turned away ten. The audience, Amherst boys and Smith and Holyoke girls was not overly receptive but we warmed them up considerably towards the end. Tina and I agreed that in spite of the floor, it was perhaps technically and in terms of concentration, about the best performance we have given yet. Except for Anna who reported that her solo this evening attained comic heights and tragic depths never envisioned by her when she composed it. She rushed on stage in silence with her intense eyes wide open stopped dead in a frustrated contraction and waited for the impact to settle. But, in her own words, "they tittered." This threw her for the rest of the dance and she admitted to rushing the part in silence so she would no longer hear their laughter. But the titters changed to an embarrassed hush as the audience witnessed her weave and sway and crumble out of each supposedly serenely held extension. She finished long before the music and the music, instead

of fading out with one faint flute note, brayed with a deep final buzz, a loud mechanical imitation of Bronx cheer. Anna smiled cynically, said to us she was sick unto death.

Afterwards was a reception at which they served only liqueur. In a tired and starved condition, we all immediately got plowed. Moss, David and I dashed out into the night and lurched down the middle of the snowy street, asking directions for a restaurant, complaining loudly about our treatment at Amherst doing [...] along the way. At the restaurant we found Linda and Diane and drunkenly split banana splits with them.

Now, once again, we have been quieted, pacified for the evening and are sleeping in the wall papered rooms of an old colonial inn.

January 31, 1964, Vassar College

This morning at ten o'clock we were scheduled to leave Amherst in our two big, shiny Hertz rented cars. On Bill's advice, we decided to rent cars instead of taking the bus which would take an unnecessarily long route. As it turned out, this made us late, alarmingly so. Outside of Amherst, Tina realized she had forgotten something and one car had to go back. The other car, Sue Slovak, Diane, David and I parked, turned on the radio and piled out on the highway to twist. We bowed exaggeratedly and waved at passing cars. We went berserk to the [...] strains of the car radio. The other car returned, gaped at our scene with scandalized expressions and we all drove on.

The stage at Vassar was good, but we arrived at 5:00 and the performance was at eight-thirty. Future tours - this is much too late. We had to abbreviate spacing, lighting, makeup and - calamity - dinner. Warm-up, a half hour we never abbreviate. The audience was small, everyone leaves Vassar on weekends, but quite receptive. Every audience is receptive at different places in the dances, it really keeps you/one alert. The curtain pulling was much too slow, we really could have milked more bows if it had been faster. The only disaster besides Rima's cumberbun - bursting in Fragments was that David got a bad cut on his toe and dappled the floor with impressive amounts of his wine-red martyr's blood.

At breakfast we had a meeting at which we voted to have a replacement for Sue Volwiler for the rest of tour. Rima's dance has been off the program since she left. There is an empty space in opener and Diane takes her part in Once Beyond a Time. We were sorry, this was a painful decision to make, but it seems better for her and for us this way.

Feb 1, Barlow School, Amenia, N.Y.

There's a haiku saying somewhere - "We know the sound of two hands clapping, but what is the sound of one hand clapping?" We found out tonight. It's called silence. Oh well, not that they didn't clap at all, but the Barlow Prep School was not fabulously responsive. Their precocious, progressively trained, young minds were not carried away by us. We were working with a few handicaps, no curtain and an extremely narrow stage. It was quite a good performance too. Tim Tarnay came from Bennington to photograph us for the World's Fair and said the program was "fresh, urgent" and better than at Bennington.

We left Vassar this morning in our shiny [bourgeois] Hertz rented cars and drove through snowy, misty New England landscape.

When we got here David and Anna cut a tape to send to the television people in Chicago. Chicago is our big deal. Rima began teaching Tina, Sue Volwiler's part in Evening without Angels. Bill, on the phone, suggested we do the lecture demonstration before each program until Rima's Evening is back on. Because lecture demonstration was charming, we decided not to. The thought of all that talk doesn't appeal to us. And it makes me unhappy to have only my vocal chords and not my legs warmed up for the Opener.

Tonight the girls are all staying in Barlow's sterile, white infirmary. By our sad and baggy [...], we have been laid to rest tonight in the right place.

Feb. 2, Harpur College, Bingham, N.Y.

After breakfast this morning at Barlow School we departed in our two shiny ostentatious Hertz rented cars for Harpur College. a few of us secretly wished no such place existed or if it did that we wouldn't find it, so tired have we become of performing. Anna and David had a brief but fierce flare-up in our car over Anna's unpredictable driving. For future tours - Hertz rent-a-cars are not such a good idea. Usually you arrive later driving them, and the driving itself is a little of a strain, throws us all together to cohabitate in close stuffy quarters. Still, there's something nice about piling the whole tour into two compact, totally autonomous wads, wads speeding cockily along through the tall wintery mountains.

We arrived to find (a.) - we had only three hours to performance (b.) - because Harpur received our travel itinerary that said we would arrive by bus. They had been to meet us at every bus and train all afternoon. This was an inexcusable oversight. From now on we must notify schools of any change in our travel plans.

The stage was new, smooth, big. The auditorium was blue, big, lovely. The audience of about 350 really was responsive. At the reception afterwards, everywhere afterwards, people seemed pleased, delighted, very impressed. BUT tonight is the fourth night in a row that the sound equipment has failed in one way or another. Curses! It's very frustrating to dance to faint, faint music, music the audience can't hear at all. David says it is always their equipment, their amplifiers. I don't know much about it except that these weak, wavery sounds are becoming too familiar.

Another talk with Bill on the phone informs us that none of the dancers we have hoped could replace Sue Volwiler can get out of their N.R.T. commitments. We will continue with nine. Tina will learn Sue's part in Rima's dance, and perhaps Sue will return if her knee improves. The costumes are in mild shambles (Sue was costume mistress) but otherwise we seem to bear up well with only nine.

Meanwhile, this eighteen - legged, wandering octopus tour, is becoming daily a little wiser, perhaps a little more professional. We are speeding up and improving the makeup process and the light setting process. (This completely thanks to David.) We even performed without mishap dances that had not been spaced yet on this stage. We learn how to squeeze in more curtain calls, how to give warm-ups that have little talk and a lot of action. We only need to work now on getting up on time, on being less obvious about the enormous amount of food we consume at receptions. But the octopus oozes along now, without too much calamity it picks up pointers along the way. It is slowly learning from experience.

Feb 3, Williamstown, Mass.

Today tour flew. We lumped our seven-hour bus ride itinerary plans, left our two earthbound Hertz rented cars at the airport and flew from Birmingham to Albany. From there we entered a twelve person limousine which drove us to Williamstown.

But greatest luxury in our luxury tour was one free day without a performance. We celebrated it by half of us seeing an excellent movie, What makes Sammy Run, and the rest of us seeing a beautiful production of Pirandello's Six Characters in Search of an Author. A day without a performance is such bliss, such relief, only because every other day we knock ourselves out so fully with a performance. I mean, one wouldn't be so good without the other.

Tonight we sleep in an antique, ruffly "chintzy," as Rima described it, old inn. We feel relaxed, human, almost normal. For one night we were not the circus, the [gypsy] performers, but the spectators.

Feb 4, Williamstown, Williams College

Tonight's performance at Williamstown went very, very well. There was quite a large audience, about 600, and there were even cheers, bravoos (not an overwhelming barrage, certainly) and whistles. It seems that boys' colleges dig us much more than girls' schools. That is excellent. That is excellent, that is absolutely fine with all of us. It seems that the performance of the dance tour before the last one, before us, was quite a disaster, with one girl falling into the light pit and everyone slipping. Well, I guess we sort of redeemed the field for Bennington, because the Williams' boys really thought we were good. Word had even traveled from Amherst that we were good. College boys think college girls on a stage in makeup and bright tight leotards are good. Well, it's got to be more than that, I mean I heard a few comments about the dancing too.

The performance was not without its catastrophes. In spacing rehearsals, Diane fell halfway into the light pit, and Anne accidentally kicked me in the nose so that I sort of blacked out for a second. In performance, Tina, Anna, Diane and I - I guess all of us, slipped at crucial points on the ground cloth on the floor. This turquoise atrocity which leaves a stain on knees, feet, backs, anything which touches it, is not really attached to the floor and deceptively keeps slipping, moving, when you/one thinks she has stopped still. In my solo, in the part where I propel myself along the floor on my back, I had to just be still and sort of beckon with my arms because there was no sliding on this floor. I felt a little ridiculous, so I did it with deeper, forced conviction. In Linda's comedy, the music went wrong, a spin wouldn't spin and one of the props almost fell into the audience. But still it was well received, with bravoos.

Joe and Martha Wittman came, and Tim Tarnay. They were complimentary, we were glad to see them, reluctant to let them go, for they remind us of Bennington and rest and home. Because tomorrow we get up at 5:00 a.m. to take a 6:30 bus to Cambridge. We all love traveling, the open road, the fugitive life - but this is absurd!! But Moss Quietly tells us this is the only bus that will get us there on time. So I guess Tomorrow we rise with the sun, no time even to relish, linger over tonight's success.

Feb 5, Cambridge, Mass, Agazziz [Agassiz] Theatre, Radcliffe

We arose at ten to six this morning (the alarm clock failed to go off) and piled hurriedly out of the Colonial Inn to catch the six-thirty bus to Cambridge.

At noon we arrived and found our way to the Agazziz [Agassiz] Theatre at Radcliffe. The stage was small and [...] and sort of wavy. I was dirty and there were no wings, just slits in the curtains. The auditorium was intimate and [echoey], all wood. We [kicked] at the floor and clenched our fists. "That's O.K. There's going to be Harvard boys out there and we're going to do well." Then we went and had those fundamental needs filled, the ones that had been neglected all day - we ate lunch, and we went to sleep in a nearby Radcliffe dorm.

Later we came back to the theatre to space. Sue Volwiler rejoined us, not completely healed but able to dance most the dances. Anna, making a usual Anna-type scene, clunked her head down on the table with fatigue. She missed, hit the edge of a chair and looked up sadly with blood gushing from above her left eyebrow. She was taken to the hospital, had to have seven stitches and was told not to dance for a night. She would watch. Her solo was out, but Rima's dance was back on the program. Anna and Sue Volwiler had thoughtfully staggered their injuries so we only had to cut one dance at a time from the program.

The audience turned out to be small, but very responsive and very intelligent. They were quiet, they laughed in the chic places to laugh. For their size, they were probably the best audience we have had yet. This date at Harvard is the only one that is two nights in a row at the same place, and we hoped tonight's program will be a good advertisement for tomorrow night.

This horrible, ghoulish thing happened to me. In my group dance, at the end, I have a fast roll on my side onstage. As I rolled on, I felt an ominous tug at my waist. I remembered a rope I had seen offstage. I tried to get up on count seven, but I was all tangled up in the rope. David, offstage tried alternately to unfurl the rope, or reel me in. fighting with it (in character of course) for two more measure, I finally got free and finished the dance. It was horrifying, it was paralyzing, but it cheered me up. Things had become too routine. Rima's dance, restored to the program, went very well. Rima forgot and improvised a new part in her dance which she afterwards decided to keep. The curtain rose on a clump of girls in Cobwebs. They waited. The audience waited. David and I, offstage, bent over the tape recorder, twisting its knobs, [...] it frantically. The curtain closed again. David discovered that I had pressed "play" only three quarters down. He gave me an inexpressibly disgusted look and the curtain opened again. I returning his look, pressed "play" and the dance went on.

I would say that the concert went very well, but tonight we are really exhausted. It seems we never have time to do anything but travel and dance and space. Anna and I remarked that we liked, at moments, loved tour, but that our lives, our time was no longer ever our own.

Feb 6, Cambridge

Today, a whole day, a sunny, wintry day in Cambridge was swallowed up for us by DUTY. In the morning Moss and I did a fifteen minute radio interview for WGBH FM on the tour and modern dance in general. From noon until four o'clock we had to pose for photographs taken by Mr. [Martin] [K.] who was hired by Mr. Karmiller who is in charge of publicity at Bennington. These photographs will be exhibited at the World's Fair in New York. Mr. Karmiller flew to Cambridge just to supervise the shooting. At five thirty we went to dinner at Adams House which, headed by Ned Leavitt, has sponsored our performances here. After a plain but

impressive Harvard dinner, we returned to the theatre late and overstuffed, to do makeup and warm up. The audience again was small but very, very responsive. They were wonderful, alert, sympathetic. There were no notable mishaps. The critic from the Christian Science Monitor was reportedly in the audience. But the log writer is beginning to crumble. Future tours!! - give yourselves a break!

Feb 7, Cortland State College, Cortland, N.Y.

Well, tonight was just one of those nights. We were off. Off balance, off timing, off spirited. And the audience was off. Off! They weren't even there. It was Friday night and we were competing with sorority rush parties. I guess we lost. There was no rush for us. Only a dismal plod. This is about the top school in the country for training physical education teachers. Dance is not their favorite sport. A girl asked me if I was with the swim team and I said no, I was with the dance team. "Oh," she nodded, but didn't ask the score

Actually we didn't perform badly at all. But it was nothing like last night. Last night may have been our brightest, best performance to date. We didn't perform badly tonight, but the audience's damp response dampened us. Moss observed in the dressing room that we shouldn't let an audience affect us in such a way. We should be dancing for ourselves or for each other. That's true, except if we were really dancing just for ourselves there would have been no need of tour.

I hesitate to record the following, it would much more happily and easily be left unwritten. But it is my job to report conscientiously, dispassionately everything that happens, so....on the curtain call for my group dance, as the curtain opened to barely audible applause and the light came up on us, somebody booed. It was a short, hollow boo, but it was unmistakable, effective. My stomach involuntarily contracted, and as the curtain swung closed, I smiled harshly. Hmmm. It was like a baseball game, a boxing [match]. I had struck out, been K.O.ed in round one. It was funny, I told myself. I laughed. But I can't describe what a horrible effect that little sound had on me. But we kept our spirits up. We performed pretty well.

Our mood is a little gloomy too, because last night Linda pulled an obscure muscle in her leg and decided not to do Paeon and to stay out of the opener. She is unsure, doesn't know what exactly is wrong and is unhappy. So are we all a little. Nothing is supposed to happen to Linda. Tall, responsible, one of the most mature, she is our emblem. Sue Volwiler is also limping again, a sadly, much-too-familiar sight.

We need to be able to weather all the ups and downs. To ride these successes and failures with some kind of equilibrium. And so far we can do it, gracefully - because we are young, because we are all friends, because we have a lot of energy and know a lot of good jokes. So tonight we were a little hurt, a little bewildered by the audience's leaden response, but it's over, we recovered.

Feb 8, YWCA, Rochester, N.Y.

We met at 11:30 this morning and took the bus from Cortland to Rochester. At Rochester we were greeted by alumni headed by Pat Silver ['48]. We began to space the dances. There was a question over whether or not to use footlights, which would cover our feet, but without which there was very little light. David wanted to follow the Bales Rule: Get the

dance in enough light to be seen. We compromised, using only the footlights on the edges. We greedily devoured a dinner the alumni brought us, made up, and I gave warm up. For the sake of expedient, quick warming up, we have developed a special warm-up jargon. This code talk eliminates lengthy explanation and demonstration. I need only command "Jack's feet," and we perform automatically a series of foot warm-ups that Jack often gives. There are also "Bill's contractions," and "the whole plies bit." I announce only "the Bales skip" to trigger the whole group skipping across the floor, grinning hugely, doing Bill's inimitable, funnyish, hop-skip step. The performance went fairly well, we were not in our peak form however. The audience was about 150 and pretty enthusiastic. Nobody exactly fell off his chair with wild admiration, but there were nice compliments afterwards.

Tina instead of pressing the "off" button on the tape recorder, pressed "record" and erased about a half a minute of Cobwebs, the next dance. The group was warned. They heard only a snatch of the beginning music and then had to [...] in silence until the music came on again. That was not so bad, but Diane was upset because somebody tittered during the dance, which is dramatic and very personal. I tried to cheer her up by reminding her that at least no one had booed her, like they did my dance last night. Instead we both grew sad.

The Rochester alumni treated us splendidly with understanding and a lot of good food. It is [...], I think, that we are all sort of hanging on, looking longingly towards the two free days at Oberlin that come the day after tomorrow. Tonight we sleep in lovely, homey, alumni houses.

Feb 9 Laurel School, Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio

The days are beginning to fade into each other. I'm not sure what happened this morning. We must have gotten on the bus, sat, distributed up and down the aisles in our familiar coats, reading the Bible, dozing fitfully, staring glassily out the window, chewing gum and bothering each other. We must have been met at the station by a couple of cars, taken to the school. No doubt we changed into tights, did a few bounces, spaced the dances, showed off for a few people in the audience, went to dinner. I really can't remember. I'm getting the days, the faces, the stages, dressing rooms, audiences all mixed up. We need a rest. I have not yet stopped vibrating from bus rides taken two days ago.

Laurel School audience was fairly enthusiastic. People from the Cleveland Dance Center came and so did Joan Hartshorne and other people from the Karamu Playhouse. Sitting front row center, concentrating, furiously taking notes during applause was Victor Suma, who came from Chicago to see up prior to the taping of the hour-long television program in Chicago. Afterwards he came backstage and said how much he enjoyed the performance, but that it would take six weeks of rehearsal to do it justice. We tape it this Sunday.

We performed well, I guess. Probably we need some brightening up and cleaning up rehearsals. Paean is sit [...] from the program because of Linda's pulled leg muscle. She continues to dance the other dances, though. After the reception following the performance, the girls were put in school dorms and the boys taken to alumni in Cleveland. Bear always in mind that this log is being written late at night, after travel, performance, receptions, is often written with a reeling, swooning, exhausted spirit.

Feb 10, Oberlin College, Ohio

This morning we boarded the bus to come to Oberlin for two days, supposedly to rest. This rest was a fiasco, because we spent the afternoon at a master class, taught by Rima and the evening rehearsing the television program with Victor Suma. Rima taught about forty students in the biggest, lightest, airiest most luscious dance studio I have ever seen. We looked into the endless mirrors which were slenderizing. We gaped at the polished floor and sunny space which was limitless and we really wanted to dance. We had forgotten, in all our grimy routine, our drafty stale theatres and monotonous, repetitious performances, we had forgotten about sunny dance studios. We coveted it, we devoured it, we took the class in really high spirits. I began to think that the ideal place for dancing was outside on some flat, spacious sunny, wind-blown terrain, but that the next best place was a large light studio, such as this.

The t.v. program is, according to everyone, the big deal of the tour. It is on Festival, a monthly, hour-long program on Channel 11 in Chicago. I spent the whole day talking with Victor Suma, the director, about it. It will open with a sequence from What Every Woman Knows, then we will give the lecture demonstration with me talking to the cameras, suavely, casually and Anna, Linda, Diane, Rima and David demonstrating. They demonstrate what modern dance is not - Anna and Linda do ballet and jazz. David does gymnastics. They demonstrate the three main modern techniques: Limon, Cunningham, Graham. They demonstrate three approaches to composition: the "organic" approach (Balesian), the theme-and-manipulation approach (Horstian), the choreography-by-[dance] approach (Moore after Cunningham). We show Diane in the creative [throws] of her first Cobwebs rehearsal, phonily restaged for television. Then we show five of the dances: Cobwebs, Fragments, What Every Woman Knows, Rue, Once Beyond Time. Suma plans to close by having us all suavely, casually, sweatily grouped around the piano in our practice tights.

Rehearsal was tedious, exhausting. Moss, David, Tina and I went to the sinister, cavernous Oberlin snack bar afterwards and now we are all back at the dorms, washing clothes, reading, totally relishing this reward, this windfall - a night without a performance.

Feb 11, Oberlin College

Today we had a few rather casual rehearsals at various times during the day. We were torn between the need for a vacation from our dances, and the realization that our dances, some of them, badly needed rehearsing. Rima is teaching Tina, Sue's part in Evening for the times when Sue may not be able to perform. Linda is fairly able to dance Paeon and held an easy going rehearsal.

For the rest of the day, we did as we pleased. Anna had her seven stitches removed, Diane saw an old boyfriend who goes to Oberlin. All day long I kept running into members of our troupe as we crisscrossed paths on the sunny, wintry Oberlin campus. We were glad to see each other, and glad also not to see each other for a day.

Feb 12, Bloomfield High School, Bloomfield, Michigan

Tonight the prize went to catastrophe. Imagine leaping confidently out onto the stage, striking a pose and hearing music come on, familiar music, music that was to be an overture but that was cut from the tape before the tour ever began, thirty seconds of unchoreographed music. Anyway I leapt confidently onto the stage before Fragments, and heard such music.

Moss stood offstage, staring helplessly at me. I held the pose awhile, vaguely wishing I was dead or whoever was in charge of sound was dead, held the pose a moment longer and then backed up, retreated in serene, disguised fury into the wings tonight. We began again with the right music. Later, in my solo, with a loud cracking sound, I was impaled again by the hair and dress as I attempted to slide on my back. The splinter was six inches long, but mysteriously kept itself hidden all during spacing rehearsals after which it bristled wickedly forth. The curtain calls for Fragments, Evening and Cobwebs were botched, either the curtain opened after the last applause had died down, or before the dancers had gotten up off the stage from the end of the dance. The audience, three-quarters of a medium-sized high school auditorium was pretty enthusiastic. The funny thing is, the people who came backstage seemed to think the concert was great, a big success, but the audience didn't sound that way. This keeps happening to us, the alumni or people in charge come back and sincerely compliment us and are pleased with the whole evening while we are baffled because the audience's response was only pretty good. How do we ever know how it went, how do we ever know what the audience thought?

This noon we were met at the bus by alumni, headed by Bunny Leech and a Mrs. Robinson. At Mrs. Robinson's house we met Mrs. Winston, A Bennington Trustee. We were treated well by them and tonight we are distributed among alumni in the Bloomfield-Birmingham area.

About company morale: we are faintly, but undeniable beginning to lose our old sense of humor. There are more sharp exchanges, more stony silences in the dressing rooms than there used to be. Well, what'd we expect? As Rebecca Stickney prophesied before we ever left: "You just have to forgive everybody all the time." For us, poor, unchristlike dancers, this is, in such close, tense yet monotonous circumstances almost more than we can do. But of course Miss Stickney is right, she's right, she's right, I keep pounding into myself. Forgive that Anna consistently louses up the sound level, that Diane spills powder into your suitcase, that Tina is never ready for the last dance, that you yourself are always figuring out devious ways to get out of ironing, that David addresses everyone - alumni, stagehands, you, in the same loud managerial tones. Forgive Linda that she keeps wearing the same red coat, forgive Sue that she sometimes limps, forgive us all that we are all so vehemently alive and so bunched together.

Feb 13, Bloomfield, Michigan

Tonight we had a hugely uproarious time. After the hour-long lecture demonstration, we had a wonderful party at Mrs. Robinson's house. We played pool, we danced, we drank, we talked, ate, laughed, we and the alumni all got stupendously high, turned to each other and loved each other. We appreciated each other like crazy. They thought we were a wonderful group, beautiful performers. We thought they were really wild and great hosts.

In the afternoon Diane and Linda each taught a class at Post Junior High School. Apparently the fifty or so dancers in Diane's class were all really beautiful dancers, but Linda had a not so good beginners class.

The lecture demonstration was at Bloomfield Arts Association, where there are four posts in the dance area and huge florid pictures bursting from the walls behind the stage. I gave basically the same lecture I always give, the

I-can't-tell-you-what-modern-dance-is-but-I-can-tell-you-what-it-isn't-routine. Then we did the opener, without music, narrated by me, then we did the opener again, with music and Diane's large rousing group comedy, Once Beyond a Time. We didn't wrap ourselves around the posts, we didn't bash into the pictures, the small, select audience sat in a gallery above us and things went well. I used my mellowest, most honeyed tones, especially when I didn't know what I was talking about. I find that the kind of intensity and concentration that it takes to give a lecture ruins the kind of concentration it takes to dance. I did everything too vigorously, nearly knocked myself over after that talk. For future tours, whoever gives the lecture demonstration, if you have a question period, be sure to plant a few questions beforehand; people are afraid to talk. Whoever gives the master classes, don't talk too much, don't show how verbal Bennington has made you - give movement - the master class teachers are accused of being image-happy. Everything is "imagine you are suspended over an abyss" or "envision your stomach as a bellows."

It was a great relief not to be giving the full performance tonight. We were nearly hysterical with gratitude and a crazy kind of irresponsibility during the warm-up. David played his recorder and eyed us as we bounced, Moss leaned back, grinned at us and occasionally examined his well-fed, alumni-cared for stomach. Nobody had to do anything really rough tonight. So we gave a happy, relaxed, perhaps a trifle too relaxed performance.

Feb 14, Flint, Michigan

Valentine's day. We exchanged a few small Valentines in the bus terminal, boarded the bus for Flint very vaguely, self-consciously sorry for ourselves - traveling always traveling, even on Valentine's Day.

Flint Institute of Art is a beautiful art museum and school. The room we were to do the afternoon lecture demonstration was a grand spacious hall with a high, carved ceiling. There was/were elaborate tapestries on the walls and antique furnishings. We were to go on after a showing of the Martha Graham movie, Dancer's World. I was humbled, intimidated to have to appear after Martha in the same capacity, narrating a demonstration. I briefly considered striking a sword through my head, a prop sword that came in two pieces, much like the headdress from Clytemnestra that she wears in the movie. but I didn't, figuring the women's auxiliary of the Flint Institute would not be amused. The platform we gave the demonstration and Opener on was small, elevated, wooden, covered with a ground-cloth. You thumped, fought to extricate your foot from the wound up ground-cloth and feared that you would topple off the platform. We had to omit four people from the opener. But the 200 women founders of the Institute dug us immensely, and a good question period (set rolling by three planted questions) followed.

The performance that night did not go stunningly well. We are perhaps all anticipating Chicago. But we gave an energetic performance at least. It was one of those hardly clap-but-later-tell-you-you-were-great-audiences. We were told that Flint was not used to modern dance.

Afterward Mrs. Mott, wife of Mr. Mott who owns the Mott Institute (apple juice, etc.) and most of Flint invited us to take showers in her home. We had already had dinner there and it was the most impressive, beautiful home I have ever seen, like a medieval castle.

Properly speaking this night never ended. After the performance, Mr. Hodges, director of the Institute, took us to dinner and at twelve-thirty, we boarded a train to Chicago. We had a whole Pullman sleeping car to ourselves. The place was like a zoo. The long, narrow, center aisle was hung on either side with maroon drapes. But familiar appendages kept appearing. Now Linda's leg dangled from a lower berth, then Tina's head popped out of an upper berth, Rima swang down out of her upper and lighted on David's shoulders as he walked past. We were titillated, enchanted. We kept squealing with delight over our separated, closed-in, dark, little berths. It was not till very late that we were finally quiet, sleeping to the rhythmic sway and sounds of the train.

Feb 15, 1964, Chicago, Ill.

Today was the climax, the crisis of the whole tour. We awoke at 6:30a.m. in the pullman train. Nobody knew what to do. Tina was for going back to bed, Moss strode restlessly up and down the aisles. Finally my parents appeared, banging on the door of the car. They would take us back to my house which was near Channel 11 and we would rest and eat until 9:00 a.m.

We walked into the television studio like we owned it. We talked loudly, eyed the set-up and joshed familiarly with Vic Suma, the director, who we already knew. It was because we were exhausted, frazzled, worn. We were without care, almost. I personally thought I had never felt so terrible, physically, in my life.

The floor of the studio was cement, the ceiling was strung with lights. By four o'clock we had to tape an hour show - five dances and a lecture demonstration. Four o'clock because the camera men were union men, couldn't work overtime.

They began by spacing Cobwebs, newly arranged for the three cameras. After rehearsing it about four times they taped it. We were running on pure nervous energy, on the curiosity of this situation. The novelty of television kept us going. After two rehearsals of Fragments they taped it, only to have to tape it again because Rima, Diane and I had covered too much space. On the second taping we were all let down, bored and mad: Moss couldn't lift me as high and at one point I fell down flat on my rear. But they took it, because this time we had stayed in camera range. Linda's comic duet went easily, the short glimpse I got of it, off a little blue flickering screen was strange, exciting. They were completely, mercilessly revealed, every hobble, every smile. They pulled a fast one on me and taped my solo when I thought we were only having a run-through. Naturally I had performed it much better this way. Once Beyond a Time was the biggest, most difficult. But somehow we just kept dancing, projecting like crazy while making sudden adjustments to the space, and they just kept their cameras rolling and it was done.

After late lunch came the lecture demonstration. This was in practice clothes. I was given a tall stool, a piano and a set of drums as a set. I was to talk to the cameras as to a friend. I had a script which I wrote the day before, it was my I-can't-tell-you-what-modern-dance-is-but-I-will-anyway lecture demonstration routine. I would roll the drums while David performed his spectacular stunts in the "modern dance is not gymnastics" section. I was not nervous about talking to my friends, the cameras. I was too tired. Linda was sort of tense. Anna was being indifferent. None of us seemed overly excited about taping the show. But of course we were all secretly very impressed.

They played some, sentimental, pastorate music and showed photographs of Bennington. They must have announced something. But in the studio we did not hear it. The red lights flicked on, on the camera. Faces and I talked. Linda, Anna, David, Diane and Rima demonstrated in pools of light. Then would come the performance we had already taped. Then would come the close. For this we all grouped around the piano and talked casually, phonily with terrific animation. they didn't record our voices and flashed our names under our faces. We dispersed, in different directions; empty set; fade out. We had taped the lecture part in one try and it was only five-thirty.

We had a performance in downtown Chicago that night, a key performance at DePaul University. Chicago was big. Diane, David and I all lived there, had friends, relatives, teachers coming. Sybil Shearer came, Ann Barzel, the critic from the Tribune came. We were a wreck, we had spaced none of the dances, but we wanted to perform well. And we gave one of the best, most alive bright performances we ever gave. We found out what the things we had been doing meant all over again. Everything sprang back to life. On the whole, afterwards, we were happy. And then we got what we had been craving, staggering towards all day long - sleep.

Feb 16, Chicago

Today we rested.

Feb 17, Chicago

This morning we met at 8:30 at the North Shore Country Day School, a fine private high school in Winnetka, a suburb of Chicago. We gave the forty-five minute program to a large assembly of children. The stage was horrible, rough, splintery, the worst we'd ever had. Considering that most of us, especially Moss, were dancing but not awake at that hour. We performed very well. The concert was well received. Rima gave an opening talk and announced each dance. In her red hair, orange leotards and tights, she too was well received by the high school boys.

After lunch at the school we gave our second performance, a half-hour concert at 2:45 to another assembly at nearby Central Junior High. The stage was much bigger, this performance went really well.

Feb 18, Joliet, Ill

We drove to Joliet this morning and arrived in two separate cars, an hour before the performance, a 10:45 assembly. There was something threatening, forbidding, from the start. In both girl's dressing rooms after the toilets had been initially flushed, they never again stopped flushing, but kept surging and roaring, tormenting us all during make-up like next-door waterfalls. This was David's alma mater, Joliet Junior College and so he addressed the huge, [belligerent] audience, drawing them in familiarly by making references to gymnastics and dance

and to us as being “well-rounded.” Ha, ha. Perhaps he was too familiar for this turnout to be the most disconcerting, guffawing, whispering, hooting audience we ever had. They laughed. They laughed at the Opener where Rima and I entered in red and orange. They laughed whenever David lifted a toe. They were overwhelmed by Merce Cunningham’s exercises on six (I can see that one though). Perhaps the most painful dance was Passional. Diane wears a short, bare-legged tunic. Moss wears stunning, bright tights. They laughed and then Diane began to laugh. She was tired, she suddenly perceived that parts of this idealized love, but did have comic possibilities. Fortunately, she didn’t laugh with her face to the audience, but unfortunately that meant she snickered whenever she was faced to Moss. Moss refused to take a bow. They were beside themselves in Rima’s dramatic duet whenever Sue Volwiler, the ideal, eluded David’s tortured grasp. They didn’t laugh much during Linda’s duet, the comedy.

Right as I prepared to go on for Rue, the music started too early and I signaled from the wings for it to start again. They saw the signal, and they laughed [even] before I entered.

Afterwards we learned we had scored a [...] triumph. There’s a saying in that town, “if you think you are good, play Joliet.” Apparently [...] notoriously, impossible audience. They sometimes climb onto the stage during a performance, I [...] had been afraid all along that they would throw things at us. A teacher there said, “you don’t realize what you have done, usually there are cat calls all during the performance.” Apparently, each dance slowly quieted them and won them over. He said to us, “the important thing was, you people had dignity.”

On the way back the car driven by Mrs. Sherer carrying six girls was hit in the back/rear by a huge truck. Rima, lying curled up on the luggage in the back was uninjured, merely covered and filled with broken glass. When those of us in the car ahead ran back, we saw Sue Volwiler slumped sideways in the seat, Linda crying with an inexplicable headache, her head not having been bumped. Sue Slovak, Tina and Diane all jarred but unhurt. Mrs. Sherer’s spine was momentarily whipped by the jolt and she blacked out over the steering wheel. Sue Volwiler, when she came to, after a momentary knockout, reached over and put her hand on the brake to stop the rolling car. The back of the car was bashed in, the windows splintered. We stood on the slippery, wintry highway, shuddering with cold, gaping at the car, frightened, dazed. Finally the highway police came. Moss, David and my father, who drove the other car, tried to settle things. All of us looked ghastly with big, deep-set darkened eyes.

Later that night after a visit to the hospital, they reported that Linda was perfectly all right, but that Sue Volwiler had a monumental headache, following what had been a minor concussion.

Tonight we all rested, a little drained, perhaps, and saddened.

Note: The truck which struck the Sherer station wagon was a 1960 Dodge Trailer, License (1963) 1469 J, driven by Howard R. Longworth, 3631 thirteen Mile Road, Warren, Michigan. His phone: 264-6467. His “identification number” is 8960118954. The first officer on the scene was Murphy, badge number, 686 (I believe). He came from the nearby toll station (on road to Joliet). His car number was U9762 (state police). The first officer filled out most of the report and the second one finished it. In brief, the trailer struck the Sherer car from behind. the trailer failed to put on brakes at stop light. DQP - driver on 2nd car.

Feb. 20, Pittsburgh, Pa.

We met this morning at O'Hare Airport and flew to Pittsburgh. We took a limousine to Chatam College, a girls' college with a lovely snowy, hilly campus.

There was a lecture demonstration followed by a master class taught by Linda in the gym. For future tours: specify how long the lecture - demonstration is, mine is at most a half-hour long, they all think it will be longer. We all got a little chubby during our vacation in Chicago. Still, during the master class, in our bright leotards from the Opener, we really stood out among the mass of beginning dancers and looked, perhaps not svelte but experienced.

We had a meeting to decide (a) we were not willing to do a dance on civil rights in April for a convention, because we wouldn't have time, (b) we were willing to give a "triumphal return" concert the first week we return to Bennington as Bill requested in a wonderfully, charming letter to us.

The concert tonight was in the college chapel. A minister came by accident into our dressing room looking for a place to hang his vestments, and I said to him, "you can just hang your costume next to ours." He was not amused. But I couldn't help thinking, as we took our bows to the crowded pews - religion and show biz are in certain respects brothers underneath it all. They both bring the Word, some Word to the people. They both demand devotion, slavery of those who would bring the message. So we stubbed our toes against the pulpit which had been shoved into the wings and bowed to the applauding pews.

The concert was tremendously successful. We performed very well tonight. Afterwords, everyone - alumni, students, faculty, Pittsburgh people said "excellent," "wonderful," "remarkable." Both Anna and I performed our solos with newness, Passional looked just beautiful, Once Beyond a Time made the high belfry ceiling ring.

Pittsburgh is Bill's hometown and at the reception we all did double takes when we saw his brother. It was Bill, with minor alterations. We warmly, grinningly shook hands with Harry Bales and Bill's sister, Anne Bales. Anna Sokolow's sister, was also there tonight. Everyone was very complimentary.

Tonight we are exhausted all over again, resting in Chatam's antique, home-like guest house.

Feb. 21, Pittsburgh

Today we saw ourselves. We were revealed into ourselves. We were face to face with our physical manifest selves. We saw, as the rest of the world sees it, the external projection of our psyches - ten pounds heavier even. We were shown the half hour tape that we made today at WQED, Pittsburgh Educational Television. The sadists. I, for one, was appalled, stripped of all possible illusions about myself. My heart sank as I watched this hideous, all-too-familiar monster to my solo. I thought the rest of the dances looked pretty good, though. We arrived at the station at about two o'clock. We rehearsed the dances twice for spacing, once with cameras. We were pros by now, used to TV, bored, jaded. We exchanged cameraland jargon with the director, we nodded widely when he advised us on entrances. The craziest thing - they shot half of the dances from the side. I guess because sideways the space was more the shape of a stage. Anyway, there were some interesting affects, very interesting, but it sort of tended to make the audience seem left out. As David observed, it was like watching from the wings. The

dances to be done were: Opener, April is an Idiot, Evening without Angels, Passionale, Once Beyond a Time. Except for Paean, this would put every dance on the concert on tape. Once would be done two times.

As we were making up, a woman came in very apologetically and said that Once just looked awful, lost everything by being televised. Instead Rue, my solo, would be done because we were running the tape without stopping, and it was the only possibility because of costume change. It would be shot from the side and without ever having been rehearsed. I craftily decided to do it to the front anyway, and because of my craftiness, my entrance and the whole beginning was missed, the camera just sort of panned around empty space looking for me while I ran around looking for something else, doing my searching solo.

As we sat in the control room viewing the tape, we alternately squirmed with miserable self-conscious recognition and cooed and exclaimed over the beautiful shots of someone else. None of us seemed to like ourselves much, to dig our small, gyrating, black-and-white self-image. Some exclamations:

Tina: "OOOOOOH God! I'm so fat!"

Diane: "Look, we're so muscular."

Kathy: "David, you're so veril!"

Moss: "No, I'm not criticizing my choreography, I'm just watching for performance."

Diane: "Sorry I forgot that turn, Moss."

Moss: "Rat."

Sue S. "OOOOH Anna, that's beautiful of you."

Anna: "Yeah."

Kathy: "David that's not the best view of you."

Linda: "Shut up everybody Shush."

Diane: "Boy, am I tense."

Kathy: (thought secretly) "No. Is that me? I can't stand her."

Anna: (looking at herself) "I never saw that person before in my life!"

Feb 22, Baltimore, Md.

This morning most of us slept late, indulging ourselves, generally, in the houses of our Pittsburgh alumni. Only Diane and Linda carried the Word for us today. Diane taught a master class at the University of Pittsburgh and Linda demonstrated. The students were from high schools all over the city, and there were about 125 of them. They went across the floor in great thundering herds and Diane and Linda kept going back and forth to lead each new batch across the floor. Afterwards a number of them rushed up enthusiastically and asked if this class would be every week. Diane had to answer sadly, non, it was only this once.

At five we met at the bus station and made the cramped, grimy, jiggy bus ride - six hours - from Pittsburgh to Baltimore. At one point, bored as we were to the point of idiocy, there was a loud game of concentration - clap-clap, snap-snap, shout-a-name-going on in the back of the bus. The other passengers were extremely annoyed. One passenger asked Linda if we were a tour performing a passion play. He had seen all of our Bibles, the ones we are reading for Mr. Hyman's course. Passion, yes, but not the kind he supposed.

We arrived at midnight a Baltimore and went to the home of alumni, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Cochran. They had a beautiful modern home, huge, colorful, shipshape, which Mr. Cochran, an architect, designed. They had a red carpet out for us, rang a deep ship bell and waved the Vermont flag which none of us had ever seen before. We discovered the first luggage disaster of tour - Tina's suitcase was nowhere to be found.

And now tonight we are all ten of us, stashed away, two to a room in the large, quiet house. No sound except the ticking of a clock and the scratching of my pen.

Feb 23, Baltimore, Md.

Today we performed to the smallest, meagerest, shyest, silentest, most nonexistent audience we have had yet. It was Notre Dame Prep School, a Catholic girl's school in Baltimore. Leading the hollow-sounding applause in the large, gleaming, new auditorium was the loud plop, plop of the applause, Linda's father, Mr. Tolbert, and the smart crack-crack of Mrs. Cochran, our alumni hostess. Besides them there were, at most, twenty young girls. We couldn't understand why none of the many nuns who had welcomed us had come to the concert. We learned that there had been practically no publicity for this concert.

It was not one of our best performances. Perhaps, as Moss reasoned there is something gloomy, or uninvigorating about playing to twenty people at three o'clock in the afternoon in an immense, cavernous auditorium. It was certainly not a bad performance (as a matter of fact we have had no real bad performances) but our energy level, concentration level was a little low, diffuse. For the first time while doing my solo, I found myself wondering - how can I be doing this dance? Am I really doing this dance when my mind is somewhere else? This feeling of detachment, of [...iness] is an awful one, I guess it comes from repeating a dance too many times in a short space of time. But if, in our repetitious unending series of concerts, every performance can't be inspired, if our muse, [...] will not come to light on our shoulder every night or afternoon, it is up to us not to let the performance level really sink. For, as Jack would remind us, "This is your job." Perhaps nobody came, but we were paid \$175 to perform. Linda got not a titter during her comic duet and came back to the dancing room bewildered, feeling utterly despised and rejected. Moss confessed that this was about his worst performance.

Tonight some of us went to movies, or else were entertained by alumni. We sleep tonight as usual, dispatched with, taken care of, tucked away, distributed neatly all over Baltimore.

Feb 24, 1964, Washington, DC.

On a pseudo-spring day with white clouds flying and a brilliant sun slanting down, tour viewed the nation's capital. We had no date in Washington, but today was a free day and we decided to spend it in Washington and tomorrow, continue the tour. All of us except Linda, who went home to Annapolis, were to board the bus from Baltimore to Washington this morning. We realized at the last moment that the main costume bag had been left at Notre Dame School. "Does a painter leave his brush? Does a musician lose his horn? Does a cook forget his spoon?" I raved. Nobody listened. Sue Volwiler, costume mistress, was remorseful. It appears that Moss and David were tired of counting luggage, playing nursemaid, so this last time they didn't check and the costumes were left. Mars and Anna stayed to retrieve them. We expected

them to take a bus, but instead they arrived much later in the day with the costumes, pulling into Washington in a gaudy, ostentatious, tomato-red, Hertz rented car.

We met at the National Gallery. It was one of the most inclusive, beautiful art galleries I have ever seen. Tina, Sue, Susan, Rima, Deane, David and I rushed from the bus station with a feeling of great freedom and saw singly and in pairs the White House, the Capitol, the Washington Monument, the Archives, the Department of Justice, (Tina and Sue Volwiler went into the Department of the Interior quite seriously looking for ice cream.) David and I, looking at the Declaration of Independence, and Moss viewing the Lincoln Memorial began to feel a sense of our country, a large sense of time past and past courage. We stare, gulped deeply, were impressed. We drove in the Hertz car to the Jefferson Memorial and watched the setting sun turn its circle of surrounding white pillars a blushing pink.

Tonight we all went to Constitution Hall and heard the Philadelphia Orchestra. Our seats, described by Tina, were such that we could see the conductor from the front. Nevertheless it was a rousing performance. Today was a very different day, a good day in which we forgot ourselves and were absorbed into sunny, white-marble Washington.

February 25, St Mary City, Virginia

We hit the South. On a drizzly, grey day, by a still river dripping over with slender trees, we drove up to St. Mary's Female Seminary. Again, the old dichotomy, the old attraction between religion and entertainment, Ged and Apollo, the church and the theatre. This time the Chapel and the Theatre were two distinct buildings.

We sat on the stage and bounced, brushed, stretched. We no longer space the dances, but we all feel this is a mistake. We will probably start again to do so.

There weren't too many girls in the audience. They didn't laugh too much, but they applauded solidly. I learned that at the last Catholic School, Notre Dame, the Mother Superior had suppressed publicity about the performance, hence the small audience. Here too, there were few people and no resounding belly laugh.

We are not performing well at all. In general we are having a thank-God-we're-in-the-last-two-weeks-slump.

Linda: (In dressing room after performance) I think we should make a real effect not to let things go downhill.

Diane: I think we're already down.

(Dismal laughter from all.)

All our familiar personal mannerisms are creeping into the big unison "Opener." The six Cobwebs girls are no longer convincingly vicious. I tend to come down after the lifts in "Fragments" with an alarming "thud!" We need a boot in the pants, we need some good rehearsals. I don't know if there will be time or space for rehearsals. How do we boot ourselves in the pants?

Tonight the girls sleep in a stuffy, bleak infirmary and the boys stay in a hotel in town. Boy am I tired.

February 26

Washington DC

Mt Vernon

We left St. Mary's City early this morning in order to have a few hours to spend in Washington before going to Arlington. We fled once more from the Washington bus station and scattered all over the Capital. We saw the Freer Gallery and the Smithsonian Institute. Susan, Tina, and Diane returned to the bus station sporting black face masks and shrieking with gay laughter. They had worn them all over the city. It was 60° out, sunny, mild, David bought me daffodils, Sue [Volwiler] bought colored, stuffed birds, we ran on the Washington Mall, we craved spring, freedom, leisure. We longed to take off our proper "messengers of Bennington" clothes and climb trees.

At Mt. Vernon we learned that the entire dance world of Washington would be coming tonight. Evelyn Loehoeffer, a composer and teacher of music for dance, greeted us. After her pleasant greetings there was an unpleasant bit of business about a mix-up in housing arrangements. This unpleasant scene is becoming far too familiar. We keep changing our travel itinerary plans and our hosts keep getting put out. Tonight we mildly slighted the president of the University's wife. There also was a bad scene in Baltimore with Mrs. [Cochrin]. Future tours don't change your travel plans, or if you do, tell your hosts far in advance.

We had time for a few good rehearsals in the afternoon and the evening performance went very well, much better than it has gone in a long time. The stage was big and not splintery. David as usual, conjured up some good lights and we all wanted to do well. Afterwards at the reception. people were warm and complimentary. These were people who knew about dance. Girls we knew from Connecticut, teachers in Washington, critics. They said technically we were an amazing group. We wolfed down cupcakes and sandwiches and grinned shyly at them with stuffed mouths. We were so voracious, so greedy because tonight we had to travel and we figured we ought to stoke up for the trip. Moss and Diane appeared in two gleaming, ostentatious. Hertz rented cars and we left for Sanford Prep School in Hockessin, Delaware. We began with hysterical, high spirits in the car, spirits which gradually dwindled and turned to sleepiness. We drove into the school at 2:30 in the morning. We found the infirmary where we were staying and piled irritability in. Cookies and milk were waiting, we realized, fed ourselves and folded into bed by three o'clock.

February 27, 1964

Washington DC

Sanford Prep School

We arose in the infirmary after four hours of sleep and went to breakfast and then to the gym where we would give a lecture-demonstration and forty-five minute program. I personally never believed I would make it, and feared when I woke up that I was really dead. The others didn't look so hot either, Linda complained that her eyes were glued shut.

We found the gym huge, littered with bleachers left on the stage from last night's wrestling tournament. We prepared to give our own wrestling match, only for ours we needed the audience on the floor and us on the stage. Only the angel we wrestled was our own bodies, trying to get them into some kind of shape to dance at this hour in the morning. Moss and David dragged bleachers and the girls in the dressing room pulled on tights and laughed at length convulsively, again and again, at jokes we forgot a second later.

For some reason it was a very good performance. The lecture demonstration which has slowly evolved into a parody of everything we are demonstrating, warms up the audience well. I talk at them, smile at them, modulate my voice at them. I enjoy watching the faces of the adolescent boys as each dancer appears on the stage, undulating in a brightly colored leotard. At this hour in the morning we were relaxed. We had that abandon that comes only with utter exhaustion. Linda's duet, Passionale, Anna's and my solos, the Opener - they all went well. Once needs rehearsing. Many of the students and teachers afterwards told us how much they enjoyed the program. "You really did a great job of selling Bennington," the director said.

After a nap in the infirmary we drove back to Washington where we will spend the night at different houses, getting some quiet and sleep.

NOTE: Always bear in mind that this journal is written late at night, hence the preoccupation with sleep, the slightly subdued, [down] tone.

February 28, 1964

Today according to Linda, in an after dinner speech made to the dancers and faculty of Howard University, we learned "dancing as we do every night is more than just a job, and today we found why we are doing what we are doing." Linda's face shone with warmth and gratitude. She concluded by saying, "It's sad the way you meet people on tour and then have to say, goodbye, the next morning to catch an early bus. But it's not too sad, because dancers never lose each other, always meet again." Everyone applauded over their apple pie and dirty napkins. We were all very moved, very heartened by Linda's spontaneous speech. Especially me, for I recalled how only an hour earlier she had been in a raging fury, throwing things all over the dressing room, frightening Anna out so that she had to send Sue Slovak back in to get the sound during her dance. I was amazed, fascinated watching Linda warmly speak. I thought how schizoid she is, we all are - both people were equally Linda, both were equally possessed, intent, fully convicted. She was unspeakably enraged, then she was filled with compassion and a touching need to express it.

We are all masters at this duplicity. Tour has made it imperative for us to be so. One moment we are chewing gum, smearing on make-up making loud hostile jokes in the dressing room. The next we are making a gracious entrance on stage concentrating with all our might, trying to give something to the audience. One moment we are cursing, complaining about our fatigue and disgust with social commitments, the next we are sincerely smiling at nice, oldish ladies and chomping sugar cookies. We carry our double existences [out] on stage - one moment Sue Slovak is the ritualistically, savage waiting creature in [Paean]. The next she is a clumsy, dreamy child in Once; one moment Moss is the buffoon in What Every Woman Knows, the next he is the ardent, idealized lover of Passional. David flirts flagrantly with us on the bus, David authoritatively, soberly commands his [c...d] light crew. Sue Volwiler sits sulkily apart from us, her knee hurting, eating ice cream mournfully. Sue Volwiler with patient, [setcilous] smiles collects nightly our rumpled costumes. We are all Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde multiplied over and over. We are the Great Pretenders. We Led Three Lives, at least. Tour demands that we be many things, and we are able, appallingly able to do so.

We drove up to Howard University in Washington, a liberal arts school of 7,000, all negro. This performance was unique in that we were to share it with the Howard dance group.

First they would perform, then we would do our half-hour program. We decided to add the large rousing Opener to it.

From the moment we alighted from our taxis, the date was marked by cordial, friendly give and take on both sides. The lovely big posters, subtly linked the names of the two colleges - Howard and Bennington, in shades of black and white. After a huge luncheon we were taken to the theatre which was also huge and overwhelmingly well equipped. We rehearsed, lit, spaced, and had dinner. Then we had warm-up with some of the Howard dancers taking the class. We saw that they were mostly beginners but had a lot of bounce and rhythm.

Then we sat in the first row and watched their part of the concert. They had two boys, one of whom did an exciting, at times frighteningly intense side to Sinner Man. There were about thirty dancers and they did a lot of group dances that were simple, within their range and mostly interesting to watch. The rhythm [*sic.*] was always there, firmly there. They had practically no modern dance cliches, but they had obviously not been treated to anything like the unflinchingly demanding, unbeatable composition classes we have at Bennington. I was interested to watch them but I confess my main feeling was one of gratitude for what Bennington has taught me and made me able to do, and one of the pride at being from Bennington, being -- er, well, -- so good!

Bennington is some place. All our reviews so far have complimented us, our training, our poise, technique. Yes, we each know how sloppy we are, but we can also sometimes look really good out there, really set an audience on its heads.

We did our part of this concert. The horrible flub in the music came because David had to jiggle so many tapes, because of changes in program order. Future tours: don't play with the order of the program, it is always disastrous sound-wise. Linda began the dances as usual in silence, but when the music came on, it was the middle section, not the beginning. She danced the first section to the middle music for a while. It was a nightmare, David and I stared at each other helplessly over the tape recorder. Then he rang the curtain closed and with another false start the dance began from the beginning. Everything else went well, but they didn't clap a whole lot. Afterwards there was a huge banquet until two-thirty in the morning, where Linda gave her little address and Miss Mary Rose Allen, head of physical education, gave us a wonderful blessing and a talk. Then everyone, Howard students and faculty and us joined hands and swayed and sang. It made me a little dizzy, nauseous, but I gulped with the old esprit de corps where the ten of us sang them the tour song, the one we have sung all along, And We'll All go Together.

Shall we go, lassie go
And we'll all go together
Where wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather
Shall we go, lassie go

We began to feel how valuable tour was, how close we were the ten of us scattered among all these friendly, but strange people. Then Howard sang its school song and after goodbyes, we all went to bed.

February 29

St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.

Today was a day fraught with disaster. We were visited by misfortune, it descended upon us twice, but we bore up ruggedly, stoically because we are by now so immersed in routine and so fatigued that we are immune to disaster, it doesn't reach us.

As we boarded the morning bus to Annapolis, Tina discovered that some cash was missing from her purse, a good amount of money which could only have been taken while we were performing at Howard. She and Moss stayed behind to see if there was anything to be done, and the rest of us went on to Annapolis. We were greeted there by Linda's parents; her father is in charge of admissions and a teacher at St. John's. We were taken good care of by the Tolberts and later in the afternoon Moss and Tina arrived with the news -- \$ 189.00 cash had been taken from Tina's billfold, probably while we were watching the Howard part of the performance.

Kathy: Are you sure? ?

Tina: Oh, it was so stupid of me, this was the only time I ever had that much cash and not changed it into travelers checks. And then I left my purse in the dressing room.

Linda: Tina, I feel so sorry for you.

Kathy. Boy. What did you and Moss do then?

Tina: We went to the Freer Art Gallery, they have an oriental collection.

Kathy: Did you see the Persian of the two dogs?

Tina: Yes.

There was simply nothing else to do, no sense in getting the friendly, wonderful people at Howard all upset and sorry.

Tonight's performance was an important one for Linda, Annapolis being her home town. The curtain rose and we began the Opener with customary animation. Right at about the Cunningham exercises on six there was a heartbreaking glitch! and the music stopped. We continued dancing a few more phrases, smiling fixed, sick smiles at each other. David grinning, imperturbably excited and rang the curtain closed. I felt crestfallen, deserted, betrayed, there was something so disillusioning about having the music stop like that. The tape had broken. David did something or other, and we opened the curtain again and continued where we had left off. The rest of the performance went very well. Each person seemed fairly pleased with how their own performances had gone. Mr. Colbert gallantly said we were twice as good as we had been at Mt. Vernon, six times as good as at Notre Dame. All those places. I couldn't even remember which was which. But tonight's St. John's audience, considered a critical one, was very responsive.

Afterwards we had a wonderful spaghetti dinner at Linda's home. Linda told stories, we laughed and drank.

Our normal working condition can be summed up in one word these days - fatigue. Not during the performance, but afterwards we are exhausted, finished, done for. I am only a shell of me. As I take off my make-up the fatigue creeps up into me. We stagger and sway as we carry our suitcases, our knees perceptibly [perceptibly] buckling. Future tours: unless you are trying to prove something, don't get this many dates. Forty-one in seven weeks.

Tonight we began our count down. Only seven performances left, only three of them full. We are blessedly relieved. We recall that there was a time, long ago, in our lives when we didn't perform on this impossible schedule, and that such a time may come once again. We look at each other with faces drawn into expression of mock martyrdom. We sigh deeply. Sigh for freedom, privacy, place. And yet as Anna observed in many ways we are hooked, have come to become addicted to performing.

March 1 - New York City

We got up late this morning, most of us had breakfast at Linda's house. We sat around in the sunlit living room. Linda and Rima played the guitar and sang And We'll All Go Together. David tooted his recorder. Then we all boarded the bus for Baltimore, which connected to the bus for New York. A familiar sight: the ten of us scattered up and down the aisle, sitting by ones and twos, nodding over our Bibles, munching gum, murmuring and giggling in low tones. Another familiar sight: Moss flying around the bus station trying to find out about tickets and connections. David victorious, surrounded by a cluster of girls whining for bites of his candy bar. A few of us huddled quietly on our island of luggage. There are too many too familiar sights. It is beginning to feel like the end. We are already thinking about going back to Bennington: both with tremendous reluctance and tremendous anticipation.

We arrived in New York at six o'clock to find that Fieldston School did not have accommodations for us as we had anticipated. One by one the group began to disappear to places around the city where they would stay. First Linda went, then Rima, then Sue and Susan. There was no performance today, but we were all to meet at the school at 8:00 the next morning to do a forty-five minute program in a morning assembly. Diane, Anna, Tina, Moss, David and I were left. We were flipping with hunger. We all dragged our luggage across the stage to a Greek restaurant. We ate bread, and with a strange-tasting Greek wine, toasted the end of tour. We were tired, but very relaxed at the meal. We talked, we daydreamed. I was amazed, no, happy, that we all still liked each other so much. David and Moss would stay at Moss's house. We four girls at Tina's. Moss hailed us a taxi. David and Moss loaded our luggage, gave the driver the address, opened car doors for us, told us goodnight. The other day when Moss and Tina had to stay behind while the rest of us boarded the bus, Moss had said to David, "the group is yours now." All along, the boys have taken care of us, watched out for us. When we didn't even know it. As we drove off and left them I thought how this quiet solid protection of theirs is one of the things that has kept tour going.

March 2, New York City Fieldston School

This morning, scattered as we were all over the city, we rose with the seen, hopped on subways, into cars and taxis and converged at Fieldston School. We kept wasting a lot of time by getting lost in long meandering cement passengeways under the stage. The program had to begin at 9:45 and last not much over 45 minutes because it was an assembly. We weren't completely warmed up. Moss wasn't altogether awake. Our eyebrows weren't evenly applied, nor were our smiles quite genuine, but somehow we brought the curtain up on time. Only after David had made an opening announcement that jeopardized the whole performance. Once

again he thought that he would be a real guy, make jokes, make the audience feel at home. So, according to some of the indignant girls, especially Tina, he had set the wrong mood, a careless, wise guy mood. We vowed never to let him loose in front of an audience again, to perform his antics, play the clown. The only thing, some of his jokes were pretty funny.

Good morning [He said.] That's a joke, you know. We're not used to doing this in the morning.

The audience, about 400 grade school and high school students, was not so good. They whispered, giggled, and shushed each other. This was an ethical culture school. I asked Moss what that meant and he said that meant there was no God. Funny, I didn't mind there not being a God. I wasn't going to argue with anyone on that score, but it did annoy me that they giggled during my dance. God may be dead, I wanted to stop and say, but please be quiet while I dance.

Afterwards we had lunch in Fieldston's large cafeteria, and Tina doled out our \$4.00 a week allowance. Then we scattered once again to all parts of the city.

Anna, Linda, Diane and I went to New Dance Group at seven o'clock and took Bill's intermediate class. It was wonderful to be taking a class again, a class with other students and a teacher and an accompanist. It was a good familiar feeling to be doing exercises looking into a mirror and not over spotlights into an empty, dark strange auditorium. We were not responsible. We were not out forging a way for ourselves, making our little hour-and-a-half world come alive. We were relaxed, underlings, told what to do, there to learn. We had also (a) gotten fat (b) gotten a lot of mannerisms (c) gotten mildly out of shape (d) acquired a certain amount of theatrical weak bravado.

Afterwards the four of us went out and had hot pastrami sandwiches with Bill. We were all so happy, so relieved to see him. We just stared at him with big, smiley eyes and talked for hours. It was warm, happy to be with an adult, someone who had not been on tour, but who knew what it was all about, who understood about the hectic, impossible, dreamlike life we have been leading.

March 3, 1964

New York City

Today was a day off. Our last day off before the final stretch. We didn't enjoy it, we grabbed it, clung to it, sucked it for all it was worth, let it drop only reluctantly. Moss and David went to the Bronx Zoo. Some of us saw two Cocteau movies, occult, enigmatic fare. Some saw Fellinis' "8½". Some of us saw an off-broadway production of The Trojan Women. A few of us are lamenting the fact that we have become a little dull-witted, thick-skulled, dumber on tour. We are a little less sharp. We're not quite so much on top of things. Our perception is faintly numbed by habit. Tina, Anna, and I agreed that this comes from watching your feet move across the floor of bus stations every day; from spending hours waiting for people and connections every day. It comes from spending all your time applying and taking off makeup and costumes, and wrestling daily with that ever-present contender--your body: getting it warmed-up, alert, responsive. We are animals--pretty soon we expect to start snarling and hunting for flies, we are athletes--everything is seen in arms of muscles and coordination.

Simply, we have little time on tour to read or reflect. For that reason alone, many of us--Moss, David, Tina and I will be glad to get back to Bennington and books. Today we rested and absorbed what we could from the screen on the page and tomorrow we begin again.

March 4, 1964
Atlantic City, NJ

This morning began as usual with our meeting in the bus station. We walk in, lugging our suitcases, looking almost fatalistically for the usual familiar other fine faces--for Moss' brown-coated hurrying figure, Linda's tall, red outline. Tina's turquoise silhouette. And the same old luggage, we know every piece. The bus to Atlantic City was late, we did not arrive until two-thirty. We were to perform at the Friend's Prep School, a high school run by the Quaker Group of Friends. We found we were to stay at a hotel near the Boardwalk, and each get \$5.00 from the Friends for dinner and breakfast. We rejoiced loudly in the bus station at Atlantic City, had lunch, went to the hotel.

We saw the stage, the usual size. We saw the lights--they did two things: off and on. They were [work] light on switches. David had no responsibilities today.

Anna and I set out for the Boardwalk. We had just reached the ocean when we turned around and saw two familiar backs approaching us on the beach. It was the boys disguised, cleverly tailing us by walking backwards so we would think they were going the other way. Ha! As they stealthily approached, their backs to us, heads waried, Anna and I gave them each a swift kick.

Then the four of us walked along the boardwalk. The grey, wild Atlantic Ocean on one side, rows of cheap, gaudy, entertainment stands on the other. David and Anna walked out on a pier that was supposed to be condemned, a high precarious pier hanging fifty feet over the rough wavy ocean. Moss and I discovered a nest of seashells and clawed our hands through them, stirred them with our fingers and they shone and twinkled like treasure. We watched the ocean, I felt insignificant standing before it.

Back at the theater, everyone was very casual, not to say indifferent about the performance. No one was excited, we didn't space anything. We began warming-up relaxedly an hour before curtain time. There was absolutely no tension, we smiled, we shrugged. Consequently, we gave on the whole a good, giving performance, if not a brilliant, accurate one.

[Their] audience was very small, a hundred?--adolescents from the school, adults from the town. They were not too thrilled. Each dance got one, at most two curtain calls. The comedies got no laughs. As usual we were a little baffled, a little hurt, a little mad, when the audience didn't really respond. It was the lights, it was them--was it us? But afterwards the students and ladies said how much they enjoyed it. We thanked them and thought to ourselves. Gee Wiz lady, you sure have a mighty funny way of showing your appreciation.

After the performance, we walked back to the hotel through big clouds of mist that the wind rolled down the dark streets. Tonight the ten of us sleep in this resort hotel. With the background accompaniment of whipping wind and the faint, rhythmic ocean.

March 5, New York City

Back to New York today. We arose to make our way from the hotel to the restaurant, and then some of us ventured down to the grey windswept boardwalk to plod in the grey, windswept sand and watch the grey, restless ocean. Everything disappeared into billows of mist. But once inside the inevitable bus station, things became usual, real again. We boarded the bus, we took out life savers, salt water taffy, bibles, books on existentialism, Newsweek. We are a slightly sadder, tired group than we began. No one any longer has eccentric and arresting individual characteristics, they now have glaring, unforgivable, personal faults. Yes, we are quite tired of each other--why is Tina's coat so blue, why is Rima's hair so red, why is everyone always so much himself.

We disembarked at Port Authority in New York. By four-thirty we were all at the auditorium on 11 and Columbus Avenue, public school No.44.

Never have we been so exhausted. Linda and I sat on the floor in warmups positions and stared at each other limply. Linda hung her long tongue out. She bounced her head vigorously up and down in a parody of a warm-up bounce. The others appeared and slapped down wanly beside us. We were really on our last legs. Tonight was an important performance. (a) it was in New York (b) a lot of New York friends and teachers would be there (d) Bill would be there. We laboriously, resignedly pulled ourselves together.

The Opener went all right. I guess, we have been more scintillating though. Fragments has never gone better, Moss lifted me so I soared unbelievably in the duet section. Rima and Sue thought Evening went very well, that especially David danced well. Rue, my solo, went not too well, I sort of tripped on my skirt, ate hair, was tense. What Every Woman Knows was well performed, but the audience didn't laugh a bit. The audience was mostly from the neighborhood, Puerto-Rican, Greek, Italian people. They laughed in places never laughed at before, whispered. In the second half of the program, they began to applaud in an ominous unison rhythm. I secretly wondered if they would soon not leap up and do a dance of their own. It turns out it was a Turkish custom to applaud that way, and the rest of the audience had caught on. Anna, taking her bow, did not know what to make of the ominous unison clapping. I stood backstage secretly hoping for a riot, something to distract me from my exhaustion, my disenchantment.

Bill had missed the first half, he sat backstage afterwards in our dressing room and did not seem too pleased. He told us about re-thinking what we were dancing, about the "long line" of the dances. I sort of felt helpless by now, as if I no longer knew what that meant. "I only work here," I wanted to tell him, "I don't know any more about 'long lines.'" Future tours: don't have such a long tour with so many dates, you'll be sorry! And yet when we go back to Bennington, as Linda and Tina observed, we'll have nothing to say to anyone, no one else will be able to understand what it has been like.

After the performance we got on midnight buses to New Jersey. Tomorrow morning we get up at 6:30 for an 8:30 AM performance. This is officially known as the Last Straw performance. On the bus Moss and I sat swigging Pepsi-cola and eating sandwiches. We laughed, we talked, we forgot that we were tired, trapped, en route between two performances. We were having an enjoyable time on the bus, if we forget the over-all impossible scheme of tour, we find that day-to-day, moment to moment we often are having a quite enjoyable time on tour.

March 6, Maplewood N.J.

This morning began three hours after last night ended, at 6 O'clock. Moss, in a loud, chugging Volkswagen bus, drew up to the various alumni houses at which we were staying and we all chugged to the school. Two half hour performances for two shifts of high school students in the mammoth auditorium, one right after the other. Without a thought in our heads, without a complaint, we sat down at our make-up mirrors. We don't examine anymore. We don't introspect. We need all our concentration and energy just to do. We had left Sue Volwiler in the Bronx. Her knee was bothering her and in the half-hour program, Diane could do her part in Once, which was all Sue had to do. Instead of our sometimes juxtaposition of Art and Religion, Dance and Church, today we had a juxtaposition of Art and State, Dance and Country. Right before the program began, the students arose pledged allegiance to the flag, sang the Star-Spangled Banner. Backstage we were amused, amazed and with a "why not?" attitude joined in while we did battements. There was a huge, immovable American flag in the downstage right corner of the stage right where I always have the serial climactic focus of my solo. I am only struck by how little anything we dance about on this tour has to do with America, with that flag. Tina was very ill, so ill it turned out, that she could not dance Once. With Sue V. gone we had to do it with only six people. That is why it is not a good idea ever to be with only nine people on tour.

The first performance went pretty well, I guess, considering that we had only done one plie beforehand. Moss thought that Passionale went quite well. "I was still warm from last night," he said to me.

But then, and this somehow epitomizes our whole tour, then after the performance was over and we figured we wanted to relax, sit down, let all that energy go, we had to begin all over again, put our first costumes on, muster ourselves up, do the whole thing all over again. It was as if the first time hadn't taken, hadn't come out on the developing sheet. It was a sad case of deja Vu-- haven't we done this before? Hasn't this already happened?--It was like a haunted dream, especially since it was so early in the morning and we weren't entirely awake yet. As I warmed up for Rue again, I had visions of us doing this all day, again and again and again. I seriously envisioned it never ending. "Yes, and then there was that dance tour that booked so many dates that it never ended, like ring-around-the-rosy, like cyclical resurrections of the god of dance, like a record stuck in a groove, like..."

Afterwards, Moss drove us in the chortling bus to an alumni house for lunch and then to a bench where we caught the bus back to New York. The day was not without high points--we danced a [...] outside to the chortling rhythm of the parked running bus. We all climbed precariously into a tree while waiting for the New York bus.

But on the whole, we are really in miserable condition. Bennington girls meeting us in New York exclaim over how tired we look. A pall hangs over us today because of Bill's gloomy reaction to yesterday's concert. All along we have been told that we are the best tour yet. All along we have been getting good to rave reviews and now, of yesterday's performance, one Bennington girl shakers her head, "It was obvious that you were all very tired. You looked like you were in pain." Linda and I sadly raise eyebrows at each other. We had honestly done as well as we could, I think, only there comes a point when there just is very little left to give. Our

faces are grey, baggy. Our smiles are forced; unreal. All our joie de vivre has leaked out. Technique, projection and as a matter of fact our interest, too, are departing. Only two performances left.

Along the way we have compiled a list of sadder-but-wiser warning for future tours:

- DON'T have the assistant costume person be someone really busy. Ours was David, he sewed one snap.
- DON'T change your itinerary plans, the ones you sent to your hosts, if possible. Changed plans have caused us quantities of ill-will with alumni.
- DO get someone who can add and who has a sort of sense of the value of money to be treasurer. Tina never wanted the job. She tosses out her leger and gets a new one when the sums don't add up.
- DON'T travel overnight if you can help it.
- ABOVE all do take along someone who knows a heap of good riddles like Anna, who can play the recorder as well as arrange lights like David; who can sew and patiently pick up discarded costumes like Sue V. who can resist the slights of upperclassmen with humor and endurance like Sue Slovak, who can endlessly write and phone and socially relate like Rima, who handles eight girls with nerve-wracking diplomacy like Moss, who is tremendously entertaining and verbal like me, who is wonderfully gullible and trusting with money like Tina who is slightly charmingly berserk like Diane, who is tall, dependable and part-time enveloping mother-image like Linda.

Teaneck, Long Island

March 7, 1964

Today tour staggered and failed, staggered and failed, got up, staggered and appeared to crumble just one date short of the finish line. Not to be melodramatic or anything, but my hand is sort of shaking as I write this and I feel as though I don't have any insides left. We are crippled, sick and exhausted. We limp dragging useless limbs behind us, a few of us dash at intervals hysterically to the bathroom with surprise attacks of diarrhea. We lie quietly with deathly pallors under a pile of coats on the stage. We don't lack laughter, but our smiles have taken on a spooky, maniacal twist, sort of like making jokes as you slowly go under in quicksand.

Lemme see, I can't even remember how this morning began. Of course, with a bus. "Bus," the word is enough to send us all off in a spasm of nervous ticks. At four o'clock we arrived at Farleigh Dickenson. Diane and I joked, "okay, tonight is our last full program, but it's not an important performance. We can do a half-baked, lousy job hee hee. No one important is coming." But both of us were scared, because we knew never could we do a half-baked, lousy job and we didn't know where the energy or desire to do a good job would come from. We were totally depleted. I felt worthless. I was running a fever, had a cold and mild flu. Sue Volwiler was limping. Anna had thrown her toe out of of joint and was limping. Tina was so pale, so sick, so weak with the flu that she went back home to New York. We forgot, but the money went with her.

We began to set up costumes, pull ourselves together. We ate dinner. Our diets have been cast out, the jig is up. It no longer matters. Only there was a big scale in the dressing

room which we all eyed with doubt, fear, mistrust. We have nearly all gained a lot of weight. Diane hopped off the scale singing, "I get the most pity. I've gained the most weight." It simply didn't hurt, didn't matter anymore. A few comments dropped in the dressing room,

Diane: "Tour ends, not with a bang but a whimper."

Anna: "I'm so sick of dancing, I don't know what to do."

Linda: "The insides of my legs, are limp, are in shreds."

Sue V.: "(Who dances the pure, uplifted spirit in Rima's dance) That's the last time I ever dance the ideal again, thank God."

Anna: "Nap time, girls."

Linda, tattering under the burden of exhaustion and leg injury, entered the dressing room. Her face was white with powder, her shoulder sagged, her stomach sagged, her knees were sort of caved in. Silence. "Warm up," she muttered bleakly and stared at me.

We all looked up from our makeup mirrors and laughed, crudely, bitterly, dejectedly.

After I recovered from another short but intense bout of the cramps, I joined the other invalids warming up on the stage. I came upon them sitting in a circle, rolling around on their backs, kicking their legs in the air, convulsed weakly with laughter. They looked at me with wild, real faces, guiltily.

"We're reducing."

We all succumbed to helpless laughter, the laughter that comes with Last Things, Last Times, eschatological laughter. There is a certain abandon, exaltation that comes with exhaustion, when discipline finally breaks down, when the end is in sight. We all succumbed, I with a certain uneasiness, others joyfully, others with reckless unhappiness. We laughed as we crumbled, and crumbling was a tremendous relief.

But as Linda and I applied final makeup and mused with disbelief over this being our second to last performance I suddenly felt lonely, last, a terrible pang of sadness for it being over.

"Don't you feel any regret, though?" I asked her.

"Only intellectually," she replied, "my body doesn't regret it a minute, my body has had it."

Fragments in its last performance went pretty well. Rima and I both burst out cumberbunds in the third section. An omen? I will miss doing Fragments, miss dancing that dance with Moss in white, Rima, Diane. Where does a dance go when tour ends? It was my First Group Dance, my child, my cross, my creation.

Evening went well for David, not so well for Rima and Sue V. Rima missed her footing on a lift with David, but David caught and recovered superbly. In Cobwebs, Tina was missing and the other girls improvised, filling in her part. Unfortunately at one point, three of them leapt into [their] ending positions at precisely the same moment.

Paeon, without Tina, without energy, apparently did not go to well. Linda confesses she will feel only gladness at not having to do the dance any more. From the wings, Passionals seemed to be performed well.

Afterwards the people in the audience, especially those from the dance council told us no, we didn't look tired, no, we didn't look fat, things looked good. It was much better than the "Y" concert they said. I talked, how could that be? But later one boy, a very perceptive boy told

me it was obvious that we were exhausted, and that not one of us was really involved in the performance. But since this is true for all of us, you couldn't really tell that our concentration is faked, forced and that we all look "good." But we aren't really dancing right now, we are performing. Performing, in the external, bad senses. When people tell me we are good, I feel like saying "Yes ,well, you should have seen us a few weeks ago, at about number 20 when we were alive." Tour has changed eerily from an artistic production into an endurance test. We endure, alright, but we do not prevail.

Huntington Long Island
March 8, 1964

We revived slightly, we rallied today from our stupor of exhaustion to give a pretty good final performance. The occasion was not exactly momentous, none of us was actually conscious that this was the last performance. It wasn't this one performance that was significant. It was the whole tour that had been significant. Each day that made it so.

And so we met for the last time this morning at the bus station, we accumulated, as always, in a colorful glob around our island of luggage. Tina, still pale, newly laden with cash, was back with us, but Anna would not be dancing in the last performance. She had perhaps dislocated her big toe and was unable to walk. It was funny, we had had very few injuries, but we have a strange attitude toward them. The injured person receives very little sympathy, only a kind of resentment and even I have felt, some of us regard the injured one with a secret envy. They get attention. They get rest. We get nothing.

Anna's part in the lecture-demonstration would be taken by Linda, Diane, and Rima, in the following forty-five minute concert. Her solo would be replaced by Evening Without Angels, and Diane would do her part in Once. Unfortunately, Diane was bigger than Anna and had gained 15 pounds to that. David was a little shook about doing the final lift in the final dance, Once, with her, a lift in which she seems, dives into his arms and scrambles up onto his shoulders. But they rehearsed it three times.

The house at which we had lunch was in the wilderness, by a lake. We stood staring out the windows, weary, starved for peace, stillness, nature. There was clear, running water, long grey trees, swans floating downstream with their heads tucked under their wings. I felt again that way about us--that we were a rumpled, tawdry circus act, homeless vagabonds, who never had any leisure, any time to reflect, simply to loll under a tree, dribbling a foot in the water.

We arrived at the theater, rehearsed, made up. We were very excited because Jack was coming. I had mixed feelings about that. I wanted very much to see Jack, but I wasn't so sure I wanted Jack to see me. In my present depleted, disillusioned condition. The others were also wary. But when Jack appeared backstage before hand, we all jumped inside, shrieked and dashed to him, cluttering about him like gnats. He looked wonderful, his presence was at the same time familiar and uplifting. He reassured us he had come as a friend, not a critic.

We really all extended ourselves for him, gladly devotedly, as far as we could could be extended at this time. The Opener was partly his choreography he had never seen it. Things went well. Except Once. How did I know something would go wrong? I was afraid to look. When I finally did look, in order to do my part. Diane was not on David's shoulders as she should have been, but sort of standing behind him waving her arms. David looked [chagrined]. They had

missed. The final curtain rang down on the half-realized, farcical finale. We all gagged with laughter, fell with dismayed exclamation on each other's necks, but when the curtain rose for the bow, we were sorted out respectively and Diane was perched triumphantly, if tardily, on David's shoulders.

Jack came back afterwards and told us we were marvelous, that he had really enjoyed the show, that he was proud of us. We all beamed. Of course, what else could he say? It was over. There were long embraces, long sad fond looks, long mindful hand squeezes exchanged by all of us. WE STILL DUG EACH OTHER. That may have been the most important thing. Linda took a heap of pictures. We weren't really tired any more. We just stood and stared at each other. As Moss had said, "traveling with someone like this every day, being stuck so close with someone like this, you really get to know the care of a person, you can't hide much." As Bill had said, "on a tour like this, you find out who people are, and you either become enemies or friends for life." Apparently a few of us were stuck with each other.

No one had much to say, the tour had spoken for itself, revealed things as they were. We had found if we really like to dance, quite simply, and we had found if we really liked each other.

A few days earlier, Moss had voiced one of his regrets. This was that all along the way the emphasis had been laid on us as "messengers of Bennington," on our relations with alumni, on the image of Bennington that we were bearing. Moss felt that we were too much an appendage, an arm of Bennington, a mobile public relations unit. The final talk that we received before leaving the college had been one admonishing us to bear in mind always our position as representatives of the college. No one had said anything about dancing, about having integrity in the performance itself. We realized that this frame of mind was necessary for the good of Bennington's reputation, but the public relations aspect of the tour had often been very taxing, very much a strain. Always to be on best behavior! Always watched, criticized, rebuked. We groveled with resentment. Wished we could have been more left alone to concentrate on dancing.

By the end of tour most of us had devised methods of escaping the demands of constant scrutiny. We simply did our jobs and ignored the effect we had on our public. We were businesslike, never unsociable.

David sat on his suitcase in Penn Station this morning and said what was one of the hardest things to say. Hard because it could sound smaltzy [schmaltzy], except that it was true.

"You know what impresses me is the love that went into each job in this tour. Each person was concerned. each person wanted things to work, and that's what kept tour together, kept it going."

It couldn't have been anything else, it couldn't have been advice that Bill gave us, or demands that the college made, or overall plans that we ourselves made. It was only day-to-day desire, enjoyment, love, that buoyed us along.

We stood in a clump after the performance and began to sing, slightly flat, "And We'll All Go Together." We packed our suitcases, we left the theatre.